

# Old Forester . . . . .

GOOD TO THE LAST DRIP



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## EDITORIAL

I think we can all solemnly join in saying "Thank God that the war is over." V-J day came so unexpectedly that it is hard even now to realize the significance to ourselves individually - to our country - and to the world. We can all feel happy in the thought that the "shooting" war is over, and that before too long our boys will be home, and together we can start to reconstruct our lives to meet the new world that will eventually be evolved from the present period of uncertainty.

The immediate future is going to be more difficult in some ways than it was while the fighting continued. Army or navy life is not the ultimate ideal of any of the men who receive this publication. Like millions of other young Americans, their immediate desire is to get out, get home, and get about their business. Their families feel the same way. With no war to be fought, the army routine and the delays in ultimate discharge are going to be tough. Our only consolation is the fact that despite all the red tape incident thereto, it can't be too long now - and in the meantime, the foxhole and the shooting are things of the past.

There have been many inquiries and considerable uncertainty in your editor's mind as to when we should write "Finis" to the "Old Forester." We, editorially speaking, have no desire to outwear our welcome. Many who have enjoyed it while away from home will be getting out soon, and its value, if it had any, will have disappeared. There are still a lot of pretty lonesome young men in Europe, in the Pacific, and on the seven seas, to whom the news of their friends is of interest. We believe that at least for another issue we can be of some service to make their lot a little easier. We want them to know that until they are all home, the war is not over, and our thoughts are still with them. With the cooperation of our readers and our co-editoressees, we have decided to at least get out one more issue, and at that time look about and decide whether a need still continues. Your help in making our final issues a success will be deeply appreciated.

As some of you men get home, you are going to face the problem of college or a job. We are still thoroughly convinced that for every reader of the publication a college education is about the best investment a man can get both for his success in business and his happiness in the years ahead.

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It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mr. Mason Phelps on Sunday, September 2. He was a real friend of all of ours and will be sadly missed.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Phelps and the entire family.

"I have come to the conclusion that I'm a very lazy female. I think I've been apologizing to you for 5 months now, and I don't think I could do it again, so here I am at last. I had completely forgotten how normal people lived until Agar came home and I saw a lot of Peggy and her large group of followers. I must say at first I was a trifle tongue-tied after months with all my friends, all of whom either have babies or are about to have more. Agar insisted I give him golf lessons, but I am afraid I hindered his game because all you have to do is watch me and you will be the worst golfer known anywhere. We played a lot with Pat and Jo Sample, and I am afraid they beat us rather badly every time. It was fun though, and I became an expert caddy between Agar's slice and Jo's hook. Then Archie came home, and I was forced on the tennis courts (where I haven't been for three years and never will be again). I think I lost ten pounds and couldn't move for three days afterwards - my, it was ghastly. I saw Tommy Connors at the Club yesterday, and found him the same as ever and looking very fine indeed. Polly tells me Billy Douglas is home, but I haven't seen him yet.

"Got a lovely, long letter from Hixon today. He seems to be recovering quickly, but would be much happier if he had something to do. He expects to see Ed Cudahy any day now, which will be superb because he hasn't seen one soul from home since he left. Zibbie is here now, and I must say that no one could have picked himself a cuter wife. Betsy Tener Raddy is also here, and Mike arrived today. I don't think many of you know her, but Agar, Eddie Swift, Larry Armour, and Ed Cudahy will vouch for me that she's plenty O.K. She was my roommate at Walker's, and comes from Sewickley, Pa.

"I suppose you all read Helen Young's version of the bike trip that Ginny, Polly, Olive and myself have just returned from. It was slightly exaggerated and also erroneous, but we did have a divine time - and we did a lot of bicycling believe it or not. We ate Porterhouse steaks, roast beef, and real butter and home made bread every day. I gained, while the others lost - Polly is the only one who should have lost. During the day we would bike from say Fish Creek to Ephraim and get ourselves one room with two double beds, dump our knap-sacks and then either go sailing or swimming or hire a row boat if we felt energetic.

"Then we'd spend two hours over dinner - anything not to return to our room until we had to. We usually had a rubber of bridge or a game of Oklahoma before we retired. In Sturgeon Bay we ran across a man named Peterson who built Naoma's father's boat, and also Mr. Ralph Isham's. He had this sail boat that needed a crew of at least ten experienced men, which he let us use. Don't think we weren't scared because Olive is the only one who really knows how to sail. It was a beautiful boat, but it is the only one of its kind, so I can't pass on the good word.

