

# SANDY HOOK FOG HORN

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Published Weekly

## Post Exchange Does Million Dollar Business

### COLUMN LEFT

Foghorn in its entirety—paste-pot, scissors, typewriter and copy boy—bows its head in abject apology this week after the near fatal error in the last issue.

Everyone else is doing his bit toward victory. Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur and the boys on the front are doing their job. The Gray Ladies, the AWVS, and the Ladies from Rumson who sew on buttons are doing their part.

But it remained for Foghorn to commit the major blunder in the war thus far. We hate to speak of it. But, hiding our head in the sand, here it is: WE LEFT OUT THE WOLF LAST WEEK.

Thursday morning as we entered the foundry, the telephone began ringing. It's still ringing.

"What happened to the wolf?"  
"Cancel my subscription."  
"I'm very upset. I never knew about life until I read the Wolf."

Postcards, letters and telegrams also poured in. To wit:

"I am a forlorn, undernourished girl of 39. I went to Mr. Anthony. He didn't want to see me after the program. I tried copperized yeast. I tried Lifebuoy. I tried Jergens lotion, dynamic tension, Carter's little liver pills. But nothing helped. Then I read the Wolf. He showed me a new slant on life. Please keep him in the paper."  
(Signed) Hildegard.

"I am a 1-B. My life was miserable what with six arms. Plastic surgeons gave me up. The draft board shuddered before it passed me. Then I read the Wolf and learned his technique. Now I have a girl for every arm. Please don't let me down as I am only on the 20 yard line."  
(Signed) Octopus Joe.

"Listen, jerk, I'm only 11 years old but I'm learning, see. Mother has been trying to explain to me about the birds and the bees, but Pvt. Wolf is a much better teacher. Get him back in circulation, bud. These apron strings are killing me."  
(Signed) LeRoy.

Last but not least was a note from Madame LaZonga. "Don't breathe a word of this," she said, "but I learned my six lessons from the Wolf. I had my first cigarette at the age of eight, my first drink at the age of 12, and at the age of 14—I met Pvt. Wolf. He taught me all I know about left flank, right flank, and rear march. Please don't take him away, or I'll get rusty."  
(Signed) Zongy.

Even Pvt. Wolf himself strenuously objected.

"Listen you bum," he said, "I'm the star reporter around here. I

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### Camel Caravan, Gal-Amorous Variety Revue, To Play Fort Hancock Three Times Saturday

Attention all wolves: The Camel Caravan, road show with pin-up gals in the flesh that has been traveling the Army post circuit throughout the United States, will pull into Fort Hancock for a three show stop this Saturday. A variety revue with a cast of

#### Caravamp



This tip top toeing bundle of terpsichorean triumph used to work with Milton Berle, Bea Wain and Tommy Riggs. Now she's doing "something for the boys" and will work here Saturday night as a Camel Caravan star. She's tap dancer Pearl Robins.

approximately 20, the show will play first at 5:30 P. M. in the hospital, and will then move to Theatre No. 2 for 7:30 and 9 P. M. performances.

The hour and one half show will be headed by Gene Baylos, "mirth-quaking" emcee, who uses a prop fiddle after the fashion of Jack Benny. Supporting him will be a magician act, tap dancing routines, a sister song trio, champion table tennis exhibition, and a swing band. A bevy of blonde chorines, pin up gals for many of the posts the show has visited, will complete the cast.

The table tennis exhibition will be given by Sol Schiff, four-time national champ, and Cal Skinner, 1942 top mar in the East. Following the exhibition, Schiff and Skinner will invite a soldier in the audience to come up on the stage and try his luck.

Two magicians, billed as a "black magic act," will handle the raw eggs in the silk hat department under the names of Bill and Pearl Wilson. Curvaceous Pearl Robins, in addition to a wolf-teasing routine, will do a few tap and toe numbers on the side.

Patterned after Ina Ray Hutton's organization, the swing band will be an all-male combine led by Lee Barrett, who keeps her back to the audience but still steals the scene.

No tickets will be required for any of the performances, it was announced.

#### Pin-Ups



If this was in technicolor, these three lovelies would have blonde, brunette and red hair. Take it or leave it, they are a sister act. No one believes them, but they are the sweet singing Adrian sisters, Camel Caravan highspotters, appearing Saturday.

### \$3,000 Per Day Being Realized

The Post Exchange may be just an Army version of the old fashioned country corner store, where everything from the pickle barrel to chawin' tobacco was for sale, but its doing a cool million dollar business here at Fort Hancock. Both from the standpoint of commodities sold and moneys realized, the Post Exchange system ranks as the top industry on the Post, excluding strictly military organizations.

Figures released this week by the Post Exchange Officer reveal that present business now being conducted amounts to approximately \$3,000 per day. This adds up to \$21,000 per week, \$90,000 per month, and \$1,080,000 per year.

Doughboys of the first World War were pikers at spending money compared to the present day soldier stationed here. While the GI of 1917-1918 loosened his purse-strings only enough to let \$5 per month dribble into the PX coffers, the modern soldier here spends more than one-fourth of his pay in the Post Exchange.

According to breakdown figures supplied, cigarettes, Coca-Cola, beer, candy bars, ice cream, coffee and milk rank as top items in sales' popularity here. Sandy Hookers smoke 100,000 packages or an even two million cigarettes during a month's time for which they spend approximately \$12,000.

Seventy-five thousand schuppers of beer, practically an ocean of 3.2, go down the hatch each month at an approximate expenditure of \$8,000 per month. The pause that refreshes is consumed at an average rate of 192,504 bottles per month at a cost of some \$10,000.

