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Fire Alarm

Co. 660

Micac Monitor

Cap. M.H. Henry
F.A. Co. 660
Commanding



EDITORIAL	STAFF
Adviser -----	A.A. Yelton
Editor -----	Ed. VanRens
Cartoonist -----	Gordon Hether
Typist -----	Elmer Hinke
Reporters -----	Bill Watson
	Bob Avery
	Fred Haag
	Frank Piccinelli
	'Chuck' Weirauch

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M.H. Henry, F.A.-Res., Comdg.
Fred Haag, Forestry Supt.

MAJOR ROBERTS TRANSFERRED

On April 16th, Major Roberts was transferred from Camp Mercer, his home for the past twenty-three months, to Camp McCoy near Sparta. Here he will serve as assistant to the District Surgeon for the entire McCoy District.

Tuesday evening, Mr. Kelton called the boys together in the Recreation Hall to bid the Major farewell. The Major spoke briefly expressing his regret for leaving such a true and loyal Company. He gave a few parting words of advice on health, which showed the interest he has always taken in every man. His final words, some what choked with emotion, thanked every man for the splendid cooperation they have shown him.

Major Roberts established a wonderful record, while at this Camp; only one death in nearly two years and that an unavoidable accident. He has taken a great interest in improving the Camp, both for beauty and comfort.

Needless to say, that every man and every activity will miss the hearty support and cooperation the Major has always so willingly given.

Farewell and Success.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESS
Office of the Director
Washington, D.C.

A preliminary report covering the first two years' operation of the Civilian Conservation Corps forest camp program was forwarded to the White House, April 8, by Robert Fechner, Director of Emergency Conservation Work.

In his communication, Director Fechner recommended that the Conservation Corps be given a permanent place in our Government. The Director set forth the major results achieved thru the operation of the CCC program and announced that the Corps was ready for pro-

mp expansion.

Extracts from his conclusions follows:—Summed up briefly, the CCC program has supplied jobs to more than one million men, most of them youngsters. At one time or another, not less than 3,000,000 dependents of CCC enrollees have benefited thru participation in the \$30-a-month cash allowances earned by CCC men. Officials of the Forest Service and National Park Service assert that forestry and park development throughout the nation has been advanced from ten to twenty years. The cooperating departments estimate the value of the work done by enrolled men during the first twenty-one months of the two years that the camps have been in operation at \$335,000,000. This means that hundreds of millions of dollars have been added to the natural resource wealth of the nation thru the completion of a work program of unprecedented proportions. Business recovery has been stimulated thru the expenditure of more than \$367,000,000 for manufactured goods, food stuffs, automotive equipment, construction material and other articles needed in the operation of the camps. The CCC program has and is contributing to national health thru building up the physical condition of enrollees, thru teaching hundreds of thousands of young men new health habits and sanitation methods and thru the development of new recreational areas for millions of Americans.

The Director called attention to a statement by the medical service of the War Department to the effect that the death rate among CCC enrolled personnel has been about 1/3 as high as that among unselected men of a similar age group.

The Act of March 31, 1933, may truly be said to have been one of the biggest and best things that has ever happened for the forests, soils and wild life of the U.S. Accomplishments on the ground under the Emergency Conservation Work have been stupendous. The CCC enrollees while green, underfed and untrained at the beginning, have made an enviable and lasting contribution to American conservation.

The advancement of real conservation in the U.S. by the Emergency Conservation Act of March 31, 1933, through the work of the CCC, has been tremendous and heartening: it has shoved forward conservation progress from ten to twenty years. The major gains have been (a) real and lasting accomplishments in the forests and on other lands, (b) greatly increased public understanding and appreciation of the meaning and purpose of conservation (c) the practical training of CCC enrollees in conservation methods, practices & purposes (d) the nation-wide stimulation of interest in forestation, soil erosion control and conservation on the part of states and pri-

INTERESTING

FACTS

about Camp Mercer

SPORTS



Through the efforts of the Editorial Staff of the Monitor the following column will be run to furnish the men with some interesting data concerning their own Camp.

