

SANDY HOOK FOGGHORN

Second Year. Vol. 4—No. 50.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, June 10, 1943.

Published Weekly

EM, Missing 2 Weeks, Believed Drowned

COLUMN LEFT

Memo on the reminder file says: "Say something about John Hampshire." We couldn't have been thinking when we wrote that. For "saying something about John Hampshire" is an item we could not forget.

Cpl. Hampshire, Sandy Hook's "boss" of show business, has departed for OCS. Ironically, he goes a few days too soon for a glory finish. "Mail Call," prize winning play which he produced, will appear on Broadway June 14. But John Hampshire will not be there.

It is agreed he did a lot for Fort Hancock. As Theater Section director, his entertainment tempered the life of the soldier. But in addition to talent, ability and showmanship, John Hampshire is something else.

He is one swell guy. Gentleman John. No one ever called him this, but the shoe fits. Quiet, reserved, seldom ruffled serious, modest. That's John Hampshire. More than a few in his outfit regard him as one of the best guys they ever knew.

So long and good luck, John. Or, as you might say: Curtain.

Putting one little sentence after another and seeing what comes out, there is the story about the old Army game of I borrow from you and you get paid back when my debtors pay me. Or something.

"Loan me a ten," said the corporal, as corporals sometimes do. "Sure," said the private as many a sucker has done before him. "Only remember," he added, "this is only until payday!"

Turning a vivid red, the corporal shrieked: "You'll get your damn money—but for cripes sake stop hounding me!"

Then there was the GI who, visiting the medico, said: "My sergeant says I'm crazy." Said the doc: "What makes him think you are crazy?"

"Why, it's all because I like pancakes," the GI retorted. "That's foolish," the doc said, "I am fond of pancakes myself."

A new light dawned in the GI's big eyes. "Honest, doc, you really do like pancakes? Say, why don't you come up some time and see mine. I got two barracks bags full of them."

They say that rookie who tried out his new uniform for the first time is still berserk. After getting his complete outfit, he found the trousers fit, the shirt fit, the blouse fit, the jacket fit, and even the shoes fit.

"Say," he said turning pale. "You don't suppose I'm deformed, do you?"

Which reminds us of a sign that probably still hangs in a supply sergeant's tent at Camp Upton. Sign reads:

"If any of your clothes fit you,

Post-Wide Water Safety System is Established

With a probable drowning and a near-mishap already reported in the first few days of swimming, Fort Hancock authorities this week took steps to curb future water acci-

dents by setting up a post-wide system of water safety education, designed to make all men familiar with swimming. In addition, a daily order was published authorizing no one to enter the water except when accompanied by another person, this practice commonly being known as the "buddy system" of swimming.

Education in water safety, it was said, also will be valuable as one phase of training for men who may be engaged in combat in the future. Combat troops often are called upon to ford deep streams in their paths of operation, and ability to swim is requisite in these cases.

Key man in the water safety program set up is Cpl. Herbert Rosenberg, physical instructor and American Red Cross Examiner. According to the plan, two men are being selected from each battery on the Post for lifesaving training under Cpl. Rosenberg. In addition to receiving the training, these men will become Senior Red Cross Lifesavers if they qualify at the end of the course.

Following completion of training, the men in turn will hold training classes in water safety in each of their batteries, thus making the set-up post-wide. This second phase of training however will not be lifesaving, but rather in more rudimentary stages of swimming.

A total of 17 men attended the opening class for instruction at the YMCA, but subsequent classes swelled to a personnel of approximately 50 men.

Longer and more intensified than the minimum of 15 hours instruction prescribed by the Red Cross, the water safety course here includes lectures, "dry run" training on land, and finally training in water. Resuscitation, lifesaving, swimming and diving, and general water safety precautions, comprise the course.

Training will be held three nights per week with two to four hours per night being devoted to it. Dates of classes from now on are: June 10, 15, 16, 17, 22, 23, 24, 29, and 30; July 1, 6, 7, 8, 13, 15, 20, 22, 27 and 29.

Fort Hancock's seven beaches include Officers Beach, Noncommissioned Officers Beach, Enlisted Men's beach, Spermacetti Cove, Camp Lowe, Station Hospital Beach, and the Point beach.

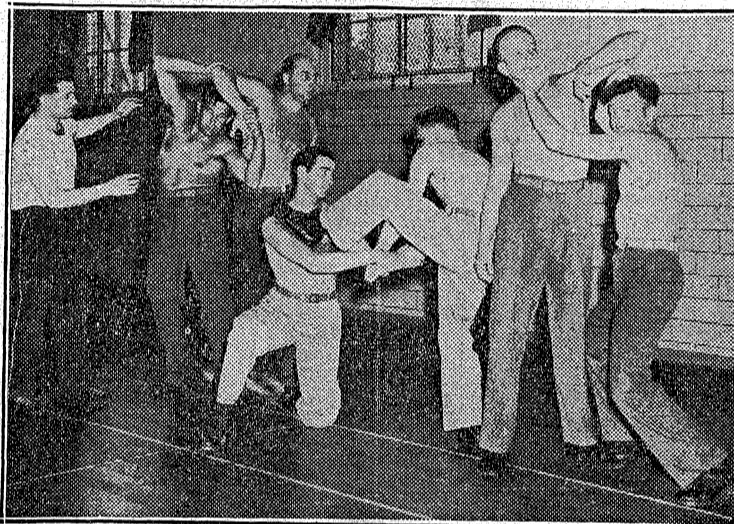
The last four beaches will be opened as soon as men now under instruction qualify for lifesaving and become guards at these beaches.

USO Show Friday

A USO variety show will be staged in Theatre No. 2 at 8 p.m. Friday. No tickets will be required for admission.

