

CCC

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The Camp

Mercer Monitor

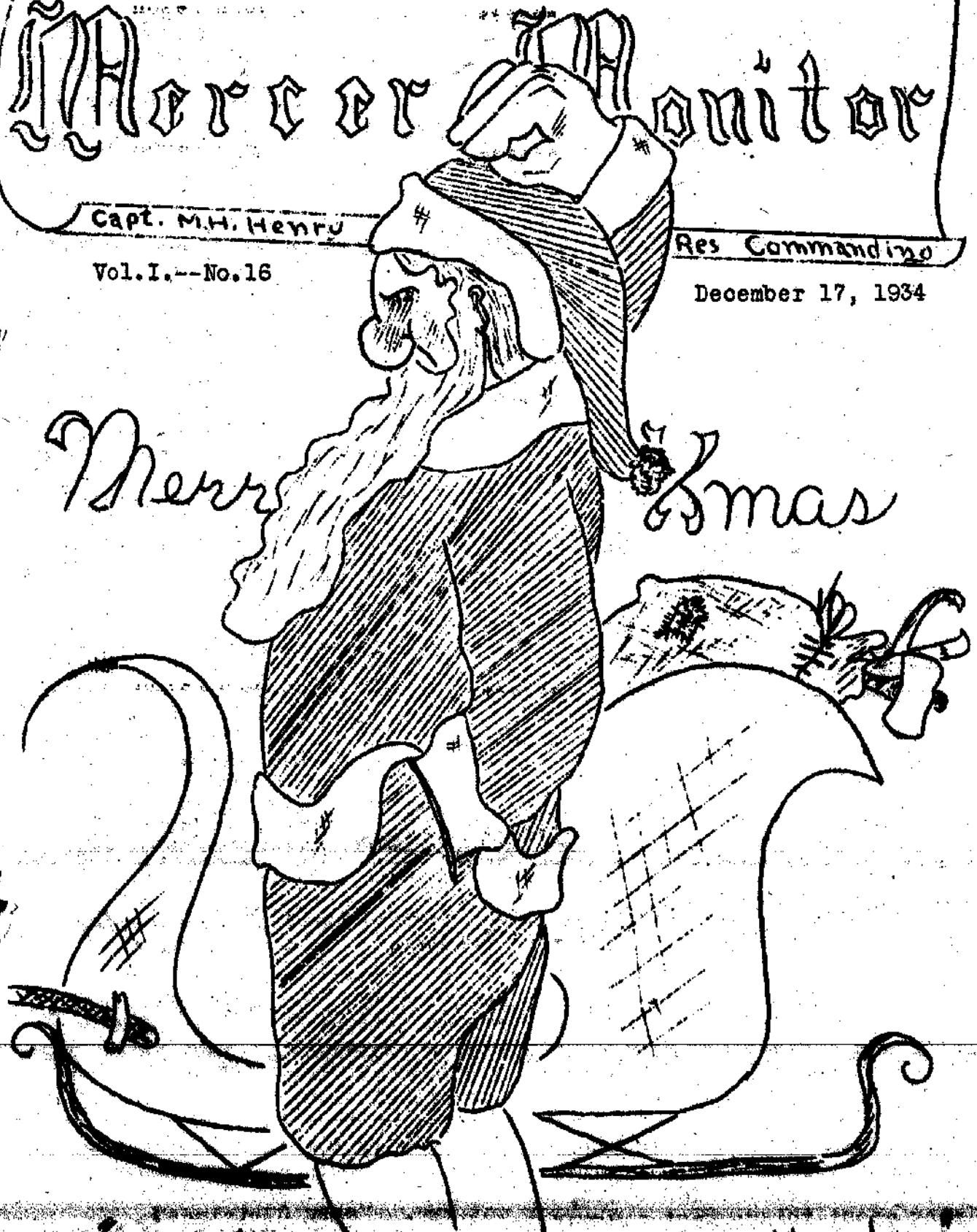
Capt. M.H. Henry

Res Commanding

Vol. I.--No. 16

December 17, 1934

Merry Xmas



C H R I S T M A S

Millions of people in this world or ours are looking forward to Christmas Day. Why?