"I certainly hope and pray Japan makes up her mind soon and replies to our last message. At first it was sort of exciting listening to the radio, but now all you hear is "While we wait for word that victory over Japan is final and complete, let me remind you to buy Cora's crunchy caramel bar," or any other commercial they feel like - soon they'll put it to music. We have gotten so used to rationed gas that I am going to have to stay awake at nite thinking of somewhere to go, and I think it is going to take Mother quite some time to get up enough nerve to ask for a four ribbed roast. I think also that I will feel awfully bare without the good old rayon and lisle stockings. It certainly will be nice to have everyone home though. As usual, I have nothing fit for publication so won't mind too much if you forget to add this to the noble works in your divine paper. My best to all,

/S/ Patty "

### THANKS, MARIAN, FOR RISING AND ALSO FOR THE DRAWING

"I rise from my blissful childhood of patty cake, baker's man, puff ball, and pop guns to tell all the news that is fit to print. V-J day was quite the old celebration at Naoma's, where one of our illustrious friends came down from her foggy realm to completely lose her dignity, and there was Tommy flat on his back with a champagne bottle. Nothing could quite equal Mr. Whipple's party where the older set let down their hair - let them never criticize the young ones again. I wish Bots could have seen his father do a fan dance, which came to a screeching halt when Mrs. Young reappeared; in fact, Mr. Young's name is famous among the jitter-bug fans.

"I hope Dad will get the pictures he took of the breakfast party at our house developed before this issue goes out, as the costumes were too good to miss, between Louie's yellow bath robe and cowboy hat, Peggy's voluminous pajamas, and Tommy's combat boots and famous green scarf which he lost while driving down to the Villa on top of Kingman's car. By order of Pfc. Clow, the breakfast party is to become a tradition.

"I hope that by next year, all the boys overseas will be back again. We're all keeping our toes crossed that it won't be too long."

### GLAD YOU ARE BACK, GINY

"Having spent a perfectly wonderful summer in British Columbia, it seems slightly odd to be home amongst such gaiety. We of Salt Spring Island spent days working and playing, and evenings fishing for salmon - a very pleasant and congenial life beloved by the Kelloggs and Mitchells. Soon we hope to see another house spring from out the wooded shore - that belonging to our division of the clan - maybe next summer will see some progress on that estate.

"As always, however, it is good to be home, and fun seeing everyone. Life continues much as usual, with the fall exodus for schools and colleges. Nancy Buchanan is to be home here this fall while studying art in Chicago, so at least there will be one addition to our ever decreasing crowd. Chris, Peggy, and Marian of course have departed for Vassar, so now it's back to the job for everyone. I presume from reports that we are still to have our happy little group out at County."

### NEWS FROM A FARMERETTE

"I won't even try to apologize for my lack of correspondence with the "Old Forester." I left for the East June 1 and returned July 27, after a wonderful motor trip home. I did nothing but ride, swim, and work (so to speak) on my friend's farm. Actually, we hayed, combined, and drove tractors half the time I was there. It was a very healthy 8 weeks - outside 10 hours a day. I returned home to pack once more to visit Cockie in Mackinac. I just missed Tony, Johnny, Steve, and Peter, but Nancy, Betty Peabody, and myself had a grand time. The three of us spent a very quiet V-J day and evening listening to the radio and writing letters.

"Now that we are all home again from our various summer jaunts, life is back to its same routine. I've taken up Murse's Aide once more, but we still manage to spend our free time at Onwentsia (playing tennis, golf).

"Last night (Sunday) Peter and Nonny gave the third V-J party so far! It was at Nonny's, so Peter furnished the liquor. (Don't get me wrong, Mr. Clow, that's just figuratively speaking). Saturday, September 1, was Nancy Buchanan's party at Onwentsia, and I must say it was fun because there were extra boys to cut in for a change. Not one or two, but close to an even dozen. The week end before that, Phelps Swift had a big cocktail party, which Peggy and I followed up by a beer party on the Woodland Road beach. It was in farewell of our Vassar gals and Phelps.

"More and more familiar faces are appearing every week end. Let's hope that soon everyone will be home and Christmas can be a big reunion.

"That's the best I can do. I was never meant to write in the first place.

/S/ Jean "

WISH GINNY WOULD GIVE MORE DETAILS OF DOOR COUNTY ADVENTURE!

