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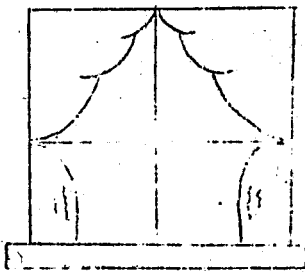
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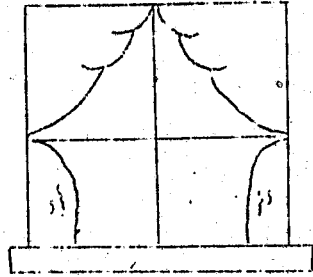
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THE WESTON WINDOW



VOL. I No. 8

June 8, 1935

"LOCKING IN" ON
CO. 133, C.O.C. WESTON, VT.

This issue of the Weston Window is dedicated to

LT. W. G. DAVIS

for his sincerity of purpose, his splendid spirit
of co-operation and his ability to "carry on" under
all conditions.

WELCOME

Voicing the sentiments of the camp as a whole, we, staff of the Weston Window extend a hearty welcome to our new C.O., Lt. J.A. Conway, 1st Lt. Cav-Res.

We know that Lt. Conway is here to better our camp. He has already started work with a zest that can have but one ultimate end -- the banner-winning company.

We know of his accomplishments with the 1218th Company at Proctorsville. We are all glad to see a man like him step in and take over this camp, for we know that under his guidance we will improve our camp and OURSELVES. Again, WELCOME!

CAPT. THURSTON LEAVES

It is with a feeling of sincere regret that we bid adieu to our former Commander, Captain Irving Thurston. Many have been the improvements during his stay and we are the better for them.

We envy the 1218th Co. that gets such a good man to take command of their camp.

Best of luck, Captain, we know that you will keep 1218 on top.

BALL TEAM DROPS TWO

THE WESTON WILDCATS' lost their second game in the Southern C.C.C. District League today to the Windsor team, 6-0, on the Windsor Town Field. Our boys out-hit the home team, but were unable to bunch the hits. Errors again led to the defeat of the team -- a total of five were made. Four hits, mixed with a couple of errors, gave the boys from Windsor four runs in the 2nd. Strozzi made two hits to lead our offense. Burton did well on the mound and gave indications of making a favorable record this season.

The team lost its first league game to Bellows Falls, 6-5, at the Falls last Saturday. Smith pitched and allowed only five hits. Strozzi made three hits in this game. Egan was best in the field.

The team plays Plymouth this Saturday on the camp diamond. Practice sessions will be more numerous and the members of the team have high hopes of gaining their first League victory. All members of the company should see this game and CHEER WESTON ON TO VICTORY!

The Weston Window

Published Bi-Weekly by the
Literary and Journalism Classes
of the
133rd Company C.C.C.
Weston, Vermont

Vol. I No. 8 June 7, 1935

Editorial Staff

Henry Mansfield, Editor
James O'Brien Roland Morin
Thomas M. McCarthy Ernest Card
Norman Charette Joseph Harrigan

WEST RIVER FOREST CAMP #2134
133rd Company C.C.C.

J. A. Conway 1st Lt. Cav-Res,
Commanding Officer
Joseph Lapidus Educational Adviser

Truman E. Hale Superintendent

Foremen

A. H. Blackmer K. A. Ferguson
H. J. Galusha F. H. Heywood

Technicians

A. Stevens Blacksmith
F. E. Smith Mechanic

WHICH STEP ARE YOU TAKING?

H. J. Mansfield

When you signed up for six months in the C.C.C. did you think of the wonderful benefits that you could receive from your stay at camp or did you feel that you were entering a camp just to escape the trials of the outer world?

It was one of these! It must have been unless you had never given the matter a single thought. No matter what you thought then, let us face the issue squarely NOW!

Is your term going to be six, nine, twelve or eighteen months of your life wasted? When you joined the C.C.C. did you take a step forward or backward? You are the one to decide. Oh, it requires little

or no effort to take the backward step. Even an auto with a dead motor can move down hill and the further it gets down the hill, the faster it travels to the bottom. Are you a car without a motor? No, you are not. You have your motor - your brain, your will-power and your ambition. They are the factors that can drive you to the top of the grade. But, you must use them, for they are useless unguided. Of course, it requires more effort to travel up the hill, but surely it is worth that extra effort to make the grade!

Maybe you are one of the camp loungers! If you are I pity you. You know the kind of fellows, I am sure. They are all around the camp at all hours of their off-days, lying on their bunks with a far-away look in their eyes. If it were love, it could be excused, but it is just laziness. Poor fellows, they are truly men to be pitied! You may find them sitting on the tables in the Rec Hall watching pool games, lying in the grass for hours gazing into space. They are everywhere.

Are you one of these men? I hope not. They are certainly the ones who are taking the backward step, slipping down the hill.

Life in camp can be what you will make it. Why not make it worthwhile. You have plenty of leisure time. You should use this time to good advantage. Join a class or two. Write for the camp newspaper. Writing is next to the spoken word in expressing one's thoughts. Take part in the social, athletic and above all the educational programs in camp.

Choose your companions wisely and your words carefully. Use your motor and you will find yourself moving up the hill, **TAKING THE STEP FORWARD.**

JUST A NOTE

There is a strong rumor that our popular Ed. Adviser sensing defeat in ping pong has secreted the ping pong balls someplace in his den. Baldy Nolan, Keeper of the Keys and Guarder of the Goods, states that he is willing to post a forfeit of one cigar that he can defeat the E

CARTOONS

This Sketch
we
dedicate
to



The
C.C.C.
Tree
Planters

HM.



ASK
LYNCH! HE HAS
SEEN HER.



