

# The Sand-Paper

NEWS OF THE 6TH EVACUATION HOSPITAL

Volume 1

Camp Blanding, Fla., Friday, February 27, 1942

Number VII

## Hospital Golden Glover In Finals

### Soldiers Apply For Commissions

Can you answer these questions?

What part of a beef animal provides us with tenderloin steak?

How is crude oil refined into gasoline?

Where is Formosa; who owns it; how was it acquired?

What is the difference between TNT and dynamite?

Where are the Carolines?

Why were American troops permitted to land in Ireland against De Valera's consent?

What would you do if you found a soldier dying on the battlefield?

What is a submarine's motive power?

How can one avoid paying the income tax?

If you can answer these questions correctly, it won't make you a commissioned officer — but it will help. Applicants for Officer Candidate Schools are currently appearing before an Examining Board of three officers at Camp Headquarters and do their best with the above and innumerable other questions.

You can't cram for these  
(Continued on page two)

### Hayes and Hamel Promoted

February 12th saw two promotions in the ranks of this organization. On that day Acting Sgt. Aubrey S. Hayes received his warrant as sergeant and Pvt. Alfred J. Hamel advanced in specialist rating from 4th class to 3rd class.

The violent thuds that smote the ears and shook the homes of the good people of Jacksonville this week were not, as many had supposed, the firing of giant cannons. They were, instead, the results of the flailing fists and falling bodies of the Golden Glovers in the Duval County Armory.

The simon pures, as expected, put on a good show and had the crowd on their feet throughout the entire series of eliminations. The boys were in there continually punching and battling with all the energy they could muster, trying hard to fight

their way to the coveted honors and a free trip to New York.

The bouts got under way on Monday night, February 23rd, when seventeen contests were fought. Pvt. Edsil P. Flowers was the first of this organization's five representatives to enter the ring, the other four drawing byes. Fledgling Flowers managed to put up a good defense in the face of a terrific onslaught by his opponent but failed to weather the storm and was counted out after one minute and 38 seconds of the first round.

Tuesday night saw Pvt. Ferdinand Bellarmino and Pvt. 1cl Leonard Karabinos making their bids. Battling Bellarmino uncovered a beautiful left jab that shook his adversary from head to toe every time it connected. It wasn't long before the Battler had his man's head snapping back with astounding regularity, and it looked as if Bellarmino would put the crusher on, any second. But the round ended before the sleeping powder could be administered. However, Bellarmino's opponent apparently had had enough, for he refused to answer the bell the second round and Bellarmino was declared the winner on a technical K. O.

Our popular "Buddy" Karabinos made his showing next and although he was pitted against a man who was much taller and  
(Continued on page two)



Pvt. Dismukes at work before Uncle Sam called.

THANK YOU, SIR.

Commenting on the last issue of this newspaper, Captain Russell said: "If there is a rough side to the Sand-Paper, I can't find it."

## HOSPITAL GOLDEN GLOVER IN FINALS

(Continued from page one)

who had a longer reach, he used his ring experience to good advantage and took the nod in a close decision.

Much to the disappointment of the Hospital rooters who had traveled to Jacksonville by chartered bus, Blitz Bongiorno and Roughhouse Rudy Knoff were not matched with opponents Tuesday night and they entered the semi-finals by the back door.

The semi-finals went on tap Wednesday and the biggest crowd of the week was on hand to witness the survival of the fittest. The prospects still looked good for the Mauling Medics but Bellarmino, Karabinos and Bongiorno came out on the short end of the decisions and it was left to Sgt. Rudy Knoff to uphold the fistic prestige of the group.

Battling Bellarmino put on his usual good fight but failed to follow up an early advantage. In the first round his left jab was again working to perfection but it was sadly lacking in the second and third rounds. The decision in favor of his opponent was roundly booed, but it stood nevertheless.

