of a shower. Anning didn't see the joke and consequently had his boudoir mussed slightly and decided to spend the rest of the evening playing hide and seek with the mosquitos in the swamp.

It didn't take long to get acquainted with the nearby "bergs" of Faithorn, Pembine, Norway, etc., but first of all with the postmistress at Kremlin, that is, when "Steve" Walker wasn't there. Although the fellows formed a number of acquaintances with the lumber jacks, their most intimate attachments were acquired with the mosquitos who seemed to take quite a fancy to them especially on those moonlight (?) nights which were best enjoyed while writing up stadia notes. Among the prospective "consulting" engineers several "Hot Air" Lines were run which were guaranteed to eclipse the Soo Line. Numerous budding topographers were discovered—or rather undis-discovered—who could take enough topography in two hours from a convenient hill top to satisfy their desire for the rest of the day. Before leaving camp several fellows could call all the ties between Faithorn and camp by their first names.

After having spent a week dismantling instruments and searching for the "Line of Collimation" the camp baseball team journeyed to Faithorn under the leadership of Bill Kann and took the lumber jacks in tow by a score of 22 to 6. Faithorn's phenomenal pitcher couldn't make his "dark one" work that day, it being Sunday, and consequently the natives got a little exercise. On June 30th the team was defeated by Pembine 9 to 8 because of a few blistered hands and stiff backs acquired in pumping a "rattler" up hill for ten miles. On July 4th however the fellows went to Pembine determined to win, and with Miranda pitching, beat them 14 to 5. That night the natives pulled off some races and fireworks—also firewater—and gave an impromptu dance. Although there were not enough waitresses to go around for partners everybody had a good time. Just when the swimming was getting fine and the sunburn had commenced to tan the edict went forth to break camp.