



THE CENTAUR

VOLUME 1

FORT CLARK, TEXAS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1941

NUMBER 1

Johnsonized Cavalry Formed By Col. Is Military Outfit Not Utopia

NEW ERA IS INAUGURATED; 112th TO BE MODEL HORSE CAVALRY REGIMENT.

"All right, men, we will groom by the numbers." How many times in your career in the cavalry have you heard this? It makes us very happy to see that this is gradually being ousted. It will no longer be the method employed in this Regiment. You will no longer have to make sick-call or hide in barracks to escape this gruelling ordeal.

The new system for the 112th Cavalry will be a thorough cleaning and inspection of equipment, done at will, after which you will be free to go about your other business. Efficiency will be the key-note, and who can be efficient and yet slow? There will no longer be the long wait for the troop gold-bricks to finish playing and do their work. Utopia? No, there is no such thing as Utopia in any military organization. Still, there can be a unit so well teamed and trained to work together, that they make themselves an outstanding group by applying less work in a more efficient and interesting manner.

New Era Inaugurated.

October 15th inaugurated a new era for the 112th. Colonel Johnson started his Johnson-izing process of this regiment, and in 1 day attained the whole-hearted support of a newly-organized Non-Com cadre. Even the Troop Commanders were so inspired by the enthusiasm exuding from the Colonel that they fell in line to assist him in every possible way. His ideas are not new, but very good. They will tend to make us all enjoy our stay in the army much more than before.

Subjects which were considered very dull before, have taken on a new meaning and interest. Now we can clean our saddles thoroughly twice a year and have them looking 100 per cent better when we finish our daily cleaning. Near Utopia Methinks.

Every day the new ideas and methods are being passed along to the troops. The new seat in the saddle to preserve horses and men, the new rifles and their operation, every little thing that will make us better and more satisfied soldiers.

Do we reap a harvest for our efforts? We certainly do! We have a football team and a good one. We have our infant newspaper, and we have those free trips to Eagle Pass without the dubious honor of a squad of military police. We are even getting the full benefits of our days off. There will be bigger and better things for us, too, if we do our job. Who knows? As versatile and well-meaning as our Colonel is, he may even spring up with a

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Recreational Trips Make Big Hit

The recreational trips recently started for the convenience of the men at the Post have proved very popular. The first trip took place Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 15, and two hundred men took advantage of the opportunity to visit Del Rio. All men in uniform were guests at the performance of "Petticoat Fever," put on by the Little Theatre.

During the International Fair, the trucks were run to Eagle Pass, on schedule, to take men to the Fair, Horse Show and Rodeo. The first trucks left Fort Clark about one in the afternoon and the last truck left Eagle Pass at midnight. Men going earlier left about eight o'clock, and on the second trip leaving here about six, the trucks left Eagle Pass at midnight. Men in civilian clothes had a chance to visit Piedras Negras, in Old Mexico, one of the nicest of the border towns.

More trips are being planned to near-by towns and cities, with San Antonio near the head of the list. Notices will be placed on troop bulletin boards concerning the future trips. To date, nearly eight hundred and fifty men have enjoyed the trips. We should be very grateful to the men of the Motor Pool who give up their afternoons off to drive these trucks.

Clothing for Each Soldier Takes Wool Output of 26 Sheep

SAN ANTONIO, Oct. 31.—The United States Army is a fine customer of the wool producers.

Col. J. A. Porter, commander of the general depot at Fort Sam Houston, Army supply center which feeds and clothes the Army in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, said it takes the wool output of 26 sheep to provide the material for each soldier's clothing.

I think that I shall Never see Fools as foolish as we. "The Editorial Staff."

Radio Section Plan Classes For Regiment

APTITUDE TEST IN COMMUNICATIONS PROVE SUCCESSFUL

The Radio Operators aptitude test, which is being given to thirty or forty men per week at the radio school, is proving to be of great value to communications in the Regiment.

Test Given.

This test is taken by twenty men, twice a week, to determine their ability to become radio operators. The test consists of several phases, the results of which are to determine a man's ability to become a radio operator without having to take the time required to actually learn all the code and procedure.

A test of this type has several advantages. It segregates the men into classes of approximately the same scholastic abilities, insofar as learning the code is concerned. It also gives the communications section a knowledge of potential operators in the Regiment. A record of the type of work each man has done in civilian life, his hobbies, his special interests and any special training or schooling he has had as well as his grades on the aptitude test are kept on file at the Radio School.

These tests will be continued

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New Draft Plan Put Into Effect By Texas Board

AUSTIN, Tex.—A new plan of army induction was put into effect by selective service headquarters as a call was issued for 1375 Texas Trainees for December 1 and December 6.

Under the old plan of induction registrants never knew until they arrived at army headquarters and were given physical examinations whether they would be taken.

Under the new plan, the selectees, within 30 days prior to actual induction, will be sent to the nearest army station for examination. Immediately thereafter, they will be notified whether they have met the army standards, and will have a considerable period to get personal affairs arranged before reporting for duty.

This last call, therefore, was a call for "army physical examinations" rather than for induction. The call went out for 1183 selectees and 192 negroes to report to local draft boards October 27-30, with actual induction dates December 1 and December 6.

