

# SANDY HOOK FOGHORN

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Published Weekly

## Cast of 75 Presents 'It Ain't Kosher' Tonight

### COLUMN LEFT

Once upon a time, there was a private who didn't like the Army. Now there is nothing unusual about a private not liking the Army, what with such things as everything that doesn't grow, mops, pots and pans, and sergeants.

But with this private, it was different. He didn't mind sergeants because he was a meek little man and had always taken orders in civilian life. He didn't mind pots and pans and mops because he had an overbearing wife. And he didn't mind things that don't grow, because he had always been fond of gardening and loved nothing better than to bend over and weed out a radish patch.

Why this meek little private didn't like the Army was because he had to take a three day pass every week.

Now when this private was a civilian, on his day off he always used to go down to a small cafe around the corner from where he lived. It was called Houlihan's Bar and Grill, Steaks and Chops, Ladies Invited. He would always sit down at the booth in the corner where nobody would notice him and order a cheese sandwich on rye and a bottle of beer.

He would eat the sandwich and drink the beer. Then he would order another bottle and drink it, while reading the latest copy of Burpee's Seed Catalogue. Then he would drink another bottle of beer and go home. At about three in the morning he would get up. Then he would go back to bed.

That's what he always did on his day off as a civilian. He minded his own business and nobody bothered him. But since he's been in the Army and has had to take three day passes, his life has been miserable.

The first time he entered Houlihan's on pass, he hadn't so much as wiped his feet when three old men collared him and shouted: "Have a drink soldier." They dragged him to the bar, poured free whiskey down his throat, and made him very unhappy. When he finally excused himself to go to the gents' room, they'd emptied two bottles of the horrible stuff down his throat.

He waited in the gents' room until they'd left the bar, and then went back. But two girls were sitting in their place. One of them, who was a sweater girl even though she had a silk dress on, called him Major. The other one, who looked like Hedy LaMarr, asked him if he was lonesome, and if so, wouldn't he like her to do something about it.

He said, "No I never get lonesome because of the USO ladies at the YMCA every night." To which the girl said, "Gee, ain't he got a smooth line, Sadie, he's a regular wolf like Frank Sinatra, huh?" Then both of them kept telling him he was lonesome until he began to believe it himself.

Since that first time, the same thing happens every time he goes

### 328 Civilians Get Service Ribbons

Three hundred and twenty-eight civilian employees of this Post, gathered for a special mass ceremony in Theatre No. 2 yesterday, received civilian service emblems in recognition of their contribution to successful prosecution of the war. Among the large group were seven persons who have been employed steadily here for 15 years or more.

Colonel Percy L. Wall, Fort Commander, presented the awards and verbally commended the civilians for their contributions to the war effort. The ceremony was one of many held simultaneously at hundreds of other Army posts and installations throughout the country at which thousands of civilian employees received emblems for service of six months or more.

Capt. Roy E. Anderson, Post Executive Officer, following initial remarks, introduced Colonel Wall, who following his presentation speech, pinned token awards on civilian representatives of each department of work.

John Simpson, oldest civilian worker in point of service, accepted the award in the name of his fellow employees and acted as spokesman for them in thanking Colonel Wall for his praise of civilian work accomplished here.

The seven employees who have completed 15 years or more of service are John Simpson, who finished 47 years of service on September 3; Jesse W. Clark, employed here since 1904; James P. Pilsse, who has worked here since 1917; Samuel E. Wright, employee since 1920; Edwin F. Hennessey, employee since 1922; Thomas W. Concannon, employee since 1924; and William A. Tarnow, employee since 1928.

The awards, which will be worn on the left lapel of outer garments or on the left breast, are blue ribbons with white vertical stripes, in the center of which is a blue star on a circular field of red and white.

### Christmas Carol Practices Start

First plans for Christmas caroling on the Post this year were gotten underway by the newly formed Young People's Society, soldier-civilian organization, last week end at the second weekly meeting of the group.

Several groups had evidenced interest in caroling, and the Young People's Society decided at the meeting to act as a coordinating agency for the project. All WACs, soldiers and civilians interested in caroling are asked to report at the Post Chapel for rehearsals every Thursday at 6 p. m.

Officers of the Young People's Society elected at the meeting are Mrs. Marie Pratesi, president; Mrs. Helen Clary, secretary; and Mrs. Lillian DeArmand, treasurer.

### Two Wolves On The Loose— 'It Ain't Kosher'



Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps  
White tie and tails Norman Wolf turns on his Sunday best drool and English Drape Henry McGrath pours on the personality, but you'll have to see "It Ain't Kosher" to find out whether star-dusters Becky Becker and Betty Brown are suckers for a line.

### Gags and 'Glamor' Stud All-Soldier Burlesque

"Now gentlemen, I have a little something here that ordinarily looks like nothing more than a picture of a pretty girl. But when you rub a warm spoon over the picture and hold it up to the light, you will see things, gentlemen, designed to give you endless hours of delight . . ."

Burlesque's glib-tongued candy butcher, reduced to a peanut vendor ever since Minsky went south of the border, will be back on the ramp for a one night stand tonight when "It Ain't Kosher," a "take it off" show with all the "dainty unmentionables," is presented at 8 p. m. in Theatre No. 2 by Cpl. Norman Wolf, combination author-producer-director.

