

SANDY

HOOK

FOG HORN

Third Year. Vol. 4—No. 6.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, August 5, 1943.

Published Weekly

'1-A or 4-F' Reclassification Starts This Week

COLUMN LEFT

The problem of getting a 40-cent haircut for 40 cents, always a No. 1 perplexity for the average GI, is becoming increasingly troublesome these days with the advent of the WAACs.

First sergeants are well known for their insistence in connection with haircuts, but first sergeants, stock model, standard, f.o.b., do not usually include the deluxe equipment of a twinkle in the eye.

Said twinkle of the eye, known to Fort Hancock society as a slight vertical oscillation of the lash, has been used to considerable extent recently by the skirted suntans, such tactical operation often being accompanied by a gently wafted whiff of the new perfume sensation "Evening on Sandy Hook" or "Schlemiel No. 5."

One way to solve the problem, of course, is to yell "gas," but it's much easier to succumb to the asphyxiation, to be lured into an exchange of the pleasantries of the day, and eventually to be talked into one of those hair-raising Tuesday double features.

All this tempting of innocent EMs necessitates a more frequent cutting of the hair by the local tonorial teamsters, so called because of their unique method of hitching a team of horses to a clippers and breaking enough ground on your noble dome to start a first class Victory garden.

Before the coming of the WAACs, the barber's old attack was the "professional advice" routine. After the quick two-minute lawn mowing, the opening sally always was:

"You know, soldier, you've got a good head of hair there. But you should take care of it." Then with a heavy patting of the skull with the scissors, he would add: "It's getting a little dry up here."

Ready with a well-prepared defense, the EM would retort: "I put a little olive oil on now and then." "Olive oil," he would shriek. "Why, pal, that's the worst thing in the world you could use. Now I have here a brand new two-way treatment, recommended by doctors everywhere. First, we wash the hair with this medicated shampoo pressed from the blossoms of the African Wamba bush, then we rub in briskly this 99 per cent greaseless oil from the Post Motor Pool. "And there you are, soldier. One dollar and 35 cents, please."

As a strictly fast shuffle, this routine was excellent, but it's outdated now that the WAACs are here. And the slightest hope entertained then for a 40 cent haircut is completely lost now.

The new deal begins about half-way through the two minute once-over. "Soldier," the silver-tongued shearer purrs, "it's easy to get a-head with beer, but you'll never

(Continued on page 3)

WAACs Open Own Mess Hall—Strictly GI



The floor is freshly varnished, the tables have a high shine, there are stools instead of benches, but it's still a mess hall, Army style, in every phase. Caught between mouthfuls are Auxs.

Eleanor Frieden, Florence M. Hirschmann, Vera L. Hardwick, Goldie E. Johnson and T-5 Jean A. Sumney.

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Rumor Spiked, Caviar Is Not Being Served

Nellie Bly went around the world to get her story, Stanley went all the way to Africa to get the dope on Livingston, and Foghorn, bent on doing its bit toward newspaper "firsts," Monday entered the off-limits stamping ground of the WAAC, covered the grand opening of their new mess hall, and even succeeded in chiseling a free meal.

All in all, it sums up to this:

- 1.—The WAACs do not have cocktails before dinner.
- 2.—They do not adjourn to the drawing room for coffee and liqueurs following the meal.
- 3.—They do not engage in such verbal jousting as: "Get your mitts off that meat, bub, or I'll break your arm."
- 4.—They refrain, either purposefully or because of lack of proper training from such expressions as: "butts," "shortstopping," "meat-hook," "feed the jelly to me, Nellie," etc.
- 5.—With but a few reservations, they are more or less GI.

Just prior to the opening, the PX grapevine had it that crepes suzette, wild Russian strawberries and other such delicacies were to be everyday fare for the WAACs, so Sgt. Elliott Ruben, his portable camera workshop and ye olde ed decided to investigate. (Heavily burdened with administrative duties, Sgt. Ruben, dean of Hook photographers, usually doesn't handle field assignments, but this was a horse of a different color.)

Arriving, the self-named fact-finding committee discovered first that the WAACs have KP duty exactly like the enlisted men, and what is more, they love the detail in much the same manner as enlisted men. "We have to be polite



What would a mess hall be without someone sitting in a corner peeling 15 bushels of potatoes? The spuds assignment as well as other culinary tasks were handed Aux. Mayme Evans and T-5 Mae Shisler who drew first kaypee assignment in the new mess hall.

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

about it, though, because we are the weaker sex," they say.

The KP detail rotates, four girls peeling potatoes one day, four others the next and so forth. Volunteers for this detail from the enlisted men's rank will not be considered, it was disclosed.

