

Letters from MRFy - New Year's Dreams

"The Cold Earth Slept below; above the cold sky shone; and all around with a chilling sound, from Caves of ice and fields of snow, The breath of night like death did flow beneath the sinking moon." - Shelley

It's been a quiet week in Lake Wobegon ... No wait, that's the other one. It's been a quiet week in Old La Pointe, where the shovels are busy with wet snow and the MRF is hopping with last year's shredded wrapping paper and Amazon boxes; torn asunder from Christmas morning excitement. The holidays have passed, and the island is excited with a blend of playoff football and cooling lake temps. The bay is littered with what Tony Watts used to call "bergie bits", floating chunks of ice and snow, and giving us the hope that solid ice may arrive in the coming days.

I was baling paper the other day, moving our large grey bins to the compactor and dumping them in and – in mid lift – the most wonderful sight fell out and landed square on the floor. I caught my breath and paused long enough to make sure I wasn't dreaming and then slowly picked it. Seed Porn - thick catalogs of vegetable seeds, flowering plants, and farm stories printed on high-gloss paper glistening under the soft hum of MRF Industrial lighting. I thumbed through the first few crisp, frozen pages of it. Banner headlines like "NEW FOR THE 2023 Planting Season - 25 new varieties of carrots!" and "BEETS BEETS BEETS!" and the ever popular "When did Aubergine become Eggplant?"

Moments like this cannot be understated. It is both a cause for celebration and panic; planting season is only 100 days away. Is it possible that here, in the dead of our frozen island winter that there are individuals foolhardy enough to be planning for spring already?? I tend to think that's why it was thrown away.

I have been working on "getting ahead." I have completed all numbers for the Annual MRF Self Certification and, in 2022, we processed 134.42 tons of recyclables here in our small community, which averages out to about 625.2 lbs. per island resident. The average for the State of Wisconsin is 693.5 per person, so we are just below average. Given this realization, I am going to work harder to be average this year. 😊

Plans continue for the upcoming busy season. We will post for a new Recycling Specialist in the coming weeks. In the meantime, Evan has been hauling our boxes of demolition and solid waste to Republic. He is a powerhouse of work ethic and enthusiasm, and I am grateful for his assistance. I have been organizing our gray building and consolidating the clutter, everything from aerosol cans to propane cylinders. Every morning, the crows sit in the white pines behind the Island Closet and remind me that it's cold, but the days are getting longer. In the words of my grandfather: "It's a hard life but it's a good life."

We persevere and wait for warmer days.

Be MRftastic.

Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor

RECEIVED

JAN 6 2023

Initial: dg

⑤ TB, Michael, Michaela
Public, AA

Letters from MRFY - Dumpster Diving and New Identities

Well, it's Groundhog Day again and, here at the MRF, our illustrious bales of aluminum stacked in the snow at 412 Big Bay Road did not see their shadow, which means there is another 8 weeks until the Christmas decorations at Walmart go on display. When I write this little ditty for the Gazette, I try to interject a little humor as well as some tidbit of recycling wisdom, but I do need to take a very serious moment to talk about protecting your identity.

I have been baling paper recently and in the stacks of paper that our customers throw out in the paper recycling bins, I ran across some very sensitive documents that contained the following information: a financial portfolio that included a withdrawal from a 401k plan, the bank routing number, the bank account number which the funds were to be deposited, as well as the social security number of the owner.

On average, there are 5.8 million fraud complaints leading to roughly 6.1 billion dollars in associated lost revenue. Most of these will occur through online scams but there are people who will go to landfills and dig through trash in order to find personal information. Some people refer to these individuals as "dumpster divers"; however those of us in the BIDD (Brotherhood of International Dumpster Divers) take exception to this label. I joined the BIDD in my freshman year while attending Adrian College. When school ends and apartments, townhouses and dormitories are emptied, the sidewalks are packed with couches, chairs, dressers, televisions, VCRs, and other household items. This was all fair game for reclamation and, in the spring edition of the BIDD Annual publication titled "College Towns are a Bonanza for the Brotherhood" (McGill, James, Madeup Publishing Ltd; April 1995) it states explicitly "personal information including names, social security numbers, tax statements and ex-girlfriend/boyfriend numbers are expressly forbidden by dumpster diving etiquette, punishable by expulsion from the BIDD by a majority vote of the regional board..."

