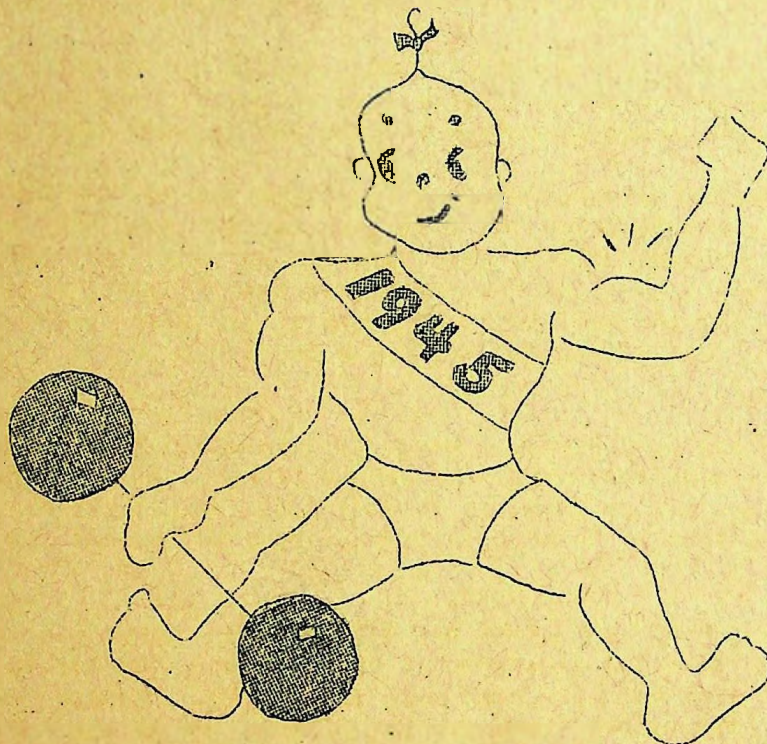


THE CHICAGO  
**TRIBNEWSUNESTER**  
VOL. 1, NO. 3  
JAN, 1945  
PUBLISHED AT LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS



The Winner !!

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Nonie Carry  
Nancy Cochrane  
Naoma Donnelley  
Dorothy Law  
Nancy Buchanan

Patricia McLaughlin  
Ginevra Mitchell  
Sally McPherson  
Betty Peabody  
Marion Phelps  
Helen Priebe

Diana Prosser  
Olive Robbins  
Ellen Ryerson  
Jean Scharin  
Peggy Whipple



## EDITORIAL

The "Tribnewsunester" can now be pronounced a success. One Lake Forest boy in a barn near the front line in France, received his copy the day before Christmas, and was kind enough to report that it made his holiday for him. A marine on Pelelieu reports that it was a godsend and was passed around the entire company. Another boy, now in the front line in Alsace Lorraine, reports it "Definitely a success." A navy flyer at Corpus Christi writes that "the paper fills in the blanks of Mother's and the L.F. harem's letters," but he quickly assures the harem that their letters are appreciated. An infantryman at Benning says, "Thanks a lot, and keep it going." A midshipman at Asbury Park asks us to keep up the good work. From the boys who were home for a short Christmas holiday, we got an enthusiastic vote of confidence. With your help, we will therefore try to continue this publication.

As more of our boys get overseas, the greater will be the need for home news to cheer them up in their tough assignment. Our mailing list to these boys numbers close to sixty now, and we are glad to add any names suggested. These boys really are well worth the effort. This breath from home will let them know that Lake Forest is still on the map - carrying on as best they can - thinking of them every minute of the day and night - and praying for their safe return and a renewal of the life we all enjoy.

Credit for any success of this effort, of course, belongs to our very active and attractive co-editoressees. They furnish the bulk of the news, for they are the news the boys want. In this issue, we have contributions from four of our eighteen. Their help is very greatly appreciated. Here's hoping that for our next issue, we will hear from every one of them.

