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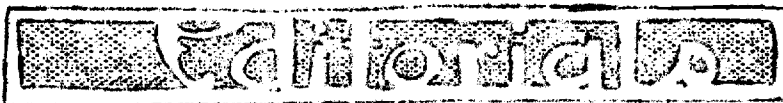
TRAILSEND

VOL. III. NO. 13

MARCH 1938







YOUR STOCK IN TRADE

by

Lt. Frank B. Thrailkill

We are a commodity for sale on a market of increasing supply and decreased demand. The world is becoming more and more a quality conscious market. If we expect to sell our services for a higher price tomorrow than we received yesterday, then we must increase our quality today. The man who lives by the rule, "I'm paid a hundred dollars for my work so I'll do a hundred dollar job" will be claiming the same price a long time hence.

When we sell our services to an employer, he purchases not only our present worth, but our future value. We do not fulfill our contract unless we are loyal to his interests in our activities both on and off the job, and unless we devote a fair measure of our time to enhance our future value.

Increasing our value includes many things above and beyond effort to gain knowledge and skill in the mechanics of the job itself. We represent our employer in the normal intercourse of social life, we are a part of a team in our work and in order to function at a maximum as such, we must know something of our team mates job. If we are to demand an increasing price for our services we have for sale, it becomes evident we must acquire technical knowledge and skill, gain general knowledge beyond our duties, and develop

our personalities to a high point of efficiency in human contacts.

ATHLETICS IN CAMP

by

Lt. G.P. Grant

The athletic program of this company, at the present time, is no more than that--a program. But your Recreation Committee has formulated plans to have a baseball diamond laid out. This will be followed by tennis courts and volleyball courts. When these are completed a program of organized sports can be arranged.

Several weeks ago many of the company turned out to help on the baseball diamond and worked until the rain made progress impossible. Soon we hope to be able to continue this work, and the committee would appreciate another fine turnout. It will not require too much effort for any one individual, if we all will cooperate.

To sum it all up, athletics are an integral part of CCC activities and Company 981 wants a good program of outdoor sports. So, it's up to us to provide ourselves with facilities to enjoy them. Therefore, let the recreation committee lead the way for all of us to follow, and when the work is over we can all join in the fun, knowing that we have done our share.

TRAILS END

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HEALTH-HINTS



During the past two years there has been much written and said about the prevention and treatment of venereal diseases, especially gonorrhea and syphilis. This has been the result of unceasing efforts on the part of medical societies, active civic groups and many individuals who have realized that such diseases should not be "hushed and tabooed". Opposition has practically prohibited mention of such diseases in schools because of the sex element necessarily present. However, with broadening viewpoints in all walks of life, more freedom of speech will be given to discussions and writings in groups of this kind, and in time, much should be accomplished in reducing the incidence of venereal diseases.

It is believed that proper instruction in CCC camps throughout the country has and will put young men "On Their Guard", and will thereby cut down the number of active cases in this country. Habitual warnings to avoid any possible contact has proven itself most unworthy in regard to sexual diseases. We must, therefore, rely more on instructing those who insist on being exposed to use prophylactic measures, to recognize the presence of the disease, and to receive adequate treatment as early as possible after it is known that they have the disease.

Gonorrhea is found in all classes of society and is much more prevalent than most of us think. Thus, a most unsuspecting person may have the disease; perhaps it is a girl or boy with whom you have grown up. This individual then passes it on to another, in most cases through sexual intercourse; however, one MAY get gonorrhea by contacting the moist discharge on towels, hands, clothing, or toilet seats.

In the male, the first symptoms of gonorrhea usually appear in from three to five days--rarely after ten days. These symptoms include tickling, itching and then burning about the urinal opening of the penis. The lips of the opening become red and swollen and become glued together by a milky secretion called the DISCHARGE. Other symptoms such as weakness, chills, pain in the back and in the testicles may be present. It is at this time that one should seek the advice of a physician. After about one week the symptoms subside, and the discharge becomes less abundant and thinner so that there may be only a drop in the morning. This is NO time to think that you are cured! On the contrary, most cases which go untreated spread to involve adjacent organs, producing in most cases sterility (the inability to have children), and of course,

HEALTH HINTS

in many cases, infection of other innocent victims. The symptoms in the female are usually more mild but in the end the consequences are more serious.

Prevention of the disease following any suspected exposure should consist in a so called venereal prophylaxis taken within three hours of the time of exposure. This means emptying the bladder, a thorough washing with soap and water followed by the use of a weak bichloride of mercury solution and then the application of calomel ointment, also a mercury preparation. When regular prophylactic stations are not available as they are in the CCC camps, prophylactic equipment should be obtained at a drug store.

Early treatment is essential not only because it prevents the spread of the disease to other nearby structures or to the eyes, but it also means protection of others from possible infection either directly or indirectly. Thus a careless boy may infect several girls, whereas if he sought early treatment instructions from his physician, he would have avoided such contacts. Similarly, one girl may infect a number of boys.

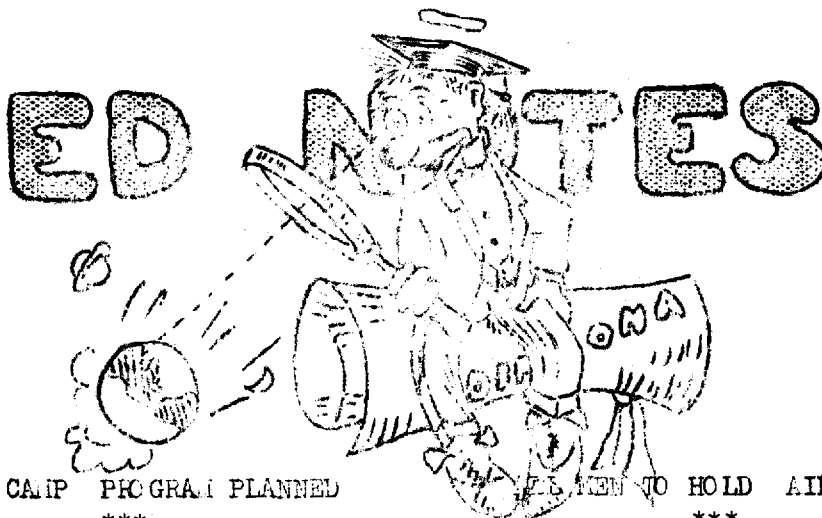
Treatment should be carried out only under the direction of a physician who will advise his patient of the dangers to himself and others, will instruct him as to what must be done to hasten recovery, and outline a definite course of

treatment to be followed. Too many times patients receive only a few treatments and believe themselves cured, only to find out later that they are not. Instead they have probably exposed and infected others---perhaps an innocent husband or wife. Later they discover that they are unable to have children or that they have a severe arthritis due to gonorrhea.

If we can impress the members of the CCC throughout the country with the dangers and hazards of venereal diseases, and the loss of time and money for those people who contract those diseases, we have made a big forward step in their control. It is hoped that as much may be accomplished in stamping out venereal diseases as has been done with tuberculosis in recent years. However, since we can not expect everyone to avoid possible exposure to these diseases, we must rely on instructing them to use prophylactic measures, to recognise the presence of the disease by its symptoms, and to seek and to continue to receive proper treatment until a cure has been obtained.