Most of us can readily call to mind a time in our lives, that we might call the 'stocking hanging age'. I recall the pleasure we got out of hanging up our stockings before bed time on Christmas Eve. Expecting that Santa Claus with 'his fat little belly, that shook, when he laughed like a

bowful of jelly' would come driving his reindeer over the house tops. Stopping at every chimney and slipping into the house to fill our stockings with the things that we wrote him we would like. I remember now our mothers usually insisted on correcting any mistake we might make in spelling or grammar. How foxy the dear old souls were, - rather an under-handed way to get a list of the things Santa was expected to bring. But bless them, their iniquities have long since been forgiven.

Many who read this little contribution to our camp paper, still have their mothers to help make the day complete. Many more can see and hear them only thru the mist of years past.

However Christmas Day should be something besides a day of celebrating the anniversary of the Birth of the Savior. It should be a day of good will, manifested by gifts to those we love, - song, and story. It seems like it is a day to be among our friends and relatives, for at least a few hours, talking about things past and our



plans for the future. Last but not least to gather around the Christmas table loaded with the good things, that come only once a year. The only clouds to cast a shadow over the festivities is the chance thought of the millions of people in the world, who's Christmas dinner is taken from the garbage cans.

It's mighty hard to get through the Christmas Holidays without a Christmas tree, but the time is at hand, when we of the North country must begin to think of a way to get along without one. We are planting millions of young trees each yr. The cost of gathering and preparing the seed, starting the plants and planting the young growth after leaving the nursery is something astounding and should never be interfered with. Likewise the

natural growth should be guarded religiously. We pursue each year the commercial Christmas tree business. Surely this must be sapping our natural growth of balsam and spruce and should be stopped. To us now, we feel that it should be a poor Christmas without an ever-green to decorate. But there are worse things to get used to so why not try. Merry Christmas!

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Chaplain Speaks Here

W.J.Wuebbens, new District Chaplain gave a very interesting talk to the men of this Camp, Wednesday, December 5.

This talk dealt with the topic of opportunities for those, who are in the CCC's.

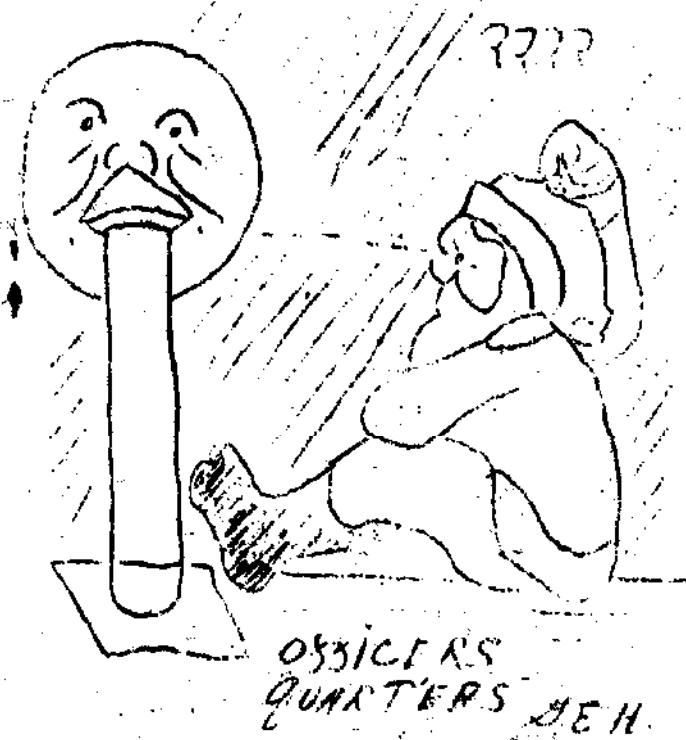
The opportunities listed and explained by the Chaplain were:- the opportunity of earning money, keeping our health, increasing our education, and bettering our mental spirit.

The Monitor wishes to take this opportunity of welcoming the Chaplain to this District.

Believe It Or Not

Yarosh--At home we have a cat, that lost his front paw in a trap. So I put a wooden clothes pin in its place. One night I woke up and wondered what the racket was about and low and behold there was the cat holding a mouse in the corner with one paw and clubbing the mouse over the head with the wooden leg.

Treague--Baloney! !



