

SANDY HOOK FOG HORN

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Published Weekly

ECHOES OF THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE —

Stella Roman of the 'Met' to Sing Here

COLUMN LEFT

Ah, those were the days.

The pleasant product was known to Job; known, too, to Deborah, who sang, of Jael, that when Sisera stopped by, she "brought forth butter in a lordly dish." Centuries before that the Greeks had a word for it: "boutron" - bous meaning cow, turos, cheese. Still earlier, before they had begun to write history books, some desert nomad opened his goatskin canteen for a draft of milk after a camel ride and found it had turned to butter.

Ah, those were the good old days. Now the stuff is so precious that the President of the United States has it only at breakfast.

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If any of youse guys happen to be in Red Bank, New Jersey, and youse lamp a soldier what looks like one of dem Dead End Kids in the movies, well, just take it easy, youse lugs, see. Cause it is, see?

Billy Halop, the leader of dem Dead End Kids, is stationed down at Fort Monmouth. And he's a corporal, too, see?

* * *

Our own Quentin Tarr, the golden voiced thrush with the upper lip brush, as all music lovers must know, recently made his operatic debut in "Carmen" — in French.

The very next day we read in the papers that Hollywood was going to make a picture called "The Phantom of the Opera."

Just a coincidence!

* * *

Speaking of the opera (not the Phantom but "Carmen") we wrote in last week's Foghorn about the rousing overture played by the Guardsmen. Now, everyone knows that they weren't the musicians at all, oh no not at all. That is except our weary and befuddled staff.

When it comes to music you can't beat the band that played the overture, and we should have doffed our critic's cap to Warrant Officer Moore and his musicians. But when it comes to goofing off we can beat the band.

* * *

BERLIN PAPERS PLEASE COPY:

Here are some lines, and all of them rime,
That we liked and we lifted
from last Sunday's Times:

1,000 cities overrun,
900,000 square miles won,
10,000,000 graves,
20,000,000 slaves,
30,000,000 lives in thrall—
And "1918" chalked on the wall.

LOST: BLACK WALLET

A black wallet containing pin seal and identification cards was lost by Lt. Daines of the U. S. Navy Signal Station. Finder can reach Lt. Daines at 360.

Camel Caravan To Exhibit Its Wares Tues. Nite

Bobby Khun's Orch; Hager and Norman Among the Funsters

The Camel Caravan laden down with musical entertainment will stop off at Theater No. 1 on Tuesday evening to display its wares to the military personnel of this command.

The Caravan, which has been trekking throughout the service camps, bases and stations of the nation is sponsored by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, makers of Camel cigarettes.

Featured in the entertainment, which represents every major section of show business, is Lee Norton, famed Latin-American singer, who also acts as the Caravan's master of ceremonies.

Other well known personalities on the Caravan include the beautiful Three Debs with their modern song harmonies; Bob and Maxine Clayton and their tap routines; funster Clyde Hager, straight from a two-year run at the Diamond Horseshoe in New York, with his hilarious "pitchman" act; Charlie Masters, dippy-doodle drummer; the charming Camelettes; and the music of Bobby Khun and his Cavaliers.

The first Camel Caravan started presenting good will performances for drafted and enlisted men in October, 1941, two months before the United States entered the war. The enthusiastic receptions received led the makers of Camels to continue the Caravans. There are now three units that play to thousands of men, literally, every week.

Regardez!

Gentlemen, we give you a quote from the New York Times, Jan. 26, 1943:

GERMANS ORDERED TO HAVE GAS MASKS ALWAYS AT HAND

By the United Press
MADRID, Jan. 25—Germans have been ordered by the Nazi government to carry their gas masks at all times, it was reported from France today. Violation of the order, it was said, will result in stiff fines. That's all, brother.

Ladies From Rumson To Sew For Soldiers

Men of this post who have been always too masculine to master the fine art of threading a needle finally have been given an out, and this strictly female job of sewing will return to the woman's department.

A corps of women from Rumson have volunteered to be on hand at the YMCA every Tuesday night from 5 p.m. on.

METROPOLITAN DIVA



Mme. Stella Roman, prima donna soprano of the Met, who will appear here in concert with Armand Tokatyan, Emmanuel List, and Ballerina Sarita Romero in Theatre No. 2 and 8 p. m. Sat., Jan. 30.

Armand Tokatyan, Emmanuel List, Sarita Romero, Due

All Star Met Concert Set For Tomorrow Nite In Theatre No. 2

Attention, music lovers!

Four of the brightest stars in the Metropolitan Opera firmament will shine at Fort Hancock when Mme. Stella Roman, Armand Tokatyan, Emmanuel List and Mme. Sarita Romero, dancer, appear in the all-star USO concert in Theater No. 2 at 8 p.m. tomorrow.

Stella Roman is one of the leading prima donnas at the Met. Schooled in her native Bucharest, and later in Vienna, she was a favorite at La Scala in Milan, and at Teatre Royale in Rome before coming to this country. Mme. Roman had also been acclaimed in Florence, Barcelona, Madrid, Brussels, Monte Carlo, Cairo and Rio de Janeiro before making her debut at the Met in "Aida" on New Year's Day, 1941.

