

Letters from Camp Case

Washing dishes
after dinner.



Ed Prentke '26 was a dashing figure on the
Case campus in his third-hand bearskin coat,
purchased for \$15.



June 4, 1923

Case Camp, Waynesburg, Ohio
Dear Mother, Father and Dorothy,

It is surely great here. I took several pictures of scenery, unloading baggage from the train, and the gang as they were putting up the tents. The camp is situated in the center of a beautiful valley with green hills on all sides. The bottom of the valley is a flat, grassy, picturesque, green circle, about as wide as from E. 79th to 105th Street. In the middle are about twelve tents for the instructors, at one side the kitchen and mess tents, and on the other, the forty students tents form a double line at the bottom of the hill. There is a spring about in the middle of the valley, and it is wonderful cold water. They had dug a hole and lined it with stones and this is filled with the cold spring water. They keep the big milk cans in here to keep them cool. Over the whole business there is a canvas fly to protect from dust, rain, sun, etc. The water is the best I ever drank.

The ride here was great, but slow, as we stopped at every crossing. I sat by the window watching the cows and other scenery thru the transit-telescope which they gave us at the depot. We passed thru Hudson, Alliance and other small towns but did not go thru Canton, Waynesburg or any tunnels. At about ten-thirty we came to a place where there were a lot of brick kilns, but no houses or buildings. We stopped there and got off. The only thing beside the brick furnaces and surrounding country was two farmer wagons. We piled all the trunks, suitcases and instruments on the wagons and walked about a mile to the camp. On arriving, we chose one of the spots for our tent and spent the rest of the morning putting the tents up, and unloading and unpacking our trunks. We were all set at one o'clock and then the bugle blew for dinner. They served us (rather we served ourselves) with veal, potatoes and tomatoes. There was also milk and very fresh white bread that tasted very good with butter and apple-butter. After dinner I ate some chicken white meat and oranges, and we hung around till three o'clock, when they called the roll, told us what to do, how to do it, etc. They said that we get up at six A.M., roll call at six-fifteen, breakfast at six-thirty and start work at 7. We go out in the field and come back for lunch at 12. Then we go back and work till 5 p.m. Then we eat supper and are thru for the day.

After they told us this they assigned each 3 squads (12 men) to an instructor, and gave us instruments. We went out to a nice hilly spot and staked out a square of ground about four hundred feet square which we are to survey this week. It is on the side of a steep hill about a hundred feet high. When at the top of this hill we can look all over; and take swell photographs of the camp. I will do this and send them home if I can get them developed.

We had supper then, and had scrambled eggs, sweet corn, canned peaches, and bread. Each guy has to wash his own dishes after the meal. Those who get demerits for having a sloppy tent, failure to show up at roll call, etc. have to help with odd jobs on Sundays. Every squad gets a chance at K.P. (Kitchen police). We stand at the table serving food to the angry mob as they pass by with their dishes and cups.

Now the rest are playing bridge while I am writing. I guess I'll go to bed early and avoid the mosquitoes which are very numerous.

So long for tonight, much love from Edwin



Good night!



Magnolia

(TUSCARAWA)

June 14, 1923

Case Camp

Waynesburg, Ohio

Hello Mother, Father and Dor.

I am now sitting on my cot. My pants are thus being pressed between the blankets. We thought we'd go to Waynesburg but it is thundering and is going to rain like everything any minute so we aren't going. There is a dance there tonight, but I'd rather stay here and keep dry at least.

I got your letters, Ma & Pa, and agree with you about liking outdoor life. The weather has been nice all week for hiking, as it was not too cold and the sun didn't come out enough to burn our shoulders. The nights, tho, are cold, and we pile our clothes on the bed to keep our feet warm. Last night I went to bed at 8:45 and got a good rest. Therefore I feel real good today.

We spent the whole day in the large assembly tents, doing calculating from 8 A.M. till 5:30 P.M. We will do the same tomorrow and Saturday morning. It is the first real exercise that my brain has had since school closed. The rest was all physical.

Father, you ought to see the car for sale by the fellow in the next tent from us! It is a Ford chassis (about 1914) with an aereo body that is a wreck. The whole thing rattles, there is no top, the seat is so bad that you get a spring in your behind when you sit on it, and it doesn't always start. He **only** wants \$300 for it!

This morning at setting-up exercises Goldie (Phys. Instructor) told us to pick up all the scraps of paper between our tents and the mess tent. We wondered why; and later discovered that the dean and some of the profs were going to visit us.

They came about 11 o'clock and brought our grades for the term. I got: Analytics—64; Spanish—67; English—61; Chemistry—Condition; Drawing—93; Descriptive Geometry—86; Surveying—77; History—73, and Gym—62 . . .

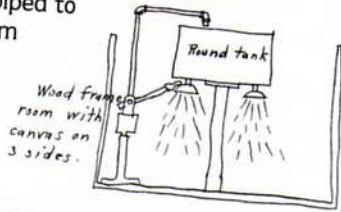
We had some awful Mule meat for dinner but they treated us with fairly good cake, and I filled up on Chandler's cookies which are great. Tonight they had scrambled eggs and we each had a banana.

Well, I guess I'll have to shave tonight, as my moustache doesn't show enough unless the rest of my face is clean. Here is how our shower bath works:

We pump the tank full of water from a spring piped to the place, and let'er go. It's nice and cold, but I am going to wait till it's warmer out for my next one.

Well, dear ones, be sure to find the way here Sunday. I'll be watching for you. So long till then, and much love to you from

Brother and Son, Edwin.



Ed Prentke '26 shared with us two of his letters and some photos of Camp Case in 1923. We thought other alumni would enjoy these snapshots of bygone days.

Leaving the train.



Jack Martin, engineering instructor at Camp Case, relaxes.



Camp Case, summer 1923.

