

## The 1926 Summer Camp

By F. E. Boeckh, For. 27

It takes many different characters to make up a good Forestry Summer Camp. The most indispensable is a cook like Bill Steele, champion "wisecracker" and best "snaffle" mixer in many a state; a product of the Mexican Border and Lou Underwood's Greasy Spoon and a very genial fellow. Next in line the pros.; for it wouldn't be summer camp without the "Skipper's" cry of "All on Deck" at eight o'clock in the morning and without him who would hunt down section corners or sing "Waiting at the Church?" Then there is Jeff to keep us everlastingly at it, to maintain camp morale, discipline and esprit-de-corps and to watch us at our work when we didn't know he was around. Essential as all these may seem it takes first, last and all times, a gang of good fellows, a few good voices like Bill Klug, Allen, Speaker and Kulp and the humming of the rest on "Sweet Adeline" and all of the old time songs around the camp fire when dusk creeps over camp and the fire sends its myriads of sparks into the starlight heavens accompanied by the lap lap of the lake and the glimmer and shimmer



The Gang.

of the silver moon across the waves. A happy carefree gang full of work and more full of play, always ready to do something new grousing a bit, yet enjoying to its fullest extent. A bit of home atmosphere must be added by people like Mrs. Larsen and Jeffers, Margaret Elaine and Einar Larsen and Betty Joe and Nelson Jeffers. Then too, it takes a couple of dogs to complete the outfit, quiet faithful old Tug and playful foolish Pal, a contrast of dignity and impudence, the latter an expert in mixing up other people's sox and shoes.

Our camp hung as it were on the rim of the continent, a place more a part of the water than the land, and so close to the lake that when Superior was angry, its spray would hit us in the face with a fine stinging mist. A spot where the sun rose and set in the lake and the Iron River added its bit to the great expanse at our doors. The steamers passing far out on the horizon made their dark smoke lines against the green of the water and the white clouds. The old spirits of the departed citizens of Silver City seemed to enhance this place, where once a small logging, mining and fur trading town had stood. Hedged in by the dense virgin woods and peaks of the Porcupine Mountains we had a background quite necessary for a camp of foresters, which coupled with the cool climate of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, with its wonderful days and more wonderful nights, made a camp site nearing the ideal.

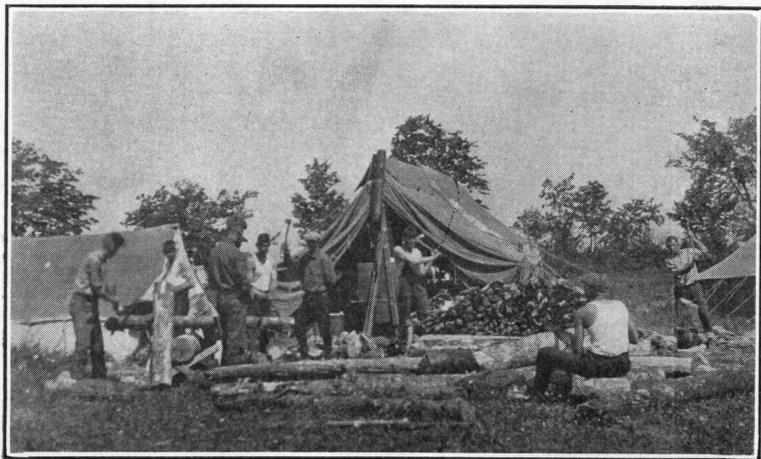
Each morning we set out with our little surprise packages of lunch, sure to contain the three sandwiches; one peanut butter, one jelly and one a "Duke's" mixture, the product of Bill's trusty and indispensable meat grinder. A motley crew it was as we hiked along, singing and yelling; enough to scare even the most hardboiled lumberjack. Our days were full of fighting ten pound mosquitoes and "no-see-ums," studies of mensuration, silviculture, timber cruising, surveying, scaling logs and inspection of the logging and lumbering of the vicinity. By far the most time seemed to have been spent in chasing down elusive section corners, in fact it took the entire camp five days to rope and hog-tie one corner, and even then its location was shrouded in mystery. One mythical corner could never be found and I believe there is a standing reward of \$1,000 for its discovery. We finally ran the lines for three sections for our timber estimating and map work, but after it was all finished Peter Myron, the superintendent of the Greenwood Lumber company, wondered where we found stands of timber that

would cruise 30 to 40 thousand board feet to the acre when he was only able to get 20 to 22 out of it.

