

# THE BAREFOOT BULLETIN

Editors

K., L., & M.

Vol. III No. I

September 1, 1945

Dear Barefoots;

Happy Birthday to us - Happy V.J. DAY to you! We find that we have developed a New England conscience during the war days, and we're afraid we shouldn't feel happy or something, but we DO have a lighter heart on this our second anniversary. So we will begin by telling some of the high spots of PEACE ITS WONDERFUL here in Red Bank where the celebration was long and loud and full of good humor. Probably the peak of the celebration came when Hancey dashed (for him) out in the back yard and shot off his gun just once. Said he was going to do it if it killed him - and he didn't feel so good for awhile, but the pigeons took it very hard. Most parents were a little wackey with joy and really let themselves go. Seen clinging to the side of the Holmdel fire engine were the Jay Duncans waving gayly to their startled friends, the Osborns careened around calling greetings we couldn't hear for all the din of horns, tin cans tied to cars, bells ringing, and all the teenagers howling with joy. The Asays rode around beaming at everybody, L. Sayre was singing in a chorus at Ft. Monmouth and couldn't get out right away, the Lippincotts, Suttons, and Rullmans romped up and down the streets, went to church, then opened a bottle of champagne. Bill O'Brien had a heck of a time deciding which way to hang his flag so he finally stood and held it. Your own M. was putting out the flag just like Barbara Fritchie, when a visiting fire engine squirted the hose at her, and one mellow citizen insisted upon saluting until the operation was completed. The loudest whooper-uppers were the seventeen year olds who were waiting for greetings from the President. They yelled all night long! Your reporter K was in the Telephone office greeting all the girl friends when the first word flashed, and Marge Holmes took a frantic call from Mr. Kislin who said, "You're looking better, and put through a call to India right away so I can tell my son."

More sober reflections bring us to the development of the atomic bomb, and we take back all the flip remarks we ever made about those gruesome Rube Goldberg machines for smashing the atom. Another thing: we like the idea of 75,000 people who KNEW that they DIDN'T know what they were doing! And you might like to know that Francis Borden of Shrewsbury and Gil Turner, and many others from Red Bank have been working long and silently on the job down in Tennessee. Thank God something stopped the war, even if it had to be the atomic bomb with all its fearful implications. The gang has been lucky - VERY lucky, but not lucky enough for we will never be complete without Bob Davey. Stew Rogers was the only other member of the club, but he had moved away - as you all know. We thought of Harry way off in India, and we want him to know that we shared his mixed emotions when the news of peace came at long last.

## IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

Bunny Dillon has the most gorgeous coat of tan we ever hope to see! As we write this she is in Baltimore assisting with a fashion show, but will be back saving lives by the week end.

Tommy Dean wasn't allowed to fly for awhile after he came back from the Pacific. Lack of vitamin B from the diet we suppose, but all is well now and he is back in the air. Jack Dean has a girl, we hear.

You won't recognize the Irwin Yacht Works when you get back for it looks like the House Beautiful. And it's something of the social center, too, where the elite meet after supper nights - just as they used to do at Dickmans. The river front came to life with a suddenness that almost hurt the eyes when the ban on gas was lifted and today (Sunday) it was like the Sweepstakes - without the smell. Strange cruisers dropped anchor, and people fished and crabbed until dark. Quite a few weak fish in the river we hear.

We looked in on Big Wart and his two babies not long ago, and found Louise in shorts, the youngest in a nice cool crib wearing only three cornered pants, and Big Wart and Pam about to tackle a box of Hesses ice cream.

Speaking of the old crowd, we hear that Charlie Allaire wasn't allowed to sail in a race recently because "he hadn't had enough experience." Unquote.

Dot Norcum's baby was a year old in August. Dot now lives in a lovely little house the Ansbro's bought up near Pinckney Road and Branch Ave.

A postal from the Bucky Meads in Rockledge, Fla., and says, "Nestled among the Palms on Banana River." That's what the Chamber of Commerce says. Bucky says he and Jean and Bobby arrived July 24th., and had a rough time finding a place to live, and that it reminds him of Barnegat Bay - only more mosquitoes. We also hear that Buckey has taken his physical to remain in the Navy permanently.

