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## The Arcadia Veteran, May 1939

Civilian Conservation Corps (U.S.). Company 1116-V.C. (Hope Valley, R.I.)

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A7 Coll.  
v. 1  
no. 4

The

# ARCADIA VETERAN



May 1939

T.5.



# THE ARCADE THEATRE

Advertisement text for the theatre, including showtimes and ticket information.

Advertisement text for the theatre, including showtimes and ticket information.

Advertisement text for the theatre, including showtimes and ticket information.

# MOTHER

Do you remember, Mother my own,  
During the day when you're sitting alone,  
The lad of all mischief who toppled from trees,  
Was nearly run over and stung by the bees,  
And banged up his fingers and battered his knees,  
Do you remember?

Do you remember, Mother my own,  
The spot in the corner you made him atone  
For coming to dinner with grime on his hands  
And prancing away when he heard circus bands,  
Or pretending he just didn't hear your commands,  
Do you remember?

Do you remember, Mother my own,  
The pup in the morris chair chewing the bone  
You found on returning from shopping one day  
And ordered him out of the house right away  
And how a boy pleaded and you let him stay,  
Do you remember?

Do you remember, Mother my own,  
The night he was sick and your heart was a stone;  
The doctor was rueful, you knelt by the bed  
And cooled with your fingers the little lad's head  
And cried you would rather---he knows what you said  
Do you remember?

Now he remembers, Mother my own  
And not for today nor tomorrow alone,  
But even when busy in mill and in mart,  
Through gladness and sadness you lived a great part  
By the faith in your soul and the song in your heart.

--Henry Gillen

# FIRE PROTECTION SYSTEM



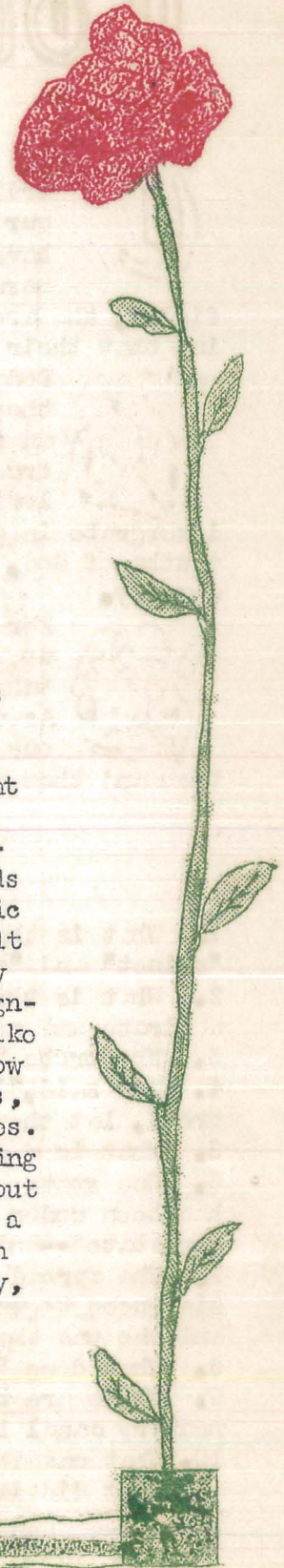
This fire season sure has its problems. First it is instructions on how to fight a fire; then we got those repeated Fire Drills; and finally we are introduced to our first forest fire. Yes sir, we fight the fire.

But what is the rest of the story? Who built the fire towers? What are they used for? Now, we know the answers. Yes sir, they spot the fires and give us a "break" by letting us put them out.

# Mother.


By James H. Regan.

Throughout the country, May 14 has been dedicated to the mothers of the nation, or I may truthfully say, the mothers of all nations. No more fitting tribute could be paid them. Everywhere devoted sons and daughters are paying this tribute of love and devotion to her who went down into the valley of death that they might have life. We can never repay her for all she has done for us. She travelled the road of life before us and knew the sacrifices she had to make for us, but she faced all the trials and tribulations of motherhood unafraid. She poured her unquenchable love upon us when all the world seemed against us; she gave us encouragement at times when, life to us seemed hardly worthwhile. When hope had vanished and despair was in our hearts, she, with her radiant presence, brought a new light of hope into our lives. She dried those childish tears with a kiss; those youthful disappointments which in our childish minds loomed so great, were banished by a sympathetic smile of understanding. And around us she built a little world all her own which she jealously guarded, and it was with trepidation and poignant pain in her heart that she watched us strike out for ourselves in the struggle of life. How proud she was of our first successful attempts, how deeply hurt and sympathetic of our failures. She stood by us at times, even when the standing by engraved deep wounds in her loving heart, but she never complained. She has indeed left us a great heritage of love and memories, for which we should be deeply grateful. On Mother's Day, we say to all the mothers of the world, "God Bless You".




# TOWARD BETTER LIFE.

**T**his month we celebrate Memorial Day-- a time for remembrance. Customarily, in busy world, we pause, looking backward with sorrow for our hero dead, but rejoicing in the liberties which their sacrifices have won. Today, remembering them, we look forward with a gloom more saddening than that with which we regard the past. In Flanders fields, the crosses row on row recall the flower of a youth which died believing that their sacrifice was to make a world safe for democracy.



