

## ON THE FRONT WITH THE C.C.C.

By C. B. Kearfoot, Co. 1252, Marion, Va.

We've watched the rookies coming,  
We've seen the soreheads leave,  
And for the quitter's going  
We rarely ever grieve;  
We've tamed down many bullies  
As we showed them to their place;  
We've cheered the homesick laddies  
Who had a downcast face;  
We've scoured the hills for kiddies  
Who have strayed from mother's door  
For Trouble's call is answered  
By the Conservation Corps!

We've fought the wind together,  
We've tackled snow and ice,  
We've braved the hail and rain  
Tho' our words were far from nice;  
We've blazed the trail through woodland  
And up the mountain steep;  
We've piled the rocks on roadways,  
Where the mud was slick and deep;  
We've bridged the rushing streamlets,  
Where the mountain torrents pour;  
No job has proved too tough as yet  
For the Conservation Corps!

We've scrambled up the mountain,  
All torn by thorn and brier  
With rake and shovel, axe and pick  
To fight the forest fire;  
And on the cussed barb wire fence  
We've torn our Sunday pants,  
But push right on toward the blaze  
With scarce a backward glance,  
And there mid'st crackling, flaming trees,  
Amid the Fire Demon's roar  
We cut a lane and stopped the fire,  
Did the Conservation Corps!

We growl about the mess kits,  
We growl about the meals;  
We cuss the man who blows it  
When the morning bugle peals,  
And we pile from out our blankets  
Just to march to exercise  
That the Captain thinks will help us  
To open up our eyes.  
But despite the groans and cussin'  
And the things that make us sore,  
There is something here that grips us  
In the Conservation Corps!

## An Old Mess Kit

By Ralph W. Clements, Co. 1431, Old Town, Fla.

I WAS once in the War. Yeh! I served an enlistment in the World War. A big, burly Swede owned me. He was an awfully nice fellow, and I always looked forward to meal time. Afterwards I was thoroly cleaned and scrubbed until I shone like the pants of a blue serge suit. But one day a screaming, blurry thing fell in camp with a terrific explosion. My shining coat was smeared and dents were made in my sides the size of quarters. I waited long and patiently for Swede to clean and straighten my unshapely sides, but he never came. I missed old Swede, too. They later threw me into a dark cell where I slept long and contentedly.

Many, many years flew past, I lost track of time. Then one day I saw light. I was passed out with my cousins to a long line of red-faced, shaggy haired, uncomfortable looking, gawky boys. My new owner was extremely clumsy, and had the largest feet. Ah, the poor fellow doesn't know how to open me. Ouch! That was the last straw, he dropped me on the sod where I lay torn open, showing my contents to everybody. How I wish I had Swede back! I no longer get the nice, clean, shiny coat like the one Swede gave me. I am thrown around greasy, dirty and abused something horribly.

I've just discovered where I am. I'm in the ranks of the C.C.C. Gosh! What a descension! Me, an experienced World War Veteran, being thrown around like a toy and disgraced so shamefully. I wish Swede was back. I lead a hard life. Soon I shall be discarded and condemned, then perhaps Swede and I can get together again.

Depression thought he had us  
And laughed in fiendish glee  
But he failed to reckon  
With the U.S.C.C.C.  
Fed up by Aunt Democracy  
Financed by Uncle Sam  
We'll show the world depression  
Was just an "Also Ram"

We have Mothers praying for us  
Sweethearts and sisters too.  
And many a homes fire's burning  
Because of what we do.  
We are a peace time army  
But if a war must be  
In the front line of the Battle  
You'll find the C.C.C.

The unfit were rejected  
We are out Nation's best  
And not a slacker's wearing  
the three C's on his breast  
We may not get much glory  
Things may move mighty slow  
But when Man does his duty  
God somehow seems to know

When future generations  
Look back to "33"  
They're going to day my grandpap  
Was a good old C.C.C.  
So we'll be upa and doing  
To home and Nation True  
Rossevelt and Miss Prosperity  
Here's our salute to you.

GLEASON BATTLES TO KEEP  
ROARING MONSTER OUT OF U.S.

FIREFIGHTERS ARE  
STRAGGLING BACK