

SANL. BOOK FOGHORN

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, September 2, 1943.

Published Weekly

EMs Teamwork Curbs Fire, Earns Praise

COLUMN LEFT

Laying the back to the sack, wonder what kind of a life a WAC private leads?

For instance when the whistle is blowing "fall in" for reveille, and a shoestring breaks, does she say, "Oh, Darn It,"—like the average dogface does?

Or when she comes in from week-end pass, does she ecstatically exclaim "My, how cozy it is to be back home again"—like the same average dogface does?

Or when she gets her turn at the powder room chore, does she say to herself, "Now, if I work hard and do a good job, maybe I'll get a Pfc."—like the average dogface does?

Or when she gets gigged, unjustly as always, does she think "50 years from now I'll look back on this and realize these were happy days"—like the average dogface does?

Or when she peels potatoes on KP, does she say to herself, "I'll certainly make a wonderful wife"—like the average dogface does?

All of which sums up to: Who in hell is this average dogface, and what in hell is he doing in this man's Army?

The WAC buck has a practically unlimited field for goldbricking.

For instance if she gets the powder room detail, she can say: "But sergeant, I just did my nails last night, aren't they beautiful, and that awful sapolio will simply ruin them.

Or couldn't I take CQ some other night sergeant, you know I met the nicest man today and he said if I go out with him tonight, he will introduce me to some of his friends, and I may be able to get a date for you. Sgts. never being as good looking as privates, this always works except in the case of our sergeant who never thinks of anything but "climb outa dat sack, grab dat mop, and hit da latrine."

Or then again, when ordered to do her laundry, she can complain of having no Lux or Duz Does It for her unmentionables. After all, sergeant, you couldn't expect me to use that horrid GI soap on my dainty underthings, could you?

The laundry entails also the condition of the skin. GI soap has a tendency to leave the hands not only rough and red, but completely streamlined so that nothing but the bare bones remain. "And besides," she could say, "I used my last drop of Jergens Lotion this morning."

Of course, it is somewhat possible that girls have a way of handling such types of goldbricking. Nothing as crude, understand, as backing the brick into a wall locker and giving out with a going over that will make said brick a better soldier. No, just something gentle like a little hair pulling, or a sudden cold shower, or a light but firm application of the open hand to the face.

Theatre 1 Undergoes Renovation

Theatre No. 1, damaged by fire several weeks ago, closed its doors to soldier patrons this week and will remain closed probably until September 20 while major renovations and improvements are made, it was announced today by the Post Theatre Officer.

During this period, Theatre No. 2 will continue its screen schedule without change, daily showings to be at 5:30 and 7:30 p. m.

Immediately following the fire, it was decided to keep Theatre No. 1 in operation until such time as minor renovation and replacements were completed. These minor renovations were finished last week-end.

General building repairs will include a new stage, patch plastering, repainting, new floor covering in lobby, foyer, office and rest rooms, new marquee enclosure, and an additional enclosure from the marquee to the sidewalk.

The latter project, an improvement, will provide shelter for patron lines which formerly formed outside. A new box office will be situated inside the lobby instead of outside as before.

Other changes include installation of a new screen and speaker, installation of new stage drapes and traveler curtain, installation of new foyer curtains, and reupholstering of 175 seats.

New Bus Schedule Set

A new Fort Hancock-New York schedule, effective September 7, was announced this week by Colonial Bus Lines. Men are advised to clip this schedule and save in their wallets. The schedule:

From New York: Monday, 1 a.m. and 6 a.m.; Tuesday, 4 a.m.; Wednesday, 4 a.m.; Thursday, 4 a.m.; Friday, 4 a.m.; Saturday, 4 a.m.

From Fort Hancock: Monday, 4:30 p.m.; Tuesday, 4:30 p.m.; Wednesday, 4:30 p.m.; Thursday, 4:30 p.m.; Friday, 4:30 p.m., Saturday, 12 noon and 1 p.m.

Buses leave New York from Canal and Varick Streets.

High Jinks' USO Variety Show, Comes Here Saturday

"High Jinks," streamlined "glamazon" musical revue, will be presented by USO Camp Shows at 8 p. m., Saturday in Theatre No. 2. Five separate acts, including a cast of eight, will comprise the fast moving show.

The "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To" department will feature Paula Bane, West Coast warbler, who has toured clubs, hotels and vaudeville circuits there as a featured singer. The Hope Sisters, Claire, Theresa and Anne, fill out the musical end of the show. Team of Al Verdi and Dolores will pace comedy in the revue.

Quick Work Saves NCO Club



Cpl. Daniel McMonagle



S.-Sgt. Paul A. Marton

Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Baccaloni, Famed Comic Bass, Sings Here In Concert Tonight

By EDWARD SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Smith, recent dischargee formerly a Private First Class assigned to Special Service, was highly instrumental in arranging appearances of "name" concert and opera stars here this summer. Arrangement for appearance of Baccaloni marked his final job for the Army.