Today, among the nations of the world, the democracy for which they died is but a word -- a synonym for "liberalism", a term to hide an international common front for the defense of communism. This true democracy of ours which was founded by God-fearing, and God-loving men on deep religious principles, unfortunately tends to disintegrate in proportion as we march down through the years further from those truths of God, which were so convincingly acknowledged by the fathers of our country.



For us who remain, it is our task, and not too light a one, to take up and carry on where our hero dead ceased. Our task is to be undertaken with the motivating causes as in the past for God and country. As we gaze upon the grounds made hallowed as the resting places of our hero dead, let our prayerful thoughts be first of gratitude to them and then of petition that "they will not have died in vain."

1. What is the difference between "spinot" and "spinster"?
2. What is the difference between a pirate and a privateer?
3. Who wrote "Origin of Species"?
4. Who said, "If they have not any bread, let them eat cake"?
5. What is a calliope?
6. One state of the United States has been under six flags--which is the state?--and name the flags.
7. Who spread his cloak down for his Queen to walk on over a puddle and who was the Queen?
8. What does "pettifogger" mean?
9. Where are the Erie and the alimentary canal located?
10. What was the "Flying Dutchman" and what did it portend?

\*\*\*\*\*  
**Note:-** "Chris" Deering has just ret'd from his six days leave in Vermont. Nothing like it, says Chris; it's me for the Green Mountain State when I leave this outfit.

## Late Flash.

In one of our next issues we expect to have the services of Mr. Herbert Wohlrab, who as we all know is very well informed on the subject of horses. We feel sure that our readers will be interested in this subject. He promises to give us the benefit of his years of study and experience, and also to offer a complete and instructive course on "How to beat the horses."

This feature will be furnished without cost to our readers.

- - -

We have just learned of an educational adviser, who after six years in the service, has retired with the neat little nest egg of \$50,000. This was acquired through industry, economy, effort, thrift and also the sudden death of a rich uncle who left him the sum of \$49,876.87





# MEMORIAL DAY

By James H. Regan.

Once more the shadowy legions are on the march; once again the shades of our soldier dead pass by with their heads erect, their young faces alight with the fervor of patriotism and courage; the blue of '61, the khaki of '98 and the olive drab of the A.E.F.

Side by side they rest in the silent bivouac of the dead, while moving slowly among them, their loving comrades

pay them silent tribute on this day of remembrance. The almost empty ranks of faded blue are there; the thinning ranks of the sturdy boys of Santiago and Manila pay their reverent respect to their comrades who have answered the last call of Taps, while the men of the World War, many still carrying the traces of youth on their faces, place their tokens of remembrance upon the graves of their buddies.

Those soldier dead! They have left us memories of a great devotion, heroism, and supreme sacrifice. They who once lived, felt warm blood racing through their veins, loved and were loved in turn, gave their all that this nation might continue to live, who died that there be universal peace have left us a great obligation. In these days, when all over the world the God of War is rearing his ugly head above the horizon, when once more the dogs of war are straining at their leashes, ready to spring forth to sink their teeth in the throat of civilization, it would be well for us to keep in our minds the immortal words of the immortal Lincoln:—"That from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain---that this nation, Under God, shall have a new birth of freedom -- and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."



# THE GREAT AND NEAR GREAT.

**T**his month's contribution to the column is no other than the one man who has been a very great factor in the success of the ARCADIA VETERAN, and who is responsible for all the praise we have so far received for our cover designs. Each month we feel we have reached our limit, and each month the old master comes along with a brand new idea for the next month's cover. While our April cover was in our opinion one of the best, with the rabbit scampering across the page, we feel he has established a new high for this month; and we confidently expect that next month he has another ace in his sleeve. Last night we had the pleasure of watching him turn out a page for Father Beane, as well as our own cover, and it was a joy to see him work.

**A**t the start and during it's short life, The Arcadia Veteran has been very fortunate in having Tom Suttle's efforts behind it. So many times the editor has been about ready to quit and then he would hunt for Tom and cry on his shoulder for a while and all would be serene again. On nearly any evening, after his daily toil on the project, he may be seen in the workshop busily engaged with his tools of trade. We don't like to boast, but we feel honestly that we have a right to be proud of our staff artist.

**T**homas Francis Suttle was born in Pittsfield Mass, 1892, one of the coldest sections of the entire country, but the coldness never seemed to make any difference to the warmth of Tommy's heart. And now I find myself suffering from Aphrasia--and consequently unable to do justice to Mr. Suttle---since it is five minutes of six, and Mr. Hill announces movies at six, maybe the rest will do me good.----- On the way over I converse with "Chin", and as is my custom, I try to burn him up, and as usual, he turns the tables and burns me instead. As much as we battle we are the best of friends.

**W**ell, let's talk some more about Mr. Suttle; I must have this in the Editor's hands by tomorrow as we are going to Vermont. We always seem to get Vermont into the picture and as a matter of fact we all seem to have a soft spot in our hearts for Vermont. At any rate, Tom came to us in Vermont, for which we are duly thankful, and after a short stay with 1107 Company, came to 1116. Needless to say, he has been a very welcome addition to the company.

**C**opening the mail, I find a letter from Father Lovell----he wants us all to remember him and sends his blessings to all-----cautioning "charlie to reduce his waist line-----says he is leaving for New Orleans in June-----also asks for Dr. Monzies--Capt. Tucker----Lt. McNamara--Tommy Knox--"Harry, how about the pictures,"-----Mulkorn and "Sunshine" and of course Mr. Holburn. Then he wants to thank Tom Suttle and George Briggs for the good job on the Box. All of which brings us back to Tom Suttle. His favorite pastime seems to be designing a bigger and better cover for the Arcadia Veteran-----next best is to read one of Fannie Hurst's latest---or watch a movie in which Jimmie Cagney is the star.

