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CAMP EXCHANGE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY N. C. CAMP F-9, C. C. C.

VOL. I

FRANKLIN, N. C., MARCH 21, 1934

NO. 1

CAMP CLASSES ARE STARTED

Various Courses Offered Boys Who Want To Study

The Camp educational program, under the supervision of the educational adviser, is now under way. Classes are now meeting in typing, elementary work, health and sanitation, citizenship, and radio mechanics.

New ones will be started soon in forestry, agriculture, rustic furniture making, auto mechanics, blacksmithing, first aid, and the more formal school subjects, such as arithmetic and spelling. Any other subject will be offered where there is a group sufficiently interested to form a class and a competent instructor can be secured.

While registration for school work in camp is strictly voluntary, it is hoped that every man in camp will register for at least one or two classes. As most classes will meet for two one-hour periods per week, this will mean from two to four hours well spent in self-improvement.

Capt. Brooks

Comes to Camp F-9 from Fort Payne, Ala

Captain Brooks was born at Chamblee, Georgia, September 16, 1902. Upon the death of his mother in October, 1913, he moved to Atlanta, Georgia, where he completed his education, graduating from Technological High School in 1920 and Georgia Tech in 1924. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Organized Reserves in 1924 and received his active duty training at Fort Barrancas, Florida, having completed six tours of duty there. He was promoted to the grade of Captain in 1930.

Since graduation from college he has held several positions, having been connected with Ford Motor Company, Atlanta; Flint Motor Company, Atlanta; Continental Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, and Miller & Henson Lumber Company, of Atlanta, Georgia.

During the past six months he commanded Company 472, C. C. C., in Fort Payne, Alabama. This Company had a fine record, being a close second to the Outstanding Company.

Measles Break Out in Camp F-9

Measles has bothered several boys in camp for the past few months—more so than any other common disease.

Marvin Garrett returned from the station hospital at Fort MePherson, Ga., last Tuesday, after quite a long sojourn there. Smith Miller and T. E. Bass were sent there on the return trip, with the same ailment. We wish them a speedy recovery.

TO THE COMPANY

Au-Revoir

CHARLES R. McILWAINE

Captain, 323rd Infantry Reserves,
Commanding Co. 405

In this, the first issue of the Camp Exchange, I wish to take the opportunity to wish my successor the same co-operation, and loyalty that has been shown me by every man in Camp 9 during my year's tour of duty.

The time has come for the parting of the ways. I can sincerely say that I have never spent a happier year. The spirit of the boys in Camp 9, whether it was in athletic competition, fighting fire, or the routine daily tasks assigned them has been of such quality as to make us all proud.

I was permanently attached to Company 405 on May 4, 1933, at Fort Bragg, N. C., and on May 4, 1934, I bid adieu to many boys of the same company that I have known for exactly one year. Knowing them, not as members under my command, but as boys upon whom I could depend has been one of the major pleasures of my life. Their aid in training the new men and their full-fledged support of my command is greatly appreciated. From a field of mud and underbrush we built a tented city and together we overcame each obstacle until now that the time draws near for me to go it is with deep regret that I leave my friends and mountain home.

I wish to thank each of my friends in Franklin and its vicinity for their willing support in each undertaking that has called for their aid. They have done many favors that have helped me in countless ways. To them, I say goodbye, feeling that I will never be able to repay the kindness they have shown me during my tour of duty with this Camp. In departing I wish each of you many years of success, good health, and happiness.

Lieutenant Parker Sends His Greetings

TO COMPANY 405,
CAMP N. C., F-9:

Loyal members of Company 405, permit me this opportunity in which to express my sincere appreciation for your enthusiastic support. I hardly know how to receive the honor that was bestowed upon me when I was appointed for service in the Civilian Conservation Corps.

After the highly competent Lieut. Pickell was relieved from duty, I was commanded to the wheel, to steer the good ship on a good course. This was quite a radical departure from my usual train of duties, as for the previous five years I had been acting as a public school teacher. I am endeavoring to render valuable service to the personnel of this Camp, and not by any means degrade the high morale, and good spirit.

