

Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons Slated to Appear on Post

Grace Moore Also Listed On Summer Bill

A program of summer concerts which will bring to this post outstanding stars of opera, concert and radio, has been worked out by the Concert Division of USO Camp Shows and will get under way here early in June, according to the Post Special Service Office.

Among the artists with whom discussions now are being held for appearances during the series of summer concerts at Fort Hancock are many of the ranking stars of the Metropolitan Opera Association, among them Lily Pons, Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett, Salvatore Baccaloni, Jan Peerce, Robert Weede, Giovanni Martinelli, Josephine Antoine, Marjorie Lawrence and Nino Martini.

Other artists who are expected to participate in the programs include radio and concert personalities whose voices are known to millions. The group includes Vivian Della Chiesa, Josephine Tuminia, Ruby Mercer, Elizabeth Wyssor, Ivan Petroff and Franco Perulli.

Fort Hancock's program of summer musical events will start early in June when Baccaloni, the Metropolitan's top ranking comic basso, will come here with a troupe of artists to present excerpts from three different operas. The program will include one-act costumed presentations from each of the following operas: "Don Pasquale," "The Barber of Seville," and "Boris Godunoff," with Mmes. Wyssor and Mercer and Messrs. Petroff and Perulli supporting Mr. Baccaloni in the principal roles of each opera.

At frequent intervals thereafter during June and July other programs will be scheduled to coincide with the itineraries of the opera and radio stars, most of whom will be heard at Lewisohn Stadium, Robin Hood Dell, and other outdoor music festivals in principal cities throughout the United States.

Gino Baldini, head of the Concert Division of USO Camp Shows, who arranged the recent visit of the "Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo," which was one of the most successful musical presentations ever offered here, hopes to be able to announce definite dates shortly for Miss Pons, Miss Swarthout, Mr. Tibbett, Miss Lawrence and the other members of the Metropolitan Opera contingent.

All of them previously have appeared under the auspices of USO Camp Shows at camps and bases in the U. S. and Canada. Their concerts invariably have drawn capacity audiences to auditoriums and theatres where they have sung for men in the armed forces.

Miss Swarthout, whose husband is Frank Chapman, a captain in the Marines, is one of this country's best-loved musical figures. Miss Swarthout, Miss Pons, Miss Moore and Mr. Tibbett, all of whom have appeared in motion pictures, have consistently led in surveys of leading box office personalities in the music world.

Jan Peerce and Robert Weede, both relatively recent additions to the Metropolitan Opera roster, have been known to radio audiences for years through their appearances on the Radio City Music Hall of the Air.

FIELD JACKET FOUND

Soldier who left field jacket marked A-7555 in car belonging to Capt. Coleman on May 17 near Theatre No. 2 may have same by calling EENT Clinic Station Hospital.

'Big Name' Summer Season Looms



Gladys Swarthout, top name singing star, who is slated to appear here as one of many famous artists scheduled on Fort Hancock's summer playbill.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

TONIGHT

Enlisted men's game night in YMCA gym. Badminton, basketball, volleyball, bag, weights, apparatus. Opens at 6 p.m.

YMCA lobby sing at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA home game night at 8 p.m. Rumson ladies as hostesses and partners. Refreshments.

"My Friend Flicka," with Roddy McDowell, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson. At Theatre No. 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. At Theatre No. 2 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY

YMCA gym game class for Bullet Buster officers, at 6 p.m.

YMCA bingo party at 8 p.m. Service Club dance.

"I Escaped from the Gestapo," with Dean Jagger and John Carradine. At Post Theatres.

SATURDAY

YMCA free movies at 6 p.m. second showing at 8 p.m.

YMCA lobby sing with Mrs. Werbe at 7:30 p.m.

"My Sister Eileen," with Rosalind Russell and Brian Aherne at Post Theatres.

SUNDAY

YMCA Open house.

YMCA lobby Gospel sing at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA Music of the Masters at 8 p.m.

"The More the Merrier," with Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn and Joel McCrea. At Post Theatres.

MONDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen service at 5 p.m.

Bullet Buster gym class at YMCA at 6 p.m.

YMCA lobby sing, Mrs. Werbe conducting, at 6:30 p.m.

YMCA Java Club at 7:30 p.m. Coffee, cakes.

"The More the Merrier," at Post Theatres.

TUESDAY

YMCA sewing service at 5 p.m. Rumson VSO ladies will do mending.

Chesterfield movies at YMCA at 8 p.m.

"Night Plane from Chungking," with Robert Preston

and Ellen Drew, and "Follow the Band," with Leon Errol and Mary Beth Hughes." Double feature at Post Theatres.

WEDNESDAY

YMCA AWVS canteen service at 5 p.m.

YMCA lobby sing, Mrs. Werbe conducting, at 6:30 p.m.

Bullet Buster gym class at YMCA at 6 p.m.

YMCA hobby and crafts night at 8 p.m. Lady instructors.

"Buckskin Frontier," with Jane Wyatt, Richard Dix and Albert Dekker. At Post Theatres.

Fifty New Books Are Received At Library

Fifty new books, including 35 non-fiction and 15 fiction, have been shelved for use at the Post Library this week. Ranking among the best are "Last Man Off Wake Island," Baylor; "They Call It Pacific," Lee; "South from Corregidor," Morrell and Martin; "We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing," Whitaker; "As You Were," Woolcott; "Tunis Expedition," Zanuck; "By Nature Free," Haydn; "Having a Wonderful Crime," Rice; and "There Was An Old Woman," Queen.

