



Rotary Dining Lodge...early 1950's

No.4

Mattatuck Volunteers

Spring, 2000

Election of Officers

Please attend a meeting Sunday, May 7, 1:00PM at 49'ers Cabin, Camp Mattatuck. We will elect officers and discuss progress and plans for projects.

Will This Be Your Last Issue?

Due to the cost of printing and mailing this newsletter we will reduce our mailing list to those who contribute to the Mattatuck Volunteers. A \$10 donation per year is recommended. An electronic version of the newsletter will be available free on a website. Therefore if you wish to continue to hear about the old and the new at Camp Mattatuck please do the following:

- Contribute to the Volunteers
- Go to the Camp Mattatuck website to subscribe to the "Mattatuck Volunteers Mailing List" (e-mail).
- To confirm that you're on our U.S. Postal mailing list look at the label on this letter. If "ML2000" appear on the label, you will continue to receive traditional mailings from us.

Work Projects

- Hess Cabin: replace the roof and stain the siding.
- Tree cutting and chipping
- Mohawk Cabin: replace counters and shelving.
- The Order of the Arrow plans to build a raised barbeque pit at the 49'ers pavilion.

Chris Moon served on the national committee that developed the requirements and pamphlet for the new Rock Climbing Merit Badge. There's even a photo of him in the book. Check it out.

Former Mattatuck staffer Curtis H. "Barney" Barnum was elected president of the 150-member Congressional Medal of Honor Society at the annual convention in November, 1999. Colonel Barnum, a 27-year member of the Marines, currently serves as a corporate and community affairs adviser for a hotel management firm. He received the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroic action in Vietnam in 1967. See Mattatuck Messenger No.2 for more information about this truly outstanding Mattatuck alumni.

Trail Blazer

Raffael "Pop" Carozza



We had so much fun at camp. Swimming, boating, archery, snipe hunts, campfires, earning badges, singing in the dining hall. While hustling from one activity to the next we would often cross paths with a little old man toiling away in the summer heat. He worked steadily and deliberately. Raffael "Pop" Carozza worked at Camp Mattatuck for over 16 years. While the drinking fountain near the swimming area and the fireplaces in the picnic grove are gone, most of his work still stands. He built the pillars on the entry road to hold Ken Conrad's Kachina dolls. The stone bridges over the brooks on the path around the pond, and the pillars at the Order of the Arrow circle are Pop's work. Mr. Carozza built the altar for the old outdoor chapel, which was dedicated the Carozza Chapel in '65. His last major project, the stone wall on the hill behind the swimming area, was built in 1968.

A native of Carlantino, Foggia, Italy, Pop came to this country through Ellis Island at the age of 16 in 1902. He married Annunziata Iannantuoni, lived in the Bronx, and began digging ditches for twenty-five cents an hour. Later he moved to Waterbury where he and his wife ran a grocery store. Later he worked for M.J.Daley putting asbestos on pipes in schools and factories across the country. He also worked for John's Manville in Hartford doing similar work. He was once injured in a fall and was unemployed for years.

Two of his daughters married professional Scouters, Ed Tomasi and Carl Bovay. Pop visited Mattatuck, loved it, and decided to work as a volunteer to make it even better. When he wasn't working at Mattatuck he was following his sons-in-law to Camp Sequassen in New Hartford or Camp Squanto in Massachusetts.

Next time you see Bob Kiessling ask him about the time he was assigned to working with Pop. They were building the chapel, and Pop would send him down the steep hill to the lake to get water...with a wheel barrel! Pop got really upset when Bob returned with only a partial load.

Pop's grandson Jim Trainor recalls the pillars Pop built at camp Squanto. The walk to the waterfront and amphitheater was down a long series of steps covering a couple of hundred feet. Pop built stone posts, similar to our OA pillars, lining the stairway. Kerosene pots on these structures would light the path to the amphitheater. Every day when the Scouts came out of swimming, they were required to carry a large stone up the stairs and leave it at a red flag Pop would have planted in the dirt along the walkway. God help the Scout who came up from the water empty-handed!

A front-page article in the July 24, 1965 Waterbury American best describes Pop's most important contribution to camp; "instilling in the young Scouts the fine example of energy, willingness, and love he displays every day". Pop Carozza passed away July 14, 1970, a few months shy of his 85th birthday. His legacy lives on. Great-grandson John Trainor is an Eagle Scout and served on the Mattatuck Staff. Great-grandsons Pat and Christopher Trainor are Scouts in Troop 5, Middlebury and camp at Mattatuck in the summer.



