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WOODLAND ECHOES

CAMP
LORETTA
Co 648

JUN 26 '34
6

Vol. 1

JUNE 16 1934

No. 7

CHRISTIAN LIVING IN LORETTA By Diehn

Doubtless many of the members of the company have read the article in last week's issue of Northern Lights which is entitled "13th District Organizes to Promote Christian Citizenship", and have asked themselves just what does this mean to Camp Loretta.

As a result, a few members of the company have signified their intention to have such an organization in 648.

As this goes to press there is a definite organization of this nature being formed in this company. There will be a notice very soon of the first meeting published on the bulletin board.

In the stress of camp life many of us are forgetting those cardinal morals and facts which dominated our early training. Many of these were from the good book. The five C's organization in Camp Loretta aims at better fellowship, higher ideals, and a real Christian attitude in our ranks.

RUMOR SPIKED

Despite all rumors to the contrary, no official information has been received at Army headquarters to the effect that special selectees shall be permitted to reenroll. Until such a report is confirmed officially by headquarters in Chicago, it may be considered only a rumor.

-o-

Every girl likes to be well-groomed at her wedding.

Give a husband enough rope and he'll want to skip.

The average man is proof enough that a woman can take a joke.

Motto of the old-fashioned practitioner: "I treat what you've got".
Motto of the modern specialist: "You've got what I treat."

A wise man is one who noes a lot.

-From Readers Digest.

RATINGS By Kerwin

For the benefit of those who do not as yet know the difference between the following: leaders, assistant leaders, section foremen, assistant section foremen, platoon leaders, and barrack leaders, we will try to explain the distinction.

Primarily each CCC Company is entitled to a certain number of the leaders and assistant leaders. This depends upon the strength of the company. Leaders are enrolled men who are selected by both the Army and the Forestry, on the merits of their work in the field and in camp, or their ability of leadership. They receive forty five dollars per month. Assistant leaders are selected the same way only they get thirty six dollars a month. Cooks and clerks are also entitled to leader's and assistant leader's pay.

Barrack leaders can be either an assistant leader or leader. Their duties in that capacity are to see that order is maintained in their barracks, to see that their barracks are kept clean, and the area around that area policed, to see that all men are at reveille and retreat, to report any one that is absent from either, and to keep order in their group.

Platoon leaders are leaders in charge of a platoon which consists of three barracks. Their duties are to see that their barracks are out at reveille and retreat and report any absences.

Section foremen are leaders who are in charge of a crew in the field. Assistant section foremen are assistant leaders in charge of crews.

Last of all, leaders can be both platoon leaders and section foremen, and assistant leaders can be barrack foremen and assistant section foremen.

-o-

BONERS

Compiled by A. Abingdon

The objective of "he" is "she".
The feminine of bachelor is lady in waiting.

WOODLAND ECHOES
Company 648 C C C

THE STAFF

Melvin Aslakson -Editor
Joe Kervin -Bus.Mgr.
Earl Durkee -Artist

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James Chambers, Andrew Chuchwar,
John Cole, George Diehn, Ray Hahn,
Ernest Olson.

Adviser - Marvin B. Pierke
1st. Lt. Engr. Res.

IF

Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all
about you
Are losing theirs and blaming
it on you;
If you can trust yourself when
men doubt you
But make allowance for their
doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired
by waiting;
Or, being lied about, don't
deal in lies;
Or, being hated, don't give way
to hating;
And yet don't look too good, nor
talk too wise;
If you can dream-and not make dreams
your master;
If you can think-and not make
thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and
Disaster,
And treat those two imposters
just the same;
If you can hear the truth you've
spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a
trap for fools;
Or watch the things you gave your
life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up
with worn-out tools/
If you can make one heap of all
your winnings
And risk it on the turn of
pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your
beginnings
And never breath a word about
your loss;
If you can force your heart and
nerve and sinew
to serve your turn long after
they are gone,
And so hold on when there is noth-
ing in you,
Except the will which says to
them:

"Hold on":

If you can talk with crowds and
keep your virtue,

(Continued on same page Col.2)

(Continued from Col.1)

Or walk with kings-nor lose the
common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends
can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but
none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving
minute
With sixty second's worth of
distance run,
YOURS is the Earth and everything
that's in it,
And--which is more-you'll be a
MAN, my son.

-o-

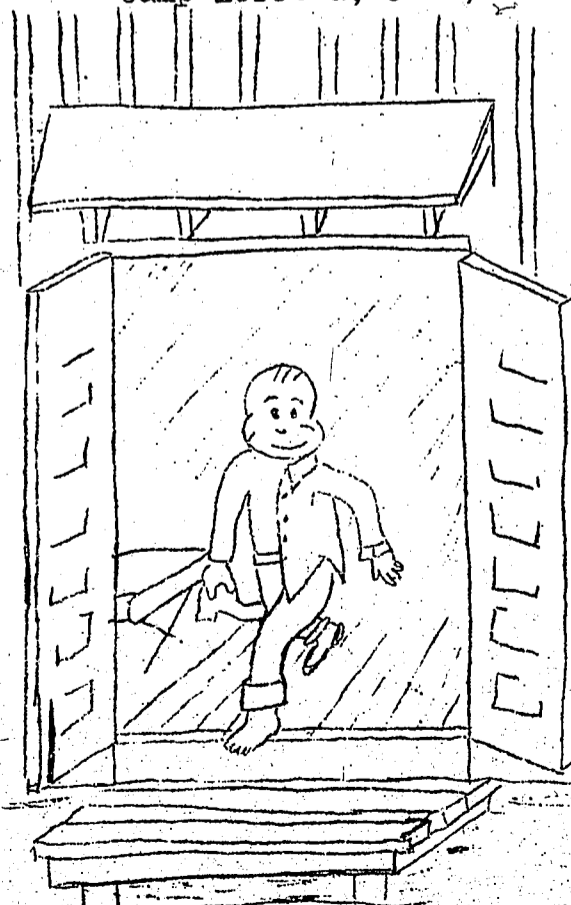
The following poem was con-
tributed by Tony Buckek. If it
meets the requirements of a camp
song, and if a suitable melody can
be found, it may become our camp-
any song. Contributions of this
sort are very welcome. Why not try
your luck?

