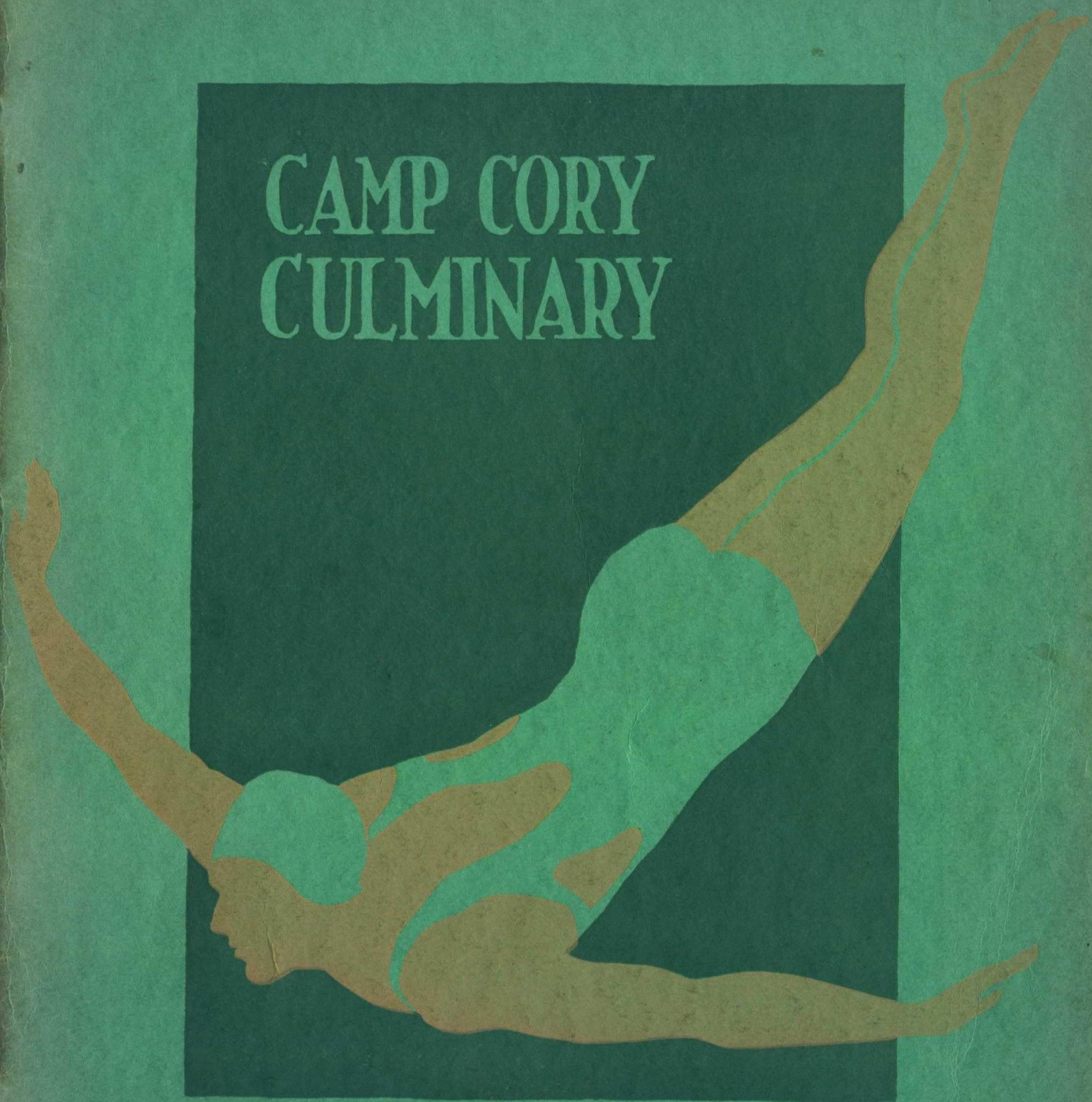


CAMP CORY CULMINARY



1931

Service ---

Service of the satisfying sort
Plus

--- Quality

Such is the characteristic of
this store. TRY US.

C. A. KELLY

PHONE 221

PENN YAN, N.Y.

HOBANS



QUALITY

Meats

Fruits

Vegetables

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CAMP CORY
CULMINARY



1931




The Annual Publication
of
CAMP LAWRENCE
CORY

On Lake Keuka
Penn Yan, N.Y.



ROCHESTER Y. M. C. A.





ON THE SHORES OF OLD LAKE KEUKA
IS A SPOT MOST DEAR;
CAMP CORY WE HAVE NAMED IT,
COME, LET FORTH OUR CHEER!
CORY, CORY, MAY WE EVER
KEEP THY NAME MOST HIGH.
YOU HAVE SET A STANDARD FOR US,
MAY IT NEVER DIE





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Transportation



COUNSELORS

Senior Camp

E. BIDEN WHITNEY, Rochester '33
Boating

GERALD BARRETT, Albany Law '32
Song Leader

ALANSON HIGBIE, Monroe High School
Hikes

ROBERT HENNESSY, Cornell Law '33
Registrar

F. BARTON GUMMERE, Haverford '32
Tennis

GORDON MEADE, Rochester Medical '33
Nature Study

ROBERT SHANNON, Monroe High School
Athletics

WALTER T. ENRIGHT, Rochester '30
Dramatics

EDWIN R. FISHER, East High School
Printing

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Publications

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Photography

Steward

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Swimming

SCOTT CALLISTER, East High School
Utility

DELAZON HIGGINS, Westchester State '34
Music

HENRY T. MAJGREN, Hamilton '32
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Athletics

Junior Camp

DOUGLAS GORSLINE, Yale '35
Nature Study

MUNRO WILL, Cornell '33
Nature Study

THOMAS J. MCCARTHY, Monroe High School
Dramatics

ROBERT O'KANE, Chicago Y College
Handicraft

KENNETH KELLOGG, Rochester '32
Boating

L. CARL STEVENS, Pennsylvania '34
Athletics

JOHN GARCIA, Pennsylvania '33
Basketry

JOSEPH TONKIN, Rochester '34
Swimming

CHARLES CRANDALL, Culver Military Acad.
Athletics
Indian-Lore








CHARLES W. CARSON



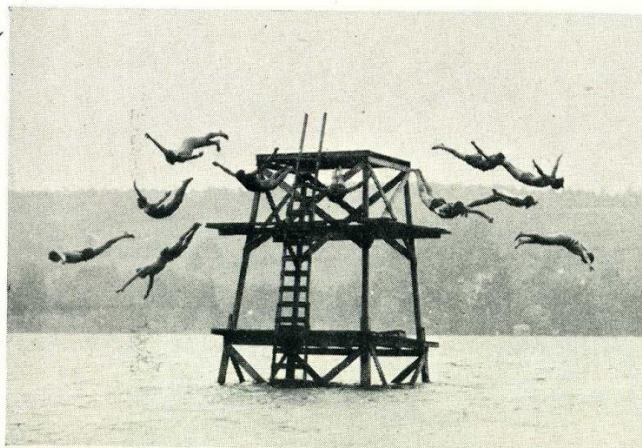
FAIL TO THE NEW DIRECTOR! As Mr Carson rounds out his first year in charge of Cory, counselors and campers alike pay tribute to his quiet, efficient leadership throughout an unusually successful camp season.

 Months ago he began laying the foundations for a first-class 1931 camp. Through new methods of careful selection he was largely responsible for the choice of a mature and seasoned group of counselors. It has been felt by many that the counselors this year rank higher in capacity and experience than any group ever assembled at Cory.

 It is through these men that "Chuck" has worked toward his goal for camp — to make it more than ever a place for the wholesome development of personality. It is becoming in the finest sense, a school — not a school of four walls, hampered and limited by tradition, but a school of the sort men have dreamed of, where the inquiring mind and growing body of a boy can find room to expand and develop under the stimulating influence of wise and friendly leaders.

 The nineteen thirty-one season, under "Chuck's" understanding guidance, has gone far toward making this vision a reality. The future holds even greater promise as counselors and campers rally to make Cory a camp that is second to none.





and to scurry around in the sun. Tennis has been unusually popular this year, principally because of the excellent condition of the courts. Bart Gummere has really done wonders with some of these lads, and there was scarcely ever a moment during the day when courts were not at a premium—good playing, too. None of this sissy patting stuff. Two tournaments were run off, drawing a large crowd of entries, and providing some pretty stiff competition. And of course, swimming had its usual popularity, especially since the weather has been generally good and the water warm. Bob Coe's extensive program as swimming instructor has taken care of swimmers of all classes, from the beginner who at first did nothing but thrash around in the water to the most advanced Life Saver. Bob proudly speaks of his record at teaching beginners. Only one camper out of more than forty did not become a proficient swimmer by the end of his stay at camp. And for the older fellows there was Life Saving, advanced diving, speed and distance swimming, and instruction in safety measures in the water. His natty corps of Life Savers, in their smart tank suits, watched over every swim period, and their vigilance, plus the Buddy system and the check-up by numbers, preserved the perfect safety record of the camp water-front. It makes me proud to say that, and glad. I worry about those young-uns, sometimes. Never could feel quite safe in the water. Give me the solid brown earth every time. But somehow, with that bunch of huskies out there in the boats, and Bob Coe standing on the dock, I feel reassured.

But, gosh, I haven't told you about the Nature Study cabin. As a matter of fact, I am a little wary of that place. They lean to things like earthworms—going out to capture us, and dissecting us to find out what makes our wheels go round—as if we were very interesting specimens. Personally, from what I know about my insides, I think they're quite dull, and I'm sure I wouldn't bother to go probing around with little instruments to look at them. But they like it, judging from the swarms of young surgeons that congregate around there every day, asking really intelligent questions of Gordie Meade and Earle Mahoney. And they collect the darndest pile of stuff—butterflies, spiders, snakes—stuff like that, and go all over them, learning their anatomies and life histories. Somebody even brought in a guinea-pig embryo and dissected the whole thing from top to bottom. I watched some of it from a perch in the ceiling. (Oh, I get around) and it was pretty fascinating. On clear nights, after taps, Gordie often took

out groups to learn about stars and galaxies and nebulae, with their legends and stories.

You ought to see these lads go for over-night hikes! Afternoons, when the weather looks favorable—sometimes even when it doesn't—tent-loads of them troop down to the boathouse, laden with blankets and cans of beans, take out a war-canoe and disappear down the lake for points unknown. They tell me that one bunch paddled all the way to Branchport, which must be fifteen miles, if an inch. And they come back now and then with soaked blankets, wan and uncombed, but they prick their ears right up again when another one is suggested. Nuts, these humans, all of them.

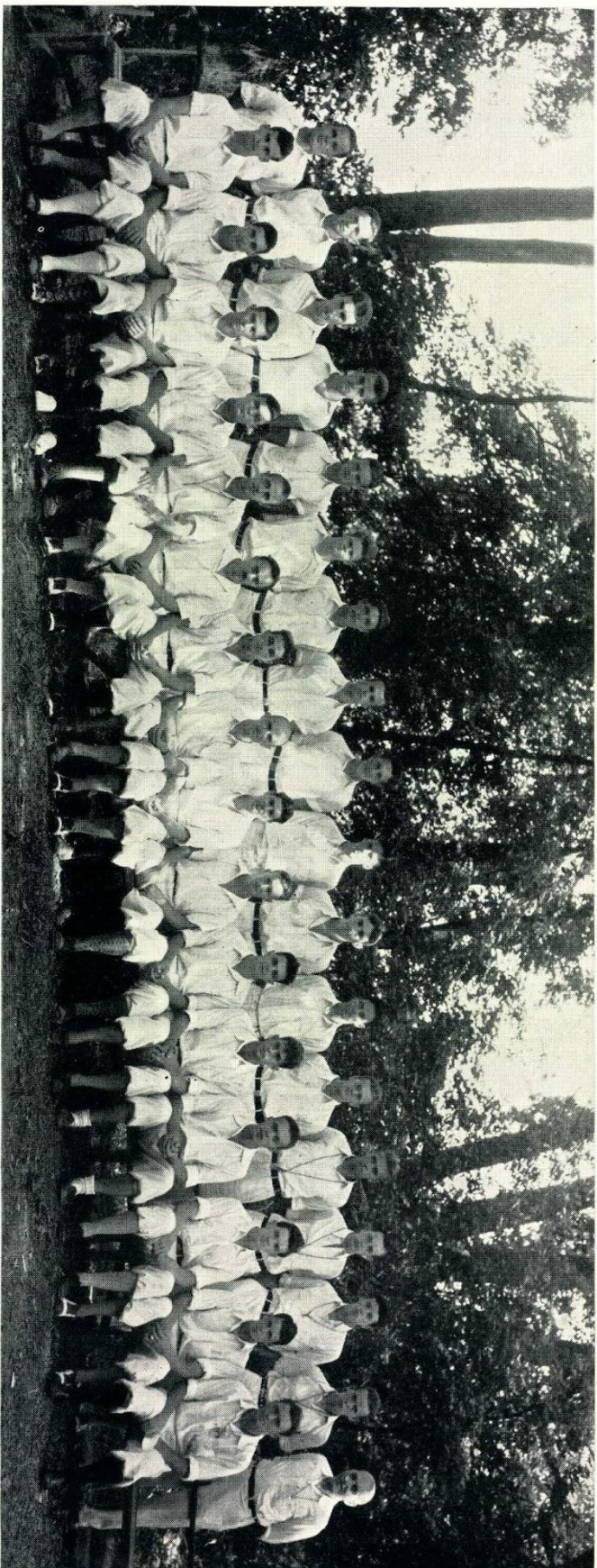
Bi Whitney has helped these hikes no end by his instruction in boating and paddling, so that nearly everyone knew all the mysteries of those wide ash blades and things like how to land war-canoes and such. Daily boat tests, knot tying, rudimentary navigation, talks on sailing, outboard motor-boating and college rowing drew gangs down to the boathouse. Mr. Hulek's knowledge of boats and their intricacies was often an added attraction. There is some talk of introducing regular sail boats within the next few years. Hope I can get on a cruise or two—though I refuse to live on planking like those nautical worms do.

Upstairs in the boathouse is what you might call the community room, a big raftered place, with the stage, and a piano and plenty of chairs. This is where the evening activities go on—songfests, story hours, boxing, dramatics. In dramatics especially, some remarkable work has been done, under Walt Enright. His troupes of thespians have presented plays and marionette shows of an excellent quality. I always liked the marionette shows—the crazy, wobbly dolls dancing on the ends of strings, for all the world like so many jumping-jacks. And the dolls were clever—made by hand over in Mrs. Hulek's cottage, out of plaster of Paris and yarn. And then there was the counselors' play—a real mellerdrammer about a maiden in a light-house top and a be-booted villain and a dashing hero—written by Walt, I am told.

And that about covers all the regular curriculum activities, which doesn't mean at all that everything has been covered. I have never seen so much spontaneity in camp before. Parades sprang up in a few minutes, impromptu singing, the great engineering project down by the chapel, all sorts of things that suddenly occurred to people and were carried out. You felt a spirit of freedom over everything, the sort of feeling that makes you want to do things for their own sake, and not because you think you ought to. They kept me burrowing around at a great rate, these kids, but it was worth it for all the chuckles I've had at them. They're a great bunch, I tell you.

Now, I guess I've chewed the rag long enough, and besides, this editor person is standing here tapping his foot. He wants his typewriter. Well, he shall have it. I'm through, and pretty soon, now, I shall be sliding back into my little house in the earth to sleep through the winter, dreaming about all the kids, and all the crazy, happy, joyous things that have happened this year. Perhaps I'll shed a tear or two. I always do, after the banquet is over and the place has become silent again. But it's good to think that it will all come again after a few months. And it's good to sit by my fireside and chuckle to myself, and sip my gruel, and remember . . . bits of laughter, a kid with a four-inch fish, an occasional wise-crack, the big, wide, starry nights . . . hazy memories, they are, but strangely beautiful.

•••
The Staff and Counselors—1931
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STANDING—Bob Hennessey, Gordie Meade, Walt Enright, Del Higgins, Earle Mahoney, Ben Steele, Bob Shannon, Curt Howard, Dud Higbie, Bart Gummere, Gerry Barrett, Bi Whitney, Bob Coe, Herbie Stott, Ed Fisher, Doug Gorsline, Scott Callister, Dr. Little.

SITTING—Mun Will, Ken Kellogg, Win Tanger, Fuzzy Garcia, Dr. Rogers, Chris Smith, Arnie Klis, Mr. Carson, Charlie Gregory, Ed Hulek, Bob O'Kane, Joe Tonkin, Bub Stevens, Tom McCarthy, Chuck Crandall, Dee Lowen.

Staff and Counselors, 1931

CARL R. ROGERS

Learning to live happily with seven or eight other boys is a new experience for many campers. Usually adjustments are made quickly and life runs smoothly. When difficulties arise, however, it requires real skill to keep everyone happy. Dr. Rogers, with his rare patience and understanding, did more than any other one person in camp to keep boys from becoming unhappy.

In the city Dr. Rogers (Ph. D., not M.D.) is director of the child study department of the S.P.C.C. His thesis, "Measuring Personality Adjustment in Children," was published last winter by Teacher's College of Columbia University. His presence in camp is another indication that camping has become an educational enterprise as well as a way to have a good time. Furthermore Dr. Rogers was an outstanding example of the fact that a psychologist can be of immediate and practical help in dealing with camp situations.

The entire Rogers family was a real addition to the camp community. David especially distinguished himself by becoming the most proficient nature study collector in camp. And to Mrs. Rogers, THE CULMINARY wishes to offer its sincere thanks and appreciation for the time, effort and talent that she expended in designing its cover.

EDWARD HULEK

The inspiration of that famous saying, "You can't take it," Uncle Ed belies his appellation by yelling out in a frosty voice on tepid mornings, "C'nion there, ol' women!" to those who have been already bowled over by his rapid wind-milling of arms which he mildly dubs "shut-eye openers."

Arch-brother of Noah, the first sailor, our genial Simon Legree can spin yarns that would make the saltiest salt blush with mortification; has been the bed-time story hour for counselors night after night and the sedative for otherwise sleepless nights; the cause of many a "Migosh, there's Hulek and we've only six counselors!" exclamation when community attempts have been made to administer a premature ducking to the popular director as a daring adventure and achievement to write home about. To date he has not been ducked.

Found in the corridors of Washington Junior High, Uncle Ed has brought schoolmaster experience to this bit of terra firma in his sinister-looking black notebook in which he jots from time to time the sins observed at tent inspection—said True Confessions later revealed in insistent tones at dinner.

