

## Memoirs of Charles Homer Dewey

### Section 7, Pages 181 - 210

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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When we arrived at Fort Leavenworth, the District Surgeon, assigned me to Company 1712, which was located 2 miles from Kaiser Missouri, and on the shores of the Lake of the Ozarks, an artificial lake, which had been created when the Union Electric Company, of St. Louis, had dammed the Osage River, at Bagnell Missouri, 6 years before.

The camp was located, but a few feet from the waters edge, and merely occupied a hole in the timber, which allowed the silvery sheen of these waters, to be seen through the breaks in the forest. I had never been in a more, delightful setting. The underbrush, and oaks were done up, in typical Ozark style, and while I had seen much of the wests finest scenery, yet this simple, restful atmosphere of the oaks, had something that the West lacked. And when spring and summer, came around, the advantages of this area, were even more pronounced, for those Trees and bushes, were literally alive with song birds, something, I had never seen in the Mountains.

Kaiser Missouri, was a one store town, which was surrounded by tourists cabins, which with the store, were all owned by one man, named Gal-kins. However this individual, was not entirely supreme, for the Post Master was a woman, plump and positive.

There were quite a few of the local camps personel, who lived in these cabins, most of whom became our warm friends, and this association, added a great deal to the pleasures of our one years stay.

As has been intimated, we rented one of these cabins, and after a couple of moves, finally landed in a little cottage, with a red roof, and as snug and comfortable as one could desire.

The Lake of the ozarks, is entirely a creation of man, and perhaps of mans greed, for this \$30000000 Bagnell dam was constructed for no purposes of irrigation, navigation, or distinct public benefit, but solely to furnish power, not for the countryside, but for St. Louis.

Anyway, a pretense of public service, to the locality, won for them the right of eminent domain. The company bought up the land or had it condemned, until a vast acreage, was procured. Then every building of the lake site was removed. Even Linn Creek, a county seat, was moved away, and with it, the Cemetery, and today their sites are covered by 50 feet of water.

The lake itself, is so irregular in shoreline, that one has difficulty in making out, just which is the main channel. Each stream that runs into this lake, is marked by a finger of water, which extends into the miniature valley. Thus the shore line is a continuation of sharp turns, points and irregularities, which make a lake some 35 miles long, have a shore line of 1800 miles.

The state of Missouri, had great hopes of making this body of water, a fishermen's Paradise, but while, a great many fish are taken from its waters, up to this time piscatorial efforts, have been very dissapointing.





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The Lake of the Ozarks, region, is the best place I know to illustrate the saying, about the "Fool and his money", for here on all sides, are resort establishments, built at great expense, which have and are being closed, for lack of patronage, while perhaps, just across the road are those who are erecting new and similiar resorts.

And no one seems to pretend to give value received, for any patronage, on the part of the tourist, and while these resorts are supposed to be on the "up and up", yet about the only difference, between them and a Roulette Wheel, is that in the former, you usually get something but never as much as you put in.

A pleasant year at Kaiser, passed without incident, except that I took down with acute Arthritis, in August, which caused me to spend 7 weeks, in the Station Hospital, at Fort Leavenworth. The experience was of such a nature, that I quite naturally, did not desire "seconds". I may add, that Bertha gave me loving attention, and great credit is due her.

While I was at this Hospital, Headquarters, cooked up a plan for my transfer, this time to a colored company, at Wellington, Kansas, and we with trailer attached, (I mean the trailer was attached to the car) journeyed to our new C.C.C. home.

The camp at Wellington was 11 miles, out, on the shore of a beautiful artificial lake which was the source of Wellingtons water supply. and as I later found out, was exceptionally fine for fishing.

The camp, was under construction, with the characteristic disorder, that accompanes, a new location, but all inconveniences, were greatly softened by a camp personel, which gave us a very cordial welcome.

Here was the beginning of a happy 2½ years of life. I had often, while in the mountains, longed for a location, where I could see the sky, and the horizon, with an evening panorama of color. And I can testify, that the sunsets of Kansas, are only surpassed by those of the deserts. So here was the answer to a longing, like that of Esther M. Clark, which prompted her to Write, ~~the~~ famous poem "I hear the voice of the Prairies, calling, calling me".

Now I am mindful of the sour note, in a Prairie Life, for here in Sumner county, the wind either blows a gale every day, or at least every other day. I suppose Bill Nye, experienced stronger winds, but I doubt if any living liar, could duplicate his experiences.

And this region had dust storms, that became so intense that one was unable to see the camp buildings, a short distance away. Those plowed fields, would just simply roll up in the gale, until the nose and mouth became gritty, while inside, the floors, would have a deposit, so thick as need a shovel.

In justice to this country, these dust storms, were very infrequent, and as for the weather, we never lived in a place, that had so many delightful days, and I aver that if it became neccessary for me to choose the mountains, or this Prairie, for a permanent home, it would not be the mountains.



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We rented an apartment, in Wellington, Kansas, a clean prosperous city of 7500, and it was in this Kansas town, that a most happy 2½ years was spent. No previous habitat, in our C.C.C. life, furnished so many of lifes relationships, so much to our liking. The townspeople, were of an unusually high type, the stores were good, and the First Methodist Church, where we placed memberships, made a stimulating and helpful church atmosphere. All in all, Wellington, was just the sort of a city that, is likely to make an individual, make of it, his permanent home.

As before stated, Company 786, was a Negro company, which made a new experiment for me. During these years, I learned a great deal about these people, and some conclusions drawn, were favorable, while, others entirely the opposite. A Negro Company, surely puts gray hairs in the head of a Company Commander, for in general, the Negro is not easily controlled, or disciplined. Many of them, are nothing, and desire to continue in the same state. Most of them have a sort of underdog complex, with a firm conviction, that all the Whites are their enemies. Hence, it is quite difficult to rule by anything but force, and even that is far from a successful procedure. Many of the Negroes, are sullen, resentful and a large part of the race is ungrateful. While the officers and the foremen, were doubtless, about the best friends, they had ever had, no one was able to put this idea across, in satisfactory fashion.

In justice to this Company, there were a few, of high type, intelligent, polite, and appreciative. Hence, I count some of them among the many warm friends, made in the service.

Whatever the defects, that may be charged against the Negro, they have a care free attitude, are musically inclined, in so far as Rythm is concerned. I have always doubted, that they excel in real harmony. They are fanatic over songs and dances, of the "Jitter Bug" type, and spirituals, but one rarely hears them sing songs dear to the heart of the Whites, such as Annie Laurie, Perfect Day, or any other song, where rythm is of secondary importance.

And how noisy they are. It seems that they get the most enjoyment out of grouping up, and every one talking at once, in a voice so loud, that no one can possibly hear what the others say.

The Negroes vocabulary is colorful, to say the least. An Enrollee, had been worrying his mother, by writing home that he had Appendicitis, and would have to have an operation. The Commanding Officer, knowing, the boy was in normal health, asked the clerk, a Negro to write the boys mother. He wrote as Follows : Dear Madam : This is to inform you, that your boy Sam, is now enjoying the Zenith of perfect health, and that no Appendectomy, for Appendicitis, is anticipated, at this time.

I heard another Negro talking to his friend in this fashion : Now if you wants to ma-ak a lot of money, jus, buy a fa-am, and put some ca-ves on it. of cose, yo, d wanta put a mogidge, on it. His friend asked, foah what yu alls, want to put a mogidge on the fa-am?, whwerapon, he said O youah haf to ha-ve a mogidge on it, evry one has a mogidge on his fa-am.





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Having been granted a 15 day leave, in April 1939, we started for the Rio Grande Valley, to visit Edna and Dick, with their families. And to make the trip more enjoyable, we took Osa and Florence, along on a journey, which took us two days, and was highlighted by a visit to the famous Alamo, in San Antonio, Texas.

Space will not permit a detailed description of this great heart endearing shrine, familiar to any American child, who has studied American history, but here is a hallowed atmosphere, which when combined with a knowledge of the heroic event, in its history, truly makes one remove his hat, almost automatically, as the large spacious interior, is entered.

The Alamo was at one time a Mission, constructed of stone, by pioneer Catholic Fathers, and as was common, in similar structures of the south west, was featured by great massive walls, any one of which was sufficient for a fort in itself. However, had this tediously constructed edifice, not been sanctified by physical heroism, bravery and death, it would now be just another old mission, and numbered among other old ruins, so common in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

In 1845, the quiet atmosphere of this Alamo was broken by a battle of extermination, between about 160 adventurous scouts, who led by Davy Crockett, had sought shelter and protection, within these walls, and some 3000 Mexicans, under Santa Anna, who besieged them. For several days this brave American band held off the attackers, but finally the Mexicans, scaled the walls, and rushed into the enclosure. A hand to hand battle ensued, and only ended when Crockett's men, and himself were all dead. But the latter sold their lives so dearly, that the Alamo floor was covered by Mexican dead.

