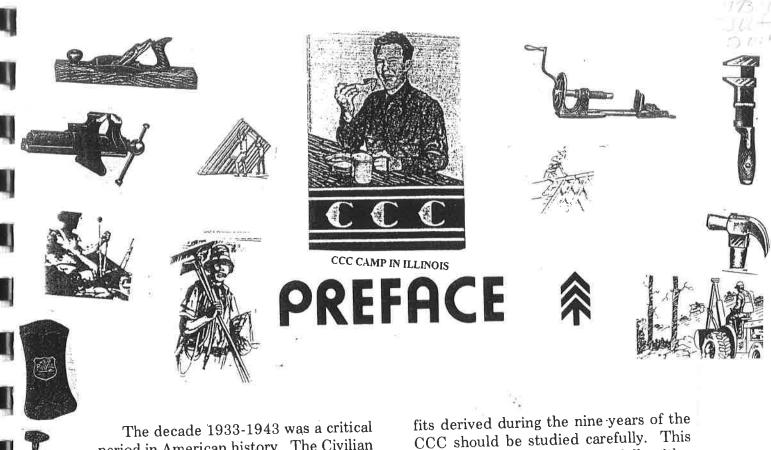
The Forgotten Boys Of The Civilian Conservation Corps,

who enlisted as boys and were discharged as men





The decade 1933-1943 was a critical period in American history. The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) played a big part in bringing our country and its people back to normal during those difficult times.

The billions of trees planted, the millions of acres of land reclaimed; the parks, bridges, dams and fire trails built; plus all the other projects are still much in evidence today.

Equally inportant, the CCC took millions of unemployed young men off the streets, gave them hope, helped them to be self-supporting and build self-respect and taught them how to be men. Many learned to read and write, obtained diplomas, or learned a trade. A large percentage served their country honorably and with distinction in World War II. Most went on to be outstanding citizens and a credit to their country and communities. The CCC will always be close to the hearts of those helped by it.

The experience gained and the bene-

fits derived during the nine years of the CCC should be studied carefully. This unique program coped successfully with a grave national problem which, some forty years later, is once again a source of great national concern.

About four million Americans -mostly male -- were associated with the
CCC. Today, about two million are still
with us and the majority are part of the
growing Senior Citizen population. They
are increasingly concerned about the
mounting problems facing both young
and Senior Americans. They are still
concerned about the depletion and abuse
of our country's natural resources.

This is why, four decades later, those associated with the CCC are building the National Association of CCC Alumni. These gray heads, through organized effort, intend to revive, and preserve the comradship, nostalgia, history and accomplishments of the CCC while at the same time, doing something tangible to solve today's problems.

- Robert L. Griffiths, Executive Director, National Association of Civilian Conservation Corps Alumni.







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DEDICATION

On July 1, 1942, when the Congress of the United States of America dissolved the Civilian Conservation Corps -- there WERE NO PARADES, NO BRASS BANDS, consisting of 76 trombones, NO, NO THANKS, RECOGNITION OR EVEN ONE SHORT SPEECH listing the enormous number of contributions that the CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS DID FOR AMERICA.

The purpose of this volume is written as a tribute and an expression of recognition to those millions of Boys as a rembrance for their grand-children, future generations, and to all America -- those Boys, who enlisted as Boys and were discharged MEN!!!

I started in January of this year gathering material from those still living veterans of the CCC's (and there are very few left and most of those are suffering from the maladies of old age)

In my inquiries for responses of those CCC veterans, I requested memories of their enlistments; the good, the bad, the ugly, where they worked, the tools used, their life under Army supervision how their one dollar per day pay aided their families and how the rigid Army regulations primed them for entrance into the military service during World War II.

From all responses and interviews, I found they all considered their servics in the CCC's to be one of the greatest period of their lives; all revered their service and would do it all over again-- most had hopes that the government would make the CCC, a permanent program.

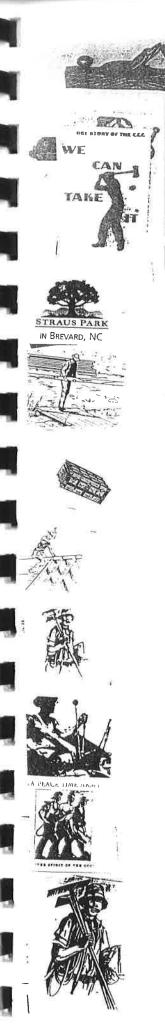
In editing their responses, I found many were similar and I found it impossible to list them all as received.

I want to thank all who responded, I am inserting the following paragraph written by Stan Cohen of Missoula, "The Tree Army".

"To you men who served in the Tree Army. I hope this book brings back memories. You of newer generations, I hope this book contsibutes to appreciation of the times your parents and grandparents lived through the 1930's.

To all who read this, I hope this book tells something of the magnificent work the Corps did in the building, protection, and developement of our natural resources."

The CCC camps shut down overnight . . . there were no parades, no thanks and no recognition.







FOREWORD

James J. McEntee Director,

Civil Conservation Corps February 10, 1942

HE three million enrollees who have passed through the Corps probably do not know that the Civilian Conservation Corps sprang full armed in 1933, from the brain of Franklin D. Roosevelt. It is very doubtful if any of them knew that Professor William James of Harvard had written an essay in 1910 on the "Moral Equivalents of War," suggesting the use of youth as an "army against nature." Or that George H. Maxwell in 1915 in his book, "Our National Defense-The Patriotism of Peace," had amplified James' ideas and advocated using youth on big construction and reforestation projects; or that several European nations following World War I had set up youth labor camps.

Probably most of them knew that it was President Roosevelt who started the CCC; it was he who translated these ideas into fact. To him therefore belongs full credit for thinking the thing through, for in March, 1933, he drew a sketch of the organization that holds today, nine years later. In that sketch he set down a Director at the top with lines running down to the 4 Executive Departments-War, Interior, Agriculture, and Labor-which were to be the cooperating and functioning agencies to organize, manage, and carry on the conservation work of the Corps. One representative from each of these Departments (and later one from the Veterans' Administration) formed the Director's Advisory Council. The CCC had two main purposes, both equally as important in 1933 as now,—to give outdoor employment to otherwise idle youth, and to do useful and badly needed work in the protection, improvement, and development of the natural resources of this country. Under the CCC Act of 1937, the Corps ceased to be primarily a relief agency. Then in 1942 came the shift of CCC objectives to war efforts and victory.

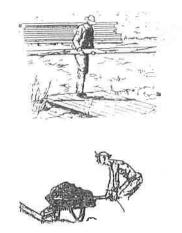
This CCC organization set-up was unheard of in government circles. Experts said it couldn't work, but after 8 years these same experts admitted that it had. In the beginning Labor selected the boys through state selection agencies; the Army, through its Reserve Officers, had charge of the camps, fed, clothed and sheltered the boys, looked after their education and morale, while Agriculture and Interior planned the conservation jobs, furnished project superintendents, foremen, and technicians for each camp who supervised, directed, and got the field jobs done. The Army had entire charge of the boys while in camp, the using or technical agencies had charge of them while at work. The office of the Director coordinated the activities of all the cooperating departments and on June 30, 1939, the Corps was made a part of the Federal

Security Agency. Today the Director of the Corps, under the general supervision of the Federal Security Administrator, directs the operation of the camps and coordinates all CCC activities.











THE SPIRIT OF THE COC.

Young men between 18 and 26 (later 17 to 23), unmarried, citizens, of good moral character, out of school, unemployed and in need of employment, are eligible to volunteer for a 6-month period. They can reenroll at 6-months intervals, up to 2 years' service. They are paid a cash allowance of \$30 per month, but \$10 has to be sent home to dependents. Some of the most promising boys are picked as Assistant Leaders and Leaders, at \$36 and \$45 per month. The companies were set up on a 200 men basis. They live in plain but comfortable wooden barracks, 40 men to a barrack. These camps are in reality little villages, complete in themselves, with bathhouses, lighting plants, kitchens, storehouses, and cooks, trucks and truck drivers, an infirmary, a recreation hall (and later an educational building), with soft-ball court or baseball diamond and sometimes a football field.

The boys put in 8 hours (excluding travel time) a day for 5 days a week. They have plenty of plain but wholesome food and have to keep their clothes, barracks, themselves, and their camps neat and orderly. They keep regular hours—reveille, meals, work call, 8 hours' field work, and taps. Their evenings are free except for letter writing, individual study or volunteer classes, which the Camp Educational Advisor and the foremen run. Two things are compulsory—training in First-Aid and that illiterate boys must learn to read and write.

There is no "hard-boiled stuff" in the camps but there is march drill and a lot of self-discipline among the boys themselves. A "gold-bricker" soon learns from the other boys that it isn't the thing to do in a CCC camp; he does his share, or he "goes over the hill," that is, voluntarily leaves camp. Of course some boys didn't like the CCC, "they couldn't take it," or are anti-social, but the vast majority stay, take on weight, improve in health and morale, like the camp, the other boys, and the work. Hundreds of thousands of them have learned work skills and proper work habits and work attitudes, and left the Corps to take good jobs. Many have gone up, in business and industry, and many are now giving a good account of themselves in the armed forces of the Nation. Over 3 million boys have gone through the Corps in the past 9 years, including thousands of Veterans and Indians.

The CCC boys come from every state and from every county in the United States, and CCC are working in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgir Islands. There have been CCC camps in every state of the Union. The num ber of camps has varied, from 1,468 in September, 1933, to 2,635 in September 1935, to 800 on January 1, 1942.









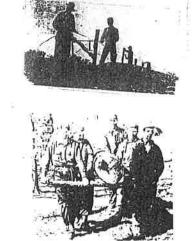




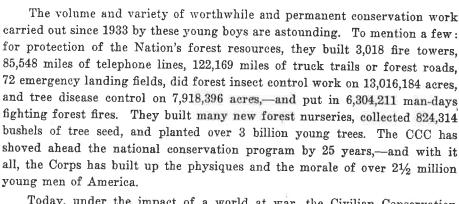


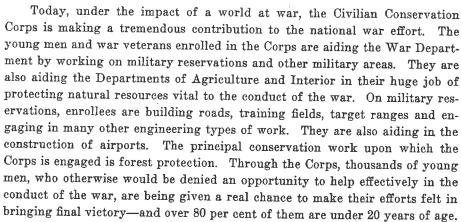












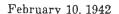
Major Guthrie, the author of the Saga, has known the CCC from its beginnings in March, 1933. He was CCC Liaison Officer at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, for over a year, since when he has been in Washington as General Inspector for Department of Agriculture camps. He has seen thousands of camps, in every Corps Area, and in almost every State. He knows the CCC. His Saga is therefore real; it is a vivid and dramatic picture of the camps, the enrollees, how they live and how they work.

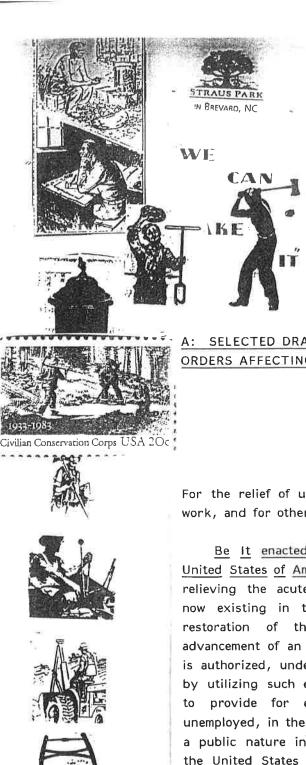
Marshall Davis' drawings are likewise very true to life, for Davis was once a CCC enrollee himself and knows the camps and camp ways; and he knows the CCC enrollee.

> James J. McEntee, Director Civilian Conservation Corps



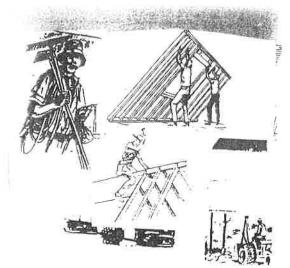












A: SELECTED DRAFT LEGISLATION, LEGISLATION, AND EXECUTIVE ORDERS AFFECTING THE CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS

(Public - No. 5-73d Congress) (S. 598)

AN ACT

For the relief of unemployment through the performance of useful public work, and for other purposes.

Be It enacted by the Senate and House of Represenatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled: That for the purpose of relieving the acute condition of widespread distress and unemployment now existing in the United States, and in order to provide for the restoration of the country's depleted natural resources and the advancement of an orderly program of useful public works, the President is authorized, under such rules and regulations as he may prescribe and by utilizing such existing departments or agencies as he may designate, to provide for employing citizens of the United States who are unemployed, in the construction, maintenance and carrying on of works of a public nature in connection with the forestation of lands belonging to the United States or to the several States which are suitable for timber production, the prevention of forest fires, floods and soil erosion, plant pest and disease control, the construction, maintenance or repair of paths, trails and fire lanes in the national parks and national forests, and such other work on the public domain, national and State, and Government reservations incidental to or necessary in connection with any projects of the character enumerated, as the President may determine to be desirable: Provided, That the President may in his discretion extend the provisions of this Act to lands owned by counties and municipalities and lands in private ownership, but only for the purpose of doing thereon such kinds of cooperative work as are now provided for by Acts of Congress in preventing and controlling forest fires and the attacks of forest tree pests and diseases and such work as is necessary in the public interest to control floods. The President is further authorized, by

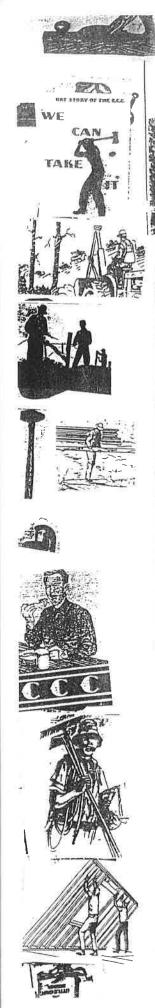










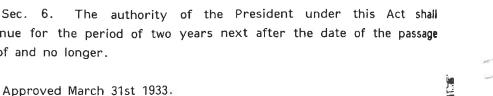


requiation, to provide for nousing the persons so employed and for furnishing them with such subsistence, clothing, medical attendance and hospitalization, and cash allowance, as may be necessary, during the period they are so employed, and, in his discretion, to provide for the transportation of such persons to and from the places of employment. That in employing citizens for the purposes of this Act no discrimination shall be made on account of race, color, or creed; and no person under conviction for crime and serving sentence therefor shall be employed under the provisions of this Act. The President is further authorized to allocate funds available for the purposes of this Act, for forest research, including forest products investigations, by the Forest Products Laboratory.

- Sec. 2. For the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act the President is authorized to enter into such contracts or agreements with States as may be necessary, including provisions for utilization of existing State administrative agencies, and the President, or the head of any department or agency authorized by him to construct any project or to carry on any such public works, shall be authorized to acquire real property by purchase, donation, condemnation, or otherwise, but the provisions of section 355 of the Revised Statutes shall not apply to any property so acquired.
- Sec. 3. Insofar as applicable, the benefits of the Act entitled "An Act to provide compensation for employees of the United States suffering injuries while in the performance of their duties, and for other purposes," approved September 7, 1916, as amended, shall extend to persons given employment under the provisions of this Act.
- Sec. 4. For the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act, there is hereby authorized to be expended, under the direction of the President, out of any unobligated moneys heretofore appropriated for public works (except for projects on which actual construction has been commenced or may be commenced within ninety days, and except maintenance funds for river and harbor improvements already allocated), such sums as may be necessary; and an amount equal to the amount so

expended is hereby authorized to be appropriated for the same purposes for which such moneys were originally appropriated.

- THE THE WHATER ARE WHOTER CHARGE IT THE SUM I \$300,000,000 made available under the terms and conditions of the Act approved July 21, 1932, entitled "An Act to relieve destitution," and so forth, may be made available, or any portion thereof, to any State or Territory or States or Territories without regard to the limitation of 15 per centum or other limitations as to per centum.
- continue for the period of two years next after the date of the passage hereof and no longer.





So poor he didn't have a change of clothes

YES, IT WASN'T THE BEST OF TIMES!!!

It started with the stock markect crash of october, 1929 when millions of Americans saw their life savings vanish overnite. The ensuing economic chaos created unimployment for the fathers of large families; and thousands of Boys between ages 17 and 23, found it a hardship for providing food, housing and clothing for needy families.

This brought gloom and despair for all, who in search of jobs, when there were no jobs and no hope for improvement in the near future.

The drouth and sand-storms in the western states devistated millions of land acres, followed by depressed farm prices and bank failures added more misery for the populace. We were in the midst of the Great

Depression (1930-1941). All over America one could relate to the familiar strains of a song of that period, "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?" There was economic chaos all over America.

Franklin D. Roodevelt won the Presidential election in the general election of 1932 by a landslide victory and was inaugerated President March 4, 1933. In order to solve the economic problems of the Depression, within days after inaugeration persuaded Congress to legalize and fund a series of Federal programs.

One such program was the creation of the CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS. This was his idea of "for the conservation of the nation's natural resources as well as the conservation of our human resources".

During the tenure of it's creation (1933-1942), all=together during it's nine years over three million Boys between ages of 17 and 23 enlisted and worked in the CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS. The CCC's enlisted Boys and discharged them as MEN!!!

The CCC's were dissolved soon after the sneak attact on Pearl Harbor by Japan. At this time many companies of CCC veterans volunteered en masse for either military service or the Flying Tigers which were stationed in the China-Burma-India area.

At the end of World War II, General George C. Marshall told Congress that the training given the CCC's was a majorfactor for our victory in WWII since our armed forces went into the conflict with a cadre of physically hardened and disciplined young men capable of leading others.

We still benefit today from the many accomplishments of the Tree Army. The men of the CCC built campgrounds, hiking trails and roads in national forests and parks. They planted billions of trees' Today, all over America, few people under the age of 60 years have knowledge of the work of the CCC's. At the time of it's demise in 1942, there was little recognition given—no parades, no brass bands or speeches. It saddened me, when, after a recent interview with the senior class of a local High School, that only one student had even heard of the CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS, an he learned of it from stories of his grand—father, a CCC veteran.

Yes, we owe these forgotton veterans a vote of thanks for their contributions to America.

Songs of the Great Depression

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime," lyrics by Yip Harburg, music by Gorney **Iarburg (1931)**

They used to tell me I was building a dream, and so I followed the mob, When there was earth to plow, or guns to bear, I was always there right on the

They used to tell me I was building a dream, with peace and glory ahead, Why should I be standing in line, just waiting for bread?

Once I built a railroad, I made it run, made it race against time. Once I built a railroad; now it's done. Brother, can you spare a dime?

Once I built a tower, up to the sun, brick, and rivet, and lime;

Once I built a tower, now it's done. Brother, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell, Full of that Yankee Doodly Dum, Half a million boots went slogging through Hell, And I was the kid with the drum!

Say, don't you remember, they called me Al; it was Al all the time. Why don't you remember, I'm your pal? Buddy, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell, Full of that Yankee Doodly Dum, Half a million boots went slogging through Hell, And I was the kid with the drum!

Say, don't you remember, they called me Al; it was Al all the time. Say, don't you remember, I'm your pal? Buddy, can you spare a dime?

'Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries," lyrics by Lew Brown, music by Ray Henderson 1931)

People are queer, they're always crowing, scrambling and rushing about; Why don't they stop someday, address themselves this way? Why are we here? Where are we going? It's time that we found out. We're not here to stay; we're on a short holiday.

Life is just a bowl of cherries. Don't take it serious; it's too mysterious. You work, you save, you worry so, But you can't take your dough when you go, go, go.

So keep repeating it's the berries, The strongest oak must fall, The sweet things in life, to you were just loaned So how can you lose what you've never owned?

















Life is just a bowl of cherries, So live and laugh at it all.

Life is just a bowl of cherries.

Don't take it serious; it's too mysterious.

At eight each morning I have got a date,

To take my plunge 'round the Empire State.

You'll admit it's not the berries,

In a building that's so tall;

There's a guy in the show, the girls love to kiss;

Get thousands a week just for crooning like this:

Life is just a bowl of . . . aw, nuts!

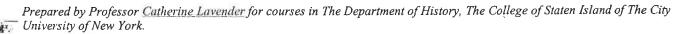
So live and laugh at it all!

"We're in the Money," lyrics by Al Dubin, music by Harry Warren (from the film *Gold Diggers of 1933*, 1933)

We're in the money, we're in the money;
We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!
We're in the money, that sky is sunny,
Old Man Depression you are through, you done us wrong.
We never see a headline about breadlines today.
And when we see the landlord we can look that guy right in the eye
We're in the money, come on, my honey,
Let's lend it, spend it, send it rolling along!

Oh, yes we're in the money, you bet we're in the money,
We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!
Let's go we're in the money, Look up the skies are sunny,
Old Man Depression you are through, you done us wrong.
We never see a headline about breadlines today.
And when we see the landlord we can look that guy right in the eye
We're in the money, come on, my honey,
Let's lend it, spend it, send it rolling along!





Stumps

I hope that I shall never see,
A stump outside the C.C.C.;
A stump whose wiry roots are found
Deep in the earth's tenacious ground.
A stump at which I slave away,
All during a torrid summer day,
Stumps are dug by guys like me
And others in the C.C.C.

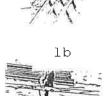
D.E.M. Arcadia, Rhode Island

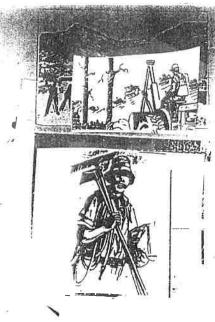
Memories

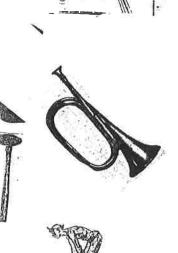
Won't you miss it all, the smell of pine, The clean swept skies at dawn, The million stars of a summer night, The thrill to a robin's song?

















THEY CAME FROM AMERICA

Boys from the big cities, from the slums,
From small towns and country villages,
From cross-roads and gullied farms,
Boys from mining towns, ghost towns and lumber towns,
Boys from the pool halls, the "jungles,"
From good homes and shacks,
All coming into the CCC.
Boys of Cavalier and Puritan stock, English, Scotch-Irish,

Boys from Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian families,
Boys with blood strains of German, Italian, Swiss, Greek, Spanish,

Jewish, Chinese, and Japanese, Negro boys,

Letts, Finns, Russkys, Polocks and Hunkies,
French from Canada, 'Cajuns from Louisiana,
French-speaking Negro boys in the Virgin Islands,
Spanish-speaking Puerto Ricans, polyglots of Hawaii.
Hosteen Begay, the Navajo, Eagle Feather, Nez Perce,

No Indian CCC camps, but living in wickieup, tepee, hogan,—But all in the CCC.

Many-strained husky Alaskans, Thlinget Alaska Indians, Working out of totem-pole villages, Eskimos from Point Barrow, reindeer herders,

Already born brown by Arctic sun.

All stocks, all strains, all races that make America, All in the CCC.





Except for choosing the correct wife, the CCC was my greatest choice and made the greatest contribution to my life.



Attached is a copy of my Uncle's story with the CCC. He will be 88 years old May 2nd.

FROM

Otto K. Korth, Jr.
Brigadier General, USAF (Ret.)
5500 Bimini Drive, Minnetonka
Minnesota 55343-4142

My experience with the Civilian Conservation Corps.

My name is Wayne "Jack "Oothoudt. I was born May 2, 1916, on a farm near Staples, Minnesota.

I was eighteen when I graduated from Winnebago High School in June of 1934. Although I was not of great size, I had been an athlete and had good physical skills. We graduates quickly found out that there were no jobs for young men.

I heard about the CCC and went to the county seat, Blue Earth, Minnesota to learn more about it. There were about three hundred boys that showed up. Myself and many others enlisted in the Corps. Within a few days I was sent to Camp 2705 near Bena, Minnesota. We gathered at Blue Earth. Minnesota and were sent by train.

There was an Army Officer in charge of the camp and he lined us up for inspection. The Officer then asked for all of those who wanted to be a truck driver to step forward. All stepped forward except myself. He asked me why I didn't want to be a truck driver? I told him my Dad had only one car and I had three older brothers who drove it. I didn't get a chance and, therefore, I didn't know how to drive. The Officer said that I was just the man they were looking for. He said we will teach you the right way. I became the truck driver for the camp.

I drove the fellows to ball games, dances, Tennis courts, swimming pools and even Golden Gloves matches.



Where there were peat bogs, we would cut logs and lay them across the roadway then cover them with gravel.

We were given \$ 30 a month in addition to room and board. \$ 25 dollars had to go home to the family. I know Dad appreciated it very much because it made the house payments on the folks home in Winnebago, Minnesota

One time I took a truck load of guys to a dance at Elizabeth, Minnesota. I was sitting on the fender of the truck when to girls came out and asked me why I didn't come in and dance. I told them I didn't have 25 cents to buy a ticket with. The two girls took a ribbon off one of the men in the dance hall and pinned it on me. They then took me into the dance hall. After I had danced with the two girls, I asked the red head if she knew the blonde in the red dress that had just come into the hall. She said yes and took me over to introduce me. She said this is my friend Jack she then turned and said this is my sister Alvina. We got married five years later.

We lived in Army style barracks with no insulation. It was heated by burning wood in an oil barrel stove. We ate in an Army type mess hall and as I recall the food wasn't to bad.

We had some of the same problems as we did in the Army years later. Some fellows were too underdeveloped to live that sort of life. At times we had some real sad cases. Some fellows had to be sent home because they just couldn't stand being away from home.

I liked CCC because I got to do what I liked . I drove the truck and took the guys to entertainment events.

The fact that I had been an " Eagle Scout " did get me recognition and special duty.

I was released and sent home by train. I feel good about my service of two years with the CCC as I had contributed to my Country, my State and my family.



BY: WAYNE "JACK" OOTHOUDT STAPLES, MN

A majority of the responses that I received from the vets of the Civilian Conservation Corps indicated their goals of improving their education and learning a trade which they might use later for their livelihood and some had even higher aspirations, to strive for during their enrollment in the Civilian Conservation Corps. The CCC program took thousands of Boys off the streets and many completed their High School studies for their diplomas. Many furthered their education by taking college courses to further their future careers.

By the time of the sneak attack be the Japanese on December 7, 1941, millions of enrolles with previous phasic training found it easy for advancement with promotions.

Many of the CCC and WWII veterans went on to become outstanding citizens and successful businessmen and women.

A perfect example of this will be seen on the following few pages experiences and the three careers of CCC veteran, Edward L. Lindsey, 8794 East Greenbranch Lane, Tuscon, Arizona 85730.

Edward L. Lindsey was accepted in the Civil Conservation Corps in July, 1934 in the special category of local experienced men, having been in the Missouri National Guard in a Medical Company. He was assigned as the senior First Aid Attendent. From that first day Edward had aspirations and goals that were limitless. On his own time, he learned to type and earned his High School diploma by studying and taking nite instruction from the educational personnel. He also understudied the duties of the company clerk, later becoming an assistant company clerk at a new CCC camp located at Look-Out Mountain, near Chattawooga, TN. While at this CCC camp, he completed a year in Business Adm. taking courses at nite classes on his own time. Within a year he was appointed or promoted to the grade of Senior Leader and later sent to a camp in the mountains North of Staunton, VA. Here, he was in charge of all the administration of the camp. During all his free time, Edward continued to take all the required courses needed for becoming an Army Reserve 2nd Lieutenant.

After a year at this CCC camp, Edward's Company was ordered to be moved en-masse to the vicinity of the Sequoa National Park, near Visalia, California. They made the entire trip in freight cars, sleeping on cots and taking meals from the kitchen, also in a freight car, using their issued Army mess kits. The entire journey took a week to complete. Edward spent a year as administrator at this facility and he also published a weekly news-letter, beside his other duties. While here, he completed his studies for the requirements for a canidate for his commission as a future 2nd. Lieutenant in the Army Reserve unit.

One of his goals was achieved on September 6, 1939, when he and nine other canidates were commissioned 2nd Lieutenants in the Army Reserve byFranklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States of America. This was a special and historic ceremony, having spent numerous hours of burning the mid-nite oil in studies.

After leaving the CCC, Edward applied for active duty as an infantry officer--since this would take time, he applied for becoming a company commander in a CCC camp. He was accepted and sent to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, which was headquarters for District C of the Civilian Conservation Corps.

The district commander after reviewing the list of the many different positions that Edward had experience in the CCC's, appointed Edward as camp commander of a CCC campsouth of Dalton, Alabama.

It was while here that the Japanese Empire pulled the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Within three months Edward L. Lindsey was to start on his second career, which would last for twenty years in the Army- the enclosed retirement Army Discharge indicates his service in Japan and Korea and numerous medals and honors, He retired as a Lieutenant-Colonel.

After retirement, Edward served as a certified professor on the staff and faculty of the West Texas State University

If you will note his career highlights on the Card, I believe that we can safely and correctly state that Edward L. Lindsey, is for certain an ALL AMERICAN CIVIL CONSERVATION CORPS VETERAN EXTRAORDANAIRE!!!



1345 S. KOLB RD., APT. 354

COL. EDWARD L. LINDSEY, AUS, RET.
B.A., B.S., M.A., PHD (CAND. W/30 S H)

CREATOR, DEVELOPER AND FORMER DIRECTOR,
PIMA COUNTY, ARIZONA, ADULT
EDUCATION PROGRAM,
A DIVISION OF
PIMA COUNTY SCHOOLS

CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

U.S. PRESIDENTIAL COMMISSION AS

SECOND LIEUTENANT, U.S. ARMY

WAS DECORATED FOR VALOR WHILE A COMBAT COMMANDER

WAS OFFICIALLY APPOINTED A FULL UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR, 1956-1962

THE TITLE OF OUTSTANDING CITIZEN OF TUCSON WAS BESTOWED IN 1979

A TUCSON PUBLIC SCHOOL WAS GIVEN THE NAME OF EDWARD LINDSEY ADULT



ADMINISTRATIVE DEPARTMENT

News of Interest to Company Commanders, Subalterns, Educational Advisers and Technical Staff Members.

$Ex ext{-}CNow Q ext{:} \hat{O}$.



FT. OGLETHORPE, Ga—From CCC rookie to commanding officer is a rare story, but it's unique when it happens that the former enrollee commands two outfits simultaneously in addition to serving as Acting District Medical Supply Officer. The man is Edward L. Lindsay, commanding the Detachment of Patients here and the Cloudland Canyon Side Camp, at Rising Fawn, Ga.

Lindsay joined the C's in July, 1934, and during the next five years served as first aid attendant, company clerk, ranger historian at the Chickamauga National Military Park, as mess steward and as senior leader. During the five and a half years he was in the Corps he was stationed in four districts in three different Corps Areas.

He received his commission as second lieutenant in the Army Reserve Corps, in September, 1939, and was employed as a subaltern last November.

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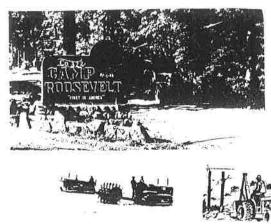
ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES
REPORT OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE

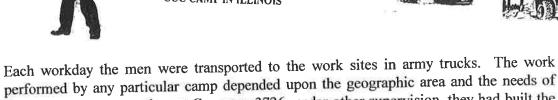




IN BREVARD, NC







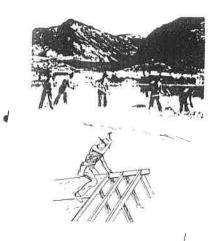
performed by any particular camp depended upon the geographic area and the needs of that area. Prior to my time at Company 3726, under other supervision, they had built the dam, lake and park at Beeds Lake State Park, northwest of Hampton, Iowa. Other camps had built other Iowa State Parks: Wapello State Park, near Bloomfield; Pine Lake State Park, near Eldora; Clear Lake State Park, at Clear Lake; and others. Some lodges and structures have been maintained and restored and are now on the National Register of Historic Places, i.e. Backbone State Park northeast of Manchester, Gull Point State Park at West Okoboji, and others.

During my time in the CCC, Company 3726 was a drainage camp, under the supervision of the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the Soil Conservation Service. A bulldozer and dragtine were used for the open drainage ditch construction and clearing the larger trees. However, clearing smaller trees and brush was handwork. Drain tiles of all diameters were installed with spade and shovel excavation. I was either clearing, grubbing and burning trees and brush or digging tile trenches. Through the winter it was very cold work and when spring came it was wet and muddy in the drainage trenches. Work performed by these men is still in service as part of the various drainage districts of the area.

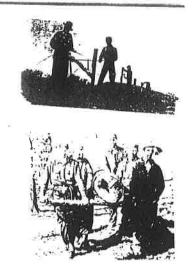
About June, 1940 the Infirmary Orderly left and Dr. Ira S. Fink, a New York Jewish doctor, requested me for the replacement. Then I had a room and bunk of my own in the Infirmary, and lived in a building with running water. It was much better duty, handing out aspirins, applying iodine, Band-Aids and bandages and recording all who came in for treatment as "Fit For Duty". Additional duties included keeping the building clean. Occasionally a Saturday (or bad weather day) work detail was assigned to help me steel wool and wax the wooden floors. The infirmary had eight or nine bed capacity. Sometimes it was full with colds and flu. One friend, Louis Freeman, was diagnosed with cancer. The ambulance driver and I transported him to Fort Des Moines on Army Post Road in Des Moines. I visited him once more before he passed away. During the time I was Infirmary Orderly I also did some barbering. At \$0.15 to \$0.20 each haircut, I earned an additional \$5.00 or more per month.

About May of 1941 the Company Clerk, Sergeant Phipps, departed for active duty in the army. Lieutenant Donald D. Dickson, Commanding Officer, asked me to be the Company Clerk. This was longer hours. Being housed in the Camp Headquarters Building, next to the office and phone was like living at the store. The job involved all correspondence and record keeping for the army aspect of the camp.











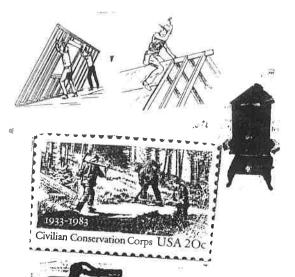
I firmly believe the CCC's was a forerunner of a strong and successful military force. When the time came, many of the CCC boys went into the military and fought for our country during WWII. Thanks for all this goes to a man of great foresight and compassion, Franklin D. Roosevelt. His photograph occupies a place of prominence in my room and he will be in my heart forever.

William A. Petersen, DOB 02-29-16 825 Alameda Blvd., Coronado, CA 92118 619-435-9303

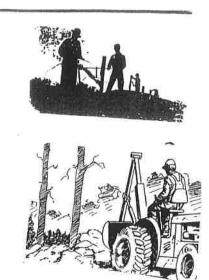


The picture I have enclosed is of me in front of my barracks in 1937. Nebraska was in the midst of full-blown drought. There were hardly any "green thumbs" in camp, but Barracks #1 claimed the only morning glory in camp. You can see it growing over the door in the picture.











Germany had overrun Europe, driven the British off the Continent and was burning London and the industrial Southeast England with air raids. They were in North Africa and were threatening Gibraltar, control of the Mediterranean and the Suez, and were advancing in Russia. Japan had occupied Manchuria since 1937 and was reaching out for natural resources in Asia, Malaya, French Indochina, and the Dutch East Indies. I was registered for the draft, and even though my lottery number was well down the list, it was time to go. I joined the Navy in Mason City, Iowa on September II, 1941.

More than 2,000,000 young men served in the CCC before Congress abolished it when WWII started. These men, including myself, benefited from this introduction to military discipline.

Elmer G. Clayton 2238 Hamilton Dr.

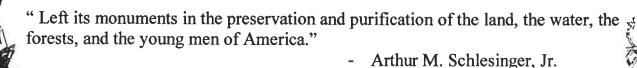


The Progress of the New Deal

In 1936, the CCC had achieved almost universal political acclaim. By this time, millions of Americans were surviving mainly on their wages from government work programs. Though the New Deal had opponents from the beginning, over the course of the decade there were no serious challenges to the basic idea of providing work for the unemployed. The federal work programs were well-established and on their way to building the parks of today.



À PEACE LIME MONTE





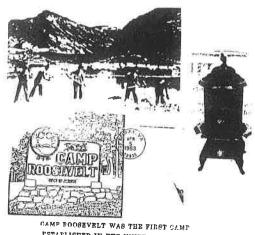


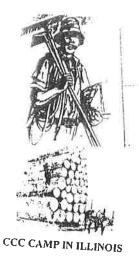










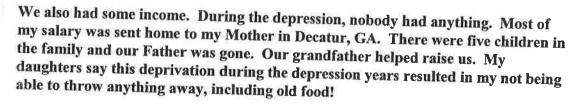






ESTABLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES

This was a great experience to see all that we accomplished. We really helped the Forestry Service. There was a blight (the chestnut blight that killed all of the American Chestnut trees) in the trees so we cut them down first thing. We had rocks hauled to a rock crusher and then used the gravel from them to make the roads.



Anyway, at the CCC camp, we started by making roads and cutting dead trees down. Then I was promoted to Supply Sergeant and finally, with National Guard training received during high school as my qualification, promoted to First Sergeant, so I was not involved with the manual labor as much.

It was a great group of guys up there. There was no drinking and no fights. The years I spent there were a very positive experience for me.

After approximately 2 years with the CCC, I acquired a job with Hartford Fire Insurance Company and was drafted into World War II in 1942. I ended up being an airplane mechanic for the Eighth Air Force (Army Air Corp back then) and was stationed at Duxsford Air Force Base in England for 3 years. After being in the National Guard and the CCC, I was definitely used to drilling, taking and giving orders.

John Roberts Zachary 3718 Greenleaf Road Columbia, SC 29206 803-738-9409

se have learned that with the fortune of winning a "bank night" pot comes plenty of grief trying tokeep overyone from borrowing money from you.

Believe it or not but "Slim" gorish can beat "Popeye" at his own game of spud peelin'.

NACCCA Journal

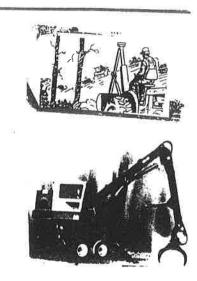




19







RE: CCC Experiences Project F-19, Co. 455.

After graduating from high school, the job prospects were none. No businesses were advertising or hiring and it was a very bleak time. I recall my Mother wondering what we would have for a meal and she finally found some flour and made us biscuits. We always had a meal, although many times not much of one. The CCC changed all of that for me. At age 18, I quit the National Guard, left Atlanta and joined the CCC. We started out in Dahlonega, GA. Then we quickly moved to Highlands, N. C. Most of us were straight out of high school and had never even worked before.

Our commanders were Army officers of various ranks and ages. We were issued standard GI clothes to wear, particularly when we went into town-Highlands, N. C. (riding in army logging trucks). We also wore work clothes with long johns to keep warm for our projects. We started out learning military drills when we got there. However, parents of the boys protested and said that we were there to work and make money, not drill.

Being from around the Atlanta area, I was about the only "city slicker". Most of the guys were from rural areas. Most of them smoked, too although I doubt they could afford it. We did have a canteen there.

We bathed in the creek at first then we finally got some showers. The food was good and our cabins were kept warm with wood burning stoves.

It was really cold up there and there were snakes a plenty. For recreation, we played cards at night and had dances with the local girls every once in a while. We took a lot of pictures-one of the benefits up there was that they processed the pictures there for us. I would go back and forth from home on the railroad, which for me was an exciting experience (although I don't recall that we were furloughed very often). The scenery was beautiful, especially when you crossed Tallulah Gorge. To get from the railroad station to the camp, I would hitch a ride with the mailman. The mailman liked to drive very fast, and he would speed around the curves of those mountains so fast, I would almost prefer walking.

We built our own cabins to live in out of the lumber we were cutting down for the roads and parks. Two years ago, my children took me up there to find the location where I worked in the Nantahala National Forest. We were able to find one remaining cabin outside a private home. It is currently being used as a tool shed





A PEACE TIME ARMY



Upon my arrival at the CCC campsite in Carlsbad, N.M. I found I had been assigned to company B. I became friendly with those who'd been members already for a few months. The camp had organized tennis table teams, prior to my arrival, and our barracks was represented by a man, nick-named "Smitty," who'd won his way to the final of the camp's ping-pong tournament.

I had won my high school's ping-pong title previous to my enrollment in FDR's rescue of unemployed youth. But because of my late enrollment I was ineligible to play as the teams had already been organized.

It so happened that on the day of the finals our man was hospitalized with strep throat. I had practiced with him in the rec, hall and he asked me to replace him.

I began the championship game with a flourish and ran up a 19-6 lead against my opponent. I became overconfident and he caught me at 19-19. I hung on to the bitter end and won 21-19.

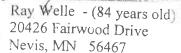
When they handed me the trophy, I said I'd take it to the hospital and present it to the real champion, "Smitty," who'd fought his way to the final and given me the chance to win it for him. I did so and when I saw the look on his face it was the proudest moment of my tenure at Carlsbad...

> It took us almost two months to find this story: --

At the last Company dance, present company clerk, John Karlson, was trying to keep in step with a fair young while danceng to some ear-splitting

Wasting no words in telling how terrible the orchestra was, he nearly had a fainting spell when electing the young lady to her seat she informed John that her two brothers were in the orchostra!





I went into the CCC in 1936 – 1939 (the depression years). I was raised on a 240-acre farm in Mahnomen, Minnesota. My jobs were tree planting, fire fighting, wood cutting, truck driving, etc. Our pay was \$30.00 a month; of which \$25.00 went home to my family and we could keep the \$5.00, which we lived on easily as everything was furnished. The \$25.00 sent home saved many a farm and taught us how to be conservative. Our food was the best. We had to be orderly dressed for our meals. Our hair was trimmed and we were shaven and our shoes had to be polished. In the camp you were army and at 8:00 A.M. you were CCC. 200 men out of each camp were assigned their jobs.

My camp was 2705 – Camp Buckboard for 3 ½ years which was 12 miles west of Itasca State Park. I hauled men to Itasca State Park, as that was where our building was going on. The Old Timer's Cabin was the first building built. It was made of very huge logs. This was experimental and decided they were too large to handle so never used that type again. All the buildings in the Park were CCC constructed. It is a beautiful sight. Later in life, after I retired we started a CCC group in Park Rapids. We met every month and we volunteered ourselves for helping Itasca Park with the tourists. We would open the Old Timer's Cabin and welcome the people and tell about our days in the CCC's. You would not believe how many people would come to hear our stories. They loved it and wondered why a program like that could not be started again to help the younger generation. I have been the President of our club for 15 years. We are all getting "old" and have lost a lot of members but we still enjoy and have gotten to be one big family. We all get together for a potluck at our home on Lake Belle Taine once a year.

I must say I was surprised and happy to hear from you. Where in the world did you get my name and address?

I was in company 3702 located about 20 miles north of Chisholm, MN. I went in after graduating from high school and remained until I enlisted in the Navy. I graduated in 1938 and joined the Navy in 1939. Six of us took a day off and went to Duluth, MN to join up. Well, I was the only one that got into the service. I retired after 30 years and served in WW2, Korea and part of Nan. All of this time was aboard Carriers. I was on the first Carrier sunk in WW2. The name, USS Lexington CV-2. We were sunk in the battle of the Coral Sea. I was a radioman rear seat gunner on a TBD torpedo bomber.

Getting back to the CCC. It was the best time of my life. I enjoyed it and it prepared me for the duty in the Navy. While in the CCCs I fought forest fires, built bridges, planted a million trees and ended up as the hospital orderly. Oh yes I also spent one winter killing rabbits. The rabbits ate the tip of the trees we planted and made bushes out of them instead of lumber tree. I snared the rabbits with a wire snare that I had made. My Mother taught me how to snare rabbits.

Yes the money earned did help my family out. We had six kids and that was rough in the depression.

Well Paul I hope this will help you a little. If you have any more question, feel free to

Walter N. Nelson RMCS USN Navy Retired F



















CCC Reunion





FROM JM TREADWAY, P.O. BOX 597 ERWIN, N.C. 28339

I enlisted in the CCC's September, 1941, and was discharged in July, 1942 with the demise of the Program. I then volunteered for the U.S. Navy.

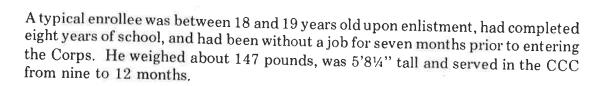
I served in the CCC's at Shady Springs and by troop train to Yellow Springs, OHIO and from there to Snohomish, WA.
I was assistant in the Educational Buiding. and later
I finished clerical school in Montesono, Washington;
and became clerk in Snohomish, WA for a short time.,
When WWII started, most of us joined up in the services.

While in the CCC's I did various jobs--planting trees, fight forest fires and clerical work.

I really enjoyed my enlistment in the CCC's; it gave me a job at 16 years of age and the money sent home helped my family during the Deep Dark Days of the thirties.

I enjoyed the travel experiences. meeting friends and being able to further my education. We grew up fast from the good meals and exercise-- in fact the CCC's changed Boys into Men -- I am now a 79 year old veteran and I want to tell every one how much I loved the CCC program





The U.S. Department of Labor supervised the selection of enrollees but did not make the actual selection as it had no staff for it. The relief administration in each state made the actual selection. In 1939, the CCC administration took over direct selection of enrollees.



In 1933, almost three-quarters of the CCC camps were in national or state forests. $_{23}$



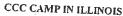




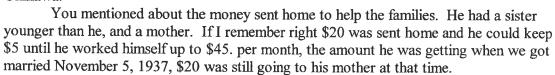








I read your letter to the Editor in the St. George, Utah newspaper, the Spectrum, concerning CCC Veterans. I am a widow of a CCC Veteran so thought I might answer your letter. My late husband, Jimmie Sammons came out West, actually to the small town of Gunlock, Utah, in 1935. He came from Hitchins, Kentucky. It was either join The CCC or work in the coal mines, which his mother did not want. Their group built dams, etc. in our area which was very helpful as we live actually in part of the desert. My husband started his career as a cook in the CCC's and then during World War II was a cook on the flat bottomed ship called the LST, and was in on the invasion of Okinawa.



Most of the boys in his camp were from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. I remember a few of their names such as Chuck Parrish from Indiana, Johnnie Warner from Indiana, Pete Dukto from Ohio, Bob Benford and Ralph Chelf, I cannot recall where they were from. There is an Alex Spevak who is still among the living who lives just fifty miles north of St. George, in Cedar City, Utah. He also married a local girl and did not leave the West, as my husband did. My husband died in February of 1965 so I did remarry..

Alex Spevak's address is 643 W 400 South, Cedar City, Utah 84720 Tel # 435-586-7582

Beulah McAllister 449 South 100 East St. George, Utah 84770



Little bankroll, ere we part, Let me press you to my heart; All the month I've worked for you; I've been faithful, you've been true.

Little bankroll, in a day You and I will go away To find some gay and festive spot; I'll return—but you will not.

> Camp Canyon Courier C. 581, Wyoming















WE





CCC CAMP IN ILLINOIS







Thanks for keeping the C.C.C.'s story alive with the American public. It was one of the best programs ever designed by the U.S. government. It was a godsend for me.

I grew up on a small farm in the Abanda community of Chambers County, Alabama, a strictly rural community, as one of six children. Upon graduation from high school in 1939, I immediately joined a C.C.C. camp and was sent to help build a state park five miles from Auburn, Alabama, where our land grant university is located. I was interested in taking some classes at the university and the camp officials sent us in at night to take some courses. Later on I was assigned the job as night watchman and then was able to attend classes in the afternoon and night by riding a bicycle the five miles each way. When the camp relocated to Florida in 1942, I remained in school by finding odd jobs at the university. I graduated from Auburn University in 1944, and by having taken basic and advanced R.O.T.C., I became a 2nd Lieutenant and left shortly for France with the 71st Division. We fought in France, Germany, and Austria and met the Russians on the Inns River in Austria on the last day of the war.

After returning from overseas in 1946, I immediately went back to Auburn University under the G.I. Bill and received a Master's Degree in 1948. Later Auburn University awarded me a LLD (Doctorate of Laws) Degree.

In 1958 I ran for a seat in the Alabama House of Representatives and was elected and served in that capacity for 40 years until I decided not to run again in 1998.

I am still serving as president of Alabama Contract Sales, Inc., a company I founded in 1966 as a one man operation. Later both of my sons joined the company and one son is still with the firm as Vice President.

PETE B. TURNHAM

P. O. Box 3490 Auburn, Alabama 36831-3490 (334) 821-4500

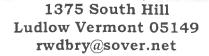
K.P.'s Lament

For I'm peeling with tears in my eyes
Cause the onions are ripe and new,
Peeling for this hungry crew;
When it's spuds that they need for the stew.
Tryin' to smile—once in a while.
But I find it so hard to do,
For I'm peeling with tears in my eyes,
"Cause the onions are ripe and new."



Enrollee Joseph E. Trembley Co. 143, Irving, Mass.







My father Philip H. Woodbury, who died December 28, 2003 in Amherst MA at the age of 94, was a 1932 graduate from New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse New York. He was employed in Vermont for several years during the Depression, in the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCCs), serving as cultural foreman. His crews helped build Hapgood Pond in Peru (VT) and many of the fire lookout towers in the Green Mountain National Forest. My father's work also was for the U. S. Forest Service. I am not sure if he was employed by them or the CCC, or both, but I do not think he was ever "under the supervision of" the U. S. Army, as you mention in your letter. By 1939, he was living in Rochester VT and working with the Forest Service. He had a wife, two children, and another on the way, so he obtained worked at one of the shops in Springfield and moved to Weathersfield.



In his belongings I have found many photographs he took during his time in the CCCs. Some of his small black & white photographs are marked in the back with names, some not. It appears that he was part of the 166th Company CCC Peru VT. Let me copy all the words he wrote on backs of photos. I will place my comments and descriptions in parentheses:



- 1. USFS Chevy Racks (or Packs) Peru VT (pickup trucks)
- 2. V-plow w/propellers

ST.

