

SANDY HOOK FOGHORN

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, December 16, 1943.

Published Weekly

Diversified Orientation Hits Program Peak

COLUMN LEFT

Being of a somewhat thrifty nature, subtitled "Whose Got a Cigarette, the PX Doesn't Open until Ten," we haven't played Santa Claus ever since the time the Sunday School Superintendent took sick and we had to substitute as St. Nick at the annual Epworth League Christmas party.

However, probably because we handed out so many five dollar bills in the grid prediction contest this fall, more than a few letters addressed to Santa hit our desk this week. Still being of a thrifty nature, or "Stop Kicking. I'll Buy You a Pack," we make haste to turn these letters over to that Spendthrift of Special Service, Cpl. Nietupski. Stop hiding, behind that clean shave, Nietupski; we know you're Santa Claus even without the whiskers.

Dear Santa: (alias Nietupski)

I am a WAC at Fort Hancock. I am tall and langorous. I have beautiful blue eyes, beautiful blonde hair, and even a GI uniform looks well on me. All the boys on the post would give an arm to have a date with me, but I go around with a guy who is taller, darker and more handsome than the rest. I like my job, I get all the passes. I want, and life generally is just peachy.

By the way, what the hell am I writing to you for? You should be writing to me, you punk!

Dear Santa:

I am the guy, taller, darker, and more handsome than the rest, who is top man with the gorgeous blonde WAC. Like her, I don't need a thing. So don't come sliding down my chimney or hers either. I got enough trouble with these wolves around here.

Dear Santa:

I have been a good boy all year, and thus I know you will take care of me. However, I have a problem. We have inspection listed for Christmas Day, and how can I hang up my stocking when for inspection it must be neatly rolled in the footlocker?

(Ed. Note: Santa Claus is good to the Army, you dope. Don't hang up your stocking; hang up your barracks bag.)

Dear Santa:

I am a second lieutenant. Please send me one gift-wrapped edition of Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends."

Dear Santa:

I am a member of the Headquarters Detachment. Please send me a new steel helmet. Plans and Training being what it is these days, I have worn out my old helmet.

Dear Santa:

I am a civilian girl and can hardly wait until my next birthday when I'll be old enough to join the WACs. As a Christmas present I'd like you to fix it up so I can be assigned to Fort Hancock as I want to be a technical sergeant.

Dear Santa:

I am a Service Club wolf. Shoot me a case of Vitamin B-1.

Dear Santa:

I am a PX waitress. Things are

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No Dimout, Post Plans Festive Yule

With the aid of a little snow, the Yuletide spirit should burn brightly this year on Sandy Hook. That was the indication this week, at least, as various service agencies of the post, unhampered for the first time by a dimout, began laying plans for a gala holiday season.

Although there will be no outdoor community Christmas tree, many lighted Christmas trees and window decorations indoors in various buildings will lend a festive touch lacking last year. The Main Gate will be outlined by a colored light display during the holiday season.

The YMCA will sound off the season next Monday night with a Christmas decorating party. Other events scheduled are a Christmas dance Tuesday night, the annual Christmas Eve party Friday night, a special Christmas Eve service from 11 p. m. to midnight in the Y, conducted by Post Chaplain Moore R. Miller, and a "Wassail Bowl" open house Christmas afternoon.

YMCA lobby decorations will include a 12 foot tree, window wreaths, cotton "snow" on mantels and tables, and a huge wall decoration, consisting of a large "V" above the "Manger Scene." Under the Christmas tree will be some 300 gifts, donated by girls who attended the Thanksgiving formal dance. The gifts will be distributed to men attending the Christmas Eve party.

On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, the YMCA will broadcast 20 minute programs of Christmas carols and religious music on a loudspeaker system. Last year, the carols could be heard the full distance of the parade grounds.

The Young People's Society tonight will continue rehearsals at the Post Chapel for mass caroling around the Post which will take place Christmas Eve. The group will tour the Post for two hours serenading various installations.

The Service Club, likewise decorated in full Yule regalia, will begin its Christmas observance De-

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Former Guadalcanal GI Knows His 'Orientation—He Was There

Lt. Michael J. Hack, Jr., HDNY orientation officer whose soft voice carries the big stick of a Guadalcanal diary, probably will have a white Christmas this year, but he'll never forget the white Christmas he didn't have December 25, 1942.

Last Christmas on Guadalcanal, the temperature was an even 120 degrees in the shade. Lt. Hack, then a sergeant gun commander, was fox holed in with his 12 man gun crew in the heart of the jungle. The crew came from Tennessee, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Texas, New Jersey and New York.

The gunners had chopped down what looked like an evergreen tree and were hoping for a lull in battle so that they could set it up. The break came in the afternoon. They set up the tree, decorated it with crumpled balls of paper, wild bananas, coconuts, pineapples, cans of C ration, and two bottles of hair tonic (best drink available). A large piece of red ribbon available was tied around a shell. The shell was the only Christmas present. It was marked "To Tote—with Love." They fired it immediately after the party.

This was Lt. Hack's "white Christmas" last year, and it's just one of the many reasons why he starts his orientation lecture with the remark: "If it wasn't for the Japs, the mosquitos, the malaria, the heat, the sun, the man eating sharks, the diseased natives, and the stench, Guadalcanal would be a nice place to live."

No one sleeps during Lt. Hack's lectures, and there's no need to ask why. His experiences related are first hand, his vivid narrative of fighting life on the Pacific isle makes the GI's hair stand on end, and his own personal story carries more than enough sting to punch home the purpose of orientation—that training is the only payoff in battle.

