

Wesley Boyle
Zion National Park Oral History Project
CCC Reunion
September 28, 1989

Interviewed by: Don Graff
Transcribed by: Amy Loveless
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Don Graff: Right now I'm interviewing Wesley Boyle. This is the 28th day of September 1989 and it's now two o'clock in the afternoon and we're out at the Visitor's Center here in Zion National Park. That should be all the introduction we need, so I guess first let's just find out where you're from.

Wesley Boyle: I'm from Springville, Utah, right now, but I was inducted out of (loud noise) Lynndyl [?], Utah. I was just out of high school when the depression hit. I worked for the railroad a year or so and they kept me in for a little and finally they cancelled it all together. So I was out of work and my dad had lost his job. On the farm, it was drought and it dried up and blew away, so we were without anything. Finally a person in town allowed me to come and had two or three others included. So I came to CC and they sent me up to Fort Douglas. They sent us from Fort Douglas on the train. Well that night we got to Lund out from Cedar City and it was about ten o'clock in the morning, I guess. They got us out in trucks, big dump trucks with boards across the back, and that was a rough, hot ride. I was really amazed. I didn't know what to expect or anything.

Don Graff: You'd never been here before, I take it.

Wesley Boyle: Never been here. When I saw the trees growing out of rocks, that really got me. Where we lived was on the edge of the desert and we had a hard time making trees grow period. So that was one thing that thrilled me. I saw these beautiful mountains and surroundings and I just fell in love with it. We came in and our barracks was right here on the riverbank. There were two camps here and I was in #1966; that was the first one I was in.

Don Graff: It must have been 1936, not 1966.

Wesley Boyle: Nineteen sixty-six was the number of it.

Don Graff: Oh, I see what you're saying.

Wesley Boyle: Company was 1966.

Don Graff: Now was that on this side of the river or over on that—

Wesley Boyle: This side.

Graff: It was on the west side of the river, then. That was the camp you were assigned to. What was the date when did you come here?

Boyle: Well I can't remember the exact date.

Graff: Well the month or the year or...

Boyle: Well, it was 1935, and it was about in May if I remember correctly. When they put me in there, I'd just gotten out of the hospital because I'd had a ruptured appendix and I remember I'd never done anything like this before and I had to strip down to run down to the shower room at the other end of the barrack or campground or whatever you called it. Everybody looked and hollered, "White man in camp!" (both laugh) because I was so white and these kids had been out there. And so we had to shower in the south end that had the latrine and the showers, and we washed our clothes down there. We lived in barracks and I can't remember; I think there was four barracks, two on each side.

Graff: They ran north and south?

Boyle: North and south. Of course, being the rookie, we were in bunks; I had to get the upstairs bunk. I had that for quite a few months. I was a real fortunate I had a fellow who had been here quite a while and he knew the ropes and he took a hold of me and really helped me out.

Graff: You remember his name?

Boyle: Larry Johnston. It's spelled with a "t." So I didn't have any clothes; they hadn't issued me any. First day on the job he loaned me a pair of boots that he had issued, he had extra and spare gloves. So I went out, and the lucky part of it was they sent me with him on the job and he was a powder monkey and they were blowing up rocks; they were big sandstone rocks. We were drilling into them and making dirt and strike stone and their campfires to put rocks around and things like that. We were breaking those big ones up so we could have them make littler ones. I'd never been around dynamite before and it kind of scared me and so it made me real cautious and I was helping drill them and carry powder and the caps. We did it with caps and it's hard. But you know... the stuff to light it and...

Graff: The fuse.

Boyle: Yes, the fuse. That's it.

Graff: You didn't use electricity in those days; you lit it with a fuse. But you had a blasting cap.

Boyle: Well that's what we did. We'd drill the holes and he'd put the powder down in the hole and tamp it in. He was real careful and good.

Graff: Was he a CCC man, too?

Boyle: He was a CCC man too. He always tried to get it real tight and he'd try to get it so we'd do it right and then we'd get them tamped in and go over and light the fuse and away we'd run. We had it figured out how far we should run before it...

Graff: What would you say? Ten feet? Twenty feet? More?