RED MOWREY
IS
QUITE A FLASH
ON THE DANCE FLOOR



I'M SORRY MISS,
BUT I'VE GOT
TO CUT DOWN
THOSE BUSHES!
I'M IN
THE
C.C.C.



NOLAN →

"PEPPER" PERRY



THE TEAM'S SPARK PLUG

PARADE REST

A short short story

J. A. O'BRIEN

The cutting, chilling blasts of an early November blizzard swept over Boston Common sending the homeward bound theatre-goers faster on their way, along the almost deserted paths. The huge electric sign over the Park St. Church flashed, sending its brilliant message across the city; THE TIME NOW IS—1:00 AM—downtown a single stroke rang out.

In an isolated part of the great park, huddled together about a tiny fire, a group of nondescripts, some sitting and some standing was gathered. Homeless men, dregs of a great city, they wandered to this spot each night to commiserate with each other and to pass the long dark hours of the night staring intently into a feeble blaze that gave them little warmth. Now and then, a bottle flashed as it passed from hand to hand or from hand to mouth; sometimes a figure stirred to add a few sticks to the fire. As the night wore on, heads drooped, and kindly slumber erased memories for some, while others still stood at the fire's very edge wooing all the warmth they could. Now the city rested quietly, except for the howling of the wind.

Out of the darkness, into the radius of the firelight, a tall figure shambled and startled eyes were raised to inspect the newcomer. A cap was pulled low over a pair of feverishly glittering eyes and a ragged coat hung at random on a terribly emaciated body. A dirty pair of dungarees failed by several inches to meet what had once been a pair of shoes but which now resembled nothing. The figure stopped at the fire-side and half sank and half fell as if the knees could no longer support the body. One of the onlookers recognizing a misery greater than his own, extended a bottle which was accepted greedily and raised tremblingly to blackened lips. Immediately the pitiful figure broke into a terrible racking cough and

several minutes elapsed before the fit ended. As if the fiery liquor had given him the power of speech, he now started to speak; so low that heads were strained towards him and sleepers awoke as if they sensed something strange. At first, the words were so very low that they were almost inaudible and sometimes the sentences were disconnected, but as if some strong inner emotion gave added power, the words became intelligible:

"He was my twin brother and we were just eighteen and the first to volunteer from our town when war was declared. By luck, we were put in the same company and we went through practically the whole war without a scratch. One night about a week before the war ended, I was on guard. We were up in the front lines then—" Here the voice shuddered and again a terrible fit of coughing shook the body of the speaker. The fire was forgotten now and a sympathetic hand again reached forth the bottle which was accepted avidly. Again words came forth and the voice had sunk until it was hardly more than a whisper. "Yes, I was on guard that night and along about three in the morning I became very sleepy. I thought I heard a noise and I looked over the parapet and sure enough I saw some dark figures creeping towards our lines. I emptied my rifle among them without thinking of an order I had received when I had gone on guard." Now the voice seemed to grow stronger and the eyes glittered wildly, "They had told me that a night patrol from our company was out, but I forgot, I forgot, Oh God, I forgot. I was half asleep and I forgot." The voice had risen to a shriek as in the eerie surrounding of an almost dead fire and a motley crew of derelicts, tortured man's mind and soul broke and words came forth in jerky phrases. "I killed my brot-

PARADE REST (con.)

do you hear me? I killed my brother er." The gaunt form again broke into a terrible coughing fit and the head, as if spent after the outburst, sank slowly to his chest. The coughing ceased suddenly and as the first grey streaks of dawn appeared over the horizon, tears glittered and rolled slowly down dirty, unshaven faces to be wiped unashamedly away by grimy sleeves. Again a hand reached forth a bottle but this time there was no response. Another sympathetic hand raised the bowed head and jumped back, soared. In the cold light of early morn, caps were pulled from unkempt heads for a reverent moment and the group slowly broke up leaving a shapeless form by a pile of dead ashes.

Across the Common, the great electric sign flashed, illuminating the entire scene in ghostly brilliance, THE TIME NOW IS - 4:00 AM and in solemn requiem the clock downtown chimed - ONE - TWO - THREE - FOUR!

FACTS AND FIGURES

The average age of the members of this company is slightly less than 21. Twenty-six percent of the members are in the 19 year class and nineteen percent are in the 20 year class. "Pop" Mo Eckron is the oldest enrollee -- sixty-four years young! Charles Meserve is the youngest -- having hit the 18 year mark on April 24th.

Twenty-six percent of the men come from Boston (including Allston, Dorchester, Roxbury, etc.); ten percent of the men come from Lowell and six percent come from Lynn and New Bedford respectively.

Only four members of the company were born in foreign countries -- Millette in England, Moore in Newfoundland, Michael Moran in Ireland and Charlie Sabatino in Italy. Tex McNeil, born in Grand View, Texas, rates the farthest birthplace in this country -- Red Faverman, ranks second, having first seen the light of day in Norfolk, Virginia. The homes of the members

are located in fifty-one different cities and towns in Mass. and Vt.

The average enrollee at this camp had completed nine years of schooling before his arrival. Thirty eight members have received high school diplomas.

SNOOPING AROUND THE OFFICERS AND FORESTERS QUARTERS

The whole camp is waiting with breathless interest for "Skip" Lansing to sally forth in a gorgeous new suit. We haven't found out how much he paid for it, but the first payment was \$2.75.... "Blackie" Blackmer got jealous when he saw all the nice shiny cars around camp, so he put old Betsy in dry dock and slapped on a coat of paint.... Joe Lapidus received a package from home the other day. We caught him in a secluded spot eating a tasty pie. He growled as we came near, but we got a piece just the same.... Professor Galante, sterling highway engineer is now spending his evenings teaching road-building and whipsnapping to would-be leaders. Graduates will be presented with pearl handle whips.... After making minor repairs (that lasted several months) Smitty, boss mechanic, has put the tractor back on the road.... "Cus" Storer's village blacksmith, counts the days until the week-end so he can be with that little gal in Woodstock.... "Bump" Heywood and "Fergie" Ferguson can't wait to get through supper each evening, so they can rush off to Rutland. Wonder what the attraction is up there.... Mr. Hale wears an old-fashioned nighty to bed. We mean the kind with the splits on the sides. Here we don't have fire drill some nights.... Fomine hearts stood still and many were the "Ohs" and "Ahs" when Lt. Conway made an appearance at the dance in Cool Lodge the chor night. Give the girls a break next time Lieutenant and have at least one dance.... "Doo" Levine was sighted in Boston last week. We notice he still uses the stationery of his old frat house. Some depressio, hey Doo.

