

ANNIVERSARY SEEDLING PINE

Vol. II CO. 1420. CCC. Ocala, Fla. No. 4

ENTERING OCALA NATIONAL FOREST

A FOREST ELEGY

Gray ashes on the forest floor,
Black ghosts that once were trees,
Majestic in the winter snows,
Or swayed to summer breezes.

Desolate now and forsaken
By creatures of the wild,
The gaunt old hills cry out in shame,
Where once their glory smiled:

• Trees that looked at God all day
• And lifted leafy arms to pray.

A thousand years, nay, more they grew,
There in the mountain sod,
Their clean brown trunks told sweetly of,
The carefulness of God.

Down where men write the records,
The curious may see
• Two thousand acres—size of fire—
• Cause—carelessness of man.

Bessie K. Monroe.

SEEDLING PINE

GREATEST FIRE SINCE '21 DESTROYS 2,220 ACRES

sunday february 24 clocked up another victory for the civilian conservation corps. 2,220 acres burned over before the fire was brought under control. men from both p-2 and p-5 fought valiantly from about noon sunday until early monday morning. approximately 400 men were at the scene of the conflagration and their efficiency was demonstrated by the speed with which this great blaze was brought under control.

At 11:45 the fire gong rang out its message of destruction. crew after were immediately dispatched on news of the quickly spreading fire. All the facilities of the forestry department were pressed into service. The Army trucks were used to carry chow and men to the area of the fire. Trucks were dispatched to town frequently during late afternoon and evening to transport the fellows immediately to the fire as they came back from week end leave.

Groups of men were frequently in serious danger as they were caught between backfire and the main body of the blaze. several times, except for lady Luck and brainy feet, there would have been a few "tail feathers" singed and perhaps a few men seriously burned.

The close of night found both of the company fire trucks broken down from the fierce strain put upon them. A few men at a time were allowed to retire to their quarters as the fire steadily came under control. The next few days were spent in mopping up the fires left on fallen logs and stumps.

STORY OF THE FIRE BY C.H. ROGERS FO THE US FOREST SERVICE (As told in an interview with George Capes)

From Superintendent C. H. Rogers the following article was obtained: There were 2,220 acres burned over of which only 224 acres were government land.

There was a high wind and the wire grass, covered with pine straw and second growth timber, burned with an exceedingly high speed. The fire was successfully controlled the same afternoon of the day it started. because of the great area and the number of burning stumps a considerably large amount of time was spent mop-

ping up the burned portion.

The cooperation of the Army officials with the forestry service was excellent. The boys of the corps all were eager, anxious, and willing to do every thing that was possible. Their efficiency in the time of another disaster will be greatly improved because of the experience gained through this one. We appreciate greatly the cooperation, also, of the p-2 camp from Mill Dam. Mr. Rogers stated, "And we would be glad to recompense the service rendered in time of emergency to them."

An explanation of the cost to the service because of this conflagration was furnished us for you fellows by Mr. Rogers. He stated that approximately 500 man days were spent from p-5. Just think, according to the amount of energy spent, how long it would have taken for one man to take care of all that; a little more than a year and a third. 500 miles of travel were necessary for transportation of men and equipment. This does not include, of course, any of the expense incurred for p-2's participation in the activities.

Mr. Rogers' concluding statement was this: "From the above figures the boys can determine the cost of negligence on the fire line."

CAMP BEAUTIFICATION 202

It looks like our camp is on the way to being the prettiest camp in the south. sergeant Abshire has been busy working around here doing some real landscaping. We are glad he has removed the old rail fences and placed rocks around the plots of grass. The evergreens have added much to the beauty of the camp area. perhaps the Georgia boys in camp will feel more at home with the addition of the clay walks.

Let's cooperate by throwing all paper scraps and cigarette butts in the little neat boxes placed in the camp area for that purpose. perhaps if we are very careful we may be able to eliminate police call.

Advertisement for COSBY AND WOODS featuring RINGS, BELTS, and SPECIALTIES. The ad includes the text: 'A successful combination of EFFICIENCY AND SERVICE' and 'SPECIALTIES'.

