



VOL. 1 COMPANY 556, ANGOTA, INDIANA, AUGUST 31, 1934. NO. 2

STATE PARK ISSUE

No single agency has played a more important part in the development and improvement of the Indiana state parks in recent years than has the Civilian Conservation Corps in the program which has been carried on during the past fifteen months. The results of that program are already apparent to the most casual visitor to the parks, and with a second year of improvement work in progress, Indiana may look forward to a state park system which will meet the needs of future generations.

It is impossible to make a just appraisal now of the benefits to the state through the work of the CCC in the state parks. However, we can anticipate those benefits from the past year when improvements having a financial cost of over a quarter of a million dollars were completed. These include the erection of buildings which will be available for use by park visitors after the camps have completed their work; the building of roadways which open up new areas for the enjoyment of the visitor; the planting of trees and other work, the value of which is not to be measured now or in the future by dollars and cents.

The state parks play an important part in the life of the present generation, affording places for recreation and the enjoyment of nature but their value will increase with the coming years. In carrying forward the improvement and development of these parks the members of the Civilian Conservation Corps are building for the future for the work that they are doing will be a permanent memorial to their labors.

SIGNED,
MYRON L. REES, Director,
Division State Parks,
Lands and Waters,
Dep't. of Conservation,
State of Indiana.



That the people of Hoosierland have accepted the challenge of providing a recreational heritage for their posterity is indicated by the fine system of state parks which has been inaugurated. Perhaps but few states have been so fortunate as to have such diversifications in nature's creations as has Indiana in the areas comprising her state parks. There are ten of these gems scattered over the state each with characteristics peculiar to itself. Where could one go to find such marvels of nature as the ever shifting sands of Dunes, the deep gorges of Turkey Run, the gulches, ravines, and timbered slopes of McCormicks Creek, the rugged beauty of Shakanak, the scenery of Muscatatuck, the falls of Clifty Creek and the sweeping panorama of the Ohio River at Clifty Falls, the mountainous hills of Brown County where in the autumn season Jack Frost paints unforgettable landscape scenes, the silver lakes of Pokagon, the result of the titanic battle of the great glaciers, or the parks largely the handiwork of man such as Mounds, where the ruins of the Mound Builders are reminders of a vanquished race, and Spring Hills with its unique restored pioneer village.

Of outstanding interest among the parks of the state is Pokagon. In 1891, Mr. Charles Dyer, made a survey of the physical features of this region prophesied that the time would come when the citizens of Steuben County would look upon the lakes as their most valuable and profitable possessions and would then seek and devise means for preserving instead of destroying them. **III** A monument in the present park stands as a testimonial to the wisdom of his prophesy. **IV** Through the vision of a number of citizens a movement was inaugurated to make a portion of the region into a state park. After much discussion and negotiating a track of land was purchased by the citizens of Steuben County and tendered to the State of Indiana in 1925.

As previously mentioned the park lies along the shore of beautiful Lake James. A better spot for the purpose desired could not have been selected had there been the whole lake region to choose from. It is in the very heart of Indiana's most picturesque hill region, where still survive remnants of the magnificent hardwood forest that originally was among the world's finest. The peculiarity of its situation is that it is partially surrounded by water, the curvings of the lake bounding it on the south and north as well as on the west. On the south and west the shores rise cleanly from the beach in long lines of wooded slopes and bluffs, and over **V** the hills back from the water front groves of trees are sprinkled.

VI This area was once the territory of the Potawatomi Tribes and it is from one of the famous chieftains of the tribe (Simon Pokagon) that the park takes its name. The park inn, known as Potawatomi Inn, was named for the tribe **VII** which lived in the region and many traces of their occupancy have been discovered both in the park and over the surrounding hills.

Pokagon State Park has many claims to the attention of the visitor whether he merely seeks relaxation among peaceful surroundings or whether his desire is for an active **VIII** outing in the open. Like others of Indiana's widely known State Parks, Pokagon has miles of trails winding over the hills, through the forest and along the lake beach. Bathing, horse back riding and other outdoor activities may be indulged in. There are miles of **IX** bridge paths for those who combine their search of nature's beauty with the recreation of riding and there are also park-ways **X** which take the motorist to many of the out-standing points of interest throughout the park.

A modern and well-appointed bath house is available for those who wish to enjoy a swim in the crystal-clear waters of beautiful Lake James. The State of Indiana invites you to visit Pokagon State

1. Pokagon
2. Dunes
3. Mounds
4. Turkey Run
5. McCormick's Creek
6. Shakanak
7. Brown County
8. Muscatatuck
9. Spring Hills

DID YOU KNOW THAT



Where to?

← The mustache (mus-n't touch-it) craze is hitting camp again. It is difficult to see some growth--but hold on a bit.

Hines (so he says) is one of the best all around men in the Company.

Our swimming days are about over.

← "BIG STEVE" BUCZKOWSKI slipped in the bath house and fell none too gently on a very tender spot.

Nagle wanted the Captain to take the radio out of the canteen. It looks like he can't take it. He even offered it to Radecki for the educational room.

LEGRIS "had his ears lowered" when he went home for the week-end.

← COYLE enjoys the pastime of jack-knife so much that he made a good jab just above his knee. We wonder when he'll be on the road.

Jimmy Dalton was "Chief I.P." at Jasonville for Co. 522. He says it was plenty soft too. It's not so hot now.

← "Chink" Papoi always talks of Dillinger and is up on all the latest crime. Are you keeping your eyes open "Chink"?

