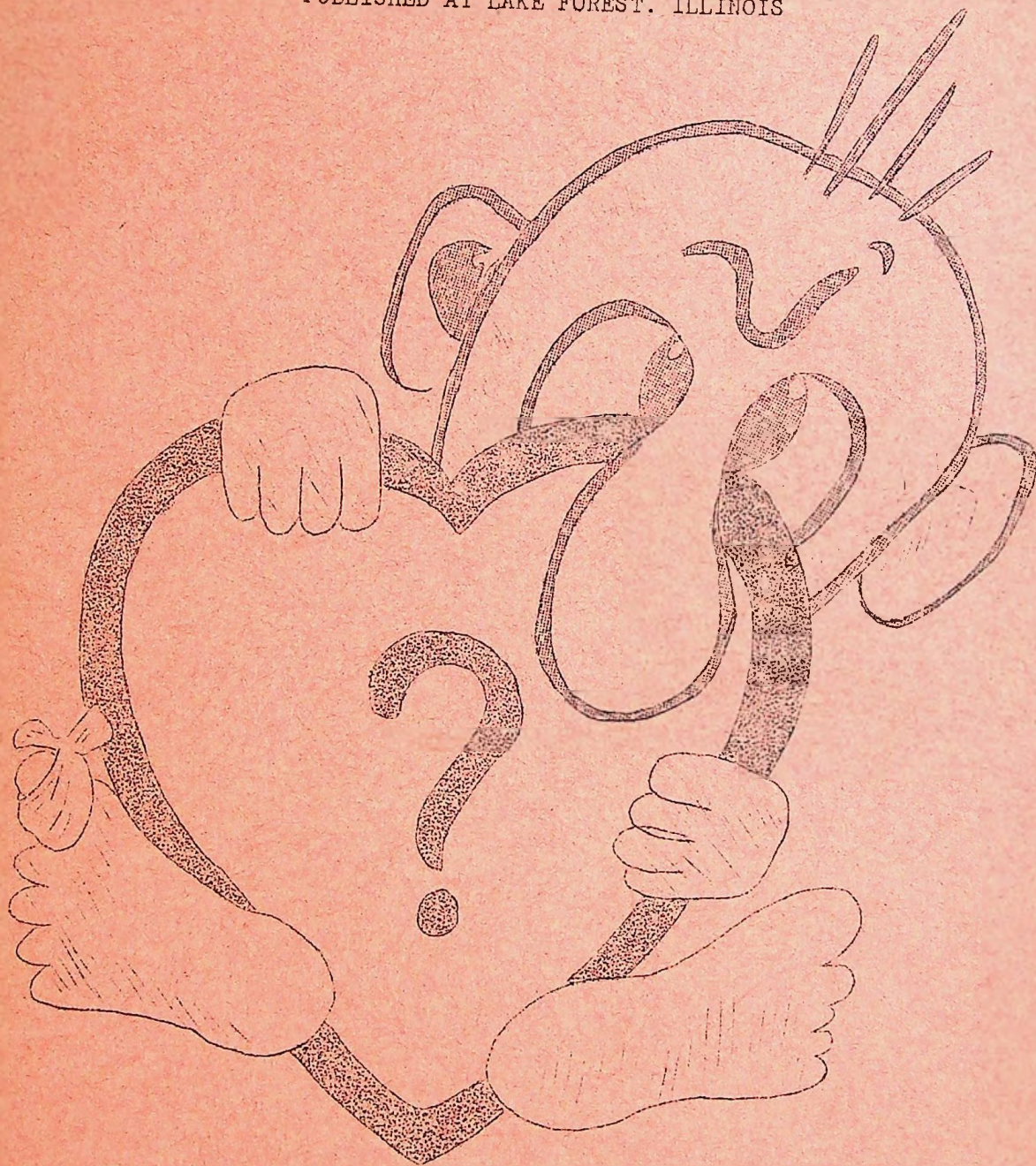


THE CHICAGO
TRIBNEWSUNESTER

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EDITORIAL

As time progresses, your editor finds that the responsibility of preparing a column monthly is not so simple, and his sympathy with the editorial staff of a daily newspaper has increased immeasurably. It is an editorial privilege, as I see it, to give one's opinions on subjects that will be of interest to his reading public, not necessarily in order to persuade them that his views in the matter are correct, but in order to provoke thoughtful discussion, thereby perhaps clarifying the issue for at least a part of his public.

