



The Civils' Camp. 1913

On June 6th, a happy bunch of Civils departed for their camp in the cool north woods of Wisconsin. This year the camp site was on the shore of Little Tomahawk Lake, and with the innumerable other small lakes within a few miles radius, all set in virgin forests of pine, the site proved an idealistic one. And so it was an expectant crowd that piled out of the limited the next day at Minocqua. The trip was made in fine shape and all remained together as far as Tomahawk Lake, where Kornfield held such ardent conversation with the pretty post-mistress, that he consequently missed the train.

We soon arrived at Minocqua and as the ferry to camp was not to leave for an hour or so, we inspected the "burg" pretty thoroughly. The "Merry Mucilage" parlors seemed to be in the majority and although the gilded fronts attracted, our interest was centered on the combination cigar, candy, ice cream, general merchandise store and post-office where the "girl in red" held reign. When the launch did arrive, all hands were on deck and the start for camp was made. To the ravenous ones—we had neither breakfast nor dinner—it was some ride. After passing through "steen" lakes we at last reached the camp. Tent mates were picked and as the tent floors had to be put in, our budding carpenters burst forth. The call for supper saw everything in readiness for our six weeks stay. But let us see "who's who and where" in the colony.

The mess tent, the ever popular tent, was presided over by "Chef" George Kusky, assisted by "Cookee" Paulson. Directly opposite was the Drafting tent, wherein which we seldom labored. Next came the instrument tent which harbored "Brother" Knuepfer, who acted in the dual capacity of instrument-man and commissary. Knuepfer, when he wasn't having trouble with the launch or running the same into the boathouse, was the recipient of numerous song dedications. Chief among these was that wonderful ditty by "Bugs" Penberthy entitled "Brother