Belated assistance eventually arrived, and the American troops, with the cry of "Remember the Alamo", on their lips, administered out terrible retribution to the Mexicans.

It is not for me to say, as to the justice or injustice of the Alamo Massacre, or to the extremity of the retribution, but the justice of the entire Mexican war, has been seriously questioned by succeeding generations, and I suppose our main argument would be that the Mexicans were not using the territory, hence they were not entitled to it.

The Rio Grande Valley, is another of the ultra-productive areas of the United States, which has been redeemed by the magic touch of water, by irrigation. Just a few years ago, this alluvial plain, was studded by, mesquite, shrubs and cactus, among which was the home of the large Diamond Back rattlesnake. But the land agent, fully aware of what could be done with soil 50 feet deep, and located in a semi-tropical climate, should water be turned onto that dry parched ground. I well knew that this valley could supply everything needed, except the "Suckers", and the "North would complete the picture."



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This valley land was purchased at a small price per acre, by these land companies, the waters of the Rio Grande river was tapped for irrigation, scattered show places were built up and all was ready for the exploitation. Smooth land salesman, many of them devoid of honor, combed the north, for people of means, and more or less dissatisfied with their northern homes. When they were sufficiently tempted to "bite", all were gathered up and taken to this valley, by special train, all expenses paid. And when they arrived, all were kept incommunicado, with outside influence, while they were taken around to these show places. Nothing was said of the terrific burden of taxes, poor markets, very occasional killing freezes and other defects.

The pressure usually worked, and most of those royally entertained, guests, bought a tract of that bare land at \$400.00 to \$500.00 per acre, some with all their life savings, while others mortgaged their homes in the north. Well it is needless to relate what happened, but many of these people lost part or all they had, and becoming discouraged, moved back home much wiser and poorer.

This story of graft, in no way reflects on the Valley itself. The land was there, as was the climate, opportunity, and a future promise of prosperity, but the farms were bought too high, and with too little heed to the inevitable defects, that must characterize a new land.

I may add that this story, has been duplicated in the development of every new land. California, and Florida, have been scourged by the crooked land agent, and even in Carl Sandburg's story of Abraham Lincoln, during his prairie years, tells of the Land companies, and their fraudulent dealings, with the pioneers of Kentucky and Illinois.

Now through years of trial, this Rio Grande Valley, has emerged to greatness. Land values have become reduced to their real normal level, taxes are lower, markets have improved, and I doubt if any irrigated valley in the United States, has such prosperity, or comparable potentialities.

Today, one may drive for miles and miles, through a seeming never ending continuation of Grape Fruit, orange and lemon groves, or great expanses of vegetable fields, while the roads are literally crowded by wagon loads of fruit, carrots, cabbage, cotton, beans, corn, etc, in their varied seasons.

We spent a week, in this Modern Garden of plenty, went over into Old Mexico, took a swim in the Gulf, at Point Isabel, and satisfied our childhood ambitions, of eating oranges, without money or price, to a point of complete satiation.

On our way home to Kansas, an overnight stop, at Corpus Christi, was made where we lived in cabins, whose very foundations, were washed by the lapping, lipping, waves of the bay.

Corpus Christi, is located around the curve of the bay, and is famous for its tourists hotels, its shipping, its oyster fishing, and its wonderful climate.





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During the Summer of 1939, it became rumored, that all Reserve Officers, on active duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps, would go on a Civilian status, some time in the Fall, with a heavy cut in salary, and about August 1st, these rumors became actualities, for notice came from Headquarters, that this change would take place September 1st, with a \$1500.00 cut in salary. At the same time, a 25 days accrued leave was granted, which gave us the opportunity of a long desired journey to the Yellowstone, by way of the Rockies, at Colorado Springs, and Denver.

We prepared for this trip in earnest, the trailer was all fixed up, a roll-away bed and a tent loaded in, and after a period of confusion, shattered nerves, and somewhat explosive dispositions, we started out across the hot plains of Kansas, on August 6, 1939, for Colorado and other points West.

If anyone who may read these pages, has driven across the heat swept plains of Kansas, in the hottest month of the Summer, he will need no further description. But in spite of these hot winds, and dust storms, when we landed in Colorado Springs, the next day, we found the weather so cool, that when coupled with a rainy cloudy atmosphere, made us about as uncomfortable, as we had been in the Kansas heat. This all well emphasizes a well known truth, that much of our search for comfort, fails to reach fruition, and our trips are frequently actuated by a restless state of mind.

Colorado Springs, is a mecca for tourists, many of whom, drive their fast expensive cars, as if the red light was holding up every one else but themselves. In no locality, has been seen so many "Fools" behind the steering wheels, as in this natural beauty, man contaminated region.

The city is beautifully laid out, and well kept, but is about as nearly commercialized, as any municipality in the land, and perhaps is "tops", unless, Hot Springs Arkansas, out ranks it. And how those Sight seeing agencies, can lie. One driver wanted to take us up to the summit, for \$4.00 per person, and assured me that my Chevrolet could not make it, especially without chains, to help us through the snow. Now, I am not plugging for General Motors, but when anyone tells me, that a practically new "Chevy" can not go places in the mountains, my confidence is unshaken, for that confidence is based on considerable experience, in the West. I may add, that on the following day, we drove to the very top of this peak, without chains, with the infrequent use of low gear, and saw no snow, except at the summit.

We spent the night, in a poor cabin, at a rich price, and I am inclined to elucidate on some of these cabins, we used in Colorado Springs, and on the way, but I fear the dignity of these pages, would hit a sudden low



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In the morning, on our way to the base of Pikes Peak, we stopped for a brief stay in the Garden of the Gods, long a favorite Rendezvous, for Rocky Mountain tourists, and is truly a unique point of interest, with its great natural gateway, formed by two gigantic red cliffs. And while these massive portals exceed all the others in so far as size is concerned, yet all over the park, are great numbers of red, multi-sized boulders, of the same texture, which lift themselves above the green and grey studded landscape. Many of them, appear to be the remnants of a once continuous, expanse of rock strata, that slowed down the irresistible power of erosion, for millions of years in the past, but today sentinel stones, are all that stands between the original state, and complete oblivion.

The Garden of the Gods, is noted for two main features, namely their color, and their arrangement. An artist frequently speaks of composition, or combination, and here is an exquisite example of a perfect blend of both, with the landscape, for these red stones are sufficiently scattered as to harmonize with the green and grey of the vegetation.

In this Garden of the Gods, is a balanced rock, which weighs many tons, and whose immense bulk is supported by a pedicle, that can not be more than a foot in diameter. I have seen several highly advertised balanced rocks, but this freak, made me wonder why it did not crash to earth.

Later on in the day, we ate dinner in this garden, of the Deities, and for need of better facilities, used one of these Gods for a table, and some of the "Godlets" for stools.

We drove beyond Manitou Colorado, to the base of Pikes Peak, and made all preparation to begin the ascent, Bertha, and her mother, (Mrs. Hyde, was in the party) were already beginning to allow the shades of doubt to cross their minds, but Charles enthused over the prospect of seeing some snow, during the Summer time, treated every deterring influence, with disdain.

We were surprised to find such a fine road up to the top of this 14000 feet peak. Information has it that this highway, cost the Federal government a million dollars, and the route is a far cry from the old cog wheeled railroad, which did and still does take people to the top for \$5.00 per.

Now one may drive to the very top, on a two way gravel road, which rarely taxes a motor, beyond the second gear, and most of the way is well supplied by turn-outs, where one may stop and view the scenery.

Pikes Peak, while one of the greatest attractions of the West, does not present an awe inspiring distant view, as does Mt. Ranier, for all around this eminence, are other peaks, nearly as high, about as imposing.





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When one views the peak from its base, in the Summer time, there are no glaciers or snow to be seen, and the road, largely cut from the mountain side, to wind its tortuous way, to the summit, is not visible; and the traveler, with his car, as he starts up, is soon swallowed by the seclusion of invisibility.

The weather, as we left the base, was cool, but when we reached the approximate half way point, the temperature was 34 degrees, and that delightful characteristically cool fresh tang of the pines, was pleasant to the senses. Mother Hyde, did not care to finish the journey, and Bertha would have remained behind, but Charles with his visions of playing in the snow, was determined to go on. So Bertha accompanied me rather than to let him proceed with out her.

At frequent intervals, we parked the car on a lookout post, and feasted our eyes, on a panorama of ravines, chasms, and lesser mountain peaks, far down below us. Here was untamed wilderness, much of which had perhaps, never been traversed by human foot, and whose precipitous cliff sides, had likely never re-echoed mans voice. And the beauty of the scenery, was there with a combination of gray cliffs, flanked by a profusion of green vegetation, which all but covered mountain tops, sides, and ravine floors.

We reached the summit, with out incident, and were delighted that the drive was made, mostly in second gear, while quite long stretches were made in high.

