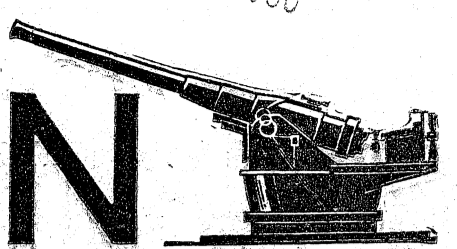


FOGGHORN



Third Year. Vol. 4—No. 7. Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, August 12, 1943. Published Weekly

Dischargee Returns, Buys \$4,925 War Bond

COLUMN LEFT

Just how long the duration will be is getting a bit confusing. When we invaded Sicily, President Roosevelt said: "This is the beginning of the end." Then last week-end Selective Service announced we will need two million more men by next July.

All of which will make the woman's situation indeed a tough one. To wit:

- 1942—What a man!
- 1943 — What? A man!
- 1944—What's a man?

It's bound to be tough on the kids, too. Any warm night, you're likely to see a young whipper-snapper walking through the park with his arm around a girl—and the draft board chairman with an arm around the young man.

And there probably will be plenty of guys like the one who wrote to his draft board stating reasons why he should not be drafted. At the end he first wrote "Sincerely Yours," then after meditation changed it to "As Ever." Then after more meditation, he signed it "Eventually Yours."

Boys probably will still go on trying to fill their fathers' shoes, but what with the lack of men, girls will forget no doubt about their ambition—to fill their mothers' sweaters.

The draft board may even catch up again with that discharged EM who wrote the following note to his CO after being discharged.

"Sir: After my suffering in the past two years, it gives me the greatest pleasure to tell you to go to hell."

In due course, the CO replied as follows:

"Sir: Any suggestions or inquiries concerning the movement of troops must be entered on Army form 3,132, a copy of which I enclose."

There's one guy who should be safe though.

He was wearing a neat fitting uniform, and looked as smart as they come. Approaching officer asked him for the eighth general order.

"I don't know," he admitted.

"Have you ever been on guard duty," asked the officer?

"Nope."

"You don't even know enough to say sir. What outfit are you in?"

"I'm the Coca-Cola man."

Which reminds us of the EM who stopped a General in the dark, thinking he was another EM, and asked: "Hey, bud, you got a match?" The General obliged, and in the flare of the lit match the EM caught the sparkle of three stars.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered. "I didn't know you

(Continued on page 4)

So Soldiers Don't Read Books, Eh!



That's what a lot of people thought, but a lot of people are wrong. Above picture offers a sample of last week-end's stampede to Service Club when Victory Book consignment arrived. Among above are: George Coleman, Dan Young, Morris Riben, Doug Ryan, Frank Barshirt, George Morciano, Joseph Matarazzo, Raymond Ponoroff, John Wolff, Clarence Nuckles, WAACs Carolyn Thorp, Lorraine Brennan, and Bina (Mom) Juhnk.

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Soldiers Stampede Service Club Over Weekend As 7,000 Victory Book 'Ship'-ment Comes In

Macy's basement bargain counter is supposed to hold the record for drawing crowds, but Brooklyn mamas on a buying spree couldn't hold a candle to Fort Hancock soldiers last weekend when they went shopping en masse for a genuine "something for nothing" bargain in literature.

'Mail Call' Cast Goes 'Bigtime'

Fort Hancock's "Mail Call" cast is now not only enjoying the success of playing Broadway in the show, "The Army Play by Play" but is also tasting a few of the by-product tidbits that keep company with marquee headliners.

On Monday of this week, the cast of the show marched to Duffy Square and was presented the key to New York City by Mayor LaGuardia.

Tuesday night, upon invitation, several members of the cast did routines under the spotlight on the Stage Door canteen. Pfc. Sonny Surat, of the Fort Hancock Theatre Section, was one of the members making an appearance.

Yesterday afternoon, the soldier actors played host to a group of "name" movie and radio stars at a GI chow dinner served backstage in the Martin Beck theatre. Among stars present were Carole Landis, Margaret Lindsay, Gypsy Rose Lee, Joan Blondell, Gertrude Lawrence, and Helen Hayes.

Some 7,000 books, the result of a civilian Victory Book drive, arrived here at the Service Club Friday night. Taking advantage of a tip-off rather than awaiting a post order, soldiers from almost every unit on the Fort streamed into the Service Club, ransacked the books hundreds of times over, and carried them away by the armful. Two days later, by check of Post Librarian Miss Elizabeth Evans, approximately 5,000 books had disappeared.

First come, first served was the rule, and the men stood, knelt and sat on the floor as they pawed over every kind of book from "Murder in the PX" to "The Difficulty of Getting Married." It remained for a WAAC, however, to take home the last mentioned book.

Accounting for their popularity, the books for the most part were not out-dated junk from the attics but fairly recent best sellers, Book of the Month Club volumes, and in some cases even new books. Also included in the lot were one Bible, several volumes of poetry, and a few books on geometry and algebra.

(Continued on Page 4)

Grass Plot Contest Opens

Outfits on the Post were served final warning to look to their lawns this week as Colonel J. C. Haw, Fort Commander, announced the opening of the annual grass plot display competition and named a special board to tour the Post and submit their findings to him.