The book, "On Your Guard", which may be found in the camp library is recommended for all of you---Read it carefully!

Modesty is the art of succeeding surreptitiously.



SIDE CAMP PROGRAM PLANNED

Plans are under weigh to provide the Marshfield Side Camp with a complete education program during the next enrollment period.

Mr. Charles Palmer, W.P.A. instructor has been secured for the camp, and will teach a group in mechanical drawing, woodworking, and mathematics.

Mr. Haggerty of the Coos County Red Cross has agreed to furnish an instructor for an elementary course in firstaid.

These courses, together with correspondence work and classes offered by the forestry personnel will give the men at Marshfield a variety of material from which to choose.

LT. GRANT TAKES OVER MUSIC

Lt. Grant has taken charge of the music program for the camp and is assisting the orchestra and glee club.

In addition he has organized a class in music reading which is attended by Frank Patterson Jimmie Matthews, Walter Schrader, and Blondie Olin.

Any other persons interested in learning to read music may sign up with this group.

He who hesitates is bossed.

ALL MEN TO HOLD AID CARDS

An elementary course in first aid will be required of every member in the company during the coming period, it was announced yesterday by the camp Educational Committee. With every man in the company fitted to handle emergency cases the safety element of the camp should be greatly improved.

NEW HOURS SET FOR LIBRARY

New library regulations will permit books to be checked out from 12:30 to 3:30 in the afternoons and from 5:30 to 8:30 in the evenings. They will be available at any other time when an attendant is on duty.

Library books will be returned to the education office in order to be checked in.

As soon as the new tables are provided, the current newspapers will be placed in the main reading room, which is the first room entered on coming into the Ed Shack. This room will be open continuously from after inspection in the mornings until lights out at night. All men are reminded to assist in helping to keep the papers straight. Any person found guilty of taking the papers apart will be severely delt with.

ED SHACK NOTES

FAMILY BUDGETING OFFERED

Budgeting the family income, will be the title of a new course offered for members of the company during the next enrollment period. Men who find it difficult to stretch their dollars far enough will find this class of value to them.

PAPER HAS EXTRA MATERIAL

The editors of Trailsend report that they are now confronted with a new problem. Formerly, it was difficult to find sufficient news and material to fill the camp paper.

Now the problem is to cut it down to the desired size. Plans for the present issue provided for a 20 page paper, but press time finds 27 pages, with sufficient material left for about six pages for the April issue.

MORE TEACHERS TO BE AVAILABLE

As soon as Camp McKinley and Camp Sitkum are broken up in the retrenchment program, two more W.P.A. teachers will be assigned to Camp Reedsport for use in the side camps.

Traveling libraries will be available for all men in the side camps during the summer. Frequent changes in books will keep the men well supplied for reading material.

MEN COMPLETE COOKING COURSE

Three men from other companies have completed the cooking or baking school during the past month. Those returning to their home camps are: Edward Kallis, John Bingham, and William Verdonick.

In addition to these men, 26 members of Company 981 are fitted to take over the job of cook or baker.

CLASSES TO VACATION

Except for examinations, classes will not be held during the week of March 27th to April 4th. Classes will resume as soon thereafter as the new enrollees can be registered.

All old members of the company will be expected to fill out their class enrollment petitions before the fourth of April, so that only the new men will be left to register.


ED SHACK NEARS COMPLETION

Because of the heavy rains, progress on the Ed Shack has been retarded, but with the men coming in on the finish of laying the roof, the shop will soon be ready for occupancy.

Classes in woodworking, woodturning, metalworking, and elementary electricity will be offered during the next enrollment period.

A man is as big as the things that annoy him.

CAMP NEWS



CAMP BESIEGED WITH INSPECTORS

Thursday, March 10th, was apparently inspection day, as far as Camp Reedsport was concerned. Colonel R. R. Glass, acting commander of the Vancouver Barracks district, visited that morning and was followed in rapid succession by Captain Clarence A. Hobert, sub-district commander, and Mr. Donald Mace, district educational advisor. Mr. Charles Southwick, state forestry educational supervisor and safety engineer had spent the previous night in camp and had just left when the Colonel arrived. Total--four inspectors in one day, each traveling alone.

GRANT ASSIGNED JUNIOR OFFICER

Lt. G.P. Grant, 2nd Lt. Ordnance Reserve, the new Junior Officer, was welcomed to camp by members of the kitchen force with a large three layer pyramid cake inscribed with the words "Grant--Welcome to 981."

Grant comes to the company from Bingham Canyon, Utah, where he has been in the employ of the Utah Copper Company. He has had previous military experience with the U.S. Army in Hawaii.

LT. THRAILKILL RETURNS

Lt. Frank B. Thrailkill returned from a ten day vacation in Montana. Mrs. Thrailkill remained in Seattle to visit her parents, and will return to Reedsport early in April.

JENSEN ADMINISTERS FIRST AID

Allan Jensen, company clerk, had a chance to demonstrate his knowledge of First Aid on the evening of March 18. Mr. E. E. Robertson of Winchester Bay had made an unsuccessful trip to Reedsport in an attempt to locate a doctor for his young son Jimmie who had just swallowed a large quantity of kerosene. Not finding a physician in Reedsport, he decided to make an attempt in North Bend, but on passing the camp, decided to stop and inquire for a doctor.

Dr. Duncan was at Woahink Lake, but the attendant called in Jensen who administered emergency first aid measures to the two year old tot.

43 MEN TO QUIT CAMP

Forty-three members of the company will leave at the expiration of the present enrolment period.

They are: George Stang, Richard Tomlinson, Arnold Wagner, Wm. Zemp, Clarence Beard, Lloyd Buzan, Ernest Colson, Chester Cook, Tom Crawford, Wm. Outright, Leslie Damon, Jerry DeRose, Earl DeTienne, Victor Eaton, Richard Edgar, Richard Frericks, Art Gentemann, Norman Gillespie, Homer Goodrich, Warren Goss, Dennis Harris, Robert Hauge, Harry Johnson, Alvin Judd, Roland Kelley, Albert King, Clode Koff, Wesley Lloyd, Chester May, Edwin Nelson, Earl Norgard, Frank Patterson, Lawrence Petterson, Garold Pugh, James Ralph, Hanson Raske, James Rhodes, Bert Roach, and Jimmy Smith.

MORE

NEWS

REEDSPORT AWARDED GOLD FLAG

Camp Reedsport was awarded the Gold Flag for the superior camp in the Eugene Sub-District, according to a recent announcement made by Captain C.L. Hebert, sub-district commander.

Camp Triangle Lake was awarded the Blue Flag for the camp showing the greatest improvement.

NEW COOKS ARRIVE FOR TRAINING

Louie A. Hilliard and George Maxum, Jr., arrived from Camp Arboretum to enroll in the cooking and baking school. They are replacing John Birgner and Edward Kallis who are returning to their home camp for experience on the job. They will be returned to the training center after gaining sufficient experience to bring out the week points in which they need further instruction.

