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# SAND FOGG HORNS

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Published Weekly

## Community Chest Fund Drive Nets \$2,200

### COLUMN LEFT

Once upon a time there was a soldier named Joe.

All the rest of the soldiers in the company went on pass to Highlands after the day's work or danced with the beautiful women at the Service Club, or fought for a date with that new WAC just arrived.

But not Joe.

He was a kitchen policeman. He was a permanent kitchen policeman in fact. Although he was ugly, he often dreamed of some day being a pin up boy for that beautiful blonde WAC who works in Post Headquarters. (Don't we all.)

One night when a big dance was planned with 400 girls coming in from four Jersey steel plants, the cruel mess sergeant told Joe to clean up all the dishes and then mop the floor and then put the pies in the oven to bake for the next day.

"I am going to the big dance tonight," he said. "And all the other KPS are going to. You'll have to do all the work alone."

Joe washed the dishes and dried each one. He was very sad for he had made a date with a Miss Suchowitzki (Notre Dame 1937) who worked on the assembly line.

Suddenly there was a blinding light in the mess hall, and Joe saw a station wagon named "No Farm" pull up at Stove No. 3. Just as suddenly there was an image in front of him, and a voice spoke:

"I am your godfather, Cpl. Nietupski. I am also Major Spottswood's boy Friday, official representative of Special Service. How would you like to go to the dance tonight Joe?"

"I'd like to go, but I have to work, I don't have a clean uniform, and I am not handsome," said Joe.

"Special Service provides everything," said Cpl. Nietupski magnificently.

"Yeh, but it still wouldn't do me much good to go," said Joe. "All the sergeants and corporals and privates first class would be there and they'd recognize me."

"Dammit man, how many times must I tell you that Special Service can do anything—except get you out of the Army?" roared the Nipper.

And with that, in less time than you can say Nietupski, the all-powerful Nipper waved his station wagon in the air, muttered the magic words "Hammond will have to do without his expense check this month," and lo and behold, there stood a new Joe.

His mop was turned into a uniform, his breast was decorated with the coveted Sandy Hook theatre of operations ribbon, and his old body, turned in for salvaged grease, had been swapped for the handsome physique and countenance of Sgt. Hal Beasley. (Even Midge Falser didn't know the difference).

(Continued on page 4)

### Broadway Bit Show Appears Here Sunday

"The Weekenders," a 13 person comedy song and dance show including some of Broadway's brightest stars, will appear here in a composite bit show of two current top ranking Broadway hits at 8 p. m. Sunday in Theatre No. 2, it was announced today by Special Service. Running time of the show will be one and one half hours.

Most famous in the cast and probably emcee for the show will be Jay C. Flippen, radio and stage comic. Flippen, Broadway veteran of 20 years, was perhaps best known as emcee on the original WHN amateur hour. Flippen also emceed several radio joke shows and is a vaudeville trouper of long standing.

Bit sketches from Michael Todd's "Something for the Boys" show will be presented by Bill Johnson, a chorus of seven beauties and Chirl Thomas. Johnson and Miss Thomas will sing hits from the show, while the chorus will present a dance routine.

Representing Broadway's newest comedy hit "One Touch of Venus" will be Teddy Hart and Lou Wills, comedians. Hart hit the laugh appeal ceiling in the former Broadway show "Three Men on a Horse."

Others who will appear in the bit show will be June McLaren and Betty Garrett, chorus dancers.

No tickets will be required for admission to the show, it was announced by Special Service.

### General Awards Soldier's Medal To Local Heroes



Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps  
Last Friday was a big day for this trio including Sgts. Stanton B. Erixon, Domenic Gilberto and William W. Jordan. For performing successful rescue last summer, they received Soldier's Medal at special parade and review.

### Bullet Busters Top Units

A total of \$2,166.76—a much larger amount than anticipated—has been reported in as contribution of post personnel to the annual Fort Hancock Community Chest Fund, campaign for which closed Monday, it was disclosed this week by Capt. Roy E. Anderson, campaign chairman. A few late reports from outfits had not been counted up until press time, and it is possible the total figure by now may have hit \$2,200.

More than \$2,800 was collected in last year's drive, but although that was set informally as a goal to shoot at, there was no anticipation that even a \$2,000 figure would be reached. Post personnel has changed considerably in size since last year, and "the response this year thus is almost startlingly splendid," said Capt. Anderson.

Top outfit responding was the Bullet Buster Coast Artillery unit, which with A of the Rail Benders and K of the Guardsmen, turned in a total of \$634.53. Second highest outfit was the Seven Up Coast Artillery unit, which with I of the Guardsmen and Hq-4 of the Guardsmen plus enlisted men of HDNY and NYSS, reported in a total of \$594.33.

Third highest outfit was the Station Complement which with civilian personnel turned in a total of \$319.60. Others reporting in were as follows: Guardsmen 2nd, \$193.10; Officers, Hq.-HDNY and NYSS \$134; Beavers hospital unit \$106.75; Guardsmen A \$67.10; Guardsmen 1st with exception of A, \$57.80; Colonel H. H. Railey's unit \$43 and Flaming Bombers \$16.55.

Because strengths of the outfits vary comparatively, the returns cannot be judged competitively, and thus no unit holds any particular rank over another in standing.

The moneys realized will be used to benefit the post by various recipient agencies.

