

# 'Mail Call' Opens Broadway Run Monday

## COLUMN LEFT

This is the way they looked at it in the last war. You have two chances. You will be drafted or you will not. If you are not, you have nothing to worry about. If you are, you have two chances. You will be sent to a training camp, or you will be sent overseas.

If you are sent overseas, you have two chances. You will be held in reserve or you will be sent to the front. If you are held in reserve, you have nothing to worry about. If you are sent to the front, you have two chances. You will go into action, or you will not.

If you do not, you will have nothing to worry about. If you do, you have two chances. You will be wounded, or you will not. If you are not, you have nothing to worry about. If you are, you have two chances. You will recover, or you will not.

If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you do not, you still have two chances. . . .

The modern version, however, goes thusly:

When you are drafted, you will be 1-A or 1-B. If 1-A, you have nothing to worry about. If 1-B, you have two chances. You will go across on a percentage or you will go to Fort Hancock. If you go to Fort Hancock, you will have two chances.

You will be a fireman, or you will punch a typewriter. If you are a fireman, you have nothing to worry about. If you punch a typewriter, you have two chances. You will be discharged or replaced by a WAAC.

If you are replaced by a WAAC, you have nothing to worry about. If you get discharged, you have two chances. You will learn to like paying a terrific income tax, you will learn to get up at five a.m. for a defense job, and you will learn that a "horse's neck" is no longer a drink. Or you will be reclassified by your local draft board and sent into the Army again.

(Boy, it's a long, long way to Tipperary, ain't it, bud?)

All of which reminds us of the EM's most popular song hit these days, a revival, no less: "Somebody Else Is Taking My Place."

What with all these fancy classifications, you'd think the Army would be strictly red tape. But we still insist it isn't after hearing this one:

A Captain, desiring a leave, made formal request through channels. His papers were written in fine Spencerian, everything was phrased properly, the entirety was strictly GI.

Ten minutes after it had been sent to his General, it returned with the following inscription on the back: "I told you twice-t dammit,—NO!"

The application was made to (Continued on page 3)

## Parmelee, Crack Shot, To Give Exhibition Here

Claude Parmelee, nationally known exhibition shooter and big game hunter who has laid aside his hunting rifle for a Garand and a Winchester carbine, will demonstrate fire power of these two weapons in a shooting exhibition here Wednesday, Aug. 4.

Two demonstrations will be given, one at 10 a.m. and one at 6 p.m. on that day, on a temporary range to be constructed just south of the Officers' Club. Purpose of the demonstration is not only for entertainment but as well for education in handling of weapons for officers and enlisted men.

Parmelee, professional shooter for more than 25 years, demonstrates the deadly fire power of the Garand by placing four silhouette targets in a staggered formation from 25 to 75 yards apart and empties his clip of eight cartridges at them in less than four seconds, hitting each target twice.

Parmelee also will give an exhibition of aerial shooting, pulverizing in rapid succession small pieces of coal, brickbats, and other small targets. One of his specialties will be sending three bullets through a tin can, tossed in air, in less than two seconds.

With a carbine, Parmelee will demonstrate how to empty a 15 shot magazine at silhouette targets by holding the piece like a pistol, and also will demonstrate how effective the weapon is when used by a wounded man lying on the ground.

"I'm glad the Japs and the Germans do not have the Garand," Parmelee says. "It is by far the mostly deadly rifle of this type in the world. Both carbine and Garand are examples of ingenuity and engineering ability of our Ordnance and civilian engineers."

## Lt. Col. Weaver Raised in Rank

Lieutenant Colonel Logan M. Weaver, Post Surgeon and Commanding Officer of the Station Hospital, has received appointment to a permanent colonelcy in the Regular Army, it was learned here officially this week in notification from Adjutant General Ulio. Colonel Weaver's new rank took effect July 24.

Colonel Weaver, who has just completed 26 years of service in the Army, was assigned to Fort Hancock October 30, 1942, succeeding Lieutenant Colonel John P. Beeson as Post Surgeon and Hospital Commandant.

Approaching his 60th birthday, Colonel Weaver looks back on service to country that sent him to Belgium, England and the Philippine Islands in addition to posts within the United States. The Post Surgeon saw four years and eight months of service overseas in the first World War and was stationed in the Philippines in 1934.

Prior to assignment here, he was stationed at Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y., as Post Surgeon.

## Rain Soaked But Otherwise Sound Thanks to Pilot



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps  
 Lt. Friedrich Stappler, passenger, and Pvt. Frank Murphy, pilot, who were forced down in plane because of inclement weather last Thursday. Pilot showed his passenger what landing on a dime really means.

## Pilot Just Misses Sea Wall In Forced Landing Near Gate

Pvt. Frank Murphy, enlisted man assigned to the Civilian Air Patrol for duty over Sandy Hook, flies only an humble Piper Cub monoplane, but his forced landing feat near the

Main Gate last Thursday was well worth the envy of many a P-40 pilot. The feat also was worth the heart-felt thanks of Lt. Friedrich Stappler, member of the Seven Up Coast Artillery unit, who was a passenger in the pint-sized plane.

About 3 p. m. last Thursday, Pvt. Murphy was flying over the Hook when a sudden rain and wind storm rose. The inclement weather made the light plane almost uncontrollable in the air, and the pilot found it impossible to make his way back to a landing field.

