

SANDY HOOK FOGGHORN

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Published Weekly

Maj. John Hutcheson, Post Adjutant, Leaves

COLUMN LEFT

A hillbilly jeep we chanced to meet the other day had a letter from home he was anxious to show us. This is one of those things about which the less said the better. So noncommittally, we pass it on hoping the squeamish aren't listening.

Dear Cousin Eben:
As your uncle now has a job, his first in more than 40 years, we are pretty rich now. Of course, the first thing we did was go down to Sears and Roebuck with the first check for \$17.25 and buy a new set of shootin' irons.
While we was there, the man showed us one of them new fangled things they call a bathroom, like the rich people up north have. Maw decided we oughter get one, so we did and they brought it up to the house the other day.

I'm telling you, this bathroom is one of the dangdest things you ever did see. Over on one side of the room is a big, long, white thing like the pigs drink out of, only you can get in and wash all over at one time.

Then, over on the other side of the room is a little white gadget hanging on the wall called a "zink." This is for light washing, like hands and face. Then, they also brought us a roll of writing paper, but it's kind of cheap I think. It rips easy.

The thing that gets us though is that doodad over in the corner. It's a thing which you put one foot in, scrub it until it's clean, then you pull a chain and get fresh water for the other foot.
There's two lids come with the dang thing, but we ain't had no use for them in the bathroom. So Maw has decided to use one for a bread board, and we framed Gramp's pitcher in the other.
Your lovin' cousin,
Abner.

All of which reminds us of a young buck at Pine Camp two years ago, who up until one Saturday night never had had a "store bought haircut." "My pappy back in Arkansas always used to cut it," he told us.

Story goes that the young buck entered the barber shop this Saturday night and got a haircut. "Which side do you part your hair?" asked the puzzled barber. "What's a part?" asked the buck.

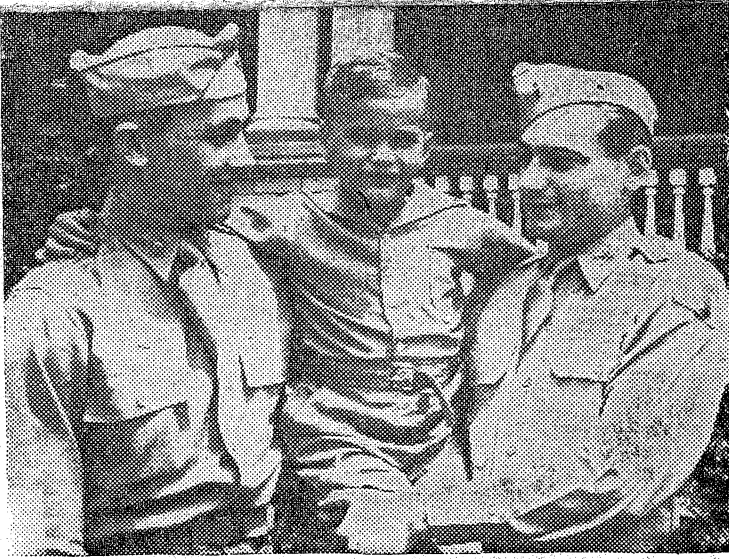
After futile description, the barber said "I'll part your hair on the left side, and draw a chalk mark there on your head so you can remember it."

The young buck was really tickled. He spent the rest of his pass in town walking up and down Main street showing people the chalk mark and his newly acquired "part."

Sgt. (I Wear A Pair of Office Ts) Marsh reports he is still having trouble with his women. Claims he convinced a new find that he's a big shot in the Air Force (T for

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"Thanks—Fellers"



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Warrant Officers Robert Stevens and John Wladyka and young Michael Ingram, son of Colonel Ingram, probably were total strangers a few weeks ago, but they're definitely old pals now. For young Michael, the acquaintanceship is based on a lifesaving rather than handshaking introduction.

Alert Warrant Officers Rescue Colonel Ingram's Boy From Bay

Michael Sedgewick Ingram, husky, six year old son of Colonel and Mrs. Wharton G. Ingram, is playing soldier as lively as ever these days thanks to the alertness of two warrant officers who last week rescued him from possible drowning in Sandy Hook bay.

The two warrant officers who performed the rescue are Mr. Robert Stevens and Mr. John Wladyka, both members of Colonel Carl J. Smith's Coast Artillery unit. Their deeds, termed "nothing at all" by them, this week netted duplicate commendations from Brigadier General Philip S. Gage, Commanding General, Harbor Defenses of New York. The commendations read:

"The Commanding General has said the Pvt. to the Col.: — "Hi, Dad."

been advised of your action in saving from drowning one of the children living on the Post and desires to commend your alertness and prompt action. (Signed) Brigadier General P. S. Gage."

The mishap, third of its kind since the swimming season opened, occurred Sunday evening, June 5. Young Michael Ingram was playing with a boat on the beach. The two warrant officers, walking toward Theatre No. 2, stopped and

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Joseph N. Haw, 21, Enters Army the Hard Way

Sometime probably in the near future, a sharp-looking young buck private on pass is going to visit this post and ask permission of the Post Adjutant to see Colonel J. C. Haw, Fort Commander.

