

Memoirs of Charles Homer Dewey

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This item is a memoir of Charles Homer Dewey's life to 1943 and a postscript to 1944. Included are recollections of his life on the farm near Piedmont, Kansas; studies at the Kansas State Normal School (now Emporia State University); work as a teacher and school superintendent, the latter at Randolph and Grenola, Kansas; college and medical school at the University of Kansas; medical practice in Buffalo and Elk city, Kansas, during the Great Depression; and military service as a physician at Civilian Conservation Corps camps in Kansas, Missouri, and the western United States and a prisoner of war camp at Little Rock, Arkansas. The memoirs also describe farm life and the agricultural economy in the late 1880s and the political debate over the Spanish-American War.

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CHAPTER XXIX

LIFE AT BUFFALO

A TRIP TO THE FAIR-CHICAGO

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Reserve Officer, the War Department, in June 1933, asked me to take up active duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps, as a Medical Officer.

As before stated, the practice at Buffalo was totally inadequate for our support, and quite naturally, the prospects of a good salary, was a tempting inducement. So I made a trip to Omaha, where arrangements were made for my entrance into the service, together with the steps needed for a Cataincy. Information was given out that the call would be about June 10, and since we had several days to wait, a trip to the Century of Progress, in Chicago, was made in the meantime.

The Journey to Chicago, was made by train and Bus, and really had two aims in view, the second being a visit to home of the Millers, who were relatives of Bertha.

There shall be no attempt to describe in detail, the magnitude and wonder of this exhibition, whose setup had been accomplished by a prodigious cost and effort. The shores of Lake Michigan had actually been pushed back for a considerable distance, the feat being done by filling in and expanse of several acres, to make new land for the fair buildings.

Almost every nation had buildings, and exhibits, as was also true of the several states, and all such propagandized the merits of these Commonwealths. There were petite maidens from the land of Japan, gaily costumed peasants of Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, France, and the Balkans, most of whom featured their colorful apparel, and native dances.

All phases of science, and progress was displayed in graphic fashion. We saw a Chevrolet car made from beginning to end, and a Firestone Tire evolve from crude rubber, rayon etc, to the finished product.

The transportation building housed an extensive collection of early model airplanes, as well as the latest models. There were railroad engines, cars and equipment, to represent all changes throughout the years. Even the Royal Scot, the last word in air conditioned trains of England was there.

Much was made of Edisons inventions, which included his original Phonograph, the various stages in the evolution of the Electric light, and his telegraph instruments.

The Science building was clearly the masterpiece of the fair, for here was displayed an endless collection of features which depicted almost every line of scientific research and accomplishment. A miniature oil refinery was set up and in operation, a gold mine with its equipment, was displayed, while medicine, arts, Chemistry, Biology, Physics, Paleontology, and other activities were here pictured in highly interesting fashion.

While the three days spent at the Fair, were absorbing, I have vivid memories of weariness, especially of the feet, for from early morning to late in the afternoon, it was a constant tramp from building to building. One morning, we decided to go out on the hillsides, near the ground to rest under the trees, but as we moved along, there could just be no agreement, as to the proper tree, whereupon Bertha, in true womanly style, announced we would stop under a certain tree, which was done, and we rested our "Dogs", as did the rest of the Hoboes lying all around.



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When we returned to Buffalo, my orders to report to Fort Leavenworth, were in the Post Office, and I made ready for the departure, which was to take place on June 10, 1933.

Since that time, I have become somewhat accustomed to moving on an uncharted course, with but little knowledge events, however, when I left Home that June morning, I was completely at sea. The immediate destination was known to be Fort Leavenworth, but beyond that, there was nothing of information. Since the Conservation Corps covered the entire nation, it was very possible for me to "Bob" up in some distant state.

I locked up the office, leaving the equipment in place, and with some considerable sadness, left Bertha at home, to await developments which we fondly hoped would not separate us for a long period of time.

There was no thought that the absence from the Buffalo home, would be for over six months, but at the time these Memoirs are being written, almost eight years later, that absence is still extending through the years, and while I did not know it then, that was end of my practice in that community.

When I arrived at The Fort, the CCC Camp ground was all astir, with about 7000 Enrollees, who were encamped there, in an area set apart for the Corps. New men were arriving on special trains and in isolated groups, companies were being organized, and sent out in all directions.

In two days, I was assigned to Company 1713, composed of Missouri boys, and whose destination, was Roaring River at Cassville Missouri. The surgeon told me he was sending me to the most beautiful location in the District, a statement, that I afterwards found to be correct, for this assignment was destined to locate both Bertha and me at a place whose beauty and pleasant associations were to supply us with two and one half years of happiness.

Company 1713, was commanded by Captains Lehman and Linell, assisted by two Sergeants, all of the Regular Army.

The company with its belongings, went to Cassville, by train, and down to Roaring River by truck, where we cleared away the brush and briars, on level spot on the banks of clear rippling Roaring River. Tents were erected almost as if by magic, and we were on our way.

The first Summer in these tents was about as near an approach to pioneer life, as one will likely experience, in this Middle West, in these modern times. Since we had a very limited equipment, the Company made its own tables and chairs, cut from the timber of the Park. We bathed nude in the river, stood in the "Chow" line, Mess kits, in hand, slept on unstable canvas cots, and even washed our own clothes "Gypsy" style in the river.

Roaring River Valley, and the hills around, are sufficiently scenic and picturesque, to merit considerable, Description.



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Roaring River is a small stream, about 12 miles in length, which is entirely fed by water from a large spring, whose daily flow is from 15 to 19 million gallons per day. The water has an almost constant temperature, winter and summer of about 56 degrees, and is as clear as any I have ever seen. It is the clearness of this stream, lined by banks beautifully foliaged, winding down the valley, over stones and pebbles, that makes the "Center piece" of the region.

No one knows where this large volume of water originates. Some are of the opinion that it comes from the James or the White rivers, near by, but I have been along these streams, and from their general appearance, depths, and widths, it is difficult to adhere to this view. It is known that this Ozark region, is a solid mass of Limestone, a short distance beneath the surface, and it is possible that surface water, collected over thousands of square miles, finds itself held on top of this layer of rock, and on consolidation, moves to a lower level, and eventually to emerge as a spring, much as does a smaller similiar type on a Kans. farm.

There are geologists, who contend that much of the sub-surface water of the Mississippi valley, really comes from the Rocky Mountains. Since there is known to be a general sloping of the rock strata, from those ranges to the Mississippi level, it is entirely within the realm of the possibility, that water from those mountains, does follow this Continental rock barrier, to emerge as a Missouri spring.

The Southern Missouri region is famous for its springs. Colorado can boast of its snow capped peaks and gorgeous scenery, Arizona of its Grand Canyon, California of its Yosemite, and its Red Woods, but none of these wonders out do these springs. Even the Roaring River Spring, is only the fourth in size of the Missouri Springs, and at Van Buren, Mo. Big Springs gushes out at the astounding rate of 400000000 gallons of water each 24 hours.

The hills in the region of Roaring River, are remnants of lofty peaks, which reached toward the sky, long before the Rockies came into existence. Since Geologists contend that some of these peaks, at one time, towered, to heights, far in excess of the altitude, of present American, peaks, it evident that an erosion process, of countless ages has taken place. with the result that the area is marked by a continuous repetition of moderately high hills, whose sides and summits are cut and carved into a succession of ravines, small valleys and overhanging cliffs of Lime stone.

This entire region, is heavily timbered by great variety of trees and under brush, with the predominance of the Oak. Roaring River Park consisting of about 2500 acres, has over 30 different varieties of trees, without mention of the many types of shrubs, not a few of whom, are flowering, for ezample, the Dogwood, whose blooms in mid May, whiten the hillsides with a beauty, that calls tourists from far and near.



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Roaring River Park, is a famous resort, which was originally owned by a private individual, who in the parks development, became Bankrupt, and sold it at auction for \$100,000.00. Dr. Seymen, the St. Louis "Vegetable Soap" manufacturer, was the purchaser, and he immediately presented it to the state of Missouri.

A large fish hatchery was erected, more cabins were built, the stream stocked with trout, and Company 1713, CCC, was brought in for further development.

We spent the first summer in tents, but in the meantime, a new camp was under construction, a mile down the river. Two saw mills were put in operation, oak trees from the park were converted into lumber, and almost put into the buildings, on the same day.

In October of 1933, we moved into the new camp. A large kitchen and Mess hall, as well as a recreation hall, had been constructed out of logs. Even the shingles were home made by a shingle mill in the Park.

This summer was made quite interesting, by the activities connected with the two camps construction, as well as the general mountainous surroundings. If exploration of wild tractless hills and valleys, was a desire, this region was ideal. Should one desire fishing, the stream was well stocked with fighting Rainbow trout.