With no alternative, he picked for a landing the narrow strip of sand between the beach wall and the road on the ocean side, came in only a few feet above the sea wall, made a perfect three-point landing, and taxied only 30 feet before coming to a stop. The narrow strip of sand gave him only an approximate 100 feet width in which to bring down the plane.

There was no damage effected to the plane, and the only mishap to pilot and passenger was a thorough drenching from the rain squall.

## DANCING PARTY

The Seven Up A unit entertained the WAACs at a dancing party last Saturday night at Spermacetti Cove with 30 couples in attendance. Special feature of the evening was appearance of Adolf Hitler in the person of T-5 John Janasik

## Will Play Beck House Two Weeks

Broadway's overnight show sensation, "The Army Play By Play," which includes Fort Hancock's prize-winning production, "Mail Call," will open once again next Monday for a stand of at least two weeks at the Martin Beck Theatre on 44th Street, New York City.

Acclaimed by critics as a possible successor to Irving Berlin's "This Is The Army," John Golden's new soldier show may be in for "bigger things," and the two-week run may be only a beginning, although official announcement to that effect as yet has not been made.

The five men cast for "Mail Call" will be placed on detached service and leave for New York this week. The men include S. Sgt. Thomas Smith, who plays the part of "Johnson" in the play, Pfc. "Sonny" Surrat, who plays "Minnick," Pvt. Eddie Kramer, who plays "Meidelbaum," Pfc. Charles Zimmerman, who plays "Spider," and Sgt. Willis Taylor, who plays the part of "Sarge." A sixth man in the cast is Pvt. Ross Hertz, formerly assigned here when the play was being produced. Hertz plays the part of "Luckadoo."

As indicated by its title, the play is a short bit of punchline drama taking place near the front lines and evolving around a call for mail.

The other four plays that with "Mail Call" comprise "The Army Play By Play" are "Where E'er We Go," "Pack Up Your Troubles," "First Cousins," and "Button Your Lip." These other four have been produced by other camps in the Second Service Command.

Prize winners after having been competitively staged in the John Golden play production contest, the five plays first appeared together under the billing "The Army Play By Play" at the 46th Street Theatre for a one-night performance June 14. Among famous guests praising the plays was Mrs. Roosevelt.

Shortly thereafter, "The Army Play By Play" appeared in a command performance at Hyde Park, N. Y., before President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Queen Wilhelmina and the Royal Family of Holland, and other distinguished notables.

Howard Barnes, drama critic of the New York Herald Tribune, wrote after the one-night stand in New York:

"For exciting theatre, it is hard to beat the boys in uniform. . . . 'The Army Play By Play' is the best bit of dramatic devising that has hit the show shops for a long time. . . . It deserves an extended run. . . . My favorite was 'Mail Call,' which described the lengths to which a company of fox-hole fighters in the Pacific would go to shield an understandingly cowardly pal."

Lewis Nichols, drama critic of the New York Times, wrote:

"On a hot night last July, 'This Is The Army' marched into town (Continued on Page 3)

## Variety Show Coming Monday

"No Foolin'," fast moving USO variety show featuring the sultry vocalizing of blues singer Lynn Kirk and including a cast of eight, will be presented at 8 p. m. in Theatre No. 2 next Monday.

Lynn Kirk, who sells a song in the Ethel Merman style, has sung with Gus Edwards and the Borah Minnevitich band and has appeared on the French and Italian Riviera, and the Rio de Janeiro Copacabana, and on various radio shows in this country.

Others in the show include Dick Burns, comedy xylophonist, Johnny "Einstein" Hyman, mental wizard; Hunter and Mills, comedy team; Bob Carney and Roberta, master of ceremonies and comedienne respectively; and Willie Boag, eccentric dancer.

## TWO MORE COMMENDED

In addition to seven men named last week as recipients of commendations from Brigadier General P. S. Gage for conspicuous service rendered in the Theatre No. 1 fire, two more men were also commended.

The two men were T. Sgt. George E. Hynes and Pvt. James F. Mulligan, both of the Guardsmen unit.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

# Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

## ORPHANS

By Cpl. Walt Gemenden

We think it's about time we woke up. Even though we are what you might call orphans, at the present time we believe we have one of the best, if not the best, outfits on the Post. Our former news-hound Cpl. Diamond is now gone, and since he left we haven't been represented in the paper. So here goes for news of the former Rapid Fire outfit.

Our well-liked 1st Lt. Harold Drange is now on a well-earned leave, as also is our 1st Sgt. "Pop" Painieri. 1st Lt. George Carter is the new boss.

Last Wednesday night, our clerk, Cpl. Gus Kramer, met with an accident—fractured arm. We wish him a speedy recovery. Pfc. Sheik Brucato is carrying on in his absence.

Is it true Pvt. Lessner is planning for a life of wedded bliss? Also Pfc. Jitterbug Garone is planning to trip the light fantastic to the altar. Lots of luck to both, but what will the Service Clubs gals do?

This outfit is sure proud of Cpl. Eddie Hoffman, first sacker of the baseball team. Keep up the good work, Eddie.

Lt. Freeman, Sgt. Nellis, Cpl. Banover, Pvt. Marlett, and Cpl. Jenkins are now attending school.

Last week, 18 of our boys traveled in, of all things, an ambulance to Atlantic Highlands to give blood. How they didn't break the camera in the picture taken for Foghorn, is a mystery.

Our "Gloom Busters," Zeke Zimmerman, guitar; Casanova Lucia, guitar; Hack Thomas, guitar, and Dapper Don Kent, violin, sure beat out a pulsating rhythm in the 2nd's barracks.

