

# SANDY HOOK

# FOGGHORN

Third Year. Vol. 4—No. 8. Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, August 19, 1943. Published Weekly

## WAACs Join AUS, Receive Soldier Status

### They're In The Army Now



With the "A for Auxiliary" dropped, Hook WAACs became WACs Monday in brief ceremony. Being sworn in are T-5 Betty Wagner, Pvt. Betty Brown, Pvt. Margaret Faler, Pvt. Dorothy Chipperfield. In rear are Pvt. Dorothy Hall, Pvt. Helen Becker, and Pvt. Carolyn M. Thorp.

## Unit Here Sworn In Monday

"This man's Army"—time-worn forte of hard-bitten infantrymen—traded some of its punch for a GI ruffle this week when members of Fort Hancock's WAAC detachment were sworn into the Army of the United States. In a brief, military ceremony, the WAACs dropped their title of "auxiliary" and became members of the new Woman's Army Corps.

Taking place Monday on the South Parade Ground, the ceremony was enacted in the presence of Brigadier General Philip S. Gage, Commanding General, Harbor Defenses of New York, and Colonel Joseph C. Haw, Fort Commander. Capt. Roy E. Anderson, post adjutant, administered the oath—the same oath that is taken by all soldiers upon induction into the Army.

Following a brief talk by Colonel Haw, General Gage welcomed the WACs as members of the AUS and complimented them on the manner in which they have taken over duties assigned to them.

"This man's Army" has given way to "this man's and woman's Army," General Gage declared as he pointed out that the WACs here already have demonstrated they can perform certain jobs as efficiently as men.

"Mrs. Gage contends that when a woman undertakes to do something, she can do it better than a man," he said. "And I believe she has something there, for certainly in some fields women have proven they can do a better job," he added.

"I am pleased with the way the WACs have entered into the spirit of things at Fort Hancock, and I'm glad to welcome you as members of the Army," he concluded.

Following the ceremony the entire WAC detachment, under command of 2nd Officer Katherine S. Hardin, who becomes a lieutenant in the Army on September 1, passed in review before General Gage and Colonel Haw.

Since their arrival at Fort Hancock late in June, WACs have taken over a number of jobs formerly assigned to enlisted men, who have been released for field service. Now assigned to 12 different installations on the post in non-combatant duties, the WACs are working as typists, stenographers, message center clerks, file clerks, mail orderlies, truck drivers, motor repair service personnel, commissary clerks, dental assistants and secretaries.

In addition, WAC personnel are assigned to the WAC headquarters detachment as company clerks, supply sergeant, mess sergeant, cooks and office personnel. As personnel of the Army the WACs are now entitled to privileges and benefits of enlisted men, including GI insurance, franked mail and dependency allotments.

## COLUMN LEFT

This so-called global war is catching on all over, even in restaurants where it seems in a couple of a la cartes they can wrap up both hemispheres. Don't be surprised if you hear the following conversation sometime.

Waitress: Hawaii, soldier, you must be Hungary.

Customer: Yes, Siam, and I can't Rumania long either. Venice lunch ready?

Waitress: I'll Russia order. What'll you Havre?

Customer: Anything at all, but can't Jamaica little speed?

Waitress: I don't think we can Fiji that fast but Alaska chef.

Customer: Never mind asking anyone, but slip an extra Cuba sugar in the Java.

Waitress: Sweden it yourself, I'm only here to Servia.

Customer: Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am.

Waitress: No, and I don't Carib-bean.

Boss: Samoa your wisecracks. What's got India? Do you think all this arguing Alps business?

Customer: Canada noise. Spain in the neck. Abyssinia.

(This Congo on and on, but Yukon not probably stand to Lisbon to any more. Besides we may get the Kiska death for this.

Postmaster Lew Smith contributes this offering.

Drunk: I wanta send a telegram. Telegraph girl: OK, what's the message?

Drunk: "Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la."

T-Girl: You can have two more words if you wish. Would you like to add another "tra la"?

Drunk: Absolutely not. That would make it sound silly.

We can't verify it, but we heard the following incident happened at the Gate.

A rookie had been pacing up and down an hour just outside the gate when a guard decided to investigate and gave him the who-goes-there-advance-and-be-recognized routine.

The rook advanced, handed out his pass and said quaveringly: "Look, this pass says I can stay out until midnight, but it's only 11:30 and I'm tired as hell. Would it be all right for me to come in now?"

(The guard was easy on him and let him in. But the least he could have done would have been to ask the rook his general orders.)

Then there was the corporal who called a gal on the phone, and announced he was Gideon. The connection was poor and she couldn't get it, so he spelled it out.

"G as in gin, I as in ice, D for drink, E for excess, O for off duty,

## Col. Clement Leaves Hook After 1½ Years Service Here

Colonel Lucius R. Clement, Post Executive Officer and Commanding Officer of the 1225th SCSU, terminates one year and seven months of service at Fort Hancock this week

when he leaves Sandy Hook for a new post, assignment and duties. Colonel Clement has received orders transferring him to Madison Barracks, N. Y., where he will be Post Commander.

Widely known and well liked by both officers and enlisted men here, Colonel Clement has been in continuous service since 1909, a period of 34 years. He has been assigned to this Post since January, 1942.