Now a reigning favorite with devotees of the Met, Mme. Roman sings the title role in "Tosca" at the Metropolitan tonight before coming here tomorrow.

Armand Tokatyan has been a top-rank tenor at the Met for the past eleven seasons. An American citizen of Armenian parentage, Mr. Tokatyan was born in Bulgaria and as a boy went to Alexandria, Egypt, where he first sang in public cafes of this cosmopolitan city, where he absorbed the music and languages of its polyglot inhabitants.

Going to Paris to learn a business, instead he was soon singing in the boulevard cafes, then in light opera. In a French company of "The Merry Widow" he gave over 200 performances as Danilo throughout southern Europe and northern Africa. Then grand opera acclaimed his attention. For three years he studied with Cairone in Milan before making his debut in "Manon" at the Dal Verme in that city. It was then that the late Gatti-Casazza of the Met heard him and immediately engaged him for leading roles in the famous opera house on Broadway.

Emmanuel List has long been one of the Met's foremost basses, and his resounding voice has been heard in all the Wagnerian opera on the Metropolitan schedule.

Mme. Sarita Romero is recognized as one of South America's leading exponents of the Spanish dance. She has appeared in concert in this country for the past two seasons.

The four artists have all volunteered their services to bring this "Evening at the Metropolitan" concert to Fort Hancock. As is the custom with all USO sponsored concerts, admission to Theater No. 2 is free.

Army Will Use Plastic Buttons In Metal Shortage

Restriction On Unit Insignia Announced; Metal Badly Needed

To make available as much metal as possible for war production, brass buttons and insignia on the overcoats and blouses of enlisted men in the United States Army will be replaced as expeditiously as possible by molded plastic buttons and insignia, the War Department announced today. The change is expected to result in a saving of 365,000 pounds of metal in 1943.

The changeover on overcoats and blouses already issued will be accomplished by the soldiers themselves who, armed with needles and threads and instructions given by the Quartermaster Corps, will snip the brass buttons off, sew on the plastic, and turn in the brass.

The new plastic buttons already are being issued to Army overcoat and blouse manufacturers for use on future deliveries.

Officers' overcoats do not have metal buttons. The change does not affect the use of metal buttons on officers' blouses.

The new plastic buttons already tarnishable and will not reflect light.

(Continued on Page Three)

Dutch Children No Small Problem For Nazi Invaders

Hitler Can't Beat Youngsters of Holland; Perform Noble Deeds

Through their underground correspondents the Free Netherlands organization in the U. S. reports that the most valiant, most implacable enemies of Hitler are the Dutch children.

Dutch Nazis have been forced to segregate their children in schools to protect them from their loyal classmates. The Nazis complain bitterly about the Dutch youngsters—they are saboteurs, they insult party members, they have found countless ways of mocking German soldiers.

German troops march through cities and suddenly discover that their way is blocked by some elaborate street game. The roads in front of Nazi headquarters and meeting places are strategically strewn with tacks. The children are experts in wrecking the draw-bridge machinery and lock gates of the canals. They're skilled destroyers of Nazi posters, signs, transportation equipment. They're invaluable for distributing underground newspapers and messages for secret organizations.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

DOT-N-DASH

by Pvt. Paul H. Jones

I have but one comforting thought as I sit here and type this column. It is the thought that at least someone reads it. Even if it is for the sole purpose of telling me how bad it is. On suggestion that we had lately was a bit on the "catty" side. A soldier here was advised to grow a moustache, so that Pvt. Jones (that's me) would have something to write about in the paper.

What do my readers consider fit food for their intellects? One clue I had while listening to a conversation in the barracks the other day was that Sgt. Max Clarke thought Betty Grable was an interesting subject. His fellow conversationalists, Sgt. Carrol and Sgt. Morgan, had different ideas, contending that other subjects much along the same line were much more absorbing.

Now to write about Betty Grable would really be rather futile; such topics have to be seen to be appreciated.

Perhaps Pvt. Walter A. Cox thinks it is interesting to teach me to drive a truck. However, I doubt that, as he is pale and shaken after instruction period is over. After seeing me drive a truck, Pvt. Cox is wondering how I ever managed to learn to walk. Teaching me to drive a truck is like teaching Sgt. Herman Eisenberg to sing "Rudolph" in La Boheme.

As for my friend and critic, PFC Pulomena, all I can say is that he has hurt and surprised me. He says that my writing "stinks." I was hurt at his adjective and surprised that he could read.

If some of the boys would consider a little effort in bringing me some items for the column instead of wasting all that energy panning it, I would be very happy.

Now, dear readers, we end another dull column and shall turn it over to Sgt. Earl Tyler for the next issue. A word of advice as to Sgt. Tyler. He flies into a rage very easily and hits people with shoes. So long.

BEAVERS

by Libel Inc.

We have an addition to our T/5 Calibrese who talks shorthand. It's his twin brother. Brother Calibrese, when asked if he was a "Litwak," said, "Ask my brudder."

