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Contributors

George Robbins  Charlie Chambers
Gerald McLaughlin  Vonald Van Tassell
Robert Roy  Roland Beaulieu
Crandell Holt  What say fellas?
Irving Hines  Turn in your news or
drawings for next
months issue now.

Personnel

W. L. Hamill Capt.
Inf.-Res. Comdg.

W. T. Cathcart 1st Lt.
Engr. Res. Jr. Officer

Roland B. Andrews Ed.
Adviser

Dr. Nathan Jacobs
Camp Surgeon

Technical

Mr. Armstrong
Mr. Savage
Mr. Kenniston
Mr. Swift
Mr. Percival
Mr. Files
Unlike our forefathers of a hundred years ago, we seldom consider that our places in life are not all that they could be if we were to exert ourselves and show a few signs of ambition. It was constantly in the minds of those men who founded the United States of America to make progress, improve themselves, and make the world a better place for their posterity. In the present day generation there is little thought of the future. The present is too filled with what we call good times to give opportunity for the thought of future generations and what they will need from us. In other words we are inclined to think only of ourselves and let every man shift for himself and trust God or the Devil to look after the hindmost.

All the time we are being so selfish and inconsiderate we are doing one of two things. We are either becoming better citizens and improving ourselves by helping others as well as ourselves or we are going straight down the ladder, hurting others, and dragging better men than we are with us. No one ever maintains the same standing for very long. We are all either going up or coming down the ladder of Life. Going up means that we are bettering ourselves, making friends, earning more money, and helping others. Going down means just the opposite. We gradually go down the social scale, hurt rather than help people, become associated with a lower class of people, make less money, and gradually become more harm than good either to ourselves or to anyone else.

Which way are you going? Do you want to go up or down. Take stock of yourself and if you find that you are headed for the bottom catch hold of something and start dragging yourself back up the ladder.

Pago 2
Sorrell is a veteran of the World War. His wife has left him and his life is being spent trying to provide his son with the best possible education from a very meager income. The story opens while they are packing their belongings preparatory to leaving their humble city dwelling for the country where Sorrell is supposed to have a position awaiting him. Upon their arrival at their destination, they discover that the prospective employer has just died. For a time things look rather black but Sorrell obtains a position as porter in a small local hotel and is able to send his son to a good school. Even though the place is very untidy, Sorrell takes an interest in his work and performs his duties to the best of his ability. His superiority is noticed by Mr. Roland, a chance visitor, and Sorrell is offered a position in a new hotel which Mr. Roland is just about to open. As the years go by Sorrell is promoted by degrees until at last the day comes when he finds himself Mr. Roland's partner in a large and growing business. He is enabled to send his son to medical school and pay his expenses until he becomes a full-fledged doctor.

This is a story which is good for everyone, young or old. It not only shows what perfect understanding there can be between a boy and his father but it also shows just how far our parents are willing to go to provide us with all that they possibly can to insure our success in life.
So far this month the Hospital Ward has been kept well populated. No. 1 Barracks has also had its share of patients as it was necessary to convert it into a sick bay for a few weeks. To date (Jan. 22) there have been twenty-nine men on sick report during the month. Three of these men, Bickford, Freeman, and Lear have been at Fort Williams. The remaining twenty-six men have been incapacitated by the epidemic of colds which seem to prevail everywhere at present. The majority of the men have gone back to work and there are no indications of more being taken sick but Doctor Jacobs urges that each and every member of the company take every precaution against becoming the next to get a berth in the Hospital.

Connie Quinn reports that good care has been taken of him. He says that ninety pills a day were administered to him. He is almost ready to go back to work.

Otis Dyer says that he doesn’t know which is the worst, the disease or the cure. When he goes home he plans to take an ammonium chloride pill for a grindstone.

Guy Doten thought the Ward was a pretty good place until he began to feel better and then he had to be almost tied in bed to keep him here.

The only reason that "Ted" Robbins didn’t like being with us was that it kept him from going to town every night. He isn’t to be blamed for wanting to go to town either.

Thompson really didn’t mind being sick because he so often tells us he never was one to go out nights.
"What Big Boys Are We" is what Carter, Crandlemire, and Jacques have been singing since they discovered their four inch chest expansions.

"Mother! Mother! What a Fool I Be" is what "Ken" Robbins is thinking now. He will know better that to buy Christmas presents in the future until he is sure that they will be appreciated.