Colonel Clement, whose home is in Buffalo, N. Y., enlisted in Co. F, 174th Inf., National Guard in 1909 and rose to the rank of sergeant. In 1917, he was commissioned a second lieutenant upon graduation from Officers' Training School at Madison Barracks.

Colonel Clement was raised to the rank of captain in 1922, to the rank of Major in 1936, and to the rank of lieutenant colonel in 1940. His promotion to rank of colonel came shortly following entrance of the United States into the war.

Colonel Clement has attended and is a graduate of the Command and Staff Course, Infantry School, this phase of training having been completed in January, 1941.

Colonel Clement and his wife, Mrs. Marian C. Clement, have one son Robert B. Clement, who is now a staff sergeant assigned in foreign service.

Highlighting several farewell social functions in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Clement was a reception



Colonel Clement

held last Sunday at the Officers Club, approximately 250 attending. The reception also honored Major T. F. McManus, of the Post hospital.

### Watch Lost

Lost: Men's Bulova watch. Broken stem, brown strap. Finder contact Mrs. Rose Dayton, PX, Ext. 23.

## Military Ball Being Planned

A Military Ball for enlisted men, climax event in the YMCA summer social season, will be held in the YMCA Gage gymnasium next Thursday night, August 26, it was announced this week. Sponsored by the Committee of Management, Army and Navy YMCA, the ball will be the first of its kind ever to be staged in the Gage gymnasium.

Present plans, now being formulated, provide for attendance of upwards of 1,000 men, more than 400 girls from cities in the Northern New Jersey area, and members of the WAAC contingent here. A large-sized crowd in the gallery just above the gymnasium floor is also anticipated.

One highlight of the ball will be a "battle of music" featuring two alternating dance bands, the Guardsmen and the Bullet Busters. The Guardsmen band will play previous to intermission, and the Bullet Buster orchestra will play following intermission.

A distinguished list of patrons and patronesses invited to attend the function is headed by Brigadier General and Mrs. Philip S. Gage and Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Haw.

The following groups of girls already are slated to be present as partners: 50 Victory Cadets from Elizabeth, N. J., 50 Junior Hostesses of Newark, 50 members of Girls Service Organization, Jersey City, 100 GSO girls from Westfield, 50 VSO girls from Rumson, 50 USO girls from Highlands, and 25 girls from Deal AWVS.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY - - -

# Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

## GUMS ROAR

By Sgt. Ray D. Knight

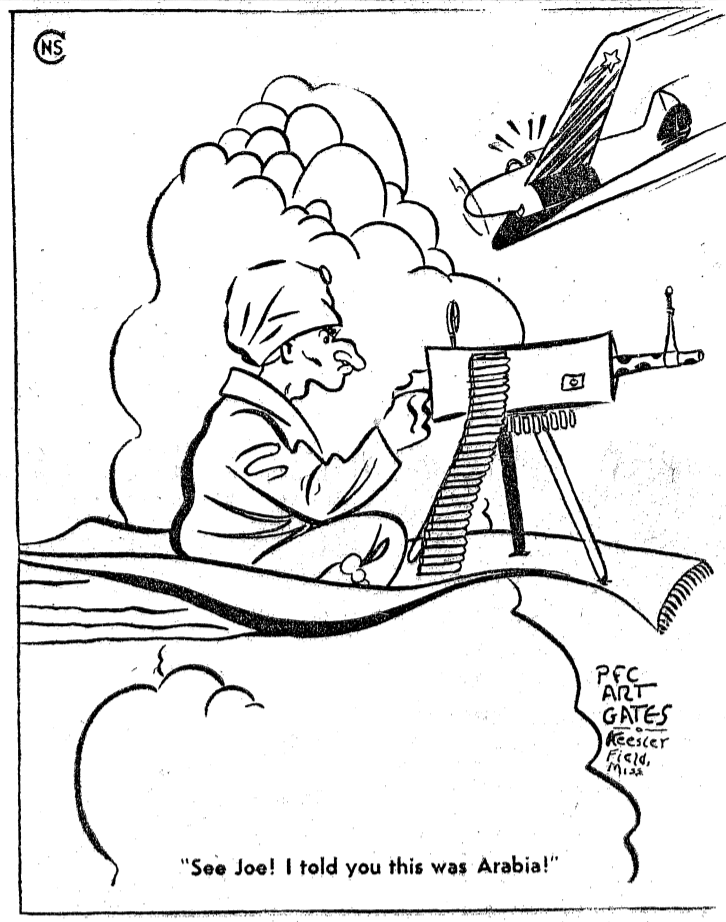
SECOND WIND: Scrapping for the moment our usual policy of anything - for - a - laugh - no - matter - how - hard - we - have - to - try, we'd like to sling a little goo and wish BOOZE BEASLEY'S ball team a lot of luck on their last lap. Booze did a fine job of remodeling and Catcher ROY ROYLANCE tells us the boys are looking good. Here's hoping they're as good as they look, which Roy says is plenty.

DOHRINNGG: According to JIMMY DORSEY and MITZI GREEN, TALLULAH'S favorite word is getting around a lot these days. They, along with SHEP FIELDS SHEPHERD, have taught it to Benny Goodman's and Tiny Hill's orchestra. So—if the drummer at the Edison for instance, dohrinnngs you, dohrinnng him back.