"Eleven Times Pish Pish" Ogperch got married. An apropos Biblical parable is the one about the "pitcher going to the well too often." . . . It seems Plesinger has five women on his hook. All this naive person can say is that it must be some hook.

McCullough, our sanitation man, at a Service Club dance (his first attempt) after dancing with some tender soul was told "You're very light on my feet."

Nat Sheftman, after getting his furlough dough, in broad daylight walked into a mess of barbed wire. He is full field duty. It's a good thing he'll be in the Tank Corps, cause he'll be protected.

The "Enema Kid" Siegel eats six meals in 24 hours. I just thought our mess sergeant should know of this. After all, think of the civilian food scarcity.

Sgt. Richard and PFC Vargel have a working liquid agreement. Either will take the other back from pass, but what's going to happen if both get a skinful?

Sgt. Paul Foster had a birthday and the boys gathered about singing "Happy birthday, you fat slob." But we love you, anyway.

What's all this muslin between O. R. and Medical Supply? Kramer seems to be in the middle.

SEEMS TO ME



EDSALL THE HOMESDALE BOY FROM HOMESDALE IS HOMESICK, CAUSE HIS GAL DALE LOVES HIM.

SLEEPY BILL CARLON OF SUPPY, GOES TO THE MOVIES EVERY NIGHT, TO GET IDEAS ON HOW TO ROMANCE HIS GIRL WHEN HE GOES HOME ON PASS. (YOU FELLAS ON THE POST DO TO)

Pvt. Chuck Williams

TOM POLLETE, DESTROYER KING OF THE BRIDGE. U.S.N. YEAR AGO, IS NOW FLYING S/SGT. STRIPS FROM HIS YARD ARM.

TONEY LASPINA THE P-40 OF THE COMPANY, FLIES IN AND OUT OF THE OFFICE ALL DAY, MAKING JUST AS MUCH NOISE.

WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELEWARE HISTORY SAYS, BUT COL. BROWNELL AND CO-PILOT HARRY MCCABE PADDLED THEIR WAY BACK FROM A TOUR IN A RECENT RAIN.

BLITZERS

by Sgt. Clay Marsh

We don't KNOW, but we heard: It was refueling time in Marton's manor—at the table sat Cpl. Kost and PFC McCulley. While the hapless PFC was trying to salvage some scraps from the rapidly disappearing pile of food, the busy Cpl. was heard to remark "The food here is absolutely poison." And then he added: "and such small portions."

You've all guessed, now here's the story on the eye of Sgt. Rodgers. He was saluting a lieutenant the other day when his nose started itching and he scratched it with his thumb.

If that lagoon in back of 211 gets any bigger, Pvt. Olsen swears we will all be eligible for Navy commissions. Every time I start to tell him he's crazy, another destroyer sails by.

Pvt. Olsen swears he saw it happen. On returning from a chill drill the other morning, Pvt. Gzyl penned a letter home explaining: "It is so cold here that the inhabitants have to live somewhere else."

Have you noticed? We have a new pass thing. Just complete this sentence in 25 words or less, and the makers of G. I. bread will send you absolutely free a colored picture of the hacksaw they use to slice their bread. "I like the new pass schedule because—"

Pvt. Lynch was on top of his-foot locker, holding forth—a goodly crowd was there, and this is what I heard. "A very willing draftee was being interviewed by the army psychiatrist. 'Your record indicates that you are in perfect physical condition,' said the doctor. 'Can you yourself tell me anything that is possibly the matter with you?' 'Nothing at all,' replied the applicant, 'except for one little thing that I think I ought to mention to you. Shortly before I was born my mother got into a bit of a scrap with my father and he broke a couple of phonograph records over her head. Now, ever since I've been born, I sometimes find myself repeating what I say, repeating what I say, repeating what I say.'"

BATTER UP!

Spring is just around the corner. Baseball players with school, club, amateur or professional experience are wanted.

HOT SHOTS

by Cpl. Don Patterson

This Battery was complimented last week for having the finest appearance at any inspection in the recent history of the regiment. Inspection paint could be seen in every nook and corner of all our buildings. Keep up the good work, fellows, and maybe we won't hear that famous phrase "Details Post" so often.

It has been brought to my attention that this past week has been a bad one for Cpl. (GI Concrete) Oldak. The night was dark and dreary and the Red Cross truck was making its usual rounds when Oldak was seen rushing out of his tent with a barrack bag in one hand and a five gallon tin in the other. Knowing his famed appetite, the truck rapidly pulled away. Result: Joe went to bed with only three (3) meals that day. . . . It was a boy for Pvt. and Mrs. Steve Daly. Out with the cigars, Pop! . . . Sgt. Hughes has just returned from furlough after feeling the sting of Cupid's dart. We extend to him and his bride our best wishes and lots of luck on his next pass.

Pvt. Urban is having some in-law trouble even before matrimony. You'd better stop and see her mother this time, Urban. These passes don't go on forever, you know. . . . Recent-Sgt. Nick Costanzo has a pair of slightly used knee pads for sale. . . . PFC Singer goes around singing "Dixie." We wonder, we do. . . . Pvt. Larry Fine is worrying over his income tax. He's so proud to be earning enough to have to pay a tax that he has definitely decided to remain in his present capacity for the duration.