Other books on the list are as follows: "Book Review Digest of 1942," "North Africa," Brodrick; "Victory Garden Manual," Burdett; "Contract Bridge," Culbertson; "Vaquero of Brush Country," Dobie; "Ski Track on the Battlefield," Firsoff; "This Rich World," Foster; "Lees of Virginia," Hendrick; "Dynamite Cargo," Herman; "Happy Landings," Herzberg.

Also in fiction: "Happy Man," Easton; "This Is Murder," Mr. Jones; Fuller; "Smell of Money," Head; "Story of Dr. Wassall," Hilton; "Gideon Planish," Lewis; "Mr. Winkle Goes to War," Pratt; "Black Swan," Sabatini; "Hope Deferred," Seletz; "Oh, Promised Land," Street; "Perilous Journey," Sublette and Kroll; "They Deal in Death," Terrall; "Yesterday's Children," Warrick.

Sandy Hook Foghorn

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Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, May 20, 1943.

AN OLD-TIMER SPEAKS

An old timer left the Army last week end.

He is Pfc. Harry Houghtaling, 47, "daddy" of the Blitzers. The name and the outfit are unimportant. What is worth noting is that Harry has an answer for the man who waits for the end of the war, for the man who lets severance from civilian life get him down.

Some of us here—many of us youngsters in the game of war—do a lot of excess crabbing about the Army. Yet in later years, if we follow precedent, we shall look back upon these present days in pleasant, even envious memory—memory of barracks' banter, of hard-faced but soft-hearted sergeants, of passes, of gigs, of footlocker photographs, of guys and things we never knew existed before.

Sure, the Army is tough. We wouldn't want an Army that wasn't tough. But the very things that make it tough are the things we shall smile and grin at appreciatively in years ahead.

Harry Houghtaling would tell you just this, if you asked him. He was a laconic sort of guy. He liked to listen. Once in a while, he'd make a remark brief but full of flavor. He's the type who wouldn't get excited about being shipped. He took the Army in its course and left behind not a little food for thought.

He jotted down a few notes in his last hour on the post, after his friends had bidden him goodbye and when he sat alone in retrospect. Here are his thoughts.

"This is my last day of active duty in the Army of the United States. As I sit here in the sun on the barracks' porch waiting for the last boat ride, my thoughts wander back to the time when with great pride and expectancy I entered the service on September 14, 1940.

"Forty-five years old then, I sat thinking, as I am now, what the future held in store. Now nearly 48 with almost three years of service behind me, I say truthfully that sadness marks this final day of active service.

"The association with men in the Army has been one of wonderful memories. To those about to enter service, I can say with experience that it will make men out of each and every one of you. True, we all have families, friends and associates whom we miss; but when we turn from them, we make new friends wherever we go in the service.

"My father, 82 years old and still active, once set a goal for me I have always tried to reach.

That goal is clean living, plenty of rest, and plenty of work—the only real basis for all contented and happy individuals. The Army has a balance of all three of these things.

"In service, I have been in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, and back to Jersey. In each state and in each camp, I met swell guys by the 100s. I have seen many men come in and go out. I have been to many farewell parties given in honor of staunch friends. Now it's my time to depart.

"I will remember the Army always as the best institution there is to bring men together as friends and brothers throughout the world.

"To Fort Hancock, it is indeed with sadness I say 'so long.' I leave with regret in my heart, and memories in my mind. Thanks to every man and to the Army of the United States that never shall know defeat."

The "I'm-ready-for-a-discharge-anytime" boys should have known Harry. The boys who look for a discharge all the time probably are the same ones who in civilian life always see the greenest grass in the next field. A little application of Harry's "make the most of it" philosophy might make them better soldiers—and better civilians.

According to Army Regulations, Harry was a Private First Class. But according to the men who knew him best, Harry was a first class private.

SANDY HOOK FOGGHORN

Second Year—Vol. 4—No. 47.

Fort Hancock, N. J., Thursday, May 20, 1943.

Published Weekly

Hook Soldier Rescues Child from Drowning

COLUMN LEFT

What with all the changes of recent date taking place in the PX, something should be said in behalf of that No. 1 Army nitery, where the fugitives from fatigue clothes gather every evening to discuss with the young damsels various and sundry aspects of the Civil War, such as Lee's surrender to Grant, Swordplay at Bull Run, effects of rationing on "shortnin" bread, and what do you do in your spare time, fair one.

Main changes taking place have been the transformation to a "honey chile" atmosphere and a reduction in prices guaranteed to fit any man's pocketbook — even a private's. Or, so the story goes, if you haven't got a pocketbook, a fairly legitimate southern accent and a hungry look will do. The hungry look, it goes without saying, is not of the "let's eat . . . first" species.

Putting it another way, it goes like this:

Prices are so modest
The only prayer a guy could make
Would be enlarging of the menu
To include a sirloin steak.

For if three cents buys a coffee
And ten cents buys a shake
Fifteen cents should be sufficient
For french fries and a steak.

Still despite the lowered prices
That gives the purse a tickle
That traditional "good five cent cigar"
Still sells for a nickel.

Although the prices and honey-suckle are new, the old lament still remains in vogue:

The PX is a lovely place
It's known to fame and glory
But every time you visit there
They're taking inventory.

Now that we're on the lament department, another problem is that of being waited on. According to standard procedure, the customer first listens to "Have You Ever Heard That Song Before" 746 times. After the record is worn out, he usually gets a seat and dons a look of pained expectancy.

The waitress, according to the formula, knows by this look that he has been around only several hours, and she thinks it more fair to wait on the "older" customers first. "As Time Goes By," both on the juke box and literally, the problem turns out to be a close race as to whether you get the coffee and doughnuts or your soldier's pension first.