Pfcs. Messenberg, Arcipowski, and Bednarzi have been going to Deal almost every night for swim instruction. Pfc. Micale is subbing for Messenberg while he is on furlough.

That's all, but remember this: To the soldier life's a battle To the teacher, life's a school. Life's a "good thing" to the grafter It's a failure to the fool.

Life is useful or unuseful Life is false or life is true Life is what we try to make it Brother, what is life to you?

## BOGIE BLUES

By Stonface

What Pfc. missed mess for the first time since he is in the Army? And who is also singing, "Wait for Me, Mary?"

What fish ran off with Pfc. Williams's ring while wading in the ocean? (Note) If anyone hooks a fish with a September birthstone in it, get in touch with Foghorn.

What two Pfc.'s are looking for section eight? Can you guess? (V and J.)

What Cpl. got stiff with what Sgt. while at Sea Bright? (Hi, Walter.)

What Cpl. says or always wants to know: "Whatsa da numba polica?"

Who is the Cpl. who had some school teacher read his palm? She told him of two girls in his life—one of whom he has been about to marry for the last eight months.

Who always wakes up complaining of a bad tooth, and yet won't go to see the dentist?

Did Cpl. Kiely really pop the question to a certain miss at the party or is it just a rumor?

Cpl. Kulmer finally met his mate at the party, but I think he should stop going around with a dumb expression on his face. Can this be love?

I wonder what the punishment of the missing Pvts. Yehudi and Gromp will be for not rehearsing Pvt. Sorota on KP?

## PRIVATE BUCK ∴ By Clyde Lewis



"And here's a scented letter for 'Itsy Bitsy' Buck. Now, who do you suppose that could be?"

## SUB NET

By Justasnooper

We send this edition to press with our spirits running very high. The reason for our cheerfulness is the fact that our first try at snooping literally hit the jackpot. Many of the men whose names were fowled in the NET resented such free publicity; some others enjoyed our wit and above all, everyone is looking forward to the succeeding masterpiece. So, here we go again.

**NON-COM LUSTRE: GRAMIGNA**, or as the girls at the Service Club say, Junior with the big blue eyes and dark curly hair, is quite a lad. . . . At a wee hour the other morning, Junior persuaded a certain belle to chat with him while resting on a bench outside the club. . . . Looking at the bench Junior uttered, "Some Dew"; the femme, very much on the ball replied, "Some Don't" . . . We'd appreciate knowing whether or not Sgt. Scott decorated his heart-throb's finger with the real McCoy. . . . Wilkins requesting the detail as permanent guard of P.X. No. 5. . . . The Louisiana Flash is general nuisance No. 1 to all new hired help at said rendezvous. . . . Feil and Wilkes always on hand at Service Club dances and free shows respectively. . . . Marcione pulling his rank on Spizak. . . . We are curious as to why Gurchensky always stops to hear the song, "Mary" . . . That's a grand OLD NAME, Cpl. . . . From observation we come to the conclusion that it's due time Romeo BARTOLOMEI became engaged. . . . Good luck, Pat, you'll need it. . . . The payoff, Cpl. Conlin leisurely bathing his feet in a fire bucket. . . .

**LESSER EVILS:** DiCocco telling everyone that he's married. . . . SWEENEY and his chest expansion. . . . The sudden and convenient ailments of CHURCH and JOHNSON. . . . PERRIN wants to be alone. . . . We suggest "A PAPER DOLL". . . . J. J. Parker bucking for warrant officer. . . . GABORSKI and BLACKMAN in a pool marathon. . . . We'll take a case payday, John. . . . POLLITT mistaking the drill field for a jit-

## MAMMA'S PETS

By Pvt. Ted Friedrich

Pvt. Ben Fox trying to inveigle Jack Marcola into a pinochle game. Can it be the latter's love life interferes with his playing? Charlie "Zip" Zittel still telling about the game he pitched against the Blitzers. Look, Charlie, even the WAACs beat them.

Ace Agello displaying that pool table technic. Signs of a mis-spent youth? Pfc. Zuchman, bugler, practicing calls in the basement of the guardhouse. The residents of the hotel are protesting. It isn't part of their punishment.

Lookin' round: Pvt. Bill Zeltman's hair has grown back to the amazing length of an half inch. Pfc. Georgie Tullo dreaming of being lost in a brewery. Tommy Hanrahan walking down to the dock with a broad smile on his face. A furlough—of course.

Hoover Gollinocio asking a girl if he could borrow her frame for the next struggle.

Champagne McGowan trying to raise a moustache. Wherever Pfc. Powers goes—his pipe is sure to follow.

Happiness was in abundance around here last week. In fact, a guy could nearly borrow money. Everyone had a cheery greeting. The reason for the unconfined joy—we lost "the pipe" and "Kingdom Come." Oh, happy days.

terbug hall. . . . HOTING resenting being called "Little Squirt". . . . Henderson finally learning to strum a different tune on his guitar. . . . FRIEDGEN, Fordham's gift to the delightful sex, continually humming "You'll Never Know". . . . Just how bad is it, Ralph? . . . FEIERSTEIN occupying WILSON'S bunk. . . . That bunk doesn't talk, Fireman. . . .

Generous Abe Abrian would give anyone a strawhat in a blizzard. . . . DOROZYNSKI'S CONSTANT eyeblink has the New York femmes baffled. That's all. . . .

