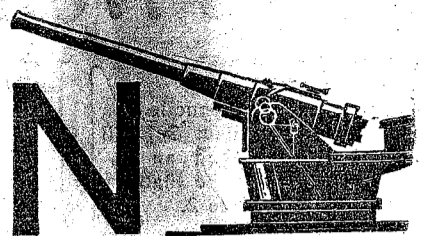


# NDY HOOK GHOORN



Second Year—Vol. 3—No. 44.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, April 29, 1943.

Published Weekly

## CROWD OF 2,000 WATCH:

# Boxers Win All Bouts, Kayo British Again

### COLUMN LEFT

Running the risk of sacrilege but covering quickly with a preface that any similarity to Biblical verse is purely coincidental, the following morsel is offered. (Said morsel, like a new joke, has traveled the circuit of camps in the U. S. and finally has arrived at Fort Hancock.)

**The Private's Prayer**  
"The Sarge is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me pick up burnt matches, he leadeth me through mud puddles, he restoreth my step. He guideth me on the course of obstacles for my health's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through the valleys I must run up the hills. He annointeth my head with abuse and my cup runneth over. Surely, cadence and KP will follow me all the days of my Army life, and I shall dwell in the heart of the Sergeant forever."

**Pfc. Rudolph Racer, Blitzers'** "fighting" company clerk, has read all about spearheads, hedgehogs, flank attacks and other forms of modern warfare, but the old army's "skirmish line" was too much for him last week.

1st Sgt. Burns, who has sent out many a rookie for four yards of floor space, a bucket of striped paint, a cannon report or what have you, never thought the dashing Racer would go for a skirmish line. But he did.

Cpl. DePietro, proprietor of the Blitzer haberdashery, had no skirmish line, but he was sure the Mamma's Pets' supply room had a few in stock. The latter had one but loaned it to First Sgt. Fancher. Topkick Fancher, worse luck, was using his skirmish line to hang out a wet wash, but Racer couldn't miss at the QM.

Master Sgt. Johnson, QM, put Racer hot on the trail by referring him to Sgt. Edward Przybyski, Ordnance, and there the chase ended. Pfc. Racer was presented the skirmish line—a two-foot length of iron pipe with rubber hose attached.

Pfc. Racer, although disgruntled, still remains a true soldier, and it is believed he plans to turn in the skirmish line for scrap and turn himself in for grease in the salvage campaign.

While on the subject of red faces, Camp Tyson, Tenn., has a Cpl. William D. Herron who probably knows more than the average man about the WAAC's GI unmentionables.

It seems Cpl. Herron picked up the wrong barracks bag while on a trip away from camp. Arriving back at his sack station, he opened the innocent looking bag and an entire issue of WAAC scanties popped out.

Our own Sgt. Marsh, one of the

(Continued on Page 4)

## Mrs. Miriam Haw Earns Award for Act of Valor

Mrs. Miriam N. Haw, wife of Colonel J. C. Haw, Post Commander, who on February 25 bravely attempted to save the life of Mrs. Augusta Mc Gongel, cook at Colonel Haw's quarters, yesterday was awarded a certificate of merit for her outstanding deed by the American Red Cross.

The presentation was made by Brigadier-General Philip S. Gage in the presence of Colonel Haw, Joseph N. Haw, son of Colonel and Mrs. Haw, Leonard Trace, Red Cross Field Director at Fort Hancock, and other post officers.

According to official report of the Red Cross unpublicized until yesterday, Mrs. Mc Gongel's clothing caught fire while she was melting down waste fats and greases over a fire. Within a few seconds the victim's body was enveloped in flames.

Hearing screams, Mrs. Haw hurried to the woman. Completely disregarding thought of personal safety, she forced Mrs. Mc Gongel to the floor, rolled a large rug around her, and threw quantities of water upon her body in an attempt to smother the flames. During this action, Mrs. Haw herself received several painful burns for which hospital treatment was necessary.

Mrs. Haw's efforts were successful in smothering the blazing clothing, but burns and shock already suffered caused the death of Mrs. Mc Gongel a few days later in the hospital.

In presenting the certificate to Mrs. Haw, General Gage remarked that her deed should stand as a sterling example to men of Fort Hancock of what service beyond the line of duty really means.

Dated April 8, 1943 and signed by President Roosevelt as well as by Norman Davis, general chairman of Red Cross, the certificate read:

"In compliance with a resolution of the Central Committee, this certificate is issued by the American National Red Cross to Mrs. Miriam N. Haw of Fort Hancock, N. J. in recognition of meritorious first aid service rendered on February 25, 1943 when she rendered efficient first aid to Mrs. Augusta Mc Gongel, who was severely burned."

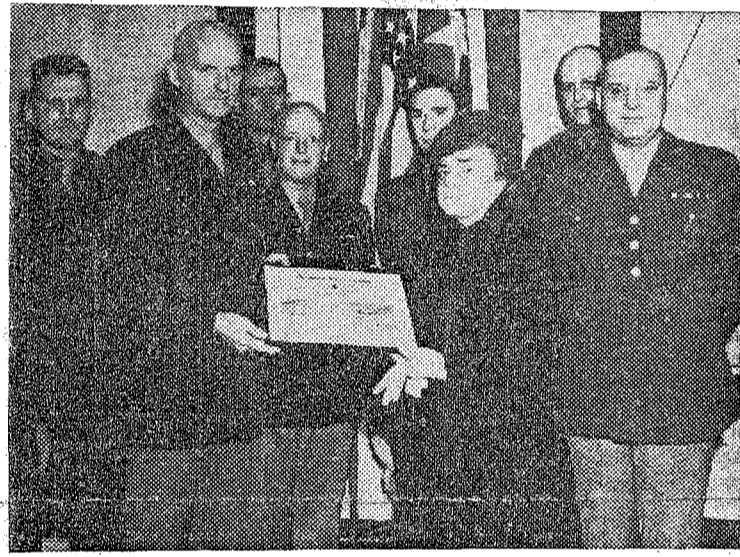
## Reoppel, Paris Press Attache, to Speak Here

Charles Reoppel, formerly press attache in the U. S. embassy in Paris, France, will speak before members of the YMCA Java Club in their regular weekly session at 7:30 p. m., next Monday night.