According to Charlie Chambers, "Gibbie" McLaughlin's favorite melody is "Believe In Me." We wonder who he is thinking of.

Many of the boys find "The Skating Song" to be very appropriate while enjoying the good skating on Lake Lewey.

"I'm a Working Man Now" is what each of the hospital force has been singing since there have been so many of us sick.

Did anyone ever hear Holt say "I Wonder Why They Call Me, Fatty"?

"Mickey" Deschesne may be heard singing "Every Street I Walk On Becomes a Lover's Lane" as he heads for town almost every night.

"I'm a Night Owl" is what we think Boston should be singing as he comes in at 5:30 in the morning.

"Keep The Home Fires Burning" is the motto of the wood sawing detail as they spend their time on the woodpile preparing wood for fifty stoves.

"Pennies From Heaven" is very popular on pay day.
"Gibbie" McLaughlin takes his blacksmithing very seriously. Although he isn't enrolled in the class, he calls at the blacksmith's house several nights a week and judging by the hour at which he arrives in camp he must be taking a highly advanced course.

Flibbert is rapidly becoming a cook. Onderco told him to stir the gravy so that it wouldn't burn and instead of stirring it from the bottom he merely paddled around on top. He was afraid of getting in too deep. The top didn't burn anyway.

"Ted" Robbins thinks that is wonderful the way "news" gets around so fast.

D'Autieul tried to capture a partridge one day but the bird proved the better man and escaped.

Judging by some of the presents that were passed out at the Christmas party last month, there are a lot of babies in this company.

We wonder if "Ace" Butler will refrain from talking in the movies in the future. We should think he would after the reprimand he received a short time ago. You better wait until after the show to tell your stories, "Ace".

Halstrom is noted for his biological surveys. On one of them he even went so far as to sound a brook. When he pulled himself out he wanted to know if a good cold dip was good for the building of great strength.

FLASH! NEVER BEFORE KNOWN FACT! "Pat" Cormier had a girl friend and before we could offer congratulations he had lost her. We are not aware of her identity but feel that she is doing well by herself in giving "Pat" the "gate".
MORE-CHATTER

We understand that a certain young lady in town has been making very flattering remarks about a Blue-eyed Wop who is a member of the 192nd Co. We don't blame her in the least. We like Lombardi too.

Holt and Darling are very far behind the times. You all remember that old riddle which was born about the same time as Columbus which goes, "If two and one is shoe polish and three and one is gun oil, how much is four and one?" Well Holt pulled it on Darling and lo and behold Darling fell for it. Can you imagine anyone being so far behind.

One popular tune which didn't get mentioned in our current Hit Parade is "Where is my Wandering Boy Tonight?" This is sung by the boys' girl friends when they don't show up of an evening.

We once had a machine gunner here called Thompson (not Reggio). He went away but we now have another who calls himself Cook. Bigger and better than ever. We mean the gun.

We would like to know why Ellis hasn't been to Hodgdon for so long. Is it that he has so fallen in love with his army truck that he can't leave it or has there been trouble in his love affair.

Will some one please tell Wilcox that the doors are in the ends of the barracks and not on the side? Further than that, there are no windows in the doors.

It has been reported that "Jack" Wiggin has gone into business. It seems that he now serves sandwiches in the Tool House. Please give him your patronage.

WELL! WELL! It seems that once more Nedeau is going to town in a big way. Some of the boys have introduced him to society in Woodland and #& report that he is going over big. The same is true of Parks.
SPORTS

HOCKEY

NO. 4 TAKES MEASURE OF NO. 2 5-1

At supper, January 23rd, Senior Foreman Thombs read a challenge in which No. 4 dared No. 2 to meet them in a game of hockey. Some pretty strong language was used and No. 2 was forced to accept. Due to lack of material each team used only five men and the opening face-off found the following line-ups on the ice.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO. 4</th>
<th>Pos.</th>
<th>NO. 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Michaud, A.</td>
<td>lw</td>
<td>Cyr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roy, R.</td>
<td>rw</td>
<td>Bryant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robertson</td>
<td>c</td>
<td>Robbins, G</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mooers</td>
<td>d</td>
<td>Darling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ouellette</td>
<td>g</td>
<td>Wilcox</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cole, who replaced Ouellette as goalie for No. 4 was the only substitute used. Bryant and Michaud were both sent to the penalty box for one minute after a slight argument. Roy was outstanding for No. 4 and Darling and Wilcox starred for the Mosers. Jacques served as referee and did a good job.