CAMP TO SEEK FIRST AID STATION

In response to the number of calls made upon the camp for first aid treatment by private persons, a request will be forwarded to the Douglas County Red Cross requesting that this camp be designated as an emergency first aid station with supplies and equipment furnished by the Red Cross available for treating cases.

CAMP HOLDS LAWN PARTY

Continuing with the Saturday morning lawn parties, members of the company repaired side-walks, worked on the athletic field, and improved the appearances of the barracks.

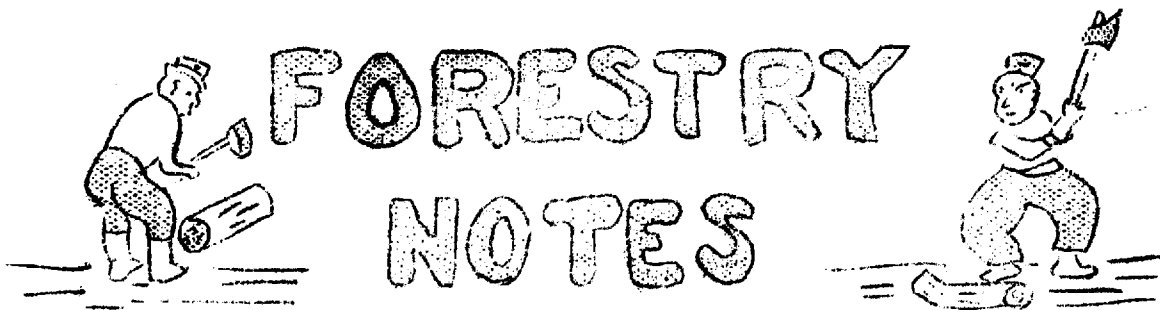
Warner Dimbat has been placed on detached service and is assigned to the Vancouver Barracks.

Company 981 lost three enrollees during the past month. Edwin Yost left to accept employment and Norman Wolfer was discharged on an urgent and proper call. Herbert Stephens went over the hill for an AD.

Howard Multhauff, who was assigned to this company on January 8th, made his first visit to camp last week. He is on detached service and drives a pool truck.

John Berg has taken over the job in the supply room. William Tronson is the new infirmary assistant.

Earl Schick and Ed York were called in to handle the flood when a faucet broke in the wash room recently. It was reported that Schick was recently called on to give JB a bath.



FORESTRY NOTES

HEART ATTACK CLAIMS BRIG YOUNG

Word was received from Portland last week that Clarence H "Brig" Young, former forestry foreman in charge of the Marshfield side camp, had died from a heart attack.

He is survived by a wife and two daughters who reside in Sutherlin, Oregon.

SHOP ANNEX NEARS COMPLETION

The annex to the forestry service shops is rapidly nearing completion. Under the direction of Elve Diebel, the men have completed the structure except for the shingling. A traveling crane foundation have been set and the steel rails are ready to be placed.

The men have made excellent progress considering the adverse weather conditions under which they have had to work.

Daro V. "Chub" Young is now assigned to Camp Reedsport, and will be stationed at the Marshfield side camp. He was formerly at the side camp of Camp McKinley.

Frank Covell, Red Richardson and E.O. McKeen visited Camp Wimer recently. They reported that although Wimer is a fine camp, they are glad that they are stationed at Reedsport.

CAMP ENTRANCE BEAUTIFIED

A crew working under Mr. Dykeman are constructing a set of entry arches for the camp. Cedar logs brought in from the vicinity of old Camp Walker are being used in the project.

Men assisting with the work are: Thomas James, Jim Speight, LeHenry Miller, Finn Ingalls, Melvin Bony, Red Richardson, John Erskine, and Rolland Kelley.

LAKE SIDE AIRPORT TAKES SHAPE

With the clearing process at the airport nearing completion grading activities will soon be getting under weigh. A space 3629.7 feet long, 250 feet in width at its narrowest point at the North end of the field and expanding to 508 feet at the South highway has been cleared. A 250 foot runway will be graded down the center of the area and a county road will be constructed along the East side of the field.

P.F. Beaman and family returned recently from a vacation trip that took them to Canada. On the way, they stopped to visit the major dam construction projects in the northwest.

Stop to think, but never stop thinking.

MORE FOREST NEWS

KELLEY ARRIVES TO RUN CARRY-ALL

Elbert Kelley, machine operator from Camp Arboretum, arrived Sunday to assist with the grading at the airport project.

A "Carry-all" of seven yard capacity has been sent from Salem for use in this work. The machine is capable of moving from 250 to 500 cu. yd per day, depending upon the distance to be moved.

HELMER IS AUTO-MECHANIC

Wade Helmer is in charge of the automotive shop in the absence of Frank Covell who is on vacation. Al Eberholm is supervising the entire shop during Covell's absence.

Work on the Allegeghney telephone line is fast nearing completion, reports from the Marshfield side camp relate. It is expected that the project will be completed in early April.

Under the direction of Mr. Kurk, down spouts have been placed on all of the buildings at the side camp. Windows are being set in the frames of the lookout tower in preparation for its use during the coming fire season.

AIRPORT FURNISHES WOOD SUPPLY

Over 1000 cords of wood have been obtained from the clearing at the Lakeside airport for use at the main camp as well as at the Marshfield side camp.

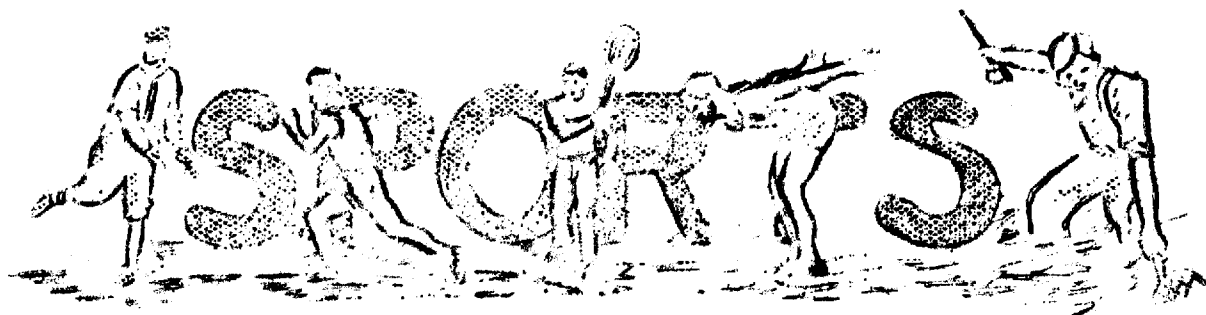
The forestry office has moved into its new quarters which provide space for Mr. Beaman's office, the office of the forestry clerk, a drafting room, and quarters for two men.

Men at the side camp are hauling gravel to fill the chuck holes created in the Bunker Hill road by the recent heavy rainfall.

Now that the forestry office has moved, Frank Syeffin will expand his forestry supply room to include the space previously occupied by the office. He will take over the quarters which were formerly occupied by Bob Bound.

Mrs. Elbert H. Farlow was a visitor in camp on March 19th. The Farlow's home is in Ashland.

The new pagoda for the gas station was finished last week. Herbert Fenwick was in charge of the construction.



