

SANDY HOOK FOGG HORN

Third Year. Vol. 4—No. 20.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, December 2, 1943.

Published Weekly

1st Sgt. Bryson Dies; Military Funeral Held

COLUMN LEFT

The pistol packin' palver is a little ancient by now, but before it takes its last gasp of wax on the jukes, we might as well fire for record.

Let's see now....

Some women pack pistols for protection. The WACs go to bed at 11.

Or in other words, early to bed, early to rise, when would I ever have a chance to use a pistol?

Still and all, a lot of the gals have gotten married. Imagine it. A hold-up in broad daylight! Must be, though. How else but with a pistol proposition could a GI be held back when a chow whistle is blowing?

At this point, Cpl. Jimmy Layton, Bullet Buster, gives us a hand with the following:

It was midnight and the street was dark.

The passing cars were few.
Just then a girl came walking by,
The very flower of youth.

I asked her if she'd like a ride
She seemed to hesitate.
Then she stepped in and breathed
a sigh,
Alas, I could not wait.

I took her to a lonely lane
Where stars lit up the sky.
My very blood ran through my veins
With a feeling of do or die.

Her eyes were of the deepest blue
Her hair was blonde and fine
And when I touched her hand, I knew
That she was really mine.

I put my arms around her waist
And kissed her ruby lips
And as I drew away, my hands
Dropped gently to her hips.

'Twas then I found out who she was,
It hit me like a bomber
For on her hip was slung a gun
'Twas Pistol Packin' Mamma.

We should let good enough alone,
but then again there's this version.
It was Friday night at the Service Club

I asked her for a dance.
The band was hot, the air was warm
And so I took a chance.

I told her of the lovely view
To be witnessed at the bay.
The moon gazed down with challenge
And said: "Time to shake the hay."

So I put my arm around her
Then gently let it drop
For there stood a menacing MP
Yep, 'twas Pistol Packin' Pop

He ordered me to hit the road
And brother I didn't linger,
For both Mom and Pop around
their guns
Had cocked a little finger.

(Continued on Page 3)

Telephone Center Is Opened

A new Fort Hancock telephone center, offering continuous 24 hours per day service and designed to hasten connections on long distance calls will be opened at 5 p. m. next Wednesday in Post Headquarters, Bldg. 24 by the New Jersey Bell Telephone company. The new telephone center is located in offices vacated some time ago by the Dot N Dash organization.

Under the centralized plan, a total of seven telephone booths will be moved from various locations on the Post to the telephone center. Three booths will be removed from the Main PX, two will be taken from PX No. 3 and two will be from the Service Club. More booths will be added if necessary, it was said.

According to company officials, chief problem here has been that patrons often have to "freeze" a booth sometimes as long as a half hour while waiting to get a long distance call through. Under the new system, when long distance calls cannot be made immediately, persons making the calls can wait in the center while others use the booths.

During the time from 4:30 p. m. to 10:30 p. m. (except on Sundays) during which most long distance calls are made from here, an attendant will be on duty to answer questions, make change, and render any other aids necessary. The attendant, who will be connected with the central office, will notify through a loudspeaker system those waiting for calls to be put through.

The transformed quarters have been completely refinished and equipped with upholstered lounge chairs, tables, lamps and writing desks for convenience of those waiting.

EM, Baritone To Give Recital

Sgt. Paul W. Stuart, of the Beaver hospital unit, a baritone who in civilian life sang with Horace Heidt's band and also sang in concerts, operettas, and on the radio, will appear in a recital at 8:30 tonight in the Service Club.

Accompanying himself, Sgt. Stuart will sing, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" from Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta"; "I Love You Truly," "Desert Song," and "One Alone" from Rudolf Friml's "Desert Song"; and operatic selections by Massenet.

The recital will run approximately an hour. Seats will be set up on the Service Club floor for the recital.

LOST

Schaeffer pen, green, gold band, initials HVJ. Reward. Call Sgt. Jablonski, 451.

Unselfish Loyalty
Devotion To Duty
—His Creed

Hook's No. 1 Topkick Had 29 Years' Service

Funeral services with full military honors, including a rifle volley by a 24 man guard of honor and the blowing of taps, were held yesterday afternoon for 1st Sgt. William C.



Hard boiled but loved by every man of his outfit—that also was Fort Hancock's first first sergeant. Seldom photographed, Sgt. Bryson's last picture taken, shown above, was in Hawaii, just one of the stops on his foreign service record.

Bryson, 52, Fort Hancock's No. 1 soldier, who died of a heart attack early Sunday morning in his quarters. Members of his Guardsmen A outfit attending in a body, his wife and hundreds of his many friends on the Post assembled in the Post Chapel during final rites, at which Post Chaplain Moore R. Miller officiated.

