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SAND FOGG HORNS

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Published Weekly

Jessica Dragonette To Sing Here Monday

COLUMN LEFT

Thanksgiving will be a day of rest, the War Department has decreed. Training schedules will be suspended for the day. (Ed. Note: This applies only to tactical troops. Headquarters will go on fighting as usual. By now they have learned P & T does not mean Park and Tilford.)

Thanksgiving . . .

Beautiful thought, eh?

Just think—you can sleep late. Until five after six. If the sergeant makes a mistake and wakes you, tell him to blow it—that is if the pig's stripe is cinched.

Make sure to make the most of those brief, precious moments before arising. Stretch. Relax. Have a pillow fight, but take the shoes out of the pillow case first.

As you lay blissfully in your GI beauties, think of all the work you're not going to do. Think of that taffy-haired gorgeous who gave you her phone number at the Thanksgiving Eve hop. Think of all those rubber-tex hot dogs, reaching from here to Chicago, that you're not going to eat.

Ah, beautiful day—Thanksgiving.

Then jump out of bed. Take ten minutes to put on your pants, five more for your shirt. Contemplate with smug satisfaction that stack of brooms in the corner that is going to be idle for a day. But just to prove you're a steadfast soldier, do your calisthenics—rotate the thumbs three times and take a break.

Mosey over to the mess hall and order a light breakfast. Then pitch into a morning of hard work zealously—one must work up an appetite you know. Play someone a fast game of checkers. Sit down on your foot locker and keep up with the boneses.

About 10:30 a.m. take a quick gander around, make sure no one is looking, and casually slip out and over toward the mess hall. Dig your pits and get the leg muscles limbered up. Get an inside position, the pole if possible, for that rush to the door.

When you hear the whistle, take off. But keep your head. If it looks like you may be ninth or tenth at a table, run like hell at mark time. Then grab yourself No. 1 spot at a new table, firmly grasp the turkey by the left breast and the third vertebrae and yell "butts on everything."

There will be a sumptuous feast for one and all, but there's nothing like making sure. This is not authentic, but we hear from the grapevine the mess sergeant has a roasting pan so large that he has to go through the gravy in a submarine to see if the turkey is done.

Between inhalations of white and dark meat, you no doubt will notice the Quartermaster and say to yourself: Some guys sing for their

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TARGET FOR TODAY

Companies atten-SHUN!

Ready on the butts? Ready on the white meat?
Ready on the dark meat?

FIRE AT TOM! (The heck with Will).



Can you qualify?

- Fruit Cup
- Roast Turkey Dressing
- Cranberry Sauce
- Mashed Potatoes Gravy
- Green Peas Asparagus
- Tomato and Lettuce Salad
- Celery Assorted Pickles
- Pumpkin—Mince Pie
- Coffee
- Apples, Grapes, Candy, Nuts
- Cigars Cigarettes

S.Sgt. Ray Knight 'Out-Runyons' Runyon in Nickname Creations

Harry the Horse. Judge Goldfobber. Sidney the Mouse. Spanish John. Feet Samuels. Madame LaGimp. Joey Perhaps. The Humming Bird. Sorrowful . . .

If you do much reading, you'll recognize these names as those of Damon Runyon's picturesque Broadway gentry. And they were good in their day. But a staff sergeant by the name of Ray Knight is doing the same thing with a new punch these days in his Bullet Buster salvo column, and Runyon's choice handles are going to be outmoded if he doesn't watch out.

Knight claims when the time comes when he has to use a GI's legitimate first name instead of a nickname, he'll stop writing his column. For almost a year now, he's been coining new names for Bullet Busters, and most of them have caught on and are now in use—much to the chagrin of the respective owners.

Sometimes Knight tags 'em for a specific reason; sometimes he uses imagination; sometimes just careless abandon. He has a system of scientific breakdowns for

most of the nicknames though, such as: (1) names appropriate, i.e., descriptive; (2) names bestowed by gals, (3) last names that sound like something else, therefore require re-christening; (4) names derived from songs (5) names derived from an incident; and (6) geographical names.

At any rate, here are a few samples that mothers had nothing to do with: Wighead Smith, Mopy Mabry, Shimmy Shemick, Bettum Eye Baker, Nose Lain, Big 'Un Lewis, Horsehead Draa, Mirror-head Strothenke, Scalp Morrison, Numb Lumley, Apple Blossoms George, Sears Robuck, Bull Durham, Razor Gillette, Hotel McAlpine, Margie Hart, Harry James, Bing Crosby, Joan Crawford, Rare Sites, Therellalwaysbean England, Arkansas Harper, Ptomaine Tyler.

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Buses Schedule Special Trips

Special transportation facilities for men on pass and for families visiting men on the Post-Thanksgiving Day are being provided by Colonial Bus Lines.

Men on pass may return to the Post by buses which will leave 10 Howard Avenue, Brooklyn, beginning at 1 a. m. Friday. As many buses as necessary will be provided. Connections for the same buses may be made one-half hour later at 1:30 p. m. at the Holland Tunnel, Canal and Varick Streets.

For families visiting men on the post, as many buses as necessary will leave the Howard Avenue station at 9:30 a. m. Thursday and will leave the Holland Tunnel stop at 10:10 a. m. Buses will leave the post on the return trip at 7 p. m. Thursday.

Storm-Grounded Ship Embarks

"The James Longstreet," 8,000 ton vessel that was grounded on Sandy Hook during a heavy wind and rain storm Tuesday, October 26, returned to sea once again early Tuesday morning after more than three weeks in repair here.

Several cracks running vertically on both sides of the ship caused initial belief that it would break up eventually and would be a total loss. Greatest damage, however, according to officials, occurred inside the hull, the cracks being only on the surface.

