

SANDY HOOK FOGGHORN

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Friday, January 22, 1943.

Published Weekly

CROWDS STORM THE GAGE GYM TO SEE ---

Hookers Take British in 8 of 10 Bouts

COLUMN LEFT

1942 was a remarkable year. Critics picked the best this and that of the year with careless abandon. Noel Coward walked away with two honors. His "Blithe Spirit" was voted the best play of the year on Broadway. His "In Which We Serve" was voted the best motion picture of the year. John Steinbeck's "The Moon is Down" was voted the best book of the year.

So it goes. But it remained for Sgt. Sid Gray of Camp Davis, N.C., to nominate what to our way of thinking was the best "best" selection of the year:

"To the Leathernecks in Guadalcanal, in New Guinea and other far-reaching fastnesses—to these selfsame Marines who discovered for the world that the Japs were not the swimmers and judo experts they were cracked up to be—to a stouthearted Russian townsfolk that held fast on its 1-yard line; sprung a TNT formation, and then proceeded to push the Nazis all over the field on a reverse play—to the British Tommies who exploded the myth of Rommel's invincibility by teeing off on a second rate gang of front runners—to a combined Allied Air force that is setting forth an aerial "downsnaught" in the best (or worst) Nazi circles; to the countless number of "undergrounders" who have stymied the best (or worst) efforts of a marauding foe—to those who have fought and will continue to fight on these scattered fronts so that a pseudo paper-hanger and his cronies will never be permitted to dictate THEIR kind of peace—to these, for the most part, nameless but not aimless heroes we say—YOURS was the outstanding performance of 1942."

TIMES HAVE CHANGED: During the first World War, the Grand Central Palace in New York served as a hospital for the wounded. Today it is an induction center. In 1917-18 Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks sold Liberty Bonds from the back of a brewery wagon along Broadway. They had to shout to the crowds through crude megaphones. Today bonds are sold over the radio and microphone loud speakers.....

Seems there was a certain Pvt. Neidspondiavonic who called at a certain camp post office for his mail.

"Anything for Neidspondiavonic?" the private inquired.

The mail clerk looked up.

"What's the initial?"

STREAMLINED BIZET



Enlisted men of Fort Hancock take curtain calls after the performance of "Carmen" given Tuesday night in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. Mme. Lily Djanel, of the Met, who sang the title role is seen by Cpl. John Harrold who sang Don Jose.

Buried Gun To Rise Again

300 Tons of Steel Rail; Huge Gun, Sold In Scrap Auction

By Pvt. Roger Hammond

A huge 25 foot, 30,000 pound railway rifle, declared obsolete and buried on the post 12 years ago, came back for a post-mortem duty in the war effort last weekend when it was sold at auction here for salvage. The heavy artillery firing piece was sold with 300 tons of steel rail by 2nd Lt. Cyrus C. Urmev, QMC, the entire salvage contribution amounting to approximately 300 tons of steel.

Louis Abrams, of Asbury Park, dealer in wholesale and retail scrap, was the successful bidder on the railway rifle, and from a technical standpoint he was purchasing the piece the second time. In 1930 when the rifle was obsolete, Abrams purchased the gun for \$3, but was unable to haul it out of its graveyard in the sand. Last Friday during the auction, he offered a high bid of \$10 on the weapon. Suitable equipment is now available for hauling the gun out.

Charles J. Samuels & Sons, of Brooklyn, dealer in ferrous and non-ferrous metals, bid \$10.10 per ton on the 300 tons of steel rails, while David Williams, representing the M. K. Frank Co., of New York City, iron and steel products firm, underbid second by only two cents

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Old Canadian Custom

FT. BENNING, GA.— Officers and noncoms of the First Canadian Parachute Battalion served the enlisted men's mess on Christmas and New Year's Day. It's an old Canadian custom. Officers and noncoms also washed the dishes and attended to other dirty duties of KP. The Canadian troops are stationed here for training.

'Carmen' In Khaki Given At Waldorf By Hancock Men

Fort Hancock presented "Carmen" in khaki in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York on Tuesday night before an audience of 1,000.

With a cast composed partly of opera stars and partly of enlisted men from this Post, a capsule version of Bizet's operatic masterpiece was presented to an enthusiastic house.

It was understood that funds raised by the concert and the dinner preceding it are to be used by the Metropolitan Opera Guild which is sponsoring a campaign to provide free tickets to music-loving service men on leave in New York.

Mme. Lily Djanel sang the title role of Carmen, which is her most familiar part at the Met. Mme. Licia Albanese, by sheer artistry and brilliance of tone, built the secondary role of Micaela into a musical cameo. Mme. Albanese received a tumultuous ovation in her second act aria.

Miss Frances Greer and Miss Lucille Browning, played minor roles with authority.

Cpl. John Harrold has never appeared to better advantage, and his Don Jose was sung with surety which was proven by the ovation given his "Flower Song" aria.

Mr. Valfredo Pattachi sang the part of the Toreador, replacing the indisposed Pvt. Harry Fleer who had been assigned the role. Cpl. Joseph Rosenberg played the role of Zunigua.

Pvt. Lanni Russell danced a Spanish fandango in addition to directing the sixteen Lola Bravo Dancers' Ballet.

Mrs. Florence Fair was the Narrator, and the Guardsmen Band provided a rousing overture.

Col. J. C. Haw, Post Commander and Mrs. Haw attended, as did Col. and Mrs. Lucius R. Clament, and many other Post officials.

Income Tax Blanks Available Overseas

U. S. Troops Get Forms In All Theatres of Operation

Income tax blanks will be distributed through Army Post Offices overseas to facilitate the payment of 1942 taxes by those soldiers and officers serving outside the United States who choose to keep their federal financial obligations on a current basis, the War Department announces.

Through the cooperation of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, details of the program are being arranged as to enable any soldier to make a tax return wherever he may be stationed.

In England, the income tax forms will be printed there from sample blanks forwarded at the request of Army authorities who reported numerous inquiries on tax payment procedure. In North Africa, the Southwest Pacific and other areas where printing facilities are inadequate, returns will be made out on original forms obtained from the Bureau of Internal Revenue and shipped by the Army in ample number to cover all requirements.

