

THE CHICAGO
TRIBNEWSUNESTER

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EDITORIAL

The Christmas season is upon us, and your editor, if he were to give rein to his true feelings, could wax quite sentimental. He could recall the excitement of meeting the holiday trains, and the variations of greetings extended by the young hopefuls, dependent upon age and temperament. It was fun for you to be home where you could sleep for all hours, and it was certainly fun for us parents to have you there, even if we only caught glimpses of you now and then.

Then came the round of parties - the Junior Assemblies at Onwentsie and the Casino, which by the way will be repeated again this year, despite the lack of masculinity that was so much in evidence in the stag lines in those days. I could grow even more sentimental over Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, but what's the use this year.

We are, however, going to dwell a bit on New Year's Day, as that is an occasion when one can forget the past and look hopefully to the future. Dark as the immediate present may seem during this holiday season, it may not be too long until the worst of our troubles are over, and together once more we can renew our family life and our friendships in a world from which we trust the sorrows and hardships of war will be banished for our lifetime at least. The years which have been lost will be quickly forgotten. As time rolls by, some of the memories of events that are pretty tough today will be well worth recalling. College days will start again and will be more appreciated and enjoyed as the result of your experiences.

As we face the New Year of 1945, let us determine to continue from day to day in the certain knowledge that before too long victory will be won. You boys will be returning, and life will be happy and gay once more. Lake Forest is not the same without you, but it, like all communities of our great country, has wonderful recuperative powers. When the day for celebrating your return finally comes, look out for your hat - we will be off to the races and no stopping us!

For the present, therefore, our prayer for all of you is that God will guide and protect you, and that the New Year of 1945 will be the last that will find us separated over the seven seas. Our thoughts will be with you on Christmas Day. Our hopes will be with you for the happiest New Year we have had for a long time.

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We are indebted to Bryan Reid, Jr. for the cover sketch and other artistic embellishments.

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LAKE FOREST SENDS YOU GREETINGS

Your editor grew a bit sentimental and serious, but that can be ascribed to old age and the weather, which is certainly anticipating Christmas with a good old-fashioned snowstorm. While still in the mood and before we really get down to the serious business of "dirt and dope," we are bringing you Christmas greetings from some of your older friends here in Lake Forest. We know that you will all be glad to hear from them.

HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR, SENDS GREETINGS: "With the Christmas Season approaching, I am most grateful of this opportunity to send my Greetings to our many men and women in service. We at home have duties to perform, but not like yours. Ours are those of maintaining your home and the community as you would have it and as you left it. Also of organizing our campaigns and volunteer help and services which we are rendering so that we may be rightfully included among others properly doing their duty. I send you the greetings and wishes of the City of Lake Forest.

CHARLES F. CLARKE, Mayor"

DR. BRACKETT SENDS HIS BLESSINGS: "God knows where you all are -- and I mean it reverently. That is why I don't worry about you. But I miss you very much while you are away. Kraft's and the Presbyterian Church are not the same without you. God bless you, on duty and off duty, meanwhile.

W. Oliver Brackett"

A MESSAGE FROM DR. PRINCE: "The Church of the Holy Spirit sends its Christmas greetings to all Men in Service, with extra specials to the 185 who belong to our parish. Every one of you has a particular spot (1) in our records, (2) on the map in our church lobby, (3) in our prayers. About that map - it is a large map of the world, fixed to the wall in our church lobby. Every one of the 185 men has his pin and his location; red pins for the Army, blue pins for the Navy and Coast Guard, tan for the Marines. It looks swell. About 85 are scattered over the U.S.A., over 50 are in the Pacific area, 40 are in European area and half-a-dozen are widely separated on the continent of Asia. Good luck, good going and safe return for all of you!

Herbert W. Prince"

A MESSAGE FROM THE AMERICAN LEGION: "Season's Greetings from the American Legion Post of Lake Forest. May your next Christmas be spent with your loved ones in a world of peace.

S. A. Moller, Commander."

MR. BELL SENDS HIS BEST: "I keenly appreciate this rather unique and homey manner of joining with your young friends in greetings to all you Lake Foresters in the Service. Amongst you there are scores of Bell School graduates, and many, many more a part of whose peaceful youth was here with us. Moreover, today, there are 61 youngsters of our 153 pupils whose fathers are in service! These children and their teachers unite with me in every good wish for you, and especially for a Victorious and Happy New Year."

