

railroad location problems, and others constituted the surveying work.

Week-ends were spent in exploring the country by the majority of the campers, and the rest used their time to better advantage by "reeling" in the deep sea monsters of Trout Lake.

As the result of some frivolous play with a baseball, a game was held with the Red Arrow Camp on lower Trout Lake, and the result was a bitter memory embedded within the hearts of Camp Armour's men. Six professors visited the camp on the first Sunday and brought about nineteen good sized fish. We had so many fish dinners that those who went fishing almost endangered their lives if they brought in any fish. The sport was quite productive this year, and the swim-

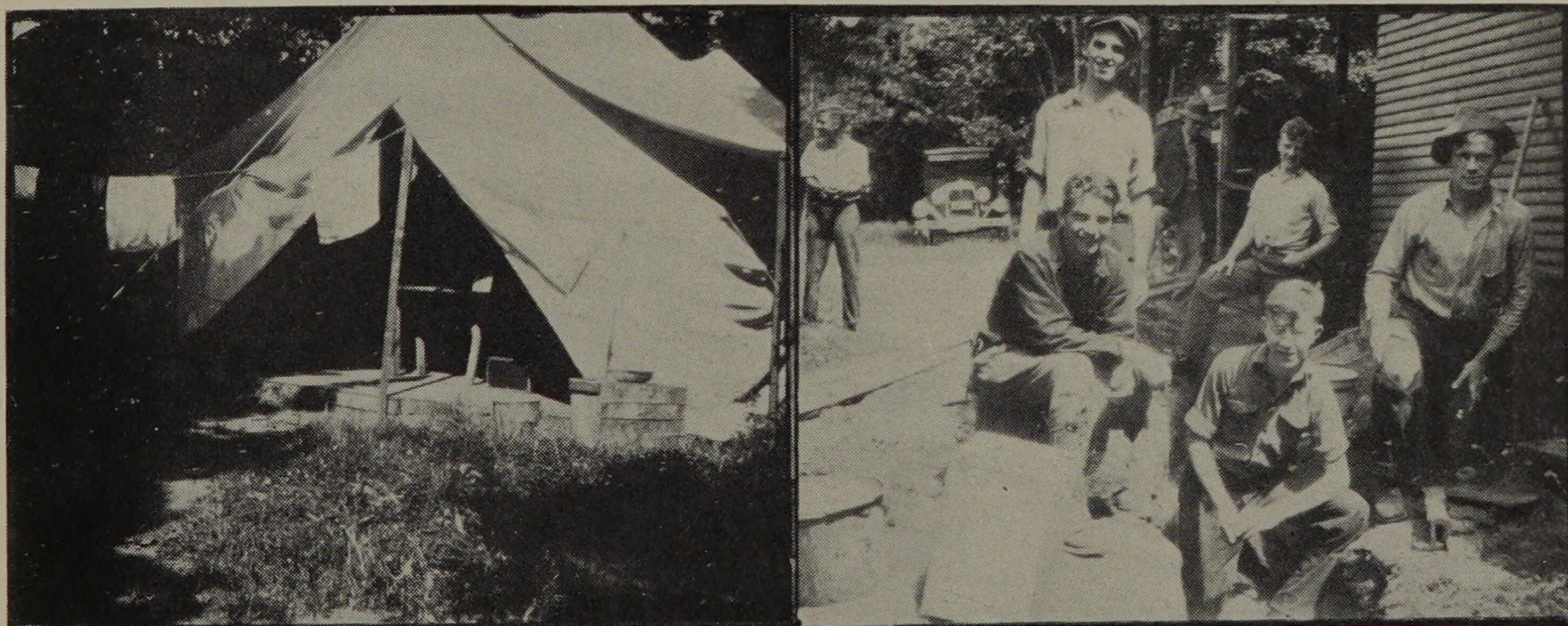
ming proved to be excellent.

Many of the socially minded men went to the dances in the dear old town of Trout Lake which consists of a dance hall and a general store, both owned by the same man.

July 4th saw many visitors in camp, but no brilliant displays of fireworks were evident, although everyone had a good time.

During the last few weeks of camp, a barn-storming plane blew in and nearly everyone in camp viewed the forests from the air. What a sight that was!

On Friday, July 24, the tents came down and the men boarded the old Iron Horse, making their way to Minocqua where a short wait brought the Fisherman's Special which brought them to the most welcome sight of all—Chicago.



"Monday
Wash
Day"