

Old Forester

GOOD TO THE LAST DRIP



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WHAT NOW?

We are in a difficult position. One terrific war has been won, but we are still a long way from final victory. It is just as tough for those of our boys in the Pacific as it ever was, and may become much tougher before it is over. Those who will be released as a result of the victory over Germany may enjoy a brief respite but little chance to return to home and family until final victory is ours. Some few - for one reason or another - may get a final release, and be able to pick up the threads of their normal life once more, but it won't be the same even for them until you all return.

Many who have as yet seen no action will be going overseas soon. We must all steel ourselves to the fact that there is a dirty, tough war still to be fought, and that there must be no let-down on the home front that will in any way be reflected on those who are still doing the fighting and the dying - if that be necessary.

I know that I speak for the entire staff of the "Old Forester" in promising to try to make it of more value and interest to you men until final, complete victory is won. A large group of younger Lake Foresters are entering the service and in order to be progressive and give the "service that pleases" to all our readers, we are happy to welcome a new group of junior co-editoresses. Simply as an impartial observer, I recommend them most highly for the consideration of you all. I know that their contributions will add greatly to the interest of our publication.

No one will be happier than we will be when the time comes to stop publication, but as long as there is a need, we pledge our continued effort to bring to you all the news from those at home. Let's hope that we can write "finis" to the "Old Forester" very soon. Until then, best wishes and good luck to you all.

GETTING BIGGER AND BETTER

No publication or business venture can stand still - it has either got to go forward or backward. The "Old Forester" is proud to announce its new expansion program.

We have added to our staff of co-editoresses the following charming young ladies:

Rowena Carpenter	Harriet Stuart
Joyce Cummings	Betty Swift
Pamela Kelley	Virginia Washburne
Ann Porter	Lucia Winston
Barbara Priebe	

It was too late an action to expect to get any contributions for the June issue, but we are very hopeful that they will be steady contributors in the future. The army and navy are steadily receiving a new crop of younger men, many of whom are

entering the service this month or next month, to whom we expect to send our publication. Some of these girls were fairly young when some of you men went away to the war, but simply as a disinterested bystander, I can assure you that they have grown up, and you will probably see a lot of them when you return. I might add that you have quite a treat in store for yourself.

We are very glad indeed to have their assistance, and perhaps this may spur some of our formerly reluctant co-editoresses to contribute more regularly. The success of our publication depends so largely upon their cooperation that I hope this will be the case.

A THOUGHT FOR THE POST WAR PERIOD

As for the international situation, we are advised by Mr. N. H. Spatterly of Norristown, Pennsylvania, to "pay it no mind." He says that it would straighten itself out in due time if "the hired thinkers let it alone." He says, too: "I gave up thinking thirteen years ago next February, and aint had a trouble in the world ever since. I had a bad case of liver and decided it was from too much thinking. Today you wouldn't know I had a liver. Put this in your paper."

GREETINGS FROM "COACH"

"Please excuse the long delay in writing. It has been my desire to write you each day, but it seems I have been so busy on my new job that the day does not seem long enough.

"Perhaps first of all, the old bunch back home would like to know where I am and what I am doing. I am now the Assistant Director of The Leelanau Schools of Glen Arbor, Michigan. We are a co-educational prep school located on Sleeping Bear Bay, just off the Manitou Island in northern Michigan. I work directly with the school director in handling all school and camp routine; also doing some coaching. I coached track this year, and took my team to the State Meet and placed second - only four points out of first place.

"I am really very much interested in my work here at Leelanau, but do think many times of the fun we had at the Winter Club. In fact, I think the thing that I miss most is the old gang coming home at vacation time, and our gas-house fun in the old back office and kitchen, the electric hook-up, water over the doors, and the old limburger smear we used at various times, especially on Detchon's squash bats and Louie Volpe's car. Bill Spalding and Jim Soper remember this.

"Many other things I enjoy turning over in my mind -- the hikes to the beach, and the good old mud fights on the cliffs, the hare and hound games, marbles in the spring, and the hockey, pompom and snow battles in the winter. Well do I remember the day Elliott Detchon hit Mrs. Odell in the eye with a snowball, and how scared he, Phil Peck, and Harry Wheeler were when they thought the cops were after them. Oh gee, Mr. Clow, I could go on forever and as I sit here, many, many things come back to me. Even your own son Pete -- how well I remember a winter day long, long ago when Pete was just a little fellow -- how he spent one whole afternoon on the hockey rink picking pucks out of holes in the ice so that the older boys could continue playing.

"One thing I would like to have done when this world mix-up is over is to have a big get-together of all former Winter Club boys and girls. Please see what can be done about this.

"I hope I have not made this too long, and have not rambled too much. In closing, Mrs. Sweeny joins me in giving all our love to each and every one from the Winter Club."

"TO ALL THE LAKE FOREST BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE ARMED FORCES

"We consider it a privilege to send greetings to our Lake Forest boys and girls who are now serving their country. We are mighty proud of you, and are looking forward to the day when we can welcome you home.

"We are kept pretty busy repairing things for the folks on the home front; we certainly will be glad when things are released again, as we are getting pretty tired of patching up the old ones.

"Charlie has been in the navy for over a year, and fortunately has been stationed at Great Lakes. Joe is up to his neck in bikes to be repaired; new ones are starting to come in slowly (balloon type, no Hercules as yet).

"Hoping you will all soon be back in good old Lake Forest, I am

Sincerely,

/s/ S. F. Kiddle

"P.S. Wherever you are, I'll bet we have had more rain and bigger mosquitoes this year than you have had!"

SCANDAL SHEET

1. Does Betty always have trouble with her dress at the Club Alabam? We advise larger clips.
2. Was it only beer that Holiday had on Saturday night, or is Johnny Walker calling it beer these days?
3. If you should see at the Club a male surrounded by every girl in town, look twice, 'cause it isn't Frank Sinatra; it's only Pete Clow!"
4. What girl is especially allergic to mustaches? Could she live at 901 Rosemary Road?
5. Latest complaint from L. F. girls: In the future, please give us a ring before you try the Lake Forest College for Saturday night dates. (Any reference to Cy and Omar is purely unaccidental).
6. Activities of L. F. newest playboy has everyone agog. How do you keep your vitality, Mr. Connors? At a recent dance, all Peggy's partner could utter when Mr. Connors cut in was a rather startled "Gosh!"
7. Why did Lucia spend all last week on her stomach?