The rivalry between these two barracks is very sincere and No. 4 would like to take this opportunity to advise No. 2 to stick to easy games like basketball.

BASKETBALL

WOODLAND HIGH TAKES MEASURE OF 192nd CO. 43-23

In a fast and well played game Woodland High School defeated the 192nd Co. team 43-23 on Woodland's floor. Woodland got away to an early lead and the end of the half saw them out in front 30-9. The 192nd Co. came back strong in the last half and outpointed the Woodland team 14-13. Wilcox and Robbins were outstanding for the U. C. C. and Bagley was the big gun for Woodland.

The lineups:
Princeton 23: Woodland 43
McKinnon rf 2(2) F Talbot
Thombs lf 2(1) lr 4(1)
Ingerson 5 Haley (1)
Kinney c Bagley rf 8(2)
Robbins lg C Hariman 3
Bryant rg 1 RG 0 Talbot 1(1)
McLaughlin lf Lg Mercier 2
Wilcox        If Bowers 1
Robertson rf   James

Ping-Pong and furthermore that Flash Bryant, who fails to show very bright hang up his skates No. 2 comes right back with the idea that No. 4 aren't so hot as basketball players and a game is being arranged.
The following listed facts were compiled from information gathered by a general examination of the entire 192nd Co. The combined weight of the 140 men examined was 19850 pounds or an average weight of 141.8 pounds to the man. The total height was 9445 inches or an average height of 67.5 inches per man. The combined ages equaled 3115 years or an average age of 22.25 years per man. It was also found that these 140 men had served a total of 1944 months in the CCC or 15.8 years per man. It was also found that Carter, Crandemire, and Jacques had the largest chest expansions. Each of them was four inches farther around when blown up. Kinney with a height of six feet three inches was the tallest and Eaton who measured five feet one inch was the shortest. Holt who tipped the scales at 210 pounds was very easily the heaviest and Maxwell who weighed in at 109 was the lightest. Ellis was conceded the best general health. The Local Experienced Men were found to be the best workers while the majority of the company were rated as good.

NEW L. E. M.

The first day of the New Year saw Peter McLellan, one of our L.E.M.'s go up the road for the last time. His place has been filled by Allard S. McArthur of Princeton. Mr. McArthur hasn't been here long enough for us to get well acquainted with him but we feel sure that he will prove himself a good man for the company.

NEW ROOKIES

During the past few weeks 23 new rookies have joined the 192nd Co. Some of them have been in the CCC before and some have begun an entirely new phase of life. The members of the company extend them a very hearty welcome and hope that they will take an active part in all that the company undertakes.
prynsetown, mayne
jenary 2v, 1937

Deer maw&paw/

i ain't gat no leter frum u fer sew lung i don't no weather u remembre me ore knot. Well i ame the little bye whoo iz ermin the twentyfive dullers a mouth thot u git and i don't git. i shood thynk thot u cood sind me at least a leter naow and agin jest sew i wood no if u gut the muny. if u put inn a lilt now and agin yt wood make me moor shore that u wer gittin yt awl wright. i werry aboute thot a lot sew if u wyll tri and meke en ovtwo keap me posted i wyll be a lot bitter. We gut a biscuitbawl teem up hear and air goin too pley a gamm with the shint croix high skool next tuady nite. We don't no weather we wile wyn ore knot butt we are goin to be inn their fitin awl the weigh and if we win yt wyll bee pretty gudo cauze we ain't gut no coash. We just goe down to practise and tri two du the best we kan with what we gut. Sun off the boys thynk biscuitbawl is relatid to foetbawl but it ain't cause u don't kick the bawl much and u can't run with yt. We have hed twentythree new rookies cone to kenp sew fer thiz mounth and yt tekes me beck too the tyne when i waz jest a rookie and i git kind of homesyck cauze i no thot thay are a little bite homesyck espeshullly when thay git kp and have too werk in the kytsyen and don't lyke it a bite beter thon i did when i waz gittin kp. Thay don't give me kp naow cauze thay thynk i am two slowe and git in the weigh more then any one man shood. Gudobye, wright sun.

Yore luvin sun,

C. C. Sarr

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