

Editors:
K. Lippincott and M. Rullman

No. 5

January 1st, 1944

Dear Barefoots:

Well....a New Year finds us still perpendicular: how about you? We think Father Time loused up 1943 something AWFUL for most of us so we just sat quietly at home New Year's Eve and gave a not-so-lady-like Bronx cheer to him with the hope that the new baby will be less of a problem child. We list a few of our complaints below. If you agree, your I.Q. is below sea level but here goes!

- 1 - The war propaganda on the radio is mums
- 2 - And we want more hilarious movies. We need 'em.
- 3 - We don't like the up swing hair, girls. Makes everybody look old
- 4 - We miss Hesse's ice cream store
- 5 - We can't buy any chewing gum. Its a great outlet to chew.
- 6 - The new policeman on Broad Street won't speak to us. What have we done?
- 7 - We have lots more but they're not printable.

To offset those, we might add on the credit side:

- 1 - We love our letters from the Barefoots!
- 2 - Wadaya know? That's all we can think of right now.

Your intrepid reporters went to New York on a looking expedition Christmas week, and we're in the mood to sell it back to the Indians for \$24.00 AS IS. It was a meatless, taxiless, butterless, bussless, mannerless day...and the faces of the people -- boy, the great American melting pot is down to the last dregs for there wasn't a chin in a carload. And the women's hats!?!?! Are you mice or men that you don't boycott them? We'll swear we saw everything from little cheeping birds to mixed green salads GROWING out of pompadores, and to sit behind them in the theatre brought on high blood pressure. We paid nine bucks to see Mary Martin's show and we only have a dim notion what went on as the hair do in front depicted the life of the butterfly from cradle to grave. We told her so, too, and the solder with her agreed--BUT HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. We are glad we lived when knighthood was in flower. Which brings us to romance.

HEART THROB DEPARTMENT

WOW! Its really throbbing this month. Three weddings in the B.F.C. and one will surprise you. Lt. Jack Arnold up and married a girl he had known just two weeks -- so they say. We never hear from Jack but little morsels drift in.

Bill Hagerman was married on December 6th at Marianna, Fla. with the two mothers along from home and Lt. Howard Phrall as best man. The mothers drove down, leaving the car for Nancy -- who was all alone because Bill was ordered to gunnery school.

Jimmy Clayton had a big church wedding but he didn't ask us, the old meanie, so we cant report much except that he commutes to school and the little woman meets him in the blue of evening. Chow was best man.

Jean Howland's engagement is announced to Lt. Tracy Toovey of Long Branch. He is a Marine flyer, and Jean goes in service soon so we dont know when the wedding will take place.

That old married man, Wes Hausman, is still milling around trying to find places for the wedding presents. We haven't sent ours yet; please ask Pat whay she wants, will you Wes? We mean it.

The other Morton received so many valuable Christmas gifts from the armed forces that she can't make up her mind! Zale and Marg were floating on air and, just ask Bunny where she got that fancy watch pinned over her heart!

LITTLE UPLIFTING THOUGHT

Bunny and this editor want to go to Mexico together. Some fun!

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

Hancie had la grippe not long ago and Buster, the old bull dog, had a bad ear at the same time. The shortage of vets isnt quite as acute as the shortage of medicos so the vet fixed 'em both up, after Hancie timidly asked how he was on humans.

T. Lloyd has to bite his tongue these days to keep from bawling out the new lueys who dont know they are talking to a veteran. Get's him down-almost. T. is at Maxwell Field and very busy.

(over)

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT (Con't)

Bob Simonds says to tell Dick Hammer to get busy and push a pen once more. Bob is at Naval Flight School, Columbia, S.C. and liking it. He seems quite surprised that the "results haven't been fatal to me or my instructor so far," and was thrilled at his solo.

Bob Davey has reported to the University of Maine as an engineering student in the A.S.T.P. And Harry Davey is a Corp. now with the same address in Louisiana.

Brub is creeping up on us. He is now at Indian Town Gap, Pa. and doesn't know what the heck he is training for. B. is our most versatile soldier, ready to spring into action in any climate, any dept, any job.

Bob Davis was in town just before Christmas. We didn't see him but we had a swell letter from him. He expects to shove off any day now. Good luck, and let us hear from you, Bob.

We know we speak for all the B.F.Y.C. members in sending deepest sympathy to Guy Van Ness in the loss of his mother. Its a tough break for you, Guy, and it hurts for a long, long time, but after the hurt comes your first real understanding of human behavior. Look us up the next time you are in town.