The show is expected to be a typical USO production with comedy, songs and dances included in an hour and one half of entertainment.

1st Sandy Hook Lifeguard Unit Gets "Dry Run"



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

While Cpl. Herbert Rosenberg, left, shows them how, this sextet of future lifeguards learns how to break holds commonly used by swimmers in distress. The course in lifesaving, designed to strike home at every outfit, are under supervision of Major Herbert Wendelken. From left to right, Cpl. Walt Surawsky and Pvt. Raymond Gachanski demonstrate the back strangle hold; Cpl. James E. Balser and Sgt. E. T. McCaney demonstrate the double wrist lock release; and Sgt. Robert Hettinger and Sgt. Leslie Myer demonstrate the front release.

Firecracker Special:

Post's Annual Track and Field Meet Set for Independence Day

Former high school and college track stars, now khaki-clad Sandy Hookers, will get a chance to prove their stories about doing 100 yards in 10 flat and will have an opportunity

to "do or die" for a new alma mater week, the track festival will include just about every type of race in the books with a few new ones thrown in to boot. Individual outfits—the new alma maters—will form the basis of competition, and respective first sergeants will be able to settle for once their long time argument on "who's got the best outfit."

As announced in daily orders this

'38s' Release Deadline Nears

Less than three weeks now remain during which service men over the age of 38 may apply for inactive status in the Enlisted Reserve Corps. Present legislation on the "38 and over" regulations terminates June 30.

Men eligible for release must have been 38 years of age or older prior to February 28, 1943, and must present with their application a letter or statement from a war industry employer indicating applicant will be employed upon release.

It is pointed out that the job does not have to be in critical or essential war industry but can be as well in occupations only indirectly furthering the war effort. Agriculture is included as an acceptable occupation.

Victim Was Excellent Swimmer

With all hope abandoned, authorities this week discontinued their search for the body of Pvt. Mark C. Smith, 22, member of Captain Fred H. Whitaker's Coast Artillery unit, who is believed to have been drowned in the Atlantic Ocean. Lieutenant Colonel Sherman E. Willard, investigating officer, recommended the enlisted man be considered as "apparently drowned," in his final report of the probable tragedy.

Missing since Friday, May 28, Pvt. Smith about 4 p. m. that day informed barracks mates he was going for his first swim of the year and announced to them his intention of swimming to a point approximately two miles from shore.

According to report, the men did not consider his intention as anything unusual, inasmuch as he was known to be an excellent swimmer. Pvt. Smith had a collection of several cups and medals earned for swimming feats.

Men in his barracks reported Pvt. Smith was last seen donned in bathing trunks and heading for the beach. Anxiety over his absence was first aroused about 8 p. m. General search, beginning then and continuing several days, proved fruitless.

A native of Chicago, Pvt. Smith's father is Mark C. Smith, Sr., also of that city.

Water Troubles 2nd, 3rd Smith

The name "Smith," usually regarded as common, received an uncommon twist this week when two separate water mishaps, each involving the name "Smith" were reported. All told, three individuals named "Smith" are included.

In addition to the probable drowning tragedy of Pvt. Mark C. Smith, a second water mishap occurred Saturday night, May 29, when Lt. James K. Smith and Pvt. Edwin H. Smith went swimming.

Approximately 200 yards off shore, Pvt. Edwin Smith suddenly became bothered by cramps in his leg. Although assistance by Lt. Smith might have been necessary, a Coast Guard craft happened along in the vicinity, picked both men up and carried them to shore.

Officers Beach Club Opens Season Saturday

The Officers Beach Club will open its summer season this Saturday evening when an Officers' Hop will be held there from 8:30 p. m. to 1:30 a. m., weather permitting. If weather is inclement, the dance will be held at the Officers' Mess.

Dance committee will include Capt. and Mrs. Albert D. Epley, Capt. and Mrs. James P. Hamill and Lt. Nancy M. Masten.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

BEAVERS

by Insufficient Vision

Infiltrate and take cover, for here she comes: Breast-stroking Smittie (of the auld Army, no less) sez never again . . . pots and pans only for him. "Count Fleet" Jolly Jensen breezed in over the finish line—ably chaperoned . . . yea, man, what an anchor man he'll make! . . . Able Sabol cracked the whip at some high ranking man: "Come on you jerk, get doze hobnails out of me puss!" (The blimey didn't recognize him thru dirt and grime).

What were the odds on that 5-buck bet, Risty? . . . and who was P. T. Barnum's immortal sucker? Yup . . . yup . . . yup . . . Sandy plopped kerplunk into the trench like a true gentleman should . . . kerplunk . . . ugh . . . blub . . . glub . . . poof! 3 hips—hooray to Sheftman, Annucci and Pikalik, pronounced Peek-a-leak) for the gals they shangaied to our successful prom and dance. It was really THE party of the year . . . Grateful acknowledgement to Rayme Schwartz and Cigars Moglia and all other messers for the swell job on refreshments. Still cheering, a big lusty one for the MPs who did a swell job also. (P. S.—They promised to invite us to their next shindig for that line . . . The final score of the dance: Wallflowers, too many; cutter-uppers, same; what's left just sat 'n cooed contentedly whilst painting gaudy and weird designs on la belle's fingernails, and daubing the dope into their date book.

Dee Miller is no longer wailing "Will Oo Wait For Me, Mary" . . . he's been 'ooked-line-'n-sinker . . . The hit of last week: "He Wears a Pair of Silver Bars" . . . Finals of the CCS competition: Beers O'Neil, top man; Yanki, the traveling salesman, runner up . . . nice work to both corporals . . . Jack Lee's in-law, Chung Lee, has gone out of biz . . . reason: the rationing system was too Chinese for him.