CAMP LORETTA

Oh! You've-heard them tell of
boys camps
Now hear me tell of mine.
It's sure a sight for sore eyes,
And Oh, Boy! how we dine.

It's a camp that has a spirit
Of the tamarack and the pine.
If you want fun, come on the
run
And join our happy tribe.

When I go on my vacation
With the tall trees waving o'er
me
To your happy grounds, I roam.
Camp Loretta lies before me.
Camp Loretta, Uzzhrah.



- SAM -
UP FOR REVEILLE

BLISTER RUST

By Hahn

Things we would like to see:

"Vets" for six more months.
 Madison at least twice a week.
 Some of the boys' sisters.
 The "honor system" on work crews.
 "Wally" Entwistle's girl in Park Falls.
 Some of the Sunday chicken.
 All K.P.'s bald headed.
 Leo, Enoug around camp on a week end.
 Karl (baker) putting Freddy in a lard barrel.
 What goes on in the canteen when it's closed.
 "Pat without that baseball cap
 "Ken" Beck in a gegerous mood.
 Joe Kervin's Ladysmith lady.
 A 648 side camp on the Worlds fair grounds.
 O'Kelly's bridge games in Loretta.
 Skredo playing that new accordion.
 Bonneville Saturday night at 12:30.
 "Doug" Stewart doing an S. A.
 What Arno (S.S.) Anderson was talking about.
 That picture of Skavlen and his girl.
 Joe Saba's middle name.
 Curly Zweifel without a chew.
 Durkee at 5:59 A.M.
 Barney McCann as company foreman.
 Paul Robinson satisfied.
 Tiny Ambrose in a hurry.
 "Woof, Woof" swiping sandwichos.
 Peterson's sister.

We would like to catch the man who:

Invented work.
 Made the pool table.
 Can like Solly.
 Broke our bunks.
 Doesn't like beer.
 Doesn't bum cigarettes.
 Does what he is supposed to.
 Fixes radios.
 Can't play cards.
 Can do business with Applebaum.
 Likes tower work.
 Wants a \$45 job.
 Doesn't want a \$45 job.
 Sloeps all the time.
 Doesn't sleep all the time.
 Can play the guitar besides "Swanoy".
 Plays good basoball.
 Calls people "rookies"
 Hasen't had a fight with Tony Buchok.
 Shaves heads.
 Hasn't had any wood ticks.
 Wants some.

LOCAL DICTIONARY

GOLDBRICK - An oblong sharp-cornered object used by swindlers to inveigle the well known sucker.
 (Local) One with a pick in hand who harbors the delusion that he possesses a position.
S.A. - One who does what he is told in an orderly manner.
S.H. - See S.A.

(Continued on page 4)

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

By Bonny

Entwistle says not to celebrate his birthday which is coming soon. "Wally" if you should change your mind, see Joe Mitchon, Steve Susienka, or Struck. We heard that they put on a real celebration on such occasions.

Our chief Engineer, Evanson, has been studying motor operation. He is at present working on kerosene carburation. He has not found it practical as yet, and is using gasoline again. Good for you, Evanson. We are for electricity, Phooey on candles.

Marvin Fields is working under a strain, lately. This is very apparent to his fellow workers. Some of the boys say that Marvin is taking it out on them. "Be careful, Marv, the worm may turn. Don't forget those noon hours at Twin Lakes, when the boys watched the bare go over the mountain, and return with a number of scratches caused by sharp thorns.

It was only a hoax, fellows, Kon Beck hasn't taken the vow. Beck has been studying high pressure salesmanship with the result that he got wound up and sold the boys those cigars. Don't be surprised if you see the boys smoking agains some of those days as Mike Richards says. "Beck is a different man this last month".

Thirty of the Madison and Stoughton boys spent the week end at their homes. The trip was made in a truck, taking 12 hours down and 10 back. Those that made the trip were Borgrud, Nolson, McCann, Kelly, Blanchard, Broughton, Butt-noss, Saba, Schmidt, Stallman, Peterson, Kochlor, James and Maurice Connors, Sivertsen, Bergo, Borger, Christopherson, V. Jones, Hanson, La Ronge, Baer, Bruggoman, Perski, Colvin, DeVall, Dauck, and Carmody.

Stallman, Baer, and Peterson seem to have had an exceptionally good time. At least they show plenty ear marks of having spent some time in rapid traffic. After they spend a few days in quarters, no doubt they'll be as noisy as ever before. At present, they are as meek as lambs. We may have a bit of rest if they stay in this condition long enough.

It rained continually during the trip back, and some of the fellows got a good soaking.

We are glad to see the fellows back and we understand that a few of them had a hard time parting from their sweeties. Hahn can't figure out how Joe made it. How about it Joe? And also you, Gib.

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

FORTY FIVER - A combination of S.A. S.H. and slave driver, who thinks platoon leading would be just too ducky for words.
C.C.C. - The man in heaven wonders and the devil down below,
If you think I'm going to tell
You've got a lot to know.
TICK * Any brown flat moving object. Not the sound the clock makes.

(Continued from page 3, Col.2)

Hahn no longer tries uplifting the boys in number eleven. He finds that his efforts have proved of no avail. He believes that some of the other boys are injecting evil into the minds of some of his parish.

It has been passed around that one of the boys who has tried very hard to follow his teachings, has fallen away from the path of righteousness and possessed with the Devil tried to kill his pet.

We will stand by you, Hahn, and if the culprit can be caught in another attempt at villainy, we feel sure that our prosecuting attorney will be justified in pronouncing a strong sentence upon the molester. How about a dip in the "Foggy, Foggy dew".

Stichman feels fine after cutting a gash about four inches long in his foot through a perfectly good shoe. He says he will now get a break, and get a new pair of shoes, a chance to rest his weary bones, and a change from hard labor to complete rest. He forgot about "Peeling a few spuds".

Barrack number five has taken first place quite often during the last two weeks. Being, puzzled, we investigated and found that lattice work is now in vogue. What's next, Let's guess.

