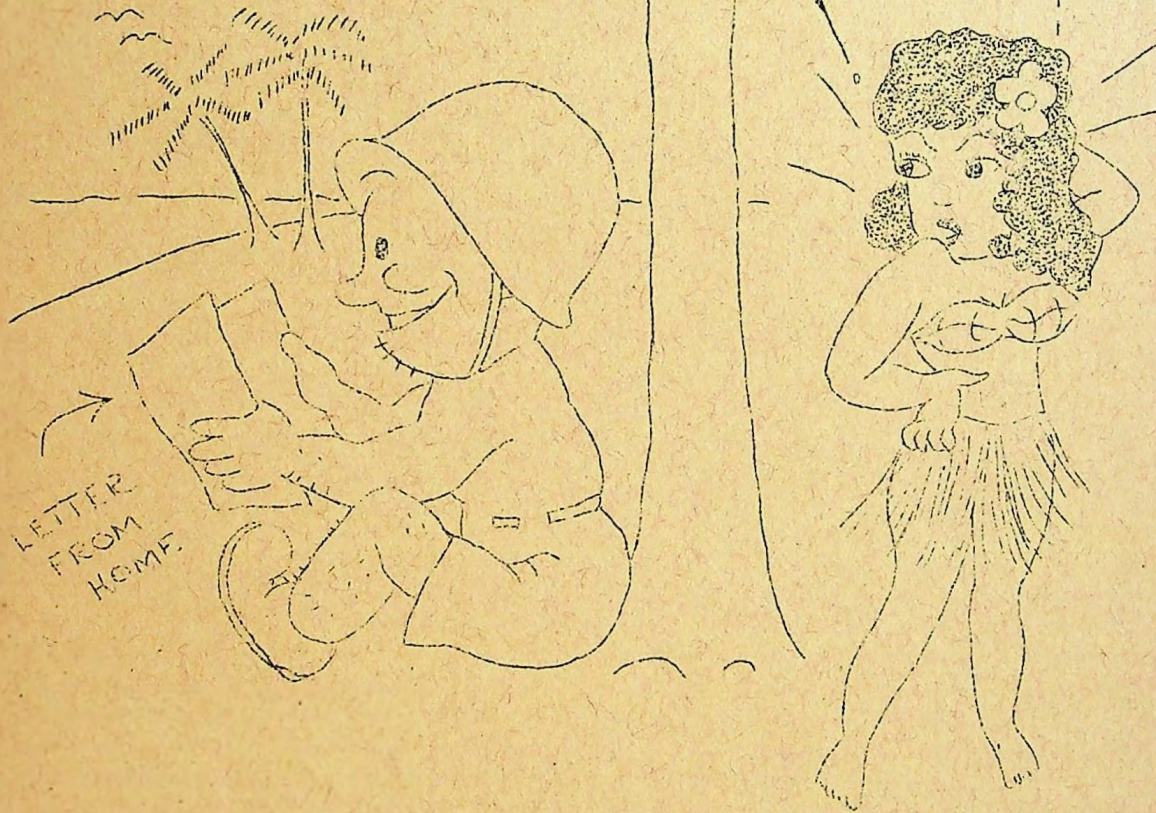


# Old Forester

GOOD TO THE LAST DRIP



*So-o-o, don't forget to write often*

CO-EDITORESSES

Nancy Buchanan  
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 Rowena Carpenter  
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 Maona Donnelley  
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Diana Prosser  
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 Jean Scharin  
 Harriet Stuart  
 Betty Swift  
 Virginia Washburne  
 Peggy Whipple  
 Lucia Winston



## EDITORIAL

Recently I have been looking through some of my father's papers. He was at least known to many of you men. It is not my intention to use this space for any eulogy for one who was so close to me. His, however, was a long, happy, and successful life, from which all of us may find some real inspiration. He had many more or less well know quotations that expressed the simple philosophy of his life, which perhaps will be of real interest to all of us during these trying days.

During the peak of the last depression, he sent in to my desk one of those charts issued by the well know economist, Leonard Ayres, showing the ups and downs of business back to 1854. He had circled the black area marking the lowest point of the depression, and had written under it, "This is where no damned thing can scare me, for I know good times are coming," and he meant it, and laid his plans accordingly. At the bottom of this chart he had written his favorite quotation, which, if followed, would serve us all very well, and perhaps contribute as much as anything to our future health and happiness. It read, "I am an old, old man who has had many worries, most of which never happened."

Some of his other favorites may be of interest in these days of worries and troubles, so I am copying them for what they may be worth:

"From the time you were born till you ride in a hearse  
There is nothing that happens that couldn't be worse."

"What we get out of life is simply a reaction from what we put into it."

"We cannot harm or help others without likewise harming or helping ourselves."

"If you cannot push, pull  
If you cannot pull - get out of the way."

"The way to wealth does not lie in idleness."

"You never know what you can do until you try."

"Every day should be so spent that it would add comfort and pleasure to every other day of life."

"An ounce of performance is worth a ton of complaint."

As was to be expected, many of these quotations reflected his philosophy of business, such as the following:

"Dividends don't come from products until sold at a profit."

"An industry can only live and grow as it reduces costs and improves quality and service."

"Good pilots are not made in still waters." (This war should develop some mighty good ones.)



"There is one unfailing test - the test of accomplishment."

"When capital catches cold - labor freezes to death."

Almost any one of these quotations could be made the subject of a long article, but space does not permit. That he had a sense of humor or the ridiculous, the following in his own handwriting indicates:

"The Eskimo sleeps in his white bear skin  
And sleeps very well I am told  
I slept last night in my bare white skin  
And got a hell of a cold."

In conclusion, the following story describes the man as well as any I know:

"When General Stonewall Jackson died, someone said he had gone straight to heaven. An old soldier replied, 'Well, madam, if that's where he wanted to go, all hell couldn't stop him.'"

We all know that the post war period is not going to be always a bed of roses. If we adopt some of the philosophy of these sayings, we can't help but have a happier life, and we can't help but individually contribute our share to the continued success and happiness of those with whom we come in contact.

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#### OUR STAR REPORTER REPORTS

"Agar, Pete, Harry Wheeler, and Si Manierre's return has probably been taken care of, along with Pen Dangler's arrival home from a happy time in New York, so I shall dispense with mentioning any particulars there. A very gay round of parties has been going on here in the past weeks, and it's amazing to find so many boys home on leave. George Isham is around too, plus newly arrived Johnnie Stevenson and our son, Ensign Dan. Dan is off to a harrowing month at Great Lakes, taken up mostly by the 5 miles between G. L. and Lake Forest. It's great for all of us.

"Just returned from a marvelous 4 days at Grosse Pointe, Michigan, where, after many parties, we finally got a most attractive M.P.S. girl married, Chris Newberry by name. Her father was stationed in Chicago for some time. I'm still recovering, but it was a marvelous time.

"All for now --

Giny "



## HURRAH FOR THE NEW CO-EDITORESSES

"Although we let Mr. Clow down on the last edition of the "Old Forester," we have promised him faithfully that we would come through with a masterpiece this time, so here we are.

"Never before had we fully realized the true meaning of the words 'war widow,' but now we know. 'Our boys' have even recently departed for various and sundry parts of the globe. Bill McIlvaine and Norman Into are at Gustavus Adolphus College in Minnesota laboring under the strain of the V-5 program. Liberties are good, but the question is: 'How are the Minnesota belles?' Wes Dixon and Vern Armour are down in New Haven waiting for the army to make up its mind. Tom Washburne is at Taft for summer school, and writes that he met Wes and Vern for a gay reunion. Rumor has it that Fred Pullman is in Denver, having recently been transferred from Shepard's Field. He claims the army says he is mechanical, so has sent him to mechanics school, but as yet Fred thinks the talent well hidden.