When we reached the top, we hastened from a warm car, and as rapidly into the guest house, where we found the stoves surrounded by tourists, who had in large part left their homes to escape the heat, and now were seeking something similar to that they had left behind. I may add that icicles were hanging from the eaves, and a cold, strong 26 degree wind, was storming across the mountain top. The date was August 8, 1939.

Charles and I went out to find some snow, and succeeded in getting enough together, to make a snow ball, but his enthusiasm soon vanished, and we were both unanimous, as to the advantages of a warm fire. Just another proof that the dream is often more gratifying, than the realization.

The view from the top of Pikes peak is indescribable, for here one does not merely look down into picturesque valleys, but down below the summit, are mountain tops, only a few hundred feet less in altitude, than Pikes peak, itself. And the vista below, was adorned by heavy clouds, thru whose breaks, natures combinations, as previously described, were visible. making the individual feel that he was truly on top of the World.

After two hours on the summit, we began the descent, which consumed about the same time as the ascent. And that same boy, whose enthusiasm bubbled over at the prospect of a play in the snow, soon became sleepy, and just before he went to the "Land of Nod", remarked "I am not interested in scenery," An observation, shared by us all.



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We returned to our tourist cabin, and soon were on the way to Denver, where an overnight stop was made, and the next morning, shopped around, went out to the park and Zoo, and spent a pleasant and profitable time, looking through the great Denver Museum of Natural history.

This museum is perhaps unexcelled by any in the world, considering its type. The Chicago Museum, is far more extensive, and contains a much more diversified display, but here is an animal and fossil exhibit, that, is so complete, and mounted with such skill and beauty, as to make the observer almost expect those polar bears, seals, Sea Lions, deer, and in fact the complete Fauna, of the United States, to break through those glass cages, and scamper away across the Landscape, or to hurry off to search for the waters edge.

The palentology exhibit, very complete, is featured by the entire skeleton of a Dinosaur, unearthed in Utah. This fossil is some 60 feet in length, and when this immense reptile lived, its weight, as estimated now, was at least 50 tons.

A full description of this unusual museum cannot be made in this volume, but no one should visit Denver without, spending some time in this unusual place.

In the afternoon, we drove north through Boulder, the location of the University of Colorado, and since Bertha had spent two Summer terms, here, it brought back old memories of the past. I asked her about those, attractive "Lovers Lanes", copiously present around the Campus, but did not receive a satisfactory answer, even as you and I.

We reached Estes Park, late in the Afternoon, and I was quite disappointed, for while I was at The Teachers College, in Emporia, the stories told by the Y.M.C.A. delegates to the annual meeting here, led me to think this a veritable Earthly Heaven. Now I know they did not mean to describe Estes Park at all, but rather the country around the Village, of that name, for this town of Estes Park, is like an ugly pimple on the face of a beautiful Girl, or a rag weed in a bed of roses. The town is squalid, entirely commercialized, and from all appearances, is a den of vice. But the scenery all around is exquisitely fashioned, with great mountain peaks and ranges towering above the town. God makes and Man mars, a truth that is all too evident in the west, and here one only has to raise the eyes from Estes Park, to the glories above and beyond, to depreciate man, and appreciate God. Lord Byron wrote "Man marks the Earth with ruin", but here he just smears it.

We secured a cabin in The Thompson River Canyon, where two nights were spent, and if possible, much could be said about this scenic masterpiece. The Canyon extends down the Thompson river, for 10 or 12 miles, and is just wide enough for the clear, swiftly moving stream and the road, while the floor is walled in by a nearly solid continuation of





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of massive cliffs, which have been fashioned by a Million years of erosion. And how those walls glitter in the sunlight, caused by a sort of mica, which constitutes a considerable part of the texture.

This canyon is a perfect combination of stream, picturesque walls, rich green pines, with their fragrance, which makes a mountain retreat, that Bertha thinks is incomparable, and I am not sure but she is right. Many of the places, in the West visited by us, have created no specific desire to see again, but we are agreed that another visit to this canyon, should be made if ever again in Colorado.

Colorado, unquestionably, has more scenery of the superlative type, than any state in the Union, and I am inclined to think that the Rocky Mountain Park, is truly the gem of Colorado, so we spent one afternoon, driving up the Trail Ridge road, which led to an altitude of about 12000 feet, to a summit, where the vista included the towering peaks and ranges of the region. Far to the left, and almost below us was the Longs Peak, 14200 feet high, and made famous by mans frequent attempts to scale its icy top, resulting in a long list of fatalities. Just a few days before we drove up this Trail Ridge Road, an intrepid mountain climber, had clung for days, on the ice covered rocks of this peak, only to lose his life before, rescue came.

This entire region, to the south of this road, is a vast continuation of uninterrupted gorgeous, mountain scenery, unequaled in the West. Longs peak, is supplemented, if not rivalled, by Mts Alice, Lady Washington, Ida, Taylors, and a long list of other Mountains of like proportions and beauty. I am sure there is no other place in Western United States, where so much awe inspiring mountain picturesqueness, may be seen, at a glance.

To the north of this Trail Ridge Road, is a mountain area, that while not so extensive, is of no mean proportions. Far to the north is a ridge called Mummy Ridge, so named by some one who thought he saw the likeness of a Mummy, as made by the contour, at the top. I saw no such resemblance, but I have never been very adept at making out the likenesses of human and animal forms, in the mountains. Perhaps my imagination is weak.

We drove over this highway, which was as fine black top construction, as we will find in a mid-central state, and this fine road which climbs to an altitude of 12000 feet, makes it one of the very few in the United States to have that distinction.

On the way up, Charles and I went off the road a short distance, to climb out on a vast sea of ice and snow, which furnished a thrill, for the date was August 10, and I knew what kind of weather, Kansas was having at that time.

We remained for a time, at the Ranger station, near Fall River pass, and as at Pikes peak, the wind was so cold and strong as to make one spend considerable time near the fire.



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After spending two days in this region, our course led us out through Thompson River Canyon, and on to Loveland, Ft. Collins, and Cheyenne Wyoming.

Wyoming, the land of dry barren lands, bucking bronchos, and Rodeos, is a state of wide open spaces. The drabness of the landscape, is only excelled by the great stretches of waste land in Arizona and New Mexico. Here in Wyoming, one may travel for hours, and see but few inhabitants. In fact there seems but little to justify human habitation, except wide expanses of pasture lands, and of a type, that it would seem to necessitate, an entire section for a small herd.

I would not say, that the state is devoid of wealth, or beauty. Even these arid sections, support vast herds of cattle and sheep, and as for beauty, the landscape is frequently featured by a carved hill or ridge or ravine, which has been delicately lined and architected, by uncountable years of erosion.

Also as regards beauty, we should not forget that the Yellowstone Park is largely in Wyoming, as is the ultra beautiful Big Horn Mountains, both of which points of interest, are to be described in future pages.

After staying all night, at Casper Wyoming, we drove on to Cody Wyo. a city founded by Buffalo Bill, and through the picturesque Shoshone River Canyon, which leads into the Yellowstone, for about 75 miles to the east.

The Shoshone canyon, is scenic, and presents another typical western composition of massive cliff walls, which flank a clear rapidly moving mountain stream, and all decked out by the charm of pines and underbrush. But the most important characteristic of this Canyon, is the carving, bizarre, in type, of the cliffs on both sides of the valley. On all sides, was noted the power and persistence of erosion. I noted large tall square shafts of stone, standing in perfect plumb, and whose sides and corners were almost as correct as those of Bunker Hill Monument.

To the right of the highway, was an extensive line of cliffs, carved in such a manner as to make a good likeness of a city with spires, minarets, and castles. The collection has been called the "Holy City", and well looks the part.

We reached the Yellowstone, that is Fishing Bridge village, so weary that no one of the party, was especially thrilled, and I will add that there is but little, at this entry to make a tourist feel otherwise. The village was crowded with people of every known race and creed, and appearance, while the miserably constructed cabins, all in close proximity to each other, were poorly equipped. I can say however, that the price of these cabins, was only 2.25, which was the only good feature.

As I watched those tourists, many of whom were people of wealth, and accustomed to living in mansions, I opined that had they been compelled to live thusly, at home, a howl to "High Heaven" would have resulted.





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While Bertha and her mother were preparing one of their characteristically good meals, Charles went out with me to buy the groceries, and I can remember his lively chatter, as he walked along and talked about everything. While the long trip had wearied us decidedly, he was none the less "Chipper".

After supper, we went out to watch the bears, who were strolling around among the cabins, non-chalant, and apparently with one end in view, and that to find something to eat. A garbage rack is their banquet table, while the garbage, itself is their great delight. And how they make those cans and contents scatter. I saw one large black Bruin, perched on a garbage rack, with his head deep down in a can, clawing and rooting out the trash, but as I walked towards him, he raised up, and with flashing eyes, and a deep growl, gave me to know that I was not a welcome guest at that festive board. Any one can take it from me, that when a bear acts like that, it is a good time to keep distance.

