

SAND HOOK
Monmouth County Hist. Ass.
70 Court Street
Froehold, NJ

FOG HORN

Third Year. Vol. 4—No. 17.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, November 11, 1943.

Published Weekly

Four to Receive Soldier's Medal Tomorrow

COLUMN LEFT

We caught Broadway's newest smash hit "Brown-out" last week end, and brother before we go any further, it was the most heart-warming thing in life since the minute before the guy said: "You're in, you lucky soldier—go over and get fingerprinted." (Only thing more heart warming would have been a PX milkshake on the house, but we won't go into that right now).

"Brown-out," subtitled "Bow-out of the Blackout," unquestionably is the hit show of the season. As a matter of fact "Thousands Cheer-ed." There were absolutely no disputes. Even "Lady in the Dark" left town.

While one house was yelling "What's Up," others were answering "Angel Street," "A New Life" and "The Old Acquaintance." "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Best of all among "Brown-out" backer-uppers was the marquee retort "Tomorrow the World."

Brother, we hope so. Amen.

It's a funny thing. There's at least seven million men in the Army, of whom probably four million come from Brooklyn. Yet, New York's 10 million looked and felt like 20 million on Main Street Saturday night.

When we say feel, we mean literally and "figure"-actively as well. Walking down the stem over a carpet of dead bodies that couldn't stand the pedestrian gaff, we suddenly noted a bosom-like warmth in the immediate rear accompanied by the rhythmic rubbing of a Brooklyn dyed muskrat's bristles across the nape of the neck. We looked around with the usual casual expectancy of a Sandy Hook EM. She said:

"Hold the drool, ghou! I'm not doing the 'umba of my own free will. I got Charles Boyer with a Rheingold breath in back of me. Besides, why in hell don't you try the USO?"

About this time we arrived in the vicinity of the "Ask-Her," said vicinity being anywhere within a ten mile radius. Worming our way up to a foot on the rail, we were suddenly accosted by a can of Max-Factor with lips. Said the lips:

"Have you by any chance seen a Marine with blue eyes, and if you haven't you'll do because I'm fired?" At this point there was a reprimanding tug on the arm, and dammit, why does cousin Agnes always have to be in New York when we go on pass?

Somewhere in the neighborhood of Nedick's, the frankfurter Zeigfeld, we executed a rough facsimile of the hand salute—and the

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Chest Drive Hits Final Week

A total of \$741.28, representing final contributions of two outfits, has been turned in thus far in the Fort Hancock Community Chest Fund drive, it was announced this week by Capt. Roy E. Anderson, general chairman of the campaign.

Major Charles S. McWilliams' hospital unit was the first organization reporting in. Total contribution of the unit is \$106.75. Second organization reporting in was the Bullet Busters which unit also embraces a Rail Bender and a Guardsmen outfit. Likely to be high among unit figures, the Bullet Buster total stands at \$634.53. Less than one week remains until the end of the drive, and all outfits were urged today by Capt. Anderson to make a final rally in the effort before turning in collections. The campaign will terminate next Monday, November 15.

All proceeds of the fund will be employed locally, recipient agencies using the moneys in benefit to the men of the post.

Yule Mail In Nov. — Or Else!

If you receive a Christmas package marked "Do Not Open Until Christmas" some time around Thanksgiving, just calm yourself, put your itching fingers in your pocket, and blame it on the war.

That, more or less, was the advice of Postmaster Lewis D. Smith this week as he passed on warnings of the Postmaster General that Christmas mailings this year must be made in November in order to insure delivery.

Handling of the annual flood of gifts and cards, always a problem, this year will be impossible unless an early mailing is seen, according to a release. Transportation facilities are burdened to the limit with war materials, more than 30,000 postal employees are now in service, and the usual 200,000 extra temporary employees this year will consist largely of high school girls and boys working part time.

"The only way to avoid disappointment on Christmas is to make November 'Christmas Mailing Month,'" the Postmaster General declares.

"It is the only way to avoid possibility of a Christmas emergency in the transportation and postal services. If the public will cooperate by mailing their Christmas parcels during November, we can handle a small volume of light, last minute mailings, such as cards, up to December 10," he says.

To deliver the Christmas mails on time, therefore, it is necessary that mailings be spread out over a longer period so that available transportation equipment and postal personnel can be used during

General Draws 1st Book; Miss Hurst Affixes Autograph



Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Fannie Hurst, famous author, lent an auspicious touch to opening of Fort Hancock's new library last week by appearing as guest speaker. General Gage scored a double "first" at the ceremony, not only drawing the first book, but also being the first to return a volume, which he brought with him.

WAC, HQ Bosses Go Soft, Fall For Lohengrin; Set Pace For Pfc's.

Those wedding bells that are breaking up that old gang of yours and mine nabbed two of the aristocracy of the mighty arm last weekend. M-Sgt. Csontos, boss of Post Headquarters, and 1st Sgt. "Mom" Johnk, iron hand of the WACs, are the latest middle aislers.

Johnk—Hahn

"Mom" of the WAC Detachment was married in New York this past week end and it wasn't one of the local boys who walked off with the WAC this time.

