



William Charles Marquardt III

October 9, 1924 - June 19, 2014

William C. Marquardt III

On the morning of June 19, 2014 William C. (Bill) Marquardt III (Professor Emeritus, CSU)

passed away from pancreatic cancer while being comforted by family members at Poudre Valley

Hospital in Fort Collins, Colorado. Bill was 89 years old.

Bill was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana on October 9, 1924. He was the third child and only son of

Lucy Pluess and William C. Marquardt Jr.

Bill attended Northwestern University starting in 1942, but was not able to complete his B.S.

degree until 1948 due to a mandatory walking tour of Italy with the U.S. Army Infantry during

World War II. He received a M.S. in Zoology in 1950 from the University of Illinois Urbana, and a

Ph.D. in 1954, also from the University of Illinois Urbana. His area of expertise was parasitology.

While employed for the summer in Charlevoix, Michigan, Bill met Barbara Ann Schucker who

was also working in Charlevoix. They had a wonderful summer together and

were married June
19, 1948 in Mount Carmel, Illinois.

Bill's teaching and research career began in 1954 at The Veterinary Research Laboratory, Montana State College in Bozeman. He was a Professor of Zoology at Colorado State University from 1966 until his retirement in 1992. He was also Associate Director of the Arthropod-Borne and Infectious Diseases Laboratory at Colorado State University from 1987 to 1995. To his professional credit he had approximately 80 journal articles, six books, and reviews, writings, reports, and society memberships too numerous to list here. Fifteen Ph.D students and 15 Masters degree students completed their work under Bill's direction.

In addition to his immense curiosity about scientific study, Bill also approached the rest of the world with the same curiosity and quick mind. His children could identify small slimy bugs under the loose rocks found in the hundreds of streams that Bill was always exploring and explaining. He loved to hike, ski, and travel the U.S. in a succession of RV's. Bill and Barbara bicycled France when they were in their 70's. In recent years he was involved in the Unitarian Church Sunday morning discussion group as well as the Front Range Forum where he attended and taught classes, always in search of a new approach to the subject at hand.

But above all, in his last years, Bill was devoted to the care and companionship of his wife Barbara. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

Bill was preceded in death by his parents and his two sisters, Edith Tetzlaff and Ruth Henderson. He is survived by his wife Barbara, daughters Kay Marquardt (Jim Burrell) and Joan Pluess, son Bill Marquardt (Judy Heiderscheidt), grandchildren Siobhan Lucero (Jason), Chloe Walker, Alec Walker, and Tessa Marquardt-Burrell, three great grandchildren, and numerous nieces and nephews. And lastly, he is survived by his beloved dog Riley.

In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to the Biology Graduate Program at CSU in memory of Bill Marquardt, III. Checks should be made out to the CSU Foundation, PO Box 1870, Fort Collins, CO 80523-1870.

Tribute Wall



“ *William Charles Marquardt III*

October 25, 2022 at 06:14 PM

“ THE ASH TRAY

William C. Marquardt

5 March 2014

When I was 19 years of age, Uncle Sam decided that I was just the person to join the army and learn to kill my fellow man. It was, of course, WWII and almost any young man who was physically acceptable was invited to join the military. There were some 15 million of us who participated in the war, and most of us were quite young. In Kurt Vonnegut's Slaughter House Five, he inserted an essay which might well be entitled "Wars are Fought by Children." I graduated from high school in 1942, just as the war effort was picking up speed. Everyone I knew served in some capacity. All but a few did return from the war. We represented closely the point that Vonnegut made.

In May 1944 I was sent to Camp Hood, Texas where I underwent infantry basic training. We were in what was called infantry replacement training. This meant that when we completed our seventeen weeks of training, we would be sent overseas to take the place of soldiers who were wounded or dead. There was no question of any further training or specialty schools. We were cannon fodder. The military is excellent at both training and indoctrination. Despite the services being staffed with recent civilians in WWII, training was laid out in such a way that we learned the essentials of military procedures and to use the equipment assigned to us. We were not abused in any physical

way, but learned to obey and to do what was asked of us. And we learned not to complain about any of the nonsense that is inevitable in the military. We did it and went on our way. The result was that we were toughened mentally and physically. We were ready, more or less, for whatever we had to do when we reached actual combat.

I shipped to Italy in Fall 1944, and was assigned to the 88th Infantry Division around the first of 1945. (I wrote another essay having to do with the reason it took a couple of months for us to be assigned to a unit.) I had trained in an anti-tank company at Camp Hood, and was assigned to that kind of company in the 349th Regiment. I served in two campaigns, the second one took us from the Appenines through the Po Valley to the northern border of Italy. I do not wish to overstate the rigors or horrors of what I experienced, but let us say that it was sufficient for me to know what combat and being able to endure almost anything are about.