With this in mind, and because I have given the matter some thought and study, both from personal interest and from interest aroused by discussion with the heads of various colleges on the subject, I propose to speak briefly on the subject of a college education as it affects men now in the army. Most of you are perhaps too busily engaged in the big job you have on hand to give the question of a college education in the post-war period very much thought. For those of you who entered the army or navy direct from prep school, the proper decision on this matter may materially affect your future life, and it may prove a relief at times to remember that there is going to be a post-war period, we hope in the not too distant future.

Many of you may be within the range of 21 to 24 before the final decision will have to be made, and the problems that this presents are difficult. While you were going through prep school you looked forward to the freedom, relaxation, and pleasures that you were going to enjoy at college, which in normal times would have been the routine for all. The question you have to decide now is whether it is really going to be much fun, after what you have been through, to go back to college, realizing that although there may be many boys of your own age who have been through all the same experiences that you have been, that you will have to mix also with other boys who have just come up from prep school and are several years your junior, none of whom have been through the experiences that you have.

The next logical question that comes up is whether, after spending two or more years in the army or navy, you think you would be able to get back to what had become in prep school a regular routine of study. You will have to determine whether college life, with its lack of responsibilities, which perhaps was one of its blessings, is going to appeal to you after the experiences you have been through.

Lastly, and more important for your future, you will have to face the question as to whether you can spare four years of your remaining life at college, and whether the training and the education that you undoubtedly would receive, are going to be worth while.

These are all questions each individual will have to decide for himself. There are particular situations that will necessarily have to guide you. There is the ever present girl problem; there is the question of finances; but without dealing with individual cases, let's consider the problem as a whole. As far as the question as to whether college is going to be as much fun as it used to be, I think the answer is very definite that it will. I know that most colleges realize that they have a special situation to meet, and are planning accordingly. Yale has gone to considerable length in preparing its plans, and is expecting the largest enrollment of students in its history in the post-war period. No definite decision has

been reached as yet as to whether the older boys returning from the war will have separate colleges. That does not seem vitally important.

They are going to allow great liberties in the selection of courses. Most of the professors and masters that will be associated with the boys returning from the army and navy will have been through the war themselves, and will fully understand the problem. They foresee little difficulty as a result of the difference in ages that will be created as a result of the hiatus that has occurred for so many in their education. Even when I was in college there were many boys in the range from 17 to as high as 30, all of whom got along very well and satisfactorily, and I see no reason why this should not be perfectly feasible where there will be so many of each group entered in the freshman class.

As to the ability of a boy who has spent three years in the army or navy to go back to the routine of studying, that does not seem to be too difficult. After all, 22 is not old age. After a short time, there is no question but that men of that age can accustom themselves to the grind of studies. College life, with its pleasures and extracurricular activities, will seem much more fun to men who have been through what you have, than it would have had you gone direct from prep school.

The really important question to decide is whether you want to spend four years of your life that is left to you in college. The natural life expectancy for a boy of 21 or 22 will be probably 50 more years. The question that you have to decide is whether you can take four of those years at college and improve your chances of success and happiness for the 46 more years that you will probably live. Looking at it as a college man myself, and from my experience in business, I am convinced that a man in this day and generation gets something at college that is very much worth while. You do not have to be a grind to acquire the ability to think; to marshal facts; and to mix with others. That is probably why most college men have a better chance for success than those who do not get this opportunity. Despite yourself, through four years of college, you gain a certain knowledge of history, of economics, and other subjects that help to broaden your experience and your appreciation for the better things of life. You make associations at college that add greatly to your happiness in the future.

Ours is rather a small business as businesses go in this country. Until 1939, we made no particular effort to enroll college graduates, although we knew that the larger and more successful companies of the country did so regularly. Companies such as General Electric, General Motors, and many others that I can mention, annually visit the larger engineering and other colleges, and select large numbers of boys - not to fill technical positions, but in the hope that they will develop and be able to eventually hold down important executive positions in the company. We have in the neighborhood of 12 top executives in our particular company. We have made no effort to select college graduates for these positions. It is interesting to note, however, that 9 out of the 12 did graduate from college, and I think this would probably be the experience in most larger corporations.

This certainly does not prove that a man without a college education cannot reach high executive responsibility. There are too many cases that have proven the reverse to be true, but if you study the individual cases, you will

without exception I think find that the man worked harder to get an education himself than he would have had he had the privilege of going to college in the first place. It is simply from my personal experience that I believe a man can afford to take four years out of his life at the age of 24, if necessary, to gain a college education and still be further ahead at the age of 50 than he would otherwise.

These are simply ideas for your consideration, and perhaps may result in some interesting discussions that can be continued in future issues of our paper.

