

Old Forester. . . . *

GOOD TO THE LAST DRIP



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EDITORIAL

Having waxed rather professorial in the last issue, your editor is somewhat at a loss as to what serious problem to elucidate this time. There are plenty of issues that need a bit of "clearing up." There's Bretton Woods, The World Bank, Dunbarton Oaks, The San Francisco Conference, The Abrogation of the Russian-Jap treaty - then there's the Red Cross Drive, the Old Clothes Drive, the Midnight Curfew, Juvenile Delinquency and what not.

None of those interest us half as much as the really encouraging news as to the progress of the war, both in Europe and Asia. Like each of you, we are hoping and praying that this rotten war will be over soon and that before too long we will all be together again.

I don't think I have ever heard expressed more clearly than Bill Douglas has done in this issue the thoughts of a front line soldier about this war. As he said, "Its muddy, its dirty, nobody like it, it can be funny at times, but above all its big."

The back home parents have a story to tell also. Its not heroic, its not too uncomfortable and it too has some periods of relaxation but it isn't much fun. Our every thought is with you boys who are so far away from us. Since you were tiny codgers at the Bell School or The Winter Club, we have gotten our greatest pleasure out of seeing you grow up into fine young men of whom we were all proud and still are. We were rather used to being able to care for you when you were hurt or sick and now you are far away from us and no matter what happens we are rather helpless. All I can say to you is that our hopes, our thoughts and our prayers are with you tonight and every day and night until you return. May God protect you and keep you and bring you back to us safely.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

It is nice at times to stop thinking about the present, and daydream a bit about the future. As I wandered around the club house at Onwentsia, and stood under the elm tree looking out across the golf course, the thought came to me that when this beastly show is over and you boys are at home, we might have a Tribnewsunester dinner dance on some warm, moonlit evening. After just a few cocktails, a written explanation at that time might be made of how to pronounce the name of our publication.

I know that all you boys would like some such opportunity to express your thanks to our editoresses, who have contributed so greatly to the success of this venture. I am sure that the girls would enjoy such an opportunity to welcome you all home. Perhaps there will be a surplus in the treasury, but I do not think finances would be an obstacle.

We perhaps would need some extra girls, as the list now stands at approximately 70 boys and 19 girls. If any of you men have any suggestions for additions to our list of editoresses, please send them in and we will try to persuade them to help out.

This may only be a daydream, but when the time comes when such an event will be a realy possibility, we will certainly all be very happy.

NEWS FROM OUR EDITORESSES
(We'd like to hear from more)

(Wish we could see that Daisy Chain, Marian - many congratulations.)

"Spring really seems to be here and the college has an epidemic of trying to get sunburns with bodies cluttering up the lawns. It's a rather ridiculous sight as there is still snow on the ground.

"I got a letter from Mason after his long silence and he's been in on the attack on Iwo. He said very little about it and devoted the rest of the letter to telling me how to mix cocktails. I also heard from Giny who is "just too busy to write much" and she's having herself quite a time in sunny California. I saw Robby Odell in the Biltmore a while ago on his way to the west coast, and I suppose he has gone by now. Also, Danny was up here at college a few weeks ago seeing Peggy.

"I happened to be in New York the night when the curfew first went into effect. We were thrown out on the street on the stroke of twelve and even the "damn the curfew, full speed ahead" attitude got us nowhere. Can you imagine New York at one o'clock with no lights, no cars, and no people on the streets?

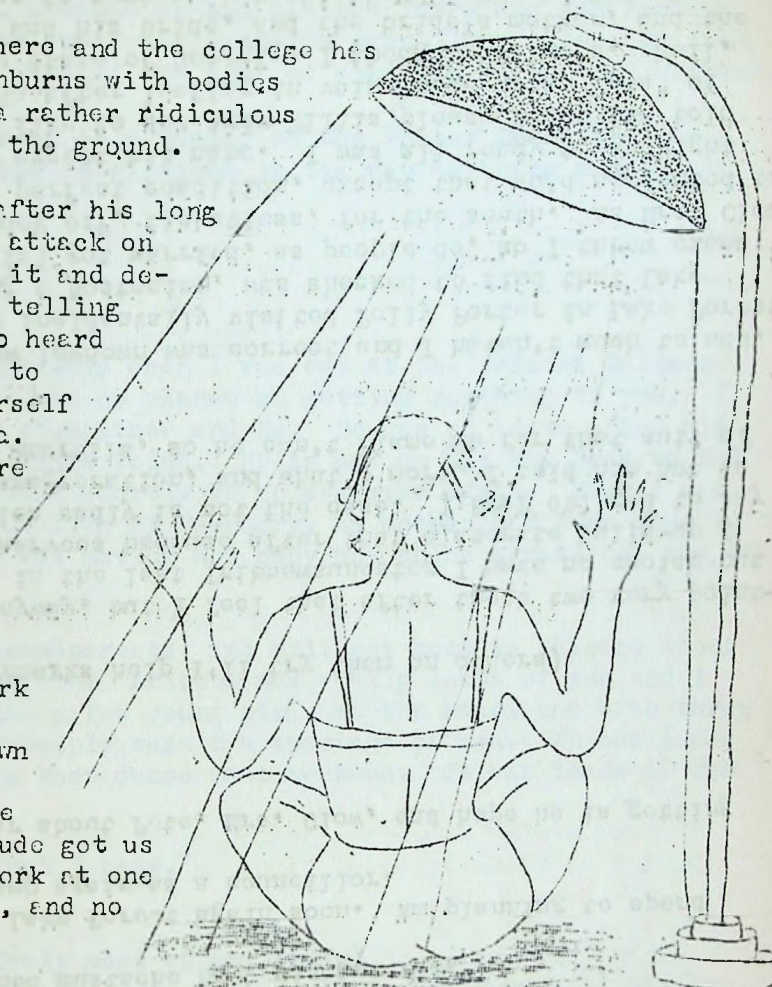
"The Second Hall play and dance, given by the freshmen was held last week and proved to be a very gay weekend. One line in the play brought down the house - "what kind of a man do you think I am anyway?" At that point some soldier brought out his field glasses to the amusement of everyone.