The burlesque farce, which includes a cast of 75 soldiers and WACs and which has a minimum running time of two and a half hours, will be the first live, local show produced here since last February, and may be the forerunner of a new era in local show business. As a result of the show, a Little Theatre group may be formed for further play production.

Gypsy Rose Lee, too busy writing books, won't be present at curtain time, but a Kosher Chorus of 12 Buxom Behemoths 12 will uncover an entirely new brand of leg art predicted to make the most hardened blush. Artists of the grind and bump will include Charles Upchurch as "Midnight Madness," Gerald Smith as "Velvet Night," Ernest Mabry as "Purple Passion," John Dunlavy as "Bridal Blush," Gerald Dyal as "Blue Heaven," Charles Heider as "My Sin," Stephen McEachern as "Dusky Dawn," Otis England as "Radiant Ruby," Herbert Danning as "Tempest Topaz," Norman Wetmore as "Rose Bloom," Jack Prather as "Star Sapphire," and Walter Shirley as "Melody Mood."

James Green, as well as taking the part of the candy butcher, will handle the vocal on "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" as the line of lovelies goes through its routines.

"In the Closet," first of five blackout sketches in the show, will star WAC Betty Brown as the philandering wife, James Green and Vincent DePietro as wolves, and Henry McGrath as the hard working "meal ticket."

No. 2 blackout on the program will be "Ptomaine Moe's Cafe," featuring Vincent DePietro as the "Immaculate Bartender." Others in this skit include Ellis Crenshaw, Henry McGrath and Burke McCall, gamblers, Dolly Carpenter as "The Siren," Becky Becker as "The Hungry Debutante," Norman C. Wolf as her escort, and McCall again doubling as an inebriate.

The "Courtroom Scene," without which a burly-kew would not be complete, will be top skit of the show. Crenshaw will be prosecutor, Wolf will be the illiterate judge will be "Ptomaine Moe's Cafe," featuring others cast will be Bunny Keylor

### Mrs. Meca Werbe Leaves Post After Year's Service at YMCA

Mrs. Meca Werbe, social secretary of the YMCA here for the last 13 months and wife of Harry Werbe, Naval first class petty officer who has seen action in the African and

European theatres of war, left Fort Hancock last weekend for Yorktown, Va., where she has received a new assignment as assistant director of a USO club. Mrs. Werbe's successor here has not been named as yet, it was said.

Mrs. Werbe's transfer is the third among YMCA personnel this fall. William Forbes, former physical director here, is now director of a USO mobile unit in the southern part of the state. Howard C. Laramy, former program director, was the second to depart, his transfer being to Fort Hamilton in the position of program director.

Mrs. Werbe came to Fort Hancock in October, 1942, following morale jobs at Fort Sheridan and Great Lakes Naval Training station. Prior to this, she had been a five county field director of NYA, supervising social activities of more than 600 youths.

Headline program features inaugurated here by Mrs. Werbe are the arts and crafts night, the lobby sing songs, and the "friend-finder" map, each of which developed a popular following among enlisted men. Mrs. Werbe also began the



MRS. WERBE

coffee hour and assisted in operation of the YMCA dances.

At her new post, Mrs. Werbe will be doing a similar type of work. Instead of embracing just one camp, however, her work will be directed toward several Army posts and naval units in the vicinity.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

# Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

## GUMS ROAR

By S/Sgt. Ray D. Knight

BACK-TALK: O Sgt. Marsh, the time has come for you to wash your shirt.

Clean up that cuff you wrote up on and get yourself alert.

For, though we all agree Bielecky's talents are not measly.

We know the man that you described is Bullet Buster Beasley.

If you have got that figured out, We have some more to say: Another game you wrote about, O twice-mistaken Clay. The Officers beat Seven Bees The only time they met.

You had that backwards. If you please,

Correct that, don't forget.

GUMBEATS: Puzzled PEE WEE DENNING. He went in the right door and saw a lady. Then, he looked in the wrong one to see if it was, and it was . . . MARIJUANA RIEFER's new baby girl. He'll probably never name her Cocaina . . . WIGHEAD SMITH bottoms-

upping a malted in the Service Club. Doctors were summoned . . . FOOTLOCK WHITLOCK groaning with a cold. It was, he says, worth it . . . CANT WAITE, BATTUM EYE BAKER, DUDE WILLIAMSON, and FIBBER McGEHEE. A large welcome to them and their friends . . . ROWDY and HOWDY (Mary, glamor girl of the Main PX) DOWDY. They were knotted last week . . . BOBBY ROBINSON's stories. Even he has started believing them. Check with BLACK MAGIC SEADY for details . . . SLOW POKE HOKE SMITH. He'll never have to worry about insomnia . . . PATOOTIE PETTIT's unsuccessful beating out the other A. M. . . DISHWASHING DINGLE. Add him to the Lawrence Harbor set . . . CASANOVA HAMS barred from a Lawrence Harbor dance by a local Pistol Packin' Mama . . . BLACKIE BLACK lapping up the old ladies . . . FRANK MEYER. He finally got his good conduct ribbon . . . The former Harry now known as BALL OF FIRE THOMAS . . . AL GREEN's new girl. He found out everything but her address . . . 43 ASKINS in the hole again. This time, a fox . . . Name-of-the-Week: GOATBRAIN RUSSELL . . . JERK HAYWARD. He found out that the cleaners don't handle gloves . . . KINICK BRANSCOMBE, running mate of SNAFU PILKINGTON at the crash. Snafu went for a shovel and Kinick just wanted to help . . . JON HALL. He's at Davis . . . Third Lieut. NOTE MEYERS settling for three stripes. Nice going . . . CUT (especially watchful at night) PRICE. He even locks tentmates out of his residence. WALTER KING will verify . . . OLD DOG TRAY's two-dayer. He made it back on time because EASY EZELL wasn't along . . . HUTCH HUTCHISON's new name: Rosebud. We just heard what it means . . . GRANDMOTHER MACNAMARA off to school in Virginia . . . LONG JOHN CRAVENS. A last minute spurt in the poker biz made it possible for him to ride to Arkansas inside the train . . . GOO GOO DUBITSKY broganing along outside the gate . . . Busy UG STEPHENS. He had two in one evening . . . EVELYN WEEMS cutting into COON RIZZI's hair biz with a new shampoo. It's 3.2 and has been tried on ZOMBIE ZUSSMAN . . . LUCKY VELARDI. We hear he's been having quite a streak lately, especially with the cards . . . TURK TURKEL missing "It Ain't Kosher!" He decided to go to Miami instead. To those unable to go to Miami, "It Ain't Kosher!" is recommended (adv.) . . . Gum-of-the-Week: I'm talking about slip covers.



