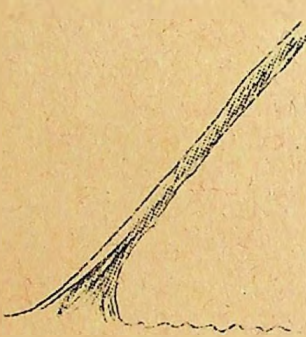
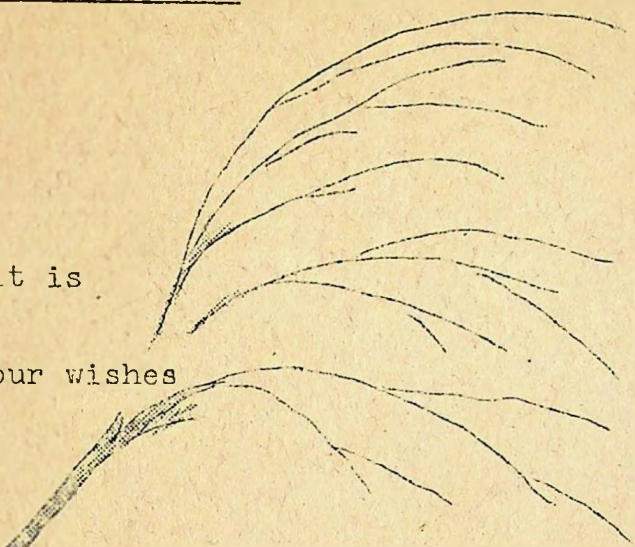




A Poem With A Purpose

*L*ook this issue through  
*A*nd then won't you  
*K*indly tell us if it is  
*E*nough to fill your wishes  
*F*or it is either a success  
*O*r else you think it's a mess  
*R*emember we want to hear!  
*E*ach answer we get  
*S*hall determine, my pet  
*T*hat we stop or continue a year.



Anonymous  
(And why not)

\*\*\*\*\*

CO-EDITORESSES

- |                       |                     |                |
|-----------------------|---------------------|----------------|
| Alice Keith Carpenter | Patricia McLaughlin | Diana Prosser  |
| Nonie Carry           | Ginevra Mitchell    | Olive Robbins  |
| Nancy Cochrane        | Sally McPherson     | Ellen Ryerson  |
| Naoma Donnelley       | Betty Peabody       | Louise Scharin |
| Dorothy Law           | Marion Phelps       | Peggy Whipple  |
|                       | Helen Priebe        |                |



EDITORS' PAGE

All things start small; hence, the "Tribnewsunester" expects eventually to acquire a bigger and a better name, as well as lots more news, including columnists, cartoonists, and if our clientele demands, a real society editor and a financial page (this to report any large transactions successfully accomplished by the use of dice, cards, or similar equipment). We particularly need to accumulate a lot of enthusiastic foreign correspondents.

This is strictly a cooperative feature. We start it - you who receive it and the list of co-editoreses at the bottom of the cover page, are expected to carry it on. You make the news - we collect and distribute it. We are anxiously looking for a female Horace Greeley or an organizing genius, who will gather around her some female correspondents and assume the responsibility of collecting the news and editing it for publication. All expenses of the first few issues have been underwritten and the manual labor of preparation and distribution has been provided.

We sincerely trust that the life of our publication will be short - not through lack of interest, but rather in the hope of an early victory. It is, therefore, the sincere hope of the temporary editors that some budding Dorothy Dix, Madame X, Beatrice Fairfax, or Dorothy Thompson will emerge very soon to take over this job and carry on until victory is ours and you men, for whose benefit it is started, return home. We may even throw a party for you - all out of our ill gained profits - when that happy day arrives.

To all of our readers we send our best wishes and our most heartfelt prayers for your safety and good health. Home is not the same without you. We are proud of the job you are doing. We most sincerely wish each and everyone of you all of the best of luck.

\* \* \* \* \*

IMPORTANT NOTICE

There must be a home office for every big enterprise such as this. Temporarily and until the new editor emerges, send all correspondence addressed to Mrs. Kent S. Clow, 550 East Deerpath Avenue, Lake Forest, Illinois. Here's hoping for a perfect avalanche of news items which will insure the success of this publication.

