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# The Black Rocker



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE 175th Co., C.C.C., CAMP ROBERTS, BLACK ROCK STATE PARK

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 5.

DECEMBER, 1934

THOMASTON, CONN

## Hobby Show To Be Held In Hartford

### CONNECTICUT CCC PRODUCES

Robert Fechner, National Director of Emergency Conservation Work, recently gave out the following summary of CCC work completed during the first year in the State of Connecticut:

"Besides assisting in fighting 89 forest fires, the men made 40 miles of fire lines and cleared out 113 miles of old wood roads for the same purpose. They dug 264 water holes to supply adequate water for fire fighting purposes. They also constructed 18 miles of telephone lines through State Forests and erected one steel fire detection tower.

"In the control of the gypsy moth the men put in 44,859 man-days and scouted over 304,673 acres for egg clusters. They destroyed 3,270 of these clusters with creosote. They cleaned up 147 acres of bad infestation, destroyed 944 trees, burlapped 18,420 trees, and destroyed thousands of caterpillars.

"In the control of the pine shoot moth they covered 12,000 acres and destroyed all infested tips. In the control of the white pine weevil they covered 3,700 acres, and in the control of the blister rust disease, 34,415 acres.

"About 2,000 acres were systematically thinned. In the course of this work 9,500 cords of wood were removed as well as 74,000 fence posts and 343,000 board feet of saw logs. Over 500 acres have been planted with forest trees. Forty miles of truck trails have been made.

"Official figures indicate that Connecticut men allotted home \$1,165,209 during the 15 months ending June 30 through the office of the Chief of Finance of the War Department."

As Wrettick said the first time he saw Mae West, that is a pretty big figure; but the record of work done requires that the payment carry the endorsement "For value received."

Remember that upon the last competitive inspection this Company was rated 97½ per cent on its work in the field—585 points out of a possible 600.

### LET'S TALK TURKEY!

Fifty-five thousand turkeys averaging 12 pounds apiece, a total of about 660,000 pounds, well-done, with all the fixin's, will be placed before the 350,000 CCC men at dinnertime Thanksgiving Day. And we are told that cruel punishments are abolished.

### LET US GIVE THANKS!

Governor Cross proclaims: "It is fitting that we lay aside common tasks to acknowledge from our hearts the many mercies of Providence.

"I therefore appoint Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November, as a day of Public Thanksgiving to be observed in home and church with rites of goodfellowship according to a custom cherished among us from the time that the first crops were gleaned from the clearings of these hills and valleys three hundred years ago. This is a day of joyful remembrance, now more especially as we near another great milestone in the history of Connecticut. When we gather once again to give thanks for the season's blessing in the bountiful fruits of the earth and the prime fruits of the spirit, it is fitting that we give thanks also for the long past of our State.

"And so, praising all who have shared in those wise and noble achievements that are the pride of this Commonwealth, let us pledge ourselves anew to establish the work of their hands and to raise it ever higher toward man's immortal dream of Liberty, Justice, Peace." (Abstracted from Governor Cross's Thanksgiving Proclamation.)

### ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE

Bull, Fuchs, and Hansen of Foreman Falvey's crew recently cut down white ash wolf-tree on the Bacon arm Road clearcutting project. The diameter of the tree at stump height was 44 inches. Although the tree was only 50 feet high, it had a crown spread of about 75 feet. The clear bole length was about 11 feet, which was sound throughout.

In 1838, the tree was a one-year-old seedling.

### WHERE HONOR IS DUE

Stephen Herman, Assistant Educational Adviser, made many important contributions to this and the November issue of The Black Rocker. Exchange Steward Anthony Skinger and Leaders Harry McKusick and Milton Morley were substantial contributors, too. Walt Millis is working for us as hard as ever.

### CCC. ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBIT WEEK OF DEC. 3

During the week of December 3, a Hobby Show will be held at the Old State House in Hartford. Examples of handicraft from all the Connecticut CCC camps will be exhibited under the auspices of the Educational Advisers of the State. Some of the articles will be offered for sale if the exhibitor so desires.

The enrollees of Camp Roberts are now busily assembling objects produced as the result of leisure-time hobby interests. Until the week of the show these articles will be kept in the Leisure League Headquarters. Samuel Tkach of Bristol has produced a small-scale model of the Rainbow, victorious defender of the America's Cup in the yacht races last summer. Walt Millis of Waterbury will exhibit cartoons, water colors, linoleum block prints, and etchings. Stephen Herman of Bridgeport has made a fine pair of Indian moccasins. Fred De Santo of New Haven and Anthony Skinger of New Britain will show photographs taken and developed in camp. William Olander of Waterbury has promised to exhibit a bow and arrow of his own making. We hope to include in our exhibit Don Falvey's fine collection of specimens of all native woods showing bark and grain.

