

# SCHOOL NEWS

## CHIT - CHATS

Oh for the life of a sailor to be on that blue rolling ocean; or for the life of an aviator riding above in the blue, dodging only those white clouds; or for the life of a soldier taking those daily hikes through the woods, over hill and dale. Then too, to be able to wear those "odd" colors Navy Blue, Marine Green and the ever popular O D. Those colors certainly seem to prevail in the eyes of our gals on the home front. The theme of most of their Easter finery was the above-mentioned colors. Won't you be surprised to see them all again on your return home? (The colors I mean). I just know how you'll never forget them anyway, but the girls will do their very best to remind you. (Always kidding, aren't I) Well, we have a lot of good news in this issue, so leave me commence to tell you all about it.

News of a little different nature comes this time. We've told you all about engagements, marriages and that sort, and now we can tell you about something heretofore unmentioned. First on your nose editor's list is that Lenore Ulrich Mittenger is the proud mother of a bouncing boy whose name is Andrew Frank. Lee was one of our most peppy cheerleaders and graduated in 1941. (THERE, isn't that different?)

Second I have an item that was indeed a surprise to me. You'll all probably remember Bob Brown. Bob's been in the Army for quite some time having enlisted before Pearl Harbor. To finally get down to the BIG news, he is the pop of a lovely little girl. Yep, I didn't even know he was married, but that just goes to show that I'm not on my toes all the time. I've been told though that he was married last May to a little southern peach from Florida. O K, O K, I know the peaches come from Georgia but I have to fill up this column somehow don't I?). Besides, it would sound funny to say "a little southern Orange".

Sure and our pal Les Thompson sort of defaulted to his contender, the stork, when the latter beat him in a recent race. Pop Thompson (imagine calling Les, "Pop") was a daddy on none other than St. Patrick's Day, so you can see why they called her Patricia Eileen. Congratulations there pal, and I expect a package of cigarettes, since I don't smoke cigars. (Ha, ha, aren't I a card? What the heck are cigarettes anyway)

To our growing list of heroes, here goes another. Guess you fellows over there will leave the stamp of Scotch Plains all over the place huh? From his brilliant showing on our gridiron we weren't too surprised to learn that S/Sgt. Mattie Gewain '39, now engineer gunner on a B-25 based in England, was awarded the Air Medal with two oak leaf clusters. No need to tell you for what 'cause you all know. Looks as though Mattie is still in there playing the game, this time for more than the gold football at the end of the season though.

Among those fellows and girls home was none other than Carlton Liddane. "Lid" was just been commissioned a second lieutenant and sure is proud of those wings. (And who's to blame him?). After two long years of training, they finally decided he'd had enough so just gave them to him as a sort of remembrance. When I asked him if he had a 30-day furlough, the

reply I got was this: "Hey fellows here's a candidate for Section 8". Now what did he mean? How was I supposed to know it was only a 15 day one?

Robert Peterson, "Pete" to all who know him, has returned home after a year over there. He took part in the D-Day invasion, being in the 4th Division of the First Army, and you know they were the first division to land on Normandy. He received the Purple Heart for wounds received there. After he'd fully recovered, back he went to do even more. Seems there was more than one shell with his name plastered on it and he was quite seriously wounded again. I guess they decided he's had enough for a while so he's home now and after his well earned 21 day furlough, he'll report to O'Reiley Hospital in Missouri. Pete lives on Madison Ave. and is one of those 36 fellows who left from that community alone.

Pvt. Bob Mallender dropped in to see us for a short visit, before reporting to Ft. George Meade. Bob left for ASTP but after they disbanded the unit, was transferred, or should I say shoved, into the Infantry. He's not ready to take the trip across the big pond and is sure glad he can swim.

Probably the best news of all is that Frank Kavanaugh has written his parents from a German prison camp. Frank was reported as missing in our last issue, so this news was very well received. I neglected to mention before, that he'd feel lots better when he could crow to the rest of the fellows that he was a poppa too. He married a gal from Westfield quite a while ago before he entered the service.