"It seems that if I'm going to get a letter in before the 'Old Forester' goes out of circulation, it is now or never. Just before the July issue came out, we were all terribly busy mapping out our trip to the famous Door County regions. After much talk, Polly, Patty, Olive and I set off with knapsacks slung over our shoulders, astride our ancient and rusty bicycles. As a matter of fact, Patty and I had the only two outdated models. Polly and Olive had gears. Naturally, these two went at a much more rapid pace than we could manage. Patty and I were always 'bringing up the rear,' and on the numerous hills we dismounted at the bottom and walked up, panting for breath and swearing silently to ourselves about our old two wheeled contraptions. Nevertheless, we all had lots of fun, and greatly enjoyed the muchly advertised 'washed air' of Door County, Wisconsin.

"Went up to Market Square this morning for the V-J day celebration. It looked like the entire town turned out for this affair. It was sponsored by the American Legion, and there were speeches, songs, and prayers. Right afterwards we heard that gas rationing was to be a thing of the past. However, there was one hitch. There wasn't a filling station open - everyone is out celebrating. Hope all the L. F. boys will be home very soon now to celebrate too.

Sincerely,

/S/ Ginny Washburne "

Have you heard about the two kittens who were passing a tennis court when one of them confided "My dad's in that racket."

NEWS FROM CALCUTTA

"The current edition of the 'Old Forester' has recently arrived, a large, newsy volume. With each edition, the paper gets better and better, and I feel compelled to congratulate you each time for a progressively finer paper.

"Your Calcutta correspondent has very little to offer in the way of news of interest. I have had occasion to meet several fellows that I know at various army installations in the U. S., but so far I have not seen or heard of any L. F. or Chicago notables in this vicinity. We have no supply of good whiskeys, no rare champagne, no cool nights such as at Waikiki, no captains dropping on the front line troops. So there is little to recommend us to the G. I. traveler. We do have the heat and rains of the Monsoon season, and a few semi-pretty Anglo-Indians. If you could take the pulse of the G. I.'s in this theatre, you would find that 'he' feels that this is the forgotten theatre of war. It may well be, for I know that I am trying to forget, but that really isn't the main point. Are we forgotten?

"Ed Cudahy's short, terse note that he wouldn't be receiving mail for an extended period of time was disappointing news. I know of very few people who write as interesting and humorous epistles. As one of your far-flung correspondents, his additions would make extra-special editions. Believe me, it is the 'Old Forester's' loss.

"If you hear of anyone coming to this part of the world, particularly Calcutta, I can always be located at this address: c/o Mrs. Mougey, American Red Cross, Apartment 16, Galstaun Mansions, Park Street, Calcutta, India.

Sincerely,

/s/ Hixon "

A NOTE FROM ARCHIBALD

"Received the hat - inside out. Did the mail man do that, or are those shipping regulations? Thanks a lot though. I guess I left quite a bit in the Buick during that last week.

"The war ends, and J. Stevenson lives happily on at Ft. Benning. It wasn't a pleasant feeling, but then I've no idea what the future brings, but it's pretty definite that airborne troops will be used for occupational troops.

"Were there any repercussions on Pete's four day extension? (Granted on request of one J.A.S.) I know you were a little worried about it.

John Stevenson "

Officer: "Private, there will be a number of high officers here for lunch. I want you to stand by the door and call the guests' names as they arrive."

Private: "Boy, I'd like that - but who keeps me out of the guard house?"

MORE NEWS FROM STANTON

"The last issue of the 'Old Forester' I received was May. I imagine this is due to my several changes of address. The above address is my newest and I think permanent while I am out here. I suppose all my mail will catch up with me at the same time.

"I was awfully glad to hear that Peter got home and that his arm is going to be O. K. I don't see how he managed to get hit at all - nothing bad is supposed to happen to Pete unless I'm with him.

"I have very little news of myself or anyone we all know. So far, I've done nothing worth writing about, nor have I seen anything of interest to the gang.

"After we left Oahu we stopped at Johnston Island for gas, but stayed 8 days due to engine trouble. It was almost like a vacation for us. We never got up till 0900. We ate all day at any hour because the chow was really good and the chow hall served all day to transients. When we weren't eating, we played ball and swam. On the whole, it was a very enjoyable week.

"After we left Johnston Island we joined the sqd. The other day we were at Saipan. That's really a beautiful island now. It looks plenty good after dry, sandy rocks. There is plenty of water there. To think that I lived on the lake all my life and never appreciated it!