Forty-five thousand cups of coffee are traded over the counter for about \$2,250; 60,000 candy bars are necessary to appease the sweet tooth at a cost of slightly less than \$2,000, and, 7,671 quarts of milk at about \$1,500 are ordered on the average.

Approximately \$3,100 go into the coffers each month for various ice cream items. Soldiers, for example, buy about 16,000 cups of ice cream, about 1,800 cream pops, and about 900 gallons of ice cream in bulk. All told, about 2,000 gallons of ice cream are consumed in an average month.

For anyone interested in the general store business, such items coupled with hundreds of others would result in a nifty piece of change. The Army, however, does not work that way, and majority of profits realized finds its way back to the men. The higher the amount of purchase is, the more ample will be the detachment fund wallet.

Fort Hancock's million dollar business is operated by a Post Exchange Council, two Post Exchange officers, 10 enlisted men, and a civilian personnel of 71 persons.

At present, even although Post

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### 16 Soldiers, Representing 11 Nations, Become Citizens Here

The number of enlisted men who have become citizens of the United States while stationed at Fort Hancock was increased to 93 on May 21, when sixteen soldiers, representing eleven different nationalities, were administered the oath of citizenship in a mass ceremony by Judge William F. Smith, of the Newark Federal District Court. It was the fourth naturalization class to be inducted at the post.

Colonel Lucius R. Clement, Post Executive Officer, Mr. James Dillon, of the Federal Immigration and Naturalization Service, and William B. Reilly, Deputy Clerk of the Newark Federal Court, who examined the men before they took oath, witnessed the ceremony, which took place indoors because of inclement weather.

In a brief speech following the ceremony, Judge Smith explained the significance of the oath by describing American citizenship as a divine right assigned to man alone, and one which must be cherished and protected. With the nation at war, our fight for the principles which all Americans hold dear em-

phasizes the importance and responsibilities of U. S. citizenship, he said.

Welcoming the men as soldiers and citizens, Colonel Clement compared the status of the foreign national serving in the U. S. armed forces with that of the American citizen.

American citizens are defenders of something so precious that even though they may be called upon to lay down their lives for this country, it will be done with the knowledge that to die for the country of one's free choice is a sacred privilege. For the alien it is simply his duty, Colonel Clement said.

Nationalities represented in the naturalization ceremony included three British subjects, two Poles, two Mexicans, two Germans, and one representative of each of the following nationalities: Philippine, Portuguese, Danish, Irish, Hungarian, Czechoslovakian, and Russian.

Foreign nationals in the U. S. Army may become citizens of the U. S. 90 days after application is made, through special provisions covering aliens in the armed services of the U. S.

### Post to Note Memorial Day

In the simple ceremony traditional to all U. S. Army posts, Fort Hancock will observe Memorial Day and pay homage to heroes of another war at high noon this Sunday.

From reveille until noon Sunday, the flag will remain at half staff. At 11:50 a. m., the Guardsmen band, under direction of Warrant Officer Bishop, will assemble before the flag and play two Civil War airs, "Tenting On the Old Camp Ground" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

At exactly high noon, a 21 gun salute will be fired simultaneous with the hoisting of the flag to full staff. The band will play "Stars and Stripes Forever," concluding the ceremony.

#### WRISTWATCH LOST

Round, gold, Bulova ladies' wristwatch, initials DDH, Dec. 1939 on back, lost. Reward. Contact Major or Mrs. Hudgins, quarters 1430.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

# Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

## BLITZERS

by Sgt. Clay Marsh

It was 7:30 in the morning, and curtain time at the Blitz Music Hall. The production for the morning was, "Military Courtesy and Customs of The Service"—or, "Get Practice Bending the Elbow—with a Salute!"

The maestro mounts the podium—he lifts his baton—a hush settles over the audience (all but the snoring of first-nighter Cittadino) and the haunting strains of "Don't Leave a Light in the Window Tonight, Mother Dear, 'Cause I'm Coming Home All Lit Up," filled the hall. As the final note of music died out, the curtain parted, and THE PLAY began!

In his best March of Time manner, Cpl. Hampshire told the first nighters all about what the Blitzer Barrymores were doing, and what they SHOULD HAVE DONE, DAMMIT!

Other stars of the G. I. opus were Lt. Sheer and Sgt. Burns who showed how a detachment office should not operate, and then how the Blitz office is run. Another feature player was a cigar—one of those PX Specials that waved its way through the office scene in a most capable manner. Supporting the cigar was a bit player who our program showed us was named Cpl. Racer.

Then there was Cpl. Kravetz who showed us how our ancestors greeted each other in the days of the crusaders. Pvt. Baum was told by Cpl. Hampshire that saluting with a cigarette is for the birds, whereupon he promptly saluted the correct way.

Pfc. Arnold was next with a juggling act with packages in his attempt to give the salute. When in Rome, salute as Pvt. Gangi did and when in Brooklyn try to stay away from the Hiya Joe salute that Pvt. Patti made with. Pvt. Vassel, the show's leading character actor, made first with the Veronica Lake salute, and then gave a sterling performance as an MP. Sir Von de Porten gave the first known performance of a wolf in tin when he portrayed a knight.

The romantic lead was ably handled by Miss Myrtle and Pvt. "Pretty" Kramer. Pvt. Surrat, in a true-to-life role, showed the audience how not, and then how to ask for a furlough, and Pfc. Mervyn did a swell job in the role of the typical good soldier.

The story was instructive, the actors capable, and the show good entertainment. If we can't stay in bed, we can't think of any better way to spend our time at 7:30 in the morning.