GUMBEATS: The be-ribboned hair SEARS ROEBUCK keeps. LIBIDO LEBREDO can tell you just where he got it. . . . COLONEL BRIDGER'S aunt. The entire battery wishes to express their sympathy over her recent illness. It occurred a few hours before his last pass ran out. . . . MOPY MABRY. The boys are wondering if he'll change his luck. . . . Attention HUNGH. DUNLAVY: Blow it. . . . Fortunate FOOTLOCK WHITLOCK. He recently had his best girl and her 15 down. . . . COON RIZZI'S school for hawks. This week it's swimming lessons. . . . EUGENE WRIGHT and PARACHUTE OSTEEN. Don't ask them what they know; they only answer that, if they knew anything, they wouldn't be where they are. . . . CONGA LINARES, back from the Ladsworth wars. He says NOSE WAN insists he did not leave Fritzie standing on her pins. . . . SHOE SHOEMAKER. He was doing up the city last week-end. . . . PHIL MOORE. Did he recently catch a swim in line of duty???

ANONY MOUSE. He says, "How about that whipping post? Boys, you'd better pull weeds." . . . DINGLEBERRY WESTBERRY. Evidently, he finds safety in numbers. . . . PEPPY PIEDMONT. He's due for a merger this week. . . . ELEVEN O'CLOCK EPSTEIN, supply room haunter. He can get along with anything but khaki. . . . STRAW SPEARS, WALTER KING, ROG KERR, and MEAT BALL STEPHAN, the Soddinaires. They were mooring at the mike the other taps. . . . SWEETMEAT SWEETMAN'S newest accomplishment, a 73-4 lb. daughter. . . . GINGER ROGERS and Beaumont Louise. Theirs will be an October wedding. . . . CUT PRICE shoving ROCKLEDGE LOCKRIDGE'S heir around—in a carriage. . . . Shut-in Dept.: APPLE GEORGE, LAWSIE WRIGHT, GREENIE GREEN, TOENAILS PAGE, and CARL INGRAM. . . . BULL DURHAM'S Canteen cutie. The heart he left there is still in good shape, or the photographer is lying. . . . BIG UN LEWIS and Co. Check with them on Thursday's goings-on. Mary nearly poemed us about them but writer's cramp got her at the last minute. . . . SANDY SANDERS. He's the new RIPCORN THOMAS. Rip is learning to pull one now. . . . Streamlined LAWRENCE SPERRY. Physical culture did it. . . . BIG MANDEAS. His real estate partner says he'll be back on the local business scene this week. . . . SNERD FURGOL'S win in the Post Golf Tournament. His picture last week made a fine successor to "The Wolf." . . . BANANA ABBATE.

For his new position he's learning to swim. . . . SPIDER WEBB. He'd lure that Newark nurse into his parlor, if he had a parlor. . . .



## BLITZERS

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

The Smart Set is all a-flutter over the coming social event of the season. The Crystal Room has been reserved for the occasion, and the Annual Dance Macabre and Clambake will be held tonight.

To assure that this one-step and a hop is carried off with the utmost decorum, the House Rules Committee has requested we publish the following rules.

All men who wear G.I. shoes are forbidden to raise their foot more than 4 inches from the floor. At the last shuffle Pvt. Gangi, the Astaire with a nightmare, so battered one of the spectators knees with the whirling hooves that she got a job the following day modeling doorknobs—by showing her knees.

Upon coming to a crowded spot in the floor (there's something else?) it is considered impolite to aim your partner for them, and plough through—and did you learn that in Pennsylvania, Sgt. Kost?

In the future, men will refrain from leaping from the balcony when the girls make their entrance. Haven't you ever seen a girl before DePietro, and you, too, Ellis. Besides, there's not enough room for three of us to jump.

No matter what they taught you in Akron, Hammond (and we can shorten that name), the Rules Committee of the Crystal Room will not permit you to chase the girls around the dance floor with a butterfly net.

We know you've never seen a mouse outside of Esquire Senior Bolton, but when the music stops you've got to break clean.

Incidentally, now is a good time to offer a blanket apology to all those whose dancing slippers we will mash tomorrow evening. Our Arthur Murray book didn't come in the morning mail. We don't suppose anybody would be interested but we're not too bad at sitting them out. No, we didn't think you'd be interested.

If you get there first—draw a cold one for us.

JOE RAY POOLE. He and Snerd are running a Brooklyn crew these days. . . . Gum-of-the-week: Watch that sheet, soldier!

## SUB NET

By Justasnooper

It's amazing how a column can, in such a short time, become so popular, and at the same time, be responsible for many men wracking their respective brains due to a grave curiosity concerning the author. We're aware of this sad predicament and, as a result, promise the name of the NET'S creator to the highest bidder. Make it worthwhile men, who knows, you may be the fair-haired boy.