THE TOWN BANKER WASHES TO BE REMEMBERED: "TO THE LAKE FOREST MEN IN THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES:

"This is just to wish you boys a very Merry Christmas and a peaceful and happier New Year from your home town banker. We have been and will be thinking of you during this holiday season, and are hoping that by next Christmas you will be back in your old home town.

"We are winding up our Sixth War Loan Drive this week. Already we have passed the quota assigned to us by the Federal Reserve Bank; but we always undertake to raise, and we do raise, twice the amount we are required to.

"With best wishes and Christmas greetings to all of you, I am

Sincerely,

Frank W. Read"

A MESSAGE FROM BUD: "I sincerely congratulate the editor and her staff for the grand idea and job they have done by publishing the 'Tribnewsunester.' I have displayed my copy on the cases in the store and there certainly has been a great interest shown by boys on furlough and by their friends and mothers who drop into the shop every day. Some have asked to take the copy home, but I have refused inasmuch as it is the first volume and I do not care to lose it.

"Your editor remarks that Bud Robertson would rather try his new supply of Lady Cardigans on the pretty girls than try suits on you fellows. Well --- Bud really doubts that, fellows. Bud has too much fun with all of you to dare make favorites of the young ladies, so any of you - Tony, Peter, Clive, Stanton, Mason - or anyone else who should happen to be home and drop around to Robertson's Store can take his place behind the counter to do the selling of the sweaters to the pretty girls. If you are there, we shall no doubt see more pretty girls. There is nothing like an added attraction to entice customers, you know.

"Boys -- May George and I, through the help of this new paper, the editors, and Mrs. Clow, send CHRISTMAS GREETINGS to each and every one of you.

"I have written and received letters from some of you, and now that I have the new paper, I'll be able to get more addresses and send you greetings every so often. Thanks a million for a grand job each of you is doing, and we at home will try the harder to do our part in bringing you all back to good little Lake Forest, with its small town fun, small town gossip, and its small town good friendliness."

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ABOUT THE NAME

Whether or not the offered five bucks was insufficient inducement or whether you all agree with the saying, "What's in a name?" we don't know. We have received several scornful comments about our present title, but few, if any, suggestions. We don't like it ourselves, but will keep it until we get a better one.

From an ineligible contestant we got a fairly good one - "Old Forester - good to the last drop." "Dirt and Dope" has been suggested by several, but we just think we are a bit too good to go by such a name. We like a column of that title and wish we had more to offer. Next time we will turn that particular column over to those who help to create both, and hope it will blossom forth both dirtier and dopier. In the meantime, we are still open to suggestions, and the aforesaid five bucks are awaiting a winner.

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INQUIRING REPORTER

In our first issue, the above stated social editor collected most of the "dope and dirt," and translated it into editorial language fit to print and passable by the censor, who must always be in our mind.

This time, however, several of our co-editoresses have come across in a big way, so that we are publishing their contributions intact, knowing that they will have a far more appreciative reception than any translation by your editor.

Diana has contributed a grand newsy letter, for which we are all grateful. We are going to miss her while she is visiting her family in Bridgeport, Connecticut. But let her speak for herself.

"Ginny Mitchell and Jean Scharin have started their training at Cook County Hospital, where they are completing the Nurse's Aide Course. Ginny expect to work there four days a week after she is "capped." Sally Ann McPherson arrives here the 14th of December in time for what Christmas activities there may be. She'll be here for the rest of the winter.

"Mary Mabbatt has announced her engagement to Lt. (j.g.) Jack Renchard. They expect to be married early in January, and have rented a cute apartment on Westminster Road.

"Quite a few boys have written me, telling me how much they liked this paper. If you'd be interested in saying anything about it - this is what Johnny Runnells writes:

'I must congratulate you all on the news letter. I really enjoyed it no end, and it does make it so much easier to keep track of everybody. That has really become a job, for all they do is move one from one place to another. No kidding, I hope it continues till we all meet for good!'

