

1941

D U D

of Camp McCoy

BUT THIS  
ISN'T ONE

days

## Greetings from the Higher-Ups

As the third week of "tenting out at old Camp McCoy" rolls around, our imagining reporter dreamed up these interviews with the men who are up where it counts. In other words, they're not students. It's not really true, but they might have said it.

### COLONEL KIRKWOOD

"In all my experiences with young men, I can't recall ever having worked with such a fine group. The surprising thing is that every student at camp has his military down pat. I believe they could teach a few things to our experienced lieutenants."

### LT. COLONEL ZERBEE

"My only regret is that the Illinois batteries are so much more intelligent than the boys from Michigan. I know they'll improve later on, though, and I console myself with the fact that they were much better back at K.S.C. Perhaps we should undertake a few evening lectures."

### LT. COLONEL HENN

"My only regret is that the Michigan boys are so much superior to the Illinois batteries. I know they'll improve later on, though, and I console myself with the fact that they were much better back at Illinois."

### MAJOR BANNING

"These men certainly are fiends for Military Courtesy. I've been bothered with a sore arm ever since camp began from saluting so much. I hope they don't carry it too far."

### LIEUTENANT VAN DER HEYDEN

"As Mess Officer, I'm certainly proud of the young men in camp. It's astonishing how considerate they are of the waiters, and how well-mannered and quiet they are while eating. The compliments I've had on the food being served are really inspiring."

### PRIVATE NOEDING

"Of course I'm not in a position where I can order anybody around, being on six weeks steady K.P., but I can say that these fellows are dainty eaters. I don't think I've peeled over one peck of spuds since I've been here. This is really a vacation for me."

### PRIVATE SPRATT

"As latrine orderly, I can confidentially say that I know these boys intimately. In fact, I'm getting fed up with them. Maybe some people think I'm bitter, but what does life hold for me now? I came up here to enjoy the fresh air, but where is it?"

# The Dural

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## STAFF

Bob Dawson, Editor-in-chief  
Bill Gilbert, Business manager

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Will Viall  
Len Goldstein  
Cliff Roberts

### ART

Bob Burton, editor  
George Flagler

### SPORTS

Frank Latka, editor  
Bob Day  
Howdy Pound  
Fred Perry

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Having "skinned" through the first two weeks of camp already, we figure it's time to take a few pot-shots at things in general. Of course we've all got a dozen or so pot gripes, but on the whole wouldn't you rather be playing war than really doing it?

Anyway, just as the First Sergeant says, "a little good clean dirt never hurt-nobody." Don't forget the Army builds men. If you're overweight, camp life will take it off; if you're puny, this stuff builds you up. That's straight from the doc, but maybe he got his rule turned around. The plump boys don't seem to be quite worn away to shadows yet. Just in passing we might ask why there aren't any real hefties in Battery A. Maybe the horses don't have solid steel chases.

Still on the subject of gripes, don't forget there's no bugler to wake us up. Of course the First Sergeant has his whistle, but it doesn't have the rude awakening qualities of a bugle disturbing the crisp morning air. And don't overlook the fact that bottle beer is only a dime as long as it lasts. Likewise on my brand of cigarettes (they're just too Marvelous), and Pepsi's are still twelve fluid ounces for a nickle.

I still can't get over the idea that there isn't a lake on the other side of the railroad tracks. That's the trouble with living in Michigan. If some of these "every afternoon after 3:30" rains keep up, though, we might have one over there yet. Then on fire-control instrument instruction they'll be saying, "Aiming point, that cement silo in the middle of the big puddle."

According to Sergeant Everett (I'm for-Everett skinning) Flint of Battery C, there'll be more chances to get skinned this year. It seems that they've lengthened the list. From now on you'll get four skins for raising your voice over a low whisper in the mess hall, and if you get caught some night sleeping on one side for more than twenty minutes, it's two skins. You'll have to watch out for your shirt buttons, too. It's one skin for every button that has the thread sewed through it more than ten times.

