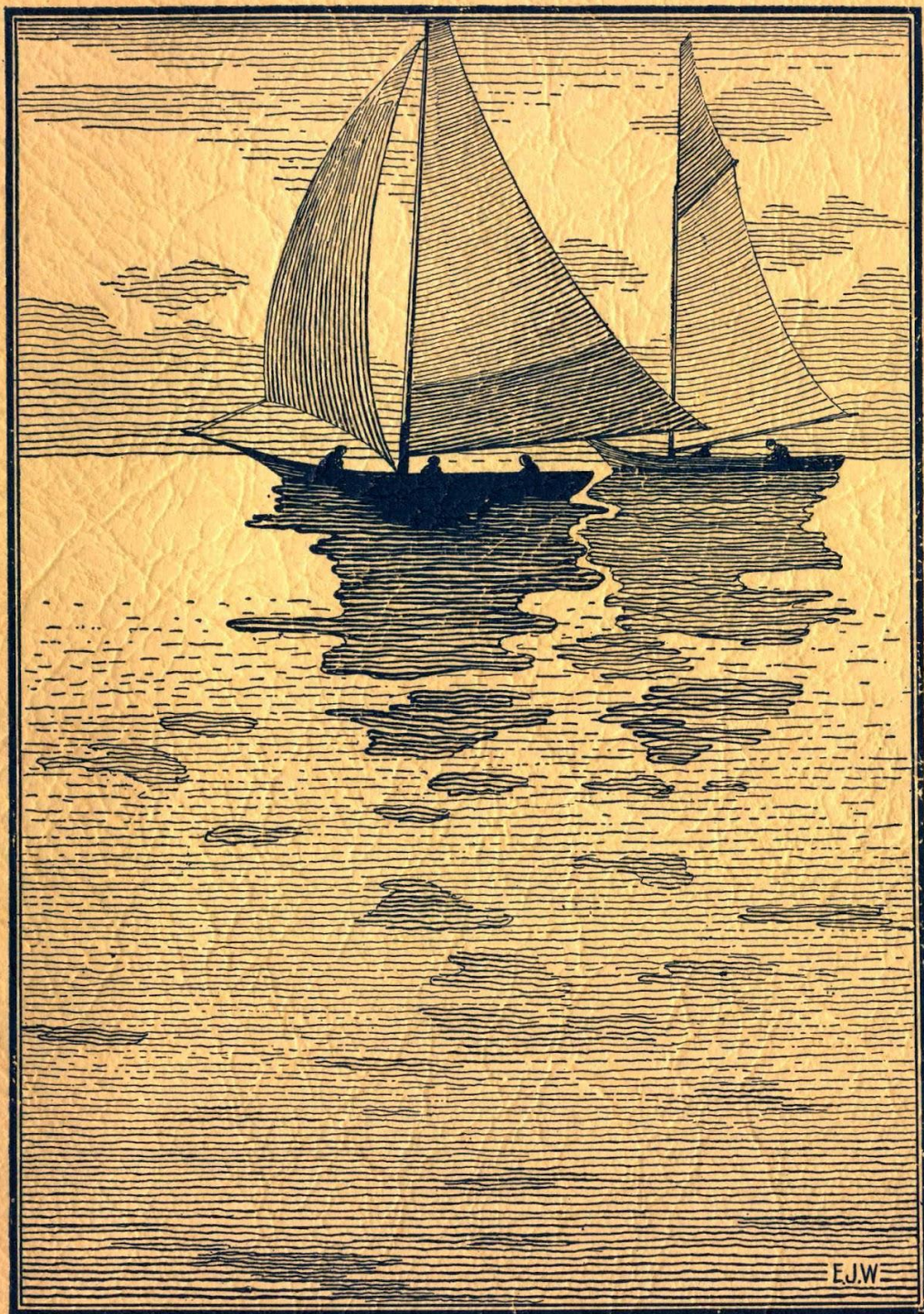


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1932

Compliments

Reynolds' Bake Shop

17 Main Street

Phone 443

PENN YAN, N. Y.