Mr. Reoppel, of Worcester, Mass., remained in Paris 13 months after the Nazi army invaded France and witnessed Hitler's program of systematic tyranny and destruction during that period.

With this first hand glimpse of life ruled by a swastika, Mr. Reoppel will speak on the topic "Paris Under the Nazi Heel."

## For Meritorious Service "Beyond The Line of Duty"



Mrs. Haw receives certificate of merit from General Gage in the presence of Colonel Haw, their son, and other officers.

## Croken Tags Opponent In 50 Seconds

By SGT. CLAY MARSH

The British Navy boxing team came to Fort Hancock last night in their second attempt to capture a win from the Sandy Hook sluggers, but went down to defeat without taking a fight. The Hook fighters made a clean sweep with three TKO's and three decisions.

In the feature bout of the evening the British put Marine Wallace Pascoe at 145 lbs. against Corporal Francis Croken at 150 lbs. The hard punching Croken made a one-sided contest of this by stopping Pascoe in 50 seconds of the first round.

John Russell at 118 lbs. met Pvt. B. Rubano at 132 lbs. in the first bout of the evening, and the lighter Russell was pounded around the ring until he was dropped twice in the first round. Referee Ruby Goldstein stopped the fight in 1:57 of the first frame.

The second fight in which L. Farmer, O.S. met Sgt. P. Dyer, was more evenly matched. The boys fought even up for the first two rounds, but Farmer tired in the last round to enable Dyer to pile up enough points to take this one by decision.

Another close fight saw George Regnier, 138, pitted against Pvt. A. Grammatico, 137. In a three round slugging match, Grammatico was able to get in just enough points to squeeze out a close decision. Leading lightweight contender Johnny Greco, of the Canadian Army, was the third man in the ring for this bout.

The hardest fought bout of the night came next when J. Roberts, 130, fought Pvt. DeRespino, 133, with Gus Lesnevitch refereeing. For three rounds these boys stood toe to toe and threw more leather than was thrown all evening. The best man to go into the ring for the British, Roberts proved he could take it and hand it out. Blood was spilled, and it was all DeRespino's. DeRespino was given the decision. The fight, the crowd loved, the decision was another matter.

The classy Pvt. Gaudes, 132, met Stoker Arthur Seabright, 130, in the other bout of the card. Once again Gaudes proved he had too much for anyone in this neighborhood and TKO'd Seabright in 1:25 of the first round.

In a wrestling match, Jim Reilly grunted with Nick Monday. Monday promised to throw his opponent Reilly, a defense worker, in 15 minutes, or forfeit the fight. In the three act comedy that followed, Mr. Monday failed to keep his promise and Reilly took the decision.

Miss Gale Volchek fought Miss Laura Bennett in a boxing match, and the two ladies threw hairpins and lefts at each other for a draw.

## John Golden Finale:

# Theatre Section, Victorious, To Stage Play on Broadway

Fort Hancock's Theatre Section added another laurel to its collection this week when it was announced that "Mail Call," play assigned here for competition in the John Golden play contest, had been selected as one of five winning plays for appearance in the near future at a Broadway theatre.

A five man cast, with only three days of rehearsal behind it, competed "Mail Call" against 15 other plays last week in a work rehearsal preview. Mr. Golden and others, after selecting the five best of the 15 plays, informally indicated that Fort Hancock's production ranked No. 1 among the five.

In a letter to Colonel J. C. Haw, Commanding Officer of Fort Hancock, Major William R. Bolton, Chief of Special Service, Personnel Division, Second Service Command, remarked:

"It is deemed a matter worthy of note and reference to your attention that all the members of the cast from Fort Hancock acquitted themselves excellently dramatically as well as having conducted themselves with perfect military decorum.

"Not only this headquarters, but Mr. Golden and his committee of civilian judges as well were greatly impressed by the men and their performance."

"Mail Call," now will be "dressed up" and rewritten by the Theatre Section and then edited by Russell Crouse, author of the play "Life With Father." Following this, a final rehearsal will be given, and a date arranged and announced for

staging the play in a Broadway theatre.

"Mail Call" was written by Ralph Nelson, aviation cadet and top prize winner in the play writing contest recently concluded. The Theatre Section cast which presented the play for competition included Cpl. John Hampshire, director, Pfc. Harry Fleer, and Pvts. Sonny Surrat, Edward Kramer and Charles Zimmerman.

## 'Yank' Shows Close-Ups of Enemy Guns

A collection of close-up photographs of captured enemy guns will be featured in the May 14 issue of Yank, the Army Weekly, on sale May 7 in Army Exchanges and Ships' Service Stores.

The pictures, one of the most revealing collections ever made, will include captured German, Japanese and Italian artillery pieces, rifles, mortars and small arms, with instructions for their use in case of a battlefield emergency.