- 3. Compressor Danby Rd Peru end Above ? sorry! Right Alvie Neilson front Emerson Tenney (Weathersfield VT family)
- 4. Dan Mullington, PHW (Philip Woodbury), Joe Ennis Summer 1933 Peru Vt CCC Camp while barracks were being constructed
- 5. Recreation Hall 166 Co. Camp Peru, Peru VT. (a few men in background)
- 6. Road Construction at Devils Den Area by 166th Co. CCC Peru VT (on road from Weston Vt to Danby Vt)
- 7. Morning Lineup Peru Camp
- 8. 1933 Peru VT CCC 166th Co. from Eddy Morrisett & George Wilcox L-R: Tom _____ blacksmith; Roy Clough Rd Foreman; PW (Philip Woodbury); Bill Moyer, forestry foreman; Alvi Neilsen Rd Foreman; ____ McDonald

CCC LEM; Chas Lerch Carpenter - Construction; ____ Equipment Maintenance; Claude Rice - Camp Superintendent; Chris Berry - Rd Foreman

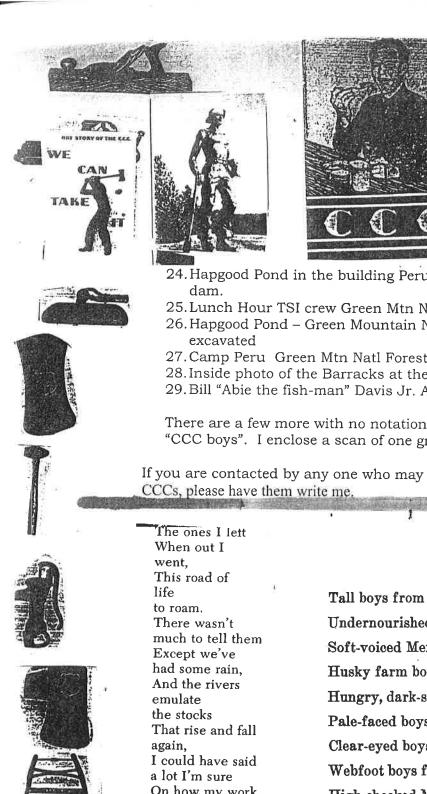
- 9. Peru Camp Green Mtn Natl. Forest
- 10. First Congo Church Peru VT
- 11. Lunch Hour TSI Crew (taken from above, many feet and heads around the campfire in winter, snowshoes in rear.)
- 12. Les Marine Peru CCC (later lived in Springfield VT)
- 13. Etisca Ennis Peru Vermont new wife of Joe Ennis
- 14. Long Trail Shelter Mad Tom Stan Frost
- 15. Bridge on Long Trail near Peru Peak Shelter
- 16. Lunch fire CCC Boys
- 17. Bridge built by CCC Peru
- 18. Roy Clough Peru Camp
- 19. Garage Workshop Peru Equipment Depot Green Mtn Natl Forest
- 20. Roadside cleanup 1934 Peru Vermont
- 21. Mess Hall Peru
- 22. Dispensary at Peru "Punk" LeClair watering (two others un-named)
- 23. Bill Barcombe from Hardwick (VT) _____ from Barre



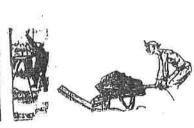
















- 24. Hapgood Pond in the building Peru VT a CCC project gate works in the
- 25. Lunch Hour TSI crew Green Mtn Natl Forest Peru Vermont
- 26. Hapgood Pond Green Mountain National Forest Peru Vermont being
- 27. Camp Peru Green Mtn Natl Forest Peru Vermont
- 28. Inside photo of the Barracks at the same
- 29. Bill "Abie the fish-man" Davis Jr. Aquatic Biologist U. S. F. S.

There are a few more with no notations on the back of the photos except "CCC boys". I enclose a scan of one group photo.

If you are contacted by any one who may have been in my father's company in the

On how my work has been And one or two of home town folks Who recently I've seen. I could have written so much more, But then I'm sure I know That only line that mattered much! is Home in a day

or so!

WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE

Tall boys from Oklahoma, Undernourished share-cropper boys from Alabama, Soft-voiced Mexican boys from Arizona, Husky farm boys from hot Kansas, Hungry, dark-skinned boys from Chicago's slums, Pale-faced boys from New York's eastside, Clear-eyed boys from the Green Mountains, Webfoot boys from Oregon's foggy coast, High-cheeked Mormon boys from Utah, Fair-haired Swedish boys from Minnesota, Finnish boys from Dakota, Tall, shy boys from Georgia's red hills, French-talking boys from Louisiana, Big raw-boned boys from Texas, some working barefoot-They all came into the CCC camps.





W

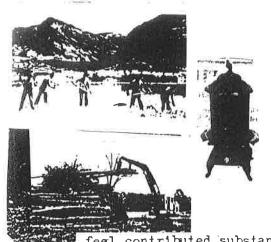




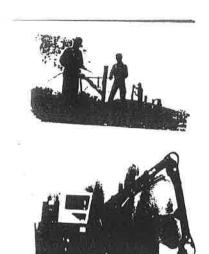
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF HOWARD G. PECK, an original enrollee or the CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS, 167th Company activated at Fort Ethan Allen early 1933.

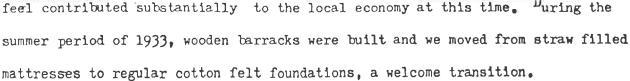
Early in 1933 newspaper releases indicated that a new organization was to be formed to alleviate the serious unemployment problem that existed, especially among the younger generation of Americans. We were asked to make application for admission and this was done in March 1933, as I remember at Rutland, Vermont. From the Chester area three applicants were chosen, Howard Peck, Kenneth Salter, and Kenneth Colburn. We again reported to Rutland for transport to Fort Ethan Allen in April of 1933. There then was formed the 167th Company CCC and the 166th Copany CCC. Basic, medical and other formalities took place and the 167th and the 166th took to the field in May 1933, the 167th going to Danby and the 166th to Peru, both to work on the Landgrove to Danby road through the Green Mountain National Forest. The 167th was under the Command of Lt. Richard B. Evans, 3rd Cavalry regular with Lt. Boardman, Army Air Corps Reserve, and various regular Non-Commissioned Officers to head up Supply, Mess, Headquarters, etc. Reserve Naval Medical Officers were assigned.

May of 1933 found us under pyramidal tents, eight to each tent, and a canvas city was born in Danby after a rail trip from the Fort north of Burlington. In addition to the road project, a side camp was established at Griffith Lake and trails and recreational sites were constructed. While in Danby the members of the 167th took an active part in the social life of the community, with parades to the mid town statue on Sunday evening, sing-a-longs with the local people, establishment of our own baseball team to compete with the local outfits, and a general integration into the village life of the families. We were received warmly and I believe contributed to the general rebirth of the community. Our company was two hundred twelve enrollees, plus Officers, Non-Coms, and Forest personnel that I









At that time in history the Army was allowed $27\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ daily for rations for each man and believe me we ate good. The mess was excellent, if sometimes repetitious but a well balanced diet was provided and no food riots of any sort ever erupted. Working conditions were hard and primitive with the tools provided for the road work, most of the road layout being made with hand held transits and performed by an enrolee, a Norwich Graduate by the name of Peter Molinari, an excellent engineer that was to go on with the Corps.

My personal recollections of this period of the Company, I served as Company Clerk and received the magnificent sum of \$45.00 per month due to my early training and education in the Business College field, was of satisfaction, I felt we were doing something constructive, a benefit to the Community and to future generations to come. I regret now that the program was not continued and most of the constructive inovations that occurred have been left to fall into disrepair. Impact on my parents was good in that I was away from home and earing my own living, sending some home (that they really did not need but saved for me) but in a larger capacity putting me on my own, learning respect for my ability and gaining a confidence in my ability that was sadly lacking at that time in history. The summer of 1933 came to an end, as all summers do, we had accomplished a lot, friendships were born, life long ties were cemented and the work progressed in Mt. Tabor. Late in the fall we received orders that the camp would be decommissioned and the

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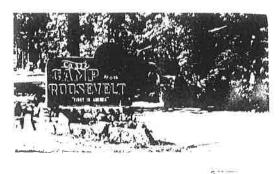








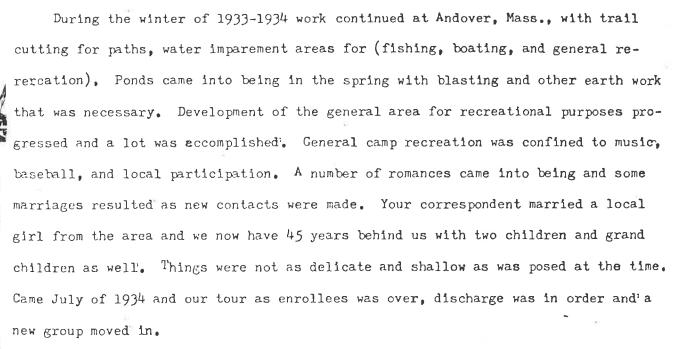






road work left up to other companies of the CCC. That is when we learned that we would move to a Massachusettes site. Now under the Command of Capt. George A. Gould, Infantry-Reserve we prepared for the move out of Danby.

Massive preparations were made for shipment of equipment and supplies and, as I remember all was loaded onto rail cars and we moved out of Danby in early November of 1933, up through Rutland; down over the Rutland line and along to Lowell, Mass., then to North Andover (North Reading, Mass., rail head.) disembarked and lodged



The writer then went on to the 2nd C.C.C. Bistlocated in Fort Ethan Allen, serving the Vermont Area to become a clerk-typist in the Quatermester Office.

Later assignments led to a position in Boston at the Army Base and in August of 1938 I resigned to go with the old Vermont Savings Bank of Brattleboro, Vermont. This car-eer I pursued until 1942 when I became associated with the First National Bank of Springfield, Vermont to cover over the years, an employe



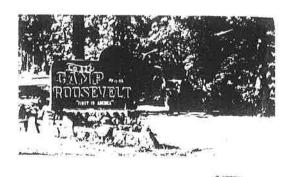




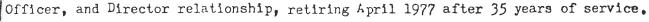
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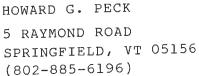


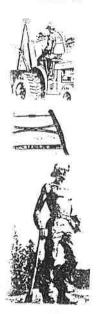




As a matter of record, I believe the 167th Company CCC was among the first three in the United States into the field. Remembering back a Company in Virginia preceded us by a few weeks, or days. As to Allan Taylor, he is not known to me and I would like to know what and when his service was, as I had access as Clerk to the Company roster at all times. I still feel that as an original enrollee that my observations and recollections merit some consideration as I certainly saw all aspects of the Corps, enrollee, leader, civilian employee both at the Fort and in the Army Base ho.







TAPS

Day is done, Gone the sun, From the lake, From sky, All is well, Safely rest, God is nigh.

Fading light
Dims the night
And a Star
Gems the sky,
Gleaming bright
From afar,
Drawing nigh
Falls the night.







Enrollee Forrest W. Gaz Co. 128, Hinsdale, Massachusetts







WE







Certificate of Discharge

from

Civilian Conservation Corps



TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT * HOWARD G. PECK, CC1=30212 A MEMBER OF THE
CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS, WHO WAS ENROLLED APRIL 29, 1933 AT
FORT ETHAN ALLEN, VERMONT , IS HEREBY DISCHARGED THEREFROM, BY REASON
OF ** EXPIRATION OF ENROLLMENT PERIOD
SAID HOWARD G. PECK WAS BORN IN SPRINGFIELD
IN THE STATE OFMASSACHUSETTS WHEN ENROLLED HE WAS YEARS
OF AGE AND BY OCCUPATION A CLERK-TYPIST-ACCOUNTANT HE HAD HAZEL EYES
BROWN HAIR, MEDIUM COMPLEXION, AND WAS FIVE FEE
SEVEN INCHES IN HEIGHT. HIS COLOR WASWHTTR
GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AT NORTH READING, MASS., THIS WITHTIETH DA
OF ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED ANDTHIRTY-FOUR



G.A.GOULD, Capt 388th Inf-Res., Commandi









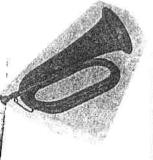
RECORD OF SERVICE IN CIVILIAN CONS

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*Use words "Excellent", "Satisfactory", or "Unsatisfactory". G.A.GOULD, Capt 388th Int-Res., Courns ind

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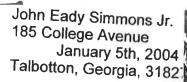












Dear Sir,



I saw your posting in the Columbus Ledger Enquirer, Columbus, Georgia about CCC veterans. My father in law, Hugh F. Barham, was in CCC camps in west Texas and New Mexico in the 1930s. He is now 91 years old and lives in Columbus. He is in fair health. He remembers a great deal about his service and likes to talk about it. In fact if you allowed him to talk he would tell you about all of his experience during his youth. He was born in Missouri and left home during the 30s after graduation from high school. He rode the rails for a while and ended up in Texas. He worked on a cattle ranch for a while and then went to work in the CCC camps. During his time in the camps he saved enough money to attend college. He went to college at New Mexico State and while there he was in the ROTC. After graduation he went into the U.S. Army and was later sent to the Aleutian Islands of Alaska as a 2nd Lt. during World War II. He was later in post war Germany. He lives currently in Columbus at his home at 376 Farr Road. He is planning to move into an assisted living home in town soon. His daughter, Carole, and I live in Talbotton, Georgia which is about 30 miles east of Columbus. You can reach us at the address given and our phone number is (706) 665-8061. I may be out of town working but my wife works in Talbotton right down the street at the County Extension office. The number there is (706)







Woody - ???



WASN'T NATURE



NONDERFUL?

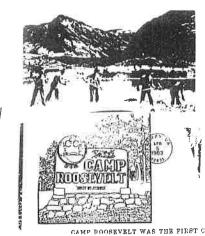


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ental care, company bag of bat two steps the dibble hair cut, eeth were



CAMP DOOREVELT WAS THE FIRST CAMP ESTABLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES



CCC CAMP IN ILLINOIS



I read your letter sent to the Sentinel-Record newspaper in Hot Springs, AR. As a former enrollee in the CCC I appreciate your interest in doing a documentary about a very successful government program.

My time in the C's was spent in Wisconsin. I entered in April 1939 and was first sent to Camp Esterbrook near Milwaukee, Wisconsin. At that time I was interested in seeing more of the world and being just thirty-five miles from home didn't seem like much of an adventure. Having a used \$2.00 foot locker turned into a life changing experience when we new enrollees, who had foot lockers, were transferred to Camp Devil's Lake located at Devil's Lake State Park near Baraboo, WI.

Once located at Devil's Lake I stayed there thirteen months and took a school leave for five months and then resign from the C's.

By 1939 the welfare provisions was no longer in effect so the money that was sent home, in my case, was put in a saving account and was available for me to use when I returned home to go to school.

Although the war was underway in Europe the fellows in camp were interested in what was happening, but I can't recall any interested in going into any of the services. There certainly wasn't any pressure to join nor was there any sort of military training. However, living in camp did make for an easy transition from civilian to a military life once we entered WW2. I joined the Navy and spent four years in the United States and the Pacific theater.

I should mention that AR has a great documentary on the C's that is shown on Public TV. Also, I think there is a great story to be told about how the program came into being.

There are a number of stories about the Civilian Conservation Corp. once it was formed, the young men who served, probably the largest unskilled labor force ever assembled in the US and the work projects they completed. Sadly, very little is available about the effort required to gain congressional approval, the effort to recruit, assemble and move these men to the work sites all over the country. Cutting the funded seemed like a poor way to end a program that did so much good for people and the country.

John R. Postman 1850 Marion Anderson Rd.



















CCC CAMP IN ILLINOIS

The Civilian Conservation Corp was a great experience. I worked hard, saved money and had a job.

I enlisted in the Army Air Corp in 1944.

I hope this helps you with your documentary and if you need any further help, please give me a call.

CLYDE "STUB" ROBERTS

P.O. BOX 309 WIGGINS, CO 80654

I was in the CCC Camp LA F-4 Of Leesville, Louisians in the early 1940's. By chance I found my CCC Discharge among some old papers.

The CCC was a great experience for me. I grew up in a very rural area near Pitkin Louisiana. We had a family of eight children A great Mom and Dad and many poor relatives. Our home was built from rough sawed lumber by my father with help from neighbors.

In the CCC the U. S, Army took care of our basic needs- clothing, barracks, food, medical care, dental care, diclipine, stc. The army called us formation each day in the early morning then marched us down the company street and released us to the U. S. Forest Service. We were then driven to forest, given a dibble, a bag of baby pine trees, and we planted trees. We lined up six feet apart and each one step back. We would take two steps, make a hole with the flat dibble, place in a tree root first and then close the hole with another jab with the dibble.

There were about 200 of us in the camp at any one time. We came in in raggrd clothing, in need a hair cut, bad teeth, and looking hungry. They soon fixed-us-up. We put on weight, Our skin cleared up. Our teeth were fixed, and we had clean clothes

Aubrey D. Smith 560 Preston Island Circle Scottsboro, Alabama, 35769



He wants Doc Brown and mighty quick, For when Pa's ill, he's mighty sick. He gasps and groans and sort of sighs; He talks so queer and rolls his eyes. He jumps and runs, and all of us And all the house is in a fuss. Peace and joy is mighty skeerce—When Pa is sick, it's something fierce.

Enrollee Jim Blancato Co. 256, Peekskill, New York

LETTER TO HOME

Today I wrote some letters To those dear old folks at home.

36











C C C Reunion

















I WAS BORN IN BENTON, MISSOURI 8-5-20 AND GRADUATED FROM BENTON HIGHSCHOOL IN 1938. I HAD HELPED MY DAD FARM, BUT TOLD DAD FARMING WAS TOO HARD WORK AS WE HAD NO ELECTRIC OUT IN THE COUNTRY WHERE WE LIVED AND HAD TO DO EVERYTHING BY HAND. I STAYED ON THE FARM UNTIL I TURNED 18 THAT YEAR.

I DON'T REMEMBER WHETHER MY PARENTS TOLD ME ABOUT THE CCC CAMP AT NEW MADRID, MISSOURI OR WHETHER I HEARD FROM SOME OTHER SOURCE ABOUT IT. EVEN THOUGH I HAD A HIGHSCHOOL EDUCATION TIMES WERE HARD THEN AND NO JOBS VERY MUCH AVAILABLE.

SO I SIGNED UP FOR 2 YEARS AT THE CCC CAMP IN NEW MADRID, WHICH WAS ABOUT 40 MILES FROM WHERE I LIVED. I DON'T REMEMBER HOW I GOT TO THE CAMP, BUT WE DID HAVE AN OLD INTERNATIONAL PICK-UP TRUCK AND MY PARENTS MIGHT HAVE TAKEN ME THERE.

LHAD NEVER BEEN AWAY FROM HOME FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME BEFORE THEN, BUT I REMEMBER I SEEMED TO FIT IN PRETTY WELL AT THE CAMP. OF COURSE THEY FURNISHED US WITH ALL OUR CLOTHING, FOOD, LODGING AND ANYTHING ELSE WE REQUIRED.

WE HAD GOOD COOKS IN THE MESS HALL SO I DIDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE EATING THE 3 MEALS THEY PREPARED EACH DAY, OF COURSE MY MOTHER WAS AN EXCELLENT COOK AND SHE ALSO PREPARED 3 BIG MEALS A DAY THE BARRACKS WERE JUST WOODEN FRAME BUILDINGS WITH BLACK SORTA TAR PAPER FOR THE OUTSIDE, WE HAD ABOUT 20 MEN TO EACH BARRACKS, BUT WE ALL SEEMED TO GET ALONG GOOD TOGETHER.

THEY HAD 3 OR 4 CIVIL ENGINEERS IN CHARGE OF PLANNING AND WORK FOR THE MEN TO DO SUCH AS CLEARING DITCHES, LAKES AND RIVERS OF ALL THE TREES AND BUSHES GROWING UP AROUND THEM. WE ALSO HAD A DRAG-LINE TO DIG DITCHES TO DRAIN THE LAND AROUND THERE AS IT WAS RIGHT ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER. NEW MADRID IS A MISSISSIPPI RIVER TOWN. WE HAD AN ARMY CAPTIAN IN CHARGE OF THE CAMP AND I REMEMBER HIM AS BEING A RATHER LARGE MAN, BUT FRIENDLY AND VERY CAPABLE OF KEEPING EVERYTHING AT THE CAMP UNDER CONTROL.

WE HAD SEVERAL OTHER MEN IN CHARGE OF PERSONNEL IN THE CAMP AND A MESS SERGEANT, SEVERAL COOKS WHO DID ONLY COOKING. WE HAD KP'S LIKE MYSELF AND OTHERS THAT WERE ASSIGNED KITCHEN POLICE DUTY FROM TIME TO TIME.

SINCE I HAD A HIGHSCHOOL EDUCATION I WAS ASSIGNED AS A CLERK FOR ONE OF THE CIVIL ENGINEERS AND IT WAS A GOOD JOB AND IT KEPT ME FROM HAVING TO GO OUT IN THE COUNTRY SIDE TO DO PRETTY HARD WORK, ESPECIALLY IN THE COLD DAYS AND THE HOT SUMMER DAYS. I HAD TO KEEP RECORD OF THE ENGINEER'S TOOLS AND SUBMIT ORDERS FOR ANYTHING HE NEEDED TO WORK WITH IN THE OFFICE OR IF HE NEEDED SOMETHING TO TAKE WITH HIM OUT WHERE HE WORKED. IT WAS A VERY GOOD JOB FOR ME AND I WAS THANKFUL FOR IT. HE AND I GOT ALONG GREAT.

WE MADE A DOLLAR A DAY AND THEY WOULD PAY US THE LAST DAY OF EACH MONTH. A LOT OF THE GUYS SMOKED AND WOULD BE ALLOWED TO CHARGE SOME THINGS LIKE THIS TO THEIR ACCOUNT. AND SOME













VOUNEVER KNEW WHAT MIGHT TAKE PLACE. NEW MADRID WAS NOT A VERY BIG TOWN, BUT IT DID EXPAND QUITE RAPIDLY AFTER THE CAMP GOT UNDER WAY THERE. MOSTLY MORE RESTRUANTS AND BARS AND ROADHOUSES AS WE CALLED THEM BACK IN THAT DAY. MOST OF THE YOUNG WOMEN LIVING IN SMALL TOWNS MADE THEIR WAY TO NEW MADRID SOMEHOW. MOST OF THEM WERE JUST GIRLS IN HIGHSCHOOL OR EARLY 20"S LOOKING FOR A BOYFRIEND OR HUSBAND. NEARLY ALL OF THEM WERE WELL BEHAVED, DRESSED NEATLY, DID NOT USE BAD LANGUAGE AND WERE REALLY JUST SWEET INNOCENT YOUNG LADIES. AND MOST OF US GUYS IN THE CAMP TREATED THEM ACCORDINGLY. THERE WAS A NICE MOVIE HOUSE THERE AND NOT VERY MANY PLACES SERVED BEER OR DRINKS.

SOME OF THE GUYS FROM CAMP DID DRINK TO MUCH, BUT WE NEVER SAW ANY FIGHTS AND I DON'T THINK ANYONE EVER GOT ARRESTED DOWNTOWN FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE. OF COURSE NONE OF US HAD MUCH SPENDING MONEY, BUT WE HAD A GOOD TIME WITH OUR GIRLFRIEND AND DID A LOT OF WALKING AND TALKING. THE LEVY AROUND THE TOWN MADE A GOOD SPOT TO SPOON AS YOU COULD SIT ON TOP OF THEM AND SEE THE MISSISSIPPI FLOW BY. ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT WASN'T TOO GOOD AS IN WARM WEATHER THERE WERE A LOT OF MOSQUITOS, AND I DON'T THINK WE HAD BUG REPELLANT BACK THEN.

WE ALSO HAD SPORTS SUCH AS SOFT BALL AND BASKETBALL. I WAS ON THE SOFT BALL TEAM AND ON SATURDAY OR SUNDAYS WE WOULD GO TO OTHER CAMPS IN THE VICINITY AND PLAY BALL OR THEY WOULD COME TO OUR CAMP, THE ONE CAMP WE PLAYED THE MOST WAS FROM THE CCC CAMP IN POPLAR BLUFF, MO.

I STAYED THERE FOR 2 YEARS AND BY THEN I WAS 20 AND DECIDED TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE. I DON'T REMEMBER IF YOU COULD STAYED IN CCC OVER 2 YEARS OR NOT. I HAD AN OLDER BROTHER THAT WORKED FOR THE "FRISCO" RY UP AT FESTUS, MO., AND HE WAS A TELEGRAPHER AND DEPOT AGENT. I WENT THERE AND LIVED WITH HIM AND HIS FAMILY UNTIL I LEARNED THE AMERICAN MORSE CODE WELL ENOUGH TO SEND AND COPY TRAIN ORDERS AND ALL WESTERN UNIONS AND THEN HIRED OUT WITH THE SAME RAILROAD DOING THE SAME THING FOR THE RY AS MY BROTHER DID.

I WORKED FOR FRISCO RAILROAD FOR 10 YEARS, WITH 38 MONTHS TAKEN OUT FOR WORLD WAR #2 DUTY. BY BEING AWAY FROM HOME AND ALMOST LIKE BEING IN THE ARMY WHEN IN CCC'S I DIDN'T HAVE ANY PROBLEM WITH BEING IN THE ARMY AND FAR AWAY FROM HOME.

IN 1950 THE RAILROADS CLOSED MOST OF THEIR DEPOTS IN SMALLER TOWNS AND I KNEW I MIGHT END UP ON THE EXTRA BOARD AND YOU HAVE TO MOVE AROUND A LOT TO HOLD ON TO A RAILROAD JOB," ALSO HAD 2 CHILDREN BY THEN, SO HAD A FRIEND FROM MISSOURI THAT WORKED FOR FISHER BODY DIVN. GMC IN FLINT, MICHIGAN SO I CAME UP HERE AND HIRED IN AT A FISHER BODY PLANT. GOT ON SALARY AND WORKED FOR 30 YEARS AND RETIRED IN 1980.

I'VE BEEN RETIRED 24 YEARS AND AM NOW 83 YEARS OLD, BUT TELL MYSELF I'M ONLY 38 AND JUST ALMOST THINK I AM., I'VE BEEN BLESSED WITH GOOD HEALTH.

MY PARENTS, CLYDE AND LULA/MITCHELL/ WERE BORN AND GREW UP AROUND HARRISBURG, ILL. MY MOM HAD 2 BROTHERS THAT WERE MD'S IN MARSHALL, ILL AND 1 BROTHER A DENTIST THERE. SHE ALSO









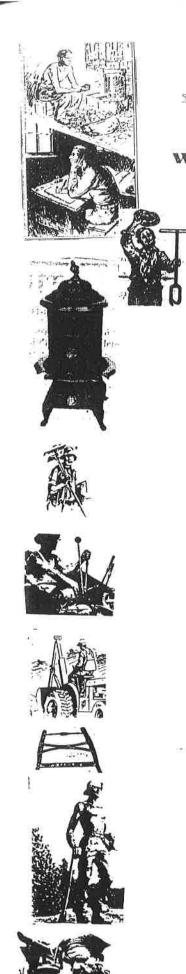












OF THE MINOR LITTAVE A LOT OF THEIR MONEY OF ENTIRE OF A CANADA SOLLARS COMMISSION FELT LIKE 1943 SICH FOR A FEW DAY AFTER PAYDAY.

DURING THE WEEK WE WERE PRETTY WELL KEPT ON THE CAMP GROUND AND THEY WOULD HAVE "SMOKERS" OR MEETINGS FOR US AND HAVE A MOVIE ON CAMP NOW AND THEN, NOW AND THEN THEY WOULD BRING IN ENTAINERS SUCH AS SINGERS OR COMEDIANS TO PUT ON A SHOW FOR US

I REMEMBER ONE ENTAINER ESPECIALLY AS HE WAS ADVERTISED AS THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD. HE PRETTY WELL LOOKED LIKE IT TOO AS HE HAD A LOT OF BIG MUSCLES. HE WOULD TIE A BIG ROPE AROUND HIS NECK AND AND HAVE ABOUT 10 GUYS GET HOLD THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE AND SEE IF THEY COULD PULL HIM. MOST OF THE TIME THEY COULD NOT PULL HIM FORWARD A FOOT, AND SOMETIMES HE COULD DRAG THEM BACK WITH HIM. HE HAD A RAMP ABOUT 4 FEET HIGH THAT HE WOULD PUT A 1933 FORD V-8 ON AND GET UNDER THE CAR AND LIFT UP THE FORD OFF IT'S WHEELS WITH HIS BACK. HE WAS A TOUGH DUDE. HE HAD SOME OTHER TRICKS HE DID THAT AMAZED US.

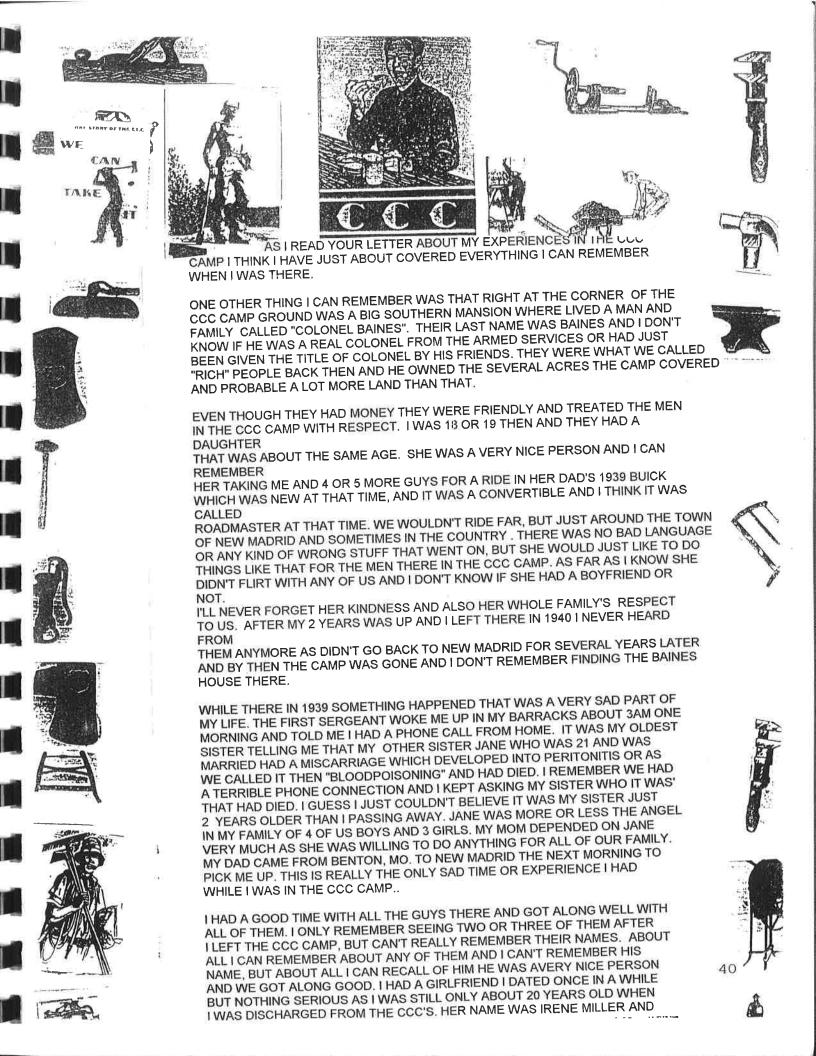
ANOTHER THING THAT STANDS OUT ON MY MIND IS THAT ONE DAY WHEN I WAS ON KP DUTY IN THE KITCHEN THE COOK SENT ME DOWN IN THE BASEMENT UNDER THE KITCHEN TO BRING UP A BAG OF IRISH POTATOES. THE BLUE JEANS THEY GAVE ME TO WEAR WAS KINDA BIG AROUND THE WASTE ON ME AS LONLY WEIGHED ABOUT 125 LBS THEN AND WAS 28 INCHES AROUND THE WAIST AND THEY FIT LOOSLY.

ABOUT THE TIME I REACHED DOWN TO PICK UP THE BAG OF POTATOES A BIG RAT, NOT A MOUSE, BUT A RAT. RAN UP MY RIGHT PANTS LEG AND GOT UP IN THE LOOSE PART AROUND MY BELLY AND I WAS JUMPING AND TRYING TO GET MY BELT UNDONE WHILE THAT RAT WAS AS SCARED AS I WAS AND HE KEPT GOING BACKWARD AND FORWARD IN MY LOOSE PANTS AROUND MY BELLY I NEVER DID GET MY BELT UNDONE, BUT THE RAT FINALLY RAN DOWN MY LEFT PANTLEG AND SCURRIED OFF. MAN, WAS I EVER RELIEVED AS I JUST KNEW HE WAS GOING BITE ME AS HE WAS IN DANGEROUS TERRITORY. EVERYONE IN THE KITCHEN ALMOST DIED LAUGHING ABOUT MY ESCAPADE WITH THE RAT. SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT LJUST MADE IT UP, BUT IT REALLY HAPPENED.

ANOTHER INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED WHILE I WAS WORKING KP ONE DAY ONE OF THE COOKS TOLD ONE ON THE KP HELPERS TO GO GET THE CELERY AND CLEAN IT AND CUT IT UP TO BE USED WITH OUR DINNER THAT NIGHT, THERE WAS PROBABLY ABOUT 2 BASKETSFUL OF THE CELERY AND THIS GUY PICKED UP BOTH BASKETS AND DUMPED ALL THE CELERY IN A BIG SINK TO CLEAN IT. ALL OF A SUDDED I HEARD THE COOK YELL AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE AT THE GUY CLEANING THE CELERY AND SAID "WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO THIS CELERY"? THE KP WORKER HAD NEVER CLEANED CELERY BEFORE AND HE HAD TURNED A FAUCET OF HOT, SCALDING WATER ON THE CELERY THINKING THAT WAS WHAT YOU HAD TO DO TO CLEAN IT. OF COURSE THE CELERY WAS COMPLETELY WILTED AND LIMP AND HAD TO BE DUMPED. THE POOR KP WORKER LOOKED PRETTY SAD. I CAN REMEMBER THIS COOKS NAME AS THIS MUST HAVE MADE QUITE AN IMPRESSION ON ME. THE COOKS NAME WAS "GUTTLE" WADDLEY HE LOOKED ABOUT LIKE HIS NAME FITTED HIM TOO.

SATURDAY NIGHTS IN NEW MADRID WAS ALMOST LIKE GOING TO A BIG WILD PARTY, WITH ALL THE GUYS FROM THE CAMP, ABOUT 150 OF US, WITH OUR PENT-UP EMOTIONS AND OTHER FEELINGS. MOST OF US







C C C Reunion





HAD A SISTER, LAURA MEDLIN, THAT LIVED IN HARRISBURG AND WE USE TO GO THERE IN SUMMER TO VISIT WITH HER. I WAS ONLY ABOUT 10 YRS OLD THEN, BUT I REMEMBER I LIKED HARRISBURG.

I ALSO HAVE A SISTER, VIVIAN SADLER, THAT DIED AT ABOUT AGE 5 AND MOM AND DAD LIVED IN THE HARRISBURG VICINITY AND IS BURIED THERE SOMEWHERE. VIVIAN DIED YEARS BEFORE I WAS BORN. MOM SAID SHE AND DAD WENT BACK TO THAT VICINITY A FEW YEARS AFTER THEY MOVED TO MISSOURI, BUT THE GRAVEYARD WHERE VIVIAN WAS BURIED HAD BEEN TURNED INTO A CATTLE FARM AND THEY COULD NEVER FIND WHAT HAPPENED TO VIVIAN'S GRAVE. VERY SAD TIME FOR THEM.

I DIDN,T MEAN TO WRITE SUCH A LONG ARTICLE AND I HOPE YOU CAN GET SOMETHING OF WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR OUT OF IT. THE CCC CAMPS WERE A LIFESAVER FOR YOUNG MEN IN MY DAY AND WE REALLY NEED SOMETHING LIKE THAT TODAY AS SO MANY YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN JUST CAN'T FIND WORK TO DO. OF COURSE IT TAKES A LOT MORE TO MAKE A LIVING TODAY THAN IT DID THEN. BUT I REALLY ENJOYED THE 2 YEARS I SPENT IN THE CCC CAMP AND I THANK PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT FOR GETTING THEM STARTED AT LEAST IT KEPT MY PARENTS FROM HAVING TO SUPPORT ME AND SAVED THEM SOME MONEY.

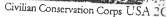
THEY HAVE A CCC CAMP MUSEUM IN SOME TOWN UP NORTH OF WHERE I LIVE NOW AND MAYBE THIS SUMMER MAY GO THERE AND VISIT IT. I'VE SEEN IT ADVERTISED ALONG THE HIGHWAY SOMEWHERE, BUT FORGOT WHAT TOWN IT WAS IN.

I HAVE A RELATIVE THAT I JUST RECENTLY FOUND OUT ABOUT THAT LIVES IN HARRISBURG AND SHE SENT ME THE "READER'S VIEWS" FROM THE NEWSPAPER AROUND THERE AND GAVE ME YOUR ADDRESS. I'LL SEND HER A COPY OF THIS ARTICLE AND MAYBE SHE WILL CALL YOU, AS YOU MIGHT KNOW EACH OTHER. TODAY I TELL EVERYONE I'M PRETTY TOUGH AS I FARMED FOR 18 YEARS, SPENT 2 YEARS IN CCC CAMP, 38 MONTHS IN WW#2, 10 YEARS WORKING FOR RAILROAD, 30 YEARS WORKING FOR GENERAL MOTORS. MOST DON'T KNOW WHAT A CCC CAMP WAS, AND PROBABLY THINK IT WAS A PLACE FOR WAYWARD BOYS... I TRY TO EXPLAIN, BUT DOUBT IF THEY REALLY KNOW. IN THE 20S, 30'S AND 40'S WAS A GOOD TIME TO LIVE AS PEOPLE WORKED HARD AND WERE THANKFUL FOR GETTING ENOUGH TO EAT AND A PLACE TO LIVE. MAKE'S ME EVEN MORE THANKFUL TODAY AS GROWING UP IN THOSE YEARS WAS A GOOD "LEARNING TIME" FOR ME.















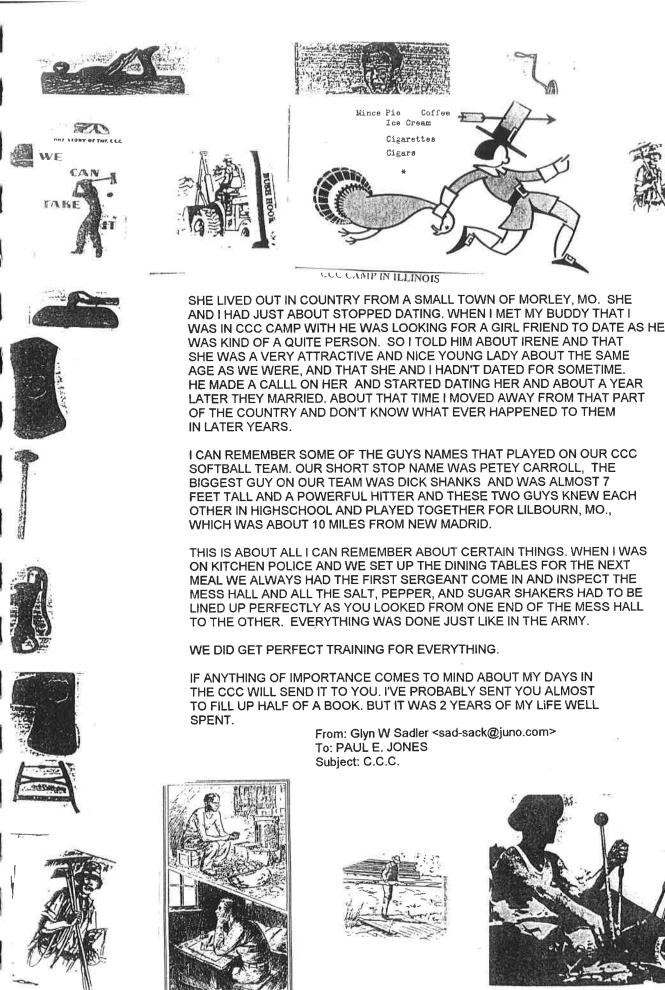














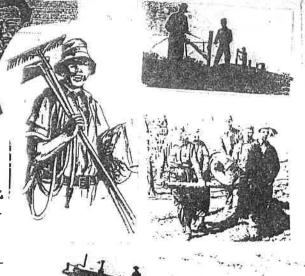
Robert E. Weed 474 Lae Rd 117 Opelike Al. 36804

I was in the CCC for a year and half. I was sent to west Coast, Camp Trangle Lake about 30 miles from the Cost neer Eugene Oregon. We Sought Forest Fires and built roads in the mountins. For a Ga boy to learn how to dril rock and shoot dynamit wes quite expensence. Aster a year on the West Cost I ceme back to Gz, and was Sent to a woodworking Solool. My first job afte learing the C.CE was with a woodworken Shop-

I have money Plesant Momore of my stay and it was a helt for my Doddy & Mother and Fire brothers and sixters I am also sure my otay with the acc holped me adjust to military life. I later sovered with the Army Air Core and Flow 25 mission the early part of 1944, my last one being D'day.

I have many stories and pietures of engone is intrested.

Ph. 334-749-1762







SELECTION

They ask you a thousand questions, Jot the answers down in ink— Getting set for "Conservation" Is harder than you think!

They send you to a corner And you take off your clothes And you stand alone and naked From your eyebrows to your toes.

They test your ears and test your eyes
To see if you can see—
Look down your throat as you say "Ah,"
At least they did to me.

They stand you on your tiptoes, Make you cough a bit and then Make you do the whole thing over As you cough and cough again.

They make you stoop—they make you stand They make you hop about— If there's anything the matter You can bet they find it out!

You have cause to feel triumphant When you get your clothes once more And you find you've been "Selected" For the Conservation Corps.

> Enrollee Irwin Chapman South Boston, Massachusetts

FORREST N. SNOW 441 SO. PINE ST. 1 VING. IL.

AS I RECALL MY COMPANY NUMBER WAS 3677 AND MY LEAD OFFICER
IN THE FIELD WAS A MAN BY THE NAME OF JIM LEWELLYN. WE DID SOIL CONSERVAT
ON THE SURROUNDING FARMS. WATRWAYS, EROSION CONTROL AND CLEARING
BRUSH FROM EXISTING DRAINAGE DITCHES.

I MET A FELLOW FROM WITT, IL. NAMED ANDREW RUSHFORD. "ANDY" FOR SHORT. WE BECAME GOOD FREINDS AND ARE YET TO THIS DAY. HE LIVES IN FLORIDA NOW BUT WE KEEP IN TOUCH.

EARLY IN OCTOBER A NOTICE WAS POSTED ASKING FOR VOLUNTEERS TOGO TO THE DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS CAMP IN DECATURE, IL. ANDY AND I GOT TO TALKING AND DISCUSSING HOW MISERABLE THE WORK WOULD BE IN THE WINTERTIME SO WE THOUGHT WE WOULD GIVE IT A TRY AND MAYBE WE WOULD BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET TO GO. HOWEVER WE AGREED THAT WE BOTH DIDN'T GET TO GO NIETHER OF US WOULD. WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT WE WERE THE ONLY ONE TO VOLUNTEER? WHAT A BREAK THAT TURNED OUT TO BE FOR US! THEY HAD TAKEN OVER AN ODD POTTERY PLANT, ALL BRICK BUILDINGSM, STEAM HEATED BARRACKS AND ALL INSIDE WORK. I GOT ASSIGNED TO THE KITCHEN AND ANDY TO THE FURNACE ROOM FIRING THE BOILERS FOR THE STEAM HEAT. A FELLOW BYTHE NAME OF REX HALL WAS OUR "TOP KICK". HE WAS A WWI VETERAN, THEY WERE ALLOWED IN THE C'S YOU KNOW. WE HAD SEVERAL OF THEM IN OR CO.

AFTER ABOUT TWO WEEKS OF WASHING POTS AND PANS (THAT WAS MY JOB, NO DISHE) I WAS MADE A GATE GAURD. THERE WERE THREE OF US TO WORK THREE SHIFTSOF SIX HOURS EACH, SIX AM TO TWELVE NOON. FROM TWELVE TO SIX PM, THEN FROM SIX TO MIDNIGHT WITH A THREE DAY WEEKEND EVERY THIRD WEEK. ABOUT THIS TIME I BOUGHT A 1930 MODEL A FORD. I GAVE 45 DOLLARS FOR IT WICH WAS ALOT OF MONEY IN THOSE DAYS AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW. WE WERE GETTING TWENTY-EIGHT DOLLARS A MONTH, EIGHT FOR US AN TWENTY SENT HOME TO HEEP OUT THE FOLKS. MY MOTHER HAD SAVED ENOUGH OUT OF THAT TWENTY TO GIVE ME THE MONEY TO BUY THE CAR. OWNING A CAR WAS NOT ALLOWED BUT A LOT OF THE FELLOWS

CAMP FOR TWO DOLLARS A MONTH, UNBELIEVABLE! ANDY AND I WOULD WALK TO THE GARAGE AND DRIVE HOME FOR THE WEEKEND.

THE GATE GAURD JOB WAS A SNAP, A NICE WARM GAURD HOUSE, A RADIO, I COULD READ, WRITE LETTERS BUT NO NAPS. PLUS CHECK PEOPLE IN AND OUT THE GATE. ANDY AND I USE TO TALK AND LAUGH ABOUT THE GUYS BACK 4. IN CARLINVILLE OUT IN COLD.













THERE WAS A LARGE OFFICE WITH A NUMBER OF CIVILIAN EMPLOYS

KEPT ALL THE RECORD S AND WHATEVER OTHER PAPER WORK THERE WAS. ONE

OF MY BUDDIES ALSO WORKED IN THERE, AS DID SEVERAL OF THE FELLOWS.

MW FREEND KAN A MIMIOGRAPH MACHINE (TODAY THAT WOULD BE A XEROX

OR SOME SUCH THING). THERE WAS TYPEWRITER IN HIS LITTLE OFFICE. I

WOULD GO IN THERE SOMETIMES AND WRITE LETTERS. (IWAS VERY PROFICIENT

ON ONE THEN BUT YOU SURE COULD'T TELL IT NOW BY THE LOOK OF THIS

BOTCHED UP EXAMPLE. THE OLD FINGERS ARE NOT AS NIMBLE AS THEY WERE

THEN AND THE MIND NOT QUITE AS SHARP. SO PLEASE OVER LOOK THE

MISTAKES) ON WITH MY STORY. ONE DAY AS I WAS TYPEING A LETTER

REX HALL CAME AND SAW ME. HE ASKED IF I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING

OR WAS I JUST PLAYING. WHEN I TOLD HIM I DID HE SAID"COME WITH ME"

AS A RESULT I BECAME THE COMPANY CLERK.

ANDY AND I DID OUR SIX MONTHS AND SIGNED UP FOR A SECOND SIX. THAT MADE US ELGIBLE FOR A LEAVE. THE NEXT APRIL (1941) WE TOOK OUR LEAVE AND WENT TO DETROIT, M. TO VISIT. WE BOTH HAD A SISTER UP THERE. WE BOTH GOT JOBS WHILE THERE, ANDY IN A STEEL MILL AND I IN A COOPER SHOP. BY HAVING A JOB THAT ALLOWED US TO GET AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE. THUS ENDED MY CCC CAREER.

Reunion

Nemerkable Accomplishments

CCC MEMBERS fought forest fires, built roads and firebreaks, planted trees, built dams to slow soil erosion, and fought insect infestations that threatened timber and crops. In campgrounds and roadside parks, they built tables, fireplaces, and other facilities. CCC members also built courthouses, schools, hospitals, playgrounds, and libraries. Many of these structures are still in use today.

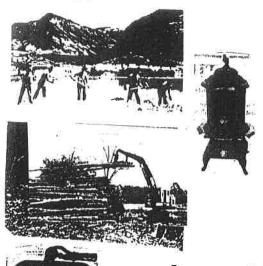
built 651,087 miles of highways repaired 124,087 bridges constructed 125,110 public buildings restored 3,980 historical structures established 8,192 parks built 853 airstrips fabricated 4,622 fish rearing ponds erected 405,037 signs, markers, and monuments improved 3,462 beaches transplanted 45 million trees and shrubs for landscaping spent 2,094,713 man-days razing undesirable structures built 8,045 wells and pump houses erected 32,149 wildlife shelters built 1,865 drinking fountains erected 3,116 lookout towers spent 6,459,403 man-days fighting forest fires built 38,550 vehicle bridges erected 88,883 miles of new telephone lines established 9,805 small reservoirs created 28,087 miles of trails built 27.191 miles of fences treated 21 million acres for tree disease and pest control stocked over one billion fish spent 4,827,421 man-days surveying and mapping millions of acres

and hundreds of lakes







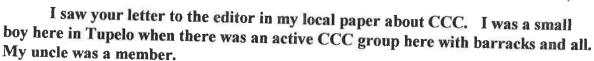












I remember seeing the men all around town in their tan uniforms. I am not sure what all they did but I know they built Tombigbee State Park which is just 7 miles from town. It is still a beautiful park with cabins, a 300 acre lake, and a very active trailer park system. I am told there are hundreds of visitors a year to the park from all over the country. I was told they built nearly all of the many state parks in Mississippi.

The local CCC guys also re-forested much of the timberland in our area. I have been told that many houses in Tupelo were built with lumber from trees originally planted by CCC boys back in the depression years. My uncle also told me that when World War II started he and the other guys were given credit for time served in the CCC when they joined the army to fight in the war.

Our town and area was certainly made better by both of President Roosevelt's public works programs, CCC and WPA.

Norris Caldwell







TREES - AN IRREVERENT PARODY (Apologies to J. K.)

I must confess that I can't see Why poets rave about the tree.

They call its roots "its hungry mouth" (I wish they'd try to dig 'em out).

Those "leafy arms that lift to pray," (I've cut 'em day by weary day).