Lt. Hack entered the Army in the Coast Artillery branch, and like many others, figured he'd fight a Coast Artillery war. Then things popped. He was shipped to Australia in January 1942, where he learned warfare the infantry way. Then his outfit pulled out for New

HD Troops Becoming War Wise

Army orientation, long a fixture in the new Army but not stepped up in importance until this fall, is now hitting full stride among HDNY personnel, and the program has clicked in popularity to the extent that new ideas are originating from the men themselves.

Designed on a fivefold plank of informing men why they are fighting, who they are fighting against, what pride in an outfit means, and knowing news and its significance, the program as employed among HDNY troops includes such devices as competition, dramatics, personal experience anecdotes and small scale newspaperwork in attempt to maintain popularity.

Probably most popular among the men are personal experiences related in discussion form by officers and men returned from combat theatres. Presently topping the list in this department are Lt. Michael J. Hack, former gunnery sergeant on Guadalcanal, whose foxhole experiences are holding audiences at peak attention, and Sgt. Frank Thomas, who for eight months was assigned to a transport traveling between the United States and the African theatre of war.

On deck as a new program lure is an illustrated discussion-lecture on enemy uniforms, insignia, etc. Combined with the talk is a display of captured German uniforms.

Each HDNY unit now boasts an orientation bulletin board, generally six by eleven feet in size. Posted on the boards daily and weekly are news maps, world maps, war theatre maps with pins to set the battle lines as they change, and a variety of newspaper clippings.

Also a highlight of the bulletin boards is the "Daily War News," by-product "newspaper" in miniature which has sprung out of the program. Each regiment daily writes a consolidated precis of war news, has it mimeographed and places it on display for the men to read.

During the regular one-hour orientation period each week, a variety of subjects discussed include "Hitler's Headaches," the "Bazooka," personal problems that confront enlisted men, and the many topics directly concerned with the progress of the war.

Motion picture films comprise the bulwark of orientation, main ones shown thus far being the "Battle of Britain," the "Battle of Russia," the "Prelude to War," the "Nazis Strike," and "Divide and Conquer."

The Bullet Buster organization to date claims the orchid for originality and innovation in the program. Following each orientation period, a test on war news is taken by each man. According to the grade he receives on his test, the examinee is given an extra pass



LT. HACK

Caledonia, where he received training in the last phase expected—engineering.

On November 2, 1942, his field artillery gun crew landed on Guadalcanal, or more precisely on a six mile strip of beachhead held by the Marines. His outfit, a 155 mm gun crew, went into immediate action, which saw Jap artillery either demolished or driven out. Action was continuous until January 1943 and intermittent from that point on.

Lt. Hack's gun crew, under Marine command and the first Army unit on Guadalcanal, fought a total of seven months on the island. During those seven months, his men made the foxhole their home, "prayed more in the foxholes than they had all the rest of their lives," underwent more than 150 air raids, had a diet of powdered eggs, powdered milk, coconuts, bananas, and pineapples, discovered that Jap atrocities are mostly true and showed the Jap that two could play that game, and learned one lesson above all others: the only good Jap is a dead one.

Though every day was worth a medal, it took only one morning's neat work to gain the outfit a unit citation from the President. During that one morning beginning at 5 a. m. and ending before noon, the gun sergeant's crew sunk one Jap transport attempting to send supplies ashore, crippled another, blew up three Jap anti-aircraft positions, and killed and wounded 5,000 Japs. More than 150 rounds of high explosive ammunition were used in accomplishing the deed.

Telling of Jap atrocities, Lt. Hack claims the Japs took delight in bayonet butchering captured prisoners as a means of recreation, and this was one reason why few Marines were taken prisoners.

"The Marines, however, proved that two could play that game, only they always had a purpose," he

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Auditions To Be Held Wednesday For Major Bowes' Amateur Show

Major Bowes' talent-searching safari, ever on the quest for something new, something different, will roll into Fort Hancock on its third visit next Wednesday, it was announced this week by Special Service.

Throughout the day, a representative of Major Bowes' Enterprises will audition all types of vocal and instrumental talent, group and individual, orthodox and unorthodox, at Theatre No. 2.

Following the same plan used in previous visits, about 20 separate acts will be selected for appearance on a Fort Hancock Amateur Night in Theatre No. 2. Date of this show will be announced later.

Final seeding of contestants will be made on basis of audience appeal

at the show, and according to popularity acts will be selected for appearance January 20, 1944 on the national hookup Major Bowes' radio show.

Winners selected will receive \$50 in cash, a free trip to New York and \$5 expenses for three days.

Two acts, PFC. Harry Fleet, haritone balladeer, and a Swing Sextet of the Guardsmen band, were selected for radio appearances when the 'Bowes' show made its last stop here.

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LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY - - -

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

GUMS ROAR

by S. Sgt. Ray D. Knight

STIFF AND COLD: In response to an avalanche of two requests, we have consented to include the hillbilly horror of "It Ain't Kosher" in this column. It will appear serially, starting today:

Oh, there she laid so stiff and cold.

A gallon of blood was there on her hair of gold.

She used to tote water to the well. But she don't tote no more, I'm here to tell.

She married two fellers from the hills.

And they were two fine boys. They ran two stills.

One's name was Mike and other's was Joe.

But Joe didn't know about Mike; Mike didn't know about Joe.

(To be continued)

GUMBEATS: The nice piece CLAY MARSH did on BOOZE BEASLEY in last week's "Ides"

... What are they doing without them dept.: CARRIE CARRAWAY and his Russians; DUDE WILLIAMSON and his Pontiac ...

MULLET JOHNSON, happier away from the rough Rockaway element ... ROD RODRIQUEZ and his recent switch: from burning slum to burning shoe leather ...

COLONEL BRITTON schooling at Davis ... RED FEYHL, Vineland track star. They say he's getting back in shape ...

HOTLIPS HARRY FORGATSCH broadcasting from the furnace room over the heating system. A bugle solo ...

