

THE MASSORE STAR

VOLUME II

NUMBER V

MAY 1937



The Golden
Threads

By
Enolee
B. Clare
1937

Across the many miles between
Unto me there shines an ecstatic light,
The like of which I've never seen
The beacon of a mother's might. — B. Clare

THE TWENTY ONE TWELTH COMPANY
Civilian Conservation Corps
CAMP SQUAW CREEK SCS-1 GIBBON, OREGON

MOTHER

When moon-beams lie shim'ring,
Upon the waters blue,
My thoughts go a wand'ring,
My dear, to you.
My dream-boats go sailing.
Sent forth at Love's behest.
All laden with thoughts dear,
From one who loves you best.

If wishes came true, dear,
Your life would all be song,
And roses be scattered,
Your way along.
But shadows will come, Love,
And storms will veil the blue.
But my heart is a haven,
That waits to shelter you.

Irving Steinel

To the many Mothers, whose
sons make up the enrollment of
the Civilian Conservation Corps,
this edition of The Massore Star
is respectfully dedicated.

CAMP PERSONNEL

MILITARY STAFF

GORDON S. HERTZ, CAPTAIN, Inf-Reserve,
COMMANDING

PAUL H. MIEHE, 1st Lieut., Inf-Res.
Camp Store and Mess Officer

MAURICE L. SHEPARD
Educational Adviser

GILBERT H. JOHNSON
Camp Surgeon

SOIL CONSERVATION SERVICE ~

HERBERT C. SAUTER.....Camp Superintendent.

ROBERT B. MILLER.....Camp Engineer.

ROBERT K. THOMAS.....Camp Forester.

CLIFFORD RILEY.....Rangeman.

ANDREW H. BROWN.....Senior Foreman.

GEORGE S. CARLYLE.....Senior Foreman.

WILL B. HALL.....Senior Foreman.

MARK STUART.....Senior Foreman.

FRED H. McKOWN.....Skilled Mechanic

The MASSORE STAR is printed monthly at Athena, Oregon,
Headquarters of The Soil Conservation Service, in eastern Ore.
Through the courtesy of this organization, we are deeply indebted
for the use of their mimeograph machine.

THE MASSORE STAR

VOLUME II

NUMBER V

PUBLISHED ONCE EACH MONTH BY THE SQUAW CREEK PRESS ASSOCIATION
OF

THE TWENTY ONE TWELTH COMPANY
Civilian Conservation Corps
CAMP SQUAW CREEK, SCS-1, GIBBON OREGON

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LAURENCE . . DUMOND
JOHN F. DEFREYTS
HERMAN M. WOLCOTT
ROLAND P. GAGNON
EDWIN B. DUANE
LEONARD MEUSSE

ARTISTS

BERNARD J. CLARE
ANTHONY A. ALBANESSE

COPYREADER

DONALD M. KAIN

* * * * *

THE MASSORE STAR PLATFORM

We advocate:- Continuation of the Civilian Conservation as a permanent organization with no age limit. Advanced Educational facilities. A high MORALE, firmly cemented with a camp fellowship. We seek to maintain THE MASSORE STAR the largest and most complete CCC mimeographed Camp Paper in The United States.

THE MASSORE STAR

CCC OPEN HOUSE DEEMED SUCCESS

PROGRAM TO BE REPEATED SOON

Gibbon, Ore., May 1, 1937,
(SCPA) The success of our last open house and the difficult weather conditions experienced, have warranted another day to be set aside for the same purpose.

This will be held in the latter part of May when the camp's lawns and flowers will be at their best, and the days of rain, snow, and hail, is over.

Many more visitors are expected than the 200 that attended the April 4th open-house, because numerous friends of the camp have since tendered their regrets for not attending, because the weather and roads were so bad.

Because these folks did have a perfect excuse for not attending and because they are sincere in wanting to look the camp over, Capt. Hertz has deemed it well to have our previous program repeated.

ART DEPT. OF STAR INCREASED.

Gibbon, Ore., May 1, 1937,
The Art Department of The Massore Star has been added to in the persons of Bernard J. Clare and Carlston B. Thistle. Under this management, much is expected to further the presentation of the paper. With Anthony Albanesse, we believe that this paper has the finest Art department of any Camp Paper and for proof of this fact, WATCH THE STAR!

LARGE CROWD SPENDS DAY AT COMPANY 2112

Gibbon, Ore., April 4, 1937,
(SCPA) Hail and snow failed to keep Pendleton, Adams, Athena, and Milton-Freewater people away from the CCC open-house today at Camp Squaw Creek. 200 persons were shown every detail at the camp and 130 were guests at a big turkey dinner.

Those who attended speak high in praise of the camp, the hospitality and interest of the enrollees and declare that no one should miss a visit to the camp. The soil conservation work, under the direction of Mr. Herbert Sauter, was shown to the visitors by the maps and drawings in the SCS office. These are the work of Bernhard J. Clare, Massore Star Artist, and Carlston B. Thistle, SCS draftsman.

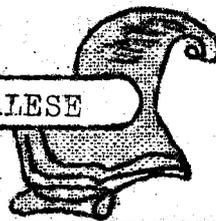
The visitors were escorted about the camp by the enrollees and saw from top to bottom, just how the CCC is organized and worked out.

Of especial interest to the men was the idea as expressed by many of the visitors that there were no electric lights in camp and that the men had to complete their toilet in the river. These men lost no time in explaining contrary to the visitors who were much surprised.

The courteous demeanor of the enrollees has even further endeared them to the people of Pendleton.

CAMP NEWS

YOU SAW IT IN THE MASSORE STAR BY ALBERT SCALESE



MEMBER DUBOIS DISCHARGED RETURNS EAST FOR EMPLOYMENT

Gibbon, Ore., April 4, 1937
SCPA. Alphonse Duboise, camp
Army Driver and well liked per-
sonality was discharged today
for purposes of employment, and
left on the evening train.

While a member of company 2112
Dubois was a hard worker and one
who could always be relied upon.

CAMP COMMENTED UPON FAVORABLY BY DIFFERENT INSPECTORS

Gibbon, Ore. May 1, 1937, SCPA
For the month of April, reports
show that many inspectors visit-
ed Company 2112 and all spoke
very highly of the conditions
which they found. On April 6th
Capt. B.A. Johnson, looked the
camp over and remained overnight,
during which time he gave a very
interesting talk to the company.

April 12th saw Lt. Colonel
Walker in our midst. He too
gave the camp a rating of excel-
lent.

On April 19th Capt. Pomerene,
a new officer in this district
saw Camp Squaw Creek for the first
time. He was show the camp from
top to bottom by Capt. Gordon S.
Hertz, company commander, and
once more 2112 received the rat-
ing of excellent.

NEW ENROLLEES ARRIVE FROM EAST.

Gibbon, Ore., April 9, 1937,
SCPA. 49 new enrollees detained
before Squaw Creek at 9:00 AM
today, after a long ride from
Fort Devens, Mass. Surprise was
emphasized by all at the fine
appearance of the newcomers. The
usual so called "Banana Men" were
missing to the joy of all con-
cerned.

FATHER MCKENNA OF PENDLETON TO HEAR CONFESSION AT 2112

Gibbon, Ore., April 24, 1937,
Father McKenna, local priest of
Pendleton, Ore., heard confes-
sions here today and will be on
hand for Mass tomorrow.

LOCAL EXPERIENCED MEN CHANGE RAPIDLY DURING APRIL

Gibbon, Ore., May 1, 1937
SCPA. Reports show that the
month of April saw many changes
among the Oregon IEM's.

With the discharge of Pearly
Smith of Pendleton, Francis B.
Adams of La Grandes was enrolled
to take his place.

On the 2nd, Hall Burnham of
Portland left and George Powell
of Pendleton was enrolled.

By the third, John Coryell
of Salem, and a former member of
Company 2112 had arrived. John
was accorded a true reception,
as he was well liked during his
last period of stay here.

On the 4th Powell was dis-
charged for fraudulent enroll-
ment, when it was learned he had
been administratively discharged
from the camp at Emigrant Springs
John P. Keegan was enrolled in
his place and after a five day
stay here he too was discharged,
his reason being employment.

The last IEM to be enrolled
was Bud Hiatt of Pendleton, and
known by some members of the
company. It is hoped that no
further changes will occur for
some time.

Write your short story now!
Remember it may not be worth
much to yourself; but it might
be worth \$1.00 to the Star.

THE MASSORE STAR

The pictures on the opposite page were taken by Roland P. Gagnon, Staff Photographer of the Massore Star.

To the East Oregonian, news-organ of the City of Pendleton, The Massore Star is very grateful for their courtesy in making the engravings and allowing same to be published in the Star.

The pictures are numbered, and described, are as follows:-

1. Captain, Gordon S. Hertz, Company Commander of company 2112.

2. The Company street, looking East. In the foreground is the Water tower, Powerhouse, and the barracks, housing the men.

3. Sherman F. Getchell and Alphonse Dubois, enrollees show the spirit of the men for their pets. The dog "Minnie" is the camp mascot; and "Tommy" is one of the many cats we have.

4. Horseshoe pitching is one of the many forms of recreation after work. Tournaments are held throughout the summer and someone is usually playing all the time.

5. There is only one real Indian Teepee, on a CCC Camp, in the United States. Here it is at Company 2112, situated on the Umatilla Indian Reservation.

6. The symbol of Camp Squaw Creek is the Company Totem Pole, a beautiful piece of work and placed in the center of the camp.

7. Every night, as in all CCC camps the enrollees form before the evening mess, for retreat. This picture was taken just after forty enrollees had been discharged, hence the small

strength of the company.

This is the ninth edition of The Massore Star. Starting in August, 1936, we have gained much experience and knowledge relative to the production and publication of a camp paper.

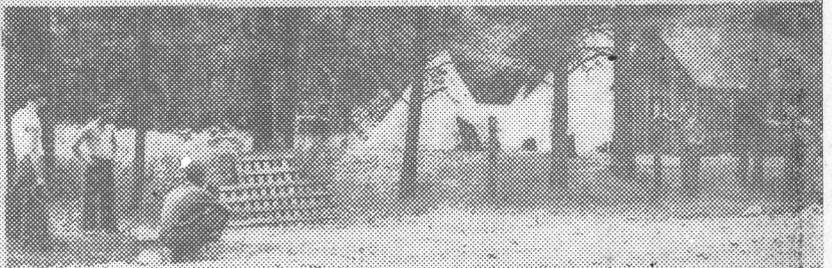
To those who have seen us grow from a twenty four page monthly to our present set-up of forty pages, we know we have accomplished an ideal in CCC journalism, from the many comments and letters, we have received. To our new readers, let us get acquainted. Read about the CCC as it is, in The Star.

Articles of any nature, concerning the Corps would be greatly appreciated from our readers. Please feel that you may have a part in publishing one of the best known Camp newspapers in these United States.

To each and every camp, we wish to exchange views and opinions by exchanging Camp papers. The large area covered by the CCC may be made quite small by this exchange. Let's get acquainted.

The editors wish to extend to the Massore Star Staff, their congratulation and appreciation for their interest and cooperation in putting this paper across. Keep up the good work. Remember you are building Morale as is your paper's policy.

To the members of Company 2112. Do not feel injured if your names is mentioned in some jovial manner. Remember it is news and the Star treats it as such. Far be it for us to hurt anyone. Consider yourself in the limelight and be PROUD OF IT!



THE MASSORE STAR



Top photo, MASSORE STAR STAFF, front row, left to right:- Capt. Hertz, Hon. Pres Albert Scalese, Michael Nader, Walter Breau, Edwin Duane, John Tucker, M. L. Shepard, Staff Adviser. Second row:- Anthony Albanesse, Leonard Meuse, Ernest Armstrong, Editor; William McCormick, President; Roland Gagnon, Paul Kostechka, A. Salmonti, Vice-Pres.; Third row:- Laurence Dumond, Stanley Kaszarek, Edward Adamovicz, Bernard Clare, Harold Barriault, Francis Flynn, Robt. Fitzgerald, Edgar Perry, Walter Brantley, Glenn Rakely, Assoc. Ed.; Sherman Getchell, Charles Dorman, Herman Wolcott, James Maguire.

Bottom photo: 49 rookies arrive at Squaw Creek April 9, 1937 from Boston, Mass.