Seems as though these SF fellows just can't be alone in anything. We have reported more than once that they meet all over the world. Here's another couple that are bosom pals so to speak. Cpl. Ted Baranowski and Bob Rau have seen service together from England to France and from France to Belgium. They're having the time of their life, even living with Belgium families. I wonder if the Belgium gals are nice? I bet their girls home wonder the same thing. "Baron" is attached to an Anti-Air craft Division and I'm sorry to say, I don't know just what Bob does for a living.

Previously I reported that "Chuck" Ferguson was on Luzon. Well, he was joined recently by two other pals of his, none other than Don Gardener and "Wis" Shreve. If the place didn't buzz before, you can bet your boots it does now.

After almost 2 1/2 years in Africa, Floyd Garrison expects to be returning to that home town he's almost forgotten. Sgt. Garrison is attached to the Air Corps and hopes July will hurry up and come so he can get that 30 day furlough that's promised him.

If you'd ever like to see a snappy looking WAVE, you should have been home to eye that dashing Lou Phillips. "Sis" sure is proud to wear that Navy blue uniform and certainly wears it well. She's been in the service two years already and loves it more and more.

From the engagement corner comes that of Seaman 2/C Tony Eannucci. He just completed his boot at Sampson so topped it off by placing a diamond on the finger of his girl. She's

from Plainfield and not a bad looker at all.

More compliments from you guys. It's really wonderful too, cause you know gals always like to hear 'em. I don't really know if I should consider this one or not. (On second thought, I guess I better, they're so few and far between now). Heard from one of my best pals that he enjoyed my little bit of chatter. Also learned that Hank Baraldi (Oh, by the way, he's my admirer) will meet Oak Pandick soon. Hank's hospital ship (not really his own of course) spotted Oak's so he hopes they'll have a chance to meet. By the way Hank, hope you aren't too surprised to learn who the writer of this idle chatter is. Your face should be red though cause I'm not who you thought wrote it.

Walter Ford, formerly of the Army, was given a medical discharge. After a short stay at Lyon's hospital, Walt returned to the old hometown and is continuing his musical career.

Quite a few of the boys were home on furlough recently. From the South Pacific came John D'Addamico to spend a 30 day leave on which he intended to get married. Well, he did just that very thing. From Sampson came Bob Loeffler and Al Jost; from Bainbridge came Ray Clark; from Alabama came Bill Corris; from Florida came Sabbott Orrico; from Ft. Niagara came Alex Zmuda; Bob Wade from North Carolina and Rog Coudray was home for just the week-end. It sure is great to see all those familiar faces around the school again. Doesn't seem quite possible that they've been away at all.

OPEN LETTER to Bob Chambers: Dear Bob, If I weren't too lazy I'd write a letter through the natural channels but since I am built that way (lazy I mean) this will have to serve the purpose. I'm the one who should be flattered by your considering me, to quote you, "Our Own WAVE" for Victory Gal". That really is the nicest thing I could be called. You know how glad I am to hear that Sammy Kaye is no longer #1 on your band parade. Charlie has a much better band any how. As for me, (remember those heated arguments?) Benny is still #1 for me, with Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey running close seconds. I guess Osh told you I met Jimmy when I was with them at the Roxy last year. He sure is a solid sender. Have you heard many good records lately? There are some rugged platters out now. Well since this serves as a sort of answer to your note, I guess I'll have to sign off. I'm glad to hear that even though it's cold way up there in Alaska (you did say it, didn't you?) you can still rattle the keys on a piano. Good luck to your newest profession (to you who didn't know it, Bob writes mystery stories along with his composing of songs).

O K, O K, I'll stop now. I know by this time you're all exhausted from this gossip. I'll try to do better next time. It certainly is nice to get those little notes from all you guys. I really enjoy hearing from you all. Thanks again Bob and Hank, and if any of you other fellows or girls have a few spare moments (am I kiddin'), just drop your Chit-Chat editor a few lines. S'long.

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