[Sketchbook, front cover]
LIFE IN CCC
CAMP 493 IN THE
(PACIFIC N. WEST)
NEAR CHELAN
IN THE 1930s
AS Portrayed
By Carl Muhlen
Paul W. Le Cornu

Cons. - PMW
Oct. 1
983 through the eyes of a humorist is an honest attempt on the part of the authors to present in its true perspective the more important events in the life of the company.

We want this to be a more or less factual history of the camp without it becoming merely a presentation of facts and figures which would be so dry that very few would read it with pleasure.

It is our contention that any serious question is replete with humorous points and situations. Conversely any humorous event has its serious side and situation. We have concerned ourselves with the humorous side of the question with the hope that you dear folks would see it in its true perspective, remembering that camp life, the same as life in general, presents a little humor, a little heartache, and a lot of just plain monotonous living.
In the wee small hours of the morning of May 6, 1933 a mild panic arrived at the depot in Fort Lewis, Washington. A train load of young men and roughnecks had come from Walla Walla, Benton, Yakima, and Kittitas Counties. They were the first CCC’s in the Fort Lewis District. They were fed rather hurriedly on their arrival and escorted to a large village of tents and issued blankets and bed ticks.

When the lads rose the next morning they were assembled on the parade grounds and put under the charge of Lieutenant Hanley and Sergeants Noedian and Novak. The boys from Yakima County found themselves in Company 934 with other boys from Cowlitz County. For a period of two weeks the boys were put through calisthenics, and worked taking down tents and setting them up again, and moving rock from one side of the road to the other in order to toughen them up for life in the woods. During this time they were given their shots and vaccinated.

Then came the order that Lt. Hanley was to stay at Fort Lewis to organize and take to the mountains a Company 983 while Company 934 was to go under a different command and go into the woods. The boys, rather than to lose it, Hanley, cast a vote among themselves and by some means got the Company number changed from 934 to 983, thus retaining Lt. Hanley as Company Commander. This is how Company 983 came into existence. There is no Company 934.
The orders finally came through to move to a site in Pleasant Valley, near Mineral, Washington. At three o’clock on the morning of May 24, 1933, they were rolled out amidst the rush and furor of getting things started on the way. A convoy of army trucks carried them here to Pleasant Valley. Of course there was much talk and everybody was wondering about Pleasant Valley and Mineral, Washington. About two-thirty that afternoon they stopped wondering. It was raining and the wind was blowing when they turned off onto one of the roughest roads they had ever seen. The boys even had to unload their blankets, barracks bags, and suit cases and help push the trucks. Lt. Hanley had in some way acquired a horse and was riding up and down the line of men encouraging them. Most of the boys were depressed. Their spirits were damp and so was the weather.

After three and six tenths miles of hard work through lots of mud the boys came at last to the camp site that was to be their home and found nothing except stumps. Then they set to work putting up tents, unloading trucks, and establishing a temporary mess hall. At ten-thirty everybody turned in and at two o’clock they were awakened by the arrival of the truck with straw for their ticks.