Boyle: Yeah, it was about ten, fifteen feet of fuse right there. Then we'd run and go off. I'd run the compressor on that and one day it apparently didn't get far enough away and I'd run to hide behind the compressor and a little rock about that big hit me on the back.

Graff: That probably didn't feel too good either. Where was this taking place? Now was this on the...

Boyle: Right here, right here. You know, the garages used to be right here...

Graff: They're right up the canyon, yes.

Boyle: We were right down...

Graff: You were right down below them, then. You were just making little rocks out of the big ones.

Boyle: Yeah, and then they'd pull them down and put them around their campgrounds and walkways and wherever they use those rocks. Sandstone made a really nice base around them and...

Graff: Now is this just you and this Larry Johnston? Were you a team or were there other guys working with you?

Boyle: There were others you know that gathered them up and...

Graff: Well I mean, they were doing other things. Were the two of you... you were what they called powder monkeys.

Boyle: Well, I guess I was assistant.

Graff: Assistant to the powder monkey.

Boyle: Well anyways, that was...

Graff: So you drilled the holes and then they'd tamp the powder in and blew it and then you went on to another rock, I take it. How did you drill the holes, now was that a hand drill?

Boyle: No, we had a compressor.

Graff: You had a compressor.

Boyle: (inaudible) They'd drag it along with it...

Graff: A gas engine, then.

Boyle:that's what I was hiding behind when I got hit.

Graff: How did you get out onto the site? Did you tow it behind a truck?

Boyle: Yes, a truck. They had trucks here.

Graff: So would someone else tow it to the site for you? You just ran the hoses out and your jackhammer with it. Okay.

Boyle: We did have quite a few big trucks and we used those. They used a real one, a great big one that was fit for the big heavy work. I didn't do that too long. Then I got to working with a foreman by the name of Joe Rye. I don't know if you've heard of him or not, but he got me on his gang because I'd worked on the railroad and because I knew how to work and had to work. I was just a bit older than most of the kids. I was twenty, I think, or somewhere in there. I'd been working on the railroad where I had to work so I just knew you had to work or you'd lose your job. I didn't do like the street kids (hardly audible)...

Graff: That's the way it was.

Boyle: I didn't break the handles of the shovels prying under rocks or wear out the gloves or anything to get out of work. Old Joe and I, he kind of liked me because I worked good I guess, and at noontime I'd say, "Well, Joe, I've got my daughter home today, so I guess I'll go home." He'd laugh.

Graff: Now, Joe was he a CCC boy too?

Boyle: He was Park Service. Well, I better go back to that. In the daytime I was working for the Department of the Interior in the Park Service. And so in the daytime we were under their direction; I don't know how they were connected. And then after work and before bedding and eating and everything we were under the military. As I remember his name was Captain Kennedy. I think that was his name.

Graff: Yeah, I've heard that name already today.

Boyle: He was the captain there and there was a captain who was our only doctor in our camp.

Graff: Can you remember his name?

Boyle: Anyway, that's how we did and on that morning when we were.... one evening when we were lined up outside of the barracks which we'd go in for mess before breakfast and before the evening meal. We'd do the raising of the flag at that time and have a little

ceremony then. When we were standing there one night Sargent Tipner, I think was his name, he was army. He said, "Look!" and we looked and he said, "You may never see that again." There was a part of Bridge Mountain that had just come falling off.

Graff: I heard another fellow tell that story.

Boyle: And so I saw that and I appreciated him taking us at least to look at that.

Graff: I bet that was quite a sight.

Boyle: Yes, to be able to see the rock thrown like that. And he said that may never happen again. So I thought that'd be interesting to know. So then I worked here and we went until the snow melted up at Cedar Breaks and then they sent us up there and I worked up there. Up there is a spike camp. They got ready to bring the rest of them up and we lived in this little four bed tent. They were about square and they had a stove in the middle to heat us. At night it'd get real cold up there in....

Graff: (interrupts) Cold up there?

Boyle: ... in the summertime. I saw it snow there in July. I wasn't used to that kind of thing either. I remember how cold it got.... you'd get out of bed and lean down and put your finger in the creek and the creek was almost ice-water. I played baseball up there. We had a good ball team and I enjoyed it up there I always had loved baseball.

Graff: What'd you do, just divide up into teams in the camp and play each other, or did the camp go somewhere and play?

Boyle: We'd go out of camp and we'd play other teams around there. We played Duck Creek camp. We went in and we played Duck Creek and mostly in little towns that had teams, you know. I went one day and the fellow that was... what's the person they call at supply?

Graff: Supply officer.

Boyle: Supply officer. He just happened to be the manager of a ball team. When we got up there they decided to have ball teams, so they called out everybody that they'd come in with to try out for the ball team. And everybody came out and they issued suits right there. After he got there, we came out the next day to play and two thirds of the guys couldn't even play. (Don speaks over Wesley, laughter) There were other kids that were good ball players that didn't have suits, so he said, "Well, call all the suits in. Everybody bring your suits back!" So I took mine up and he said, "What are you doing here?" I said, "Well I have a suit. You told us to bring them back." He said, "I didn't mean you. You take it back." (Laughter) I'd always played infield and pitcher, but I didn't want to tell

them that. That was rough ground up there. I just went out there and caught flies and played outfield. That isn't too much to do with this though.

Graff: Well, but that's part of the CC's. It seems like everybody had a different experience. Some people said, "Well I didn't know about playing ball or anything." Well obviously, here they did have that for you to do. Did you do any playing ball when you were back down here at Zion, or was that all up at Cedar Breaks?

Boyle: Down here in Zion they didn't have it. We left here into June or something like that. We had to wait until the snow got down up there and then we played it there and then they brought us back about the end of September, and that was too late I guess, so we didn't do any activity here. Then we worked all winter with Joe Rye right up there along the creek at Zion Park...

Graff: Where the entrance station was, or...

Boyle: No, where the lodge is. And there the water you know there's a fun little valley and water was coming around a curve or something and was eating the bank out and taking all the soil out, so we put in "rip-rap" rock in there and tied it with wire and tied that in. So we did that and...

Graff: Did you know that it's still there?

Boyle: Is it?

Graff: You bet it is! It's still keeping the river where it belongs.

Boyle: It was about where that horse corral is there.

Graff: Yeah, it's s there. On the fieldtrips, there's a little in better shape; you can see it better up on the picnic areas. That's where they're going to stop. So right where the horse corral is, that's where it's all. It's got stuff growing through it, so you can't see it as good as you can see the others. You won't be stopping there probably, but it all looks the same anyway. It was all done with the wire and the rocks. What did you do on that? Did you just pull the rocks out of the river and throw them in there? Where did the rocks come from?

Boyle: They were rocks from around here.

Graff: So, did they haul them in with dump trucks and dump them out for you and then did you put them in with wheelbarrows?

Boyle: No, they just dumped them and we set them in like little brick layers.

Graff: You tried to stack them a little bit.

Boyle: To make them smooth and fit in there, they fit together just like you would...

Graff: Did you dig a kind of a trench first and put your wire under, or did you...?

Boyle: No, we just dug it down and straightened it out. They put the rock in and then we put the wire on the backside of it over the top of it. I think they had metal or steel, steel running down underneath to hold it and then you'd put the steel wire over the top and they fastened it onto those rods.

Graff: The rods that were underneath. I see.

Boyle: That's how I remember it.

Graff: Yeah, well it's still there, still holding the Virgin River in its course.

Boyle: You can see the ground is still there.

Graff: So you did a good job, obviously. You did that during the winter, then?

Boyle: We did that in the winter.

Graff: Wasn't it a little cool up here in the winter?

Boyle: Well, yes, it gets cold in here in the winter. I was telling my wife that when you come here in the summer, this is like a baking oven because the rocks reflect the heat, but in the winter it's like a cold storage on account of the sun only comes in for a few hours each day.

Graff: That's correct!

Boyle: Anyway, then we worked on the switchback up there. The rocks get loose, you know. And they had us knock off the smooth rocks so they wouldn't fall down there on the road so they wouldn't hit the tourists and that.

Graff: I've seen pictures of that. It seems like it might get a little dangerous, wasn't it? I mean, loosening those rocks up. What about the guys below you? How did you keep track of each other?

Boyle: Well, we tried to not do that. Everybody stayed in line...

Graff: You stayed in a line and made sure nobody was below you.

Boyle: The foreman kind of took care of that.

Graff: How did you dislodge them? Just a pick and shovel?

Boyle: (very faintly) Pick and shovel.

Graff: And then you'd roll them out and...

Boyle: We wouldn't move them unless they looked like they were ready to come. Our instructions were to not touch anything that was natural. We had to keep it natural. If we buried anything we'd have to dig it up so that nobody would know it was there.

Graff: Now was this winter?

Boyle: This was winter. And that's when I got my first meeting, a quorum meet. That was before the war. We'd go up through that tunnel even though it was dark in there... all those kids in black... And I'd think to myself, "This is just like moving up the Front." And that did happen a few years later. Then we did that until about... I can't remember. They dissolved our camp and they took me over across the street to 962.

Graff: That was the Bridge Mountain Camp. Did yours have a name? Or did they call them both the Bridge Mountain Camp?

Boyle: I didn't know what they called them.

Graff: Well, the one over there, they called the Bridge Mountain Camp.

Boyle: We just knew them by the numbers. Just to keep track.

Graff: Now they just banded you on this side. Did they tear the camp down?

Boyle: I don't know what they did with it.

Graff: Some of these later guys I've talked to didn't even know about a camp on this side. Those that came in in '39 and '40 said there was nothing there.

Boyle: They must have done. They did have them on both sides. Then after I was in there, I'd say it was about March that they did that, and then they took us up to Bryce.

Graff: So you must have been in for more than just the six months, then.

Boyle: I was here for a year. I came in just about May and left about June the next year.

Graff: So when they moved you over to the other camp, were the other guys over there already? Or had they moved them somewhere else?

Boyle: Most of them were still there. The old timers were truck drivers and things like that. Oh, and when we were up to Cedar Breaks, we built trails up and down. We built the first road and they told me it was up on Brian Head. (wind interference) You can stand right there and you can see seven states in the same spot. Then we made fences up there and when we came back down here we put fences around Zion's Park on the East Rim.

You'll be at the check-in station and there's a road that goes off to the north and right around there we put a spike camp up there. I'd be coming in with a supply helper and...

Graff: Now this is after you came back from Cedar Breaks. You'd moved into the spike camp there on the east side.

Boyle: We came back here and stayed, then went up to the spike camp. I wasn't in that. I was assigned to work with Sergeant Kepman. He did guests and cars and guests and did all the big trucks every night and issued the tools and supplies and everything like that. I worked with him. One day they sent me up because they figured they were losing too many tools. They wanted me to go up and check and find out what was the problem. They wanted me to take inventory over there, so I rode with Francis Riley. He was the interior, the manager of the Interior, I think. He took me up and said he had something to do, so I went through the gang and checked and talked a bit and he was supposed to meet me at a certain place and I thought, "Man, that's a long way back around, so I'll take a short cut." I was up on the plateau and it looked real good. All I had was a clipboard and I start heading down and all of a sudden I come to a place where...

Graff: Straight off.

Boyle: I thought, "Well, if I have to go way back five or six miles, I'll do it." I put the clipboard on my belt and I headed down and then I was hanging by the little thing like that and I'll never do that again! I was so thankful when I got to the bottom that was about two or three hundred feet, I think. Well, anyway, that was an experience.

Graff: I'll bet. That experience of a lifetime.

Boyle: I enjoyed that and then we went up and chopped posts. There was what we used to call a coal mountain.

Graff: Well the coal pits are down here, this way.

Boyle: There were some up there too.

Graff: That's where you were at up on the east side.

Boyle: No, beyond the park.

Graff: Oh, out of the park? I see.

Boyle: We went up in there, and you can see the stain up there. It's got dark, coal-colored stuff in there. The old road ran right by it. We went up in there and we cut, poked some holes in the mountain.

Graff: With axes? Or with two-man saws?

Boyle: Most of it with axes.

Graff: And what were the posts used for? Fencing projects the Three C's were doing?

Boyle: Up there on the east side.

Graff: Now when you'd go out there to cut posts, you were staying here in the camp?

Boyle: Yes.

Graff: They'd drive you up there each day.