A recent addition to our Battery is our old friend, King Kong Regensburg. Welcome and stuff, Irv. . . A strange sight: Katz hunting rabbits. . . . The \$64 question of the week is "Why does the CQ skip the Range Section Squad room in rousing the men for Revielle?" . . . Who bakes when Joe's away? Can it be third base Gratta?

For the benefit of the readers, if any, this column wishes to remind the personnel that interesting events are always welcome. It is sometimes difficult to cover everything under the present conditions. You tell 'em and we'll print 'em.

BUCCANEERS

by Sgt. Bob Gartmayer

1. It's a baby boy for the Sgt. J. Masones.
2. Come into the dayroom and I'll buy you a Coke. No, said Sgt. Grotke, just give me the nickel. I'm saving for an engagement ring.
3. Chrysler has found a dancing combination in Foley.
4. We are surprised by the action of our mascot Fuse Cutter. Poor Fuzzie!
5. Malek put forth a frank excuse to duck artillery drill. "I want to finish a hot pool game." He meant it, too.
6. Why is everybody waiting for Cambria to hit the line? Nervous Joe?
7. Something the Bucs are grateful for. The Red Cross Canteen truck and the good natured thoughtful workers who serve coffee and do-nuts to the guard reliefs every night regardless of the weather.
8. Coco, a new man, is a good entertainer. This Coco is on the beam.
9. Hove you noticed the recent dog show?
10. Why was Cambria so nice to the Captain at the last party? Has hitting the line anything to do with it, Joe?
11. What reason can Sgt. Bielucky give for not being able to play a full basketball game in the last month?
12. Is it true that Sgt. Rennie's middle name is "HIC"?

New Canteen Opens At YMHA In New York

A new canteen for servicemen will be opened in the Young Men's Hebrew Association building at 92 Street and Lexington Avenue on Saturday, January 30, it was announced by members today. The canteen will be equipped for dancing, ping pong, chess and checkers, bowling and billiards, swimming and other gymnasium recreation.

The canteen will remain open only on Saturday nights. When greater demand is shown, the center will be opened on Sundays also, and it is possible it may be opened throughout the week if enough popularity is exhibited. The opening night will be arranged in conjunction with the President's Birthday Ball.

COMMANDOS

by Woody Thomas

Greetings from your new reporter. I hope I can do as well as your Woody did. My column will print anything that is the truth—and fit to print.

I still think that PFC Amadeo has a good voice. He's now taking lessons from Yehudi. . . . Cpl. Solomon, the reason you can't make this column is because you're no news. . . . The barracks are kind of quiet since the Greek lost his voice.

Pvt. Carlon is better known as Horizontal. I wonder why. . . . If you notice the smile on Sgt. Tinschmidt's face, it's because a certain Cpl./T has finally sewn his stripes on. . . . A letter received from Sgt. Grot, saying he's doing fine at OCS. Keep it up, Gene, I'll personally salute you.

The most popular guy at the Main PX is none other than Algi (A. J.) Ask all the girls there—they'll tell you. . . . If I could put Cpl. Comparetta's picture in this column I wouldn't have to do any writing. . . . Will somebody ask PFC Schneider who Heckler the Garbage Collector is?

Pvt. (Goldino) Goldstein was gifted with a week of Student Cook. I understand he's trying to be a cook (ahem). . . . PFC Sabatini's heart was all aflutter. Reason: a young lady came to see him. . . . Sgt. Polistino was warned by Sgt. Orcinolo that he was Woody. Well, I wonder, Sarge.

Those who I've missed this week needn't worry. I'll catch you in my next column. Until then I end with this: "Don't think you've done enough because you've done your share."

QM QUIPS

by Pvt. Jack Kabler

Many famous quotations have already been set aside to posterity from this present conflict. "Saw Sub, Sunk Same" is about the most popular, but here in our own QM, quotations are thrown around everyday. They may not go down to posterity but whenever we think of a certain soldier in our outfit we'll know what his pet phrase is. So without further adieu. . . Sez YU. . .

Sgt. Cohen: "Who's got the ear-atitis?" . . . Pvt. Brown: "What's up doc?" . . . Pvt. Tundstil: "Let's harmonize, boys" . . . Pvt. Coad: "Who's room orderly?" . . . Cpl. Fangella: "Might as well — might as well!"

Pvt. Preiss: "Heats comin' up" . . . Sgt. Cocks: "Let's go, men" . . . Pfc. Gurivich: "Watch that talk, boys!" . . . Pvt. Geradi: "Here's ya ticket, bud" . . . Pvt. Oliver: "Go 'head pick a card!"

Pvt. Loggia: "How ya men?" . . . Pvt. Hamley: "What do you say, Junior?" . . . Cpl. Keba: "Well, what's the story boys?" . . . Sgt. Mooney: "All QM men report to the barracks . . . detail!" . . . Pvt. Johnson: "Don't forget sign your name on the back" . . .