SCARLET FROM FEVER—Cpl. ZIELIENSKI as self-appointed leader of PX detail, requesting that it be advertised over the GESTAPO. . . . The low slung tongues of SAPP and CASEY during restriction. . . . The commando raid of WILKES and MARCIONE. . . . cotton club fluid prompted this. . . . AMASCATO, slowly but surely, transferring STEPPES' stripes to his own arm. . . . Incidentally, STEPPES, in self-consolation, addressing DRUCKER as "Fatty". . . . LONGCARIC'S attraction at Coney Island. . . . The overstayed errand of Abe Abrian. . . . The reason, the hardship of relieving a jeep of a pungent odor due to the gnashing of bottles. . . . HINES threatening to escort PERRIN on a journey through Greenwich Village. . . . The monthly wash of Lt. Bogan. . . . DEACON acting as pupil to Lt. Zerbach's lesson on crane driving. . . . Sgt. BUTLER and his anxiety for nickels to secure cokes. . . . They're only chasers, Sarge. . . . The B. C. sending out an S.O.S. for Crusher Casey.

4F FACT—C. SCOTT and his entrance to the order of the benedicts. . . . Likewise, SUSAT. . . . Are they intended better halves 20-20? . . . We wonder. . . . WESTON'S bed appearing in the lost and found column. . . . The one-woman soldier wolfing it at the Service Club. . . . His first name begins with ELMER. . . . Bashful FREEMAN very reluctant to appear for physical inspection. . . . MOORE looking beat up after self-authorized furlough. . . . The maneuvering of NELSON prior to tent pitching. . . . The footbath being used as ammunition in the battle of McCORT and STEVENS. . . . PERCEY as McCUBBIN'S alarm clock and no fish as usual. . . . BENNETT finally coming out of his shell. . . . It's time to haul a yawl. . . . S'long. . . .

## TROOPERS

By Pvt. Allan Archibald

Contrary to quite prevalent rumors this will definitely not be the last time this column will appear on this page. Darn it, folks, there will probably be a lot more. Now it can be told:

The eve of Friday the 13th proved to be a most gala night for the lads and lassies from these parts. From all outward appearances some gremlin or other must have switched the 3.2 and substituted high octane in its stead. Yea, chum, there were some high powered antics and they weren't all accidents.

Both T-5 "Flying Home" Jones and Marion "My Wife" Griffin went through most ungraceful acrobatics on the hardwood with their fair partners. Queried afterwards by your demon reporter, as to why he didn't assist the bewildered damsel to her feet, Senor Griffin blandly replied, in sotto voce, "She wuz too heavy!" And they use caterpillars to run tanks, too.

Smooth suave F. Johnson wooed a cute and winsome miss in commendable fashion. Crozier and Jones put on a wowing dance act. Cpl. Nurse rippled the ivories to the tune of "Body and Soul," with much finesse. All night long the jam ban provided excellent music.

Col. Haw dropped in to share the festive atmosphere for a while.

Sgt. Booze, our mess sarge, received the plaudits and congrats of all and sundry. He's on his way to Cook and Baker's school, don't you know. Before the revelry began, Batts passed out the seegars; he's a proud papa, of course. And at 12, just like Cinderella, everyone went home.

Benjamin came back from furlough somewhat befuddled as to fundamentals of flank movements. Two hours later, his mind cleared though. Why do they call Dave Frisby "Junior". Hart's new nickname is reminiscent of Topper. What's more—that gentleman can no longer eat with the fury of old, simply because he can't get it on his plate or on any other place.

The Post baseball team has recruited Hallie Coleman. We now look for them to sink deeper into the cellar.

Henry "The Hop" Hoppin has his eye on a trek down the middle aisle with Madison's Martha, even though she did disappoint him Thursday night. Hyndman is still bucking for Section 8 and doing a good job. Le Roy Thompson's birthday saw a fruit cake disappear in the record time of 2½ seconds.

The incident of the week, however, occurred on the rifle range when "General Potter" overestimated his rank, much to his chagrin. It seems that the person who gave an order over the field phone was actually the person he said he was. Now it can be told:

"COLUMNS ARE WRITTEN BY FOOLS LIKE ME, But this is the end—as you can see."

## O P R

The following verse was submitted this week by Fort Hancock's "hello girls," telephone operators whose work at the switchboard although unpublicized constitutes their "bit" in the war.

Although I'm not a WAC or WAVE, MARINE, WAF, WIRE or SPAR—I am the girl that helps 'em all, For I'm an O-P-R.

I plug the calls that speed the bombs, Build planes, and ships, and tanks—To keep 'em flying, floating, fighting—I'm plugging for the Yanks!

I wear no uniform, you say, To glorify my task; I need no uniform, I say, A headset's all I ask.

Although I'm not a WAC or WAVE, MARINE, WAF, WIRE or SPAR—I am the girl that helps 'em all, For I'm an O-P-R.

## BEAVERS

By Insufficient Vision

SOCIAL NOTE: inner circle of the Hunts Club me. at Topkick Sanson's nouse last week and every week—among those present were the Sansons and the Hunts Club.

SUN DAY IN THE DAY ROOM—Mrs. Marciano beating George at ping-pong.

Stanley Palishen, Regan and Perrino inhaling a few jit beers at Pub. No. 3.

Sgt. Handsome One Scanlon asks if you have salvageable A's and B's. Schlegal is still isolated.

Ed Marra is still getting the needles from California.

Congrats to Bokus, Koehler and Koskus for their new type of pursuit mosquito bred at great expense.

"Rebel" Anthony has an interest in Sick and Wounded. Don't tear it, save the whole piece.