Don't hesitate to suggest the names of any other men who you think would be interested in receiving future copies or any girls who any of you can suggest as possible contributors.

We sadly need a New York correspondent as things do seem to happen in the big city that we are sure would add immeasurably to the interest of our "Scandal Scheet." Any suggestions? Perhaps some of the men who get there occasionally would send us some news.

\* \* \* \* \*



## THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Your inquiring reporter, handicapped greatly by age and other infirmities, but with the nose of a gossip hound - also with a lot of help from several of our future editors - has gleaned considerable news - a bit of dirt - and a dash of scandal. As this sheet is primarily for the boys - their first interest naturally is the girls, so here goes on the lowdown, as far as we dare give it to you.

It's a mighty good thing we got the new hospital in Lake Forest when we did. Just as a matter of interest, there were 28 babies born there last month, and from casual observation, there are going to be some born soon in which you will all be interested and some of you are about to be joining Stanton and Peter as proud uncles. Joy Salisbury Morley starts the parade in December. Right now, Joy is visiting her aunt in the east. Barbara Kreutz, nee McLaughlin, had a girl born the day after the St. Luke's Fashion Show, in which her mother charmed the entire audience. Announcing the event to the excited mother, the doctor rather brusquely stated - "Mrs. Kreutz, you have a long, skinny baby girl." Without batting an eye, Barbara demurely replied, "Couldn't you call her tall and willowy?" Rather a quick response, eh what? January the older girls are having a field day. The Cowles girls - Bessie and Edith - are expecting arrivals, also Joan Reid Detchon. Eddie Shumway will be an uncle a little later, and then in April, or thereabouts, Bliss and the Nubbins, otherwise known as Mesdames Fulton and Lyle, are doing their part to increase the population of our fast growing metropolis.

Having disposed of this patriotic contribution on the part of the fairer sex, let's see what the unmarried girls are contributing to the war effort or otherwise. Genevra Mitchell is charming the sailor boys and holding down a real job up at Great Lakes. Just at present, she is hobbling around on a cast, having broken an ankle, which however, did not keep her from the Onwentsia dance. Nancy Cochrane and Jean Scharin, both of whom by the way have been a great help to your temporary reporter, are doing a fine job as Nurses Aides, as are also Flossie Curtis and Lucia Winston. I have had the opportunity of giving some of these girls a lift over to County Hospital and in these days when regular nurses are few and far between, these girls are certainly doing a grand job. Without their help, our hospitals would have really tough sledding. Helen Priebe is also helping the strenuous shortage of help by doing her Junior League job at Passavant Hospital. There are some working girls too, who are helping the shortage of manpower by doing a regular job. Diana Prosser is working five days a week at Scribners and Patty McLaughlin takes the 7:15 train to town every day as a war worker in a plant in Chicago. That's a job of which we can all be proud.

Our fair Lake Forester, Olive Robbins, is now Chief Justice Robbins. This is the highest honor that one's classmates at Vassar can bestow on a fellow classmate. Her job is to interpret, in her best legal fashion, and also enforce, the regulations governing the daily life of the students. And we are told that Olive takes her responsibilities very much to heart. Her first court order banished her "illegitimate" dog that she had kept at college for two years. She has also served as Secretary and President of her class. She graduates in July, 1945.



Some of our female correspondents have turned artistic. Betty Peabody writes that she is kept busy at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. She says she has been kept too busy to do much writing and has recently only heard from one red headed soldier boy - perhaps you can guess who that was. Polly Porter is training for the stage or Hollywood - studying "Dramatic Impulses" at the Goodman Theatre. Quite a few of our correspondents are still struggling for a higher and a better education, but as yet we have gleaned little information as to their doings. We will snoop around when they get home for vacation and will probably unearth some tidy bits to pass on to you. Lydia Pope should be a great help to us as she has just joined the staff of the Lake Forest annual - "The Forester." Sally McPherson expects to be in town early in November and has promised to contribute to our sheet at that time. A late report from Alice Keith at Pine Manor states that she, Dodie Law and Nancy Buchanan have their heads together - now pretty stuffy from the effect of exams - and they promise a real contribution to our next issue.

#### NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

We hear that Tony Cudahy is on the first string of Miami University's football team, but unfortunately was hurt in the last game. He hopes to be back for the final game of the season and then shoves off for Parris Island.

Ran into brother Ed Cudahy down in New York last week. He is down at the Merchant Marine Training School at Long Island and expects to graduate in February.

Keith Robinson and Sylvia Hurd were married on October 21st. Ken Welles and Robbie Odell were ushers, while Alice Carpenter and Farwell Smith helped to make the party a success. Keith was home on leave from the Marines on his way to Parris Island.

We hear that Johnny Stevenson and John Runnells, with the help of Ken Templeton, did away with a 10 pound turkey when they had Sunday supper with Peggy and Burke Williamson down at Columbus, Georgia.

Corporal Agar Jaicks, U.S.M.C., has been through four major encounters - the most recent one being on Pelelieu. Private first class Russ Kelley, Jr. has also been in a lot of action on Pelelieu - he joined the 1st Marine Division at New Britain, then moved to the Solomons where they stayed until September before they did such a grand job at Pelelieu.

Pfc. Larry Armour recently graduated from Military Intelligence School at Camp Ritchie and is home on leave for a few days.

Flight Officer Johnny Jelke is back with the 15th Air Corps base in Italy. He is enjoying the comforts of a brick and tent shack that he and a friend built themselves.

Stanton Armour, AOM3C, is taking additional operational training down at Corpus Christi before going overseas.

Jimmy Holliday is home on leave and taking all Dewey bets (on an 8 to 5 basis). We hope he wins. This is his last month before going to midshipman school.



Pfc. Kent Clow, Jr. and Pvt. Kingman Douglass sailed for Europe around the middle of September, theirs being one of the eight divisions General Marshall announced were being shipped during that month. Except through considerable detective work on the part of their families, their exact whereabouts at this moment are unknown.

Johnny Curtis completed "boot" training October 3 and his company received the "Hall of Fame" award. He expects to attend signalman's school, but in the meantime, his chief activity is peeling potatoes and claims great efficiency in the job.

Both Pfc. Tommy Connors and brother Henry have been home on leave together and have promised the editor a lot of news, which we trust will be forthcoming in time for our first issue. Tommy and Bill Douglas, who started as ski troopers in the lofty altitude and below zero weather of Camp Hale, have recently been enjoying the tropical heat of Camp Swift, Texas. They have traded skis for mules - so that their ultimate purpose is a deep, dark mystery.

John Hale, S 1/c, is on the U.S.S. Pasadena, a C. L. roaming somewhere in the Pacific. Danny Haerther is trying to coach Si Cathcart in the intricacies of V-12 down at Notre Dame, while Eddie Shumway has blossomed forth in a beautiful P.O.T.C. suit and is taking advanced training up at Marquette University in Milwaukee.

Just received a flash from that hound for letter writing - Sgt. Laurence D. Smith, Jr., U.S.M.C.R. Larry has been 14 months overseas and by deduction, we take it that a good part of this time was spent in or near the Marshall Islands. In his recent letters he mentions having passed Lt. Otis Carney on the road, "the only Lake Forester I have seen since leaving the states." He is hoping to get home for Christmas.

Mason Phelps and Stanton Armour have been sunning themselves on the beaches at San Diego before shoving off in different directions - Stanton to Corpus Christi - Mason to man a gun as a marine on some battle wagon in the Pacific. Their social life was somewhat restricted as there was a lot of brass about - and after all gobs, pfc.'s and admirals don't mix too good. The beautiful Miss Hixon - we are told - took pity on Stanton.

Corporal Joe Seaverns is now aviation gunner, after having qualified as a combat air crewman by successfully completing all flight and ground courses required for torpedo bomber air crewmen. During his training, he succeeded in breaking several gunnery records, both at Hollywood Gunnery School and the Naval Air Station at Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, in air to air firing.

#### LINE LOGIC

They call her "Steam Shovel," because she's always picking up dirt.

#### FOR THOSE BOUND FOR ITALY

How to quench a thirst in Italy: First, boil the water, then filter it, add G.I. chemicals, then wash in it and drink wine.

