

BAREFOOT BULLETIN

Editors K., L., & M.

Vol. II No. VIII.

March 1, 1945

Dear Barefoots:

More darn news this month! Guys coming and going, getting married, getting commissions - so we'll sound off without further to-do lest we forget something.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

Both Osborns have left these parts, one to the Pacific and one to the European theatre, but we don't know who went where. We'll try to get their addresses one of these days.

We hear Andy White has had shingles. This surprised us no end. We would expect Capt. Andy to have barnacles - but NEVER shingles. While he was sick Olivia B. pulled a fast one and quietly sank at her mooring down by Dickmans. Such a thing has never happened before. Heavy ice and high tide opened up her seams and it certainly depresses us to see her submerged, but Andy thinks only the motor is ruined.

Bill Hagerman has turned up in Italy. We hear the baby has grown such long legs that Nancy had to buy her a crib at the age of four months.

Dick Hammer has been awarded his second Oak Leaf cluster, and on January 12 had completed 32 missions so we hope he will soon be walking in on the family. We spent an evening with the Hammers recently, and decided they'd be sooo nice to come home to....so hurry along, Dick.

June Methot is going into the travel agency business and will live in New York we hear. Kindly arrange a cruise to nowhere for us, June, for we need a change of scenery. The Glacier Period has us down.

The girls are in a lather giving showers for all the prospective brides. Barb coyly invited Margie Holmes to go skating while Emily Newman arranged a party and WAS MARGE'S FACE RED when she arrived in ski pants and not one but TWO moth eaten sweaters. Had a wonderful time, though, opening all the gifts.

Speaking of Barb, our own L. Sayre was away on vacation, and what should Doc do but throw a party!! Seems the M.B.C. was too cold for the "Childrens Hour" so Doc told Barb to dust off the game room in the cellar. Well....it hadn't been used for years and years and Barb found that in a playful mood the small fry had written tender thoughts on every single poker chip so she had to scrub EVERY CHIP. We could go on and on but it would take up too much room. P.S. Doc plans to have another party soon.

Charlie Burd can think up the darndest ways of getting around! He now comes across the ice a mile a minute sitting up on a sled which he pushes with two sharp sticks - very much like ski poles. Having the strongest arms in the world he really makes time.

A letter from Little Mead says he is heading out for deep water. We know that his mother is trying to meet up with him and then going for a visit with Bucky and his wife. Walter adds that he sent Ernie Mayer a picture of the insignia of the Lizardfish to brighten up the bar a bit. WE feel compelled to go down for a short beer so we can report how she looks. You're leading us astray, Walter.

George Williamson has his commission and had a little visit home with the folks. He saw both sisters, Lee Morton, and Ormond Ritter among others, then went back for orders and maybe more school before taking off.

Jack Powers was commissioned an ensign recently when he graduated from Northwestern University. Remember when Jack and Jane used to sail in the Skeeter Fleet? Them were the days.....

Bunny Dillon was home in February right after mid-years. Very busy, too, planning a fashion show and bond drive at college, but she had lunch with us one day. Consie's classes finally got under way again after some kind of fancy vacation for saving fuel oil. Bobby Burrowes and Consie's roommate are very devoted.

Stanley Williams now wears the Combat Infantryman badge - and well earned, too. He is with the Century Division of the Seventh Army in France. Had a swell letter from Dave Birchenough who has the fortune to be stationed in Paris! He says to say hello to everybody, and that the girls are smart lookers but, alas, not the kind he likes - AMERICANS. Have you eaten snails yet, Dave?

Walter Imlay got himself out of the band and up in the air. He is now one of the suicide twins on a B-29.

We hear that Jack Arnold is in France and hope to include his address in this issue - if we can get it. Where's June, Jack, so we can mail off that wedding present we have in the attic? Bucky just got his - just to give you some idea that we don't know our Emily Post.

Camp Wood has been taken over by the Air Technical Services Command and renamed Watson Laboratory, after Col. Paul Watson. We are all confused now because we have so many new things going on. Sailors even pop out of Fort Monmouth - and Marines too.

Dominic Scala has been killed in action. He was in R.B.H.S.'40 with some of you so we thought you would want to know. We happened to be at the Carlton Theatre the night his brother received the telegram, and we remembered that he was quite a football star.

IS THAT SO DEPARTMENT (Continued)

The Dave Mountfords report that a very young colored sailor at the Cape May Naval Station appeared with so many decorations and lurid tales of his brave deeds that they decided to investigate. Among unidentified ribbons there was one to prove that he had been with Dewey at Manila! He is now cooling his heels in the brig - but not for too long.