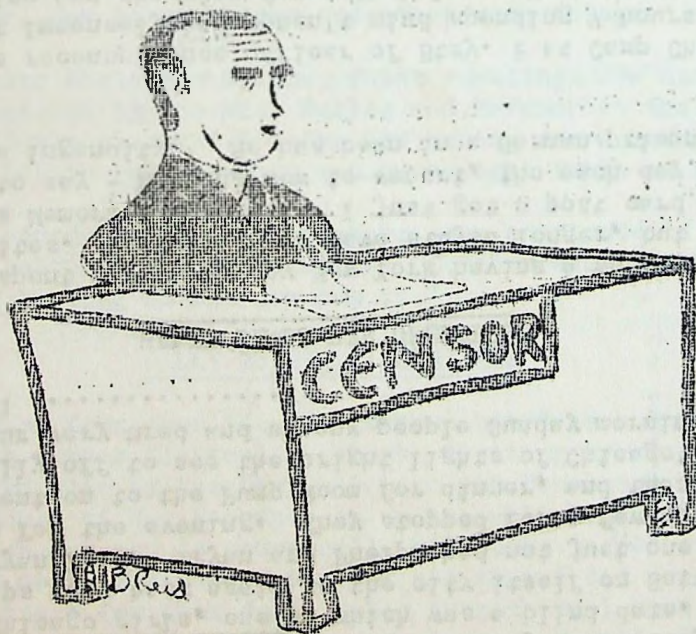
"Johnny Runnells says he goes on bivouac a few days each week. He used to walk, but is now driving a jeep, which is infinitely better because it saves his feet. Evidently, "Legs" Runnells is having slight difficulty in trying to find room for his feet and be comfortable at the same time, but then anything is better than walking!

"Russ Kelley's mother reports that his battalions were in the first wave at Pelelieu and also credited with taking the airport. He is now on some rest island and when last heard from had mess duty and spent his time slicing bread and cleaning pots and pans.

"Archie Stevenson is still at Fort Benning too, and for anyone's interest, has gone into the 'poster' business. If you want one for your barracks, college room, or whatever, please notify him!

"Mase Phelps has been spending most of his time guarding the brig in Bremerton, Washington, and expects to go over soon.

"Winter has really set in, in Lake Forest. A few brave souls even attempted ice skating on the Des Plaines River last week end, and no one fell through that we heard of. We hope that the Winter Club field will be ready soon.



The week end of the eighteenth of November held great doings in Chicago. Phelps Swift and Berto Niblack had just arrived back in Chicago and naturally wanted girls to liven up their leave. The sixteenth, a Thursday, was the start. They took out two Chicago girls, one of which was a blind date. It seemed all had a good time as Phelps came back again to the city itself on Saturday night to go to a party given by Bryan Reid. Bryan and Phelps had not just one new girl this time, but two blind dates for the evening. They stopped for a few minutes at the Ryersons and then went on to the Pump Room for dinner, and then to the ice show at the Arena, and finally off to see the bright lights of Chicago's night life. From what was said by four very tired and sleepy people Sunday morning - it had been a gala evening for all

HELEN SENDS HER GREETINGS:

"Last month I spent a week in gay New York having a wonderful time and seeing many old Farmingtonites. Would like to have stayed longer, but had to get back to my job at Children's Memorial Hospital. I just got a post card from Penny Dangler, who said, 'Strange to say - nothing new to report, tho each day I become more amazed at our Yankee ingenuity.' He has been in a German prison camp since last June.

"Eddie Swift is reconnaissance officer of Btry. B at Camp Choffee, Arkansas. He seems to enjoy it immensely and doesn't mind spending 7 hours pulling on long underwear - inspecting and checking for moth holes. He hopes to be on his way over soon. Phelps Swift is headed for Ft. Knox for O.C.S. in mechanized calvary.

"Di Prosser is leaving us for Bridgeport, Connecticut, the 15th (Dec.). We are going to miss her a lot and hope she'll come back to see us next summer.

"This Christmas isn't going to be the same without all of you here. We'll all be thinking of you. Merry Christmas!"

A NEWSY LETTER FROM PAT:

"I received my copy of Tribnewsunester just today and I want to tell you it is sensational. I apologize for never answering Mr. Clow's nice letter asking me to be a co-editress, but due to lack of news and time on my part, I never even got around to answering it. I still don't know any news to speak of, except that cousin Barbara Kreutz's baby is beautiful. Her nurse has left, so Barbara is quite busy and terribly nervous because she is afraid she is going to do something wrong. Having Janet Brown Hamill in Uncle Fred's house with her helps though, because she has a year old girl whom she takes sole care of. Barbara is going out to Seattle to see Irving in December and is taking Nicky (the baby) with her. I wish her good luck and she will need it.