### Forget Stamp, Seal Envelope

Christmas cards, mailed by service men to other service men overseas, do not require postage, but must be sealed in envelopes, Lewis D. Smith, postmaster, announced this week.

This clarified the War Department's recent ruling that Christmas greeting cards for soldiers overseas must be sent in sealed envelopes and prepaid at the first class rate. The regulation pertains to civilians only.

Christmas cards mailed now will reach the most remote APOs by December 25, according to the War Department.

### Happy Birthday, Sir Gen. Gage Notes 58th Birthday; 39th in Uniform

From Your Command

Brigadier General Philip S. Gage, Commanding General, Harbor Defense of New York observed his 58th birthday anniversary last Saturday. And as he paused to reflect on a long, successful military career, probably his only regret was that he is not now fighting side by side with General George "Blood and Guts" Patton, who was his room mate at West Point Military Academy.

General Gage began his career at the age of 19 when, while a student at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., he was appointed to the U. S. Military Academy. Graduating and receiving his commission in 1909, he served first at Fort Williams, Me., then at Fort Monroe, Fort DuPont, The Mexican border, Fort Sill, Fort Ethan Allen, and Camp Shelby. While at Fort Monroe he attended the Battery Officers' Course of the Coast Artillery School and while at Fort Sill, he attended the School of Fire for Field Artillery.

By 1918, the General had received promotions to the rank of major, and he sailed for France with the 92nd Division, which became famed for its part in the Vosges defensive and the historic Meuse-Argonne offensive. Among other places the General served



GENERAL GAGE

the war's end, the General had become a lieutenant colonel.

In peacetime years following, General Gage served at approximately a dozen different posts. He served five years in the Hawaiian Islands, first in command of a battalion of GPS's and then as a post commandant, Fort deRussy, next door to the renowned Waikiki Beach.

The General also attended and was graduated from the Advanced Artillery Course, Coast Artillery School at Fort Monroe, the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and Army Industrial College in Washington. He was recommended to pursue the course at the Naval War College at Newport, R. I., following his graduation from the Army Industrial College in 1937, but did not attend due to exigencies of the Service at that time.

In 1937 General Gage assumed command of Harbor Defenses in Charleston, was assigned to Fort Hancock in '42 and in 1941 was assigned to command of the Harbor Defenses of New York. With this assignment, he was promoted to rank of Brigadier General.

overseas in the first war were Souilly, France, with the 1st Army Artillery, and Coblenz, Germany, where he was in charge of enemy abandoned munitions and ordnance in the American Bridgehead Area on the Rhine. He also attended and graduated from the French Artillery School at Angers, France. Before

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

# Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

## BOMBERS

by Pvt. Robert S. Kennedy  
This is a column of gossip, news, And stuff like that there. But gossip and news aren't like nylon, Composed of coal, water and air. So if a column is to be written, I'll have to have something to write. How about some material, Even on Dom-Dom or White. The first little note for the column Concerns the whole second floor, We're under new management, fellows, Things won't go on as before. Sgts. Youngblood and Lundt are squad leaders, At least that's what I've heard said. They'll want us to jump in the morning, But who'll get them out of bed? And now for a singular comment, On the Instrument Section's delight. You all know of whom I am speaking, The "Pasha" came back Wednesday night. And you might ask our "Black Boy" The reason his foot is so sore. Yes Nick, remember, the next time, Take your foot out before closing the door.

"Little Beaver" It seems is worried As to whether he possesses a name "Wacky" claims that he doesn't, And we're inclined to feel much the same. But should he prove that he has one, It will never appear on this scene. Our instruction on starting this column: Write anything, but keep it clean. In the congratulatory department The following names are on file: Cpl. Keras, Sgts. Balizer and Miller They've all taken a trip up the aisle. And to the new Company Commander, We extend our welcome, first class. How's that Captain Thomson, Is it good for a three-day pass?

## TROOPERS

by Charles Wm. Stewart  
There was a dance, or should I say a 'jamce'. Boy! what a jam session. It looked to me as if every outfit on the post was represented by some kat. The music was so groovie that all other entertainment was forgotten. Our ace drummer man (oh, what a rock!) Eversley busted a brand new pair of brushes when he took his solo. Cpl. Nurse, that No. 1 piano man really gave out with all those fine musicians pushing him. The jam got so thick that Tadpole was knocked out completely. Well, anyway, he was out. Just about one more jamce like that and the whole post will rock with rhythm. I know that Thomas Davis, No. 1 medic man, was well satisfied with his fortune for the evening. Everyone was ogling his doll. Every dance, Cook Garnett makes with the news. This time he nearly becomes a casualty. Just as I was about to doze off after the dance, I hear a crash at the foot of my bunk and lo and behold, who should get up moaning and groaning but our beloved cook. Last Saturday when I reached Sea Bright who should I run into but two jodies, Charles (Strum It) Christopher and Clinton (Salt Lake) Dixon. They were both in there. Wilkerson is pretty smooth with the ladies. He can really get a conversation from a chic with his sleight of hand tricks.