FLASH BY PAUL



FLASH KOSTECHKKA

MR. GEO. H. FIELDS HERE. GIVES TALK

Gibbon, Ore.,
April 15, 1937,
Mr. George H. Fields,
Educational Adviser
of the Vancouver Barracks, CCC
District arrived in camp today.
After attending the evening's
classes Mr. Fields witnessed a
motion picture program in the
Camp Theater and gave to the en-
rollees, a very interesting talk.
Praising the camp morale as very
high, Mr. Fields went on to state
that Squaw Creek had made a very
excellent reputation for itself
up at headquarters.

The members deeply appreciated
the lecture and expressed them-
selves as very glad to have such
a fine person as Mr. Fields for
their Adviser.

COMPANY TO SPONSOR DANCE IN MAY COMMITTEE TO PICKED SOON

Gibbon, Ore., May 1, 1937
SCPA Word was received today that Camp
Squaw Creek will sponsor a semi-
invitational dance in Pendleton,
sometime late in May.

Captain Hertz will pick, from
the enrollees a competent comm-
ittee to take care of the many
details connected with such an
affair.

With the proper cooperation
shown by the members, a large
attendance is expected and a
fine time will be had by all.

An outside orchestra will
furnish the music and it is ex-
pected that refreshments will be
served.

TRAVELING LIBRARY MADE PERMANENT

The Company traveling library
has been made a permanent part of

the camp library.
Another traveling
has been sent from
Vancouver, Wash.,
making a large
assortment of read-

ing material now available to
all.

Together with our current
permanent library and the books
from the Umatilla County Library,
we will now have many more books,
for which news cases are being
made.

FORMER MEMBERS OF 2112 AT WORK ONE TO RETURN TO THE WEST..

Gibbon, Ore., May 1, 1937,
(SCPA) Word has been forthcom-
ing that Edward Fitzgerald, for-
mer member of 2112 is working in
Krosge's Boston Store. Infor-
mation further states that "Red"
is soon to accept employment in
the new Montgomery Ward Store,
now being erected in Walla Walla
Washington.

From New London, Conn., comes
word that John Guthrie works at
the Submarine base there and is
doing very well.

Joseph Norris, of Camp Otis,
Mass. fame, is now living in
Pasadena, California. He rem-
arks that California is a wonder-
ful place.

Gordon Mill another 2112 man
is working for a milk company
in Dorchester, Mass. Writes
Gordon, "I get very lonesome, at
times, for the old fellows."

Last but not least, our ill-
ustrious former, associate editor
of The Massore Star, James J.
Shea is employed by the Hotel
Touraine, in Boston, Mass., as a
Bus boy.

IF YOU CAN WRITE, SHOW YOURSELF!
SHORT STORIES ARE WORTH \$1.00.

"ONLY HAVE ENOUGH OF LITTLE VIRTUES AND COMMON FIDELITIES,
AND YOU NEED NOT MOURN BECAUSE YOU ARE NEITHER A HERO
NOR A SAINT." Breecher.



EDITORIAL

WELCOME

To the new
members of Com-
pany 2112, WELCOME!

You are fortunate in becoming a part of one of the finest camps in the Vancouver Barracks District. From you we ask little. Your cooperation and willingness to adapt yourself to our procedure is expected. The people of the community welcome you and will make you feel at home in these strange surroundings.

I hope you all will enter into the spirit which The Massore Star tries to portray. As the editor of your news-organ, again, I say WELCOME! E. Armstrong

APPOINTMENT

I deeply appreciate my appointment as an associate editor of The Massore Star, and hope that I can measure up to what is expected of me in this capacity. I will faithfully execute my endeavors to it's higher advancement, in it's wide scope of well refined journalism.

When men move from one place to another where they plan to establish residence, temporary or permanent, it is only natural for them to look forward to new hopes, with anticipations of a better environment.

Thus, I believe that it was with all the new men who came to this camp the second week in April, including myself. The change was so complete that it was actually enlightening. I noticed almost immediately that the morale here was totally different. Different in such a manner from that to which I had been accustomed. The form of discipline as present was also another inter-

esting and gratifying factor. I am very glad to be here and know that I speak on behalf of all the new enrollees.

Glenn P. Rakely

This issue of The Massore was printed with the cooperation of both the old and new men of the company. Under the guidance of Captain Gordon S. Hertz, one can readily see how well these new men have taken a hand in the welfare of the organization.

Those whom I have talked and worked with seem steadfast in the hope that they will keep up the spirit and achievements of this company.

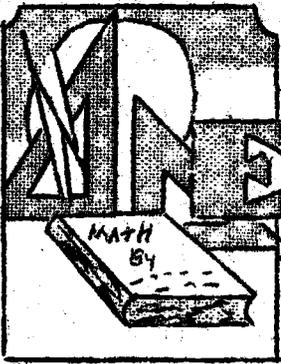
It is with this thought that I am pleased to say. Here is one of the finest group of fellows to ever become a part of Company 2112.

William H. McCormick

It has been brought to my attention that the publishers of the Massore Star were working selfishly for their own personal advancement. In other words to become famous in the eyes of the company commander. I am sure that the majority know and believe contrary.

The persons connected with this paper work in their spare time and happy to print in accordance with the policy of the paper, that which is their own personal belief. We do not run to the Company commander each time we have an article to print. If it is in accordance with our platform, WE PRINT IT. If not, it will NEVER become a part of the Star. The success of this paper, so far, I believe has been based on this fact. A. Salmonti

THE FEAR OF BEING BEATEN OFTEN KEEPS ONE FROM ENTERING COMPETITION AND THUS SHARING IN THE FRUITS OF VICTORY. LEARN TO TAKE DEFEAT GRACEFULLY AND THE BIGGEST VICTORY IS WON.



EDUCATIONAL

MAURICE L. SHEPARD, Camp Educational Adviser

SUMMER EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

A list of excellent ideas to stimulate educational activities during the summer has been received by this camp from Major General Simonds, Commanding Ninth Corps Area. Here are some of the suggestions that should appeal to almost everyone in camp:

1. The changing of formal group meetings of informative subjects to informal type - use of forms, panel, or conference method. To hold meetings out of doors as conditions permit. This should include current events, civics, economic and social problems, botany, etc.

2. Classes that necessitate outdoor activities, such as agricultural subjects, including gardens, landscaping, livestock and poultry. Field trips could be planned for gathering information in natural science studies.

3. More thorough and complete instruction on the job.

4. Establishment of morning classes, to use a period of thirty minutes in length each morning five days per week, which could be held immediately after breakfast. At this time there should be presented academic material, either as related to vocational training or as general cultural subjects.

5. Increased visual educational facilities and programs, one to be held each week. Films relative to trades, vocations and general educational topics can be arranged for out of door showings.

6. Emphasis on "safety" measures,

covering first aid, care of men at fires, resuscitation, life-saving measures, etc.

7. Lectures, all-camp song nights and outdoor dramatics can be arranged, offering an excellent opportunity for our Glee Club to take advantage of.

(A recent bulletin from Headquarters, Vancouver Barracks, requests that a play be presented demonstrating the correct and incorrect way of applying for a job. This will give the dramatic club a chance to show its ability and for the new men who have acting talent to show the wares. Incidentally, men interested in putting on this play should get in touch with the Educational Department at once.)

The Camp Educational Committee has met to consider these points and believes that these suggestions will greatly aid the educational program. If this program is carried out and each man does his share, everyone will be benefited individually and likewise the camp as a whole by making one more department "SUPERIOR".

COURSE IN "THE PLAY" AVAILABLE

A new California State Department of Education correspondence course, "The Play", is now available in the Educational Department. This course teaches the fundamentals of stage management and direction, proper presentation, and all phases of play production. SIGN UP NOW.

Are you sure of your place on the camp paper? If not, then enroll in the journalism class.

FROM HEADQUARTERS PERSONNEL COMMENTS

GORDON S. HERTZ

COMMANDING



We are now receiving recognition for our past efforts in converting a group of cheerless buildings; squatted on a muddy flat, into a model camp, endowed with recreational and educational facilities, second to none. Add to this a superior Eastern Oregon Landscaping, and you have a camp to be proud of, not only as a resident, but as a responsible party in it's making.

This recognition brings visitors and inspectors, some who were fortunate in viewing the camp at its inception, and others who merely gaze upon our work with a critical and appraising eye. Those who have been here repeatedly, will appreciate our work, while the others will anticipate continued progress.

Progress is always ahead, never behind, and never stays where you are now standing. That means we are either climbing or slipping--going ahead or behind, as the others pass us by. So far we have established a creditable reputation for progressive ideas; but as we set a standard the others in their efforts to better or equal our forces, keep us one jump ahead, not only in our physical improvements but in the spirit with which we accomplish them.

To date, no camp has topped our superior morale. Let it be said that as long as no camp surpasses our superior morale, either will any camp surpass us in camp beautification or other improvements. Thus may it be stated. "Every man for the camp and the camp for every man!"

Eighteen months ago today, one hundred and ninety First Corps men, invaded this camp and surrounding territories, putting the Indians to shame. Strangers in a friendless country; barred by prejudices, customs, and unfamiliar mannerisms, we got off on the wrong foot to a bad start.

Today, eighteen months later, we find our neighbors and especially our recreational centers, Pendleton, Oregon, these sincerest and staunchest backers any CCC camp ask for. It is with considerable pride, we acknowledge their willingness to do anything necessary to keep this camp in their vicinity.

As a camp, we have been gentlemen, we have avoided the common practice, of chisling merchants either for gifts or for lower prices. In all cases, we have paid our bills both personally and officially.

Our courtesy and politeness in town--and the the work on our projects has been most outstanding. Profanity has been reduced to a minimum and has been agreeably commented upon by visitors, foremen, and co-operatives.

Pendleton as a whole through the assistance of an admirer--- THE EAST OREGONION---, welcomes us and knows as much about ourselves here in camp, as we do.

A goldbricker in camp in camp, is known as such down town. It is a pleasure that we can number ours on the fingers of a armless man, so let Pendleton talk of our sports, hardest workers, an unequalled camp paper and one with a WELCOME sign over the gate.

LAURENCE A. DUMOND

U S DEPT OF AGRIC

SCS

SEEDING ---

Checking by vegetative cover seems to be the solution of this vast problem. From observation, it is noted that where even the climax cover is disturbed, whatever it may be, soil and water losses are the result. Further, we note that certain types of cover provides for little soil losses, while the water loss may be exorbitant.

This problem is, at the present, being attacked either directly or indirectly through different channels. Outside of the Soil Conservation Service, which has been set to cope directly with erosion. The Forest Service has definite policies which tend toward minimizing soil and water losses, such as:- only certain periods of the year are to be used for grazing in the National forests and usually all stock are kept off the reserve until May 15. They are allowed to graze here until about October 15, depending greatly upon the season. For instance, if the season is quite dry, the stock are generally taken off the range at an earlier date. By so doing, they are giving the vegetation the opportunity of obtaining a better growth and much of it will produce seed which will grow during the following year. By using this system, the vegetation is most likely to increase and the result is less soil and water loss.

The Soil Conservation Service uses a similar plan by using a cover crop and crop rotation. By using a cover crop, which is planted in the early fall, it will, also, afford some early pasture, before being plowed under in June. A crop rotation will always make some additional pasture, and in turn, let the native pasture obtain a better growth.

Sometimes the sides of a gully are graded in and seeded to grass, in an effort to prevent future soil and water losses. In many cases, this has proven to be very satisfactory. The crest of a steep hill, if forty-five degrees or more, are generally planted to alfalfa and grass. This may be used for pasture and the operator will receive some hay from it. In all cases of this type, however, the operator is always assured that he is doing something to help prevent erosion and water losses.

The Soil Conservation Service is greatly interested in all types of seeding, from the Soil Conservation side of the question. From the small family garden, to the largest of farms, each and every one must make an effort to Save the Soil!

