

BAREFOOT BULLETIN

Editors

E. L. & M.

November 1st, 1945

Dear Barefoots; Get ready for that big surprise the President springs on us about this time every year...we're gonna have Thanksgiving Day! It will be on the fourth Thursday (back to normal) and that comes on the 22nd. A good turkey in New Jersey will cost about ten bucks, but who cares? We have something to be thankful for this year.....we HOPE...so we will settle for any old snack. Lets go!

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

All our dope on Eichman was out of date by the time you read your Bulletin. He was whisked out to California and on to Hawaii before Peg could think what was happening and is reported to be Engineering Officer on a P.C. stationed at Hawaiian Sea Frontier.

Barefoots take note; the following notice appeared in the Register recently. "Recruits wanted for the U.S. Army. "We just knew you'd all be burning with desire to know more about this so we investigated. You can sign up in room 8 in the basement of the Post Office building from 8 A.M. until 5 P.M. daily. And you can pick your own theatre of operation....no foolin'!"

Billy Hagerman flew 9000 miles on a rib and a prayer to get home to Nancy and the baby. He came by way of Italy to Africa, to South America, to Fort Dix, to South Street, and is a little thin but same as ever.

Harry Greenwood is out of service, though we haven't seen him, and we hear Bob Truex would be out if he could find time to leave his beautiful blonde long enough to go back to camp and get his discharge.

Holmes Duncan survived all sorts of doings in the Pacific, and came back to Vanderbilt where he broke an arm playing football right off the bat.

We had word that Bill Lippincott and Montgomery weathered one typhoon only to run into another, and we haven't any news on that yet. The first one was terrifying enough. Bill was off Okinawa where they limped in for repairs after losing all but one life boat and over half the cargo, and thought the Salmon P. Chase was gone. Never saw such waves in his life!

Mont is doing patrol duty between Okinawa and Leyte, and hopes to get a leave before Xmas on account a life is pretty dull and no points to speak of.

Now it can be told that Lip spent the summer of '44 at Shangri-La, the hide-out of President Roosevelt. Life has many pictures of the camp - also all the New York papers published pictures. We hope to have something about Lip's new life at Rutgers in late flashes.

Beg pardon to Bob Davis, who is in Japan (Nagasaki) with the 5th Division. We are dripping with notes on strange places and sometimes get confused. Tom Schweers is there, too, and Mickey Long reports that both look swell. Mickey is doing his darndest to enter Cornell this fall, but isn't sure he can make it in time. We were glad to see Mickey looking well and at ease in civilian clothes. Most guys find sport jackets more like potato sacks and hats like sail boats!

Tommy Dean is now instructing at Miami, and hopes to be out soon. The Eichmans said he had a cold when last seen.

Jack Davis has been quite sick with another attack of malaria, and it got him down this time. He has been in India some time and would rather recuperate at home. Harry Davey thinks his out-fit will move by November, but wonders about transportation. His last letter, dated Sept. 25th, says they had been restricted to the post over two weeks while the doctors did everything possible to control an epidemic of infantile. The D.D.T. certainly did away with the bugs for a change. Like everyone else, Harry is dreaming of a White Christmas.

Frank Hadley's papers are lost so he is marking time and hopes he will get home for Christmas, too. We hear that Bill Hall is out.

Brub is now at Camp Pall Mall, Le Lavre, right next to Camp Phillip Morris where he was stationed a few months ago. We hope this isn't a gag of the tobacco companies. Could be! We certainly feel for Brub, who lost his duffel bag on one of his channel crossings, and hasn't a souvenir left! There was a German pistol he was very keen about bringing home, though we hear he couldn't have brought it through - which may comfort him a little.

Sig has been around lately and says he has decided to stay in the Army.

Bob McKee is out of service and will live in Red Bank we hear. We hope to see more of Daisey Bell as soon as the harvest is over - "the Harvest" being one scant basket of green tomatoes and one row of onions.

Francis Kadoma is back wearing his usual pleasant smile, and Buzz Layman is in California waiting to take off. Dick Hammer will soon be out, and we think he finished his pilots course just to end up with a flourish. The Hammers now live on Arthur Place, but Mrs. Hammer and the younger brother have gone to South America for the winter. Mary Lu is home for a month.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT (con't)

Had quite a conversation with June Methot recently, who spied us raking leaves one brisk day. June isn't working now and misses the pay check - but that's about all. She was hoping to gather a few familiar faces for a Saturday night party but we didn't hear how she made out. And that reminds us to tell you that the Walker house on the point is being torn down, much to Charlie Burds disgust.