When you reach the age of 62, you rescind the order, call for a wheelchair, and take your business to the mess hall.

One waitress was overheard saying sweetly: "I've seen your face before . . . you must come in quite often."

(Continued on Page 3)

Calling Ripley: Librarian is Both Soldier and Civilian

"What outfit, bud?"

This question probably is one of the most widely used conversational can openers existing among unmet Army

All — Army?



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps
Librarian Miss Elizabeth Evans, who doesn't know whether she's in or out of the Army. On the one hand, she wears the colors of every Army branch. On the other hand, she doesn't have to see the first sergeant to get a pass and comes and goes as she pleases. Her uniform is the only one of its kind on the post.

Insurance Sale Hits 27 Million

A total of approximately \$27,000,000 worth of National Service Life Insurance has been purchased by officers and enlisted men of Fort Hancock since inception of the Post Insurance office here last December, it was announced this week by Major William J. Loughran, Post Insurance officer.

Of this total, enlisted men have purchased almost \$25,000,000 and officers have purchased slightly more than \$2,000,000 worth of insurance, it was said.

The Dot-N-Dash organization currently is setting the pace in insurance subscriptions, with a 97 per cent coverage of officers and a 92 per cent coverage of enlisted men. Capt. George Brooks, Insurance Officer for Dot-N-Dash, believes that organization will reach 100 per cent within a short time.

Second highest percentage is held by the Bullet Buster unit, which has coverage on 96 per cent of officers and on 90 per cent of enlisted men. The Bridge Builders organization is in third place with 100 per cent coverage of officers and 83 per cent of enlisted men.

Insurance statistics prior to last December cannot be determined because the system then was not centralized under a post insurance headquarters.

men, but fella, don't ever try it on Miss Elizabeth Evans, post librarian. Depending on her mood, she'll either get mad and say nothing, or she'll answer the question in slightly less than 15,000 words, all of which will prove nothing.

Miss Evans, it seems, is not only a member of the Army but is a civilian as well. What's more, she's a member of all branches of the Army and yet claims to know nothing about any of them. She wears every color insignia on the GI record, but her weapons still are strictly literary.

All this may be very confusing to the reader, but don't look for sympathy. The writer is even more confused, and Miss Evans, who shoulders the bewildering burden, is most confused of all.

The predicament started about a month ago when Miss Evans became the first woman on the post to wear the newly created uniform of the Army Hostesses and Librarians' Services. She was rather keen about wearing a uniform, but she didn't know what she was in for.

The uniform itself, consisting of a light blue jacket, skirt, coat and accessories, is innocent enough. It's the shoulder patch that causes the bewilderment.

In the shape of a semi-circle, the patch has ten color wedges in it, each one representing a branch of the Army and combinations of each representing other branches. There's maroon for the Medics, red for Artillery, orange for Signal Corps, green for Station Complement, white to combine with other colors, black for Chaplain, yellow for Cavalry, buff for Quartermaster, scarlet for Engineer and a background of blue for Infantry.

Despite this all-Army array, Miss Evans frankly admits she can't shoot a rifle, administer a tetanus shot, install a communications system, ride a horse, hand out supplies, build a bridge or preach a sermon.

And because of the multi-colored shoulder patch she estimates she has answered about 465,000 times (just a rough count) the following question: "What do you belong to—the Rainbow Division?"

(Continued on Page 3)

May Get Recommendation For Red Cross Award

Cpl. Andrew G. Lawson, 27, member of Captain Raymond Greene's Guardsman detachment and accepted candidate for Officers' Training, added an unwritten chapter to

Saves Life



—Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

They really hit the nail on the head when they picked Cpl. Lawson as an officer candidate. After being accepted, he proved his ability for quick-thinking by rescuing a child from New York's Harlem River. His deed may bring him an award.

his OCS application on Sunday evening, May 10, when he dove into the icy waters of New York's Harlem River and rescued a 7-year-old boy from certain death by drowning. The youngster endangered was John Parrish, whose parents reside at 525 West 180th street, the Bronx.

Cpl. Lawson's deed caused him to be one day late returning from furlough, but his "alibi" was iron-clad enough to draw congratulations from his detachment commander as well as from men in his outfit. Following full investigation, it is expected he will be recommended for an American Red Cross Certificate of Merit.

According to report, Cpl. Lawson, finishing up a furlough spent at home with his mother, Mrs. Mary Lawson of 203 Sherman avenue, the Bronx, had decided to take one last turn around the neighborhood before returning to camp.

While strolling across the Speedway over the Harlem River, his attention was attracted by the Parrish boy's young buddy who, standing on a retaining wall, was shouting for help and pointing to the water below. Looking down, Cpl. Lawson saw the victim struggling in the river.

Acting quickly, he first hailed a motorist, asked him to call the police, and then dived a distance of ten feet into the chill water. "The river is about 25 feet deep at that spot," Cpl. Lawson said, "and I had to surface-dive several times in order to locate the boy."

Holding the lad in a chest carry, Cpl. Lawson swam a distance of 50 feet to the nearest point in the shore to complete the rescue. Following first aid administered by police, the lad was none the worse for his experience.

Dripping wet and shivering, the Hook soldier's first thought after leaving the water was not of his drenched condition but of the possibility of being AWOL from camp. "I tried to get the police to call and explain things to my detachment commander, but I guess they forgot. Anyway it didn't matter. Things turned out OK," he said.

Cpl. Lawson thanks the Red Cross for his now tested ability to rescue a person from drowning. He studied Red Cross life saving methods and earned a Red Cross Junior Lifesaving Certificate when he attended a boys' camp in his teens.