RECREATION PLANS FORMED EIGHT ACTIVITIES SCHEDULED

Definite plans are under weigh to satisfy the demands of the men of the company for a long time recreation program.

At the March meeting of the Camp Recreation Committee, plans were set in action for recreation trips to points of interest in the nearby communities, as well as plans for seven different types of outdoor games.

Various members of the committee were designated to be responsible for the completion and promotion of the various activities.

The following list of athletics was scheduled in the order of their priority.

Perry Herford.....Trips
Don Groshong.....Baseball
Herbert Fenwick.....Volleyball
Herbert Fenwick.....Badminton
Cal Redfern.....Tennis
Jim Draper.....Handball
Elondio Clin.....Track
Jim Atthens.....Horseback

INTER-BARRACKS COMPETITION DUE

Competition between the barracks in the good old game of soft ball is on the slate, as soon as the field is made available. A camp team will be selected from the outstanding players on the barrack teams.

GRAHAM TOPS CAMP ATHLETES SCORES 109 POINTS IN 13 GAMES

Jack "Cussy" Graham topped the scoring column in the final tabulation of results of the basketball season leading Howard Nelson, his closest competitor, by 23 points for a total of 109 markers for the season. All but 7 of Graham's scores were tallied through field goals.

In spite of the fact that he played the greater portion of every game, Graham turned in the lowest number of personal fouls for any man playing in more than ten games.

Howard Nelson gets the black ribbon for the season with 25 personals chalked up against him.

Here's how the scoring ends.

Player	P	TP	FG	FT	PF	GP
Graham	C	109	51	7	6	13
Nelson	F	86	37	12	25	13
Stang	G	72	32	8	17	12
Davidson	F	69	30	0	14	12
Zimmerman	G	37	17	3	10	12
Moore	C	28	13	2	3	9
Bushok	G	25	10	5	7	10
Draper	F	22	11	0	2	6
Groshong	G	22	8	6	7	11
Ingalls	G	9	2	5	13	13
Vincent	F	3	1	1	5	7

Abbreviations: P, position; TP, total points; FG, field goals; FT, free throws; PF, personal fouls; GP, games played; C, center; F, forward; and G, guard.

- SPORTS -

REDSPORT DROPS FINAL GAME

Reedsport, March 9.---Camp Reedsport basketballers closed their basketball season by dropping their final game of the year to the Reedsport High Alumni by a score of 45 to 33.

The camp team, which had not been at the game since returning from the Sub-District play-off at Camp Cascadia, failed to show the speed and ability that marked the earlier games of the season.

"Cassy" Graham went on a scoring spree to record 16 points to his credit, which is the second highest individual scoring done this year.

Howard Nelson holds the record for this season with 22 markers made in the first game against Coos River at the Coos River Gym early in the season.

The lineups:

REDSPORT (33)	(45) ALUMNI
Nelson (4) F	(4) Gibbons
Davidson (3) F	(11) Jacobs
Graham (18) C	(8) Wagoner
Groshong (1) G	Boyles
Ingalls (3) G	(4) Johnson

Substitutions: Alumni--Sabbitt (8), Williams (10), and Markes. Reedsport--Bushek (1) Gore, and Draper (1). Referee: Thompson. Umpire: Esselman

WELFARE OFFICER APPOINTED

Lt. G.P. Grant was appointed Welfare Officer short of his arrival in camp. He will serve as advisor to the Camp Recreation Committee, of which Calvin Redfern is Chairman, and will assist them in carrying out the program which has been planned.

Lt. Grant takes over the job which has been partially carried on by Educational Advisor E. O. McKeen, who will now be free to devote more time to the Educational program.

The first project in which Lt. Grant has assisted is in the leveling of the athletic field. Levels have been run and the actual grading of the field is scheduled to begin as soon as the land has dried sufficiently

to allow the equipment to operate.

PLANS FOR RECREATION

Recreation trips to points of interest are being scheduled for the summer. Any men having suggestions as to where such trips should go are requested to turn in their requests to Perry Herford, who is in charge of the Recreation trips.

BASKETBALL SUMMARY

Camp	Teams	Opp
18	Re-Gards	29
36	Lakeside	18
50	Coos River	59
22	Coos River	42
57	Lakeside	19
16	Gardiner High	41
43	Triangle Lake	18
36	Reedsport Alums	34
34	Lakeside *	43
38	Waldport	24
30	Cascadia	40
43	Cascadia	37
19	Cascadia	48
33	Reedsport Alums	45

477	Totals	492

*Played by Camp Reedsport's "B" squad.

MORALS. MANNERS

by

Limno Coffeedunker

Well, here we are almost at press time, and I've been so busy keeping an eye on you fellows that I haven't even started to write my column; but, since the editor is pressing me for copy, here goes-----.

The first thing that comes to mind is a little incident that occurred down at the local cinema the other night.

I was quietly seated drinking in the action when an outburst from directly behind distracted my attention.

A couple of young fellows were shooting off their faces, and in no gentlemanly manner, punctuating their conversation with profanity in the ratio of about one cuss word in every three of conversation.

This sudden outburst was immediately followed by a remark by a lady sitting next to me. She commented to her husband that she wished that the CCC camps would be removed from the vicinity of Reedsport, as she certainly did hate to have her children growing up in a town where you couldn't even go to the theater without having to be confronted with such foul-mouthed profanity.

I was much relieved later in the evening to find that the lads who had caused the disturbance were not from Company 981, but from a nearby camp.

However, this should put us on our guard against any of us creating unnecessary disturbances in town. Many of you choose to employ a great deal of profanity in your talk around camp, and it would be a big surprise if some of it doesn't get carried to town.

It is said that a man uses profanity for one of two reasons; either he is swearing because his vocabulary is so small that he can find no other way to express himself, or else he swears because he is either angry or so afraid that he would cry if he couldn't cuss. This makes a very definite thrust at all of us who slip in a few occasional cuss words on occasion; so let's buck up and show that we do have something on the ball and do our talking with a little less profane language.

Another fact comes to light in this theater proposition. Patrons of theaters are paying to listen to some actor or actress perform, and not to sit and listen to some half-baked lad interrupting with a conversation with his girl friend or his buddy. Wait until you're out of the show and then talk to your heart's content----common decency demands that you be quiet in the show house.

Since we are talking about actions and conduct, it wouldn't hurt to remind all of you to check up on yourselves and decide whether or not you're making the kind of a reputation in the community that you can be proud to claim. Remember, when you go visiting a friend, you usually try to put out a little extra effort to be a gentleman. You're visiting every time you go into town, so put out that little extra effort to be a real GENTLEMAN. Help to convince the world that you, as well as the other members of the company, know how to behave.

Gentle Hands

BY
JOHN B COOK



Wide shoulders hunched, he works with care,
Eyes intent upon his task, his seaman's cap
Pushed back to loose a shock of graying hair.
Lean and weathered jaw closed like a trap,
Clamping a short black pipe, the friend of years,
In teeth as white as chalk. The ageing grind
Of forty years at sea, the hopes and fears
And passions of a roving life have left their sign.