SOCIETY ODDS AND ENDS

There have been three recent events of interest affecting well known Lake Forest friends. On a recent leave, Chuck Spalding was married to Betty Cox of Philadelphia. The happy couple are now on the West Coast where Chuck is awaiting shipping orders. Mary Cornelia Aldis' engagement to Charlton Ogburn, Jr. has been recently announced, and we have been advised that the wedding will be on June 22 in Lake Forest. Ogburn was one of Merrill's Raiders, and was wounded in action in Burma, and is now stationed in Washington. Nancy Wells and Captain Shaw McCutcheon were married in Lake Forest on Wednesday, June 20. Best wishes and good luck to all three couples from all of your many friends.

Corporal Larry Smith is back in Chicago living at home while taking a three week course in a teletype maintenance school.

Arthur Foulton, Jr. arrived at the Presbyterian Hospital very early on Thursday morning, June 7. His proud grandfather states that, "he has a noble brow, a straight nose, well shaped and close fitting ears, a firm mouth, and weighs 8 lbs. and 1 oz." Bliss is home with him now, and she is a radiantly happy mother, looking more beautiful than ever.

WE ALL AGREE WITH YOU ABOUT GERMANY, EDDIE

"Sorry'azell I haven't sent in any news before, but I'll try to do better hereafter. To begin with, I want to express my appreciation to everyone connected with the 'Old Forester' for the splendid news it sends out. It is really appreciated. I think the name is absolutely tops, and count me in on any opposition to change it.

"To begin with, I hope King and Pete are fully recovered. I am really rather ashamed of myself as I write this, since I find myself writing from a comfortable hospital bed, where I must remain for 3 weeks. After a period of 'sweating out' 150s, 105s, 88s, mortar, and even small arms fire as a forward observer for my artillery outfit, I find myself hospitalized with mumps. It's downright humiliating! 'Quel dommage' as the French would say, but just 'TS' is all the sympathy I get from the doc. I feel fine, but he is bound and determined to keep me here for 21 days. The first couple of days were swell, when I managed to lose the bags under my over-strained eyes, and a nasty twitch in my hands, but now I'm anxious to get back to it. I guess some people are just born crazy. Have also put in a couple of missions as an observer in our Cub observation planes - the so-called Maytag Messerschmidts, which is good fun until Jerry pops away with everything from 40 mm. ack-ack to Luger pistols.

"All I can say about my location is that it is somewhere in Franco, but a clever guess could probably put it down pretty closely. As an afterthought, I'll add that there are no nurses here, as it is a clearing company, and the only female I have seen is a little French gal who putters around the halls. I'm not quite sure what her official capacity is, so shall not hazard a guess. Perhaps I should have previously mentioned that I'm in an old, large chateau, which has been taken over by the medics.

"I hope, like all, that the war ends soon. The situation looks favorable now, what with Hitler and Mussolini dead, and a number of German troops surrendering. The San Francisco conference I am encouraged by, and I hope that a lasting

peace can be developed. It is my own personal opinion that no peace treaty could possibly be too harsh for Germany, and I believe that anyone advocating being in any way lenient with either the German government or the German people to be the product of over-sentimental, unrealistic thinking. In brief, I am in favor of really crushing Germany, and stripping her of all power, either real or potential. I imagine most servicemen who have fought the Germans will agree with me.

"Well, keep up the 'good work, and it means a lot to all of us to get the 'Old Forester'. Hope the 'Midsummer's Night Dream' can soon become a reality.

-Best wishes,

/S/ Ed Swift "

LATER

"Now stationed in Cologne with the 15th Army. Don't know how long I'll be here. Have no snapshots, although recently sent a couple to Helen Priebe. Will write when anything of interest develops. Right now, this battalion is the security guard for the entire City of Cologne. Had a brief stay in Paris, and 3 days in Belgium."

ALL YOUR LETTERS ARE FINE, BILL, AND YOU'VE DONE A GRAND JOB

"I read my last letter in your sheet, and was more than greatly disappointed in seeing how terrible it was.

"We had some race across the Po. After we shook loose and really started rolling, it was amazing. Some of the guys were riding bicycles, driving German trucks, some had horses, others were riding along in Italian mule carts. It really was amazing. A couple of enlisted men were driving in the convoy with a captured Lincoln convertible.

"And equally amazing incidents happened. For several days we were on the go for endless hours. As the advance continued, the Italians were all out in the road to see us and offer wine. Now we were traveling directly in front of a tank on this certain day. As you know, a convoy is not very fast; to the contrary, we stopped and started consistently. It always occurred that these stops were long enough to toss down a glass of wine or two. It was late in the afternoon when I took notice of the tank in back of me. We were proceeding through a town. The tank was making horrible sounds and was going from one side of the road to the other. Terrified civilians ran for cover. I was more or less apprehensive. The column stopped at this moment, and out came the tank driver crooked to the gills.

"For now, so long. We all hope we will be seeing you soon.

/S/ Bill "

The perfect soldier doesn't borrow money, doesn't give women a line, doesn't drink, doesn't smoke -- doesn't exist.

HAPPY LANDINGS, STANTON. THANKS FOR THE SWELL LETTER

"I will make no excuse for my long silence. I'm just one of the laziest men in the navy. Everyone here tells me I chose the right rate for my output of energy. An ordinance man is a noted gold brick.

"This is a last minute letter, I think I am about to lose my title of #1 State-side commando, and before I do, I thought I should whip off a short uncensored note to the senior editor of our favorite sheet.

"I think it would interest you to know that the boys in my crew have gotten quite a kick out of many of the jokes and articles.

"I guess I am a little late on a come-back on that remark about the night-gown, but for all those interested, the long delay had an excellent reason. The gown was the smallest I could get, but after I tried it on I figured it was a little large. The certain little lady concerned had recently told me she was getting the middle age spread at that tender age, so I figured if I kept the gown a few months it would fit; or should I say she would fit it.

"Being extremely lazy, I figured I could kill 2 birds with one letter if I wrote you and you passed it on to Mother, so please pass this on. Thanks.

"We were supposed to take off last night for Kaneok Bay, but, fortunately, as we were taxiing up the bay for take-off, we developed flap trouble. After beaching and a check, it was found we had a cracked link in the control chain. I say it was fortunate, because if we had cracked on take-off, or in the air, it could have been extremely serious.

"We, the plane and 4 of us, are now sitting at a buoy in the bay waiting for the rest of the crew to come out. At 1835 we are off. It's 1630 now. I plan to give this to the returning boat cox to mail. It is a long flight, 2214 miles to Kaneok, and we are heavy as hell. We are 500# over-weight, cause we are carrying that much weight of spare parts for the fleet. It seems it is some kind of a rush order; otherwise they wouldn't let us take off overloaded. There is no real danger. We are using 4 jato charges to assist in take-off, and the commander is going to clear the seaplane area for us. With no APA's, DD's, and LST's, to run into or make big waves, it will be no strain. We have an A-1 pilot and plenty of water.