HOBAN'S



QUALITY

Meats

Fruits

Vegetables

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Ex Libris

CAMP CORY CULMINARY

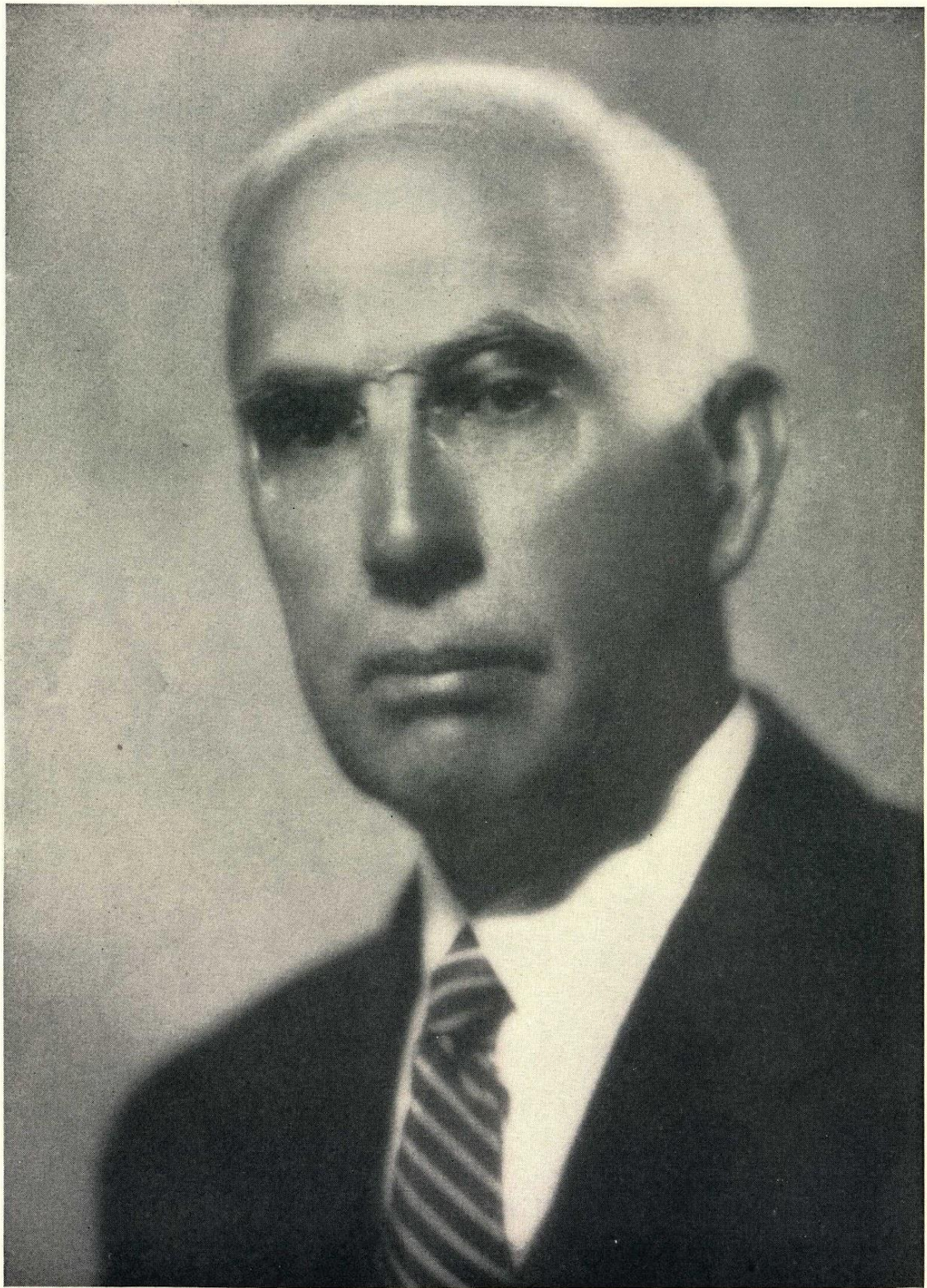


1932

The Annual Publication
of CAMP LAWRENCE CORY

The Boys' Camp
of the Rochester Y. M. C. A.

ON LAKE KEUKA, PENN YAN, N. Y.



To MR. EDWARD HARRIS

*Chairman of the Committee of Management
of Camp Cory this book is respectfully dedicated*

