

# Old Forester. . . . .

## GOOD TO THE LAST DRIP



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## EDITORIAL

The "Old Forester" regretfully but thankfully says good-bye and Godspeed. Ours has been a rather short-lived journalistic venture of a truly cooperative style. It has had a real purpose - to bring to those away from home news of their friends, and the knowledge that they were sadly missed, and that a warm welcome awaited them. Thanks to the help of all, it has done a fairly good job of it, if we do say so, who shouldn't.

We fully realize that a good many of our readers are still fighting it out away from home, and bored to tears with continued military restrictions. We would like to continue until the last boy was home, but the "bloom is off the pumpkin" as far as gathering news is concerned, so we quite regretfully write "Finis" to this war effort, and express the hope that there may never again be the need for such a publication in the lifetime of any of us.

In saying goodbye, we express the pride we all feel for the grand job each of you men has done. If we have made even a slight contribution to your pleasure, we have been fully repaid. A warm welcome awaits each and every one of you, and we express the wish of all our staff in wishing you good luck and happy days in the years ahead of you.

COLLEGE MUST BE CHILD'S PLAY AFTER COOK COUNTY

"Believe it or not, here I am at Vassar College. I've been here a month already. It seems very strange to actually have gotten as far as college, all memories of Lake Forest dances and nurse's aide work fading into the background. The work here is very interesting, but my 8:15 vivisection of frogs, etc. does not always please me. Marian and Peggy are here, but being a freshman, I bow and scrape before them. I feel very inferior to their year of college experience. I hope that I shall get there some day.

"Speaking of nurse's aiding (which I did away back), I was very disappointed to leave dear old Cook County. I had really grown very attached to the place, bed bugs and all. However, I am sure there are many who are carrying along for me while I bury my head deeply (at times) in books and at LaRue's. I was in last week end, but nary a familiar face did I see - oh yes, I did see the Lyles, but only for a flashing moment. I'm afraid that I haven't seen much of Joyce, as I only have a physiology lecture with her, and that is no place for exchanging personal notes. Outside of the usual freshman grievances, I am feeling fine, and enjoying the life at Vassar very much.

"I heard from Tommy Healy, who is in Japan. He says that it certainly isn't the land of the rising sun, as all he has seen is rain.

"I guess that is about all I have to report. The paper has been wonderful and we've all loved it. Thank you Mr. Clow for all the pleasure you've given everyone by printing this wonderful paper.

Ellen Everson "

HURRAH FOR A VASSAR EDUCATION!

"After taking the summer off, I'm back at work at Great Lakes, Illinois, working in the Discipline Office. Have heard that Polly Porter is nicely settled in Denver going to college there, but so far no letter has come to anyone but her family. Penny Dangler is due back in Lake Forest as a civilian the end of the month. Brother Tad is still beautifying his camp at Guam with extra special tropical plants.

"Olive Robbins has gotten herself a job at the Art Institute. She says, however, that it is not as super as you might be led to believe. Somehow or other, she managed to work her way into being assistant to the assistant cleaning lady in the library. All of which goes to prove the value of a college education at Vassar, I claim. Anxiously waiting for Johnny Stev to return and treat me to a milkshake which he owes to me on a bet about golf. Right now, I have about three too many bets on the World's Series, and hope he isn't in the same boat.

Ginny Washburne "

Do you know what a "twip" is?  
A "twip" is a wide on a twane.

"Hope this gets back to L. F. in time to make the next edition, as I failed miserably where the last one was concerned. There really isn't much news - per usual - from these parts. Life goes on in the same old rut, but they manage to think of plenty of things to keep us busy. They sprung a free day on us today - celebrating the first day of winter, I think, but it couldn't possibly have been better timed, as I hadn't done one bit of work. Have definitely been practicing the art of bluffing in class, but as yet haven't been doing as well as I'd hoped. So it goes!

Pamela Kelley "

THE "OLD FORESTER" PRESENTS YOU WITH THE FIRST PRIZE, GINY.

"Again some more people are coming home on leave, or getting out. Can't really believe that we may now have a Fall in which some of the old crowd will be around to join in. Clive and Hank are home and out now - before returning to Yale in February. It appears that Yale is going to have quite a homecoming with all the returning servicemen. Hank has yet a cartilage operation to undergo, so that unfortunately may slow up his athletics for awhile. Harry Chandler is home until the 2nd, after shakedown on the U.S.S. MacKenzie. He has to go out on her again, but maybe soon too he will be coming back for good.

"Ken Templeton is home and looking very well after being stationed at Denver (I think). Utch is still in at Vaughn and should be there for a while longer, as he too has more work to be done on him. Tommy C. is home again also for 15 days or so, and I can't tell you how strange it is seeing everyone over at the Onwentsia wandering around, after a few winters around here with hardly anyone coming home ever. I think most of the girls began to wonder if anyone ever had lived here. It's more than wonderful to see them all again, and kind of makes you want to thank God all over again that so many got back and with only minor injuries.

