



The Tribulations of Marmaduke

In army life, Cadet Marmaduke was just plain poor. From the first day he entered the R.O.T.C. camp he saw he was in for a pretty dismal six weeks.

In the first place, Marmaduke was built wrong. Although his 96 pounds were fairly well distributed as far as they went, he didn't look like much. To top it off, he had a squeaky voice and wore glasses. How he passed the physical exam, no one knew. Even his father who was in charge of giving it couldn't figure it out.

Marmaduke suffered greatly when he was issued his clothes. Not wishing to offend the men in charge, he took anything they had. The result was discouraging to look at. Some of the fellows went so far as to say he was a mess.

For a week Cadet Marmaduke got along quite well. Of course the fact that he fell down in front of his battery while saluting the Colonel didn't add to his prestige, but he passed it off with a giggle. During that smooth first week he also managed to pick up 17 skins, but he didn't mind because there wasn't much for him to do on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons anyway.

By Monday evening of the second week, Marmaduke realized that something was amiss. He tried taking a shower, but the only result was that his tent mates started speaking to him again. The officers still frowned when he walked by them with his hands in his pockets. But that wasn't where the trouble lay.

All the while that Marmaduke walked the long, clean street up to his orderly tent, thoughts raced through his small brain. "Was it because I tore the door off the wire truck that they sent for me?" No, it wasn't for that. It wasn't because he had poured lye in the stew when he was K.P. either. He thought some more. "Is it because I have an armchair in my tent that the Colonel wants to see me?" No, it wasn't for that. It wasn't even for the fact that he wore a plaid sport coat over his uniform that the officials were up in arms against him.

When he finally reached his destination, he pushed through a group of three lieutenants and a captain, and strode up to the desk where the Colonel and the Major were seated. Not in the least bit hesitant, he boldly stated in his squeaky voice,

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The Durd

VOL. 5 NO. 2

JULY 14, 1941

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POT SHOTS

Thoughts while lying in bed --- after "lights out" each night, Camp McCoy must be just about the most peaceful place in the whole world. Listening to the whip-poor-wills, watching the moon come up, and breathing really fresh air makes you feel just plain good. Of course the moon is quite disturbing if you're inclined to be romantic, but you'll be able to see her pretty soon.

Thoughts in a serious vein --- some of the boys seem to think they're pretty well tied down up here, in fact I thought so myself at first. The thing to do, and it's the only fair thing, is to run over in your mind all the liberties and advantages you're given in this camp. In the first place, if we weren't kept busy all day long we'd get either bored or homesick or both. Being homesick is not a joke either. Ask anyone who's been in a real army camp what it's like.

Another point. You had a fairly good idea of what you were in for when you signed up for advanced military. If you want to be an officer, and that's what you're here for, you've got to get at least a small taste of what enlisted men get. Just ask yourself how many enlisted men have swell dances thrown for them, girls supplied, or how many get to go on pleasure trips on the Mississippi on a luxury boat. Not very darn many. And while you're about, remember we had a four day vacation that they didn't have to give us.

For a summer camp, this place probably has more supposed hate which later turns into admiration, than any other place in the U.S. It's natural at first, because you're not used to doing things the way the Army prescribes. However, the Army has been at it longer than any of us, and their ways are the easiest and the best. The trouble with some of us is that we forget to stop griping even after we've gotten into the groove of things. There's a few who'll think that this is all a lot of bull, but most will agree with me. Sure, there's a few things that we take pleasure in griping about just for the fun of griping, but they're definitely outweighed by things in our favor. Think it over if you get time.

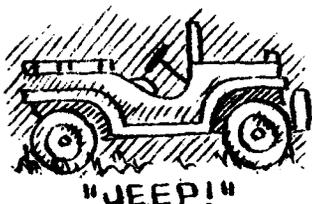
Some sort of recognition is due Lt. Totton for his idea of a combination after-supper lecture and bull session. Attendance is voluntary, but the success of the whole thing depends on the smallness of the group. A large group is both unwieldy and inattentive, so these lectures seem to be just what are needed. The general opinion is that most of those present at the first meeting learned more than they could during a month back at school. Let's have more of them.

Muzzle Blasts

AT CLOSE RANGE

Howdy, Boys!

Camp McCoy's ROTC cadets now have a number of new neighbors in the form of three batteries from the 19th, 21st, and 50th Field Artillery. These newcomers, just fresh from maneuvers in Tennessee, brought with them a few of those famous little runabouts—Blitz Buggies known as "Jeeps".



These tiny scout cars, powerful but bumpy, have been the center of attraction ever since the new unit moved into camp. They look positively dinky beside some of those huge 6x6 prime movers, which also draw their share of attention.