Comprising two officers and one warrant officer, the board includes Colonel Lucius R. Clement, commanding officer of the 1225th SCSU; Major Herbert L. Frapwell, Post engineer; and William H. Porter, civilian landscape expert of the engineer's office.

The Board will tour outfits on the Post from now until the end of the month, at which time they will submit recommendations to the Fort Commander.

The outfit having the best grass plot will receive first prize of \$100, the unit with the second best plot will receive second prize of \$70, and the unit having third best plot will receive third prize of \$30.

Ex-Private Remembers His Post

Nathan Bresler, once a buck private stationed here and now a civilian residing in Brooklyn, didn't find a home in the Army, but his heart and his wallet found their way back to Fort Hancock last week.

Dressed in civilian clothes, Bresler strolled up to the War Bond window in the Fort postoffice, pushed a large wad of bills across the counter and calmly asked for \$4,925 worth of Series 'E' bonds.

Postmaster Lewis D. Smith Jr. and other members of postoffice personnel rubbed their eyes in amazement at the request but only for the few seconds before they recognized the purchaser.

It took them but a few moments to recall the day back in March, 1942, when Bresler, dressed in stripeless olive drab, stepped up to the same War Bond window to purchase a \$5,000 war bond in cash.

Postmaster Smith still remembers Bresler's only comment then: "I'll be back again next year to make another purchase."

Now a civilian with an honorable discharge granted under the "38 and over" regulation, the patriotic Brooklynite told Postmaster Smith upon his return that he made the special trip here in order that Fort Hancock would get credit for his bond purchase.

He also explained his reason for buying \$5,000 worth of bonds while a buck private and only \$4,925 worth as a civilian.

"You see Mr. Smith, it's this way. My purchase last month gave me my full quota for the year all at once. But this year before I left the Army, I was buying a \$25 bond under the Army payroll deduction plan.

"When I was discharged last April I had \$75 worth of bonds toward my \$5,000 quota for this year, and thus all I am permitted to purchase is the difference—or \$4,925."

Both large purchases, according to Bresler, were made from funds he had saved prior to induction into the Army. He made no reference, however, to a return trip next year, indicating possibly his fund now may be cleaned out.

Although there are several officers, enlisted men and civilian employees here who have purchased the full quota of \$5,000 in 'E' bonds during the course of a year, Bresler holds the record for the largest single purchase and also holds the record for the largest amount of bonds purchased here since inception of bond sales.

SWIM CLASS STARTS

A new class in swimming instruction will be opened next Monday night by Cpl. Herbert Rosenberg, waterfront director. To be held at the Hollywood pool in Deai, the course will be for WAACs and enlisted representatives of units which do not yet have their own lifeguards.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

GUMS ROAR

by Sgt. Ray D. Knight

MOVIE: We saw "This Is the Army" last week and the soldiers are terrific. The scenes and songs from the stage show are as hep and happy as a furlough. The story and actors that Hollywood issued, however, don't fit. All we can say is: They should be turned in to some supply sergeant. Don't miss the soldier acts, though; they're your dish. Go.

QUERY: DEANIE DEAN'S desk was piled high with papers and the morning report; officers were giving him instructions; it was time to blow the whistle. He was busy enough for four first sergeants. Suddenly, RUSSIAN SPOLOWICH appeared, plucking at his sleeve. "Will you," asked Russian, "please tell me about the 9-week course in dancing they give at Camp Davis?"

They say MERLE (Arthur Murray) SMITH was dancing for 3 minutes the other day, in front of a formation—for telling Russian where to ask.

GUMBEATS: The odd combination KING KONG KING found under his bed the other A. M. . . MUDDY WATERS. He's taking a nurse's course in the city . . . COON RIZZI's newest wrinkle. He gives flying lessons to hawks . . . LEONARD GIOMAND. We hear he recently I-dood-it. . . HOIMAN MILLER. Any day now he leaves for a cooking and baking academy. . . GIZZARD BLIZZARD. He couldn't make the bartender believe he's 21 yet. . . Lost and Found Dept.: JEETER LESTER. He was found last week — slipped up and got caught in the messery. . . FLORES ROBERSON's flash: FRED ALLEN was seen last week in clean fatigues. . . WHITE CHRISTMAS WEAVER telling the boys about the Highlands dish who sings "You'll Never Know (just how much I miss you)" when he leaves her. . . RAZOR GILLETTE's kitchen triplets: 3-DAY PASS, FURLOUGH, and DISCHARGE. . . Apple-pickers, DANNY DANESE and TOBASCUM. . . LECH LAESCH and BIG UN-LEWIS. Are they making guess who late for bedcheck these nights? . . . CUZ HIGHTOWER amazing people with his player-pianoing on that truck. . . WORK WARKENTINE and FIBBER McGEHEE. They are taking French from a couple of French dolis . . . RED YANDLE and BUGGA KNOWLES. Every pass they're always heading for something in Newark. . . ROMANCE FOX. The rumor is that he's recently been tiffing. . . EAGLE S. McCULLEY. Did he recently get a letter from his former troop asking him to rejoin? . . . CONNIE CONNELL. His delightful personality and the food he dishes out—have made him TAULLAH's best friend. . . WOLF JONES. Out of circulation. . . SHOESTRING OWENS looking sick and Waacless at the Club. . . LESTER FUSSELL and SHELBY HARDISON. They were dancing with cradle snatchers. . . COLD STEEL DUGGAR. He's playing balcony scenes again. . . Gum-of-the-week: Hey! Is that you?

