

Editors
K., L., & M.

February 1st; '46

Dear Barefoots:

Happy Valentine and hurray for what? Well...there's lots of news besides strikes and such, for here's what we read in the papers in the last 24 hours. Men of Yale are sleeping in Quonset huts (coola, coola) The Register says proudly that only 18 drunks were arrested in Red Bank during 1945. THAT AINT the way we seed it here on Front Street, Brother! Then the S.P.C. Birds served notice on the new Singapore Club about to open in New York that they couldn't keep their canary birds up so late nights. Seems they were to have been a big part of the atmosphere, so the managers are now trying to work out afternoon naps and quiet hours. Another little nature note that took our fancy was the bit about the beavers of New Jersey who have multiplied so much faster than expected that there aren't enough dams to go 'round. They work their little hearts out and are frustrated to the point where the game wardens had to move 138 families to save them from claustrophobia. We like that. Ladies can now buy pasteurized cold cream, and Mr. Truman has been made a life member of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing of America, Inc. And Jimmie Van Hise got married this week with Roger Wingerter as best man! The bride was Miss Violet Hietanen of Bayonne. Jimmie is soon to leave for South America where he will fly for the Shell Oil Co. Jane McHugh gets married this week, too, but that's all we know about the wedding. Carol Sutphin of Colts Neck is engaged to Joseph Moreau. Is that the Carol we all know? Must be.

Peter Doremus is on the Blair swimming team, and also registers for the draft this week. Bill Lippincott and Holmes Duncan are back working for the Navy. Zale is expected home soon, and Marge is getting ready to give up her job at Riverview. Jim Van Pelt hasn't been heard from since Jan. 1st, but a small Jap parachute arrived home so he must still be there. Ed Rullman is working at message center in Vienna, and says Straus, or somebody, will have to re-write "Tales of the Vienna Woods". It's the only fuel they have and Ed writes often of the Viennese struggling for fire wood. His address, by the way, is Lt. E.F.R., O-1651318, 63rd. Sig.Opn.Bn. A.P.O. 58, Care P.M., New York. You have all other addresses. T. Lloyd arrived home Saturday the 2nd. We are anxious to see him. Tom Baldwin has been hopping around the Pacific trying to catch up with his ship. After spending a week in the dust and mud of Okinawa, he went to Leyte with the mail. No ship there, so he went on to Shanghai, via Hong Kong, and then on to Subic to be re-assigned. No news of Jack Mont. Here at home guys are straining away on mid-years. Bunny seems to be home so hers must be over. Brub Hance says competition is keen at Stevens but he likes it, and gets home week-ends. Barb Sayre has invented a chair for paralyzed patients and there's quite a stir about it at the hospital. The gals, by the way, play basketball at the "Y" nights....Carol Apgar, Marge Raynor, Barb, and several others. When last heard from, the girls at the telephone office were carrying umbrellas to poke anyone in the eye who stopped them from going to work. The strikes must sound pretty terrible to those of you who are far away. It would seem to this reporter that the most articulate groups in this country are surprisingly small so why don't the rest of us speak up? Why should a million and a half people dislocate almost everything in the U.S.A.? The women are getting mad, so better watch out. We have a cleaning woman who drops pearls of wisdom (when she lant dropping china) and here's what she got off this morning: "Wimens is different from mens. They might git into a war but they sure wouldn't starve people to death AFTER it was all over."

Had a letter from Hubie Farrow from Okinawa, and WAS HE FED UP WITH IT. Cheer up, Hubie, Strada Fanjul felt that way, too, but he made a good recovery as soon as he got home. Civilian clothes are still hard to find, by the way. You see the darndest costumes on the street - Marine pants, plaid shirt, ski hat, and discharge button! Speaking of wild shirts, we saw Tommy Dean in a wow on his way to a fire.

Now, for river news: every day the Don Asays can be found careening around in the beautiful "Teal", and giving all their friends a thrill as well. That seems to be the coming type of ice boat, though we still get a kick out of the two sails. Sunday, Jan. 27th was the perfect week-end for river rats. Seen down by the M.B.C. were the Augie Schweers, the Doug Hoyts, Don Hubbard, Jack Arnold with Brub as crew all dressed up in his fur lined German coat with hood, Don Lawes and Em Jones, L. Sayre (we didn't see Barb but she MUST have been there) and all the old timers who certainly do go for the rigors of winter.

They have had a few scrub races, but nothing big yet. We miss the old checkered starting mark but notice a Christmas tree there today so they must have plans a-brewing. Yesterday (Monday) the Weston Hausmans were out riding with the Asays and we'll give you this little fashion note: Mary was wearing Don's Marine pants and Pat was sporting Weston's Military Academy grey pants. Very nifty. Your reporter, being the original Gibson Girl, had on heavy undies. To get back to the river, we expect the Sweepstates here again this summer.... and darned if they aren't trying to resurrect that old chestnut, the Gold Cup Race!

No repurcussions on the Barnacle. Does it fill the gap or not? Your chin up girls pressed their green orchids, by the way, to wear to that party when you all get home. Davey is supposed to be on his way. Please write us your news for we languish. Same tender love from

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