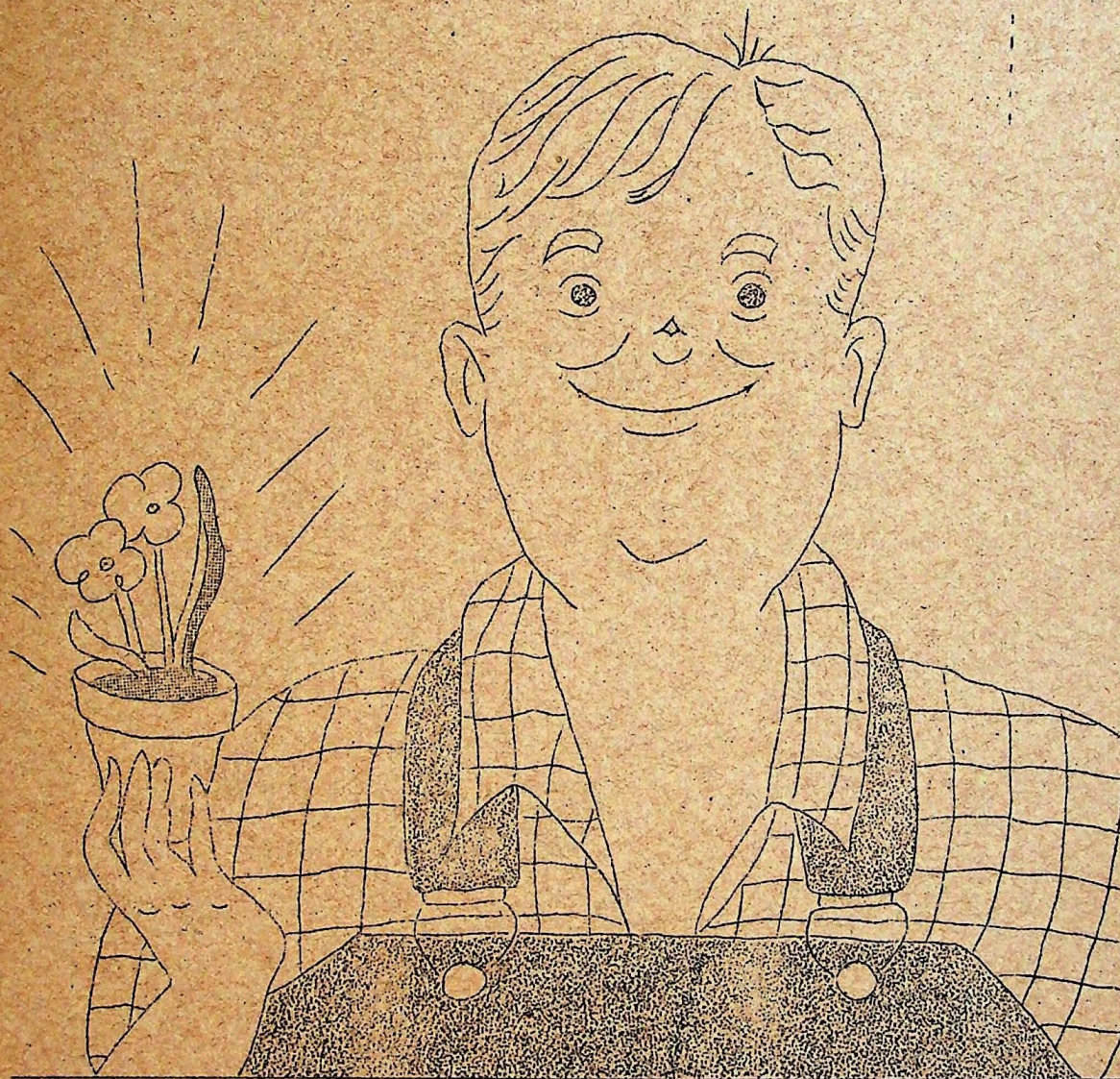


Old Forester

GOOD TO THE LAST DRIP



R.W.M. - E.Z.

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EDITORIAL

A V-E day editorial is certainly indicated for this May issue, but I feel that the great event has been reasonably covered by President Truman, Winston Churchill, Joseph Stalin, General Eisenhower, and countless others, with whom I hardly care to compete. As a war-time product, however, we cannot permit such a momentous event to go by without giving thanks that this great milestone to victory is behind us. We are proud of those of you who actively contributed to the winning of unconditional surrender from the Germans. We are committed with each of you to keep going until final victory over the Japs is won, and all of you will be coming back to us. May that day be soon!

While you are in camp, on shipboard, in the field, or wherever you may find yourself during the next few months, you are going to have opportunities when you will have time for thought and contemplation. It may give you a respite from your day's work to think a bit of what sort of a world you are coming back to be a part of. The answer is pretty much in your hands. You will have grown old for your years. You will have rubbed shoulders with many people. You will have learned that not many are either able or care to be leaders. And the future of our country - if it is to be a happy one - will need leadership of the highest order.

Most of you men have had or will have both the opportunities and the education necessary to develop leadership. When you and millions of other fine young Americans, with the help of our Allies, have won final victory, you will come back to no easy job, but one that is well worth the effort, and one that brings great rewards in feeling that you have made a real contribution to the happiness of others. There never will be a time in the history of the world when leadership from the younger generation will be so greatly needed - in business - in religion - in civic affairs - and in helping to heal the sores of a war-exhausted world.

Don't let the prospect worry you. It is a challenge to the manhood you have developed in the hardest of all tests. It is a challenge that I, for one, am certain that you will welcome and conquer, as you have already done with the Germans, and soon, God willing, will do with the Japs. And your accomplishments will be fun compared with the dirt and grime and the feeling of uselessness that comes from thinking of war. As one of your elders, I am praying for the day when we can welcome you back, and be able to turn over to you our jobs - confident in the knowledge that you will be well fitted to carry them on to a happy, better world. That is the thought I leave with you for V-E day, a day that brings closer to the end our final victory, and the beginning of a happier period for all mankind.

MR. SWIFT SPEAKS FOR ONWENTSIA

"Onwentsia is not the same without you, as we miss the light touch which you contributed. Things go along in a rather routine way, and on account of the curfew, we close at midnight. There is now no sitting around the bar until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, with Andrew mixing those good drinks of his; no examining of the pool on Sunday morning for any bodies, which, fortunately, we never found; nor for crockery and furniture, which usually we did find. This all seemed serious to us at the time, and added a few gray hairs to Mr. Williams' head, but now, as we look back, even he laughs and wishes you were all here to do it again. However, in order that you do not get the wrong impression, our feelings are subject to change without notice.

"Mrs. Benner and Mona say that those of us who are left have very bird-like appetites, as they used to figure on three ordinary meals for each of you, and are now waiting for your return to fatten you up, even if this means increasing the ratio. As for George Smith and Bill Croker, they are getting soft without any competition from us ex-athletes, but we tell them they should be in shape when you come home, because then they will have tough customers to beat.