Holiday Pass Rules Set

If you plan to spend a few days home during the holiday season and at the same time wish to keep on the good side of the first sergeant, here, in brief, are the regulations governing furloughs and passes which you'd better get hep to before asking for time off.

(1) During the period December 11 to January 11, 14 day furloughs may be authorized up to 10 per cent of strength. No furloughs will be granted, which require travel to or from camp from December 24 to December 25.

(2) Passes will not exceed 10 per cent of strength for Christmas Day, and will be issued so that travel will be commenced not later than December 24. Passes shall expire so that returns to station will be made not earlier than December 25 and not later than December 26.

(3) The same regulation pertains to passes on New Year's Day.

(4) During the period, December 11 to January 11, three day passes will not be granted over weekends to exceed 10 percent of strength.

(5) Weekend passes during the holiday period will not be consolidated with holiday passes or furloughs.

Carol Glenn, Violinist, Will Appear

Jessica Dragonette, vivacious young soprano star of last summer's Ford Sunday Evening Hour and a radio veteran despite her youthful appearance, will sing here in a special recital at 8 p. m. in Theatre No. 2 next Monday night.

Appearing with Jessica Dragonette will be Carol Glenn, radio, concert and recital violinist and wife of Cpl. Eugene List, noted concert violinist. The recital will be under auspices of USO Camp Concerts operating in conjunction with Special Service.

Although most popularly known for her radio broadcasts, Miss Dragonette also has sung with many of the country's leading symphony orchestras, including New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia orchestra, Chicago, Cleveland, Wisconsin, Seattle, Minneapolis and other symphonies. Her voice was chosen by Paramount Pictures for the princess in "Gulliver's Travels," and during the past summer she completed a special series of 30 minute films.

Two years ago, Miss Dragonette left radio temporarily to tour concert halls in the remotest parts of the United States, Hawaii and Canada in an attempt to verify her belief that the public wanted "good" music.

"I found to my delight," claims Miss Dragonette, "that these people not only wanted to listen to music but wanted to make their own. In every community I visited there was a worthy group activity being conducted. Everywhere I went members of the audience came backstage and told me of some constructive work in which they were engaged after having been led to it by radio."

Meantime, her tremendous radio following was impatient for her to return to the microphone, and this accounted for her decision to return to the air.

"Heigh Ho," USO Revue, Coming

"Heigh Ho," sizzling sepien revue, featuring six acts, will be presented here by USO Shows at 8 p. m. in Theatre No. 2 next Saturday.

The six acts include Earl and Francis, exponents of the rhythmic dance, Eugene Jenkins, Jr., puppeteer specialist with dancing dolls, Jane Vigal, swing singer; Glenn and Jenkins, comedy Pullman porters; Chuck and Chuckles, comedy-dance routine; and Stanley Facey, piano wizard.

The show is Unit 259 in the USO entertainment safari.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

GUMS ROAR

by S. Sgt. Ray D. Knight

NEW SYSTEM: We tried a different hotel in the city last week. Everything was fine until we called up and asked for room service. "Room service?" repeated the operator. "The only way you can get that is to go down to the dining room." She had us there.

GUMBEATS: CAN'T WAITE looking blaah after the three day pass . . . SUBWAY SIMPSON and ARTHUR MURRAY behaving . . . NELLY NILES amazing his friends by appearing at retreat . . . JIM HOGG's Brooklyn bambino . . . DICK ELIAN, Check with him on that gay volleyball game between C and the Flaming Bombers . . . Increased allotment dept.: SHAPIRO SHARPE and CHIEF SWAMP WATER TYSON. The girls are from Pa. and L. I., the time is December . . . SHORT SHORT's shiner. He challenged all comers in a bar and somebody came . . . PATOOTIE PETTIT and JON HALL. The boys say they were quite a sight learning to jitterbug at Laurence Harbor . . . PORKY BORKOWSKI, CRANIUM McCRANIE and BARNEY BARZYK. We hear they own a corner of Sloppy Joe's bar. They're always in it, anyway . . . GINGER ROGERS. Don't call him to the phone if it's Alice . . . SKINTSIDE ALEXANDER. He tells us Ginger's tent hasn't passed an inspection since he got EUSTACE, the puppy . . . WHITE CHRISTMAS WEAVER and wife, MERRY. He's just back from Georgia, announcing their April stitching . . . JEW-FISH JORDAN. They say he's leading the field in the Service Club Romeo Competition . . . OLD MAN CLARK. He now gets his mail from HQ's C.O. . . . QUARTERBACK HOGAN and WHITEY HRIBAR's girl doing Service Club Thursday. The question is: does Whitey know??? PAT DYER and JOHN KILLINGBECK. In 29 and 33, they got special service . . . FURLOUGH MEYER. Is he studying to be a 2nd Lieutenant??? WOLF JONES burning over ABE BRYAN's attempted job-snatch . . . CASANOVA HAMC and BALONEY MALONEY. They got a deer apiece last pass—one a seven-pointer. . . TRAM ADKINSON. He left three weeks ago, with his discharge . . . FIBBER McGEHEE's Atlantic Highlands biz. It's on again . . . DANNY NEE's cuties from the Pitcher and Pretzel. She's relaxing for two weeks while he's in Jax . . . FOOTLOCK WUHITLOCK. Is he allergic to newspapers??? SCOTLAND YARD and BOOGIE DUGIE. They're competing for the same blonde. Scotland, incidentally, says tell you seven is unlucky. Another P. H.

