

K. Lippincott & M. Rullman
Associate Editors E. Sayre

(Continued) March 1, 1944

Dear Diary:

WHAT ARE WE SAYING? That's how close we feel to the Barefoots, in case you wonder. We don't know yet whether March is to be a lamb or a lion, but we hope it's a little lambseativity. Our disposition improves as "spring cubs," and, while we think about it, we don't like the South either. The synonyms for it are: noisome, rank, rancid, fusty, musty, and malodorous.

Brushing up on current events we find that a battleship has a sponsor and, of all things, a BRIDESMAID, when she is christened. This intrigues us no end! A sneak box could have little flower girls - why not? We also find that one Nathaniel Bishop made a voyage of a thousand miles up the Amazon in 1870 something or other in a sneak box and wrote a book about it. In 1885 he made what he called a Barnegat Cruiser (16 foot sneak box) up on Lake George, N. Y. This completely disillusioned us. We thought they were as Jersey as mosquitoes, didn't you?

DEPARTMENT OF ILLITERACY

Did we take a razzing from Nancy for spelling pigeon wrong-not once but TWICE! T'aint birds we're thinking of anyway...it's WALTER. And it isn't because he discovered radium either - if you MUST KNOW. One of us Eds. is now carrying a dictionary as a standard equipment.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

Take a deep breath: it's all one paragraph! Mrs. Reamer doesn't want to run out of paper six months from now, so here we go....Saw the Jim Claytons ambling along in the moonlight not long ago, and we hear they are in great demand as chaperons....Arnold Schwartz was home for his birthday and (speaking of chaperons) he escorted Asay's girl back to Norfolk after spending the week end with the future in-laws. Loretta wears the ring so this is no idle rumor....Red Lippincott has reported to Moffet Field, Cal. for his orders. It will be limited duty for a while he thinks and perhaps a little nearer home. This is all to the good for he can chase up that lush silver compact he sent to an old flame in Red Bank.... It seems Brownie has been seen in these parts with Carol Sutphen - in answer to our query. When he isn't tearing up the highways on that super-dreadnought, he is now BM 1/c in the Coast Guard. Now we'll have to find out what THAT means....Bob Simonds has landed at Chapel Hill, N. C., and our hearts skipped a beat when he addressed us as "dear girls." Don't get too busy Bob, or you won't have time to think up these whimsies. We kinda like 'em.... Remember Walter Imlay? Well...he's engaged, plays in band, and is getting ready to shove off from the heart of Texas.... Chaplain Craig made a flying trip up from Florida the middle of Feb. and took over the services at his home port for one Sunday. He sees a few Red Bankers near Jacksonville.... Ernest Boskey is one. Herbert reports that his duties often take him to the camp hospital where the ominous sign over the dispensary door says, "If you are sick, we'll help you, if you are not, God help you." It's a thought for the Rullmans, and the Sayres, and the Hausmans.... Charlie Burd reached a little too far for something on a table and fell out of bed - casts and all! It took all the king's horses and all the king's men on Conover Lane to put him back together again. No harm done, though.... Tommy Dean is leading the life of Reiley - breakfast in bed. He DOES manage to chew for himself - while he waits to go out to the Pacific. Called his folks and said to listen in on breakfast at Sardi's the next day to hear his voice. Sure enough. Ensign Dean if Little Silver, N. J. came over with a flourish. Almost as good as Dewey's voice, they said.... Better hurry back, men, there's a new club a-brewing. The lady mariners are ganging up on you, and now all they need is a place to meet. May even have it by this time. Helen McKee Gale is one of the advisors and that makes it very much of all right with us.... Lloyd has finished up at Maxwell Field and we hope to include his new address in this issue. Everybody was worried about exams this month and everybody passed! T. was one of 'em.... Stanley Williams who bought Don Hubbard's boat, has landed in Atlanta, Ga. From his address we gather he is an A.S.T. student in Advanced Engineering at Georgia Tech.... There's nothing like good old basic training on the Shrewsbury River! Our own Bill Lawrence of Fair Haven, Coast Guardsman and crackerjack artist (and fisherman) has been awarded the Silver Star for his part in the landing operations of Sicily and Salerno. Remember the sea skiff Bill handled so expertly? Little did he dream it would lead to important salvage operations in the Mediterranean Sea. Watch for his official painting in Life.... Wikoff is still at Yorktown yearning for sea duty. He gets home fairly often so it has its advantages.... There's to be a new public bathing beach between the M.B.C. and Dickmans. The property has been bought by the Town and work will begin as soon as possible. Old Timers remembered when that was a deep natural channel and the big coal and produce schooners tied up there. They said they were awakened in the early morning by the creaking of spars