Regimental Varsity Prepared for Grid Tilt With Brown Team

124TH ELEVEN DUE FOR FIGHT; PRACTICE SESSION TO BE PLAYED NEAR BROWN.

The football team has been working out hard and regularly every afternoon at 3:30. Lts. Hill, Swinney and Golden have really put them through the paces. That is, up until a few days ago, when it was announced that the first game was to be with some outfit called the 124th (or was it 125th?) Cavalry.

Post Maneuver Leave Being Given

Having been besieged by repeating numbers of requests for furloughs, troop commanders heaved a sigh of relief as the first group left October 15. But with the holiday season approaching rapidly, said commanders are preparing themselves for a more terrific onslaught.

In the first group to leave, preference was given to the veterans of the Louisiana campaign. (Better known as Men.) This will give them an opportunity to get the "Mildew" out of their joints and once again sink their teeth into one of Ma's apple pies.

The remainder of the Regiment (known as the boys), being spurred on by similar dreams and desires are not discouraged because they were not among the first to leave, but are looking forward to the day when they will have the same opportunity, for they know they are entitled to the same leave and that they will eventually receive their furloughs.

144 Men Released From Active Duty

To date, the statistics on the men twenty-eight years old and over, who have been released are as follows:

October 17th—96 were released
October 22nd— 2 were released
October 30th—46 were released
making the total of 144 men who have been released as provided for under the third priority classification as set forth in Immediate Action letter from the War Department regulating release of enlisted men during the remainder of the calendar year 1941.

Since September 1, 1941 there have been twenty-two men discharged under the dependency provision of the above letter.

PVT. SIDNEY KOPELOV FATHER OF 'CENTAUR'

To Pvt. Kopelov of the Headquarters and Service Troop goes a vote of thanks; for the name of the 112th publication "The Centaur". See editorial column for further information.

After long hours of inquiry and research, it was found that such a unit did exist, although endless research failed to indicate whether this is a troop or a Regiment. It seems that they are located at a place called Fort Brownie, or somethin' like that. It is reported that this is as far away as Washington could put them, and still let them stay on this side of the border.

Work-Outs Easter.

The men had been pushing themselves somewhat fiercely until information was received regarding their "noteworthy" opponents, the BROWN BUNNIES, so now practice has been restricted to one afternoon a week, which of course, is good coaching psychology because on the first game of the season it would be very bad for the men to literally annihilate the opposing team, thus giving them a greatly exaggerated feeling of confidence, because very likely during the course of the season, teams will be met who will offer enough resistance to make the games at least interesting!

The coaches announced yesterday that the diet of the players would be changed slightly, prior to this "warm-up" game. Instead of the usual railroad spikes, served daily as dessert, the men will now be given softer, lighter, carpet tacks.

To Play Near Brown.

It has been suggested that, in all fairness to the BROWN BUNNIES that the game would not be played over twenty-five miles from Fort Brownie since it would actually be inhuman to force men in such bad condition, both mentally and physically to travel very far before then can collapse! All is well known by all sport fans, as team can recuperate from utter exhaustion, but when their morale

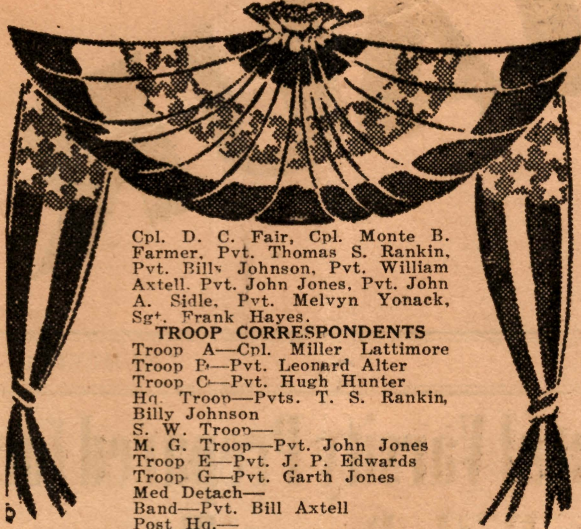
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Need Name For Football Team

BY THE WAY! OUR FOOTBALL TEAM STILL NEEDS A NAME. TURN IN YOUR SUGGESTION TO YOUR TROOP REPORTER IMMEDIATELY IF NOT SOONER!!

THE CENTAUR

Published Weekly By The 112th
Cavalry of Fort Clark, Texas



Cpl. D. C. Fair, Cpl. Monte B. Farmer, Pvt. Thomas S. Rankin, Pvt. Billy Johnson, Pvt. William Axtell, Pvt. John Jones, Pvt. John A. Sidle, Pvt. Melvyn Yonack, Sgt. Frank Hayes.

TROOP CORRESPONDENTS
Troop A—Cpl. Miller Lattimore
Troop B—Pvt. Leonard Alter
Troop C—Pvt. Hugh Hunter
Hq. Troop—Pvts. T. S. Rankin, Billy Johnson
S. W. Troop—
M. G. Troop—Pvt. John Jones
Troop E—Pvt. J. P. Edwards
Troop G—Pvt. Garth Jones
Med Detach—
Band—Pvt. Bill Axtell
Post Hq.—
Post Q. M.—

To The Regiment

Cooperation — that's what we asked for; in fact we are still asking for it and will continue to do so because without the cooperation of you, our readers, "THE CENTAUR," your paper, cannot be a paper worthy of the 112th Cavalry.