Boyle: Up at Cedar Breaks I helped build foot trails. At the entrance, just before you got to the lodge, there was a trail right there going up over that big, beautiful mountain. It was green and pretty and we made foot-trails with switchbacks and that so the tourists could do it without getting too winded.

Graff: Now is this Bryce or Cedar Breaks?

Boyle: Cedar Breaks and we made benches every once in a while. Oh, they didn't have any diner, so they'd make up our dinner in milk cans. It was stew. So a couple guys were assigned to bring the stew up.

Graff: And walk right up the trail with it.

Boyle: And then at night when it came time to quit, we'd just jump right down the road. That was fun for me.

Graff: Oh, I bet! Pretty fast, too, getting home.

Boyle: You had to use your legs. I wouldn't recommend it to everybody. Well and then we went from Cedar to Bryce and ultimately up through here and they transferred it all the way down here and made trails all the way down into the canyon. There we smoothed off the highway on that main highway that goes all the way out. Because I'd been working on the railroad, I knew how to get a good smooth road.

Graff: You were a good Gandy-Dancer, eh?

Boyle: They kind of liked me for that.

Graff: When you were finished at Bryce, did you come back here again?

Boyle: No, I discharged.

Graff: Oh, that's where you got your discharge was up there.

Boyle: This Robertson he tells about... our trainer/teacher, or whatever you want to call him, educational advisor. Is there anything else I need to tell you?

Graff: Oh yeah, I'll ask you some more questions. Yes, you were out of high school when you joined up, so you completed your education then, as far as high school is concerned.

Boyle: I graduated from high school in 1931. That's the year the depression really got started and so I didn't think I'd ever get anything.

Graff: So did you take any of the educational classes?

Boyle: I took some from.....

Graff: What kinds of classes were offered?

Boyle: I think I started going to one about electronics.

Graff: Did electronics classes fill up? So did they offer any of those kinds of classes?

Boyle: No, I don't think they did,

Graff: Compare the two camps for me. Were they pretty similar? You lived in the one on the west side of the river, and you also lived in the other one. Were they the same? Some of the guys said they didn't have bunks in the ones across the other side. They said they were not double-decker bunks. Were they double-decker when you were over there with a lower and an upper on that side of the river, too?

Boyle: I think they were. By then, I was able to have the lower one. I know I had somebody above me.

Graff: I'm sure it changed over the years. They were pretty much the same, I guess.

Boyle: I couldn't tell any difference.

Graff: Sounds like Kennedy was on this side, Lieutenant or whatever Kennedy, and then this Lieutenant Brothers was on the other side. How did they compare as far as the officers?

Boyle: I didn't hardly know them.

Graff: You didn't pay any attention to the Army people anyway. What did they do, did you even know they were around?

Boyle: They'd come around to line up for a mess sometimes...

Graff: You're talking about a lineup for the mess. Is that something that happened as soon as you got out of bed you lined up?

Boyle: I don't remember how they woke us, I'm sure they called us somehow, and then we'd get ready and shower... no, I think we'd showered at night when we'd come home. I never did get in trouble. And that's where I learned how to make a bed army-style. I was raised on a farm and the women did the inside work like cooking and baking. I milked with the cows and so it was unusual for me. And then I got on K.P. which I didn't like, especially when they had to clean out the grease in the tray. That was a bad deal.

Graff: What did K.P. entail, just any kind of kitchen work cleaning potatoes and washing dishes?

Boyle: Yes. Washing dishes and setting tables and doing that kind of thing, whatever needed to be done.

Graff: Did that rotate? I mean, did you have to do that every so often?

Boyle: Yes, until I got up into the issuing of supplies and things like that. Then they exempted me from K.P.

Graff: When you talk about issuing supplies, was there a supply depot or house, I mean where you had things like clothes?

Boyle: We had a little one room. We didn't have any clothes. That was the army. They issued the clothes up there at the headquarters. I never got into that. I was issued to fill the gas, fill the trucks with gas, fill the compressors. We had to do it this way.

Graff: Crank it? Yeah? How about the tools the boys used? Did you issue those, too?

Boyle: (inaudible)

Graff: So did you have a big warehouse-type of place where these things were kept?

Boyle: Well it wasn't too big. I think they issued them to begin with, and then we just sort of replaced them.

