

Public Relations Office
Fort Hancock, N.J.

SANDY
Monmouth County Hist. Ass.
70 Court Street
Freehold, NJ

Penalty for Private use to avoid
payment of Postage \$500.00

FOG HORN

Third Year. Vol. 4—No. 15.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, October 28, 1943.

Published Weekly

Community Chest Drive Opens Here Monday

COLUMN LEFT

Last week, it was the Red Badge of Courage this pillar was sporting. This week, it's the White Flag of Truce—and Hunger. After all, Humphrey Bogart can hold off singlehandedly a regiment of Rommel's Afrika Korps and eventually subject said regiment with the luge of water. But even Bogart would give up if he were dying for a milkshake and could get nothing but the milkshake container—on top of the head.

In response to last week's commentary on the PX, a letter has arrived in the mails from the Girls of the Golden Slipper. The envelope was scented with "Thrill of the Chase" by Wolf, and our aged heart jumped a bit.

The pen had been dipped in venom, however, and brother, we learned we're not doing the chasing—they are—with a meat cleaver. Read on—and run.

"To Sgt. Hammond — a poor, abused customer of the fountain. We can keep this up as long as you can . . ."

A certain editor it seems is running out of news. So he writes about the PX and gives us all his views.

He thinks he leads a dog's life. And ours is honey and cream. What kind of weeds do you smoke. To get those grand pipe dreams?

While we're polishing the fountain. He does a lot of hissing. But when inspections roll around. He's among those missing.

And on a certain subject. He's as quiet as a mouse. Why don't you tell your readers. The "Ritz" were on the house?

Of course, it's all our fault. And we can take the blame. Now don't be nice to us, Sarge. Be yourself and always complain.

We're never right—always wrong. Each and every gal. And you sure do help a lot. To keep up our morale.

We can take it "Ham" old kid. And give it right back too. After all we are ten strong. And there is but one of you. (Thank God)

We admit that you have talent. And quite a gift for gab. Why don't you break down. And stop being such a crab?

Too bad you're not on our side. We'd really make a team. We could do the dirty work. And you could blow off steam.

So now we have a game of chance. The stakes are high it's true. The winner waits on fifty men. The loser waits on you.

Don't be too surprised, Sarge. When in here you show your face.

(Continued on Page 3)

Hep Cats and Black Cats Ready For Battle As Festive Hallowe'en Round-Up Opens Tonight

The goblins—that-get-you-if-you-don't-watch-out, or a reasonable facsimile, will be working overtime this weekend as officers, enlisted men and Jersey glamour take a break for a three day, three ring Hallowe'en observance here.

EMs and WACs will get the opening shot at the annual pumpkin pastime tonight when approximately 1,000 are expected to attend a Hallowe'en Ball, to be held in the YMCA Gage gymnasium.

No. 2 stop for the goblins will be the Officers' Club on Saturday night, when officers, their wives, and girls from the Jersey area frolic in a costumed, masked Hallowe'en party, currently being advertised as everything in the books, plus.

Hallowe'en will make its last stand of the season here at the Service Club on Sunday, when an informal party will be held during afternoon and evening.

Tonight for black cats and hep cats alike, all roads lead to the Gage gymnasium. Approximately 350 pre-selected "glamagals", costumed and masked, from surrounding communities, will be in attendance to keep the men guessing for the evening. Both gals and GIs will be greeted at the door by either a ghost or a witch, who will alternate guard tricks.

Twin highlights of the festivities will be a grand march and crowning of the Hallowe'en Queen, who will be the best costumed gal. Decorations will include a large lighted pumpkin over the front entrance, and a fall harvest motif around the dance floor. The 14 piece Bullet Buster rhythm section will hold forth in the bandshell.

Only ticket of admission needed by GIs and WACs will be their uniforms. Government Issue at the ball will be topped with paper hats.

Officers' Hallowe'en hop, under planning for several weeks is predicted to be the most super spook-

(Continued on Page 4)

15 Officers Raised In Rank

Fifteen officer promotions in tactical units of this Post were announced this week. Of the 15, two were from major to lieutenant colonel, seven were from captain to major, one was from first lieutenant to captain and five were from second to first lieutenant.

Raised to rank of lieutenant colonel were Majors Charles A. Gross and Walter A. Heesch. Officers promoted to rank of major were Captains John K. Damon, Stanley L. Harding, William Laird, Anthony A. Cardella, Carmin G. Novis, Albert D. Epley and Alan H. Brightman.

First Lt. James H. Love was promoted to rank of captain.

The following second lieutenants received promotions to rank of first lieutenant: Clement T. Ajello, Louis Serotkin, John R. Vander Gheynst, Charles D. Orr and Chris W. Langvarot.

Hallowe'en Fashions Preview



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Colonel Wharton G. Ingram beat Vogue and Mademoiselle to the punch this week as he sneak previewed Fort Hancock fashions for Hallowe'en. Said fashions will make their debut this Saturday night at the Officers' Hallowe'en party. Left to right are Mrs. John K. Damon, wife of Capt. Damon; Mrs. Ingram, and Mrs. Devereaux Lippitt, daughter of Brigadier General and Mrs. P. S. Gage.

Boy Scout Troop Forms; First Order Is 25-Mile Bike Hike

With the way paved by Headquarters detachment, which proved it can be done, Boy Scout troop 19 officially sprang into being on the Post last weekend, and its ten members,

without so much as blinking an eyelash, celebrated birth of their organization by taking a 25-mile hike.

Because of a lack of camping equipment, the hike did not include a bivouac, but the young lads who hitched their wagon to the Headquarters star carried packs on their backs, built their fires without matches and cooked their own food. The scouts also refused usual motor pool transportation, and accomplished the hike on their bicycles.