"The girl situation is definitely poor and has been ever since the college year opened again. After this week, sister Hubbard will have taken herself to Virginia for the hunting season, and Jean Scharin will have departed for Canada and points east, leaving only a small group to hold the fort. However, with so many people home and more coming all the time - time should pass quickly and be extremely pleasant. Lucia is home now from the east, so she adds to the list of femmes.

"Mason, I am told, is due in Lake Forest tomorrow, the 2nd, after service on the U.S.S. Indiana. How wonderful that he could get home now - hope he can work a good long leave.

"Other than the above, there isn't much more to report, but a good welcome to everyone coming back, and I sincerely hope that everyone still away can come home soon.

Giny "

Did you hear what the lightning bug said when the lightning knocked off his tail? "Delighted, no end!"

SCHOOL AIN'T SO BAD, ROWENA  
THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

"Here I am back at the old grind again surrounded by rows of books; naturally, all of them way above my head. School never seems to change, but at least this will be its last chance as far as I'm concerned,

"Donald Welles and Charles Garland (ex-Lake Forest Day School student) came out recently and paid their respects to Garrison, etc.

"Off to work now!

Rowena Carpenter "

FEEL PRETTY SORRY FOR YOU SENIORS, MARIAN

"I am sorry if this proves to be the last issue of the 'Old Forester' as I know it has been greatly appreciated by all the boys, as well as by us to catch up on all the latest gossip. Life at Vassar goes on as usual, with parties, men, dances, and movies all indulged in by the young freshmen, while we aged ones pursue 'the things that really count,' as they say.

"The 'Old Forester' has been a great success, and is really going out in a blaze of glory, but I wish you could keep it up a few more times at least.

Marian Phelps "

ITEMIZED BILL

An old church in Belgium decided to repair its properties, and employed an artist to touch up a large painting. Upon presenting his bill, the committee in charge refused payment unless the details were specified, whereupon he presented the items as follows:

To correcting the Ten Commandments .....	\$5.12
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbons in his hat .....	3.02
Putting new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mending his comb .....	2.20
Repluming and gilding left wing of Guardian Angle .....	5.18
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine in his cheeks .....	5.02
Renewing Heaven, adjusting the stars and cleaning the moon .....	7.12
Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls .....	3.06
Brightening up the flames of hell, putting new tail on the devil, mending his left hoof, and doing several odd jobs for the damned .....	7.17
Rebordering the robes of Herod and adjusting his wig .....	4.00
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias .....	1.30
Cleaning Balaam's ass, and putting shoes on him .....	1.70
Putting earrings in Sarah's ears .....	1.71
Putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging the head of Goliath, and extending Saul's legs .....	6.13
Decorating Noah's Ark, and putting a head on Shem .....	4.13
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaning his ear .....	3.30
	\$ 60.16

## NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

During his leave at home, Pfc. Mason Phelps, Jr. told us of the landing of the 3rd Fleet Sea Marines along with the 6th Division Marines in Japan near to Yokohama. They had 21 days of occupation duty, which was very interesting but reasonably easy, as it consisted mostly of guard and patrol duty. He wrote: "The Japs live like pigs, and are breaking their necks to obey us." He is spending part of his leave visiting his sister Marian at Vassar, and expects to join the Indiana again shortly.

Pvt. Albert Millet is on a transport somewhere, but censorship at this date is still too strict to tell which ocean he is on. He states, however, that he does not think it is the Mediterranean. John Millet is in Miami Beach in a large hotel built around a pool. Although there are 5 in a room with bath, he admits that it is not too bad.

Gordon Bent has arrived in this country. We have just heard that he received the Silver Star, and we are mighty glad to welcome him back to Lake Forest.

We understand that Major Bill Carney is due to arrive this week at Fort Sheridan in command of his battalion, and we hope will get a much deserved discharge soon. Otis Carney is still out in California awaiting disposition.

Phelps Kelley has been in India since the middle of July. He joined the American Field Service in January; served in Italy, Holland, and Germany until V-E day, but has no idea as to when he will be returning to the United States.

The piece of shrapnel that resided in the shoulder of Pfc. Kent S. Clow, Jr. is now a rusty, dirty souvenir, but he is being retained at the General Hospital at Battle Creek for further observation. He gets home occasionally for week ends, but is getting pretty well fed up with hospital life, which he has experienced for close to 9 months.

Tommy Connors of the 10th Mountain has joined Clive Runnells, who has recently received his discharge papers, in a shooting exposition down in Texas.

A good time was had by all at a party at George Isham's the other night, where Clive, Tommy, Mason, Peter, and George entertained Helen Priebe, Helen Niblack, Blissy, and Giny.

Billy Douglas is back in Chicago on leave from the 10th Mountain Division out in Colorado.

Betty Peabody is continuing her art course at the Philadelphia School of Fine Arts.

Lloyd Bowers has received his discharge from the navy. He and Frances have an apartment in town, and he has secured a job practicing law.

Peggy and Burke Williamson expect to be permanently back in Chicago within 10 days, and will occupy their old house on Sheridan Road.