## POST EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page 1)

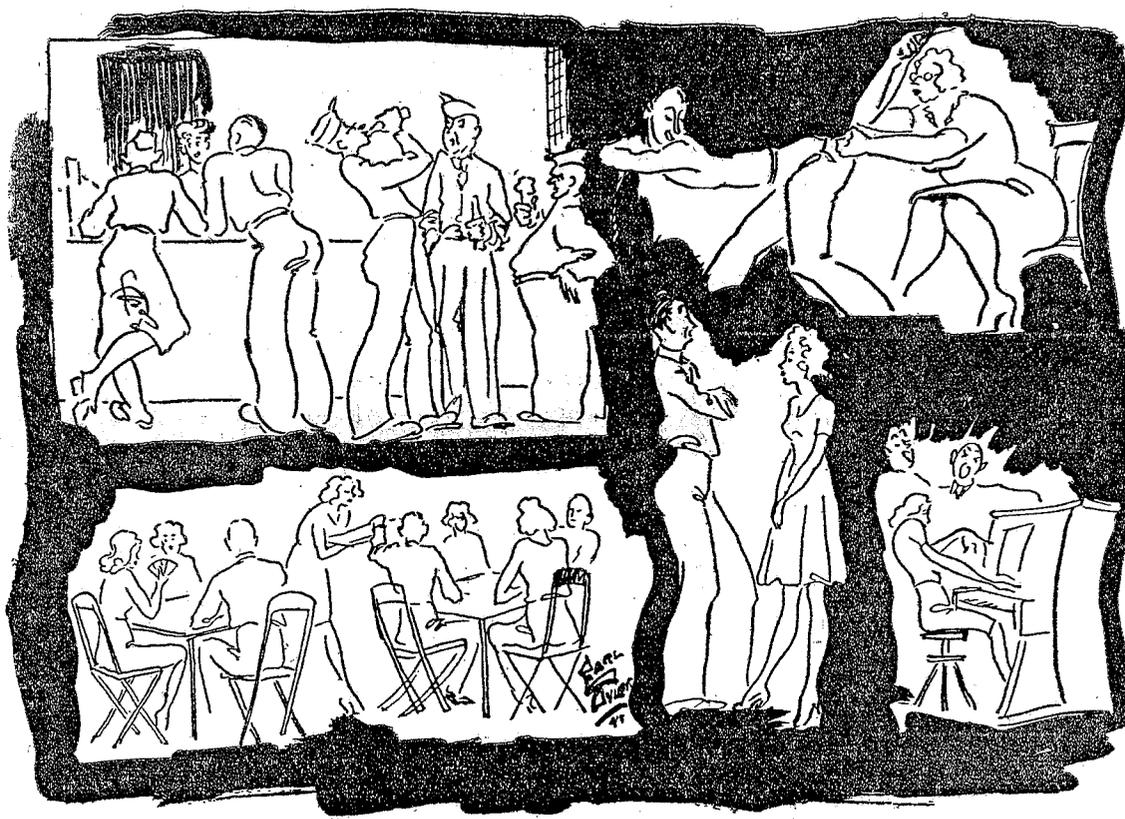
Exchange prices are from 10 to 30 per cent off civilian market prices, a study of general price revisions is being undertaken so that prices may dip still lower, and so that enlisted men may get the most for their money. Two items, recently lowered in price, are cigarettes, from 15 to 12 cents per pack, and candy bars from 5 to 3 cents per bar.

Fort Hancock's new Post Exchange Council includes Colonel Carl Smith, Colonel Lucius R. Clement, Lieutenant Colonel Albert A. Shumsky, Lieutenant Colonel Sherman E. Willard, Lieutenant Colonel Frank V. Couch, and the Post Exchange Officer.

## PENCIL LOST

Red and grey striped Eversharp pencil lost at either Officers' Club or Hospital May 19. Finder notify Capt. Pittman, Ext. 231.

## YMCA SKETCHES



## TROOPERS

by Pvt. Leroy Thompson

From the grapevine we learn that our illustrious friend, one Pvt. Allan A. Archibald was confined by the local Shylocks in the Station Hospital, hence it is up to us to carry on where he left off. Unfortunately, or fortunately, (take your pick) Oscar Bacon underwent a similar ordeal. But let me break the news to you gently and slightly, but politely.

It has been rumored that Pfc. Ashley and Pvt. Hart had a misunderstanding over ten pennies (count 'em). Surely they would never let a mere ten pennies come between them. Cpl. Jones spends most of his leisure time (pastime) writing to a fair damsel in Brooklyn. He has sent his delegate, Pfc. Coleman, to investigate whether "Shorty" is taking advantage of his absence or not. It is apparent that he had loads of confidence in his noble friend.

Pvt. Guinn's locker is embroidered with pictures of the most exquisite and radiant beauties that one ever did see. Memoirs of the old days, Stan? And who would imagine Pvt. Wilson falling down an entire flight of stairs? Must have been over-excitement since his furlough was only three days away. Really he couldn't have been bucking for a discharge.

Army life and FOOD agrees quite well with Pvt. Jennings. The boys say that he has put on more weight than any other two fellows combined. It's a low down dirty shame but Pvt. Hyndman's gold-bricking days are over and done with. The M. R. S. is taking inventory and old Ancell has to be on the ball even to the wee hours he used to spend in Cine Abode No. 2.

Maurice Brandon, our erstwhile company clerk and what-have-you writes from CCNY to say that he likes it there, since it gives him ample opportunity to goldbrick. But he supplies the amazing information that he actually went on KP one day. He's the same guy who took a fling at the cards for the first time, the eve of his departure.