Never before has such a comprehensive study of enemy equipment been published. The feature will take up four or five full pages in Yank.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

# Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn

rters

## BLITZERS

Another chapter was penciled in the Life of The Blitzer Softball Team. This episode had an unhappy ending in which the Flaming Bombers scorched us 5 to 2.

The next chapter is one you shouldn't miss. We have been challenged and have accepted a game, with a team made up of Officers of the Post. You were out! Sir.

The Easter bunny came on the Post Sunday, and left Easter gifts for all, in the hotel lobby.

For Sonny Surrat was a big box containing dozens of Easter eggs. Now he can stop laying them.

To "Smart-Boy" Racer went a big chocolate anchor. Now he can tie that on the end of his skirmish line. The big crazy!

Sgt. Carroll received a wife for a Easter present, thus leaving Superman and us as about the only hotel guests living in bachelor quarters. We'll have to ask Senor Carroll how it's done, Super. There must be a way for us.

For Sgt. Burns was a heavy red scarf. Now he can muffle our screams as he beats us with that whip he received for Christmas. And the blood won't show on the scarf!

Sgt. Leu probably won't admit it, but he received a check for \$1.42. Someone heard he was the gas man, and was trying to pay their bill.

There was a bright red carnation for Bob Mervyn. Mmmm—

Pvt. Von De Porten, who has gone around with more gals, than the revolving door at Macy's, got a brand new pair of shoelaces to sport on his next pilgrimage to the big city.

You were right Pvt. Hammond (that name can be shortened too) is the editor of the Foghorn. Dag nab it, and all the time we thought it was the eight year old son of the air raid warden putting down blights, while Pop was out putting out lights.

## MAMMA'S PETS

Pfc. DeArmand was seen at the Service Club dance (of course it's free) chasing some female. He says she's a good friend. We wonder if his wife has met all his friends?

Pvt. Judge telling the girls at the GI hop that girls are like subway trains. There will be another along any minute.

Pvt. Ben Fox shooting at moving targets with the greatest precision. All he hit was the air. Could it be they were blanks or was it a phantom target?

Whose shrill voice was heard the other A.M. calling Charlie Zittel on the Parade Grounds?

If silence is golden, Pvt. Ewell should own the Fort Knox mint. Barracks 204 defeated Barracks 213 in a close contest of baseball. The boys of 213 refused to concede until the last out was made in the ninth inning. The score was 24-5. Individual honors go to Pfc. Zackman (Harry James) our bugler, who excellently made 13 unassisted putouts. He is certain material for the Brooklyn Dodgers (them bums).

The inevitable has happened. Cpl. Wills pulled guard. He is taking up where Sgt. Hirschfield left off. They are both GI.

Sturgess is all a glitter. He claims his hair is growing back. Maybe we'll buy him a comb for his birthday.

Best of luck to Pvt. Mascola who is leaving the ranks of bachelorhood May 9. His wife-to-be must be living up to the old saying—love is blind.

Could it be that Sgt. Sadauskas is henpecked? He certainly has changed. (What's wrong, Sargie?)



"My, what big eyes you have!"

## DOT-N-DASH

by Pfc. Paul H. Jones

Sgt. Robert Huet is perhaps the most original baseball player we've ever seen. When he catches the ball he sits down at the same time. Never saw the like of it, such beautiful timing. The second the ball hits his hand, Bobbie sits on the cold hard ground with a resounding thump. We should think that in ball playing of this type a rubber cushion would be rather necessary. Or don't you catch the ball very often, Bobbie?

Quoted for the information and guidance of all concerned: "Cpl. Frank Hill is building a house." Of course, right now he is building it on paper. Has a great many features that interest us. A walled-in garden, and all the things that go with it. Could it be that our Frankie is contemplating having a harem? At this moment in our military career we think it is a lovely idea.

Cpl. William Canning, who should be called "Smiling Bill," just wanders around the area grinning at most everything and everybody. For some strange reason we think that Willie looks like one of the old Roman emperors. All it would take would be a wreath of laurel.

What plump Cpl. of the outfit wakes up during the night saying "Honey Chile, I loves ya, deed I does." This same Cpl. has not been the same since a recent visit to a certain place. We would print his name but we find ourselves in great sympathy with his tragic love affair.

On the same line there is a handsome Sgt. who has heeded the call to return to the past. Love has bloomed again for him. The reason we do not print his name is that a punch in the nose would be our reward if we did, not to mention about nine extra details.

Who is the Sgt. with the Julius Caesar complex? Associates only with Sgts. or the equivalent thereof. Very regal in manner.

Then there is the gentleman who, upon hearing some conversation concerning George Sand and Chopin, asked if they lived in Greenwich Village.

Another Sgt. who recently attended the circus in company with extreme youth, has been accused of various things that we cannot print here. Wish we could, it is so delightfully nasty.

Sgt. "Toughie," our only canine

## RAPID FIRE

by Cpl. Diamond

Now that the "Easter holiday" has passed, your reporter trusts that each member of the Battery enjoyed himself in his own inimitable way. To start off, your reporter would appreciate all members of the Battery coming to him and presenting items of interest that will help make our column a successful one. It is possible I have overlooked many items of interest that have occurred and through your cooperation the news will be printed in "Rapid Fire."

"News And Views"—A deserving hand as well as congratulations to T-5 Tetreault who recently stood before the "Stars and Stripes" and raised his hand in solemn tribute to serve, honor and obey the American Flag for all it represents. Miracles never cease, but the early morning exercises have given the Special Duty men a new lease on life. It is gratifying to see them exposed to the fresh air instead of the bed. Sgts. Reardon and Hask trying desperately to regain their much needed health after their recent furloughs.

