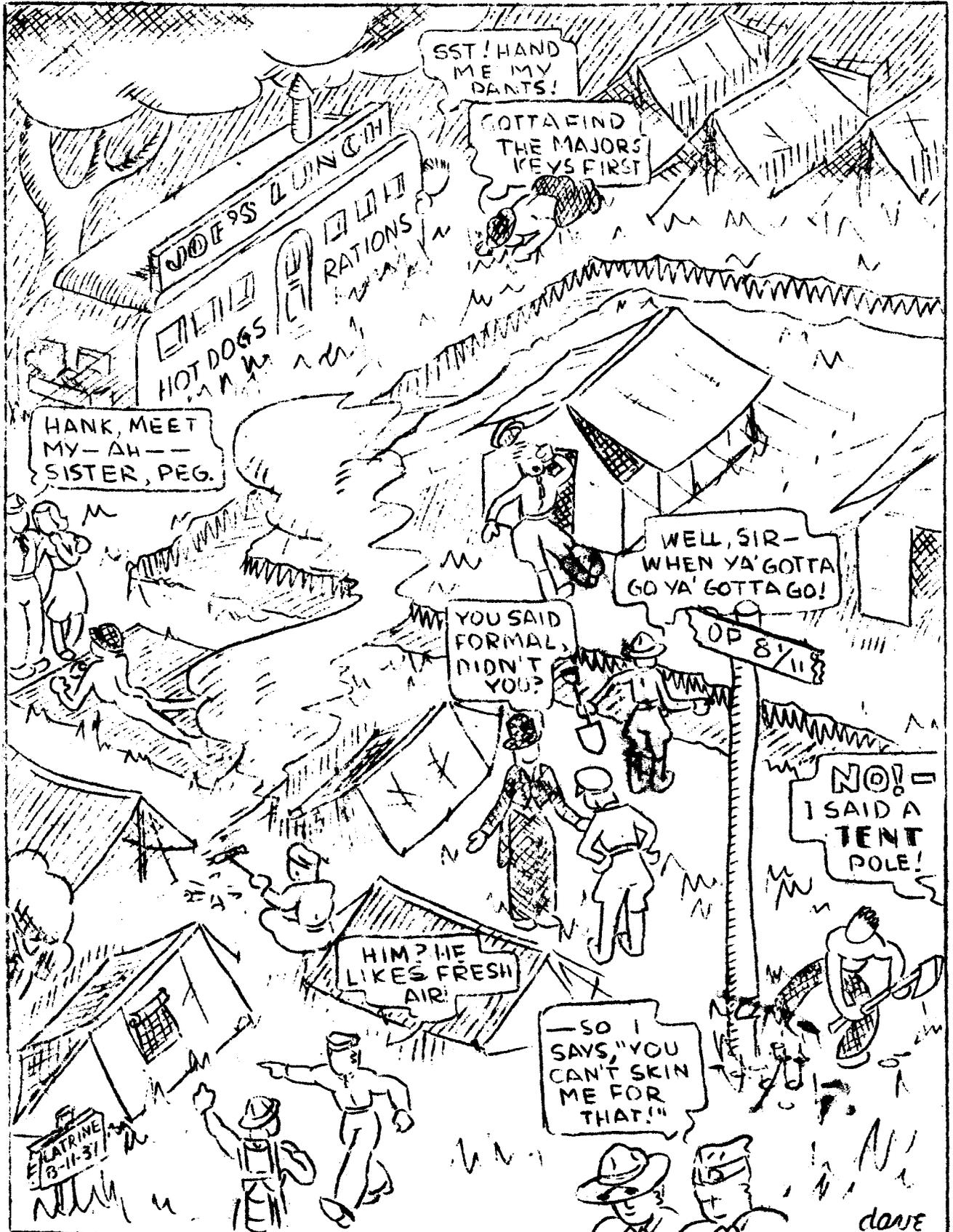


D U I D

of Camp McCoy



Formal R.O.T.C. Bivouac
(WITH MODIFICATIONS, OF COURSE)

The Dvd

VOL. 5 NO. 3

JULY 21, 1941

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POT SHOTS

Disregarding the problem in Mess Accounting, most of us by now have a great deal more respect than before for Mess Officers. I don't believe any of us realized just what was attached to the job of being in charge of a mess, and now that we do, the aspect of taking over such a job when we get our commissions is quite appalling. The growing scarcity of good Mess Sergeants doesn't add too bright an outlook either. It looks like the most sensible way out is to learn just what to do so we will be prepared, just in case.

The longer we're here, the more this life seems to get in the blood. At first we griped, then we wondered, and now we're beginning to like the whole thing. Everybody is conscientiously trying to learn this business of being an officer at last. One reason is because we're getting graded on how well we do, but maybe a more important one is that everyone seems to be finally getting it through their heads that pretty soon we'll be teaching what we're learning now.

I never realized before how much kick there was in a bottle of Pepsi Cola. An empty bottle at that. Whoever found the dead soldier under his seat during the mess lecture at the War Department Theater and gave it a gentle foot nudge, really started things rolling. It seems that the exact culprits weren't known, and because the finger of guilt pointed to Battery C, the whole outfit was punished with two hours of work on Saturday afternoon. I wonder if it was worth it?

Most popular man in camp last week-end appeared to be Major Banning, Athletics and Recreation Officer, and directly responsible for the success of "Good Dance #2" at the Sidney Hotel, and the Scabbard and Blade picnic. It's things like these that keep the camp morale high, and give the boys something to look forward to after a week of axial and lateral precision and bracket firing. Next week's event is the picnic and boat trip down the Mississippi, followed shortly after by another big trip, the one home.

Noticing the holes in what were a new pair of shoes when camp started, I was slightly awed by the amount of walking I must have done. Just out of curiosity, I'd like to know how many miles the army gets to a pair of shoes. The disgruntling thing is the fact that things like that shouldn't happen to a Field Artillery man. What are the trucks for?

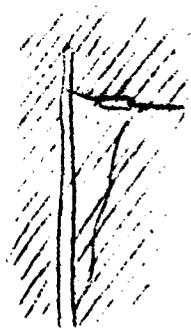
Muzzle Blasts

AT CLOSE RANGE

There's a Difference

When bigger and better cracks are manufactured, Chet Anderson of Battery C will manufacture.

The battery was being lectured last week on marching, and Lieutenant Niel was charging his men to take their cadence and step from the battery ahead. At that suggestion "Andy" thought for a moment, then came out with "Sir, which end of the battery should we take it from?"



AIRIAL VIEW

Wondering

Of the many cadet photographers around camp, probably the most venturesome was a fellow who was standing out on the Battery B street in an attitude of speculation, his eyes on the water tower off to the north of the

area. A little questioning revealed that he was "just wondering in what the penalty would be for climbing up there and taking some pictures."

Guns of a Horseman

Battery A boys have something the lads from B and C don't have. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon lately the horsemen are invited at pistol-point to cavort down to the stables, harness up in ten minutes flat, and go bouncing over the drill field.

It seems that the horses need exercise, and that's the easiest way to give it to 'em. Sergeant Deering might well take a few extra precautions to protect himself and his horses from the revolution-minded, restless men of Battery A.

Royal Splash

Speaking of Battery A, the old famous horse trough, renowned in days of yore, has been getting its exercise these last several days. On the least provocation, the lads round up offenders and give 'em the toss. They aren't too fussy either.



THEN HE SAID

By Ben Dayroll

"Well, boys," said the Lieutenant, it gives me great pleasure to inform you that you are to remain here until March 1, 1942."

"Oh, boy!" shouted to Irishman Kravitsinzitz, "that sure sounds like a bracketing salvo to me!"

The Lieutenant, ignoring the interruption, continued. "Also, men, you will have to turn in all shoes to the regulars. The trucks are also going to be in their hands from now on. However, we're going to let you keep the guns; you'll have to pull them to the positions by hand. The positions are being relocated on the top of Bald Bluff."

"Aw, Lieutenant, we don't mind. We like it here anyway," said Kravitsinzitz.

The Lieutenant went on calmly. "Most of you will never see your family, friends, and sweethearts again, as you are confined to the camp area."

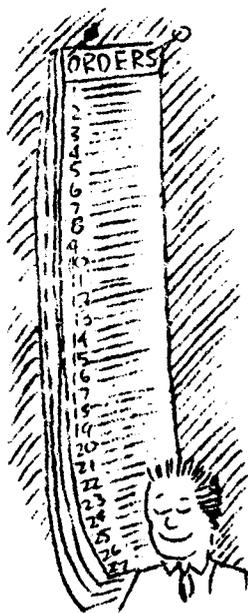
"Say," said the Irishman, "we haven't time for such insignificant things as personal matters. Besides, we're a fightin' outfit ain't we?"