\* \* \* \* \*



Some of our female correspondents have turned artistic.

### PRIZE CONTEST

One of the tricks of the trade for increasing interest and circulation (the life blood of any publication) is a prize contest. This contest is open to any of the co-editoresses and all of the subscribers (we like to consider you as such, although no expense is involved. It makes it sound important). We need a name. One of you must use your noodle and get an inspiration. All suggestions become the property of the "Tribnewsunester" and the decision as to the winner will be final and rests entirely with the judges, whose names, temporarily at least, remain a dark, dark secret. The goodly amount of five bucks has been anonymously contributed for the purchase of a suitable prize, such suitability depending somewhat on the sex of the proud winner. Here's hoping that everyone who reads this offer submits a suggestion. We are not particularly proud of our present title, but at least it covers a lot of ground and we are certain that Colonel McCormick, Marshall Field, and the late Frank Knox would be glad to know of such a consolidation devoted to such a worthy purpose.

Come on, come all with your suggestions, and may the best man (or girl) be the proud winner of this coveted honor of providing a title to this budding publication.

### A REPORT FROM MILWAUKEE

For the past few months, I have been standing guard outside the Schlitz brewery in that famous "liberty" town in Milwaukee, but I was able to get home on a few days leave nevertheless.

Home on leave were Tom and Hank Connors, Alec Revelle, Ken Welles, Jim Holliday, Cy Cathcart and Hughey Sangler. Every afternoon we seemed to get together for a little game of football. By the way, the Winter Club whipped Winnetka 33-0 the other day.

The high point of the leave was one of those good old Saturday night dances at the Onwentsia. Girls present were Diana Prosser, Helen Priebe, Ginny Mitchell and Joan Munroe. Ginny was incapacitated with a broken ankle - says she broke it falling downstairs, but so it goes. Towards the end of the evening, Alec gave out with one of his more famous renditions of "Give Me One Dozen Roses."

Keith Robinson married Sylvia Hurd in Boston a few days ago! Congratulations are in order, men.

Harry Chandlor, now in Midshipman's School at Columbia, has just been made Battalion Commander. Tom Connors has been awarded the Expert Infantryman's Badge.

Alec Revelle has finished his V-12 training at Kalamazoo and is now off for Parris Island, New River, Quantico and points south.

Must shoulder my slide rule and march on, so will close for now. Give my best to the gang.

Eddie



FOR THOSE ABOUT TO SAIL TO FOREIGN PARTS

In a recent letter received from one of our subscribers, he explains the methods used by the Navy of loading men into a ship. For those about to experience this unique experience, we quote a few extracts from his letter.

"So far, the trip is uneventful. Accommodations are not the same as you were accustomed to in the past. They herd you into a room until you are packed tight and then figure out how much oxygen is left over were everyone breathing in an average manner. They then toss in enough extra men to account for that excess. Then there is the neat little problem of hammocks. When we reach the other side of this puddle, I am going to be curled up like an anchovy. Those innocent looking strips of canvas can certainly force one into the most weird positions imaginable. Other than the nights when we have to cope with the above in a most disorderly fashion, life is far from being a trial. About the worst thing to contend with is the fact that there are only two meals a day and they are far from culinary masterpieces - more on the order of disasters. Of course, there is a flourishing black market to supplement the diet and alleviate the discomfort. In the morning, - - - - and I usually find a third and fourth and whip into a mean game of bridge. The afternoons are usually given over to sleeping and reading, as are also the evenings. Life is not particularly exciting or unnerving."

FOR: TO MAY IT CONCERN WHOM AND WHY WHEREFORE

11 AM

Somewhere between  
Now Haven and Dallas  
the morning after

Hi y'all:

Breezed into Chicago by plane from Dallas in the phenomenal time of three days. All the old eighth grade girls busy knitting, so I says to myself "Maybe eastern girls aren't as prodigious."

Arriving in New York, I spent 24 hours looking for a room at the Roosevelt, hoping to God Roosevelt WILL catch pneumonia at Ebbet's Field, and telling everyone I see that Dewey is their man, or so all of Lake Forest tells me.