Campmaster Corps

From September through June, weekend campers at Mattatuck are greeted by a volunteer serving as "Campmaster". Members of the Campmaster corps, led by Alan Colangelo, greet troops, check permits, and provide information about camp. They check in with the campers from time to time during the weekend, may help with program if asked, and check the groups out, ensuring that camp is left in good condition. The Babson Health Lodge is winterized to accommodate Campmasters. These volunteers provide a valuable service to camp, and troops are encouraged to give them their utmost cooperation. Among the Campmasters are Darryl Andrews, Bob Boutot, Alan Colangelo, Jim Doback, Joe Gannon, Dick Lenkowski, Paul Lukens, Chris Moon, Bill Pizzano, Ron Plourde, Rob Reed, and Frank Rodrigues.

Have a story to tell? Have a suggestion for a future article? Your input into this newsletter is most welcome. Contact Joe LeClair, 108 Chipper Road, Waterbury, CT 06704 ileclair@snet.net.

Next Issue...a classic tale from Paul Bernetsky!

Come to the membership meeting Sunday, May 7, 1 PM at 49'ers Cabin near Volleyball Court.

Where Is He Now?

Paul Bernetsky



I began my camp staff days in 1976 after experiencing the most embarrassing moment in my fifteen-year-old life: performing a magic trick in front of hundreds of parents and scouts as a camper with Troop 450 Watertown. The “cut and restored rope trick” was the most dramatic act during the campfire because the “assistant” that helped cut the rope unfortunately cut his face open with his knife at the same time! There was blood everywhere! The assistant came out of the incident OK, but that ended my magic career and started my new one as a Camp Mattatuck CIT and future staff member.

In the summer of 1977 I worked my first full summer in the handicraft “Tuttle Lodge” with Paul Hoffman. There were two “Pauls” upstairs and two “Bobs” downstairs, Ranger Bob Herbert and Bob Morgan of Woodbury. My tent mate was Dave “Bill Grogan’s Goat” Kendall of Simsbury. It was an unforgettable summer.

From 1978 through 1986 my summers were spent working in “Central” as Trading Post Clerk, TP Manager, Asst. Business Manager (under the legend Fran Morrow) and finally Business Manager/Asst. Camp Director 1981 until 1986. My claim to fame during my tenure as Business Manager was being able to impersonate Tom Horan’s sing song-like greeting and Scottish Bagpipe marching tune he was famous for humming. I could even fool Jean Horan! I had fun using this special talent at opportune times around staff members...Tom once remarked that I did *him* better than he did! I also developed the keen understanding of when and when *not*, to approach Tom about specific problems or issues. Broken LL. Bean pipes, pens, pencils, glasses and flashlights made their way through the air on more than one occasion...

In between summers (following staff buddy Francis Kennedy to New Haven) I earned a BA from Southern Connecticut State University and a MSW from Fordham University.

Being towed around Lake Kenosha wearing a tuxedo and playing the piano on the raft prior to the final campfire in 1986 was my final act as a Mattatuck staff member.

In 1986 I entered the professional service of the BSA and worked in my home district – the Blue Trail District from 1986 to 1988. In 1988 I was promoted to Senior DE, Tunxis District. During the years 1987 through 1989 I served as Camp Director at Camp Tadmā’s Cub & Webelos Resident Camp.

My best move was marrying Bridget in 1989. We moved to Providence, RI within one year. My career in the Boy Scouts continued in the Narragansett Council where I served as Senior District Executive M/P and Reservation Director of Yawgoog Scout Reservation for three years. (Two of our sons were born while we were at camp). I served as field director in the Greater Pittsburgh Council until July 1995 when I was called to serve the Great Master of all good scouts.

I am the co-founder and Executive Director of a Catholic young adult lay missionary organization called Youth for the Third Millennium (YTM). YTM helps to serve bishops and pastors across the country in revitalizing parish life. Young adults ages 16 –30 volunteer their time by going on weekend or weeklong missions to work with youth and families. Teams of lay missionaries visit parish families, run retreats, provide testimonies about their faith, run workshops for the youth groups, etc. We now have over 1600 trained lay missionaries that have worked in 27 states and 4 countries since we started in July 1995. Priests from the Legionaries of Christ (seminary in Cheshire) serve as chaplains and help the pastors during the parish missions. This idea for YTM came after Pope John Paul II challenged young people during World Youth Day in Denver in 1993. He asked them to do something with their gifts and talents to help the Church. Our National Office is in Bethesda, Maryland. I have a great full-time staff that coordinates the missions, training programs and administration. I spend a great deal of my time making new contacts and raising funds to keep the organization going. All of the skills developed with the BSA are coming into use as the director of YTM. I never envisioned being the national director of a Catholic youth organization. I have been blessed with some wonderful opportunities and continue to see Scouting friends as I travel throughout the country.

You never know when you will run into a scouting friend. I was at a black-tie dinner at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City three years ago when I look across the crowd and see Terry Moody, former Scoutmaster with Troop 480 Woodbury!