T. Lloyd wrote us from the Aleutians on July 29th to say that life wasn't half bad, and that you didn't have to salam to officers up there - which was quite refreshing. Only thing that bothers him is that the chickens lay powdered eggs and the cows give powdered milk. Cheer up, T, for we have reports from some quarters of the globe that the dogs don't wag their tails. THAT we couldn't take.



IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT - continued

Bob Malchow is in the Netherland East Indies, and is assistant engineer on a destroyer. Eichman's last Bulletin returned to us marked Address unknown so we don't know what goes on.

Don Osborn is due home any day now, and Croft Grantham (Eddie Pigeon) is back in the States. Zale is still in Versailles, but not too interested in being so near Paris. Keeps thinking of Marge instead.

Bill Van Pelt wrote us "at sea" and said he had been on a boat as long as he could remember. The blackout rules made it pretty hot, and he was anxious to see land - which he probably has by this time.

Don And Mary Asay sailed AND WON in a big regatta at Cherry Point, and Mary certainly was excited when they handed Don a huge trophy! It was her first race, and they sailed a Lightning.

Bill Wikoff is beginning to worry about how he will EVER stand the cold weather again. His last letter to us dated July 29th says he likes the swimming but give him civilian life in Red Bank... AND SOON. We see your nice mother at the Ft. Monmouth Hospital very often, Bill, and she looks wonderful in her uniform.

Strata Fanjul (half the time we spell it Strada) says he is still pretty busy but life is improving every day now that they are getting well organized. He thinks some of you must be quite near him, but can't seem to meet up yet.

Augie Schweers is the Navys' prize patient. He has been so intelligent and cooperative that he's getting well with a bang and will soon graduate to normal living. Dot gave up her job and took a room in Beacon this summer, and we hear that Augie is soon to be allowed to come home for a week end. We saw Dot sailing in a race one Saturday so maybe they have been home together.

Andy White ran such a big splinter in his hand that he had to have stitches and all kinds of attention from Doc Sayre, and Ferd White was taken sick at the M.B.C. so Andy is taking his place for awhile. Jack White caught a soft crab eight inches long and weighing about a pound and a quarter. It was in the Register building just long enough to make us work up an appetite.

We put Eight-eight overboard with proper ceremony on August 20th, and darned if someone didn't steal her in less than a week. Hatchet Brand found her tied up to the steamboat dock.

The latest from Brub is that his takeoff from France has been delayed. We give up on Brub.

Bob Davis seems to have taken off again, and Dick Davis has turned up in the Philippines.

Harry Davey sent your editors a copy of the Roundup - official paper of the India-Burma theatre. Quite a paper, too, and full of pert comments on whos hooey in the Army.

Dr. Banta, Jeanette Ryerson's husband, has been tied up on England for nearly three months. Meantime the baby flourishes down at the beach and Jeanette tries a new hair do every day.

There will probably be a new Reade's Theatre on Broad Street soon, that is if the property owners up by Leroy Place can't stop it. And the Y.M.C.A. has put in a bid for the U.S.O. building (Elks to you) up near the D.&W. ranch. A huge new post-war program is being planned by the Y and the present building is inadequate.

Jack Mass, pilot of a P-47 Thunderbolt, has been awarded the Air Medal for his part in the doings of Eastern Germany and Czechoslovakia.

Chow's father won the sneakbox chanced off by the Navesink Hook and Ladder Co., but we haven't heard what he did with it.

George Ruddy was supposed to go off to the Pacific just before Japan gave up, and we haven't heard what became of him. Harvey Rogers is back from Hawaii where he has been stationed for 34 months. And Capt. Harry Ryder has received the Purple Heart for his Manila injuries, and Bill has been sick with malaria.

Charlie Wolbach was another native son who had a hand in the atomic bomb at Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

Since we started this word has come that Bill Van Pelt has hit land again, probably in the Philippines. His pa looks much happier.

And we also hear that Augie is expected home over Labor Day. A grand long letter came from Tommy Schwoers enclosing his membership certificate in "The Ancient & Mystic Society of Gumbeaters." The certificate seems to be made up by some screwball in the Leatherneck Magazine, and it would take several pages to describe it. Thanks, Tommy, she goes into the B.F.Y.C. scrap book for future generations to pour over. Tommy says he certainly was glad to see Mickey Long and Bob Davis, but both have been moved now. Mickey is supposed to be coming back to the states soon.