"This article wouldn't be complete without a word about that which you are all thinking --- the girls. They are at the Club with each other, and also occasionally with the boys stationed nearby, but you don't need to worry, as the girls are true to you and waiting for your return. All of us are carrying on to the end that you will find Onwentsia the same as when you left, with familiar faces to greet you, and to do their bit to help you forget the past."

GREETINGS FROM THE CHIEF

"To Our Boys and Girls of the Armed Services:

"We at home are very proud of all of you boys and girls for the swell job you are doing in defense of this wonderful country of ours. Yours is a task that had to be undertaken to make this world a better place in which to live, and you have accepted it courageously and fearlessly.

"We do hope and pray that in the very near future you may all return to our fair city, which we know is the grandest in the world, and the place of some of your fondest memories.

"We recall with a chuckle many escapades of you happy, good natured kids, who are now proving your metal in the services of Uncle Sam, and look forward to the day we can grasp your hand, and welcome you home.

"Until then, we will be praying for your safety and welfare.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK TIFFANY (Signed)

Chief of Police."

MR. PHELPS SPEAKS FOR THE FATHERS

"The war in Europe is about over. The Allies can now concentrate on Japan. Whether Japan will deem it wise to fight the rest of the world (possibly including Russia) remains to be seen.

"In past trying times, the morale of the parents of you boys has been strengthened by a just pride in each one of you and your records in the armed service. Fortified by that record, we have all tried to carry on to the best of our ability, and by and large we have all succeeded.

"We are all anxiously waiting the end of the war and the return of our boys to the natural lives which, due to the war, they have been deprived of. Parents have dedicated themselves to make up this loss to you boys. Happy in our pride of you

Very truly yours,

MASON PHELPS "

A SALUTE TO YOU FROM MR. CONNORS

"The Old Guard proudly salutes you, the veterans of V-E day! With equal admiration and affection our hearts and hopes are with those of you who are courageously and unflinchingly facing the sacrifices and ordeals that lay ahead before Japan is crushed, and final victory becomes a reality.

"Let none despair! It is the proud privilege of your generation to serve your country in the most crucial hour in all history. All honor to those sons and parents who recognize the supreme obligations of citizenship in a free democracy!"

BUD REPORTS ON TOWN ACTIVITIES

"Well; fellows, here I am again. You boys will have to remember that I get as much enjoyment as you do reading the Tribnewsunester, or whatever they call it; I think they have changed the name again.

"In your first issue, someone rather gave me the raspberries concerning the selling and even fitting of cardigans on all your young lady friends here in Lake Forest. To tell the truth, I have enjoyed it, but you fellows will have to forgive me, as most of these girls are living in under-heated homes, and I think they are all working and doing fine jobs with the O.C.D., the Jango's, Nurses' Aides, Red Cross, etc., and even in the service doing their part for the war effort. These girls are wearing these garments to keep warm while working, and I know you won't begrudge me the pleasure of serving these young ladies to the best of my ability.

"All of your mothers are worrying about the ration points these days, I know, especially this week, because points went up on almost everything.

"Mason - your mother has your dad doing the shopping; you probably won't believe it, but he was in the shop last Saturday with a great big sack of groceries. Most of the stores have women clerks, so I wonder if this is the reason Mason, Sr. is doing the shopping instead of Mrs. Phelps. I'll bet he thinks the girls give him a better deal than the men clerks do. Incidentally, Mr. Kent Clow was walking the streets on Saturday morning. Do you suppose he is getting orders from Mrs. Clow to buy something other than chicken livers? Pete - you make it your business to find out for me.

"I really see a great many of your parents, fellows. Mr. Shumway, Mr. Stuart, and Mr. Douglas are usually around on Saturday, but I don't know when I see them in the grocery store if they have been sent by your mothers to purchase butter and meat, or whether they are selling dog food or oatmeal. Will you - Eddie, Bobbie, and Billie be kind enough to let me know.

"Eddie and Phelps - your dad goes by the shop every morning. Whether he has meat to sell to the eight o'clockers, or not, I wouldn't know, but he never has any packages under his arms. Don't worry, Eddie, at least you will be able to get chickens when you return. Probably wholesale, too! More than I can do.

"Knight and Mrs. Cowles saw rationing coming long ago, and it looks like Stanton's mother had to supply extra points real early. Mr. and Mrs. Mabbatt were having trouble with points too, but they solved their problem by having gold braid take one of the family away from the table. If I am not mistaken, this is the way Mr. and Mrs. Priebe are planning post war dinners. Silas' mother and dad send Patricia to Lake Forest Academy to eat her meals these days.

"By the way, John Templeton, you had better send your ration points home. I understand from your mother that dad has taken up fishing as a sure way to get food.

"Johnnie and Dick - I think that Ma Stevenson still does your shopping, as I usually see her with the large knitting bag she carries continually. John - how did you like your Brooks sweater?

"Clive - why don't you and John enter into the wine business in this small town after this war is over. I understand you boys are pretty good.

"Henry - it may be dry in Kansas and probably there are not very many Victory gardens. Your mother does a fine job with the gardens here, and believe me, she works hard. This is not just a summer job. She is at it all year round. What do you hear from Tom?

"Malcolm - your Dad was in this morning. Could you send him a couple of your old army shirts? Or - a few suits of your old underwear will help the poor guy. He seems to be having trouble getting these garments. We can't get them.

"You Wacker boys had better send a little coffee to your Dad, as I see him in Griffis' Drug Store every morning dunking doughnuts. He must not have enough coffee at home.

"Ken, I see your mother most every day. I don't think that she has Mr. Welles doing the shopping as yet, but, it probably won't be long before he is sent in to deal with the women clerks also.

"The town stays about the same, fellows. It's rather crowded in Krafft's at breakfast and lunch hours, but you wouldn't appreciate the increase in business during breakfast hour as most of you still had your eyes closed at 11 o'clock. How about that, Bill Douglas, Pete, Stanton, Mason, and John Jelke?

"The World's Greatest Newspaper today announces the engagement of Ensign Woody Jaicks to Miss Mary Bull, and from what Mary's mother-in-law to be says, she is a perfectly wonderful girl. Congratulations, Woody.

"I guess I'll have to close now, because I surely don't want to use all of the stationery in this issue; they might not let me write again if I do that. I wish I could write to all of you individually, but if any one of you boys would like some more small town gossip, either George or I will see what we can do.

Sincerely,

Bud

"P.S. I see by the last issue that they are running short of pictures. I wonder if you fellows would like a picture of one of my ladies' cardigans?

"FLASH----- May 1st's newspapers list the liberation of American Fliers from German prison camps. Penn Dangler and Sandy McArthur among those liberated. GOOD NEWS."

THANKS FOR THE NEWS, HELEN, AND ALSO THE PICTURES.
HOPE BETTY TAKES YOUR ADVICE.

"Sorry not to have written something for the last issue. Perhaps I can make up for it. After searching through my snapshots, I did find a picture of Betty Peabody which I snapped at the Club last summer, and one of Di with Tony Cudahy, also one of Bill Douglas sent to me from Camp Hale. Hope you can use them, Mr. Clow, and as soon as I can get a film from Krafft's, I shall get busy.