"We have been thanking our lucky stars we have been given our spring vacation. We can go only as far as New York but who minds that?

"That seems to wind up about all the news I have this time."

(We're glad to have you back on the job, Diana)

"I can't tell you how sorry I am not to have sent in any news for the last edition, but I certainly enjoyed reading it. Like everyone else, no doubt, I find myself looking forward to each edition weeks beforehand.



"Have just gotten back from a very pleasant six weeks vacation in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. We went to Palm Beach one day and it was really quite a surprise to bump into Nanny Buchanan who incidentally looked like an Indian! Even with the tan that I had worked so hard to acquire I felt somewhat like a ghost next to her. Nancy, her sister, Barbie, and I had a brief chat over a couple of tall lemonades and I managed to catch up on some of the latest news. The same day I also saw Mrs. Walker who had stopped at Fort Benning to see Malcomb on her way down, and also Mrs. Bartlet who reports that Dave is fine.

"Last weekend found me in Boston - quite a change from the "sunny south!" However, I spent a night at Pine Manor with Dodie Law which was fun. I have a strange feeling that she failed most of her classes the following day. Saw Keith Carpenter too.

"I might have had a note to add to the scandal-sheet if Archie Stevenson had cooperated. In a recent letter, he started a good story, then to my disappointment left it in mid-air with a brief statement to the effect that he was afraid I might send it in to "the publication." (If it's so good, Archie, why not let us all in on it?)

"Have recently heard from Mason who is fine. Most of his news still remains a secret. I was glad to hear, however, that due to a captain's inspection, all traces of the previously mentioned mustache have disappeared.

"Well, I hope to be back in Lake Forest again soon. Am planning to spend June there before going up to camp again as a councillor.

"I was terribly sorry to hear about Pete, Mrs. Clow, and hope he is getting along well."

(Thanks, Olive, and if pointed remarks help I'll try them on others)

"Not that I didn't want to anyway, but I feel that after those two very pointed and not even anonymous remarks in the last Tribnewsunester I have no choice but to respond. I am only a little nervous because after that elaborate build-up I should be a hotbed of gossip, which sadly is not the case. I feel obliged to say that my cousin John is given to exaggeration, and what's more, I told him not to walk back in the rain without an umbrella, so he can't blame me for that suit of OD's.

"As for Fort Benning, the Clow lowdown was correct and I haven't much to add. A friend of mine, Nancy Hope (who incidentally visited Polly Porter in Lake Forest a couple of summers ago and, being a Bostonian, was shocked to find that Lake Michigan was deep enough to swim in) got married, as people do, so I threw exams and term paper to the winds and took off, ticketless, for the south. As Mrs. Clow said, we got there in practically perfect condition, except that we'd neglected to find out anything about the groom except his name. I was all ready to go right out to Fort Benning and say, "I'd like to see Andy Willis please," but was told that that probably wouldn't do. So after leafing in vain through the "W's" of every service man's catalog in the state of Georgia, I thought of Burke. Well, Burke not only located the groom, and his bride, and the bride's mother, and the bride's mother-in-law, but asked us to come on out which of course we did, in a taxi who refused to ask where the street was we were going to, said he didn't know it but would remember it better if he found it the hard way, and there the sight of Peg, glass in hand, filled my heart with a warmth which only one who has been stranded, witless and addressless, in Columbus, Ga. can understand.

"As for Johny, I had breakfast with him Sunday morning which, as he said, was very noble of him considering the long walk and the rain and all. The army hasn't spoiled his appetite - he consumed orange juice, wheaties, oatmeal. Several varieties of egg and every type roll in the state of Georgia. Over the fourth egg he told me that his company had won first prize for their orientation map, of which he was the artist, because he had plotted Terry and the Pirates and Smiling Jack. I had hoped to see Johny Runnells when I was there and feel it was rather poor taste on the part of the army to send him north that weekend.

