

Editors
K. Lippincott and
M. Rullman
Associate Editor
L. Sayre

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Dear Barefoots:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!!! This time last year Messrs. Roosevelt and Churchill had nothing on K. & M. for we were deep in conference, and on September 1st the Barefoot Bulletin was born - with Mrs. Reamer's loving assistance. About half way through our first year we had a few close shaves....both away, both sick, or just felt stupid so we went into another luddle and took on L. Sayre. So....three little maids from school are we, but not the school for scandal. Now and then a parent gets in a lather over our lack of dignity and accuracy, and, since this is OUR birthday and you ought to be nice to us, we wish to make this statement: we dont get this out for parents and its just a lot of nonsense anyway so dont DOOOO that to us! As for letters from the Barefoots....we couldnt live without 'em. It may entertain you to know that we now send out about one hundred copies each month so, of course, we get fan mail from non-Barefoots and love it. Boy, are we up on geography now!

Before we begin on the news, a word of apology to Frank Hadley - a charter Barefoot-who got himself in the Marines, through boot-school, before we heard a word about it. Were our faces red! WHY DOESNT SOMEONE TELL US THESE THINGS? Only last night we were looking at one of the old movies with you catching a weak fish, Frank...remember? And you've got the "ruggedest" son we ever hope to see now so leave us face it....we're getting on. Now lets take a look at the record.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

Charlie Allaire turned up in town the middle of the month - and cleaned up in the Comet races, too. Same old Charlie. Fatter and brown as a berry, but says he has the same nose! Came up on furlough from the Carolinas, where he is a buoy-tender in the Coast Guard, but left his wife and daughter on account of the heat wave. Which turned out to be sort of a permanent wave and reminds us of a little incident we can't seem to forget. Cutting grass in a temperature of 102 in the shade we were startled to behold a determined looking lady march by with a good old fashioned string of sleigh bells around her neck. Darnest act we ever saw!

Tom Sinnott is an Ensign in the Coast Guard, married, has a baby girl two months old, and is stationed in New Orleans. Which makes us think of the Skeeter Fleet and the very successful party the boys recently pulled off to raise money for the seasons prizes. It was held at the M.B.C. and they cleared \$66.00. Most of the gang was new to us, but we spotted Little Joe playing bridge, also Em Jones and Don Lawes, and Bob Davis came in with his girl after the McClees wedding. Dot L. Schweers was playing cards with Marion Backe - home on two weeks vacation and seen out with Malchow just before leaving. To come back to the party, Charlie Burd arrived by sea and WAS HE DRESSED UP! Pure silk socks, and sport coat, but much upset because we couldn't play euchre with him. We cant even spell it, much less play it, but we'll look into it.

Bob Davis went out 24 hours after returning from furlough so we are anxious to hear from him. Jack Davis is no longer in the Weather Squadron but has a new kind of job and is now about 750 miles from Calcutta. Moves so much that his pay can't catch up with him, but Morrie Schwartz is a good guy to know when a feller needs a friend. That's a special gift in the Schwartz family....friendship. Eddie and Arnold get home together now and then and have a merry time over who gets the car. Arnold sent word to his mother that he had broken a front tooth but not to worry, and enclosed pictures - head on and profile - with his mouth open to prove that his beauty wasnt ruined. Now THERE is a thoughtful son! Barefoots please note and send more photos.

Henry Pope was home on vacation but we didn't catch a glimpse of him. By the way, his move to Chicago was quite a promotion we hear. Nice going, Henry.

Bob McKee flew over Red Bank a few days ago and couldn't get a soul to notice him. Felt real sorry for himself up there all alone over the home gown and no committee out to welcome him, but how were we to know?

Pete Cartmell has been wounded in France and sent back to England to patch up a fractured leg. Its a shrapnel wound and Pete writes cheery letters to say that he expects to make a good recovery and may be sent over here.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT (Continued)

Bob Allen has been in town - back from Alaska for the first time in two years we think, and Capt. Mike Egan is on leave after 78 combat missions on a Maudrauder bomber. Mike has the D.F.C. with several oak leaf clusters, and Lt. John Lang has the Air Medal.