The Rumson Club has been destroyed by fire (spontaneous combustion, mebbe) and there was great excitement lasting all day long. Then the Molly Pitcher had two suspicious fires in one day, but not very serious ones - just smokey. When that Hook and Ladder dashes out on the ice, we cant even look.

Jack Davis had a silk suit built for his mother in India and she is tickled pink. Reminds us of that sign in a Chinese tailor's shop our Army cousin came across. It read, "Ladies have fits inside."

T. Lloyd plans for coming to Philadelphia fell through and he will soon go out on field maneuvers at Crowder.

Pete Cartmel is coming along in great shape-walks without a cane and is hoping to get in AMG soon. He and Consie were down at Mayers after the Campbell wedding - as were Barb, Dudley Calyton, the Jim Claytons, Red Lippincott with Edith. The week before Bill Hall and his wife were there, also Capt. and Mrs. Alston Beekman, Chow and Clayton, Ed. Rullman and June Smith, etc.

Lt. Randolph Bailly was reported missing in action, but is now thought to be a German prisoner. And Harry Southall died at sea as he was returning from his first trip across. He had just completed watch and was found dead in his bunk.

Schwartz went go south for a few weeks yet. And we finally heard from Montgomery who is Ensign now and stationed at Gulfport, Miss. He drove over from Miami, where the life just suited him, and is to become a recognition instructor - then probably on to a battleship or aircraft carrier he thinks. Jack is all worried about the engagements; says he and E will be the last ones left. Hammer says he and Simonds are worried, too, so if you all get together there'll be a quorum yet!

Charlie White is glad to ~~have~~ have news of us out in the Pacific, but cant tell us what he is up to. He left from Miami and says to tell Skinny Dillon that he is really working hard. Bjorn Neilsen is now on a flat top at the Corregidor - and asked for the transfer from his safe little island.

Marion Backe is spending two weeks vacation at home and looks like a Cover Girl in her Cadet Nurses blue grey uniform. Marion thinks the course is to be stepped up soon. Det Ansbro took a little house down in Rumson, and Bill has been home a few times but has really gone out now.

Clayton will graduate soon - he and Claire and the baby stay in New Brunswick through the week. Sandy Hammell goes to Rutgers nights to get his Degree.

CANINE CORNER

The first day Sniffy Lippincott could make it, he sampled every garbage pail on Broad Street, and Fritz Montgomery hides behind bushes waiting for the kind hearted apartment house people to feed the birds, then he rushes in. We expect him to sing any day now. We have to shovel a special path for Ring, the Rullman insect, or he wont stir off the porch! But our favorite story is about Falla, whose bride Buttons bit him so badly that he had to go to Walter Reed Hospital.

HEART THROB DEPARTMENT

Bob Eichman will marry Margaret Reuther in about six weeks, or just as soon as he gets his commission. The engagement was announced shortly after Ann's wedding.

Don Asay was married to Miss Mary McCabe of Columbia, S.C., on February 3rd. It was a big church wedding with the bride's sister as maid of honor and J. Curchin of Red Bank as Don's best man. Curchin had the time of his life with all the belles for the round of parties lasted more than a week before the wedding. Sunday night, Feb. 4th, we all gathered at the Asay home to wait for the bride and groom who were due in Red Bank at 9 P.M., but didnt arrive until after 12 (you know those Southern trains!) It was bitter cold and the roads were a sheet of ice, but they came in smiling - the bride wearing a grey suit under her dark coat, a white orchid perched on her shoulder. She has brown eyes and a quick, pleasant smile. The groom wore a suit we seem to have seen before - sort of Hunter green or something. On hand to greet Don and Mary were the Bud Blaisdells, Red Lippincott and Edith Cleffman (but Red had to leave for Washington) two sets of Howlands and Sneek's sister, the Hammers, Lippincotts, Rullmans, Turkingtons, Mrs. Frank Groff, quite a few we didnt know, Barb, Carol Apgar, Emily Newman and Margie Holmes came in after a party for Anna Louise. There was a big supper and a dressy wedding cake - in fact two cakes as the bride produced the top layer of her own cake from home - and Bud Blaisdell gave a toast for the bride and groom, though he said the Sec. of the Navy frowned on such goings on. (WHAT NAVY?) But the story had a sad ending for on Tuesday Don's leave was suddenly canceled and he was called back for Navigation School at Cherry Point where he will probably be for some ~~time~~ months. So we didnt see them again, but they went to see Hancey on the one day they had in Red Bank.