HEARD IN THE SHOWERS

Well, here we are! We can't say another word until we tell you all about the new car Lt. Brooks rode into camp with. As he drove up in front of the Forestry Office two of the Camp Nino-Tipes ran over and unwrapped the cellophane. You may have seen it -- if you haven't, you must! A Mill Knight, and it sure looks like it has the "willies" every night.... Here is a hot one! "Major" Tom Moran; "Eight Ball" Espinola and "Phyllis" Silva were all drinking MILK SHAKES in a Ludlow drug store. When said drinks were downed and the time came to pay for them, they found themselves 7¢ in the hole. The Soda Jerker held Tom and John in the store while the little dark boy ran around Ludlow bumming the seven brownies. Some Fun! It was very quiet in Barrack 3 (for once) one night. Suddenly the stillness was pierced by the voice of "Boots" Millette. "There it goes -- it's running down the floor. Do hurry up and grab that Peanut Butter sandwich. Don't let it get away. Oh, there it is hiding under the stove. Lemme sneak up on it." Seeing that Millette was getting kind of waaky, Roland Morin got up and said, "There's no sandwich running around Boots, go on back to bed." But Millette was not convinced and he went off in hot pursuit of the supposed sandwich. It was only after a pail of cold water had been deposited on his head that Boots woke up and crawled back to his bunk amid the jeers of his bunkies.... Have you noticed the new fashion in G.I. pants? They are on display. See Nimlett.... O'Brien, our big big burly buxom bustling bouncing clerk, tried to date up a ten year old babe on the phone the other morning. That a cradle robber.... Tomlin must be planning to spend his life up here; He has joined the Grange over at E. Wallinford and practically been accepted into the family of his girl in the same burg.... Fawceman is quite proud of his SQUAD. He says "They've made me a sort of a LEADER."

THE THREE C's Ira F. White (Himself)

Early one morning at quart past ten I met Mrs. Bresnahan, hand on her pen. I took off my hat, and made a low bow Hoping she would pardon me now. The pardon she gave me. -- I was sent away Six months in the forest to keep me from going astray. Those six months are moving on, Everyone knows I'm doing well (like Hell) These six months in the Three C's will certainly be swell (when they're over.)

SIDE CAMP NOTES *

JOHN CAMERON being unable to withstand the rushing of the fair damsels at East Wallinford has had to go home for a week's rest.... Syke, the camp wit, is now known as Alky Sykes.... Congrats to Mc Keever and Goodell on their recent promotions.... "Killer" Naylor is on the trail again. He has already killed several hedgehogs around camp.

THE RECREATION HALL

The Rec Hall has not been getting the proper treatment lately. Some of the members are littering the floor with papers, old letters, butts and other waste. Let's take an interest in our Rec Hall and keep the games and furniture in good condition. KEEP THE FLOOR CLEAN. THROW WASTE IN THE FIREPLACE!

LIBRARY

Say, what's the matter with you fellows? Haven't you noticed the new assortment of books that adorns the shelves of our library? Here is a good chance to catch up on your reading. Come on now, hurry over. Read a book and make a friend.

BOXING

An amateur boxing tournament, under the direction of Lt. Conway, will be held in the Rec Hall this week. Sign up now! Men who show promise will get a chance to fight in the Chester tourneys.

WINDOW PAINS AND CRACKS

SPEED CROWEY, the one-man fire department, was slightly injured last evening while engaged in trying to fight a three alarm blaze in his bunk in Barracks 1. A scatter brain sounded a general alarm on the circular saw, but Speed scorned all assistance and tried to put the blaze out alone - and, he did!... The camp dog-robbers are running around with a grin on their faces for at last we have a Commanding Officer who smoke cigs. They aver "Kools" or "Spuds" are not so good, but what the hell is a fellow going to do around the end of the month.... Fannie, the camp cur, reported at sick call the other morning without having her name entered in the sick book in the office. She proceeded to the Dispensary and as sleepy First Aid men's eyes popped, she brought forth into the world ten lively puppies. The mother and children are resting comfortably... But alas! Our story does not end here, for after two days confinement in the hospital, under the tender care of our First Aid men, she was seen making ten successive trips from the hospital, each time bearing a wriggling pup in her mouth. Fannie has now set up headquarters under the hospital. Smart dog, Fannie... We notice Doc Levine eyeing Cookman expectantly. But we don't prophesy Blessed Event... Oh dear, I wish I could keep my wash as white as that Ed. Advrs Ass't. I saw him hanging curtains the other morning and they were just too divine!... The proprietor of the House of Rotschild has been seeing green lately and it is not the green cloth on the pool table. You swing a moon brush, Sifty... The Top Sgt. and Co. Clerk were formally introduced to pick-axes at a ceremony conducted by the C.O.