These Yellowstone Bears, who amble around among the tourists, have all the appearance, of being as gentle as a kitten, but on all sides, in the Yellowstone, are posted signs, to caution the people against feeding and molesting them. Information has it that behind those benign looking eyes, is a disposition that may easily be misconstrued, as many careless tourists have found out. They are ravenous for food, and just seem to be unable to resist bacon and sweets especially. A short time before we arrived, a small boy had some candy, and was chased by a bear. The boy terrified climbed a tree, but bruin, followed him up, a ranger came on the scene, and shot the bear.

No one who is wise, in the Yellowstone, leaves food in a tent, for not a few campers have neglected this precaution, only to have a night call, that was at least unpleasant.

All of the previous discussion, was concerned with the common black and Brown bears, who circulate freely, among the guests of the Yellowstone, but as to the Grizzly bears, there is a wide difference, for these large mammals, quite generally avoid any association with man, and if man wishes to make future trips to the Yellowstone, he would do well to show the Grizzlies, the same respect.

The Grizzlies, usually confine their activities to regions, far up and back in the deep forests, but occasionally, they do emerge and seek food down in the Camping area proper. Such a happening did occur, when we were there, for one night, while we were in our tent, we heard running footsteps, past our abode. A man was yelling to his wife and daughter, to get into the car. We soon found out that our neighbor, had noticed seven bears, raiding the garbage, about 50 feet from our tent, and on going out there to see what they were doing, one of the seven, all being Grizzlies, with a mighty leap chased him through the trees. He was only saved by someone picking up a fiery log, and making a pass at the bear, who ran out through the pines. I talked to the Ranger, who was called and he said they were all Grizzlies, whose intense hunger had



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forced them to run counter to their natural fear of Man.

What a commotion this "Bear" episode, caused. The women, (the mans wife and daughter) were hysterical, and the near victim, was calling, "Ranger, oh Ranger", but later on as the atmosphere became a little more calm, he seemed to get a sort of "kick" out of his story, many times repeated, and always contained the frequent assertion, "Well, I had a good start on him", an advantage, that when one finds himself chased by a Grizzly Bear, should be really valuable.

Bertha was more sympathetic to the man, really so near death, than I, for she was considerably frightened herself, but I was very sure, the Bruin, was an ordinary bear, and the story of our neighbor, as he told it so frequently, excitedly, and more or less proudly, was definitely amusing. Anyway, that tourist left early the next morning, and I am sure, he carried from the Yellowstone, a tale that has been many times re-told since that time.

While on the subject of Grizzlies, I will conclude all discussion of bears. They have a Grizzly Bear feeding ground, which is located, 10 or 12 miles from Fishing Bridge, on the Loop Road, where, each day at 6 P.M., they scatter out food for these bears, who live in the Mountain woods beyond. An arena, has been constructed, on the hillside, at quite a distance from the feeding place, with a high, heavy wire fence to protect the tourists, from any possible harm.

As we sat there, about twenty, grizzlies, of varied sizes, were eating the food, others were lumbering along, out of the woods in the distance, while yet others, were partially visible in the woods fringe, as if undecided about coming so close to man. This evident reticence of these bears for mans company, made the presence of these animals, in the area near our tent, even more puzzling.

After we had moved from the cabin to our tent, in the area set aside for "Canvas Dwellers", we started out to explore this most unique, and bizarre, region of freaks, in the world.

Yellowstone Park, consisting of 3400 square miles, was set aside as a National Park, in 1872, and is world famous, for its Geysers, Hot spgs., scenery, and wide diversity of animal life. However, its chief fame is due to the expanse being the greatest Thermal region, in the entire world. Take this feature away from the Yellowstone, and we would merely have an ordinary, mountain landscape, with canyons, lakes, and trees.

We started for Old Faithful Geyser, over the southern half of the loop road, a highway, that largely skirts along the shore of Lake Yellowstone, and goes in and out, up and down, through, heavy timber, of Pines, whose breaks, allow the scintillating, sparkle of the water to filter through. And on every side was the evidence of thermal activity, both past and present. Great and numerous patches of white, that looked much like snow, flaked the hillsides and valleys, with their mute evidence





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that here at one time, was a wide expansive bubbling, sizzling caldron, far more intense than at the present time.

Many of the hillsides, as we drove along, were dotted by white spots of steam, and at the road side, could be seen, gurgling hot springs, while the air was charged by the strong odor of sulphur and other mineral substance.

There is really not much difference between a hot spring, and a Geyser. The origin of both is the same. Geologists explain, that far below the earth's surface, is an intensely heated area, which is connected to the surface, by a break in the rocks strata. Water flows into this duct, and when contact is made with this heated substance, great volumes of steam is generated, but its escape is prevented, for a time by the weight of the water above. Finally, the power of the steam, gains control, and the liquid mass is violently thrown out, followed by a period of quiescence, then the process is repeated. This explains the Geyser, and the hot spring, is the same as to cause, chemical contents of the water, and heat, but due to peculiarities, of underground structure, the steam escapes constantly, with a continual bubbling. Many onetime Geysers, have changed into hot springs, and hot springs, have metamorphosed into Geysers.

And this water is really hot, for I put an egg in a spring, called Black Sand Springs, with the result that the 199 degree temperature, had it well cooked in 8 minutes.

The Geysers of the Yellowstone, are so varied and numerous, that any description must be incomplete, but Old Faithful, is the most famous. There is scarcely a school boy, in America, who has not read about this Phenomenon, and I remember well reading, when a small boy, about the tourists, slipping soap into its throat to bring on a premature eruption.

We sat near this Geyser, benign and inactive, for an hour, for the eruption, which we were told occurred every 69 minutes. There was nothing to indicate that out of this mildly steaming vent, would soon come a hissing hot spray of water, to reach a height of almost 150 feet. As the time approached, we could see an occasional crest of water, barely visible above the rim, only to drop back, to reappear, a little higher. It all had the appearance of some mighty force, which was endeavoring to free itself from bondage. Soon the water shot up to a height of about 10 feet, again fell back, and then with a mighty roar of deliverance, the vast column, shot up 150 feet in the air. Other eruptions followed, in regular order, gradually losing force and altitude, until a 69 minute period of outward inactivity, and inward activity began.

No one knows how long Old Faithful, has been erupting, but from the comparatively, small mineral deposit, around the opening, the time has perhaps not been over a few hundred years. We do know that since it was named in 1870, this Geyser has erupted over one half million times, and that the interval, between the spoutings, has grown gradually longer.



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While Old Faithful, is the most famous Geyser in the Yellowstone, Castle Geyser, impressed me as being far more interesting, and is much older as determined by its great circular cone, which extends 10 feet above the ground. I may add that this massive external wall, has been entirely formed by the accumulation of solids, either suspended in water as it is thrown out, or by a chemical change afterwards. Since this Geyser acts only once every 24 hours, we can get some idea of its antiquity.

We were fortunate in being on hand, when this freak chose to display its unique show, which began much as did Old Faithful, but while the water did not reach above 75 feet, yet the discharge was more violent, and lasted for a greater length of time. How that water rolled and roared out of that great throat, until rivulets of hot water, ran down and away, in all directions. After several minutes of this stage, all liquid discharge ceased, to be followed by five minutes, in which there was nothing but steam and gases. If one can imagine the exhaust of a Locomotive, being 3 or 4 feet in diameter, and the violence of the "let off", increased in proportion, a fair idea may be had of this spectacle.

By this Castle Geyser, a hot pool of clear pungent water, called Morning glory Pool, and very aptly named it is, for the walls are round, with a gradual tapering down as far as the eye can see. And in addition, these walls are a beautiful greenish blue, which all much resembles a large Morning Glory

This Pool, at one time was commonly used by the tourists, as a sort of wash tub, and decolorizer, for when a handkerchief, was dropped in to its waters, the cloth would eventually come to the surface, clean, and much of its color removed. No doubt this action was due to the chemical constituents, such as Sulphur, Chlorine, etc. I will say that tourist do not wash their clothes, in these hot pools now, nor drop soap in Old Faithfuls, funnel either, for these features are at present strictly guarded.

No short description can do justice to the Geysers of Yellowstone, Park, for the number is great, with an equally wide divergence. In addition to the two already described, there is the Grotto Geysers, active, most of the time, and whose centuries of eruptions, have formed a series of bizarre rooms, hence its name. Again there is the Riverside Geyser, which shoots its 100 feet shaft of water, at an angle out over the stream. And lastly the White Dome Geyser, which has the largest silica mound, in the park, and is famous for its great antiquity.

Aside from the Geysers and hot springs, the Yellowstone, is a land of "Freaks", unequalled in any other region of the world. There were the Paint Pots, a large hot cauldron, of bubbling, fluid clay, whose disturbance, was due to the steam and other gases, which was continually escaping to the surface. The color was a delicate blend of pink, orange and yellow. This blurr, blurr, never ceasing, reminding me of a great iron kettle of Apple Butter, such my mother cooked out under the trees, when I was a boy.





