

Dear Barefoots:

By golly, our stock goes up every day! Now comes love and KISSES from Kingman Air Field way out (or is it down) in Arizona. Ah me..... they're either too young or too old, but our hearts are young and gay once more, thanks to Hammer. More about him later.

We have the most impressive mailing list you ever cast your eye on these days. The National Geographic is just a piker compared to the B.F.Y.C. Bulletin. Our fan mail comes from the Solomons, India, Alaska, and all points North, East, South, and West-including HAVARD! You can always tell a Havard man...but you can't tell him much.

Your President Emeritus dropped in a few days ago on his way to the doctors office. Seems he had a sprained hand and it looked like a hopeless case to us - all puffed up like a blow fish and red as fire - and how do you suppose he came over? Being Charlie Burd, he rowed!

Before we start on current events, we want to quote a line or two from Hi Phillips. It is called, "Consider the Yacht Club." We quote:

"How to be a commodore - a commodore is a cross between a humidior and a mator. He has to be kept damp like a humidior and bull throwing like a matador.

"A yacht club is a small body of boat owners entirely surrounded by land-lubbers, who sit in green rocking chairs wondering what it is all about and urging that the steward be fired.....while half of one percent of the members own boats." Unquote. Now let's go!

DEPARTMENT OF UNFAIR SNOOPING -

The towns' full of WACS doing their Christmas shopping so we sneaked up on a few and cocked an ear. This is what they bought:

Two fat WACS - two bras (oh, yes you do know what they are)

One thin WAC - one hundred vitamin capsules

Three cuties - one carton Lucky Strikes

One serious minded WAC - "The Education of Henry Adams"

Two negative WACS - some awful greeting cards

One WAC Lieutenant - lip stick and a book called "Why Be Shy?" After that we quit.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

Corp. Bill Hall reports that things look much brighter "down here," but he hates to miss the Christmas dance at the Molly Pitcher this year. You won't miss a thing, Bill. The BIG dance will be when you all get back. This parent is taking a general anesthetic that night.

Harry Greenwood looms up from Dover Air Base, and hes' a Sgt. no less. He is classified as an airplane mechanic - same job as Harry Davey has, only Greenwood's baby is a P-47 while Davey tends a bomber.

Jack Davis hit the jack pot in India not long ago; his fan mail amounted to 59 letters and the B.F.Y.C. Bulletin. He is studying Chinese, eating well, and SHOPPING. What kind of a war is this anyway? There's nothing to buy in Red Bank!

No love letter from Asay this month and we are desolate without news from him - except that he is on top of the world, as usual.

Skipper Del Fisher emerged from the Ice Yacht Club the other day, took a whiff of salt air and a look, see, over his domain. To his horror two little stinkey fire bugs were deep in a plan to burn down the M.B.C. So Del chased them up the hill and put out the fire, but we can't seem to figure out which he did first. It was nice going and we owe him a vote of thanks.

We had a WOW of a storm the last of October - too late to get in the Bulletin - but the wreckage is still piled high on the water front. Down by the B.F.C. there were three sail boats in splinters, several row boats, ALL the docks that hadn't been put away, and four floats. It was the highest tide the old timers can remember - even the day after the storm when that irritating calm sets in the tide flowed quietly over the Rullman bulkhead as high as the summer house, and the drift wood looked for all the world like a Mississippi flood. No chicken coups, though, and we wanted one the worst way.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT (Con't)

Four handsome gobs called on us to celebrate Navy Day. Schwartz, Eichman, Wikoff, and Tom Baldwin - who was new to us and very nice, too. We settled quite a few important matters: how to wash the white braid on a sailor collar (its a tooth brush, boys and girls) and what to do with a magnetic torpedo. This amateur sailor was all hot and bothered by the thought, but the Navy said not to worry for everything was under control. The boys had been down the shore to see all the wrecks along the coast after the big storm....just like rowing in Central Park.

Jack Warren wandered in unexpectedly, looking pretty snappy in boots and a REALLY smart uniform. We tried to pinch some of his costume jewelry, but he said it meant he was the General's Aide and to lay off.

Andy White has a full time job at the Red Bank Marine Works, but he had to take a couple days off to round up all the stray docks and things left high and dry by the storm. He was in a state when your reporters hailed him; some stuffed shirt out of the social register had threatened to "come down and throw you off my property and have you arrested." What did Andy do? He just sat down on the barge and said, "Come on down and try it." The man of property changed his mind in time.

Brub is home on a 15 day furlough as we write this. He has been in, but we missed him. He is about to be a ski trouser! Holy cats....what next?

Jeanette Ryerson goes to California in December with her husband, Dr. Banta, where he will interne at the same hospital Lip has been in. And, by the way, Lip has been moved to Santa Cruz for convalescence and MAY get home for Christmas.