Under the law, no member of the armed forces serving at sea or outside the continental United States has to file an income tax or make payment until after his return to this country. This also applies to military or civilian personnel who are prisoners of war.

An Island Saga

SOUTH PACIFIC AREA—Cigaretts paid for an island in the Pacific in a hard bargain driven by Capt. Charles Nissen, stationed here. He swapped a native chief out of the island which included coconut groves, palm trees, crystal clear lagoons—and native girls sunning themselves on the beaches. The island is a mile wide and two miles long. The cigarettes cost the Captain 11 cents.

Visitors Display Great Gameness; Lack Experience

Ambers Clipped With Stiff Uppercut In Third Bout

by SGT. CLAY MARSH

The British and the Americans staged a sockfest at the YMCA Gage Gymnasium Wednesday night and the Americans came out on top in 8 out of 10 bouts.

The men from Hancock captured five by the knockout method and won three decisions.

The Britishers were represented by members of the Royal and South African Navies.

Although the Britishers lost decisively, the evening's card provided plenty of slugging matches, and blood speckled the ringiders throughout the evening in a manner that would have turned a blood bank green with envy.

The feature bout brought James Mooney of the Britishers against S-Sgt. Don Vodden at 160 lbs. The Britishers took this one on a decision.

The first round was slow, with both boys feeling each other out. The round ended about even.

The second round produced many suggestions from the crowd on how to speed things up but things remained slow with the boys tying each other up.

In the final round Mooney was able to get in enough clean punches at long range to shake Vodden up and pile up the points to win.

In the opening bout, Cpl. Louis Sacchetti took the decision over Maxwell Bailen, A. B., at 116 lbs. The boys fought hard in the first round, and honors were even. In the second, blood was streaming from Sacchetti's face from a smacked nose and a cut high on the cheek. Despite this, Sacchetti gave Bailen a hard pounding throughout and had the best of this round.

Sacchetti cut Bailen up in the final round, and handed him another pounding. Bailen took everything Sacchetti had without wavering and at the bell both fighters were covered with blood, most of it Bailen's.

In the second bout of the evening the Britishers scored a victory when Alf Stewart, "The Fighting Parson," 118 lbs., stepped around his opponent, Pvt. John Savello, to punch out a decision. Stewart showed plenty of speed all through the fight and kept Savello off balance. Savello fought hard, but was unable to match Stewart's speed, and couldn't slow him down. Donovan was the referee.

In the third go, Pvt. John Perkins scored an easy victory over O. S. Robert Wood at 130 lbs. Perkins dropped Wood in the first round with an uppercut, but the high spot of the round came when

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LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

BLITZERS

by Sgt. Clay Marsh

Hello recruits. I mean the recruits that joined the Blitzers a short time ago. Not the Glicks, Kravetz et al. — but the newest recruits.

Make yourself comfortable chums, you might be around these parts for a time. Why we have a soldier who claims he helped build the lighthouse. I can't guarantee Johnson's story, but he has been here long enough to get that "vision cock look." That's an expression "wider than that of a horse's eye" by a standstill. Yes I know, Pvt. Blumenthal has it too, but he's not an old soldier, he had it when he came in the Army.

You're all big boys now, and there are some things you should be told. Listen children—

Pvt. Bernstein. Now there's a character. He has a game see. And when he drags the thing out, get suddenly interested in going to the movies or the PX — the main thing, is git.

Then there's Pvt. Barr. As a child he was bitten by a bug that knew Milton Berle intimately. My advice here is to keep an exit between you and him, and don't be afraid to use that exit. That maneuver is known in military circles as a strategic retreat.

Would you like to buy the controlling stock in the New York Public Library? I thought not. Then send your money home every payday, before you start passing the time of day with Pfc. Racer. This one's a salesman, but good.

If you have any illusions about becoming the biggest chowhound in the outfit, forget them. We have Pvt. "Chain-fed" Nietupski and well you just can't do it, see!

You like black-jack? O. K., play it, but have plenty of lettuce with you before you go against Pvt. Kur. He was hitting 17's with fours when you were playing Pin the Tail on the Donkey.

The pool table's there for you to use, but when Pvt. Pfahl reaches for a cue, you're on your own. He's the reason Willie Hoppe doesn't join the army, and he's trained his dog to take a week's meat ration out of your leg when you make more than two balls.

That's the Blitzers. Don't say I didn't warn you.

KATZ MEOWS

By Pvt. C. K.