"You may have read in the Saturday Evening Post a few weeks ago about jato jet assist take-off. A PBM uses 4 charges developing 1350 horsepower for 12 seconds. You use 2 charges, 625 hp., to get on the step; then with full rpm, 2750, you use the other 2 to get in the air. It cuts take-off time from 40% to 60%. When we flew here from Corpus, we weighed 59,100#. Without jato, it took us 3 tries to get off. The last try took 83 seconds. We all sweated every damn sec. There will be none of that tonight. We have tail winds all the way, so we should be on the water again by 0930. Only 15 hours, not too bad.

"Last Sunday I happened to be down on the ramp working on my turret when 4 N.A.T.S. PB2Y3 landed. When they beached them, there were a half dozen admirals, 15 or 20 captains, and a bunch of lesser braid lined up at attention. I was sitting on the door of my turret in a pair of shorts and tennis shoes. Our plane was 20' or 30' from the ramp. Out of the first plane stepped Adm. Mitchauer and staff. The other planes held braid to make Spaulding's look like a 5 and 10¢ store. I had a bird's eye view of it all.

"There seems to be a few bilges to pump, so I'll sign off. Keep the scandal sheets coming - they are tops.

"Please excuse my spelling. I always was the first one out of a Bell School spelling B - followed closely by Mason and Pete. My best to Pete. Hope he is in top shape. Best regards to you and Mr. Clow.

/S/ Stanton "

Here's wishing you Many Happy Returns of the Day. The twenties are not too bad.

"Today is my birthday, and crazy as it seems, I hate to leave the teens behind. There is so much I missed that can never be entirely replaced. The only comfort available is that I am one of many. I saw Pat Kennedy and Betty Midriff at the Outrigger Canoe Club a few weeks ago, the night of VE day to be exact, and together with some naval officers, all Yale and Princeton graduates, we had a rousing party. Had to rush to get back to the Kennedy's house by 10, as the curfew violators are fined heavily, and a Pfc hasn't the means to sponsor the Honolulu Police Department. They have a beautiful house built right on the coral cliffed shore, between Diamond and Koko Head.

"I live luxuriously, but it can't last forever. I hate to think of King, Tommy, and all the others having to come this way, as they have done more than their share already. The older members of the Douglass clan seem to be getting the medals, but I am satisfied with my Good Conduct, even if it doesn't add anything to my all too few points.

"This is about all there is from the CPBC, and I wish there were more, but we are limited to what we can say. I have taken quite a few pictures, but the censor also liked them, so not all reached home. I have thrown the fishing rod aside, and am now an enthusiastic spear fisherman. Seen through goggles, the fish are not only dense around the reefs, but colored and shaped beyond description. The coral is also jagged, and I have my bandaged feet to prove this fact - live and learn. The weather has treated us well lately, and some of the men are as black as any outfit of Africans next door. I have started to ramble, so this is definitely all.

/S/ JIMMY DOUGLASS "

Think I prefer a horse to an M-24, but every man to his taste.

"I really feel awfully guilty not writing before, as I get more pleasure from the 'Old Forester' than any letter or paper I receive. It is really great, and I look forward to it.

"I have had an interesting time since leaving Ft. Knox and Louisville (if I were only there now!) Being commissioned cavalry, it was taken for granted that I could ride, and as a result, I found myself buying boots and breeches, and racing around on a wild-eyed horse that did pretty much as she wished. An understanding sergeant (there are a few of them) took pity on me when I led my platoon across the parade ground on a wild charge that started only because my mount decided she wanted to get back for dinner, and he took me behind a hill and gave me some much needed instructions. Fortunately, I am now back in a light tank (M-24) troop, and the only difficulty now is trying to convince the CO and 3 lieutenants, who are all Texans, that Texas is the lost place of the U. S.

"Please give my best to Pete, Mrs. Clow, and hope I'll be home some week end to see you all. (No riding invitations, please).

As always,

/S/ Phelps "

HERE'S HOPING YOU CAN KEEP ON SMILING, KING

"Thank you so much for your letter and for the 'Tribn.' (oo-la-la) I forgot - 'Old Forester' which brings back much more pleasant memories. So my brother drinks pineapple juice by the gallon. Well, please let it be known unto him that here it is a sin to touch water except to wash, which we usually don't do anyway in order to keep that 'up front with Mauldin' appearance. C rations are a pleasure when doused in Chianti, and our beef bouillon when mixed to four parts Premieres Cotes de Bordeaux is quite tasty. It really is great sport - every time a good rumor comes in, and there are thousands, we drink to it immediately, following it with another to our good luck, we hope, in sweating out the CBI, if you'll pardon the vulgarity.

"We're learning how to smile again, Mrs. Clow, and it's wonderful.

"My best to all.

/S/ King

"P.S. What do you think of the old outfit - pretty damned good after all, isn't it."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, JOE. THANKS A LOT

"This is a hell of a time to start writing, having received nigh onto half a dozen copies of your superior publication, but I would rather leave the hair raising stories to those who actually live them instead of merely hear them, as is my woeful state.

"I had a hard piece of luck in leaving Texas just before finishing my commando training in the local USO. It was pretty good fun while Bill, the mountaineer, was down there, although he did most of his climbing in the elevators of the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas. Needless to say, when the chance came to ship out, I was only too happy to have it, and I haven't regretted it for a moment.

"Please don't let the address deceive you; we are not out here for pleasure. The training makes basic look like a rest camp, and if the Seagram stock is skyrocketing, I can claim no credit, because a 7 day a week schedule leaves little time for relaxation.

"My latest communications from Bill and Eddie speak very highly of General Bacchus, apparently one of the better ground force commanders in the ETO. Eddie is in charge of the Cologne jail (Chief Tiffany will commit hari-kari) and apparently handles all the female cases himself. After all the trouble he has caused between Pat and me, I'll let Helen work him over on that one.

"I hope to be home in early July to tell some barefaced lies and see if George still has that slice on his wood shots. Thanks ever so much for the 'Old Forester,' it is a great way to keep up with the news.