Karabinos discovered that fighting above his regular weight was just a trifle too much of a disadvantage. Although he came through with a whirlwind finish it wasn't quite enough to win the decision.

The battle of the midgets came next on the program, putting our Bongiorno against Jones, a Georgia lad. Bongiorno tried hard and pulled the crowd to its feet with several beautiful rallies but Jones had the edge in boxing finesse and managed to stave off the blitz and then hand out a little of his own. Jones won the fight but Bongiorno won the admiration of the entire crowd for his gallant stand.

Towards the end of the evening the audience was finally treated to a glimpse of Roughhouse Rudy. Knoff had drawn an opponent who punched hard and several times the boy from

## ERC MEN RETURN

Familiar faces and old friends are in evidence these days with the return of the ERC men to their organizations.

Many a soldier said good bye to a favored pal when the men over 28 years of age were released. But now the old relationships have been resumed as if there had been no separation at all.

These old timers are back at their old jobs and have gotten into the swing of things so rapidly that it is hard to believe that they were ever away.

The patriarch of our own ERC men returned just as we were having chow one day. We mean, of course, Pvt. Frank Datena. As Frank entered the mess-hall he almost tripped over his long gray beard when he heard the spontaneous burst of applause that greeted him.

Our Methuselah waved hello with both hands and when quiet was restored he uttered these epic words, "What's for chow?"

## EXTRA

AS THIS PAPER WAS GOING TO PRESS LATE LAST NIGHT THE NEWS CAME VIA RADIO THAT SGT. KNOFF LOST A CLOSE DECISION TO HARLAN HILL FOR THE GOLDEN GLOVES HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

Texas found himself in trouble. The tough sergeant has a good system for getting out of tight spots. He winds up and pours everything but the kitchen sink into the other guy. Knoff had his man going at times but fatigue prevented him from putting across the haymaker. It was a fast fight for the heavy-weight class and the crowd loved it. The rafters were almost raised when the decision was awarded to Knoff. The applause accorded this boy was really terrific.

The chips are riding on Roughhouse Rudy, the surviving representative of the 6th Evacuation Hospital in the Golden Gloves when he meets Harlan Hill for the heavyweight championship Thursday night.

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## SOLDIERS APPLY FOR COMMISSIONS

(Continued from page one)

exams. Just shine your shoes, brush your hair and act and "look" like officer material. Your record is before the Board and they know all about you.

Some of the branches of the Service for which you may apply—providing you have the necessary qualifications—are: Air, Armored Force, Coast Artillery, Engineers, Field Artillery, Finance, Infantry, Medical Administration, Military Police, Ordnance, Quartermaster, and Signal Corps.

Consult your Headquarters section for complete information.

If you make the grade, don't forget you were an enlisted man once, yourself.

When you've read the Sand-Paper, send it home.

**SPORTS**

When the hospital moved from its home on the shores of Lake Kingsley to its present site, our athletes not only lost a wonderful swimming hole, but also forfeited a good baseball diamond which they themselves built. And the trees in the new location prevent the Touch Football games played after hours, week-ends, and even during 'Breaks'.

But as the footballs, baseballs, and swimming trunks were stored away, the men turned to half-forgotten sports. Store and handmade bows and arrows, an improvised basketball court, and horizontal bars are now exacting as much pent up energy as the old games did. New and unused muscles ached for a while but are now answering every call for dexterity and stamina. The rivalry and fun are just as great. The only difference is the discovery of new talent.

Private Downey, for instance, who had to be satisfied with the role of roofer at baseball and football games, now has an audience whenever he entertains the men with his tricks on the horizontal bar. He says he is the best in the outfit—but it won't be for long, eh, Buddies?

The Bowling League had to skip last Monday's schedule in order to attend the Golden Gloves bouts in Jacksonville. The bowling tournament will resume this coming Monday night at the usual hour.