HEART THROB DEPARTMENT (Continued)

Anna Louise Campbell and Capt. James Jeffers were married on February 17 at a candle light service in the Shrewsbury Presbyterian Church. She was given in marriage by her brother, Major Bruce Campbell, and her attendants were Mrs. Francis Connelly, Mrs. Richard De Butts, Misses Angela Phillips, Audrey Iverson, and Katherine Smith.

Joanne Quinn and Ensign Hogan were married Saturday, February 17th at St. James Church. Caro Quinn Foster was her sisters only attendant (and just got over chicken pox in time to make it) and the best man was Ensign Harold Roati. There was a very small reception for the two families, and the couple will live in Philadelphia where the groom is stationed.

Phil Brady was married one hour before Joanne in the same church so the two wedding parties and guests were a little mixed coming and going, but we think the right ones made it. Phil married the Navy nurse who brought him back to life after his crash in the Aleutians, and she is now stationed at St. Albans Hospital - hence the wedding in Red Bank instead of her home in Minn. Her name? Oh yes, its Lt. (j.g.) Elaine Gallagher - or was. P.S. All four brides wore white.

Now pin your ears back for Little Joe has a girl! A luscious blond and they are walking on air; don't see anyone. But we don't know who she is. Let us in on it, Joe, will ya?

Frank Manson has a girl - quite serious we hear.

BLESSED EVENTS.

Jannette Ryerson Banta has a baby daughter, born while her husband was at sea. Her name is Barbara. And the Henry Scudders have a third daughter to go with the twin girls and, being eleven months apart, we figure that for one month of the year all three girls will be the same age!

Its a boy for the Weston Hausmans, weighing over seven pounds and named William Starr - Bill to you. Wes must have dashed from the delivery room to the long distance phone for he was all out of breath when he managed to gasp, "Hi, Grandpa."

Joan Lippincott Stonecypher flew home from Georgia so her next can see the light of day in Red Bank..some time in April. And there have been christenings galore. Don Hubbards son was christened in the Reformed Church, and Nancy Hagerman had her baby christened in the Presbyterian Church in Red Bank on February 18th.

Nan Iverson is to have a baby this spring and we do wish her luck.

ICEBOATING ITEMS

If you come across a copy of the Saturday Evening Post dated February 11th, you can't miss the illustrated article on the Shrewsbury Ice Yacht Club. The photos are not of this river, but the story is. Somehow we weren't as crazy about it as we should have been - that is, until it really got under way. When you call our local yachtsmen "old salts" and "grimey characters" we no like! The reporter failed to get the feel of it, but, in all justice to him who could unless they were one of the water babies? Since we could tell a shedder crab before we could spell cat, and ate good old Shrewsbury oysters before we had teeth, we belong in the picture and HOW WE LOVE IT. Every single day - we rush to the window the minute we get up to see if the river is still there. Like our disposition, its always different, and we like to think that we can smell the weather just by sniffing at the east. Then, too, it keeps us on an even keel in this cock-eyed world to see Hen Chadwick in his old yachting cap, Del Fisher in his famous sweater, the drossy Brands, Andy and his dog, Charlie Burd looking after everything, the Irwins, the faithful committees, winter and summer....yes sir, its an unfinished symphony and NOBODY'S GRIMEY in our estimation. But to get back to racing, here whats been happening.

The first big skirmish was won by "Say When" skippered by Del Fisher with Ensley White Jr. tending sheet. Hatchet was sailing Doc Pearce's new "Breeze" with Frank as crew, they were second and "Phantom" was third. There were lots of front steerers out. More than we've ever seen on this river. Red Lippincott took a spin (barracks hat didnt stop him) with Edith along, and Asay and his bride had about a day and a half of good iceboating. The Bud Blaisdells turned out to initiate Mary Asay in the strange ways of the D. Yankees, and she was a good sport about it, too. Put on all Don's spare clothes and even took a turn down the river with Marie Blaisdell - and THERE is one swell girl. The celers have had a field day ever since Xmas but they still get fifty cents a pound. How Come? We feed the poor starving sea gulls every day, and that you should see!

P.S. The oil painting of the B.F.Y.C. is all framed. Now all we need to do is build a club house around it.