From our "Winchells" we learn that Pvt. Ceasare is trying for a week end pass. Reason? His engagement to Patty. The nervous expressions on the faces of Sgts. Hartley and Herbison anticipating that long walk to the altar. To all the hearts that are beating gaily when the time comes for the passes. Yes, the love life of us all takes on a new light when we see the old flame.

Finally, our very best to Sgt. Raineri upon his recent promotion to 1st Sgt. Let us all pitch in and make the duties of 1st Sgt. Raineri easier through our cooperation in all our work.

In closing, many thanks to all the men in the Battery for their swell showing in the recent War Bond Drive.

Sgt. (we hope) is feeling the approach of Spring weather. Very affectionate; irked no end that he is tied up; emits whines that are very expressive to say the least.

Reluctant congratulations to the papa of "Column Left." My friends read my column and then his, then proceed to tell me how good "Column Left" is. We think it is good, too, say we with green eyes and not too much sincerity.

## TROOPER

by Pvt. Allan Ar bald

Odd-ditties—"General" Stewart went to the trouble of catching up with a formation out in the middle of nowhere, via a GI chariot; but all this was to no avail—he was giggered anyhow. Firemen do the queerest things. One was seen in the mess shack the other day devouring oatmeal with a FORK, of all things.

Seen and heard—"Ozzie" Fraser being bested in a game of ping pong by a member of the fair sex; and then he claims that it was just chivalry. Frisby does an excellent, if unorthodox, job of ducking and catching a baseball at the same time. Wilson, meanwhile, succeeds in doing NEITHER at the same time. Sarge Wilkinson, the Tuscaloosa Terror, is an able exponent of the aphorism: "Rolling bones gather no moss." Everybody who went to the ballet enjoyed it, even though it took a while to get adjusted. "Shorty" Jenkins now sports an extra chevron. Three times a day, namely morning, noon and night, Hart doggedly goes on exhibition as the heaviest, noisiest and most eccentric epicure in these parts.

"Acrobat" Bartley goes through a daily procedure of shaking the foundations with his aerial and terrestrial gymnastics. "Let's Rise" Brandon still moons and goons over a certain pretty miss. Which only goes to prove the course of true love never did run smooth, plus Tennyson's immortal adage about a young man's fancy in Springtime.

Dixon can really keep quiet when he wants to . . . especially when he has a toothache, or swallows his "baccy plug." "Chef" Booze broke all previous records and took a substantial pass last week. Anti-walking, slow-gaited Kittrell and his compadre Anderson wrote their names on the alumni roster last week. Good thing they didn't have to walk home. They wouldn't make it 'til the duration or thereabouts.

Watch this column closely next week. Inside-dopist H. Phillips has a scoop coming up. Don't miss it.

## BOGIE BLUES

Congrats to all the new Pfc's—Paget, Bell, Cairns, Church, Gunter, Brennan, Carmanous.

Additions have been made to the families of Sgt. and Mrs. Margno, an eight and one half pound boy, and to Sgt. and Mrs. Pecolo, a seven and one half pound boy. The battery wishes to extend congratulations.

Schooldays have returned for Sgt. Greenbaum and Pvts. Pierson and Renevich who are off to school. Be careful, boys, of whose books you carry home each night.

Congratulations are also in order for Cpl. Rednas who will be married this coming Sunday. Sorry we can't all attend.

There's another marriage in the Battery. Pfc. Cutruple will marry Miss Pocket Billiards.

Who went to the city and went for 20 bucks? And who has been grubbing cigarettes ever since? The Astor Bar has been found a favorite rendezvous for certain members of this battery.

The Battery was victorious over a nearby battery in a softball game by a score of 15-3.

Now for the case of the blank shells. It's a good thing the culprit isn't here. The man is Lev-enthal. He figured Cpl. Kulmiro's barracks bags were just as good as none.

## AS ROAR

Sgt. Ray D. Knight

ICLIMAX: TIGER LILLY stepped off the subway, watched a pair of shapely legs emerge from a crowd of others. He eyed them carefully, quickened his pace and followed. His gaze traveled up and down the undulating body. Suddenly he was abreast of her and speaking to the lovely creature: "Which way is uptown?" he stammered. "That way," she answered, pointing in the direction from which she had come. "Thanks," he burred happily and, following her directions, disappeared into the crowd.

CORRECTION: Since the basketball season is over and we have published the 7 highest scores of the Bullet Busters, we'd like now to publish the 7 CORRECT scores of the BB's: BEASLEY 95, GRISHAM 77, ENGLAND 71, ATKINSON 60, HESTER 58, McALPINE 58 and LEWIS 55. That should rectify about 5 mistakes we made last week.