"Mom" is 1st Sgt. Bina Johnk and the groom is West Coaster and friend of 13 years Alex Hahn. Mr. Hahn lives in Los Angeles, Cal., where he is credit manager of a furniture concern. Temporary plans now are that he will return to the West Coast, after having crossed the country to make sure that "Mom" became Mrs. Hahn.

They were married Nov. 5 in New York. Sgt. Johnk's marriage makes the total three since the WACs arrived at Fort Hancock.

more weeks. It will be utterly impossible to make the deliveries by Christmas if mailers wait until the last three weeks before the holiday, as in normal years, he concluded.

Flanagan—Csontos

Miss Ann Flanagan of Jersey City became the bride of M-Sgt. William J. Csontos, Post sergeant major, at 4 p. m. last Saturday in St. Aloysius Church, Jersey City. Sgt. Csontos is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Csontos of 342-15 136th avenue, Rosedale, L. I.

Only local guest at the wedding was Cpl. Thomas Bolton of Post Headquarters. Neither the best man nor the bridesmaid are known locally.

A surprise party was given two weeks ago in honor of the popular sergeant-major at the home of S-Sgt. and Mrs. Paul Marton, former of whom is acting first sergeant of Headquarters detachment. The party was attended by 20 friends who presented Sgt. Csontos with his first wedding gift.

Sgt. and Mrs. Csontos are now enjoying a brief furlough.

Gen. Gage to Present Awards for Heroism

In recognition of bravery shown by saving the life of a drowning soldier last summer, four enlisted men of this post will be awarded the Soldier's Medal for Heroism, a decoration given by the President of the United States, tomorrow afternoon at a special parade and review on the Athletic Field. The parade will begin at 5:15 p. m.

The four men to be honored are:

Sgt. Stanton B. Erixon, 29, member of Major Charles S. McWilliams' hospital unit.

Sgt. William W. Jordan, 27, member of Major McWilliams' unit.

Sgt. Domenic Gilberto, 24, member of 1st Lt. Robert T. Bogan's Guardsmen unit.

Cpl. Robert B. Hanners, 23, a member of Major McWilliams' unit.

Before assembled troops of the post, Brigadier General P. S. Gage will pin the ribbon and medal decorations on the men and will present them with official certificates of citation. The citations read: "This is to certify that the President of the United States has awarded the Soldier's Medal to (above named) for heroism at Fort Hancock, 17 August 1943. The certificates are signed by Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and Major General J. A. Ulio, adjutant general."

According to a story not released until this week, the four men operating as a team effected a full rescue, including resuscitation, of Sgt. Edwin Haakenson, 45, of the hospital unit, last August 17. A complete report of the rescue, necessary for making the awards, was prepared by Major Russell L. Hiatt, former CO of the hospital unit.

The four rescuers and the near victim plus several others were members of a party of men swimming at the Enlisted Men's Beach late in the afternoon of August 17, according to the report.

Most of the party had returned to shore and were preparing to leave when Haakenson, caught by a strong undertow, found himself unable to swim in to shore. Tired to the point of exhaustion, he soon began taking in water and lapsed into unconsciousness.

Cpl. Charles E. Masso, also of the hospital unit, first to discover Haakenson's plight, knew he was not strong enough a swimmer to effect a rescue but immediately attracted the attention of the others.

Hanners, first to respond, swam approximately 300 yards through high breakers to the drowning man and found him floating unconscious and face-down in the water. Hanners, with Jordan, who was second to swim out, attempted rescue but could do little more than hold Haakenson's head out of water.

Erixon, third man to respond, applied a cross chest carry and worked his way slowly shoreward to a point where he was aided by

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LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY - - -

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

GUMS ROAR

by S. Sgt. Ray D. Knight

TOUCH: In last week's games Hq. held the B Guardsmen to a 0-0 tie, beat the 88 Keys 7-0 (MARIJUANA RIEFER scored and made the extra point); C lost to the Officers 0-6; F played the K Guardsmen to a scoreless tie.

MEMORIES OF A FURLOUGH AT HOME: Of all the many things that go to make a furlough sweet, the sweetest is the fact that you don't have to wipe the —. (Censored again. Ask us).

DANCE INFO: Beginning the Beguine were: LEO COOK and a tall pink job; BULL DURHAM and a long, lovely blonde; Mr. and Mrs. McWOON McWEENY; BILL DRAA and a blonde with such (.) (.)... Other members of the light-footed set doing their stuff were: PUNKY SMITH, JAKE JACOBY, GIZZARD BLIZZARD, and PREACHER SANDERS, especially Preacher... EULEE PEACOCK Hallowooing in a phone booth. Somebody came in to telephone at an awkward moment.