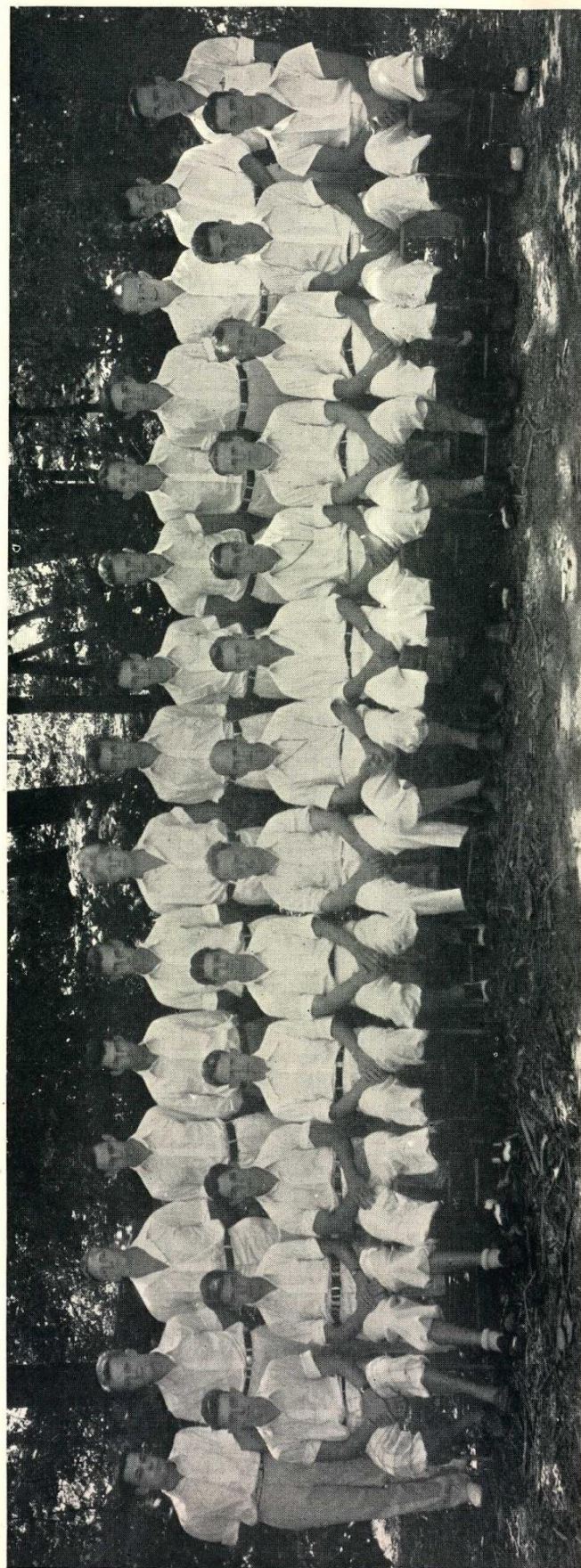


*I*N this 1932 issue of *The Camp Cory Culinary*, campers and staff join in an expression of their appreciation for the wise and farsighted leadership of Mr. Edward Harris as Chairman of Management

To campers he is best known as the donor of the Emma Hall Harris Memorial Chapel. Our impressive and unique outdoor chapel is one of the beauty spots of the camp. Chapel services and quiet moments spent by individual campers in its atmosphere give the chapel a high place in camp memories

To the staff and to other members of the committee, Mr. Harris is known, not as a nominal chairman, but as a vitally interested and active leader. The years of his chairmanship have seen the camp develop from a modest beginning to its present excellent equipment

Mr. Harris is a man of many interests and responsibilities, but he always has time to consider any problem in which the camp is concerned. We are proud to be associated with him in the endeavor to make Cory "one of the best"



Left to Right —

STANDING: Fuzzy Garcia, Walt Nesbit, Julian Potts, Rip Van Winkle, Chuck De Mallie, Jerry Smith, Tommy Gorham, Bob Shannon, Bill Eason, Earle Mahoney, Carroll Otis, Al Snell, Gilly Rice, Ed Ehre, Bob Hennessy.

SEATED: Ken Chivers, Gray Stemples, Don Hayward, Claire Potter, Charlie Gregory, Ernie Walker, Mr. Carson, Ed Hulek, Arnie Klix, Lefty Meyers, Bob Coe, Cleve Grinnell, Norm Egel.