In all seriousness, and since it is tax season, please take time to shred (or burn) documents that contain sensitive information (but not in an Arthur Anderson/Enron kind of way). You don't want to wake up one morning and find that the new credits cards in your name have funded a Limited-Edition Gucci Xbox, a 1992 bottle of Screaming Eagle Cabernet Sauvignon, a pack of Swisher Sweets and a 6-pack of crunchy tacos from Taco Bell.

MRF life continues. This warming trend of temps in the 30s is cause for all things "outdoorsy" including baling, sorting propane and aerosol canisters, as well as preparing for a (possible) boat shutdown. Evan has been hauling boxes as part of our winter procedures but, with the extended ferry season, we are well-positioned to make it into spring comfortably with no storage pressures. Office cleaning is ongoing and I'm preparing to outline the "Wall of MRFstory! A Brief but Wonderful History of the MRF." Pictures are rolling in from various outlets, as well as a master's thesis on Madeline Island trash and other assorted items. If anyone has pictures from MRF past and the faces that have graced this space, please feel free to drop them off at the MRF office and I will make copies and get the originals back to you.

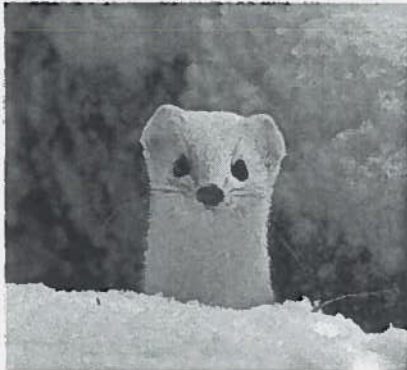
A always: Be MRF-tastic!

Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor

RECEIVED
FEB X 8 2023
BY: Bn

Letters from MRFY**March Madness**

I came into work one morning and there were some strange tracks in the snow in our drive-through. Normally, it's a safe bet that the raccoons and deer will make foray into the outdoor recycling area during some evening hour, something akin to late-night college hijinks but with the island beasties. The snow was pushed up and errant beer cans were strewn about on the ground, leading me to believe that members of some local animal fraternity were having a bit of fun. I cleaned up the mess and proceeded with my morning, coffee in hand doing my usual routine; however, something left me a little uneasy...like...I was being watched. The wind died down. The crows stopped gawking and it was quiet...too quiet. In the summertime, when I'm walking through the woods, I can sometimes catch a glimpse of something out of the corner of my eye but, when I turn my head, it magically disappears. This was the same. Like, at any given



moment a rabid wolverine would leap out of a barrel of aluminum and that would be all she wrote for this ole boyo. I sat, coffee in hand and, after a moment or two, the stalker finally revealed itself.

Mustela erminea - stoat, ermine, short-tailed weasel - a quick-eyed piece of lightning; a savvy hunter with a mouth full of mouse. These were the two contestants in the great battle that ensued outside. It also answered the question as to why the mouse population has been in decline here at the MRF. Ernie

the Ermine (as I have named him) peeled out of the corner and took off behind the electrical panel, its last tiny little tail flipping away into the darkness. But even then, there were signs of hope; his back half was speckled with brown, which means one thing; spring is coming.

The MRF is on the cusp of busy. These warm, sunny days cause the roofs to melt with little rivulets of winterwater flowing to the lake. I'm getting excited about the return of green grass and smiling faces. The process continues of planning a straw-bale garden behind our warehouse, to demonstrate a small-scale compost slurry program. Tomatoes, mostly, and maybe some snap peas. Soon, the autos will be demolished and packed off to the scrap yard, opening more space and more opportunity. Office work continues, with the DNR self-certification completed for another year, and seeing if the new pulp mill in Duluth wants our paper and cardboard. I'll be buying paint for the new MRF History display and have received a couple of nice pictures to start our journey through time (thank you, Jimmy Erickson!). Material prices are LOW LOW LOW so there may be a need to warehouse more bales until they can recover. All in all, the status quo of March Madness is intact. We are pressing onward with hiring a new transportation specialist in the next month. And then it's off to the races.