The girls eat prescribed chow, their first big meal consisting of veal roast, potatoes, tomatoes, brown gravy, bread, butter, peaches and milk. Following their meal, they all participate in the customary plate scraping or "oatmeal for the birds" ceremony.

Table conversation follows the

same vein of thought as that in the EM mess halls, only in reverse. Chief difference however is that the girls are quiet about it. "So I'm walking down the hall and all of a sudden he stops me and says: 'bzz, bzz, bzz.'" . . . "You don't say . . . you know, he told me the same story the other day, only he left out that part about bzzz, bzz, bzz. Well, all I've got to say is that men can't be trusted because bzzz, bzzz, bzz." Etc.

Acting Mess Sgt. Camilla Blanton doesn't wield a whip but be-

(Continued on Page 3)

Most 1-Bs To Make 1-A Status Here

Probably all but a few limited service men on this Post will be reclassified shortly into general service, it was indicated here this week following reception of a War Department circular designating physical standards for widespread reclassification about to take place.

According to the circular, former minimum requirements for limited service as stated in mobilization regulations now will be used as standards for the new general service classification. Thus in all probability, it is indicated, those not able to qualify for general service will be men whose physical handicaps have become more acute since induction into the Army.

Those men who do not qualify for general service under the new standards will be mustered out of service, according to the circular. However, an amendment to the circular states that "exception to these requirements will be made in the case of a man who is physically qualified to perform his present job providing the commanding officer concerned desires to retain him."

Men held in service under the amendment stipulation probably will remain at the job they are retained for or an equivalent job for the duration, it is assumed.

Initial announcement of the new reclassification, which virtually abolishes limited or 1-B service, was made last week, and re-examination of limited service men was begun immediately. Actual standards, however, for the new reclassification were not published until this week. Reclassification, as directed by the War Department, officially opened Aug. 1.

Major Nicholas R. Locascio, who is supervising reclassification here at the Post Hospital, commented this week as follows:

It is only natural to believe that nearly all present limited service men will enter general service inasmuch as the leniency of new requirements practically automatically includes them.

"Probably only in those cases where a physical condition has become worse since induction will men be eligible for a discharge."

USO CONCERT

A U. S. O. Camp Shows Concert, featuring songs of the lighter classics, will be presented at 8 p. m. Monday in Theatre No. 2.

Stars to appear in the concert have not been announced as yet, but the concert is expected to be of the same high calibre in entertainment that previous concerts have been.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY - - -

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

BEAVERS

By Insufficient Vision

One member of the Hunts Club is now married, his initials are Zeke Zedalis.

The Queen—Charley Shaddow has trouble with his feet so he ups and gets a pair of sunglasses and now he walks better—how strange!

Harry Sabol wears his good conduct ribbon 'cause he won it at Guadalcanal—strictly feminine consumption (Jerry Sheehan's). Ruttenberg wears his for getting through four inspections at Fort Hancock. T-5 Rabbit Squillante is eating regularly—He says married life is awfully confining.

It seems the girl civilians got milk and the males coffee. Now the girls have been relieved from their milk and everybody gets coffee?? Ah this Junior Passananti.

Wouldn't Gracie Simonetti like to know exactly how many passes Cutthroat Casserino gets—and also what seems to be so interesting at the Hollywood pool in Long Branch.

Harvey Queener got a letter from a girl in Tennessee whom he swears he never knew (Shotgun?)

Who are those two corporals who hold hands—so silly he never bothers with hands.

Why does Irene Thorsen like the WAACs so much—gee, she isn't jealous at all.

Why does Schoolmarm Limbacker go to the R R stations and listen to the trains for St. Louis going Woo! Woo!

Jack Lee returned from furlough with oil from the lamps of China.

Jensen has renounced the medics for the paratroopers. His first jump was off the second floor roof of Barracks 2 last week—coming in on a screen and a prayer.

Pesten, one of our charter members of the Hunts Club is finding open season for the rationed stuff.

Why does Hally bother sending missives via air mail to California.

Paul can't you get something that rates a local 2c stamp?

Gumner, idol of the WAAC's, is loosing his girlish laughter.

Boric Acid Khoury is trying to work his way back to No. 3.

Ugly Grossman sent a letter to Karen Marsh who writes the beauty column in the Daily Mirror—how futile!

Connelly, of course was late again.

What squad in No. 3 has only one man to work—Doc Kramer—this squad consists of a squad leader, 1st, 2nd, 3rd assistants and 4 K P's—poor Kramer.

That very fat bucking corporal is looking with big eyes at the No. 1 spot in his squad—poor little Blackie is the squad leader.

Yurgel is fighting the supply war on two fronts and both Scanlon and Rick are winning.

Joe Guerra (grrr) pushed Doris around with his big shoulders while teaching her to rumba—what an excuse!

Tabor can't get used to blackouts. He fumbles around a lot.