DINOSAURS LOSE TO BEAVERS

By Daehn

Ca

Camp Loretta, lost a tough ball game at the Loretta diamond on Sunday June 10 when they outhit the Beavers by 14-9, but lost 12-7.

Schwichtenberg started for the locals, but was wild and was succeeded by Ambrose. From then on Tiny held the Beavers to very few hits.

Kerwin came up with three hits for 648, two of them being doubles.

The score by innings follows:

Loretta	000	111	004	- 7
Beaver	161	120	001	- 12

FORESTRY NEWS

By Olson

The work on the three new roads: Burnett River Road, Moose Lake Road, and the Fish Trap Road, is progressing very nicely.

The Burnett River Road is complete to grade for six miles. Two crews are now engaged in ditching and putting in several large culverts.

The Fish Trap Road is graded in approximately three miles. There are several bad swamps to fill and this naturally delays the work a little.

The Moose Lake Road is graded 2½ miles. The most difficult part has been completed and the work should progress more rapidly from now on.

Plans are under way for starting the Burnett River Tower, cabin, and garage. Work has also been started on the Burnett River Telephone line to the tower.

-o-

Crows are all clicking in good shape - getting off in the morning promptly and without confusion. CCC foremen are getting acquainted with their crews and are able to note absentees and report any shirking promptly.

Crows are now designated by the CCC foremen in charge - such as the Schultz crew, Ottosen crew, the Robinson crew, or the Stewart crew, etc. The reason for this is that the Technical Staff keeps changing, while the crews are more permanent.

Fires have been scarce lately. Only one fire has been fought in the last two weeks. It covered approximately five acres outside the Forest Boundary on the Lake Chippewa flowage. It was caused by lightning.

-o-

VICISSITUDES OF WASH DAY

"Curly, may I borrow your wash board?" I wonder if there is hot water in the bath house -- I haven't washed since April. How come I've got only three socks. Oh, there's one. I thought it was my handkerchief-wonder if I can get somebody in town to wash the shirts. There must be somebody who understands that a fellow gets dirty even if does gold brick. Perhaps I can get a rookie to share his soap for a bit of tobacco. Here comes Joe with a large duffel bag full of something. Been playing poker again. "Heh, Curly lend me two bits"

**GHOST CREEK WINS OVER
DINOSAURS IN CLOSE GAME**
By Dickn

In what developed to be the most thrilling contest of the season so far, Loretta dropped a close decision to Camp Ghost Creek on June 2 by a score of 3-0.

For eight innings Charley Schwichtenberg of Camp Loretta and Kwasgrom of Ghost Creek struggled in a pitching duel that had both teams eating out of their hands. Kwasigroh fanned 14, Schwichtenberg 7.

In the ninth however, Leason started with a double and Kwasigroh slammed out a triple immediately after to give the Ghost Creek boys the foundation for what proved to be three runs and the ball game.

Chuckwar starred for the locals in the field with several nice catches and an unassisted double play to his credit, while Charley Schwichtenberg's three singles in four attempts torped the Loretta hitters.

For Ghost Creek, Engh played a nice game and cracked out two doubles at the plate.

The box score and summary follow:

LORETTA	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCann 2b	3	0	1	0	3	2
T. Ambrose ss	4	0	1	2	1	1
Chuckwar 3b	4	0	0	4	3	1
Hogstrom rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Aslakson cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Schwichtenberg p	4	0	3	0	2	0
Connors lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Broughton lb	3	0	0	11	0	1
B. Ambrose c	3	0	2	9	1	0
Totals	36	0	7	27	11	5

GHOST CREEK

Gable ss	5	0	1	1	2	0
Booth cf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Robbins lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Engh lb	3	0	2	5	0	0
Kondraski 3b	5	0	0	1	1	0
Manske 2b	4	0	1	4	1	0
Lenga lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Leason c	4	1	2	14	3	0
Kwasigroh p	4	1	2	1	1	0
Totals	36	3	8	27	8	0

Summary : Two base hits : T. Ambrose , Engh 2 , Leason 2 , Gable . Three base hits : Kwasigroh . Total bases : Loretta 8 , Ghost Creek 15 . Earned runs Ghost Creek 2 . Double play Chuckwar unassisted . Struck out : by Schwichtenberg 7 , by Kwasigroh 14 . Walks off Schwichtenberg 4 , off Kwasigroh 2 . Passed balls : Ambrose 2 .

BARRACK CHATTER
By Bloom

Rube Broughton, one of the erstwhile rookies, claimed that he was batting around .575 before he entered the CCC. Everyone is wondering what became of the uncanny batting eye. After interviewing Morry Connors, we found that Rube had played with the Stoughton Beareats.

Earl Parski can hardly wait for the next cage season to roll around. He can be found in the evenings out on the Loretta road getting into shape.

We nominate Harry Fields for fireman. He sure can get his pants on in a hurry.

What does the large S.W.A.K. mean on the back of your letters Kizur?

Our new pet, the fawn, captured by Leo Mcug, has had his picture taken so often that by this time it does not try to dodge the camera any more.

Everyone in camp is waiting for the first to roll around again. Some of the boys have already spent their 1st month's pay. I wonder what they do with it.

Everyone wonders when a return match between Earl Larson and Bishop (famed wrestlers) will be held.

They tell me Tony Hogaj is very clever at patching holes in the barrack walls.

O'Kelly turned in two pair of shoes last week. Those hikes to Loretta must be hard on shoes.

Barney McCann has his girl meet him inside the theater at Park Falls because he can get in for half fare.

We hear that George Dickn has aspirations of becoming a baseball announcer. Don't worry, Dickn, that's between you and me.

-o-
KITTENBALL

The kittenball tournament is coming along nicely and the champion seems to be between the overhead team and the team from barrack 11. Both teams are undefeated as yet - the overhead beating the powerful barrack 8 team, and barrack 11 barely nosing out barrack 7. Barrack 11 and the overhead meet next Monday night. Be there.

LITTLE SOLDIER

By

Raymond Hahn

A Short Short Story Complete
On This Page

Dear Mother:

I know that if I stood in front of you and said this it would be easy; you always seemed to understand and agree. It's been so long since I've seen you that it's pretty hard to begin.

I'm in a hospital-they think I'm pretty sick and though the doctor doesn't say so, I know that there is a possibility of my "Going West" in a few days.

I thought that after I left home to satisfy a certain wanderlust born with the blood of my father and to gain the satisfaction of taking care of myself, that I had a battle on my hands-a personal one. I thought that I would have to face no greater struggle than the one which then confronted me. Now I find those battles dimmed into oblivion.

I don't know whether I'll miss that "train west" or not. I am now passing through a period of restless and nerve wracking suspense.

I will never forget that cold November morning when I awoke on the shores of northern river to see one of the handsomest bucks I had ever beheld.

Pulling my carbine to my shoulder and firing, I was sure I saw the bullet lodge itself in the big deer's brisket.

He fell forward as his thin front legs crumpled under and then was still with his eyes wide and staring as if awaiting the final blow which I was about to deal him.

I pulled the lever of my carbine down when, to my surprise, I found the chamber empty and saw the deer rise to his feet as if gifted from heaven and stumble weakly off into the brush.

I seized a new box of shells and ran after him following the law of all true hunter-"Kill all Wounded". I drove through the brush for hours in search of the staggering beast, but at noon returned tired, disgruntled, and empty handed.

Then I sat down and thought. Somewhere out in that patch of brush stood the wounded buck - shivering in pain, free from his assailant and fighting the greatest battle of all - at the crossroads of life and death. He wasn't staging some melodramatic exit from life; whimpering like a child in pain as do we humans. He sought no aid except the supreme guidance of the only God he knew - Manitou, the Great Spirit. I see him now as I imagined I saw him then, standing in the brush shivering in pain and waiting.

For we who have got to accomplish something really worthwhile, to pass to what we call "our reward" is truly a tragedy. It is the misfortune of every slow runner of a race. I have been an "also ran" since the day I first began to breathe. This is the first time that I find myself in a race where I don't want to quit. Yet I want to run a lone race - I cannot explain - Why?

I don't want you to come to my bedside, Mother, if I "catch the train" I want you to remember me for what we have been to each other - the only mother and son in the world. See me now as I wish to be seen, and as I see myself - like that lone buck in the brush -waiting.

LOVINGLY

LITTLE SOLDIER

FAREWELL EDITION

JUL 26 '33

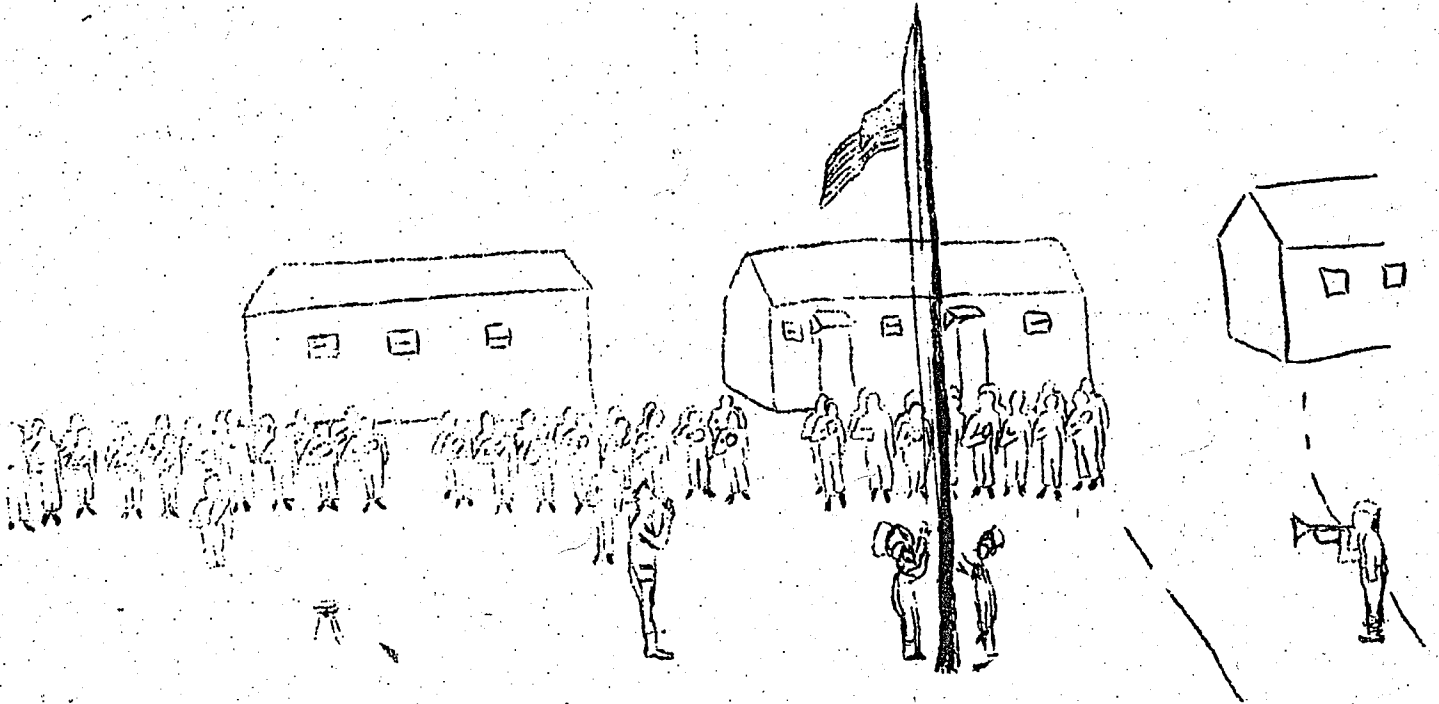
CAMP
LORETTA
Co. 648

WOODLAND ECHOES

VOL. I

JUNE 30 1934

NO. 2



- Retreat -

WHAT GOOD IS AN EDUCATION

By H. Hyrold

Many good people think very little of the benefits that are derived from an education. Bore-some books, long-drawn hours, and strict teachers are all that they see throughout school. When they are through, all that is left are the memories of days wasted and gone. Such idling along doesn't amount to much in the end or in later life. For a person who is at least anxious and willing to learn there are many benefits to be accrued in going to school.