Have a MR Ftastic Day!

Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor

RECEIVED
MAR 6 2023

Initial: dg

(5) TB, TA, AA, Clerk,
PWD, Public

Letters from MRFY
April Showers and Bears

Temperatures at the MRF are soaring into the mid-30s. It's truly cause for celebration, and it is a preview that the busy season is fast approaching. Soon I will clean out the Island Closet in preparation for another year of "friendly faces in friendly spaces" accompanied by the soundtrack of polka music and old country hits.

Our candy bowl has been raided by our daily patrons and I have made the mistake of putting a healthier option (fruit snacks) in the mix and it was firmly rebuffed by our staunchest supporters. "What have you become??" and "You're a monster" were among the comments made. I'm glad I didn't put any fresh fruit in there.

"April showers bring May flowers...and do you know what May flowers bring?"

"No. What?"

"Pilgrims."

For some reason I keep hearing the voice of John Wayne telling me that joke from my childhood. (For some of our younger readers, John Wayne was a movie star whose swagger and gravelly voice were an inspiration for a generation of kids as well as the reason Rich Little and Johnathan Winter were such big hits with impersonations... Okay, Rich Little and Johnathan Winter were comedians from the classic age of comedy ... oh never mind.)

It's warming up here at the MRF. So much so that the jugs of kitchen grease are viscous once again and they will soon flow into our collection vat (which in turn will bring the bears out of hibernation.) I've been on the usual routine of baling and organizing, as well as working to complete our annual report for the DNR. I had most of it done and the DNR has technical issues so I will have to re-enter the data. No worries. The office here at the MRF is full of life. A variety of tomatoes, squash and cucumbers are sprouting and, in my haste to greet the coming season and our straw bale growing demonstration, I may have jumped the gun a bit. These will be knee high by the 5th of May. Stay tuned for updates.

With the ferry boats running continuously, it has been a stress-free winter in terms of storage capacity. We got a load limit exemption to haul one box over so far and will haul others in the coming weeks. I am waiting on updates from our cardboard and plastic buyers to figure out how we can unload these bales before the busy season. I am also pleased to announce (and much to the joy of Evan, I'm sure) that "smashy smashy" season is fast approaching, and we will demolish and haul the remaining autos for a fair price in scrap. I am projecting a massive reduction in our overhead due to the fact we have had only one FT employee for the past 4 months. If we can get some larger returns on our recycling materials, we will be in great shape for the end-of-the-year budget numbers.

As always, be MRf-tastic!

Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor

RECEIVED

APR 6 2023

Initial: dg

TB(9), CLERK, ACCOUNTING, CLERICAL, TA, PUBLIC

Letter from MRFY

Da Bears

"Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;
Come, my *Corinna*, come, let's go a Maying." - Robert Herrick

Well, it's over. The end of an era. A time for recollection and to remember the good times while also looking forward to what's next. I'm not talking about winter. Of course, I'm talking about



Aaron Rodgers being traded to the New York Jets. The inevitable and very slow burn of this trade has been in the hearts and minds of Packers fans (and others) since last year. And now its time for Packers fans to learn one simple phrase that will have to get us through for the next two years: "All you need is Love!" I can tell it's having a larger impact here at the MRF; Da Bears have woken from their winter slumber and been prowling around the joint looking for tasty bits of crumpet and jam while also staking claim to the fryer grease that reeks of French fries and winter fish (they heard Rodgers no longer owns them, so they are venturing out into new territory)

Speaking of New Beginnings... Please welcome to the MRF family new Transportation Specialist Michael Haben!! Michael is a year-round Island resident who is joining us for his first summer of rotten milk and stale beer as well as hauling your neighborhood garbage and demolition to the mainland!! When you stop in to the MRF this year, don't forget to give him a BIG ISLAND HELLO!!