When permission is granted, the young private will stride into the Fort Commander's office, will do an abrupt left face, will salute smartly, and then will say: "Hello, Dad."

The young private will be Joseph N. Haw, 21, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Haw, who interrupted his college education to enlist in the Army on May 29. He is now stationed at Fort Dix awaiting assignment. Prior to entering the Army, he was an engineering student at the University of Delaware, where he also was a member of the ROTC.

The Haw family includes two colonels and a military background that dates back to the Civil War; yet young Joseph Haw chose to brush aside the background and start from scratch. For him, a corporality and a sergeancy will be in

order before the bars come.

Ordinarily, this should be unusual, but not so in the Haw family, where there never have been any short cuts up the military ladder. Going up through the ranks is one hard way, but even tougher is moving up via West Point, where many a plebe could tell a private what real "chicken" is.

Colonel Haw began his Army career at West Point in the U. S. Military Academy. After four years of training that gives the Army its crack officers, he was graduated and received his commission in 1915.

Since then, he has seen service in Hawaii and Panama besides the United States, he himself has been an instructor at West Point, he has been on ROTC duty at the Univers-

Key Officer is Replaced By Capt. Roy Anderson

Major John David Hutcheson, post adjutant of Fort Hancock for the past three years and one of the youngest key officers here, this week left Sandy Hook for new assignment and duties. Succeeding him as post adjutant will be Captain Roy E. Anderson, whose previous position has been that of post personnel officer.

Other changes necessitated by Major Hutcheson's departure include assignment of Lt. Harry Salofsky, newcomer to the post, to the position of post personnel officer and assignment of Warrant Officer Wilbur E. Dunphey, also a newcomer, to the job of assistant post adjutant.

Major Hutcheson, 29 years old, left this post with a record of efficiency and an ability to "get things done" that will not be easily or quickly forgotten. Hand in hand with that efficiency and ability however was a slow, soft-spoken southern drawl that, in the words of the men under him, made "work a pleasure."

Master Sergeant William Csontos, post sergeant major, acting as spokesman for the enlisted office staff of Post Headquarters, said today: "Although in the Army, no one is indispensable, we believe Major Hutcheson in his position as post adjutant came as close to that distinction as anyone has."

"Major Hutcheson always maintained his position as an officer, and there was never a moment of doubt that he stood for anything but a policy of strictly business. Yet, he always treated the enlisted men working for him as men. I know I can safely say for myself and for the staff that we will miss serving Major Hutcheson."

Major Hutcheson came to this post in the summer of 1940 as a second lieutenant, and during the three years since then he has received three promotions in rank. After his first assignment as a detachment

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Ex-Post Adjutant



MAJOR HUTCHESON

Successor



CAPTAIN ANDERSON

Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

New Chaplain Assigned Here

The Rev. Leon Alfred Lampron of Claremont, N. H., recently commissioned by the Army as a first lieutenant, began new duties this week as chaplain of the Service Unit of Fort Hancock. A newcomer to the service, Chaplain Lampron arrived at Fort Hancock —his first post—less than one week ago.

Addition of Chaplain Lampron now swells the Post Chaplain's staff to a total of five officers and one civilian, this total including three Catholic chaplains, two Protestant chaplains and one civilian rabbi.

Chaplain Lampron, a curate in a French parish at Claremont, N. H., is of French-Canadian descent. He studied at Assumption College in Worcester and at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. He was ordained two years ago.

Fort Hancock's chaplain staff now includes Post Chaplain Moore R. Miller, Protestant; Chaplain T. D. Byrne, Protestant; Chaplain Robert W. Woodward, Catholic; Chaplain Harry L. Huss, Catholic; Rabbi A. H. Hershon of Red Bank, Jewish; and Chaplain Lampron.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

GUMS ROAR

By Sgt. Ray D. Knight

DIAMONDBALL: As the boys plow into the second round of the American League's contest, we find a few changes in the standings of the leading teams. E pulled a .778 percentage out of the bag and nosed out A and I as head men of League 2. A and I's figures are .714 and .625. C, of League No. 1, now leads the pack with .833; F's .714 and the Officers' .667 place them second and third in No. 1.

BIRD DEPT.: Everybody around here seems to be getting the bird these days. First there was Krueger-lapper JIM CROW and now there's a rumor that one of the boys is transplanting those pigeons on 42nd street. Also, there's the careless character that cracked up against a wire hereabouts. He got a good repair job, though, from PERU PEREA and LITTLE JOHN HAMMOND and was able to zoom off nonchalantly an hour or so later, mercurochrome and all.