Red Ritter wrote us a dandy letter telling us news of Mickey Long, who flies a bomber from the S.S. Hornet, and Bob Colyer who is an M.P. on one of the Hawaiian Islands. We've been wondering about Bob. Red had just come from a seven day leave in Sidney, Australia, and spoke lightly of the long hop. Sounded like a world tour to us!

We saw Marg Holmes at the R.B. station (that gem of architecture) one of those AWFUL hot nights looking as fresh as a daisy. And we hear that June Methot is picking apples for victory now that her flying career was nipped in the bud by Uncle Sam. We have to hand it to June...she keeps busy. Liked her flying and is sorry the program folded up so soon.

Speaking of apples, Barb Sayre is on a tour of apple farms up in New York State visiting Mary Lu and one or two other friends. Barb will soon be home to go house hunting for the winter. Thinks she will live half way between here and her job.

Red Lippincott rushed home from Maryland for a heavy date with Edith down at the Monmouth Beach Club. His folks managed to greet him for breakfast, and he and Asay went off together Sunday noon. Did we tell you Asay was home? Now stationed at Kingston, N. Carolina, and will be back in a couple weeks with his girl for a visit.

Johnny Barbario has gone out to the South Pacific as a Marine Combat correspondent, and Ned Sickles - another Marine - is now on Guam. Bill Olsen seems to have taken part in every Pacific landing, and is reported on his way home. Last stop was Neomfoor Island.

Jimmy Van Hise is in Honolulu and not supposed to be flying, but we wonder.... and another word from the Pacific is that Bob Hope and Frances Langford landed on the remote island where Bjorn Nielsen is marooned and gave them the treat of their lives! Frances was the first woman to set foot on the place so there was great rejoicing. They also have a new club....grand opening with four bottles of beer for every man.

Dick Hammell and his bride were all settled in a cosy apartment in Corpus Christi, Texas and JUST had all the cockroaches nice and tame when they had to move cause the owners showed up. So, having imagination, they inserted an add reading "Miracle wanted - a house." And they got one right away! Vine covered and more cockroaches. Tempermental ones too. Only come out when certain programs come on the radio.

The Marascio brothers are getting around! Vito is in Egypt, guitar and all, and Victor is Sgt. with a P-47 Thunderbolt fighter squadron in France. And Johnny Boyd is flying a B-25 Mitchell bomber over Dutch New Guinea. Major Carl Kait is going places in Italy - was the first to enter Leghorn with the Fifth Army.

Supposed you all know that Ernest Boskey had a serious crack up at Congaree Field. That he survived at all is a miracle, and he is holding his own and gaining a little. He crashed in a take off.

Jack Warren stepped off to visit Bucky and his bride and found them in a super love-nest - maid and what have you. Never know ~~was~~ there was a war on. Jack is home now, and so is Mary Katherine. Walter Mead is at Key West, Florida, but we don't know how much of his news we can tell until we hear from him. Sorry we didn't get your phone call, Walter.

Bunny has two new fall hats...if you can call 'em that. And what a coat of tan she has...wow! The girls are all giving showers for the prospective brides so we see quite a bit of Bunny every time she goes shopping. Johnny Bell has been in a hospital in England; was injured by a robot but is B.K. now.

Hatchet Brand just walked by looking like one of the adds in Esquire. And we think we saw Dave Boffey go in the apartment house, but were not sure. We keep peering out of the window instead of doing our homework, and we must say that some queer looking birds have come to dwell in our midst.

Were we pleased to see Harry Davey walk in the yard right out of the blue! Harry has gotten himself transferred at long last and will report back to another camp for orders.

George Williamson has completed gunnery school, has his silver wings, and is now at Army Air Force Advanced Navigation Bombardier class, Childress, Texas. Barbara was around last week and very cubely offered to draw little pictures for the Bulletin. Remember how good she was in High School?

UNDERCURRENT EVENTS

All the oysters born in Long Island Sound this summer will be males, according to somebody or other. This puzzled us considerably so we did a little research on the home life of the oyster, and found there was nothing to get upset about as at least sixty percent of the jerks would turn female when they got darn good and ready. This proves something....but we cant think what.

