

THE SUMMER TOURIST CAMP

It is dusk. A drizzling rain has been falling for several hours, and the air is uncomfortably chilly. Stepping from the train to the platform of the little mountain town, tired, dirty, and hungry, we do not look forward to a very pleasant summer. There is the usual hurrying and commotion, and, after long waiting, our baggage having been disposed of, we are set upon horses, and started on our way to the camp. Complete darkness prevails; the rain pours down. No one speaks. After riding for hours and hours, as it seems, we finally come upon a cluster of dark buildings with inviting gleams of light. We enter the main building and are met by the wonderfully mingled odours of all sorts of savoury dishes. Our spirits are somewhat revived. Then, after a good night's sleep amid the clean scents of pine and hemlock, we awake, much refreshed, to behold a beautiful landscape of woods and lakes, made more beautiful by the glorious sunshine. For the first camp breakfast in the huge rustic dining hall is assembled an interesting and high-spirited group, the typical tourist characters being an extremely fat, jolly woman in the latest sport clothes, a tall, grumpy, old man with a beautiful, fair-haired daughter, a deaf woman who is always talking to some one in a harsh, screeching voice, a lively old fellow who knows all the latest jokes and song-hits, has a good voice and a tall, sedate, unapproachable wife, as well as many others who are just ordinary people with smiling faces and cheery dispositions. The days are spent in riding, shooting, boating, fishing and swimming, and all too quickly the season slips by, and the good times are in the past. The time for departure and good-byes eventually arrives, and the little station platform is again the scene of hurry and commotion, as many new friends part with heavy and saddened hearts.

J. ROBERT HERBIN, '30.