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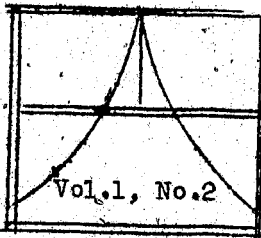
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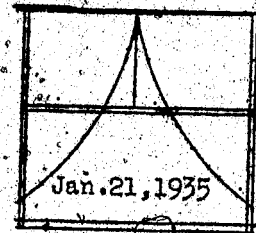
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# THE WESTON WINDOW



"LOOKING IN" ON CO. 133 C.C.C. WESTON, VT.

**Camp Spirit:** Have you got it? This trait seems to be gradually slipping into the background in our camp here at Weston. Every member of this command should take a personal interest in the activities around camp, whether they be athletic, social, or the small everyday happenings around camp or on the job. This camp is our home for a few months anyway. We should appreciate the fact that we have in it, a job! The men work together, play together, and live together. It is similar to one large family.

Why knock each other? Why can't we be men and help one another? If the other fellow makes a mistake or doesn't quite make the grade in any duty he is performing, don't ride him. Instead help him, if you can, or just forget the whole thing and hope the same mistake won't be made again.

Support the activities around camp and try to generate a feeling of true camp spirit; for, without it this not going to go very far, and with it, we are all going to enjoy our stay here and later look back to many good times we had while at Weston.

## MINSTREL SHOW

Yes, we are going to put on a real show and you can help us! Singers, dancers, comedians are wanted at once. Sign up with Cataldo or Mr. Lapietus at once!

## BEST WISHES

It, Parker is now the proud father of a baby girl...the BIG EVENT took place early Monday morning. Mrs. Parker and the little lady are coming along fine.

## HOW ABOUT IT ?

YOU NEED EDUCATION to improve your chances for success in life.

The educational program at this camp aims to HELP YOU. Most of the men need

instruction in English. This is probably the most useful and necessary work. You must write and talk throughout your life and many times your command of the English language may be a most important factor in getting a job. English classes are held on Monday evenings. Why not join one of them?

The class in CURRENT EVENTS meets on Tuesday evenings. This class will help you keep up with the important events and issues of the day.

The PUBLIC SPEAKING class will give you fundamental instruction to improve your speech.

Men interested in writing for this newspaper can join the JOURNALISM CLASS.

The HARMONICA BAND for Beginners and Advanced Players is already in action. This is a fine chance to learn how to play the harmonica.

There is room for five more men in the PHYSIOLOGY CLASS. Why not join this class and learn something about your body and the function of the different organs.

Government jobs, under the CIVIL SERVICE, require sound knowledge of fundamental subjects such as Arithmetic, English, Geography and Spelling. THE CIVIL SERVICE CLASS WILL HELP YOU PASS THESE EXAMS !

Why not speak to the Educational Adviser about your individual vocational and educational problems. Conferences can be arranged very easily and will result in plans for a satisfactory program.

\* \* \* \* \*

Men capable of teaching HOBBY CLASSES should speak to the Educational Adviser.

\* \* \* \* \*

## HIT THE DECK

It was early, very early in the morning. The dew was still on the mountain tops, the clouds were sailing by and the stars were playing their last game of hide-and-seek. Our commander, Capt. Thurston, made his way up the steps of Barrack 3; he opened the door with a bang! Strange sounds were coming from all of the members of the Barrack, when a voice was heard above the roaring of the snoring: COME ON SOLDIERS, HIT THE DECK!

These were Capt. Thurston's first and last words. Blankets were pulled off hastily and most of the boys seemed in a daze, but the beaming countenance of Our Commander was a quick stimulant. In a few seconds the Barrack was alive with anxious young men hurriedly dressing with a burning determination to get into the Mess Hall on time. Some of them did, others fell by the wayside. To the former our congratulations, to the latter our heartfelt sympathy, to the Commander our deep gratitude for his benevolent interest in awakening us almost every morning; his fatherly care moves us to a stirring sense of filial devotion.

## NOTES

A girl of tender years and our Mr. Bonin were seen strolling down the main street of Rutland one day last week. (You guessed it; kindergarten was out.)

**CAREFUL LUKE** He wears a bright red kerchief around his neck so that he should not be mistaken for a lion or a moose by the hunters.

**SLEEP HEAD** Bonin mistook a pruning saw for a log and was just about to chop it when he was stopped by his gallant leader Burns.

**TOOTHPICK McCARTHY** Imagine Mac asking for some toothpicks at mess and being given a comb.

**ORIENTAL DANCERS** Silvia and La-prete are seen dancing in the Rec every night. They expect to turn pro at the end of their terms. (Fair warning to Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.)