Avery Giles of Little Silver has written a campaign song for F.D.R. so we breathlessly await results. Speaking of politics, now that both conventions are over we want to report our favorite speech, made by the head usher at the Republican Convention. In a voice trembling with emotion and devotion to duty, he assured the American public that under no circumstances - **POSITIVELY AND ABSOLUTELY** - would One Eyed Connelly, famours gate crasher, be permitted to enter Convention Hall without a ticket. Our faith is right over might was instantly restored (but we kinda hoped he'd make it.) Then there was the Democratic delegate who rose to answer the roll call and solemnly nominted Theodore Roosevelt for Vice President. The organist had a merry time, too, keeping up with all the proper motives like "Carolina Moon," "Deep in the Heart of Texas," etc. while favorite sons got a plug in. Its not as dumb as it sounds, though.

You'd be surprised what interesting people you meet hauling the seine at dawn on the Shrewsbury. We went after bait, ostensibly (wow) but came home with a light heart and a bushel of hardies. The esprit de corps is superb among the beach combers; we met two old imbibers who gave us a dead buster and two shedder crabs. Then a delightful colored family of five came along, the mother rowing four children, six bottles of soda pop, a Big Ben alarm clock, and many sun stopping hats. One boy's name was Amos and he lisped. Kept calling shrimp "thrimp" until his brother socked him with a gob of sea weed. Said they were just looking for things... anything fishy would do. So we gave them lots of "thrimp" and they started off for weak fish, waving gayly as far as we could see. Its a great life; makes you wonder about the sense of tariffs, cartels, and even colleges....but lets not get profound.

M.B.C. NOTES

The big feed on July 2nd (after the Sunday races) was a HUGE success in every sense of the word. Looked more like a Bay Head gathering than the M.B.C. with parents and children and dogs, and quite a few of the old timers really enjoying the mob scene. The ravenous young stormed the portals an hour ahead of time, but Mrs. Moore and the Womans Auxiliary had gobs of food - while Tom Doremus and Kenneth Smith dished out whatever they had (it was all gone when we got there) behind the counter. Ted Moore arrived in a spic and span Maxwell, vintage of 1904. We climbed aboard just for the view, and could almost see Staten Island! Del Fisher served Charlie Burd his supper "Al Fresco" in a row boat, but gypt him out of ice cream and cake. After supper both old and young did as they pleased; some took off in canoes, others went sailing, a few danced to Mr. Morrisons A-cordeen, but mostly we just kidded and talked about all of you and the good old days. Doc. Sayre went to New York.

The M.B.C. is planning one of those all day regattas we are famous for; not speed boats but everything else. Sounds entertaining. They say the youngest White is getting to be a cracker-jack sailor, and theres a boy named Jerolman who is darned good with a sneak box. But the Lightnings are getting very popular, and even Barb is considering one. We think they look too much like a family outing, but that doesnt make much sense either. We counted thirty sail boats just off our dock - including the Oscar in a sinking condition with several ducks aboard.

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHER EDUCATION

At last it has happened! We have watched and waited for this all our lives: at a recent graduation the daisy chain broke and threw the bewildered young ladies in a state of panic. It may be malicious of us, but we'll never be happy until something like this happens to a May Queen - and her court.

HEART THROB DEPARTMENT

Lets begin with Angie Schweers and Dot Lawrence! Their engagement is formally announced this week, and theres a shower for the bride at her sister's home AND the wedding when Angie gets home over the week end. We thought Angie was the old bachelor type, but we get wronger and wronger every day.

HEART THROBS DEPARTMENT (Cont)

Nancy Barnes and Dave Boffey will be married on July 29th, in the garden of his home over at Monmouth Hills. Its to be a big wedding with four bridesmaids, including the Iversons and Harriet as maid of honor.

Another engagement of interest to Barefoots is that of Stew Rogers sister, Naomi, to Carroll Jones of Portland, Maine. The Rogers seem to have moved to Maine - where they had a summer home.