GUMBEATS: The Semicircle, successor of Croquet's notorious Circle. SEARS ROBUCK, DULCY SMITH, UPPIE UPCHURCH, RED ANDERSON, SMOOT SMITH and mascot BUMP HADLEY are the current arcs . . . SWAMPY CLARK—they're calling him the Bathtub King these days . . . ATLAS M. PHILIPS hobnobbing with the Allen Jenkinces at Ruby Foo's . . . Cautious ELMOO OSTEEN. He goes into the P. O. to mail his letters—doesn't trust that outdoor slot . . . GOO GOO DUBITSKY making with the eyes for those Elizabethans at the G-Dance . . . BANANA ABBATE's preparation for it. He held a consultation, via the mails, with Arthur Murray . . . SHORTY ROBERTS and FLAT-FOOT CREWS. They were annoyed by relatives (someone else's) in Newark . . . Sought - after MOODY RUCKER. After he has two dates with Judy Somebody, she ties up three kinds of communication with her attentions to him . . . RONALD COLEMAN at the Waldorf the other week end. He was calling on an old railroad acquaintance . . . ROCHEBLAH ROCHEBLAVE and MULLET MULLETS. They, we hear, are pea-shooting competitors . . . P. TANG WILSON'S correspondence. He hears from several people in Chicago who won some kind of contest . . . KNOCK KNOCK (who's there?) BERNASH. He is still looking for a remedy . . . SLOW SCHLOBOHN'S torrid letters. The only trouble is: he can't read her writing and has to use PTO TYLER as decoder . . . LOUDMOUTH COLE'S good news. He passed his board . . . NICK NICHOLSON vainly trying to shelve those pounds . . . Flash! SUBWAY SIMPSON made it back from town without a scratch . . . JIMMY (Blake) ZIVICKY. He's been beating out a few songs, he tells us . . . SHAPIRO SHARPE and ETHEL WATERS catching the Ballet . . . RED COULTER. He walks into a B'way nitery, the orchestra leader turns, sees him, and dedicates to him the next number "There Are Such Things" . . . TOM SAWYER. The boys wonder how he lost that ten the other night . . . BAD PENNY and JERK HJERTSTEDT, cinemaddicts. They can't even stay away from a double feature . . . LUCKY, the puddler. LEX LEXO isn't speaking to him . . . Gum-of-the-Week: How y'all?

## Heavy Writers

The average soldier writes and receives three times as many letters as he did in civilian life.



SEVEN STRAIGHT IN THE RED:

# Nine Still Shops for Win; 3 Games on Deck

## Dodger Rookies Coming Saturday, Dix Here Monday

**Junior Bums Slaughter Sandy Hook 10-2, 16-0 In Twin Session Away**

Still in the market for a win after seven straight tosses, Fort Hancock's baseball nine moves into another session of heavy horsehide next week with three games bunched in the early part of the week.

The Brooklyn Dodger Rookies, who have found a lush life of easy pickin's in the two games thus far with the Hookers, will complete a three-game series this Saturday when they come here. Game time is 2:30 p.m.

Fort Dix, which entertained the Hook nine yesterday, will finish off a home and home engagement when the reception center club comes here for a game at 4:30 p.m. Monday on the South Parade grounds.

The Post nine will hop GI transportation once again on Tuesday when it journeys to Paterson, N. J. for a game with State Teachers' College there.

The first two games with the Dodger Rookies, a doubleheader session played away from home last Sunday, brought back memories of the Giants' slaughter. The Rookies cautiously felt their way in the first setto, winning by only a 10-2 count.

Then warming up to an enjoyable task, the Rooks rolled up a neat 16-0 nightcap in a game that had everything happen, including the first baseman taking the mound.

## Filipino EM Tells Meaning Of Bataan

The following story of Bataan was written by a soldier of this post who should know Bataan better than any others here. For until 1926 he lived in a town less than two miles from Bataan. The soldier is Pvt. Eli Santos, of the Blitzers, who is a native Filipino.

"Strange is the word Bataan, yet close to the hearts of the people of the USA. It seems the word itself is just like something newly-discovered with all its value and memories to the people. On the other hand, the Filipinos knew right along what it meant to the man responsible for its future destiny.

"First, I would like to tell you where, how and what the word Bataan came from. It is just a simple word in Tagalog dialect, which meant 'my child,' 'my boy,' 'my man,' or 'my choice.'

"As a coincidence, General MacArthur used many times the words 'my boys' when talking to his fighting Filipinos whom he knows well. While the boys are just as loyal and proud to be called Bataan ni MacArthur.

"We who are here and others everywhere know that up to the final test when the showdown was at its height, the boys knew that the last ground they were fighting for had a lot more to its name 'Bataan' as: 'Bataan ni MacArthur, Bataan ni Uncle Sam, Bataan ni Juan de la Cruz, and Bataan of all the Allies.'

"A year ago, Bataan was a byword, today a memory. But to us it's still revenge. So unto this day and every other day, our faith with the General grows stronger and stronger.

### ACTION IN 'DESERT VICTORY'



Casualties were suffered by the British when they made contact with the enemy in putting Rommel to flight. Here two ambulance men attend a wounded man while his comrades go over rocky ground to attack the enemy.

## Four Cameramen Killed, Seven Hurt Filming "Desert Victory"

Four cameramen died, seven were wounded and six were captured during the making of "Desert Victory," the British Eighth Army's own record of the battle of Africa, which will appear at Post Theatres May 2 and 3. All were attached to the Army Film Unit under Colonel David MacDonald, and they photographed in its entirety 1400 miles of sweeping British victory—the rout of Field Marshal Rommel by the British Eighth Army under General Bernard Montgomery.

All of the cameramen on "Desert Victory" occupied positions with the most advanced elements of the Eighth Army at all times, in the thick of the fighting. Scenes included in the picture could not have been photographed in any other manner.

When a British field piece is fired, the same camera records the hit on a tank advancing a few miles away; when an R. A. F. plane strafes ground troops, the cameraman in the plane is sometimes close enough to catch the expressions on the faces of the Nazis and Italians as they scurry for cover; in another R. A. F. plane, diving on an Axis ship, the ship's anti-aircraft fire whizzed close by the lens of the camera; British bombs are followed from the bomb bay to the target.