It is rumored that "Bridget" Flynn is aspiring to become a private with class.

We found out where Bud Williams gets the shellac for his No. 18 items.

We've got a little list and none of them would be missed.

Emil Guadalcanal Sabol has his heart in Florida. Her name is Mary and Emil will go to that place on Saturday morning to see if he can get a direct transfer—we'll miss the little guy.

Daily Dialog: Queener: "Have I got any mail today?"

The little man: "What's your name?"

Queener: Queener."

Little Man: "You got a big package."

Queener: "Package of what?"

Little Man: "Jelly Beans."

Who is that Cpl. who squiged 46 beautiful bouncing bosomly babes from Bloomingdale through the hospital? Of course—his name is Yank.

## MAMMA'S PETS

By Ted Friedrich

I've just returned from furlough (some of the guys say I look it, too) but I did have a fine time. You meet the funniest people on a furlough, though. For instance, there was the girl who was playing a bit in a Broadway musical.

She really didn't care what uniform she was with as long as she had the opportunity to talk about herself. Anyway, her conversation went something like this. "You know I've been told I really have a fine voice, one that has the warmth and range to make me a big star. I really (every time she uttered that word it sounded like "rally") don't care too much about my becoming a star, I really haven't the ambition but I suppose I'll succeed despite myself. I really have such a swell part in the show and I do suppose I'll be here for so long. But really I've talked enough about myself—what do you think about me? At this point I collapsed!

But enough about my adventures. Coming back to the company I found a brand new bunch of rumors, "Klim" with a haircut that looked as if it had been cut with a lawn mower, Sid Gallerstein still talking about his B.B.A. degree he earned at a correspondence school and Acting Sgt. Douglas counting the number of days, hours and minutes until he is relieved at the guardhouse.

If you bump into Tommy Herman ask him to tell you of his unusual hobby. After three days of trying to get Stan Jasinski to say something he finally broke down and exclaimed "I wonder when I'm going on pass"? Success!



# Newcomer Pitches No-Hit, No-Run Game

Idea

## of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

Seventy-one and 75, or 146, or Cpl. Martin A. Furgol—anyone of them spell Fort Hancock's 1943 enlisted men's golf champ. Last week this Miami Beach pro turned the tournament into a one-man exhibition by taking the match by the amazing margin of 25 strokes.

That proved to be the best brand of golf seen around this loop in a long time, but in spite of that it was by no means Furgol's best. We think this Bullet Buster who hails from Florida could better that mark almost any old Tuesday you name.

G.I. shoes are just the things for long marches, banging nails into the wall and pounding on the floor to quiet those latrine lawyers who hold forth in loud tones after lights out, but we don't think these bilious brogans will become the fashionable golf shoe.

Furgol slithered and clumped his way around the 36 holes in just that footwear though. Being unable to dig in, he was getting a pivot with his shots, that included his feet.

This pirouette he completed with every shot finally raised a beautiful set of blisters, but this didn't stop Mr. Furgol who removed his shoes and played the last three holes in his bare feet! Then taking into account that this was a strange course to him—you should have the same figures we have and your ledger should show Furgol to be the best golfer among the enlisted men of the Post, and that without too much trouble he could chop strokes off his tourney score.

You can add to things we would like to see—Cpl. Furgol matched against the top golfer among the officers of the Post to see who is the head golf man of the Hook.

We see where Ford Frick, president of the National League, has given the frown to bean-balling, or more specifically, "body-balling." Body balling, a cricket term, is evidently not cricket in baseball.

Les Werber of the Dodgers was the first victim when he got the bite for 100 fish for tossing two sub-bean-balls at the Cardinals' Stan Musial that burned in somewhere between where his knees and the letters on his shirt had been a few seconds before.

By Frick's decision, a ball player's head is not necessarily the most valuable part of his anatomy, a contention many people have been advancing for years.

What with all this horsemeat being served on the silver platter as the family roast these days, horse-shoes have become a glut on the market. Ever since we slipped our number 12's into the G. I. oxford, we have been horseshoe conscious, and it is with that spirit we offer a solution for these neglected shoes.

A Post horseshoe pitching tournament. We have had the thought—now let's have the tournament. Incidentally, did you ever stop to think that this is the only type of tournament in which "ringers" are not only permissible, but are very welcome? You did? Well, we just thought we'd mention it.

HEY, TOOTS!

An MP stopped a WAC sergeant when she failed to salute a group of second lieutenants.

"Would you have saluted," she asked, "if they called you 'Toots'?"

The Wolf

by Sansone

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## Two Tennis Tournaments Now Underway After Slow Start

Dormant all summer because of an apparent lack of interest, Fort Hancock tennis this week began buttering the bread on both sides as two separate tournaments opened

up, one being sponsored by the Post and the other by the YMCA.

One week's jump ahead, the Post tourney already has played through part of a first round. Cpl. Hazen is a first round winner over Cpl. Tarlow, 2nd Officer Katherine S. Hardin has defeated Major Walter A. Heesch, Mrs. Edward C. Rogers has defeated Lt. Anastasia Pavlovich, Lt. Friedrich Stappeler has defeated Major Irwin D. Kuntz, and Pvt. Carolyn Thorp has defeated T-5 Betty Wagner.