Ranging in age from 12 to 15 years, all ten scouts, tenderfoots, privates or what have you, are sons of officers and enlisted personnel of the Post. They include:

Richard Sansom, son of M. Sgt. and Mrs. Sansom; George, William and Ralph Gooch, sons of WO and Mrs. Homer Gooch, Warren R. Moulton, son of Chief Machinist's Mate and Mrs. W. R. Moulton, CG; Walter A. Rube Jr., son of T. Sgt.

and Mrs. W. A. Rube; Howard Kirchner, son of M. Sgt. and Mrs. Howard Kirchner; Robin M. Jolkowski, who lives with Major and Mrs. Robert L. Hill; Arthur L. Druien, son of 1st Sgt. Arthur Druien; and Daniel Dreyfus, son of Lt. Col. and Mrs. James Dreyfus.

Cpl. James Cummings is scoutmaster of the troop. Headed by Brigadier General P. S. Gage as honorary member, the executive committee for the troop includes Chaplain Moore R. Miller, 1st Lt. Henry R. Hilary and Chaplain Robert W. Woodward.

USO Dance

The regular monthly Officers Dance of the USO Community Center in Long Branch will be held tonight at 8 p. m. at the Center, Second and Bath Avenue, Long Branch. All officers and wives of this Post are invited to attend.

Scale of Donations Set Up

"Give once—and give for all."

So sloganed, Fort Hancock's annual Community Chest Fund campaign, which embraces all solicitation for relief, will open next Monday in conjunction with nationwide Community Chest drives. No goal or quota has been fixed for the campaign here, but general aim will be to top last year's total of \$2,700.

Timed so as to coincide with pay day, the drive is predicted to be all set for a flying start. In a last plea today, men are urged to give immediate consideration to contributing as soon as they are paid. Contributions are voluntary, but men should not neglect the drive because they think their ability to pay is too modest, it was pointed out.

The campaign will be conducted on an inter-organization basis, each unit raising its own separate sub-fund. Unit commanders are asked to set these sub-funds into operation immediately upon inception of the drive. When the campaign concludes November 15, each organization will transmit its funds realized through the regimental adjutant to Capt. R. E. Anderson, Chest chairman.

As an aid to men undecided as to their ability to pay, an equitable scale according to grade has been set up for contributions. It is emphasized that this scale is designed primarily as an aid and need not necessarily be adhered to. The scale:

General and field officers, \$6; captains, \$4; lieutenants, \$3; warrant officers, \$2; enlisted men, first three grades, \$1.50; enlisted men, fourth and fifth grades, \$1.75; enlisted men, sixth and seventh grades, \$1.30.

More than six charitable and relief agencies will be recipients of the fund, and based on the theory of Community Chest, individual campaigns by any of the agencies thus will be eliminated. Recipient agencies include: Red Cross, Salvation Army, YMCA, Chaplain's Fund, National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club.

40 to Attend 'Hancock Night' at Stage Door

Approximately 40 men of Fort Hancock will journey to Newark next week Wednesday to take part in "Fort Hancock Night" at Newark Stage Door Canteen. Men desiring to attend are asked to contact the Special Service Office.

Highlight of the night will be appearance of Johnny Long and his orchestra. Other entertainment on tap includes Vincent Sorey revue, with John Gallian, Mary Little, Betty Boland, Mary and Marion Wordi, Rosemary Costa, Evelyn DePrimo, and Gus Krisow, all of whom do specialty acts.

Evening's entertainment will be topped off with a hot supper.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

WACS WORKS

by Pvt. Dee Carpenter

Saying "Hello" in the first column of WACS Works and offering apology for column name. In way of defense, the WACs do work, but hard. Witness a day of KP at the Ft. Hancock WAC mess hall, or any of the various jobs the WACs are doing with hours as long as any soldier's.

The new recruit was coming back to Ft. Des Moines training center after her first late pass. As she neared the gate the guard shouted—"Halt, and be recognized!"

In a shy voice she answered: "I'll halt, sir, but I doubt if you'll recognize me—I've only been here a few days."

MINUTE SKETCHES: In her second week as new C.O. of the Ft. Hancock WAC detachment, 1st Lt. Caroline D. Hennicke has proved herself a first class drill master and the type of C.O. that the girls can talk to, WAC to WAC.

From an Army family, she was working in conjunction with the Army long before she entered the service. She says of her entry into the corps: "I was one of the first when they opened the gates of Fort Des Moines to the WACs."

Lt. Hennicke officially claims Los Angeles, Cal. as the home station. However the East is not new to her as her former home and schooling were in New York state.

She recalls with pride her early WAAC training, having been in the first guinea pig auxiliary class to be graduated from Fort Des Moines. Biggest thrill for her in basic was being acting platoon commander of Company Two that won the first revue for Director Hobby.

From basic she was assigned to Message Center at Fort Des Moines, made sergeant, and became Message Center chief. With that experience behind her she entered and was graduated with the 12th Officer Candidate class. Assignments after receiving her commission included company work at Des Moines, operational work in Washington, D. C., commanding officer of the WAC detachment at the United Radio and Television Institute in New York, temporary assignment on recruiting and now commanding officer of the Fort Hancock WAC detachment.