SUBWAY SIMPSON's luxurious boat trip from Tilden. He arrived in a blouse, too ...

ALABAMA SLIM BOLAN's Jamaica kid. Too bad it's over ...

Recent additions to the higher income bracket: TOBY DAW and GREASEBALL EVANS. They are now T-4 and T-5 respectively ...

DICK ELIAN. You may quote him as saying that he's laid off the Ronrico. The Mrs. is the answer ...

I. J. (Fox) CARTER fighting with CROWHOPPER HUGHES over the Colorback ...

BLACKIE McMANAMAN. Is he using a bleach on his face???

FURLOUGH MEYER taking the name seriously. He was on one at this writing ...

COLD STEEL DUGGAR and Dot doing Highlands ... PAT DYER off to a Delaware school. Rosie has been left behind ...

COKIE COKER flashing an extra stripe. That makes three ...

HAM HAMILTON. A 7 1/2 lb. girl will soon be saying "daddy" to him ...

HARRY JAMES back from Arkansas with sad stories of upset stomach. How did that affect the loss of his watch??

HOCKEY HICKEY, another Service Club one-syllable-word-beginning-with-w ...

Birth-daying SHIMMY SHEMICK. He answered the Tilden siren the other night in full regalia ...

Immaculate CUT PRICE taking his bathrobe out of storage. Now that he's returned from the beach, he's planning a well-groomed appearance on those latrine hops ...

the former FIRST SGT. SHOCKLEY. He finally found out that it was TRIM TRIMBLE's girl addressing those letters ...

MOON LEAK NOLAN backstage at "It Ain't Kosher!" A WAC???

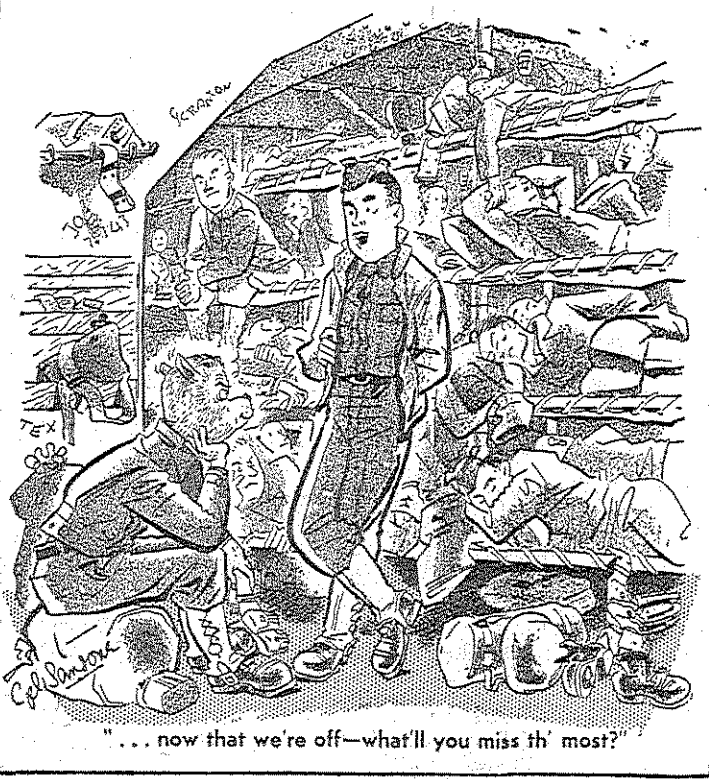
PASSING PARKS. They say he's spending a lot of time shining shoes these days ...

LIPPY LIPCHICK. He said "yes" and was knit to a Cleveland girl ...

SNERD FURGOL back inside the gate again ...

The Wolf

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... now that we're off—what'll you miss th' most?

by Sansone

SUB NET

by Justasnooper

As a connoisseur of food, "Gouger" SUSAT furnished a new definition of the word 'sandwich' a la messhall: A very unsuccessful attempt to make both ends meet

... HYMAN and "Hero" GILBERTO came close to spending the recent day set aside for thanks in the bastille (jug) ... Their narrow escape was made possible by the producing of photos of their respective beasts ...

"Sad Sack" is on the straight and narrow once again ... FRIEDGEN had to ruin a window to keep D'AGOSTINO from inspection ...

SERGE, the adonis of the outfit, finally broke the mirror ... Only for the fact he possesses an Adam's apple, that scarecrow would have no shape at all ...

As predicted, NELSON suggests more T-5s ... DOROZYNDKI hunted some non-sparkling tools to tackle GILBERTO's latest excuse for a pie ...

Further, MOORE would have nothing whatsoever to do with it, having just listened to a lecture on booby traps ... McCORT as a hustler for Blackout ...

Incidentally, Percey had Blackout in confinement until recently. We hope it doesn't appear on her service record ...

So sorry Lt. Broman made a change; we had plenty to say about the "ground rule" ... It surprised us to no end when Grimaldi didn't use his car on the bivouac ...

The prize goes to C. Scott as the Champion Gouger-offer ... Imagine the Loading Room General returning a private's salute at a recent formation ...

We're informed Drucker is bad pay ... Sgt. Fry managed to be on furlough through inspection ... Stine fumbled the CDD and is now seeking a Section VIII ...

It is our guess he'll make it ... It is with much regret that your snooper writes fins to his crazy antics of the past few months. For reasons he does not care to make public he has resigned as the Net's author. However, come next edition of the Foghorn, Snooper No. 2 will make his debut ...

We wish him a world of luck and hope he has as much fun as we did during our tenure. See how good your guess will be this time—you blokes have batted exactly .000 so far. S'long.

CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 1)

December 24 with mass caroling in the club. Miss Rose O'Neill, organist of Highland Catholic Church, will play for the carolers and directing. Hostesses will be present from Rumson and Elizabeth.

Top event in Service Club festivities will be an afternoon and evening dance Christmas Day, which will be attended by 250 girls from Newark, Elizabeth, Westfield, Brooklyn and New York.

Plans also got underway this week for the annual Christmas Party for children of the post, funds for which come from the Fort Community Chest. Preceded by a parade led by Santa Claus in a jeep, the party will begin in Theatre No. 1 at 2 p. m., Friday. Presents and candy will be given to some 115 children, slated to attend. The Guardsmen band will play at the party.

Special church services, planned during the Christmas holidays, will be announced later.

two in one ... Anybody desiring to talk "Big Deals" can contact Cpl. Galiardi (Morning Reports) who is willing to talk big deals any time ... Is it still snowing Jack?

TRC OPERS

By Pvt. Charles Wm. Stewart

To wit, to wit, to wit, a column I must write and quick. By the time this goes to press, our erstwhile romeo Hallie Coleman will be shackled.

Poor Nurse, everything he gets he has to pay for, one way or another. There is no doubt about it, she makes him pay through the nose. But he goes Asbury and makes up for Brooklyn.

When you see Garnett sitting on his bunk playing solitaire, you can bet his mind is heavily laden.

Take a run up to Joe Mills house some day when you're in the city, he is always glad to see some one from the detachment.

Who will be next to tie the knot? First it was Batts, then Garnett, then Thomas, then Coleman, and on Dec. 11, it will be Bulah. Perhaps on his next furlough Tadpole will go to Washington and get his old flame to burn up his freedom.

Who knows. Anything can happen; even that.

Perkins enjoyed the company of his charming wife on the post last Sunday. Next week I imagine Coleman will have a visit from his new attachment.

There is still a dispute between Frisby and Richardson. Now it's who will be the first to go on furlough.

Here of late Wilkerson has been letting everything go and taking to his crib very early.

I am willing to wager that a certain P. X. manager won't take one of his assistant home with him again any time soon.

FINE DOPE

By Cpl. James A. Matroyse

Coming up once again and this time in full strength but under a new title. Our former column, Fine Dope, had to be discontinued because of its originator departing ...

Fischer went thru with his wedding plans. He's still as crazy as usual. Don't break down now Frank. If you're a good boy mamma will give you 50 cents allowance a week ...

A warm welcome to S/Sgt. Wilbur. He has joined our fighting outfit after a stay in Virginia ...

Detective Day has the boys in an uproar. Come on kid tell us more ... Brunner is a good kid. A kid is a goat. Now we know why he gets our goat. If he comes out with anymore of his corny jokes he will be on the Section 8 list ...

If Van Valkenburgh would publish his correspondence (in coming) he would have the French publishers on his tail ... Hot stuff ... Pape took on a bride some time ago. He used to have two cars but what happened ...

Hello Alice ... Pardon me Charlie I shouldn't have said that ... Elam went to town to buy a ring ... Came back with an entirely different gift. What happened, Cold Feet? ...

When will B have a volley ball team worth speaking of ... Remember the last game ... 21-7 ... Try and beat us ... What's Mobile's loss is Westfield's gain ... Ask Phillips; he knows what I mean ...

Mader keeps repeating 5 and 3 is 8 ... Wonder why ... Benesta has his heart set on starting a Sinatra Club ... Maybe he's siding in with the schoolgirls ...

Ever hear of Bing Crosby ... The question going around for some time is "Who is our B. C." ... What happened to Kirk's voice? Maybe it was due to too much liquid sunshine ...

Pekey is a proud papa ... Are you forgetting the cigars ... That's all for now ...

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

THURSDAY

YMCA party at 3 p.m. Service Club informal dance, CG band. Girls from Rahway, Westfield, Newark.

"The Heat's On," with Mae West, William Gaxton, Victor Moore, Xavier Cugat. At Theatre No. 2, 5:30 and 7:30 p.m. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 p.m.

Symphonic band concert at 9 p.m., Theatre No. 1.

FRIDAY

YMCA United Nations at War film at 7 p.m.

YMCA variety quiz at 8 p.m. Service Club weekly hop. Guardsmen band. Girls from Newark, Brooklyn, New York. "Heat's On" at Post theatres.

SATURDAY

YMCA movies at 7 p.m. "She's For Me," with Grace MacDonald, David Bruce, and "Whispering Footsteps" with Rita Quigley, John Hubbard. At Post theatres.

SUNDAY

YMCA music appreciation hour at 8 p.m.

"Happy Land," with Don Ameche, Frances Dee, Harry Carey, Ann Rutherford. At Post Theatres.

MONDAY

YMCA Java Club at 7:30 p.m. Speaker, coffee, cakes. Service Club juke box dance. Girls from Elizabeth, Brooklyn. "Happy Land" at Post Theatres.

TUESDAY

YMCA three in one basketball show, WACs, Post team, dancing, at 7, 8 and 9 p.m. Service Club dancing class, 7 to 9 p.m.

inviting all those in Hq. or Medics who want to play basketball to turn their names in at the office. The Drunken Five are coming back ... SPEED DELANEY and friend strolling out of a local graveyard at 6:30 the other A.M. ... SLOP ALSOP back from Texas ... Include him in the lost weight set ... FISH FISHER reading "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and studying the black paint episode ... JACK PRATHER reading a new song, "Another New Year" ... Gum-of-the-Week: Do your feet hurt?

"Minesweeper," with Richard Arlen, Jean Parker. At Post Theatres.

WEDNESDAY

YMCA movies at 6 p.m. YMCA arts and crafts at 8 p.m. Service Club game night, dancing following.

"Holiday Inn," revival, with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire. At Post theatres.

SEVEN UP

By Rowdydow

Step aside, we're ready to ride thru another week's wash. HQS ... Flash ... Sgt. Rzepinski's gloves, pair No. 5 are missing ... Off you they look good, sarge! ... Sgt. Rudd and his own personal war an item ... T/5 Slusky spending a Sat'dy Nite memorizing FM 23-15 ... A ... Is our battery enjoying themselves immensely at their new CCC Camp ...

Capt. McArthur an addition to A's basketball team ... Sgt. Joe (Vic Mature) Braicos and a slick chick expect to middle aisle it ... Do you play casino, Moe? ... BEES ... The wolves of the B's recently acquired woods to roam ...

Cambria is slipping! ... Why the guard duty Joe? ... Now that the axe is sharpened, NO more excuses Hrablock! ... Congrats Uncle Lou, where are the cigars, or are the skies still gray? ...

New names of old members have finally initiated the guard duty roster — not mentioning any names ... G ... Cpl. Stroup a scorer on the BB team ... Sgt. D Moore attracted to the Service Club by Jeane with the light brown hair ... Cpl. Stacey now addressed as "Teacher Stacey" ...

Cpl. Schoenblum's return to duty from hospital, solid Bill ... E ... Sgt. Dierlam only nine years late with his '34 Chevrolet ... It'll go if you feed it Sgt. ... Sgt. Hammerhead Lyons offering his radio for \$1.75 ... and still no comers! Even Sgt. (Gildersleeve) Levin had a woman up for Thanksgiving dinner ...

Baby fever at the Btry ... handing out cigars recently were Sgt. Tierney, Dubrowsky and Cpl. Halleran ... Also hear that Sgt. Conley expects a baby ... his wife you fools ... not him ... I wonder if the girls notice the resemblance between a T/5 Dispatcher who resembles both Harry James and Desi Arnaz ...

Boxers Face Floyd Bennett; Quintet Loses

Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

This is the story of a man who took a walk for himself. Skipping through the woods of Fort Hancock, he saw all the men hard at work. They were singing and laughing as they raked the leaves, carried the packages and scrubbed the floors. Some were strolling along in the healthy December air, singing a lilting melody entitled, "Hut-two-three-four."

After a time he came to a row of buildings. Entering the first big building he reached, he saw lots of men hunched over wooden tables, picking up pieces of paper and putting them down again. Now these men were not singing and happy, as the men he had just seen outside.

They looked worried, and they all had little round tummies, and cheeks with no color in them. As they walked about the building, their frail little hands hung listlessly at their sides and their little backs were shaped like the round steak he had for dinner the day before.

Now, it made him very sad to see that these men weren't big and strong like the men he had just left outside, and he decided right then that he would do something for these poor mortals. He ran all the way home and made up all kinds of games and exercises for these men, so that they too could become big and strong.

And that is the story, kiddies, of how Biceps Rosenberg started his conditioning and body-building classes for all men whose duties are such that their most strenuous exercise is cranking a pencil sharpener. These classes meet every Monday and Wednesday night from 6 to 7 p. m. The program is organized exercises and games.

Come to these classes and Atlas Rosie guarantees you that in one week you will be able to take three consecutive drags on a cigarette without getting winded. After a month that mess sgt. tummy will disappear, and for the first time, lumps will appear on your arms that won't be mosquito bites. Six o'clock then, Mondays and Wednesdays. There's a pair of muscles waiting for you at the "Y."

Bielecky, Beasley, Blimditch, you or me. Who's the No. 1 athlete of the Post? Looking the list over that leaves Bielecky, Beasley, Blimditch and you. All right then, who is it? We've all got our opinion on this, so let's have a survey. That house-to-house interview stuff is out so we can skip the services of Mr. Gallup.

How about a popular vote? Or perhaps the Special Service Officer of each regiment could cast his ballot for whoever he feels is the top athlete of the Post. Or perhaps you have an idea. The main thing is this question has been keeping us awake at training films all week, so we haven't been getting our proper sleep.

You can readily see that this sort of thing can't go on, so one way or another, we intend to get this answer. Got any suggestions?

Fight Card Moved Up To Friday

Fort Hancock boxers, shooting for their fourth straight win, will meet invading ringmen from Floyd Bennett Naval Air Base at 8:30 p.m. tomorrow in the YMCA Gage gymnasium, it was announced today by Hook Coach Sgt. Herb Rosenberg.

Originally, the December fight card called for the 803d Signal Training Regiment of Fort Monmouth as opposition. A last minute switch to Floyd Bennett was necessitated however when the 803d cancelled its appearance for reasons unstated.

The card with the 803d was slated for tonight instead of tomorrow night, and a host of professional and amateur ring celebs had been lined up for guest appearance here. Because of the change in date, the guests had to bow out, and a new supporting program is now in process of arrangement.

Although the 803d gave no reason for cancelling out, it is believed the club is just one of many "scared out" of a fight with Fort Hancock. The local leatherworkers in two years' time have established a considerable reputation for respect among other camps hereabouts, and boxing bouts is sometimes tougher than fighting them.

Although little will be known of the Floyd Bennett sluggers until their arrival, Rosenberg announced his lineup today as follows: Cpl. Peck Boree, 126; Pfc. Steve Santana, 143; Sgt. Pat Dyer, 147; Pfc. Carmen Perrecc, 150; Willie LaRoche, 160; Col. Frank Lofaso, 165; and Pfc. Charles Allerton, 135. Coastguardman LaRoche, a newcomer, will be making his debut for the Hookers tomorrow night.

COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

fine with me, but I just wanted to tell you that you'll have to stop off at our chimney a little early this year, especially if you want a snack. No sandwiches after eight, no ice cream after nine, only coffee at 9:25 and at 9:30 no nothing. The Union, you know.

Dear Santa:

All I want is a quart of Black & White. If it's black market stuff, I'll leave five bucks under the third brick from the left in the fireplace.

Dear Santa:

I'm dreaming of a white piece of paper. You said it was too early last year. What about this year? But if it's still too early, I'll settle for a Class A pass.

That winds up the letters, and strangely enough no one put in a request for Lana Turner. Nietupski still insists there is a demand, however, and promises to ration out a select stock of blondes to enlisted men remaining on the post Christmas Day. He also has a large volume of broom-mounted witches for uplifting the morale of second lieutenants.

George Cooley Added To YMCA Personnel

George C. Cooley, veteran church social worker from Boston, has succeeded Howard C. Laramy, now of Fort Hamilton, as activities' secretary of the YMCA, it was announced this week by William Harris, general secretary.

In preparation for his new duties, Mr. Cooley has just completed a course in USO training at Columbia University.



Battling Bees Bounce Busters, Become New Volleyball Kings

Gradually returning bit by bit to the top position in Hook athletics they once held, the Seven Up Coast Artillerymen this week wrested another sports crown away from the

all mighty Bullet Busters when their Battling Bees unit defeated Hq.-1 of the Busters to capture the 1943-44 volleyball championship. Only last month, the same Battling Bees won the tough football crown from the Busters F unit.

The Bees' volleyballers took the Busters semi-finalists three sets out of four. They won the first set 15-7, dropped the second 10-15, and won the third and fourth 15-7 and 15-1 respectively.

Winning team was composed of Langvardt, lf; Masone, cf; Barkowsky, rf; Scalfani, lb; Mills, cb; and Cherowitzo, rb. Substitutes were Hrablock and Vitale. Playing for the losers were Jacobi, lf; McAlpine, cf; Boree, rf; Roussel, lb; Shiles, cb; and Walters, rb. Substitutes were McGlon, Crenshaw, and Upchurch.

The league, which had a playing season of more than two months, included 16 teams, 126 games, and 128 men, under supervision of Sgt. Herbert Rosenberg.

It was expected that an inter unit basketball league would open as soon as the volleyball league finished, but because of the Christmas holidays, opening of the court season will be delayed until the second week in January. Present plans call for a two bracket, 20 team loop.

Ten to Attend Opera Saturday

A delegation of ten persons from Fort Hancock will attend the Metropolitan Opera Saturday, occasion being the honoring of Miss Marjorie Lawrence, Metropolitan singer, as "chin up girl" of Fort Hancock.

Miss Lawrence was well-received here last summer in her first appearance at an Army camp. In appreciation of that performance, she will be presented a scroll officially expressing thanks and naming her the Fort's "chin up" girl.

The delegation will be led by Major H. E. Timmerman, public relations officer. Lt. Katherine Stroud, WAC officer, one WAC and seven enlisted men will comprise the group.

LOST

A small German shepherd dog, answering to name of "Sandy," Call S. Sgt. Knight, Ext. 464.

Men Invited to Attend Red Bank Yule Dinner

Complimentary tickets are now available at the Public Relations Office for the annual Christmas dinner of the Red Bank First Presbyterian Church, next Thursday. Officers and men of Fort Hancock and Fort Monmouth have been invited to attend.

Brigadier General P. S. Gage will be present as well as Major H. E. Timmerman, who will be master of ceremonies. Tom Howard, veteran vaudeville and radio comedian, will entertain.

LT. HACK

(Continued from Page 1)

went on. "For example you never know whether a Jap was dead or playing possum. You could kick him, roll him over, pinch him, and he'd show no sign of life. But as soon as you turned your back, you were a dead duck."

"It didn't take the Marines long to remedy this problem. When they happened upon a genuinely or supposedly dead Jap, they'd cut off his ears."

The Marines also had a brutal but sanitary method of disposing of the Jap dead, according to Lt. Hack. "There wasn't time for burial, and decomposition and decay would begin in a single day. So the Marines would pour oil over piles of dead Japs and set them afire."

The Marines also showed plenty of inventive ingenuity. In one affair, quick thinking Japs began tossing back hand grenades thrown at them. The Marines broke this by throwing pineapples and coconuts as well as hand grenades. The Japs couldn't throw back everything, and the grenades found their mark.

"Guadalcanal was tough, but we still could find a laugh now and then." Lt. Hack recalled. "Once, after the fighting was over, we saw a movie newsreel of fighting in Africa. One of the guys, with a beard five inches long, said: 'Geez, those poor guys must be having it tough over there.'"

Lt. Hack's only advice to a soldier is: "Get basic training and all other training you can. An artilleryman can become an infantryman overnight. With good basic training, you can get through your first battle. What you learn in that first battle will carry you through future battles. But without training, well... don't try it buddy."

Kidde Edges Stale Five 28-24

If there is such a thing as a hangover in basketball, Fort Hancock courtmen suffered from just that Tuesday night in the weekly three in one hoop show as they stumbled their way through a 28-24 defeat before an equally unimpressive Kidde & Co. quintet in this season's dullest game yet locally.

The Hookers' usual half time score would have been enough to take visitors on any other night, but, as one onlooker put it, the Sandy Hook five was too stale from an overdose of basketball to do much more than go through the motions. Shooting was off, floor-play was off, and a second half run of successful foul shots stood out as probably chief highlight of the game.

The overdose of basketball occurred the night before when Fort Hancock added its eighth win to the red side of the ledger by defeating 4201st regiment of Fort Monmouth 48-38 in a hard-played Signal Corps league game. The seventh win of the season had come only three days before when the Hookers defeated Fort Dix 38-35 in an equally hard-played encounter.

In Tuesday's contest, which drew the largest crowd yet, Vuyusevitch of the visitors practically won the game alone scoring 14 of Kidde's 28 points. Lt. Chris Langvardt, Hook forward, topped local scoring with seven points.