Cpl. Lawson, who will leave for OCS shortly, was drafted into the Army in May, 1941, was released in March, 1942, and was recalled to Fort Hancock in November, 1942.

PX Establishes New Hours of Operation

Fort Hancock's various post exchanges adopted and placed into effect this week a new schedule of hours during which they will be open for business. This new schedule is as follows:

Main store: Monday through Saturday, open from 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m., closed from 1:30 p.m. to 2:30 p.m., open 2:30 p.m. until 10 p.m. Sunday, open from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m.

Branches 1, 3, 4 and 5: Monday through Saturday, open 10 a.m. until 1:30 p.m., closed 1:30 p.m. to 2:30 p.m., open 2:30 p.m. until 10 p.m. Sunday, open 10 a.m. until 5 p.m.

'Olde Do-nut Shoppe' Retired, Modern Vest-Pocket PX Opens

"Ye Olde Doughnut Shoppe," known more officially as Post Exchange No. 5, shortly will become a matter for past history when renovation of the small structure near Theatre No. 2 is completed, and the building is transformed into a modern, junior size but well equipped post exchange.

Renovation of the doughnut shop proper, located on the second floor of the building, was com-

pleted Tuesday, and in its place open for business was a new vest pocket PX, with such goods for sale as candy, cigarettes, drugs, notions and stationery.

Yesterday, renovation began on the lower floor of the building. It is expected by the early part of next week that a modern lunch counter, serving sandwiches and other small side orders, will be open for business.

LET 'EM FALL WHERE THEY MAY ---

Salvos from Batteries by Foghorn Reporters

BOMBERS

by Cpl. John P. Lightcap

Next to getting paid, the most important military objective in a soldier's life is the acquisition of a weekend pass . . .

This will be the first of two articles: today we deal with the "weekend" pass, next week we shall discuss the "weekday" pass. The primary step is to write a request and approach the Orderly Room of an evening when the 1st Sgt. is busily engaged playing softball or attending a movie. The next move is to engage in a casual conversation with either the "C. Q." or the Company Clerk and inquire as to how many requests have been filed in the box.

After having been either heartened or disillusioned at his estimation of your chances, you very quietly say "just slip this in the box for me . . . put it on top so that my name will be seen first." (CAHN, LUNDT, CZYZYNSKI, PETILLO, POLLINA, HAYES, RADUAZZO and A. E. MILLER are past masters at these last two steps).

You now embark on the "sweating out" or "live in hope rather than die in despair" period. This period lasts until 1st formation on Friday when the 1st Sgt. calls off the "Saturday and Sunday passes." In the moments consumed by the reading of the names you live a lifetime of expectancy. If you have been one of the chosen few, you jauntily whip into the Day Room and partake of the beverage that spells COCA COLA.

BEAVERS

by Insufficient Vision

Round 'n round the Hospital . . . "Bundles for Brooklyn" or "He Sez Murder" Khoury seen softballing on the tennis court with both bandaged (diagnosis: P. I.-itis) mitts disentangling in the breeze like a true Maypole . . . mutter . . . oh mudder o' mine! To the show-ers, bum! A certain GI Capt. in the Adm. Bldg. sez: "Let not the sun shine on your head!"—for I carry a li'l black gig book . . . Nappanee Lynch is in the whole-sale shoe shining biz . . . will sell you a pr. of shoes w/o a No. 17 coupon . . . 3 bindly cheers to our "Information Please" con-man.

Cut 'n dried Inspector Rickard seen circumventing the wards nightly to measure latest sniptacoccus scabs. Reports Regan took for himself a handsome 20% cut . . . both Mike and Li'l Abner are progressing well notwithstanding the abbreviated squeeze . . . Pal-ishen yips: A bite! A bite! A biscuit, a basket! . . . Aw, blow it out of your coffee urn . . . As for George "I'm Dreaming of Atlantic City" Hackett, he urges seconds to kill off all early chowers . . . In addition to his other duties, our CO is sorting mail as a pastime.

Today's tactical problem: cover and concealment of calomine . . . Wimpy Mikics seen gobbling the goosey hamburgers at Ye Olde Service Club pub . . . ex-Sgt. Major Burger seen blonding at the dawnce . . . she looked like a grad of '01 class, Hunter's College. (She's retiring this year under the SS act) . . . Nice work, GB!! . . . Get well wishes from the gang to Rummelt (no kin of Irwin) . . . DeStefano . . . Pes Planus Skilowich.

The Harlem "Y" was a rendezvous for what student cook and fire-man? . . . Heard on the '17 front: Definition of cootie or "seam-squirrel": A louse with military training . . . As the Japs once said on the isle of Attu: "This is the end" or . . . as Ozzie sez, "See you at the pay table."



"Mr. mechanic, will you please pull out my chocks?"

WONDERS

By Pvt. M. Bilical

Well folks, after a lapse of about a year, yours truly is taking over this column from Pfc. Anonymous. It has been rumored that Pfc. Anonymous has been everybody from Pvt. Delfino to Pvt. Puritz, formerly of this command. It is my humble opinion, however, that it was our much esteemed 1st Sgt. Thomas.

I know that there is going to be plenty of accusations thrown around as to who Pvt. M. Bilical is. Well, boys, let fly. You may guess, it. However, don't expect me to admit it.

I wonder who the wise guy is who introduced a water pistol into the barracks. Yeh, Tom has been going around with a bewildered look on his face recently. Don't worry, Mike, you struck a home in Fort Hancock. Why doesn't somebody give Reisch a pair of tweezers to help stretch those flowers that Cantin planted in the Dispensary garden. Flowers donated by Capt. Fuchs. (Not an advertisement).