Graff: Now, what about the meals? I assume they had a mess hall.

Boyle: Yes. That's where we went and as we were in line, that's where they would give us instructions of what to do that day. And then you'd go in and they'd set up six on a table. I thought it was real good food. I'd been used to not having much food. It was during the depression. Some kids moaned about it and groaned about it, but I knew it was better than what I had at home.

Graff: What did you have at home during the depression, bread and milk mostly?

Boyle: Well, yes. I had a mother who could make good things out of nothing. They'd serve that stew. A lot of the kids didn't like it. It had potatoes and gravy and tomatoes and meat.

Graff: Makes my mouth water just thinking about it!

Boyle: It was good food. I liked it. And then we had milk and someone had... puddings and things like that. I remember good desert, and fruit and bread and butter and...

Graff: All you can eat?

Boyle: (windy, inaudible)

Graff: Well, I mean, you could go back for seconds or thirds or whatever you needed, as long as you were hungry? Oh, that's great.

Boyle: I think that's... (windy)

Graff: How about the pay? What was the pay?

Boyle: That wasn't too good.

Graff: You were talking about the pay.

Boyle: I was inducted at thirty dollars a month. I sent twenty-five home to my parents to live on for my mother and dad and a brother and a sister. I had the five dollars. I was able to live on that. I was doing pretty good.

Graff: Of course, they were providing room and board.

Boyle: And also food and I didn't need too much.

Graff: You couldn't party too much.

Boyle: A lot of the kids had their own money, so a lot of them drank. Some of them had their own cars and they wrecked a few of them out here and things like that. I had a haircut for ten cents a haircut. I could go to a dance here in Springdale at I think twenty-five cents a dance. I'd go once or twice a month, maybe. Went to the church down there for recreation. The money, I'd use it to get shaving razors and shaving cream and toothpaste and things like that. That's about all I got out of it.

Graff: That pretty well kept you with everything you needed or that you had to have, didn't it?

Boyle: Well you didn't need anything if you don't want to live high, and to not be wasteful, you know. I was thinking of my folks and just trying to get something....

Graff: I'm sure they appreciated the money you sent home with no work for anybody.

Boyle: So I used to kid my mom and say, "It's noon, well I've done my day's work now, so.... I can go home now."

Graff: What about recreation, did the camp itself provide anything?

Boyle: No, they'd take us to town on a truck.

Graff: Town being St. George or Hurricane?

Boyle: Hurricane mostly.

Graff: What was there in Hurricane to do back then?

Boyle: Just the dance.

Graff: They'd take you down for a dance. Did they ever bring girls in here for a dance?

Boyle: Not that I know of. They may have once... I don't think... They never had a dance on the grounds when I was here.

Graff: What about the population of the camps? Were you mostly from Utah or were they from all over the country?

Graff: Most of the ones I was with were all Utah kids. Most of them were up around Salt Lake and Ogden, in that area. You asked if there was any difference between the two camps. I think I liked the first camp's people. They were more friendly and outgoing and helpful. When they transferred me here, I was with a bunch of guys that had already had theirs made there and so I guess they didn't care about it.

Graff: So you liked the camp on this side of the riverbed, on the west side?

Boyle: It had more of a camaraderie I thought. It was fun.

Graff: Was there a Rec Hall or something where you could go and do some things after work?

Boyle: They had a Rec Hall where they had a pool table. Some people went up to play pool. A lot of the kids would gamble with cards and some of them were professional gamblers. They'd set up dice or cards and mark them, make them sure that they had good cards and made them sure that they won everything.

Graff: They made pretty good money off of them.

Boyle: There were some that were big braggers and they used to say, "Maybe so, I don't know sounds so very queer." or "Maybe so, but your bullshit don't work here," because some of them would really start to pour it on, you know? There was one of the kids who bragged about what a good wrestler he was. He said that he'd wrestled professionally and that he was really good. He wasn't little. He was a lot bigger than me. He was a big guy, but he was kind of a little dumb. He'd wrestled for South High in Salt Lake and he was a good amateur wrestler. So we gathered them together to have a wrestle. This guy was

bragging. And so we said, "Old Brown can take you." So Brown got him and put a headlock on him, and the guy called "uncle" right then!