To his other athletic achievements it may be added that he is the mainspring twirler on the Counselors' team, with a tendency toward a weak shoulder, which Bi Whitney will tell you about some day; heaves horseshoes with the verve of a village blacksmith; gloats when he does beat Whitney at bridge; and outshines the stars in dramatics—especially as the youthful, shipping-tagged little Lord Fauntleroy interpreter of Longfellow of the Counselors' play. Enticer of Keuka sunfish, custodian of the Lost and Found department, chaser of the Counselors' weekly report sheets, as well as helmsman of the Cory vessel known as the Senior Camp, Mr. Hulek has made an enviable record for sportsmanship and personality in his first year as Activities Director at Cory. To a darned good guy, and a darned fine fellow, may we say, Here's to the sunshine of your smile for a long time to come on the shores of old Lake Keuka!

ARNOLD KLIX

Who was it that used to get us up an hour too early once in a while, and then declare that it wasn't his fault because the clock was set wrong? Who was it that guided the activities of the Junior Camp with a firm hand? Who was that head-man that used to peer out pleasantly from behind the "No Parking" sign that guarded the entrance to the faculty tent? The answer is obviously "Arnie" Klix, that shrewd, bronze-faced figure that used to be draped so daintily over a chair on the junior dock each swim period mumbling numbers as the juniors filed by. Arnold, in the role of a modern patriarch for the second year, has dispensed justice in the Junior Camp with the same smooth control that he employed in retiring the Senior Camp Counselors to the bench in the Junior-Senior baseball games. Campers, parents and counselors alike have marvelled and openly remarked at the celerity and steadiness with which this young chieftain has executed his job.

Most of us in the Junior Camp will remember Arnie best as the jovial chap with the husky drawl that greeted us each morning—rain or shine—when we ventured forth from our cots to join with him in some casual calisthenics. A few of us, however, who visited the kitchen during the serving of a meal, will remember Arnie as "Klever Klix," God's gift to a chef, deftly dipping out refugee beans, diced potatoes and veteran-brand tomatoes. Arnold returns to the University of Rochester this fall as a grave and dignified senior. He takes with him our most sincere wishes for a successful and happy year.

CHARLIE GREGORY

Head bent laboriously over the roll-top desk in the bank, Charlie Gregory sat daily, striving coolly and shrewdly to keep the intricate accounts and the involved money-matters of camp in perfect order. Some of us, passing by the window marveled at his patience, knowing in a measure what a distressing business account-keeping is. Others of us, blissfully ignorant of accounts, marveled just the same at his untiring industry. And on many nights after taps, counselors, bent on letter-writing in the lodge found Charlie still struggling with a tangled column of figures. Often Mrs. Gregory was there with him, cheerfully helping him through the ordeal, and passing a merry word or two in her charming Southern drawl.

Evenings after supper it was a real treat to watch Charlie knock off a slashing tennis game with Mr. Carson, or anyone who dared to play him. He has the nastiest forhand that it has ever been our pleasure to come up against, and a service that wobbles and jumps like a crazy thing.

Without financial stability Cory would not be possible, and it is to Charlie that we owe much of the steady condition of the camp's bank-book.

MISS ELIZABETH M. UBBINK, R.N.

With a thermometer in one hand and a piece of cotton soaked with Potassium Permanganate in the other, Aunt Betty presided over the little white office in the LeRoy Cottage, handling all the discomfitures, big and small, with the same unwavering patience with which she wielded a darning needle on the torn garments of campers who were not too careful on the slide. In spite of the removal of the poison ivy from the campus, overnight hikes, and the adventurous spirit which prompted some campers to rub the

leaves on themselves, made her day just one large hoghead of Potassium Permanganate and bale of gauze after another. Careless lads who played too long in the sun, lads who pounded their thumbs, cut their toes, and those who were stung by insects, all received the skillful and gentle attention of this sympathetic friend in need. Sometimes a camper who was too energetic found need of a complete rest, and then there were beds to be made, meals to be prepared and other numerous duties to perform which often made it necessary for Aunt Betty to remain up until the wee small hours of the morning.

But as hard as she worked, this blue-eyed "Camper's Pal" was never too tired to exchange a bit of quiet small-talk, or to play a rubber or two of bridge after taps with the counselors. Sometimes she would bring out fudge and cookies from the mysterious recesses of her cupboard. Perfect coffee, served piping hot, together with fresh Downy-flake Doughnuts made those fireplace feasts something long to be remembered.

We feel now that we have not done justice to Aunt Betty—that there should be something more said about her—but it is our belief that words cannot justly express her cheerfulness, her unselfishness or her understanding spirit of helpfulness. We can merely join the ranks of countless others who pay tribute to her record of unforgettable service.

DR. SEELYE W. LITTLE, M.D.

This gallant old gentleman, with his familiar blue shirt, his merry smile and bristling eyebrows, came to live with us again for the last four weeks of camp to assist Miss Ubbink in the LeRoy Cottage and to act as consulting sanitary engineer at the request of the Camp Committee of Management. Mornings when we were still wiping the sleep out of our eyes, the Doctor was already up and rambling about in his endeavors to preserve the record of sanitation and cleanliness of Cory. And in his odd moments, Doc was always available to perform such major operations as removing mites from camper's eyes, and to carefully bind up the small abrasions that are sure to occur on the athletic fields. His gentle hand, his sympathetic manner and unfailing good humor all helped to put these incidental things in their proper places. And as a Nature Study fan he vied with David Rogers in enthusiasm and intensity, collecting strange bird's nests and unheard of insects with the air of a connoisseur. When the Doctor returns to Rochester after camp is over he will carry with him one boomdoggle, one sunburned nose, and the esteem of everyone in camp.

MR. AND MRS. A. G. BONESTEEL

There is nobody left at Cory now who can rightly put the initials B.B. (Before Bonesteels) after his name. For these two connoisseurs of cooking have been engaged in the gentle art of tempting palates for twelve camping seasons. Each camper and counselor who has spent but a few weeks at Cory, and who has eaten of the delicious preparations of Mr. and Mrs. Gus, has thereafter, reserved a special place among his prayers for the custodians of the camp kitchen. Disregarding for the moment Gus's culinary ability, we find that he has endeared himself to many a green camper who has been scurrying about the camp in search of the sky-hook, the red oil or the key to the pitcher's box. Gus could always uncover these elusive articles and would drag them from their hiding places with nary a smile. Then too, gigantic p'atters containing two-inch fish received his most careful attention, while he was always ready to provide an innocent waiter with finger-bowls and cold steam.

His wife, in addition to her deserved title of "The Duchess of Desserts," was the perfect hostess whenever the occasion arose for an evening bridge game. And of course, we will long remember the traditional banjo which came to Cory this year with a new and dazzling white head. Its familiar twang could be heard on many an evening, accurately announcing that the Bonesteels were at home and contented "At Last."

CHRISTOPHER SMITH

In the dim recesses of the "drying-room" in the Cock building we see a dark-haired little fella with a very remarkable moustache and a sparkingly white jersey lovingly painting a model sailboat. It is Chris Smith, director of handicraft and cabinet-maker of meticulous ability. Daily on the dot of nine-thirty Chris rolls up in a shiny Pierce-Arrow from his summer home down the lake a ways, steps jauntily out and proceeds about his business of handing out much sought-after hammers to counselors and overseeing every bit of handicraft work that goes on in his well-equipped shop. And besides all this he finds time to construct dainty articles of furniture and sleek models of sailboats, and to exchange a cheery word with all who come to consult him.

With his vigorous energy and his real skill both at instructing and creating handiwork he has made the Cook building this year a regular bee-hive of activity. Swarms of campers pounded, painted and planed about the shop, and more yet made scores of finished articles of leather, and linoleum block cuts under his jurisdiction.

And then, on the dot of four he collects his tools, locks up his innumerable cabinets, steps just as jauntily into the shiny Pierce Arrow and rolls smoothly out of the gate. We holler goodbye to Chris, the master builder, the creator of many things, the debonair holder of the moustache record of Camp Cory!

WINTHROP CROWELL

Whizz—clatter—clatter—there goes Win Crowell banging his bouncing way toward Penn Yan while countless feminine hearts flutter and dance as his cheery tooting re-echoes and re-echoes countless times along the route! The horn does take a beating, but how the social amenities prosper!

Barney Oldfield of the Lake Shore will move everything but the world, from pianos and trunks to laundry bags for, as he so whimsically puts it, "a nominal fee." But then not everybody has their own Near East relief right on their very doorsteps!

"Nominal fee" has a knack of shopping that would blanch the face of a veteran Dollar Day bargain seeker. Is already reported to have driven five Penn Yan merchants to close their stores with his shrewd bargaining over their sundry wares and can turn the finest article into a cheap imitation with an incidental caustic observation. Usually gets things for half price as a result. Great people, these Scotch! Due to his journeys to town he has many social contacts denied other "less miserables." All of which makes him a valuable man.

The blessing of the local road-builders has to-date lost only two men off his chariot and these later were partially found again with bandages covering the deficient parts of their anatomies.

Win is using the summer as training for a career as a future politician or business man of Chicago. With such acumen for detail we know he'll be a success.

Gasoline Gus and his inseparable truck and Camp Cory—an unbeatable combination. To the man who started life with but **one** truck and ended with an enterprise, everyone says “Nice trip, Win!”

he is the only leader who has taken an overnight hike sans food. He forgot one watermelon, two musk-melons and three pounds of bacon. He took several loaves of bread with him, found several decent Keuka fish and with them performed the biblical miracle of feeding the multitude. He is the introducer of the disjointed, strangely stressed form of speech that has made of our camp a syllabic shambles. "Its a Tess!"—"Who? Who? Who?" has a girl coming down to—a—see—a—him?" This with a rising inflection is the Higbie dialect at its best.

This Monroe Adonis stalks majestically about the campus with a herd of young admirers who marvel at his build, his lithe grace and the ease with which he clouts out tremendous flies from one end of the tent row to the other. Between week-ends his life is taken up with measuring out powdered punch and cans of beans, and helping Shannon to run off the innumerable ball games on the diamond. But when Sunday rolls around there is always a sort of informal contest to see whether he or Gummere will receive the most visitors-in-sleek-automobiles. And the rest of us stand around with our mouths open.

He will go back this fall to Monroe High, where we will hear once more about his galloping prowess with the basketball. His freckled nose and broad, happy grin will be another of the pleasant memories of the summer.

M. DE FOREST LOWEN

A husky young lad from Colgate joined the ranks of the Cory Counselors' corps to fill admirably the role of Master of the Lodge, Mentor of the Dishwashers, and general Chef d'Oeuvre, or something like that. It was Dee who made announcements, read off the list of packages, and then, when campers became quiet—oh, so quiet!—dismissed them from the dining room. But here we have a versatile man and you may be sure that his activities ranged far beyond the kitchen and things culinary. We remember that thorough search which he directed, to recover a certain "black-handled carving-knife." But from all reports he was not a success as a detective, despite the aid he enlisted from Whitney. On Sundays Dee made fine use of his talent for singing and pleased us all with his beautiful solos in chapel. During the week he was less serious, however. Every morning found him down for a dip, and then with Keuka as a shaving mug he would proceed to shave with meticulous care. And shortly after the mail came he could be seen wandering around the campus, absorbed in a letter, after which he tucked it in his belt and carried it around next to his heart with him all day. And those frequent phone calls to Saratoga—well, he may have been only finding out about a race horse.

Dee did a good job at Cory. He was serious when necessary, but at all times he was pleasant and fair. This year he enters Colgate-Rochester Divinity School to study for his life-work.

DELAZON P. HIGGINS

A resonant, mellow tenor wafts up from the boathouse shortly after taps, passing in gentle waves over some old ballad, and we know that Del is having his pre-letter-writing communication with the aesthetic. Canoes on the lake glide up to the tower and stop to listen; counselors on the boathouse porch delay the usual discussion and noddingly hum to themselves. It is in these moments of quiet music that the Counselor staff best remembers Del—his true, and somehow very human appreciation of music, his delicate touch on the piano, his unstudied picturesqueness, in the bug-infested boathouse light.

As music instructor he has put his talent and warm

personality into some of the most successful musical projects ever attempted at Cory. His chapel orchestra developed during the year from a bunch of lads tooting horns to a well-rounded group, playing difficult numbers with unprecedented tone-quality and appreciation. And his organ preludes at Chapel were things to be remembered. It was his desire to bring out a real taste for music which often remains dormant in the growing youth and receives too little attention. This he did in collaboration with Gerry Barrett in their tent-eleven "Musical Appreciation" classes, playing and explaining records of the great classics.

However, music was far from being his only accomplishment. A swimmer of ability, his bright blue bathing cap was to be seen daily, plowing a foaming furrow on the way out to the tower, where he spent hours perfecting his repertory of phenomenal dives; a tent leader of exceptional understanding, he ruled his tribe with an unyielding but sympathetic hand, standing high in inspection records; and a rare good fellow, with a genial temperament, a generous spirit and a convivial disposition.

BARTON GUMMERE

On visitor's Sundays countless soprano lisps may be heard everywhere about the campus. "My, isn't he brown! Just like an Indian! What a handsome figure, and such dazzling white teeth!" Then a sudden commotion is heard. Excited members of the fairer sex congregate, and lo!—down the campus stalks our hero, Bart Gummere. Cardiac palpitations begin, and from then on nothing is heard but the muffled thumping of pulsating hearts. But does he quail? No, indeed. Oil comes from Pennsylvania, and Bart hails from Haverford—well?

And soon after such Sundays resplendent limousines glide up, being previously heralded by urgent telephone calls, and Bart shimmers off on his smooth path. Occasionally he drags banking men with him over the abyss—and the proverbial green-eyed monster slinks brazenly in the eyes of the other less fortunate counselors.

Officially Bart is the masseur supreme of the tennis courts, and on occasion may be seen chasing the elusive roller about on his pet pieces of real estate. However this veritable Tilden of the facile racket is master of other rackets. As ready camp songster he has made famous the people of France, the Murphys and others of note. On the diamond he whips a mean pill and clouts a mean bingle.

Such versatility cannot be denied. Popular with counselors and campers, we say to this young man—thing of tent three, "Till Death do us Bart!" (Sorry!)

EDWIN FISHER

INK! Oodles of it cover the limbs and torso of this lad, but ink or no ink, **the Clips must be out by Thursday.** It was with great pride that Cory welcomed back the second edition of the Fisher family, and it was with ease that this member of the family stepped into the shoes of his older brother, filling them in the capacity of a fine printer. The patience and skill required by this activity were so fully and deftly handled by Ed that Coryites pointed with pride to the room known as the Print Shop. From its small boundaries issued the many covers that adorned the Clips, and it was under Ed's eagle eye that such art was created. His toiling care in maintaining such an interesting activity has been a wonder to all of us, and as Business Manager of this tome he has shouldered the responsibility of its financial backing, which is no pipe job.

But Ed's activities were not confined to his toppling piles of linoleum blocks and the procuring of ads for

THE CULMINARY. His tent was managed with a rigor and skill that was characteristic of him. He was often to be found adding to the clamor of the Sunday night touch-football game, and on many occasions he was seen quietly gliding off toward a tiny yellow cottage across the lake, tugging at the oars with a vigor that made us think that perhaps there was something (or someone) over there who warranted more than a dilatory row on the lake.

We knew Ed by his brother, but Ed has spoken for himself, and as for the younger Fisher—here's to him!

ROBERT COE

"Buddies!" And Bob, standing bronzed and neat upon his perch on the deck, takes the check-up, each swimmer with his buddy, two by two, as Mother Goose so cleverly did when her fuzzy goslings strayed from her side. "O.K.? Right!" And away they go, each swimmer satisfied with his safety under Bob's careful eye. This is one of the most trying jobs in camp, for the entire swimming period must move flawlessly. One little slip may be drastic. But with Bob's capable handling the swims have come and gone with a perfect continuation of Cory's waterfront record. In the water he is beautiful to watch, gliding along with effortless speed. And his perfect arch in the swan dive is a sight to inspire the rest of us belly-floppers.

We remember many things about Bob. We remember him as one of the innumerable Silases in the Leaders' play, tiked out in socks and a bow tie, skipping round and round the lighthouse steps, mumbling to himself. We remember his twinkling blue eyes and his infectious chuckle. We remember him streaking it for first base, or spearing an impossible line drive. And we remember him in his tiny office in the boathouse, his feet up, struggling to absorb a few more lines of "The Way of All Flesh" while scores of counselors troop in and out, borrowing his soap, scraping beards, joggling his elbow. A great lad, this Coe.

Springfield will claim him again this fall. With him goes a perfect disposition, a generous spirit and a pleasant, jovial personality.

CURTISS HOWARD

"Wall, neow, I sent my son Ceurtiss tew Dartmouth, and by cripes! I thot mebbe he'd better go deown tew this Camp Cory and get hissself straightened up!"

So little Curtiss went to Cory, and got himself all tangled up with a Culminary and the Clips and various fistic encounters with the members of his tent. Then, one week end he went down into Pennsylvania and since that time has spent hours looking out over the water towards the South, like the Mohammedans and Mecca (you know!) And the mails are so doggone slow nowadays. But he did lose his other worries, and that's something. Curt thinks all leaders should wear fringed shorts, that there should be a law against Garcia's jokes (?), and that everyone should be less serious about things philosophical. He gets his exercise chasing the less energetic of his campers about the campus at inspection time to persuade them about certain tent duties, hunting keys on his typewriter, fervently conducting mythical symphonies with hand inflections worthy of a Damrosch, and building Clips offices, of which he has quite a sizeable collection already. He's been working most of the summer on a vesper-story reading of "The Descent Into the Maelstrom," and expects to finish it by Easter. He loves to get up in the morning (yeah? Ed. Note) refuses to sleep in his tent, but of course someone has to guard the flagpole. His favorite pastimes are Whitney, Enright, Don Smith, making voluminous and sensational Clips announcements at dinner, prodding delinquent contributors to his publications, and telling willing

victims about the novel he is going to write.

But best of all, he didn't cut a word of this, so you see, our handsome Paul Revere isn't a bad guy after all. (fulsome flattery! Ed. Note) The luck of the best to the leader of tent fifteen.

HUBERT STOTT

This George Eastman of Camp Cory was often to be seen disappearing down the road or off on the lake in search of some hidden grotto or picturesque spot where that bit of sensitized paper could catch all of the deep shadows and brilliant highlights of successful picture taking. Or it might be the dark room, where under the red light, these films were developed into masterpieces of beauty and remembrance. It is with these pictures that Hubie so successfully labored during his stay here at camp, shaping the campers into master cameramen.