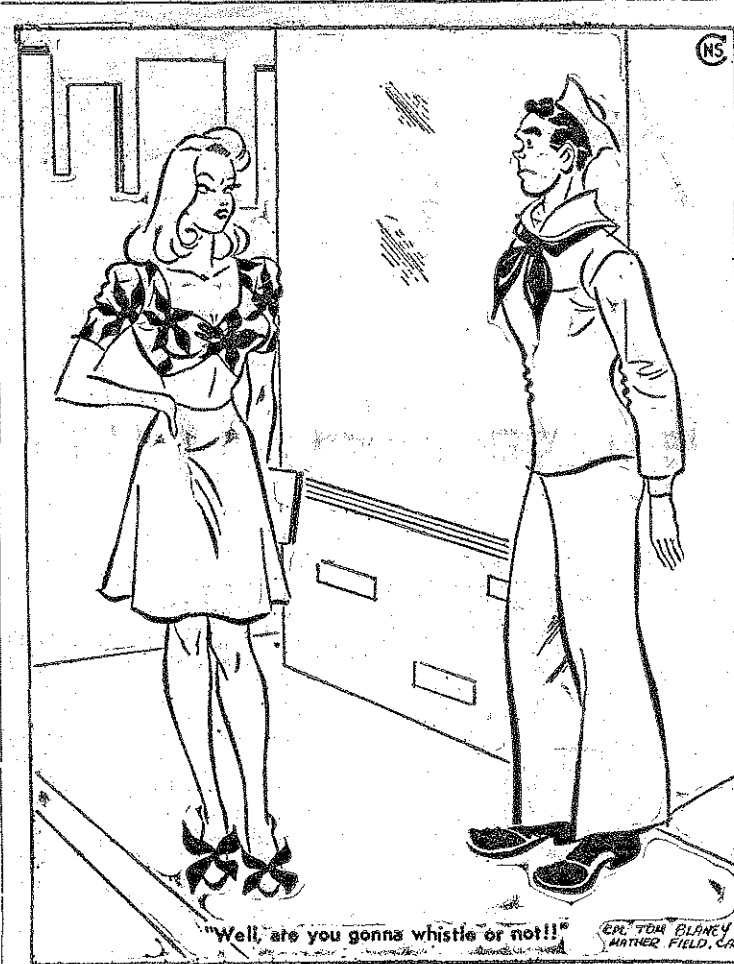
NICKNAMES

(Continued from Page 1)

Then there are Toenails Page, who has carried that handle for more than a year since being hospitalized for ingrown tonails; Red Cross Nichols, "typical applicant for a blood bank loan"; Shoes Gilbert, wears 'em but never ties 'em; Pills Rhinock, "a hypochondriac"; and Strychnine Stickney, a mess sergeant.

Coming right down to it, what has Sidney the Mouse got that Marijuana Reifer hasn't; or Spanish John against Blizzard the Gizard; or Joey Perhaps over Preacher Sanders; or Dave the Dude over such colorful gents as Can't Waite, Slop Alsop, Cold Steel Duggar, Slickhead Graham, Evening Prayer Vesper, and Four or Five Times Meyer.

Knight (hood) is in flower, and Bunyon is going out of business—on the Hook if not on Broadway.



88 KEYS

by the Medicine Man

In the quiet of our little den where we compose this weekly commentary on the doings (and undoings) of our fellow gladiators, there is great wailing and weeping for they have shorn us of our weapons. Yea, verily, the Powers that Be, whose commandments none must question lest great wrath descend upon him, have taken from us our sole device with which to combat and utterly destroy the enemy. No more will the sturdy oak serve as the mainstay of our packs; nor will the heads of tempered steel securely buttress the inner flap. Our hatchets, sure and may they fall into considerate and competent hands, have gone to war. For as Confucius say: "He who fights with the sword (instead of the bedpan or the typewriter) must needs have a hatchet as an accoutrement." And who the hell are we to argue with Confucius?

But let's bury the hatchet, as the saying goes, and get on with our work.

Moscattelli back in our midst after suffering the horrible ordeal of a furlough. He reports on the old home town thusly: "Things are pretty dead there." And he fled forthwith to the Service Club. Was she there, Mike me lad? . . . A citation to Guerra, one of our latest gridiron casualties . . . Koch, too, nursing a new wound . . .

Is it true that Barger still is digging sand out of his pockets from his bout with the barbed wire? That sand sure does "infiltrate" doesn't it, Sarg? . . . Lt. Starin also initiated . . . Ditto Lt. Schwartz, Capt. Friedland, and a virtual platoon of other officers . . .

Our listening post reports that 77 requests for transfer to the Infantry followed the showing of those training films last Thursday night. Boy, they packed a punch! Even the ANCs have heard about them—and from a first-hand source at that!

And now a parting shot: If you try to make sense out of all the latrine rumors going 'round, you'll end up grist for the Ward 20 mill. Remember this: Only two things are possible—you'll remain where you are, or you'll be transferred. Simple, isn't it?

BLITZERS

by Tom McPherson

Ellis was awakened at 1:30 a.m. Sunday by Mamczak, who shook him gently and whispered:

"Hey, Ellis, wanna drink? We got a quart down in the latrine."

Ellis woke up. He bounded downstairs and barged into the latrine. They handed him the quart and he raised it to his lips. By that time his eyes had opened sufficiently to see that the "quart" was milk. Now, any other guy would blow his top and probably smash the bottle. Not Ellis. By this time his senses were as awake as his eyes. Upstairs he flew and awakened Huchel.

"Hey, Huchel, wanna drink? We got a quart . . ."

An exclusive but hitherto unorganized society has finally formalized its existence with heraldry. We refer to that league of which only we privates are members (yet, oddly, the membership committee is composed only of noncoms)—The Horrible Society of Latrine Orderlies. The society has been presented coat of arms by Cpl. Gzyl. Said coat of arms consists of crossed mop and broom with slop bucket and night pot rampant.