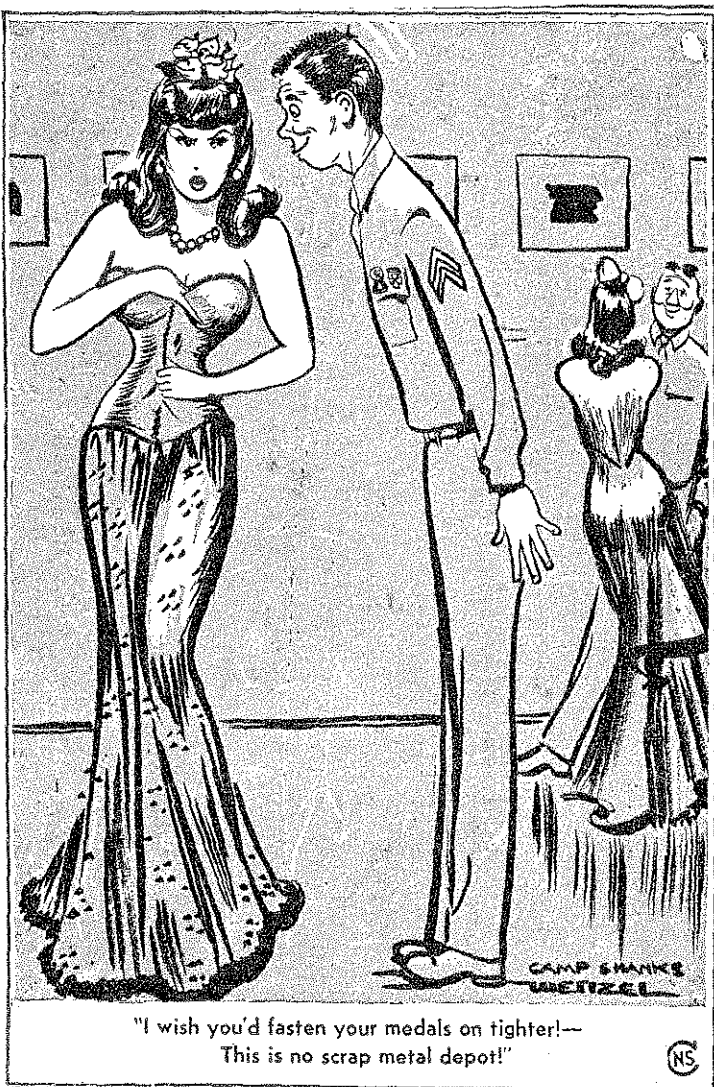
Her civilian life prior to entry into the service is equally impressive. She was national commander of the Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps and in addition was in charge of mass drill of the Los Angeles unit of 600 women. She gave the rest of her time to the position of floor supervisor of the fourth Interceptor Command.

Lt. Hennicke's husband is now stationed at Camp Roberts, Cal., where he is post Adjutant. She also has great pride in her youngest boy who is in the Infantry and now on Quada canal. He was in Hawaii at the time of Pearl Harbor.

The Fort Hancock WACs salute you, Lt. Hennicke. You're a good soldier and a grand C.O.

The boys said it was a lot of talk when the WAC basketball team was first dreamed of, but it's turned into an actuality. Complete with new red suits, the team is whipping into shape under the direction of Pfc. Midge Faler and takes on the first opponents, the Prudential Life Insurance Co. this Friday in Newark. Now who says the WACs don't get what they go after?

NEW ARRIVAL DEPT.: Newest addition to the WAC detachment roster is Pvt. Fannie Green. She has just finished administration school at Richmond, Ky., and calls Lexington, N. C., her home. She's pretty and has an honest-to-gosh southern accent. 'Nuff said.



88 KEYS

By the Medicine Man
The poet's corner (or call it by any other name, it still smells):

SAD SAC
Ow! My back! I've been on bivouac. It's a sad, sad fact. But I've lost the knack of sleeping on a rack of twigs stabbing my back; Of branches knotty; blankets lumpy; Of leaves making me sneeze; and burs raking my knees. Of—but why continue. Ow! My back! I've just come back From bivouac!

Here's another, if you can take it:
MYSTERY
'Twas midnight, 'twere Naught was astr. When out of the ramp Came the tramp, tramp, tramp Of a lady's high-heeled slippers. A door slammed . . . the nurse screamed . . . The CQ ran to catch the Maid. But the lady fair outran him. So that's all they knew. And all I can tell you About the Lady of the Ramp, the Scamp.

As you were! Attention to Orders! Williams—Ah, Williams. Spark-plug of a night in the woods. Spinner of yarns with more than a slight hum, shall we say "tinge"? Also quick on the comeback, isn't he, Lieutenant Zeichner? . . . O'Neil, The Pacemaker, not far behind. Is it true you talked yourself to sleep, Ed? O: were you just talking in your sleep? Could be, could be, or so we're told . . .

Note for further study: Ruttenberg's new extra-curricular activity, from 1300 to 1400. Be patient, pal. War is hell, and all that, you know. Who can tell, you may end up a checker champ . . . Top-Kick Sansom back from furlough . . . Moscatelli itching to get his hands on the long-sought ducat . . . Royal the latest victim of the Furlough Fumble—back a day in advance or, in other words, thrown for a 24-hour loss. And no boat ride to New York.

It's gonna be cold, this winter (maybe). But we probably won't know it. At least, it appears from the rate we're going now—what with trainin' programs, classes, etc., etc.—that we'll be lucky to find time to put on our arctics. We should gripe though. Pity the poor officers. They're not sure whether they're CO, SO, MO, etc., or a combination of any or all. Remember, sirs, when you were men holding down a job, instead of nen held down by an assortment of jobs?