The idea of a newspaper for the 112th was something so entirely new and different, at first we found it very bewildering.

The two issues previous to this one were not intended to be typical examples of what we want "THE CENTAUR" to be. Our prayer and your hope is that this weekly publication will be something of which we may all be proud.

We have come to the realization, after the display of cooperation on the part of a few, that this publication is of vital interest, therefore, we, the staff, necessarily believe that your paper and its composition be of the highest type and best quality; which, after all, is the least we could do for an organization of our reputation. The staff wants to take this opportunity for a note of appreciation to those who have helped with this, our first issue and also state that all contributions for our succeeding issues will be most welcome.

In keeping with the 112th policy, that the best is none too good. First the Post, which is undoubtedly one of the best in the country. Second, we might mention the personnel of the Post, which is definitely of the best material. In the event that some of our readers don't agree with these statements, let them stop and think; isn't their personal situation and the circumstances surrounding them largely governed by their attitude, and their willingness to adapt themselves to the many disagreeable situations and circumstances which will inevitably arise during the course of one's life.

Of course we realize that these subjects are very broad. Citing only a very few of the subordinates of each we have found for instance the Post Chapel which is very modern with its new electric organ. A rare privilege which is enjoyed by the entire Post personnel is our spacious swimming pool. Our Post Theatre might be mentioned here as one of our assets.

So much for the Post. Let's look at some of the personnel subordinates. First, would probably be the morale factor, which is generally very high. Our football team with every man giving his best for his regiment.

The Fort Bliss and Louisiana Maneuvers were highly satisfactory with every man doing his best at his own particular job.

Even the expectation of a release from active service on the part of a few men; though failing to materialize, these men after receiving the sound reasoning on this situation accepted it.

We have cited only a very few of the things that make our Post and our Regiment among the best. We feel sure that

Football

The Mentors of the 112th eleven are showing that a football team can be moulded from the rawest of material. Extensive training and scrimmage have been stressed to the utmost of our coaches ability, and this person for one says Lts. Hill, Swinney and Golden should be given full credit and the cooperation of every officer and enlisted man in Fort Clark.

And thanks, too, should go to Colonel Johnson, a true football enthusiast for his thoughtfulness in arranging for the men who are playing, to attend workouts.

If the team continues to make the undeniably progress they have in the past two weeks, the first game we have scheduled might as well be chalked as win number one!

The wholehearted desire to express our sincere appreciation and thanks is hard to put in writing, but, "Thanks to you, Colonel Johnson, Lt. Hill, Lt. Swinney, Lt. Golden and to our football team. We are behind you 100%!!"

Silent Workers

A young man who had done a good job and had not received the credit and praise he deserved came to me downhearted. I knew how he felt — I've felt the same way when my efforts have gone apparently unappreciated. But I've lived long enough to know that those who get their names in the headlines and their pictures in the papers seldom are the great creative workers. The man in the limelight often is but the medium through which a thinker in the wings expresses his ideas.

Those who work quietly behind the scenes, frequently radiate the most influence and, as Samuel V. Cole points out in one of his little poems, silent workers, are in good company:

The deaf world does not hear and praise!
Why fret in your work because
Were it so bad, O! workman true,
To work in silence all your days

I hear the traffic in the street,
But not the white worlds o'er the town,
I heard the gun at sunset roar,
I did not hear the sun go down.

Are work and workman greater when
The trumpet blows their fame abroad?
Nowhere on earth is found the man
Who works as silently as God.
—The Silver Lining.

Out of the wide plains of New York, better known as the Bronx, came some weeks ago, a new member of the 112th Cavalry Regiment, one who was to forever enshrine his name in the Hall of Fame of the 112th Cavalry, by suggesting the name chosen by a group of judges for the official publication of our regiment. The name chosen is "THE CENTAUR." This shining example of what persistence will do, travels under the name of Sidney Kopelov. He was born in the City of Brotherly Love also known as Philadelphia and moved with his parents when just a lad to New York City. He graduated from James Monroe High School in that city. Then seeking wider fields where his true talents might be recognized he went to Baltimore where he was employed in the Accounting Operations Division of the Social Security Board. At night Pvt. Kopelov attended John Hopkins University where he pursued a course in advanced accounting. And then came May 31 and induction into the Army and on October 1st he was sent to us from the Cavalry Replacement Training Center at Ft. Riley.

you can plainly see the absolute necessity of publishing a newspaper that will rank among the highest.

We are asking only the minimum and depending on this, "The Centaur" to be the incentive for you to provide the maximum.



Regiment Proud Of Brigade's Oldest Soldier

CONTINUOUS SERVICE
RECORD IS HELD BY
SERGEANT IN 112TH

Back in April, 1918, when our country was at war, a young man from Waxahachie, Texas, enlisted in the Army of the United States and was assigned to Troop G of the 5th Cavalry. He was granted an honorable discharge in April, 1920.

Immediately after receiving his discharge from the Army, he enlisted in what was then known as the 1st Texas Cavalry. This organization later became the 56th Cavalry Brigade and has so remained throughout the years. This man has maintained a record for continuous service and is now the oldest soldier in the Brigade from a standpoint of continuous service.