"I hardly ever see Polly any more, because when she isn't practicing her parts in her boudoir, she is teaching Sunday School for the second grade students. Ginny Washburne comes over every evening at 5:30 for a cup of delicious Manor House coffee (Ed. Note: A bit of advertising but it will certainly make some of you men's mouths water, so okay) after she gets back from Great Lakes, where she is working in the Discipline Office. I might add we both need it by that time. Barbie Hixon Wilson gave a wonderful party for Joannie Martin (nee Hixon) and her darling husband, Tommy, who is just back from 5 months in the Pacific flying a TBF for the Navy. He was on the same carrier as Edie Porter's husband and payed a call on Mrs. Porter and gladly answered all questions she had to ask - Edie was away. To get back to the party, I was on Tommy's left and I was quite flattered because he is something out of this world. Tall, dark, and good looking like all the other

Hixon girls' spouses. Joannie was absolutely glowing. They are now visiting his family in Maryland for three weeks before he has to report to Norfolk to train with a new squadron. They will have at least three months together and maybe more, because it isn't definite that he will have to leave the country again for some time.

"Pat and Jo Sample were dwelling in a farm house in Texas the last time I heard from her, and loving it. Every election year since we were in 8th grade, Jim Holliday and I get together and have heated arguments. I wish I had made bets with him because I would be rich by now. I don't know who was the most stubborn, but I'm afraid it was I. In 1948, when the war and peace are all settled, I feel quite sure that I will be on his side of the fence, but for the time being, we will have to disagree, I'm afraid.

"I could go on for pages about my job, but I won't, and will limit myself to a few lines. The North Shore strike has made life very nice for me because I drive to and fro now with the kind help of Mr. Clark and his Ration Board. Mr. Stuart Otis is my boss and his company is called the 'Electronic Winding Company.' We make coils and crystals for radios on ships and planes. It really is very interesting, and the women are very nice to work with. I miss Mrs. Manierre's because she is such a wonderful person. She took it so well when she knew both Cy and Bill were missing, and then to find out they are both safe and well in the same prison camp in Germany was too good for words. She really hasn't a thing to worry about anymore, and can write them once again even though the paper required is small and quite impersonal.

"That's all for now because I have to go to bed awfully early these days. Thank you again for the honor of being part of your wonderful paper. If anything exciting comes my way, I will let you know about it at once. My best to everyone. Oh, yes, I saw Danny at the Hixons at tea on Sunday and he isn't pouring forth many glowing accounts of Notre Dame you can be sure."

GINNY AGAIN CONTRIBUTES - MANY THANKS

"The gay Miss Prosser departs December 15 for a sojourn in Bridgeport, Connecticut, with her Mother, Mrs. Bryant, the sojourn lasting for several months - which is all very sad, as the Saturday Evening Club (her club) is already diminishing in number, due to marriages and other such things.

"As for the coming Christmas season, faint rumblings are heard about a gay evening for all, sponsored by the Mrs. Welles and Haffner at the Haffner's domain. It all sounds exceedingly pleasant - we're all hoping for a heavy snow the preceding night, so Dobbin and the shay can be brought forth as transportation.

"Also recently heard from is Hank Connors, now stationed in Pittsburgh, Kansas. I took the letter he wrote me to Mrs. Connors and I believe she is going to submit it to you, as long as she now has it."

SALLY Mc SENDS SOME NEWS

"Again I am out of town when the "Tribnewsunester" is being written - this time in St. Louis, or rather Clayton, a suburb, visiting my sister and brother-in-law, who are stationed here by the Navy. I have not done much of interest except perhaps packing Prisoner of War Packages on an assembly line. The first time I put cigarettes in each box and it practically killed me to see over a thousand cartons just staring me in the face - I might add that I did not give way to my temptation by snitching a few packages. Other than that, I have seen a few of the bright lights of St. Louis - some of the good places and some of the lesser places - the latter having more spice! That is about all this fair town has to offer so I will stop by saying that I am returning to Chicago on December 14th.

A BIT OF NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

We were glad again to get a note from Mrs. Graham Aldis. You know, a pat on the back from a real, live authoress is always encouraging. She wrote: "Warmest congratulations on the 'Tribnewsuncster' - it's wonderful." That was music to our ears. Also, she gave some news of Owen who has the longest title for one young private we have ever seen. Here it is - can any of you beat it? Pvt. O. Aldis - 11141392, B-13 Gp. 2, Bks. T-151, Squadron 3, Flight A, 2111th AAFBU BAAF, Blytheville, Arkansas. Owen writes that things in the air corps are slowed up a bit "After a length of time in the army, the steely glint in the eyes becomes a glassy stare."

