

Belden Lewis

Zion National Park Oral History Project

CCC Reunion

September 28, 1989

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Jeff Frank: My name is Jeff Frank. I am interviewing Mr. Belden Lewis of Cedar City. It is September 28, 1989, at the Zion Nature Center. It is 2:20 P.M.; we're starting a little late here. Well, welcome back to Zion National Park.

Belden Lewis: It's good to be here. I come up of maybe twice a year or so.

Jeff Frank: You've lived in Cedar City since?

Belden Lewis: Yes. Well, no, not completely. But for the last twenty years I've lived in Cedar City steady. Raised a family of six boys and a girl.

Jeff Frank: (chuckles) Six boys, huh?

Belden Lewis: My oldest son got interested in the Scouts and he's brought Scouts through the narrows down through here almost every year. He has five sons of his own and he's got them all through the Eagle rank now. That's a dedication for a father. (chuckles)

Jeff Frank: That's a lot of work. There's no doubt about that.

Belden Lewis: He did fall in love with this territory and I guess he's hiked through the Zion Narrows and the other Zion in the west side.

Jeff Frank: Kolob area?

Belden Lewis: Kolob areas and the subway and those places. He's hiked all those. But my own experience is in this camp where I spent about four years of my life.

Jeff Frank: Is that right? You were a member of the Civilian Conservation Corps for four years?

Belden Lewis: Yes. I came here in '34 in July, and then I kept reenlisting, you know, re-enrolling they called it until a... Well my family was quite badly shaken up you know, kind of scattered and everything. It was no base to live from, so I just stayed in and worked along and got more experience.

Jeff Frank: Where did you come from prior to the CCs?

Belden Lewis: Well I had, let's see, I had lived in Cedar City earlier in my youth, up to the time I was ten years old. Then we moved to Provo and then I moved to Milwaukee and then Louisiana and hitchhiked back to Utah to finish one year of high school which was in Uintah County. Then after graduating, I got in the CC from Ogden.

JF: From Ogden? Is that where you enrolled?

BL: I enrolled in Ogden with that group there and then stayed. I was a LEM: local experienced man and so it allowed me to observe a lot of different personalities as the different camps come and go, groups. We had a group from New York and New Jersey and another group from Minnesota and North Dakota. Among the Utah groups, most of the Utah fellows came from Salt Lake to our camp. But it was quite an experience; I had a variety of experiences and work training from rock masonry to office work, like I was a supply sergeant. We called it a store keeper in the corps, store keeper.

JF: Where did you first learn of the three Cs? When you were in Ogden, did someone say, “Hey you got to get into this here, Belden”?

BL: Yes. I can’t remember how exactly it came to me. Course, their recruitment ideas were quite universal, I guess, in all of the cities they put out notices and so forth, and I was desperately looking for opportunity to work somewhere. I was quite taken up with the idea of coming down to Zion right from the start. Most of the fellows that arrived here were discouraged by the sparcity of vegetation. They were used to lush greenery, and down here its semi-desert conditions. It threw them off somewhat.

JF: When you enrolled and they told you that, “Mr. Lewis, you’re going to be going to Zion Park,” you knew ahead of time where you were going to be stationed?

BL: Yes, I did. My entry in this diary I put, “I’ve been called, actually called to the CCC. Just think, Zion National Park. I wonder what it’s like. I wonder if they initiate. I wonder if the rest will treat me okay. Gee, I hate to leave Florence and June. I wish I could have seen Florence tonight. Gee, but wasn’t June affectionate. Boy, talk about neck.” (both laugh) I thusly tossed and turned all night, all those thoughts running through my mind.

JF: Sounds like you had two girlfriends to ease the pain though.

BL: Yeah. So we came down to camp and look what we found down here. I got on the truck, I guess July the 27th and on July the 28th, I put down, “Still riding. Sleepy, tired, hungry, and despondent. Just think, I won’t see the folks for six months. Cedar City, strange and yet somehow familiar.” See I used lived there. “Quite a place. I wish it was daytime so I could see it better.” We were traveling from up there and got down all night, traveling by truck all night. Finally got into Zion as the sun was coming up.

JF: I’ll be darned.

BL: Let’s see, “Gee it’s pretty; I wish there were more trees and green things though. Most of the fellows don’t like it. Blankets, mess kits, and bunks issued to us. No straw for our ticks, not much rest, breakfast and other meals together with various assemblages for explanation on instruction cut into our chance for sleep, besides, we were too tired.” (both laugh) And then, Sunday, “Still tired. In the morning, we took formation to find out places in rank. I am a squad leader. That afternoon we took our oath etc. and Captain

Kennedy explained the CCC and our camp to us. Lots of us were discouraged and homesick. Three went back before they took the oath.

