

Dear Barefoots:

We take our typewriter in hand the day before Thanksgiving so we can send greetings for two holidays instead of one. Wonder where you all are for your Thanksgiving dinner? And Christmas dinner? There are quite a few native sons still in remote spots....not all Barefoots but they get the Bulletin so we think about 'em on holidays. Want to hear what we are all doing to get ready for Christmas? NOT a DARN THING! You cant buy anything worth having, you cant GET anywhere to buy anything and WHERE ALL THE PEOPLE COME FROM is more than we can figure out. It really burns us up that they dont go home where they belong so we can settle down to the good life once more. Well....now we feel better so we'll get on with the news.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

Andy White appears to be building a shack on his barge. Wonder what he is up to now? Assisted by Ben, his dog, he works away while the barge is at anchor and we like to look out at his bright red shirt on accounta the autumn leaves fell off before we had a chance to see them this year.

Want to hear about Brub's homecoming? They work around the clock at Camp Dix discharging men so it was Brub's fate to be turned loose at midnight with nothing to do but hike home - mustering out pay and all possessions. Home sweet home loomed up about 5 A.M. so Brub found the key under the mat, turned it quietly in the lock, and there stood Hancey and Fatso just as if they'd been expecting him! He looks grand and certainly has a healthy outlook on the whole business of war, homecoming, and plans for the future. Your reporters fell on his neck, begged for interviews, and had the best time they've had for many a day. He is now looking into the business of the G.I. Bill of Rights and getting off to a good start. Has been seen frequently with Carol, and is now visiting Betsy.

How'd you all like the Army-Notre Dame score? We kinda liked it. But we didnt like the way Penn played....thought they had better stuff. Speaking of football, Peter Doremus is now Captain of the Blair team.

Wikoff is home sporting his mustachio, and glamorous it is, too. Looks like Douglas Fairbanks Jr. He came to see us with Schwartz, who was home over the week end, and before the day was over four Barefoots had called on us which was something of a record. Bill flew most of the way home, but was thrown off the plane up New York State and arrived home to find every light in the house turned on to welcome him. He has thirty days, and doesn't know what after that as his particular job of mines is over....for which we are thankful. Arnold had just come out of sick bay after a course in penicillan. Seems he had a small infection on his face that the Medico loused up....or shouldnt we mention it? He finishes his work at Harvard on December 5th and hopes for a few days home before "Sea Duty."

And wonderful news of Major Schwartz who is on his way home at long last, by way of Suez Canal on a cargo boat. We hope Arnold won't be ordered away until he sees his Pa. Its been a long while. We didnt know until today that Banks, the family dog, had died in September.

E. Rullman has sailed for distant shores and, as far as we know, is on the high seas at this moment. He doesnt know what his assignment will be - or where - but we include his address in this number and maybe you can figure it out. It was the dept. of utter, utter confusion the day he left, as they were all sick from A.T. shots the day before, and at the VERY LAST minute all men with 33 months of service were literally plucked off the train and returned to Monmouth to be sent to Crowder. When last seen Ed was staggering under the weight of baggage and preparing to sit up all night on his way to Jackson. He sailed on the West Point, from Virginia.

Roger Wingerter and Jimmy Van Hise dropped in one afternoon. Both look fine and Jimmy is heading for South America while Roger is arranging for refresher courses at Rutgers before entering in February. Not a bad idea if you have been out of school sometime. Before they left, Bucky and Jean Mead and the baby appeared out of the blue so we really went to town on old home week. The Meads had driven on from Florida and are now on their way to California where Bucky will be stationed at Alameda. Little Bobby is as cute as they come and not a bit delicate! Just seven months old and likes to chew on the rugs. We were happy to see them all.

During the month Nancy Hausman and Kay Doremus were home over week ends, and Bunny is expected for Thanksgiving so we will add her news later. Consie hopes to get home by January. Both Pete and Donald Wingerter have been in the Army hospital at Arkansas for routine checkups on their respective legs.