"As for us - we find bridge is a most fascinating game. They say practice makes perfect, and if so, we'll be competition for Ely Culbertson in no time. For your information, we offer to give lessons to any returning veterans who feel they aren't as skilled as they might like to be. This just about exhausts our supply of news, and besides - Betty just called to say we were needed for a game of Old Maid.

Pam Kelley and Harriet Stuart "

### YOUR LETTER MAKES UP FOR EVERYTHING

"I refuse to make any excuses about not having written something for the "Old Forester" because my excuses never go over too well. That sharp remark of J. W. S. Welles in the June issue has spurred me on, so here goes.

"I am trying my hand at taking care of twelve 15-year old children on a ranch in Colorado all summer. Lake Forest is well represented by the up and coming generation of men and also Syl Prosser. Together we wield the iron hand and try to keep a little control over the fast moving children. (I don't know why I call them children, as most of the people think I'm fifteen).

"So far, there haven't been any pack trips, but we have taken hikes up nearby mountains. Syl and I brought up the rear and reached the top an hour behind the rest. Old age is coming on fast, as our joints began to creak as we reached 12,000 feet. The view we got was magnificent, and one well worth all the agony of getting to. Pike's Peak stood out well, and so did the ranch some ten miles back. We spent a lovely afternoon with the forest ranger, who showed us his technique with various types of flames.

"Riding is the most popular activity, but as yet we have a long way to go before we can be fair competition with Lake Forest's prize bowlegs! The swimming hole is a far cry from Onwentsia's glamor. It is fine if you can overlook snakes, leeches, and other crawling animal life, but so far we find our Saturday night baths satisfy us.



"We are on K.P. duty all morning, and have learned a great deal in a very short time. One very interesting bit of knowledge I have picked up is the difference between lettuce and spinach. I discovered lettuce doesn't turn out too well when cooked, and spinach is not too good in a tossed salad.

"Who ever said Saturday night is the lonliest night of the week?! We think the 'hot spots' of the West have a lot to offer, as the Face on the Bar Room Floor was much in evidence at our favorite haunt to date - the Buck-a-Roo Inn. To the racket produced by the local Spike Jones, our Bournique teaching is sorely trampled on. But with exciting Saturday nights so rationed, we can't complain.

"The blue of the night is about to become the gold of the day, so here ends the first chapter of our western career.

Syl and Alice Keith "

### PERHAPS YOU COULD TELL US MORE ABOUT THIS BOY CLYBOURNE, ELLEN

"I'm afraid that I've been pretty slow on giving news to you, but actually I haven't run into any lately. My work at Cook County as Nurse's Aide has been fun, but slightly strenuous! We just finished training, and we're all scared to death about going on our own. Since I now have a car, which incidentally is called 'crazy car,' I pick up Barbara and Joan on the old familiar 8 o'clock. They look rather forlorn when I meet them, but after 'crazy car' has hit a couple of other cars and a couple of curbs (me driving, of course!) they brighten up, and are all set for the day at the hospital.

"Every once in awhile we run into Giny Mitchell, who is usually dragging some pale-faced 80-year old patient out for a sun bath. Barbara and Joan have chosen men's medical for their standard position - I think they have a slight leaning towards a boy named Clybourne there!! He's very cute!

"After a hard day of throwing water in a patient's face, we retire to County Restaurant to discuss what we have and mostly haven't done during the day. Then comes the hair raising ride back to the station. After we side-swipe a few more cars and jump over others, I leave Barbara and Joan off, much to their relief, and go tearing off to collapse at home."

### SERIOUS THOUGHTS OF TWO MAIDENS FAIR

"Since Bill McIlvaine said drop a line  
If out of your widowhood you can climb  
Mr. Clow, we drop a simple rhyme  
In hopes this makes the edition in time

#### Our Week

"Monday beckons rise and shine  
To bandage-rolling at the stroke of nine  
Cackling females draw out their gum  
To fight for Charlie, the remaining one



"Monday bridge, alas that night  
Sees twelve lone females. What a sight!  
Candy, cookies, not one cigarette -  
Times have changed, and how we fret.

"One heart, oh why did Vernie leave?  
Wes and Bill, oh how we grieve!  
When Tom left, they were all away  
So nothing but tennis the following day.

"Tuesday, Wednesday, they're all the same  
Thursday, Friday, the fatal golf game  
No golf widows will we be  
As we plod onward to the tea.  
Crocker, Smith, and Williams wail  
All these girls, and nary a male!

"Weekly nights at the old Deerpath  
Then to Kraffts for the aftermath  
Down to the beach to swoon at the moon  
Then the Cummings' Loggia much too soon.

"Now the week ends are something entirely new  
With Abbott Hall, Great Lakes, and Glenview.  
Mad telegrams, will he get here in time?  
Meeting trains, for too many girls a crime.

"The dance, confusion, chicken again,  
Paul Weekes, blue lights, but no extra men  
Scotch at the bar with Leo and Andy  
Then to the Villa for another brandy. (not us, please)

"Sunday morn blues, belated brunch,  
Athletic PM by the pool in a bunch  
But the twelve o'clock curfew tolls our woe  
For back to their barracks the week-enders go.

"So another week in the cigarette line,  
For these and our men we certainly pine.  
Please come back e'er we rot on the vine  
And love and luck in the short meantime.

Joyce Cummings  
and  
Betty Swift "

WILL USE THE PICTURE NEXT ISSUE, ROWENA. THANKS A LOT

As usual, I'm a bit late, and I am afraid most of the events of the new co-editresses have been accounted for. However, while snooping through Alice Keith's room, I came across this snapshot which might be of some interest. This is the way we visit Riverview nowadays.

Sorry there's no more, but I'll try and be on the look-out for more news next month.



YOU'RE TOO TRUTHFUL TO BE A GOOD FISHERMAN, HELEN

"After reading Eddie's long letter in the last issue, I feel like two cents for not having written in a few lines. I fear I've not been too good about it, and apologize.

"Had a wonderful time with the Swifts at Coleman Lake. Can't say I caught very many; in fact, if the truth must be told, I caught one not much larger than a sardine. Even though the fishing was rather poor, we had a great time, but missed Phelps and Eddie.

"Eddie is now at Regensburg, headquarters of the XII Corps. His new address is -- 1st Lt. Edward F. Swift, O-546210, Btry. C - 657th F. A. Bn., P. O. 403, c/o Postmaster, New York. Enclosed is a picture taken of him at Dieppe." (Will use it in next issue - hope he'll be home by then).

IT'S SUCH A NICE LETTER, WE'LL PUBLISH IT TOO

"Many days have flown by without my writing any cordial acceptance, but I am more than pleased to become a member of the 'Old Forester.' I am embarrassed to say after this long delay the other new co-editresses have written ahead all the news about the gaiety and the boys who have just been called by Uncle Sam. I will definitely take note of the coming dance and events, so you will have a pronto letter for the next issue.

"I will suggest a couple of items on the card, but having checked with the others, I am afraid they will only be a duplicate. I will also enclose a picture taken recently at Riverview, but I don't know if it will contribute to the paper.

"Thank you for the privilege of being a member, and I will try from now on to add something to each issue.

And from the card she sent in -

"Bill McIlvaine and Norman Into were two very lucky V-5 members to be stationed together at Gustavus Adolphus, while Tom Rossiter was not as fortunate and left on July 1 to another branch somewhere miles from New York.

