

## SUMMER CAMP

A goodly number remained at camp taking hikes, fishing, and visiting towns nearby. A celebration at Boulder attracted some. Several members of camp returned to Chicago. Others went on an extended canoe trip. Eleven men with five canoes went down the lake to Little Trout Creek, a very swift creek which furnished many thrills to the canoeists.

Perhaps the most dramatic incident of the camp was the result of a disagreement between Mr. Shulman and Mr. Heidman, who almost come to blows over a small incident that occurred one day on the pier. No reconciliation seemed possible. After a solemn meeting of a picked committee it was decided that a trial would be necessary. The lawyers were appointed; the night for the trial was decided upon; the place was chosen. It was a weird night, moonlit but hazy. The place was a large pot hole, familiar but uncanny. In the center was the judge's bench, a soap box. A log at one side provided the jurors' box. Just as the moon came up over the tree tops, the prisoners were led to the scene. The jurors took their places; the judge, the lawyers, the bailiff, witnesses—all were ready. Only the buzzing of mosquitoes and the occasional hoot of an owl broke the stillness.

The trial began. The pleas of the plaintiff and of the defendant; the repartee of attorneys; the gruff voice of the judge—these were the sounds which disturbed the Wisconsin woods for two hours. At last when the jury rendered its verdict, it declared that each one was guilty. The penalties—well, Heidman thought his was worth at least a month in Joliet, and Shulman's was then worth two.

Among our pleasant memories of camp are the visits which we received from members of the faculty. President Raymond spent a few days with us enjoying camp life and cheering us in our work. His satisfaction with the camp was an encouragement and inspiration. Professor Phillips and his family spent the summer in a cottage on Trout Lake, as did Professor and Mrs. Penn. We tried to convey our best wishes to Professor Penn and his bride by an old fashioned charivari. The next morning the camp was minus several wash pans, but we all enjoyed a smoke in his honor. Professor Tibbals and his family motored from Tomahawk Lake to spend a day at camp. "Saints' Rest" took on quite an aspect of civilization during the time that Mrs. Wells spent at camp.

The last eventful incident was "The Battle of Trout Lake." It was a few hours before the big motor boat was to be taken out of the water and housed. A few pictures were to be taken, and all hands were gathered at the pier. The big boat lay peacefully at anchor about thirty yards from shore. Professor Wells and a few members from camp had just boarded her from a row boat which was being brought back to shore. Then things began to happen. Suddenly a great rock hit the water near the row boat; the oarsman was drenched, but undaunted. He made good use of his oar in retaliating. More rocks were thrown, some landing near the big boat and sending spray over its occupants. Another boat was launched under fire. Spray filled the air; swinging of oars; splashing of rocks; sheets of water. At last the battle subsided, but complete peace was not restored until the offender who had fired the first shot had been caught and thrown off the pier. Thus we account for the Summer Camp of 1922, six weeks of fun, of work, and of good fellowship.