SUBSIDIZED AT LAST

For the first three issues, we were completely independent. We could say what we wanted, when we wanted, with no other consideration than our readers' interests, and the protection of our own reputation. At last, however, we have succumbed to that all-prevailing lure of money, and through the generous contributions of several parents, the expense of publishing our paper has been underwritten for the next four issues, by which time we can decide whether it is worth continuing or not. Your editor wishes to take this opportunity of publicly expressing his appreciation of this financial support.

At the same time, I know I speak for all our readers in thanking our able staff, who put this publication into form. Mr. Leroy Allen, our advertising manager, is what might be termed "make-up" boss. He has become so interested that he often takes the copy home at night to whip it into shape. Our artist is Miss Zemke, who copies onto stencils all the artistic brain children of our contributors, and that's quite a ticklish job. Mrs. Kate Swanson is our printer's devil, who manages to corral some willing assistants to work overtime in an effort to meet that ever illusive "date of issue." I am sure I express for all of you our sincere thanks to these helpers who contribute so much to the success of our venture.

BITS OF LIFE

The future always holds something for the man who keeps his faith in it.

Very few worries seem serious after they have been required to show their credentials.

No man ever gets very far pacing the floor.

The man who has the approval of his own conscience has a powerful ally.

NEWS FROM THE "GALS"

We are a bit short this issue on the kind of news our public most desires. Two of our very best and most faithful correspondents have "gone West." Maybe we will hear from Ginny Mitchell from that hideout of movie stars - Palm Springs, where we hope she is enjoying the desert air, and from Nancy Cochran vacationing at the Arizona Biltmore, before we have to go to press. Then our traveling correspondent who has helped so much, Diana Prosser, is reported sunning on the sands of Palm Beach, and perhaps dreaming of the Pacific rather than the Atlantic. Then our student correspondents are wallowing under the load of "mid-year's." Remember those inventions of the devil? I bet a lot of you men would like to be taking them now rather than doing what you are. We have acquired some new helpers for this issue, for whose contributions we are deeply grateful, and by the time Spring rolls around, our old regulars should be all rested up and back on the job again.

DODIE LAW GIVES A SWELL REPORT

I can't tell you how sorry I am not to have written something for the last edition of the Tribnewsunester, which seems to be more of a success with each issue that is printed. I know we are all very grateful to the Clow family for starting it. It is such fun for us at college to read it and hear where everyone is, and how they are. The news that Pete and King have been wounded came as a great shock, and I do hope they are getting along very well and will soon be back.

Keith and I have just come back from a skiing week end at North Conway, N. H., which couldn't have been more fun. The weather was beautiful, and the snow perfect. A very pleasant surprise was finding Franny Amberg and Edie Walker shussing the mountain with the best of them, and it was reported Les Wheeler appeared for a few days, while his ship was being repaired. Hannes Schneider asked to be remembered to his L. F. friends, particularly Bill Douglas and Tommy Connors, who are with his son in Italy in the mountain troops. Keith, of course, skied most professionally, while I spent my hours vainly trying to master the snow plow turn.

Di is now sunning herself in Florida, and having a most pleasant time. Annie Porter is mutely (?) struggling over her work in the Vassar area. Betty, as you know, is in Philadelphia at art school, but I find getting a letter out of her is the world's most difficult feat. (How do you do it, Pete?) Bill and Tommy are doing patrol work on the front, and Bill says he spends his spare hours moonlight skiing in the Alpine valleys. Let's hope all their work is as pleasant. Pat and Joe Sample are still fighting the Battle of Texas in a little town called Belton near Camp Hood. Apparently, the greatest local excitement is backgammon and betting on how dinner's going to turn out.

Of course, everyone is terribly excited over Helen and Eddie's engagement and the very best of luck to you both. Certainly Eddie has made a terrific best man in his day, and I know he'll do very, very well as a groom.

It's only a couple of months late to be talking about Christmas, but since I missed the last edition, I just wanted to say what fun it was to be back; yet everyone felt the absence of all of you so, I know we're thoroughly convinced it won't be the same till you're back.

HOPE THESE BELLS WILL RING SOON

We were certainly all delighted and thrilled to hear the great news of Helen and Eddie's engagement, and this communication from the bride-to-be is very much appreciated.

"Had loads of fun in New York, and Eddie and I saw loads of people - Johnny Runnels got in one night and took Di out. Saw lots of Di, who looks grand and is now in Florida, no doubt getting very brown. Thought Tommy Connors might be interested to know that Di and I had lunch with Lolita Nichols at the Biltmore. She asked about you, Tommy, and remembered the night at La Rue. Eddie and I went there Saturday night, and saw Ed Cudahy, who now has his commission; also Dave Peck, and loads of others. It was just like old home week. We expect to be married as soon as Eddie gets back. He loves receiving the Tribnewsunester, and thinks it's great."