FORYCKI thinks he is all right but that the world is all wrong.

← JURKAITES was given an offer of a neat sum to join the House of David clan. He declined though by shaving and being true to Co. 556.

LT. CRAGO, our medico, is the most quiet person about camp.

← LABOR DAY is a day of rest. (That is if you don't have K.P. or are listed on the poop list.)

CAPT. WEAVER enjoys the refuge of his cottage when he is not found in camp.

"SPENDY" BURTON is the source of much laughter in Barrack 3.

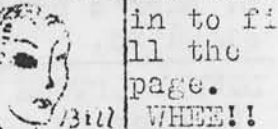
PARRELL got his fill of ice-cream while substituting for Nagle.

TOMMY ROMANOWSKI is forever combing his hair since he had those beautiful locks cut off

at the Dunes last March.

RADECKI invariably yells "Wha-yea-hey." I can hardly sque

It's a beauty this in to fill all the page.



Bill WHEE!!

BLANK

It is tough to start in the is small all corner.



Ouch!

"ZIGGIE" MAKOWSKI is back from the hospital.

If you don't believe it, try sleeping or resting near him sometimes.



Slips



Lookout "Chink"

BLEDSOE'S PAVILLION gets much of our trade for their dances. How about some cheap rates some evening and we'll be over.

"CHINK" PAPOI, and MARSHALL caught a mess of fish the other Sunday.--- (Sh-h-h-h, it was Six fish for 12 hours)

"RUEE" FABISZAK is taking baking lessons.

We have had more rain here at Pokagon State Park in two weeks than we have had for nine months at the Dunes. No wonder they have so many lakes around here.

"SHADOW" MILOVICH has a girl named Doris.

This is PAY-DAY. How long will it last?

FACTELMAN ASKED THE CANTEEN MAN (PARRELL) for a Barbasol Bar of Candy. Too bad this sale was turned down, we might have had a mad dog in camp.

FOUCH finds COAN'S bunk in good shape daily now. How come, Coan?

DE HAVEN always spreads it on thick--and it isn't butter on bread either!

BILL MARSHALL was a marine. He has traveled much with them. Why is it you don't boast of your girls in every country, Bill?

BILL WAGNER HAD the most beautiful black-eye of the season. Hi! Willun.

EMICK looks like Napoleon (that is, while walking in the rain, with rain coat over shoulders, hat turned sideways and hand over chest.)

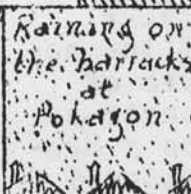
The consumption of eggs in the U.S. per person is 3/4 of one egg a day. Pate is exactly 37 1/2 over the quota so far this month.

BROOKES certainly likes to tip up the bottle.

Now James



LABOR DAY



Raining on the barracks at Pokagon



Pay me that buck



It looks like bread and bitter but isn't

THIS ISSUE = LEGRIS



Spring has sprung and at length summer has flown. It's all over but the shouting - no more swimming, no more short-sleeve shirts.

Mr. Emick, our Educational Advisor, realizes the difficulties under which we shall have to work this coming winter and the need for healthful physical exercise and also the need for a mental stimulant now and then. Instead of digging in and allowing ourselves to become buried, as it were, with the cold and dark of the winter season, each enrollee should at this time plan for himself some form of diversion. At the suggestion of Mr. Emick, the leaders club at its last meeting organized within itself two separate committees which shall be held responsible for a planned program. They are the Athletic Committee which shall be responsible for the formation and sponsoring of various winter sports such as Basket-ball, ice-hockey and maybe football; and the Social Committee which shall be responsible for a planned program of social events. The Social Committee will sponsor dances, arrange for outside speakers and general get-to-gethers. The two committees request the cooperation of all the members of the company and welcome constructive criticism. Mr. Carlos y Brunos (Charles Browne) was elected chairman of the athletic committee by an overwhelming majority, while the writer sneaked in as chairman of the Social Committee.

About the literary contest -- After reading several of the MANY literary gems which were handed in to the Pokagon Chieftain in response to our call for articles in our last issue we have decided to extend the closing date to September 15th. Of those turned in thus far, E. Barr's article sets the best standard.

Believe it or not, but we have found a cousin of our beloved Diana of the Dunes. While strolling along the lake the other evening I ran across her and she inquired if I was from the CCC camp. To admit it or not was a question, but I told her that I was. She inquired about many of the fellows and secretly told me that she knew of most of the fellows through Diana, and here is what she says:

-"Kerosene" Karacson and "Gasoline" Kuzmits receive nightly visitors from across the lake. The names are Mildred and Pearl. Some of the fellows have seen them (especially Mildred) and are becoming jealous. Sh-h-h-h-, Lt. Eds and Night Guard Robinson were found strolling through the camp with them one night. - Now 50% of the fellows in camp have enjoyed their company.
-Tony Leszczynski has found a new sweet somebody in Angola. I wonder what's going to become of his old haunt in Porter?
-Donald Foutch has found a new interest that rests in a cottage a few hundred feet from camp. They tell me its ping-pong that they play, but oh! well.
-Radecki rushed a blonde at Bledsoe's pavillion one night. I overheard their conversation and it was anything but true. She was mighty nice though and she claimed the name of Imogene Blemker. They looked very nice dancing together.
-Nate Boorda was caught purchasing a stationery outfit engraved "With love, Nate", when the leather goods man was here last week.
-Marriage rumors: -- what have you to say for yourselves Cormican and Davis?

