

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EVELAN ERNEST MCELWAIN.** (Retyped by Bob Long)

Sunday night some of the young men who had gone out to Haliburton for Sunday returned under the influence of liquor and in no mood to go to bed. There was always a "WILD NIGHT" in the camp when these fellows returned about the time the rest of us wanted to go to sleep. There was a grindstone in one corner of the large camp and they took turns at running this squeaky contraction and singing songs to it. It was quite a circus to watch their foolishness and there wasn't much to be done about it, except to let them "run down". The foreman always made it a point to get to bed before they arrived back, and in the morning when someone said "Hank, that was a Hell of a rumpus to allow all night", he would say "Why, I never heard a sound of it".

This camp unlike the one I had been in before Christmas, got well loused up. I slept with Percy Lewis from the Dutch Line, and we also got some. We sent out and got some oil of cedar and other stuff to clean them out of our bed and clothes. Just below us slept John Bright and Walter Robinson. They were well loused up. We used to hear them scratching and Percy said, "Mac, I guess all ours went down to their bunk". However, we managed to get rid of them and let the others do the scratching.

The teamsters had to get up an hour or so earlier than the rest of us. One morning Ashton Moore, who drove Hank Harrison's team came back from the stable and the camp stove was not burning fast enough to suit him. Out at the side of the camp was a barrel of coal oil with a dipper, where men filled their lanterns. Ashton went out and brought in a fuller dipper of oil and threw it into the stove. The explosion was terrific. It blew the pipes down and stove lids, ashes and coals all over the camp. That was one morning when the men got up in a hurry. However the camp was not burned down, but it is a wonder that it was not. Ashton was killed overseas in the first Great War.