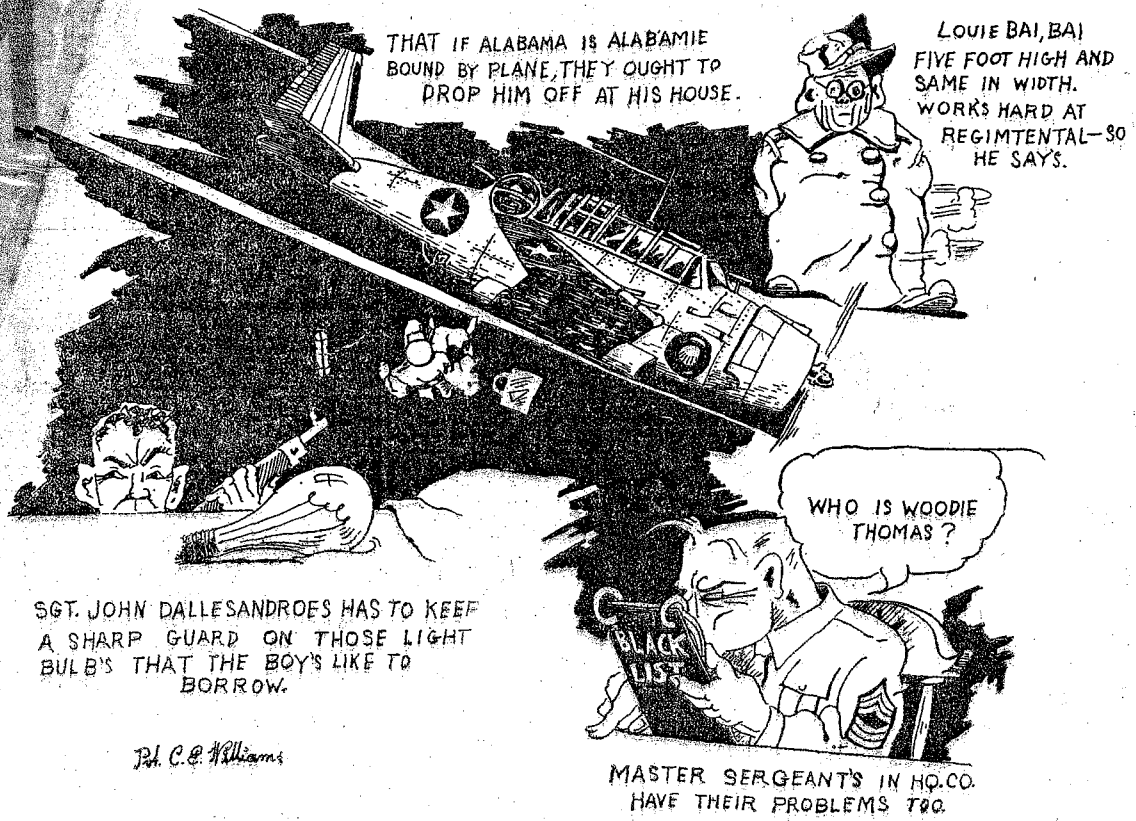
There's been some changes made. Cpl. Zach Weisgrau and Pvt. Bobby MacDonnough have left. Cpl. Charlie Hudson came back and made sergeant. Staff Sergeant Charlie Zeitler has gone to OCS, and Sgt. Sol Browdie has left the Army to complete his interrupted medical career. Pvt. Ben Wagmeister is learning the ropes in the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington. Lots of luck to all the boys on their new jobs.

Sunny Jim Markle is taking my place in Delaware. He'll like it there. Perhaps he can quiet Benjamin down and keep him away from the lassies with huddies. I wonder what the payoff was on Benjy's last affair.

Question Department — with no answers: Who is the economical private caught writing the same letter to two different people? Where can a sleepless sergeant locate a sorely needed diaper service? What is Pop MacGrath's true age? Would Joyce like to have seen her one and only on the stage last Friday night? What dienerary in our outfit turns red, white, and blue every time a certain banquet picture is mentioned?

A word to the wise: The best way to save coffee is to use the old bean.

SEEMS TO ME



THAT IF ALABAMA IS ALABAMIE BOUND BY PLANE, THEY OUGHT TO DROP HIM OFF AT HIS HOUSE.

LOUIE BAI, BAI FIVE FOOT HIGH AND SAME IN WIDTH. WORKS HARD AT REGIMENTAL—30 HE SAYS.

WHO IS WOODIE THOMAS?

SGT. JOHN DALLESANDROES HAS TO KEEP A SHARP GUARD ON THOSE LIGHT BULB'S THAT THE BOYS LIKE TO BORROW.

Rt. C. Williams

MASTER SERGEANT'S IN HQ. CO. HAVE THEIR PROBLEMS TOO.

HEAT'S ON

by Imogene

"Thesaurus" Tesoro, hungry as usual, casually exclaimed that he could go for a bushel of apples. No sooner said than done. T. T. was presented with a bushel of the stuff that keeps the doctor away. Eat them! was the order. After the excitement was over, the bushel returned—but our Frank is still hungry.

We have unanimously requested the presence of Sgt. "Fuzz-Wuzz" on our morning maneuvers. Attention! Bring up the rear!

Schrom the "Glom" and Sad-Eyes Stein are complaining again. We'll see what we can do about the noise, and the lights and the radios, but "Schromstein," we absolutely refuse to tuck you in and kiss you good night. Enough is—too much!

Mastrolia for "Perficie!" The campaign is in full swing. Harry promises to shave every day, keep the barracks warm and above all, be a good soldier. He will also lead the campaign. All in favor will wear their John L's.

Frank, of Santore and Sullivan, wants it known that he has no finger in this literary pie. The big fellow with diamond doesn't like the style and "S" of S and S doesn't like what the big fella doesn't like.

"Beer" Schaeffer and Max Caren are right on the ball of late. The former is trying to get the other two while the latter is trying to hold on to the two he has.

Our company clerk—and the biggest gold brick is back—a bit weak but intact. How many red lines this month? How about the Mrs. to help you? She's getting \$28 per month without KP.

"Farmer" Zajac brings our double-men up to 5 in a month. TZ pulled a quickie while on pass; claims that he had to get someone to drive the tractor and work on the farm. Here's to your victory garden, Tom, good luck!

"Matt Gooch" is heading for the rocks of matrimony too. He claims to have known the girl for a long time. In fact she was right under his nose all the while.

Make sure you get to chow early. Our one-man policing squad, "Fingers This is War" Warke is back! He says he hasn't eaten a good meal in ten days.

Keep your eye on Sgt. "Anemic." He's after something again. He can be seen in Hq. every night trying to stay awake longer than Morris. But Morris fools him. He can work without being awake!

A reward is hereby offered to the one who apprehends the author of this column—but don't come too close—he wears a belt of nitroglycerin!

Income Tax Dope To Appear In Yank

For all G. I.'s who have been wondering how this year's income tax program will affect members of the armed forces, YANK, the Army Weekly is publishing a two-page, detailed summary of the tax situation. The article will appear in the January 27 issue of YANK.

In the same issue, which will be one of the highwater marks in YANK's seven-month career, winners of the "Nuts to the Axis" contest will be announced, and for the first time, the Army Weekly will publish words and music of a stirring Army song.

Soldiers everywhere are urged to study YANK's tax article, as it contains information of vital importance to all men in uniform.

DOT-N-DASH

by Pvt. Paul H. Jones

Some of my "dear" friends have asked me this question: When are you going to write something interesting? For their information we say that we are fully aware that "something interesting" means writing about them. Now that that is off my mind, I'll continue my own sweet way.