Poetry Corner by S. Boorda

LOVELY LITTLE LADY
(Apologies to Bing Crosby)

Good night,
Lovely little lady,
You're bright,
But a little shady.
Though I
Let you dig and chisel,

BOOMERANG

Poetesses also keep
Talking of their loves as futile;
Wednesday's amour quickly dies,
Thursday's, too, and Friday, et al.
They experiment, too. So what?
Well, with their...

**THE
POKAGON CHIEFTAIN**
(FORMERLY THE HOOSIER DUNESMAN)
Vol. 1 August 31, 1934 No. 2

Published semi-monthly at Angola, Indiana in the interest of Company 556 CCC.

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Editorial Adviser - - G.O. EMICK

To The Leaders

It has long been my contention that the toughest jobs in a CCC Company are divided among the leaders. Here's why. The other day I overheard a member, speaking in some irritable tone, on his way to work: "Yea! and there's another \$45 goldbrick. He's always walking around the camp area, and plays around with that newspaper and to think a guy like him gets 15 slugs more than I do."

No one ever thinks of the duties and responsibilities of a leader, except that he makes \$6 or \$15 more than the member. One doesn't realize the burden he carries. Not only does he catch hell from his fellow members in the barrack when issuing orders, but he takes the rap from his higher-up, due to the fact that some of his members think him too much of a slave driver---whereas the poor leader only pleads that he wants the fellows to do only their share, without raising a squawk the minute they are ask to carry out an order.

But that is the wrong attitude. Our organization has a club of leaders who at their weekly meetings discuss the needs and problems of their fellow-men. All of you are heard through your barracks leaders. They are your spokesmen.

And now for the leaders. The Leaders Club should see to it that the laws of their organization will benefit every member of the company. At each meeting, each leader should show spunk and determination, and not be afraid "to take the floor and speak up." It was for that reason that he was selected leader to show responsibility and author-

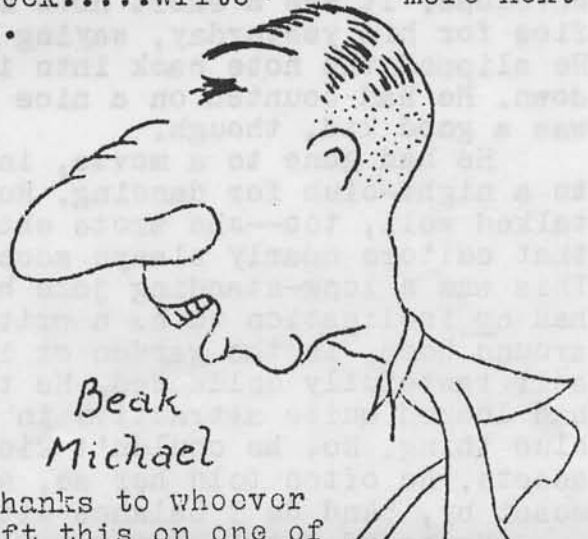
Leaders of 556: 'Let's see if we can't brisk up and show loyalty to our fellow-men. We have set up committees within our club and it is our duty to carry out the principles for which this Order was organized.'

VISITORS

To those of you Enrollees who know nothing of our frequent prominent visitors, this column is published to "give you the low-down". Following are last week's visitor: Mr. C. A. DeTurk, alternative Procurement Officer of the State Conservation Dept.; Mr. Myron L. Rees, Director, State Parks, Lands and Waters, Dept. of Conservation; Mrs. T. D. Weaver (we're always happy when she's around); and Lieut. Michael R. (doc) Zeiger our former Camp Surgeon.

BITS OF NEWS FROM YELLOWSTONE
By V. Bauman

.....Most of ole 556 sticking it out.....Hopler was a cook in a spike camp.....Joe Baker is an expert telephone linesman.....Herb Cole and Verge Bauman expecting sub-leader jobs.....Bauman, Cole, Crowder and Giannino in a squad in one tent which received highest rating for inspection..."A real bunch"...Indiana persons lacking.. tourists mostly from Illinois, California and Montana.....Crowder operated for appendicitis....feeling fine now although not expected to work until Sept. 1 -(lucky dog)Co. 539 to probably move back east to Ohio.....Giannino was a cook in a base camp during a forest fire.....Co.'s bugle always missing.....Must sign off - lights going out in rec hall for it's ten O'clock.....write more next time.



(Thanks to whoever left this on one of

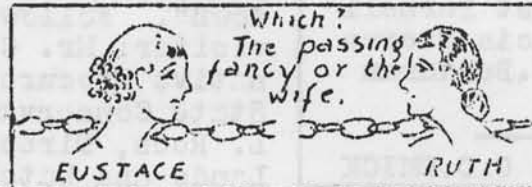
A short
short story
by
SIMON BOORDA

TO MY SWEETEST

Written
exclusively
for the
POKAGON CHIEFTAIN

Henry Dunlop wasn't really a bad sort. His associates considered him a shrewd business man, his competitors a good golfer and his neighbors a loyal husband. Now a man can be all of these, if we allow a steady ninety-five as a good average golf score, but Henry wasn't all of these. The fact that no one knew about this could be attributed to his naivete, his real affection for Ruth, his determination not to hurt her, for anything in the world.

