Camp Personnel

Army

Capt. W. L. Hamill ............... Commanding Officer
1st Lt. W. T. Cathcart .......... Junior Officer
Dr. Nathan Jacobs ............... Camp Surgeon
Mr. Roland B. Andrews ............ Educational Adviser

Forestry

Mr. V. L. Armstrong ............... Project Superintendent
Mr. Kenniston ................... Safety Engineer
Mr. Savage....................... General Foreman
Mr. Files......................... General Foreman
Mr. Percival...................... General Foreman
Mr. Swift......................... General Foreman
WHY WE HAVE A CAMP PAPER

All over the United States the enrollees of the various C. C. C. Camps are publishing Camp Papers under the direction of either their Educational Advisers or Officers. These Camp Papers are usually published with the idea of making a permanent record of camp activities for the enrollees of the companion. At least that should be the primary purpose of any camp paper.

Mr. Russell W. Thurston, Educational Adviser of the 1150th Co. C. C. C., Camden, Maine and his co-workers have outlined the fundamental aims of a Camp Paper very clearly in their outline on C. C. C. Camp Papers. They say: that the fundamental purposes of a Camp Paper are:

1. To give the enrollee a permanent record of camp life and activities.
2. To furnish the camp with a publicity medium of its own, through which friends and relatives of the enrollees may be kept posted on the work and activities of the camp.

There is besides the above the element of amusement which enrollees derive from reading in their Camp Paper about the activities of their friends in camp.
HELL'S LOOSE

Hell was loose when Robert Shaftoe was discharged from His Majesty's Navy and went home to discover the body of a dead man on his father's farm. On the body he discovered the formula for a gasoline substitute which could be produced much cheaper than could gasoline. Big oil men offered him fabulous sums to sell the formula to them so that it could be destroyed. However, he conceived the idea of finding the heirs of the dead man and forming a company to produce the material.

About this time all the oil workers in England and throughout the world went on strike. With the help of Oscar Kahnet, who was a big oil man and violently opposed to the production of this substitute, it was used to supply the demand for motor fuel caused by the shortage of gasoline which the strike had caused. After danger had been averted the formula was locked up in a bank vault and saved for use in emergencies only.

THE JACKSON TRAIL

If you wish to read a western story packed with action from start to finish, this is it. One day Larry Burns, an old partner of Jackson's rode up to Jackson's home with the sheriff close on his heels and asked Jackson to help him. Jackson left the girl he was about to marry and led the sheriff off the trail. The story of the chase and the final pardon of Jackson after he had helped break up one of the worst bands of outlaws in the country is packed with action and drama from start to finish.
The Hospital has a new member added to its force in Dr. Jacobs little Spitz dog, Pixie. Every man in the company has tried to get into her good graces but she still sticks to the Doc. Wise Dog.

Joseph Pelletier has left us to go to the Station Hospital. He has been having trouble with his appendix and steps are to be taken which will put a stop to that.

George Getchell has had a long stay in the ward with a very bad cold which nearly developed into something worse but was frustrated by the work of the pills which George took.

St. Onge, one of our rookies has been of great help in acting as assistant to attendants Bryant and Getchell.

SHE: I wish God had made me a man.
THOMPSON: He did. Here I am.
MESS SARGE: Now fella, if you eat any more you will bust.
ROOKIE: Oh that's all right. Just pass the cake and stand back.

COOK: Hey, here comes two more crews in off the road.
MESS SARGE: O.K. put a couple more gallons of water in the soup.
LEAR: I must be twins. Lt. Why?
LEAR: One man couldn't be so dumb.

Another thing that strikes us funny is the fact that another paper that considers the Far East Forester very poor gets the same rating in Happy Days.

Moral: Look before you leap.
Flash! Flash! The boys from Mass. are looking forward to an 11 day pass at Christmas time. Too bad they are going to be so disappointed.

Butler claims that it is the little fellows who get his goat. They are always running up and punching him in the ribs. Then they run before he can defend himself against the little jackasses.

Hines and Parks are going to eat five meals a day in the future in order that they may keep their cushion like figures. They also have ambitions of obtaining a build like that of Toar Holt.

Teeny is stepping out quite a bit lately. There must be something new in the air. Is it the parties Teeny?

You should see "Fly" Eaton our new barber. He has to stand on a chair when he is working.

Lear is going to town again. He has been in Woodland several times of late. Is he looking for or found his dream girl?

Reggie Thompson set a record for himself by staying in camp one whole evening.

It is a shame that when several of us walk all the way down town to go to church and discover that there is to be no service.

We wonder who the girl is that is writing to Pete Freeman from Boston. Tell us about it Pete.

Who is the girl from Old Town who calls Nedeau her pet? My goodness, Who can she be?

We have a cradle robber in Number Two. You can't pull the wool over our eyes, Boston.

And McKinnon says "Pass the marma-lade".
"Spider" Wilcox claims (out loud) that when better roads are built his crew (men from Number Two) will build them.

"Jeep" Roberts has a very good opinion of himself as a decorator. All the boys in Number Two are letting him practice on their trunks. You should see them when they are all daubed up.

Who was it that got in trouble when he told his girl friend that she wasn't good looking? Does he still go to see her Panay?

Marshal claimed that he was a carpenter but according to reports he was the kind who tore things down instead of building them up.

Here we pay tribute to Gallagher, who so shortly left us, for the many tricks he showed Mr. Armstrong and the Foremen in the field.

Well, it looks as though "Mickey" would be able to spend his long winter evenings inside by a nice warm fire instead of sitting out in the cold. Congratulations, Mickey.

The new password for entrance to Number Four is "Moo! Moo! McDonough. This is due to him meeting moose flies in his sleep.