"You may have heard that Marian is a member of the Vassar Daisy Chain - a time-honored institution and quite as glorious in its way as being a phi beta kapa."

(Glad to have you back, Nancy)

"I got your letter asking for news when I was out at the Arizona Biltmore. It arrived on the 15th, so there was no chance of getting anything to you. I was out at the Biltmore with my stepfather and Ed. He was on leave after his graduation on January 26th from Kings Point. He is now on his way back to New York to report, and will be leaving shortly to go overseas again. Mother and Shiela joined us out there on the 17th of February, as mother had been down in New Haven with Eleanor when she was having her baby boy which arrived on the 4th of February.

"I am now out visiting my grandparents, and will get back to Chicago about the 1st of April, or a little before. Arizona was really loads of fun and I hated to leave. There were quite a few young girls at the hotel and with three airfields in the vally there certainly wasn't a shortage of men. We had loads of gay parties, ending up with a barn dance last weekend. It was loads of fun and I'm still stiff.

"I will send you any news that I hear."

(Think we'll visit the Harris Trust more often, Sally)

"I am sorry that I did not get anything written for the Tribnewsunester printed in February, the only excuse I have is that I was in the process of getting settled in our apartment once again, after being away for almost the whole winter. Now that I have been here for a good month I have little excitement to report except a wonderful party that Eddy gave at Onwentsia a few weekends ago - It couldn't have been better, and many faces were there that I have not seen in over a year or two, such as Rus Kelly, looking very well, Hank Connors, home on an exceedingly generous leave, Clive Runnels, having the tough break of being stationed at Glenview, and many others. Other than that I have little news except that I have gotten a job sitting at the information desk in the Trust Department of the Harris Trust Co. The only trouble is, that I haven't answered one question accurately yet, -- however, I have acquired a strictly telephone voice -- a marvelous asset; but I can't understand why no one seems to recognize the low, quiet quality!!"

(It was certainly worth waiting for Betty, - give again soon)

"new name"

"After the last issue of _____ ? I guess I'd better get on the job and "report" or I'll never be able to show my face again. I warn you, I have very

little to offer. To begin with, you all made me feel so guilty that I wrote Dodie immediately - to prove I still could write, and now you all.

"Everyone sounds so gay moving from one beach (I do mean in the U.S.A.) to another, that it fairly floors me when I think of the two hour trips to New York I look forward to about once every two or three months (literally). I assure you I lead a very quiet life!

"As to my war work, or contributions, or what have you -- I'll state briefly for they're no different than what all the rest are doing.

"I'm on my 7th pint of blood (and aiming at gallons); I'm beginning the Nurse's Aide course now, three evenings a week; one night a week I teach (can you stand it!) art at the Women's Officers Club to a group of 20 (I'll no doubt get more out of it than they will) but it's fun, though at first I was scared stiff. Also, once a week, at night, I wrap bandages; and every other week go put my best foot forward at the Officers Club and one of the local U.S.O.'s. Finally, there is a group of us that go to the canteen about one afternoon a week and do sketches of the boys.

"As to my own work - I can't say "school" as it seems like anything but a school, considering they never know or even care where you are or what you're doing - I can only say that it seems to be coming along (tho which way I'm not sure). And, my only achievement of late is that I got my first painting in a show - which, of course, thrilled me, and me only.

"Finally, for my future plans - I mean by that, the near future - I hope, family permitting, to stay on down here till August and go to summer school.

"I did mean to say that Pete and King were sure lucky, and it's a relief and good to know that they're safely out of it for a while - with clean sheets to boot. I was shocked and awful sorry to hear about Marshal Hughs - it'll never seem at all right having just one twin -

"That's about all for now, but hope enough to hold you all over for a while -

"P.S. I'm sorry I haven't come thru with any dirt - I've had my eyes open and ears flapping but haven't heard a thing -- as for Dodie, give me time!"

(Two letters from Ginny - correspondent par excellence. We're glad to welcome you home)

From California

"I apologize for the delay in filling this out, but our mail from home just arrived this afternoon. In any case I hope this has not arrived too late for publication. At the moment I am well bedded down with sinus so therefore the necessary energy and quick wit - is lacking. (Not that the latter was ever noticeably prevalent.) Thus I have to enclose Henry's letter as I received it - instead of being a help and copying it. He has suitably headed it, so I am sure you will know where his report begins.

"As for myself, I love Deep Well and couldn't be having a better time riding, etc., with the exception of the past few days, life has been very cheery. I hope to start Nurse's Aideing in the Army Hospital here soon."