GUMBEATERS: CANT WAITE. He's heading the barracks boys now... MOODY RUCKER. OCS has him... PAUL MacDONALD. What is this change that's come over him?? JAMES (Pfc.) HORN. They're all wondering about the interesting party he keeps visiting at the hospital... KO BINTON. Wonder if he can really ride, or is that just talk?? DOUCHETON HOUSTON's pin-up girl. Drop by and see her. Some picture... PATOOTIE PETTIT. He achieves that well-groomed look with Glover's Mange Cure... GIG (formerly Kankakee) GRIMOND. Is that allomy story about him true?? HEARTBREAKER RAYFIELD. He spent Sadie Hawkins Day in Newark, where he was snagged by a gal named Harriet... UG STEPHENS selling a chance to A. K. EBERHART at the Newark Canteen. A. K. scored two hits... PTO TYLER. Was he on a hot scent in the city Sunday?? JIM LAYTON. Add him to the don't-get-around-much-anymore set. SLOP ALSOP will furnish details... GEORGE BRENT BRETT. Check with him on the auction of Slop's girl's shoes. Highest bid was a nickel... JACKHANDLE MERRIMAN. How did he get that skinned head?? GRAVY BOAT PARVIN. Wake him up too early and he'll tell you he can't walk. Then he goes back to sleep... TED LEWIS' two. PEE WEE DENNING says congrats him and find out if he's ready to stop bucking... WOLF JONES. How he's calmed down the last few months!!! BEN BLUE. He says D has a two gun, or rather, two quart chance... HARRY THOMAS. Have him show you how to paint other people's floors... COLD STEEL DUGGAR. They're all wondering if he pays rent on that Service Club phone booth... RUSTY HAMMACHER. Who is this K. that keeps calling him?? NOTE MEYER tracking down those three saboteurs. Too bad they turned out to be just engineers... SKINTSIDE ALEXANDER. He didn't want that girl to hold a match for him... SLICKHEAD GRAHAM. A letter last week puts him in the SWAK league... ARKY HARPER's sick headache. That's his excuse when he's had enough... RUMDUM EZELL and MAMA MEYERS taking it on the lam from a dark PX the other p. m.... WILLIE WILSON, BIG UN LEWIS, and HUTCH HITCHINSON. The boys recommend protective padding for them... JEW-FISH JORDAN. He's just finished his sixth lesson from a Service Club La Zonga... SHOWER McGINNIS' and B. ALT.

The Wolf

by Sansone



SEVEN UP

by Night 'n' Gale

We're back on the track and batting out the column for another week. At the moment a blood transfusion would hit the spot, but we shall carry on.

J. Horan, the mailman, hung one on the latrine wall with his nose. The turnover of guests at "Greenman's Hotel" the past week has been terrific. When you go to hang out the "To Let" shingle, sarge? Charley Rudd is a jerk! GI Joe Dzikas the man about town this fall with a nurse on his arm. Here's hoping you have little nurses when you make the big leap, Joel!

Is it true that Sciremammano and wife expect a GI addition to the family? T-5 Ike Huntington raging, and he enjoys the Thursday nite dances so, so, so much. The Gun Commander at "A" who likes his whiskey 130% proof, ought to try some "Prestone." Sgt. Braico swooned by females while wearing the Good Conduct and American Defense ribbons.

Poor Cpl. Barbour. Unlucky in love and at shooting pool with Cpl. Dudek the villain in both cases. Cheer up, Alonzo! Why is E. Piorkowski always Pfc. stripe-grippy? It does pay the insurance, Piork. Cpl. Greco and Atlas, mah, mah, mah, which is which. Anyone needing an alarm clock should contact Pfc. Goosenberg at Hq. 1st. Cpl. Johns has a busted heart. He parted with his corn cobby.

Welcome to B, Lts. Langvardt and Orr. "Hunky" was wolfey Wed. nite, and he plays football, girls. Is that three guys or Donis? Versatile Vitale they call him now. A slick chick, Vitale! Well, slap my wrist, was that fugitive from a seminary shooting crap? Stanley can beat Mele at handball, it says here. Sour Notes Pucci hasn't changed his tune. Why is "Whip" singing these days? She must have proposed, boys! Till next week... we remain... your air raid wardens.

MAN's weddings. A N. Y. palmist sets the date for June... VELARDI's vague romance. He writes every week but can't remember what she looks like... Gum-of-the-Week: You know that, don't you?

THE MOLES

by Cpl. William Fortune

This is a resumption of the news concerning those hard-working underground slaves who are striking their blow for liberty with one hand on the typewriter and the other in a box of vitamin pills.

The column this week is not an attempt at complete coverage, since your writer was not informed of its resurrection until a half hour before the paper's deadline. What is news—and has been for the past several weeks—is the amount of rank that has been going around. To cover a part of it, T-Sgt. Michael Turansick led off with a promotion to M-Sgt. Then the pieces began to fall. Here they are: S-Sgt. John Johansen to T-Sgt.; T-4 Bernard Burke to S-Sgt.; T-4 Emery Szenes to S-Sgt.; T-Sgt. Howard Claffin to M-Sgt. (he hasn't yet recovered); Cpl. Clinton Strang to Sgt.; Cpl. Leonard Feldman to T-4; T-5 Frank Cummiskey to Sgt.; S-Sgt. Charley Goodberry to T-Sgt.; Pfc. Morris Polivnick to T-5; T-5 Irving Charitz to T-4; Pfc. Alfred E. Dobbs to T-5; Pfc. Arthur R. Cornish to T-5.

Don't be hurt if your name has been left out—it may be an oversight (do you blame our confusion) or your recommendation may be already in. We know one we forgot—Sgt. John Garvey to S-Sgt. And we can't forget to mention the tactics Sgt. Russell Sisson adopted last week. He posted (temporarily, to be sure) a sign over his typewriter to the effect that he was "bucking" for S-Sgt. Still Sgt.