GUMBEATS: ZIM ZIMMERMAN calling Tuesday's square dance. He's a good man. . . . HARRY CASH'S perfumed letters. He doesn't have to wait for mail call to know if he has one. When the mail arrives, he just inhales. . . . Aside to CATFISH ANDERSON: There's an eye watching you. Careful, Junior. . . . ALABAMA SLIM BOLAN. He agrees with the "better to have loved and lost" school of thought. . . . BATTUM EYE BAKER. He dropped into the neighboring Crossbar Hotel the other night. . . . BOTTOM BELSER demonstrating Lifesaving holds on the "Foghorn" front page last week. . . . LOAM BROWN entertaining a looker in the Plantation Room. . . . CASANOVA IIAMS casanovaing around at any dance. . . . JAMES ASKINS. He, they say, just celebrated his 43rd birthday. . . . P. TANG WILSON. He just received a rat in his bed and a new shaving kit, complete with shavings. . . . ELEPHANT MAN BOEHM'S looks. He's always giving them a big buildup to the current Elephant Woman. . . . LEX-LEXO. He clubbed a loaded one during his recent op. . . . B. ALTMAN demonstrating the split a dance or so ago. . . . The boy who showed OLD MAN CLARK and some others what it takes to beat 7 and 11. . . . HARDLUCK YANDLE darkening the door of the Bamboo Room again and again. . . . CUZ HIGHTOWER. VELVET MOON'S daughter won him ten. . . . DUDE WILLIAMSON, instead of putting a mattress in his mattress cover, he puts Dude in it. . . . WOLF VELARDI. His letters are now coming in lipstick envelopes. . . . ROCKLEDGE and BETTY LOCKRIDGE gazing at George Raft and Betty Grable in the Astor elevator. Where was Harry??? . . . PETIT PARVIN, watch chain in hand, asking the dentist to melt it down for a gold crown. He thinks it would give him a more attractive smile. . . . Jerks who think an invitation entitles them to a couple of swings and kicks at the host. . . . TASSEL HASELTINE and OLD DRAMA MARE at the Yankee Stadium with Sophie and Betty. . . . Gum-of-the-week: When are the WAACs coming?

\$500 FAILS

New York (CNS)—Because no one in New York could change two \$500 bills, Merchant Seaman George Izabi wandered hungry around town all one Sunday. Finally he appealed to a cop who loaned him \$2 until the banks opened Monday. Izabi bought a double order of ham and eggs with the two bucks.

BLITZERS

by Sgt. Clay Marsh

INCIDENTALLY. This has gone far enough. We mean all this beating around the bush. What are we, men or Blitzers? Anyhoo, let's not avoid the subject any longer. Like Sunday C. Q. it's inevitable. Sooner or later the WAACs are coming. There, we said it.

We're not going to set ourselves up as an authority on the subject of feminine GIs (only because we know we couldn't get away with it) but let's have a gumfest on the coming waactivities—and the Blitzers wolves in operation.

We can see Pvt. Von der Porten hanging around Headquarters after work asking all the soldierettes if he can carry their gas masks—and praying for a blackout. The cad!

Cpl. Bolton, the Mighty Mite, trying to convince the female GIs that half a man is better than none at all. And then trying to convince himself he is half a man.

Pvt. Kramer, Blitzers' gift to the jitterbugs (they keep throwing him back tho) buying a season ticket to the weekly rodent steeplechase. Three dances with this 1B Nijinsky and those ladies will have completed their basic training.

Pvt. Cupparo will be on the spot too. Why, we wouldn't be knowing. When he first heard of the "Black Bottom" he thought a fuse had blown in somebody's cellar.

Pvt. Grannevetter comes from Brooklyn—a great town in spite of that. Brooklyn will see less of this kid as he will be spending half his passes roaming around the post singing "You Can't Say No To A Soldier." And the other half of his time wishing he were a soldier.

Pvt. Oram should make a big splash. After a month the gals will probably hold a contest, and this garrulous grouch should be voted the man with the forehead most likely to recede.

Pvt. Surat, the boy who was responsible for air-conditioning in theaters, will have the lassies rolling in the aisles with his smart and snappy patter. His act will be stopped three times while they see if rubber is burning anywhere.

That's just a sample of what they can expect. We can see all the gals now, tossing coins—losers to go to Hancock. If they don't know it already, when they arrive here they will find out that that guy Sherman knew what he was talking about.

In the meantime, we just sit and drool. Waiting for THAT DAY.

RESCUE

(Continued from Page 1)

talked with the boy a few minutes, then proceeded on.

A few minutes later, they heard the boy scream. Looking back, they saw him clinging to the side of the boat about 15 feet from shore in water almost over his head. Without hesitation, they ran to the spot, waded out into the water, and carried the boy back to safety.

Mr. Stevens, who has been assigned to Fort Hancock since July, 1941, was an enlisted man until April, 1943. Mr. Wladyka, who is seeing his second period of service on Sandy Hook, was an enlisted man also until April, 1943.

OFFICERS DANCE

An Officers Hop will be held from 6 to 8:30 p.m. Sunday at the Officer Mess. Major William N. Schindel, of the Bullet Buster unit, Lt. Harry Salofsky, of the Service unit, and Lt. Angelina Russo of the Medical Corps comprise the committee in charge.



"I guess he has some sort of claim to it"

MAMMA'S PETS

by Pvt. Ted Friedrich

Here and There: At the Service Club dance watching Sgt. Sadauskas cuttin' a rug. Joe remarked that the floor was quite slippery, to which the gal replied, "No, my shoes were just shined." Ouch! Also, Pvt. Gerano seeking a certain lass who wasn't there. Probably Yehudi's sister.