We have just heard of the following citation which was given to Major Cyrus E. Manierre, of which we are all very proud:

"Citation for Bronze Star Medal

"Major Cyrus E. Manierre, Infantry, as Group Adjutant at Stalag Luft I, where he was held prisoner by the Germans from August 1944 to May 1945, displayed great courage and daring in distributing information and plans to fellow prisoners of war. Along with dissemination of this important information, he carried on other activities of value to the Allied cause, risking severe punishment if detected by his captors. Major Manierre's fearless and skillful achievements were essential to maintaining the good morale of the men in confinement and contributed materially to the war effort."

1st Lt. Wm. R. Manierre is down at Greensboro, N. C. awaiting a discharge.

Johnny Hale has been on the cruiser Pasadena since 1944, and steamed with the rest of our fleet into Tokyo Bay for V-J day, being drawn up next to the Missouri at the time of the surrender. It is apparently still doing patrol duty in the Pacific with no definite plans announced for its return.

Johnny Runnells is still in Germany. He was screened out of the 71st Division, and is now attached to the 20th Corps. Clive has been honorably discharged from the navy aviation school, and goes to Yale in November. We have also heard that Hank Connors has been discharged and expects to go to Yale at that time also.

Henry Gardner is still in the Philippines, but has every right to expect an early return to the States.

YOU HAVE CONTRIBUTED YOUR SHARE, STANTON, IN EVERY WAY

"I hope I'm in time to catch the last issue. As usual, I've been enjoying the efforts of others without contributing anything myself.

"Since V-J day our squadron landed at Parry Island, Eniwetok Atoll, and has been doing nothing of interest. We did cover the surrender of Wake, Ponape, Mille, Kusaie, Jaluit, and other by-passed islands. The crew that I'm in helped cover Wake.

"A few weeks ago, due to the loss of 10 PPO's and 25 men to the point system, we were re-formed into 15 crews instead of our old 18. I found myself in the exec's crew. It's a good crew to be in. We get most of the good hops.

"The last week we have been working with VH-5. We moved from Parry to Ebeye. From Ebeye we flew 1000# of mail and 15 marines to Ponape. Several days later we moved down here, Majuro, to fly General Merrit and his staff around. Yesterday we flew the General to Mille. He and his staff, 15 officers from Colonel to 2nd Lieutenants, spent the day ashore. We didn't get ashore, but he gave us all some Jap buttons and helmets when he came aboard again.

"Today we flew him to Jaluit. We all went ashore. A Jap lieutenant showed us around the island. He could speak better English than most of us.

"He graduated from U.C.L.A. in 1940. He said he was lucky - he had only been on the island for 10 months. For the last year and a half, the only food they had was a little rice, fish, and island grown squash. It was all very interesting, but quite unpleasant, as the whole island smells like the stock yards in July.

"If I close now, I can get this on the 2200 N.A.T.S.

"My best to all,

Stanton "

#### AN ON THE SPOT ACCOUNT OF THE JAP SURRENDER

"I have postponed writing you for quite some time, and my only conceivable though not redeeming excuse is that for a good deal of the time since the paper has been in publication, I have been travelling or waiting, and during the last few months when my ship has been active, the censorship regulations wouldn't permit me to say much of interest. I have enjoyed the paper very much, and hope that the end of the war will not mean the end of the paper.

"I chose this time to write because the circumstances are very interesting. For the past few months, I have been with the Third Fleet carriers, and although we were continually on the move, nothing happened except that we rode a typhoon without damage, dodged several others, made countless mail trips within the formation, and had one suicide attack in which both the ship and the plane got away. Aside from that, life was very dull even though we were almost never in port.

"When the Japs were deciding to surrender, my ship was put in the screen of a transport group, and for several days we travelled in circles and squares before moving north into Sagami Wan. We arrived there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of 27 August, I believe, and anchored several miles off the beach with Fuji Yama clearly visible. The sunset behind Fuji Yama made a beautiful picture, and altogether the land that we saw looked very habitable, and I heard more than one serious comment about buying real estate, etc.

"Last night we got our orders to proceed into Tokyo Bay in the morning as screen for the San Diego. To enter the Bay, we went to General Quarters, and my station being below deck, I can't give a mile by mile description, but it took us about 3 hours to make the entry. We were the second ship to enter, with the exception of various minesweepers, who have been sweeping the channel for several days. Everything went off very smoothly, and we are now anchored about 3 miles east of Yokosuka Naval Base. To the north, the many stacks of Yokohama are clearly visible, and the whole picture is very impressive. A Jap destroyer is beached on a small island nearby, and many shore gun emplacements are decorated becomingly with white flags. There are many small Japanese ships anchored nearby, and in the Yokosuka Naval Base the battered Nagato with its tall pagoda-like superstructure is visible; in fact, we are taking ranges and bearings on it to check on whether our anchor is dragging.

"It is dark now, and the Japs are a little timid about turning on lights, but quite a number are visible. I have just come back from a trip in the whaleboat to another ship anchored nearby. No one seems to be anxious over the



possibility of treachery, and back at Sagami Wan they have permission to show movies on deck. We are being a little more cautious, however, and are completely darkened.