Sgt. Bryson's body was borne by caisson in military state to the chapel, and following services, was carried in procession along Officers' Row, the ceremony terminating with the rifle volley and blowing of taps. The body then was taken to Horseheads, N. Y., home of the deceased, where interment is being made.

Six sergeants of the Guardsmen A unit, acting as pall bearers were S. Sgt. John Organ, who served four years with Sgt. Bryson; S. Sgt. Kirby Woodard, who had known Sgt. Bryson 23 years and had served with him in Hawaii as well as other posts; S. Sgt. Andrew Ferko, S. Sgt. Herbert P. Meschke, Sgt. Ralph M. Smith and Sgt. James A. Veneziano.

Sgt. Bryson had been in good health and never had complained of illness, and thus his death came as a shock to the post. His death came as a double shock to Mrs. Sarah Bryson, his wife, who after attending the funeral of a nephew in New York returned home to find her husband dead.

Hard boiled in his unselfish loyalty to service but respected and loved by all who had ever served under or with him, Sgt. Bryson without a doubt was the best soldier and the best topkick on the post.

Sgt. Bryson would have celebrated completion of 30 years of service had he lived until December 19. During his span of 29 years of military life he saw service in two world wars, received a total of 16 commendations from high ranking officers and two citations for heroic action, and shortly will be awarded posthumously the Certificate of Merit.

Born October 26, 1891 in Hartford, Conn., the son of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bryson, he started his first hitch in 1913 at the age of 22. He received promotions to rank of sergeant in his first enlistment period, and then went overseas as gun commander of his outfit during the first war. He participated in three theatres of operation, and received five decorations for valor under fire in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Following the first war, he saw peace time service on the Hawaiian Islands and on several posts in this country in addition to Fort Hancock. He had been a first sergeant for the last 17 years of his service.

Sgt. Bryson was assigned to

Tribute To A Topkick

Yesterday, Dec. 1, 1943, this command was to have honored the late Sgt. William C. Bryson with a review. The occasion: Sgt. Bryson's completion of 30 years of honest and faithful service with the Colors.

Sgt. Bryson exemplified the highest type of noncommissioned officer which our Army produces. What an army we would have if all our noncoms were of Sgt. Bryson's caliber! He knew his job and he knew that good noncommissioned officers are the backbone of an army. With a war on and easy promotions coming up on every side, Sgt. Bryson never, so far as I am aware, aspired to commissioned rank. He knew the expanding army must have a leaven of good noncommissioned officers and he elected to be one of them, despite qualities of character and leadership which many a commissioned rank might well envy. He left the Army as a "top-kick," and he was literally "the tops."

Instead of a review for you, Sergeant, we bury you, and those of us who are left march behind you in the hopes that we may do our job as well as you did yours.

P. S. Gage

Brigadier General, Commanding
Harbor Defenses of New York

(Continued on Page 3)

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

GUMS ROAR

by S. Sgt. Ray D. Knight

VOLLEYBALL: In last week's clash between Hq. and the Guardsmen I's, the Hq. crew cleaned up 15-11, 15-5. The star was OGRE OGIER, a hot net man. The same night, D lost to E via a forfeit. There were no stars.

GUMBEATS: ROCKLEDGE LOCKRIDGE, newest member of the don't-get-around-much-anymore set. See SLOP ALSOP for details

... **UPPIE UPCHURCH.** What's with him and Pat? A WAC the other Sat. night!!! **BUFFALO CUNNINGHAM** threatening friends with undesirable publicity in the column ... **GOODIE GOODWIN's** recent problem. Two dates were at the Service Club last Thursday, both looking for him ... **HUNG H. DUNLAVY.** Was that a cow-catcher or second front running interference for him during the touch season?? **ORSON WELLES ORRISON'S** recent welding. A Utah girl ... **REST McCOY's** display of Thanksgiving dinner to the mess line. He brought out every item on the menu ... **HAIR PERMENTER.** Why does he always carry his hat in his hand???