Great excitement at the Dillon domicile; Roger Wingerter is coming home for the first time in two years! Consie came home early - nearly every one did because the flu was on the march. We happened to be at the station when some of the girls met and it sounded like a D.A.R. convention!

Bill Wikoff sent us a thrilling card addressed to, "Mrs. Barefeet." That's a new one! He and Schwartz are 25 miles apart but they manage to talk on the phone now and then, and hope for a date. Schwartz will be home over New Year to take advantage of the man power shortage.

Barb was home with the flu. Her housekeeping problems are really unique! Now her garbage pail gets stolen every day so they have to keep it in the drawing room. The WHAT?

V-mail cards came from Capt. Schwartz in India, and we are glad to hear that he saved his souvenirs in a recent bombing. We were up to your house, Maurie, when they were planning the wedding and WE KNOW what you have in the attic! Why didn't you tell us before? Eddie was playing hooky that day with our full approval because the skating was delovely...best we've had for years. We havent been out yet; our spirit is broken since a sales girl told us we didn't have a "hat face."

Jimmy Van Hise is out of the hospital after a serious brain operation. We mentioned before that he was discharged from the service after an accident, but he is making a fine recovery now and we hope to see him soon.

Charlie Burd has a new dog named Thumper. Nice dog but too pernickety to suit the Burds. Capt Burd stopped in Christmas morning when we were knee deep in turkey stuffing, and so did Jack Mont in mufti. The old polo coat looked pretty comfortable but gave us a jolt, until we heard he was going ice boating. And, brother, a sailor suit is no costume for that sport!

The Ritter brothers finally got together on the island of New Guinea on December 12, by the help of plane, jeep, and hours of hiking. Its a great story just out in the Standard.

Bob Eichman spends all his spare time in Red Bank, but he warned his family not to move away, so they'll find him at Dillons.

Ed. Rullman spent Christmas at Benning, waiting to be assigned - he knows not where. The Quiz Kids (A.S.T. outfit) start another cruise to nowhere any minute unless the Army has lost them again. When last heard from he was playing chess with the Georgia cockroaches looking on. Ed may study Japanese. It gives his parents goose pimples!

Tommy Dean has taken off, so his mother thinks. If he goes where we THINK he is headed, he will meet lots of Red Bankers.

Schwartz has more time off than any guy we know! He tacks in and out so often that Eddie checks up in the morning to see if George Washington slept there.

Sandy Hammel was within 6 days of finishing Boot School at Parris Island when his back gave out and they sent him to the hospital. Uncle Sam has a slick way of blaming such conditions on old injuries - and they may be - but what's the matter with finding them at the time of enlistment? Sandy is all in a lather over his chances of staying in.

Harry Davey sent us a copy of the Barksdale's Bark and it looked very professional to us. Many thanks, Harry, it reminds us of the Yale News, and right here we want to pay tribute to undergraduate publications - including service papers. The stuff is red hot and easy on the eyes.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT (Con't)

WE had the darndest little Christmas tree sitting up on our piano this year - just to be different from other years. It certainly was! It started to moult right away, the needles dropped in the key board, the balls fell off every time we played the piano, and a playful guest set it on fire. Next year Santa Claus can fill the old order.

Del Fisher was seen selling neckties and woolies at Clayton and Magees during the Christmas rush. Quite an air about him, too, or he never could have sold that rayon tie.

Nearly all the B.F.C. went to see Hancie, and he loves it, too. The grand children are getting so thick that you almost have to make an appointment to get in these days.

Doug Hoyt has bought one of the big Gillig ice boats, but we dont know which one. Last year he was out in the Pacific: now he has a bride and an ice boat. Does any one know where Joe Seifert and Ray Minard can be located? We want to send them the Bulletin. Pope suggests calling it the Barefoot Bugle. Weren't we dumb not to think of it? Too late now. And, say Little Joe, are you still with us?

DEPARTMENT OF BLESSED EVENTS

It. and Mrs. Anson Hoyt received a third daughter for a Christmas present, but they expected a boy and have run out of names.

A card from June Warner said, "We are still waiting for that third party." It will be worth waiting for - they are a swell pair.

WAS MY FACE RED DEPARTMENT

Morgie Eilert is now on a sub at New London, and nearly landed in the brig for taking her under too suddenly. Seems he thought it was a brawny job to yank what ever you have to pull and she dove with such a jerk that the crew hasn't recovered yet!