First Aid In Fixing Trucks

Bill Summers capable crew that of a good idea of getting back to Camp, after one of the frontwheels came off the truck at the Moose Lake Fire Lane. While Summers went out to secure help; members of the crew fastened a dry ash pole under the axle, forming a runner. It served the purpose intended. A little later Mr. Summers was picked up and it was decided that it would be run back to Camp that way. It was driven 18 miles at a rate of approximately 20 miles an hour. It went along very nicely, and according to Mr. Fisher, the truck driver, it wasn't hard to steer. Thanks to the work and thoughtfulness of Bill Summers Crew.



DISPENSARY

INFECTIONS

KETTLES

and

SKILLETS

Here comes the 'Measlelites'! We thought we had them exterminated last Spring, but here they are back again going strong. So far we have had Norm Gullikson, Barrack 4; Gerald Schweigert, Barrack 7; Chester Mansky, Barrack 7; 'Kelly' Zahn, Barrack 7; John Wschalski, Barrack 7; and last but not least Bob Dietrick, the asst. leader of Barrack 7. Besides the 'Measlelites', Stotie Chiapusio is here with acute tonsillitis, Bill Rozner and Wilbur Thayer complete the full house. They are suffering from acute myalgia. Cross your fingers fellows; the Christmas holiday is no time to have the Measles.

Bob Avery has been appointed District Surgeon's Clerk; Robert Eidsaune has been appointed First Aid Man in the former's place.

We wonder if Sergeant McLaughlin is using all the tape he has been getting for his bugle. Soon he will be asking for mercurochrome to cure his ailing horn.

Can anybody discover the sudden change in Archie Ahles? The only reason we know of is the heart throb in Mosinee. Letters are coming at the rate of one a day, but Archie is not answering. Something is wrong!

The Major has just finished his monthly inspection of the various camps in the Ninth Forestry District.

"Many changes are taking place in the Dispensary. With the advent of the Dispensary Infector, we wonder if Hurley is the source of Bill Rozner's back ache or was it the innocent labor he is doing in the woods." (quotation from the Major)

The Major has already inquired of the patients concerning their ability to do carpentry work.

Our baby class is progressing grand and gloriously... Papa Watson is going to fix a place for them to hang their stockings Christmas Eve. For the final examination in this class the students will write a letter to Santa Claus and tell him what they want for Christmas.

Those who are expected to graduate at Christmas are as follows:

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| Anes | Hether |
| Luem | Czech |
| Berg | Astil |
| Currier | Hon |
| Wiley | Piccinnelli |
| Oberg, (sal.) | |
| Coxey, (val.) | |

Watson's Little Man

I'm Bill Watson's little man
Yes, by Judas Priest I am.
I work for him every day.
It's all hard work and no play.
We work early, we work late.
Cooking the stew, that you guys see.

So I'm Bill's little man.

Yes at least I think I am.

(Dedicated To Bill Watson by His Little Man.)

Wanted

Lee Block to join the Hermits Club. Van Rens says it saves money time and shoe leather. Give it serious thought Lee.

A gym to play basketball in, and five good basket-ball players. Instructions in snow-shoeing, by two girls in Mercer.

Some little 'Judy' stories for the Monitor.



Watson's "A" student

CAMP GOSSIP

The following enrollees received honorable discharges Nov. 30:-- Irvine Shuls, Allie Shuls, Delbert Rogers, Floyd Richardson, and Russell Davis. The Monitor wishes to take this opportunity in wishing them the best of luck in their future undertakings.

We Sometimes Wonder Why:

Capt. Kiersey likes the name, 'Pat'.

Lt. Johansen has recently joined the Camp Mercer Bridge Club.

Our Supply House Sargent is called the 'Terrible Pole'.

Ahles, Kopschinski, and Hinke blush so readily.

Bill Watson thinks everyone is a gold brick.

Eddie Wright is singing all the time.

Berg, Ames, Astil, and a few others continue to use this baby talk.

Carl Marschke is always taking someone 'through the weeds.'

Carl 'Opollo' Higgins stays up till midnite to listen to Jan. Garber's Orchestra. Who's the last love.--A-pel-o?

The first aid men can never go to bed nights.

Fred Page continues to scratch his fiddle.

There are nine guitars in Camp.

The kitchen force greets our Ed. Adviser with their theme song, "Good Morning, dear teacher, Good Morning to you."

Seen at the supply house--Van Rens, trying to trade his shoes for a lighter pair. He says those he has are too large and heavy, especially for walks from Camp to Little Bohemia. We imagine Eddy, that heavy shoes would cause blisters.