**Correction**

Last Friday's Sand-Paper erroneously stated that Lewis P. Jones, Sr., father of Lewis P. Jones, Jr., 1st Sergeant of the Hospital, was Captain and Commanding Officer of 6th Evacuation Hospital during the World War I. Dr. Jones was a 1st Lieutenant in the M. C., assigned to duty with the 6th Evacuation Hospital during the last war and he was also Commanding Officer of the 1st Evacuation Hospital during part of the late war.



Before our carpenters went to work.

**Organization Dance A Hit**

The audience roared at the comedy radio skit presented at the organization dance last Friday. It was easy to see that everybody enjoyed the evening's fun, including our very charming guests, the ladies from Jacksonville. The music, furnished by Joe Carpitano's orchestra was, in the words of one of our dance partners, "solid, honey . . . solid." Dancing started the very minute the girls arrived . . . From then on, dancing, fun and laughter continued until 12:30. Even the chaperons were reluctant to call it a night.

The lighting and decorative effects were achieved on the stage by Carl Edwards, our skilled electrician. The pretty girls, soft lights, sweet music and Mess Sgt. Hayes' buffet, changed the Army Recreation

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March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,

**"Ride 'Em Cowboy"**

With Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, Dick Foran, Johnny Mac Brown and The Merry Maes

— Also News and Shorts —

Friday, Saturday—March 6, 7

**BIG DOUBLE FEATURE**

No. 1—"Spooks Run Wild"  
With Bela Lugosi and The East Side Kids

No. 2—"Winners of the West"

With Dick Foran

— Also Cartoon and Serial —

**MIDNIGHT SHOW, SATURDAY**

11:30 P. M.

Jane Withers, In

**"Golden Hoofs"**

With Charles (Buddy) Rogers

— Also Selected Shorts —

Hall into a Blanding night club. A group of men from a medical battalion, our new neighbors, were invited to join in the festivities. It was our way of saying "Welcome, soldiers."

**CHURCH SERVICES**

Sunday, March 1st.

**Protestant**

10:00 A. M. Chaplain Holland Speaking.

Subject: "Our God."

**Catholic Mass**

11:00 A. M. Chaplain Casey.  
Saturday 8:00 P. M. Confessions.

"I fear God, and next to God I chiefly fear him who fears him not."  
Saadi.

**PATIENTS ENTERTAINED**

The 6th Evacuation Hospital dramatic group entertained the patients of the Station Hospital last Wednesday with a performance of simulated radio skits.

## THE SAND-PAPER

Edited and published by and for the personnel of the 6th Evacuation Hospital.

NORMAN E. KING

Captain, Medical Corps, Commanding

Sgt. Samuel H. Goldman  
Editor

Sgt. Leonard Cole  
Art Editor

— Editorial Associates —

Pfc. Raymond Addeo, Sgt. James E. Byrne, S. Sgt. Irving Gottsegen, Pfc. Lester Gruol, Sgt. Fred Middleman, Master Sgt. James W. Wood.

The Sand-Paper is quickly approaching the venerable age of one year and, as time marches on, it is beginning to face the typical problems of ancient institutions. One of these problems is its very name.

When Camp Blanding was "younger" many of the soldiers believed that they were being trained on the miniature desert for possible warfare in the region of the Sahara or in Lybia. The marches with full pack last summer added the word "mirage" to the soldier's vocabulary and Kipling's "Boots" became a popular poem.

It was then that we sought a name for the embryo journal and the men responded with numerous suggestions. When a slip of paper bearing the name "Sand-Paper" reached the editorial staff there was a loud and unanimous "Eureka."

Since then we have been away on extended maneuvers and on each return the sand seemed less, the trees shadier and "mirage" and "Boots" ceased being heard.

And now we're beginning to get inquiries on the meaning of the name—"Sand-Paper." Major Holland, Camp Chaplain, writes that "the meaning . . . is found in the surroundings that gave it birth . . . It seems that this should be recalled or else some may be frightened by the name, since other brands of paper are preferred."