Why can't we Blitzers have some kind of team to win glory for us? Didn't you feel abashed a week ago Tuesday night when the Hancock basketball team played the Rahway 'Y' and Rahway lost; when the WACs played Rumson and Rumson lost; when, between these games, the band played Suwanee River and Suwanee River lost?

We Blitzers who beef about the speed with which KP comes around might consider the QM boys and forevermore be silent. Non-noncoms among the Fighting Bellyrobbers pull KP so often that even Burke speaks to them.

WAC DOG LOST

"Wackie," mascot of the WAC detachment, couldn't stand the 11 p.m. bedcheck and has gone AWOL, it was reported this week. According to reliable sources, he was last seen trying to make up his mind on Maple and Walnut streets. A WAC searching posse, combined with a Headquarters policing detail, combed the area over the weekend but to no avail.

TRCOPERS

By Charles Wm. Stewart

Boy! Oh boy! What trials and tribulations one has to pay for the delight of a very bountiful week end. Especially if one misses the last bus from Red Bank. Just imagine how fatigued you become knowing there will be no rest for an already weary body until the next evening. "Woe is me!" really becomes an expression du coeur.

It did me good though. Just as I was about to be very much annoyed with the situation, to think of the feet that had beat a path to our abode after missing that last bus. Namely those of "Rock" Eversley, who hoofed it from Little Silver and "Beer me at the bar" Garnett who trod the roads from the very same locality that I found myself in, on that unforgettable Monday morn.

Luck! Ah! Lovely lady of fortune was with me though. Therefore I did not have to hear the beat of my feet on the street. I thumbed a ride from Red Bank to Long Branch at three o'clock in the morning, I was able to get a taxi to bring me to the gate for the last two dollars I had. I was very much relieved to have what started out to be a nite for misgiving, turn out to be just another night.

Johnny Ashely is out of the hospital. I hope the fine chow he enjoyed while recuperating impressed him to the extent of giving the kitchen some new ways of preparing our meals.

Perry Davis has joined the ranks of the "gone."

This week I take your leave, leaving you the thoughts you had before, so don't think you have gotten anymore, you have still got it to get.

THE MOLES

by Cpl. William Fortune

To continue—the promotions are still coming in, though it's beginning to look as if we wouldn't be boring you (or are we?) much longer with them. Cpl. Gil Huck had his position as chief of a section in Operations confirmed by making sergeant, and the radio operators are forming a T-5 club with the new members including: Pfc. Sanford Cole and Pfc. James Quinn. Privs. Richard Leonard, Tom McKenna and John Leszczynski now rate Pfc. in the Operations section.

But the prize man in Operations is one Pvt. Morris Barsky, the most experienced and traveled of the lot. He had just completed a two months circuit of the Harbor Defenses. He had a warm welcome "home"—the detail of sweeping the entire floor of his barracks.

What a lot of us are interested in is—why does "Pretty Boy" spend so much time at the PX?—You can see him there almost any evening this week . . . sipping sodas. Sgt. Ernest Tibbetts is in the hospital and is recovering from an operation for varicose veins. Probably another month until he gets out. Pfc. Tony Katzenberger, after two years absence from us, has returned to "proper station" and is back at his old duties in Operations. After 13 months in the Army, Pvt. Fred Hurd is getting his first furlough. He seems to be a jack of too many trades and has not stayed in any section long enough. T-5 Alfred Dobbs is all smiles—his wife is working on the post and Sgt. Leo Lacy is down in the dumps—he's "sweating out" a baby—expected to arrive this week—his first. The Remington Rangers have a new name—Paragraph Troops (submitted by Sgt. Russell Sisson).

WACS WORKS

by Pvt. Dollie Carpenter

There's been a "mom" around the WAC Detachment for quite some time, but since "Mom," 1st Sgt. Johnk, became Mrs. Hahn last week end, the WACs now have a "pa."

Unsuspecting Mr. Hahn put in his initial appearance after the wedding last week at the WAC mess hall at dinner time and was snowed under with greetings of "hello pa." Capping the climax was Bunny Keyler who threw her arms about "pa" and planted a kiss on his cheek—and with "Mom" taking in the whole scene. Such goings on.

It's interesting to note that a WAC marked a milestone at the post library. Cpl. Edith Sidelinger was the 5,000th person to register in the library files as a borrower.

Still dreaming about furlough happenings, two WACs are back at Hancock from homes in two widely separated parts of the nation. They are Deb Findley who lives in Cartersville, Ga., and Mae Schisler who went all the way to the West Coast to be at home in Los Angeles.

Also back at Hancock after three months away at a training school is Lida Logan.

New additions to the WAC roster are two new cooks, Marie Anselowitz and Maisie Cole, just out of training at Daytona, Fla.; and Charlotte Yoffa.

Seems as though the WACs are destined to have fatalities and fatalities within the basketball team ranks. First it was Ramona Washer who wound up in the hospital with a fractured ankle; now Vera Hardwicke is on the "recup" list with a sprained ankle. Who says the gremlins aren't at work?

For moments of dark depression as during a day of hard KP it is comforting to recall Dorothy Parker's "Resume":

- Razors pain you
- Rivers are damp
- Acids stain you
- Drugs cause cramps.
- Guns aren't lawful
- Nooses give
- Gas smells awful
- Might as well live.