On the Ball Field: Sgt. Rogers umpiring a game in which there were very few squawks. No wonder, he was toting a .45 on his hip! It is said that when Lt. Rotker pitches, the ball is known to sing "Comin' in on a wing and a prayer."

Red Dinegar suggests that Cpl. J. V. Golden should change those initials to GI. Since Cpl. Douglas' return from detached service, his mail has increased many times. Seems the gals can't resist him no matter where he goes. Eh, Doug?

A few of the boys are sewing chevrons on their sleeves this week—Joe Walsh, Hugh Evans and Harmon E. Pratt. Congratulations!

MAJ. HUTCHESON

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commander, he became post personnel officer.

He then attended Adjutant General School for a period of six weeks, and upon his return he was assigned to the position of post adjutant, succeeding Major Clarence Lundblad.

A 1934 graduate of Georgia Tech, Major Hutcheson was a member of ROTC there and received his commission as second lieutenant following completion of the course. Besides holding a Bachelor of Science degree, he also has a Master of Science degree attained in 1937 at the University of Virginia. Major Hutcheson's home is in Miami, Fla.

Captain Anderson, who succeeds him, is an old timer on Sandy Hook, having served at this post during the first World War. He was provost marshal and post personnel officer prior to receiving his new assignment. In civilian life, Captain Anderson was New Jersey State Commander of the American Legion.

TROOPERS

by Pvt. Allan Archibald

"Death by the hands of person or persons unknown," will be the epitaph of this column if ample wings aren't put to the pen and the deadline dealt with. Flying past, we vividly recall Messrs. (or better, Privts.) HYNDMAN and THOMPSON lying prone on their GI cots after a hectic beach beer brawl. Don't tell us that the boys really can't take it!!!

Then there's the lads returning from furloughs with glows in their eyes and springs in their walks, namely Hoppin, "Tadpole," Sgt. Wilkinson and Ellis. All had vivid tales to tell which need not be recounted here, as the old saying goes. Lest anyone forget, remember to ask Gerow Phillips about the details he gave Stevens Sunday on the art of getting ready to go on pass. A more grotesque account couldn't be unearthed anywhere. STANLEY is back in camp looking just as fine and as fit as ever—none the worse for his mishap.

The ambitious firebugs from down the firehouse way are deluging this office with subtle but definite information about their compatriots. Great Lovers Eversley and Griffith are the butt of the latest intrigues. (These I refuse to recount at the present time) The main informers, for the comfort of those being informed about, are Christopher and Ellis. The remainder of the contingent seems at this point to be quite neutral. So go to it, boys, and may the best team win.

COLUMN LEFT

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Flying Tigers no doubt) and now is in hot water because she wants to go flying.

Only advice we can give is that, if she's his usual variety, he'd better buy her a broom.

The mighty Marsh probably will have an answer to that. He'll buy a broom all right. But he'll give it to us instead. By the way, have you ever done room orderly to the tune of the "William Tell Overture"? It's much easier that way. Break.

BEAVERS

by Insufficient Vision

Dusty Connolly — "why, phosgene is almost as bad as poison gas." — When Dusty stopped in at NYC USO he told them he was a machine gunner from Missouri—he sure can shoot it.

Pass in review: Nurses — officers — EM, and lastly but not leastly Skeeters in pursuit echelon.

The Mangani-Calabrese hoist has finally been straightened.

Wierzbicki is back from a prison camp, 302 cinders removed with or without eye.

Pop "Calisthenics" Khoury: 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 and halt and 8 and again.

"Doubles on pie" Solimine transferred in grade from pots and pans to the salad detail under Harry "Villain" Grossman.

Smith (not the Snuffy) is on the last leg of his secondary defence line about the detachment.

Georgie da Wash was first in peace — in war and in the hearts of our countrymen, but our Peston was foist in the water clothesinall (via Peralta-Eastman) as whales go — so goes Peston.

Indomitable Blumenfeld challenges all comers — ping pong — pool — and goldbricking.

Who lost the tweezers, or last week's inspection themes were "Cheek to Cheek," "With Your Eyes Wide Open" and "Body and Soul."

Don Juan Marra Y Cohoes — likes New York in June — and also goes in for night work in a big way.

"Don Budge" Perkins and "Hank" Koch swapped paint brushes for tennis rackets at the Hancock Lawn and Tennis Club.

What EM was scared out of his khaki britches last Saturday while lobstering 25 miles out by a tin fish emerging from the briny deep? It took two qts. to straighten him and the skipper out — we believe him?

Calhoun made 13 jumps — that's good even with a parachute.

Alves speaks Portuguese, can wiggle his ears and play a hot trumpet — what a date he'd make.

Lefferts devoted his prison terms to delving into the Axis mind and came up with a void.

Why is everybody calling Kramer proxy?

Rick hurt his operation climbing a rope — gee — he likes funny things.

What S. Sgt. has what girl friend what likes boogie woogie music deep in the heart of Texas — put another nickel in the jerk box.

While Hourent is on furlough Lynch becomes the senorita — how does Ida fit in?