But picture-taking did not take up all of this blond gentleman's time. In his tent he was the portrayal of understanding and diligence with his charges. With a deep sympathy for youth and its difficulties he dealt with his lads in the fullest measure of sincerity and kindness, accepting all of the misunderstandings of youth with the guiding hand of a parent. Swimming was another of this man's accomplishments, for in the water he was rated as a second Weismuller, stroking with such ease and speed that all were a bit envious, and at baseball and basketball he showed a meticulous skill that was a pleasure to watch. His neat, bronzed body flashed with a perfected sense of timing and rhythm that gave one a feeling somehow of cleanness.

The work into which Hubie is entering is much similar to camp work, and we feel confident of his success in it. It is with the best of luck that we wish this man on his career, for with him goes one of the better personalities.

ROBERT M. HENNESSEY

Years from now, when you see this stalwart friend hurling forth in stentorian tones before the bar his hard, keen analysis, his occasional cutting cynicisms and clear, level judgments, don't fail to remember the staunchness of his friendship, the warmth of his sympathy and the genuine thoughtfulness of his concern. But we must get away from this sentimentality, for which he claims to have no sympathy, and paint another picture of this man. Versatility cannot be denied—chorister, bookkeeper, motion picture operator, tent leader of the first water, swimmer, minister and lawyer, and a guiding hand of Cory and its campers. The firm of Hennessey and Barrett make Cory safe forever. Meade and Mahoney go out and trespass on some farmer's land, looking for Heaven Knows What—Cory is sued—at once in rush our favorite barristers, and Cory is saved. And not only that, he saves the counselors time—time they might be spending up or down or across the lake if he weren't there ahead of them!

Soon he'll be off to the land "Far Above Cayuga's Waters," so good luck to him for another year.

EARLE B. MAHONEY

First of all, Mr. Editor, we must be very careful to spell that first name with a final "e." Second, we hasten to defend this worthy gentleman against the charge of having come from the Isle of Harps and Shamrocks—we've got to have at least one counselor in this camp whose grandfather wasn't busy chasing snakes. These Irish are O.K., but the thing has to stop somewhere.

It's queer, too, that every year one of the counselors feels it necessary to go native. Last year it was Hennessey who became an adopted member of the Hiawatha tribe, and this year it was Mahoney who held forth in that wigwam. In a sense, though, he was already a native son, since this dashing, blushing, rising young surgeon calls Penn Yan his permanent headquarters.

And so, dear reader, we present to you curly-headed Earle—(we hesitate to suggest a Brooklynish pun on that name)—Master of Arts—of gracious speech, social ease, loyal fellowship, and medicine—a counselor easily and deservedly admired and liked by all who knew him.

E. BIDEN WHITNEY

"She's O.K., this Whitney," in Biden's stentorian voice, announces the camp humorist, and around the corner of the boathouse at a steady, rhythmic pace, swings a wiry young thoroughbred in a pair of skirt-like track pants and a tan, with a hammer in one hand and a paint-brush in the other, feigning an important air as he fulfills his duties as Master of the Key to the Left-Handed Oarlock. However, although his official duties were concerned with the Cory Naval Base, Bi was more often remembered as Commander-in-chief of the Camp Cory Army. Campers of '31 will not soon forget the "Charge on the Mess Hall" led by the gallant and daring Bi and his motley crew of counselor-lieutenants on a certain memorable Sunday noon. Nor can Gus ever repay Bi's persistent cunning displayed in the rescue of Mrs. Bonesteel's favorite, long-lost carving knife. And not a few campers have diligently traveled the path from the boathouse to the kitchen seeking the elusive Key to The Row-Boats and the Red Oil for the Night Lamp at Bi's command. Again, this year, Bi has diddled with the sock and with the buskin, taking the part of the maiden Heppie in the Counselors' play with captivating grace, spurning the villain Harry in such a way that in spite of the fact that he was none other than Gerry Barrett, he stayed spurned.

But few of us know his more serious side. A philosopher, a reader of good literature and a tent leader of sympathetic understanding and unflinching instincts, he has become one of the most popular of the Counselors. In the fall he will return again to the University of Rochester and the Deke house, where with his pipe well lit and his feet up he will pursue Economics and its diversities down to the last dividend. We will miss his spontaneity, his warm-heartedness and his gay, colorful personality.

BEN STEELE

Not undeservedly has this man earned the name of the hardest working Counselor in camp. All of us will remember him shrewdly quering from behind his little window, "How much, and what for?" and then, at the end of the day, greedily clicking off his millions on the overworked adding machine to determine the sum-total of deposits in the Cory National Bank. Hundreds of checks surround him in neat piles—ten cents, five cents, some of them with readable signatures, some without—some with corresponding accounts in the bank, some without—but no matter how intricate his problems came Ben always found his way out with the lazy ease that was characteristic of him, and at the end of the year his long lines of figures all added up to the proper amounts. The Cory Bank, unlike some other banks we know about, has survived the depression.

Ben is an old Coryite of years ago. Since his first stay here back in '28 he has, as you would readily see, been many places and seen many things. He has learned his business shrewdness in the Department of Economics at Williams, and proudly wears the purple W for football and hockey distinctions, and he seems to be well known in his home town, judging by the frequency and the enthusiasm of his weekly Thursday night expeditions. And during his spare moments at camp he found time to make astounding one-handed catches from second base, carry the football for long, elusive runs and knock off a mean hand of bridge. But best of all we remember him at one of the dining-room tables, batting the keys of the adding machine, a sleepy look in his blue eyes,

mumbling things about people who don't know how to write their names.

HENRY T. MAIJGREN

As the years roll by and Mike gets older, we see less and less of him at Cory. This season, we were afraid that we might not see him at all, but as the beginning of the seventh week loomed in sight, rumors concerning a new tent began to circulate. The rumor had it that Mike had relented and was coming back to camp again to be the counselor. And so it was with mingled feelings of pleasure and surprise that we watched a trim little Ford Phaeton roll down the road and come to a halt behind the mess hall. The car door opened and out stepped Mike, a trifle pale but with the same mass of yellow hair and that same grin which has been a familiar sight around the campus for eight or nine years. Mike got into the swing of things around the camp with great ease, although there were some changes in routine. This touselled blond, accustomed as he is to camping life, found no difficulty in lining up a two weeks program for his tent that easily surpassed the efforts of those men who had been here the entire season.

It is difficult to find words that would adequately describe this demure Deke from Hamilton. On the day of his arrival he was immediately placed in his accustomed position on first base. The strength added by his batting average was immediately noticeable in the score of the games. A clever swimmer, a natural athlete and a well liked counselor such as Mike, is always welcome at Cory. And indeed, camp would not seem the same if he didn't spend at least a few days each season increasing camp spirit and aiding harassed counselors to straighten out their tangled social affairs.

SCOTT CALLISTER

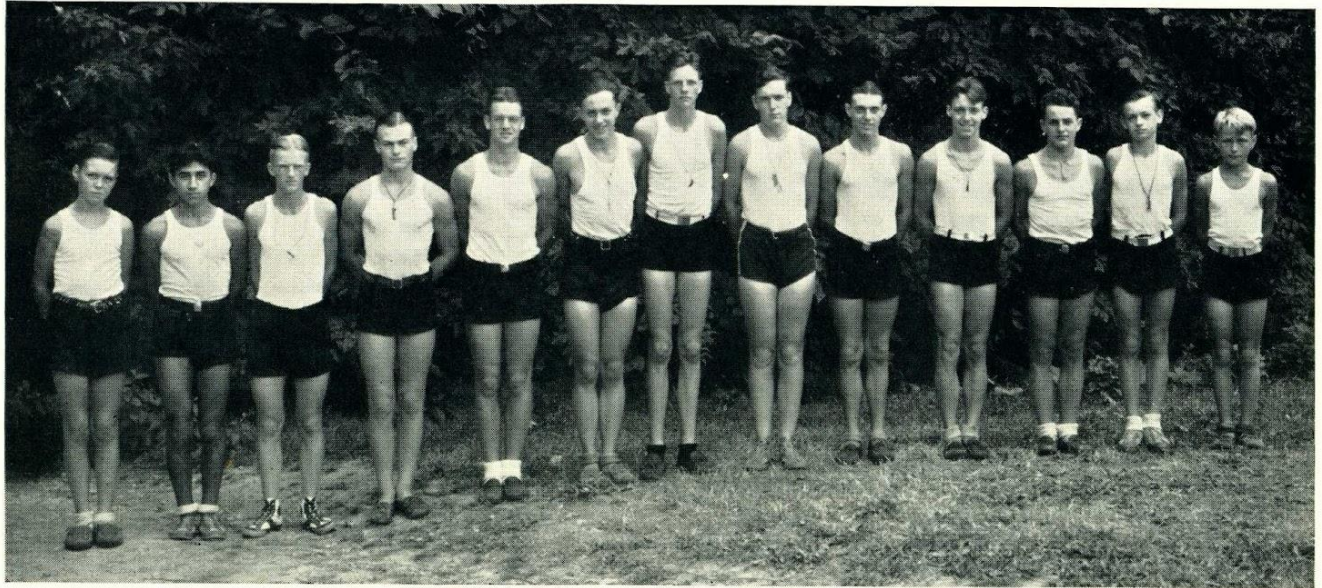
An old timer, Scott. This year he has come for the first time as Utility Counselor, to take care of tents when their counselors were away, and as general handyman and good fellow. His is the wan figure you see hoisting itself out of the bed in Mr. Hulek's tent on your way down to dip in the morning, grumbling to itself in a deep voice. But after the ordeal of getting up is over, Scott proceeds to make himself one of the most useful men in camp. As self-appointed assistant to Mr. Hulek, as a disher of potatoes in the kitchen, and as a pusher of the carts at meals, he works quietly and steadily, but always with that amused smile on his lips that proclaims him a man from Missouri. His lazy humor and his quiet smile are pleasant memories of the summer.

He returns to East High in September. We hasten to wish him better luck with his health than he had last winter.

FOREIGN VISITORS

Cory was fortunate this year in having four visitors from across the water. Mr. Rachtivan, a member of the Greek Y.M.C.A. camp staff in Athens, Greece, spent a few days observing the camp routine and leading informal discussion groups of both campers and counselors. His pictures of Camp Pelion were a source of much interest and many questions from some of the more mature campers. Several days later, Mr. and Mrs. Polytimos, also directly connected with Pelion, came to spend a week with us. Both the senior and junior camps spent enjoyable evenings learning Greek games and listening to tunes, new and old, from the violin of Mr. Polytimos admirably accompanied on the piano by his wife. Mr. Hilstrom, at the request of Mr. Herbert Landsdale, paid us a brief visit. Mr. Hilstrom, Swedish delegate to the Conference of the World's Committee of the YMCA, was initiated into the Royal Order of the Boomdoggie and in addition, spent much of his time observing handicraft classes. It is our desire to express the appreciation of the entire camp for the pleasure that the brief visits of these four interesting visitors afforded.

The 1931 Junior Counselors, Senior Camp



Left to Right—Cy Johnston, Pete Raineri, Red Weining, Kirby Preston, Ted Cox, Bob Evans, Dick Schaeffer, Walt Eldridge, Ken Chivers, Bill Eason, Art Fisher, Lloyd Welsh, Bob Forbush.

Ken Chivers—Tent sixteen lost a mainstay of wit and laughter when Ken was made Junior Counselor of tent eleven. He had his hands full holding down the jobs of steward, associate editor of the Culinary, life guard, sports editor of the Clips, Junior Counselor, and Cory correspondent for the Rochester Journal. He took care of each of these duties in his masterful way and still found time to gain for himself a reputation for being an all around good fellow. Ken was one of the four or five oldest campers and a wearer of the fourth degree.

Lloyd Welch—Tent eight was honored by having Lloyd Welch its Junior Counselor. He was a very hard worker for the tent and he took active part in Carpentry and Printing. The only thing that marred Lloyd's season was his infected hand, which could not be used the greater part of the year. However, the inability to use this hand did not stop him from having his tent spic and span at all times. Though this is Lloyds first year as Junior Counselor, we all hope to see him return next year.

Bill Eason—Who was the merry-maker and athlete of camp? The above question fits Bill Eason perfectly. He took an active part in camp life and was a member of the Life Patrol, kitchen squad, camp team, and a Leader in Training. He was appointed Junior Counselor of tent nine but little of his time was spent there. Bill was either on an overnight hike or acting as a leader in temporary absence. He gathered in many a point for the bunks in swimming and track. Bill was in our mind a true Coryite and deserves plenty of credit.

Joe Hochstein—Our cherub-faced, laughing Junior Counselor of tent four again faces the ridicule, or what you might term "dope" on himself. For the past four years he has led in the activities in which he has taken part. He is a winner of the hard-won Cory C, and this year captained the Cots. During his years as a camper he has always shown the high

caliber of the Coryite. His agreeable attitude and friendly approach has gained him many new friends each year and left in the minds of all a vivid memory. It can be honestly said that if you are looking for a real boy of character and high ideals of sportsmanship, Joe's the man.

Walt Eldridge—"Gentlemen and Leaders . . ." So started our blues-killer at dinner, when suddenly the Counselor Corps rose as one man and forced poor Walt to end his announcement with a splash. This, however, did not dampen his humor throughout the remainder of camp. He blithely fulfilled his responsibilities as Junior Counselor of tent thirteen, and was also seen lazily paddling a boat around as one of our handsome life-guards. And somehow Walt and a close pal of his found some mysterious attraction across the lake, but what it was he never divulged. Well, you'll see her again next year, Walt.

Ted Cox—Oh, isn't he cute," remarked a fair young visitor and as we looked up we found it was only Ted Cox strolling across the campus. Ted held down a Junior Counselor's bunk in tent three again, as well as his berth on the Life Patrol. He was also sought after by the two teams, as he is a versatile athlete in both track and swimming. He has been here two years, but in that length of time has sprung up many clinging friendships through the entire camp. However, he had one bad habit and that was bugling, but after a period of two weeks we got used to his practicing.

Art Fisher—Arthur Faulden Fisher as he was named is our bright, shining light who guided with a kind but masterful hand the destinies of Tent Six. he has had a hectic summer, inasmuch as he was the bugler during Ted's absence. He was appointed Camp mailman and fulfilled the job to the best of his ability, and that's going some. Art was also Captain of the Bunk team and he steered them over many a stormy course to victory which they earned

through clean fighting. He is a crackerjack ball player and a member of the Life Patrol. In what little spare time he had he did some heavy letter writing to—well anyway he's a faithful duck and when a fellow needs a friend the person to go to is Art.

Cy Johnson—Cy, our diminutive contortionist (or little taffy twister, if you will) from Le Roy occupies the Junior Counselors bunk of Tent One. He is little, but tough, and when tent one is preparing for inspection everyone in it can be seen hard at work under Cy's watchful eye. Cy enters almost every activity at Camp and he is well known by all the fellows. Incidentally he greatly disproved the proverb "little boys should be seen and not heard," but that does not detract in any manner from his personal charm.

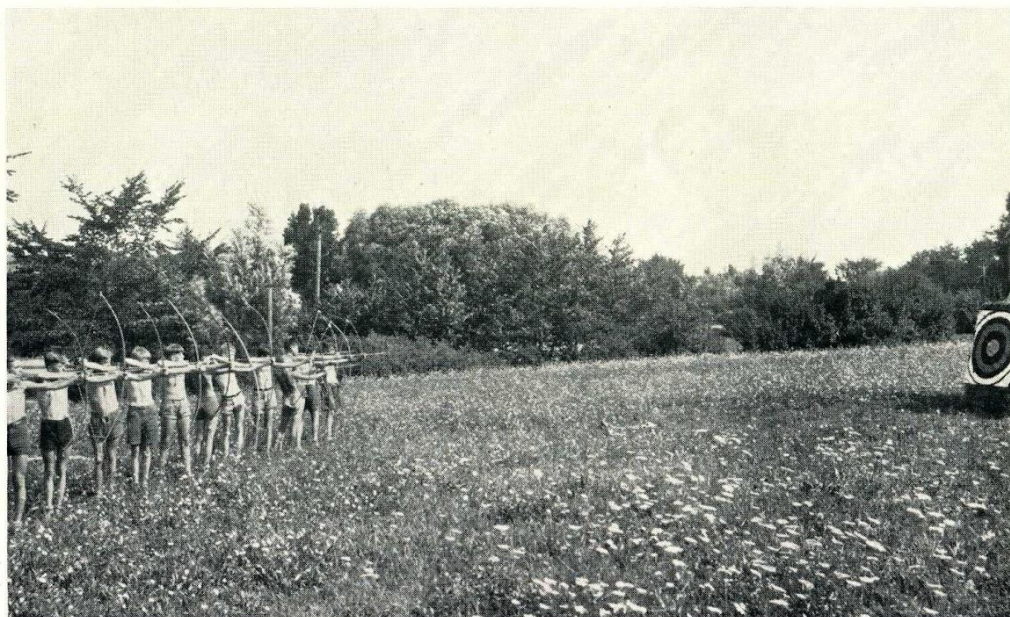
Homer Roberts—This big, healthy, cheerful blob was Junior Counselor of tent five, a sailer of boats, an owner of a Victrola and one of the most colorful characters in camp. As a Life Guard he weighed down the end of a boat with his watchful vigilance, checking up on buddies with an air. He went in strongly for long discussions on philosophical matters, for general work around camp, and for model sailboats. One of the best known fellows on the campus, we shout here's to you, Homer.

Kirby Preston—This, ladies and gentlemen is the originator of the custom of wearing those P.M.A.

jerseys around the campus, for Kirby hails from Peekskill Military Academy, and is apparently doing a little publicity work. A smoothly built giant, his fierce eyebrows frighten the timid soul, but his big smile and pleasant wit quickly gain him friends. As Junior Counselor of tent ten, he kept Early Mahoney's charges toeing the mark, and as the smoothly gentleman he kept various girls in rowboats in a constant frenzy.

Bob Evans—The Junior Counselor's bunk in tent two was graced this year by the lean person of Bob Evans, veteran sailor and track man. This motherly lad watches over his goslings with keen understanding, shunting them about their jobs like a Mother Goose, always gentle, and always firm. But generally he was to be seen in the carpenter shop, lovingly shaping the hull of another smooth model sailboat, or cutting out sails. He leaves camp with four or five new additions to his collection, his same grin and many new friends.

Peter Raineri—The Cook Manual Training building was the home of this dark-skinned Junior Counselor. With an excellent show of camp spirit, Pete took over the job of wood-working instructor in addition to his other regular tent duties. After supper, on his evenings out he was usually found across the lake, rowing a pair of pink peach-pajamas around to show her the scenery. The old-timers about camp have a tendency quite often to slack down on their work, but we are glad to say that whenever there was something that he had to do, Pete was never found idling.





Through the Tents

TENT NO. 1

COUNSELOR—BIDEN WHITNEY
"BI"

Howard Emerson—Howie was the strong, silent man of the west (of Rochester) from tent one, but when he did have something to say it was wise to listen. He was the first in the tent to receive his emblem!