"I can't write much more, as that is the up-to-date situation. I can't write about future operations, but the only future operation we are interested in is the stateside special.

"I hope this will be of some help to the paper, as it certainly is deserving of our support.

Robbie Odell "

CERTAINLY HOPE YOU MAKE IT BY CHRISTMAS, GEORGE

"We just received an order to cease censorship of personal mail, so I can now say where we are and where we have been. We are now anchored at Saipan waiting for orders. The rumor is that we will go to Japan, but we don't know as yet.

"Here is a list of some of the places we have been in the last year and a half: San Pedro, San Francisco, San Diego, Seattle, Hawaii, Pearl Harbor, Eniwetok, Majuro, Kwajalein, Bijegy Island (battle of Saipan, Tinian, and Bonin Islands) Admiralty Islands, New Guinea, Guam, Phillipine Sea, China Sea, Hugushu Harbor, Okinawa, Keramo Retto, Ie Shima, Sakashima (Naval and Air Bombardment Fifth Air Wing Support).

"Our task force was attacked by Jap aircraft twice, one of the carriers being hit quite badly by a Jap suicide plane; however, we suffered no damage or casualties and several Jap planes were shot down. Attacked by the enemy while we were patrolling for Jap suicide torpedo boats off Ie Shima (the island Ernie Pyle was killed on) two Japs exploded near us, but we suffered no casualties. The ship that relieved us at 7:30 Sunday morning was hit and badly damaged shortly after our departure. That was the D. E. 747 USS Bright. Having been relieved, we proceeded to the aid of the USS Evans, D.D. 552; and the USS Hadley, D.D. 774, which had been damaged by 32 Jap planes. The Evans shot down 20 - a record - but was severely damaged and very low in the water; The Hadley had suffered similar damage, so we gave them air cover until they could be towed to Keramo Retto (repair base) - then for 35 days we shelled and bombarded Sakashima - a small Jap island north of Okinawa. We (our task force) received a message from the Admiral in Charge - I will quote this message:

'Yesterday, June 7th, you put on one of the finest shows in the history of escort carrier forces. My congratulations to the task unit commander for his expert planning and leadership. Well done to the USS Natoma Bay (carrier) for taking a punch in the nose without leaving her feet, to the gun crews of the USS Sergeant Bay (carrier) who saved their shipmates the trouble of burying a Jap wonder boy, to the pilots and air crewmen who hit hard and continued the administration of misery to the unhappy supermen, and to the personnel of all ships who backed up those in the air.'

That message was received the following day after our attack by the Nips.

"For 35 days we bombarded the Saha Sima, taking all our fuel and supplies from fleet tankers which were sent out to us. Believe me, we were all pretty tired when we finally dropped the hook again. We got about 5 hours sleep a night at the most, because we were at battle stations most of the time. It's quite a sight to watch a plane being shot down. The whole sky is usually covered with anti-aircraft fire and the plane is moving like a bug through the bursts, but some of them can't make it and they go down like a roman candle on July 4th to explode with contact with the water. Some fell too close to us for comfort. Then we inspected the wreckage for dead pilots. If we found the pilot, we hauled him aboard to be searched for identification - that's naval regulations.

"Most of them are short and very well-built. One, however, had lost his head, so it was a gruesome affair. The nasty part of naval battles is the cleaning up afterwards, especially if there have been many casualties. The navy suffered very heavy losses at Okinawa. The battleship New Mexico, anchored about 600 yards from us in Hugushu Harbor, was hit and lost over a hundred men. That night we had 23 air raids. The whole harbor was screened by smudge-pots, but they still managed to get a few ships every night - like shooting ducks in a bath tub, we were so close together. Many ships were damaged by Japs swimming out from the islands with TNT strapped on. They swim alongside and blow up, hoping, even though it's sure death for them, that they can do some damage.

"I had the 12 to 4 watch that night, and I fired my 45 automatic at anything that floated or moved near the ship (by order of the senior officer on watch). You could hear the forecastle and fantail sentries firing all over the harbor. Nobody was taking any chances. Boy! It is pretty creepy to walk around on deck not being able to see 10 yards for the smoke, looking for objects in the water which might be a Jap suicide swimmer - a very lonely feeling indeed.

"When I finally hit my bunk (a hammock slung between the foremast and the loading machine on the boat deck) every time a ship (a destroyer usually) would fire her 5" guns at the planes, my hammock would rock. You might say I was rocked to sleep by shell fire. All during the night you could see the star shells and hear the noise of the 8, 12, and 16 inch guns of the cruisers and battleships shelling the town and defenses, softening it up for the assault troops (poor marines). Those big guns don't go 'bang,' they rumble like thunder and roar like distant lions. Maybe you will understand what it was like out here, but I doubt it. Nobody can unless they were here. That's why when we come back we're going to be hard to get along with as far as those Sons of --- in the war plants making a dollar and a half an hour are concerned. We, out here, don't feel very warm toward the boys with job deferments. To men who have been in combat, there are no excuses for men who ducked around the draft and recruiting stations.