The Rullmans have belonged to the catagory of displaced persons for nigh onto six weeks while painters took over. Its finished now and so are they!

Guess what happened to Charlie Burd? A strange girl - some one just learning to sail - upset him right off Walkers Point. He and the dog walked ashore and left her to her fate, which wasn't too serious, at low tide.

Weston Hausman has been transferred to Chicago so maybe we will see him now and then. He may get home for Christmas. Which makes us wonder where Jack Arnold is as we haven't seen him lately. Billy Hagerman has gone off to see about his discharge.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT - Cont.

Bill Van Pelt has a new APO included in this number, and is reported to be on his way to Yokahama this time. And Hugh Distelhurst, who is a Lt. in the Infantry, has arrived at Nagoya....in case anybody is near by. He is the Schencks cousin, brother of Frank who was a Barefoot, and is one swell guy to hunt up.

Tom Baldwin wrote to us from the middle of the Pacific to say that they were on their way to Okinawa with plenty of food for the troops who were caught in the typhoon. Very bored with the journey, too. He was in San Francisco for about a week but found it pretty expensive. Doug Hoyt wrote home from Singapore that one bowl of rice with small tomato cost one whole buck, and a sandwich was two-fifty.

Mickey Long and Ormond Ritter are back at school, Mickey at Cornell and Ormond to follow the same plan as Roger Wingerter. We forget to say that Emery called his mother from Bern, Switzerland, and they had a perfect connection. Other sons please note.

Jack Montgomery is back in California and has also called on the phone, but we don't happen to know his plans.

The man without a country is Bill Lippincott who just sails from island to island with a load of lumber nobody wants! They lost some of it in the typhoon, which was probably just as well if you ask ~~me~~ us.

Simonds is still doing a spot of instructing at Barin Field. Very boring at this point, but he DID have a little respite when Bill Halsey arrived at New Orleans and 75 of them turned out to welcome him in the air. Bob thinks they will soon begin to ferry the planes to Clinton, Ok., and then he may be out. He certainly was built up for a big let down, but its O.K. with these three gals. Where is Frank Manson, by the way?

T. Lloyd is still doing the opposite to sweating it out in Alaska. Do you shiver it out in that climate we wonder? We saw your mother today, Lloyd, and she said your news was just the same.

It seems funny to answer the phone and hear, "this is Dr. White at Long Branch Hospital." That's our own Mickey, by gosh! Doctors are having a heck of a time finding offices in Red Bank. Its serious. We repeat, some of these persons ought to go home where they belong.

Tom Morton decided to be a Lt. Commander after all, but it want be for long. We talked to Mrs. Morton on the phone and heard that Lee was having a wonderful time, and Marge still counting the days till Zale gets home. Brub reports that Zale gets on well with everybody in the Army...and we might add out of the Army, too.

Lately we've been puzzled to overhear snatches of conversation about going to C.B.I., and decided that SOME of the people COULDN'T mean it. So we investigated. It turns out to be Crystal Brook Inn so we've stopped worrying.

Jack Warren is still in Germany and doesn't expect to get home right away either. We think we may repeat some of the addresses if we have room.

Red Lippincott has been made manager of the crew for 1946. The coach was disappointed to find that Red could never row again, but wanted him in on it just for old time sake.

Harry Davey has turned up in Panagarh, India, a flight of three hours from his former base....and not much of a place, either. They are salvaging and repairing planes for China, and mighty sunk about it but Harry certainly takes it on the chin. He had hoped to be home for Xmas, but thinks the outlook is bleak right now.

HEART THROB DEPARTMENT

Jack Dean was commissioned and married the same week, and the Deans all took off for Atlanta for the wedding, which was on November 7th. Tommy was best man and the bride, who was Dorothy Harrington of Atlanta, seems to be called Dotty and is here now visiting the Deans. She is blonde and very pleasant. There was quite a family reunion before Jack left to sail from Norfolk, Va. where he found his ship wasn't ready so back he came for a second honeymoon. We think Dotty has perfect in-laws in the Madeleine Candies and Deans Flowers. What could be sweeter?