Two Clubs Tied In Volleyball

The Post volleyball league hit the halfway mark in the season this week with Bullet Buster Es and Bullet Buster Hqs. deadlocked at four games won, none lost. By virtue of having played an extra game, however, three other clubs were tied in second place at four won, one lost. Sharing No. 2 spot are the Flaming Bombers, the Rail Benders and the Bullet Buster Cs. Complete league standings to date are:

Teams	Won	Lost
Buster Hq.	4	0
Buster E	4	0
Flaming Bombers	4	1
Rail Benders	4	1
Buster C	4	1
Buster F	3	1
Seven Up B	3	2
Buster D	2	2

WACS WORKS

by Pvt. Dolly Carpenter

There's still a soldier loose someplace at Fort Hancock with an unappreciated sense of humor, so here's the place to give him a hand, although the WACs were the recipient of the Hallowe'en joke. With the light of dawn, the day after the night of pranks, the WACs started over to their mess hall for morning chow. On the walk that turns into the WAC barracks had been placed one of the red street signs that reads "No Right Turn." Good for a guffaw and plaudits to the author even though we thought those tricks are reserved for youngsters.

Soldiers write about the Army and since the start of the WAC, the women soldiers have been taking their turn at writing about the feminine angle of the Army—and with no little success.

Following on the heels of Private Hargrove was the WAC parallel, "Yes, Ma'am." Then there was "Arlene" and now the latest story of triumph and tribulations of the WACs, "Dress Right, Dress" by Margaret Flint.

Her story of basic training at Des Moines is so similar to the many other thousands of girls who trained there that it will probably find a berth on many WACs' bookshelves merely for recollection value. To the outsider, "Dress Right, Dress" will show the WAC as a rookie; as a trainee; as non-coms and as officers. It shows what they eat, what they wear, how they play and how they work. Their practical patriotism is unfolded with friendly understanding.

Newest book on the WAVES is "By Your Leave, Sir," that does the same thing for that corps that "Dress Right, Dress" attempts to do for the WACs. The new WAVE book follows the WAVE through midshipman training at Northampton, Mass., and pictures her start on a Navy career.

MINUTE SKETCHES—To approximately 45 WACs she's "Mom" and a very important person in the Fort Hancock WAC detachment. She's 1st Sgt. Bina Johnk. Sgt. Johnk is another West Coaster with her home in Santa Monica, Cal. Immediately before coming into the Army she was a beauty shop owner in that city and previous to that taught school, all of which belies her great versatility and vivacity.

Her basic Army training was taken at Monticello, Ark., and following that she went through Administration school in Russellville, Ark. Fort Hancock was her first assignment, arriving at this post the first of July where she was promptly assigned to the 1st Sgt.'s desk.

Now she's right hand man to Lt. Hennicke and "Mom" to every one in the company. Her daughter is in New York at this time and is likewise talented, studying the harp at Julliard's music academy. Big news about "Mom" is that this past week end she was married in New York.

Not So Dumb, Either

INDIANAPOLIS (CNS)—Local draft boards report men quit defense jobs to join the Army. The men think the war will soon be over and they want to get in before it's too late to become veterans.

88 KEYS

by The Medicine Man

S. Sgt. Passannanti takes time out from the wars tonight to get himself hitched—for the duration and then some. And how! You're a brave man, Sarg. Best of luck and our congratulations. What we'd like to know, though, is: Who's gonna do the cooking? You or the Misses? Ain't it funny the way a guy's thoughts wander. Thinking of wedding bells and all, it just dawned on us that B. Williams seems suddenly to have found life a lot more serious. And he's an old veteran of wedded bliss. Could it be he's hearing the patter of tiny feet already?

Random shots: Lieut. Zichner on DS... Johnny Sproviere buckling down to being Capt. Pittman's right-hand man on the banks of the lordly Hudson... The Tenpins of the Beavers (10—count 'em) making themselves right at home in the Station Hospital. Bindles on every arm, too, almost... What do you think of Ellis' new location? Next thing we expect to see is a fence around the CQ desk. Talk about "central locations"—you sure picked one, Sarg.

Remember when you used to hear such things as "ten little robins sitting on a fence, one fell off and then there were nine," etc, etc. Seems something similar is happening in the Nurses Quarters. Pretty soon they won't be able to play a game of bridge down there.

Bits of this and that picked up during the week: Sandy proudly displaying his prowess as a fisherman in front of the mess hall. (Spotted Passannanti scrutinizing the catch with a fishy eye. Calculating the rations in each one, hey Sarg.?)... Flynn, ex-Sick and Wounded, now learning ins and outs of Med Supply... Schlegle out via the CDD route—and just under the wire, too.

BLITZERS

by Tom MacPherson

Recommended for the muster role of talent proposed by the Foghorn: the 212 Latrine Quartet, composed of (we are told) Calantone, Cupparo, Lent, and Pawloski. Correct us if our information errs, boys.

That highly combustible issue has arisen again. We refer, of course, to the importance of listening to the 7 a.m. news as against the immediate cleaning of the latrine. The custodian of the duty roster has thumbs-downed the news—"Ya don't learn nothin' new, anyhow." So once a week the Pfc. goes newsless, and the latrine glistens four minutes sooner than it would otherwise.