CULMINARY STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

JOHN C. GARCIA

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WALTER T. ENRIGHT

BUSINESS MANAGER

CLEVELAND GRINNELL

ADVERTISING MANAGER

EARLE MAHONEY

ASSISTANT EDITORS

HUBERT STOTT

ARTHUR FISHER

CAMP STAFF

CHARLES W. CARSON, Camp Director

CHARLIE GREGORY
Business Manager

CARL R. ROGERS
Guidance Director

EDWARD A. HULEK, Activities Director
Senior Camp

ARNOLD KLIX, Activities Director
Junior Camp

ERNEST WALKER
Handicraft Supervisor

LAURA CASTLE, R. N.
Camp Nurse

ELMER MEYERS
Utility

MR. AND MRS. A. G. BONESTEEL
Culinary Department

CHARLES DeMALLIE
Transportation

COUNSELORS

Senior Camp

CHARLES VAN WINKLE, Springfield, '33
Construction Projects

KENNETH CHIVERS, West High, '32
Boating

DONALD BROWNEE, Michigan, '35
Tennis

ROBERT SHANNON, St. Lawrence, '36
Athletics

CARROLL OTIS, Earlham College, '28
Nature Study

EDWARD EHRE, Rochester, '32
Dramatics

HUBERT STOTT, Chicago, '33
Photography

ROBERT COE, Springfield, '32
Swimming

GRAYDON STEMPLER, East High, '32
Handicraft

EARLE MAHONEY, Rochester Medical, '33
Nature Study

ROBERT HENNESSY, Cornell Law, '33
Librarian and Registrar

CLAIRE POTTER, Rochester, '31
Banker

JEROME SMITH, Eastman School, '32
Music

NORMAN EGEL, Rochester Medical, '35
Steward

JULIAN POTTS, Johns Hopkins, '35

Junior Camp

GILHAM RICE, Union College, '32
Indian Lore

DONALD HAYWARD, Chicago Y, '33
Handicraft

WALTER NESBIT, Colgate, '35
Athletics

WILLIAM EASON, Michigan, '36
Boating

JOHN GARCIA, Pennsylvania, '33
Publications

ALBERT SNELL, Princeton, '35
Handicraft

THOMAS GORHAM, Rochester, '34
Tennis

CLEVELAND GRINNELL, Rochester, '34
Swimming

A PAGE FOR PARENTS



On the other pages of this book we describe with words and pictures what goes on in camp; on this page we shall attempt to point out why we believe in the camp program, and what we think may be accomplished by it. Parents will be interested, we hope, in the objectives which we seek to achieve.

One of the first objectives is to arrange the program in such fashion that boys may be helped in attaining independence. Parental control is necessary in the earlier years of childhood, but independence should be the goal of adolescence. With this goal in mind, there are no compulsory activities at Camp Cory. The program is varied, but each camper must select his own activities. Furthermore, campers share in the social controls of camp life and in planning, executing and judging the major events.

An essential part of achieving independence or becoming a mature person, is learning to make adjustments to group life and experience. Camp offers one of the best opportunities for boys to learn how to get along with other boys. Campers learn to make adjustments which, without the camp experience, might have to be faced with greater difficulty upon going to college or even later in life.

Another objective in camp is fun. Much is being said about camping as an educational enterprise. Assumedly a summer in camp is a time for learning. It represents (if the camper stays the entire season) a larger number of hours than a whole year at school. The camp program does mean fun, and consequently a boy learns naturally and eagerly.

Trained leadership is both an objective and a means of attaining all our objectives. Counselors and staff are selected on a basis of their ability to help boys achieve skills, knowledge, and attitudes which result in socially useful living. We are proud of the fact that young men seek the opportunity to become counselors at Cory. This season, the Camp Director interviewed about two hundred applicants in order to select less than twenty-five counselors.

To these counselors and to our camp staff, your boy is not just a part of the big camp family, he is a distinct personality. The information on the parents' blanks and all of our camp records are utilized in an endeavor to understand him as an individual. We do not claim to be able to make him over in a few short weeks, but we do earnestly endeavor to help him achieve the kind of manhood of which you can be proud.

STAFF AND COUNSELORS, 1932

CHARLES W. CARSON

To Charles W. Carson, Director of Camp Cory, goes the admiration of campers, parents, and counselors; for in two seasons he has proved himself a Camp Director of the first rank, and Cory has greatly benefited by his efficient and progressive leadership. Even among these years of business depression, Cory has known only of progress, and this is attributed to his foresight and hard work. Nor has this been his greatest contribution, for a camp program tells its own story. Modern educational methods and scientific systems of check for results, go into the making of daily programs that challenge the imagination and skill of boys, in addition to providing fun and recreation. All of this is possible only through the wise selection of assisting personnel, and here we believe lies the secret of our Director's success, for in this respect he has shown unusual ability.

We marvel that any man can carry the responsibility which is this man's daily lot; the personal safety and happiness of every camper is his constant concern. Many troubles and grievances come before the "Chief" to be ironed out, and this is done with understanding and tact. His genial smile, pleasing voice and generous gift of good humor, coupled with a sense of absolute fairness for all, endear him to the heart of every Coryite, camper and counselor.

CHARLIE GREGORY

Much of the hard work in this old world is done under cover. One of the major tasks in camp is done behind the door labeled "OFFICE." It is not just the routine of taking in money that makes the position so difficult. To run a camp as large as Cory, requires efficient method and sound business judgment.

To Charlie Gregory, our Business Manager, we owe a real expression of appreciation. Every penny saved means more resources for good times, and Charlie is a past-master at cutting expenses. And here we stop to say that the southern drawl of Mrs. Gregory has lent the camp store and office an air of refinement and femininity, and her occasional absence made these places gloomy and empty.

With Charlie at the helm this season, the savings have been made where they should have been; however, worthwhile projects were never curtailed to save money. We pay tribute, therefore, to a rare combination of efficiency, shrewdness, and good judgment.