Since this locality had at one time been the camping ground of a semi-nomadic type of Indians, there was left behind a great number of Indian relics, mostly made of flint, and consisting of arrow heads, war clubs, tommyhawks, and grain pulverizers. I became an avid arrow head collector, and even went so far in this quest, that my eyes unconsciously scrutinized, every small stone, as it was passed. I suppose I was somewhat like the Scotchman, who accidentally found a dime on the ground, and never saw the sky afterwards.

These arrow heads were to be found on the very hill, on which the camp was located, and down across the river was the site of a one time camp ground, where I spent many hours looking for these heads of flint, and in all was able to accumulate almost 400 Specimens.

Bertha, during the summer of 1933, had lived intermittently, at Buffalo, and in the Fall began her final year as a teacher in the schools of that city. She made somewhat infrequent trips to visit me at Roaring River, but in the spring of 1934, she came to live with me. I had rented a cabin, of rustic design and material, which overlooked the lake and the falls, and what a romantic place it was. The cabin itself was of about the crudest construction that may well be imagined. The entire building was made of unfinished native oak, and the boards had so warped, that bats and birds were able to fly in and out at will. Even the bedsteads, were of the same material. The immediate surroundings was made beautiful by the uncomparable shrubs and foliage of the Ozark underbrush, which in summertime, was alive with a wide variety of songbirds.

As the cabin was unsuited for winter habitation, in the Fall of 1934, we moved to a more substantial building, at the head of Roaring River.



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ANOTHER IMPORTANT HAPPY EVENT

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This life of ours is characterized by a chain, whose links are events from moment to moment, day to day, and from year to year, but these events are certainly not of the same importance. I suppose, I can count on the fingers of my hands the occasions of paramount importance. Surely one was at Altoona, June 28, 1930, and according to unmistakable orthodox signs, another finger was to be utilized, early in 1935, for we were expecting a baby.

In a past chapter of this story, mention was made of the thrill that was ours, when a newcomer made an appearance, in the old family home, but I am sure there is no thrill that is quite the same, as when the first baby is expected by parents who have reached, and as for me passed the middle-age milestone. I had considerable difficulty, in visualizing a certain corner of the house, being occupied by a Bassinet, or a small high chair, pushed up against one side of the kitchen table, or the quiet stillness of the night, being broken by the cries of a dissatisfied infant, or the Diaper lingerie, holding a prominent place on our wash line.

And what a thrill, it was to go shopping for baby things. We went over to Joplin, and in Newmans Department store, bought a basket, and as we were bringing it down on the elevator, a small girl, looked at the basket, at us and then at her mother, as she cried, "Mama, they must be going to have a baby". I admit I was somewhat embarrassed, however, it was evident, that the mother of the child suffered the most.

Mother nature gave the signal, and on January 18, 1935, Bertha was taken to the hospital at Cassville, where she was under the care of Dr. Newman, and after a somewhat difficult, siege of labor, not Mary Margaret, was born, but a bright eyed boy, we later named Charles Eldon.

All parents fully realize how a baby transforms a home, and certainly the parents themselves, would be freakishly implastic, if they do not undergo a transformation as well. A baby is really the Major General in the home. Mark Twain, once made a speech to a group of Military men, which included General Grant. That famous Humorist, chose as his subject "Babies". In his discourse, he told his audience that when the baby of the house, in the middle of the night, evidenced its dissatisfaction at some Diaper or stomach discomfort, and the mother was of the opinion, that it was her "rest period", none of his hearers would make such idle remarks about such duties as unbecoming an officer and gentleman, but would comply with the obedience of a Private in the rear ranks.

Yes, Parents are no longer free. Every window is opened or closed, with that little bundle in the basket, in mind. Footsteps that have for 40 Yrs., been coming down with a thud, are changed overnight, into a "Cat walk", and doors, that have been slammed with a reverberation, like the Chains of Marleys Ghost, are closed softly, oh so softly.



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CHARLES ELDON

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In April 1935, we moved back into the same rustic cabin, which we had occupied the previous Summer, and the pleasant associations of former times were repeated, with the addition, as stated in the preceding paragraphs.

Beginning with our marriage, these Memoirs ceased to be strictly an Autobiography, and I may add, that from now on, a family history, would be a more appropriate title. Anyway, the addition, will be a happy one for the writer at least, for as I write of this Parent-Child relationship, there is a heart warming glow, that only such associations can bring. My mind is full of thoughts of a basket in the back seat of the car, a little "Tike" in a push cart, trilling, blowing and spitting, which all made the front of his dress, as wet as was the "Birds Eye" fabric on his bottom. The hand over hand crawl, which was reluctantly given up for the "Toddling" walk. The much sought after baby smile, which was a forerunner of the joyous baby laughter. The melancholy puckered lower lip, which was readily provoked by the start of a song, by anyone around. Babyhood giving way to early childhood, as evidenced by spoken words. Stories of Peter Rabbit, the Three Bears, Kindergarten, and on and on.

I have been and am amazed at the great amount of information, a child really learns, even during the first year of life. Perhaps the emptiness of the mind, is much like a vacuum, and the pressure of the environment, automatically rushes in. However, I doubt if Child Psychologists, would support this view, but rather to contend that more development, in turn makes more room for the acquisition of knowledge. However, be that as it may, to note the simple instincts of a baby at birth, and mind development of a six year old, leaves one astounded at the progress.

The camp life, during the year 1935, was largely routine. The Company was well situated at the new location, and the men as well as the technical personnel, were working night and day on a large dam, which was to span, Roaring River Valley, and impound a lake of some 40 acres. The cement core for one quarter of a mile, extended to bed rock, while at the south end, 30000 cubic yards of limestone was blasted out and hauled away.

My work as camp Medical Officer, was sufficiently light to enable me to spend considerable time, watching the progress of the work, collecting arrow heads, as before mentioned, hike over the hills, and angle for the elusive trout of Roaring River.

During the Fall of 1935, when the weather became unsuitable for life in the Summer cabin, we moved down near the CCC Camp, into a well built cottage, which had been recently constructed.

Since I had taken no leave during the service in the CCCs, a 15 days leave was granted. We wished to visit our various relatives, and incidentally put Charles Eldon on exhibition, before our people.

The first week was spent at Waverly, Fredonia, Altoona, Independence, and Oak Valley Kansas. While the second week was used for a trip to Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

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MAMMOTH CAVE

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From the time when I read about Mammoth Cave in the old school Geography, there had been a desire to see this great Kentucky Cavern, and in October 1935, we packed up and started out. Mrs. Hedberg, the wife of the Camp Education Advisor, was very fond of Charles Eldon, as well as a good friend of ours, and when asked to accompany us, readily gave consent.

Charles was about nine months old, and as usual with children of that age, required a lot of attention. My task was to do the driving, and not turn a deaf ear to the bits of advice, that are apt to come, when there is one woman passenger, and inevitable, when there are two. However the ladies took good care of their charge, and I took good care of myself.

The journey led through Southern Missouri, to Willow Springs, where we spent the first night out, and the next day crossed the Mississippi River, at Cairo Illinois, and soon afterwards, ferried across the Ohio, on our way to Paducah.

Between Cairo and Paducah, we stopped at Wycliffe Kentucky, where we looked over a place of unusual interest. This area is noted for its mounds which had been constructed by a Pre-historic tribe of people, of whom little is known. These mounds varied in size, some having an expanse of several acres, and all with a general height of 10 to 20 Ft.

A Company had excavated part of one mound, and finding it to be a cemetery, had removed the dirt around the skeletons, with the exception of that beneath, which was used as a pedestal. There were 110 skeletons, of men and women, that lay out on these bases of dirt, all in a position of close proximity, just as when they were interred, centuries ago.

None of the Scientists, who were there, could give us any definite information, as to the history, origin, classification, and life habits of these people. They did have a varied collection of pottery and other articles of their craftsmanship, which had been buried with the dead, and it was assumed, that it was the custom to bury with the body, the identical article, which represented the type of art, excelled in by the living individual.

These mounds had likely been formed by a slow laborious movement of dirt, by hand, and when one considers the effect of erosion, during these hundred of years, one must conclude that when the mounds were made, they represented a prodigious task.

These skeletons were in excellent condition, all solid, white and glistening, which all speaks well for the foresight and skill of these people in matters of drainage.

Near the mound, had been unearthed the remains or rather the prints of buildings which were considered to have been temples, etc., all of which proved that these people did construct buildings, but as no arrow heads, and other implements of warfare were found, they were quite likely a peaceful tribe, who were too weak to cope with other more virile tribes, who over ran and subdued them.



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After spending the night at Paducah Kentucky, the home of Irvin S. Cobb, the famous Humorist, we journeyed on through the somewhat drab country sides of "Old Kentucky", which had been pictured in song and verse, as a wonderland, but if there was much of the wonderful about these parts, I could not, or at least, did not see it.