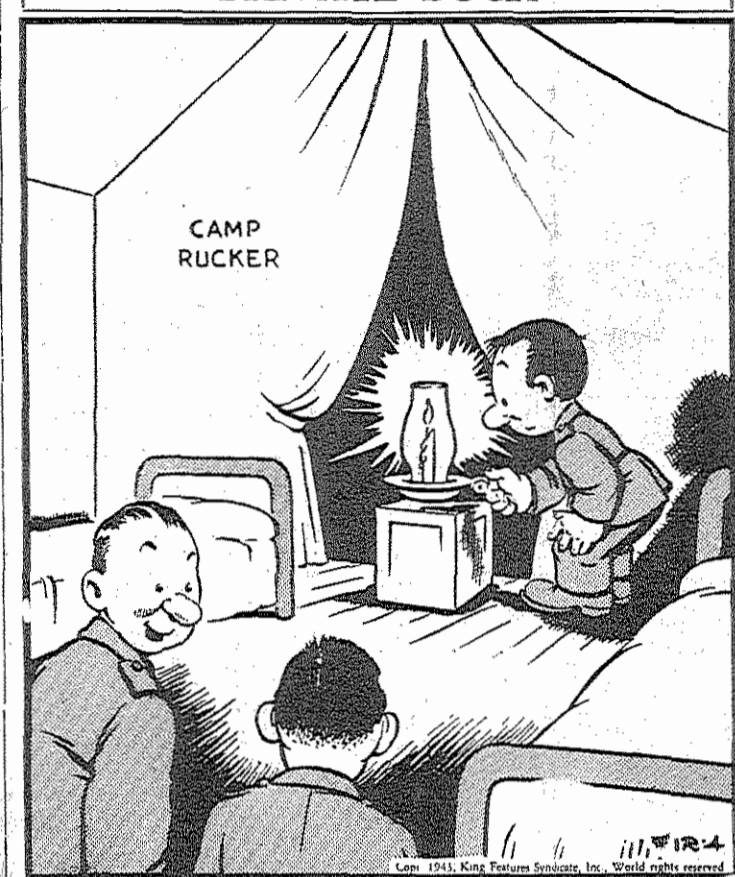
HEARTBREAKER RAYFIELD bearing fruit to **GETAMOP STEEDLEY** and **SHIPWRECK KELLY.** Akay???

WOLF VELARDI's good news from Italy. Read all about it in this week's paper. ... **RONALD COLEMAN, WALLACE GASKINS** and **BILL McMILLEN.** They took off for the Air Corps two weeks ago ...

FRANK SMITH. Check him out to school the same time ... **LITTLE DUDE (j.g.) GRAVES.** He's now wearing four on each sleeve ... **EARL CARROLL** burning up the range the other day. Nice score they say ... **ROWDY DOWDY's** crew's nice going. They crashed through with 100 per in the ten thou insurance league ... **I. J. FOSS'** Thanksgiving pass. He didn't get any turkey and that wasn't all ... **PAUL MacDONALD** now a jitterbug since that change occurred ... **ANTI AIRCRAFT O'NEAL's** eye. He stuck his head in the wrong door ... **RUMOR STEWART** relaxing at Pensacola before going into "It Ain't Kosher" ...

PETE SEIBEL back from Utica. Evidently Arthur Murray or somebody taught him dancing in a hurry ... **WOLF JONES** out after squirrel when we called ... **STRYCHNINE STICKNEY** His secret is out: He listens to the Lone Ranger every day ... **Unhappy SNOWSHOES FERNANDEZ, BIG BOOM BOEHM** and **SMILING GRIMSHAW.** Indigestion hit them when KP followed Thanksg. dinner ... **DRAWERS FLANNELLY** having a few cigarettes on the house the same day ... **PUSS HANCOCK.** He's somebody's favorite pin-up boy, and has a letter to prove it ... **JON HALL's** continuous programs over the p. a. system ... **ROG KERR** fireguarding in a blouse ... **CEASE TRACKING BARKER,** an interesting name. There's a story, too ... **MOON LEAK NEAL's** alibi. He says it was due to bad ballistic corrections that the boys lost the touch crown ... **GLOCOAT JOHNSON's** announcement. The 26th is the date and he's got an Ideal girl ... **SHOWER McGINNIS** Thanksgiving dinnering a redhead ... **PEAVE PEAVY, ELLERY Q. LAESCH, ROY ROYLANCE** and the others involved in the F dance. Backslap them—it was a good one ... **SAMMY CHETOM** and **ELLIS BUCHANAN** furloughing in Ocala. Watch the "Banner" for a possible wedding announcement (Sammy's) ... **ROUND MAN BANANA ABBATE** gaining more weight ... **Gum-of-the-Week:** It ain't kosher!

PRIVATE BUCK



"Buck says he'll keep it burning, no matter how long Fatso's A.W.O.L!"

BLITZERS

by Tom MacPherson

Thanksgiving Eve found several Blitzers enjoying Grand Opera at the Met as guests of the Metropolitan Opera Guild. The deal was prompted by Pfc. Alan Kayes. "Tristan and Isolde" was performed before Major Spottswood, Lieutenants Salofsky and Wertheimer, and EM Kayes, Marsh, Cataldo, Zeifert, Schneider, Fuchs and Van Vorst, as well as some WACs (take it, Dollie) and a few thousand paying elite.

This "Tristan and Isolde" yarn is about the early feuds between the micks and limeys and begins where the scrappers decide to narrow the war to an Irish colleen and a Cornwall CO by marrying them off.

The CO's top-kick (Tristan) comes to Ireland to fetch the colleen. Coming in on the Chauncey, the gal recognizes Tristan as the mug who rubbed out the guy she carried the torch for. She decides to slip him a mickey and tells her maid to whip one up. She then invites Tristy in to the first three graders' cabin for a couple of quick ones.