"This month I took time out to visit Gay Cruikshank in Monticello, Illinois. Had a wonderful time. Joanie Martin is here for ten days. Think it's so nice there'll be an addition to their family in August, and also one to Shirley and Walt in October.

"So far, I have been terribly lucky in hearing from Eddie regularly, even though he is now in combat somewhere in France cleaning out a pocket of Germans. His only concern now is shooting Krauts. What with all the rumor of V-E day, I don't dare get too far away from the radio. Have been taking golf very seriously - don't want to be a golf widow. George Smith tells me that Bill Douglas is better than Eddie, and I won't have to worry too much, providing I

work at it. George plugs along with me. It's not his fault that the results are not good.

"Saw Ken and Scotty Welles, who look grand, Cy and several others playing baseball at the Club yesterday afternoon. Clive was there, but couldn't find him, not even in the bar. Giny and Jean passed me galloping around the golf course."

A FINE LETTER FROM A GRAND RED CROSS FRONT LINE GIRL

"I'm sorry to have been so dilatory in writing to thank you for the Tribunyoungster (that's why we changed the name). It was so good of you to send it to me, as I'm just a little too elderly for its age group. All the same, I've enjoyed my two copies tremendously. It's such fun to hear about everyone. Mother and Daddy, Margaret and Harriet try to keep me pretty well posted, but they missed on quite a few of the people I've read about.

"Nineteen months plus as a doughnut girl is beginning to put me in the oversea's veteran class. We don't do anything like the boys do, but on the other hand, driving a 2-1/2 ton G.M.C. Clubmobile through England, Normandy, France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany - we're east of the Rhine now - is not like easing a nice little Ford over Skokie Highway. We're not front line troops, but we've been serving them doughnuts on the continent since the 27th of July the other side of St. Lo. They are all so good-natured - so glad to see us with our doughnuts and coffee. We've wished a hundred times a day there was more and is more we could do for them. They like somehow to hear us speak their language with the same accent.

"I think of any group overseas we have the best lot, for though we work hard and long hours, no matter where we go it's fun - the boys seem pleased to see us (unless it's too far up and then they worry a bit). We've had our share of shellings, strafing, and all, but just enough to make us in some small way conscious of what the men take, and a good part of the time. Now with the war moving along so fast, it is most exciting and good to think we're a cog in the wheel, and right now I wouldn't be anywhere else till it is over. It has been a rugged life, but fun too, and I've enjoyed it from start to finish, and I have seen London, Paris, and Brussels too!

"I was awfully sorry to hear about Pete's being wounded, and hope by now he is all right again. Again thank you so much for sending me the Tribunyoungster - it's such fun. Please give my best to Mrs. Clow and Franny.

Sincerely,

ANNE

"P.S. You can tell Daddy that after this long a time of making doughnuts - as a breakfast food I infinitely prefer Quaker Oats."

NEWS FROM OUR STAR REPORTER

"At last a few women home from the far corners of the country. Peggy is returned from Vassar, and Nancy, black as can be, has given up her days as a beachcomber to see dear old Lake Forest again. There are not words to express how good it was to see them again after so long.

"Week ends have been occupied mostly by midshipmen which (or rather - who) are rather evident with both Ken and Jimmy here. We even got Ken and his guest, Lenee Marshall, also a midshipman, mounted, which was much fun - accompanied by Jean and Sally Ann. Even the Onwentsia seems pleased to have a Sunday baseball game going once more, or maybe it's just the thought of these long stairs spirally upwards to bliss - slightly to the left of the front door. In any case, it's wonderful to see everyone again.

"Sadly, though, Clive is about to leave for either Corpus or Pensacola - which, we are not sure. All this is very sad, but it won't be too long now and those little gold wings are a mighty proud possession.

Sincerely,

Giny "

NONNY REPORTS ON NEW YORK AND THE SUNNY SOUTH

"I only wish I could blame my failure as a correspondent on exams, but fortunately we don't have them at Sarah Lawrence. However, they always managed to find odd jobs to keep me busy - so that will have to be my excuse. My news is definitely on the scanty side, but it is certainly yours for the asking.

"A couple of weeks ago I bumped into Ken Welles at Larue (note: these days a trip to Larue becomes a red letter day in my curriculum). He was looking most dapper as usual, and seemed to be having a very good time. By the way, who were you with, Ken? Apparently, Peggy and Danny had just been in town, but had to leave to get back to Vassar and Fort Schuyler respectively. However, from all I hear, they are not infrequent visitors at Larue. Also, saw Dave Peck, but I only had a chance to wave at him across a tightly packed floor. Larue is still Larue - old home week.

"That's all from the New York front. Now we move south. Graduation was April 27, and then I came down to Palm Beach with my roommate, Mag Haskell, for the ten days before the accelerated summer term begins. I've never had such an awful trip anywhere in my life. (With all humble apologies to my dear father who, I'm sure, tries to make travel via rail 'as comfortable as sitting on your own front porch'). One minute we had air conditioning; one minute we didn't. One minute we had an engine; the next minute it blew up and burned down - this about 35 miles outside of Jacksonville. All in all, we were 10 hours late, and 1/24 of my vacation had passed.

"When I finally arrived at the ocean side, I met Nancy and Barby Buchanan, who have been down here for a couple of months since Nancy had been quite sick earlier this winter at Pine Manor. They are going home in two days, and will probably be able to tell you lots of news. Naoma is down here also with a friend of hers from Finch, but I haven't seen her as yet. I had dinner last night with Bog Patton, who was a hot bed of gossip. Learned that Silvia Prosser was down here for over a month, and everything was very pleasant. Learned also that Joany Porter came down to visit Joanne Hixon Martin, who is in Key West with Tommy and having a baby (if I heard right), but ended up staying in Fort Lauderdale because there was more going on. And so, as I see it, despite the curfew, the gasoline problems, and a generally more hectic way of life, the South is still the South.

"With that bright thought in mind, I leave you to return north to 8 more weeks of sitting in classrooms, before typewriters, and in administration offices. If anything extraordinary comes up, I'll let you know - even if it has to be by carrier pigeon."

BILLY DOUGLAS GIVES A REPORT ON NIGHT LIFE WITH THE 10TH MOUNTAIN DIVISION

"I have a story to tell that might provide Uncle Kent some news for the Tribnewsunester.

"Last night we were on a twelve man reconnaissance patrol ordered to bring back information of enemy positions. Herbie Schneider and I were scouts. We were out about four miles beyond the lines when we came on a ruined house. There was a single strand of wire around it, which is the way the Germans mark a mine field. Herbert went to the left and I to the right to inspect the extent of the field, when suddenly German voices rang out in the dark. We both hit the ground. There were the Germans about forty feet from us. Herb was thirty feet to the left of me. The Jerries were heading right toward me - almost on top of me, so Herbert in his native German asked them: "Why, what is wrong?" This attracted them over to Herbert, so I got a chance to withdraw about twenty-five feet and get a little cover. Then I pointed my tommy gun sights at the Jerries, and waited for results. The Jerries were confused and walked around. Pretty soon Herbert came around the bend, crawling like a steam engine. We met and rejoined two others of the patrol who were covering us. Then the four of us rejoined the rest of the patrol about one hundred yards away. A quick reorganization and we were away quietly enough so I do not believe the Jerries really ever knew an American patrol was within thirty feet of them. A shot was never fired. Our job was to find information and bring it back, not to attack.