Ruth was his wife, clever, not pretty, quiet, but after six untroubled years Henry had glimpsed immortal Helen. Plainly, he was timing his wife. Her Knight, and you get her blond, bubbling sounds bad for Henry. saw no particular with Eustace now and pretended to see none. advertising executive, over thirty and easy to make. After all, so long as Ruth didn't know....



the picture if I call over and comfy. This It isn't. He really harm in a few nights then, or rather he He was an amiable ad-

He saw that she didn't. If Eustace telephoned at his home in Ruth's presence, he glibly talked about mats and copy. If Ruth asked where he had been the night before, he had always to fall back upon the Elks, Joe's place, the office, the movies, vague untraceable appointments. If, after breakfast, Ruth, putting her arms around him, spied a trace of alien powder on his coat lapel, he would always beam down upon her, kiss her and say, "You will primp up for me so early in the morning, you goose!" He tried to be as devoted as ever to her, in their evenings together, on their vacation trips, by trifles such as flowers, candy, anniversaries, books, a gracious allowance. For, you see, Henry, underneath, had no intention of trading Ruth for Eustace. He had of late even suggested they might now have a child or two. The blond was just a diversion, and so long as Ruth seemed not to know... Ruth must never know.

To this end, then, Henry Dunlop, easy-going and successful, applied his Super-Super energies, much as he assailed magazine readers with his Super-Super ad-ject-ives: that his jewel of a wife and his jewel of a plaything remain in separate cases. To have them side by side might confuse the buyer and ruin the sale. (Unity of impression was the thing.) And Henry was trying to sell everyone the idea that he was a swell ad man and a fine guy. He had to. Otherwise, he would be a nobody, and Henry regarded nobodies with scorn. Besides, he liked to see the gleam of pride in Ruth's eyes, although he never realized one or two rays of that gleam might be out of love. Henry took love as lightly as he took marriage seriously.

One morning Henry stood before his mirror, struggling with his tie and swearing, as he did every morning. Knot neatly accomplished, he rifled through the pockets of yesterday's suit and found a small violet envelope. It was a short note Eustace had indiscreetly left at the office for him yesterday, saying that she could not see him that night. He slipped the note back into its envelope, smiling at its breezy let-down. He had counted on a nice evening with Eustace. She was a good kid, though.

He had gone to a movie, instead, with Ruth, and later to a night-club for dancing. Ruth danced beautifully. She talked well, too--she wrote short stories once in a while that editors nearly always accepted and paid her well for. This was a long-standing joke between them, because Ruth had no inclination to be a writer. She liked puttering around home, in the garden or in the library she had herself tastefully collected. He thought now, too, that she had looked quite attractive in her new dress--a pretty blue thing. No, he couldn't kick about Ruth. She was one of his best assets. He often told her so, and couldn't quite understand what she meant by, "And do I balance with the liability?"



To My Sweetest

(continued from page six)

Eustace was a bit wild. You could really go places and not feel silly. A man needed relaxation especially a man with such large responsibilities. The firm was depending upon him to produce, more and more every day. And he was producing. Three new clients in the last month. And through hard work and smart thinking, mind you. It told on a man, don't you think it didn't.

"Coming!" Henry shouted, getting into his vest and coat. In his haste--it was nearly eight already--he forgot about the small violet envelope. It lay, where it had slipped from his hands when Ruth had called, "Breakfast's getting cold," midway between his bed and the bureau. In fact, he actually stepped on it, so engrossed was he, with his typically sudden change from thoughts of pleasure to those of business--a new campaign for that fountain-pen firm, a better slogan for the cigar people, a brand new idea for the tooth-paste firm, illustrations, contracts, testimonials, a letter about the new type-face on the shaving-cream stuff.

It proved a tough day at the office. Things went haywire. Some young punk of a copy man had turned in stuff of a caliber that couldn't sell lipstick to a chorine, and he had had to do it over himself. Cream of Delight had raised a holy row about their space in the newspapers and there was some long distance telephoning. One of the models for the stocking client hadn't photographed so hot, and it had to be done all over. He had worked through luncheon and at two found himself so hungry he ordered sandwiches sent up and discovered the toast was burnt. He loathed burnt toast.

Then about three Eustace telephoned to say she hadn't left for the weekend, after all, and couldn't they go somewhere tonight? He hated the thought that maybe she had double-crossed him and given that weekend business as an excuse to run out on him with some one else.

"I'll call you, later, and be more careful what you say. Someone might hear," he had replied, softening his anger at the sound of her buoyant goodbye laugh.

About the small violet envelope he had completely forgotten. What was a small violet envelope to a column of figures that showed him how he could save six thousand yearly on production costs by the installation of new equipment? That production head was a clever fellow. He would bear watching.

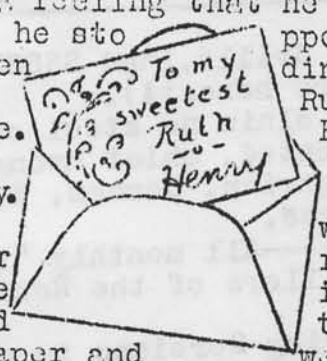
At four Henry was tired, hot, badly in need of a drink. He went out and got one. Maybe it was two. He felt so much better that on the way back, as is from a feeling that he ought to counter-balance Eustace's telephone call, he stopped at a florist and sent some flowers to Ruth, appending a card with the usual words, "To My Sweetest Ruth." Then he wondered what he would tell Eustace. Back at the office, he telephoned her. --- "Meet you at eight. Same place. Can't talk any more. Busy. 'Bye."