We had another wedding among our subscribers; Barbara Williamson was married to Lt. John Graham on November 27th in Trinity Church, Red Bank....more than a week ahead of scheduled date as the groom was suddenly ordered overseas. It was another wedding day made to order, and the guests wore merry and bright and well supplied with rice. Lt. Commander Morton was the only usher we knew, and the music was really lovely so we knew Stanley Farrar was at the organ. A cousin of the Williamsons sang "Ave Maria" and "Because", the bride's mother appeared in blue and wearing orchids, then Nancy, who was her sister's only attendant, brightened the whole church in her bright red gown and armful of gold chrysanthemums. Most becoming as Nancy is still aglow with summer tan. Barbara made a stunning bride. Her gown was simple and full, her veil just right against her black hair, and we thought she looked wonderful. She carried a prayer book with white orchids, they both spoke with out a trace of nervousness and greeted us all at the church door. Seen milling around waiting for the bride and groom to take off were Bill Wikoff in cit clothes and the loudest tie we ever hope to see! He seemed to have Alice Hadley and young Frank in charge. Mrs. Fanjul, all the Mortons, the Alex McCleeses, Virginia Garrett, one K. Lippincott, Bill Hall's mother, Dicksie Hoyt, and lots we didnt know. By the way, the bride is still in the WAVES and doesn't know just when she will get out, but Johnny goes away next week so she wont mind keeping busy.

TEARFUL LITTLE EARFUL

After much thought - and taking our cue from Yank - your editors have decided to call it a day after January first EXCEPT for the real Barefoots who are still out of the country. To them something will go forth every month, but the rest of you are moving around so fast or actually home that we cant do a good job of mailing your copies. We hope you agree that this is the proper time to stop...before you get tired of us. For the benefit of those who came in late, lets repeat how this all started. We THINK the idea was hatched at Hancey's home one night when the Lippincotts were calling, but we cant quite remember. Anyway, K. and M. started off with the thought that they would finance the little scheme themselves as their war work, but your parents and friends soon nipped that plan in the bud by sending in contributions and forced us to take up bookkeeping and another partner - one L. Sayre, another old salt who shared our enthusiasm for keeping you posted. Soon we had a few subscribers who wanted to go along with us just for fun. It was a terrible strain on K., L. & M. to figure out the actual cost per year so some of the brighter husbands helped us on that one and all was well. Its been work and fun. Work because living in this age is so complicated and there is so little time, and fun because your response has been so free and joyous...and also very, very interesting. You've no idea what a pile of letters we have arranged in a big scrap book for you, and they tell many a story that historians might like to know about some day. We hit a few snags, but not enough to bother us. We hope we have never offended, and rather we meant to burble and never gossip - and lots of things have remained unsaid when they seemed disturbing. To sum it all up, we started out to do something for you and it seems to have ended just the other way around. You have done infinitely more for us by helping us to understand your problems and giving us a ring side view of a terrific experience. Not only that but we've learned geography, and how to spell words like pigeon, how to beat on the typewriter, and how to snoop. Its been WONDERFUL!

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHER EDUCATION

All youse guys thinking of going back to college can relax. The C.I.C. now demands a drastic change in college boards and says the educators who make up the exams are old fogies. From now on the P.A.C. wants to take over. THAT we DO not want to live to see. Period.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES

Buzz Laymen was last heard from as his ship lay at anchor off Manilla and he was to go on for some distance. Hope to get his address later.

Henry Pope was home over Thanksgiving and dropped in to see us, but we were foraging for food and missed him. Sorry, Henry, and please send us your news when you have time.

Tommy Dean is a full Lt. now, and Jack has gone off to find his ship. Asay is home and has been shopping for his trousseau in New York. Brub Hance is helping out with the Xmas rush at the Hance store on Monmouth Street.

Guess where Arnold Schwartz is to report? Instead of sea duty, his assignment is the University of Penn - his Alma Mammy! We are all glad that he can see his father, who is almost home by this time.