Just as soon as he has finished his course, and has received his diploma he gets a certain feeling of satisfaction. If he had made valuable use of his time during his school career, he feels that he has done his best, and that his diploma is his greatest property. An education is a thing which he has earned and which no one can take away.

Such a person has a big future, either in depression or prosperity. The man with the best record is sought after by the employer and he gets the job.

(Continued on page 7)

FIVE C'S ORGANIZE

By Dichn

The five C's organization has gotten under way in the present camp. The first meeting was held on Wed. June 27, and about twenty fellows signed up. We hear that many more are wishing to join and we want to extend a cordial invitation to every man in camp.

The officers elected at the meeting, pending the approval of the District Chaplain, were G. Dichn, president; Walter Entwistle, Vice-president; James Chambers, secretary; and Norman Hardy, treasurer.

The organization adopted the Five C's Constitution and will endeavor to live up to all its provisions. The club shall meet regularly every Tuesday evening.

-o-

Good Manners: The happy way of doing things. -Eaton.

-o-

Prejudice: Being down on something you're not up on.
Carl Sandberg.

WOODLAND ECHOES
Company 648. C C C

THE STAFF

Melvin Aslakson	-Editor
Joe Kervin	-Bus.Mgr.
Earl Durkee	-Artist
Bernard Bloom	-Columnist
Francis Bonneville	-Columnist
John Cole	-Naturalist
Ray Hahn	-Columnist
Ernest Olson	-Columnist
George Diehn	-Sport Writer
James Chambers	-Features
Andrew Chuchwar	-Features
Harold Myrold	-Features
Adviser - Marvin B. Fierko	
1st.Lt. Engr.Ros.	

RESUME' AND FAREWELL

On the 30th of this month twenty of us, may we call ourselves vets, will be mustered out of the CCC to try and make our living elsewhere. Although we have grumbled and complained, most of us are glad to have had the opportunity to have been in the organization.

The CCC has benefited most of us in several ways. It has enabled us to make a somewhat comfortable living, although we have had to deny ourselves many things. It has lifted some out of the slough of despondency and despair, the depth of which some of us cannot conceive, up into the realization that probably life is worth living after all. It has brought us, now at the critical stage of life, face to face with the bitter realities of life, and we are going out much wiser and much more resembling men.

It has brought us into contact with another world, so to speak. We have met new men and new situations, and have learned to adapt ourselves to this new environment. We have learned to live in close contact with many men, and to understand their different natures, and to bear with their peculiarities. We have talked with them, secured their attitudes on different things, their philosophies of life, and have enriched our lives with friendships probably more intimate than ever before. Here we have seen human nature exposed in the raw, in its elemental form. Some of us have been shocked at the exposure, others, more mundane, have accepted it as a matter of course; but all of us have been influenced by it to some extent. We have seen all the human emotions flagrantly displayed-jealousy, passion, fear,

grief, pain, Joy, courage-and with more significance than ever before in our lives.

We have been taught the value and necessity of discipline, carrying with it the inherent rights and respect due our superiors. To obey orders punctually and willingly has been difficult for most of us, but sooner or later we all passed that acid test. Some of us have been fortunate enough to be in a position to give orders. That also is difficult. Some have learned and some have not.

The CCC has afforded an outlet for qualities of leadership which were hitherto unknown or undeveloped. It has brought out all the strong points of one's character, and has laid bare his shortcomings. A better testing ground of a man's character cannot be found. Truly, it has been the survival of the fittest. Not only the fittest physically, but also mentally. Not all the men who "couldn't take it" were physically unfit. Some were unfit mentally. By that I don't mean insane. They just didn't have that healthy attitude of mind which, I think, is necessary for anyone intending to spend his time limit in the CCC most profitably. To have that healthy attitude of mind is to realize that one has been forced by economic conditions to accept work in the CCC. One must remember that there are thousands of others in the same boat. The best thing to do is to make the best of it and get as much out of it as possible. We, who are leaving, acquired that attitude of mind early in the game, and is the same reason, I believe, why we stuck to the finish.

We, who are departing, wish to thank the officers for all the consideration they have shown in trying to make our stay here as enjoyable as possible. We wish to express our appreciation of the manner in which the Forestry Dept. Officials have treated us. They have dealt with us as man to man and have done all in their power to make our work enjoyable and interesting. We have considered ourselves very fortunate in having had our welfare in the hands of men whose only thought has been to keep us as healthy and happy as possible.

To us, who have been here over a year, this camp has begun to seem like home and the fellows like brothers. It is impossible to break off connections so suddenly, and not be affected by it. We will always remember you and would like to consider you as friends even though we may never see you again.

Goodbye and Au Revoir.

THE BIRD; ITS PLACE IN NATURE

By John Cole

THE BIRD'S PLACE IN NATURE--
About thirteen thousand species of birds are known to science. The structure of many of these has been carefully studied, and all have been classified, at least, provisionally. Taken as a whole, the class Aves, in which all birds are placed, is more clearly defined than any other group of the higher animals. That is, the most unlike birds are more closely allied than the extremes among mammals, fishes, reptiles, and all living birds possess the distinctive characters of their class.

When compared with other animals, birds are found to occupy second place in the scale of life. They stand between mammals and reptiles, and are more closely related to the latter than the former. In fact, certain extinct birds so closely connect living birds with reptiles, that these two classes are sometimes placed in one group--the Saurapsida.

The characters that distinguish birds from mammals on the one hand, and from reptiles on the other, are more apparent than real. Thus flight, the most striking of a bird's gifts, is shared by the bats among mammals. Egg laying is the habit of most reptiles and of one mammal, (the Australian duck-bill). But incubation by one or both of the parents is peculiar to birds, though the python is said to coil on its eggs.

Birds breathe more rapidly than either mammals or reptiles, and their power of inflating numerous air-sacs and even certain bones, is unique.