The Dental Clinic finally has come across with what T-4's uppers? One guess, Joe . . . and they look good on you Plesinger. Stew bad Tiny strangled those ARs and AWs cramming for the exam . . . don't fret however . . . you look like our next best bet.

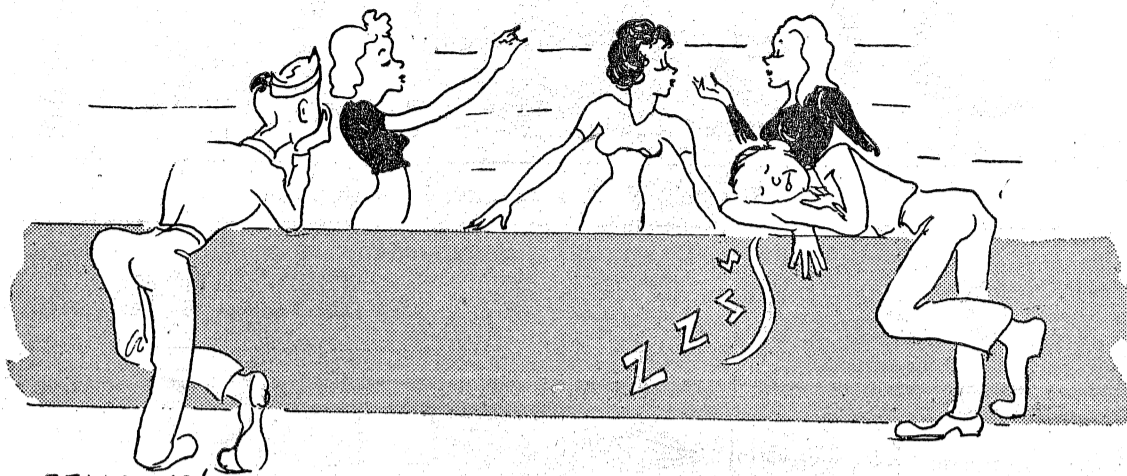
McCarthy, our dearly beloved swooning rook-ee, was slammed (like Annie in the Fanny) with a flounder . . . took the count . . . formaldehyde by a nose! Our overseas contingent is vociferously unanimous as to the life of the medico at the front: It's no bed of roses!

The mere Shaddow of himself has a good, tho slightly used vehicle for sale cheap. Why? Brks. No. 3 was assailed the other morning with a very latrigenous odor (Nelson, not Dewey, Mayther) was heard to pipe up: "Even my razor clogged."

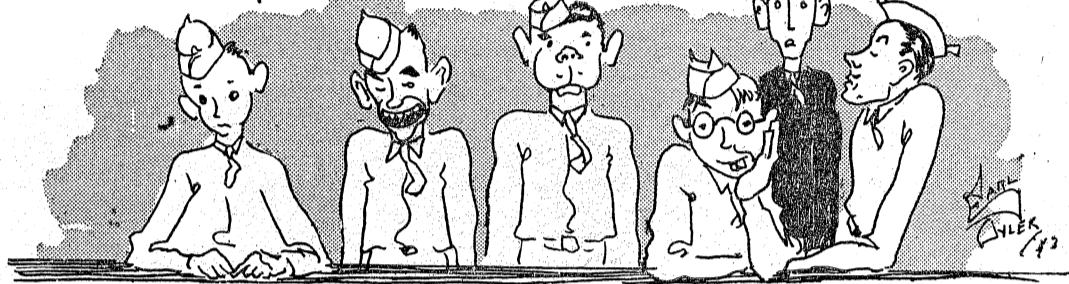
Pic of the week: Seniorita Hourant nervously pacing the dock anxiously awaiting the arrival of Ida, who's sweet as cider, I betcha. In closing, a memo to Cpl. Sproviere: Request you draw one chair on a blue slip . . . why, daddy. You know, Jackson, There Are Such Things . . . as a slap-happy ending. Soooo long.

ASSUMES OLD JOB

Major Nicholas Locascio, for the past six months chief of the medical and neuro-psychiatry service, has resumed his former duties as chief in charge of the out-patient clinic, it was announced this week. Major Locascio had been in charge of the out-patient clinic up until six months ago.



FELLOWS! YOU MAY THINK THE GIRLS BEHIND THE COUNTER ARE AWFULLY SLOW WAITING ON YOU.



- BUT DID YOU EVER WONDER WHY ?

GUMS ROAR

By Sgt. Ray D. Knight

DIAMOND BALL: Now that the rain has been brushed aside, we bring you the American League's first round winners: F and C are neck and neck at the head of Group 1; A and I are sharing Group 2's No. 1 spot. All of these teams won 4 games, lost 1.

The heavy hitters are F's GREEK AUGUSTA, I's CAM CAMERON, D's JESSE JAMES and F's ROB-BIE ROBINSON. Their respective percentages are: 667, 500, and a couple of 454's. If there are any errors in the above, we pass the buck squarely and honestly to Morale MILLS RALPH THILGEN, he gave us the info.

GUMBEATS: BEATEM WALSH. He's now beating 'em about his 7¼ lb. daughter. . . CAN'T WAITE. . . Last week we couldn't. . . JOHN LAW tent-hunting on a recent outing. They say he never did find his tent. . . D. D. DAVIS charming snakes at the same affair. He placed second, however, to JOHN SOROKA. John slept with one. . . SUBWAY SIMPSON. He now has a Mrs. to keep him out of trouble with the BMT. . . DOG DAVIS and LOONEY LOUIE PUCKETT. They're OCSing these days.