/S/ Joe Sample "

GORDON BENT MEETS ANOTHER LAKE FORESTER

"A most amusing coincidence occurred a week ago when I was again flying with Chuck Herbison in his L-5 (bigger and twice as fast as the popular L-4 cub plane the public knows). We had been flying deep behind the lines to locate our advance columns, which were making encircling advances to pocket the enemy. We spotted an infantry platoon advancing across a green, open field toward a column of Sherman tanks about a half mile away. Chuck saw that the doughboys had some prisoners, and said he was going to get himself a luger pistol. So he thereupon buzzed the area a couple of times to see if any jerries shot at us, and then landed the plane in front of the astounded infantrymen!! They came up to the plane and it turned out that they had no lugers. Meanwhile, Chuck talked to some GI's while I told the platoon leader where the tank column was. Then a grizzled but nice looking young GI who had been talking with Chuck said: 'Are you from Lake Forest?' I said 'Yes.' He said, 'You're Gordon Bent, aren't you?' I said I was. 'Well,' he smiled, 'I'm Kingman Douglass.' And damned if he wasn't!!

"I hadn't seen him in years when he was much younger and in tweeds. Here he was in helmet and OD - no wonder I didn't recognize him at first. He was doing a bang-up job, had been wounded once, had killed and captured an uncountable number of jerries, and according to the lieutenant, was one of the very best in his unit. He's doing a hard, dirty job, and I don't envy him. We talked awhile, then shook hands and we took off. I hope to run into him again; he's a nice guy. You might tell his family that I saw him, and he looks fine (except for a shave) and they can be proud as hell of him, too.

"An amusing aftermath occurred when we landed at our field and Chuck said 'Does that friend of yours stutter?' I said he didn't. Said Chuck 'He sure did when I first talked to him, and he asked me if you weren't Gordon Bent from L. F.' He couldn't believe that I had just popped out of the sky like that, and in front of the advancing first wave of infantry at that! The other doughboys were bug-eyed too, and I confess I was a bit startled myself. Only Herbison was unperturbed. He does similar things all the time, and I'm usually the unfortunate observer with him. I'll tell you more apres la guerre."

HOPE YOU COME BACK SOON, RUSTY

"I have found that sea duty doesn't resemble the duty at Great Lakes much. Being on watch on the bridge or chipping paint over the side seems to consume about 85% of the time, with a bit of eating and sleeping to break the monotony. I had 10 days in New York before I left, and managed to get up to Hotchkiss and see some of the Lake Foresters there, including Oaty Hubbard and Wes Dixon. Also managed a visit with one of the Lake Foresters down at Walker's. New York seems as gay as ever, although I missed Danny Haerther. I guess he has leased a corner of Larue. Attended a very wonderful party given by Flossy Curtis, and attended by such charmers as Joany Monroe, the ex Mary Mabbatt, and Ginny Mitchell. Lots of fun, and a swell way to end up a swell stay out Lake Forest way. Haven't heard from Phelps or Si recently (maybe it's because I owe them). Guess Phelps is becoming quite the horseman, according to a letter to his mother. I hope he makes out O.K. with the mules. Expect to pay a visit to our southern latitudes some time soon. Hope it is as much fun as Lake Forest. No other news for now.

/S/ Rusty Heymann "

MUD WAS ONE OF THOSE THINGS SHERMAN WAS TALKING ABOUT, BARDEE

"A few months ago I saw quite a bit of Tommy Healy, who seems to think he is a permanent fixture there. I don't imagine I will see anyone familiar out here for quite a while - wouldn't wish that much mud on anyone. The recruiting sarge never said anything about mud in the Pacific. I thought that stuff was 'strictly' for Europe. What a disillusioned lad I am. What else that is worth writing would undoubtedly be censored to ribbons, so I won't try -----.

NEWS FROM LARRY ARMOUR

"For the past month, I have been at the Hotel Grauer Bar in Innsbruck, Austria, working with the Counter Intelligence Corps, and have had the opportunity to speak with several of the former leaders of the people we have just finished fighting. Several of my friends are with the disarmament commission, the German Army Demobilization Commission, and on various other interesting missions, but mine is the best deal of all. The work is fascinating, and with three rooms to myself and maid service, I have approached civilian life as closely as a person can in the army.

So far, I have run into no one from home over here, but it is a big show, and about the only people I have a chance to see are CIC agents and Military Intelligence personnel. Ours is a full time job, and will probably continue to be so for some time to come."

YOU KNOW THE CURE FOR SNAKE BITE, SCOTTY

"Just got the last issue of the 'Old Forester' and it was really swell. Keep it up! As for me, I'm still stuck here in the wonderful South, and it looks like I might be here for quite a while. What I like about North Carolina I won't mention, and what I dislike about it would take up pages, so I'll say no more. Right now, I am in the midst of phase 3 of our training - 3 weeks of bivouacing and amphibian landings. In the last 24 hours, 12 rattle snakes have been killed, and one in our company bivouac area (I've got an arsenal around my shelter half). Nothing much new, except I still want to know how 'Sweet Pea' is. Right now, I wouldn't mind trading places with brother Ken at all.

"Sorry to hear that Alice Keith has broken her arm. Well, guess that's about all."

SORRY WE CAN'T REACH YOU, ED. GOOD LUCK, AND A SAFE VOYAGE

"I have received all your publications and compliment you on your efforts and results. I have been unable to reply since there were no items of interest, and since my address was in a constant state of flux. This will continue for as long as the war (which will mark the termination of your publication), and I, therefore, feel obliged to tell you I receive no mail overseas, and now that I am back on sea duty, will be unable to get your paper any longer. Therefore, rather than have one of your journals lie in waste at a P. O. for 6, 8, or more months, I suggest you remove me from your mailing list, and send the news items to more likely recipients.

/S/ Edward Cudahy "

NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

We understand that Thorne Ellis has completed his air crewman gunner's course at the Naval Air Gunners School at Jacksonville, and we congratulate him sincerely on standing number 16 out of a class of 240. He has now been transferred to the Naval Auxiliary Air Station at Kingsville, Texas, where he is going through operational training.

We are all glad of the opportunity of welcoming Johnny Stevenson to Lake Forest on a 5 day leave. He seems to have finished the O.C.S. at Ft. Benning with no difficulty and high honors, and has returned to take a month's course in the paratroopers O.C.S. before being shipped out. Many congratulations!

Another very welcome guest in Lake Forest has been Peter Clow. He landed in Boston on Friday, May 25, and was shipped out to the Winter General Hospital at Topeka, Kansas. After 3 days, he was given a 30 day furlough, and the reports are that Lake Forest looks pretty good to him after the fox holes of France. He still carries a slug of shrapnel in his shoulder, and will have to return to the hospital to have that removed, and then will await future orders. If his experience is any criterion, you boys who will be returning to Lake Forest we hope soon have a lot of fun in store for you.