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And the Dragon mouth was there, with a visual and Auditory resemblance, so real, as to create a near shudder. A hole in the rocks, was an almost perfect replica a Dragons mouth, as pictured by mans imagination, and from this orifice, came a grating, gurgling sound, as if some dangerous monster, was belching forth fire and brimstone. However these elements of eternal punishment, merely consisted of a gas, which forced a body of water up an internal incline, only to allow the liquid to fall back into the throat, to be followed immediately, by a similiar process. In day time, this sound was awe inspiring, but should pass that way, in the dead of night, with no previous Knowledge, of these natural phenomena, he would be justified in thinking that "Hell" was near by, and would be looking for the Devil with his pitchfork, to come around the corner.

Much of the Yellowstone, shows no Thermal action, either past or present, but the central region, called the upper and lower Geyser regions, is a veritable hot spot, but as has been said before, that which is, in no way compares to that which was, in days gone by.

Down below Old Faithful, is a region, near the Fire Hole River, which is a labyrinth of hot springs, and boiling pools. They have constructed walks around through the locality, on which the individual may walk along, with the hot water in violent motion, on either side, at the very feet. Accidents have happened, and children must be watched, while here a drunk man could go to hell, with quickness and dispatch.

Since much of this thermal action, has been stilled by the passing of the centuries, there is much conjecture, as to the possibility of this intensity, making a recurrence, and just how safe, is man from an internal explosion. If the scientist is correct, in his theory, that most of the Earths interior, is molten, we are truly sitting, on a hot seat, or at least our seats may become hot. When the lava was spouting, and the most of this region was a seething cauldron, our ancestors if they were past the "Fish" stage, were far removed, and I can conclude that the wild cave life in Europe, was much safer, than this Yellowstone would have been.

But why worry, about the earth turning itself wrong side out and converting us into "Cpacklings", for our struggle for defense, high taxes, wars and social unrest would be settled, and perhaps in a few hundred million years, things would be sufficiently cooled off, for a new people to take possession, and make a go of it.

The scenery of the Yellowstone, while beautiful, is not gorgeous and imposing as is that of the Rockies, but in the center of the park, is Yellowstone Lake, which ranks high among the charming lakes of the west. Its cold, clear blue expanse, is surrounded by on two sides, by high ranges, which extend far back to merge into the Grand Tetons.

After three days, in the park when we found ourselves pretty well plastered by dirt, I induced Bertha and Charles, to accompany me for a



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swim in this lake, but when we came in contact with the water, it was easily discernable, why that fine beach was practically unoccupied, for the water was cold enough to have come from the Arctic Ocean. The Swim was quite exhilarating, but human nature just could not stand the strain for long, however, I remember that swim as about the most stimulating ever experienced. As for Charles, he mustered enough nerve to get in up to his hemispheric bulge, and had a great deal to say afterwards, as to his bravery.

From the Yellowstone Lake, the Yellowstone River takes its origin, runs out under Fishing Bridge, takes a leisurely course, for a distance, and in time reaches a deep drop in the gradient, where it begins or rather continues to carve out one of the most picturesque canyons in the United States.

At the initial drop, is formed the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone, while farther down the stream, a second drop, creates the Lower Falls. Both falls are marvelously beautiful, but the lower cataract, with its foreground of canyon, makes a composite picture, which has been much photographed, and painted, and is commonly found in Art galleries, as well as a favorite for the adornment of calendars.

We drove down this scenic road, along the canyons edge, to a point called Artists Point, a place where most of the famous paintings of the Falls, have been made, and here we literally feasted our eyes on the gorgeous panorama, below and beyond us. Centuries of erosion, have cut this deep gorge, whose sides present a wild, yet harmonious blending of overhanging cliffs, talus slopes, minor ravines, all dedecked by a profusion of evergreen trees, which seem to grow from every rock crevasse, and shallow accumulation of soil.

To me, there is no scenic masterpiece, quite so charming as a multi-colored canyon, with rocks, cliffs and soil, all delicately tinted, and set in a field of green. In such splendor, there is but few strong colors, as is in the rainbow, nor is there any resemblance to the colors of the Spectrum, but the Master Artist has well erased the line of color demarkation, until one tint merely fades into another, to create an atmosphere of serenity and peace.

I would not forget the Falls at the upper end of this canyon, with its white glistening sheen in the sunlight, and the white foamy churning waters, at its base. The picture is much like a richly bejeweled hostess, elaborately gowned, and sitting at the head of Natures table.

The Yellowstone Park, is a great sanctuary for bird and animal life. On Yellowstone Lake, is an Island, where the near extinct Trumpeter Swan, nests, while wild geese, Pelicans, ducks, and a wide variety of other water fowls, nest and bring up their young around the lakes edges. Also back in the wilds of the park, are land birds, of wide variety, especially highlighted by the Eagle family, which includes the Golden and Bald Eagles.





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But the animal life of the this park, is perhaps the more important, for no place in the United States, is there such variety and numbers of large and small Game. Mention has already been made of the bears, which may be commonly seen by the roadside, begging their bread. I may say that these Bruins do not include the Grizzlies, who avoid the society of man, and that to mans advantage.

The Yellowstone, has great herds of Elk, Bison, and Antelope, and as we were driving along the Loop Road, in the Northern end of the Park, two bull Moose were noted as they placidly fed, half concealed by the heavy grass near the highway, and two days later, as I was fishing in Lake Yellowstone, two beautiful specimens (Granting that a Moose is ever beautiful) came down to the water to drink, 30 yards from where I stood.

The small animals are also here in abundance, but we were especially interested in the Beavers, or rather their ingenious mud and sticks habitats. In the plains, along this road, may be noted considerably sized, bodies of water, which were held back by the remnants of Beaver dams, all the work of these industrious little animals, many years ago. Some of the ponds covered several acres.

We noted a large dam near the Roadway, which was the 1939 mansion of a Beaver colony, who did not choose to come out and greet us. But that dam was at least 4 feet high, and 30 feet long, and what was mysterious, was where they got all those sticks, and just what kept that body of water, from running through. Undoubtedly, under the water, and on the upper side was a compact layer of mud, made solid and compact, by the Beavers flat strong tails.

The animals of the park, are in general, quite heavily subsidized, in fact many of them are on Government Relief. However, the Elks are at present left to rustle for themselves. Time was when these animals, were fed in the Winter time, but a Ranger, in one of his Campfire talks stated that like Human beings, their ability and will to rustle, markedly decreases, when Paternalized by the Government. This might be a good lesson to Our Uncle Sam, who is so generously softening up the American people.

The time and space allotted for the Yellowstone Park, is about spent, but I could mention the Great Jupiter Terrace of Mammoth Hot Springs, the Golden gate, the Tower Falls, with its nearby Pinnacle Spires, and the huge boulder, that has hung so mysteriously over these falls, from the time this park was first explored by the White Man.

As regards area, we did not see a great portion of the Yellowstone, for much of its expanse is a wild, almost impassable region, with no real roads, and even few trails. The Government has constructed a fine hard surfaced highway, called "The Loop", which makes an elongated circuit, from the Lower Geyser region, to Mammoth Hot Springs on the North side, and it is along this road, that the main features of the Park lie.



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After staying the first night in a cabin, we went across the road to the area, reserved for campers, and spent considerable time, in choosing a location for our tent. I suppose, we went about the task, somewhat like a pioneer, as he staked his claim, but here was no quietude, or privacy, for I have rarely been in a place, where everybody knew every neighbors affairs as in this camping place. Since the tents were in close proximity, and all ate out in the open, we knew what our neighbors had to eat, could tell whether their children were good or bad, and even frequently knew when they went to the toilet, and by a little thought, and observation, could form some estimate of the urgency of their desires. This was all aided, by the frequent question, "Where is the Toilet?"

What a conglomerataion of Humanity, that was, and the vehicles were about as diversified. There were old trucks, converted into sleeping quarters, for large families, wooden boxes on wheels, tents of all sizes, shapes, and degrees of dilapidation, all contrasted by luxurious trailer houses, that must have cost thousands of dollars. One of these expensive trailer homes, was wheeled in near our tent, and the driver, a prosperous appearing man, while attempting to back it in among the trees, showed me how profanity is done, "Chicago Style".

The people, themselves, were equally as varied. One could see elderly couples, who perhaps after years of hard work, and vacation dreams, had likely broken away from their toil, to see a little of the west, before the shadows of life and age should forever intervene.

Most of these people, had all evidence of respectibility, while a few, seemed to have crossed those mountains, for the sole purpose of getting drunk. I can say however, that they were a friendly lot. Every body seemed to want to know where every body came from, where he was going from the park, and by what route. One neighbor, even singled us out a fish hungry, and brought over a fine mess of "Cut Throat trout".