JACK WOODLEY. He's been seen knitting tiny garments. . . BENNY BENNETT'S OLD JIM CROW at Sloppy Jr's with HAY HAY-GOOD. Jim collects cigarettes, has a few beers now and then, repeatedly taks aspirin the morning after. SLOW DAW. Those crowds of pans he uses make him the KP's terror. . . LA CONGA, as only COLD STEEL DUGGAR and LOUD-SPEAKER MYERS can do it and did — at last Saturday's D-bacle. . . ROMEO JONES being just that at the same shindig.

The Conch Sessions in STRYCH-NINE STICKNEY'S tent. Listen to them awhile and you'd think you could walk around the corner and pick up some bollos. . . ROCHE-BLAH ROCHEBLAVE and MUL-LET MULLETT. They're both back and the competition is on again. . . MAG McGAWLEY, shortenin' RED ADAMS and GINGER ROGERS. They're now the saddest sacks they know due to too much hitting the decks.

Parachutists HARRY FISHER and Shoe SHOEMAKER. Shoe uses a pack; Harry, a barracks bag. They jump off bunks. . . GEORGIA BOY THOMAS Lohengrinning Wednesday of last week. . . BIG MAN DEAS and his strange plans: OCS, then the real estate biz in Highlands. . . STUFF NEE. He's lost interest in baseball. . . EARL CARROLL. He expects an addition soon.

TEDDY BERNSTEIN. He's another new husband. . . ROOTING ROUSSEL. He is the new TUM-BLE SHILES. . . WITLESS WHITMORE having a N. Y. barber repair his 2 minute forty center. . . PEPSO DENT'S long distance poison on ivy. Says he caught it walking by a bush.

Gum of the week: I've heard everything now.

New Book Identifies Insignia of Services

Washington, June 9 (CNS)—A 72-page volume on service insignia, which reproduces 654 identifications of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard and 337 others that adorn military and naval aircraft, has been prepared by the National Geographic Society. Copies will be given to servicemen.

TROOPERS

by Pvt. Allan Archibald

They laughed when I first sat down to write this column. (I did not know that there was a tack on my chair). Of course I found out, much to my dismay.

Today, some illustrious gentleman has wagered an unearthy sum, no doubt a month's salary) that I WILL NOT, and what's more CANNOT, write this weekly bit without mentioning a single person's name. Aye, but the die has been cast. I now proceed to do exactly that; and further to make preparations to collect aforesaid unnamed sum one second after publication.

One of "dem bums" from Brooklyn ran into a five-fingered door knob on his last weekend sojourn. Before all that happened, a lad from the great metropolis of Newark fell down a whole flight of stairs (whether with malice aforethought or not, it has not been determined). He's still out.

Feminine pulchritude galore continues to grace our midst these lovely Spring days. The current sensation is a product of Springfield. You'll have to find out the state yourself. The young lad with the Antillean twang is singing the blues, because it seems that his gal's gone and left him flat. Or maybe she was just kidding.

Another fellow, likewise of Antillean ancestry, pulled his rank (Pfc.) on a stubborn bed-mate last Saturday when the latter insisted on making his bunk according to quite unorthodox specifications. Post-mortems of the majority of the flings at games of chance find PF Cry-Baby still starring in the major role. Firebug, species: paperweight, is now skylarking about Huntington, in the hills of West Virginia. By recent communique it has even been claimed that "Shortie" has been encountered and vanquished. Newark papers please note: In the short but snappy sparring matches of last week, one big gun seems to have exploded with a bang. More later.

More of this later, too, if you can stand it next week!!!!

AND CAN HE SQUAWK!

Sheppard Field, Tex. (CNS)—Cpl. and Mrs. E. E. Duck, of this post have a baby son. His name—Donald Duck.

BOGIE BLUES

by Greensari

Congratulations to Pfc. and Mrs. Millian, who just got married . . . too bad the music didn't show up.

Who is the Cpl. who fell asleep on the IRT? And woke up on the BMT. And the same fellow walks into the Hotel Edison with the bar packed. Lays down a dollar and orders drinks for all the boys. The cheapest drink was 50 cents no less.

Who is the young lady Cpl. Hersborn keeps taking down to the Service Club and PX for ice cream sodas?

Who is the Sgt. who ran down Broadway with a Tom Collins in one hand and a pair of BVDs in the other . . . of course to catch the boat.

Who has his wife come up for the week end for that Hancock resort sunshine? Staten Island is good enough for sunshine, or is it that he can't wait to see his honey?

Who's the receptionist from CBS who comes up here from Brooklyn to see a certain second lieutenant? And the mess sergeant is still waiting to be reimbursed for the delicious supper she enjoyed.

The following men will challenge any six men in a game of volleyball. It seems that these men think they are unbeatable.

1st Sgt. DeFillippo, Sgt. Tuting, Sgt. Greenbaum, Sgt. Whittman, Cpl. Stever and Pvt. Goldfob. Well, the challenge is on. Sgt. Whalen, Cpl. Turner, Cpl. Kiely, Sgt. Woodward, Cpl. Sauter, Pfc. Chisare.

What do you think of a certain Cpl. who grubs a cigaret from a man, then pulls out a full pack? Well, don't forget, the Lesser we talk, the less Sabotose we will have.

Draft Dodger Weds, Takes Vanishing Dose

Montreal, June 9 (CNS) — The MPs are having a lot of trouble these days with Laurent LaCroix, 22, a local draft dodger. AWOL from his draft board for weeks, Le-Croix was picked up by the MPs at his wedding.

He pleaded with them to give him a few minutes alone with his bride. The MPs gave in but when they broke into the room after a lengthy wait they found that both LaCroix and his bride had escaped through a second story window.