See his great hands: note the cruel scars,
Three in number. This the swiftly vicious thrust
Of a dacoit knife, one dusk in Peshawar.
There on the left a keen edged tool just
Failed to reach the pulse beat in the wrist. Mark
The livid rope burn here, across the right,
Memento of a gale. In the foaming dark
He lost a clipper ship, and nearly life, that night.

Patiently, with skill the iron hands
Fashion and shape the object of their craft.
It must be of greatest import to demand
His close absorption; possibly a haft
To fit a slim, cold knife; perhaps carved grips
To decorate a Hauser, snubbed and blue;
Or it may be the model of a ship,
Cut to a scale and fitted, smooth and true.

But Ah, no! The hands have peacefully grown,
And for a small girl who beside him stands,
He carves with scarred and strangely gentle hands,
A little doll of camber-wood, to call her own.





The Royal Fool



The swashbuckling wind beat fiercely against the stout log tavern that nestled at the edge of the forest, just where the highroad entered the trees and the stinging rain rattled against the window pane in savage bursts. Behind the inn, where the woods began, the wind moaned and screamed like a lost soul. Truly a wild and stormy night, and not one through which to travel.

If outside the storm raged, inside the tavern all was light and merriment. The King's own hunting party had made this small inn its stopping place for the night, having been overtaken by the storm while returning to the castle from a hunt in the forest, and the landlord was doing himself proud in the matter of hospitality. He was a most pleasant fellow, fat and round, with a red, jolly face and bright blue eyes, snapping with good cheer. He bustled about the tap room looking to the comfort of the guests while his two buxom blonde daughters scurried hither and yon with great beakers of ripe brown ale, or steaming rum punches, depending upon the taste of the distinguished visitors. Back in the smoky kitchen a whole pig was fast approaching the proper point for carving, pheasants on the spits were roasting, and many underfinable good things to eat were imprisoned in iron pots while giving off the most delectable odors. Yes,

the merry landlord was doing royally by his royal visitors.

And well he might extend himself, too, for a more distinguished group it would have been hard to find in the length and breadth of England. Twelve there were in all, with the King himself and his chamberlain, a young, bearded prince, and nine of the most noble knights of the court. Plainly they were in high good humor and the low-ceiled room rang with laughter and shouts, and the conversation waxed merry. Twelve in all, did I say? Twelve nobles, yes, but thirteen if one were to include the King's jester who accompanied the party. He did not join in the festivities but sat for once, quietly in a corner by the fire, sipping his punch.

For all its royalty, one familiar with this group would have noted a singular fact. It was this. Not one present, not even excepting the King himself, but had, at one time or another in his career, been betrayed by a woman whom he had infinitely trusted. Oh, perhaps not in the usual way but in some manner. One had lost a great treasure in jewels through the connivings of a loved mistress, the prince had been driven from his own land by the father of a high-born lady who had falsely accused him. Another bore a great jagged scar across his breast as a memento from a dark-haired

THE ROYAL FOOL

Spanish girl, and as for the King himself, in his younger, raiding days he had lost a battle and had only escaped capture himself by a wild night ride, all because of a jealous girl who had betrayed his plans to his enemy. Truly the score against women was a lopsided one in this gathering.

After the huge meal was disposed of and the hunters were sitting more quietly about the fire, the talk turned inevitably to this most vital matter; the fickleness and inconstancy of women. Many were opinions on the subject, and varied were the stated solutions of the case. As many and varied as there were guests. But no matter how each one thought or how eloquently each spoke his mind, still each came out by the same door as he went in. Not one of them, not even the King, in his wisdom, had an answer to this question. How may we choose a woman and be sure that she will not prove false, in the end? All had spoken and they were no nearer a solution than when the discussion began. All had spoken? But, "Ah" thought the King, my jester has not spoken his mind, and besides after all this serious and perplexing talk a bit of foolery will be most welcome. I will call on him to speak.

Holding up his hand for silence the king called:

"Ho, my sober one, up from your bench and speak thy mind on this matter. Perhaps you have the problem solved ere this."

Laughter rang from the lords and nobles in the room and from a dozen throats the fool was called upon to say what he would. Yes this would indeed be most amusing, a fitting climax to a pleasant evening.

The jester stood stupidly a moment, a silly grin on his brown face. Then he walked to a place before his master, his tiny bells tinkling musically and his fox's brush swaying behind. He held up his hand and the laughter quieted. He turned to the king and spoke.

"Oh King, I am but a poor fool and thy own loyal jester. Surely what I have to say will not interest these so noble knights or your majesty."

"Nay, Jester," spoke the King. "Say what ye have to say and all will be taken in seriousness and we may profit by thy wisdom--speak."

The fool turned again to the company and doffed his cap. As he did so his whole appearance changed. Instead of the capering fool there stood before them a tall, graceful person, his hair turning gray at the temples and his eyes tired and gentle. In the flickering light of the torches his face was lined and grave. He spoke clearly and unafraid.

"Oh ye knights and nobles, though I be but a court fool and a knave, still I have a knowledge of the ways of the world and its people that you could never gain. People open their hearts and their minds in my presence when they would not be're one of you. I am only a jester, so what matter?"

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FATHER MEETS SON

Editor's note: This is the third in a series of letters from a hard boiled father to his half-baked son, written by J. P. McEvoy.

Dear Son:

So you were afraid that I would be mortified because you had to take such a lowly job. On the contrary, let me be the first to congratulate you. There are no lowly jobs. There are only lowly jobholders. The lower down you start the better chance you have to undermine the job above. You are a filling station attendant. That means you are practically a termite in the great oil industry. You are invisible, and, if you are smart you can work silently and bore your way right to the top.

There is no better place than a service station to learn about oil. Or human nature. And though your next job may have nothing to do with oil you are going to be dealing with human nature all your life. You might just as well start now taking it seriously. You can't laugh it off. You can't growl it away. All your life you are going to have to live with people, work with people, sell them your ideas, convince them if possible, relax pleasantly if you can't, plan what to do about them, persist with your own plan, and finally--the neatest trick of all--don't push.

People don't like to be pushed. You can always start a fight with a perfect stranger who has nothing against you just by walking up and pushing him. He'll push you right back. You can always get the same by either walking around him or or waiting until he moves

away. If he doesn't move fast enough, lure him, coax him, convince him he'd be better off somewhere else--anything but shove him.

Don't push into the job above you. Study it. Learn all about it. Plan how you would do it better, and incidentally, the job just above that one too. Don't just wish for it--want it. Persist in wanting it. Want it more than going to the movies, more than sleeping late, more than taking your girl out dancing. If she is the right kind she'll encourage you to spend more time on your future and less on her. Any job you want as bad as that You'll get-- there'll be nobody in your way, at least until you get up there in the peaks, ~~where~~ the eagles nest. Then you'll need a different technique. Let me illustrate:

Once at an Olympic meet I saw a champion win a two-hundred-and-twenty-yard dash against the world. "How do you go about winning two-hundred and-twenty-yard dashes?" I asked him, because if you want to know how things are done, always ask the champion, whether it's running a race or a filling station.

"It's very simple," replied the young man. "I run as fast as a can for two hundred yards, and then I sprint".