Interesting it is to note that two of our fellow soldiers here have "done gone and got married." Sgt. Jimmy Hogan and Pvt. John Kane. Sgt. Hogan returned a trifle fatigued but seemingly all right. Pvt. Kane is still pale and shaken. To use Sgt. Lormer's words: "Marriage changes people and I am glad to think that; any change in Pvt. Kane would have to be for the better." Now we wonder just what he means.

Sgt. Albert Meyenborg (the Metropolitan Meyenborg) is planning to re-write the score for the opera "Carmen." In the last act he is going to insert his own version of "Old Man River." We think that it should be interesting if just a bit unusual.

We hate to open old sores, but friends of S-Sgt. Lyons are still wondering if they will ever see a "Dipper Duck." Ask the Sgt. about them, but let me warn you, ask him with a smile.

Sgt. Joe Fulmer is very happy these days. Some of his friends plan to visit him. Glad to know that some of our "Joe's" friends are making a long trip just to see him.

For the enlightenment of PFC friends he is making his debut as a baritone. His lusty voice resounds all through the "Met."

PFC Leland Rollins is the ammunition kid of the outfit. The saying is "Get the ammunition, Leland" instead of "Pass the ammunition."

Sleep Tight, Private

CAMP CROWDER, Mo. — For three days in a row a brand new recruit had turned up at inspection with a perfectly made bed. Impressed, his company commander and the sergeant decided the matter deserved additional attention. So they started to take the bed apart to find out the rookie's system.

The simplicity of it all astonished them. The bedding was held tightly in place by two dozen safety pins.

ARCHERS

It's been "June in January" for ye Archers. Corps. Berler and Verpault have on the 9th and 10th respectively, taken unto themselves spouses, respectively. The affair on the 9th was simple and unpretentious. The bride's mother wept. Corp. Berler isn't certain whether the tears were shed over the thought that her daughter was being hornswoggled with the ogle-dogle or not.

The Verpault nuptials, to the contrary, was quite an affair. It's not many a girl, of modest social attachments, that could boast of having a General as a guest at her wedding dinner, or at having been entertained by a stage star such as Miss Flora Robson.

At the marriage ceremony, Corp. Christ gave the bride away (or was it the groom that he gave away). At the after-the-wedding festivities the usual Archer standbys furnished the entertainment, MC'd as usual by Capt. Justin Yates. At the writing of this piece the Verpaults are on the combination furlough-honeymoon and the umptiest details are yet to be divulged.

A one-man tornado has appeared in the person of Corp. Hickey, who is harmless enough except when the spirits have entered him, the methylated spirits. Pvt. Cecchetti has, to date, the record for lying down longer than any soldier on the post, excluding those that are bedridden at the hospital. Nothing, as yet, has come of the courtship of Pfeffer and Moehle's sister, but things are about to pop.

Bungling Bombardiers

At the Midland Army Flying School, Texas, baby blue miniature bombs are hung around the neck of the "Dud of the Day." This title is given to the bombardier student who makes the worst mistake each day. He must wear the un-merit award for 24 hours before passing it on to his unlucky successor.

AUSTRALIAN ORDER

SYDNEY, Australia—Public displays of affection by soldiers on leave with female companions are no longer allowed. Under a new order issued by U. S. Army officials, soldiers on leave must not "put their arms around a female companion in a public thoroughfare in a manner unbecoming to a soldier."

QM QUIPS

by Pvt. Jack Kabler

We were almost horrified the other P.M. when we eyed our Personnel Clerk, Cpl. Cherowitzo, hunting for something in the garbage can in the mess hall. We know that the meat shortage has affected the Home Front but not here in the Army. It was a relief to learn that the Cpl. had only absent mindedly thrown the silverware therein and (he) was just grappling it out when we came on the scene. The Cpl. can be excused because he had just finished making out the payroll.

Speaking of payrolls reminds us of an incident that occurred in the Finance Office the other day. While waiting in line to be paid on the Supplementary Payroll Warehouseman, PFC Olmstead and Sgt. Oscar M. Downing of the Bakery, after being on this Post for over 9 months, recognized each other as former buddies in service in Panama.

Panama is where it is hot and PFC Donald "Duck" Davis must have become pretty hot under the collar when he nudged a Lt. in the Main PX recently, mistaking the officer for his companion who had stepped aside to deposit a coin in the juke box. Our guess is that QM Clerk Davis will make sure whom he nudges from now on whenever he's sucking a soda in the Main PX.

Some people nudge, other people urge. Motor Pool's Pvt. Al Calenderello is one of those other people. First he has an urge to move upstairs. Then he gets another urge and he moves his belongings and brk downstairs upstairs . . . downstairs . . . oh! it can go on and on . . . and being on the subject of going . . .

Farewell to Staff Sgt. Jaslow who left us for OCS and therefore good luck to Sgt. Johnson who took over his position as Chief Clerk in the QM office. Still more congrats to Cook Homer Cloud on being promoted to Cpl. And to Harry Cohen and Matthew F. Lynch, who were promoted to Sergeant and PFC respectively.

COCOANUTS ABOVE

SOLOMON ISLANDS — A stray bullet nipped a cocconut which fell on Ernest M. Schofield, Marine, as he lay in a foxhole. The cocconut broke the leatherneck's leg

HOOKERS HIT THE SILK WHEN ---

Mighty Mitchel Field Tops Cagers 62-46

Hookers At Home To Ellis Island CG On Thursday Nite

Quintet to Play Benefit Game With Ft. Monmouth

The Hancock cagers came up against one of the finest squads to visit the "Y" gym this season, and dropped their game with Mitchel Field Sunday night, 62-46.

A gent named Colby Gunther, center for the fliers' squad kept the gym ringing with cheers for his sensational playing. Formerly center for St. John's, Gunther laced the basket for a personal total of 24 points.

Another spot on the program was a brother act sponsored by Mitchel Field and imported from NYU. The brothers Rader knew their lines well and had a good game of "catch" when they weren't keeping the scorers busy.

The Hancock five played hard and well. Missed Sunday were Hemsley and Saloway, both being on pass.

The Hooks have transferred their Monmouth game, set for Tuesday, to the Long Branch High School so that civilians may attend. The receipts of this game will go to the President's Birthday Fund for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

The next home game will be with the Ellis Island Coast Guard, scheduled for Thursday. Whistle time is 8:30.