And speaking of rotten milk: It's possible that you have taken the last full glass of milk and left the last $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in the jug in an effort to alleviate childhood guilt. As such, NO ONE wants to touch the last bit of stale milk and as it slowly grows legs and sours beyond palatability. AND SO ... in a bit of sheer bravado you recycle the entire jug here at our beloved MRF facility. Now I am a fan of milk. It is truly a wonder of nature and one of the rare products that continues to have marketability as it ages : milk, cream, sour cream, buttermilk, cottage cheese, cream cheese, regular cheese (side note: some guy put cheese in a barrel in Lake Ontario thinking the cold temps might make the best cheese ever and it broke from its mooring and now it roams the lake). In the END ... please empty out your milk containers. The gentle spray of rotten milk on the face is less than pleasing.

As always Be MRF-Tastic!

Marty Curry
Recycling Supervisor

Letters from MRFY

"Baseball hasn't forgotten me. I go to a lot of old-timers games and I haven't lost a thing. I sit in the bullpen and let people throw things at me. Just like old times." Bob Uecker

I remember being a 7-year-old kid in Pontiac, Michigan, and going to see the Detroit Tigers play in 1977. This was around the time of some of the classic names of Tiger lore: "The Byrd" Mark Fidrych, Alan Trammell, "Sweet" Lou Whitaker, Lance Parrish, Ron LeFlore and Jack Morris. Both times that I saw them play, they played the Milwaukee Brewers (irony, I know). I remember watching Rusty Staub dig a low pitch out of the dirt and park in in the upper deck. He connected with a solid crack of the bat and people immediately rose to their feet and, with it, a slow low roar that built from nothingness into a deafening storm of cheering. What amazed is the fact that the actions of one man could bring so many to their feet in unison. It was togetherness and teamwork. It was impressive.

Tiger Stadium has long since been torn down and with it the memories, the countless spilled beers, bits of relish and mustard from hot dogs wrapped in tin foil and of course, my childhood. Good times that are remembered fondly.

Fast forward 46 years and I find myself on the other side of the pond (Lake Michigan) and cheering for the Milwaukee Brewers from another piece of hallowed ground; the MRF. We too have the ambiance of stale beer, spilled bits of ketchup and mustard, as well as occasional cheering and laughter that goes along with a day at the dump. Friends are reunited, stories are shared, tickets are punched, and all we are missing are a vendor throwing hot dogs and the roar of the crowd. (I'll see what I can do about lunchtime at the MRF.)

We are officially in the busy season. The dumpsters are filling up in a 'quick-like fashion" due to belated spring cleaning. The Island Closet is in full swing and there are some early donations that are raising eyebrows – including an adult Winnie the Pooh onesie (WHAT??? No Wayyyy) Needless to say, it went home with some adoring person.

The weather is shifting from "too hot too soon" to something that is frequently described as "Where is my sweater and let's turn on the heat" weather. Mr. Michael Haben is an amazing asset to the MRF Crew. He is "Haulmesiter Supreme"! He is running bales of plastic to Eagle River as this is being written and will be doing two trips tomorrow to get us back to even. When you pop into the MRF, give him a big Thank You!

We are also finally rolling out the Compost Program!! After a very generous anonymous donation (Thank You!!!!), we will be distributing some very beautiful green buckets (complete with a NEAT-O sticker). Participants can bring food scraps in on Saturdays and dump them into a barrel, which we will store in a secure location, occasionally rotating it until the end of the year, when we will donate or raffle compost off to some lucky individual. This is a trial program and, depending on community response, we may expand it next year.

The biggest reminder is NO MEAT!! Fruits, veggies, breads, eggshells, coffee grounds only. If you end up adding a bit of Aunt Mildred Summertime Jell-O Surprise; complete with cottage cheese and grapes cut in half, I won't tell; but NO meat. Super grateful to divert more material out of the waste stream and into soil revitalization.

AS always be MRF-Tastic!
Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor

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JUN 7 2023

Initial: dg

Letters from MRFY
July is NIGH!