# LEADERSHIP

## METHODS OF EXERCISING LEADERSHIP



### (Personality)

If you have the qualities of a leader, it will never be necessary for you to call another's attention to them, for, he will feel them without being told. And when all is said and done that is personality, to be able without effort to make the other fellow feel that you are capable. Develop your fearlessness, self-confidence, ambition, will power, and sincerity, and you will be developing your personality.

### (Vested Authority)

As a leader or foreman you will have some degree of authority, either little or great, according to the position you hold. Make sure just where this authority starts and ends. Vested authority enables you to do your job with the knowledge that the persons giving you that authority will stand in back of your decisions and actions as long as you are acting in good faith. Generally speaking it is unwise to usurp or assume greater authority

than you hold, but there will be times when in the absence of greater authority than yours, you must decide things ordinarily decided by those higher in command. If it becomes necessary for you to assume authority, do so. Do not be afraid of responsibility.

### (Discipline)

The successful leader or foreman must learn to be firm, yet not abrupt or high handed. He must combine tact with determination. High handed methods in the average situation are dangerous, and should be avoided if possible. A man with a will and a sense of human values can learn to combine tact and determination. Mostly, however, many of us need to use the two in dealing with our own procrastinations, as we are inclined to be too lenient with ourselves. Temper objectives with conditions and abilities. It is a well known fact that even properly administered justice is only a sort of medicine to be given after the patient becomes sick and that it will never prevent all other patients from becoming ill of the same ailment.

## LEADERSHIP CONT'D

There must be in addition to the remedy a program of prevention to prevent a repetition. You may guide people by law and they may shun infraction of laws, rules and regulations. Guide them by virtue or equity and they will develop a moral sense and become law abiding. The individual comes into and becomes a very definite part of a very definitely established organization, either here or on the outside, and it is only reasonable to ask that he learn to conform to the standards of conduct and accomplishment on which that organization is based. An important duty of a foreman or leader is to guide those under his authority along the paths that do not violate the rules, traditions, regulations and habits of the organization. A major objective of discipline is to develop a respect for the means by which the main objective is to be reached. The attitude of a leader or foreman is a definite creative force. He who bullies cannot develop an atmosphere of cooperation and good will. A leader or foreman must be trusted by his men if he is to lead them. Poor leaders are dear at any price. There is always the danger of the newly made leader or foreman talking too much. Remember that a destructive criticism of others work leaves the men with a feeling of having failed and without an idea of how to proceed with the job at hand. One constructive criticism is worth many destructive ones. Errors and mistakes made by several may be corrected by the group but there will always be mistakes that must be corrected individually. But before doing anything, practice the following formula and you will be making progress in the right direction:

- (a) Estimate and size up the situation accurately and completely.
- (b) Marshal and weigh the possibilities of your contemplated action in terms of effects.
- (c) Choose and act on the basis of a worthy motive. In order to develop discipline, three things are necessary: a worthy objective, the requisite ability and motivating interest. All are essential, no two of them would be sufficient. Naturally the possession of the ability without the interest, or the interest without the ability would be valueless without the worthy object.

Note: This is the fourth of a series of articles on LEADERSHIP, being presented by our company commander. The next will appear in our June issue.

*Edwin L. Tucker*  
EDWIN L. TUCKER,  
Captain, Cav-Ros.,  
Commanding.

# Leisure Time Activities.

**D**uring the past few weeks, the members of this company have received considerable training in Forest Fire Fighting. Recently, the fire crews have had several opportunities to demonstrate the value of this training. On April 23rd, forty-six men under Foreman Knox and Searle answered a fire-call from Peterson's saw mill in Lewis City. Because of the promptness with which the fire crews answered the call and their efficiency upon reaching the scene of the fire, they had extinguished the blaze in less than three hours. On April 21st, sixteen men under Foreman Hoxie responded to a fire call from North Kingston. This fire was extinguished within two hours.

On Sunday, May 7th, fifty men under Supt. Tarbox and Foremen Hoxie Woolley and Knox responded to a fire call received from North Kingston. This fire had a good start before our men reached the scene. However, training and experience served our men well. They were compelled to work six hours before this fire was out. Because of the severity of this blaze, Foreman Hoxie and twelve men were ordered to patrol the scene of the fire on Monday, May 8th.

It goes without saying that the members of this company have done a creditable job on each of the fires to which they have responded. Their efficiency in the performance of duty has held losses due to forest fires to an absolute minimum.

Because of the interest shown in the Nursery Project at this camp and at the specific request of several of the members of this company, a new group (to be known as "The Tree Identification Group") will be organized in the very near future. Foreman Charlie Ladd will meet with this group and act in the capacity of instructor. Field trips will be made periodically to the nearby forests where special instruction in this subject will be given. All those interested in meeting with this group should see Mr. Holburn our E.A. at once.