**MAYLOR** sleeps with logs of wood in his bed in order to study them in the dark.

## SPORTS

Our basketball team again went down to defeat-- this time at the hands of the Company B team of Ludlow on Jan. 9. Our boys put up a good fight and the Ludlow team did not have an easy time winning the contest. Our team was greatly handicapped by the loss of Capt. Littel who was confined to the camp dispensary with a mild attack of grippe. The team felt Littel's absence very much as many of the baskets were made on center tap plays.

A new star has been discovered in Muller, a rookie from Lynn. He formerly represented Lynn Classical on the court and is now bidding for the left forward position. His play in this game should assure him a place on the varsity quintet.

The boys really played a fine brand of ball but again the lack of practice showed in the passing and the way the boys handled the ball. All they need is a little practice and a lot of support in order to get in the running.

Men who played were Smith, Hartley, Ingham, Burton, Healey, Muller and Mansfield. Stankus was out on account of illness.

Final score Co. B 39  
Weston 20

We play again on the 23rd at Ludlow, so put away a dime and plan to attend the game in which WESTON WILL RETURN THE VICTOR!  
BY H. J. M.

## THE INQUIRING REPORTER

**QUESTION** What, in your opinion, should be done to improve the camp?

**A Leader:** There should be a camp detail to clean up and keep the wood boxes full. This would make the camp more livable for the boys who work in the woods.

**An Assistant Leader:** More cooperation among the boys would help the camp immeasurably.

**A Veteran:** We should have a better recreation hall with more games and a pool table, if possible.

**A Veteran:** Bottled beer should be sold in the Canteen.

**A Veteran:** A new radio in each barrack. The radio in the Rec is not heard because of the noise made by men playing games.

## TIPS FOR WITCH-HIKERS.

To begin with, hitch-hiking, that is correct hitch-hiking, is in itself an art, so those of you who believe that all there is to it is merely standing in the road with the thumb uplifted, may gain some helpful information from this article.

Here are a few of the simplest rules that have been found very effective.

Stand well off the road. It has been proven time and again that for some mysterious reason motorists have a peculiar habit of swinging out into the middle of the road as if disdainfully avoidin: any one who dares stand far out toward the center. Keep clear of small towns and never attempt to get a ride in the middle of a town, be it large or small. Don't thumb in the middle of a sharp curve, get on the straight away where the motorist has a chance to see you before he has passed.

Stay off the hills. No motorist wants to stop his car whether it is going up or down grade. Going down, it's tough stopping; going up, it's tough pulling over the top from a standstill. Keep your thumb from being too imperative. By that, I mean that the motorist can see you plainly enough without having your thumb waved frantically in his face. When a motorist does stop, inquire politely where he is going. If the ride is to take you only 10 or 15 miles down the road, still be polite, but refuse. Short rides are usually more hindrance than help. People going short distance of 10 miles or so, have an annoying habit of swinging off the main road near some desolate spot where it will be difficult to get another ride.

Don't think that lonely surroundings will make a motorist more liable to pick you up. That's not true. The lonelier the road, the more the motorist has a tendency to speed and he's not very apt to stop when he's rolling along at 50 or 55.

Upon securing the ride you are waiting for, remember that you are as much the motorist's host in his car as you would be in his home. Don't flick cigarette ashes on the floor; in fact

its proper to ask permission before lighting up. Leave the window alone and let him do the talking. Avoid any discussion that may involve the various merits of political or religious societies. Not knowing what parties the motorist is in sympathy with, you might very easily say something to offend. Keep your personal and family affairs to yourself. When you leave the car, THANK HIM.

Remember that the impression you may leave with him will undoubtedly determine whether or not he shall pick up the next hitch-hiker he meets. Another thing, if you gather during the conversation that the motorist has been driving for quite a long time and is tired, if you can, offer your services at the wheel. There are many more so-called rules pertaining to this method of travel, I think the above will, in the majority of cases, help you get by. BY P.L.

## THE PAY-OFF

News.. and more news.. or the story of the night after the big pay-off.

Some of the boys went to Rutland and celebrated--of course a few of them missed the truck (intentionally or otherwise) and those few slept in the said city and awoke to-----snow, more snow and still more snow.

Getting to Mt. Holly was quite easy via bus - a Cadillac, no less--but from Mt. Holly to camp - aha-alas and alack--to Belmont was just another walk--but from Belmont to Johnson's - virgin snow, that is no road and a couple of the boys actually waded to Johnson's via the "Short Cut." A real feat - and done on a Hostle's Bar, believe it or not. From there to camp the road had been opened by our tractor- (but not for long, as some detail can tell) and walking to camp, especially after dark, was quite a stunt, but we did it!!