## The Wolf

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Thanks to Cpl. ALLAN DAVIDSON FT. BELVOIR, VA. "You're getting shipped—teach her what you know!"

by Sansone

## BOGIE BLUES SUB NET

Sgt. Snafu  
Greetings Gates, here it is another week gone by and with it bringing your old Sgt. Snafu-insky back to his moss covered typewriter to give out. Is it true that a certain few Lts. are lying awake nights trying to dope out who the unknown plotter of this column is? As a deep gentleman from the shallow south would say, "Fine Dope." Before we travel any further let's all take our teeth out and give some loud cheers to the boys in our "back room." They certainly did a fine job on our latest shoot. As this old bottle sees it they don't get enough of it cause some of the local yokels stay up nights shooting. Could that be the reason why everyone's asking about the Madison plan? Although there's some difference in size, Sirota and Sautter are perfect synonyms these days. Say Hershey, a little bird told me that one of the non-coms boasted of a score of 160 in bowling and wound up with 67. Could it be that they were playing with small pins that night? What is it that makes a fellow order one beer while his two buddies have to be satisfied with smelling the glass? This is about as good a time as any to give warning to the early birds that stand too close to the mess hall door when chow time rolls around. It is said that a certain figure comes dashing out at about that time to give out with his imitable strains of the "Eatin' Time Stomp." This fellow comes out at the speed of a relative I know passing the local draft board and if they don't watch out they'll get a mouthful of door-knobs. There's a certain sly old gentleman that seems to haunt some of the boys with a phrase that is becoming the byword of the outfit. What the h— now, you know who it is. Did you ever hear the one about how a Captain missed a deer at a distance of a hundred yards? Maybe your barrel was bent sir. Our deepest sympathies go to Pvt. Sirota this week. We heard that he almost got hurt when one of the pan cakes he was eating dropped on his foot. What's this I hear about Sgt. Bachner sneaking around here and there trying to catch up with yours truly. Haw Haw. Better luck next time Sargie. Sgt. Bachner—The Big Deal Kid. Sautter—The nearest thing to Mae West. Minke—Clark Gable less one tooth. Vangone—Can't get out of this room.

by Justasnooper  
Well, we're at it again and no jivin' this time. We've really got exclusive stuff so, off we go to a fast start: It's about time the WILLIAMS-DRUCKER combination gave up the idea of breaking a card game.... They're just plain gluttons.... We are informed "old blood and guts" LONCARIC waits on the milk line and he knows the significance of this crack.... We'd hate to be AL WILKES when he arrives home next time minus that penny bank.... Listen, SWEENEY, stop flirting or return the ring.... And you stop cutting in McCORT.... Your task would be much simpler, VIC, if you'd make out an allotment for the "Sad Sack".... Here's a whipper-do.... Sgt. FRY explained to his men how useless it was to ask permission to take the late boat.... Then, the dear Sgt. waltzed out of the B.C.'s office with the exact extension.... Funny world, isn't it? ...Add this up if you can: Lt. Bissell, girl friend, three topsy-turvy femmes and a hotel.... So SCOTT loaded in 10 minutes.... And all by his lonesome.... Here's a daisy.... "Rippling" RIDLEY hid in a (censored), fell asleep and missed chow.... Just imagine if that ever happened to SUSAT.... You better curb your hothead, HARE.... POTTITT hasn't forgotten the pot shot you took at him recently.... PROCACCINO still sweating it out.... No bad luck, Joe, but we hope it's an MP.... Incidentally, rarities held sway the passed week.... CASEY did his first day's work.... FREEMAN took in a movie.... HYMAN kayped it.... and OLIVER walked the beach.... WALKER'S future bride called him and explained that two men had held her up the other night.... The Lobater asked where?.... She answered, "All the way home".... Here's a word to the wise: it's plagiarism but we can't get caught.... With Violet cuddling in his arms He drove a car—poor silly Where once he held his Violet He now holds a lily—S'long. Koenig—The Pepsodent kid. Millian—My wife says. Sgt. Tutting—Still trying to get his teeth to cooperate with his talking. Campbell—Amen. That's All Brother.

## SEVEN UP

by Rowdydow  
Greetings Burps... back in action, instigating and agitating! Who are the RATS that start these troubles?... So much of last week's remark as pertains to "Charlie Rudd is a jerk" is amended to read "Charlie is a good boy!"... Who is Sgt. Joe Galli's seeing eye dog when he returns from a pass... and tipsy... T-5 Koncal's heart belongs to a trick in Newark... Cpl. Best and Pvt. Foltz the Terrace Room "Terribles"... The Drunken fireman at HQS finds the funniest places to wash his feet... (in the latrine)... A stuff... Blow my top and call be Straccio, Uh, uh Sammy... What Cpl. allied falling into barb wire entanglements... What other Battery can boast having a sweetheart with every office? Watch Tammany blush... Thirty days hath Sept., April, June, Ray and George! But who is laughing now?... B BLASTS... Who is the Yonkers' Wolf?... Use Rinso for that "tattle tale" grey, Cherowitzo!... No desert today, LOFASO, only fruit salad... Shaddeau, beef on a hoof... Fuze Cutter's day is fast approaching... Sgts. Levin (The Great Gildersleeve) and Jones cutting up in Philly... T-5 Geanotos is a BB... Pill Pushers... Perreca's KO in Trenton proved his hospitalization is strictly a case of GB... Pfc. Misiti is beginning to look more like himself now that the honeymoon is history... An unsolved mystery is the why and wherefore Pfc. Richardson is always so careful to avoid the boys when washing up before retiring... Quote "ROSENBERG" Unquote... You made it this week "Rosey"... you ARE in the Foghorn... The Poet of the Post, Schoenblum had a weekend guest, what's her name, Bill?