From Mundelein

"Sorry this is late once again, but we just got back a short while ago and this was all mixed up in the mail. The issues are going so well and I have heard

so many people comment on how good the paper is. Enclosed is a rather poor picture - a product of February's Palm Springs. It was really marvelous there. Am not quite sure of the procedure on this, but as you asked for a small itinerary on the past month or so - this may suffice. February we left the icy blasts and were off for the sun-blessed paradise called Palm Springs. Into the desert we headed and spent a blissful 28 days running between our cottage and the stables. Deep Well was such an attractive spot and the days sped by. Soon March 11th was nearing and before long I found myself boarding more trains, this time for Phoenix and Dan and Anne. Another two weeks of horses and more horses - plus a little gaiety for all. The west is definitely the place to be - it was certainly our most successful trip yet. Loving it all so, I find it hard to write about it in terms of what we did daily - as it all tore by so fast and each day raced into the next without my even realizing.

"Hank Connors was in Phoenix at the same time with his family and it was such fun having them there. We had a happy time riding together and even took in a wonderful barn dance given at Jokake Inn. Now it's back to the 8:00 o'clock again and another month or more has been tucked away for reverie."

SCANDAL SHEET
(I still have hopes)

Question worrying one female in particular:

"Does Stanton send a black night gown to some girl every year a little after Christmas, or is his tardiness really due to lack of courage???"

Clive Runnels latest pastime:

Driving Waves up and down the highway -----!
Clive, please explain yourself????

* * * * *

O N We're trying out a new cognomen, but reserve the right to
U A return to the original. Any suggestions for improvement
R M are still in order, or any expression of a preference would
E be appreciated.

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NEWS FROM THE BOYS

"Dear Uncle Kent:

"Or perhaps I should start out "Dear Editor of the Tribnewsunester."
You sent me a little card with return address attached so I could scribble some news to you. Well I lost it and a card is insufficient anyway.

"It is with a certain amount of misgiving I start this letter. You want me to write something. The parents of every son overseas know how much their soldiers want to come back. I would only do an injustice to write of how much we all miss home. Therefore, it would be likewise wrong to go into a drawn-out and uninteresting discussion of the Italian front. Eric Pyle could do a better job than I.

"Lake Forest has men spread all over the world. Some are officers; some are enlisted men. I know that if these men are of the same feeling as I, which doubtless they are, they all are tremendously interested in the post war world but at the same time tremendously confused by the meaning of it.

"I know also, that only a front line soldier can understand a front line soldier. It is absolutely impossible to write home of the war, for it is likewise impossible to give the greatness of the whole thing.

"It's muddy, - it's dirty, - nobody likes it. It can be funny at times, but above all it is big. You realize this and I am sure what you hear from Pete is the same. I would guess the men in the Pacific or those in the Navy feel the same way.

"Here I have written almost two pages and have gotten nowhere. "Not a word that's fit to print" - one could say that is my motto though I don't want it to be.

"It would be better if I stopped right now, but I am determined to give you something that is fit to print.

"I like the "Tribnewsunester" though. I like to hear of what friends and acquaintances in other theaters are doing. I like to hear of girls and the parties they attend. I like to read of the Lake Forest parents. It a way it helps to bring to me more personally those things which we as a group are fighting for. That sounds a little trite, but I think it is true.

"I have not seen Tom Connors for a long time, and I think he is the only one from home I know in this division. So, I guess I will say so-long. Sorry this letter was not exactly the news that is fit to print. Please remember me to Pete when you write him next. Best to everyone.

Bill"

(Hurrah for the Red Cross)

"Had my Christmas today, February 27, spent all day reading mail and rummaging through packages after returning from hospital - 68 letters, 37 magazines. I didn't know Pete was hurt but hope it was no worse than mine. Mine got me a wonderful six week rest in the worst of winter. My nurse knew MacArthur and many others so we got along famously. They kept me doped up until I got to the hospital and when I woke up to see nothing but a beautiful nurse (like you read about) tucking me between two sheets, I practically bawled.

"That's about all from here simply because I've been in the hospital and nothing has happened that would be of any interest to everyone - except that I can't thank you all enough for Tribnewsunester.

As ever,

Kingman

"P.S. Dad has denied me my first request at the age when I am supposed to know what I want. My heart is broken, my confidence in myself shattered. The request was simple, involving only a little paper work and the result would have made the sunny days sunnier. We all thought he might assign two or three P-47's to the platoon to alleviate certain uncomfortable situations which crop up from time to time - but Pater disagrees, so - no P-47's. Nobody understands the infantry!"

(Later - War sure is hell!)

"Absolutely nothing of any possible interest has happened to me for which I am quite grateful. Yesterday we maneuvered a big deal trading cigarettes for wine, cognac, schnapps and eggs. I was walking across the main street of Nancy when two bottles of vin blanc fell from my field jacket. All traffic was then held up while Douglass with encouragement from the local M.P. constabulary carefully picked up the glass. The passing French were very helpful with their 'C'est daumage's' and 'C'est la guerre's' and the G.I.'s with their 'Where'd you get it's.'"

(Certainly hope you all meet up in college before too long, Johnny)

"I don't think I know anything of interest; nothing. I've heard from John Runnells who is wading knee deep in mud, pulling his jeep behind him. Pete wrote a double V-Mail with lots of plans for a discharge rehabilitation party - to fill in the gap. Had a short note from Mason. He likes his work and I guess is kept plenty busy. I imagine he is pretty salty by this time. I had lunch two weeks ago with Mrs. Walker and Malcom, who is at Benning, or was. I'm afraid I'll be about the last survivor of this 'Battle of Benning.'"