The temperature of birds ranges from 100 to 112 degrees, while in mammals it reaches 98-100, and the comparatively cold-blooded reptiles average only 40 degrees.

The skull in mammals articulates with the last vertebra (atlas) by two condyles or balls; in birds and reptiles by only one. In mammals and birds the heart has four chambers; in reptiles it has but three.

Mammals and reptiles both have teeth, a character possessed by no existing bird; but fossil birds apparently prove that early in the development of the class, all birds had teeth.

THE BIRD; ITS RELATION TO MAN.

By John Cole.

The relation of birds to man is threefold--the scientific, the economic, and the aesthetic. No animals form more profitable subjects for the scientist than birds. The embryologist, the morphologist, and the systematist, the philosophic naturalist and psychologist, all may find in them exhaustless material for study.

The economic value of birds to man lies in the service they render in preventing the undue increase of insects, in devouring small rodents, in destroying the seeds of harmful plants, and in acting as scavengers.

In order to appreciate the beauty of form and plumage of birds, their grace of motion and musical powers, we must know them. Then, too, we will be attracted by their high mental development, or what I have before spoken of as "their human attributes". Man exhibits hardly a trait which he will not find reflected in the life of a bird. Love, hate; courage, fear; anger, pleasure; vanity, modesty; virtue, vice; constancy, fickleness; generosity, selfishness; wit, curiosity, memory, reason--we may find them all exhibited in the lives of birds.

The sight of a bird or the sound of its voice is at all times an event of such significance to me, a source of such unending pleasure, that when I go afield with those to whom birds are strangers, I am deeply impressed by the comparative barrenness of their world, for they live in ignorance of the great store of enjoyment which might be theirs for the asking.

I count each day memorable that brought me a new friend among the birds. It was an event to be recorded in detail. A creature which, up to that moment, existed for me only as a name, now became an inhabitant of my woods or fields, a part of my life. With what a new interest I got down my books again, eagerly reading every item concerning this new friend; its travels, habits, and notes; comparing the observations of others with what were now my own.

The ease with which we may become familiar with these feathered neighbors of ours robs ignorance of all excuses.

Last Will And Testament
By Bloom

We, the departing members of Co. 648 CCC, Camp Loretta, located at Loretta, Wisconsin, being in sound mind do hereby draw up our last will and testament this twenty fourth day of June, nineteen hundred and thirty four, A.D.

I, Stanley Zajac, do hereby will my ability to open cans of stew to Johnny Goumlock, the new cook.

I, Cyril Boris, the accordion master, will my ability to play "I love you" to Joe Hitchen.

I, Marvin T. Fields, do hereby will my ability to cut the boys bald headed to my successor whom ever he will be.

I, Paul Pawluk, will my ability to jig to Steve Susienka who wears a size twelve shoe.

I, Pat Aslakson, will my baseball cap to whomever it will fit after the Ghost Creek Game.

I, Joe Percival Kervin, hereby will my tenor voice to Barney McCann, the next Bing Crosby of the camp.

I, Carl Schenk, do hereby will my last clean baker's cap to Paul Gazdik, the night watchman.

I, Leo Enouf, do hereby will my girl friend at Winter to Mr. Walt Ingles.

I, Norman Ottosen, hereby will my ability to drink beer at the Company Canteen to Harold Baa'lock, the boy who can take it.

I, Charles O'Kelly, do hereby will all of my many girl friends in Northern Wisconsin to Rube Broughton, the Stoughton sheik.

I, Ray Pizka, hereby will my wonderful control of temper to Mr. Earl Perski who will need it.

I, Frank Ronowski, hereby will my worn-out chief foreman's whistle to the Waltz King.

I, Earl Larson, hereby will all my wrestling knowledge to Lyle Bishop who will be the next world champion.

I, Alfred Schultz, will some of my ambition to Morris Connors, the gold brick of the company.

I, Solly Trice, will my prowess in the ring to Applebaum, the lightweight champ of the Company.

I, Tony Grubisic, will my masterful art of swinging an axe to any of the rooks who cut them-

(Continued on page 7)

Barrack Chatter
By Bloom

After hearing the Draper-Winter score, which was 26-6 with Winter on the long end of the string, this writer decided that the baseball team was not so bad after all.

We surely could use the first pitcher that the Ghost Creek nine put up against our usually strong hitters. He had what some writers call it.

They tell me that Joe Hichen, John Strharsky, Paul Gazdik, and Ray Goving, had quite a time in the last week end. What happened to the two fair maids, Hichen?

After committing two errors in last Sunday's ball game Carl Swanson, flashy Dinosaur shortstop, threw his glove in the incinerator, with the comment, that he was too old to play ball anyway.

I wonder what kind of bills Leo Enouf posted in Hayward last Sunday afternoon.

I wonder what Barney McCann and Rube Broughton did in Park Falls last Saturday night. Perhaps the city slicker, Mr. Percival Connors, can throw some light on the subject.

This barrack five surely are getting their barrack in great shape. After interviewing Hardy and Hagness, the writer finds that they expect their girls to visit them in the near future.

If all the grandstand players last Sunday would have appeared on the diamond in uniform, we would have the pennant in the bag.

Our pitcher, Burr LaRone, pitched a nice game of ball but our defense was nothing to write home about.

All plans are complete for the farewell party for the gang that will go home. May this writer take this opportunity to bid them all goodbye and good luck. You have been a good bunch of eggs.

Earl Perski is anxious to secure his emblem for being on the Championship kittenball team. He says he will parade around barrack all day and night.

This column would not be complete without a word in regard to the work of Pat Aslakson on the camp newspaper. He surely put the paper over in great style. He is to be commended for his untiring work. Also, our Bing Crosby, Joe Percival Kervin has attained distinction in the newspaper world. The rest of the staff will miss these erstwhile writers.

POCKET BIOGRAPHIES

By Bonny

Leo Enouf, Mess steward, will be leaving us shortly, having completed his enrollment in the CCC.

As mess sergeant he was liked by all, being able to put out meals in first class order as well as very tasty.