John Turick will exhibit a remarkable scrap-book on Gypsy Moth Work which he has completed. Several official bulletins are incorporated in the work, but it consists principally of informative material and comment of an original turn with many personal touches. This novel scrap-book contains maps, forms, diagrams, charts, and sketches, all splendidly done and helpful.

The whole layout is prepared with meticulous care. Foreman McCracken, to whom the booklet is dedicated by John, should feel highly honored, and John is congratulated on his fine work.

Each of us is usually bound to do certain work during working hours; but outside of working hours our time is our own to do with as we choose. The average man has about two thousand hours of leisure a year. John's Scrap-Book is the result of his spending about seventy of those hours of his well.

Each dependable man in any community is a steady influence. (The Office Cat.)

**THE BLACK ROCKER**  
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE  
175th COMPANY, C.C.C.,  
CAMP ROBERTS, THOMASTON,  
CONNECTICUT

Editor: WILLIAM DAVISON,  
Senior Leader  
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Camp Superintendent  
HOMER C. NEAL

Adjutant and Mess Officer  
LIEUT. PHILIP HAAS (Inf. Res.)

Post Exchange Officer  
LIEUT. E. B. ALLEN (Ord. Res.)

Camp Surgeon  
ROBERT M. OLIVER, M. D.

Educational Adviser  
DONALD B. EDDY, A.B.

DECEMBER, 1934

**THE CAPTAIN'S COLUMN**

**Fall In!**

**DISCIPLINE AND MORALE**

Discipline has sometimes been defined as "the act of being trained to obedience and effectiveness." Discipline is, however, not merely preservation of order and prevention of offenses, nor merely the compliance with a set of rules and regulations—it also means the faithful performance of duty.

In the Army, discipline has many more phases not applicable to the Civilian Conservation Corps, but as in the Army good discipline results in efficiency which makes the organization easier to govern and that in turn makes for confidence, contentment and harmony.

It is to the credit of the members of this company, both past and present, that discipline has been only a minor worry for the Company Commander. The 175th Company since its inception has at all times been composed of men who performed their tasks with a will. The company with a few exceptions displayed a genuine desire to make it an outstanding organization. This state of mind, this confidence on the part of the men, is definite proof of high morale.

It is here the distinction lies: the efficient performance of duties because of rigidly enforced discipline or because of an earnest desire to do one's share of the work allotted to all.

To the CCC Enrollee, as to the soldier, there is a reward in having done his full duty, to his company, that no disappointment of distinction, no failure, can deprive him of:



**CAPT. J. L. PARIDÆNS**

he may be overlooked when credit is given, the crown of laurel may never rest upon his brow, but the reward that follows faithful discharge of his duties to his company he cannot be deprived of—the satisfaction that he is no shirker.

The esprit-de-corps of the CCC as a whole has reached the highest peak; rivalry and competition for honors among companies is becoming keener daily. To lead or even to hold our present position will take the combined efforts of the entire company. To succeed, we must attain a high degree of efficiency. Discipline is conducive to efficiency but a real desire to do our share of the work necessary will give us the final boost to achievement.

**PORTRAIT OF A HOBBY RIDER**

He modeled in clay, he painted in water colors, he composed unrecorded melodies, he participated in the folk dancing called "London Bridge is falling down"; he was an "out-of-door naturalist" and explorer of rivers, caves, and valleys; he was a collector and classifier of stamps, minerals, coins, curiosities from the Holy Land, insects, flowers, birds' eggs; he shuddered under the knife of Aztec sacrifice, he learned from the Koran that Paradise is under the shadow of the sword, he wrote to his grandfather for a copy of the Hebrew alphabet that he might study the Decalogue in God's own tongue, he dipped into "The Light of Asia," he studied idolatry in the old Chinese quarter, he was interested in Jesus; he was knocked down by experimenting with the current in a trolley wire, he manufactured gunpowder and cannon from brass shotgun shells, he moulded bullets, he tanned squirrel skins, he attempted to stuff birds, he made maps of pulped butcher's paper, he prepared medicines from herbs, he distilled liquor and attempted to petrify wood, he built houses and trapeses and dams and attempted to build a lake; he raised