After interviewing individually each member in Camp, the following interesting statistics were tabulated:

NATIONALITY

German proved to be the predominating nationality. Out of approximately 180 men in Camp, 58 are of German descent. Next in line were the Poles, who number 27. Following these two nationalities are:

- Irish - 17
- French - 14
- Norwegian - 11
- English - 8
- Swede - 7
- Italian - 6
- Bohemian - 5
- Dane - 4
- Dutch - 4
- Finn - 4
- Scotch - 3
- Welsh - 2
- Russian - 2
- Belgian - 1
- Swiss - 1
- Spanish - 1
- Lithuanian - 1
- Indian - 1
- Ukrainian - 1

In all this Camp is represented by 21 different nationalities.

CIGARETTE

The favorite brand of cigarette used by the men of this Camp is Camel. 91 of the men use this brand. In the following order come the other desired brands:

- Chesterfield - 19
- Lucky Strike - 18
- Old Gold - 3
- Wings - 1
- Twenty Grand - 1

And strange as it may seem there are 45 men in Camp, who do not smoke at all.

BOOK

The favorite type of book in this Camp is the Western. 60 fellows choosed this type. In the following order come the other desired types:

- Adventure - 38
- Mystery - 17
- Romance - 13
- Detective - 9
- Northern - 7
- Science - 3
- Sex - 3
- Travel - 2
- Aviation - 2
- Forestry - 2
- Historical Novel - 2
- Humorous - 2
- Geography - 1
- Love - 1
- Short Story - 1
- Mechanical - 1
- Biography - 1
- Classics - 1
- Hunting - 1
- Travel & Adv. - 1
- Sport - 1
- True Story - 1
- Travel - 1

And believe it or not there are four men in Camp, who do not care for any type of book.

The old weather man has been performing in his usual crass-ed Spring style, much to the disgust of all who are interested in getting outside for baseball, kittenball, and the other Spring and Summer forms of athletics. Hopes are raised to the skies one day and dashed to perdition the next. However, we feel that we are going to get a break now and will be able to start baseball, kittenball, and volleyball at least by the beginning of next week. We are also awaiting the arrival of the new 'Rooks', so that we may incorporate them into the athletic program at its inception and save all the trouble of reorganizing when they come in. We don't know when they'll be here, but we think it will be very soon.

Plans are being made at this time for a triangular field meet with Camp Uson and Camp Gorbic, to be held at this camp the 21st of June. It is planned to have track and field events, besides, kittenball, volleyball, horseshoe, pin-point, billiards, and pool.

A similar meet was held here last year in June and the amount of interest shown in it warrants a repetition of the event.

The practice baseball game Sunday has led us to believe that the Camp baseball team is going to be a big improvement over last year.

The caliber of play of many of the men and the spirit displayed raised the hopes of everyone interested in the welfare of the team. We'll be calling for candidates for the team pretty soon. Get the kinks out of the arm and sharpen up the spikes. Old King Baseball is about to have his yearly reign.

The MERCER MONITOR wishes, at this time, to assure Camp Peri and its hockey team that at no time did it intend or desire to take any credit from their fine hockey team, when it published that it had won the District Championship by forfeit. We wish to take this opportunity to contribute to their fine hockey team and the splendid record, which it achieved during the past season.

Is that Right?



HEARD ABOUT CAMP

by

('Heck'???)

!!and the Minniqua Lovers!



During the last two weeks, the following men have left Camp Mercox, to accept employment:

- Three left on March 31:
 - DuPont Cretton, Niagara, Wis., 1 yr.
 - Theron Edgerton, Lindsey, Wis., 3 Months
 - Clarence Fishman, Niagara, Wis., 1 Year

- Five left on April 2:
 - Kenneth McDonald, Springstead, Wis., 15 months
 - Herman Proft, Athens, Wis., 9 months
 - James Rundle, Dodgeville, Wis., 7 1/2 Months
 - George Smith, Dodgeville, Wis., 7 1/2 MS.
 - Roy Smith, Dodgeville, Wis., 7 1/2 MS.