## MAMMA'S PETS

by Ted Friedrich  
'Tis said there was a sign in the mess hall stating that food would win the war, until one GI added "If the Japs eat here." I'm only kidding, Sgt. Hannon. Theme of the week: No Sheets Today. Lookin' Around: T-4 Carter can make a pass last longer than anyone I know. Someone made the observation that Pfc. Struk, the company mechanic, is much friskier these days. Must be carrying a lighter screw driver. Al Golluscio explaining the intricacies of the dance to anyone within hearing. "Happy" Jasinski and his motorcycle—picture of a man at play. Look-alikes—Jim Larkin and any politician. For some reason, whenever I see some of the boys, they remind me of song titles. Here's how it goes: Bill Dargay to Tom Hanrahan, "You Made Me Love You" or "Be Honest With Me, Dear." Cpl. Wills, "I Love The Life I Lead." And anyone who can identify the following characters will be given an extra latrine detail. "There is a fellow we call 'The General,' For reasons very obvious, And another known as 'Lovely' with his Perfume he smells so luscious." There are others I would like to put in rhyme (?) but Sgt. Welch beckons with a traffic detail. And I love traffic detail, so I will do it. Before I go, though, who are these?—"The Deacon," "Dick Tracy," "Mr. Pruneface" and A Rag, A Bone, A Hank Of Hair"? Class is out.

## GUMS ROAR

by S-Sgt. Ray D. Knight  
SPORTSHORTS: The nice going of PECK BOREE (TKO), OUR-ANGY SANTANA, and PAT DYER (decisions) in the Dix fights... D's touch win over the K Guardsmen, 6-0... E rating a lilly of the volley for their present undefeated status in the volley ball business. Hq is runner-up... G-men leading the touch field at Tilden. They're still unscored-on after six games. SAD MISTAKE DEPT: Saddest we know of is KINICK BRANS-COMBE's mistake. He spent hours sewing his new Pfc. stripes on what turned out to be someone else's field jacket. GUMBEATS: MOODY RUCKER. OCS hasn't got him; we were misinformed. He's still around... MESSY NICHOLSON and CARRIE CARRAWAY heading a line of blood donors in Friday's "PM"... FUEHRER BRYAN meeting the boat every Sunday. He'll not be caught napping if his girl should drop in... JACKIE TREPACZ and O. O'NEAL, hypothetical master sergeants. They'll explain... PILLS RHINOCK. He's looking around again for a new kind... HARRY OWENS and JOHN KILLING-BECK. They always seem to be in New York—with Shirley and Lillian... JOHN IIAMS. Sign him in from Keansburg. JAMES BRAD-LEY was along too... Is ABE BRYAN trying to snatch HARRY THOMAS' job?? FRANK MEYER and NIT YELVINGTON looking for a good conduct medal. Hmm... ESTU (now Fire Chief No. ?) WISE looking everywhere for tentmate KOZY KOZLOWSKI. He just wanted to say that Kozy's desk was on fire and that the tent would go next... AIREDALE ADAIR suffering from upset stomach. It was caused by shaving, they say... COL McLOON McLEAN just back from his second trip to N.Y. Besides leading in the stay-in marathon, he can imitate Bing Crosby, Charles Boyer or Mae West over a P A system... DANNY DANESE and COCKY ROCHE. They say they're Casanovas of Sandy Hook... R. S. (will it come back?) SHOCKLEY. His Helen now addresses his letters to "1st Sgt. Shockley"... STREAMLINE SPEERY back from Fla... DANE ATKINSON. He's a former bachelor as of the 6th... BUGGA KNOWLES due back in about two weeks from Davis... AL MILLER and SAMMY CHETHAM. Watch for them on the boat—their jobs keep them away from here most of the time... UG STEPHENS' 3-day pass in the apple country. It was cut short due to poor sleeping accommodations... GETAMOP STEEDLEY. He's looking blaaah after a New England date and quick follow-ups with 2 girls HEART-BREAKER RAYFIELD knows... PTO TYLER'S hot scene in the city Sunday (2 ago). The secret's out: he took three girls to the movies; advises against it... Name switch: Schlobohm to ELMER ELBAUM. Always on course, they say... Apologies to WOLF VELARDI. We were speaking of VELARDI TURKEL's romance last week and somebody left off the Turkel... Note on one of SHEP FIELDS SHEPPARD's lipstick letters: "To Baby Blue Sheppard—I love you"... SEARS ROBUCK. Imagine him as a Wave... RED DRAA. He's now on furlough, where his hair is getting very dark at the roots... WOLF MAN WOLF. He's readying "It Ain't Kosher," a new edition of the Key West revue, for Dec. 9 opening... Gums-of-the-week:—ain't it, —ain'tcha, —hadnya, ... hadna, etc.



# Quint Wins Home Opener Over Rahway

## Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

The officers of the Station Complement beat the Bullet Buster officers in a table tennis tournament, 4 to 3. Perhaps we haven't got that right. It doesn't seem to mean much. Let's look at it another way. The Bullet Buster officers lost a table tennis tournament to the Station Complement officers by the score of 3 to 4. Frankly, we're just a little disappointed in the way this thing is turning out. Our only explanation of the whole thing is that some one told us this—and knowing perfectly well which side our pass is written on, we hastened to repeat it here. A pass is a pass. Sorry.

It does not seem too soon now to begin formulating plans for an Enlisted Men's ping-pong (it's only table tennis when officers participate) tournament. While there are probably still a few more games to be played off in the softball schedule, most of the important ones have been run off and the top notch ping-pong balls have practically all broken training. So will the president of the three-and-over-for-serve club look into this matter? As a prize to the winner, he could be allowed to beat the champion of the officers' tournament.