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# LEISURE TIME ACTIVITIES

Several new groups have been organized during the past month, all of which have been well received by the men of the company. The group in auto mechanics, under Jimmie Rossi, meets each Monday night at 6:30 in the forestry garage workshop. Practical instruction in the care, operation, and maintenance of automotive equipment is given at these meetings and all questions answered as only Jimmie can answer them. An effort is being made, with the approval of the Forestry Department of the camp, to have every member of this group visit and observe the "set-up" at the Corps Area Motor Pool in Boston.

Foreman John Duffy is meeting with the current events group in the school building every Monday evening at 8:30. This group discuss the news items with the help of the World's Week, which is becoming more and more popular, and from the looks of last week's attendance this promises to be the most popular class in the camp. Supt. Farbox is conducting a course in elementary forestry. The project is discussed as well as the nursery and the need of a forestry conservation program in this country. The metalcraft group is making a trophy for the winner of the inter barracks horse-shoe tournament. This will be suitably inscribed, mounted and displayed in the barracks of the victorious team. A large shipment of material for the plastic group has recently been received. All members of the company desiring to make use of the material should see Mr. Holburn at once. All tools and equipment necessary for fabricating and assembling these products are available in the shop.

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## THE DOCTOR SAYS

Rx

With the majority of the camp members spending a considerable part of the day working in the woods and in many cases away from a reliable source of drinking water, a few words concerning the dangers that may lurk in drinking water may prove to be helpful. In the shallow streams and stagnant pools there is a considerable amount of unsafe water. This surface water contains millions of germs and there is a possibility that among these the typhoid germ and the germs causing dysentery may be found. Barns and privies near streams also contaminate the water. People who have had typhoid fever may harbor the typhoid germs in their gall bladder for years. These germs travel from the gall bladder into the intestines and are excreted from the bowels during a bowel movement. In the case of privies, these germs may be carried to a nearby stream and thus contaminate it.

One can readily see that serious disease can develop if one drinks water from a shallow stream or stagnant pool. It is true that there are many springs in the woods where the water is free from disease bearing germs, but one should not take a chance on any water that is not definitely known to be safe. In camp we have an assured source of a safe water supply in that it is obtained from a deep driven well and that at least once a month the water is analyzed by the State Department of Health for bacteria, salt content, etc. Each and every member should fill his canteen in the morning, with water from the camp and carry it with him to work, and drink only that water during the day. In so doing, one may be reasonably assured that he runs little risk of developing typhoid or dysentery as a result of drinking water.

# DINE & DANCE

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OPP. STATE POLICE BARRACKS

WYOMING, R. I.

# BARBARACKS NEWS

Is my face red? Can you imagine any man driving all the way from Wickabonet State Park with the emergency brake on?

What keeps "Kewpie" Hendricks on smiling so much lately? Could it be the new molars?

Dutch has given up the iron horse, as the upkeep was too much and he didn't have any trailer. He says it is much easier to bum a ride and how he can thumb.

"Rubber Face" McPhilomy has gone in the junk business; if he collects many more attachments on that bus of his, the people of Hope Valley, Kingston etc., will think the circus has come to town. All he needs to make things complete is a calliope.

Who got a doughnut as big as a pea and then the following day got one as big as a balloon tire? Could it be "Woodchuck", Woodpecker, Beaver Patterson?

If Jennings had taken the advice of some of the smart ones when he took those pictures at Narragansett, he would have laid off, but, alas the camera is on the "blink"; also the Pic.

I understand that "Johnny" Bachman is going to build up his appetite as he seems to be falling off and losing weight -- he just can't eat not at all at all.

Tim Connolly was caught out in the field the other day with an Indian pump on his back; when we asked what he was doing, he said: "I am training but I am a little off today; I can hit a grasshopper at forty paces though.

Well we have the windows washed and the screens up, so come on you flies and other bugs--were all ready.

I wonder when Jack is going to break out that bag of war clubs that hangs over his bed and make a hole in one. Great balls of fire. Can you even tie it? Lesnik of the "Lonely Hearts" Lesniks, is slipping out to be married to a small town girl hailing from Chicago (Just a small place.) I wonder if that is a two, three or five dollar bride. See my lawyer if you think this is slander.

And while we are on the subject, we must call attention to the most intelligent cat in the country. After going over to the dispensary, and finding the good "doc" too busy, she waited until morning before presenting him with the babies.

-----  
Here are the answers you were looking for.

1. Spinnet: an old musical instrument. Spinster: an unmarried woman---an old maid.
2. Aspirate is an armed vessel, engaged in robbery on the high seas; a privateer is an armed private vessel commissioned to war against an enemy.
3. Charles Darwin.
4. Queen Marie Antoinette.
5. A musical instrument consisting of a number of steam whistles, toned to different notes and played by a keyboard.
6. Texas, Spanish, Mexican, French, Confederate, Texas and United States.
7. Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth.
8. A lawyer who practices in petty cases.
9. The Erie Canal is situated in New York, and the alimentary canal, (digestive tract) is situated in the human body.
10. A spectro ship seen in bad weather about the Cape of Good Hope, supposed to presage bad luck.



# SPORTS

The first meeting of the base ball club was held in the Recreational Building on May 2nd. Lieut. McNamara explained to the members that purpose of the meeting was to elect officers and to outline a program for the coming season. He stated that a playing field had been made available in Wyoming where practice and scheduled games could be played. Games have been arranged with the Hope Valley Club and with the Westerly High School team. Due to the small attendance the election of officers was postponed until a later date.