Sunday the 23rd was a great day for the lads. From what I hear, feminine pulchritude dropped in out of the blue, and Hoppin, Kelly and Cpl. Potter were all happy thereby.

## DOT-N-DASH

by Pfc. Paul H. Jones

Cpl. Elmer Carpenter, "Hard Hearted Elmer," the guy who always stops us from sitting at the table that we pick out. Has no sympathy for the guys who want to sit at the table with their friends. Assumes a hard, cold look and says "This table here, Bub."

For all that, Elmer has more finesse than Sgt. Carmen Urciuoli. "Nucce" as he is known to most of the boys, directs the incoming traffic to the mess tables with all the belligerence of a tired traffic cop. When Nucce waves you to a table, you have no doubt as to where you're gonna sit. If you offer an argument, he can get hotter than the sauce that he makes on Fridays.

We were sitting near Sgt. John Sawicki the other night. We had finished our hash, then we saw how the Sgt. was looking at his hash. We hurried back to the barracks and took an antidote. No printable words could convey what Johnny's expression said he thought of the hash. Johnny is the mystery man of the outfit—question being: Does he or does he not come from Boston?

Pvt. Eugene Jasper conducted a siege at the Service Club the other night. Stood by the ice cream counter imbibing countless "cokes." We had a slight suspicion that the lady behind the counter had something to do with it. Never saw Jasper look so lovelorn.

While we were there, Sgt. George Igo came in, very sad as usual, sadly drank a soda, spoke to me sadly, then sadly left. Suppose it was the effect that Sgt. Bryan has upon him.

We discovered a new songbird. Pvt. Jack Eustrom who is to be found at the "Y" warbling with the best of them. Sure takes singing seriously, for we saw two young ladies staring at him with a sighing look, and Jackie paid them no attention.

We met Sgt. Fletcher Martin for the first time the other day. He certainly made a favorable impression on us. Wish we knew more of the guys here; certainly would help the column out a bit.

Why, when we all had a sore arm, was Butcher Haddad the only one who made no complaint about a sore arm?

'Bye now.

## GAY 90's

Pfc. Antonio Lebeau

Greetings—friends. Our D. R. O. Pfc. Schwartz is certainly a fast worker. While on his eight day furlough he met up with a girl who simply swept him off his feet. The couple is now engaged. We're wondering what the outcome would have been if his furlough was of a longer duration.

Congratulations to Sgt. (Baby Snooks) Perri for his promotion from Sgt. Tech. to line Sgt. It was advisable to everyone, however, not to pat him on the back for he had such a beautiful sunburn that you could have fried an egg on his back. Although he was in no condition to put up a struggle, he had the sufficient protection of Cpl. (Daddy) Russell as a safeguard.

Congratulations are also extended to Sgt. Ivan (Is yah ail from Kentucky?) Craig and Sgt. Hoggenson for their promotion.

It certainly is astonishing to see how fast Pfc. Bellucci can fall asleep. He copped the record Monday by falling fast asleep during a ten-second interval.

Most of the men in the battery keep pestering the First Sgt. on the subject of a furlough, but Pfc. Counce and Winfield are less greedy, they'd even settle for a 24-hour pass. They promise not to do it again, Captain.

Most peculiar incident of the week: It seems that one of the civilian cooks on the post got a notion to indulge in a bit of fishing. So he laid a board from the shore to the rocks, crossed over to the rocks and began his task. Then the tide came in and consequently the bridge was washed out, and there he stood, stranded on the rocks with no means of getting back to shore.

Luckily, two of our battery members, Pfc. Hunt and Hansohn, were walking beach guard and they spotted the fisherman. The Coast Guard was called to the rescue and the cook was brought back to shore relieved of his worries, wondering if the two eels he caught were worth the trouble.

Lt. Col. Yates and Captain Guess put up a grand uphill fight in a game of handbill against Sgts. McDermott and McSweeney but they were slightly short of the mark. The latter were very proud of their conquest.

## GUMS ROAR

by Sgt. Ray D. Knight

DIAMONDBALL: The tardy April showers around these parts have gummed up the Bullet Busters softball schedule more than somewhat. Final info on the first round we'll have when it's over Saturday. Right now the list of postponements and scattered games looks like a weather report.

GUMBEATS: ELMOO OSTEEN and Helyn. Come June 5th they'll be brushing off rice . . . RHETT BUTLER'S fruitless search for a back door to his residence the other night . . . McCOOCH McEACHERN'S latest news bulletin. Those pictures made it the funniest yet.

PONY PONOROFF, PORKY BORKOWSKI, MILLIE MILLER, FOOTLOCK WHITLOCK, and ASAP RAHN. They were doing written homework last week . . . The bought grins CARRIE CARAWAY and OSCAR WARD are flashing these days . . . CHIEF QUINTASKET going for his furlough dough. Under the circe, it gave the crowd quite a laugh.

Jitterbugs ALEX ALEXANDER, DOC DAUGHERTY and CRACKER BRIDGES. How the "Missouri Waltz" does turn their dampers down . . . ARTHUR MURRAY. He and SCRATCHES GARDNER are entertaining a couple of Texas longhorns these nights . . . JACK WOODLEY mooning for the Mrs. during the three-day lull last week.

VACATION NICOSIA. He's getting up a price list on those vacations . . . PATSY KELLY in from the country the other day . . . MAG McGAWLEY. He has taken over P. TANG WILSON'S Chicago correspondence . . . WALTER KING, dummymaker. P. Tang had no idea that was only a comforter wearing those fatigues . . . SLOP ALSOP, now disentangled from his longhorns, is back in his old haunts . . . VELVET MOON. He will be fathering any day . . . ZACKY BENT. He's been ring-shopping . . . BRANCHIE BRANCH called last week—with bars . . . Gum-of-the-week: Are you kiddin'?