Late flash! Dick Hammer is expected home for Thanksgiving. And Bill Wikoff has reported at the Naval Mine Warfare School at Yorktown, Va.

Barb and Carol had dinner with Joyce Snyder down in Greenwich Village - at Jack Delaneys to be exact (sounds scampey, girls) and guess what? Joyce has gone completely southern and you all could cut the drawl with any dull butter knife! Every thing is "jus dahlin' ". All we can say is gr.r.r.r.rrrr.

Remember Morgie Eilert, alias "Brutus"? He has graduated from Torpedo School, will be home Thanksgiving, and then enters the submarine school at New London. He is a 3rd. class petty officer in the Navy at the advanced age of eighteen! Barbs crew is really going places. His mother wears a uniform, too. Drives a jeep, or a peep, or a weep (that's an amphibian and we're agin' em since they took a piece out of our bulkhead waving at the Barnes girls.)

Remember Patty Blaisdell from Long Branch? She is a long distance operator out in California, but may be home soon if her father is ordered overseas.

Marge Morton was selling stamps in the Second National Bank today, the new engagement ring shining out like the evening star. We asked which Morton she was and she said "the other one" but the ring gave us a clue.

Tommy Schwors is home fairly often over week ends, and so is Jack Montgomery. Why don't the rest of you guys try to go to Princeton? Jack is still looking for the perfect girl, by the way.

Doc Rullman has a new telescope - just why we can't imagine - but it isn't a great success. On clear nights, with great imagination, he can manage to see the lights on the bridge (they are all on again). Sunday, being his night off, he concentrated intensely for over an hour, and then discovered the lenz was still in the box! We suggest a seeing eye dog.

We have two seeing eye dogs in town now, to be serious. The noon mob came crashing out of St. James School not long ago and was stopped dead in its tracks by the sight of a young girl being led across the street in front of the Post Office. This reporter wept at the courage and confidence of that magnificent animal pushing and pulling and warning his mistress when to stop and when to go. Its nothing short of a miracle to be able to train a dog like that.

NEW ADDRESSES

Mead, W. H. V-12 U.S.N.R.
38 Bodine Dorm
University of Penn., Phila., Pa.

Av.C. John R. Hammer, A.S.N.
14172992

6th. Student Sq. AAF, KAAF
Kingman, Arizona

Sgt. J. E. Davis, A.S.N.
A. P.O. 12311-E
Care of Postmaster, New York City

(this will reach him)

A. C. Frank Manson
CAA - WTC Arkansas Tech.

Pfc. E. B. Lippincott, Jr. U.S.M.C.
Room 156
U.S. Naval Convalescent Hospital
Santa Cruz, Cal.

Russellville, Arkansas
Box 32

NEW ADDRESSES (Cont.)

JM3/c Wikoff, Wm. H.
P.O.B. DII05
Naval Mine Warfare School
Yorktown, Va.

Av. F. Lloyd Thomas M.
Sq. C-3, NAAC - AAFCC
Nashville, Tenn.

Weston Hausman
Edgewater Park Apts.
Seattle, Wash.

S/Sgt. Greenwood, Harry H.
387th. Fighter Squadron
Dover Air Base, Delaware

IS MY FACE RED DEPARTMENT

On Election Day we went forth to cast our little vote surrounded by all that mystery and discreet whispering around the fire house. Every inch the good citizen, we were AWFUL busy making crosses (we never vote for the guys who have their pictures on little pink cards; who would?) when the skimpy canvas curtain fell down, exposing us to the horrified neighbors! In our confusion we can't remember which ticket we voted.

Little Mead says he is too shy to send love...now he tells us!

Joan Lippincott Stonsifer (that can't be the right spelling) was lustily cheering the home team at a big game not long ago when her skirt fell off!

FLYING HIGH DEPARTMENT

Bucky Mead gets his wings any day now. He is flying a bomber, and mighty serious about it, too.

Croft Grantham has his wings. You will remember him as "Eddie Pidgeon" - one of Hancey's pet names - and the boy who flew his model airplanes and carrier pidgeons from the window of Riverside Garden Apartments.

Ane here's the big thrill of the month! We think we will quote the commendation as is:

FIVE HUNDRED FORTY FIFTH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (H) AAF

Office of the Squadron Commander

Subject: Commendation

Oct. 26, 43

To: 1st Lt. Siguard Thompson Jr.

1. I take great pleasure in commending you for your meritorious achievement on being greatly responsible for the envious record of this Squadron, established, and not yet broken; being represented on sixteen combat missions over enemy occupied territory, without loss of a single crew or crew member. By your skillful airmanship and courage, which are reflected throughout your entire crew, you have enabled our Squadron, Group and Wing to deal vital blows to the enemy. It is through such acts that we are able continually to press home our blows to the enemy, and assure ultimate victory.