"Well, not much more to say. I'll tell you lots of sea stories when I get home.

George Manierre "

"P.S. Not much news, except we're heading for Nakisaki, Japan, tomorrow - now anchored at Saipan. Getting awfully tired of palm trees and gooney birds. Expect to be home for Christmas. Regards to everyone. Miss the deer hunting very much.

George "

A MIGHTY INTERESTING LETTER FROM INDIA

"This will probably be my last effort in contribution to the 'Old Forester' for rumors of departure are now flying too thick and fast to be completely ignored. I was quite shocked to read my own first attempt at correspondence with its subsequent publication not exactly expected.

"Ever since V-J day, the main occupation hereabouts has been in sifting and sorting out the various rumors that always arise in a unit long inactive and expectant of happy times ahead. There are two main subdivisions of the rumor. First, there are those which, let us say, can be traced to the source within 48 hours or so, and definitely authenticated or disproven. The second category is the type (usually optimistic) which hangs in the air for days at a time, and can never be traced to its origin. Consequently, the latter class is by far the most unnerving, and some particularly susceptible persons have been known to crack completely after a continued application.

"The classification can also be attempted from a slightly different angle. This time the division is between those rumors which you hope are true (and consequently tend to credit) and those which you fear are true. A good example of a rumor no one believes, but which still remains ever present, is that the 493rd squadron is to be one of those chosen to fly Chinese forces to their occupation zone. This eventuality is probably the worst that anyone can imagine, and accordingly, someone was considerate enough to start such a report. Way back last June when this outfit had stopped taking any regular combat missions, a rumor current and choice was one to the effect that the 7th Bomb Group was to return to the States and drum up business for the 7th War Loan drive. You can imagine how that one originated.

"Actually, things got so serious after V-J day that the Colonel took a trip down to AAF headquarters solely for the purpose of straightening out the multitude of reports that had issued from the 25 latrines. What he had to say upon his return was definitely encouraging. There is no possibility of our flying gas with the ATC transporting troops or doing any other type of occupation duty. The entire squadron is scheduled for return this Fall, with the departure date unknown as yet, but tentatively set for October or early November. With a little luck, that should put us home by Christmas. What more could anyone ask?

"Perhaps you might like some enlightenment on just what the devil this Special Weapons detachment was doing overseas, and now that censorship is off, I can give you a pretty good idea. Contrary to public opinion, at the time Germany launched her first V-1's, our own air force had carried on a 'guided missile' program of its own for several years, thought I must admit that the Germans held the head start. At the Anzio beachhead, the Germans revealed their first radio controlled bomb. The beachhead offered a perfect laboratory for such an attempt, as there were innumerable targets concentrated within a small area. Their bomb was of standard 2000 pound variety, but fitted with wings, tail, and the usual control surfaces. A gyro stabilizer kept the bomb from gliding out of control, and changes in azimuth and range could be radio controlled from a mother ship. This bomb caused a great deal of damage, for it made direct hits on several ammunition ships docked there. Our air force thought the situation over, and did the Germans one better in glide bomb development. They copied the Nazi bomb in most of its characteristics, but added a television unit which transmitted to a mother plane the image of the scene

directly in front of and below the bomb; therefore, the bombardier could sit in the comfort of a B-17 flying away from the target and guide the bomb to its objective as if he were sitting in the bomb itself. In a normal drop the mother plane would be 20 miles from the target when the explosion came. About 60 of the men I went through radar school with were chosen for this project. We spent a very interesting month at the Wright Field laboratories studying the television equipment, and then were sent to Fort Dix to make some training drops. With usual army handling we sat around for two months there without ever even seeing the object of our affection. You can imagine our disappointment when we were finally told that our project had been dropped in favor of other types of guided missiles. We were eventually sent overseas on another type of radio controlled bomb designed especially for the destruction of bridges and railroads vital to the Japanese in Burma. We had remarkable success with the Azon bomb (Azon stands for the type of control - Azimuth only) as we destroyed from 150 to 200 bridges with it in a period of several months. On one mission alone 19 bridges were credited to our outfit for which there was a special commendation. Some of my friends lucky enough to be in the States are still working on a guided missile project, and greatly fear that they will be retained in service until some future war provides a reason for their experimentation. It's interesting work, but Utah is no place to be spending peacetime years.

"I must stop now and check up on the latest rumor - we've but one week to move out of here. Thanks again for the Old Forester.

Bob Knight"

THINK I PREFER FISH IN THE U. S. A. AND HOPE YOU ARE HOME SOON HOWARD

"Your appeal for items for August finds me down in Rio eating inch steaks and learning the Samba (native style) and being a typical American tourist, in addition to occasionally attending to business. Even though August is past, I thought I'd best send this in to make the home-bodies jealous! Hope you keep 'Old Forester' going for awhile - expect we won't all be home for a little while yet.

Howard Peabody"

THANKS FOR CONGRATS - HUGH

"Only item of interest from this V-12 battle is that this unit is to be reviewed by Admiral King on the 30th of September.

"Nota Bene: I will be placed on 'inactive duty' status on November 1st to continue pre-med training as a civilian.