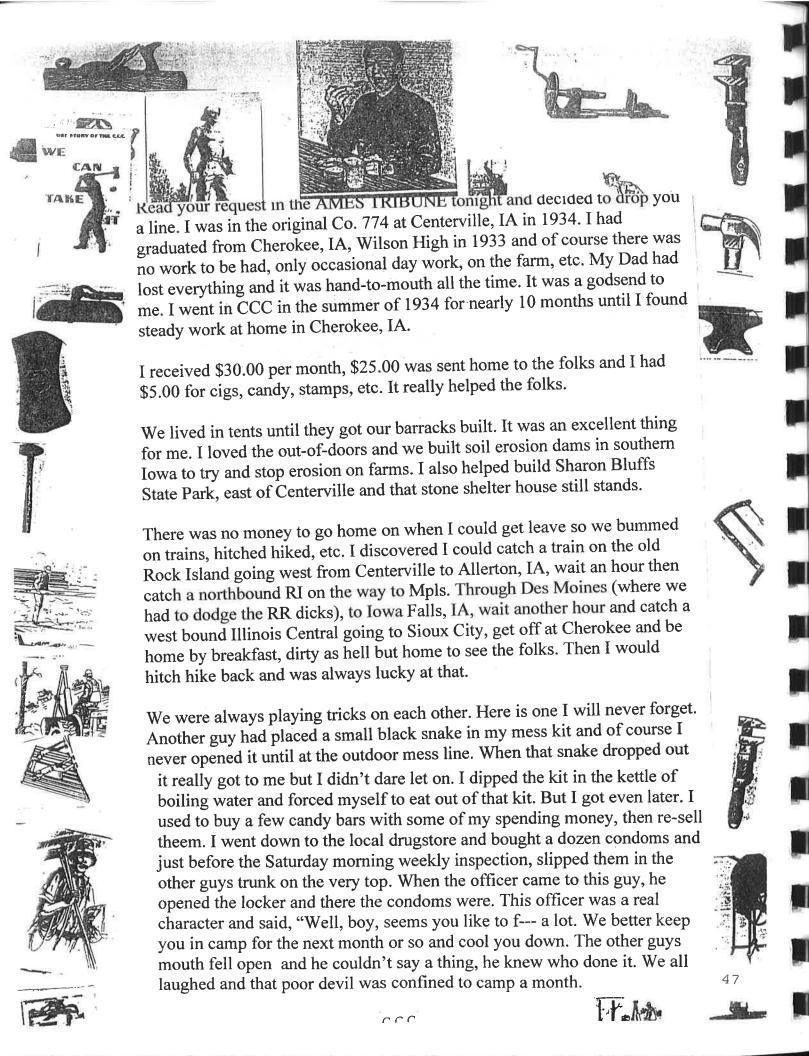
Of course, there's "nests of robins there." (But who wants robins in their hair?)

They "live with rain," but who has not, (Who sleeps upon an Army cot?).

Yes, "poems are made by fools like me," (But any nut can plant a tree).



Civilian Conservation Corps USA 2Oc

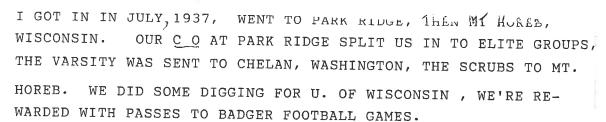




-CCCReunion







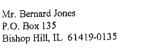
WE HAD ABOUT 1 2 0 FELLAS AT MT. HOREB, MOSTLY FROM CHICAGO. I WEIGHED 128, GOT INTO THE BOXING TOURNEY AGAINST JOHN WEIRZ-BICKI, a 155 POUND LAD WHO WAS RUNNER-UP MIDDLE-WEIGHT AT LANE TECH HIGH (PHIL CAVARETTA'S ALMA MATER). ANYWAY THE REFF GAVE ME THE DECISION AFTER THREE ROUNDS. I CLAIMED THE FEATHER LIGHTWEIGHT, WELTER WEIGHT AND MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLES CUZ NOBODY ENTERED THOSE DIVISIONS. AFTER HITCH-HIKING IN THE RAIN, I GOT PLUERISY. THE FIRST AID OFFICER SAID "AFTER TEN DAYS PLUERISY IS T.B., YOU'RE GOING TO FORT SHERIDAN." + SCRUBBED UNTIL THE MD FOUND TUBERCLE BACCILUS IN MY SPUTUM, WENT TO OTTAWA, IL. TB SAN NOR SEVERAL TERMS. LUCKY FOR ME, MY SIBLINGS SUPPORTED ME UNTIL I WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD IT WOOK SEVEN YEARS TO SHAKE TUBERCULOSIS. ANYWAY, I FINALLY GOT WEN YEARS IN AT DANA CORP. IN TOLEDO, OHIO. AFTER SURGERY ON MY ARTERIES, DR. CARDILLO PUT ME ON DISA-BILITY IN 1972. I WORKED UNTIL AGE 80, THEN GOT EMPHY-

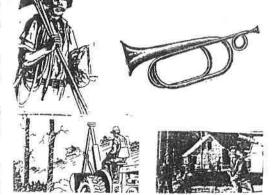
CURE FOR EMPHYSEMA. IT COULD HAPPEN. PAUL, WOMEN CAME TO MT. HOREB ON PAY-DAYS, CHARGING 50¢ FOR THE PUSSY. I WAS NOT MATURE ENOUGH FOR THAT. ALSO SCREWING IN A CROWD DID NOT SOUND LIKE A FUN THING.

I'M ON OXYGEN 24 HOURS, HOPING SOME WIZARD WILL FIND A

SORRY I DONT HAVE AN ADVENTUROUS TALE FOR YOU. I WAS ONLY IN FOR SIX MONTHS BUT I WAS GLAD TO JOIN.

Mr. Bernard Jones P.O. Box 135























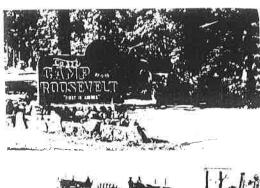






IN BREVARD, NC







I learned a lot on the outdoor work and it helped me later when I went to work for a newspaper as a salesman and writer. I am still writing some as a freelancer. Did outdoor TV programs in prime time over Iowa's largest station for 14 years in the 60s and 70s. Also had a statewide radio network and wrote outdoor stuff for the AP. I do a lot of volunteer work now in schools with kids in the out-of doors on awareness days and teaching fishing, casting and gun safety occasionally.. My legs aren't worth a damn but I do what I can and love it. The CCC did a lot for me when I really needed it. Was in the Navy in WW2 as an aerial gunner instr. My experiences in the CCC helped as I then knew something about army or navy life when I went into the Navy. In the Navy I edited two different station papers after the war ended until I got out. I am 88 now.

I've been to Alaska 7 times, working on the AK highway before going into service, later for stories and one summer as a volunteer naturalist. Talk about fishing and hunting, that's the best..

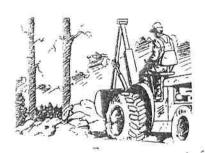
W.E. "Bill" Horine

1128 South I Ave.

Nevada, IA 50201 615-382-4150 e-mail: outdoortalk@midiowa.net.



Freelance outdoor and travel writer, fecturer and photographer Newspaper • Magazine • Radio • News and Photo Journalism Workshop



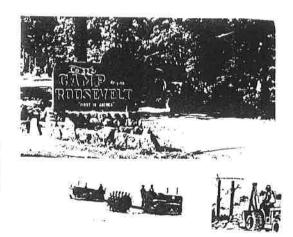




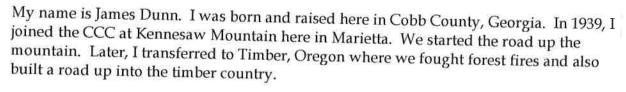












I discharged from the CCC in Timber, Oregon and came home. I couldn't find any work so I went back into the CCC at Kennesaw Mountain doing the same work as before. I then transferred to Camp Antelope, California. We had a side camp at Carson City, Nevada, which I went to. There we pulled a phone line up to Lake Tahoe.

On Sunday morning, December 7th, 1941, I was shoveling snow off a sidewalk in Carson City and we were told that Pearl Harbor was being bombed. Someone in our crew asked, "Who is she?" The next week we found out and had to go register for the draft. In March 1942, I got out of the CCC and came home. Because I had already registered for the Army, no one would hire me so I joined the Army in April 1942. I got very good experience in the CCC that helped me a lot in the Army.

While I was in the CCC, I was paid \$30.00 a month. I got to keep \$8.00 and sent \$22.00 home. When I joined the Army, the first 2 months I got \$21.00 a month and then was raised to \$50.00 a month in June.

I would like to talk with you more about my experiences in the CCC if you are interested. My telephone number is 770-428-5295.

James E. Dunn 588 Weaver Drive Marietta, GA 30066

















Subject: CCC Camps

Dear Mr. Jones;

I'm writing this letter in reference to your article in the Citizen paper of Key West. I was in the CCC camps in northern Minnesota outside of the town of Ely, MN. There were three camps in the surrounding area in the Superior National Forest. The camps were supervised by the Army. The work performed outside the camps was supervised by the Forestry Service. In the winter most of the work consisted of trimming pine trees, cutting down old dead trees, cleaning up fallen trees and cutting out low laying brush. This helped lower the risk of forest fires. The work was not difficult though the winters were very severe. The local boys were used to the weather but the southern boys had a hard time adjusting to it. We always had huge log fires where we could warm up and toast our sandwiches at lunch. We spent all day outdoors andMonday, January 12, 2004 definitely the weather in the summer was more enjoyable. Summer work consisted of planting pine tree seedlings, building new roadways and fighting forest fires. A forest fire was a dreaded thing because of the difficulty in breathing, physical exertion and the lack of water to drink. It was a terrible experience. Planting trees was easier but it meant bending over all day and your back was sore by the end of the day.

For all the work we had to do, I was thankful that I had a job and never complained because I had never had it so good. I never ate so well and it was comfortable in the barracks. I enjoyed meeting all the men from distant places. I found out that other people from all over the country were in the same position as we were, that is, poor families with no jobs, barely enough to eat and clothed in ragged clothes. Being in the CCC camps was the best thing that ever happened to me. We were paid \$1.00 a day, Every month \$22.00 dollars were sent home to the families and \$8.00 dollars belonged to us for miscellaneous items. My older brother was also in the CCC's so we had a total of \$44.00 dollars sent home to help the rest of the family. In fact, for years later my mother always reminded my younger brother and sister how their older brothers in the CCC camps had helped to keep the family going. For recreation there was a baseball diamond or you could go swimming in the lake where the camp was constructed. We had a recreation hall which had several pool tables which were in constant use. We had exhibition boxing at night and a study room with typewriters which I took advantage of to learn how to type. I later used this acquired skill to become a radio operator in the U.S. Navy. They had a room with a piano and former piano students used to play music every night, myself included. Some of the men gave recitals for those that were interested in music.

The Forestry Service always had special activities. One was a deer or animal drive. We would all line up at specific distances apart and go into the woods in designated areas. This technique was used to count the animals we flushed out of hiding. It was fun and exciting at times when a bear got confused and sometimes charged straight at you. Needless to say we broke ranks real fast and ran. Another job which we got picked to do was to set up a tent at the busy areas for deer hunting season which was for one week. We set up tents at the main roads going into popular deer areas and stopped all motorists to check for deer license tags and a brief description of the deer taken, such as approximate age, gender and weight. We stayed in the tents day and night for one week We had a small portable heater and sleeping bags since this was the middle of November with snow and cold temperatures.

One summer I was picked for a duty I was not happy about. It was fire lookout duty. I had to climb a 90 ft tower by ladder which was enclosed by braces all the way up and to stay there all day watching for smoke or fire in the forests. That was the worst assignment I got in the CCC's, fortunately it was only for one day













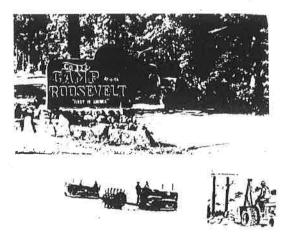




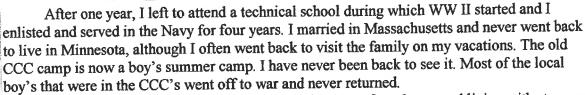












Being in the CCC's helped me adjust to being away from home and living with strangers. It taught me how to associate with other people and made it easier for me to adjust to the service when I enlisted in the Navy when the war broke out. I didn't mind being away from home for long periods of time. I also didn't mind living in close quarters on a Naval ship with the rest of the crew.

I am now 82 years old and would appreciate knowing how great a response you receive. Good luck on your documentary and I hope that my information will be of some use to you.



Joseph G. Svetin 29512 Constitution Ave. Big Pine Key, Fl. 33043



I'm convinced the CCC program saved our country.

the same boat was in was broke.



5,2











We read your letter in the Gillette, Wyoming News Record and would like to give you any information that we can that will help you in your efforts.

My husband, Earl P. Argue was a member of the CCC's. He enrolled on October 25, 1937 at Kane, Pennsylvania. He was born at Lewis Run, Pennsylvania and was 18 years of age when he went into the CCC's. He served in the following camps:

CCC Camp ANF-3 at Kane, Pennsylvania from 10/25/37 to 7/1/38

Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania from 7/1/38 to 7/9/38

CCC Camp Br-8-N at Carlsbad, New Mexico from 7/10/38 to 12/25/38.

He was discharged in New Cumberland, Pennsylvania on December 15, 1938.

In Pennsylvania he was planting trees and in New Mexico they cemented irrigation canals which are still in use today.

Earl was born into a family of 10 children. There were 7 sisters and 3 brothers. Earl's mother died when he was around 9 years of age. His father never remarried. The older girls helped to raise the younger children. While living in Wyoming we joined a CCC reunion group which met in Sheridan, Wyoming for many years. Although Earl was from Pennsylvania and had not served in Wyoming the group welcomed him and we have a lot of information from the Wyoming boys who served in Wyoming. We have a book written by Johnnie Gillen which is a pretty good history of the CCC's. At the conventions we went to the men exchanged a lot of stories of their experiences while in the CCC's. Many of the boys had lost a parent or two when they were quite young and I think that is the reason that so many went into the CCC Camps.

Earl recalls that when he joined, it was the first time that he had more than one set of clothes that were brand new. He said he often looked into his locker and marveled that he had these new clothes and shoes.

He was paid \$30.00 per month but all was sent to his father except for 4 or 5 dollars for spending money. If there is other information we can help you with let us know. We have newspaper articles on the canals in Carlsbad and pictures.

Our address is P.O. Box 512, Gillette, Wy 82717-0512

We also have an email address which is cargue@hotmail.com if you would care to contact us that way.



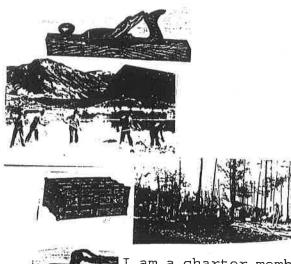
The Clown

Of all the hard things to perform Like after forty years, reform Or conquer your fears, Or in your pant-legs, keep a crease Or give the guest the biggest piece Or wiggle your ears,

The hardest thing of all to do Is to keep on laughing, joking-When you're homesick, sad, and blue.

> Enrollee George Burke Co. 997, Upper Lake, California











CAMP DOOREVELT WAS THE FIRST CAMP ESTABLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES





A PEACE TIME ARMY

I am a charter member of John Martin Steele Post 6049 of the VFW at Morris. For 50 years I served as the Judge Advocate.

In 1933 at age 18 I joined CCC Company 630 at McKinley Woods near Channahon and Morris, IL.

I served for one year. I was paid \$30.00 a month; \$25.00 went to my parents and I received \$5.00.

The military training in the Corps prepared me for military service in World War II and also trained me for adulthood and good citizenship. It taught me discipline, obedience to orders, respect for authority, and love of our country.

I thank our Government for the opportunity to serve in the Civilian Conservation Corps.



CCCReunion

AUGUST B. BLACK PHONE 815-942-0594 FAX 815-942-0849









Won't you miss it all, the smell of pine, The clean swept skies at dawn, The million stars of a summer night, The thrill to a robin's song?

Will you dream again of wooded lanes, Richly bathed in morning dew? Of fragrant bowers where tiny flowers Present themselves to view?

Won't you yearn again for the solitude, The peace of mind and heart, The quiet splendor of lofty peaks, Of their beauty set apart?

Give me time

Today Dear Lord, I'm 80, and there's much I haven't done I hope Dear Lord you'll let me live until I'm

But then, if I haven't finished all I want to do Would you let me stay awhile -Until I'm 82.

So many places I want to go So very much to see Do you think that you could manage to make it 837

The world is changing very fast There is so much in store I'd like it very much to live until I'm 84

And if by then I'm still alive
I'd like to stay 'til 85.More plans will be up in the air
So I'd really like to stick
And see what happens to the world when I'm

I know Dear Lord it's much to ask (and it must be nice in Heaven)
But I would really like to stay until I'm 87

I know by then I won't be fast and sometimes will be late
But it would be so pleasant to be around at 88
I will have seen so many things, and
had a wonderful time, so, I'm sure that I'll be

willing to leave at 89...maybe -

I'm 90 Lord, my mind is sound I'm 90 Lord, my mind is sound
I like it here - I can still walk around
My time is limited I know and someday I'll
have to gol
I'm not greedy or guided by fears
I want to see what happens in the next few

years I'm sure you've heard this plea before But my bags will be packed at 104!!











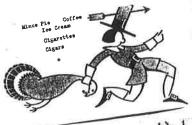






The CCC's fed us good and most of the enrollees gained thirty pounds during their enrollment.

This is a typical THANKSGIVING MEAL.





November 28, 1935.

OLIVES

CELERY

VEGETABLE SOUP

ROAST TURKEY

CRANBERRY SAUCE

APPLE SAUCE

GIBLET DRESSING

GIBLET GRAVEY

MASHED POTATOES

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

LETTUCE S (L.D

SWEET PICKLES

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

FRUIT CAKE

PUMPKIN PIE

MIXED NUTS

MIXED CANDIES

ORANGES

ICE CREAM

COFFEE AND CREAM

CIGARETTES





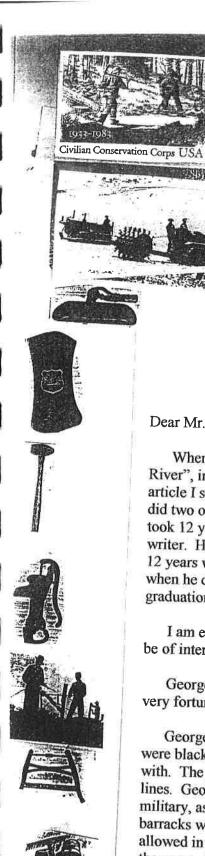




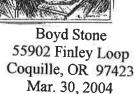














Dear Mr. Jones:

When George Morey of Gold Beach, Oregon wrote his book, "88 Years on the Rogue River", in the early 1990s, he devoted six pages to the time he worked in the CCCs. The article I sent you about how the CCC boys got rid of a bear came from those pages. So did two or three other incidents I used in one of the other two articles. For a man who took 12 years to get through the eighth grade George Morey was an exceptionally fine writer. He was 18 years old when he graduated from the eighth grade. He claimed those 12 years were the darkest years of his life. He never returned to school again until 1985 when he delivered the commencement address at the Gold Beach High School graduation.

I am enclosing copies of the first two of the six pages about the CCCs. They should be of interest to you.

George had only a few copies of his books printed for his family and friends. I feel very fortunate that I was included among his friends.

George mentions one time when an assignment of new enrollees came in 50 of them were blacks. They were from Chicago and the first blacks many of them had worked with. The jobs they were given were clearing right of ways and putting up telephone lines. George wrote the reason he mentions them was to show how segregated the military, as well as civilians, were at that time. The blacks were not allowed in the barracks with the whites, and at roll call they lined up behind the whites. They were allowed in the mess hall with the whites, but were seated at separate tables at the back of the room. Where whites had weekly trips to Grants Pass and Medford for recreation, the blacks were taken on the average once a month to the little berg of Klamath Falls as there was no room in the inn in grants Pass and Medford for minorities. It was a pretty sad situation.

I wish you luck in your search for ex-CCC boys still living. I imagine they are getting pretty scarce.

William F.Nutter
Milestone Garden Apt Well, on to my life in the CCC Camp. It was a wonderful time of my life and it also made a Apt. 14D
Williamsport, MD man out of a poor boy from Williamsport. I spent my life as a youngster fishing, swimming and

just being a kid.

I worked hard and got a promotion as leader of my barracks. I went from thirty-six dollars to forty-five dollars a month and that was a fortune back then. I had 36 men under my command in Barracks number 5. We were the road crew and built new roads back through the mountains. We also built fire trails all through the Allegheny mountains from Hancock, MD to Cumberland, Md. Which is about 25 miles of all mountains. There were 5 barracks with about a hundred and seventy CCC boys. We worked hard, long days and when the weekend came we played hard.

Enclosed you will find a picture which I have enclosed of the camp at Fort Ritchie on the mountain between Maryland and Pennsylvania. If you will notice in the picture the clothes were wool. They fed us well, as we had three meals a day and the meals were delivered to the crews where we worked. Oh yes, we were very fortunate, because our Captain was a Doctor. We had 2 Lieutenants, and a top Sargeant who kept us all in line.

I remember vividly of a young woodsman from Hancock who came in drunk one night and turned the lights on in the barracks. When the top Sargeant came out and asked his name he replied "Puddin tane, look up my a.... And you will see the same. The next morning he was sent to the office and was sent home. His name was Elmer Creek and the year was 1934.

One of the highlights of the camp (and a way to get out a lot of frustration) was a big recreation barracks were we held Boxing matches. We boxed camps from above Cumberland and from West Virginia, and Paw Paw Virginia. I fared out very well and was a very good boxer. One night I boxed a fellow from Paw Paw and only went 3 rounds. After the bout with him, I talked to him and he said after the second round he was out on his feet and did not remember the third round at all after I hit him.

At the back of the barracks was a big barrel that we urinated at night. Each barrack had a big bath house and each barracks would take turns when you came in from work each day. We could take a shower before supper. The most memorable and best time was Thanksgiving and





Christmas. We were mostly poor boys and all of that food looked very good to us.

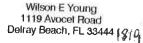
Then once a month we had a square dance and the local girls were transported out from all of the neighboring towns. This was the highlight for all of us. At one dance I met a young lady. Her name was Mary Hettenhouse. When I could get away, I would go over to her house in the evening and her mother would sit up in the next room until I left to go back to camp which was around 9:00 pm. Also, we would have every weekend off from Friday evening until Monday morning when it was time to go to work. If you were not back on Monday morning for work, you would be discharged. This was not good for many, because your families were sent your money that was depended upon. There were very few that were not back on Monday mornings. Many times I never went home the years I was in CCC Camp and we would be bussed into Cumberland and take in a movie. There was a designated time we were to be back at the big Army truck that was to take us back to camp. One evening I met a girl in Cumberland and her mother had a Restaurant and we would go to a movie and go back to the restaurant and eat. One night I missed the truck and had to walk to the top of the mountain in Cumberland to thumb a ride back to the road to Little Orleans. I had to walk 4 miles to camp (I never missed the camp truck again).

After that William F. Nutter was made boss of the barracks No. 5 Building Crew. I was given this position after Elmer Creek was discharged. Boy, was I proud. I went from thirty-six dollars to forty-five dollars. That meant I got fifteen dollars more for myself to spend.

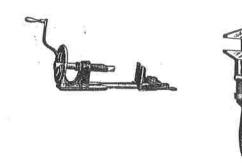
One year after I was made leader in charge of the road gang we were coming into camp from work All of the guys were wound up and excited after a hard days work. It was a Friday evening and all of us wanted to go to town. The guys in the back of the stake truck were hollering at the driver to go faster, step on it they were saying. One guy beside me grabbed my leg and held my foot on the gas pedal. The truck swayed coming around a curve and the foreman riding in the No. 2 truck following us turned the driver in for reckless driving. The driver told the Captain I was the one who put my foot on the gas and I was called in for a hearing and was put back to thirty dollars a month. They moved the camp and I came back to my home in Williamsport.



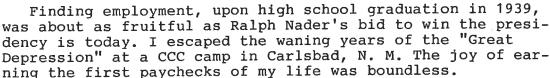












The work we were doing constructing irrigation canals to bring water to the drought ridden farmers of the southwest filled me with pride. Proud that I was contributing to my own well-being but also to my unemployed parents at home. We were earning \$30 a month and \$22 of it was mailed to my mother and dad regularly. By using our PX books the \$8 I had left was more than enough to satisfy the necessities not provided by Uncle Sam. \$30 in those days would be the equivalent of over \$200 'today.

There is always a bit of bitterness mixed with the sweet. The only transportation available was by convoy to town on week-end s. But with no automobiles the chances of fulfilling dates with any of the girls in town were null and void. There were no car rental agencies in Carlsbad in 1939.

Our main form of relaxation was in the staging of athletic contests one company against another. Of course not all of the men were competent athletes so quite often the contests became a comedy of errors.

Our service introduced us to barracks life, reveille and retreat, chow halls, mail call, mess kits and barracks bags. We were supervised by commissioned officers who conducted barracks inspections, KP and latrine assignments.

After tenure in the CCC, and my induction into military life, basic training became a walk in the park. Of course combat duty was a horse of another color...

It's interesting that you have contacted me concerning my service in the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCCs). You are the first one to ever get in touch with me on this subject. In response to your request I'm sending the attachments.

I'm firmly convinced, the two most fundamental things I got from my service there were confidence and self reliance in which to make better personal decisions. Of course it was relevant to have an opportunity to hold a real paying job: Further, the discipline of working and getting along with others, and the responsibility of learning how to work safely has paid off as well: We were called "CCC Boys" in those days.

In today's time in a different way, plenty of opportunities exist for those whom are willing to hustle and apply themselves. Back in my time there was no guarantee of anything, for that matter it's foolhardy for any normal person to seek guarantees even today.



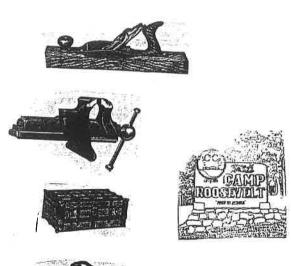
Gene Hanks 2011 Neely Ave. Midland, TX 79705





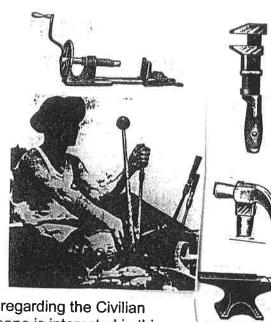








CCC CAMP IN ILLINOIS



I am responding to your letter in the Rutland Herald regarding the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). I am pleased that someone is interested in this chapter in our nation's history. These men played a key role in preserving our forests, building new roads, and constructing dams to prevent flooding.

I was in the CCC for seven months from April to October of 1935. At that time the US was in the midst of the Great Depression and jobs were scarce. Fortunately the CCC enabled me to earn a wage to help support my family. We were paid on a monthly basis.

I spent the majority of my time at the CCC camp in Peru, Vermont working on a dam at the Hapgood Pond Recreation area. We also built roads that went into Danby, Vermont.

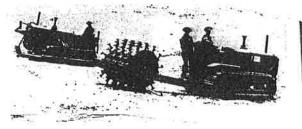
I recall one incident during my time in Peru. One night a group of us went into the town of Manchester, which was about 10 miles west of our location. We visited one of the local drinking establishments and a much older man from St. Johnsbury started harassing me. We started fighting and he overpowered me. Luckily I escaped with minimal injuries, but the experience discouraged me from re-enlist with the CCC. There was much prejudice and being of Italian descent I was an easy target.

The experience with the CCC provided me with the physical training and discipline that was required in the service. I was activated with the Vermont Army National Guard and served as a medic in Europe. I also was a Prisoner of War for three and one half months during the later part of World War 2.

I hope this information is helpful. Enclosed are some additional handouts on the CCC you might find useful.

Sincerely,

Larry Bolgioni 78 Pine Street Rutland, Vermont 05701















C C C Reunion





Eugene H. Hanks Sr.: 2011 Neely Ave., Midland, TX 79705 (915) 686-8152:

REF: Comments On CCCs

I served one year in the CCCs, as from November 1940 to November 1941: I went in just as I'd turned age seventeen, and had dropped out of high school to join the Corps. That move was a milestone in my life. First of all, having grown up on a farm, I'd never had a paying job up to that time. Second, my primary motive was to leave the farm because my future seemed destined to be a hopeless case. I feared that time would run out and I would miss a chance to get a job paying real money and a chance to learn something different on my own. The depression years had indeed rendered bleak prospects for jobs. A number of boys my age hadn't held any sort of job either.

The CCCs basic pay scale was \$30 per month of which the recipient got \$8, approximately, \$16 was sent to the parents home and the remainder was kept in escrow and paid to the recipient when he was discharged from the Corps. There were other promotional prospects involved that earned extra money, but I don't recall what it amounted to since I never reached that level. Clothing, messing and medical was furnished. Additionally, there was a time limit of two years that one could serve in the CCCs.

The Corps was enacted by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933, for the express purpose of providing work for young people, and assisting families on hard times. There was another purpose as well, to provide and train job skills to young people: such as carpentry and masonry, construction and road building, heavy equipment operation, truck driving and mechanics, black smithy, conservation of land and forests, telephony, safety and first aid, cooking, etc. Some of the things built by the CCC boys remain standing, reflecting the benefits that resulted from this worthy program.

In my case, I was born and raised on a farm in the Ozarks near the town of Calico Rock, Arkansas. I enlisted at Camp Sage, Company 5711, located at Stella, Arkansas--consisting of a post office, country store, church and country school-- near the town of Melbourne, Arkansas which is geographically approximately in North Central Arkansas.

Camp Sage, built in 1937/38 and situated on a hill with a nice view in a rural area, had an estimated complement of about 175/200 people at its peak. The enlistees lived in military style barracks, with common messing and bathhouse facilities. Recreation and commissary facilities were provided, too. Included were a large motor pool, warehousing, and repair shops. Camp administrative responsibilities were carried out by military personnel. Functional work activities were under the supervision of civil service personnel from the U.S. Forestry Service. Included, adjacent to the camp was a fire-watch tower.





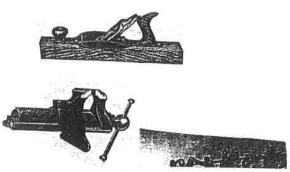
















Specifically, at Camp Sage work activities were connected with forest husbandry and soil conservation. It involved: building roads in the forests, erecting telephone lines, building a side camp, drainage control, and containment of forest fires. Lookout towers were built for the purpose of sighting and locating such fires; it did seem to me that the fires all occurred at night? Subsequently, some of these roads have been converted to county roads.

There's something important for me to say about the pay: The first payday I received eight one dollar bills with great anticipation and joy. I had never had that much money given to me at one time by hand in my life, and I had earned it all by myself: it was all mine.

Specifically, my time at Camp Sage was well spent in varied activities and productive. Initially I was assigned to a field crew building roads and doing road maintenance. I worked a short time in the mess hall to determine if I had any interest in attending a cooking school: My interests lie elsewhere. Next, I learned how to drive a truck, and took a course on automotive mechanics, and was certified in first aid. I well recall how thrilled I was when I first got a chance to drive a Cat. These activities were a rare opportunity afforded to a seventeen year old lad and not available elsewhere. I consider that was the beginning for me to set and advance toward life's more lofty goals destined to serve me well.

During the last half of 1941, activity at Camp Sage started dwindling: the side camp was shut down, enlistments were declining, and people were leaving for better opportunities. By November Camp Sage was disbanded. I was offered a transfer to a camp in Idaho, but I declined. All triple "C", or "Cs" camps (as they were nicknamed in those days) were gone by mid year, 1942.

Soon after service in the "Cs" I joined the U.S. Marine Corps on December 27, 1941 after the out break of WWII. I served there for four years. Most of that time was in motor transport driving a truck.

Following military service, I attended college on the GI Bill and earned a BS degree in mechanical engineering. After that I joined Exxon Corp as a petroleum engineer. Forthwith, achieving goals far beyond that I ever thought I would.

At present I'm living in Midland, Texas as a retiree, and feeling fortunate that life has afforded me an opportunity to do well: in short destiny has dealt me a good hand and I took full advantage of it. All of which I attribute to an initial learning experience that in my mind's eye can be traced back to that one year spent in the Civilian Conservation Corps: It was the fulcrum point in my life. I will forever remember it and cherish, as well, the top notch discipline inculcated in me by the CCCs and the Marine Corps.

Eugene H. Hanks Sr. February 23, 2004











My Father dictated some CCC recollections, which we hope can assist in your upcoming book – if you should need additional information and or a photo of my Father please let me know and I will try to help-Donna Jones 2214 Keystone, North Riverside, IL.



Mr. William Jones 3933 Oak Park Ave Berwyn IL 60402-4169

I joined the CCC camp in Vienna, Illinois July 1940 and was later sent to Paris Illinois. I earned \$30.00 a month \$25 of which went to help my Mother who was a widow with 10 children to raise in Cypress, Illinois.

At that time believe it or not the Army itself was only paying \$21.00 a month.. so we were very grateful for this money- I had been working for farmers earning 50 cents a day.

At the CCC camp in Paris, Illinois we built concrete overflows for farmer's ponds and Dams but because it was so far from home I stayed only three months.

From Paris I transferred to a camp by Giant City State Park which was south of Carbondale, Illinois.

While there I helped build the pump house out of rock we cut and hauled from Anna, Illinois. Bridges, walkways and water lines which were all installed at Giant City State Park.



Also at Giant City we worked time and a half (allowed to go home) for putting out forest fires- which happened a lot. At Crab Orchard a fire was so severe the trucks were on fire and tires were literally melted – we pitched in and drove them all out and received time and a half – no pay but time off to go home.



We had some good times participating in recreation trips to Anna and Murphysboro Attending shows and having a good time together.

We earned these passes and if one did not finish their duties they received extra duty and also could end up in Brig just like the Army – up to and including a dishonorable discharge.









Worst experience at the camps was in Paris Illinois – we have Bed Bugs..and we had a boy fall off one the major rocks "devil's standtable" jumping from one rock to the other at Giant City State park. It broke almost all his bones but he lived.

We were housed in regular Army barracks with regular Army cots and blankets that were real nice except the bed bug experience.

We were fed basic G I rations such as Spam, dried beef and regular items. We wore uniforms that were similar to Army rigs except we wore black ties.

While at the camps we received Army medical needs – I fortunately never needed any help but it would have been provided.

I did keep in touch with Vernon Johnson of Metropolis but he has since passed away.

While at the camps we had to take First aid trainingwhich was a 6 month course – if you failed you were required to take another 6 months of first Aid until you passed.

The were also numerous subjects one could take. I chose Electrical Wiring, Carpentry, Radio, and Reading.

I had a total of 3 months at the Paris camp and 9 months at Maconda, IL (Giant City) was out a year working at a hatchery before entering the Army WWII.

The strict military type training made it a lot easier to adjust when drafted into the Army (WWII).

I found that I utilized my CCC training a lot later in life – I added and upgraded electrical outlets in all my homes and my daughters homes – and was also able to utilize by carpentry capabilities not only at home but also on several of my jobs.

Now that I have retired I discovered I enjoyed making "log cabin" type bird houses And several other unique designs that became so popular I have literally made several hundred – along with bird and school feeders and houses – without the carpentry knowledge and skills I would not have known to enjoy this time of my life.









CCC CAMP IN ILLINOIS

I served with the 24th Infantry Division of the U.S. Army for 38 months 34 of which I Served in the Pacific – I traveled to Hawaii (was there on my 21st Birthday before shipping out to Australia for special training) in Australia for 6 months.

We went next to New Guinia, Leyte Island in the Phillipines where over 120,000 people were killed and later they found another 20,000 Japanese in the mountains – it took over 90 days to clear this area or 160 miles inland.

Then we were assigned to Mendora in the Phillipines we took the island even though the Navy and Air Force had left us to go back 400 miles to Leyte – but we were successful in Defeating the Japanese.

I then went to Menoisle, crossing the mountains over 170 miles of roads we built we we to build as we went along – Japanese were facing the bay with guns points – we went from back to back to wipe out – we were the last to stay in combat even after the war as These Japanese had lost contact and did not realize the war was over – we fought an additional 2 weeks and then ended up in Japan – 100 miles inland 10 miles from where the A Bomb was dropped, then finally home on Dec 5th 1945.

I would certainly do it all over again and wish that a lot of our present day young folks could also have this opportunity.

WE were very thankful for President Roosevelt developing this program along with Social Security.

If you should need any additional information – please feel free to call me at 708 788 4140 –

BILL JONES 3933 OAK PARK AVE. BERWYN, IL 60402-4169











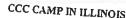


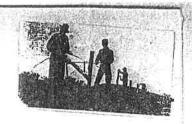
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PAPER ABOUT VETERANS OF THE ECC.

1 SERVED TWO YEARS, 8-28-35 TO 8-31-37, IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK, IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA NEAR BRYSON GITY AND SMOKEMONT (NO LONGER EXISTS) AND HOTAGENT TO THE CHEROKEE INDIAN RESERVATION-

MY ARTHRITIC HANDS DONOT ALLOW ME TO WRITE LEGIBLY SO / WILL PRINT A FEW LINES. CCC WAS A GOOD EXPERIENCE AND I PROFITED FROM IT; RETEL DISCARGE RETURNED HOME AND ENTERED COLLEGE HERE IN THIS AREA.

FORGIVE MY PRINTING AND YELLOW TABLET; THIS



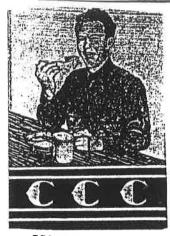
CHARLES H. SANDERS POBOX 43 ELLISVILLE, MS 39437 (601) 477-8780

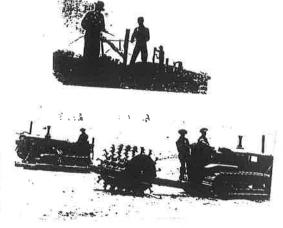












CCC CAMP IN ILLINOIS

Tjoined the CCC in 1933 at the age of 16 years. I was the youngest of 4 children of a divorced mother who took in wash and cleaned to feed her children.

I was sent to Snowmass in March of 1933. Our project was to build a dirt path to Snowmass Lake. To build the path we used hand labor with axes and saws. We had a team of horses that pulled off the rocks and the big rocks were dynamited. The horses also were used to pull out tree roots. The trail was 9 miles long.

There were 28 of us Colorado boys. We slept 6 men to a tent. We used kerosene lamps for lights and outdoor toilets which had no protection. The toilets consisted of two tree limbs about a foot apart and we covered our waste with dirt. We bathed in the creek. The food was great.

As we built the trail, we had to walk 4 miles up the trail and 4 miles back to camp. Finally we had to move the camp where we built a toilet and a garbage disposal. The further we built the trail, the farther we would have to walk each day. We finished the trail in October. Thirty years after we finished the trail, my wife and I took all five of our children to the trail and it was in great shape and many people were using it.

On Saturday nights an uncovered truck would drive into Glenwood or Aspen and we boys could hitch a ride and go with the truck. Because of limited money, we just walked around Aspen or Glenwood. At that time, 60% of the houses in Aspen were vacant because of the silver bust. You could have purchased a house for a minimal amount. Boy, I wish I'd had the foresight to do that. Once we returned at night from town we then had to walk back up the trail for 4 miles to get to our camp. Because of this, I didn't go to town too much.

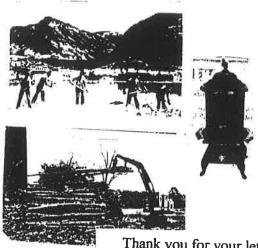
Most of our entertainment consisted of playing cards. I was paid \$30 a month and was allowed to keep \$5. I sent the other \$25 a month home to my mother. My mother could have sorely used the money and that is what the government intended for her to do, but unbeknownst to me, she saved all the money sent to her and gave it to me when I returned. I think I bought a car with it.

I remember a forest fire in the mountains. We boys had to climb the hills with 5 gallon water buckets on our back. It last/2 days and was very hard work.

I was then sent to Scottsdale, Arizona to build a dirt road. I signed up for another 6 months. I was so homesick I refused to work and wanted to go home. I finally left and came home.











Thank you for your letter of enlightment. I will try my best to give you some details of my life and some experiences at the CCC Camp. It was a wonderful time of my life and it also made a man out of a poor boy from Williamsport. I spent my life as a youngster fishing, swimming and just being a kid.

I worked hard and got a promotion as leader of my barracks. I went from thirty-six dollars to forty-five dollars a month and that was a fortune back then. I had 36 men under my command in Barracks number 5. We were the road crew and built new roads back through the mountains. We also built fire trails all through the Allegheny mountains from Hancock, MD to Cumberland, Md. Which is about 25 miles of all mountains. There were 5 barracks with about a hundred and seventy CCC boys. We worked hard, long days and when the weekend came we played hard.

Enclosed you will find a picture which I have enclosed of the camp at Fort Ritchie on the mountain between Maryland and Pennsylvania. If you will notice in the picture the clothes were wool. They fed us well, as we had three meals a day and the meals were delivered to the crews where we worked. Oh yes, we were very fortunate, because our Captain was a Doctor. We had 2 Lieutenants, and a top Sargeant who kept us all in line.

I remember vividly of a young woodsman from Hancock who came in drunk one night and turned the lights on in the barracks. When the top Sargeant came out and asked his name he replied "Puddin tane, look up my a.... And you will see the same. The next morning he was sent to the office and was sent home. His name was Elmer Creek and the year was 1934.

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One of the highlights of the camp (and a way to get out a lot of frustration) was a big recreation barracks were we held Boxing matches. We boxed camps from above Cumberland and from West Virginia, and Paw Paw Virginia. I fared out very well and was a very good boxer. One night I boxed a fellow from Paw Paw and only went 3 rounds. After the bout with him, I talked to him and he said after the second round he was out on his feet and did not remember the third round at all after I hit him.

At the back of the barracks was a big barrel that we urinated at night. Each barrack had a big bath house and each barracks would take turns when you came in from work each day. We could take a shower before supper. The most memorable and best time was Thanksgiving and Christmas. We were mostly poor boys and all of that food looked very good to us.

Then once a month we had a square dance and the local girls were transported out from all of the neighboring towns. This was the highlight for all of us. At one dance I met a young lady. Her name was Mary Hettenhouse. When I could get away, I would go over to her house in the evening and her mother would sit up in the next room until I left to go back to camp which was around 9:00 pm. Also, we would have every weekend off from Friday evening until Monday morning when it was time to go to work. If you were not back on Monday morning for work, you would be discharged. This was not good for many, because your families were sent your money that was depended upon. There were very few that were not back on Monday mornings. Many times I never went home the years I was in CCC Camp and we would be bussed into Cumberland and take in a movie. There was a designated time we were to be back at the big









mother had a Restaurant and we would go to a movie and go back to the restaurant and eat. One night I missed the truck and had to walk to the top of the mountain in Cumberland to thumb a ride back to the road to Little Orleans. I had to walk 4 miles to camp (I never missed the camp truck again).

After that William F. Nutter was made boss of the barracks No. 5 Building Crew. I was given is position after Elmer Creek was discharged. Boy, was I proud. I went from thirty-six dollars to forty-five dollars. That meant I got fifteen dollars more for myself to spend.

One year after I was made leader in charge of the road gang we were coming into camp from work All of the guys were wound up and excited after a hard days work. It was a Friday evening and all of us wanted to go to town. The guys in the back of the stake truck were hollering at the driver to go faster, step on it they were saying. One guy beside me grabbed my leg and held my foot on the gas pedal. The truck swayed coming around a curve and the foreman riding in the No. 2 truck following us turned the driver in for reckless driving. The driver told the Captain I was the one who put my foot on the gas and I was called in for a hearing and was put back to thirty dollars a month. They moved the camp and I came back to my home in Williamsport.



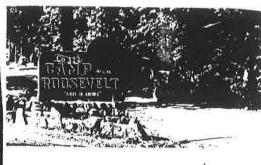
William F.Nutter Milestone Garden Apts. Apt. 14D Williamsport, MD 21795





TAKE



























TODAY I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM A LIFE-LONG FRIEND WHO LIVES AT BLYTHEVILLE, ARKANSAS, WITH A COPY OF YOUR "LETTER TO THE EDITOR." SUBMITTED TO THE BLYTHEVILLE COURIER NEWS, AND PUBLISHED JAN. 4, 2004, SEEKING INFORMATION ABOUT THE CCC. I SPENT TWO YEARS IN THE CCC AND MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU A LITTLE.

I'M 82 YEARS OLD; I'VE LIVED IN TERRE HAUTE FOR THE PAST 50 YEARS AND AM RETIRED FROM THE POSTAL SERVICE. BUT I GREW UP IN BLYTHEVILLE ARKANSAS. SOME OF MY FONDEST MEMORIES ARE ASSOCIATED WITH THOSE EARLY DAYS IN BLYTHEVILLE. I HAD THREE YOUNGER BROTHERS; ALL OF THEM GRADUATED FROM BLYTHEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, BUT MOVED AWAY WHEN THEY BECAME ADULTS. TWO MADE THEIR HOMES IN MICHIGAN, AND ONE IN TEXAS. BLYTHEVILLE WAS A QUIET AND WONDERFUL TOWN, BUT IT OFFERED VERY FEW JOB OPPORTUNITIES TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

IN DECEMBER OF 1939, WHEN I WAS OUT OF SCHOOL AND OUT OF A JOB, I MET A FORMER CLASSMATE WHO TOLD ME HE WAS JOINING THE CCC. AT THAT TIME I'D NEVER HEARD OF THE CCC. HE EXPLAINED TO ME THAT IT WAS A KIND OF COMBINATION WORK, VOCATIONAL TRAINING ORGANITATION AND RUN ON A MILITARY ORDER. IT PAID THIRTY DOLLARS A MONTH, MOST OF WHICH WAS SENT TO THE ENROLEE'S PARENTS. I DECIDED TO JOIN UP WITH MY FRIEND.

ON A VERY COLD MORNING DECEMBER 8, 1939, WE MET AT THE CITY HALL. A MAN FROM THE WELLFARE OFFICE WAS TO DRIVE US TO A TOWN CALLED SAINT CHARLES, ARKANSAS. SAINT CHARLES WAS A VERY SMALL TOWN AT THE BACK SIDE OF NOWHERE. WE SOON GOT UNDER WAY. THE DRIVER WAS PERHAPS IN HIS LATE FORTIES. HE WAS THIN AND FRAIL AND SEEMED UNABLE TO GET ENOUGH HEAT INTO HIS BONES. HE KEPT THE CAR HEATER GOING AT FULL BLAST.

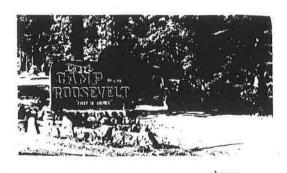












SAINT CHARLES WAS ABOUT THREE HUNDRED MILES FROM BLYTHEVILLE,
AND TOOK ABOUT SEVEN HOURS TO MAKE THE TRIP. WE TOOK HIGHWAY
61 SOUTH TO WEST MEMPHIS. ON THE WAY WE PICKED UP TWO BOYS,
EACH ONE ABOUT 18. ONE BOY WAS NAMED ROBERT STEWART AND THE
OTHER ONE ERNEST BUTLER. HOLLIS WEEDED, MY FRIEND, AND THE OTHER
TWO BOYS SAT IN THE BACK SEAT; I SAT IN FRONT WITH THE DRIVER.

AT WEST MEMPHIS WE TURNED WEST TOWARD LITTLE ROCK. AFTER ABOUT A HQNDRED MILES WE TURNED SOUTH AGAIN. WE CAME TO A TOWN CALLED STUTTGART, NOTED FOR ITS VAST RICE FIELDS. NOW WE TURNED IN A SOUTHEAST DIRECTION. I NOTICED THAT THE COUNTRY WAS CHANGING, BECOMING MORE PRIMITIVE AND WILD. ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ROAD WAS BLACK SWAMP WATER, WITH GIANT BLAD CYPRESSES, TOWERING TO MORE THAN A HUNDRED FEET TALL. THEY WERE DEAD NOW, WITH THEIR NEEDLE-LIKE FOLIAGE A BRIGHT BROWN. IT WAS 30 MILES FROM STUTTART TO A MUCH SMALLER TOWN CALLED DEWITT. THIS TOWN WAS A SQUARE CIRCLE, SURROUNDING AN ANCIENT COURTHOUSE. THIS TOWN WOULD PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN OUR LIVES FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS.

THE COUNTRY WAS AS FLAT AS THE TOP OF A POOL TABLE, FARM COUNTRY, WITH FEW HOUSES OR OTHER BUILDINGS. WE SEEMED TO BE RETREATING FROM THE MODERN WORLD INTO AN ERA THAT TIME HAD FORGOT.

SAINT CHARLES IS TEN MILES FROM DEWITT. THE ENTIRE TOWN WAS ONE BLOCK LONG. IT HAD ONE GENERAL STORE, WITH THE POST OFFICE IN THE CORNER OF IT, A BARBER SHOP, AND AN OLD WOODEN SCHOOLHOUSE. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BLOCK STOOD A TEN FOOT, MARBLE COLUMN, COMMERORATING A CIVIL WAR BATTLE BETWEEN FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS. ON THE SOUTH AND EAST SIDES WERE THE NAMES OF THE CONFEDERATES WHO DIED IN THE BATTLE, AND ON THE WEST AND NORTH SIDES THE FEDERALS. THE TOWN (IF YOU COULD CALL IT THAT) SAT ON THE WEST BANK OF THE WHITE RIVER, ONE OF THE MAJOR RIVERS IN THE STATE OF ARKANSAS. THE CCC CAPM WAS TWO MILES SOUTH OF SAINT CHARLES.















IT WAS SNOWING WHEN WE ARRIVED AT CAMP. THE WIND WAS BLOWING HARD AND THE COLD WAS DROPPING BY THE MOMENT. I FELT SORROY FOR THE MAN WHO HAD BROUGHT US FROM BLYTHEVILLE. HE HAD A LONG, HARD DRIVE BACK HOME, WITH A BLIZZARD COMING IN. HE LEFT US WITHOUT EVEN SAYING GOODBY.

WE WERE MET AT COMPANY HEADQUARTERS BY A MAN NAMED ROLAND SUGGET. HE WAS KNOWN AS THE "TOP KICK" IN THE CCC. HE ESCORTED US FIRST TO THE MESS HALL, WHERE WE HAD A DELICIOUS, HOT MEAL WAITING FOR US. THEN WE WERE TAKEN TO BARRACK NINE, THE LARGEST AND NESEST BARRACK IN THE COMPANY. WE WERE ASSIGNED INDIVIDUAL BUNKS, AND OUR NAMES WERE PRINTED ON A CARD AT THE FOOT OF THE BUNK. THE TOP KICK READ OFF A SET OF RULES WE WERE EXPECTED TO ABIDE BY. THEN HE WENT AWAY AND LEFT US ALONE.

ONLY FIVE MEN WERE IN MY GROUP, BUT THERE WERE MANY OTHER GROUPS FROM VARIOUS OTHER TOWNS IN ARKANSAS. WE WERE ALL STRANGERS TO ONE ANOTHER. THERE WAS A SILENT APPREHENSION AMONG THE MEN; WE WERE FEELING OUR WAY ALONG A ROAD WE HAD NEVER TRAVELED BEFORE.

