

Dear Barefoots:

Here we are again, and are we busy these days! What with bringing in the harvest and our sob sister activities, we are REALLY suffering from what the radio calls hyper-acidity, B O. and nervous tension. One doesn't get much rest anymore, do one?

The other day we felt sad....don't know just why, but the boats were all put away, the leaves were gently falling so we crept down to the river bank and sat amongst the flotsam and jetsam....and this is what we wrote:

The river where you used to be,
Is changed, yet full of memory,
I hardly dare to pass that way,
Or stir the thoughts of yesterday.

The waving grasses, rippling lights,
The salty mist of summer nights,
And all the dear familiar sound
Of croaking, chirping things around.....

I close my eyes and try in vain
To think that you are back again,
The Pee-Wee still remembers me -
He loved it as it used to be.....

And that's as far as we got, fortunately, for the mood was really getting corny when a huge formation of Navy planes roared over our heads - straight and sure and gleaming in the bright October sun. So, says I to myself, what are we glooming about anyway? For up there are hundred of young men and they ALL KNOW WHERE THEY ARE GOING which is more than I do! So we tore up our masterpiece, stole some bitter sweet from the Doremus bank, built a big cheerful bonfire out of the molding leaves (and our molding thoughts) and cooked a very good supper, whistling to the tune of "Pistol Packing Mama."

Your two little reporters went after some news of girls, and these first items proved so puzzling that we gave up. Marjorie Holmes, when approached, sighed and said, "Nothing ever happens to me." And Carol Apgar said she was in the trouble department of the Telephone Company.

Papa Red Lippincott had a week's vacation, and decided his Old Kentucky Home needed its face lifted. It looked like a fire sale over there for a few days, but out of the chaos came the best decorators job you ever saw...and a wonderful outdoor oven. If you have any extra red points, send 'em along so they can have a steak to go with it.

And now, Mr. America, let's go to press - and plenty of it, but we want you to send us ALL your news so we can keep up with you.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT -

Late flash: Sig Thompson has been appointed Squadron Leader, and is in line for promotion. Right now he is having a little time off at a beautiful country estate and is playing golf instead of flying.

Both Schweers report no change in plans. We talked to Tommie on the phone, and he will be in Princeton a few weeks longer. Augie will soon be home, and we'll like to bet he goes duck shooting. Lots of ducks this year.

Bob Davis dropped in to see us on his way to Quantico the middle of September. He looks so healthy that he bucked us up like a good tonic, and he seems to have all sorts of medals. We find he is a pistol shootin' marine, and expects to go out of the country before too long.

Jimmy Van Hise has been honorably discharged from the service because of injuries received in an accident.

Guy VanNess called, wearing a campaign ribbon on his chest (and a sailor suit, too) He is signaling from the bridge of the New Jersey...right up there with all the Admirals, and he is enchanted with the luscious color of the Carribean. You have to see it to know; and feel it to believe.

The guy who is really having a swell time for himself is Capt. Morrie Schwartz. Every day he hires an elephant and goes a-shopping...suns topping hat, black glasses, shorts, and pocketbook. The English coins pull your pants right off - hence the pocketbook. We love our gift, and hope our letters reached you O.K. If you can find a good viper, we have a coupla jerks for it to bite.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT - (Continued)

Arnold is out to bring 'em back alive, too, only he is dragging in livemines for the Navy. He is on a converted fishing boat with good chow and a gallant crew.

Red Lippincott is about to take off for Southern California where they think the climate will benefit his rheumatic fever. Shove over, Red, we could^{do} with a little of that enforced rest, but it must be getting tiresome for you by this time. Think nothing of it; this editor spent two years as a semi-invalid and wasn't supposed to live to what was called "maturity." I HOPE we am mature at forty....well, never mind....and I expect to be SHOT ON Judgment Day. Unless Morrie gets me that viper.

Andy White is one of the few strong men left on the river. Single handed he put a brief but violent north-easter in its place the first part of September. We went down to lend a helping hand (never under estimate the power of a woman) and got stranded when part of the dock broke away. So there we were, like two little Evas crossing the ice, with stray Comets crashing down on us from all directions. We came through bloody but unbowed, but, oh how we missed the B.F.Y.C.

That brings us to thoughts of rowing. Cal is worried about the shells in the Rowing Club, and promises to have every thing in order for you when you get back. Cal was in the Army for five months, stationed at Fort Jackson,...something we hadn't known before. Snooks Howland is home from the Army, too. They wouldn't believe he had flat feet until he became a stretcher case! Remember how many nice things he did for the old club house?

Ed Rullman and Bobby Davey are fighting the Civil War all over again down in Georgia. Davey classified as an engineering student and Ed has gotten himself back in Foreign Language Area. They are only eight miles from the nearest gate so they don't get around much any more, but both are the captains of their souls. What do they do in the Infantry? They march, they march, they march....and itch and itch and itch with poison ivy.