## MAMMA'S PETS

by Pvt. Ted Friedrich

Sgt. Thompson played the part of the victim for Pvt. Tarnacki's judo tricks. Tommy claims he'll never be the same. And you should have seen Sgt. Sadauskas on the traveling rings—he just flew through the air. He confided in us later that he felt just like Tarzan.

Pvt. DeDomenico is contemplating marriage with a "be-yu-ti-ful" creature, and Pvt. Jack Mascolo, recently a bridegroom, was telling him of this wonderful institution. Jack explained how he was the boss in his family. He always has the last word—"yes".

The Remark of the Week: Pvt. Caputo's "But, Lieutenant, we don't get enough time off to spend our money wisely".

I've seen Pfc. Nick Struk walking around the company area with a hammer in one hand and a screw driver in the other for a long time now. What I want to know is this—Does he ever get to the place he's always going to?

Pvt. Carpentiere is now standing guard over the latrine with a broom. Claims there is too much hot water being used. Have you ever seen the before and after ad of that hair restorer firm? It is rumored that Cpl. Wills, our company clerk, posed for the before part.

# Penning Love Letters, Buying Gifts All in Day's Work of Gray Ladies

## Auxiliary Corps Here Known as Gloom Chasers

By PVT. ALAN KAYES

Meet the Gray Ladies.

Newcomers to the wards at the Station Hospital, not recognizing the gray uniform from which the organization gets its name, call the women who wear them 'nurse.' Ward-wise cot clingers call them the Gloom Chasers. The American Red Cross refers to them more sedately as members of the Monmouth County Chapter, Hospital and Recreation Corps, American Red Cross.

Call them what you will, they are here to serve. Do they? Ask any soldier who has spent a week or two in a Station Hospital ward.

There was that little matter of an appropriate birthday card for Sissie's youngest. Flowers to be selected and sent to Mom on Mother's Day. A pair of rayon hosiery for the big heart throb — just to be remembered. A telephone call home to let the folks know that it wasn't anything serious — be up and around in a week or so.

But here's a tip for those planning a Station Hospital furlough. Don't ask the Gray Ladies to provide you with a cute blonde to while away the boredom of convalescence, or a week-end pass to speed recovery. You will just be wasting your time.

The writer has it straight from the No. 1 Gray Lady, Mrs. Bruce Berckmans, of Middletown, chairman of the Hospital and Recreation Corps of the Monmouth County chapter, a tall, slim, engaging person who looks businesslike, yet chic in her summer outdoor Gray Lady uniform. Blondes and passes are out, even though they are high on the list of patient requests.

"It probably won't stop the boys from asking," said Mrs. Berckmans with a smile, "but at least if we warn them in advance they won't be disappointed. We'll do practically anything else within reason for them though. We'll sew buttons on their shirts if they insist they can't handle a needle, shop for them at the PX or in Red Bank, fill in for a fourth at bridge, telephone home, or notify the Red Cross Field Director if there's a financial problem which he may be able to help solve."

Since October, 1941, when the Gray Ladies of the Monmouth County chapter were organized by Mrs. Robert Ilsley, they have been in daily attendance at the Station Hospital, where they work under Chief Nurse Lt. Ethel Lomansky. They have distributed countless sheets of Red Cross letter paper and envelopes, written hundreds of letters for men unable to do so themselves, handed out non-G. I. soap by the carton, provided patients with toothbrushes, shaving equipment, playing cards, games, magazines, and even arranged monthly dances in the Day Room for convalescents.

Their handicraft room, in the basement of the Auxiliary Hospital is equipped with everything from a miniature jig-saw machine to an electrical tooling stylus, for burning designs in wood and leather. The room usually is filled with convalescents working at a large table, one soldier beating out a copper ashtray on a wooden mould, another making an airplane model, a third stitching a leather wallet. At least one of the Gray Ladies, skilled in arts and crafts, is in attendance, helping the men with their work, showing them how to use the unfamiliar equipment.

## Gray Lady Gloom Chaser



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

On her daily visit to the ward, Mrs. Robert Eisner, of Red Bank, writes a letter home for Pvt. Thomas G. Wood, left, while in background Pvt. Solomon S. Boatright, left, and Pvt. Arthur E. Kraft rummage through her basket for toothpaste and soap. Mrs. Eisner is the head of 12 Gray Ladies administering aid to confined soldiers.

## Officers to See Post Show, "Hold Back The Yawn" Tonight

"Hold Back the Yawn," an original soldier-written comedy, song and dance revue featuring a combination of Broadway and Fort Hancock talent, will be presented before officers of this post at 10 tonight in the Officers' Mess.

The one and one half hour show, which includes songs, skits, parodies, and dances, has been written and arranged by Pfc. "Sonny" Surrat, member of the Post Theatre Section.

The special swing wing of the Bullet Buster band will play the show with Sgt. Jimmy (Boy Meets Horn) Dorsey featured on the trumpet. Pvt. Alex Finger, former pick man for big name acts, will be pianist for the show.

Pfc. Surrat will emcee. Pvt. Eddie Kramer, Blitzler who scored a

hit with the audience in his "Rhythm Roundup" debut last winter, will hold a parody spot, while Pvt. Plummer, Dot N Dash, will do a comedy clown act. Rounding out the local talent, Cpl. Jones and Pvt. "Tadpole" Prosser, of the Troopers, will stage a duo dance set.