Bunny dashed in unexpectedly one weekend, and reported on the cocktail party Virginia Garrett gave for Nancy Byrd and George Yarrall, who will be married this Saturday. Here's what she reported. Janet Holmes came with George Ruddy, Mary Jo and Lee Morton with the Ritter brothers, George Shoemaker (just home) with a pretty, dark girl named Merriam from Cape May, Barbara Williamson with Johnny Graham, Nancy Williamson all in grey and red, and the George Williamsons. Also, Mrs. Belknap telling fascinating stories about Teddy Belknap, who is in Shanghai. Speaking of China, says Bunny, Shep Miller is on the U.S.S. Guam off the coast of Korea. (Who's Shep?) From another sleuth we hear that Aunt Con was making great time with Rose Bottagaro Blair's new husband. Dicksie Hoyt and Judy Alton were together, Mickey Long was acting host, the sandwiches Virginia made with her own hand went over big, and it is said that the D. & W. parents arrived in Pat's blue dragon car. Wait 'til you see THAT car! Pat painted it herself.

After the party the whole crowd went to Lincroft Inn for steak sandwiches, then to Mayers where they found Sig Thompson with some flyer friends. We finally found out that Bunny was with Phil Hanson, who used to visit here long ago.

We hear the Bill Van Pelt is somewhere in China and has had a mild case of pneumonia. Hard luck, Bill, and hope you are O.K. when this reaches you. You'd better toughen up to fight the battle of the S.N.B. & Trust Company! Last Saturday we spent fifteen minutes on a flying tackle to reach the tellers window, twenty more in line, ten more crawling out between strange feet and horrible children, and five more taking deep breaths on the curb! We wish we had space and time to describe the costumes of the termites who now complicate our lives in Red Bank.

Zale Dillon is studying Math and Chemistry at Sheffield University in England, and both Roger and Emery will soon be home. Roger phoned from some remote spot so we know he is on his way.

Walter Mead blew in for thirty days leave, and was just in time for a big clam-bake his father was engineering. So little Mead caught up on the news over night. but came to see us the next day. He has fallen away to a skimpy 200 pounds, has really been places, but very calm and sane about the whole thing - and VERY glad to get home. Everyone says the same thing about the first glimpse of the river from the train window. Walter says his wedding won't take place while he is wearing bell bottom trousers. Eleanor was down over the weekend, by the way.

We forgot to mention a little outing of two of the crew on Bill Lippincott's boat; they made themselves a kayak, and were lost in the Pacific for two days before the ship picked them up! Sounds like a Barefoot job to us.

Margie Holmes Raynor has gone back to work and the groom has departed for the Pacific. He should be discharged late this winter.

Tom Morton, Dick Hammel, and many others can be Lt. Commanders if they want to stay in, but no can see.

Ed Rullman's car died on the way back from Crowder and he just managed to limp in the yard without lights and tires ripped to pieces.

ICE YACHT DOINGS

The Shrewsbury Ice Boat and Yacht Club got under way early this year under the guiding hand of Del Fisher, who seems to have been a one man committee to look after and improve most everything since last winter. They welcomed home the secretary, John Darling, who has been overseas nearly five years, they took in new members, showed moving pictures, and then sat down to a banquet. There was one note of gloom; the "Now When" has been sold and will sail under the colors of the Long Branch Club this year. That hurts. She is a class A boat and beat the pants off the Great South Bay Boats several years ago.

POST WAR NOTES

The Register of Oct. 25th gives us great hope for the future of our land. We quote: "In a striking example of complete reconversion, architects who participated in the construction of the atomic bomb plant in Oak Ridge, Tenn., have been engaged to direct construction of the new Methodist Home for the Aged of New Jersey to be erected at Ocean Grove in the near future." Unquote. Are WE going to hurry down and pick out a corno room with a view of the ocean?

Another thought that we simply HAVE to get off our minds, speaking of post war plans. Life's gotta be simplified! And the Telephone Co. could help a lot if they would just keep on saying to EVERY SINGLE CALLERUPPER, "Please limit your call to five minutes." We really go for that.

HEART THROB DEPARTMENT

Barbara Williamson, petty officer 1st class of the WAVES is engaged to First Lt. John T. Graham of the Army, who is a graduate of Georgia Tech and is an instructor at the Ft. Monmouth O.C.S....and mighty nice, too.