Bob Simonds wrote to wish us a happy birthday, and hopes the next anniversary finds everybody back in the old haunts. Says he really has to strain to convince the cadets that he is a better flyer than his pupils...hence the moustache.



## IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT - continued

Down at Sandlass Beach there was a great flurry of excitement and fist fighting when some bathers playing ball were ordered off a private beach down near the rocks. Such a display of bad temper on the part of the beach owner that they all went off in the patrol wagon to tell it to the judge, and Ann Hill said she thought she was at Coney Island for a few minutes.

We just wish you could see the picture Harry Davey sent us! He appears to be in long G.I. underwear, wearing a sunstopping hat, and guzzling a bottle of beer. The temperature was a low 98...just like early spring, says Harry...and his thoughts were turning to things at home, too. At that time his outfit was going strong on overtime - probably big plans for the invasion they won't have to take on now, but Harry can't stretch those points.

## M.B.C. NOTES

Have we told you about the First Annual Minstrel Show? Can't remember. Anyway it was a huge success and they cleared more than \$200.00. The serious minded members of the club were afraid the floor would cave in, but it held out, and they all laughed heartily at the jokes on themselves dished out by thirty-five black faced junior skippers. The singing was peppy, the solos snappy, and the specialities super-duper. Gloria Moore, who made a swell "end man", had some juicy ones to tell on Del Fisher, and Charlie Burd sat in the front row and roared at the jokes on his night prowling proclivities (WOW). There's a new senior member of the club, one Herbert Cox just discharged from the service, who out sinatrad Sinatra swaying on the microphone and REALLY singing. Cox sails a Lightning, and has a wife who plays the piano to beat the band. Our own L. Sayre was the accompanist, Chester Apey was the interlocutor, and a good time was had by all.

Getting around to the races, the Willis Clayton was won by Arthur Apey who sails Morrison's Comet, the Tina, and Dot Schweers won the trophy offered for the first sneakbox. Their pictures appeared in the Register and Apey looks like a pretty young skipper. The Commodore's cup was won by Sea Hag, and she also cleaned up in the Skeeter Fleet the same weekend. No...we see we are wrong on that one. The Commodore's cup race will be sailed three times - if you know what we mean. The next weekend it was won by Jerolamons So-So. In the Skeeter Fleet the President's cups were won by Tern II and Fran in class B.

On August 23rd there was a triple tie for the Commodore's cup with Don Lawes Sea Hag (we can't get used to that) Tern II, and So-So all having 26 points. Sea Hag and Fran won the Skeeter Fleet Commodore cups, and the Comet race was won by the Miltenbergers. Fair Haven is very active again this year, but we can't keep track of 'em all. The Lightnings are getting more popular every day. Red Lippincott and Ed Rullman borrowed the Doremus boat to discover why, but we didn't hear the verdict.

We are now down to the Labor Day weekend, and watched the Saturday races sailed in a heck of a southwest wind. Lots of upsets and plenty of trouble, but everybody seemed to turn out on Sunday. There was a box supper at the club and it got under way so early that most of us missed all the doings. Tom Doremus makes a wonderful Commodore, and is right on the job with his patrol boat everytime a skipper gets into trouble. Mrs. D. makes a swell Commodoreess, too, with Peter and Kay running a close second on the family portrait stuff. All this is to cover our confusion 'cause we don't know the Labor Day scores, but we DO know that they sailed the crew races over the weekend.

## HEART THROB DEPARTMENT

The excitement of August was Brownie's wedding at Short Hills, N. J. on a Sunday afternoon. We all had announcements, but no bids, and the bride is the same Catherine who sat beside him in high school.

Nancy Byrd will be married early in October, and we hear there will be a big church wedding with lots of bridesmaids, including Consie and Bunnie. It's a third for Bunnie, and she claims to be all worried.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Helen Borden and Robert Closel. The date is Sept. 15th at the Presbyterian Church in Shrewsbury with a reception at the Borden home later. You may not be aware of it, but the Bordens are cousins of one M. Rullman so it's kind of a family affair.

And here's a wedding that will interest lots of you. Remember Miss Seeley, the popular teacher at the R.B.H.S.? Well, she married Thomas Oakley recently and we don't know whether she will <sup>go</sup> on teaching or not. Oakley was discharged from the Army sometime ago.

Mary Louise Ewing's beau came back from the wars the last of August and they plan to be married as soon as possible - probably next week.