BLITZERS

by Tom MacPherson

Aftermath of the week of the Great Bivouacs: Cpl. Bolton on the Chauncey with his Harbor Defense insignia where the U.S. insignia should be and vice versa. . . S-Sgt. Marsh in the Headquarters building latrine, hiding out from "Copy-Hungry Hammond". . . Lt. Dewey as PDO, suppering on cheese sandwiches after trying unsuccessfully to get some officer to relieve him for an hour. . . Pfc. Schneider literally throwing the book (of astronomy) at Lt. Salofsky. . . Pfc. Ellis "persuading" Cpl. Bolton to mop under his own bed for a change. . . Pfc. Ziefert and Schneider unable to jam onto the crowded Monday morning Q-Boat. . . The lucky stiff came in on the 2:30 boat, while Cpls. Cataldo and Taub and Pfc. Gangi, Falabella, and MacP, shared the stern of the bouncing Q-Boat with a dozen other soldiers, ten Coast Guardsmen, a howling gale and several tons of spray. (Some passengers forced to abandon the overheated, smoke- and fume-ridden cabin, seemed unappreciative of our discussion of oysters, chocolate sauce and other sea-going delicacies.)

From the Halls of Montezuma To the shores of Tripoli You can hear all Ordnance cheering For Abe Supnick, Pfc.

Family life is a-blossoming among the Blitzers: Sgt. Mannix returned Monday night after an eight day stay with his wife and first son; Sgt. Delaney's wife and heir have just quit the hospital, and M-Sgt. Csonotos on November 6 will walk, run, or be carried down the middle aisle.

In addition to full time GI duties, Pfc. Fuchs is now holding classes twice weekly each in French, Spanish, and German, is directing what is left of the Fort Hancock Symphony Orchestra, and presides over the Sunday night music appreciation session at the YMCA. "Spare time?" says Pete, "Oh, that I devote to KP."

TROOPERS

by Charles Wm. Stewart

Greetings gates, I have just regained myself, after letting go at our fine dance. Every one seems to have had a swell time. I visited Sea Bright, N. J., the other evening and all the Chics wanted to know when could they have the pleasure of attending another such affair.

Coleman, the lucky stiff, had the pleasure of escorting those lovely chics to their homes.

It seems as if there is or will be some very close relation going between Fleming Johns and Hallie Coleman.

Such a sacrifice was made the other evening for the cause as I have never seen before. That lovely girl that (Cook) Garnett pushed around the floor really underwent a very antagonizing few dances after he had that beer, (No. three). He is improving tho because he didn't fall.

I bet every time Red Devil hears some one say "Do you know, etc." he will duck.

Well believe it as you wish, but to my complete astonishment I received a very handsome applause for my little offering of two of my original verses with Cpl. Phillips playing so very nicely a background of music familiar to all. This reception of my work gives me an incentive to carry it further.

Oh, Gee! There was something I wanted to say about Mervyn (Krupa) Eversley, but I can't seem to remember perhaps by the next deadline I will have remembered.

We must not forget to be thoughtful of Mrs. Brandon. She being the one responsible for us having the pleasure of the company of those lovely girls. The above mentioned has been doing splendidly carrying on where "Mommy" Mrs. Castle left off.

I wonder if "Tadpole" is coming out of the hospital this year.

Our wandering boy R. D. W. hasn't come home yet.

He "Romances by Mail" therefore there is no danger; some persons calls him "The Head." He is a former fireman. Now you guess who.

DAD, DAUGHTER BUGLE

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla.—Two bugle players, Roger Knowles and his daughter Joan entered the Army here the same day. Today Sgt. Joan is blowing reveille at the Second WAC Training Center here and Sgt. Roger does the same chore in North Africa.

BOGIE BLUES

By Sgt. Snafu

How quickly the week seems to pass, it seems just like yesterday that I hemmed and hawed to push out last week's column and here I am again doing the job once more.

I imagine a certain conversation ran something like this, "Col. it's 428." "What?" "Well maybe 174.3." "Try again." "Guess we'll settle for 78." "That's more like it." "Yes Sir."

Essential Industries, Inc. are performing their normal duties with more and more vigor

Wender who it was called Corp. Sautter on the phone at 3 a. m. to inquire about the weather. Anyway he didn't think it so funny.

What Cpl. was so near and yet so far? I'll give a hint. He's the one who usually blushes around the neck. With our Mess Sgt. on a 30 day furlough at Fort Jay, our able bodied seaman Sgt. Al. Maize is doing a swell job even tho' he gets 15% off for cash. Better clean the Barracks boys or the "Goblins" will get you. Heh. Heh. Heh.

Vitale, our one man cement mixer, is preparing for civilian life again. He sure is getting plenty of practice these days. Not only that but he always turns up with the best helpers.

Am I right Ralph?

According to our C.O. the Army Bugle Calls should be 10 minutes earlier by request of at least 60 Second Lts. By the time spring rolls around we will have all of Fort Hancock fenced in. The new fence and arbor around the supply has finally resulted in the building being called "Villa Supply." Fancy, what?

The First Sgt. is going to bat again, No Hits, No Runs, No Errors.

What happened to Cpl. Minka on the dreadful night of the 23rd of October, 1943. Did it slip? Hm I wonder. Nick names,—Jimmy Doolittle—Sgt. York—Little Caesar—Big John—Slugger L and Romeo at Arms alias Polly Nose. Our dance was one of the Social Highlites of this Fort. Thanks to the efforts of Sgt. Bill Tuting and his 47 cohorts or should I say partners in crime.

Capt. M. can still cut a mean rug and boy does he like his chicken and we don't mean cooked.

Guess the belly laugh of the week was when K.P. Sirota went to the supply and asked for "infection powder" to "sterify" the dishes with.