One left on April 8:
 Alfred Pauls, Seymour, Wis., 3 Months.
 We wish to take this opportunity of extending to these men our best wishes for success in the future.

It is understood that Vosur opened his bank vault and treated one of his companions to a stick of gum the other night. (very extravagant)

It is claimed that Moziska is the bullie of Barrack 2.

Yarosh is going to take up dress making since he bought his miniature sewing machine.

Wanted! A pair of slacks or breeches for O'erg, as his present ones are disclosing a large share of his anatomy. (Since when did this Camp become a nudist colony?)

Andriest breaks into the lime-light again.

Will wonders never cease? Dick Davis stays in Camp for one week-end.

Mauritz is the most talkative lad in Camp.

Biederman has retired from his position of fireman in Barrack 2 on a liveable pension.

George Thomas's girl turned the tables on him by getting married to someone else recently. (Tough luck George)

Kurek and Walczyk, the Pole twins, seem to be together all the time in either their studies or in their movements about the Area.

'Sister' has found a new boy friend in 'Minnie' Bergschultz. She is now dividing her time between 'Chief Wa-Hoo' Allord and the afore-said 'Minnie'.

The winners of Lyman's raffle were as follows:--Don Sutton won

the At-Water Font Radio, Genz captured the one dollar bill, while Hayes acquired the carton of cigarettes.

Captain Kiersey, Commander of Camp Ontonagon, visited in Camp Mercox, Sunday-March 31.

Thayer was the lucky lad, who was fortunate in winning the radio, which Campbell raffled off.

Does Joe Larson, Black's Pet, ever leave the Recreation Hall. He seems to have a hard time getting out of bed mornings also. What is the matter, Joe?

Korpela has moved over to 'Little Poland'.

Why does 'Mouse' always talk about his sisters?

We hear that 'Hungry' is thinging along the matrimonial line. How about it Prost?

Bratz likes oysters and how.

VanRens, what has caused that healthy flush on your face?

Washburg appears to be one of the members of the all-star volley ball team.

Lindow claims to be the chess champ of this Camp. Is there anyone who disagrees with him.

Why does Czech go home every week-end? What's on the other end, Czech?

Higgins seems to have great difficulty in taking care of his hats or ones, which he borrows.

Where did Swede Ericson kill the bear for his sweater?

Why does Pat Thomas hang around the kitchen so much? Does it pay?

Rubinoff Leuthner is still fiddling along.

Larschke alias Barr has acquired a new name;--Hair VonStromheim.

Rice has recuperated from a siege of flu. Hard to keep a good man down

Major Roberts has taken up tree-planting. He with a couple of assistants are planting christmas trees around the buildings. You may be sur that whenever it comes to beautifying the Camp, the Major will always dig right in and lend a hand.

Walter Hornick left for Camp McCoy, April 15, to become a painter at that place. Hornick arrived in this Camp the first part of January. Best of luck on your new job, Walter.

Did Conrad and Leum tangle with a couple of wild cats over the pest wee.



Salesman - Now, here's an overcoat for you, sir--look at it--feel the material--there's value for your money!

Brei - Yes, but I want a new coat; that happens to be the one I've just taken off.

Szurek - (Officer's Dog-robber) You know that old vase you said had been handed down from generation to generation.

Captain Henry - (anxiously): Yes.
Szurek - Well, this generation has dropped it.

#####

A Scotchman, Bill Watson, applied for a position as deputy sheriff, and the question was asked him: Suppose you saw a crowd congregated at a certain point on your beat, how would you disperse it quickly and with the least trouble?

Said the knowing Scotchman - I would pass the hat.

#####

M. Robinson - Why do they call college higher education?

Prast - Because it's over your head.

#####

Maj. Roberts - (looking keenly at his patient) How are you feeling today?

Stark - Not at all well.

Maj. - Did you take the medicine I prescribed for you?

Stark - Yes.

Maj. - And the diet? I think I told you to eat only such food as could be easily digested by a three-year-old child. Did you follow my instruction?

