

**CONSCRIPT 2989:
EXPERIENCE OF A DRAFTED
MAN; ILLUSTRATED BY H. B.
MARTIN**

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Conscript 2989: Experience of a Drafted Man; Illustrated by H. B. Martin by Irving Crump

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IRVING CRUMP

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I summoned "Local Board 163" in Court Martial proceedings

CONSCRIPT 2989

EXPERIENCES OF A DRAFTED MAN

crump

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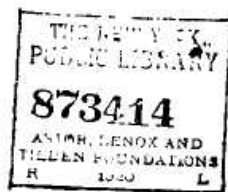
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H. B. MARTIN



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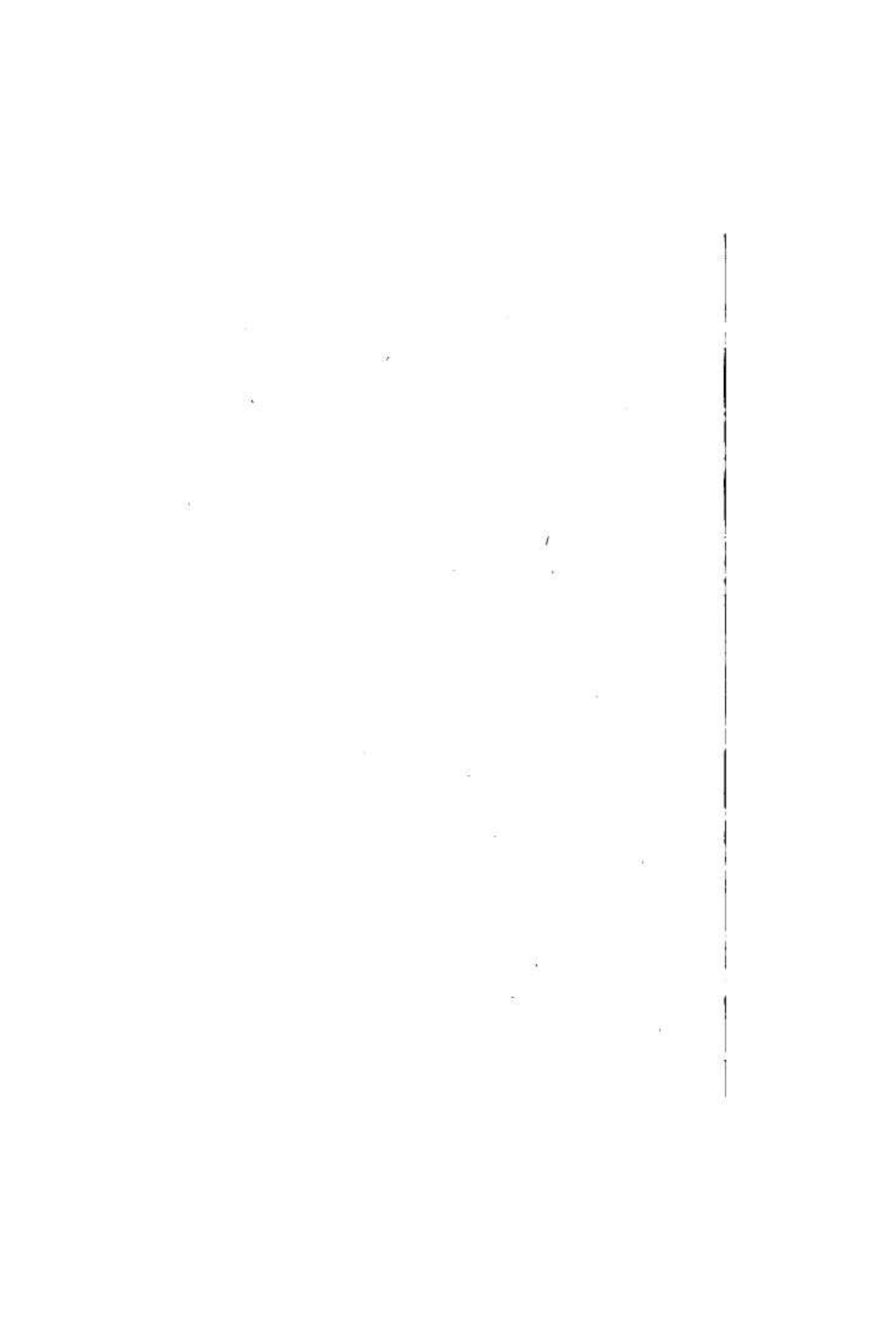
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TO

MY MOTHER AND FATHER

and every other Mother and Father, who spend hours wondering about the welfare of their son, this book is dedicated. And with it comes the assurance that life in the big cantonment contains a full measure of real happiness, and that all hardships are mitigated by a sense of humor which develops even in the worst of pessimists. We are contented, for to compensate for the absence of you and all that you mean, comes the knowledge that we are doing everything that brave men and women, the world over, would have us do at times like these. We are doing a man's work and by the token of the service flag in your window you should know that the days of patched trousers, darned stocking, of toy fire engines, play soldiers, and noisy drums, were not spent in vain.



CONSCRIPT 2989

Thursday:

ONCE when I was an enthusiastic freshman (it seems ages ago) I joined a Latin society that had for its inspiration the phrase, *forsan haec olim meminisse juvabit*.

All I can remember about the society is the motto, and there is nothing particularly pleasant about the recollection, either. But somehow to-night that fool phrase comes back to me and makes a pessimist of me right off. I wonder how pleasant these things are going to be and whether I will want to remember them hereafter. Perhaps I won't have much choice. I'll probably remember them whether I want to or not. Already my first eight hours of active service as Conscript 2989 have some sharp edges sticking out which I am likely to remember, though many of them are far from pleasant.

I am now truly a member of the army of the great unwashed and unwashable—no, I take that back. They are washable. I saw a grizzly old

Sergeant herding four of them out to the wash-room this evening. Each of them carried a formidable square of yellow soap and a most unhappy expression. But the Sergeant looked pleased with his detail.

Never in my wildest flights of fancy can I picture some of these men as soldiers. Slavs, Poles, Italians, Greeks, a sprinkling of Chinese and Japs—Jews with expressionless faces, and what not, are all about me. I'm in a barracks with 270 of them, and so far I've found a half dozen men who could speak English without an accent. Is it possible to make soldiers of these fellows? Well, if muscle and bone (principally bone) is what is wanted for material, they have got it here with a vengeance. But, then, from the looks of things they have been doing wonders and they may make creditable soldiers of them at that. Goodness knows, they may even make a soldier out of me, which would be a miracle. Here's hoping.

Friday:

I only need to glance back over the page I wrote last night to see how I felt. This con-