2. I, personally, am proud to have you flying with the 545 Squadron and feel confident that our efforts will continue to help this Squadron on a far greater number of successful missions.

Raymond P. Ketelsen

Major, Air Corps, Commanding

Well, Sig. we don't know what to say except that there's no feeling in the world like the thrill of dreams coming true, is there? Forgive us for printing your home news, but we just HAD to let everybody in on it.

Dick Hammer is at Kingman Field taking Flexible Gunnery, and then goes on for Bombardiering and Navigation for eighteen weeks more. He says to tell Bill Wikoff that guns have too many parts to suit him, and that he is shootin' up the whole darned Grand Canyon - but you'd be surprised how much of it he misses!

Frank Manson has gone on to Russellville, Arkansas after finishing up at Cornell. Drop us a line, Frank, you're too modest to live up to the B.F.Y.C. tradition of sticking your neck out. In the archives we have a picture of you clinging to a stake in the middle of the river....remember the day?

T. Lloyd hasn't been heard from directly this month so we dropped in on his mother for news.

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Barb Sayre, when last heard from was up to her ears in a bubble bath telling her papa and mamma all about her work at N.Y.U. Seems she is very keen about her job - and it's a tough one, too, helping the handicapped use their crippled arms and legs with a pat on the back at the same time. Barb slipped on a wet floor and rolled right under a stretcher case, but it was only the old fanny she hit and she wasn't eligible for her own department of Corrective Therapeutics!

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHER EDUCATION (con't)

Ed Rullman's diploma came from Yale a few days ago. The graduating exercises took place in his own bed room where his family opened the package with a sigh. The darned thing says he is, "AD HUNC HONOREM SPECTANTIA." What the heck is that? Congratulations on everything, Ed. especially your parents. Papa is full of learning, but Ma is just white, female, and housewife.

The Red Bank High School team was undefeated until the very last game with Long Branch. Feeling ran high but the boys were over anxious and probably over trained for they couldn't even score. All our teen age neighbors were so grief stricken that they couldn't eat their turkey dinners.

Billy Lippincott was hurt in the Annapolis game and is limping around with his foot in a cast. Seems he is tops on the Blair team, and they tried to put him in for the last game but had to take him right out again. Bunny rounded up some cuties from Maryland College and dated up with the Blair boys after the Annapolis game, but the plans didn't work out so well. The girls were O.K. though....lots of Midshipmen thought so, too.

Speaking of Bunny, she ALMOST had pneumonia last month, but bounced back in time to come home for a big family birthday celebration. Consie was home, too, and Zale and Don.

DEPARTMENT OF UTTER CONFUSION

Just as Red Lippincott was getting a leg under him (and he is MUCH better) they had an earthquake in California and poor Red thought he had a touch of D.T.'s or was being bombed.

HEART THROB DEPARTMENT

Alex McClees and Audrey Doughty have announced their engagement. It ALMOST happened just before Binny went to the west coast, but now its official - and we don't know any plans.

The Hausman wedding was a grand party with plenty of excitement. Dr. Sam came home kinda weary but with a twinkle in the eye, and he has a disconcerting way of bursting into guffaws of laughter now and then just thinking about the fun he had. Wish we had a past.

Sandy Hammel's brief honeymoon was almost ruined by some wedding guest with a warped sense of humor. All you Marines will appreciate his predicament when you hear that "just married" was printed on the back of his uniform in lipstick, and no amount of cleaning fluid would budge it. Some joke!

Bjorn Neilson is safely married, but had to get his parents' permission first, being just eighteen. And Bill Hagerman and Nancy will be married the first week in December at his camp in the south.

T. Lloyd says not to worry about his love life in the sunny south....he likes us much better.

And Tommy Dean has a girl from St. Louis named Marie who has an uncle who took her all the way to California to see Tommy!

Maggie Holmes blew in on the first sharp north wind we've had, looking as cute as a button in a bright red coat, and all aglow about something or other...but we couldn't find out who he is! Anybody know?

DEPARTMENT OF SOUR REPOSE

Just to show you what a dizzy world this is, Walter Mead has the top bunk while his room mate, who weighs 130 pounds, waits in terror for the blitz! Every time Mead turns over or sighs ever so faintly, the whole contraption sways in the breeze.

They have the same problem at Havard, too. Chaplain Craig has a good, ample Polish priest over his head...and another room mate who snores.

Bobby Davey has been sleepig on the ground at Benning, and couldn't imagine why he was so cold in the south until he found the water in his tin hat frozen solid so he couldn't wash.

And Ed Rullman, in the same place, sleeps in everything he owns - including all the Georgia newspapers. They make swell wind breakers.