On the third afternoon, we reached Cave City, which is located about 7 miles from Mammoth Cave. We drove out to the Great Hotel at the mouth of the Cavern, and found that the Cave consisted of two parts, the larger being characterized by magnitude and extent, while the other, was famous for its splendor of Onyx and crystallization.

The ticket for both attractions was \$3.00 per person, and Bertha and Mrs Hedberg, spent 3½ hours during the afternoon, making a tour through the large cave, while I was Nurse-man for Charles Eldon, then only nine months old.

While the ladies were making their exploration, I drove to the site of Floyd Collins Cave, and leaving Charles in the care of the wife of the keeper, accompanied the latter to the cave.

This cave of Floyd Collins has a tragic history. Floyd Collins was an adventurous youth, who had spent most of his late years, in the exploration of the intricate crevices, fissures, and caves of the region, his last adventure being an attempt to explore a mysterious passage way, that led through the rocks, far beneath the surface. As he worked his way along, almost a hundred feet below the ground level, a rock was dislodged and as it fell, pinned his foot. When discovered some hours later, his would-be rescuers, were able to reach him, but unable to extricate the foot. After three days, he died, supposedly of Pneumonia and Shock.

At first it was planned to fill in the hole and make this his tomb, but due to the mothers plea, a movement was launched to recover his body. The entire country was aroused, substantial funds were raised, hundreds of people volunteered for labor service, and great Mining companies sent their engineer specialists, with heavy equipment and material. Even a small Rail Road was constructed to facilitate the movement of supplies, while the American Red Cross, established a camp for the housing and feeding of the men.

A shaft almost 100 feet deep, walled up with heavy timbers was made, and after several days the body was recovered, and the rest of the story, is sordid in the extreme, for Floyd Collins Father was induced by a group of profiteers, to turn the body over to them for a price, and when we were there, the remains was encased in a glass casket, and on exhibition, in a nearby cave. All along the road side were signs "See Floyd Collins" at such and such a cave.

To make the story even more sickening, according to the Caretaker, Floyds father had run through the money, he had received for his sons body, and was at that time on Government relief.



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After Supper, I went to the Hotel, and joined a party for a trip through the large cavern. Since the cave had no lighting system, the guide carried a Coleman lantern, and the party of about 15, trailed in behind.

Time and space will not allow a detailed description of this 7th wonder of the world, for volumes could be written on its Geology, its history, peculiar formations, and its distorted animal life.

Mammoth Cave, has a magnitude, that is awe inspiring, with its great rooms, hundreds of feet long, and domed over by a rock ceiling, that arches over the tops, some hundred feet above the floor. These rooms are separated by partitions, frequently through which, are small outlets, that lead into other rooms of similar dimensions. And Below these chambers is another level, with its compartments, and below the second floor is yet another with the characteristic immensities of space.

When one floor was explored, we walked down steps, to another, and finally stood on the banks of the River Echo, one half mile beneath the surface. We took a boat ride on this so called river, and sang songs, which came back to us with the reverberations and echoes that were reflected from these massive walls and ceilings.

This River Echo, is really a misnomer, in that there is nothing to suggest a river. The water is completely stagnant, and there was no visible inlet or outlet. The guide explained that the additions to, and the deductions from this quiet body of water, was accomplished by the seepage of the water through the porous strata, which separated it from Green River, on the surface 3 or 4 miles away.

The filtration of the water through these walls, largely explains the disposition of the material, which once occupied these spaces. This Cave in common with all other similar caverns, was formed by the gradual transformation of solid matter, into solution or suspension with water. This material that once was present, was more susceptible to the action of the water, and gradually passed out through these boundaries, after having been reduced to a semi-liquid state.

This theory, is amply substantiated by information of the guide, that this River Echo actually rises and falls, in accordance with the rise and fall of this outside river. Even the Echo, occasionally reaches flood stage, with a filling up of the Caves lower story, to reach a height equal to that attained by the surface river.

Of course this all took an uncountable number of years. Doubtlessly, this process took hundred of millions of years for its completion. This original substance, was not soil, clay, or any other soft substance, but real stone, whose texture was of such a nature, as to be slowly soluble.

Even our 3½ hours tour, fell far short of a complete exploration, as there were immense caverns which we did not see, and the guide told us that no man had explored many of the black mysterious cavities that lay behind those many breaks in the rocks.



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As is characteristic of large caves of the United States, the bats have appropriated Mammoth, for their "Home Sweet" home. As we passed along through the long antechamber that led from the entrance, large black patches of these little Mammals, could be seen clinging to the ceiling. However these Bats were surprisingly few in number as compared to previous expectations, but since they go outside during the night, it is quite likely that most of them were absent for the purpose of "Making a Living".

The number of Bats that had occupied this cave, during the ages past, must have been immense, especially previous to the War of 1812, for as we passed along after entering the cave, the guide pointed out a large wooden pipe, which extended along the side of the path. This pipe had been made of logs which had been hollowed out, placed end to end, and that during the War of 1812. When the end of the pipe line was reached, we found it to be connected to large stone vats, and the information, was given, that during that war, Guano or the Bats excreta, was mixed with water in these vats, and the Nitrate laden solution was drained to the caves entrance by means of these pipes.

At the surface, this mixture was shipped east, where it was converted into explosives to Blast the "Red Coats". Since Kentucky was not even settled up at that time, and Mammoth Cave was at that time, a long ways from civilization, and the war, one can well imagine that the need for the "Makins" of Gun Powder, must have been urgent.

The next morning, we joined another party, and drove to the Crystal part of the Cave, which was entered at a point about 7 miles from the larger cavern. As we drove along, on that 7 mile trip, we were interested to learn, that the entire distance was over cave expanse, and far down a half mile below, was that River Styx, with its stagnant water, and its snow white Cray Fish, which we had seen crawling on the bottom.

The Crystal Cave was undescribably beautiful. Great pillars of Onyx stood out before us, some of them, by their shape and arrangement, had the resemblances of the pipes a mighty organ. Great Stalactites and Stalagmites, which had been formed by the steady drip, drip, of a heavily laden mineral water, for millions of years, were everywhere in evidence.

And there was the frozen waterfall, which looked much as if swiftly moving water, passing over a spillway, had been suddenly crystallized, leaving the eddies, ripples, and currents all in tact.

Many of these formations, had semblances of animal and human forms, or at least, if the imagination were sufficiently expanded, such could be determined. Anyhow, there was a good likeness of "September Morn", all lighted up by electricity, all of which was a far cry from the facts as regards the Real "September Morn". I may say this exhibition made a "Hit" with the male members of the party.

I may say before leaving this description, that the Mammoth cave together with much of the area around, has been taken over and is managed by the Government.



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LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD HOME

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While on the trip, I gratified another desire, which had originated, during early school days, as I read about Abraham Lincoln, and his birth place, near Hodgenville, Kentucky, namely to visit and see his log cabin. So we drove up to Hodgenville, a distance of 50 miles, from Cave City, and out about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, to the Lincoln Farm.

I was much surprised to find so much of the modern in the country around, as well as on the farm itself. I suppose that, there had been so much saturation, by stories of wildernesses, rustic cabins, and of general pioneer life, that I thought a semblance of these reminders of early days still existed. In reality, there is not much on this farm, or in the country around, that suggests rail fences, transportation, A La Mule, or a predominance of log cabins.

The country around, is not mountainous, or unusually rough. We did go down a very long and steep hill, to Knob Creek, where Lincoln lived for several years, prior to his departure from the region, with his father at the age of 7 years, but his home farm was no more hilly, than is many parts of Kansas, and the area around is quite similar.

The birth place of Lincoln, has been made a National shrine, with the old foot paths, replaced by modern walks, and drives, and instead of the virgin timber, or underbrush of 1809, there were majestic shade trees, among which were extensive hedges, neatly trimmed.

About all, Lincoln would recognize, should he return, to life, and visit this place, granting that he ever remembered it, would be the crude cabin of his birth, with perhaps the old spring, below the cabin, where the Lincoln family secured their water.

The cabin of his birth, is a very crude structure, some 14 feet long, which the Federal Government, has enclosed in an imposing marble building, and constantly guarded, by a uniformed Federal agent. There is no floor, in the cabin, and only one small door, and as I remember, no windows. On the outside, is a fireplace, made of sticks and mud, the structure, tapering to the top, which is about 2 feet from the ridge pole. How they kept the building from burning down, is a mystery to me.

It would not stretch the imagination, to picture the scene in that same cabin, February 12, 1809. Doubtless, this home was characterized by poverty, and a very minimum amount of furniture, and that of the "Puncheon" type, which was made from logs from native timber. There was perhaps no floor, except mother earth, and Nancy, kept warm by a covering of bear skins, while lying on a bed, constructed of poles, fastened to the wall, had no better mattress than corn husks or leaves.