RUFFING NO-HITTER

Pvt. Charles (Red) Ruffing, former New York Yankee mound ace, hurled the first no-hit, no-run game of his baseball career recently for the Sixth Ferrying Group, Army Air Transport Command in Long Beach, Cal. Ruffing hung a 2 to 1 defeat on the Santa Ana Air Base nine led by his former team mate, Joe DiMaggio. Red fanned Di Magg once, forced him to pop up on two other occasions.



"Do you jitterbug, Miss?"

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

TONIGHT

YMCA Highlands VSO canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA sing song at 6:30 p.m.
YMCA gym workout hour at 7:30 p.m.

YMCA home game night at 8 p.m.

Service Club juke box dance, hostesses from Newark, New York.

"The Constant Nymph" with Joan Fontaine and Charles Boyer. 1-A. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.

BOGIE BLUES

by Alias Stoneface

We are proud to say that Pvt. Sorota at last has begun to soldier. It seems that the little hero received a commendation from an officer on the Post. Keep up the good work, Sorota.

What two corporals, one with broken English, go swimming and then wind up chasing butterflies?

I guess you know who says these famous words—"Can I go home today, Sarge? I'll work all day Sunday."

Boy, that was some party we had Sunday nite. One redheaded corporal was doing the savoy hop and every time he threw his partner out the drummer would give them a roll, for fear that he would throw her out the side of the mess hall.

Then one private went around to all the girls and asked them to smile. (At the sight of him, it's a wonder they didn't get hysterical).

And every time we have a party, Pfc. Millian looks as though someone put him under the shower because he's all wet!

But all kidding aside, we personally thank the Special Service Office for sending us down a swell bunch of girls.

To Pfc. Brennen: The boys would like to know when the question will be popped.

We are really sorry, Lt. Jaszczak, that you have left, and we hope you still read the Bogie Blues.

We also welcome our new Lt. Gilpin. Hope you like your battery as much as the men like you.

FRIDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p.m.
YMCA informal games program at 8 p.m.

Service Club weekly hop. Bullet Buster band. Girls from Newark, Westfield and New York.

"The Constant Nymph" at Post Theatres.

SATURDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA movies, 6 and 8 p.m.

YMCA lobby sing at 7:30 p.m.

Service Club juke box Saturday night. Hostesses from New York.

"For Me and My Gal," revival with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly. At Post Theatres.

SUNDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 1 p.m.

WAAC-EM beach party, EM beach at 2 p.m.

YMCA Gospel sing at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA Music of Masters at 8 p.m.

Service Club juke box dance, girls from Newark, New York.

"Behind the Rising Sun," with Margo, Robert Ryan, J. Carroll Naish. At Post Theatres.

MONDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA sing song at 6:30 p.m.

Service Club dancing class 7 to 9 p.m. Hostesses from Newark, Elizabeth.

"Behind the Rising Sun," at Post theatres.

TUESDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO sewing service at 5 p.m.

WAAC athletics at YMCA 6 to 8 p.m.

YMCA movies at 8 p.m.

Service Club juke box dance, girls from Rumson and Newark.

"The Falcon in Danger" with Tom Conway and Jean Brooks, and "That Natty Nuisance," with Bobby Watson and Joe Devlin. Double feature at Post Theatres.

WEDNESDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p.m.

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA hobby lobby at 8 p.m.

USO variety show at Theatre No. 2 at 8 p.m.

"Spotlight Scandals" with Billy Gilbert, Frank Fay, Benny Baker, Henry King and orchestra, at Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m.

BLITZERS

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

It's getting so that they are setting up draft boards to induct draft boards. (Our alma mater, Local Board No. 46 assured they couldn't use us until the Japs were on 43rd street and Fifth avenue) Anyway, at this rate we don't know who will be the next member of the Blitzzer clan. We're expecting Lionel Barrymore any day. We're saving a sack for Walter Winchell, let him write this blight. The kid needs the experience. Here's a rough idea what you can expect when the boy takes over.

Eli Santos, the croupier's delight, drifted into the Blitzzer Trocadero last night and dropped a bankroll the size of the lumps in your G.I. mashed potatoes.

That MC to end all MC's, Joe Sucarato, was welded the other week to a gorgeous blonde—the kind that your scribe was always sure he would meet—until someone told him that mothers are prejudiced when they say their son is handsome.

Send a birthday card to Pvt. Harkaway on August 11. Buy the five for a dime kind and mail one to Cpl. Gzyl the following day; drop one off with the headwaiter for Henry Morlock on Saturday.

Give that pink one to Roger Hammond on Sunday—he'll be testing the springs on his sack. If you're a little late for the Blue Plate Special on Tuesday, be sure and have that last card for Paul Marton—that's his birthday and he doesn't look a day over it.

Who is that Wisconsin wag whose initials are Ed. N. who has been making sheep's eyes at a certain little WAAC—and why are all the wisecracks betting 4 to 1 he'll get shorn?

Why is that cigar that hangs around with that Cpl. always pointing at the S.S. Chauncey—you can call it passes—we call it madness.

And now the boys in Blitzzer Alley are saying Bill Cittadino became a social success by putting on a big front—he took his girdle off!