"I liked your article on post war education very much and only hope that we will all end up in college after the war, but I doubt it. I know I'll never make the grade."

(By this time Dick has probably extended his knowledge of other German landmarks)

"Things are popping with great rapidity - guess we won't have to worry about the flak over Cologne, Dusseldorf or Bonn anymore. I know the Cologne cathedral better than I know the church at home."

(We all agree Russ has earned a little beer)

"Haven't seen or done anything of local interest lately and so far about all I've learned is that with very little practice anyone can double his capacity for beer. In a place like this you can almost forget what a hell of a war this is. Best of luck to the guys on the other end of it."

(Interesting news from Tommy on the Italian Front)

"The Italians here in the mountains are very good and sincerely religious. All through the country along roads, trails and paths are little sanctuaries where one can kneel and pray for a minute. During Lent up 'till Easter, they don't dance or drink. I believe I will attempt to follow the same idea, partly through necessity, partly voluntary."

"As 'Hen' may or may not have written, this will let you know I am now recorder for a T5mm pack howitzer platoon within the battalion. A very interesting, swell job as far as I am concerned. Not much sleep after battery gets lots of missions, but I can't gripe about anything now. Twelve hours on, same off, every other day - and when off, can sleep all I want to in a double mattress bed and eat as much good, fresh food as they've got. It doesn't sound like the war in Italy, does it? I am even greatly surprised still, only can ask it to last 'till after the snow, rain and mud leave and old 'sole mio' is once again shining."

"And by the way, I'll give you permission (Ha! Ha!) to include any of the contents of my letters for that worthy journal - 'the younger and sporting set's own society column.' Hen's last letter in it was a knockout. My happy-go-lucky, nonchalant feelings during furlough have changed naturally, and I don't believe I could repeat another letter similar to my first for the paper.

"As you have doubtlessly read in the papers, there have been a few gains, a few setbacks on the Southern Front. But either has no large consequence, for I realize that I am here mainly as part of a holding force, keeping the Fecocschi occupied and necessitating him to keep the size force he has down here rather than in western or eastern Germany. An advance by either force would reap no great gains. Our air armadas are doing more each day than we could ever hope to accomplish - much less expensive in men and material. I do realize the advantage to myself in the easier life we are leading in comparison with those in western Germany but I also realize I am almost as essential here as they are there.

"The fall of Manila was a great bit of news here; however, the fall of Berlin in the near future, likewise Bologne, will naturally have a greater consequence and meaning to us on this front. It can't be far off 'till V-E day is a fact."

(Here's wishing you the best of luck, Ken)

"Today both Jim Holliday and myself received our draft orders for Abbott Hall. Will be home for four months if I survive. As ever - couldn't be luckier."

(They say "necessity is the Mother of invention" - perhaps the papa was an American)

"The weather here has turned foggy and cold - but I am surviving - for, wherever you find Americans they always manage to make the best out of everything they can get their hands on. It's amazing some of the little comforts one can dig up. An American is never at a loss for ingenious ideas.

John Runnells"

(Jimmy heard about your visit but didn't know there were bars in Honolulu - or is he kidding?)

"Just thought I'd drop you all a line to give you my change of address. There doesn't seem to be much of a change out here - nothing but fly, fly, fly. On my trip before last, I was able to get into Honolulu and discovered that Jimmy Douglass was also touring around in there. It seemed that I hunted in every bar to try to locate him but no luck. I am leaving tomorrow for either Australia, New Guinea or the Phillipines and if I can get off into the city, there might be a grand and glorious reunion. Give my best to all.

Aloha Nei

Johnny Templeton"

(Thanks for the news, Si - it helps no end)

"Before going to Fort Schuyler for Midshipmen's School Dan Haerther had one last fling with Clive Runnels, Eddio Shumway, and Ed. Spencer. Bryan Reid and I had a get-together in Chicago last week, each trying to boost the other's

morale and morals. Lake Forest was rather quiet what with the club closed and everyone away, but things may pick up come spring. Till ten, best of luck to all."

(Jimmy Douglass makes our mouth water just a bit)

"I am now on an island where many of you have been - not Catalina either. In way of interest to the ration point calculators, nothing is on the list outside of gas and then most cars carry "C" stickers. Cigarettes are sold in every store and there are no mad rushes or lines. I went through the Dole pineapple plant last week and in the process of the tour they provide as much juice and fruit as you can hold. The weather is beautiful, and as many of you probably learned from your sojourns at the Royal Hawaiian, blankets are necessary at night.

