

A BOY'S OWN STORY OF AN INTERESTING CANOE TRIP



Out for a Spin.

By RUSSEL PARSONS

OUR high school had a week's vacation the first of last May, and my chum and I thought that it would be a good chance to take a canoe trip on the Sacramento river. We had been paddling on a small pond near home and had planned out an expedition to be taken at the first available opportunity, so we got our baggage together and ordered enough canned goods to start a small sized grocery.

It was necessary that we ship the canoe up to Chico and we planned to paddle up stream for a day or so and then start down for home. Going up on the train we speculated as to promising camping places and had several picked out for the downward trip. As the river was quite distant from Chico we hired a carriage, and, loading our baggage thereon, set out eagerly for the stream.

Our equipment would not have satisfied a critical Indian birch bark navigator, as our trip was more for pleasure than for speed, and everything which might be useful had been brought along. An old strawberry crate had been filled full of provisions and we had enough blankets for an entire family, to say nothing of a huge tent flap. We carefully loaded all our baggage in the canoe upon arriving at the river, and, stripping off our coats and shirts, struck out with the determination to get a good tan, if nothing else. There were some fine rapids directly above our starting place, and we decided to camp near these and to shoot them if possible. We reached our camping place and were quite ready to dine after our exertions against the swift current. The grub box, as we dubbed the strawberry crate, was pulled out on the dry, sandy beach which we had chosen and camp was formally settled. It was an ideal spot, looking out across the river and backed by a forest of oaks.

The first night was somewhat of a trial as we had no way of fixing the tent flap, but finally made a suitable arrangement by sleeping with our heads under the overturned canoe and our bodies being covered by the tent flap pulled over the top of the canoe. It



A Wayside Luncheon.

was a great feeling to be out in the open, hearing all the night sounds of the forest which lay behind us, and, though rather cold, we slept better than we ever had at home.

The next day was spent in shooting the rapids, and it turned out fully as exciting as we expected. We had to tow the canoe along the edge going up above the rapids, but on the downward trip we boldly struck for the middle and came through like a shot. Shooting the chutes is a back number when compared to shooting swift rapids. The danger and thrills, combined with the excitement, tend to make it one of the best sports of canoeing. After that our time was spent in climbing over the exceedingly steep banks on either side looking for quartz crystals, which were there in abundance among the crevices.

When we arrived back at camp after our pleasant exertions it had become quite cloudy, and we broke camp just as darkness fell. We paddled hastily down to a cottage and, turning the canoe over on the bank, we shoved all but our sleeping stuff underneath and fled to the cottage piazza, barely missing the first big drops of rain. That night was an exciting one, listening to the rain and hearing the thunder reverberate through the dark night. The excitement kept us awake most of the night, but luckily it stopped before morning and our provisions were not much hurt. Everything had been tumbled together so on the evening before that it was quite late before we managed to get started. We attracted



Sleeping Under the Canoe.

have no scales, but you skin them before they go into the frying pan. My, but they were good when we had fried them brown in flour and meal!

The following evening we had just cooked supper and were enjoying hot coffee and beans when a few big drops of rain warned us to retreat. All the



The Temporary Sleeping Shelter.

quite a little attention, as many thought that we were "rushing the camping season." They had only to see our tan to appreciate the good time that we were having.

We rowed all the way up to Red Bluff, though the current was pretty swift in places and the exertion necessary to make headway against it was pretty severe. We made camp at the edge of the town.

We visited the hotel, and the smell of good cooking so enticed us that we rashly "blew" ourselves to a real meal, which tasted good in comparison with our attempts to manipulate the frying pan. We saw many interesting sights and then retired to our open air couches by the river.

Next morning we started back down the river. Occasionally a steamboat would pass us and our little craft would rock as if it must turn over. Once I climbed over the side to steady it. I got very wet, but I think I saved us from a complete spill in the river.

We did some fishing and caught some good sized blue catfish. They

supper was thrown away and, throwing everything into the canoe, we hastily "beat it" for a cottage on the opposite shore. There we were safe from the rain, and more coffee and beans were heated and our interrupted meal continued. That night it rained with a good deal of fury, but we did not care so long as the roof held. As there was no dry firewood available, we had to cook everything over an oil stove, which persisted in being blown out by various drafts. I never realized how long it took water to boil before.

We stopped at several small towns on the way down the river and our little boat attracted plenty of attention from those who saw it at Butte City and Princeton. It was about seven miles below Princeton that we had our last meal, and actually ate up everything that was left in our grub box. We arrived at our destination, Colusa, early in the afternoon. We were tired, but happy, as we had obtained a much cherished tan and felt fit to start the next week of school with renewed vigor.

THE PUNISHMENT AT ANNAPOLIS FOR TELLING AN UNTRUTH

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON,
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MUCH is said and written from time to time about a so called "code" by which the midshipmen at the United States naval academy at Annapolis, Md., settle their differences.