The men in the outfit, particularly the non-coms, seem to be developing some beautiful sun-tans. They must be doing real strenuous outdoor work. All three of them.

I wonder how the checker sweepstakes are making out. A certain checker whiz (he thinks so) is a real meat-ball when it comes to playing pool.

A certain technician, who is assigned to the Post Dental Clinic, is drooling over the prospects of seeing WAACs on the post. It seems that somebody assured him that there will be enough for every soldier. Nutt seems to have similar ideas. Hey, Darrow, how about those wedding bells?

Reminds me of the story of the traveling saleswoman and the farmer's son. Oops, wrong column!

Patsy's Car Washing Service is now going at full blast. Special rates for washing privates.

Rogers seems to be blowing a fuse. He's wondering who is locking him out of his room every Sunday evening.

I will close this week's column by sending my fondest regards to the inner circle.

BLITZERS

By Pvt. Eddie Kramer

"Eat all you can, but eat all you take." The cause for Blitzer fame is the notoriety of its chow hounds. Not that these gourmands are any different from other GI's in the amount of food consumed, but their manner in which they do so at the table is what makes them so outstanding. Naturally, as is the case with hard working soldiers, we can forgive them, since the pangs of hunger can wreak havoc on men's minds.

Take the case of Cpl. Bolton. Constantly hungry, he is one of the first to reach the mess hall. This is where years of fine up-bringing begin to take effect. Sometimes there is a burning desire to let his hair down and devour everything edible in sight. Instead, he quietly reaches with both hands for food and in the best English, yells, "Butts on the meat!" thereby reserving three various foods with one stroke. A shrewd article, the Cpl. I predict he'll go far. At least, never starve.

Pvt. Patti's specialty is consuming Army slum. This process belongs exclusively to him as one must have a fondness for slum before he can invent such a method. There isn't a GI in the Blitzers who hasn't wished the cooks a thousand deaths. But to Patti, each supper meal holds new surprises for him.

His schedule runs something like this. Monday: Breaking the bread in small pieces and mixing it in with the slum. Tuesday: Placing a slice of bread on the plate and pouring the slum over it. Then adding a second slice on top of that, thereby making what he dubs as the "Patti Special." Wednesday: Separating the meat — oh, let's quit here. I could go on endlessly. Those who are interested in seeing the results of this are invited to step around and have a chat with Patti. He is the happiest soldier in the Blitzers.

Pvt. Lynch is the stentorian type. Claims the reason for yelling while eating is to drown out the crackle of the old bread thus saving Cpl. Haggerty embarrassment. Pvt. Taube claims that he is the slow eating type, as explanation for his being the first and last to leave the table.

GUMS ROAR

By Sgt. Ray D. Knight

LOOSE ENDS DEPT.: We've almost found out who's ahead in the Diamond Derby. Next week the secret will be out . . . CUZ HIGHTOWER contributes to our goat section the news that all mess hall proprietors are at camouflage school learning how to disguise you know what. So—if you find gristle in your dessert, be calm.

GUMBEATS: TWIRLY CREN-SHAW's hashmarks. They're off, says SEARS ROBUECK, because they kept giving away his age . . . GDYAL and BDYAL collecting stares at No. 2. He reads movie subtitles to her because, when she forgets her glasses, she can't see as far as the back of your neck . . . LOAM BROWN playing Romeo last week on a hotel balcony. CONTRACT BRIDGES can recite the story for you . . .

WALTER HUSTON HOUSTON back again from his mission that wasn't to Moscow . . . WOLF VELARDI and that comeback: "I was only being a gentleman" . . . PTO TYLER. He reports the Windsors as five rows ahead of him at "Oklahoma" the other night . . .

LITTLE DUDE (j.g.) looking bushed. Over-indulgence, they say . . . MICKEY (Himself) McGuire's stories. Catch the boll weevil saga especially . . . ZIM ZIMMERMAN. He's the Rube Goldberg of his set . . . CURLEY LA BAR. They're calling him "Always Last" . . .

LEON FOUCART. He's soon due for an operation. Afterward, he hopes to be back with the boys . . . HUMPHY BROWN in to see the crowd last week. He's now a lieutenant . . . ALPHONSO STEFFINS' misunderstanding with a bed last week. The man's a contortionist . . . UG STEPHENS. He just doubled his stripe capacity . . . FURLOUGH LOWERY. He's back — but did he give the messages to Louise from MINKO CLANCE? He hasn't said . . .

CONCH BRADLEY's girl friends. Their voices sound so husky over the telephone . . . RED ADAMS. He went out for shortening last week . . . ED KOZYOUSEKI. From an Apple Core he took it on the chin . . .

Shivering CUT PRICE. He used to sit on the beach down South and can't seem to drop the habit . . . WHITE CHRISTMAS WEAVER. Ever since "God Bless America," the boys have been waiting for more of that golden voice . . . ACE BELLOTTI. He wants the "Fort Hancock" to show when he wears those T-shirts . . .

MORTIMER SNERD FURGOL. Try calling him "100 Watt" . . . Scratches on the finish of T. K. GARDNER's face. Two dreams met and discovered they were playing a double feature that evening with him . . . Gum-of-the-Week: What goes on in yo haid?

This is hardly reasonable in view of the facts. A check with Sgt. Fechter revealed that our lensman recently had the seat of his pants let out to make room for excessive avoirdupois. Deny it, Taube?