Well, I'm fortunate enough to find in one short week end in Manhattan between Times Square and East 64th several old friends.

I no sooner throw myself into the biggest, plushest seat "under the clock" when who should skip in full of vig, vimor and Vassar but Peggo Whip. I says bye to her and Sir Chunk Chandler, just in from Harlem on the subway with a cortege of midshipmen, seats himself on my left. George Holmes seems interested in ships, and the bn. commander and he set forth on an hour's dissertation on same. Harry takes Garrison and me to Longchamps; an hour and a half later I take the check to the Information Desk.



No seats for "Bloomer Girl" till December 15. We can't wait over, so we don't theaterize that night. Instead, we drop in on East 52nd, take our shoes off to climb over arms, legs, and whathave-you to a table for three (yeah, the skipper is still dragging along).

Lolita Nichols in all her beauty is sitting next to me, so I tell her for 27 minutes why I'm being unsatisfactory with TEXAS. Up from Montezuma also finding difficulty in the Close-combat Course served ala Rue are Bardwell Smith and T. Healy with Nance Buchanan well under control. The situation is in hand when old Harry Finkentstadt "sails" in. He, like myself, is being a doggie and is now in the 66th in the Middle South somewhere. This G. I. isn't too over-come with joy either.

Marion Phelps, Naomi, Peg don't show up at La Rue's this particular evening, so the sailor boy is still with us. Many Grotties moored in Manhat are present, and Chunk is being pleased; S.P.S. didn't do badly either.

A quiet Sunday followed by an evening at the Stork (not quiet). Tina Tabor and her marine get me a seat through the courtesy of Mr. Billingsley and I behold some of the East Side tribe in full war paint. Then Whippo again with "Whcezy" MacDowal and Bill Ford; Oh, yes, Eddie Spencer was with the former and had flown in (we all do it these days) from Ann Arbor. A good time couldn't have been better. Did any of you know that St. Patrick's is closed between the hours of two and six Monday A.M.?

Welles, Hearther, Brud and I are having too big a time our first night together again. Anne Carp and Di are therefore suffering. Dan heads south to see Mom and Dad. Rotcy Shumway hikes home from Milwalk and there is dire need of another celebration, which I think we had. Jim Holloday, Al Ravelli, Welles realize after two days there are plenty of burrs, no pheasant on the latter's farm. Touch football is the main means of getting healthy again, so Ensign J. Lee, Seaman Dougie, Si Cath, Far Smith, Phelps Kelley, etc. play at the Winter Club a WHOLE afternoon. We become divided and wind up with Joan Monroe, Giny Mitch, and Jo-Jo Pricbe behind a bottle of beer again.

There is another cocktail party at the Connors and all the parents give Hargrove the latest dope. We are having a dance tonight and there seem to be some dozen people all ages available. Giny is going to have to sit this one out as she hasn't as yet acquired the skill of descending successfully from the second to the first floor, a broken ankle resulting.

They say Pete Clow and King haven't been heard from since they crossed the Texas border. Mase, the marine, and "Abe" Runnells seem to be on their way very soon. Frankly, I don't know where we're taking our thousands of mules, but they say its the home of Milton Caniff's famous lovely and the name of a highway advertised shaving cream.

Mrs. Clow will continue from here; this beer is getting me down .....

Best of good luck to all  
The Calcutta Cutup

P.S. We've left the Skis in Colorado for the Shees "deep in the heart of."



Just to give the editors a boost on this first effort, several fond parents have sent us some comments, which we are sure will be of interest. This gem came from Mrs. Odell: "I overheard two sailors talking on the street boasting about their good memories. Said one: 'Why I can remember back before I was born. I was worried for fear I might be a girl.'"

That eminent authoress, Mrs. Graham Aldis, in answering the card we sent to all mothers pleading with them to fill in "items of interest," filled in - "Girls, steak, tennis, baseball, profootball (not necessarily in above order)." We, ourselves, can't improve on the items or the order either.