Face of a saint — a saint bernard — Grossman.

Tiger Lilly Landesman is now an MP and we miss him—B. W. is heartbroken.

Filker on pass for the first time in over two months hit a natural. Boy, that's sending.

Grossman had a tasteful array of wet wash stretching to Kramer's bunk — Kramer was gigged.

Listen for T-5 Anthony giving a rebel yell.

Trade Marks: Scanlon — "Oh, I don't know." Peston — "What means this?"

Plesinger's choppers are in but he's still beating his gums.

Christian received 69 letters in one batch which is the old sox-ante neuf by mail.

"Arizona" Yankiver and "Desert" Mikiks are reported lost in the Painted Desert.

We all hope Colonel Weaver gets well quickly.

Boxers, Navy Sling Leather Next Wednesday

Seven Bout Card Set; Young Otto to Referee

Cpl. Herb Rosenberg's specialists in rigor mortis, known more mildly in their gentle youth as boxers, will taper off a month of training this weekend in preparation for their

21st engagement next Wednesday night, when the brave but probably unknowing leatherslingers of Brooklyn Naval Clothing Depot arrive here for ring action.

As usual, all those roads that used to lead to Rome will be directing pedestrians to "Rosie's" Beach, Sandy Hook counterpart of Jacobs Beach, come fight night, with a typical overflow crowd being anticipated. The bouts will get underway at 8 p. m. in the YMCA Gage gymnasium.

Fight promoter Rosenberg, who shuffles a fight card with the adroitness of a diplomat, boldly announced his usual "tentative" slate this week, such slate of course always being subject to revision without further notice. The real inside info is that seven guys named Joe will be in there pitching mitts, but for the sake of the records the "tentative" card shapes up as follows:

Pfc. Frankie Lofaso vs. Joseph Grossman, Navy. Grossman is just Grossman as far as local vine goes, but he'll have to unfold a flock of ring stuff to take Lofaso. Fort Hancock's 170 pounder has won five out of seven fights, two of them via the kayo route.

Pvt. Al Grammatico vs. Tony Zappacosta. Grammatico, with three wins in three bouts, two of which are kayos, looks good to hold up his end on the 140 pound slot.

Sgt. Pat Dyer vs. Owen McKinney. This one will be strictly a toss-up until the opening bell. Dyer took a decision in his only fight for the Hook.

Pvt. Frank DeRespino vs. Jim Cobham, Navy. The veteran scrapper DeRespino, 136 pounder, has eight out of 10 fights on the right side of the ledger, and four wins have been kayos. DeRespino should pick up another.

Pvt. Frank Gaudes vs. Charles Green, Navy. Gentleman Green may not know it, but he's facing the elite in Hook ring class. Gaudes, with two kayos in two fights, should hang up another in the 128 pound class.

Pfc. Carmen Perreca vs. William Daudelin, Navy. Daudelin in all likelihood will find himself "dawdlin" before sharp punching Perreca in the 150 pound class. Perreca has a three for four record.

Pvt. William Counce vs. Joseph Fallon. Writing a library about these two would be a tough assignment. Counce is brand new to the Hookers and will be as much a dark horse as Fallon.

Chief sideline highlight of the card will be appearance of Young Otto, all time knockout king, as referee. Otto's modest record still stands unmatched at 16 knockouts in 16 bouts. Ray Robinson, lightweight contender, and Jackie Wilson will be guests at the bouts and are expected to referee one setto each.

Between bouts will be a battle royal and a wrestling exhibition. The battle royal will see five men enter the ring blindfolded and battle away until the last man is down. The bone crushers have not been announced as yet.

Tiny Gal Pilot Wants Wings - Army Refuses

New York, June 17 (CNS) — Know anyone who can use a tiny plot? Pretty little Paulette d'Avril is looking for a job. Paulette, who is four feet, 11 inches tall, has been turned down by the Army Ferry Command because she's too short. She's an experienced pilot and she's sure she can fit in somewhere.

Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh
Sports Editor

The Post Softball Loop is well underway and the field is beginning to fan out into some sort of standing. This is particularly true in the American League. In the National League the games are moving somewhat slower, and so the standing picture there is not as clear.

American Leaguers, on the other hand, are out there every night knocking out games to such an extent that the overflow from their field comes over to the National League home grounds and uses some of the home fields that are standing idle.

Lets get off that sack, National Leaguers—and get some games played. The North Parade Grounds are your exclusively for your 'league games, and two minutes on the phone can get you any number of games with the other teams in your League. And don't forget to get those results in to the Foghorn office.

Next Wednesday's fight will be held at the YMCA. It had been hoped that our fight cards would be held out of doors this summer on the Parade Grounds. This would solve the problem of having to turn away fans when the house is packed. Blackout regulations, of course, will not allow us to have an outdoor show.

However, extra seats are being put up in every available space in the Y gym except the center of the ring, and they will be able to handle a large crowd.

Cpl. Rosenberg, the Hook fight manager, has a couple of new fighters on this card, and Wednesday night we will see if they have the stuff to earn themselves a permanent berth on the crack Hook squad.

Wrong again.