Pvt. Cupparo's technique on approaching the mess hall. His energy is boundless. Some times I wonder if he actually eats the same chow the rest of us do. It works different on him. At a maddening pace, he heads for a seat at the table. Half-way there, he discovers he'll be the last guy to complete a full sitting. So he slows down, letting the next guy beat him to it. That makes Arthur the first to reach a new table. This method is recommended for those with weak voices who have trouble getting "Butts" on the food.

DOT-N-DASH

By Pfc. Paul H. Jones

Cpl. Thomas Gartley verified our calling him the outfit's No. 1 Wolf. We were at the movies the other night and Tommie uttered a number of sounds at various points in the picture, which sounded to us like the call of the wild. Do you think that Tommie is the inspiration for the Wolf cartoon carried in this paper?

Pvt. Robert Betts is an excellent pianist, but he is very selfish about it. Goes to the "Y" and plays just for himself. How about a bit of playing for the boys that would enjoy it, Bobbie?

Pfc. Peter Pulomena has not recovered from the ballet that was here recently. We found him in the showers the other night practicing "The Blue Prince."

If that is not bad enough, what do you think of Sgt. James Hogan aspiring to be an operatic tenor. Goes around humming, and mumbling bits from the opera.

Oh yes, speaking of people appearing what they ain't, take Honey Chile Haddad, who is of all things a tango dancer. Haunts the Tango Dance Palace in N. Y. Honey Chile who passes out the "shots" to the boys in the outfit, is known to be frightened to death of a needle. Last time he had one, he had to be pinned to the floor by an exasperated Cpl.

On the same vein, take Sgt. Martin Sandstrom, who appears to be as mild as a bottle of milk. Whereas, we know for a fact that he is one of the outfit's most successful Don Juans.

Do you know Pvt. Orden Blauvelt? He made a nasty remark to us the other day, while we were cleaning our teeth. Told us to take them out and soak them. Which all goes to show just the kind of a guy that he is.

Anyone interested in lessons on proper speech? See Pfc. Bodkin, who promises in six easy lessons, to make you forget the English language has an "h" in it.

Well, "dats, dat." (We are one of 'is pupils).

MAMMA'S PETS

By Pvt. Ted Freidrich

Once again this "colyumist" takes over and begs your kind indulgence. First, a word of welcome to our new executive officer, Lieut. H. I. Rotker, and congrats to Lieut. Taylor, now our company commander.

Pvt. Sid Gallerstein has worked out a new routine, he gets up earlier so he has more time to lounge around. Pvt. Bill "Pass the Food" Zeltman, a very handy guy with the knife and fork. It's nice to run into Pfc. Bill De Roche, always has a cheery greeting. Pvts. Tarnacki and Larkin — the inseparables. Now he's to be addressed as Pfc. Golluscio, if you please.

Pvt. Howard Meeks, the Jamaica playboy, has found a willing ear in the person of Pfc. Fallabella. Women trouble.

Song of the Week: Pvt. Ajello singing, "You Can't Do That To Me." But they did.

Social Note: Sgt. Sadauskas and friend, Caputo, visiting the smart N. Y. night spots. Pvt. Caputo is still counting his change.

We all appreciate Pfc. LeBretten's tenor voice but when he sings "The Man On the Flying Trapeze" in his sleep!

Pfc. Ralph Magistro will conduct English classes in Barracks 204. Anyone wishing to learn how to double talk will attend.

Rest.

Nine Wins 2, Drops 1; Boxers Enter Tourney

Idea of Marsh

By Sgt. Clay Marsh
Sports Editor

And now it's the soldiers of Monmouth County who will feel the striking power of the Post Boxing team. The matching up of the fighters for this card is handled entirely by the fight committee.

This, of course, differs from the procedure when two posts arrange a card between themselves. The respective managers then get into a huddle and swap names back and forth until the card is made up. Because of the many posts participating, this method is not feasible, so a committee was formed to set up Sunday's card.

This should be an interesting experiment to see which is the best way to match up fighters for good close bouts.

The regular lion tamer was absent, so Daniel strolled into the lion's den Monday, and came through the whole experience without a scratch. S-Sgt. Daniel Nee of the Bullet Busters drew the tough assignment of filling Hoffman's spikes on the first base position on the Post nine in the game against Brooklyn College Monday, and the shoes fitted fine.

Nee played errorless ball, and although this left handed hitter was batting against southpaw pitching all day, he grabbed himself 3 out of 4 at the plate. Hoffman, probably the best player in the field, is perhaps a shade better than Nee around the bag, but if Monday's game was an indication of Nee's hitting, he will prove a valuable addition to the team.

Nee played outfield with the Texas State League, and it appears as if he is assured a steady spot out there when Hoffman returns from furlough.

In the meantime, come on out and watch friend Nee play a smart game at first, and a bang-up game at the plate.

The Enlisted Man's Badminton Tournament was completed when Cpl. Bill Tarlow and Cpl. Herb Rosenberg of the Guardsmen knocked off all opposition to enter the finals. The boys went at it last week, and in the bird battle that followed Cpl. Rosenberg gave Cpl. Tarlow a complete lesson in ornithology and took the match.

Rosenberg got the match and the tournament. Tarlow? He got the bird.

After we showed completely and finally that there couldn't be a softball league because of the limited space to play, what happens? The Bullet Busters start a league, and are now in full swing.

That is happening to us all the time. After Johnny Van Da Meer's first no-hitter, we made the profound observation that he could never accomplish that feat again. (We always thought he might at least have waited a few games.)

All right, if the Bullet Busters can do it, so can the rest of the Post. So far we have five other outfits for a League. You have until Sunday to enter your outfit. Drop us a note, and you will have a chance to become the Softball Champs of the Post.