The next morning all went down to the creek flowing through the valley to secure water for the kitchen and other purposes. All that day was spent in establishing the camp more securely and by night the CCC camp at Mineral was a fact.
In October, 1933, the war Department decided that we were to stay here during the winter. So we hired a bunch of men and they built us a camp. You should have seen them.
In June, 1934, Lieutenant Schill became our Company Commander and things began to happen. In July a new bunch of seventy-eight men came from Tooma. This bunch included our cartoonist, hence most of our dope dates from them on.
Here we have the Tacoma boys on their way to camp. You will notice that they did not know much about it at that time. We think they can tell you all about it now.
The boys are getting their stuff. It looks as if they did not know what to do with it.
This is the way the boys look early in the morning. We suppose you have all been in a saw mill and know what it sounds like. We don't feel that we should name the barracks as there is a great deal of pride in the matter and we don't wish to hurt anyone's feelings. Anyway we can not run very fast.
The bell rings at 6:15 am. There is quite a hullabaloo until they all get their faces washed. It is really quite a sight to see two hundred boys all trying to wash their faces at once. You see most of them don’t get out of bed until it is time to wash them. There is a grand rush.
The Mess bell rings at 6.45, then the gang falls to, at a job where there are no gold bricks, not of course that we have any but, then we are sure there are none at this one.
Sick call at 7.15 and the gold bricks, the sick lame and lazy all go over to the infirmary, to see if they can talk Doc. out of a day's work. It's a hard job, this picking sheep from the goats. But you can see that Doc. does it with great success.
At 7.40 we have Police call, which some unkind critic has designated as snipe hunting. Really we protest for most of the boys are not hunting snipes, but instead are hunting for a successful method of avoiding the duty of finding one. We wish you would notice the cheerful attitude some of the boys display.
As soon as the boys have successfully hidden themselves work call is sounded and all the boys line up. Here is where we shine 983 on parade.
At 7:45 the boys hit the truck and beat it for the work project.
The Mess Bell rings at 6.45, then the gang falls to
One of the first things the boys learn in their work in the woods is that they can't smoke on the job. But boys will be boys so appropriate rest periods are arranged for the purpose of smoking during these periods the Forestry foreman talks to them about their job, Fire Prevention etc: Friendly informal discussions which help to build moral. Not only do these talks help the camp but they are real instruction, helping the boy to become a better man.
At noon the whole bunch eats on the job. Some build a fire and make coffee, and others dig out the sanwiches. Then the whole bunch dig out the old army meat can, and again the gold bricks hold up their end. Bull sessions arguments, friendly scaffels some, drop their mess kits cageretts, until 12.45 then back to work until 3.30.
At 3.30 the boys all pile into the trucks and are brought back to camp. It is always easy to find the gold bricks, for they are first in the truck, and they are doing a lot more joking than those who have worked all day.
At 4:30 mail call, and the boys go into a huddle over the merits of their various girls. This keeps up until chow at 5:00. Mail Call would not be mail call without Carney Yukeet, Stritmatter, Marsh and George Busse getting a letter. Then Simpson must he in line to crack jokes and ask for his letter which has not arrived yet.
After chow there are letters to write, lies to tell, games to play, in fact any of the things a red-blooded American boy can do are done. The baseball team must be mentioned: catchers, Humphrey, Buckmeyer, and Triggs; pitchers, Hathany, Hopkins, Coghlan; first base, Thompson, Reichl; second base, Graves, and Lund; third, Arle; short, Bruce; infield, Monson, Shearer, Schult, and Fucks.
Then at 8:00 p.m. school begins. You can take what you want or nothing. It is up to you. Most of the boys take one or more subjects more or less (mostly less) seriously. Then to bed.
Sidelights on Camp Life

If you have followed us this far I am certain you cannot help but feel that we have left out many things which go to make one group of men different from any other. At least that is the way we feel so we are going to give you a few pages of different things that help to make us different.

The boys find that even in the driest weather swamps are disagreeable to work in.
Sunday, August 2nd. Was a very warm day. Barracks Two decided to spend the day all dressed up in their birthday clothes.

Chet Jenkins thought Nueman was someone else and Nueman thought someone else was after him so they both left on high.

Nueman must be a very cold boy for we find him ready for bed with boots and an overcoat on.

"Yurk" Hilton was made at Louis Walker. Anyway who ever heard of a green-eyed wop?

Nile Crepin must have thought he was the whole army. Any way he managed to be standing at attention in the latrine, bathhouse and infirmary one right after the other.
What prominent K.P. is called Powder Puff and why? Ask Guy Grimm. And how did they get the powder puffs?

What did Dad McDavid mean when he said his legs never went to sleep?

Has Hoppy found out yet why the water got so cold in the shower house the other night? Hoppy, ask Spiering.

Why did Marvin climb into the rafters with appropriate remarks.
MY LEGS DON'T GO TO SLEEP!

"DAD" MCDAVID.

DON'T PLAY AROUND WITH MARVIN. MARVIN DOESN'T WANT TO PLAY.

WHA'T THE COLD!

OFF HOT

HEH HEH

RAFTER
Jimmie Graves must have taken those lessons on inhaling cigar smoke very seriously, judging by his expression.

Does Spiering always talk in his sleep or was he trying to kid the boys the other night? I think maybe he thought the boys were still wandering around on the mountain side.

How come Juzeier almost missed his dinner when "them" walked out of the bath house?