CARL ROGERS

Because his duties kept him in Rochester most of the summer, we Coryites were denied "Carl's" company except for those occasional visits on week-ends. Even then he managed to keep fairly well hidden, but his never-failing "Report Visits," always at the psychological moment, were a source of constant and ecstatic pleasure to every last counselor. The other unfailing indication of the presence of the Rogers was the appearance of a little boy going around asking everyone, "Is my father in there?"

Some day "Carl" fervently hopes that he will be generally recognized as an extremely poor authority on tonsillitis ailments. He "knows his stuff" in the real of Psychology, but *please* don't expect advice in medicine! (Will campers and counselors PLEASE note!)

MR. AND MRS. BONESTEEL

Mr. and Mrs. Bonesteel have been mentioned in these pages for so many years that a consistent reader of the CULMINARY might remark that there could surely be nothing remaining to say about them. On the contrary, as the years go by and Mr. and Mrs. Gus return to Cory again and again, we feel that our few words are sorry efforts to express our appreciation for the favors and splendid meals we receive from them. And so, we merely say to the Mrs., "The food was great, especially the puddings and the pies." To Gus we say, "You're Aces up with us, ole fellow."

LAURA CASTLE

Fortunate, indeed, was Cory this year in the "Chief's" choice of a nurse. Laura is a truly remarkable person with that rare combination of good nature and professional efficiency that has made for the mental as well as the physical health of camper and staff alike. She was never too busy to purchase some detective stories in a hurried trip to town, or on sizzling days to make that extra cooling drink for some sick-a-bed lad. Always ready for fun after taps in a card game with good things to eat afterwards, or just listening in on the chinning of some of the boys, our Nurse proved to be a "regular guy." Camp would be a very dull place without our nurse to attend to our petty wants. Camper and counselor alike pay tribute to her sweet personality and excellent record of service.

ERNEST WALKER

Silent, blonde, and talented are the three words that best describe "Ernie," Main Mogul of the Handicraft building. That he is silent nobody will dispute who has ever tried to hold a conversation with him. The conversation was always one-sided, if you know what we mean. His hair (what there is left) reflects his disposition — white and smooth, all the way to the roots. There were few of us that discovered his gifts in art and handicraft until almost the close of camp. The Editors of this book discovered it when the art work needed attention, and we wish to express our appreciation for the work and time he willingly devoted to the composition of this CULMINARY.

We may not close without further recognition of the excellent job he did this season in the advancement and encouragement of so many needed projects around the campus.

CHARLES DeMALLIE

The women folk of Penn Yan scurry like frightened rabbits for shelter these days, that is, whenever the Big Cory Truck rumbles down Main street. Why? Because that invincible "Pullman Toothed" (one upper and one lower) "Chuck" DeMallie sits at the helm. He's got the Mayor right where he wants him — he dictates to the Board of Estimate. They say that after work hours he's a night club baron. Jealous counselors irate at DeMallie's phenomenal rise to power — stole his front teeth. "Chuck" retired voluntarily from the public eye. The demand, however, for his return was too great. The molars were returned. "Gus" rang the Mess Bell — the women of Penn Yan again run for shelter.

In all due respect, however, it must be acknowledged that "Chuck's" hard working seriousness and fidelity to his job earned him the respect of everyone with whom he did business. When purchasing for the camp, no salesman got the best of him, no goods of an inferior quality were sold to him. His truck was the apple of his eye, and he carefully groomed and greased it at regular intervals.

To you, then, Charlie, we extend our congratulations for a well executed job.

ELMER MEYERS

A wink of his eye, a queer smile, and the question, "Why?" is all the answer that is given to any question put to him. He wears a pair of faded shorts or patched knickers (vintage of 1925) with a peculiar, individual hitch to them. He always knows where tools are to be found, but will refuse to divulge their whereabouts. He works at any task given him, no matter what. He figures food-costs for Gus, fills infirmary woodboxes and is President of the Cot Menders Club. Yes, you've

probably guessed — it's "Lefty" Meyers, the "cream o' the crop" from the Junior Faculty Cabin.

Other tasks took "Lefty" to other places last season, and we were beginning to think that he was lost to Cory forever, but when the first load of the Advance Party pulled into the gate last spring, his familiar figure could be seen in the cab eagerly scanning the buildings to see if there had been any nails or bolts put in since his last trip.

We were glad to have you back this year, "Lefty," to carry on your endless task of repairing and building. (Editor's note — Don't forget the green baseball hat!)

ROBERT COE

The enviable record which Cory holds for water-front safety is due largely to the untiring energy and organization of "Bob" Coe. The trained life corps, the precision and smoothness with which each swim proceeds, and the progress which each beginner made under "Bob's" patient instruction are testimonies to the ability of this bronzed Adonis. Never is one's patience more enduring than his while teaching the eager beginner. As to "Bob's" ability as a swimmer and diver — it is said that Keuka's mermaids seek out their rocky ledges and hide their faces in shame whenever he enters the water.