TVT. HARRY GEORGE—  
SHEMANGO PERS. REPL. DEPOT, PA.

"That's what I love about you honey; you're such a darn swell cook."

## THE MOLES

By Cpl. William Fortune

The "roueess" of the "facts of life" department have one of their members admitting that it has its fascinating points . . . tsk . . . tsk. And while we are on the subject, members of the S-3 section are taking an advance course in the "facts of life", but it is giving them the jitters wondering who will be chosen for the next lesson. With all the peace rumors going on this week, the biggest for the "Moles" was that Class A passes were in the offing—they still are. But S/Sgt Wirth is already mapping his own post-war plans. T/4 Walter has received that name because of a very absorbent mind and Cpl. Love is noted for a telephonic craze combined with the arts of bucking and bunking. How do you do it, Cpl.?

Nick Romano, the engineering and sewing genius, is reported to have missed a sick call—the exact date, 16 June 1943, while the latest antics of Sgt. Sisson consisted of a hurried wire home for the purchase of the slickest pair of gym shoes and shorts in the newly organized gym class for the "Moles"—nobody is going to accuse him of being a 1B. The biggest chow hound among the "Moles" has the greatest mechanical difficulties—guess who?

Bill Klag admits he has lost the title to the widest man in the "Mole-Hole" to a member of Howie Goffray's section. Eddie Miller's boy "Zeke" Taylor is on furlough and Eddie is bearing up. Jack (The Slug) Soroka has gone on furlough to train for his coming bout with old man Sgt. Jack (One-Punch) Rashkin. "Soft-Shoe" Loughlin is getting ready to depart for Milwaukee the end of this week, which should be better than sleeping in Central Park, eh Don? Pappy Allen is back from the sunny south, and they say, looks pretty beaten up. Sgt. Sisson—again—suggests that the Foghorn adopt "one piparoo" and one "stinkeroo" for movie recommendations.

## HONOR ROLL MUTTS

STURBRIDGE, Mass. — This town's honor roll of men and women in the service also bears the names of five dogs—members of the Wags.

## BLITZERS

By Tom MacPherson

It had been a helluva war, and by 1995 the after effects of the terrible battle of Sandy Hook finally caught up with the noncoms and sent them to paradise.

After greetings were exchanged and memories exaggerated, Sgt. Kost finally got things organized.

Sgt. Mannix was detailed to see that all halos were tidy and screwed on tight. It seemed to the good firefighter that things were somewhat upside down, but nonetheless he carried on.

Cpl. Cittadino saw to it that all golden sandals were dusted and wing feathers preened and Cpl. Gzyl kept the golden book on privates who were to be admitted beyond the latrine—excuse, please—beyond the pearly gates.

Sgt. Carroll, of course, took charge of that unmentionable place down below, but since most of the sixth and seventh graders there were on sizzle duty he did have some trouble at inspections.

Harp strings were kept taut and all harps lined up under the eagle eye of Sgt. Golpl, who was purposely relieved of the duties of wakening the angelic battery. It was feared he might lapse into an "Get thee to hell out of that sack," or other non-heavenly expressions. (St. Peter, it seems, wished nothing dropped but demure eyelids.)

When Sgt. Marton arrived he was welcomed by Mamczak.

"A lot of the fellows from Hancock are here," said Mike. "Four sergeants, seven corporals and even eight privates first class."

"Splendid," said Marton, "Did someone add that?"

## JAP HAPPY

BOUGAINVILLE—Five American Marines and 75 Jap soldiers met at a river here and for two and a half hours fired lead at each other. When quiet was restored, there were 74 dead Japs piled on one bank of the river and five very live Marines were still shooting from the other. The 75th Jap escaped somehow.

## GAY 90's

By Cpl. Antonio Lebeau

As the saying goes, we may be down but never out, so here we go again on another journalization of gossips and events.

Pvt. Ed Smith must be "bucking" for our Mess Sergeant's job considering the fact that "Smitty" is in the kitchen more often than the "belly robber" himself. . . .

