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The chronology of the remaining 29 days of my CMTC experience is rather fuzzy in my mind, but I do have some scattered memories to pass on.

There were some interesting characters in my company. One of these was the "Scrounger". If a light bulb turned up missing the chances were that he had stolen it. But, this did not pose any real problem. For a couple of cigarettes, he would replace it. The only trouble with this was that there always was at least one tent which had no light bulb.

My closest buddy was the corporal of my squad. We were almost identical in size - 5 ft. 2 in. tall and approximately 120 lbs. Both of us were rather cocky. When things got rather dull, the corporal would say, "Come on, Bertsch. Let's go out and pick a fight." Then we would walk through the company streets and insult people. For some reason, we never had to prove how tough we were. Perhaps it was because we were very selective in our choice of insultees.

Another of my close friends was from Cleveland. Oddly enough, we called him "Cleveland." He called us "Youse guys." He came to camp without any spending money. We felt sorry for him and financed him for movies, milk shakes and such for the entire 30 days. On the final day of camp I gathered my government issues together to exchange for my civilian clothes and discovered that one of my uniform shirts had been stolen. I would not have cared but Uncle Sam expected payment of a considerable sum for any missing items. I traced the missing shirt to Cleveland's locker but did nothing about it because I was sure that he would not have stolen it if someone had not stolen his.

Then there was the stinker. He had no friends. He was always alone. I can still smell him. When he sat down in the mess hall the fellows around him would get up and move. I recall only one time when he did not smell to high heaven. That was the day after a gang of us dragged him into the shower room and washed him with scrub brushes.

About once a week the sound of distant canons upset us no end. It did not signal an attack by the enemy. Worse than that, it meant that some stupid general had appeared on the scene and that we would be forced to march two miles to the parade grounds to be reviewed by him.

I had staid about saluting officers. It griped my soul. When ever I saw one soon enough I would alter my course to avoid saluting him. There was one particular "officer" that I avoided several times only to learn later that he was small man.

A regular army company was stationed adjacent to ours. One night after "lights out" our tent was making more noise than they thought was proper so they sent their bugler over to plead with us to be quiet. He hinted that he might be tempted to wrap his dad blasted bugle around our necks but we reminded him that he was outnumbered. Apparently his concern for the welfare of his horn prevailed and he retreated to his quarters.

(To be continued)

Arthur W. Grandpa