THE MASSORE STAR

A FEATURE OF THE MONTH

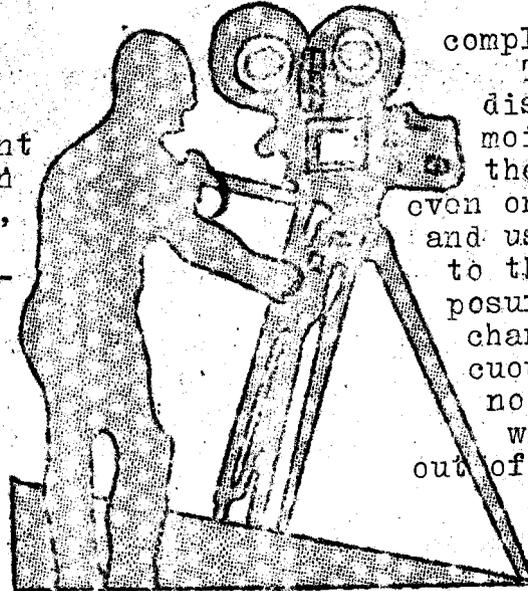
BY ROLAND P. GAGNON

SYPHILIS

There is being staged at the present time, a big campaign for the control and, ultimately, the extermination of Syphilis, one of the greatest curses of mankind. This disease ranks first among the causes of death. It is estimated that 75% of the deaths usually attributed to heart failure are the result of a syphilitic heart. It is the most dangerous of the so called social diseases and in the past, persons afflicted with this dread disease, became social outcasts.

Through the efforts of the U. S. Public Health Service and other health authorities, Syphilis has been brought out into the open and newspapers and magazines throughout the nation, who had previously evaded the subject now are joining in the campaign to educate the people regarding this disease.

It is estimated that 5% of the population of the United States have this disease. This means that almost seven million men, women, and children are its victims. Hundreds of thousands of these are innocent victims. The real danger lies in the fact that only one in ten is under medical treatment. Syphilis is curable if treatment is started early and continued long enough. Even in the last stages, it can be made non-infectious and serious



complications avoided.

The first sign of the disease is usually a moist spot or sore on the genitals or lips or even on the mouth or throat and usually appearing ten to thirty days after exposure. This initial chancre is rarely conspicuous and sometimes does not appear at all. In women, it may be totally out of sight. The very moment a person suspects that he has Syphilis, he should go to a competent doctor or to

the Board of Health so as to get a thorough examination. Under no consideration should he apply any salve or ointment as an untreated sore is essential to a quick diagnosis of Syphilis. Syphilis, at this stage is terribly contagious.

Always be frank with your doctor and answer all questions truthfully. The doctor will secure a few drops of serum from an early sore and will either send it to a laboratory or examine it himself if he has a "dark field" microscope. The spiral germ of Syphilis can be seen in a dark field examination, alive and moving. If the germ can be detected before the "Wasserman" blood test becomes positive, infectiousness can be stopped within a very few hours.

Often the initial sore heals and the patient should then be sure to secure a Wasserman blood test. Such a test should be taken repeatedly during the early days and weeks. The old method of treatment of mercury pills etc. is gone forever. If you are the least bit suspicious, see a doctor!

DID YOU

KNOW?

EDWARD A.

...That there were 95,826 sandwiches or 31,942 lunches put up in this camp from February 3, 1935 to April 1, 1937. At an average of \$.13 per lunch of 3 sandwiches, \$4152.46 has been spent for this purpose?

...That the coronation chair of the British Empire, in which King George VI will sit, during part of his ceremony is a dilapidated piece of furniture? Made entirely of wood and used since the year 1274, it is not only badly scratched and nicked, but is also literally covered with names and initials which have been carved into it, evidently when the guards were not looking.

...That although the figure of the cross was used as an emblem by nearly all pre-Christian religions and further sacred significance was added to it by the crucifixion, it did not become the acknowledged symbol of Christianity until the early part of the fourth century?

...That the President of The United States receives some 3,000,000 letters per year?

...That every twenty four hours a cow secretes fifteen gallons of saliva or eighty five times more than a human being?

...That in Japan, brokers buy and sell telephone numbers, basing the prices on the meanings and influence of the numerals? Lucky numbers bring high prices. Others which pretend evil cannot



ADAMOVICZ

be sold at any price. One number:- 3742 - which means "all die", is considered so dangerous that the government telephone department has never allowed anyone to have it.

...That it is impossible to count to one trillion:-1,000,000,000,000? If one could count continu-

ously at the rate of 200 per minute you could count 12,000 per hour, 288,000 per day and at the end of a year of 265 $\frac{1}{4}$ days you would reach 105,192,000. While this may seem to be fast approaching the goal, it would still take one 9506 years, 5 months, and about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ days to finish the count. A person starting at the beginning of the Christian Era would now be about one fifth finished.

...That the bible contains 66 books, 1189 chapters, 31,173 verses and 3,566,480 letters? Each book contains on an average of about 26.2 verses; each verse contains an average of about 24.2 words, and each word contains an average of 4.61 letters. If the word "and" which occurs 46,277 times, is omitted, the remaining words contain an average of only 4.7 letters. The bible contains no word or proper name of more than six syllables.

...That if all the dissolved solids in the ocean could be extracted and piled up on dry land, there would be enough to have a volume of 4,800,000 cubic miles or sufficient to cover the entire United States and all possessions.

ARMY OPERATION IN THE CCC

The CCC is run very much as the Army. The one great difference is the purposes behind each. The objective of the War Department is national defense. The objective of the CCC is national conservation.

The CCC is divided into nine distinct parts, one in each Corps Area of the Army. In addition to these parts of course are the camps in Alaska, Hawaii, which are managed by the National Park Service.

In each Corps Area, the Commanding General may organize the CCC for administration in any way he sees fit and may conduct the camp in any way he desires, so long as he follows the general policies and regulations decided upon at Washington (exactly as in the case of Army Administration). The CCC is quite uniform, however in each of the Corps Areas.

There are districts in each Corps Area, composed of a large number of CCC Camps. There are also in some cases subdistricts.

The organization of districts and subdistricts is only for CCC management, however. There are district and subdistrict commands modeled after Corps Area staffs and commands. There are district supply units. Then too there are district finance officers, from which district finances are disbursed.

The general policies which guide and control the CCC are formulated in Washington, and are called War Dept. Regulations.



. During the course of these articles concerning Army Operation in the CCC, you have learned how the Army acts and plays the major part in the Administration of the Corps. You have learned how with out the Finance Department, there would not be any money for food, clothing, or to send home. That without the Quartermaster Department there would not be the rapid transportation of supplies to the camps. That the Medical Department aids the men greatly in the care of the enrollees health. How the Adjutant General's office, through the Welfare officers in

each Corps Area prepare the recreational equipment in forms of libraries, athletic, or hobbies to the camps. Thus have you learned of the importance the Army has is still playing in CCC work.

We hope you have enjoyed these articles, have, perhaps learned that which you did not know before concerning the management.

Next month this paper will start to review in this column the part played by the other government agencies. The Departments of Labor, Agriculture, and Interior.

We feel sure that they will not prove interesting but educational as well. Remember the Massore Star leads the way. Any suggestions for future publication will be properly considered.

IN THE MAIL BOX

During the past few weeks the following communications have been received by the Editorial staff of The Massore Star:-

March 17, '37

The Editor,
Massore Star
Co. 2112 CCC
Gibbon, Ore.

Dear Sir:

In the absence of the President from Washington, the papers which you sent to him were read and forwarded to my office for attention. I am sure that you know of the great personal interest which the President takes in everything affecting the welfare and progress of the CCC Camps. If his time permitted, I am sure he would be interested to read everything which comes to the white house from the CCC Camps.

I have examined the two issues of your camp paper which you forwarded and they certainly are a credit to all who had a part in their preparation and production. I have no doubt they have been of great help in maintaining the interest and morale of the entire personnel of company 2112. I am especially interested in this work, because, as you probably know, I too, am a resident of Massachusetts.

With all good wishes for your future success, I am

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT FECHNER
Director, ECW
Washington D. C.



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

April 1, '37

Dear Sirs:

The President has received your letter of the 7th and he appreciates your writing and sending him the copies of THE MASSORE STAR, which you enclosed. He has asked me to thank you and all concerned for

your courtesy.

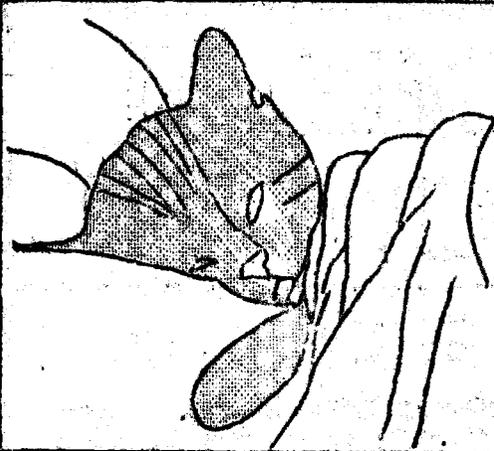
Very truly yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President.

EAST OREGONIAN
PENDLETON, OREGON

April 10

"The April Issue of The Massore Star, publication of the Squaw Creek CCC Camp contains forty four pages of highly interesting original copy by members of the camp. Included are short stories, features, news stories, sports, humor, cartoons, and articles of an excellent quality. The January issue was judged 11th in the United States by Happy Days, official news organ of the CCC in Washington D. C. The April edition was placed first by this same paper in this competition with over 2000 CCC papers. The style and makeup show fine talent in design. All that is lacking now is actual printing.



ON THE TRAIL

BY ROBERT D. FITZGERALD

High-
lights
of the
trip.
The 'st-
art,

The Mississippi River, dust storms in the Middle West, The "Buttes", Original Adobe Indian Huts in Pueblo, Colorado, The first sight of the Rocky Mountains, The Royal Gorge, The ride over the Mountains with its wonderful scenery, OREGON, the deep snow which disillusioned many, The Boy Scout "Cap" and his stories and finally the arrival at camp.

Who was the chow-hound of the trip? Tsk Tsk, the beggar of bread in the car "Typhon."

The journey's punster: Surely it wasn't Turowski.

I hate arguments: The original and only Shepard.

I wonder how long the gals will continue to love us and remain true back east? Well the mail will tell.

Who cherishes a certain group of pictures in his wallet, next to his heart? I wonder if it is the "pipe smoker."

The boys still want to know if "our car leader" received the \$3 for the six dancing lessons he paid for and never had. You'd better charge the Indians to teach them how to dance "Griff!"

It's a great drop from Mess Steward to train K.P. Maybe "Shanty Hogan" might tell us about it.

A hint for the C. O.: Lappin makes a swell night guard. It seems that while on the train, all the sleep he had was while he was on duty.

Why did I leave Saugas and Betty? Mobbe "Red" Saravo could tell.

Of course we had the best food at the Fort???

We wonder if "Red" O'Dowd and "Tony" Couto miss "Putnam" Dear old 197th Co.

Maybe "Jeepo" Dresser will continue to haunt the Infirmary as he did at 197.

Flash...Our champion chess player challenges any vet to a dual.

Signed Lafayette Currier.

THE JOHN: "Hi Red."

FERRIS: Are you gullible?"

THE JOHN: No, my name's Logren."

Things the "Pope" enjoyed; mts. of Illinois, Indiana, and Kansas. Also the bright sunshine of Western Kansas, especially around Holcomb.

Last and also first:-The Boy Scout General.

And now the man who keeps the U. S. perfumed and powdered all the time:- Hannon.

Ziembra can go back to W. Townsend now that the trip here got him off that old "G.I." truck.

The Wonder:- A perfect camp, almost! Eating on plates, No mess kits to steel-wool, and a fine spirit throughout.

INTERESTING PEOPLE AT SQUAW CREEK



BY SHERMAN F.

This is the sixth in a series of monthly interviews with well known camp personalities. Let us, this month, look in on the life of an ever popular member, one whom we all know and agree to be one fine fellow. He is Vincent Sweeney, 2112's fine canteen steward, and know to us all as "Vin."

"Vin" was born in the Boston suburb of Lynn, Massachusetts, on August 5, 1913, of Irish parents. He is in the middle of his family as age is concerned, there being six boys and one girl. Standing five feet, ten and one half inches tall and weighing 170 pounds, he is well put together. He has a fine crop of blonde hair under which shine his Irish blue eyes.

Attending grammar and high schools in Lynn, he graduated from Lynn English High School in 1931. He studied drawing most of his time, looking forward someday to become an artist. However he has failed to carry on this ambition.

While in high school, "Vin" played end on a state championship team, being mentioned as an all scholastic by many Boston newspapers. Most of his teammates later went to college, a place which he also tried his uttermost to go, however financial difficulties prevented this. He also played baseball and hockey, in school, and calls the "national pastime" his favorite.