DOT-N-DASH

by Pfc. Paul H. Jones

Sgt. Robert Borden, a newcomer to our particular part of the outfit, is none too happy. Claims that his former buddies look at him with dire suspicion. Well, time heals all wounds, Robert. We shall try to make you forget.

Pvt. William Andress is another addition to the Tower of Babel. Awfully nice boy; love to hear him talk; it is so much fun guessing at what he says.

Do you know Pvt. Virgil Landeen? Regular walking information bureau. Bet he eats the encyclopedia for breakfast. Good orator too, almost as convincing as Sgt. Walter Henry, although we think that Sgt. Henry could, in the long run, talk him down.

What is this about Sgt. Clarence McGee having a wrestling match with an unnamed opponent. Tried to get more on it, but seems there is a mystery about it.

Pvt. Joseph Kaelin complained he was never in the column. Well, here he is. Joseph is from Brooklyn, a fact plainly announced by his speech. Croons aii day long the more sentimental popular songs. Sings "There Are Such Things," with much feeling.

We have some horrible news to announce. The worst blow to the feminine world since Pfc. Kell shaved off his moustache. We hear that the outfit's glamour boy No. 1, Cpl. Michael Baldasare, is going to get a GI haircut. Mike, how could you?

We almost got some very interesting news from Sgt. Herbert Dunphy the other night. But he shut up when he found we were the "snooper" of the outfit. Was that nice, Herbie, when we are starving for dirt?

If anything should suddenly happen to us and we are found on the road some night, blame Sgt. George Igo, who has threatened me with dire consequences about what we put in the column about him and his friend Sgt. Bryan. Can we help it if we think that Georgie looks sad??

A lady asked me the other night, "Who is that Sgt. standing there, the good looking one?" It was Sgt. Wilmer Royall.

Nine Will Play in Yankee Stadium Saturday

Idea

of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh
Sports Editor

The news from the baseball front has been particularly good in recent weeks. At the outset of hostilities, the Hook forces struck out at many points, but were repulsed time and time again. By the first part of May, the Hook forces were noticeably weakened by the continual batterings they had been subjected to, and while the main army was still intact, these repeated pummelings had reduced their striking power comparable to that of the Girls' School for Malnutrition.

Then, about the first week in May, the pendulum began its swing in the opposite direction. The baseball generals sent out the call for recruits, and the ranks were swelled and strengthened.

Hardly noticeable in the early stages, an important strategic development took place; the Hookers braced and held at last. The curtain went up on the great Hancock baseball offensive. The attack orders were issued, and the troops were assembled. The zero hour was at hand and the machinery started rolling—the boys with the bats began winning games!

The picture in the Dark Days before The Offensive:

From March 31st to May 4th—Losses 9. Wins 1. Ties 1.

From May 4th to June 4th—Losses 3. Wins 10. Ties 1.

Eleven battles in the days of the Great Struggle. The opening tilt ended in a stalemate against CCNY. Then the Hook forces lost games in the following order: Yankees, Giants, Third Naval District, Montreal Royals, New York University, two games to the Brooklyn Dodger Rookies and one to Fort Dix. Then we came out on top in a skirmish with the Dodger Rookies.

Came May 4th—the day that will be celebrated second only to July 4th. The offensive began with a win over Paterson State College, then a win from Equitable Life Assurance Society, and another one from the United States Coast Guard.

Dropped one to Fort Dix, and bounced right back and beat Brooklyn College and the United States Coast Guard in the order named. Lost one to the Department of Sanitation, and then took one from West Point.

Played a tie with Paterson State College and then trounced the Third Naval District and the Board of Recreation Commission of Summit.

Fort Hamilton took the next one and then we came out on top against the Long Branch United States Coast Guard, and on June 4th beat Fort Wadsworth.

Thus the first rainbows gleamed amid the storm clouds. Charming, ain't it?

In glancing over things fistic, getting in the mood for the June 23rd card, we made an interesting discovery. Captain Neri's Guardsman outfit is well represented on the Hook swat team. Three of the top fighters get their room and board there, and another only recently left. Pvt. Benny Rubano, Pvt. Frank Gaudes and Pvt. Alfred Grammatico grab their chow there and Pvt. Frank DeRespino was the fourth member up to a few weeks ago. Man! the first sergeant of this outfit must be a Golden Glover!

Participation In Sports Required For Officers

Minimum of 4 Hours Per Week Is Set; Many Athletics Are Listed

In compliance with new regulations, many officers at Fort Hancock from now on will engage in some form of athletics at least four hours each week excluding Saturday and Sunday, it has been announced. The new requirement was recently published in a memorandum to the Post Surgeon, Post Quartermaster, Post Ordnance Officer, Post Special Service Officer, Post Engineer and Commanding Officer, Blitzer detachment.

According to the memorandum, athletics engaged in may be hiking, baseball, tennis, golf, swimming, handball, badminton, gym classes, etc. A complete report listing each officer and type of sport interested in was compiled June 3 for the purpose of grouping athletic activities wherever possible.

Officers of the Bullet Buster Coast Artillery unit on the Post were first to become engaged in an athletic training program which takes place several nights per week in the YMCA Gage Gymnasium.