James Soule—"Aw, Gee," says our little warrior as the job of lining up the shoes was given him. However, when the job is finally done our hero steps merrily out of the tent for his daily rattle or pillow fight. If he couldn't find anyone to fight with he shadow-boxed.

Arthur Bartholomew—Art stayed only two weeks, but before a day was over he had won a place in our hearts with his bespectacled smile, on the ball team, with his brilliant hitting and on the campus with his general likeableness.

Alan Crispy—"Al" could often be seen around the tent picking up odds and ends after the tent was supposed to be spick and span. Without him Dick Myers would have had to search much harder than he did for a partner in territory.

Howard Samuels—"Lefty" was the tent athlete. Especially in tennis he has followed in the footsteps of his famous brother. For the first four weeks he was junior counselor and earned the whole-hearted support of the entire tent.

Stanley Fennevessy—Fenny had hard luck. Measles got him after he had been in camp only a few days. Shortly after his return he was again taken ill and forced to go home again. We were sorry to see him go for he was cheery and willing.

David Pete—"Petey Dink" or "Freckles," as he was called, was the last addition to our tent. His quiet manner and willingness to participate in any activity made him a prime favorite in Village One.

James Kittrell—Jim, whose name was usually prefixed by the title, "Aw gee," was best known for his ability to manufacture large quantities of boomdagles. Though Jim suffered some slight eccentricities, he was no worse than many of us and showed many likeable qualities.

Allan Culverhouse—Al flitted about camp most the summer in the shadow of Bill Curtis. Where one was to be seen, the other was invariably there, and between them they managed to do everything and have a good time. Al's progress in swimming and diving was commendable.

William Curtis—Bill was a good swimmer and could often be seen guiding some smaller boy out to the tower. He was a great reader, and his fruitful mind devised many weird tales for the entertainment of his tentmates after taps.

Edward Hoyle—"Lex" was a human dynamo and forever chasing from one end of the camp to the other in search for competition in anything from ping-pong to a "rattle" or pillow fight. He was an excellent actor, too, being ready at any time to imitate John Barrymore or Madame Bovary.

Richard Myers—Dick was recognized in camp as the innovator of the now famous and popular game of territory. As at the first he remains as interested in the game as ever and invariably can be found "at it again" in front of tent one.

TENT NO. 2

COUNSELOR—ALANSON HIGBIE
"DUD"

Edwin Van Allen—The poison ivy kid. Ed had the prize collection for the year. Potassium permanganate was his color, yards and yards of gauze were his clothes, but they never stopped his good disposition. He covered first base in masterful style, and slung a wicked line of hooley.

Russell Brossed—Rus came to Cory for the first time this year and got right into things like an old camper. He had a smile that took the gloom out of life for all those around him.

Charles Heydt—Tent two's star Robin Hood. He was also a master hand with airplanes. Our most persistent fisherman, he kept bringing in small and smelly sunnies to be placed on large platters and served in grand style. They say they will be bigger next year, Chuck!

LeRoy Weber—Web made a large success of his first year. Among other things, he held the championship for the number of loops obtained with a glider—with a little more height he will be a second Lindberg.

William Fridell—The most willing worker in the tent, was Bill. He was elected Junior Leader without question, in spite of the fact that it was his first year, and carried out his duties with a cheerfulness and diligence that was characteristic of him.

Charles Schmitt—After the first strangeness of camp life wore off, Chuck outleaped even an agile rabbit by leaps and bounds in getting over more ground in shorter time. Towards the close of his first season at Cory, he was way ahead of the game.

Jack Nairn—Tribesman of Sitting Bull, Tecumseh, and Lone Wolf, when better bows and arrows are made Jack will make them. Veteran of many camping moons elsewhere, we both enjoyed his first sojourn at Cory.

Sidney Payne—And here, folks, as Exhibit "A" we have little "Sid" whose equal as meticulous tent-inspector has never been found. As a side dish for the main course of tent inspection, this young man's greatest passion was for squads. Star man in both activities.

Robert Feldman—"Loving Cup Bobby" proved one of the best equipped athletes at camp this year, having both baseball cap and glove. Made history for himself by garnering the coveted second and third degrees and his willingness in work and play made him a real favorite.

Jack Waldvogel—With Feldman he constituted the Little Falls athletic department in Tent Two. The winning smile of the "Halfpint" was the biggest thing about him and made him countless new friends.

Ray Dau—Shades of Daniel Webster in our midst! Such a debater, voluble and profound, on any or no subject at all, has never before blessed camp. Managed to argue himself into a first degree and was the proverbial busy bee in camp life.

Jack Crosby—Jack liked a number of things, swimming, baseball and camp inspection and greatest of all these was camp inspection!

Richard Reidenbach—With the sunshine of his smile Mr. Pollyanna brightened up considerably the inside of Tent Two.

TENT NO. 3

COUNSELOR—BARTON GUMMERE
"BART"

Robert Foulds—As first Junior Leader in tent three, Bob showed us that he has leading ability. His performances in the boxing ring on Monday evenings and his constant source of reading matter were a joy to his tentmates.

John Hempel—"C'mon, Don, let's go down to the boathouse or somewhere." Jack and Don Kennedy are off again in search of adventure. If it wasn't the boathouse it was the damming project down by the chapel or the manual training building.

Donald Kennedy—Don has been introduced above, as Jack Hempel's pal. The two were inseparable, and together they tried nearly everything in camp. Besides his adventurous nature, he managed to absorb reams and reams of literature. A good worker and a good lad, Don left us too soon.

Paul Feldman—"Where the heck is Paul?"—no answer. And so it went. Paul managed always to be busy at something or other, contented and happy as he puttered at some idea that no one had ever heard of before.

George Tylee—The pride of tent three and our bid for heavyweight champion of the ring as soon as Reid Chamberlin retires. George never ceased to amaze us at the table with his capacity for food and his speed of consumption. His triumph of the year was the day when he was able to shout, "See, I'm standing flatfooted."

William Coates—The first of Barrett's tribe of Irishers from tent three. When Bill first arrived we thought we had a quiet boy on our hands. George Tylee soon helped to show us just what his red hair meant.

Donald Donovan—The second of Barrett's Irishers, and the pride and joy of Del Higgins and his Cory band. He and George Tylee together provided us with excitement, and vied with each other for capacity at the table.

Robert Kechn—Bob left us a little prematurely to go back to his Chris Craft. Since his exodus, the manufacture of boomdoggies has fallen off fifty per cent. Bob was one of our most versatile boys, besides being a leader of industry. Here's to you, Bob!

Jack Wells—Jack came to us with a book under one arm and Dick Bennett in the other—always inseparable pals. We first began to know Jack by his tennis playing to say nothing of his mastery of his swimming.

Jerome Krug—Here we have the live-wire of Tent Three. Whatever there was to do Jerry was doing. Versatile as they come. Jerry did not have any trouble making friends and holding them, but every-once-in-awhile that good old Irish spirit would come out, amusing us all.

Charles Struck—Chuck will always be thought of as the boy with the big appetite. He contributed a watermelon which added to the happiness of the entire tent. His short stay only made us realize what a good pal we had with us.

Fred Taylor—Taps, a scratch, a noise, a voice, then—"another peep out of you, Taylor, and I'll wrap a telephone pole around your head!" Always out for the ball game, for tennis, or sleep. I have always admired a man who can be an athlete and sleep all day. He's small—but look out for that left.

David Van Winkle—Again we find our little friend with us—the lad with that million dollar smile, and what a personality! He could always be found at the ball diamond planning each play with the technique of Ruth. With a host of friends and a long list of accomplishments, we greet a most versatile chap.

Duane Schreiber—Our little ball player and all around good sport again graces our tent. Although his stay in the hospital retarded his activities, it was not for long, for his main activity was swimming in which he was quite competent. His jokes and comic gestures after taps provided much amusement and delight for the tent.

Thomas Nesbit—Ping-pong and more ping-pong took up this lad's time and with great creative ability as a swimmer, marked this lad as a true athlete. With a personality that beamed over the campus, many of us marked Tom as a true friend.

Walter Sherman—Making his bunk was Walt's true asset. Although he found some difficulty in performing this feat, he was surely a good-hearted camper. We admired him for his pluck and endeavor in all the activities that came his way.

Richard Bennett—The sandy haired "buddy" of our gang who had some difficulty in keeping well, but this did not daunt his style, for upon returning, nothing could stop him, for he is again among the "ranks" and is carrying on the start given him in the Junior Camp.

TENT NO. 4

COUNSELOR—ROBERT SHANNON
"BOB"

Robert Preston—The boy who was mostly responsible for tent four's verandah. He worked on it like a Trojan, pulling ropes and hammering things until it stood without his aid, which is an accomplishment. He was enjoyed by everyone for his sly humor and his long, witty tales.

Robert Ryan—Bob was the boy who held Iroquois to only five hits. He was without doubt one of the outstanding players in the Junior Leagues. A typical Irishman, he loved his daily battle, his blarney, and whatever he could get away with.

Mark Scott—Arms spread, head back, chest out, this freckle-faced lad hit the water without a ripple. What a dive! We've no doubt that we'll be seeing his name in headlines before long. He was always cooking up something to do—preferably mischief, and always something exciting.

Richard Fisher—Dick, tent four's Junior Leader for two weeks, won two degrees and a Cory C, which is quite an order for a four-weeker and a half-pint. Needless to say, he was always busy. One of the ones who kept things moving.

Richard Ingersoll—For some reason Dick was dubbed "Disher." Maybe a girl had something to do with it. We don't know, but we have suspicions. He tried everything with a vigor that was characteristic of him.

Roy Roberts—Roy—Curly-haired, with a deep tan and a broad smile. His spirit and fight was always a help on the diamond. Tent four enjoyed Roy's winning manner, his wit and his pluck. We wish him the best of luck.

William Rowerdink—Dink was the pride of the Midget ball team. His dazzling stops, his sizzling hits made all watchers applaud. We'll miss him during the winter—his curly tow-colored head and his happy grin will be here in 1932.

David Lanni—Large crowds congregated on Dave's bunk every rest hour to listen to his endless stock of stories, and whenever a bugler was needed Dave was the man to see.

David Lapp—Dave came to camp for the first time this year, hailing from LeRoy with the rest of that tribe of mugs. He only combs his hair on Visitor's Sundays, but then, it was that kind of hair.

Donald Jackson—Don, the star first baseman for the midgets, comes to us from the Junior Camp. Whenever he sits down he is at a loss without some boomdoggie leather to weave. With that voice, that beaming grin and that wing to third, he'll be a great man.

Richard Taylor—Dick is still wondering why it is that you have to wait on table at camp. His idea of heaven is to be sitting alone and undisturbed with all the beans in the world piled up before him.

John Present—The Earle Liederman of the tent, if he does say it himself as he shouldn't. When he grows up he intends to be a professional basketball player, which we predict he will be with all the blazing headlines.

Robert Butler—A great swimmer and a tough fella, with flaming red hair and a broad, smiling countenance. He could play ball with the best, shoot a true basketball, but he couldn't, no, he couldn't play territory.

Howard Tickell—This young sheik of Rochester received never less than three letters a day, not to mention no end of packages. Looks to us like he is to be the outstanding social lion of the town. Don't know as we blame them, though.

Paul Schweid—Bub was only with us for a short time, but he made himself a big help not only in the tent but on the ball field. He knew baseball like a book, and was a howling, jumping rooter at every game.

TENT NO. 5

COUNSELOR—EDWIN FISHER
"ED"

Robert Jaffray—Perhaps the biggest bundle of gameness in camp Bob showed it in many ways. Could miss a foul tip in a ball game, catch it in his stomach, and grit his teeth and carry on with tears streaming down his cheeks. Hardworking at everything.

Bruce Eberwein—Bruce was here for only a short time but did his part to keep the kettle of good comradeship boiling with his delightful humor.

Willard Swan—Bob came to camp this year with the sworn determination of winning the Cory Cup for Cocoa Drinkers. He came perilously near succeeding until the available supply of cocoa gave out. Next to drinking the chocolate mixture, this young neophyte considered eating the second greatest approach to heaven.

Jack Batzle—Traveling under the ring name of "Atzle Batzle," Mauler Jack administered several good drubbings to the willing victims on boxing nights in the boathouse. Will be remembered for his especially good sportsmanship.

Robert Mueller—The silent sphinx of Tent Five after enjoying his self peace for hours at a time would break out with a ukelele rash which he tried to soothe by emitting tuneful ditties, and sometimes he succeeded. Bob's soft voice and amiable manner were certainly no debits to him.

James Clark—The nearest approach to Utopia for Jim would have been the possession of an extra large trout, caught by his own hands and held by these very hands in a triumphant parade heralded by a brass band through the streets of New York City. So far Jim has only been able to work up into the minnow class but give him time!

David Bascom—The dynamo of the tent, David could incite more electrical display around the premises than any fair sized thunder storm of the Lake Keuka variety. But he did keep things moving and provided the necessary relaxation for many successful days of camp life, and good dish needs its seasoning!

James DeWitte—The true artist, Jim refused to do anything that bored him. In other words, he found work a bit uninteresting and treated it like an ordinary person would treat poison ivy—he avoided it whenever possible. But he did like handicraft and as a result was never idle for noticeable stretches of time.

Clifford De Witte—The twin model of the chassis above mentioned. Invented sleep and obtained a sharing patent on eating with the original inventor. Greatest difficulty in camp trying to make a set of tent stretchers for a pup tent fit our larger edition, of canvas homes.

Glen Irish—Selective discrimination was the passport to this male, he of the green-isled name. Gus Bonesteel gave up trying to tempt the exclusive palate of Glen after ten consecutive failures—which by the way is record of records. Somehow the lad maintained his ability to take it, perhaps by unnatural aid, who knows?

Richard Siewers, Jr.—Horatio Alger, The Pluck and Luck Boy, Try and Trust, or even Dick Merriwell, himself, could not take as many hard knocks as this fellow and come back up smiling. Perhaps Caesar was ambitious, but Dick would show up even that eminent Roman as an insidious loafer. Every thing he did was animated by the will to do a good job.

Warren Pearce—Some fellows seem to have an excellent time doing two or three things and not talking very much about themselves. Warren liked to read and swim and be unassuming about life. A good Coryite.

John Jermyn—Shunned exertion quite successfully and managed to propel himself through an active day with the minimum number of movements of the body. Perhaps the champeen "griper" of Tent Five, Johnny was nevertheless not a bad kid at heart.

Lyle Mitchell—Chubby was our prize amphibian and in the Life Patrol was the answer to the drowning man's prayer. But the water seemed to drain most of his energy, which he recouped by worshipping often at the shrine of Morpheus and by being the despair of the Bonesteels at dinner.

Robert Robertson—"Ol'-dead-eye-on-the-archery-range" caused many a bulls eye to quail before his shaft. Bob went in reverse most of the time, and managed to get to bed finally by reveille and with great effort to get up by taps. He also came in a poor last, at mealtime, last in getting to bed, last in getting up, but first in the hearts of his intimates.

Edward Brown—Brown as his name, little, tough and game—that's Brownie.

TENT NO. 6

COUNSELOR—BEN STEELE
"TWO-BIT BEN"

Thayer Soule—Thayer might be found wherever there was an argument. He was also to be seen in tent six, poring over his telephone catalogues, for his chief interest besides photography was telephones. Most of the loud-speaking before and after taps might have been traced to our Thayer.

Richard Halsey—Dick was a tent sixer who earned his first degree in two weeks, by dint of much hard work, enthusiasm and pleasure. He was the tent's first two week Junior Leader, and did a good job.

George Donahue—Bud was a faithful boater. He was always either in the water, or on it. He was so quiet that it was a joy to sleep in the same tent with him. When it came time for work Bud was always on the job, doing more than his share. May his success be as rosy as his back after the Branchport hike.

Cyrille LaPorte—Si was usually the other end of the arguments with Thayer. He argued with fluency and enthusiasm, and strange to say, was often right. He kept the overnight hike in a constant furor.

Wallace Tribken—Wally was elected Junior Leader of the tent for the first four weeks, and how he did make us step. His sternness at inspection time won us many a first place, but this, however, did not require his entire time, for he could be found frequently in the manual training building.

Adrian Crossett—We welcome a coming actor, for as Queen Isabella in tent six's famous production, he was superb. A personality so pleasing made everybody feel that they had won a true friend.

John Mitchell—Johnny held sway of many and more activities than the camp provided. In tennis, baseball, and photography he was a master of the arts, and in between times he made himself a most remarkable pal.

David Alling—We can easily term Dave the "master carpenter" to say nothing of his accomplishments in the water. His bits of work and the pride which he took in it proved to us what a real lad we had in our midst.

Allan Rosenbloom—Al's many accomplishments can be recommended by all of us, but the foremost seemed to blossom when he was waiter, for he surely knew the tricks of the trade. Taking the water like a duck and throwing a ball like a catapult proved what an all-around fellow Al was.

Charles Richards—The print shop owes plenty to Chuck for his work there, for this future publisher spent many hours behind those four small walls. He was also noted for his consuming of food and as waiter he could not be surpassed.

Leonard Milliman—Len was the quietest and smallest boy in the tent, but this did not hinder his accomplishments for all of the activities took a great deal of his time. He was our right-hand man at tent inspection as nothing escaped his eagle eye.

Jack Campbell—The host of friends that Red collected during his stay at camp made us all a bit envious. His keen sense of humor and winning way stamped this lad as a true Coryite.

TENT NO. 7

COUNSELOR—HUBERT STOTT
"HUBIE"

David Rowley—Dave was one of those unusual lads, especially at a camp. He worked hard and cheerfully, showing a willingness to do more than his share. He accomplished many things, among them learning to swim, and eating great amounts of sauerkraut.

William Murphy—Bill was a peaceful chap with an Irish sense of humor, a broad grin, and the ability to mix with almost any group. He spent his time well, taking part in numerous activities and making many friends with his unfailing good-nature.

Frank Skellon—Skelly could get more huge pieces of wood together for the camp fire than any other four people in camp. The kid was phenomenal. He had one bad fault, and gentle readers, you must know, it is a bad fault—fear of the gods Soap and Water, who, under his counselor's hand, pursued him unmercifully.

Flori Vernetti—Shorty, for his size, could do many things, among them create large disturbances. He could also box, (or whatever you want to call it) as he showed us in his precipitous taking over of anyone else within twenty pounds of his weight. But he will best be remembered as the lover who gave up before he started, on stunt night.

Raymond Gondeki—Ray was an industrious fella, and could generally be found in the carpenter shop creating all sorts of weird things out of wood. He always had to explain to us what they were, but he did work hard on them. He will find many old pals if he returns.