The fond parents can help a lot more. Out of forty-four parents, we have heard from only eight! This job is being done for your boy and mine. He apparently like it. You are, of course, busy as a bird dog, but each of you has some news that would interest all. Give us excerpts from letters that are interesting and not too personal. The boys like to hear from one another, and either don't know where their friends are, or are unable to get many letters written.

Pictures seem very popular and hard to get, even though our official photographer has helped a lot. All of us have fairly recent snapshots - they are all returned promptly, and we can print a double page as easily as a single one.

Amongst all of the parents there must be some literary geniuses whose candle has long been hidden. Your editor will outline some suggestions for our next issue that may do the trick. Won't you please get it out and show the younger generation that there is plenty of spark left in us, despite the war.

If we can get the news, the job is worth while and will help make these tough days a little brighter. If boys, girls, and parents will just continue to supply all the news - whether fit to print or not - the editor will endeavor to keep both the individual and the publication out of a libel suit, and make it even a greater contribution to our boys who have left us. Thanks for your past help. Let's call it a good beginning, and go out and show them what we really can do when we try.



A SWELL LETTER FROM NANCY COCHRAN

I really felt very badly about not contributing anything to the last issue, but to say the least, time was at a premium, and I spent my life at Marc Leeds. I work six days a week from nine to six, and so it is really hard to find time to do the many things I would like to.

The last issue, I myself enjoyed very very much, and from all reports, so did the boys. (Thanks for the boost, Nancy.)

Johnny Stevenson wrote me and told that he was coming up this past week end (the 6th and 7th), but unfortunately, the plane was grounded, and he wasn't able to make it. Frankly, it is just as well, because I would have died of envy if he had gone to the wonderful sleigh ride that Nonny Carry and Dodie Law gave. From all reports, it couldn't have been more fun. Everyone started off from Nonny's house at about 7 o'clock, and then ended up there after the ride for a late dinner, which I'm sure everyone was ready for. It was a perfect night for it. I missed it, as I have been laid up for several days with a horrible cold.

I just received a letter from Agar written on Christmas Eve and I quote: "It is Christmas Eve here and the various carols are being played over a loud speaker system, and it makes one very homesick indeed. It also makes me think of those Christmas holidays we all used to have together, and I certainly hope the day is not too far away when we shall have them again." I know we all feel that way.

A letter came from Stanton this morning telling of his activities down at Corpus Christi. He said that he had finished school there last Saturday, but he still has 150 hours to put in. That must mean in the air, because he said the weather was so bad he didn't think they would wait down there to get it in. He also said that they were leaving there between the 1st and 15th of February, so it won't be too long before we see Stanton. (Am sure he hopes you are right.)

Tony Cudahy has just finished his course at Parris Island, and we are now waiting for his address at New River. I am enclosing a picture of Tony and me, taken on his last leave at home this summer. (Thanks a lot - it's fine of you both.)

I am going to start in at the hospital a few nights a week - and I shall probably go into the hospital as a patient if my sister's baby doesn't arrive right on schedule - not like Bessie's - so until the next copy

Sincerely yours,

Nancy Cochran.

P.S. It is certainly nice that Clive Runnells is stationed at Glenview.



THANKS A LOT, STANTON, WE'LL KEEP IT UP WITH YOUR HELP

I feel I owe you an apology of a sort. I didn't receive your request for information till December 12. It was too late then, but I should have filled it out anyway. I have not as yet received the Christmas issue, but am really looking forward to it.

The trouble seems to be my change of address. It has changed four times in the last four weeks. Each time it changes, we lose our mail and pay accounts. I guess all of us here in the states value mail and pay about equally. Overseas, it's mail, as you know. The "Tribnewsunester" certainly fills in the blanks of Mother's and the L. F. harem's letters. I hope your harem of co-editors use the paper to supplement their few letters (Is that a hint for more?), not as a substitute, because I imagine there is lots of gossip, as usual, that won't get by the "Ye Olde Gossippe Shoppe" censor. (You're mistaken, Stanton, we're very liberal and personally enjoy a little dirt).

Your first issue was really swell. I'm looking forward to the Christmas issue, when and if it catches me.