Pvt. Tony Gasparro: "Haw! Haw! Haw!" . . . Pvt. Sellen: "Here's that letter, boys" . . . Cpl. Chero-witzo: "Sign on the right line or you'll be redlined" . . . Pfc. Payne: "What! Goin' on pass again?" . . . Pfc. Cruz: "Wish I was back in Hawaii" . . . Pfc. Davis: "See what I mean?" . . . Cpl. Lorberbaum: "Got that done yet?"

Sgt. Johnson: "Sgt. Jawnsen speaking!" . . . Pvt. Abrams: "They're rollin' boys" . . . Pvt. McGinty: "Now take the Commissary" . . . Pvt. Morgan: "I'll fix it" . . . Pfc. Olmstead: "Oh . . . hum" . . . Cpl. Hess: "Good mornin' everybody" . . . Pvt. O'Brien: "Take Jersey City for instance" . . .

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE — — —

Cagers Nosed Out by Monmouth Five, 43-37

Hookers Put Out Mat For Wadsworth On Tuesday Nite

Sgt. Jack Hemsley Stands Out In Game Against Signalmen

According to the dopesters, the recruit competed with the first sergeant when the Hancock squad squared off against the Fort Monmouth cagers Tuesday night at the Long Branch High School, in their benefit game for the President's Birthday Fund of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Although it's not all GI, the old soldier almost bit the dust, just squeezing through with a win 43 to 37.

The Monmouth squad, rated about 25 points stronger, ran true to form in the first half. The bigger, faster Signalmen completely outplayed the Hookers in the first frame and were rolling merrily along to a rout with the half time score 26 to 14.

The Hooks threw away the script in the second half, and as the results indicate, outscored the Monmouth five. What the scorebook doesn't show is the fighting spirit the Hook quintet displayed. Five men known as Sgts. Jack Hemsley, Rudy Bielecky, Jimmie Masone, PFC Stanley Metzger and Pvt. Nathan Feld, decided that these Monmouth men weren't invincible, and turned in a hectic and brilliant second half performance that rocked the Signalers back on their heels and came within seven points of a win.

Hancock lost their game to the Brooklyn K. of C. last Saturday 55 to 41 at the Brooklyn K. of C. gym.

On Tuesday the cagers take on Fort Wadsworth at the YMCA Gage gym at 8:30 p.m.

The box score:

MONMOUTH			
Richmond	6	1	13
Sewitch	3	2	8
Aboff	5	3	13
Lazar	1	2	4
Schneider	0	1	1
Sarullo	1	2	4
43			
HANCOCK			
Feld	1	4	6
Rickles	2	0	4
Hemsley	6	1	13
Metzger	1	0	2
Bielecky	2	3	7
Masone	2	0	4
Cooperstein	0	1	1
37			
Hancock	5	9	11
Monmouth	13	13	7
43			

Intra-Post Games Wash Up Season

Two of the three intra-mural basketball leagues conducted by the YMCA, completed their schedules last week; the third league will play its final game Tuesday night. This tilt brings the USCG "A" team against the USN squad and will be the preliminary to the Post game against Fort Wadsworth, and will start at 7:00 p. m.

League No. 4 concludes its schedule with a play-off Thursday night between the Beavers and the Sappers.

At a meeting of the Special Services Officers of the units of the Post with Physical Director, Mr. Forbes of the "Y", it was decided to have the eight leading teams in the five leagues battle it out for the post championship on a round robin schedule basis.



Chief, I'd like to apply for overseas duty!

Once He Cooked For The President — Now The QM

A few months ago Joe Coker, a top chef for the New York Central Railroad, was making corn muffins for the President of the United States. Today Corporal Joseph Coker is whipping up three meals a day, including those same corn muffins for the men at Fort Ord, California.

Corporal Coker won considerable renown before he joined up with Uncle Sam, as one of the President's favorite cooks when the Chief Executive was traveling between Washington and his Hyde Park estate. Coker was assigned to the special train staff for these presidential trips on four different occasions — and he has come to know the President quite well, gastronomically speaking.

For instance, he can say from experience that President Roosevelt one time ate braised ox tails, another time roast beef. For breakfast he likes oatmeal, ham and eggs and toast, without butter.

"And he doesn't leave any food on his plate — he eats it all," Coker declared.

Regarding the First Lady, who has been present on more than one of these trips, Corporal Coker comments: "Mrs. Roosevelt is a great one for sandwiches. Bacon and tomato is her favorite."

But right now Corporal Coker has other things on his mind. He is kept busy feeding 235 hungry Quartermaster Corps soldiers.

"I'm learning a lot in the Fort Ord Bakers and Cooks School," he declares. "They're teaching me how to cut meat. I never had to do that on the railroad, but now I can slice up a steer so there is nothing unused but a little bone. And I had to learn to do without certain things. For instance, when a stew recipe calls for tomatoes, and you can't get tomatoes, you've got to think of something else in their place."

One assignment at the school requires the soldier-cooks to turn in original recipes. Coker offered his braised oxtail recipe — the one he once used for the President's dinner.