Great admiration can justly be bestowed on this good ole Camp in the mountains, and its homely atmosphere, and its upbuilding characteristics, and before closing I

Greetings

CAPT. LYLE A. BROOKS

I want to take this opportunity to say "howdy" to each and every man of Company 405. In the short time that I have been here I have learned that you men are above the average in friendliness, co-operation, courtesy and general deportment. These are commendable qualities of character and should be developed, especially now as you are growing into full manhood.

As I step into Captain McIlwaine's shoes I will do my best to carry on in the capable, efficient manner in which he has been conducting the affairs of the Camp. I will do my utmost to make this Camp the outstanding one in the District. Also I will endeavor to in all I am enabled to add to your comfort and happiness. I will appreciate any suggestions that you have to make, and do not fail to bring your problems to me.

Allow me at this time to call your attention to a few facts that will tend to improve the Camp cleanliness, which is essential: Do not throw trash of any description in the area and do your part toward cleaning the grounds—Keep your tents clean and in order at all times because you do not know when the Inspector Officer will pay our Camp a visit. For the benefit of the mess-hall crew I will say that I know of one trivial bit of laxness that kept their Camp from being named as Outstanding in their District. They had failed properly to clean the mess-hall because the weather was cold and on that day the District Commander chose to inspect that camp. Remember the parable of the 'Wise and Foolish Virgins.'

To you new men who are just arriving I will say: Apply yourself and learn your duties. Co-operate with the other men, as well as the officers and forestry officials. Abide by the rules, be careful in your language and conduct. New leaders must be chosen soon, so prove that you are capable of leading.

In closing I will ask for your whole-hearted cooperation and support and I promise you mine.

wish to say that each man of this Camp looks upon the departure of our beloved camp commander, Charles R. McIlwaine, with sorrow, as we all were so closely associated with him during his time spent here, and the friendliness he displayed to everyone.

Best regards,
JASPER R. PARKER,
Lieut. Inf. Res. Adjutant.

Camp Grounds Beautified With Shrubbery

Shrubbery has been planted around the living quarters of camp members, around the Welfare building and Mess Hall, and adds much to the beauty of the camp.

It also will serve as a great benefit to the camp in many other ways.

The shrubbery was secured from the roads and forest where work is being carried on. The planting of the shrubbery was under the supervision of Project Superintendent Reed and Mr. Simmons, Forester.

OUTLOOK GOOD FOR BALL TEAM

Some Old Players Left And New Material Is Available

BY JOHN HENRY NANCE

Camp N. C. F-9, winners over everything in their class last summer, will have another good team this season. Most of the boys who played here last year have departed. If the new material continues to improve, the outlook for a club is much better than last year.

Last Year's Vets

The veterans from last year's team are: Thompson, Messimer, LeGrande, Carter, Baker and Bud Russell. The club this year will be built around these men. Messimer and Thompson will do the hurling and "Grandpa" Woolley will do the receiving. Woolley is our experienced catcher, having caught for some of the best semi-pro teams in Charlotte. Baker is expected to give Woolley plenty of competition.

The other infield positions are still undecided. "Pookey" Thomas has been doing fine work at short-stop. "Mutt" Webster is the leading candidate for third base. Earl Thompson, the allround player on the club, will handle the keystone sack, while not working on the mound.

A Toss-up

First base is still a toss up between Russell and "Lefty" Johnson.

In the outfield we find: Carter, LeGrande, "Chick" Chandler, and Welch. There are several other boys out for the team who may oust any of these and find their names in the starting lineup.

Attention!

Look Out for Odd Objects; Prizes Offered

Keep your eyes open! Monthly awards will be presented by the canteen for the most interesting object brought in during the month.

Unusual rocks, unusual twigs, anything at all you find on the road or in the forest, that will prove interesting. Bring them in!

Mr. Crowell, the camp's educational adviser, is planning on a camp museum, which will prove interesting to visitors, as to you boys yourselves.

MUST HAVE BEEN DAVID

A real estate agent was taking a prospect to see a place which had been described as located "a stone's throw from the centre of the city." The agent drove him about five miles into the country and showed him the place. "Would you like to ask any questions about it?" he inquired.

"Just one," answered the prospect. "Won't you introduce me to the man who threw that stone?"—Pathfinder.

CAMP EXCHANGE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY
N. C. CAMP F-9—C. C. C.
Franklin, N. C.