Visitors: Ed Hockstein and Elmer Endres visited Camp Thanksgiving Day. Koberstein, Clark, and Buckstein visited Camp last week.

Mr. Kelton informs us, that the patients of the automobile accident are getting along fairly well.

New Club Organized

Camp Mercer is to have a new exclusive club, which should prove very successful if things are worked out according to present plans arranged by the ringleaders.

This club is to be called the 'Hermit Club'. The requirements necessary to enter this select circle are:--ability to play checkers, will power to stay away from town for the rest of the winter, and to have the hair cropped to the length of about 3/4 of an inch.

Meetings of this Club will be held every Saturday night in Barrack 5. The charter members have elected the following temporary officers:--Calvin Beatty-Pres., Gordon Hether-Vice Pres., George Oberg-Treas., Frank Piccinelli-Sec.

The first meeting will be held Sat., Dec. 15. Anyone wishing to join this aggregation, please inquire for enrollment blanks from the presiding officers.

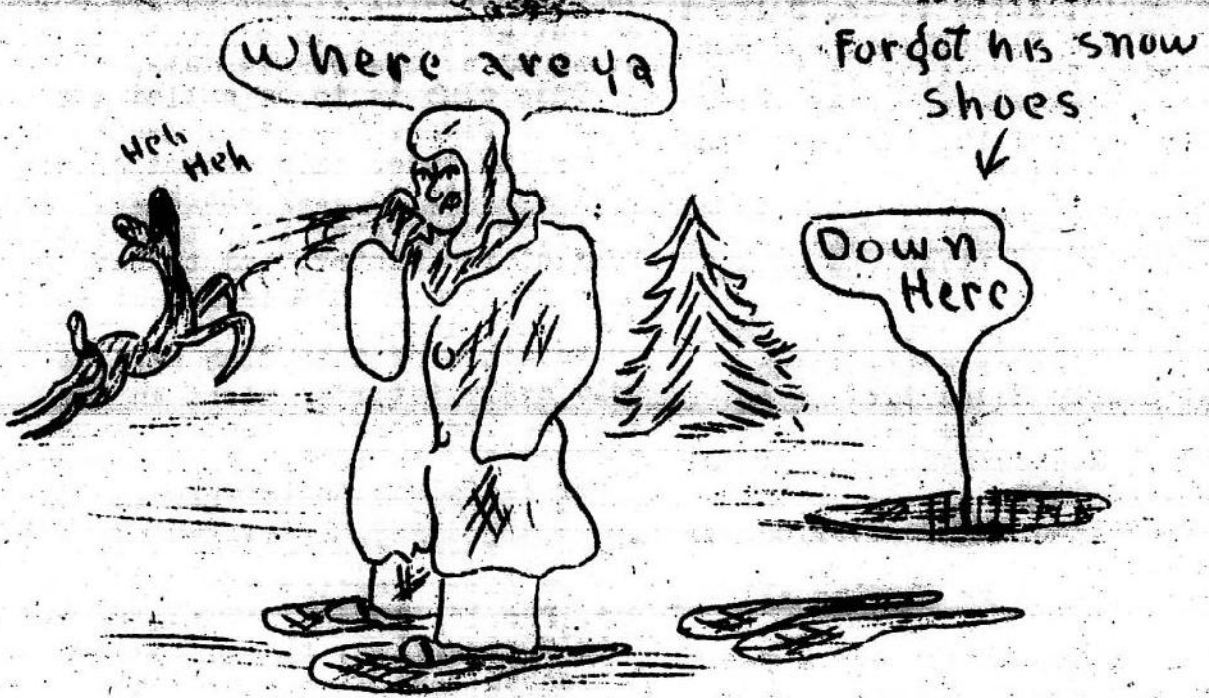
Any of the charter members, who wish to enlighten their fertile minds more fully on this delicate and most absorbing subject, may check out the book, 'How To Be A Hermit' by Will Cuppy, anytime they wish.

Watch the next paper for the rules and by-laws, which will be formulated at the coming meeting. Until then au revoir.

Reporter--E.W.H.

Why does
"Buck"
Campaneshi
prefer
Shaving
Cream
to tooth
paste
when
brushing
his teeth
?????





Don't forget that this is
the north

Van--I had an awful dream the other night.

Schuls--What was it?