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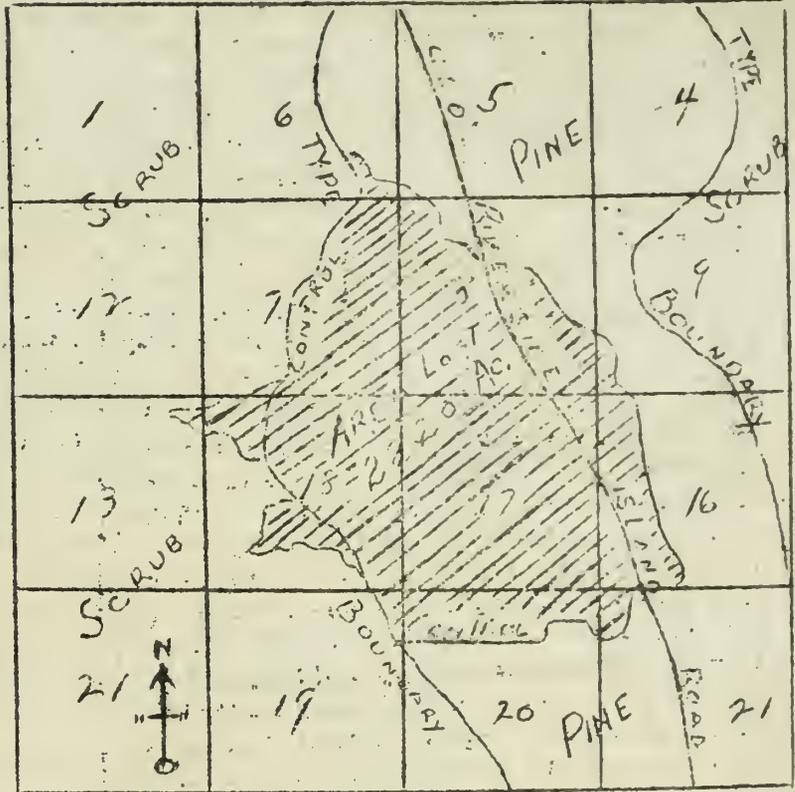
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Above is shown a map giving area burned over by the recent great fire (shaded portion).

EDITORIAL

our pages this week are taken up to a large degree with accounts of the great fire. Now, every man in the company has had an experience which will stand out in his memory; an experience which will teach the value of caution and extreme carefulness while in the forest.

Every year millions of acres of timber land are destroyed because of that one devastator, fire. It is well to impress upon every fellow's mind that a single thoughtless act could be the cause of a conflagration that may destroy thousands of dollars worth of plant and animal life.

A serious penalty would be imposed upon any person caught setting a dangerous fire within the forest preserve, but the unthoughtful fellow who throws down a lighted cigarette most always is undetected.

The season when ^{fires} are most prevalent is drawing closer. Fire guard maintenance will be doubled and, in some cases, tripled. It's going to be tough, but if the proper precautionary measures are taken by every inhabitant of the forest we may pass the summer with comparatively little fire fighting activity...

EDITORIAL COMMENT

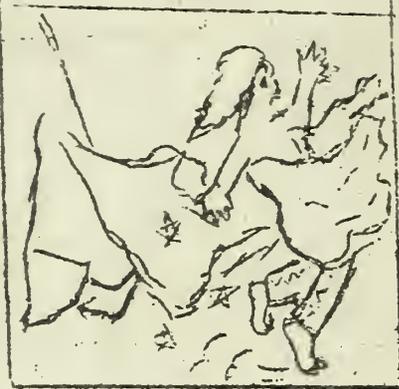
A sad state of affairs, indeed, must exist when the assistant co. clerk is found situated in the woodyard mooring like a lost cow. At the approach of your correspondent, the assistant announced proudly that he was a nigger in the woodpile. Not only that but a Russian nigger to boot. Whereupon he started singing "The vulgar boatswain". A sad state indeed.

It is a very, not to say the least, peculiar coincidence that the infirmary attendant's assistant happened to fall out of a tree not far from said woodyard.

The editorial dignity has been severely shocked. It is high time that something be done when the Asst. CEA and the supply sergeant attempt to incarcerate ye Ed. in the wavelets of Lake Kerr.

The trip to Paytona must have been a success. Just now I have been interrupted by several of the survivors and generally it looks as if a good time was had, all

(yesterday when we called on Chief woodpecker-sitting-on-A-Rock-with-His-tail-feathers-hanging-over, he was suffering from rheumatism, housemaid's knee, Athlete's foot, and painter's colic plus a slight touch of spinal antiphlogistine and tidisestablishmentarianism. consequently,



He Got Kicked OUT of Several Wigwams

he had a slight hang-over, and was quite vicious. The following is the story he told us as he ripped his little daughter limb from limb, chewed a twenty-penny nail and jumped up and down on the oat.)