The pool game of the Army Overhead has fallen off considerably since the arrival of the new C.O. But muscles are getting bigger and pot-bellies are diminishing.... The fortune teller's crystal says that a trackman from Lynn will meet a dark lady in the near future, we hope that she will prove more sociable than the one he met in the New York State Capitol... There is a certain moon from Buzzards Bay running around camp with a wild look in his eyes. After a month's careful work on a road map planning a route to Cape Cod, the map was pilfered by a certain dark gentleman from the South. For the benefit of the company, that map had better be returned.... Heard in the Office C. C. Do you sleep in your barrack at night? Night watchman: No sir, in the kitchen.... On pay day the camp banker collected 5¢ from an apple-knocker for the departing Captain's gift. (We do not vouch for the truth of this statement as the moon is full tonight.) ... Pop Mc Eckron, a few evenings ago, after hoisting a few of Hart's specials, accidentally hit himself in the jaw while sparring in front of Barrack 4. How be yuh, Pop?... Statistics gathered in the Office during the days immediately before the holiday show that in one week
 15 Grandmothers died,
 25 sisters wanted a best man for their wedding,
 44 men needed treatment from their own dentist,
 23 men had promises for jobs,
 32 men had serious illness in their family at home,
 1 man had to see his girl.
 Bill Mc Coy, dog robber boss, was sighted lat. 25, long. 30 NW, about 2 miles from Londonderry Light last Monday. Port madePOSITE file.

WESTON VARIETY SHOW

Talented members of this company have been invited to strut their stuff at the VARIETY SHOW to be held in the WESTON TOWN HALL on Saturday evening June 15. Any members who wish to take part should see Mr. Lapidus at once. There is room for a dancing act and the impressarios have their eyes on Red Farrell and Moon Cahill.

COMPANY SHOW

The company is to be given the use of the new theatre in WESTON on several occasions during the summer. This theatre has been built at a cost of \$20,000 and will be one of the best equipped little theatres in New England. Members who wish to join the theatrical group should see the Educational Adviser now.

EDUCATION

Summer has finally come to this little valley and many of the men feel that the best leisure-time activity is day-dreaming. However, we wish to point out that even the woods offer an unusual opportunity for any of the men who wish to learn something about nature and natural life. A little reading about the trees and participation in the Forestry Class will result in a more thorough understanding of the value and importance of the work that is done in the winter.

A number of the members of the company are taking part in the new ROAD AND BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION CLASS conducted by Mr. Galusha. This class, combined with planned instruction on the job is helping these men prepare for positions as leaders and sub-foremen. There is still room for a few, willing, wide awake young men who wish to tackle some of the problems and pay attention to the work at hand.

**Statement of Assets and Liabilities
Month of May, 1935**

CAMP EXCHANGE 133rd Co.

Assets:

Cash (on hand and in bank)	\$536.95
Accounts receivable for credit sales (Del. and Current)	\$ 38.18
Bill receivable for coupon books	\$ 7.00
Inventory at end of month, cost price	\$203.96
<u>Total Assets</u>	<u>\$786.09</u>

Liabilities:

<u>Accounts payable</u>	
Steward's salary	\$ 10.00
Outstanding coupons	3.90
Josiah Odence	16.08
W. C. London Co.	1.75
Be Vier Co.	17.77
Geo. Chalmers Co.	3.90
Henry Fagen	\$118.20
Sam Frank	93.11
National Bread	3.00
Beardsley & O'Rourke	1.20
R. L. Groceries Co.	19.65
<u>Total Liabilities</u>	<u>\$288.56</u>

Capital Accumulated \$497.53

I certify that I have conducted the required monthly inventory and audit of the camp exchange, 133rd Co, CCC and find the above statement correct.

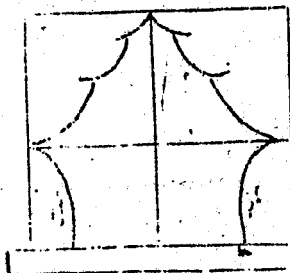
J. E. Conway
1st Lt. Cav. Res, Cndg.

With the departure of Lt. Davis the RADIO CLASS is being reorganized. The first meeting of the new group will be held Monday evening June 10 in the RADIO ROOM of the school house. This group is to function as a club and will be under the supervision of the members. Construction and repair of sets as well as code practice and short wave theory will be features of the work.

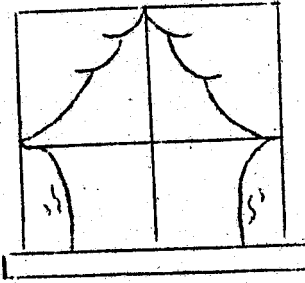
Regular work in the FIRST AID CLASS will begin again on June 17th with the return of Dr. Levine. All members of the company who do not hold First Aid certificates should join this class, for it is one of the most valuable offered.

The world moves on in all seasons and the live-wire young men who hope to be something more than followers in the future are trying to understand what is going on today. The CURRENT EVENTS DISCUSSION GROUP is just the thing for you, if you want to gain an understanding of the world outside our camp.

LIVE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY



THE WESTON WINDOW



Vol. I No. 9

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

June 27, 1935

OFFICIAL

The BULLETIN BOARD located in the RECREATION HALL is the property of the Company Commander and must be respected by all members. Notices must not be placed on the bulletin board unless approved by the Company Commander and notices must not be removed unless permission is granted by the Company Commander.

Any members who enjoy thumb-tack collecting as a hobby should see the Company Commander and he will give them sufficient money to purchase a package of the same in the Five and Ten in Rutland.

A charge of five cents per game of twenty-five points and ten cents per game of fifty points is being made for the use of the pool table. The Canteen Steward will handle the funds during the day and the Leader in charge of quarters in the evening will be responsible at that time.

It is necessary to charge for the use of the pool table in order to keep the equipment in proper repair. When the members of the company have learned to play the game without sitting on the table or ruining the equipment, charges will be stopped. The members of the company are again reminded that the recreational material is theirs to use or abuse; if it is abused, it will not be there long for use and will not be replaced.