**THANKS, CHAPLAIN**

Every year the November holiday brings up the same old question, "What have I to be thankful for?" And every year we hear a great variety of answers! One man begins in a conventional way to enumerate health, home, food, friends, and the other every-day things that do so much to make us comfortable and happy. One of his comrades interrupts by growling, "What should I be thankful for? I shovel gravel all day, eat the same old food, sleep with the same gang of hoodlums every night, all for a dollar a day, and I don't even get the dollar!" A third man cuts in with, "I'm thankful I don't have to work with a grouch like you. No wonder we have sour milk for our coffee with you around. You have been getting things you never earned all your life. No one makes you eat three times a day, and you can go barefoot if you want to. Try it!"

The first man has good sense, but lacks imagination. The second has begun to pity himself. Self-pity does not help self-respect. The third man is not always pleasant to have around, but he does us a lot of good in the end.

The fourth man did not even break in to say that he is thankful for life, youth and courage—for ambition to attempt and determination to accomplish something worthwhile. But he is!

I am twice the age of most men in Camp, but I am just as thankful for those very things as I was twenty years ago.

R. J. Honeywell, Chaplain.

**GRANGE CONVENTION**

Thursday night, November 15th, about forty enrollees went to Hartford in a two-truck convoy in charge of Lieut. Allen. Under the guidance of Don Eddy they took an educational tour of the National Grange Convention at the State Armory. The excellent topographical model showing CCC work in the upper Farmington River Valley, including a model of Camp White, interested the men most. The State Departments of Agriculture and of Fish and Game also had attractive exhibits. The latter exhibited in natural surroundings live specimens of game birds, deer, raccoons, opossums, foxes, squirrels, wildcats, and trout.

pigeons, chickens, rabbits, and snakes; he drilled for oil, he examined openings in the fruit industry, lawn mowing, pickling, floriculture, printing, and the newspaper business; but most of all his heart was set on gold mining, exploring Indian graves, and swinging a rawhide lariat from a saddle of Spanish leather while spurring a lean broncho after the mavericks, scurrying through the sagebrush of a western mesa. (From "Points of View," by Stuart P. Sherman.)

Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. (Stevenson)

## A SHARP AX

A while ago, "Dad" Harris, the Camp Blacksmith, brought into Camp, a magazine in which appeared an article upon the use and care of axes which he said he thought would be a good article to call to the attention of the boys in Camp. The article was clipped without the name of the magazine being noted, so that in reprinting the article we are unable to give due acknowledgement therefor, which we regret. Here is the article, in part:

No matter how skilled the woodsman, he would rather chew off a stick with his teeth than use a dull ax.

The woodsman's control over his tool helps greatly in retaining a keen edge, but he never takes the chances of ruining it that the beginner constantly does. He will not cut wood that has been lying long on a sandy beach, for sand works into the grain and quickly dulls an ax. The woodsman is very careful not to do any chopping near rocks. He does not take the chances of a slip, with consequent nicked or turned edge. And he would cut off his right hand before he would slam his ax into the ground when through with it. Don't laugh! I have seen too many campers do that very thing, and I always felt toward them as I would toward a man who beats a horse or a dog.

The woodsman cuts short poles, tent stakes, and pot hooks by laying a sapling on a solid windfall. With smaller stuff he may hold a green stick in his left hand and slash it off with one blow. That is a little risky for an unskilled man with a heavy ax, but at least there is no chance of dulling the blade. The woodsman never cuts firewood or does other work where there is a chance of the cutting edge reaching through to the ground.

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## FIRE-FIGHTING AGAIN

Quite unexpectedly, for the first time in a long while, a call for a fire-fighting detail was made at Camp at about 8:45 P. M., Saturday, November 17th. Lieut. Allen recruited the detail. Leader Kupsche, Asst. Leader Czellecz, Hoyt, Osowiecki and others responded. Some beds already warm were left to cool.

In a pick-up, with ample equipment, the crew proceeded under the leadership of Foreman Howard Dick to a point off the Torrington Road, where a huge dead chestnut tree at the side of a ledge was a pillar of fire.

The tree belched fire. Sparks showered and flames swirled. Boys fought, grunted, perspired, became wet. Axes rang loud, fast, and long. Oaths sizzled and crackled, too. The tree fell; the fire died. Soaking lads mopped up.

Then Camp, hot coffee, and so to bed.