A practice session was held on the field the following evening with those left from last years team together with some new faces and talent drawn from new members. It is a bit early to make predictions but to judge from the way in which the ball was handled we are going to be able to put out a real team. Supt. Tarbox looks like an asset, he having played with the University of Maine team during his college days. He hails from Sandord, Maine, the city that has produced some of the best semi-pro teams in New England, in addition to stars such as Freddy Parent of the old Red Sox and Harland Rowe who was with the New York Giants. The team is glad to have the services of Charlie Ladd, supervisor of the tree nursery department, who starred as a pitcher on Oregon State College, a school that yearly turns out one of the best teams in the North West.

We also have Delisle who formerly pitched with Toronto of the International League, Ray Schuler, last year with Bridgeport in the Eastern League, and others with semi-pro experience. The receiving end will be well taken care of by Patterson, Blackie and Hendrickson. In the other positions we will have Russell, Gillette and Sanschagrin as outfielders, with the infield taken care of by Holburn, Aikon and Angell. Naturally much practice is needed, and as long evenings, a good playing field, and transportation are available the team should take advantage of them.

It is the intention of the Commanding Officer to turn the area back of the mess-hall into a recreational area and he has planned to lay out a soft ball field, volley-ball and horse-shoe courts. Construction on these will soon start and they will shortly be available for play. The horse-shoe team is now practicing evenings on a temporary court which was built at the rear of the Mess Hall. The early season form shown by those trying out for the camp team points to a very strong outfit and one that will bring home a number of victories. Upon the completion of the new courts, teams from the nearby towns will be invited to play at the camp and we should enjoy some real good games.

It is desirable that we have reserve strength in order that we might engage in a heavy schedule. Any member of the company desiring to participate in this sport or anyone having any suggestions for the promotion of this activity, should contact the E.A. at once.

One good suggestion made is that the barrack loaders make a determined effort to organize barrack teams so that inter-barrack games might be scheduled. A suitable trophy has been made and will be awarded to the barrack team emerging victorious from these contests. We know that barrack teams will develop strength enough to take the measure of Number one barrack, and that no doubt, will serve as sufficient impetus to stimulate the interest of the entire company in all these contests.

# BASEBALL.

By E. G. Connolly.



One of the incidents of the greatest of American sports, Baseball, which displeased many fans, is the intentional free ticket to first base. A great many fans are indignant that the habit should be allowed to continue. Others declare that it is a blight on the national game and is a swindle, no more and no less. "We pay our money to see players like Jimmie Fox, Joe Medwick, Joe DiMaggio and other sluggers clout the apple and when they are not given the chance to do so we are being cheated", seems to be the consensus of most complaints.

Well, the much discussed intentional free pass has been up on charges each year for several years and has survived every assault. It cannot be otherwise. Several reforms have been suggested. The one most frequently advanced is that when a pitcher issues an intentional pass the batter be allowed to take two bases. Can you imagine what effect this would have, should second and third bases be occupied, and a pitcher should give an intentional pass? With such a

rule in effect, you might think that the practice would be curbed, but wouldn't a pitcher in order to get around the rule, simply dent the batter's ribs? Then again, he could toss the ball near enough to the strike zone so that it would appear that he was trying to put it over, but was a little shy on control. In such cases, who would decide whether or not the pass was intentional--The umpire? What arguments would arise out of any ruling the umpire might make. The poor man has enough troubles without adding to them the roading of a pitcher's mind. No, my reader or readers, I fear the solution of the problem, if the problem is to be solved, is not in giving two bases to the batter, when he is passed intentionally.

Another suggestion, but less popular, is to let the batter remain at bat until he got at least one good ball to hit at. How do you think that would work out with a stubborn pitcher on the mound and an equally persistent manager who would nod his approval of every wide pitch? Outfielders, weary of inaction, would turn their backs on the diamond and the game would develop into a farce. Can you imagine the disgust of the fans after waiting fifteen minutes for a pitcher to throw a strike? Many fans are in favor of the free pass if the home team pitcher does the donating, but if the visiting pitcher is guilty of the same offense, he should be hung or given the hot seat. That is not playing ball. What is fair for one team is equally fair for the other and there should be no distinction.

# BASEBALL




How often is the intentional pass used? One often goes to ball games for a week without witnessing a single intentional pass and may go to one game and see half a dozen. The late George Stalling, miracle man of base ball in 1914, was asked how many such passes he ordered during a season and replied, "I have not the slightest idea; as the situation which calls for such a pass arose, I would act on the spur of the moment." Other managers were at a loss to give even a rough guess as to how many such passes were ordered in a season. "Lofty" Tyler also of the 1914 Braves was a little more specific when the subject was called to his attention; Said he, "In the course of 300 innings, I'd issue about 50 intentional passes." Many

times I have seen the intentional pay dividends and many, many, time I have seen it prove to be a boomerang.

With men on second and third, one out, a good batter up, followed by a slow batter, the sensible thing to do is to pass the man at the plate and then try for a double play. That is but one instance which calls for an intentional pass. Many such situations arise and the intentional pass is used on occasions to keep scoring down to a minimum, not solely to prevent scoring. The whole matter boils down to the percentage end of the play. On one occasion a major league pitcher had the bases filled, two out and his team leading six to three, with an inning or two to go. He was instructed not to give the batter (the leading batter of the opposing team) a good ball. In other words, he was invited to pass a man with the bases loaded. The result was a run forced in and the next batter was an easy out. Who will say that this was not good strategy? It has been said that Lee Fohl lost his job as manager of the Cleveland Indians, some years ago, for ordering his pitcher to pitch to Babe Ruth with the bases full and two out. Cleveland was leading by three runs, with only an inning to go. The Babe hit a homer and Cleveland finally lost the game by one run.

