

Later Saturday afternoon, a number of embryo engineers tried the art of pressing. In the dining room of the mess hall, under the guidance of one of the cooks, we sponged and then put knife edges on our city clothes. After dinner a



truck, sent by the owner of the dance hall at Trout Lake, arrived and carried off the Beau Brummels to win and break the hearts of the fair ladies of the district.

The others, who remained behind, after scoffing at their society minded brethren, spent the evening rowing, fishing, playing checkers, or writing letters. There were very few fish caught until the last two weeks, when fish appeared on the table almost every meal. On June 12th Dean Palmer and six other professors dropped in for a visit, bringing with them about thirty-seven pounds of fish and a number of fish stories.

With extra time on their hands, the engineers invented fire drills. At certain signals buckets of water were emptied on anyone who was not expecting it. They usually took place before the ten o'clock curfew and ended up with empty pails and wet pajamas.

On the Sunday preceding the Fourth, a new form of entertainment was provided. To celebrate a birthday, one of the fellows was carried down to the lake and out on the pier. Somebody came up from behind and the bearers and their burden all landed in the lake.

On the Fourth of July most of the fellows spent the day away from camp. The largest group found its way to Sayner. Others hiked to various lakes and spent the day fishing. Almost every Sunday somebody hiked up to Boulder Junction. Each day however there was one trip made to Trout Lake to replenish the camp's supply of candy and tobacco.

After the six weeks were over the tents were taken down and stored away. We then boarded the Boulder Junction Limited and proceeded to Minoqua, where we caught the "Fisherman's Special," and on the 21st of July a pack of wild and sun-burned Civils poured into the Union Station.