We understand that Spiering was out late or something, anyway he was unable to find his candle so he borrowed a flashlight to find it.
BOYS—PLEASE DON'T GR-RR! LEAVE ME.

WHERE'S MY PANTS? DING DONG THEM

WHERE THE HECK IS THAT CANDLE
Palmer Westad mixed with Bob Frazier and Westad’s explanation was that he was talking when he should have been listening.

Guy Grimm entertains the neighboring beauties. Perhaps this helps to explain the Powder Puffs.

Just what was the argument that Ben and Bill were trying to settle when they tore each other’s clothing off?
It seems our popular Supply Sergeant had a bad tooth so he called in Doctor Le For. We are not sure where the pliers came from but we have heard rumors that a pair was finally located in the Forestry Blacksmith shop.

Russ Engman went to a dance and got confused. The results were funny. Russ is a good egg and he laughed just as hard as the rest of us.

We heard that James Hill and Bob Triggs missed the truck and spent the night in a barn. Triggs said it was awfully cold.
Bill Livingston and Ben Benson, Loses His All $.
Fire Call

All out and what a grand rush it is. Clarence Workman, our fire chief, almost got killed in the rush the first time. After that he always stayed out of the way until the boys had settled down a little.

First it is out of bed. Some of the boys are still asleep. Others are rushing into their clothes. A couple got all mixed up in the aisle.
Bring blankets and mess gear is the call
Everyone grabs his blanket or his neighbor's,
looks for his mess gear and rushed for the trunk.
There are some blankets that insist on unrolling
and flapping on the ground. Some of the boys
did drop their mess kits. There seems to be
lots of confusion, but... --officer also.
The trucks are loaded and the boys are on the way to another fire. Twenty-five or sixty men away in ten to twenty minutes which proves that the confusion was only in appearance. The boys of 963 are not confused. Though excitement reigns supreme, it sounds more like a football crowd cheering than boys going into serious and sometimes dangerous work.
The members of Company feel proud of their record as fire fighters in the woods. They went out on sixteen fires and conquered every one of them. Oftimes they had a tough battle to subdue the blaze but in the end the answer was the same—fire reported dead & out.
Feeding the crew "Wimpie's Greasy Spoon". We feel that the greasy spoon made history. Wimpie came back the most popular cook in the outfit and the boys came back happy. Two very important things in camp life.
Jimmie Graves, the Alarm Clock. It seems that Jimmie has at last found his vocation, that of disturbing the rest of the boys on the job. Cap Jones decided that he would make use of this peculiar personality of his and put him to work dragging the boys from their slumbers.
We came, we saw, we conquered, but unlike
Ceaser we have sense enough to come home bringing
our bruises with us. And the sleepy ones will
now have a chance to rest up. Maybe if we don’t
have to go out on another fire at 3:30 a.m. in
the morning.
We feel that no history of this camp could be complete without "Little Sweden" having a page all by itself. The crew from from Washington wants to let you boys know that you have done more to make us believe Minnesota is in the U.S.A. than all the histories we have ever read.

We wish you luck, you bunch of Swedes with German, Irish, English, and Jewish names and faces mixed up in your group. More power to you.

1. Pete Schufl--The Swede with the map of Holland painted on his face.
2. Earl Adams--You might call him Swede but it did not show.
3. Solo Sinovon--The same kind of a Swede as Pavo Naami.
4. Ray Jaskowik--Swedish same as Yugo-Slovakia.
5. Charles Mulally--St. Patrick was the same type of Swede as this boy.
6. Donald Meacham--Is a Swede from the country whose capital is London.
7. Yale Weinstein—A big Swede from Jerusalem.
8. Myron Ostrander—And he is partly from the
    Emerald Isle.
9. Harry Hosebrook—Another of George the Fifth—
    subjects.
10. Herman Arle—Swede just like Paul Von
    Hindenberg.
11. Gordon Wyatt—King Edward of England said
    he wished all his subjects were Swedish just like
    this boy.
MEN OF ORDERS.

I don't mean perhaps.

He must not forget to send a copy of the annual to the two firms: Minnesota, all of one.