PERHAPS BETTY HAS BEEN TOO BUSY TO WRITE

Went up to New York last Saturday with Jim Holliday, and had no idea he was going to play host to 60. All of his old friends from Taft, Hill, and Yale, who were able to be there, certainly were, and in rare spirits. I will never forget his announcing to New York in general from a cab window for a good 15 blocks that he was for Dewey in '48. It was a terrific party! Kent Welles was the only other Lake Forester.

Also ran into Naoma Donnelley and Linda Scherer in the Biltmore. Jim reported he had seen Joy Salisbury Morley there also, and wearing a new "hair-do." Dave Peck said he'd seen Helen and Ed two weeks ago - before the big news came out - celebrating. He guessed it right, all right.

JEAN REPORTS ON OUR 'GADABOUTS'

Nancy Cochran left for Phoenix, Arizona for three weeks with her family and brother Eddie, who is on leave from the Merchant Marines after graduating from Kingspoint. She will then go to California to visit her grandparents. Ginny Mitchell left for Palm Springs with her mother. She will continue her Nurses' Aide work, as she'll be gone a month, so you see she isn't having a complete vacation. She will join her father in Phoenix, Arizona for two weeks before she comes home.

There's nothing new in Chicago. Once in a while we drop in at the Buttery, Pump Room, Mayfair, etc., but on the whole, life just goes on.

It is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are going. - Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ELLEN HELPS US ADD TO OUR LIST

(Any suggestions appreciated)

I am terribly sorry that I am unable to contribute anything to the paper this time, but because of exams, I haven't been able to collect any news. Exams, somehow, always seem to take one's mind off everything else!! However, it is much nicer now that they are all over. I shall try and do better next time.

We are all very excited over Helen and Eddie's engagement. It certainly is exciting.

I would like very much to add Thomas Healy's name to your list of boys who receive the paper. I know he would love it; also, Richard Needham and David Bryan. These boys I know would enjoy it. Tommy is the only one overseas, and I know he appreciates any little thing that reminds him of home. He hasn't been back since he went into the Marine Corps, except for two days after Parris Island.

THANKS FOR THE COVER PAGE, MARIAN

I am afraid I have very little to contribute this month, except the enclosed, which you perhaps could use for a cover or otherwise.

I am in the midst of moving, and am about to go crazy with it. I did, however, see Ken the other week end at Yale, and had a very good time down there. It was a rather hectic week end running from place to place, and we managed to do about all there was to do, including the traditional dinner at Mary's, and milk punch that Sunday. The prom was immense, but with wonderful music of two orchestras. As New York would say, it was "divine."

S C A N D A L S H E E T

A good (?) friend wants to know, Scotty - "Is it thirty letters you've gotten from the one and only?"

I know this is a swell, clean, decent community, and all that, but if eighteen female editoresses can't uncover more dirt than the above, I will honestly believe the millenium has arrived. How about it, girls?

The supply sergeant handed the recruit a pair of trousers, and the recruit put them on. They fitted perfectly, so did the blouse and cap.

"Gad, man," exclaimed the Sarge, "you must be deformed."

NEWS FROM THE BOYS

It is with sincere regret that we have to announce that two of our friends have been wounded in action in France. Pfc. Kingman Douglass received a bullet wound on January 8, and Peter Clow, as he himself reported, was too close when an 88 mm. shell exploded, and was hit by a splinter, apparently in the arm. In true army fashion, they have been unable to report the extent of their injuries, or their present whereabouts. Sherlock Holmes has apparently uncovered the fact that they were both probably with the 7th Army around Alsace Lorraine - to quote from the newspaper "on a line running southeastward from Reipertsvilles through Niedermodern, Hagenau, and Bischolz to Bischuiller. They are supposedly in the same armored division, but apparently have to communicate with each other by mail.

The telegram received by King's family reported him as slightly wounded, and from news received through the underground we are led to believe this is true, and that he is recovering satisfactorily. The government telegram announced that Peter had been "seriously wounded in action in France on January 18, and that his new address and details would follow" - a promise that has not as yet been fulfilled. We published letters from King received both before and after his accident. We quote from two letters from Peter, both of which, fortunately, arrived before the government announcement.

Quoting from Peter's letter dated January 19:

"Imagine that by now you have gotten a telegram signed by friend Ulio, so this is just a short note to put you at ease concerning my present situation. It seems I was too close to a certain spot where a certain 88 mm. shell took a notion to let go, and as a result, I got nicked in the upper right arm by a piece of the shrapnel. At the moment, I am in an evacuation hospital relaxing a bit."