SEVEN UP

by Rowdydow

Greetings Gates. . . SEVEN UP, the only column with gas in it, is back in action. . . ACTION. . . HQs . . . Jack Gallirdi will carry his own cheering section to all the B'Ball games. . . Now that Pauleecccc and Horan are on furlough we can get some sleep. . . LaMonte Gartley the pretty boy from Batavia. . . Jimmy Testa is the guy who puts Corn Flakes in Rudd's bed. . . Sgt. Tobin can't bring his Susi-Qui to dinner . . . A. . . Get on the ball and get some news in or we wouldn't know you are alive. . . Battlin B. . . Sgt. Cherwitzo wants to know who is the spy in B. . . Sgt. Jimmy Masone would get around better if he could only get rid of that big belly. . . Gacek is singing "Love in Bloom" these days. . . Why was Cambria raving about three wolves? Don't you like your passes, Joe? . . . Red "Sinatra" Orapello stopped the show Wednesday night. Even the Cockroaches swooned. . . "Frenchy" prefers Coco, Rappel. . . Who got the letter addressed "Dear Moran," Bogart? . . . Medics . . . Pfc. Harrison say fit to get "hitched" on his furlough. Could it be the allotment that did it or was it love? . . . Who is the Sgt. who will get engaged this Christmas. . . Motor Pool. . . Cpl. Russo and his boys specialize in making trouble. . . T-5 Ranallo began to pull his rank ten minutes after he was notified of promotion. . .

7-Up Bees Edge Busters 7-6, Cop Grid Title

Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

A few weeks ago we mentioned some of the players of the Post basketball squad, and at the time we rubbed our paws together in anticipation of a great season because of the quality of the material on the squad.

We still believe the material is good—better than last year, so consequently we are looking for an even more successful season this year. But after watching the men under fire for a few games, we haven't yet seen the brand of ball that will produce this sort of season.

As individuals, they are every bit as good as you and we thought they were, but as they go on racking up playing time it becomes evident that the Hookers haven't yet been able to knit the abilities of these men together into a smooth working unit that will produce that requisite of all team play—teamwork.

It makes sense to say that the season has just hatched, and this teamwork that is so essential can develop only under competition and more competition. Yes, it's logic to say that, and we hope in addition to being logical—it's correct. Certainly they have a long way to come before they are utilizing the full potentialities of the men.

The squad, as it stands now, can have a fair season, but if they are looking for anything better than that, they'll have to start playing as a team.

The old college try took to 36-point type again last Saturday, and all over the country football teams slugged it out in "titanic battles." After the last goalposts had been torn down and the spectators had retired from the bowl to the bottle, the results could be summed up.

Everybody had a lot of fun and the usual two percent of the players have a broken nose to point to when they explain their exploits 15 years from now. Outside of that, nothing happened. Nobody won who wasn't supposed to win, and the season's picture remains unchanged.

Undoubtedly that's the way it will remain for the rest of the year as all the "greats" who were scheduled to clash have already done so, and it's breathers from here on in to the end of the trolley line. But who cares, the color of this game remains, and four jillion people all over the land will be back at the business of getting their fedoras smashed in while watching a thrilling 59 to 0 struggle. We're not sporting the fedora this year, but this off-the-face brown creation will continue to take its beating until the groundskeepers and not the spectators take down the goalposts.

Incidentally, that T-formation may be all that's said of it, but it has been guilty of producing an acute case of cuteness among the sports writers. The next sports writer who talks of two teams who employ this otherwise excellent system, as having a "T-party" should be stuffed into a tea bag and dropped from the Brooklyn Bridge at 4 p.m. of the day of his crime!

Five Drops To Bendix 54-47

Fort Hancock basketballers dropped their first encounter of the season last week to Bendix AC in Brooklyn by the close count of 54-47, but it was long, sharp shooting Lou Simon, formerly Long Island University star, more than Bendix who should be accredited with the victory. The Bendix ace, who used to be at home in the Garden, swished the net for a total of 21 points and had a consistent brand of floorwork that both-ered and baffled the Hookers throughout the contest.

Fort Hancock was minus the services of Sgt. Rudy Bielecky, idled by a sprained ankle, but the winners were given a battle all the way. In the opening moments of the game, the Hookers rolled up nine points before the Bendix five could score.

Fort Hancock trailed 19-22 at the half and managed to keep the score close throughout the entire game.

Scoring star for the Sandy Hookers was Glynn, forwards, who dropped in five field goals and a pair of gift tosses for a total of 12 points. He was followed by Kirk and Massone with eight markers each. The game turned out to be quite rough with a total of 16 fouls called on each team respectively.

The box score:

HANCOCK	FG	FT	TP
Hemsley, f	3	1	7
Glynn, f	5	2	12
Stanley, f	0	2	2
Saloway, c	1	0	2
Tyrell, c	0	4	4
Zainos, c	1	0	2
Evans, g	1	0	2
Massone, g	3	2	8
Kirk, g	4	0	8
Totals	18	11	47

BENDIX A. C.	FG	FT	TP
Dolgoft, f	1	0	2
Simon, f	10	1	21
Wolf, f	3	1	7
Hyman, f	0	0	0
Mitchell, c	2	2	6
Rothenberg, c	4	2	10
Brown, g	0	1	1
Burns, g	3	0	6
Kinsbruner, g	0	1	1
Wolf, g	0	0	0
Totals	21	7	54

COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

supper—the Quartermaster sits in the middle of the table.

Because of the extra effort to be extended, you also will note no one making the usual crack: "Sergeant, my plate is wet," with the sergeant replying: "Nonsense, man, that's your soup."

Because of the same supreme effort, make an attempt at etiquette. Don't say:

"Pass those spuds down or I'll break your arm."

Instead say:
"Pass the potatoes au julienne or I'll break your arm."

MPs are requested to check all firearms, inasmuch as the turkeys will have been killed beforehand.