HOLLIS WEEDEN AND I TOOK BUNKS NEXT TO EACH OTHER. I LOOKED OVER THE MEN CAREFULLY, READING SOMETHING IN THE LIFE OF EACH ONE.

MANY OF THEM WERE POORLY DRESSED, WITH TORN AND THREADBARE COATS,
AND SHOES FALLING APART. THERE WERE NO RICH BOYS IN THE CCC. WE
ALL CAME FROM VERY POOR FAMILIES.

A FEW HOURS LATER THE MEN WHO OCCUPIED THE BARRACK CAME POURING IN FROM WORK. MOST OF THEM WERE FRIENDLY AND ASKED US WHAT TOWN WE HAD COME FROM. I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND A FEW WERE FROM BLYTHE-VILLE.

THE NEXT DAY WAS A BUSY DAY FOR US. WE WENT TO THE CAMP HOSPITAL, WHERE OLD DOC WASSELL EXAMINED US FROM HEAD TO TOENAILS. WE WERE STUCK WITH SO MANY NEEDLES WE FELT LIKE A PINCUSSION. THEN WE WENT TO THE SUPPLY DEPOT AND WAS OUTFITTED WITH CLOTHES.











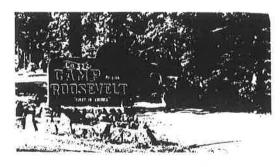












MANY OF US HAD NEVER OWNED MORE THAN A COUPLE PAIRS OF PANTS AND SHIRTS. IT WAS TOUCHING TO SEE THE PRIDE AND JOY OF THE FACES OF SOME AS WE RECEIVED OUR G.I. ISSUE. TWO SETS OF O.D.'S, (REFERRING TO THE GRAYISH OLIVE COLOR OF THE WOOLEN FABRIC); TWO PAIRS OF BLUE DENIM WORK CLOTHES, PANTS AND "JUMPER"; TWO PAIRS OF COARSE, COMBAT-TYPE SHOES; A HEAVY BLUE MACKINAW FOR DRESS AND ALL PURPOSES; AND EVEN A RAIN COAT AND HAT. MOST OF US HAD NEVER OWNED THIS MANY CLOTHES IN OUR LIVES. WE FILLED OUR WALL CLOSETS AND OUR FOOT LOCKERS.

FINALLY IT CAME TIME TO CHOOSE THE JOBS WE WANTED TO BE SENT OUT ON. MOST OF US WERE GIVEN OUR PREFERENCE. MY FRIEND HOLLIS CHOSE CARPENTRY, THE BUILDING CREW, WORKING ON A BRIDGE. BUT I TOOK THE SAW MILL. THERE WERE MANY DIFFERENT JOBS TO CHOOSE FROM. HUGE TREES WERE FELL IN THE FOREST, TRIMMED OF THEIR LIMBS, CUT INTO LOGS AND HAULED TO THE SAWMILL AND MADE INTO LUMBER. TELEPHONE POLES WERE ALSO CUT AND BROUGHT IN TO BE COATED AND PRESERVED IN A BOILING VAT OF CREOSOTE.

WE CUT ROADS AND BUILT BRIDGES AND DUG DRAINAGE CANALS. WE CREATED PARKS AND ERECTED RECREATIONAL BUILDINGS AND CLEARED CHOKED STREAMS FOR NAVIGATION. BUT OUR PRIMARY WORK AND PURPOSE WAS CARING FOR A TEN-THOUSAND ACRE WILD GAME RESERVE. STUTTGART, ARKANSAS IS KNOWN ALL OVER THE U.S. AS A HUNTERS' PARADISE. IN THE FALL OF THE YEAR HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF CANADA GEESE POUR INTO THE COUNTRY ON THEIR MIGATORY ROUTE FROM JAMES BAY IN CANADA TO THEIR WINTER HABITAT IN THE BAYOU COUNTRY OF LOUISIANA, ALONG THE GULF OF MEXICO. THEY STOP OVER IN ARKANSAS COUNTY TO GLEAN THE RICE FIELDS OF LEFT-OVER GRAIN, AND TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE BIG WHITE RIVER GAME RESERVE. THE CCC BOYS PLANTED WILD RICE AND NUMEROUS OTHERS PLANTS AND GRAINS FOR THE GEESE.



MY FIRST DAY AT THE SAWMILL ENDED IN A REAL TRAGEDY. I WAS





WE





WHEN A CALL WENT OUT FOR VOLUNTEERS TO WORK ON THE CREOSOTE VAT, MY HAND WAS THE ONLY ONE THAT WENT UP. SOMETHING TOLD ME IMMEDIATEL THAT I HAD TAKEN ON A TASK THAT NOBODY ELSE WANTED. AND I SOON LEARNED A BITTER LESSON ABOUT VOLUNTEERING FOR JOBS.

THE BIG METAL VAT WAS PREHAPS A HUNDRED FEET LONG. A SERIES OF FIRES KEPT THE BLACK LIQUID BOILING. A WHITE STEAM WAS RISING FROM THE SERFACE. A GREEN, FRESHLY PEELED TELEPHONE POLE WAS SWUNG AROUNG BY A BOOM AND SLOWLY SURMERGED IN THE BOILING LIQUID. MY JOB WAS TO KEEP TURNING THE POLE WITH A LONG-HANDLED PEAVEY (SOMETIMES CALLED A CAND DOG) SO THE HOT LIQUID WOULD BE EVENLY ABSORBED INTO THE WOOD. I PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE WHITE STEAM RISING FROM THE VAT.

BY QUITTING TIME MY FACE AND HANDS HAD BEGUN TO ICH AND BURN. ON THE WAY TO CAMP THE BURNING SENSATION INCREASED, AND WHEN WE REACHED CAMP I WAS IN DOUBLE-AGONY. I WENT STRAIGHT TO THE CAMP HOSPITAL.

OLD DOC WASSELL EXAMINED ME AND BLEW HIS TOP. "WHO IN THE H--L ALLOWED YOU TO WORK AT A CREOSOTE VAT WITHOUT SPECIAL PROTECTION?" HE SHOUTED. THEN HE SENT A RUNNER TO BRING IN MR.AXE, OUR BOSS. MR. AXE WAS VERY APOLOGETIC. I SAVED HIM BY SAYING THAT MR. AXE WAS NOT RESPONSIBLE; I HAD VOLUNTEERED FOR THE JOB.

I SPENT A WEEK IN THE HOSPITAL AND MR. AXE CAME TO SEE ME EVERY DAY. HE EVEN BROUGHT ME GUN AND CANDY FROM THE CANTEEN. ALL THE SKIN PEELED OFF MY HANDS AND FACE. WHEN I WAS READY TO RETURN TO WORK, MR. AXE SAID TO ME, "YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK TO THE MILL. I'VE TALKED IT OVER WITH COMMANDER BUSHY AND YOU'RE GETTING A NEW JOB. YOU'LL BE WORKING IN CAMP AS A "UTILITY" MAN, WORKING WITH A MAN NAMED DAVE KING.

DAVE KING TURNED OUT TO BE ONE OF THE NICEST YOUNG MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN. WE GOT ALONG WELL TOGETHER AND WORKED IN PERFECT HARMONY. HE WAS A 36 DOLLAR A MONTH.































AN ASSISTANT LEADER. HE WORE THREE YELLOW STRIPES OR CHEVRONS ON HIS ARM. DAVE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MY BOSS, BUT HE NEVER GAVE ME AN ORDER. WE WORKED TOGETHER AS TWO FRIENDS, DOING A JOB.

DAVE HAD HIS OWN PRIVATE ROOM AS A PART OF THE LIBRARY. HE HAD ACCESS TO MANY PRIVILEDGES THAT THE COMMON BARRACK ENROLEE DIDN'T HAVE. HE KEPT HIS ROOM IMMACULATE AND HIS SHOES WERE ALWAYS SHINED. I ADMIRED THE MAN IN MANY WAYS. HIS HOME TOWN WAS PINE BLUFF, AND HE WAS OF THE VERY FEW WHO HAD A HIGH-SCHOOL DIPLOMA. HE HAD PLAYED ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

BUT DAVE HAD A SEVERE HEARING PROBLEM; HE WAS PARTIALLY DEAF.
HE TRIED TO HIDE THIS HANDICAP AS LONG AS POSSIBLE, BUT THE
DOCTOR FINALLY LEARNED ABOUT IT. DAVE WAS CALLED IN FOR A
THOROUGH EXAMINATION. THEN IT WAS DECIDED THAT HE SHOULD GO
TO THE ARMY AND NAVY HOSPITAL AT LITTLE ROCK. THAT WAS THE LAST
I EVER SAW OF DAVE KING. HE WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL
AND WENT TO CALIFORNIA, WHERE HE HAD A BROTHER. I HAD A LETTER
FROM HIM, TELLING ME THAT THE DOCTORS COULDN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD.
HE WAS NINEY PER CENT DEAF.

THIS MEANT THAT I GOT THE RATING AND THE ROOM THAT DAVE KING HAD. SIX DOLLARS TO US TODAY SOUNDS LIKE NOTHING. BUT IN 1940 IT HAD A SIGNIFICANCE BEYOND BELIEF.

I GATHERED UP MY GEAR AND MOVED OUT OF BARRACK NUMBER NINE. IN THE MONTH I WAS THERE I HAD MADE MANY FRIENDS AND FELT AT HOME THERE. I ESPECIALLY HATED TO LEAVE MY FRIEND, HOLLIS. HE SHOOK MY HAND AND WISHED ME WELL. HE WAS STILL WITH MR. HARPER, THE CIVILIAN ENGINEER, BUILDING BRIDGES.

AT SIX O' CLOCK EVERY MORNING THE BUGLER, STANDING BESIDE THE FLAG POLE AT POST HEADQUARTERS, SOUNDED THE CALL THAT GOT US OUT OF BED. WE HAD 15 MINUTES TO BE DRESSED AND STANDING OUT ON THE PARADE FIELD, IN MILITARY FORMATION, WAITING FOR ROLL CALL. THEN WE WENT THROUGH 30 MINUTES OF ROUTINE TRAINING.









AT 6:45 CHOW CALL WAS SOUNDED. AFTER CHOW WE HAD ONE HOUR OF IDLE TIME. SOME OF THE GUYS SHAVED AND SHOWERED AND DID OTHER THINGS. BUT SCHOOL WAS BEING CONDUCTED IN THE LIBRARY BUILDING. ONE OF THE ENROLEES, A YOUNG MAN NAMED SWAFFORD, WAS OUR TEACHER. HE WAS EXTREMELY GOOD AT HIS JOB.

AT LEAST A FOURTH (AND PROBABLY MORE THAN THAT) OF THE CCC BOYS IN 1940 HAD NEVER SEEN THE INSIDE OF A SCHOOL ROOM. THEY COULDN'T READ THE SIMPLEST BOOK OR WRITE A LETTER HOME TO THEIR PARENTS. BUT I WATCHED MANY OF THESE BOYS LEAVE CAMP, AFTER TWO YEARS, WITH AN EIGHTH-GRADE DIPLOMA.

THE CCC WAS THE GREATEST THING THAT HAS EVER HAPPENED TO AMERICAN YOUTH. IT TOOK BOYS OFF THE STREETS, AND OFF THE FARMS, AND OUT OF THE SLUMY HELLHOLES AND TRANSFORMED THEM INTO MEN. IT GAVE THEM A SENSE OF PRIDE AND DIGNITY, SOMETHING THEY'D NEVER KNOWN BEFORE. IT TAUGHT THEM HOW TO WORK WITH OTHER MEN, AND HOW TO RESPECT OTHERS AND THEMSELVES. NOBODY EVER SPENT TWO YEARS IN THE CCC WITHOUT COMING OUT A BETTER PERSON THAN WHEN HE WENT IN.

A HUNDRED WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITIES WERE OFFERED TO US FROM EVERY ANGLE. WE HAD NIGHT VOCATIONAL CLASSES IN ALMOST ANY TRADE YOU COULD NAME. CIVILIAN INSTRUCTORS, HIGHLY TRAINED IN THEIR PARTICULAR TRADE, TAUGHT US...CARPENTRY, ELECTRICAL WIRING, AUTO MECHANICS, PAINTING AND DECORATING, BLACKSMITHING, AND EVEN HOW TO OPERATE A "DRAGLINE." THERE WAS NO END TO THE HIGHLY SKILFUL TRADES OFFERED US.

AND WHAT NEVER CEASED TO AMAZE ME WAS THE "HUNGER" THESE YOUNG MEN HAD TO LEARN AND TO BETTER THEMSELVES. THEY TRADED THEIR RAGS FOR WARM CLOTHES, AND THEIR IGNORANCE FOR KNOWLEDGE. THEIR HALF-STARVED BODIES FILLED OUT AND THEIR MUSCLES RIPPLED WITH YOUTHFUL POWER AND STAMINA. BROWN-FACED MEN WITH SWEAT ROLLING DOWN THEIR BODIES FROM HONEST WORK. HANDSOME GREEK GODS THAT 77























C C C Reunion





THOUSANDS OF THESE CCC BOYS WENT FROM THE S
BRANCHES OF OUR MILITARY SERVICES. THEY WERE ALREADY SOLDIERS
WHEN THEY ENTERED THE SERVICES. THEY HAD UNDERGONE THE IDENTICAL
BASIC TRAINING WE WENT THROUGH IN THE MARINE CORPS.



THE CIVILIAN SCHOOL IN SAINT CHARLES BEGAN GIVING NIGHT COURSES TO CCC BOYS. I WANTED TO IMPROVE MY TYPING SO I ENROLLED. THERE WERE 32 IN THE CLASS, TWO HOURS EACH NIGHT, THREE NIGHTS A WEEK. AT THE END OF THREE MONTHS WE FINISHED THE CLASS.



WE WORKED FIVE DAYS A WEEK OUT IN THE FIELDS, AND ON SATURDAY WE CHOPPED AND STACKED FIREWOOD IN CAMP. ALL OF OUR STOVES USED WOOD HEAT. EACH BARRACKS HAD TWO WOODSTOVES, ONE IN EACH END. ONE PERSON STOKED THE STOVES IN THE BARRACK, AND EACH ENROLEE FAID FIVE CENTS OUT OF HIS SALARY.



OUR WEEKENDS WERE FREE, TO DO WHAT WE WANTED TO DO. MANY OF THE BOYS WENT INTO DEWITT, TEN MILES AWAY, TO BLOW OFF STEAM. A FEW HAD STEADY GIRLFRIENDS. THERE WERE NEVER ENOUGH GIRLS TO GO AROUND. MANY OF THE LOCAL PARENTS DIDN'T WANT THEIR GIRLS DATING CCC BOYS. A MR. GIBBS, WHO LIVED IN ST. CHARLES, OWNED A NEW PICKUP TRUCK. HE ARRANGED SEATS IN THE BED SO HE COULD CARRY ABOUT TEN OR TWELVE PASSENGERS. AT NOON ON SATURDAY HE WAS PARKED IN FRONT OF HEADQUARTERS, WAITING FOR ANYBODY WHO WANTED TO GO TO DEWITT. HE LET US OFF AT A CERTAIN SPOT IN THE TOWN AND PICKED US UP AT ELEVE O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT. HE WOULD TAKE A GROUP OF MEN ANY DISTANCE, SO LONG AS WE WERE WILLING TO PAY FOR THE TRIP. HE MADE HIS LIVING THIS WAY.



THE GREAT DEPRESSION WAS STILL ON, AND MONEY WAS EXTREMELY HARD TO COME BY. A DOLLAR THEN WAS WORTH MORE THAN HUNDRED DOLLARS IS TODAY. A MOVIE COST A DIME, AND YOU COULD GET THE BIGGEST MEAL IN TOWN FOR A QUARTER. A MAN WITH TWO DOLLARS IN HIS POCKET COULD HAVE A DELICHTER. WEEDEND IN DEWLTT





WIF





WHEN I MOVED OUT OF BARRACK NUMBER NINE AND INTO THE NEAT LITTLE ROOM IN THE LIBRARY, THE ASSISTANT EDUCATION ADVISOR HAD A ROOM NEXT TO MINE. ONLY A DOOR SEPARATED OUR ROOMS AND MOST OF THE TIME THE DOOR WAS OPEN. MY NEIGHBOR'S NAME WAS BILLY RAYMOND BRYTE. HE WAS FROM CHERRY VALLEY ARKANSAS. BRYE WAS ONE OF THE TWELVE PERSONS IN OUR CAMP WHO HAD FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL.

WE PRINTED A NEWS LETTER ONCE A MONTH, AND BRYTE WAS THE EDITOR AND THE REPORTER. HE WAS DOING AN EXCELLENT JOB. HE HAD A QUAINT ABILITY TO UNEARTH SECRETS ABOUT OUR LIVES. EVERYBODY WAS EAGER TO SEE WHAT BRYTE HAD COME UP WITH EACH MONTH. WITH GOOD-NATURED HUMOR, HE SEEMED TO TOUCH THE LIVES OF ALL OF US.

OUR EDUCATIONAL ADVISOR WAS MR. CROWDER. UNLIKE COMMANDER BUSHY AND DOCTOR WASSELL, MR. CROWDER WAS NOT A MILITARY MAN. HE WAS A SCHOOL PRINCIPAL OF A LARGE SCHOOL WHEN THE GOVERNMENT HIRED HIM. HE KNEW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THE MILITARY SYSTEM OF THE CCC. I LIKE THE MAN, BUT HE IMPRESSED ME AS A PERSON FEELING HIS WAY OVER UNFAMILIAR GROUND. HIS OFFICE WAS IN THE LIBRARY. HIS WIFE WAS A SCHOOLTEACHER IN ST. CHARLES.

I BECAME WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE OFFICE STAFF, AND A CLOSE FRIEND TO THE "TOP KICK," ROLAND SUGGET. EACH MORNING I WENT TO HEADQUARTERS AND CHECKED THE "WORK BOX." " A WINDOW IS BROKEN OUT IN BARRACK SIX; THERE IS ROOF LEAD IN BARRACK ONE; THE SEWAGELINE AT THE MESS HALL IS CLOGGED AGAIN..."

MY NEW ASSISTANT WAS A YOUNG MAN NAMED DALE. HE WAS QUIET PERSON AND A GOOD WORKER AND WE GOT ALONG WELL TOGETHER. MY JOB SOMETIMES REQUIRED MY MAKING TRIPS OUTSIDE OF CAMP. WHEN I NEEDED LUMBER FROM THE SAWMILL I HAD THE BOY WHO DROVE THE ARMY TRUCK TO TAKE ME THERE. I NEVER KNEW THE TRUCK DRIVER'S NAME; WE CALLED HIM SQUADROP. ONCE A WEEK WE MADE A TRIP TO STUTTART TO PICK UP A STACK OF MAGAZINES FOR THE LIBRARY. AND ONCE A MONTH WE PICKED UP THE PAYROLL. IT CAME IN A LEATHER SATCHEL WITH A LOCK ON IT. THAT DAY I WORE A GUN IN A HOLSTER















I NEVER GOT TO KNOW OUR COMMANDING OFFICER. I DON'T THINK ANY-BODY ELSE DID EITHER. HE WAS STRICTLY MILITARY, A COLONEL IN A PEACE-TIME ARMY. HE KEPT ALOOF FROM ALL THE PEOPLE UNDER HIM.

I WAS FORCED TO APPROACH HIM ONLY ONCE ON A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE. THE BOYS WANTED A BOXING RING, AND ALL THE EQUIPMENT THAT GOES ALONG WITH TRAINING TO BE A BOXER. THEY ELECTED ME TO SPEAK FOR THEM. IT TOOK ME TWO DAYS TO WORK UP ENOUGH COURAGE TO FACE THIS COLD AND DISTANT MAN. I WAS ASTOUNDED AT MY RESULTS; IT JUST SO HAPPENED THAT HE LIKED BOXING AND HE GAVE HIS PERMISSION READILY. WE GOT OUR RING AND THE EQUIPMENT.

THE WAR CLOUDS WERE ALREADY GATHERING LONG BEFORE PEARL HARBOR. EVERY BRANCH OF THE MILITARY SERVICE WAS CALLING FOR MEN. ONE DAY AN ARMY OFFICER CAME TO OUR CAMP. HE HAD A LIST OF NAMES. OUR CHIEF COOK WAS NAMED CASEY. HE WAS THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS. I SPOKE TO HIM IN THE SHOWER ROOM. "HAYES," HE SAID TO ME, "I'M GOING IN THE ARMY: THEY MADE ME AN OFFER I CAN'T TURN DOWN." I FOUND THE SAME STORY WITH BILLY RAYMOND BRYTE, WHO OCCUPIED THE ROOM NEXT TO ME. AND OUR TOP KICK, SUGGET, JOINED THE OTHERS. A SHORT TIME LATER OUR COMMANDING OFFICER WAS CALLED TO ACTIVE DUTY. AND SO WAS OLD DOC WASSELL.

CROWDER, OUR EDICATION ADVISOR, TOOK BUSHY'S PLACE. WE HIRED A YOUNG CIVILIAN DOCTOR. THE CCC WAS CRUMBLING. FROM TWO HUNDRED MEN, WE WERE REDUCED TO LESS THAN A HUNDRED. I WAS ELEVATED TO THE RANK OF LEADER AND MY PAY WAS NOW FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH. I HAD REACHED THE TOP OF THE GLORY HEAP. BUT THERE WAS NO GLORY IN IT. THE CCC WAS DYING.

THEN WE GOT THE SAD NEWS THAT OUR CAMP WAS BEING DISBANDED.
THE MEN WHO WERE LEFT WERE BEING SHIPPED TO RISON, ARKANSAS, A

SMALL TOWN ABOUT FIFTY MILES FROM US. I WAS ONE OF THE LAST

TO LEAVE ST. CHARLES. THE CATERPILLAR TRACTORS CAME TO DESTROY

OUR CAMP. THEY LEFT NOTHING STANDING. A FEW YEARS LATER THIS SPOT

WOULD BE TURNED BACK TO NATURE. I FELT A PART OF MYSELF WAS DYING.















WE









TWO DAYS AFTER I ARRIVED AT RISION, ARKANSAS, PEARL HARBOR WAS ATTACKED BY THE JAPENESE, DECEMBER 7, 1941. ON SUNDAY MORNING THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF RISION WALKED INTO THE MESS HALL AND GAVE US THE SAD NEWS. HE BROKE DOWN AND BEGAN TO CRY BEFORE HE FINISHED HIS SPEECH. HE HAD FOUGHT IN WW I AND HAD LOST A BROTHER HE KNEW, MORE THAN ANY OF THE REST OF US, WHAT WE WERE UP AGAINST AT THAT TIME FEW OF US HAD EVER HEARD THE WORD "PEARL HARBOR." THE TEARS OF THIS MAN TOUCHED US FAR DEEPER THAN THE NEW THAT WE WERE NOW AT WAR.

HE TOLD US THAT THE NEXT MORNING, DECEMBER 8, SIX ARMY TRUCKS WOULD BE LINE UP IN FRONTOF POST HEADQUARTERS. ALL WHO WANTED TO JOIN THE SERVICE WOULD BE PERSONALLY ESCORTED TO THE INDUCTION CENTER AT LITTLE ROCK. THE COMMANDING OFFICER HIMSELF WOULD BE WITH US.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MEN MADE THE TRIP TO LITTLE ROCK. AND NOT A SINGLE ONE OF THEM WAS REJECTED. THEY CAME BACK TO CAMP TO TAKE CARE OF THEIR FINAL BUSINESS. EVERY MAN WITH A 45-DOLLAR A MONTH RATING WOULD GO INTO THE ARMY WITH A CORPORAL'S RATING, I WAS TOLD. IT WAS TEMPTING, BUT I WANTED NO PART OF THE ARMY. MY HEART WAS DEAD-SET ON THE MARINE CORPS. BUT I WASN'T QUITE READY TO GO INTO THE SERVICE. I WANTED TO SEE MY FOLKS, AND ESPECIALLY A LITTLE GIRL I'D BEEN WRITING TO. SO I WENT HOME. IT WAS ALMOST A YEAR LATER WHEN I FINALLY JOINED THE MARINES.

TODAY, 63 YEARS LATER, I LOOK BACK AT THAT FATEFUL SUNDAY MORNING WHEN WE WERE TOLD THAT WE WERE IN WAR. I WAS A 20-YEAR-OLD WHO HAD NEVER HAD A RAZOR ON MY FACE. I TRIED TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THE MEN I HAD SERVED WITH IN THE CCC. A FEW OF THEM WENT ON TO MAKE NAMES FOR THEMSELVES, MOST MOST OF THEM NEVER MADE IT. OLD DOC WASSELL, A CRUSTY OLD CUSS WHOM WE ALL LOVED, BECAME WORLDLY FAMOUS. A BOOK WAS WRITTEN ABOUT HIM AND A MOVIE WAS MADE ON HIS LIFE, STARRING GARY COOPER, IN A MOVIE CALLED "THE STORY OF A DOCTOR WASSELL."





AND WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN. ALL THESE KIDS HAD COME FROM POOR, UNDERPRIFILEGED FAMILIES. YOU FOUND NO RICH BOYS IN THE CCC, NOR EVEN FROM MIDDLE-CLASSED FAMILIES. IN THOSE DAYS THERE WAS NOTHING DISGRACEFUL ABOUT BEING POOR; NINE TENTHS OF THE COUNTRY WERE POOR. THERE WERE NO JOBS TO BE HAD ANYWHERE. MANY FAMILIES WHO WERE RICH IN 1929, WERE REDUCED TO SHEER POVERY BY THE GREAT ECONOMIC DEPRESSION. MY OWN FAMILY WAS INCLUDED. MY FATHER OWNED A BUSINESS AND WORKED 30 MEN. IN 1929 THE BANKS CLOSED AND HE WAS WIPED OUT OVERNIGHT. HE NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK.



I LEARNED MORE THE TWO YEARS I WAS IN THE CCC THAN I LEARNED IN THE NEXT TEN. I WENT IN A BOY AND CAME OUT A MAN. I WENT IN RAGGED AND HUNGRY, ASHAMED AND DEFEATED, AND CAME OUT FILLED WITH CONFIDENCE AND READY TO CHALLENGE THE WORLD. I SAID IT ONCE AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN: THE CCC WAS THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO AMERICAN YOUTH.



BUT THE SAME OPPORTUNITIES THAT WE SEIZED UPON AND WERE GRATE-FUL TO GET, WOULDN'T WORK WITH THE YOUNG MEN OF TODAY. WE LIVE IN A DIFFERENT WORLD. OUR SOCIETY ISN'T THE SAME. WE HAVE LOST SOMETHING OF GREAT VALUE, SOMETHING WE'LL NEVER REGAIN.



OF THE TWO HUNDRED MEN IN MY OUTFIT (THEY CAME AND WENT, BUT THE NUMBER STAYED THE SAME) NOT A SINGLE PERSON HAD A DRINKING PROBLEM. DRUGS WERE VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN. AND I NEVER HEARD THE WORD "HOMOSEXUALITITY." THE WORD "GAY" HAD AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MEANING. THERE WERE STILL VIRGINS IN THE WORLD. AND A MARRIAGE LASTED MORE THAN TWO YEARS. THERE WERE NO TV'S TO ROB US OF OUR TIME AND LIFE. WE READ GOOD BOOKS AND USED OUR BRAIN TO IMPROVE OUT LIVES. DRONES AND PARASITES WERE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN. I'M GLAD THAT I LIVED DURING THOSE DAYS. I'M GLAD THAT I WAS A CCC BOY!



CECIL T. HAYES
1230 SOUTH 11½ STREET
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA
7802



Ph. (812) 235-9914)















In response to your letter to the Editor of the Defiance Crescent News, Defiance, Ohio, subject: The Civilian Conservation Corps, ‡ submit my experiences with the organization.

I enrolled in the CCC July 1939, out of High School. The salary was room and board plus \$30.00 per month. (\$8.00 to me, \$22.00 to my parents.) In many cases parents gave the \$22.00 back to the son. The NYO (National Youth Organization) was available as on the job training, you lived at home. They were selective of those considered for training.

Finding a job during the Depression was almost impossible, especially if you had an ethnic or religious background, even within the NRA programs.

My enrollment in the CCC was to get any kind of work primarily to pay the mounting bills of my parents, especially groceries. God Bless the grocer who extended credit for some years without interest to my parents, my father was unemployed.

Enrollment in the CCC was for one year term and you could re enroll for one more year, two being max. At the time I lived in the Terre Haute, Ind. area. The group I was in, shipped to Shakamak State Park. The work entailed Landscaping and Park improvements. The various work groups were under the supervision of Parks Services (civilian personnel). The discipline and living quarters was under control of the Army.

When we arrived at the camp we were assigned a barracks and within assigned a bed which was our responsibility to make military style, and keep in A-one order when not in use. This included periodic inspections, in dress uniform alongside your bed. During the period of arrival we were given dress uniforms plus work denims. We were indoctrinated in the art of Assembly for Reveille and Retreat. The procedure included bugle call for chow, pay-day and Taps. We also took our turn at KP and Guard Duty of key buildings. We were given weekend passes.

During week days we went out in crews to work for the civilian leaders in charge of the park. (Specialized jobs were available also.)

Your Service Reward was by Discharge: Honorable, Administrative or Dishonorable, i.e. when you reached 21 and wanted to break your enrollment to join the military you were given the Honorable Discharge, if problems arose at home you would be given Administrative Discharge and if you did not follow the rules - well!

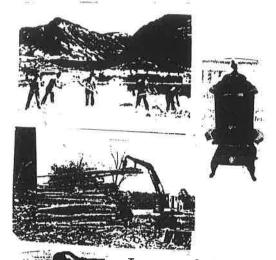






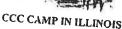


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I served the two years with Honorable Discharge. In 1941 the Military Draft took me and I was in the South Pacific by May, 1942 serving four years.

I enjoyed the two years in the CCC. I met some very good friends whom I still remember to this date, I also met some not so good I still remember especially the Park Service foreman who promoted me to leader, then demanded I give him the extra pay. I refused.

The service years in the CCC preparedus for the shock of breaking ties at home and our own little world. (The Depression was really Hell and I grew up during it's lowest level.)

The CCC was definitely a preparation for Military Service.

Lustherga

John Kulesza 201 Catalina Drive DEfiance, OH 43512-3010

Oliver E. Generous, 1920-1956, was my uncle. I know that he and some of his friends joined CCC after graduation from Windham High School in the late 1930's. I think they went to Ft. Devons in Massachusetts for some training and then were involved in conservation work (planting trees, etc.) at the Natchaug State Forest along the Natchaug River in Eastern Connecticut. I don't recall hearing much else about what, where or why.

He entered the U.S. Army in 1941 or 1942 and went through the U.S. Army Air Corps Flying Cadet program and became a fighter pilot. He stayed in the service after W.W.II (the U.S.A..A.C. became the U.S.A.F.) and flew fighter escort missions during the Berlin Airlift.

In 1956, then Major Generous was part of a group assigned by General Curtis LeMay to check out fighter aircraft at various U.S. Air Bases. In April of 1956 while doing his job his jet fighter flamed out over Pennsylvania. It was reported in the newspapers that he stayed with the plane too long trying to keep it from crashing in a populated area. When he did eject he was too low and his parachute didn't open and he was killed.

I would think that his experience in the CCC helped prepare him for his career in the military. He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery

John F. Bennett

300 Mansfield Ave.

Willimantic, CT 06226













You have asked for information from former CCC members. I became a member in April, 1940, in CCC 752, Hebron, NE, and was discharged in Sept of 1941. Most of that time I was on a work crew in the field, planting seedling trees, cutting and laying sodded waterways, even clipping hedge by the officers quarters. Our \$30.00 a month was divided between \$8.00 cash to each of us, and a \$20.00 check mailed to my mother back in Nortonville. By the way, my older brother, Gerald spent time in a forestry CCC camp in Minnesota, two or three years previously. I remember how precious that monthly check was to my mother, my younger brother, and my sister during those depression years. It made possible purchase of flour, sugar, shoes, school supplies, and other things. My papa had died when I was about five years old. We grew a fair-sized garden in those days and ate from it.

I made good friends in camp. It was a learning experience; one of the best 18 months of my life. I learned how to get along with other people, socially. Most of us gained weight. I got up to 153 lbs, and never felt better. I slept on a steel cot. A footlocker (12.50 taken from our pay). It contained personal belongings, including sox and underwear. We wore suntan shirts and pants in the summer, and winter shirts and trousers were wool army items left over from WWI warehouses. Our aluminum water centeens were left over from army issue of WWI, and usually had soldier-boy namem and initials of those old-time soldiers. I heard a rumor that one boy in another CCC camp accidentally was issued the canteen his own dad had those many years ago! I hope he was able to take it home with him-a memento of his own father's war service.

5119 ALLES الما والمستدورة Each bunk had two army blankets. Each of us was given a brand-new pair of GI shoes. Each man had an army-issue black necktie, and we were to be showered and neatly dressed for each evening meal. . Food was good, cooked on govt cookstoves, and recipies were army. , FDR started the "New Deal" national revovery act". (PWA, WPA, etc) CCC was for boys 17 to 25, from welfare homes. Enlistment, handled thru county welfare offices, was for 7 month (6) at a time. I reenlisted two times. Officers were: Comman_ing officer (sometimes an army man, sometimes anROTC graduate. We had also a subaltern next civilian doctor in army uniform, and an educational advisor (also in uniform. Evenings had educational classes, the educational bldg. Miss Maples, a lady recruited in town, had a musical singing class evenings. The work day started soon after breakfast. Work crews were under already designated county agents. Farm-projects included ponds, wind-breaks, stone-quarries. Forestry camps fought fires. We, there in southern Nebraska, planted thousands of seedling trees. 85 both conifers and others. We were from camp 8 hours during the day. 6 hrs of it was actual work. the rest was going and The truck-driver slept in the truck coming in the trucks. during the day, if he wanted to, but in camp he had to service his





















s his own truck, in different ways. I used a shovel a great deal, as did most of us. We were required to keep our bunks and barracks clean and neat. Frequently an officer would come thru. If he beat on blankets of a bunk, raising dust, that fella had to do KP or other chore.

Each barracks had a barracks leader, chosen by the officer. I didn't see fights much. One fist-fight lasted only half a minute, and the loser shook hands with the other. OK.

We were on the Little Blue river, and were forbidden to swim, kest someone drown (after all, we were just a bunch of kids. One Sunday 4 or five of us walked upriver, and decided to swim. One kid went in over his head and panicked. One of the others dove in below the floundering one, hit him in the stomach to break a hold, then pushed him over to the bank, where the rest of us pulled him in. We all headed back to camp, quickly.

Those were the late 30's. War was looming. Several of the guys left to join military service. My buddy Leroy Nittler, joined the Coast Guard. Later, after Pearl Harbor, his ship, the USS Hamilton, was torpedoed just off Iceland. It tore a 10-foot hole in the side. One or two were killed. Leroy just stept off into a life-boat. Later he shipped on Liberty ships overseas. After the war, he went to college and became a plant scientist in the New York state experimental station.

Today's youth need the equivalent of the CCC. It would be an to some of the drug-bothered generation. answer (maybe)

Yes, some of the CCC kids went to town and became drunk. More than once I was flipped outa my steel bunk by someone who came in at 1:30 AM drunk. No one hurt. Dr. Johnson used to be on call when he lived in Omaha, NE, going with the city police on stabbings, In camp he taught First Aid very well, and had teles He was a good old boy, and none of the fellas, made fun of him behind his back, but the regular commanding officer was talked about his back, which is OK and natural.

In the messhall, at mealtime, we sat at picnic-type-tables. Newcomers didn't want to be considered sissy. Each wanted to be a MAN, even if he was only 17. One day in the mess hall, one such rookie (at the table) quietly said "pass the bread" An old-timer (any member who had been there six months or more!) spoke-up impressevely "WHAT did you say?" Again the new comer said "Pass the bread" NOw the old-time "veteran" ASKED "WWHHEAT did you say?" There was a pause, after which the greenee said "Please pass the bread". OH BOY. The BIG fella sweetly remarked "That's better!" That kid found in a hurry that in camp, and especially at table, we are gentlemen. Yes, we were really polite and mannerly. Didn't hurt atall.

Camp was good for all of us. Another thing; we were not given any military pressure or indoctrinazation. None. Well, Paul, I hope this helps you somehow. We go (wife&I) to a monthly get-together in Gladstone, MO, north of

> IRA BOND 120 OAK ST. Nortonville, KS







all about my age and I am now 82 years old. Some were from my home towns [Burbank, Fairfax, and Pawhuska] and most of the others from the original 90 who went to Colorado were from the Osage, Washington County area. While there, I sent \$25 a month home through the Gov't and usualy 2 or 3 more in a letter as my father was dead and my mother was trying to raise my five sisters still at home. I kept only \$2 or \$3 for myself to buy soap, film etc as our clothes were supplied. I can still remember my mother dyeing my wool pants after I got out so I would have them to wear. I was never too proud to wear any clothes regardless of the source if they fit me and didn't make me look like a clown.

I would have re-enlisted had the CCC treated me right as I could have stayed for another year at that time. We were questioned monthly about our intentions at the end of our enlistment and I repeated my intention to re-up until the last month when I changed my mind after being treated rather short with no explanation. The fellow who displaced me had already been in for almost 18 months and the only way he could stay in was to be promoted and as I was doing a good job and would have been promoted, I think it was so he could be promoted. As I have said before, I have no idea what was ever said about me to cause the action that took place and I will never know.

I will say this about the CCC, it was an opportunity for a lot of young men to be employed for far better wages than the Army, Navy, and Marines were paying at the time and the truth is, The Army troops were asked if they would take a pay cut to finance the CCC. This they did willingly and it held over to 1942 as I was only paid \$18 a month for the first three months I spent in the Army Air Corps. Then they finally went to \$21 a month and to \$50 in June of 1942. It remained at that level until after the War ended. I made \$80 a month as a S/Sgt when I got out in Aug of 1945 and drew an extra \$20 for combat pay as an Aerial Gunner it two theaters.

DAVID G. MATHESON 1603 Crestwood Drive HARRISON, AR 72601-4638



The CCC lived on for a few more months but the end was inevitable. Technically the Corps was never abolished. It was far simpler for Congress just to refuse it any additional money. This the House did in June, 1942, by a narrow vote of 158 to 151. The Senate voted twice and then Vice-President Henry Wallace, to break the tie, voted to fund the CCC. It was a valiant effort, but it didn't work. The Senate-House conference committee compromise finished it by concurring in the House action in return for \$8 million to liquidate the agency. The full Senate confirmed the action by voice vote and the Civilian Conservation Corps moved into the pages of history.





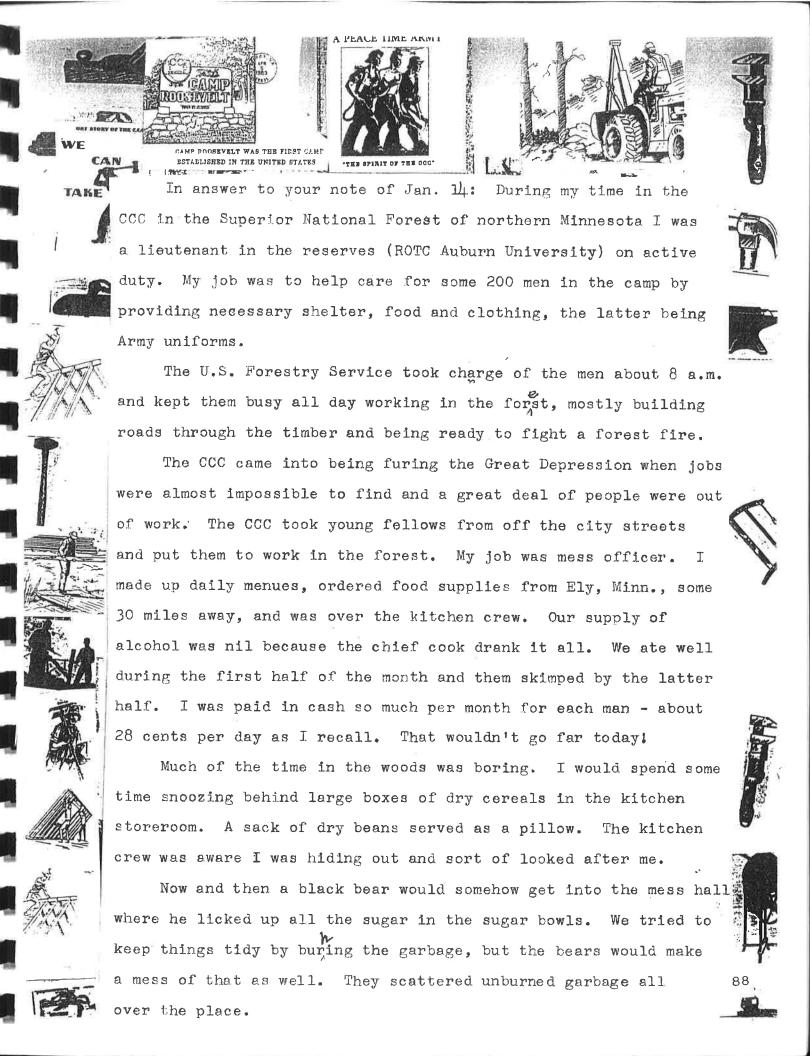


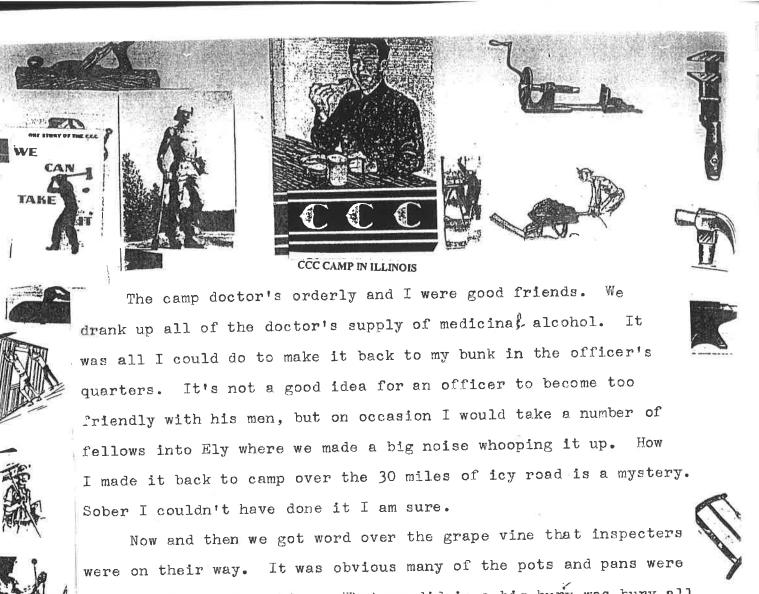






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Now and then we got word over the grape vine that inspecters were on their way. It was obvious many of the pots and pans were in need of a good washing. What we did in a big hury was bury all the dirty pots in the large snow drifts near the back door of the mess hall. We didn't find same of them until the snow melted the following spring.

I am not all that certain, but it's likely that CCC duty helped prepare me for some four years active duty with the Silver Star and Armored Division in World War II as a recon. officer. Later Army during the war I became editor of a weekly For a newspaper, the first U.S. paper ever published in Berlin, Germany. The paper was called Hell on Wheels. I was busy doing that when my time was up and I headed for home. At last!

So much for all that. I am now 89.

Youg Wallace 4011 Valley Rd. Columbus, GA 31907-5659





363 Oak Ridge Drive

I enjoyed your article about Kilroy, the originators of record. Yes, I served as a frogman in the Gator Navy as a Scout and Raider. I trained at the Amphibious Training base(ATB) in Little Creek, VA in early 1942. I am the lone survivor of the Units that trained at the Old Bradford Park in Little Creek.

The Legend of the Camps live on but the Tree Army is fading fast into mists of history but will leave a legacy that will last well into the next millenium; Skyline drive in Virginia, Pacific Crest trail The Great Appalachian Trail to mention a few.

Life in the Camps was rigorous. The morning bell rang at 6 a.m. and we worked at hard physical labor for eight hours a day, six days a week. We were issued WW 1 oversize uniforms because the average recruit gained about 20 pounds during the first six months in camp. The hard physical labor and working outdoors developed their physiques and generated enormous appetites. Most of the jobs were dangerous and you had to be alert to the many dangers associated with the nature of the rugged work.

All together 3.5 million unmarried men between the ages of 17 and 28 years passed through the Camps until they were closed down on June 30, 1942 and was absorbed into the armed forces. At the end of WW 11, General George Marshall told Congress that the training given to the men of the CCC camps was a major factor in America's victory as they formed the rigid back bone of the military assault teams. The CCC filled an acute need during the Depression years and continue to benefit from the great accomplishments of FDR's Tree Army.

344 WEST 7TH ST ANDERSON IN 46016-1304

I read your letter in the Opelika-Auburn News and will give you what little information I know. Incidentally, I was not in the CCC.

I was born in Vicksburg, Mississippi, in May 1925. As you probably already know, five (5) CCC camps were located in the Vicksburg National Park.

Two of my uncles, one from each side of the family, were in the CCC. One, Alverta George Hill, as I remember, was a truck driver, and the sum of \$35.00 per month comes to mind as his salary. He later was enrolled in the army and spent most of his time during WWII in an anti-aircraft unit guarding Washington D.C.

My other uncle, John Quitman Pearson, was a cook in the CCC. The sum of \$35,00, I believe, was also his salary. He, too, was put into the army and spent his entire time as a cook in General Patton's outfit in North Africa and in Europe.

According to my memory, \$21.00 per month was the beginning pay for most young men in the CCC. The duty of those serving in the Vicksburg camps was to maintain the military park. By the way, no Confederate soldier was buried there, since deference was paid to only U.S. citizens. The Confederate dead were buried en masse in trenches.

Concerning the CCC's, two things stick in my mind as occurring in those days. We had a farm just outside the park, and CCC trucks loaded with boards were allowed to come through it to reach another farm. There, they cut and dug strips of sod about eight inches wide, put a layer on each board, stacked the boards on the trucks, and hauled it to the park to sod bare spots.

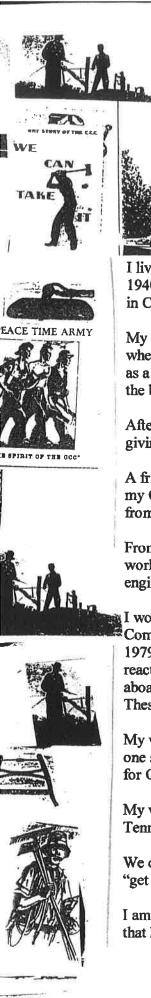
The other thing happened at the north end of the park at a place we called "Fort Hill." Fort Hill, incidentally, was where the famous cannon "Whistling Dick" was located during the Civil War. The west side of the hill, which overlooks the Mississippi River, was so steep that CCC fellows were let over the side on long ropes so they could it the weeds and grass.

for my CCC uncles, both lived through WWII and spent the rest of their lives as farmers in rural Mississippi.

Auburn, AL 36832 losing, let me wish you well in helping others to experience vicariously what few today can remember-and Phone: (334) 821-4264 t enriched the lives of many young men whose lives at that time were bleak. NedaAndCarl @AOL.com

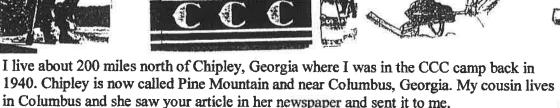
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My wife, Selma, and I visited my cousin back in October. They took us out and around where the camp was. We also went out to the Franklin Delano Bridge that I helped build as a member of the construction crew while at the CCC camp.(I made some pictures of the bridge.)

After my bridge building experience, I worked in the infirmary dispensing aspirins and giving shots. My stay in the CCC's was rather short.

A friend in Gadsden, Alabama who worked in stove factory gave me a job, which ended my CCC stay. The pay from the stove factory wasn't much more than the \$22.00 pay from the CCC. Most of this money had been sent home to the family.

From then on I continued my education..going to school at night for many years. I worked as a draftsman, a machinist, tool designer and finally as a nuclear tooling engineer.

I worked 5 years for General Electric in Rome, Georgia and in 1961 I began working for Combustion Engineering in Chattanooga, Tennessee. I retired from Combustion in 1979. While at Combustion I had the opportunity to design and work on the nuclear reactors that are now powering the USS Nimitz. My wife's nephew who is serving aboard the USS Nimiety is the engineer that is assigned to operate the nuclear reactors. These reactors were among the last produced at the Chattanooga plant.

My wife is from Canton, Georgia and retired in 1987 after teaching for 31 years. We have one son. He is 43, not married and lives in Marietta, Georgia. He is advertising manager for Georgia Natural Gas a division of Atlanta Gas Light Company.

My wife and I live in Rossville, Georgia just across the border from Chattanooga, Tennessee. I am 82 and she is 73.

We did have a CCC chapter that met in Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia. We attended some of the "get to gethers" but I think that most of the members have died.

I am also sending you a copy of an article that was in the Atlanta Journal/Constitution that has information about the CCC that may be of interest to you.

Ralph DeBerry 943 N. Pine Street Rossville, Ga. 30741-4388







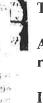


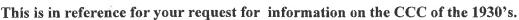


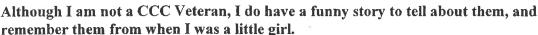


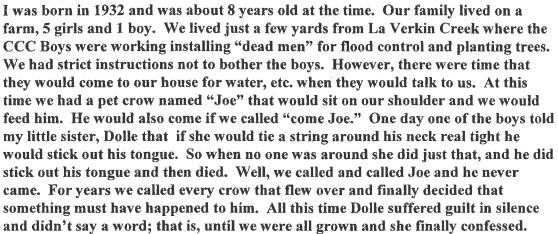














Another episode: In those days, most of the farmers in our area grew grapes and made their own wine. My father, unbeknown to us, was no exception. After his wine was done he hid it in the hay stack under the hill. One day my mother and us kids heard this huge racket. It was yelling, hooping, hollering, and laughing; just like someone having a good time. The sound was coming from the hay stack. Mama went to get Daddy, told us kids to stay in the house, and they went to the hay stack. Well, the CCC boys were having a party alright. They had found the wine in the hay stack and had drank a goodly amount. They were not only carrying on like crazy people they were sliding down the well stacked hay, swinging on the swing from the big cottonwood tree, and just having a time of their life. Daddy and Mama just couldn't get angry. They just joined in their laughter and they all promised not to tell, for Daddy wasn't allowed to give away his wine and they were not allowed to drink on the job.