Learn to plan. You have just spent four years in college where everything was planned for you. When you got up, when you ate, when you studied, what you studied. Then you graduated and hollered: "Yippee, I'm free." Well, you're free all right, and you have the very best kind of freedom. The freedom. To do your own planning. If you wanted to build a house

Father Meets Son

If you wanted to drive from New York to Los Angeles, you could get a map. If you started for China, you would expect the captain to have a chart and to know how to follow it. It happens now that you're paddling your own canoe, and you are your own captain and your own crew, and, if you want to get someplace, you must first decide where you want to go, second that you really want to get there, third, that you're going to lay out a course, fourth, that you're going to follow it, and fifth, that your going to determine your position every once in a while and find out whether you're on the course or headed somewhere else. Every day at noon a captain takes his position, or tries to. He may have been blown off his course, he may have been lost in a fog; but he doesn't sit down and weep into his whiskers about his bad luck. He gets busy about getting back on his course. Nobody is going to hold him responsible for being blown out of his way by a typhoon or being held up by a fog. But everybody would be pretty sore if they bought tickets to Shanghai and wound up in Alaska, and the only satisfaction they could get were against him.

You'll hear a lot about getting the breaks, and the elements that luck plays in success or failure. You have seen football games won by what was called a lucky break. A long pass down the field

intercepted by the other fullback, caught and returned for a touchdown.

Well, maybe it was luck that the fullback was on the right spot to intercept the pass, but it wasn't luck that he caught it. He had practiced a lot of hours catching forward passes. And it wasn't luck that he ran it back successfully. He had spent many more hours learning how to run with the ball without getting thrown on his face. You will live a long time, God willing, and a lot of passes meant for the other fellow will come your way. If you've learned how to catch them and hold onto them you're bound to make a touchdown now and then. The law of averages will take care of that.

Does planning your whole life frighten you? Then plan a year. If you can't plan a year, plan a month, or a week, or a day. Plan one day and carry it through. Take the next one and do the same. "A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step".

"All very noble", says you, "but what has that to do with me? Here I am a college graduate, filling gas tanks and cleaning windshields for sixteen dollars a week".

Not a bad salary, my son, for learning how to clean windshields and how to please customers. Not a bad salary for the opportunity to learn about oil and gasoline and motors and maps and roads. And even from a dollar- and cents

(Continued on Page 23)

FOO ~~TO~~ YOU

This writer has heard rumors (unconfirmed as yet) that due to the excessive rainfall in this area, all men in camps will be equiped with Eskimo kayaks next fall. Each enrollee will have his own kayak, it is rumored. Also all GI trucks in the area will be equiped with pontoons and an outboard motor for use in emergencies, if the reports are true.

The feud, raging among the overhead as to who will have the cream off the milk at breakfast time is now getting down to real, honest-to-Gertie throat-slicing. The other morning, Ambrose (who is always up before the lazy lugs on the overhead) snatched the cream and stacked it in the kitchen, only to have his pal, (spelled R-A-T, pal) the Minnervite Maid-on double-cross him with a pitcher of water. Imagine my embarrassment when I poured water on my cereal!

By word of mouth we learned that Vern Mouton wore his plaid shirt down Front Street in Marshfield and after two blocks he had five of "the gals" and two cats following him. Yoo Hoo, Gladys!

Peculiar how many lads want to take Ambrose to the show lately.

Some of the lads around the rancho are wondering if Barnum was right or if there are two suckers born every minute.

Well, time will tell, and if no pictures show up within a certain time the matter will be a closed incident. In fact I'd rather not talk about it at all. Oh no, the blocks shot.

Skeets Snider, who is rapidly becoming a Grade A cook, must think he's a plaid piper or something. He was walking down the road the other day blowing lustily on a mouth organ. We didn't see anything following him, though.

ORCHIDS this month go to the following men:

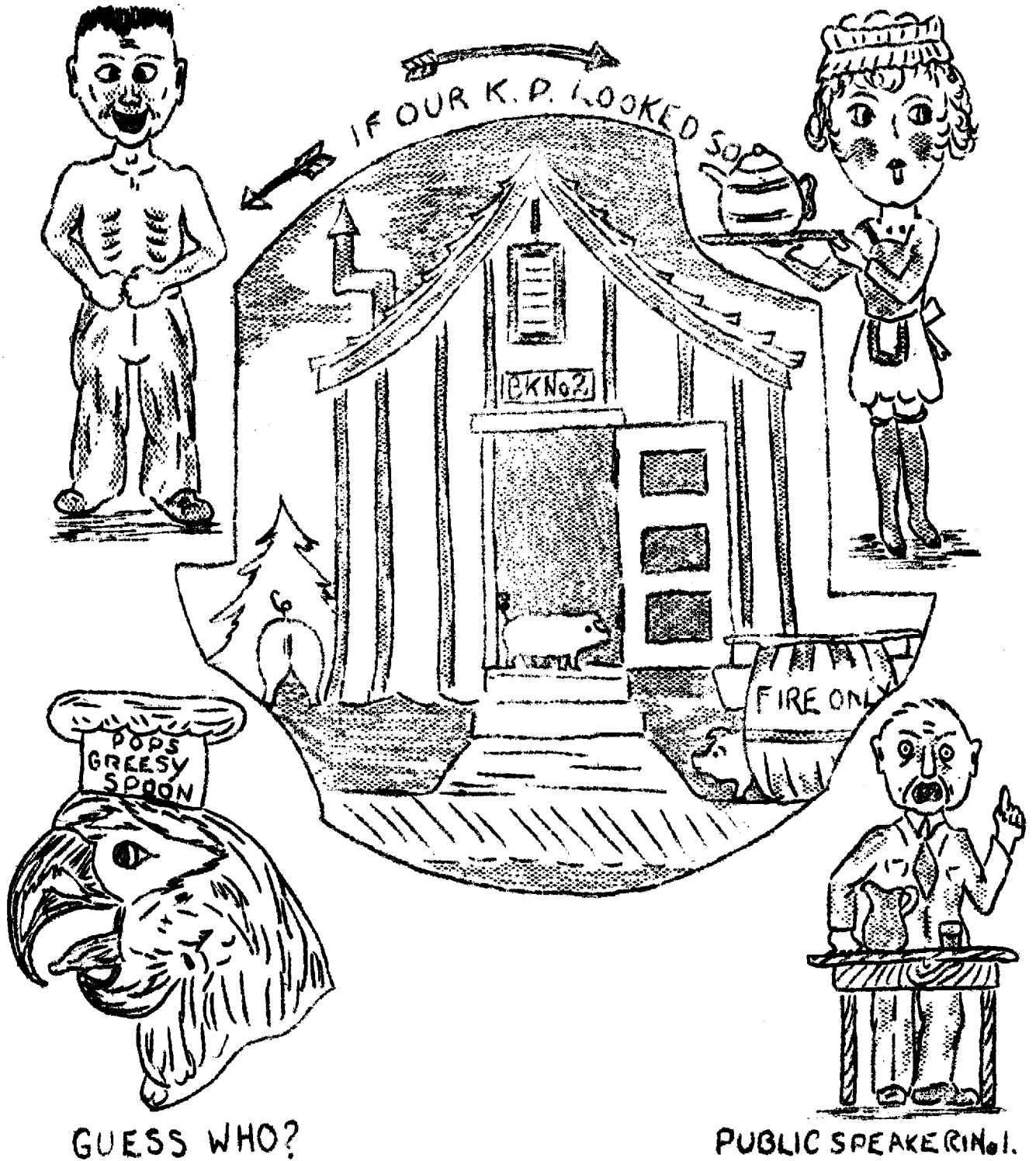
Earl Schick, for doing a whale of a job in the latrine and shower room. Schick took the job when the place was in need of repair and has stood by his guns in the matter of cleanliness.