Barbara Priebe "

CONFUSION ON THE HOME FRONT

Why blame a poor sergeant, corporal, first or second loogie, or even a general for confusion over plans. I have witnessed the real thing in civilian life over a farewell to Diana. She is to leave for camp today. Her small fry charges are to take a train in Chicago, pass through Deerfield where the train hesitates for 'Counselor' Prosser to board and take charge. Agar, Pete, Giny, and Nancy planned to see her off. Others arrived home in the meantime, who joined the party. It grew and grew. What time to leave, where to meet, who to call for who, the train leaving at seven, where to eat afterward?



Danny got home unexpectedly to find that Peter was taking Peg. Eddie Shumway gets in at 9 PM, but was taking Nancy, which had to be straightened out. A table had to be reserved at the Villa for dinner. Giny didn't make the 5:15 train from town. What car to take - where to leave the others, as they all crowded into one so as to not waste gas -- more telephone calls?

I only hope Diana gets to Deerfield. But I say -- why ever wonder why the directions up at the front seem confused?

### ALL IN THE SPIRIT OF FUN

Two little GI's out for a spree  
Asked one little girl to go to a tea  
The "Nubbins" was home, and wanted to see  
All her old friends - one, two, and three.

Now this little girl, who owns a pup  
Thought she might stand the two GI's up  
But they got wind of this hidden plan  
And found out she didn't get the other man

So they telephoned, their car was all full  
And out to the Niblaacks was a long pull  
But for her they'd send a bright yellow taxi  
And they'd meet her there all wici-waxi

Now this little girl she stormed and roared  
And vowed she had never been so lored  
She tore up and down tearing her hair  
And asking Mamma "Now is this fair?"

I'll give up the tea, won't go by myself  
The others will think I'm fresh off the shelf  
To arrive in a taxi, alone and forlorn  
It's the saddest day since I was born.

To the two little boys it was a "jest"  
As off they started on their quest  
Up to the door, they drove with care  
Waiting quietly for the maid there.

When she answered their beck and call  
They entered quietly into the hall  
"Please tell your lady on the next floor"  
A taxi is waiting at the back door."

The young lady upstairs ranted and raved  
Hands over head she madly waved  
But not wanting to miss seeing the gang  
She tore down the steps with a whang.

But when she sighted her two escorts  
What she said was not "courteous retorts"  
She called them everything from scoundrel to bum  
But it all ended up as lots of fun.



"In the May issue of the 'Old Forester' I read your very excellent editorial. I was very much impressed with it, as I too have been thinking along those timely lines. In fact, so apparent are those thoughts to me that I have taken it upon myself to attempt to express my feelings in verse. There are several of them which I herewith quote - hoping you will realize the handicap of navy routine, which is not conducive to poetic thought.

Exno Thought

"The tears which drench my heart with cleansing pain  
Roll through my soul, as pure and clear the sea  
Around some sunny isthmus beckons me  
To follow him and wash away the stain  
Of centuries, the serfdom of my brain  
To masters of the momentary lea  
Of censorless delight, oh can I be  
A man that's free, can I forget self-gain?"

"Why yes I can, but first I must transcend  
This teeming mass of petty-thinking minds  
Which certainly could bring my failing end  
I must build thought, but not a thought that binds  
Me to a formalistic way to send  
Me down the fruitless road that never binds"

Old Song

"How fair the wind that combs the sleeping grass!  
How cool the breeze that ruffles o'er the lake!  
How rough the tempest's rage, but let me take  
Its calculated fury ere I pass  
Beyond the planes of youth. Oh, now, alas  
I find that time grows dim; 'tis man's mistake  
That youth in war shall be the highest stake,  
And in the battle sacrificed 'en masse'!"

"From time and hope, must I be torn away  
To shed my blood upon some foreign strand  
To miss the mind of nature's joyous fray?  
Aye, that I must, but shall with courage stand  
Upon the sacred ground of hope, and say  
'My son shall have a stronger guiding hand!'"

Query

"Shall wings of freedom ever carry mine -  
A freedom-loving soul again through skies  
Unmounded blue, and joyous in the sign  
Of peace, for mankind's finer, struggling rise?  
Oh shall mine be a disconnected mind  
To think its thoughts of hopeful love alone;  
Unhampered by the crawling, filthy kind



"The thoughtless, cruel seeds so crudely sown  
By men who could not care or dare to level  
Their bodies or their spirits to a hope  
For harmony, a finer human end?  
Shall I my way from out this mire grope?  
Such questions shall at least ignite the spark  
To start the flame that beckons through the dark!"

"I send these to you, not to show the inferiority of my literary style, but to let you know that some of us who are enlisted for the cause of decency are thinking about things and attempting to do something constructive.

"Your editorial spoke well for the tolerance and understanding of our parents - the leaders of the older generation. It is indeed encouraging to know that when we, the younger ones, return to help take the helm, there will be experienced harbor pilots to guide us through many troubled waters.

"The call for leadership is certainly a pertinent one, one that implies a need for new thought and energy, new hope and determination. I sincerely believe that we shall be ready to dig in with perhaps a little more sensibly directed idealism than that of the past World War I period - one of brass bands - one of idealism coupled a little too closely with the personal whims and desires of energetic people. I believe we are ready to work toward more worthy goals - discarding the out-dated fetish that personal satisfaction is the highest order of individual hope. I think that we shall have become too familiar with the many weaknesses of our democracy to allow them to exist. We have seen too much of the muck of life which exists within our own beloved nation; we have seen the very principles for which we fight abused profusely by the very men it is our job to lead. We have known the bitter realizations of seeing men, dedicated to a cause, slandered and disappointed by their brothers in arms. We have seen the same things you saw in 1917, but let us hope that we are ready to tackle the problems of civilized living with more foresight and tolerance. We have learned that liberty, freedom, and democracy are relative terms, which can only exist as far as their interdependence permits.

"These things we have seen and learned. For our ability to interpret them and to cope with them, you, our parents, are to be thanked for our education. Let us work together for the future - generation with generation - striving to come closer to our infinite goal - working for a better world in which the qualities of life which we know in our hearts to be good, may exist more freely and more widely.

"I suppose that was a bit long-winded, but I want you to know that we are thinking and working, and as long as we can at least think about these things, there is hope.

Sincerely yours,

Cyrus Bentley "



WE HEAR KINGMAN IS DUE HOME SOON - A WARM WELCOME AWAITS HIM

"First I get to London in time to see my father off to der homeland, and upon returning to this beautiful Bavaria, find that Pete has deserted me also traveling in the same direction. Much as I love you all though, I'll be quite content to remain here for the next year, what with all the guard, close order drill, calishoopics, and inspections they can throw at me. On my way back from London, I passed through a little town which a couple Connors boys, who usually have their eyes open, might take a shine to - namely, Paris. Co-la-la mademoiselle!"

HOPE YOU GET OUT OF EXILE SOON, CLIVE

"I hated to leave Glenview, but all good things must come to an end, so here I am in the deep south again. The navy is pretty fouled up as usual, so I have not started flying as yet, but I do hope to get through here some day, maybe by Christmas. All I am looking forward to is the leave out of here. This part of Florida is where Americans are exiled. For awhile, Whitney Field men were known as Americans exiled in Florida. I have now joined the group."

PERHAPS HENRY WILL SPEAK FOR HIMSELF, JIMMY

"No news this month as it would be all repeat. Haven't as yet been able to corner Temp, but he said in his last letter that a furlough was in the 'offing' and maybe the lucky guy is home now.