"Congrats to the staff of the 'Old Forester' for a grand job!

Hugh Dangler"

"Nothing of interest to report. Saw several Lake Foresters in New York some time ago. New moves are in the offing - a slight (very much so) chance for PT boats, but most probably some sort of occupational activity in China or Japan. It will be a long time before these feet tread the Eli campus. It is probably too much to hope for - but as far as this sailor is concerned - you can keep the Old Forester coming until the greater part of us get off and back on to the U. S. soil. The whole thing has been a grand success.

Cy Bentley"

GOOD SHOOTING - THORNE

"Well, the great day has finally arrived. We leave aboard the U.S.S. Nassau Bay. You wanted to know the details of our action. My squadron VPB 210-- The place 250 miles off the coast of Natal, Brazil--The characters 1 Navy PBJ (B-25). The time just before sunrise. We were cruising at 4,000 ft. Then on the radar we picked up a blip--That's what we call the spot on the screen that an object makes. The pilot turned to port and we homed in on it. We then followed it in. At a range of 8 miles, I picked up the blip on my bombing screen. Mr. Johnson (our pilot) came in on her at 90° and at 100 ft. at 250 knots. All I did was line up two little dots and when they came together push the switch. The first bomb hit about 50 ft. short. The sub was crash diving, the second depth charge landed just where the conning tower had been. We saw debris and an oil slick that told the last story of my first German sub. The next sub was gotten by our wing man, Mr. Wright, about 4 days later. Then one of the other boys picked up one and made the squadron total three. Then about a week after the squadron's third one we were out about 400 miles to the southeast of Ipatonga (our base) at about 1900. There was a haze as there always is at that time of night. We were down in Argentine waters and didn't have our radar in. We came down to navigate a bit easier. All of a sudden there it was. We were just plane lucky to catch it. We flashed a message asking her identification and she opened fire with her deck gun and her machine guns. We went down and the procedure was the same. Our two subs marked the change in the German sub warfare. The first one crash dived. Then the Germans discovered that it didn't do any good, so they mounted dual purpose 3" guns on all their subs. Then they gave their commandos orders to stay up and fight. So consequently they got sunk anyway, although they did shoot down some of our blimps. Then after we had found this baby down in Argentine waters the Navy began to get suspicious of Argentina, so we began to swing patrols down towards Argentina. So we got results, but good. In the next three weeks we picked off four more subs. We (our plane) had top score of 2 and some of the other boys had 1, which gave the squadron a grand total of 8 subs in 12 weeks. The President thought that was pretty good so we got a citation. That's about all that happened. It really was quite easy.

"What's happening back in L. F.? I hope Dave got off to Asheville O.K. I sure hope Corky keeps up the good work. Bomba is glad that Kay is there where she has some good doctor who can watch her, and make her stay in bed so she can really get well.

"I'll write you from the ship.

"Lot's of love.

Thorne Ellis"

"I'm sorry I've been so slow about sending something for the final edition of the 'Old Forester,' but your second letter finally shook me from my lethargy. I'm glad you decided to put out one more paper and hope it may keep going for a few more months, for, I know, I for one will miss it.

"There now seems to be a Lake Forest clan settled intermittently along the Rocky Mountains, which has made life very pleasant. The future Mrs. Swift came back with me to visit Pat and myself. I hate to think of the reports she will give on the Diamond, for we certainly turned her into a cowgirl the hard way. Poor Priebe, after a hard day's ride, looked like she'd much rather have been at some more delightful place like Buchenwald. Sorry we haven't as yet seen Polly, but we're hoping she'll get up soon. It was wonderful to see Ken (Templeton) in Denver looking so well, and we're hoping he'll be back soon on our circuit. Dave Wilhelm, who was here for a week-end, turned out to be the most obliging guest we've had in ages, as the following week he forced Cudahy Packing Company to buy some of our cattle. Bill Douglas, an old Diamond hand and one of our best, has been up quite often. We've been working on the perfecting of the Willard - Clow method of outdoor cooking, so far without success, and have decided we lack your finesse. Though Tommy Connors is also in our vicinity, we haven't as yet managed to get him on Diamond territory. Harry Hoblitzelle met us in Denver one night for cocktails, still seems to like the University of Colorado as much as ever and is in no hurry to get back to Princeton. Pat and I spend a great deal of our time riding horseback trying to become proficient cowgirls. Joe is now in China, though we have our fingers crossed he may be back around Christmas or soon after.

"I still spend hours each day dreaming of the Island Club, Mr. Clow, and practicing casting in hopes that someday I can prevent these muskies from walking away with all Willard's and your equipment.

"Please give my best to Mrs. Clow, Peter, and Billy.