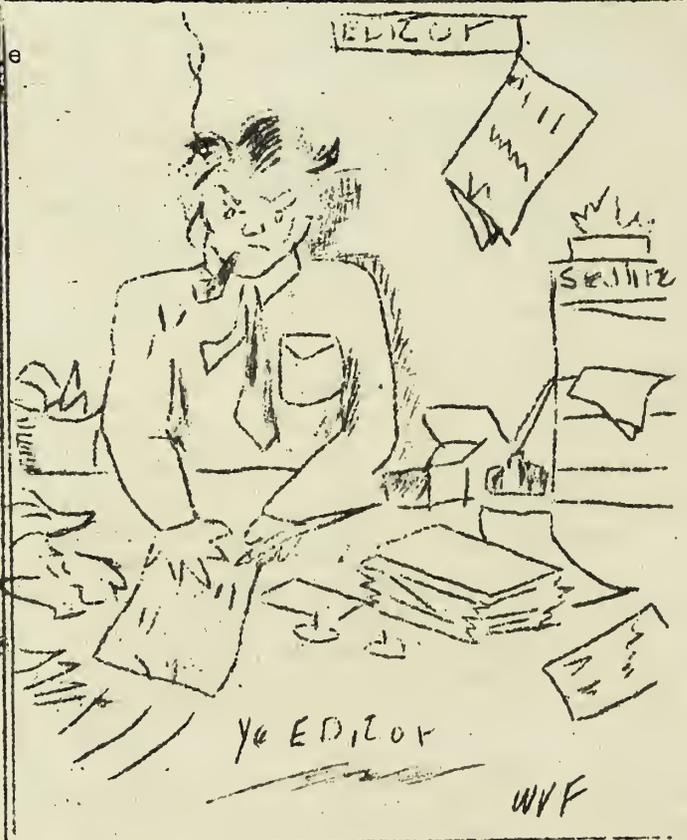
After koka-kola had committed suicide rather than become the squaw of Chief Hi-Bru (see seedling pine, 1-25-35) Chief Red Top and chief Fall sitty decided to get even with him. so one night while Chief Hi-Bru was making a business trip to ybor city, they moved his wigwam and set it right on top of a deep well. The wigwam was just the right size and fitted nicely over the deep hole that was left after the chiefs removed the stone wall that stood around the well.

The next morning at about 3:00 a.m. chief Hi-Bru came staggering back from his business trip. After getting thrown out on his neck from three wigwams that he wandered into by accident, (one wigwam belonged to old wido Hatchet-face, who hadn't had a male caller since the blizzard of '76. she was so surprised to see the chief come staggering in singing "I'll bury the Hatchet if you wiggle your wigwampum." that she poured syrup down her back and scratched her pancakes), Hi-Bru finally found his own wigwam, pulled up the door flap and entered. A big splash followed while chiefs fall sitty and Red top laughed and laughed until they were weak. Then they went over to Brother Hi-Bru's wigwam and leaned over the well to watch the chief imitate a gold-fish. But they were both so weak from laughing that before they knew what was happening they

had both fallen in on top of Hi-Bru. Attracted by the howlings and the blubberings, a crowd of guffanpuffitts gathered around Hi-Bru's wigwam and began to go in. those in back pushed so hard that before they had a chance to yell the ones in front were forced into the well. finally, every man, woman and child in the whole tribe (and even a couple of dogs) were splashing around in the well on top of Red Top, Fall sitty and Hi-Bru.

When the Great Maker of Rain and Snow looked down and saw the whole tribe splashing around in the well, he got very angry and with one wave of his hand he changed them all into fish. And now, every Friday the boys in Co. 1420 have these fish for supper; and they say that if you ever find a fish that is very, very large and has a feather growing out from between its eyes, you will know that that fish used to be either Chief Hi-Bru, Chief Fall sitty or Chief Red Top.

(Continued Next week)



Above is our artists (?) conception of the ed. at work. The portrait shows that he takes his work seriously, which is more than the artist does.

SEEDLING PINE

New Ideas to make things safer put into effect -

Safety Council Geared Up to make a safer future.

