

Armour Summer Camp, 1918

Trout Lake, Wis.

...

IT was a strange group that left the Union Station Friday night, June 7th. Why? Each had a big box, and little "Diz" had the biggest one, containing some sort of a level, alidade, or transit. But all did not have berths. The freshmen that had them however, heard the next morning that the strangers they found in bed with them were just some other Armour men who crawled in at about two p. m. from the smoker.

After changing from the St. Paul to Charley Carman's "logger's special," we reached Camp Armour station, Trout Lake, Wisconsin. We spent Sunday in making camp and seeing the country. Prof. Phillips came Monday and the main object of our long trip was commenced; surveying work. Prof. Penn started us on leveling, the men in each tent comprising a working party. We also laid out some new polygons adjacent to last year's, by transit and stadia. Plane table and military sketch board work gave us some very practical experience. Well! I nearly forgot to mention those rival railroad companies that staked out their lines. It has been rumored that the S. H. A. M. Railroad finally won out. But that is probably because they were stockholders in the *Yaphank Limited*, the derelict hand car that made many a loaded trip to Boulder Junction, the home of the fair Pauquet girls.

Had it not been for Peri Grammas I fear we would all know much less about nature. Yes, 'twas he who single handed caught that skunk, but to quote Peri: "It was such a pretty animal." However, he was the only man in camp to catch any amount of fish, even if he did spear one with a fork stolen from "Doc" the cook.

Pa took the big launch out earlier than usual last year and many a pleasant ride we had down to the lower lake.

Speaking of the lower lake some six miles away, the lack of a launch to ride in never stopped the boys, that is Fred, Ande and Brons. Whenever they shaved or combed their wild tresses we knew that they were bound for Camp Franklin or Whitbred's to row the fair sex around on the moonlit waters.

Fourth of July about eight of the boys chartered a motor truck car and rode twenty miles in the rain to Minocqua. The town was infested with Indians from the reservations and we saw them as the peaceful, firewaterless redskins of today, usually dressed in "civvies." In the evening we went to the lumberjacks ball at Woodruff.

The next day we accepted Prof. Wilcox's invitation to visit him at Camp Sprague for boys. With Profs. Leigh and Wilcox we formed an Armour ball team and played the camp's prize team, the "Chow-Guzzlers". After a delicious pickrel dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Leigh we started on our homeward journey. Well, we walked twenty-seven miles that night and finally reached Camp Armour at five in the morning just as Doc was starting breakfast.