Upon graduation, he worked occasionally with his father in

GETCHELL JR.

his machine shop. Also at this time he attended school at night, studying for civil service. Later, for a time he fished off The Grand Banks of Newfoundland, staying out for days, and having an experience which he says he will never forget.

He enrolled in the CCC on April 20, 1934 and recently celebrated his third anniversary with the corps. Starting in at Co. 125, Becket, Mass., he remained there for one year and a half, holding the rating of an asst. ldr. Volunteering to go west, he was one of the group which formed the Squaw Creek company. They could not keep a good man down for he was soon appointed asst. ldr and one year later was made a leader. Claiming that there was too much "red tape" connected with his rating with the SCS, he resigned his position after three months. It was at this time that the Army took him over and appointed him in his present position of canteen steward. It is a well known fact that he has been very successful with this job.

He is active in all camp activities. We expect to see him as our camp pitcher this season. Fred Allen is his favorite radio program and Benny Goodman's his best liked dance band. He likes brunettes in the opposite sex and his greatest thrill, he claims being in love. His ambition is to become successful in life and he plans to leave the CCC just as quick as the opportunity presents itself.

THE ROVING REPORTER

BY SHERMAN F. GETCHELL

This month, we have prepared and presented the following set of questions and asked a certain number of men to express opinions. They are as follows:-
Questions

No. 1 A certain Massachusetts state senator recently was quoted as saying that while we cost the Government \$1200 a year per man, we do less than three hundred dollars worth of work.

No. 2 This same senator felt as though the educational program should be made compulsory.

No. 3 What is your idea of a good improvement of the CCC?
Answers

Laurence A. Dumond

I-I wonder if this senator is thinking of only the present when he states that a CCC does only \$300 worth of work per year at a cost of \$1200 per man. Our actual amount of work may be only \$300 but each and every peice of work done by the CCC is more for the future and the result of our efforts will likely extend over a period of ten or more years. By that time the farmer will understand his problems better and do the work himself. On this basis, our work for one year would be worth \$3000 as compared to a cost of \$1200 per man.

2-I heartily agree with this senator on his view of the educational program as many of our members have been unfortunate in not being able to obtain an education.

3-Personally, I believe if the CCC was changed into an organization which would pay the members more money and in turn, would have to buy their own clothing and pay



thus for their own board. Many members do not know the value of a dollar and this would teach them how care for their money.

James A. Waldon

1-Wherever this senator may be it would be good for him, after making such a statement to visit one of our camps. Why should he single out us while there is such organizations as the PWA, ERA etc? which do not accomplish one third amount of work that we do

Does he stop to think of the fires and floods we combat, the natural resources we preserve, and or the land was washing away when we saved it. Considering this on a whole, I think that we deserve all that we receive.

2- No, I do not believe that we should be made to sit down and study each night if we do not care to, however, it is a good policy for a man to take at least one course in what he may like.

3- There is only one improvement that I can think of and that is, give us a new uniform. For example, one of olive green, like our personell.

Glenn P. Rackley

1- I believe that if this senator took into consideration the vastness of the country's natural resources that this organization is preserving that he would have less criticism to voice in regards to the CCC.

2- I agree with the senator in this respect in that the educational opportunities in the CCC are very outstanding and if one chooses to take advantage of them he will gain gratifying results.



THE CULINARY BY WALTER BREAU



PAT: "Say Barney, which do you like best to exercise with, Indian clubs or dumbbells?"

BARNEY: "I don't know. I never went out with an Indian club."

HERBIE: "Oh Gene dear, There's a bug down my back."

GENE: "Aw cut it out. Those jokes were all right before we were married."

SYLVIA: "Darling kiss me just once more. Please, please."

RED HEAD: "No dear I'll catch something if I do."

SYLVIA: "Why? I'm not sick?"

RED: "I know but Buttsie's watching."

Kellogg with chickens, Le Gendre with rabbits, all that is missing is a jackass; but Maguire is around so everything's O. K.

I wonder what is the matter with Albanesse and O'Malley? I guess they got tired of getting on one another's ears so they decided to take a job whereby they wouldn't see each other so often. Ha Ha. Albanesse.

LEGENDRE: "I can't sing. Both my arms are sore."

PAT: "But you don't need your arms to sing."

LEGENDRE: "No, but I need them to protect myself."

WILLY HAYES: "My Scotch friend sent me his picture yesterday."

MIKE: "How does he look?"

WILLY: "I don't know. I haven't had them printed yet."

MIKE: "May I kiss you?"

FLOCY: "

Well what

do you think

I brought

you in the

park for,

because I

like the sc-

enery?"

BARNEY (at dinner) Maguire you have reached for everything in sight. Now stop it! Haven't you a tongue in your head?"

MAGUIRE: "Sure, Barney, but my arm is longer."

We might well add our plaudits to those of others for the fine presentation the kitchen and mess hall made on our open-house day.

Hayes says, "If you wake up some morning and find a bedbug in your watch, think nothing of it. It just crawled in between the ticks. Oh yeah?"

ADAMOVICZ: "Was your tie rod when you came in?"

INSPECTOR: "No it wasn't."

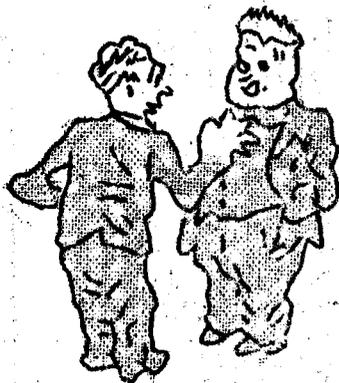
ADAM: "Gosh."

GENE: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?"

PARR: "I did. It was half past ten."

GENE: "Isn't it wonderful how little chicks get out of their shells?"

MAGUIRE: "Ywah but what gets me is how they get back in."



SQUAW CREEK DAY BY DAY

By
EDGAR A. PERRY



SPORT FLASH

Ladies and gentlemen,

in this corner, we have that well known All Squaw Creek, pebble weight champion of the sawdust ring, Long John Maguire. And over here in this corner, we have Chuck a Luck Dorman that whale weight man of the diamond. These two opponents will meet in a non-title bout consisting of verbal combat in which they will cut up and murder Shakespearean and Websterian slang.

STORY

FRED: "Cox does the ampermeter on that truck show charging?"
COX: "Well, I don't exactly know, Fred. There is a "D" on this side and a "C" on that side. The needle is pointing to "C" but I don't know if it is charging or not."

Who is the handsome romeo whom all the Pendletoniens drive out to see in front of Barracks Two?

FRED: "I wouldn't cry like that my little man."
GETCHELL: "Cry as you damn please. This is my way."

The fellows are wondering what might happen to those pretty girls at the Eagles if it wasn't for "Uncle" Nader.

Why does "Andy" Anderson always haunt Ferris out on the job?

We notice that "Shifty" DeFreytas has reached his life's

ambition. As we all know, he is now a truckee.

SHORT

What Pendleton Miss has "Shorty" on the brain?

In the last group of replacements to Squaw Creek, I have noticed a real ear-bender. He is a fellow named Chabot. Yes Yes, a Frenchman.

GRANT: "Can you read my mind?"

COX: "Yes."

GRANT: "Well go ahead."

COX: "No, you go ahead."

RED: "I suppose you dance."

DENNEN: "Oh yes. I love too."

RED: "Great. That's better'n dancing."

ON VISITORS DAY

VISITOR: "Boy I would like to see someone with a little authority."

ARMSTRONG: "What can I do for you. I have about as little as anyone around here."

QUESTION

What unruly person threw the mess-kit at Tucker. Or perhaps you haven't heard about the case. See John O. He is dying to explain it all.

What's this another Lockinar? Cox has been seen rushing Soore's old flame.

One Pendleton Miss explains that Soores writes the nicest letters with cute drawings on it.

THE MASSORE STAR

PRIZE WINNING
SHORT STORY

FIERY FANTASIES BY
EDWARD ADAMOVICZ

Mighty pines and firs, reaching to the sky, dwarfed the lithe figure which strode in their dim aisles. Clad in rough clothing, with stout boots and a battered hat, the young nimrod trod stealthily in search of deer.

Young, spry, and with a free swing in his walk, he held the visions of a juicy venison steak. Suddenly, far in advance he noticed a movement in the brush. An alien motion; not a swaying of the branches as made by the wind as it soughed through the branches but the slight stir as of some animal in hiding. Cocking his rifle, he stealthily moved forward, pausing now and then to reconnoiter.

As he approached the commotion became greater. Then a furry figure half obscured by the brush came into view. Sternly the rifle was raised. A halting step, then another. The figure became animated, crashed off through the brush, while Nimrod with steady aim sent shot after shot to fell the creature.

"It's down," he murmured to himself. Reloading as he ran, he soon reached the spot. Stopping he raised his rifle once more. He advanced cautiously, and parting the brush, he viewed the animal.

With rifle raised and aimed, he fired, once, twice. Nimrod, wise in the lore of the wood, took no chances.

Now stepping boldly toward his victim, Nimrod picked up the squirrel and put it into his pouch. Then turning, he continued his search anew.

He was steadily forging his way deeper into the forest, when suddenly he became dimly conscious of a faint roar. Pausing, he took stock of his surroundings. There seemed to be a haze through which the sun loomed redly. The roar, he had noticed was increasing steadily as he waited. Then from the breeze, came the aroma of wood smoke. Another gust of air and the pungent acrid scent became unmistakable. A forest fire was directly in his path, coming toward him with the speed of a swift wind. Turning, Nimrod started back on fear forced legs.

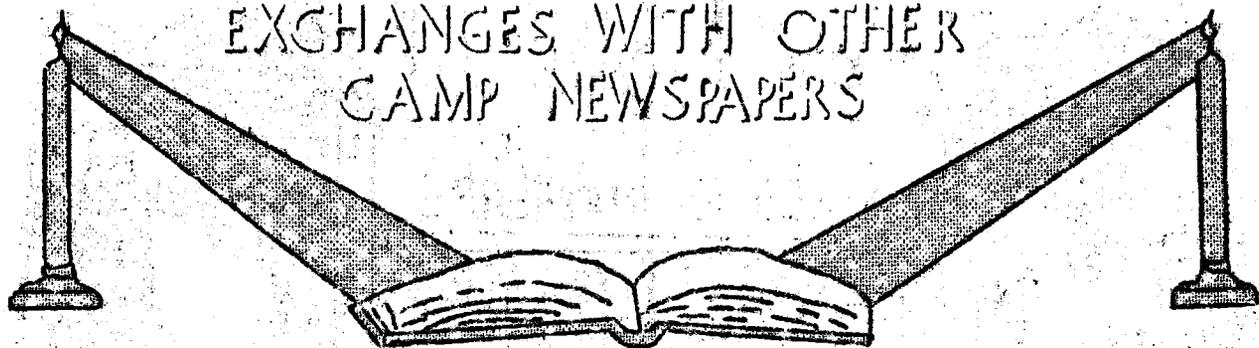
The dimness and the roar increased, spurring the lad to a swifter pace. Then smoke, thick and blinding; sparks falling with intense heat, fell upon our hero and he burst madly through the brush. Blinded by the smoke and sobbing air into his tortured lungs, he plunged and stumbled, ever forcing onward.

Suddenly he stumbled again, pitched forward and tripped in the brush. He struggled to arise; but the flames leaped all around him and engulfed his body as if in glee, in their fiery embrace. Roaring to the tree tops, the flames swirled in lashing lances from the spot where Nimrod lie.

.....The little man unbent from his desk, stretched and pushed his eyeshade to his forehead. Reaching for a fresh sheet of paper, he placed same in his typewriter and the following appeared: Chapter 87 "The Boy From Cherry Lane" by Howdy Dow.

He sent it to The Massore Star

EXCHANGES WITH OTHER CAMP NEWSPAPERS



During the past month many new papers have been received at the office of The Massore Star. We use the following space to comment on them.

THE BUZZ SAW. This paper is printed by the 2908th Company, Nehalem, Oregon. The material is very colorfully presented and shows quite well the work which must be put into this piece. We do not like however the drawings on the pages with material written across them. This is very confusing and difficult to read. The cover is especially well drawn and has something to offer, or should we say food for thought.

THE SIMNASHO POW WOW. One of the finest papers we have read in a long time. The three column effect presents a very fine appearance. The jokes were very well written and strange to say, they were really funny. The fact that that this is another Massachusetts company makes it that much more interesting for us.