When martial law was declared in Galveston in 1920, he saw active service. He saw action again in the race riots of Longview in 1920 and at Sherman, Texas during the East Texas oil controversy in the early 1930's. In 1934 he was awarded the Peter Schromm Medal as the best First Sergeant in the Brigade.

When the present National Emergency was declared he was First Sergeant of "A" Troop, 112th Cavalry. He refused an opportunity for a discharge at that time and again signed up for three years. He has seen active duty with that troop since we have been in Federal Service. He is well known throughout the regiment both by enlisted men and officers.

This week the Commanding Officer of the Regiment saw fit to promote him. Ex-First Sergeant Herbert D. Campbell is now Master Sergeant Campbell.

The whole regiment congratulates Master Sergeant Campbell and wishes him the best of luck on his new job.

Joe Jerque Sez...

Well, well, well, have any of our simulated equestrians started a rumor, heard of any one who started a rumor, or even heard a rumor about winter maneuvers?

Just this A. M. I received information from Regimental Headquarters that there are quite a few men who are still unlucky.

It seems that the first army had to have umpires in South Carolina, starting November first. They will last about six weeks.

These "LUCKY" (sarcasm intended) fellows are as follows: Capt. Forrest N. Cowman; 1st Lt. John G. Carter; 1st Lt. Wm. T. Stallings, Jr.; 1st Lt. Jesse D. Stallings; 1st Lt. Wm. R. Shaw; 1st Lt. Wm. B. Shaw; 1st Lt. Quinton R. Tipton; 2nd Lt. Thos. A. Finley; 2nd Lt. Sidney J. Guard; and Pvts. Richard Cannon and Lawrence Jacobs.

A wise old owl sat in an oak—
The more he heard, the less he spoke;

The less he spoke, the more he heard—

Why can't we be like that old bird?

See you next week!

JOE.

'Till Reveille

Hear ye, fellow Horse Marines! If at any time you see a gloomy trooper walking about dear old Fort Clark as if he had lost his best friend (which he probably has) he is one of the two men from each troop who are attending bugler's school.

His one-time buddies not only avoid him as if he had everything the magazine advertisements accuse a person of having, but as he tries to make his so-called musical instrument glitter like a precious jewel, they are busily polishing marksmanship medals and murmuring something about his first and last corny Reveille.

Though his fellow troopers cannot commend him for the job he has undertaken, they should give him credit for being a rare and courageous man. Anyone who pour out his heart and soul into coaxing a tune out of a battered bugle deserves a salute. Yes, of course—by pointing the Reveille gun at him!

AND THEY STUTTERED

Two horseshoers here who stuttered a bit were making a horseshoe. After heating the metal, one placed it on the anvil. "H-h-h-h-hit it," he said to his helper.

"Wh-wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the assistant.

"Aw, h-h-h-h-hell, we'll h-h-h-h-have to h-h-h-heat it again."



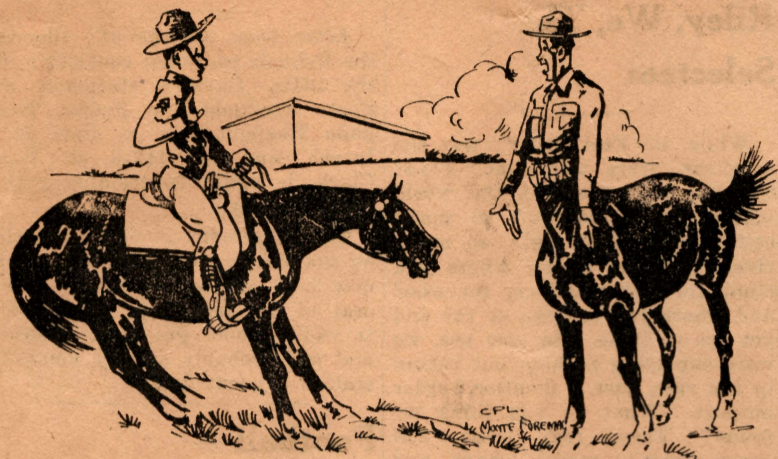
POST CHAPEL -- All Faiths

Chaplain . . . Bertram L. Smith

The Post Chapel will be dedicated by Chaplain Bertram L. Smith at 10:30 a. m. Sunday. The band will also take part in the dedication.

All of the officers and enlisted men are urged to attend this dedication which will really be an event for Fort Clark.

We Hear From The Troops



BUT SARGE !!!
"This was only a dream last night."

● C TROOP

Turning in equipment and winding up affairs that have occupied them for the past year are the chief duties of this week's quota of men eligible for Army releases.

Among those leaving is Barney Cato, popular first cook of "C" Troop kitchen, whose presence will be greatly missed.

So long, men, we wish you all the luck in the world among "them pore civilians".

Hugh Hunter returned to troop duty Saturday, after two weeks siege of yellow jaundice in the Station Hospital.

Talk around the barracks these days are influenced, as usual, by regimental orders and events. First off—furloughs are occupying nearly everyone's mind and each fellow seems to know exactly how he will spend those fleeting days. Secondly—football. The creation of a football team was greatly appreciated and will give every man an outlet for football fever.

Wishing!!!—That Regimental Headquarters would put out some information on hunting around the Post this year. Are we eligible to hunt without a license? Will we be allowed to use Army rifles for deer hunting? When do seasons open? Just a few questions we would like to have answered.