How to give Dale Carnegie a bad case of the staggers. Walk around tapping civilians on the shoulder, and asking sweetly, "Well, what d'ya hear from your draft board?"

SUB NET

by Justasnooper

Today marks the fourth in a series of umpteen articles created by yours truly. We only hope the popularity of our column continues. You've been grand, men. Our success depends on your constant activity. Again we say, hit the NET, suckers.

HANDS FROM THE DECK— Pair of Queens — PERRIN and FREEMAN . . . Three of a kind—ANDERSON, HOPSON and PARKER . . . Straight—GABORSKI (Oh Yeh?) . . . Pair of Eights—PETROFF and JACKSON . . . Dead Hand—HERRON, KELLEY, DUGI and STILLSON . . . Full House—DRUCKER.

BITS 'BOUT ½ WITS— STINE finding it difficult to make a loan . . . JOHNSON mistaking the command "change step" for the obstacle course . . . STEPPES rapidly getting in shape . . . That GARGANTUA honestly lost three ounces last month . . . GRIMALDI trying to date the operator while calling . . . IRISH HAGENBURG has put in a requisition for a larger chow dish . . . WHITLOW trying to make time with a southern lassie by telling her he hails from South Brooklyn . . . She must be a GEM . . .

BEAVERS

by Insufficient Vision

Grossman saluting our CO while the third finger left hand picked filet mignon from a rear molar.

Our "Beers" O'Neil hit the ponies for \$109 for a deuce at Empire. Me, myself, I gotta hot tip.

"Air Sack" Dubors on MPEG as first aid man came back with a fractured toe—that's really hitting below the belt.

Connelly did it again. Aduckefsky's theme song—"I'm bucked."

Felix J. Yankomoevitch beating Pee Pee Peston 10 games straight in ping pong.

Herb Ruttenberg and Emil (Guadalcanal) Sabol on the prowl in Keansburg lost their chauffeur in a bistro, but they all got back on time.

Something new happened—we were inspected.

Wards I and II are getting ready—we're going on the range again.

M. Sgt. Ristiano spent dough—had his carburetor carbed, spark plugs sparked and his pistons fixed. Also got a valve job.

Zeke Zedalis is still on his feet. Pfc. Mellert is now engaged to a woman.

EENT Baraban suffering from choryza—what it means, choryza? Buck Buchanan has been complimented for his landscaping.

Are you going to Jersey City over the bounding main?

Al Lasher's bucking for a stripe or a section 8—puts in 16 hours a day.

Pop Khoury passed out cigars. Maybe he got married.

Get-well wishes for Dee Miller, Bliicki, Blaisdell, Phillips, Auger, Kelpner and Martinette.

Babbling Babcock receives lip-sticked mail and he's so young.

Sunday in the day room—Mrs. Marciano beating George at ping pong. Herb Ruttenberg rhumbaing with Mrs. Kelly.

George Hourant is getting ready for the girl who is sweeter than appleida.

FINE DOPE

by Cpl. James A. Matroyse

A challenge to a softball game with the WAAC's was met by this battery about a week ago. It was a thrilling game. Phillips put his hear and soul into it. Imagine, he even wore his spikes . . . On the WAAC team was our own Cpl. Azzalina. Must have been the charm of the feminine team which lured him into such a position.

Something must have gone wrong because T-5 Betty Wagner wanted him replaced . . . The surprising score of 9-5 turned out in the WAAC's favor . . . Maybe you can figure out why we lost. Mr. Feuerstein and Sgt. Fischer were the umpires.

Soltesz also had a hand in losing the game for us. Can't trust a Hunkey . . . All's fair in love and war, so they say . . .

Coming in from a hike about a week ago proved that this battery could show determination . . .

What happened to A, B and the Band? . . . From the gate in all that could be seen was a cloud of dust raised by our boys . . . We had to pass the rest of the Batteries in order to keep from falling asleep. Strange things happen in this outfit . . . One Pvt. started to shave with Colgate's tooth paste and upon finding out it was such, he was too lazy to get shaving cream so he continued with the tooth paste. . . He claims it did the trick. . . De Traglia lost his sense of balance . . . It was simple . . . All that was needed was a dash of 3.2 and a few coke bottles . . .

Furgol, Shooting 146, Cops 1943 Golf Title

Zedalis Is Runner-up, Sabol Places Third

Cpl. Martin A. Furgol, dark horse Bullet Buster who shot a sizzling 71 last week in his first round of the Enlisted Men's Golf Tournament, was able to card only a 75 in his

final round this week, but the 146 total was still enough with plenty to spare to make him Fort Hancock's 1943 EM golfing champion.

Wet greens crippled Furgol's final round play, but it might as well have been snowing as far as competition behind him was concerned. Furgol's final tally stood 25 strokes out in front of runner up Sgt. Alphonse C. Zedalis, of the Medics, last year's champ, who shot his 36 holes in 171. Although runner-up, Zedalis' score this year was seven strokes superior to that of last year when he took first place.

Third place in the tournament went to Cpl. Emil Sabol, also of the Medics, who wound up with a 181. Sabol, smallest man in the tournament, was runner-up last year.

Although Furgol's 75 was mediocre to his usual brand of golf, it was still the smartest stuff seen around these parts since Hook tournaments began. All in all, he carded 13 pars, one birdie, and four bogies in his second trip around.