"It surely was lucky for those Jerries. They were off the ball, or they would be no good to the Wehrmacht any more. But then it is lucky for us too. Herbert's fast thinking and good German saved the situation. Yes - I think we could have gotten out of there if Herbie had not yelled to the Germans, but certainly not without a shooting party. And we do not know how many of them were around us.

"By the way, Dad, I always carry your old forty-five in my belt. I would not get rid of it for love or money."

"The Tribnewsunester just arrived, and was well received per usual. A letter from Pete also came from a hospital, with pictures of Lake Forest enclosed. I had no idea he was still in the hospital; he must have broken his arm to keep him away so long. In a way, he's very lucky, since much has happened since he left; but I imagine that by now he is extremely restless for duty again, even though he knows that he'll hate it when he does get back. That's the way it was with me, anyways. After rereading excerpts from my letters in the "rag," I have decided to major in grammar at Yale, with supplementary courses in rhetoric, composition, and literature.

"As I said, much has happened since I last wrote; for confirmation, consult your local newspaper. I have seen Pete's outfit occasionally during our mad dashes here and there. From what they say, after we left Herrlesheim, they pulled up and proceeded to go through the same costly procedure. Pete might be glad to know we ran into one of the outfits fighting us there, and did a fairly efficient job of paying them back. Starting from around the twentieth of March up to about April 1 was what we realize now was a sort of dog run. The Jerries were in no mood to fight, so we just tore them apart. We caught many columns, destroying them completely if they didn't give up immediately. Once we got around their artillery and mortars, it was pretty easy. As a squad leader, I have a machine gun at my disposal, which, when added to those on the tanks and other tracks, raise fairly efficient hell when the Jerries ask for it. So far, they don't shell their own towns, which is luck, but when signs of a fight pop up in one, the townspeople go out and look for a new one after we're through. As far as geography is concerned, you can see what happened when we broke out of the woods back near the Rhine. It was fun for awhile, but they seem determined to fight on to the end. Thank God they haven't got enough to throw up defense in depth, but only occasional lines.

"Please send Pete my best."

NEWS FROM KEN AND SCOTTY WELLES

"I am so close to home now, that it looks as though I'll have to pass the word on activities in L. F. Enjoyed a very pleasant picnic birthday party today on the Desplaines given by the Robinsons in honor of Debby Smith, and also, I might add, Snell's return from 2 years in the Pacific.

Ken "

"Am at New River now, and waiting to go to San Diego for bell hop training. Bumped into an Eddie Randal, Hill '44, who was at P. I., and asked me to give Al Revell his best. Had quite a time in Lake Forest at Clive's little party. We all ended up at Giny's per usual, and enjoyed watching Sally Ann trying to keep Clive awake on that big couch. Life has been pretty good to me so far, and if anybody feels like writing, we all love letters down here. Anybody seen "Sweet Pea" lately?

Scotty "

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE FOR LONG.

"You said you wanted some news for the April 1 issue. Well, it is now the 5th, and on top of this, I have little to spill. John Templeton is "in and out," so much that a get together is going to be difficult, but I was able to speak with him on the 'phone last week - the closest I have been in over 2 years. The weather is beautiful, but my swimming chances are few and far between. My parents' friends are treating me too lavishly, and there is no stopping their hospitality. For some of you Walkers Alumnae, Pat Kennedy and I believe Betty Midkiff are both doing Red Cross work, but are now on the island of Hawaii. Nancy Underwood has some of the most generous relatives I have ever run into, the Coonleys. On my next pass I am going to the Outrigger Canoe Club with Bill Coonley, and this should be quite an occasion.

"I had better 'shut up' and sign off before some of the boys in the E.T.O. get the wrong impression of Douglass' war activities in the Central Pacific.

Jimmy "

BRYAN SENDS IN THIS NEWS ITEM

"Letter from Tommy Healy reveals he is in the occupation troops in the Marianas, and bored to death. Only bright spot is an occasional can of beer, says he."

A LETTER FROM A NEW SUBSCRIBER

"I just received the latest copy of your wonderful publication, and since I am finally shoving off tomorrow for New York and other unknown points, I wanted to drop you a line of appreciation now, because of the uncertain future. Thus ends almost a year's stay in Lake Forest - I mean Great Lakes, although it seems I spent more time in Lake Forest than on the station. It has been so much fun here and everyone has been so nice that I am sure nobody would mind being away from home if they were stationed near as nice a place as Lake Forest. Having gone to Hotchkiss with Pete, Si, Phelps, Larry Smith, and other Lake Foresters, and having met most of the community at one time or another, almost all the names mentioned in the 'Old Forrester' hold a meaning for me. That will be especially true now that I am moving off and will pretty much lose contact with the place, except for an occasional letter from someone like Si, who gets home every so often.

"I sure am glad to hear Pete is O. K. now. I don't think I've seen him since Hotchkiss days, which was the same case with both Russ Kelley and Larry Smith until their recent return. Incidentally, being from Toledo, one of Pete's good friends, Jimmy Secor, was home recently and wanted to know all about him. If Pete has a moment to spare while he is still recuperating, tell him to drop Sec a line. Just 'Dixie Highway, Perrysburg, Ohio.'

"Was quite interested in the picture of the party taken at Phelps when he was home on leave. Sure was grand seeing him again, and I hope it won't be too long till we can all reunite at college. It was all very sad last evening knowing that it would be the last evening I would be seeing Onwentsia and all the familiar faces for quite some time, but I have finished all my training and am getting pretty restless now. A short stay in New York with the probability of seeing some familiar people should end things up very nicely. I shall send you my new address as soon as it is given to me, and I sure would appreciate your continuing to send the 'Old Forester' Mrs. Clow. Give my very best to Pete, and thanks a million for your thoughtfulness.

Rusty Heymann "

A MESSAGE FROM DICK NEEDHAM

"After a week's leave at home, I am back here at Baldwin-Wallace College with nearly a year of V-12 behind me and the prospect of a transfer to N.R.O.T.C. in November. The future seems to involve a long career with the navy, but it's too early to make a prediction. Have followed your paper with great interest, and think it is swell. More power to you!"

MORE NEWS FROM THE DIVISION THAT WAS FIRST ACROSS THE PO

"Am sorry that word from Apennines thus far has been nil on this G. I.'s part. All copies of the 'Old Forester' (still my choice) have arrived, though always averaging two to three weeks after publication. It's been a tremendous success, the best possible morale builder, and looked forward to almost with as much anticipation as a 'sugar report.' Hope to help out the rogue's gallery shortly - possibly May or June.

"Latest edition proved most interesting to me because word from Pote, King, and Mase came through. Certainly was a shock to hear about those first two. How did the mortars treat you, Pete? Jerry hasn't been as quiet as would seem from the papers down here.