Vol. 1

No. 1

ROY L. GRIFFIN Editor
JOE S. HANCOCK Business Mgr.
LINDON WELCH Adv. Manager
ROBERT D. JULIAN Cir. Manager

THE EDITOR EXPRESSES HIS OPINION

The next two months or so will be the last in which many of us men now in the C. C. C. will spend in emergency conservation work. For the past year or more we have been a part of one of the most important projects ever attempted by any government.

Many of us "came onto the job" knowing little about work, less about natural conservation work, and still less about human relations.

Now, almost twelve months have passed. Men come and go from our outfit, good ones and bad ones, honorably discharged and dishonorably discharged as the case might be. We saw Spring come, and then the Summer. We saw Autumn arrive, too, and slip into a rough Winter. Now we see another Spring sliding into another Summer; and we have to leave.

Which reminds this editor of the song, "Build a Little Home." Well, that's exactly what we've done. With sweat streaming down our faces and with our own hands, we've built our home! For what? For other unemployed men to take our places and possibly break down what it's taken two hundred of the finest boys in these United States to build up. Why can't the government issue a few more hundred thousand federal reserve notes and start new camps for the new recruits? It's only fair to the ones who were glad enough to accept the opportunity of enrolling in the first enlistment.

Quoting from Robert Fechner, director of Emergency Conservation Work, "In your life in camp you have learned the benefits of a healthy body. Though your associations in camp you have learned something about how to get along with other men—that it's a give-and-take proposition. By your contact with army officers and forestry officials you have learned to stand up under discipline—a valuable thing to learn early in life."

We'll admit all of that is true; but Mr. Fechner isn't going to be thrown out of a job. No, he doesn't have to walk the streets from morn till night in search of a job. He won't have to wonder where his next pair of shoes is coming from. We will!

We're going back; yes. To what?

TO OUR COMMANDERS

Each officer, member of the Forestry Service, and enrollee of this Camp wishes to express his gratitude to Captain C. R. McIlwaine for his leadership, his spirit as a commander and his good fellowship, as evidenced by his record at this Camp. Captain McIlwaine has given his undivided attention to the Camp and the men connected with it during his tour of duty and it was through his leadership and initiative that we have today one of the best camps in this district. We all know him as a friend ready to help in time of need. We are all indebted to him in some way for things he has done for us since we first knew him.

We respect him as the commanding officer, are faithful to him because of his leadership, and are his

friends because his friendliness towards us has never wavered.

I feel sure that the people in the town of Franklin and the entire personnel of Company 405 look upon his departure with deep regret and as a salutation to a great camp commander with a wonderful record we, of this Company, join together to wish you great success and good luck.

—DANIEL L. HOLT,
Company Clerk

HEADQUARTERS and HEADACHES

BY DANIEL L. HOLT
Company Clerk

When one thinks of the Civilian Conservation Corps one naturally thinks of tree planting, road building and kitchen police. That, of course, was my original thought but not now, my good friend, not now. Looking at the organization in a strictly business way, I see only a stack of papers bearing the mighty word "HEADQUARTERS."

Gone is the vision of pretty young trees and beautiful mountain roads and in their places comes the appalling knowledge of red letters, "expedite," "immediate action communications," and a thousand different reports. The amp colors of green and silver turned to black and white for me. And, I must admit, when I see a week's work returned from Fort McPherson, Georgia, because I made over 100 mistakes, the color turns red. Speaking of colors, I omitted the fact that the air turned blue.

Quite a few members of the Company raise Cain about the over-heads' spare hours and how hard they have to work but never think about our quitting hours or weekends. Maybe I do stroll about Camp or snitch choice meats from the kitchen while the boys are out working, but while they sleep peacefully on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays maybe I'm trying to compose a nice sweet letter to some big-shot down in Fort McPherson, or working like the dickens on a payroll or discharge. Far be it from them to offer sympathy then.

Having acted as Company clerk from 4:00 p. m., May 4th, 1933, to the present date I have seen many members come and go and am in a position to thank each officer and enrollee for their co-operation in enrolling, paying and discharging the men of this Company. The word "Office" may class with the word "soft" to many of you, but I invite each reader to "come up and see my work sometime" and then you will understand the phrase "Headquarters and Headaches."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

All boys interested in track, please see John Nance immediately.

The C. C. C. camp at Topton has invited our camp over for a track meet, to be held in the near future.