The intentional pass may be a good move with none out, or one, or two out; it may be good baseball in the first inning or the ninth or in between, but when a pitcher is giving one out, he should be indifferent to what is going on around him nor should he become careless. Joe Connolly of the Braves, once stole home while the opposing pitcher was in the act of giving an intentional pass. Another time, a pitcher sent all the runners around the bases by making a wild pitch in attempting to give a free pass. So, you see, it may often prove much more disastrous than beneficial.

# 2191 DAYS

 In May 23, 1933 at Fort Belvoir, Va., (old Ft. Humphries) the 392nd Company, Civilian Conservation Corps, Veteran Contingent was organized and started on its long journey which has included service at seven different camps and a change in numerical designation from 392nd to 1116th. Its entire history is a history of changes, changes in administrative personnel, technical and facilitating personnel, and changes in enrollees. A careful search of records reveals no original member of the 392nd as now a member. However, there is still a number of enrollees whose service began in other outfits in 1933 who are at present members of the organization and who have had continuous service.

What can one indicate of the last six years by the statistics? Here are a few figures that are suggestive; although not absolute. They are based on a two hundred man company strength.

ON MAY 23RD, 1939.

2191 days of life.

\$458,668 earned by enrollees.

\$344,001 paid to families or accrued to credit of individuals without dependents.

\$20,000 now on deposit with Finance Officer, U.S. Army, accrued to accounts of depositors now in the company.

\$114,667 paid in cash to members.

\$808,000 expended by the Government for food, clothing and shelter.

Enough of such, but look the record over and multiply it by fifteen hundred or two thousand and you can begin to get an idea of the investment in C.C.C.



What can you as an individual show for your period of service. Have you just drifted along or have you been thinking of the future, and taking such steps as you should to prepare yourself for elusive opportunity? Few, if any, adverse criticisms have been made of the veteran work record. Members of this command and others, have left behind them as results of their labors lasting monuments to posterity in the flood control dams of the "Sixth District". You are now engaged in an equally important work but lack the satisfaction of observing its growth. The full results are not now evident and will not become evident until the years roll by, but let that not discourage your efforts.

Remember the story of the stone workers in a quarry who were asked what they were doing. Some replied, "Just cutting stone". But one replied, "I am helping to build a cathedral where man may ease his soul and worship God". What is your perspective?

# 2191 DAYS cont'd.



You as young men were called to make the supreme sacrifice and found when the holocaust was over that there seemed no place where a man could establish security. Verdant hopes and promises never materialized and economic conditions turned from bad to worse. Your record shows whether you have taken the beating with head up and courage in your heart or whether you have slumped and become beaten and sought relief in alcoholic and other excesses. The record of accomplishment of the group has been written and can be read. When you look into your own record what have you accomplished for yourself? Have you grown mentally and culturally with the years? Have you found a hobby or interest to use your leisure hours? If you have you may count yourself among the fortunate. If you have not, find a worthwhile outlet for your spare hours and find a measure of comfort and peace in these pursuits.

*Edwin L. Tucker*  
EDWIN L. TUCKER,  
Captain, Cav-Res.,  
Commanding.

A Dutchman was dining in the restaurant car of a German train, and when the waiter approached with the usual "Heil Hitler!" he made no reply. The waiter was annoyed. "Every time I say "Heil Hitler!" to you," he snapped, "you must say "Heil Hitler" to me."

"Hitler? He doesn't mean a thing in Holland," remarked the Dutchman.

"Maybe not now", said the waiter, "but one day you'll get our Fuhrer in Holland, too."

"Perhaps so", smiled the Dutchman. "We already have your Kaiser."