A heartfelt thanks to the powers-that-be for furnishing free transportation for the men on their week-end jaunts to the neighboring towns.

● MEDICOS

Four enlisted men will attend medical course at William Beaumont General Hospital, Fort Bliss, Texas, November 1st.

These men are as follows:
Pvt. Carl R. Seitz
Pvt. Frank A. Schultz
Pvt. Richard M. Small
Pvt. Ralph H. Smith.

The old proverb about a cat dragging a rag around was brought to our mind the other day, when a mangy, bedraggled, moth eaten feline came staggering into the "CENTAUR" office carrying a very battered and much kicked around scrap of paper.

After much deliberation and concentration we finally deciphered the words "124," "NEWS," and "CAVALRY."

● F TROOP

Believe you me, Troop F has really been "On the bit" so to speak, for the last week or so. The painting and cleaning up has really taken place here. You don't have to take my word for it, just look on the Regimental Bulletin Board. Our saddles have been bleached and dubbed so that they really look good. In fact, I'll wager that we have the best looking leather in the Regiment. We invite any ambitious soldier to come around in his spare time and see how the job should be done.

A few promotions have been made here recently including a recommendation for Lt. John H. Cates. Lt. Cates has been a friend to the enlisted man and one that none of them would hesitate to go to for advice. The F. Troop machine gunners are in a bad humor about losing him. They remember the chicken dinners that he bought for them with his own money while in Louisiana on maneuvers. Congrats to Troop A. for getting a good man and a capable Officer.

Pvt. Allen Jackson (1cl.) says that he was really scared when he paraded up and down before the Colonel Thursday morning with the best looking saddle in the regiment. Jackson is Orderly to Capt. Hood.

● E TROOP

All our sympathy to the newly-made Sergeant, Shannon Hearne, who was recently incarcerated in the Station Hospital with a severe case of appendicitis, and as a result of the ailment was operated on post haste. How 'bout dropping around to see him, boys?

If anybody notices a lull in the running of the Regiment, think nothing of it. Corp. E. R. Adams is to be discharged this week, and as everybody knows, he practically runs the 112th single handed (deep sarcasm intended). No kiddin', tho, we will really miss him.

Say, boys, how about getting up a boxing team in the troop? There is some rumor that we have several exponents of the manly art in this troop and maybe there are some more who are willing to don the leather.

Troops "E" and "G" will have to go in mourning about the 29th of this month. Reason? R. M. (Boar) Phillips, one of the most outspoken privates of the 2nd Squadron and Captain Grant's dog-robber is to be discharged on that date. Thanks a lot of
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● BAND

May we pause now, bow our heads reverently, and shed a silent tear or two for the departed! Those who have gone on before are, James "Puss" Eastland, ultradixieland trombone man; Hal Baker, whose moanin' saxophone had a deep south accent; and Loius McDaniels, string-strummer from 'way back. They were released from active duty in the band, Friday, October 17th, to return to civilian life (poor fellows).

Next Thursday the band will greatly feel the loss of three more men, tried and true!—Leonard "don't call me Shorty" Ohlson, who "squeezes a mean box" (accordian—to you laymen—; Jim "Pappy" Cruce, who plays such a hot trumpet that we always had to sweep up the ashes after he played, and whose scat singing of "The Shiek" we shall never forget; Jim Welch, the healthiest man alive who plays some of the finest "two beat" cornet ever heard by human ear; will return to home "duties" in big "D", Thursday, Oct. 30th.

A thistle or two to all these fellows, they've held up fine under a lot of pressure, and have given us a lot of laughs on many occasions, and have given the troopers many hours of entertainment. We hate to lose 'em, but we're glad for their sakes.—Hope you guys'll leave us your rabbit's foot.

A hearty welcome to Mrs. Paul I. Griffith, Jr., who moved from Dallas, Texas, last Saturday to join her husband here at the Post!—"Greezy" has certainly become the cheerful cherrub since her coming!

"Allen, I've frum Dixie," Kreige says, "To whom it may, or may not concern, from now on, anything appearing in this column—I didn't did it!"

Could it be true that "Cassanova" Dysart has finally gotten into something he can't get out of? Is it possible that he finally has been "hooked"? We hear tell that he's an engaged man now—somebody in Dallas, they say!

At any rate, there seem to be several broken hearts floating around the Post and Brackettville now.

We wish to announce that the following men are now attached to the band and will, at a later date be transferred to become full-fledged bandmen if they make the grade. They are: Frank Ambrose, Bob Darby, Joe Dercoli, Paul Dubrock, Ray Kurzawski, Charles McGinnes, Dick Sergeant, John Suggs, Bob Swift, Jack Wallace, Stanley Wallace.

Most ironical incident of the week!—Hal Baker, only recently released from the service, took nuptial vows five days after his discharge!

Every Sunday afternoon at 3:00 until further notice, the band will give a concert in the band-stand located on the parade grounds. It is given for the pleasure of the officers, enlisted men, and their families and fiends. If you have enjoyed these concerts of alternately classical and swing numbers, show your appreciation by coming to them, so the bandmen can know they are playing to
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Sage of The Stables

Hi Oldtimer—

While I was out with my girl last night, she kept hollering "Attention. Can you explain?"

Worried.