From Broadway will come Midge Weber, specialty dancer who recently closed at the Onyx Club, Muriel Moore, rhumba and conga tap dancer who formerly was with the "Hellzapoppin" show, and a doubles dancing act.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

### THURSDAY

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 P. M.  
YMCA home game night at 8 P. M. Westfield ladies will be hostesses and partners. Refreshments.

"This Land Is Mine," with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. A must. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 P. M. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 P. M.

### FRIDAY

YMCA bingo party at 8 P. M. Cigarettes as prizes.  
Service Club dance.  
"This Land Is Mine," at Post Theatres.

### SATURDAY

YMCA free movies at 6 and 8 P. M., two showings.  
YMCA lobby sing at 7:30 P. M.  
"Carmel Caravan" variety revue, at Theatre No. 2 at 7:30 and 9 P. M. At Post Hospital at 5:30 P. M.  
"They Came to Blow Up America," with George Sanders and Anna Sten, at Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 P. M. Movie cancelled at Theatre No. 2.

### SUNDAY

YMCA open house Decoration Day Observance.  
YMCA Gospel lobby sing at 9:30 P. M.

YMCA Music of the Masters at 8 P. M. Recordings of Beethoven third (Eroica) symphony and Shostokovitch piano concerto.

"Crash Dive," starring Tyrone Power and Anne Baxter. Action best of the week. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 P. M. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 P. M.

### MONDAY

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 P. M.  
YMCA Java Club at 7:30 P. M.  
Major N. H. Locascio, speaking on psychiatry. Open Forum. Coffee and cakes.

"Crash Dive" at Post Theatres.

### TUESDAY

YMCA-Rumson VSO sewing service at 5 P. M. Ladies will do sewing and mending for soldiers.  
YMCA free movies at 8 P. M.  
"Good Morning Judge," with Dennis O'Keefe and Louise Albritton, and "A Gentle Gangster," with Barton MacLane. Double feature at Post Theatres.

### WEDNESDAY

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 P. M.  
YMCA lobby and crafts party at 8 P. M. Lady instructors will be present.  
"Cowboy in Manhattan," with Frances Langford and Robert Paige, at Post Theatres.

# Sandy Hook Foghorn

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SPORTS EDITOR ..... Sgt. Clay Marsh

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, May 27, 1943.

## BRASS BUTTONS AND A REPORTER

Sometimes, you get so deep in the forest, you can't see the trees . . .

Take the military man. If he's a member of a smart outfit, his neat appearance becomes routine, because there is no contrast between the next man and himself. Or if he belongs to a shabby outfit, one man is just as lax as another, and there is no contrast incentive to better his appearance.

Mingling with civilians sometimes provides the greatest contrast for a soldier, and one slant on this contrast was voiced this week in a letter received from a civilian newspaperman. Though humorous, the letter carries a little weight between the lines for some. Read it, laugh, then see where you fit in the picture.

"My brother Jimmy—pardon me I mean Sergeant Tucker—came home the other day on leave. He was wearing glistening medals on his chest. I was wearing dark circles under my eyes.

"He looked trim, erect, brisk, self-assured, salubrious and immaculately neat. Except for a few soup spots on my tie, I looked neat too. My night shift tan did little to conceal my dyspeptic condition. He was fresh out of a half day of what he calls "bucking." I was fresh out of bed—at 4 P. M.

"Mother tried valiantly to remind the neighbors she does have another son, but they glanced at me as if I was a none too interesting rock formation. And why not? In my brother, they had a clear cut example of what Uncle Sam can do in bringing out the best in a man. In me they had a blurred duplicate of a cross between a sanitarium patient and a fugitive from blood.

"At a party the next night, I did KP. Once I ventured into the living room, and someone said: 'Who is that sloppy looking individual carrying the tray?' 'I don't know,' answered another, 'unless he's somebody hired to do the kitchen work. I suppose that's what the 4-Fs look like.

"I went back to the kitchen and felt more at home among the pots and pans—especially the pots.

"The next afternoon the Army and myself went downtown. I never have been accused of being stoop shoulder-

ed, but I just couldn't walk as erect as the 'golden one.' I threw back my shoulders and threw out what is left of my chest, but I still felt as though I had a weight around my neck. I tried holding in my chin and almost choked.

"We made a fine contrast, we two. From his shoes to his service cap, he was immaculate. I looked like something left over from a rummage sale. My hat was out of shape, my topcoat felt like a burlap bag, and I hadn't had a haircut in six weeks. My trousers gave the appearance of one in a squatting position, ready to play leap frog at a moment's notice.

"I took him around to some of my associates for introductions. They admiringly appraised him, then looked at me and said: 'It's hard to realize he's your brother, isn't it?'

"It was the same story when we dropped into a bar. They gazed at him, then looked at me as if I was something left over—a byproduct waiting to be converted to some use.

"Have a drink, soldier,' one stranger offered. Then with a generous thumb in my direction, he said: 'And maybe your father would like one too.'

"I felt pretty bad. After all, I've got my pride too. The next day I hit upon a solution. I went up into the attic and dug out my old filling station uniform. It looked pretty good—but it didn't work. They took me for a Western Union boy.

"I guess it only goes to show that it takes Uncle Sam to make a man out of a man."

Uncle Sam has been putting on the pressure here the last couple of weeks. And the pressure has borne fruit. Brigadier General Gage said this week he was extremely pleased to note the great improvement in appearance and in saluting.

Let's keep it up. And anytime the snap of the soldier becomes so routine you neglect it, remember the broken down newspaperman with his sack suit, copy desk build, and lobster shift tan. You'll feel like a million bucks in your brass buttons then.