During our ten years Bridget and I have had five children: Andrew, age 9; Daniel, age 7; Peter, age 5; Julia age 2 and our newest arrival Lucy four months. We are home schooling our children and enjoy being in Maryland, but miss being close to family and friends in Connecticut.

Tom Horan gave me a chance when I was a husky, 15 year-old to take on responsibility for a job I never thought I could do. The staff of Mattatuck helped me build the confidence to take on greater challenges each week and each summer. I now am in a position to do the same thing for other young adults. It is a great privilege that cannot be taken lightly. Tom never took it lightly. When you give of yourself unselfishly, the return is infinite. Scouters who have not served on staff, but give of their time can still empathize with this ideal. All of the present and former staff gave their all each day during those long summer days. We have gained so much. If we had our lives to live over again, we would not change one minute of those times at Camp Mattatuck (with maybe the exception of a magic trick during a parent’s night campfire...). ‘Til we meet again.

The Lorenz File Part 2

"On the Waterfront"

The following is the second in a series of memories from Richard Lorenz (Waterfront '68-69), who now lives in California...

On Waterfront staff: Greg, Charlie, Scott, Newell, (and next year, add Bob, Dan, and John). Good bunch of guys, though we're still trying to become familiar with each other. I'd swear Greg ignores me. Or so I think. Over several days I try but am unsuccessful, in making a connection. I decide to ignore him back, and miraculously a connection is made. Reverse psychology?? I'll never know. It doesn't matter. But I like him and the feelings are reciprocated even years later as we go through college together. Charlie is an enigma. He looks and talks like a tough, or puts on that front effectively. But after a few days even this breaks down. A regular joe and I enjoy him immensely. Newell, I'm guessing, is every girl's dream. Tall, handsome, permanently bronze, terminally muscled, he has a Triumph 2-seater that we all covet. More than once we will violate state law to fit 3-4 kids in that car, because it's cool. He's a couple of years older than the rest of us, even-tempered and self-assured. He is the assistant head-man on the waterfront and deserves it.

Scott. Over the next two summers, Scott and I spend most of our off hours in camp together. I suppose he's like another brother by the end of it, but I haven't seen him since. Odd.

Newell, Scott and I take the tent near the boat docks. I've never forgiven myself for not getting this tent my second year. Remarkably, there are no mosquitoes here. Elsewhere in the camp, they are a nuisance and you need netting to ward them off at night. Here, we need no netting. Near the water yet. Go figure.

I've been camping before, a week at a time. This living in a tent kind of grows on you, and after a couple of weeks I wouldn't trade it for all the cabins in camp. We use candles in the tent at night for light. Strictly forbidden, but we do it anyway. Candles are softer light and it takes less adjusting of the eyes after they are blown out. It also saves batteries.

Newell's regimen every evening includes 50-75 pushups. Scott and I puke just watching him. Later in the summer, he and Greg will take up running an ungodly number of miles in the mornings before breakfast. I bravely watch this from my bed. The other 3 guys are in a tent, across the road and up a slight hill about 100 feet away. Our head man lives in The Big House near the cafeteria. I don't remember his name. It doesn't matter as he'll leave soon anyway. We seem to have problems over the next two years keeping waterfront counselors. Must be something in the water. Ha, Ha.

The Carozza Chapel

As we quietly walked the trail toward the lake, we could see the water's surface as still as glass. The mist rising from its surface made the far shore barely discernible. Silently in our trading-post-kit moccasins we padded in from all directions; some from Topside and 49'ers, some from Hickory, some from the Arrows, Cedars and Mohawks on the east side of the camp. Soon the chapel was filled with sleepy-eyed Scouts. Sunlight filtering through the birches and poplars warmed and awakened us, the pale green hue almost matching our wrinkled cotton twill shirts. It was difficult to swat the voracious mosquitoes quietly, but we did our best.

During the Mass a staff member usually assisted the priest. The staff always looked sharp, with religious medals on, and perhaps a cross or other religious neckerchief slide. At communion Tom Horan would always be at or near the end of the line, a pained expression on his face. Perhaps it was to emphasize the seriousness of the event; perhaps because this humble man found a public display of devotion uncomfortable. I never asked him why he looked so uncomfortable, but will always remember his "communion line face".

The night before we had gathered with our parents and friends in the amphitheater to celebrate the end of week of Scouting. We were in camp for a full week, so we knew all the songs and recognized the staff members by name. The Saturday night campfire was a celebration, and we put all of our energies into it. In contrast, this morning's simple outdoor mass was a quiet time to reflect on our experience of the past week and to look to the week ahead. Some of us would be going home in a few hours. The lucky ones would stay on for another session.

**Mattatuck Volunteers
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News from Camp Mattatuck for: