

Loveless C.C.C.

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(Copied literatim from the text in Herman Beeman's ballet book. Song written by Beeman's bunk-mate in Brokenair CCC Camp, Oklahoma, 1937.)

Why did I ever Join the C.C.C.? Oh, why did I join the C.C.C. Why did I join the C.C.C.?
This old hard labor's killing me.

They treat me like a dirty dog I have to slave down in a log And they feed me like a hog
Oh, why did I join the C.C.C.?

I haft to work most ever day Five bucks a mounth is my pay I'm just a wasting my life away
Oh, why did I join the C.C.C.?

The Lieut. sure is hard-boiled His hands and clothes are never soiled When I come in all
day I've toiled Oh, why did I join the C.C.C.?

These O. D. clothes sure is hot They'll make you scratch a whole lot They'll make you wish
you'd never got Into this old C.C.C.

Note: the same boy wrote another parody, this time to the familiar cowboy song, of which Beeman remembered only the following verses (which he thinks were all that were composed, but isn't sure).

There's an empty cot in the barrack tonight There's a C.C.'s head hanging low The axe
and saw hang on the wall Now he's gone where the C.C. boys go.

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There's a place for every C.C. Where the leader takes care of his own
How happy I'll be when I leave the C.C. And there'll be no K.P. at home.