

OH FOR THE CIVIL LIFE!



Professor Penn

To the primeval stillness of pine and birch forests which smothers away the bit of civilization called Camp Armour, seventeen civil engineering students of Illinois Institute of Technology bade farewell last week. Thus, an intensive six-weeks of what the school catalogue calls "Field Practice in Surveying, Civil Engineering 203" came to an abrupt end.

Like their six hundred predecessors, the seventeen civils left the camp with the feeling that they had not only earned their credit hours, but, more important, they had absorbed a bit of the Wisconsin northwoods' own brand of culture.

Penn Presides

Presiding genius of the camp, which has always been regarded by undergraduates of Armour college of engineering as something like the institute's spiritual capitol, is tall, solid, serene John

Cornelius Penn, professor of civil engineering, a graduate of Armour's class of 1905.

A teacher at the institute since graduation, Professor Penn is a 60-year-old native Hollander, who came to America as a child, grew up in the middle west, and remembers when the civil engineering department of what is now the largest engineering school in the United States had two members other than himself, both of whom had been his teachers.

Civil engineering, and particularly the surveying facet of it, make up the heart of John Cornelius Penn.

Engineers are a proud race, none more so than civil engineers. They survey the earth, measuring its contours, deviations and scope, and of all their profession they are most prone to feel they own it. After military engineering, which dates to ancient times, civil engineering is the oldest branch of the general field.

Professor Penn, a patriarch with a schoolman's patience and precision and none of his fustiness, to a remarkable extent is Camp Armour. It was founded by the late, legendary Professor Alfred E. Phillips, whose local career began with the school's in 1894.

Camp Armour Site

The present site of Camp Armour, a triangle of land leased from the state conservation commission, whose broadest side, about half-a-block long, faces west from a thirty-foot bluff on the upper portion of Trout lake, occupies terrain belonging in the 'nineties to a lumber company. Its one-track railroad ran diagonally through where is now situated the dining room of Alfred E. Phillips Hall, largest of the camp's eight buildings.

The original boathouse, once the launch passed out of need and

service, was cut to half its size. No other important change has been made in the physical properties of the place. Phillips Hall, a two-story structure with eaves open at the top for hot-weather ventilation, connected from the beginning to a large annex used for a kitchen.

The Hall's dining room, able to seat forty persons comfortably, is almost one-half of the large downstairs floor, also given over to an office, bedrooms, the student social room with fireplace, various nooks and crannies.

Comforts of Home

The upper floor, opening off broad stairs at the rear of the hall, is in effect a large dormitory, though its eight wood partitions reaching half way up to the V-roof, form separate rooms, securing privacy to occupants. Students ordinarily occupy four cabins grouped about the hall, each accommodating five or six persons. Professor Penn and his teaching assistant, student stewards and resident cooks, together with non-student guests, are housed in Phillips Hall.

An ice house has a roof in common with a carpentry shop and lies close to a "kill" house, where student butchers prepare whole sides of beef or lamb or sides of bacon and pork for attention of the kitchen. Freshly-caught pike, bass or muskellunge share space in the ice house. Like an exclamation point to emphasize rusticity, the inevitable well lies across the diameter of the circle formed by the buildings.

Spirit High

Student esprit, often thought to be an elusive quality in engineering colleges where class programs minimize student recreation and social life, flowers at Camp Armour like the wild vines matted across and around the exterior of Phillips hall. Names of those who have belonged to the good fellowship of the camp since its first days stare down from the hall's wood plaques, ornamented fireplace lintels, the tops of hard-oak tables and, in fact, from every spot where wood can be carved to protest against Time.

Courses No "Snap"

The present summer's generation of Camp Armour residents observes a regimen identical to that of the earliest. Forty-five hours of school work a week, with several hours of note preparation a few nights of each week, is the rule for students. At present the field course in surveying is offered to those who have completed their sophomore year of engineering studies. Years ago it was tied to the end of the freshman year.