If you are "better than average" in any of the following, don't fail to make your appearance:

Broad-jump, high-jump, the hundred yard dash, and cross-country.

FOOLISH FANCIES

BY ROY L. GRIFFIN
Of N. C. Camp F-9
Civilian Conservation Corps

AN orchid to my beloved sister-in-law, for the very original idea printed below. Thanks, Mildred, write again, sometime.

All of you people who are not susceptible to the heebie-jeebies, please listen to the musings of a canteen clerk.

Sweethearts On Parade:—I remember Mary and her beautiful eyes—but she had halitosis; then came Pearl with the Grecian profile—but she had pink toothbrush; and then comes Vivian, who was so pleasingly plump—but she had B. O.; and last of all comes the ideal girl, Louise, with her unquestionably good character—and I have a black eye.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The response to my "Answer Box" is simply devastating. Send in your questions. If my answer isn't up to your expectations, then blame it on the moon.

Q.—What food article will bring the weight down?

A.—banana peel.

Q.—What is a bachelor?

A.—A man who didn't have a car when he was young.

Q.—Who do you think would make the best husband for a Franklin girl?

A.—O. G. Goodnight—cantankerous. He lives just around the corner.

Q.—What becomes of a baseball player when his eyesight begins to fail him?

A.—They make an umpire out of him.

Q.—Why do they call George Chandler "Chicken?"

A.—For the same reason that Rome wasn't built in a day.

Q.—What is it that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?

A.—Father, when he brings home his salary.

Q.—Does John Iortner still have rheumatism?

A.—No. All of us have common ailments on days that we don't feel like working.

Q.—Do clever men make the best husbands?

A.—Clever men don't become husbands.

Q.—My doctor gave me a bill for five dollars for medicine and fifty dollars for visits. How would you settle the bill?

A.—I would send him the five dollars for the medicine and return the visits.

Well, enough nonsense for one day. Folks, you'd better send in that question. You know, this column won't be here much longer.

Away from the wit and humor (?) and nonsensical addities of this column, let us dwell for a moment on a bit of tender seriousness. Huh?

Sitting here in the quiet of evening, faces seem to pass before my eyes in an endless procession. Faces of boys I have known in one of the most wonderful years of my life. Most of them are gone now. Not out of life, but practically the same thing. Possibly I'll never see them again; but as to forgetting. Never! Tell me, how could I, when our cigarettes, and stamps, and letters from home were shared alike with one another. No, nine-hundred and ninety-nine times, no.

And when the time comes, when, with my barracks bag filled with treasures hoarded for a year, I turn for a last glimpse of dear old Franklin, I'll quietly say, "Life is no bed of roses."

MUSINGS OF A CANTEEN CLERK

Things I can't do without: Joe Penner's Sunday night broadcast . . . Joe Hancock's friendship . . . Sugar in my coffee . . . Fred Arnold's cafe . . . Mae West pictures . . . M. A. O. Camel cigarettes . . . Letters from Mother . . . Stick candy at Christmas . . . Peas and rice on New Year's day . . . Flannel trousers . . . Grade "A" sweet milk . . . Blue neck-ties . . . Speaking of red jackets—I noticed no less than four, worn by feminine creatures, on the school bus this morning . . . Someone else likes red, too

C. C. C. Boys Liked Their Beef

Two thousand, three hundred and fifty tons of food were consumed in the C. C. C. camps of the Eugene, Oreg., district from May 9, 1933, to Feb. 28, 1934, according to a report filed by Capt. Charles Perfect, quartermaster. The report shows 293,577 pounds of beef, more than five carloads, were used in the camps during the 10 months. The bread purchased totaled 279,178 pounds. The 2,350 tons of subsistence averaged 112 tons to a camp and included a total of 871,745 rations. The amount of stores totaled \$231,089.14, while the amount expended by the camps totaled \$95,356.06. The report shows 393 tons of straw bedding were used, that 12,053 pairs of shoes were issued as well as 12,087 pairs of denim trousers.—Forestry News.

"Our business is in - creasing . . ."

Listen fellows! If you want to go slovenly dressed, feel ill at ease, and make a bad impression—that's YOUR business.