"I've got to go to work. The 'Old Forester' is tops. I am looking forward to my lost copies. Best to all -

/s/ Stanton "

THINK WE WILL KEEP GOING, SI.

"I am very sorry that this letter is about three months late, but life here is so routine that I have found little of interest to relate to you.

"It's great to see so many of the boys home from overseas. For awhile this summer, it almost seemed like the old Lake Forest with of course just a few gaps in the population.

"Now that the war end is here, all the boys here are trying to get out of the N.R.O.T.C. It has seemed that for the past two years they have been trying desperately to get rid of us, but now they refuse to let us go. Some are even threatening to get married so that they might have a means of getting back into the fleet by some fairly honorable means. I guess like all the other millions, we'll just have to wait and see what they do with us next.

"The letter said that this might be the last issue of the 'Old Forester.' From your standpoint, I can see why you hope it might. You and your staff have done a swell job, and we will always remember and be very appreciative of your efforts. However, maybe you will print another issue or two some time in the fall, as I'm sure it will be quite a while before we're all home for good. But, regardless, we still thank you for all you've done.

"Best of luck to all.

/s/ Si "

The Mark VII Sure Sounds Tough, 'Eddie

"Here is a bit for the V-J issue of the 'Old Forester.' It is an excerpt from an action report written by the commanding officer of a force afloat. It was previously classified as CONFIDENTIAL, but due to the cessation of hostilities, its contents can now be revealed.

'The Battle of the SoPac has given way to the Battle of the Bug. Bug and beetle, ensemble, have conducted a most successful infiltration into BOQ, but our defenses are taking a heavy toll of the enemy. He is using evasive tactics to escape detection on our radar screens, and only visual recognition by trained lookouts has prevented mass dislocation of our forces. Our troops, previously resigned to seeing all their action from the classroom, have risen magnificently to the occasion with new glory reflecting on our gallant naval forces. The killer instinct is coming forth in our young minds as it never has developed before, for we now delight in devising fiendish traps for the foe. The most effective measures have been developed to combat a formidable brown beetle - the Mark VII. This giant mounts twin death ray antennae and uses a most successful dual-pincers maneuver. Our defense tactics consist of allowing the enemy to advance next to the floor molding. As he nears the objective, we deftly raise our hind desk legs a foot off the floor. At this point in his advance, the Mark VII charges rapidly, and it is only with the greatest of dexterity that we have trained ourselves to drop the desk with a sickening thud to crush the Mark VII's armor. A few of the more daring members of our forces have at great personal risk taken to stepping directly on the Mark VII with the soles of their shoes. This takes a courageous individual, and several citations have been posthumously awarded for carrying out this operation. Our service troops, the steward's mates, have done a magnificent job of removing the dead from the battlefield. Upon our return from morning target practice, all stains of the previous evening's engagement have been removed. The dead are given decent burial according to their religious faith. V-B day is thought to be probable by September 21, at which time our troops will be redeployed to another theatre.'

Ed Spencer "

LOOK OUT FOR THOSE HARVARD GUYS, KEN.

"Hate to see the 'Old Forester' folding. Jim, 'Turkey' Haerther, and myself are all trying to devise ways of getting out, but I am afraid, so the latest word, we're in for a couple of more years.

"The Bath Club on Miami Beach almost has the Onwentsia tied in the way of food. 'Turkey' and I spend every Saturday nite there. Of course, there's a dance and a few attractive girls, but on the whole, these Miami girls are a sorry lot. Last week end I had a blind date - a Harvard man fixed me up with a girl who just finished a nervous breakdown.

"Will probably leave NTC Miami the second week in October for the Coast, I hope circuiting home.

Kon "



WORD FROM JOHNNY TEMPLETON

"As you probably know from receiving my wire, I have returned from an overseas trip. I left here on it just about a day after I arrived back from my leave, and it certainly was a rush job.

"My trip was to Okinawa, and, as you know, I hadn't been there before. However, we didn't stay there long enough to look around, as all we did was unload, load up again, and fly back to Guam. However, Okinawa is a very pretty island and the vegetation is more or less like what you would find around home. The climate is cooler, and although the sun was shining brightly, the air was much more comfortable than at Guam or the Philippines. After coming back from Okinawa, I came straight back here to the U. S.

"I was greeted back here in the U. S. with a great surprise. My name has been put on a shipping list of Flight Clerks to be based overseas. Of course, nothing is definite yet, but as things stand, we are supposed to report to Mather Field, California, for overseas processing, and then probably come back here to fly over. We are all pretty sure that this shipment is going to Guam, but of course anything can happen. It certainly does seem funny to be going over after the war is practically over; however, the army has queer ideas.