"I hope this recipe passes," he remarked as he handed it in. "Mr. Roosevelt liked it. I hope the Sergeant will."

The sergeant did.

HERO



Hugh Williams dies for king and country in Paramount's thriller of Nazi-occupied Norway, "The Avengers", showing at Post Theatres, Sat., Jan. 30.

Insurance Meet Held By Beavers

A total of \$220,000 of National Service Life Insurance was written at a single session of the Beavers led by Lieutenant Sidney Finger, Insurance Officer. This represented an average of \$4,300 of new insurance for every man who did not already carry a policy. The Beavers are making a strong bid to be the first 100 per cent insured organization on post.

New Books Arrive At Post Library

Elizabeth Evans, Hancock Librarian, Announces List

Another new shipment of books has been received by Miss Elizabeth Evans, Hancock librarian.

The titles include:

Home Guard Training Manual (Langdon-Davies) Your Income Tax (Lasser), Suds in Your Eyes (Lesswell), There is Today (Lawrence), My Remarkable Uncle (Stephen Leacock), Wisdom of China and India (Lin Yutang).

What About Germany? (Lochner), Cousin William (Lutes), Tavern in the Town (Matschat), X-Ray Murders (Michel), Popular Mathematics (Miller), Headhunting in the Solomon Islands (Mytinger).

Good Intentions (Nash), Passing Dream (Nichols), Death at Dakar (O'Neil), A Golden Age (Parmenter), Heaven's Not Far Away (Ursula Parrott), With a Hays Nonny Nonny (Paul and Quintella), Alfred Nobel (Pauli), Currier and Ives (Peters).

Practice for the Army Tests; Turning Leaves (Proctor), Sporting Blood (Queen), I Came Out of the 18th Century (Rice), Sunday Pigeon Murders (Rice), Footlight Fever (Ruck), Crazy Horse (Sandoz).

Fiddler's Folly and Encores (Schaffler), Dig Me a Grave (Spain), Men Behind the War (Steel), Crooked Adam (Stevenson), Cripps: Advocate Extraordinary (Strauss), Thankless Child (Swinerton).

American Harvest (Tate and Bishop) Listen, Hans (Thompson), Man Miss Susie Loved (Tucker), Morning in America (Wiener), Treasury of the Familiar (Edited by Woods).

An Archer Meets An Old Friend —

Pvt. Patrick J. Cox was added to the ranks of the Archers two weeks ago. He is perhaps not as young as many of his fellow soldiers, but he is apparently possessed of powerful views.

At a dinner given by the Archers to the British tars who were that night to meet the Hancock boxing team, Pvt. Cox met Chief Petty Officer Turner of the British Navy, who was in charge of the British team.

It would be more correct to say that Pvt. Cox re-met CPO Turner, for the paths of the two crossed many times.

Born in Ireland, Pvt. Cox served in the British Army in Asia Minor from 1916 to 1918, under General Allenby. The troopship Sardinia that carried Cox to the Near East was escorted by a destroyer that had as a crew member the now CPO Turner.

During the two years which Cox put in he has seen service in Palestine, Egypt, Malta, Iraq, Iran and India. Turner's visits to these places run concurrently with those of Cox. They've both been at about the same time at Port Said, Alexandria and Jerusalem. They've even been decorated with the same medals.

Cox came to America in 1921. He and CPO Turner, who remained in the British Navy, went in different directions during the intervening years since the last war. But their paths crossed again at Fort Hancock in the mess hall of Ye Archers. As Metzger says: "It's a small world."

THE FORT'S SPORTS

By SGT. CLAY MARSH

The Yankees are going to Asbury Park, the Giants are bound for Lakewood, the Dodgers are set for Bear Mountain—and the Fort Hancock baseball team will spend the Spring training season right here on Sandy Hook, thank you.

At this writing, the Hancock squad is in an extremely embryonic stage, since many of the 1942 team are now seeing action other than that encountered on the baseball diamond. For the information of those who weren't with us last summer, the Fort had a darn good team last year, and a popular one.

The call is out for baseball players. Any man who has played school or semi-pro ball, in fact any man of the Post who can play a good game of ball is needed, says the Special Service Office. Register at once, men, with the Special Service Office which is in Building No. 24, just across the street from Post Exchange No. 4.

Lt. Joseph Osmanski is new coach for the team. The Lieut. has an impressive sports background himself. He was catcher for his alma-mater, Holy Cross. After college he played semi-pro ball. He was chosen to play football with the College All-Stars and had signed a contract with the Washington Redskins prior to his entrance into the Army.

If coaches mean anything—and they do—the team is on the way to another successful season.

A Pvt. C. E. Williams was the author of that fine cartoon on page two of last week's Foghorn. Here's a case of "like father, like son." Mr. Williams, father of Pvt. Williams, is in the newspaper business too. You possibly don't recognize the "Mr. Williams" but who hasn't heard of and read Joe Williams' sports column in the New York World Telegram?

Frank Lofaso who won his fight in the British Navy card, did it again Tuesday night. Traveling over to Fort Hamilton, he fought and won his fight there.