Open to all officers, WAC officers, Nurses, enlisted men and civilians on the Post, the tourney has a candidate field of approximately 30 and probably will run two or three weeks before the finals.

Meantime, the YMCA's long awaited Enlisted Men's Tennis Tournament, originally set for June and delayed since that time, finally shaped up this week with a field

### Pete Scalzo to Attend Boxing Bouts Sept. 1

Fort Hancock's boxing bouts with Camp Shanks on September 1 will include the usual extras in the way of celebrities and special features, according to announcement this week by fight manager, Cpl. Rosenberg.

Pete Scalzo, a former featherweight champion of the world, and Paul Doyle, former welterweight title contender, will be present as honorary referees, while Sammy Aaronson, member of the 1924 U. S. Olympic team, will be referee.

Although arrangements are incomplete, top specialty of the bouts is expected to be a talk by a Navy veteran.

### GRACE MOORE CONCERT

Grace Moore, leading lyric soprano in the nation today, formerly scheduled to appear here, will sing at Ocean Grove, N. J., at 8:30 p. m. this Saturday in a concert believed to be her last before going overseas for performances before the armed forces.

Miss Moore's concert will be free, and the Special Service office will furnish transportation to any men wishing to attend. For transportation call 302.

of 16 entries. This tourney is run under the supervision of William Forbes, YMCA physical director.

With play set to open tonight, the following pairings have been set up: Pvt. Harold Klusky vs. Pvt. Claude R. Jones, S-Sgt. Harold M. Claflin vs. Cpl. John Toth, Cpl. William F. Tarlow vs. Pfc. Melvin Hill, Pfc. George Stanley vs. Cpl. John Brett, T-5 James W. Presley vs. Pvt. James A. Cummings, Carl W. Hanson vs. Pvt. Alan Kayes, T-5 Jerome Jacoby vs. Pfc. Alfred E. Dobbs, Pfc. Floyd Kaufman vs. Cpl. Freeman B. Hazen.

Play will be held at convenience of players, men of each pairing being requested to contact one another as to time of play.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

### THURSDAY

YMCA Highlands VSO canteen at 5 p. m.  
YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p. m.  
YMCA home game night, ladies from Rumson at 8 p. m.  
Service Club entertainment, singing. Hostesses from New York and Weston.

"Du Barry Was a Lady," with Red Skelton, Lucille Ball, Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. A must. At Theatre No. 1, 6.30 and 8.30 p. m. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p. m.

### FRIDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen at 5 p. m.  
YMCA informal games at 8 p. m.  
Service Club weekly hop. Hostesses from Newark, Brooklyn, N.Y.C.

"Du Barry Was a Lady," at Post Theatres.

### SATURDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 5 p. m.  
YMCA movies at 6 and 8 p. m.  
YMCA lobby sing at 7.30 p. m.  
Service Club informal party and dance.

"Pittsburgh," with Marlene Dietrich and Randolph Scott. Revival at Post Theatres.

### SUNDAY

YMCA Rumson VSO canteen at 1 p. m.  
YMCA Gospel sing at 6.30 p. m.

## Bud Haver is New Find; Club Takes 3 Straight

"We got a new baby;"

That was the jubilant, joyous theme song of a rejuvenated Fort Hancock baseball team this week after Pvt. Ellsworth (Bud) Haver, the answer to a diamond dream, stepped to the mound for his first time Tuesday and pitched a no-hit, no-run ball game against Camp Kilmer.

The 9-0 triumph, featured by almost air-tight support as well as perfect pitching, was the third straight for the Hook nine since reorganization last week-end and gave ample indication that the new leaf being turned over is going to amount to a lot more than small potatoes before the season closes.

Haver, a slight, shy G.I. two weeks old on the Hook, heard last week that the team needed a pitcher, and although he'd never pitched before, he volunteered to play. Player-manager Hal Beasley, acting on a hunch, handed him the mound

assignment, and never did a hunch work out so well.

Haver allowed no runs, no hits, no walks, struck out six men, and scored one run himself. Only two men got on base, one to second and one to first on errors. Aside from the two errors by outfielder Lt. James Taylor and first sacker Sgt. Rudy Bielecky, Haver was backed up with the best of support.

All told, the Hook nine piled up 14 hits, Beasley and Bielecky getting four apiece, second baseman Al Bleyman getting three, and Heider, Shiles, and Capt. Tracy Maero banging out one each. Beasley had the best day at the plate with one double and three singles.

## Tyro Mitt Show Appears Doomed

Plans for a Post-wide novice boxing tournament, to be fashioned after the national Golden Gloves tourneys, appeared ready for the wastebasket this week when Cpl. Herb Rosenberg, fight manager, declared that unless more entries come in during the next week the proposed tournament will have to be called off.

When the tourney was first announced three weeks ago, approximately a dozen men registered, but despite repeated attempts to stimulate more interest, no more entries have come in, Cpl. Rosenberg pointed out.

The tourney originally was slated to get underway in September following a month of training during August. Plans included a grand finale climax with celebrities in boxing present and with awarding of trophies to winners as highlight.

The Hook fight manager said this week he would hold the tournament open one more week. If enough entries to justify the tourney have not been received then, the boxing show will be written into the books as a false start.