We read somewhere that last year one camp had the novel idea of the officers serving the enlisted men on Thanksgiving. Due to exigencies of the day, technical difficulties beyond our control, etc., it is highly probable that this practice will not be adopted locally.

This is strictly your day to howl, soldier. So make the most of it. Speaking of howling, it is altogether likely the Service Club will have an ample quota of lovelies champing at the bit.

And on the way up, drop in at the PX. We understand that the girls, in their ever-undying, all-out effort to back the attack are going to be there with smiling faces, passing out after-dinner mints for cash purchases of 15 cents or more. (Advt.)

—Roger.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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Dickey, Guardsman, Wins Weekly Grid Sweeps; Suddarth Second

Cpl. Don Dickey, Guardsman, who for seven straight weeks never failed to have his entry in, finally hit paydirt territory this week picking eight straight winners and taking the weekly \$5.

Because the contest was getting so easy, we included a couple of games not on the schedule last Saturday. This is one way of getting out of it. Can you think of another? Okeh, so we snuffed.

Even with the trickery, snafoolery or what have you, not only Dickey but two others stood the gaff and picked eight legitimate winners correctly. On the pointage breakdown, Dickey came closest, A. Suddarth of the Seven Up Hq. was sec-

ond, and Seaman 1-c Lyle Gascoe of the CG ran third.

On the two "ghost" games, Rutgers-Bucknell, UCLA-Santa Clara, the majority picked scores with careless abandon. Fifty one to four, 29 to 6, 37 to 14, etc. One guy penned the note: "Where did you go to school?" Another on the wise side sagely picked both games 0-0.

From now on, any resemblance between this contest and football will be strictly by chance.

Crystal Gazer

After Dinner Mint

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.....

Dear Boss:

"Oh that men and crystal balls should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brain!"

Did I know what I was doing? The spirit of Bacchus visited me at the convention last week and my befuddled mind saw games that weren't even scheduled.

Forgive me boss. I knew not what I was doing. Just watch me pick them this week. I haven't taken anything stronger than cokes with aspirin all week.

(Signed) DIPSOMANIA HEDY.

Caps denote Hedy's selections

- ARMY Navy
- DUKE Bainbridge Navy
- RUTGERS Brooklyn College
- DEL MONTE P-F. California
- Lehigh LAFAYETTE
- Great Lakes NOTRE DAME
- IOWA P-F. Minnesota
- OKLAHOMA Nebraska
- S. Methodist TEXAS CHRISTIAN
- SOUTHWEST TEXAS Rice

Hedy's Average..... .877

Bielecky Sparks Attack

Lt. Arnold M. Hofem's Seven Up Coast Artillerymen, better known as the "Battlin' Bees," proved they had the sting of a champion this week when they closely but decisively thumped F of the Bullet Busters 7-6 in the touch football league finale and became No. 1 pigskin packin' pappas of Fort Hancock.

Although a pair of flukey breaks set up the play for both touchdowns, Sgt. Rudy Bielecky, all around athlete of the Seven Up, once again lived up to his title by sparking practically the entire game for the winners with a "Don Hutson" pass receiving role. It was also Bielecky who was the mainspring in the victors' drive to the playoffs.

After both clubs had fought to a scoreless standstill in the first half, the Busters drew first blood in the third period when the first flukey of the game occurred. On a fourth down, the Bees kicked from their 10 yard line, but a sudden gust of heavy wind caught the ball, suspended it a moment in mid-air, and then reversed its path. In a play that probably never would happen again, the wind blew the ball out of bounds on the Bees' one yard line. On the first play, Dz'ak of the Busters carried the ball across on a left end run. Attempt to convert failed, and the Busters led 6-0.

In the fourth period, the Bees' combination of Stanley to Bielecky began to work, Bielecky snagging everything from spot passes to zooming heaves into the crowd that broke out on the playing field. In a march 80 yards long, five completed passes from Stanley to Bielecky brought the ball down on the Buster 10 yard line.

Four successive line thrusts failed, and then the second flukey occurred. The Busters, taking possession, attempted to boot out on the first down, but the wind and Cpl. Graboskey of the Bees interfered. Graboskey blocked the kick and Cpl. Hrablook of the Bees recovered the ball in the end zone.

Bielecky then added the finishing touch by taking a sixth successful pass from Stanley for the conversion.

Bielecky also spearheaded the Bees' drive to the finish in the deadlock for championship of Loop One in the league. In this encounter played last week, the Bees trounced Hq. of the Busters 13-0.

Pfc. Frank Lofaso provided the opening shot in this game, when just before the half he intercepted a pass and raced 50 yards to the Busters' one yard line where fleet-footed Sgt. Hal Beasley tagged him. Beasley might as well have let him go however, for Bielecky on the next play scored on a pass from Stanley. Try for extra point failed.

In the fourth quarter, the Bees added a touch of trickery in which Stanley lateraled to Sgt. Buster Mills and Mills, fading, shot a 40 yard aerial out to Barton who was waiting in the end zone.

The Stanley to Bielecky combination once again clicked for the conversion.

The touch football league, broken down into two brackets, saw 12 teams play a total of 60 games in approximately two months.

Final standings in the two brackets are:

	LOOP ONE		
Seven Up B	4	1	0
Buster Hq.	3	2	0
Officers	3	2	0
Buster E	2	2	1
Medics	2	2	1
Buster C	0	5	0
	LOOP TWO		
Buster F	4	0	0
Buster D	4	1	0
Guardsmen K	3	1	1
Guardsmen Hq-1	1	2	0
Seven Up G	1	1	0
Guardsmen B	0	4	0

Rehearsals Open For Show 'It Ain't Kosher'

Fort Hancock's Theatre Section, strictly a dead pigeon since "Mail Call" claimed its former members last summer, is having itself a backstage reincarnation these days as production hits full stride on "It Ain't Kosher," all-soldier burlesque show that to all appearances will be as potent as a cake of GI soap.