Peggy Hill is engaged to Capt. Harry Bell of Chicago, now stationed at Ft. Monmouth. An early Fall wedding is planned, and the girls are giving parties for Peggy most every day it seems.

Jack Montgomery had a week end date with a school friend of Bunny Dillons, and liked her so well that the postman rings twice a day. Her name is Peggy...she's a blonde.

Marion Backe is having a big affair with a Navy flyer from Englewood, but now on his way overseas. Looks the real thing.

Dr. Bill Heatley pulled a fast one the other day. He's been out in the Pacific for some time...must be almost an Admiral, but romance caught up with him. Wadhe do but phone his proposal from San Francisco, was accepted, and will be hitched in a week. Chivalry still lives, boys and girls, for he quaintly, "asked for HER hand in marriage." Its Kim Smith from Little Silver.

Brub has just sent Carol a bracelet from England! Nice going. She's crazy about it, too. And its still George Ruddy and Janet Holmes...during leave anyway. Marg Holmes has a Marine now. We think he is a Marine, but we KNOW his name isnt Frank so it cant be the same guy.

Every one is sold on Little Meads nice girl from Philadelphia. Her name is Eleanor, she's a Quaker, gets on with all ages. Yes sir, its really the city of brotherly love...if theyre all as friendly as Eleanor. Rullman wants to know if she has any sisters. He is often seen with June Smith, and Red Lippincott's girl still lives on Front Street. The four stepped out together.

FLASH! SAME DEPARTMENT

We have this very minute came from Augie's wedding, and gosh HOW WE MISSED ALL THE BAREFOOTS. Heres how it was: It was all very much of a family affair so we were honored, and it so happened that Phil Brady, Jim Clayton (who played hockey) and E. Rullman got there to give the groom courage, but he didnt need it. Calm as an oyster! We met at St. James Rectory at eleven thirty A.M. in came the brides sister, Virginia, in pink and blue - very pretty and gracious - then Augie with his Pa as best man (and we certainly do like that gesture) then Dot with her uncle, Mr Gordon. Dot was a lovely bride, too, and you have to be good to pass at high noon on a hot day. Her dress was most becoming, her veil and little Juliet cap, simple and sweet, and she carried white Glads. We dont like brides with head gear like giant gliders, do you? Mr. S. was the best Best Man we ever saw. Didn't fidget or drop anything, and Mrs S. was very calm, too, so now we know where the Schweers Bros. get their control. We kissed Augie, and we saw Clayton sneak in a last one on Dot, with Rullman horning in not far behind. Then we asked the bridal party to walk, NOT RUN, to the most attractive exit and we took colored movies to show you all one of these days - not too far off. They have five days for a honeymoon, and thats not half bad. Well...they have enough rice aboard to feed the Chinese Army. We saw to that! Oh, yes, we almost forgot to mention that the groom wore Navy blue with white accessories.

FALL FASHION NOTES

We took a little trip over to Ft. Monmouth in search of a long lost pal, and decided to look around a bit while we waited for classes to end. First we want to report - and this will relieve your minds, too - that a sign in the PX assured us that the Signal Corps used ONLY the freshest of WHITE LEGHORN eggs at all times. The best is none too good, we always say. Then we took to watching the men scurrying about and decided that America was STILL the land of the rugged individualist. We made our first attempt to illustrate the Bulletin. If it works, no one will be safe! Its a misnomer to call this the "fatigue hat"....look for yourselves. Its a Houdini, if we ever saw one! What interests us is that men have the same tendency to call attention to funny chins and noses, and we had blamed it on the milliners all this time. Here goes!



'Course we picked out the funny looking ones y'know.

DEPARTMENT OF BLESSED EVENTS

Clayton stole all the thunder this month, but we DO want to report that the Bulletin, as a publication, has received its first formal birth announcement from Claire and Jimmy.

Next, we have been looking into the very youngest generation and found that Big Wart's baby looks SO MUCH like her Pa that you wouldn't know the difference if she wore a sailor hat. Its really funny to see Big Wart peeking out of a baby carriage. We saw Sally Porter's son, too, and very cute he is. Then Joan Lippincott's daughter was a riot. Couldn't keep her out of the ocean; greeted everybody with "Hi". More secrets up our sleeves but no can tell yet.