On January 24 he wrote again, apparently from a base hospital, though that is merely surmised:

"Presumably, you have received my letter of several days ago explaining how Jerry managed to present me with eligibility for the Purple Heart, and consequently, you should feel much more at ease having me back here in a hospital which affords a fairly pleasant sojourn.

"It is really quite a sensation to lie in bed with sheets (no less!!) and plenty of blankets, after nothing but hard floors and more probably hard ground for Lord knows how long. When you go to bed at night, you know you're going to be there until morning, too, which is something of a novelty -- All in all, you can see that my existence at present is not too trying, so please, if you have been, stop worrying."

The boys would certainly enjoy letters now more than ever before, so we are giving their addresses for any who care to write. To both of them we send our most sincere wishes for a complete and speedy recovery, and express the hope that they both will be given a good opportunity to recover and recuperate before they go into action again.

Pfc. Kingman Douglass, Jr.
No. 36734518
Co. C - 56th A.I.B.
A.P.O. 262
c/o Postmaster
New York, New York

Pfc. Kent S. Clow, Jr.
No. 36756742
23rd General Hospital
A.P.O. 377
c/o Postmaster
New York, New York

On December 24, King wrote as follows:

"Vol. No. 1 of Tribnewsunester, or whatever, arrived on December 22, and was a wonderful Christmas present, indeed. If I can count on a copy every couple of months, this G.I.'s morale will be A-1 toujours.

"I haven't seen Pète since the boat crossing some time ago, although I hear he tried to call the old man up in London. London is strictly for the G.I., there being plenty of them. I had a six day furlough in October, which I spent in the big city, much to my pleasure, but the vice-versa to Dad's pocketbook and liquor ration.

"The British women are all right in some ways, but too many have that look which will scare off any G.I. bachelor. One little French girl told me in French that she planned on flying back to the U. S., and marrying the guy she'd been hanging around with. When the doughfoot learned of this in English, he took off on the double, and for good. Most of the French talent seems to be quite disappointingly dumpy and toothless. Please don't think this is merely a discussion of women, because we haven't seen one in over a week. To Agar and Russ, however, that isn't much. I may be able to see Pete soon, in which case I will try and have a picture taken of the two of us together. The results might be amusing.

"Thanks to all for the local scandal sheet. It's great for the morale, and the morale at times is rather important."

On February 4 we got the following from King written on Red Cross stationery, but with no reference to his wounds:

"Much to my disappointment, I have never seen or heard from Pete since we landed many months ago - or what now seems like many, many months ago. I wrote him in December, but then was separated from my outfit before a reply could reach me. I earnestly hope he is in the best shape, and that we'll be able to meet some place soon.

"They finally released our division to the newspapers about a week ago, with quite a few articles in the Stars and Stripes, but just what reached the home papers, I couldn't tell you. It told of some of the jobs we had already done, and from it, it is easy to see Pete's outfit has been very lucky indeed. He doubtless can tell you a lot more about it than I can, because unit censors are much more specific about what can be said and what cannot. There are many fellows here from Bastogne, St. Vith, Strasbourg, and many other points, who tell quite a bunch of stories, in addition to what one sees one's self. One odd thing lots of the Fritz's are doing now, which I think is because of lack of courage and conviction - they get absolutely stone drunk before they attack, which adds to the fury of their rush, but makes them an easy mark. Maybe their officers make them so that when the time comes for the attack, the men won't refuse.

"Dad came down here a couple of days ago with the news that Mom was on the Coast, and Jimmy off for the South Pacific, all of which I can't say is too pleasing to the ear. However, by the time this reaches you, I hope the Russians are in Berlin.

"Upon rereading this letter, it doesn't seem very gay or encouraging, which I am sorry for, because my attempts at being amusing in print are awful. However, please know that there are lots of us over here like Pete who, despite everything, are not depressed, but on the contrary, in rare physical and mental shape."

From Billy Douglas, high up in the Alps somewhere in Italy, came two communications, from which we quote the following:

"Do you remember the partisans in the movie 'For Whom the Bell Tolls'? Well, that is just the sort of job we had to do the other day. Climbing into the high mountains and the snow country, we picked up our partisan guide. Strung all over with bandolier and grenades sticking out of his pockets, he was the toughest looking specimen any Hollywood casting director could ask for. Then the patrol put on skis. We headed for the high country to observe activity in enemy country. We were there about 24 hours. The patrol lasted altogether just two days. When we got back to the partisan village, men, women, and children popped out to get the news. Then, while the women stayed outside and packed our mules, we went indoors with the partisans to drink a toast to each other, and communicate as best we could.

"Yes, it was very picturesque and dramatic, but when you have seen 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' you have seen all of this.