Stark - Yes, Doctor. I ate two handfuls of mud, a piece of orange peel, a shoe button, and a couple of matches.

#####

Erickson - Give me three rounds of insect powder.

Larson, L - Do you want to take it with you?

Erickson - Well, yes. You don't expect me to bring the bugs here do you?

#####

Lindahl - He cleaned up a big fortune in crooked dough.

Nikolai - Was he a counterfeit?

Lindahl - No, just a pretzel manufacturer.

#####

To call a turkey a blockhead at Thanksgiving time is to add insult to injury.

#####

A Stunt

Try this out and see if you get the same answer:

What yr. were you born? _____

What is your age? _____

In what year did you take your present position? _____

How many years have you worked at this job? _____

Total 3,876

#####

The Lovers Club

It behooves me to again flourish my pen. The outcome is some more gossip concerning the welfare of the Lover's Club. The Club has been meeting its setbacks of late in that the fellows of the Camp have been compelled to stay in Camp over the weekends because of the great amount of illness in town. Of a certainty this is detrimental to the unbuilding of this aggregation.

The presiding officers are not disappointed over this drawback as they are inspiring their followers with the determination to stick to their work until they have reached their ultimate destiny.

Flash! Here is some late news it concerns some of the members.

Rozer claims that he is irresistible to the women.

Hayes admits that he is a good judge of feminine pulchritude.

Wallace keeps quiet, but why is he so anxious to get to town every week-end?

Gullickson as you all know continues to play them with his becoming dimples.

Companeshi is still interested in Marger.

Hether seems to be quite fond of the Hatchet City.

Wiggins has some big attraction in Winocqua.

Spielzel was homesick for his wife quite often.

Urmaski admits he has a distinct liking for redheads.

At present the Club is considering admitting 'dubbles'.

As the space for the Club's news is limited, I will allow my pen to run dry. So until the next issue, I am

Your Reporter (P. J. P.)

#####

(E. S. Shepard, an American Lumberman)

'Twas '64 or '65
 We drove the great Round River Drive;
 'Twas '65 or '64---
 Yes, it was durin' of the war,
 Or it was after or before.

Those were the days in Wisconsin,
 The good old days when any man
 Could cut and skid and log & haul,
 And there was pine enough for all.

When all the logger had to do
 Was find some timber that was new
 Beside a stream he knew it ran
 To Wausau or to Markesan.

That at the place a mill there was
 To take the timber for the saws.
 (In those old days the pinneer
 He need not read his title clear
 To mansions there or timber here.)

Paul Bunyan, (you have heard of Paul?)
 He was the king pin of them all,
 The greatest logger in the land;
 He had a punch in either hand
 And licked more men and drove more
 miles

And got more drunk in more new styles
 Than any other beavie prince
 Before, or then, or ever since.)

Paul Bunyan bossed that famous crew;
 A bunch of shoutin' bruisers too--
 Black Dan McDonald, Tom McCann,
 Dutch Jake, Red Murphy, Dirty Dan,
 And other Dons from black to red,
 With Curley Charley Yellow-head,
 And Patsy Ward from off the clam--
 The kind of gang to break a Jan,
 To clean a far or raze a rum,
 Or give a twenty to a bun.

Paul Bunyan and his fightin' crew,
 In '64 or '51 or '21
 They started out to find the pines
 Without much thought of section lines,
 So west by north they made their way
 One hundred miles until one day
 They found good timber logging land,
 With roarin' water close at hand.

Now near the camp there was a spring
 That used to steam like ever-thin'.
 One day the tote team brought supplies
 Had on a load of wamoth's size,
 A load of beans. Just on the road
 Besides the spring he ditched his load
 And all those beans, the bloomin' mess,
 Fell in the spring--ten tons I guess.
 He came to camp expectin' he
 Would get from Bunyan the G.B.
 But Joe the cook, a French Canuck,
 Said, "Paul, it's a ze luck--
 Ze spring is hot, so Paul pardon
 And we will have ze grand bouillon!