But like the Saturday Evening Post, which is published every Tuesday, we'll stick to "Sand-Paper."



Pvt. Bergamo, formerly with Saks-Fifth Ave., Beauty Salon.

### Government Insurance Available

Through recent changes in the laws governing the issuance of government life insurance, all men now in the armed forces of the United States have until April 19, 1942, to apply for any amount of insurance up to \$10,000. Those men who have any amount under the limit may apply for another policy covering the difference.

Beneficiaries must be the soldier's wife, mother, father, brother, sister or child. Two beneficiaries may be named and the amounts payable to each may be designated by the applicant at the time his request for a policy is submitted.

It is estimated that many men of this organization will apply for new or additional insurance, and for their convenience questionnaires will be issued. The questionnaires are to be filled out completely and turned in to Private Addeo as quickly as possible. All information will be kept strictly confidential.

No physical examination is necessary. Ten days to two weeks time will be required before the formal applications will be completely filled out, ready for signature.

### Addeo Commended

Private 1st class Raymond Addeo was commended publicly this week by Captain Norman E. King, Commanding Officer of this organization, for his excellent work in arranging the Organization Dance, held last Friday. In his commendation, Captain King also praised Pvt. Addeo for his fine record and loyalty as evidenced by his work in the headquarters of the 6th Evacuation Hospital.

### HOSPITAL BUYS DEFENSE BOND

The 6th Evacuation Hospital bought a \$500 series F., Defense Bond out of funds that were to be used for the recreation of the personnel.

Let us have your comments on the Sand-Paper.

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# WEEK END PASS

By S. Sgt. I. Gottsegen

Did K. P. and Litter Drill get you down? Do you need rest and relaxation? Do you want to get "away from it all?" St. Augustine is the place for you, and while we're on the subject, let's go there. The town is practically designed for tourists, and that the soldier is a tourist par excellence is a well-known fact. So, GET THE PASS, don't forget your camera, and we're off . . .

Transportation is not a bugaboo, and we find many busses leaving the camp bus station on Saturday afternoons, and a round trip ticket costs \$1.79. It takes no longer than an hour and a half to get there and coming back on Sunday you'll find that busses run quite often from town to camp.

Famed as the site of the "Fountain of Youth," the city of St. Augustine offers many other attractions to make your week-end a pleasant stay. People who like to say that they've seen the oldest places in America are able to satisfy to the utmost their appetites for antiquity. For in St. Augustine we have the oldest house in the U. S., the oldest school in the U. S., and the oldest fort in the U. S.

Fort Marion, the oldest fort in the United States, is free to men in uniform. It is constructed of coquina shells, a type of shell found in abundance on the beaches of Florida.

The fort has never been captured by an invading force and has served under the English, French and Spanish flags. To make the tour complete, you've got to visit the dungeons, else how could you say you've seen the oldest dungeons in the oldest fort in the U. S.

And, of course, you've got to visit the "Fountain of Youth." Supposedly, this is the spot that Ponce de Leon found as a place where one could regain lost youth. Incidentally, carbonated water is served here, and if you've got a good imagination, you might think it has some sort of effect on you. The price of a tour is 50 cents. It's a good idea to visit the place because one of the first questions people will ask you when you say you've visited St. Au-

gustine is, "Did you visit the 'Fountain of youth?' " It's liable to be embarrassing to say "No!"

There are any number of places to eat in and on the outskirts of the town, especially on the road to the beach. If you're partial to southern fried shrimp, you can have this dish at the "Blue Heron," on the beach road. The price of the entire dinner is only 60 cents. The least bit of reconnaissance in town will tell you dances are being held; and there are at least one or two every Saturday night.

If you have \$7 you don't know what to do with, you might try staying overnight at the famed Ponce de Leon Hotel, and that's the cheapest room in the house. But to get back to our level . . . tourist accommodations can be found from 75 cents to \$1.50. The town abounds in these places, and it isn't at all hard to find something to suit you.

