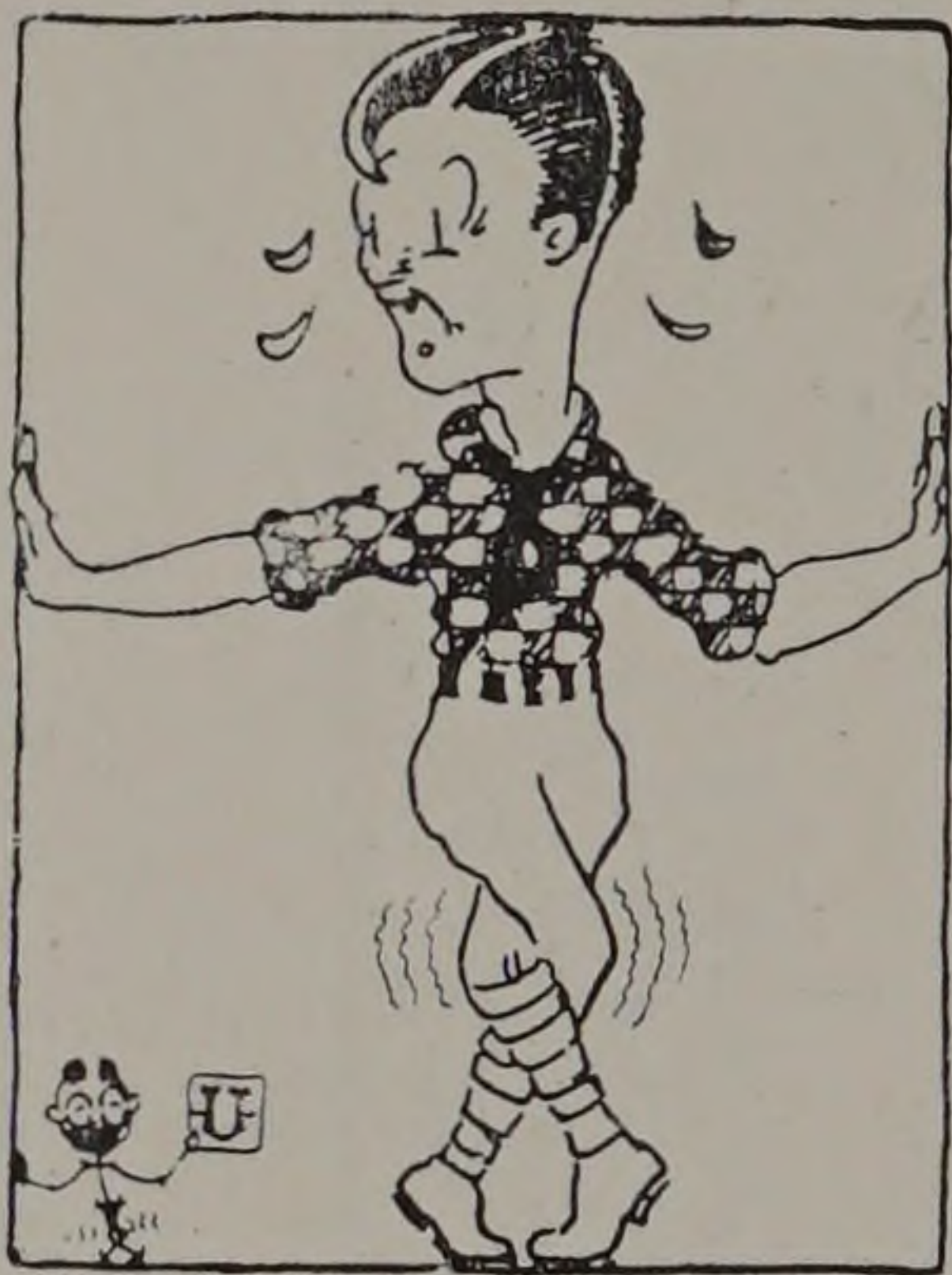


Summer Camp of 1925

Wal, wal, wal. Lookee who's here! Glad tu see yu! Gee, it shore is good yu come up; er else we'd never 'ud come home, by cracky! These here Northern woods is great and so is camp. There ain't nothin' like it.

Yeh, we been up here 'bout five weeks and I sup'ose we got ter go back next week; but they is goin' tu have tu drag us back. Changed some sence yu seen me last, hain't I? Why, when I come up here, I talked jest like you city fellers. Now, there ain't no use of me trying, 'cause I caint. I've jest plumb forgot it all.

Wal, some of us come up here in cars; whiles most of us come up in the train. When the train pulled into town, we thought we'd busted in on a Injun raid. Injun tom-toms, weird flute noises, hoarse or horse cries, screechin's of the massacred, and all was goin' on. Right there, we wished we'd brought our guns, 'cause we'd been warned.



... long legs. . . sorta
intertwining like. . .

But we had tu get off'n that train; and it seemed as it were up to me to be the first bo' off, seeing as how I claimed tu come from the south end of Chicago, where men are—(I guess I'd better whisper that one; er else I will get stabbed.) Anyhows, I stepped off the train; but I sorta slipped off'n the step. And as I done it, I give one loud gasp, 'cause I really thought they'd plunked me. It weren't nothin' at all; but it were something tu look at. Thar was George Rezac, Alan Tully, Bob Brummund, John Koeper—and hold on, Frank Davis, and a bunch more, all playin' away on something or other like "Old Harry." "Them is our Injuns," I cried; but it don't do no good, 'cause I gets plenty of razzin'. There's the reason they calls me "Big Hearted Si."

We made up with them thar "Injuns"; and, right off the bat, we jumps on the train that regularly goes through Arkansas—up to State House. There was no more outbreaks; so we got to camp in great shape. But onct there, we ain't satisfied until we gets filled with food. You never et sech cooking. Mrs. Wallace is 'bout the best cook 'round these here parts. Talk about a taxidermis fer stuffin' animals—even that there dog of Frank Davis', Psi, weren't half the size. Now, he's a dam' good setter.

Wal, that first week weren't so bad. It rained a couple of days and got blazin' hot t'other ones. By Decoration Day we was ready for some more fun; and we shore got it. Everyone knows that Decoration Day was made for speeches and parades. Wal, we had our speech right after dinner, rendered by Eugene Bacot, the orator, which turned out tu be about the best I ever heard. But when our parade come off, no one was there to see it. 'Course no one wanted tu see it; er could have if they'd wanted to, all because—but that comes later.



... a dam' good
setter. . .