THE BAYSTATE. The 2114th Company has long put out a very fine paper but the last edition surprised us all. There were numerous drawings, songs, puzzles, and other bits of newsy information. We hope to receive this paper every issue.

GOPHER ECHOES. This paper is published by the 4765th Co. of Wyeth, Oregon. We especially like the page of items digested from other papers.

We are very sorry to have notice that the Panama Echo is no more. The 1219th Company of Panama, New York broke up last month and thus one of the best paper in the country put out their FINAL. This paper was the first to question the size and quality of the Star. After we had exchanged issues a few times we became quite friendly and it is with deep regret that we learn of our opponent's withdrawal from the CCC journalistic front.

Still keep up with steady improvement, make our paper equal to any in the CCC, and arrange our material in a decent order, seem to be the platforms of the CCC STARS AND STRIPES, which is continuing it's fine work as one of the country's best. We note the improvement which is steadily bringing out the talent on this paper to the peak of CCC fame. Keep up the good work fellows.

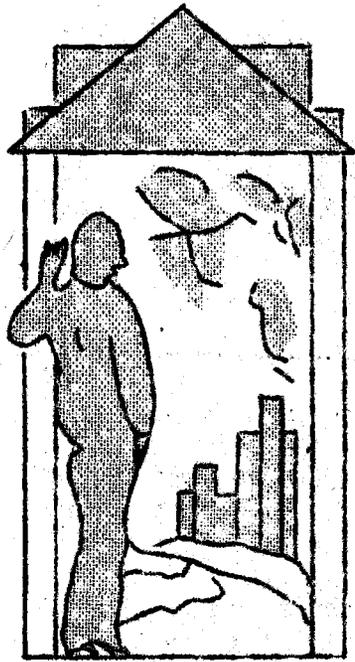
We note that THE NOTOWN REVIEW lost a good man in the person of a former Associate Editor. We know because The Massore Star was the fortunate party who was able to snatch this person and place him on the Editorial Staff of this paper. To the 197th Co. We thank you.

THE BLUEMOUNTAIN ECHO. You have a very nice paper. I like your short newsy articles. I think that your last issue with it's slight change in arrangement has been an outstanding improvement. We like the paper very much and hope we get it regular.

AS I SEE IT

BY

JAMES C. MAGUIRE



FLASH!!
Last week, in Stephen's a cafe in Pendleton, Toohey, Veaudry and Tarte were occupying a booth opposite two women and their

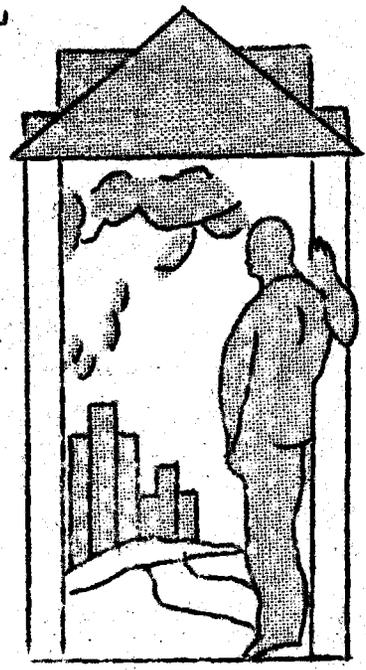
husbands. All concerned were having a fine time as Saturday nighters usually do, and one of the girls kept looking at the C.D. trio and whispering. About a half hour later, Toohey went into the kitchen to talk with the cook, whom he knows, and the young women follow him there.

"I have been looking at you since you came in and I would like to know your name", says one. Harold obliged and said the same person, "Well I am going to kiss you Toohey."

At that moment Tarte walks into the room, and after taking in the situation, rushes over to the pretty young thing and says,

"My name is Tarte, sister" whereupon the charmed one set about poor Tarte with lefts and rights and proceeded to beat him out. (Gee wish I'd been there)

FLASH!! Former members of this company, although working, wish they were back:- Jimmie Shea is now working as a bus-boy in the Hotel Touraine, in Boston, Charlie McMinn is a stock boy in Filene's Department store, Eddie Fitzgerald works in Kresges' Boston Store and plan to land another job soon in Montgomery Ward's Walla Walla, Wash. Store



John Hickey is working in the Ford Plant of Detroit, Michigan.

CURTIN:
"The American League Baseball Season opens the 19th of April with the Philadelphia Athletics playing The Washington Senators."

WILEY HAYES: "It opens the 14th with The Boston Red Sox playing The Holy Cross Team."

When Sherman F. Getchell Jr. heard that the Boston Bees lost two ball games to the Philadelphia Nationals, by the score of 2-1, 1-0, he exclaimed, "If I had been there, I would have pulled out my hair." Deah deah.

Legendre and yours truly are raising "banana men" rabbits. They are all docs. Do you get it? (Dese and docs).

Tucker stopped a mess-kit with his eye. Or was it a mess-kit?...Romeo Legendre's heart-throb Flossie has moved to The Dalles, from Pendleton.

And then there is Uncle Nader who signs all his letters with a P. S. "See me for a haircut."

The camp seems to be going high hat with Perry and Armstrong smoking Phillip Morris.

ONE DOLLAR FOR YOUR SHORT STORY!

SEES-KNOWS-TELLS ALL!!

PROKUP: "You're the only girl that I have ever loved."
GAL: "That's all right. I don't mind beginners."

DUANE: "How many times are you an Uncle?"

GRANT: "Take it easy. I'm not even a father yet."

Can Mike Nader really sing or is it the bird seed they feed him down there in Pendleton?

With Mother O'Neil and his new suit, he ought to make real hit in Pendleton with a certain red-head.

What seems to be the great attraction that has kept DeFreytas down town these week-ends? Tell us about it "D".

All the boys in Barracks two are wondering when "Ziggy" Podlozny is going to start his "lonely hearts club." You had better get going Paddy boy if you want to get all those pretty letters.

Is it a red-head or a blonde who draws Al Waldon to the dance halls in Pendleton?

Our two romeos Sherman Getchell and Ernie Armstrong seem to think that Pendleton is too slow for them, so they have decided to make weekly trips to Walla Walla.

Aunty Cox is as happy as a kid with a new toy since he has achieved his ambition to become a truck driver. Well we wish him plenty of luck in his new field.

"Double Clutch" Duane has been seen riding down to Gibbon trying for something no one can figure out. What's the story Duane?

Alexander Chabot another Casanova from the east is trying to learn the Oregon Hop from reliable sources. We hope that he will succeed for the Girl's sake.

Who always takes side glances at himself in the wash-room mirror?

And now fellows we have the "milk shako king of Barracks three.

What sees to be the matter with Dycyan lately He seems to suffering from "high blonde pressure.

Dycyan ran in to our illustrious editor to report a story on how he had given Getchell and Nader a bum steer as to a dance to be held in town. He didn't realize he had given the correct date and that the fellows had a swell time. Is his face red now?

It is very gratifying to us all to see the extent to which our educational department has encouraged and is accomplishing its purpose, EDUCATION.

Word has been received that new athletic equipment will soon be purchased for our coming season. I hope that proper appreciation and care will be shown with it.



THE MASSORE STAR PRESENTS

YOUR PARADE

WHAT WILL I TELL MY HEART

I'll try to explain to friends dear.
The reason we two are apart.
I know what to tell our friends dear.
But what will I tell my heart?
It's easy to say to strangers,
That we played a game from the start.
It's easy to lie to strangers,
But What Will I tell my heart?
When I smile to hide,
All the tears inside.
What an ache it will bring.
Then I'll wander home,
To a telephone,
That forgot how to ring.
I could say that you'll be back Dear.
To fool the whole town would be smart.
I'll tell them you'll soon be back dear.
But what will I tell my Heart?

MOONLIGHT AND SHADOWS

Moon-light and Shadows,
And you in my arms.
And a melody in a bamboo tree,
My sweet.
Even in shadows,
I feel no alarms,
While you hold me tight,
In the jungle night, My sweet.
Close to my heart,
you always will be.
Never never never to part from me.
Moon-light and Shadows,
And you in my arms, I belong to you.
You belong to me. My sweet.

SWEET IS THE WORD FOR YOU

Sweet you in the moon-light.
Sweet is the word for you,
For all that you have done for me.
The one for me is you.
Sweet you in the starlight.
Sweet is the word for you.

But all the stars that glow above
Seem to know of my love for you.
Because of you the wind is wine
tonight.
My heart sings with every beat.
Are you a dream here in the
moon-light?
Sweet is the word for you.
And yet you seem divine tonight.
Your mine tonight. My sweet.

TOO MARVELOUS FOR WORDS

You're just too marvelous,
Too marvelous for words
Like glorious, glamorous, and
that old standby, amorous.
It's all too wonderful,
I'll never find the words,
That say enough, tell enough,
I mean they just aren't swell
enough.
You're much to much
And just to very very,
To ever be in Webster's
Dictionary.
And so I'm borrowing a love
song from the birds.
To tell you that you're marvel-
ous. To marvelous for words.

WHEN THE POPPIES BLOOM AGAIN

When the poppies bloom again.
I'll remember you,
There beside the river Seine,
Where we kissed adieu.
When you told me not to cry,
Held me tenderly,
But that kiss was our good-by,
You were gone from me.
My lonely footsteps stray,
Where you must ever stay,
I place a sweet bouquet,
My token of love,
Darling till we meet again,
I'll be ever true.
When the poppies bloom again,
I'll remember you.

THE SONGS YOU LIKE TO SING

IN THE PAPER YOU LIKE TO READ



BARRACKS

THE ONE

LOVE NEST

STANLEY KASMAK



SYLVIA: "Quick, I want some gun-powder, some T.N.T., some dynamite."

SWEENEY: "Why Sylvia, what in the world do you want with that stuff?"

SYLVIA: "I want to blow up a football." (joke)

LETTER

Says Hawkins:

"I writes to my dad from Oregon. No mon, no fun, your son. My old man writes back and says, How sad, too bad, your dad."

POEM

It's easy to look pleasant,
When you are feeling chip.
But the girl worth while,
Is the one that can smile,
With a cold sore on her lip.

APPLE

Jacob wants to know: "Why did Adam bite the apple that Eve gave him?"

Our friend Cox was standing in a fog, when along came the captain and asked: "What are you doing?" Said Cox: "I'm imitating a man on an elevator."

IT HAPPENED ONE DAY

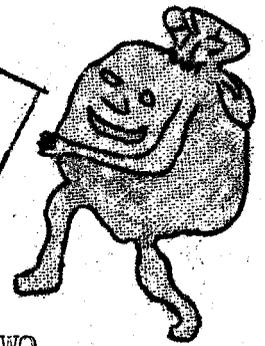
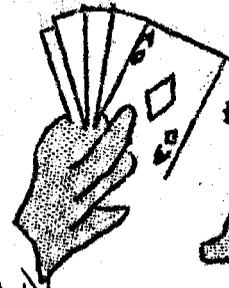
It is told that on a certain day at a certain camp, the Captain and the Supply Sergeant were driving to town. The sergeant insisted on addressing the Captain formally as "Captain." This irritated the good man and he became very tired of it. Turning to the sergeant, he said, "Let's cut out the formality and address each other by our nick-

names. Mine is G.S. What's yours?" The new sergeant grinned and looked rather queerly at his companion, then replied. "That's O.K. by me, G.S., They call me Captain!"

COX: "When I tell them, they stay told. You all heard me tell that man Dycyan over there didn't you? Boy, I sure told that man a couple of earfuls, and he has big ears too. Yes sir, that's me all over. What I feel like telling, I tell. No hesitation about me. No matter how big, or how tough they are, I tell them. There is nothing backward about this baby. All I have to have is their telephone numbers and I call them up. Then I tell them. You know it isn't everyone who has ideas like that. My ideas are like a dozen eggs. Some are good and some are not so good. Last summer I got a fool idea that wasn't any good at all. I wanted to get married. I got married and I ain't had no use for that idea ever since. Then I got another one. This time to join Uncle Sam's CCC, and now I can't seem to get the idea to go back home again. I don't even know how long I signed over for, but Oh Boy, when I get back home, I'm sure going to quit getting ideas, for some time to come. If brains were money, who would be broke all the time. Your guess fellows!