Willie Hoppe, world's champ at billiards, recently received a setback during his tour of Fort Dix. Sgt. Ed Longacre defeated Hoppe—not in billiards but in pool. Final score was 75-53.

Fred Westphal, varsity end at Cornell last year, is a flying cadet at Keesler Field, Miss.

Brooks, Coast Guard Beaten, Dix Wins, 11-10

Beasley's .488 Stick Work Is Standout of Club's Recent Play

Fort Hancock's accelerating baseball nine, which is gathering little moss these days after shaking off an early season Mickey, took two out of three over the week end and in the first half of this week. Fort Dix station hospital handed the Senerchia-men their one defeat 11-10 over the week end, while the local club turned back Brooklyn College 3-1 on Monday and duplicated Tuesday against U. S. C. G. here, the count this time being 8-1.

The Post nine takes the road again this Saturday when it meets Fort Wadsworth on that club's home grounds.

In the Dix game, Fort Hancock led all the way until the eighth frame when the Dixies grabbed three runs to go ahead 7-6. The Hooks pushed across three more in their half of the ninth to go ahead once again, but Dix kept on their plenty hot bandwagon. With two out in their half of the ninth they drove in four runs to clinch the encounter.

Hooker Oldak's tremendous home run banged out in the third stood as the feature of this game.

Lt. Taylor drew his first pitching assignment of the season on Monday when Brooklyn College dropped in for an engagement. In the five innings he worked, he let in only one run and fanned seven men. He never was in serious trouble, but Oldak relieved him so that he wouldn't be overworked in his initial start.

Oldak pitched perfect ball for the next four innings, giving up not a hit. Hancock got two runs in the fourth and one in the eighth to take the tussle 3-1.

In the 8-1 win over U. S. C. G. Tuesday, Bucco drew his first starting ticket for mound duty of the season and relinquished eight well-spaced hits which produced one run. Meantime, the Hookers banged out the same number of hits but made them count the same number of runs.

Top spot of the game went to leftfielder Beasley who continued his hitting rampage with a three-out-of-four tally, one hit of which went for a double. Beasley's work with the stick this season is the talk of the team. Including this game, he is batting an impressive .488—something more than beer and skittles in any man's league.

Nine Enters Six Club League Opening July 1

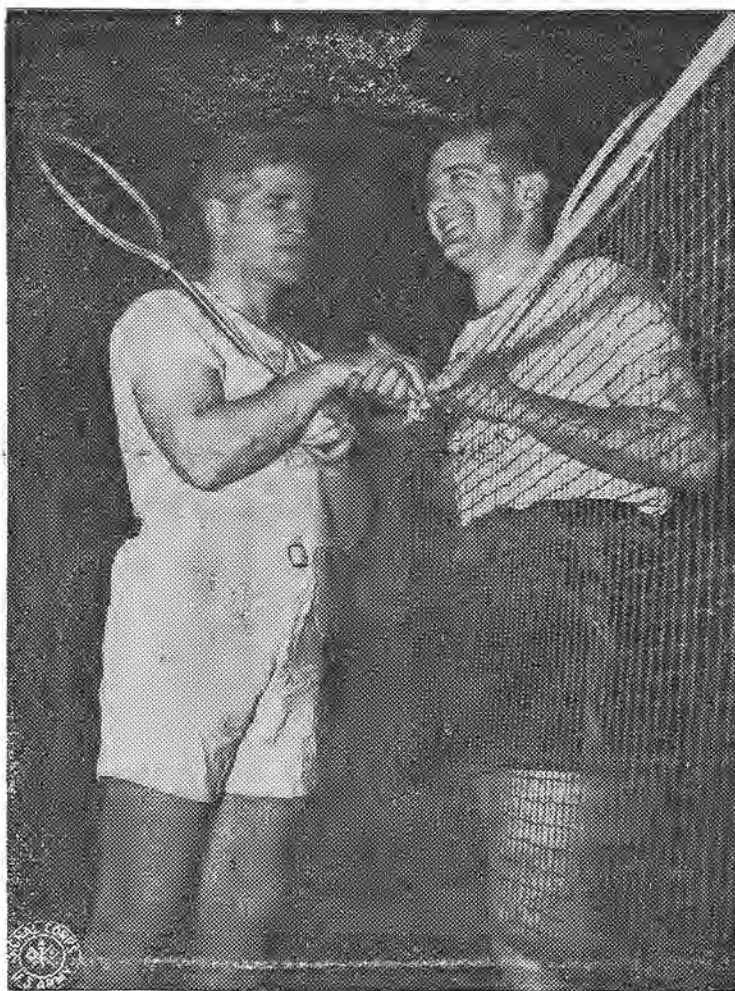
Fort Hancock's baseball team will enter a six team league with Army camps located at Fort Monmouth on July 1, it was announced today by the Special Service Office here.

A series of 15 games, dates to be announced later, will be played during July and August, the series to constitute a second round in the league. Fort Hancock is unable to enter the first round, which is already under way.

Fort Hancock will enter a seven-game playoff with winners of the first round in order to determine its standing as the second round gets underway.

Following the 15 games, winners of each round will play off a best-out-of-seven series to determine the champion. Fort Hancock, during regular league play, will meet each team three times.

THAT VICTORY SMILE



And smile he should, for Cpl. Herb Rosenberg, fight manager, has just become Fort Hancock's badminton champion. A bit less happy is runner-up Cpl. Bill Tarlow.