That was that. But was he being made a fool of? Had the little gold-digger really two-timed him last night? He didn't like the idea. He hated two-timing. The minute hand showed ten after five when he finally laid down the last paper and went home.

Ruth met him, smiling as always, at the door. He kissed her and bounded up to his room. He had to dress. Eustace. He took off his coat, vest tie, shirt, drew out a clean white shirt, looked on the bureau for the cuff-buttons. His eyes encountered a small violet envelope. It lay there on the white crocheted spread, neatly, innocently.

He stared at it. A little shiver oscillated along his spine. The clean shirt dropped from his hand. That note of Eustace's hadn't been there that morning. He wouldn't have let it lie right there, where everyone could read it. Who could have read it? The maid usually cleaned his room, but Ruth had a habit of putting on the final touches. She might have--

He tried to think back to that morning. He had been reading that note, musing over it, and then--then Ruth had warned him. "Breakfast's



The Hellcat Review

"a Barrack Three Edition"

NOTES.....(Extra Special)

...More leaders than any other barracks (pardon, Barracks 1, but cooks don't count). Leader Boorda, Sub-section Leaders Baumgartner, Davis, Onkes, Alley, and Assistant Educational Adviser Radecki.

...Barracks #3 is noted for producing the cream of the crop for the Co. From members to leaders, sub-leaders, and sending out good men to Fort Ben, and getting good jobs in camp. (No use of straws, either).

...More high school graduates than any other barracks - how's that for intellectuals?

...Barracks 3 is still wondering if they will get their trip - how about Oct. 5 and 6 for the G.C.C. Days at the World's Fair.

...Although being nearest the road to home we have had the least number of "over-the-hills", and that is something to think about.

No. 3 BEST REPRESENTED IN SPORTS

TRACK - Hodson, Phipps, Talbert participated in State CCC Track Meet.

SWIMMING - Best in Company - Davis and Talbert (Divers and long distance).

INDOOR - Boorda 1st string hurler for Co. team - and others (Hes). Barrack team tied for first place in barracks competition at Dunes.

BASEBALL - Hess - 1st string catch.

BASKETBALL - Radecki.

PING-PONG - Boorda (Co. Champ) and Radecki.

TENNIS - Radecki (the best).

JACKS - "Baby Le-e-e-e-e-chkai".

TUMBLERS - Davis (all-state in actual H.S. Competition). Phillips.

WRESTLING - Davis (all-state 135 lb. class - H.S.) Baumgartner and Oklak.

VOLLEYBALL - No. 3 team took the Co. Championship at the Dunes.

EDUCATION.....The barrack claims more typists than any other barrack in the company due to the typing classes that are in progress: Good, Fye, Allen, Dunlap, Lichkai, Phillips, Espich, Makowski, Hes, Jones, Peirce, and Davis. Not only that but Radecki teaches one of the classes. Incidentally Radecki is second in command with the educational problems in camp.

Many of the fellows are staunch believers in the Camp Educational Program and have come forth and enrolled in a number of the other classes which are to in progress in a very short time.

They wish to refute the fact that Barrack five does most of the Company reading. They claim no illiteracy and say they read more books than all the barracks put together. (No offense barrack 5)

MORE NOTES.....

.....No.3 always first in fire drills, (and SSSSSSSSHHHH - - last for reveille - - well at least we're honest!).

...The only barrack that can claim no steel cots. We're not pansies.

...Many nationalities represented, chief among them - Polish, Jewish, Belgians, Slavish, French, Hungarian, German, Swedish, Scotch, American and last but not least Serbs.

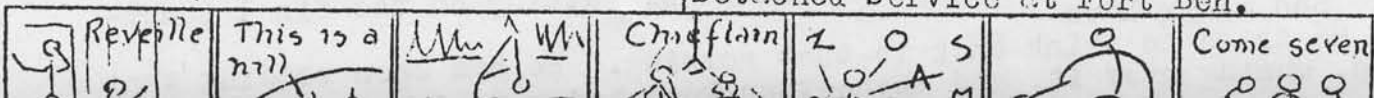
...More sssssssshhhhhhh!!!----All monthly "Ivory-Shakes" occur in Barracks 3 where the "Square Rollers of the Round Circle" hold their meetings.

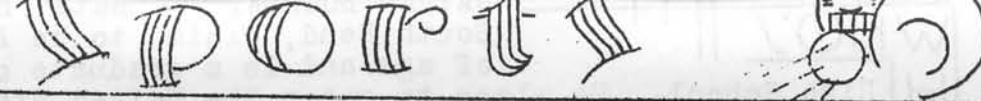
...We claim the "only two living Serbians in captivity" (That is in Co. 556). Let us give them a hearty send-off as they are leaving today to enter school the first part of September. (Oklak and Milovich)

...No.3 claims the poker champions - "Shadow" Milovich and "Poker-Face" Dunlap. Try and beat them. They now have more matches than the Cantcen, due to their winnings.

Barrack 3 represented by Boorda, Radecki, and Peirce on the POKAGON CHIEFTAIN - (why shouldn't we give our barracks a good writoup, us Editors say).

The Verse and short-short story printed in this edition were written by Si Boorda, formerly a member of Barrack 3 of this Co., now on Detached Service at Fort Ben.