One of your editors had the goulsh job of dismantling quite a big house not long ago. Like Bob Burns, we had a drinking uncle but how were we to know that what we gave the M.B.C. by mistake was a bar - thereby breaking a cast iron tradition dating back to Ben Franklin! We'll never live it down, but we THOUGHT we were donating a stainless steel sink off a yacht. For heaven's sake lets call it a snack bar, will ya?

We may be mistaken, but WHERE did Bill Lippincott get that black eye? It was a honey!

SPORTIN' DEPARTMENT

Old Man River really gave us a break this holiday season and the small fry have skated until they look like scare crows. The ice is ten inches thick and just like a mirror, but, alas, no races. We offered the Comet to Doc Pearce to sail, and he thinks he'll try it - having received ear tabs for Christmas. It gave us a lump in the throat to watch the kids improvising ice boats out of anything they could beg, borrow or steal. Remember those days when your two reporters mended sails at ten below? We still have frost bitten legs to prove it!

Sig, the horse is Count Fleet - as if you didn't know it by this time.

We hear the Americans are playing football in Cairo, of all places! They have a regular league, and the mixed population of that gay city is bewildered by the savage attacks and long delays of the new game. We heard a broadcast that was a howl. Well, maybe its one way to escape the flies by wearing the helmet the announcer called "a shiney, round sort of protecting hat." We hope you heard the broadcasts on New Year's Day from the Texas and California games. Doc Sayre did.

DEPARTMENT OF UTTER CONFUSION

It. John Wheaton, survivor of the cruiser Helena, who clung to wreckage for a day and floated two more days on a raft before being rescued, has been notified that he has failed to take the required swimming tests and abandon boat drill required of all Navy personnel. S'truth!

The local Ration Board converted to coal after going into a huddle with itself. Now they are closed while they convert back to oil, after coming out of the huddle.

When Doc Rullman first came to Red Bank, he took a case history from a pretty sick ward patient who murmured that he was a "fisherman from Galilee" so doc put him down as delirious and just discovered his mistake.

WHO WAS HOME DEPARTMENT

More guys than you'd expect! They didn't synchronize too well but the great meeting place now seems to be Meyers, and Christmas night there was quite a reunion. Our spy tells us that Bucky was with the lovely Anna Louise Campbell, and Bunny and Consie seemed to be out with the Navy and the Marine Corps. Also Brub, who dashed home on a week end pass. Mickey Long was home - right on the ball too. The Schweers brothers managed to get home together over Christmas (too many homes but thats a big word these days) and Augie has put in for Naval Aviation.

Asay is here but we haven't seen him yet. We wish some big hearted Marine would enlighten us on WHY they wear so many different uniforms. We always think the ones in blue are on their way to be married.

Nancy Hausman was in town only three days - looking pretty sharp too, they do say. Barb Lovett likes her job so well in New York that she doesn't want to go back to college. K. Doremus is here on vacation, and seen with Wink Barbour VERY Often. Peter Doremus, as we write this, is stepping out at the Persian Room in New York with the Bettman girls. Bill Lippincott and Holmes Duncan spent some of their holiday trying to sign up in the Marine Corps and the Navy - in that order. Barb Sayre was seen with that master mind, Gil Turner. There isn't anything left for him to graduate from! Both Meads dropped in, Bucky very grand in his new uniform and wings, and Walter with quite a twinkle in his eye and the BIGGEST sailor suit you ever saw in your life! Bob Davey rushed home Christmas Eve on a week end pass. He looks fine; has lost 25 pounds in tough basic at Benning, he found his leg down with flu and was he discouraged! But he went on to Staten Island with the family.

Also seen at Meyers was Malchow with Mary Joe Garrison and Zale with Marg Morton. We forgot to say that Carol was with Brub - in case you wonder.

WHO WENT AWAY DEPARTMENT

Your stout hearted reporter, Mrs. Daniel Boone K. Lippincott blazed a trail straight to California to spend Christmas with Lipp, who had his first 15 day sick leave in many months. The trip was a blend of covered wagon days, as to discomforts, and old home week getting acquainted with the neighbors. K. thinks that people must LIVE on trains! Could be. And you only get two meals a day on a train now so take along some filleriners when you plan that next trip.

