

5 THE CAMP 79

# MERCER C.C.C. MONITOR

PUBLISHED BY THE 660th CO. - CAPTAIN M. H. HENRY - COM.

VOLUME 1 NO. 3

MANITOWISH? WISCONSIN

JUNE 1934

### INITIATES HOLDING THE BAG

Last week our new enrollees were from the north woods of Wisconsin. Like all green horns they were anxious to please and enter into camp life. So the veterans organized a snipe hunt to initiate them properly. Now snipe hunts are an old institution in the woods, so the pledges had a big crowd to accompany them out to the most remote and darkest snipe grounds. Even the new Lieutenant rushed out to see the fun and created the impression that he was being taken in with the rest. But even if he is from the big city, he knows all about snipe hunts. You see he did go on one once, but a long time ago!

And were the boys from Hurley left holding the bag. Way back in a deep, dark, dismal swamp, and one group by a bear hole. (see the back page for illustration). The boys claim they were glad to have had the lanterns along. Imagine that! To show what good stuff they were made of, the enrollees stuck it out for four hours, though they were suspicious when they heard the veterans singing on their way home. Oh yeah!

Isn't it too bad the list of names were lost.

L. Johnson

### TAKEN FROM THE IRONWOOD GLOBE

The Mercer camp of the Civilian Conservation Corps out-ranks

estry area in one respect, if we are to accept the judgement of an individual who has occasion to visit the various camps.

The camp Mercer officials draw high praise for the table they set. That maybe accounted for in part by the fact that the Mercer Camp has an old head as a cook, and that he makes the most of his allowance for food.

### CAMP OFFICE REPORTS

The following have received discharges: Emerson, Becker, Bloss, Crandall, Larson, Lindsay, McDonald, Kallimma, Shala, O'Connor, Sward.

Dishonorable discharges were issued to Kilway, and Cianunzie.

Twenty-four men have been enrolled since May 18th. The following received ratings June 1st: Leader-Layman, Assistant leaders, Ed. Wright, Coxey, Kollman, Wick, Fafford.

### THE RANGERS' TELL US

Fred Haag reports that the new side camp, on the Michigan line at the Ox-bo, has been settled. There are to be twenty men in this camp. "Frenchy" is slinging the hash for them. Mike Mead is "Ramroding" the outfit as one of the cowboys from Barracks five expressed it.

The new tower in that vicinity is to be manned sometime this week. It has not been definitely decided who will control it as yet.

(cont)

Wilmer Hoffman has been transferred to camp Upson. It's unfortunate that he won't be able to eat at this camp any longer, as we still have the reputation of serving the best meals in the district.

Bill Summers is running his crew at Springstead, in tow shifts-- from dawn until dark. We expect the fellows to come home mere shadows of their former selves. However Bill is making good progress. He is two-thirds ahead of schedule on his fire lane. The wood ticks are letting up on the boys out there. Even the wood ticks need a change of pasture occasionally.

### BARRACK 3

Our barrack seems to decrease, and at the same time to grow, Hilary, Harker, K. Hopkins, Valentine and Sargent went out to Mike, Mead's sub-camp, while Murray, Dickson, James, Fisk, Fleming and Hiller from Barrack 4, came in.

The fellows didn't show much enthusiasm when told to go to a fire when they would be missing the most important part of the day's work,--chow. As luck would have it, the fire was not serious so the fellows were not delayed much.

Our last mesquite, Wick is back with us again.

Hicke and Valentine, our big snipe hunters, failed to get any the other night.

The biggest joke among the Blister Rust crew is "hey, you left one back here come back and pull it out."

Johnny White Dog's knee seems to be O. K. once more.

-- Keilman

### BARRACK 5

Talking about your heavy smokers Fred Page smokes one car-load of home spun tobacco per

J. Van's injured side is healing surely but slowly.

Farnsworth has a new song, "Somebody stole my Gal."

Lady (viewing the deer) "Oh how cute."

Red Hawkins, "she meant the deer Doc."

### PINE GROVE CAMP

The Pine Grove boulder pushers attended a wedding dance at Sugar Bush park the fore part of the week.

Becoming steamed up for action and excitement, they rode to Park Falls, Saturday.

Work on the firelanes has been pushed back until the boys have to walk about three miles to work.

Our mail is received through Park Falls via Springstead route.

### DIANNE: NEW COMPANY MASCOT

It is no secret! The luxurious feeding grounds laid out on the banks of the Manitowish is the home of the newly acquired company Mascot known as Dianne. The landscaping was conceived in the ever creative-mind of Major Roberts and executed by the masterful hand of Mr. Campbell.

Dianne is a white-tailed fawn found in the woods in practically an orphan condition. The little calf-like creature was left, when Mr. Rhamlow's crew, working in a large number at gooseberry eradication, must of frightened the mother deer in leaving the few days old fawn for good.