"I have been to Honolulu twice and am taking off tomorrow for the same destination. John Templeton came through last week but we never did get together. We both phoned the Alexander Andersons, who some of you must have met, an hour apart but I didn't know he had even been here until a week later. The army has taken us swimming about three times a week, but they insist on finding coves which look innocent but are lined with coral. Am acquiring a tan slowly but for a while it was painful. The one thing I insist on learning during my stay is the art of surf boarding off Waikiki. From what I have seen, it looks fun but bruising. Coming here was a real break as the school I attended in California had 12 boys from the Islands. I met one last week and he seems to be in earnest about getting me started socially. The hospitality of these islanders has no bounds even when their whole island is military personnel and installations. Oh, by the way, in case you are still in doubt, I am on Oahu."

(Good luck on that last leg, Edson)

"The scene has changed once again, with Columbia the final leg. Hope to get together with Danny from Fort Schuyler in a couple of weeks. It certainly was tough about Pete and we're all darn glad he came out on top."

"Dear Guzzlers and Readers of Old Forrester:

"It's good to be writing again knowing that you all, whose origin anyway was Lake Forest, and too Lake Forest will never change, even though Kansas does - not only in terrain (Seven League Dust) but also in weather. Mild today - frigid tomorrow. Flue today - pneumonia or maybe dead tomorrow; really, when your handkerchief can't stay in your pocket a minute but keeps wanting to climb up your jumper and wrap itself around your big red nose, then even I know something is wrong. I turned on the radio the other day for some news - instead I got a four state - Kansas, Kansas, Missouri, Kansas - weather broadcast. The announcer was telling his listeners 'warm and calm today, windy and cooler tomorrow' - 'whoops' he went on 'a sudden change, windy and cooler now - whoops, cold and very windy.' Well, after contradicting himself with a 'whoops' about three times he finally apologized and simply stated 'there will be no more forecasts today - a very sudden gale has just torn our barometer off the studio wall!'"

"We've been playing quite a lot of water polo (remember we're playing in Kansas water - they have to collect it by sopping it up with a sponge off of the Kansas prairies - boy this state is dry in more ways than one) which means a lot of swimming and a little fighting here and there. One guy got a little frisky with his feet so I, not wanting to disappoint him, stuck my finger in his eye -

only it turned out it wasn't a finger but a fist. But we made up all right and after the game we went straight for a mirror. 'Gawd, I said, 'is your eye blood-shot!' 'Aw no it ain't Hank' - my buddy was a brave fellow - 'only the white part.'

"Yessir, that Pasqualle, he's a good keed! In another month I'll be leaving Kansas for Pre-Flight School and just like I hate to leave home and have to say good-bye to all my friends, so I'll hate to say good-bye to many of the wonderful fellows I've met here as I did also in Indiana. I'm sure that we all though have felt the same way, and it's been good, and we've been very fortunate in being able to find and make friends in what might be to us a little different atmosphere.

"Girls, keep that paper coming to us; we love it and certainly appreciate the wonderful work you all are doing for us. I urge everybody to contribute something, because it's fun writing and above all, it's fun to hear from you.

"Until our next meeting, this soice pig-g pig-g - ba-a-a sunflower

Hank Connors'

saying so-long."

NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

We are told that Mason has been in on quite a lot of the fighting in the Pacific. On January 28 he was with the force that raided Iwo - his ship accounting for the sinking of three cargo vessels and the knocking down of a Jap plane. Since then, the indications are that he has been in quite a bit of action, but it will be another month before any of the news can be told. The only personal news that he gives us is that life on board apparently agrees with him and that he is getting quite fat, weighing 195 lbs. He claims that between actions, life is a lazy one, but there certainly have been plenty of exciting moments.

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We are glad to be able to report that our two wounded, armored infantrymen are doing nicely. Kingman has spoken for himself, and is undoubtedly back in the thick of it now in the advance into Germany. Pete is still in the hospital. His latest effort to explain his wound is as follows:

"Evidently what has been going on most is your surprisingly fertile imagination. You've had me in varying stages of decay as a result of a scratch on the arm. Let me confirm my previous prophecies - I do not at the moment or will I in the future have one foot in the grave. The change in writing was merely a passing whim, and I now revert to the old scrawl. There never was a cast on my arm, although I must confess to showing a certain partiality to a sling for several weeks. I think I'm safe in saying there will be no permanent disability, although there is a certain limit to my movements now, and the scar - a mere four inches or so - will afford all sorts of beach conversation in the future.

"Got a letter from Johnny Runnells saying he was here in France. I don't know yet what division and, therefore, what army either, so we'll have to wait to see if somehow or other we can get together. I strongly doubt it myself, as personal relations are of no import whatever over here."

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We have a report from Johnny Hale, who is in the hospital corps on the U. S. Pasadena somewhere in the Pacific. He went overseas last September, and arrived on the west coast via the Panama Canal. When the navy lifted its censorship recently, it was revealed that the Pasadena was one of the ships that took part in the attack on Luzon. They also went through the Typhoon, and chased the Jap fleet, after their attack on Formosa, into the China Sea. While there, the ship participated in the attack on Saigon and Hong Kong. Apparently, 35 Jap ships were sunk during these engagements. This accounts for his ship, up until early in February. He writes enthusiastic letters about his work, and says that he has been in charge of an eye, ear, nose and throat clinic on the ship since the beginning of February.