"No doubt word has gotten around how the 'Mountaineers' after all their training in Colorado and a bit of Texas, finally managed on arrival in Italy to take Mt. Belvedere. Am quite proud of the fact myself. Commendations from all ranks of brass were thrown at us afterwards. Alexander and Clark have both announced that there's to be a resumption of the offensive shortly. Wait and see what they mean.

"Something that has me completely muddled is what the dickens Douglas is doing in the Alps? Last I heard, the 15th Army Group was in the Apennines south of the Po. Has he joined the partisans - you know, those guys and gals you saw in 'The Bell Tolls for Whom!'

"But seriously, just to keep the papers straight, Templeton (may I call you Lieutenant?), Douglas, and Connors are yet to be found any time day or night traipsing hither and yon amidst the beautiful Apennines AND NOT AS YET THE ALPS. Haven't see the former since he stole away to 'Benning Boarding House for Boys' from the hot flats of Texas. We are in different regiments, but both anti-tank. I'm a P.F.C. though. Saw 'Red' one day ruining a jeep on what one might call a better mountain road. Other than that once, haven't seen him since we left ship, and we're both in the same regiment.

"Was greatly surprised and delighted to hear Priebe became engaged. Could it have been she was holding off till we guys left the States? Ed's a lucky man. I wrote them both the best of happiness and success.

"Jim, my boy, don't you realize the Biltmore is serving their Dry Martinis in larger glasses these days? I advise parties hereafter either alone with Bette, or with the Taft Alumni only, or do both mix?

"I'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate the new uncle in the group.

"To close, I'd like to see a continuation of the fine editorial initiated in last issue. Best to all, and keep your eye on my boss Alexander.

TOM CONNORS "

THANKS FOR THE REPORT FROM THE PHILIPPINES, HENRY

"No. 4 of your current best seller arrived yesterday, and it was a very excellent May day gift. We all enjoy hearing the latest dope, and with your formidable force of 17 females, the press should be swamped with that commodity. Or should I have said your force of 17 formidable females?

"Anyway, I enjoyed the various items a great deal, especially the editorial and the pictures. Of course, I was sorry to hear that Peter and King had some hard luck, and I hope they have fully recovered by now. One request, however. That mathematical twister concerning two dollar bills, pawn tickets, and negotiations caused a loss of much sleep, hair and self respect. Naturally, my answer was wrong, which shows that either my former math teachers' opinions were correct, or that the army is far from a mental health farm.

"King's outlook on the continental women was rather surprising. I thought that they had unanimous approval. Of course, I may have a warped outlook on the situation, since women here and in New Guinea are the kind that lean out of trees and throw coconuts, interesting only in an anthropological way. Still, they do have the nicest, largest, and most versatile feet.

"As for news of local folk, I have none. So far, the traffic through my parts of New Guinea and the Philippines has been very slim. I know of several of the boys being out here somewhere, but the world is not small enough. Maybe when the shooting around here stops, we might get together in one of the big towns. To get back to the original subject, thank you and the girls very much for the morale building enterprise. It is a swell idea, and we appreciate it very much."

WORD FROM JOHN RUNNELLS AND CLIVE

John writes:

"The first good stream I come to, I believe I will go in swimming to get some of this grime off. It is almost like the eskimo sewing himself into his clothes when fall comes, and cutting them off in the spring."

John has been with the Third Army, and at present his division is near Linz. Clive has gone to Pensacola to continue his intermediate training there.

NEWS FROM FORT BENNING

"I'm afraid there's not much of interest from down here. I see Johnny Stevenson once in awhile at Peggy and Burke's 'The gathering place of Lake Forest in Benning.' As you can see from the long-winded address, I'm in a school troops outfit, and giving my best for TIS (THE Infantry School). After fighting the arduous campaigns of Fort Sill, Camp Roberts, Fort Riley, and Fort Benning, we are, we feel sure, due to receive the Barracks Bag cluster, for our extreme sacrifice in aiding the brewers and distillers of the United States, and keeping their morale high. In other words, we're enjoying the old army game of wait, wait, wait, combined with musical chairs.

"Thanks again for sending your delightful publication.

MALCOLM WALKER "

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM ENGLAND

"Got your card and the Tribnewsunester some time back, but due to agitation on the part of the army as to whether I should remain in the Air Corps or transfer to the Signal Corps, and transportation involved, I found time lacking. I've seen a lot of this country (England) during my travel, and needless to say, I found the people to be amazing in the quality and quantity of their self-sacrifice. For 2 months I was at school with them, where I got a good look at their types and mode of living, altered as it was by the army. It is, under such light, easy to understand why they didn't fold up in 1940. But enough!

"My brother Al is in Germany driving a jeep and interpreting. Outside of that, I know little of him, except that they have a 'wee stovie, with a wee pot belly, and a wee umbilical exhaust.'

"I'm at a B-24 base with the 8th Air Force. Things are closing down slowly, and tours over the Ruhr have been put into effect. I was a bit surprised and greatly pleased on receiving your literary and editorial masterpiece. It brought back so much of the little things that went on in L. F. that were part of my life that have since been overrun by obese first sergeants, K.P., and work details. After reading it, I sat back for about an hour, completely lost to the surroundings, engrossed in living over things that happened in the halcyon days of old. It sounds rather dramatic, but it's a fact. There's little one can say except thanks, and keep up the good work.

JOHN MILLET "

We are glad to report that on May 25 Peter Clow arrived at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts from a hospital around Marseille, France. He is classified as a surgical case and is awaiting assignment - it is hoped to the vicinity of Chicago. In a telephone conversation, he stated that he is feeling fit, has the full use of his arm, and that it's grand to be back home.

OUR SCANDAL COLUMN HAS SHRUNK TO THIS!

We hear that someone now stationed at Abbott Hall has asked Gay down for next week end - and she is coming. Has Ken heard the news?

George Smith has a busy season, as all the gals have decided that they aren't going to be golf widows in the post war world. Have seen Joannie Monroe and Flossie out there batting them out, and they look good.

LT. KENNETH TEMPLETON, JR. GIVES WIERD PICTURE OF ITALIAN MOUNTAIN WARFARE.

(Since receiving this letter, we have heard that both Kenneth and Gen. Duff were wounded on April 25, and are now in a hospital in Italy. As yet we do not know the extent of their wounds, but are delighted with the news that they both will recover. We wish them both the best of luck and a speedy, complete recovery.)

"Mr. Clow has asked us to write something for the Tribnewsunester. I would like to contribute something worth while, but I have very little time for letter writing. I am about to recite some experiences to you, and if you think any portion of this would be of interest to Mr. Clow, you can pass it along to him. It will at least give some of the people back home an idea of the realities of the modern battlefield, and just what war means in terms of fighting infantry.

"The following is an account of my trip with the General across the front lines yesterday. Hope it will interest you and anyone else who cares to read it.

"We left the jeep beside an embankment in a field just below the foot of the hill and started the climb upward. The entire area was thickly mined with both anti-tank and anti-personnel mines, but they were not hidden underground or camouflaged very well. Apparently they had been laid and trip wires set up in anticipation of a night attack, so that concealment would not have been necessary. German mortar and medium artillery shells were plastering the draws and gullies on all sides, as well as crashing down upon the tops of the hills in the entire area.