The little babe of the woods, declares the Major, is receiving as fine as any new born babe in Northern Wisconsin.

She has two attendants who feed her a diet of warm milk and water every three hours. Between the Major and Dixie, Dianne is being well-mothered.

From the Medical Corps comes this physiology analysis: "The more I look at your pear-shaped ears and the physiognomy of that head, the more you look like W. Evenson; but looking at your legs, I think you somewhat resemble L. Brown.

#### DISPENSARY INFECTIONS

Bob Rabideau unsuccessfully tried to amputate his left great toe the other day. We are all glad he is up and around and not much the worse for the experience. Bob says he has a souvenir now of the GCC that he can show his children.

The old measlesite gong sadly misses Fleming's cow with the window in her side.

A Moos recently recovered from the Flu. We prefer 45 dollar men at the dispensary because they usually smoke Camels or Luckies.

Have you seen the Major's new pet flying squirrel. She hides in her nest all day and prowls around her cage all night. Learning fast from these dispensary fellows.

#### KETTLES AND SPILLETS

Bill Watson says:

To the Veterans; I hope you get all the milk, oranges, bananas and apples that you want--and that you can slobber to your hearts content. Don't worry about K.F., Mother will take care of that, even on Sunday.

Don't do like the boys from

get paid for it. So don't run down the bridge that carried you safely.

They have even told you how to dress, shave and clean-up before you went out, so you would look as if you belonged to someone.

If in your travels looking for work, you come here, it will be a pleasure to see that you don't go away hungry, but get a handout as a token of old times sake.

#### ATHLETICS

Camp Upson defeated our baseball team by a score of 14-2. Two bad innings caused all the rioting.

We lost our second Camp game to Star Lake. The score was 12-6. The boys showed much improvement in this game and really looked like a ball club.

Under Major Roberts management and intensive drill the team finally came through last Sunday in no mean manner. They played Camp Gogebic on the Mercer Diamond, and when the game was finished they were on the long end of a 13--4 score. Fine work boys.

A field day meet is being arranged to be held at this Camp on June 23rd. This is to be a triangular affair with Camp Gogebic and possibly Camp Upson participating. The following events will be run off; 100 yard dash, 440 shuttle relay, High Jump, Broad Jump, Shot, Volley Ball, Horseshoe (singles and doubles), Ping Pong. All men desiring to participate in this meet sign up in the Advisors office at once.

BIT O' NEWS

BARRACK 1

An invitation has been extended from Fine Lake tower by Slim and Rags to the Rangers to partake of a turtle soup dinner. When two tower men succeed in capturing enough for dinner the turtle evidently are becoming air-minded.

Inquiries as to the pups in front of the Ranger's cabin served to correct the erroneous idea that a pup-raising contest had developed between the Ranger's and Major Roberts. It is much more commonplace than that; the Ranger's are merely nurse-maids for Mrs. Lemke's Cocker Spaniels until they are able to fend for themselves.

Art Evenson is graveling the bad spots on the Papoose fire lane. What once looked like a wilderness is now beginning to resemble a boulevard, with a few exterior exceptions.

Dick Kaloma is over near Clear Lake with a crew building a fire lane.

Herb Rhamlow still has a yen for finding gooseberry bushes. His crew reports that the mosquitoes are very intimate.

The Winchester baseball manager, Mr. Papke, is building a telephone line near Winegar.

"Kid" Robinson and his gang have just about completed the dismantling of the tower at Mercer. A new tower with steps is to be erected there at once.

Koberstein.

Captain (reading the Oath of office)  
"Do you swear?"  
New Rookie "Sometimes".

Have you noticed more saluting on

This barrack has always been particularly representative of Green Bay and its vicinity. These men are with the exception of one completing their CCC service on June 30th. There is noticeable in these men a mixture of feelings. A tendency to talk, when the lights go out just seems to be a part of their desire to prolong their waking CCC life, or to reach out for that greater freedom which will soon be theirs.

When Green Bay packs out to the last man its history will be no inconsiderable part of the life in Camp Mercer, for they entered the company about thirty-two strong, perhaps second only to the Iron County boys in number.

McKloskey, Riley and Ames would have a tale to tell, though it might lead to a quarrel. They went fishing the other night, they let their anchor drag and being retarded thus, were caught in a drenching rain storm.

You know how towers sprain their joints in a strong wind. Well, it seems Gierczak didn't and was curious about the Rest Lake tower.

W. Wilson

BARRACK 2

Freddie Priest, Peter Voyer, Bud Thomas, and Hershey seem to own one end of Barrack 2's table in the mess hall. At least that is the way it looks when someone else is in their place. They also do fairly well waiting on themselves. This is taken from one who knows, "Scoop" Brown and Doug Gilman are expert dynamite men in our barracks. Ask Scoop if you want to know anything about dynamiting.



SNIFE HUNT