Colonel MacDonald, who is on leave from the Eighth Army in connection with the American showings of "Desert Victory," which has already been acclaimed by officers high in U. S. Army circles, says:

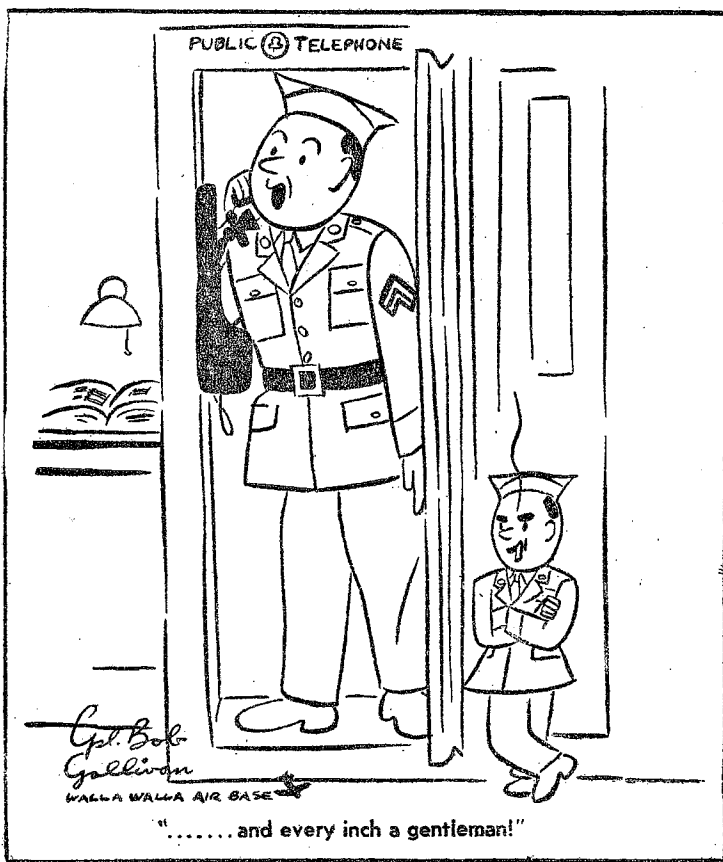
"I don't like to dwell on the subject of casualties, but it is inescapable. Seventeen out of my staff of thirty-two cameramen were casualties. These cameramen were with the foremost elements at all times. As an example, take the capture of Tobruk. In order to get the best pictures of the town immediately after the German evacuation, we knew we would have to proceed through the German mine fields even before our sappers had cleared the road. We went ahead in three trucks, straddling the mines as we proceeded. We entered Tobruk at 1:45 p. m., about two hours ahead

of our own troops."

Colonel MacDonald's cameramen pulled down the Nazi flag, hoisted the Union Jack, photographed the much-bombed harbor, and were ready to take pictures of the entry of the forward elements of the Eighth Army.

It was in adventures like this that the cameramen were killed, wounded or captured—some of them shot, some bombed, some the victim of Nazi booby traps.

"These men," says Colonel MacDonald, "were the bravest I have ever seen. They went against the enemy with both guns and cameras, and the material they brought back in their cameras was priceless."



"..... and every inch a gentleman!"

## Physical Exam Waived by New Insurance Rule

**120-Day Grace Period Is Provided in Which No Exam is Required**

Men in service have been granted a new period of grace during which National Service Life Insurance can be obtained without medical examination or medical history statement, it was announced this week.

According to an announcement received here from headquarters of the Chief of Staff, U. S. Army, any person in active service shall be granted insurance without examination if application is made within 120 days dating from April 12.

This new right can be exercised notwithstanding rejection of any prior application for such insurance on any ground whatever, and the new ruling is effective on increases in amounts to existing insurance as well as procurement of new insurance.

Under previous regulations, men in service had to obtain government insurance within 120 days of induction in order to waive medical examination.

Following expiration of the 120 days dating from April 12, the old regulations will be placed in effect once again with examination and report of medical history necessary.

All individuals in military service who have not applied for National Service Life Insurance are accordingly urged to do so without delay. In the past, more than a few instances have occurred in which soldiers have delayed too long and have found out they were unable to obtain insurance.

### LAFF OF THE WEEK:

Detroit (CNS) — Twenty-two-year-old Barbara Brown had a date with a soldier, but he "stood her up." Being a former telephone operator she knew exactly what to do. She called police headquarters identifying herself as an Army operator and told them to order all soldiers to report back to their stations immediately.

## THE FORT'S SPORTS

By SGT. CLAY MARSH

The Second Annual Enlisted Men's Badminton Tournament got under way this week with Guardsman, Cpl. Bill Tarlow, whose bird lore is expected to cop him one of the trophies, defeating Pvt. Shiles of the Bullet Busters by two straight games, 15-9, 15-12.

Play was suspended last night because of the fights, but will resume again tonight after the broken fingers and teeth have been swept away.

Some of those guys aren't going to be able to count up to ten anymore, but that's another story, and what we started to talk about was the game in which, if you get the bird, you win.

As we say, the winter book favors Senor Tarlow, but don't prepare that presentation speech yet Mr. Toastmaster, there's a couple of guys named Joe in this Tourney that disagree with this gem of information about Mr. Tarlow and dag nab it, they might be right!

Under that pile of bricks and mortar you see by the side of the YMCA lies a perfectly good handball court. Someone is going to do whatever people usually do with bricks and mortar real soon, and the courtroom will be cleared for action.

Do you follow me? Well don't. Instead get right over to the YMCA Physical Department office and enter your name for the Second Annual Enlisted Men's Handball Tournament.

Entries will be taken until May 12th, but right now isn't too early to enter. Play will start May 17th, so come on out and bake your pate in the Hancock sunshine while you get yourself a nice new muscle slapping the ball around.