Clifton Loisy—Another good Junior Leader (we almost said, gone wrong, but he didn't go wrong). His ball playing was nothing short of sensational at times, and with a pinhole camera he could do wonders.

John Dolan—"Ladeez and Gents, in this corner we have Battling Dolan, the scrapping kid from tent 7." He was always right on the spot on boxing nights, spending his time between fighting and getting other fellows to fight. Between John and Flori Vernetti, those nights were interesting, to say the least.

Frank Bissell—And here's another scrapper from tent 7. We had lots of them. He offered to take on anyone in camp, and he seldom came out underneath. A steady worker, he managed to make a good swimmer out of himself, a respected foe and a good friend.

Anthony Vernetti—The older and less conspicuous of the Vernetti pair. He was quiet until he shouted, and then he could be heard all over the campus. He shone as a ball player, and in swimming meets distinguished himself with his effortless crawl, which

won him several first places. He was Junior Leader for two weeks and did an excellent job.

Eugene Wilcox—Although Gene stayed at camp only two weeks he became one of the better known characters. Among his activities were going swimming without a buddy and catching three-inch sunfish to be served to Mr. Hulek on twenty-four inch platters.

Victor Nickel—Look at that industrious chap in the manual training building! Vic, no less! He was one of the busiest boys in camp, for he was an enthusiastic swimmer, ball chaser and territory player as well. Watch him go!

Joseph Vernile—Wow! Listen to the noise! Oh, that's nothing, Joe Vernile of tent seven just opened his mouth. Joe will also tell you about his baseball, swimming, and boating ability—if you will listen?

Anthony Brunetto—If heavens sake—it's Tony—the best read boy in seven. We are quite willing to bet he has gone through every book in camp. He is not only a scholar for he takes part in athletics as well.

Charles Galloway—Where is my comb? This was Chuck's favorite expression, but why he ever tried to comb his hair, we can not understand. His favorite indoor sport was getting into arguments and winning them with his huge grin. That million dollar smile!

Ray Galloway—The handsomest boy in Tent seven, but the most careless. We think Ray spent most of his time in camp looking for lost socks and more lost socks. Sorry! Our mistake! He did go swimming, boating and a few other things.

Oliver Rosenbarker—Sleep... Baby Sleep! This is Ollie's favorite theme song. He moved slowly but when he got started, he kept going. After the first week in camp, Ollie settled down and did squads, cleaned his bunk, went swimming, made a bow, and when in the mood caught a baseball occasionally.

Alfred Spears—"That's O.K." We'll do as he says!" This remark could come only from no other than Al—the fellow who always agrees with anything that is reasonable. Not only is he agreeable but he is always on the job—no matter what activity. We predict much for Al.

Larnell Cleveland—He may have been named Larnell as a babe, but to us campers he was always "Whitey." It was a pleasure indeed to have his happy, smiling face around and it will be some time before it will fade from our memories.

George Welis—"Gee whiz! Al won't give me the broom!" This could often be heard from George—another camper who will get far. Yes, George was industrious and, as a matter of fact, just one week before camp closed he realized his chief ambition—swimming to the tower.

TENT NO. 8

COUNSELOR—ROBERT COE
"BOB"

Stephen Wing—Steve was an ideal example of a good lad—willing, just noisy enough, active in almost every line. A real boy, a bad fisherman and a pleasant personality to have around.

Frederick Teall—Fred was a steady, willing worker, a game sport and a good pal. He was a delight to his counselor at clean-up time, quick to reason and slow to resent.

Robert Pavior—Quiet, peaceful by nature, forcing himself on no one, a true sportsman and in all a peach of a camper—that's Bob. He was a great eater of beans and a healthy hater of spinach. An expert at making and keeping friends.

George Stockin—Bud made himself a bow in the shop and played Indian day and night with the thing. A fellow's life depended on his ducking ability with this lad about. An expert at out-door activities, he enjoyed himself best while on the hike.

William Grunow—Bill had a passion for the Sweet Shop, with the result that he spent much of his stay here in the infirmary with various gastric disorders of a familiar kind. He made him a bow and arrow, too, and what with him and Bud Stockin we were kept in a constant bent over state.

Norman Parkhill—Some called him Norm and others called him Parky, but whatever handle or stage name he went by, the kid was an actor. As a hero he was superb as he trod the sounding boards with gestures and sound effects.

Donald Duckett—A diminutive lad with a large mop of hair struggling down around his chin—that's Don. Unless he goes to see Mr. Messenger pretty soon we're going to buy him a violin.

Robert Rode—Anyone who would get up at four-thirty to study birds must be a nature-study fiend—that's Bob. Why he even read books on the subject, which is going some! The gang used to call him "Cluck-Cluck" because of his ability to mimic certain domestic pets.

Robert Seigle—When you see this name staring you in the face what's the word you think of right away? Lightning!!! Flash, speed, boom—and here comes Lightning Seigle—and lots of noise! Lightning was O.K. though; down deep (if you went down deep enough) inside him one could find plenty of ability in photography, swimming, printing, carpentry, boating—why say—most anything.

Frank Coe—A swimmer of no mean ability, a leather worker, and boatman—to say nothing of fishing—Frank kept himself plenty busy the two weeks he was here.

James Heilbrunn—Here for the first part of camp, Jim came back just as strong for the last two weeks. Some sages have rumored his return to be due to just one magical attraction—the water of Lake Keuka. Swimming was the thing that Jim never missed a single time at camp.

Richard Farrar—Gentleman Dick, the local boy, could ask more questions in an hour than could be answered in a year. We predict that if he absorbs one-half of all the knowledge which he gains by this method, in two years' time he will be a walking encyclopedia. One of the Coe regulars in beginner's swim who turned into quite a minnow before the close of camp.

Paul Nachtwey—Paul was the only four "B" letterman at camp. Whenever there was a shortage of Paul, he could always be found doing one of these favorite "B's"—ball-playing, boating, bathing, or bunking. At all of them he was a star.

John McCormick—Arch-conspirator with Mr. Nachtwey of our acquaintance and always to be found at his side, John was a ball player of lusty ability and a real Irish Swimmer (if you get what we mean!) Erin go Braugh!

John Schoen—Smiling John graced camp with his presence for only two weeks. He possessed equal ability in nailing down boards for carpentry or "nailing" friends for himself through his attractive manner and pleasing ways.

Donald Manly—Don said he liked camp for its easy-going life. Excelled at eating, swimming, having fun, and sleeping. Aside from this long list of activities, Don was a hard worker and a very likeable chap.

Volney Lacy—What a man! And when we say man, we mean MAN. The boxer with the rare intestinal fortitude who could take and give with the same reckless nonchalance. Not only was this true in boxing but in everything he did. His attentions turned also to the finer arts of life and he broadened his interests by being a good swimmer and a boomdoggie maker of no mean ability.

Wilbur Mar—For part of each day this dark-eyed stalwart polished dishes on the emporium at the side of the kitchen. After this K.P. job was finished off to his satisfaction he kept right on polishing, but this was now applied to his reputation of former years as a willing, active, and agreeable camper, which was considerably enhanced this year.

Gerald Ideman—Here for two weeks, one hardly got to know this Jerry very well—he was so exclusive. But we did learn one of his secrets—he doesn't like to clean up the table after meals. Don't we all?

TENT NO. 9

COUNSELOR—DELAZON P. HIGGINS
"DEL"

Robert Eurr—Bob, being the Bobbie Jones of the tent, gave us some of the fine points and technique of the Great American Game. Other fine points and technique were shown by Bob in his humor and good work about the tent, which everyone enjoyed and admired. Chin up, Bob!

Lewis Swift—Looie, another golfer, portrayed the technique not only of golf, but of being a Junior Leader. His calm and self-control were admirable, for this Junior Leader business is no pipe.

Edward Kelman—Ed was the literary man of the tent. He consumed countless volumes of mystery, murder or ghost stories. He never had much to say, but when he did speak we all listened.

Marvin Clark—Marvin left camp just when we began to appreciate his companionship. He was a great worker, and his strenuous labors on the council ring are to be remembered with reverence.

Gordon Lewis—Nature Study—ah—the very mention of that activity caused this lad's heart to beat a bit faster, for with love in his eye he would set out of an afternoon to find freaks of nature, or to study plants and animals. Reading took much of his spare time, and terrible, two-gun bandits haunted his dreams at night.

Thomas Pammenter—The pitcher of the Cory Midgets, this strong right armed warrior with the swell tan won many a victory. But his interest in activities did not stop at baseball. He dabbled in Nature Study, diddled with carpentry, and playfully went out for tennis, but in all of these he excelled sufficiently to win himself a second degree.

Wallace Baker—Serving on the life patrol at swim time did not hold all of Wally's interest, though he was a handsome figure, sitting on the end of a boat, looking very brave. His wielding of the bat scored many a run for the home team, and his sleepy face was to be seen in all activities.

Milton Duggan—Another of tent nine's youthful Babe Ruths. He and Tom were generally to be seen at the diamond at the far end of the campus, where, after engaging in four or five games, he would consider his day well spent. The Duggan smile was one of the assets of tent nine.

Oliver Leggett—Couldn't keep the lad away from the water—thassall. You know how the duck is—well. And full of generosity and spirit. He made our heads turn when he spoke. His keen interest in good books makes us predict for him a great future.

Osborne Kerr—It's a flip! And Osie's head would appear from the water. His springboard technique was remarkable. His interest in athletics and his warm, sunny disposition showed him to be an all around good kid.

John Irish—Look what Watkins Glen sent us—this busy fellow who won his second degree, who would not stay out of the dip, and who had to eat more than anyone else at the table to preserve his reputation.

George Weber—George not only did the Tony Sarg act with the Marionettes, but distinguished himself in the water, on the diamond, and in everything he did. A quiet, happy, independent personality—one of the best.

Nathan Jones—The only inmate of tent nine who upheld the difficult and intellectual game of chess, which he played with all the zest and fervor of a thoroughbred. Baseball also attracted his interest, and to see him dive after a steaming grounder was a treat.

Donald Wells—With his basketry class over in the Junior Camp, Don spent his time showing the lads the real beauty and technique of basket weaving. His portrayal of the chief desperado and helmsman of the Pirate ship showed him to be an actor of merit, and with a personality all his own.

Stanley Smith—Not a noisy fella, but an active one. Stan's quiet good nature was especially apparent at clean-up time. His industry carried him into many and varied things.

Charles Nelson—This was the lad that really did the cleaning up of the tent. His diligence in finding long-lost pieces of paper in the grounds around the tent was a marvel. A really hard worker, a generous soul and a good fellow.

TENT NO. 10

COUNSELOR—EARLE MAHONEY
"MACK"

William Fleig—Always congenial, with ability along any line from butterflies to tennis, with an irresistible wit and humor, this young trumpet player of tent ten sailed blithely through the season, a good companion and a rising young physician.

Ross Welier—Scoop! Smack! Out at first; this lad never misses the sizzling grounders. Equally at home both on the diamond and on the stage, with a cheery nature and a jovial wit—a most respected tent-mate.

Edwin Mulford—Ed, our courteous and dignified young gentleman, a smiling face and a rare sense of humor, working hard whether at tennis or delving into the construction of the animal body, the aspiring physician of Tent 10.

Robert Kahse—Our champion chess player. Bob's vivid imagination carries him all the way from a trip to the moon to a method for revolutionizing the radio. We marvel at his wanderings and are envious of his ability to play "territory."

Launsing McDowell—"Never leave a task unfinished," whether at tennis or squad duties, this is Mac's motto. He chums with every activity Cory offers, from athletics to the role of dramatist and entertainer.

Franklin Hull—Silence is golden and allows a man time to think, and Frank plunges into deep reverie. Franklin emerges and startles us by his ability at leatherwork and his knowledge of Mother Nature.

Donald MacFarlane—Black hair above eyes that sparkle over deeds of friendly mischief. After a day's work accomplished, Don believes that life can be made much brighter by entertaining his tent mates in a most original manner.

Lawrence Whitlock—This stalwart lad from Batavia and Cory once caught a fish that ?? long. Not only expressing a deep love for corn-on-the-cob, but a great enjoyment for that great game known as "territory."

William Boyd—Captain of the Intermediates and "Old Reliable" on first base. An athlete of promising ability, Bill believes that congeniality and a sense of humor are necessary for the enjoyment of life.

Richard Wing—Dick came "Winging" his way into Cory, settled down to earth. Knew everyone about him in a few hours. He entered all the activities with real zest and only occasionally allows himself a flight of the imagination.

William Saile—Towering above, happy and methodical, Bill once again within the gates of Cory. For any plan or work to go half finished, for any humor to pass unmentioned would be a crime. We also see a promise of a second Fritz Kreisler for Bill and his fiddle.

TENT NO. 11

COUNSELOR—GERALD BARRETT
"GERRY"

Dan Metzdorf—Metzdorf, or Metzenheimer, as that noted name-ologist, Karl Halbleib dubbed him, spent three-quarters of his time fighting with his cousin, Jimmy Snider, and the rest of the time planning the next fight. He at one time led the tent in the "Sighing" contest, but then Ace Tross moved in, of which more anon.

Monroe Snider—Old Alex, the slow-ball pitcher. For his weight Jimmy was the best burper in camp—even could beat his leader's best efforts in abysmal tone, thwacking resonance and prompt apology. "I can row a boat—canoe?"—This, with just the right air of nonchalance, epitomes the Snider humor. **Junior Leader** (pun).

Karl Halbleib—Mumbo-Jumbo-Cagliostro, the puzzle-master, himself. Karl mystified camp for two days with an intricate maze puzzle. Not till the third did he break down and confess that there was no solution to it. His paddling twelve miles with tent eleven's hike will always be an inspiring memory to his canoe-mates. He could lick his weight in wild-cats, if they come as light as he is.

Andrew Halbleib—With the arch conspirator Trib-kin, this son of Delco dammed the South creek, flooding the Clips office, made hot air balloons that really ballooned and did everything that was not a regular camp activity. His interest in the tent twelve den of vice and the rainy day strip poker game belied a cherubic countenance.

Earle Cooley—"The Admiral" is tent eleven's sailboat enthusiast. When he's not sailing he's knocking around the tent, waiting for someone to convince him that the "logical thing to do" is to pick up.

Irving Eber—Irv was a first year camper who spent much of his time playing territory. A quiet, but industrious lad, with a penchant for asking questions, which, if it persists will give him a five-yard book-shelf knowledge.

Donald Jones—A fourth-year camper, a follower of Bub Evans and his sailboat clique, a good camper, his feat of puffing smoke under water has never been equalled. As a Nature Study fan he collected large amounts of small animals, which he kept in unexpected places around the tent.

Albert Waldron—Washie came all the way from Washington to spend his second year at Cory, to earn his second degree, and to take an overnight hike, all of which he did with a constant enthusiasm.

Norman Germanow—First at meals, first at squads, first in the hearts of his tent-mates, Norm, with the Ichabod Crane bend in his back, spent his second Cory year straightening up when told by his counselor.

Robert Workman—Bob was a member of the Oswego delegation. A winner of the first degree, he worked hard and faithfully on all his requirements, and found plenty of time to make himself popular.

Reid Chamberlain—The chubby, red-cheeked little heavy-weight and humorist spent his third year with us, making life amusing and colorful with his sly wit and his vain endeavors to get thin. He holds a record for running several miles and gaining three pounds.

Parker Tross—Ace is the mainstay pitcher for the camper ball team. He also captained a Junior League team. The proud possessor of a sleek build, this young athlete earned himself a reputation as a star in whatever he attempted.

TENT NO. 12

COUNSELOR—ROBERT HENNESSEY
"BOB"

David Wilder—Dave, on our overnight hike, woke the whole gang up to take another hike. One wasn't enough. Ask him about his extra special method (if it isn't patented) of descending ravines.

Allen Feldmeier—When anyone says a harsh word about Little Falls, wherever that is, Al takes a burn. Otherwise he is a most agreeable and efficient camper. A star athlete, a good worker, and a good egg.

William White—"Bud" was able to tell us many wild tales of the Canadian wastelands, and he taught us that they have a good brand of sportsmanship in those furrin' countries. "Happy landings, Bud."

John Ingle—Jack tried many activities, and was especially interested in Gordie Meade's Nature Study contest. He went around mumbling Latin names to himself, and chasing butterflies. Remember too, he was one of the chief engineers over the building of those dams down by the chapel.

Richard Samuels—"Lefty" left his Dad in charge of the office at home for two weeks and unexpectedly joined us for a good time. A well-known and popular camper, he needs no introduction. The Samuels Tennis Co., of which he was the president, very effectively annihilated all possible opposition in doubles tournaments at camp this year.

Charles Boulton—Chuck became a member of the Life Patrol, went in for athletics and made many new friends. We liked to see this big-hearted fellow "take a burn" when he was bothered because we both had a laughing good time watching him get over it.

William Head—Bill's first activity was as a marionette for one of the shows. This done, he entered into many things and seemed to have a grand time at camp. This regular fella made an excellent member of our tent group.

DeForest Whipple—The imp, Puck, lurks in the eye of this young man, but most of the time the mischief turned into fun for all of us. This pleasant camper played smart ball with the Intermediates and shone likewise in other fields of endeavor.

R. Brooks Houghton—Brooks is a most serious looking individual, but don't be alarmed, folks, it's just a pose because the very funeral looking one laughs and jokes as much as anyone. This embryo undertaker is an active and lively veteran camper of the Tent Twelve gang.

Frank Teal Cox, Jr.—"Sam" is the young Adonis who can take a funny jump off the tower and have it turn into a pretty dive—with most of the campers somehow it works just the other way. Has managed to get into every picture of Camp Cory this year via the Swan dive route but as yet his fetching bright eyes have not had due attention (along these lines.)

Robert W. Forbush—"Forbie," our blonde humorist, lived up to his reputation as an athlete again this year. The twirling staff of the Midgets, he also found time to engage in many other activities.

Robert Morris—Besides being the best boom-doggie maker in camp (ask Dr. Little) Bob excelled at nature study, swimming, and the great game of territory.

Stewart Robson—The dashing fellow smiles, hesitates, and then gives you a big wide grin and you and Stewie are friends. The pleasant personality of this excellent camper made him a welcome addition to camp.

James Wiler—"Does" Gord and Earl came to camp to try to forget anatomy but Jim felt sorry for them away from their beloved muscles and kept them busy telling him the names of those most difficult to pronounce, whereupon James would return beaming-faced and dazzle us by retailing them to us with a flippancy of one pitying our bewilderment. Besides this accomplishment, Jim did a fine job in the first marionette show and excelled in other things as well.

TENT NO. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$

COUNSELOR—HENRY T. MAJGREN
"MIKE"

Jack Drexel—The genial man with sunshine for sale. The only man in the tent who was known to have worked for tent inspection, but after the first day he got discouraged and gave it up.