The Higher Learning is running rampant amongst Blitzers... Gene Wosatka is digesting the dictionary to add to his English vocabulary... Piano lessons commenced last night under the able direction of Bill Caldwell... Jim Pappas and ourselves attend classes in French... Mike Mamczak, Bill Caldwell and self are studying German...

With a rating or two opening in the offing, and every sixth and seventh grade hoping (i.e., bucking—us too), Pfc. Gangl is concentrating on bucking for a job as cook... Could it be that a free feed in New York had something to do with spurring his ambition?

Cpl. Calantone, a great advocate of stuffing beds with coke bottles and broomsticks, found his instigations backfiring last Friday night... And, speaking of Friday night, to a last man the Blitzers favor the raising of funds to insure the gala opening of a new library—or something—every Friday night. Providing, of course—

Boxers Score Clean Sweep Over Fort Dix

Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

Those Kilmer fights last week gave the dim-out treatment to another important sports event. Namely, sun, the Hook quint's curtain raiser win over Prudential. The win was nice, and we're glad to see the boys step off with their left foot in a full 30-inch step, but a glance at the box score will offer some more reassuring wordage to last year's residents.

A feeling of assurance must have set in at seeing that "Hemsley, f" in the lineup. Sgt. Jack—to give you the rest of his name—was, the New York Times might put it, "a prominent factor in the success of the Fort Hancock basketball team during the 1942 season." He looked as good as ever in this year's opener, and Coach Sgt. Masone is undoubtedly thanking the Special Order Department for leaving him this man.

"Salloway, c" is another man playing a repeat performance and his debut as high scorer of the evening can be used as a reliable yardstick of his work last season. Another holdover that will help fill Hancock's win column.

In the guard spot, the hard-playing Sgt. Rudy Bielecky turns up once again, but then he hasn't left the sport picture all year. The baseball team was glad to have him all season, and now that that is over, Coach Masone welcomes back this high scoring, top notch player to the basketball fold.

No one who had seen last season's play could doubt that the team was built around these three men, so it was gratifying to see them once again in the lineup. Along with these men at the Prudential game were some newcomers who show promise of running the old-timers tough competition for top honors, right down through the season.

That is what made the Prudential game an important sports event to us, not the win, but rather the material that Sgt. Masone has there—and it's better material than he had last year at this time—you can take that from one who wuz here—and seen.

The more we think of it, the more we wonder how Kilmer ever beat the Hancock slug men. Certainly watching Hancock in the Dix card Monday night, they looked unbeatable.

Santana, Boree and Dyer all fought again and they all looked impressive in their wins.

Monday's card showed what was missed in the first Kilmer fight. Namely, the knockout firm of Perreca & Lofaso. The return of these men to the Hook squad strengthened it immeasurably and with this present line-up we're well on our way to another series of wins.

Incidentally, this card was the fastest Hancock card these GI orbs have seen in the past two years, and the two bus loads of Sandy Hookers that traveled to Trenton were not disappointed.

Not So Safe

NORRISTOWN, Pa. (CNS)—A "new type of safety chute" was being demonstrated by firemen. "It replaces the old fashioned safety net," explained Chief Miles Riley. During the demonstration a rope broke and a fireman fell 15 feet and broke his elbow.

Roll Up 3 Kayos, 2 Decisions

Fighting its second card in less than two weeks, the Fort Hancock boxing team traveled to Trenton, New Jersey Monday night where they met and defeated by a clean sweep the highly touted Fort Dix squad. The win was gained by 3 KO's and 2 decisions. A crowd of over 1000 watched the action-packed card.

The card, a benefit affair for the Trenton Division of the National War Fund, drew near capacity in the large Trenton Sports Arena and fighters from Fort Dix, Camp Kilmer and Fort Hancock participated in the evening's program.

Cpl. Peck Boree at 130 lbs. opened up for Fort Hancock by fighting and defeating Austin Dookie, 130 lbs. by a TKO in the first round. The men brought the crowd to their feet in the first seconds of the fight as they stood toe to toe and slammed away.

Boree dropped his opponent three times, but each time he arose full of fight and the boys kept up the fast pace. In the closing seconds of the round, Boree sent Dookie down again where he took a 9 count.

He staggered to his feet at the bell, but as he obviously needed more than the two minute rest between rounds to come back to this world, the referee stopped the bout.

The second bout of the evening saw Pfc. Carmen Perreca's return to the Hook squad, and his performance against Jim Balcula of Dix showed his ringwork has been sorely missed. He scored Hancock's second win by a TKO in the second round of his fight.

Both men went for the kill from the bell and in their anxiety to score they went down in a heap twice. Perreca dropped his opponent twice in the first but more from pushes than a clean punch.

Perreca found the range in the second and his wicked pounding dropped his opponent midway in the round. Balcula was up for no count, but a few seconds later Perreca lashed out with his vicious uppercut and followed with a whistling overhand right to the face and floored Balcula and finished the fight in 53 seconds of the second. A physician's report after the fight showed that the hard hitting Perreca had broken Balcula's nose.

Cpl. Frank Lofaso made his return to the Hook fight squad Monday night and slammed out a TKO in 1:40 of the second round over John Icenogle of Dix.