* * * * *

Thorne Ellis, AOM S 1/c, known to the navy as "Bob" is now in Jacksonville with the simple address of N.A.G.S. Jacksonville. He is flying patrols with his combat crew in P.B.J.'s (B-25) and loving every minute of it. We are told he is a swell correspondent and will reply to all letters received.

* * * * *

Johnny Curtis has graduated from the Signalman School at Great Lakes, and is now at the Newport Naval Station in a ship's pool awaiting assignment to a ship. He states that the station cannot compare with Great Lakes, but that liberties allowed are generous, which makes up for other deficiencies. He spent the last week end in New York, and writes that he saw Barbara Straw, Peggy Whipple, Naoma Donnelley, Danny Haerther (that boy certainly gets about), Jim Holliday, and Ken Welles.

* * * * *

We are told that Owen Aldis is hoping to be transferred to Madison as a radio technician. At present, he is at Keesler Field, Mississippi, awaiting orders.

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We have gotten scraps of information indicating that Tommy Healy is still in training, probably at Oahu; that Tony Cudahy is down at Quantico at O.C.S. and that his brother Ed is awaiting assignment to some ship. Henry Gardner has been in action on Luzon for the past three months, and the going has been tough. Two of our Lake Forest marines (Kent Chandler and Elliott Detchon) came through Iwo Jima safely and are apparently awaiting transfer and a well earned rest. Elliott has not as yet learned that he is both a major and a proud father of a son, but will undoubtedly do so before he gets the information through this source. Many congratulations to both of them!

* * * * *

Harry Chandler has the top in addresses - the New Deal started this alphabetical stuff, the Navy carries on! Try to decipher this one:

T.O.Q. A-19 - N.T.S. - N.O.B. Norfolk II Va.

Anyway, he is here awaiting orders.

* * * * *

We hear that Lt. Lester Armour, Jr., after completing 40 missions in the western Pacific on top of 35 made from Aleutian bases, may soon get home to become acquainted with his young daughter. He will certainly get a warm welcome. As a bombardier he has personally dropped 250,000 lbs. of bombs on Jap targets.

In a recent mission over Jap occupied islands in the Philippines, Lester was flying just behind two of his best friends when their plane was hit and caught fire. He saw ten of the crew bail out before the ship, with his friend as pilot, when out of control and dove for the ground. Just before it hit, the pilot somehow righted it and bailed out just before it again went into a dive and exploded.

The crew landed in the thickest jungle imaginable with thousands of Japs around. To make a long story short, as Lester put it, the marvellous and highly organized guerrillas got all of them before the Japs did and smuggled them back to safety. Two of Lester's good friends hid in the jungle for five and eight days respectively, running from guerrillas who they mistook for Japs. The guerrilla lieutenant who finally caught up with the pilot was so pleased that he broke out a bottle of cocoanut booze that they all drank.

They breezed into the guerrilla camp on two old bicycles with broken down rims, the pilot with a big straw hat and a huge guerrilla sword in his belt, singing at the top of their lungs. The guerrillas, who are well trained and fine fighters, greeted them with a 16 piece brass band and treated them all with great respect and friendliness. All are in fine shape now but it must have been some experience.

Stanton Armour has left Corpus Christi and we understand is in San Diego, California, at least temporarily.

* * * * *

Just got a flash from overseas! Johnny Runnels has gone into the wine business in a big way and is somewhat disturbed as to the comparative advantages of champagne - red and white wine. It seems while in Germany he ran his "peep" into a cache of French champagne big enough to provide two bottles per each man in his company. That was good! Being billeted in some German house, the greatest haul they made was some fine old German red wine which goes well with "C" rations and, merely as a passing comment however and not as a definite settlement of an age old problem for real wine bibbers, Johnny states that the white wine was pretty good also? We're all for you, Johnny, and will look forward to your expert advice when we have a chance to replenish our presently non-existent "cellar."

* * * * *

Item of Interest: The 12th Armored Division of which Kingman and Peter are members have been muchly decorated. During three months of combat they received 57 Silver Stars, 152 Bronze Stars, 109 Certificates of Merit, 219 Purple Hearts and 12 Oak Leaf Clusters. The 17th and 56th armored doughboys of which Pete and King were respectively members were awarded not only combat infantry badges but also the Combat Infantry Streamer.

* * * * *

Letter received from Phelps after his second day at Fort Riley, Kansas:

"We reported at Fort Riley and found we are to be with horse troops from now on, so all the tank training is probably gone for no good and we have to learn to be horsemen which I suppose is a long process. I should think it would be good fun, although I'm sure horse cavalry will never be used in combat. Can you imagine

anything more ridiculous than charging a machine gun nest mounted on a great white horse and swinging a saber? Perhaps they want us to know how to ride simply because we are in the cavalry and after going through a riding course we will go back to mechanized cavalry. I've stopped trying to figure out the army - from A.A. Artillery to Tanks to Horse Cavalry!

