

**SUMMER ENCAMPMENT
CAMP ARCADE
JUNE 1962**

**by
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As the summer of 1962 approached Captain Jerry Oates, our Commandant, was deep in planning for the California Cadet Corps Summer Encampment to be held at Camp Arcade which is high in the Sierra Nevada's above Soda Springs, California. It is a beautiful area located on Upper Cascade Lake. There are several other summer camps in the area including the Boy Scout summer camp, Camp Pahatsi. I knew the area intimately because I had been at Camp Pahatsi for four previous summers and was planning on being on the Camp Staff at Pahatsi just as soon as Cadet Summer Encampment was over.

In 1962 I was a Cadet Master Sergeant and held the position of Battalion Clerk. Earlier in the school year I had fallen at a Boy Scout keep away game and broken my left collar bone. Needless to say, that put a crimp in my doing close order drill with the company and with our 1903 Springfields. When I arrived at school with a sling on after a few days in bed, I asked Captain Oates if I could be assigned to the Orderly Room until I was healed. I took to the office like a duck to water and Captain Oates permanently assigned me in the Orderly Room. It was during this year that I had learned how to type, and type very fast, if I do say so myself. I must dissemble just a bit here and tell of how my typing prowess came about.

I am terrible in math. In the first semester of the 1961-1962 school year I was taking Algebra and flunking royally. I stayed after school, did make up, tried everything but the teacher finally gave up and recommended that I transfer out at the change of the semester. My counselor looked at me and had to figure out what to do with me for one semester so I was put in Mrs. Lieser's typing class. Typing class has about 70 students, one to a typewriter, and everyone else in the room was female. Well, that was O.K. with me except Mrs. Leiser had to keep telling everyone that male typists just were not as good as female typists. Now this is in spite of the fact that the world's champion typist at the time was male. Seeing a challenge I decided to really show her up. By the end of the year I was typing in the 70 word per minute range, much to Mrs. Leiser's chagrin. In fact, she finally took down the bulletin board that showed all the students and where they were word per minute wise because I happened to be out in front of everyone. No brag, just fact. Back to the story.

Having great office skills and fantastic typing skills I found a great niche in the Orderly Room. I know that Captain Oates was rather impressed because he offered me the position of Publicity Officer for the Corps Summer Encampment. Being very confident in my skills I had no trouble accepting and proceeded to get ready for camp. I was really looking forward to being on the Camp Staff.

I arrived somewhat in the advance of the main body of Cadets and proceeded to get acquainted with my fellow staff members. I was told to write up a publicity release for the paper. I proceeded to wander over the camp and get a feel for everything and got behind the typewriter and wrote up what I considered to be a fairly good piece. I still

have the copy of that release I still consider it to be fairly good for a 15 year old Junior in high school. Unfortunately, as it made its way up the chain of command there were some comments and suggestions and it was back to the typewriter. I tried my very best but for some reason I didn't live up to what the adult staff thought I should be putting out. I was told to hand in my typewriter and grab a rifle when the main body of Cadets came up the next day.

Needless to say, I was mortified. I do believe that the real reason behind my "demotion", if that be the case, was simply that I was a M/Sgt. and there was a Cadet officer that needed a job. It really turned out O.K. because Major Jack Espinal from La Sierra High School was the S-3 officer and he had seen my typing. He grabbed me as a clerk for his outfit and I went to work for him. Jack and I hit it off and I was soon into the swing of things. It was a great job and Major Espinal was a pleasure to work for.

One of his duties involved selling some candy and other canteen items from the Supply Tent. I got in on that action and, along with some of my fellow Roseville High Cadets, helped out in that capacity. My bunk was in the Supply Tent along with all the other S-3 staff and I was very happy.