Signed to:

James H. Graves
311 W. 4th Ave.
MEMORIES
OF
983
AT
CAMP MINERAL

Karl Linder
Paul Le Cornu
C.C.C.
MEMORIES
of
983
at
CAMP MINERAL

BY

Karl Linder    Paul Le Cornu
c.c.c.
MEMORIES
of
183
at
CAMP MINERAL
BY
Paul Le Comte
Karl Lenger
INTRODUCTION

Memories of 983 at Camp Mineral, Washington, through the eyes of a humorist is an honest attempt on the part of the authors to present in its true propensities the more important events in the life of the company while at Camp Mineral.

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P. W. L.

K. A. L.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This cartoon history of Company 983 at Camp Mineral, Washington is a project of the Educational Department.

We wish to acknowledge with deep appreciation the interest, encouragement, and cooperation of Lt. Harvey B. Schill, whose aid and assistance made its issue possible.

Thanks are due also to James W. Graves for helping with material and information about the earlier days of the camp; to La Verne C. Linden, who did the typing, stencil cutting, and mimeograph work; and also to many of the other members of the company whose interest, suggestions, and labor has been most helpful.

P. W. L.

K. A. L.

J. L. A. L.
ARMY PERSONNEL

Harvey B. Schill,
2nd Lt. Q.M. Res., Commander

Robert A. Johnston,
2nd Lt. Inf.-Res., 2nd in Command

Dr. F. G. Le Feer,
Contract Surgeon.

Paul W. Le Cornu,
Educational Adviser.

UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE PERSONNEL

O. G. Jones,
Camp Superintendent.

Henry Eldrin,
Assistant Superintendent.

Herbert E. Peters,
District Ranger.

Merritt Corbin,
Protective Assistant

Ralph Cashman

Clyde Eaton

Carl Bilund
Walter Hapgood
George Levia
Peter Lorick
George McGrey
Judson Moore
Art Morris
Oscar Russell
August Slenkamp
Clarence Workman

ENROLLED MEN

BURGESS, CHARLES W.
LEVIN, THOMAS H.
FRASIER, FRANK R.
GOODWIN, GLEN
HEY, DEWEY

JACOBSON, OLAF
LUTZ, WALTER A.
WOLLY, FRANK F.
MAUBIN, FRED
MIKULICK, DANIEL

JENSEN, RAY
KNOLLE, ANSIL
LA JORGE, HOMER
LENNERT, ROY C.
LINDEN, LA VERNE C.
MCDONALD, BERNARD
MILLER, CHARLES E.
MORGAN, RAY
MOYLER, GLEN

ASSISTANT LEADERS

ALLEN, ALVIN E.
BUCKMEYER, KAASAMORE
FLETCHER, WALTER C.
HOMAN, VICTOR
HONERT, HEROLD
IACO, REX
JOHNSON, THOMAS
JOHNSON, MIKE

NEILL, MORTON G.
OAKES, EDWARD
O’HARRIS, IRVIN C.
SCHAFFERT, PAUL
SHERMAN, CARL A.
WARD, ALLEN
WENNER, ROYCE
WOOD, H. GLEN
### Enrolled Men Continued

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(Enrolled Men Continued)

MEMBERS.