The Post team becomes Hook-hikers Saturday the 23rd when they travel to Brooklyn for a go with the Brooklyn K. of C. team.

Buried Gun

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at \$10.08 per ton. Altogether, a total of \$3,040 was realized at the auction.

Back in the days when steel scrap was so cheap that even the Japs were buying it, the obsoleted weapon was laughed into the oblivion of a sandy coffin. Dealers found it not worth even the price of hauling it out. Now the ancient piece may either roll or spit death once again after it is melted down.

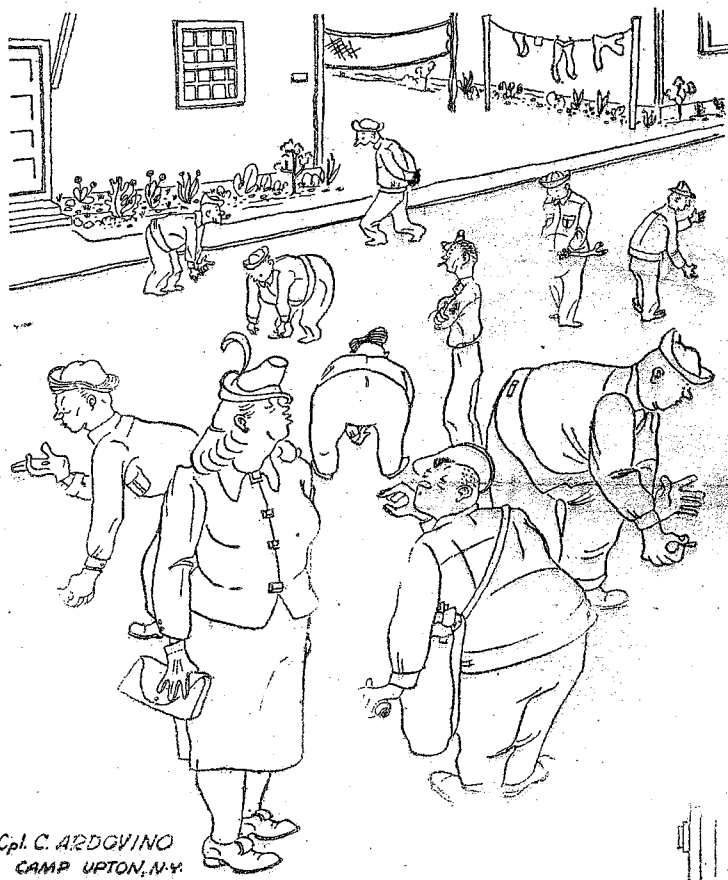
Comparative statistics reveal the scrap steel to be realized will be sufficient enough to make one medium size tank or 33,000 bayonets.

In addition to scrap dealer Abrams who purchased the piece twice, Capt. Robert E. Johnston, Ordnance, also will hold a double memory of the artillery weapon. Twelve years ago as a civilian, Capt. Johnston supervised the humble burial of the giant piece. Last September Capt. Johnston, who since had become an officer, supervised the reincarnation of the gun when the first attempt at salvage was made.

Capt. Johnston discovered his burial job in 1930 was too well done when he tackled the salvage task last September. A 50 man crew, a caterpillar tractor, and a six wheeled army truck could do little more than judge the rifle. During the operation a steel cable on the tractor snapped six times.

Salvage operations to date have succeeded in hauling the piece half-way out of the sand. Heavy army trucks, a crane, and other salvaging implements now available will enable work crews to complete the task.

Receipts realized from the sale of both gun and steel rails will be turned over to the Treasury Department.



Cpl. C. ARDOVINO
CAMP UPTON, N.Y.

"No, Madam, we didn't lose nothin', we're looking for little Japs."

There's Nothing Like The English Countryside

"Gaze on the placid scenery, the waving fields of ripening wheat, the scattering farmsteads, the land girls pitching hay. Under those rolling acres lies one of Britain's super-equipped troglodyte factories, guaranteed by the best engineering brains to be absolutely bombproof." So writes David Tutaeff in the January issue of "Britain."

Describing his visit to this factory, Tutaeff, 26-year-old author and journalist, says that he descended by one of the eight elevators down about 100 feet into the earth and discovered himself in a sub-strata basement of nearly 2,600,000 square feet.

Since the tunnels were already made, he says, it cost only about \$3 to convert this ancient stone quarry into a factory, for every \$4 it would have cost to make a surface factory.

Experts, guided by old quarrymen, rediscovered the tunnels. Their extent is indicated by the fact that one of the surveyors got lost in them and was unable to find an exit for two days.

Eighty-five hundred men were employed on construction of the factory and one of their first jobs was to clear away about 1,000,000 tons of stone rubble, much of which was crushed and used in cementing the miles of corridors.

The departed quarrymen had taken away the best stone and left many odd-shaped islands of stone as roof supports. According to the "Britain" article, which is entitled "Britain's Underground Movement," these islands were so precisely placed for the loads they had to carry that the construction engineers of the new underground factory left them very much as they had found them.

The many precision machines, some of them with tolerances of 1/10,000 of an inch, make air-conditioning and controlled temperatures essential to guard against rust and dust. The shafts of the giant air-flues are constructed on a curve so that if a bomb should strike them it could not penetrate into the factory. They also have enormous lids of concrete many feet thick, to cover their entrances.

Of course no blackout is necessary, and the factory has its own

electric system so that it would not cease operation if enemy action should damage the public supply of electricity. Nature seems to have supplied the factory with a degree of sound conditioning, since the quarry walls absorb a great deal of the machinery noise.

The management has its office in a control room, the walls of which are covered with progress charts, and continual contact is kept with engineers, shop supervisors, foremen or workers, by means of telephones, loud speakers and microphones. Sixty-one per cent of the workers are women. The organization is run on trade-union principles, with shop stewards playing an important role in the discipline and well-being of the factory.

As the "Britain" article says, the full story of "Britain's Underground Movement" and what kind of war goods these great factories are making cannot yet be revealed, but they are playing an ever-increasing part in the offensive against the Axis.

