

## Summer Camp, 1917

### Trout Lake, Wis.

The 1917 summer surveying class was a rather small one, numbering only fourteen, including Profs. Phillips and Penn and our trusty cook Oliver. But what we lacked in numbers we made up for in fun and pep, towards which little "Blois Cramer" contributed his overdue share. One can recall with pleasant recollections such incidents as the "Snipe Hunt". The Snipe is about as large as a pigeon and . . . . ., runs on the ground like a flying fish, 'twas said. Then the "Baptism of Fire", (Oh, Gus! where are you?—the tent is falling—is Crown safe?) The midnight vigil on the Chocolate Drop—the story of the five dollar cot and many other incidents which are never to be forgotten.

Great difficulty was experienced in getting a cook and it seemed for a while as though the camp would be at the tender (?) mercies of Gus the Greek, who had somewhere picked up a few pointers on the culinary art. But eggs three times a day was too much for even such a hardened epicure as Prof. Penn, so the services of Oliver were secured to fill in the voids. Oliver sure could cook and—such eats! For six weeks Pa saw to it that we lived on the fat of the land. Nothing was too good for us. It was a sight for sore eyes to see Oliver bring in a heaping platter of pancakes, place them at Pete's plate and then watch him bend to his task. He ate them slowly—ceaselessly—solemnly—as though consummating a great life work. "Pete" is on army rations now, but he knew a good thing when he saw it.

Fishing and swimming were also enjoyed by all, the champion nimrod being L. C. Bush, who somehow lured a six-pound trout to strike at his fly. Why, the fishing was so good that even Gus spent many hours searching thru Sears Roebuck's catalogue for an appropriate outfit. Doughballs and bacon strips were gobbled up pronto by these uneducated fish.

Several canoe trips were made to nearby lakes of the Manitowish River. The rapids in this stream are very swift and in going down we had all we could do to sit still and hold tight. A spill meant a ducking, with the consequent loss of the pack which brought visions of a foodless supper, no bedding and swarms of blood-thirsty mosquitoes.

We also tried to run off a dance, but were rather pessimistic about getting