

Although we spent eight hours a day in the field, we did not miss our portion of fun. The rowboats, Evinrude motor, and the large camp launch constituted the camp navy, and provided plenty of boating. One of the boats was pressed into service as an embryo schooner, and was fondly named the "Pheen-o-meena." It was in this trusty craft that Skipper Montgomery and his valiant crew successfully waged a humid struggle recorded by the historians as the "Battle of Trout Lake—No. 5." The fellows divided into groups and took turns at the Evinrude each week. Thus it was not long until everyone was familiar with the shallows and navigable lanes in both the upper and lower lakes. As the Fourth of July drew near, various plans were made for contemplated trips. A group of eight made a canoe trip through the chain of lakes to Boulder Junction.

The horse-shoe pitching championship was another feature that was hotly contested throughout the six weeks of camp. So popular was this pastime that Prof. Leigh, on his visit to camp, accepted the challenge of the camp "sharks," and it was only "the summation of a few moments" before he had defeated the wizard of the camp horse-shoe pitching contest, Hogan.

The dances at Minocqua and Woodruff were also attended frequently, and the fellows who had driven to camp were generous in providing transportation for others.

Since "boys will be boys" no matter where they be, mischief of various kinds was to be expected in camp. Not the least of these pranks was the proverbial "snipe hunt." Snipes of all colors and pedigrees had been discussed in detail by the wiseacres of the camp and the majority of the "city slickers," not well versed in forestry and woodland animal life, naturally "fell for it." The date was set for the thrilling chase of the elusive snipe, and the apparatus, which was said to be that prescribed by veteran snipe hunters, secured. In some way, however, the much coveted truth about the snipe leaked out so that all but two members of the camp were "wise" when the eventful evening arrived.

Meanwhile the instigators of the conspiracy had visited the nearby forest rangers and with frequent winking of the left eye had admonished them to be on the lookout for the two law-breakers who were bent on annihilating the Trout Lake flock of the now almost extinct snipe. With an answering wink the rangers promised to be on hand. After the evening meal, the two hunters were given final instructions which consisted in the technique of holding the bag open and knocking two stones together at the same time, and the art of directing the rays of the essential "artificial light" toward the bag at the opportune moment. Thus the men were placed near the road while the others disappeared in the shrubbery, presumably to round up and drive the wary creature toward the "artificial light." At this stage the rangers appeared and asked what they were doing with the bag. For lack of a better reason one answered that he was keeping his feet warm. The rangers were not to be inveigled by any such repartee and so proceeded to march the prisoners back to camp so that they could discuss the situation with Prof. Wells. As they were marching along the edge of the wood, the hunter who was carrying the light suddenly broke loose and ran headlong through the wood toward a swamp with the light swinging and bumping the surrounding underbrush. Two hours later he returned to camp. Everyone assumed an attitude of sympathy for the unlucky hunters who now carried the burden of violating half a dozen Wisconsin statutes. After two days it was decided that we had had enough fun at their expense, and enlightened them. To give credit where credit is due, let it be said that the two victims proved themselves to be regular sports, and were as much amused as the rest of the boys.