I am afraid my literary ability is too limited to contribute. The news with me is the same as usual. The navy is training me to be a first class state-side commando. If and when the battle of Corpus Christi is won, I'll go out as a replacement crew.

If you have a chance, could you please send me Pete's address. I am very bad at letter-writing, but I'm going to try to turn over a new leaf. (I'm sure Pete would love to hear from you, Stanton. His address is: 36756742, Co. B, 17th A.I.B., A.P.O. 262, c/o Postmaster, New York).

(Ed. Note: Since receiving this letter, we have heard from Stanton further that he has finished his new PBM ground school at Corpus. He expects to be there until February 15; then to San Diego for four weeks; and then out. That's the plan now, but you can never tell. He tells us that Archie (otherwise known as Johnny) has it in for the editor for publishing the picture of the motorcycle - well, we agree with him that pictures of girls would be more popular, but we do the best we can.)



They kept Andy busy at Onwentsia this vacation.





Dear -----,

You are probably wondering who I am so I'll explain. I'm a friend of ----- in fact. I'm in the same company.

He showed me the pictures he had of you and I must say they are perfect.



----- is a swell fellow and liked by everybody that knows him. I'm not just saying this, he's really a swell egg. We are now in a rest camp. You should see us rest.



OVER.



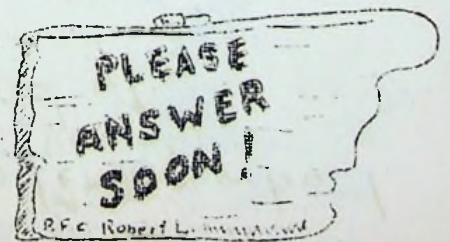
It's not really too hard a life  
though, of course, now and then, we  
have some rather strict inspection.



When the inspecting officer comes  
around you feel about the size of the  
P.F.C. in picture.

Please an-  
swer - you'll  
never know how  
much I would  
appreciate it.

Bob





We hear that Cy Bentley had an encounter with a street car this Christmas. "The street car," says Cy, in a masterpiece of understatement, "was moved several inches off the rail, and the front end of the family Buick is somewhat dented."

We have another story on Johnny Steve, who has always been noted for irregular activities. We would like to know what he was doing piling saw horses up on the inside of a hotel room in the Royal Palm at Atlanta. We would like to have him inform us please why he was found in the lobby sporting a Brooks Brothers raincoat, when there was not the faintest sign of rain outside. (Maybe he was on his way to a "wet" party.)

Query! "Sally Ann, do you always stand on your head at 5 in the morning?"

A somewhat disgruntled sailor attending the Haffner party reports that it was high-lighted by many events and scenes - among them Marion Phelps' daring split skirt; the gold braid on Robbie Odell; Scott Welles and his cigar; Otis Carney and Fletcher Butler at the piano; but the thing that peeved him most was the failure of Nancy Buchanan to do a jig on the dance floor and win him \$15.00.

Here's good news for you boys. A new girl has come to town. Her name is Andy Phelps. She came from Boston and is mighty attractive. The girls like her, and she is looking forward to meeting all of you.

We are told about a young marine who had been through two of the worst engagements in the Pacific Islands, including Pelelieu where he went in with the first wave. He came through without a scratch. Getting home for a day before going to another assignment, he had dinner with doting grandparents, who supplied him with a whole pheasant. There were numerous bets as to whether he could finish the bird. He not only did so, but while scraping the bone, cut himself so severely that he almost bled to death. The question confronting the house is "Does he get the Purple Heart, or does he not?"

Do we hear Tina Faber has prospects of another Canterbury ring - and a marine at that!

A NAME - MY KINGDOM FOR A NAME!