Only 7 Days Left For 'Sight Unseen' Insurance

Only seven days remain of the 120-day extension period during which enlisted men may obtain National Service Life Insurance without a physical examination, it is announced by the Post Insurance office. Officers and enlisted men are urged to obtain full insurance coverage before expiration of this period inasmuch as some may be barred from the privilege of insurance because of physical defect.

Unit commanding officers are asked to make a survey of men in their outfits in a final attempt to induce those not covered to buy insurance.

SUB NET

By Justasnooper

It seems something certainly will have to be done in our outfit concerning distribution of the FOGHORN. Last week, there was such a rush for copies that our allowance of the publication was exhausted in jig time. Let's be careful, men, we know our column has what it takes. However, we don't want to be the direct cause of any broken limbs. From what we could gather, most of the men who made the NET last week were sorry they even bothered reading the edition. Others became hilarious at the expense of those whose monickers so boldly stood out. To the latter we say, do something, the snooper never misses.

SNOOPED AND NETTED DRUCKER and his artistic handling of tools . . . the knife and fork. . . . The \$64 question . . . What's the significance of Feil's theme song entitled, How Dry I Am. . . . For fourteen years Windy Herron sang in a Tennessee choir and never stole a candle. . . . We trust Gilberto and Bennett are on good terms. . . . After all, what's \$50 to a non-com? . . . Come to think of, it's not half as much as \$101. . . . Perrin willing to accept a 1A classification if told the name of this column's author. . . . Sweinberg, the Wizard of the Ironing Board. . . . Chicken S. Ray very much indisposed by 3.2. . . . The P. X. Detail rapidly increasing in membership. . . . Incidentally, O. Conlin has been elected leader of the group and J. J. Parker chief membership solicitor. . . . S-Sgt. Matrone reports mother and baby are doing fine. . . . And still the men claim they don't get enough free time. . . . Our heartiest congrats, Lou. . . . Carlucci winking over his partner's shoulder while tripping the light fantastic at the Service Club. . . . He didn't know his gal was pulling the same stunt with Junior Gramigna on the receiving end. . . . It's time to Loop a Looper. . . . S'long. . . .

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Another unfortunate incident nearly occurred when Bill Zellman thought he had lost his brassard. But happily he only misplaced it and later recovered same. 'Tis said when one is puzzled about anything around here—ask J. McGowan—he knows. Mike Boustana due to his resemblance to George Sanders is now known as the "Falcon."

Marching along in the parade, Bill Dargay and his canine friend, looking so veddy, veddy cute. Pvt. Tom Hanrahan contentedly puffing on a cigar . . . who struck a home!

Cpl. Douglas returning from furlough looking fit as the proverbial fiddle. Cpl. Chopel fondly handling his coin collection and muttering, "If I only had more, more."



BLITZERS

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

The author of this column is given the widest latitude. His views do not necessarily reflect those of the Foghorn-or reason.

The Blitzers Softball team, better known as a comedy in nine innings, had it's best week of the season last week. Both scheduled games were rained out.

Every little word has a meaning all its own-and no place does this hold more true than in the Blitzers Circus:

DEFINITIONS:
Parade—A three-act drama of rigor mortis with a three-minute intermission of marking.

Blitzer Dance—An infiltration course in O. D's

Reveille—A torture device invented by the Chinese in the year 2000 B. C., designed to get a man up before breakfast.

Chow—A thing prepared by a group of stockholders in bicarbonate of soda.

Taps—The signal to take that WAAC home.

Pass—A piece of paper that says you can have fun—if you have the money, the gal—and the strength after putting your day in at the foundry—if you get the pass in the first place.

Top Kick—A soldier whose sole purpose is to make you realize that Sherman knew what he was talking about.

Mess Sergeant—A soldier who went to a school where they taught him: 1. If you put anything cold on a plate, that's salad. 2. If it's lukewarm (but not hot!) that's dinner. 3. If you put sugar on it—that's dessert!

Sympathy—Stuff the Supply Sergeant gives you to wear when you ask for clothes.

Inspection—A search party without a warrant, made by a man endowed with x-ray vision, and a 1st Sgt. with a pad and a pencil who loves to write your name.

Blitzer Cocktail—Distilled dynamite in a coke.

Infiltration Course—The pouring of sand on a soldier after digging holes in him with wire in order that the sand may seep through.

T-5—A Pfc. in spades.

Latrine Orderly—The last guy up in the morning, or the first guy to make a play for a Corporal's girl.

GAY 90's

By Cpl. Antonio Lebeau

We finally woke up from our long slumber to start a new phase in activities of the Gay 90's. We hope it will be interesting and enjoyed by all.