Once again the Hancock baseball team has slipped a mickey to our proud prognostications and we find ourselves sitting out on the well-known limb. All alone.

From this vantage point, we look back on our past fumbles and wonder. When we said up, they went down, and the good old vice-versa. It's uncanny, that's what it is.

Somewhere along the line the law of averages should have taken care of us once or twice. That law that works so well for the boys who open their mouths and say things like: "... and therefore I predict ..." giving them an opportunity to say "SEE, told you so," didn't come our way once.

We don't like to complain, but this has to stop. Then on the other hand, perhaps we can do the team some good. If things run true to form, we mean. Giving the team our official downbeat might be just what they need to take the upward trend again.

Giving the Hook nine the inverted "V" for victory is the easiest thing we can do right now too. We've got lots of inspiration. Last week's scores looked like T-5 Hitler's record in his African fiasco.

In four games played we dropped three and took a win by forfeit. Equitable Life Assurance, West Point and Prudential Insur-



"I love my wife too, Alfred. But that's ... that's Art!"

Nine Slips, Drops Three; Only Two Games on Deck

Sandy Hook's winning streak in baseball, that in recent weeks has lifted the club out of early season doldrums, cracked in three different places the past week with not a legitimate victory racked up in four starts. The Senerchia-men fell away before Equitable Assurance, West Point, and Prudential Insurance clubs, and won by forfeit a scoreless deadlock with the New York City Police Department.

Only one encounter is on deck for this weekend. The Hook nine goes to South Orange Sunday for a game with the American Legion club of that city. Next Wednesday, the locals will play host here to the New York Department of Sanitation in the second of a home and home combination.

Tuesday's base running circus with Prudential Life Insurance club saw the Hookers absorb one of the worst beatings of recent weeks, the final count after a long nine innings resting at 16-8.

Fort Hancock looked like a walk-away winner up until the fifth inning, scoring five runs in the first, and one each in the second, third and fourth for a total of 8 runs. Prudential meantime had pushed across but one tally.

From the fifth on, the Hookers blew up like they never have before. Prudential pushed over four runs in the fifth, six runs in the sixth, and five runs in the eighth. Three pitchers tried their slants on Prudential but to no avail, Behlmar, Cristofaro, and Oldak each taking a shot at the mound.

Beasley turned in the best job at the plate for Hancock, getting three hits out of five times up and scoring two runs. Cavazos turned in a neat performance with no effort at all, crossing the plate twice after being issued the same number of free passes.

The hit column tells the story of the crackup in brief, Hancock getting 8 runs on nine hits, and Prudential netting 16 runs on 10 hits.

Yankee Stadium last Saturday

ance bowled us over, and the New York Bobbies handed us a forfeit.

As we were saying, if we apply the horns the Hook men will probably upset our figuring with wins galore. In any event, put us on record as holding our nose with one hand, and applying the finger with the other.

provided the best baseball motif around but offered little else in the way of Hook aid in the game with Equitable Life. The 2-0 loss saw Equitable drive out nine hits against two for the locals, and rack up errorless ball as against a two error game for Sandy Hookers.

Cavazos and Ferrigno were the only Senerchia-men able to get to first in this setto.

The Hookers got off to another fast start against an Aviation Squadron club at West Point Sunday when Ferrigno, first man up in the game, banged out a homer. The locals drew a blank from then on through until the ninth when they pushed across two more runs. Meantime, the Fliers picked up one run in the first, one in the third, one in the fifth, and three in the sixth to tuck away the encounter at 6-3.

Hancock's win by forfeit over New York Police Department last week occurred in the fifth inning, when the cop catcher with a few choice expletives objected to a pair of offerings the ump called balls.

Finally, when the catcher said to the ump, "why, you awful thing, you," the ump got mad and ordered him off the field. The catcher's refusal to leave rang down the curtain and rang up a forfeit victory for Sandy Hook.

Big Week On Deck For Maj. Wendelken

Major Herbert Wendelken, medical athletic director and dean of boxing at Fort Hancock, will celebrate not one but three big days in his life this coming week.

On Wednesday, his boys—the Hook boxers — will be swinging lefts and rights in order to present him the 15th straight victory in a row as a birthday present in advance.

On Thursday, the day following, Major Wendelken will be opening up other gifts in celebration of his birthday.

And on Friday, Major Wendelken will note his wedding anniversary.

Foghorn, and especially the boxers, wish the Major many happy returns—not of one, but of all three days.

Bullet Buster Standings . . .