Great excitement in the Holmes family! Margie's Charlie called her on the phone from San Francisco on Sunday night, and was in Red Bank for supper on Monday feverishly making plans for the wedding on Saturday, Sept. 8th, in the Baptist Church. No time for invitations, but the time is 4 P.M. and all Barefoots are invited. Janet will be the only attendant, and Barb is buzzing around helpfully acting as witness at the license bureau, etc. There will be a small reception at the Molly Pitcher for the family and a few close friends. We talked to Margie on



## HEART THROB DEPARTMENT - continued

the phone today and she seemed to have a slight case of jitters - but nice, happy jitters. We wonder if Mr. Miller will be able to assist in tying the knot as he has just arrived in this country and is waiting for his discharge at Halleran Hospital.

Golly, what a LONG heart throb column! We were going to list a few affairs, but they can wait until next month now.

## DEPARTMENT OF BLESSED EVENTS

The Hubie Farrows have a son born at Riverview Hospital in August, and that's the only baby we can think of - believe it or not.

## LATE FLASHES

Brub Hance was all set to sail on the Queen Elizabeth on Aug. 26, and there was great rejoicing on this side of the Atlantic because we all thought he was on the high seas. Then a V Mail letter came to say that at the LAST minute the Col. called them together and said they would probably go back to France and Germany to be the Army of Occupation! It was cruel to have one foot on the boat, but there's only the right way and the Army way. Can't tell you how sorry we are, Brub, and we happened in on your folks the day the letter came. They feel as you do; it's tough, but it could be worse.

The Claytons moved to their little grey home in Fair Haven tother day, and not only moved themselves but TONS of coal from the other house. The poor, startled Army Captain who was giving a farewell party just before leaving thought a V-bomb had hit him when Clair and Jimmie heaved the first 100 pound bag in the cellar window. They live right near Harry Hubbards place, by the way.

Lip was home over the weekend... still playing golf while waiting for his discharge. Just wait until you see the Lippincott's enchanting back yard, complete with outdoor grill, tables and comfortable chairs. It's taken the place of Teepee on Sundays - that is, when we can find a steak and the trimmings.

Charlie Burd has taken up sailing in a big way all over again. Winning, too. We were asked to crew for him, but couldn't take the high wind in our present senile state.

The M.B.C. Labor Day doings won't be quite as fancy as usual as to food. It's bring your own this time - and no foolin'. But the races will be the same. It's hard to get trophies, but Amory Osborn makes lovely wooden cups and the Hammells paint 'em. Speaking of Hammells, Dick and his family are right in the Texas hurricane as we write this. Dick hopes to get out of the Navy soon and will send Peg and the "Human Bagpipe" (that's Junior) to Augusta by plane until he gets something settled.

Croft Grantham called on Hancey, and announced that he thought he would stay in the Air Corps awhile. Has 110 points and is covered with decorations, but as calm as a clam and very pleased to have met all his British relations.

We saw Carol Apgar gazing soulfully in the window of the Yankee Trader just at sunset. Wonder if she has ideas about home-making coming up?

Nancy Hausman is graduating from secretarial school in New York this week and will go back to college soon. She has been living with a school friend in the city rather than commute, and came home on weekends all summer.

Vice Admiral Schwartz will enter "Havad" any day now so the B.F.Y.C. can be considered in the higher brackets from this day on. Eddie and Arnold were home together recently, and papa Schwartz certainly should get back soon.

Weston Hausman is out on the coast most of the time now so Pat is alone in Denver. Wes will go on flying, ofcourse, so V. Days make very little difference to him. We haven't heard a word about Sig in ages. Anybody know where he is?

Just received our own V Mail letter from Brub, and can only repeat how cut up we feel for you, Brub. He hasn't had any mail since June...which doesn't help dispell the gloom. In all his travels he has met up with Zale in Germany, Don Osborn in France, and Ray McCue (of Kelleys) in Brussels, and hit LeHarve, Brussels, Paris and London on four successive days! Spent V.J. DAY in Bath (England - not tub) and hopes his 73 points will bring him home soon. So do we.

Jack Montgomery and Buddy White were in the same convoy and got together in some remote spot, and Jack managed to have dinner with Stew Van Vliet but we don't know where the heck they were. Jack would like to get home, but no can do for awhile.