Weberkopf, Philip
Neuman, Philip
Northrop, Earl
O’Donnell, Ray
Overman, Irvin
Ogburn, Eddie
Fannin, Henry
Parker, Byron
Parks, Kenneth E.
Parks, Kenneth W.
Parris, Weldon C.
Passick, Alex
Percival, James
Pinn, Frank
Preston, Ralph
Prokopovich, Steve
Rang, Alfred
Ray, John
Rebholz, Manley
Reichl, Leo
Ried, Ray
Rinkenberger, Edward
Robinson, Emmanuel
Rogers, Sidney
Rosberg, Woodrow
Rowan, Charles
Russo, Lloyd
Ruppensch, Fred
Ryan, Robert
Saliagiver, Boyd
Sago, Melvin
Schulbach, Theodore
Schnibiske, Maynard
Schiff, Peter
Scoville, Alex
Scott, Walter
Short, Courtney
Seth, Vernon
Shearer, John
Sherwood, Charles
Shepard, Jack
Simms, Ernest
Simpson, Howard
Slepak, James
Smith, Harvey
Smith, Oliver
Smith, Warren
Spanglmer, Edward
Sprague, Richard
Stanish, Lawrence
Stanley, Arlee
Stapleton, Robin
Stephens, James
Stierliner, Ray
Stockett, Howard
Strittmatter, Philip
Sword, Guy
Taylor, Delbert
Taylor, William
Thatcher, Curtis
Thomas, Neil
Thompson, Albert
Thompson, Nelson
Thompson, Jack
Troup, Guy
Tubin, Charles
Tray, Jack
Triggs, Robert
Van Alstyne, Guy
Warren, Douglas
Weaver, Robert
Weiss, Bob
Weinstein, Yale
West, Palmer
Whannell, Robert
Whedon, Lawrence
White, Harry
Wilson, Gerald
Wise, George
Wood, Laurel
Wood, James
Wright, Paul
Wyatt, Gordon
Yack, Jacob
Yack, Lee
Zatskovich, John
Zetterberg, Stanley
Zemek, George
Zimmerman, Charles
Zimmerman, Joseph
Thompson, Carl
In the wee small hours of the morning of May 5, 1933, a mild panic arrived at the Depot in Fort Lewis, Washington. A trainload of young men had come from Walla Walla, Benton, Yakima, and Kittitas Counties. They were the first CCC's in Fort Lewis District. They were fed rather hurriedly on their arrival and escorted to a large village of tents and issued blankets and bed ticks.

When the train came the next morning they were assembled on the parade grounds and put under the charge of Lieutenant Hanley and Sergeants Noolan and Novak. The boys from Yakima County found themselves in Company 934 with other boys from Cowlitz County. For a period of two weeks they were put through a period of celibsteries, and worked taking down tents and setting them up again, and moving rock from one side of the road to the other in order to toughen them up for life in the woods. During this time they were given their shots and vaccinated.

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The orders finally came through to move to a site in Pleasant Valley near Mineral, Washington. At three o'clock on the morning of May 24, 1933 they were rolled out amid the rush and furor of getting things started on the way. A convoy of army trucks carried them here to Pleasant Valley. Of course there was much talk and everybody was wondering about Pleasant Valley and Mineral, Washington. About two-thirty that afternoon they stopped wondering. It was rainy and the wind was blowing when they turned off onto one of the roughest roads they had ever seen. The boys even had to unload their barracks bags, blankets, and suit cases and help push the trucks. Lt. Hanley had somehow acquired a horse and was riding up and down the line of men encouraging them. Most of the boys were depressed. Their spirits were damp and so was the weather.

After three and six tenths miles of hard work through lots of mud the boys came at last to the camp site that was to be their home and found nothing except stumps. They then set to work putting up tents, unloading trucks, and establishing a temporary mess hall. At ten thirty everybody turned in and at two o'clock they were awakened by the arrival of the truck with the straw for their ticks.

The next morning all went down to the creek flowing in the valley to secure water for the kitchen and other purposes. All that day was spent in establishing the camp more securely and by night the CCC camp at Mineral was a fact.
In October, 1933, the War Department decided that we
were to stay here during the winter. So some men were hired
and they built us a camp. You should have seen them go.
They started on Barrack Four and worked toward Barrack
One. As fast as one crew finished the foundations another
laid the floor. As soon as the floor was laid a third crew
put up the studdings. Inside of two days all barracks were
in course of construction and the whole camp was finished
in jig time.

In June, 1934, Lieutenant Schill became our Commanding
Officer and then things began to happen. In July a group of
78 men came from Tacoma, Washington. In this group was our
cartoonist, Karl A. Linder. Hence most of our detailed his-
tory dates from then.
Here we have the Tacoma boys on their way to camp. You will notice that they did not know much about it at the time. We think they can tell you about it now, though.

The boys are getting their clothing and equipment. It looks as if they do not know what to do with it. Butties are the same everywhere—rushed hither and yon—falling all over their clothing and equipment—yelling at each other—being sent on strange errands by the "vets", etc.
This is the way the boys look early in the morning. We suppose you have all been in a sawmill and know what it sounds like. We don’t feel that we should name the barracks because there is a great deal of pride in the matter. We do not want to hurt anybody’s feelings because we can not run very fast.

The rising call is at 6:45 a.m. Then there is quite a hullabaloo until everyone gets his face washed. It is really quite a sight to see two hundred boys all trying to wash at once.
The mess bell rings at 6:15 a.m. Then the gang falls to, at a job where there are no goldbricks. Not that we have any, but we are sure there are none at chow.