"As we reached the foot of the hill, two soldiers were coming down the path, one of them apparently leading the other. When they came closer, I saw what the trouble was; the boy on the left had had his right arm blown off above the elbow. The bloody stump hung uselessly from his shoulder, but a tourniquet prevented it from bleeding profusely. We kept on going, following a faint trail and a telephone wire running along the ground - a route we could be sure was free of mines. At the first switchback, we hailed a lieutenant who was coming down the hill and asked him if we were on the right track to the battalion commander's observation post. 'I'm sorry, sir,' he said, 'can't hear a thing.' No wonder, his arms and legs were covered with blood, and he was obviously in a sudden and advanced stage of having been shell shocked. A shell had probably landed right beside him, or perhaps several all around him, but he had been fortunate not to have been wounded any more severely than he was. Nevertheless, he was a pitiful

specimen of humanity; he seemed to know he was in a shocked condition, for he gave the appearance of trying desperately hard to recover control of himself. But it was useless, and someone had to run up to lead him off the hill and prevent him from wandering into the mine fields.

"We continued on our way, following the wire like bloodhounds, sweating cold sweat because the grade was steep and Jerry shells were falling at random most anywhere. Three rather bewildered soldiers were huddled up against the hillside just off the path. 'I wouldn't go up there, sir,' advised one of them. 'We've tried three times, and each time we get about half way up and the shells begin falling in close and drive us back down.' We continued on our way.

"Another few yards and the wire left the rocky trail and headed straight up the hillside. We followed it through the thin brush and under-nourished trees, or rather what used to be trees, because our own intense artillery bombardment had previously levelled or burned most of them, just as if they had been so many tooth-picks. Up ahead of us a group of soldiers were laboriously working their way down hill. They were carrying a wounded man in a blanket, and as they came upon us, one of them slipped on the hillside, giving the fellow in the blanket a slight jolt. He screamed out in agony, 'Holy Christ, my leg is killing me. Do something for me, please--,' and his cries were choked off with pain. No sooner had this group passed when another four men came along carrying one of their buddies on an improvised blanket stretcher. Thank God this fellow wasn't in pain; he probably hadn't been hit too hard.

"As we approached the top of the hill, we came to a wide but shallow draw in the hillside. It was studded with foxholes, being used by members of an 81 mm. mortar platoon. When they saw us working our way up, they yelled at us to hurry on up and get out of the area, because Jerry had been dropping rounds in on them all morning. We heeded their advice, and climbed up past their holes as fast as we could. But not so quickly that I couldn't catch the look on their faces, each one as if to say, 'Well, you goddamned fool, running around in the open when the Krauts are apt to send some more rounds flying in here at any moment.' Those boys felt pretty safe in their holes, but they had been shelled so heavily that they were practically burying themselves in the ground. It would be a job to get them out in order to continue the attack. Beside one foxhole there was a shattered tree top overhead, and in the hole a man sitting, slumped over his knees. It was just as I had thought - a shell had burst in the tree and fragments had swirled right down into his hole. The poor guy's helmet was riddled with holes, not much blood, but instant death. I had seen many cases such as that before, even when the fighting had been less gruelling.

On reaching the top of the draw, which was about at the crest of the hill, we ran into the mortar platoon leader, who happened to be an old friend of mine. Don and I had seen many good times together before the war. We had left all that behind, mentally as well as physically, and were forced to concentrate on the grim business at hand. Perhaps it had taken the feel of the lion's teeth of war to get us out of a rut. Anyway, I could tell by the look on his face that the going had been mighty tough. He told us to work our way around the left side of the hill and fifty yards down the other side, in order to reach the battalion commander's observation post, which was in an abandoned German dugout.

"We took off immediately, located the house in short order, ran up behind it, skirted around the side, and got out to the forward slope of the hill via a German communication trench. It was here where I stayed while my commander made a dash out into the open and down the hill to the battalion commander's dugout. This communication trench seemed to be a favorite zeroing-in spot for Jerry sniper and machine gun fire from the hills just a couple of hundred yards to the front. The bullets cracked overhead periodically, but as long as one didn't expose himself for too great a time, it was all right - the Krauts on that hill seemed to be lousy marksmen. Waiting in that trench felt fine, because only a direct hit from Jerry's mortars would do any damage. He was still throwing rounds onto the hill, but our own artillery was giving him a good pasting right back. The swish and shriek of all artillery sounds pretty much the same when you are up front, but there's seldom any question as to whether it is your own going out or the enemy's coming in. In the former case, you force a laugh and hope like hell the shell caught some Kraut right between the teeth; in the latter case, you puff a little more nervously on your cigarette, hug the ground a bit closer, and instinctively flinch as the fragments whine over your hole (if you are lucky enough to be in a hole or slit-trench).

"Two doughfeet were in the trench where I was waiting, and the three of us sweated out Jerry's rounds together, rejoiced when our own whistled overhead and crashed into the German positions in front of us. These two boys were the only ones left out of a light machine gun squad, and they were pretty much all in. I told them they were going to have to attack again before long, and they wondered how they would have the strength to do it. I knew they'd find the strength and the courage when the time came to jump off. In battle, you always find the strength because you hate to fall behind and let your buddies down.

"Before very long my commander returned, having successfully avoided all sniper and mortar fire on the forward slope, and we took off again back to the reverse slope of the hill. We ran across to the right side and out along an adjoining ridge, being careful to stay in defilade, checking all the way on the platoons and companies of this battalion to see if they were ready for the jump-off which was to start any minute. All units had suffered casualties, just how many I am not at liberty to say. But they were set to keep going, if go they must, no matter what the cost.

"We finally set off down the hill, by a different route, keeping a sharp lookout for mines. We passed a hasty defense position, where only one man remained beside a half dug foxhole. He lay with his face buried in the dirt, his head almost separated from his body. His little shovel was still clenched in his hand. I stopped for a moment, then looked back up the hill. About half a dozen Krauts who had just been captured were following close behind us. What a smug and haughty look that first bastard had on his face.

"It's no wonder the boys are reluctant to leave a good foxhole. Hour after hour they see their buddies drop out, and they wonder if maybe their turn isn't next. They hope against hope it will be only a slight wound; but maybe it will be an arm, like what happened to Al, or perhaps it will be for keeps as in the case of Bill. Hell, there isn't much time for any thought. You've just got to drown out your fear with forceful courage and hit the damned Krauts harder again than the time before, until you have overrun his insidious machine gun positions and his mortars and his artillery, so that he can't keep on shelling you time after time.

"There's no time-out here, no overtime pay, no eight-hour day. The only measure of anything is the continuous balancing of the scales between a feverish life and an unknown death. And many are those who stand watch in far higher places than the highest peaks of the Alps.

"There isn't much to laugh about these days. Humor seems to be almost a thing of the past, but of course occasionally, on a rest period, we do our best to force a laugh or two.