Lofaso was in good form after his layoff and battered his opponent around the ring with chopping lefts and rights to take the round with ease.

The second round was a repetition of the first and it was made even more easy for Lofaso as Icenogle forgot he had a right hand, which is a mistake against the slugging Lofaso. Hard chopping rights and lefts put Icenogle away midway through the round.

Steve Santana came up against a plucky Dix man in David Dash, and the best he could earn was a decision.

The opening round saw first Santana and then Dash knocked half through the ropes as both boys turned on the steam. In the second Santana scored often and hard with body blows that buckled Dash, but he refused to go down.

Dash was plainly tired in the second and the fight was nearest the knock-out in that frame. Dash came back a little stronger in the third and Santana had lost his KO chance, but he went on to score a clean decision.



Quintet Will Make Home Debut Against Rahway YMCA Tuesday

With one game tucked away and everything sitting pretty for a sharp season, Fort Hancock's tall timbered basketball team will make its home debut at the YMCA Gymnasium next Tuesday night against invading Rahway YMCA. Game time is 8:30 p. m.

Local court shows this year will follow a big-time pattern if present plans in process work out, according to Capt. Tracy Maero, Athletic officer. In addition to the WAC team playing a prelim to the main game, a loudspeaker system will be employed and a brief, running play by play will be broadcast to the audience. The team is now in the market for a local "Ted Husling" to handle the mike assignment. Also if plans work out, a dance will be held following each home game with girls supplied by the Service Club and various bands of the Post alternating.

Meantime, Sgt. Nick Masone was a chuckling first sergeant this week as he rubbed his hands in glee over prospect of a near "dream" team. He's got an assortment of shotmakers with the deadliness of Davy Crockett; he's got a pair of pivots so tall they have to duck under the rafters; and, what is most happy, he's got a combination that clicks, as evidenced in the opening game away.

"The starting lineup makes no

Haimowitz Picks 10, Wins \$5

Cpl. Stanley Haimowitz, member of the Flaming Bombers organization, copped first place and \$5 in last Saturday's grid guesser, picking 10 straight winners while the best any of the rest of the field could do was nine winners.

Most of the entrants flopped on either Penn-Navy or Brown-Yale, and advice still stands: Don't be a sucker for last year's reputations. Pvt. Ralph Thiigen, Bullet Buster and winner one week, picked only nine winners but had a perfect score, that being Purdue-Minnesota at 14-7.

We admit last week was tough; but this week gives a guy a chance to breathe. So grab a pencil and fill in blank. Or couldn't you use five bucks?

Sgt. Pat Dyer, 148 lbs., met Jim Maloney, 147 lbs., of Dix in Hancock's last bout, and he went the route to take the decision.

Officers Hold Scant Grid Lead

Fort Hancock's touch football league will swing into the last few games of regular loop today and tomorrow and probably will conclude sometime this week end, but in both brackets the leaders are still too tightly bunched to ascertain a favorite.

In loop one, the Officers lead by a hair at three games won and one lost while a fraction behind are the Seven, Up Bs with three won, one lost and one tied. Also able to join the scramble at any time is the Bullet Buster Hqs. at two won, one lost and one tied.

In league two, the Buster Ds hold a slight edge at 3 won, none lost, over second place Buster Fs who have a reading of three won, none lost and one tied. Notched in a deadlock with the Fs are the Guardsmen Ks who have an identical tally thus far.

In games during the past week the Buster Ds defeated Guardsmen Hq. 7-0; Hq. Guardsmen defeated G Seven-Up 2-0; Guardsmen K and Buster F played a scoreless tie; Hq. Busters won over the Medical 7-0 and the Officers trounced the Buster Cs 6-0.

Standings to date follow:

LOOP ONE			
Team	Won	Lost	Tied
Officers	3	1	0
Seven Up B	3	1	1
Buster Hq.	2	1	1
Buster E	2	2	1
Medical	0	2	1
Buster C	0	3	0
LOOP TWO			
Buster D	3	0	0
Buster F	3	0	1
Guardsmen K	3	0	1
Guardsmen Hq.	1	2	2
Seven Up G	1	4	0
Guardsmen B	0	4	1

Ready anytime to take over the center spot will be Pvt. Scott Tyrell, six foot, five inch Guardsman, and Pvt. Joseph Glynn, who stands a modest six foot two. Others to see early action will be Frank Zian, yeoman, second class at forward, Pvt. Frank Evans, guard, Sgt. Hal Beasley, forward, and Sgt. Jimmy Masone, Guard.

Crystal Gazer

Shh! It's N. D. In The 5th

Rules are simple—Pick your winners in 10 games listed below, giving scores. Five dollars will be paid each week to person with most accurate selection. In case of tie in games selected, person with closest scores wins. Fill in name and organization and rush blank to Foghorn office, Bldg. 26, before 10 A. M. Saturday.

Name Organization.....

Penn over Navy indeed! Just one question Hedy, my friendly: Did you ever see a crystal ball? That is precisely the condition you'll be in one of these days when your lovely transparent head gets beaten in, if you don't do what crystal balls are supposed to do better than that. Everybody's looking at you so faheaven's sake—get them right!