"I appreciated your discussion a few issues back of college and its advantages. I can't wait to return to Yale, but with only 24 points to my credit, there is a good chance of being 'shanghaied' in the occupation troops. Maybe they will give me my choice of the University of Tokyo or Yokohama - good deal!

"Oh yes, could you act as an intermediary and tell that blond Irishman Connors to send an example of his literary talents this-a-way. I understand that they navy gave him the 40 day leave so as they could recover emotionally, physically, and form some plans for his future. Can anyone confirm this?

Jimmy Douglass "

George A. Manierre, Boatswain 2nd Class on Destroyer Escort 745 writes that his ship participated in the Okinawa invasion, and that he had seen plenty of action, having stood at battle station almost continuously for over a month. The Jap suicide dive bomber, he says, is plenty bad news, and wants no more of them.

NEWS FROM FT. SILL

Owen Aldis reports that his tactical officer is "particularly averse to my walking gait, which I think is very nonchalant and debonair, but which makes his blood vessels burst like a lawn sprinkler."



THINK YOU HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT FOR ANYONE, DICK

"At the moment, I am situated at a rather beaten-up German field at Guterslot. The powers that be move us around with great rapidity though, and so far we have covered Munster, Brunswick, Nuremburg, and rumor has it that next comes Mannheim.

"Since we went off operations, we have done very little except put on air shows for visiting Russian generals. As for getting home in the near future, I have no rumors on that score. Most of the gang here would like to go to the Pacific, but everyone would enjoy thirty days home first.

"I have not had any outstanding experiences, but I should say that flying top cover for the trans-Rhine airborne operation was my most interesting mission. The 370th Group is a fighter-bomber outfit, and almost all our missions were ground support, train-busting, and disrupting enemy transportation in general. We flew P-38s till March when we changed to P-51s. Our luck with enemy aircraft has been poor, and we ran into very few except during the bulge and right at the end.

"Thanks loads for a grand paper. Best wishes.

Dick Stevenson "

RUSS KELLEY REPORTS FROM MICHIGAN

"Just have time for a short note, but at least it should be better than my previous contributions. This college boy life is still pretty soft, but not like it was last semester. I really have to work plenty hard these days - the only disadvantage of V-12 and also Ann Arbor is that it is pretty dead during the summer. (We know what you mean Russ).

"I got home for a short while last week end, and it was great to see everybody again. Sally Sample's party was practically a Hotchkiss reunion with Pete, Len Marshall, Ed Spencer, John Templeton, and Joe Sample all there. I was surprised to see Pete and Agar still around. I guess Agar was still on his original furlough, but apparently Pete practically doubled his leave with a couple of persuasively worded requests for extensions. It's a good trick if you can do it.

"That's about all the dope right now, and anyway, I am 5 minutes late to class. Hope I'll be home again some week end soon."

YE EDITOR TAKES A BOW. MANY THANKS, CY

"After three lucky and enjoyable months at Great Lakes, I am now in Quartermaster School at Bainbridge, Md. I'll be there until November, but Christmas should see me at sea, seeing the sea, and what there is to see of the war. If certainly will be about time!!

"This week end I met Alec Revell in Washington. We carried on in true form, as would be expected.

"It was wonderful to be in Lake Forest while I was at Great Lakes, and to have a lingering taste in my memory of old days of Lake Forest, and perhaps



a slight preview of better days in the future.

"Keep the 'Old Forester' coming - it is a magnificent publication, and carries with it the spirit of a home town, risen to the occasion of a world war with staunch courage and strength far above that which anyone would ever have expected. Carry on Mr. Editor - some of us may not be verbose, but your efforts are duly appreciated and admired.

Cyrus Bentley"

DON'T BLAME LESTER. WHO THOUGHT UP THAT NAME FOR A COLLEGE?

"I will always be more than glad to do anything to help the 'Old Forester' even though it means writing. Ever since the days of Miss Burke, my writing has been looked upon with scorn, and usually a failing grade.

"If all my associations with the navy are as pleasant as those I have had the last two weeks at Gustavus Adolphus, I won't kick at all. I hope Lester finally learned that name for himself. I got sick and tired of whispering it in his ear and then watching him double over in laughter. We really have a good deal up here. All but seven in the new class are from around the North Shore, so we can have good old bulls over all the places we know and have been. The only big gripe is the distance we are away from home. Those 75 mile liberties are about 300 miles too short. So it looks like October before I will see home, Lake Forest, and its beautiful woman again, and I imagine Christmas before the gang will reassemble. I have been told at least fifty times in the last two weeks that all things come to he who waits, and that wait is little enough compared to all the waiting the other guys have done. Hope Pete gets still another extension. He certainly was having a good time.

"Looking forward to the July issue with the new co-editoresses - good luck to them all.

Willie (McIlvaine) "

WE FEEL FOR YOU, "RUSTY." THEM CUBES DO FUNNY THINGS.

"Thought the last edition was really wonderful. Glad to hear Phelps is making out with his horses all right, and that Pete is home at last. Please give my very best to him. Understand Lake Forest has seen some gay parties at the Club between frequent monsoons. The weather in Greenland on the last trip was fine, but the whole thing was spoiled by the fact that I find the Reich marks I won from some Nazi U-boat sailors we brought back are worthless! Most discouraging! After I spent three days showing them how to shake the cubes! Was about to start a leave and had hoped to make Lake Forest over a week end perhaps, but a sudden change of orders sends us off to South America. The ship is due for yard time soon, and I shall get a leave at that time. Sure am looking forward to it, despite the fact that we shall most probably be off to the Pacific very suddenly afterward.

"Have lost contact of Danny, but guess he has left Skuyler plus some braid. What about Clive and Si? Glad to hear Larry and Russ have been able to get home. Hope this finds Onwentsia crowded with golfers. Can't wait to play



again. It shouldn't be so long now before everyone is through with this job. Let's hope so in any case. Incidentally, where is Eddy Shumway now?

"My very best to all. Thanks again for the publication Mrs. Clow.

Sincerely,

'Rusty' Heymann "

#### AN INTERESTING REPORT FROM JOHN JELKE

"I have been reading your paper with much interest. I am afraid I have not much to contribute in the way of news, but I will give you a rough idea of the job of the P-38 Lightning in the 15th Air Force in Italy, by narrowing it down to the 96th Fighter Sqd. in which I have been a pilot since last August. Our work has consisted of high altitude escort, dive bombing, skip bombing, strafing, and fighter sweeps. Our longest mission was to Berlin, and also was one of our largest encounters with German jet propelled fighters. We also supported the British invasion of Greece last October, and in '45 provided support first for the Russian front, and later the Italian front. Since V-E day, we have done very little flying, but have been kept busy with duties on the ground. I believe I will be back in the States within the next few months, as I have 90 some points, which is about the required amount for returning."

#### WE HOPE JOHNNY STILL HAS THE POOL AND THAT WE MAY SEE HIM SOON

"Back in Germany again. We are residing in a Baron's abode on the top of a hill. It is equipped with a swimming pool, which couldn't have been a better break. K.P. is taken care of by some Poles. The work is guard, and more guard, but you become either used to it or just numb. Life is progressing as nicely as can be expected in the army. Maybe I will see you all soon, and then again maybe it will be some time.