Dodie Law"

LATE NEWS

"Received the latest edition of the Old Forester a little late, but it was even more welcome. I think my one regret of the cessation of hostilities will be the disappearance of the publication. Since my last writing, I have been transferred to this ship, the former liner S.S. Washington. It is a sailor's dream, I guess, and the basketball court, game room, and soda fountain see a lot of use by the crew. I am living in a pre-war bridal suite with four others. We have U.S.O. troupes to entertain us, and according to latest reports and scuttle butt, Kay Kayser and Georgia Carroll will be crossing with us trip after this. Have been running to Marseille and Le Havre and managed to get over into Spain to see a bull fight when we stopped at Gibraltar. I wish I would get out of the Navy soon, as they won't even have to use a sales talk on me soon to get me to sign over. (That is the biggest lie I ever told). I seem to have omitted the fact that there is still no shortage of paint brushes and chippers. Sure looking forward to next edition and keeping my fingers crossed that it won't be the last. Best to all in Lake Forest.

Rusty Heymann"

A private was counting his pay by wetting his fingers and leafing the bills. "Hey, that money is full of germs," a buddy shouted.

"Nuts," replied the private, "no germ could live on my salary."

\*\*\*

And then there was the GI from south of the border who gently took his wife's dainty little hand in his and twisted it until she dropped the knife.

\*\*\*

When the Italians invaded Abyssinia the following mobilization order was promulgated by Emperor Haile Selassie:

"When this order is received, all men and all boys able to carry a spear will go to Addis Ababa. Every married man will bring his wife to cook and wash for him. Every unmarried man will bring any unmarried woman he can find to wash and cook for him. Women with babies, the blind, and those too aged or infirm to carry a spear are excused. Anyone found at home after receiving this order will be hanged."

\*\*\*

"My, how you've changed! You used to have thick, black hair, and now you're bald. You used to have a florid complexion, and now you're pale. You used to be chunky, and now you're skinny. I'm really surprised at the change, Mr. Jones."  
"But I'm not Mr. Jones."  
"Heavens! You mean to say you've changed your name too?"

\*\*\*

Friend: "My good man, why don't you take the bus home?"  
Drunk: "It's no ush. My wife would not let me keep it in the house."

\*\*\*

"What did your wife say when you told her you were henpecked?"  
"She said that happens to all worms."

Guard: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Rookie: "You wouldn't know me. I just got here."

\*\*\*

First Rookie: "Last week I had to dig trenches. All this week I'm doing KP. And then I don't get a pass. I feel like punching the top sergeant in the nose again!"

Second Rookie: "Again? !!!"

First Rookie: "Yes, I felt like it last week too."

\*\*\*

Pvt. "Is she clever? Yes indeed - why she has brains enough for two,"

Sgt. "Then she is just the girl you ought to marry."

\*\*\*

First Sergeant: "Your leg is swollen, but I wouldn't worry too much about it."

Private: "If your leg were swollen, I wouldn't worry about it either!"

\*\*\*

"What! You mean to say that fellow choked his wife right out there on the dance floor in front of 200 people and nobody interfered?"

"Yup. Everyone thought they were dancing."

\*\*\*

A V-J celebrating sailor was walking a wavering line down the street. He turned to a passerby and asked, "Mister, where am I?"

"You're at the corner of Forty-second and Fifth," answered the man.

"Never mind the details," exclaimed the bewildered one. "What city?"

\*\*\*

Elderly lady (lunching in cafe):

"This rhubarb seems very stringy."

Waiter (politely): "Have you tried eating it with your veil up?"

\*\*\*

Private: "Who introduced you to your wife?"  
Sergeant: "We just met. I don't blame anybody."

It was in the small hours of the morning. A befuddled gentleman was fumbling for the keyhole. Seeing his difficulty a kindly policeman came to the rescue. "Can I help you find the keyhole, sir?" he asked. "Won't be necessary," said the other cheerfully. "You just hold the house still and I can manage."

\*\*\*

Little Ann (in the wee hours): "Gee, Mummy, I can't sleep, please tell me a story."

Mummy: "Just wait a bit, dear, and that sergeant father of yours will come home and tell us both a story."

\*\*\*

#### A. W. O. L.

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June and Private Bender.  
He serves them now, with no reprieve,  
For being absent without leave.

\*\*\*

Officer: "Did you pick my new WAC stenographer on the basis of her grammar?"

1st Sgt.: "Grammar, Sir? Migawd, I thought you said glamor."

\*\*\*

Here is about the best of all Jap prisoner stories which has been reported. A patrol of warriors down Anguar way captured themselves a Jap. Instead of turning him in right away, they held onto him for a couple of days. When, finally, the Jap was brought in for questioning, the first thing asked him by an officer was, "Do you speak English?" The Jap, a bit bewildered but well rehearsed, blinked at the Bars, then answered, "How do I stand on rotation?"

\*\*\*

One of the best arguments against drafting men over 35 years of age is that their expectancy for enthusiastic enjoyment of veterans' reunions after the war is relatively short.

Two GIs were seated together in a crowded bus. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed. "What's the matter, Bill," he asked, "feeling sick?" "I'm all right," said Bill. "But I hate to see ladies standing."

\*\*\*

"Do you like it here?"

"Yes."

"You must have had a heck of a home life."

\*\*\*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself has said,  
"&\*\$\*\*\$%\$\*\*#\$%\$\*\*"!!!