The game opened slow, continued slow, and closed slow with the score at all times looking more like a high powered football tally. Langvardt and Zaions netted two field goals, and Langvardt and Hemsley sunk fouls for a measly six points in the first quarter while Kidde rang the bell for seven points.

In the second period, Tyrell dropped in two double deckers, Hemsley and Bielecky dumped in one each, and Hemsley and Stanley sunk fouls for a 16 point total at the half. Kidde, on five twosomes and two charity throws, had a three point advantage at half time with 19 points.

In the third canto, slowest of all, Hancock was good for only four fouls, while the opponents sunk two doubledeckers and two fouls for a reading of 25-20. In the final set, Langvardt was the sole Hooker to score, dropping in a twosome and two free throws. One doubledecker and a free one was enough to clinch the tilt for the visitors.

PFC Midge Faler's WAC quintet copped its second killing of the week Tuesday, defeating Newark YWCA 39-27. PFC Faler led scoring with 17 points with Pvt. Anselowitz second with 12 points. Monday night, the WAC dropped Fort Monmouth WAC team 28-20. PFC Faler once again topped scoring with 13 points and Anselowitz ran second with 10 points.

Tuesday summary:

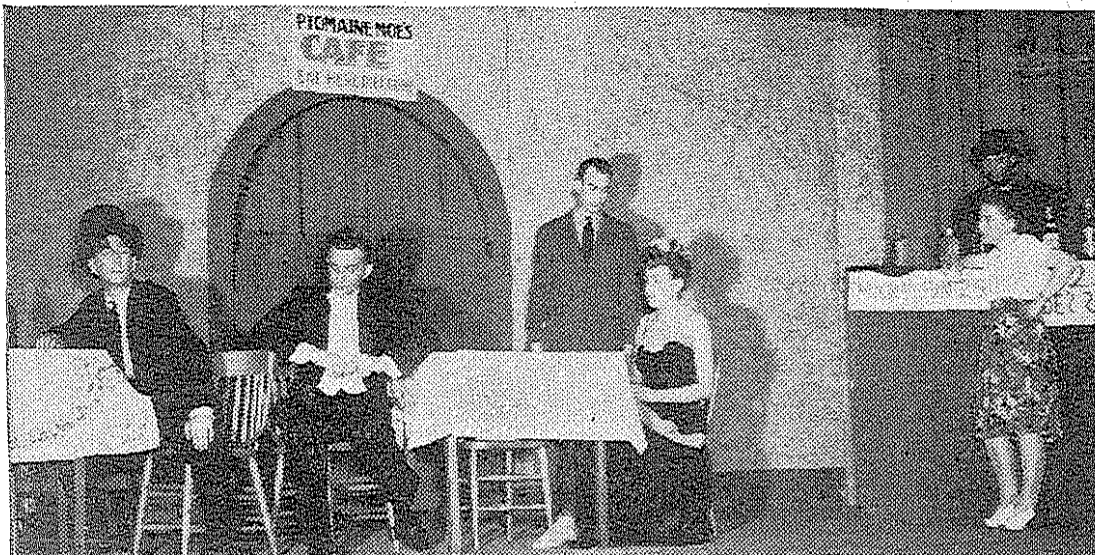
FORT HANCOCK			
Langvardt, f	2	3	7
Tyrell, f	2	0	4
Hemsley, f	1	3	5
Zaious, c	1	2	4
Bielecky, g	1	0	2
Masone, g	0	0	0
Stanl v. g	0	1	1
Evans, g	0	1	1
	7	10	24

KIDDE			
Longinetti, f	4	0	8
Vuyusevitch, f	5	4	14
Queen, c	1	0	2
McDonald, g	1	0	2
Shields, g	0	2	2
	11	6	22

Referees: Rosenberg, Breslow.

Ptomaine Moe's - GI Gin Mill for GI Laffs

Sandy Hook Foghorn



For the benefit of the one guy who didn't see "It Ain't Kosher," (everyone else was there), Ptomaine Moe's was one of the laff-packed sets he missed. He missed Burke McCall as "The Perfect Drunk," left; Norman Wolf, as the "Society

Wolf"; James Green, the husband; Becky Becker, "The Hungry Debutante"; Vince DePietro, the "Dirty Bartender," and Dolly Carpenter, siren with the "This for You, This for You and That for Your Old Man" routine.

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Second Concert Set for Tonight

The second concert of the Fort Hancock symphonic band under direction of Pfc. Peter Paul Fuchs will be held at 9 tonight in Theatre No. 1. Running time of the presentation will be 45 minutes.

The symphonic band, comprising members of Bullet Buster and Guardsmen bands, numbers 40 pieces in all.

The program will include "Sakuntala Overture," by Goldmark; "Hungarian March" by Berlioz; "Daughter of the Regiment" by Donizetti; "Show Boat" selections by Jerome Kern; and "Red Cavalry March" by Morton Gould.

More than a dozen soloists will be used in the concert.

Third Organ Recital Sunday

Third in a series of vesper organ recitals by Post Chapel organist Pfc. William D. Caldwell will be held at 4 p.m. Sunday. The program will consist entirely of Christmas music, several numbers of which will be sung by Mrs. Doris Smullen, soprano. The following selections will be played:

Divinum Mysterium by Purvis; Lo, How a Rose, Brahms; Christmas Carol Fantasy, Caldwell; Gesu Bambino, Yon; Rejoice Greatly, O Zion, Handel; Lullaby at Christmas Morn, Caldwell; From Heaven on High, Pachelbel; All Praise to Jesus' Hallowed Name, Bach; and Christmas Carillon, Vierne.

