Editors

Dear Barefooters: Get ready for that big surprise the President spring's 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. Let's go!

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

All our dope on Bichman was out of date by the time you read your Bulletin. He was whisked out to California and on to Hawaii before Bic could think what was happening and is reported to be Engineering Officer on a F.3. stationed at Hawaiian Sea Frontier.

Barefooters 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 A 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 Graunest is out of service, though we haven't seen him, and we hear Bob Trux 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 terrifically 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 Saloon P. Chao 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 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 (Makasaki) 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 Bichmans 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 Deyton thinks his cut-fit will move by November, but worries 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.

Bub is now at Camp Pall Mall, La Javro, right next to Camp Philip 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 Bub, who lost his duffle 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 Daisel Bass as soon as the harvest is over - "the Harvest" being one scant basket of green tomatoes and one row of onions.

Francis Kadoke 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 pilot's 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 In is home for a month.
Had quite a conversation with June Methot recently, who spies us making leaves one bright 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 Burris' disgust.

Bunny dashed in unexpectedly one weekend, and reported on the cocktail party Virginia Garrett gave for Nancy Eyrd 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 Merrym from Cape May, Barbara Williamson with Johnny Graham, Nancy Williamson all in grey and red, and the George Williamsens. Also, Mrs. Belknap telling fascinating stories about Teddy Belknap, who is in Shanghai. Speaking of China, says Bunny, Sheep Miller is on the U.S.S. Guns off the coast of Korea. (Who's Shep?) From another sleuth we hear that Aunt Con was making great time with Rose Bottegano Blair's new husband. Dixie 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 till you see THAT car! Pat painted it herself.

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

We have not heard the Bill Van Pelt is somewhere in China and has been somewhat 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.D. & Trust Company! Last Saturday we spent fifteen minutes on a flying tackle to reach the tellers window, twenty more in line, ten more clawing 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 tellers who now complicate our lives in Red Bank.

Zale Dillen 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 was to see us the next day. He has fallen away to a skinny 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 Carmel, 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 Fishor, 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 "How When" has been sold and will sail under the colors of the Long Branch Club this year. That hurt. She is a class A boat and beat the pants off the Great South Bay Bonsy several years ago.

**POST WAR NOTES**

The Register of Oct. 25th gives us great hope for the future of our land. We quote: "An 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 corn 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 Telephones Co. could help a lot if they would just keep on saying to EVERY SINGLE CALLER, "PLease limit your call to five minutes." We really go for that.
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 in-
structor at the Ft. Monmouth O.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 seated in the 
sicle by the Navy instead of the Army, much to our satisfaction. Going in we met up 
with the Mortons, Williamson with Barbara in civilian clothes and looking very 
happy with Johnny Graham, Barbara Knapp, Pat Dillon and her husband, Col. Dillon, 
the Jim Clayton with Em Jones, and them 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 much came over the church that means the 
bride’s mother is on her way, the most luxurious 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, Androy Johnson, 
and the groom’s sister. The maid of honor was a cousin, the former Margaret 
Hackett. They all wore blue with little violet Mary Stuart hats and carried 
leukspur 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 
as we tried to shut the door but it didn’t help much. As the wedding party emerged 
out the Schwartz at the door street rocked with shouts of joy so it added to the 
ocassion 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 Geraldie’s engagement is announced to Ensign A. Warren Riel of Ham-
brook 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 ad 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 mittie 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 
experiences in Harvard...lots of swell guys in his outfit, including 26 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 jot this down the book called “Science of the Seven Seas” 
by Henry Stommel. You’ll like it. Remember Harry at Wood’s Hole, Arnold?

This is for the Schwore brothers: the ducks are back in the river just waiting 
for the ice to go out. You’ll be able to see the Med brothers soon. Those Med brothers have done it again – Bucky’s sailful, 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 Buckys 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 ex-
pects to get a new assignment in November. He has grown 2 inches and gained 20 
pounds. Looks grand.

Eddie Schwartz is stationed at Moffett Field, Cal. where Navy planes are bring-
ing 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 in 
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 to-
gether. 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 68th Inf. Div. BE damned! waiting to get on the boat this time. But he upset us by ending it with "Mary Christmas"...just to show what he thinks of Army pay. 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 Bullman 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 stock. Dickie lives right next to the Chrysler show rooms on Riverside Avenue.

A letter from Bob Elshman 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 F.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 ended up with "What a life!" The M.G.M. studios were on strike so he missed out on a look see, but that's all Bob missed. Back at Frisco he found a C-54 to take him to Pearl Harbor where his P.O. is stationed permanently, and they went out two days in ten to guard the harbor entrance. Tough life, says he. Next Bob located Bill Wikoff and they had a big ball 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 Dewey thinks he wont 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 he said that Bob Simonis has been in the hospital with Cat Fever and feeling plenty lousy. We saw your mother around the 22nd Harry, and found her head better. Richie was there for the weekend, and hopes to be discharged soon.

Fred Comstock is a civilian once more living with his father on White St. Montgomery went in the last typhoon after all, but Strada Franul 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 Stoneygher writes that all is well with her brood.

Dick Hammer is home on terminal leave. Was seen at Meyers. We heard 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 Mengers and Marion Backe-who couldn't quite get home in time - joined up with the party there.

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

The first showing of post-war beer parties - it and a new high - low in beer parties - took place at June Metcho's house on the night of Oct. 20th. It was a meeting 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 leaping up the floor of the porch. We can't give you a complete list, but we DO know that Nan Iversen (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 Machiasen, both Ritters, Little Mac and Eleanor George Ruddy and Janet Hoxmas, Bill and Nancy Hoxmas, Edith, Ed Bullman with Barb Gore, Louise Jeffreys and George Ruddy and Edith. But Ed Thompson was her husband (who is a civilian now). During the evening Barb invited them all to go sailing to Pop Rocks 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'Brien's and played at Badington 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 Bullman taking blood pressures. It was a large evening - which is tops in understatement.
Seen at Nicks in New York were Little Mead and Eleanor, and Hullman 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, don't get too upset about all the garbled news of strikes and much 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 aren't too weary to squawk for its the moment we are all waiting for. Remember Donald Duck and carry on, men for there's 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 IV ...TWCA 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.O. 466

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