His genial personality, his fine even disposition and contagious chuckle have won for him a host of friends. His graduation from Springfield this year has thrust him to the very threshold of worldly encounters, but we know that one so gifted by the gods has every guarantee of future success.

ARNOLD KLIX

EFFICIENCY — Whether it be putting Cory in shape for opening day, planning responsibility for counselors or programs for small boys — Much experience has made "Arnie," Chief of Staff, in transforming camp from its apparently hopeless condition into orderly rows of tents, model lodges, clean boats, buildings and the like. Energy personified in this driving task, he emerges, bronzed and smiling, to greet his incoming charges, while the harassed Advance Party scatters to new jobs with a wholesome respect for the Leader who can "lead and work" —

Canny beyond belief, he now plans to outwit the flies, and once retired beneath his canopy, woe betide the offender who disturbs his daily period of horizontal repose and introspection. "Arnie" is known to most of us as a bounding exponent of tennis, versatile and feared in baseball, a man who gives his all to the job in hand whether it be work or play. Those who know him better, sense his fun-loving personality, fairness and unfailing courtesy — truly a worthwhile man to own as a friend.

CAMP CORY CULMINARY

EDWARD EHRE

He's stocky and short, with a slight list to port; sports a bright blue beret, and how shall we say? — his actions while fanatic are still quite dramatic. At Cory his plays, quite the bravest could faze, with his murders and ghosts he entertained hosts. We learn with surprise, that his great weakness lies in a voice clear and mellow, like a broken down cello. His violin sweet would be quite hard to beat, and his Spanish guitar should be covered with tar, especially on nights when we've turned out the lights and have tried to get sleep, in between every beat.

His bright personality, (though full of rascality) and just a bit teasing, was really quite pleasing. With Otis and Stott, he simply could not, make one decent play without causing a fray. And now we repeat, to make this complete, we're glad of the glory, you've brought us at Cory.

EDWARD HULEK

Genial Uncle Ed, purveyor of bedtime stories par excellence, descended again upon Cory with his portentous little black notebook. Again Ye Goode Shippe Cory sailed smoothly under the aegis of the Director of Senior Camp.

This year, however, our erstwhile athlete went Izaak Walton with a vengeance and spent a busy summer ogling the finny denizens of the deep — his stories about them made Jonah's whale a paltry minnow by comparison. Is rumored to be engaged at present on a best-seller — *My Secrets of Success as a Fisherman* — OR NOW YOU TELL ONE!

Next to fishing, Ed and his misbehaving sinus found intellectual manna in 48-hour sessions of chess which usually became so involved that Coe eventually said, "Aw, let's quit, I'm getting tired." These mental exertions were likewise equally hard on Mrs. Hulek, whose job was to awaken the chess wizard on "Mornings After." In other capacities as well, Mrs. Ed. and "Co" again this year were valuable additions to Cory.

The man who on rainy days aped the Scott's Emulsion man, made more friends and did an even better job than last year. N' that's no small sumpin'!

EARLE MAHONEY

"All roads lead to Rome," and Our Hero roams all of them. This gay son of Mater Medica is the skilled mentor of Cory boys as they unravel the mysteries of Nature, and marvelous is the poise and "book larnin" with which he holds the lads spellbound. When he turns from things technical, however, he is the kind friend, the genial companion and the downright good-fellow whose charms have endeared him to all of us at Cory.

We venture to suggest that when once he takes up the practice of medicine, his cheerful grin will work as many cures as his "nostrums!"

ROBERT HENNESSY

"Now some of you fellows have books from the library that are over-due" — so we often hear our camp librarian, but to know him only in that capacity is to do him an injustice, as he is equally capable when leading song service, as registrar, swimmer, or guiding the destinies of his tent group. To our barrister of the future, the most involved of legal codes are but the meanderings of an idle mind, and to untie the knots of legality is but mild endeavor. During four years at Cory we have seen "Bob" an inspiring and sympathetic counselor and congenial friend, whose rare wit and humor, whose charming and gracious manner, and continuous good nature have left the mark of "Gentleman" stamped indelibly upon him forever. And so when you leave us this fall to challenge the world, we wish you unparalleled opportunities and god-speed!

HUBERT STOTT

Another photography canoe trip sets out to snare choice bits of scenery into those cardboard boxes known as pinhole cameras. "Hubie" can often be seen guiding the canoe, as he combines a lesson in paddling with the art of snatching the picturesque spots of landscape from their setting along the shore. His troupe of proteges — future master cameramen — may be usually seen stalking about the campus looking for better action pictures, which he so skillfully helps them develop over in the darkroom into real souvenirs of camp life.