Sick call comes at 7:15 a.m. The goldbricks, the sick, the lame, and the lazy go over to the infirmary to see if they can talk Doc out of a day's work. It's a hard job to pick the sheep from the goats, but you can see that Doc does it with great success.
At 7:30 a.m. we have Police Call which some unkind critics designated as Snake Hunting. Really we protest for most of the boys are not hunting snakes but instead are hunting for a successful method of avoiding the duty of finding one. We wish you would notice the cheerful attitude some of the boys display.

Police Call lasts until the boys have all successfully hidden themselves. Then Work Call is sounded at 7:45 a.m. and everybody lines up. Here is where we shine. See on parade!
After the Work Call we hit it for the trucks and beat it for the work project.

Some wit has called us "Wooden Soldiers", but our record shows we have built miles of road, trail, and telephone lines, numerous fire lookout towers, and a ranger station. If this is the work of "Wooden Soldiers" we claim it is "ironwood."
One of the first things the boys learn in the woods is that they cannot smoke on the job. But boys will be boys so appropriate rest periods are arranged for the purpose of smoking. During these times the Forestry Foremen talk to them about their jobs, fire prevention, and lead friendly informal discussions which help to build morale. Not only do these talks help the camp but they are a real instruction helping the boy become a better man.

At noon the crews eat on the job. Some of the boys build a fire and make coffee, and others dig out the sandwiches. Then the good old army mess kits are brought forth and again the clickety clickety holds up their end. Bull sessions, arguments, friendly scuffles, and smoking hold sway until 12:15 p.m. Then back to work.
After the work day is over we pile into the trucks again and return to camp at 4:00 p.m. It is always easy to find the goldbricks because they are the first on the truck. They are doing a lot more talking and joking than those who have worked all day.

At 4:30 p.m. comes Mail Call. Then each of us go into a huddle with ourselves—if we heard from home, or the girl friend. Mail Call would not be Mail Call without Carney, Yuckart, Strittmatter, Marsh, and George Busey getting a letter. Then, too, Simpson must be in line to crack jokes and ask for his letter which has not arrived yet. This continues until the Dinner Call rings at 5:00 p.m.
After show there are letters to write, lies to tell, games to play, and any of the things a red-blooded American boy can do are done. The baseball team must be mentioned; catchers, Buckmeyer and Triggs; pitchers, Matheny, Hopkins, and Coghlan; first base, Thompson, and Reich; second base, Graves, and Lund; third base; Short, Arle; field, Cable, Monson, Sihvonen, Schult, and Tuckert.

For the small boy school begins in the morning, but for the CCC boy it is in the evening. Another difference in the CCC school is that you can take what you want, or not. It is up to you. Most of the boys take one or more subjects, more or less. Then to bed and our day is over.
SIDELIGHTS OF CAMP LIFE.

If you have followed us this far we are certain you can not help but feel that we have left out many things which go to make one group of men different from any other. At least that is the way we feel, so we are going to give you a few pages of Sidelights that help to make 985 different.

The boys find that even in the driest weather swamps are disagreeable places to work in.

(Upper left corner) Sunday, August 3, 1931, was a very warm day so Barrack Two decided to spend the day all dressed up in their birthday clothes.

(Upper right corner) Philip Huenan must be a very cold boy for we see him ready for bed with boots and overcoat on. "Yuck" Hilton was angry with Louis Walkie. Anyway, whoever heard of a green-eyed hop?

(Lower left corner) Creator Jenkins thought Philip Huenan was someone else and Huenan thought someone else was after him so they both left on high.

(Lower right corner) Mike Crippin must hate thought he was the whole army. Anyway he managed to be standing at attention in the latrine, bath house, and infirmary one right after the other during the General’s inspection.
(Upper left corner) What prominent K.F.'s was called "Powder Puffs" and why? Ask Guy Grimm. And how did they get the powder up the?

(Upper right corner) Has "Happy" found out yet why the water was so cold in the shower house the other night? He might ask Spiering.

(Lower left corner) What did "Dad" McCann mean when he said his legs never went to sleep?

(Lower right corner) Why did Marvin climb into the rafters with appropriate remarks?