Tristy guzzles down a snootful, but instead of keeling over, he smacks his lips and belches an "Ahhhhhhhhhh."

"Oh, is that good?" asks Isolde, "butts!"

She grabs the stein and before you can say "It's a cinch" the rest is down her hatch.

Well, it seems that instead of a mickey the maid mixed up some heart-melter and pretty quick the colleen and the top-kick are pitchin' woo.

After reaching the post they are taking up where they left off on the Chauncey when in comes the old man and his HQ Btry.

A lousy corporal, bucking for Tristy's stripes, hollers: "The dirty rat's beatin' the CO's time," and ventilates the top kick with an overgrown bayonet.

Tristy is hauled back to his own quarters where he stays alive long enough for the colleen to catch up with him. The CO comes along, too, to explain he heard about the woo juice and that everything is hotsytotsy. But it's too late and Tristy kicks the bucket.

The moral is that if they had

TROOPERS

by Charles Wm. Stewart

Such a lovely dinner table was set in our mess hall for Thanksgiving, and the food was so well served and prepared that it would be very unkind not to make notice to all the enjoyment the fellows who remained on the post had. These facts stand true, due to the efficient way the cooking staff handled the task. If only they would take just as much interest in our meals the rest of the time, so we could enjoy them much more than we do.

Yes! Ella was here and she knows all the facts about Potter getting his face slapped.

The bombshell is back from an extended trip to Florida. He wishes he could have remained longer.

I really believe Eversley thinks he is fooling us when he says, "I went home for Thanksgiving." But you know the truth, for he has "Rocks in His Bed."

If it comes to such a point and Bay Rum is on hand just ask Tadpole how. Watch out fellows if your friends have telephones, you might call there sometime and who should answer but Tadpole—ask Garnett and Potter they know.

The day is growing closer and closer for Bulah. He is getting a new lease on life on Dec. 11. The best of luck to you chum.

I wonder when "The Head," is going to get hitched. A while back he told a lovely little lady he was engaged and wouldn't be seeing her, and yet no wedding.

Let's all be thankful this Thanksgiving for being as close to home as we are, and say a prayer for those boys who can only dream and those who haven't the time even for dreams

come over on the Horton instead of the Chauncey the woo juice would have had time to wear off, Tristan and Isolde would have cooled off and England and Ireland would have become friends and together could have beat the daylight out of Schickelgruber and we would never have been at Fort Hancock to go to a free opera only to find out that's what we are in the army because of.

Thanks, anyhow, Alan.

BOGIE BLUES WACS WORKS

by Sgt. Snafu

Hello there all you great big splash spotters. This is your old sly fly just back from the farm with another load of corn. (No, Koenig, you don't drink this kind.)

This week is a special event for our Lt. Gilpin, we heard said that a B-24 dropped a bundle for the Mrs. and it's a 7 lb. and 5 oz. baby boy. Congratulations, Lt. Now eight more of the same and we'll promise to be the first to challenge for a game of baseball.

Also this week our entertainment committee held its monthly rag-time. With the help of some of our best wolves, the party was a howling success. 'Tis said that Sgt. Bachner was out in the dark with his old spark. I bet the father instinct came out on our tall Sgt. Klein while he was dancing with Miss four by four. By the way, why is it that our Lt. Linsky always sits in the darkest corners at each and every dance. Shame on you, sir. Sgt. Tutting also had a swell time with one eye on "her." To make matters a little shorter we'll put the word Sirota in. Jimmy Doolittle had a look of accomplishment in his eyes all night long.

Well, as the saying goes, into each life some rain must fall. We sadly regret the parting of Lt. Jaszczak to another unit. Another tear jerker this week has been the parting of our best hammer bouncer. He's gone on D.S. for a while. Oh, how we'll miss him and his weekend specials. Yes, our Cpl. Kullmer certainly was amazing the way he used to convert a tuna fish sandwich into a cabinet with drawers.

After last week's column I think I had better make a few apologies to Minka—I'm sorry I said you looked like Gable, I guess I overlooked those feet. WOW. I'll send the decontamination squad over right away.

Koenig—I beg your pardon for stealing your uppers and offering you a raw bacon on toast.

Bachner—Herringbone twill? No, it's not a fish. You wear it.

Sautter—Gee, kid, will you forgive me for calling you Mae West. It was merely an understatement. WHAT A SHAPE.

Tutting—After last week I'm deeply ashamed of what I said about you. To be nice I want to warn you to be more careful where you hide those gum attachments at bed time.

Famous sayings:

Cutrupi—Please don't bend the meat.

Aitolo—Now let me see, how many feet in a pound of spaghetti.

Russo—Uhhhhhhhhhh.

Piccolo—Snot not snotch.

Well, till next week, spot that splash. There it goes.