AFTER THE SHOW

The townspeople in Weston were unanimous in their approval of the entertainment and behavior of the boys at the show. KEEP IT UP!

THE WILDCATS ROAR

The WILDCATS opened their home season by trouncing the Plymouth team, 19 to 5, on Saturday June 15. Cahill, our dancing cook and star hurler, was on the mound and gave the visitors only 5 hits. Our boys fattened their batting averages, getting 20 safeties including six doubles. Muller led our batters with five hits out of six trips to the plate. The fielding improved greatly and only one error was made.

The league game scheduled for June 23 with the Shrewsbury camp was called off on account of rain.

On Sunday June 23 our boys were hosts to the Landgrove Town Team. This game was called off at the end of the sixth inning with our team in the lead, 30 to 4. SOME FUN!

On Saturday June 29th the boys play the Sharon team on our field. Every member of the company who is not playing should go down to the field and cheer the team along the road to victory. Sharon has a very strong team and our boys need your support. CHEER THE TEAM SATURDAY!

GENERAL CONNER VISITS US

Major General Fox Conner, the commanding officer of the First Corps Area, was a visitor yesterday. He inspected all departments and was especially pleased with the general improvement in the camp.

Captain Shurtleff of Corps Area Headquarters and Major Lord of 2nd District Headquarters were also visitors yesterday.

Major Dreibelhies inspected the sanitary facilities today.

Published Bi-Weekly by the
Literary and Journalism Classes
of the
133rd Company G.C.C.
Weston, Vermont

Vol. I No. 9 June 27, 1935

Editorial Staff

Henry Mansfield, Editor
James O'Erion Roland Morin
Thomas M. McCarthy Ernest Gard
Joseph Harrigan William J. Halley

The days moved on -- weeks rolled by,
Lieutenants came and went *****
And now, and then a Captain *****
Out from the Fort was sent. *****

Once in a while a Major *****
Dropped in to say "Hello", *****
Offer a criticism *****
Before he would turn to go. *****

Rarest of all was a Colonel *****
And every time that he came *****
We redoubled our efforts to put ***
The camp under cellophane. *****

And then one morning it happened; *
Like a visit from Mars - *****
A stately figure drove in *****
Sporting two silver stars. *****

Rejoice oh men of Weston *****
And shed a smiling tear, *****
You can tell your great-grandchildren
"The General was here." *****
D. I. L.

WEST RIVER FOREST CAMP #2134
133rd Company G.C.C.

J. A. Conway 1st Lt. Cav-Res
Commanding Officer
R. F. Brooks 2nd Lt. Inf-Res
J. F. Concannon 2nd Lt. C. A. Res.
Joseph Lapidus Educational Adviser

Truman E. Hale Superintendent

Foremen

A. H. Blackmer K. A. Ferguson
H. J. Galusha F. H. Heywood
R. S. Lansing

Technicians

A. Stevens Blacksmith
F. E. Smith Mechanic

WELCOME

We welcome Lts. R. F. Brooks and
J. F. Concannon to our happy family.
Lt. Brooks, a graduate of the U.
of Vermont and an active member of
the track team there, hails from
Newfane. Married and the proud dad
of three boys, Lt. Brooks' pet
hobby is that famous Willys-Knight
and his prize saying is, "So you
don't like the mess?"

Lt. Concannon was born and bred
in Boston and is a graduate of the
Boston U. School of Journalism. Still
single, he has high hopes. "It's the
same way out West," is already in-
famous. His hobby is experimental
mastication on that fantastic crea-
tion of the baker's art-- the pretzel.

HOSPITAL NOTES
During the absence of Dr. Levine
the number of quarters and dispens-
sary cases was kept at a record low
through the able counsel and minis-
tration of Dr. Wm. W. Josephs of
the Peru camp. It is, therefore,
with keen regret that we announce
the resignation from active duty of
Dr. Josephs, who will continue his
studies at the Baltimore Eye, Ear,
Nose and Throat Hospital and we all
wish him every success.

For the benefit of the new en-
rollees and for those older men who
are still wondering what it's all
about, we take this occasion to re-
peat the following:

Sick-call hours 7:15-7:45 A.M.
No cases accepted after 7:30 A.M.
Evening treatment call from
6:30 to 7 P.M. for those who need
change of dressings or minor treat-
ment.

Only emergencies will be treat-
ed at other hours.
Dr. Levine still tells of his ex-
periences "down South" while on of-
ficial leave. We're still trying to
figure out whether he means South
Weymouth or South Boston.

An Englishman Explains Baseball After a Visit to the U. S.

Well, old top, those Americans have a very odd game which they call baseball. It is supposed to be the National Sport, but I don't see how the blighters can derive any enjoyment from such a childish game. Here's why they do it. Oh, dear me. It seems so silly.

It is a field game in which 20 men participate actively. The idol of the game is the chap they call the pitcher, and he is allowed to stand on a little mound above the level of the other players.

Well, in the game that I saw, a man playing for the Crimson Stockings picked up a cudgel and boldly advanced to the home plate. There he stood swinging his cudgel at the poor pitcher, who did not like this so he took a leather covered ball and threw it at the batter. However he missed the man and instead hit his bat. The ball bounded out in the field, but the pitcher's henchmen were ready for just such an emergency and one of them rushed over and retrieved the ball. The batter was elated at causing such a disturbance so he started running around the field and playfully tagged the bases. This irked the third baseman and as the man was running home, he threw the ball at him. He missed and the man in the mask caught the ball and tried to tap the runner on the hip with it. The runner was not caught unawares and he slid into the fellow in a beastly manner and stuck his spike in the catcher's leg.

Behind the catcher stood a fellow all dressed in black. They were his own mourning clothes. The fanatics in the stands threw their tonic bottles at him and called him all sorts of foul names, when they did not like the judgment he rendered on the play.