# Beasley Leads Post Nine; Softball Loop Opens

## Idea

### of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh  
Sports Editor

They have just finished fricasseeing the bird in the Badminton Tourney, and the stage is now set for Badminton's big brother—tennis. Entries are being taken now for the coming tennis tournament at the "Y."

As Mr. Anthony would undoubtedly put it any Sunday evening, "My advice to you, 648, is to go directly to the 'Y' and enter your name for this tourney." Just in case you found you couldn't fit your racket in your barracks bag, and had to leave it behind, don't fret. Rackets and balls are supplied. The winner and runner-up of last year's tourney are no longer here, so the field is wide open.

Judging from the speed that is shown in the vicinity of the dock any afternoon at 4:25 when the S. S. Depew is huffing impatiently to be off to the world of tinsel and glitter—we have a few track stars knocking about.

Gather around, stars—we will have words.

A track and field meet is to be held on the post July 4th. This is to be a de luxe meet. Hurdles, 220s, 110s, dashes, etc. Whatever your specialty, there will be a spot for you. Start picking them up and laying them down, to get in form for this meet—after all, you don't get enough passes to get in shape running for the Commuters' Special.

So far we have 17 teams entered for the softball league. We are practically set up in business. Allowing a couple of days for the dilatory, and we should get started June 1st. Whatdaya say, dilatory, let's get them in.

By the way, the Ellis Island Coast Guard has challenged the Post Softball Team to a game some time in the latter part of July. We accepted, then imagine our embarrassment—no Post team! By that time tho', the league should be far enough along to allow us to make up a team capable of scuttling the men from the Island of Ellis.

Teams which have indicated desire to play in the Post softball league thus far are Dot N Dash, Blitzers, Coast Guard detachment, Navy detachment, a Guardsman battery, a Little Bums battery, Flaming Bombers, Mamma's Pets, and 10 units of the Bullet Busters.

Four Hook fighters took up their cudgels in the military boxing carnival that was held at the Long Branch Stadium for the benefit of the Red Cross, and in their three bouts they took one by a TKO, one by decision and lost one. In an exhibition, Pvt. Frank Gaudes fought a two-rounder with former featherweight champion Chalky Wright.

Pvt. Frank DeRespino provided a highlight to the proceedings with his TKO over one Henry Diaz of Camp Wood in 2:45 of the second round.

Pvt. Frank Lofaso scored next when he punched out a ticket that entitled him to a decision over George McKnight of Gainesville, Fla. Hooker Rubano dropped a decision to Leon Soyer of Camp Edison. All of the scratch that was taken in was turned over to the Red Cross.

## Former Montreal Royal Has .511 Batting Average

### Leftfielder Also High In Extra Base Hits, Fielding Averages

Cpl. Harold (Booze) Beasley, 22 year old left fielder with a drawl in his voice and dynamite in his bat, is now leading the Fort Hancock baseball team in just about every department in the books including batting and field averages and extra base hits, it was revealed today by Pfc. Edward Smith, statistician for the Hook club.

Based on a compilation of 18 games of play up to Wednesday of this week, the Bullet Buster outfit's gift to local baseball has maintained a batting average of .511—Superman stuff in any league. His percentage is some 200 points ahead of the next nearest competitor.

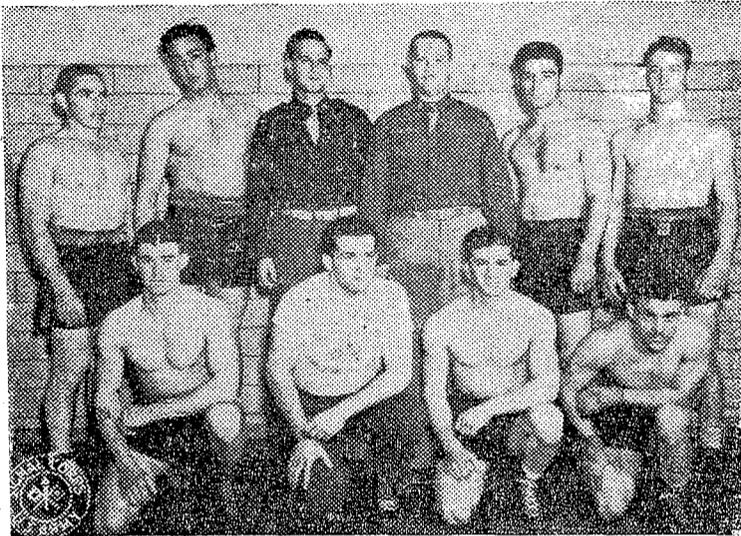
This big business at the plate also gives him top spot in extra base breakdowns with a total of two triples, three doubles and eight stolen bases personally accounted for thus far. And in the fielding statistics, Cpl. Beasley leads with a .914 percentage.

Third sacker Ziggy Oskroba, who has handled almost as many chances on the hot corner as have his teammates at second and short, ranks No. 2 on the list of averages. Oskroba is wielding the stick at a .297 clip. Aside from the two leaders, others are far down the list. Shortstop Wally Bleyman and keystone sacker Rudy Bielecky are doing a .200 and .150 business respectively, while first baseman Eddie Hoffman stands at .205 despite the fact that he does plenty of extra base work.

The four regulars on the pitching staff are topped by Joe Oldak, who has won two and lost two and who has an earned run average of 4.84. Others are Joe Bidowsky, one up and two down, Lt. Frank D. Senerchia, one up and two down, and Jerome Schneider with two defeats and no victories in the book.