"Well, I've got a lot of work to do now, and I'll let you know of any further developments.

Love,

Johnny "

SURE, YOU WILL ALL BE HOME SOON, RUSTY

"Received the last issue of the 'Old Forester' and as usual it was really marvelous. However, I had the good fortune to make a quick visit to Lake Forest week end before last, and it was almost like coming home to see so many familiar faces again. Phelps arrived home and George Ingram had a group including 'gold braid' Haerther and Bill Ford, other Hotchkiss familiars. Mrs. Swift was wonderful and let us open the champagne she had saved for V-J day, and a great time was had by all. Spent six days home in Toledo, including a quick hop up to Grosse Point on V-J day, and then last week end in New York, so I really had a good leave before taking off for the Pacific next week.

"We are going to be supplying the occupational troops in Japan I understand. Am afraid it looks like a long war for this gob. Not a very pleasant outlook, but it is only fair I think, as most of those fellows, including a lot from Lake Forest, are due for a well-deserved rest. Am in hopes another year will see us all out.

"No other news. Someone is screaming for me to get hot with the paint brush, so more later --- from the blue, blue Pacific.

Sincerely,

/s/ 'Rusty' Heymann

"P.S. Sure sorry to have missed Pete."

HOPE YOU START HOME SOON, JIMMY

"We are now out in the Pacific going farther west. Time is heavy on our hands, but it is as good a place as any to get caught up in letter-writing. Right at the present, I am sitting on a duffel, writing on another, wiping the perspiration off my face with the left hand, and composing this trash with the other. So far, the water has been like Lake Michigan (on a calm day) and I hope it doesn't change. Had K. P. first day out and came the closest to being sick in all my sea days. Chow is good, but when one looks at it too long, it loses all its qualities, and that is when you need fresh air. We have a stop-over en route and this should be mailed there. Wish I could write more, but it is too hot in this hole.

/S/ Jim Douglass "

THANKS FOR THE NEWS, BRYAN

"Dick Needham isn't here at Northwestern. He is at Baldwin-Wallace College down in Ohio somewhere. Hugh Dangler is also in the V-12 down at Oberlin, I think. He is pre-med, I believe. Ensign Edson Spencer said he was going to radar school down at Gulfport, Miss.

"The last letter I had from Tommy Healy revealed that he was still in the Marianas area in a replacement battalion.

"What about publishing a revised list of addresses?"

"As you all probably know, I'm rotting away in the NROTC here at Northwestern. However, our sentence is almost at an end. We have but two months to go. There are a lot of stumbling blocks left, i.e., physical exams, interviews, and one flunk on any navy test and out we go. However, after two years and some odd months, I'm mighty glad to finish up.

My best,

/S/ Bryan Reid "

THAT LIBERTY SOUNDS GOOD, CY

"Continuing Quartermaster School here. Training lasts until October or end of September. After that - SEA DUTY! Work consists of navigation, seamanship, signaling (flag hoist, semaphore, blinker), procedure of communications, general quartermaster work. Have been enjoying considerable liberty in Washington, New York, and Rye.

/S/ Cyrus Bentley "

HERE'S HOPING YOU MAKE YOUR OBJECTIVE

"Points - sufficient. Objective - to get home.

"Still in China as Intelligence Officer for ATC. Hoping to get back via Shanghai. Many thanks for the 'Old Forester.'"

/s/ Bill Blair "

Extracts from letter dated 17 August, 1945 from Ens. Henry R. Odell, U.S.N.R.

"Mail goes out every fourth day as usual, so with the partial release of censorship controls, I'll try to give you an idea of what has happened. I rode a destroyer from Pearl Harbor to Ulithi, waited a week, rode another destroyer to the fueling group, transferred at sea to the Twining on 21 May. By the way, all the time I was with the 3rd Fleet fast carrier task force, if you hadn't noticed the communique that was issued today. We struck Okinawa for three weeks, spent the last two weeks of June in Leyte Gulf. On 1 July we sortied, had training exercises for a week, and then struck Tokyo, Hokkaido, Kobe, etc., as reported in the newspapers.

"Generally speaking, these things happened worth mentioning during the last three months. We've sunk or detonated several mines (that's regarded as a commonplace occurrence), we searched unsuccessfully one afternoon for a reported sub (also commonplace, but not nearly so frequent as mines), bombarded Japan, and were attacked by a kamikaze plane, we believe.