Judo Experts Open Boxing Bouts

A judo exhibition opened the evening's program. Mr. Lou Leonard was the villain who attempted to overpower Miss Gale Volchok with 21 assorted holds that no gentleman would use. The pretty blonde Miss Volchok countered each rush by the not-so-gentle art of judo, tossing Mr. Leonard all over the ring. Miss Volchok had much more trouble with a big blonde curl that kept falling over her face than with the antics of villain Lou. Gentlemen undoubtedly prefer blondes, but a "wolf" would soon lose interest in the shapely Miss Volchok. Even a "wolf" can take just so much.

British Lose

(Continued from Page One)

one of Perkins' stiff uppercuts caught referee Lou Ambers on the right eye. The crowd howled but Ambers shook it off and congratulated Perkins at the end of the round.

Wood went down for no count in the opening seconds of the second round, and Perkins knocked him through the ropes twice in the last half of the round.

Perkins repeated the performance of knocking Wood through the ropes in the final frame, this time for the count of nine.

Perkins scored repeatedly with vicious uppercuts but was unable to set up his shifty opponent for the knockout blow.

"Baby" J. C. Mancer lost to Pvt. James Young at 128 lbs. on a TKO in 1:30 of the second round.

Seventeen-year-old Mancer, known to his teammates as "Flowers," started fast and piled up plenty of points in the first round. Young was unable to do much more than cover up against this speed.

The boys came out for the second and stood toe to toe slugging it out. Suddenly Mancer dropped to the canvas, and the fight was stopped in 1:30 of the round, when referee Ambers decided Mancer had had enough.

Young climbed out of the ring with a bad cut over the left eye as a result of the first round, and the plucky Mancer was cheered loudly by the crowd.

Pvt. Tommy Green won easily over A. B. John Fraser at 165 lbs. when he scored a TKO in 38 seconds of the second round. Green started off flicking his fast left in Fraser's face almost at will. Green threw one right just before the bell and Fraser went down for the count of eight.

Referee Lou Ambers stopped the bout in 38 seconds of the second round after Green had dropped his opponent twice. Green threw three rights in the entire fight and dropped Fraser each time.

P. O. Lofty Williams of the South African team was the victim of the first clean knockout of the evening when Sgt. John Napolitano caught him with a hard right as the Britisher was coming in. The knockout came in 1:33 of the second round. Hancock's Pvt. Francis Croken scored a knockout over T. P. Brandon at 146 lbs. in 50 seconds of the second round.

Brandon was the aggressor in the first round, but couldn't pierce Croken's guard. The Britisher got through once and gave Croken a bloody nose, but he was plunked on the canvas at the bell.

Croken came out for round two with a rush and dropped Brandon with hard rights to the head. Referee Ambers stopped the fight, but let the boys continue a few seconds later at the demand of the crowd. Croken dropped him for good a few seconds after the resumption of the fight.

Stkr. Dan Pieters couldn't stand up against PFC Frank Lofaso and lost his bout by being KO'd in 1:33 of the second round.

Lofaso put his opponent down for a five count in the first, and again for a six count in the second frame. The knockout came in 1:33 of the second round when Pieters was doubled up with hard lefts and rights to the body.

In the semi-final, Paul Nel, A. B., 134 lbs., lost by a decision to Pvt. Frank DeRespino. Nel showed the finest exhibition of gameness for the evening, and although he lost the fight, he received the greatest ovation on the card.

The first round was even with both boys scoring hard. They continued to slug away in the second, and the honors were even until De

THE FORT'S SPORTS

By SGT. CLAY MARSH

Many thanks go to the officers and men of the Royal and South African Navies for their part in making Wednesday night one of the most memorable in the sports history of Fort Hancock.

The British men were beaten, and pretty badly too. It seemed as if His Majesty's tars lacked the experience of the Hook fighters. However, the Britishers carried something into that ring which all the training in the world can't give a man—gameness. In this department they didn't lose a bout.

A lot of credit for the popularity of the boxing team, not only in Wednesday's program, but in the past, belongs to the officers and men of the Post who devote their time and abilities to this work.

Wednesday night, as at previous fight cards, our capable announcer was Lt. Col. Herbert A. Jones.

On hand Wednesday night, at his usual place at the ringside, was Major Edwin Miller, the man who is in charge of boxing at Fort Hancock.

Major Herbert Wendelken, Medical Director of the squad, performs the important work of keeping a constant check on the physical condition of each man on the team.

Captain Nelson J. Dente is the timekeeper for all the Hancock bouts.

The Hancock boxers deserve and get the cheers of the crowd. To these officers and men who are instrumental in the staging of these bouts goes the sincere appreciation of all members of the Post.

The Hook five has shifted the place of its Tuesday game with Fort Monmouth, to the Long Branch High School. Enlisted men will be admitted free, but there will be a charge for all others, the proceeds to go to the President's Paralysis Fund.

Fort Monmouth has been bowling over opponents all season and they should go into this game the favorite. But if the Hookers are at their best Tuesday night, look for them to take this one.

There are two good reasons for seeing this game. It will be good basketball and no matter who wins the game—a fine cause benefits.

Because of some migratory type in last week's column, Cpl. Herbert Rosenberg's and Cpl. Frank Teto's jobs with the boxing squad merged into one.

As all who frequent the Gym know, each has their own work to do for the Hook fighters. Cpl. Rosenberg running around with a distracted look, handling the many problems that arise in the booking of fights and arranging the cards, while Cpl. Teto is hard at work at his job of trainer of the Hancock boxers.

Respino dropped Nel at the bell.

Both boys went all out in the hectic third round, and Nel dropped DeRespino for no count. DeRespino jumped up and they went at it again. In a few seconds Nel went down for a nine count. By this time the crowd was standing on the seats, and in the next slugfest Nel went flying through the ropes. Nel staggered back for more after absorbing the worst beating handed out in the evening. He was so groggy at that time he didn't realize the fight was over and referee Ambers had to lead him to his corner.

TOM SAWYER'S COUSIN SID GROWS UP

Meet Lt. John J. Searle, U.S.A.

