

SUMMER CAMP



'Long about late in the afternoon, most of the fellers went to Trout Lake tu dance; but seein' as how my legs is long and act sorta like a grape vine—sorta intertwining like—I never went along. They all went over in a truck; and after a big dance, 'bout two o'clock in the morning, our parade commenced. It was jest a little bad weather for a parade sence it was rainin'; but the fellows was game. They kept comin' in two and threes until 'bout all but six had fallen into bed. Those six was still trottin' along the railroad ties carryin' as much water as their clothes would hold. But THEY had a good time and so did I. As old man Aesop hath said, "He who laughs last, laughs best."

The next day turned out to be Sunday with lemon pie and the Perfessors. Perfessor and Mrs. Leigh come up along with Perfessors Palmer, Tibbals, Swineford, Wilcox, Krathwohl, Roesch and their better halves. George Rezac and his mighty collejut band turned a trick or two, followin' which came the climax of the carnival,—the horeshoe contest. With horseshoes donated by Mrs. Tibbals, Leigh and Libby, Perfessor Leigh, the far famed and mighty Goliath, and our God, Natella, the David of Camp Armour, went at it hammer and tongs, sword and slingshot, with the horseshoes. As the Biblical Goliath, Perfessor Leigh fell. Natella said, "'Strength' will do it"; while Perfessor Leigh cried for vengeance. Thereupon, Natella won the prix de lemon pie; but disaster,—the pie went down other channels.



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other channels. . .

But golly! Look at that there sun over yonder. Jest like a big, red, rubber ball—and them clouds erround it—makes yu wisht' sit here forever if the sun wouldn't move. You never will hear the doings. I'm dang sorry yu missed all the great times and sech a peachy summer. Yu missed a big canoe trip that Marhoefer, Page, Tesch, Ogden, and them fellers took down the Manitowish. But what with Page tippin' the canoe and hisself into the water jest when he was tellin' the boys how EXPERIENCED men got into a canoe; a little rain; and bacon grease as a steady diet, the boys deserved the pie they won from the cook as a bet they'd stay out the exter day. It was more'n likely them as got the first pie and they was achein' for another.

Wal, there's that dang bell for supper. You'd better come in an eat with us. Oh! Yeh! There's one more thing I'd better say: Perfessor Wells says Camp's better'n ever and that he doesn't expect that there'll be any arrests this year—for any reason.

Don'cha think this pie's great?