Much of the speed with which a woodsman works is due to the keen edge of his tool. He maintains that keenness with a small hand stone, but his ax is always ground before he starts on a trip. Those quick, clean strokes are due to a thin as well as a keen edge. A beveled or thick edge will not pass easily across tough fibers, and only grinding will keep an edge thin.

A chopper will dull his ax despite the utmost care. One clip through to a stone will ruin a tool for efficient use. In such a case a good file is the only remedy in the field. Not only the edge but the blade itself for an inch or so back should be filed down. The file really takes the place of the grindstone and the work should be finished off with a hand stone.

Many woodsmen prefer a double-bitted ax. They keep one edge thin and keen for cutting. The other is purposely beveled for splitting. In other words, although the edge is sharp, it thickens quickly, thus prying the fibers apart and increasing the splitting action. The woodsman also increases this action by giving the handle a twist, but that is no trick for a novice to attempt.

The woodsman never leaves an ax lying on the ground. In the dark it might cut a moccasin or shoepac or gash a boot. It might be kicked against a rock and dulled. The safest way is to slam it into a log where it is out of the way and yet handy. Then nothing can touch its edge.

Remember that, when an ax is nicked, grinding out the nick is not enough. The whole blade must be ground down if its best efficiency is to be maintained.

If an ax head comes loose on the helve it is better to remove the wedge than to attempt to tighten it with small splinters. Cut a new wedge, be sure it is thick enough and long enough to stand pounding, and then drive it in. It sounds reasonable that, in hanging an ax, a wedge of hardwood should be used. But this does not work. A wedge of softwood, preferably white pine, is best

## GOVERNOR CROSS FAVORS

## CONTINUING OF THE CCC

This newspaper has never dabbled with political squabbles and does not intend to do so now. Nevertheless, it is a great satisfaction to those who recognize the value of the Civilian Conservation Corps to know that we will continue to have as our governor a man who is acquainted with our work and favors its continuance. Some time ago the following article appeared in The Wooden Nutmeg:

## "FOUNDATION OF MANKIND

"The Civilian Conservation Camps have met with almost universal approval. Not only has this method of employing young men with dependent families been a source of relief to their communities, but the young men themselves have benefited both mentally and physically.

"I have had an opportunity to visit a few of the camps and to talk with these young men and I have found them generally contented and in a hopeful frame of mind.

"When I was a boy it was a common practice for a father and his sons to work in the woodlot in the winter getting out the family wood supply and such timber as would be needed for new buildings. Healthful work of this kind has been the foundation upon which American manhood in the past was built.

"As the swing of the axe becomes automatic there is an opportunity for reflection and a mental exhilaration which cannot be found in indoor employment. Many of our great men like Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln received their early inspiration from such work.

"In the past generation such training has been denied to the great majority of American youths. The Conservation Corps work has brought back to them something of this heritage which formerly belonged to every boy.

"Projects upon which the men have been engaged are of permanent value such as have long been contemplated by the State Forester. Our forests and parks have been made accessible with roads. The dead and diseased trees have been removed to reduce the fire hazard and the spread of disease. Fire lookout towers have been built. Young forests have been planted. Fish ponds have been made and streams improved for fishing. Recreational areas have been cleaned out and developed with paths, fireplaces and parking areas. These and other projects will greatly improve the timber and make our public lands of vastly greater use to our people.

"I am in favor of continuing the camps so long as the depression lasts and possibly maintaining a skeleton organization which can be expanded from time to time to take up the slack in our employment situation.

"WILBUR L. CROSS,

"Governor of Connecticut."

## A ROOKIE-ETTE

Foreman Kenneth Bayette has a rookie-ette at his home, born Sunday, November 10th.

## PATS AND POKES

Stephen Herman, Assistant Educational Adviser, is The Black Rocker's Dramatic Critic.

Is Czellecz playing the bugle better, or is it just that we are getting used to it?

Which reminds us: Has Gorry had his breakfast yet? And what about La Vine's sheets?

Dominic D'Onofrio is recuperating from a long and serious illness. The boys hope he will be serenading soon. Sapko is a born night-guard—walks in his sleep, you know.

What's wrong here:

Case: Call me early tomorrow morning!

High heels, according to Christopher Morley, were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the head. That's only part of the story, Christopher; for then, in order to let our Milton in on something, short skirts were invented.

Again we are reminded: How's your law-suit coming along, Ralph?

## BOY SCOUTS VISIT CAMP

A group of Boy Scouts from Thomaston, led by Scoutmaster C. C. Holbrook, visited Camp on Saturday, November 24th. The boys were especially interested in Camp, particularly the Camp Library and Recreation Hall.

