## Our Camping Trip

A number of the boys of the Main and Town Site Offices have established camp up the lake, where they expect have great times on week-end fishing rips. One of the number contributes the following account of the first experience.

"You see, Dick and Kirke and 'BS' nd Tom and Harry and 'R. T.' and I hought it would be a great idea to go a week-end camping trip up the lake, nd so it was! A great idea, you bet! Vell, all the boys except Harry and I acked up the duffle on Saturday afteroon, and proceeded on their merry way p the lake. The duffle consisted of a ent and fly, four cots, two hammocks, lets, dishpan, plates, knives, forks, ons-well, everything that goes to ke up a camp; not to speak of 'eats' hough to last over Sunday. As I say, he boys packed this stuff up in a roweat and a canoe, and towed it up the ke beind a motor boat, which dropped hem at the camping place, and went on lts way rejoicing. I guess they must have worked more or less that afternoon etting things fixed up, but I don't know, for Harry and I didn't go up then, as had dates for that evening. But about eleven-thirty of this moonaght night Harry and I and our junk anharks in our canoe. It was a beautiful night, no kiddin'; it sort of got nder my skin; and to keep myself and Harry from feeling lonesome I'd break in a song now and then.

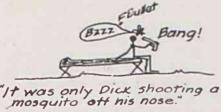


It took us a good little while to padup there, but when we arrived, here the whole caboodle of 'em a-standthe lake shore to welcome us. they looked like a multiplication table Itaniet's ghost standing there, but bet the noises they let loose were the noises they let disting but ghostly. We got out of tance, and ate enough fried potatoes make Hoover tear his hair in agony. this time the boys thought it might so by time to turn in for the night. 80 R. T. and I pull the two canoes up shore, and figures we'd lie down in since all the rest of the boys had since all the rest of the log-



So we did that; and you know they are not so uncomfortable after you sort of fit in your ribs to those of the canoe—but I'd like to see Mr. Cowart try to sleep in one.

"I was lying there rolled up in my blanket, looking at the moon, and about to go to sleep, when 'bzzzzz' went a mosquito in the immediate vicinity of my left ear. But this was only the advance guard, and it wasn't long before the whole army was there. Then you should have heard the yells that went up in that camp, and language enough to drive Noah Webster to drinking Montgomery County Tea. 'Bang' went a gun up in the tent; but it was only Dick shooting a mosquito off his nose.



"We fought 'em till nearly morning, when with covering our heads with our blankets and because of sheer fatigue we

managed to drop off to sleep.

"I was wakened about two hours later by Tom and 'B. S.' going out to set a trot line. It was then about daylight, and there was no more sleep for us. We spent the day chopping wood, cooking, eating, washing dishes, swimming, fishing, and lying around camp in clothes which were conspicuous by their absence, until visitors from town in the afternoon forced us to assume our civilized dress again.

"But it was some party, believe me; and if the 'eats' hadn't given out I reckon we'd be there yet, altho they do say that Mr. Tallassee, of the Power Company, objects to so many of his young employees being off the job at one time. And so maybe it was for this reason that we all returned Sunday evening—perhaps not better, but certainly wiser men."

—A. J. R.

Mr. Sidney Grandy is a recent addition to the drafting room force.

## My Pal-In France

He's dead—My Pal—he's dead, He died as brave men die— And Oh! he's in a distant land Where no loved ones pass him by.

No gorgeous granite marks the place Where the strong young hero fell, No one is there to tell his fame— Just the story the ravens tell.

A little mound in the poppies Out there in "No Man's Land," Where the earthly battle was ended, By the touch of the Mighty Hand.

He fell for right and freedom,
The great and deathless cause,
And to uphold "Old Glory"—
Let us shout to the skies his applause.

His sleep is deep and dreamless In his poppy-covered grave— Under a patriot's mound Where "Old Glory" shall ever wave.

-WALTER G. NELSON

## An Enjoyable Social

On July 7, the Philathea Class of the Ebenezer Baptist Church held a measuring social at the home of Mr. W. West, 37 Boyden Street.

The most enjoyable feature of the social was the means of gaining admission. A very nice young lady met each one at the door, with a tapeline. With this she measured the waist line, and when she announced the measure of said waist, you handed over one penny for each inch of your circumference.

Miss Skinner (31 inches) and Mr. Snuggs (38 inches) carried off the honors for waist measure.

Games, songs, and selections on the player piano caused the evening to pass all too quickly.

A delicious luncheon was served by the hostess, Miss J. Skinner.

The proceeds, to the amount of \$9.37, will be used in furnishing the Philathen Class room in the new Badin Baptist Church.

Those present, to the number of about forty, wish the Philathea Class much success in all their undertakings.

-M. L. F.

There has been some progress made on the bridge over the river leading to the Narrows Power-House. Riveting has been finished, and steel work painted. A short trestle has to be erected, and track laid, then we will be able to get supplies to the power-house much easier.