



## ARMOUR SURVEYING CAMP, 1921, TROUT LAKE, WISCONSIN

There once lived a hardy group of men, fierce and bold, who, braving the piercing cold and enervating heat, ventured far into the bosom of the North Woods. Past all outposts of civilization they tracked, even past that frontier beacon-light, Woodruff. By pack-mule and dog-sled they traveled until they saw before them the clear, cool waters of Trout Lake. It is night and a hellish one. Storm clouds gather, and far off lightning crashes. Fog and darkness complete their work, and upon all nature descends a gloomy pall.

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During the first week in June the Armour contingent arrived at Trout Lake. The first two days saw the pitching of tents and the erection of "Saints' Rest," an abode of evil. Rain, blessed thing, prevented our working the first few days, but later it made itself conspicuous by its absence.

We bear able testimony to the truth of the adage, "There's one born every minute." Did not ten brave and true men park their several selves in pot-holes and gulleys for an evening's—a night's—wait for snipe? Did not these ten men evince a desire to ensnare even ten of the wily snipe? Had not they hunted snipe before in "Georgia?" Had not our brave hunters prepared for the Last Judgment when succor arrived?

Let us, Dear Reader, pass gently with a tear or two over the innocuous details of our field work. Under the able supervision and guidance of Professors Phillips, Armstrong, and Reinert we learned the fine art of leveling, the science of running a transit, the curse of rodding, and the gift of note-keeping. Stadia rods and plane tables ran amuck in our nightmares—and yet we survived. Sundays and Saturday afternoons found us footloose, and ravin' to go. We went. Flambeau, Boulder, Minocqua, the Manitiwish Rapids, Sayner, Tomahawk, and other points of interest found us, cameras in hand, and interest arising.

Over the Fourth of July we found ourselves in possession of a three-day pass. We used it well. Some of us went to the Indian Reservation by canoe; some hiked there; some of us went down the river from Minocqua to Tomahawk Lake, where we spent a delightful few minutes with Professor Swineford at his summer home. A number of us, in mob formation, attended the dance at Woodruff, thereby adding materially and spiritually to the song and dance.

One dark and stormy night as the wailing wind tore through the forest and the distant crash of forest giants echoed through the air, there came a cry, plaintive and soul-piercing—the cry of a human being in distress. The door of "Saints' Rest" bursts open, and the belated wayfarer staggers in, rocks giddily to and fro, and then falls like a stricken thing. As we bend over in our frantic efforts to revive him, our welling eyes pierce the half-inch stubble of a week's duration. We gasp—Bob Mayo! He is making his annual "Hegira," and is, as usual, eliminating train fare and pullmans from his budget.

For some unknown reason very little fishing had heretofore been done at camp. Happily, this deplorable state of affairs did not exist during our occupancy. The first week of our stay saw the birth of the fishing craze, and the last week saw the craze still alive and able to take nourishment. Shutz seems to have attached the long distance medal. Shutz and Smith went on an extended hike, catching in all some forty-two Green and Rock Bass. Some wonderful Pike and Green Bass were caught by Farrell and others.