Capt. Single's CA Unit Gets Award 4th Time

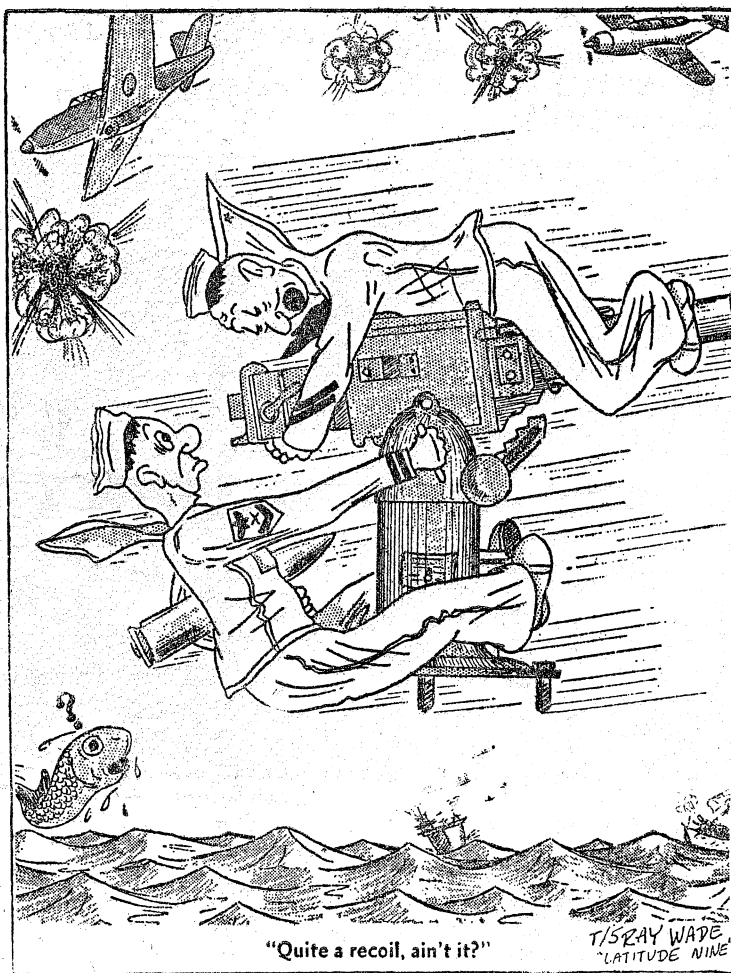
Being judged the best searchlight battery in the New York-Philadelphia Sector is getting to be old stuff for Captain Walter Single's Guardsman Coast Artillery unit here, and before long that "E" for Excellence flag will have to be turned in for a new one.

Captain Single's unit for the fourth time was judged the best battery of its kind last month. The Excellence flag, which has flown in the battery for three of the last five months, thus remains here for one more month.

GI RATES SELF T-7

Camp Chaffee, Ark. (CNS) — "What's the T-7 stand for?" asked an inspecting officer when he surveyed those numerals on the bunk card of one of the men here.

"Tank duty, sir," replied the soldier, "seven days a week."



Glovers Sign for Setto With Navy Unit June 23

Fort Hancock's beak-busting department, idle on the Post since the latter part of April and still looking for a club that can match its sting, will roll out the treacherous

welcome mat once again on Wednesday, June 23 when leatherpushers of the Brooklyn Naval Clothing Base come here. Cpl. Herb Rosenberg, fight manager, closed the date deal with the Brooklynites this week.

The evening's card will consist of 7 bouts, from the 118 lb. class up to the heavies. In addition to these bouts, there will be a wrestling match and a Battle Royal. This is the first time a Battle Royal has been staged at the Fort, and it is expected to be an exciting moment on the evening's menu.

Five fighters will get into the ring blindfolded. The bell will ring and ten arms will keep throwing haymakers until only one man is left standing. There is no time limit on these Battle Royals and this quintet of blinded battlers will

pound and be pounded until four of them are spread out upon the canvas, victims of a crashing haymaker.

The referee for the evening will be the sensational knockout king of all times—Young Otto. Although it is often said that Teddy McGovern was the top knockout specialist of all time, Otto has a record that even the great McGovern can't boast of. Otto won 16 fights in a row, scored in each one with a K.O., and the total time for scoring all those K.O.'s was less than 16 minutes! That record has never been equaled in ring history.

All doubts as to the toughness of the Naval Clothing Depot team were dispelled with its decisive win over the strong Brooklyn Navy Yard squad, in Ridgewood a short time ago. These men are coming into Fort Hancock with a good record, and it's going to take lots of hard fighting to keep the Hook string of victories intact.

On the credit side of the ledger, the Hancock squad goes into this match with the record of an undefeated season thus far, and although the team has lost a few of its battlers, Cpl. Rosenberg, the Hook fight manager, has come up with some newcomers that he promises will more than hold their own in this fast company.

COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

please bring them back—we will gladly exchange them."

Joe Jeep writes: Last week I went over the hill and was picked up in Canada by the MPs. What is my official status?

The only answer is that if he struggled with MP, he is entitled to the campaign ribbon of the American Theatre of Operations. "But Joey boy, what are you going to use for a blouse in the guard-house?"
Break.

Club to Meet Equitable Life In 2nd Fracas

N. Y. Cops, Prudential, West Point Aviation Unit Also on Deck

Fort Hancock's baseball team will hit a season high spot this week end when it journeys to New York City to play in Yankee Stadium against the New York Equitable Life Assurance team. Seating at the game will be limited to 300 persons, these including fans of Equitable Life and any service men on pass. The encounter will get under way at 2:30 p.m. Saturday.

Aside from this game, four other engagements are carded up to the middle of next week. New York Police Department, an annual opponent of the Hookers, will come here tomorrow afternoon for a game, Prudential Life Insurance Company club will move in for a game next Tuesday and the Hotel New Yorker nine will play here next Wednesday. The other away game will be on Sunday when the Hookers face the 340th Aviation Squadron club at West Point.