Little bankroll, ore we part,  
Let me press you to my heart.  
All this month I worked for you,  
I was faithful, you've been true.  
Little bankroll, in a day,  
You and I will go away.  
To find a gay and festive spot;  
I'll return but you will not.

- HAPPY DAYS.

## THE CHAIN STORE

The Chain Store System is the greatest menace to National Recovery this nation ever faced, as proven by their reluctance to enlist under the President's NRA. True it is that the U.S. had recovered from severe depressions or panics before; but in those days the Chain Store System was merely a "Capitalistic Dream Baby."

The Chain Store handicaps all individual initiative. No longer can the young man or young woman of thrifty tendencies advance to success from clerk to owner of a small retail business. The Chain Store System may boast of its low prices, but this means that the cost of production must be low. It is in a position to dictate the price of goods to the farmer and the industrialist who will have to sell at a loss, cut wages, lay off help or lengthen working hour in order to meet the terms.

The entrance of the Chain Store System into the tobacco selling business (merely a side line) forced thousands of individuals to lose their own small stores and caused many suicides, bankruptcies and foreclosures. Think of a large system opening a meat and vegetable store in Boston and the following month four small stores

established for years and enjoying a good trade are forced to close their doors forever. Imagine the Lynn branch of a certain system selling shoes made in Czecho-Slovakia while unemployment runs rampant in this New England shoe center.

No longer do thousands of salesmen traverse our highways calling on each individual store owner. The Chain Store has made it impossible for these thousands of bread-winners to be gainfully employed, but instead they have become recipients of the Public Welfare dole. One salesman today does the work of these thousands of victims of the Chain Store monopoly.

Profits of the Chain Store System do not go to the individual in our own community but to the coupon clippers of Park Avenue and Beacon St. Gaze upon the Woolworth heiress to millions throwing a \$10,000 party in Paris in honor of her play-boy hubby while thousands of decent American girls - the future wives and mothers of American citizens are trying to remain decently clothed and fed on a weekly stipend of \$6 to \$8 per week.

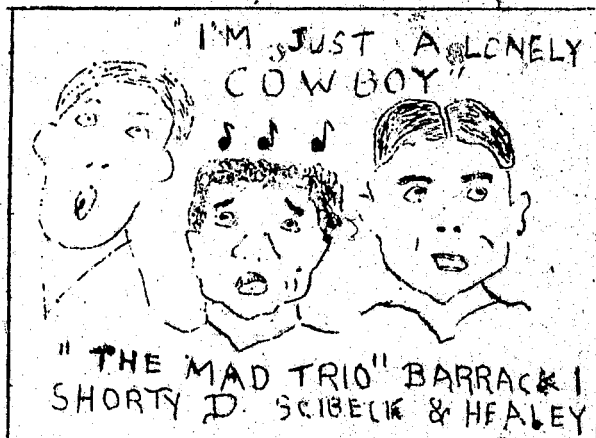
These are merely a few specific reasons why the Chain Store monopoly should be regulated to serve the consuming public not to crush or degrade our economic system of a decent American standard of living.


H. McC.

**NOTICE!**  
FOR COOKS ONLY



WASHER BEFORE  
NOFATO BELT  
REMOVES EXCESS  
WEIGHT ON STOMACH  
\*1.00 EACH



OUR   
BASKET BALL  
TEAM NEEDS A  
FEW BUSHEL  
BASKETS TO  
SHOOT AT!

LIVING A-DAY IN THE C.C.C.

Snow, more snow  
Falling, falling, downward bound,  
Wind, strong wind  
Blowing, swirling snow around,  
Covering with mantle white  
Every building in the camp,  
Flaky, clammy, cold and damp  
Far into the wintry night.

Morning - misty, dark,  
Chill seeps in through every crack.  
Cold, frigid cold.  
Every barrack but a shack,  
Wind and cold and snow and ice  
Makes this place a "Paradise."  
"Go South, young man" - that's  
sound advice.

Mess, hot food and drink,  
Stragglers into mess-hall stray.  
Sight of "eats" each eye enkindles  
Rapidly the fodder dwindles  
One last gulp and then away.  
Some to the hospital are wending,  
Others, half-awakened,  
Seeming forlorn, forsaken,  
Back to their beds attending.

Details, Hell - frozen Hell-  
With this sleet stinging!  
Oh, well,  
Birds will soon be singing,  
"Oh yerb!" - derisive crowing -  
"And maybe strawberries 'll bloom  
In January 'stead of June."  
But look it's still snowing.

Whistle - damn the thing,  
Always takes the very joy  
From out of living;  
Someone ought to break that toy -  
- So unforgiving -  
Snowshoes on, plug ahead,  
Break trail, weary the load-  
Earning our daily bread  
Working in woods or on road.