The Lieutenant blushed, as he knew he had only lost face by mentioning home to the boys. But he quickly recovered and proceeded. "You'll have to work sixteen hours a day and take your tent down before mess every morning, on your own time."

"Damn it, Lieutenant, we know our duty so I wish you would cut the talking and let us get back to work," remarked Kravitsinzitz.

At this the Lieutenant did a back step at double time but still talked on. "We're starting on iron rations tomorrow. And you won't be allowed to communicate with anyone outside the reservation in any way. Now if you

(Continued on page 6)



Line

FROM THE G.P.

◦ RAMBLING ◦

The first week of actual firing, just completed, taught most of the boys more about the Field Artillery than all the classes,

parades, lectures, and service of the piece back at school put together.

All they needed for this sudden deluge of learning were a few real overs and shorts in the lenses of the BC-Scope and the tang of real gunpowder in their nostrils. It's surprising how interest in firing has suddenly increased now that it's actually underway.

◦ COMES MECHANIZATION ◦

Battery A has been the butt of a lot of razzing since last Monday, when they abandoned their horses for motor vehicles supplied by the neighboring provisional battalion. Those of the two motorized outfits who do the ribbing take great delight in the sight of the horsemen relegated to trucks, with their steeds safely locked up back at camp.

The laughs were turned around Saturday morning, however, when one of Battery C's trucks bogged down in a patch of sand while leaving the firing position. Whizzing by in their trucks, the horsemen let loose a flood of caustic remarks along the "Get a horse" line.

Then, too, a glimpse of the men from A in blue denims amuses some. It isn't often that they wear 'em, because of riding, and consequently they don't look quite natural. But, as Abe was so fond of saying, all men are created equal.

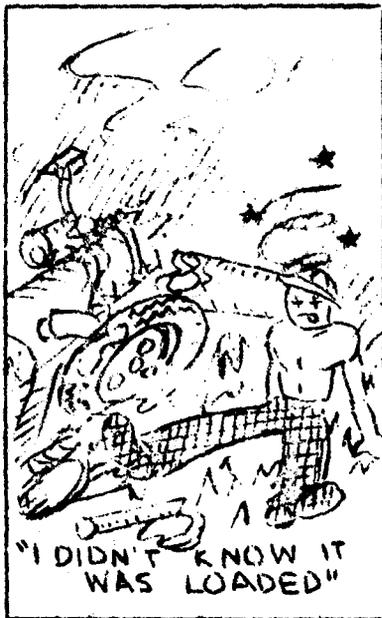
◦ RECEIVED WITH THANKS ◦

In addition to furnishing the transportation for Battery A as needed, the provisional battalion has been supplying such indispensable items as range officers, safety officers, and an ac-

curate range finder operator to take some of the burden off the shoulders of the cadet firing a problem---his first terrifying one. Comes in mighty handy, to say the least.

◦ LADS OF THE TORRID ZONE ◦

The boys in Battery B are still breathing hard after the command for zone fire that was sent down from the OP during a bracket problem the other day. It was the first command of that nature they'd come face to face with and the pale greenish sweat that the laddies sweated as they threw out those twenty furious rounds would have floated a good sized rowboat.



◦ HE WANTED TO FIRE ◦

This week's medal for ambition personified goes to Bob Thalcken of Battery C.

After hobbling around on crutches for a spell while everyone else went out to fire, he finally set the things aside and managed to get up to the OP and take in a bit of the firing. Thursday morning he fired his own problem and it was as good as any other.

◦ TULSA TALE ◦

And if anyone wonders why Charlic Hutson, wrestling explainer par-excellent at last week's sports exhibition, is called "Dud" by his pals, here's the answer.

During firing Saturday, Charlie was on the wire detail, and in his labors as lineman, the Oklahoma grappler ran across a pair of duds of the 37mm variety lying beside the road. As calmly as if he were taking on his tent-mate, Harry Jackson, he picked them up and deposited them under the wooden pump stand from which the executive's commands were being given. P.S. They didn't go off.

The Reel McCoy

Tuesday, July 22 --- "Model Wife", with Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Charlie Ruggles.
 Thursday, July 24---"That Night in Rio", with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda. Also Popeye cartoon.
 Friday, July 25---"Affectionately Yours", with Dennis Morgan, Merle Oberon, and Rita Hayworth. Added color cartoon.
 Saturday, July 26,---"Scattergood Pulls the Strings" with Guy Kibbee, and "Passage from Honkong" starring Keith Douglass.
 Sunday, July 27---"Road to Zanzibar", with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour.

