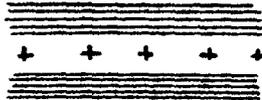
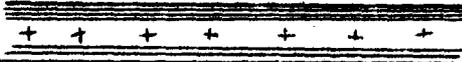
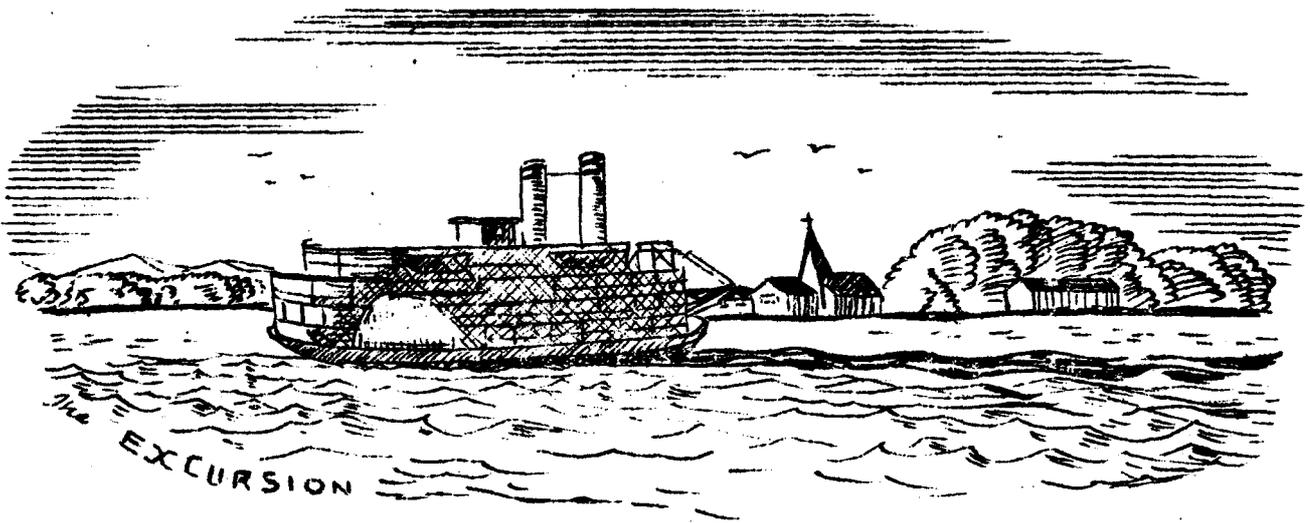


The **D U D**   
 Of Camp McCoy



Burton 11

# The Dud

VOL. 5 NO 4

JULY 28, 1941

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## POT SHOTS

"Number one on the way, number two on the way, number three on the way, number four on the way," and with this issue of the "Dud", "rounds complete". For some it's been a long six weeks, for others the time has passed quickly. At least everyone will admit it was a different type of vacation than they usually have. Even though we're all anxious to go home, when we think back we'll have a lot of good times to remember. In with the good times we'll remember, too, the unpleasant things that we've gone through, but they were all a matter of course. Just wait until you start sleeping in a stuffy room again, then you'll wish you were back at Camp McCoy.

If you'd pause for a few seconds to meditate, and recall all the various and sundry things we've learned or had the chance to learn, you'll probably be amazed. If not amazed, you'll at least get tired thinking about it. It seems that in everything we did, we acquired at least a little knowledge. At least we were exposed to it. Remember the physical exercises, the foot drills, the driving practices, the pistol practices, the gun drills, the policing (the everlasting policing), the skin details, the bed checks, the occasional Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off, the sports program, the ROOPs, the wire details, the "Duds" on Monday, (plug), the parades, the dunkings in the horse trough and GI cans, the holiday over the Fourth, the lectures, the hated jobs of KP and First Sergeant, the bivouacs, the night problem, the organized athletics, the dances and the boat trip, Battery A always late, Battery C always bad boys, and Battery B lining up, and last of all the firing problems - axial, lateral, forward observation, SMX, and the most practical, SNEFU? The sum total is rather remarkable isn't it?

For those who are in the fog about SEX and SNEFU methods of conduct of fire, it might be well to explain that they are the latest unofficial Field Artillery developments. Lessons in SEX are being given by Cadet Fred B. Perry Jr. in Tent 11 Casino in Battery C. Naturally a nominal fee is asked for. Lieutenant A. J. Smith has kindly consented to unfold his knowledge of SNEFU to all those who show an interest in the subject. It has been implied that SNEFU has become the prevalent thing of late.