Johnny Runnells "

#### A BIT OF NEWS AND HUMOR FROM A HOSPITAL BED IN INDIA

"The Calcutta Police lost their cricket match to the B & A Railway on the Mokum Bagan ground yesterday. Today's games include Mokum vs. Kalighat, and Dalhousie vs. Sporting V. 'Kismet' begins its 91st week at the Roxy in Calcutta. 'Bathing Beauty' is the current favorite at the Metro. Sardar Notch had his first meeting today with Mr. Gandhi since August 9, 1942. Australian bar sells at one rupee twelve annas a quart; and quarts of whiskey at seventeen rupees. Other headlines from the 'Star of India' - June 16, 1945 - (Vol. 255) are 'Okinawa Virtually in Hands of Americans,' 'Total Victory for Mr. Jinnah,' 'Universal Cadet Training for U.S.A.'

"At this point, my sanity has been questioned several times - by you as well as the censor. But I've just finished reading the April edition of 'The Publication' (I like to change names) and was impressed by a number of items. First, everyone is very apologetic about a lack of news, and then goes on to describe the mad whirl of social activity in the varying parts of the country.



So I decided that I would pass on a few bits of news from Calcutta. The brief tussle with an Indian newspaper has been noted in the above paragraph. Incidentally, the only value of an Indian newspaper to me is that I can find out the day, date, and month. (I can remember the year).

"William Clow Douglas ('The Red Wreck') is one hundred per cent healthy. I know he is for his letter is typically 'Bill.' And at his worst (which is hardly ever) Bill is beyond us all in humor. When I sent the 'Yank' article to his father, he replied that the most identifiable feature was the 'schnozzle.' But what has kept me puzzled is this - just how did he get out of that seemingly weird position?

"Now to my only complaint. It has to do with the picture across the page from Bill. The 'bride's' name is Zibbie, and how I wish it had been used. I have a dread of such impersonal phrases as 'Bride,' 'girl-friend,' and 'others were present.'

"However, I was delighted with the 'Old Forester' and am ashamed for not having said so long ago. I'd like to send you some pictures of India. Though they would not be of anyone you know ('cause they'd be Indians), you would be interested in some of the unbelievable sights. So if I can regulate my life, arranging to purchase some film and borrow a camera at the same time, I'll take some pictures to send via the family.

"At present I am recovering from an old Indian malady of unknown origin, so my activities are limited. And as the censor would cut out my military specialty (by name) you'll have to ask the family. My only contact with the disease and filth of Calcutta is through frequent visits from friends in the outfit. For my own satisfaction, I would like to know in what way India has benefited from British rule. It is a question open to all who can give me an answer, with concrete evidence.

"To Bill's statement, 'It's muddy, it's dirty, nobody likes it, it can be funny at times, but above all it's big,' I would like to add, 'It's hot and malarial.'

"Keep the presses rolling; keep it fit and unfit to print; keep it coming above all. Congratulations to you and Mr. Clow for all your good work.

"Best regards to all,

Hixon"

#### SOME INTERESTING NEWS FROM LARRY ARMOUR

"In the middle of March we left Brumath in Alsace where my division had been for about five weeks before the big break-through. From there we stormed through the Maginot and Siegfried Lines to the Wissembourg gap, to Kaiserlautern in the Rhineland, over the Rhine to Worms to Darnstadt, Mannheim, and Heidelberg. Then came the last push and we went rapidly through Southern Germany and arrived in Innsbruck, in the Brenner Pass, a few days before the surrender. Germany is in chaos, and is a wrecked country. It will take years to rebuild. Most of the larger cities are completely demolished, and I mean just that. You cannot imagine what it is like to gaze upon block after block of rubble and smell nothing but dust and death. All



the Rhineland cities are like that. In the South, it was a different matter as the Jerries retreated too fast in most cases. Innsbruck is perfectly beautiful, and the Alps seem to be the only permanent thing in Europe."

Here is another excerpt:

"We have now left Austria and moved to a town which is fifty kilometers east of Stuttgart. There are no Alps here, and it is a definite let-down. We have moved into a hotel from our "Villa" which was too small for the detachment to live in. Furthermore, it was a coffin factory and they kept wheeling the damn things out in the garden for our approval and it became a bit lugubrious after a while."

#### BOB KNIGHT GIVES US ANOTHER REPORT FROM INDIA

"I've been attached to this squadron now for a little over three months; the army time previous to March was spent in various stages of radar training and eventual assignment to an AAF Special Weapons detachment. All of our equipment is classified, and I think ours is the only outfit in any theater that has had the luck and the opportunity to make use of Special Weapons. The 493rd Squadron is a heavy bombardment squadron with a rather interesting history dating back to our original hasty withdrawal from the Philippines at the beginning of the war. Because of the long range of our ships - we are located in India a good ways from the Burma front. The longest flight of the war was flown by the squadron a few months ago - 18 hours and some 2700 miles in length.

"Our life is just about as far from army routine and discomfort as is possible under our geographical location. The uniform of the day for officers and men alike is a pair of shorts and a T shirt, with no discipline involved. While we were working (before the fall of Rangoon) we made up our own work schedules, set up our own shop and developed our own operating procedures as there had never before been any use of our equipment. During those two months of operation I really think I earned my pay for the first time in my army career. We found it necessary to work a good 18 hours a day and with missions coming every other day, found it necessary to keep on the job all night long.

"The feverish activity of March and April has been made up for by the prolonged rest we have had since then.

"Lately an educational program has been instituted offering a very wide variety of classes. I am now delving into the realms of economics and physical chemistry, both of which I hope to take again when I get back to Yale. Texts are government furnished and amazingly complete for something G.I. I guess they have been reprinted from standard college texts."

#### HOPE THAT CELEBRATION IN TOKYO COMES SOON, SCOTTY

"I just got the last issue of 'The Old Forester' and I agree that I'd rather get it than any ten letters. I saw Thorne Ellis last week end, and when I asked him about Lake Forest, he said that 'The Old Forester' sure does bring you close to the place, and I guess all the rest of us feel the same way. Since I last wrote in I've been dumped into a replacement draft and sent to the west coast where we're standing by. Compared to Camp Lejeune, Camp Pendleton is a paradise. We're leading quite a life out here and no one can complain about the liberty or the heat or those snakes that



kept crawling in and out of our shelter halves. I heard from 'Louie' Swift just before I left North Carolina and he's already making big plans for a Lake Forest reunion at the Emperor's palace in Tokyo. It ought to be quite a reunion. Reports say that our house has turned into a hotel but I guess by the time this hits the paper brother Ken's fun will have come to an end. Louie and I have also made big plans for a party at the Onwentsia pool and Marion is going to get so many peas that she'll never be able to look at another one. Just heard that Lieutenant Keith Robinson is due at Pendleton, and I hope I'll bump into him some day soon. All of the Lieutenants around here seem to be ex-Notre Dame football players, and every blue Monday when everyone has something called a hangover, including the Notre Damers, they take us dog trotting across about five mountains. I believe that part of the song that says 'we sober up on wood alcohol' because they are the only ones that make it. Well, I guess that's about all for this time. Where I'll be when you hear from me next I don't know, but I hope it's here.

Scotty

P.S. "Mother says that I started something by saying that Alice Keith broke her arm - Don't believe a word of it."

#### SOCIAL NOTES

This redeployment has created an avalanche of cocktail parties - to welcome the prodical home or to speed him on his way, and perhaps it has something to do with the fact that such events require a minimum of blue and red points. Every weekend has one or two of these events - very nice in their way, as the proud parents want to display their offspring to all of their friends - while aforesaid offspring quite naturally has his own group he is anxious to see, which makes the affairs quite genial.