Well, after the runner picked himself up, another batter came to the plate, but at this point I was thoroughly disgusted with such a demonstration and I stood up and walked right out of the park. I do think that the whole bunch of them were "a wee bit tetched in the haid

THE BIG BROADCAST

This is what we heard, as we sat near the supply room one night last week.

"Here we are folks, ready to give you one more of our famous series of baseball broadcasts from Braves Field in Boston. The Braves have gone places this year; Florida in February and Malden last week. Well, here's the referee: Play ball!

"The first batter is Red Grange. Red is five feet eleven and a half, in his stockings, but he wears socks and Red hails from Kookuk, Iowa. There's the first ball soaring very gracefully toward the south end of the gridiron. It's high, low and out on the inside, but de Preem comes over on bended knee and makes a hole in one fall. Say, folks, this is really a picture - sixty thousand people in the water and not one of them taking a drink. Yes, sir, the season's on at the North's only rival to Miami. You said it, keed, R E V E R E. The Rab is in there and he makes a great back-hand lob that stops the comeback of Old Man Strangler Lewis. There goes the whistle, folks, and I'll turn the mike over to Lefty O'Rourke, who's ready to give you a summary of the period. Here's Lefty.

"What tobacco! What paper! What a cigarette! Sure and begorrah, it's the finest thing on earth. Ha! Ha! Louisiana Losers. Here's a cable folks. I've just got time to read it before your boy friend Franny gets back. "Eet ceb marwellus, yoor seogarettes, zey are gran. No more do I haf to use ze parfoom." Signed. Maurice Chevalier. Well, I'll give you that summary next time. All right, Franny. Take it over.

"What's that Franny? Wait a minute folks. Something's wrong with that New Bedford Nemesis. He's out like an unlit light. Say, folks, he's got a Louisiana Loser on his lips. What's that Franny? You want me to tell the folks to listen in to-morrow. Sure, they will Franny. Now take it easy."

"Well, I guess I'll have to turn you back to the studio, folks. See you to-morrow, if Franny stops smoking Louisiana Losers."

WINDOW PAINS AND CRACKS

It is said that there are quite a few "Mas. d. Reporters" and "Unknown Correspondents" who are constantly handing in quips and quirks about the men. May we suggest that these gentlemen join the staff of the Window?

If more material is not sent in for each issue, the fellows around camp may be asking, "Who broke the Weston Window?"

O'Brien recently got a letter from a little dill-dall who lives in Centerville. We don't know where it is either. Anyway, we managed to do a little over-the-shoulder reading and here are a few lines:

"I'm just bursting to tell you how wrong you were in describing me, I'm 5 feet tall and tip the scales at 190. I've got freckles and am sort of chubby. Now don't get disappointed Jim. Won't you write and tell me all about yourself?" Boy, oh boy. Whatagurl!

"Twomey the Untired", he who carries the water on Jack Galusha's detail, finds it much easier to walk up and down the road with an empty pail. We only hope that his assistant, a rookie, doesn't wise up.

"Doc" Levine finally splurged a nickel and bought a "SKIPPY" but you should have heard the medical words that he emitted when he opened it and found it only half full of ice cream.

Did you see Fanny feeding the little kitten along with her pups?

It was funny to see the cooks lined up the day the rookies came in. They certainly were anxious to pick out a few wise looking birds to slap on K.P.

They say that every dog has his day. That's why I'm going around camp barking.

We are all wondering when the cooks are going to forget to put

sawdust in the coffee. I guess they think that feeding us sawdust will make it easier for Lt. Conway to make wooden soldiers out of us. Can you take it? We can!

NICKNAMES

Windmill.....Windy.....
Lt. Conway....The Little Colonel
Roy.....Frenchy
Porter.....Grandpa
Charette.....Slusher
Kimblett.....Nibsy
Nolan.....W hale Oil
Silva.....Phyllis
Chibnick.....Combo
Moran.....Mickey

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Lt. Brooks: "Yes, I suppose that I ought to get a new car."
Rebello: "Lemme take the TIMES, I'll bring it right back."
Miceli: "I'm good for about two innings."
Nilson: "This game is on the house."
Lynch: "Well, I'll tell you, it isn't the money, it's the principle."
Harrigan: "Want to hear me sing?"
Hoban: "You can't win."

HOW TO WAKE A FORESTER

Kenneth Ferguson
Well, fellows, the first step is to procure a basin of ice cold water. Place the said basin over the countenance of a slumbering forester (Bump Heywood preferred.) Then very carefully and cautiously turn the basin bottom up so that the water falls on his face.

Then... run like hell, that's what I had to do or he would have killed me.