There was no Doctor present, And according to the Historian, an "old Granny" of the neighborhood, was in charge. What a contrast to the modern Marble setting, and to the four million dollar tomb, at Springfield.



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ROARING RIVER TO PALACE

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We returned to Roaring River, but were soon to meet with a transfer, that was destined to start us out on sort of Nomadic existence, of which, much will be said, as the story unfolds.

About November 22, 1935, the mail brought me a letter, from Headquarters, which by its general appearance, thickness, etc, appeared to be important. It was, for the contents, contained orders, transferring me to a CCC Camp, at Palace Missouri, 20 miles South East of Waynesville.

This transfer, stumped me completely, for no reason was immediately available, but ends were soon put together, and the solution was forth coming, in a way that subsequent information, proved it correct. I was the victim of a double-crossing Commanding Officer, who later on passed out of the picture, in disgrace.

It was not easy to be cheerful, about leaving the associations of Roaring River, and this was augmented, by the information, that the Palace Camp was in a deplorable state, was 20 miles from a "Moss Back" town, of 500 people, and the Officers were under the pan of the Army Hdqrs. I was sorry for myself, and even more sorry for Bertha. All sorts of imaginary difficulties sprang up, where was the family to live, perhaps there would be unbearable conditions at the camp, and many other like worries.

At this time, tribute is due Bertha. I know she was blue too, but her fortitude, as at many later moves, carried her through, and surely made the path easier for me.

I left the family at Roaring River, that Thanksgiving morning, with enough "Blue" in my makeup, to do a years washing, and when I reached the Palace Camp, that evening, it was all I expected and more. None of the officers were in camp, the Officers quarters was fireless, while it was freezing outside, and there was a general atmosphere of disorder.

Though I could not see it that bleak afternoon, this transfer, was really a blessing in disguise. It was merely another example of the frequent "Eternal fitness of things", and taught a worthwhile lesson, of how good fortune is oft times, just behind the clouds, whose seeming impenetrability, completely closes the view.

I was to have many transfers in the years to follow, and while the same clouds frequently appeared, there was a tendency to think back on this sad departure from Roaring River, and its happy outcome.

Most of the mental worries, at Palace, was a concern over living quarters for Bertha and Charles Eldon. Waynesville, was a county seat, but a "Hill Billy" town, which was canvassed from end to end, for a house, and I finally was forced to rent a small unfurnished house in the edge of the village, which was far from satisfactory. I went to Rolla, Missouri, bought a bed as well as some other furniture, and in about two weeks went back to Roaring River for Bertha and Charles and our effects.



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FROM PALACE TO CALIFORNIA

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The life at the Palace Camp, took a better turn, and a fair state of contentment returned. The camp really was beautiful, in many ways, with its great Oak trees, and the artistic arrangements of the buildings on the hillside.

About Christmas time, we received notice that the camp was to be abandoned, and Company 737, moved to Eureka, California. After a period of orders, and counter orders, the move was finally a settled fact, and the company prepared to make the four days trip, by train, while in the mean time, I had sale bills struck, secured an auctioneer, and sold our furniture to the highest bidder, which was not so high, as a whole truck load was sold for the grand total of \$24.75.

After the sale, Bertha and Charles left for Altoona Kansas, where they were to spend a time in the Hyde home, and later join me in California. Otto Dewey, a Nephew from Waverly, was to drive the car to the Pacific coast.

I have vivid memories of the bustle and confusion, that was present at that camp during the few days which preceded the Company's departure. All property had to be sorted, counted, part of it sent to District Hdqrs, and the remainder, boxed and loaded on the train. With all this, was the necessity, of making a detailed report to Fort Leavenworth, on every little detail.

The company was finally assembled at Crocker, Missouri, and I recall the men grouped on the platform, singing, "I, M headin for the last roundup"

The Special train, carrying another company, eventually came along, and the men were hustled onto the cars, which were all equipped with Sleepers, while the officers, consisting of Fred E. Sims, (Lieutenant), Ensign Kenneth Wilson, and myself, travelled in class, in that we had individual modern compartments.

This four days trip was tiresome but quite interesting. One baggage car had been converted into a kitchen, with field ranges installed, and the food was served to the men in the coaches, who all were equipped with mess kits.

The route led down through Oklahoma, New Mexico, southern Arizona, into southern California, to Los Angeles, up through Fresno, Sacramento, to the North West, along the tortuous El river, and to Eureka Calif.

There had been a fond expectancy, that our camp would be in the near vicinity of Eureka, a thriving town on the Pacific Ocean, but to our surprise and dismay, on reaching that city, we discovered the final destination to be Prairie Creek, 7 miles from Orick, and 52 miles north of Eureka.

This distance was covered, by trucks, over a slow twisting route, in the middle of the night, and took $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours of cold, wearisome travel. To add to this the rain was falling in a volume, that can be understood by those, who have been along that Northern California Coast during the rainy season.



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CALIFORNIA RED WOODS

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When I arose the next morning after our arrival, I surveyed the immediate area of the camp, which was bounded on three sides by the mighty Red wood trees, which towered high above the camp buildings. The coast high way, ran along to the east side of the grounds, and beyond this to the east, was banked up the foot hills of the Coast range of mountains, with its thick heavy foliage, through which, tall trees had reached skyward in their quests for sunlight.

At the west of the camp, was a continuous Redwood forest, through which ran a small, clear running stream, called Prairie Creek, while on to the west, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, was the Pacific Ocean.

The most interesting part of this setting, was the Giant Redwoods forest. I had read much about these largest living things, but the imagination, had not equaled the realization. A Kansas or Missouri tree, 50 feet high, is considered in those parts a lofty example, but such would be mere underbrush to these Sequoias of the Pacific Coast.

The Redwoods, may well lay considerable claim to distinction among the wonders of the world, because of their size, peculiarities, and limited distribution. California, practically has within her borders, all the Redwoods of the world, while outside, the Big Trees, a somewhat different type of Redwood, in the Yosemite region, this coast region has them all.

The immensity of these giants, of the plant kingdom, is truly remarkable. Near the Prairie Creek camp, was a tree, having a diameter of $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet, five feet from the ground, and contained 87000 board feet of lumber. Even back of the camp area, trees having a diameter of 12 feet were frequently seen.

And the height of these trees make them unique. A distance of 100 feet, from the ground to the first limb, was not unusual, while those around the camp were as high as 250 feet, and down by Eureka, Calif., was a Redwood, that held a worlds record, with the unbelievable height of 364 ft.

These great trees, are well adapted to this area, of abundant rain fall, deep rich soil, but in their present form, could not survive the weather and storms, of a Mid-western climate.

The root development of the Redwoods, is far below what we would naturally expect of so large a tree. A specimen, 12 feet in diameter, does not have a root system, as extensive, as a Missouri Oak, 25 feet high. I have seen many of these large trees which as they fell, turned up a mass of roots and dirt, but a few feet wider than the diameter of the tree, itself, and none of these roots gave evidence of having been more than 2 or 3 feet beneath the surface. For such a weight and bulk, to be held in place, by such a weak, mushroom, type of root support, in this soft, wet soil, appears phenomenal.



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A partial explanation, of this weak root supply, is the almost perfect balance of the trees, for one seldom sees a Redwood, leaning or off plumb. The stand up straight, from bottom to top, and when a tree, develops a leaning position, due to a shift in the ground at its base, it soon crashes to the ground. Quite a number of people along this coast, have been killed by these falling Redwoods, and the Highway department, makes haste to fell any tree, along the road, which develops a leaning position.

Again, there is but little wind in this region, which is greatly in the Redwoods favor. I am sure that should this area, be visited by a weeks wind, typical of Western Kansas, many and perhaps a majority of these Sequoias, would fall to earth.

Too, these trees have a limited foliage, with their, small stem like cluster of leaves, in cluster arrangement, which offer a minimum of resistance to the air currents. Also these small leaves allow but a small amount of evaporation, thus there is no necessity for an extensive root system.

Another peculiar, characteristic of these trees, is the Redwood Burls. By some mysterious process, many of these trees, develop plant Tumors, quite similar to Oak Galls, found on the Oaks of the Mid West.

These Burls, occasionally, have a diameter of 5 feet, and the most peculiar feature, is their hardness, as compared to the tree, itself. Redwood lumber is so soft, that one can make deep cuts in its texture, using only the finger nails, but these burls are as hard in texture, as Ebony, and because of this hardness, the wood takes on a beautiful polish, which makes the Burls much in demand for, furniture, and small trinkets, such as ornaments, boxes, napkin rings etc.

The age of these trees, has long been a mooted question, When they were discovered, about a century ago it was thought, that some of them were sprouts, when Moses was floating among the Bullrushes, in Egypt, but it is pretty generally conceded now, that few of these trees, are over 1000 years old, with a possible maximum of 2000 years.