Nancy Byrd's wedding day was made to order - warm and beautiful and fit for the Gods. We all turned out in snappy clothes (we hope) and were ushered up the aisle by the Navy instead of the Army, much to our surprise. Going in we met up with the Mortons, Williamsons with Barbara in civilian clothes and looking very happy with Johnny Graham, Barbara Knapp, Pat Dillon and her husband, Col. Dillon, the Jim Claytons with Em Jones, and then we took to lurking behind bushes with the movie camera - having unearthed a film. That made us sit in the last row of the church, and we wonder if Nancy knows that a delegation of news boys just dropped in when they saw the church open. Had a lovely time, too, and didn't miss a trick. Nice and quiet and much impressed. One had a model airplane he was tempted to let go, but thought better of it. When that hush came over the church that means the bride's mother is on her way, the most luscious yellow sunlight poured in the church windows and Nancy's veil looked out of this world. Wonder if she knows this little touch? Anyway, the bridesmaids were Bunny, Virginia Garrett, Audrey Johnson, and the groom's sister. The maid of honor was a cousin, the former Margaret Hackstaff. They all wore blue with little violet Mary Stuart hats and carried larkspur and maroon carnations. Nancy is a tall girl and made a regal bride wearing a family wedding gown of lace...and very lovely, too. Just at the end of the ceremony certain wild noises indicated that good old R.B.H.S. had won their game so we tried to shut the door but it didn't help much. As the wedding party emerged from the church, the whole street rocked with shouts of joy so it added to the occasion after all to have the teenagers so happy about the whole thing. One soldier leaned out of his car and yelled, "You'll be sorry." But we don't think they will. The groom looks pretty nice to us, and, by the way, his whole family came on for the wedding - where ever "on" may be for we can't remember where the Yarrells hail from. There was a reception at Old Orchard Country Club that was a very happy affair, and then the crowd went on to a BIG evening (see Cafe Society)

Connie Garside's engagement is announced to Ensign A. Warren Riel of Hasbrook Heights, N. J.

DEPARTMENT OF BLESSED EVENTS

Marjorie Moore, whose married name we can't remember, has a son born in River-view Hospital during the month. Her husband is out of service, and Marjorie is with her folks as she hasn't been so well since the baby came.

We got around to calling on the Wink Hance's new baby and found they had a new dog, too... which is the height of something or other. They now have three boys and a girl...and Wink is back at the Cadillac place and liking it, too.

LATE FLASHES

A short time ago K, who does all the checking up, keeps files as straight as they CAN be kept with all the mitty addresses, mails your Bulletins, etc., etc. discovered that there were 13 Charter Barefoots still out of the country - not counting Walter Mead who takes off soon. We hope some of those may get home for Christmas.

Arnold Schwartz wrote to say that we wasn't finding it too hard to keep his equilibrium in Harvard...lots of swell guys in his outfit, including 25 men from the last Annapolis class. He finishes the course December 5th, and then reports most anywhere. Which reminds us to say that Dave Mountford wasn't discharged after all but was ordered to Washington instead and is now hunting for a place to lay his head.

All you Navy men be sure to hunt up the book called "Science of the Seven Seas" by Henry Stormel. You'll like it. Remember Henry at Woods Hole, Arnold?

This is for the Schweers brothers: the ducks are back in the river just waiting for you.

Those Mead brothers have done it again - Bucky's scouful, freckled face has appeared in print once more (same as last year in Life Magazine) and Walter was on a nation wide hookup with Tom Howard in "It Pays to be Ignorant." And pay it does for Walter - who was called Bucky by Mr. Howard - came away with a cool fifty-five bucks. Editors note: three Bucky's in one family is more than we can cope with much longer.

Little Joe is working in overseas Personnel Bureau at Sampson, N.Y. and expects to get a new assignment in November. He has grown 2 inches and gained 20 pounds. Looks grand.

Eddie Schwartz is stationed at Moffet Field, Cal. where Navy planes are bringing in overseas men.

Bjorn Nielsen didn't get home after all, but he DID have a few days on the West Coast and phoned for Betty to come. There was great excitement as she was on travel orders in Pennsylvania, but Bjorn's mother finally located her and Betty was on her way in two hours, met Bjorn in San Diego, and they had nearly a week together. He is on his way back to Pearl Harbor but may get to California soon again, and Betty is all set to dash back.

No special news about T. Lloyd except that he is stuck in the Aleutians without much to do, and getting kinda homesick.

We met Don Brower on Broad Street wearing the good old sport jacket and making feverish preparations to take off for Louisiana the next day to get married. He will bring his bride to Red Bank to live.

Our last letter from Brub was dated October 13th, and darned if he wasn't in Marseilles with the 66th Inf. Div. REALLY waiting to get on the boat this time. But he upsets us by ending with, "Merry Christmas"....just to show what he thinks of Army plans. We think he will make it this time for sure, though.

Brownie and his bride appeared in town one Sunday, just looking up old friends but we didn't happen to see him.

Ed Rullman is back from Crowder and will sail for E.T.O. on November 9th with a crowd of Signal Corps officers going over for replacements. That's all he knows about this assignment so time will tell.

We forgot to tell you that Mary Asay is living here with Don's folks waiting for him to get his discharge.

Doug Hoyt is in Tokyo - or was when last heard from. The California is so big that she has to take the long way home so Doug may have quite a race with the stork. Dicksie lives right next to the Chrysler show rooms on Riverside Avenue.

A letter from Bob Eichman gives us all his news, and address-in case anyone is near by. It seems Bob has a relation in Beverly Hills....Pete Smith of the P.S. Specialties....remember? So Bob had five days to kill and he went visiting slept in a bed about six feet wide, the butler served breakfast in bed, and he ends up with "What a life!" The M.G.M. studios were on strike so he missed out on a look see, but that's about ALL he missed. Back at Frisco he found a C-54 to take him to Pearl Harbor where his P.C. is stationed permanently, and they go out two days in ten to guard the harbor entrance. Tough life, says he. Next Bob located Bill Wikoff and they had a big bull session and planned to meet the next day, but Bill was suddenly ordered back home and is now steaming this way. We were glad to hear that Bill was not the forgotten man.

Harry Davey thinks he won't get home after all as planes are pouring in to be worked on and officers are illusive - or is there another word for it? Harry is now S/Sgt. and has a white collar job of inspecting - something he thought he wouldn't be too crazy about. Liked the grease better. By way/ Harry we hear that Bob Simonds has been in the hospital with Cat Fever and feeling plenty lousy. We saw your mother around the 22nd Harry, and found her hand better. Richie was there for the weekend, and hopes to be discharged soon.

Fred Comstock is a civilian once more and living with his father on White St.

Montgomery wasn't in the last typhoon after all, but Strada Fanjul was - and has been heard from. Says he is glad he hasn't lost too much weight or he certainly would have blown out to sea. Bill Lippincott's parents are still waiting to hear how he weathered the gale. Joan Stonecypher writes that all is well with her brood.

Dick Hammer is home on terminal leave. Was seen at Mayers.

We read that Guy's boat, the New Jersey is to spend Xmas in Tokyo.

CAFE SOCIETY

After Nancy Byrd's wedding, most of the guests turned up at Cafe Mayers and Marion Backe-who couldn't quite get home in time - joined up with the party there.

Seen at Star Dust Inn, and most other nite spots, were Don and Louise Hubbard with Jack Van Vliet, now a full Colonel and on his way to the Pacific. We really tried to show J.V.V. a time to make up for all those weary years in Germany, and wound up the week with a big family reunion at Shadow Brook Inn.

The first showing of post-war beer parties - and it set a new high-low in beer parties--took place at June Methot's house on the night of Oct. 20th. It was a merger of a party Mickey Long started to throw, and an inspiration June had to see ALL the familiar faces she could think of. Some showed up she'd never heard of! First the beer keg wouldn't work. That was bad. Foam came out of all the wrong places until June's date, who had flown all night in a plane to get there doped out what to do so the guests could stop lapping up the floor of the porch. We can't give you a complete list, but we DO know that Nan Iverson (who is going back to modelling) was there with her husband, Fred Williamson with his wife, Bob and Daisy Bell McKee, Jack Arnold with Phyllis Mathiasen, both Ritters, Little Mead and Eleanor, George Ruddy and Janet Holmes, Bill and Nancy Hagerman, Lip and Edith, Ed Rullman with Barb Sayre, Anna Louise Jeffers and her husband (who is a civilian now). During the evening Barb invited them all to go sailing to Pop Eye Sunday morning and thousands showed up, but they were all too weak to get the boat back in the water so they went to O'Briens and played at Badminton instead. To go back to the party, Lip arrived home by bicycle, just why no one seems to know, and there was also a weird mass consultation in Doc Sayre's office with Ed Rullman taking blood pressures. It was a large evening - which is tops in understatement.

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Seen at Nicks in New York were Little Mead and Eleanor, and Rullman with Eleanor's roommate.

This seems a good place to wind up the news for October. And for the guys who are still far away, dont get too upset about all the garbled news of strikes and such back home. The dopes are always with us, remember, and you alone have it in your power to squawk and be listened to. We hope you arent too weary to squawk for its the moment we are all waiting for. Remember Donald Duck and carry on, men for theres a new day a dawning....it says here. So love and kisses, and have a good Thanksgiving wherever you are.

Be seeing you soon

K. and L. and M.

NEW ADDRESSES

T/3 Zale Dillon, 12101115
Care Field Center IVTWCA I & E
A.P.O. 413 ...Care P.M. New York

And here's Bob Eichman's location, in case anyone can look him up, but NOT his MAILING ADDRESS. If you are at Pearl Harbor ask for,

Section Base, Oah T.H.. P C 486

His mailing address is:
USS PC 486, Care P.M. San Francisco, Cal.