McLaughlin has turned actor on us and started taking part in plays put on by the local amateurs. Don't get swell headed and make the school teacher forget what a nice boy you are, Mac.

McDonough was to take the Chaplain hunting so suggested that the Chaplain take him home and learn where he lived. Imagine the Chaplain's surprise when he learned that Mac lived about twenty miles from camp. We wonder if he was well repaid for his trouble.
CAMP NIGHT

The first Camp Night of the season was held at the 192nd Co., Monday Nov. 23. The program was carried out as an inter-barracks competition and Number Four was far out in front at the end of the evening. They will receive a free trip to the movies in Calais.

Number Two put on their program first. They opened with a scene from the operating room. G. Pelletier was the patient and seemed to be in great agony. Thompson acted as the doctor and Butler was a very neat looking nurse. We wouldn't be surprised to learn that the patient died in spite of all they did for him. The remaining part of this program was made up of singing and harmonica playing. Eaton acted as master of ceremonies.

Number Three was called on but failed to produce a single number and several songs were sung by the entire gathering before Number Four was called on to present their program.

Number Four opened its program with a short dramatic sketch with the following characters:
The Captain...Robert Roy
The Corporal...Arthur Michaud
Private Willie
Kenneth Robbins
This sketch was very funny and was well presented by the cast even though they had only a few hours to learn it. Ken Leeman then sang several songs to the accompaniment of his guitar; Robbins played a trumpet; Leeman, Roy, Robbins presented the Number Four hillbillies and the program ended as the boys from Number Two paid their respects to Number Three by offering them a pail of water to play in.

The remainder of the evening was spent in boxing and everyone is looking forward to next month.
Since baseball ended things have been rather quiet around the 192nd Co. in the line of sports. About all we have had is a little outdoor basketball. Now, however, things are beginning to look up again. A few nights ago a meeting of all those men interested in having a basketball team was held and about thirty men turned out. The purpose of this meeting was to find out whether it would be worth while to make arrangements for the use of a hall to play in. It seemed that it was and steps are being taken to obtain one. Among the men who showed an interest are several former high school stars and several others who have had much experience with town teams. If necessary arrangements can be made, the 192nd Co. will be well represented on the court and will bring home its share of victories.

Carter, Crandlemire, Thomas, Hartley: Famous party men.

Roberts; Famous under study of the "Jeep".

Leeman; Famous for his early morning temper.

Deschenes; Famous for never winning a bet.

Dumbrocyo; Famous for his many girl friends even though he has only been here a short time.

"Sailor" Hines; his liking for his job on the camp overhead makes him famous and grouchy too.

Dumbrocyo; Famous for his many girl friends even though he has only been here a short time.

Thompson and K. Robbins; their singing at dances brought them fame but no radio contract.

King; His road work brought fame to him. He goes to town every night.

The Notre Dame football team. They took the great Northwestern. And

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As W. C. Fields said in one of his movies, 'There comes a time in every man's life when he must take the bull by the tail and look the world squarely in the face!' We men in the CCC have reached that time. We have shifted for ourselves and are no longer dependent on our families and relatives for support and guidance. Of course their influence will still follow us for a long time but we are gradually drawing away from it. Since we are to live our own lives we owe it to ourselves, to our parents, and to the world to make the best possible use of opportunities which present themselves.

Men and boys in the CCC have one of the best opportunities life can offer presented to them in the form of the EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM in their various camps. Don't let it get away. Take advantage of it. Better yourself and the world by becoming a better citizen through EDUCATION.

We think Carter should have been singing "Show Me The Way to go Home" a few nights ago.

If you Knew Louise, Like I Know Louise" seems to be the proper favorite for Mickey Deschesnes.

Then there is Holt's favorite, "Everyone Loves a Fat Man!"

Horace Getchell seems to have "No Regrets!"

Boston felt like singing "Let's All Sing Like The Birdies Sing" after Munsen and he got through boxing on Camp Night. R. Robbins would have sung the chorus.

"Who's Afraid of The Big Bad Wolf?" is what the surveying crew is singing out in the wilds.

Thompson admits that his favorite is "It's Nice to Get Up In The Morning But It's Nicer to Lie In Bed."
prynsetown, mayne  
novambere 20, 1936

Dere maw & paw,

well thankzigvin iz hear and we ain't gut 
much snowe upe hear too spek off. maybee bye the ty 
tyme u git this yt wyll have snowed a foot or more. 
I don't care if it doez i wyll have a gude tyme 
goin too town and buildin snow fortz in camp. i 
ain't builded eny snow forts sins i waz back in 
Foordunk Centre with mi lëettle brufferz. i gess 
we wyll have a lote off snow thiz wintre cause the 
bes built there nests way up in the air and i 
founded a froge weigh down deep in the mud one dey 
when i felled intoo the brook out in the woulds. 
And awl the deer gut long hair and the old tymers 
sey that iz a shore sine off a long cold snowie 
winter. I listened too the footbawl games onethe 
radio saterdey and wuz awful pleezed when Nortre 
Damey beat North wistarn sew bed. them fitin Irish 
ain't gut know respect foor anybudy have thay. I 
bete the Wyldkats felt pretty bed after yt wuz awl 
over. Wee have bin trying two git a baskit bawl 
teem started and i gess maybee we wyll sycseed if 
wee keepe on triing hard. I have only been four daze 
writin thiz litter sew i am early too git in the 
camp paper and wyll have too wayt fer a day or too. 
If u don't git a litter frum mi sun munth just looke 
in the camp paper and u wyll fynd one. It iz awlweighs 
their.

Yore luvin sun,

C. C. Sam

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