Bunching its hits beautifully, Fort Hancock scored four runs on three hits in the second, two runs on three hits in the fourth, one run on two hits in the sixth and two runs on four singles in the eighth.

Haver, the "find" of the year, formerly played shortstop for Huntington, W. Va., in the Middle Atlantic league and for the Flemington, N. J., Merchants team, semi-pro champion outfit.

Manager Beasley pulled not one but two rabbits out of the hat this week in the way of pitchers. Another "find", plenty promising, is Pvt. Hallie Coleman, uncovered Monday in the gam against Neptune Coast Guard.

Coleman struck out six, walked three, got one hit himself, and was responsible for two runs as the team chalked up a 5-4 triumph.

Once again showing pinch power, the Hook nine beat the C.G. in the ninth inning. Trailing 4-3, Coleman, Mills, Bielecky and Beasley combined at the plate to bring in two runs. Fort Hancock had scored one in the second, one in the sixth and one in the seventh prior to that point.

First win in the streak of three was over Otis Elevator nine on Sunday, final tally reading 8-2. In an easy-picking, Hancock pushed over three in the first, one in the third, and four in the sixth. Otis, in a brief rally, scored two runs in the ninth but stopped short there.

Diamond-Dot-Dash: With two new pitchers and a clicking club, Player-Manager Beasley commented this week: "We'll have a game average of .500 by September 1." With the standing now 26 won, 34 lost, three tied, the club must win 11 out of the next 14 games.

Beasley continued his sensational pace setting with six hits in 15 trips to the plate. He is batting .424, has a total of 14 doubles, and has a record of 25 stolen bases.

Only home one on deck will be Fort Monmouth here Tuesday. Haver will get his second shot at the mound Sunday when he faces American Legion of South Orange, N. J. Opposing will be Larry French, former Brooklyn south-paw.

### COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

and N for necking. Do you get it now?"

"Well, not all of it, but c'mon over anyhow."

Wolf of the Week: "I've never seen so many wolves in jeeps roving."

Break.

# War Bond Sales Since Inception Hit \$219,283

Fort Hancock personnel, including officers, enlisted men and civilians, have purchased a sum total of \$219,283 worth of U. S. War Savings Bonds and an inestimable amount of War Savings Stamps since inception of the bond and stamp program, it was revealed this week following a cursory survey of figures from the post office and the Post War Bond office.

Despite the fact that direct sales at the post office have been curtailed by the Bond office's payroll deduction plan, the post office still leads sales. Total purchase sales at the post office to date are \$89,138 while purchase sales through the Bond office are \$86,289. These figures plus maturity value comprise the total sum.

Monthly postoffice purchase sales average \$3,300, attain a maximum of \$9,581.25, and drop to a low of \$168.75. The maximum was reached in June 1942 one month after inception of payroll deduction, and the low was hit in July 1941.

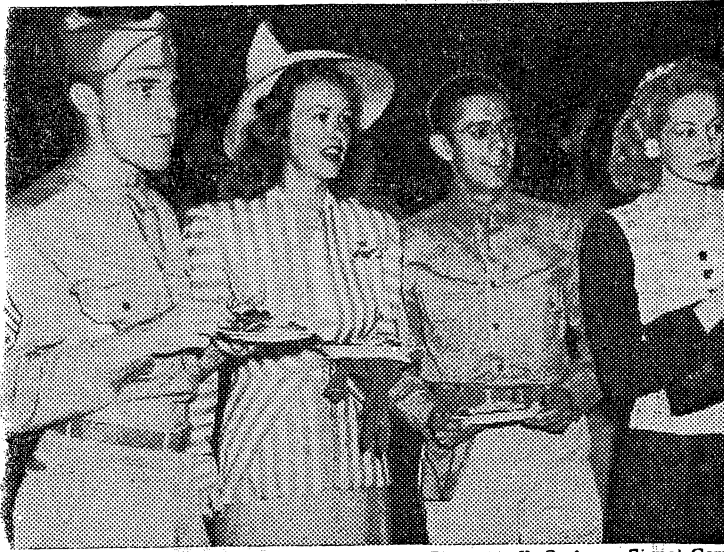
The present "E" series began in May 1941 and from that time until December 1941, sales ran in the low hundreds. Following the attack on Pearl Harbor however, sales jumped into the thousands class and have remained there since.

The last three six month periods dating from January 1942 have run consistently high, each period drawing roughly about \$25,000.

Although bulwark in sales is achieved by small but steady purchases, high purchases have aided considerably in the campaign here. Individuals ranking at the top in purchases are Major Goodman, formerly of the Station Hospital, Major Herbert L. Frapwell, Post Engineer, Major Nicholas R. Locascio, Station Hospital, Nathan Bresler, ex-soldier now of Brooklyn, Fire Chief Leo Kaiser, Max Duze, Post tailor, Pvt. J. Wjondoloski, formerly of the Medics, and Thomas Phillips, civilian employee.

T-3 Clay Marsh, of the Post Personnel office, was the first to purchase an "E" series bond on the Post in May, 1942. One of the regular bond a month customers at the post office is T-4 Vincent A. Caslow, Blitzter.