It seems that one great advantage of being in either A or B Battery is the fact that they beat C into camp by at least a full day. By the time the Michigan boys drew their equipment, the stock had been well picked over. If you didn't wear double E shoes it was too bad. Not that I mind having feet that are rapidly resembling snowshoes, but when I can't get into the moccasins my girl gave me before camp, I get a bit peeved. It's all in the game, though. The Army also needs feet. Hank Greenberg's must be totally flat now. Too bad he didn't find out about issue shoes a little earlier.

# Muzzle Blasts

AT CLOSE RANGE

## Hair-raising —

The lads hadn't been in camp more than three days before an epidemic of mustaches broke out around the place. At the front of the parade are a pair from Battery B including Lt. "Goody" Goodnow and Lt. "Cocky" Cochrun. Each is sporting several days' growth---just enough to make them look slightly funny.



Battery C has a host of hopeful growers, too, but they get discouraged too easily. Only four men have resisted the impulse to hack it off. A good barber and a few other things are in order.

## Will to Win —

Will Viall holds the record as "letter" man from Battery B, according to reports. Six and eight letters a day are not uncommon for him, and his record high was 12 letters, set on the third day of camp.

## Last Lines —

"That guy in the middle got me mixed up."--Lt. Fitzmorris

"Don't give me that Communist salute!"--Maj. Albert

"It's in the book, Mr. Leventhal."--Lt. Hill

## Ace of Spades —

Lew Smiley, over at Battery C, fell victim to one of Lt. Henderson's black jokes the other day. Smiley was dozing during a review of the duties of No. 5 in firing, when the cagey Lt. Henderson saw him. "Where's the old trail spade, Smiley?" he queried. And poor Lew, startled out of his slumber, spent an unsuccessful ten minutes searching nearby trucks for a spade.

His fellow-cadets finally came to Lew's rescue and tipped him off as to just what was going on, and the lad turned a deep vermilion. He still maintains it's sunburn.



## Espionage —

"The U.S. Army is unprepared now," says somebody or other in the Chicago Tribune. Such a remark makes one suspect that the

writer has been snooping around during some of the recent ROOPs. Or maybe he attended the dance last week at the Sidney hotel.

## "The Command Was —"

Like the English artillery officer who altered his range by yelling "Cock 'er up a bit and poop out another!" was the command given by one of Battery B's telephone operators. In the middle of a problem an order came down over the wire: "Another one at the same range."



PORTER VS. REELCART

## Five-o'clock Whistle —

Wonder what could be done about this bugleless camp. Tradition and story books say that the old-timers rose in the morning and retired in the evening to bugle calls. The only bugle calls around here occur when one of the sunburned boys blows his nose.

## Big Little Man —

Nominated for the most fitting nickname of the week is that of Gerald "Fearless" Hath, Battery C. He got the title because of his wade-right-in tactics when telling the majors and colonels how to run the Army.

## Well, Well!

Then there was the fellow from Battery A who stood gazing for a long time at a triangulation station over on a hill to the East. After a good long look and a few minutes of thoughtful cogitation he came out with the observation that he didn't know they had any of those "damn oil wells" around this part of the country.



# OFF DUTY

## ◦ OUTSIZE MEN ◦

Last week a cadet was around speculating on the relative size of men in all three batteries of the ROTC batallion. He wanted to know which battery had the tallest men.

Investigation revealed that the Michigan State outfit has a larger number of tall men than either Battery A or B. This may be an optical illusion or a bit of strategy, however, brought about by putting the taller gents at the head of the column and the shorter ones at the rear. Anyway, it doesn't mean a thing, according to the spirited lads from Illinois. "Just pure nonsense," they say with a touch of scorn in their voices.

## ◦ RAIN OR SHINE ◦

Weather, the old conversational standby, comes in for its share of ribbing around camp. A guy can't even go into chow without a black cloud sneaking up and dumping a boxcar full of water all over his belongings and his bunk. Rumors from the Battery A area tell of gents going on sick call because of exhaustion from raising and lowering the tent sides so often. And it may be so.