(Upper left corner) Jimmie Graven must have taken those lessons on inhaling cigar smoke very seriously to judge by his expression.

(Upper right corner) Does Spiering walk in his sleep, or was he trying to kid the boys the other night? Maybe he thought the boys were still wandering around on the mountainside.

(Lower left corner) Walt Lutz, Mass Sergeant, asked Sidney Rogers if he could dress a chicken. Rogers replied, "Not on thirty dollars a month." We wonder what he meant.

(Lower right corner) We understand that Spiering was cut late or something was amiss. Anyhow he was unable to find his candle so he borrowed a flashlight to aid him in the search.
MY LEGS DON'T GO TO SLEEP!

DON'T PLAY AROUND WITH MARVIN - MARVIN DOESN'T WANT TO PLAY RAFTER

BOYS - PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME.

WHERE THE HECK IS THAT CANDLE
(Upper left corner) It seems that our popular Supply Sergeant, Wilson, had a bad tooth so he called on Dr. LeFors. We are not sure where the pliers came from, but we have heard rumors to the effect that a pair was finally located in the Forestry Blacksmith Shop.

(Upper right corner) Russell Engman went to a dance and got confused. The results were funny. Russ is a good egg, and he laughed just as hard as the rest of us.

(Lower left corner) We hear that Wendel Moore brought the cat from Mineral to Doty after quite a struggle. We would like to give you his remarks on the subject but we have no asbestos paper.

(Lower right corner) We understand that James Hill and Robert Triggs missed the truck back to camp and spent the night in a barn. Triggs said it was awfully cold in there.

(Upper left corner) Palmer Westad mixed with Robert Frazier. Westad's explanation was that he was talking when he should have been listening.

(Upper right corner) Do you remember the afternoon at the Ranger Station when Bill Lintott and Ben Benson got to scuffling and tore each other's pants off?

(Lower left corner) "Kumy" still likes to play strip poker.

(Lower right corner) Guy Grimm entertains the neighboring beauties. Perhaps this helps to explain the powder puffs.
RUSS ENG MAN
11:45 P.M.
SAME GUY
11:45 P.M.

SOAP.

zzz

BILL LININGTON AND BEN BENSON

PAIR OF DUECES
HUMPY LOSES HIS ALL!
In every group of men there are always those who stand out from the crowd. They may be foremen, night-watchmen, or what not. 963 has them and here they are.

Bob Chapman, Nightwatchman. Everyone likes Bob.
George McGraw, Foreman.
August Stenkamp, Foreman.
Danny Farmer, Fireman.
Henry Eldrekin, Assistant Superintendent.
Walter Hopgood, Cat Driver.
Art Morris, Foreman.
Carl Billund, Foreman.
Ralph Cootman, Cat Driver.
Clarence Workman, Foreman.

Charles E. O'Brien, Senior Leader. Head man.
William Wilson, Supply Steward. Ask him about regulations.
Thomas "Tex" Denton, Truckmaster. Where are these horses?
Danny Mikulick, Cook. "Oh, for a chicken ranch."
Frank R. Frazier, Leader, carpenter.
Roy C. Lenshart, Assistant Leader, O.T. truck driver.
Fred Marion, Leader, runs a crew.
Thomas Johnson, Assistant Leader, carpenter.
Dewey Hay, Leader, truck repairman.
All out! And what a grand rush it is. Clarence Workman, our Fire Chief, almost got killed in the rush the first time. After that he always stayed out of the way until the boys had settled down a little.

First it is out of bed. Some of the boys are still asleep. Others are rushing into their clothes. A couple got all mixed up in the aisle. Some fell out of the top bunk. Everyone wants to know where the fire is this time.

Bring blankets and mess kits, is the order. Everyone grabs his blankets, or his neighbors, looks for his mess kit and rushes for the truck. There are some blankets that insist on unrolling and flapping on the ground. Some of the boys drop their mess kits. There seems to be a lot of confusion but———
---the trucks are loaded and the boys are on their way to another fire, twenty-five, fifty, or sixty strong. This goes to prove that the seeming confusion was just the hustle and bustle of trained fire fighters going to work. The average time to get the boys on the way to the fire from the time the fire call was given was usually about twenty-minutes. Though excitement reigned supreme it sounds more like a football crowd cheering than boys going into serious and sometimes dangerous work.