Rosenberg Trounces Tarlow, Becomes New Badminton Champ

Cpl. Herb Rosenberg of the Guardsmen's medical detachment is the new badminton champion of Fort Hancock by virtue of his victory last week in the finals of the Second

Annual Enlisted Men's badminton tournament held in the YMCA Gage gymnasium.

Killing the "birds" with an uncanny accuracy, Cpl. Rosenberg permitted runner-up Cpl. Bill Tarlow, Headquarters Detachment of the Guardsmen, only seven points in the three-game match, while he ran up an aggregate of 45 points.

Cpl. Rosenberg took the first set 15-1, the second one 15-4 and the third one 15-2. His "on" form exhibited in the finals was in sharp contrast to his "off" night in the semi-finals when he took two out of three from Pvt. Slusky, another Guardsman. Cpl. Rosenberg had enough to beat Pvt. Slusky, but he had twice as much in his slams in the finals.

Besides the two finalists, other men who proceeded as far as the quarter finals included Sgt. B. Hindin, Caboozers, Pvt. John Toth, Guardsmen, Cpl. L. A. Bluemke, Bullet Busters, Pvt. H. Slusky, Guardsmen, Pvt. H. Hauser, Caboozers, and Pvt. John Antini, Bullet Busters.

A team of four officers, headed by Lt. John J. Buyer, has challenged the four semi-finalist enlisted men, Cpls. Rosenberg, Tarlow, Bluemke and Pvt. Slusky, to a friendly match.

The quartet of semi-finalists already has accepted the challenge, and it is expected the match will be played within two weeks. The match probably will consist of three singles and two doubles. Date of the encounter will be announced next week.

JAVA CLUB

Cpl. Leo Simon, of Dispensary "A," will speak on the "Sulpha Drug" before members of the YMCA Java Club in their regular meeting at 7:30 p. m., next Monday.

Haase Stars Again As Bombers Drop CG, 5-2

Continuing their winning ways, the Bombers behind the two hit chucking of their strikeout king, Larry Haase, took the Coast Guardsmen into tow by the score of 5-2 this week. Although Haase was the master all the way, it remained for the big guns of the Bombers to drive across three runs in the 4th to give the lefthander his 4th win of the season against one setback.

Bill Ostrander returned to the lineup after an absence of a week and promptly sewed up the ball game with a clothesline double to leftfield to feature the uprising in the 4th. Haase amassed 13 strikeouts in this encounter to run his season's total to an imposing 44.

CALLING RIPLEY

(Continued from Page 1)

Miss Evans eats at the Officers' Mess, but you don't address her as "sir." She's neither an officer nor an enlisted woman and thus holds no rank. Yet, Army regulations govern her appointment, her duties and her uniform.

Miss Evans' hat is not an overseas cap, not a garrison cap and not a campaign hat. In strictly GI terminology, it's a chapeau—no less.

With everything else balanced on both sides, there's only one condition remaining that makes her more a civilian than a soldier—you guessed it—the pass situation. Miss Evans may come and go as she chooses.

Ring Show Set For Sunday At Long Branch

Fort Hancock to Enter Six Men in Red Cross Glove Tournament

Six men will represent Fort Hancock in the largest boxing event ever staged in Monmouth County, at the Long Branch Stadium, at 2:30 p. m., Sunday.

All posts situated in Monmouth County have submitted their entries for this 20-bout, all-military boxing show, which is being held for the benefit of the Monmouth County Red Cross War Fund.

Several ring celebrities have indicated their desire to appear at this event, and some of those expected are: Mike Jacobs, Nat Rogers, Sam Taub, Benny Leonard and Ray Arcel.

Of the six men who have been picked to represent Hancock, two are newcomers to the Post team. Private Walter Carr, a Chicago boy, who fights at 150 lbs., and heavy-weight Seaman Raymond Mecla from Brooklyn are the new additions to the Hook SWAT squad.

The four men who have earned their spot on the Post team are:

Sgt. Pat Dyer, 145 lbs. Dyer won his permanent spot with his fine showing in the British fights last month. He showed plenty in his bout then, and good things are expected of him on Sunday.

Pfc. Frank Lofaso of Brooklyn, who has a record of 3 won and 2 lost, will step into the ring Sunday at 168 lbs. Lofaso, in addition to his ring chores has found time to go out and win himself a berth on the Post baseball team as receiver.

Private Al Grammatico of Ann Arbor, Michigan, is another one who will make the trip Sunday. Fighting at 137 lbs., Grammatico has fought twice for Hancock, and won both times. In the British card Grammatico entered upon a slugging match with his opponent, and proved to the crowd that he was a boy who can take it, and dish it out.

Pfc. Carmen Perreca of Brooklyn, fought twice for Hancock, and is, at present, swatting 100. Perreca will fight Sunday at 150 lbs.

COLUMN LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

Soldier replied: "No, I live here. I told my company commander I was hungry three weeks ago, and he put me on detached service to come to the PX. My outfit is leaving in a few days, and I was wondering if I could get a cup of coffee in time to go out with the boys."

In her silkiest magnolia voice, the waitress countered: "Oh, an emergency case, eh. Quick Kildare, the coffee—this man is dying." Then cutting through 24 miles of red tape with a bread knife, she yelled out "d-r-a-w-o-n-e," and the coffee, as if by magic, appeared in the short time of exactly two days, 18 hours, and 12 2/5 seconds. And she could have done better on a faster track.

By this time, we should have made Damocles look like a piker. He only had a sword hanging by a thread over his head. We now have a bread knife without a thread aimed at our throat. This slant-a on Atlanta is sure to start Macon aching, so we beg forgiveness. All in fun.

This has nothing to do with the subject, but wonder what they do in Galveston on a rainy night? Break.