The ROTCs seem glad to have a little of the real Army atmosphere around, even if it does mean fighting one's way through the crowd at the Post Exchange in order to get a glass of beer.

This One Smells —

Right in the middle of the gas identification practice last week Bob Fogg of Battery C amused his friends with the story of the buck private who put on his mask and dove for a shell hole during a gas attack in the last war.

The fella began testing for gas a while later, but after his ninth test he still detected some of the stuff. It took him five hours to discover that he'd jumped into an abandoned latrine.

Spirits Dampened —

When the familiar command "Remove caps, ties, and shirts" was interrupted Friday by "Tent afire!"

Egt. Goudy of Battery A was among the few to first move into action. While several boys watched their belongings narrowly escape destruction, brave Goudy dashed into the tent like the best of fire-laddies. Somebody forgot he was inside, though, and just as he came sprinting out, a bucketful



of cold water caught him squarely, if water can be square. All the clothes were saved, incidentally.

* * *

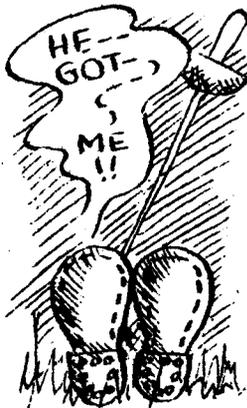
It is rumored that the boys in tent 11 are going to get a special concession at the Post Exchange---one free fire extinguisher with each package of cigarettes.

Answer, Please —

By the way---what's the secret behind the overflow of water from the water tower the other day. It looked like a leak. Just out of curiosity---anybody know?

Gay Young Blades —

Proof that swordplay is not entirely a thing of the past is given quite often over on the Battery C parade, when M.S.C.'s fencing co-captains, Ted Willis and Bob Thalken, have it out in practice matches.



About the time the two have ended their first several thrusts & parries, a small crowd has usually assembled. The fun comes when some rank amateur takes over and tries his hand at the sport. It looks

about as peculiar as a lame chicken trying to learn to swim.

Famous Sayings —

"Let's go to Tomah!"--Korber.

"Now we'll have the breather."--Lt. Fitzmorris.

"Who, me?"--Benny.

"...So it behooves you to learn this well."--Lt. Henderson.

"They can't skin me for that."--Cadets.

Enter the Bugler —

The boys who wanted a bugler around the camp are having their wishes granted with not one but a half-dozen tooters.

Under the direction of Major Stocking, and equipped with some battered old bugles, the hopefuls spend their spare time out behind headquarters going over the calls. Their debut was last Friday afternoon at the dismounted review, at which time they sent the old Adjutant's call ringing out in fine style.



OFF DUTY ON SUNSETS...

Most of the lads have already noticed the colorful sunsets that top off each day here at camp. Those who haven't paid any attention to them should take a look or six.

Sometimes there's a pale orange sky filled with dark blue clouds; the next night the sun goes down looking like a huge tomato ready for eating. Then there's the pastel variety, with pale shades of enough different colors for half a dozen ordinary sunsets.

One night last week the whole sky was lit up like a college man on Saturday night. All the boys were standing in groups in front of their tents discussing the big show off to the west. The consensus of opinion was that "you wouldn't believe it if you saw it in a picture". But there it was.

...AND DRY BATHS...

Speaking of the sun, the ROTCs make fine use of the extra concrete tent floors scattered all over the place for sun baths.

During time off, they climb into their swimming trunks or assorted other things, sprawl out on some unoccupied slab in the hot sun and absorb some of the stuff. It's an ideal way to acquire a he-man tan---or a beet-red sunburn that works havoc with a guy's close order drill.

...AND WET ONES

Sun baths lead to bathing, which in turn leads to the swimming pool down the road a ways. It's a real, honest-to-goodness pool, fed by a stream of the freshest, coldest blenkety-blank water this side of the Yukon. A bath house, complete with showers and changing rooms, goes along with it.

On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons the pool's a favorite hangout of those "skinless" luckies who are weary of eating the dust of Camp McCoy roads.

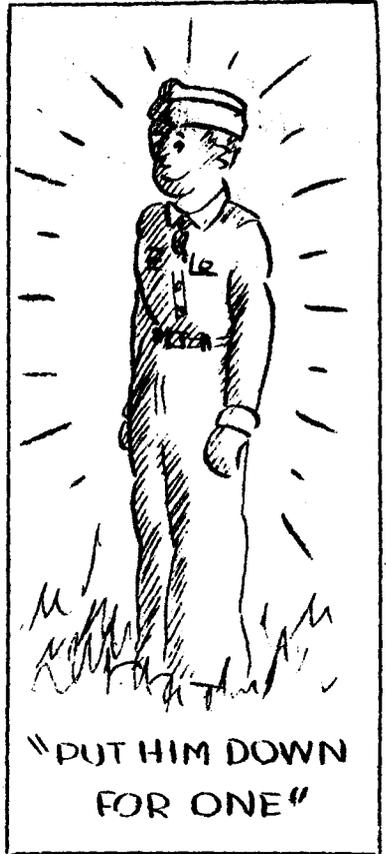
-JACK OF ALL TRADES-

Those raincoats issued about the second day of camp take a real beating. In addition to their usual duty during the periodical showers hereabouts, they're worn when the lads are going to and from the showers (and swimming), and used in place of a blanket whenever the