Your editor is just as sick of the "Tribnewsunester" as you are, but despite deep thought and hours of contemplation, has been unable to think up a better one. Lee Cudahy, who is printing a similar letter for those in the next age group, has a perfect name in "Something for the Boys." We have thought of plagiarism and calling our effort "Something for the Kids," but when one figures what you, who we all continue to think of as our "kids," are doing under every conceivable danger and hardship, we have to admit that you no longer are kids, but are grown men doing a grand job. We remember well the old saying "What's in a name" and can struggle along with what we have, but our \$5.99 offer still holds good for any of you who get a brilliant inspiration. To date "Old Forester" and "What's Cooking" are our only two offered suggestions. Is there a vote for either?



CHAPTER III

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the world from the beginning of time to the present day. The author discusses the various civilizations that have flourished on the earth, from the ancient Egyptians and Greeks to the modern nations of the world. He also touches upon the religious and philosophical ideas that have shaped human thought and conduct over the centuries.

The second part of the book is a detailed account of the life and times of the great men of the world, from the heroes of antiquity to the leaders of the modern age. The author describes their achievements, their struggles, and their influence on the course of human events.

And the third part of the book is a study of the present world, of the nations and peoples that are shaping the future of the world.

Reported by  
Henry H. H. H.

CHAPTER IV

The first part of the book is a general survey of the history of the world from the beginning of time to the present day. The author discusses the various civilizations that have flourished on the earth, from the ancient Egyptians and Greeks to the modern nations of the world. He also touches upon the religious and philosophical ideas that have shaped human thought and conduct over the centuries.



The Ellis' had their usual Christmas Eve party. Although Thorne is still stationed in Memphis, his friends arrived in droves to keep the old Wassel bowl custom. To the amusement of everybody, we all were called on to make individual speeches. Many interesting things were uncarthed. Alice Keith and Farwell Smith professed their undying devotion for each other. Not jealous, are you, Hank?

New Year's Eve was celebrated at Onwentsia on Saturday night. There were 500 reservations for dinner (need we say it was crowded). Giny Mitchell had a party of 20, which was a great success. We were honored with Sally Ann's presence and Franny Robertson's, the latter here for a few days visiting Peggy. The music stopped about 3:30, and we all trooped off to the Mitchell's to sit around a big fire and feast on scrambled eggs. (Boys, Giny is a good cook!!)



AN EAGER BEAVER AT THE WINTER CLUB

Nonny and Jean

Giny and I would like to announce that we are experts on diagnosing the sniffles, and we can readily distinguish a burn from a cut. If any of you boys need a nurse, we are at your service.

Joan P.S. All our patients think we have the ideal bedside manner.

CHRISTMAS IN COLUMBUS, AS REPORTED BY JOHNNY RUNNELLS

While on leave, I did see Harry Chandler in New York, who is Batt. Commander at Columbia Midshipman School, and by the time this edition comes out, should have his one strip. (He graduated second in a class of 1200 and was awarded the sword, which is the top honor.) I am just sitting here waiting for primary to open up. This so-called A.F.T. (Awaiting Flight Training) is just another slow-up in the cadet training. Supposedly, I should leave about the first week in January, but the word is now about February 1. It is awful waiting around, but at least there is primary ahead, which is something to look forward to. If luck holds out, I may be sent to Glenview, but Memphis is probably my next destination. (We are glad to report it is Glenview,)



THE DAILY DOUBLE  
or  
A LONGER STAG LINE NEEDED

The Knight Cowles became grandparents in a big way. Susan Cowles Armour was born on January 9, and the senior Cowles heaved a sigh of relief, which so aroused Edie that she decided that there should be no rest for the weary, and presented them with their second granddaughter, Nancy Woodward Green, the next evening. Our sincere congratulations to Lester and Bessie, and Edie and Jerry, and from personal experience, we can assure Alice and Knight that these grandchildren are a lot easier than your own to bring up. You have all the fun and no responsibilities, and in these days they certainly cheer up the house. We understand that while Mrs. Cowles was parked at the Stork Club (Mr. Bob Cowles' apartment), Mr. Cowles got a hurry signal from Bessie, so he woke up one of our very best nurse's aides, Mrs. Ted Washburne, and made her drive in with them. There was no need for any first aid, but it was a great sense of relief to Mr. Cowles and Bessie to know that everything was well in hand.