*When the morning dew clings lightly on cool withered blades
And the sun paints the spruce with gentle fingers;
The barnyard animals breathe in the peace and still
Before the full July heat beats down and reminds us all that
Summer is here.*

By the time you read this, the thunder of the fireworks will have long since faded and the potato salad will have withered on the vine. But things at the MRF are in FULL SWING!! (Cue the circus music!!)

Our Haulmaster Supreme, Michael Haben, is on the road in a regular fashion, dumping boxes and hauling trash. During June, we filled a 40-yard dumpster every week and a compactor box every other week and, as we head into July, the busy trend continues. During the first 4 days of July, we did more business than all of January, February and March combined!! This, coupled with the fact that we are averaging about 10 miles a day on our official MRF steps program, we are working off all the wonderful baked goods that you have been dropping off!

We have been getting apple fritters, bear claws, some homemade "pan au chocolates," apple pie, blueberry pie, cinnamon rolls, something like a rhubarb/strawberry blintzey thing (which tastes amazing out of the oven but after a day, the sugars permeate the whole thing and it is divine!!). We have officially turned into a baked-good-fueled operation.

In other news, our pilot program for compost is in FULL SWING, too! We have filled up three 55-gallon barrels of the most delectable bits of veggie scraps, fruity bits, soggy napkins, coffee grounds and others assorted NON-MEAT items. It is mixed with leaf matter and left to stew in its own juices. Sometime in October, I will pop the lid and see what we have! Stay tuned!



Friendly reminder: PRESORT prior to your arrival here at the MRF. We have quite a few people who think that presorting means sorting while the car is running here the MRF. Nothing makes the person behind you grouchier than having to wait while you sort your beverage cans from your smoked fish wrapper. Together we can win this war!!

RECEIVED

JUL 10 2023

Initial: cg

Letters from MRFY- August is NIGH

For this past month, there has been a still in the morning MRF air that is beautiful. Before the arrival of the first car or the first casual conversation that is the hallmark of recycling and waste disposal here at our little facility, there has been the arrival of simple beauty. I put on the days coffee and step outside the office door and the morning sun greets me, brushed with a deeper orange because of the Canadian wildfires. It peeks from behind the trees and hangs like a morning yolk, tinged with haze. At the other end of the lot, down by the dem con, our resident bear trods cautiously into the clearing, nose sniffing and ear perked to the slightest break in the morning stillness. More than once I have stood under our little drive through and sat perfectly still, watching their purposeful and comical movements. There is something in the demolition bin that has piqued its interest and is worth a gaze or two; maybe a half-eaten sandwich left by a local contractor; maybe a donut. After a few minutes, a I give a big shout out "Makwa-Manitou!! (Bear Spirit) you have to GO!!" There is a sudden freeze in motion and slight head turn. The shuffling of my feet across the uneven gravel is enough to make them turn and lumber into the thicket; donuts or sandwiches will have to wait. The morning crows leave their evening perch and if it wasn't for my presence would be sitting on the edge of the compactor picking through the rubbish. Instead, they fly off in the direction of the airport in search of adventure and shiny things; not unlike us.

Beauty lives where you look for it. Nature will always carve out a niche if given an opportunity, but it doesn't ask for permission, it simply pushes on with its primary objective to live and thrive, to be wild and free; not unlike us. August is nigh and with it comes the final push to be a little wilder and a little freer before the constraints of jobs and school and responsibility pen us into a routine that feels more restrictive, more predictable. Maybe less wild. The temperatures rise and for some the patience of "island nice" may wear a little thin around August 17th but we work hard, we play hard and with it comes the gratitude of a summer well spent with friends and family.

MRF-Land is moving along smoothly. Michael has been powering on with baling and trucking and we are working on cleaning up some of the extraneous fridges and clutter. The compost program is a HUGE success. We have collected 300 gallons of compost in our barrels. It has been a relatively smooth process save for the pitter patter of little raccoon feet that appear overnight on the barrels. Don't forget to presort. Sliced turkey still not recyclable.