LATE FLASHES

You will be glad to know we have come up for air at last! We now wear hip boots instead of galoshes but we're thawing out, by gosh, and down by the river the pussy willows have anaemic kittens and one lone song sparrow has chirped that plaintive little note that we wait for every year. 'Nuff of the weather. Oh, no....one more observation: we wish you could have seen the gang cleaning the streets for the borough! All those queer little men who lurk in door ways wearing caps three sizes

LATE FLASHES (Continued)

too big, some very old men with fat stomachs and asthma, and the towns most famous drunks made up the crew while a gallery of kibitzers moved along to keep up a running fire of advice, wise cracks, and local gossip. The ones with caps worked feverishly and worried us, the ones with asthma took it easy, and the gentlemen from the taverns went into a cold sweat and total collapse after each shovelful. We waited hopefully for somebody to drop dead but they've been at it a week now and alls well so maybe we'd better just take up drinking.

The tropics have turned Bill Wikoff into a camera fiend - so much so that he's even suspected of being a spy when its only the spell of the cocoanut palms bringing out the latent artist in him. Bill's awearying for a sight of the old crowd and says to say hello to all of you for him.

Speaking of the Orient, a letter from Harry Davey in kinda remantic, too. All of a sudden his heart sings when he looks out at the stars - but no gal.....Techt says Brub can have his French wine but theres a concoction in India that tastes like kerosene, but kicks like a herd of elephants. To be serious, Harry now knows a few comforting things about Bobby. The Commanding General of Bob's division has written to say that he was killed in the advance on Bezange, France, and that he was buried with proper coremony in Lorrain Province.

Also a letter from Jack Warren written February 5th from Belgium says not to be down hearted about news EVER because his outfit has everything under control. They saw plenty of action from December 16th on and Jack is full of praise for the organization. Heres the low down on our jitters, Jack; these darned radio commentators have to make hay while they can, so they make an eppic out of every scrap of news. We hate to think how garbled "Life Can be Beautiful" will be when the boys have to pep it up to their familiar tempo. Like Thoreau^W expect to take to the woods.

Had a swell letter from Sig who is sorta junketing around in the 6th Ferrying Group - the Animal Transport Carriers as he puts it. All the month of December Sig was out making B-24 deliveries, and says he circled the river a couple of times. We saw and heard you, Sig, for, we always know when one of the crowd flies over. He spent two weeks at Henry Ford's Willow Run Plant, saw his Helen for five hours right after Xmas, spent one night in Red Bank, and is off now for a long hop. And Sig also had a trip in a Navy PBY and yearned to put her down on the Shrewsbury.

As we write this Light is running in and our asking about everybody. He is taking cars to Asbury for inspection for us - that little ceremony that irks us because we cant ride anyway. Light's dog has joined the Army. Passed his physical O.K.

Billy Lippincott wrote exactly eight lines from his first port to ~~say that~~ say that he had been very sea sick and give him "land, lots of land" - with or without fences. Your folks want to know lots of foolish things, Bill, about long underwear, the other guys, etc. etc. so write 'em a "my day" letter when you get around to it. You've no idea how it helps parents to know about your creature comforts-if you have any! We thought the Navy had a cure for sea sickness-whats happened to it?

By this time we think Dick Hammer has completed his 35 missions and will soon be heading home. Croft Grantham is now Squadron Leader, and finally got to the Isle of Capri but was disappointed in it. We suspect the fleas.

Brub missed out on a leave to Paris by drawing the wrong number, but all his mail caught up with him about that time so he was comforted. Carol has some snaps of him in shorts looking like Lord Helpus about to take over Montgomery's command. By the way, B., Carol wore the scampies to Asays party.

Your three editors are going on a terrific binge on February 28th to see Frank Fay in "Harvey" - that whimsey about the gentle drunk who see rabbits. The program says that everybody has his Harvey in one way or another. Whats yours? We think ours is scenting danger. Yes sir, we smell smoke, get ready for disasters, and generally sleep with our boots on but nothing ever happens.

We met June Methot on the street a few days ago and she gave us an earfull of news and then said we couldnt print the most exciting tid-bits. She said she and Audrey Iverson were taking over Nan's apartment down in the Village (address later on) and that we had her new job almost right. Irs working for the Railroad making up tickets, etc etc. We STILL have a yen for a trip to nowhere, so let yourself go on our order, June.

Nancy Hausman acquired a heavy suitor, her new sorority pin, and found herself on the Deans list all in the same week, Taint fair....but swell for Nancy.

Frank Manson was commissioned the middle of February so he's Ensign to you guys now. A letter from Bob Simonds from Pensacola (Barin Field) says he still has one more stretch of training to go because he flies a single engine and now goes on to Saufley Field for a month and a half of dive bombers. It seems there's great rivalry between the groups so Bob says to tell Frank he's sorry he has to fly that queer monster but he will be darned glad if he ever has to pick him out of the gulf. Simonds also gives us news of Don Snyder who has seen plenty of action in Germany in a tank destroyer outfit. By the way, Joyce is due here soon.

LATE FLASHES (Continued)

Tommy Dean hasn't been heard from for sometime so the folks think he is on the way home. Jack is expected home this spring, too. The Deans are so busy with weddings that they never sleep any more.

Good news from Augie in his castle on the Hudson. The folks go up often and keep us informed. Tommy and Betty's husband are in the big Marine landing we are just hearing about - and perhaps some others. We know Bob Davis is in the 5th Div.

A WONDERFUL letter from Hammer just today. He hopes to be home around Easter if all goes well. Dick says he paid an unexpected visit to France not long ago and takes his hot off to the Ground Forces who really stand the gaff. His tribute warmed our hearts. He even feels over paid and over praised after some cold night with the Doughboys. Atta boy, Dick! Wish we had space to tell you what he thinks of the beer.

Arthur Light Warner has just been appointed Dog Catcher to the Borough of Red Bank! NOW ER'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE.

A letter came from Brub as we go to press (Mrs. Reamer to you) and says theres nothing new except his "business trip" to Luxembourg where he was well received. Back in France again and sends love to all the boys, girls, newly weds, fathers, grandmothers, and what have you. You forgot the God Mothers - and we are legion.

More snow - and beautiful it is, too - the clinging kind with big fat blurbs on all the bushes. We were startled to read in the Register that a "Barefoot boy" was found wandering in the snow on Monmouth Street. It turned out to be a youngster walking in his sleep or something, but we suspected one of you A.W.O.L.

Ed Rullman is called Big Ed at Fort Monmouth, and will have to fit his six feet three into a pup tent for the Month of March-for they wind up in the field. This will be the umpth time E has gone rugged in one branch or another. The ice boating clothes will come in handy.

We called up Marg just now for news of Zale and find that the day before yesterday she heard that he was in France, and yesterday that he was in Belgium. Has a new A.P.O. but we havent it yet. Hope you meet up with Warren, Zale.

This is for Harry Davey; we saw your mother on the street today looking as bright as a button in a new purple hat. We gossiped a long while. We think Randy Biddle is near you and will send his address as soon as we are sure.

Dick Davis has graduated from his course and will soon be on his way.

The Mal de Mer that Billy Lippincott was complaining about, turned out to be ptomaine poisoning which put him in the hospital at Panama City.

Stew Van Vliet is now a Captain and in action in the Philippines.

Hancey is so famous that he receives mail with no address, the P.O. stamped and addressed a Valentine discreetly sent by one of your chin-up girls.

Both Eddie and Arnold Schwartz home at the same time, nice for Mrs. S.

For a short month we managed to get out a long Bulletin! But, we felt sorta wealthy, so many donations filtered in, so phooey on expense. Sprigs' not far away (it says here) so keep a stout heart. Everybody sends love, and especially,
K. and L. and M.

NEW ADDRESSES

Walter H. Mead, S 2/c
U.S.S. Lizardfish
F.P.O. New York, N. Y.

Ens. J. L. Montgomery
B.O.Q. 245 (Recognition)
Naval Training Center
Gulfport, Mass.

Lt. (j.g.) Frank T. Long
N.A.S. B.O.Q.
Quansit Pt. Rm. 164
Rhode Island

Sgt. David Birchenough, 12160561
543 Sig. Base Depot
A.P.O. 887
Care P.M., New York

Sgt. George R. Truex, Jr. 32917376
Hq. Btry. 286th. F.A.Obsn. Bn.
A.P.O. 403, Care P.M.
New York

Sgt. 1/4 Thomas B. Lloyd
800 Sig. Tng. Regt. - Co. C.
Camp Crowder, Mo.

Lt. W. J. Van Pelt, O-546108
Co. F. 1329 Eng. Regt.
A.P.O. 652
Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

W. C. Lippincott, SI/c USNR
USNM 1955
Fleet Postoffice
New York, N. Y.

Sgt. Donald A. Osborn 32237241
Co. C 3185 Sig. Ser. Bn
A.P.O. 562
Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

S/Sgt. Amory E. Osborn, 12082590
997 Sig. Ser. Bn.
Cas. Det. H.
A. P. O. 920
Postmaster, New York, N. Y.