At about five o'clock we would return to camp, hot and tired, eagerly looking for a glimpse of the Iron River swimming hole through the trees as we neared our destination. Our fleet was a unique assortment of rafts and boats, Dutch Charlie's boat being the most ornery craft that ever rode the high seas. He told us he had often used it when fishing but no one ever caught him at it. Charlie was our most frequent guest, a source of information on the old history of the locality and a firm believer that there should be no such thing as prohibition. His German songs were wonderful to hear, especially when sentiment and voice were mellowed by his own special brand of "mountain dew."

Before six we were getting ready for dinner because if one wasn't waiting when "Last call, come and get it," was sounded, it was just "too bad." Cattle on a stampede would make a poor imitation of us rushing for the "grub" table with its quarter mile of white granite dishes laden with spuds, tomatoes, spinach, macaroni, meat, etc., and etiquette waited outside at these affairs. Each one grabbed and "stowed it away," but none could eat as much in as short a time as August Hoyer. Runkel, Rindt, Millard and Kulp were always late and lost weight during the summer as a result.

Saturday night was dance night for the members of the Social Lion's Club, who held their meetings at the Clov-



Saturday morning detail

erland Dancing gardens. The afternoon would find these men bending over the wash boards or laboriously wielding the iron in an effort to press out the wrinkles of the front and cuffs of the white shirt and put a resemblance of a crease in the trousers. At seven, after much exchanging of wearing apparel, we would climb into the Green Ford or Hanson's Black Bessy enroute for town, returning when the sun was just peeping over the rim of the lake the next morning. On these nights the Bachelor's club, composed of the bashful and acknowledged women haters had complete possession of the camp.

The automotive equipment was the greatest collection of rusty relics Henry Ford had ever gathered together, most of spare time being spent in taking them apart and trying to put them together again. The back yard of our camp looked like the rear of an auto wrecking station. The only aristocrat of the lot was Prof. Larsen's Chevy coach.

Dr. Pammel spent ten days with us and kept us busy writing long botanical names, carrying specimens of "rare finds" and taking four foot sample plots. His cry of "Where's Fisk, we must have a picture of this," would bring his assistant, Mr. Fisk, and his trusty camera. We made many field trips with the Doctor and learned much concerning flowers and trees of the region.

Ontonagon, besides being the place for mail, sweet chocolate, girlish smiles and the picture show, contained a large pulp mill where we had an opportunity to see the operation and get first hand odors of the sulphate process of paper making. The town was also the home of many fine people as Bill Pinne, Chris and Battey can tell; people that went out of their way to do everything to make our stay enjoyable.

We visited L'Anse, the home of Ford's immaculate and efficient sawmill; Houghton and the far point of the Upper Peninsula, where the old British Fort Wilkins is still standing, with its pointed post stockade and whitewashed log buildings. On the trip we visited sawmills, a toolhandle factory, and copper mines and some of the gang took a long boat ride on Mr. Foley's tug at Houghton. It was wonderful to ride around leisurely inspecting the country, but many a pint of kerosene was burned getting the reports finished. Week end trips were made to Carp Lake and the look-out station some ten miles from camp, the fellows sleeping out under the stars and trying their hand at cooking their own meals.

The last Monday of camp a few of our friends from town were invited out for a typical forester's campfire, with songs, stories, eats and some of Runkle's famous jiggling as entertainment.

The very last evening, after we had auctioned off every thing we didn't want to take back, and spent the money for ice cream, we built the biggest campfire of all and it was a quiet gang as we sat around thinking how quickly the summer had gone and how soon we would leave for a time the Cloverland of Cloverlands.

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### LITTLE TRAGEDIES OF SUMMER CAMP

Hansen has reached the conclusion that Sunday morning services deserve their just dues even when those services are conducted by our dearly beloved Dr. L. H. Pammel of the Iowa State Botany Department, with the "Great Open Spaces" for a background.

An ice-cold plunge into the lake, pajamas and all, at the hands of more zealous followers of Dr. Pammel's creed, had the desired effect.

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This hero stuff is the bunk, attest Allen, Rapp and Speaker. They have all vowed by the holy oath of their respective Patron Saints that hereafter when a fair maid (who incidentally has lumber-jack friends whose chief article of diet is a poor grade of "moonshine" whiskey) is in distress she can stay that way.

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Professor Larsen is a man of action. One of the state occasions which went to prove this assertion beyond a shadow of a doubt was his heroic efforts to assist two drunken lumber-jacks to escort their reluctant "flivver" out of the refined atmosphere of the Foresters' Camp Ground.