I'm sure there were other things that happened but both of my parents have passed away so I can't ask them and my siblings can't remember anything else.

Several years ago I met a gentleman in St. George, Utah and while we were talking he told me that he had been a CCC boy and had worked on La Verkin Creek. He gave me his phone number and address. I was always going to call him but never did. I tried just now to see if he is still alive and just got a recording. I am giving you his name in case you will want to try and contact him. Lowell Brown

Viona Bringhurst Wilson 947 North State St. Lowell Brown 777 South 400 East Apt. 48 St. George, UT 84770 (435) 628-7650 92

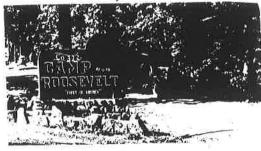




WE











I am responding to your letter I received recently. My name is Leon Andrews and am now 87 years of age. I have been married 65 years, will be 66 in April, and have two children. I would like for my daughter and son to have a copy of this book when you finish it. The addresses are as follows: Jane Sanders 125 Glausier ST NE Pelham, GA 31779 & A.L. Andrews 205 Terrace Drive Gosnell, Arkansas 72315.***

I am sending you another CCC participant that is in this area, if you would like to write him also. Kenneth Aldridge 2943 Harmony Road Pelham, GA 31779. I know this man, but we did not serve in the same area during the CCC days.

I enlisted with the CCC in October 12, 1937 and got out March 1, 1938. I only served six months. I was in Rutledge, GA. Upon arrival, we were greeted by the Captain who expressed the necessity of our addressing the officers, with SIR, YES SIR, NO SIR. We were given two weeks to get that into our being, and after that if we forgot to address properly, extra duty was assigned. I had no problems and enjoyed my stay there. It was an Army campground and my job was in wood.....keeping enough wood cut and loaded for all the camp. There were nine other men that helped in this area too. I would also sometimes go into town and help load groceries to take back to camp.

All of us were housed in barracks, and the men were close in friendship. But I had some special buddies I was really close to. (But we all thought of each other as brothers.) One was Ryanheart (can't remember his given name), Clyde Barnes, Carson Castles, (now deceased), and Harvey Harrell. I have not seen any of them since I left camp with the exception of Clyde Barnes. In 1941, I was working in Quincy, FL. And upon my trip back home, I rode a Greyhound bus, and guess who the driver was? None other than Clyde Barnes. We had about a thirty minute talking reunion.

Ryanheart, (truck driver) one night went to a show at the Social Circle. Well, lights had to be out in the barracks by 9:00 and could not be turned back on. So we played a little joke on Ryanheart. The beds were made in such a way, that you "scooted" into bed with the covers partially folded back and when you were in bed, then were able to pull the covers over you. Well, we wrapped wire around his bed, and he came in after 9:00 and was surprised to find he could not get into bed. He kept trying to get the wire off, in the DARK, but eventually got it off, but not without a little "swearing and cussing".

Most of the men had very little education...this period of time was very hard in this country...but at the camp classes were offered to us in the subjects of reading, writing, and arithmetic. I took advantage of anything I could get. I can't remember the teacher's name, but there was one guy in the class that just was not comprehending the math, (can't remember his name either), but anyway, the teacher took the time to give him an example

















As soon as it was put out in one place, it would break out in another. Clearly we were losing the battle.



Suddenly the fight was over and we had won. We collapsed on the ground, panting for breath, almost too tired to move.

so he might understand....."If you had \$4.00 and someone took \$2.00, what would you

We had a saying among ourselves "What about boot"....and in reading class, another man,(can't remember his name either) was trying to read in class and was stumped on the word AND. So the teacher tells him how to pronounce the word and also tells him the next word which was WHAT.....and trying to encourage him to say the next word, the teacher says AND WHAT......He replied "WHAT ABOUT BOOT"????????

I was paid \$30.00 a month, sent home \$25.00 and kept \$5.00. We had a military regiment with the serving of meals, they were promptly served at a certain time every day. I remember the meals always being good and had plenty to eat. Anyone that was not at mealtime, a note was sent to inform the kitchen. Potatoes were served in some form at every meal everyday.

As I mentioned we stayed in barracks with 50 men to the barrack. We were issued work clothes which were Kacki shirts, pants, and jacket. Off duty we dressed in uniform. We were issued 2 pairs of shoes, with one pair always under the bed, which always had to come up to inspection. There was a window at each bed which we were responsible for keeping clean and the bed always had to be made properly.

We had a first aid facility....the DR. came once a week unless a need came up before his usual visit. We had a Recreation Hall with ping pong, pool tables, etc......we could go into town 3 times a week for a movie and the tickets were purchased at the camp.

I would serve all over gain......I enjoyed my six months.....sometimes wished I would have served longer.....

Getting back to the movies, some men were so naïve, they thought everything the actors did was real, including getting killed....and one man made a remark that he would not listen on the radio anymore to Gene Autry, because he saw him "get killed" in the movie.

My good buddy, Harvey Harrell, found a near by moonshine still....so he goes there and gives the man his government issued raincoat for a bottle of shine.....only to go back and retrieve the raincoat. That was a definite NO NO.

One of our buddies had to serve KP (Kitchen Police) duty and wrote his mother about his duty there. She wrote to back and told him to be so very careful with his "gun".

I hope this information helps in some way......brought back a lot of memories......the CCC Program came at a time that was very much needed. Work and jobs were from scarce to none. So I am thankful for this experience. 94

I have been retired from the Coco Cola Bottling Company for over 20 years and have 95 Cotton Avenue resided in the same house for 51 years, will be this coming August.











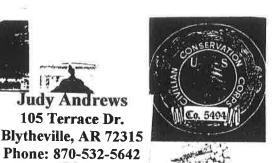




elham, GA 31779



Leon Andrews 395 Cotton Ave. SE Pelham, GA 31779 Phone: 229-294-8377



Judy Andrews 105 Terrace Dr.



I read your letter to the editor in the Blytheville Courier News concerning your search for information about the CCC camps of the 30's. My father-in-law, Leon Andrews, served with the CCC in Georgia in 1937. He is 87 years old and lives in Pelham, Georgia. He has always talked admiringly about the time he spent in Rutledge, Georgia with the CCC. He has told me that in those days times were tough and there were no jobs to be had. Notices went up in all of the counties about the Civilian Conservation Corps. His family farmed at the time and was struggling to make ends meet so he went ahead and signed up for the Corps. He told me about having to travel to Albany, Georgia for his physical and then taking his first train ride to Rutledge where he was to be stationed. This was very exciting for a poor farm boy who had never been far from home. All of the "boys" wore uniforms similar to their army comrades and had to follow strict military procedures. The Army was building 2 ponds around Rutledge and the "boys" from the CCC were vital in assisting them. Leon's job was to work on the woodpile. He said there were 10 of them whose only job was to work the woodpile and make sure there was enough firewood for all of the stoves. He got to keep \$5.00 a month and \$25.00 a month was sent back home to his family. His parents still had children at home and the \$25.00 went a long way in helping them to keep groceries on the table. Leon would spend his \$5.00 on tobacco, he rolled his own cigarettes, and went to the picture show. All of the boys were allowed to go to the movies 3 times a week. A big bus was furnished for these excursions. The picture show would cost them a dime. He told me that \$5.00 a month was plenty and he always managed to have money left over at the end of the month.

Everyone had to take an assessment test and if they didn't pass they had to go to night school. Leon said that most of the boys were farm boys without any education, unlike him, who was educated. I found this amusing because Leon only went as far as 5th grade. When he was asked to take the test he told them that he didn't need to take the test, that he wanted to go to school, so 3 nights a week he would go to school. One of the

guys was having trouble with arithmetic. The teacher tried to make it a little easier to understand by asking, "If you had \$4.00 and somebody came along and took \$2.00 away from you what would you have?" He had no trouble answering, "If somebody took \$2.00 away from me, I'd have a fit!" Leon told me how some of the guys came to the camp unable to read or write and by the end of the 6 months they were able to write letters home.

All in all this was a very good experience for him. There was great camaraderie and the "boys" became like brothers. Half of the guys got to go home for Christmas and half got to go home for New Year's. Leon was one who was to go home for Christmas. He mentioned that he couldn't go home because he didn't have enough money. One of the others, who was to go home at New Year's, gave him \$2.00 and said, "Take this and when you come back you can give me \$2.00 out of your pay for me to go home."

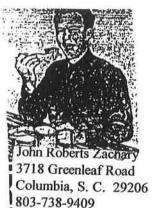
When his time was up, Leon went back home to south Georgia and helped his family farm. Shortly after his return, he got married. He never got to serve in the military. He was farming and had small children at home. He really enjoyed his time serving in the Civilian Conservation Corps. If you want to communicate with him, his



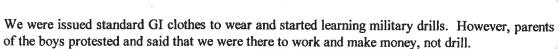




RE: CCC Experiences



At age 18, I quit the National Guard, left Atlanta and joined the CCC. We started out Dahlonega, GA. Then we quickly moved to Highlands, N. C.



It was really cold up there and there were snakes a plenty. For recreation, we played cards at night and had dances with the local girls every once in a while. We took a lot of pictures-one of the benefits up there was that they processed the pictures there for us. I would go back and forth from home on the rail road, which for me was an exciting experience. The scenery was beautiful, especially when you crossed Tallulah Gorge. To get from the rail road station to the camp, I would hitch a ride with the mail man. The mail man liked to drive very fast, and he would go around the curves of those mountains so fast, I would almost prefer walking. We built our own cabins to live in out of the lumber we were cutting down for the roads and parks. Two years ago, my children took me up there to find the location where I worked. We were able to find one remaining cabin outside a private home. It is currently being used as a tool shed.

This was a great experience to see all that we accomplished. We really helped the Forestry Service.

We also had some income. During the depression, nobody had anything. Most of my salary was sent home to my Mother in Atlanta, GA. There were five children in the family and our Father had left us for another woman. Our grandfather helped raise us. My daughters say this deprivation during the depression years resulted in my not being able to throw anything away, including food!

Anyway, at the CCC camp, we started by making roads and cutting dead trees down. Then I was promoted to Supply Sergeant and finally, with National Guard training received during high school as my qualification, promoted to First Sergeant, so I was not involved with the manual labor as much.

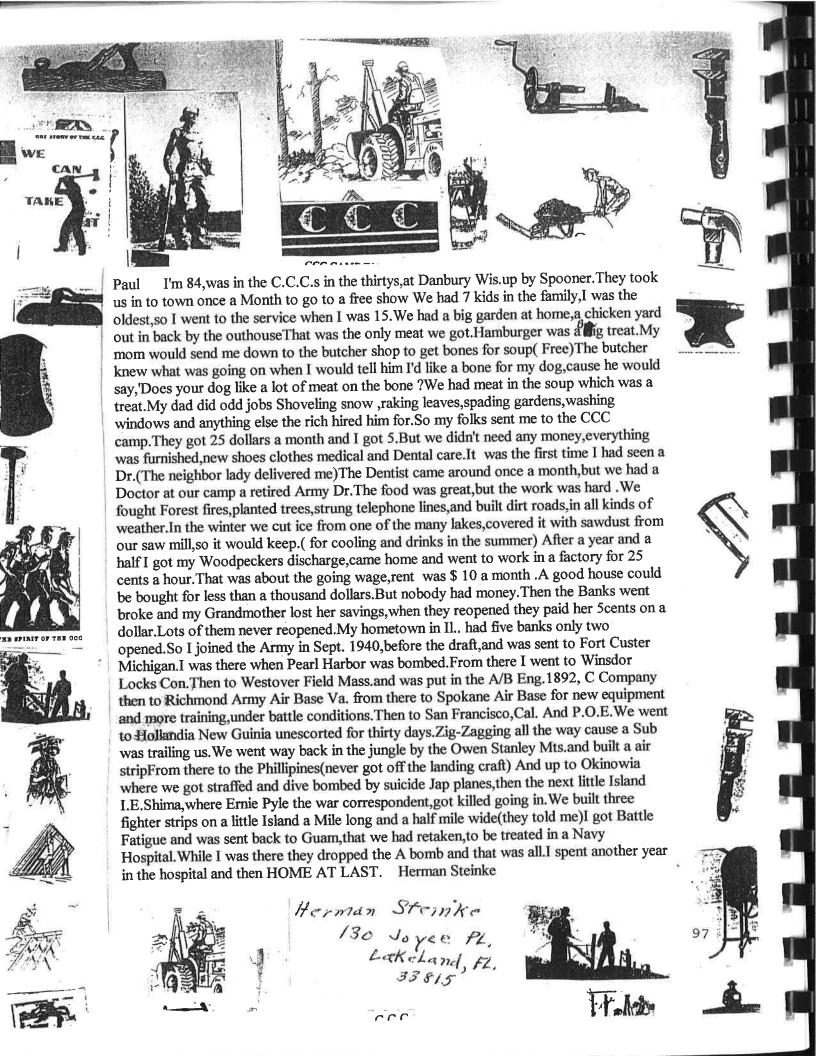
After approximately 2 years with the CCC, I aquired a job with Hartford Fire Insurance Company and was drafted into World War II in 1942. I ended up being an airplane mechanic for the Eighth Air Force (Army Air Corp back then) and was stationed at Duxsford Air Force Base in England for 3 years. After being in the National Guard and the CCC, I was used to drilling, taking and giving orders.

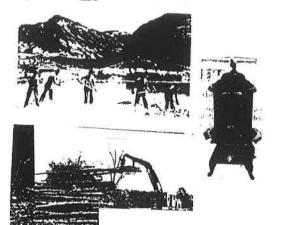
The above is just a rough draft from my Father. I need to sit down with him and go through his pictures then hopefully; he will be able to recall each event associated with the picture. However, I wanted to go ahead and let you know that we can provide pictures and information for your project. Where will this documentary be presented?



3718 Greenleaf Road 803-738-9409 home 803-920-3810 cell ezmcelyea@UNUM.com

Elaine Zachary McElyea As far as we can ascertain, my Father was involved in Project F-19, Co. 455. Although it wasn't easy, we located the last remaining CCC building on private property which is around the Columbia, South Carolin Nantahala National Forest. We have pictures of the building as well as many shots from the original CCC camp in Highlands. They are great shots and I will be glad to provide you with copies. Please contact me:















Ole H. V. Stalheim, DVM, PhD, Ames, Iowa

After a month of fruitless job hunting, I returned to the farm in July, 1934 to find the oats crop a failure and the corn drying up. When I heard that the Civilian Conservation Corp: (CCC) had opened a recruitment office in Sioux Falls, I bummed a ride with "Spot" Thompson and talked to them. They offered room, board, clothes, and one dollar a day to work in the Black Hills. Every month I would receive \$5 and my parents \$20. I declared my age as 18, signed up, and was ordered to report the next Monday.

The CCC proved to be one of the most successful of all the New Deal programs to combat the Depression. It was organized and administered by the U.S. Army with a minimum of supervision and discipline. With about 50 other young men, I signed more papers on Monday, walked to the Milwaukee depot, and rode a train all night to Rapid City. After breakfast several contingents were assigned to different destinations: I rode a narrow-rail, excursion train through the beautiful, clean, exhilarating Black Hills to Custer. With other recruits, I climbed up and into U.S. Forest Service trucks for a breathtaking, hurtling ride to a CCC camp in Custer State Park. We were hurriedly examined and passed by a doctor, signed papers for two sets of cotton clothes, and were assigned to empty, long, low barracks.

My group, it seemed, would join 50 other new recruits to build a new camp with the assistance of about 50 veterans. We remained at Camp Custer until all the necessary tents, tools, and various other supplies arrived from Fort Meade at Sturgis. After a week, experienced men went off with the supplies in trucks to begin the new camp while we waited and learned the routines of army life.

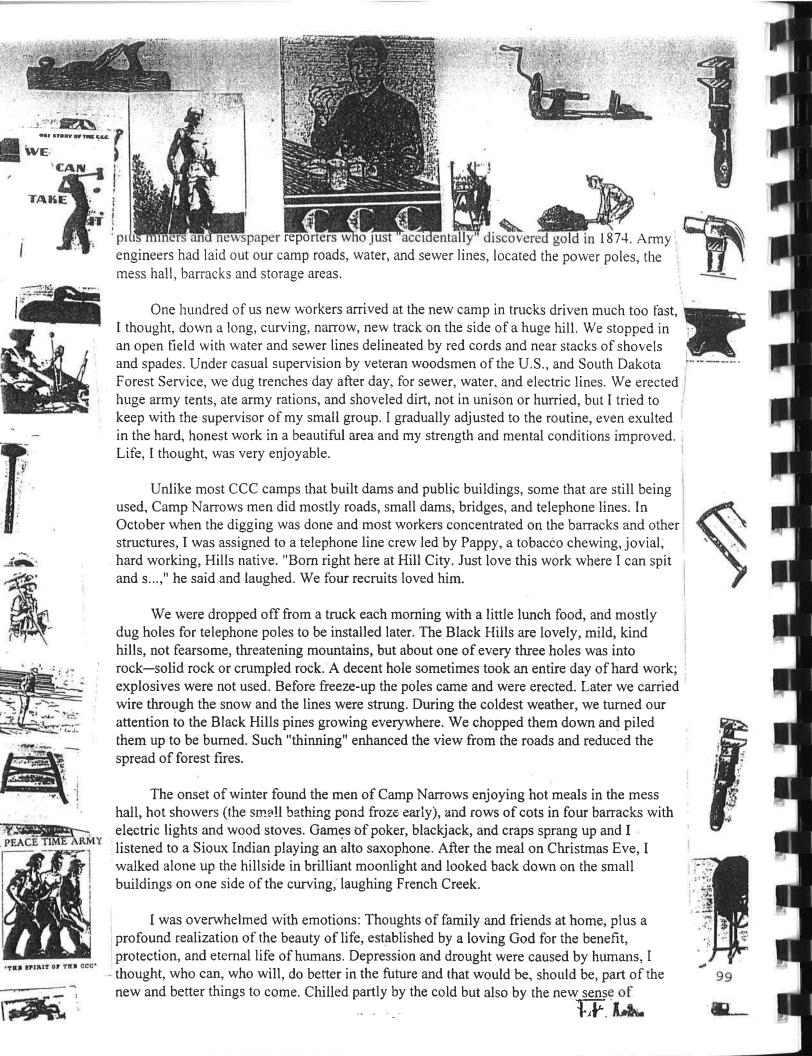
At daybreak, the camp commandant and usually three other officers lined up under the flag on a tall pole, the bugler sounded reveille, and the entire contingent lined up facing the flag for the Pledge of Allegiance. When the order "Dismissed!" came, we walked to the mess hall and took seats for breakfast. Three meals were served daily from food supplied by Fort Meade. New men had lots of free time. Several of us set off to climb nearby mountain peaks; no one was seriously hurt.

Despite various rumors that CCC men were being trained for war, the only instructions. I received related to permission to leave camp, or report ill, prohibition of liquor, women, gambling, and fighting, and warnings about ways to acquire sexual diseases.

Construction of the new Camp Narrows began in August at an accelerated rate to be under a roof by Christmas. The site was south of Blue Bell, facing south to French Creek. From a gentle rise where the officers quarters would be, an open space of perhaps 15 acres sloped down to the creek where Brevet General George Cycles and the creek where Brevet General George Cycles are the creek where the cr











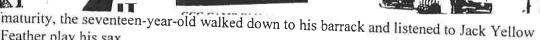


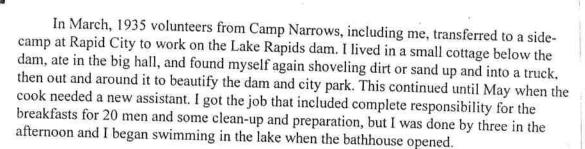
Feather play his sax.











Girls came regularly and liked to flirt with the CCC men. Two in particular dared me to swim out to the island with them, but I declined. The manager of the swimming area was a beautiful woman of about 25 years who drove out three miles from her husband's bar in town about noon and returned at six. She frequently offered to drive me into town when she got off work. I never accepted.

In July I learned that the grain crop in some fields around Garretson was better than expected and a neighbor would pay four dollars a day to pitch bundles for threshing. I requested release, rode back home on top of a freight car, and drove Iver Henjium's big, beautiful Belgian horses. Then I worked for Lyder Larson until high school started.

The CCC paid about \$300 for my services but far greater benefits came from new ambitions for work, learning, and advancement. I finished high school, began college at South Dakota State University, then qualified as a veterinarian at Texas A&M University for large or small animals, and did 20 years of research for the U.S. Department of Agriculture with hundreds of published, scientific reports and four books.

I am very, very grateful.

Biographical Sketch OLE H. VIKING STALHEIM, D.V.M., Ph.D. 1918 George Allen Avenue Ames, Iowa 50010 Telephone: (515) 232-1982

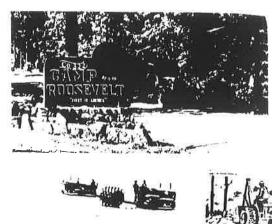
Dr. Stalheim has many relationships with veterinary medicine and agriculture beginning with the family farm in Minnehaha County, South Dakota. After graduation from Texas A&M University. he purchased a veterinary hospital in Vermillion, South Dakota, and conducted a general practice. During this time, he served as President of the South Dakota Veterinary Medical Association, Interstat Veterinary Medical Association, member of the House of Delegates of the AVMA and Special Committee on Brucellosis, veterinary supervisor of municipal meat inspection and of the South Dako Racing Commission, and operated grain and livestock farms.

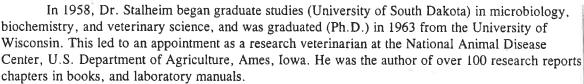
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He was a member of the U.S. Animal Health Association, the American Veterinary Medical Association, the Iowa Veterinary Medical Association, the American Society of Microbiology, the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine, and of several committees of these organizations. He was a director of the Ames International Orchestra Festival Association and president of the Ames Foundation. In 1970, he was a veterinary consultant to the Lutheran Council/USA, with primary service in Ethiopia and Japan. In October 1974, he toured the People's Republic of China with the first American farmers to be invited. He returned to China in 1983 to lecture for four weeks at the Central China Agricultural College in Wuhan. In 1978 he was appointed member of the AVMA Publications Committee and served as chairman, 1973-83. At the Perth meeting of the World Veterinary Congress in 1983, he helped organize the International Veterinary Academy on Disaster Medicine, and as Secretary, established a network of veterinarians in over 30 countries. In 1979, the American Association of Veterinary Laboratory Diagnosticians presented him the Dr. E. P. Pope Memorial Award. He was awarded the Twelfth International Veterinary Congress Prize for international relations by the American Veterinary Medical Association, the University of South Dakota Distinguished Alumni Award for achievement, the Alexander von Humboldt, and Welcome Research Awards. He was a Fulbright Lecturer in Sudan (1980–81) and Turkey (1987–89).

Dr. Stalheim retired from USDA and accepted joint-appointment as Associate Professor (Collaborator), Department of History, and the Department of Microbiology and Preventive Medicine, Iowa State University. He has published several historical articles and four books on veterinary history: Veterinary Medicine in the West, Manhattan, Kansas, Sunflower Press, 1988; The Winning of Animal Health, Veterinary Conversations with Mid-Twentieth-Century Leaders, Ames, Iowa State University Press, 1994, 1996; and The National Animal Disease Laboratory, Its Early History, OHVE, Ames, Iowa, out of print. Additional information can be found in Who's Who in Veterinary Science and Medicine, and Who's Who in America



Ole H.V. Stalheim D.V.M., Ph.D. 1918 George Allen Avenue Ames, Iowa 50010 (515) 232-1982











Your recent letter to the Columbus Ledger-Enquire newspaper caught my attention.

I received a reserve commission in the Army following four years at Auburn U. in 1936. I made use of that commission by getting a job with what was called the Civilian Conservation Corps, or CCC. This made-work project was the brainchild of Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was designed to provide jobs for city kids to get them off the streets and into something useful. The pay was \$30 per month,

I was a lieutenant and second in command of a CCC camp (No. 711) located about 20 miles north of Ely, Minnesota, right in the middle of the Superior National Forest. I was the mess officer and my pay was a lofty \$150 per month.

The CCC camps were administered by the Army, which took care of the men's pay, food, clothing and shelter. Work projects were the responsibility of the using service, or Forestry Service, which took charge of the men after breakfast and kept them busy building roads in the forest or fighting forest fires when necessary.

As messofficer I prepared the daily menus (to the best of my ability). I was no expert for sure. The Army ration allowed just so many cents per day for each person, like 28 cents. In those depression days what was big bucks. A side of beef sold for something like 16 cents a pound. We ate very well for the first half of the month and then skimped along for the balance of the month.







I placed my order for food once each week with a grocer in Ely, Minn. This was over a single-line telephone through the woods. You got your party by lifting the receiver and making so many jerky turns on the handle, like two shorts and three longs. Others on the party line would listen in.

I really "sweated out" the weather. In the event of a forest fire, it would be my job to feed everybody on the fire line. I had no idea how to do this, nor did I have any plans to do so. I was lucky that summer. The weather behaved and there were no lightning strikes to start a fire.

Sometimes the camp officers cheated a wee bit on the rations. If the officers' quarters needed an item or two, it could by purchased through the grocery store and show up on the bill as a crate of oranges. I would expend the "oranges" as quickly as possible.

Some days there wasn't much going on around the camp and I would get the urge to take a snooze. I located a suitable place to do that. Off to one side of the mess hall was a large storage room. Some of the lower shelves were deep to take care of large boxes of dry cereals. I fixed up a nifty little nappin place just behind some large boxes. After crawling into this space, it was easy to pull the boxes back into place. A sack of dried peas made an excellent pillow. What peace!

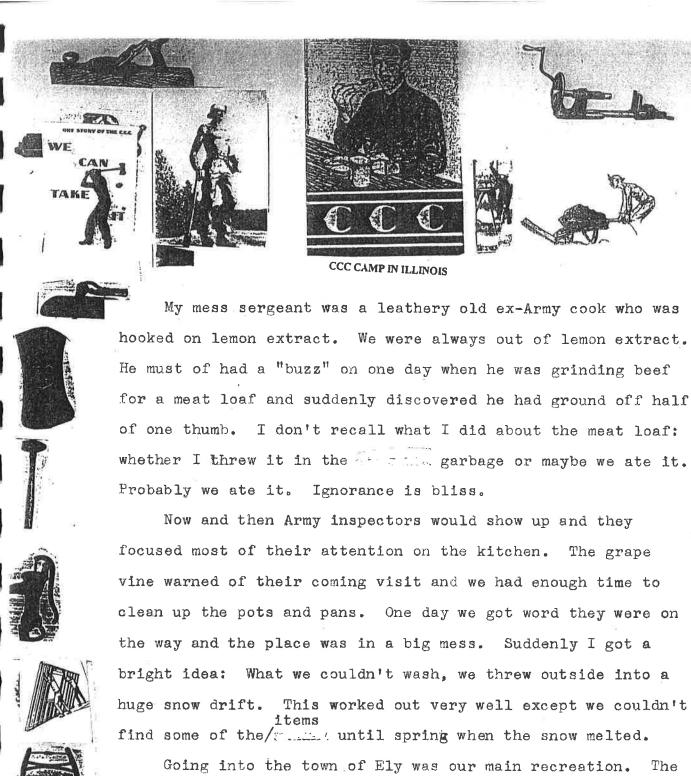
One afternoon I was taking full advantage of my little hide away when I heard a scraping noise. One of the bexes was being noved. I heard the company clerk say, "Lt. Wallace, the captain wants to see you."

I never learned how the clerk knew about my hiding place in









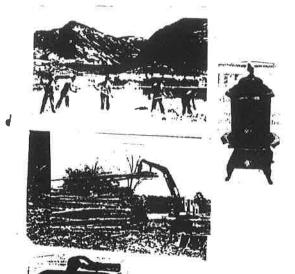
clean up the pots and pans. One day we got word they were on This worked out very well except we couldn't

city had one bar, and it was a busy place. We fed many nickels into the nickelodeon. A popular song in those days was "Roll Out the Barrek".

> Doug Wallace 4011 Valley Rd. Columbus, Georgia 31907-5659



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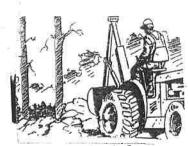


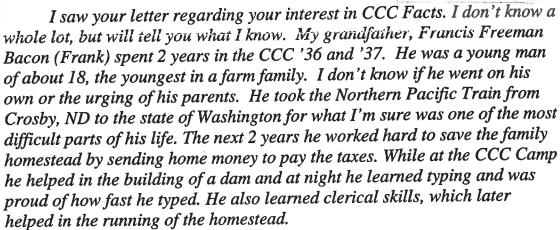




CCC CAMP IN ILLINOIS







When Frank Bacon returned home, he married the young gal who had been hired by his parents to help out at the homestead. He took over the farming operation along side of his father. His father passed away shortly after his return of a heart attack. His mother then moved to town and he took over the homestead. He went on to have 8 children (7 girls, 1 boy) and continued to farm until his health required him to move to town. The homestead is no longer lived on, but one his youngest daughters and her family still farm the cold and lonely land in the north western corner of North Dakota, the other children have all moved to warmer climates, but memories of that family homestead which their father toiled to save will linger on forever in their heart.

Pamela Wyckoff
pgwyckoff@ucdavis.edu

2485 Greenboro St. Turlock, CA 95382







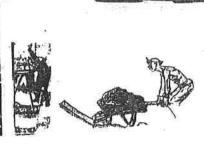














CCC CAMP IN ILLINOIS

Seen your add in the paper and thought I would answer your info.I am now 80 years young and wAs in the CCC for three years at Worthing INdana from 1933 to 1936 and got to be a 36.00 doller man running a buldozer. We built fenceing and ponds for farmers around the countryI proud myself of making the rank of 36.00 man and the work we did. Made a lot of farmers glad and helped them a bunch. Had 12 men in our crew and all were young men.I dont remember names of the fellows as its been a very long time.

So if you need more I will try and answer any question you mite have.I went on to join the army and made staff sgt, there was over in the east for two and one hafe years all in all was in just over three years. and was very glad to get back home.Got the purple heart and the bronze star so I concider I am a very luckey man.A lot of my fellows buddies did not have so good of luck.But I am glad I got the chance to do it but do not want it again.

I went on to work for Generl Motors at Delco Remy and retired with 23 years in 1981 and am enjoying every monite of it Lost my wife last July and that was a big bummer, am now working at my church about every day doing maintance work keeping thing runnind in the best shape I can. Was aplummer for 21 years as my own business.so I am proud of what I have done in the past years, If you need more let me know and will try and help you out. Hope you had the holidays in good fashion and do have a good year.







THE SPIRIT OF THE CCC



Dewey E Bennett 3307 River Park DR. Anderson, INDIANA. 46012, 765-644-0528-..

PLEASE, OH LORD

Lord, — if you should take away the trees, Should deem it wise to economize On flowers, birds, and bees, Should think it best that nature rest, And have the sun and moon and stars Shine only half the time; If you think it best all this loveliness Of Nature should resign, Then surely we'd have cause to be A discontented Nation, at your shrine.

ANONYMOUS CCC enrolee

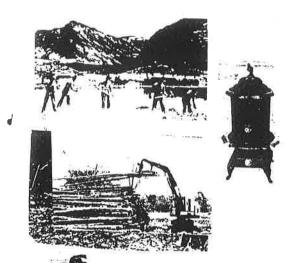




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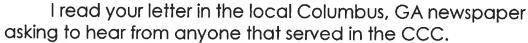












I served in the CCC in 1940. The camp I served was in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. My job was to plow contours in the mountain sides to prevent erosion. I was ruptured and sent to Ft. Douglas Hospital in Salt Lake City for surgery. While in the hospital my father died. When my enlistment was up in December, I went back home to the farm near Lyons, GA.

I served in the U.S. Navy during WWII and discharged in December 1945.

Gaston Sutton 6001 Williamsburg Dr. Columbus, GA 31909



I read with interest your letter to the editor of the Anderson Herald Bulletin, Anderson, Indiana.



In my immediate family, I was one of twelve children born and raised in Anderson. In 1933 at the age of 18, I went into the C.C.C. Our group was #557 at Wheeler Gorge, eight miles from Ojai, California.



The following four men who traveled with me were also from Anderson: Russell Walker, Walter Hurt, Loren Thomas and Ralph Welker. I shared a tent with nine other men. We traveled by train to Ft. Knox, KY then on to Ojai, California. I was there six months building fire breaks while others worked on the roads. I remember fighting one forest fire for 11 days. It took several hours going up the mountain and we would only spend about 15 minutes sliding down.



The government sent \$30 pay per month. I sent home \$25 to my Mother and kept \$5 for incidentals.

Paul E. Jarvis 706 West 34th St. Anderson, IN 46013 January 13, 2004





JAMES W. CLARK
344 W 7th ST.
ANDERSON, IN 460161304

LEGACY JWC 7 CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS.

As my time and associations in the Camps was important time of my life, I have enclosed notes from my Journal and articles you may find useful for your documentary. This may well be a Memorial to the Boys of Summer, as there are not many left to answer muster. To my knowledge, I am the last surviving member of my camps as I have been unable to locate any one. The War and time has taken it's toll and there has not been very much written about the Camps over the years, to tell their story.

I signed up with the Civilian Conservation Corps. And was to report to CCC Camp Pines in Brookvile, IN. In early March. I had a couple of weeks before reporting and I went around to some of the Industrial Plants to fill out job applications. International Harvester called me in for an interview and called me back for a series of Aptitude Tests. They would be hiring in 1939 to produce a new line of Cream Separators and would need machinists and toolmakers to tool up for production.

I reported to the Camp on schedule and we no more than received our clothing issue and bunk assignment that I got my first taste of hard physical labor. We were sent to Cincinnati to help clean up the ravages of the Great Flood of 1937. We were assigned to the Army Engineers to repair bridges, drainage channels up and down the Ohio River. There must have been a least a million sandbags that had to be removed and replaced with stone and rock dams. This was cold, wet and always muddy work. You had to strong and in good physical condition to handle the rigors of this work all for one dollar a day and found! This sure helped to get me in the good physical condition to cope with what I had to later. In late June we were sent to West Virginia to work on the Blue Ridge Parkway to repair bridges and repair roads up and down the Parkway. There were young men there from Camps all over Eastern U.S.A. This was the best duty I had while in the Camps. The climate was great and there were great Liberty towns all along the Parkway. Much of the time here we lived in tents. Much of the work was dangerous and there were a number of injuries and snakebites. IN late September we were sent to camp in in the North Carolina mountains close to Lake Toxaway. Here we had barracks and a Mess Hall and medical facilities. One of the truck drivers fell for one of the mountain girls and went a.w.o.l. and I was given the job. I think the trucks were W.W. 1 Ammo carriers and took some getting used to. This was bette work than the back breaking grunt work. The truck was assigned 6 men with road equipment and we would travel 100 miles in each direction and make repairs as needed and make note of the ones that required more extensive work and heavy equipment. I had more free time and fell in love with fly fishing for trout. On my birthday in October we feasted on trout caught in the mountain streams along Pidgeon river. I truly enjoyed my time in the Carolina mountains, the fellowship of the Corps, and the hospitality of the mountain people along the Parkway. I knew of four from our group that married girls and stayed in the N.C. mountains.

When it was time to go I hated to leave but anxious to get home in time for Thanksgiving. I checked the truck out loaded up and set a course for Brookville, IN. We made a number of stops along the way to drop off the men at various Camps and layover for the night. Driving home I had time to think about my time in the CCC, of all the young men caught up in the Hard Times of the Depression and the friendships formed that would last many years a Brotherhood that would be facing even a greater challenge, World War 11. On the trip home I had decided that if there was no job available, I would sign over or enlist in the Navy.

I was home for the Holidays and took a few presents that I had collected in my travels and check my mail. I had a letter from IHC wanting me to come in an interview. I was informed that I scored high on my tests and had excellent references, especially from Ezra Miller, my Math teacher in High School. I was offered a job as a toolmaker apprentice and accepted. I began my career with IHC on March 1939 in Richmond, IN. And as time went by much of the past dimmed into the mists of time as the reality of the present unfolded and my life went into a new direction as a more responsible adult.









CRAIG W. TEXTOR

121 Cruce Lane, Marion, Kentucky 42064

Textor: The CCC provided a service

I read with interest your request in the Ames Tribune -- and so here's my only memory of the CCC. I hope others with more concrete memories and/or association with the CCC will write to you.

Remembering the Civilian Conservation Corps

ome time ago, there was an interesting letter to the editor.
Oh, I know, they all are interesting — and those for and against the mall have been expertly written. This one, however, had a special appeal for me and those who are as old or older than I am. Is there anyone around in that category?

Here is the letter from Paul E. Jones of 210 Jarrell St., Ridgeway, IL., 62979: "I'm researching for a documentary on the CCC of the 1930s (the Civilian Conservation Corps)

CRAIG TEXTOR



AROUND TOWN

during the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt. I welcome responses from those still living CCC veterans: their stories, their experiences, type of work, the good, the bad, the comical — also how their salary aided their families during the Depression years."

And, Jones would like, "Their responses of how their experiences under the supervision of the U.S. Army helped to initiate their entrance into military service during World War II."

I'm not old enough to give Mr. Jones what he is seeking. But surely there are readers in

our area who are, and I encourage each of you to contact Mr. Jones.

Here's my own contribution: In 1938 my brother and I were "farmed out" for six months to our grandparents who lived in Bancroft. Well, it was the Depression and our family, like so many others, was hard pressed.

I was 8 years old. There was a CCC encampment in the town. My only contact and memory of the CCC is this: My dear Aunt Harriet, who visited us, was excited that the CCC camp was located there.

I took her to watch all the young men dressed in khaki for this military event, but it was far from military in its execution.

They slouched up to gather together in somewhat crooked lines. And when the rerson in charge dismissed them, they slouched away.

"Why, that's no big deal," Harriet said, and added, "They look disgusting."

I don't know what all the Corps constructed in that northern part of the state, but I do know that they built a lodge or two at Lake Okoboji. Did the Corps build anything in Ames? I don't know, and if you do, or if you have any memories of the CCC boys, let Mr. Jones know. Me, too.

I'm sure the CCC provided a national service for all those

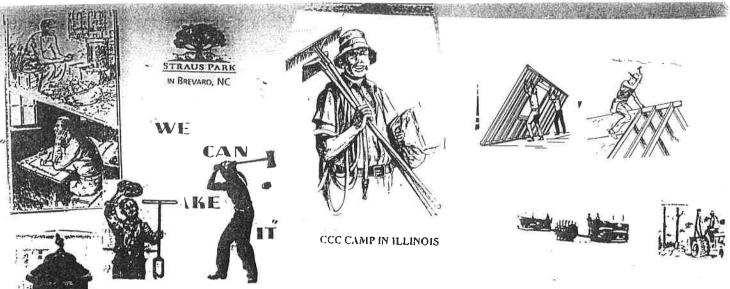
young men who had no jobs. Today's youngsters don't realize how economically tough things were in the 1930's. And only World War II brought us out of those hard times.

The CCC and WPA (Works Progress Administration) provided employment for men and women during those desperate days. And although they didn't solve all of the economic problems, they surely helped alleviate poverty and discouragement. We thank the government for that.

Craig Textor's column appears each Wednesday in The Tribune.





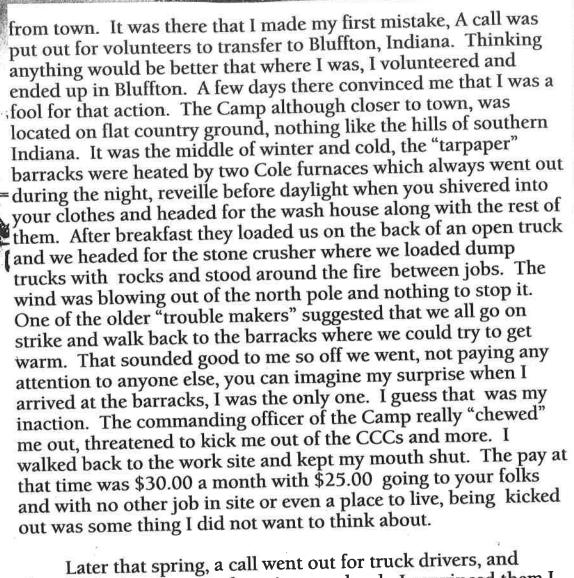


In reply to your letter of March 19th, I don't know how much help I can be. I suspect that there aren't very many CCC alumni left in this world. There used to be an organization of ex CCCs in Iowa but I haven't heard from any of them in quite a while. In Backbone State park, here in Iowa, there is a small museum ,or there used to be, of CCC information. I have been to the park several time but never caught it open. Also some place in Missouri, Jefferson if I remember right, is a national CCC museum or there again, I haven't heard anything about that in years.

All of my records, notes and a few photos have gone by the wayside, but I can relate my own experience.

Having left home at the age of 12 (almost 13) for a live in job on a near by farm where I could live and also go to school, I continued in that and similar positions until Jan of 1937. At that time I was working for a lady and her mother on a small farm when the elder lady died and the farm was sold. I could not find another live in job anywhere and being 15 (almost 16) I and another student sought out the CCC recruiter. I knew about the CCCs since I had two older brother who had joined. The entering age for the CCCS was 17 or 18 and I had to convince them I was old enough. I thought I had pulled the wool over their eyes, but in looking back, the Volunteers recruiters knew how hard it was to get along in those days and didn't say anything.

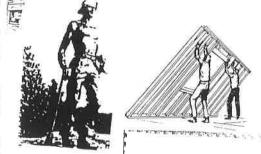
My first Camp was in a park near Bloomington, Indiana and if I remember correctly in was quite a way out in the country far

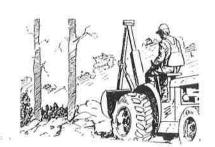


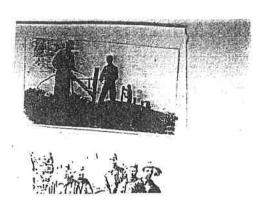
Later that spring, a call went out for truck drivers, and though I had never even been in a truck cab, I convinced them I knew how, and wonders of wonders, even passed the road test, double shifted and everything. I was a truck driver. The trucks did not have heaters in them but at least you were out of the wind. My first truck was a dump truck, hauling rocks for road building or dirt from building sites.

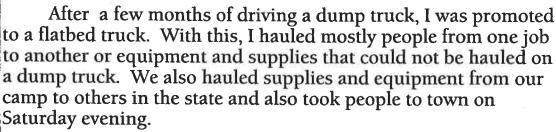
The Camp was involved in building a state park, it ended up with a lake, zoo and camping sites, lodges and other buildings. On my last visit, the park still looked very good, we plan on visiting the park again this year.

C C C Reunion









With a good driving record behind me, I was accepted as a "staff car" driver and drove the district commander around the state. This was a "cushy" job, but since I had had very little experience in driving cars, I only lasted about a week. Following that I requested my old job back but had to start at the bottom again, driving dump trucks. After a few months I was offered the chance to learn how to operate tractor and an earth moving machine. I did appreciate that.

The residents in the community seemed to like us or at least to put up with us. Although we didn't have much money, we spent it. There was a small country town about a mile from camp, and those who managed to keep or get all of their money back, had cars stored there. They could not keep them in camp. The town also had free open air movies every week and that was fun. A few of the boys found girl friends but for the most of us all we could do was look and talk about them.

I cant at this late date, think of anything that would be of help to you in writing a novel, but feel free to use anything I have written.

In 1939, a rule was passed that a person could only stay in the CCCs for two years and so I found myself again looking for work. A friend of mine (I found out in later years) used his younger brother's name and social security card to rejoin I did not think of that.

bwill keep your book in mind

Werkley

Wm W. Beckley





Rex Harral 7IO Tyler Rd Wilburn, AR 72179 501-362-6569

Dear Paul:

I enrolled into CCC April 19-1937, Co 17II Pocahontas Ar, Camp Pocahontas a soil conservation camp, I spent almost 2 yrs. there, made leader in few mos. was blacksmith and company carpenter.

Was a great experience in my life, in fact put me on track for my life. the same want work today with drugs too rampant.

I only know of one man living that was there with me. I was born Mar. 29-1919, I now live alone, am last of old school blacksmiths in ARK. still work in my shop but do mostly wood work, lots of fancy wood vases bowls etc. have 4 part time blacksmith apprentis

Jerry Davis, 4100, Heber Spgs. Rd North, Heber Spgs. AR 72543. ph. 50T 362-7273, is CCC veteran, and has put together some stories. He might help you some.

The following three pages were received from Marie Eier and Douglas 83501-3627 S. Eier, LEWISTON, ID

About the NACCCA

Application For Membership

CCC History

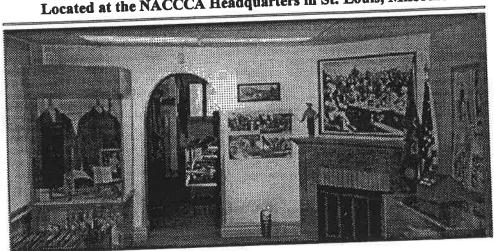
Bibliography

NACCCA Research Guidelines

States and Camp Listing

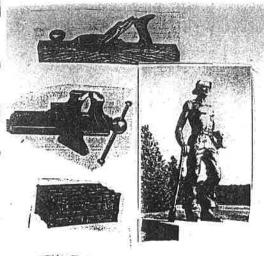
The CCC Museum and Research Center

Located at the NACCCA Headquarters in St. Louis, Missouri

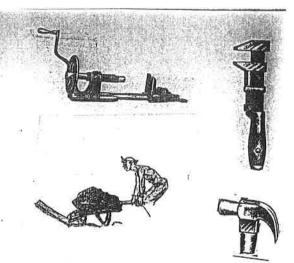


The Museum illustrates a brief history of the CCC and how the enrollees lived in the CCC camps. Those who were involved with the CCC were and are generally proud of their association with the organization. Evidence of this pride exists in the artifacts collected by the NACCCA. Artifacts include souvenir patches, pillows and rings, and even programs from holiday dinners and celebrations. Many people also saved mementos of daily life in the CCC such as mess kits, license plates, uniforms, tools and equipment. Testimony of personal achievements such as work logs, education certificates, first aid cards and company flags are displayed as well.

The Museum offers CCC enrollees and their families, genealogists, and historians a chance to see artifacts from this era and share stories about experiences in the CCC. For visitors not familiar with the story of the CCC, the museum explains the difficulties faced by President Roosevelt and others to start the CCC in 1933. From there the epic unfolds with photographs and artifacts of CCC work projects, camps and personnel through to the closing of the CCC camps in 1942.

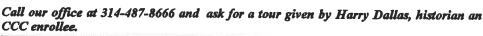








Museum hours are Monday through Thursday 8:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M., Friday 8:00 A. M M. to 12:00 P.M. Special tours are by appointment only.

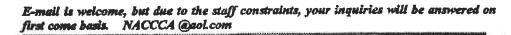






The Research Center is open to any person who wishes to discover in detail the history and experience of the CCC. Thousands of photographs, camp annuals and newspapers, letters and documents chronicle the CCC. A limited listing of CCC companies may be found in the "State and Camp Listing " link on this site's introductory page. Much more detail is available in the Research Center. Most of the information is catalogued by company number, and little information is retrievable by the name of the enrollee or other person involved in the CCC. Research staff will assist with information searches. Refer to the "NACCCA Research Guidelines" link for more information on how to proceed with a search for information about a specific person. We have many copies and original CCC discharge papers. Of the 3 million boys who served sometimes only at for a six months enrollment, it becomes necessary to write for their discharge papers to tract their service.

The Research Room is open to the public Monday through Wednesday 8:00 through 3:0 P.M. Please call 314-487-8666 and schedule a approximate date of arrival and th material to be researched. Please join us or send a contribution so that we can continu to serve your research needs.





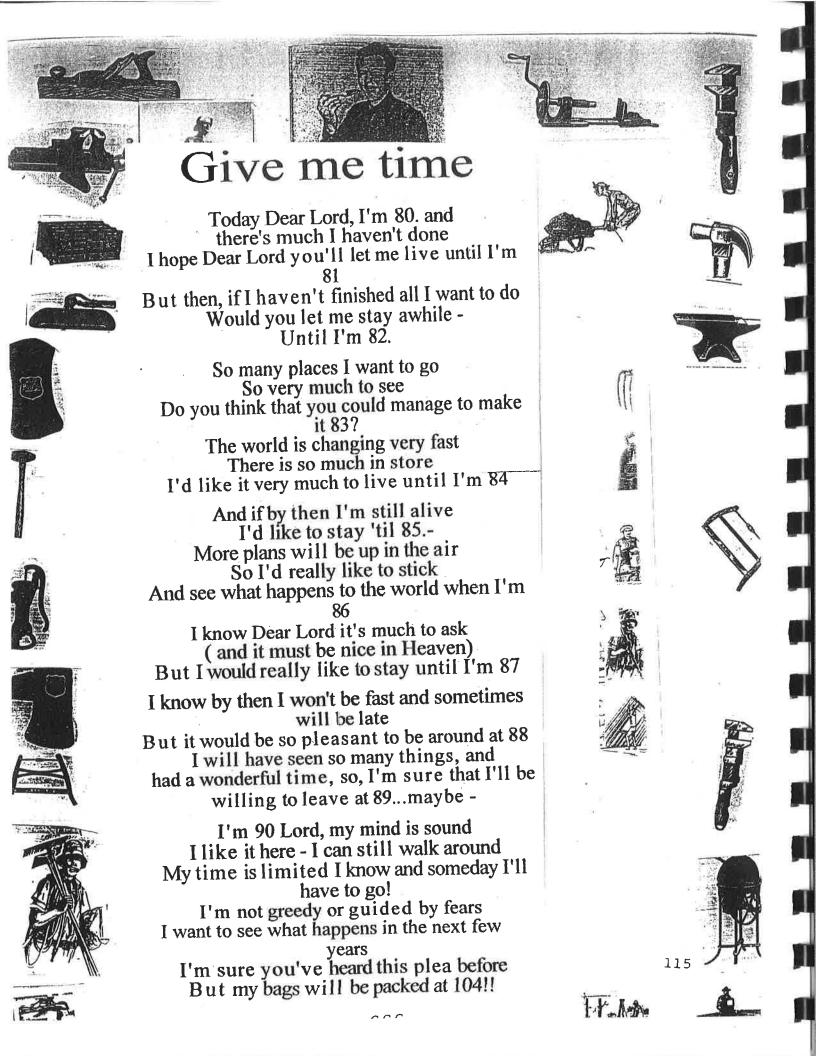














Pocatello, Idaho.