"My closest call to date; a shell landed near our jeep just after dark, as we were returning from the front line positions. One fragment tore through the hood of the jeep and lodged in the battery; another whistled right between the General's head and my shin. Sometimes you have to wonder why you are always so lucky not to get hit. In case you don't 'get it,' here is an example of how the score stands: There were six other lieutenants besides myself in one stateroom coming over here on the boat. As of yesterday, two of them were dead, two had been wounded, and three of us were lucky to be alive still. And an old 10th Reconnaissance friend of mine, who was in the heavy weapons company of the 3rd Battalion, 85th, was wounded in our first attack on Mt. Belvedere, returned to action three weeks later with a fragment still in his side, and then was killed in action the other day.

"And so, the cost is not light; it is barely overshadowed by the magnificence of our successes. When all is said and done, it will be seen that the 10th Mountain Division has cracked open the final battle for Italy almost single-handed, and has chewed up more German divisions than any other Allied division has during the entire Italian campaign. This has been accomplished by the courage of its soldiers and by the aggressiveness of its leaders. It is too bad that those who have fallen cannot be here to see our final victory. They truly paved the way to the Po and to the Alps beyond."

NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

From Mason, somewhere in the Pacific, we hear that his ship has been plenty busy. He writes that he wishes all the suffering were over - that college seems a long ways off. We are glad that so many are thinking of college.

Scotty Welles has been home on boot leave and is now at sea school. Bob Sweeney was seen in Lake Forest recently with his young bride. We hear Coach was mildly surprised. Bob is off for the Pacific. Cy Bentley has recovered from scarlet fever, and is back at Great Lakes.

Russ Kelley is at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, and Phelps Kelley has been added to our list of subscribers with a New York A.P.O. number. Pfc. Alec Revell is now at Quantico. Johnny Curtis is on the new light cruiser the "Providence" recently commissioned at Quincy, Mass. He now boasts the rank of Seaman 1st Class - Signalman Striker.

Henry Gardner's battery has been supporting the 33rd Division in the successful campaign to retake Baguio. They have been actively engaged since the

landing on Lingayen Gulf early in January. From his sister, we hear that George Manierre, somewhere in the Pacific, has just been promoted to Boatswain's Mate 2nd Class, while her husband, Tommy Allan, who has been with the Air Force in Italy, has transferred to a new group, as the 98th - to which he was attached, having completed 400 missions - has been returned to the United States. Lt. Edward Prince, now at an advance base in the Pacific, has just been made operations officer of his squadron.

Ensign Robby Odell has been assigned to a destroyer, which is somewhere in the Pacific. He will join up when he can find it, but meanwhile is enjoying relative inactivity.

We were all delighted to hear that Penny Dangler was one of the many American aviators released from Mooseburg prison camp, and sincerely hope he will be home soon, as he has been a prisoner since his plane was shot down over Austria last June.

AN INTERESTING REPLY TO THE COLLEGE EDITORIAL

"You asked for some opinions on the college editorial. I am wholeheartedly of the opinion as expressed. As for comments, I don't think I can make any that are very enlightening. After having been thrown in with a cross-section of the country in the draft age bracket, it is probably understandable that I have changed my ideas on college, and no longer look on it as four years of rounding off and generally just plain hell-raising. I've seen a large number of men who have reached thirty-five, and are getting no more, and probably will never get any more out of life than they had when they graduated from high school. They take everything at face value. They see no beauty in anything but a pin-up picture. They see no humor in anything but the story about the traveling salesman who -----.

"Their sense of values seems to be distorted. Sarcasm, cynicism, repartee, and subtlety are foreign to them. They have no interest in politics, and what is going on in the government, and hence what is happening to the nation, because they can't understand it. World affairs and how they affect us are immaterial in their eyes. Their whole ambition in life is to have a funny book, a warmed bed, and three 'squares' a day. That may all be fine, but then there is so much going to waste. The only way to learn how to take advantage of what life offers is to have an understanding of what it's about, a capability to put your thoughts in order accordingly.

"Without being a prodigy, it seems to me the best way to attain that is to pursue an education, and if not the only way, the best way to do that seems to be to go to college. Of course, after getting to college the old aversion to doing what you're supposed to do, and studying what you're supposed to study, may crop up again, but that's another story I shall not touch."

What They Won't Do to Extend Furlough

A patient on convalescent furlough from the ASF regional hospital here wired the commanding officer of the detachment of patients: "Spent furlough convincing her; request extension to marry her."

The CO impressed with the plea, wired back: "What some guys won't do for an extension. Granted."

How to Tell Good Whisky

Pass an electric current through a quart of the stuff. If the current causes a precipitation of lye, tin, arsenate, iron slag, and alum the whisky is just fair. If, however, the liquor chases the current back to the generator, you've got good whisky.

Two small boys were sitting on the curb. One turned to the other and said: "I'm five. How old are you?"

"I don't know. I guess I'm five too."

"Do you dream of wimmin?"

"Nope."

"Then you're only four."

Visitor at an asylum: "Do you have to keep the men inmates separated from the women?"

Attendant: "Sure. The people here ain't as crazy as you think."

Sgt.: "I took Hazel out last night, bought her a dinner, took her to a show, and then to a night club. Know what she said?"

Pvt.: "No."

Sgt.: "Oh, you've been out with her, too!"

Harry (Lover) Rafferty: "Scotty, do you believe in that old saying, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed'?"

Sgt. Angus MacTavish Wheeler: "Aye, that I do, STRANGER."

"You say you were rejected from the Army?"

"Yeah, my seeing eye dog had flat feet."

Too Much Trouble

The DEML sergeant had 20 men lined up for detail. They weren't as energetic as the sergeant thought they should be, so he tried Applied Psychology.

"I've a nice easy job for the laziest man here," he barked. "Will the laziest man raise his right hand?"

Nineteen hands went up. "Why didn't you raise your hand?" the sergeant asked No. 20.

"Too much trouble," drawled the G. I.

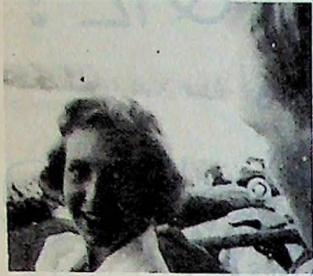
Requests from service men to their Commanding Officer for extensions of leave are based generally on one or more of a half dozen pleas: Sick family, missed train, wife expecting, tax matters, etc. But lately a blue-jacket at Bunker Hill (Indiana) Naval Air Station came up with a new one:

"Request ten days' extension for shake-down cruise of new wife."

It was granted.

"Gee, do I feel terrible," said the private. "I got up on the wrong side of the first sergeant this morning."

How about it - got any snaps?