Our "touch" football games at times get slightly bruising. It is the conviction of some of the boys that "tackle" football would be a milder form of a game, particularly when Sgt. George (Rough 'em up) McDermott participates.

Pfc. (Rip Van Winkle) Dickinson is fortunate to have so many friends of his stature, otherwise he would spend quiet evenings at home in his John L. Sullivans'.

Cpl. Panetta, while on a hike, was surprised, though relieved, by the fact that his rifle seemed much lighter after a rest period than it had been during the march.

Little did he know that he was only carrying the stock of the rifle. Fortunately, Sgt. McSweeney had found the lost parts, but he worried the Corporal a trifle before returning them.

Cpl. Harry (Pass Fiend) Winfield walks around the area all smiles. The reason is obvious. Harry attends school and manages to procure himself a pass quite often, not satisfied with just a week-end pass. Our jovial friend

must have acquired the secret of "How to win a pass and influence the 1st Sergeant" from Sgt. Smith.

Sgt. John (Red) Gries, must have seen the show "Riding High" and so as not to be "shown up" by a group of chorus girls he introduced a new method of changing step while marching, which he demonstrated at Friday's inspection. Quite fancy Sarge!

Attention all Girls! Our Service Club Romeo, Pvt. Herman Martin has returned from furlough and will resume his Syncopating tactics on love-making. However, he will now be up against a worthy opponent in the person of Pfc. Rosati, the unit's greasy haired boy.

Last but not least, I know that the "Battery" joins with me in extending their best wishes to the grand bunch of fellows, that has been with us for approximately 2 months, on their departure. We hope you have enjoyed your presence with us as much as we have enjoyed yours. The best of luck to you all!

## SEVEN UP

By Rowdydow

Howdy Chums . . . Miss us last week? . . . Bet you did . . . Flash—Hqs. Hats off to Cpl. Frank Best for the swell job he did supplying lights for the rescue of the plane crash last Sat. . . . Dashing Desiderio's night life has slowed down since he met a cute little babe from the plains of B'klyn . . . Willie the Weasel (?) had a touch of Service Club nerves and was confined to the hospital for a few days . . . Hqs. isn't the same without the Iowa Terror . . . Sgt. Charlie Ruff . . . "A" . . . Thanks for the cooperation we didn't get . . . Battlin' "B" . . . Theme Song . . . "High on a Windy Hill" . . . Wonder why Yandola is walking around with a long Puss? The Battle between Blue and Gray is over . . . Make you happy Sgt. Cherowitzo? . . . Love bug biting Wallace, Homiszczak and Hrablock . . . Pattin' ourselves for copping the football championship . . . Cpl. Lofaso—the "Wolf of the Week" . . . G Flashes . . . Congrat to Sgts. Hagen and Krisher, and Cpl. Thacker . . .

## WACS WORKS

Dear fellas,

This note may seem a bit sentimental and foolish and it is certainly not written in the same vein that it was originally intended. Perhaps it is because the initial anger has mellowed with the passing of a few days.

The Hancock WACs were hurt last week; hurt and surprised when their brothers in uniform nearly booed them into a basketball defeat. We were surprised when we stopped to think that we are fighting and soldiering beside guys who are our brothers and boyfriends; guys we went to school with and parted with, yes, and guys we are married to. We know that basically you are more decent than you represented yourselves last week. Actually we are really just the same joes you are. That's what's hard to understand. We know that those fellows from home think a lot of us and are 100% behind the WAC corps and that includes a lot of good GI's in this country and abroad.

It's disillusioning to think back to the basic days early this summer when we marched down the streets of the Post singing The WAC Is In Back of You." That was the day we were sworn into the Army.

"All you fighting men keep on fighting to win

"And the WAC is in back of you . . ."

It was great spirit we had then. Funny thing was that we were idealistic enough to believe the words of those lyrics. But don't laugh too soon at our shattered ideals for the WAC is still behind a lot of good GI's. The only thing that little lesson taught us was that all GI's aren't regular GI's and that some of them lack the plain trait of good sportsmanship.

We aren't asking for a pat on the back, fellas. It's not praise we want. The guys in the Pacific and in Africa deserve any concentration of plaudits. We're just asking you to stop and think.

In the Times last Sunday, there was a story relating to the Army-Navy game. What made the story a real human interest yarn was that the Navy rooting section was comprised of West Point cadets. The midshipmen couldn't make the traditional game so Army loaned a handpicked regiment to cheer the Navy team to a smashing victory. —and the cadets yelled for Navy. That was sportsmanship in its finest form.

That's about all there is to say on that score, fellas; the prosecution rests.

yours truly,  
The WACs

Spent their furloughs getting hitched . . . Welcome back Kruger . . . Sgt. Gerfin can you tell us if Bozo's sleeping sickness is contagious? . . . Is it true that T/5 Perlow got an application for pilot on a carrier pigeon . . . Looks like line Cpl. Wm. Schoenblum and Charlotte Nagel will unite B'klyn and the Bronx . . . Charlotte a weekly Commuter to Ft. Hancock . . . Anyone ever notice the remarkable resemblance between T/5 Polly Sherman Simon and a certain fowl character in the Pathe News? . . . What MP Sgt. and we don't mean Military Police was in a daze while his gal was on furlough . . . T/5 "Black Mike" Ranallo Fort Hancock's foremost "Chow Hound" . . . What happened to Morning Report Galiardi? Lost his Pants just before the NYU Game . . . Why?