## FINE DOPE

By Cpl. James A. Matroyse

It has been revealed that Pvt. Fishbein has been doing small parts with Giovanni Martinelli at the Metropolitan Opera for eight years. . . . For the Hilliards it was a six-pound boy.

Sgt. and Mrs. Hilliard and the baby are doing fine. He was very prompt in passing out cigars. . . . Brannigan tied the knot sooner than expected. It seems that his wife had all the say in the matter. Best of luck to you and the Mrs.

Phillips has started a date bureau with the WAACs. If you care to escort a WAAC you may do so by consulting the above named. . . . Keep it up, it builds morale. . . .

Van Valkenburgh is back with us again. He has for several weeks attended the Cooks and Bakers School at Fort Dix. . . . Cpl. Leonard is heading into the higher brackets of knowledge. He will attend a Repair School for thirty weeks. Best of luck from the boys.

Pfc. Beck must have found a bundle of charm somewhere in neighboring New York. At one time he would remain on the post, but now he is taking off every chance he can get. Strange what women can do.

Fischer seems a bit happy now. It may be that Mary is being nice to him again. His habits are back to normal. . . . Mulligan wants to know how to get a twelve-hour pass. You may get this information from Oberstaedt. The NCO club started to have dances on Saturday nights. Benesta may be found there. . . . If it's physical training that is bothering anyone, see Concordia and Phillips for the proper manner of conducting such.

In Carlisle, Pa., there is a used car lot run by Eyster and his father. If anyone is interested in such a luxury, it would be best to deal with him. . . . Lt. Bond, for some time, has been with a symphony orchestra on the West Coast. . . . Au Revoir till next week. . . .

## TROOPERS

By Pvt. Allan Archibald

With so many popularly unpopular people about this chaotic world nowadays, particularly Tojo, Adolf, and Benito, popularity contests are indeed a rarity. It must be wrong; it can't be right to resuscitate above-named dormant phenomena. Surely, the blessings (gulp) of hades might rain on this abashed countenance, in the form of cans, M1, tomato. So, we do the next best thing, with sincere greetings to our new CO, Lt. Myers. He's great.

This column and all its supporters wish to commend Pvts. Heppin and Bennia, as well as the fighting firebugs, for the excellent work they did at the theatre fire.

A dire catastrophe overtook "Tadpole" Crozier Friday night. Dreams are funny things; but a dream and a deluge, too? Well, weren't those days supposed to have been gone forever? Marksman R. Whiting's honored name has never graced these pages before, he says. Well, accidents do happen, senior.

Thomas is forever losing possession of his prized portrait of the one and only "Cry Baby" Rowe is gone. But we wish him lots of luck at his new station. "Flying Home" Jones hasn't got that pseudonym for nothing. Wonder where it originated?

A terrific softball game is scheduled to take place between this week's column and the next. The QM's have a slight advantage. Still, favorites haven't been running well this year. Cpl. "Goodnight" Nurse may yet add another notch in his belt.

All this still leaves us face to

## GUMS ROAR

By Sgt. Ray D. Knight

**FIGHTS:** The Hancock's polished off Stillman's Gym in fine style Thursday night. Bullet Buster boxers were: TOM ALLERTON (TKOed his man after 1 minute and 30 seconds of round 1), HEN BOREE (decided his man after a knockdown or two), and PAT DYER (tried hard but lost the decision). We hated to see Pat lose, but he took it like a man, and with a song on his lips — "Embraceable You".

**MISQUOTATION:** Thirty days hath September, Robuck, Drea and Haseltine. All the rest have thirty-one, except Smith, who has forty. Thank OGRE OGIER for this useful key to the calendar.

**GUMBEATS:** TASSEL HASELTINE's new glee club job. The boys wonder if it was the singing or the 15 WAACs that got him. . . . The ovation that met TWIRLY (one, bun) CRENSHAW when he entered the messery the other night. . . . FOOTLOCK WHITLOCK. Why didn't he lend the lady the fifty cents? . . . SHORTY ZOMMERFIELD's eye. Too bad, they're rationing steak. . . . COON RIZZI. He's started a hawk farm with EENIE MEENIE, and CHARLIE. BUTTERCUP BUTTERWORTH will tell you why he named the last one Charlie. . . .

BART BARTLETT. He's finally gotten over the loss of that Jamaica Clipper. It took off while he slept. . . . NOSE LAM. Did he pop the question? The boys say, if her brains are as good as her looks, she gave the wrong answer. . . . JIM HOGG's visitor, ORLANDO MOLINA. He's an old member in good standing — now a 1st Lt. . . .

The Boardwalkholeinfence Tribesmen who are taking a late afternoon muscle-building course. They met a Lt. and an M.P. at the worst possible time. . . . TOM PORTER's new stationery. It features his photograph and, they say, is wowing the Lonely Hearts Clubs. . . . B. HINDE's 4 letters a week from the girl who signs herself "Miss Delancey St. of 1865". . . .

MINKO CLANCE. The boys finally learned why he's been all but sleeping in the office. . . . JON HALL and BARK (Don't worry 'bout me. I'll get along) BARKER at No. 1 with a couple of tall, tan, terrific gals. . . . EAGLE S. McCULLEY of the Beaver Patrol. The rumor is out that he just received another merit badge. . . . Is ONION NEALY about to take on a dependent? DONALD COOK has offered his services as best man if and when. . . . More weddings: SLOW SCHLOBOHM planning a pay day ceremony; WES WESTPHAL and FATHER FLANAGAN. They, too, figured in mergers a few days back. . . . BRUISER ALLEN. His fascination with the Navy Yard drew an M.P. . . .