POP'S PALACE



BARRACKS

CHARLES DORMAN

TWO

To open my column this month, I'll steal a phrase from Phil Harris, popular West coast swing maestro. Here 'tis.-- "It's swell to be important but it's far more important to be swell."

Now that those little bits of wisdom have sneaked in, on with the flash flashes!

Among the new men in our lil boudoir, I see a couple of boys who stand a fair chance of obtaining the title of "Pecker Head Twins."

Pat O'Malley has been warning the boys that some day he will get up at 6:00 in the morning. I guess he'll have to arrange it with "Buttsie."

Being in this outfit for eight-
een month, we wonder how this one ever sneaked by our ever open ear. "A certain man about town is now matriculating at Oregon State College." Can you imagine that for potatoes?

Our latest Lockinvar has his admirers coming after him. What book did you learn your technique from, Frank?

Sherman Getchell and Joe Barnes have been battling it out on the pool table for quite some time. I think Joe is about thirty cents ahead of our young Horatio Alger hero and does this bring pangs of remorse to Shermie?

Our "Scondrel Mounger" Pat Rapoza has come into his own since Jodery left us.

Cabbage, our banana special can, and does, haunt to his heart's content and he has no competition.

There should be a geography class for Waldon and Danylin, the boys who like to hear about Minnesota. Any info. would be greatly appreciated.

There is a gentleman in our mansion who seems to be lost.

The squawking, squealing, and other discordant noises from the south end of the barracks is Slugger Bombard trying to get a station on his "hand me down" radio.

Thislte and Toohcy have designs on the pool prizes, but they over-rate themselves. me-thinks.

There is a young man in the barracks who used to spend a lot of his time in the rodeo city, but he has been eating his week-end meals in camp, of late.

Barracks Two issues a volley-ball challenge to any six players in camp.

VEAUDRY: "Where are all the old cuspidors?"

SCOTTY: "I throw them away."

VEAUDRY: "Gosh. I'm going to miss them."

SCOTTY: "Well, you always did."

We'll rehearse that again said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.



DUDE RANCH

JOHN O TUCKER



Duke Milliard has been seen walking up the Squaw Creek Road, quite often lately. What's the story Duke?

On April 9th, seventeen new men decided to stop

at the Dude Ranch. So far they have enjoyed their stay.

Kid Harrington, the great horseman decided to take a ride last Sunday. He rode ten feet then got off as white as a sheet. Oh. Can't take it eh?

Mickey Shute claims to be the handsome strong man of The Dude Ranch because he is the Blacksmith's helper. Little man, what next?

Every person has his own desires and and it seems as though Ralph Nehl showed his extra well, when he appeared before the company the other night dressed to kill in a uniform, including the Sun tan of the Army and the light green of the S.C.S. Very pretty Ralph. But why have you stopped wearing this apparel?

And fellows, was Bronnie Kersanske luck in winning the carton of cigarettes? Yes he was with all his stooges helping him on his truck. This is what might be termed Stodge cooperation

And then there was "Sweed" Larsen who has given up his love for horses to better himself with

an SCS truck. What next Sweed?

Clement, "Clemmy" O'Toole, "Pope of England" is just one of the blooming Irish in the Stalien section of East Boston.

Major Bowes once called this place the garden spot of America. What a mistake he must have made. What no airport?

Why is it that Uncle Mike Nader just loves to walk dreamily around the Pendleton Sanitorium? I wonder if he ever thinks he will dwell there or whether he is in love with one of the patients.

CHARACTERIZING SHOWS.

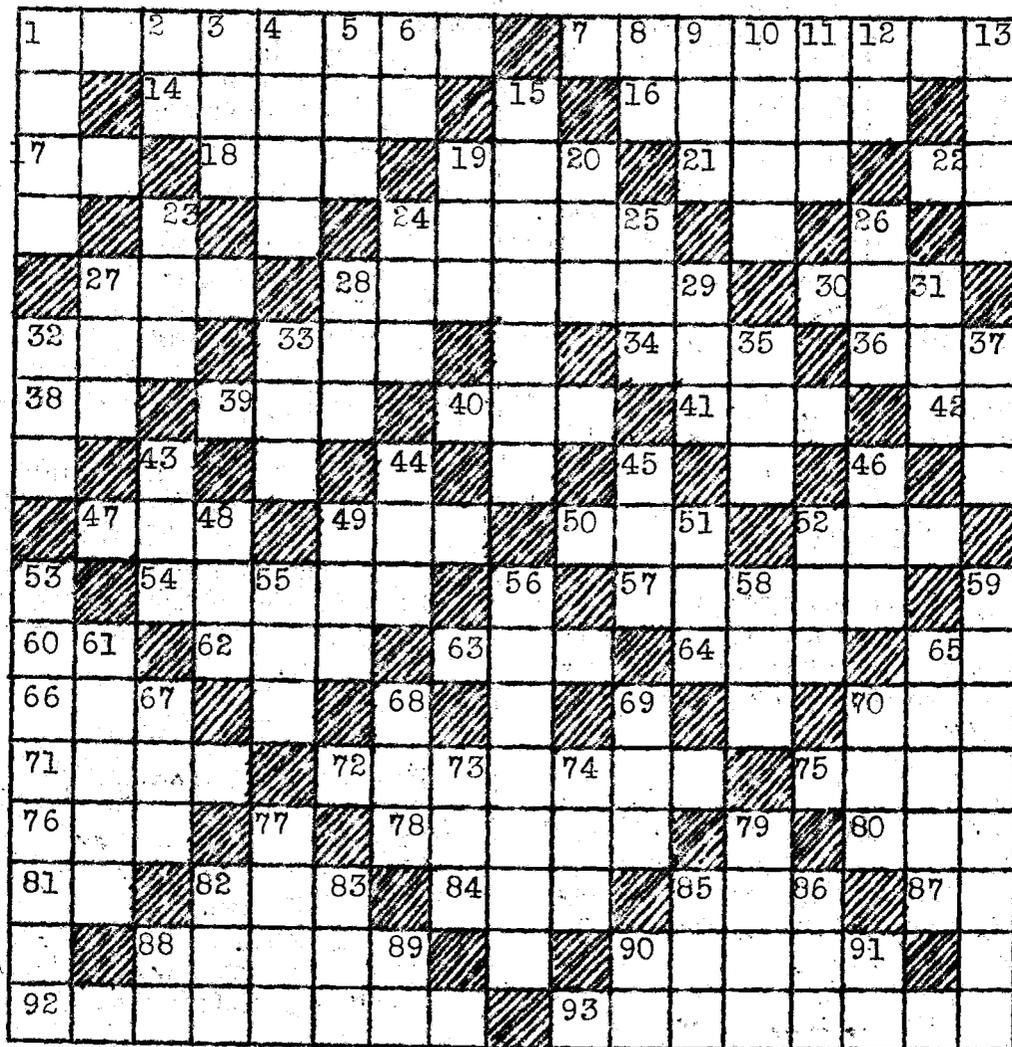
- "The Thin Man...Mike Nader.
- "After The Thin Man"...Alleta.
- "Love on the Run"...Al Dubois.
- "Love is News"...Tom Cox.
- "Three Men on a Horse"...
- Sixty, Salmonti, and "Mac."
- "Born to Dance...Pauly.
- "God's Country and The Women. Joe Hector.
- "Banjo On My Knee...Soares.
- "Small Town Girls...Pendletonians.

I like you. You can chew my gum until noon, said the pretty Pendleton thing to the CCC boy.

Seen about town. Mike Nader stealing the title of "The kid in the Corner." Dycyan with a new flame.

THE MASSORE STAR

DRAWN AND ARRANGED BY
JOHN F. DEFREYTAGS



ACROSS

1. To make progressive.
7. Affrays.
14. Girl's name.
16. Secures.
17. Sun God.
18. A suffix.
19. An explosive.

DOWN

1. Stab.
2. Paid public notice.
3. Female antelope.
4. Vases.
5. An islet.
6. Transportation service (abbr)
8. Preposition.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

DOWN

21. A school of seals.
22. Exclamation.
24. River in Texas.
27. Electrified particle.
28. Signified.
30. Sesame.
32. A blackbird.
33. File.
34. Rock's cry.
36. Through.
38. Week (abbr.)
39. A tree.
40. Feudal Benefice.
41. Affirmative.
42. To depart.
47. A coxcomb.
49. Consume.
50. Err.
52. Frosting.
54. To hazard.
57. To ballast.
60. Printer's measure.
62. Salt.
63. Marry.
64. A hat.
65. Conjunction.
66. Vigor.
70. Pronoun.
71. Case for toilet articles.
72. Place for canning.
75. Kola nut.
76. A color.
78. Vaunt.
80. Jewel.
81. Noun suffix.
82. Wing.
84. Compass point.
85. Western Indian.
87. Again--Prefix.
88. Adhere.
90. To trim.
92. A turtle.
93. To set off.

9. Short fibers.
10. Noun suffix.
11. Antiquity.
12. Steamship. (Abbr.)
13. A prop.
15. Disclose.
19. A number.
20. To total.
23. Hawaiian food.
24. Church bench.
25. Dry.
26. Part of the body.
27. Writing fluid.
28. Beetle.
29. Twenty four hours.
31. A limb.
32. Terror.
33. A cut of meat.
35. Tumor.
37. Fabulous.
43. Part of flax.
44. Sailor.
45. Droop.
46. Playing card.
48. Dance Step.
49. An eelworm.
51. Negative.
52. Doctrine.
53. Profoundly respectful.
55. A fish.
56. Banner.
58. Man's name.
59. Equipment for hostile action
61. Sodium nitrate.
65. One who lubricates.
67. Earth and water.
68. A vehicle.
69. Aptitude.
70. A swine.
73. Negative prefix.
74. Noun prefix.
77. Potpourri.
79. So be it.
82. High in pitch.
83. A blackbird.
85. A closed vessel.

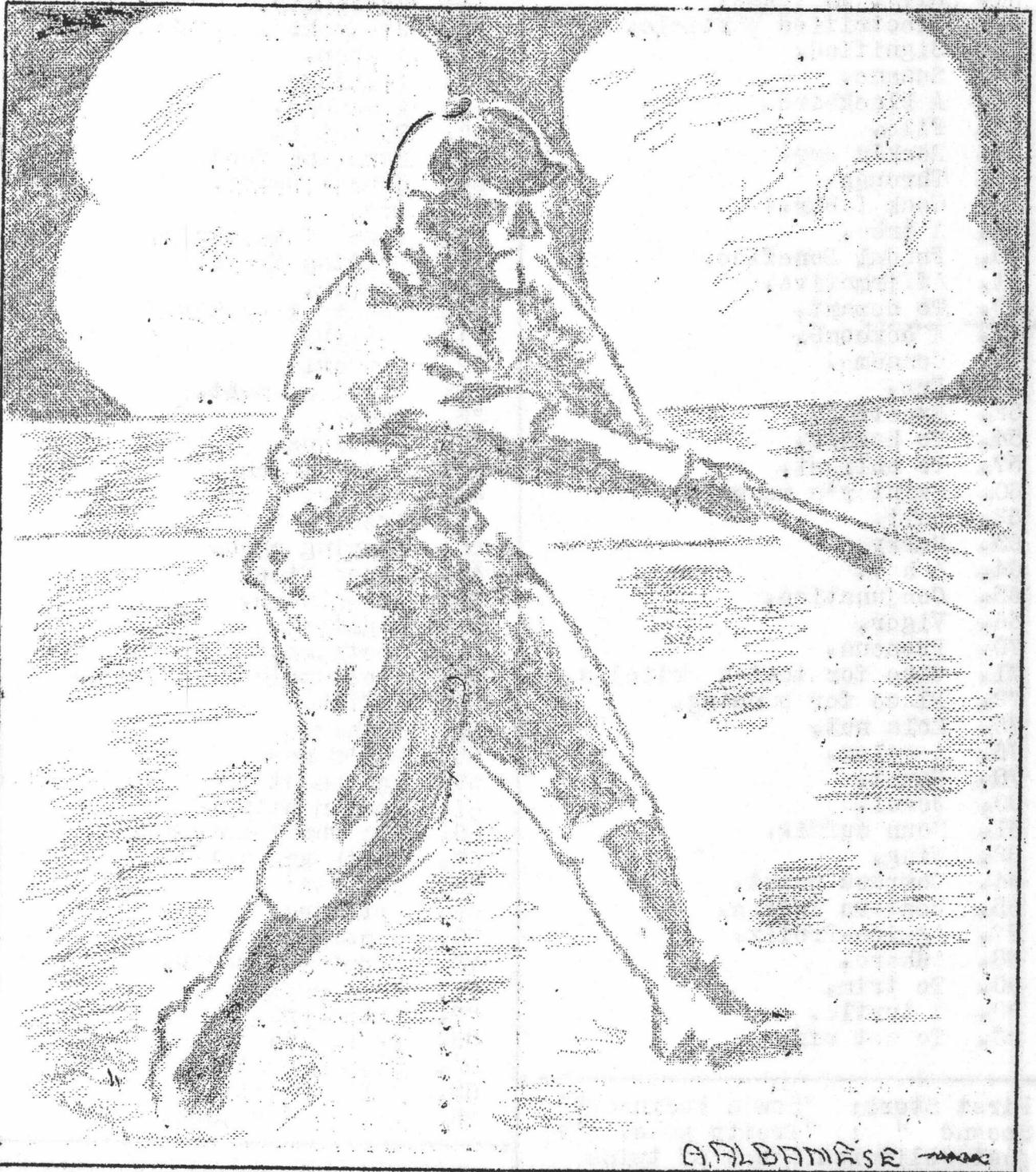
First Stork: "How's business?"
 Second " " : "Pretty good. I've
 just delivered a set of twins
 down the street."