Sure can, pal. She was trying to tell you what she wanted.

Dear Sage:

Why was the Sage so worried when he found all those empty bottles in my locker?

Listening.

Maybe you should tell him you never bought an empty bottle in your life.

My Friend:

The medicos say this castor oil will make me well enough to get up by morning. Is that so?

Inquisitive.

Yes, yes—long before morning.

Say, pal:

What is the age limit for soldiers?

Your humble slave.

They are the limit at any age. Come again.

Know-It-All:

What is the reason for the sudden change in the quality of our morning milk?

Chow hound.

Haven't you heard—the water has been cut off.

Say, there,

I heard your brother tried to get a commission in the army. What's he doing now?

I Wonder.

Nothing. He got his commission. Thank you.

Dearest:

They sent me to the camouflage department today. Were they kidding? e

Puzzled.

Not a bit. They make things look like they ain't. Does it hurt? Dear Sarge:

I am having trouble getting my men up in the morning. Can you make any suggestions?

Top-Kicker.

Try blowing mess call instead of Reveille. They surely won't miss that.

● H. Q. TROOP

Corporal Maury H. Tomlinson and Pvt. David T. Clark will attend motor course at Fort Riley, Kansas, beginning November 10, 1941.

We of Hq. Tr. wish both these men a successful completion of their course.

Did you hear the one about Dick (G. B.) Cannon and Lawrence (Whee-e-e) Jacobs getting to go on winter maneuvers to South Carolina? Ha. Ha.

Teefus (Shark) Young still has the situation well in hand in the game room.

The regimental Radio Queers and Motor maniacs are still in doubt as to which section will in the end gain the degree given to all goldbricks, D. D. G. B. (detail dodging goldbricks.)

● A TROOP

Members of "A" Troop mourn the loss of Lt. Fenley to South Carolina for winter maneuvers.

Selectee Michalchick calls on the supply room for furlough papers.

Some members of Troop "A" have threatened to poison a few members of the Medical Detachment if "There aren't some Changes Made." (Barracks inspection.)

Ist Lt. John H. Cates, Jr., has been reassigned to troop "A."

The star of "R. K. O." Frank J. Nardi, has the idea that he can go around stealing government property but it seems that Pvt. Joe J. "Mail Call" Forester put a stop to this at the recent demonstration. Says "R. K. O." Tuffy Nardi, let's be getting on the bit.

Recently Selectee Michello and Wachs applied for a mounted pass. They wanted to know what time the trucks left for the city of "Mounted Pass." Say guys, that's no town, it is just someone working you.

● B TROOP

We were very sorry to hear of our troop commanders' illness; we all wish him a speedy recovery and hope he will be back with us soon.

Sergeant Warren Roberts hasn't been informed as yet of his notable and exasperating position as First Sergeant for the next fifteen days, while First Sergeant Pendleton spends his time visiting Pvt. Vernon Sharp's—FAM-I-I-Y. Dubious comments as to the authenticity of Pvt. Sharp's FAM-I-I-Y, are expected.

Corporal Bill Vaughn had better keep his eyes open or learn to climb fences on the double; "When the horse walked away from me," says Vaughn, "I thought everything was all right when he started back at me I thought he was just bluffing, besides I didn't think he was shod." "Corporal Vaughn will live to climb another day," says Major Williams.

● Machine Gun Troop

The following men were discharged October 30, 1941, under priorities "A" and "C".

Pvt. Anson C. Lemley
Pvt. Francis T. Comiskey, Jr.
Pvt. Harold V. Powers
Pvt. Joe B. Phelps
Pvt. Richard D. Scott
Pvt. Robert J. Sinclair
Pfc. Alvin M. Hester
Pvt. Otis J. Clements
Sgt. Robert L. Thurmond

We are quite curious to know what the strong attraction is at our "local bastille" that seems to reach out with both hands, and grab Sgt. Nance and drags him over there every mornig, and keeps him there until noon. Lovely place to spend one's spare time! Wonder if he spends his nights in the local grave yard?

The fellows in "C" troop were gathered around listening to Col. Johnson giving them a serious talk on regimental and troop spirit. At the conclusion of his pep talk, the Col. asked for sug-

(TURN TO PAGE FOUR)

FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS BEING ROUNDED INTO TEAM

Abundant Backfield Material, but Line Not Up To Par Says Coach

Rapidly rounding into playing shape, with the first game of the season only a week hence, the gridiron stalwarts of the 112th have begun to assume the form of a well drilled squad. Both men and coaches have been hard at it for the past two weeks, and their work has been marked by an enthusiasm and a spirit of grim determination which must inevitably bear results.

The squad still remains intact in its original numbers, no cuts having been made as yet. Of the some 75 hopeful candidates who answered the first call for practice, only 40 have been given uniforms, but the rest are being carried along in the hope that additional equipment may be procured. Negotiations have been under way with several Texas universities to obtain some of their surplus equipment, but, as yet, nothing definite has been accomplished.

Being hard pressed for time in their preparations for the opening tilt next Saturday, Coaches Lts. Hill, Swinney and Golden, have, of necessity, confined their efforts along the lines of providing the team with an offense, to working in a set of very basic and fairly simple plays, devolving from a short punt-formation. As the season progresses, and as the team gets a good deal of more work and experience under its belt, variety and elaboration will probably be added. In view of the fact that several very capable passers are available, the 112th may possibly look forward to some of that "razzle-dazzle" for which Texas football has become nationally famous in pigskin circles.