We have published elsewhere a letter from Ed Cudahy, who apparently is somewhere between India and the Philippines at the present moment. Tony, we are told, will graduate as a second lieutenant from the Marine Corps on July 18 at Quantico. In a letter received from him recently, he says that he saw Capt. Harry Wheeler at a PX and talked with him for a few minutes. Tony, however, was being pushed along by the cigarette line, and when he looked around, Harry had disappeared. I am sorry to hear that even the marines have to have a cigarette line. They certainly deserve first choice.

Another visitor to Lake Forest is Private Russell P. Kelley, Jr. who is now getting education pounded into him up at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. He will be here for a week's leave.

Agar Jaicks is also in Lake Forest, but for how long your editor has not been told.

We have a new report on the doings of the Bartlett boys. Lt. (jg) Charles L. Bartlett is temporarily on one of those (sophisticated) bases in the western Pacific en route for one still farther on. We are told that he and Otis have had the tedium of navy life pleasantly relieved by the arrival of Moss Hart's U.S.O. Show, with a young lady by the name of Hutton occupying a prominent position. To their distress, the troupe moved on after a 2 week stop, so that the boys are now working full time for Nimitz again. Pfc. David, with the 5th AAA, apparently has found himself in a fairly rugged spot - exact whereabouts unknown. Flea powder and seasoning for K rations seem to be his chief need at the present moment. His family has sent some of each by air mail, and are hoping that he does not get the envelopes mixed, as the other one was mustard.

We have some more news from both Corporal John and Private Albert Millet. The corporal hopes to be leaving England for the U.S.A. shortly. The private thinks he is going to leave Germany - destination unknown. Al has been delving into some of the libraries in a small German town and found a geography published

in 1742. Among other things it said "California is the largest island in America, but nobody has returned from there, and so I have no news about the place, but it is a wasteland and nothing will ever come of it." (Wouldn't Florida love to get that one?) Al has been driving a jeep and interpreting for a military governor.

Received a few fine pictures of Johnny Jelke too late to be used in this issue. They were taken in the shack that he and his fellow flyer built at the Foggia Air Field in Italy. Johnny has finished 43 missions, one of which was the longest escorted flight over Europe from Foggia to Berlin. We are told that the 82nd Fighter Group, of which he is a member, is the highest scoring group of the Mediterranean theatre. Charley Jelke is still in Memphis, a seaman second class, specializing in radio. Good luck to you both!

Lt. Edward Prince has been transferred to the U. S., and is now stationed at Floyd Bennett Field, after serving 16 consecutive months in the PBM flying in the Pacific.

Mason writes that censorship is more rigid than ever, but that all he can say is that they have been very busy. The last letter received was around the 23rd of May. From the newspaper reports, we can imagine that "busy" is a very conservative statement.

John Curtis, Jr. has left on the shakedown cruise of his new ship *The Providence*. She is one of the new 10,000 ton flush-deck Cleveland class of light cruisers, having 12 - 6" guns in 4 main turrets, and 12 - 5" guns, and apparently bristles with anti-aircraft. We are told that she is a beauty.

One of our new subscribers is Bob Knight, whom many of the Hotchkiss boys will remember. He specialized in radar, getting a pretty thorough course of training at Illinois Tech.; University of Chicago; Clinton, Ontario; Dayton; and a finishing course at Fort Dix, New Jersey. He has now gone across the Atlantic, and the last we heard of him was on an expedition where he almost got lost over the Taj Mahal at Delhi, India, where he is attached to the 7th Bomber Squadron. We guess that he is somewhere near the Hump. He writes that the temperature goes up to around 125° in the daytime, and they do most of their work at night. We personally think that that is a good idea, and wish him the best of luck.

We are all very proud of two of the fathers of younger Lake Foresters who have served so well during the present war. It was, therefore, a real pleasure to hear recently that Colonel Kingman Douglass was made a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre with palm by General Rene Bouscat, representing the French government. The awards were made "for exceptional services rendered in the course of the campaign for the liberation of France." We understand that Colonel Douglass is back in this country. A warm welcome awaits him in Lake Forest.

Our other Lake Forest friend, Captain Lester Armour of the navy, is also expected home shortly. We hope both of these men will be given a long rest which they so richly deserve.

We were certainly mighty happy to welcome back Lt. Henry (Penny) Dangler, who returned to this country a short time ago after a considerable sojourn in a German prison camp. He reports very decent treatment comparatively speaking; he looks well and happy; is certainly enjoying Lake Forest; and is giving considerable pleasure to a bevy of young ladies.

DO YOU BLAME ME FOR KEEPING AFTER PEGGY? MANY THANKS!

"Before Mr. Clow presents me personally with pen and ink, or in a more violent fit of fury tries to 'blow the house down,' here it is the eleventh hour, and I am breaking my neck (to save my face) in a frantic attempt to make the deadline. Of late, there have been many complaints concerning my illegible scrawl. However, since I'm not clogged up in the acceleration machinery at Vassar, I could not resist getting entangled in a typing course. As a result, I'm going 'buggy-ruggy' but I have no excuses for not expressing myself on paper.

"With every one home from school, Onwentsia has really come to life and the 'Forest' is booming with activity -- energy sparks flying every which way. I caught a fleeting glimpse of Betty Peabody in the light of the flickering blue stars at the dance Saturday. (Incidentally, the bushes around the dance floor are too well clipped to act as a shock absorber, so you have to watch your P's and Q's). Pete looks like a million dollars, and seems to think that all this talk about getting back into the swing of civilian ways is a big farce. Russ K. is home, too, and Di and Syl. -- quite a few of the old contingent and lots of material for the Sunday afternoon baseball games together with K.S.W., Jim Holiday, and stray midshipmen. (Off the record, Pappy Connors is our star pitcher. His big cowboy sombrero scares everyone into submission).

"The other morning at the crack of dawn I was roused to the telephone and startled to hear that old familiar giggle - Naoma, of course, via Washington. It seems the Donnelleys have shipped out nine trunks and fifteen suitcases - it's in the bag. She's coming back to haunt her happy hunting grounds. 'Opening the house' has at last become a reality, and I'm tickled pink. Speaking of pink - I've graduated from the oriental hue color and seem to be stuck at the pink stage; but the light down South must be deceiving, or my borrowed raincoat reaching to my toes was pretty good camouflage. A few weeks ago in Kentucky, as I was boarding a train accompanied by a colored chauffeur carrying my suitcase, the conductor stopped us with a curt: 'One car up.' We started running for the next car, and suddenly the words rang in my ears: 'Oh, excuse me, she's not your wife - is she!' (Black and white and red all over).