During the month of August the fires were at their worst. Company 983 answered no less than sixteen fire calls, each of which lasted from one day to three weeks, and required from five to one hundred sixty men. These blazes ranged in size from one acre upwards to one thousand acres. Some of the fires were more than fifty miles from camp and in almost inaccessible places. Sometimes the only road was a mere trail and oftimes the trucks had to ford small creeks. But no matter how small or how large, or how small they were, we conquered them all.
Feeding the crew at "Wimpy's Greasy Spoon". We feel that the Greasy Spoon made history. Frank "Wimpy" Mulley came back the most popular cook in the outfit, and the boys came back happy. These are two very important things in camp life.

Jimmie Graves, the "Alarm Clock". It seems that Jimmie has at last found his vocation, that of disturbing the rest of the boys on the job. Carl Jones decided that he would make use of this peculiar personality of Jimmie's and put him to work dragging the boys from their slumbers.
We came, we saw, we conquered, but unlike Caesar we had sense enough to come back home bringing our bruises with us. The sleepy ones now will have a chance to rest up—maybe—if we don't have to go out on another fire at 3:30 a.m.

SIDELIGHTS AT THE FIRES.

We understand that some of the water was alive. Anyway one of the boys pulled a small fish out of his mouth. He claimed it came out of the water, but we wonder if it is just another fish story.

James Collins forgot to take his tooth brush with him so he pressed a G.I. brush into service.

Some of the boys found a wild bee tree. Then the bees found them. Ask them about honey.

"Hermit" Cable forgot to wash his face. When called on it he explained that it was a sun tan.

"Stinky" Davis is trying to make a collection of what? Oh anything. Here we see him trying to make off with a spar tree.

Philip Nabelkoff couldn't make the grade. The hill was too steep.
(Upper left corner) Some fellows were sent out with grub for the boys on the fire. They forgot their compass and consequently got lost. They spent the night almost in sight of the fire but never found it.

(Upper right corner) Russ Rignan, Evan Humphrey, and Chet Jenkins warned for the boys one evening. Must have been good for we have not heard a kick.

(Lower left corner) Fires are not all work. Here we see some of the boys cooling off a bit.

(Lower right corner) Mile Creppin was sent out as first aid man. He must have misunderstood his duties because he spent a large part of his time asleep under a bush.

Company 983 has an orchestra. Humphrey, Rignan, Banks, and Jenkins surely made the rafters ring. When they went on their trip they took "Turk" Hilton along as master-of-ceremonies, and Collins as joke artist. They surely brought down the houses at each place where they played. It was really a good show, wasn't it boys?
We feel that no history of this camp could be complete without "Little Sweden" having a page all by itself. The crew from Washington want to jostle you boys to know that you have done more to make us believe Minnesota is in the good old U. S. A. than all the histories we have ever read.

We wish you luck, you "Swedes" with German, Irish, English, and Jewish names and faces. More power to you.

1. Peter Schauf; the Swede with the map of Holland painted on his face.

2. Earl Adams; you might call him a Swede, but it does not show.

3. Sulo Sinetenen; the same type of Swede as Paavo Nurmi.

4. Raymond Jaslowisk; a Swede the same as Yugoslavia.

5. Charles Mullany; the same kind of a Swede as St. Patrick.

6. Roger Meacham; a Swede from the country whose capital is London.

7. Yale Weinstein; a big Swede from Jerusalem.

8. Myron Garand; a Swede partly from the Emerald Isle.

9. Harry Mosebrook; another of King George V's subjects.

10. Herman Arle; a Swede just like Paul Von Hindenburg.

11. Gordon Wyatt; King Edward of England said he wished all his subjects were Swedish just like this boy.
CONCLUSION

During the month of October, 1934, we received orders to move to Camp Dolly, Washington. So on the twenty-fourth, we packed up bag and baggage and left dear old Camp Mineral. We left the grounds and buildings, but brought you in our memories. To those of our friends who have followed us through these pages we also bid adieu. We hope you have enjoyed these memories.

When you are older and swamped with care and woe, glance through these pages and live in retrospect once again the good old days in the CCC’s in Company B63 at Mineral, Washington.

P. W. L.

K. A. L.