Among the more illuminating manifestations of the inhabitants of the latrine is the belief that the football season is over. You can say that again. With the exception of the coming Army-Navy brawl, the season is a dead duck. The remaining games bring some football factory colleges against something like the Slippery Rock Teachers, which any guy who can hum the opening bars of "On Wisconsin" could pick the winner. The only way to look at football now—is back.

And looking back it is a pleasant surprise to see the number of good football games that were played this year. It wasn't bad, and while a few of the teams we picked to win were credited with a loss through some stupid mistake of the scorer, the season on the whole was well worth the effort.

Can't say who's going to win that Army-Navy duel coming up, but if Army would like to triumph, we would like to strongly suggest that they try to lower their Notre Dame record of four fumbles, and a stolen greasy pig. We will now observe a two minute silence for those undefeated greats that slipped out of that standing last week.

This is getting embarrassing. That touch football situation, we mean. It is perfectly understandable, that for reasons known only to a dog-face, the officers should be allowed to lead the league for part of the season, but that's enough bucking fellows. The season's nearly over and all aspirations for those pin stripes must be laid aside in this struggle for supremacy on the 100-yard battlefield. Who do they think they are anyway—Notre Dame?

Baseball, in the person of Commissioner Landis, has made an announcement.

Baseball speaks: "All major league clubs will train in the north again for next season." We hardly expect any emotional outbursts over anything concerning baseball, at this date. There is a certain kind of weather peculiar only to Sandy Hook that comes around every year about this time, and any resemblance between this weather and the kind of weather baseball is played in, is purely fictional. The point is, tho', that this rule will allow some of the major leagues to play the Hook team, as they did last year. Or can't you wait that long?



## Cook Gives CG Another Win, Takes \$5 in Football Predix

In one of the hottest contests yet, that saw eight persons hit nine winners, the Coast Guard came through for the third time to cop this week's football prediction tussle. Champion score caller of the week and \$5 winner is Storekeeper 3c Howard Cook who on a difference total was only two points away from perfect.

Second place went to Pfc. V. A. Needham of the Guardsmen Bs, who was only one point behind Cook. In order of accuracy on pointage were the following: Pfc. Andrew DeArmand, Cpl. J. A. Layton, Bullet Busters; Frank Zaians, CG; Cpl. William Cittadino, Headquarters; Sgt. C. Sehlinger, Hq.-Seven Up; and Pvt. Richard Deuret, Guardsmen E.

Biggest pitfall this week that stumped all but one entrant was North Carolina - Penn, no one dreaming N. C. would have a chance. Participation, which has increased steadily each week, hit a new top this week.

Oddity of the week was the EM who brought in two scores on Monday following the game. This is one sure way of winning if you can get away with it, but be more subtle about it—bring it in—say late Saturday afternoon. Who's kiddin' who?

Top gag last week was provided by the guy who handed in two sets of scores. Just to keep the gag alive, we checked both sets and neither one was in the running.

C'mon, you lucky soldiers, the only guy who can't win in this game is the editor. Fill in form below and maybe that five will be yours.

### OFFICERS DANCE

Regular monthly dance for officers of the Long Branch USO Club will be next Wednesday night at the club quarters, Second and Bath avenues, Long Branch, it was announced this week.

## Crystal Gazer

### Mike To The Right

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.....

Draw your chair close and try not to make too much noise while Hedy turns her bleary eyes on the coming games. Having over-indulged at the Convention For Downtrodden and Underpaid Crystal Balls last week, this pickled prognosticator of pigskin pug-nacity picks for the prize packages of pigskindom.

A drunken recitation in snafoolery.

Caps denote Hedy's selections

- NOTRE DAME .....Iowa Pre-Flight .....
- ARMY .....Brown .....
- Columbia .....COLGATE .....
- MISSOURI .....Kansas .....
- MICHIGAN .....Ohio State .....
- N. Carolina .....DUKE .....
- RUTGERS .....Bucknell .....
- UCLA .....Santa Clara .....
- Pitt .....PENN STATE .....
- MINNESOTA .....Wisconsin .....

Hedy's Average..... .877

## 50-49 Score Thrills Crowd; WACs Triumph

Fort Hancock's first in a winter series of three in one deluxe basketball shows, namely the WAC prelim, the Post team engagement and the dancing aftermath, got off to a

### Net-istics

Hancock			
	FG	F	T
Hemsley, f	6	1	13
Stanley, f	0	1	4
Glynn, f	1	2	4
Sallaway, f	2	2	4
Kirk, c	2	0	4
Zainos, c	2	0	4
Bielecky, g	1	0	4
Tyrell, g	2	0	4
Masone, g	3	0	4
Evans, g	2	0	4
Totals	21	6	50

Rahway			
	FG	F	T
Hollingshead, f	0	5	5
Charniga, f	4	1	9
Close, c	7	3	17
Berber, g	0	0	0
Charniga, g	5	0	10
Denecento, g	1	0	2
White, g	3	0	6
Totals	20	9	49

WACs			
	FG	F	T
Faler, f	6	4	16
Chisler, f	0	0	0
Mansfield, f	0	0	0
Chippierfield, g	0	0	0
Carpenter, f	2	3	7
Angselowitz, c	0	0	0
Sieracki, g	0	0	0
Woodin, f	0	0	0
Totals	8	7	23

Rumson			
	FG	F	T
Belly, f	1	2	4
Liebeck, f	3	3	9
Costigan, f	2	1	5
Prichard, f	0	0	0
Leon, f	1	2	4
Black, g	0	0	0
McIntosh, c	0	0	0
Fogelson, g	0	0	0
Allen, g	0	0	0
Total	7	8	22

## Army Base Five Coming Tuesday

Fort Hancock's Post basketball team will move into its third game of the season next Tuesday night when it entertains the fast traveling club of Brooklyn Army Base here in the Gage gymnasium. The WAC's also will play their third game of the year against a Long Branch defense workers' team in the prelim.