To prove the toaster not at fault,
 We took some pepper, salt, and pork,
 A right proportion each of these
 And threw them in among the beans--
 And got 'nough and good soup too,
 To last the hole of winter through.
 The rest of us were kind of glad--
 It split the beans when soup we had--
 Except the flunkies, they were mad
 Because each day they had to tramp
 Threescore and tote the soup to camp.

Joe had a stove, some furnace too,
 The size for such a hungry crew.

Say what you will it is the neat,
 The pie and sinner, chopper eat
 That get results. It is the beans
 And spuds that are the best machine
 For fallin' Norway, skiddin' pine
 And keepin' hemlock drives in line.
 This stove of Joe's it was a rig
 For cookin' grub that was so big
 It took a solid cord of wood.
 To get a fire going good.
 The flunkies cleaned 3 forties bare
 Each week to keep a fire in there.
 That stove's dimensions south to north,
 From east to west and so forth,
 I don't remember just exact,
 And do not like to state a fact
 Unless I know that fact is true
 For I could hate deceivin' you.
 But I remember once that Joe
 Put in a wamoth batch of dough
 And then he thought (at least he tried
 To take it out the other side.

But when he went to walk around
 The stove (it was so far) he found
 That long before the band he turned
 The bread not only baked but burned.
 To had the young coons for flunkies, Sam
 And Tom. Joe used to strap a ham
 On each foot of both of them
 When we had pan-cakes each A.M.
 They'd skate around the stove-lids for
 An hour or so and maybe more,
 And grease 'em for him. But one day
 Old Pink-eye Martin (anyway
 He couldn't see so very good)
 Old Pink-eye he misunderstood
 Which was the bakin' powder can.
 And in the dough eight finger ran
 Of powder, blastin' powder black--
 Those niggers never did come back--
 The touched a cake a flash, and poof!
 Went Sam and Tom through the roof.
 We hunted for a month or so
 But never found 'em--That you know,
 Was the winter of the black snow.

We put one hundred million feet
 On skids that winter. Hard to beat,
 You say it was? It was some crew.
 We took it off one forty, too.
 A hundred million feet we skid--
 That forty was a pyramid;
 It runs up sky-ward to a peak--
 To see the top would take a week.
 The top of it, it seems to me,
 Was far as twenty men could see,
 But down below the stuff he slides
 For there was trees on all four sides.

And, by the way, a funny thing
 Occurred alone in early Spring,
 One day we saw some deer tracks there
 As big as that of any bear
 Old Forty Jones (He's straggled on
 The side where those there deer hedged
 We doesn't do a thing but he
 Thinks out a scheme, and him and me
 We set a key-logger in a pile
 And watched that night for quite a while
 And when the deer came down to drink,
 We tripped the key-long in a wink.
 We killed two hundred in the herd
 For Forty's scheme was sure a bird.
 Enough of venison we had got,
 To last all winter with one shot.

Joe had a stove, some furnace too, Paul Bunyan had the biggest steer

Nine horses he'd outpull and sled--
He weighed 10,000 pounds, he did.

The barn boss (hard man besides)
Made him a harness of all the hides
Of all the deer (it took 'em all)
And Pink-eye Martin used to haul
His stove wood in. Remember yet

How buck-skin stretches when it's wet?
One day when he was haulin' wood
(A dead stub that was dry and good)
One cloudy day, it started in
To rainin' like the very sin.

Well Pink-eye pounded on the ox
And beat him over roads and rocks
To camp. He landed there all right
And turned around--no log in sight!
Put down the road, around the bend,
Those tugs were stretchin' without end.
Well Pink-eye he goes in to eat.
The sun comes out with lots of heat,
And dries the buck-skin that was damp,
And hauls the log right into camp.

That was a pretty lucky crew
And yet we had some hard luck too.
You've heard of Galen, Double-Jam?
He had two sets of teeth that saved
Thru almost anything. One night
He sure did use his molars right.
While walkin' in his sleep he hit
The filer's rack and, after it,
Then with the stone trough he collides
Which makes him sore & mad besides
Before he wakes so mad he is,
He works those double teeth of his.
And long before he gets his wits
He chawed that grindstone into bits.