During the past few weeks the Phelps entertained for Tommy Schreiber and his brother, back after many months with the marines and flying in the Pacific. The Laurance Armours entertained around their pool for Agar Jaicks just flown back from Okinawa and Peter Clow recuperating on leave before returning to the Winter General Hospital at Topeka, Kansas. The Jack Walkers celebrated a five day leave for Malcolm - transferring from Benning to Fort Sill. Naoma and Nancy joined the procession just in joint celebration of all of the various young veterans who have been hereabouts in the last few weeks. The Kent Clows gave a goodbye party for Pete before he returns to get his favorite piece of shrapnel removed. We all hope that he will be back soon.

An interesting item is the announcement of Bill McLennan's engagement to Alice Warner. Bill is still somewhere in the Pacific, but hopes to be home soon so perhaps there may be wedding bells ringing down Winnetka way before too long.

\*\*\*\*

Chaplain's sign: "If you have troubles come in and tell us about them; if not, come in and tell us how you do it."

\*\*\*\*



## NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

Your society editor made quite a strike during the past week. Equipped with a list of co-editoresses and a list of most of the men in service who are getting this publication, he was able to sit down with a group of well-informed co-editoresses and a few furloughed G.I.'s and sailors, and garnered a rather complete, if brief, story of the whereabouts of most of our readers. Thinking that it might be of interest to all, we are giving you what we learned for what it may be worth, arranged in alphabetical order, and of course giving precedence to the ladies.

Nancy Buchanan is very much in evidence around Lake Forest. We understand that she recently went on a fishing trip to Canada. Either the fish were not biting, or the misquitoses were, so without advance notice to anyone, she caught a cub plane, flew out to Duluth where she took a coach to Chicago, and was here to enliven the party at Onwentsia Saturday and Sunday. Alice Keith Carpenter and her sister Rowena have reported for themselves in this issue. Nonny Carry on Saturday gave your editor the excuse that she had been visiting, and only returned to Chicago for a short stay over the week end, but I can report that she certainly looks fine. Nancy Cochran is vacationing at Mackinac, where she entertained Johnny Stevenson and Peter Clow over the week end. Tony Cudahy and Pete Clow drove up there, leaving at 3 o'clock Saturday night and arriving safe and sound at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon. They returned to Chicago Tuesday, driving to Grand Rapids with Mr. Walker and hitch hiking from there to the Chicago Club - arriving around 11:00 P.M. They arrived at the Villa in time for a 1:00 A.M. steak dinner.

Joyce Cummings collaborated with cousin Betty Swfit in this issue with a fine poem telling of their doings. Naoma Donnelley has, so to speak, been playing the field, including G. I.'s, marines, lieutenants, captains, and colonels as her escorts. Pam Kelley and Harriet Stuart have also reported their doings in this issue, and we will let them speak for themselves. Dodie Law, we understand, is out at Chugwater, Wyoming. We hope we will hear from her soon, and we might say the same about Patty McLaughlin. Rumor has it that the young lady is wearing a marine pin, but that is neither here nor there. Sally McPherson is vacationing in Pittsfield, while our star reporter, Ginevra Mitchell, has gone up with her family to British Columbia.

The brilliant young artist who contributed our last cover page, Betty Peabody, is back hard at work at an art school in Philadelphia. Marion Phelps has Tina Taber and Money James visiting her and has added a lot to the gayety of nations. We have no report from Ann Porter. Perhaps she will correct this situation in the next issue. The two Priebses, Helen and Barbara, have spoken for themselves. Diana Prosser is still counseling up at Camp Ketchawa, and undoubtedly giving her young charges a wonderful lowdown on life. Olive Robbins is much in evidence, and after retiring as Chief Justice of Vassar, is out looking for most any kind of a job to keep herself busy during the coming months. Ellen Ryerson has already written us about hectic days at Cook County.

Though we have not heard from Jean Scharin, we understand that she is working on a farm somewhere. Virginia Washburne also is here in Chicago, and perhaps will tell us more of her doings soon. Peggy Whipple told your correspondent that she did her stuff for the last issue,



and we could only expect every other appearance. She did so well that we hope we will hear more from her soon. Lucia Winston is still busy as a nurse at Cook County, and we are hoping to hear more details of her soon.

As for the men ---

Owen Aldis is still out at Ft. Sill, where apparently his officer is not completely sold on his walking gait. Laurance Armour has also reported his whereabouts. The only late news is that he has acquired a dog named Gert. We have not heard from Stanton Armour since the last issue, but understand that he arrived at Koneoch Bay safely. Vernie Armour is down at Yale waiting for the army to make up its mind what he is to do. We understand that he wandered out too far while swimming down at Easthampton, and almost relieved the army of any such necessity.

Charlie Bartlett's beaming countenance is seen on the back page. We do not exactly know the name of the young lady, but understand that she is a Red Cross nurse, and both Charlie and Otis seem to be enjoying the height and beauty of the palm trees that line the beach of their Pacific isle. Otis, by the way, may be home soon. We hope so. We have no late word from David Bartlett. Captain Gordon Bent, we are told, is on his way home. Cyrus Bentley has spoken for himself in both prose and verse. Lloyd Bowers is down with his family near St. Petersburg, Florida. His young son, age two, flew down there recently - a ten hour trip - and enjoyed the experience greatly. Bowen Blair is roaming the Pacific on the U.S.S. Dale, and Captain Bill Blair is still out in India somewhere.

David Bryan is home and convalescing, and we are glad to report is doing well. We have not heard from Ensign Vincent Canby recently. The picture of Otis Carney seems to indicate that he is in the pink of condition. From his mother we hear that he is back at Pearl Harbor and hopes to see Em Chandler there almost any day. Both Charlie and Otis apparently helped to celebrate a native wedding in Guam - a two day affair at the groom's home. The celebration started at 4 PM and lasted until 9, while on the second day festivities started at 7 AM and again were closed by curfew at 9 PM. Col. Bill Carney is on Frankfort on the Maine and expects to get home early this Fall. He certainly rates a leave if anybody does. A mighty warm welcome awaits him.

We were glad to see Cy Cathcart home from Notre Dame. He was here for the week end. Henry Chandler we understand was out on his new ship on a shakedown cruise. His parents were down in Boston to see the ship commissioned. Harry Clow and Berto Niblack are still down at Buckingham Air Field at Ft. Myers, Florida, taking a course in gunnery for B-29's.

Pete Clow has pretty well solved the problem of how to handle this furlough proposition. Having spent three days at Winter General Hospital, Topeka, Kansas, he was given a thirty day leave. At his request, the usual ten day extension was granted; a strike at one of his father's plants was a good excuse for another ten days, so that he could go down and persuade the strikers to go back to work, which they did, and I might say he made a fine job of it. If he is any example of the returning service man who has been through active duty, I think it is safe to say that none of you need worry but what your life will be a happy one when your turn comes. Unfortunately, he returns on Wednesday to have his shrapnel removed, and what happens thereafter is in the hands of the gods. Just wangled another 4 day extension and reports on the 29th.



We have no late word from Bobby Coleman, but imagine that he is roaming the Pacific on his carrier. Tommy Connors is still policing Gorizia with Billy Douglas and the 10th Mountain, which by the papers is due home around the first of November. There is some rumor of their outfit being on the move and is somewhere around Florence. Harry Connors, we understand, is in the Naval Air Corps at Iowa City. Perhaps he will give us another one of his fine contributions soon. Tony Cudaby arrived in Chicago in time for a Saturday full of festivities, which he and Pete Clow left at 3 in the morning to motor up to Mackinac. He looks very handsome as a lieutenant in the marines. Johnny Curtis is still on a shakedown cruise. Penny Dangler has certainly been seeing the country since he returned from his sojourn in a prison camp. We understand that he has been on the Cape, out in California, and will be on his way back to look over Lake Forest again pretty soon.