According to a schedule listing more than 30 games with college, industrial and service teams, the Post team will be seen in action here at least once per week, most of the home games being booked for Tuesday nights.

The Post team has joined the Fort Monmouth Signal Corps Basketball League, consisting of Monmouth, Camp Wood, Camp Edison, 803rd Signal Training Center besides Fort Hancock.

Home games booked thus far are: Bendix AC Nov. 30; Fort Hamilton, Dec. 7; Kidde & Co. Dec. 14; Camp Edison Dec. 17; Orange N. J. YMCA Dec. 21; Camp Wood Dec. 27; Fort Totten Dec. 28; 803rd Signal Training Center Jan. 6; Camp Edison Jan. 11; 4201st SCSU Jan. 13; Camp Wood Jan. 18; Prudential Life Jan. 25; 803rd Signal Training Center Jan. 28; and 4201st SCSU Feb. 1.

Away games carded are: Bendix AC Nov. 18; Rahway YMCA Nov. 25; Third Naval District Nov. 26; Camp Wood Dec. 2; New York University Dec. 4; 803rd Signal Training Dec. 6; Fort Dix Dec. 10; 4201st SCSU Dec. 13; Fort Totten Dec. 16; Brooklyn Army Base Dec. 20; Fort Hamilton Dec. 23; Orange, N. J. YMCA Dec. 30; Fort Dix Jan. 1; Camp Edison Feb. 3; Camp Wood Feb. 9; 803rd Signal Training Feb. 14; 803rd Signal Training Feb. 21; Camp Edison Feb. 24.

victorious but shaky start Tuesday night in the YMCA Gage gymnasium when the Sandy Hook "varsity" defeated Rahway YMCA cagers 50-49 and the WAC "sister" club edged out the Rumson Kop-acetiks 23-22.

A capacity crowd of soldiers, sailors and their respective gals at the home debut of 1943-44 basketball started Tuesday night well on the road to being "top night of the week." The three in one show, a new experiment, will continue every Tuesday night.

Mentor Nick Masone, in the main event, put on display a variety of stars, ball hawks, long steve shot-makers, etc., but while the fancy ones fiddled without accompaniment of teamwork, the kids from Rahway YMCA burned up the floor with a smooth, short, quick passing attack that stole the show and nearly the game.

Rahway, held even at the first quarter mark 12-12, pulled away to a substantial lead in the second quarter sometimes scoring almost at will. At halftime, the visitors were comfortably ahead 30-21. Rahway's attack, throughout the first half, was sparked by Hollingshead, short, driving forward who spearheaded the clicking passwork that left Hancock standing still.

The Hook quintet began to move in the second half, attaining more accuracy on quarter court set shots and sinking a trio of beautiful, one arm hook shots. Fort Hancock went ahead 44-43 for the first time when the game was five minutes away from the gun.

The ensuing seesaw gave Rahway two double-deckers in a row, followed up immediately by a long mid-court hawker by Sgt. Rudy Bielecky which left the score 47-46 Rahway. Rahway's Denecento then scored a field goal, and Sgt. Jack Hemsley countered with the beauty shot of the evening—an overhand whip hook from the side.

Approximately one second before the horn sounded, Hemsley, in a melee in front of the basket, took the ball in mid-air off the backboard and lobbed it in for the final 50-49 tally.

Close, Rahway's undershadowed center, stole high scoring honors for the game, sinking seven field goals and three fouls for a total of 17 points. Hemsley of the Hookers ran second, dumping six double-deckers and one foul for a total of 13 points.

Although evenly matched with the Rumson girls' club, the WAC basketeers showed an aggressive, fast-moving pass attack in racking up their first win of the season. Capt. Midge Faler, a ball hawk natural if there ever was one, was high scorer with 16 points. Dolly Carpenter, only other WAC to stir the nets, tallied up seven points.

## Some Buy Cigars; Rosie Buys Bonds

Stripes are like babies. They make some guys buy cigars and induce others to buy a drink.

A new twist was added this week however, when Cpl. Herb Rosenberg, Hook fight manager and No. 1 impresario of Rosie's beach, was raised in rank to sergeant.

Rosenberg, with a mighty sweep of the pen, celebrated his sergeancy by buying a \$1,000 War Bond for his father in Brooklyn.

It might be highly beneficial to the Treasury Department if Rosenberg made master.

# 'Nazis Won't Be Licked For Year,' Sailor Says

"The war with Germany will not be over for at least a year."

That in brief is the opinion of Harry Werbe, Naval first

class petty officer and husband of Mrs. Meca Werbe, social secretary of the YMCA here. And if anyone has a right to a prediction, Harry Werbe has. He recently returned to the states from 18 months of overseas service that included African action at Casablanca, Oran, and Bizerte, the Sicilian invasion, and the battle of Salerno in the Italian invasion.