Ralph De May—Another of tent 12½'s scintillating baseball men; quite batty about the game. He started camping rather late, but made up for his lost time in his chosen activity—boating.

Charles DeFalco—Chuck combines all the faults of the Seven Sleepers into vibrant and prolonged snores. He is known in the tent as a fine fellow by day, and a classic bum by night.

Samuel Schwartz—This dapper young man has a penchant for "scooping them up." It makes no differ-

ence whether they be baseballs on the diamond or potatoes at the table, and the combination makes Sammy a good ball player and a sturdy trencherman.

Richard Burke—Within twenty-four hours of Dick's arrival at camp he was dubbed "Wearywart." His continual chatter, and vacuous humor, however, could not quite hide a merry personality and a vast amount of unexplained energy.

Frank Walzer—A heavy plop of feet, a sudden lurch of the bunk, and Frank is again taking his daily dozen—hours of sleep. Baseball and sleeping are his favorite occupations, and he does both extremely well.

Donald Allyn—Don was the star pitcher of this aggregation, and many were the hot games he pulled out of the frying pan—and placed in the fire. Yet, withal, he was rather a discriminating wit and furnished most of the real humor that flows so freely fifteen minutes after taps.

Sanford Fulton — Sanford displayed an amazing versatility in the fine arts of eating and competent hoofing. Accomplishing both in fine fashion he then directed his energies to handicraft and did equally as well.

TENT NO. 13

COUNSELOR—GORDON MEADE
"GORDIE"

Joseph Cole—"Who is that serious miened little individual with the glasses. Must be the camp professor. What? No? That's Joe Cole, champeen ball player, owner of one of the camp's best smiles and a future maestro of the gym floor.

Howard Jemyn—Another one of those big blonde fighting men from the North. Just look in the books under Jemyn, H., for a real batting average and if that isn't enough to convince you of his athletic prowess we whisper to you of that trim, swooping dive of our hero which makes Annette Kellerman look like a rank amateur.

Kenneth Gaylord—Finger-bowl salesman, here's your meat—he wants to purchase a sufficient supply for Tent 13 so he won't have to make another one of these nerve-racking speeches in mess hall, advertising his lack of said utensils. But that's all over now, and Ken has been zooming up grade 'bout ninety mile an hour as a real camper ever since that fatal blunder.

Thomas Stapleton—The original inspiration of the now famous Edison questionnaire, Tom can think of more brain crackers than Mr. Mazda himself. Another similarity between these two great inquisitors is, that to date, no one has completely answered their interrogations. Besides being an enlarged edition of the Spanish Inquisition, this versatile chap is a scientific combination of Romeo and Beau Brummel.

Richard Coe—Goll darn it, another one of those athletes to write up! Swimmer, ball player, tennis player—why go on? And an "O.K." feller too.

The Booth Family, Robert and Elmer—Might as well write these two up together, you can't tell them apart anyway. That infectious smile comes from using each other as a mirror. Meade tells Bob to clean up around the tent and gives Elmer an extra waiting day because "Bob" goes blithely about his own tasks. Has thought of making them wear tags for convenience in classification. In the meantime both the little Booths go around with woe-be-gone looks on their faces singing their own theme song "My Double and How He Undid Me." Two additions to the already growing list of athletes in Tent 13.

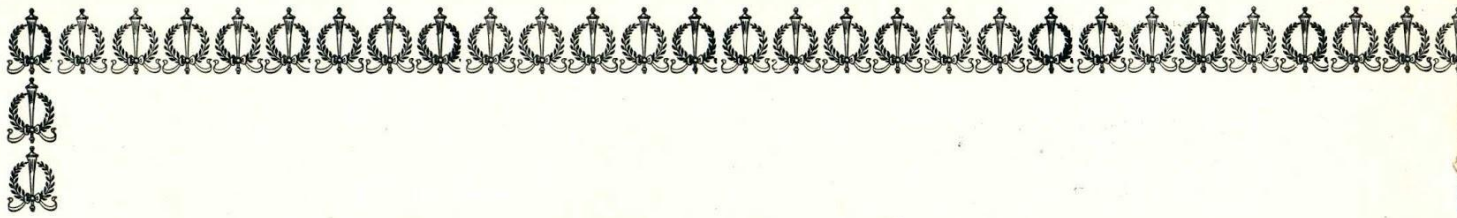
Richard Burrell, Ladeez n Gents, here before you we have a man noted and famed for two outstanding accomplishments at Camp Cory in this fiscal year of 1931. Firstly, we guarantee him as the best poison ivy bound on the market. Secondly, as president of the Burrell, Schweid Boondagle Leather Co. we are privileged to exhibit this genius as the first man to come to Cory and make money at it.

Webb Cooper—Sonny Boy himself in our midst, this silent, ever-busy little bundle of humor is the very epitome of that good old saying "Good things come in little bundles."

TENT NO. 14

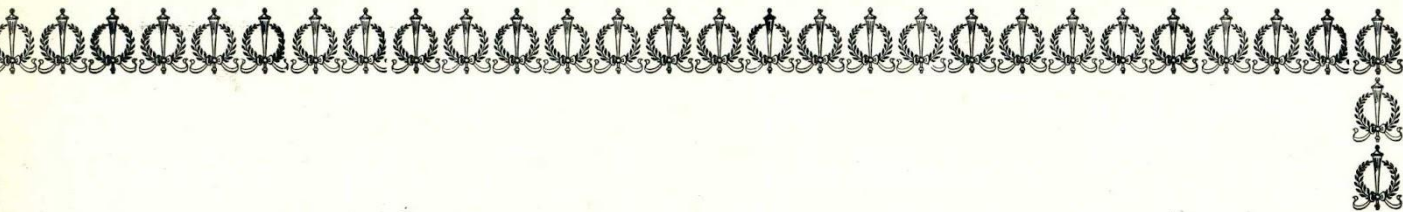
COUNSELOR—WALTER T. ENRIGHT
"WALT"

Robert Friday—The radio operator of Camp Cory. He broadcasted constantly and reception was always top-notch all over camp. Henchman to William Tell Stemples, Glenn Curtiss of the model airplane boys and Grand Kleagle of the Royal Order of Boomdogglemakers For Profit, this modern edition of Peck's Bad Boy was a busy man. His favorite expressions were any kind of a loud noise and "Somebody's chisling me!"



1931 CO





RYITES 



Louis De Lella—Daredevil supreme, paddler par excellence, enthusiastic water-bug, Louis was perhaps not an outstanding, but certainly a welcome addition to Tent Fourteen.

Len Morey—The salvation of any tent leader, Len was willing to do anything except writing letters for somebody else. He evidently corresponded for the United and Associated Presses, since he overtaxed Win's truck capacity in toting away his daily output of correspondence. And the returning fan mail would have turned a movie star green with envy. One of the 400 in the gang of good guys!

Bruce Davis—Came to camp with a regulation white yachting cap and went away with it a record to be proud of! The same is true of a fetching pair of big blue eyes. Address on demand, girls.

Leo Brasch—Izaak Walton was a ham compared to this patient angler of Tent Fourteen. And sometimes Leo actually did hook an innocent fish or two. His closest pal was his Eastman Brownie. Here's hoping that you and camp get together for a longer period next summer, Leo. We both had a good time with each other this year.

Ed Weller—Had a continual sleepy look on his face but that was merely a subterfuge to hide many things behind. The sheik of Tent Fourteen had a hard time meeting all the girls on visitor's Sunday and remembering their names. He had the camp record of getting over more ten-cent literature than any other one man. Went in for ridge-pole sitting until Enright saw him.

Richard Spry—One of the Jello Boys from LeRoy, the smaller edition in fact. Spent most of his time streaking across the campus to get out of the way of the other Spry lad trying to make him work. Had decided penchant for waiting on table.

Robert Spry—The other Jello brother. The answer to Bob Coe's prayer "Pass me a lifesaver." One of the Whitney-Ellis gang of "Oh you Softie."

Richard Boeble—If Jesse Lasky could see that firm determined jaw, those piercing mysterious eyes, that curly raven hair, that glorious physique, what chance would these pasty-faced, cheap imitation heroic men of the Wild West have? Ans.—No one. Dick hurt his knee on his first day of camp and perforce was absent much of the time but was welcomed back as co-Legree to Red Weining in making Fourteen toe the mark.

Robert Boeble—And if Dick plays the part of the hero in the Westerns, Bob must play the role of a younger son that any mother could love. Or possibly the girl—with those complexion, that lacy-eyelash, that blue, fetching eyes. Admirer of Hippo Eldridge.

Harwood Ellis—Camp Pioneer decided to go Camp Cory this year so Har came to Keuka. Before camp was over Har was the walking personification of all the horrors of the leis of the Hawaiian Islands with his collection of boomdoggles. One of Whitney's "S-o-o-fff-ty" boys.

Bernard Schweid—Of the firm of Damon and Pythias, alias Schweid and Rosenbloom. Proved to be the brainy arbitrator in all labor disputes. The partner in crime, lil' Artie, then carried out the ideas inculcated in said councils.

Arthur Rosenbloom—The other name in the W.K. firm above mentioned. The labor crisis of Cliff Weining. Had a continual hurt look in those big, blue eyes, probably caused by the injustice of extra table waiting. However lil' Artie did have an artistic touch in draping towel lines in such a way as to hide dirty towels.

Vernon Gridley—The big silent man from Tent Fourteen. Quiet and reserved, he was always "there" when you wanted some help on tent clean-up.

Harold Mitchell—Another of Fourteen's big silent men. "Mitch" had a certain nasal drawl which made his sly cracks devastating on their rare and welcome appearance.

Harold Simmons—The budding prototype of all successful catchers, this demon red-head gets up in the morning, puts his baseball cap on, and is off for another day on the diamond. At dark someone will have to go up and tell him it is time to stop. Also plays an invincible game of territory.

Roger Whitney—Smiling Rog, otherwise known as Whit, The Biffer, Latin student, sheik, and kiddie supreme. Didn't like to talk about other great men for fear he wouldn't do them justice. Is believed to have been the instigator of that nefarious halloo, "O-o-o-oh yeeew sof-f-f-ty!" Good Ol' Rog!

Clifford Weining—Spark plugs, carburetor, cylinders, pistons—oh well—the whole engine of Tent Fourteen. All he lacked to be the dead spit of Simon Legree was the slouch hat, the blacksnake whip, and the jet-black mustachios. This hard-working Junior Leader nearly surpassed Enright before the season was over in doling out extra waiting days to recalcitrants. Liked by everybody.

TENT NO. 15

COUNSELOR—CURTISS HOWARD

"CURT"

Burton August—One of the better lads, Burt, with his laughing brown eyes, his constant grin and his general geniality. Although he left us at the end of four weeks he managed to garner two degrees, make many friends and win several ball games for village four with his cannon ball pitching, as well as making a name for himself as a demon reporter on the Clips staff. C'mon back, Burt, and give our love to Betty!

William Kennedy—One of these strong, silent men, Bill contrived, in his quiet way, to take part in all manner of activities. He was the handsome lover in that soul-stirring drama, "The King's English," and the way he handled Miss Art Fisher was a lesson even to Bart Gummere. He was Junior Leader for two weeks, and believe us, when anyone can get Don Smith to keep the outside grounds as clean as he did, that's somp'n.

Richard Parks—Dick only stayed with us for two weeks, doggone it, but while he was here he certainly batted them off. As a boomdoggie-maker he had no peer. They hung around his neck in festoons. And the things that boy said in his sleep . . . ! Well, we won't say a word, Dick, if you'll be back with us next season.

John Schaeffer—This lanky young scientist from Kansas had no less an ambition than to go to the moon! Perfectly serious. He came to Cory straight from the wide open West to astound us with his strange, weird ideas, to fill us with wonder at his slow, drawing philosophy, and to incite admiration with his skill and ability in whatever he tried.

Clark Schaeffer—Another tall, lanky Kansan, taller and lankier than Jack, but no scientist. Dick was a tennis player supreme, carrying off highest honors in the tournaments. He stopped foul-tips behind the bat, won two degrees, played the cornet, and amused us for hours with his endless stock of hill-billy songs, his improbable yarns about Caldwell Kansas and his gangling, drawing, easy personality.

Leland Uffendel—Uffy the Tuffy, Offleschnoffle, Uffelwhooffle—anything will do for this ardent young angler and individualist, who spent his time between hanging on to the other end of a fish-line and making innumerable boomdoggles. The tent-carpenter, clean-up man, and champion soup-eater.

Donald Smith—Lots to say about this lad, but it won't all go to print. We don't dare. Cherubic behind his gleaming spectacles, with the smile of an angel, and the ingenuity of a son of Satan, he tormented his counselor with dire threats to lick him at sight and wore him out with long chases at inspection time.

William Wilcox—The chubby little rascal with the large hat, the constant milk-moustache and the vociferous laugh. In his rotund way he managed to pitch Village four to many an after supper victory, to beat his counselor to a pulp with the aid of Don Smith, and to distinguish himself in no end of activities.

Roy Harnischfeger—The ape-man and star Life Saver. With one of the best builds in camp he stood out in athletics and swimming, performing the most amazing feats on the diving board, and delighting everybody with his ear-to-ear grin.

Harold Matzky—A curly-haired, blond little boy, with a voice that travels from a coloratura soprano to a ringing bass. Another of the harassers of tent fifteen's counselor. His pitching was another bracer of the village ball team, and his slow smile was one of the blessings of rainy days.

Roy Parker—Cleveland sent us this large lad with the bumpy knees. A vigilant Life Saver, a distance swimmer and a reader of American Boy. He slept noisily in a huge red blanket—one of tent fifteen's outstanding features.

Robert Wright—He stayed with us only two weeks, but quickly made himself known by his pleasantness and generosity. An open-mouthed admirer of Jack Schaeffer's philosophical knowledge, he sat for hours with him, learning, learning . . .

George Hoffman—We never saw much of this pudgy lad. He was a dishwasher of parts, a talker of fluency and a wearer of the loudest sweatshirt in camp.

Donald Pifer—This lanky, brown-eyed Irishman accomplished more in two weeks than most do in eight. His interest and activity were a joy to his counselor, and his ability to find bits of paper embedded in the earth was a large help at clean-up time.

Bernard O'Brien—Another Irishman, a tow-headed young imp, with a passion for territory, a glib tongue and a surprising sense of humor. His songs, added to Dick Schaeffer's, made tent fifteen's existence a continual musical comedy.

Louis La Valee—A big, steady lad, with a mop of black hair. He delighted in hair-raising mysteries, sleeping, flinging shoes at Don Smith, and eating.



The Junior Camp

AS we read this, the camp season will have drawn to a close . . . light-hearted campers will soon be leaving, to return again next season—papa willing. Pleasant memories, however, of a busy eight weeks will return again and again throughout the winter months, so that when the call is issued for the 1932 season we will find ourselves packing trunks and duffle bags in preparation for another vacation at Cory. Perhaps you would like to live over again a day or two of this year's camping season. Let us start together, you Tom, and you Harry, and do over again some of those things that we did together in the season that is now rapidly passing into the history of Cory.

Let's get up, lads, there goes the bugle! Hustle out your blankets so's they'll air well before we make them up. Line up, and we'll have a bit of morning exercise. Are they good for you? I'll say they are! Exercises like these will loosen up those stiff muscles of yours. Attention! Salute the flag! Everybody dip!

And so the morning would begin. After breakfast we scurry back to our cabins to groom them carefully for inspection. Squads over, we hustle down to the boathouse where we plunge into the bustle of activity that is always going on.

Remember the morning we signed up for pirate-lore? The instructor gave all of us some nails and hammers and set us to work on a gigantic raft that was some day to cruise up and down the lake-front. Then I missed the nail and pounded my thumb badly so that I had to go to the hospital to get bandaged up. But this didn't stop me from going in at the regular morning swim. We raced out to the tower where we dived again and again for seaweed and bits of wood. We were real glad that we had taken our "Whale" tests the day before.

That swim made us frightfully hungry. How we did eat! After lunch, we lay on our bunks and read those precious letters from home while our counselor picked off a few chords on his banjo. Sometimes we gathered around him and sang songs. How we did enjoy these moments of quiet in the middle of the day. When the whistle for the end of rest hour was blown you and I ambled up to the baseball diamond for the camp team practice. I never was so good a player as you two chaps, but I did throw a ball about and try to place a safe hit occasionally. Later in the afternoon we separated for an hour; while you

two fellows went off on a nature study hike, I would go to my rowing class.

After supper we played tennis or kick-ball for an hour and then got into our pajamas and bath-robes for the evening's program. Sometimes it was boxing, sometimes movies or stunt night. Whatever it was, it was always heaps of fun. Before it was three-fourths over my head felt a bit sleepy and I guess all of us were quite ready to say goodnight and turn out the lantern at eight-thirty.

This year we noticed the absence of poison ivy around the campus. Of course, there was some, but not nearly so much as there used to be. Toward the end of the camp season a new cabin was erected for the faculty. We had lots of fun helping the carpenter carry boards and shingles. Although we enjoyed the regular Pirate-Indian baseball games, still it was more fun watching a Senior-Junior game. A sand-pile behind Cabin two kept us busy for several days making castles. One of these was very cleverly built. A new territory court down by the Junior bridge was one of the high-lights of the year, because our knives would stick in more firmly than before.

For the first time in the history of our Junior Camp a group of overnights paddled all the way to Bluff Point. Here we pulled up our canoe and climbed up the steep hill to see that exquisite little chapel. We felt quite proud of our accomplishment and boasted openly to the other less fortunate campers when we returned. The war-canoes were more popular this year with the fellows than ever before. Scarcely a day passed that we did not take a short trip across the lake or an over-night hike to six-mile point. About the middle of the season, an Indian tepee arose majestically one afternoon over in the small open space behind the garage. Some of us slept in it for a night. Before retiring we told stories about Indian Medicine Men and brave Iroquois warriors.

Such a full program as we had certainly made the season go quickly. Before we knew it, the last day had dawned, tables were decorated and so, the final banquet comes to an end. The westering sun gleams on the campus buildings and tents, traces a leafy pattern on the floor of the Lodge. The past eight weeks file by in ghostly procession . . . the triumphs and defeats . . . the joys and despairs . . . they grow dim—grow dim . . . goodbye to all that . . . hail and farewell Camp Cory . . .

We had a swell time.