"It Ain't Kosher," subtitled "The Obscenities of 1943," will open Thursday, December 9 at Theatre No. 2. One of the biggest local shows ever planned here, the production will include a cast of at least 50 persons and will run two hours at the minimum. "It Ain't Kosher" is written, directed and produced by Cpl. Norman C. Wolf of the Bullet Busters.

The satire generally is a wrap-up of comedy, tragedy in its "starkest" form, music, blackouts, specialty acts, singing, and dancing by a hairy-chested chorus, the likes of which never graced the Minsky runway.

Four top blackout sketches of the show are "The Courtroom," a satire; "Ptomaine Moe's Cafe," slapstick at its slappiest; "Homeless Hector," a tragedy; "The Newlyweds," a tragedy; and "In the Closet," a "breathtaking bit of drama." Appearing in the blackouts will be Cpl. Helen Becker, Pfc. Betty Brown and Margaret Faler, Pvt. Hazel Keeler, Pvt. Ramona Washer, Pfc. Ruth Cass, and Pvt. Dolly Carpenter, all WACs. Among GIs in the blackouts will be Sgt. Ellis Crenshaw, Bullet Buster, straight man; Sgt. Vincent A. DePietro, Headquarters, feature comedian; and Cpl. Burke McCall, Bullet Buster, comedian.

Another show highlight will be an all-male chorus line, including such pulchritudinous beauties as 1st Sgt. Charles E. Upchurch, S-Sgt. Gerald B. Dyal, Sgt. Walter R. Shirley, Sgt. Ernest F. Mabry, Sgt. Robert W. Dinsmore, Pfc. John F. Duflavy, Pfc. Stephen D. McEachern, Pfc. Fred W. Parvin, Pfc. Herbert L. Denning, Cpl. Roy Chestone, Pfc. Jack Prather, and Pvt. Otto R. England.

Among specialty acts will be "Song of the Islands," a native dance done in costume by Sgt. Upchurch, a high stepping tip-tat-toe routine by Jones and Jones of Detachment A, and "Two Fugitives from Tobacco Road," slapstick specialty done by S-Sgt. Raymond Downing Knight and Pfc. Lamar Stewart.

Sgt. Judson A. Hasseltine, Sandy Hook "Sinatra," will sing the "walk-on," and The Bullet Buster band will play the show. Entire musical score for the production is being prepared by S-Sgt. Joseph Shepherd, dance band director. Lyrics are by S-Sgt. Knight.

Cpl. Wolf originally wrote and produced the show approximately a year ago at Key West, where it proved to be strictly an aisle-roller. The second production here of "It Ain't Kosher," however, will be considerably revised, it was said.

Young People's Society Formed

The Young People's Society, soldier-civilian organization and only one of its kind on the Post held its initial meeting last Sunday in the civilian reception hall, a total of 14 persons attending. Meetings will be held at 8 p. m. every Sunday from now on.

Temporary officers, who were responsible for formation of the unit, are Mrs. Marie Pratesi, president; Mrs. Helen Clary, vice president, and Mrs. Freda Nearing, treasurer. In the meeting one week from this Sunday, new permanent officers will be elected.

Games and refreshments followed the business and discussion session.

Record-Breaking Just Another Way To Keep In Trim

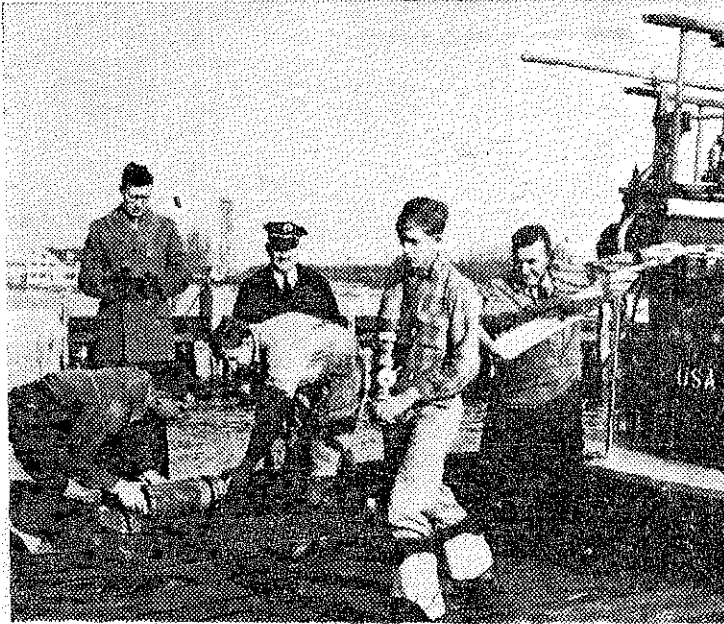


Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps. Howard Brand, Ernest Vaughn, Eston Brink, and Joe Malonson, firefighting quartet deluxe, show how to break a 66 second record in 44 seconds while Capt. Albert Abraham, fire marshal, and Fire Capt. Howard M. Miracle check procedure to make it official.

Fire Laddies Set New Record; Draw Bay Water in 44 Seconds

When better firefighting records are made, Fort Hancock's ace fire laddies will be the ones to break them.

At least that was the indication last weekend when a four-man firefighting team here set a new record for drawing water from the bay. The team shattered the previous record of 66 seconds by accomplishing the feat in 44 seconds flat.