# Langvardt Hot as Five Drubs Hamilton 52-32

## Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

The WAC basketball team lost a game last week when they met the Long Branch Defense Workers. However the outstanding defeat of the evening was suffered by a substantial portion of the spectators. In a glittering display, in which they paraded the gamut of poor sportsmanship and malignant manners, these looker-oners convinced all present that good sportsmanship was being dealt a low blow that dropped it for the count, for the duration of the game.

This is not a tirade on the double standard either. The fact that they were femmes had nothing to do with it. A group of people had gotten together and were playing as well, and as hard as they knew how.

Whether male or female, they deserve a certain amount of consideration, and a minimum of anything that might interfere with their playing of the game to the best of their ability. Matter of fact they weren't too good on the floor that evening, and it would have been completely understandable had these self-appointed critics taken a stroll over to the PX for a black and white soda in order that their esthetic basketball senses would not be disturbed.

Their not so good-natured or well timed "razzing" however, was a display that was appreciated by no one but themselves. For some strange reason we have never heard of such a performance when the Post team was playing. We firmly believe that when the WACs participate in any competitive sport, they should be willing to take just as much from the crowd in the way of heckling, as the men do when they are playing.

But we completely fail to see why they should be subjected to more, as they were the other night. We had the thought that this was because the men on the Post team would probably take active steps against such treatment. We shouldn't be greatly surprised if the same thought flitted through the heads of these minor-minds when they were tempted to let loose a loud hoot when one of the men was shooting a foul shot.

Should the urge rise again to give a rebroadcast of the other evening's performance, we offer that black and white soda routine as an alternative, but in any event, we strongly recommend one of the YMCA's many, and conveniently located exits.

Another unfortunate, but this time, unavoidable incident took place that evening, this time in the Post team's game with Bendix A C. In playing his usual brilliant game, Sgt. Hal Beasley streaked down the length of the floor to break up what seemed like a sure basket, but in so doing he was unable to check his speed and he crashed to break one wrist and fracture the other.

Now we wouldn't pretend to know this early in the season who is the best player on the Hook squad, but certainly Beasley's play thus far in the season had proven him to be a smooth, hard playing courtman, and a definite asset to the Hancock squad.

His probable loss to the Hook Five for the remainder of the season is bound to be felt and it is with regret that we see Beasley pack his basketball trunks just at the season's beginning.

Like Bielecky, Beasley is an all

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## Volleyball Finals Set For Tonight

Bullet Buster Headquarters and the "Battling Bees" of the Seven Up, deadlocked in a tie for first place in the volleyball league which closed this week, will play off for the championship in Gage Gymnasium tonight. The final engagement is scheduled to get underway at 8 p.m.

Both clubs wound up the regular playing season with 11 wins and one loss. The Buster sextet is composed of Ogler at left forward, Shiles at center forward, Roussel at right forward, Crenshaw at left back, Borce at center back and Walters at right back. Substitutes used throughout the season included Beasley, Morse and MacAlpine. The "Battling Bees" lineup includes Lt. Langvardt, Masone, Vitale, Scaffani, Borkosky, Mills, Hrablock and Cherowitzo.

Third place in the loop is definitely cinched by the Buster E team, which racked up 10 wins against two losses. Fourth place is deadlocked between Railbender As and Buster Cs, both having a record of 9 wins and 3 losses.

### KOSHER

(Continued from Page 1)

Ruth Kass, Raymona Washer, Henry McGrath, Raymond Knight and Henry Fitzsimmons.

Other two blackouts are "The Newlyweds" and "Homeless Hector." In the former, WO Ben Hughes, Dolly Carpenter, James Green and Mae Shister are featured, while in the latter Burke McCall and Henry Fitzsimmons make up the cast.

At least a dozen specialties are included in the show, according to the program. Some of these are Nurse and Jones, boogie woogie piano tap team; Frank Mireider, a "man to be watched," WO Perry Lamar and his violin, Eugene Wosarka, baritone; "Professor Kraussmeyer," educational lecture by Cpl. Wolf; Walter Winters and his accordion, "Stiff and Cold," a sad song by Ray Knight, "The Great Hoffman," the Fort Hancock Glee Club, "Moonlight in Hawaii," a shimmy dance by Charles Upchurch and "A Word" by Dolly Carpenter.

The Bullet Buster swing band will play the show under direction of Max Shepherd, who wrote the entire musical score. Band members include Vincent Leone, Ted Flowerman, Bob Ternansky, Albert Marino, Jimmy Dorsey, Jimmy Koss, Bob Christian, Ernest Smith, Joseph Sante, Joseph Librizzi, Don Wilson, Bob Vanderhide and Talbot Gibson.

### Column Left

(Continued from Page 1)

into Houlihan's. People buy him drinks and tell him how brave he is. After he made Pfc. they began asking him how he got his wound stripe. The girls kept pestering him all the time, trying to kiss him and neck with him and such.