The following boys of Troop 1 were among the visitors: Francis MacDonald, George Parsons, James Sutcliffe, George Wilson, Donald Volqvski, Billy Barrett, John Young, Bud Curtiss, Billy Martin, Robert Fournier, Billy Johnson, Jr.

William W. Davison, Senior Leader and Editor of The Black Rocker, and Stephen Herman, Assistant Educational Adviser, gave the boys talks on the Camp and its activities. Company Clerk Case took the boys on a tour of the Camp.

The Boy Scouts of America, founded in 1910, consists of 75,000 troops and expects to double its membership within the next few years. Scoutmaster Holbrook outlined the purposes and methods of the organization, which we will be glad to set forth in these columns as soon as an opportunity offers.

## THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

A Camp Orchestra, under the leadership of Albert Jenkins, is rehearsing regularly in the Leisure League Headquarters. The present members are as follows: Stephen Herman, violin; Albert Jenkins, guitar; Paul Oliver, violin; and James Young, cornet. They hope to develop an organization which will be capable of furnishing music for the Camp dances.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and spend a little less, to make the whole family happier for his presence—to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered—to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Stevenson.

## RANDOM SHOTS

Have you ever tried to borrow a nickel from the fellow you lend two bits to every month? It's a sure cure both ways!

Some people are afraid that if they don't crab they'll get the reputation of being too dumb to know what's going on.

Our Archie is anxious to know whom Assistant Educational Adviser Herman had as a guest at the concert at the Congregational church on the evening of November 9th. Ask Marcella, Archie; she may know!

Be prepared for reports of important archeological finds in the Foreman's Barracks by the next issue of The Black Rocker; and, Case, stand by with your historical data file at hand and your pencil ready!

## A TRUCK SONG

Hello! Good-Bye!! Good Cheer!!!  
(Tune: "The Halls of Montezuma," the Marines' Anthem.)

Among the trees of Mattatuck Camp Roberts' barracks lie.  
We sleep there, but get going  
While day breaks o'er the sky.  
We roll to work a-singing  
And work with might and main,  
And when our work is over  
We roll right back again.

We like good fun and fellowship,  
And Camp and comrades, too;  
But when the week is over,  
What do you s'pose we do?  
We rush right home to Ma-a-ma,  
Say, "Hello, how are you?"  
And visit with the family  
And with the neighbors, too.

By Sunday night we're back again,  
Not much the worse for wear;  
And Monday morning early  
Are up and on the tear,  
Each week's the same old story—  
Week in, week out, all year—  
We work, we play, then home,  
SWEET Home!

Hello! Good-Bye!! Good Cheer!!!

(Let's have one to the tune of "The Caisson Song.")

## A CORD A DAY

The Connecticut Department of Forestry's "The Wooden Nutmeg" reported in its October issue that time studies made last winter by William C. Shepard on chopping and piling wood indicated that in woods where an average thinning would result in the removal of from four to five cords an acre a CCC man should be expected to cut an average of three-quarters of a cord in a day of 6½ hours. The actual chopping and piling in the tests was done at the rate of slightly less than a cord a day of 6½ hours, actually .96 of a cord; but the men chosen were better than the average.

Be honest with yourself whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in this world, insincerity is the most dangerous.—Froude.

## CAMP COMICS

(Draw own pictures.)

Old-Timer: Well, I'm being appreciated at last!

Rookie-Buddy: You don't mean to say you've been made a Candidate?

Old-Timer: No, but I overheard my Foreman tell Mr. Neal that he considers me a perfect nonentity!

Rookie-Buddy: Well, it won't be long now then!

Embry to the K. P.'s, indicating Ralph standing by the cases of milk in the kitchen: What's that Empty Case doing with the full ones?

Case: You should have seen me last night!

Olander: You a case! Say, where are the other eleven bottles?

Old-Timer: Rookie, you aren't as big a fool as you used to be.

Rookie: You think I'm getting wiser, eh?

Old-Timer: No, slimmer!

Cap: The Cook's Barracks must have been in good shape. The Inspectors just walked in and came right out.

Innocent Bystander: Probably it was the smell!

## HUNTING SEASON

Robert Fechner, ECW Director, is having the cooperation of State Game and Conservation officials in the States in reducing the hazards to men in the CCC caused by hunting.

Hunters have been asked to keep out of range of the CCC camps and projects, which in many instances have been posted accordingly.

Imagine Dreyer being mistaken for a deer!

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