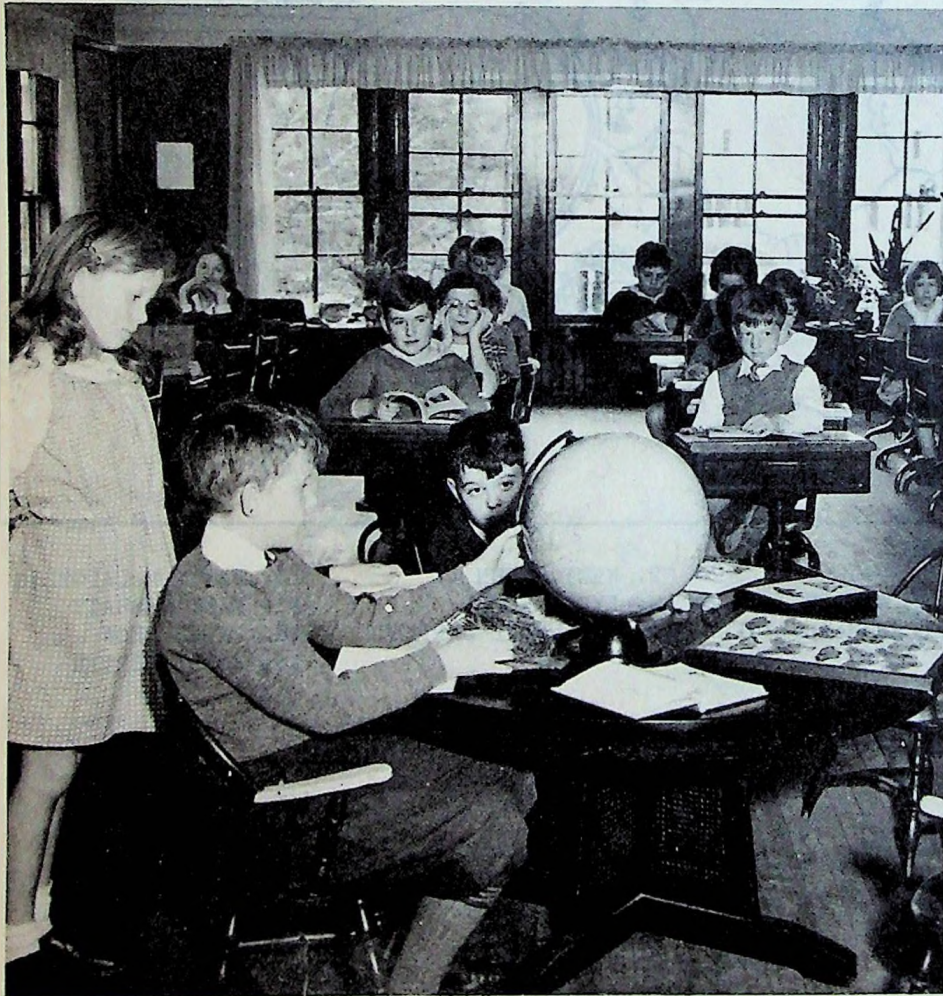
We recognize Diana but had to be told the other was Tony



A good many of you are in this picture



Betty is thinking about that next cover she is going to draw



School days - dear old happy school days (See over)*

** Mr. Bell writes: "A class room picture taken eleven years ago may interest some of you fellows. The globe surely illustrates the early preparation for present day knowledge! - but note that the case of models are butterflies not bombers."*

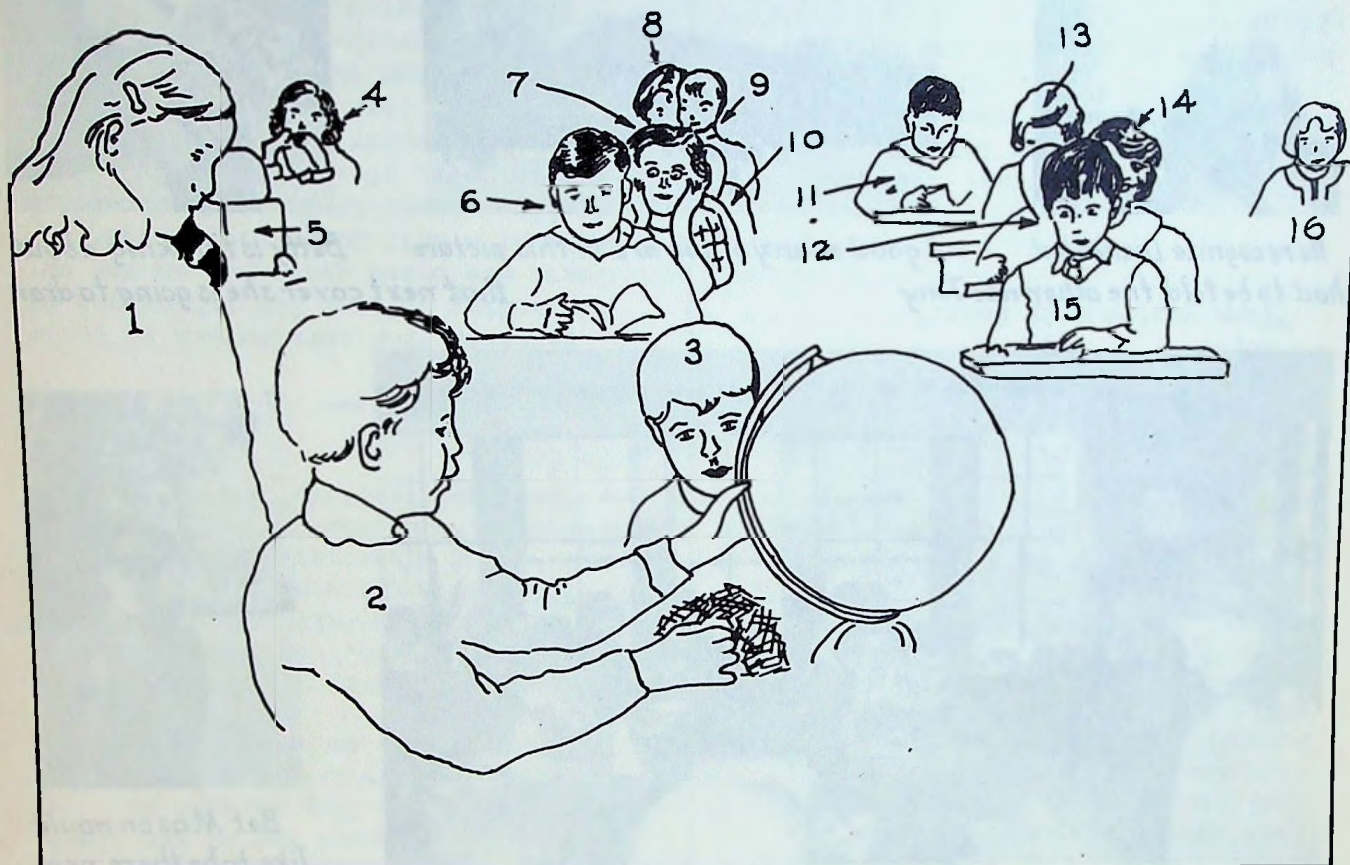


Bet Mason would like to be there now



Bill shows how the 10th Mountain took Belvedere

Can Anyone Identify the Unidentified-4,5,8, & 12?



- | | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. HELEN NIBLACK | 5. (?) | 9. KENT KEEHN | 13. PATTY McLAUGHLIN |
| 2. STANTON ARMOUR | 6. SAM WALKER | 10. LYDIA POPE | 14. MARY MABBATT |
| 3. JACK STRAW | 7. ALLEN McILVAINE | 11. VALENTINE BARTLETT | 15. PETER CLOW |
| 4. (?) | 8. (?) | 12. (?) | 16. POLLY PORTER |