Salvatore Baccaloni, comic bass and world's greatest comedian in the operatic and concert world, and Josephine Antoine, world famous coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will appear here in a USO Concert presentation at 8 tonight in Theatre No. 2.

Forty-one-year-old Baccaloni has been a star at every great opera house in the world during his 23 years of operatic and concert singing. When he joined Metropolitan Opera Company four years ago, every appearance from the first on caused a usually staid audience to explode in their seats with mirth.

The Metropolitan, quick to recognize the box office attraction of the new star, has revived eight operas for him in his four years' stay, all of which have proved to be sell-outs.

Baccaloni also has appeared in

innumerable motion pictures abroad and has starred in radio programs overseas and in this country.

Baccaloni heads his own opera company, and in addition to appearing with Metropolitan for probably 30 times, he will tour over 70 cities throughout the nation this coming season presenting two operas, "Barber of Seville" and "Don Pasquale."

Besides this, Baccaloni will make a feature picture for Warner Brothers in Hollywood, will appear in some 20 odd concerts in which he alone is soloist, will appear with the nation's greatest symphony orchestras, and will be guest starred on several radio programs. Remainder of his time will be devoted to singing before men in the armed services.

Josephine Antoine, a Juillard School graduate, went to the Metropolitan directly from that institution. She has been America's leading coloratura soprano and is considered second only to Lily Pons in this country today. The young and beautiful soprano is the star of the Tuesday evening Carnation Milk radio program.

This past season, Miss Antoine sang over 20 performances at the Metropolitan in a wide variety of roles as well as appearing with leading orchestras and in the foremost concert recital halls.

Appearance of these stars will mark the climax of a summer of finer musical talent offered through USO for entertainment of men at this Post.

Martin, McMonagle Commended

Staff Sergeant Paul R. Marton, Acting First Sergeant of the Blitz detachment, and Cpl. Daniel McMonagle, head cook of the same unit, received duplicate commendations from Brigadier General Philip S. Gage this week following their deed of quick thinking and prompt action last Sunday morning which saved the Fort Hancock non-commissioned officers club from serious damage by fire.

Thanks to the two men, a fire that might have resulted in total destruction of the structure in a few minutes time was confined to the kitchen where it originated. Fire department officials claimed that several thousand dollars worth of property would have gone up in smoke had the two men arrived five minutes later or had they operated with less teamwork and speed.

General Gage's commendation to the men reads as follows: "The Commanding General has been advised of your alertness and prompt action saving the non-commissioned officers' club from serious damage by fire and wishes to commend you therefore. Your quick thinking and courage does credit to you and to the service. (Signed) Brigadier General P. S. Gage."

According to report of the fire department, Cpl. McMonagle had just left the quarters of Sgt. and Mrs. Marton following a birthday party in his honor when he noticed flames in the kitchen of the non-commissioned officers' club.

He hurriedly returned to Sgt. Marton's quarters and the latter, half dressed and preparing for bed, reported the fire by telephone. Both men then sped to the scene of the fire, about 100 yards away, Sgt. Marton equipping himself with a fire extinguisher before leaving.

Wasting not a second, Cpl. McMonagle boosted Sgt. Marton up to a window. Sgt. Marton crashed through the screening covering the window and found himself in a kitchen half enveloped in flames originating from a large pot of cooking fat on an electric range, that had been left turned on.

Although the flames were high and intense, they had not yet fully ignited interior of the kitchen. Sgt. Marton trained the jet of his extinguisher on the rim of the pot, a trick he had learned previously as mess sergeant, and quickly curbed the source of the blaze. By the time firemen arrived, the fire was completely out.

Sgt. Marton, 28, observed his fourth anniversary of service to the Army on August 25. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Marton, of Raritan, N. J. Cpl. McMonagle's home is 151 Midwood street, Brooklyn.

LOST

Lost—Glasses, shell rim, light tan. Finder contact A. Pasana, seaman 2nd class, at CG dock.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY - - -

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

BLITZERS

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

We were in our favorite tea-room the other day. Hedy LaFinckel's Tea Emporium. "Fortunes Told Free With Every Cup of Tea. Tea \$1.98 (without lemon)." While Hedy was telling us that we were soon to meet a tall dark WAC who would like a small gray mustache — we got to thinking. (Ain't tea wonderful?)

What would those assorted gum drops, now known as the Blitzers, be doing 10 years from now?

Some of them are easy. No doubt about it. In 1953 Louis Baum will be strolling down the main street of the peaceful town of Crummy Corners when the local cop (Mr. VanVorst) will blow his whistle. Instantly Mr. Baum's nose will start to quiver and he will head on the double into the nearest house, shouting as he slams the door, "butts on the meat!"

Further down the street we find Mr. Bolton picking himself up after a nasty fall down one of the cracks in the sidewalk and bustling into the village drug store, shouting, "put an extra shot of chocolate in that soda—today I met a girl, and I don't care what happens to me!"