Junior Camp Counselors

ROBERT O'KANE

After removing his cartridge belt and doffing his bullet-proof vest, Bob felt that he might leave Chicago for Cory without worry. But he little recked with the trusty guns of the bacteria family, for scarcely had a week passed by when he was smitten sorely by a nasty little germ known as the mump that necessitated a short leave of absence. He returned shortly, however, to build a raft—a real, honest to goodness Pirate Raft, the like of which Cory has never seen before. When he wasn't aiding diligent campers to launch miniature outboard motor-boats, Bob found time to pet skunk-scented dogs and aid females in distress. His quips and jokes were the despair and joy of counselors and campers alike. Bob spent his most pleasant moments ironing crayoned doylies and driving tacks into wedge-shaped beach-sandals. His powerful shoulders developed considerably from frequent rowing carnivals with malevolent mermaids across the lake, although perhaps we shouldn't have mentioned that.

Bob has applied for a job as a guide for the World's Fair, which, he cheerfully has informed us is to be held in the metropolis of Chicago in 1933. Perhaps one of you will spy him astride a chair on the roof of some omnibus bawling out the various important buildings. If you doubt the possibility of getting to Chicago for this great history-making event, just ask Bob about it before he returns to school, he will be delighted to repeat his story again for you. In case you miss Bob, just ask any of the counselors to tell you, they know it all by heart.

THOMAS MCCARTHY

Introducing Mac, our budding young poet moderne, dramatist, actor, singer, funster, oarsman, and victrola-winder. Oh, yes, we almost forgot to mention that Mac is a philosopher and an expert story-teller, but (as he emphasises quite strongly) never, never a mathematician. From the lips of this blue-eyed mediator comes the reassuring information that Mumbo-Jumbo is still God of the Congo, that free verse now comes packed in stout barrels heavily insulated to protect it from the machinations of some idle-brain, and that bee-bites are not cured with ammonia.

It is not likely that this year's campers will soon forget the pleasant evenings that they spent out in the council circle listening to Mac recount the adventures of weird figures in strange lands. With his dark locks drooping limply over his wide brow, and his hands describing fourth dimensional angles in mid-air, Mac was indeed most happy when reciting or reading melodramatic poetry. As director of dramatics in the Junior Camp, Tom, has succeeded in turning out plays of a superior quality. He was able not only to discover dramatic ability among the younger campers, which in itself is a titanic job, but also was able to develop this talent noticeably.

When taps had blown and darkness had settled down upon the camp, we could always see Mac, tin box in hand, wending his way moodily toward the boathouse, where, pen in hand he would sit for minutes muttering grimly to himself, "To die, to sleep perchance to dream . . . ay there's the rub . . ."

KENNETH KELLOGG

In between times when Ken was in the city Ken found time to repair boats and give instruction in rowing to insistent campers. With his Mexican sombrero perched carefully upon his head and a book in his hand, Ken would supervise the boating period, or, when the mood seized him, he would bribe some energetic camper into hauling him about the lake. Throughout the season he led his cabin through an orgy of corn-roasts, over-night hikes, tent spreads, and "feeble feeds." On occasions he could be found on the baseball diamond covering the initial sack for the leaders team, scooping up all wild pegs with the agility of a Big Leaguer.

He came to camp with the idea of getting into the cult of the sun worshippers as speedily as possible, but unluckily fell asleep on the Junior tower one afternoon and sported a pair of gauze epaulettes for the next three weeks. Under Beaver's scrutinizing eye, Ken instructed the Junior Campers in the gentle art of "kick the can" and other campus games. Making out reports and writing letters were his two biggest worries, because both jobs required much painstaking effort—especially the letter writing.

Ken continues his education at the University of Rochester where he will be a dear old senior. He leaves behind him a multitude of friends, a pair of torn undies, and a well completed job.

JOHN C. GARCIA

For the seventh time Fuzzy has sailed in his own expansive way through a season at Cory taking all before him by storm, leaving all behind him palpitating with his stimulating influence. Clicking blithely about his happy hunting grounds in a pair of battered beach-clogs, he managed to dabble in more activities than any one man in camp. Officially he is basketry instructor in the Junior Camp, and is to be seen now and then toiling away at some new masterpiece in raffia, while crowds of awed youngsters look over his shoulder. But basketry turned out to be only incidental in Fuzzy's career. As Associate Editor of this chronicle his much-abused typewriter has clicked and banged and clattered, making the editorial room (as we naively call it) ring with a flow of literary talent, and his steady stream of scintillating talk has kept the rest of the staff in a constant state of amusement. We regret that we must add, dear reader, that he puns—yes, puns—and puns badly, in spite of snorts of derision, in spite of flung glue-pots, in spite of threats of his life. But we forgive him even this.

And now we have a great secret to divulge. This man is "Joe Snoop," the demon reporter of the Clips! And that horrifying mystery thriller, "The Yellow Thong" rolled in all its intricacies, from no other typewriter than his. There, it's out, and now you know whom to kill for that final episode.

But before you get a chance to get at him Fuzzy will have returned again to the Delta Sigma Phi house at Penn, and will once more be involved in all the politics of a college newspaper, now and then glancing at an Economics textbook. To this vigorous young journalist, with his wide smile, his snapping brown eyes and his tireless energy, we bow in admiration. So long, Fuzzy!



CHARLES CRANDALL

Before the opening of camp this year, a new problem arose in the Junior Camp. Owing to the necessity for short vacations for the counselors, vacancies in each of the cabins occasionally required the Junior Camp staff to work short-handed. Mr. Carson, foreseeing this difficulty, decided that an extra man should be placed in the faculty tent to overcome this handicap. Great care, however, must be exercised in the choice of this counselor. He must be versatile, well trained in camp program and of a pleasing personality. It was with keen pleasure that we learned that our Utility Counselor for the Junior Camp was to be Chuck Crandall, veteran camper and Cory Cup man for 1930.

So seriously did Chuck take his work, that it was not until the end of the first four weeks that we even saw him smile. Some enthusiastic explorers who were prowling around in the woods behind the garage were fearfully frightened one afternoon when they discovered a huge roll of canvass thrashing about in the underbrush. They watched it with intensity for a few moments expecting to see some monster crawl from underneath. Suddenly the movements stopped, and Chuck emerged breathing heavily. Inquiries brought out the amazing fact that he, Chuck, The Moocher, was building an entire Indian village single-handed.

We say goodbye to Chuck this fall for a few years and turn over the pages of his history until 1933, when he hopes to return as camp truck-driver. Truly an enviable record is his! From Camper to Counselor in Six Years. (Copyrighted with all due apologies to Horatio Alger.)

LELAND CARL STEVENS

Yo Penn! Pennsylvania has been again represented at Cory. Bub, being fully matriculated and having completed a successful winter's schooling, returned as is his custom to lend his ability and experience toward the propagation of another camping season. Those of us who are old campers are so accustomed to the sight of this husky, curly-haired Beau Brummel

from LeRoy leisurely pushing wheel-barrow of sand and gravel around the campus, that we would surely miss him if he were to turn his attentions elsewhere for a summer. We know this to be true, because we keenly felt his absence during the middle of the season when a serious illness forced him to leave. As athletic director of the Junior Division, the Junior Camp Team suffered severely from the lack of his careful and regular coaching.

When Bub departs for school this fall, he leaves behind him a host of new acquaintances, both male and female. For we have heard rumors that he worked as energetically at night as he did during the day. Adieu, Herr Stevens, and may the approaching knowledge stick as firmly in your brain as the cobwebs did throughout the summer in Cabin Seven.

DOUGLAS GORSLINE

Behold! Cory has been blessed with a thinker and a reader of exceptional understanding and ability. For Doug, our intellectual, has been among us occasionally. Mornings he was usually found in the boathouse deftly slapping green and brown colored play-cement on to bits of cardboard. Artstone, as it was called, proved very popular as scores of match-holders, birdhouses, and book-ends of all sizes gave evidence. After dinner, this rosy-cheeked Samuel Johnston would depart for the Willows where, with a thick tome propped upon his knees, he would sit and burrow into literature, new and old, with the capacity of a seasoned and ancient book-worm. He seldom entered into any of the usual after taps "Bull Sessions" but preferred to find a secluded spot out on the boathouse porch where he could absorb the learning of the ages without interruption.

Doug plans to matriculate at Yale this fall, and aims to be the best "Boola-Boolaer" on the campus. He has been reported to have purchased a bull pup with the idea of carrying out the good old Yale tradition. He is also a student of "The Rhapsody In Blue" through which he hopes to round out his qualifications as a true blue son of Eli.



JOSEPH TONKIN

A pair of purple shorts and a soft, light-grey suit were the only togs that this curly-haired Deke brought with him to camp this season. The shorts were much in evidence on the Junior dock during swimming classes and swim periods, while the light-grey suit was usually reserved for the fair damsels about the lake who did their best to make camp an enjoyable place for Joe. He came to camp this season to take over one of the biggest jobs in the Junior Division. The responsibility for over sixty campers while in the water rested firmly on this smiling young man's shoulders. With his accustomed sincerity and whole-hearted enthusiasm, Joe was never too weary to show some energetic "Shark" how to improve his kick, or to aid an embryonic Johnny Weismiller in his attempt to avoid "belly-whackers." So popular also was Joe as a counselor that there was ever a waiting list of campers eager to park their trunks in Cabin Eight.

Much could be said regarding his other activities—his baseball ability, which strengthened the camp team considerably—his boxing classes, which were held weekly in the junior boathouse, and various other minor positions, to all of which he devoted himself with the same ardor and fervor as he employed in winding the victrola during rest hour over in the faculty tent.

MUNRO WILL

Adonis rises. The mess hall is deathly quiet in rapt admiration. Then nonchalantly, hands in pockets, our ideal speaks. "About six-thirty, fellows, we'll gather over on the field for a game of kick-ball!" The Junior Camp goes pandemonium, and Mun Will, his oration ended, sits down.

Besides making Klix's announcements Mun shines as a destroyer (or, preferably, a sculptor) of Ivory soap bars over which he guides young fingers, and from which he helps peculiar, smug little birds and trick houses to emerge. As butterfly enticer and dragon-fly spearer he is equalled only by Meade, Mahoney and Co. of the senior camp. He can also

be counted upon to contribute an ecstatic help to any Cory publication.

This representative of the long line of Wills at Cory and one of the future mainstays of the Cornell crew gets in no small bit of practice for his career, like the proverbial postman, who hikes on his day off, by enjoying a nice quiet little spin in a row-boat up to Six Mile Point on his afternoon off.

So far Mun has successfully shielded his manly bosom from the arts of little Cupid and hence has no summer worries over "Will she be true through these hot summer days?" Also, and more to the point, we therefore have no guying point on the matter of the frailer sex.

Mun is a demon for punishment and is one of the most willing and hardest working counselors in camp. Hence, he is no small addition to Cory. It has been a pleasure to have him with us.

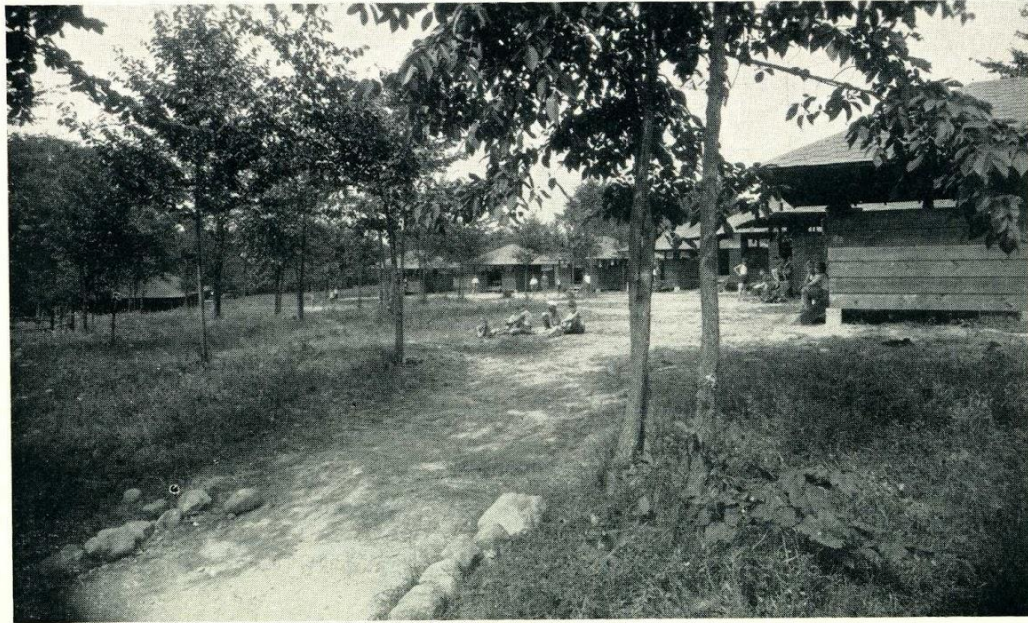
ROBERT VAN VOORHIS

Bob, erstwhile counselor, having a short vacation at his disposal, scampered back to camp for a few games of tennis with Mr. Carson and to act as counselor in the absence of Bub Stevens. While he was off his game (yes, he admitted it finally) still he found nobody in camp who could defeat him. In his odd moments he was found on the third court showing tiny juniors how to hold their racquets and how to serve steaming aces. His last year's tan, although somewhat faded from the winter's exertions, provided a splendid base for a new coat which he proceeded to put on in large doses. With his pair of brown scanties for protection, Bob would row out to the tower where stretched full length upon his back he could be heard harmonizing with Fuzzy and Ken, his two compatriots. Evenings after taps the counselors would gather in the faculty tent for their lecture course. The course consisted of readings from the book "HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL COUNSELOR, AND WHY I WAS," by Robert Van Voorhis.

WINSTON TANGER

One day about three weeks before the camp season was over a quiet lad appeared in the Junior camp and was introduced to us all by Joe Tonkin as Win Tanger. He was just to take the place of one of the counselors who was away for a week. Being of the reticent, think-deep, say-nothing type, it was quite a few days before we really got acquainted with him. And then what we discovered was truly worthwhile. Win is without doubt a character without parallel. We might note a few of his idiosyncracies. First of all he works—that is, he makes readings at the chlorinator in the junior camp. That job requires the mind of a genius, but in order that his intellect will not be taxed, he has been required to assist in running ball games in both camps and helping out here and there as general utility man. Along other lines of endeavor, he is equally conscientious and enthusiastic. He takes his social life seriously and thinks it necessary to prepare for an evening off every night, even if there is no place to go. We might also add that he has a penchant (notice we avoided "habit") for borrowing other people's nice clothes, etc., but we realize Win wants always to put his best side forward and make the best possible impression.

Now, that all took place in the early day of Win's stay at Cory. During the last two weeks he has been rewarded with a regular job, that of counselling Tent Sixteen and One Half. There, it is rumored, he does an excellent job and is well liked by those in his charge.



The Cabins

CABIN NO. 1

COUNSELOR—DOUGLAS GORSLINE
"DOUG"

William Weed—Though he may be a trifle rotund, Mr. Weed will assure you that he is extremely intelligent. He's an excellent swimmer and a generally good fellow inclined definitely to giggling spells and raising Cain in a harmless way.

Gardner Soule—Here was a man—a great baseball player, a coming swimmer, and a very attractive personality, even at so young an age. He was generally popular with the boys and seemed to enjoy himself immensely at Cory.

Webster Burr—Inclined to be retiring and quiet, Burr still managed to assert himself and get what he wanted about the camp. Very likeable to us all, he played baseball a bit, and learned a lot in swimming.

Henry Laughton — For this fellow's first year at camp he did surprisingly well. It is doubtful if he ever thought of home a bit, so engrossed was he in having a good time. He got what he wanted out of camp in his own way.

Richard Stebbins—This upstanding brute was the junior leader in the cabin, and was he ever! Ask most anyone about those firsts we got in inspection while he was on. During his period of service, there wasn't a murmur after taps or before reveille.

William Broekway—Though there was a little rivalry between Mr. Weed and our subject here, they agreed pretty well on the matter of height. Bill was an ardent baseball fan and a member of our famous school of whales.

Frank Williams—It being his first year here, this young fellow had a little trouble in getting situated but it was remarkable how well he got along after a while. You wouldn't have recognized him. He seemed to be perfectly happy, and was quite generally liked.

Milton Angle—Here was a real camper. Interested in a great variety of subjects, he indulged with vigor and skill in baseball and handicraft, and made rather surprising results in both. We hope he returns next year for he was both popular and accomplished.

William Wilson—There were few gentlemen on the campus but this fellow sure was one of them. Even at the Ping Pong table, in which sport he excelled, his courtesy and consideration for his opponent never failed him.

Theodore Schwink—Around the cabin, you never saw a more capable fellow than Ted. He could really be depended upon and shouldered many a responsibility. And as for being a good sport, he exhibited this quality from the first.

William Price, Jr.—There was something unusual in this little fellow's personality for, despite his small size, he got along well with everyone. There hardly seemed a minute but what Bill was busy at something.

Erwin Huber—This, dear people, was the junior leader of our cabin during the second four weeks. A veteran camper, his knowledge of inspection duties was amazing and telling in results. Some say that Cabin One's success was due to his efforts alone.

Grant Eldridge—This tiny fellow was something of a character about the camp. His sense of humor and amusing actions were his outstanding attractions. He was a genuinely good fellow, and one of the most popular in the cabin.

Harold Snedeker—This young fellow's happy countenance graced our campus for only too short a time. We wish he had stayed longer. And the bird house he made! It passed all bounds! Since he was a big help around the cabin, good in handicraft, and a regular fellow, we hope he returns next year.

Fred Teitzel—Fred was a very clever fellow when it came to handicraft. There were few things about the manual arts that he did not know. Besides this, Fred had several traits which made him a popular member of the cabin.

David D. Long, 3rd.—Despite his "long" name, Dave soon managed to find a place for himself in the camp program and in the hearts of his cabin mates. A personality which appealed and a native ability in sports and handicraft were factors contributing to his popularity.

Roy Corwin — Roy's special pastime was making boats out of soap. He never had to be encouraged to think of something different to do. Sometimes the boys liked to kid him, but it is to his credit that he always took it good-naturedly.

CABIN NO. 2

COUNSELOR—THOMAS J. McCARTHY
"T. J."

Robert DeWeese—Bob was one of Cabin Two's star athletes. He was catcher on the Junior Camp team and his ability at camping and being a congenial tent-mate measured up to his athletic standard.

Gordon Connelley—Gordie was one of the smallest fellows in the Junior camp but his likeable personality made for him enough friends for three fellows twice his size. In the water he seemed to sprout fins and he was one of the first to become a whale.

Paul Schloerb—Paul was the other member of the famous battery of Schloerb and DeWeese on the camp team. Paul's versatility encompassed everything from athletics to basketmaking and boatbuilding.

John Goldsmith—John won a number of friends by his quiet manner. His enthusiasm for all cabin affairs made him a valuable asset and a good cabin mate.