Bertha, Charles, Mrs Hyde, and myself, all lived in a small Umbrella tent, that was hardly sufficient for 4 persons, and the dust around, was half ankle deep. The latter feature, brought on that characteristic, Saturday night dirty feeling, not later than Monday. There were baths to be had, but we thought a 50 cents charge, a little high, hence the cold dips in Yellowstone Lake, as already described.

I would not leave the impression, that camping out in the Yellowstone, has no pleasures, for nature was generous, with cool invigorating, mountain air, the pleasing aroma of the pines, while Bertha added to our pleasures, by sumptuous meals, cooked on our little gasoline stove, and eaten on a table under the trees.

We lived in this tent for five days and nights, and as usually occurs, the novelty began to wear off, we began to notice the dust, and those gnats, had my ears, well on the road to extinction. Also Bertha had almost





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exhausted her patience, in her efforts to keep Charles clean. Of course, his dirty state, gave him no worry, at all, in fact, to squash that dirt up between his toes, and roll over in it like a mule, at the end of a days work, was his supreme delight and joy.

After I had tried on several occasions, to induce those Yellowstone Trout to take a fly, and had signally failed to hook those Cutthroats under Fishing bridge, the charms of the Yellowstone, began to seem a little commonplace. So as I returned from my Piscatorial pursuits, one day, Bertha weakened enough, to state that she was getting tired of this dust, all of which, met with my hearty accord. The result was that we moved into a cabin, and made preparation for the long trek to our Kansas home.

The next day, Saturday August 19, 1939, we left this unusual park, in the rain, to pass out through picturesque Shoshone Canyon, to Cody, Wyo. where we stopped for a time, in the famous Buffalo Bill museum, at that time kept by a niece of the old scout, himself. I doubt if there is another like collection, comparable to this aggregation of frontier relics. Quite naturally, everything centered around the life and doings of Buffalo Bill, but there was a seeming endless display of old guns, wagons, saddles, taxidermied animals, documents, indian relics, and just about everything, one would expect to be connected with the West.

Of Buffalo Bill, much was concerned, while the niece of Cody, stood at the desk, and gave her personal account of her Uncle, which all made him out as a very intrepid and fearless character, I am sure both the museum, and niece, put more of a halo about his head than history, justifies. Even so, no one should pass through Cody, without looking through this museum.

Since we planned on going back to Kansas, by way of the Black Hills, we took highway 14, that stretched diagonally across Wyoming, and over the Big Horn Mountains, which extend obliquely, from north to south, like a great scar, on the face of nature. As to the geology and formation, of this range, much could be said, but it is enough to add that this entire ridge, was doubtlessly formed by a violent shrinking of the Earths surface, which literally squashed these regions, to a position, far above the plains.

As we reached the foot hills of the Big Horns, the day was cold, damp and gloomy, and we could see fresh snow on the summits, far above us, but while our course was up, up, continually up, there was no expectation, that we would eventually drive through this snow, but after a long time in executing those sharp curves and steep grades, snow appeared by the roadside, and soon we were driving through an area in which a four inch snow completely covered the ground. The foliage was decorated by great hanging festoons of snow, to make a winter scene, much like one might



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see in the Ozarks during Winter. For over an hour, we travelled through this snowy landscape, and yet the date was August 19, a time when the plains of Kansas, were baked and parched by hot winds.

Charles and I could not resist our 4 and 54 kiddish inclinations, and waded out into the snow, ate some of it, and had a brief frolic.

For sublime scenery, these Big Horn Mountains, certainly rank high. for the road, while steep, very crooked, and more or less nerve racking, yet it was through a constant changing panorama of chasms, gorges, ravines, and forests, that impressed me as being about as beautiful as any in the West. However neither of us were in a state of mind, to give the area a just appreciation. Perhaps we were just a little "Scenery Logged".

After staying all night at Sheridan Wyoming, and about noon, the next day, arrived at the Black Hills, a region, that surprised me, greatly, for I had always thought of this corner of South Dakota, as merely an area, characterized, by insignificant hills, and scenery. But what an entrancing locality, this is with its stately Pines, beautiful roadsides and lofty mountain peaks. The Black Hills, are no more properly called "Hills", than to give many of the Mountains of the West, this cognomen. It is true that none of the mountains are more than 7000 feet high, but even this, is no ant hill, and many of the mountains farther west are much lower, and not a few are far outclassed by this Black Hills scenery.

The Black Hills, like the Big Horn Mountains, are set apart, as gems in a setting of somber, semi-level, and near desert surroundings. If one goes in almost any direction, from these hills, he does not travel far ere he leaves the hills, behind and emerges into regions of wind swept prairies.

We drove around over mountain roads, lined by great stately pines, fully as majestic as those seen around Lake Tahoe, or in Northern California, while the rocks by the roadside, and even the cliffs, scintillated, like gold, as their mica content reflected the rays of the Sun.

This glittering substance, is not gold, as many people first thought, but the Gold is here, for near Custer, we saw signs, which offered to let the tourist pan out Gold, for a price. Again several miles north of Custer, is the largest, and richest Gold mine, in the World.

Gold, was the principal cause of Custers Massacre, for the discovery of this metal, in the Black Hills, started all the "Rumpus" with the Indians. History records, that, these hills were given to the Sioux Indians, by the United States Government, for there permanent home. But when gold was discovered, settlers and prospectors rushed in, friction developed, which culminated in the Government, completely breaking their word, and moving the Indians off. The rest is a familiar story, but the Indians went on the War path, troops were sent out to crush them, hence the wiping out of Custers forces.





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The points of interest, in the Black Hills, are the great fossil beds, the ancient buried city, and lastly the great modern miracle, the Rushmore Memorial.

Space will allow, a description of but one of these features, namely the Rushmore Memorial, which is supposed to be a memorial to Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt, but it is in truth a Memorial to Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, for while these Memoirs, are being written, that great artist died in 1940.

No description of the Black Hills, would be complete, without a description of the most prodigious task of mountain carving, ever undertaken by man. Borglum, backed by funds appropriated by the State of South Dakota, almost ten years ago, envisioned and started to carve the likenesses of these four former Presidents, on the massive granite face of Mount Rushmore, which is about 1000 feet high, and while the surface was comparatively smooth, as cliffs go, yet thousands of tons of rock had to be blasted off, before the real carving could be started. Also an immense model, about 30 feet tall was constructed of plaster Paris, to act as a blue print to guide the Sculptor.

When we were there, the faces of Lincoln, Washington, and Jefferson, were well completed, but that of Theodore Roosevelt, was scarcely started, however at the present time December 1941, the figures are complete, except for minor touches, which are being done, by Borglum's son.

These images are of almost unbelievable dimensions. Lincoln's mouth is 22 feet across, and could it be opened, the entire Sphinx, could be slipped in with ease. The pupil of the eye, is 4 feet in diameter, and the distance from the eye, to the hairline, is 17 feet.

When Calvin Coolidge was spending the summer in Rapid City, in 1927, he handed the tools to Sculptor Gutzon Borglum, who immediately began work on the project. Skillful powdermen, after drilling myriads of holes in the granite cliff, blasted away the rock, to within a few inches of the final surface of the faces, all of which was followed by a skillful chipping of the last few inches, with trip hammers. Follow-up men, then smoothed the rough spots, and then the Sculptor, was ready to begin the carving of the features.

At the time the work was started, Mount Rushmore, was many miles away from a highway, but in 1939, as we were there, a scenic highway had been constructed to and around the Memorial. We were told that 225000 people travelled over that road, to view that memorial in a years time.

As has been said, Borglum did not live to see the finish of his dream, for he died last year, at a time when the features were practically complete. Lincoln Borglum, the sculptor's son, and his chief assistant, finished the carvings, which now, 1941, are completely finished.



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We drove around the area, remained all night at Rapid City, made famous by being the 1927 Summer home of Calvin Coolidge, who while here, issued his famous "I do not choose to run," statement. The next morning, we left the Black Hills, or it would be nearly correct, to say, we were blown out. The morning started out fair and calm, but soon a black cloud arose in the west, and before our journey was well begun, the wind was blowing with a velocity, never experienced in Kansas, and to any one who is familiar with the western gales of that state, no further explanation is necessary. But here not only dust was in the air, but a wide variety of missiles, such as weed stocks, grass, and even pebbles, banged against the car, while the atmosphere was almost too dark to drive through. I threw my hat back of the front seat, but when I looked for it later on, the hat was gone, and to this day, I am convinced that it was blown out through a half opened back window.

Our way lead us through the Famous Bad Lands region, which while quite unique, did not appear of sufficient interest to justify a lengthy description. I may say though, that these curiously eroded and carved soil mounds, ravines and ridges, are perhaps unequalled in the United States. The area is an expanse, which covers hundreds of square miles, and is a continuous panorama of bizarre knobs, pinnacles, and gorges, all delicately tinted by a wide variety of colors. The region is a telling testimonial, as to the slow, persistent, change that has been wrought during the countless ages of the past.