boys feel like dozing on the ground. When otherwise unemployed, they serve to cover civilian clothes in the tents.

The latest ordeal the all-purpose raincoats have been subjected to is mangling by venturesome haversack packers. A fella has to beat and pound the thing into a bundle about the size of an Air Mail letter in order to fit 'em into their proper place.

But they're rough and tough and seem to be taking this mistreatment like good old fellas. They come in mighty handy, too, weather being what it is around here.



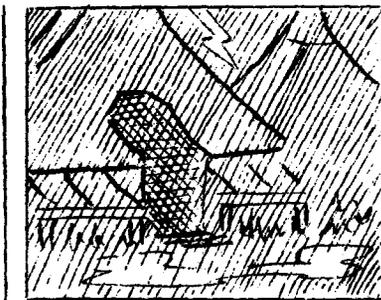
Repeat Performance

Cadets with the itching foot will receive with joy the announcement by Major Eanning, A and R officer, of another ROTC dance over at Sparta this coming Saturday evening.

As with the dance two weeks ago, attended by all but the fellow who got so tangled up in his mosquito netting that he missed the convoy, there'll be plenty of girls, plenty of punch, and plenty of fun. The usual 1:30 permission will be granted, according to the Major.

Then there's the ROTC excursion over on the Mississippi next week. The cruise on the S.S. President will last several hours. There'll be dancing in the steamer's two-story ballroom with music by a twelve piece orchestra, not to mention food and drink for the hungry and the thirsty, and lots of deck chairs.

So keep it in mind.



"WHERE THE HELL'S MY RAINCOAT?"

On the Athletics Front

Stars Back Home—

The cadets listed below are participating in various varsity sports at their respective schools.

Take note fellows---some day you may be able to tell your two grandchildren about them.

BATTERY A

Blood.....Wrestling
 Cusick.....Basketball
 Knowles.....Fencing
 Stark.....Track

BATTERY B

Falkenstein.....Football
 Haggerstrom.....Football
 Hart.....Basketball
 Mimosell.....Polo
 Miller.....Wrestling, Baseball
 Machlhauser.....Golf
 Sisti.....Baseball, Basketball

BATTERY C

Anderson.....Football
 Atson.....Wrestling
 Morgan.....Track
 Orr.....Wrestling
 Pound.....Football
 Smiley.....Football
 Stevens.....Track, Football
 Thalken.....Fencing
 Willis.....Fencing

BATTERY 'C' REPORTING

WITH HOWDY POUND

Battery C has formed a well-rounded program of competitive contests. Coach Orr has selected his baseball team with the following line-up:

Purdy, c; Hill, p; Pound, 1b; Renick, 2b; Morgan, 3b; Hawkins, ss; Randall, sf; Hilda, rf; Marshall, cf; Orr, lf.

Touch football got underway in the battery street last week. Due to circumstances beyond our control, the game was stopped momentarily for a few changes in position occupation---a shift to the north, by order of Maj. Banning.

Head Coach Pound chose seven swift men to shine for Battery C as a result of the scrimmage. On the line, from left to right, are Smiley, Orr, and Hawkins. Brown, Hartman, Dayrell, and Pound are in the backfield.

Other sports such as swimming, tennis, golf, and ping pong have been given special attention by our individual sports leaders. We would like to offer a standing invitation to the other batteries to meet us in competition in any of these events.

THEY WRESTLED, THEY BOXED, THEY FENCED

Friday night found all three batteries gathered at the boxing bowl for a couple hours of laughing, both solicited and unsolicited. Charlie Hutson, capable M.C. from Michigan State, started off the show by explaining differences between amateur and professional wrestling, as well as Japanese and Greek. Bill Blood (A) and Jack Orr (C) served as Charlie's stooges.

Then Benny Dayrell (C) and Tom Wheeler (B) staged a bout, with no decision handed down. Immediately afterward, Ned Renick (C) and Howdy Pound (C), took up the pace with the box-step in three-three time. The boys finished their bout by tearing off each other's clothes and then turning to Sgt. Buck Weaver who, wearing new split-to-the-hip denims, was awarded the decision by popular choice.