This is on the Q.T. but we know a high ranking officer at Benning who stepped on a trunk strap, thought it was a rattle snake, and couldn't sleep a wink all night. That should make the A.S.T.P. feel slightly more comfortable. Or does it?

DEPARTMENT OF COMPLETE BEWILDERMENT

Dija hear about the second leuy who was overwhelmed by prompt and circumstance in Russia? He couldn't figure out for the life of him why he was so important until his non-com discovered that the Russians thought the General Motors on his car was his name!

Last minute news:

Harry Davey may turn up in these here parts very soon on a war bond tour of the country. He has made some new friends - student nurses - and is playing basketball. but will welcome any change of scenery. Harry has been at Barksdale Field along time now and is considered the dean...or something.

Dick Hammer DID get home and we had a lovely visit with him just before going to press. Sorry we haven't his new address for you, but he doesn't know yet where he will report for sure. He looks grand, is taking every thing in his stride, but isn't kidding himself about ANYTHING. Dick always seems so relaxed...how do you get that way? We've been tied in double bow knots now for years and years.

WE tried to call Henry Pope over Thanksgiving but the operator said "no answer." Page Carol Apgar of the trouble dept. of the Telephone Company.

And this will entertain you. While poking around the garden your two reporters unearthed five more potatoes so that brings the crop up to eight! Lend-lease will be after us!

SPROTING DEPARTMENT

Sig wants a tip from Light on the ponies. Since Light went into defense work, we don't hear a thing. All we know is that there's a young one named Sinatra everybody seems to cheer about, but we don't know what he is running for.

We see quite a few local fishermen down along the rocks at Sea Bright getting fair sized striped bass, and there is a tall, mysterious woman who brings her fish to the markets for sale. We must make a note: find out more about her.

UNSUNG HEROINE DEPARTMENT

Mrs. Lillie Reamer of Wallace Street deserves a medal! It is she who struggles with our peculiar King's English as it shouldn't be spoke, arranges our messy manuscripts, turns out the Bulletin, and appears to LIKE IT. Meet Mrs. Reamer; she is man's best friend, and you are going to love her next job for you.

BUSY BEE DEPARTMENT

Consie and Bunny have put in their applications to work at the U.S. Post Office during the Christmas holidays.

June Methot has joined the Ferry Command, and says all she has to do now is learn to fly. Its quite a grind, too, in this man's world - and no pay while they learn you.

Emily Newman does package designing for a New York firm. Funny thing, but our I.Q. must be about 40 for we took it for granted that those cracker boxes and things were sorta hatched along with the crackers. And listen, Emily, cant you do something about printing directions for humans instead of humming birds?

SAVOIR FAIRY DEPARTMENT

Little Mead has gotten to be a smoothie! His letter begins, "Dear Mesdames."

DEPARTMENT OF BLESSED EVENTS

Those two old salts, Big Wart and Louise Worthley, are getting ready for a bundle of joy some time after Christmas. It better be good...they're a swell pair. Wart was a Flat Foot and not a Bare Foot, but we won't hold that against the baby.

DEPARTMENT OF POETIC DRAMA

Here is a little Christmas poem written by a Bare Foot at the age of nine:

"If I had whiskers like a rabbit,
I'd have whiskers like a rabbit,
And very soon I'd have the habit,
Of wiggling whiskers like a rabbit!"

T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS DEPARTMENT

We dont want to sound too serious, but with Christmas in the air and so many changes in all of our lives, we MIGHT begin to feel a little sorry for ourselves. As the day dawns and we cant ward off that empty feeling any longer, lets TRY to be sensible and remind ourselves that we cant hang on to childhood too long - in peace or in

war. It seems to us that much that is written to cheer the men in service would do exactly the opposite. We feel homesick sitting right in the home so what must it do to you?

So here's our suggestion for that gone with the wind feeling; when we run into foul weather, we simply chuck the cargo overboard for the ship is what counts. We are not children any more; we have had to grow up with a bang both in your generation and ours (this is our second war, remember) but we CAN be deeply grateful for our full, delicious childhood with its bed rock foundation. No gang ever had a brighter start or such a wealth of memories. You will come back untarnished because you have had such a happy time, and there will be no place for bitterness in your lives. That is our fervent wish for you.....no bitterness. It warps the soul and upsets the stomach!

Here at home we miss you terribly, and there's no use denying it - but we can take it. So we are going to toss off the holiday gloom and keep very busy until the skies clear and we can really celebrate in the good old fashioned way. This is not meant to be solemn, but we think we understand your problems and we KNOW we respect your intelligence so we want to say quite simply that we will be thinking of you with all our hearts during this holiday season. So, love and kisses and everything for a Merry Christmas!!!!

K. and M.