Be MRF-Tastic

Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor
Town of LaPointe

TP(S), CLERK, ACCT, CLERICAL, TA, PUBLIC

Letters from MRFY (September 2023)

*Summer has come and passed
The innocent can never last
Wake me up when September ends
Like my fathers come to pass
Seven years has gone so fast
Wake me up when September ends - Green Day*

Somewhere between the springtime melting and the turning of the first leaf is a phenomenon known as summer. For me, I tolerate summer to get to the cool frosty evenings and forest canopy tinged with reds, yellows and ambers. I can tell it's close because, on my afternoon walk the other day, my feet were pressing tiny green acorns into the soft clay earth. Acorns falling is a beautiful thing. All mighty oaks begin as a tiny acorn and they represent the passing of time in a slow, gradual and graceful way.

This summer hasn't been too bad and I don't want to sound ungrateful. The evenings have been cool, the smiles have been frequent, and the daytime high temps haven't been too hard on the farm animals. But, like the weather, change is everywhere and we must adapt and prepare for the pending autumn. The short-sleeve Hawaiian shirts will be packed away in exchange for long-sleeve flannels, and khaki shorts will give way to jeans and corduroy pants. With this change comes a time of reflection and pondering on what mysteries have been revealed this past summer, and I would be derelict in my duties if I didn't share the most profound bit of summer wisdom that I have learned: We eat a lot of beans.

In my business, you take notice of things and I've never seen more bean cans roll through this joint between June and August. Now, I get it, they ARE the magical fruit and they pair nicely with most dishes – but we might have an unhealthy reliance on beans. Black, pinto, green, refried, lima, baked. You can stew them, boil them, put them in a casserole, make a soup with them ... I'm starting to sound like Bubba in "Forrest Gump." Truth of the matter is "WE love beans" (this might be a logo on a MRF t-shirt at some point in the future.) The dangerous byproduct of bean cans is when they are unwashed. There is no stink more profoundly putrid than 1-week-old bean juice. It is the stuff of legend. Wash your bean cans, please.

The MRF is in the waning days of summer madness. The crowds have thinned and we have gotten quite a few "This is our last trip to the dump" as well as a couple "Have a nice winter! We will see you next year!" Michael is hauling our tonnage of cardboard and paper to distant towns, and we are in the beginning stages of winter preparation. It sounds early but taking advantage of the markets is key. Strike while the iron is hot, they used to say. We are making storage space to get through the winter. Our Annual Report for the DNR is in the works as are some strategy pieces for our autos. Smashy Season is right around the corner.

In other news, I submitted some presentation papers to recycling conferences around the country (and one in Italy) extolling the virtues and challenges of waste management in our little island community. I don't think they know what they are in for. Lol.

Be MRFtastic.
Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor

Letters from MRFY -- "The Hibernation Season"

*Superior autumn leaves are clinging to the last bits of hope
Hidden among the frozen branches.
Amber oaks and spotty maples against a background of pines
Paint the silent island landscape reminding us all that
The hibernation season has arrived.*

I arrive at work on these frosty MRF mornings before sunrise and there is a silence that is all encompassing. No birds are stirring. No cars are passing on the road. Even the distant morning rumble of the ferry is absent, and the only break in the stillness is the sound of my work boots shuffling across the frozen gravel. It's pretty special.

I open the office door and turn on the light, with the soft industrial fluorescent hum welcoming me. Soon, the pitter patter of morning coffee dripping through the filter reminds me that the workday has begun. The flow of recycling has slowed. Our neighbors have left for off-island destinations. Big hugs and one last punch of the ticket before the long road trip begins. A pan of beautifully baked fudge brownies has been dropped off, the frosting glistening in the office light, a show of appreciation for all the help this summer. I quickly wolf one down and it pairs very nicely with my "saddle brown coffee". That's what Mort Cushman used to call his coffee with a bit of milk in it: "Saddle Brown". I miss Mort.