But—

If you wish to be neatly attired, feel like seven-hundred-dollars and make a favorable impression—that's OUR business! Just say the word and we'll clean and press that suit of yours, thoroughly and properly, for a small investment of

CASH OR CASH
& CARRY 70c DELIVERY

Also, we are agents for the Schwartz Tailoring Co., makers of fine clothing—guaranteed to fit. Come in and see our beautiful line of samples. Price range: \$24.50 — \$27.50 and \$31.50. Cotton wash suits \$7.45.

Economy Cleaners

(Peek's Hotel Basement)

FRANKLIN, N. C.

Come Down and See Us Sometime!

H. A. and R. C. HOLT

TELLS ABOUT WORK IN WOODS

**It's a Tough Racket but
This Forest Crew
Likes It**

BY WORTH CAPPS

Just a few words about our little forest crew. Perhaps I should say little but loud. I know you are wondering which crew I am speaking about. But just wait until I tell you about it—then you will know allright, allright.

First, we started to girdling trees. I guess you know what that

is. Gosh! I don't like to think of them days. But we had a jolly good time as it was and got by the inspector's O. K. And that's saying something!

Promotion

Then came the glad news of a promotion. We were promoted up to pruning white pines. At first we caught it tough, but we soon got the hang of it, and, believe it or not, we sure were a proud lot to have Don Young, the ranger, and all the other big guys from the office to come up and praise our work.

Next we started to landscape the camp ground. If I do say it, I think we did a good job of landscaping and I believe Mr. Reid, our project supervisor, thinks so, too. Lots of other big guys congratulated us also.

Planting Pines

Last, but not least, we have started planting red pines. Is that a job? I'll say it is! But I am sure everyone of us likes it fine. I don't know how the inspectors are going to like our work, but judging from their actions I think they like it O. K. For, as you know, they let you know when they don't like anything.

I guess you know by this time who you are reading about. But in case you don't, you can call us the Jack-of-all-trades bossed by Mr. Eddie Simmons, and speaking of boss men, he is one you can write good things home about. He might not be the best out, but he is a stomp down good one and suits us fine and dandy.

These Youngsters

I was taking tea with a great editor last Sunday afternoon when his little daughter came back from Sunday school with an illustrated card in her hand.

"What's that you have there, little one?" The editor asked.
"Oh," said the child, "just an ad about heaven."

—Bee Hive

WELCOME!
**FRANKLIN SERVICE
STATION**
ROY CARPENTER, MGR.

**JIM & EARL
DILLARD**
Dealers In
**Fresh Fruits,
Vegetables and
Institution
Supplies**

**DRINK
NEHI**
In Your
Favorite Flavor

**Oldest
And
Most Dependable**
Candy Company
**Serving
Macon County**
BARRON BROS.
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**DESIGN
FOR LIVING**
With Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, Gary Cooper
One of the outstanding hits of the current season
Added—Paramount Screen Song
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With Lionel Barrymore, Joel McCrea, Dorothy Jordan
Barrymore's greatest portrayal.
A picture you will remember as long as you live
Also—GRIN AND BEAR IT—
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Fri.-Sat., Apr. 27-28
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Mightiest Thrill Special ever produced. You won't believe your eyes!
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**MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT
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24-HOUR SERVICE
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**LUGGAGE
\$1.00 up**
WE MAKE PICTURE
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Hardware for Hard Wear
**All Kinds of
SPORTING
GOODS**

HARD LUCK STORY

Told by A Pair of
Old Shoes

BY GERARD HENSON

One evening I dropped into the supply room to have a chat with my friend, Granville Liles. Mr. Liles was very busy and did not have time to talk to a mere loafer; so I let my eyes rove over the contents of the establishment. There were piles upon piles of our two-sized clothing—too large and too small.

One object, strange to say, caught my eye and held it. I could not conceive of anything that could hold my attention so well, especially with my skip-jump mind.

Well this alluring object was an old pair of shoes. The left member of this unusual pair was turned out at a crazy angle, like a ship at sea ready to turn bottom side up. The right member of the pair was turned in and slightly tilted up at the toe. There were enough slits in that couple for five corns and two bunions. It was not a pair to be sent to the World's Fair at all.

Suddenly the solitary pair spoke. "I was very happy once," it said. "I sat in the storeroom at Fort McPherson alongside other new shoes all decked out in order; well shined and well taken care of. My happiness was short-lived for Fate had ordered me to go to C. C. Camp F-9. By and by I was loaded on the convoy and began my journey from Atlanta to Franklin. My heart was light, for I liked to travel and see new landscape.