The Post nine has won six and dropped 11 out of 18 games thus far. A nine game streak of losses in the early part of the season accounts for the dull total record to date. The team has a collective batting average of .200.

## TAKE 2, DROP 1 IN RED CROSS SHOW



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Hook boxers invaded Long Branch last Sunday but only four of above participated. Frank DeRespino won by a TKO, Frank Lofaso won by decision, Benny Rubano dropped a match, and Frankie Gaudes, not in picture, fought an exhibition bout. Standing, left to right are: Carmen Perreca, Raymond Meola, Lt. Frank D. Senerchia, Special Service Officer, Major Herbert Wendelkin, Post Athletic Director, Lofaso, and Francis Croken. Kneeling, left to right, are: Pat Dyer, Herb Rosenberg, coach, Rubano and DeRespino.

## Official Post League Set For Debut on June 1

### Deadline for Entries Is Noon Saturday; 18 Clubs Signed

The intra-post softball tournament, open to all units of the Post, is scheduled to start June 1 it was announced today. The play will be a twin-league round robin, and the team that places first will be the Fort Hancock softball champions.

Many outfits on the Post have already submitted their entries, but there is still time to enter your team in the league. Entries are being taken, either by note or phone at the Foghorn office. The deadline for entering the tournament is 12 noon, Saturday, May 29.

There has been some difficulty in obtaining sufficient diamonds to conduct a league, but this has been solved by the lifting of the restrictions on the North Parade Grounds. Athletics are now authorized there, so the athletic fields in back of the bomb-proof and the North Parade Grounds are now available for softball.

The rules laid down for this tournament are few and simple, it was announced. The Official Softball Rule Book will be the final word in all disputes, and each team competing will supply one official for each of their games. The winning team of each game will be responsible for submitting the result of their game to the Foghorn office. All entrants will be paired off and each pair will arrange their game with their opponent at their convenience. Each team entered by the deadline will receive a schedule of play dates.

## Nine Set For Heavy Weekend

Fort Hancock's baseball nine, rested up after an idle weekend in which the one game scheduled was washed out, opens another heavy session with the schedule in the next few days.

The Senerchia-men return from the Wednesday encounter at West Point to face Paterson State Teachers here tomorrow and will journey to New York Saturday to meet Third Naval District there. The club will stay on the road for two more sessions, one with Board of Recreation Commissioners at Summit, N. J., and the other with Fort Hamilton at Fort Hamilton on Sunday and Wednesday, respectively.

Paterson State Teachers dropped their first tangle with the local club while the opening encounter with Third Naval District here was rained out. The Post nine will be meeting the other two clubs booked for the first time this year.

## Flaming Bombers Drop Navy Detachment 7-2

With Larry Haase whiffing 15 batters, the Bombers "lowered the boom" against the Navy detachment this week with a 14 hit assault and emerged victorious 7-2. Going into the third inning with the score tied at 2-2, Haase set off the spark with a two run homer scoring Dudas that sent the Bombers ahead 4-2.

After this uprising he never had to worry. Dudas led the attack with 4 for 3, followed closely by Kelsey and Veitch with two hits apiece. Speedboy Kelsey chimed in with an inside the park homer in the 4th.

## Handball Tourney Opens June 2; Golf Tournament to Follow

The starting date of the Enlisted Men's Handball Tournament is drawing near, and the deadline for entries is even closer than that. Wednesday, June 2 is the opening date for this tournament, and no entries will be taken after tonight.

Entries may be submitted to the Physical Department of the YMCA anytime up to closing time tonight. Mr. Forbes, Physical Director, will be there all day to accept entries, or he may be reached by calling Ext. 38. A complete supply of handballs and gloves are available to all entrants without cost.

It is understood that last year's winner of this tournament is no longer on the Post, so it is expected that there will be new names up there battling for the trophies that are to be awarded to the winner and runner-up of this tournament, by the Special Service Office.

Opening date of the Enlisted Man's Golf Tournament which will be played on the Hollywood Country Club's fine course, will follow close on the heels of the Handball Tourney. Once again, through the courtesy of the Directors of this Deal Club, Fort Hancock is given

the opportunity to run its tournament on this top ranking course, that a short time back had Craig Wood as its pro. The actual starting date of this tournament has not been set as yet, but all are urged to get their entries in to the YMCA immediately to assure themselves of the opportunity of playing some good golf, and having the chance to cop a win or a runner-up spot in this match. Transportation will be furnished all players to and from the course. The Special Service Office will also furnish golf balls to all participants, and the Hollywood Country Club has offered to furnish all men who do not have clubs with them, a full set of sticks.

It would appear then, that all that is needed to play in this tournament, is the ability to play a little golf, plus that little matter of getting your name in as an entrant right away.

### COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

can do without Foghorn, but can Foghorn do without me?

"How can a soldier know how to conduct himself properly on pass without me?"

"How can the young ladies languishing on the outside know what to wear, know when to eat (hmm—seems to me I've heard that gag before) and know what color chintz men like on a divan?"

Editor: (meekly) "Well, after all, I've been around too. I've been to the Astor Bar. And I've been to those parties given by the Young People's Society of the First Baptist Church."

Pvt. Wolf: "Yeah, but I bet they didn't serve punch or play 'fast' games like 'truth and consequences.'"

Editor: (in despair) "No, I guess you're right. We played 'Going to Jerusalem.'"

With no comeback, there's nothing to do but continue paying Pvt. Wolf his \$175 per week and satisfy the customers. After all, even Greeley can be wrong.

Wonder what it is about the Wolf? His beard, maybe? Break.

## The Wolf

by Sansone



"I think we'd better just hold hands!"