John Berg, for taking over the Supply job when it was in a state of turmoil and bringing order out of chaos. In addition to straightening out records and supply, John has remodeled the Supply Room and the drying room and has done a good job.

Lizzie Lauinger, for having, day after day, the cleanest department in camp. Also for promoting canteen sales to a new high, thereby making possible a good big dividend with which to improve camp. And finally for getting up early

(Continued on Page 23)

CARTOONS



GUESS WHO?

PUBLIC SPEAKER No. 1.

FATHER MEETS SON

(Continued From Page 20)

point of view I am not complaining. Although I never kept books on it, I surmise your education cost me around two thousand a year for the four years you were in college, and maybe as much more before that. Call it sixteen thousand dollars. Well, sixteen dollars a week is 5 per cent return on sixteen thousand dollars. Anything more you get will be that much velvet.

Glancing over this letter, I find too much emphasis perhaps on getting along. Perhaps I am overanxious. Perhaps I underestimate your latent ability. Oldsters are always saying: "Don't do as I do. Do as I tell you." It is only because I am fond of you that I noster you. Youth is forever blowing bubbles. Also nursing bruises. I'd like to save you from a few wounds, or perhaps show you how to turn them into honorable scars. I want you to remember to plan, to persist, and not to push. It may sound like heresy, but I don't want you to be a go-getter. Everything comes to him who waits--watchfully. Maybe some day I'll write you a whole letter on this subject. It may surprise you. Meanwhile, I would like to leave a little thought with you. Paste it in your hat. It was written by Epictetus nearly two thousand years ago, but don't let that bore you. All the good things aren't new.

Remember that you must behave as at a banquet. If anything is brought around to you, put out your hand, and take a moderate share. Does it pass

by you, Do not stop it. Is it not yet come, do not yearn in desire towards it, but wait till it reaches you. So with regard to children, wife, office, riches; and you will some time or other be worthy to feast with the gods.

Affectionately,
Dad.

FOO TO YOU

(Continued from Page 21)

enough one morning to snatch the cream off the overhead table.

Cal Redfern and Ernie Colson must have scared something out of the brush around here someplace. Just so it isn't a goat.

The seallion this month goes to a person, or persons, with the stinking (yes, I said stinking) habit of picking up other people's property. This is written especially for the rat, or rats, who have been doing it. Go ahead, keep right on--but some day you are going to slip and then--may the Lord have mercy on your unwashed hide. Listen, you whom this hits, you are the lowest form of CCC life. You can easily sit on the floor and hang your feet over the edge. We don't like you and you should know it by this time.

REX OF THE MONTH

A guy I hate is Oscar Glutz;
He always drops

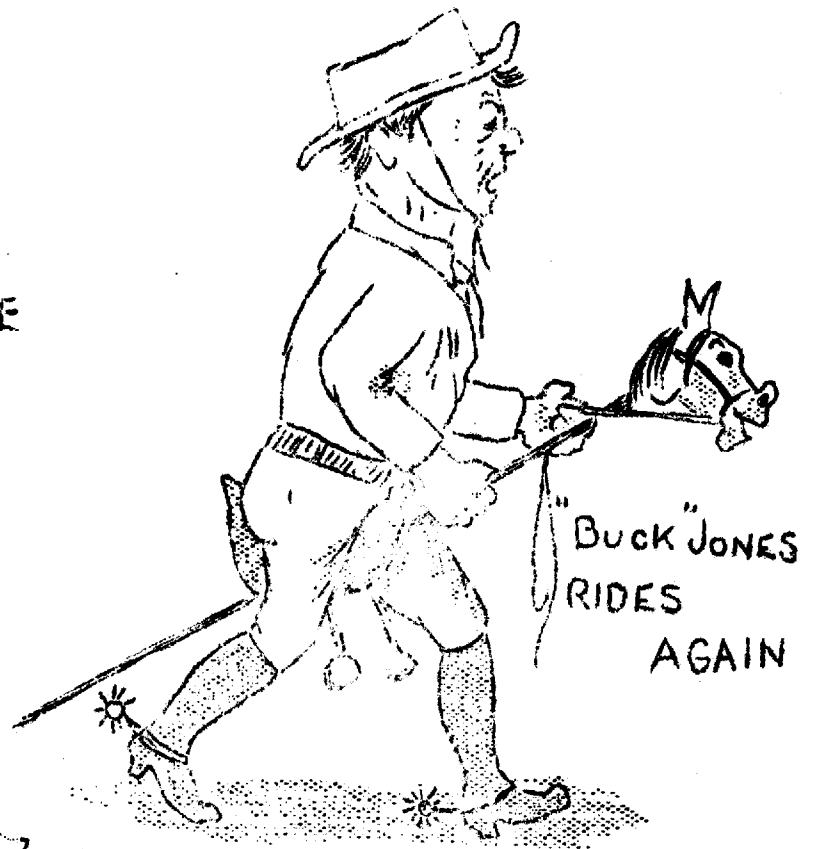
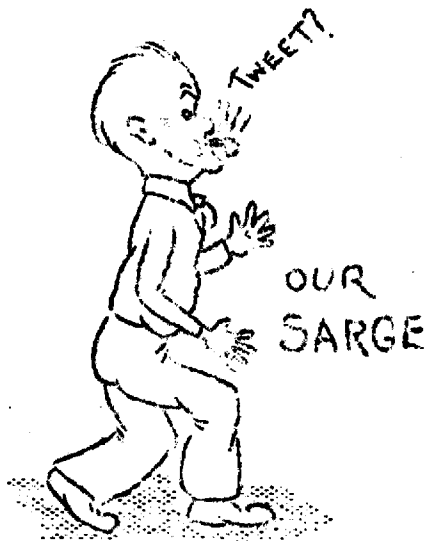
His cigarette butts.
Another dope is Peter Gable;
He spills his grub

On the mess hall table.

SERIOUS LAST LINES

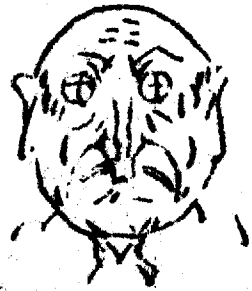
"Yeh, she's married, but her husband
won't be back until tomorrow!"

CARTOONS



"LITTLE MITZY ZIMMERMAN"

OUR NIGHT WATCH



First Girl: "Lizzie's eyes make it dangerous to go out riding with him. He always sees spots."

Second Girl: "Black spots?"

First: "No! Secluded spots."

Ed Adv: "Now I lay five eggs here and three eggs there, How many will I have altogether?"

Schick: "I don't believe you can do it."