"The bombardment was toward the end of July. There were 8 destroyers and 4 light cruisers, and we bombarded that little peninsula from about 3 miles off shore. It was at night, but I got a look at the outline of Japan.

"Then just two days before the war was over, our division of four destroyers was attacked by a single enemy plane. It made three dives on us, so they tell me, although I was below and didn't see the plane. It didn't bomb or strafe us, and finally, with all four ships firing continuously at it, the plane flew away. Things were pretty tense for awhile because we were 50 miles from the main group, had no air coverage, and earlier that day another one of the destroyers had been hit by a suicider. Of course, on strike days there were always lots of enemy aircraft in the vicinity, and we went to general quarters at least once every strike day, but our planes managed to shoot down most of the rest, at least they never got within visual range of us.

"And one other interesting item, one strike day we were 50 miles from the group toward Japan. It was early in the morning; we had no air coverage; and it was very foggy. We found that we were right on the main line between Hokkaido and Honshu because every few minutes a plane would pass within 10 miles, but fortunately none of them spotted us that time.

"That is about the complete story of my experience; not much, but I did manage to get a little taste of naval war, and that's enough."

#### LATE NEWS FROM HIXON

"No new or interesting developments from Calcutta. We are all 'sweating' out getting home - a process which might take 9 months to a year. Hope you don't discontinue the paper for the war isn't over for many of us."

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The demure young bride, her face a revelation of winsome innocence, slowly walked down the church aisle clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the platform before the altar, her dainty foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, then raised her childlike eyes to the sedate face of the minister and said. "That's a hell of a place to put a lily."

HOPE YOU MAKE IT BY CHRISTMAS, JOHN

"Now that the war is over, I suddenly feel very embarrassed for not contributing more to your muchly appreciated 'Old Forester.'

"Right now we are standing by off Tokyo waiting to go in early next week. The prospects of spending Christmas at home are pretty good - that will be very welcome after sea duty since July '44.

"Many congratulations to you and the staff of the 'Old Forester' for a swell job.

/s/ John Hale "

MORE NEWS FROM JIMMY DOUGLASS

"We are now on Okirawa, and I wish I had never even heard of the place. Rain comes every day, and the mud is either like ice or a foot deep. I certainly pity the men who had to fight through this mess. Trucks lose all control and skid off the road frequently. There is still firing, especially at night when the Japs come down for food and continue their trip to the north where they hope to reform. No one will let them surrender, and patrols are common sights - even navy men participate. It is all on the volunteer basis, but as long as the Nips have grenades and ammunition, I will gladly wait for them to come to me. Koha is totally destroyed, and the trees are stripped of limbs. There is all types of Jap equipment lying around, and some of ours.

"Dad flew up to see me yesterday, and that was the highlight of my army career. He talked with our captain, but it did no good as I still am on KP tomorrow. Next week he goes home and will don civilian clothes again, which he deserves only too well. Looks like I am stuck for a long while.

"Kingman writes that he is having a swell time, but can't quite believe it all. Maybe he and the rest from the ETO can get out now - sure hope so.

"Just a bit homesick now, as the radio is broadcasting music from the Empire Room. This is all, and here's hoping I see you all soon."

NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

The Carney family is pretty happy these days. Otis is in this country without any definite address until some time in September when we understand he returns to California. Bill Carney is on his way back, and will certainly receive a warm welcome. He has a wonderful record.

We hear that Private Albert Millet's new post office address is San Francisco, so the inference is that he is bound for the Pacific. Corp. John Millet is at the Charleston Army Air Base, and is expecting to be sent to an A.T.C. Base as radio mechanic, but like so many, does not know exactly what will happen to him.

Besides the letter from Henry Odell, we have heard that he is a radar officer on the destroyer Twining, which apparently was one of the ships in the 9-ship task force which has just recently made the first entrance into Tokyo Bay.

Major Cyrus Manierre is at a Commando Staff School at Leavenworth, Ks.

Lt. George Isham is still up at a hospital in Chicago, but apparently spends quite a bit of his time playing golf, and we are delighted to report that he is back on his game, having made a sterling 74 the other day at Onwentsia.

Ensign Henry T. Chandler is on the destroyer George H. MacKenzie recently commissioned.

Tony Cudahy is at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina, where we understand he will be until the middle of September.