Then, too, during the nocturnal deluges last week the hue and cry through all three batteries was "Fall in and police the area---pick up all the raindrops!"

## ◦ PROMOTION ◦

Nine-year-old Billy Miller, Jr., son of Battery C's mechanic, has a real pal in Alexander William James Grant, otherwise known in the battery as "Butch". As a birthday present, Butch presented Billy with a real officer's uniform, Sam Browne belt and all. To finish it off right, he even brought out his own Cadet Second Lieutenant's shoulder discs and gave them to Billy.

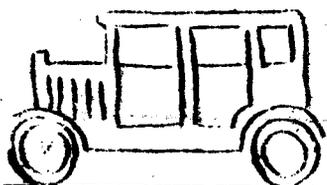
Now the rascal struts up and down the battery parade giving the boys merry Hell whenever they fail to salute him.

## ◦ TIME FIRING ◦

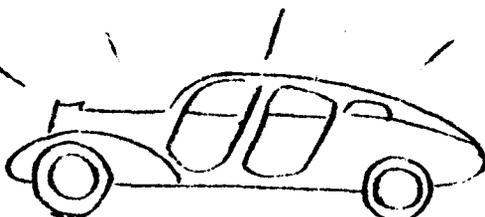
According to Major Albert, there are three different "times" in the Army. They are quick time, double time, and government time. Cadets come here on government time, he hastens to explain.

## ◦ THIS WEEK'S PET PEEVE ◦

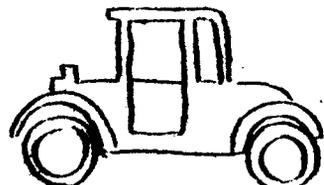
Some jokers are always yelling "Attention" at the poor fellow who's 99.44 per cent asleep, giving him a sort of multiple stroke. The victim leaps from his bunk, fully expecting to see one of the camp officers glaring at him. The officer turns out to be his next door neighbor, and the martyr picks up his shoes from the battery parade and stumbles back into his tent for another few minutes of dreaming.



CADET



SERGEANT



MAJOR

# The Reel Weekly

Tuesday, July 8---"A Girl, a Guy, and a Gob", with George Murphy, Lucille Ball.  
Thursday, July 10---"Love Crazy", with William Powell, Myrna Loy.  
Friday, July 11---"They Met in Argentina", with Maureen O'Hara, James Ellison, Buddy Ebsen.  
Saturday, July 12---"Boston Blackie", with Chester Morris, Rochelle Hudson (Also another feature).  
Sunday, July 13---"Sunny", with Anne Neagle, Ray Bolger.

## ◦ THE OLD SHELL GAME ◦

"Blank case, blank case, who's got the ditto," was Lieutenant Cochrun's cry after firing the Fourth of July salute. Twice an empty case disappeared from under his very eyes, and he was about ready to Court Martial the culprits if found.

They weren't but the case was.

## Yes, You!



Do you need a shower? Are your hands all smutty with grime? Do you feel an urge? If so, just run down to the end of your battery street.

At Camp McCoy there's no charge for those wishing to use the latrine. Water, mirrors, and all other essentials are furnished free.

Take advantage of this offer while it lasts and avoid skins for a too high bacteria count.

### LATRINES

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

CAMP MCCOY, WISCONSIN

## The New Regime —

If you believe the time-worn phrase, "Actions speak louder than words", then lend your full support to the "New Regime". It's headed by John (Mad Russian) Dianich, Fred (Lonesome Lover) Perry, and Bob (Editor) Dawson, all of Battery C. Their aim is to give momentum to the gripes we all personify.

Under the New Regime there'll be no skins, meals will be served individually in the tents (a-la-Life), officers will presume that all ROTCs know everything and don't have to be instructed, and all First Sergeants will be liquidated. Camp McCoy will be turned into an exclusive summer resort. Individual health requirements will be taken into consideration, and we'll all rise at a sane hour.