Wes Dixon is also at Yale and was with Vernie Armour trying to buck the tide at Easthampton. Jimmy Douglass has written for himself, as has King. The latter, however, we understand is on his way home and may be re-deployed to the Pacific. We have no late word from either Thorne Ellis, Henry Gardner, or Bob Gardner. Hixon Glore has written very interestingly from his hospital bed in Calcutta. Danny Haerther, looking very handsome in his ensign's uniform, is attending the anti-aircraft school at Great Lakes, and expects to leave for Miami on August 4. In the meantime, he is making his home, at least occasionally, at Mrs. Behr's. We have no late word from John Hale or Tommy Healy, although we believe the former is still in the Pacific, and Tommy with the Marine Corps on Guam.

Rusty Heymann has spoken for himself. George Hoblitzelle is in charge of a prisoner of war camp in occupied Germany. Jim Holliday expects to graduate from Abbott Hall on the 28th. Agar Jaicks has just finished a wonderful furlough in Lake Forest where he had a grand time himself and gave others an equally fine time. We understand he is off to New River for a screening course before reporting to Quantico for O.C.S. David Jaicks is in N.R.O.T.C. at Texas University. Chuck Jelke has as many initials after his name as I have seen anywhere. They consist of the following: A.R.M. - N.A.T.T.C., but our information is that he is down at Memphis, Tennessee. His brother John has reported his whereabouts elsewhere. The last we heard from Danny Jones was that he was on the "San Francisco," which has seen quite a bit of action, but we have been told that he was soon to be sent to the war college at Newport.

Russ Kelley has reported his doings elsewhere. We have a picture for the next issue that will perhaps show why he thinks life at Michigan is better than as a marine in the Pacific. Bob Knight has sent us an interesting report of his doings in India, and the latest news we heard from George Manierre was that he took part in the activities off Okinawa. Billy McIlvaine has told of his new life up at Gustavus Adolphus. The two Millets, Albert and John, are with their mother up at Huron Mountain. Dick Needham is finishing up his V-12 course at Northwestern and has been at Lake Forest for several dances. Referring again to Berto Niblack, all the young in Lake Forest were glad to welcome his sister, the Nubbins, back at a cocktail party last Friday. Her husband is on a cruise somewhere. We have no word from Bobby Odell.

Howard Peabody is awaiting a ship down at New Orleans. Mason Phelps has been looking over the scenery around Tokyo, and probably helping



the "Indiana" to lob some of her 16" shells into the Japs in that neighborhood. We are told that his ship was in the typhoon, but came out all right. We certainly wish him all sorts of luck. The last we heard from Ed Prince was that he was on his way home. The whereabouts of Charles Pullman has been referred to elsewhere. Bryan Reid was here over the week end and seemed to be enjoying himself fully. Have had no word from Alec Revell, but reports from both Clive and John Runnells are included in this issue. Joe Sample and his charming bride are in Lake Forest on a short leave. Joe Seaverns was in the activities at Okinawa, but his immediate whereabouts are unknown.

Eddie Shumway had a bit of hard luck. His eyes caught up with him finally, so he has shipped out as a seaman to the Pacific Coast, and will probably soon be assigned to some ship at that point. Bardie Smith was also at Okinawa in the Marine Corps, but we have no late reports as to his present whereabouts. Sgt. Larry Smith of the Marine Corps is still out at Santa Ana, California. Eddie Spencer graduated at the top of his class at Columbia, and is spending a short leave commuting between Lake Forest and Lake Geneva. Archibald Stevenson has been home awaiting active assignment, but spent part of his leave up at Mackinac. Dick Stevenson has written of his own doings. We have heard from Eddie Swift through Helen, but no word for this issue from Phelps, who we understand is still at Riley.

Kenneth Templeton has landed in this country and will be home very soon recuperating from his wounds. Johnny Templeton wrote a little while ago that he had returned from his first trip into Manila, which he found to be much more of a mess and much hotter than he had expected. At that time he was hoping for a long awaited furlough, which has since materialized, and he is either home or due here very shortly. Milton Traer is taking his few months of grace up at the Island Club, and will probably join Vernie and Wes at Yale until the army decides what he should do. Malcolm Walker spent a five day leave in Chicago en route to Fort Sill. Ken Welles we understand graduates from Abbott Hall on the 28th, but we have nothing new on what Scotty is doing, except the picture on the back page. Capt. Harry Wheeler has joined the other returned veterans in helping to maintain the solvency of the Villa Moderne awaiting orders to his next post. He looks fine, and we are certainly glad to welcome him home. Les Wheeler is still roaming somewhere on his new submarine, which will probably be heard of before very long. We also lack news from Botsford Young.

That brings us pretty much up to date. We do not vouch for all of the information, but have done the best we know how, and if there are any errors, we hope they will be excused and corrected in time for the next issue. If you have any friends who you think would enjoy our paper, don't hesitate to send in their names.

\*\*\*

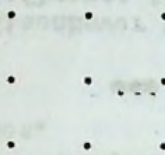
General Dwight D. Eisenhower was telling Churchill that British Tommies were having a good influence toning down GI exuberance. As Churchill beamed, a GI rushed in. "General, can I borrow your jeep?" Eisenhower calmed Churchill's agitation by saying, "See what I mean? A year ago he wouldn't have asked."

\*\*\*



Here are some thought twisters. The answers will be found at the bottom of "Funnyazell."

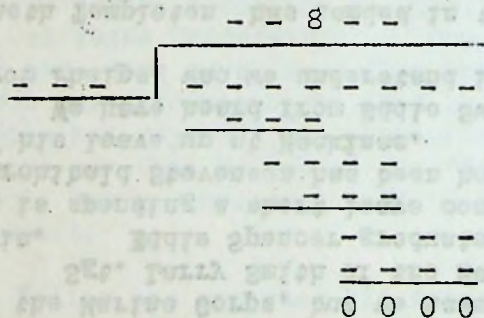
Join all points with four straight lines



Arrange the following symbols so as to get the correct answer:

- 2 - ▷ (Triangles) )
- 2 - . (Dots) )
- 2 - C (Semi-circles) ) = 1 sniff
- 2 - □ (Parallelograms) )
- 8 - L (Right angles) )

This is a tough baby --



The quotient is five numbers, of which the middle one is 8; the divisor is three numbers. Find both the divisor and the dividend, and complete the problem.

LATE LETTER FROM FRED PULLMAN

"No items of interest. I am going to what seems to be the AAF's most difficult tech. school - remote control turret mechanic gunnery. If it gets any tougher, I'm going to quit and go to something easier like C.C.S. I think the 'Old Forester' is swell, and I'm looking forward to my next copy."



Sweet young thing: "Have a cigarette?"

Innocent: "What? Smoke a cigarette? Why I'd rather kiss the first man who walked in that door."

Sweet thing: "So would I, but let's have a cigarette while we're waiting."

\*\*\*

A bunch of enlisted men got seasick over the rail. Presently one of the officers joined them. The pharmacist's mate saw him and went over to cheer him up.

"What's the matter, Ensign Jones, got a weak stomach?"

"Heck, no," gasped Jones. "I'm throwing it as far as anybody."

\*\*\*

The Blood Collection Center was busy and as I rushed out of the room with a container of freshly drawn blood, I met a colonel who was a regular donor. We recognized each other and I greeted him brightly: "Just jump into bed, Colonel, I'll be with you in a minute."

\*\*\*

Captain: "I'd like to talk to someone around here with a little authority."

Private: "I'm your man, sir. I have as little authority as anyone."