No softball league perhaps, but plenty of games are being played and that's the main idea isn't it? Have you got a team? We'll put that another way. Have you got ten men? Plenty of games are being booked through us, and we have opponents to book against your outfit.

Just say on a piece of paper that you want an opponent to play, put your outfit down, drop it in an envelope marked "Foghorn" and put it in your company office "out" box. We'll give you a ring, giving you an opponent, and arrange the date that suits you. Simple? Well, let's get in business.

The Fort Hancock baseball nine lost a gruesome twosome Sunday to the Brookies Dodger Rookies, at East New York, New Jersey, 10-2, 16-0.

Fort Hancock got only 7 hits, while the Junior "Bums" rapped out 29, two of which were Wheatie wallops. The Hooks miscued 16 times in the afternoon's frolic while the men from Brooklyn who haven't finished their basic training, booted six in the two games.

These teams will meet in a return game when the Brooklyn Dodgers Rookies come here May 1st.

Making our bid for the biggest goldbricker of Fort Hancock, we now offer you a sports resume, on not one, but two of the Hook sports.

1. A clear concise and well done resume of all the defeats suffered by the Post boxing squad in the past two years. -- Dix --

2. A loquacious account of each and every one of the wins of the Post Baseball team, since the beginning of the season -- 9 --

# Iron Scrap Exceeds Million Pounds Since Inception of Salvage Drive

## Paper, Rags, Glass, Fats, Tin Also High

by PVT. ALAN KAYES

Fort Hancock's war on waste, which has resulted in huge savings in gasoline, rubber and food consumption, has scored a smashing victory on the salvage front as well, more than 1,498,893 lbs. of scrap metal alone already having been collected and sold to dealers since the post's salvage drive was launched last August, it was disclosed today.

The salvage campaign already has netted thousands of dollars to the U. S. Treasury in resale of scrap. Even more important, it has supplied vital war industries with a steady supply of material for the manufacture of war goods necessary for victory. Salvage items collected at Fort Hancock include virtually every kind of material used to feed, clothe, equip and transport soldiers, ranging from kitchen fats and greases, hundreds of pounds of which are reprocessed each month for glycerine, vital element in the manufacture of explosives, to cast iron and steel cannon balls and hundreds of thousands of pounds of steel rails.

Many items, previously unlisted in Fort Hancock's Quartermaster Corps salvage records, now provide a steady cash return as salvage. Among these are glass, broken as well as in bottle form, newspapers, cardboards, magazines, egg crates, timber, onion bags, meat bones and all types of ferrous and non-ferrous metals.

Even kitchen waste, sold to pig farmers in the New Jersey area, represents a cash return to the government. Bidders for salvage include waste paper processing companies, fat and tallow renderers, beer and soft drink companies which use salvaged tin for bottle and keg stoppers, and metal junk dealers, all of whom are invited to submit bids on the various salvage items collected on the post.

Scrap metal alone has proven a bonanza, reports Lt. Cyrus C. Urmey, who directed Fort Hancock's metal salvage drive and until recently served as Post Salvage Officer. Bids for salvage metal, previously advertised no more than twice a year, have been let eight times since August.

Thus far, Fort Hancock has sold the following quantities of scrap metal: 600,000 lbs. of steel rails, much of which was found buried in sand on the post; 116,300 lbs. of cast iron; 225,000 lbs. of mine cable; 130,835 lbs. of light sheet iron and stovepipe; 80,000 lbs. of unprepared scrap iron and steel; 3,579 lbs. of galvanized pipe and iron; 115,700 lbs. of wrought iron and steel; 5,188 lbs. of brass scrap; 20,000 lbs. of lead and copper covered telephone cable; 1,585 lbs. of copper scrap, and 33,600 lbs. of gun steel.

Only recently, 167,096 lbs. of wrought iron and steel cannon balls, none of which were of sufficient historical importance to preserve in the face of the vital need for such metals for war industries, were removed from Fort Hancock by dealers for resmelting.

Sale of kitchen waste has provided a steady cash return each month.

Grease, bones, raw meat trimmings, trap grease from interceptors, spent frying fats, rags and mixed paper are some of the other items that bring eager bids from dealers.

Indicative of the manner in which post personnel are cooperating in the salvage drive are the huge amounts of bones and kitchen

## PLENTY OF FIGHT LEFT HERE



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps  
Lt. Cyrus C. Urmey, who directed Fort Hancock's salvage drive in its opening stages, weighs in a huge cannonball. For years an ornament, the cannonball now becomes a fighting force once again in the scrap metal accumulation.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

### THURSDAY

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p.m.  
YMCA home game night at 8 p.m. Ladies and girls from Rumson as hostesses and partners. Refreshments.

"The Moon is Down," with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, 5:30 and 7:30 p.m. at Theatre No. 2; 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. at Theatre No. 1.

### FRIDAY

YMCA open house. Cards, letter writing, reading.  
Dance at Service Club.  
"A Stranger in Town" with Frank Morgan, Richard Carlson, Jean Rogers. At Post Theatres.

### SATURDAY

YMCA movies, two showings, at 6 and 8 p.m.  
YMCA lobby sing at 7:30 p.m.  
"Springtime in the Rockies," with Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda. At Post Theatres.

### SUNDAY

YMCA Gospel sing at 6:30 p.m.  
YMCA Music of the Masters at 8 p.m.  
"Desert Victory," British Army filming of Rommel retreat. Also "Sherlock Holmes in Washington," with Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. At Post Theatres.