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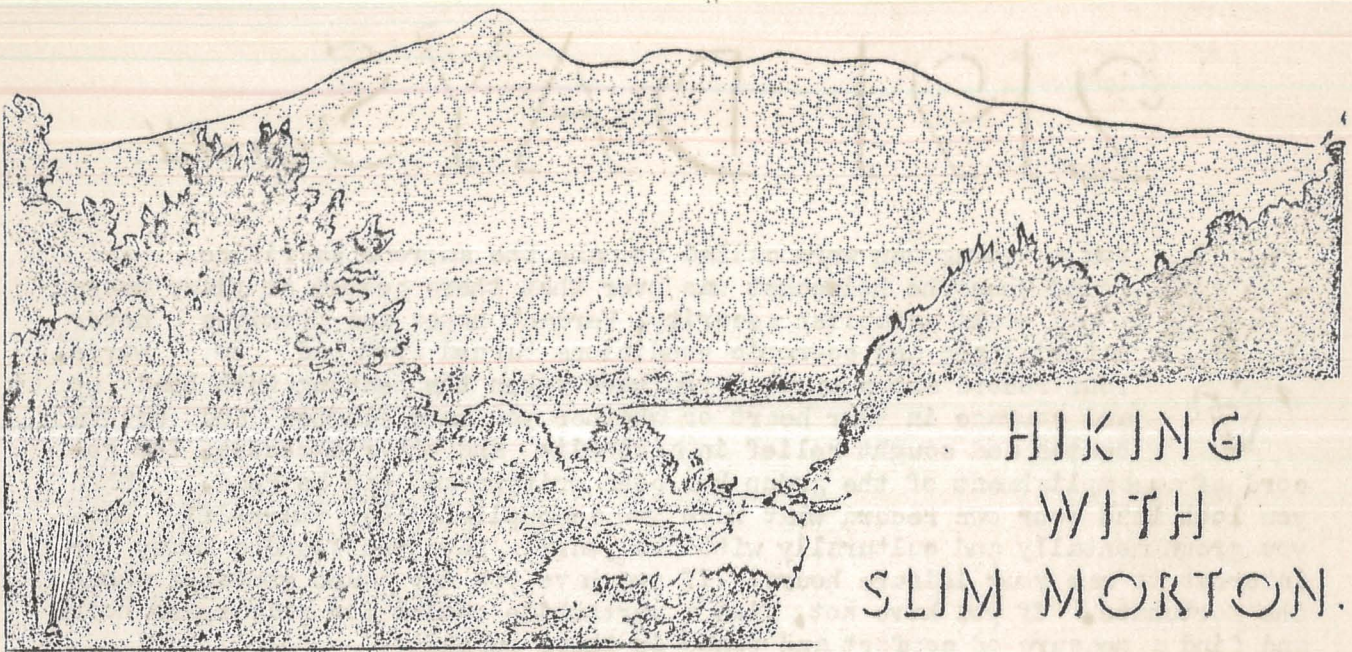
"The world," Dwight Morrow once wrote to his son, "is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first class. There's far less competition."

At times when you are lonely,  
Try to be glad instead;  
Don't think of sadness only,  
But try to look ahead;  
For looking back you will never find,  
The things in life you've sought;  
You wonder if the sun will shine,  
Of course it will! Why not?

Perhaps in life you've blundered,  
Well, so have all the rest;  
Yet have you stopp'd and wonder'd,  
If you have done your best?  
Or, do you wonder what to do  
When in life's not you're caught?  
You wonder should you start anew?  
Of course you should! Why not?

Yot, life is never quite complete  
Till love has paid a call;  
If you've not known that joy, so sweet,  
Then you haven't lived at all;  
When Cupid starts his little game  
To put you on the spot,  
You wonder if he'll find your name,  
Of course he will! Why not?

--Boston Globe



## HIKING WITH SLIM MORTON.



Some individuals would define a long hike as a weary journey on foot; to the writer of this article, it is a safety valve for dispersing worldly cares and troubles, real or imaginary; and it has meant far more than that to him. His years in the Green Mountains of Vermont, as a member of this company at Camp Smith, Waterbury, have made him an incurable hiker--and why not? If there ever was a hiker's Paradise then these same rolling green hills, valleys and their turbulent streams are that very Mecca-----and particularly is that true of the valley of Mount Ricker. But let's accompany the writer in spirit, if not in the flesh, on one of his long hikes into the valley of Mount Ricker. Dinner is over, we are well fortified with a meal of frankforts and beans, it is a late spring date in 1936, the heavens are a robin's egg blue, flecked with fleecy, snowy white clouds and the sun will not set until after nine o'clock----we grab a gardener's trowel and a gunny sack and are on our way.



"But, wait a minute!" you say, "Why all the excess baggage?" Well, to let you in on a little secret--that in case you don't already know--we have a nonpareil company gardener in the person of one Robert Loudieres---"Bob" to you from now on--who, aided by the handicraft and all around mechanical ability of "Bud" Fischer and the lawn manicuring skill of one "Stonewall" Jackson, to say nothing of the labor of most of the members of the company and our commanding officer's determination to be second to none, has created a beautiful garden area, with beds in unique design and flowering plants, both annual and perennial, in great profusion, and to make a long story, he (Bob) is always tickled pink when some one brings him in another plant, and especially so when that plant happens to be some old fashioned perennial.



One spur of Mount Ricker, in the form of Woodward Hill, looms up behind Camp Smith, but the real entrance to it's valley is two miles more or less up Little River valley from our company area. we take the country road upstream and in a few moments are passing the project where the great flood control and power dam will soon begin to rise above the floor of the valley; only a mere handful of men are working there today (Saturday) but Monday it will be the scene of great activity.



And now, a few minutes later, about twenty-five minutes walk from camp, we have reached the country road that will lead us into Ricker Mountain valley. It winds up around a spur of Woodward Hill, and as we ascend we catch a glimpse of the peak of picturesque Camel's Hump, several miles to the southwest and not visible to us before. We reach the crest of this spur and as we begin to descend the other side we realize we are entering Nature's Paradise. Beautiful Ricker Mountain valley spreads out fan-wise before us. We are hemmed in on all sides by the encircling Ricker Range; it is indeed a sight for the gods; peak towering above peak, culminating in that of Mount Ricker, some thirty four hundred feet above sea level. Our worldly cares are left behind us, we drop down to and follow the big stream of the valley---"Steven's Brook"---large enough to be called a river in some states, a roaring torrent as it dashes loud-throatedly and happily over the big boulders in it's course, and why shouldn't it be big and proud, for it is the stream that drains all the shed waters of this beautiful valley.