The Wolf by Sansone



Hook Court Season Opens Friday In Newark

Post Quint, WACs Face Prudential

Fort Hancock basketball will make its debut for 1943-44 Friday night when Sgt. Nick Masone unveils his current crop of aspirants in Newark against Prudential Life in the opening game of the season. Simultaneously, Sandy Hook's court innovation of the year—a WAC basketball team—will make its first public appearance against Prudential's girl team.

Remaining strictly conservative, Sgt. Masone will start a quintet composed mostly of regulars from last year. Positions, however, are far from cinched, he claims, and more than a few men not starting will be sifted into the lineup to determine team strength.

Opening for the Hookers will be Sgt. Jack Hemsley and Pvt. Joe Piglicamp at the forward spots; Sgt. Rudy Bielecky and Sgt. Jimmy Masone in the guard slots and Cpl. Frank Salloway in the pivot. No. 1 replacement, who probably will be put to work early in the encounter, is Sgt. Hal Beasley.

Of these six men, Beasley and Piglicamp are the only newcomers. As it did last season, the starting five will have to rely on speed rather than height, most of the men being under six feet. Salloway, standing six feet four inches is the only starter tall enough for "upstairs" play.

If several Coast Guardsmen who reported for initial practice are able to play, the club will have plenty of height. Whether or not they will be able to continue however is still in question.

Pfc. Midge Faler, captain and coach of the WAC basketball team, has had a team scrimmaging for approximately a month and up until recently believed she had her first stringers all lined up. New material reporting for practice has been good enough to make first stringers less certain than ever of their berths.

Probable opening lineup for the WACs will be: Pfc. Faler and S. Sgt. Betty Woodin at the forwards; Cpl. Nancy Beyer and Cpl. Dorothy Chipperfield at the guards; and Pfc. Florence Hirschmann at center.

Others who probably will see action in the opener are Pfc. Bernice Nalewajko, Pfc. Sue Sieracki, Cpl. Vera Hardwick, Pvt. Dolly Carpenter and S. Sgt. Mamie Evans.

First home game of the season will be on November 9 when Ellis Island Coast Guard five comes here for the first of a home and home series. Other tentative bookings are Bendix AC away November 18; Brooklyn Army Base here November 23; Bendix AC here November 30; and Fort Hamilton here December 7.

COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

To find that you are greeted by Arsenic and not old lace

We live in a changing world But sure as the setting sun On the fountain blacklist You'll still be number one.

So you can have the fire plugs The malts and hot dogs too But please leave us the doghouse We need it—thanks to you.

(signed) Local Union 87341 (Ed. Note: Please, oh please, we beseech you . . . just a straw or something—to chew on.)

LOST

Dunhill pipe, straight stem, silver band. Reward. Call Cpl. Taube 431.

Cpl. Presley Defeats Lt. Hilary; Doubles Grip As Tennis Champ

If tennis ever had an undisputed champion, Cpl. James Presley is it.

The racket-busting Bullet Buster last week took a double

grip on this year's Sandy Hook net crown by defeating 1st Lt. Henry R. Hilary, Engineer Property officer, in the finals of the Officers-Enlisted Men tennis tournament, sequel to the annual Post tennis tourney.

Presley, easy titlist in the latter tourney, trounced Lt. Hilary in

three straight sets, 6-0, 6-3 and 6-2. Presley kept the offensive all the way, displaying a relentless forehand which he mixed with cagey drop shots.

Brigadier General P. S. Gage, Sandy Hook's No. 1 tennis fan, was among spectators witnessing the finale and complimented the finalists on a well played match. In answering General Gage's query as to how long he had been playing, Presley modestly admitted about five years' experience which thankfully he was "able to continue at Fort Hancock."

During his five years' experience, Presley was a doubles champion in the Northwestern Tennis Intercollegiate as a student at Oregon State College, and shortly thereafter in 1941 he became singles champion of southern Oregon.

Now that Presley has taken top spot in the two singles' tournaments run off, he will turn full attention on the doubles tennis crown. Paired with Pfc. Alan Kayes, Headquarters detachment, Presley already has blasted through to the semifinals and looks likely to continue through the finals unmolested.

PX Bowling Alleys Set to Open Nov. 1

The bowling alleys in the Main PX will be opened for use Nov. 1 it was announced this week. In a schedule similar to that of last year, the alleys will be open for play from 6 to 10 p.m. and 15 cents per game will be charged.

Top Clubs Bunched In Touch Loop

Calling the scores in college football each week may be a tough assignment, but it's an easy task compared to doping out Fort Hancock's touch football muddle. At least that was the indication this week when the Officers' eleven, top-spotted up until now, fell before the lower bracket Bullet Buster HQs.

One more good week of solid play could wind up Loop One of the league, and yet the leaders are so well bunched that the outcome is still as undecided as it was at the beginning of the season. Loop Two is still two or three weeks away from finishing, several of the clubs having played only one or two games.

The Officers looked likely to tie with the Seven Up Bs, loop leader, before going into their game with the heretofore unimpressive Buster Hq. The Officers, however, found themselves completely outclassed against the Buster unit and were lucky to lose only by the narrow margin of 7-6.

Early in the encounter, MacAlpine of the Busters tossed a 25-yard pass into the hands of Ogier, waiting in the end zone, for the opening tally. A second heave, MacAlpine to Jacobs made the conversion good.

The Officers then passed and ran the ball all over the field but to no avail. Twice they came within scoring distance, once to the three yard line and once to the eight-yard line, but couldn't put across a touchdown with four downs to work on each time.

Finally, late in the game, short running plays carried the Officers down to the five yard line, from which point Capt. Tracy Maero ran the ball across. Attempt at conversion failed.