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT (Continued)

when the sails were hoisted. Well..we'll be awakened all right, but, it wont be spars. Its a great move on the part of the town fathers, and we have a faint hope that maybe we can bathe from our own dock once more without having to drown the local league of nations.....Sig Thompson's brother is a 1st Lieut. now so the brothers are doing O.K. in this war. Sig hurry and get that 50th mission over with before we have a breakdown, will you please?.....Henry Pope called on us but we were in New York. Sorry, Henry, come up and see us again some time..... Mr. Lipp has backed the attack to the extent of making speeches here and there - pretty good ones too..... Speaking of parents, Doc. Sayre just dashed by on his way to the M.B.C..... Sandy Hammel has received his medical discharge from the U.S.M.C. for a back injury. Very disappointed, too, but glad to see his bride again..... We saw a letter from Dick Hammel written on goofy paper from "The Bug House." Seemed it wasnt a club at all, but a classified index of those Pacific pests...Listen Dick, we had baby cockroaches baked in our biscuits in Georgia in the last war. The B.B.'s took the bloom off the Georgia peach, if you ask us!

HEART THROB DEPARTMENT

The glamorous Pat Dillon will be married within a month to her Infantry Lieutenant. The folks want a formal wedding with all the trimmings so we HOPE we're on their list...for we surely would be missed, (We think.).....The old team of Dillon and Rullman stepped out in the big city coupla weeks ago. Saw "Mexican Hayride" - a lavish production that hadn't quite jelled the opening week. Very next week it was Susie Q. Sturgis!.....Bob McKee will be married by the time this reaches you. Her name is Daisy Belle Sessions and she is just as capable as Bob - which is plenty smart. Its to be a big wedding with gobs of Southern hospitality, bridesmaids, dinner parties and what have you. Sister Helen went off well fortified with evening clothes and her very charming smile. We got belles in New Joisey, too.

Carol Eckert's engagement is announced to Herbert H. Howell of Riverhead, L.I. He is a graduate of M.I.T. and at present an experimental engineer with the Wright Aeronautical Corp. in Paterson. The Eckerts gave a lovely party, and our new Associate Editor tells us the ring is a beauty (soo's Carol, if you ask us) and H.H.H. is tall, and good looking - we dont know about the dark.....Of the old crowd, Gil Turner, T. Lloyd, Emily Newman, Barb Sayre, Marg Holmes got there - and ALMOST Ed Rullman, who had to take an early train back to Princeton. We hate to bring this up, but remember the days when Bucky's little boat always headed for Hones' Stake? Jean Howland is now Mrs. Toovey, and, after a brief honeymoon is back on the job at M.M.H.

Jack Davis thought our Xmas Card a "neat" job, it made him a little homesick but happy.

DEPARTMENT OF ECSTASY

Your editors are deeply grateful for the valentines, and especially for the two boxes of chewing gum from Schwartz. It seems the British are worried sick about the effects of chewing on the aristocratic profile. Well...our face is all used up anyway just from poking it in everybody's business so we should worry about our double chins!

LAST MINUTE FLASHES

Brub is going places. We had one of those little post cards from some A.P.O. near by (he had a pass for a few hours so we suppose its near) and we ran out and bought a box of V. Mail paper to be already to write him some love letters. And we DO mean love.

Harry Davey will be home for 15 days on March 1st, and Bob Davey is safe and sound after the terrible fire at the U. of Maine. Bob is working as he never worked before, and getting A's and B's. Nice going!

T. Lloyd gets better looking every day! He called on us and then we walked down the street with him just to show off and make the local talent envious. He probably goes South for his primary training.

Eddie Schwartz has received orders to report to Trinity College, Conn. to begin his work for V5.

More honors for Sig. He has just been awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster, this is his second award. Are we proud!!

And so, back to pigeons, "Eddie Pigeon" otherwise Crofton Grantham A.A.F. Pilot has been home on sick leave, they had to take his appendix out.

DEPARTMENT OF SUPPRESSED DESIRES

Our idea of complete frustration is the plight of the organist who makes all the spooky sounds in between sequences on radio stories. Does the poor guy EVER get a chance to play a whole number through? This is a constant worry to us. Suppose he lost his place...or used yesterday's script? He might have little mice scampering instead of Hearts and Flowers...or, better yet, he could even interpret his own reactions! We like this idea best.

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHER EDUCATION

The R.B.H.S. had a big hand in the recent War Bond drive, and did well by Uncle Sam, too. Our teen age neighbors fairly tore the door bells out by the roots, and then we all went to the movies on a complimentary pass - or rewards for digging deeper. "A GUY NAMED JOE" was the picture, and we could have thought up a better ending.