He helped do clean-up work at Yellowstone, then drove a truck and helped build terraces to prevent erosion in mountainous areas of Idaho.

"I enjoyed it, I did," he said. "We ate good, and we had good living quarters.

"I think it made more of a man out of me. It broke the apron strings from home.

"In fact, I don't see why they can't do something like that again. For these young boys that aren't working, it would be a good thing.'

There were CCC camps at most state parks and public forest areas in Southern Indiana, and they left their mark. CCC members are given credit for helping build Yellowwood, Bear and Crooked Creek lakes in Yellowwood State Forest. In Brown County State Park, a veterans' CCC company built several buildings, including the log lookout towers that still stand today, and helped construct the Ogle Lake dam.











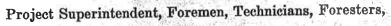












Took the boys out,

To the woods, to the fields, to what was to be a park.

They told the boys how to hold a shovel, and why,

How to swing an ax, how to carry a double-bitted ax,

How to pull and how to carry a cross-cut saw,

How to drill a hole in a rock,

How to fell a tree, and to run and yell "Timber."

How to drive a truck, a "cat," a bulldozer,

What poison oak looked like, rattlesnakes and water moccasins.

This was life, life in the open, a man's life.

This was something like it, the boys said.

The boys went to work,

Stripped to the waist, soon became

Brown-armed, brown-shouldered, chests, backs, and legs-

Like Indians, modern American Redmen.

The boys set the stripped style,

CCC boys-stripped-to-waist-style, all over America.

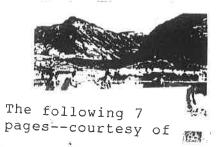
Best way to work, clean, healthy,-

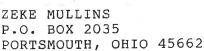
All in CCC Camps.















CCC Camps gave folks chance for a living

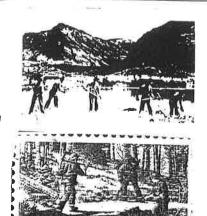
thought, we pay our paper bill every month, so, the only other thing I can think of is, they are tired of my remembering back when. It turned out to be a letter from Ed Neu, addressed to me in care of the Daily Times, He was in the CCC camps in 1936 and 1937. He remembers one of those rabbit roundups I mentioned in a previous story. He was at a camp near Moab, Utah. Ed says those times are some of the best years of his life.

The CCC camps were a blessing to hundreds of young men all over the country. With no jobs to be found anywhere, it gave them a chance to earn a living and help at home. Thanks Ed for your nice letter, it brought back a lot of memories for me also.

In my lifetime I think the best two things that ever happened in this country was the CCC camps and Social Security. Most camps were commanded by a Army officer, mostly from World War I. Most camps also had a Army Doctor. Each morning we lined up and did a flag raising ceremony listened to announcements for the day. After breakfast we loaded up in trucks and went to work, in timber, building roads or whatever. Our uniforms were furnished and also our work clothes. We had three good meals a day.

We were paid \$30 a month, at that time the Army base pay was \$21 each month. The government sent a check for \$22 each month to the boy's family. That left \$8. They gave us a \$1 worth of coupons each week to spend at the Canteen. Deducted a \$1 each month for the company fund, so each payday we lined up and received \$3 in cash. We could go to town once a month. You had to prove you had \$3 so you would have enough money to spend the night. You could buy two hamburgers and a bottle of pop for a quarter. The movie and a bag of popcorn was 30 cents. A sleeping room upstairs over a business place was \$1. You would still have enough money for breakfast before we started back to camp.

We also had a movie once a week at camp. We would hang a sheet in the recreation hall for a movie screen. At one camp we had an educational advisor and you could go to school after hours each evening if you wanted to. I took classes all the time I was there, and finally got a high school diploma from Hollister High School located in Hollister Idaho. I never was in the building, I really didn't have enough credit for a regular diploma but since me and another guy stuck with it and



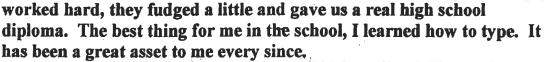
Civilian Conservation Corps USA 2Oc





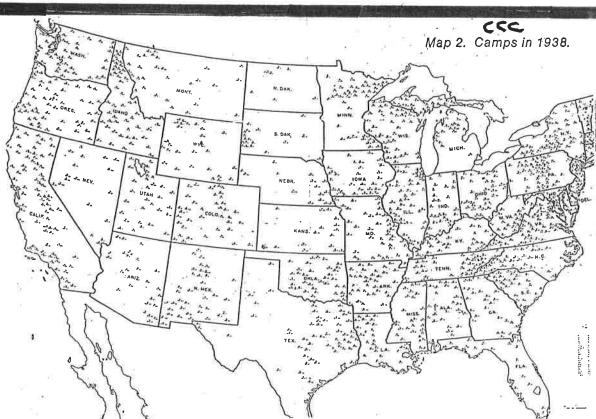




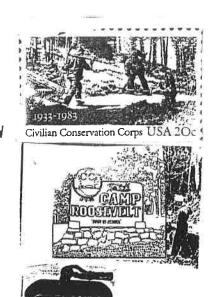


I was in the CCC camp in Malta, Idaho, on Pearl Harbor Day. I was 20 years old shortly after the war started, they closed all the camps and sent the men home.

I was just thinking, when the war started thanks to the CCC camps, our country was blessed with hundreds of young men the right age and the right attitude for serving their country nearly all in excellent health and in great physical condition.

















CCCReunion





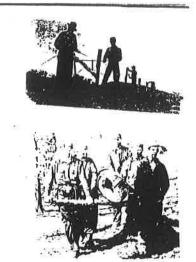
Zeke's Jack Rabbit Roundup

In 1940 our CCC Camp was located at Three Creeks, Idaho. Located about 70 miles from Twin Falls, Idaho. At our camp there was nothing but miles and miles of sage brush, and the jack rabbits were as thick as fleas. Jack rabbits are larger than our rabbits and are no good to eat, and are very destructive. They eat peoples gardens and crops, even there grass and flowers. There were so many that when driving down the road you would see a dead rabbit on the road that had been run over by a car about every two or three minutes. One Saturday afternoon we were asked to attend a jack rabbit roundup. They loaded up us guys, about one hundred and fifty of us and took us to Rogerson, Idaho. A little town with a gas station, a store, a school and a church and a couple dozen houses. There was lots of people there. Ladies fixing sandwiches, several tubs full of ice and bottles of pop, (glass bottles. canned pop had not been invented yet). A lot of youngins running and playing. It was a real picnic atmosphere. We all made about a half mile circle with people about every ten yards. Then we all started walking in making the circle smaller & smaller, lots of jack rabbits running in front of us. At a certain point there was a fence laying on the ground, we all picked up the fence and there was hundreds of rabbits trapped in that circle. Then people started killing them with clubs, sticks or whatever. I know that sounds cruel, but to these people rabbits were just like any other pest like rats or roaches etc. At that period in time it must have been the only way to get rid of them. I didn't kill any rabbits I just stood and held up the fence. After all the rabbits were dead, we went down the road to a nice shady grove and they served us sandwiches and cold pop, and we visited for a while. They expressed appreciation for us CCC boys helping get rid of these pest. We drove by there the next day and saw a big cattle truck piled high with dead rabbits. I presume that was something they did every year out there. It was quite a traumatic experience for me. 'Cause I have always been one of those guys that wouldn't even harm a flea.











CCC Days

In our part of the country when you wanted someone to sign something you would say "put your John Henry on this".

When I was in the CCC Camp at Three creeks, Idaho, about 1940, I had the job of running the canteen, which was a little store in the recreation hall. I sold pop, candy, cigarettes, hair oil and stuff like that. Each week everyone got a coupon book worth a dollar. It had 20 five cent coupons. Most everything cost a nickel back then. At the end of the month, they took four dollars from your pay. We got \$30 a month. They sent \$22 to your parents at home. That left you \$8. They took a dollar of that for what they called company fund. So once a month on payday we lined up and got \$3.

Once a month we could go to town in Twin Falls, Idaho, it was 70 miles from our camp. They would take us there in an Army truck but you had to prove that you had \$3, enough money to eat and spend the night. Some new boys arrived at the camp and I was issuing them a canteen book. I handed this boy one and said, "Put your John Henry" on the coupon in the book for my records. He signed it and I looked and asked, "Is your name John Henry?" He said, "No, my name is Fred Adkins." I said, "Why did you put John Henry?" He shrugged and said, "You told me to."

One time for a joke I put up a sign that said "Free Candy Bars Tomorrow." When someone would come the next day and say "Where is my free candy bar?" I would point to the sign and say, "It says tomorrow, this is today." I thought it was a nice little joke. When some new men came to the camp, this big old boy came up and said "How about that candy bar you promised today." I said, "This is today, the sign says tomorrow." He reached across the counter and got me by my shirt collar and lifted me off my feet and said. "I don't care if today is tomorrow, I want my candy bar now!"

He got it, and I also took down my sign.









1941 Was the Worst New Year I ever had



The most dismal New Year's I ever experienced was in 1941. I was 20 years old. Our country had been at war for less than a month and I was in a Civilian Conservation Corps camp in Malta, Idaho.

After World War II started they sent all the boys in the camps home. After all, they were all in good health and at the right age to be called into service.

There was just a handful of guys left at the camp, and it was time for me to leave. It was the day of 1941.

Our commander drove me to the depot to catch the train. It was miles and miles from nowhere, just a small shack by the railroad tracks. He gave me a government voucher which was to pay my fare on the train. It was about 6 or 7 in the evening. It was bitter cold and pitch dark. The little depot was warm with a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling. The commander, (I can't remember his name) and I shook hands and he wished me lots of luck.

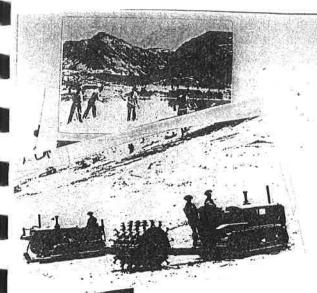
A little later the man running the depot said he was going home. He told me the train would stop in about tow hours. He said it would stop for about five minutes and he asked me if I would fix the lock on the door so it would lock when I left.

So there I sat in a little dimly lit shack for the next two hours, all alone with must my thoughts and wondering what the future had in sore for me. As I got on the train there were four or five people all slumped over in their seats sound asleep. It wasn't long before I fell asleep too. Somewhere in the middle of the night we rode out of the old year and into the new 1942 no whistles, horns or bells. After I arrived home the



radio stations were saying shipyards were working around the clock building liberty ships, and men were urgently needed to carry war supplies to our troops overseas. I remember when I was still in the CCC camp a recruiter came and showed us films and told us the government needed lots of men to work on Merchant ships. So I joined the Merchant Marines. I took my training in St. Petersburg, Florida and spent the war carrying Hi Test Gasoline, bombs and grenades, jeeps, food and everything that was needed to fight a war. According to the information on the Internet, over 700 liberty ships were sunk by German U-boats during the war. I thank the good Lord they didn't get the one I was on, and I'm glad I'm still here to tell people about it.











My first forest fire

My first forest fire was in 1939, I was in CCC camp named Camp Devil's Elbow high up in the Coradelane National Forest of Idaho, our post office was Prichard, Idaho. The devils elbow got its name from narrow road with a sharp turn and a drop off of about 60 feet straight down, a really scary road to travel.

We had never been on a forest fire before but one evening as we were having our evening meal a couple forest Rangers showed up and told us we were needed to fight a forest fire. They loaded us up and we drove back over the mountains for about three hours. We stopped at a Ranger Station and they fed us all and we traveled until about midnight. We got off the truck and along the bank was a bunch of backpacks, one for each of us. At first it looked like there weren't enough backpacks for all of us so I kind of held back hoping maybe they would run out before they got to me. That was a mistake, I wound up with the last one, the biggest and heaviest of them all. It had two cross cut saws in a roll and other stuff. We walked for another hour to the fire. We all set around a fire by a big creek until daylight. All we did was dig a ditch about an inch deep, a foot wide all around the fire, and then patrolled it in case a burning limb or something fell across the little ditch. The rangers brought in a big tent and cooked our meals. Boy was it good. We were there a couple of days until the fire died out. That was also the first time I ever saw a sleeping bag. It sure felt good and warm to sleep in way upon the side of a mountain in northern





C C CReunion 121









When I was a youngster, children at our house were not allowed to drink coffee. My dad was a barber and every morning as he left for work he would give my mom a quarter to feed the family that day. (I think we were poor). Back then it cost a quarter for a haircut and 15 cents for a shave. Mom always made do with biscuits and gravy for breakfast. Gravy was made with Carnation evaporated milk. I can remember coming from school for lunch. Mom would take a can of milk and mix it with about two cans of water and sweeten it. We would crumble some hot cornbread in it and we thought it was great.

We had a lot of beans, taters and cornbread, and in the summer, things from the garden. My mom, bless her heart, managed to raise a big family on a meager income.

In 1939 I left for the CCC Camp and wound up in a camp in the mountains about 50 miles from Kellog, Idaho. Our job was to cut down a mountain side of dead trees that had been destroyed by a fire. To get to the job we had to climb up a hill in about three feet of snow, carrying either a crosscut saw or an axe. Then we would start cutting down the

One guy had the job of keeping a good fire going and making trees. coffee. He would keep melting snow in a lard can until he had enough water to make coffee. At lunchtime we would stand around the fire and drink coffee from a tin can, and we were glad to get it to keep warm. Our lunch was a paper sack containg three sandwiches, one bologna and cheese, and a peanut butter and jelly, a cookie and an apple. Nowadays at work I drink a couple cups of coffee each morning in nice warm surroundings.

There are times when I am reminded of that old cowboy song "I wanta drink my java from an ole tin can", and it brings back memories of 62 years ago, when I had my first cup of coffee with a bunch of homesick teenagers, standing around a fire trying to keep warm on a mountain in northern Idaho.





The preceding article from book. Zeke Mullins Remembers 1930s Big Depression, Life in CCCs Merchant Marines World War 2 & 46 years a Country Deejay's Zeke is s till A Country Deejay and a member of the Ohio Senior Citizens Hall of .Fame



Copies of this book can be o rdered by sending \$20.00 (includes P & H) to Zeke Mullins. P.O. box 2035 Portsmouth, Ohio

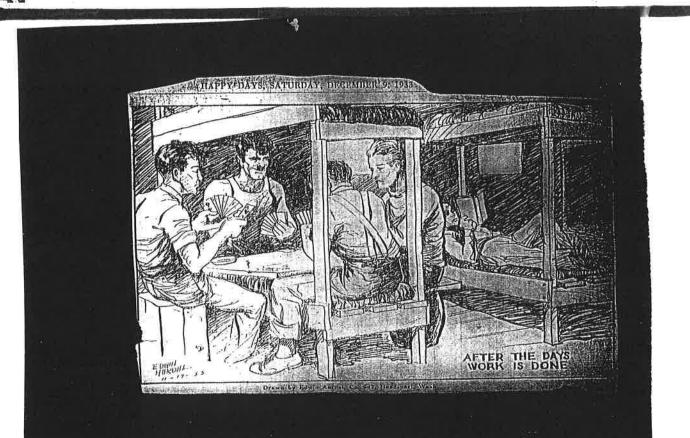
Zeke Mullins Bio

"A great big howdy neighbors, this is your ole cornbread eatin buddy Zeke Mullins from a way down in the country. Where the corn grows tall and everybody says you all." "Yes sir the taters grow big and the little boys strong and the girls pretty, and the creeks are knee deep in the winter time when you go out to slop the hogs and feed them dogs." Thousands of radio listeners in the Southern Ohio and Northern Kentucky area have started their morning off for more than 54 years by hearing Zeke Mullins recite this familiar greeting. Zeke's rapport with the listeners has made him more than just a disc jockey; most consider him a part of their own family.

Keep it

Zeke Mullins





CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS FACTS

Duration of Program: April 5, 1933 to June 30, 1942

Nicknames: "Roosevelt's Tree Army", "Tree Troopers", "Soil Soldiers", "CCC's".

"Colossal College of Calluses"

Total Men Enrolled: 3,463,766

Juniors, Veterans and Native Americans Enrolled 2,876,638

Territorial Enrollees: 50,000 (Estimated)

Non-Enrolled Personnel: 263,755

Average Enrolee" 18 - 19 years old, 147 pounds, 5' 8 1/4" tall Average Weight Gain of Enrollee in First 3 Months: 11.5 pounds Well Known Actors Enrolled In CCC: Raymond Burr & Walter Matthau Number of Illiterate Enrollees Taught to Read: More than 40,000 Average Number of Camps Operating in U.S. Per Year: 1,643

Total Number of Different Camps: 4,500

Highest Elevation of CCC Camp: 9,200 feet above sea level in Colorado Lowest Elevation of CCC Camp: 270 feet below sea level , Death Valley, CA

Camp Locations: Every state in the Union, plus Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands

Total Cost: 3 billion dollars Approximate Cost Per Enrollee Per Year for Food, Clothing, Overhead, and Allotments to

Dependents: \$1,000

Allotments to Dependents: \$662,895,000

Number of People Directly Benefited From Enrollees' Checks: 12 to 15 million

Value of Work in 1942 Dollars: 2 billion dollars

Miles of Roads Built:: 125,000

Miles of Telephone Lines Strung: 89,000

Miles of Foot Trails Built: 13,100

Farmlands Benefited From Erosion Control Projects: 40 million acres

Stream and Lake Bank Protection: 154 million square yards

Range Revegatation: 814,000 acres Fire Fighting Days: More than 8 million

Number of Enrollees Who Died Fighting Fires: 79

Overall Death Rate: 2:25 per thousand

State Parks Developed: 800

Public Campground Development: 52,000 acres

Mosquito Control: 248,000 acres Number of Fish Stocked: 972 million Historic Restoration: 3,980 structures

Number of Trees Planted: Between 2 and 3 billion Number of Conservation Work Days: 7,135,000

Federal Departments Administering the Program: Agriculture, Interior, Labor, War Total Number of Federal Government Agencies Participating in Some Capacity: 25

Unofficial Motto of the CCC: "WE CAN TAKE IT!"

SOURCES: Stan Cohen, 1980 - The Tree Army: A Pictorial History of the Civillan Conservation Corps, 1933 - 1942. Pictorial Histories Publishing Co. Missoula, Montana

Fred E. Leake, 1982 Roosevelts Tree Army: A Brief History of the Civillan Conservation Corps, National Association of CCC Alumni

St Louis Missouri











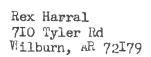












April 2-2004

I was orphaned at age 9. My oldest sister raised me and 2 younger sisters. I entered CCC at age I7, Camp Pocahontas Co I7II, Pocahontas Ar. April I9-1937. A soil conservation Co. My pay was \$5.00 per month, \$25.00 per mo. was sent home to my sister. She deposited that in my account at local bank. this company was made up of Kansas boys of about 2 yrs. There was 200 of Ark. boys sent there in notified by Co. commander. Some of us had to sleep on floor that night. All but personeel members were shipped out back to Kansas.

My first days work was sodding in a farmers pasture at Maynard Ar. I only went to field work possibly IO days. I was offered a night watchmans job, and accepted it. My resume told I was experienced in blacksmithing, and carpentry. The camp blacksmith was a LEM, (local experienced man)I worked as nightmatchman about 3 weeks, during that time I checked out a manual on tywritting from library, and taught myself typing in office between the hourly tours I made of campus.

About that time our blacksmith decided to check out. I was put in the blacksmith shop, within 3 mos. after enrolling I found myself rated as leader, about same rating as buck sargent in army. my duties then were a barracks leader, had to pull "charge of Quarters" (CQ) on scheduled basis. my duties as blacksmith was, forge sharpening of mattocks, picks, punch bars, grubbing hoes, sharpening axes, other edge cutting tools, replacing handles in all wooden handled tools, I even sharped kitchen knives on wet grinder, I seriously did my work, even worked after regular work hours to get tools out for next days crew if the foremen as me to. Foremans were men of any age or marital status, similar to civil service requirments.

Possibly 3 mos. as blacksmith, I went to work one morning when an orderly from supertindent's office approached me and stated for me to report to supertindent, the supertindent ask me if I could head up a crew of 6 boys and start carpentering, I accepted that job with a deep question my own mind just how qualified was I for that job? All went well, I had a good crew except one boy, I put up with his mumuring and balkingness for a few weeks and flatly told him, its either get going or I was sending him to filed crewa he smarted back at me said I didnt have that authority, I approached the superintend about the problem, he told me I had all the authority I needed and to send him out. I promptely went to the boy and told him to report to superintendants office next morning. (needsly to say he never spoke to me after that, and checked out at end of his 6 mos. enrollment)

One of the jobs I was assigned was building walks adroos the company streets, We dug a trench about 6" deep and about same width, we then cut local limestone rocks to roughly fit into those trenches, packed them down solidly and then filled the spaces with gravel. My abnual shows a pixture of those walks made by journalist and that story was published with that picture in national GCC magazine. Needless to say I was one proud boy.

One of the things that was possible, was any enrollee could get a GED through our company man—Educational adviser, he taught 4 nights per week for anyone that wanted a GED. Several of us enrolled. I bought a set of carpenter manuals, 4 volumns, on installement plan, approved by company commander, \$6.00, dollar down, dollar monthly. (I still have the set in their original shipping carton)

I had never seen a wood lathe in operation. The first time I









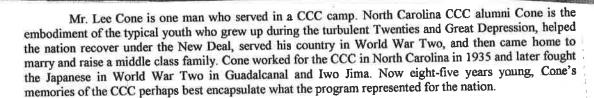
watched one of the cooks turning on the lathe, I knew then and there I was going to learn to use that tool. I full filled my promise to myself. I did learn that craft. (to this day 68 yrs. later, the wood lathe is my dream come true, I have turned thousands upon thousands of items from tiny vases to large laminated bowls, table legs etc.) I have a few tools I made in that blacksmith shop today.

Enrolling in that CCC company let me get my feet on solid ground and get my life on solid ground and entering into lifes society as a respectable man, I saw the same in other boys lives. I got my financial start, I earned my living carpentering for several years, and I am at this writting the last of old blacksmiths in Arkansas, I still have my shop and active in forging I have several hundred tools I have made and used during these years, I have 4 part time apprencitis in blacksmithing. Also teach wood turning.

Today, this same program that was so successful then would simply fall on its face, too many grugs and laws that let the drug addicts keep going, no disclipine roots, and no work attitude of younger generation

After about 2 yrs. I got a job as foreman on WPA crew building a school house just a few miles from my CCC camp.

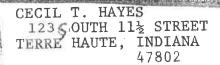
I salute all the boys that had experience in CCC and I honor Franklin Roosevelt for his idea of esablishing the CCC, and the help it gave to those depression afflicted families.



Cone stated that he believes the CCC helped to make him the man he is today. It shaped his mind, body, spirit, and ideals. Cone said, "The CCC helped the community, town, and the people. Roosevelt was a great man. His program had a big impact on the boys. It did a lot of the boys good to work for other people and do a job and do it right...The CCC work built our muscles, backbones, and helped our nation recover." Today Mr. Cone lives with his daughter in North Kingstown, Rhode Island and is active in his Methodist Church and Veterans of Foreign Wars chapter.

I hope this brief information helps in some small way. Good luck with your quest. The work of the CCC was truly amazing as were the men involved in it. I am a history teacher in Rhode Island and we are right in the middle of the New Deal. I make sure the students know of the work of the CCC and the debt of thanks we all owe them. The CCC had 3 camps in RI and I have several pictures of Rhode Islanders in action with the CCC that the students enjoy looking at.







OF THE HUNDREDS OF BOYS I SERVED WITH IN THE CCC, I'VE KEPT IN TOUCH WITH ONLY ONE. HIS NAME IS JIM HUDSON AND HE OWNS A BARBER SHOP IN BLYTHEVILLES, ARKANSAS. IN THE CCC HE USED TO CUT MY HAIR FOR FIFTEEN CENTS, PAID IN CANTEEN TICKETS. I DON'T GO TO BLYTHEVILLE VERY MUCH ANYMORE, BECAUSE MOST OF MY RELATIVES HAVE DIED OR MOVED AWAY. BUT WHEN I DO I ALWAYS GOT TO SEE JIM HUDSON. HE CUTS MY HAIR AND ALL HE WILL TAKE IS FIFTEEN CENTS. I CALLED HIM AND WE TALKED FOR ABOUT AN HOUR. HE GAVE ME TONS OF VITAL INFORMATION, BUT HE HAD NO PHOTOS OF OUR CAMP OR THE MEN IN IT.

CCC BOYS ARE DYING AT A RATE OF MORE THAN A THOUSAND A DAY. VERY SOON THERE WILL BE NONE LEFT. WILL THE WORLD FORGET THAT WE EVER EXISTER? PROBABLY. MANY PEOPLE I TALK TO TODAY NEVER HEARD OF THE CCC. I STILL SAY IT WAS OF THE GREATEST THINGS THAT EVER HAPPENED TO AMERICAN YOUTH. NOT ONLY DID IT MAKE MEN OUT OBYS, BUT IT IMPROVED THEIR LIFE STYLE A HUNDRED PERCENT. IT LIFTED THEM OUT OF ABYSMAL POVERTY AND GAVE THEM SELF-RESPECT. IT WAS STEPPING-STONE TO A BETTER WAY OF LIFE. 40,000 YOUNG MEN ENTERED THE CCC WITHOUT ANY EDUCATION AT ALL. MANY COULD NOT SIGH THEIR OWN NAMES. MORE THAN 50 PERCENT OF THEM LEFT THE CCC WITH AN EIGHT-GRADE DIPLOMA. 20 PERCENT WENT ON TO FURTHER THEIR EDUCATION. TEN PERCENT FINISHED COLLEGE.

I KNOW OF ONE PARTICULAR CASE WHERE A BOY ENTERED THE CCC NOT BEING ABLE TO SIGN HIS OWN NAME. HE OBTAINED AN EIGHT-GRADE DIPLOMA IN THERE. HE WENT INTO THE ARMY AND SERVED DURING WW 2. WHEN HE GOT OUT HE WENT TO HIGH ACHOOL AND GOT HIS DIPLOMA. THEN, UNDER THE G.I. BILL, HE ENROLLED IN COLLEGE AND GRADUATED WITH A B.A. DEGREE. LATER HE BECAME A SCHOOL TEACHER AND COACHED THE FOOTBALL TEAM. THIS HAPPENED A LOT MORE TIMES THAN YOU MIGHT IMAGINE. THESE BOYS WERE NOT LOOKING FOR A HANDOUT, BUT A WAY OUT. THEY WERE HUNGRY AND RAGGED, AND THEY WERE SICK OF BEING HUNGRY AND RAGGED. THEY SEIZED EVERY OPPORTUNITY OFFERED THEM.

MORE THAN THREE MILLION YOUNG MEN SERVED IN THE CCC DURING ITS NINE AND ONE-HALF YEARS OF EXISTENCE. THE JOBS WE WORKED ON WERE RUN BY CIVILIAN SUPERVISORS, BUT EVERYTHING IN CAMP WAS RUN BY MILITARY MEN. WE WENT THROUGH THE SAME BASIC DRILLS THAT I WENT THROUGH IN THE MARINE CORPS, EXCEPT FOR RIFLE PRACTICE.













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Frank Hazel WOLRST 1335 and Ave Wenatchee, WA 98801 509-663-3564

My name is Frank Hazelhurst and I was born in July, 1915. I graduated from Tonasket High school in May of '33 and joined the CCC in June with about 25 other fellows from Oroville, Molson and Tonasket. We were dispatched to Camp Mazama about 15 miles west of Winthrop, WA.

There were 180 colored boys from New Jersey already there (that is what we were advised to call them). We were there for only a short time. We were sent to a side camp at the end of the road 9 miles northwest of Winthrop. Our duties were to clear the right of way for a forest road that was to be built to the west for getting equipment back in the interior for fighting fires and recreation.

It was quite an experience learning to cut down those trees that were 2'-4' in diameter, and with a two-handled saw. That was before chain saws. We got very good with the ax and saws and could put the trees down where we wanted them to fall.

I received a letter from the Colville Indian Department that I was given a grant of \$1,000 to go to college. I turned it down and was unable to get it the next year, so that ended my education.

It was a short summer, it seemed, for we were sent to the Boulder Creek camp north of Winthrop. Upon arriving there, we found them all packed and ready for a trip to Fort Lewis. When we got to Fort Lewis we were bedding down in huge tents. Of course it was storming and we awoke the next morning with about three inches of water under our cots.

The group we were with was dispatched to the north side of Seattle, Barcreek Park. We thought this was going to be great. But it took only a few days and our little group was sent to Camp Eletron south of Puyallup and east of Tacoma, Orting, WA. There we were to convert an old logging railroad into a road. The rails had been removed so we were to remove the ties and make it into a road for the trucks. We hadn't gone far when we came to a trestle. They did not want to use it. The next thing was to build a road down into the gulch and up the other side. There was no equipment so it was to be done by pick and shovel.

It was then that I applied for the position of supply personnel. I got the job, private sleeping quarters and a \$6.00 raise in pay. No more rain and mud. We had a good basketball team for we won the district championship. Bill Sewell was one of the players and he was at one time the coach here in Wenatchee.

Winter passed and spring found us being transferred to a camp on the north side of Mount Rainier. That was a camp nestled in amongst the trees. June arrived and I was discharged from the CCC's.



News from the camps was welcome and good. The enrollees were working hard, eating hearty and gaining weight, while they improved millions of acres of federal and state lands, and parks. New roads were built, telephone lines strung and the first of millions of trees that would be planted had gone into the soil. Glowing reports of the accomplishments of the Corps were printed in major newspapers, even in some that bitterly opposed other phases of the New Deal. President Roosevelt, well pleased with his "baby," announced his intention to extend the Corps for at least another year.



Rural North Florida was typical of most Southern states in 1921, the year of my birth. My father, as boy hunted with a bow and arrows. He hunted and fished williams had 15 children rearing 12 to adulthood.

I roamed the woods and fields, hunting fishing since I can remember: Was in the National Guard a few months. Graduated from school March 1940. Enrolled in the CCC July 5, 1940, Brooker, Fla., Co. 5494. CCC, Was sent to Yosemite National Park by train. Going thru Arizona and Calif. desert was called to assist cook in baggage car converted to kitchen. Clyde Stinson, the cook, gave me the name "Curly" which I carry today. Not so curly, but still have hair, graying somewhat

The train took Company 5494 to El Portel, Calif. There we boarded trucks to Empire Meadows, high in the mountains in Yosemite National Park. Being from flatland Florida, Yosemite mountains was a New world. Missed supper the first

Stayed on K. P., working long hours Monday thru Friday with Saturday and Sunday off. Had the run of the kitchen and pantry, so we backpacked with our food and sleeping gear into the mountains on weekends. Once we camped by a small stream, cooked our food and a bear sniffed and snorted nearby. It was nearly dark, a long way from camp, no way to escape, so we trusted the Good Lord, lay down and slept til daylite. We found Chilnualnua Fallls, which which leapfrogged down the mountain in 7 parts.

The assignment of Co. 5494 was to dig currant bushes as they carried blister rust which damaged pine trees. Once we chased a bear cub up a tree. Lucky for us we did not catch it for we heard many large bears sniffing and snorting in the bushes nearby. We saw many bear, deer and other wildlife.

We fished the small stream and "cooned" fish from under the rocks. Worked

briefly in the Forestry office but mostly in the kitchen, where I met Vernon Dixon, who later left the CCC to join the Marines. He was captured by Japs and lost his CCC records and pictures. Met him in Jacksonville, Fla. in 1987. Was very glad to see him! After working as K. P. for a while was made First cook. When the sleet began to fall we left Yosemite Nat'l Park and went to Big Sur Campsites and improved trails.

We went abalone hunting along the rocky coast, and hiked the mountain trails. Recreation trips were to Carmel and Monterey area. The local people received us very well in their homes and Churches.

On May 3, 1941 I left the CCC and went to work at Ft. Ord, Cal. Army Hospital, becoming Special Diet cook. Was drafted later that year; was rejected for service. Then helped build shipyard in Stockton, Cal. Moved to Seaside Cal. & In 1944 moved to Tale 1944 moved to Seaside Cal. & In 1944 moved to Seaside Cal.

In 1944 moved home to Fla., worked building Liberty Ships to end of war at Jack-sonville, Fla.

Met Inez Parker & married her Jan. 24, 1945. Son, Jack born Dec. 5, 1945.

Mar. 16, 1946 went to work for Seaboard Railroad, later Seaboard coastline, then

SX R. R. Daughter, Renee, born March 2, 1948. Daughter, Kathleen born July 18,

laughter, Sarah.

IN 1958 was appointed Pastor of a small country Church, Lawtey, Fla. From 1959 to 1978 was Pastor of Church of God, Jacksonville, Fla., building the Church. In 1972 my wife & Daughter, Kathi and I visited Bog Sur & Yosemite and Yellow-tone Parks. Later my wife and I visited all lower 48 states, Canada & Mexico. Parks we visited Alaska. In 1968 I visited 9 foreign countries, including outh Africa and Israel. Retired as Conductor from CSX R.R. after 41 yrs. 8mo. Ov. 27, 1986. Joined Crown Chapter #3, NACCCA, 1987, serving as Sgt-at-Arms, and Entertainment Chairman. Am very pleased to have found them and hope we can nform the public and preserve our CCC Heirtage.

My present address is: 8262 Lenox Ave, Jacksonville, Fla 32221.

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PHONE 904-783-4662





WE







Did You Know?

CCC Facts

- That the CCC built 46,854 bridges?
- That nearly 225,000 veterans of World War I got an opportunity to rebuild their lives in the CCC?
- That the CCC developed over 800 state parks?
- That over 85,000 American Indians worked in the CCC program?
- That the CCC built 4,622 fish rearing ponds?
- That the CCC restored 3,980 historic structures?
- That the CCC installed approximately 5,000 miles of water supply lines?
- That 3,462 beaches were improved by the CCC?
- That the CCC moved and planted 45 million trees and shrubs for landscaping?
- That before the CCC many states, including Hawaii and Alaska, plus Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, had no state parks?
- That the CCC planted over three billion trees?
- That the CCC surveyed and mapped millions of acres and thousands of lakes?
- That the CCC built 1,865 drinking fountains?
- That the CCC built 27,191 miles of fences?
- · That the CCC built 204 lodges and museums?
- That the CCC spent 201,739 man-days fighting coal fires which had been burning since earliest recorded history? In Wyoming alone, the CC saved billions of tons of coal?
- That the CCC built 3,116 lookout towers?
- That the CCC built 8,065 wells and pump houses?
- That more than 400,000 illiterate enrollees were taught to read and write through educational programs offered by the CCC?



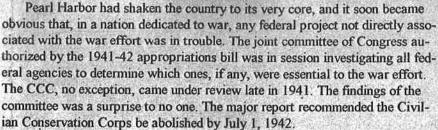




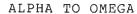












From FDR's inauguration on March 4, 1933, to the induction of the first CCC enrollee on April 7, only 37 days had elapsed.

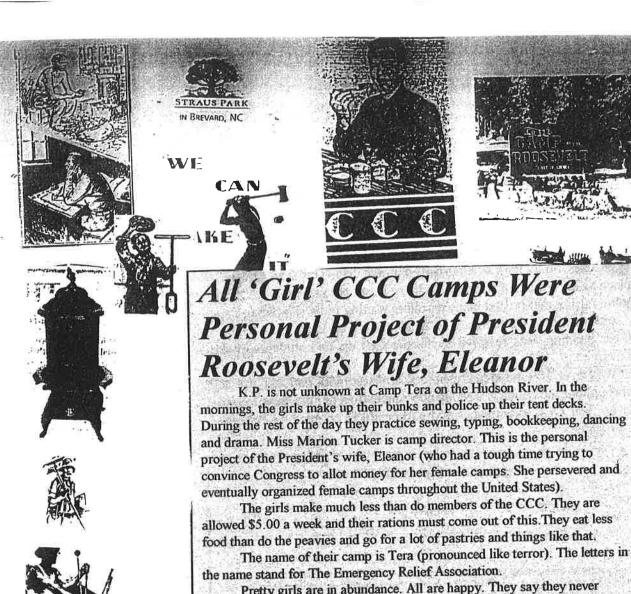
Roosevelt brought together two wasted resources, the young men and the land, in an effort to save both.

Throughout the Corps, more than 40,000 illiterates were taught to read and write. Since most of this training was on the enrollee's own time, each gained that for which he worked the hardest, be it high school diploma, learning to type, or wood carving.

There was hardly a state that couldn't boast of permanent projects left as markers in the passage of "Roosevelt's Tree Army."

Pearl Harbor had shaked the country to its very core, and it soon became obvious that in a nation dedicated to war, any federal project not directly associated with the war effort was in trouble . . . the CCC was no exception.





During the rest of the day they practice sewing, typing, bookkeeping, dancing

Pretty girls are in abundance. All are happy. They say they never want to go back to New York from whence they came. Life has been tough to most of them.

A striking thing about the camp is that the double-deck bunks are not made up any better than are bunks in the average CCC camp.

Stews and clowns make a practice of calling the camp over the phone and trying to date the girls. You can't date the girls.

Many peavies have written wanting to know about the camp. One of our reporters was in the neighborhood of the camp in New York and stopped in to get a story.

This article was originally printed in "Happy Days," the official newspaper of the CCC, on August 12, 1933. It was reprinted in the March, 1997 issue of the NACCCA Journal.

.THE ONLY THING WE HAVE TO FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF, NAMELESS UNREASONING, UNJUSTIFIED TERROR..."

-from FDR's inaugural Address





ROBERT BENJAMIN

Robert Benjamin was in a record number of CCC camps. He was enrolled in six different camps in Illinois, one in Wisconsin, and two in Idaho. He is "actively" retired and has many hobbies such as hunting and fishing, sports, tackle, rods and reels. He enjoys making fishing lures and has built up quite a reputation in his locale for the quality of his work. After his CCC experience, he served in the navy.

In 1934 my father passed away after a long lingering illness. It was called creeping paralysis in those days. Right after that my two sisters went to live with relatives in another town. My mother, brother, and I stayed at home because my mother owned the house. My brother got diptheria and was critical for a long time. We knew that we were in for a rough time because dad didn't leave any money. He had already raised one family by his first wife and then raised a large family by my mother. So he couldn't possibly save any money as wages were so cheap. Our biggest problem was money. I tried to make some money so we could buy groceries but they wouldn't give a young kid a job. They usually gave the jobs to men who had children. There

were days when my mother, brother, and I went hungry because there was no money for food. I was awful young then but I would get out and make 25¢ or 50¢ for mowing lawns. I would come home and give the money to mom so she could buy something to eat. It helped but it didn't solve our problems because it just wasn't enough. I tried to go to school but it was tough going to school hungry. Then one of the worst ailments in my lifetime struck me. It was something similar to rheumatic fever. I was down for a long time but still wanted to help my mother, so in 1937, I joined the CCC. I was still sick when I got in there, but I think with the good food and exercise and all the rest, it helped pull me through this terrible period. I never told anyone that there was something wrong. After a long period of time, I could tell that I had about recovered. The food was awfully good and I just never could understand why anyone would gripe about the food. I always figured it was like a Sunday dinner compared to what I'd been eating before. I was real grateful for such good food.

I worked for the Soil Conservation Service planting pine trees, road work, laying sod in places where soil erosion was present, and putting up fences. The reason I was in so many camps is that my friend Wimpy and I figured we might as well learn all the ropes, so whenever they needed someone to transfer to another camp, we would always volunteer. We enjoyed it a lot. In Idaho, I worked for the Department of Grazing and it was real interesting. I learned sign painting from my good friend Wimpy. I worked in a rock quarry, busted limestone with a sledge hammer and worked in a rock crusher. It was dusty work























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but I didn't mind because we wore a respirator. Using the stedge hammer every day built up my body and after a while I didn't even pay attention to how hard the work was. In one camp, we had a no 'count bunch of enrollees out of the city. They were always causing trouble and wouldn't work, so they finally put the bunch on a train and sent them back to the city. After that we got new guys who would work and everything ran smooth. The CCC days were wonderful and I would surely love to see some of my old friends if they are still living. I just don't know what we would have done at the time if it hadn't been for the CCC program.

It improved my health and all the time I was in there I sent my mom and brother money to live on. My family was close and my mother and I were always sticking together in everything even though we had hard times. We went through enough that would break up a lot of families, but always stayed together.

BEN MUIRHEID

Ben Muirheid graduated from high school in 1934, but could not find a job. "Learning that working society had no place for me was devastating to my morale," Ben remembers. "The CCC was a godsend to me. It changed my entire outlook. I got a chance to show that I could do useful work. It gave me a chance, a boost, and a toehold on the ladder of life." Ben was at CCC camps in Illinois, Washington, and Michigan. After graduating from the University of Illinois with an engineering degree, he served three years in the navy during World War II. He was on the faculty of the University of Illinois and spent several years in India with the United States foreign aid program. Ben was a consulting engineer in private practice for ten years. Now retired, he enjoys traveling and repairing clocks as a hobby.

Looking back, the thing that I remember was that we were so God-awful poor. We never had anything and couldn't do anything. My father was a farm laborer with a fifth grade education. There were four children in our family and there was always a crisis. Someone needed a pair of shoes, a dress, or this or that. My mother never used the word 'poor'. Her idea was that you could have anything you wanted as long as you worked for it. That really put the burden on us kids. My mother was a college graduate and a rugged individualist. She really believed in education. She was a good teacher and wanted to teach, but at that time, there was a policy that married women could not teach school. I knew at the time that this policy wasn't fair and was wrong.









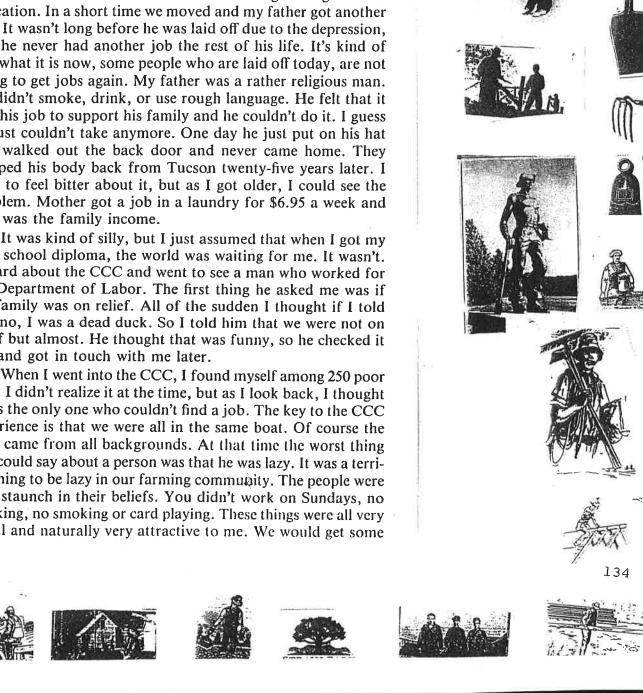


I recall that kids dropped out of school, but that didn't do any good because there were no jobs. The thing that shocked me as much as anything — and still sticks in my mind — was grown people, that were honest and God-fearing, stealing coal from the coal train to keep warm during the winter of 1933. There was a coal train that came into town on Tuesday evenings on a regular basis. The men would jump on the coal train when it slowed down, and start pitching off lumps of coal. Later the wives, kids, and grannies would come back with coaster wagons and wheelbarrows to pick up the coal. That's how they kept from freezing to death that winter.

Maybe I wasn't typical, but to me, high school and teenage years were not happy years. It was just darn discouraging. One night we children overheard a not-so-friendly discussion between my mother and father. My mother told my father that she wanted to move to town so that the children could get a high school education. In a short time we moved and my father got another job. It wasn't long before he was laid off due to the depression, and he never had another job the rest of his life. It's kind of like what it is now, some people who are laid off today, are not going to get jobs again. My father was a rather religious man. He didn't smoke, drink, or use rough language. He felt that it was his job to support his family and he couldn't do it. I guess he just couldn't take anymore. One day he just put on his hat and walked out the back door and never came home. They shipped his body back from Tucson twenty-five years later. I used to feel bitter about it, but as I got older, I could see the problem. Mother got a job in a laundry for \$6.95 a week and that was the family income.

It was kind of silly, but I just assumed that when I got my high school diploma, the world was waiting for me. It wasn't. I heard about the CCC and went to see a man who worked for the Department of Labor. The first thing he asked me was if my family was on relief. All of the sudden I thought if I told him no, I was a dead duck. So I told him that we were not on relief but almost. He thought that was funny, so he checked it out and got in touch with me later.

kids. I didn't realize it at the time, but as I look back, I thought I was the only one who couldn't find a job. The key to the CCC experience is that we were all in the same boat. Of course the boys came from all backgrounds. At that time the worst thing you could say about a person was that he was lazy. It was a terrible thing to be lazy in our farming community. The people were very staunch in their beliefs. You didn't work on Sundays, no drinking, no smoking or card playing. These things were all very sinful and naturally very attractive to me. We would get some









My high school skills along with my CCC training gave me the opportunity to do interesting jobs. Since I was the only one in camp that could read a topographic map, I was one of six boys selected to work on a survey crew in an undeveloped forest area. We would walk into the area five miles each morning with our equipment and walk out the same way because there were no roads. I remember the government land surveyor telling us that someday the area would be a camp ground and recreational area. It was hard to believe at the time, but today you can drive into the beautiful area. It makes me feel proud that I was part of such a worthwhile, lasting project.

Through the CCC, I took a test for a Civil Service job. I was lucky enough to pass the exam and was one of the few that got a job with the Soil Conservation Service. I worked as an assistant to the engineers and I knew that I had to continue my education if I wanted to get a good job. Six years later, I had \$700 saved up and I enrolled at the university. As a direct result of the CCC, I was able to plan ahead and go on to a productive and satisfying career in professional engineering.

JOHN SCHILINSKI

John Schilinski enrolled in the CCC in 1933. He served in Camp S-93, Anolomink, Pennsylvania in the Pocono Mountains. Now retired, until recently he enjoyed hunting, flying, coin collecting, and gardening. He is in poor health due to heart disease.

I was born in a small town in Illinois and my parents moved to Pennsylvania shortly after that. So I spent most of my life in the state of Pennsylvania, in a small mining town. I came from a rather large family, seven brothers and three sisters, of which four of us survive.

My dad and all of my brothers worked in the mines but I refused to join them. I saw first-hand how hard the work was and the long hours and terrible conditions they worked under and the small pay given to them and decided that was not for me. I was a junior in high school and we walked four miles each way every day to school. We were very poor and frankly I was ashamed to go to school because of my clothes and lunch I had to carry—if you could call it a lunch.

My pants were called overalls; patch upon patch, and part of an automobile tire was used for soles on my shoes. My lunch consisted of home-made bread, toasted on a coal stove (burned most of the time), then the bread was dipped in a hot pan of

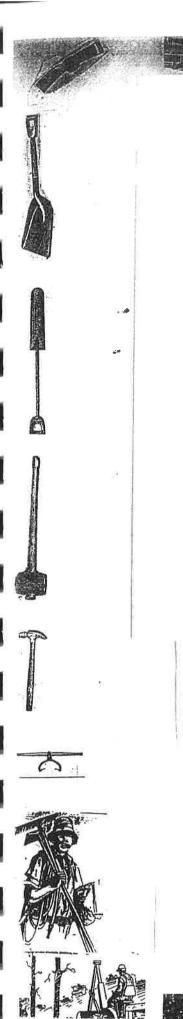












lard. I was ashamed to eat in the presence of other kids who had better food.

When we came home from school, and if the mine was working, we would put on our *old* clothes, get our home-made wheelbarrows or wagons and go to the mine slag dump and pick as much coal as we could. We never bought any coal. We would go to the stores and pick up wooden boxes to break up for kindling wood for starting fires in our home. We had an outhouse, no plumbing and an outside pump; also rain barrels where we caught rain water to wash our hair in. In the winter, we chopped the ice in the barrels and melted it on the stove.

We always had a garden and we would go out at 4:00 a.m. and pick blackberries. If they were plentiful, we picked a water tub full in a few hours. We sold some berries for 2¢ a quart. In the fall we picked walnuts, hickory nuts, and mushrooms.

My dad didn't earn much at the mines, about \$8-\$10 clear for twelve hard days work. When we went to the company store, they would first call the mine, and if my dad didn't have any coal out to his credit, they wouldn't give you anything. During the strikes the state police, coal and iron police, and National Guard, would come into town and evict people from their homes—beat them if more than two stopped to talk on the streets.

Our family suffered from poor health. I lost two brothers and two sisters at a very early age. My dad and mother were very disappointed in life here in America. They heard that there were a lot of good paying jobs here. But I think it made us all feel like things could have been worse. My dad thought the companies took advantage of the immigrants that came over here to work, because most of them could not read or write and many were killed in the mines because of this. There was no compensation, no hospitalization; you used your own cures to the best of one's ability.

When President Roosevelt launched the CCC's, I decided that was for me. I quit high school in my junior year and signed up. I went in 1933 and liked it at once. The food was very good, the mountain air was great and I liked the outdoor life. I served

in a camp in the Pocono Mountains in Northeastern Pennsylvania. We did about everything—built roads, cabins, dams, trails and fought forest fires in the spring and fall of the year. In the winter we cleared the brush back 100 yards from the roads and saved the trees for lumber and fuel for our barracks.

After 3½ years in the CCC's, I came home to a job in the zinc mills for \$3.20 per day. It was hot, dusty, dirty and heavy work. I worked there until 1941 when I was drafted in the army. I served in the infantry and was battlefield commissioned by orders of General Patton. I was discharged after serving four years and four months. I came home with a lot of ribbons, medals, and memories and went to work at the same old job until they closed the plant share.









John Derden

Traveled by steam train for 5 days and 6 nights
Atlanta-Birmingham, Alabama-Evansville Indiana- Kentucky River, Illinois-St
Louis Missouri, Kansas City-Oklahoma-New Mexico-saw 100 jack rabbits never
seen them before-Flagstaff, Arizona- saw snow in May- Grand Canyon down
crooked tracks-Barstow, California-Needles, California-saw a wagon that was
pulled by 20 mules that was carrying oranges 25cents for half a bushel had to
buy some- the train had comfy beds and mess kits-LA, California-Sacremento
Bay on a ferry-Redding, N. California Finally they reached Ashland, Oregon at
2:00 am they were loaded into GI trucks(open top) and driven 25 miles to camp.
It was absolutely freezing because the only uniforms they had were the ones that
were issued in GA and they weren't suited for this kind of weather

Most important thing he noticed in the CCC was the First Aid and how careful they were to keep people from getting hurt or sick. Always teach you safety.