We were soon back to our home in Wellington, and a 3400 mile Auto trip was ended. Most of the journey was pleasant, and added greatly to happy memories of the West, however, as is perhaps characteristic of such trips in general, home glows with a brighter lustre, and while we went away for rest and recreation, we came back for about the same thing.

I went back into the groove, not as an officer, but as a Civilian Camp Physician. The old Army uniform was laid aside, supposedly for good, and I was soon decked out in a "Coat of green" (Pants were worn too), while the salary was chopped \$1500.00, per year.

The remainder of our stay at Wellington, was more or less uneventful, and was just the sort of life, that is designed to give the maximum in solid living comforts. Trips such as we had made, together with previous years spent in the West, may be considered the dessert, but life is not in general, maintained by desserts, and I can make no greater compliment to Wellington, and vicinity, than to term it the satisfying, all sufficient common bread of life.

Charles, at this time, was  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years of age, and a rapidly growing self assertive lad, who kept both his mother and this writer on the alert, and I must state, that while all parents are supposed to lead their children, I am inclined to think, that many times we were merely "Followers".





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During the year 1940, two leaves of absence, were taken. The first was largely utilized for a trip to Cassville, Missouri, and Roaring River, both places being sort of "first Loves", on account of the many happy days spent down there, and especially fond in memory, for this was the birth-place of Charles Eldon, in 1935.

The second vacation, was in November, when we took a trip to Mound City Missouri, the American Royal, in Kansas City, and lastly a solo journey, of my own, to The Rio Grande Valley, on a Missouri Pacific train. This trip is of vivid memory, for I travelled far and wide through Northern Texas, in an attempt to reach Houston. The entire region of the state, was a continuation of fields converted into lakes, swollen overflowing streams, live stock isolated on small islands, and in many places, surging waters, that swirled up against the Rail road grade. We would proceed for a distance, only to be stopped by a track wash out, or by a trestle, completely covered by water. As a consequence, the train was forced to shuttle back and forth, for almost two days, in an effort to get to Houston, only 200 miles away.

But the pot of Gold, at the end, was a satisfying reward, for I landed in the Rio Grande Valley, at a time when that Paradise, was all aglow with ripe oranges, Grape Fruit and lemons. In fact, Ednas back yard was well taken up by large orange trees, all tinted with Yellow Citrus fruit, and I suppose I was somewhat like the boy and the barrel of sugar.

Enough has been said in a descriptive sense, about this unusual Valley, but after literally gorging myself with oranges, for five days, I shipped back a large basket of them to Wellington, where the gustatory satiation, was even more fully accomplished.

In former pages, a limited space has been devoted at intervals, to a delineating of important events. There is no pretense as to the possession of any unusual ability to unravel the complex and possibly tangled, threads of public affairs. But since 1933, in particular, national and International events, have had a vital bearing on every citizen of the land, and has in peculiar fashion, mapped out this writers life for part of the past, all of the present, and doubtless much of the future.

As has been said before in these pages, 1929 ushered in a period of depression, that put rich and poor alike in the "Bread Line". It was no novelty, to learn of a millionaire, being made penniless, over night. One time prosperous industrious plants, closed, money went into hiding, and the unemployed list in America, reached the astounding total of 12 to 18 million men. Men out of work had no money to spend, and the factories, being unable to dispose of their goods, bought less of the Farmer, who soon had an unsaleable surplus. The farmer bought less factory products, and the economic chaos went round and round.



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To add to the burden, taxes increased tremendously, with the result that caused houses and lands in great numbers, to be either sold for unpaid taxes, or thrown back into the laps of the banks and the Mortgage companies. And the banks were so hard hit that, all over the land great numbers of these institutions, closed their doors, which in turn wiped out the savings of countless American citizens.

President Roosevelt, made an attempt to break in on this vicious economic cycle, and did straighten out the bank mess, with his Bank act which guaranteed deposits with the funds and credit of the United States Treasury, but his other experiments were crowned with only a partial success or none at all. Volumes could be written about the N. R. A., E. C. W., A. A. A., W. P. A., C. C. C., and other combinations of the Alphabet, as well as to his questionable policy of spending ourselves into prosperity, but after 7 years of turning these "Roulette" wheels of cure-alls, the unemployment in the country, on January 1, 1941, was about the same.

Longfellow, in his Hiawatha, says :

Never swoops a soaring Vulture,  
On a sick and wounded bison,  
But another Vulture, watching,  
Sees the downward plunge, and follows.

America was sick, the world was sick, part were tortured by hunger, and all by the Vulture of strife and disorganization, when Adolph Hitler "Saw the downward plunge and followed".

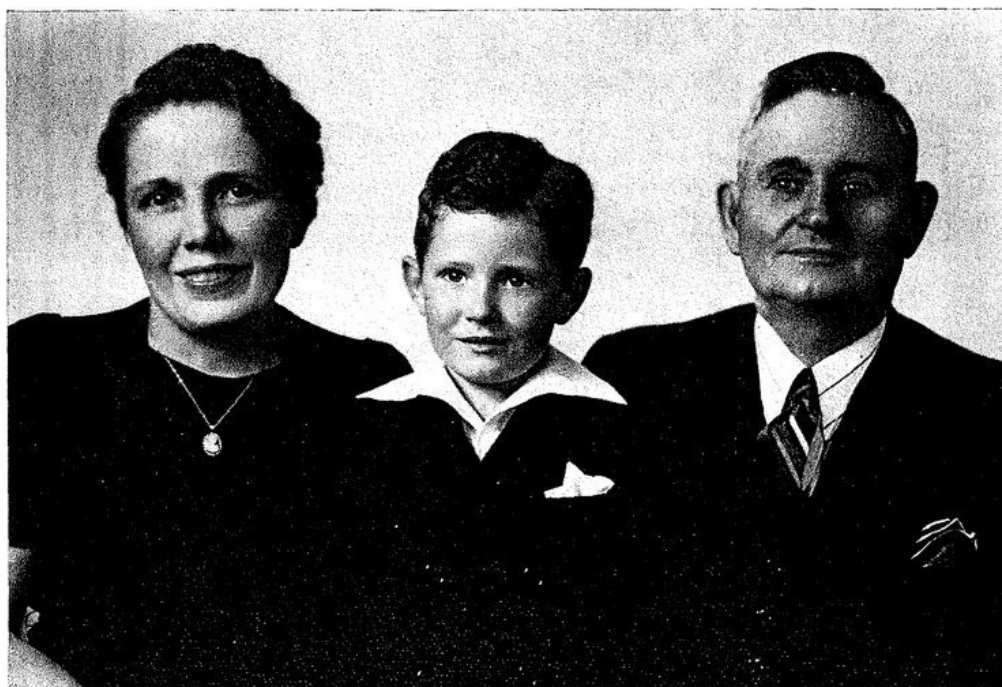
Hitler, an obscure paper hanger, from Austria, had long been inflaming the German people, against the Non-German world. He had written his Mein Kampf, which set forth the contention, that the German Nation should be dominant in the world. He even propagandized the people of German descent, of all lands, with the tenet, that "Once a German, always a German", and thus subject to the authority of the Reich.

When Hitler came into power, in 1933, he immediately began, in secretive fashion, a vast armament program, which progressed so rapidly and efficiently, that almost before England and France were aware, he was sufficiently strong, to challenge the military might of these combined powers.

America, never did like Hitler, or his Philosophy, but an effort was made to at least be calm about it, but his persecution of the Jews, in 1936, 7, 8 and 9, together with his brutal demands on Czechoslovakia, and Poland, in 1939 and 1939, created a hatred of this "Savage", about as intense as that bestowed on the Kaiser of 1917.

Events moved rapidly in Europe. England had begun a gigantic Re-armament program, and by 1939, were thoroughly awake, but in the meantime, tried appeasement. Hitler had teamed up with Mussolini, of Italy, and in





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1938 and 1939,swallowed up Czechoslovakia,but when he attacked Poland,in September 1939,England and France,who were Poland's Allies,declared war on the Nazis,and the 2nd World war was on.France,Holland,Belgium,and Denmark were crushed during the first half of 1940,and later on in the year,Norway,was taken over.

While all this aggression was taking place,the United States,slept on,with a feeling of security,that the two oceans,which guarded her shores,would keep any foe at a safe distance.In fact,assurances came freely from what appeared to be unimpeachable authorities,that our safety,was in no way endangered,a calmness,that played into Hitler's hands,in a way that precisely fit his pattern.As a result,spy and fifth column organizations,sprang up in America,much like Toadstools that raise their heads above a wet lawn,during the night.

France had been destroyed by the same type of false security,not because of an ocean boundary,but due to their Maginot Line,which in reality had more deadly forces of disintegration,inside than out.

But when Great Britain,relinquished her last foothold on the Continent of Europe,and left most of her war supplies and equipment,on the sands of Dunkirk,and when England was faced with probable capitulation,America,while not awake,did at least turn over in bed.There began an instant clamor from a few Modern "Paul Reveres",who finally made the United States shake off enough Lethargy,to realize what it would be like to have England crushed in the Atlantic,and her fleet under German control,at the very doors of the Western Hemisphere.