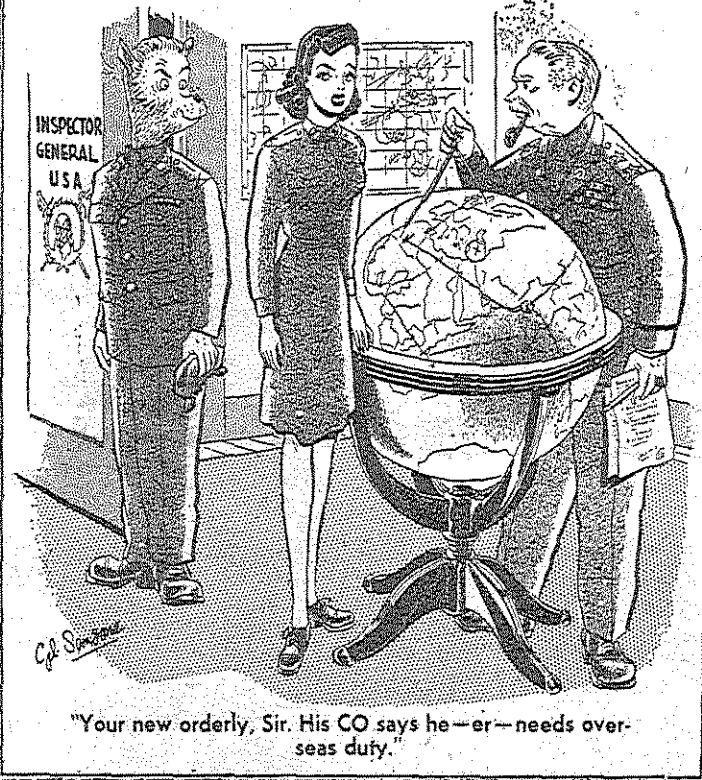
Finally, he got raging mad and therein solved his problem.

A man bought him a drink, and he threw it in the man's face. A gorgeous blonde invited him up to her apartment, and he threw his cheese sandwich at her. He broke all the glasses on the bar, and threw an empty beer bottle through the bar mirror.

But the people didn't call an MP.

## The Wolf by Sansone

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## Jack Curley Tops Ring Notables Invited to December Fights

The denizens of "Rosie's Beach," bent on the double aim of officially observing Rosenberg's Rise to Sergeancy, or Three on the Arm is Worth One in the Glove, and also

giving the boys the best available in the way of a white Christmas, have lined up an array of celebrities for the forthcoming match December 16th against the 803rd Signal Training Regiment of Fort Monmouth.

Originally scheduled for one week from Friday, the December fight night has been moved up to next Thursday night, at which time the Hook sluggers will be swinging for their fourth consecutive win.

In addition to the rival Mike Jacobs of Jacobs Beach, who is "wintering" at the Gage gymnasium, there will be at least a half dozen present and former boxing greats who will watch from ringside, take a hand at guest-refereeing, and even second the contestants in some cases.

First there will be Lou Farber, former leading contender for the featherweight title. Farber has had the honor of beating Midget Wolgast, and of fighting draws with Mike Belois and Little Pancho, all of whom were of considerable renown in their profession.

With Farber will come his protegee, Pvt. Buddy Knox, a coming heavy who has fought Tami Mauriello, Lee Savold, Billy Conn, and a man by the name of Bivins.

Then there will be Lou Salica, ex-bantam champ of the world, who will take off his dark glasses and show his smiling face to the crowd.

Ray Arcel and Whitey Bimstein, modestly referred to by Rosenberg as "the greatest trainers the boxing world has ever known," will be present, as well as Moe Fleischer, manager of Kid Chocolate.

Climax guest of the evening will be Jack Curley, proprietor of Stillman's Gym, and father of Arthur Saltzman, soldier-manager of the 803rd. Curley and Son Inc. will handle the corner for the Monmouth team.

### Wedding Bells Ring for Sgt. Dowdy, Cpl. Bohle

Two recent weddings on the Post were those of Miss Mary Ann Bunting, Main PX attendant, to 1st Sgt. Gerald Dowdy, of the Buster C unit, and Miss Lillian Mae Hankin, of St. Louis, Mo., to Cpl. Walter Bohle, Bullet Buster.

The Bunting-Dowdy nuptials took place at the Post chapel last Friday night, Chaplain Thomas Byrne performing the ceremony. Miss Rose M. Schwind was bridesmaid and Sgt. Judson A. Hasseltine, Bullet Buster, was best man. Reception for 20 at Long Branch followed the ceremony. Last Wednesday, Main PX workers gave the bride a miscellaneous shower.

The Hankin-Bohle wedding took place in St. Mary's Chapel also on Friday night, Chaplain Robert W. Woodward officiating. Miss Katherine Dinger, Army Hostess here, was maid of honor and Pfc. Joseph Kasnierski, Bullet Buster, was best man. A reception followed at the Albion Hotel in Asbury Park.

### YMCA Opens Package Wrapping Service

A Christmas package wrapping service for servicemen of this Post was started this week by the YMCA.

Gaily colored Christmas paper, heavy packaging paper, name tags, fancy and rope twine and boxes will be provided for wrapping gifts to be mailed out. Men may wrap gifts themselves, or may have the assistance of lady attendants.

## Ace Buckets 14 Points in Easy Killing

With Lt. Chris Langvardt leading the way, Fort Hancock basketballers racked up their first easy killing of the season Tuesday night in Gage gymnasium when they defeated Fort Hamilton cagers 52-32 before the largest crowd checked in yet at the popular 3-in-1 basketball shows.

The victory was the sixth thus far against five losses for the Hookers, but was the first in which they were not hard pressed. Hancock rolled up an early lead in the first quarter, rode on the crest during the second session, pulled out decisively in the third, and let a substitute five carry the banner in the final frame.