Ed Bullman had a conference with the great Einstein over at Princeton University the other day. This is how it went: Ed was standing on the curb - Dr. E. emerged from a building with a small boy who decided he would walk no more (what every woman knows) Einstein, a gentle soul, coaxed in vain. "Why dont you try tickling him?" said Ed. "That is a good idea," says Einstein, so together they did and it worked. Wonderful what they learn you in college, ain't it?

A whole gang from Blair stormed the portals of 33 Pine Street and most of them were accepted, including Bill Lippincott who goes in the V5 as soon as he graduates.

Excuse us while we answer Asay in French, just to show we got education, too. "J'tais une petite fille sept ans. J'allais a l'ecole. Mais, mon ignorance est PROFONDE - as you see - et je suis au desespoir-or something-but, by gosh, we understood what you said at that! Seriously, we were very much interested in Don's description of the men he is training with, and think great good will come out of the exchange of ideas between these young men of all nations. A little dull for Asay, though, as only 80 planes were forced down with him in the fog that day.

In the world of research, it seems that dogs can get so run down and despondent that they drink themselves to death, commit suicide, and even murder - according to the senior psychotherapist at a Washington hospital. Maybe they cock an ear in the direction of the Senate, doc. Then there's the sad case of Mrs. Grace West's hens out in Los Angelus...1500 of 'em. They became extremely nervous and high strung when an air terminal was established near by, and up and died!

LITTLE PLAINTIVE NOTE

Let's call it Letteritis...its the new disease we all suffer from these days. Symptoms? Blood pressure, temperature, and spirits go up and down with the Postman's whistle. Any cure? Oh sure...just keep 'em coming both ways.

DEPARTMENT OF ESPIONAGE

We read of a famous War Correspondent who was imprisoned by the Japs because the odds and ends of memoranda in his waste basket looked suspiciously like code to the Nips. This made us wonder about our own scratch pad so we dove in at random and pulled out this one:

"Call Bunny - Ice box - Rabbi Shulman, Voice of Israel -
Ration Board - Salted nuts - Father McClosky - I.R.T.O.
Blanding - Holiday for Strings-Taxes-Drippings - S. S. Baby -
B.F.Y.C.B. - Permanent Wave."

Now it might look queer to the enemy, but the idea of the Barefoots on a permanent wave really makes sense...yet its quite by accident! Almost like the law of gravitation or something.

REMARK OF THE MONTH CLUB

Hereafter I will take my hat off only to a good woman and the Infantry.

DEPARTMENT OF SAVOIR FAIRY

Barb Sayre lost 5 theatre tickets, didn't tell her guests, but simple overwhelmed the staff by remembering the numbers and was ushered in with great gusto! When they were all nicely settled, she told 'em. This seems incredible to anyone who has tried to see ANY show in New York this year. Hey, Barb, you're wasting your time. Why dont you go to Washington with the rest of the gang?

DEPARTMENT OF BLESSED EVENTS

Henry Scudder is the father of TWINS! Cheer up, Henry, two of a kind isn't a full house. Both girls, by the way. As a French friend of ours said, "Oh.... how will we ever get them both married?"

NEW ADDRESSES

A.C. - S. R. Simonds - U.S.N.R. Pfc. R. H. Davis, U.S.N.C. 845319
Grimes Hall - Room 106 4th. Bn. 13th Marines
U.S.N.P.S. Training Center, 5th Marine Div. F.M.M.
Chapel Hill Camp Pendleton
U. of No. Carolina, N.C. Oceanside, Cal.

Pfc. R. B. Lippincott, Jr. U.S.M.C.
U.S. Naval Air Station
Cas. Co. Marine Barracks
Moffet Field, California

Time to sign off till April Fool's Day - plenty of loving thoughts.
From your favorite chin up girls,

LITTLE PLAINIVE NOTE

Let's call it Litterite... the new disease we all suffer from these days. Symptoms: Blood pressure, temperature, and spirits go up and down with the Post-man's whistle. Any cure? Oh sure... just keep 'em coming both ways.

DEPARTMENT OF ESPIONAGE

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Nation Board - Salted nuts - Father McGlothy - I.R.T.O.
Blending - Holiday for String-Taxer-Grippings - S. S. Baby -

B.T.Y.O.B. - Permanent Wave."
Now it might look queer to the enemy, but the idea of the Garetts on a permanent wave really makes sense... yet the quite by accident! Almost like the law of gravitation or something.

REMARKS OF THE MONTH CLUB

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