Suddenly, at a turn in the winding road, one of those historic covered bridges for which Vermont is famous, looms ahead of us and though there is no sign, we might well mentally visualize one reading: - "Welcome to Ricker Mountain Valley." Here we cross the roaring creek and start ascending again. There is farm land on both sides of the road but its many years since it was last worked or that live stock have grazed on it and as a matter of fact, before we leave this valley today, we are to learn that it is literally studded with abandoned farms and homesteads, and that but one family (and they are soon to move) actually live in this great area. Why they all moved out would be quite a story in itself, but most assuredly it was not for lack of scenery.



On our left, a few rods above the covered bridge, we find a small dilapidated barn, it's still strong adz-hewn beams which are tied together with wooden pegs, being the most substantial thing about it. What is left of an old rusty hay toddler lies in the field nearby. An old stone collar and various old shrubs on the opposite side of the road are convincing evidence of the site of an old homestead, but here also is the eye-filling sight of all, a handsome common lilac bush in full bloom, with great clusters of white flowers, delightfully scented and with it's heart shaped green foliage for a setting, a real feast for all plant lovers. A closer inspection of the terrain nearby reveals other plants in flower. One is a jonquil with long dark green, rush like leaves and a crinkled creamy white wax like blossom with depressed bright yellow central crown, a truly beautiful flower, and getting down on all fours to get a whiff of it's perfume, we are transported by the exquisite carnation like odor.



But, lest we tarry too long, let us be on our way. Just beyond the abandoned farm, we come to a fork in the road; we desert the main valley road and take the new one to the right, only to meet the former again later on, several miles above in the heights. Our object in so doing is three-fold:--first, though we are going to desert the valley temporarily, we will actually arrive at the higher reaches in a much shorter time than by the other route; secondly, we will pass through a densely wooded section and as we are now perspiring freely from our exertions, we will have the protection of the green canopy formed by the big trees until we reach the crest of this mountain spur; and lastly, we will shut out from all the grand scenery of the ever expanding horizon until we reach the upper heights, thus preserving it all for a grand slam climax.



A brief ascent brings us up onto a plateau--like field; wild flowers bloom here in great profusion, but in a short time the beauty of this spot will be erased, when it becomes one of the project gravel pits. We leave this beauty spot and plunge thru the second growth of cut-over timber land. Raspberry and thimble berry bushes grow here, extending far up and down the slope and they are loaded with these delicious berries. We munch a handful as we go along. Further on we come upon an old model T Ford, parked by the road, it's rear compartment filled with pails and cans of these choice berries, and just beyond, is the whole darned family sitting in the wood grass and enjoying a well earned luncheon. Still farther on we are literally swallowed up in the deep woodland. Small trees and bushes in the road make progress a bit slower; it becomes a more path in some places, badly washed out in others by Fall and Spring torrents. No car could negotiate it but we bipeds do it with comparative ease. Big trees: - principally Sugar Maple, American Beech, White Ash, Yellow Birch and Canoe Birch ---- the white bark of the latter standing out in fine contrast with the dark background ---- loom in cathedral majesty all around us. Only here and there do the rays of the sun manage to break thru the dense foliage of these big trees.



Here and there, in more or less profusion, we see many genera of wild flowers; which are partial to shade. Here is the common Blue Violet, which really tends to a violet-colored flower and has a white or greenish eye, which together with their rather deep green, basal shaped make one of the most effective corsages imaginable. Here we also find a few lingering blossoms of the early flowering Hepatica, some of which are lavender blue, others white or even rose-pink. The scent of an individual blossom can hardly be detected by the keenest nose, but collectively, in a bouquet they give out a delicate fragrance that is -- well, simply ineffable. Limited space prevents us from going into detail about all the different wild flowers we now see, so we will defer that pleasure until next month when we continue our hike to one of the crests of Ricker Range.

Editor's Note:- This is the first of a series of articles by "Slim" who is directly responsible for much of the beautification of our company area in our former camp. The next will appear in the June number.





WHAT GETS ME SHORT IS HOW A GUY  
AS ROUND SHOULDERED AS YOU EVER  
GOT IN THE C. C. C.



GLOOMY  
GUS SAYS:

"I CANT  
DO IT ALL. I GOTTA  
HAVE SOME HELP.  
DON'T YOU GUYS  
KNOW THE HOURS?"



STEVIE  
OUR  
BOSS  
K.P.  
SAYS:

"USE LESS 'SUGAR,  
AND STIR LIKE  
HELL. WE DONT  
MIND THE NOISE."

THE  
COMPANY  
CRAB



SAYS:

"THEY CAN'T  
DO  
THAT TO US."



AIKEN  
&  
BUR ROUGH'S  
SAY: "DONT

MAKE FUN OF OUR  
COFFEE, YOU WILL  
BE OLD AND WEAK  
YOURSELF SOME  
OF THESE DAYS."



*Dine and Drink*

Sandwiches

Lunches

Dinners

BEERS, WINES, LIQUORS

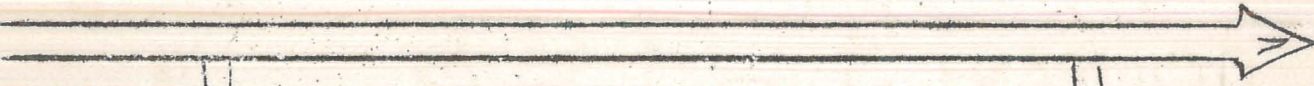
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*Dine and Drink*

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Lunches

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