Team	Won	Lost	Percentage
C	5	2	.833
E	7	1	.778
F	5	2	.714
A	5	2	.714
Off.	6	3	.667
HQ-1st	5	3	.625
G	4	4	.500
Reg.	4	5	.444
D	3	5	.375
B	3	6	.333
HQ-2nd	1	4	.144
Med	0	8	.000

Player	AB	H	Percentage
Schmidt, B	16	8	.500
Griffin, B	18	8	.444
Cameron, HQ-1	17	7	.412
Dugie, HQ-2	20	8	.400
Austin, HQ-1	23	9	.391
McGuire, HQ-2	16	8	.375
James, D	19	7	.369
Meers, Off.	22	8	.363
Hepler, Off.	17	6	.353
Robertson, F	17	6	.353
Addonizio, A	17	6	.353
Jeter, C	17	6	.353

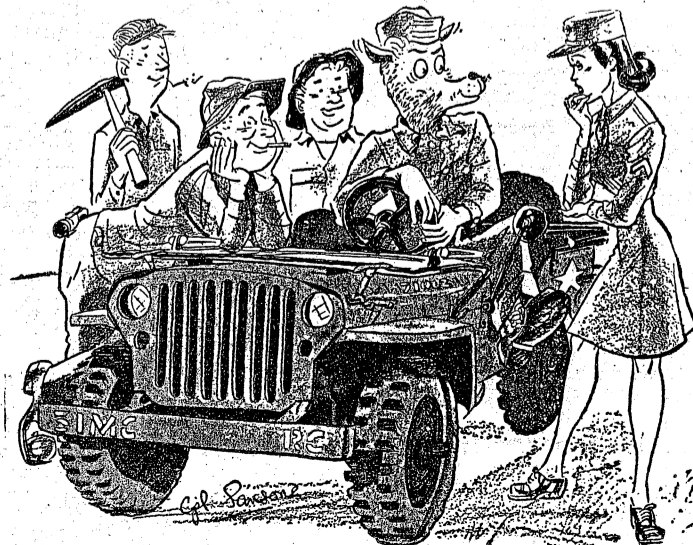
Body of Enlisted Man Found on Long Island

A man's body, washed ashore on the ocean side of Long Island, seven miles from Hempstead, has been tentatively identified as that of Pvt. Mark C. Smith, Fort Hancock enlisted man, who was last seen on Friday, May 28, at 4 p. m., on his way to the beach for a swim, Post Headquarters was notified yesterday.

The Wolf

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by Sansone



"—and what is a clutch?"

Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing

Sandy Hook Foghorn

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—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

One segment of the YMCA Sunday evening choral society, directed by Mrs. Meca Werbe. This group of songsters probably never will win a prize, but it has a lot of fun. Anyone who can

carry a tune, either vocally or on the arm, is eligible for membership. Last Sunday, the Bullet Buster band chipped in its services, but the brass still couldn't drown out the singing.

Community Sing-Songs Prove Popular

They said this wasn't a singing Army, but Fort Hancock soldiers with the help of one Mrs. Meca Werbe have been giving that old saw a rough going-over in the past few months on Sandy Hook. And any doughboy of the last war, whether a hard boiled tenor or a gravel-throated thrush, would meet his match if he donned khaki once again around these parts.

Mrs. Werbe, bright-eyed song enthusiast whose job is that of YMCA social secretary, has succeeded in what was judged the task impossible—that of luring out of barracks showers the barbershop harmonists, the whiskey tenors, the bathtub profundos, the minstrels of monotone, and those who can sing as well.

All these Carusos of the shower now come from every outfit on the Post to join in on Mrs. Werbe's YMCA "sing-songs," which are held three nights per week. Sunday is the big night, the original little "piano gathering" numbering often as many as 100 soldiers.

The past few Sunday night sessions, in fact, have become so large that it was necessary to move the sing-song out of doors on the North Parade ground. Rain broke up the first outdoor sing last week, and the group was forced back indoors, but Mrs. Werbe expects one outdoor session will be held per week from now on.

Idea of a community sing germinated last fall. Despite taunts that "the boys in this Army don't go for singing," Mrs. Werbe experimented with the idea. The first week a half-dozen bold EMs braved ridicule, and chipped in their voices, and the following week about a dozen turned out.

After a month, word went around that there was something new at the Y, and the numbers began to rise until finally more than 100 songsters had pooled their voices.

Nothing now daunts the still-growing ranks of Y warblers. They'll tackle anything from "Beautiful Dreamer" to "You'd Be So Nice, To Come Home To." Last Sunday's session, a representative sample, included "Dixie," "Over There," "Juanita," "Beer Barrel Polka," "My Bonnie," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "My Wild Irish Rose," "This Is the Army Mr. Jones," and "Moonlight and Roses," as well as others.

For Mrs. Werbe, the sing-song isn't just another case of "doing something for the boys." Mrs. Werbe sings for a personal reason as well. Her husband Harry Werbe, a petty officer first class in the Navy, was in the bombing of Casablanca, has been on many a con- voy, and knows the real side of war.

EMs Are Asked to Volunteer For Bath House Construction

A sporting offer to all enlisted men, calling for volunteers to aid in construction of further bathing facilities on the Post, was made this week by Colonel J. C. Haw, Fort Commander.

According to a memorandum published, Colonel Haw is willing to allot from the Post Commander's Fund enough money to purchase all building materials necessary to erect bath houses and a beach pavilion for enlisted men, their ladies and a WAAC contingent scheduled to be assigned here shortly.

An expenditure of several thousand dollars would be necessary if the bath house and pavilion project was let out on a contract basis, the memorandum continues. With such an amount not now available, the only alternative arrangement would be to purchase materials and complete construction through the use of experienced enlisted men.