"Nancy B. had the same trouble in N. Y. one week end after she had emerged from the black abyss of Florida. We were sitting at the Zanzibar and a friend of the boy she was with later inquired back at Columbia: 'Who was that beautiful coon you were with?'

"My material for the gossip column is lacking. I find it much safer to keep my eyes and ears closed. Besides, I don't relish the thought of treading on people's toes, and such scandalous titles as 'Mr. X lit with old flame - love match blazes' usually have disastrous reactions.

"Patty Hopkins, Nancy, and I went riding for hours yesterday, and now it is beginning to tell its tale. I can't sit this one out much longer, so last words --- the 'Forest' is going to seed without all of you. We're all hoping the shooting works will be over soon, and you can come home quickly, and do a little cultivating (we'll take the weeds).

/S/ Peggy Whipple "

"For the first time in many months I find myself writing from the old home town base again, and needless to say, it's wonderful to be here. Everything seems just the same as ever - the crowded tennis courts, Onwentsia's famous bar, the pool, and even down to those objectionable little streams (or whatever they are) on the golf course, where I regret to say I have already lost more than one ball. At this point, I think I shall be quite content to be a 'golf widow!'"

"Upon arriving, I was somewhat surprised to find so much activity. Although this doesn't begin to compete with any previous June, we still have Pete's support - even though he is sadly outnumbered most of the time. However, he seems to be quite enjoying it, and we all only hope it won't go to his head taking anywhere from four to six girls out each night! Well, it is a great life!"

"This past week end has been fun - with the first Onwentsia dance outside, and then on Sunday a lunch sponsored by the Connors. (I might add that Mr. Connors was certainly the life of the party!) Following lunch, was a baseball game, which was good for many laughs. All in all - a most pleasant week end.

"As for news of myself, I'll be here for a few weeks before going up to Camp Keckuwa again for the summer. Ann Carpenter is only going up for the last three weeks this time, so I must depart on the 5th to face children and wilderness without her support.

"Goodbye all - for now - "

YOU ALWAYS DO YOUR SHARE, NANCY

"I am terribly sorry I missed the last issue, as I know how much pleasure I get out of reading them, and how much easier it would be to put out if we all did our share.

"I am still busy at work, but I am quitting the 16th of the month. Then I am coming out to Lake Forest to spend a week with Bliss and her new baby boy, which I am dying to see. I leave for Mackinac Island on the 24th for another wonderful summer. I will really miss not having Johnnie Stevenson coming up. It won't seem right without him.

"Tony graduates from Quantico the 18th of July, and he is coming up for his 15 day leave. It will be grand having him home, it's been a long time. The last time was during the Republican convention, a year ago.

"I was dazzled by the gold bar on Johnnie Stevenson's shoulder when he was home. If anyone deserves it, he certainly does, and I think it is perfectly swell. He is back at Fort Benning now, but not for long.

"I got a letter from Stanton, written a day or two before he left. He has really been having a gay time these past months, and he seems to think Corpus Christi is an awfully good liberty town.

"He said that if he had only left Corpus ten days later, he would have gotten a 21 day leave. He did get up to Santa Barbara just before he left and saw his sister and her two children.

"Seeing Howard and Betty Peabody the other day seemed like old times. Howard had just gotten back from the Pacific, and Betty was on a short vacation from art school.

"That is about all the news I know at the present, except that Jean just left to visit in Philadelphia. I hear the weather is ideal - how I envy her.

"Until the next issue -

Sincerely yours,

/S/ Nancy Cochran "

THE MORE INSTALLMENTS, BETTY, THE BETTER WE LIKE IT

"Always, on reading the reports of the co-editoressees, I'm struck by one thing - and it is beginning to sound like a broken record. (I am in there too, so can swear to its sincerity, my own conscience being able to answer for that every month). I wonder how it strikes you all (for whom the paper is published, I mean). If you are still in the dark, I'll let you in on the big secret - and that is that we're all, forever and a day, terribly 'sorry' we haven't written before, or, more often, but have of course been busy one way or another - or haven't; have heard no dirt (pitiful state) thus: nothing to report.

"Poor Mr. Clow - with all these 'sorry' reports I should think he'd be nearly crazy and to him I send my deepest sympathies. (He's trying to get a cover out of me now. It is going to be tough. All I can do are 'pin-up girls' and latest reports are that the armed forces, en masse, are sick of them.)

(I got the cover and I doubt the latest reports - editor's note)

"In view of the above, I will skip the obvious and say it is great to be home if only for 2½ weeks. It is freezing cold and that suits me fine, as Philadelphia this summer will make up for it.

"I think the best news Lake Forest has had in a long time is that Pete is home. I thought for awhile I would miss seeing him. (Not that I have seen him yet, but I don't think it is an idle rumor, as his mother definitely said he was home! asleep! I was on my way up to Exeter to see my brother the morning his ship put into Boston, and am furious when I think that I was cruising about that city for hours killing time, taking it all in, while I could have gone down to the dock (?) and been a 'Welcome Home Committee' consisting, if only, of E.L.P.

"I arrived home a few days early and, taking my family by surprise, upset completely the routine set up for both Howard's and my arrival. (Speaking of kill-joys, Peter, the army and my family have a lot in common). Howard is home from the S. Pacific after 8 months, for about 8 days, and then off to New Orleans to sit for his 2nd mates exams. We hope he will get back again before he shoves off. Outside of losing 20 pounds, he looks fine. (Undoubtedly, Mason or Johnny Steve are thinking it should have been me - not yet, tho.)

"I haven't done a thing this vacation but tramp through the Art Institute and play golf a lot, which reminds me, when you all get home you'd better, if you can't play golf, go see George Smith, as the fear of becoming a 'golf widow' has taken this town by storm, and if you don't watch out you will be the 'golf

widowers.' Bill Douglas and Eddie Swift - It seems already, whether you know it or not, that you have a future date to see who can hit farthest under par. Thank G. Smith and Helen for that! That's all for now, I guess.

Sincerely,

/S/ Betty

"P.S. Ever since I was ten I have been forced to play (at) that game, and being born lazy, have never enjoyed too well the long hours of walking, so all those feeling the way I do may come 'sit' for me while I paint their portrait.

"P.S.S. You had better put this letter in installments, Mr. Clow - from one extreme to the other."