In other games of the week, the Buster Es won over Buster Hq. 6-0; Buster Es defeated Buster Cs 6-0; and Hq.-1 of the Guardsmen trounced Guardsmen Ks 12-0.

Team standings to date:

LOOP ONE			
	W	L	T
B. Seven-Up	3	1	0
Officers	2	1	0
E. Busters	2	2	1
Hq. Busters	1	2	0
C. Busters	1	2	0
Medics	0	1	1
LOOP TWO			
F. Busters	2	0	1
Hq.-1, Guardsmen	1	1	1
K. Guardsmen	1	1	0
B. Guardsmen	0	0	1
G. Seven-Up	0	2	0
D. Busters	0	0	0

Volleyball Lead Hits 3-Way Tie

The Post volleyball loop will enter its third week of play tonight with three teams tied in first place, five knotted in second, and three deadlocked in third place. The league, transformed over from a tournament, will continue until the middle of December.

Tied in first place are the Bullet Buster Cs and Es and the Officers' team, each with a standing of two games won, none lost. In second place with a standing of one won, one lost, are the Flaming Bombers, Capt. Fred H. Whitakers unit, Buster HQ and D, and the Seven Up Bs.

Guardsmen Ks and Bs, at one game lost, are in third place. Others stand: Guardsmen Is, Medics, and MPs, each with a standing of two games lost.

Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

Open letter to those bowling proprietors out in Chicago: My Very Dear Sirs: About that admirable proposal of yours to have prisoners of war act as pin boys in your alleys because of the manpower shortage. When Washington accepts your plan (as they surely will) and starts shipping you all those prisoners, we would appreciate it very much if you could spare us a couple.

You see, we have bowling alleys here on this Fort and the manpower shortage is simply terrible! Let those that may, scoff your plan—we believe it's the happy product of profound minds.

Just suppose some prosaic person had tendered the foolish thought that these prisoners of war be put to work in a coal mine! The result would have been that these men would have gone back to their native land after the war with callouses and all sorts of backaches—and then what sort of an opinion would those countries have had of us? A friendly word of caution, though. Just have them work on duck pins. Those large balls are so heavy.

We know nobody can beat Notre Dame, but isn't anybody going to beat the touch football team of the officers of the Post? A situation such as this calls for drastic action. This thing, if allowed to continue, could lead to all sorts of complications.

Imagine, if you will, a Lieutenant of the Golden Variety greeting you on the street with, "Yah, you may be a corporal, but our football team can beat yours any old day!" or, "You don't have to be so high and mighty just because you're a sergeant. Don't forget, our football team skunked yours last week!"

See what we mean? This thing can grow. Let us not forget we have a position to uphold, and a moral responsibility to enlisted men everywhere, that must not be dragged in the dust by a little thing like football.

Taking a break from it all the other afternoon as we often do, we marched in our Sunday best military manner (something between a saunter and a dead stop) over to the athletic field, and took a look at the Paragraph Troops, those Bilious Blitzers, go through their afternoon by the left flank march, which is the physical outgrowth of those reams of wordage that are written on the subject of you've-got-to-get-in-shape.

Crouching behind a friendly palm tree to avoid being trampled by the thundering horde, we watched the muscles grow on these men with the A. R. minds while executing the "hut-two-three-fours." Off in the distance the Meds were running around having themselves a football game, and just dissipating generally.

Finally, with a heavy heart we said farewell to this picturesque scene and wended our way slowly homeward. But we carried away a picture of one of the to-the-rear-march boys gazing quietly at the footballers during one of his five-minute respites. Something seemed to be preying on his little mind. We venture a guess and it comes out like this: "Could those boys playing football be getting more exercise than I? No, that couldn't be. We came out here to get in shape and they told us to march, so I guess they aren't. I could swear they were, though."

Crystal Gazer

Our Five Is Your Five

Rules are simple—Pick your winners in 10 games listed below, giving scores. Five dollars will be paid each week to person with most accurate selection. In case of tie in games selected, person with closest scores wins. Fill in name and organization and rush blank to Foghorn office, Bldg. 26, before 10 A. M. Saturday.

Name Organization.....

Hedy, The Crystal Ball
c/o Blue Funk On-The-Bias
Dear Hedy:

You've been in the State of Blue Funk now since the beginning of the football season. Why don't you take a trip to the mountains and get out of the rut? Another week with 9 out of 10. Is there no end to this? Missing Colgate too—what you need is a good paste in the mouth. (See, I'm not mad—I made a joke). No, I'm not angry, but if you go to the mountains, don't stand too near the edge of a cliff.

Love and hisses,

The Boss.

Caps denote Hedy's selections

- ARMYPenn
- COLGATEHoly Cross
- ColumbiaCORNELL
- DARTMOUTHYale
- Kansas StateKANSAS
- IndianaOHIO STATE
- MICHIGANIllinois
- NavyNOTRE DAME
- NorthwesternMINNESOTA
- PURDUEWisconsin

Hedy's Average900

Hypnotist Will Appear At Service Club Friday

Ralph Slater, internationally known hypnotist who has given demonstrations of mass hypnotic suggestion before civilians and servicemen for the last several years, will

appear here at the Service Club at 8:30 p. m. Friday in a program displaying various phases of hypnosis.

The program will be of particular interest to psychiatrists and men in the field of medicine, it is said. Hypnosis is being used more and more frequently as treatment for mental cases.

Phil Baker, one of radio's top comedians and emcee of the "Take It or Leave It" radio quiz show, also will appear to take part in the program. Others coming with the show are Clare Luce, actress, Fred Raphael, assistant director of WHN studios, and Dr. Leo Michel, outstanding in the field of dentistry.