We know that the stork is hovering around Lake Forest expecting to drop some packages almost any day, but our correspondent who is up on such things has gone East with her husband, so we are not up-to-date on that interesting and encouraging subject. We do know that a car is kept oiled up and full of gas in the Francis Manierre garage, and that it was somewhat embarrassing at the wedding of Mary Mabbatt, which took place on January 6, to see all the expectant mothers clustered together and exchanging notes. We will do our best to keep you advised as each new Lake Forester puts in an appearance.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Joy Salisbury Morley and her husband who is in the Pacific in the loss they have suffered. We are sorry to report that their young son died in New York recently after an operation.

NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

In letters just received, we hear that our two mountain troop pfc's, Billy Douglas and Tommy Connors, tried out their prowess on climbing Mt. Vesuvius around New Year's Day.

From England we got the following from former Pfc now Corp. Laurence Armour, Jr.

"I found it a bit difficult to capture much of the Christmas spirit. There is little evidence of it here, and the people are very short of those things which make for the traditional Christmas, such as Christmas trees, lights, etc.

"Last night we went to services in a 750 year old cathedral, and to-day (Christmas) as we were walking in a nearby town, in an extremely thick fog, we were picked up by three elderly ladies who took us in for Christmas supper. It was really delightful! They had, wonder of wonders, green salad, celery and salmon, which is nearly impossible to get. For dessert we had real canned peaches. They must have used up nearly all of their ration points. After dinner we had beer and a drink called 'Shandy' which is beer mixed with lemonade."



Some more news from Peter, who is somewhere in Alsace Lorraine. He writes as follows:

"Since last I wrote, we moved up and had a couple of skirmishes with the Hun, but nothing that amounted to anything. We are back now, so there is nothing for you to worry about. Either the German is a scared little cuss, or he's without any morale whatever, as he is only too-ready to holler 'Kamerad' and turns bottoms up." (Ed. Note: Here's hoping that these are the only kind he continues to meet.) "As you surmised, I haven't seen King for quite some time now. If he was living in a barn when last heard from, he must be doing all right. We have had our share of living in those noble establishments along with various and mighty sundry other types of shelters. At present, we are several levels above being in a barn - at least it is dry and warm - warmth being a bit of a novelty in this neck of the woods."

He reports that they had a grand Christmas dinner, with turkey and all the trimmings, but that as yet no Christmas packages (mailed by the dozen before October 15) have caught up with him.

King Douglass, with apparently the same outfit as Pete, wrote on Christmas Eve that the first issue of the "Tribnewsunester" arrived that day and made his Christmas a success. He and Peter are going to try and connect and send us a snapshot for a later issue.

Pfc. Jimmy Douglass, who has been training with an AAA Battalion down in Texas, was about ready to go in infantry OCS at Benning. Instead of that, his outfit was alerted and is probably bound for other parts right now. Good luck to you, Jimmy.

We have heard the following from Captain Gordon Bent whose group has recently received the Croix de Guerre:

"I've been going to Sunday church services regularly the last few months, and it seems to have paid off. A week ago I got a royal flush dealt in poker (winnings: a mere \$7.50) for the first time in my life. Also, day before yesterday, for the first time in my life I was promoted to Captain. You can see that the army is getting to the bottom of the barrel. Ah, well, I'm glad to get it; though I'll miss being called Lieutenant, as I was a 2nd Lieutenant six months, and a first Louis two years! You might send a pair of railroad tracks for my shoulders; they are scarce here, and I think it's as high as I will get in this war."

In the same letter he tells of a group of Princeton lads, who made up a pool of \$1,000 to be awarded to the first who reached Berlin. They are now pondering whether or not it should go to one of them who is now a prisoner of war in a camp near Berlin. Bordy says: "After all, he is there, even though he got there the hard way." Wonder what consensus of opinion on that would be?

Eddie Spencer reports that he had 56 hours leave at Christmas, but was restricted to the general area of Asbury Park. After midshipman's school, he is hoping to be sent to Northwestern.