When the surrender was declared, we were at the northern portion of the Po Valley, and because we were in trucks, our company was sent to the northern border of Italy. We were on a roadblock just at the base of the Brenner Pass where we were supposed to stop any bad guys from escaping to Austria. We were living in a pensione at the edge of a town called by the Italians Vipiteno and by the Germans Sterzing. Who Knows? One day a soldier from our company showed up with a deal. He could get us a couple of commemorative ash trays for a few dollars. I gave him money and by and by ash trays showed up.

And there they were with "349th Infantry" across the top, a minute-man type of symbol in the middle and "Kraut Killers" at the bottom. That sobriquet had been earned in WWI when the regiment was renowned for not taking prisoners. Well, so be it.

I thought, in 1945, that this was a pretty nice memento of WWII and my experience therein. I had been through some difficulties, I had done what I had to do, and I had survived. We had won the war. My part was infinitesimal, but I had participated, and had shown that I had what it took to be a soldier.

Now, in 2014, nearly seventy years later, I am a different person. I guess that I still have some satisfaction in having "done my duty." Likewise, if there ever was a "holywar" WWII was it, and overcoming the Nazis was a job that had to be done. But the whole experience was so crazy, and the mind-set of being an infantryman is so foreign that it is difficult to go back mentally...(to continue)

Bill - August 01, 2014 at 01:27 PM

BI

“ **THE ASH TRAY**
William C. Marquardt
5 March 2014

(Continued)

Paul Fussell was an infantry 2nd Lieutenant, and many years after the fact wrote

Doing Battle, a description and critique of his experience as a platoon leader in WWII.

Fussell was a few years older than I, and wrestled with the ideas of, How do you do

enough violence to reach your objective, but only that much? How do you maintain your humanity in such a situation? I was, perhaps, on the verge of having those kinds of ruminations at the time, but not quite. !

I have asked others who had combat experience whether you need to become crazy in such a circumstance. The immediate answer has always been a definite Yes.

Bill - August 01, 2014 at 01:17 PM

MS

“ *I remember with great fondness the many times our families did things together while my older brother Bruce and Bill Jr. were childhood friends. This last journey of Bill's was very tough, I'm sure, but the lifelong impact he and this wonderful family have had on this community have left a legacy that will be felt for a very long time. Peace to you all.*

Mary Beth Kaehler Solano

Mary Beth Solano - July 20, 2014 at 08:05 AM

“ **STREETCAR**
25 June 2012

William C. Marquardt

Three cents. 3¢ could get you fifteen miles from home, and you could transfer to another line, as well. This was the Chicago street car in the 1930's. When I was in grade school, it was seven cents for grown-ups, but we kids rode for three. ! We lived at 8142 S. Ingleside Avenue in a typical three-story apartment building of which there are thousands in Chicago and other cities across the U.S. Our apartment was two blocks from Cottage Grove Avenue, a section line that ran from about 95th Street on the south, but disappeared around Washington Park. The streetcars groaned away on Cottage Grove day and night. (Cottage Grove sounds idyllic, but the street and buildings were asphalt, brick and concrete wall-to-wall.) ! When I was eight, maybe nine, I went to Sunday school at our family's church, Redeemer Lutheran. I was given streetcar fare and headed off to the church on my own. I took the Cottage Grove car north to about Marquette Blvd, transferred to another line which carried me west for about a mile. I debarked and walked south a couple of blocks to the church. My mother and sisters arrived later for the regular service which I attended as well. We all then took the streetcar home for chicken dinner. Would I have let my own children go off on their own now like that? I think not. ! You can see the typical big city streetcar on ancient films starting quite early in the 20th

century. They were boxy, wooden dinosaurs attached to their overhead power source via a long rod with a little wheel on the tip. There were few or no changes in them until late in the 1930's when sleek, rubber-wheeled cars began to replace these behemoths. !

Well, the old cars got you where you wanted to go, but it was seldom pleasant. The conductor stood on the rear platform where you climbed up the two big steps. The curbside door was kept shut in cold weather, but not in the summer. The conductor opened the door at a stop and allowed the passengers to enter; he then closed the door, stamped twice with his heel on an iron plunger that clanged a bell telling the motorman that he could go. We then took off. !

Took off. This was the 1930's, remember. Chugged away might be more accurate. The motorman had his own bailiwick at the front platform. His controller (a big rheostat) was a wooden box about forty inches high and perhaps eighteen inches wide on top of which was the rotating handle the allowed the car to speed off. The handle was a crank similar to those used on cars before the invention of the electric starter.