Mrs. Valentine Bartlett offers the following from PFC son David: "New York sounds like a lot of fun and I hope you had a good time." (Ed. note: Can you imagine the Bartletts not having a good time anywhere?) "They say Larue has turned out to be strictly for people a lot younger than I. The report was unconfirmed though. It seems sort of queer to have people younger than I going to night clubs, as when I left, we were sort of the bottom strata of the whole affair." Having just returned from ten days in New York, I think I can confirm the rumor. The young are certainly growing up fast.

A Lake Forest mother, with a flying colonel husband abroad and two sons in the army, was astounded to receive recently the following cable: "Son born. Our thoughts are with you. Loving greetings from us all." After a moment's utter consternation, she suddenly saw a gleam of light, and immediately wired congratulations. She was happy in the thought that her son, who had recently sailed, had met his father somewhere in Europe.

Mrs. Kingman Douglass has contributed a bit of good news for any boys who happen to land in London on leave. Col. Kingman Douglass address is Hqts. U.S.S.T.A.F. London, and he has said that he would be really delighted to have any boy - private or brass hat - look him up. We hear that he fed young King a partridge when they met recently and imagine he would really welcome a friendly face from home. Jimmy Douglass has passed the O.C.S. Board and may be on his way to Benning soon.

#### SCANDAL SHEET

We hope that this will grow and grow, but it needs a younger touch. We have received a few offerings, however, though we assume no responsibility; pass them on with a smirk and a relish.

We would like to know who has been sending Joanie Potter orchids - could it be serious?

Has Tony Cudahy - "the lone wolf" - fallen at last?

We are told that young Mason a long time ago had the theory that there was always a girl on every corner, but Stanton was heard to murmur the other day that Mason had turned all the corners and since Diana came on the scene, he is now on the straightaway for good.

(Ed. note: With a little help, we could make this something of which you would all be very proud. There's nothing like a little dirty scandal to take one's mind off of other things. All communications for this column will be considered strictly confidential.



## A STROLL AROUND LAKE FOREST

I played hockey from the office this beautiful Saturday morning in order to say goodbye to my daughter and my granddaughter, who have spent a week's vacation with us, and are on their way to join their family at Ft. Benning, Ga. After the train left and the last hand waves were over, I strolled through the village just to see if there was anything new that might interest you boys who have not seen the village square for some time.

I stopped first at the memorial to those who fought in the last war, and was a bit discouraged to read the sentence written by Woodrow Wilson at that time. He said: "We are glad to fight for the peace of the world and the ultimate freedom of its people." It is a fine sentiment, but I am inclined to think that then and now we Americans are fighting to lick those enemies who threatened our homes, our families, and our happiness, with the great hope of getting the job done so that we can get home as quickly as possible.

Marshall Field's window is already displaying orange and black ensembles for Halloween. Stanley Kiddle, who still can repair most anything, has a big sign hung outside advertising "Bicycles for Rent;" and he is certainly doing a flourishing business with sailors and their girl friends over the week end. I dropped into the Republican Headquarters in Jahnke's old shop and found lots of girls busy sending out Dewey and Bricker folders. I walked upstairs to see our Republican County Committeeman, John Spellman, but was sorry to hear that his wife had died suddenly last night.

Crossing the square, I stopped at Western Union to borrow a pencil to make some notes, and then visited with Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Lester Armour in the Trading Post Gift Shop. They are already doing a rushing business in Christmas toys and garnering in a lot of golden ducats for the benefit of our hospital.

Next, I stopped for a moment only to inspect the slinky dress at the Sport Shop and ran into Helen Priebe, who was on her way to have her hair done for the Onwentsia dance tonight. Yes, sir, they are still having those Saturday dances, but they certainly miss all of you boys. I know of one dinner tonight where there are already four more girls than men, and when the bell rings for dinner, it will probably be even worse.

Wells and Copithorne have a regular harvest moon display with pumpkins, turkeys, and autumn leaves to advertise their wares. As I rounded the corner, I looked in at Krafts and though it was only eleven in the morning, the soda counter was packed with school kids and Ferry Hall girls. The Public Service had a wonderful window showing weapons used in the Civil War, and as I passed the Red Cross Center I saw several of your mothers rolling bandages. A big radio was going full blast at Helanders.