Brub came in, and we almost kissed him in our excitement. At this point he is pretty bored; those New York apples got him down. He thinks there are plenty of more important worms for him to lick over on the other side.

T. Lloyd has finished his course at Reading, Pa. and has reported to Nashville for more tests. He looks grand, in spite of long hours of study, and he may be a flier but we think he has his feet on the ground every time. We swell with pride when we think how good you all are. No kidding.

Sig wrote us a wonderful letter after receiving his first Bulletin. We have to laugh when we remember the days his father wouldn't trust him to drive the family car, and now his Uncle Sam lets him take out a whole Fortress with quite a valuable gang of back seat drivers! He has seen "quite a lot" of combat, has a medal and a new ship with the same name. Says its considered bad luck to change the name of your ship. How do the English girls strike you, Sig? We like to think we have better looking feet over here, but if this chronic K.P. keeps up I hate to think....

Asay has finished his course and is on his way to Pre-Flight School, Iowa. He and T. Lloyd are neck and neck on the same tack, and both old men for the job - believe it or not, Don is in the pink of condition...weighs 178 pounds, and is playing football.

We hope Jack Davis has his sketch books and paints along, where ever he is in India. With his color sense and big, free way of working, it would be a pity not to get in a little time if possible. How about some little thumb nail sketches for an old admirer? Or a handsome job of a Schwartz shopping expedition?

We think you will be interested to hear that our good friend Herbert Craig of Trinity Church will be an Army Chaplain by the time you receive this. He goes to Harvard for basic, and we hope it will be your good fortune to run into him anywhere, any time. He's a great guy - in the best sense of the word.

Billy Hall is in the Solomons and minds the skin diseases more than the Japs! We shouldn't call them diseases, but they all itch-whatever they are. And Micky Long has his wings by the way.

Int. Jack Warren is on the General's staff at Shelby, and making quite a place for himself. By the way, some of you Lueys haven't been heard from. How come?

Bob Simonds wrote us a swell letter (with lots of love, too) from Colgate, and says he has seen Frank Manson and Jack Powers. He also wants to know the meaning of A.S.T. Well, Bob, as the parent of one of those things, I think it means A Super Tangle instead of Army Specialized Training, a specialist being a person who knows more and more of less and less.

DEPARTMENT OF LEARNING

Bunny arrived at Maryland College at noon, borrowed a few sweaters from her Bermuda roommate, hung curtains, investigated the campus, joined up for everything, and had a big feed in her room that night with tid-bits she brought along!

Seaman (2c) Harriet Barnes is now with the Naval Bureau of Personnel, Washington, DC. Marion Backe is joining up with the Naval Cadet Nursing Corps very soon.

Mary Katherine Warren has left Texas for O.C.S. She has had a hand in all kinds of W A C jobs, and finally decided she might like the gold bars after all. So the Warrens are really the officers mess....or something. Does Judge Warren salute his children? We wonder.

New Majorettes are prancing at the head of the R.B.H.S. band. Cute numbers, too, but not the same without Bunny. Shirley Mason takes her place, and very well, too, and the team hasn't lost a game this year.

Billie Lippincott is on the first team at Blair, and so is Peter Doremus - who kicks a mean ball.

Joyce Snyder has joined the WAVES and is at Hunter College for training.

Carol Eckert is working in New York, and shares her apartment with three other Wellesley girls.

Lou Hammer is getting her M. A. at Chapel Hill, and Dick Hammer has been moved to Arizona for further training as a bombardier. We wish we could hear from him.

Schwartz, Malchow, and Eichman - all of the Navy - witnessed the High School victory over Asbury Park, the first in 22 years! Dignified business men forgot their troubles in the excitement and carried Mr. Pingatore around on their shoulders.

DEPARTMENT OF POST WAR PLANNING

While attending a fashionable shore wedding the other day we were so intrigued by the stained glass window that we couldn't keep our minds on the ceremony. It was General Grant, whiskers and all, and a smug looking angel wafting down from a soggy pink cloud about to place a wreath on the General's surprised head! Well sir, we peered harder and read that the window was placed there by the General's admirers down the coast during his life time, and the thought of a B.F.Y.C. window with a large bare foot - a gremlin placing a wreath on the big toe - caught our fancy. It would look cute in Calahan's lunch wagon.

And that brings us to Hatchet Brand, who is getting ready for the iceboating season, has a red shirt from Kislun's. He often asks about you, and is planning big things for the first winter you all get back. T. Lloyd says flying is very disappointing after iceboating so the post war races ought to be thrillers.

We have plans under way right this minute for a REAL club house for the B.F.Y.C.- and it won't have any parents quarters either!

With the shortage of girls in town, we are planning to feed the present crop of new babies at Riverview, the new vitamin plus (you go from 7 to 17 over night) so they will be ready and waiting when you get back.