Ed Rullman's orders haven't come in yet so he is in a dither wondering where he goes from here. Ed went to a party in Sea Bright, and, between a full moon and a big east wind, the tide came up to the seats in his car and he was shipwrecked for a few hours. You should have seen his parent (female) towing the beloved car back to Mount-English with a wisp of a sheet rope that kept breaking! Some fun.

Have a swell last minute letter from Strata telling us about V.J. doings on Okinawa. We knew where you were all the time, Strata. Women's intuition! Seems the gang was looking at a movie when the word flashed and the celebration was worse than anything the Japs had ever turned on the island.



LATE FLASHES - continued

Jack Arnold is home, and hopes to get out of the Army soon. We haven't seen him yet so haven't much to report.

Emery Wingerter seems to be busy organizing track events over in Germany and won second place in the 1500-meter run at the 3rd Army track meet held at Nurnburg. Roger is-or was-back in Guam when last we heard.

Holmes Duncan is headed for Ohio State for the V-12 program. If Red Lippincott's medical discharge goes through in time (and it certainly should for he has been sitting at Bethesda plenty long) he hopes to enter Rutgers this fall and pick up where he left off.

Pete Cartmell is a 1st Lieutenant now, and, like Lip, has been bidin' his time in the hospital awaiting the verdict on his discharge.

News of Sig. He has been in Manila with MacArthur and was in a news reel with him so watch out for the picture. Sig has been in Guam, spent four days in Okinawa where he had no water even to wash his hands in, so when he got back to Manila he spent a day in the shower! He was very disappointed not to go on to Tokyo, but hopes to get there before his next leave in October. Also has a new Ford. HOW the heck did he manage that, we wonder?

We can't help worrying about the State of Mississippi on accounta it's the only spot in the world not at peace with Japan, and they say nothing can be done about it. Seems the Governor in office at the time of Pearl Harbor was so incensed over the whole thing that he ups and declares a little separate war and now there's no possible way to stop it! Maybe they have something there at that.

Bob Truex is back from Germany, but we don't quite know where he goes from here. People who saw the Queen Elizabeth come into New York harbor this week said there had never been a welcome quite like it. The guys even threw their shoes overboard. We expected to go up in the "Unrully" to meet Brub so we won't even LISTEN to the story.

By the way, it's getting difficult to get the Bulletin to you these days but don't worry for the show will go on as long as there's a guy out of the country. It may not be in the same form, but SOMETHING will get to you. We would like it, if it means anything to you to receive the news, if you would send us some word when you get home - or know you're coming. We listened in on the Japanese surrender from the battleship Missouri, as we suppose you did, and we had a wave of patriotism such as we seldom feel (having felt TOO MUCH of EVERYTHING these last years). We had thought we were all felt out, but, brother, it's really good to be an American! If any of you were there - or close by - for gosh sake tell us more about it.

Another thing before we sign off, Ft. Monmouth is to be a huge separation center for this part of the east so we are digging in for the troops expected any day now. Lots more buildings will go up P.D.Q. under the watchful eye of Mr. Lipp and the Tuller Construction Co.

Doc Rullman was so disgusted waiting for the Unrully to go overboard that he hired the Irwin's skiff for Labor Day, and both Lipps and Jack Arnold went fishing with him down at the red buoy. Later they all had supper in the Lips backyard, and it was so gosh darned cold that we thought it was going to snow.

Augie and Dot came to see us, and WERE WE GLAD TO FIND AUGIE SAME AS EVER. He looks a little pale without his usual suntan, but that's the only difference in his appearance. He is back at the hospital now, and will be for sometime, but he will be O.K. from now on -- which is good news to all Barefoots.

Love 'an stuff until October, from,  
K. and L. and M.

NEW ADDRESSES

Lt.(j g.) R.W. Mead, A I U.S.N.R.  
NAS - Banana River, Fla.

Ensign R.G. Malchow U.S.N.R.  
U.S.S. Leland E. Thomas - De420  
Care F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

Ensign S.R. Simonds U.S.N.R.  
NAAS, Barin Field, B.O.Q.  
Pensacola, Fla.

Richard B. Davis, HA I/C-716-67-32  
U.S. Fleet Hosp. 114  
Bks. F20 (Staff)  
Care F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

Cpl. Thomas B. Schweers, U.S.M.C.  
Signal Co., 8th. Ser. Regt.  
F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

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543 Sig. Base Depot  
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