When France fell to the Germans,President Roosevelt,went before our Congress,and asked for 50000 airplanes,an army of Gigantic proportions,and a tremendous increase of War vessel tonnage,possibly sufficient for a two ocean navy,in time.

Things began to hum in earnest.Army Camps sprang up in various parts of the country,airfields were laid out in great numbers,airplane production was vastly accelerated,and last and perhaps most important,a National Draft law was instituted.

All this magnitude of war preparation,vitally affected the Reserve Officers,for the Regular Army,with its 17000 officers,was entirely inadequate to organize and direct an army of a Million men.As a consequence,the 100000 Reserve Officers,in America,were called into the breach.

All during the Fall and Winter of 1940-41,Indications were evident,that the "Handkerchief"might be dropped behind me,However,I really did not expect to be called,and surely did not desire it.There was a time,when Military life appealed to me greatly,but at 55,much of the Martial spirit,one may have,had,quite naturally had leaked out.However,be that as it may,late in March,1941,I was ordered to report at Camp Robinson,on April 10th,for assignment in the Medical Corps,and that with the 43 Engineers.





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My entry into the service, was both an end and a beginning of importance. First, it marked the finish, of 8 years duty in the Civilian Conservation Corps, years packed with all the elements that must go into the structure of a happy and prosperous life.

I would not want to close the delineation of the events, in these 8 years, without giving expression to an appreciation to Bertha, who took all the varied inconveniences and deprivation, in stride, and with Charles, smoothed many real and some imaginary troubled spots in my pathway. I remember full well, how on numerous occasions, when a transfer, almost made me sick at heart, Bertha, in true Wifely fashion, scattered the gloom, by her cheerful cooperation. C.C.C. life was never easy for either of us, due to the many deprivations of those things we had been accustomed to enjoy. Edgar A. Guest, Says "It takes a lot of living in a house to make it home", and if this yard stick had been applied to life during these years, I doubt if our abodes could have qualified at all. However, I suppose the Poet did not mean to measure by the actual time spent, but rather, as to the quality of that living, be it short or long. If a college, can consist of a certain teacher, on one end of a log, and a pupil on the other, as J. A. Garfield said, then surely three people, of a family, should be able to make a home out of an old abandoned Pool Hall, in an Idaho Canyon.

And Bertha especially helped me to enjoy the scenery of the West. A Naturalist, seems to be able to explore the haunts of nature, for weeks, at a time, and derive perfect satisfaction, even though the communion, includes none but nature and himself. But Even John Muir, was not content, to keep the secrets of the lowly miniature wildflowers, that clung to the cliff walls of the Yosemite Valley, or the glories of those thundering waterfalls. He wrote several books, in which he appeared to have a passionate desire, to pass on to a reading world, the inspirations, of his solitary wanderings.

We were not great naturalists, and even none at all, but ours was the same need and desire to give an outlet to natural emotions. Since neither of us expected to write a book, we did very well, by using each other, in a sort of give and take relationship, of which Bertha carried her half, well.

And after the feast at Nature's table was over, we pushed ourselves back from the Festive board, to continue to partake of these scenic repasts, that shall live as long as memory has the power to recall.

The Call to the Colors, also marked an important beginning. True, I had been long on active duty, with the Army, but there is a wide difference between Army life in the CCCs, and that with troops. The former was really getting ready for peace, or to make peace secure, while the latter is actually getting ready for war.

When I left for Camp Robinson, war clouds were already hanging low, and few people in the "Know", thought that war could be averted, but whether it would come from Japan or Germany, or from both, was not clear, however, the magnitude of the preparation, and activity, clearly indicated some great conflict was in the offing.



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On April 8, 1941, we locked up our home at Wellington, Kansas, and after two days spent at the home of Bertha's mother, near Altoona, Kansas, I journeyed to Camp Robinson, by way of train, to join my future organization, the 43rd Engineers.

Now it is not proper for me to lament my fate, for the family decidedly felt the impact of leaving home and friends, at Wellington, even more than I, and as to those 1200 men and 50 officers of the Regiment, had doubtless come separations equally as poignant as mine. I may add that there are few shoulders to cry on in the Army, and if there were, neither the "Sobber" nor the owner of the shoulder, would be a very good soldier. Army life is no different from Civilian life, in that the wise course is to take things as they come, and not expect much sympathy.

My initiation into Army life at Camp Robinson, was not especially "Cheery"; for the pleasant room in the Officers quarters, of the Wellington camp, was a far cry from that cold, leaky, dreary, unfurnished tent at this Army camp, but all the officers, including the Colonel in Command, lived likewise, and so could I.

My duty was with the Medical Detachment, consisting of 6 Officers and 38 Enlisted men, of whom, including this writer, none knew much about organizing an Infirmary service in the Army. I would not go into detail as to my appalling ignorance, lest the reader should think me bragging of my present finissee of training, but the passage of Scripture which tells of the "Blind leading the blind", would fit us well, anyhow should the ignorant have been thrown overboard, those "Human Doughnuts" would have been universally "Dunked".

I suppose I was biased in favor of the Civilian Conservation Corps, but just could not help making comparison between the efficiency of this organization, and that at Camp Robinson. Most of the C.C.C. companies, I had served ran along like well oiled pieces of machinery, while here at Robinson, every one seemed to be so uncertain, and while the main purpose, was to train soldiers, yet many of the officers needed training more. Of course the officers, in large part, had only recently been pulled out of Civilian jobs, far removed from any association with the Army. One Engineer, who had been given an important army Engineering task, told me, H-I, I don't know anything about this job, all I ever did was to lay some Pipe lines".

While these facts exist, I am not sure that the Government, Army or men, deserve criticism, at all, for to raise an Army of 150000 men up to one of 1500000, with 125000 officers, and that under the driving lash of a desperate emergency, is a prodigious task. Too, we must remember that leadership, just does not sprout out like Oak leaves in the Springtime, but rather, it must be developed.

I am sure our Civilian population, has but little conception of what it means to house, equip, feed and train an army of 1000000 men. A large camp costing \$25000000, will not house over 40000 men, and each soldier,





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must have at least a hundred dollars worth of clothing, as an initial issue. Each Division of 20000 men must be provided with enough trucks when they move to make a convoy on the road, that stretches for 70 miles. Then each soldier, if for combat, must have a rifle, that costs from \$25 to \$75.00. Also must be included myriads of machine guns, artillery pieces, airplanes, tanks, armored cars, and on and on.

When we consider that this immense procurement, must be accomplished, at a staggering cost, during a time when the clouds of war, are hanging low, and threatening to engulf us at any moment, the difficulty of the task may be easily seen, as well as the inevitable waste and disorder.

Camp Robinson, largely a tent camp, is located on a hill top and side, about 6 miles from Little Rock, proper, and occupies the site of old Camp Pike, used during the first worlds war. It is almost uncanny, to think that on this very spot where these tents now stand, less than 25 years ago, was a barracks camp, that housed 60000 men. Today, many of the soldiers of Camp Robinson, are sons of those same soldiers, who trained on these same hill-sides, a quarter of a century ago, and doubtless, those men of Old Camp Pike days, never dreamed that in 1941, their sons would be here, in a new camp, preparing for a new war against an old foe.

The Camp proper, is about 2 miles long, and 1 mile wide, and consists of thousands of tents, grouped according to organizations, and generously sprinkled with frame buildings, for offices, mess halls, recreation halls, Chapels and store houses.

The Government has gone far, since the camps beginning, in August 1939. Now fine black top roads, or graded gravel, cross and criss cross the Camp in its entirety. A hospital with a capacity of 1400 patients has been in operation, since January 1941, and even chapels several in number, each equipped with a Hammond Pipe organ, point their spires heavenward.

And for activity, few places show so much diversified and almost frenzied preparation. Trucks and cars of all kinds and sizes, starting with the lowly Jeep, roll by in every direction, in seemingly endless streams. One may hear the sharp orders of the Non-Coms, to their Platoons, as they endeavor to make raw recruits into soldiers. And the almost constant fire cracker like sound of the rifle fire on the range.

An army in the making, is about the most striking cross section of life, that one may ever expect to see. In the 43rd Engineers, were fine musicians, brilliant young Lawyers, skilled Electricians, Millionaires sons, all mingling with those who represented the sub-strata of life, yet there was no visible line of demarkation. Army life is a melting pot in truth, at least for a time, and it makes for pride to live in a land, where men do live the same life, and with a tolerance of spirit.

And I am impressed by the comradeship in the Army. Few things happen to one individual, that might not be the lot of any other, and they know it. If a soldier draws a pair of trousers, that make him look like a Hollander, or a pair of shoes that allow his feet to roll around like dried peas in a pod, the same predicament is apt to strike any other.