Caps denote Hedy's selections

- DARTMOUTHCornell
- GEORGIA TECHTulane
- IllinoisOHIO STATE
- IOWAMinnesota
- N. CarolinaPENN
- NorthwesternNOTRE DAME
- TEXAS A & MRice
- TEXASTexas Christian
- OKLAHOMAMissouri
- ARKANSASS. Methodist

Hedy's Average..... 377

Private Invests \$7,000 In Bonds; Tops Post

When it comes to greenbacking the attack, the man to see is Pvt. Troy Blakeney, member of Capt. Edward L. O'Donnell's hospital unit. The "50-buck-a-monther," husband and father as well as a private last week became this post's No. 1 uniformed bond-buyer when, through his wife, he purchased \$4,000 worth of bonds and ran his cumulative bond total purchases up to \$7,000.

According to post office figures, only one person tops Pvt. Blakeney's record on Sandy Hook. He is Max Duze, civilian proprietor of the Post Tailor shop. Duze annually purchases the maximum of \$5,000 worth of bonds.

Blakeney and his wife, Mrs. Ruby Blakeney, latter of whom is now a waitress in Highlands, formerly operated a coffee shop in San Diego, Calif. "We started buying bonds regularly in civilian life," Blakeney declares, "and it seems once you get the swing of it, you never stop—even after you enter the Army."

Since he entered service six months ago, Blakeney with his wife has purchased \$100 worth of bonds per month, making his present total purchased in the Army approximately \$4,600.

Two weeks ago, Mrs. Blakeney returned to San Diego and sold the modest restaurant lock, stock and barrel. Then last week without so much as a pocketbook tremor, the couple pooled profit realized from the sale with other previous earnings and purchased the \$4,000 worth of bonds.

How they do it remains a mystery to all even after explanations. Out of Blakeney's \$50 per month first comes a \$22 deduction for his wife, then a \$7.10 payment on \$10,000 worth of life insurance, and finally \$3.75 on bonds. All the rest—the whole \$17.50—is his to play with the rest of the month. Mrs. Blakeney meantime supports herself and a nine year old daughter on her earnings as a waitress plus her allotment.

The only other answer might be that Blakeney originally hails from Texas. Any good Texan would claim this to be just one more sample of proof that the Lone Star State is winning this war.

Blakeney sums it up like this: "First of all, bonds are the best investment around. And second, if I can't be over there I'm going to do what I can to help the guys who are 'over there.'"

SOLDIER'S MEDAL

(Continued from Page 1)

Gilberto. Once in shallow water, the four rescuers carried the unconscious Haakenson to shore and immediately began artificial respiration.

Without breaking rhythm, Gilberto and Erixon took alternate five minute turns at applying prone pressure while the other two men placed blankets under and over Haakenson. At the end of ten minutes, Haakenson first showed signs of regaining consciousness, and after five more minutes of resuscitation, he was able to talk.

A medical officer, summoned to the scene, then okayed Haakenson's removal to the hospital, and the rescuers placed him in a litter and carried him to a waiting ambulance.

Quick action and teamwork of the rescuers is not only a credit to them but as well to prescribed Medical Corps training in life-saving and resuscitation, with which they were equipped.

WHAT'S THE NAME?

Local Board No. 156, of New York City, has one registrant whose name is on every board member's tongue—but they can't quite digest it. The name is Llieusszuieuss-szeszes W. Hurriszssteizil.

Attack-Backer



Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps
PVT. TROY BLAKENEY

COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

result wasn't bad. The hand came down with one ostrich feather, two nickels and a slug, and the remark: "Why don't you read the paper, bud—it ain't goin' to rain tonight." Some blonde yelled something about "A Touch of Venus," but that must have been somebody else.

Yep, Broadway seemed its old self again. There was a sad apple on the lobster shift looking as worried as the pre-Pearl Harbor father who works in a candy box factory. And that guy was back in business again who sells light lunches to the line waiting at the Paramount. And once more, you could read your paper under full candlepower in the subway, as also could the four guys who always glare when you finish reading ahead of them and turn the page too soon.

Broadway was beautiful. But of course it was to be expected that Pvt. Wolf would object to the light. What with all the neon, his eyes didn't shine like they used to shine, or to put it in his own words:

"I was seated in the parlor
And I said unto the light
Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down tonight."
—Roger.

Col. Gleim, Former Guardsmen CO, Now Building New Road to China

Colonel Charles S. Gleim, former popular commanding officer of the Guardsmen Coast Artillery organization here, is now in command of an advance engineering unit working on construction of the Ledo road—new pathway to China—in India, it was disclosed here this week.

Colonel Gleim, who in civilian life had charge of construction of the Holland Tunnel, Lincoln Tunnel, and George Washington bridge in New York, is doing the advance "dirty work" on construction of the Ledo road, which he terms as the worst job he ever had.

His outfit is cutting its way through some of the world's densest forests, over mountains two to six thousand feet in elevation, and into Naga Hill territory almost totally unexplored.

Working ahead of surfacing gangs, Colonel Gleim's men scoop and blast out the initial route and

Calendar of Events

THURSDAY
YMCA Bible Class supper at 6 p.m.