But still we didn't miss it so;
For to the top we used to go
And from the forty's highest crown
We'd start big stones a-rollin' down.
We'd lay an ax on every one
And follow it upon the run;
And, when we reached the lowest ledge
Each ax is had a razor edge.

Jem Liverpool, for instance, bet
Across the river he could get
By Jumpin' and he won it, too.
He got the laugh on half the crew;
For twice in air he stoops & jumps,
And makes the river in three jumps.
We didn't have no booze around
For every fellow that we found
And sent to town for apple jack
Would drink it all up comin' back.

One day the cockles parin' spuds
He hears a sizzlin' in the suds
And finds the peelin's strange to say
Are all fermentin' where they lay.
Now sour-face Murphy in the door,
Was standin' and the face he wore
Convinced the first assistant cook
That Murny could 'EM with his lock,
And when he had the parin's drained,
A quart of Irish booze remained.

The cook he tells the tale to Paul
And Paul takes Murphy off the haul
And gives him very willingly,
A job as camp distillery.

At last, a hundred million in,
'Twas time for drivin' to begin.
We broke out rollways in a rush
And started thru the rain & slush

Until we reached some saw mill town.
We didn't know the river's name,
Nor where to someone's mill it came,
But figured that, without a doubt,
To some good town it would fetch us o'
If we observed the usual plan
And drove they way the current ran.

Well, after we had driven for
At least two weeks and maybe more,
We came upon a pyramid
That looked just like our forty did.

Some two weeks more and then we passed
A camp that looked just like the last.
Two weeks again another, too,
That looked like our camp came in view.

Then Bunyan called us all ashore
And held a council-like of war.
He said, with all this lumbering,
Our logs would never fetch a thing.
The next day after Silver Jim
He has his wits scared out of him;
For while he's breakfastin' of a jam
He comes upon remains of Sam,
The coon who made the great ascent
And through the cook house cellin' went
When Pink-eye grabbed the fatal tin
And out the blastin' powder in.

And then we realized at last
That ev'ry camp that we had passed
Was ours. Yes, it was then we found
That the river we was on was round.
And though we'd driven for many a
mile

We'd drove a circle all the while!
And that's the truth as I'm alive,
About the great Round River Drive.

What's tha? Did ever anyone
Come on the camp of '61,
or '63 or '65
The year we drove Round River Drive?
Yes, Fin La Lar, Tom Doyle and Ma
John Moan, and some two or three
Of good and truthful lumbermen
Came on that famous camp again
In west of Rhineland'r 50 miles
Where all the face of nature smiles
We found the place in '84--

But it had changed some since the war
The fire had run some summer through
And spoiled the logs and timber too.
The sun had dried the river clean;
But still its bed was plainly seen.
And so we knew it was the place,
For of the past we found a trace--

A peevie loggers know so well,
A peave marked with circle L, (L)
Which you all know as Bunyan's mark
The hour was late, 't a's gotten dark
We had to move. But there's no doubt
It was the camp I've told about.
We cast our tent, a corner found,
And took another look around.
Round River so we learned that day
On section thirty-seven lay.

THE MERCER MONITOR

WISHES TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY

TO EXTEND HEARTY EASTER GREETINGS

TO ITS READERS.

vate land owners (e) a many-fold increase in the rate of acquisition of lands for national forests and federal wild-life refuges and (f) and accelerated program of forest research in problems relating directly to the CCC work projects.

The CCC work of the Department of the Interior centered on national parks and monuments, on state parks, on Indian reservations and soil erosion prevention. Extracts from its report follow:

Through Emergency Conservation Work the development of the nation's recreational areas have been advanced further than would have been possible in ten to twenty years under the old order that prevailed prior to initiation of the CCC. The practical benefits from land developments and the use thereof are increased immeasurably when one takes into consideration the good done to the hundreds of thousands of young men given employment through this program.