We have had some visitors from far off parts this last week. Ensign Bobby Coleman arrived unexpectedly from his carrier, which saw a lot of action around the Philippines. When he heard that the Lake Forest Hospital had a couple of American born Japs helping in the kitchen, he was almost ready for murder. He looks find and will be off again soon.

Lt. Leslie Wheeler has been home, and while here, we are told that Capt. Dave Wilhelm flew up from Miami in 3½ hours entirely on business. While on leave, Les enjoyed a fine pheasant hunt with Johnny Coleman out in Wyoming.

Bill Spaulding is back after flying around the world several times during the last 3½ years, and he and brother Ed, who is transferring to infantry in the near future, have left to spend their short leave with their family in Florida.

Mary Mabbatt has picked January 6 for her marriage to Jack Renchard. Ginny Washburne and Polly Porter will hold her hand at the ceremony.

Blissy King has taken a real job and is wrapping Christmas packages every day - a truly exciting and stimulating job we are told.

Nancy Cochrane also has joined the working gals in a big way helping Marc Leeds create floral sensations, and putting in 56 hours a week in so doing.

The "Nubbins" and her nice husband have moved to Washington where he is attending a fire control school for the next 10 weeks.

Had a nice long letter from Jimmy Douglas from somewhere in Texas. He is with anti-aircraft, but has been awaiting transfer to O.C.S. at Benning. It looks now as though that may not come through, as they have been having a lot of inspections - are alerted and he hopes to get a furlough around Christmas. He is handling radar in A.A. and rather thinks he prefers that job to a commission in infantry, which seems to make it almost unanimous.

Henry Odell will be commissioned an ensign Thursday, December 14, at Columbia. We're sending this issue to his home in hope that he will have a leave and be here to help brighten the Christmas season.

We hear that Thorne Ellis and a navy pal have gone for the circus in a big way. Down at Memphis innocently walking the street they spied Lefty Swanson, erstwhile cowboy on Eleanor Erdman's Wyoming ranch. He, the aforesaid Lefty, knew the ropes and the next afternoon Thorne and his pal create quite a sensation in the NATTAC Ship's Service by walking in - each with a trapeze artist on his arm. We are told that they were most attractive young ladies, flew through the air with the greatest of ease, and their names didn't end in ski or ello. It's not suggested that they will end in Ellis either.

A MESSAGE FROM FRANCE

"As you have probably guessed from the somewhat long delay in writing, we are now 'somewhere in France' to use the same old trite expression. The consequences encountered as a result of our present position is at times amusing as well as a trifle confusing - usually the former. I find that my eleven odd years of French is standing me in fairly good stead. Composition and literature haven't helped much as far as conversation goes. I've done well enough to get my share of cider and beer - a never failing supply seems to exist somewhere - and to get my laundry done. The women here will do your laundry free if you supply the soap and let them keep what is left over. Soap means more than money here. Coffee is at a premium also. They have an 'ersatz' concoction which they call 'cafe-nationale' which consists of burnt barley - a truly dreadful liquid it is too. The climate is a lot better than we had previously, although the weather has been cutting up in a most disconcerting and unpleasant manner, but we're filled with hopeful expectations."

SCANDAL SHEET

(With Thanks to Pine Manor)

We are wondering why the gruesome twosome; namely, Peggy and Nancy, disrupted La Rue with a telephone call from New Haven a few weeks ago.

Last seen sitting in the back of a red delivery truck was Alice Keith, speeding through Baltimore heading for Annapolis. What was the rush?

Question for debate is: Who will Omer have down at Yale next?

From North Carolina comes the cry, "Run into the round house Mother, the brakeman can't catch you there."

Eddie Shunway's latest line after taking the Ferry Hall girls out is, "Would you like to get into the movies, Queenie? I used to work for Paramount you know."

Problem: Do you think Dodie will be able to drink all the tea in the Boston Harbor?

Answer: Yes, if the French and British officers continue to help her.

NEWS FROM THE BOYS

(Thanks a lot - we'll respect your request)

"Ye gods! What is it. But the initial reaction soon gave way to a series of chuckles and ended in cheers. The Tribnewsunester dood it, and how.