THEY TELL ME THE DANCE WAS PLENTY GAY

"Not too much to report again. Saturday, the 9th, we held our last reunion before Cy Bentley left for Bainbridge, Maryland. It was much fun, and more business for the Onwentsia. He's a grand guy and it will be with much sadness on our part when he says farewell. Abbott Hall, now through the first 6 weeks, was rejoicing and the dance on the 16th promises to be very gay. The 6:30 AM rising bell doesn't seem to have any effect on the boys - once they get out where the grass is green.

"Guess what - oh yes - our best girl, Miss Prosser, is home for a month or so before leaving once again as conselor at Camp Ketchawa. There's no conceiving how good it was to hear her voice as she stepped off the 11:05 one morning. Now there'll be more movies than ever!

"Can't tell you how good it is to see Pete again - but those 30 days certainly fly.

"Closing again.

Sincerely,

/S/ Giny "

THE LITERATII HAVE ALWAYS PREFERRED ATTICS, NANCY

"Place: the remotest corner of our attic. Reason: our house very much resembles that of an ant hill, but instead of being overrun with ants (while I am on the subject of aunts - not the animal variety; this time - I have a niece all of 25 days old who I am sure is already acquiring the Buchanan appetite!! Poor girl). To get back to those ants (animal variety), our house has become painter's paradise, and each and every painter seems to possess that rare quality of appearing at exactly the precise moment when you expect him least. Painters to the right of me, painters to the left of me. I go to sleep with the sweet??? aroma of paint weaving a pattern under my nose, and I wake only to find painters on my balcony! So here I sit in all my glory (my glory consists of a handkerchief and a room full of dust) trying to write a long overdue article.

"Last Saturday night, June 16, Jim and Winkie Holliday gave a wonderful dinner before the dance at the club. Kent, Jim, and Pete were the only boys from Lake Forest, but the recruits hailed in from Abbott Hall and proved to be full of talent. All through dinner the table harmonized on everything imaginable, and even tried a few unimaginables. We even had requests from the rest of the dining room for such songs as 'The Tables Down at Moreys' and 'Teasing,' so I guess they must have enjoyed the noise. There was the usual crowded bar, and with my ears waving in the breeze I heard, accidentally of course, (how else??) several people discussing the funniest things they had ever seen. One man said that the funniest thing he had seen in a long time was a cross-eyed woman telling a bowlegged man to come home straight!!

"Not long ago I received the following letter from the Pacific. The writer, however, wanted his name to be anonymous:

'Dear Dracula:

'Have been having troubles with the censor lately, and must take all pains to select any interesting information. We have just _____ from _____ and have had a _____ of a good time for ourselves. Don't just sit there like a _____ on a _____, say something, you _____. Well, I heard from _____ the other _____ and _____'s fine. The weather is _____ except that it's awfully _____ and rains a good deal of the _____. So _____!!!

Frank N. Stein '

"Conclusion: and so I must close if I am to catch the radio soap opera 'Bertha - Bumblebee's Baldheaded Brother.

P.S. Did you know that the horse Peggy bet on in the Kentucky Derby was so late he was wearing a night shirt and had a night cap????-----! "

LATE FLASHES

Harry Clow, Jr. and Berto Niblack have been transferred from Sioux Falls, South Dakota (where they enjoyed the wintry blasts) to Fort Myers, Florida (to spend the summer months amongst the palms and mosquitoes). They have applied for the job of a career gunner on a B29. In a recent letter home, Berto writes: 'Two weeks from now I start school, and fourteen weeks from now I will graduate. After that, I will wait around a couple of weeks and then ship out to Lincoln, Nebraska for transitional flying, or directly to a port of embarkation and do my transition in Australia."

On June 18, we heard from Johnny Templeton that he had returned from his first trip to Manila, which he found mighty hot and more of a mess than expected. Hopes to be high tailing for home July 1st or 2nd, and a warm welcome awaits his return. The B29s have caught his imagination, and he has applied for a job on one of the big boys as flight engineer.

JIMMY DOUGLASS CERTAINLY DESERVES A MEDAL FOR THIS ONE

"While on the subject of wild life, we have one pest that we are having a hard time doing away with -- mice!! However, two of us have made some minute observations on their habits, and the success of our experiments has encouraged us to such an extent that we are going to submit our reports to Washington, and have a training manual printed.

"Here are our materials: one Victor mouse trap - medium calibre, a can of oil preservative, light, and some steel wool; the latter two for the maintenance of the piece which must at all times be in perfect working order.

"The two scientists use no bait, as the mice wouldn't respond to cheese, Swiss, Ml; so they went ahead, undaunted in their first failure. We observed carefully, and drew a working plan of the paths they took to our cached food, so we could go into detailed study of the impending crisis. They invariably had one habit that was common to the whole family, or families, and this was to run along the base of the wall behind our foot lockers. This was the key observation to our future successes.

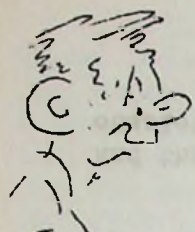
"We immediately took our plan to the supply sergeant, and he thought it worthy enough to requisition us two more traps. We will, of course, mention his name in our report. We now had the necessary equipment to conduct the experiment. All the foot lockers were lined up about one inch from the wall so as to provide just enough room for the mice to maneuver. You ask if this is enough room? These mice are descendants of a Polynesian strain which came with the first settlers in their canoes and suffered such hardships that they have never been able to regain their former size.

"We placed one trap between each locker with the release end jutting into their one inch pathway. With no bait, we were matching brain with brain, and we had hopes. It was at 16:38 when we watched our first enemy come out of his hole and start warily down the booby-trapped pathway. We yelled as loud as we could, and the mouse took off down the corridor, forgetting his wariness. There was a snap, and our experiments were a success.

"Our total casualties are now 8, but they still keep coming fast."

The girl who does everything under the sun is likely to get her hide tanned.

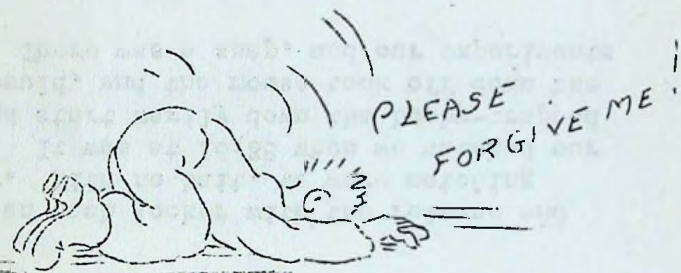
And then there was the little moron who thought the Articles of War were obsolete equipment to be sold by the War Department when the war is over.