Plastic Buttons

(Continued from Page One)

The latter point is important insofar as camouflage is concerned. They are made of a non-strategic plastic material, olive drab in color. Their design is an exact reproduction of the brass button.

Since 1775, when the Massachusetts Provincial Congress decreed that coats of state regiments should have pewter buttons with the regimental numbers stamped on the face, uniform buttons have been made of a variety of materials, including copper, bronze, lead, other gilded and silvered metals, stag and bone, decorated with various regimental and service insignia.

In 1902, the Army adopted a metal button showing the eagle, as in the Great Seal of the United States. Since that date, either brass or bronze have been used, except for a period in the World War when uniform buttons were made of a heavy coated fabric because of a shortage of metals.

As an additional step in metal conservation, the manufacture of distinctive insignia for regiments, separate battalions and separate companies in the Army will be discontinued.

These distinctive insignia, which contain the coat of arms of the unit, are worn by members of the unit on the service coat, the service hat and, in the case of enlisted men, on the garrison cap. The insignia is removed when units receive overseas orders.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON — — —

Meet Foghorn's New Cartoonist

'Chuck' Williams, Pvt., Joins Staff Of Post Paper

Son of Sports Writer Reveals Talent As A Cartoonist

by PVT. ROGER P. HAMMOND

Joe Williams, World-Telegram and NEA sportswriter, who puts "one little word after another" and turns out one of the best sports columns in the country, is going to find out shortly that not only blood but printer's ink runs thicker than water. For some time within the next few days, the widely known columnist will receive in the mail a copy of this week's Foghorn and will read therein a cartoon done by none other than his own son, Pvt. Charles (Chuck) Williams. Father Williams, in no small sense of the word, will be scooped by his son, as to date he knows nothing of the latter's journalistic venture.

"Once a newspaperman, always a newspaperman," so the saying goes, and in this instance not even the condition of one generation removed made any difference. Pvt. Williams, a member of the Commandos, turned in an experimental cartoon last week and officially joined the staff of Foghorn this week.

It all happened quite simply with a push rather than a pull involved. The push that brought Pvt. Williams back to the newspaper fold was given by his buddies of the Commando detachment.

Here since last June, Pvt. Williams until recently had been going about his business of being a good soldier, doing his duty and more or less letting things go at that.

A few weeks ago, the Commando buddies got wind of the fact that Joe Williams was Chuck's father, and immediately began work on the "like father, like son" theory. Chuck told them he didn't write, but did a little drawing in his spare time.

The truth then came out, and the buddies learned that Chuck in civilian life had been a cartoonist with NEA newspaper syndicate in Cleveland. What with all the insistence by his buddies, Chuck had no alternative. He began cartooning, this time for the army, but he insists he will repay his comrades in full—by putting each of them in his cartoons as he sees them.

The rest of the story is short. Chuck wandered into the Foghorn office last week, the editor looked over his cartoon, and he was in. On the art staff Pvt. Williams joins company with Cpl. William Bartlett and Pvt. Doug Ryan.

Pvt. Williams, Cleveland born, is 25 years old, and came to New York with his father in 1927, attending high school at Bayside, L. I. Following schooling he spent a year at sea with the Merchant Marine, and then joined with NEA in Cleveland under Harry Grayson, sports writer.

In 1940 he tried to join the U. S. Marines, but was rejected because he was 10 pounds underweight. He has been in service in the Army for 20 months.

"I'll probably wind up somewhere in newspaper work after the war," Chuck comments, "but I never expected to see anything resembling a city room in the Army."

LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN

HONOLULU—The blackout was lifted here recently for the first time since that dirty stab in the back on that date that will live in infamy.

BRITISH TOMMIES



Henry Fonda and Thomas Mitchell appear as two English Tommies in "The Immortal Sergeant," 20th Century-Fox's picturization of John Brophy's novel dealing with a British army patrol in the Libyan desert. At Post Theatres Jan. 31-Feb. 1.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

TODAY

Regular Friday night dance at the Service Club. Admission by ticket only. At 8 p.m.

Pepsi-Cola's "Living Letters" made at the YMCA by Mr. Reid beginning at 6:30 p.m.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" — musical film with Allan Jones and June Frazee. Post Theater No. 1 (6:30 and 8:30 p.m.) Post Theater No. 2 (5:30 and 7:30 p.m.)

SATURDAY

Free movies at the YMCA at 6 and 8 p.m.

Sing-Song in the Y lobby at 7:30 p.m.

Concert with Metropolitan Opera stars Stella Roman, Armand Tokatyan, Emmanuel List and Sarita Romero. Theater No. 2 at 8 p.m.

"The Avengers" — British-made thriller about the Quislings of Nazi-occupied Norway — with Ralph Richardson, Deborah Kerr, Hugh Williams and Griffith Jones. Post Theater No. 1.

SUNDAY

Gospel Sing in the YMCA lobby at 6:30 p.m.

Music appreciation hour at 8 p.m. in the YMCA. Program of world's finest recordings courtesy of New York Public Library.