Backfield material seems to be present in sufficient quantity in the ranks of the 112th gridmen, but there does not seem to be any over-supply of good linesmen. It is not at all improbable that attempt will be made within the near future to convert some of the heavier backfield candidates into linesmen.

If there are some experienced footballers with line experience still lurking in the bullrushes of the 112th, there is still plenty of time to shed your modest raiment and come out for the team.

The regular scrimmages during the past week provided the coaches with a fairly rough indication of what they had in hand. A number of the men showed up to good advantage and assumed the roles of leading aspirants for their respective positions. As yet, however, Lts. Hill, Swinney and Golden refuse to commit themselves on even a tentative starting lineup for the opening contest. In all probability, the team that takes the field in the colors of the 112th next Saturday evening will not be decided upon until sometime late in the week.

The opening encounter on the 112th's schedule will take place next Saturday evening at San Antonio, and the opposition will be provided by one of the teams from Fort Sam Houston. The following Saturday, the two teams will meet in a return nocturnal engagement at the Brackettville High School field. The idea has been put forth to provide transportation for an accompanying cheering section to San Antonio, but no decision has been reached as to whether this suggestion will be put into effect.

We think the football team calls for the whole-hearted support of the entire regiment this season. The men and coaches have been

working hard, and will continue to work harder throughout the season. The least that we on the sidelines, who avoid all the bumps and bruises, can do, is to let the boys know we appreciate their efforts. Let's see some of that old college gridiron spirit around the 112th!

The following is a list of the names of the men comprising the 112th football squad:

McLaughlin, Morrell, Hedquist, Cooper, Nilson, Lynch, Kizur, Turner, Autry, Sperry, Belfast, Rankin, Carder, Hamilton, Gericke, Rowley, Anthony, Love, Gaikomaki, Czernijewski, Berry, Genthe, Walker, Hill, Isaacson, Roberts, Patterson, J. H. Patterson, V. L. Greens, Mays, McMurrion, Payne, Carr, Bumpus, Hendley, Caneter, Gray, Cornelius, Frye, Smith, Johnson, Bailey, Jones, A. Jones, W. B. Corley, Clark, Curtis, Dillion, Bergun, Greer, Giacomo, Gibson, Johnston, Miller, Donnelly, Krosson, John, Spodeck, McDermont, Galindo, Allen, Tillman, Bryner, Vonta, Wallace, Payne, Hoskins, Kaminski, Blockwell, Kukla, Brzuchalsky, Boisseau, Abshere, Rozalla, Ware, Barron, Cheek, Hunter.

M. G. TROOPER COVERS M. G. TROOP BEER PARTY

In the midst of clamor and noise I await the climax of the evening to occur.

The boys are boisterous in one corner of the room, singing and shouting to others to join the fun.

Beer flows freely, but there is a certain dignity of expression and sobriety of countenance not found in other units of like size and toughness.

The boys have just returned from maneuvers and though this is their first chance to really have fun, each man remembers that he is a cog in an all important machine and that he must remain sober and subject to orders.

To you, Machine Gun Troop, a toast!!!

E Troop—

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE) laughs, "Boar," and luck to you in civilian life.

What seems to be the trouble with "Ace" Autry (self-asserted cousin of Gene Autry)? He has gone out for football and hasn't received a uniform as yet. Lt. Hill, you had better look into this since Autry loudly claims he is indeed a star player and that a team without him is sure to end up in the cellar position. Maybe you could use him as water boy!

Band—

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE) someone.

The personnel of this regiment is very fortunate to have one of the most outstanding bands to be found in military service. How about giving them your best support, to show them that they are relaly appreciated!

Well, that's all until next week. —See you at water call, So-ja!!

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ARMY

"There's nothing like the army life
Unless it is the army's wife,
That poor, bemartyred, sad eyed creature,
Who at the door of quarters greets yer.

Who trembles at the cannon's boom
And thinks it is the crack of doom.

Who staggers out, at five—the dummy!
To fill her spouse's empty tummy.

Who sits at home, and stares at ceiling,
While husband goes potato peeling.
Who fetches all that she can carry
From out the bally commissary.

Who stretches a nickel down the track,
Till the Indian sits on the buffalo's back.
Who thinks that bargainings, her heyday,
And the longest week's the one 'fore payday!

To stick with him thru all of thissy,
She really doesn't dare be sissy,
She stays at home to save the luces,
While he—the Dear—goes on maneuvers.

He calls her nicest dinners "chow"
And still she loves him anyhow.
A private he—my gosh!—no stripe!
The lowest form of human life!
The one whom no one dares to bet on,
And even the corporal can step on.

Her hero, who can never droop,
Is now the doormat for the troop.

You think you've really seen the life?
Ha!! You ought to be a private's wife."

—An Army Wife.

Hey, fellows! Have you joined Jack Dunagan's All American Club? Jim Welch, charter member, says that the club is now making is big Annual Winter Drive for membership, and that he believes every regular, red-blooded American boy should belong to the club.

Why, fellows all over the country are writing letters to Jack Dunagan, the All American Boy, requesting membership.