Before signing off on our last issue, it seems that right here would be the place to extend a hearty thanks to the Working End of the "Dud" staff. Although we always wondered if we'd make it by Monday, our luck was good. Anyway, thanks a lot fellows.

Well, here we are at the end. Until we meet again sometime it's the old familiar and well-liked command "close station - march order".

# Muzzle Blasts

AT CLOSE RANGE

## Lost Name —

The line waiting to sign in early Saturday morning after the hilarious Mississippi excursion was a sight to behold. It wasn't so much longer than the ordinary weekend line, but the way some of those boys tried to sign their names through a heavy alcoholic fog seemed mildly amusing.

One soldier from Battery B, looking for the name Sisti in the book, had a particularly difficult time of it. After searching dilligently for several minutes while those behind him urged him on, he finally located it on the very first page he'd scrutinized.



## Backfire —

The boys from Battery A played a sort of joke on themselves Thursday afternoon during the tactical problem.

After moving into their rendezvous area about noon, the motorized horsemen quickly pitched their shelter tents and settled down for the afternoon. About a dime's worth later, just as they were making themselves at home, orders to strike camp came---and the growling that ensued could have been heard over in Minnesota on a clear day.

## My Soul!

And who's the treacherous villain responsible for the "Case of the Missing Shoes" or "Who Stuffed the Stove Full of 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  Triple E's?" that's been creating such a stir around the Illinois area?

Looks like some subversive activity in the wind.

## Mass Attack —

Over in Battery C the men have already decided how they'll go about "initiating" Maury Hawkins, Vance Hill, and Bob Young, the three boys from that battery who get their commissions today.

It's rumored that whenever one of the new officers comes along the battery street, the entire battery will form a single line and make the unfortunate fellow salute 'em all individually.

## They're Tops —

The finger of Pride this week turns to the two men from the entire ROTC batallion who were chosen recently as the outstanding cadets of the Michigan State and Illinois groups.

From the two Illinois batteries, Cliff Roberts of Battery B was chosen as the best. Battery C's outstanding man is Harold Steinke. Both will be decorated at today's review with medals presented by the American Legion Auxilliary of Illinois.

These are the two to whom all cadets in doubt as to deflection differences, lateral fire, duty of the OD, or the method of computing rations may turn for assistance and wise counsel.

TO OUR

## Subscribers:

Here's your chance to get your Dud free of charge, post-paid, and delivered right at your doorstep!

Over at the ROTC headquarters, in the far corner of the room, is one mimeograph machine, complete and in excellent condition. The machine is available to you, and if you care to hang around the rest of the summer, you're urged to drop in and print yourself a copy of the Dud.

**BUT WE'RE  
GOING HOME!**





1941	JULY							1941
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	

**OFF DUTY**

When the echo of the last shot of shrapnel had bounced back at Camp McCoy's future officers on

Friday morning, ROTC firing for another year ended. The night problem precluding the last morning of firing was the real climax of the whole camp period for most of the lads, and they proceeded about the business of occupying positions, laying the guns, and getting ready for the all-important rounds at dawn as if their very lives depended upon it.

There was something almost ghost-like about the slow-moving column of trucks without lights. Even the blue blackout lights on the provisional battalion trucks added to the excitement of the whole thing.

◦ **QUITE A MESS** ◦

It's funny how long the line passing by the mess tables out in the field seemed when there was a meal of ham, mashed spuds, chocolate cake, and so forth at the end of the line. And the guys

who enjoy griping at the regular mess china had a chance to polish their individual utensils to just their own particular degree of perfection, with positively no chance for complaining.

◦ **THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING** ◦

The fog in the morning---if 3:45 a.m. can be classed as morning---didn't add to the happiness of the fellas at the GPs who were very interested in seeing just exactly where the rounds they's figured out so carefully were really landing. About all a guy could see out there as the shots hit were faint wisps of something or other which looked more like fog than the fog itself.

When the rounds were plotted on paper, though, they were so close that all three batteries are still vigorously proclaiming victory.

◦ **OLD MAN RIVER** ◦

To Major Banning, A and R officer, goes credit for bringing about the biggest social splurge of the six-week stay at McCoy---the river trip Saturday on the Mississippi.