While a Redwood forest, is green with life, death is everywhere in evidence. In many parts, may be seen an almost impenetrable barrier of underbrush, with a predominance of ferns, waist high, frequently interspersed with young Redwood, trees, starting out on a thousand years climb, and this rich luxurious green of life, thoroughly mixed with the remains of trees, plants and shrubs, which have preceded them.

Even here may be seen life as a parasite on death, for it was common, to see a great trunk, prone on the ground, with a row of small Redwoods, one to four inches in diameter, growing from the the soft, rotten, wood of its body, a phenomenon that could only happen, where, there is a copious amount of rainfall, and a warm wet climate.



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And in many thick groups of these trees, there is an almost absence of sunlight. A small path, named Prairie Creek Trail, wound along a clear stream, from the Camp, to a distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and through the most dense area of the region. So dense were these woods, that even at mid-day, they were only lighted by occasional direct beams of sunlight. There was more an atmosphere of twilight, and the air was still, dank, and regardless of how weary, one should become, there was no place, dry enough to sit down and rest. Also the explorer, would walk for a distance, in comparative ease, and then usually find his way barred by a fallen Red Wood, whose diameter, might be ten feet, and perhaps nearly enveloped, by dense masses of ferns, some of them almost shoulder high. At one place on the trail, a mighty tree, made a perfect bridge across the stream.

I walked along this path, and was impressed by its stillness. Here was heard no sound of insects, no squirrel was seen jumping from limb to limb, and few birds were noted, and those seldom heard. There was an occasional raven, perched on a limb in the tree top, far above, but his infrequent, mournful cry added to the feeling of solitude. And the trees themselves in contrast to the moaning sound of the pine trees, gave but little sound.

John Muir, the famous Naturalist, was accustomed to wander through the forests of the west, for weeks at a time, without seeing a fellow human being, and he averred that he never became lonely, or afraid, but I am frank to admit that my limited exploration in these Red Woods, gave me a decided lonely feeling, at least. To be among these massive trunks, with a vision, no farther than the next tree, erect or fallen, to look up an almost perpendicular wall of bark, for 250 feet, and see but a faint streak of light, and to hear no sound whatsoever, had a tendency to usher in a deep sense of loneliness.

As to fear, there is no safer place, than in these Red Woods, in so far as snakes, insects, and wild animals are concerned. There are some bears in these woods, but they are seldom seen, and perhaps no one has ever been harmed. Again, a person could wade through these jungles, and ferns at will, without fear of snakes, for these universal "Jitter" makers, of mankind just do not choose to make this damp region, their abode. Down in Missouri, should a hiker escape all the dangers of Copper heads, and rattlers, there would still be a chance that a Bald faced hornet, would not like his looks, and proceed to put him in his place. But here no such dangers exist, and about all the danger that exists in these forests, is getting lost, or being under a tree, when a limb crashes to the ground.



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I heard from Bertha at different times, during this two weeks at prairie creek, and was happy, when a letter came, in which she stated the day of her intended departure. I knew the route, she and Otto was most likely to take, and studied the map, forming mental pictures of the probable destinations at the close of each day.

After almost a weeks time, Bertha called me up from Garbersville California, a town along the coast, about half the distance from the City of Eureka, to San Francisco. The next day, they drove in, and it was a glad day for me. Not quite three weeks before, we had broken up housekeeping at that little town of Waynesville, Missouri, and since that time, I had travelled 2000 miles, on a train, which carried 400 men, while Bertha, Charles and Otto, had spent 7 days, traveling 2400 miles by auto, and now we were together again, and that on this marvelous Pacific coast. Strange, but real.

We stayed two or three nights at the Orick Inn, after which a cabin, which was nestled in among the Redwoods, back of the Camp, was rented. At each back corner, was a giant Sequoia, with diameters of about 10 feet, while down the bank, to the rear, was clear running Prairie Creek, which in turn was banked on the opposite side, by the Redwood wilderness, already described.

We had no furniture, but went down to Eureka, and bought a sanitary cot, a kitchen table, a small cook stove, and some chairs. We were then ready to begin light housekeeping, with emphasis on the "light".

I am impressed, how well, people can get along, with a minimum of household effects. All in all, we perhaps had more furniture than did the Lincoln family, in that crude cabin, at Hodgenville, Kentucky. Of course at this time, as well as in pioneer times, much depended on the ingenuity of the lady of the house, and this cabin life here at Prairie Creek, was no exception, for Bertha, soon had our "Sylvian" domicile, transformed into a cozy little nest, all of which demonstrated how so much may be made out of so little.

Memories of that little cabin, and its surroundings, come back to me in vivid style. Memories of strolls, down to and beyond that little stream, memories of long walks, through the majestic Redwoods, to the east, with Bertha and I taking our turns at pushing or pulling, that little two wheeled cart, in which Charles Eldon, was a "first class" passenger.

And in the Cabin, was the difficult task of getting that Redwood, wood to burn, of experiences with a kerosene light, and finding a day with atmosphere, of sufficient dryness, to dehydrate the washing. But most important of all are the memories of a little high chair, at the table, and a little "one year old", pausing, as the milk in the glass, neared the bottom, to say "A done"

Charles H. Dewey



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A great portion of the charm, of the four months stay at Prairie Creek, concerned the Sea. As before stated, the Pacific ocean, was only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, to the west of the camp, and by driving down to Orick, Calif. a distance of 7 miles, we could stand on its very shore.

This entire coast road from the camp, to Eureka, skirted the shore line of the ocean, and at certain points along the way, were sandy, low beaches, easily reached by auto, and here one could walk down to the waters edge, to closely observe those mighty waves, as they successively crashed on the sands at our feet.

I know of nothing, that is quite so awe-inspiring, as to look out on this greatest of the worlds seas. Away out there, is a thin, indistinct line, where the sky makes junction, with surface of the water. Quite likely, may be noted a ship, in the distance, which is only partly visible, due to its partial passage over the earths curvature, while other ships could only be identified by their stacks, which were leaving a dense trail of smoke behind.

It is only near the shore, that the details of the oceans surface may closely observed. For a limited distance, the water appears to have a corrugated appearance, with a trough, and a ridge, in consecutive order and arrangement, and all seeming to be in haste, to complete a journey, which has been long in the making.

As these billows reach the vicinity of the shore, the white caps, become pronounced, until the blue of the water, is flaked with white, until it has the appearance, being generously spotted with wool.

As the swells approach the shore, the size and height of the mass of water, may be clearly discerned. Some of them reach the height of 10 or 12 feet, and are comparatively noiseless, until they break on the shore.

The explanation of this bursting, falling, crashing, water at the edge of the land, is simple. As these waves near the shoreline, the bottom, of water, meets with resistance, on the sands below, hence the lower part of the surge, is slowed down, leaving the upper part with an unimpeded speed, with the result, that part of the wave topples over the lower section, and in reality, forms a waterfall over part of itself.

And what a roar attends these evercontinuing crashes of water, on their final resistance. The sound is not continuous, as would be heard at Niagara, Falls, but it is more of a pulsating sound. Of course, not all waves break at the same time, in a given area, for the shore line, is very irregular, and the wave breaking nearer the individual, predominates the sound picture.



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THE PACIFIC OCEAN AT PATRICKS POINT.

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On these sandy beaches, may be found the highly edible Clams, from which, Clam Chowder, a favorite soup, is a derivative. As the water that makes up the waves, recedes, frequently may be noted, a small hole in the wet sand, with perhaps, a bubble of air and water escaping. This indicates the presence beneath the surface, of a Clam, and should one have a shovel, and dig, he may be able to capture one of these Bi-valves, however, a great deal of haste, must be exercised, as the Clam is able to move fast to a safe and deeper level.

Also, in the sand of these beaches, are many small Opal like stones, called Agates, which on account of their beautiful semi-transparent coloration, are much sought after by the visitor.

But to me, of even greater interest, are those many places along the shore, where the waves break on the rocks, at the oceans edge, to send up great sprays of water, high into the air, and after falling, make the area, amid the rocks, into a whirling, boiling, foam crested, caldron.

And some of these stony obstructions, were great massive cliffs, at a location, far out from the shore. Such a place, was Patricks point, located about 12 miles south of the Prairie Creek Camp, where Bertha, Charles, & I spent pleasant times.

There, the shore line was characterized, by great boulders, which appeared to have been rolled down into the sea, by some mighty upheaval, of the mountain side, countless ages ago. These giant masses of stone, were noted even lifting their tops, above the water, far from shore, some being at a distance of almost a mile, from where we stood, and in water that must have been deep.

Geologists tell us that this entire coast region, is far above the level, it once occupied. In other words, what is now a coastal plain, was at one time included in the Ocean expanse, which seems logical, for near the city of Eureka, is a petrified forest of giant Redwoods, whose location, is on the Mountain side, far above the sea.