He opened up with a bogie five, then parred five holes in four, four, three, four and four, shot a beautiful birdie four, and wound up the first nine with two par four for a 36 total. Letting up in the last nine, he carded a par five, a par four, a bogie five, a par four, a bogie five, a par three, a bogie six, a par three and a par four for a 39 score.

Runner-up Zedalis shot his 174 total with an 86 in the first round and an 85 in the second, while third place Sabol took his 181 with an 87 and a 94. Several other men will complete tournament play this weekend but have no chance of breaking in on the first three winners.

Furgol's victory hands another championship to the high flying Bullet Busters who have practically cornered the market on things athletic. The Busters were easy victors in the annual track and field meet, had enough teams for one bracket in the Post softball league and may take the championship, and are well represented on the Post baseball nine.

Furgol, a Floridian, should know his golf judging by his background. He was a pro during winters at Miami Beach course and a pro during summers at a New Hampshire course. In 1941, he was among the first 12 or top flight division of both the Miami Open and the New Orleans Open golf tournaments.

Trophies to winners will be awarded by Major Robert F. Spottswood, Special Service Officer, at the next boxing show September 1. When Furgol is handed his cup, it will be a case of from one Floridian to another, Major Spottswood hailing from Key West.

The tournament was conducted at the Hollywood Golf Course, with no expense entailed by participants. Balls and clubs were provided by the management, and George Fotheringham, Hollywood pro, aided YMCA Physical Director William Forbes in tournament arrangements.

A date is expected to be announced shortly for a follow-up tournament between officers and enlisted men.

JOCK IN NEW JERSEY

Lt. Cdr. John Bain (Jock) Sutherland, famed ex-football coach at the U. of Pittsburgh, has been assigned to the Cape May (N. J.) Naval Base as welfare and recreation officer.

Martin A. Furgol, Sandy Hook's EM Golfing Champion



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Hook Nine Calls For Pitchers

"Give us one good pitcher, and we'll show you some real winning baseball the rest of the summer."

That in brief was the fighting comment of a fighting guy, Cpl. Hal Beasley, player-manager, yesterday, as he reviewed the situation of a supposedly shattered Hook Ball club that is now trying to remould itself into a winning combination.

"We've got three new men, we're going to shift a few players, and by this week-end, outside of pitchers, I believe we'll have the strongest ball club we've ever had," Beasley declared. "Just give us one good pitcher, and we'll give you some real ball."

The hard-hitting player-manager was not speaking for himself but his iron man work in recent games makes him stand out as No. 1 in the strength department of the new club. In attempt to hold the club together in the face of dwindling personnel, Beasley has played centerfield, first base and has taken the mound in addition to holding down a .426 batting average.

He has scored more runs, more hits, more doubles, more triples and more stolen bases than any man on the club and has three times as many putouts as any other man.

Other old standbys set to form the fulcrum of the new nine are: Sgt. Rudy Bielecky, Walter Bleyman, Bill Heider, and Mike Ferrigno. Bielecky, hitting a .265 clip, has been playing second, short, first, has been pitching, and stands as the No. 2 man.

Of the three new men, only one is brand new. Mills, a Beasley find, has worked in three games thus far at shortstop, has hit one homer, one double and a single, and in the last game handled ten assists without an error.

Another reinforcement is Mike Ferrigno, former third-sacker, who was knocked out of play some time ago because of a sprained ankle. One of the top-hitters, Ferrigno probably will take over the hot corner once again.

Third new man but still an old face is Walt Bleyman, former shortstop, now permitted to play ball again. If Mills hangs on to the short position, Bleyman will be worked into some other infield spot.

With the chief weak link being the pitching staff, Beasley's only plea still stands: "If there is any man in camp who can pitch, please turn out for practice."

Of three games scheduled over last week-end, two were washed out and one was dropped to the 1226th SCSU of Fort Monmouth, final score being 11-6.

On deck are the following games: Friday, Fort Monmouth, here, 5:30 p. m.; Monday, Neptune CG, here 3:30 p. m.; Tuesday, Camp Kilmer, here, 2:30 p. m.; Wednesday, Camp Shanks, here, 3 p. m.

USO SHOW COMING

A USO variety show, featuring topflight talent in songs, skits and dances, will come to Fort Hancock next Wednesday for a Theater No. 2 appearance at 8 p.m.

Members of the cast for the show have not been announced as yet here, but an hour long program is promised.

As we said, that's how it looks from this Section. If it looks the same from where you are sitting, join us in a nod to a game crew.

No matter what, they haven't lost 10 straight like a certain little team we know!

Boxers Meet Shanks Sept. 1

Fort Hancock's boxing team will meet invading glovers of Camp Shanks, N. Y., here in the YMCA Gage gymnasium on September 1, it was announced today by Cpl. Herb Rosenberg, Hook fight manager.

The friendly face of Cpl. Ruby Goldstein, many times a referee here, will appear a little less amicable come next fight night. Goldstein, formerly of Fort Hamilton, has been transferred to Camp Shanks and his job now is coaching Camp Shanks boxers.

Fort Hancock will be aiming for its 23rd consecutive win, not a loss being suffered in a year and a half.

Sea Bright Yacht Club To Hold Dance Aug. 25

Officers planning to stag it at the "Moonlight Dance" at Sea Bright Yacht Club August 25 are asked to notify Major Spottswood, Post Special Service Officer, before August 21, so that arrangements can be made to have a sufficient number of dancing partners on hand.