"Whatever items of interest I may have, seem to fall under the classification of military information. However, Tommy Connors and I are in Italy, in the mountains and in the snow. The others from Lake Forest I have not seen for some time. I am sorry that I can be of no use to you, but that is about all I can say. I will send you more information later, if possible. Please don't forget to send me the latest issue of your scandal sheet. It is good to hear from and about the lads and lassies. Good luck to you all, and best to everyone."

Eddie Spencer reports from Asbury Park:

"Vol. I, No. 3 tops all. Those of us still in the states get more news from home than those overseas, but that doesn't mean we get everything, and the Tribnewsunester more than fills the void.

"That was the first I had heard of Larry Smith since school, which seems a long time ago. I wish I could have seen him in those non-com stripes. Pete seems to have hit the trail since I saw him last summer, too. We're getting scattered farther and farther every day, but it's swell to hear Lake Forest had such a gay Christmas. That hockey weather in itself arouses no end of envy.

"The biggest news from Asbury Park is that premidshipmen's school is moving to Princeton as of March 1. It is just too bad they couldn't have moved 4 months ago to the precincts of 53 Holder Hall, which Danny and I so affectionately called home. Those guys in the next PMS class will never know the advantages of fighting the battle of Nassau Tavern, as compared with engaging the Atlantic winds here by the ocean's shore. The few of us left here now will be moving equipment out of Tigertown's way and then shoving off for the last lap - Midshipmen's School."

We'd like to see Mason's mustache --

"I know that this may be the kind of letter you receive every day from the rest of the gang. However, I can't help but feel that a letter of gratitude and appreciation of your efforts is in order. Just yesterday, I got the second volume of your paper, and to say that I enjoyed it, is a grave understatement. Christmas this year for a lot of us was pretty drab and uneventful. As a matter of fact, I hardly realized Christmas had even come. It seemed so much like any other day to me. Although I did receive your paper a little late, it did bring me more than anything else closer to home. I can't tell you how much I wish to thank you for it.

"My duties out here and the kind of life we lead still cannot be unfolded due to censorship. I only wish there was something I could tell you of interest, but that is impossible. I can mention, however, that the ship does have a brig, and I find my Bremerton training is coming in handy. If the rest of the boys feel as I do, you may find your Island Club a rest home for veterans. I know myself all I can think of now is a quiet place with room to stretch out in and be comfortable. I am very tired of noise and crowds."

Congratulations on passing those exams, Russ --

"Am home on a 17-day furlough ending March 1, when I report to U. of Michigan. Just finished a refresher and indoctrination course at Camp Lejeune, N. C. Saw Tony Cudahy, Keith Robinson, and Alec Revell in the O.C. battalion at Lejeune."

Thanks a lot, Clive --

"I seem to be the luckiest one of all the boys, and as such, I guess I shall have to keep them all informed as to what is going on around these parts. After my tour of the southeastern states, it is really swell being back here again, even though at times it seems rather odd not to be hearing a southern drawl. As was written in the last issue, Arch was really having a time in Atlanta on Christmas, as I can verify as I was along on the escapade. He has now been taken in O.C.S., so the best of luck to him. I expect he won't have to put up with Fort Benning much more when he gets finished. Johnny has now gone over, and although I have not heard from him yet, I expect he has landed somewhere in Europe by now. In the near future, I should get a few words from him, and in the next issue, shall spread the word.

"Eddie is still at Marquette, but hopes for the end in another few months. He came down a few Sundays, and we go over and see Andrew, and talk over old times. Danny appears on the scene every once in awhile, and the process is repeated. Both are coming this week end, so it promises to be quite a party.

"Lake Forest is quite deserted now, even the girls seem to be going away, but as usual, each week end there is always something doing. Everyone is looking forward to the week end of the 25th, for the V-12 colleges have their leave, then, and a good many of the boys should be home. I shall write my next report after the week end, so until then, this is all."

WINTER CLUB CARNIVAL

Your editor took in the Winter Club Carnival for old-time's sake. It was held on January 27, though this year it could have been held any week end, as the snow has been on the ground since December 5; and the skating has been fine. Many of the regular old-timers were on hand - some of them watching their grandchildren perform. The display of costumes was as original as ever. We missed coach telling everyone to keep out of the way or get off the ice, but Cooper and Lex had everything well under control. There were the usual races for all from 4-years old - won by Laura Armour - up to the free-for-alls - won by Andria Rowley for the girls, and David Hoffman for the boys. Peter McLaughlin paired with Marie Rose Connors and nosed out Frank Priebe and Andria Rowley in the partners' race. The usual chocolate was much in evidence, and I turned away with a tear in the eye, remembering the many occasions when you boys had taken such an active part in this truly Lake Forest event.

NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

We have a couple of births to announce since our last issue. Jerry Manierre has presented the world with the cutest young son named Tommy, while the father is recuperating from an accident in Italy somewhere. Grace Shumway has made Heth a proud papa, and Eddie an equally proud uncle. Both offsprings are named after their fathers, and all are doing nicely, thank you.

T/5 Laurance Armour is reported with the 36th or Arrowhead Division somewhere in France - probably with the 7th Army.

Although a bit out of our age group, all will be interested in the approaching marriage of Lt. Com. Donny McLennan, who on February 24 is marrying the widow of his brother, Noyes.

We hear that one of our young friends turned down an athletic scholarship at West Point to stay in the Marines. Our hat is off to him!

Johnny (Archie) Stevenson reports: "I saw Olive for one-half of last Sunday morning at the cost of a long walk and ruining a suit of O.D.'s in the rain. I guess it was worth it. She had some dirt that Mrs. Clow's paper did not have." If the Chief Justice of Vassar would only loosen up, we would be glad to let you in on it.

From Mrs. Seaverns we got a real fish story, which we quote:

"A word from Joe from somewhere on the Pacific. He writes a real fish story. 'Yesterday we had a bit of fishing done in war style, you might say. We tossed a hand-grenade into one of our swimming holes, and the rest of the morning was spent in chasing half stunned fish around the surface. We are not so bad as retrievers, as we ended up with about 165 nice sea perch. The guys who didn't want to swim after them, did the cleaning job. We then tracked down a portable gas stove, and several cases of beer, and the 16 of us succeeded in leaving nothing but bones, and quite a few empty bottles. My score was 10 fish, and the best I ever tasted.'"

Our circulation to boys only is growing by leaps and bounds. It does not cost much to print a few extra copies, so if any of you know boys who you think would enjoy a copy, don't hesitate to send in their names. Of the 66 now getting it; 35 are already overseas; 19 are in training in this country, several of whom have returned from overseas; and 12 are finishing up their V-12 Navy courses.

Mrs. Templeton sends us Ken's report on a rather profitable sea voyage:

"Sorry to be so slow in writing, but the pace has been far more rapid than I expected. It's hard for me to believe, but I didn't get the slightest bit seasick, even though it was quite rough at times. I guess I have at last overcome my phobias of seasickness and airsickness. The ship was a beauty, but not much room left for recreation, especially lacking for the troops. The officers had a rather nice lounge for meals, writing, and playing cards. I really got in a lot of bridge. There was much gambling going on, despite rules against it. I held onto my money until the last night, when I finally decided to back a guy shooting craps. I gave him \$10, with the understanding that I'd take three-fourths of all winnings, and accept all losses. Well, I went off to play some friendly bridge, and when I returned, this fellow was battling it out with only one other guy - all the others had been eliminated. Being late and time for bed, the bets were going higher with each roll of the dice. Finally, he polished our remaining opponent off by rolling a 7 on a \$40 bet. Hence, we won \$130, and I never even touched the dice. That was a profitable \$10 risk."

From Mrs. Niblack we hear that --

"Berto has been moved again after two army air camps in Texas to Sioux Falls, S. D. He writes that 'It is very cold here. We embarked from the troop train, and immediately a howl of anguish rose from us. It was four below zero.' It seems that where he is now 'It is a radio school for radio operators, gunners. We are working in permanent party status.' Sorry I have no snapshots of him. He loves your paper, as I do."

From Ken Welles we hear that --

"Will be home on Wednesday for 12 days. Report to Princeton Pre-Middy School on the 5th. Praying for Northwestern about the 25th."

Here is a little problem that may trick you, if you don't watch out. It is really quite simple, if you will stop and think:

A man was in debt \$3.00, and he wished to pay it, but he had only a \$2-bill. So he worked out a plan to get another dollar. He took the \$2-bill to a pawnshop and received \$1.50 and a pawn ticket. He then sold the pawn ticket to a man for \$1.50, which gave him the necessary \$3.00. Now, the man who bought the pawn ticket redeemed it at the pawnshop for \$2.00.

The question is, did anybody lose in the transaction? If so, who, and how much? Figure it all out yourself, and then turn to page 13.