Again, since it is known, that this coastal range, was formed by a crumpling of the earths surface, these stones might have been rolled down and into the Waters of the Pacific, at the time of this upheaval.

The process of erosion, throughout millions of years, with the inevitable deposit of material, into the ocean, doubtless, was an important factor, and it is entirely possible, that these natural processes, gradually formed a plain, in the waters edge, leaving uncovered these great masses of stone.

The entire coast line, at Patricks Point, was of extreme picturesqueness, with its panorama of rock and water combination, added to by the ceaseless, pounding, crashing, surges of the sea, all of which, extensively photographed, by us, and the Snap shots, included in the collection of views, taken in the west.



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FROM CALIFORNIA TO NEVADA

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The Spring time along this California Coast, is especially beautiful, partly because it follows a rainy season that even gets on the nerves of Native Californians, which puts the matter, in about the most telling way that I know.

This rainy season begins, early in November, and from then on until March, "Somewhere the sun is shining", but only at intervals, along this Coast region. And it is not merely a drizzle, either, but a succession of downpours, which tax the carrying capacity of the streams. The sun may be shining bright, but in a few minutes, a fog like cloud will float over, and drop volumes of water. Before we arrived at Prairie Creek, they had had rain, for 26 days straight, with scarcely a glimpse of the sun, in all that time.

In contrast to the rains of Kansas and Missouri, there was no violent disturbance of the atmosphere. There was no wind, lightning or thunder.

But along in March, the showers became less frequent, the sun shines most of the time, and all nature, comes to life, new vegetation, springs up, almost as if by magic. The roadsides and fence lines, become a riot of color, from new shoots, new leaves, and wild flowers, of great variety and types of beauty.

While the Redwoods and the Ocean, has held the spotlight, in these pages, describing this region, many other features, could well be made the subject matter, for lengthy discussions, should time and space permit.

Much could be said about the magnificent forests of Douglas Fir, and pines, of the streams with their fighting Steel Head Trout, and the Salmon, of the Lumber camps, and the great saw mills, of the presence of gold, in the beds of the small streams, of the tortuous, scenic, Coastal Highway, to Eureka at the south, and Klamath and Crescent City at the north, and lastly the gorgeous wild flowers, everywhere in abundance.

After spending the Springtime, in this land of enchantment, we were loath to leave, but in March 1936, Company 737, was notified that it was to be returned to Missouri, and disbanded. Preparations were even started for the Trek back, however orders soon came through, stating we would remain at Prairie Creek. Rumors came thick and fast, and it was finally decided that our destination, was in North Western Nevada, where we were to spend the Summer in tents.

As before stated, my CCC experience was "Being on the way, but not sure where", and this was another perfect example, for we knew nothing definite about our future location. Anyway, this much limited knowledge, was coupled, with foreboding imagination, with a sufficiency to convince us all we would not like it.

Bertha and I had another one of those non-enjoyable house keeping breakups. The second hand furniture, we had purchased at Eureka, was sold back to the dealer at half price, and Bertha and Charles went to the Yakima Valley, to stay with her sister, until other arrangements, could be made.



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FROM CALIFORNIA TO NEVADA

BOARD CORRALES

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The company with its property, left Eureka, by train, on May 6, 1936, for Alturas, California, the rail head for the Camp, and about 65 miles from our destination.

In contrast with the trip from Missouri to California, poor accommodations were furnished us. There were no beds, the train was a direct, and the route took us way down almost to San Francisco, all of which took two days and one night, to reach a destination, not more than 300 miles from Prairie Creek.

I may add that this train trip was not without interest, for the route was through scenic country, most of the way, and the travel, North of Reno, Nevada, traversed a desert region, along Pyramid Lake for 35 miles.

I have always remembered this desert area, around Pyramid Lake, as highly picturesque, not because of trees and forests, for there were none. But the wide open expanse of the terrain, and the distance of the view, made it possible to see, snow capped mountain peaks, 200 miles away.

And I have never seen such bizarre, unique rock formations, as along this route. One common form, was made by round layers of stone, superimposed on each other, with a general tendency to taper to the top. Many were similar to a large coiled snake, sunning himself on the Desert.

All of these stones, had lain out on that sun parched desert, recipients of erosion, by sand saturated winds for countless ages, and this general round form, had likely been made by the incessant pounding of these natural elements.

We reached Alturas, the next afternoon, and while it was spring as per the calendar, such was not noticeable, on our arrival, for the cold wind on that 5500 altitude plateau, made even colder from the snow on the surrounding mountains, made us think of and long for the mild weather of Prairie Creek.

On our way to the camp, in Nevada, the roads were frequently lined by snow drifts, and I wondered what tent life would be like, in weather such as this, a mental question, that was not long to be without an answer.

When we arrived, at the camp, in the middle of the night, we found about the most cheerless layout, that may well be imagined. Only a few of the tents were up, there were no lights, and no one seemed to have any idea, how and where the men were to sleep. The men were all crowded into the Mess Hall, literally, kicking themselves, for ever leaving Missouri.

I finally crawled into bed, in an old dilapidated tent, which kept none of the cold out, and little of the heat in. There was not much of sleep, but I had a good time lying there, and thinking, what a wonderful thing it would be to see the break of day.

It has always amazed me, what a transformation, may be accomplished, on a camp site by 175 men. This Missouri company, had their old "Morale" back the next morning, tents were soon raised, The ground was cleaned up, and the old gloom vanished into the thin desert air.



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BOARD CORRALS

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The Name Board Corrals, was a title applied to a certain place on the desert, where at one time, a corral, made of boards, was located, and used by those who wished to round up their stock, which had been at large, on the range. There was no town, nearer than 45 miles, and that Cedarville, California, a small town in Surprise Valley.

The camp, was located on the slope of a high, mountain like ridge, which was flanked to the west, by a wide valley, in which were several large Alkali lakes, whose water had come from the melting snow of the previous winter.

These lakes were peculiar, in that they were mostly of a temporary nature. In May they were full, but a rapid evaporation, in June, July and August, dried up most of them, until in late August, a car could be driven across their hard, dry, smooth basins, where hundreds of acres of water was, but three months before.

I have seen many beautiful reflections in lakes, but few compare with those observed in these desert lakes. Near Cedarville, was a lake 1.2 miles across, and almost every morning, as I passed over the bridge, the water was just as smooth as glass. There was scarcely a ripple, and on each side, for a distance from the shore line, were the exquisite water-images of the Snow capped Warner Range, on the west, and the Near mountain range, on the east. One could look to the south, and for 5 miles, see these long lines of snow capped mountain ranges, in the water below, with an area in the center, devoid of images, but just as smooth as a looking glass.

I have talked to people, who said they could see no beauty on the desert, and I am wondering, had ever been fortunate enough to behold a scene, such as this.

The altitude of this camp, was about 5500 feet, which prevented the temperature from becoming unduly hot. Most of the day time was moderately warm, while the nights were sufficiently cold, to require heavy bed covers. Even in mid summer, a weather squall, was apt to come up, which made one think of real winter, and an overcoat, was needed.

This region, of northern Nevada, was once covered by thick layers of Lava, which was supposed to have flowed, millions of years ago, from the spouting craters, located in the mountain ranges, far to the west. Geologists contend that this covering, had its origin, in Mt. Shasta, in northern California, and in Mt. Ranier, several hundred miles away to the north west, in wester Washington.

Everywhere, around Board Corrals, is this lava flow in evidence. Here, great extensive Mountainous ridges, with their near perpendicular walls of lava, hundreds of feet high, may be seen, all of which are remnants of what was at one time a great sea of molten rock. The erosion of countless ages, has carved out these valleys, and a region, that was a plain, is gradually reverting to semblance of its former flat surface.



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BOARD CORRALS

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The Lava, as we see it today, is merely the crystals of this molten mass, which came into existence, when the flow cooled. However, some of the Lava did not crystalize, and formed a hard, black glistening substance, called Obsidian, which was plentiful around Board Corrals.

The Indians used this Obsidian, for arrow heads, as contrasted with the Indians of Missouri, who used flint.

As mention has been made of Indians, North Western Nevada, was the "Stomping Ground" for numerous tribes of these Nomadic people. That they were transients, in any given locality, cannot be disputed, for there was no effort to till the soil, erect buildings, or develop any certain place. It is unquestioned that they moved from place to place, to be near the herds of Buffalo, and Deer, as well as to be near water and some kind of natural shelter. Since they were warlike, their frequent clashes with their enemies, doubtless made it necessary to move at times to locations better adapted for defense and offense.

Francis Parkman, in his book, "The Oregon trail", vividly tells of this ever shifting habitation, of these primitive peoples. How they as groups of men, women, and children, followed the equally Nomadic Buffalo, their constant quarrels with other tribes, depredations on white settlers, and their continual clashes with the United States Army.