The party held Saturday, July 31, was complimented by everyone. There were beautiful girls, good dancing, delicious refreshments, and good entertainment all around. The members of the committee, the workers that helped in the decorating, the cooks, and everyone else who took part in this festival are to be congratulated on their fine work.

If a certain Sergeant would have lived up to his threat of taking over Cpl. Murray's job of cooking, the Post Exchanges would have increased their business 50%, and the KP's would be hard of hearing at the end of the week.

S-Sgt. Jablonski, Sgt. McSweeney, Cpls. Winfield and Iserson are great handball players, but they certainly suffer the consequences after the game. They're very allergic to poison ivy. It certainly is a sight to see them, some covered with white, others covered with blue, Ringland Bros. circus clowns couldn't have a better makeup.

Cpl. Iserson regards himself as a fair pool player, so after being defeated 50 to 5 by First Sgt. Wojtowicz he bet that the latter couldn't repeat such a performance. Sgt. Wojtowicz spotted him 30 balls, just to be sociable; Final score: 1st. Sgt. 50. Cpl. Iserson 32. Don't feel so bad about it "Issie". After all Sgt. Wojtowicz is strictly 1A material when it comes to playing pool.

Our maestro, Pvt. Herman Martin, had his violin sent to him. The Gun Guards were admirers of his solo performances all week. They're certainly a happy looking group now, since they got all that sleep.

Anyone interested in the art of stripping a Coca Cola machine should report to Pvt. 1cl. Mario (Sergeant) Schepisi. He's quite a wizard at it.

Pvt. James (Casanova) Webb certainly has what it takes when it comes to winning women's affections. He had two "babes" at the party that really were beauties. What's the secret James?

GUMS ROAR

By Ray D. Knight

RIDE: We read about riding the waves on a mattress cover in "Life" and also heard about it from the F boys. Therefore, came last Sunday, we thought we'd try it out. You wet the sack, run about 50 feet to fill it with air, and tie up the end. You can then take it into the ocean and ride yourself blue in the face before the air gives out. BOB PHILLIPS and your correspondent gave one a 2-hour workout and it was as airy when we finished as the first time we fell off.

ALUMNI ADDEWDA: Some of our old members, now Brass, have been getting around a lot lately. Among those seen beating around North Africa this summer were: MEATLESS BESSERER, GRANDMA DRIVER, LOGGERHEAD McCULLOUGH, and CHARLIE (WO) RICH. PETE ZAHN, they say, recently ended a transatlantic voyage; and, as for BAG COVINGTON, he now reads "Fortune" and argues with people on a South Pacific isle. PIX KIRBY and POPIE FREEMAN, the last we heard, were still able to call Jax on long distance. Popie, by the way, now wears two. That's all we know.

GUMBEATS: STUKA and MATTILDA (Lois, to you) STUCKEY. They're expecting a junior member. . . . EDDIE BOYLE's basin stoppers. They're making one of the more exclusive latrines a lovelier place to wash in. . . . SLOP AISOP, SPEED DELANEY, and FOOTLOCK WHITLOCK, especially Footlock, straightening up a practically cold chicken they discovered in Highlands. . . . MUDDY WATERS rushing his banana peddlers. . . . DEAN PERMENTER. Some girl in the PX thinks he looks like Gene Raymond. . . . UG STEPHENS' nose. What brought on that adhesive??? Swell "Stars and Gripes." Among those laughing from the hips at it, we saw: MCCOOCH McEACHERN, GARGLE CARGILL, MARSHIE MARSH, DENNIS ADAMS, and JOCK DUBOIS. . . . BATTUM EYE BAKER's LaVon. She showed up here but hasn't made it to Big Bill yet. . . . NOSE LAM and three brothers. They were in the "JOURNAL" last week with a picture and write-up. . . . DICK ELIAN directing NUMB LUMLEY to his bed. He keeps losing it whenever the lights go out. . . . MINKO (Sergeant, now) CLANCEY's nose. Pipe the tun tan on it. Or, say the boys, is it sun tan??? HARRY THOMAS. He's away on an ANDY MEYER furlough. . . . The uselessness of riding the new PFC's. They (including TIP THIBODEAUX) don't get it. . . . NIT YELVINGTON. He, passless for once, had a meal with the boys the other day. . . . P TANG WILSON'S flashlight. It had cream on the beam the other night, what with the William Shaving Sticks someone swapped him for batteries. . . . ROGER KERR. He's now singing "Wait Till the Sun Shines Somebody-else-besides Nellie" since his fur. . . . TRIM (PFC) TRIMBLE. He's on the road back. . . . BENNY GILMAN. Ask ROY ROYLANCE what he'll be singing any day now. Very funny, but not for the paper. . . . GILMER HICKS. He's steadying with a WAAC. . . . SNERD FURGOL's monopoly on last week's golf news. Such nice going. . . . HENRY TURNER. He's probably a married man by now. . . . GUM-OF-THE-WEEK: Look at um'.