We also understand that Bob Knight is still in India, which he states is very hot. His worst complaint is prickly heat. He has constructed an electric fan for cooling purposes, made out of cast-off parts.

There is no late word from Pfc. Mason Phelps, Jr. who is on the Indiana and probably looking over Tokyo harbor at the present time.

Johnny Curtis is a signalman striker on the U.S.S. Providence, which recently sailed to take its place with the Pacific fleet prior to Japan's surrender.

Hugh Dangler is at Oberlin, Ohio, and Lt. Henry Dangler is returning to duty in the very near future, although he has plenty of points to get out.

We have a nice letter from Howard Peabody, which he states, however, is not for publication. We can say, however, that he has been out west in and around the Philippines on a merchant ship, and does not know exactly what his next duty will be.

Eddie Shumway's address is still c/o Receiving Station, Bremerton, Washington.

The two mountaineers, Billy Douglas and Tommy Connors, have been giving the girls a whirl in Lake Forest, but unfortunately return to duty this week.

Pfc. Kent S. Clow, Jr. has been transferred to the Percy Jones Convalescent Hospital at Battle Creek, which is near enough to permit him to spend his week ends in Lake Forest.

Everyone was glad to welcome both Col. Kingman Douglass and Sgt. Kingman Douglass, Jr. back to Chicago. Young King has spent a pleasant furlough here. Neither of them knows exactly what his future plans are, but we hope they both will be back with us soon.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mess Sgt.: "Can you dress a chicken?"

New cook: "Not on the money the army pays me."

Some flaw that is implanted  
 Deep in all enlisted men  
 Send them stalking patiently  
 That happy moment when  
 They find a spruce lieutenant  
 All unwary of his fate  
 One arm clutched full of bundles  
 And the other 'round his date  
 How word is grasped swiftly  
 'Till as far as the eye can see  
 Privates snappily saluting  
 With a fierce, sadistic glee.

\*\*\*

Say it with flowers, say it with sweets  
 Say it with kisses, say it with eats  
 Say it with jewelry, say it with drink  
 But never, oh never, say it with ink.

\*\*\*

Goliath: "Why don't you stand up and  
 fight like a man?"  
 David: "Wait till I get a little  
 boulder."

\*\*\*

A new man was brought into battalion  
 headquarters office by the sergeant  
 major.

"Here's a new man, sir," said the  
 sergeant to the CO.

"Fine," said the CO, "what can he do?"

"Nothing," replied the sergeant.

"Good, then we won't have to break  
 him in."

\*\*\*

The OD was making his rounds and came  
 upon a rookie on guard duty. The OD  
 asked the recruit, "What is general  
 order number six?"

"Don't know," replied the neophyte.

The OD tried again. "What is general  
 order number four?"

"Don't know," came the same answer.

"What did the corporal of the guard  
 tell you?" asked the OD.

"He said, 'Watch out for the OD. He's  
 a stinker.'"

\*\*\*

C.O.: "Don't you know who I am?"

Rookie: "Nope, I'm a stranger here  
 myself.

C.O.: "I am the commanding officer of  
 this post."

Rookie: "That's a darn good job, bud,  
 don't louse it up."

Things I wouldn't understand about the  
 army if I lived to be a 30-year man:

Why the guy who has the least privacy  
 of any human being is called private.  
 Why a 10-minute break only lasts five  
 minutes.

Why an officer of the day has to stay  
 up all night.

Why the army critical discharge score  
 is 85 points when I ain't got that  
 many.

Why there are such long periods be-  
 tween paydays, and such short periods  
 between CQs.

Why it always gets cold the day you  
 put on suntans and always gets hot  
 the day you put on ODs.

Why you come to a halt instead of  
 running like hell when the bugle  
 sounds Retreat.

\*\*\*

A sailor in the Pacific, upon receiving  
 his ballot application to vote wrote,  
 "Thank you for the ballot. It came as  
 a welcome and very flattering surprise.  
 This is the first time in 18 months I  
 have been invited to express an opinion  
 on anything whatsoever."

\*\*\*

"I think we've got the morale too  
 high," reported the topkick to the CO.  
 "They want to know if it's true they  
 have to return to civilian life some  
 day."

\*\*\*

British Soldier: "What's that screech-  
 ing noise?"

Yank: "I think it's an owl."

British Soldier: "I know, lad, but 'oo  
 in the 'ell is doing the 'owling?"

\*\*\*

Here is a tale of an inebriated Yale  
 student who saw a signpost in Provi-  
 dence that read: "New Haven 126,  
 Cambridge 54."