The Indians appeared to favor the shores of these Alkali lakes for their camping grounds, for around these shores, have been found many articles, constructed of stone, such as mixing bowls, pulverizers, as well as large numbers of Obsidian arrow heads.

This area around Board Corrals, has a history of its own, which is as stirring as almost any other in the United States. Here it was, that John C. Fremont and Kit Carson roamed and fought these Indians, or where the Indians fought each other. In this region are many sites, now known, where occurred pitched battles between the Whites and Reds, or between tribes who did not see "Eye to Eye", as related to their respective spheres of influence.

One has difficulty, in thinking of this quiet desert, of 1936, less than a century ago, having its serenity broken by the sound of clattering hoofs, and these same lava cliffs, resounding with the reverberations, made by war whoops of the Braves as they went into battle.

While this region is called a desert, it is not really so, for there is everywhere, a heavy growth of sage, and the hills are green studded by a generous number of Juniper trees.

As to water, there is little in evidence, except, that in the Alkali lakes, but almost every ravine has a spring, from which flows out cold clear soft water, that is a boon to both man and beast.

Due to the dryness of the atmosphere, the output of these springs, reaches but a short distance. Around it may be seen a few green Aspen trees, and green grass, but a few yards below, the ground is as dry and parched as other regions of the desert.



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BOARD CORRALS

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There is something about this desert of North Western Nevada, which for me at least, makes a strong appeal. From the camp site, in the far distance, could be seen, a succession of moderately high peaks, with their pointed tops, and seemingly acting as sentinels, to guard the northern end of the valley. To the west was a valley expanse, one half of which was a large Alkali lake, while 50 miles to the southwest, loomed up the snow capped Warner range, through which wound the gorgeous Cedar Pass.

An no artist could put on canvas, the glories of those desert sunsets. When clouds were present, the entire arc above the western hills, would be transformed into a sea of color, with almost every shade and tint represented. Perhaps a large cloud, purple in color, would be suspended above and proximal to the horizon, with its dark shade, set in a frame of shining gold.

And the coloration was not confined to the western skies, for quite likely, the east, would be adorned by a blaze of reflected glory, so tinted as strongly compete with the west.

The nights, on this desert, were especially beautiful, moreso, when there was no moon, for it was then that the stars came out with a luminosity, unequaled, in any other place I had been. These stars appeared to be nearer the earth than in Kansas, and some of them gave the appearance of almost within picking range.

I spent almost three weeks, in May of 1936, on detached service, at a camp called Juniper Flats, 20 miles south east of Alturas, California, and will only say that, it was a beautiful place, in a scenic region, on the banks of the tumbling Pick river.

At the close of this service, I secured a four days leave, and went to the Yakima Valley, to get Bertha and Charles, who had been with their sister, since leaving Prairie Creek.

On our way back, we stopped for the night, at Ft. Klamath Oregon, and drove up to see Crater Lake, but the fog was so thick, that no part of the Lake could be seen. While the date was June 8, great drifts of snow were piled up higher than the car, and along most of the road up the mountain, the landscape was completely covered by snow.

When we returned to Cedarville, Bertha canvassed the town, and found an apartment which was fairly commodious, but the stay there was only partially satisfactory, for the camp was 45 miles away, and the Old lady, who owned and occupied part of the house, had spent most of her life on a ranch, in the vicinity, and was of the hard boiled type. She could and did swear like a Rail Road brakeman, and gave one the impression of having been a "ridin, ropin, shootin'" type of individual. I knew nothing about her husband, long since dead, but it can be well imagined, just who wore the pants, on that ranch.



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BOARD CORRALS

LAKE TAHOE AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

RENO

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In spite of the beauties of the desert, and the many interesting experiences of the Summer, my stay at Board Corrals, was not entirely pleasant. That 45 mile distance from the camp to Cedarville, made it difficult for me to get home, very often, and I know it was a lonely life for Bertha. However we did have many pleasant times. Fond in memory, are the outings, we enjoyed, along beautiful Cedar Pass, as well as the interesting drives up and down that picturesque valley, around Cedarville.

The Camp life was a mixture of the pleasant and the unpleasant. I lived in a tent, not much larger than an ordinary Pup tent, which was weather worn, and whose sides did not meet at the corners. Though it was Summer time, I did not have much success, in keeping warm at night. Also, the camp Personnel, was continually harrassed, and criticised by an old foggy, unfair, egotistical District Commander, who was a disgrace, to the United States Army. Why such incompetents should be put in such positions as this, is beyond me, but my seven years, in the service, has convinced me that many of the officers in the Regular Army, do not have enough ability and personality, to run a Peanut stand and do it well.

The company spent the Summer, constructing telephone lines, roads, and fences, as well as improving the near by game refuge, which contained about 700 antelopes.

In common with many of these CCC projects in the west, there was but little value to the work, economically, or otherwise. It may be stated in a conservative manner, that ninety cents on the dollar, spent on this board corrals project, was sheer waste.

In early September, of 1936, I received 15 days leave of absence, and Bertha, Charles and I left for Lake Tahoe and the Yosemite. Our route led down through eastern California, south of Alturas, to Reno Nevada, the "Biggest little city, in the world," and a haven for the newlyweds, as well as for the newly separated.

Reno, which but a few years before, had a population of 5000, in 1936 boasted of 22000, and is known the world over, as a rendezvous, for all types of criminals, women with easy, or no morals, gamblers of all types, and last, but by no means least, a constant influx of marital discontents, seeking a divorce. Since Nevada requires but 6 weeks residence, for an absolute decree of separation, they hasten to Reno, to part, before Death does the job for them.

I especially remember Charles in this city, for here he showed the effects of his advanced age of 1-2/3 years, by refusing to stay "Put" in that little two wheeled cart, and for ever afterward, that worn vehicle was an obsolete conveyance.



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ACTIVE DUTY WITH THE C.C.C.

A TRIP TO THE YOSEMITE

LAKE TAHOE - CARSON CITY-VIRGINIA CITY

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Our second night out, was spent at the northern end of Lake Tahoe, but the beauties of the lake, at this point did not receive a high degree of appreciation, on our part, for no cabin was available for less than five or six dollars, whereupon, we slept in a tent, and cooked our meals out under the pines.

Lake Tahoe, is truly one of nature's mountain gems, with its intensely blue water, Mark Twain, who once burned up several thousand dollars worth of Pine timber, when he let his camp fire on the lake shore get out of control, made considerable ado about the blueness of this water. There is no doubt, but that Mark was correct, in so far as he knew, but he had not seen Crater Lake, in Oregon, a Lake whose blueness, greatly exceeds that of Tahoe.

Lake Tahoe, located in eastern California, is made especially beautiful, by its setting. Almost the entire shore is lined by majestic Sugar, White and yellow Pines, which furnish an emerald frame for this 35 mile long expanse of blue, which lies at an altitude of 7000 feet above the sea.

At many points along the shore, the water extends up into the ravines, creating small bays, with their beautiful combination of rocks, blue water, and green vegetation. Such a place is Emerald Bay, near the north end. It was here that the Kodaker, is, wont to be, and here we took some excellent snap shots.

We spent the morning, driving around the lake, and after dinner, left for Carson City, the capital of Nevada. It was our intention to go into the Yosemite, by way of the Tioga pass, which passes over the high Sierras from the eastern side.

Since Lake Tahoe has an elevation of 7000 feet, and Carson City about 2000 feet, the road, 50 miles to Carson City, makes a continuously rapid descent. In all our drives in the mountains, we perhaps never drove over so many steep drops in altitude, as on parts of this road.

When we arrived at Carson City, we found a city of about 1500 population, and certainly did not have many characteristics of a state Capital. Incidentally Nevada has the smallest State capital in the United States.

While we were spending the night at Carson City, posters were in evidence, announcing an old time reunion, to be held at Virginia City, 15 mi. distant, and on the following day. Here was a chance to visit what is left of this old famous mining town, whose phenomenal growth 5 or 6 decades ago was caused by the rich Comstock Lode, in the immediate vicinity.

Time and space, will not permit a detailed history or description of Virginia City, but during late 70s, 80s, and early 90s, the great Comstock lode was the wonder of the mining world. It has been authoratively estimated, that a Billion dollars worth of gold and silver has been removed from this lode alone.



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VIRGINIA CITY-YOSEMITE VALLEY

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Virginia City, at one time had a population of almost 18000 people, and Western literature is full of description and narration, relative to this one time thriving mining city. Stories innumerable, have been told of its lawlessness, its wild frontier activity, its mixed, unique culture, and its reckless spending of money. But now, its original population, is reduced to a mere 500, leaving the city just a ghost of its former self. Near mainstreet, still stands the old lumber constructed Opera house, 3 or 4 stories high, where once Grand Opera stars and great actors, as well, injected a little "High brow" culture into this wild mixture of shootings, lynchings, drunkenness, gambling and vice.