It seems the competitively spirited foursome a few days previous had read a magazine story acclaiming the Fort Tilden fire department as the new record holder in this phase of firefighting. According to the story, the Tilden fire lads took 61 seconds to lay hose and make all connections and an additional five seconds to draft water.

Firmly convinced they could beat this even on a rainy day, the crack

Hook team, under supervision of Fire Chief Robert McCann, took about five minutes off last Saturday, went down to the dock and accomplished in 44 seconds the following operation:

Run-out of 150 feet of 2½ inch hose; coupling of hose to pump; attaching nozzle; attaching hard suction to pump; attaching strainer; beginning operating of pump; drafting and discharge of water.

Capt. Albert Abraham, fire marshal, the editor of the Foghorn and a Signal Corps photographer were on hand to see that everything was on "the up and up," Capt. Abraham checking off the time.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

THURSDAY	SUNDAY
YMCA open house afternoon and evening. Coffee hour 7-8 p.m. Football broadcast 2:30 p.m. Games in evening.	YMCA vesper sing at 6:30 p.m. YMCA Music of Masters at 8 p.m.
YMCA Bible class at 6:30 p.m. Service Club Thanksgiving party afternoon and evening. 250 beautiful girls 250. Dancing. Refreshments. Coast Guard band. Drop in, wear off the turkey.	Service Club afternoon and evening party. Dancing. Refreshments. Girls from Newark, New York.
"Guadalcanal Diary," with Preston Foster, Lloyd Nolan, Bill Bendix. The picture that shows what we're thankful for. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.	"Riding High," with Dorothy Lamour, Dick Powell, Victor Moore. A technicolor musical. At Post Theatres.
FRIDAY	MONDAY
YMCA "United Nations at War" film at 7 p.m. YMCA quiz bingo at 8 p.m. Service Club informal dance. Guardsmen band. Girls from Elizabeth, Newark, Brooklyn.	YMCA Java Club at 7:30 p.m. Service Club Juke Box dance.
"Guadalcanal Diary," at Post theatres.	"Riding High" at Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. Jessica Dragonette at Theatre No. 2, 8 p.m.
SATURDAY	TUESDAY
YMCA movies at 7 p.m. "The Falcon and the Coeds" with Tom Conway, Jean Brooks, George Givot, and "Smart Guy," with Nick Valin, Wenda McKay. Busy night for the pool table. At theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. USO show at Theatre No. 2, 8 p.m.	YMCA three-in-one basketball show. WAC game, Post game, dancing, at 7, 8 and 9 p.m. YMCA mending service at 5 p.m. Service Club dancing class 7:15 to 9:15 p.m.
	"Gangway for Tomorrow," with Margo, Wally Brown, John Carradine. At Post Theatres.
	WEDNESDAY
	YMCA Arts and Crafts party at 8 p.m. Service Club games and dancing. "Hello, Frisco, Hello," technicolor revival with Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, at Post Theatres.

Sandy Hook Foghorn

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, November 25, 1943.

SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

(Guest Editorial by Chaplain Moore E. Miller)

The first American Thanksgiving Day came at the conclusion of a year that had been filled with tremendous difficulties and fearful disappointments. For three weary months the Pilgrims had been tossed about in a frail little ship on the Atlantic. They landed on the shores of this land at the start of winter, totally unprepared for the hazards of the weather and the perils of hostile Indians. The months of winter were one long night of sickness, disease and starvation. Over half the men and women died.

When spring came a new hope was born in their anxious hearts. A bright summer and abundant harvest brought realization of the hope and at the close of autumn, Governor Bradford set aside a day of thanksgiving. There was feasting and joy, and expressions of thankfulness to God. But above all there was a looking forward to the day when a new community and a new nation, freed from the inequalities and the sufferings of the Old World would come to full growth and power. Of such was the gratitude of the First Thanksgiving.

Since then the American people have set aside a day of national Thanksgiving. Sometimes the spirit of the first Thanksgiving Day is remembered. Too often it is not. Ingratitude always has been one of the world's greatest evils. It is not less so now. Material blessings, the like of which people have never known before, are accepted as their just due by the great majority.

Even at a time, when the future of the world's well-being is at stake, we grumble because butter is not available in inexhaustible quantities at very meal, or because a favorite brand of cigarette is not procurable on all and sundry occasions. There are many whose ingratitude even goes so low as to take advantage of the perilous times for their own gain and aggrandizement.

On the other hand, real gratitude is far more than a verbal acknowledgement of thanks. When we stop, for the first time, to consider that we have come into possession of a vast inheritance of scientific progress and achievement, art, education, music and religion, then for the third time we are becoming truly grateful.

Such gratitude may reveal itself in a number of ways, but certainly among them must be included the following:

First, a real attempt to appreciate and understand the problems and ideals of other groups and nations of men which differ from us. Our inheritance from the Pilgrim fathers is big enough to share between white and black, between Jew and Gentile, and between Catholic and Protestant.

Second, a willingness to accept not merely the fruits of American citizenship, but its responsibilities as well. In the Army such a willingness is indicated by an unquestioned loyalty and patriotism, by discipline, by self-respect and pride, by cheerfulness and enthusiasm, by initiative, determination and tenacity. It is comparatively easy to acquire such characteristics at the battle front, but possession of these characteristics by those who seem to "only stand and wait", is an indication of superlative gratitude.

Third and most important of all, true gratitude is expressed in the worship of God. The Pilgrims feasted on the first Thanksgiving day, but their hearts were turned to God in praise not only for what He had done for them but for what He was going to do for the generations to follow.

Today is a day of friendly gathering to enjoy the good things of this earth, but it is a day too, in the words of the Scriptures, to "Praise the Lord and to give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever."

MRM