THE CLASSES

Kneupfer may we go for a sail!" The next stop was the Central Hot Air station where Professors Phillips and Penn discussed plans. It bore a sign, "We close at nine." Its meaning, but what's the use;—we had to have our notes in by nine o'clock. The family next door, the Dingbats, numbered "Mac Which," "Mac Who," McHugh, who informs us that Rhinelander has quite some girls, "Woodzecki" Wilcox, who proved to be some fusser, "Al" Wermuths and Omar Grant O'Grady. Among the prominent members of the Morgue was "Trink" Trinkaus, beloved by all the mosquitoes. But Trink's dope ball had all the Ty Cobbs in Onieda County fanning the balsam laden atmosphere. Trink's partner in their comedy line was "Bugs" Penberthy, a product of Lane college. When "Penny" wasn't causing "Teddy" Kiene to utter words of (asbestos paper would be needed if same were printed, so we desist) he was writing some new song. To share the tent with "Trink" and "Penny" was the fate of "Aeroplane" Hahn, the man of letters,— (five a day from home) and "Pessimist" Simpson, whose contribution to science was, "You got the ticks." The Hobo Hotel had as its guests "Ragtime" Sevin, who cut quite a dash at that Minocqua ball; Kadinsky, Grodsky and Wilensky. This ended the tents on the right wing of the camp. Proceeding to the left side we enter upon "Capt. Formaldehyde," Sullivan's domain. With him, housed in Hooligan Flats, were "Len" Zeman, who could favor us with Casey Jones on all occasions; "Art" Alter, whose familiar wheeze was, "Let's walk to Tomahawk and get the mail." This brings us to Seldom Inn, the home of the good old faithful "Warhorse" Siedenstrang; Gillidette, of flagpole fame; and "Pipe" Kornfeld. We are now at the outskirts of the camp, and see before us the home of the hard workers, the Rathskeller. The Rathskeller housed "Smitty" Smith, "Bill" Lindblom, and last, but by no means least, that celebrated character, "Texas" Kiene, otherwise termed "Idaho" or "Teddy."

Business for the next two days, Saturday and Sunday, resolved into getting a lay of the land. Monday saw everyone start with a vim and for the next two weeks the interest was held more or less in the newness of things. But soon a restlessness set in. It cropped out one night in a mysterious storm. About one o'clock G. M. the persons of Sevin, Wilensky, Grodsky, and Kadinsky in the Hobo Hotel were subjected to a somewhat cold shower accompanied by a collapse of said hotel. The evidences left were a few buckets, cups, etc. With this off their minds, the cabaret performers returned to the Dingbat's ballroom. The principles were "Trink," doing a song and dance specialty (the dance being done in his spiked baseball shoes),



SUMMER CAMP VIEW