POP GEROLD and those golf pants. . . . LECH LAESCH and PEEVE PEAVY knocking themselves out trying to get ahead to get ahead in the Mary league. . . . CHOWHOUND WEUBBEN's new scalp-do. . . . BANANA ABBATE. He's tried everything to reduce for her, even epsom. . . . Gum-of-the-Week: How you like old . . . . . now?

face with the question of popularity and unpopularity. All right, the most unpopular person last week was the chap who woke us up every morning. No? Was it the fellow who gave certain sergeants an unwarranted caution one bright morning? There can be no doubt of it. It was!

The most popular person of the week was not the guy who blew the chow whistle, not the weekend pass-giver, but the gremlin who taunted me into saying "thirty."



# Nine Loses Coach, Elects Player-Manager

## Hoffman, 1st Sacker, Is New Boss

With departure of Lt. Frank D. Senerchia leaving them minus a coach, Fort Hancock baseballers underwent their second reorganization of the season this week, and Cpl. Eddie Hoffman, first sacker and mainstay, became player-manager of the club.

Under the new set-up, Hoffman will boss the nine on the field while either Lt. James L. Taylor or Capt. Tracy Maero will be officers in charge. In the event Hoffman is lost, Sgt. Rudy Bielecky and Cpl. Hal Beasley, shortstop and center-fielder respectively, stand in line for the player-manager spot.

The new regime did all right by itself in its first two games this week, the Hook nine defeating the 15th Signal Training club from Fort Monmouth 3-2 on Monday, and trouncing a New York American Legion team 6-4 Tuesday.

In other recent games, the local club lost to Fort Tilden 12-5 Saturday, and dropped one to New York Police 7-2 on Sunday.

Monday's encounter marked the first win for Fort Hancock in the Signal Corps league. Bielecky proved to be the star of this game by banging out a triple in the last inning. With the score tied at two all, Bielecky scampered home on the next play when Moran laid down a made to order bunt. A double by Beasley in the fifth frame proved to be the core of a splurge that netted Hancock's other two runs.

Standout play in the Tuesday encounter was accomplished by Hoffman himself on a solo try. The Fort's No. 1 man in the fifth frame clouted a terrific 440 fast drive into the bleachers for a home run with nobody on base.

The Sandy Hookers' big inning, however, was the fourth, in which four runs crossed the plate. Beasley started it off with a single and a steal to second. Bielecky, next up, rapped out a single scoring Beasley.

With the rally well on its way, Heider then walked, Moran beat out a bunt loading the bases, and a short-to-first wild throw brought in Bielecky. Heider, on third, galloped home after the catch when Burris flied out, and Taylor singled, scoring Moran.

The Hook thunder then subsided until the ninth frame, when Burris drove out a single, Taylor duplicated with another one bagger, and Bidowski sacrificed, bringing in Burris.

The game marked the eighth out of the last nine encounters in which iron man Joe Bidowski has seen service on the mound. Oldak, who relieved Bidowski, took credit for the win.

The Hook nine's ledger as of yesterday stood at 22 games won and 30 games lost for the season.

### COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

General Bedford Forest—in the Civil War.

Besides all the classifications, the women's titles are troublesome, too. For instance:

His wife was a WAVE  
And he waved at a WAAC.  
The WAAC was in front  
But his WAVE was in back.  
Instead of a wave from the WAAC  
It is said,  
He won but a whack  
From the WAVE that he wed.

If you can say this with your teeth out, bud—you're 1-A.

## The Wolf by Sansone

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"Let's get a little sun!"

## Furgol Cards Dazzling 71 In Opener

Cpl. Martin Furgol, Bullet Buster and dark horse up until this week in the golf tournament, unveiled himself as the probable 1943 golf champion of Fort Hancock Tuesday when he shot a sizzling 71 in his first 18 holes of play.

Although the majority of the field has yet to play the first round, Furgol's 71 stands head and shoulders and then some above scores turned in from preliminary rounds, which were all played last week. Most of the practice rounds were in the high 80s and 90s.

Besides Furgol, two others this week completed their first round of actual play. Sgt. A. C. Zedalis, of the Medics, champion in last year's tournament, shot a 46 and a 40 for a total of 86 in his first 18 holes. The former champ, however, was hampered by wet greens, his round being played Monday.

Third contestant to play through the first 18 was Cpl. Luther Abbott, former Bolton College, Me., golfer, who shot a 49 and a 50 for a 99 reading.

The sensational Furgol, who complained of an off-form when he shot a 75 in his prelim, breezed through his first nine holes with eight pars and a one over par for a 37 total. Then bearing down in the second nine, Furgol carded two birdies and seven pars for a two under par score of 34. On-lookers believed Furgol's play, particularly in his second round, was the best brand of golf ever exhibited among Fort Hancock enlisted men.

After all entries have completed their first 18 holes probably by the end of this week, the second and final round will be played next week, the winner and runner-up to be decided probably by next weekend.

Major Robert F. Spottswood, special service officer acting as spokesman for other officers, already has challenged the winner and runner-up of the enlisted men's tournament to 36 holes of play against the two best officers on the Post.

## WAAC-EM Beach Party On Deck

"The something new and different" department is working overtime this week in preparation for the first mass WAAC-enlisted man beach party of the summer, to be held Sunday afternoon at the enlisted men's beach. The party will be a post-wide affair, all WAACs and all enlisted men being invited.