First Stork: "Mine's not so good
 but I just gave those stenograph-

ers an awful scare.

SHORT STORIES ARE WORTH ONE
 DOLLAR IF GOOD ENOUGH FOR PRINT!

THE MASSORE STAR



SPORTS

BY EDWIN B DUANE



SOFTBALL LEAGUE TO START MAY 15th

A Camp Squaw Creek team has been entered in the Pendleton Softball League, which opens May 15th at the Roundup grounds in Pendleton.

The league is composed of ten teams, nine teams sponsored by Pendleton organizations, and the camp team. The games will be played in the evening, under lights, as they were last year.

Veterans from last year who are available are:- Paul Kostechka, 3rd base; Skippy Scaloso, 2nd base; Hector Girouard, catcher; Vince Sweeney, LF; Don Foley, CF; Barney Curtin, RF.

Inter-crow games will be started soon in camp, to find suitable material to replace last year's pitcher Clare Pearson, first baseman Bruno Dorman, now playing for the Pendleton Bucks; and Dusty Gomes and Red Flavin, roving short and short stop. Competition for these positions should be keen as well as for positions now held by the veterans because of the interest shown in the softball team.

It will be a tougher league this year than last, because every team entered is out to win, and not just out for exercise as they were last year. But that fighting Squaw Creek spirit should keep us right in the fight and we'll make it interesting for them

TOURNAMENTS TO BE HELD SOON COMPANY 2112 REPRESENTED.

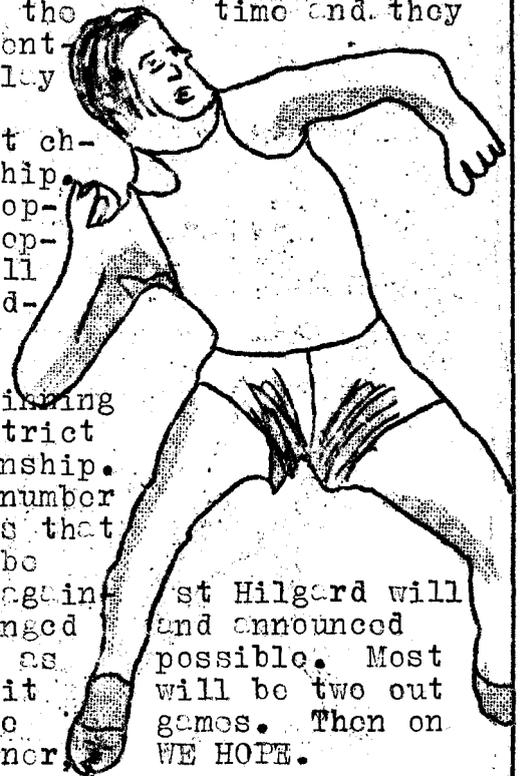
District tournaments in baseball, softball, and volleyball, will be sponsored during the summer months. These tournaments will be sponsored by Headquarters Vancouver Barracks, Washington.

The district is divided into eight leagues with Squaw Creek represented in league C. This comprises the companies of Stanfield, Heppner, Hilgard, and Squaw Creek. Camp Squaw Creek will meet Camp Hilgard in a series of games consisting of volleyball, baseball, and softball. The winner of these various games will advance and play the winner of the Stanfield and Heppner series.

Thus it will be an elimination contest with the winners advancing all the time and they will eventually play for the district championship.

Appropriate trophies will be awarded to the company winning the district championship.

The number of games that are to be played against Camp Hilgard will be arranged and announced as soon as possible. Most likely it will be two out of three games. Then on to Heppner. WE HOPE.



TOPICS

EDWIN B. DUANE

Sports Reporter

PEND. BUCKS BEAT LEWISTON INDIANS

Pendleton, Ore., April 18, 1937
SCPA. The hustling buckaroos of Pendleton laughed in the face of the Lewiston Indians today with a ragged game, the first of the season with a score of 9-5. Bruno Dorman and Bob Flynn, baseball stars of 2112 are members of the buckaroos. The Bucks played a rather rough game, making almost as many errors as the score. There were many rough spots of course but the Bucaroos looked remarkably good against a team which is rated so much higher.

POOL AND PING PONG TOURNAMENTS TO GET UNDER WAY REAL SOON

Prizes are to be offered in both a ping pong and pool tournament, starting about the first of May. Those who wish to enter the competition should submit their names nito the Educational dept. as ~~as~~ soon as possible. Last year's ping pong winner, in the person of Barney Curtin, is out to retain his achievement.

NEW VOLLEY BALL COURT IS ERECTED

A new volley ball court has been erected with the efforts of some of the men, last Saturday morning. In place of the old court, will be placed

four horseshoe courts. This will allow for the necessary room for all those who wish to play this game.

Speaking of volley ball, Mr. C. H. Hatton, Project Supt, of the SCS, Athena projects, has been a coach in this sport in the past and we learn, that he has had very successful teams. There is no reason why Mr. Hatton should not be invited to coach the camp team which will enter into the inter-camp league.

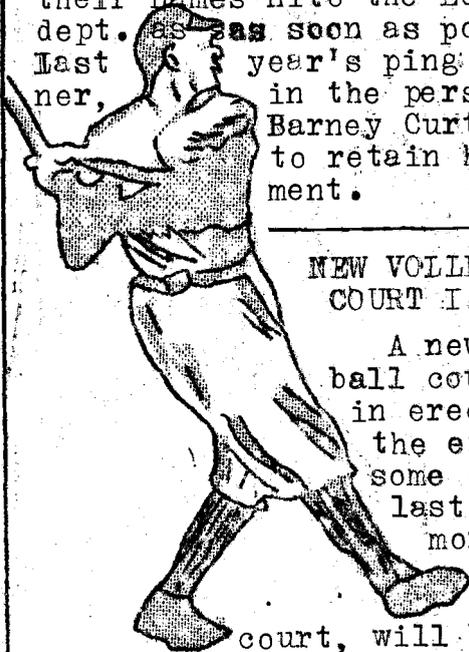
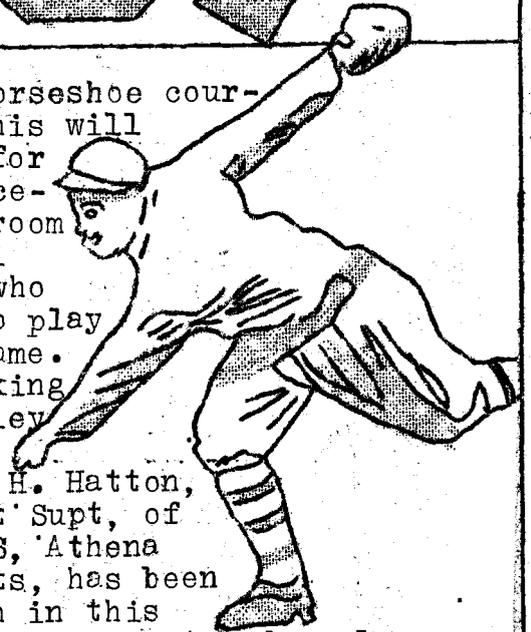
BASE BALL SPIRIT PREVAILS. TEAM TO BE PICKED SOON.

Inclement weather has placed the Camp Squaw Creek Baseball team in a rather awkward position. Last Saturday was the first real fine day we have had this spring and with the ground fairly dry, forty members of the camp were seen over on the field putting it into playing condition.

Dirt was hauled and the plane leveled off. The spirit of cooperation plainly shows that we will have a fine team when we get started.

Many of the new men have already been sized up by coach Shepard as worthy material for players. These together with our veterans will add greatly to the successful baseball season of Camp Squaw Creek.

Amon



THE GIRL FROM A LOVE STORY BY HAPPY VALLEY HERMAN M. WOLCOTT

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- Continued from April Issue -

All during this time Nell's heart was sore. She knew she loved Frank, and she often wondered if he thought of her - if he still loved her as he said he would.

On this bright sunny morning a car slid up the driveway and stopped at the main entrance. Edna Clarke got out and at once made her way to the desk and inquired for Nell.

"Miss Carnos is on duty on the second floor," the clerk informed her.

Edna made her way up to the second floor, and, just as she turned from the stairs, Nell, dressed in nurses' uniform, emerged from one of the rooms.

"My, how lovely you look, Nell," Edna said.

Nell saw at once that Edna was being friendly with her.

"Well, Edna, what brings you to the hospital? I hope nothing serious has happened?"

"No, little girl, I am the carrier of the best news that ever was printed."

"Is -- is Frank all right?" Nell stammered.

"Yes, you can rest assured he is that, if he doesn't drop dead after what I told him just before I left. No, Nell, I want you to come out to the farm with me today. You must, you cannot refuse. It's absolutely necessary, and you are to leave that uniform here. You are not wanted in a professional way."

"Why, Edna, I can't leave my patients, besides my day off was only yesterday."

"I don't care when your day off was. You are coming if I have to tip this hospital over. No excuses will be accepted."

"Edna, I tell you I can't."

"Nell, when that old bus leaves that driveway down there, you're going to be sitting in the front seat with me, and I'll wager anything I possess on it."

"Really, I don't see how I can."

"Will you leave that to me, Nell? Will you come if Dr. Moore says it's O.K.?"

"Why, Edna, you are so positive about it all, it seems something very important is pending. Tell me what it is, and then I'll say what I'll do."

"Not on your life, will I tell you - not for love nor money. No, Nell, this little surprise is all yours, and I want you to have it all to yourself. I'm doing this for you because - well, because - I love you, that's all."

"Come with me."

They went down the hall to Dr. Moore's office. Edna knocked and a hearty "Come in" greeted them.

"Why, why, Edna, my little girl, I haven't seen you for a long time. My, what a girl you are, and lovely, my goodness. What bring you here?", asked Dr. Moore.

"Will you come outside with me for about a minute. I've something very important to tell you and it can't wait."

"Why, surely, just come into my consulting room. Nell, you just sit down and wait, this seems to be very important."

Edna and the Doctor went into the consulting room and closed the door.

Edna began - Doctor, do you remember the young man who worked for my father this summer?

"Why, come to think of it, I believe I do. Why?"

"Well, he's Nell's brother, only neither he nor she knows it. I've oodles of proof. I came to ask if Nell could go with me to the ranch today and meet him. You see, he loves her and she loves him but the funny part of it is that they don't know they are brother and sister. He's been making love to his half-sister all the time and didn't know it. Now, can she get off?"

"Nell can have all the time off she cares to take", the Doctor said kindly. She's one of the best nurses I've ever worked with. Of course, she has a lot to learn yet, but when she does, she'll be hard to beat."

"Well, then, will you go out and tell her she is to take some time off?"

"That I will, and gladly." Dr. Moore went out into his office and said, "Nell, I've decided to dispense with your services for a few days. I want you to go out to the Clarke place with Edna this morning and stay until I call for you. I'll call personally in my own car. Your salary will continue just as though you were here on duty. That will be all - you may go now."

"Nell," he called before she had closed the door, "Be a good girl and have a good time. Forget this place while you are out there and enjoy it all you can because I may call for you unexpectedly."