Virginia City was laid out on the side of a barren, rocky hill side, in a region, which had no water, hence the city water was piped from Lake Tahoe, 60 miles away, and I doubt if any city in the United States, has ever been supplied, under such a pressure. The drop was about 5000 feet, and I was told by a man who was familiar with this water system, that a stream of water, in a break in this line, was capable of piercing the human body like a bullet.

In 1936, 6 or 7 decades, after the discovery of the Comstock lode, the city has almost reached a totality, in desertion and decay. The hydrants of the old water supply, still stand rusting at the street corners, and the old board walks, once crowded with people, are rotten and unstable. Almost all the business buildings are empty, including the one used by Mark Twain, when he was a newspaper writer in this city.

In spite of all this decay, the day of this reunion, showed considerable signs of life, for old settlers, miners, prospectors, and Indians, were crowded into the town, to live again, for a brief time, the glories of the past. There were rich people, in their expensive automobiles, who were mingling, in a varied mixture of carts, wagons, mules and ponies, which gave a good picture, of the past as contrasted with the present.

The main attraction of the day, was a hand drilling contest, between picked couples, one of which held the drill, while the other, struck the top with a heavy sledge. The drilling was made in a large boulder, which was mounted on a platform. Each team was allowed ten minutes, the distance drilled, measured, and the winning couple given a prize. Such accuracy, stamina, and precision, one will not often see, and the contest well shows what physical specimens, the mining industry produces.

We left Virginia City, and drove south west, through Nevada, stayed all night in a cabin, near Mono Lake, from where we left the next morning for the foot hills, of the High Sierras, and the Tioga Pass.

The Tioga Pass, at its summit, had an altitude, of 10000 feet, and was of marvelous scenic beauty. From its various heights, we could see the semi-arid plains of Nevada, left behind, while on every side, was nature's architecture, characterized by, wild ravines, massive cliffs, and green forests.



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TIOGA PASS-YOSEMITE

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In spite of all the Tioga Pass, scenery, the road was hard and difficult, poorly constructed, and I have vivid memories of screeching, smoking brakes, going up and down in low gear, around breath taking curves, and if one should dare to look around, he would see deep yawning chasms just below the highway.

When we had travelled well down the western slope, to a point 7 or 8 miles from the Yosemite Valley, we ran into a narrow, one way road, with the hours of travel, each way specified. Night was coming on, and with considerable weariness, we started down that crooked, precipitous, lane like road, and as the saying goes "We had not seen anything yet", for far down below us, lay the deep valley of the Yosemite, while the road, at times, seemed to stretch along the very rim, of a wall, that lifted itself 4000 feet, above the valley floor.

I was too busy shifting gears and manipulating that car around those curves, to spare much time for the scenery, and Bertha was so scared, as to be far from scenery minded, and I know if she lives for 100 years, the memory of that drive will, be painful in retrospect.

It is meant for no boast, when I say that driving in the mountains, was never nerve racking to me, and as I remember that descent, it was not an especially dangerous drive, however, in common with other drives in the mountains, it was no place to go to sleep.

When we had completed that 7 miles with its steep, sharp curves, a cabin was soon rented, and all those shattered nerves and ruffled dispositions, soon melted away under the influence of this matchless valley, with its beautiful pines, and entrancing mountain atmosphere.

The Yosemite, is unique, in that many of its characteristics, are not found in any other place in the west. Much of the Western Scenery has a sameness, but the Yosemite, with its narrow level floor, flanked on all sides by vertical walls of Granite, which tower up to as high as 4000 feet, presents a scenic masterpiece, which is in a class by itself.

The Valley is renowned the world over for its towering cliffs, its stately trees, its delightful climate, and its sublime waterfalls, and much could be said about these features, which are only the high points, that charm the American tourist.

The Valley, which is only 7 miles long, and 1 mile wide, is really a widened part of the Merced river canyon, through which flows this stream, from the lofty heights of the plateau above. Also this valley is only a small portion of the Yosemite National park, an area which is rich in massive peaks, big trees, and deep extensive ravines.

Perhaps no valley in the world is so remarkably fashioned. On one side is El Capitan, which towers over 3000 feet above the valley floor, while across the valley, may be noted the Cathedral Spires, the Cathedral rocks, while far to the north, and at a great distance, above, is the Half Dome, which gives the appearance, of having been sliced in two with a knife, with only one half remaining.



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THE YOSEMITE

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In season, the waterfalls of the Yosemite, are famous for their beauty, Yosemite Falls, consists of two parts, the upper having a drop of 1430 feet, while the lower part drops to the distance of 320 feet, making a combined falls of 1750 feet, which combined distance, is not equalled in the world.

Since we visited the Yosemite, in September, at a time when the snow in the upper mountain ranges was melted, scarcely a drop of water was coming over the Yosemite cliffs, and the famous Bridal Veil Falls, was reduced to a mere trickle.

The Geological history of this valley, is a fascinating story. Many millions of years ago, this region was comparatively level, but during the middle of the Tertiary period, the area between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific ocean, began to bulge up, due to internal disturbances in the earth. Great masses of rock strata, slipped past each other, and in so doing, raised up great ridges, which were the beginnings of what is now known as the High Sierras.

This powerful upheavals of the immense masses and extents of the earth's surface, was a gradual process, that took a vast expanse of time, for its completion, and the different disturbances were separated by long periods of time, characterized by great snowfall, with their thaws, which produced many violent mountain streams. This immense volume of water, roared down the steep inclines, to wear deep canyons, in the rock strata.

The Merced River, which now flows so languidly through the floor of the valley, has during its life span of several million years, formed 3 valleys, each one deeper than the one preceding, and all coinciding with or rather following the three upheavals, in the Sierras.

After this Merced river had cut a canyon, 3 or 4 thousand feet deep, snow and ice, several thousand feet in thickness, began to push its way from the mountains, above, into the valley below. Two great fingers of ice, 2000 feet thick slowly forced their way down through this narrow deep gorge of the Merced, grinding and scraping the walls, until, the valley was widened to something like its present width.

The bottom of the valley did not escape the effects of this glacier, for, its base was gouged out, leaving the floor below the valleys outlet. Hence, when the ice melted, about 20000 years ago, what is now a valley plain, was a lake. But during these 200 centuries, the many streams, have continually, carried sediment from the highlands into this canyon, with the result that, this one time lake, into a grassy plain.

Of course, the geological history of the other features of this park is just as intricate, and absorbing. Every massive cliff, stately peak, and awe inspiring canyon, has been formed and fashioned, by a complex combination of natural processes, many of whom are still at work.



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YOSEMITE-DESERTS REDEEMED

SAN FRANCISCO

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I took a 35 mile precipitous mountain drive, to a point 5000 feet above the valley floor, which was called Glacier point, where I could see the Valley of the Yosemite, in its entirety. Far down below, nestled in between those towering cliffs, lay this valley, miniture like, much as a view from an airplane. Massive El Capitan, was reduced to a fraction of its former size, while Half Dome, and the Cathedral Spires, were strangely small.

Bertha did not choose to make the trip. She had looked up at Glacier point, from the valley, and opined that her nerves should be spared any further torture.

After two days and nights, spent in this fairyland, we left the Yosemite, traveling over the El Portal road which led us along the tortuous banks of the Merced River, and eventually to the wide open spaces of the desert in the region of Merced California.

The region around Merced, is even more like a desert than that of North Western Nevada. There was but little vegetation, in evidence, and short grass, and absence of streams, gave every indication of limited rainfall. However, in the immediate locality of Merced, there was a garden of plenty. Water from the Sierras, furnished water for irrigation, which had transformed, that dry parched soil, into an oasis of green. The road sides were bounded by extensive vegetable gardens, watermelon fields, and fruit trees, with the semi-tropical Olive trees, every where in evidence.

This area around Merced, is typical irrigated California, and the land, which is unirrigated, is just what that much advertised state would be to a large extent, if the friendly mountains did not lend their help. After seeing much of the most productive part of California, I feel that those people should "Lift up their eyes to the Hills, from whence cometh their help"

After driving through the wonderful fruit and vegetable region, from Merced, through the San Joaquin valley, we reached Oakland, where a time was spent looking over the University at Berkley, followed by a ferry trip across the bay to San Francisco.

Our stay in San Francisco, was brief, and contrary to all we had heard of the famous California sunshine, the day was dreary, cool, cloudy and uncomfortable. Had the sun been shining, doubtless that city would have had some elements of beauty, but as it was, there appeared nothing impressive.

I do remember some vivid experiences, one of which was getting lost in the traffic. After getting accomodations for the night, I left Bertha and Charles, at the Hotel, while I took the car to search for a place of storage, but when I travelled out of sight of the hotel, became lost, and no one seemed to know where the particular hotel was. After wandering around for a half hour, I found my way back, to meet the mingled fears, exasperation, and happiness of my wife.