Earl Phillips

Finished high school and enrolled in CCC at Camp Meriwether for six weeks Because of the training he had in school with engineering it was easy for him to get a job.

While in Camp Meriwether he worked on Hwy190

Left to do many different jobs for the state in his field of engineering After he went through several jobs '39-'42 he was employed once again as an engineering foreman at Camp Kimbrough

About the park

WPA built the group camps

Cabins, tavern, and lakes were started by Camp Meriwether and later finished by Camp Kimbrough

Water for them was gotten out of a just north of the tavern and was pumped down to the campgrounds the pressure of this water was so great the they had to build a reservoir halfway then to the cabins. From the cabins the sewage was built and ran down below the dam into a septic tank Picnic Shelter built by the CCC below Lake Delanor dam

Various roads were built through the park Pool and its surge system, Bathhouse

He also said that the original land was bought at \$4/ acre the owners cut the good timber off and sold it because they assumed that it had no other value

South of Dowdells knob was where Camp Meriwether started later moved to Warm Springs because of poor water quality

Camp Kimbrough was started from cadre that came from Camp Meriwether



As I take stock and inventory of myself at the close of this year, I am jotting down what I consider bricks in a solid foundation for carrying on in future life.

After two years in the Civilian Conservation Corps I have learned to take care of my body.

I have been taught hygiene beyond that understood by the average American boy.

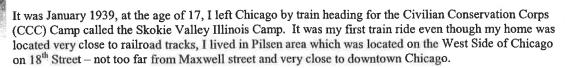
I have learned how to cooperate and get along with my fellow man.











We stayed at Skokie Valley Camp for a few days. Here we were given physicals, shots and clothing. We then departed Skokie Valley, boarded the Union Pacific heading for Rock Springs, Wyoming. From Rock Springs we were taken to Farson, WY, 40 miles north of Rock Springs. Camp Farson CCC Company 3691 was our first destination.

In Camp Farson we lived in army-style barracks. There was a coal stove on each end of the barracks. Our leaders, Lt. Christ and Lt. Brown were Reserve Army Officers. The enrollees had get-acquainted meetings that lasted about two days. The officers were friendly. Our duties were building roads and reservoirs. We worked on road gangs, cutting sage brush. Local Experienced Men (local experienced men) laid out the plans. The older enrollees were put on the building equipment machinery. The work area was 20 miles from the camp. It was very cold, high country in January. We ate lunch at the job site. Cooks at camp prepared meals at the camp and the crew took it to the sites. A fire was made and lunch was served with a large pot of coffee. One enrollee was assigned coffee-maker. When my time came, I did my best. A vote was taken and it was decided that I made the coffee for the rest of the time. We worked at the site for three months.

The next assignment was to move up to the Grand Teton National Park. My assignment was to assist a carpenter who was making repairs to the Ranger Station Headquarters located at Jenny Lake, Wyoming. It was called Jenny Lake GTNP GT4. I was called a barker. This meant I stripped the bark off the logs. A log was placed between two work benches and I sat straddled on the log equipped with a semi-circular knife and scrapped the bark off. Some of the crew would cut trees and others would be clearing lanes.

It was a wonderful life. Arriving in Wyoming, I could never believe there was a country like this. The food was the best I have ever ate. Steaks and chops for breakfast prepared by professional cooks. We got one dollar a day. For the month, \$22 was sent home and you got \$8.00 for spending. The \$22 helped out a lot at home. I first started smoking there. A bag of tobacco cost a dime. They were the ones you rolled yourself. You got the paper and 100 smokes for 10 cents.

When we were in Farson, you could go to Rock Springs on Saturday nights for recreation. They had a movie house and for 10 or 20 cents you went to the movies. A company truck drove you there and at midnight picked you up and brought you back to camp. I remember one Saturday night I decided not to go. The truck was on the way back to camp, and accident happened. The truck rolled over and one young man was killed. I never forgot that.

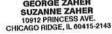
All my experiences were great - I'm thankful for that.. I can't think of a thing I didn't like about it. Some young men missed home and they went over the hill but there was no punishment for that. During one inspection Lt. Christ saw a few hairs on my face and said, "young man, you better shave". Was I pleased!

When my six months was up, I was asked if I wanted to re-enlist. I said no. What a big mistake. I wanted to know what I was missing at home, the guys on the corner. I've often regretted that decision. My sister and brother wrote to me a lot. When we were stationed at Camp Jenny Lake, we lived in tents. Six to eight listed in a tent right at the front of foot of those beautiful mountains. The C.C.C. newspaper was called <u>Happy Days</u>. There were four camps in the Tetons – I remember one from New York.

When I left Camp Jenny Lake, I went to Victor Wyoming to get on a train that brought me to Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. At Camp McCoy I was discharged. We got a physical and discharge papers which I still have today. We got on a train there that took us to Union Station in Chicago. From there I took the streetcar home.

About three years later I was called to serve in the Army. The C.C.C. taught me how to work, how to make a bed so the quarter would bounce, so I was able to help out a few who were having problems and how to get along with others.

GEORGE ZAHER SUZANNE ZAHER























I am writing this letter for my dad Delmar H. Westlund in regards to the Civilian Conservation Corps letter he received from you.

My dad said he earned \$30.00 a month, sent \$25.00 home and kept \$5.00 for himself. All the men wore tan pants and shirts. His job was to work in clearing space for trails by hand and a shovel. He said it was hard work and long days.

He made life long friends in Web Harrington, 3025 S.W Scenic Drive Portland, Or 97225; Danny Snyder (phone # only 503 363-6518); & Elmer Engle (deceased).

Carol King (daughter) 1504 N.E. Jackson School Rd Hillsboro, Or 97124

I am a CCC veteran. Civilian Conservation Corps. was a pleasure for me. My steptather had taken me out of High School and put me to work in a coal mine. Imagine my relief when I joined the CCC's

This was the first time I had a complete meal. My stepmother thought a meal was a bowl of soup kept in a pot at the back of the old cook stove.

I learned how to operate heavy equipment. In later years I was in the construction business and finally reach my goal of being a pilot. I was the corporate pilot at Piper Aircraft for 20 years.

I served at Company 636 at Hales Corners, Wisconsin.

John Dezzutti 826 17th Ave. Vero Bench, FL 32960-0434

My Camp was composed of Utah boys only and of course they came from all corners of our State. IN Utah there were many CCC camps with members from almost every State in the UNion. There was even a WW l veterancin one of our National Parks, I believe Zion Canyon. There were so many Camps that we had a sort of baseball league going, very informal as Camps did not remain stationery. I my case Summer months were spent in the mountains making basic roads and forestry work. All work was under the jurisdiction of The Forest Service or some agency of Dept of Agriculture of Dept of Interior. We were building a dam on an Indian Reservation during the winter months in Southern Utah. In the summer months when the snows had melted we moved to the mountain;

I made many friends while in the CCC, some three who are still living. I am \$90 years old and only went into the CCC 3 years after graduating from high school. That made me a bit older than most who when right from high school to join the CCC. A couple of them are about as old as I and really not able to do much writing.

I realize that most of those in recent generations have never even heard of the CCC and said to say not many are even interested in knowing more. Modern generations are living in a different world and don't even understand a lot of us oldies and what is more don't care to. We are not of part of their world. Their knowledge of history of any sort is pitiful.

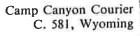




Payday

Little bankroll, ere we part, Let me press you to my heart; All the month I've worked for you; I've been faithful, you've been true.

Little bankroll, in a day You and I will go away To find some gay and festive spot; I'll return—but you will not.















I was just a young fellow of 15 when my father died in 1937 leaving my mother and my five sisters and I alone to survive on a dry land Oklahoma farm with all horse operated farm machinery. I was a slight lad of under 100lbs who was poorly equipt to manage a 160 acre farm with all the necessary work to be done such as harvesting hay and wheat, milking several head of cows morning and night and since we were a primitive family, living on primitive solutions, I also had the need to cut wood for cooking and heating, and of course all the other chores related to the house and barn activities. We sold cream in those days so a cream seperator had to be run twice a day and in between those chores, I was still in high school. I had a job at the school [provided by the federal gov't in what was called the NYA program] and for \$6.00 a month, I had to clean a four class room building after school every day, before heading home to do the chores there. None of this seems to be relevent today but it was a burden at the time and for a small fellow who was not as strong as the average fellow my age, it was hard to stay ahead of the task ahead. The following year, 1938, in December, my mother sold out and moved to town where she purchased a four room house. I completely severed my ties with my old form of life and adapted to small town activity as I was still in high school. I attended high school until the end of the 1940 spring semester.

That fall, instead of returning to school, I enlisted in the CCC program and was shortly shipped to a Grazing Camp at Saguache Colorado. Arriving there with approximately 90 other fellows from the North Central Oklahoma area, it didn't take long to establish friendships and settle in to the routine of early to bed early to rise and work hard five days a week. Several of the fellows were already known to me and for some reason or other I didn't become buddies with anyone of them but friends with all. I was not the beligerant type and therefore tried to avoid all forms of physical confrontation. I always figured life was going to be too short to spend it with scars brought on by my own foolishness and fellows bigger than I was. Our incoming routine included a camp orientation Lecture from the camp Commander who laid down the basic rules of conduct and informed up that each must buy a footlocker and a lock as the CCC did not furnish one. If I remember correctly, the two items cost less than \$5.00. We were also issued army clothing to wear which I think was for the most part, obsolete army gear. We did get clothing capable of keeping us warm and dry in the extremely cold weather we were forced to work in.

Our routine was such that we were forced to be aggressive in some areas such as eating as the food was soon gone and if we did not grab our part, someone else did. We ate well but always plain foods with lots of fattening and strength building basic characteristics. Consequently, in the six months I was in the CCC, I gained something like 25 to 30 lbs. I also had weekends off so managed to find time to take a few pictures, play music with some of the other fellows using a guitar belonging to the Camp Commander, a very kind and considerate Cavalry officer who had been injured while riding a horse connected with Army activities. He walked bent over to an extreme angle such that he always looked up to look ahead. He ran the camp with a great deal of control but never in an unkind or unfair manner.

When I arrived in the camp in October of 1940, our first duties were to cut fence posts and staves for our winter fence building activities. We went immediately to the mountains west of Saguache where we were to cut scrub cedar [Juniper] trees for posts. Being a country boy well acquainted with the operation of a crosscut saw and axe, I knew that was not what I wanted to do so let the city boys pair off or grab their tools so all that was left for me was a loop of telephone wire with a short stick wired on one end. I was to drag the posts down the mountain side to a loading point where some more of the bigger fellows proud of their size and strength were to load them on our stake bed trucks for transport back to the base.

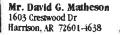
At Christmas, we were given a day or so off and a special meal was prepared. The camp Commander had the Army troops organize some internal entertainment for the boys in which I and another fellow got to play and sing a song or two. I kept the program sheets from that day and have them in my papers somewhere which listed each man in the camp including the Army troops who were in charge.

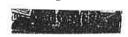
While in Camp, we were subjected to inspections which were held outside and "In Ranks" but there was never any Army type Marching or Drilling as one would expect if we had been more regimented. We lost a few fellows from our ranks who were drafted while serving in the CCC. It must have been a real blow to them to go from the \$30.00 a month of the CCC to the \$18.00 a month of the Army. The Assistant leaders drew \$38.00 a month while serving in that capicity and the one man in our camp who was a "Leader" drew \$45.00 a month. I couldn't see where he did too much more than the rest of us except he was the Cat driver.

I have heard many others make loud prostestations about the Roosevelt years and all the programs like the NYA, CCC and WPA and others but I must say in defense of the government. Many families were able to eat at a time when they would have otherwise gone hypers and for the transfer of the same and the same and the same about the programs are all the same and the same are all the same and the same are all the same and the same are all the same

eat at a time when they would have otherwise gone hungry and for that I am grateful. The CCC boys did a lot of jobs the Government needed to have done and the camps stand as a monument to the efforts of a lot of green lads who toiled willingly in most cases so their families could exist on their wages. The marks they left behind in many cases still stand as parks, roads, and fences to mark their passing. The old CCC Camp where I was first exposed to the CCC is now a state park north east of Pawhuska and it still uses the sandstone entrance built by the Oklahoma CCC boys. One thing the CCC did was to send the boys away from their locality so there was less chance of them walking away and not coming back.









Rei

Virginia (Search) Kirk

P.O. Box 670005 Chugiak, Alaska 99567

Dear Sir:

A childhood friend sent me an article in the Crawfordsville, Ind. Journal Review that said you were working on a documentary about the CCCs. It did not have your name in the letter to the editor, just your phone number and address.

My father, William E. Search, was employed as the educational director for five years at the Shades Park camp near Waveland, Indiana. In the years before he passed away at age 96, he carefully wrote his memoir for his family. It was never published, or meant to be, but several surviving members of his family have copies. There are several pages devoted to those years with the CCC. If it would be beneficial to you in your research, I would be happy to have those pages copied and sent to you.

Our family of six (parents and four daughters) moved to Waveland in 1936, expecting it to be a temporary home. But we ended up staying there until all the kids were married and had moved away and my parents finally moving to a rest home in Crawfordsville. Waveland was a wonderful little town to grow up in, and being only five miles from beautiful Shades Park, added a great deal to that experience. I am the youngest of his daughters, am now 75 and have lived in Alaska for over 40 years. I still have memories of Sunday dinners at the camp and watching their baseball games which my father coached. My sisters and I (and usually a couple of friends) would bicycle out the country road to the park, which was privately owned then, to spend the entire summer day running around the trails and playing Indian. We had our secret entrance to the park so we wouldn't have to pay. I later found out that the owner, a Mr. Fritz, alway knew when we sneaked through the under brush but just turned his head. The CCC boys did much improvement to the trails etc. at that park, which is now a state park. I still make it a point to visit the site whenever I make a trip to Indiana.

The Clown

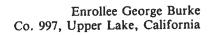
Of all the hard things to perform Like after forty years, reform Or conquer your fears, Or in your pant-legs, keep a crease Or give the guest the biggest piece Or wiggle your ears,

The hardest thing of all to do
Is to keep on laughing, joking—
When you're homesick, sad, and blue.

K.P.'s Lament

For I'm peeling with tears in my eyes
Cause the onions are ripe and new,
Peeling for this hungry crew;
When it's spuds that they need for the stew.
Tryin' to smile—once in a while.
But I find it so hard to do,
For I'm peeling with tears in my eyes,
"Cause the onions are ripe and new."

Enrollee Joseph E. Trembley Co. 143, Irving, Mass.



Fir Trees

I love tall fir trees reaching to the sky. In summer they are women young and gay; In winter they are old, white-bearded men, But when they die . . .

I hate the framework of their former selves. They seem to whisper that life's bitter day Will end too soon; and I, in night again . . . The night of death . . . will grope to find my way.



Enrollee John J. Haining C. 715, Tafte, Minnesota

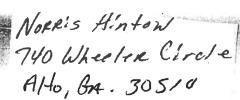
















My name is Norris Hinton. I am 83 years old and I went in the CCC in March 1939 and came out in March 1941. My Company was #485 and I went for my examination in Dahlonega, Ga. We were examined in the same way as if going into the army.

My duties were varied, but I was mainly a truck driver. We also built fences, dug ditches, set out pine trees and even kudzu to stop the washing away of soil. Some of the tools we used were picks, shovels, maddox and also a can hook to carry logs. Every Friday, we washed our trucks. We had a fire drill once a month around 2 or 3 a.m. in the morning. We only had 5 min. to pull our trucks out of the shed.

We also laid rocks, did carpenter work and built paved roads. Our work day lasted 8 hours.

I pitched ball for 2 years and I was on a boxing team called Golden Glove.

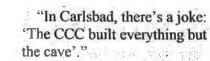
We fought forest fires. If we had to stay out past 10 o'clock, we didn't have to work the next day. Some of the guys would start little fires on purpose, just so we'd have to stay out late.

We lived in army barracks. We had to pay some Negro ladies to wash our clothes. They charged us 5 cents for a fatigue jumper and 5 cents for a pair of pants.

Each morning, we had to get up at 6 a.m. to exercise. We operated like the army does, but just didn't have guns. Our salaries were \$31 a month and we kept \$6 and sent \$25 home to our families. To make extra money, I got up each morning and started the fires in 2 heaters. There were 40 guys in our barracks and they each paid me 25 cents a month to do this. 5 cents each and cigarettes were 10 cents a pack.

The food we had to eat was very good. Sometimes they gave us little boxes of cereal and we would take them out and if we saw children, we'd throw the cereal to them.

I met some wonderful friends there, but the only one that I know who is still living is a man named "Stoakes". I met Sue Palmer while I was in camp and she became my wife. She still is. We have 4 daughters.



This story by Jane Mahoney reprinted from the December, 2003 issue of Mature Life in New Mexico published by the Albuquerque Journal.











Since there was no work in '34, I went and joined the CC Corps...

The work was hard, I must agree,

He took many fellows off the street,

And put the country back on its feet ...

appearing in the CCC Alumni newsletter)

(From a poem by Ed McCann, CCC veteran,

But it sure made a man of me.

In four years I traveled far, I owe it all to the great FDR ...















Oh boy, them was the days. Well, well, I think it's best we start with the Depression. It came in and hit this country like a ton-a-bricks, didn't nobody know what was gonna happen to 'em. Their weren't any jobs to be had 'cause couldn't nobody pay you. We didn't have no money then either, but what we did have was like gold to us. Some folks had to steal just to be able to eat, but Mama wasn't gonna let us go hungry. There was a pile of sweet potatoes in the yard and we have them sweet potatoes for dinner. It wasn't much, just enough to keep my stomach from cramping.

Then came Roosevelt, I do believe he was the best President this country ever did see. If it wasn't for that man I don't know if I would be here right now. It took some hard work, but the enthusiasm that man had was enough for a whole country to get back on it's feet. Don't get me wrong now, there wasn't one program that Roosevelt started that you didn't have to work for, you had to earn your keep. But boys in them days would do anything if they knew it would give 'em a good meal everyday and a roof over their heads. I got to be in the Civilian Conservation Corps, it was Roosevelt's favorite program since it was good for everybody. It's even good for you 'cause the CC's, that's what we called it, built this here park. Oh yeah, bet you didn't know that did you.

My cousin's how I heard about the CC's back in 1934. He joined up and went to camp over near Americus, at Andersonville. At that time I was only 17 and I had been sick with malaria for about a year, but I heard about the doctors that the CC's had. I knew that they would be able to cure my ailing, so I told my Papa that I wanted to be in the CC's. You had to be 18 to get in but my Papa had a friend that was in the higher ups here in Georgia that was able to get me in. He told me to meet on the next Thursday up at Butler, Georgia. It was only a few miles from my family's farm and my sweetheart Mary Lee. I wasn't upset about leaving, 'cause I knew that having some work would be good for me.

I caught a ride with a man that was on his way to town. There was about 20 of us that met that day. First thing they did was give us our uniforms. They were blue, made out of denim like blue jeans, ya know. Then we had to go stand in a line to get our shots. Some of them boys weighed about 160lbs, and them shots would make 'em pass out like they didn't know what hit 'em. I weighed about 110lbs then, 'cause I'd been so sick. I didn't pass out though, and in a couple of days it had cured up my malaria, too, it was like a miracle. I was ready for anything.

For my job in the camp I got appointed as the second cook. That meant that I got to be in a special bunk since my hours were so long. I had to get up in the morning and cook breakfast for all those boys in my camp. I'd cook all day long and at 9:30 I got off. Lights out was at 10 o'clock so I had a little free time.

Gleason Fowler Hometown: Rupert GA

An anonymous CCC alumnus summed up his feelings in the poem "Who Are We?" An excerpt reads:

All over this country, the work we did with our hands, our minds, and our bodies,

still stands today as a monument ...

We put our mark on this land and that mark will be seen for many years to come.

Nation's forests, parks, trails bear imprint of Boys of CCC'

CCC boys
were 'on
call' in
emergencies — fires,
floods and
other crises.

















I'd like to tell about a CCC experience in the summer of 1938. We were at a spike camp (an abandoned camp) at Montoursville, Pa., as a stock survey crew assigned to Company 301.

One Sunday after breakfast "Tito" Bianchetti came to me all excited and asked if it hurts when a rattler bites you. I said, "Yes," and asked why? He said one ran over his foot. I checked but neither found nor saw any bites. "Where did this happen?" I asked "In the cellar of the mess hall," was his reply.

I got a stick and flashlight we went into the cellar. There were pallets and straw in one corner which we carefully moved and there we found a 2-1/2 foot mountain rattler. One of the other boys brought a solid box and I put the snake in it. We continued to move the straw and under another pallet and found a second rattler, which I also put in the box. We put a window screen and stone on the top and left it in the cellar. warning all to stay away.

The truck driver who brought us our rations must have mentioned it at the main camp, because on his return he brought a message from our commander, Lt. B. Soholsi, who said in no uncertain terms to get rid

of the snakes.

We took them to the baseball field, took pictures, then killed them. I skinned them and traded one skin and rattles for a picture. I kept the other. My five children all took the skin and rattles to "show and tell" programs at school, and I still have them and the picture.

THE SECOND PROPERTY OF THE PRO

Ed Douchod, New Port Richey, Fla.

CCC boys of the high-line crew from Camp Narrows in the Black Hills of South Dakota string wires in 1939-1940 to bring electricity to a new area of the Black Hills.

This was taken from CCCA Journal , May, 2004 edition.

We were the young men of yester-year, who in the darkest hours of the "30s", went head first into a bad dream - one that became a reality!

Falling into despair, discouraged and angered, we were accepting a day-to-day, way of life in the bowels of inhumanity, when suddenly plucked up by our President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, we,

Answering the call, we willingly and gratefully gave our all to our country and fellow men to preserve our National Heritage, for all time.

Now the Senior Citizens of this great country, for all our efforts and gains we hold our heads high and say . . . C.C.C. - We Stand Proud!

- WALTER F. ATWOOOD

C.C.C. --- WE STAND PROUD :

America's young people, who are brought up to believe that this is a land of opportunity, but saw their futures with only hopelessness and despair



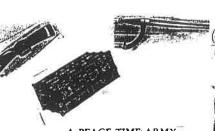












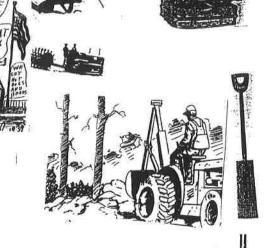




WEBB HARRINGTON

NEWSLETTER

Co. 928 C.C.C Camp Zigzag F = 11 Zigzag, Oregon



I have often said that I was a poor farm boy who got lucky. Probably the luckiest thing that ever happened to me was the fact that I was accepted as an enrollee in the C.C.C. in October 1935. I had graduated from high school in May 1933 prior to my 16th birthday. It was nearly impossible to get a job in 1933, especially if you were a small, undernourished 16 year old. For the next two years I helped my widowed mother eke out a living on a stump ranch in Rainier, Oregon. mostly by milking cows and selling cream for \$2.00 for a five gallon can.

I eagerly applied to the C.C.C. in early October 1935 but was rejected by the medics at Vancouver Barracks because I only weighed 102 lbs. and the requirement for acceptance was that an enrollee must weigh 107 lbs. I went back to the farm, ate everything I could to put on weight, and reapplied at Vancouver Barracks on October 28, 1935. I weighed in at 109 lbs. and was accepted. Seventeen days later it was my great good fortune to be assigned to Co. 928, Camp Zigzag in the Mt. Hood National Forest.

Camp Zigzag was a wonderful camp for many reasons. Nearly all of our enrollees were high school graduates who just couldn't get jobs in the depth of the depression. It was close enough to Portland that the enrollees could enjoy week-end leave at home or in Portland. Most of the enrollees at Zigzag were from Clackamas and Multnomah counties. We had outstanding officers and many talented enrollees who attained prominence in business and the professions after their tour of duty in the C.C.C.

One of our commanding officers was Capt. James M. Carr, who had been a buck private in the Marine Corps in World War I, and later served as an Infantry officer under General George Marshall at Fort Benning, Georgia. Apparently Capt. Carr was one of General Marshall's favorite officers. As a result, General Marshall, who then was Commanding General at Vancouver Barracks, visited Camp Zigzag quite frequently and several of our enrollees, including myself, attracted his attention. As a result, some of us received letters of commendation from General Marshall for our work in the C.C.C. The letter which I received from General Marshall is one of my most treasured possessions.

Capt. Carr was a dynamic leader. Those of us who worked closely under him naturally learned a great deal. When I enrolled in the C.C.C. I was a beat kid with little confidence in myself. After working for Capt. Carr as company storekeeper and supply sergeant I acquired confidence in myself which I never lost. I firmly believe that experience was what enabled me to become a CPA and eventually the group managing partner of the Northwest offices of one of the largest international public accounting firms.



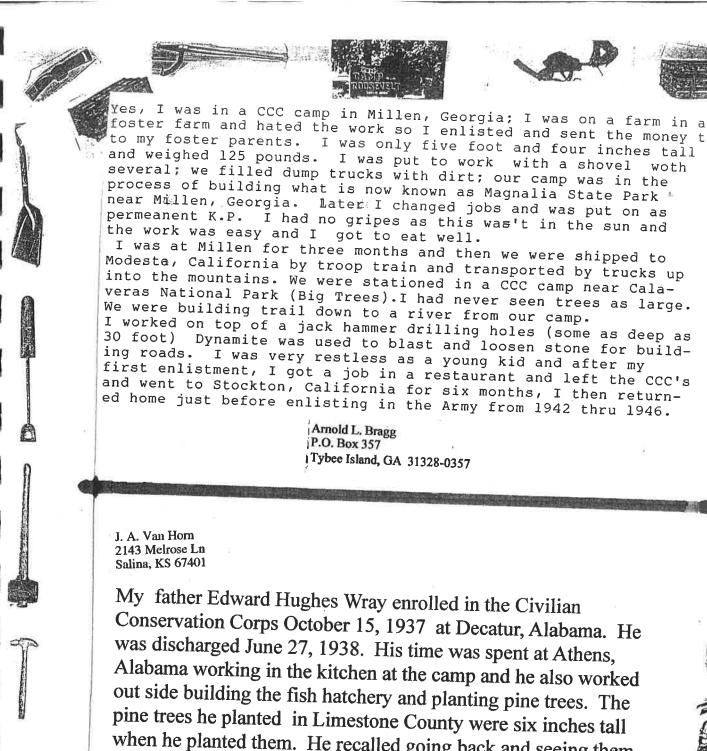












Conservation Corps October 15, 1937 at Decatur, Alabama. He Alabama working in the kitchen at the camp and he also worked out side building the fish hatchery and planting pine trees. The pine trees he planted in Limestone County were six inches tall when he planted them. He recalled going back and seeing them forty five years later and they were fifty foot tall. This was one of the good experiences he recalled The fish hatchery was one of the largest in the world. Fish were shipped to all parts of the country to stock streams and ponds. They lived in the regular barracks, had their own medical doctor there, and played ball for fun. They had no passes but just went where they wanted when they were off duty. There rate of pay was thirty dollars per month and their clothes and eats were furnished. Yes my father would do it all again if he were able to was quite an experience. This helped him settle into army life later as he got use to living in the barracks. His time in the service is something he is most proud of today.



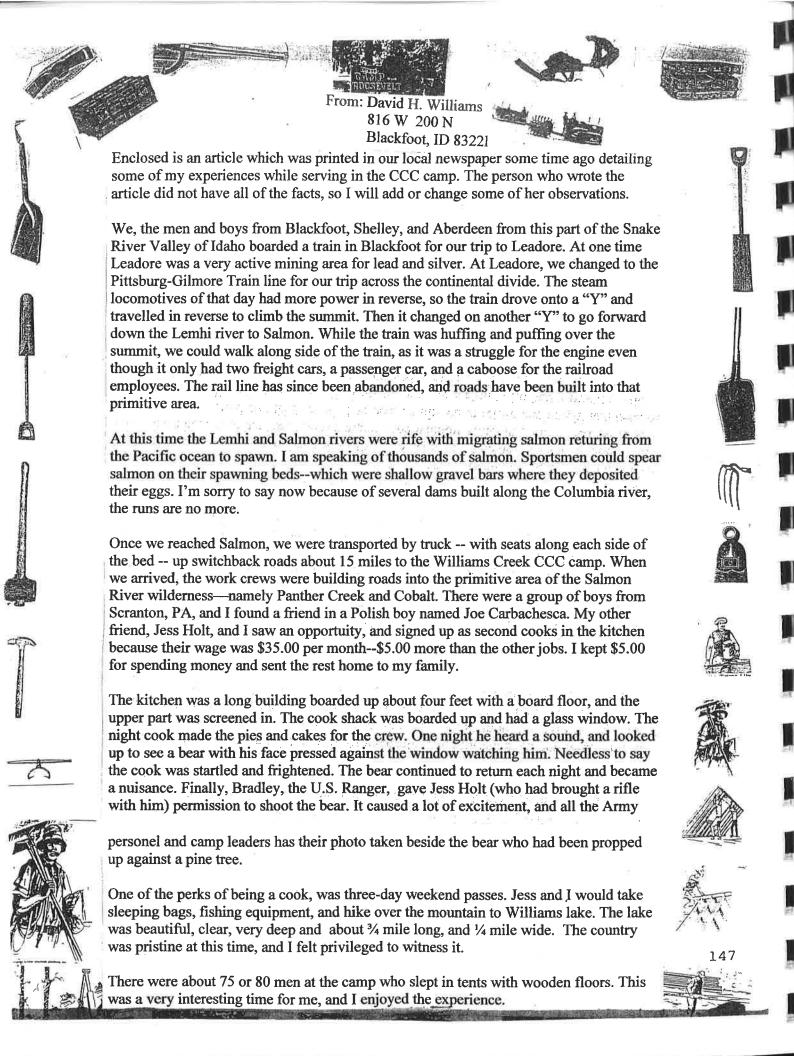


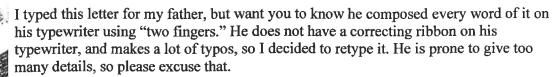














My father is an incredible man who will turn 96 the 20th of this month. He can still read without glasses and drives a car (in fact they just renewed his driver's license) so he could still be driving at 101. He and my mother who is 93 still live alone -- with my help -- and he is the care giver who cooks meals, (even makes pies and cakes) keeps in touch with family members, and reads the newspaper from front to back each morning to keep up with everything going on in the community and beyond. His mind and memory are incredible. He loves to reminisce about the "good-old-days," and his experiences at the CCC camp are some of his favorite. I know he was pleased to share this information with you. My father is great to visit with (just a little hard of hearing), so if you need any additional information, please call him at (208) 684-4528.

Sincerely, Glenna Manstrum Glenna Transtrum 3050 Teeples Drive Blackfoot, Idaho 83221 (208) 785-1487)



When you come to the end of a perfect day And you still have that long trek to camp, And your legs are tired, your breath is short And your feet are cold and damp . . .

And you think back to the good old days When you were young and free, When you had no special task to do And life was one long spree.

Yet, I wonder how well off we really are As we leave the boy for the man, We get three meals, clothes and a bed All furnished by Uncle Sam.

Maybe those mountains are hard to climb, Those trees so hard to cut, But the air is pure, the water fine And we're climbing right out of the rut.

As you come to the end of another day, Let's all smile and be glad For besides helping ourselves, you see, We are helping mother and dad.

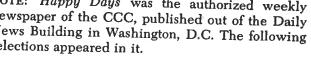
NOTE: Happy Days was the authorized weekly newspaper of the CCC, published out of the Daily News Building in Washington, D.C. The following selections appeared in it.

O.K. UNCLE

Some of us came from the country, Some of us came from the slums, Most of us willing workers With "no work" making us bums. All the world had to offer Was a rousing kick in the pants, 'Til old Uncle Bud, he shifted his cud And gave us another chance.

Uncle, he says to his army. "You did a good job before When you took three million rookies And polished 'em up for war, Now if you can handle the civvies Like the doughboys and the gob, And stiffen their ranks till they're Tough as the yanks, I'll give 'em a great big job."

So the Sarge and the Looie they took us, And, boy! What they didn't do!











I dare to say there wasn't one who give thought to the fact that he was making contribution to his country. It was just a matter of a place to eat, sleep and







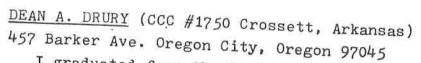








The following 5 pages were extracted from the OREGON CCC ALUMNI REUNION 1971-96 MWMORIES



I graduated from the Early, Iowa Consolidated School in 1933. 19 in our class.

In that summer I had the opportunity to work for the school district to pay for an advanced typing course.

In the fall, I started working on my brother's farm. Picking corn by hand---\$10 a month. In April of '34 I learned of the CCC through two of my classmates. I signed up, and was the first to go because my mother

A friend drove my mother and me to the Rock Island depot in Storm Lake 15 miles north of Early. I left a weeping mother trotting along side of th train, waving her handkerchief. Destination, Crossett, Arkansas, Camp #

We made roads, built bridges and fought fires. I welcomed the evening try-out for the baseball team. captain in my last year. Lt. Albers was our coach, and a former college pitcher. He chose me. I was the lone pitcher on this team because we only played one game per weekend. Our competition was Fordyce, Thornton and Warren (only on Sunday). We worked Saturdays and travel time was considera

We had a very good team and finished the season as champions after beating Warren 4-0, and Thornton 3-2. I walked only one man in these two games and this came after 2 men out in the Thornton game.

I stayed in the C's for 9 months. During most of tr last 3 months I was named Assistant Educational Advisor under Mr. Fergu on. My typing

skill got me the job and the \$6 raise.
In the fall of '35 I entered Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa. the spring of '36, I went out for baseball. Out of 130 tryouts, 13 of us I was one of the two starting pitchers, along with three relievers. Baseball led me into coaching. It gave me my wife of 54 years, three good kids, and a grandson. Aaron is a good student, and heading for CalPoly for college.

CCC was a good program. We could use it now.

ROBERT F. F. SWEENEY (CC 2 109705 -CC Co 1213 Sp 13 Camp Woahink Lake Florence, Oregon) 29 June 1996 From Tennessee to Round Up , Montana as canteen clerk on the

train-sold cigarettes, camdy, gum, etc/ Spent time in Montana on State Park TRails and altering Fairgrouns. When November arrive so did the first snow- sure great to get out of there to move to the Oregon coast.

We landed in Canary , Oregon and trucked out to our newly erected buildings on the South shore of Woahink Lake. That night we groped through the fog and quick sand to the ocean. We kids from the East coast just had to wade into the Pacific and went down the

So, I spent 1936 as first Aid man, timber faller, | rail swamper. and finally education clerk. Trips to Bandon and Newport for forest fire duty kept me busy along with time as supply sergeart. No, I was never first sergeant or the mess sergeant. I was far "more" important as company bugler. We held a very impressive retreat ceremony each evening prior to our dinner meal. The bugler as pressed into service when-ever and where-ever needed.

Local girls were recruited to attend dances at camp. Some couples even married-many for life. Margaret has put up with me for over 57 years-so it would seem that some settled on a partner for life.



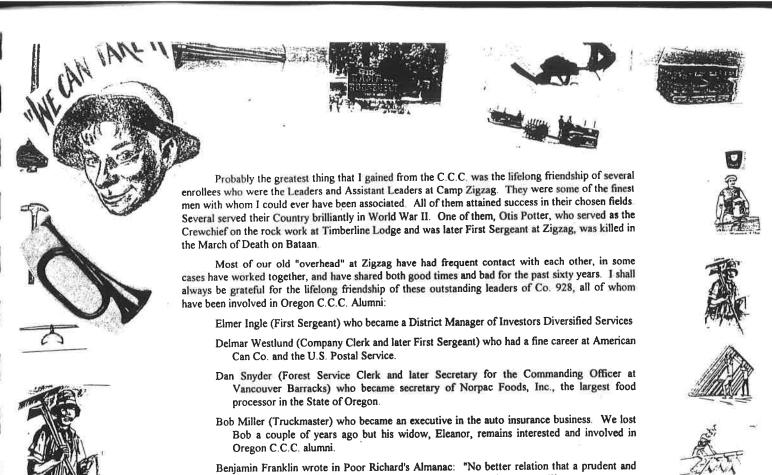












faithful friend." That statement is certainly true regarding my buddies from Camp Zigzag.

Now you know why I say I was a poor farm boy who got lucky.

WALTER O. BREYNE (C.C.C. Co. 965 ODELL LAKE)
6815 SE Hemlock St. Milwaukie, OR 97222

Our group arrived at Odell on July 3, 1934. That same evening the formal camp dedication was held. We were treated to what seemed to us a regal repast; there were also speeches by dignitaries from the Forest Service.

Our main occupation was in building a road from what is now the Willamette Pass Highway around the West end of the lake to Trapper Creek.

ORIN C. STADDEN (Co. #963 - Cape Creek)
12741 S.E. Majestic Lane-Clackamas, Oregon 97015

Co. 963 was based at Cape Creek just below Cape Perpetua on the Oregon Coast.

I enlisted in April 1934 thru Vancouver Barracks. While at Cape Creek we built roads and burned brush. In May the entire crew was moved to Wendling where we built fire roads and fire trails from Wendling south to Cottage Grove.

That October they moved us back to the Cape where we developed Neptune State Park, lookouts on the Cape (which were used for observation during WWII). We also built the trail and the steps going down to Devils Churn. On May 1st they moved all of us over to Enterprise in the Wallowa where we were building camping facilities and landscaping at the Forestry Center.

I was discharged in August 1935 to accept employment in the principal industry.











JOHN WEAVER (by his wife MARY K. WEAVER)

I am sending a picture of John to be put in the book. wondering if I could have the picture back? John passed away April 19, 1993

If you get the book finished will you send one copy? Let me know how much the book costs and I will send you the money for the book.

The dates that John was in the CCC there in Oregon may by wrong. The dues card was not Sending you five dollars for the dues.

G.HERZBERG (CCC in Alaska Camp 927)

In Ketchikan we set camp at Ward Lake. We cleared the ground for otem Bight Park. In Annette Island we built our camp, and one for the Totem Bight Park. the Army Engineers. We dug and hauled out muskeg and brought in rocks for the road and runway for the airport "Mctlakatla'

(Camp Cody Co. 4806 Cody, Wyoming 1940) ROYCE DEAN

I was taught to run a cat 50 and a cletract, also how to use and

operate a pull type road grader.

I also helped rip rock the big canal that runs from Cody to Powell and throughout the valley. I fought fire in Yellowstone Park for two weeks - not too bad. We had good people to work with. Our bosses were great to work with.

RAY PERDUE (CAMP 2904 Company, South Umpqua Falls F.117 at Tiller, Oregon I worked in the CCC's for over 3 years. While I was there I drove

a truck hauling the men to and from work projects.

We did a lot of road work, built roads so we could get to fires and Also, we went on many fires during the summer as we had a look outs. very nice camp and I was the foreman over the crews on road work.

Many of the young men at our camp were from Montana. Some were from Some had never used a pick and shovel before but they other states also. soon learned how.

JOHN POLF

enrolled in the CCC's at Amarillo, Texas July 3, 1934. 1000+ boys. We were all sent to all parts of the West. There was I was sent about 1000+ boys. We were all sent to all parts of the West. I was to Wyoming. All Wyoming boys were put on one passenger train car. were about 8 to 10 cars on the train. We all sent to Denver, Colorado. There we were sent to different parts of the West.

At Lander, Wyoming we thinned timber, built roads, fought forest For winter we were shipped to Red Rock, New Mexico where we I was in CCC about 4 years (I took 2 terms) built dams for soil erosion.

few tricks in the CCC, but didn't elaborate.

Walter Matthau said he learned a

REV CECIL McCARTY, I enrolled in the CCC program in October 1935 and was assigned to Camp SCS-24, Co. 3528 in Eaton, OH. I had never been away from home before so was glad to go home for Christmas that same year. On Jan. 12, 1936 I as shipped out to Co. 2533, Camp BR-35 in Fallon, NV. I worked in the kitchen, on Cable and Tractor Crew, and as a night watchman. I was discharged on Oct. 2, 1936 and returned back home only to find things as bad as when I had left with still no work available.

in Buckhorn, KY for about six weeks and then was discharged.

I returned home and married a "home-town") girl that I had met in 1936 by the name of Lillie Mae Risner. We were married on Oct. 6, 1937.

Work was still hard to find so I once again enrolled in the CCC at the camp in Paintsville, KY. In January of 1939 I was made Asst. Leader with a crew of men working under me, but for some reason I never received the pay for that job.

We moved to Hazard, KY in January of 1940. I worked in the coal mines for three years for the Midland Coal Company in Tribbey, KY, making \$35.00 a week. In January of 1943 (during WWII), we moved to Springfield, OH. We raised three children, two daughters and a son, and I worked in a factory by the name of Robbins and Myers.

The Lord called me into the ministry in 1963 and I enrolled in The Ambassador Bible Institute, once again attending night classes. I became an Ordained Minister in 1965 and began pastoring a church. I was involved in various community services, such as: serving as Auxiliary Chaplain for the Air National Guard, Chaplain of Community Hospital in Springfield, OH, and serving on the Advisory Board of the Springfield Police Div. I remained as Pastor of the International Pentecostal Church of Christ in Springfield for 21 years, built a new church and saw the membership grow until there was a need for two pastors. I retired from the church as full-time Pastor on Aug. 1, 1985, but still remain in the ministry parttime at the age of 71.

I have great memories of the CCC days and the men that I served with and I am currently a member of the NACCCA. I enjoy reading the Journal each month and would equally enjoy corresponding with my fellow CCCers.





ALBERT PALMER (Camp Nehalem)



This is the month of August, 1991. I am Albert William Palmer recording a little of my early biography.

I was born January 20, 1916 in the downtown area of Astoria, Oregon. My parents were Clarence and Edna Palmer. I grew up in the Olney area and went to the Mt. View school there. Later, I made an effort to go to high school in Astoria, but had to drop out because of economic hard times. Jobs were very hard to find, making it difficult for a young man to find work. In the Spring of 1934, at the age of 18, I decided to foin the Civilia Conservaion Corps, otherwise known as the CCC Camp, located about seventeen miles east of Astoria on Hwy. 202.

Due to my mechanical interest, it wasn't long before they put me to driving dump truck and due to my interest in the gasoline engine, I was put into the truck repair shop where I had an opportunity to learn mechanics and acetylene welding. After about a year, Camp Boyington became a side camp and the main camp became Camp Foss on the lower Nehalem River. At Camp Foss, I continued my work in the truck shop and had the opportunity to learn electric welding; and since there was a qualifying education system, I was able to further my education there. From 8 A.M. until 5 P.M., we were under the jurisdiction of the Forestry Department and from 5 P.M. to 8 A.M., we

were under the jurisdiction of the Army.

Sometime during the latter part of 1938, I decided to seek employment the experience acquired at Camp Foss. I applied for employment with Pacific Power and Light Company at the Astoria Steam Plant. Finding employment with Pacific Power and Light Company was a progressive I worked about three years doing maintenance work. In early 1942, I was employed by Kaiser Ship Building Corporation as an electric production welder at the Swan Island Yard, building liberty ships. That job lasted about 18 months at \$1.85 an hour. By then I had become interested in big ships and in late 1943, I decided to enlist in the U.S. Merchant Marines and leave Oregon for the South Pacific, in and out of Australia, to the War Zones. After serving about 2 1/2 years, I returned to the U.S., the war had ended and I was discharged from the U.S. Merchant Marines and returned to Astoria, OR in late 1945. Still in my early 30's, I had a desire to wear the Chevrolet white and blue uniform. I fulfilled that desire by applying for a job with Lovell Auto Company as a Mechanic and for over 28 years, I was their employee. During that time in 1952, I moved back to the Olney area on a small farm, back to country living.

In 1966, I decided it was time to give up my bachelor way of living and Anne Glisson and I were married in Astoria, OR. There is one son, Robert. By 1974, I had become interested politics and was given the OK to run for the Clatsop County Commission by Lovell Auto Company. I was elected and took

office as a County Commissioner January 1, 1975.

I enjoyed every day of my time on the County Commission serving the people of Clatsop County. I decided to retire in the fall of 1979. In 1986 the country home was sold due to transportation difficulities. We now live in Astoria at 387 Lexington Avenue.

Well-known motion picture and television actor, Raymond Burr, was an enrollee at Camp Whitmore, California.

The Veterans Administration selected all war veteran enrollees.

If an enrollee was absent without leave more than eight days, he was given a dishonorable discharge.











I enlisted in the CCC's during the latter part of the 1930"s We were paid a dollar a day-- sent \$25 home to our family and got to keep \$5 for ourselves. We received new clothing, shoes and lived in a barracks. They called it " three hots and a cot three hot meals a day a an army cot to sleep on.

We had three barracks, a mess hall, a recreation center and a garage for trucks and equipment.

We had a caterpiller tractor and graders for digging contour ditches to control water run off. We also built dams to form

ponds and lakes. We fought small forest fires and cleared trees for roads and trailsWe were located five miles north of Elbert, Colorado, a small farm town, where we could go on week-end passes. We at had three nourishing meals a day--I gained twenty five pounds during my first enlistment.

We used hand drills for tamping in dynamite to blast rocks for rip-raping dams. One day while holding the drill my hand got mashed with a sledge; this put me out of work; I was put in charge of the library. We wern't supposed to have autos; I ke kept one in the small town and used it on dates on week-ends. One day returning on a date, I went to sleep and wrecked my ca

I was later discharged for having a car without permission. As I remember there were about a hundred of us in the camp. I met several friends from Texas and Colorado; we kept in touch until I enlisted in the service and then lost contact with the I spent five years and five months overseas in the ETo in the Combat Engineers. All in all I enjoyed my time in the CCC's and believe it should have been made a permanent program. I a am 84 years old and have revisited the places where I worked;

K.S. MICHAEL LOVELAND, CO

MEL ASCHE (Camp Mary's Creek, near Detroit, Oregon and Alaska)
13531 Clairmont Way #20 Oregon City, Oregon 97045-4250- July 2, 1996

Here is somewhat of a summary of my life in the CCC so you can condense it for your book. I am sorry I am so slow in getting this out to

condense it for your book. I am sorry I am so slow in getting this out to you but there has been many other things in the way.

I joined the CCC on July 5, 1939 and was sent to Camp Mary's Creek which was located near Detroit, Oregon. This was only 13 miles from my home so it was very convenient. Since I had just graduated from high school in May and knew how to type, they put me right in the Educational Building. I put out the camp paper as well as did many other things related to that department. Only after a short time they sent me to the side camp located at Fish Lake. Here I had charge of the mess cooks and manared the camp in general. in general.

Then they came in one day and asked for volunteers to form a company to go to Alaska. I jumped at the chance so away I went with a whole new company made up from all over the state... Going to Alaska was a big thrill of course, but the thrill of it all sure didn't last. I never saw it rain so hard and so very much as it did while we were there. I stayed on as ASSISTANT EDUCATIONAL ADVISER but was soon put in the infirmary to assist the camp doctor, and from there I was promoted on up to Senior Leader. This was fine and all went very well. Then one day the Army Engineers wanted two of us with medical experience to come and operate a first aid station near of us with medical experience to come and operate a first aid station near the rock crushers and quarry on the job we were running. So here again I jumped at the chance. All was going very well until the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and were coming into the Aleutian Islands. Since I was of draft age I sure didn't want to be drafted up there, so I quit my job and came back home to Portland. I went to work in the shipyards only briefly and then joined the Navy. It lasted 3 1/2 years until the war was over.

So that just about sums it all up as best I can remember. If you have any questions at all please feel free to call me. I am so sorry for my typing since I am way out of practice. Thank you Carl.

typing since I am way out of practice. Thank you Carl.



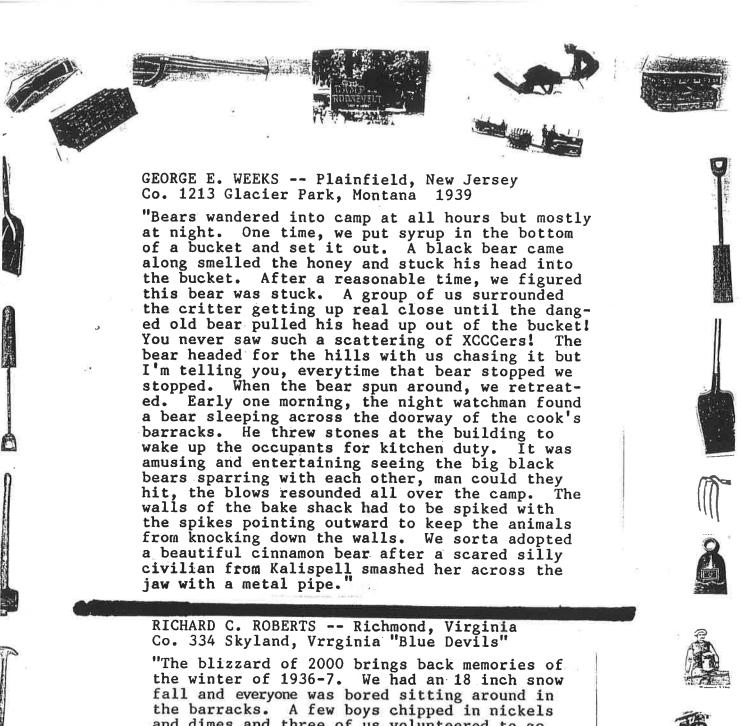
Robert Mitchum sent this photo a ew months before his recent death withut including any details of his CCC tint, but no doubt he performed his luties with the same aplomb that characerized his monie roles.











"The blizzard of 2000 brings back memories of the winter of 1936-7. We had an 18 inch snow fall and everyone was bored sitting around in the barracks. A few boys chipped in nickels and dimes and three of us volunteered to go down the mountainside to Ida Hollow to get two pints of apple jack. We made it down by sliding from one tree to another. Got the apple jack but how in God's world could we get back up the mountain? We hiked and hitched a ride to Stanley, Virginia. Spent the night in the railroad station, and bought tickets to Luray for twenty-five cents apiece. By that time we were out of apple jack. We got a big bowl of soup and all the crackers you could eat for five cents in Brown's Restaurant. We caught the next supply truck back to camp, broke, tired, hungry, in debt and a weeek's KP for being AWOL. Was it worth it??? I don't know.























My name is Albert Noyes presently living in Hayden Idaho but a native of Michigans Upper Pensula, Escanaba.

I was enrolled in the CCC on May 20, 1933 at Fort Brady. I was 20 years old. I was discharged July 6, 1934 from Camp Manistique 1687 Company. At that time 12 months was the maximum. I wanted to stay longer.