Legislatures in a score of states are planning legislation which will set up state park authorities. Interest in conservation and recreation stirred up by two years of Emergency Conservation Work resulted in an addition of 457,000 acres to the national state parks.

Emergency Conservation Work was extended to the Indians July 1, 1933, when, reports the Office of Indian Affairs, the annual income of the Indians was so small that thousands of them were in great need.

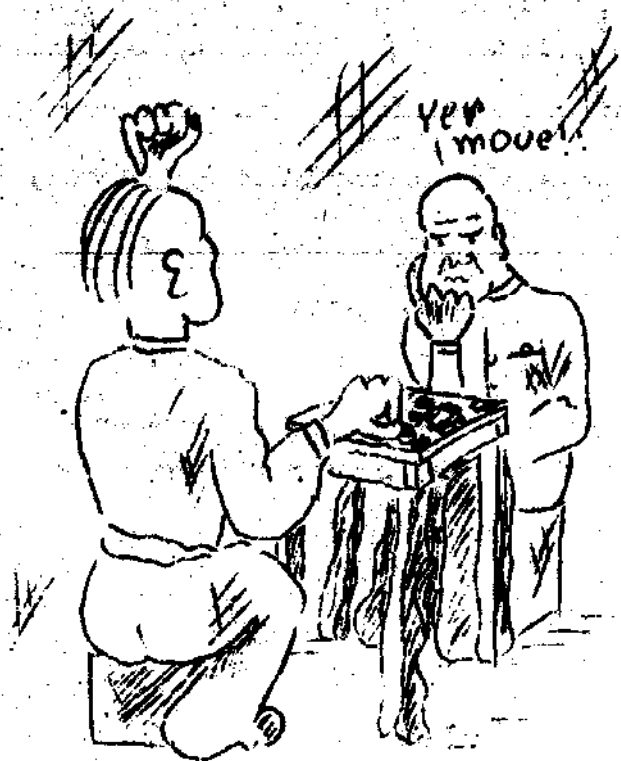
It is estimated that approximately 27,000 enrollees had been employed on Indian Emergency Work as of March 31, 1935. The health of the Indians has been benefited considerably by employment on Emergency Conservation Work. This is a natural consequence of healthful outdoor work and good food.

The death rate per 1,000 enrollees per year has been 2.7. Among unselected men of a similar age group, according to the American Experience Table of Mortality, deaths average approximately 8.07 per thousand or about three times as many as are experienced in the CCC's.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Reverend Harries and Father Paul have been conducting services each week as usual.

Reverend Harries has been able to bring down several young ladies each time to help him in his services. Last week, he brought Miss Christensen of Hurley, who gave several interesting readings. Miss Harries usually plays the piano, whenever any songs are sung.



Mercer Goes Checkers

RANGERS NEWS

(by Fred Haag)

###

Due to the slow arrival of Spring and warm weather we are still at our winter job of burning brush.

Our dam and fish hatchery was completed ahead of time and is already to receive its quota of fish eggs.

Sherman Robinson and his crew have all the fire towers and telephones in shape for the Spring fire season.

Art Evenson and his crew are waiting for warm weather so they can grade and landscape the grounds at the Mercer Ranger Station and also so they can finish painting the buildings.

Mr. Prinos has selected the town and is all set for the first fire call.

We are quite concerned in establishing a number of side roads this Spring, but the bad condition of the roads retard their immediate development. Ed King is apparently very anxious to get back to his Oxbow Camp. I heard that he went out there Sunday to look the old place over and didn't get back until Monday morning. He claims he spent the night in a "cave" on County Trunk Highway 17 and of course we all believe you Ed.

The Rangers taking the Foresters Examination at Rhineclender Saturday, April 6, all report a fine time had by all. Bill Summers and Dutch Heister with their friends Pat Thomas were detained or entertained until Sunday morning. A new field to explore they claim.

I am sure that all the Rangers will join me in wishing Major Robert the best of luck at his new appointment to McCoy at Sparta, Wis. Major McCoy is a friend of mine, but

(The Old Gag)

SYLVESTER