Former 'Jackie' Searle of Movies At Fort Monmouth

Youngest Instructor There; Enlisted Day After Pearl Harbor

This article appeared in the Signal Corps Message, Fort Monmouth publication. We believe it to be not without interest to the military personnel of this command, and with that thought in mind, we reprint it herewith.

THE EDITOR.

The fellow who, as a child actor, was universally hated by movie-going millions, is now the youngest instructor at Fort Monmouth—and a right popular guy at that. He is Lt. John J. Searle, better known as Jackie Searle.

You'll probably recall him as the sneaky, smirking, sissified mama's boy that he always played. And you'll probably recall a frustrated desire to sock him in the teeth or turn him over your knee. But that was only for the movies; it wasn't the real Jackie Searle. He's a capable, congenial young lieutenant who hasn't let fame go to his head, nor disagreeable screen roles affect his popularity.

Jackie, who was born in Anaheim, California, 21 years ago, moved to Hollywood with his family when he was five. He did some movie work when he was a youngster and really became known when he appeared with Jackie Coogan in "Tom Sawyer," playing Sid, the namby-pamby brat cousin of Tom Sawyer, whose chief pleasure lay in spoiling everyone else's.

That role typed him and Jackie was assigned to "Snivelpuss" roles thereafter. The unfavorable light cast upon him by his pictures, however, did not affect him much personally. He still attended public schools and mingled with the average crowd.

"Once in awhile," Lt. Searle admits, "I did have to whip one or two of the grammar school bullies who thought they could pick on me. But those affairs were negligible and, generally speaking, I got along well with everyone." He was elected president of the senior class in high school.

On the other hand, Lt. Searle considers his work in pictures a distinct asset. "Associating with grownups, as I did during my early years," he says, "helped me grow up a lot faster than most fellows, and I think the training I received was instrumental in my moving along rapidly while in the army."

Lt. Searle last appeared in pictures two years ago co-starring with Jackie Cooper in "Glamor Boy." Afterward he worked for the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in California. Lt. Searle enlisted in the Army the day after Pearl Harbor.

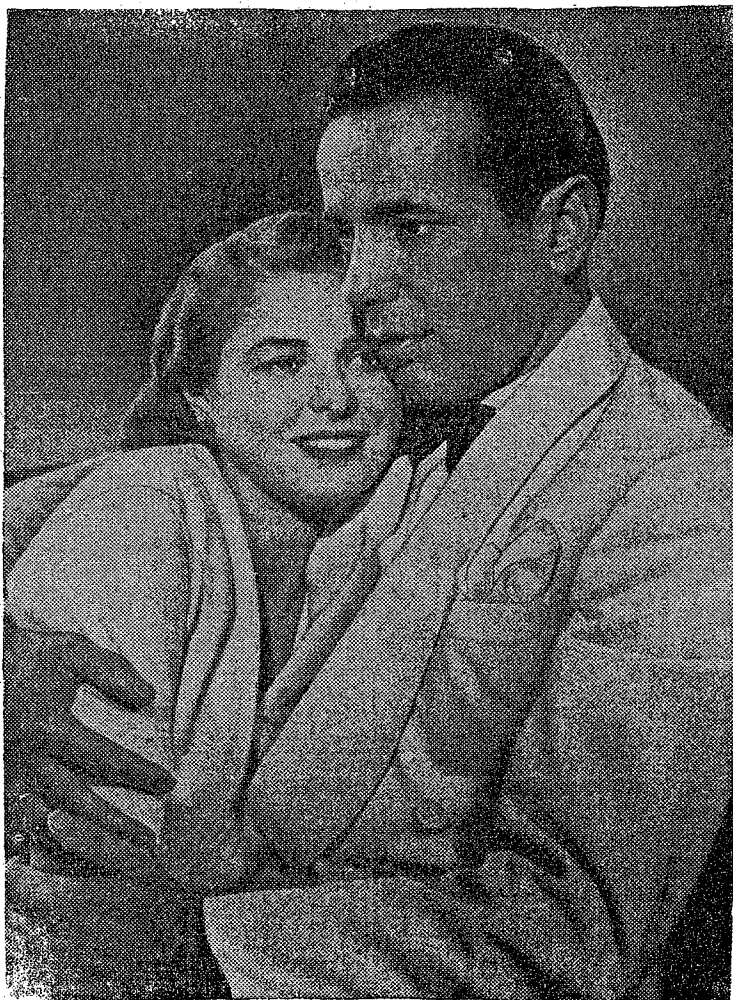
Speak For Yourself

WESTOVER FIELD, Mass.—The tenth direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla of Pilgrim fathers, fame is now a corporal in the U. S. Army. He is Cpl. William E. Alden, 48, veteran of six battles and five campaigns in the World War, who reenlisted on Sept. 2, 1942.

FAMED CANINE JOINS UP

MARCH FIELD, Calif.—Rin Tin Tin III takes after his famous father. Owned and trained on the post by Lee Duncan, the mighty canine is ready to do his part in winning the war.

ONE OF THE TEN BEST



Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman in a scene from "Casablanca," new Warner Bros. melodrama of North African town of refugee escape. Showing at Post Theatres, Jan. 24-25.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Today
Regular Friday night dance at the Service Club. Admission by ticket only. 8 p. m.

Pepsi-Cola's "Living Letters" made at the YMCA by Mr. Reid beginning at 6:30 p. m.

"Reunion in France" — story of the underground workings of Nazi-occupied France—with Joan Crawford, Philip Dorn, and Reginald Owen. Post Theatre No. 1 (6:30 and 8:30 p. m.). Post Theatre No. 2 (5:30 and 7:30 p. m.).

Saturday
Free movies at the YMCA at 6 and 8 p. m.

"Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant" —with Lionel Barrymore as the good doctor and Van Johnson as the new assistant. Post Theatres.

Sunday
Gospel and Sing-Song in the lobby of the YMCA at 6:30 p. m.

Music Appreciation Hour at 8 p. m. in the YMCA. Program of world's finest recordings courtesy of New York Public Library.

"Casablanca" — a story of intrigue in Northern Africa — with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Paul Heinreid, Claude Rains, and Peter Lorre. Post Theatre No. 1 (6:30 and 8:30 p. m.). Post Theatre No. 2 (2, 5:30 and 7:30 p. m.).