BASEBALL

Following five days of hard practice, Co. 556's baseballers encountered The Mission Team from St. Anthony Novitiate of Angola in a stirring 9 inning battle, but was on the short end of a 14 to 10 score in a thrilling game played a week ago Sunday on the Angola City diamond. Being the initial contest of the season at Pokagon Park for the CCC squad, the game was marked with frequent errors, but showed a great improvement over their previous record at the Dunes. John Koontz, catcher for 556, supplied the biggest thrill of the game by blasting out a screeching homer against the left field fence---the farthest home run ever hit on the diamond. Hoffman, second baseman for the Pokagonites, drew honors with his triple. Allen, Acrey and Beam twirled for the CCC's.



After another week of practice under the able coaching of Jock Sommerlott, former big-leaguer, Company 556 showed a marked improvement over their previous game with the Mission Team of Angola, and knocked two pitchers out of the box to win by a score of 13 to 4 in an excellent performance, the team playing as a unit. Ted Herma of 556 gets an orchid for his superb pitching, being relieved by Cline only after he pitched seven full innings. The lineup follows: Witters, c; Kmitta, 1b; Shipe, Hoffman, 2b; Wagner, s; Gapinski, Markwalder, 5b; Hes, rf; Woynarowski, cf; Cichon, lf.

SPORT JOTTINGS

The Co. 556 baseball squad is looking forward with keen interest to the state CCC baseball tourney, in which they are entered, in the northern district, with teams from Medaryville, Chesterton, Huntington and Warsaw.

Considerable interest is being shown in horse shoe pitching. How about holding a tournament to decide the Co. champion horse-shoe slinger.

"Buck" has turned his attention to horse-back riding. (I wonder what ever became of that canoe!)

Lake James is witnessing its share of fisherman of late, and Co. 556, headed by "Fish Eye" Brazo, has had its share of line in the water---(and a lot of "line" mostly outside of the water!)

Ted Kmitta was recently appointed to cooperate with the Recreational Officer, to promote athletics in camp. Nice going, Ted! Let's have a real schedule this time.

A volleyball court is being laid out within the limits of the Co. area, where soon the ball will be abounding. A schedule will be announced soon.

With the coming of the cooler weather, basketball goals have been set up and within a few weeks, attention will be paid to the formulation of a basketball squad. Co. 556 promises to have a crack team this winter---and that's no fish-story, either.

Charles Allen Browne was elected chairman of the athletic committee at a meeting of the Leaders Club last Monday. (Most encouraging, Chuck, most encouraging!)

Browne has already made plans for the coming football season, the barracks to first enter into a "rugby game" competition.... Lieut. Crago, Medical Officer, former first string end for U. of Louisville will serve as the guiding light in the making of the "rough and stay-up" team from 556. Games will be booked with any team.



SOFT BALL

Two games have already been played in the barracks soft-ball tournament: The Leaders Club walked away with the pickup team from Barrack 3 last Monday night, defeating them by a score of 13 to 6 in a fast game played on the Co. diamond. Boorda, first string pitcher for the Co. team, pitched good ball for the Leaders, striking out 9 batters. Browne, Koontz and Meyers and Radecki also played good ball for the leaders. "Peachie" Matthews twirled well for the "3" players, but lacked the support of the team.

In Tuesday night's game, Barrack 5 swamped Barrack



WHO'S

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NATHAN BOORDA. "Nate" hails from South Bend, claims to be 20 years of age and is a graduate of Central High School. He plans to enter the United States counselor service and is looking forward to the time when he can enter College and prepare for his chosen profession. While in high school Nate was an outstanding student leader and scholar. His scholastic average was one of the highest ever made in Central, he having won the Boy's Award for Excellence in Scholarship in his graduate class of '32. Nate is an orator and a debator--being with the Central Debate Team for 3 years.

In addition to his duties as a section leader Nate is editor and chief generalissimo of the Pokagon Chieftain. As editor of the Hoosier Dunesman, in the language of Lieutenant Zeiger, he had many bouquets of orchids tossed his way for the excellent paper which he edited. From the comments made by such an outstanding authority on camp papers as the editor of "Happy Days", the national C.C.C. paper, the "Pokagon Chieftain" is an outstanding example of real camp paper technique. We salute you, Nate, for your untiring loyalty and the honors you have brought to our camp. An editor par-excellence!

JOHN H. KOONTZ. John Henry, the Montpelier Beau Brummel, has been with us since last November and has been rewarded for his efforts by an assistant leader's rating. Johnny went to elementary school in Cincinnati, and High School in Montpelier, where he participated in basketball. His favorite sport is telling about his old "flames" in Montpelier, next comes baseball and basketball. He hopes some time to own a business establishment of his own. Here's hoping too, Johnny.

JAMES J. WELSH. Born in Bonny Scotland, and reared in Peru, Indiana, Jimmy is one of the May enrollees, and since has worked himself up to an assistant leaders position and is well liked by all the fellows. Jim left school after his Freshman year at High School. Jimmy has hopes of some day owning a large grocery store, and enjoys the good old scottish game of golf. He plays football and basketball.

OTIS ADAMS. An example showing that size doesn't mean anything. Shorty is one of our hardest working fellows in camp and recently has been transferred to the camp over-head as an all around handy man. Adams is a product of Tipton, Indiana, and a splendid example of the fact that people "from way down 'thar'", specialize on quality, not quantity. Shorty has worked in several different fields, chiefly Carpentry, Machine Operator, Fireman for Steam engines and Glass Work. Handicapped because of his size, he is unable to participate in sports but he enjoys watching all games. His hobby is making useful things with wood.