Cold, bitter cold,  
But I can take it  
Numb tho' the fingers be  
Life is what you make it!

At last -  
The day is done.  
"Come on, fellas, knock off."  
Darkness falls with the sun.  
Brightly the camp lights gleam  
Through swirling snow and mist,  
A-beckoning, friendly beam  
And a feeling I can't resist  
Arises in my heart:  
"That tho' the days be long  
And work is hard,  
Forgotten the weary hours;  
I've done my part  
And now at song  
While underneath the showers.

Whistle again - and shrill,  
But waking a different thrill.  
Supper, savory, hot,  
Around the festive board  
We gather, weariness forgot;  
Here is our reward.

Contentment - I stroll  
Into the "Rec" Hall yonder,  
Sit near a roaring fire  
And let my thoughts wander,  
It isn't all so bad-  
The friends we make are true-  
I've got more than I had  
When I joined with this crew-  
And those back home-  
Bless them-  
Will have a little less  
To distress them.

The noise dies down-  
The hour is late-  
Back into bed I crawl.  
"Gee, this is great!"  
Lights go out, silence.  
Sleep, the weary sleep,  
While outside the snow,  
Flaky, fleecy snow  
Is making a mantle deep.

Mountains and valleys

And snow

snow

snow

And sleep!

## SNO'-STOBING AND YOU

One of the biggest laughs that I have had for many a moon occurred when I was watching the rookies trying to walk on snow shoes for the first time. The spills and thrills were many and it was a sight to remember.

Did you ever notice how easy it was to fall down and how hard to get up?

It is the same on detail. Don't fall down on your job; for, it's difficult to rise. It is funny in the case of the snow shoes, but it is a very serious matter on the job.

## JUST A ROOKIE'S LETTER

Greetings and Salutations!

This letter finds me healthy and suspiciously contented; a state that is quite amazing, considering the whirlpool of events thru which I have been poured.

Have you ever been a foreigner? Well, I have! I've become a very skeptical lad, with absolutely no faith in my ability to take the next step, whatever it may be.

After leaving you in Boston, I was transported to Ayer, Mass. At Fort Devens I went in one door a civilian and came out another a soldier. Or so it seemed; for the atmosphere was distinctly Army-ish.

First of all I was examined and found reasonably human; then I was outfitted with all I could carry, from flannel drawers to a black necktie.

Boy, among my accomplishments in the first twenty-four hours was the mastery of the fine art of juggling. If you could have seen me staggering around, trying to keep a firm hand on my mess-kit, in the process of loading mess. And just between you and me, what a mess! They fed me beans that would cultivate blonde hair on the eight ball.

I was assigned to a bunk and spent the night catching my breath in one of the Army barracks with two hundred other young men who were as weary as I. Bright and early the next morning, I entrained for Vermont! I first set foot in that state at Mt. Holly; a town consisting of a railroad station (open from 1:15 to 2:15 P.M.), five houses and a barn.

A nine mile ride on the back of an Army truck (mercury at 1 above) and we arrived at this camp. The most deranging

feature of my arrival was the social reception. I was not at all abashed at being called a "rookie"; but, when it was proved to my face, I was sufficiently squelched. Taking all orders in good faith, I did what now appears ridiculous! I shoveled snow for an hour and a half on a perfectly passable road in nearly total darkness.

But what of it all? It makes great writing material and though I do not feel resentful nor in a revengeful mood, just wait till I'm a "vet" and I meet a rookie." Just More Less

## HELP YOURSELF

As the Commanding Officer has told you, the existence of the majority of C.C.C. men does not entail great hardship. He has told you that he and the rest of the personnel will do all in their power to make you happy and feel at home.

The library and the recreational facilities have been organized to make your stay pleasant. It is up to you to use those facilities to your entire satisfaction.

The books are here for your use. Why not borrow one and do a little reading? A fine collection of magazines are also available and will help you keep up with life in the world outside West River Forest Camp.

There are a number of games at your disposal. They will give you pleasure and refresh your spirits.

The Commanding Officer has done his part. It is now up to you!

## CHECKER TOURNAMENT

You still have time to sign up for the Checker Tournament. There is no entrance fee and you have a chance to win a prize. **START MOVING NOW!**

## PING-PONG TOURNAMENT

"Go-Get-'em" Goff carried off the honors in the first regular Ping-Pong Tournament by defeating "Red" Kerr in the final round, 21-12, 21-6, 14-21, and 21-17. The match was more thrilling than the score indicates and many of the points were won only after very lengthy volleys. The other semi-finalists were Foley and Timmins. It seems that our Educational Adviser thinks that he's pretty good at ping-pong. He's even becoming ambidextrous (ask the Dr. about that one).