Service Club informal dance. Girls from Elizabeth and Newark. "Lassie Come Home" with Roddy MacDowell, Donald Crisp. Technicolor. Screen magazine. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY
YMCA informal sing at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA "United Nations at War" at 7:30 p.m.
YMCA coffee hour at 7:30 p.m.
YMCA quiz-bingo at 8 p.m.
Service Club formal dance. Bul-let Buster band. Girls from Newark, New York.
"Lassie Come Home," at Post theatres.

SATURDAY
YMCA football broadcast at 1 p.m.

YMCA informal sing at 6:30 p.m.
YMCA movies at 7 p.m.
Service Club juke box dance. Girls from Weston.
"Never a Dull Moment," with the Ritz Brothers, Frances Langford, Mary Beth Hughes. Good. At Post Theatres.

SUNDAY
YMCA vesper sing at 6:30 p.m.
YMCA music appreciation hour at 8:15 p.m.

"The Iron Major," with Pat O'Brien, Ruth Warwick. Tops. At Post Theatres.

MONDAY
YMCA informal sing at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA Java Club at 7:30 p.m. Speaker, coffee, cakes.
Service Club small dance.
"The Iron Major" at Post Theatres.

TUESDAY
YMCA mending service at 5 p.m.
YMCA movies at 8 p.m.

Service Club dancing class, 7-9 Pupils only. General dancing follows.

"Mr. Muggs Steps Out" with the East Side Kids, and "Find the Blackmailer," with Jerome Cowan, Faye Emerson and Gene Lockhart. Good night to do the laundry. At Post Theatres.

WEDNESDAY
YMCA informal sing at 6:30 p.m.
YMCA coffee hour at 7:30 p.m.
YMCA arts and crafts at 8 p.m.
Service Club game and dance night.

"Son of Dracula," with Lon Chaney, Louise Albritton, Robert Paige, Spookeroo. At Post Theatres.

Sandy Hook Foghorn

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

Foghorn, an official camp publication, is a subscriber of Camp Newspaper Service.

Unless permission is granted by the Public Relations Officer, material printed in Foghorn is not for publication in other newspapers.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, November 11, 1943.

ARMISTICE DAY

Today is Armistice Day. This is the day when we used to take a two minute break at 11 a. m. and recall in silent memory and prayer the doughboys who died in World War I and what they died for.

Today at 11 a. m. however, those two minutes will be filled not with silence but with the thunder of a new war's cannon. Seemingly, those two minutes of memory every year were not enough. For now, already, we are remembering the new dead instead of the old.

On this Armistice Day, people won't be thinking of the poppies in Flanders Field as red as the blood of loved ones once slain there. They'll be thinking instead of the merciless sands of the Sahara, the stinking jungles of New Guinea, and the silent cold of the Arctic.

They'll forget Johnny Doughboy at Chateau Thierry. They'll remember a GI from Brooklyn bayoneted at Bataan, and his brother whose body built the bridge head at Salerno.

Johnny Doughboy fought the war to end war. GI Joe is fighting for the four freedoms. It's the same old story—with a new twist.

Armistice Day. Ironical, isn't it? Is there such a day? Is there such a word?

The disbeliever, the defeatist, the man who takes mockery at his thesis would say no. But the real American will slap down the disbeliever with a vehement yes.

The real American knows that his democracy and freedom and peace and all the ways of living he cherishes were born in blood and must be maintained in blood until policies of understanding and tolerance become accepted unanimously the world over.

America and what it stands for today was born when a handful of people with the conviction of freedom settled here. From the very outset, there was bloodshed—first in conflict with attacking Indians, then with the French, and finally with the British in the Revolutionary War.

At the end of this first acid test of freedom, the new Americans had won their independence, but had they rested their independence would have amounted to little more than a scrap of paper.

Instead of stopping, they rolled up their sleeves and entered a period of domestic expansion. They hacked and hewed and fought their way

against a wide variety of hardships with blood, sweat and tears until the manifest destiny was fulfilled.

More than once during this expansion, the liberty so dear was contested. But because Americans never slackened their pace of building and strengthening, their self-won freedom stood its ground and won out in every test encountered.

In the first World War, Americans went abroad to protect their right. Although that great conflict was billed as "the war to end war," nations were not yet ready for a mutual harmony. And now once again, that precious right of freedom, born in blood, is being maintained in blood.

At the conclusion of this war perhaps, the real, lasting Armistice will be signed. This we pray for. Yet, if it is just another rest stop, the real American will not consider it a hollow, bitter hoax.

For Armistice Day is not a piteous remembrance of those dead. Neither is it a bleak acknowledgement that the war dead died in vain. But it is a reverent tribute to those who kept the teeth in freedom, to those who gave freedom the thing we call guts. Armistice Day is a standing cry of challenge to the world that democracy and all its maxims are and always will be dynamic and not static.

Believe it soldier—the man wearing the U. S. uniform on the battle front won't be just wishing for the end of the war, for peace and contentment, at 11 a. m. today. Instead, he'll be shouting: "You asked for it once before, and we gave it to you. Now you're asking for it again, and sweetheart, you're going to get it. C'mon you dirty so and so's, stand up and fight."

That's the voice of a guy with conviction—American conviction. He may die. But his conviction will live. It will live and speak today as an insurance—lest we forget.