\* \* \* \* \*



SOME NEWS FROM THE PARENTS

Mrs. Valentine Bartlett reports that Charley is now a Lieutenant (j.g.) and is back in Pearl Harbor after six months on an atoll at an advance base. He finds civilization very refreshing, but a bit hard to get used to. She also kindly sent the picture of Pfc. David (U.S.M.C.) taken at Pearl Harbor where he is still training.

Frances Clow Bowers, otherwise known as Faffy, got the best possible Christmas present when Lloyd arrived home the day before Christmas, after 14 months on a PT boat in the Pacific. It was quite an undertaking for him to get acquainted with his 18 month old son, who insisted on calling him "Lootenant" instead of "Daddy." They have motored East to his new post at Melville, Rhode Island - time of assignment as yet unknown.

His family, and we guess Diana, have heard recently from Pfc. Mason Phelps, who is aboard the Indiana somewhere in the Pacific. He reports himself well and his job interesting. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps had a tea on Christmas Day and report that there were many new faces. Among those present, however, were Danny, Eddie, Jim Holliday, Larry Smith (who is now at Santa Anna), Robbie Odell sporting his new ensign stripes, Cy Bentley, Ken, Scotty Welles, and Botsford Young. The last two have joined the marines and will go to boots training soon.

Peggy Whipple was on hand with a visiting fireman of Walker School fame, Franny Robinson, and a good time was had by all.

Corp. Joseph (Jody) Seaverns, U.S.M.C., has switched addresses so often that no mail has kept up with him, and he is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the "Tribnewsunester" to bring him up-to-date. He is now sitting on a rock somewhere in the South Pacific and regretted that he could send no presents, as said rock was "fresh out of shops."

From Mrs. Walker, who visited the Wiman's in Santa Barbara, we hear that Mary Jane and her husband, Bill Brinton, had gone skiing in Vermont en route to his new job at Pensacola. It appears that Bill must have fully recovered from injuries he received when the "Princeton" was sunk. "Tish" Wiman, now definitely known as "Red," was driving for the Motor Corps and is entertaining the army in Santa Barbara. Lieut. Malcolm Walker spent Christmas and New Year's with Peggy and Burke Williamson at Columbus, Georgia. Peggy reports that at her New Year's eggnog party, the Lake Forest contingent - Walker, Stevenson, Runnells et al, had a grand time hobnobbing with five colonels and a lot of gold braid.

We hear that Jim Holliday is still at Yale, but finishes February 21, and then goes to midshipman's school for three months, and then to sea. He was home for four days at Christmas.



Mrs. Gloré reports (and we don't believe her) that she "don't know nuthin that's any good or funny. If I ever should, I'll probably be too old to recognize it." She promises to keep us in mind and to make us feel better adds that Hick loves the paper.

Mrs. Aldis reports the following from Owen:

"We had a very mellow Xmas in the barracks this morning. I gave my affable Swede a book entitled 'Luscious Pin-Ups' In Full Colors Without ANY CLOTHES ON' with a very provocative picture on the outside. He picked it up a wicked gleam in his eye; opened it, and found - a set of colored clothes pins. I've been chuckling away ever since."

Mrs. Templeton reports that:

Johnny is a Flight Traffic Clerk in the A.T.C. on a transport plane. Has flown over 90,000 miles since August. Twice to Australia by way of the Fijis, once to New Guinea by way of Guadalcanal, and the last three trips have been to Saipan. He spent Christmas and New Year's at Saipan, with Hawaii in between, and both days missed bombings by a few hours. Left Saturday (1-13-45) for another trip, and thinks he might go into the Philippines.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ellen Ry reports on Assembly and Teas:

The Junior Assembly this year was different only in age from the years before. The boy about 17 felt slightly misplaced (although there weren't many to feel misplaced) and soon left. There were only a few boys in service in attendance. Bryan Reid, Dave Bryan, and Dick Needham among them.