DONT LOOK NOW DEPARTMENT

Seen cavorting at the Log Cabin Inn over at Atlantic Highlands was sailor John Mont with Fifi Little and Brenda Lobdell and the next day Brenda drove his car back home. We really have to hand it to you, Jack, for time was when no male animal in Red Bank would be seen with two gals....JUST WHY this reporter could not figure out. Red Lobdell is going to marry Jane Childs, and Brenda is his sister.

Down at Abercrombie and Kislin's you can look upon the wedding pictures of Doris and her Army Lieutenant. Doris looks really beautiful and papa Kislin is wearing a frock coat, high silk hat, and gardenia in his button hole. No fooling.

Barb Sayre almost had a fire in her New York apartment the very first week of house-keeping. Guess why? Barb figured it was a waste of energy to wash the broiler twice a day so it went up in smoke for the evening meal.

Your two editors planted five potato plants just to be truly rural, and the yield was three potatoes! We didn't think it COULD happen.

Ed Rullman dug a fox hole so deep that he couldn't get out of it himself.

DEPARTMENT OF ASTONISHMENT

On a far flung island in the Pacific, Dick Hammel nearly lost an eye when a big silver plane zoomed out of the sky and out stepped his favorite comedian (and ours) Ray Boelger! Little Jack Little was along, too, and a rare time was had by all.

HEART THROB DEPARTMENT

Bob McKee has lost his heart to a Daisy Bell. Something from the deep south, and they are to be married the first of the year. She is a linguist, working in Washington, has been down to meet the family and everybody approved.

Doug Hoyt and his bride were in church Sunday. The backs of their heads were beaming....you know, the way you can tell how your taxi driver feels.

Dede Moraller was married to Bill Heron in the Methodist Church not long ago. Bucky Mead please note. Mead Sr. says that was all over long ago, and that Bucky is busy with gunnery school and Southern Belles. Dija see "Kiss the Boys Goodby" Bucky? They're dynamite!

Wes Hausman is getting married next week. The date was changed so Nancy could be a maid of honor along with Pat's sister Nancy. We saw a picture of the girl and are glad to report that she has a rare twinkle in her brown eyes.

Pete McDonald and Ruth Kubli were married on Saturday, October 16 and had a huge reception at the Molly Pitcher - orchestra and all the trimmings. Our secret agent reports that there were at least 1000 women there and only 2 single men! So. Dr. Newman and Mr. Kubli had the cream of the crop to dance with.

Sandy Hammel and Ella Ryan were married at Holy Cross in Rumson on October 24, and Sandy will go to Boot School at Parris Island in a very few days.

We can't get a scoop on the situation with Bill Hagerman, and we think they may be married. Nancy and Bill's mother went to Florida, but that's all we know up to date.

Helen Powers was married to Dr. DeButts at Washington, D. C. Quite a swank wedding too.

DEPARTMENT OF BLESSED EVENTS

Jean Howland has thirty babies at the Monmouth Memorial Hospital!
And Bing Rullman, that four and a half pound canine, has a girl friend named Petunia Harring. He has transportation troubles just like Harry Davey because Petunia lives in Lincroft, but you will soon receive coy and appropriate little announcements.....we hope, we hope, we hope.

DEPARTMENT OF UTTER BOREDOM

We just figured out that we had been getting up, washing our faces, and getting dressed for 17,885 mornings - and that's a pretty dull business, if you ask me.

DEPARTMENT OF SWEET REVENGE

Remember Hick Bruyere, that handsome All American from R.B.H.S., and later Rutgers? Seems he had a History teacher here he didn't see eye to eye with, and, to make a long story short, Hick is a Major now and the teacher is a lowly Captain. They met face to face in Africa the other day; time marches on.

DEPARTMENT OF GENUINE PRIVATION

Doc. Sayre didn't get to a single World Series game this year! But he has gone to a pro football game today to make up for it, and has taken Mr. Pingatore, Mr. Phipps (assistant coach) and Mr. Crispwell along to celebrate all the Red Bank victories.

So goodbye now from your two little sob sisters, and Happy Turkey for your Thanksgiving - where ever you may be. We couldn't even burble on like this in lots of corners of the earth so there IS a lot to be thankful for...it says here! And love to you all. Yours Editors

K and M

NEW ADDRESSES FOR NOVEMBER

Robert Eichman, A.F. - V12 - USNR
Stevens Institute
Hoboken, N. J.

Av.C. John R. Hammer, ASN 14172992
6th Student Sq. AAF, KAAF
Kingman, Arizona

Lt. Siguard Thompson, Jr. 0796456
545 Sq. 384 Bomb, Gp.(H)
A.P.O. 634, care Postmaster
N.Y. City

Captain Maurice Schwartz O-480415
A.P.O. 465, care Postmaster
N. Y. City
Hq. C.B.I. Forces

Av. C.D.E. Asay, USNR
Co.K-1, Bn.36, Naval Aviation
Pre-Flight School
Iowa City, Iowa