

Our Camping Trip

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

"You see, Dick and Kirke and 'BS' and Tom and Harry and 'R. T.' and I thought it would be a great idea to go on a week-end camping trip up the lake, and so it was! A great idea, you bet! Well, all the boys except Harry and I packed up the duffle on Saturday afternoon, and proceeded on their merry way up the lake. The duffle consisted of a tent and fly, four cots, two hammocks, pots, pans, dishes, plates, knives, forks, spoons—well, everything that goes to make up a camp; not to speak of 'eats' enough to last over Sunday. As I say, the boys packed this stuff up in a row-boat and a canoe, and towed it up the lake behind a motor boat, which dropped them at the camping place, and went on its way rejoicing. I guess they must have worked more or less that afternoon getting things fixed up, but I don't know, for Harry and I didn't go up then, as we had dates for that evening. But along about eleven-thirty of this moonlight night Harry and I and our junk embarked in our canoe. It was a beautiful night, no kiddin'; it sort of got under my skin; and to keep myself and Harry from feeling lonesome I'd break out in a song now and then.



"It took us a good little while to paddle up there, but when we arrived, here was the whole caboodle of 'em a-standing on the lake shore to welcome us. They looked like a multiplication table of Hamlet's ghost standing there, but you bet the noises they let loose were anything but ghostly. We got out of our canoe, and ate enough fried potatoes to make Hoover tear his hair in agony. By this time the boys thought it might be about time to turn in for the night. So 'R. T.' and I pull the two canoes up on shore, and figures we'd lie down in them, since all the rest of the boys had either cots or hammocks, and we didn't.



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.



"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 Philathea 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.