Admission is 50 cents per person.

2nd WAAC-EM Beach Party Set for Sunday

A second WAAC-enlisted men beach party will be held this Sunday on the enlisted men's beach, beginning at 2 p.m., it was announced today by Mrs. Meca Werbe, YMCA social secretary in charge of the event.

Besides swimming, a variety of beach games will be played, and refreshments will be served by the VSO unit of Rumson.

The first beach party, held two weeks ago, proved one of the most popular functions of the summer, between 200 and 300 attending.

Dancing Classes New Service Club Feature

A call for all would-be rug-cutters was issued at the Service Club Monday night when organization began on a new series of dancing classes to be conducted weekly by Gordon Witt, New York dancing master.

Classes in dance instruction will be held every Monday night from 7 to 9 p. m., the first hour to be devoted to beginners and the second hour for advanced pupils. All modern forms of dancing such as Lindy, jitterbugging, rumba, conga, etc., will be taught as well as ballroom dancing and waltzing.

Mr. Witt also has instructed in dancing at Fort Hamilton and Fort Slocum.

Tickets may be purchased through the Special Service Office or through the Officer Service Committee at Fort Monmouth. All tickets must be purchased before August 21.

Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

From the seat they gave us, it looks as if the Fort Hancock baseball team has more woes than a first sergeant with lockjaw. If it looks any different from where you sit, we would take it as a personal favor if you would let us know, as we would like to move over to your Section.

Our view of things baseball leaves us with the persistent idea that the Hook's baseball forces are being depleted quicker than a bag of GI mail. From this pew we see no Branch Rickey selling the men down the Gowanus Canal either. There is no military Midas effecting huge savings by putting worthy players on the auction block, as the only recompense these players get is a pigmentary alteration on those portions of the body the sun can get to.

Trfd in Gr. There's your answer. Or anyway, there's OUR answer. Trd in Gr, DS, temp dy—it's all the same. They aren't on the ball field, and we find infielders becoming pitchers, the boys from the tall grass playing in on the dirt, and everybody but the umpire taking a whack at mound duty.

As the old maids said when they kissed old bovine. "considering the manpower shortage—we ain't doing so bad."

Necessity is the mother of invention, and here are three of her offspring.

First it was Beasley. Hancock's clean-up man and the strongest hitter this sandy stretch has seen for many a reveille toed the slab. Now any old fool knows a strong hitter like Beasley can't pitch. The exception to that, of course, is Beasley. Did a pretty good job too, while continuing to powder the pill all over the lot.

Chapter Two of our tale introduces an old standby of the Hook nine. Hoffman's option on first base had been picked up so often it was beginning to sag in the middle. He's no longer out there, but his record reads as the best man we've ever had afield for the Hookers.

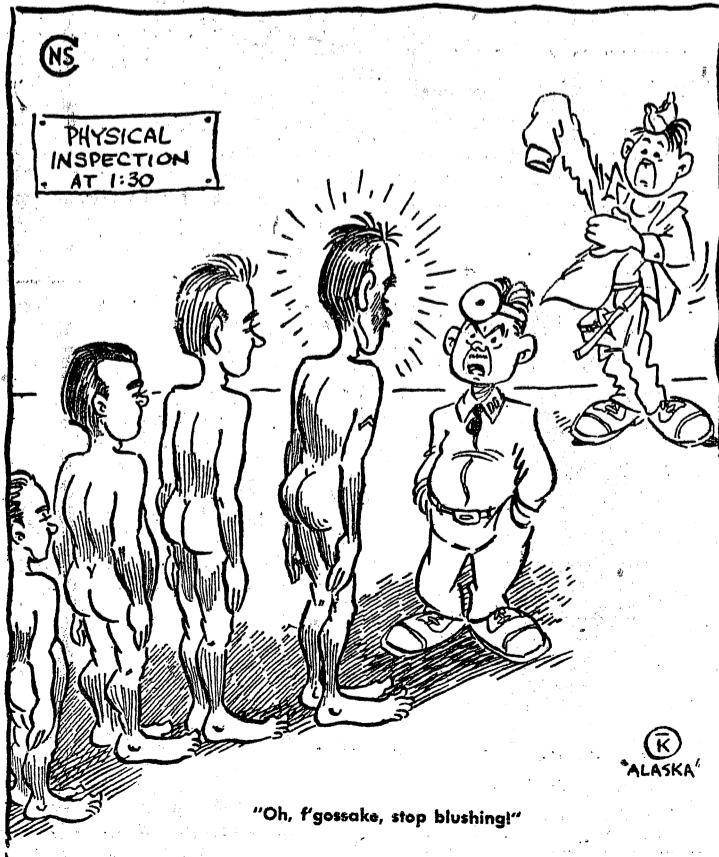
Before he left, Hoffman climbed down off his lofty perch on first base and also toed the slab in his attempt to plug the gap left in the pitching staff by the transfer of so many pitchers. He too gave a creditable performance in his new spot.

Came next the versatile Bielecky. Stepping off the keystone sack. Bielecky reared back and heaved them in; his latest game being last week against the Bendix nine.

His performance proved that second base has been stealing talent too. Winding up and letting go for nine innings, Bielecky grabbed himself a nifty four-hitter, which gave him a win. Not surprising though, when you see Bielecky step into another sport slot.