A cable arrived from Ed Rullman saying he was on his way to Namur, Belgium. We called Brub for all the dope on that part of the world but couldn't find him. All we know is that the cable came from Paris.

Mimi Fanjul is considering medical school in California, and Strada is still on Okinawa.

Seen at the Yale-Princeton game were the Dave Boffeys, Bunny Dillon and George Schriber, the Grandin Schencks with Sue, the Rullmans and Suttons, the Dave Mountfords...and many others. We suspect some of them are still stuck in the mud in the parking field. IT WAS SOMETHING FIERCE!

Doug Hoyt is due home around December 1st. and will probable be out of service in time to welcome the new baby.

Jack Davey is home from Brazil and has received his discharge. He was sent to Brazil 13 months ago and was one of the crew of a Catalina, instructing some of the time. We think two Daveys are home with their mother now.

Bill Wikoff is giving a bang-up Party at his house on December 1st.

Clayton has gone to work for the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

Augie was home for Thanksgiving, but Tommy is still marooned in the Pacific along with Bob Davis. Jack Davis should be getting home soon.

Quite a few vets showed up at Mayers over the Thanksgiving week end. Wikoff appeared with Marion Backe, Lip and Hance. Another night Bunny was seen with Dick Hammer.

Bill Lippincott, who has been wandering around the vicinity of Korea, finally got rid of his load of lumber but we know not where. Stew Van Vliet should blow in before too long, and his sister Trudy, expects to get out of the WAVES in a few weeks.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES - Continued

The latest on Brub is that he will try for Stevens to study Marine Engineering.. just what E. Rullman has in mind later on.

We thought we saw Mrs. Mead pushing Bucky's baby down the street today. Must find out what goes on.

We had a wonderful letter from Zale dated October 28th. Marg says her letters were all delayed, too. Zale is still in Sheffield and having a time for himself even to breakfast in bed on Sundays! After spending about two and a half months around Paris managing the P.X., he left his unit on October 1st and is now one of 60 G.I.'s at the U. of Sheffield - all very much on their own; choice of courses and everyyody bending over backward to be nice. He cant get over his luck, but would like to get home soon at that.

The Navy put on a show for the Bond Drive down on Broad Street with the R.B.HS band holding forth...and very good, too. While you considered what bond to buy you could peer in a captured Jap tank, look through anti-aircraft glasses, and examine all sorts of Jap gadgets. We romped through the show with Mrs. Schwartz and Charlie Burd. Bill Van Pelt's father came along to snoop....or maybe he was selling bonds.

Alex and Audrey McClees are back from Texas, or where ever they went. They decided against home on the range. Too many troubles with cattle and such, too many bugs.

Hugh Distelhurst has turned up in a queer place between Kobe and Osaka and has been put in charge of Special Services, having done such a swell job of entertainment on the way to Japan. He now lives in a hotel, has his own joep, but really misses living with the gang. Lost his foot locker on the way.

Virginia Mount and Jim Swackhamer eloped last week to New York. They were engaged and guess they got tired of waiting.

Thanks for your lovely letter Guy, you certainly (have been) around. Guy is stationed in Tokyo Bay aboard the U.S.S. New Jersey and has cordially invited us all to come aboard and he will give us a personally conducted tour of the ship. Imagine the mob if it were possible. We know Bill Van Pelt is in Tokyo and his address is in the December Bulletin.

We really hate to say "so Long", and lets thank Mrs. Reamer again for her swell job and unfailing patience during these years of short tempers and short paper supplies. We are feeling very mellow about our Bulletin and hope you are, too. Its been hard to say "Merry Xmas" these last years but this time it comes from the heart. So be of good cheer on this December 1st for your Chin Up Gals are signing off with love and kisses for they know they'll be seeing you soon.

K. L. and M.

NEW ADDRESSES

Lt. Wm. J. Van Pelt
Co. F - 1329 Eng. Reg.
APO 704
% Postmaster, New York

Lt. Edwards F. Rullman, O-1651318
A P O 11919
Care Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Ens. T. E. Baldwin, U.S.N.R.
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