Bombers Clinch National Softball Pennant

Establish Clean Slate Of 8 Straight

Those high flying Flaming Bombers, who set the pace in softball on the Post last year, moved into a contender spot for the 1943 softball crown this week when they clinched the flag in the National League bracket of the Post loop.

Led by left-hander Larry Haase, the Bombers took their eighth straight win and final game of the season from B team of the Seven Ups over the weekend, winning by a 2-0 score. The final triumph gave the Bombers an absolutely clean slate for the season, a record which tops all teams in either league to date.

Breakdowns on the clean escutcheon are as follows: Bombers 8, QM 7; Bombers 5, QM 4; Bombers 14, Mps 3; Bombers 5, Blitzers 1; Bombers 15, Hq. Seven Ups 3; Bombers 6, Medics 3; Bombers 11, Dot N Bash 2; Bombers 2, B of Seven Ups 0.

The clash of all clashes, the game to end all games, now looms on the horizon when the F team of the Bullet Busters, champions of the American League division, tangles with the Flaming Bombers. Although both clubs have played several games outside the Post league, neither of these cream teams has chanced to meet as yet, but when they get together in the final playoffs probably the best brand of softball ever exhibited in these parts will go on display.

No date has been set as yet for the playoff of these two clubs in the Post softball series, but it probably will be announced next week.

All told, the Flaming Bombers won 12 other games and dropped three for a summary total of 20 wins and three defeats for the season.

Pitcher Larry Haase, without a doubt the key man in the Bomber attack, has rung up a total of 12 victories for himself so far, and last weekend's final tussle saw him take this tenth straight win.

In the final league tilt, Haase checked off 12 strikeouts, running his season total up to 117, which averages nine strikeouts per game. Not content with mound work alone, Haase clouted two healthy base hits which both drove in runs. Czernik of the Bombers also displayed long range power with a hard hit home run in the seventh frame.

The series between the Bullet Buster Fs and the Bombers will be a two games out of three set-up. At the final game, trophies to winner of the Post crown and runner-up will be awarded by the Special Service office.

Both leagues, playing ball nightly now for more than two months, include a total of 26 teams from practically every section on the Post. The Bullet Buster or American league, which wrapped up play two weeks ago, had 12 teams entered, and the National League has 14 clubs.

Season batting averages for the Flaming Bombers are as follows:

Players	Ave.
Lt. Fahlman, 1f	.391
Kelly, 3b.	.339
Lightcap, 1b.	.495
Haase, P.	.421
Gandy, cf.	.439
Kelsey, ss.	.267
Veitch, rf.	.511
Czernik, 2b.	.376
Hoerr, C.	.292
Redden, sf.	.406

PARACHUTIST

Lt. Col. Harvey J. Jablonsky, West Point grid captain in 1933, now is executive officer of the 515th Parachute Infantry Company, Ft. Benning, Ga.

Call Issued For Novice Glove Show

All those outfits which are always laying claim to being tougher than the others will get a chance to prove or swallow their words next month when Fort Hancock's first Post-wide inter-battery novice boxing tournament will be staged.

In a special announcement today, Cpl. Herb Rosenberg, Hook fight manager, warns all first sergeants to "get on the ball" and get their entries in for the big ring carnival if they expect to hold up their organization reputation.

To date, approximately a dozen entries have been registered for the mitt show, with a pickup in interest noted during the past week. All entries will go through a month of training under Cpl. Rosenberg and the Post boxing team in order to get in proper shape and pick up ring technique.

Cpl. Rosenberg said today that not just experienced men but those inexperienced as well can feel justified in entering the tournament. "Probably only a few of the eventual total entries will have had any actual experience," he said.

Salient facts on the tournament are as follows:

(1) To enter, simply fill out the entry blank on this page and send it to Cpl. Rosenberg at the YMCA Gymnasium or to the Foghorn office.

(2) Bouts will be held in every weight, so whatever your present weight is makes no difference. Bantams as well as heavies will be in there pitching leather.

(3) If you prove to have a flair for ringwork, you may land a berth on the Hook boxing team, one of the biggest athletic honors on the Post. The Hook squad ranks among the best camp boxing teams in the country.

(4) If you are a tourney winner, you will receive a trophy or medal which should make you aces with your outfit, your girl, and yourself.

Early in September, elimination bouts will start taking place two or three nights per week until only semi-finalists in each weight remain.

In the latter part of September, the grand tournament finale will take place with many boxing celebrities slated to put in guest appearances. Only requirement for contestants is that they furnish their own equipment, including gym shoes, trunks and other necessary attire.

Prospective candidates are urged to register their entries immediately, so that training may open as soon as possible.