What's the commotion up on the tennis court? Only Stott and Ehre in another quiet, friendly tennis match. Long distance canoe or boat trips are another of his hobbies. He deserves recognition as the organizer of Cory's notorious "Sucker Crew" which opened its season with a 12-mile canoe trip after midnight.

"Hubie" will long be remembered as one of the few counselors who displayed a sincere, and kindly insight into the problems and hopes of youth. He won the respect and admiration of all campers and will long be held as a real pal by his friends from Tent Seven.

ROBERT SHANNON

Late one day in June a car drew up at the Camp Cory gate, and out stepped a slim, muscular young fellow with a real Dutch hair-cut. It was none other than Bob Shannon, athletic director for the past three years. This year Bob tried to give every camper a chance to get into athletics through the organization of new leagues and classes. If there was anyone who left camp who didn't get a

chance to play baseball, volley ball, basketball or to get into the track meets, it was not the fault of our director of athletics.

In September Bob (member of the F. and F. Club) will enter St. Lawrence University where he will pursue his studies, and also represent the college on the basketball court where he is very much at home. When we think back a bit on the spindle-legged boy who answered to the name of "Bob," and we compare him with the muchly matured young man who is so familiar to us on the track, diamond and court, we can easily look forward into the future and make brilliant predictions.

NORMAN EGEL

"Are there any more announcements for either camp? The 'Chief' will say a few words now," says our Bucknell football player and retired expugilist, stepping backward a few paces. These terse statements are indicative of the way "Norm" carried out his job. As chief steward he managed the Lodge and the waiters with the same ease that he paddled a war canoe eight or nine miles at a time. His Tarzan-like body was admired by campers and others who chanced to see him either in the performance of his duties or out in the social world evenings. Then, too, within his massive hulk resided a warm heart, which to paraphrase the words of his tentmates, "assumed whale-like proportions."

Norman goes back to the University of Rochester Medical School this fall, and with him goes the respect and admiration of every camper who had the opportunity to make his friendship.

JEROME SMITH

Chapel services, song-fests, the orchestras—both symphonic and jazz, were the most outstanding examples of "Jerry" Smith's abilities, and were his official jobs at Cory, but it must be admitted without hesitation that the Senior Camp Counselors found his batting average quite convenient whenever they played the Junior Counselors. A timely homerun on one occasion spelled victory for them, and thereafter his athletic ability was quietly respected about the campus.

When he wasn't mimeographing song sheets (thousands of them), "Jerry" found time to do some leather-work and could use a sponge and chamois-skin with a high degree of efficiency. After the meal, once a week at least, he would hold a song-learning convention. He would have us straining from high note to low note until the crescendos and minuendos of the song were note perfect. Cory would not be Cory indeed without music, and so we may rightly say that "Jerry" was a very necessary and welcome man at camp.

CLAIRE POTTER

Claire was the "Big Banker" of the Cory National Bank this year and, in spite of this year's economic instability, he successfully avoided a crash. Each day after the noon meal, one could find Claire at his little window, patiently doling out each small request and making meticulous entries in his files. Many times after "taps," Claire would labor in the bank office, checking, balancing, etc. In spite of all, Claire found time to help the Senior Counselors defeat the Junior Counselors in baseball, visit "Shady Rest" and give the feminine frequenters of the "Light House" an opportunity to bask in the sunshine of his presence.

To our "free lance" from the business world, a University of Rochester graduate, we say adieu for the summer, secure in the knowledge that he is sure to make his mark in the world, if it is only a dollar sign.

CARROLL OTIS

Hidden away among piles and piles of flowers, birds, beasts, and countless other glories of Nature (ain't she grand!) we find a pleasant little bespectacled scholar peering in a kindly way at those who enter the Nature Study Cabin in order to learn the secrets of life. Our little scholar will ask the entrants for what purpose they wend their steps thither, and then proceed to dazzle them with his extensive knowledge of native lore. This man is the flesh and blood of Carroll Otis, in person. No camp should be without its encyclopaedia — we have Carroll Otis, the MAN WHO KNOWS (or NOES).

Furthermore, this unassuming chap was the final choice of one young lady who looked over the ENTIRE STAFF (including THE CHEF and THE DIRECTOR) before she finally "got her man" — and Carroll had a girl.

GRAYDON STEMPLER

As handmaid to the Handicraft King, Graydon — eh — Mister Stemple's influence graduated him this year into a berth in Maestro Hulek's very own tent. This Robin Hood of archery, when not otherwise engaged, passed down his superior skill very effectively to his cohorts.

And his extra-curricular activities? — My, my! To test his skill on adorning femininity our exponent of Cupid's arrows often found enormous week-ends and twenty-four hour nights indispensable necessities. Aspired entrance to the coveted "White Feather," and underwent prolonged initiation in cooling Keuka water, but is still without the magic circle. Ran a famous boat livery — would deliver or call for any girl anywhere on Lake Keuka — distance no barrier! From this enterprising business he hopes someday to achieve promotion from having to eat with the dishwashers.

