

SUMMER CAMP

Not the least interesting part of the trip was the ride from Monocqua to State House on the "Northern Limited" or "Charlie's Grass Line." We had thought ourselves fairly familiar with various kinds of joy rides, scenic railways, and loop the loops until we took that series of curves, hooks, and spirals with Charlie.

The Profs and a few of the fellows who had gone up ahead met us and led us through devious paths in the timber to Camp Armour. Our real welcome was a dinner which the cooks, Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Wallace, had prepared for us. After putting our city clothes away for a six weeks' rest, and attiring ourselves in suitable garb, we settled ourselves in our tents overlooking the lake. There was "Saint's Rest," a relic of a former year, and there were "Tumble Inn," and "Idlewild," and "Fall Inn," and "Army and Navy Flop," and "All Inn." The devices of various sorts which helped to make the tents habitable bore witness to the fact that a prerequisite to a surveying course is a knowledge of house furnishing.

We had one day to become better acquainted with the camp before work started. Boating, fishing, baseball, tramping were in order, and plans for various other sports were made. Then Monday morning found us in the field chaining around one of the previously laid out polygons. After finishing the taping, the work consisted of differential leveling. All of the bench marks available seemed to have the uncanny knack of changing elevation at will. While we were assured that no earthquakes had occurred, it seemed impossible to start from a bench mark and find the exact elevation of another, no matter how cautiously it was approached. After a series of such unsuccessful attempts we persuaded the Professors that the instruments were badly in need of adjustment and demanded a day off to make corrections. The day was spent in squinting through telescopes first with one eye and then with the other besides doubling up into question marks to follow the elusive cross hairs.

The days soon settled into a routine of transit, plane table, road work, stadia, sounding, and solar attachment work. The pathways around the polygons became well beaten. With clock like regularity the line of march could be seen coming and going to and from camp in true Indian fashion, single file, over logs, around stumps, and through the brush. The quiet of the days was broken by the crying of commands. Now and then a touring car filled with resorters passed by, and at fairly regular intervals the shriek of the "Northern Limited" broke the silence. As the work progressed, the ground became a net work of stakes representing many tentative roadways.

An old hand car used by forest rangers afforded a handy means of conveyance for parties of from two to five. The sport became so popular that the hand car actually began to run easily. The labor of pumping up one hill was offset by the thrills experienced in the rushing, dashing, coast down the next one. An occasional spill at a sharp curve only kept up the interest. This sport came to an untimely end one night when a party sheared the rear axle when twelve miles from camp. That night terminated all railroading tendencies.

Not all of the excitement was confined to camp. Dances at Woodruff and at Minocqua were attended on Saturday evenings. Hikes, baseball, games, and trips to Boulder and resorts on the lake proved pleasant recreation. The Fourth of July vacation of four days found a series of activities in progress.