Nine Takes 2, Drops 1; 4 Games Coming Up

Doing not too badly under the new player manager set-up, Fort Hancock baseball team took two and dropped one in three games played during the past week. The club defeated Prudential Life of Newark 8-6 on Saturday, lost to American Legion of South Orange 8-2 on Sunday and defeated Bendix Aviation Corp. Tuesday 7-2.

On deck until the middle of next week are four encounters. Fort Monmouth comes here Saturday afternoon, the Hookers face the Gas House Gang at Perth Amboy on Sunday, Jersey City Coast Guard comes here Monday afternoon, and Fort Monmouth entertains the locals next week Wednesday.

In the Tuesday engagement with Bendix nine, the locals collected a total of 14 hits as against four for the opponents. Sgt. Rudy Bielecky, on the mound in a new assignment, took credit for the win.

The Wolf by Sansone



"Make up your mind—what do you want?"

Annual Post Tennis Tournament Will Open Tomorrow Afternoon

Long delayed because of lack of entrants, Fort Hancock's annual tennis tournament for officers and enlisted men will open tomorrow afternoon on the clay courts adjacent to Theatre No. 1, it was announced this week by tournament director Lt. R. D. Schiller.

To date, only a few enlisted men have entered the tournament, but entries will be accepted today and tomorrow. Officer entries, on the other hand, have greatly exceeded those of enlisted men, a total of 22 officers registered for competition thus far.

Entries for both officers and enlisted men will close Friday noon, Lt. Schiller announced. Those interested in competing are requested to register in person with Lt. Schiller at the QM office or notify him by telephone at Ext. 358.

As well as for officers and enlisted men, the tournament is open to WAAC officers and WAACs. Tennis racquets and tennis balls will be provided by Lt. Schiller through the Special Service office. Awards to winners and runners-up will be made upon completion of the tourney.

COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

Contest for 2nd Place Looms in Golf Tourney

Although Bullet Buster Cpl. Martin Furgol and his sizzling first round 7: still stand far out in front of the field, second place in the second annual Enlisted Men's Golf Tournament looks likely to be squabbled over before the tourney is ended.

Sgt. A. C. Zedalis, last year's winner, shot his second 18 this wee' carding an 85 which with his first round of 86 gives him a 171 final tally. Cpl. Emil Sabol, however, also put in a bid for the runner-up spot this week when he carded an 87 in his first round. If he can knock off a few strokes for his second round reading, Zedalis may not even make the runner up spot. Both men are of the Medics.

Official Entry Blank

Fort Hancock Boxing Tournament

Name

Rank SN WGT

Experience

.....

.....

Tournament opens September 1. Contestants will be examined by Capt. Nelson Dente, medical examiner. File entries early. Deadline will be announced shortly.

Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

Drifting along rustically all this time, we were suddenly made to realize that we were missing something. Coming out of our voluntary exile we discovered that there is a definite social swim at Hancock the Fort. And what else would you call the assemblage of the male and female populace of the Hook, Sandy for lessons in water navigation, sans boat, huh?

Night after night, Cpl. Herb Rosenberg, authorized lifeguard and instructor, takes classes out to the Hollywood Hotel Pool in Deal and teaches them how to be instructors in the art of swimming.

The pitch, which is a darn good one, is this. Two men from most of the organizations on the post have reported to Cpl. Rosenberg, and as we said a couple of paragraphs ago, they all hop a G. I. shuttle and put in a couple of hours of hard work getting swimming instructions.

These classes have been going on for seven weeks, and Cpl. Rosenberg has told us that this group will have completed their course by next week, at which time they will be all qualified instructors.

The plan then is for these men to instruct every man in his particular outfit until every man in this Post can handle himself in the water. All this gets our strong vote as the most valuable sport session conducted on the Post. In addition to all the good any sport accomplishes, the practical value to be gained by this program is immeasurable.

Obviously the female G. I.'s of the Post realize this too as every WAAC is a pupil in this class.

Headed by Lieut. Katherine L. Stroud, these gals are out to every class, and Cpl. Rosenberg tells us they are all becoming potential Gertrude Ederles. In fact, the aquatic Cpl. assures us that Lieut. Stroud and Aux 1cl. Carolyn M. Thorp will become Senior American Red Cross Lifesavers upon the completion of the course.

So far four pupils have progressed enough so that they have been made Lifesavers, and at present are the four lifeguards assigned to the Fort Hancock delta.

We understand that upon the completion of these series of lessons, another class will be started immediately, so if you haven't done so already, now's the time to join in the Fort Hancock social swim, you beachcombers. Last one in is a ring-tailed albatross!