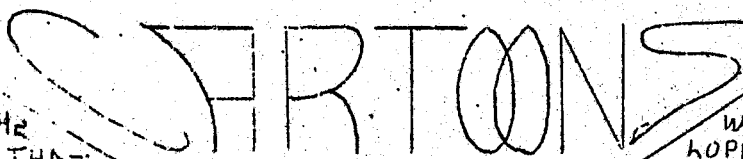
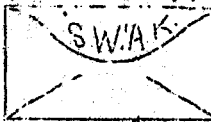
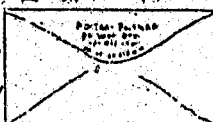
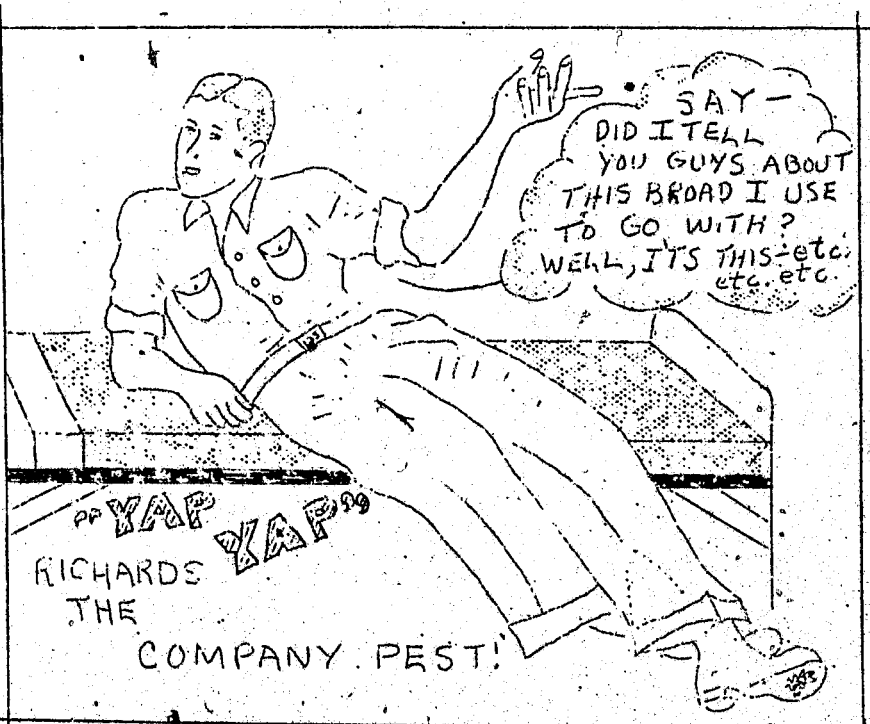
FINANCIAL NOTE

If you have a dollar sometime and want to invest it, why not ask Richard Perry, Cape Cod's gift to Weston Wisdom, for sound advice.

THIS IS THE KIND OF THE LETTER THAT TOM MOFAN RECEIVES FROM HIS RUTLAND - GAL - "BABE" IS THE NAME

AND THIS IS WHAT JIM HOPRETE'S GIRL PUTS ON EVERY LETTER!

POSTMAN, POSTMAN, DO YOUR DUTY: RUSH THIS LETTER TO MY C.C. CUTIE!

SAY - DID I TELL YOU GUYS ABOUT THIS BROAD I USE TO GO WITH? WELL, ITS THIS-etc. etc. etc.

YAP YAP YAP

RICHARDS THE COMPANY PEST!



"DYNAMITE WELCH SORT OF KILLED 'KILLER' HUDDY AT CHESTER"

THE GOON WENT OVER THE BIG IN ANKWARD SQUAD AT THE SHOW!

H.J.

LITTLE WHITE HOUSE NEWS

JUST A POEM.

A group of thirty men from this camp is expected to leave next week to construct 2.6 miles of telephone and electric line in Ripton and .8 mile in Rochester. It is believed that these men will be quartered with the cadres at the new camps in Ripton and Rochester and will draw rations from those camps. The men will stay between four and six weeks and will be under the supervision of Mr. Lansing. Since barracks have not yet been built, it will be necessary for the men to live in tents and they will get a slight taste of the kind of existence that was led by the first men in the C.C.C. in 1933.

SIDE CAMP NOTES

A detail consisting of Al Ryan, Mike Moran, Toledo, Phelan and R. Morin remained at the side camp for a period of two weeks and cut a strip line there. The work was under the direction of Mr. Heywood during the first week and under the direction of Mr. Lansing during the last week.

FLASH HEYWOOD STARVES AT THE SIDE CAMP.** The wolf responsible for this sad condition was none other than mild-mannered Rodney Toledo. Every time Heywood reached for meat, potatoes, milk or sugar, Rodney was one leap ahead of him. Heywood had to have his breakfast put aside on the stove in order to get one meal a day.

The regular side camp crew and the strip line detail had a water fight using the fire extinguishers as weapons. Alky Sykes shined.

After "Timber" Ryan and "Jolly" Phelan reported that they had seen a deer back of camp, Cameron came in from a dance one night and said he had seen a purple giraffe.

"Horse-collar" Haskins has a new girl friend. None other than "Mickey" Stewart.

PHOTOGRAPHY NOTE

Ask "Hank" Mansfield how to get 16 pictures out of an 8 roll film.

(Publisher's note: The following poem was inspired by the most gratifying response of the company members to Lt. Conway's appeal for men who would devote themselves to the manly art of self-defense.)

I wonder why it is that men
And sturdy grown-up boys --
Will find so much to fight about
And make a lot of noise.

Aggressively they'll snarl and
glare
A chip upon each shoulder
And secretly wish they might dare
To be a little bolder.

How many of us often dream
Of being a petted hero?
And some by actions try to seem
An even-greater Nero!

See, one must be awfully brave
To walk around and holler
To shake a fist, to rant and rave
Get hot under the collar.

Until some other fellow may
Resent a word or action
And get the other chap at bay
Demanding satisfaction --

And then 'ere any blood was spilt
(In spite of your abuses)
You sullenly begin to wilt
And mumble some excuses.

I recall once, when still a child
How someone called me "yellow"
And how I tried in voice quite
mild
To soothe the other fellow.

Somehow I never could efface
The fact I was a coward
And bitterly I felt disgrace,
Altho' he o'er me towered.

I wonder why it is that we
Who seem so brave to mothers
Will somehow never seem to be
Just quite so brave to others.

Yes, many are the boys who fight
For hours in their talks; (bite
Their bark is greater than their
FOR NO ONE WANTS TO BOX.

AIR WAVES
by Bill Halley

Greetings, salutations, etc.

Who'd ever think that our beloved Campus, could enshroud such dark, or light doings, as the case may be, as you will find unerringly recorded in this column. Never-the-less, it does afford a bit of food for thought, so it is joyfully handed down to you all.