Robert Cooley—Bob was the happiness man of Cabin Two. During his entire stay at camp he was never to be found without his genial smile. A good camper—a good fellow. Nuff said!

Norman Nichols—Normie's fearlessness in the water while learning to swim was a wonder to both camper and counselor. We think Norm is a born sailor, for, beside his swimming, he was an ardent boat builder.

Stewart McLeod—Stewie entertained the cabin after taps many a night with the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, and besides his story-telling ability, he exhibited quite a lot of talent for acting in the play, "The Tramp Barber."

Craig Barlow—Keg earned his place on the pirate raft, not only through his nickname, but through his ability to work hard and do a good job. Keg also liked boating and frequently could be seen examining the old sunken ship, probably thinking of gleaming cutlasses and long curling mustaches.

William Yates—Even a boxing match did not decide the question as to who in the junior camp was the biggest and strongest camper, Yates or Shoenberg. However, Bill did not limit himself to athletic accomplishments and made many things in handicraft.

Willard Preston—The waterfight staged by Bill with the help of Ken Kellogg against a boatload of opponents made camp history, and incidentally, Bill won in the splash contest.

Robert Davidson—When Bob came to camp baseball was merely a game he had vaguely heard of. When he left he was a good fielder and one of the hardest hitters that stepped up to the plate on the Junior Camp diamond.

Jackson Foulds—Perhaps the most famed in Jackie's bag of tricks was his feat of singing while standing on his head. Jackie's constant good humor and humorous antics made him one of the best liked fellows on the campus.

Robert Jackson—Bob learned to swim during his stay at camp and by his good humor and willingness to partake in cabin duties proved himself a good camper.

Airic Despard—A fellow like Pete who entered into everything with such wholehearted enthusiasm could not help but have a good time at camp. Bill's strong point was his ball-playing ability.

Nelson Peet—Nel was boondoggle fancier and staggered from place to place under his load of boondoggles. His painstaking efforts in soap carving produced really worthwhile results.

CABIN NO. 3

COUNSELOR—KENNETH KELLOGG
"KEN"

Ross Sutton—Ross had a slight case of homesickness during the first few days of his stay with us, but he overcame this by working every minute at something or other. When he wasn't making boats, or bows, or puppets, he was helping his counselor varnish the rowboats.

Ralph Lingg—A baby voice and big blue eyes may be deceptive. Ralph proved this when he put on the gloves and punched his way to a victory one boxing night. He showed his nerve again in swimming. In spite of several failures, he persisted until he passed his "frog" test.

Robert Nieman—The most enthusiastic ball player in the junior camp, Bob would rather play baseball than eat. However, he used his left for other things than twirling a baseball as his opponents of boxing nights will testify. He developed from an "egg" to a "frog" in his four weeks here and vows he will be a "shark" next year.

Alan David—Alan is our old stand-by. A perennial Coryite, as his brothers before him, he does everything consistently well. His realistic impersonation of a strong man in the junior camp circus overawed his fellow campers, who gaped in amazement when he lifted one thousand pound weights as easily as oranges at breakfast.

Robert Griffith—Meet the champion chicken fighter of the junior camp. "Griff" took on all comers and bowled over each one in record time. He also found time to improve in swimming until he passed his "frog" test. A knee infection took this lad away from us for ten days, but he bounced right back again full of pep.

Robert Shoenberg—Rotund Robert was a big man in the junior camp in more ways than one. He played baseball with the camp team, won numerous points in swimming and rowing races and was rated the toughest boxer as well as the strongest Indian wrestler in camp.

Ralph Mitchell—"Mitch" was camp bugler last year, but apparently ran out of wind this season. An enthusiastic water dog, "Mitch" never missed a dip or swim, and passed his "whale" test with ease. A knack of guessing numbers kept him well supplied with extra desserts during meals.

John Allen—An innocuous grin and the words, "Aw, gwan," are the keynotes of Johnny's personality. Untroubled by trouble Johnny went his happy-go-lucky way through the summer having a high old time. He had a deceptively innocent smile as those found out who tried to send him after the skyhook, tent-stretcher, etc.

Beryl Present—Mammy! Sunny Boy! Give the little lad a hand! Buoy,—no one ever called him anything else in camp—brought forth thunderous applause every stunt night with his clever monologues. Buoy was clever in other lines too, but his entertaining sketches made him a pal of every boy in camp.

Chapin Blake—"Chape" came to us with a previously acquired tan, a smooth swimming stroke, and a quiet, friendly personality. Camp bettered the first two for him, and the last mentioned item benefitted camp. "Chape" was steady as a rock, always ready to do his share, whether it be paddling a canoe or cleaning up for inspection.

Jerome Levy—The original "gag" man for Cabin Three, Jerry had a joke for every occasion and a laugh to go with it. His constant good humor accounted for his popularity in camp. Everyone will remember Jerry and his amusing, "heh, heh!"

George Avery—George "Roll them-eyes" Mitchell Avery probably got into more mischief and had more fun than any other boy in camp. He did all the things one usually does in camp and then looked for new worlds to conquer. On one very wet tent-spread he loaned his sweater to a chum and consequently caught cold himself. This shows George's character, generous, impulsive, harem-scarem.

CABIN NO. 4

COUNSELOR—JOHN GARCIA
"FUZZY"

Douglas Coster—This brown-eyed junior leader of "The Cayugas," played ball, rowed boats, paddled canoes, pitched horse-shoes, and wielded a tennis racket easily and agilely. He cheerfully assumed the many responsibilities which were thrust upon him. We predict that this lad will be an excellent counselor in days to come.

John Grunow—"Mahafink" came back this season, minus his violin, but he brought with him, a desire to enjoy to the fullest extent all the activities of the camp. With this idea in mind, it is easy to account for his achievements which have been varied and numerous.

John Wood—Most of the lads in camp this season came to know Jack as the tousled blondie with the innocent giggle who kept the cabin in a perpetual state of excitement. The counselors soon came to like this lithe little lad who was always cheerful and willing to aid them in any project.

Douglas Vair—Banjo Eyes was probably the best known youth in camp. His wide blue saucers that served him as eyes were the wonder of the entire camp. His singing was the despair of the Sunday night Song Fests. His table manners worried his counselors. But with all of this, everyone was sorry to have him leave at the end of four weeks. A real fellow, and a rare camper!

Arthur Bouchard—Could out-paddle any other three boys his size. Courteous, obedient and yet a genuine boy. Had a choice line of jokes that he reserved for the ears of ready listeners after taps. His greatest pleasure, he confesses is potatoes. These he can put away by the barrel-full.

Ralph Swartz—Nicknamed "Wart" because of his size, this half-pint never seemed to be able to find spider-webs. So he was assigned to a duty more in accord with his size, that of lining up the shoes for inspection. He lived a full life here at Cory, painting boats, making baskets and playing ball with an eagerness and spirit that more than made up for his diminutive size.

Carey Brown—This happy camper spent most of his time making puppets and giving shows in the cabin on his counselor's cot. It was the water that gave him his husky voice and the sun that left him with the deep brown arms and body. For his first season, Carey certainly participated to a surprising degree in all the activities.

Duncan Cleaves—The cabin's philosophy intellectual genius rested in the brain of another second year man who returned to take a crack at dramatics. He was chief under-study to his counselor in reading stories and quite often was called upon to divulge the plot of

"Lost Indian Magic" to new campers. A head of golden-brown hair, a queer snicker, a delightful smile that would show a row of clean but irregular teeth, were the things that made him well liked and popular with everyone.

Edwin Mix, Jr.—A bad case of homesickness almost lost this young man a few weeks of the best fun that he ever had in his life. However, he snapped out of this malady in time to make a few boomdoggies, a basket and some model-airplanes. So quiet was this dark-haired giggler that we seldom heard him—except, of course, at night.

Harry Crosby—The Sphinx of the cabin was none other than this tan little tot, who was so close-mouthed that Klix often missed his swim number. He knew nothing about overnight hikes when he came but he left with some definite ideas on how to paddle, how to cook food and toast marshmallows.

CABIN NO. 5

COUNSELOR—ROBERT O'KANE
"BOB"

Norbert Linhoff—"Little Red," the life of the party, could make more amusing faces than any other Junior Camper. He could also put up his "dukes" against any other fellow at the slightest provocation.

Aubrey Reed—Folks, meet the master miniature-boat-builder. He could, without question, make boats so small that you might get them in your feet at night as slivers. He had the largest list of excuses for not dipping, of anyone in camp.

Burt Ewell, Jr.—A third year man at the Junior Camp, he could float like a bar of Ivory Soap. Next season he leaves us for the Senior Division, where we predict a shining career in swimming and baseball.

Frederic Meyer—"Cowboy" was what he was nicknamed from the very start. A territory artist and a fearless boxer, this youth won the favor of every counselor in camp in spite of his desire to be the last fellow out of swim every day.

Robert Van DeMark—"Vandie," the athlete "par excellence," hurled for the camp team, with the same smoothness that he employed in swimming 50 yards breast-stroke in 30 seconds. He also made baskets in his spare moments. Four weeks for this lad was hardly time to do all that he accomplished.

Charles Walker—A pirate bold who was always ready to lend a hand in preparing meals on overnight hikes. Chuck also showed excellent aptitude for handicraft projects of all kinds. His hobby was chasing butterflies and whistling loudly before revile each morning.

William Thompson—"Jumping Joe," to us, was often the funster of the cabin. He proved to be a valuable asset on overnight hikes by helping his leader in steering a war canoe. Bill, although a beginner at tennis succeeded in reaching the semi-finals in the Junior Camp Tournament.

Stoddard Waldron—Stod, our friend from our nation's capital, although diminutive in size, proved himself a veritable stick of dynamite in more ways than one. He paddled a canoe with the ease of an Iroquois scout for hours without a whimper.

Raymond Smith—Bud hit a fast and furious pace during his stay at camp. His activities were many—tennis, horse-shoes, pirate lore and ping pong. Throughout the last four weeks, wherever there was action, Smitty was in the center.

Richard Rouse—As "Chief" of the Indian tribe, Dick proved himself a very active member of the Indian-lore gang. Clothed in 57 different varieties of boomdoggies, Dick skipped around camp with the ease of an elephant in rompers.

Robert Coates—To see this youthful athlete sliding bases up on the diamond reminds one of a boat easing into port. He battled his way to the quarter-finals in the Junior Camp Horse-shoe Tournament, besides doing some superior work in the handicraft department.

Robert Lum—Bob was never at a loss for friends. His contagious humor was known to every Junior. Red was one of the yodelling braves in the Indian-lore classes. He was one of those rare fellows who was ever ready to put himself out for someone else.

John Forsyth—Johnny, alias "Foursides" made considerable improvement in swimming, in fact there is a "Whale" of a difference in it. He flipped a mean knife in territory contests too.

Robert Summerhays—Chief pilot of the R.O.G.'s, Bob could put his model plane into tailspins that would amaze even Lindbergh himself. He batted balls out of the lot whenever he turned his attention in that direction.

William Bagley—On overnight hikes, Bill always was the first to unpack the food basket. Eating was his big habit. He made friends easily, wielded a

mean ping pong paddle and thoroughly enjoyed his stay here at Cory.

Lawrence Howe—Meet the Freckle King of Cory! Here was a lad that had more freckles than a dog has fleas—if that is possible). When he was serving his turn on table duty, his cabin got food swiftly and quietly which endeared him to all his cabin-mates.

CABIN NO. 6

COUNSELOR—MUNRO WILL
"MUN"

James D. Wilson—Baseball, swimming, tennis, overnight trips, cabin duties and handicraft projects were all entered into by Jim and if his skill didn't at all times equal his interest, he isn't to be blamed.

Donald Wray—Donald was the cabin humorist and succeeded in keeping Ralph Hurst in laughs most of the time. As announcer of the cabin's numerous side shows he was unexcelled.

David Naramore—In spite of an illness in the middle of the camp season, David made a steady improvement in health during his stay at Cory. Swimming was David's strong point. He proved a real asset to his team in aquatic meets.

William Hale—In whatever he did, whether making boomdoggies, waiting on table or acting as junior leader, Billy worked with his whole heart. He was a "WHALE" of a good swimmer.

Ralph Hurst—Ralph liked to snipe hunt only a little less that he liked to play baseball. In this he was an ardent fan and made the camp team with ease.

William Babcock—Camp did a lot for Billy in teaching him how to get along better with fellows his own age. Swimming and diving were two of the other activities into which he entered with whole-hearted enthusiasm.

Alston L. Brown—Alston had the distinction of being the biggest little junior leader in the junior camp. As a sparring partner for his counselor he spent many devastating moments.

Andrew K. Morris—Pete sailed as serenely as a ship through his whole camping experience. There was practically no activity in camp with which he was not familiar. He was an excellent camper.

Kingsley E. Sumner—Big boys are always at a disadvantage among smaller ones, but King played his part with reason and consideration. He was always thoughtful and reliable.

E. Parke Branson—Parke was Cabin Five's representative in the ancient Indian sport of archery and spent much of his time making arrows. A conscientious worker, he was a help to his counselor.

Frederick F. Sabey—Fred's biggest asset was a smile which made him many friends. Continuously decked with an array of boom-doggies, Fred was a walking exhibition of this popular art.

Everett G. Sunderlin—Sundy was our star athlete and held down the position of catcher on the camp team. Sundy had no rough edges and fitted into the camp program nicely.

William MacDonald—When he first came to camp Bill said he couldn't learn to swim, but he fooled us by quickly becoming a frog. Bill excelled in all handicraft work.

Howard S. Thomas, Jr.—When Howard grows up may he inherit a paradise where shiny knives, flash-lights, boats and baseball mits abound in wealthy profusion.

CABIN NO. 7

COUNSELOR—L. CARL STEVENS
"BUB"

Frederick Sanderson—"Sandy" never did believe in snipes anyway, but just to strengthen his opinion he was present and heavily armed for every hunt. His proposed stay in camp was suddenly terminated at the end of three weeks, and he left as he came, a curio.

Lewis VandeVisse—Camp presented a new realm to Lew. His ability to participate in camp activities has just come within his grasp. We feel well assured that no other camper made more real progress than did this veritable little stick of dynamite.

Daniel Davis—Who knew a happier fellow than Dan, the blond bugler? When not trying to bribe Joe to blow swim whistle a little early, he could be found smeared with red and green paint toiling diligently on the pirate raft.

Luther Johnston—"Luttie" spent the summer trying to convince his cabin mates that he had no serious interests in LeRoy, but his counselor knows better. His deep, booming voice could be heard from ball diamond to boathouse proclaiming the capture of another rare butterfly. And another thing, Luttie dives at last.

John Washington—And when our discussions became deeply intellectual Johnny always presided. Communism, Hoover's moratorium, or the present economic indigestion were subjects not beyond his comprehension. He passed all the swimming tests offered, and in case you would like a good boomdoggie, John could supply you with one.

Daniel Tomlinson—When Dan came to camp his quiet friendly way paved a popular road for his four-week stay. He skippered one of the trimmest sailboats that came into camp this year. Dan's progress in swimming was commendable for he hatched from an egg into a shark in three weeks.

William Welton—A cloppity-clop of feet ascending the cabin steps, a wind-tossed head of white hair, a queer cackle as he falls heavily into his bunk, and you have Bill, ready to make his thirty-fourth boomdoggie. Between boom-doggies he lashed Keuka's waters with his long, powerful overhand, and whenever the pirate raft set out for a cruise, bill was always aboard with his wide-brimmed pirate hat.

Douglas Soule—The swarthy, bronzed man from St. Petersburg. For four weeks Doug captained the Pirates to a long lead over the Indians. He was a swimmer of unequalled ability, and we can still see him being tossed from the tower from the arms of some leader tied in a peculiar knot.

Donald Forsythe—Don was the cabin heavyweight without opposition. He didn't seem to overeat, and certainly he didn't seem to exercise too much. But still the scales told their same old story. Don has a smile and a personality that will carry him far.

John Mulford—Wee Johnny weighed at least fifty pounds. But what a splash he and his burnt orange bathing suit could make. He would be seen swimming under water; first, his brown haired head would come up slowly, next, two brown eyes would click open, and then Johnny's smile would break, and oh,—what a smile!

William Frank—Bill looked small certainly, and he was, but how little his size meant. He proved himself as big as anyone in the cabin; and what a fight he put up! He thrived on anything that could be offered in the way of handicraft.

Robert McMahon—Sickness interrupted Bob's stay in camp necessitating his going home after being with us about a week. But during this week he scored heavily at the dinner table. Oh, how this boy made the waiters run!

CABIN NO. 8

COUNSELOR—JOSEPH TONKIN
"JOE"

Robert Garvie—Bob seemed to talk about half as much as most of us and at the same time managed to say twice as much. The best thing that happened

to him at camp was his hatching from an "egg" to a "tadpole."

William Reid—Bill had two specialties, making boomdoggies and raising rumpuses after taps, which caused his counselor much loss of sleep. Bill could beat most everybody at high jumping and pitching horse-shoes.

Robert Patchen—Having such a quiet lad as Bob around certainly was a pleasure. It was two weeks before he finally opened up and made friends of us all. We hope that next year it will only take him one week to become acquainted.

Stanley Siegel—Stan was one of the three "masses of muscle" who did their best work at the mess-hall. Stan was such an easy-going lad compared to some of the wild Indians in camp that it was a pleasure to have him in the cabin.

Robert Crandall—This summer was Bob's third year in the Junior Camp and we're afraid he's going to be old for this side of the gully next year. We'll miss him as leading man in dramatics.

William Woolford—Bill from the start seemed to have a hard time in getting settled, four cabins acting as temporary homes for him until he finally located one that suited him. Being an old camper, Bill had no trouble in finding things to do this summer.

Albert Boulton—Al, the boy with the grin. We hope it always sticks on his freckles like it has this summer. He was one of the big shots on the Junior Camp team and we predict a big league career for him.

Edgar Hegner—Ed, the human question mark, believes in knowing what's going on and why. When not making inquiries, he was answering his own with others. Ed deserves a hand for passing his shark test without asking why.

Henry Kohl—Hank is another of those quiet boys a counselor dreams about. He was an old camper and used his experience to good advantage, making the camp team right off the bat. Bill had other interests than baseball, however, and made of camp a full experience.

Richard Nixon—"Nicotine" acted the role of cabin humorist with the same success as last year. Unfortunately, Dick was taken sick and missed part of his most interesting camp experience. We were glad to have him back with us.

William Gilkinson—Bill was number one man in the whale squad. There was something fishy about his swimming for he was always first out to the tower. Bill's interests, however, were not entirely aquatic but embraced most of the other activities offered at camp.

Ivar Lundgard—Quiet boys are usually inactive but Buddy was an exception to the rule. Clever things made out of soap and cardboard attested to this fact and showed the hand of real artisan.



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