

called "Fort Sheridan," was erected, inside of which a cannon was planted. The fort was held by Co. "C," while Cos. A, B and D marched to the front and rear of it, and deployed as skirmishers, and at the command of the Commandant moved slowly, firing all the time, on the fort, until within about fifty feet of it, when there was a charge ordered and the fort captured. The instance recalled to the old veterans present some pleasant as well as sad recollections.

Nature, having no kindness or hospitality for us while camping a year ago, seemed anxious to repay us for her inurbane treatment. This was the first experience in military camp life to many of us, while those who had the good fortune (?) of being present at last year's camp experienced quite a different time this year. The camp life was instructive, and was at the same time enjoyed by all of us, and while the hardships of active camp life were not experienced, yet we could imagine to a great extent the trials of the soldier.

The presence of Misses Detwiler and Gossler from Columbia, guests of Lieutenant and Mrs. Pague, added much to the social enjoyment of some of the students. Suffice it to say that the camp was a grand success, owing to the indefatigable work and interest of our beloved commandant, Lieutenant S. S. Pague, U. S. A., who spared no pains to make each individual comfortable. His kind as well as strict discipline has won for him the favor of every cadet in the battalion.

The camp was named in honor of Mr. McAllister, one of the first supporters of the college.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PLEASURES OF CAMP LIFE,
AND OF MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

The Tuesday morning on which the Battalion started to march for the train that was to carry it to camp, was not exactly a typical May morning. It is true that the sun shone brightly, but such a combination of mud and sunshine could certainly not be found in many places. But we started; baggage and grub and Buck Reber and a cannon;

while Petie Meek and his little blue wagon with the red tongue brought up the rear. And it was such a pleasant march because we were all happy, because we were all excited and because for five days we would breath a fresher atmosphere and had already scented fun and pleasure in the air. Of course the marching in the mud was not very pleasant, and when a quart of that liquid mixture would squirt up your pant leg, it would excite you for a moment but who cared for a little thing like that? When we reached the railroad the greater part of the loading had been done, but the cannon yet remained, and company A was detailed to load it, which was accomplished after considerable tugging and snubbing. The remainder of the company attended to the tugging, while I did the snubbing. This was the first opportunity I had to snub anything or anybody for a long time, so I snubbed with a vengeance.

When this innocent plaything was loaded it still remained unloaded; at least when it was unloaded at camp it had to be loaded before it could be fired. (The last sentence illustrates the beauties of "English as She is spoke.") When once the train was in motion nothing but a railroad wreck could stop us, which happily did not occur and we arrived at Hunter's station after a pleasant ride with colors flying and everybody happy except the detail that was placed on the front flat car to guard the baggage, and they were kept so busy shoveling cinders out of their eyes that they had no time for jollification. Here, my usual hard luck followed me, and with another high private I was detailed to take charge of, and guard some measly guitars and keep them out of the rain. There we had to sit, private Bartly and I, in the shade of the fence corner for four mortal hours, while the other fellows got a chance to unload the unloaded cannon, put up the tents, and put up the price of milk at the farm house.

The first evening in camp was not as lively as those that followed, because we were tired after our long days labor, and when at half past ten o'clock, Jake Struble played a selection from