JF: So they got three fellows that just decided that this was all too much for them?

BL: Yes. I was awfully homesick. I wrote three post cards and then on July, the next day Monday, "Worked on the yard. Cleaned it up good. We took formation and were initiated to our work. No clothes yet. My shoes are as thin as they could be. I hope the shoes come soon. The bunks are hard too. No straw yet. Long waits in line for mess. Pretty good grub though. Long waiting in line to get mess kits washed. Big supply truck came [with] straw, clothes, food, etc., at last. Wonder if they got any shoes."

Those were some of the hardships that we had to face. Another hardship was they didn't have any tables built for the mess hall yet. We had to eat standing up. We'd go and get our food and our mess kits and then take them somewhere and either squat down or stand by the window or someplace, wherever we could find a place.

JF: You had the big dining hall, maybe a hundred feet long and no tables, and just people milling around.

BL: Right. No tables, but we made do.

JF: Yes, you did. (laughs)

BL: We only got half of our first issue, like our toilet articles, a lot of things were missing.

JF: That was on another truck, or were they just incomplete kits?

BL: I guess so. Of course there were a lot of misfit sizes. We had a lot of foolery around, showing off our different sizes of clothes and it was quite interesting to go through all that. And then there was the inevitable griping about food. That seemed to be the biggest gripe at first. It was largely, I think, a matter of preparation of the food, and there were a lot of rumors running around in those early days about the captain having to save money to get up a mess fund and he was skimping. We all felt that the administration was skimping on us.

JF: Not getting enough?

BL: Not getting enough. But it was, I think in retrospect, that it was a matter of preparation. They had a lot of the same stuff, the same menus quite frequently, and same old stuff over and over again, you know. (chuckles)

JF: Here in Zion, what would be a typical meal? Would it be meat and potatoes?

BL: Yeah, they had, I've got some, if I could find the spots in these diaries, I've got some lists of some meals. I guess basically meat and potatoes, and they served for quite a while we had

liquefied powdered milk. And then later on, when they could build up their mess fund or whatever, we had fresh milk about three quarts to a table. And that was a big relief to a lot of the guys and made a lot of difference in their satisfaction. But, creamed chip beef on toast was one of the staples.

JF: Staples, huh?

BL: (laughs) Yes, pretty much. If the cooks didn't have it seasoned right, it could taste pretty nasty, you know, to a tender palate, used to mother's cooking you know. (laughs) I could understand a lot of those gripes.

JF: It sounds like when you got here, is that it was a brand new camp then in 1934. The buildings sound very new. Were they just under construction?

BL: It wasn't exactly a new camp in comparison to "brand new," but it had been occupied and then vacated for a period and then we reoccupied it. I remember them building the other camp, MP4, on the other side of the river in the early days of our tenure here. So I guess there were a few things that we had to wait for. For instance, we didn't have hot water. We showered always in cold water, and for two or three months before they got all the plumbing finished and the latrine was just a common four-holer, I guess you'd say, before they got the plumbing and finally installed about six toilets in there. But that took a while. We had to make do with a lot of things.

JF: I bet. So you witnessed the construction of one camp while you were here, then?

BL: Yes. Only I didn't participate in it. We didn't go over there and mess around. We had games with that camp, ball games and volleyball and baseball.

JF: Where did you play your baseball?

BL: Where?

JF: Do you remember?

BL: It seems like we had a little diamond rigged up to the south there. I really can't tell you that.

JF: It would just be of interest where the sport field was, in relation to the canyon and the present facilities.

BL: That's right. That's an interesting question, too, and you know, I can't really visualize a baseball diamond around here. But I know we took our baseball teams to Kanab and St. George and other places.

JF: Traveling bunch, were you?

BL: Yes, we were. We were quite notorious because we won a lot of those contests. They had a big doing in St. George. We took everything. I mean we had a rope pulling contest, a tug-a-war, you know. (laughs) I describe that in one of these places here.

JF: Feel more than welcome to flip through those, you know, and read out of them if you like. It's fascinating, it truly is.

BL: Let's see... November 20th...

JF: It sounds like when you first arrived, you're talking about baseball and camp construction here. Do you remember what season when you first saw all of this?

BL: Well, it was July.