88 KEYS

by The Medicine Man

Thanksgiving has come and gone and a sumptuous meal was had by all—our congrats to the whole mess force—it was really a feast—something we won't easily forget.

Well, the gridiron season has ended and our boys didn't fare too bad—we showed up for all games. Good spirit, boys.

Did anybody notice "JB" Flynn at the theater the other night during the showing of Guadalcanal Diary? Our Gene was reminded of a very good friend of his when one of the characters in the picture was reminded of his lack of whiskers. How are your buttons, Gene?

One of these Friday nights Mike

by Pvt. Dolly Carpenter

Making a mighty sequel to "Lassie, Come Home," the WAC mascot puppy Wackie came home and we herewith apologize to editor Hammond and add our thanks.

Tearfully the WACs called the Foghorn office last week to report the Wackie was missing and requested that a lost notice be placed in the paper.

Sagely editor Hammond answered, "I'll put it in, but as sure as I do the dog will come home before the linotype operator gets the story set." It was a photo-finish with Wackie coming home about the same moment that the printer was putting the finishing touches on the type.

—But Hammond should worry about it anyway; gave him an opportunity to rib the WACs and write a good story didn't it?

Underground sources indicate that some of the Bullet Busters were harboring the lost pup.

Promotions came up the other day and brought rejoicing to the WAC barracks.

Making P. F. C. were: Margaret Mansfield, Lida Logan, Maisie Cole and Marie Anselowitz. Agnes Wieland made corporal and Camilla Blanton made staff, Cecelia Hans made staff, and Mamie Evans made tech. sergeant.

The two new cooks, Anselowitz and Cole were so proud of the Pfc. stripes that they worked all day in the mess hall with the stripes pinned on their dresses and set a record that evening getting stripes sewn on everything except pajamas—and the meals those gals have been cooking, well, it's just like home and mother.

Formerly stationed on this post, Pfc. Mary Loftus was back the other day to visit her Hancock friends. She was transferred recently to New York and is working there as a teletype operator.

"Mom" isn't taking roll call this week and don't think the WACs don't miss her authoritative voice telling them to "get on the ball." She's spending the week in a hospital bed and probably thinking of morning reports and worrying about the girls instead of resting. The WACs miss you "Mom," get well on the double.

Super plans are underway for a Christmas eve party for the WACs who won't be able to be home for the holidays. Plans include a little of everything and only thing neglected so far is the provision of a chimney. How is Mr. Claus going to get into a barracks that doesn't have a fireplace. Seems like the Army would think of those things.

Latest WAC to head for home and furlough doings is Maxine Sjostrom who trained out this week for Minnesota.

Gallo will be present to help out with the preparations for Saturday's inspection. You'd better show Mike ... somebody might burst a blood vessel.

I wonder what our famous Gremlin and his compatriots did the other night. The boys have been strangely silent as to what transpired while they were on pass. By the way, boys, those maps had to be done anyway.

Snapshots of some of our distinguished fellow Keys ... "Lippy" Lipman at 0610 ... Tom "Deep River" Davis answering to reveille in a voice that startles all and sundry ... Babcock the day after pass ... Sarge Passannanti the day of inspection.

That's all ... see you next week.

Bendix Nips Hook Five 54-46 In Overtime

Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh

Battlin' Bees, we doff our Dobbs to you—our two-headed cousin tips both his chapeaux in your direction. And why shouldn't we uncover our lovely head of skin in your honor? You men of Lt. Hoiem's Seven Up unit plowed through to cop the post gridiron title, and by so doing, liquidated the monopoly holdings of the Bullet Busters on Sports Street.

That has been proven to be a man's size job ever since the Busters took up residence here. Up to now, anybody reading the sports page of the Foghorn would swear that the Busters were the only outfit on the Post. That "7-Up" in last week's sports headline brought inquiries as to whether we had initiated a policy of advertising soft drinks. Yes, it was a long time coming, but we're glad to see you made it.

That man Bielecky. Baseball, basketball, and now football. This is hardly news but once again he was a big factor in the winning of a game. We're speaking of that deciding grid tilt in which the Bees dumped the Busters, 7 to 6.

By the margin of one point they copped the championship. And who made that one point? We wouldn't even pay 64 cents for that question. Bielecky, of course—as if you couldn't guess! Wish he would give us the name of his vitamin pills!

We like to believe that some day, someone will come along and register a game with the Patent Office that Bielecky couldn't possibly play. But what's the use of dreaming—a week later he would be "sparkling his team to victory" in just that game.

We've made a notation on our cuff that Bielecky is: 1. The most active athlete on the Post. 2. The best all-around athlete on the Hook. If anyone can tell us differently, we'll send this shirt to the laundry.

While we are standing here with the bald pate, let us pay our respects to another accomplishment of the Bees. On their trip to the Glory Road, they plowed through the highly touted Officers team.