In demonstrating the power of hypnotic suggestion, Mr. Slater will select different men and women from the audience to act as subjects.

The program is under the auspices of radio station WHN and the Special Service office.

Play Tryouts To Be Monday

Sandy Hook show business will make its first definite start toward a comeback next week when tryouts for a locally-produced musical-comedy, variety revue will be held at 7 p. m. Monday in the Service Club.

Any persons with or without previous stage experience, who wish to take part in the revue, are requested to appear in the Hostess Office, Service Club at that time for an initial meeting and tryouts.

Cpl. Ray Chestone of the Bullet Buster band, has volunteered to aid in production of the revue, and will be in charge of the try-outs. If enough talent turns out, the show can be ready for staging in three weeks time, he believes.

It is possible the actress Shirley Booth, star of "Tomorrow the World," now being played in New York, may be a guest artist in the revue.

Most of the acts in the revue will be simple in nature and will not require dramatic ability, it is said.

'Salute Me' Tops New Books at Post Library

Top-ranking new books received at the Post library include "Salute Me" by Bristol, "C-o Postmaster," by St. George, and "Hedge Against the Sun," by Bentley. Others recently received and ready for lending are:

"Salute Me," Bristol; "Best American Short Stories 1943," Foley; "C-o Postmaster," St. George; "Paris Underground," Shiber; "Conquest of North Africa," Clifford; "Under A Luck Star," Andrews; "Hedge Against the Sun," Bentley; "Clear the Tracks," Bromley; "Blood for the Emperor," Clausen; "Golden Grain," Corbett; "Incorruptible," Coryn; "Night Attack," Crosby.

"Kaiser Wakes the Doctor," De-ruff; "Tidewater," Dowdey; "Inconstant Flame," Estes; "Cats Prowl at Night," Fair; "Going Fishing," Farson; "Mothers," Fisher.

"Case of the Drowsy Mosquito," Gardner; "Asia Unbound," Greenbie; "The Lady and the Tigers," Greenlaw; "Tragedy at Law," Hare; "Air Future," Hershey; "Trespassers," Hobson.

"War in the Sun," Hodson; "Out in the Boondocks," Horan & Frank; "Instruct My Sorrows," Jaynes; "Heroes and Hero-Worship," Johnson; "G.I. Jungle," Kahn; "Tambourine Trumpet & Drum," Kaye Smith; "And They Shall Walk," Kenny & Ostensio.

Presley Is The I Name, Sir—Are You Telling Me?

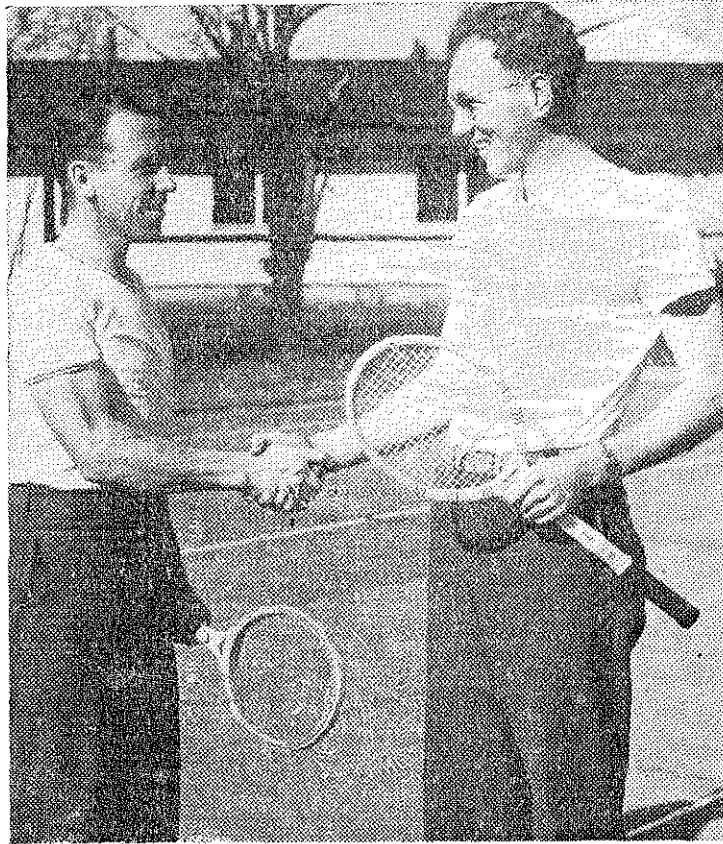


Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

This might well have been the comment between Lt. H. R. Hilary, runner-up, and Cpl. James Presley, champion, as the pair shook hands following the finale of the Officer-Enlisted Men's Tennis Tourney. Presley also won Post Tennis Tournament championship several weeks ago. (Story on Page 3.)