"Soon we arrived at the Camp and were unloaded from the trucks by several large swaggering boys. They stacked us up in neat order in the supply room. We then waited for the next move of our masters.

"The following day a great line of boys marched up to the supply room door. We were issued to them along with various other articles.

"I was issued to a large boy, who perhaps should have been on a force instead of the C. C.'s. My number was eight while the rest of my master were number ten. One can readily see that the two of us were not very well adapted to meet the other's needs.

"My very soul squeaked out against the imposition of so large a foot. Such a foot was an insult to my dignity; it was outrageous. My perfect figure would be ruined forever. My pride would be injured. I would be ugly, something to look away from instead of being admired. After all, I thought I would make the best of it; but that thought was short-lived. And from the first day I pinched those oversized feet something terrible. They cried out for mercy but I was merciless. They prayed for ease; but I gave pain. That boy cursed me day in and day out; cursed me long and loud. He even cursed the cove's hide that bore me, the tanner who tanned me, and the shoe-maker that made me. He cursed from the prophets to Napoleon; from Napoleon to the present day. Through all his skillful cursing I remained the same. I was constant in my punishment.

"One cold, black, winter morning I shrunk just as much as I could and stiffened myself as rigid

as steel. I was prepared to go about my daily job of torture with greater zeal than before. Thump, went the pair of oversized feet upon the cold floor. Soon they were seeking shelter in my tight folds; but with no avail, for alas, I had shrunk. Slit, went the knife and an inch hole appeared in my side. Slit, went the knife again and slit, several times following that. I was riddled with holes. I thought he was making a sieve of me, but he finally finished. He then started me on my daily routine. First the mess-hall, then the forest.

"I shall never forget the wonderful feeling I sensed upon entering the forest. It reminded me of the time when I was amidship of a cow, twenty long years ago. My master led me through the thick undergrowth of the woods, through the slush of the creeks, and over the soft black soil; up hill and down. We traveled, without ceasing. I was scratched and bruised. My spirit was broken; the slits had also broken my grip. I was then humble and obedient. My master's cursing ceased.

"Many weeks passed. Still he led me a merry pace through sun-

shine, rain, and storm. It was torture but I endured it without a murmur. I had grown to like my oversized master through those trying weeks of toil; but he still held a grudge although I served him well after he had broken me. One afternoon he went to the supply room with a couple of bitter oaths, saying that he would like to have another pair of shoes. He said that I had always hurt his feet. He did not tell all of the truth, but nevertheless he received a new pair of shoes.

"Mr. Liles set me back in the discards and I have been here ever since. I don't know what they will do with what is left of me. I guess they will do me like Dan MaGee's partner did him; cremate my last remains. That would be the right thing to do with me, I presume, since my days of service are over. I could not wish for anything better, but before I go I wish to write my own epitaph:—

"Here lies one pair of C. C. shoes, Of leather strong and tried; Was cursed, and beat and banged about,

Till the soul of it came off.

FRIENDSHIP

Gold cannot buy it,
Poverty try it;
Thrift may not cheapen it,
Sorrow must deepen it,
Joy cannot lose it,
Malice abuse it;
Wit cannot choke it,
Folly provoke it;
Age cannot strengthen it,
Time only lengthen it;
Death cannot sever
Friendship forever;
Heaven's the true place of it,
God is the grace of it.

Suits—Top Coats Rain Coats

Made to
Measure

W. C. CARTER
OFFICE IN THE
Southwest Corner
RECREATION BUILDING

We Express Our Appreciation

WE WISH to acknowledge the interest shown by the following business firms and individuals in the CAMP EXCHANGE, official publication of N. C. Camp F-9, Civilian Conservation Corps. By their material assistance they have made publication of this newspaper possible.

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FRANKLIN, N. C.

R. E. (Tony) Welch
FRANKLIN, N. C.

Franklin Hardware Co.
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Lt. A. J. Treherne

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Dr. W. E. Furr
Dentist
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Franklin Barber Shop
UNDER ANGEL'S DRUG STORE

C. S. Reed

Waynesville Candy Co.
WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

Watkin's Cafe
TRY OUR MEALS

M. Blumenthal

Capt. C. R. McIlwaine

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