A crowd of the oldest girls and boys at the party left after the festivities at 12 and went to the Camelia House for gayner activities. There they had a party of about twelve toasting in the 31st because this Junior Assembly was not on New Year's Eve this year. However, that did not stop this group. Champagne toasting at a great rate was to celebrate a sub-New Year. Back at the Casino people were still blowing horns and saying "Happy Dec. 31st." with a slap on the back. The dinner party before the Junior Assembly was given by Susan Hill, June Carry and Ruth-Cummings. The Assembly was conducted in it's usual form, but there weren't as many there and it lacked the boisterous gaiety of certain individuals who usually attended to make the party even gayner.

There were quite a few debut teas in town this Christmas but instead of the dancing being the main activity it seemed to me that all eyes were on the food. The way it was eaten up made it appear that no one had eaten in weeks. Danny Hearther was usually found between the dance floor and the buffet table (the latter mostly) with Si Cathcart close behind him eyeing the food over Danny's shoulder.



Sally McPherson reports:

Due to my mother being like "The man who came to dinner" she is in the St. Louis hospital with a broken hip. Thus, I have not come back to Chicago except for a two week visit with Giny. When I was there we made as much as we possibly could have with both Tower and Abbott Hall. The night before New Year's Eve was very gay at Onwentsia where Giny gave a dinner followed by a club dance. For this reason we didn't feel quite so on the shelf when we turned off our light at 10:00 P.M. on New Year's Eve! However, the more I think about it, the more pathetic it sounds to me. After Mary Mabbott Renchard's delightful wedding reception at which she looked perfectly lovely, Nonnie Cary and Dodie Law gave a sleigh ride. It proved to be very entertaining, even though I have one awful cold now! I am now back in St. Louis with my sister until mother gets back on her feet, which will be in about six weeks - then I'll be back to pound the pavement for a job.



"Goodness, I've put the 12th Armored Division on the wrong continent!" Perhaps Peter and King would like to meet the lady.

Some Notes from Bridgeport:

Had a good time at New Haven last weekend with Ken Welles. It's nice living so near - or maybe it will be after the war! "Omar" and I saw the Dartmouth hockey team cram Yale 13-9, which was sad, but it was a good fight. Heard all about the Christmas activities and was sorry to have missed them, but I had a very pleasant time here.

I saw Tina Taber a few times - she sends her best to everyone and hopes to get to L.F. for her annual visit next June. Archie Stevenson almost got to N.Y.C. last weekend, but at the last minute, the plane wouldn't cooperate with his plans. Am getting excited about a trip to Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., come February 1st.

Peggy Whipple's report on the Haffner Party:

The Haffner's party was the highlight of the season - a grand reunion. Most amusing remark of the evening was that of Otis Carney - "15 months on an island and I don't care what I do or say." Fletcher Butler remembered all the former "Saddle & Cycle" dancers and sang some of his old songs. Otis Carney took over during intermission with Scotty Welles amusing himself on the drums and everyone joined in group singing.



MARION SENDS A CHRISTMAS REPORT FROM VASSAR

This Christmas vacation we expected so little and found so much, it seemed even more fun. It was amazing that so many boys got home, and it was good to Larry Smith and Russell ladened down with ribbons. One of the highlights was the Welles' and Haffner's dance, where the prewar ratio was almost 2 to 1, and the music did not stop 'till three. The young ensign Robby was home for a while shining up the new gold braid. Giny managed to get hold of some Abbott Hall boys for the New Year's dance at Onwentsia, which was a lot of fun. Between times, there were tea dances in town and trolleys to try to push off the tracks. Cris is still in a cast, but limping around college with a very distinguished hobble.

BETWEEN NURSING AT COOK COUNTY, GINY MAKES A REPORT

Saturday, December 23, was a big night for all, and everyone seemed to be having himself a fine time. Midshipmen were scurrying about like mad, enjoying themselves fully after a week of struggles at Tower and Abbott Hall. It certainly was marvelous seeing the few that did get home, and we wish they might have remained longer, as the hockey rink at the Winter Club looks mighty cheerless with only a few local sons to cut up the ice. However, the Xmas season was a pleasant one and though many were not here, we thought of them often. It is all very nice to be able to sit back with wonderful reflections now of a few short carefree nights.