Can we sleep through reveille? Can we get a 20-day furlough? Can our 1st Sgt. talk to us like that? Can Branch Rickey get off that lower limb? Can the Flatbush Avenue Floosies climb to first place, Tune in next week, folks—we dunno.

WAAC MESS

(Continued from Page 1)

believes in being firm. To wit: "Goodness gracious girls, we'll have to hurry with the potatoes—it's almost 11." (Pass me a paring knife, sister—Heaven can wait.)

Despite the free meal, however, even Sgt. Ruben agreed it was good to get back to the old mess hall where the I-Bs are laughingly men. After all, asks the Sgt., what is more congenial than a fellow soldier climbing over a bench and wiping the bottom of a GI shoe on your freshly laundered sun tan pants?"

By the Sea, By the Sea, With a Beautiful WAAC



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

A three-legged race used to be something they always did at a Sunday school picnic, but it was much more fun last Sunday at the WAAC-EM beach party. Trouble was, the WAACs were few, and the men were there by the hundreds. Above are Virginia Ferry, Pfc. Hyman Feinstein, Pvt. Sam Kur, Aux. Francis Reynolds, Cpl. Zack Bako, Aux. Dorothy Chipperfield, Cpl. John Gutch, and Aux. Bunny Keeler. Similar parties are on deck for the future.

How's Your Day Room? Camp Service Unit Will Provide Equipment If Needed

Memo to Battery CO's: If you're having trouble purchasing needed supplies and equipment for your company day room—particularly items that aren't available through GI channels and are on the "difficult to obtain" lists of civilian outlets, it might be a good idea to let the Monmouth County Camp and Hospital Service know about it. They thrive on tough assignments, and invariably deliver the goods.

Organized less than two months ago under the sponsorship of the Monmouth County Red Cross, the local Camp and Hospital Service, headed by Monroe Eisner of Red Bank, already has supplied hundreds of needed articles to hospital recreation rooms and barracks day rooms at Fort Monmouth and Fort Hancock.

The demands vary, but items provided to date range from 13 full-length mirrors, for barracks of OCS candidates at the Signal Corps Training center, to a second-hand electric washing machine in perfect condition, which is now installed at one of the barracks at this post.

Other articles supplied include ash trays, book cases, card tables, desks, easy chairs, lawn chairs, pool tables, pianos, radios, phonographs, desk lamps, smoking stands, records, writing boards, and curtains, the last named high on the list of requests.

Established on a nationwide basis to provide supplementary equipment, supplies and services for men and women at Army posts, Naval and Coast Guard stations within the United States, the camp and hospital service is performing a vital function that supplements military welfare services for able-bodied men of the armed forces, and social services and recreation

'Heading for Hancock' Scores Hit with EMs

"Heading for Hancock," an original skit with words and music by Virginia Shea, was premiered Saturday evening at the Service Club, when a group of female employees from R. H. Macy & Co., New York, presented it as a prelude to the weekly Saturday evening juke box dance.

Participants, all veterans of the weekly New York-Fort Hancock bus run, offered a tuneful, fast-moving show, highlights of which were an Irish clog dance by Miss Peggy Gallagher, songs by Dorothy Burns, Bonnie Blue and Dolores Bruno, and the introduction of "Johnny Leave that Rose Alone," a tuneful ditty with original words and music by Miss Shea, who sang the

for patients and convalescents in military hospitals and rehabilitation centers.

Working in conjunction with Calvin R. Avery, American Red Cross field director at Fort Hancock, the seven area committees that have been formed in Monmouth County provide equipment, supplies or services that cannot be secured from official sources, or aren't available in time to meet the existing need at this post.

The function of the local camp and hospital council is to assist in meeting this responsibility through the utilization of local resources, which include social, business, philanthropic and patriotic organizations. These groups take over projects, each project a specific request certified by the Fort Commander or his aide, which is relayed to the camp and hospital council by Mr. Avery.

According to Mrs. Karen Burtis, executive secretary of the Monmouth County camp and hospital service, every project thus far assigned to a cooperating group has been oversubscribed.

The speed with which the council works is demonstrated by one Fort Monmouth project, a request

for 50 Adirondack chairs for convalescing hospital patients.

The project was completed in less than twelve hours when a local lumber company provided the necessary lumber, a paint merchant the shellac, and members of the local AF of L carpenter's union the manpower, to manufacture the chairs. The "factory" was the workshop of a local high school, made available for the project by the Board of Education.

Post Had Reason Noting "Molly Pitcher" Day

The nation noted "Molly Pitcher Day" yesterday when thousands of young women, dressed in a "Molly Pitcher" uniform sold war stamps from a pitcher, but Sandy Hook probably had more reason than any other area to commemorate the Revolutionary War heroine.