Graff: Did they do any of that, I mean as far as competition wrestling, boxing or anything like that?

Boyle: Well there's one thing I ought to tell you. We had a basketball team. We'd practice in Hurricane at the high school and I was coach of it.

Graff: So what would they do? Drive you down there for your practice?

Boyle: Yes.

Graff: How often?

Boyle: Oh, once a week, I think. I don't remember whether it was the Park Service or the army people. They'd send a supervisor down with us. Once we went down there to practice and we'd been dressing in the girl's lavatory. We thought it was after school and so we came barging in there and there was a girl. That was kind of embarrassing. Then there were rumors around that we were going to the playoffs in Provo for the championship, the CC Championship. I was all ready for that because that's where my folks lived. They canceled out and I was really disappointed.

Graff: Now you had Saturday and Sunday off?

Boyle: Yes.

Graff: What did you do on Saturdays and Sundays, what was there to do?

Boyle: Not much, read or hike. We went hiking a lot. There's lots of hikes around.

Graff: Did you do quite a bit of hiking up different places in the park?

Boyle: I didn't make it as much as I ought to have, but at least I hiked a bit. There were folks too lazy. I spent most of the time washing clothes and I can't remember what else. There wasn't much else. We'd walk down to town, maybe to Springdale. I remember I was a pretty good foot racer in high school and so I could run pretty good. I'd cut off the park here and head for where the entrance gate is. We'd cut off through the field there. There was a bunch of deer there that'd eat there about every night. They'd let you get pretty close to them. And so I'd see how close I could get and then I'd run to see if I could catch them or see how close I could stay with them. It was just practice. I did that one night and the old buck he turned his horns at me like that and I stopped in my tracks. They happen to know when they're in park and when they're out. They can see the fence.

Well, then when they transferred us... do you want about Bryce, too?

Graff: Well, not really. Mostly we want to just stick to Zion. We'll leave that for the Bryce people to do up there. Mainly we need to get the history here. What about on Sundays? Most of you were from Utah probably a lot of the boys were LDS at least. Did they have church services?

Boyle: Not here, we went to Springdale.

Graff: But you could go; you were free to go to church if you wanted to.

Boyle: Well that's all I did. I brought one pair of slacks and a coat I believe, dress-up outfits that I'd wear when I went to dances and to church.

Graff: Did most of the boys go to church, or just a few of you?

Boyle: No, just a few of us. Some from around Delta and there were several kids from Hinckley and Deseret and that area right in there. They were pretty good kids. A lot of the kids from Salt Lake and up there were in bad with the law and that's what they told me or something. I don't know if that's true or not. Not many of them were very churchy.

Graff: But you had that opportunity. Of course, it was just a short walk down there, I guess. Well, it's not like you had to go all day or anything. They didn't have to take you down there in trucks or anything like that.

Boyle: No. They never did haul us down. I remember we went down to Virgin. Do you know where that is?

Graff: I live there.

Boyle: Oh, do you?

Graff: Yes.

Boyle: There was a certain type of gravel or sand or something we had to get that was down there. We went down there one or two days hauling that up and loading it.

Graff: Well, do you feel like your experience with the three C's was well worth your time?

Boyle: Oh, yes. Wonderful!

Graff: You signed up obviously for the second term at least. Could you have gone longer if you'd wanted to?

Boyle: Yes.

Graff: What made you decide to leave?

Boyle: I had the opportunity to go to college then and so that's where I went.

Graff: Where'd you go to college?

Boyle: Brigham Young University.

Graff: Oh, up at BYU?

Boyle: Yes.

Graff: Did you go four years?

Boyle: Eventually. It took me ten more years.

Graff: Well, I guess the war hit in the middle of that.

Boyle: Well, yes, but my brother was an athlete and so they gave him a scholarship at BYU. The agreement was that they were supposed to let me work my tuition off if he'd sign to go there. Well the athletic manager or coach who did that was Ott Romney. By the time school started, he'd left and gone to another school. He apparently didn't leave that information with the old people. I did work off my tuition the first quarter. That was just mowing lawns and doing janitor work and snow shoveling and things like that. Because I was too old then, I got twenty-five cents an hour. The other kids that were younger got thirty cents an hour. They were with the National Youth Program. I worked for the church, for the BYU school. I think the CCs stimulated me to more education.