Home on leave since the middle of December is Otis Carney, after many months in the Pacific with the marine air corps. The tan he acquired definitely agrees with him, and it brought back old memories seeing him tearing around the dance floor once again.

Russ Kelley was here for the day (Monday), looking very well, on his way to marine officer's school in New River, N.C.

WE'RE GLAD TO HEAR FROM NAOMI, AND WILL BE GLAD TO WELCOME HER HOME

Three things have particularly been keeping me busy this fall - school, week ends in New York, and flying to Washington. Don't think I have ever been happier; maybe a bit tired of this hectic life; but I chose it, and I'm going to stick it out. Right now, I am involved with the stiffest courses possible, majoring in Spanish, and taking four other major subjects. My nurse's aide course takes away three evenings during the week, but that is something I have been wanting to do for a long time.

I spent Christmas vacation in Washington. The only Lake Forster that was there was Mr. Bell's son, Gordon, and I might add that we both were sorry not to have gotten home this Christmas. However, if everything turns out right, I will be home to stay next summer. I can't tell you how glad I'll be. Nothing else of much interest, so until next time - - -

OUR THANKS TO MARIAN PHELPS FOR THE FRONT COVER ILLUSTRATION  
AND TO NANCY BUCHANAN FOR THE SKETCHES ON PAGES 3, 8, AND 13.



# SIZZLE CRIDDLE

First Freshman: "I hear you got thrown out of school for calling our dean a fish."  
Second Frosh: "I didn't call him a fish, I just said, 'That's our dean,' real fast."

\* \* \* \* \*

## A MAIDEN'S LAMENT

1942 - What a man!  
1943 - What! A man?  
1944 - What's a man?

\* \* \* \* \*

Overheard at the movies last Thursday night:  
"You know, it's wonderful how the movics have advanced in the past few years."  
"Yes, first there were silent pictures, then talkies, and now this one smells."

\* \* \* \* \*

Remember that your wife still enjoys candy and flowers. Let her know that you remember - speak of them occasionally.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two sailors, marooned on a sandy South Pacific island; were making a careful search for anything edible.  
"With all this sand," muttered one, "I'm sure there must be some spinach around here!"

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the biggest problems after the war will be:  
Who goes back to the kitchen?

\* \* \* \* \*

Boss: "Say! Who told you that you could neglect your office duties just because I give you a kiss now and then."  
Secretary: "My lawyer."

\* \* \* \* \*

Gertrude: "Have any of your childhood hopes been realized?"

I. Weisberg: "Yes. When Mother used to pull my hair, I wished I didn't have any."

\* \* \* \* \*

The army colonel was lecturing a group of neophyte officers. "Now, a problem," he droned. "A 40-ft. flag pole has fallen down. You have a sergeant and 10 men. How do you reset the flag pole?"  
The officer candidates suggested use of derricks, block-and-tackle and other devices.  
"You've all missed the point, men," barked the Colonel. "You just yell: 'Sergeant, reset that flag pole!'"

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

Lecturer: Potts was a great man. At his death three towns were named after him: Pottsville, Pottstown and Chambersburg.

\* \* \* \* \*



Let's give everyone who helped secure these photographs a **BIG HAND**.. "Go thou and do likewise."



*PRETTY NICE DUTY, EH WHAT.*



*WINKIE AND MARY CLARE ARE MIGHTY. PHOTOGENIC*



*DAVID BARTLETT AT PEARL*



*A MARINE SERGEANT IN THE MARSHALLS*



*LOOK FAMILIAR?*



*WHAT'S COOKING, CLIVE?*



*ANOTHER GUESSING GAME*



*THE GIRLS THAT WOWED THEM THIS VACATION*





TAKE A LOOK AT  
ROBBIE'S BRASS



DON'T BLAME TONY  
FOR SMILING



KEN'S ACQUIRED A  
SALTY STANCE



Acme Photo

NAOMA\* SHOWS UP N.Y. DEBS