JULIUS DE BUYSSER. One of the inseparable Belgians. He, too, will be missed at the end of this term. "Cocky" went to High School for two years and later worked as a cabinet maker. He is interested in auto mechanics. Although he claims to have no hobby, he is interested in all sports and camp activities.

JOHN BROCK. (Just a little insight on the life of a swell little fellow in our camp.) Johnny was graduated from Central High School, South Bend, in '33". If he hit his studies as hard as he does his work here, I'm sure he maintained a good average. He would like to continue his education in college and study Mechanical Engineering. I'm sure he would make good if given the opportunity. Johnny likes all sports and as his hobbies, he chooses carving, bead and leather work, and hiking.

ELLSWORTH ESPICH. We'll all miss "Bud" when he leaves us in September, because he has always been a conscientious worker and a good fellow. Bud went to school two years at Central, and since then has worked as a clerk, Baker, and decorator. He plans to finish school and become a draftsman. More power to you, Bud for success!



A few short years ago the economic conditions in this old U.S.A. were in one heluva shape. A weak, anemic and apathetic administration, coupled with numerous other causes, such as stock speculation, installment buying, and a country-wide belief that in the future every day would be pay-day, had pitched the nation into a situation which was well-nigh disastrous.

Banks began to fail; factories closed their doors indefinitely rather than operate "in the red"; industry and business went into a stall and then shot crazily into a tail-spin. Idle men began to be seen walking the streets, comparatively few in number at first but soon increasing alarmingly, together in groups along the curbs and on corners to discuss and debate the problem at hand.

Things were happening—things which did not occupy conspicuous positions, if any, in the daily papers. People were losing their homes. The men on the streets were now gaunt with hunger and weary from long walking in search of any little job that would bring them food and clothing for themselves and families. Many families were being broken up: the fathers and sons and brothers were reaching out into other towns, anywhere, where there might be a bit of promise of work. The demoralization of the youth of the country was setting in.

Then there came a change, slight at first, but noticeable in the sudden renewal of confidence. A new man sat in the White House—energetic, far-sighted, understanding, sympathetic; a man who promised nothing except a full-hearted and sincere attempt to serve the mass of humanity in this nation to the best of his ability. Gradually, under his direction, business conditions began to improve; but not fast enough to benefit those who were poverty-stricken and ill and who were still in dire need of money, food, clothing, employment.

Then, one day the papers carried tentative reports about the conception of a great idea! An idea which had to do with the employment of young men by the government, in the form of an organization known as the "Civilian's Conservation Corps. The corps would be put to work improving the natural resources of the country—re-forestation, erosion work, improvement of state and national parks. It would be fed and housed by the Army in work camps located at suitable places over the country; the work would be directed by men trained in colleges and universities or through practical experiences; and the government would pay the bill, a sizeable portion of which would be paid directly to the dependents of the workers.

The idea met with instant approval. Bureaus were set up and applications poured in, until some 312,000 young men had enrolled. Real want and starvation have been practically eliminated. The dependents of a C.C.C. member are assured of a steady income for as long as the young man remains in the Corps. And most important of all is the most gratifying boost in the health and morale of the country's youth, and the nation in general.

The above, fellows, is a picture of these last few years. Many of you were a long way gone on the road to ruin. You were slipping and you couldn't help it. The conditions in this country then were not of your making but they were dragging you down with the rest.

Since the inception of the C.C.C. you have come a long way back. You have gained physical and mental health; you have food and clothing, a job, and a little money in your pockets, where before you had nothing. You have the opportunities to learn, if you will, something of the various trades thru your work with your supervisors, and there are classes in which you may complete some of your former school work. Many of you are eager to take advantage of your opportunities as provided by your connection with the Corps. And you readily appreciate and admit your indebtedness to this government of **ours** in making these things available.

However, some of you, few in number, seem to entertain a different attitude and it is to you that this letter is directed. We, your supervisors, find that we must "hammer" at you continually to get any work out of you. Your attitude is that the government owes you a living without any effort on your part. You talk about

Abraham Lincoln once said "I will prepare myself and perhaps some day my time will come." That his time did come and the rewards so justly due him for his conscientious endeavors were bestowed upon him is familiar history to all of us. The example of Lincoln in having faith in the future and preparing himself for a fuller participation in the greater future which he felt was sure to come is an especially apt one for us of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Certainly none of us have faced the many adversities which fell to the lot of Lincoln during his early life. The son of migrating pioneers with the attendant hardship, the loss of his mother at an early age, unsuccessful as a business man and as a candidate for public office, were adversities which would have discouraged one less stout-hearted than he! That he should espouse an unpopular cause and rise to the highest office in our great nation gives testimony to the fact that idealism and a conscientious effort on our part to improve ourselves does pay big dividends in the end.

A brief study of our economic history will indicate that from its early beginning our country has been faced with ever-recurring business cycles. That is, good times and hard times have alternately confronted us. But as certain as the coming of the night and hard times was the coming of a new and better day and a more abundant economic life. With a correction of the evils and maladjustments in our economic and social life our country is certain to experience a greater era of prosperity than man has dared to dream of in the past. It will be a prosperity requiring new skills and new techniques on the part of all. Those who take advantage of their opportunities, as did Lincoln, will likely meet the test of the new order. Others will be laggards and failures on the highway of life. It, therefore, behooves all of us to take stock of ourselves and ask the question "are we making the most of our opportunities?" We cannot cheat ourselves without suffering the results. Take part in some camp activity.