If you can remember back to the Great Winter of '42 you will recall that this same gent was the top basketball player of the Post Quintet.

Virtually every player on the team has taken on a new job in the Great Shuffle to preserve a ball team in spite of these many losses. Looking at it through those sunlasses, the nine has done right well for itself, and for coming through as well as it has in face of all their difficulties—a low bow, and a doff of the hat.



ALASKA

Mess Sgt. in Sicily Finds 'Dream' Spaghetti, Brother Here Has Had Recipe for Years

Ingredient 'Oregano' Does Trick

Mess Sergeant Salvatore Noto, kitchen king for an overseas P-40 Warhawk squadron, had to journey all the way to Sicily to find the utopian formula for spaghetti, but his brother T-4 Pasquale Noto, food fancier of Capt. Walter Single's Coast Artillery unit, found the same recipe in Brooklyn.

New York papers last week carried a story datelined North Africa telling of the wondrous new discovery in the fine Italian art of spaghetti-making, and how the men of the Warhawk squadron had found a home in their own mess hall because of the delectable dish.

According to the story, the Air Corps mess sergeant heard one day of a native Sicilian who was a superman of sauce-making and wasted no time in looking him up. The Sicilian turned out to be the mess sergeant's uncle, and the magic formula for spaghetti was passed on.

What the New York papers forgot to cover though was the rest of the story here at Fort Hancock. In a recent letter, brother Salvatore relayed the formula to brother Pasquale, but the recipe was nothing new to Pasquale. He'd been making mouths water locally with the same formula for some time.

According to the brother here, the spaghetti that beats all spaghetti gets its gastronomic delight from one ingredient, which the Sicilian sauce-maker informed his brother of. The ingredient is known as "oregano," a Sicilian spice which is sprinkled into the sauce.

Or in strictly American terminology, "Oregano" does for spaghetti what a dash of Worcestershire does to steak.

Just to take the joy out of living in Sicily, Fort Hancock's Sgt. Noto reveals that "oregano" grows wild in this country as well as in Sicily, and can be purchased with little effort at the Italian food market in Columbia street, Brooklyn.

"If the soil was a little more fertile, we could grow the stuff right here on Sandy Hook," he declares.

But regardless of how common the "magic oregano" is, the Noto manner of spaghetti-making is wowing 'em on Sandy Hook probably just as much as it is in Sicily. Members of other units on the Post have sniffed the savor emanating from the Noto mess hall and have insisted upon command performances by him at their mess halls.

Between them and their wartime culinary findings, the Noto brothers should do a big business in spaghetti following the war. Former partners in restaurants at Saratoga and Miami, the brothers plan to open a New York Italian restaurant with Broadway and bigtime their goal.

When that time comes, they'll probably advertise their spaghetti as "Sicily's secret in sauce-making." The suckers will go for the golden words, but Sandy Hookers will be appreciating Brooklyn, the place that turns out marimba bands from Buenos Aires, singing cowpunchers from south of the Rio Grande, nine men laughingly known as a ball club, and—good spaghetti.

COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

were a General. It was so dark, I...."

"That's all right, son," replied the General, "but just thank God I wasn't a second lieutenant."

Those two million coming up though have one consolation. After all, where but in the Army can a man learn that a shoulder strap is but a piece of ribbon peculiarly placed so as to prevent an attraction from becoming a sensation.

Ah-h—Magnifico!

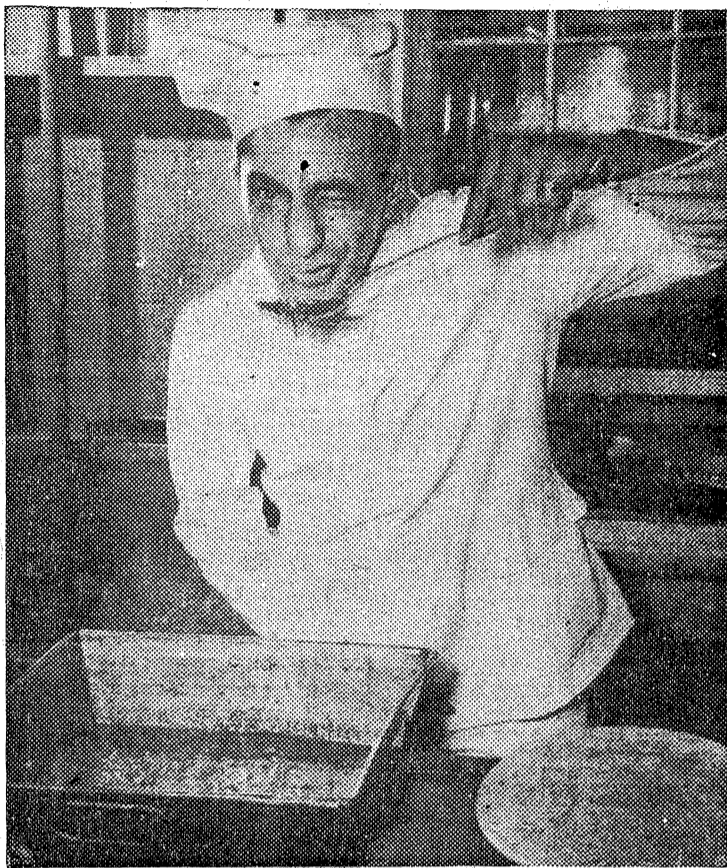


Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps
Just like brother mess sergeant and uncle make over in wartime Sicily. The only difference in the spaghetti is that the magic ingredient, "oregano", comes from Brooklyn as far as Fort Hancock is concerned, while in Sicily it comes from the fields.