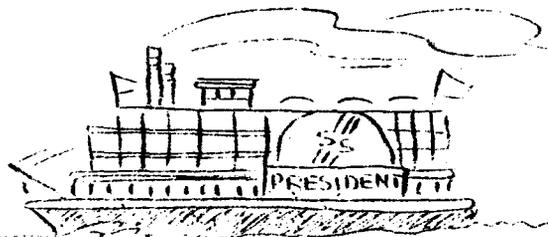
JOIN NOW, and avoid the rush.

## All Aboard —

Best news to issue from post headquarters in a long time was the announcement by Major Banning of a boat trip on the Mississippi river July 26.

Students from all three batteries will leave Camp McCoy by truck, boarding the luxury boat "S.S. President" at LaCrosse, the Major says. A picnic supper will be taken along.

What pleases most of the lads "confined" as they are by 11 pm bed check, is the provision for girls on the trip. For those unfortunates who don't wrangle up dates by themselves, girls will be provided. Pretty, too, says the Major.



# SONGS

## Caisson Song

(Revised)

Over hill, over dale, motorized  
from head to tail,  
With the caissons and hosses all  
gone.

Stop to fix up a flat or to get  
the captain's hat;  
Motor trucks with pieces hooked  
on.

CHORUS

Then it's hi, hi, see! the Field  
Artillery,  
Sound off your Klaxons loud and  
strong!

Squawk, squawk!

No more we'll go with a team in  
low,  
If our motors keep buzzin' along.

See the red guidon stuck on the  
off side of a truck,  
With the caissons and hosses all  
gone.

Gone are nose-bags and grass, as  
we feed with oil and gas;  
Motor trucks with pieces hooked  
on.

Chorus.

By the roadside we stop for some  
hot dogs and some pep,  
With the caissons and hosses all  
gone.

Now we halt after dark and at  
tourist camps we park;  
Motor trucks with pieces hooked  
on.

Chorus.

Hear the bold bugles blow (ampli-  
fied by radio),  
With the caissons and hosses all  
gone.

Shove 'er, guy, into high, as the  
green lights flicker by;  
Motor trucks with pieces hooked  
on.

Chorus.

If our engines go dead, won't  
our faces all get red!  
With the caissons and hosses all  
gone.

For the foeman, of course, will  
yell at us, "Get a horse!"  
Motor trucks with pieces hooked  
on.

## Old Sailors Never Die

Old sailors never die,  
Never die, never die,  
Old sailors never die,  
They just sail away.

## Sports Fans:

For those who want to know how  
it's done in the sports field, a  
ring demonstration will be pre-  
sented Friday evening in the box-  
ing bowl, according to Major Ban-  
ning, athletic and recreational  
officer.

To put spectators in the best  
possible mood, the program will  
open with a humorous wrestling  
act staged by Howdy Pound and Ned  
Renick of Battery C. Howdy's a  
huge varsity footballer; Ned's as  
short as they come in Michigan.

Other events will be staged in  
the following order:

Wrestling bout --- Tom Wheeler  
(B) vs. Jack Orr (C).

Boxing match - staged by men  
from Battery C.

Fencing explanation and demon-  
stration---Epee and foil, Paul  
Birkland (A) and Ted Willis (C);  
saber, Dick Knowles (A) and Bob  
Thalken (C).

The program will begin at 8:30.

## ARE YOU UNHAPPY?

Gripes---they're around all o-  
ver old Camp McCoy. Here's your  
chance to test their validity. In  
future issues of the Dud a column  
will be devoted to gripes from  
hither and yon. Write up your  
pet peeve in as few words as pos-  
sible and send it to Bob Dawson  
in care of the Battery C orderly  
tent. Signatures must be affixed  
to all manuscripts, of course.

## Oh, How I Hate... Etc.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the  
morning,  
Oh, how I love to remain in bed.  
For the hardest blow of all is to  
hear the the bugler call  
"You've got to get up, you've got  
to get up,  
You've got to get up in the morn-  
ing.  
Some day I'm going to murder the  
bugler,  
Some day they're going to find him  
dead.  
I'll amputate his Reveille  
And step on it heavily,  
And spend the rest of my life in  
bed.