Enouf saw Camp Twin Lakes as an uncleared, rough piece of ground, and then saw it develop into a fine looking camp. At first, Leo cooked in the open, which was no snap. Then things began to happen and Enouf became mess steward. Now, they had a real kitchen where the sand did not blow into the foods. These were great days.

Moving to Loretta, Nov. 11, Leo and his cooks got the tough breaks once more until Dec. 11 when he arrived in this camp where he is today trying to take things with a smile and he sure can.

-0-

Marvin Fields, barber and field worker, comes from Iron River, Wis., only eight miles from Camp Twin Lakes. Marvin spent much of his time in the territory surrounding camp, and was able to tell much about it before we left in November last year.

Trapping and fishing are the things Marv goes for, and you may find him the wee hours of the morning packing a lunch or grabbing his paraphernalia and making a getaway for the day. He finds time for all his friends, and is a fine entertainer among the gang, and you he likes to be in a quiet place.

Marv plans on going home soon where his bride of a few months is waiting for him.

-0-

Melvin "Pat" Aslakson, was one of the first men to arrive at Camp Twin Lakes along with Frank Ronowski, Al Schultz, Earl Larson, Roy Pizka, Norm Ottosen, Paul Pawluk, Carl Schenk, Solly Trice, and Charles O'Kelly.

These men put in many a hard day on camp construction, and had much to do with making it a suitable place to pitch tents and live in. Later they found different occupations, of which you will hear as I go along.

Pat was not stuck at anything it seems, from scalping hoes to leadership. Playing baseball, ping pong, or kittenball was right in Pat's mitt. He leaves camp with two championships to his credit, that of ping pong and kittenball.

Pat also writes for the camp paper as well as edits it. He is the assistant to the Educational Adviser also. What more could a fellow be.

-0-

Frank Ronowski worked his way up to the position of chief foreman, a job not all men can handle. Most of Frank's work was done in the woods before April 1st, when he was appointed chief; road construction, tree planting, and scalping were the jobs he had at Twin Lakes. At Loretta it became roadside cleanup. Frank can tell plenty of stories about these experiences.

-0-

Al Schultz was a master of all trades. You could see Al one day painting or carpentering in camp. The next day you would find Al on some other special detail.

He was lead man in his crew during scalping and planting. In the woods he could use an axe or a saw as well as an old lumberjack.

Schultz became an assistant leader a short time ago and showed an ability of leadership which had lain latent all summer.

-0-

Earl Larson was one of the most rapid scalpers at Twin Lakes. Tree planting found him traveling at a rapid pace, and always full of pep. In the woods he worked at a good clip using tools with zeal.

Earl received an assistant leadership last spring, and handles crews nicely. His favorite sport is fishing.

-0-

Raymond Pizka is a very pleasant fellow. He always tries his best and always does his share. He is very painstaking in his work. Raymond's habits are of the best, in fact, he is known as not having any bad ones.

-0-

Norman Ottosen found his way to the top. He took charge of a crew poisoning rabbits at Twin Lakes, and from then on he became an outstanding figure. At the present time he is leader of the fire crew.

Ottosen likes to read books, his favorite game is kittenball, his favorite dish is apple pie on the tin; and his buddy is Bonnie Bloom.

-0-

Paul Pawluk has been in the kitchen ever since he enrolled. He takes things as they come and treats everyone with the same respect.

DINOSAURS DROP SECOND
GAME TO GHOST CREEK
By Diehn

Camp Ghost Creek of Hayward took their second decision from the locals by a score of 10-3. In some ways it was the worst ball that 648 has played thus far. There were many errors in the contest, and Kwasigroh once again demonstrated his pitching ability by holding Loretta to six scattered hits.

LaRonge started on the mound for the locals but was hit hard. "Burr's" stuff didn't seem to break right for him so "Tiny" Ambrose ascended the hill and did fairly well, although the epidemic of errors allowed Ghost Creek four more runs until their scoring orgy ended.

The score by innings:

Ghost Creek	202	204	000
Loretta	000	000	003

KITTENBALL

The recent inter-barrack kittenball tournament staged at the camp in the past three weeks resulted in a clean cut victory for the overhead team.

The contest was keen all the way through, but the superior hitting of the overhead outfit plus Perski's effective hurling proved to be too much for the other barracks.

The most interesting contest of all occurred in the semi-finals game between the overhead and the barrack 11 team. The game was intensely thrilling all the way and the result was a score of 7-6 in favor of the overhead.

In the final game the overhead defeated barrack 9 convincingly by a score of 18-6. However, barrack 9 had the misfortune to lose their star pitcher Casey, due to an accident which occurred on the job on the morning of the big conflict. Had he been in the game Paul Robinson's boys would have given a better account of themselves.

It. Fierke has ordered emblems for the winners that have such an appeal and style that we expect the rest of the camp will be green with envy when the winners start sporting them around. They are made of cloth in the shape of a kittenball with a title designating the championship of the camp.

BLISTER RUST
By Hahn

It isn't in the papers but a visit to barrack 11 will prove conclusively that James (grandma) Kochler's voice is changing at the late age of twenty. Bless her little heart.

Hardy, Bohlinger, and Buchek are going in for bronc busting. We would all like to see them riding that Glam's Pavilion "War Horse".

In a vain attempt to unearth an improved ball team a man named Dillinger uncovered a rookie pitcher with some real talent. His name is "Panama" Peeler. He allowed a few hits, but scored a moral victory for the "Iron Man" of "Death of 648".

What forestry crew goes to work daily with casting rods and swimming trunks under their shirts?

The common talk around camp has changed to one B. McCann, and a lady whose name whose name is Fay. Oh, well, there is lots of Scotch Irish.

Who is "Tarzana"?

Arno (S.S.) Anderson thinks he is developing in great shape. We don't know but we hope so for his sake when he comes to back up some of his more broad statements (nothing personal).

From now on it's no profanity or in the creek. Madison's west enders had better wash their towels for emergencies.

Applebaum and "Slim" Johnson are now full fledged "M.D.'s" (metal dealers). Any rags, bones, bottles, and hanks of hair will be cheerfully accepted.

Things we would like to see:

Ebbie Peterson's kid brother.
"Cookie" Klarr as we caught him one morning.
Those parties the cooks have.
A bird's egg sandwich.