TL

“ Dr. Marquardt was a great professor and a wonderful person. I was fortunate to have him as my advisor for an MS program at CSU. I was not aware of his military service and he never brought it up, even though my ambition was to serve as a medical entomologist in the US Air Force. Many veterans of WWII, including my father, preferred to focus on the task at hand and plan for the future rather than dwell on their military service. When I met Dr. Marquardt for the first time, he told me that he served on the graduate student selection committee and recommended my selection because of my interest in a military career. He became my advisor after my first semester when the department received a grant to study the vector of bluetongue virus in cattle, which I ended up working on for my thesis. He was a great mentor. His class in advanced parasitology and medical entomology was fabulous. He loved the natural environment and we did field work in Rocky Mountain National Park as part of the course. He helped me navigate the course requirements to complete the MS program and qualify for a position in the military. It turned into a successful career and I am forever grateful to him for that. I never forgot his kindness and understanding. He was always available when the pressure of graduate school grew difficult. He was also firm when necessary to keep his students from losing focus and going astray; I was the recipient of that approach on more than one occasion, and it made me a better person. After his students departed, he maintained contact, treated us as colleagues and friends, and was always interested in receiving updates and hearing how things were working out for our careers. His guidance as a professor lives on in each of us. He will be sorely missed.

Tom Lillie, CSU, 1978

Tom Lillie - July 17, 2014 at 10:34 AM

“ Last week,, my mother's kid brother, one of her best friends, and an important role model of mine, died in his 89th year. Now that the family and friends know, I want to share a few memories, that probably only I have at this point.



Uncle Bill

My first memory of William C. Marquardt III, or Uncle Bill, is in a Quonset Hut, on Dearing Meadow, in a dark room, with bunk beds, desks, and desk lamps, with green glass covers, that pour white light on the desk, and green light everywhere else. The room was very green. They were erected to accommodate the students coming home from the war. Dearing meadow is an acre or two of lawn, between Sheridan Road, and the Northwestern Gothic library building. We lived in Evanston, about a mile away, in a basement apartment. Even if he is not your uncle Bill, you will have to get used to the fact that it is the only name I have for him. I did not know it at the time, but he was going to Northwestern, on the GI Bill. My guess is he might have started in the Fall of 1946. I would have just turned four, and had been wearing glasses for about a year. My mom and I were visiting my Mom's kid brother.

I would learn later, that he was going to school on something called the GI Bill. Soldiers who had served in the war were given points for months in the army, overseas, and in combat. There is a popular notion now, that they got a full education. Few actually did, because they did not have enough points. Uncle Bill, if I remember, had enough for about two and a half years. He planned and budgeted, and did 4 years in 2.5. He took the most courses they would let him each quarter.

I know that one of the things he learned, to stretch his money, was that the least expensive food was Chinese, and the best deal was lunch, because they served more. His big meal was lunch. He at the Phoenix Inn, on Davis Street. I was there a month ago, and it is one

of the few stores or restaurants left from that era. I planned to tell him the next time I saw him.

During the debate about whether to have an educational GI Bill, the chancellor of the University of Chicago, Hutchins I believe, told Henry Stimson it was a really bad idea to waste an education on this riffraff of random soldiers. Ten years later he said it was the best and most motivated class of students he had ever seen. They changed education and the middle class in the United States. Some, like Uncle Bill, educated the children of the others. It is a generation we owe a great debt to, which we can only pay off to the next generation.

Bill and Barb got married in Mt Carmel, Illinois, while he was still going to school. I remember my Mom and I going down to Mt Carmel, on the Train, probably the Illinois Central. The same route that the African Americans had been using and would use, to get from the South to Chicago. In Illinois, they were allowed to use their first class ticket in a first class car, not stand in the baggage car. At the wedding, in Barb's family's house, I remember all these tall people, but I could not see much. During the ceremony the car was painted up, tin cans attached, and they drove away to a great clatter, followed by other cars.

We had an extra room in the apartment we lived in, which was intended for the janitor, and it had a work room, which was pretty grungy. They cleaned it up, tiled the floor, painted it, and we lived together for about a year. During that time my uncle Bill taught me to ride a two wheeler, by running next to it, holding the back of the seat to steady it, while I steered. We did not have much money, and I was going to get one bike, a 24 inch, whether it was too big for me or not, and no training wheels. He was my training wheels.

Apparently, one day I wandered off, and my mother went looking for me, and saw me walking around, on the second floor of a new house being framed, down the block. She ran home to get her brother to climb up the ladder and rescue me. The story was that

when they got back, I was on the grou

Bill Tetzlaff, PhD - July 17, 2014 at 09:26 AM

JU

As a former art student of Barbara Marquardt's, I had the great pleasure of frequent invitations for lunch with the two of them after class. What wonderful stories they shared with me about their early married years and their children when they were young. Bill was much admired by both myself and my husband Erik as we got to know them better through the years. He was such an inspiration on so many levels.

Julie and Erik Nilsson

julie - July 23, 2014 at 04:37 PM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Goes Funeral Care & Crematory - July 16, 2014 at 03:25 PM

RF

My wife, Kathy, and I are saddened at the news of Dr. Marquardt's passing. His contributions to science, to Front Range Forum, and to Foothill Unitarian Church will be appreciated for years to come. Please accept our sympathies.

Representative Randy and Kathy Fischer

Randy and Kathy Fischer - July 21, 2014 at 05:02 PM

CH

“ *Chrissy lit a candle in memory of William Charles Marquardt III*



Chrissy - June 27, 2014 at 11:38 AM