As he stubbed his toe on the foot of the bed?

\*\*\*

Hubby: "What did the man say was wrong with the tire?"

Wife: "He said the air was beginning to show through."

\*\*\*

I wish I was a wotten egg  
Away up in a twee,  
And when my bone-head sergeant  
shouts at me,  
I'd dwop my wotten wittle self  
on he.

\*\*\*

Sentry: "Who goes there?"

Answer: "Russian Soldier."

Sentry: "Pass on, Russian Soldier."

Sentry: "Who goes there?"

Answer: "English Soldier."

Sentry: "Pass on, English Soldier."

Sentry: "Who goes there?"

Answer: "Who the h\_\_ wants to know?"

Sentry: "Pass on, American Soldier."

\*\*\*

The average woman wants a little more out of life than the average man's got.



# Your Old Forester

## PICTURE DEPARTMENT



A Christmas party - way back when  
A modern breakfast party →



The lilies in the Phelps' pool  
were plenty surprised



We sure admire them tattoos, George



A dinner at the Blackhawk



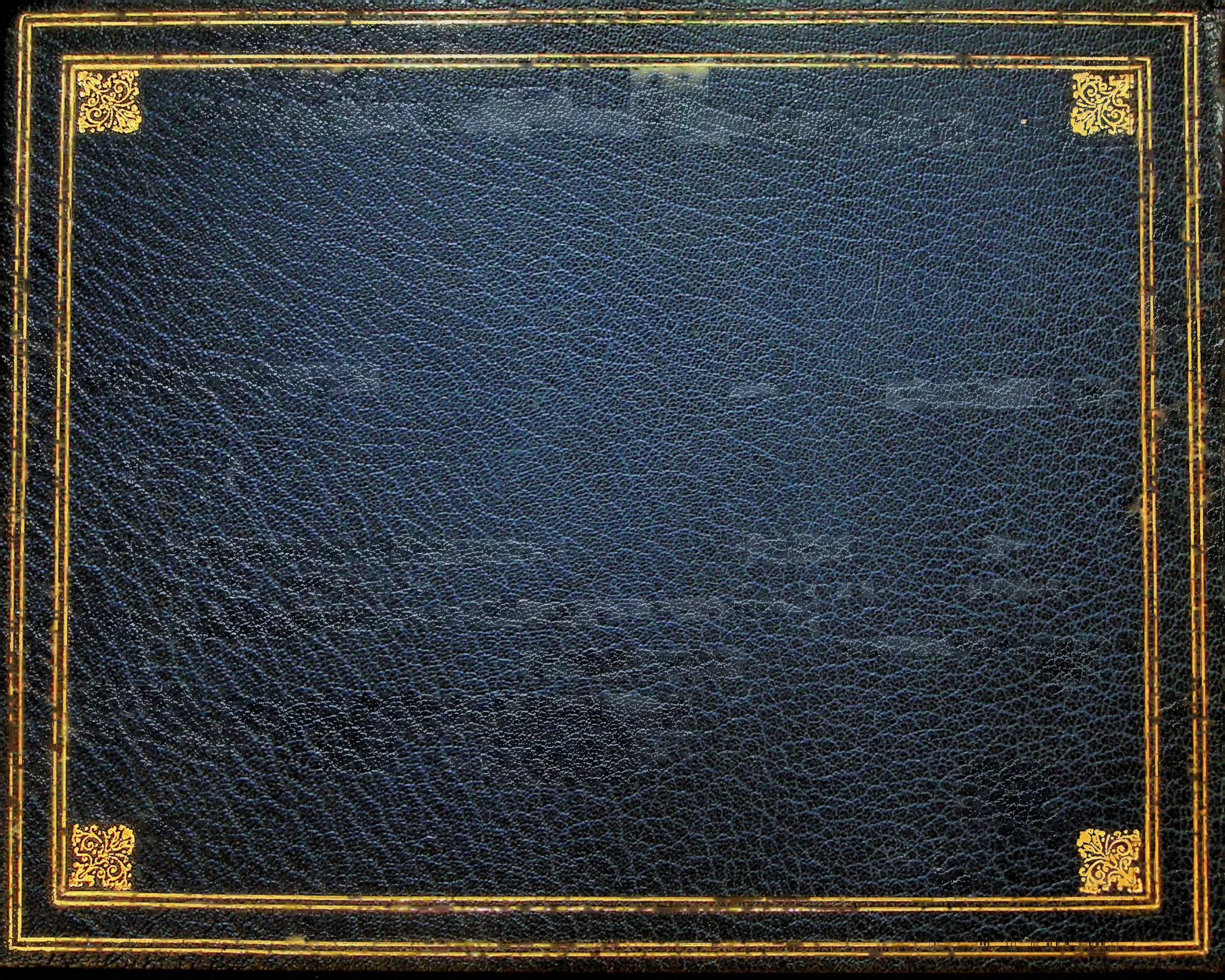
Our high ranking officers at play



Corp. Hixon looks a bit homesick



Beauty and the beasts



# Old Forester

GOOD TO THE LAST DRIP



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