But there is a higher "code" than this—one that is more deeply rooted at the academy than any other, namely, the code of personal honor, particularly with regard to truthfulness.

A midshipman may be guilty of many faults and not fall seriously in the estimation of either the authorities or his classmates, but he must not lie. If he does he is promptly dismissed or forced to resign by the action of his own classmates, who form a "court of honor" of their own to deal with cases of falsehood, which, however, are extremely rare, and occur only among the new students, or "plebes," as they are called.

This sentiment against falsehood has prevailed in the naval academy for many years. Its existence is largely due to the fact that a midshipman's word is taken even in the face of strongly contradictory evidence. His "Yes" or "No" is sufficient. For example, if one of the officers or instructors at the academy has evidence to lead him to believe a midshipman has violated one of the regulations he reports that midshipman for it. If the midshipman puts in a written denial it is accepted and he goes free. But if he is guilty he will make no such denial. Often the officer will merely ask the accused beforehand, and thus save the trouble of a formal written report. Often the accused is told to go and report himself to the com-

mandant, or officer of the day, or other proper person. He obeys the order, telling the recording officer what the charge is and who detected him.

Should a midshipman falsify, the fact quickly becomes known to his classmates, who hold a meeting, appoint an investigating committee and summon the culprit before it. Unless he can prove beyond doubt that he did not lie, he is immediately placed "in coventry," which means that none of his classmates, except his roommate, may speak to him, otherwise than officially, for the period of his sentence, which may be a month, but is usually a year, and sometimes even for the balance of his term at the academy. This is so cruel a punishment that the one sentenced to it generally resigns. If he should again lie, or mislead his classmates in his hearing before them, or do something else discreditable, the class will make a formal report against him to the superintendent, and his dismissal is pretty apt to follow.

While I was at Annapolis, nearly 20

Yankee Smartness

You can never catch a Yankee boy; you can never corner him on a question. A gentleman traveling in New Hampshire, where it is all rocks and boulders, saw a boy of 12 or 14 hoeing in a cornfield on what would be pasture land on any other farm. The corn was very scrubby and the traveler reined in his horse and spoke to the boy. "Your corn is rather small," he said. "Yes," drawled the boy, leaning on his hoe, "we planted dwarf corn." "But it looks poor, thin and yellow." "Well, we planted yellow

years ago, a little "plebe" only 14 years old, threw a snowball in one of the corridors of the midshipmen's quarters. He darted into his room just as the inspecting officer came up the stairs. Asked if he threw the snowball he denied having done so. He was not reported by the officer, but the incident became known at once to his classmates, who knew he had thrown the snowball. They called a meeting and the youngster was placed "in coventry" for a year. During that time not another student at the academy, except his roommate, spoke a word to him, except officially, such as to give him an order. His life was made miserable, but he stuck it out until graduation, when he resigned and entered civil life.

Under such circumstances as these a lie is a rarity at Annapolis, and truthfulness is a characteristic of the midshipman, and, naturally, of the American naval officer.

Another thing not tolerated at Annapolis is what is known as "gouging,"

corn." "I don't mean that," continued the traveler. "It don't look as if you would get more than half a crop." "We don't expect to," said the boy, cheerfully. "We planted it on shares." The traveler rode on without further remark, but with a smile on his face at his own discomfiture.

Dottie—Mamma, if I get married will I have a husband like pa?

Mother—Yes, dear.

Dottie—And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Jane?

Mother—Yes, dear.

Dottie—Say, ma, it's a tough world for us women, isn't it?

that is, taking unfair advantage at an examination, or what is termed "cribbing" at civilian colleges. Many years ago this was sometimes done, but a strong sentiment against it was steadily developed, as it is nothing else than fraud, and nowadays a "gouger" is at once reported by his classmates, like a liar, and his dismissal follows.

I entered the naval academy in 1881. From that time to this I have heard of but one case of theft among the students there. It was a clear case of kleptomania, as the doctors decided after careful examination, and accordingly can not be regarded as genuine thievery. The offender was a fine looking fellow, who stood No. 3 or No. 4 in class, of which he was a "star" member; that is, entitled to wear a gold star on his collar in recognition of the achievement of having his marks reach 85 per cent of the highest possible multiple, all studies taken together. The strange part of the case was the fact that his parents were wealthy and he had everything he needed. He never took money, but for nearly three years he had been systematically robbing his fellow students, who could not account for their losses, until an accident revealed a few of the missing articles in the kleptomaniac's mattress. Among them were things he could not possibly use or dispose of to another. He was sent to the hospital, under arrest, and investigation and correspondence with his father led to his resignation.

The United States naval academy is not only a splendid military school, an unexcelled place for developing health and strength and a good general education, but it is a place peculiarly adapted for cultivating the sense of honor in youths. The liar has no place there. He never stays.