Monday
Sing Song in the lobby of the YMCA at 6:30 p. m.

Dancing classes conducted by Pvt. Lanni Russell in the Service Club at 7:30 p. m.

Cpl. John Harrold conducts Italian and French classes in the Service Club. Beginners at 7 p. m. Advanced students at 8 p. m.

Java Club meeting comes to order at 7:30 p. m. in the YMCA Social Hall. Speaker: Lt. Colin R. Macbeth of HMS Asbury, Chaplain of the Royal Navy. Topic: The Royal Navy in America.

"Casablanca." Post Theatres.

Tuesday
Free movies courtesy of the cig-

arette that satisfies at the YMCA at 6:30 and 8:30 p. m.

Double feature: "Seven Miles From Alcatraz" with Bonita Granville and James Craig and "Time to Kill" with Lloyd Nolan and Heather Angel. Post Theatres.

Wednesday
Mrs. Werbe gives piano lessons in the YMCA at 6 p. m. The Sing-Song will follow at 7 p. m.

Crafts Party at the YMCA at 8 p. m. Handicraftsmen display their handiwork.

"Andy Hardy's Double Life" — Judge Hardy and family go on forever — with Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, and Fay Holden. Post Theatres.

Thursday
Sing-Song in the lobby of the YMCA at 6:30 p. m.

Home Game Night in the YMCA. The ladies from Westfield will be partners at bridge and hostesses for cakes and coffee.

"Andy Hardy's Double Life." Post Theatres.

CHURCH CALENDAR

PROTESTANT
Episcopal Communion (YMCA)—8:30.
Morning Worship (Post Chapel)—10:30.
Sunday School—2:30.

CATHOLIC
Mass (Post Chapel)—8:30, 9:30.
Mass (St. Mary's Chapel)—10:30.

JEWISH
Evening Service (Post Chapel)—7:00.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
Consultation and Service (Post Chapel) — 2:00, 3:00 (Saturday).

Sandy Hook Foghorn

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Edited by the Special Service Office for the Officers and Men of Fort Hancock, N. J. Free distribution to the garrison at Fort Hancock.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Friday, January 22, 1943.

NINETY TIMES AS HIGH AS THE MOON

Here is a story from London. Its lesson — well, we think you will get the idea. We suggest you read on:

This is not a story of an air raid, but of something which took place inside an air raid. It was a moderately bad raid. A woman arrived in London by a late train, long after dark. The darkness was naturally relative: there were fires, tracer bullets, flares, and the rest of it. She could have sheltered in the tube, but she had a tic about sleeping in her bed. There was a lull in the raid, a something enough like silence to be mistaken for it. She set out to walk home. Turning into one street, she saw that it had caught it earlier in the night; there was a crashed house lying partly in the road. She was too tired to take a longer way round and went forward hoping to be allowed to scramble past. Men had been digging and they had stopped. Just as she reached this, in those days very ordinary place, a raid warden separated himself from the rubble and said, "Can anyone here sing?" A moment of stupified silence. Someone said, "Nay, I can't." But the question seemed to make the woman's presence there respectable. She asked "What do you want?" In a matter-of-fact voice the warden explained that a child was alive under the house, a little girl, she did not seem to be hurt at all—at any rate when he asked she said No—and she was not frightened, but she kept on asking for someone to sing to her. The woman had no singing voice at all, oh not at all. But she had been used, she said, to sing to her son when he was a baby. "That perhaps would do," the warden said.

"Very well, where shall I go?"
"Here. You don't mind the chance of the rest of the wall coming down on you, I suppose?"

It was a quite unwarranted supposition. The woman was thoroughly alarmed. She lay down where she was told, on the rubble, to bring her mouth to the end of the way by which the child's voice had reached the upper world. There is no other way to describe it. Imagine yourself hearing a voice from ground you are crossing at night. . . . The warden crouched down "You're all right, you're not hurting?" he said gently. The reedy voice came up. "No."

"What shall I sing?"
"Sing about the old woman," the child said.
"There was an old woman who went up in a basket?" the woman said, "do you mean that one?"

"Yes." The child sounded impatient that anyone could doubt she meant that old woman and no other.
"They're going to try digging at the other side," the warden said, "this here looks like coming down on her."

"There was an old woman went up in a basket,
Ninety times as high as the moon,
And where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, said I
Whither, O whither, away so high?
To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky
And I shall come back again, by and by."

The raid had started again, but her voice, thin as it was, reached the child by a line shorter than the lines joining the German planes to the houses and streets of London. She sang it through once and stopped. She knew what the child would say. The child said it.

"Again."
It is one of the first words a child learns. Why? Perhaps it guesses that there are not enough new joys to go around. She sang it again.

"Again. . . ."
She sang it three, four, five times. This time there was no answer. "Shall I sing something else?" No answer. She twisted round to speak to the warden. "I think she's dead."

He was suddenly and bitterly angry. "Oh, no, she isn't. She'll have dropped off to sleep."

It was daylight when the men digging were able to lower a doctor and another man into the cellar. The first thing to be brought back was a curious monster, formed of two women crushed together and covered thickly with plaster. Then the dead child. The lower half of her little body had been crushed. How had she lived for four hours? The warden was angry again.

"You're not going to tell me. . . ." he sputtered.

Tell him what? That the night sky is less innocent than it was in the days of old women in baskets, or that death is not death? He bent stubbornly over the stretcher. It is impossible that a child lives in such circumstances or dies after demanding again and again something quite idiotic. But everything, the woman wanted to tell him, is impossible in an air raid. It is impossible that brave young men have to be trained to crush the bodies of children, it is impossible that a song which served to put one child to bed serves just as well to put another one to die, it is impossible that a young girl has just come out of that windowless house, tilting her hat over one eye, patting the back of her hair, going off on high-heeled shoes to her day's work. Human nature is impossible. Once a long time ago we knew that. We have been forgetting it, and forgetting has not improved us much.

STORM JAMESON

Author: Cousin Honore, The Fort, Then We Shall Hear Singing, etc.