Turning down one of the side streets we discover Mr. Csonotos staggering around with a dazed expression on his face, stopping anyone who will listen to him and pleading, "won't someone tell me how to get to Jersey City? Three days ago I got into a little card game on the train with a Mr. Eli Santos and missed my station. Nobody in Jersey City is going to believe me, but I've been wandering around here for three days and nights."

Coming down the main drag making a cloud of dust, we see Mr. Ellis chasing a redhaid. We join in the chase, but Ellis and the scarlet haired damsel soon leave us far behind. (Oh well, there's still that tall dark WAC.)

As we are leaving this picturesque little town, we see the Mayor (Racer—who else?) addressing the village folk, explaining why they should elect him for a tenth term—as he points the machine gun at their heads.

Yup, some of them are a cinch to figure out, but some are tough, so we'll stop. After all Hedy gets \$1.98 (\$2.00 with lemon).

BOMBERS

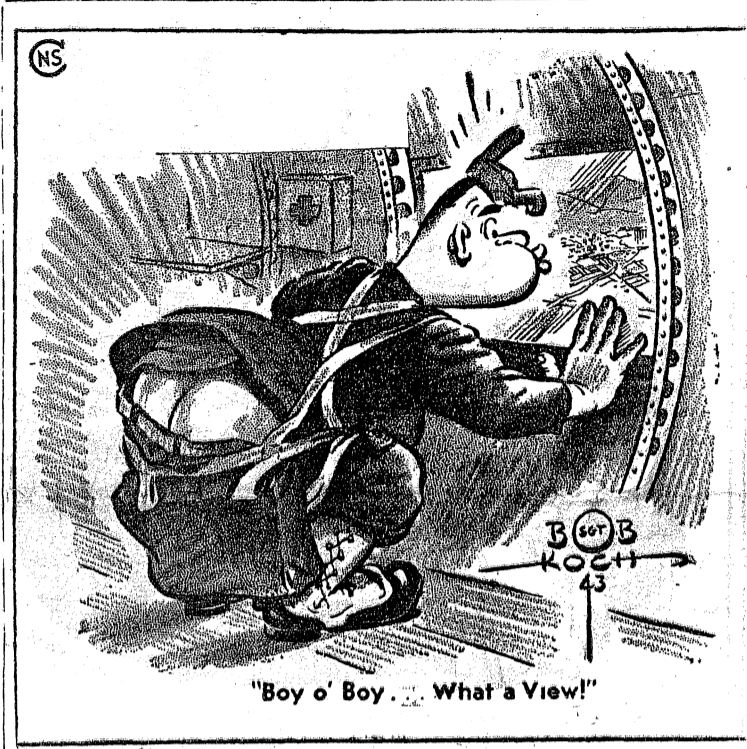
by Cpl. John P. Lightcap

Will White or Petillo please advise "Dom Dom" that he is eligible, and that it would only take a short 'phone call to Eleanor to make everything okay once again. Now that Donohue is back with us again, he automatically assumes the role of the Don Juan of the outfit.

CONGRATULATORY DEPT.: Best wishes to Sgt. Kelly and Cpl. Ucci on the birth of their respective daughters. Also to Cpls. Bostater and Pollina on their recent marriages.

MISCELLANEOUS: Dick Miller wants it understood that it WAS NOT HIS CAT that kept Kennedy awake all night, but rather a black cat owned by a certain Master Sergeant . . . we suspect sabotage by the Master. John "Sniper" Raduazzo is scheduled for a trip up to the altar within the next ten days. We can't tell whether he is nervous or not, because he is just as motionless as ever. Andy "Chooch" Pagano is still looking for an intelligent fellow in the company who will converse with him . . . in English.

Fred "Happy Boy" Matiza returned from Ardsley with a smile as broad as a Harvard "A" and was interested in only one thing . . . did the chow whistle blow yet? Kidding aside, Freddy, we think



"Boy o' Boy . . . What a View!"

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

TONIGHT

YMCA Highlands VSO canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA home game night at 8 p.m.

Service Club formal dance.

"Hi Diddle Diddle" with Martha Scott and Adolph Menjou. Tops. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 p.m. only.

USO concert, Theatre No. 2 at 8 p.m.

FRIDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p.m.

Service Club weekly hop. Girls from Brooklyn and Newark.

"Hi Diddle Diddle" at Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.

SATURDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA movies at 6 and 8 p.m.

Service Club Juke Box Saturday Night. Girls from Newark.

"High Jinks," USO Show, 8 p.m. at Theatre No. 2. Movies cancelled.

SUNDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA Music of Masters at 8 p.m.

"This Is The Army" in technicolor with all star cast. The best. At Theatre No. 2. 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.

MONDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p.m.

Service Club dancing class, 7 and 9 p.m.

"This Is The Army" at Theatre No. 2.

TUESDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO sewing service.

YMCA movies at 8 p.m.

Service Club small party, dancing.