"I am just as anxious as anyone to see the war end tomorrow, but brother I'm taking bets Germany won't be totally licked for at least a year," Werbe declared while visiting Mrs. Werbe here. "Although Sicily and lower Italy were taken in a relatively short time, both involved engagements incredibly tough, and each step taken now on the road to Berlin will be increasingly more difficult and costly.

"German equipment is wonderful, and her soldiers, most of them ranging from 15 to 23, are as arrogant as ever—even after confinement in a prison camp. While Italian prisoners seem content with their lot, German prisoners are forever trying to break loose and are causing disturbances. And even as prisoners, the Germans still goose-step to chow."

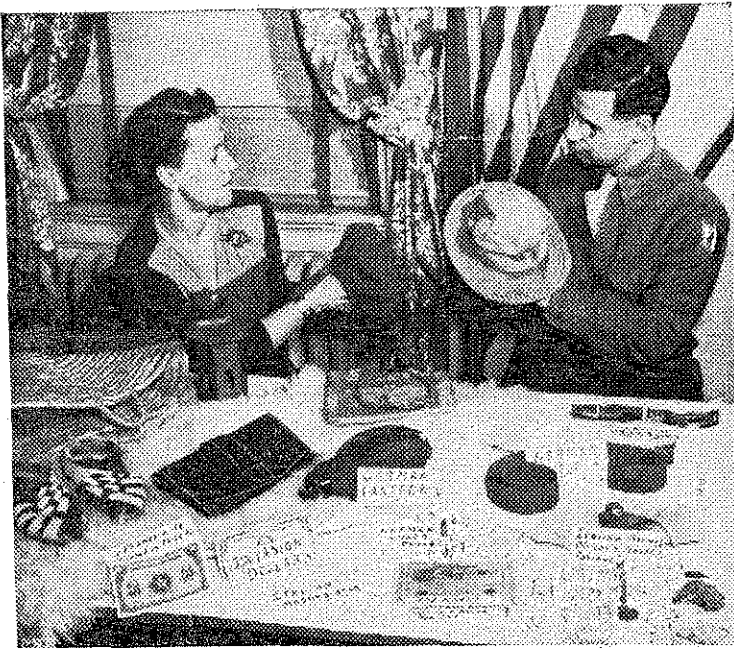
Telling effect of German propaganda on the German soldier was illustrated by Werbe in an experience he had with a German prisoner. The latter, educated in Chicago and well-versed in the English language, informed Werbe in utter seriousness that Chicago had been bombed many times and was now a city of twisted rubble. And Werbe claims he could not change the man's unshaking belief.

Werbe was a witness to the German released "sinking" of the "Savannah," American ship. The "Savannah" was hit, according to Werbe, but her crew had her in shape again soon enough to not only stay afloat but to continue battle.

Werbe's closest scrape came in the battle off Salerno. Aboard a mine layer, his ship in the thick of operations was suddenly ordered back. The ship that replaced his own was blown up by a torpedo almost as soon as it had taken over the position.

Werbe brought home with him a few spoils of victory, some of these including a French bayoneted carbine, a German web belt, a German mess kit and canteen, a French helmet, Italian Navy and Army fatigue caps, a German medal taken from an Afrika Corps prisoner, an Italian star indicating rank of major, German marks, Algerian and Moroccan money, and several pictures of Oran.

'I'll Keep The One With The Brim,' Says This GI



Mrs. Meca Werbe, wife of Petty Officer Harry Werbe, shows Pvt. Funere, Guardsman, her husband's collection of war spoils, Funere getting a particular kick out of Italian fatigue cap, shaped like a tam. Funere said he'd still take good old American GI any day, though.

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

### THURSDAY

YMCA Bible Class supper at 6 p. m.  
Service Club informal dance.  
"Northern Pursuit" with Errol Flynn, Julie Bishop. Ah-wo-o-o-o with choppers. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.

### FRIDAY

YMCA "United Nations at War" film at 7 p.m.  
Service Club formal dance. Coast Guard band. Girls from Elizabeth, Newark, New York  
"Northern Pursuit," at Post theatres.

### SATURDAY

YMCA movies at 7 p.m.  
"Henry Aldrich Rents a House," with Jimmy Lydon, Charlie Smith, Joan Mortimer, and "Gildersleeve on Broadway," with Harold Peary, Billie Burke. Laff-Packed. At Post theatres.

### SUNDAY

YMCA Music of the Masters at 8 p.m.

"Thousands Cheer" with Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly, Also Pathe News. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. Broadway show at 8 p.m. Theatre No. 2.

### MONDAY

YMCA Java Club. T. A. Raman, native of India, speaking on "India Today." Open forum. Coffee, cakes. Service Club small party.  
"Thousands Cheer" at Post theatres.

### TUESDAY

YMCA 3 in 1 sports show. WAC basketball prelim at 7 p.m., Post basketball game at 8 p.m. Athletic dance at 9 p.m.  
Service Club dancing class  
"In Old Oklahoma," with John Wayne, Martha Scott, Albert Dekker. OK. Army-Navy screen magazine. At Post theatres.

### WEDNESDAY

YMCA arts and crafts at 8 p.m. Service Club game night. Girls from Newark, New York.  
"In Old Oklahoma" at Post theatres.