Lt. Langvardt, striking a hot night, just couldn't miss with his jump pop shots and had the high game total of 14 points on six field goals and two free throws at the final gun. Lt. Langvardt also was the spark in floorwork, almost demoralizing Hamilton by breaking up its passing attack.

Frank Zaions, CG, and Sgt. Rudy Bielecky each racked up nine points on four field goals and one charity throw apiece.

Pvt. Bob Fitzgerald, center for Hamilton, and the only "name" man on the floor, lived up to his name by doing practically a one-man job of keeping the visitors in the game. The former Fordham regular tallied nine points and did a stellar if fruitless job under the basket.

Both clubs opened slowly. After two minutes of play, the Hookers suddenly came to life and rolled up 11 points before the visitors could score. Then Fitzgerald sank a doubledecker and one free throw while Langvardt added another to set the board at 13-3 at the first quarter horn.

The Hook five coasted in the second period but the visitors could creep up only to an eight point slack. Halfway through the period it was 15-7, and both clubs matched basket for basket from then on, half time tally being 22-14.

Coach Nick Masone's cagers then began to roll, keeping the net busy with a 16-point barrage against five points for the visitors in the third frame, scoreboard standing 38-19.

Content with the comfortable lead, Masone spent the fourth quarter exercising the boys on the bench. Stanley, a regular, entered the contest late in the final quarter, racked up four points in two minutes, and then hit the showers.

In other games this past week, Fort Hancock edged out Camp Wood 48-47 in the first Signal Corps league game, lost to NYU 55-40 and was defeated by 803d Signal Training Regiment 50-46 in the second league meeting.

Summary:

HANCOCK		
Hemslev, f.	2	1 3
Gallardi, f.	2	0 4
Zaions, f.	4	1 9
Salloway, f.	0	0 0
Langvardt, c.	6	2 14
Tyrell, c.	0	0 0
Bielecky, g.	4	1 9
England, g.	0	0 0
Masone, g.	3	1 7
Fvans, g.	0	0 0
St.aley, g.	1	2 4
Stewart, c.	0	0 0
	22	8 52

HAMILTON		
Lewis, f.	4	0 8
Schlackman, f.	0	0 0
Hospitalier, f.	1	0 2
Picciano, f.	1	0 2
Fitzgerald, c.	3	3 9
Brode, c.	0	0 0
Alexander, g.	2	0 4
Stavitsky, g.	0	0 0
Conlon, g.	3	1 7
	14	4 32

Referees: Carhart, Rosenberg.

# Bunny Hug Hits The Road; Conga Kickers Move In



One, two, three, kick. Led by Cpl. Fred Capabianco, and partner, EMs and gals strut new found stuff before guiding eye of Gordon Witt,

dancing instructor. Between 200 and 300 have learned many of the new dance steps.

## Dancing Class Lures Many

Swing is here to stay, and the ruffle shufflers of the Service Club are still well entrenched. However, the ruffle shufflers no longer ruffle when they're supposed to shuffle nor shuffle when they're supposed to ruffle, all of which summed up means that the great African fireside stomp, in Service Club version, is acquiring a new rhythmic smoothness strange to behold.

Attribute this new trend of the dance ala synchro-mesh to one Gordon Witt, dancing instructor, and there you have the story.

Last September, Mr. Witt, whose student clientele at his Waldorf Astoria studio included only the "400", extended his "something for the boys" service by including Fort Hancock on his list of camp visits for dancing instruction. Prior to coming here, he instructed at Fort Slocum and Fort Hamilton.

His first class netted but three soldier students, but with publicity further classes have grown in size steadily until the peak of approximately 50 soldiers in attendance has been reached. Coupled with the men on class nights are girls from cities and towns in the vicinity who, like the soldiers, are now able to shift gears without clashing on the waxen hardwood.

Strangely enough, the majority of students are not raw recruits, but intermediates who have in their dancing developed a slice or a hook, to borrow a golfing term. Mr. Witt's first job, thus, is correcting minor faults, such as gum chewing, tummy-leading, fanny flaunting, and bending like a weeping willow to favor a partner of small stature.

With these faults out of the way, Mr. Witt then begins actual instruction in ballroom dancing, waltzing, foxtrot, the conga, the rumba, the bolero, and the samba—but no jitterbugging. The smoothness has proved contagious, however, and when Mr. Witt is away, the cats play. Thus the jitter has acquired its new suave oscillation.

To date, between 200 and 300 have received dancing instruction at the Service Club, some of them just ironing out the kinks in a single night, and others continuing on to "graduate".

Shortly after inception of the classes, officers also expressed an interest in dancing instruction, and a second class was begun at the Officers' Club. The class numbers approximately a dozen. Brigadier General P. S. Gage and his daughter, Mrs. Devereaux Lippitt, have taken considerable interest in the class.

Both classes are weekly, the Service Club session occurring on Tuesday nights, and the Officers' Club lessons taking place Fridays.

## South American Way



Looks smooth but not quite smooth enough for Mr. Witt. This couple learns to rumba free of charge, but as civilians in New York they'd have to be in the Social Register to take lessons at Mr. Witt's Waldorf dancing studio.

Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

**THURSDAY**  
 YMCA party at 8 P. M.  
 "It Ain't Kosher" at Theatre No. 2, 8 P. M. Don't miss it.  
 "His Sister's Butler," with Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone at Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 7:30 P. M. OK.