The champs disregarded Military Courtesy and Customs of the Service to sail through all those grads of Old Swibash, '26, whose mere presence on a football field started those whispers, "Why, when he played football for Swibash he was mentioned by at least four people for the All-New England Squad!" Yeah, but that was back in '26, brother—sir!

We wouldn't like to think that the Bees were anything but polite about it though. (Pardon me, Lieutenant, but my plans had already been made to come through here, and your standing there left me no alternative. But allow me to help you up and dust you off, sir.")

The teaching of the manly art of self-defense and beat his head in, has its compensations. That poor man's Mike Jacobs, Senator Rosenberg, has become a Sergeant. Congratulations, teacher.

Incidentally, the Rosevine has it that the Hook squad starts swinging again on December 17th in the general direction of the men from Fort Monmouth. Better look out, Monmouth—our Rosie's a Sergeant now!

The Wolf by Sansone



Curtain Falls On Grid Guessing; Springer Takes Final Five Spot

Pvt. Tony Springer, of the Rail Bender As, became the ninth and final \$5 winner of the Foghorn football prediction contest this week as Hedy the All Knowing packed away

her much abused football brains for the season and took a powder with a mothball until another year rolls around.

The final set-to provided one of the screwiest sets of scores ever, what with Notre Dame toppling and Brooklyn College pulling out an impossible victory over Rutgers. Springer, with three others, missed these two scores but hit home on the other eight. Springer won out on a mathematical basis with Sgt. C. Sehringer, Cpl. A. Volz and Cpl. W. Allen, all of Seven Up Hq., second, third and fourth respectively.

Sgt. Francis Delaney, Headquarters, picked Army-Navy on the nose at 13-0 and was the only entrant to select Brooklyn College over Rutgers. His accuracy however fell down at this point. Not one person entering selected Iowa Pre-Flight over Notre Dame.

Ten entrants scored correctly on seven games, and 15 competitors picked six accurately.

With little more on the schedule other than Slippery Rock Teache vs. Highlands Junior High, the contest reached the end of the road this week.

Thanks to Foghorn's sugar dadd Special Service, a tidy little sum of \$45 in all was dished out to weekly winners, and the avid interest which increased each week proved the expenditure was not foolish one. Many a man partic

pated, many a side bet was made, and many a prank was played among barracks buddies participating.

Strictly a "bar-none" affair, the contest was open to absolutely all. More than a few officers competed, but strangely enough none ever won. And as definite proof of "up and up" regulations, men who work in the Foghorn office, PROs and PIOs alike, submitted scores each week but even with the advantage of proximity couldn't nail a winner.

Showing the far-reaching "pull" of the contest, weekly winners were from practically all types of outfits on the Post. The Guardsmen, the Seven Ups, the Coast Guard, the Bullet Busters, the Rail Benders as well as others were represented. Headquarters tried hard but couldn't get beyond the 20-yard line.

Hedy, otherwise known as S-Sgt. Clay Marsh, missed the bell on the prediction guide every now and

Court League Opens Dec. 20

The annual inter-unit basketball league, composed of teams from all organization wishing to compete will begin on December 20, it was announced this week. A league committee meeting to set for rules and regulations of the league will be held next week.

All outfits planning to enter teams are requested to begin tea organization now. The gymnasium will be available for practice until opening of the league. Last year, the inter-unit court loop included 57 different clubs.

Net-istics

BENDIX		
Simon, f	8	21
Mitchell, f	1	6
Burns, f	2	5
Rothenberg, c	4	12
Kinsbrunner, c	1	3
Kotter, g	0	0
Holmes, g	2	6
Wolf, g	0	1
	18	54

HANCOCK		
Stanley, f	5	12
Kirk, f	5	10
Hemsley, f	0	2
Tyrell, c	0	1
Langbard, c	2	5
Zaions, c	2	5
Bielecky, g	2	6
Masone, g	1	2
Beasley, g	1	2
	18	46

Classy Visitors Outplayed

Bendix AC, better known as Long Island University, Seton Hall College and Brown University, defeated Fort Hancock basketkeers 54-46 in Gage gymnasium Tuesday night, but it took a three minute overtime, an injury to spark-plugging Sgt. Hal Beasley, and a pair of California redwood centers to turn the trick. Much improved over their first two local appearances, the Hancock tossers displayed a clicking passing offensive that played the classy visitors off their feet throughout the game, but the extra pressure in overtime proved too much for the soldiers.

Though the game went on the records as a loss, it gave ample indication to local rooters that the Post probably has the best club yet, this year. Against Bendix, the Hookers were facing former top college stars in defense worker clothing. Or putting it another way, that fancy basketball you used to pay money for in the good old days at Madison Square Garden, you saw for free Tuesday night.