"One can't quite ascertain to whom the credit is due, but someone has done a marvelous job. I don't know how many of the guys who received the first edition will write their appreciation, but I'm sure they all feel the same way I do. Keeping tabs on all the old gang is impossible via the mails, and this answers all questions and takes up all slack, plus providing many laughs and scandals. It is also nice to know that home front morale in Lake Forest is holding up under the strains of the baby parade, etc. And the rotogravure section is a fitting climax.

"I don't know if there is much us male men can contribute, but we'll be on the lookout.

"There is a natural tendency towards printing excerpts from letters if news falls hort in a publication, but I would appreciate this remaining strictly anonymous.

"Looking forward to Edition II."

JOHNNY STEVE HAS A FEW ODD JOBS

"Without a doubt, a definite success. Any publication that I read over as many times as I did the Tribnewsunester deserves a lot of praise. I know it was appreciated by all the rest as much as it was here. I can definitely see your hand in the organization and material.

"I got a double V-mail from Pete. I don't know where he gets his news and dirt, but he was full of it. There must be a Hotchkiss - Yale - L. F. club over there somewhere.

"Aside from the paper, I owe you a debt of gratitude for arranging to have a daughter and son-in-law in Columbus. No one could have possibly been nicer to me than Peggy and Burke. I don't think anyone who has had any connection in L. F. has slipped through their fingers while at Benning.

"My status in 'G' Co. is that of clerk-typist, truck driver, supply man and latrine orderly. My future is uncertain regarding O.C.S.

"I'm afraid I can't give you any news or gossip, except that John Runnells was seen at a church social with a considerable bevy in tow.

"As to the title contest, my mind is soggy, but if I come across anything, I shall submit it."

WE SALUTE YOU SI - THANKS A LOT

"As one of the Class of '44, who has just recently entered the service, I greatly enjoyed the first issue of the Tribnewsunester and hope it will continue publication for the duration and six months. I know it will mean a great deal to all, especially to those out of the States.

"The Class of '44, as I mentioned, are the fledglings in the military world, but even though our GI hair is just sprouting, we seem to have come a long way from the sport coat and gray flannel world. We will probably soon join you salts and old campaigners on the battle line. Perhaps even some of you will render a salute to some like Phelps Swift at Fort Knox in O.C.S., or Hugh Dangler, a V-12, but more than likely we shall do the saluting and take orders from one of you majors or lieutenant commanders. Regardless of the situation, treat us green recruits kindly and allow us to gaze with envy at your rows of citations and ribbons. Good luck to all of you and I hope by next Christmas many of us will be back in Lake Forest."

A PLUG FROM JOHNNY RUNNELLS

"I got that letter Mrs. Clow & Company put out for the boys today and it is really a knockout. I never enjoyed anything more and I can hardly wait for the next one to come out. Tell Mrs. Clow and anyone else connected with it what a morale booster their effort is.

"I wrote my experiences on bivouac to Mother. It wasn't really a story, it was a saga of Hargrove the second. In short, just call me Marion. It was really good for many laughs. One of the great improvements the army has out now, which helps me no end, is the double ended shelter hall. In short, it has flaps on both ends. So far, I pull myself as far in as possible and then cover my feet up from the elements with my raincoat. I can always tell when it is raining; in short, my feet are my weather man in such cases."

SPEAK NOT LIGHTLY OF CORN LIKKER, OWEN!

"Besides the corn likker and bazookas, Arkansas is not the most fascinating state in the Union, so I have nothing to offer except my grateful thanks for the Tribnewsunester."

EDDIE COMES ACROSS AGAIN:

"Cigarette shortage is getting bad over here. Read in the papers tonight of an incident that occurred in New York the other day. An unidentified man whipped out a gun Tuesday and fatally shot another man who had asked him for a cigarette. Before long, I imagine that the cuspidor will once again make an appearance in polite society, as no relief for the cigarette smokers is to be seen. Women are now smoking pipes -- what is the world coming to anyhow!!"

EDSON SPENCER REPORTS:

"Not much to say, as I haven't seen many of the Lake Foresters. Battalion Commander Harry Chandler from Columbia wends his way to the Biltmore Bar of a Saturday afternoon quite frequently. Ran into Irene Hixon, Joan's cousin, at the Grosvenor Ball last Saturday in N.Y.C. - also Bill Sidley and his sister. Bill is in the ROTC at New Haven.

"Wish there were more to say, and from now on I'll make a valiant attempt to keep my eyes open on Saturday evenings in hopes of upping periscope on a familiar face."

AIN'T THOSE SAILORS PARTICULAR?