"For the next two weeks I have two platoons under me along with a barracks with 100 men to keep me occupied.

"I met the Colonel, a fine impressive figure with white hair and well over 6 ft. in height. He asked me if I had done much riding and when I told him I had spent my life in a western saddle he beamed his approval. I shall probably have my teeth kicked in next time I mount one of these horses.

"The thing that impresses me most is the caliber of the officers and enlisted men. I have never seen such saluting and the officers are really excellent."

* * * * *

Our thanks to Marian Phelps for her continued artistic contributions - they help a lot.

F U N N Y A Z E L L

(Is the Chief Justice responsible?)
The Students Aid of Vassar is publishing a booklet of advice for girls on house-party dates, titled "That Every Young Lady Should No."

* * * *

During the first World War, Marshall Foch's chauffeur, Pierre, was constantly besieged by his comrades with: "Pierre, when is the war going to end? You ought to know."

Pierre tried to satisfy them. "The moment I hear anything from the Marshal, I will tell you."

One day he came to them. "The Marshal spoke today."

"He did? Well, what did he say?"

"He said: 'Pierre, what do you think? When is this war going to end?'"

* * * *

One attractive gal war worker to another: "I've got the postwar world all figured out - when the guy comes back to take my job, I'll marry him."

* * * *

One very hot sunny day I saw a Negro lying on the ground - happy, glistening, just on the verge of surrender to blissful sleep.

Nearby was another Negro, on the verge of the same bliss, but standing upright.

Said the one on the ground, drowsily: "Big boy, if you wants to lie down, you got to make a effort."

* * * *

Don't Stop Us . . .

Two thoroughly inebriated men were driving like mad in an automobile. "Shay," one fumbled his words, "be sure to turn out for that bridge that's comin' down the road toward us."

"What do you mean, me turn out?" the other retorted. "I thought you was drivin'."

* * * *

A restaurant in Cleveland, Ohio, featured a 50-cent Hangover Breakfast: "One jumbo orange juice, toast, coffee, two aspirins and our sympathy."

* * * *

A young lady with a touch of hay fever, took with her to a dinner party two handkerchiefs, one of which she stuck in her bosom. At dinner she began rummaging to right and left in her bosom for the fresh handkerchief. Engrossed in her search, she suddenly realized that conversation had ceased and people were watching her, fascinated.

In confusion she murmured, "I know I had two when I came."

* * * *

Copywriters on the Loose:

An ad for "Black Panther, the Untamed Perfume" reads: "the slumbering fire of BLACK PANTHER attacks a man's heart - attacks a woman's - until the two hearts merge in a flame of ecstasy. Wear this new perfume for an unforgettable evening ... but only if you dare risk the danger and dark delight of stirring primitive emotions. At all ten-cent stores."

* * * *

Sgt.: "Did you give the prisoner the third degree?"

Cop: "Yes, we browbeat him, badgered him and asked every question we could think of. He merely dozed off, and said, "Yes, dear, you are perfectly right."

* * * *

An Irishman and a Scotsman went into a hotel for refreshment and were asked to sign their names and nationality.

The Irishman signed: "Irish - and proud of it."

The Scotsman signed: "Scotch - and fond of it."

* * * *

"I'm sorry," said the dentist, "but you cannot have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he picked up his golf bag and went out.

* * * *

A new high in advertising features a picture of a Marine and a girl in a torrid embrace, captioned "Contact -." The copy goes: "A moment bright with rapture. Winged ecstasy set to shimmering music. You're whirling through space lost ... yet you've just found yourself for the first time! This is love, love, love ::: It's so easy with Woodbury Facial Soap."

* * * *

"John, hadn't you been drinking when you came in last night?"

"That's just like a woman! Just because I had a little difficulty in getting in, because I couldn't pronounce a few words, because I took off my clothes in the dining room, and wore my silk hat to bed, you rush at the conclusion that I had been drinking."

* * * *

An Idea for Johnny Stevenson:

"Did you hear about the fellow who backed his poop into a buzz saw?"

"No, did he ruin it?"

"Ruin it? Heck no. Now we've got two motorcycles!"

* * * *

He: "Let's play that kissing game."

She: "How do you play it?"

He: "Kiss and pause, kiss and pause-."

She: "Okay on the kissing but you'll have to keep your paws to yourself."

* * * *

Man hiring new secretary: "It's just a straight secretarial job and I only have one idiosyncrasy. There are two words which I never want you to use. One of them is lousy and the other one is swell."

"Yes sir, what are they?"

* * * *

You can cure anyone of snoring by good advice, cooperation, kindness and by stuffing an old sock in his mouth.

* * * *

WE NEED MORE *Pictures!*



*A swell background for
A swell girl*



*Stanton looks happy about something
— or is it someone?*



*The Winter Club started
many a romance*



*Hixon and bride
sure look happy*



Celebrating Phelps Gold Bar



*The "Yank" catches
Bill Douglas in Italy*



If we can't get more pictures



Another guessing game



— we invent our own