First there was Lou Simon, a pleasure to watch, who once was Claire Bee's key in the LIU attack; second and third, there was Rothenberg and Kotter, a set of six foot sixers, also LIU luminaries; fourth, there was Mitchell, formerly big-time for Brown; fifth, there was Holmes, who used to ball hawk for Seton Hall College, and sixth, there was Kinsbrunner, a St. Johns used to be. And just to finish it off, a substitute entering the game late was none other than Wolfe, who took Bee's spot as coach of LIU.

Despite this Grade A aggregation, however, the "fly 'em" boys showed the "buy 'em" boys a clicking teamwork that they couldn't match throughout the game. Playing aggressive heads-up ball, the Fort cagers dumped 12 points on field goals early in the first quarter before the visitors could get going. Showing a mechanical man accuracy at the charity line however, the Bendix five slit the nets seven times on free throws.

Bendix then put on the pressure and pulled up abreast but couldn't get that comfortable lead they thought would be a cinch. Battling evenly, Hancock led the visitors 12-11 at the quarter, and led 23-22 at the half. Accuracy on free throws gave Bendix a 38-33 lead at the quarter mark, and in the final session Hancock put forth its bid to cinch the game.

Stanley dropped a free throw, Zaions dropped a beautiful one hander, a set shot, and then an Annie Oakley. Bielecky scored from the foul line and Kirk contributed a side court one hander.

In this fast Burns and Kinsbrunner of the visitors dropped a foul toss each for Bendix' best counteraction. Then two more free ones by Rothenberg tied the score at 42-42 again, but Langbard of the Hookers dropped two personal fouls and Bielecky scored a side set making the score 46-42.

With one minute and 15 seconds to go, the Hook tossers attempted a freeze, but Bendix broke it up and Holmes and Kotter scored quickly effecting the 46-46 tie at the final horn.

In the overtime, a cool Bendix returned to the floor, worked the ball in slowly, and on beautiful two and three man play close in set up the score for Simon on two doubledeckers. Mitchell and Rothenberg made two personal fouls good, and Rothenberg dropped a set shot just before the horn for the final tally of 54-46.

Leaders Tied In Volley Loop

The Bullet Buster Hq. and the Seven Up Bees this week were knotted in first place at 10 wins and one loss each in the Post volleyball league as it entered the final lap. The league will terminate December 16.

Tied in second place at 9 wins, one loss are the Buster Es and the Buster Cs. Others in order are:

	Won	Lost
Bombers	7	3
Rail Benders	7	3
Guardsmen I	7	4
Buster D	7	4
Buster F	4	6
Medics	4	6
Officers	4	7
MPs	2	9
Buster B	0	7
Guardsmen K	0	8
Guardsmen A	0	9
Gaurdsmen B	0	10

COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

Now Pistol Packin' Mom is tough And Pop's not one for chattin'. They're second fiddle to only one That's Pistol Packin' Patton.

While still on the subject, Postal Packin' Delaney, who gets the mail through on the Highlands pony run, come hell or high priced Irish whiskey, advises all to pack their postals and post their packs early as there are only 20 shopping days to Christmas.

—Roger

SGT. BRYSON

(Continued from Page 1)

Fort Hancock in the fall of 1939 and during four years here received commendation as the best

of Folks Gives GI Thanksgiving Ever

Frank Velardi, 43 year old Bullet Buster, has on Thanksgiving Days before, but never as Thanksgiving Day just past. For just before

last Thursday handed him a retained the first since November in Italy.

written by a Italy — a total stranger — and was addressed not to Sgt. but to Mr. Frank Velardi, 860 NW 21st Street, Miami, Fla., Velardi's civilian home. His wife had forwarded the letter here. This is what it said:

don't know me, American soldier ally. I met your Eliza Velardi and write and let you. And I mean it with them even had to see them. I am glad to see them, because they are people. They like their son. So care to write me, and let them know. I told me to tell them they would have a picture of family. So if you picture, I will send it to them.

if you ever go to New York City, you could visit my house. Well, say so long for hear from you

signed by Pvt. attached to a with the American. It had been 6. Velardi, his permitted to write and declared war and every effort through the Red agencies, to learn his family failed. I was worried about them invaded Italy because any way of they were alive. id. "Thank God in good hands

this country in the age of 15 was musician playing symphony orchestra he joined the months of over the first World France, he was to Italy to visit

nded an American in Paris, me all the way see me. But I other since 1915, seen my sister 3," Velardi said. last letter from ed in November if them he was gave them my and told them " he said.

e suggestion in surprised par- areo by visiting ass Sunday. "I ust as happy to son as I was ents," he said.

ices

h services are 10 a. m. Sunday er C day room, plain Thomas services.