We got the following from a gob who did not seem to like the Quartermaster's selection as far as pants were concerned:

"Everything went fine until they cam to the covering for my extremities. The pants were too long. I take a 34 and I think they gave me a 60. Anyway, they were long and this navy stuff has to fit right in the right places, if you know what I mean. In other words, you ain't supposed to bend over."

A NICE BOOST FROM KEN WELLES:

"I'm sorry I can't make any suggestions for improvement, but no matter how hard I look, there doesn't seem to be any criticisms I could make. This first issue was a great beginning, I thought.

"New Haven has been pretty quiet since the close of the football season, but L.F. seems to have made quite a success out of the last - Virginia - football game. Even though Yale was unbortcn up to this last game, we had to let Army take top honors in the East, so we merely tied this last game - 6-6.

"To get back to L.F. 'Sonny' Jim, Winkie, Harry & Peggy, myself and Nancy all managed to have a good time at the Sheff Prom.

"See you all for those three great days over Christmas -"

* * * * *

Advice to the young lover:

Don't keep telling her you're unworthy. Surprise her.

November 26th, 1944

"Dear Ginney,

"The first copy of our newspaper arrived down here sometime last week, and it was really wonderful. With lots of cooperation from us boys, you girls should be able to do a grand job. I had loads of fun reading it, so you all (Boy is Ah South-ern) keep up the good work.

"Hope you haven't been falling down any more stairs. Really you must break yourself of that habit.

KANSAS REPORTING

"Wheat ho! Coal ho! Ho Kansas! ---hoh nuts! Honestly when this unit's prairie schooners start breaking down, what chance do we twelvers have of learning any navigation? -- And speaking of navigation our professor in that particular course (when he first entered the room for his first class, I thought he was bounding a ping-pong ball, but later discovered it was hayseed dropping to the floor) informed us all that most of our sailing is done between the North and South Poles! -- Golly, I found that hard to believe. (Snerd Laughs). One of his colleagues thought I was sleeping the other day, and I really was --- no wonder he heard my snoring --- the radiators stopped banging for once. The teachers do have loud voices though, and can overcome such obstacles, as the one mentioned above, Three times a day they yell 'soyee---soyeeeee-pig, - pig- pig.' It's amazing how fast their wives bring them their chow!

"Really, though it's nice here in sunny, sunny, cloudy, nosun, no sun, rainy, cold, sunny Kansas. ---And the girls - Oh they're nice too! They've made it possible for this Unit to have another course in studies --- to be studied after hours -- you know Stadiumology? We have a swell skipper too. He'll bend over backwards to give a falla a good deal. I think last week his head was touching the ground though! 'Connors' he remarked at a Captain's inspection, 'you have hair on your face.'

"No one could have been more surprised then me for hair has never been apparent there before, but I collected myself and told him I was growing a beard. 'Oh' he replied apologetically, 'I thought you needed a shave!'

"Yes, Kansas State Teacher's College is mild compared to Indiana State, but I do get a bit depressed at times! Gaud -- forty-six more State Teacher's Colleges to go!

"It was wonderful to receive the first copy of the 'Tribnewsunester' and a great deal of thanks and appreciation should go to Mr. & Mr. Clow for starting our periodical. It's futue success depends upon us boys. We can always hear from those of us in the States and hope once in a while to hear from those guys now seeing Foreign duty. Kingman Douglass, Pete Clow, Mason Phelps, Larry Smith, Russ Kelley, Johnny Templeton, and by now probably others (my own brother Tommy Connors left about Dec. 10th). To hear about Lake Forest too will always be much desired. Well until our next get-together -- So Long!

"The hoosier (very much so) Sunflower (to be)

Hank Connors.

"Bye, Bye, Ginny, love to all. Hope to see you soon.

Hank Connors."

AN APOLOGY FROM THE MAN PINERS AT PINE MANOR

"The Buchanan, Carpenter, Law Press, Inc. have a ticklish and tender plea to make, which is done with much 'er-ing' and 'ah-ing', twisting of hands, changing of feet, and clearing of voice, highly reminiscent of the Boll School-deliver-a-poem-in-assently-for-Miss-Burke days. Still if the 'Tribsunester' is going to continue to grow and develop one definite essential is required:----News.