Opening at 1 p. m. the program calls for an hour of swimming and then two hours of newly devised games. What they're all about is yet a mystery, but names of the games are "Dizzy Izzy," "Driving the Pigs to Market," "Tony Says," "Crabs and Monkeys" and others of similar ilk.

During the course of the afternoon, a "comb" orchestra will be formed, music to be created by blowing on a comb covered with paper. Mrs. Meca Werbe, YMCA social secretary in charge, will accompany the Sandy Hook Corn Cobblers on a ukelele.

## WAACs Card Third Games Against BBs

Those Bullet Busting huskies, who have cut a wedge for themselves in just about every sport on the Post, have finally caught up with the WAACs. After being told for three weeks that the gals were "too busy," the Bullet Busters have scheduled a softball game with the WAACs for next Monday night.

### MAIL CALL

(Continued from Page 1)

stirring up a general jubilation. . . . Since then, the audience has been quiet to the point of lassitude. . . . Then came the single performance this summer of 'The Army Play By Play,' to prove that twice within the year it was a bugler who woke the theatre up. . . . 'The Army Play By Play' served to give a crowded theatre an evening as exciting and warming as only the Army can provide."

## Come Home, 'Dimout!' -Your Wife is Mother of 8

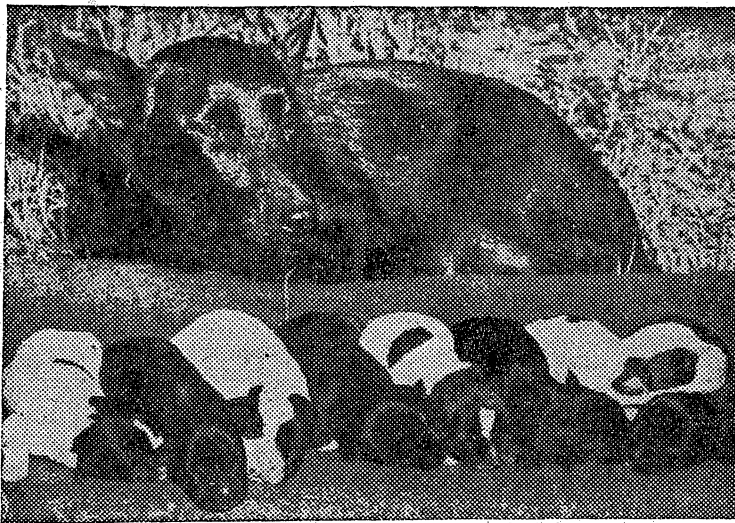
"Dim-out," the faithless husband, took a powder, but "Blackout," the ever-loving spouse, became a mother anyway.

That in substance is the wartime story of a couple of strictly wartime dogs, who up until the time "Dim-out" went over the hill shared the mascot assignment in the Sub Net outfit of the Guardsman unit.

Last week Tuesday, "Blackout," war minded to the point of mass production a la Henry Kaiser, gave birth not to the usual litter of four or five but to a litter of eight pups, each only a couple of inches in length but as bouncing as they come.

What with a blackout and alert taking place the preceding day, "Blackout" just missed living up to her name. However, any inspecting officer would call the spot she picked for a birthplace as dark as any blackout. The site?—Underneath a wall locker.

The Sub Netters already have decided to keep two pups and give the other six away. And once again keeping a one-track mind on blackouts, the boys have named their two pups "Condition I" and "Con-



Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

dition II." The great unknowning will be left strictly in the dark by these names, but "Conditions I and II" mean plenty to the Sub Netters during a blackout.

"Dim-out" and "Blackout" first shipped into Sandy Hook in the right and left pockets, respectively, of the now departed S. Sgt. Freeman Monroe about a year ago. They got along swell together until recently when "Dim-out," only

a wolf at heart, left "Blackout" stranded and went AWOL to Highlands.

Like all good mascots, "Blackout" marches and drills with the men, but recognizes T-5 Michael Conlon as her master. He handles her chow detail, and in return she sleeps under his bed. It was Pfc. Tommy Nelson, however, who had the honor of having the pups born under his wall locker.

## Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

History—and the Fort Hancock boxing squad certainly does repeat itself. The amateur fight squad from Stillman's Gym in New York City met a Hook squad that hadn't taken the 10-count in 21 starts, last Thursday. You can make that 22 consecutive go's as the Sandy Hook punchers took the card with three K.O.'s and two decisions while the Stillmanites grabbed two decisions and a draw.

Hancock put a total of 1185 lbs. of fighting men into the ring in the 8-bout card, against the 1165 lbs. put up by Stillman's. On the whole, the card was fairly well matched and the packed house enjoyed most of the bouts, starting with the first one between Pfc. Frank DeRespino and Tommy Mills which ended in a draw.

DeRespino had plenty of trouble throughout with the fast, stinging left hand of Mills that reddened its target and finally brought blood from DeRespino's left temple. DeRespino made enough points however to get a stand-off decision on the occasions he could bull his way in close and score in the in-fighting. A good fight and the crowd liked it.

Pvt. Allerton went next against Thomas Donnelly, and a good 1-2 gave Allerton a TKO in 1:30 of the first.

The next bout was Jimmy McGee vs. Pfc. Carmen Perreca and a jolting right uppercut. Perreca owned the uppercut and that was enough to give him the decision in a swell fight. Perreca was at his best.