Question, Answer Column to Start

Beginning in next week's Foghorn as a regular feature, there will be a Question and Answer column. The purpose of this column will be to answer any GI problems. Under the mass of rules and regulations that keep our fighting machine operating, there are bound to be some rulings that slip by unnoticed by the GI.

For example, here are a couple of questions that will be answered next week:

"Is there any restriction to the length a Wac may wear her hair?"

"I received a chain letter recently. Am I permitted to forward it?"

And so they go. Many questions even though they may not affect you directly, you seek the answer. Fine, just drop your query in an envelope and send it to the Foghorn office, and we will print your question with the answer. Don't wonder anymore about "it." Let the Foghorn give you the answer. Send in your question now.

Sweet and Lovely



Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Opening bellylaugh of the show was furnished by the libelles of the Kosher Khorus, who promenaded not only the stage but the aisles. Stantees packed Theatre No. 2 to overflowing capacity, the house having its largest crowd in almost a year.

Kosher Klippings

"It Ain't Kosher" now is just a memory, but it's still well worth a postscript . . . in the midst of the hustle, we forgot the Hook was pioneering something new in show biz hereabouts . . . at least, a Service Command representative, down to catch the show, wanted to know "if such a thing really could be done" . . . He left satisfied that it could.

Though there were professional touches out front, the production was typically amateur backstage . . . WO Lamar, about to go on with his trick violin, broke the vital rubber band that makes the music, and versatile Norman Wolf had to ad lib until another rubber band was found . . . there were so many props backstage that getting on stage was a job in itself . . . they say the magician could make cards disappear but couldn't do much with the jeep when it blocked his entrance.

Speaking of the jeep, General Gage, instead of Capt. Maero, was slated to ride across the stage, but much to his regret, the General was called away . . . Capt. Florimont, it is said, is still nursing that lump on his pate raised by the lipstick smacked a Kosher Khorus "girl" gave him.

The cast did a terrific job . . . not one act went cold on the audience . . . with one exception, we won't start mentioning names, because there just aren't enough orchids to go around.

The one name we will single out is Chaplain Thomas Byrne . . . The Bullet Buster's "Right Guide," behind the show all the way, demonstrated one of the many other services besides religious that a chaplain can be . . . days before the show, he donned fatigue clothes and took over the stage manager job . . . and before the show went on, he also had become chief scenic and chief property man.

In sum-up, all we can hope for is that, as Charles Winninger would say: "This is only the beginning folks—only the beginning."

ORIENTATION

(Continued from Page 1)

ranging from 12 hours to three days.

The Bullet Buster E unit also claims one of the best bulletin boards. Although equipped with fewer facilities, the E unit employed one whole inside panel of

a tent for its board. On the panel is enough consolidated war news to afford members a daily working narrative of the war in a few minutes' reading time.

HDNY orientation has been under supervision of Lt. Herman Wyss Jr.

EDITOR Sgt. Roger Hammond

SPORTS EDITOR Sgt. Clay Marsh

Advisory Officers

Major R. F. Spottswood, Major H. E. Timmerman

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, December 16, 1943.

THE WAC - ON THE RECORD

Recently at a WAC basketball game, a select group of enlisted men, small in number but large in mouth, made it their business to boo the WACs. If their aim was to make the WACs lose, they were unsuccessful. But if their motive was to make all the other enlisted men here as angry at them as the WACs, they were highly successful.

In a reply to this exhibit of poor sportsmanship, the WACs minced no words telling off their uniformed "buddies" last week in their Foghorn salvo column. And most GIs, after reading this response, were riled up enough to tell us to write an editorial about it. They weren't mad just because the WACs had been booed, but because a few of their number had thrown the cloak of a louse over all of them; because a handful of rotten apples had tried to make the whole bushel rotten.

So sisters, buddies (without quotations if you please), the enlisted man of this Post feels he has no apology to make to you. If he apologized, he would be admitting a guilt. And he's not guilty. Every outfit has its eightball, but that doesn't make the whole outfit a bunch of eightballs.

The guys who booed you, sisters, are probably the same ones who are obnoxious at the movies, who refuse to cooperate in bucking for inspections, whose greatest contribution to the war effort is dodging a detail, and who after two years in service wonder why they haven't made Pfc.

On the other hand sisters, if you want to know what the enlisted man really thinks of you, there is no time like the present to let you know—in view of the fact that this week you are completing six months of service on the Hook. So instead of listening to his apology, listen to him pay his respects.

First, the EM respects your ability to take it. Ever since your arrival here last June, you've been the object of many a good-natured rib. You've been cartooned and lampooned enough to make any raw recruit wish for home and mother. But instead of quitting as you had the opportunity to do, you stuck and became soldiers for the duration.

Second, the EM here respects you as a sidekick, a buddy (again without quotations.) You're in the same unglorified, behind-the-scenes spot he is in, and you actually asked for it. You volunteered for a job not as a Jap-killing hero, but for a job as typist, file clerk, caretaker of equipment, and other like work. Your choice to share a lack of glamor established some kind of bond between EM and WAC here.

Third, the EM pays his respects by admitting you have had the last laugh on the subject of women becoming soldiers. The thought of a woman soldiering was scoffed at until you appeared in those parades last summer. The scoffer agreed, grudgingly perhaps, that your lines were as well dressed, your files as well covered, and your left turns as sharp as any outfit passing in review.

The idea of a WAC taking over a soldier's job also was belittled, but you took over more than a few jobs, and strangely enough the post is still doing business.

Well, there you are sister WAC—our respects, signed sealed and delivered. Buddies? Shake on it.

But don't think for a moment this is going to end the fun. You throw it at us and we'll throw it at you. If an EM gives you the business, give it back to him. He's full of holes. If a Column Left burns you, be like the PX gals and burn us back. The duration is as long or short as you choose to make it.