The average age of an under-
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Surveyors All



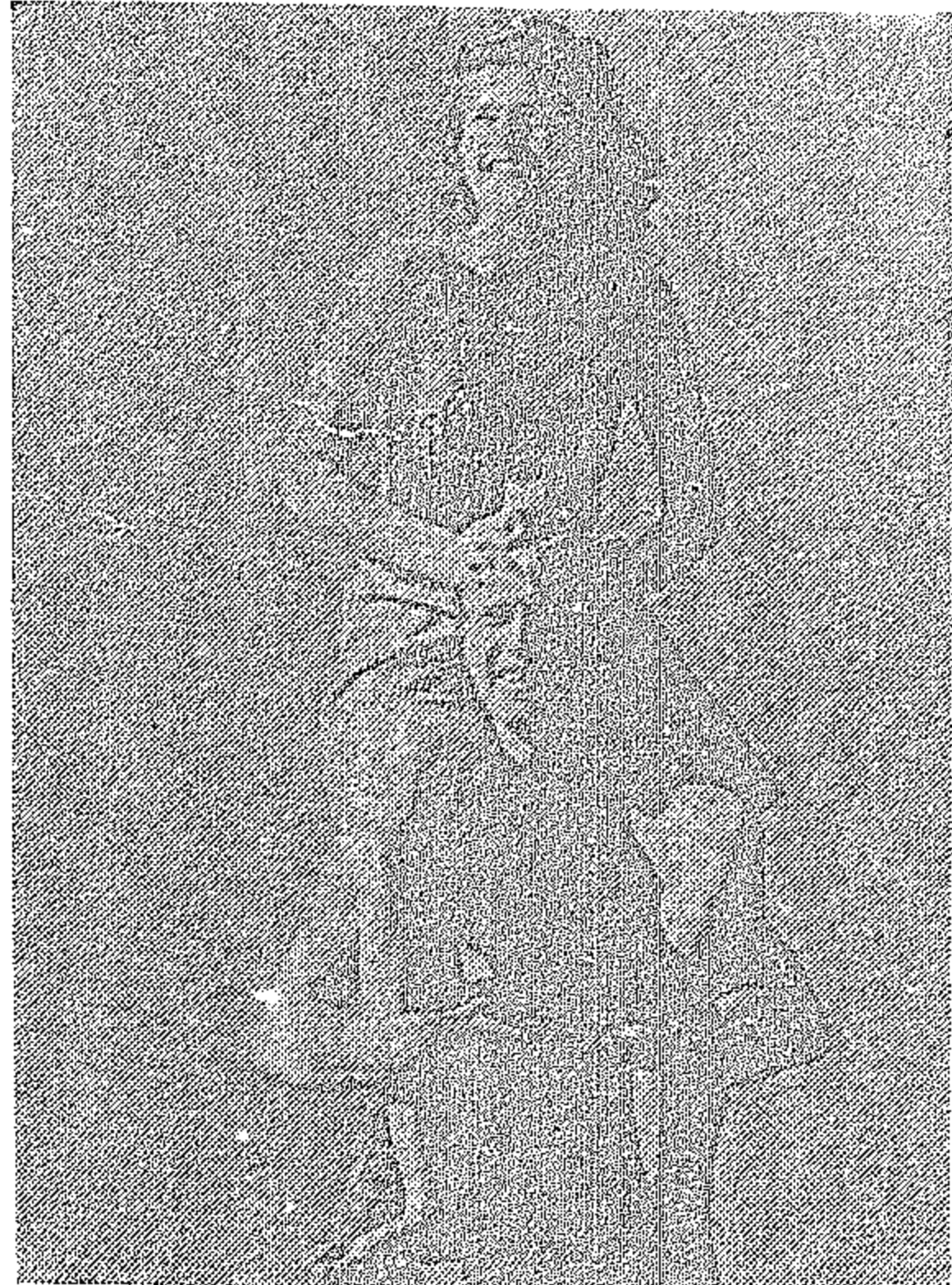
"Chop-Chop"



Boy! Can they eat.



Siesta



Some Kid, Eh Sport?



"Hold that Tiger"



In the Chapel