## Column Left

(Continued from Page 1)

"Go to the dance," said Nietupski, "and I will clean the kitchen. (Up to now the story was true) But be sure and leave the dance by midnight."

When the strange but handsome first sergeant strode into the Club, everyone stopped dancing and stared. The WACs rushed through a requisition for 14 quarts of GI perfume. Wilma the Welder bounced Cpl. Kravetz' head off the floor in the middle of a bunny hug. But it was no use.

Joe, as per Cpl. Nietupski's instructions, danced with Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner, Gypsy Rose Lee, Margie Hart, the King Sisters and Greer Garson. And to top it off he went out to look at the bay with Hedy LaMarr.

"Put your arms around me, baby," said Hedy.

"Naw, I gotta go now, it's almost midnight," said Joe (What a cruel jester this Nietupski is.)

Joe ran like hell for the door and got back just in time. But it seems a shoestring had become untied while doing a rumba with

Sally Rand, and as he stopped for a quick beer one of his shoes came off.

Hedy followed him and found the shoe—a huge GI brogan. Hedy, next day, began looking for a guy whose feet were big enough to fit the shoe. She tried all the first sergeants, but one could easily see they never had worn shoes anyway.

Finally, Hedy discovered Joe in the kitchen, the shoe fit perfectly, and the couple were married by Cpl. Nietupski, who furnishes everything. Then they went on a bond selling tour with the Bullet Buster band and lived happily until Joe's furlough was over.

The only tough thing was that Joe didn't get a commission. He's back working in the kitchen. Hedy has gone back to Boyer, and Nietupski, bless him, has the bills paid and is once again giving us our 50 cents a week to buy rations in Red Bank.

The only moral to this story is that if the PX would stay open a little later, Joe wouldn't have to go to the Service Club and get into all these jams.

# Sandy Hook Foghorn

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, November 18, 1943.

## BOYER IN THE FOYER

Proper conduct at the movies is strictly a subject for Momma in her department of bringing up Junior, and ordinarily we wouldn't be borrowing it for use in these columns. But in a few instances Momma seems to have botched the job, and for some time now, we've been trying to weigh the balance on just how funny and unfunny the soldier is who feels he must contribute something more than 15 cents to see a show.

You know who we're talking about—the guy who yells out "Oh Betty" when Grable takes a bubble bath on the screen—the guy who lets out the long piercing cry of the wolf whenever a silken sheathed female pours on the come-and-get-me—and the two guys who ignore the movies completely and discuss what they did on pass last time in soft voices that can be heard only three blocks away.

The first time we heard these routines, the novelty got us, and we laughed. In the dark hush of a torrid love scene, a deep voice from the audience beat Charles Boyer to the punchline: "Hedy, Baby, Come to Me."

It was funny. Everyone laughed—long and loud. Of course, everyone also missed the next five minutes of dialogue, but it was too late to think of that.

The second, the third, the 50th and the 60th time however, this routine had become increasingly boring and irksome. About all we could think of was a third rate movie house where Junior in his seat gallops in time with the horses across the screen.

The GI theatre is designed by U. S. Army Motion Picture Service for the enlisted man. As such, it is altogether true a soldier should be able to do as he pleases at the movies. But it is the majority of soldiers whose judgment should decide what conduct is acceptable; not a small minority.

If a vote were taken, we think a majority would be unanimously in favor of dispensing with this self-styled "corn" from the audience.

Civilian movie houses, operated strictly at a profit, make money primarily because they please the patrons. If they thought patrons preferred to talk rather than listen in the theatre, they unquestionably would reverse present control procedures.

But they know that 99 per cent of people who see shows demand silence. They know patrons won't return if they are bothered by loud noise and obnoxious talking. And their judgment must be right, for the movie business is the fourth largest industry in the U. S. today.

Soldiers are no different from civilians in this respect, except perhaps that they are less vehement in squawking to offenders. The soldier, who as a civilian would complain to an usher, now lays his complaint aside with the usual "this is the Army" feeling.

Theatres No. 1 and 2 aren't cheap, second rate movie houses. They are "A" houses, the best in the widespread USAMPS circuit. And in case you didn't know it, USAMPS is the largest movie chain in the world today.

Most of the pictures you see here are shown before or at the same time they open on Broadway. Civilians pay as high as \$1.10 in New York to see such pictures. You pay 15 cents.

It's topflight entertainment—always at its newest. The least we can do in appreciation is to listen and let others listen. Let's not smudge it with competitive "entertainment" from the audience.

Besides vaudeville is supposed to be dead. So let's let it sleep peacefully in its grave. If you want to be an entertainer, join the Theatre Section. But whatever you do—give the audience a break.

## 1st Organ Recital Set For Sunday

First in a series of monthly organ recitals by Pfc. William D. Caldwell, Post organist and choir-master, will be presented at 4 p.m. Sunday at the Post Chapel, it was announced this week by Chaplain Moore R. Miller.

The first recital will be a test in popularity of the undertaking. If the recital proves popular, future recitals will be augmented by appearance of vocal soloists from the metropolitan area. The initial program will have a Thanksgiving theme, and will include the following repertoire:

"Trumpet Voluntary" by Henry Purcell; "Pastorale in E Major" by Cesar Franck, "O God We Thank Thee" by J. S. Bach, "Two Bible Poems" by Jaramir Weinberger and "Now Thank We All Our God" by Karg-Elert.

The program will consume approximately one half hour.