LATE FLASHES:

Jack Davis has been spending a month in the Himalayas.

Tommy Dean is now Lt. (jg) and resting in Australia.

Red Lippincott was sent to Quantico for a taste of "home on the range" right after he left Red Bank. While there, he ran down to Annapolis to the scene of the famous cruise (and mebbe crime) and wrote back that it was as hot as pepper. Red went to see the Rullman family, and we think went sailing with some of the younger ones. We'll soon hear all about it from them.

T. Lloyd has turned up at Camp Crowder, but we haven't his address yet. (Yes we have) Rullman has been sent to Camp Edison to join up with some big outfit.

Stew Van Vliet is in a hospital in Bougainville with not one, but two infected ears. Drop us a line, Stew, so we can say more about you. Trudy is still in Atlantic City. Both Warrens are well...and busy, and Jack has writers cramp.

Your old teacher, Lt. Vollin Wells, is a patient in Halloran Hospital, Staten Island for some sort of operation.

Nancy Barnes was seen dashing with what we suppose is wedding finery, and we are all upset because our dependable barometer is falling to beat the band. What will become of the outdoor wedding?

Jack Montgomery is getting down to hard tacks out in South Bend, Ind....lots of girls but no spare time. Good food, beautiful scenery, but plenty of rules to keep you from enjoying same. Had quite a set back when he was taken for a bus driver, by ANOTHER bus driver! Cheer up, Jack, sometimes we are said to resemble another Mrs. R.

Billy Lippincott isn't too crazy about Duke, or is he homesick we wonder.... could be. Writes to Consie and Bunny fairly often.

Dick Hammer is in the north of Ireland - so we hear.

Nancy Hausman is having a swell time with a new boy friend - just out of Yale Fine Arts School.

Donald Wingerter and his bride are living at 204 Winship Avenue, Macon, Ga. Her name was Ouida Carolyn Burns, and she writes nice letters to the D. & W. Household - that's all we know about her.

Binney McClees hopes to get home before he takes off for the direction most of you seem to be headed for. Has to have a pilot's qualifications as well as the engineering for a B-29.

We could go on and on but Mrs. Reamer says to have a heart. We have, so Bye..Now (who started that?) and love from the chin up girls,

K. and M. and L.

NEW ADDRESSES

Flight Officer J. R. Hammer, T 3366
A P O 16305, B A - 51
Postmaster, New York City, N.Y.

Bjorn F. Nielsen, S I/c
3C.B.M.U. - 591
Platoon 3
Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Cal.

Wm. Wikoff, M n 2/c
Com Ser Ron Six, M.A.B.
Care Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Cal.

Lippincott, W.C., - A/S,V 12 (A) USNR
Duke Station, Duke University
Durham, N. C.
P. O. Box 5174

Capt. Weston Hausman
Care United Flight Operations
Denver, Colorado

Lt. T.E. Morton, U.S.N.R.
U.S.S. BRYANT
Care Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Cal.

J. L. Montgomery
U.S.N.R. Midshipman School
Section 26
Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana

Pfc. E. F. Rullman, 11079037
3170 Signal Service Bn.
Camp Edison, N. J.

A/C S. R. Simonds USNR
5 BL 2, Bks. 30H-107
USNAS
Peru, Indiana

Cpl. Harry Davey, 32258570
Squad. O, 331st A.A.F.
R.T.U.M.B.
Barksdale Field, La.

Pfc. Donald R. Davey, 42006055
Co. F, 104th Inf.
A.P.O. 26
Ft. Jackson, So. Carolina

John E. Dean, A/S
Box 1425 - USNTU
Georgia Tech.
Atlanta, Ga.

Sgt. J. E. Davis, ASN 32385328
Hq. Co. 10th Weather Squadron
A.P.O. 492
Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.

T/4 Thos. B. Lloyd - 12073831
Co. B. 30-Bn - Bks 861
A.S.F.T.C.
Camp Crowder, Missouri