JF: When you came down?

BL: Yes. We had that old hot sun beating on those tar-papered barracks and it was *real* hot in there. Some of the old guys from Ogden that were used to drinking quite a bit, on a weekend return from their weekend foray, they'd be lying there half naked on their bunk and stretched out. A couple of the wonder boys, we called them the wonder boys; they were always getting into mischief. They painted little spots of mercurochrome and iodine all over their chest. When this guy woke up and looked down, you should have seen the look on his face. He was absolutely horrified. It was abject horror on his face. He couldn't comprehend what had happened to him. (laughs)

There was an episode, I call it training in a way, but I got with a group of guys that liked to tell dirty jokes and stories and who'd use a lot of swear words and mean cuss word language, you know. We'd vie with each other and see who could out do the other. All during our work hours, we'd go at it. We called ourselves the Dirty Half Dozen. We got a reputation for good workers. Our foreman, Joe Wright was really proud of the work we could pull out and he got bragging around, and we had a good reputation for workers. There was another couple of kids that wanted in, you know. So we decided to hold an initiation and we called ourselves the Dirty Double Four, cause we had eight now. To initiate them we decided that they'd have to shave all the hair off, all their pubic hair.

JF: (laughs) You guys were nasty.

BL: So we tore down their pants and shaved all their hair off and got a big charge out of that. They took it good-naturedly, but the next day we had "short-arm" inspection. And the old doc came prancing down the line examining everybody and he came to these two guys (laughs) and that was an embarrassing moment. (laughs) They really had a double initiation.

JF: In front of the rest of them too?

BL: Yeah, we got a big charge out of that. Well anyway, to continue this education part, I'd write down in my diary day after day about some of the expressions we'd use, you know.

Finally I kind of got an overview of it and I started backing off, and I said, “What’s going on here? I don’t want to develop into something like that” and I began to get disgusted with it so I resolved that I was going to eliminate the swearing out of my life. And I’d make an entry in there every so often. In fact, my first entry was, “From now on, I’m going to report to you diary what progress I made about eliminating this swearing out of my vocabulary.” I made a conscious effort all the time and for a while I’d write in there, “Well I slipped up two or three times today” and so on but gradually it eased off and well I’m proud to say that I was able to eliminate that after a while because it was a phase that I went through and I’d had my fun and could see that it wasn’t doing me any good. I could see that when I went back home, I wouldn’t want to have any bad habits and use bad language. And so, it worked out okay. I don’t know about the other fellows, but I took it upon myself to train myself out of that.

JF: Would you say that was over the first year you were down in this camp?

BL: Yes, it sure was.

JF: So your education began, you’d been here a year and then from there what were the kind of projects—you had a worker reputation—what was your primary job initially?

BL: Our primary job on the crew I was with was with Joe Wright, and we were building these rock cribs, these erosion control rock cribs. The way they would do that, first we would go in along the river and with picks and shovels make a bed for the cribbing. We’d divert the river out of the way so that we could work along the bank and make a bed for the cribbing. And this was about eight feet wide and some six feet—eight feet wide at the bottom, three feet wide at the top and about six feet high, vertical back and then a sloping front. Trucks would bring in rocks from the quarry and dump them down there in a pile on this wire netting. They called it 10-10-6-6. That’s ten gage and six inches square. And we would sort these rocks out and make a smooth face on the front side and the interior was just a jumble of rocks, but these faces had to be [smooth]. We had rock hammers and we’d roughly shape those, knock the spalls off and the high spots off the rocks, make them smooth, lay them in there and make a smooth face. We had a crew of about six or seven of us doing that, sorting out those rocks and laying them in there, and the best men they would put up on top to top it out, to keep it and make everything straight. We used a template with wire guides to kind of keep things going right.

JF: You have an edge to follow when you working on that?

BL: Yes, we worked to that. I’ve got one little, if I could find it...

JF: Did you work through the winter at that river?

BL: Yes. I’ve got a memory of watching the sun come up over the Great White Throne about ten o’clock in the morning in the month of December. We were down in the river in the shadow of the Great White Throne. As the sun came up, we could see the golden edges

around the trees on top, with the sun shining through. It was a beautiful sight, and then finally the sun popped up.

JF: Do you have it? Can you find it there in that book? That would be a heck of a thing for you to recite.