**FRIDAY**  
 YMCA United Nations at War film at 7 P. M.  
 YMCA variety quiz at 8 P. M.  
 Service Club weekly hop, formal. Girls from Newark, Elizabeth, New York.  
 "His Sister's Butler," at Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 P. M., at Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 P. M.

**SATURDAY**  
 YMCA movies at 7 P. M.  
 USO show at 8 p.m. Theatre No. 2.  
 "Return of the Vampire," with Bela Lugosi, Freda Inescourt, and "So's Your Uncle," with Elyse Knox, Donald Woods. The library should do a good business. At Theatre No. 1.

**SUNDAY**  
 YMCA music appreciation hour at 8 P. M.  
 Service Club afternoon and evening party. Dancing, refreshments.  
 "The North Star," with Walter Brennan, Anne Baxter, Ann Harding. A must. At Post theatres.

**MONDAY**  
 YMCA Java Club at 7:30 P. M. Coffee, cakes, speaker, open forum.  
 Service Club juke box dance.

Service Club special entertainment. Singing by Equitable Life Insurance Company Choral Society.  
 "The North Star," at Post theatres.

**TUESDAY**  
 YMCA three in one basketball show, WACs, Post team, dancing at 7, 8, 9 P. M.  
 Service Club dancing class 7-9 P. M.  
 "The More The Merrier," revival with Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea. A must, if you missed it before. At Post theatres.

**WEDNESDAY**  
 YMCA movies at 6 P. M.  
 YMCA arts and crafts at 8 P. M.  
 Service Club game night.  
 "Women in Bondage," with Gail Patrick, Nancy Kelly, Bill Henry. At Post Theatres.

## IDES OF MARSH

(Continued from Page 3)

around sports man. Good as he was in basketball, he was probably even better in baseball. Leading hitter of the Post nine, his consistent good stickwork is still remembered as winning more than one game for the Hook team.  
It is with regret that we see Beasley drop from the Post quintet's line-up, but we have a pretty good idea we will once again be cheering him next Spring when baseball rolls around.

# Sandy Hook Foghorn

EDITOR ..... Sgt. Roger Hammond  
SPORTS EDITOR ..... Sgt. Clay Marsh  
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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, December 9, 1943.

## CURTAIN GOING UP

We won't say no.

And we won't say yes.

Why? Because "It Ain't Kosher," from the show of the same name which opens tonight in Theatre No. 2.

We're not being willy nilly and refusing to take a stand because we're dubious about the show. No, if anything looked like a smash hit in the offing, "It Ain't Kosher" does.

We're not saying yes, and we're not saying no because of a fond hope we harbor for possibilities beyond "It Ain't Kosher." Tonight's genuine all local, all soldier show wasn't wrapped up just because a few people had some spare time to kill and took a stab at the stage. No. Tonight's show was conceived as the beginning of a new era, a rebirth, a reincarnation of show business on the Hook.

It was tough getting the ball rolling. There was no Theatre section. There was a lot of dormant talent around the Post, but it lacked the "catch-on," the spirit. Finally, an old time trouper, a guy named Wolf came along. He rounded up a bunch of GI guys and gals, told them to forget background and stage hep, and after the first rehearsal had them all "in the pitch."

They've worked hard, not once or twice a week, but every night. And tonight, you'll see the fruits of their labors.

You're going to see burlesque, old fashioned burlesque.

If you're broadminded, you'll belly laugh your sides out.

If you're straight laced, you'll hold yourself in—for about five minutes. Then you'll ride with the tide, decide to be a bad boy for the night, and laugh like hell.

"It Ain't Kosher" will make you forget KP, cleanup, inspections, the pinch on passes, and the P and T schedule. Brother—you'll roar.

But what will be the aftermath of "It Ain't Kosher?" Will this rebirth of local show biz be a one night stand? Will

the audience miss "the pitch," go back to the barracks with a night of laughs under its belt, and just sit around waiting for another show? Or will the audience take "the pitch," and not only think but do something about contributing itself to future shows?

The gang that's making this show won't be able to continue making show after show. The theatre game around here now has to be strictly a spare time, voluntary venture. A few can furnish the nucleus for most of the shows, but new faces will be needed each time a new production starts.

Director Wolf has a solution—on paper—for not only a smash hit tonight, but a smash hit on many nights to come. His plan is to form a Little Theatre Group organization.

At regular intervals, perhaps once a month, the group will announce production on a new show, then will make a call for "talent." Therein will lie the hitch. If, as a result of tonight's show, many of those in the audience are inspired to take a part themselves and respond to future "talent" calls, the plan will work out to a T.

But if there is no response, the Little Theatre Group probably will fold up, and local, live show business once again will be a ghost.

As you laugh at and with the cut-ups on the stage tonight, picture yourself doing a little cutting up. If you can't see it, remember that the 75 odd persons in the show were apprehensive and stage frightened too when they first decided to participate.

If you like the show, (and you won't be normal if you don't), take a chance and volunteer to take part in a future show. Forget fear and embarrassment, and the so called "talent" you think you lack.

Who knows? You may turn out to be a terrific dead pan comedian. You may be a riot just standing on the stage doing nothing. But regardless of what you can do or can't do, let Wolf and his associates look you over.

By just volunteering, you'll be doing your part toward bringing back and keeping back show business here.