'And Now This Is
Where You Come
In And Say—'



Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Rehearsals began hitting peak pitch this week for "It Ain't Koshier," all soldier burlesque show set to open Dec. 9. M-Sgt. Ellis Crenshaw, Pvt. Bunny Keeler and Cpl. Helen Becker, seated, get the pitch from Cpl. Norman Wolf, director, as Sgt. Harold Spradlin, S-Sgt. Max Sheppherd, Pfc. James Green, Cpl. Henry Fitzsimmons and Pfc. Ruth Kass, standing, look on.

New Symphonic Band to Make Concert Debut at 5:30 Tonight

The Fort Hancock symphonic band, final outgrowth of an originally planned Post symphony orchestra, will make its concert debut at 5:30 tonight in Theatre No. 2. Pfc. Peter

Paul Fuchs, former member of the musical staff of the Metropolitan Opera Company and crusader for "serious" music here, will conduct. Under Fuchs, the symphonic band, consisting of musicians from the Guardsmen and Bullet Buster bands, has been rehearsing for six weeks symphonic music written in band arrangements.

Tonight's 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.

Among soloists to be featured in the opening concert will be T. Sgt. Frank Velardi, S. Sgt. Joseph Shepherd, Sgt. James A. Dorsey, Sgt. Albert G. Marino, Sgt. Joseph Sante, Sgt. Robert A. Christian, Sgt. Jack Prather, Pfc. Vanderheide and Pfc. Whiteside, all of the Bullet Busters; and S. Sgt. Charles Hinckel, Sgt. Joseph Tedesco, Sgt. Daniel Truppi, Cpl. Howard Hoffman, Cpl. Louis Ezzi, Pfc. Melvin Hill and Pfc. John Shea, all of the Guardsmen band. In entirety, the symphonic band includes 40 pieces.

Sandy Hook Foghorn

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, December 2, 1943.

THE PAYOFF — BERLIN

The theory that air power can force a decision in this war, firm contention of the air-minded since inception of the conflict, finally is getting an open "all-out" shot at proving itself these days, and Berlin, cradle city of Nazi-dom, has been named the proving ground.

Among the armchair strategists air power versus ground power still may be a subject for debate, but if what the Allied air force now is doing to Berlin still can be classified as "softening up," it is impossible to imagine the destructive fury of the final, finishing blow, whether struck by air or ground forces.

So great has been air power's mauling of Berlin that even Gabriel Heatter, who on the darkest of days always has been able to scrape up 300,000 or so dead, wounded or trapped Germans, has been forced to go shopping for a new larder of superlative vocabulary just to keep abreast of the great Allied air force attack.

In four days of unrelenting bombing up until last weekend, Berlin was turned into a continuous roaring nightmare of explosion and flame; a metropolis ripped and seared on a scale surpassing anything the German Luftwaffe had ever done in its conquest of London. It was estimated that at least a third of Berlin had been destroyed.

Opening night of the aerial onslaught on Berlin saw 775 four engined bombers drop 2,500 tons of bombs in wide, criss-crossing belts over the city in the English-favored saturation method of bombing. Streets, railways, and buildings were smashed to rubble, and a hail storm of incendiaries turned the wreckage into a blazing, towering holocaust that could be seen 90 miles away.

That was the first night.

Then came the second, third, and fourth nights during each of which 1,000 tons of bombs were unloosed

Out of the burning hell that is now Berlin have come stories of 10,000 persons killed; of 500,000 persons homeless; of hundreds of thousands of others attempting to flee without possessions; of heat so intense that asphalt in the streets boils; of towering sheets and flakes of flame that recall the Biblical description of the end of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed for their wickedness.

All this is only the result of four nights of bombing. If a winter-long campaign of such sledgehammer bombing has been planned, how long can Berlin stand up, how long can other German cities stand up?

Perhaps as an understatement, the Allies list three main objectives to be achieved by the aerial hammering. First, every ton of bombs dropped will save the lives of 10 United Nations soldiers, it is estimated. Second, Berlin is a nexus of war industries, of transportation, of the network of Nazi military and political command. In any attack, it is logical to strike at the core. Third, the new attack is a methodical campaign against the German will to fight, attempt being to demonstrate to the Germans that they cannot win the war, and that they cannot prolong it without suffering direct and drastic consequences.

Minus the aerial offensive, here is the way the play has been set up, here is the thumbnail picture of what Hitler is facing today. The Nazi air war has failed. The Nazi submarine war has failed. Italy is still a battleground but not a Nazi ally. The Russians, who intend to realize their dream of freedom, have deeply wounded and driven back the flower of the German armies. And Japan has not done its job in tying up the United States and keeping it out of the European war.

With such a dismal future, Hitler has nothing to look forward to other than prolongation of the war except for the possibility of a "break" occurring in his favor. Add to this outlook the new all-out bombings and his situation is still worse. Perhaps air force will make it difficult for Hitler even to continue his war as a lost cause.

Perhaps, air force is right now in the first phase of the final knockout smash.