BL: Let's see, it's got to be in December, I think. Let me see where we are here... Thursday, March 14, it would have been before then. There was one in here that was interesting. We did some log hauling too. I was on a special crew once. We had to blast off a rock that was endangering the highway as you go up the canyon, just before you reach that beautiful bridge up there. This rock had to be removed and so they decided to take a jackhammer up there. And I got on this jackhammer dangling from a rope above and I drilled several holes into that and then the powder man put the dynamite in. We had about ten or fifteen holes about eight feet deep at different points of that rock so they would fragment it, the idea being it wouldn't tear up the road too much. In order to further protect the road, they hauled in a lot of logs and piled it up there, but that made a big mess because when we cleaned up, you see, we had to sort those rocks out from the logs and all that and it still didn't do what they expected to protect that road. There was still gouges in the road anyway. But it was their experience.

JF: There wasn't any pavement on the road at that time, would there have been? Or would that have been a graveled surface?

BL: No, it was blacktop.

JF: It was?

BL: It was blacktop. But maybe not . . .

JF: So that sounds like you got to this camp and it sounds like you hit the ground running with some of the projects you got involved with. They didn't waste any time with you.

BL: No, they sure didn't, and some of those colorful characters that were in here. I remember Sergeant Kepler who was the first line of authority we'll say, you know, in our camp administration. He was the one that issued the passes to go to town and all of those things. I remember following up on one of my passes, I didn't get back in time or some darn thing, and he looked at me and he says, "You know, you can't tell by the looks of the frog, how long he'll jump." (laughs) That stuck with me for quite a while.

We had another colorful sergeant like that, Sergeant Trent, and he'd had some service up in Canada, I guess with the Canadian army or whatever. But he kept telling a story about this character that he knew that got hit with a dead cat.

BL: He looked around, picked up that cat, and he said, "I find the guy that threw this freeze cat, I get my satisfy." Well, some of the other funny little instances, there was always these mischievous kids, you know. One time the captain was coming through with his pet

orderly, everybody hated the guy because of his cushion job, you know. They were coming through at bed check, after everyone's supposed to be all in bed. They got halfway down the barracks and somebody hollered out, "Some shit." (laughs) Well, you couldn't tell who it was, nobody would squeal on each other. Oh, that captain stormed around and stomped his feet.

JF: How many did you share in that bunk house? How many of you were together?

BL: Well, let's see how many would there be? I guess about forty.

JF: (whistles) You sound like a very tight, loyal bunch to each other.

BL: Yes, and we were proud of each of our barracks, and I don't know what instilled that pride. Probably right from the start, we had barracks inspection and they'd come through and look through everything and then rate the barracks. We were barracks No. 3 and we always wanted to be number one, and that went through the whole camp. We would have contests with each other too, barracks 4 and barracks 3 in the volleyball game or whatever, and it was a natural way of forming up. Then as the temperature got cooler and we needed stoves in there, we'd have two stoves in the barracks. That was another reason for bed check because they had to make sure that it was fire safe in there after dark, you know everybody's asleep and there's no heavy fire in those stoves, potbellied stoves. Let's see, I've got a sketch of one of those stoves that I made one day in one of these [diaries].

But, we went skinny dipping in the river in some pool, and we'd find a pool nearby.

JF: Watch this dive, huh?

BL: Yeah, we'd find a place that we could shower dive at least in there, but that to me I got a lot of good ideas about life during that experience, and I don't know whether I got part of it before I entered to have a good attitude about things, [looking through diaries]. Here's one of those stoves.

JF: That's a beautiful sketch.

BL: Well, I was the camp cartoonist in the newspaper. Later on, we had educational advisors that would come to the camp and spend time helping the enrollees with their education and they would start up the idea of a camp newspaper. Well, I had a little bit of an interest in cartooning or whatever, so they got me to be the artist on these. Now that one has a little picture inside of a little animal with his right legs longer than his left legs. We called him the "Side-hill Dodger," made up that animal. There was a doctor that was assigned to our camp, a little Italian guy who took a particular interest in that story about that animal. We said that his right legs were longer than his left legs because he always ran around the right side of a hill and if you put him on level ground, he could only run in a circle. And so he wanted to see one of those things. We took a hike one day up to the bridge on Bridge Mountain and way around the back there and all the way, we'd holler out, "There

goes one, over there!” and he’s say, “Where, where?” And he’d strain his eyes, looking. We had him hooked.

JF: Does anybody remember that particular animal? (laughs) Side-hill Dodger, huh?

BL: Side-hill Dodger was a bon-a-fide denizen of Zion that nobody else knew about.

JF: I’ve never heard of the Side-hill Dodger, ever. I like it though. There was a fella who was at another park here recently. His name’s Olen Brickey. He was from the Arizona Strip District CCCs. He worked at Pipe Spring and also at Short Creek on some water projects, and he some of these newsletter that those fellows did. When you went up into Kanab or Fredonia, did you meet any of those fellows?

BL: No, I never did. We didn’t mingle like that. If we went to a game, it was in the sports arena, you know, in that atmosphere. We didn’t mingle with the fellows that much. But these educational advisors would come and help us get started with our papers. Out of these and looking through some of these old things that luckily my family saved over the years, I noticed some interesting articles. There’s one here. We had a visit one day by Doc Bishop who was a dentist who came to instruct the men on dental care. One of the things of his talk was one good tooth is worth a thousand dollars, and he hammered on that subject, the importance of taking care of your teeth. So in our little paper, we printed his talk or the main parts of it, and then I drew a couple of cartoons in here. One of them shows a little skinny guy with hollow cheeks, and it says, “Poor teeth, poor man” and then beside him is a big strong guy brushing his teeth, “Real teeth, real man.”

JF: I bet that you wouldn’t want to have any problem with your teeth or your health out here.

BL: No, but looking back on all that, it gives me quite a bit of satisfaction to remember some of the wholesome things we did, and there was surprisingly little goofing off. Now there is a reputation about the CC camps that there was a lot of goofs off, and there certainly was, but along with it we did accomplish quite a bit. We did.

JF: I don’t think that can’t be stated too strongly. Look around you and there’s half the park that seems to be constructed prior or at that time.

BL: That’s right. But the main concerns of the guys, the unmarried ones like myself were of course concerned quite a bit about girlfriends, you know. This is one of the advertisements that we’d take and leave in the towns, over there in Hurricane or Toquerville and Rockville and these places. And it says on here that the trucks would pick you up at certain time to bring you to Zion Camp where we’re having a dance. Well, at the time I used to play clarinet, and I was quite interested in getting groups together. We finally got together a bunch of guys that had enough talent and enough instruments that we put together the dance orchestra, so we furnished the music and we got paid two dollars apiece each night we’d have a dance. It only happened a few times, but that was pretty good pay in those days.

JF: Boy, you'd bet.

BL: Two bucks. (laughs)

JF: Well when you only got five dollars a month, from what I understand, and the remainder of that money was sent back to family.

BL: Yes.

JF: Two dollars, you must have been a rich fellow around camp there for a day or two. There are a lot of Utah fellows that were working here at Zion. Would you say that the majority of the men you worked with were from Utah?

BL: Probably over that period of time that I was here, I guess that most of them were Utah fellows. We would divide our time between here in Zion and Cedar Breaks during the summer months. We'd go up there about April, late April at least, move up to Cedar Breaks and stay three months and then come back.

JF: This would have been after '35 or '36, what kind of projects up at Cedar Breaks did you do?

BL: Well, we built a little observation tower up on top of Brian Head, way up at the highest location, highest peak. We build a lot of fences around there, and well I can't remember a lot of things. Those are the main projects that we did.

JF: Do you take your grandchildren up there every so often and show them that old observation ...?

BL: Sorry to say, I haven't done that. Right now they're all up north, but that's a good thought.

JF: You're going to leave quite a testament to those folks. Actually, these books are fabulous. I've read a few passages in there briefly. Of all, what would probably be the CCC experience that you benefitted you the most over the years?

BL: Generally, building up of self-confidence or ability to do things and positive attitude that I got out of it. I learned quite a bit of lessons in endurance. But as far as job training, I've used some of the skills that I learned there, like I built a rock fireplace for my own residence in Cedar City using the skills and a little retaining wall that this time was wet masonry, I used mortar in it, but I used the same techniques in shaping the rocks and getting them set in there. So I had some job training that way. Well, I got interested in construction work and that was my life's work. So I guess it got me started that way.

It's always been an interesting part of my life to look back on that. I wouldn't say that I would be anxious to go back to it again, but it was a saving period, you might say, in my life because from just a kid on the street to be placed in a situation where he felt like he was doing somebody some good. That was a valuable thing to have. I don't know whether I can say that for the whole camp because most of those kids were just looking for a

temporary buck, you might say, a place to hang their hat until things got a little better or while they're waiting for school to open up or something like that. And I guess some of them even manufactured reasons to leave after they got here. I don't know. Then I've thought a little bit about if there should be a movement toward starting something like that again to help these kids on the street, it might be a different ball game because the conditions are so different now. The economy has escalated way out of sight. We were paid on a pattern of the army pay in the CC camp, and to try to implement that and bring kids from New York and those big cities out into the country like this and try to get them to work with their hands. I don't know, it'd take some pretty tough guys to make it work, I'd imagine.