Out in the hall Nell met Edna and said, "Edna, I don't know what to think about all this."

"Listen to me - stop thinking when you don't know what to think about. Let me do the thinking. I'm running this show, and when it gets too much for me, I'll turn it over to you. Now, let's go to your room and take off that uniform and get going."

They arrived at the Clarke place just before dinner.

Bill was beside himself with joy when he found out Nell and Frank were really brother and sister. He proved to Frank such was the case shortly after Edna started to town. Bill had been working for sometime to find out who Frank really was. He had felt something was working around to a climax, as he called it, for a long time, so he set out to find out about it. The birth certificates and the adoption papers plainly showed that Nellie Ann Arden and Franklin Ernest Arden were half brother and sister. Bill told Frank he was to take Nell in his arms and kiss her all he pleased whether she liked it or not. If you love her as you say you do you'd better make up for lost time.

On the way out to the place Nell had tried hard to get Edna to tell her what was awaiting her at the farm.

"Well, there'll be one thing, I can assure you, and that will be Frank greeting you with open arms. You'd better fall into them too, for if you don't, I will. Now, does that sound interesting?"

"Frankly, Edna, I've had Frank's arms around me before and the way I feel now I'd just as soon have them around me again."

"If you don't get squeezed when we get home, I miss my guess."

They arrived at the beautiful old farm home just as Frank came out the front door. He did not wait to close the door but raced toward the gate, jumped over it and came to the side of the car. He opened the car door and took hold of Nell by the arm. He did not speak to her but pulled her out of the car into his arms. He kissed the rosy lips just as they were meant for him. She kissed him and leaned back to gaze again into the handsome young face.

"Frank, you do love me, after all, don't you?"

"Yes, I love you and you are in a position now so I can love you all I want to and you have no comeback. Now, what do you think of that? I can love you any time on any place I want to and no one can say anything about it."

"Well, I don't care how much you love me, I need a lot of love after what has just happened to me."

"Hey, break away there and come on in! If you kids want to love each other, you can do it in here for all we care." This from Bill Clark. "Now, come on."

They went inside.

"Now, children", said Bill, "I've a duty to perform. It's a duty I had hoped to be able to take care of before this, but, owing to certain circumstances, it seemed impossible. But, now I present you two young scamps some papers I think are of interest to you both."

Bill gave Frank the papers, which were the birth certificates of both of them and the adoption papers of Nell. Nell came to Frank's side and as he put his arm around her they read the papers together. Nell was speechless - she wanted to cry - she wanted to shout - she wanted to do a lot of things she couldn't do.

"Oh, Frank, is it true?" she asked.

"If those papers are not forgeries, it's true. But that seal makes these papers originals."

"Yes, little sweetheart, it's true," Frank agreed.

"And since when am I your 'little Sweetheart', when I'm your sister, Frank!"

"Any time that I can't call you my little sweetheart I'll let you know - sister or no sister. You may be my sister

but you can't keep me from calling you what I like best."

"My Goodness, a fightin' a'ready!" Bill interposed. "Kids will have their spats though, even if they are friendly. You kids can fight it out after dinner, as I have declared a holiday for the rest of the day."

Edna, Fay, Mary and Mrs. Clarke had witnessed the reunion of these two with tears in their eyes. Now Mrs. Clarke went to Frank's side and took both in her arms and embraced them. "You are now my children, and I'm not going to let either of you out of my sight. I've always loved you, Nell, and I have learned to love Frank equally well this summer. Now, let's eat dinner. Com'on, Nell, you and Frank." It was a happy day for all.

The next day Fay was to enter her training period at the hospital, so Fay, Nell, Frank and Edna all motored to the hospital. Dr. Moore was surprised to see Nell so soon, and told her Fay was to take her place for awhile, that she was to go back to the farm with Edna and Frank.

They bade farewell to Fay and left the hospital. Edna put Nell and Frank in the back seat together. She knew Frank loved Nell just the same, even if she was his half sister.

Nell was happy. She was enjoying the ride through the cool October day.

"Isn't this lovely?" she asked. "I love the Fall the best of the year, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, but, say, little girl, how are we going to have a Harvest wedding? We can't get married now."

"Why, Frank, I never thought of that. We can't get married, can we? I'll tell you, we can play we are married and have a lot of fun till Dr. Moore calls for me. That's what we'll do."

"And say, Frank," she continued, "don't you know that Fay is a sweet little girl? Don't you love her?"

"I may love her," Frank answered, "but she told me she didn't want to fall in love with me, that when she got to work in the hospital she was going to put her heart into her work and wouldn't have time for me."

"Don't be silly, Frank, Fay was only stuffing you."

"No," he argued, "she wasn't. She told me flatly she did not want any one to

love her, least of any one me."

"My boy, you just wait. I know a girl's mind better than you do. Fay will love you if you give her a chance. She loved you the first time she saw you. Why you two stood holding hands the day of the celebration because I saw you. And I saw Fay put out her hand to you and draw you to her at the dance that night. Oh, Frank, you're funny. Fay loves you, all right. But let me warn you, don't rush her - let her alone and she'll come to you when she gets ready. She'll take her time about it, but she will give you the chance you want some day."

"Fay came home the following weekend. She had worked hard at the hospital and had done more work than she should have. She had been called out at all times of the night caring for the sick. But she seemed to like it and was going back Monday morning as Dr. Moore was calling for Nell to come back to work also.

Saturday night they all gathered into the big living room and Mother Clarke made some candy for them. They popped corn over live coals in the fireplace, and had a merry time together.

Frank noticed Fay was more or less quiet and didn't join in the fun so much, so he went over to her and took her hand. He spoke low and asked her to come sit in front of the fire with him. She did not refuse as he had expected, so he sat her down on the floor and gave her a corn-popper. He then slipped between her and Nell, these two girls who were the loveliest creatures he'd ever known.

Nell turned to him, "Say, Frank, what are you going to do this winter?"

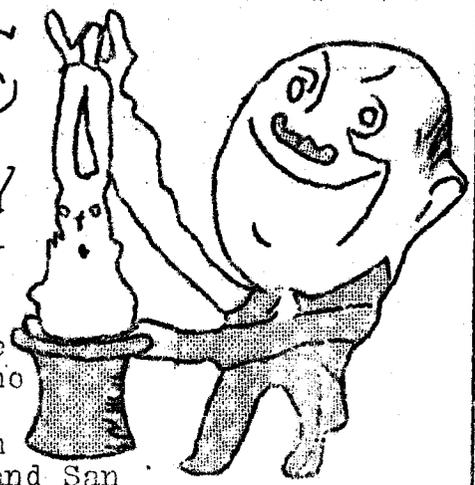
"Now, Nell," Bill interrupted, "you just don't worry about my son. If there is any worrying to be done about him, I'll do it. You look after Nell and I'll look after Frank. We have decided to adopt Frank, as we have no son of our own. You see, he belongs to us anyhow as I discovered him first, so I figure he's mine and let it go at that."

"Oh, that's lovely," Nell agreed, "but you can have him on only one condition - that I be allowed to see him once in a while myself."



SLASHES

WALTER R. BRANTLEY



The interchange of compliments between Mayor La Guardia of New York and the German Press sounds suspiciously familiar like what's been going on between "Night Guard Lorgeree" and us for some months. Especially when the said night night guard starts splittng kindling about three A. M. We knew sooner or later some of the National and International big shots would learn the CCC language.

The fellow who bought the second hand car, said every thing about it made a noise but the horn

Some of the ladies who can keep a hat hanging edgewise on their head without visible means of support, must be endowed with large ears.

"Mike Nader", the demon barber appeared wearing a new tie, a few days ago, the same running the gamut of colors from the gold of dawn to the blue of twilight. It wasn't the bright colors which attracted Mike, but the general utility of the tie. There is a stripe on this tie of pretty near every kind of desert from strawberry to prunes and watermelons, so Mike's worries have been reduced to a minimum, when attending banquets.

If the ting baby, who has been kept alive on a spoon-ful and a half of whisky had been born in Oregon, we wonder what method of procedure it would have had to go through to get it's permit from the state store.

The midnight oil is now burned in the fliver instead of the lamp.

Our geuss is that the fellow who took the dive from the Oakland San Francisco Bridge, did it for divers reasons.

Just another indication of the extreme versatility of our local weather, was given yesterday when we had snow, hail, and sunshine through a chilly Oregon breeze that made it feel more like February than April.

It seems some of those we have talked to about camp would like to see a sit-down strike in Henry Ford's plant, not because they like to see sit-down strikes or are in favor of them, but merely to see what Henry would do about it. We call that a high type of curiosity, but in our humble opinion, the effective sit-down strike is the one that would shut off the gasoline supply. The entire nation then would be sitting down from Maine to California.

A few around camp were optimistic enough one morning this month to announce the few rays of sunshine which we were lucky enough to receive, was a sure indication that spring was here. However Licut. Mehe seems to be the only optimistic enough to mow the lawns.

Is Supt. Herb Sauter burned up and was he easy! He sold his Oldsmobile coupe for 700 dollars, when he could have got 800 from Dr. Johnson. What's a 100 dollars?



HUMOR

By
LEONARD F. MEUSE



DUBE: "How many men down in that ditch?"

VOICE: "Threè."

DUBE: "Well, half of you come out." Smarten up Dube.

SPRIG! SPRIG!
With a nasal accent.

I hab a code a you cod see,
I'll tell you how I god it.
A friend toad me, that sprig had
comb.

He said he'd seed a "Robid."

I took off my log underwesr.
And put on my thid shorties.
I took off my big overcod,
While the temperature still
red fordy.

Dowd I went dowd into towd,
Widoud my winder loggies,
I shibbered, shook and shibbered
much
Because I missed my loggies.

Ad now I hab ad awful code.
Nothing sees to stob it.
Nod I surse the friend that sed,
He had seed a robid

Mr. CARLYLE: "If there are forty eight states in the union, and super heated steam equals the distance from Bombay to Paris, what is my age?"

GARRITY: "Forty four, sir."

MR. CARLYLE: "Correct and how did you prove that?"

GARRITY: "Well I have a brother who is 22 and he is only half nuts."

CCC Toast:- Here's to the land we love and voce-versa.

A shoulder strap is that which keeps an attraction from becoming a sensation.

Then there was the mechanical engineer who wanted to take his nose apart to see what made it run.

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC

He was teaching her arithmetic,
He said it was his mission.
He kissed her once.
He kissed her twice,
And said, "Now that's addition."

As he added smack by smack,
In silent satisfaction.
She timidly gave him one back,
And said, "Now that's subtraction."

Then he kissed her and she kissed him.

Without an explanation,
And they both together said,
"Now that's multiplication."
But dad appeared upon the scene,
And snorted in derision.
And kicked poor him three blocks away,

And said, "That's long division."
Stanfield Echo.

CCC Boy: "Please give me change for a dime."

DRUGGEST: "Here it is. I hope you enjoy the sermon."

Guest to host in new home: "How do you find it here?"

Host: "Walk right upstairs, then two doors to the right."

The new recruit passed an officer without saluting. "Here my man", called the officer. "Do you see this uniform?"

Recruit: "Yes sir, and just see this thing they gave me."

Caught on a park bench oh, What are you names?

Ben Pettin.

Arne Howe.

THE MASSORE STAR

The following bit of poetry was written by Miss Irehe Critchlow, of Pendleton, Oregon, after having visited this camp on "Open House Day."

The fine thought written here and the spirit which it portrays, merit this work a separate page. Miss Critchlow, The Massore Star salutes you!

TO THE BOYS OF CAMP SQUAW CREEK 2112

There's a camp tucked away in the mountains,
Where the C.C.C. boys reign;
They all seem to be as happy as kings,
And content in this splendid domain.

There is all kinds of fine recreation,
To be found in this beautiful place;
And the stranger will find a warm welcome,
Reflected in each shining face.

Everyone is so charming and friendly,
That I felt right at home from the start;
And I found myself really reluctant,
To leave when 'twas time to depart.

Now boys of Camp Squaw Creek, I'm sending,
Best wishes to each one of you;
And hope you'll be favored by fortune,
With success in whatever you do.

May you never know suffering or sorrow,
As into life's secrets you delve.
My prayer is, "God bless you and keep you."
Dear Twenty One Hundred and Twelve.

IREHE CRITCHLOW