Even if Olive won't report in person, we got the lowdown on the recent trip she took with another friend to act as a bridesmaid for a class-mate who was marrying a young officer - all names unknown - stationed at Fort Benning. In their hurry, they apparently forgot the name of the hotel where they were to meet. Friday night they telephoned the Williamsons, who have become the Lake Forest centre at Benning, and as the only clue they had was the groom's name, it took some sleuthing to finally get straightened out. The best man, according to an old custom, couldn't get there at the last minute, so they corralled a friend in O.C. to substitute, but not being an officer, he couldn't go to the bridal dinner. Johnny Stevenson was in the same boat, and was seen surreptitiously talking with his cousin at the back door. Another usher, as he emerged from the church, was met with the news that his outfit was alerted, so all in all there was quite a bit of excitement.

Mr. Huntington Henry was responsible for this one.

"A young Wac in England had become quite enamored of a British nobleman - with results such as may be expected occasionally. Weepingly, she advised him she would kill herself if she was going to have a baby. His only comment was 'I think that would be mighty sporting of you, my lass.'"

Mrs. Lawrence Robbins volunteers the information that her sister, Mrs. Farwell Boston, lives only five minutes from Piccadilly, and would be delighted to have any Lake Forest boys lost in the Big city drop in for a spot of tea and directions on how to see the highlights of London. Her address is 33 Walpole Street, London S. W. III.

We have been glad, at the request of Dr. Prince, to add the name of his son Edward to our list. Eddie is a pilot in charge of an 11 crew Martin Mariner Bomber engaged in anti-submarine warfare, based outside the United States, using unannounced islands for operations against the enemy.

THE 2-DOLLAR BILL

(Answer to problem on page 12)

The man who bought the pawn ticket was the loser, because he had to pay the pawnbroker \$1.50 before he could get the 2-dollar bill. So the man lost \$1.00.

An evangelist recently announced that there are 726 sins. It is understood he is now getting requests for the list, mostly from people who think they are missing something. - Kasco Informant.

General (on telephone): Do you know to whom you are talking?

Private (on other end): No, and I don't care.

General: I'm the General.

Private: Well, do you know who I am?

General: No!

Private: Thank heaven for that!

Latest wolf song: "I'll be seizing you in all the old familiar places.

Second Lieutenant: "I've been trying to see you all week. When may I have an appointment?"

Colonel: "Make a date with my secretary?"

Shavetail: "I did sir, and we had a grand time, but I still want to see you."

"Good morning madam; I'm from the Gas Company. I understand there's something in the house that does not work."

"Yes, he's upstairs."

Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"

Little Boy: "I think she's married."

Patient (recovering from operation): "Why are all the blinds down, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, there's a fire across the street, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

Patient: "Will I know anything when I come out of the anaesthetic?"

Doctor: "Well, that's expecting a lot from an anaesthetic."

WE'RE NOT SELF-CONSCIOUS --

Reader: "So you make up these jokes yourself?"

Editor: "Yep, out of my head."

Reader: "You must be,"

With hordes of men I drive a jeep;
With mobs of chaps I try to sleep;
An army goes with me to mess;
A platoon's 'round me when I dress;
With a regiment I drill all day;
With a company I eat and play.
The irony that stabs my bones
Is, then, they call me PRIVATE Jones.

Horse sense is what keeps a horse from betting on people.

One doubtful advantage of education is that it makes you capable of getting into more intelligent trouble.

A mule and a jeep are said to have met on the highway.

"And what might you be?" asked the mule.

"An automobile," answered the jeep.

"And you?"

"I'm a horse," replied the mule.
And they both laughed.

A negro train porter had his trip cancelled. Returning home unexpectedly, he took a look around, got out his razor, and began to strop it.
"What is you aimin' to do, Sam?" inquired his wife.
"If dem shoes stickin' out from under de bed ain't got no feet in 'em, I aim to shave," he replied nonchalantly.

Betty, the five-year-old, met the caller at the door. "Alice isn't here" she replied to the caller's inquiry about her big sister. "She's gone to her class."

"What class does she go to, little Sister?" asked the caller.

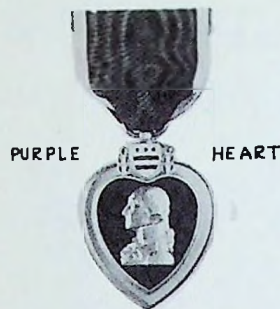
"Well, Alice is going to get married, you know, and she's taking lessons in domestic silence."

Glamour is something that evaporates when the sweater is a little too large.

WE NEED MORE *Pictures!*



Pfc. Kingman Douglas, Jr.



We wish them both a speedy recovery



Pfc. Kent S. Clow, Jr.



*Cissy Forgan and Larry
at the Races*



Nancy Cochran and Polly Porter work for charity



*Patty better make her
peace with Helen*



*Bill Douglas
on watch in the Alps*



Move to the center Jean-next time



*Carney doesn't seem worried
about the Japs*