"Now, as you may or may not know, Pine Manor is run on the basis of a military P.O.E., strictly no communication with the outside world (i.e. a 'brig'). The Pony Express arrives once in thirty days, and our last means of touch with Other Activities threatens to be cut by the alleged telephone operators' strike. However, if you wish to reach us before they str-r-r-rike, call Wellesley 3010 between 7:30 and 10:00 P.M. Well, to get to the point, it is an extremely intellectualized and dull world, but one in which we attempt survival. We remind each other periodically we're here to learn anyway.

"In September we were miserable, desolate, and alone, when what should appear in our mail boxes but letters from Mr. Clow announcing the birth of the 'Tribsunester.' Happy were we, indeed, to know we could actually write our NEWS in it too. Looking like three eager beavers, we began our quest for material. Our first contribution was hampered by exams. Yet now, after tow more months of isolation our faces register only dismay. Can it be that there is NO news? Situated as we are in the area of Greater Boston, where life rolls on only at an intellectual pace, where men are scarce and women plentiful, and the activities of the outside world are kept from this inner sanctum of college life, it is most disconcerting to have our play-girl friends vamp the only news we can find. The other things you'd like to hear we cannot print, so what is left!!! (All tear hair and moan loudly.)

"Therefore we would like to have priorities on your news and views, so all Lake Forest won't think so so unpopular. Please let us know what is going on among Lake Foresters. In this God-for-saken part of the world we are twice as isolated as you.

"On December 13th, oh blessed day, we leave Boston headed Chicago way for Christmas vacation, during which time we will do much snooping and investigating. We wish you were all going to be home, and a very merry Christmas from

Nanny, Keith, and Dodie."

* * * * *

SEE PICTURE PAGE

John A. Stevenson reports:

"Above relic (motorcycle, not passenger) was Hicky Glore's originally, who sold it to Arthur Dofre, who sold it to the rider pictured. Loved ones on the Home Front will be glad to know that it has again been sold, and can no longer run down, deafen, or irritate the nostrils of pedestrians on Lake Forest's 'winding and narrow streets.'

* * * * *

IT'S MERRY CHRISTMAS IN ANY TONGUE

In any language it's still "Merry Christmas." Here are a few ways to extend the Yuletide greetings:

- "Beldog Karasconi," Hungarian.
- "Buon Natale," Italian.
- "Felices Pascuas," Spanish.
- "Kala Christooyena," Greek.
- "Noel Joyeux," French.
- "Hauskaa Houlua," Finnish.
- "Froehliche Weinachten," German.
- "Genoegelyke Kerstyd," Dutch.
- "Goð Jul," Swedish.
- "Gloedelig Jul," Danish.
- "Baas Festa," Portuguese.
- "Zaligen Hoodag," Flemish.
- "Mall Kalikama," Hawaiian.
- "Vesele Vancoc," Bohemian.
- "Wesolych Swiat Bozco Narodzina," Polish.
- "Bunascra Lue Graterna," Rumanian.
- "Ge Chenorhavoren St. Zenount," Armenian.

* * * * *



"I say old man, are you sure this is your house."

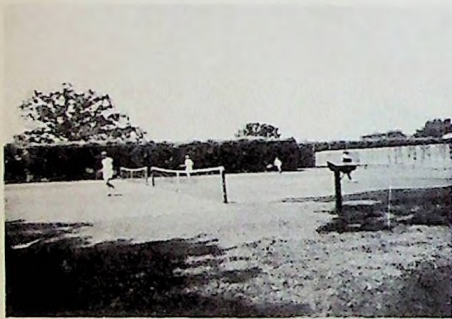
The
PICTURES
are a
HIT!

We
NEED MORE



TWO G.I.'s AND A JANE

Please
HELP



FOR OLD TIMES SAKE



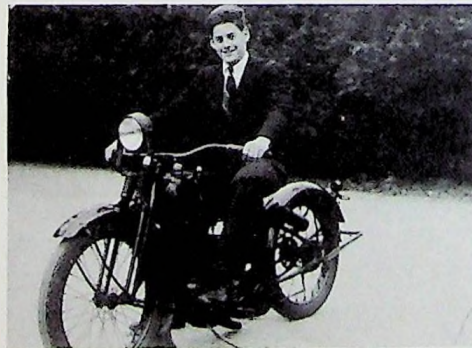
THE ARMY & NAVY ARE FRIENDS



HELLEN LOOKS READY FOR FUN



A BUD AMONGST FLOWERS



SEE BOTTOM PAGE 12 FOR COMMENTS



IT'S A NICE SMILE, SALLY