Tarzana.
Cigarettes during the fourth week.
Honey any time.
Durkee's girl friend.
Strom with potatoes for mass.
Herbie Copus once again. (?)

Do unto others as others would like to do unto you. Only do it first---Rabbi.

Can you tell "Strom" Broughton what to do? We can't.

The new reform era has come to 648. The following new words and phrases are now to be used:

Oh fudge!-To register disgust.
Gee whiz!-For happiness sake.
Holy smoke!-To hot to work.

POCKET BIOGRAPHIES
(Continued from page 5)

Carl Schonk and Charles O'Kally are of the kitchen force. Baking and cooking are right in their line, although they have spent much time in the woods, scalping, tree planting, camp construction, and various jobs.

Last winter when making a trip home for Christmas Carl froze both his hands badly. Yet that bothered him very little and he worked as hard as ever.

Solly Trico, the most powerful man in camp as far as we know, comes Milwaukee. His sport is boxing, and showing others how to use their mitts. Solly is fast and a hard hitter.

On the job he was always able to sink an axe deeper than the other man and split logs in a real lumberjack way. His favorite recreation is hunting.

-0-

Joe Joseph Kervin came to this camp from Camp Rusk on April 4. Joe hails from Chicago.

Joe is interested in surveying and is following the line day after day. He finds time to write for the camp paper, to play baseball, and ping pong. He is always singing.

-0-

Stanley Zajac of Morley Heights Ill., came to this camp from Rusk Camp. He worked in the woods for a short time and then found that he was needed in the kitchen. He has done a good job in both places. We are sorry to say that we don't know his hobby. But we do know that he is interested in someone or something at Ladysmith.

-0-

Joe Mazur came to Twin Lakes in June and since that time has spent all of his time in the woods. Joe was able to stop right out as a woodsman and after seeing him perform with an axe or saw, everyone knew him to be more than a mere woodsman. Joe is a real fellow, and although small has plenty behind him. For early morning exercise at Twin Lakes he used to throw the biggest man in the tent out of the door. Joe likes a pipe. His home is at Cable.

-0-

Ludwig Karaba lives at Hoguch, and is a very quiet fellow. Every time you see him his is working.

-0-

John Strharsky, Tony Hozaj, and Cyril Boris live in Ino, Wis. They enrolled last June. Since that time they have taught a lot of men something about the woods.

Hunting, trapping, and fishing are their hobbies, and no doubt they know all the good fishing

Tony Gzubisic's home is at Bonoit. He saw Twin Lakes in all its stages. He has worked on all jobs except in the kitchen. He has tried the tower job, but did not like it.

He likes to talk and joke, and you may always find him cheerful.

(Continued from page 4)

solves last week.

I, Ludwig Karaba, hereby will my ability to keep my mouth shut to Thomas Hagness, the congenial chap from barrack five.

I, Joe Mazur, hereby will all of my love letter from "Ino" Wis., to Frank (SCHMIDT) Finstad.

I, John Strharsky, hereby will my doughnut snatching racket to the boy who can get away with it.

I, Tony (WOOF WOOF) Hozaj will my wired up cat and my two extra sandwiches to Pat Murphy, the chap in barrack two who can certainly throw the cow's husband around.

-0-

Education is a great promoter of religion. Through churches, parochial schools, and Sunday schools religion has been taught and repeated over again. The Holy Word which guides and leads the people toward a more happy and brighter world, has won millions through its technique. Isn't this the result of education?

CANTEEN



SAM

— PAY DAY —

THE PERFECT FAILURE

By

Raymond Hahn

A Short Short Story Complete on
This Page

The letters on the door read:

James C. Warton
Attorney at Law
Walk In

Robert Henley opened the door, walked in and looked about. The outer office was like any other outer office-lacking, however, the usual secretarial desk, and otherwise gloomily uninteresting. The door to the inner office stood open. He walked in slowly.

A man with an angular profile and large grey eyes peering intelligently through horn rimmed glasses greeted him.

"How do you do, sir".

"How do you do".

"Can I be of service," he said.

Robert Henley hesitated.

"Please be seated". He sat back in his chair as his future client slowly sat down, and scrutinized him carefully. "And now", he said.

"It's rather difficult to begin," Henley said slowly, "You see I've never sought professional advice in quite the same capacity." He stopped and looked into the man's eyes as if searching for some kindly invitation to continue. He received it in an instant and went on.

"I wish to draw up a last will and testament leaving what is left of my worldly goods to some charitable institution, it doesn't matter which one".

The lawyer nodded matter-of-factly. "That is a simple matter".

"I haven't finished," said Henley, "there is something else, The will must be declared valid tomorrow.

The lawyer sat up stiffly. "I'm afraid that's impossible."

Henley bit his lip and stood up with clenched and shaking fists. "Its got to be. It's got to be. It's the only way it can be".

James Warton, Attorney-at-Law, stood up quickly, and faced him squarely but with incredulity. "Why?" He said.

Henley walked to the window and looked down into the canyon formed by the high buildings. He spoke rapidly. "I've given every thing I've had to that gulch down there. I've slaved like a dog to acquire a fortune that was honestly earned, and I had earned it honestly. I watched every penny, putting them one upon another and I joyed in watching them grow; and now they who enjoyed my fortune with me have taken it away, leaving me where I began thirty years ago. I'm the prize sap, the sucker of the "Main Stem", and the world's most perfect failure". Then he became quiet and said, "Now do you see".

"Yes, I see. I see everything very clearly. You want to kill yourself; you want to take the easiest path because you can't stand the humiliation of being a failure. You will die without learning one of the greatest lessons this world of ours can teach-that of fighting back.

I thought I would be a great man one day. I saw no obstacle to stand in my way. I was a remarkable student, a great believer in clean living and I was socially prominent. I was going to be the greatest lawyer in the country. Nothing was going to stop me. I graduated with honor and plenty of money to fight the financial battles of a young lawyer. I set myself up in this fine office with all the trimmings, and sat down and waited. I've waited. Oh, yes. I've waited six months and you are my first client."

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