Word has been received that Nat T. Frome, Educational Supervisor, 5th Corps Area, will visit

YOUTH REBUILDS--Stories from the CCC Edited by Ovid Butler, editor American Forests Magazine.

Perhaps none of us have hardly realized what the CCC actually has done for us. Let us look back upon the months we have spent in this great organization, and recollect our work, play, joy, and whatever else we personally accomplished or realized in a group. If you cannot do this little thing, "YOUTH REBUILDS", a group of stories and experiences by CCC men of the first period enlistment, will readily help you understand the situation that was in hand and what the CCC has done for them and is now doing for you.

These stories written simply in various styles portray many desperate struggles that the youth of the nation has had to go through--idleness, poverty, sickness, homelessness, charity, no peace of mind, etc.---and then the bright outlook of President Roosevelt's reforestation program---wholesome food, a place to sleep, health, no community drug, a new world with employment and a chance to make good, from a puny boy to a fine specimen of manhood. This is what they write about.

For interesting reading material "YOUTH REBUILDS" is excellent. This book is available at your camp library.....by Leonard Radecki

NEW CLASS SCHEDULE

(Mon. Tues. Thurs.)

Typing-----Buchanan--6:30--7:10
" " Logris----7:15--7:55
" " Radecki---8:00--8:40

(Tues. & Thurs.)

Surveying---Morgan----6:00-----
Spanish " Hines----8:00-----

The Pokagon Chieftain bids farewell to Lieut. Robert L. Major who will be leaving us soon. In looking back on the happy times we have had together we are sorry to publish this farewell. We wish you all the success and happiness in the world. (We shall miss you, Louie)

PREFERENCE

Stenographers who don't chew gum, like good stones. They're not dumb. But give me a stone giggly, Kisses you and then chews Wrigley.

CERTAINTY

This I know--it doesn't pay

(continued from page 7)

Had Ruth--did she know--had she put it there on the bureau? Something in the way the envelope rested on the bureau, so harmoniously with the corner, convinced him it had been read. He picked it up and nervously reread the note. How could you tell--? If Ruth had seen it, well, but she hadn't. He was just imagining things. But if she had--! He'd do anything. He'd beg forgiveness, on bended knee, just as they did it in the movies. He'd seen Clive Brook do it once. Ruth he couldn't lose. Eustace was to be with him tonight, but Eustace could wait. She could wait forever. Nutty blonde. If only Ruth would understand, he'd never again--Ruth was a peach. If only she'd believe him--he really loved her. How had he been so careless? The look Ruth had given him at the door came back to him. He hadn't noticed it then, but now it seemed that look had gone straight through him. She had said, "Tired, honey?" It was usually Dear... And that smile! She knew!

So his fear built up a certainty, his fear of losing Ruth. He dressed, and a hundred tender words of appeal on his tongue, he went down to dinner with his tie askew. Ruth straightened it for him before they sat down to the meal, opposite each other. His eyes avoided hers. He reached for the napkin. Why was she so silent? Usually she chatted. He dared not look up, for he was afraid he might see in her eyes that she knew. Why didn't she say something? He pecked at the chicken. Still their eyes hadn't met. Well, they would! A man ought to face the music. He raised his head. Ruth had her full gaze on him, as she poised her fork in the air. He never knew what it was that broke him, something honest and fine and amused in Ruth's eyes, but anyway he snapped the tension.

"Honest, Ruth, it didn't seem right; it didn't mean a thing-- that note---not a thing----" he got out. He was eyeing her squarely.

She smiled. "I know," she said. Then she came over to him and laid something on the table.

"But, really, Henry, you should know your assets better than that," she added softly. And, "The flowers were lovely."

He read, correctly, the card he had written at the florist that afternoon, and amazement and humility struggled upon his face. Without another word he rose and clumsily placed his head on Ruth's breast, murmuring something incoherent while she patted his hair.

For on the card, hastily scrawled, was: TO MY SWEETEST EUSTACE.
THE END

E. C. W.

(continued from page 11)

at your enlistment in the C.C.C. as a vacation with pay. And because we expect you to do your share of the job at hand you moan and groan, gripe and growl. But don't forget that your government didn't have to lift you out of the gutter, and set you on your feet again---but it did. Your old Uncle Sammy gave you a "break" when you needed it most. Now, for the sake of fairness, give him a "break" by doing uncomplainingly the job he offers.

CAMP PROGRAM The first weekly entertainment program, sponsored by the Entertainment Committee of the Order of the Tri-C, was held Wednesday night in the Rec Hall. Speeches were given by Capt. Weaver, Capt. Bloss, Lieut. Major, Lieut. Crago, Mr. Emick, Jock Somerlott, Donald Foutch and Simon Boorda. John H. Koontz was Master of Ceremonies. Music was furnished by the Company orchestra. Lantz of Barrack 4 made a big hit with his vocal selections. Ice cream bars were served the Co. following the entertainment.

.....Because no mention of the sponsors of a radio broadcast, over Station WOWO, Fort Wayne, a week ago Tuesday, featuring Major P.J. Coultas, Medical Supervisor, Ind. CCC, WC, on Health in Indiana's CCC camps, was made during the broadcast, or in the Hoosier Civic, we wish to announce that it was thru the efforts and interest of Co. 556 that this broadcast was made possible.....

Our new District Commander, Capt. William B. Leitch, 3rd Field Artillery, visits us regularly, and seems well pleased with our camp. In an effort to interview Capt. Leitch, all we could learn was that