It'll be a good long time before the boys forget some of the excursion highlights...the antics of the monkeys at the park...the way the 'em take a flying leap into the water after a couple peanuts...fried chicken served a-la-something or other by Sergeant "Buck" Weaver...Majors Stocking, Fuaset, and Banning in sport togs and eating from paper plates...the truck that got left behind when the convoy moved out of the park...the first view of the S.S. President, its five (count 'em) decks, and the lights on one side only...the scramble to get aboard and look over the boat...and the joy at finding a bar of one kind or another on each of those five (count 'em) decks.

Then, for the romantics, there were those two long rows of deck

chairs "upstairs"...no moon of any size or description, and a very few stars...the music of a twelve-piece orchestra combined with that of a half-dozen yodelers from each of the three Batteries...and of course the ladies of all styles, ages, and models.



Those who paid attention to the Mississippi were amazed when the boat actually

missed the La Crosse bridge by a good yard...they swore it couldn't be true.

Then there were Snap Your Own Picture concessions...those familiar "games of chance"...rum and coke...Calverts and coke...gin and coke...whiskey sours...a few plain cokes, but not many...a few good drivers on the return trip, but not many...and a roarin good time for everyone.

# A SOMEWHAT ALTERED VIEW OF The Last Day of Camp



## In Passing

And speaking of the last day of camp, the boys will be going away leaving one of their number behind in the camp hospital. Clarence Hartman, better known among his Battery C friends as "Tubby", will spend his next two

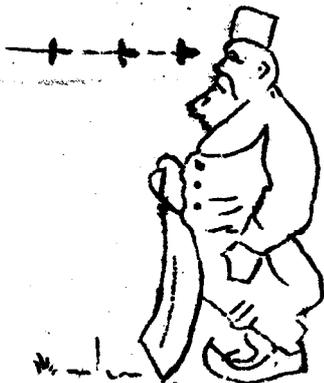
or three weeks confined to the hospital by illness and swollen glands in the face.

To the fellow who's tent hooks were always breaking during a rain, the camp raises a loud yell of confidence.

# •• ABDUL ABULBUL AMEER ••

The sons of the Prophet were  
brave men and bold,  
And quite unaccustomed to fear;  
But the bravest by far in the  
ranks of the Shah,  
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

If you wanted a man to encourage  
the van,  
Or harass the foe from the rear,  
Storm fort or redoubt, you had  
only to shout  
For Abdul Abulbul Amir.



There were heroes a-plenty, and  
well-known to fame,  
In the troops that were led by  
the Czar;  
But the best known of all was a  
man by the name  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

He could imitate Irving, play po-  
ker and pool,  
And strum on the Spanish guitar,  
In fact quite the cream of the  
Muscovite team  
Was Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

One day this bold Russian he  
shouldered his gun,  
And with his most truculent  
sneer,  
Was looking for fun, when he hap-  
pened to run  
Upon Abdul Abulbul Amir.



Said Abdul, "Young man, has your  
life grown so dull,  
That you now wish to end your  
career?  
Vile infidel know, you have trod  
on the toe  
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

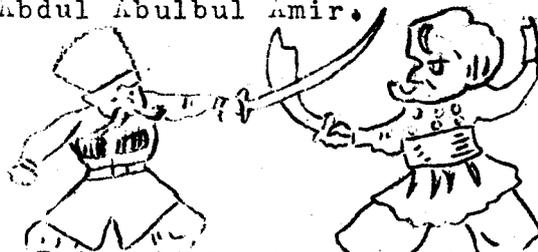
"So take your last look at this  
cool shady nook,  
And send your regrets to the Czar;  
By which I imply you are goin to  
die,  
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar."

Then this bold Mamoluko, drew his  
trusty skibouk,  
With a cry of "Allah Akbar",  
And with murd'rous intent, he fur-  
iously went  
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They fought all that night 'neath  
the pale yellow moon;  
The din it was heard from afar,  
And huge multitudes came, so great  
was the fame,  
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul's long knife was extract-  
ing the life,  
In fact as he shouted "Kuzzah",  
He felt himself struck by that wily  
Calnuck  
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The Sultan rode up the disturbance  
to quell,  
Expecting the victor to cheer;  
But he only drew nigh, to hear the  
last sigh,  
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.



Czar Petrovitch, too, in his uni-  
form blue  
Rode up in his new-crested car,  
He arrived just in time to exchange  
a last line,  
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

There's a tomb rising up where the  
blue Danube rolls,  
and 'graved there in characters  
clear  
Is, "Stranger, when passing, oh,  
pray for the soul,  
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

A splash in the Black Sea one dark  
moonless night  
Caused ripples to spread wide and  
far.  
It was made by a sack fitted close  
to the back  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Exit both guys.