

The Summer Camp of 1932

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THE lazy populace of the western village, drowsing on the wide veranda of Brewster's General Store on a warm June day, aroused themselves sufficiently from their dormancy to take note of another Iowa-license-bearing car drawing near from the forested outskirts of the settlement. They stirred perceptibly and, through slitted eyes, took stock of "some more of them eastern college foresters, come to our parts for their summer's vacation." Whether or no these first impressions were suited or acceptable, such was in part the scene as the 1932 participants of the Summer Forestry Camp swept down from the hills into Burney, California, and plunged into the wilds of the Shasta forest beyond.

After fifteen miles of secondary road in the midst of a lofty stand of mixed species, the travel-weary foresters rounded a bend in the road and came face to face with the setting for their summer's work—beautiful Lake Britton. Man-made though it was, it possessed, nevertheless, every characteristic of the indescribable natural mountain gem and in this respect was admirably fitted to represent the "front yard" of the camp site. From the bluffs above, where the tents were pitched, the lake was seen to stretch up the valley of the Pit River, to be lost from sight as it turned, seemingly, into the wooded slopes which bordered it.

A hasty initial scrutiny showed that a camp site had been chosen which possessed many significant advantages over those of previous years; namely, several large buildings, all built of corrugated sheet metal, and a stock of general warehouse supplies that rewarded every form of demand and every conceivable idea or tenacious search. Add to that the convenience of running water, and it can be readily seen that the '32 foresters did not exactly have to live the "he-man lumberjack" type of existence. As some of the boys ultimately decided, there was really no excuse whatever for appearing at breakfast without a washed face and clean hands.

Since the call of hunger is the most insistent and the most demanding of the fundamental proprieties of an opening camp, one of the first things accomplished was the stocking of our large and sumptuous pantry and the furnishing of our mess room with sufficient care to accommodate the daily invasion of twenty ravenous and stampeding foresters. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, our cook and camp mother, took immediate care of this end of the camp and served admirably in that capacity. June 20 had been

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