Following the wrestling matches, John McCormick (C) and Earl Shirley (A) fought three rounds toe to toe, slapping each other with the 16 ounce gloves---"the world's largest pillows". As referee Andy Johnson (A) stood with his hair blowing in the breeze, McCormick went down for a count of nine, but came back to make a good stand against Shirley.

The judges had by this time retired to the canteen for a non-alcoholic pause, so no decision was rendered. Chuck Lemons (A) and Bill Morgan (C) finished off the boxing with a three round bout (Turn to page 6)

SPORTS TALK

By Frank Latka

"Gad, the activities around here! It would take a superman to engage in them all."

Come on, fellows---lets put our potential teams into action. On the whole, Battery C is quite ready to engage in any form of competition offered them.

Ye ed. suggests that if Batter A and B can't put out individual teams, why not get together on the deal and put forth a strong competitive team of some sort. After all, Battery C seems to be plenty "cocky", and it's up to the other two batteries to take it out of them.

SONGS

Keep Them Rolling

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

1.
Hear the blasted bugles callin'
from the paulins in the park,
Hear the chief of section bawlin'
as we pack out in the dark,
Get the smell of slum and coffee,
hear the cussin' as we load,
Sections right behind the guidons
and we're out upon the road.

2.
When there's sweat upon the lea-
ther and there's foam upon the
hide,
As the lead and swing together
pull the wheelers to the stride,
There's the rattle of the limbers,
there's the grunt from every
pole,
There's the rumble of the pieces
as along the road we roll.

3.
When the guns are hot and smokin'
and there's blood around the
trail,
Keep the shrapnel movin' forward
burstin' to the front like hail,
Do your damndest like a soldier,
let the beggars know that we
can deliver what's expected from
the Field Artillery!

CHORUS:

Rolling, rolling, keep them rolling,
Rolling, rolling, keep them rolling,
Rolling, rolling, keep them rolling,
Keep them rolling in the Field
Artillery!

Well, the doughboys are out in the
trenches,
and the cavalry's out on patrol,
When there's fighting in the air,
The airoplanes are there.
They're all right as far as they
go;

But when the real fight starts
over yonder,
It's then that you'll agree
That the guts of the whole damned
Army
Is in the Field Artillery!

THEY WRESTLED...ETC.

(Continued from page 5)
representing the middleweight
class. No decision climaxed this
fight either, since the judges had
not yet returned from the pause.

The fencing demonstrations were
given by Paul Birkland (A) and Ted
Willis (C) in foil, Willis and Bob
Thalken (C) in epee, and Thalken
and Dick Knowles (A) in saber.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF MARMADUKE

(Continued from page 1)

"What'll it be, gents?" Startled,
the officers drew back in amaze-
ment. When they finally regained
their composure, they urged Mar-
maduke to take a seat.

For a period of half an hour or
longer Cadet Marmaduke sat before
the Colonel and Major while they
argued pro and con about his many
faults. As he sat there wondering
how one small cadet could
ever have so much misery.

Finally the room grew hushed,
the Colonel rose to speak. All of
a sudden Marmaduke realized that
he had been on trial. Here was
the verdict at last.

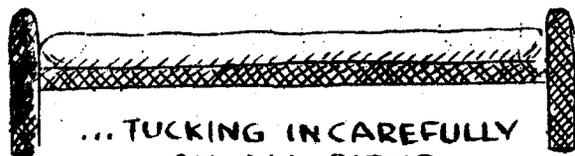
"Cadet Marmaduke," boomed the
Colonel, "you have been Court
Martialled and convicted of a ser-
ious offense. During tent inspec-
tion this morning, it was discover-
ed that you have nine links in
the chain on your canteen instead
of the regulation eleven. For this
infraction of rules you will be
confined to your tent during exer-
cises and drill for six days.
Your breakfast will be served to
you in bed. In the future please
watch out for these little things.

Marmaduke bowed and retired.

-Bob Dawson.

TO MAKE AN ARMY BUNK

START WITH BOTTOM SHEET...



... TUCKING IN CAREFULLY
ON ALL SIDES...



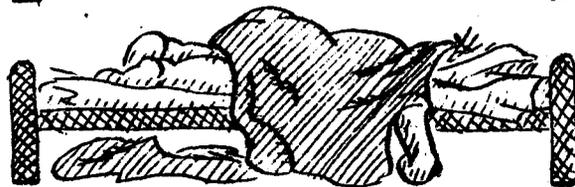
... ADD ONE BLANKET
(WOOL O. D.)...



... WITH HOSPITAL
CORNERS...



... PILLOW, EXTRAS...



... THEN JUMP IN, TEAR
IT UP, AND ENJOY YOURSELF

dave