275 More Sign For Insurance

As a result of an intensified insurance campaign which terminated the period in which men were eligible for insurance without physical examination, more than 275 applications for new insurance or for increased amounts of insurance have been received at Post Headquarters, it was announced this week.

Winding up the campaign, all unit insurance officers on the Post reported in the following findings:

- (1) All men under this jurisdiction have either the full amount of insurance, or:
- (2) Have been interviewed personally in order that they may sign a certificate stating they do not desire insurance, or:
- (3) They do not desire the full amount.

REDUCED GOLF RATES

The board of governors of the Rumson Country Club has voted to extend golfing privileges at special reduced rates to officers of Fort Hancock and their wives. Green fees will be 50 cents on week days and \$1 on Saturdays and Sundays, Mrs. O'Neil announced.

7,000 BOOKS

(Continued from Page 1)

Included among the first 50 books one EM pawed over were "Three Harbors" by Van Wick, Mason, "Omnibus of Crime," "Dragon Seed" by Peary Buck, "Making of Tomorrow" by deSales, "Victory Through Air Power," by deSeversky, "Life with Father," "Life with Mother," "Gone With the Wind," "Hell on Ice," and "Discovery" by Eyrd.

Many of the ebooks contained inscriptions to soldiers from the donors. Some wrote "Best of Luck" or "Hope You Like This," while others penned the note: "Give 'Em Hell."

Contrary to some belief, Victory Drive books are not meant for shelving at Post libraries but are to be given without accountability to servicemen in every branch for use in day rooms or to be read by one man and passed on to another.

The occasion being the weekly Friday night dance at the Service Club, there was little difficulty experienced getting the shipment unloaded. More than a few soldiers had come to the dance minus tickets, and their "Annie Oakley" into the dance proved to be a broad shoulder lent in carrying in the books.

Can You Experts Do This?



Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps
Claude Parmelee, nationally-known sharpshooter, showed EMs how here last week in an exhibition shoot. Parmelee riddled his target with deadly accuracy shooting carbine from the hip in a prone position. He also exhibited fire power of the M-1 Garand.

Sandy Hook Foghorn

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BETWEEN THE ACTS

Fort Hancock's Theatre Section, or what is left of it, will hit the ceiling in soldier show success this weekend when its prize production "Mail Call," judged second best play in "The Army Play by Play," concludes a two week run on Broadway.

The play still is receiving orchids from New York's dramatic critics in their "rave" columns. President Roosevelt, when he attended a command performance of the play at Hyde Park, praised the work highly. The play also was good enough to rate a two page "spread" in Life Magazine last week.

Yes, the Theatre Section flag of achievement is flying high these days—on Broadway. But its flag at Theatre No. 2 is drooping listlessly with inactivity.

Fort Hancock hasn't had a full fledged, post-wide local soldier show by the Theatre Section since February 27.

Shortly after that date, work was begun on the farce "Out of the Frying Pan." Before it was completed though, interruptions, postponements, and finally cancellation came.

The Theatre Section first took over a soldier insurance show and toured it around the Second Service Command circuit.

Then came "Mail Call." First they selected a cast and began rehearsals, then the play was sneak previewed, then came weeks of dressing it up, then followed the one night stand on Broadway, then came the command performance at Hyde Park, and finally the order was cut for a two week run on Broadway.

Simultaneously, the war also took a part. Pfc. Harry Fler, member, and Cpl. John Hampshire, director of the Theatre Section, were transferred and are now in OCS. Only bona fide member of the Theatre Section remaining is Pfc. Sonny Surat, now on Broadway with "Mail Call."

The negative answer to all this is that we'd better forget about local stage shows. There's a better answer though, a positive answer.

Since its inception, the Theatre Section has been "professional" rather than "amateur" in its personnel. With such a set-up, the group couldn't miss, and practically everything turned out in two years' time has been good enough for production anywhere.

But just because this professional touch is now lacking except for one man is no reason to fold up.

Fort Hancock is alive and brimming over with talent. True enough, this talent may be strictly "ham," but more than a few times a locally done "ham" show has brought the house down.

The last show done in February was a "ham" variety bit called "Offensively Yours." It was staged after only four days of production. Director Hampshire hadn't seen many of the acts work before they went on. But if you attended the show, you know what happened.

Nearly every act had one or more encores, and most of the acts, ad libbing their way through, carried longer than expected. As a result, a one hour show ran three hours, and the packed house could have stayed all night before its laugh appetite would have been satiated.

This is just an opinion, but we believe local shows of this type will receive just as much if not more appreciation from enlisted men than did the previous professional pieces. There may be slip-ups and miscues, but what of it? We're not dramatic critics, we're soldiers tired after a day's work ready for anything that will give us a belly-laugh.

It is also not inconceivable that plenty of dramatic talent exists on the Post that could be used in a play.

We may be wrong, but as we see it, what the Hook needs to do is roll up its sleeves, pick someone to lead the way, and start producing shows—with or without professional casts.