Dear (A Co-Editoress)

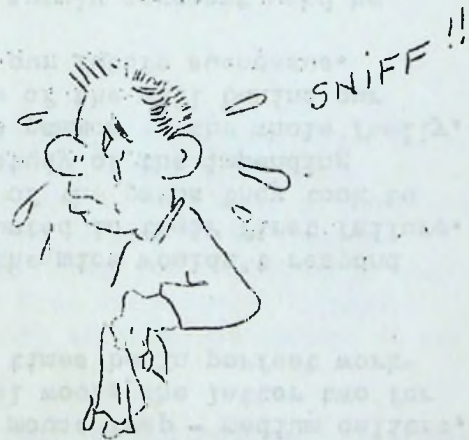
I hope you will forgive me for not writing in so long, but you see I'm on Okinawa and it has been quite awhile since I had a chance to write.

I hope you'll understand and write again



I enjoyed your letters very much and I was rather disappointed when you ceased to write

I wrote to ----- today. Unfortunately I was behind in my mail to him too.

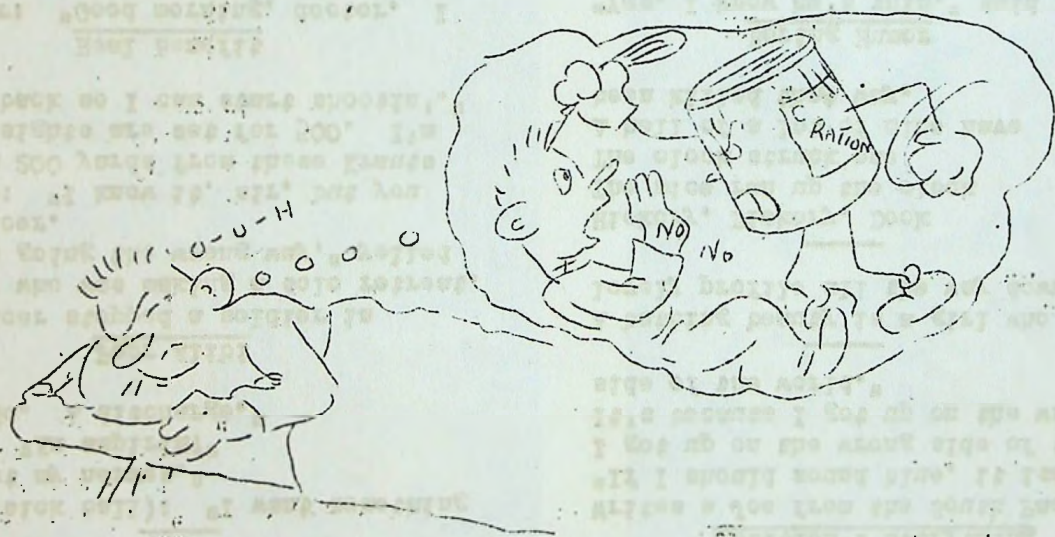


How are you getting along in school???? Its been about a month since I heard from you.

Things are just about the same
over here.

I've eaten so
many C and K
rations in my
day when I go
to sleep at night

I have nightmares of ration cans.



Please answer soon. Wish I could
tell you how much I enjoy your
letters.

Sincerely

Andy

Fancy This

Draftee: "Do you think they'll send me overseas, doctor?"
 Examining physician: "Not unless we're invaded."

A Frenchman was enjoying his first trip to America.
 "I must be sure to look up Mrs. Bitch."
 "Mrs. Bitch?" his dumbfounded guide asked.
 "Yes, Mrs. Bitch," he insisted. "I had the pleasure of meeting so many of her sons in the American army in France."

GI (on sick call): "I want something to quiet my nerves."
 Medic: "An aspirin?"
 GI: "No. A discharge."

Poor Alibi

An officer stopped a soldier in Germany who was making a solo retreat.
 "You're going the wrong way," yelled an officer.
 Soldier: "I know it, sir, but you see I'm 200 yards from these Krauts and my sights are set for 500. I'm movin' back so I can start shootin'."

Real Benefit

Stranger: "Good morning, doctor. I just dropped in to tell you how much I benefited from your treatment."
 Doctor: "But you're not one of my patients."
 Stranger: "I know. But my uncle was and I'm his heir."

A marine erected this sign over the door of his shelter on Kwajalein atoll:

HOTEL ATOLL
 No Beer Atoll
 No Women Atoll
 Nuttin' Atoll

I eat my peas with honey,
 I've done it all my life,
 It makes the peas taste funny
 But it keeps them on my knife.

The Oracle says night clubs these days remind him of the Gay Nineties - the women are gay and the men are ninety.

Accident?...Calamity!

Pvt. (in Aleutians): "Why don't you wear earmuffs, Sarge? It's cold."
 Sgt: "I haven't worn one since the accident."
 Pvt.: "What accident?"
 Sgt.: "Someone asked me if I wanted a drink, and I didn't hear him."

She: "I'll have you know I'm marrying an officer and a gentleman."
 Private: "You can't do that. It's bigamy."

Position's Everything

Writes a Joe from the South Pacific:
 "If I should sound blue, it isn't that I got up on the wrong side of the bed. It's because I got up on the wrong side of the world."

A bathing beauty is a girl who has a lovely profile all the way down.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock
 The mice ran up the clock
 The clock struck one
 A hell of a lot of mice have been killed that way.

Boring Humor

"Yes, I know he's thin," said the lieutenant, looking at the newest crop of draftees. "Tell you what, Sergeant. Let him clean the rifles."
 "Okay," said the sergeant, "but who's gonna pull him through?"

How About it, Bill?

"Nothing is impossible."
 "Oh yeah, did you ever try to take a pair of skis through a revolving door?"

He: "When it comes to eating, you'll have to hand it to Venus de Milo."
 She: "Why?"
 He: "How else could she eat?"

Kay: "I had to walk five miles to get home last night."
 Mae: "For goodness sake!"
 Kay: "Yes."

The Bell School 1933



Our Heroes in 1933. *They were a tough lot!*



TOP ROW: Bartlett · Cudahy · McCreery · Straw · Phelps · Walker · (?) · Clow · Connors · Smith · J. Jelke · Strotz
SEATED: Holz · D. Jaicks · P. Swift · (?) · C. Jelke · Haerther · (?) · Seaverns · Sturgis · Stevenson



Wonder how Naoma and David like this one



Some of our new co-editoresses on a binge



Henry Gardner in his tropical paradise