David and Goliath fought next with a switch ending. Cpl. Frank Counce punched Willie Ciampi around the ring to score a TKO in 1:55 of the first. All that can be said for this bout is that it was the fourth fight on the card.

Cpl. Henderson Boree made his debut with the Hook team fighting Walter Lewis, and from the showing he made in taking the decision, Mr. Boree has earned a Class A pass to the inside of the Hookers ring any time he wants it. A rough tough battle that featured good slugging matches.

Sgt. Pat Dyer came up against one tough gent in Buster Tyler. The fight was good but it could have been a lot faster if there had been just a little less holding. The crowd liked it though, and cheered the decision of the judges in giving it to Tyler.

The next bout didn't prove much of a match when Pvt. Frank Lofaso polished off Henry Pierson in 1:40 of the 1st round. Pierson gave Lofaso 7 lbs. and it was soon apparent that he couldn't afford the gift. Short fight and never any doubt of the outcome.

In the heavy class Jimmy O'Brien spotted Pfc. John Napolitano 7 lbs. also, but he was a piker. He could have given plenty more and still won. In teaching Napolitano the fine art of the counter punch, among other things, O'Brien put on the best boxing exhibition of the night, and won this one easily.

All in all Cpl. Rosenberg, the Hancock manager, had a good set of bouts here. Any time you're ready, Senor Rosenberg, we'll be around for more of the same.

# No. 2 'Firebugs' Prove Mettle in Theatre Blaze

Some day in your civilian future when you hear a siren-screaming fire truck roll by, look for the self-named "firebugs" from Detachment A—and don't be surprised if you see

them manning the truck. For in the eight-man corps from Detachment A, the Army will have turned out as neat a team of hook and ladder lads as ever slid a brass pole, and any one of the team will be well worth his salt in firefighting.

Trained daily in simulated fire operations for almost four months now, the boys from the No. 2 fire station tackled their first big "under fire" test two weeks ago in the theatre No. 1 blaze.

They ran three lines into the building, and unmindful of dense smoke and heat remained inside fighting the fire for one and one-half hours. Fire Chief Leo Kaiser, proud of his proteges, said following the fire:

"Training that these men have had stood them in good stead in the Theatre fire. They proved they could hold their lines not only in drills but in face of dense smoke and heat."

The eight-man team is bossed by Cpl. Harry Phillips, "little chief" of the unit. Others include: Pvts. Morse Ellis, Clarence Garnett, Arthur Cooper, Lawrence Daniel, Courtney Griffith, Mervyn Eversley, and James Wilkinson.

It was on March 31 that the eight men were assigned to their new job manning Station No. 2, and from that day hence their training has continued under Chief Kaiser.

They have learned how to force their way into a burning building, how to raise a 45-foot extension ladder not only against a building but also vertically, how to erect a tower, how to carry a 2½-inch line-up a ladder, how to distinguish various chemical extinguishers, how to sum up a fire when approaching it, how to judge its intensity and how to attack it best, how to use fire gas masks, how to tie fireman's knots such as chimney hitches, body hitches, drop lines, bowline bites, etc., and how to perform all kinds of first aid.

They can tell you how to use water from a stream, lake, bay or even the ocean when there are no hydrants in the proximity. They can tell you what a nozzle man does, what a first, second and third joint man does, how to use a claw tool, and what is most important how to do each of these operations with smoothly functioning teamwork.

According to "Little Chief" Phillips, the secret of the teamwork is in training "by the numbers." Some of the commands used are "Prepare to lift—Lift!", "Prepare to h'ist—H'ist!", etc.

Chief feature of training has been execution of daily simulated fire operations. A box is pulled, the alarm is responded to, and the men are clocked on speed in putting equipment into action.

Evidence that the men follow firehouse routine to the letter is shown in a log kept which records every departure any man makes from the station whether he's going on furlough or just to the PX. Carrying it still further, the men sleep with their fireman's "night rig" always ready. "Night rig" consists of a pair of pants fitted over boots and shoes in such a manner that the men can step into their boots and pull up their pants on the run. About the only thing lacking is the shiny brass pole standard in every firehouse.

Two collapsible houses adjacent to the station have an atmosphere of model homes achieved by industrious diligence of the men. With scrap wood from the dump, the men have constructed a catwalk around the houses and have made artificial bricks painted white for ornamentation. In place of a sandy waste is now a grass plot around the houses.

## They Learn Their Business Strictly By the Numbers



Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps  
Four different firefighting operations, as shown by a quartet of No. 2 firehouse soldiers. Cpl. Harry Phillips, little Chief, takes the role of "nozzle man", Pvt. Courtney Griffith screws on the intake valve, Pvt. Mervyn Eversley prepares to h'ist a ladder, and Pvt. James Wilkinson handles the booster line.

# Russian a Capella Choir to Sing In Chapel Sunday Afternoon

A Russian a Capella choir of 25 voices, similar in type to the famous Don Cossack choir, will appear here Sunday in the Post Chapel to take a feature part in special Russian Orthodox Vesper Services. Cultural as well as religious, the services will open at 3:30 p.m.

The Russian choir will be under the direction of the Very Rev. John Semanitsky, pastor of St. John's Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic church of Rahway, N. J. The choir is composed of native born and naturalized Russian men and women. Entire setting of music will be the

Vesper Service of the Russian Orthodox church. The service will be conducted in Russian and English. "Hospodi Pomilui," one of the most famous selections of the Don Cossack repertoire, will be sung by the choir. The program also will include, "Oh, Come Let Us Worship," "The Great Litany," and "A Glad-some Radiance."