The woman, who is famous for taking her husband's place at his cannon when he was wounded, participated in the Battle of Monmouth during the war for Independence. British soldiers retreated from the Hook here after being defeated by the Colonial Army in the Battle of Monmouth.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

TONIGHT

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p. m.
YMCA home game night, Rumson VSO hostesses, at 8 p. m.
Service Club party. Hostesses from Newark and Weston.

"Pilot No. 5," with Franchot Tone and Marsha Hunt, 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 at 5 p. m.
Service Club weekly hop, girls from Brooklyn, New York, and Newark.

"Pilot No. 5" at Post Theatres.

SATURDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 p. m.
YMCA free movies, 6 and 8 p. m.
YMCA lobby sing at 7:30 p. m.
Service Club open house.

"Black Swan," revival with Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara. At Post Theatres.

SUNDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 1 p. m.
YMCA Gospel sing at 6:30 p. m.
YMCA music of masters at 8 p. m.

Service Club informal party, hostesses from Newark.

MONDAY

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p. m.
YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p. m.
USO concert, Theatre No. 2, at 8 p. m.

"Dixie" at Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p. m.

TUESDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 P. M. Free sewing service.

YMCA free movies at 8 p. m.
Service Club juke box dance, girls from Elizabeth, N. J.

"Petticoat Larceny," with John Carroll and Ruth Warwick, and "Here Comes Kelly," with Eddie Quillan and Joan Woodbury. Double feature at Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p. m. Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p. m.

WEDNESDAY

YMCA Highlands VSO canteen at 5 p. m.

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p. m.
YMCA hobby lobby at 8 p. m.

Hour show in Service Club by girls from Rumson. Tap dancing, piano, accordion selections. Dancing to follow.

"Melody Parade," with Mary Beth Hughes and Eddie Quillan. At Post Theatres.

Sandy Hook Foghorn

EDITOR Pvt. Roger Hammond

SPORTS EDITOR Sgt. Clay Marsh

Advisory Officers

Major Robert F. Spottswood
Capt. William G. Rockwell Lt. Timothy Tunney

Art Staff

Sgt. Earle F. Tyler, Pvt. Doug Ryan, Pvt. Manny Dreiband.

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, August 5, 1943.

WHAT PRICE SPECULATION?

The armchair generals are sounding off again.

The same guys who only six months ago were blowing out B bags full of bunk on why it wasn't possible for the Allies to win the war before 1950—so why not negotiate a peace now?—are singing a different tune today.

Now, according to them, the war will be over by Christmas. All we have to do is sit back and watch Germany collapse the way Italy cracked.

The GI equivalents of the armchair tacticians are already making book on when the Battle of Sandy Hook will be over, and how soon they'll be trying on Harris tweeds for size.

For that type it will be strictly a waiting game. From here in they ride the gravy train just for laughs.

Yeah, just for laughs.

The trouble is, it isn't funny.

The real insiders—the ones who devise and carry out allied strategy—aren't speculating on dates. Only the armchair generals can do that.

You know the type. You meet them in bars in New York. You can even find some of them out here on the Hook.

They are the pencil-pushing Pattons, the do-nothing Doolittles, the mattress commandos of this war.

The GI kind drill twice a week and blow off steam like samovars. Rolling out for reveille is strictly for suckers. Standing retreat is Section 8 stuff. This man's war is okay, so long as it doesn't interfere with their sleep and their social life, or the weekly harbor run to the city of tinsel and glitter.

Think Again!

Ten years from now they'll be boring the hell out of their kiddies, telling them how Daddy risked his life on the infiltration course at Fort Hancock. Only the infiltration course will be a foxhole in Tunisia or a beach head in Sicily.

But that will be ten years hence. How about now?

Well, if they're smart they'll change their thinking.

Maybe this will help.

This war may not be over by Christmas. And maybe not the Christmas that comes after that one either.

The fall of Italy—and it hasn't come as this edition goes to press—is just the first crack in Fortress Europe. When Fortress Europe cracks wide open there is still Fortress Germany. And no smart military strategist is underestimating the kind of roll in the hay that's going to be, air superiority notwithstanding.

And when that deal is finally wrapped up there are still a couple of million Japs over in the other direction who have hardly been budged from the huge area they took over in such an amazingly short time after Pearl Harbor. That's a project in itself, and nobody, not even an armchair general, has fixed a date for our entrance into Tokyo.

Waiting Game:

That's the story, boys. It isn't going to be easy, and it isn't going to be wrapped up next month, and maybe not even next year.

But if you want to make things just a little tougher than they are, and prolong the war a couple of thousand human lives for whom the bells will toll, just play the waiting game. Stay aboard the gravy train—just for laughs.

But remember one thing. You'll have to live with yourself after it's over.

And it isn't going to be pleasant.

The accusing murmurs of the souls of men who went west because you rode the gravy train will see to that.