Van--I dreamt that I was eating shredded wheat and when I woke up half the mattress was gone.

Schuls--Czech certainly! Mill out you through the mill, when you wish to have that mattress in for a new one. How will you explain this?

Van--I'll tell him, that 'Rook' was in here, while we were out to work.

Rouse--I know a man who has been married 30 years and he spends every evening of his life right at home.

Soi...--That's what I call real love.

Rouse--The doctor calls it 'real sis'.

Capt. Tierney--So Singleton, that new cook of yours is lazy?

Pill Watson--Lazy! Why, the other morning I caught him putting popcorn into the breads to make them turn over the halves.

Her...--I'll go to win the lot with you.

Salad (Suitor)--Well, on that at least let me slip back to our old change. You'll get better results with your O. D. clothes.

Our Ether Program

Jokes

Wednesday eve, Dec. 19-7:00--
7:15 over W.J.M.S. the Forensic
Club on its weekly broadcast, will
present a dramatization of Charles
Dickens's 'Christmas Carol'.

Shinn--Wh, how odd! There
goes Spizzerintum leading a
horse down the road.

Foots--Horse nothing. That's
his wife in her new fur pony
coat.

Wife--Dear, can you make
your suit last another year?

Him--Well, if I can't I'll
have to join a nudist colony.

Teacher--Fred, if I said,
"I am beautiful" what tense
would it be?

Fred--Past.

Maid--The doctor is here,
sir.

Absent-Minded Professor--
Tell him to come some day
next week--I'm too sick
to have call-
ers today.

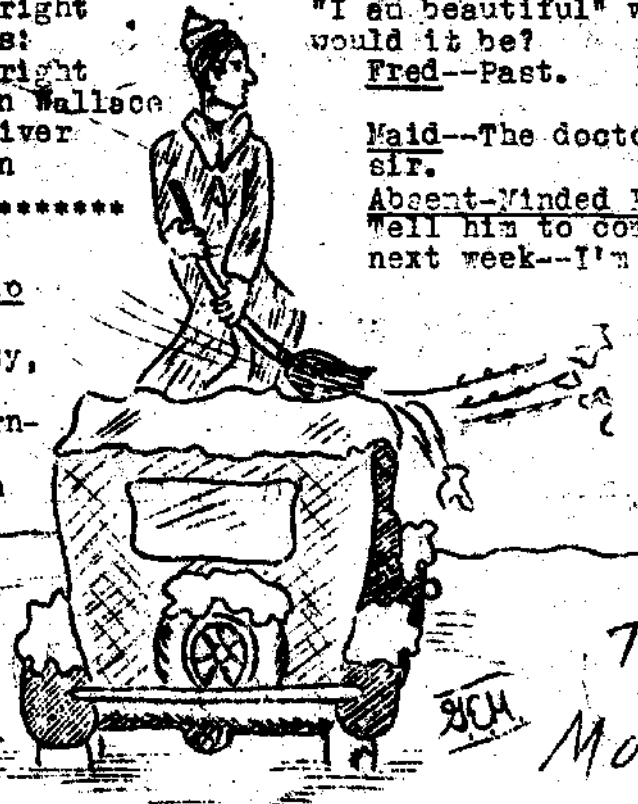
Ach ven you
tink about
it.

This is the last broadcast un-
til after the Christmas holidays,
and promises to be one of the best
ever given by our Club. Those tak-
ing part in this broadcast are as
follows:

George Oberg Bill Rozner
Bob Eidsaune Gordon Hether
Merle Treague Eddy Wright

Xmas Carolers:

Dick Hamilton Eddy Wright
Bob Dietrick Clayton Wallace
Accompaniment-Oliver
Peterson



Gift of Friendship

All life seemed so empty,
yet filled with care
And my heart seemed turn-
ed to stone
And I flung myself down
in dull despair
To sob in the gloom
--alone.

And it mattered not
if 't was day or
night

Withered was pleasure
and faded was light--
And the cheerless
world was gray;
When out of the dark-
ness there stole a
hand

And a soft voice whis-
pered, "I under-
stand."

Then the sun smiled down from a
misty sky
While a rainbow of promise gleamed
on high
And the cheerful world was gay.

(Adami)

Ketton getting ready
for a ride on

THE
MONITOR
WISHES

EVERYONE

A

MERRY XMAS

AND

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SYLVESTER by N.E.H.