"Alaska Highway," with

your morale is improving with each meal. Sgts. Balizer and A. E. Miller are planning October weddings . . . oh you Indian summer.

Felix "Any Quickies Open" Cahn has severed relations with his former buddy, Charlie Fuller; claims Charlie is behaving too well and has become dull company. "Shifty Eye" Eichele is a master at pass requests . . . in addition to a last minute request for "OD's" he cozily submits his next request upon signing in from the preceding one . . . See Kennedy for a demonstration of this "precision maneuver." Hayes ("Howie" I mean) keeps asking us "What happened to White's head?" . . . there's nothing the matter with his head, Howie, he just won a haircut on an old Willkie bet . . .

Michael Arlen, Jean Parker, and "West Side Kid" with Don Barry and Dale Evans. Double feature at Theatre No. 2.

WEDNESDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA arts and crafts party at 8 p.m.

Service Club small party, dancing, girls from Weston, Newark.

"Swing Shift Maisie" with Ann Sothern and James Craig at Theatre No. 2.

SUB NET

By Justasnooper

As yet we haven't had any bids, so we take it for granted that the revelation of this column's author has ceased bothering the overburdened minds of our readers. As a result, we shall continue our keyhole snooping and immensely enjoy the sounding off of those who are not too careful and consequently make the NET . . . We offer our humble apologies for our column's guilt of absenteeism last issue . . . STUFF — PAR EXCELLENCE: "Turtle" BENNETT again in love but this time it's so different . . . "Snowjob" NEEDHAM constantly ducking his police-up duties of the barrack . . . Incidentally, Snowjob and his sidekick Friedgen threaten to write a novel entitled, "From Kollege To Kitchen" after a rigid tour of K.P. . . . C. Scott making staff and pulling his rank prior to adding stripe No. 4 . . . Speaking of No. 4, Marcione demonstrated bombardier antics by dropping peanuts in beer at the glorified PX . . . YAP YAP PROCOCINO and ZIELINSKI calling an important gent wicked names . . . "Genius" DORO ZYNSKI penning a letter and upon completion finding the entire theme on a blotter . . . COMER and FREEMAN are chummy again . . . Perhaps FREEMAN hit SEY pan-handling to make the cot-a daily double . . . "Crusher" CATION club detail . . . The jealousy of FRY while watching the boat crew exhibit column and flanking movements . . . PERRIN had the card shark's sweat out the usage of the day room prior to payday . . . The rioting in the third platoon last week-end . . . Even a cat took wings . . . FIRTH treating the girls at the service club by merely making an appearance . . . The selfishness of LONCARIC with his tobacco . . . MOORE, STEVENS and the MALADA . . . Nuf said! OWEN CONLON professing to be the only soldier in the outfit . . . It's time to rattle, snake . . . S'long . . .

GUMS ROAR

by Sgt. Ray D. Knight

JUNKET: Some of the boys and a few of the Wacs caught "The Army Play-by-Play" last week as the guests of Producer John Golden. Chaperoned by Special Service's TWENTY MERRILL, they bused over and were met at the theatre by Mr. Golden. After a lot of picture-taking, they saw the show, including the lovely of the day, Lynn Bari. Everybody had a high old time.

The trip was also memorable for another reason. On the boat back, TWIRLY CRENSHAW was told where to go to get sheets. Ask him.

GUM BEATS: AL ZIMMERMAN's newspaper, "Pick-Up." He's got a good thing there and the cartoon of the policing soldier (see what that name means?) is a lulu . . . SLEEPY HOLLAND, is he getting ready to play ring-around-the-Ruthie? JAKE CHESTER, DAISY FROHOCK, CARDS OESTRIKE and UNBEARABLE KENADY. They've checked in from Montauk . . . WOLF JONES. He tells us PAPPY TUNNOCK's in Long Island, BILL CASSITY's in love, and D's up in the air . . . D's two-and-more strippers. Who among them rushes redheads??? LESTER FUSSELL. He's back . . . GEE McGEE. He still wonders if 3 queens beat a straight . . . RED SMITH's call on the carnival. He still hasn't pulled any hair . . . EVERETT TURNER. He's thinking of switching messeries. Can't get thirds . . . CUT PRICE's short cut through the woods. It was not a success . . . Who are the Jack and Doug the military ball girls inquired about??? SKINTSIDE ALEXANDER. He was invited to room with the mess sergeant . . . WALTER KING. He tells us STRAW SPEARS is plenty hot with the horseshoes, but not as hot as Walter . . . STREAMLINE SPERRY. Having lost his job doubling for Billy Gilbert, he now hopes to stand in for Slim Summerville . . . OUTEN-THEM-LIGHTS TRAY. Two days it took him and EASY EZELL to get from the Trays' to the nearest paved road . . . COON DOG HEAD and BLOCKS TRICE. Somebody's keeping it hot for them in Highlands . . . ROY ROY-LANCE. All he could do was tickle . . . Acting Pfc. MOON LEAK NOLAN. He was in charge of a detail down the Hook a way, the other day . . . FOGHORN KING. He recently beat RED YANDLE out of the club ping-pong championship . . . CUZ HIGH-TOWER's chocolate. The boys wonder if it ever exposed VELVET MOON's filling . . . WILD BILL HODDY. Why does he get a pass—and go to Tilden??? Too bad about COON RIZZI's crow. No life insurance, either . . . SHIP-WRECK KELLY's vacation. Everybody seems to be gaining weight . . . CULLY CULLINGFORD. Congratulate him on the 4th. A wedding . . . FIRE CHIEF ENGLAND. He was recently grounded. No pilot's license . . . GRAVY KING PARVIN. He's the only man we know who has taken a shower in gravy recently . . . POWER DIVE SCOTT. He recently made a perfect 22 landing on the floor . . . REST McCOY. A Coney ferris wheel had him wasting ration points on the crowd . . . The Brooklyn Bombshells. Come Labor Day, they'll be back to visit SLOP AL-SOP . . . SPEED DELANEY. One of the Bombshells owes him 12 . . . Gum-of-the-Week: Things are tough all over.