I stopped for quite a few minutes at the O.C.D. Headquarters and read all of your names on the Roll of Honor. Well over 600 Lake Forest men are listed there and I was sad to see 8 gold stars



amongst the number. Of course, I stopped to chat with Bub Robertson, who asked me to send you all his best. He rather sheepishly showed me a window of girls' sweaters, but admitted it was more fun fitting them than struggling with your first school sport suit!

The Deerpath Theatre offers for our amusement "Bride by Mistake" - probably, as usual, one of those Saturday night flops. Crossing the street, I entered the bank, just to say "hello" to Frank Read and Phil Speidel, and had the best laugh of the morning. The sister of one of you boys was proudly displaying her young son, but had turned her back to cash a check. Hearing everyone laughing, she turned around and blushed rose red. Young Lloyd, the pride of her heart, was standing in a puddle of water smiling and proud as Punch of the swell job he had done.

As I left the bank to walk home, I was feeling fairly cheerful. The coloring of the trees is still beautiful, but the leaves are falling fast. I couldn't help but voice a silent prayer that before the leaves fall again, all of you boys will be back home and life will once more be happy and gay.

#### Final Announcement

Our next issue should reach some of the boys for Christmas. Let's all try to make it carry to them a bit of Lake Forest Christmas cheer. Your help will be appreciated.



We can't print them  
if we don't get them



Three of our best send  
their best to you



Ain't Ginny photogenic!  
Johnny better hide this one from his C.O.

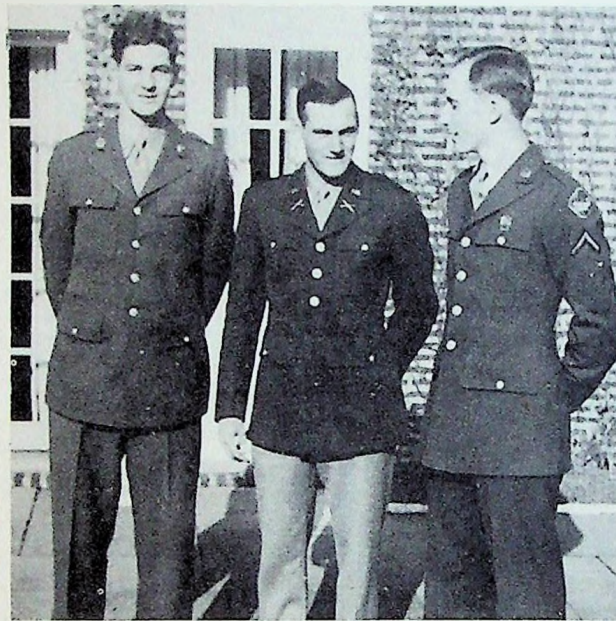
Please help



The Navy's doing all right -  
as usual



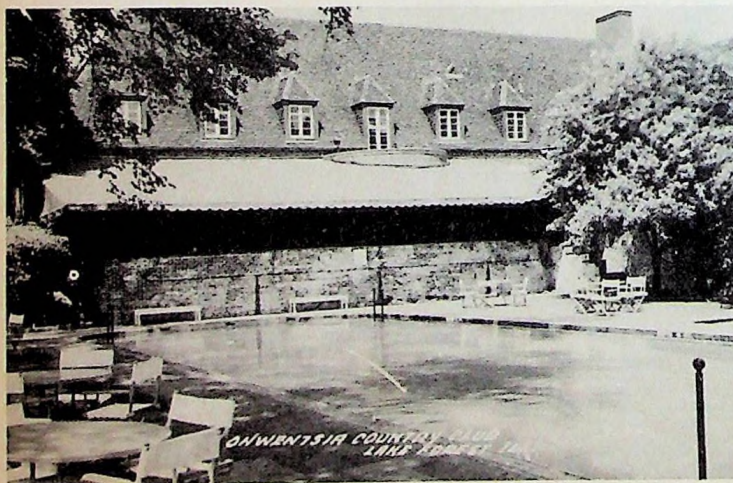
Hurrah for the cavalry



A "looney" and a P.f.c.



Reported overseas



If you guess this one\*

\*"2 seats to the Deerpath Theatre and a box of Mars Chocolate bars"