Graff: You didn't want to bust rocks all your life. That's great. What about when the war came along, were you inducted into the army?

Boyle: No. I was going to school. They took everybody in 1941. I should have graduated that year, but I didn't have enough money. I owed ten dollars on the tuition for fall quarter. It was something like thirty dollars a quarter. I owed ten dollars. The president wouldn't allow me to take a new note until I could pay off the ten dollars. In those days ten dollars was like a thousand. You couldn't borrow money like you do now. They'd just go on your signature, on things you'd have to have security. I had to stop all the schooling and get to work. I went to California for a year and a half and I came back to finish school. I needed four hours to graduate. Then in 1941 they sent us all over to Utah Valley Hospital. They ran us all through a physical test with our blood test and they'd check this. They told me I had flat feet. That was the first time I'd ever heard that. So I couldn't--

Graff: So they wouldn't take you.

Boyle: Put me on a 4-F then. I'd done athletics and everything and it didn't bother me. So I went along like that. Then I went to get graduated and I got a job down to Las Vegas. I went to work for Sears and Roebuck as Credit Manager. I made twenty-three dollars a week.

Graff: That was a lot of money! You'd been making thirty dollars a month before. Well, then, do you feel like the three Cs helped you with these other jobs? Did it give you a lot of experience and a good education?

Boyle: It gave me a lot of good confidence with myself. Up until then I was kind of a backwards country kid.

Graff: Raised up kind of away from people?

Boyle: I didn't have a high enough self-esteem of myself. I think high school athletics don't really do that or overcome that, but that's what happened is the CCs really helped me, I think.

Graff: Well that's great.

Boyle: It helped me learn how to get along with people and how to take care of yourself like you need to. Cook your meals, make your bed, clean up your bunk.

Graff: There was something I was going to ask you. Now they pretty well supplied your meals at the camps, what about the spike camps? Were you living more out of cans and that kind of thing? You had a cook there too?

Boyle: It wasn't elaborate like they did down there, but they called us in to eat. This Jasper Crawford was in here with me in the CC's. I haven't seen him.

Graff: He's around. You haven't bumped into him yet.

Boyle: I'll have to ask him how he is. In fifty years you change a bit.

Graff: You can check the pictures there on the wall that they've taken of all of you, that helps, too. When we go back in, I'll see if he's there. I'll get you reacquainted with him.

Boyle: We went to school at the Y for a year or two. I think he did.

Graff: Oh, did he? I didn't know he had. Well, I don't know that there's anything else we need to ask you unless there's something else in specific that you remember that you think we ought to record.

Boyle: I'm just trying to see if there's anything.

Graff: Any funny story or interesting or whatever, anything you can think of.

Boyle: There are a lot of things I can't.

Graff: Well I think we've pretty well got the idea.

Boyle: I hope I gave you something to help you.

Graff: Oh, you bet. Every person remembers something a little different, so when we add it all together, we'll have what we need.

Boyle: Well, I worked with some real good kids, most of them.

Graff: Kids got along for the most part.

Boyle: There had been one or two who would go out at night and get drunk and fight in town, but not in camp. I never even had any hard feelings. Oh, maybe I did. I guess maybe I did. We had a couple of guys that were kind of smart alecks. We had one or two kids who were kind of retarded and so the others would try to make dolts out of them and do nasty things to them. For example, one day we were riding in the back of a truck and they had these planks across on these dump trucks. This little kid was sitting in a pillow and they set a fire in his pocket. I was about to jump in and take them.

Graff: Just jump in and take them right there! Somebody has to stick up for the underdog.

Boyle: I've always been like that. If I can do something nice for somebody else, then I do it. I guess that's my problem.

Graff: Well, I guess will let it go at that. I sure want to thank you for taking the time to talk to me. Like I say, hopefully we'll see a list. Of course, when you figure there were four or five thousand men that went through that camp, we're not going to get everybody's personal story recorded, but when we add them all together, I think we can make a pretty nice publication out of it. So, hopefully down the road, that's what will happen.

End of interview.