A large sized group of volunteer carpenters, willing to "roll up their sleeves" in leisure time, could work a few hours each or every other night and complete the project in

approximately two weeks, it is estimated.

If enlisted men pool their carpentry with money from the Post Commander's Fund and make the new facilities a reality, a gala beach party opening will be planned for all participants.

The Post Engineer will supervise the project, and provide all tools necessary. Volunteers are asked to submit their names to respective Company Commanders.

Dot-N-Dash Leads Post In Insurance Coverage

The Dot-N-Dash unit continues to lead all outfits on the Post in subscriptions to National Service Life Insurance, the Post Insurance office revealed this week. Enlisted men in the Dot-N-Dash have subscribed 99 per cent for insurance with a \$9,000 average coverage per man. Officers have subscribed 98 per cent. Capt. George Brooks is insurance officer for the Dot-N-Dash unit.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

TONIGHT

YMCA Highlands VSO canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA lobby sing, Mrs. Werbe conducting, at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA home game night at 8 p.m. Partners and hostesses from Rumson. Refreshments.

Informal party at Service Club. Juke box dancing, cards. USO girls from Long Branch to attend.

"Oxbow Incident," with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. In Theatre No. 1 at 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. In Theatre No. 2 at 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p.m. Service Club dance. Waltz contest will be feature.

"Oxbow Incident" at Post Theatres.

SATURDAY

YMCA free movies, two showings, at 6 and 8 p.m.

YMCA lobby sing at 7:30 p.m. Service Club dance. Jitterbug contest.

"Priorities on Parade," a revival, with Ann Miller, Johnny Johnston and Betty Rhodes. At Post Theatres.

SUNDAY

Open house at YMCA.

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA recorded music of the masters at 8 p.m.

"Bombardier," with Pat O'Brien, Randolph Scott and

Ann Shirley. Action best of week. At Post Theatre No. 1. "Look Boys, Girls," USO play, 8 p.m., Theatre No. 2.

MONDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA lobby sing, Mrs. Werbe conducting, at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA Java Club at 7:30 p.m. Speaker. Open forum. Coffee and cakes.

"Bombardier," at Post Theatres.

TUESDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA Rumson ladies sewing service at 5 p.m. Free mending and sewing.

YMCA free movies at 8 p.m.

Service Club square dance. Girls from Rumson as partners.

"All By Myself," with Patrick Knowles and Evelyn Ankers, and "False Faces" with Rex Williams and Veda Ann Borg. Double feature at Post Theatres.

WEDNESDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA Hobby and Crafts party at 8 p.m. Lady instructors will show you how.

Service Club card party. West-field girls as partners.

"Five Graves to Cairo," with Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter and Eric Von Stroheim. A must. At Post Theatres.

WHY TAKE CHANCES?

Next time you go swimming soldier, make a date with a buddy. Don't make a blind date with death.

The Atlantic Ocean is an independent and intolerant body of water. It holds no respect for any person and cares not whether the swimmer is a beginner or is "a fish in the water."

Post authorities are doing all they can to prevent water tragedies. A safety education system has been set up whereby all men on Sandy Hook may learn to swim or improve their present knowledge of the water.

What Post authorities are able to do however is only half the job. The other half is up to you. Take advantage of a chance to learn to swim—or stay away from the water.

Respect the water, don't expect it to respect you. Be alert—the ocean is a tougher taskmaster than any officer who dresses you down for lack of alertness. When the ocean dresses you down, you may stay down—and out—for good.

Score to Date: 3 Mishaps

In the short time that swimming has been in season, three water mishaps have been reported. All three demonstrate clearly that blissful relaxation is not the only side of swimming.

Approximately three weeks ago, one of the strongest swimmers on the Post decided to go for a dip—alone. His dip must have been a deep one, for he has not been seen since and has been given up as apparently drowned.

This swimmer was a champion in the sport. He had earned medals, cups and trophies for his ability in the water. But he forgot to respect the ocean. He went swimming alone. He ventured too far. If he'd had a buddy with him, the story might have been different.

About two weeks ago, two swimmers went for a dip—together. Both were good swimmers, but one developed a leg cramp. Although a boat that chanced by made the rescue more simple, the buddy could have effected the rescue.

Just last week, a small boy playing on the shore with a boat strayed out a bit too far in the water. Two warrant officers, who were alert and who knew immediately what to do, rescued the lad.

The officers preferred not to mention their act, claiming it was "nothing at all." Yet, if they had hesitated or had not been alert, performance of the rescue might not have been as easy as they portrayed it.

Buddy "Life Insurance"

Although water safety precautions are usually learned for the selfish reason of protecting one's self, they are learned also to protect others.

If you are in trouble in the water, you thank God that someone who knows what to do turns up in time. But reverse the scene. If someone else is in trouble in the water, and you are nearby, will he be able to thank God that you were around and that you knew what to do quickly and without hesitation?

It's a case of mutual protection whichever way you look at it. Swim the buddy system, and you can help one another. Stay alert, and you may be able to do a fellow man the greatest favor on earth—saving his life.

But whatever you do, don't be a Lone Ranger. Or your "Heigh-Ho Silver" may be a fruitless call for help.