Barb Sayre went on a ski trip, but a terrible thaw set in about the time she departed. She had a swell time on the river before she left, though, and looked pretty cute the day we saw her. Barb has a brand new housekeeping problem: the light bulb in the kitchen burnt out and the ceilings are too high to put in a new one, the janitor is sick, and they haven't any new bulbs anyway so they cook in the dark!

LAST MINUTE FLASHES

Schwartz and Wikoff finally got together and "sight-saw" in Norfolk. Pretty honkey-tonk, they said but they were glad to hold a bull session. Wikoff got home for New Year.

NEW YEAR'S Day was SUPER as to weather - the one perfect day we have had in months, but not much doing except on the ice.

There were two parties that we know of, the Dillons, with Roger dishing out the egg nog and everybody in uniform - and Jim and Claire had their first "at home" but we don't know whether it was in Keyport or Red Bank. WHY DOESNT SOMEONE TELL US THESE THINGS?

And we found out why Don Juan Asay didn't hang around long: Guess what? He's in love with a WAVE and went to Norfolk to see her after looking in on the folks. We heard this via California so your other Sob Sister is right on the ball every minute.

And from Mission Inn comes word that Lip is doing pretty well. Looks a little pale, but otherwise just as nutty as usual - and thats good news, after all those months in a hospital. He had to report back to Santa Cruze on December 29 and the rest is in the laps of the Gods. Sometimes we wonder who they are, too. They have it in for Ed. Rullman. Now he is quarantined for measles and may miss out on his next assignment. And they aren't his measles!

Happy New Year to you, Mr. Censor, whoever you may be. So far you have only blacked out one letter to us and we could read it anyway....it wasn't a secret, either. How Come?

LAST MINUTE FLASHES (Con't)

And thanks, Sig, for your swell Christmas greetings. It was a delight to hear from so many of you and was the best part of the holidays for us. We think we will keep a big scrap book for you. Dont know why we didn't think of it before.

We chased Marg Holmes around for two weeks and ALMOST met her on the ice. HE came to visit about three weeks ago.

Chaplain Craig isn't having a tough enough time to please him and has asked for a transfer. Some people! Its that New England conscience bothering him: if he is enjoying himself, it cant be right or something.

Marion Backe and Jean Williams leave very soon to start their training as Navy Nurses. They will go to the Englewood Hospital, and it sounds pleasant enough.... week ends home at first to save resigning too often. The only reason new nurses dont quit right away is because they are too tired to pack. WE KNOW.

Jeanette Ryerson's husband just graduated from Med. school and wont go to California after all, but will interne here in the East. Jeanette has a job, by the way.

We keep thinking how handsome Roger Wingerter is! And Schmotza is getting fat. We have new subscribers - the Fanjules. And be sure to listen to Fred Allen Sunday nights. He has the darndest, silliest new idea. What else do we know....a U.S. Destroyer blew up and sank off the Hook early this morning. Its in the paper so its O.K. to pass it on.

Henry Pope must look at her have that oold feeling because he was seen with Doris Perry Gillig on New Year's Eve. We must look into this. Henry is one of our favorite people.

Anna Louise Campbell had a party on January 2nd and what's left of the B.F.Y.C. was there in a body. Lots of gold braid, our spy tells us, and Tom Morton (who is a full Lt.) sort of ran the party for her.

More about Asay. It seems they met at the U. of Wis. where she graduated, and she will soon be off the O.C.S. radio what ever you call it in the Navy. They sailed together in the land of sky blue water last summer, and its the real thing this time. We kinda like it, too.

Now about 1944....we wish you lots of good belly laughs, to be inelegant, for a sense of humor is going to see us through WE HOPE. Or do we? Ours is worn pretty thin but still functioning. Hows YOURN?

So heres to us - and heres to you,

K. and M.

NEW ADDRESSES

Pvt. Borden Hance 32258564
A.I.B. 46th. A.P.O. 255
Indian Town Gap, Pa.

A.C. S.R. Simonds USNR
CAA, Navy Flight School
Lexington Barracks
U. of So. Carolina
Columbia, S. Carolina

Pvt. Donald R. Davey, 42006055
AST Unit
University of Maine, Orono, Maine

A.C. Thomas M. Lloyd 12073831
Gp. 4, Sq.C, Sect. 36
AAF, PFS (Pilot) Class 44H
Maxwell Field, Ala.

A.C. John R. Hammer ASN 14172992
Sq. 5, Class 44-5, Flight A
DAAF - BS
Deming, New Mexico

1st Officer Weston Hausman
4110 Mc Gilvra Street
Seattle (2) Washington