\*\*\*

Definition

A mint julep is a depth bomb with a southern drawl.

\*\*\*

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend, with bottle."

"Pass friend. Halt, bottle."

\*\*\*

Sailor(walking into recruiting office): "Gimme that ol' sales talk again. I'm gettin' kinda discouraged."

Heard over the amplifying system in the Station Canteen:

Operator: "Call for Popkanoskovich! Call for Popkanoskovich."

Popkanoskovich: "Vat's the initials, plizz?"

\*\*\*

As one Navy craft sailed out into the English Channel on the eve of D-Day, the skipper called the crew together and delivered a lecture.

"Fear," he said, "is a very healthy thing."

A second-class seaman near the front spoke up. "Cap'n," he said, "you're looking at the healthiest sailor in the U. S. Navy."

\*\*\*

Then there was the Red Cross worker on a remote Pacific island who called the Army command to report a disease peculiar to the tropics.

"We have a case of beri-beri here. What shall we do?"

Came the answer: "Give it to the Sea Bees. They'll drink anything."

\*\*\*

Officer: "If you have guarded all the exits, how did the prisoner escape?"

Guard: "He must have gone out an entrance."

\*\*\*

1st Drunk: "Say, know what time it is?"

2nd Drunk: "Yeah."

1st Drunk: "Thanks."

\*\*\*

He: "I've got an awful lot of electricity in my hair."

She: "I don't doubt it. You always have such shocking things on your mind."

\*\*\*



Here  
 again is  
 one of those  
 triangles. The  
 idea is not particu-  
 larly new, but yet it is  
 amazing that despite its  
 staleness and its lack of hu-  
 mor, most everyone will read this  
 all the way down to the very, very end.

\*\*\*\*\*

There was a young woman named Florence,  
 For kissing she held an abhorrence,  
 One night she got kissed,  
 And saw what she'd missed,  
 And her tears trickled down in great torrents.

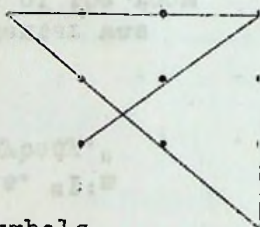
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I drink to you when together,  
 I drink to you when alone  
 I drink to your health so often  
 I'm rapidly losing my own.

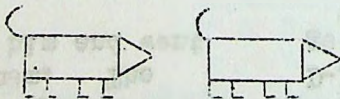
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ANSWERS TO TWISTERS

4 straight lines



Symbols



Arithmetic

$$\begin{array}{r}
 80809 \\
 \hline
 124 \overline{) 10020316} \\
 \underline{992} \phantom{00} \\
 1003 \phantom{00} \\
 \underline{992} \phantom{00} \\
 1116 \phantom{00} \\
 \underline{1116} \phantom{00} \\
 0000
 \end{array}$$



# YOUR *Old Forester* PICTURE DEPARTMENT



*Cy Bentley at the  
Quartermaster's School*



*Sally McPherson, Ken Welles, Jean Scharin, Ginny,  
Leonard Marshall, with Scotty Welles as footman*



*A snell picture  
of Nancy*

*INSET: Bill McIlvaine at  
Gustavus Adolphus*



*Peggy*



*Life in the Pacific looks pretty attractive to  
Charley Bartlett and Otis Carney  
seemed happy about their game—or something*

*INSET: Johnny Templeton  
looks over Frisco*



*Ginny*



*Berto learned young  
to "fly thru the air with the greatest of ease"*

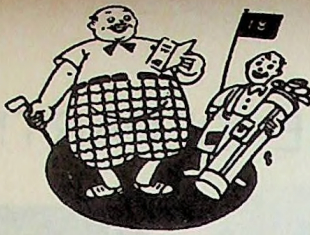


*Bet Thorne would like to be there now*



*Johnny Jelke with  
his P-38 in Italy*





# PROFESSIONAL Listening Rates FOR GOLF

## RATES FOR SYMPATHETIC LISTENING TO DESCRIPTION OF YOUR GOLF GAME

### GENERAL RATES

Listening Time  
Limit 5 Minutes

#### LISTENING TO

Long Drives.....	25 cents
Flubbed Drives.....	50 cents
Beautiful Approaches.....	50 cents
Flubbed Approaches.....	75 cents
Long Putts Sunk.....	35 cents
Short Putts Missed.....	50 cents
Getting Out of Rough.....	15 cents
Getting Out of Bunkers.....	45 cents
Birdies.....	85 cents
Eagles.....	1.35
Almost a "hole-in-one".....	2.00

★

Listening Time  
Limit 15 Minutes

### QUALIFIED RATES

Describing 18 holes, hole by hole

Under 90.....	1.00
Between 91 and 100.....	1.50
Over 100.....	2.00

Description of Vacation Golf..... 2.50

Special rates on longer than 2 week vacation golf.

★

### SPECIAL RATES

For Hard Luck Golf

Describing Bad Lies, Unethical Opponents,  
Out of Bounds, Landing in Rough, Looking  
Up, Disturbance on Tee Shot, etc.

Just Listening.....	15 cents each.
Listening with Sincerity.....	35 cents each.

Listening to description of shots by opponents that  
were "lucky"..... .10 per shot

Listening to description of shots by opponents that  
were **actually** lucky..... .3 for 10c

★

### FOR "IF" SHOOTING

Listening to "if the caddy held the pin", "if  
I didn't top the ball", "if the ball didn't rim  
the cup", "if I hadn't sliced" etc.

This is really difficult listening to, and the  
rates are somewhat higher... 5 min. 35c...  
10 min. 60c (Rates also by the hour.)

If Weeping is Required... \$0.50 extra. Towels  
furnished at 25 cents each.

We will furnish you with experts who will keep their  
eye on the ball for you.

1 hole.....	35c
18 holes.....	2.50

If unsatisfactory after the first hole you have the right  
to send expert back to the clubhouse.

★

## SATURDAY NIGHT "SPECIALS"

Listening to how I took him over for \$.....  
..... 15% of amount mentioned

Listening to how he took me over for \$.....  
..... 35% of amount mentioned  
(Rates are higher on this listening because amounts  
mentioned are usually very, very small)

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### LISTENING TO

What's wrong with the course..... 50c

What's wrong with the clubhouse..... 1.00

What's wrong with the members.....  
10c each, 12 for \$1.00

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### LISTENING TO

One Man Story..... .35

Two Man Description..... .60

Three Man Discussion..... .85

Four Man Argument..... 1.00

Settling A Fight..... 3.50

(We will positively not listen to arguments between  
husband and wife at any price)

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### How to Become a Good Golfer

1. Take pointers from your friends.
2. Don't forget to crab after bad shots, your opponent  
loves it.
3. Have movies taken of your shots to show up bad  
habits.
4. Play 3 times during week, twice on Saturday and  
Sunday.
5. Occasionally take time out for your business, if  
you still have any.

### Ways to Obtain a Good Golf Score

1. Check your score with your caddy—he'll agree  
with you.
2. Make up your mind what you're going to get on  
the hole before you shoot—determination is a good  
thing!
3. Only count the times you hit the ball squarely—  
the other times were only practice shots anyway.
4. Shoot two balls and take the best one—this im-  
proves your game too!
5. Don't count lost balls—isn't it bad enough that  
you lost the ball?

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References contained in this card are **not** fictitious.  
Any resemblance they may bear to the habits of  
golfers, living or dead is more than coincidental.

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24 hour a day service — 3 listening experts.

Will Also Listen to Bridge.

Ask for Special Rate Card.

Don't talk for nothing—consult experts!