The apples on the trees at the golf course have fallen and the deer are grateful for it. The hunters have taken to the woods for bow season and the island trade of *Wawaskeshi* (venison) has begun. Later this month, after rifle season, the jerky trade will begin and recipes will be compared. My dad used to smoke his jerky in an old powder blue General Electric refrigerator at our farm in mid-Michigan. It was pure torture waiting two days for the process to be completed, but the day that the door was opened and the racks of meat were first available for grabbing, my 8-year-old hands seized three or four pieces and I hastily retired to our barn to sit on hay bales and savor those flavorful bits of meat. I still use his recipe to this day.

We are finishing up the year here at MRF Central. Michael is putting some serious miles on Woodstock to haul the last of the cardboard, plastic and other baled material. The lot here at 412 Big Bay Road is becoming sparse of activity. Electronics, fluorescent bulbs, copper wire, batteries will all be hauled to mainland destinations. The compost project is wrapping up for the season and, while we will still continue to accept food scraps, the summer volume is greatly reduced. It's being mixed off site with chicken manure and leaves, covered and left to "do its thing" all winter long. Next year, we will distribute to the community garden, school garden etc.



Speaking of school: We had the afterschool program here for a few days to paint tires and try their hand at paper-making. It's always nice to be able to have them help with the beautification here at the MRF. Special thanks to Samantha, Zak, and all the kids.

Be MRFtastic.
Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor

RECEIVED

NOV 8 2023

Initial: dg

Letters from MRFY - END SCENE

**Around the corner and around the bend,
The newest new year must finally end.
And in its place, is New Hope and New Days,
When we will meet at the MRF with MRFY smiles on our face.
It's been a fun year full of garbage and joys:
Aluminum and plastics from the girls and the boys,
Sweet stinkin' bean cans and beer cans and such,
Juicy juice things that no one will touch,
Too much cardboard and paper and bags,
Magazines and fliers and newspaper rags.
Somebodies brought some fish baggy stench
That makes Michael and I violently wretch.
These trailers and cars and trucks and machines
That we smashy smish smash to bring in the green.
Let's do it again, same time and same place,
When the weather is warmer and snow leaves no trace.
As we wind up December and this Holiday Cheer
From the MRFtastic Crew of Michael and I ...
Have a Happy, Freaking New Year!!**

(We ARE actually working and not just writing poetry)

**Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor**

RECEIVED

DEC 6 2023

Initial: dg

(5) TB, TA, A, Clerk, PWD, Public

Letters from MRFY

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

Well, you've done it again.

Another year around the sun and, as we head into 2024, we are happy that you have chosen the Madeline Island Material Recovery Facility for your trash dumping and recycling needs. According to the GARBOLOGY CALENDAR OF ZEN, 2024 has been designated the YEAR OF THE PRESORTER!! (voracious round of applause!) That's right. All good things will come to those who presort in the coming year -- including health, wealth, and a faster and more efficient journey through the MRF line.

Part of our new goal is to provide something we are calling MRF METRICs!! Metrics can be defined as a measure of quantitative assessment commonly used for assessing, comparing, and tracking performance or production. (THANK YOU, INVESTOPEDIA!) This new addition to your Magnificent MRF Monthly Minutes (say that three times fast) is included to give you more numbers to keep track of and remember for the end-of-the-year quiz.

For the month of December, we processed 2 bales of paper totaling 2,390 lbs., 1,020 lbs. of cardboard, and 516 lbs. of aluminum. We brought in \$3,016 at the MRF till including \$681 in charges. This was a \$525 increase over December of 2022 or roughly a 21% increase. In total for 2023, we brought in \$82,219 at the MRF register.

January is shaping up to be productive and exciting. We are in the process of demolishing autos and hauling them over in the coming weeks. Auto scrap prices are up, and we must take advantage of the unseasonably warm weather. I am in the process of trying to find a buyer for our magazines. We have 5 gaylords of magazines that need a home. Trusses for our new storage facility will be ordered in the coming weeks, as well as a thorough cleaning of the office and warehouse in preparation for the upcoming season.

As always, thank you for your support.

Be MRFtastic.

Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor

RECEIVED
JAN 4 2024

Initial: dg