A period of one month was spent at Fort Brady for conditioning. I missed the physical work most of the month was spent as a typist recording records for new enrollies. After one month we were taken to the summer camp about five miles east of the City of Manistique. As I recall the manger work products at that time was called truck trail fire breaks. We moved to the winter camp in the late fall (no more tents). I was selected as a truck driver for a short period and then became the clerk in the Sure wish that forestry office a job I kept until discaharged. I kept a few copies of all the reports I had to type. The job was to keep time records, man hours, work accomplished on each of the various crews. Included was miles trucks were driven, amount of few used and any minor repair work. An other part of the job was every morning driving the tractor driver and few needed to each job. Then to the County arsenal for dynamite. Then back to the arsenal for caps and fuses. County carry both at the same time.

I was barracks leader and on Novemver one of ,33 was promoted to Assistan leader a pay raise of \$7.00, sent five bak home kept two for myself. I was the camp butcher, training I had that started when I was 12 years old. This was a volunteer that started when I was 12 years old. This was a volunteer job but one that I enjoyed that didn,t take two much time job but one that I enjoyed that didn,t a small way provided and was a great help to the cooks and in a small way provided better meat portions for all the men.

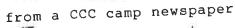
We done a lot of different jobs but truck trail wa the most important. We opened up a lot of miles for fire protection and protecting a lot of valuable timer. There were otherthings and probably not to much different than that done by other camps.

STEADY, BOY, STEADY!

Doctor thought Orvil Berg was suffering from the delirium tremens (look it up* when the foresters came to the hospital the other night for their typhoid "shots".

Graves and Hirvivara were trying to help Berg "take it" by telling him grusome stories of how the 6-inch needle grates when it scrapes the bone.

Berg refused to be stopped and went through with the "shots."







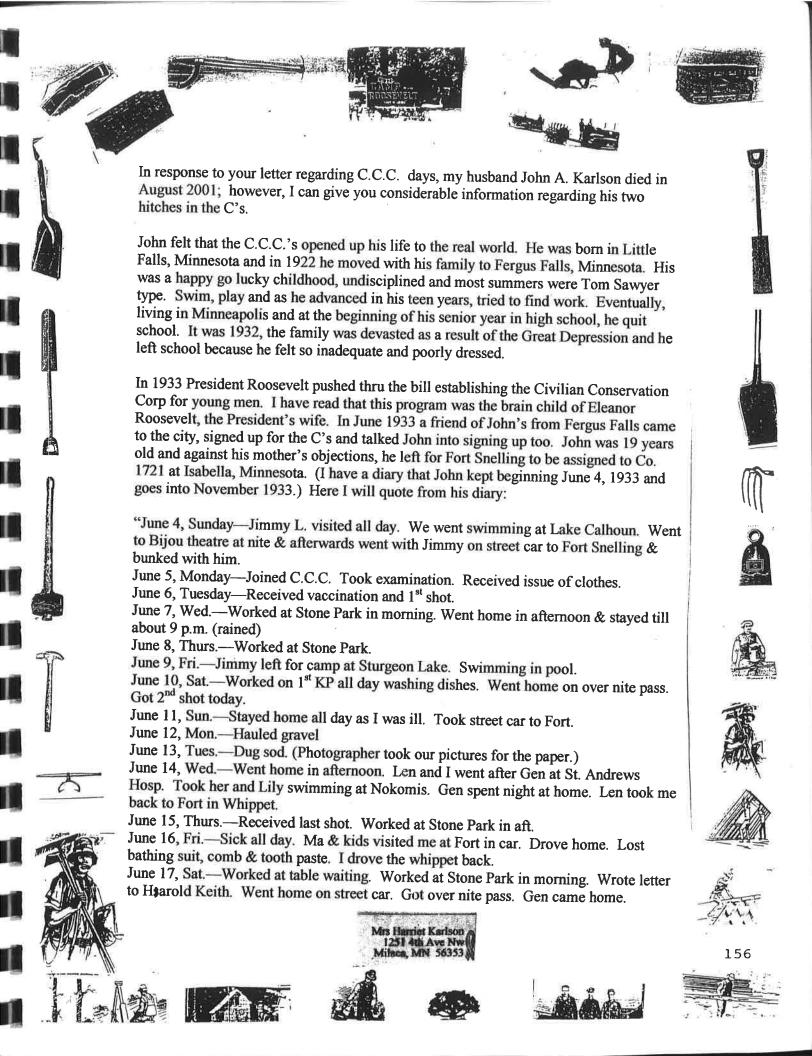


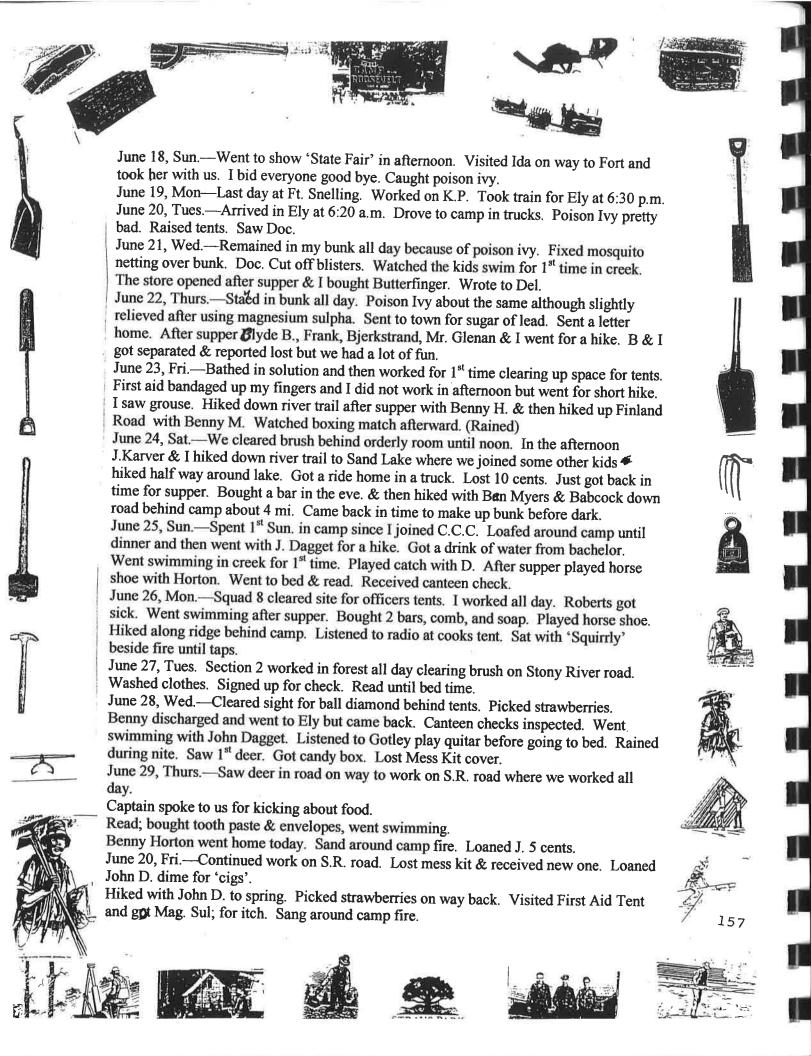




















Marrica









CHEVRONS









A monument to the 'CCC boys

unemployed males, 17 to 25 years old, labored in the Civilian Conservation Corps to build Colorado's famous Red Rocks Outdoor Amphitheatre.

Since its completion in 1941. Denver Chapter 7 of the Nation-

Corps (CCC) ums

Töm Noel DR_COLORADO

al Association of Civilian Conservation alhave met in Morrison at the CCC camp. The "boys' arriving there in the mid-1930s

found their first job was to build those barracks, then the amphitheater. Those rickety frame barracks have been preserved as the headquarters of the Denver Mountain Parks, which set aside the old mess hall as a CCC alum meeting hall and muse-



CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS

The bronze boy will stand tall in honor of the CCC.

I have learned how to think.

I have learned patience, obedience, and attention to duty.

I have learned to know and love mother nature, the trees, the flowers and all living things in the forests.

Above all I have learned to obey orders of those in constituted authority, a lesson, if learned and practiced by all of us, would make us better citizens, true Americans, and good husbands and fathers.

I thank my government.

Enrollee Victor Pesek Lewiston, Idaho

Last Sunday about two dozen people gathered in the old mess hall. Al Coven, Chapter 7 presi--dent, worked at the Monument CCC Camp — the last one in the state to close — in 1942.

"We were more blasted poor than people can imagine nowadays," he recalled. "We lived the old Depression song:

Wear it out

Use it up

Make it do Or do without.

Then came reports on the sick, the dying, the dead. Bill Benns, 89, noted that "the only other original CCC Red Rocks worker left besides me, Joe Catton, is not

Talk drifted to some of the hundreds of projects the CCC worked on around Colorado. They earned \$30 a month, of which \$25 went back to their families. They fought forest fires, planted trees, did soil conservation work, and built roads, trails, picnic shelters and other amenities in parks and public lands.

Red Rocks Amphitheatre is their greatest and most visible achievement — and the place where, years ago, they decided they wanted the CCC marker to go. Great as the work of the CCC was in conserving natural resources, its greatest achievement was saving the boys themselves. Unemployed, despairing and feeling worthless, these kids might have turned to drink, drugs, crime.

The corps helped many people across the country. The public works program put more than 3 million young men and adults to work during the Great Depression of the 1930s and 1940s.

Some had dozed off, but nearly

all grew alert when Coven reported on the long awaited statue. For years the waning numbers of CCC'ers have been struggling to raise the money to memorialize their work. Most of them figured, rightly, that they would be dead before this 6-foot-high bronze statue ever came to Red Rocks. "The Worker" is a shirtless teenager working with a large, double-bladed ax. It has now been placed in 22 sites across the country.

"The statue now belongs to us," Coven announced to applause and cheers, "It's bought and paid for. We raised \$7,000 and the City of Denver came up with the other \$13,000. Now it's up to us. Cause we're going to dedicate the statue this Labor Day!"

After discussion, the CCC "boys" and Denver Mountain Parks and Denver Theaters and Arenas have found what Coven called "just the right spot" for the bronze boy.

"We're going to put him where everybody will see him unless they're drunk or too busy talking." Coven said of the site, which will be by the upper parking lot and the new Red Rocks Visitors Center.

Bill Benns winked. Then, with considerable effort and the help of his wife and son, he got up from the old wooden table at the CCC camp he helped to build about 70 years ago. Of those 500 youngsters who constructed Red Rocks, he is about to be the last man standing.

"I hope," he said, "that I can live till Sept. 6."

Tom Noel welcomes your e-mail at www.coloradowebsites.com/dr colorado.





THE SPIRIT OF THE CCC.







The following 5 pages were extracted from the OREGON CCC ALUMNI REUNION 1971-96 MWMORIES

DEAN A. DRURY (CCC #1750 Crossett, Arkansas) 457 Barker Ave. Oregon City, Oregon 97045

I graduated from the Early, Iowa Consolidated School in 1933. 19 in our class.

In that summer I had the opportunity to work for the school district to pay for an advanced typing course.

In the fall, I started working on my brother's farm. Picking corn by hand --- \$10 a month. In April of '34 I learned of the CCC through two of my classmates. I signed up, and was the first to go because my mother was a widow.

A friend drove my mother and me to the Rock Island depot in Storm Lake 15 miles north of Early. I left a weeping mother trotting along side of th train, waving her handkerchief. Destination, Crossett, Arkansas, Camp # 1750. Forest country.

We made roads, built bridges and fought fires. I welcomed the evening we made roads, built oridges and lought lires. I welcomed the evening try-out for the baseball team. I was the pitcher for my Early team and captain in my last year. Lt. Albers was our coach, and a former college pitcher. He chose me. I was the lone pitcher on this team because we only played one game per weekend. Our competition was Fordyce, Thornton and Warren (only on Sunday). We worked Saturdays and travel time was considera We had a very good team and finished the season as champions after heating Warren 4-0. and Thornton 3-2. I walked only one men in these two

beating Warren 4-0, and Thornton 3-2. I walked only one man in these two games and this came after 2 men out in the Thornton game.

I stayed in the C's for 9 months. During most of the last 3 months

I was named Assistant Educational Advisor under Mr. Fergu on. My typing

skill got me the job and the \$6 raise.

In the fall of '35 I entered Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa. In the spring of '36, I went out for baseball. Out of 130 tryouts, 13 of us survived. I was one of the two starting pitchers, along with three relievers. Baseball led me into coaching. It gave me my wife of 54 years, three good kids, and a grandson. Aaron is a good student, and heading for CalPoly for college.

CCC was a good program. We could use it now.

ROBERT F. F. SWEENEY (CC 2 109705 -CC Co 1213 Sp 13

Camp Woahink Lake Florence, Oregon) 29 June 1996

From Tennessee to Round Up , Montana as canteen clerk on the

train-sold cigarettes, camdy, gum,etc/
Spent time in Montana on State Park TRails and altering Fairgrouns. When November arrive so did the first snow- sure great to get out of there to move to the Oregon coast.

We landed in Canary , Oregon and trucked out to our newly erected buildings on the South shore of Woahink Lake. That night we groped through the fog and quick sand to the ocean. We kids from the East coast just had to wade into the Pacific and went down the Oregon Coast.

So, I spent 1936 as first Aid man, timber faller, trail swamper. and finally education clerk. Trips tp Bandon and Newport for forest fire duty kept me busy along with time as supply sergeart. No, I was never first sergeant or the mess sergeant. I was far "more" important as company bugler. We held a very impressive retreat ceremony each evening prior to our dinner meal. The bugler as pressed into service when-ever and where-ever needed.

Local girls were recruited to attend dances at camp. Some couples even married-many for life. Margaret has put up with me for over 57 years-so it would seem that some settled on a partner for life.



Went in not knowing anything but work

Kept them out of jail

If you get hungry enough you steal

It meant a roof over your head









WARREN L. HOWE JR. (Co. 1998 - Thompson Falls) Thompson Falls, Montana 1938 - 1940 (5420 SE 43rd - Portland, Oregon 97206)

My entire career as a Professional Civil Engineer, Registered in Oregon, Washington and California came about only because Leaders in my camp showed me the way.

Lewis Leonard, Educational Advisor led me to completing High School. Through him I completed courses in Forestry, Aeronautics and Surveying

from Idaho State and California State.

Under the leadership of Pat Duffy, Forest Service Superintendent, and E.M. Kanzler, Forest Service Civil Engineer, I learned a few of the basics of Road Construction, Logging, Blasting, Bridge Construction, and Surveying.

Taking into account that before joining the C's I was an unemployed high school drop-out, my CCC experiences launched me into an Engineering Career, soaring to heights greater than I could have ever imagined.

Today, as I reflect back, I look at many engineering projects

I have managed - including many bridges, buildings, shipbuilding, Dam construction and many other projects - some of which I have received substantial recognition. (Most of my CCC comrads have been in, on, or around many of these projects at some time or another).

This all came about because of what the CCC did for me. It could

not have happened otherwise.

WALTER O. BREYNE (C.C.C. Co. 965 ODELL LAKE) 6815 SE Hemlock St. Milwaukie, OR 97222

Our group arrived at Odell on July 3, 1934. That same evening the formal camp dedication was held. We were treated to what seemed to us a regal repast; there were also speeches by dignitaries from the Forest Service.

Our main occupation was in building a road from what is now the Willamette Pass Highway around the West end of the lake to Trapper Creek.

ORIN C. STADDEN (Co. #963 - Cape Creek) 12741 S.E. Majestic Lane-Clackamas, Oregon 97015

Co. 963 was based at Cape Creek just below Cape Perpetua on the Oregon Coast.

I enlisted in April 1934 thru Vancouver Barracks. While at Cape Creek we built roads and burned brush. In May the entire crew was moved to Wendling where we built fire roads and fire trails from Wendling south to Cottage Grove.

That October they moved us back to the Cape where we developed
Neptune State Park, lookouts on the Cape (which were used for observation
during WWII). We also built the trail and the steps going down to Devils
Churn. On May 1st they moved all of us over to Enterprise in the Wallowas where we were building camping facilities and landscaping at the Forestry Center.

I was discharged in August 1935 to accept employment in the printing industry.

Jack Leach (C.C.C. Camp Rabideau #708) 6 miles South of Blackduck, Minnesota

In April 1937, at age 16, I joined CCC's. I skinned cat (T-40 International), drove truck, did carpenter work and, of course, planted trees.

In late July 1937, I left camp to go home where I was needed to

help cut and windrow alfalfa seed crop. In July 1st 1938, I rejoined the same camp. This time I worked most of the time on a survey crew. I also helped build telephone lines

and fire towers. During the winter of 1938 and 1939, the survey crew also wired the camp and installed a new light plant.

In April 1939, I started going with Emma Paxson and on July 4th, we were engaged to be married. We married January 1st, 1940 and in December 1948, we had been bless with one boy and four girls.

In 1946, Iwent to work on road construction as a heavy equipment operator and continued with that in the USA and in Greenland until

retirement in December 1982. The things I learned in CCC's have been real helpful to me all through

my working career. Signed by a CCC Alumni and PROUD OF IT!





We are the young men of 1930's who made up the <u>Civillian</u> Conservation Corps — 1933 to 1942.

We are the young men who mended the scarred land, the eroded fields, the muddied waters of our creeks and rivers, and the depleted woodlands of our country.

We replanted our forests from Maine to California. We built the fire trails to protect the old and new forests; cleaned out the diseased deadwood to protect the healthy and new trees; and, fought forest fires and floods.

- We built lodges and campsites in our national parks so that people could enjoy our beautiful country. We built the roads and trails in the parks -- many of which are still in existence today.

We worked the quarries to produce the building stone needed to build the dams in our state and national parks — the same dams that stand today creating the lakes that have given recreation to campers, fishermen and family groups over the last 60 years.

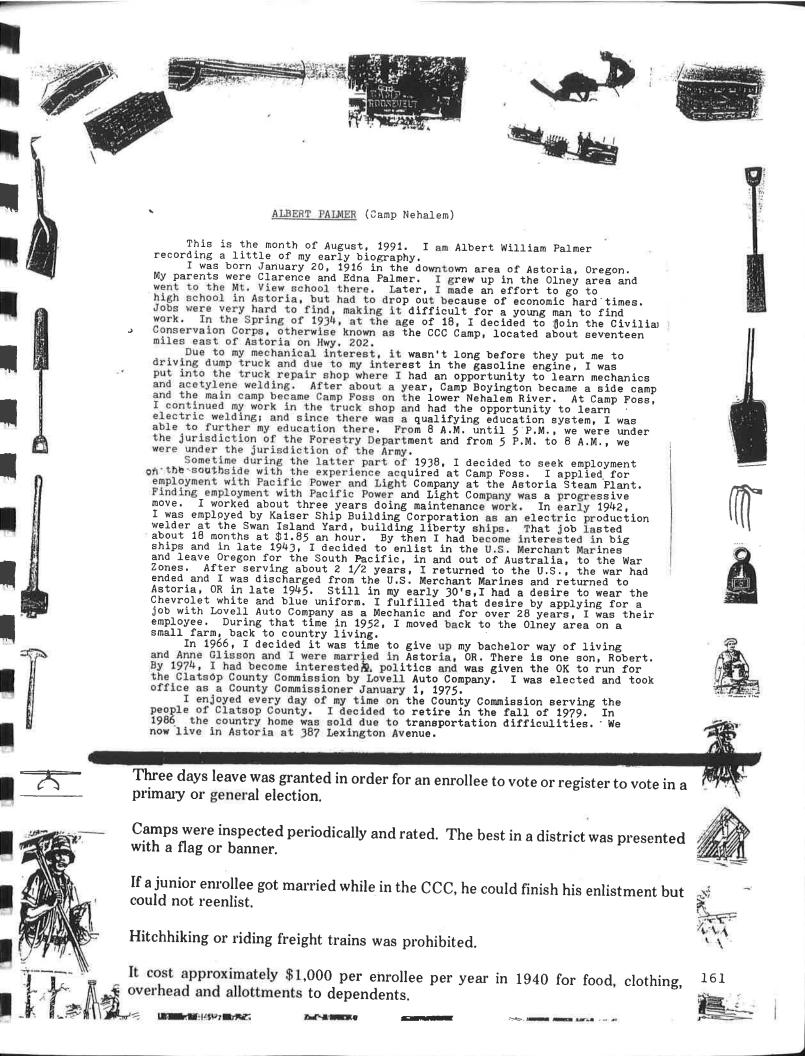
We worked in quarries getting the rock to crush for limestone to spread on the farmlands to sweeten the overworked soil which helped restore productivity. From other quarries came the building stone needed for masonry dams and flumes which controlled the rapidly eroding soil.

We were educated and given job opportunities, honor, respect, and a purpose in life.

"All over this country, the work we did with our hands, our minds, and our bodies, still stands today as a monument to the youth of the 1930's and what we accomplished, bearing in mind, that 90% of what we did was done by hand, pick, hoe, axe, shovel, mauls, drills and wheelbarrows.

We put our mark on this land and that mark will be seen for many more years to come.

As a generation, we have much to be proud of. We have earned a place in history and speaking, as an individual, I am greatful for having had the chance to be there.



In Oregon the CCCs built roads and trails and bridges; strung telephone lines; built fire lookouts, campground shelters; restrooms; tables; campstoves; water lines; recreational ski bowls and worked on the first ski lift at Mt. Hood. They built rock masonry walls along the Columbia Gorge Highway, over at the coast, and up at Timberline Lodge.

Aside from the physical work performed to improve recreation, fire suppression and prevention, and increased forest yield, a huge benefit occurred to our human resources. The character development and moral growth instilled by wholesome military and forest service role models thrived in the camps where nutritious food, clothing, shelter, and medical care were topped off with educational opportunity. Fifty camps with 200 boys who each earned \$30 a month, of which \$25.00 was sent to a parent and \$5 was kept by the enrollee, had a grand impact on the lives of thousands of Oregon families. I can testify to the fact that, in a family of twelve children with no wage-earning jobs other than seasonal farm work for annual support, all of those allotment checks of \$25 made a huge difference to my family.

The skills and the military discipline and work ethic served the CCC men well when we were called into the Army for WWII. Tom Brokaw has called us "The Greatest Generation" for what we did in 1942-1945, but the nucleus of that generation incubated and grew in the nation with over 2,800,000 CCC enrollees.

Dan Snyder 715 Ewald Ave SE Salem, OR 97302

Reading stories in the NAC-CCA Journal always reminds me of the happy day I answered FDR's call to enlist in the Civilian Conservation Corps.

I was sent to Carsbad, N.M., to a camp engaged with constructing irrigation canals connected to southwest farmlands victimized by the frequent droughts.

Our favorite week-end leace visits were to Albuquerque and nearby Carlsbad Caverns. A visit to the cacerns is unforgettable. One descends for miles into the pitch blackness. Lanterns along the way expose the stalactites and stalagmites that seem to go on forever. One drops a coin over the side of the cave's pit expecting to hear an echo when it hits bottom. No sound is ever heard.

If ever we have a nuclear attack Carlsbad Caverns is where I want to be.

Nothing has ever been more fulfilling for me than my tenure with the CCC...

Wilson E Young 1119 Avocet Road Delray Beach, FL 33444













WHAT MY SERVICE IN THE CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS MEANT TO ME!

In April 1934 I was asked to enlist in the CCC's until the Mt. Hood Nat'l. Forest could arrange a regular work assignment for me. I accepted the offer and enlisted in Company 928 located at Zizag, Oregon as an LEM. I was assigned to work at the R&T Warehouse and the Forest Shop repairing all types of camp gear and also working on vehicles and construction equipment during the winter overhaul program.

After eight months I was hired by the Mt. Hood Nat'l. Forest as a CAF-1 Clerk and assigned to the Supervisor's Office as a purchasing agent. During the next six years I performed work such as procurement, clerical, basic accounting, and mechanical and map drafting.

In 1939 I was transferred to the Regional Equipment Pool, Division of Engineering, as a warehouseman and clerk. I assisted the Shop Superintendent in work scheduling, parts procurement and all other shop management tasks.

In 1942 I enlisted in the Ordnance Dept., attended Artillery Mechanics School at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, and in February 1943 attended QMC OCS at Camp Lee, VA. graduating as a 2nd Lt. in May 1943. After intensive training in Crash Boat operations at New Orleans, LA. I was assigned as Skipper of a 63 foot Crash Boat and Crew and spent 23 months in the Southwest Pacific (Guadalcanal to Manila, P.I.) doing airsea rescue work with the 13th Amry Air Force.

In January 1946 I returned to the U. S. Forest Service and continued working for the Division of Engineering. REP. I was assigned as a CAF-9, Area Superintendent, with field responsibilities for the care, maintenance, use and operator training of all motorized equipment assigned to forests in the State of Washington and the three forests in Eastern Oregon. Mr responsibilities grew as time passed, and in 1954 I became a GS-11 Equipment Inspector. Ultimately, my supervisor suffered a serious heart-attack. He retired under disability in early 1956.

Subsequently, I was promoted to GS-13, Regional Fleet Equipment Manager, in late 1956, and following 17 years in that position, I retired in February 1973.

During my 38 year career with the Forest Service I found its personnel to be a splendid, dedicated and mission-oriented team. I am very proud to have been a member of that team which in no small part was due to my enlistment and participation in the Civilian Conservation Corps!

























CIVILIAM COMSERVATION CORES (CCC) WHERE BOYS BECAME MEN

By Robert E. Schmeling

During the summer of 2003, the writer and his wife, Joann, travelled Michigan's Upper Peninsula, locating the former sites of CCC (Civilian Consevation Corps) camps that existed in the 1930's. There are estimated to be fifty eight (58) in total.

The writer was a couple years too young to have enrolled in the CCC's. And too, he was continuing his education during the CCC era. His neighbor, Major Harry Eby, a military reserve officer, was placed in command of a camp at Bitely, Michigan, and the writer had the privilege of visiting the Major and was invited to dinner at the camp in the summer of 1934. The writer pursued forestry as a career, and after serving four years in Service during World War 11 he gained employment in the Upper Peninsula. There remained evidence of CCC camp buildings in 1946 along with the results of the work the enrollees accomplished. The above factors likely led to the writer's desire of this date, and as a retirement project, to search out those sites created in the 1933-42 period of the CCC's.

During the early 1930's the nation was in a depression and Franklin D. Roosevelt was beginning his term as President. With many young 16-25 year old males walking the streets unemployed he promoted the establishment of the CCC program beginning in the spring of 1933.

In Michigan these young males could enroll at either Fort Brady at Sault Ste Marie or at Camp Custer near Battle Creek. The flood of enrollees allowed those in charge to assemble the preferred 200 to a unit, and

far distance. When they found themselves in a tent, sleeping and eating and with occasional inclement weather, a few bolted immediately to go back home. However, a good many stayed on beyond the six month enrollment, especially when in all-weather barracks. The pay was \$30 per month and from that \$25 was sent to their home leaving \$5 for their use.

During World War II a good number of prisoners were taken and brought back to the States. There were six known Upper Peninsula CCC camps that housed these war prisoners, as the camps in most instances were still up and in useable condition. The known camps were: Camp Gibbs near Gibbs City in Iron County; Camp Sidnaw in Houghton County; Camp Raco in Chippewa County; Camp Autrain and Camp Evelyn in Alger County.

Camp Gibbs is the only camp that has been preserved through the years and with the guard towers still standing from when it was a POW camp. A Catholic group under lease maintains and uses the camp now. Without exception, no other camp sites were found with any remaining buildings. Most were over grown with trees with perhaps a small grassy opening.

with military officer(s) in charge they were dispatched to an assigned area in either the Lower or Upper Peninsula, where work projects were desired.

Here in the Upper Peninsula all units were provided army tents and other equipment in inventory as a start-up. Other needed equipment to maintain a camp was then purchased at local merchants. Some camps were established where only a summer's work was available and these remained as a tent camp. Where more then a summer's work existed, camps then built barracks and other needed buildings for more then a summer's stay. When cold weather started to set in, the tent camp enrollees were transferred to a camp that was all-weather.

The buildings provided for an all-weather camp were generally 3-4 sleeping barracks, a mess hall, a recreation hall, a latrine-bathhouse, a work shop and a garage or two for trucks and other equipment.

Delta County had several camps: Camp Garth, located near Rapid River where the present day store on the bluff is located, was a tent camp only. Camp Sandstrum, located on the Stonington Peninsula in Section 11, T39N, R21W off of County Road 511, was all-weather. Camp Mormon Creek, located in Section 17, T41 N, R 19 W in northeast Delta and Camp Polack, located in Section 20, T42N, R19W, not too far from Camp Mormon Creek. The latter two were also all-weather.

Enrollment was for six-month periods and for many it was their first time away from home and at a

The phases of work accomplished by the CCC enrollees were the planting of trees, primarily the pines; building woods roads and bridges to access timber; creating parks and camping sites; suppressing forest fires; and improving lakes and streams for improved fish habitat. The administration of the CCC camps was in charge of the military and the field work was supervised by the United States Forest Service and the Michigan Dept. of Conservation.

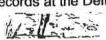
Come weekends, a number of enrollees would leave camp for the nearest town where entertainment could be found, preferrably a dance hall. An occasional fight would ensue involving the local boys as the CCC boys sought the local girls for dancing. Softball and baseball games between camps also prevailed in warmer weather and basketball in winter.

Many a boy who entered the CCC program came away a man and with a work ethic that was absent when he first enrolled. When World War II broke out, this ended the CCC program. There are s 164) of CCC graduates in our midst but most are the age range.

The writer attempted to create a separate file for each camp when placing these records at the Delta







way, an entry pillar or part of a cement floor (shop or garage) would be evident.

Willard H. Hildebrand, who was the Woodlands
Manager for the Munising Paper Company, had
authority to use these POW's to cut pulpwood for his
mill, as manpower was very limited in war time. Mr.
Hildebrand in 1948 transferred to Escanaba Paper
Company and was here for three years until 1951

County Historical Society Archives. There have been several books written about Upper Peninsula CCC camps but not altogether separated by camp. Such separation will allow individuals to research their camp more easily, and for those wishing to place their personal account in a specific camp file.

The Historical Society honors Robert and Joann Schmeling for the extraordinary contribution to U.P. historical resources that these records contain. the ed.

Robert E. Schmeling 1900 3rd Ave. So. Escanaba, Michigan 49829 (906) 786-5186

Frank Adrian Frailey enrolled in the CCC's in the fall of 1936, and was stationed at CCC Company 619, located at the edge of Norris City, Illinois on the north end.

That was just prior to the devastating great Flood of 1937 in the Ohio and Wabash river bottoms. At the height of this great flood, Adrian was loaned out to the U.S. Coast Guard Service, since he was raised in those bottoms; he knew the area pretty well and they cruised the area for rescuing only the humans who were found on housetops and even in trees; they were not allowed to rescue any animals.

Adrian mentioned one incident while they were out looking for persons to rescue, Adrian noticed a small dog atop a small house which was floating in the floodwaters. In order to get the boat near the dog, Adrian told the Captain that he thought he saw a woman behind a window; the boat when nearing the house, Adrian yelled, here puppy, here puppy, the little dog was close enough that he jumped into the boat. (There was no woman).

Frank Adrian Frailey 21 Tecumseh Court Shawneetown, IL 62984 PH. (618-269-3260)

Some enrollees that came from Gallatin County, Illinois wer^{e ©} Lawrence Naas, James "Cowboy" Jackson, Adrian Frailey, and Bennie Rider.

Lawrence Naas served three months and was stationed near Quincey, Illinois, near the low lands of the Mississippi-his main work was in draining the bottoms and eradicication of a gophers who would cause leaks in the dam on the ILL side of the Mississippi River.

Lawrence later was in the Army, serving several months in the European Theater of Operations; Landing in Ireland and had several weeks of training in the Combat Engineers and his unit went in a few days after D-Day on Utah Beach. It was during an inspection of his unit by General. Dwight Eisenhower that Lawrence has the distinction of dropping his M-I rifle on the toe of the General, while going to port arms.'

Lawrence, laterwas attached to General George S. Pattons Third Army and followed him all the way to Berlin.

WSU Press chronicles We Can Take It Boys

The three million members of the Great Depression's Civilian Conservation Corps changed the face of much of America, and their monuments still stand in many of the Northwest's most popular parks.

Life among the "We Can Take It Boys," as CCC enlistees called themselves, is recounted in a book by Edwin G. Hill of Wapato, published this fall by the Washington State University Press.

Hill writes in his introduction to "In the Shadow of the Mountain" that when Franklin D. Roosevelt proposed the formation of the CCC to Congress in 1933 the president saw it as "a means of creating future national wealth."

The Georgia-born Hill served two of his three years in the corps at camps in Washington. He was discharged in 1939 and later settled with his family in the Yakima Valley. Hill retired in 1981 from the city of Yakima where he had been building superintendent for more than 10

He helped establish and served as the first president of the Yakima Valley Chapter of the National Association of the Civilian Conservation Corps Alumni.

In the 10 years the 3Cs were in existence, Hill writes, they built thousands of bridges, roads and

dams; planted trees by the billions; restored property hit by natural disasters; fought fires; and adorned park lands with buildings and art.

The most famous of the Northwest projects involving the CCC is the Timberline Lodge at Oregon's Mount Hood. The facility was dedicated by President Roosevelt in 1937, and his speech from the lodge balcony was broadcast throughout the nation.

Hill says it is probably impossible to be certain how many camps there were in the Northwest between 1933 and 1942 "due to the constant shuffling of companies to different localities, and . the frequent arrival of new, outof state contingents, usually from the East."

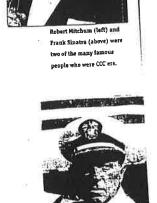
In 1935, there were 54 camps injust the Fort Lewis district, which covered about two-thirds. of Washington state. Among the noted CCC projects in the state are the Gingko Park near Vantage, the stone tower on Mt. Constitution in the San Juan Islands, the stone footbridge across the Chehalis River at Rainbow Falls: State Park, and the Vista House: at Mt. Spokane State Park.

The 190-page volume includes several dozen photographs, many from the WSU library archives, letters from other CCC veterans, and poetry published in "Happy Days," the national organization's newspaper.

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OUTREACH AND RECOGNITIONS COORDINATOR, SO. CA.AND SO. NEVADA--- EDWIN HILL, founder and Past President of Chapter #39 has written an outstanding book, titled "In the Shadow of the Mountain", sub titled "The Spirit of the CCC". This is one of the best accounts of the CCC from Georgia to the Northwest you will ever

A copy may be obtained direct from him for \$14.50 pOstpaid EDWIN G. HILL, 3701 Gun Club Road *75, YAKIMA, WA 98901 (509-453-2180)





CAMP ROOSEVELT WAS THE FIRST CAMP ESTABLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES



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A TYPICAL CCC CAMP LOCATED AT NORTH EDGE OF NORRIS City, Illinois CCC COMPANY 619

Ridgway, Illinois is located in the extreme south-eastern bottom of the State--the closest CCC camp to my area was the CCC Company 619 which was constructed at the north edge of Norris City, ILL. This CCC Company was typical of all the thousands of companies constructed all over the USA and it's territories which were during the span of the Civil Conservation Corps (1933-42).

I am using the following few pages in describing this CCC Company

The following photographs show the exterior CCC buildings and parade ground. Also there are photos of the interiors of the mess hall, the recreation room, the barracks, and the dispensery

These photos and other information were sent by Mabel Sutton Shay Route 1, Norris City, IL 62868 PH 618-378-3223) and her sister Freda Barbee, Route 2, Box 30, Holton Road, Sherman, IL PH (217-566-3888) Freda Barbee met her husband of 65 years during that period.

Her letter describes the particulars of their meeting.

When I met my husband, Harold W. Barbee, he was a soldier in the C.C.C. camp. He was from East St. Louis, IL and was currently stationed at the camp in Norris City, IL. I was 16 years old at the time and was living with my parents, Dee and Minnie McGhee, and my five brothers and three sisters on a farm about 5 miles outside of town. The soldiers were planting locust trees and building water ways on my dad's farm. My 12-year-old twin sisters were talking to some of the soldiers, and one of them asked my sisters if they would give him my address. He had seen me at my house on his way to work on the farm. We didn't have a phone at that time, and he wanted to get in touch with me. When I told my mother about it, she said that it would be okay to give him my address, since nothing would ever come of it. Little did she know that a couple of years later that soldier would become my husband of 65 years!

Being without a car, Harold would walk the five miles from the camp to my home and then walk the five miles back. That is a memory that will never leave me, the fact that he loved me that

much!

Not long after meeting Harold, I worked at a WPA sewing room in Norris City. I stayed in town with a friend's mother during the week. Harold didn't have so far to walk to see me then. But after working there a few months, they found out that I was underage. I had to quit, and Harold was back to wearing out a pair of boots!

Harold's mother had signed him up for the C.C.C. without his knowledge. He was one of a

family of 13 children, and they needed extra income. He resented his mother for what she did,















but had she not signed him up, we would not have met. And as they say, the rest is history! Harold earned \$30 a month with the C.C.C., and \$25 of that income was automatically sent to his family. That left him with \$5 for spending money. Even after we were married and had our first child, his family still received the \$25. But his mother graciously sent some of it back to us. I can remember seeing trucks driving by our house with large containers of food being delivered to the soldiers at the work sites. Some of the locust trees that the soldiers planted on our farm were used in later years by my brothers for fence posts. The C.C.C. soldiers built trails and steps throughout the Shawnee National Forest. To this day, if you walk through the forest, you are walking on trails built by the soldiers. Sometime after we married, the Little Wabash river flooded. The C.C.C. soldiers were sent to Shawneetown to assist the National Guard with a rescue and clean up. Harold remembered rescuing a small girl from the flood waters. As I mentioned, Harold and I were married for 65 years. We have two sons and two daughters, seven grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren. I believe that Harold learned a lot about hard work and dedication during his time with the C.C.C. camp. Until his retirement, he worked diligently as a farmer and was well respected in the community. He was a dedicated father and husband. Up until just a few months before his death at age 86 in 2002, he was still mowing our lawn of about 3 acres and was taking care of Submitted by Freda McGhee Barbee things in and around our home.

SUNDAY DINNER

Tomato soup, Potted roast with gravy, Celery, mashed potatoes, Green corn oysters, Plum pudding, ice cream, Coffee.

BREAKFAST

Creamed potatoes, asparagus on toast Bread and butter, Fricatelles, coffee

LUNCH

Oyster sandwiches, cheese sticks, Potato croquettes, Lemon jelly Chicken salad with mayonnaise

Orange sherbet, Angel's food, Chocolate, Coffee















All that's left now, are the memories of the old "CC" camp!

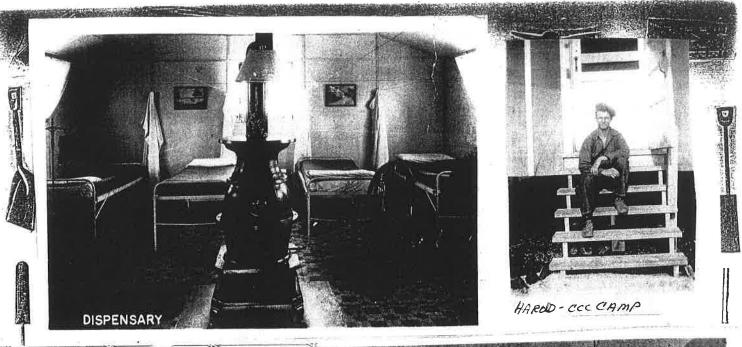


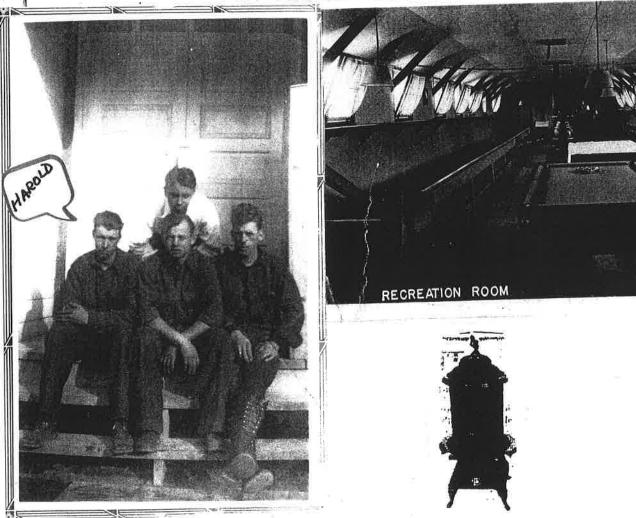






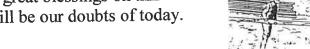






Committed to the dignity of work; enduring fellowship of comrades; beauty left behind

Let us move forward with strong and active faith. May God bless each and every one of you and may Almighty God continue to heap his great blessings on this nation. The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. **FDR**



Menu and Roster

Company 619, C.C.C. Comp SCS-24 (III.) Norrin City, Illinois.

When we count our many Blessings, it isn't hard to see
That life's most valued treasures are the treasures that are free.
For it isn't what we own or buy that signifies our wealth,
It's the special gifts that have no price:
Our family, friends and health.



Stuffed Olives

Stuffed Celery Heart

Succet Pickles

Roast Turkey

Oyster Dressing

Lettuce and Tomato Salad

Thousand Island Dressing

Giblet Gravy

Cranberry Sauce

Creamed Peas

Hot Rolls

Ice Cream

Mincemeat Pie

Fruit Cake

Pumpkin Pic

Hot Chocolate

French Drip Coffee

Cigars

Cigarettes

Mixed Nuts

Fruit

Mixed Candy

CCC 619 COMPANY, NORRIS CITY, ILL. ROSTER

Lieut. John W. Smith	Commanding Officer
7nd Light Alfred J Seidi	acinior extinct
1st Lieut S D Swiontkowski	Medical Officer
F A Campbell	Educational Advisor
Religional II R 007710	- Delling Lorenton
Charles Butszinger Robert W. Fields	Storekeeper
Robert W. Fields	Mess Steward
I P Pompa	Project Supermendent
James W. Frazier Harry Howe George W. Endicott	Camp Engineer
Harry Howe	Senior Foremun
George W. Endicott	Supervising Mechanic
Wm. J. Keyes Petter A. Cailotto	Agronomist
Petter A. Cailotto	Senior Foreman
R R Shaw	Semoi Poreman
John A. Vaughn	Senior Foreman
Luther E. Martz	Agronomist

LEADERS

Antonitis, John W. Bryant, Hal. L., L. E. M. Butzinger, Charles Denny, Howell Byford Hosick, Elvis, L. E.M. Justice, John A., L. E.M. Kadzie, Edward D. Medlin, Lawrence, W., Cook Misicka, Laddie A. Fields, Robert W., Cook





ASSISTANT LEADERS

Buttry, David Monroe Coyle, Raymond T. Erwin, Finis N., Cook Fulkerson, Silas B. Hale, Charley Howard Horath, Alfred S. Hrajnoha, Steve Wilson, Earl L. May, Ebert, L. E. M. Mundhenk, Guy Redick, Haley G., L. E. M. Stanley, Tim, L. E. M.

Stroka, Albert Harper, Kenneth E. Long, Eugene L. Zoph, Charles E. Templeton, Harry L.

ENROLLEES

Adams, Charles Truman Agles, Paul Allen, Johnson L. Aud, Earnest Baker, Harold W. Bankston, Earl G Barbee, Harold W. Barbet, Cari Wilbur Bell, Roy Dale Belt, Charley Ellis Blake, Donald Brethauer, Russell Bright, Clinton E. Bright, Stanley H. Best, Mark E. Brooks, Francis D. Brown, Thershel W Brown, Thershel W.
Bruyere, Arthur, Jr.
Bryan, Lee Gayle
Buttry, Hayward W.
Carlton, Robert J.
Carter, Harold R.
Cavender, John H., L. E. M.Maloney, Edmond
Chapman, Paul M.
Chiam Round Earle
Masterson, Martin
Masterson, Robert
Masterson, Robert Chism, Renald Earle Clark, Charles R., L. E. M. Clark, Gerald Clark, Lowell A. Clark, Lawrence E. Cole, Charles Thomas Core, Charles Thomas
Compton, Jesse Woodrow
Corwin, Danzil V.
Crow, Everett Russell
Darnell, Burnie D.
Docka, Charles P.
Dorris, Dale Dorris, Dale
Downen, Carlos Ray
Edwards, Russell
Edward, Thomas
Elliott, Stewart L.
Ellis, Edw. F., L. E. M.
Ewell, Alvie V.
Ewell, Thurman Wilson
Extrait, Claude L. Extrait, Claude L.
Ferrell, Ezra R.
Floyd, Joe Nat
Foley, Travis
Fowler, John Johnson
Frailey, Frank Adrain Frohock, Aaron Emil Frohock, David Loman

Gibson, Jennings A. Gossage, Virgil E. Greer, Ivan L. Gremore, Charles C. Grogan, Hubert Gross, Earl Douglas Hale, Carlos E. Hallam, Guy D. Hallers, Homer James Harper, Kenneth E. Harris, Russell L. Haynes, Elmo L. Hayter, Roy F. Hicks, Charles L. Hicks, Leon V. Hodges, John Wildon Hoskins, Don Edw. Huddleston, Ray J. Ledbetter, Frank Logsdon, Thomas A. Masterson, Martin C. Masterson, Robert Mayberry, Halsey McDaniel, Johnson McDaniel, Johnson
McGhee, James, Jr.
McKinney, Charles L.
McLain, Jacob S.
McLain, Raphael J.
Miller, Benjamin L.
Mithchell, Donald
Mollico, Frankie E.
Musgrave, Elvis E.
Naylor, Murwin F.
O'Dell, Waldo R.
Odle, Densel B.
Odum, Glen Wm.
Owens, Albert G. Owens, Albert G. Page, Ralph H. Pagliughi, Toney C. Paghughi, Toney C. Pate, John M. Pellum, Millard Phelps, Willis I., L. Phillips, Arthur R. Pike, Seth A. Pritchett, Cyril E. Qualls, Walter Wm. Ray, James A. Richards. Noel Richards, Noel

Richards, Vern Robertson, Carroll Eslie Roethlisberger, Robert R. Roy, William F. Sapp, Mathew James Schuessler, Henry Shark, Joseph Shaw, Rabe L., Jr. E. M. Scott. Raymond Earl Sherertz, Gordon M. Shomin, George E. Simmons, Harlis Simmons, Wilmer Sloan, Kenneth W. Small, Carl E. Smith, James E. Spence, Melvin O. Springer, David W. Staggs, Leslie L. Stanko. Peter Stelmasizk, Chester Taylor, Carl Sherman Templeton, Harry L. Templeton, Harry L.
Thomas, Thurman T.
Tucker, Carl E.
Vaccaro, Andrew L.
Verderber, William H.
Wakeford, Carlos
Wakeford, Kenneth
Walace, Monroe L.
Wells, Willie
Werashka, Charles
West, Harold K.
Wickham, Burl O.
Wilkerson, Paul E. Wilkerson, Paul E. Williams, Eddie C. Williams, Floyd E. Williams, James E. Williams, James D. Wilson, Guy E. Wilson, George M. C. Wiltshire, Jesse W. Wrobel, William M. Young, Floyd
L. E. M. Boschert, Aloys, Jr. R. Smith, Ray Bruce Pool, James W. Runnels, Thomas Bass, Loren Martin.

EARS from now when old men foregather to tell tall tales about the fish they caught or the ones that got away, some former enrollee of 5401 will rise to remark: "If it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't have had a chance to catch him. He came from that big hatchery my buddies and I built up on the Elk River

from an Elk River CCC veteran















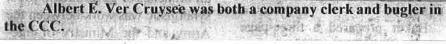






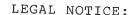
FINAL TAPS FOR THE CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS





Yes, it came to pass that the ERA of the Civil Conservation Corps came to an end by act of Congress of The United States of America on July 1, 1942; without the pomp and ceremony of parades, brass bands and speeches, and leaving over three million CCC veterans only memories with little thanks or recognition of their contribution to America.

IT WAS THE END OF THE CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS AS WELL AS AN END OF AN ERA



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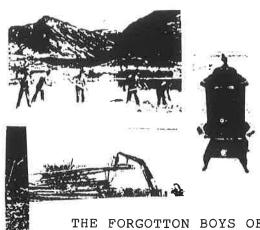




















THE FORGOTTON BOYS OF THE CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS WHO ENLISTED AS BOYS AND DISCHARGED MEN!!

NOW THEY ARE MEN

CCC was no place for panty-waists, No place for boundogglers nor goldbrickers. If they got in, they didn't last; They reformed or went over the hill, Back to popper and mommer, or to corner pool hall. The Corps had real work to do,-No idle gestures, No pointless experiments, But work, 8 hours per. Real conservation jobs To save forests, soils, waters, and wildlife. Jobs with blue-prints and specifications. Jobs had to stand up, to last. Bridges, dams, phone lines Had to be built right, for use not looks. Boys took pride in their work. CCC fought forests fires, no kid's play, Hard work, hot work. Foremen trained CCC fire fighters, Taught them safety, watched over them. Lived in danger every minute. CCC boys gave their lives on fires In Jersey, in Pennsylvania, In Wyoming, in Nevada. Boys fought fires like men-Old-timed rangers and lumberjacks said so. The Corps took them in as boys Turned them out as men.







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Longmans, Green & Co. NY, NY

"YOUTH REBUILDS" (Stories from the CCC)

Edited by Ovid Butler

The American Forestry Assn.

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"

A Guide to the CCC Camp

by Ned H. Dearborn

Publishers Charles E. Merrill CO, NY

"WE CAN TAKE IT"

A short soty of the CCC

by Ray Hoyt

Published by: American Book CO.

NY, Chicago, Boston, Atlanta

"BRUSH MONKEYS"

by Jermberg, Capt US Army, 1941

Publisher Richard R. Smith, NY

"THE SAGA OF THE CCC"

by John D. Guthrie

Publisher American Forestry Assn.

Zeke Mullins Remembers Back Wher Title:

Zeke Mullins Author:

Boys In The Pine, Title:

Author: Jim Mitchell



















MAKE PERFECT GIFTS FOR THOSE THAT TO CONSIDER MY OTHER BOOKS -HAVE EVERYTHING

> my CCC Book, "The Forgotten Boys Of The Civilian Conservation Corps Who Enlisted As Boys And Were Discharged This 160 page book concerns their Men!!" contributions to America during the Great Depression and documents some memories and experiences of those who served. This book will be available in July, \$14.95 postpaid.



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