Quick on the draw and alert to a pressing situation, volume 3 of the 1941 "Dud" takes this opportunity to aid hard-working cadets. Realizing that no conscientious youth has time now days to write a decent letter, a form letter which may be filled in to one's personal tastes is printed below. Just put a check after each statement that appeals to you and mail it.



R.O.T.C. Camp

Camp McCoy, Wisconsin

July __, 1941

Dear _____,

I've been as busy as a little beaver for quite a stretch now, trying to learn how to be an officer in the Field Artillery. It seems that I didn't learn as much at school as I thought I did, so most of my spare time is spent in studying. That will explain why I'm writing what might appear to you to be a form letter. In essence it is, but I don't have anything more than this to say anyway.

My every thought is of You, Darling _____

I've met some pretty nice girls up here _____

Can hardly wait so see all the folks again _____

May have a chance to stop in and gab with the family just before school starts _____

This army life sure is the nuts _____

I guess I wasn't cut out to be regimented _____

The food sure is swell _____

They certainly serve us good meals _____

You could learn a lesson in cooking from these army cooks, Mom _____

The officers treat us swell _____

We certainly are earning the respect of the officers _____

I guess the officers don't like us too well _____

Conducting problems in firing certainly is a cinch _____

It looks like they'll make me a battalion commander next fall _____

Oh, well, there's nothing wrong with being a file closer _____

This life is certainly building me up _____

I'll glad to get home for a well-earned rest _____

Today I only got _____ skins. _____

Send me _____ dozen more cookies. _____

I hate to keep dunning you, but I need _____ dollars. _____

The weather is perfect _____

The weather is rotten _____

Respectfully _____, As Ever _____ Love _____

Cadet _____

Battery _____

will all take one step forward, please. Thank you. All men who want to volunteer for duty in Russia take one step forward. Now that you've all taken one step forward, we will prepare to leave for Europe soon.

"You're on the ball now, Lieutenant---that's the way we want this outfit handled. We're tough and militarized. We know our duty to the letter so why can't we get to work? We're sick of sitting on our trail spades and listening to your gab."

The Lieutenant smiled fondly on Irish and blubbered on. "After July 19 at 11 p.m. everyone will fall in on the half hour to police the area. On the quarter hour you will fall in for show-down inspection."

"You're in the groove now, old sock. That's the way we like to hear you talk. Just give that silly grin on your pan a base deflection shift over to the other side."

"Okay," said the Lieutenant, "I wish you would speak up more often. Now take the rest of the day off."

"Nertz to you," responded Kravitsinzitz, "you're a hell of an officer if you won't put us to work cleaning up the trucks and guns today. That's our duty, and it doesn't make any difference to us if you like it or not--we're working this afternoon. One more yap from you and we'll knock your ears off!"

Shortly after that the wagon came and the boys in white forced the Happy Lieutenant into the back and drove off.

MISSISSIPPI BOUND

Cadets of all three batteries are once again reminded of the boat trip on the Mississippi river next Saturday. Both transportation and rates will be provided for those who wish, and the river cruise itself will really be something. Moonlight rides don't come every night, so keep the trip in mind.

It's next Saturday, July 26.

SONGS

Samuel Hall

Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,

Oh my name is Samuel Hall,
And I hate you one and all,
You're a lot of muckers all---
Damn your eyes!

Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,

Oh, I killed a man 'tis said,
And I broke his rotten head
And I left him there for dead---
Damn his eyes!

They put me in the quad, in the quad,

Oh, they put me in the quad
And they chained me to a rod
Then they left me there, by God!--
Damn their eyes!

Oh, the parson he did come, he did come,

Oh, the parson he did come,
And he looked so bloody glum
As he talked of kingdom come---
Damn his eyes!

Then the sheriff he came too, he came too,

Oh, the sheriff he came too,
With his little boys in blue,
He said, "Sam, we're gettin' you"--
Damn his eyes!

I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd,

I saw Nellie in the crowd,
And I hollered right out loud,
I said, "Nellie, ain't cha proud?"
Damn her eyes!

Then it's up the rope I go, up I go,

Then it's up the rope I go,
And those devils down below
They'll say, "Sam, we told you so."
Damn their eyes!

Oh, let this be my knell, be my knell,

Oh, let this be my knell,
As ye listen to my yell,
Hope you sizzle down in Hell!---
Damn your eyes.