FINE DOPE

by Cpl. James A. Matroyse

After a brief pause of two weeks, Fine Dope will again carry on as usual . . . HILLIARD at the S.C. about a week ago was in no way affected by women. A charming young lady asked the bashful Sgt. to dance but his reply was, "Sorry, I can't dance." The following night he contradicted his previous statement. Full speed ahead. Who were you looking for Thur. night? . . . It seems that the old standby 32 got the best of MADER, QUINN and UEHLING. At any rate, 3 C.G.'s thought so . . . HYNES tried to keep his new love affair a secret. Sorry, George, but you haven't made good. Her name, by the way, is Eve, and she hails from Newark. What will happen to poor Ann?

Back from furlough, BRUNNER seems raring to go. Could it be he rested on his leave or—could it be . . . On Sept. 19, MILOS will be best man at his brother's wedding. He himself will take on a bride some time after the war. So he says. As it stands now, he has started quite an uprising over said matter . . .

Musically inclined are HILLIARD, PAPE and DI NIGRIS. They compromise a mandolin, guitar and harmonica. How about getting together some time? . . . PHILLIPS must be getting Yankee blood in his veins. Ever see him at the S.C. swinging it out with the young ladies. What a wolf.

BENESTA is still holding his grounds. Who was the young lady in black you were dancing with at the ball, and why was it FISCHER's girlfriend . . . Some CENSORED . . . Ever get sentimental over a glass of beer? Many a night a certain trio heads for the NCO's and over deep thought indulge in this vital fluid. Not many words are spoken but at a penny a thought millions can be made . . . It it that bad? . . .

Soft music, soft lights and a charming lady caused BRADY to remove the dance wax from the floor. Couldn't do better myself, i.e., at such tactics . . . Where did BOLAND go during the dance? . . . By the way, the Military Ball was well represented by our Fine Dope contingent . . . BUERGER landed a lass from Westfield and at present his heart is on his sleeve . . . sounds romantic . . . His correspondence will without doubt flood the mail. Be careful, Pal. Just about eight months ago your editor, at a formal dance, met his fiancée. Also for your information and guidance, Westfield holds the record for engagements and marriages due to dances here on the Post. A salute to Westfield . . . Behlmar turned on his charm and personality at the ball. Remember . . . A Bee-ootiful lady in blue. Fond recollections for years to come . . . Johnny Burke has returned from furlough. Sorry to hear about the little one. Here's wishing her a speedy recovery. She has had a cold and kept Papa walking the floor all during his furlough . . . Our Supply O. has his addition down to a T. Even with the aid of an adding machine five and two add to the glorious total of eight . . . In closing it will be remembered that God made the world—and rested. God made man—and rested. Then God made women. Since then neither God nor man has rested . . . au revoir 'til next week . . .

When Lt. Richard Pollard, former "az" writer now stationed in Casablanca, was a civilian, he helped organize the Army photographic school and wrote lectures for it. When he was inducted and assigned to the school and had to listen to his own lessons.

Hook Softball Series Set For Next Week

Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

"A dismal universal noise, the sound of public scorn."

That is what is heard at intervals in every game the Post nine plays. The interval being determined by the times at bat of outfielder, Captain Tracy Maero, with a bonus assortment of grandstand opinions thrown in every time the ball travels to that portion of the field occupied by the captain.

To the unenlightened, these overtones carry disdain, but to each and every one of the fans, it's their verbal hot dog and bottle of pop, to kid one of their most popular players.

For Captain Maero is just that to the fans and his teammates. Coming out in mid-season to the team's practice sessions, the captain would spend the entire afternoon running himself ragged chasing fly balls for the exercise.

Not a recognized candidate for the squad, he was graciously permitted to run after the efforts of the Hook men to add muscles to their bats. Left alone he probably would still be out there in the tall grass, just running off the poundage.

This sort of spirit couldn't be overlooked though, and soon they were insisting he play with the team. "You don't want me—I'm a punk ball player," or words to that effect, were to no avail, and the captain played his first game about the half-way mark in the season.

And a good debut he made, too, with three out of four at the plate in addition to playing a great game in the outfield.

This former All-American full-back from the University of Utah is probably the hardest player on the squad, and is now batting .284 with a record of only one error in 15 games. Those football tactics have made him a dangerous man on the bases, and basemen usually step out of the way when the captain comes crashing into base like a General Grant tank.

If Mr. Gallup were to take a poll, he would discover that the captain was the most popular man with the squad, and he would also find that the only officer-player on the squad takes the most terrific riding from his teammates.

A sure way for a player to get bawled out is to call him captain on the field, and the only effect all that riding seems to have is to make him play harder. Nominally, he is the coach of the squad, but he leaves the entire running of the team to Beasley who, he tells anybody, "forgot more about baseball than I'll ever know."

We don't know how many more ball games the Hook team would have won if everyone had the day in day out fighting spirit of the captain—but we'll just say more.

Just so he won't think we're bucking, we'll be out at the next game hollering, "take that guy out of there—he couldn't touch the ball with a butterfly net!"

Capt. Ray Barbutti, former Syracuse University quarter miler and Olympic champion in 1928, has recovered from an attack of sand fly fever and returned to duty in North Africa.

Yule Mail To Begin Sept. 15

Although Christmas is still 115 days away, mailing of gifts for Army and Navy personnel overseas must begin by September 15, it was announced here this week by Lewis Smith, postmaster.

Reasons for early mailing dates are (1) vast distances that parcels must travel, (2) frequent transfers of men, and (3) necessity of giving preference to reinforcements, arms, munitions, medicine, etc.

Rules for Christmas mailings, as announced by Postmaster Smith, are as follows:

Parcel must not exceed five pounds, must be no more than 15 inches in length or 36 inches in length and girth combined, and should be marked "Christmas parcel."

Not more than one parcel may be mailed in any one week to the same man by or in behalf of the same mailer.

Parcel must be packed in metal, wood or strong fiber board, cannot be perishable goods, intoxicants or inflammable materials.

Nine Drops Three, Takes One

Three sore arms gave Fort Hancock luckless baseball the past week as the Hook nine dropped three and took one. Haver, Coleman and Shulte, bulwark of the pitching staff, have been unable to pitch for several days because of stiff arms. To make the situation even worse, the pitching arms will remain incapacitated probably for another week.

Equitable Life squelched the locals 9-4 Saturday, the sole win was scored Sunday against Sperry Gyroscope 7-2, and in a doubleheader at Monmouth Monday, Hancock dropped the first to 15th Signal Training Regiment 13-0 and the second to Camp Wood 5-3.

Sole consolation of the Wood game was that the locals were able to shell from the mound Clayton Van Cott, who signed with Brooklyn before being inducted into the Army.

The Hook nine journeys to Yonkers, Saturday, to Princeton, N. J., Sunday, and on Monday will play the Sing Sing prison team at Ossining, N. Y.

Presley, Jones Dobbs, Enters Semi's

Cpl. J. W. Presley, Bullet Buster, Pfc. Alfred Dobbs, Seven Up, and Pvt. Clyde B. Jones, Bulldozer, worked their way into the semi-finals of the Enlisted Men's Tournament this week with Presley looming as favorite to cop the finals tentatively set for this week-end.

Presley, former Northwestern Intercollegiate Doubles champion of Oregon State College, and 1941 champion in Southern Oregon singles, eliminated his second opponent when he blasted Pvt. Alan Kayes, Blitzzer from the ranks of contenders 6-1 and 6-2.

Dobbs defeated Pvt. Floyd Kaufman of the Guardsman band 6-1 and 6-2 and Jones beat Sgt. John Johansen, Seven Up, 6 love and 6 love.

In a tardy first round, Cpl. W. F. Tarlow, Seven Up, trounced Melvin Hill, of the Guardsman band, 7-5 and 6-1. Tarlow was to meet Pvt. Victor A. Dugi today to decide the fourth semi-finalist.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Go ahead—don't be bashful!"

'Make It Short' Plead Operators As Calls Flood Switchboards

Make it short!"

This was the plea of New Jersey Bell telephone operators to soldiers at Fort Hancock and in the general area this week

as the telephone company released figures indicating an all-time peak load in long distance telephone calls being made.

According to a statement issued, an average of 1,000 long distance

calls per hour are being handled at the Asbury Park switchboard, during the evening hours. Many calls are put in through Asbury Park from Fort Hancock, it was pointed out.

'Battle Is The Payoff' Tops New Library Books

"The Battle Is the Payoff," Capt. Ralph Ingersoll's description of a Tunisian mountain battle which tells what a front line is like and what is required of the modern soldier, is now available at the Post library. Also recently shelved is "The Interpreter," by Philip Gibbs, which depicts the uphill battle a returned foreign correspondent, has in waking up America to dangers of Nazism.

Other new books include: "The Fourth Division," Bach & Hall, "Malta Spitfire," Beurling & Roberts; "School of the Citizen Sailor," Bolander, Fletcher & Gabriel; "The Wind That Swept Mexico," Brenner & Leighton; "Falange," Chase; "End of the Beginning," Churchill; "Slade," Deeping; "Man from Painted Rock," Gregory; "Two Marshals," Guedella; "Airborne Invasion," Heatherington; "For Those In Peril," Holton, and "How the Army Fights," Limpus.

Newark Stage Door Canteen

Saturday—Terrace Room house band, canteen carnival.

Sunday—Lebrecht trio for early evening dancing. Club 44 show, with Kirby Walker, boogie woogie artist, Norma Shepherd, songs. Jones Brothers harmony. Joe Ruffalo orchestra with Sandy Raymond and Jelesnick trio on vocals.

Monday—Empire Theatre show. Larkin cafe society uptown trio. Howie Kay orchestra. Jack Lynch variety show.

Tuesday—Joe Fecher orchestra. Radio star Bill Schuster. Jack Joyce emcee.

Wednesday—Don Milo orchestra.

Busters, Bombers Vie Monday

The 1943 Post softball league, largest organization of its kind in the history of Sandy Hook, will hit its high fever finale next week when the Flaming Bombers, defending champions from last year and winner of the National League bracket this year, meet F team of the Bullet Busters, pennant holder of the American League bracket.

Vying for the softball championship of Sandy Hook, the two top clubs will play a three out of five game series opening Monday at 6 p. m. on the North Parade ground diamond. The teams will play as many games as necessary to decide the championship on consecutive night from Monday on.

Neutral umpires and scorekeepers for the series will be selected by the Post Special Service Officer. The diamond will be freshly marked out, and all balls, bats and equipment will be furnished by Special Service.

Speculation was rife this week as to which club will enter the playoff as favorite, but such speculation is good for nothing but the waste basket in this case. Both F team of the Bullet Busters and the Flaming Bombers will enter play as dark horses, neither having met before and neither having played against common opposition.

The Bullet Busters will be facing a club that hasn't learned the meaning of league defeat this season. The Flaming Bombers took into stride every club on the schedule in the National League bracket. Altogether the Bombers rolled up eight league wins and 12 non league victories, and dropped but three non-league encounters.

F team of the Bullet Busters wound up its league season with 11 wins and three losses. Although this record doesn't match perfection of the Bombers, it was generally conceded all summer that the American League played a tougher calibre of ball than the National.

The series probably will bring together the two best softball hurlers on the Post in the persons of Larry Haase of the Bombers and Bobby Sites of the F club. Sites has been responsible for most of the F victories, while Haase hurled 12 victories for his teammates.

Key men to be watched at the plate will be England, who bats .588, Gillman, who stands at .400 and Gerald at .348 for the F club and Lightcap, who bats .495, Gandy who stands at .439, and Reddon who bats .400 for the Bombers.

The Sandy Hook Softball Series marks one of the final sports events in the summer season, and the fact that the series will be a "natural" indicates a large turnout of spectators.

Pvt. L. Gravette Is First WAC to Wed

Pvt. LaKaska Gravette, member of the WAC detachment, became the first member of her group to marry since arrival here when she became the wife of S. Sgt. Jefferson A. Sherlin, of Camp San Luis Obispo, California, last Saturday afternoon.

A native of Newport, Ark., Pvt. LaKaska crossed up the home fires last week by traveling to California instead of home on her furlough. The marriage climaxed an eight-year romance begun when both husband and wife were living in Arkansas.

Pvt. LaKaska, who is assigned to the post office, received a personal gift in honor of her wedding from members of her organization.

COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

Wonder if the WACs have acquired any adeptness in the time honored tradition of the "hotfoot". What could be so warming to the cockles of the heart than to sneak up on a WAC snoring in soprano, decorate her shoes with the birthday cake effect, and then wait in sheer ecstasy for the moment when she suddenly rises ten feet above the sack with a yell that would stop a first sergeant.

Wonder if a WAC buck has the same definition for double time; namely, double time is a means of swift locomotion whereby you reach your objective sooner, thereby permitting a longer time to wait for whatever you doubletimed for.

Maybe the WACs never think of any of this stuff. But if they don't it's too bad. After all, they're really in the Army now and they ought to begin enjoying themselves.

Sandy Hook's Smart Set Cuts a Rug at Military Ball



And it was a big rug indeed what with some 900 enlisted men and more than 400 evening gowned gals. Despite crowd, floor was large enough for smooth dancing. Beautiful gowns, beautiful gals, two bands, a slick setting—what more could a GI want?

Sandy Hook Foghorn

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, September 2, 1943.

Labor Day and Lewis

Next Monday, the nation observes Labor Day. Or perhaps more appropriately—War Labor Day.

For the Army and for thousands of laborers who back up the Army, it will be just another work day. The bombs will continue bursting, and the machines that make them will continue whirring. There will be no day off.

Yet both the soldier and the worker, who are laborers in the effort for victory, can cut themselves an extra piece of pride as they work Labor Day. For that is the day the nation officially will recognize their combined, synchronized brawn as the final analysis of victory.

One man and one group in labor however will be casting a black shadow over the bright escutcheon of labor; a shadow that has struck a negative blow three times this summer and may strike again. The man is John L. Lewis, who under crossed American flags stalled the war effort. The group comprises his coal mining followers, some of whom think like Lewis, and some of whom are sheep obeying blindly to his bidding.

These men and their leader have demonstrated the desire to think first of themselves and second of the nation. And the man dying on the battlefield for lack of ammunition—they completely disregarded.

In three strikes by Lewis and his followers this summer, production stoppages amounted to a total of 20,000,000 tons of coal and 75,100,000 tons of steel. This huge monkey wrench was thrown into the machinery of victory because John L. Lewis has a personal enmity for the Administration, and because an average weekly pay of \$42.97 was not enough for his coal miners.

Sweating in heat or freezing in cold as he takes a ten minute break, what will the soldier with his rifle think about labor next Monday? What kind of Labor Day congratulations will he have for John L. Lewis?

A cartoon and editorial, printed several weeks ago in Stars and Stripes, Army overseas newspaper, still stands as one congratulation. In the Cairo edition of Stars and Stripes, the cartoon showed Lewis, in miner's dress, throwing dirt with a coal shovel upon the freshly marked grave of some kid in North Africa.

The editorial, in part, read: "God knows this expresses the attitude of the overwhelming spirit of soldiers in this and any other theater. We believe the activities of John L. Lewis have entered the realm of treason.

"Nor is John L. Lewis a traitor to his government alone. He has betrayed by his excesses the cause of union labor. He has betrayed the belief of the American soldier that this would be a war in which the individual's interest would be sublimated to the common purpose.

"Speaking for the American soldier: John L. Lewis, damn your coal black soul."

A little too hot for calm reason, Congress attempted to curb Lewis by passing anti-strike legislation over the President's veto. One disagreement of the legislation by the President was that no matter how you punish striking coal miners, you still have to have coal miners to mine coal.

Just prior to enactment of this legislation, Lewis declared a strike moratorium for a period ending October 31. The situation is tranquil at present, but the tranquillity probably will prove to have a false bottom.

John L. Lewis will be thinking over a lot of labor matters on Labor Day. He will be making plans for things to come no doubt. The nation wonders whether those plans include the soldier whose "portal to portal" is the beginning to end of the duration, whose life he sells cheaply for liberty, whose last desire is to strike because he makes only fifty bucks a month in the life and death hairline business of war.

Service Club Formal Tonight

Fort Hancock enlisted men have a mania for girls in evening gowns, their appetite should be appeased before long. The YMCA climaxed its social season last week with a formal military ball, and tonight the Service club stages its top-offer of the season—a formal dance.

Girls attending the dance will be from the War Department in Newark, but they will be just as far from home as the soldiers they dance with. Many of them come from Alabama, Kentucky, Montana, Indiana, California, and other states in the south and west.

According to Mrs. Florence Fair, Service club hostess, the girls' evening dresses will have come a long way for a GI date, most of the girls having sent home for them.

The dance will unveil a new band in the Sandy Hook band shell, the Coast Guard swingsters. The 13-piece orchestra is led by Robert Avery, yeoman fourth class.

Rockin' With Dorsey



Yep, it's Jimmy Dorsey but the one with the trumpet instead of the sax. Jimmy and the Bullet Buster swing band held up the solid side at the ball while the Guardsmen's band handled the sweet music.

Mr. Lucky Meets a Lovely



As Flaming Bombers often do, Cpl. John Lightcap just happened along and sat in for consolation when he discovered Helen Jones, of Garwood, N. J., nursing an abused foot. One glance at Miss Jones reveals that Cpl. Lightcap isn't thinking solely of first aid.

Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Bowes Auditions Talent Tomorrow

Representatives of the Major Bowes Amateur Radio Hour will come to Fort Hancock tomorrow afternoon to audition talent on the Post for possible use in the nationwide radio show either September 16 or September 23.

Contestants selected after the audition will be given a three-day pass and trip to New York, all expenses paid. If any contestant takes first place in the radio show, he or she will receive a prize of \$50.

Enlisted men and WACs with any talent either for comedy, singing or playing an instrument, are asked to register at the Special Service Office and report for the preliminary audition, which will be held tomorrow at 3 p. m. in the Service Club.

LOST
Lost—Belgian police dog, black, brown feet, two months old. Finder contact Sgt. Marino, Bullet Buster band.