Typical, is this letter, Jack Dunagan received Tuesday, October 28th, 1941, from a Brackettville fan.

1315 Maple Street
Brackettville, Texas.

Dear Jack Dunning Ham,

I have saved them box tops, and now I want to join your All American Club.

I am six years old and want to be just like you!

I want to play a trumpet, and be a teachers' pet, just like you!
Please send me a gold button because I am a good boy all the time.

Yours truly,
Joe Jerque.

You see, it's as simple as that! Just tear off the top of the nearest grocery store, or reasonable facsimile, and sent it to JACK DUNAGAN, THE ALL AMERICAN BOY; Band—112th Cavalry, and he will send you a nice, shiny gold button, just like the one he wears all the time, with his name be-ooo-tifully engraved on it.

B. A.

Fort Clark Via Fort Riley, We, The Selectees

While in Fort Riley, we, the selectees, were told that Texas was the only place in the world where you could find so many cows and so little milk, so many rivers with no water, where you climb for water and dig for wood and where you can see so far and yet see so little. So, you see, we were expecting nothing but nature in the raw, just a frontier border outpost. What do you think we found? Trees, real trees and grass, leaves, water, shade and all the trimmings.

Music With A Boogie Beat
And a band. Gee! What a band! They are really cats and gators that get in with both feet and give out jive on the mellow side or with a solid four, just like the doctor ordered. What with moaning slush pumps, groaning saxes, screaming squawk-sticks and those screaming three valve jobareenas, they connive to give jive like you have never heard.
I mean we are really proud to be in a real outfit.

Indians

A day or so ago I had retired and was well in the arms of Morpheus when, suddenly I was awakened by a loud thud and then a scream. The first thought I had was—INDIANS! Then padding toward me I heard bare feet, then vague grunts. Do Indians grunt? Surely somewhere in the past I heard that Indians talked in grunts. I thought to myself, "I'll just lie still and maybe he will pass me by." What was that? A thud and the sound of a body falling. Maybe the Indian is making additions to his scalp collection. But what would an Indian be doing on an army post at this time of night? Gosh! What I would not give to be back home. He just got his second victim. Will I be next? Bare feet are shuffling across the floor toward me again. Probably looking for someone with plenty of hair. Lie still now. Wish I wasn't so darn scared. Don't want to wake up the trooper next to me. Now I've done it! He's awake. But sir, there is an Indian in here and he's killing people. Can't you hear him.

What? It's only Jones and he does this sort of thing every night. Don't, was I scared? Think of brave me being frightened by a guy falling out of his bunk and stumbling over foot lockers while he was walking in his sleep.

Ha, ha! Glad it wasn't an Indian 'cause I might have made a bloody mess in the floor when I got hold of him.

Don't worry, boys, if anything like that comes around here at night, I will certainly protect my sleeping buddies.

Radio Section—

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

until all men in the regiment, who desire to do so, have a chance to take the test. When there are enough men in each classification group to form a class, a twelve-week course of instruction will be given in basic fundamentals of communication in the Cavalry Regiment. This course will prepare a large number of men for more intensive training in this highly specialized field and in the event that a large number of operators are needed on short notice, these trained men will be available.

On The Air

After four months of silence, the Brigade radio net consisting of the 124th Cavalry, stationed at Forts Ringgold and Brown, Brigade Headquarters, at Fort McIntosh and the 112th, at Fort Clark, is again functioning without difficulty.

This Regiment is putting a rig on the air for use of the men who now hold amateur licenses. Several of the men who went away to radio school got their licenses and will probably use the amateur station a great deal.

Football—

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

is broken down, too — well, they are out of the running for good!

Joe Jerque was reported to have highly commended a certain Major Smith on his intelligent betting. He quotes Major Smith as saying, "I personally, will take a dollar's worth of the Johnson money." — All of which means, since the odds are five to one, that Major Smith is betting twenty whole cents! "Very smart betting" says Joe — "I'd pay twenty cents anytime to see a good football game."

It has been brought to our attention that the 124th (or 125th) unit has some horses that they ride (or try to), and also a band.

Military Outfit—

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

group of Ziegfeld Chorus girls for our dances. Nothing would set us back on our heels now, after all these happy days have started our way.

By the time we have won this little "warm-up" game over the 124th (it's a cavalry outfit, too), we will be prepared to out-drill, out-ride and out-play any regiment that would care to take a hand.

If we can't, nobody can!!

M. G. Troop—

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE)

gestions regarding an addition to the regimental motto "Rarin' To Go". Pvt. Pipsqueak immediately pipes up with "Let's add the word 'Home'!"

What certain "business house" in Villa Acuna is called Hawkin's Hacienda?

The other day at 4:30 chow, "Main Guard" Campbell was much surprised, as was everyone else, when he suddenly and unconsciously jumped up and came to "raise pistol". Reason: He has practically become a permanent fixture on main guard.

Mystery of the week: What happened to squelch Sgt. Hays "flame" of interest in Del Rio? —Was it that it was only a "flicker", or didn't he like the name "Del Rio Kid"?

Now, about the new Riley seat.—Well!!

It's no disgrace when a cavalryman is thrown from his horse, but when a stable sergeant is thrown from his seat in a wagon. —Well, what would you think! !

Those who go to college and never get out are called professors.

Once there was a mean army officer. He was rotten to the corps.