The Senerchia-men hit a snag the past week in their consistent upswing. Out of five games on tap for play, two were postponed, two were lost and one was on the credit side of the ledger.

Starting out strong, the local nine whipped through Fort Wadsworth to a 9-3 count last Friday. A double setto away on the week end proved disastrous, however, Fordham University tossers taking a 4-1 encounter and Curtiss-Wright dumping the Senerchia-men 8-6 on Saturday and Sunday respectively.

Up until an ill-fated sixth inning, Sandy Hook looked like the real goods against Curtiss-Wright. Leading 5-2 and having a three-hit ball game in the books up to that point, Lt. Frank D. Senerchia and relief hurler McGuire both proceeded to blow up in the sixth.

A total of eight passes were issued by the two moundsmen which coupled with an error brought in six runs on no hits whatsoever. Bidowski, relieving McGuire, curbed the rampage, but the damage had been done.

The Fordham game was a tightly played affair, both teams turning in a good performance, but the Hookers were held more or less spellbound by the slants of Fordham's ace twirler, Harry Magee. The latter's sparkling performance included 11 strikeouts.

Against Fort Wadsworth, Sandy Hook really displayed batting power, picking up 14 hits in the 9-3 win. Opening up in the second inning with five runs, Hancock pushed over one more in the third, two in the fifth and one in the sixth frame.

Full Field Looms

For Golf Tourney

With the entry deadline drawing near for the Enlisted Men's Golf Tournament to be played at the Hollywood Country Club, entries are starting to come in, and it is believed there will be a full field when the tourney starts on June 21.

Deadline for this tournament is June 21. At last count there were eleven golfers signed up for a crack at the golf trophy, and it is expected another eleven will get their names in before the 17th

The Wolf by Sansone



Post Plays Broadway Monday With "Mail Call"

Broadway will shower a bit of its tinsel and glitter on Fort Hancock next Monday night when the Post Theatre Section, one of five winners in the recent John Golden play

production contest, presents its play "Mail Call" at the 46th Street Theatre. The top five productions, to be billed on the marquee as "The Army—Play by Play," will open at 8:30 p. m.

Due mostly to transfers, several changes have been made in the original cast, which had but one week to produce the play before entering it into competition. Chief among those missing will be Cpl. John Hampshire, who recently departed for OCS, and Pfc. Harry Fleer. Cpl. Hampshire, former Theatre Section director, is credited largely with the play's success.

The revamped cast which will journey to New York Monday includes: Sgt. Thomas Smith, Sgt. Willis Taylor, Pfc. "Sonny" Surrat, Pvt. Eddie Kramer, Pvt. Charles Zimmerman, and Pvt. Joseph Ross Hertz.

Pvt. Hertz, veteran trouper on Broadway prior to entering the Army, was sent here on detached service by Second Service Command to replace Cpl. Hampshire as play director. Professionally known as "Ross Hertz," he has been stage director for Earl Carroll "Vanities," has played in a dozen Broadway productions, and has been active in summer stock productions. Some of the better known Broadway plays he has appeared in include "Strike Up the Band," "Petrified Forest," "You Can't Take It With You," and "Three Men on a Horse."

"Mail Call," a highly dramatic bit set in a front line motif, portrays the cowardice of one man, and the generosity of six others in writing a note of sympathy to the coward's family after he has been killed. The story generally is a vignette of Army life, displaying in conversation the mixed emotional thoughts of six soldiers as they receive their mail from home.

Included in the mail is a letter and package from the family of the man who turned coward and who was shot while running away from battle. A letter in reply is written to the family which explains circumstances of the death but which does not reveal the cowardice involved.

Although one of the six buddies objects on the grounds that the full truth should be told, he later repents his stand. Planes fly overhead, bombs are dropped, he feels a fleeting moment of fear himself, and decides to sign the letter with the others.

The play was written by Ralph Nelson, an aviation cadet, and was one of 15 top ranking plays in a play writing contest also sponsored by John Golden. After the winning plays were selected, they were distributed to camps in the Second Service Command in the play production contest.

The other four plays grouped under "The Army—Play by Play," are "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Where'er We Go," "Button Up Your Lip," and "Amerika Ueber Alles."

Proceeds from the show will go toward the war effort, and over and above the admission charge theatre goers will play "as much more as they wish to contribute." Among fancy priced tickets sold thus far is one for \$100 to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Keys Found

A key ring, containing one automobile ignition key and three national keys, which has been found and turned over to the Provost Marshal's office, may be claimed at that office by the owner.

Tense Moments in Fort Hancock's Prize Production



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps
One of the highspot scenes from "Mail Call," which will play Broadway next Monday. Pfc. Surrat, as "Minnick," is about to tangle with Pvt. Hertz, as "Luckadoo," while others looking on are: Pvt. Zimmerman, Sgt. Smith, Sgt. Taylor, and Pvt. Kramer.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

TONIGHT

YMCA Highlands VSO canteen at 5 p.m.
YMCA lobby sing, Mrs. Werbe conducting, at 6:30 p.m.
YMCA home game night at 8 p.m. Highlands VSO ladies as hostesses and partners.

"China," with Loretta Young, Alan Ladd and William Bendix. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen service at 5 p.m.
YMCA bingo party at 8 p.m. Cigarettes for prizes.
Service Club dance.

USO Variety show at Theatre No. 2 at 8 p.m.
"China" at Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m., at Theatre No. 2, 5:30 p.m. only.

SATURDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 p.m.
YMCA free movies, two showings, at 6 and 8 p.m.
YMCA lobby sing, Mrs. Werbe conducting, at 7:30 p.m.

"Iceland," with Sonja Henie, John Payne and Jack Oakie. A revival. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.
Service Club dance.

SUNDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO ladies canteen at 1 p.m.
YMCA outdoor sing song on North Parade grounds, at 6:30 p.m.

"Bataan," with Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell. Top film of the week. At Post Theatres.

MONDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen service at 5 p.m.
YMCA lobby sing, Mrs. Werbe conducting, at 6:30 p.m.
YMCA Java Club at 7:30 p.m. Speaker. Coffee, cakes. Open forum.

"Bataan," at Post Theatres.

TUESDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 p.m.
YMCA Rumson VSO sewing service at 5 p.m. Mending and alterations free of charge.

YMCA free movies at 8 p.m.
"Leopard Man," with Dennis O'Keefe and Margo, and "Gildersleeve's Bad Boy," with Harold Peary and Jane Dar-

well. Double feature. At Post Theatres.

WEDNESDAY

YMCA—AWVS canteen at 5 p.m.
YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p.m.
YMCA hobby lobby at 8 p.m. Ladies will instruct in the crafts. "Jitterbugs," with Laurel and Hardy. At Post Theatres.

'Southwest Passage' Is Best Bet of Week

Literary best bets of the week, recently received at the Service Club library, include "Queens Die Proudly," White; "Southwest Passage," Lardner; "Atlantic Meeting," Morton; "Invasion," Chambers; "Paradise Street," Griffin; and "Old Nameless," Shalet.

Other books recently shelved are: "Mr. Lincoln's Wife," Colver; "Manual of Mother Church," Baker; "Winter's Tales," Dineson; "Think and Grow Rich," Hill; "Tobacco Road," Caldwell; "History of Chile," Galdes; "Autobiography of a Curmudgeon," Ickes; "Psychology of Military Leadership," Pennington; "Air Offensive Against Germany," Michie; "Before You Fly," Robinson; "Army Fun Book," Lariar; "Faked Passports," Wheatley; and "Wright Brothers," Kelly.

Frank Capra's 'Battle Of Britain' Film Coming

"The Battle of Britain," war motion picture produced by Lt. Col. Frank Capra for the Special Service Division of the War Department, will be shown in Fort Hancock Theatres the latter part of this month, it was announced this week.

An orientation feature picture running 54 minutes in length, the film will be available here Tuesday, June 15 through Wednesday, June 23. Organizations are urged to see this film. Arrangements for dates may be made by calling Ext. 255.

GI DRIVERS LEARN TO PUSH

Lebanon, Tenn. (CNS)—Because a truck convoy bunched vehicles too closely on a road near here the commander made drivers get out and push their trucks back to the proper interval.

Sandy Hook Foghorn

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, June 10, 1943.

LETTER HOME

Dear Dad:

Remember that last letter I sent you in which I did a lot of crabbing about all this training they're giving us these days?

Well, you can tear up that letter and forget I ever wrote it. Like a lot of others, I was a sucker who couldn't see the reason for crawling over an infiltration course, or for knocking myself out on the obstacle course, or for getting a sore shoulder on the rifle range.

No, I'm not talking this way because they've eased up on the training at all. My ribs get just as sore and my arms just as tired from dragging myself under that barbed wire. The real reason I'm changing my tone is because of those guys from North Africa I met this week.

Funny how it happened. I asked a guy for a match the other day, and it turns out he's back from the Tunisian campaign with a Purple Heart decoration on his chest. When I asked him if he'd been over the infiltration course, he laughed, and said he'd been over the real course.

I guess he saw I was taking things too lightly, so he took me up to his barracks where he and his buddies proceeded to give me a good talking to. And let me tell you, those guys really changed my mind for me.

For instance, there was that paratrooper, Pfc. Floyd Calhoun. He said "every time we came up against the enemy I said a prayer for the officers who drilled us day after day in Commando tactics. The only reason I'm able to talk about the war now is because they insisted we learn to take care of ourselves under all battle conditions. Let me tell you, when the chips are down, the only friend you have is the training you've got behind you."

Then there was that tough infantryman, Pvt. Conrad Vontasski. He certainly told me off. "A couple of things you learn damn fast when you're under fire is to dig fox holes and dig 'em fast. The best life insurance is good camouflage. You learn a rifle isn't much good until you know how to zero in, and if it's your rifle against the next man's, the guy who squeezes the trigger instead of jerking it holds the top card."

Then there was that guy from the field artillery, Pvt. Gradie

Hughes. He really let me have it. "Bud," he said, "any guy who doesn't take training seriously is measuring himself for a pine box. The bayonet and the rifle are a way of living. Hundreds of guys who fought in Algeria and Tunisia are alive today because they knew their stuff in hand combat."

Pfc. Frank Bilicki, another infantryman, also told me off. "Don't ever let anyone tell you that infiltration course is kid stuff. Hitting the ground fast, snaking along with your belly on the ground, and covering up good may be the difference between life and death when you're under open fire."

Another guy, Pfc. Peter Kostick told me that in training, you go by the book, and that in battle, you throw the book away. The reason you throw the book away though is that you know it by heart. "If you still need the book when you get over there," he said, "you're going to be in a hard way, bud."

And these guys weren't handing me any line, Dad, they were dead serious. In fact, they made me feel like a heel. They really know what war is, and I don't even know there's a war on. Boy, I certainly have no right to kick.

Sometimes, in this man's Army, you get the idea all you have to do is kick all the time and let somebody else prepare you. Anybody who thinks that is all wet. Somebody else will show you how, but what you do and what you learn is strictly up to you. That's what these guys said, Dad, and the way they described it, I knew they were giving me the straight goods.

Well, that's about all for now Dad, except that the next time I get a furlough home you're going to see a real soldier.

(Signed) Johnny.