

Y, JUNE 21, 1944.

Sports Ed Sees Weird 'Track Meet' at Camp

By **BOB GORDON.**

"What do you do in the infantry ... you march and march and march." That's the way the song goes, but I wasn't so sure after a visit to the 106th division's Infantry day open house at Camp Atterbury.

Maybe I made a false deduction on the marching angle because of late arrival at the cantonment after the divisional parade had taken place.

I made it in time to find men of the division competing in the 100-yard dash, the high and low hurdles, the half-mile run and the broad jump all rolled into one, plus other more severe obstacles, in the training path of an infantryman. This discovery was made at the obstacle course where races of various types provided the entertainment for the assembled civilians.

What They Have to Do.

In the obstacle race, the contestants were required to climb fences, high and low, crawl through sewer pipes, climb high ladder like fences, swing over water, crawl beneath barriers, and negotiate a half dozen other problems designed by the experts in physical fitness.

"And we all have to make the course," confided a private standing nearby.

He explained that sometime it was on the training diet two or three times a week and then they might go for a month without it.

I concluded that those were the months I'd like best if I were in khaki.

The obstacle course is tough but it makes for strong bodies, hard muscles and all around physical fitness and that is one of the essentials Uncle Sam has been em-

phasizing in preparing his men for combat.

The program also offered relay foot races and a number of tug-o-war.

Bob Retains Championship.

The competition of the afternoon gave me an opportunity to prove that I am still the champion poor-picker. In 1940 I picked Wilkie to defeat Roosevelt. In 1943 I picked Columbus to win the state basketball championship. Last year I put the finger on the St. Louis Cardinals to knock out the Yanks in the World series and tagged Hammond, then Anderson for the state net title.

Thursday while watching the khaki-clad lads tee off in the first obstacle race, the civilian friend with me inquired, "Who do you pick?" I chose a husky redhead. For a minute he went like Alsab. Then he faltered. Then he dropped behind. And then he didn't finish. A civilian youngster who didn't appear to be more than 12 followed the army boys on the course and beat my selection.

In a second obstacle race my choice paid "show" and it was short odds at that.

Then came the tug-o-war. Three contests. A dozen or more healthy huskies on a side. Each time I picked the team to my left because they were pulling downhill. But I had failed to examine the turf. It was slightly more moist on the downhill end. In all three contests, the teams on the right were the winners.

Once again I swore off picking. Still batting 1,000 in the picking department I concluded on leaving the contest that I had seen one team in action that was a winner—the infantry.

1944-06-21 106th Obstacle course

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Tue, May 9, 2017