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

### THURSDAY

YMCA home game night with Rumson VSO at 8 p. m.  
"What's Buzzin', Cousin?" with Ann Miller, Freddie Martin's orchestra, Rochester, at Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p. m. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 p. m.  
USO Variety Show at 8 p. m. Theatre No. 2.

### FRIDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p. m.  
YMCA informal games party at 8 p. m.  
Service Club dance, "What's Buzzin', Cousin?" at Post Theatres.

### SATURDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 p. m.  
YMCA movies at 6 p. m. and 8 p. m.  
YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p. m.  
"Headin' for Hancock," variety show presented by Macy's girls at Service Club.

"Union Pacific," revival with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea at Post Theatres.  
Baseball, Fort Hancock vs. Prudential Life, 3:00 p. m.

### SUNDAY

YMCA Highlands, Rumson VSO canteen at 1 p. m.

YMCA Gospel sing at 6:30 p. m. "Hers to Hold," with Deanna Durbin, Joseph Cotton and Charles Winninger. A must. At Post Theatres.

### MONDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p. m.  
YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p. m.  
YMCA Java Club at 7:30 p. m.  
USO Variety show at 8 p. m. Theatre No. 2.

"Hers to Hold" at Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p. m.

### TUESDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 p. m.  
YMCA movies at 8 p. m.  
"Hangmen's Lodge," with David Bruce and Harriet Hilliard, and "It's a Great Life," with Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake at Post Theatres.

Baseball, Fort Hancock vs. Bendix Aviation Corps. 5:15 p. m.

### WEDNESDAY

YMCA Highlands VSO canteen at 5 p. m.  
YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p. m.  
YMC. hobby lobby, ladies from Highlands, at 8 p. m.  
Service Club show and dance. "Appointment in Berlin," with George Sanders and Marguerite Chapman. At Post Theatres.

# Sandy Hook Foghorn

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

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

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

## EDITORIAL KICK BACK

Two weeks ago, an editorial in these columns asked the question: "What's wrong with spirit at Fort Hancock?"

And what we hoped would happen did happen. The editorial back-fired. Some men rose up in righteous indignation, and penned us a few verbal blasts of their own. Others decided it was high time they started taking part in things and wrote that they were going to do just that. Some said we were right; some said we were wrong. Some said we had the right idea, but didn't cover all the slants on it.

At any rate, the repercussions came—and that's the big thing. For what could be healthier in terms of spirit than an EM challenging or championing an opinion?

One EM blamed it on the 1-Bs, saying they have no desire to do anything beyond necessary work. But a 1-B came right back at him, pointing out that 1-Bs are taking part in many activities to greater extent than the 1-As.

Another EM, who didn't get the full drift of the previous editorial, declared that "fighting" outfits do a lot more work than service units, and because the latter have "almost every afternoon and evening off," they have time to engage in various activities while the "fighting" outfits do not.

Men in service units, hearing this, didn't waste time getting hot under the collar. Quite vehemently, they stated that they have

not heard anything yet about getting afternoons off, and many of them work evenings as well.

It was one of the "fighting" outfits, the Bullet Busters, incidentally, which placed the most men in the field and which won first place in the July 4th annual track and field day meet.

More than a few EMs, especially those of the Guardsman unit, openly stated that spirit originates in the outfit, and that spirit cannot be the best when personnel of an outfit is changed back and forth and when the unit itself is shifted around to the extent that "a guy almost doesn't know what outfit he's in." "How can spirit be maintained under these conditions?" they ask.

These are the repercussions the average GI gives vent to on the subject of spirit. The things objected to, however, are not local to Fort Hancock, and thus cannot be remedied by powers within the Post.

What then is the answer?

Shall we pass it off by just sitting around waiting for the war to end? That's what a mouse would do.

Should we kick and grumble about it, doing our best to "cry baby" ourselves into discontent? No, that's kid stuff—if I can't pitch, I won't play at all.

Or shall we take the barriers in stride, make the most of a situation, and get on the bandwagon in spite of conditions? It can be done—especially at Fort Hancock.

Instead of harping so much on outfit spirit, on individual personnel, or on the amount of work one has to do, why not give the Post itself a break?

Maybe you don't know it, but Fort Hancock isn't just another soldier stop on the map. It's a post to be proud of. Its dust, its sand, its sultry heat and its reason for being are part of a tradition rich in longevity. Ask any soldier stationed here during the first World War about Fort Hancock, and he'll stick out his chest with the pride of a real Sandy Hooker.

On the sands on which you now

march once fought the Colonial and British armies in America's contest for freedom. One of the most famous landmarks for mariners in America is Sandy Hook's lighthouse, oldest in the United States.

It was explorer Henry Hudson who discovered Sandy Hook. It was General Winfield Scott Hancock, historical figure of the Civil War, after whom the Post was named. Besides directing operations at Antietam, Gettysburg and the Battle of the Wilderness, General Hancock once was a candidate for president in 1880.

That's Fort Hancock, bud. Could you take as much pride in some sprawling camp established only one or two years ago?

Once you get chesty about your Post, you're bound to have a desire to become an active part of it in every phase possible. You'll want to keep its tradition alive with winning teams, cups, trophies, medals and other spoils of victory, and with a personnel of sharp soldiers which doesn't need a cadence count to keep in step with its wide variety of activities.

The answer still seems to remain the same: Get of that sack, soldier, and hit the deck.