At the weekly meeting of the Safety Council composed of all the Foresters and Officers of the Company held last Tuesday night, several suggestions were advanced which will doubtless be of considerable aid in keeping our accidents down to the irreducible minimum.

The use of ladders to facilitate loading and unloading of work crews was endorsed and put into effect the following day. Plans were formulated and adopted for the institution of a Junior Council composed of all Leaders and Assistant Leaders. This Council will also meet weekly at a regular time. Their recommendations will be made in writing to the Safety Council.

Company 1420 has been fortunate in having as few accidents, as it has had, against its record. Such good fortune is not luck, but rather the reflection of the care and diligence of the foreman and leaders in the field and in Camp.

Accidents don't happen. They occur. They are caused. It is to each man's self-interest to eliminate their cause and prevent their occurrence.

Camp Beautification -

It looks like our camp is on the way to being the prettiest in the South. Sergeant Abshire has been busy working around here doing some real genuine landscape work of merit. He has, as we couldn't help but notice, removed the old rail fences and placed rocks around the green carpets of grass, planted evergreens and changed the appearance of the camp considerably. Perhaps our Georgia boys will feel at home now that we have plenty of clay paths and roads in camp.

If we want to keep the camp looking like a first class place, let's cooperate and refrain from throwing paper around and maybe if we are real careful, we might eliminate police call from our list.

A Woman -

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction, woman's the greatest of all contradictions.

She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse, but she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.

She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse; she'll split his head open and then be his nurse - and when he's well and gets out of bed, she'll work him so hard that he'll wish he was dead.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen sighted and blind, she's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, and she's kind.

She'll lift a man up, she'll throw a man down, she'll crown him her king, then make him her clown.

You fancy she's this, but you'll find that she's that, for she'll play like a kitten and scratch like a cat.

In the morning she will, in the evening she won't, You're always expecting she does but she don't.

Poem -

Now Mr. Collins is a happy man - He has said goodbye to fate-
Because he has been assigned to drive The Brand New Ford V-8.
We are mighty proud to see ...A great man used to prosperity,
A man who will someday rate...is the man to handle the Ford V-8.

Walter Folkes.



SPORT SHOTS

BY- HOYT SMITH



Co. 1420 Defeats Palatka Aces-

The team of Co. 1420, CCC, again shows fine team work and good sportsmanship; this being their 17th start with only one defeat. The game was started with the first and at the end of the first half the score was 22-6. Substitutions were made with Vinson and Carnes as forwards with Priest and Roberts as Guards in 3 quarters. Harrison played entire game, holding the position of Center like a veteran. He made the first point and scored enough points (15) himself to win the game. Harper was high point man for the aces. At the end of the game the score was 40-14. This was the second defeat of the Aces, as the score for the preceding game was 24-14.

The basketball team goes to Crescent City next Friday to meet their team. We are expecting as usual a Victory.

Smoke-house rhyme...

Here lies the body of our Head Cook,
he failed to look at the recipe book.

There was a young man named Harris,
Whom nothing could ever embarrass,
Till the bath salts one day,
In the tub where he lay,
Turned out to be plaster of paris.

There was a young fellow named Possum
Whose art was always in blossom,
He lured up a breeze,
that held them by threes,
But now he's back where they want 'im.

Anon.

Baseball Season Drawing nearer.

Some interest has been shown in baseball. We have an excellent basketball team, lets turn out a baseball team that we can be just as proud of. Last season we played every team in reach, and didn't score a single victory. Some of you players get together and police up the diamond, and "Lets get Going". Just as soon as it is determined whether the CCC will continue, equipment will be secured and first call for baseball will be made. Let's get together and prepare the baseball field for service, and get some practice. There is plenty of material for a first rate team, so work it up.

Overnight in the Woods

By Walter H. Anderson-
Oh we dug down the ridges
and we tore up the hills
we waded through swamps
bogged up to our gills.
We camped by the Lake-side,
Pitched the Camp under Cedars,
We had visitors galore,
which turned out to be skeeters.
When we crept in our beds
and got deep into slumber
They called out the rods
Twenty million in number.
They was armed to the teeth
Well equipped for the fight-
I really think they meant business
When they got hold of me that night.
But with Taylor's cooking
and Possums line of Bull
We returned to Camp Happily
with all our Sturmiaks full.