"Yippee!" cried the scholar. "I  
 always knew we could trim those guys!"

\*\*\*

Card from a soldier on leave: "Having  
 a wonderful time. Wish I could afford  
 it."

\*\*\*

# Your *Old Forester* PICTURE DEPARTMENT



*Sight for sore eyes*



*Joyce and Barbara  
at Riverview*



*Another view at the pool*



*At Onwentsia*



*Eddie Swift inspects German  
pill box at Dieppe*



*We understand why  
Russ likes Ann Arbor*



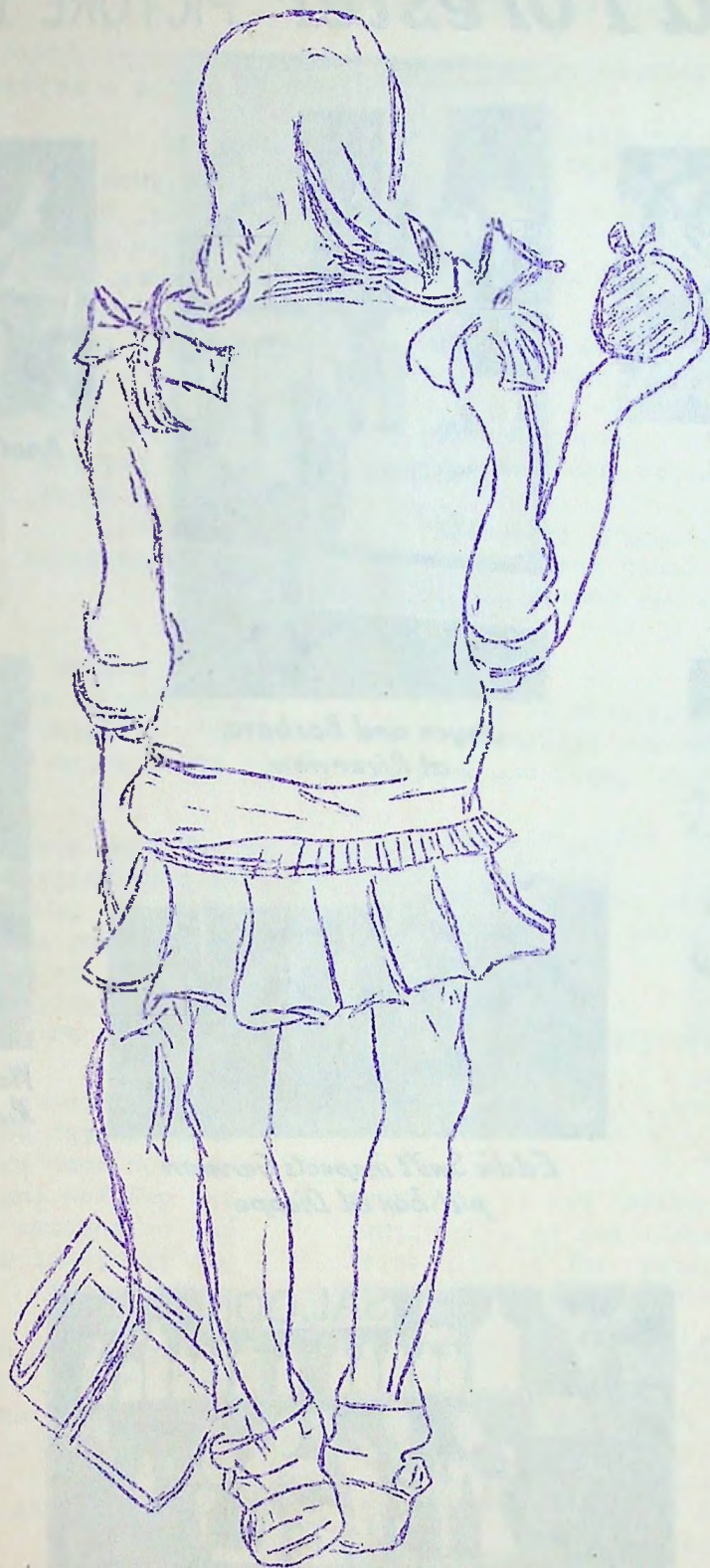
*At Onwentsia*



*Alice Keith, Sylvia, Winkie, Joan Clement, and  
Friend Play their part Well.*



*At Onwentsia*



BACK TO SCHOOL

Contributed by Marisa Phelps