Everyone complains about Army food. In this case I believe that the complaints were merited. I don't know where they got the powdered eggs from but they always turned out green. Sometimes they were Kelly Green and at other times they were putrid green. The rest of the food was not much better. Being on the staff and having a friend on the kitchen staff, I went around to the back door of the kitchen and begged for something else. Having survived some pretty hair raising Boy Scout meals at the previous Scout camps I was fairly adept at eating just enough to keep body and soul together until I could either tank up on candy or bum something in a can from the kitchen. I think that this was to prove my undoing as shall be seen.

Sometime during about the third day, we all decided to take a break. Since I had told everyone that I knew of a great place for a picnic just across the lake at Long Lake, Major Espinal commandeered a rowboat and several of us piled in and rowed across the lake to the North end. The plan was to fool around on the lake for awhile, beach the boat, hike across the small isthmus separating Long Lake from Upper Cascade Lake and then row back again. It was a great afternoon and I was delighted to show everyone Long Lake where we swam and had a grand time.

I don't remember if it was on the way back or just where but somewhere along the line Major Espinal produced some canned peaches that had been "procured" from the kitchen and we all pigged out on canned peaches. I do remember that we had a ball on our little outing and we stayed out in the sun for quite awhile.

When we got back to camp we went about our duties and the peaches did their thing in my gut. I had been out in the sun too long and got sun stroke. I started to get sick; chills, fever, sweats, and the good old G.I. trots. The sun really did a trick on me and the peaches REALLY did a trick on my insides and it was not long before I was running to the little green buildings (the portable outhouses brought up for the occasion). As I remember there were only four or five for the whole camp and I was hogging one all to myself in my misery. As people kept banging on the door I finally decided that I had to vacate the premises. Still in dire need I grabbed two rolls of toilet paper and headed for the woods. I proceeded to dig a huge cat hole and promptly got about as sick as I have ever been in my life. I thought my insides were coming unglued and being spit out.

When my gut finally calmed down I staggered back to my bunk and wrapped up in my sleeping bag and blankets. About this time Major Espinal noticed that I was not in the very best of circumstances and laid a hand on my forehead. Upon seeing that I really had a big fever he called up the first aid tent and said to get a stretcher over post haste. I had met the first aid guys earlier and they were all complaining about the gold bricks that kept coming up from the company areas. Sensing that this was just another gold brick case one of the guys sauntered over and stuck his head in the tent. Major Espinal proceeded to rip him up one side and down the other and told him that when he said he wanted a stretcher, he wanted a stretcher. The guy came in and laid a hand on my forehead, decided that this was indeed not a gold brick situation, tore out of the tent, grabbed a couple of his buddies and stretchered me over to the first aid tent.

Captain Oates was called and I remember that there was a conversation with the first aid officer to the effect that I was going to be kept for awhile to see what my fever did and if it didn't break in a few hours I was going to get hauled down to the hospital in Truckee. At this point I really didn't care. They put me in the first aid tent and the only thing that I remember clearly is that I kept getting mosquitoes attacking me. I would cover up and then it would get too hot and I would throw things off and the mosquitoes would attack again. This went on most of the night; cover up, uncover. Sometime during the night my fever broke and I was pronounced fit to go back to duty and I staggered over to my bunk and fell in.

I don't really remember a whole lot of the rest of camp. I think that there was only one day left and I took it very easy. When I got back home Captain Oates told my parents what had happened and that things had seemed a little dicey there for a time. Since then I have never been able to tolerate a lot of sun and I have been told by competent medical authority that once you get sun stroke you are susceptible for the rest of your life. I don't know how true that is but I sure do not like the heat.

I had a chance to go to the summer encampment of 1963 but I had graduated that summer and I also had a job as a counselor at a Bible Camp and had to leave immediately after school was out or I would have gladly taken up another session at Camp Arcade. I will never forget my good friends Major Espinal, Lt. Weaver, and Lt. plus all the other great guys that I ran into at camp. In spite of my little misadventure with the food, the peaches, and the sun, I had a most enjoyable time and would recommend that any Cadet take part in what can be a most life enhancing experience. Just take everything in moderation and you will be fine!

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