JF: You'd need some pretty tough supervisors and leaders.

BL: Yes. Now we did have it fairly strict. It wasn't as strict as the army, but it was modeled after the army style. We had those old sergeants, some of them old timers out of the army and bossing us kids around. Now, well, I don't know maybe it would work.

JF: It would be interesting.

BL: Yes, it would. It's good to look around and see the old Zion Park just the way it was and they just kept things right in place, and that's a real accomplishment there.

JF: Just leaving it alone?

BL: Yes.

JF: You ever go up to the lodge and spend any time up there with some of the people up there?

BL: I've just been up there just casually a few times when I been on hikes or one thing or another. I wrote a poem about my experiences on the East Rim Trail. But I haven't mingled with the people there. My daughter spent a couple of summers at Grand Canyon at that lodge. I believe, well I have known other acquaintances that have worked here at Zion.

JF: I was thinking more in terms of back then in the CC era. Did you ever go up there and spend some time with the lodge employees, did you ever mingle or anything like that?

BL: No. When we were in the CC camps, we didn't mingle. We kind of stayed away from the private sector part of the park. We did go to some of the places, like I used to go swimming once in a while up in Emerald Pool, plop in there and out and mingle with the little white toes.

JF: Sounds to me that you really enjoyed your time when you were here, Mr. Lewis.

BL: Yes, I did. Looking back on it, we had a lot of interesting things. I do think I got a lot out of it in my life. When you look back on things like that, there's things that you can't put your finger on, but you have a gut feeling that there's value there. What little discipline

we had, I think was good for us. We had an incident that was in the negative nature. One of these guys from New York was disgruntled with things and he was going to set the barracks on fire. He just got mad one day, got a hold of some gasoline, he was spreading it around and I don't know how he managed to do that, but I think he tried to find a time when nobody was around you know. But somebody happened by and caught him in the act. He was sent back that day. He didn't stay around at all. That was one incident that happened.

For the most part, by the time those guys had been in for three or four weeks, they were beginning to settle down and mellow out you might say. The educational advisors were an asset to the program because they could bring in new ideas and we had a traveling library and we had access to good books, mostly novels and things that would be of interest to these guys, but some meaty kind of reading. These educational advisors would bring in evening programs, you know, night school so that they could learn different trades by correspondence at night. And although that wasn't the very best, but it was an opportunity and in some cases, those guys were introduced to a vocation of their interest that some of them followed up and took advantage of it later on. Anyway, there was a variety of opportunities if you had other interests in your life, now like my interest in music. That wasn't discouraged at all; it was encouraged. Whatever talent or ability a person had, somehow or another we could work that in. One of our camp leaders was interested in choir work, so he wanted to work up a boys' choir or a men's choir and get them all singing. That didn't turn out too well, I guess, and that would be kind of difficult to get that started in a situation like this, you know, because there's a lot of guys that really would be able to sing, and most of them were just getting over their puberty and their voices hadn't been changed very long. But I don't doubt that some of them had been embarrassed in school about singing. Boys are particularly vulnerable about the tender loving care of their own voices.

JF: I can see where choir wouldn't be the easiest thing to do with a bunch of hard working fellows. You know, you come off the hill.

BL: (laughs) I know.

JF: Mr. Lewis, is there anything that we're skipping or something that we ought to talk about before we end this session?

BL: Let's see . . . there was one period where in order to cut down on overhead, they decided to divide up the KP duty among the whole camp, so that everybody except the leaders—the barracks leaders and the squad leaders—had to go on KP. That happened to me once or twice and the first time it happened, I had to go on KP the day following a dance that we had in camp and I was in the orchestra. We got off there quite late and had to get up at four in the morning to get over and start our day in KP. So we were all tired to start with, at least those of us in that orchestra, and so I had some discouraging things to say in my diary about that experience. One of the notable ones was we had to clean chickens at the end of our day or near the end of it, and some of them were pretty old and pretty stinky old chickens. And this was Saturday night, so Sunday they had chicken dinner and you

bet that I didn't eat any chicken that day. I've got a pretty strong stomach, but not that strong. (laughs) Clean a chicken—gosh, that was quite an experience.

End of interview.