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

THURSDAY	
YMCA Bible Class supper at 6 p. m.	Olivia DeHavilland, Robert Cummings, Jack Carson. Must. Pathe news, This Is America. At Post theatres.
"Flesh and Fantasy," with Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson. OK. Pathe news, screen magazine. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p. m. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p. m.	MONDAY
FRIDAY	YMCA informal sing at 6:30 p. m.
YMCA informal sing at 6:30 p. m.	YMCA Java Club at 7:30 p. m. Speaker, coffee, cakes.
YMCA "United Nations at War" at 7:30 p. m.	Service Club dancing class, 7-9 p. m. Open to pupils only. General dancing follows.
YMCA quiz-bingo at 8 p. m.	"Princess O'Rourke" at Post theatres.
YMCA coffee hour at 7:30 p. m.	TUESDAY
Service Club weekly hop, informal. Girls from Newark, New York. Bullet Buster band.	YMCA mending service at 5 p. m.
"Flesh and Fantasy," at post theatres.	YMCA movies at 8 p. m.
SATURDAY	Service Club small party. Girls from New York.
YMCA football broadcast at 1 p. m.	"You're a Lucky Fellow, Mr. Smith," with Allan Jones, Evelyn Ankers, and "Mystery Broadcast" with Frank Albertson and Ruth Terry. At Post theatres.
YMCA informal sing at 6:30 p. m.	WEDNESDAY
YMCA movies at 7 p. m.	YMCA informal sing at 6:30 p. m.
"Is Everybody Happy?" with Ted Lewis, band, Nan Wynn. Sportscope. Merrie Melodies, Passing Parade. At Post theatres.	YMCA coffee hour at 7:30 p. m.
SUNDAY	YMCA arts and crafts at 8 p. m.
YMCA Vesper sing at 6:30 p. m.	Service Club games, singing, dancing. Girls from Kearny, N. J.
YMCA music appreciation hour at 8:15 p. m.	"Yankee Doodle Dandy" revival, with James Cagney, Joan Leslie, Walter Huston. Color cartoon. At Post theatres.
Service Club Hallowe'en party. "Princess O'Rourke," with	

HALLOWE'EN ROUND-UP

(Continued from Page 1)

eroo ever yet. Officers will put their GI garb in moth balls for the night and trip the dance floor in costumed incognito. Best costumed male, best costumed female, and most original costumed party-goer will receive \$25 War Bonds as prizes.

Judges of best costumes will be Brigadier General and Mrs. P. S. Gage, Col. and Mrs. Percy L. Wall, and Lt. Col. and Mrs. Sherman F. Willard.

As well as dancing, the program will include entertainment, games, fortune telling, surprises and refreshments. Capt. George J. Guess

will handle the "swami" role. Major Robert F. Spottswood will be in charge of the glamour department, supplying partners for officers who lack the GI touch with women. Major William N. Schindel will command black magic for the night, and Capt. Fred Florimont, will be in charge of refreshments.

Final Hallowe'en event at the Service Club will open Sunday afternoon for the benefit of men in searchlight units unable to attend at night. An informal program planned will include dancing, juke box music, a popcorn roast, apple ducking contests, and other Hallowe'en games.

Sandy Hook Foghorn

EDITOR Sgt. Roger Hammond
SPORTS EDITOR Sgt. Clay Marsh

Advisory Officers
Major R. F. Spottswood, Major H. E. Timmerman

Cartoonist Pfc. Doug Ryan

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

Foghorn, an official camp publication, is a subscriber of Camp Newspaper Service.

Unless permission is granted by the Public Relations Officer, material printed in Foghorn is not for publication in other newspapers.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, October 28, 1943.

LETTER UNWRITTEN

I was killed this morning.

And it was my own fault. It was stupid, useless, meaningless death. You see, I died before I even got a shot at the enemy. I died because I neglected a fundamental principle I should have mastered long before—in training.

I'll tell you how it happened—how I got killed. It's all over for me—but you guys coming up—you've still got time. Listen . . .

I guess one of my first sins was that of "knowing too much" for my instructors. Sure, I attended lectures and demonstrations. I was there in the flesh, but my mind was millions of miles away.

"Are you listening, Jones?" the sergeant used to say.

"Sure, I'm listening," I'd reply. But my mind was still on that gal in New York. Yeh, I had my share of AWOL—"Away on Love" we used to call it. That too was the wise guy in me. I remember the first time—I was green, and I knew I was going to be late for bed check.

"Aw, let's stay in town—we're late anyhow—might as well be 24 hours late." This was my pal Joe talking. He got out on a Section VIII. Well, I was green, my mind was befogged, I'd been drinking, and I couldn't begin to appreciate that being AWOL was harming no one but myself. It was again a case of trying to put one over on the Army.

And then you know, even on the way over, I noticed that there was something different. Most of the guys seemed to be all steamed up and rarin' to get at the enemy. But not me. In a vague sort of way, I knew we had to lick the Axis, but somehow I don't think I really ever learned what they used to call "the issues of war."

I used to think it was just a lot of hooey. Reading the papers and listening to guys talk about what we were fighting for always gave me a pain in the neck. All a lot of propaganda I used to say. Those orientation lectures and movies—I used to sleep through 'em. As a matter of fact, I used to look forward to those hours as a chance to sleep.

I used to be proud of being a goldbrick. "Jones," the Sgt. would yell, "don't tell me you're sick again?" And with an injured and innocent look, I would tell him that my back was aching, or that my stomach was on the fritz, or that my feet were giving out, and I just couldn't go on that hike.

If only I had been wounded. If only, I had a chance to live and do the things right. There's Donahue lying there. He got it in the leg. Good old Donahue. He was trying to come to my rescue. Many is the night I used to think there was something wrong with that guy—never could persuade him to go to town with me.

Well anyway—this morning we started the attack. We were all scared, believe me. We had never been up before. Then things happened fast—enemy machine guns to the right—just like a movie—and everyone seemed to know what to do—that is everyone but me.

You know what I did—I STOOD there, trying to figure it out. Now I'm lying here feeling like I've been chopped in half. And with each throb in my belly, I can hear the measured words of instructions I forgot. "Fall flat and hug the dirt. Discipline yourself to instantaneous action."

All those years of growing up. All those years of school. All those weeks in training camp. Shot to hell. Blasted to nothing. Why? Because I knew all the answers. I was the wise guy who wouldn't listen. I am a failure—a fatal failure—at twenty-one.