Dentist: "Do you use tooth paste?"

Angelo: "What for? None of my teeth are loose."

The Report

The spinster, shocked by the language used by the two men repairing telephone lines near her home, wrote to the company to complain. The foreman was ordered to report the happening to his superior.

"He and Bill Winterbottom were on the job," he stated.

"I was up on the telephone pole and accidentally let hot lead fall on Bill and it went down his neck. Then he called up to me: "You really must be more careful, Harry."

Homely Nurse: "Tee Hee, I dare you to kiss that 30 boy while he's coming out of the ether."

Conceited Nurse: "Why, don't be silly. If I did he wouldn't come out of it."

Dentist: "I'll have to pull that tooth, and if I use gas to put you to sleep it will be \$3 extra."

Zemp: "Gee whiz! Just tell me a bed time story."

Sweet Young Thing: "Mister, I'm hungry for love and starving for kisses."

"Hooray, Girlie! Meet the Big Hearted Carlson."

"Will you get me some lipstick, Dear? You know the kind I use?"

"Don't tell me, it's on the tip of my tongue."

Jones: "A shoe hit me the last time I got drunk."

Wagner: "I'll bet the Seargent had a hand in it."

Jones: "Heck No! He had a foot in it."

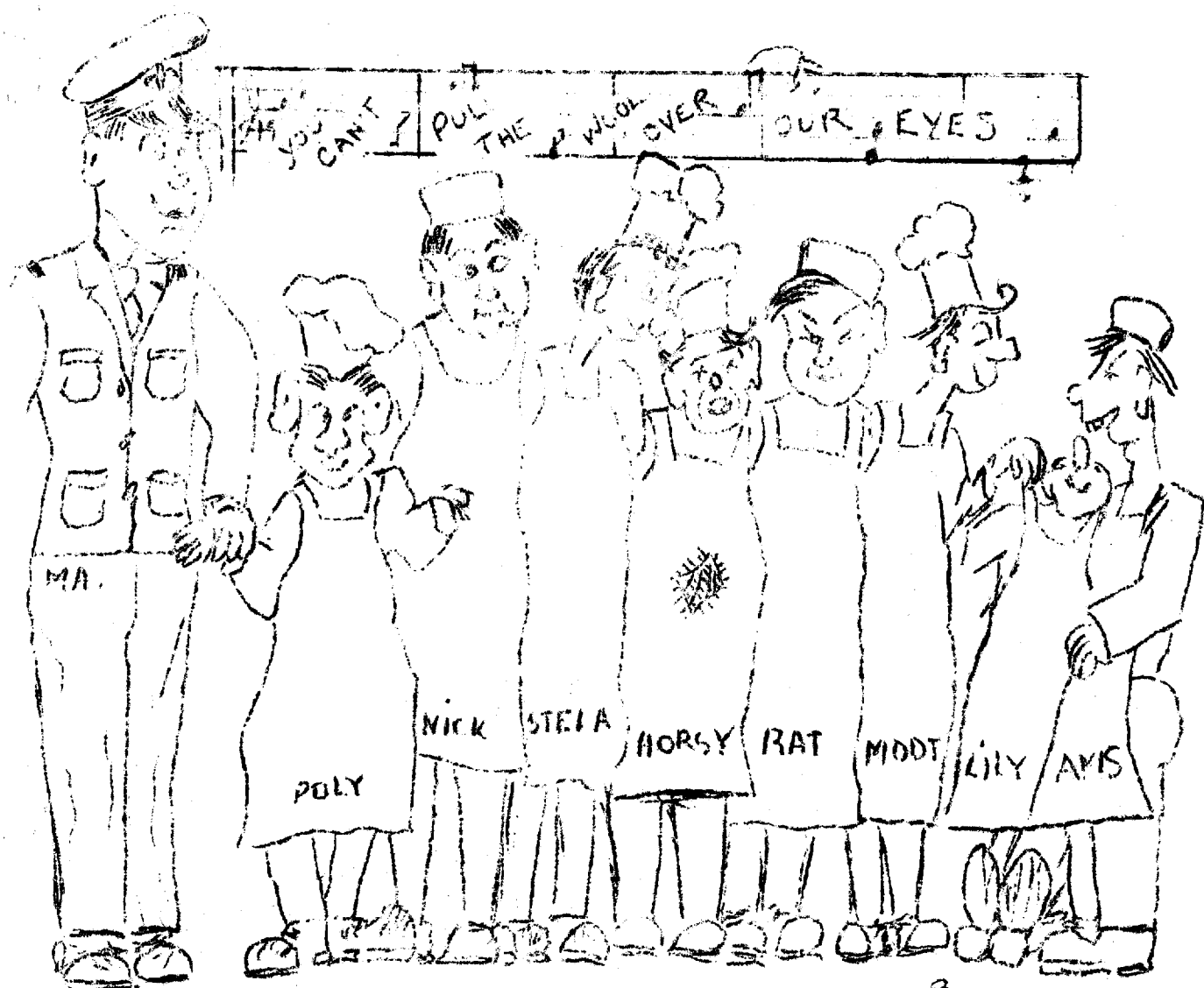
Colson: "Are my ears burning?"

She: "I wouldn't know about that, but your nose is kind of red."

Lt.: "Eat your spinach. Don't you know that it puts firm white teeth in your mouth?"

Jim: "Then feed it to Chalmers!"

GOD'S CHOSEN CHILDREN



BROOK PHOTO

A MONTANIAN AND HIS BLACK SHEEP

THE ROYAL FOOL

(Continued from Page 18)

Your problem? Mark my words ye who have been deceived and undone by women: ye who fight so stoutly for a woman's favor; ye who value women for their beauty and the number of their sons and for their loyalty----listen, for I'll tell you a secret.

"Look to the eyes, I say, if ye would know, for there is a laughter in the eyes of some--Aye, even within their anger and beneath it. Those are the wise ones, and the worthy. They are not ambitious for themselves, for they know that selfish ambition is the joke-mate of treachery. They would never betray themselves. How, therefore, would they betray you?"

There was silence in the room as the fool finished, donned his cap and became again the capering loon. He pulled at his forelock, bowed to the King and walked quickly back to his bench in the corner.

No word was spoken aloud, but one close to the King might have heard him mutter to himself.

"A fool, the court jester. It is in my mind that perhaps I should exchange head-pieces with this fool, for verily my crown would become him better than it does me. And I doubt not that his cap would fit me right well!"

SMOKE RINGS

Bad men want their women to be like CIGARETTES in a case. Just so many, all slender and trim, waiting in rows to be selected, set aflame, and, when their fire is out, discarded.

Fastidious men prefer women like CIGARS. These are exclusive, they look better, last longer and if their brand is good they are not thrown away.

Good men treat women like PIPES and become more attached to them the older they grow. When their flame is out they still look after them, rap them gently but lovingly, and care for them always. No man shares his pipe.

Did you ever
Get up at one
A.M. and then
Go down stairs
To get a
Glass of water
And feel around in
The cupboard
In the dark for
A glass and at
The first try
Caress a nice
Big, lovely
Handful of
Newly mail
Lukewarm
Squishy squashy
Applesauce?



"THE END"