## 2 Lucky Soldiers Meet 2 Terrific Gals at GI Chow



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Fort Hancock EMs gone big time are Staff Sgt. Tommy Smith and Pvt. Eddie Kramer, members of the cast of "Mail Call," now a best on Broadway. Sandwiched between them on the chow line are Margaret Lindsay and Paula Stone. The Sandy Hookers also hobnobbed with other stage and screen stars at a backstage GI chow dinner last week at the Martin Beck theatre.

## James Melton, Met Star, Will Appear Here Wednesday

James Melton, popular radio tenor and last season's debut artist at the Metropolitan Opera, will appear here at 8 P. M. in Theatre No. 2 next Wednesday as guest star in an especially arranged USO Camp concert.

Supporting Melton will be Genevieve Rowe, radio and concert singer. Piano accompanist for both artists will be Robert Hill, husband of Genevieve Rowe. Miss Rowe is most widely known for her appearance on the radio show, "American Album of Familiar Music."

Melton's career began in radio when he was a member of the Revelers Quartet. Some years later

he was signed to make a picture, "Stars Over Broadway," a Warner Brothers production. In the movie Melton was cast as a night club singer who becomes serious in his music and eventually is successful enough to sing in the Metropolitan Opera.

Melton objected to the part, insisting it was too incredulous. Ironically, Melton lived the part he objected to, his debut in the Metropolitan coming seven years later.

## Soldiers, WACs Learn Carries in Lifesaving

Fort Hancock has been making swimming experts as well as rifle experts this summer, and a plan inaugurated in June designed to supply one or more lifeguards to every unit is now beginning to bear fruit. A class of 35 shortly will complete the lifesaving course under Cpl. Herbert Rosenberg, instructor.

Graduates of last year's lifesaving class, also under Cpl. Rosenberg, this summer are fulfilling roles as guards at the Hook beaches. This year's graduates will reinforce these guards as soon as they have completed training.

Going through a final workout in the West End, N. J. Hollywood pool with Cpl. Rosenberg directing from the springboard are: Sgt. Leslie Myers demonstrating chin carry on Pvt. Carolyn Thorp; Pvt. Frances Reynolds with tired swimmers' carry on Pvt. Harold Jordan, T-5 Betty Woodin with hair carry on Pvt. William Cairns, Pfc. Raymond Czachawski with head carry on Pvt. Hazel Keylor, and Chief Warrant Officer H. Lloyd with cross chest carry on Pvt. Helen Becker.

—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps



# Sandy Hook Foghorn

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, August 19, 1943.

## END BEFORE THE END

This is the week when a few among us swap marching cadence for route step, khakies for a blue pin stripe, the life of a soldier for the life of a civilian.

This is the week when men who have sounded off about the Army are having their bluff called. In the midst of their sounding off, they are being given a decision to make—and faced with the sudden fork in the road, they are hesitating.

Why are they hesitating? They were so sure of themselves before. That damn whistle at 6 a. m., the gig when you wanted a pass, the mess sergeant who picked you to clean the stove when on KP, the long hot hikes in the summer, the cold watches in the winter—these things are not for me. That's what they said.

But as they board the Chauncey, they won't be rushing for the seats. They'll pick a quiet spot at the rail and watch the shoreline of Sandy Hook slip away in the distance that never again will be traveled.

The last thing they'll see vanishing before them will be the Sandy Hook lighthouse. That final speck on the horizon won't be reminding them of whistles, inspections, and gigs. No, they'll be thinking not how lucky they are, but how lucky those soldiers are they left behind.

They'll think of the beat of a drum. The beat that made the blood race and the heart pound when they marched in review. The beat that has more morale than all the camp shows combined. The beat that one day will become an ominous, deadly roll as Hitler ascends the scaffold. They won't be in on that.

They'll think of those long, drab columns turning, flanking, obliquing, the dozen left legs swinging out as one and the slightly perceptible dip that adds to smartness just before coming to a halt.

They'll think of an Army, minus Pvt. John Jones, that one day will come marching home with a song of victory on its lips and the confetti of blood-earned pride sprinkled on its shoulders. Pvt. Jones on the sidelines may sing in exultation by himself, but he'll be singing a borrowed theme.

The men who are leaving for the showers before the game is over will need a heart of cold steel to hold back regret. They may have a brother in Alaska, a friend in Sicily, a pal that died at Bataan. What the brother, the friend and the pal fight and die for, they will cheer for from the stands.

This is no aspersion on those departing. They came in handicapped, they did the job assigned them, they fulfilled tasks in some cases probably more difficult for them than for others. They've done their bit they were called for. They've earned their discharge.

Yet when the final moment comes, they still cannot rationalize the tinge of remorse, the dry tear that doesn't come but is still there.

The fighting man, who will stay with his rifle until the end, is reading this with tongue in cheek. "Golden words but a lot of bunk," he says. "I'll take a discharge anytime."

But the sureness of his speech and the mockery of his tone belie his heart which he knows will beat out the cadence of a nation's strength until that strength has won out over the adversary.

C'mon you lucky soldiers . . . FALL IN!

## Foghorn Moves

Office of the Sandy Hook Foghorn has been moved to new quarters in the Harbor Defense building No. 26, diagonally across the street from the YMCA.

Units are requested to pick up papers at the Harbor Defense building. Salvo writers also are requested to leave columns at the new office.