You might visit St. Augustine Beach which is six miles from town, and the hotel on the beach has dancing every Saturday night.

Marineland, which is 18 miles from St. Augustine is a place of great interest, for here we're able to see much sea-life in its natural habitat. Busses run on schedule from town, and the price of admission is 50 cents to service men.

By this time you should be tired of riding in busses. If so, there's always the horse and carriage to be hired in town at two dollars an hour, and a more pleasant way of seeing the city I've yet to find. Hey! . . . did

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Starke

Ping pong, games, reading  
rooms, writing tables, show-  
ers, radios, victrolas, dancing  
and a dining room are some  
of the facilities open to the  
service men.

I say we were going to spend a quiet week-end? Well, maybe next week-end; . . . there's too much of interest in St. Augustine. We can always rest the week-end we don't get the pass.

**FREDERICK'S WEDDING POSTPONED**

The expected wedding between Pvt. 1cl Edward Fredericks and Miss Rose Mary Lehmann had to be postponed last week due to circumstances beyond their control.

After all other arrangements had been made it was discovered that Miss Lehmann did not have in her possession certain papers necessary for the trip to the altar.

The harried couple sent several last minute telegrams requesting the missing documents but because of the shortness of notice these could not be supplied before the bride-to-be's departure for New York.

Fredericks is already framing the magic words which will get him an Easter furlough and an Easter wedding in New York.

When you've read the Sand-Paper, send it home,

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**"Patience, Sergeant"**

By Sgt. James E. Byrne  
(Short short story)

It was early morning and Sergeant Monahan was hard at work at his daily grind of instructing the new draftees in the use of their rifles and in the elementary movements of close order drill. He seemed to be having more trouble than usual with recruit Herald and he was berating the luckless fellow in his own inimitable way.

"So help me Hanna, for less than two cents I'd take you into the Old Man and have him give you the worst ripping up and down you've ever had in your life. Now, try it once more and get it right, 'cause if you don't, God have mercy on your soul, for I won't!"

"PLATOON — ATTENTION, — RIGHT FACE! You \* \* ! ! x. Oh, what in h— is the use . . ."

"I'm sorry, Sarge," said the hapless recruit sheepishly as he picked himself and his rifle off the ground. "I'll get this someday, just wait and see."

"You'll get it, eh? If you're an example of what the U. S. expects to win the war with we might just as well invite the Kaiser to come over and take the White House."

Buck Private Herald was no better on the firing range and he almost stabbed a Corporal during bayonet practice. Yet, everybody felt sorry for the guy because he always kept trying. Time and again he swore that he'd stay in the Army until he got the hang of things; and the way things were going in France, with the Huns only forty miles from Paris, it looked as if he'd have plenty of time.

The U. S. won that war. But in 1942, Monahan, now 1st Sergeant, was back at the same old routine of training a bunch of draftees for a new war. He was repeating the same old words to another raw recruit when he added for emphasis, "You know, it's funny, but you remind me of a guy I had in the last war, only you're even dumber than he was, if that's possible. I say 'by the left flank' and you go to the right. I say

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'column left' and you do a column right."

Monahan was interrupted by an authoritative voice at his rear, asking, "Burumph—Sergeant, what do you think of the calibre of the new men?"

Monahan snapped to attention, did a brisk about face and saluted the Colonel before answering, "well, Sir, they're pretty dumb as usual but that one," he pointed at the object of his tirade, "takes the cake."

"Well, a little patience, Sergeant, a little patience," answered Colonel Herald.

**MATERIA MEDICA**

Captain Becker: "Goldstein, what is another name for Aspirin?"

Pvt. Goldstein: "Er, sittle-sattle,— no, sattle-sittle—silly-sally, something like that, Sir." Check.

Captain Becker: "How much is the ordinary dose?"

Pvt. Goldstein: "Two tablets, Sir." Double-check.