An astonishing thing, truly; but we're not astonished to hear that Charley DiBella, the future Admiral of all Deck Hands, is accustomed to using finger nail polish, not to mention a sprinkling of Paris Night. (He has confessed to having his big sister put the irons to his hair!)

"Horseface" Dryden, on a recent promenade along the sands of Revere Beach, was told by one of his pals, that iodine was extracted from seaweed. Clarence, disturbed by the apparent waste of the material on said beach, decided to try it to see if what he had been told was the truth. He picked up enough of the stuff to make a tent, crammed it into his big mouth, and was unpleasantly surprised to find that there was no iodine taste. Later on in the evening, when his pals offered him some dulce, which is nothing more than small strips of this same seaweed to eat, he absolutely refused, deciding that one joke was plenty. And he still is of the opinion that the gag is on someone else.

Here's one for the book!

"Moe" Perry, was seen singing in a beer-spot in New York this month. Megaphone and all. Just the life of any party, that's all he be!

We hear a story about Jim Scheele whose girl friend's mater recently sailed for Ireland. Jim decided, that with parental objection out of the way, it was about time to be up and around. Jim is at the moment deeply engrossed in dancing lessons, catalogs on diamond rings, and I wouldn't be surprised if he develops an interest in baby carriages.

With the Walter Regan-Eva Holton romance now in full bloom, there comes a sinister figure to cast a shadow over the lovely scene. We hold our breath in apprehension of what is to be, for, "Looky, looky, looky, here comes Ernie." (Card)

A little birdie tells us that "Pretty-Boy" Smith, is interested in the lingerie counter of the Woolworth store in Rutland,

News from the Alumni:

"Red" De Felice is now the man-about-town in Lynn, Revere, Nahant, Swampscott and points east. The inevitable female is from Chelsea. Wonder if a certain trio of weekend home-goers know anything about this?

Al Wilke recently did the 45 mi. stretch between Keene and Fitchburg in 47 minutes flat.

Statistics prove that "Handsome" Harrigan receives more mash notes than any other six challengers.

A combination which is clicking on high - Harrigan and his "Stooge" Burke. Speaking of Burke: Jim is inconsolable these days. Hearing that Mary Curley has been married has left him a physical wreck. It seems that the Mal Tool Clerk had great hopes of winning the hand of the Governor's daughter and with it the Curley fortune. Never mind, James, old sock, there's still Babe and Tom Moran won't mind.

According to official announcement sixty matches should be found in every box sold in the Canteen. This has long been a pet worry of "Tarzan" Myers, who has yet to receive his full quota. The error is not in his counting either. His last box contained only forty-five, and he demands to know why this thievery is tolerated.

Which reminds us that Mr. T.M. Mc Carthy, First Aider, gave a classic answer to a request from one of our Depression wracked souls. His reply to "Butts" was that he had only four packs left.

EDUCATION

Individual instruction is one of the best methods of teaching. Most of the classes here at camp have a limited enrollment and each member gets much more than he would in the ordinary, over-crowded public school. Any members who wish individual instruction in basic studies, such as, ENGLISH, READING, SPELLING and ARITHMETIC, should have it.

The increased enrollment in the DANCE and ROAD CONSTRUCTION CLASS, under the direction of Mr. Galusan, is very gratifying. There is still room for a few men who want to improve their knowledge of the work and increase their chances of gaining a rating. This class meets Monday and Wednesday evenings at 8 P.M. in the Forestry Headquarters.

The FIRST AID CLASS, conducted by Mr. Levine, meets regularly on Tuesday evenings at 8:45. This is a rare opportunity to get a practical knowledge of the various treatments that are effective in emergencies. Members who follow this course will be eligible for the Red Cross Standard First Aid award.

The RADIO CLASS meets on Monday and Thursday evenings at 7:50 in the Radio Room, rear of the schoolhouse. The co-operative system under which this class is run will enable all members to learn a good deal about construction and repair of sets. Close practice is another feature of the work of this group.

Another typewriter is being added to the equipment of the TYPING CLASS and this addition will permit more men to learn the touch system of typewriting.

Lt. Concannon, a graduate of B.U. School of Journalism, will conduct the JOURNALISM CLASS on Wednesday evenings. Members of this group will gain a sound knowledge of the fundamentals of news-writing and will be on the staff of the Weston Window.

Any member who has had experience in making articles of leather, such as, key cases, wallets, etc., should see Mr. Lapidus at once. Tools and supplies for this work have been bought and a class is starting. Here is a chance to make something useful at little cost.

PURPOSE

You have probably heard it said that "the world is full of square pegs in round holes" -- meaning men who are doing things that they do not like to do or for which they are not fitted. Many of you have graduated from high school -- or have had at least a few years in high school -- but most of you will admit that little attempt was made in your school days to find out what you were best fitted for. It is not too late now to make a serious survey of your abilities and disabilities, your likes and dislikes, and try to find out something about life careers.

"After all, the one thing that counts in any life, whether it be that of a mere food-seeking savage or of a man who manages hundreds of other men and controls the output of many more, is PURPOSE. If you mean to succeed and you ought to for the sake of other people as well as your own -- you must in working hours put out of your mind all things save your goal, the target you have set for yourself.

"In America there are so many examples of what can be accomplished by PURPOSE, coupled with grit and intelligence, that it is incredible that they are not more generally followed. Had Lincoln been content to allow the accident of his humble birth to interfere with his success the history of the country might be different today! Benjamin Franklin made up his mind that he was going to succeed if it took him his whole life to do it. The way was hard for him. There were no colleges for him to attend, no friends to help him get an education." And we know how well he, as well as countless others, succeeded.

The Educational Adviser is here to help you make your life more successful, why not avail yourself of his services?

THE WESTON PLAYHOUSE

The Weston Playhouse opens Friday evening June 28th with the presentation of a series of masques and the production of Owen Davis' "ICEBOUND." See the show, if you can.