"The Immortal Sergeant" — a dramatic saga of the dough-boy — with Henry Fonda in the title role, assisted by Maureen O'Hara and Thomas Mitchell. Post Theater No. 1 (6:30 and 8:30 p.m.) Post Theater No. 2 (2, 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.)

MONDAY

Dancing classes conducted by Pvt. Lanni Russell in the Service Club at 7:30 p.m.

Cpl. John Harrold instructs Italian and French classes in the Service Club. Beginners at 7 p.m. Advanced students at 8 p.m.

Java Club meeting comes to order at 7:30 p.m. in the YMCA Social Hall. Speaker: Victor Satter. Topic: "Lumber!" (film in color).

"The Immortal Sergeant" — Post Theaters.

TUESDAY

Stunt night at the YMCA. Something new has been added to Y activities. Banjo players, singers, magicians, dancers. Anyway, the stunts begin at 8 p.m.

Camel Caravan with a bevy of entertainers at Theater No. 2 at 8 p.m.

Double feature night: "City Without Men" with Linda Darnell and Glenda Farrell — and — "Calaboose" with Mary Brian. Post Theater No. 1.

WEDNESDAY

Mrs. Werbe gives piano lessons in the YMCA at 6 p.m. The Sing-Song will follow at 7 p.m.

Crafts party at the YMCA at 8 p.m. Handicraftsmen display just how handy they are with their crafts.

"The Crystal Ball" — a modern romantic comedy — with Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland. Post Theaters.

THURSDAY

Sing-Song in the lobby of the YMCA at 6:30 p.m.

Home Game Night in the YMCA. The ladies from Rumson will take over for the evening. Card games and cake.

"The Crystal Ball" — Post Theaters.

HARMONY



The Three Debs who will be aboard the Camel Caravan which halts at Theatre No. 2 at 8 p. m. Tuesday.

Sandy Hook Foghorn

Cpl. FRANKLIN REILEY, Editor

Edited by the Special Service Office for the Officers and Men of Fort Hancock, N. J. Free distribution to the garrison at Fort Hancock.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Friday, January 29, 1943.

CASABLANCA — — —

Casablanca has suddenly become, and will remain so from this day on, one of the hallowed geographic spots of the world. It will be a name to remember with connotation along with Gettysburg, Waterloo, Valley Forge, Verdun and all other great places of history.

Ironically enough the American public can thank Warner Brothers who made the superior motion picture "Casablanca" for visually setting the stage for us. Now that we know, we can see in our mind's eye just where it was the dramatic meeting took place between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, and their staffs.

Presidents have travelled before in troubled times. The first President to journey to battle camps was Abraham Lincoln, who made many visits to staffs and soldiers in the Civil War. The first President to visit foreign soil was Woodrow Wilson, who went to France for the peace conference after World War I. But it remained for President Roosevelt to be not only the first President who ever left the United States while the nation was at war, but he became the first President ever to fly while holding office.

Irony again — the President may have left the White House; yet again, in a way, he did not. For, does not, in pure Spanish Castilian, the word "Casablanca" mean literally "White House"?

It was undoubtedly the most momentous meeting of the century. Its message the most momentous of the century — "complete agreement on war plans for 1943 designed to bring about the unconditional surrender of Germany, Italy, and Japan."

We were thrilled by the news. By the words written between the lines. It is evident inasmuch as Casablanca was chosen for the rendezvous that France is much on the great leaders' minds. Both the President and the Prime Minister know and understand France, and cherish a long friendship with the French people. Both passionately desire the rebirth of the French Republic.

We were thrilled by some of the sidelights of the historic meeting. We have heard how the President inspected American troops in French Morocco, surprising them by his presence and leaving their faces wreathed in smiles. We heard how Mr. Roosevelt reviewed the troops from a jeep driven by Staff Sergeant Oran Lass of Kansas City, Missouri — who must certainly be the proudest soldier in the United States Army, and unquestionably the most envied.

But most of all we were thrilled by the meat of the communique itself: "Theatre by theatre, the entire field of the war was surveyed, and all resources were marshaled for more intensive prosecution of the war by land, sea, and air. There was complete agreement upon war plans and enterprises to be undertaken during the campaign of 1943 against Germany, Italy, and Japan, with a view to drawing the utmost advantage from the markedly favorable turn of events at the close of 1942."

The communique ends: "The President, the Prime Minister, and the combined staffs, having completed their plans for the offensive campaigns of 1943, have now separated in order to put them into active and concentrated execution."

They may have "separated", but the historians of the future will find in their writings that they must say that it wasn't a separation at all—that, in point of fact, Mr. Roosevelt's visit has sealed only more closely the relationship between the United States and her allies who make up the United Nations.

We can look forward with grim and unshakable determination to the days that lie ahead. To democratic ideals girdling this globe. Just one word of caution: Casablanca does not mean we have won the war. It does not mean an intermission or sitting back period for false philosophers to say "It's in the bag", "It won't be long now", and all the other old horse chestnuts of the swivel chair strategist.

Casablanca means we're marching along together, in unison, in a mighty parade that will not end until the command is given somewhere along the Unter der Linden and under the cherry trees of Tokyo.

Casablanca, then, a word to remember forever and a day.