### MONDAY

AWVS service for enlisted men at 5 p.m., YMCA.  
YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p.m.  
YMCA Java Club at 7:30 p.m.  
Speaker is Charles Reoppel, former press attaché of U. S. Embassy in Paris. Open forum. Coffee and cakes.  
"Desert Victory" and "Sherlock Holmes in Washington" at Post Theatres.

grease now being resold to dealers. In September, 1942, shortly after the salvage campaign was launched, only 715 lbs. of bones and 96 lbs. of grease were picked up by dealers for processing. The figure climbed to 2,025 lbs. of bones and 117 lbs. of grease in January and totalled 5,052 lbs. of bones and 655 lbs. of grease in February. Approximately the same amount was disposed of in March.

### TUESDAY

YMCA—Rumson ladies sewing service at 5 p.m.  
Free Chesterfield movies at YMCA at 8 p.m.

"She Has What It Takes," with Jinx Falkenburg and Tom Neal, and "The Mantrap," with Henry Stephenson, Joseph Allen Jr. and Dorothy Lovett. At Post Theatres.

### WEDNESDAY

YMCA—AWVS canteen at 5 p.m.  
YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p.m.  
YMCA hobby and crafts party with lady instructors at 8 p.m.  
"The Human Comedy," with Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan and Marsha Hunt. At Post Theatres.

## It's All In The Family!

CHICAGO — Mrs. Frederic Armour, 23 years old, kissed her husband goodbye when he left to take his Army examination.

"Be a good soldier, dear," she said, "I'll carry on." She wept a bit, then said to herself: "I'm going to help him. The sooner we all get into this, the sooner it will be over and we can be together again."

An hour later, she enlisted in the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps. Then she returned home expecting an empty house—a solitary dinner. Instead there was her husband wearing an apron, stirring an omelet.

"Surprise, dear. I haven't been accepted," he said.

"Surprise, dear," she replied. "I have!"

## COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

best cub reporters to come off the boat in years, had less success on his last pass. His sad week end memoir runs:

She stroked my hair, she held my hand,  
The lights were dim and low.  
She raised her eyes with sweet surprise,  
And softly answered No.  
Take a break . . .

# Sandy Hook Foghorn

Pvt. ROGER HAMMOND, Editor

### Advisory Officers

Major Robert F. Spottswood, Capt. Geoffrey V. Azoy.

### Editorial Staff

Sgt. Clay Marsh, Sgt. Robert Gartmayer, Cpl. H. R. Warke, Pvt. William H. Barr, Pvt. Paul H. Jones, Pvt. Charles R. Kaufman, Pvt. Ralph J. Thilgen, Pvt. Al Archibald.

### Art Staff

Cpl. A. R. Stager, Sgt. Earle F. Tyler, Pvt. Doug Ryan, Pvt. Charles Williams.

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., Thursday, April 29, 1943.

## VOICE OF THE SOLDIER

Soldiering is tough, isn't it bud?

March. Drill. Shoulder a rifle. Carry a pack. All day long. Day after day.

Your feet hurt. Your back aches. Your shoulders are sore from the straps.

Yeah bud, soldiering is tough. But it's a mighty handy thing to have around when something as precious as your life is at stake.

On the battle fronts today, precious lives are constantly at stake. Every man has a sword of Damocles hanging by a thread above his head. The strength of that thread is measured by the character and amount of soldiering he has had. And his foundation in soldiering often spells the difference between a dead man and a live one.

Unminced, straight from the shoulder evidence of this was brought home here recently when Brigadier-General Gage received a letter from a former officer of this command now serving in the African theatre of war.

Listen to the words of a man who knows:

"We really have a splendid record in this hemisphere, one which can be accounted for in only one way, namely: Training.

"The basic precepts which I have tried to teach so intensively here paid off more than once 'in the pinch.' Tell that to every organization you encounter.

"Moreover, the instinctive compliance with orders which my command has learned so well has saved precious lives, namely: their own.

"Anyone who doubts the value of the School of the Soldier better keep the hell away from here."

"Better keep the hell away from here"—that unvarnished comment should be warning enough for the "doubting Tom" and the "man from Missouri." War is one case where there is no payoff in "waiting to be shown."

The man who waits until he gets to the front lines to appreciate soldiering usually finds himself already measured for a wooden kimono, unless he's loaded with luck.

One of the most vital components of soldiering is obedience of commands. Obedience is not agreement or acquiescence. It is instantaneous, automatic compliance with any command given.

Oftentimes, commands may be unimportant, trifling. The soldier may dislike the man giving the command. But neither the nature of the command nor the nature of the man giving it has anything to do with obedience.

One hundred unimportant commands obeyed today are training for an instinctive, split second abedience of a vital command that may mean life or death tomorrow. Obedience is self-protection as much as it is anything else.

On the battle fronts, where the watchdogs of death are ever snapping at a soldier's heels and where one can shake hands with death himself anytime of day or night, the soldier walks a tight rope of life and death.

With soldiering behind him, he has the balance and a sure foot to walk that rope unwaveringly. Without soldiering . . . ?

"He'd better keep the hell away."

## SERVICES IN CHURCHES

### Catholic

Masses at Post Chapel will be at 8:30 and 9:30 a. m. Sunday. Mass at St. Mary's will be held at 10:30 a. m.

### Protestant

Divine service at the Post Chapel will be held at 10:30 a. m. Sunday.

### Jewish

Evening worship at the Post Chapel will be at 7 p. m. Sunday.

### Christian Science

Christian Science meeting will be held in the Post Chapel at 8 tomorrow night. Consultations will be from 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.