CHARLES VAN WINKLE

There being a shortage of projects in Sunny California, "Rip" came up to Cory for the summer to make bridges, totem poles, and council circles. He proved to be quite different than his adopted great-grandfather, Old Van Winkle, since he had no set working hours and was often seen with a chisel and hammer pounding diligently until the wee small hours of the morning. Despite this bustle of activity that seemed to surround him continually, "Rip" found time to play Indian Chief, do some lusty paddling, write ten-page letters and even got his reports in without delay.

We know that it will not be the things which "Rip" built that will remain foremost in the minds of those who knew him, but rather the fine spirit with which he planned, organized and executed these jobs. A "true Coryite" is seldom connected with a first year man, but here again "Rip" proved the exception to the rule.

DON BROWNLEE

"Don" hails from the University of Michigan, coming to Cory for the first time as a counselor. He's the brown husky seen rolling down the tennis courts every morning, or tossing baskets on Shannon's basketball court (the finest in the vicinity of Penn Yan), or playing center field for the Republicans, or working out in the noble waters of ole Lake Keuka. Yea, verily — a versatile athlete! Tennis, however, is his life and hobby. When one says that he is "good," it hardly expresses adequately his skill. He is the type of player that it means something to defeat — if you can. But to speak only of his athletic ability is to do "Don" an injustice. He is a philosopher — a critic of life — a Bertrand Russell in disguise.

KENNETH CHIVERS

"N-u-m-b-e-r-r-r Six! Time's up!" screeches a young man from the Senior Boathouse Office, and then the youthful figure relaxes into his chair again with a contented whistle — "Ken" is on the job. Although this is "Ken's" first year as a member of the staff of counselors, he has fitted so well into the group and has done so well on a job that might easily be carelessly executed, that everyone has accepted him with the same spirit that they would an older and more experienced counselor. Not that "Ken" lacks experience, for his several years at Cory as a camper and Junior Leader were the basis for his appointment.

His ability to remember his own camping days with their joys and disappointments has proved of real value in aiding him to handle the various problems and unusual situations of his tent group. These latter found "Ken" a friend and respected him as such. The counselors will best remember his fantastic laugh with all its trills and variations.

JULIAN POTTS

Although Julian has been with us for several years, this season was the first that he was a member of the staff of counselors. His job, chief of the dishwashing squad, was probably the most thankless position at Cory, and yet he worked faithfully and patiently with his crew to keep the dishes and silver clean and shining. Occasionally, however, Julian took a few moments off to pay his respects to certain feminine acquaintances down the lake a bit. Yes, and he could wield a mean racquet on the tennis courts evenings when the dishes were few. He moves easily despite his size and would put on the gloves for a few rounds with most anyone, if the occasion presented itself.



THE 1932 JUNIOR LEADERS



STANDING: Fisher, Weining, Preston, T. Cox, Melinis, Welch, Matzky, Tross.
KNEELING: Forbush, Kochstein, Richards, Ernst, McDowell, S. Cox.

ARTHUR FISHER

Willingness to aid in any undertaking whether great and noticeable, or small and trivial, is a great asset not only in camp but also in life. In addition to his official job as Junior Counselor this year at Cory, "Art" willingly took over a section of the responsibility for the publication of the CULMINARY. It is our purpose to make public the fact that his many letters from feminine admirers, and the Sunday afternoon trips to a mysterious rendezvous, in no way hampered this curly-haired Coryite in the performance of the duties of which we have made mention.

CLIFFORD WEINING

At a first glance it's hard to recognize the name but it's none other than "Red." His motto was "bigger and better week-ends," but aside from going home every now and then, he led the Tent Eleven champions in many a tough ball game. His promotion of Chapel exercises was a great help in making our Sunday services enjoyable.

WILLIAM KENNEDY

The power to learn shall eventually result in the power to earn. Maybe this is why "Bill" was always on the lookout to undertake the furtherance of new ideas, projects and excursions. He has always demonstrated a willing spirit in building up a finer camp for the good of all.

At heart a true Coryite, and in stature a fine fellow.

SAM COX

With the return of Tarzan, or "Sam" Cox, we find another year of fancy diving on the shores of Keuka. For the past three years "Sammy" has been an ardent leader in baseball, swimming, and boxing. The fan mail of this young Adonis is second in volume only to that of his older brother, and the postoffice experts in Penn Yan groan as they say, "Another from some girl to 'Sam' Cox—with love!" Such is the curse of having a well-developed mind, curling eyelashes, and sparkling eyes in a Johnny Weissmuller body.

CAMP CORY CULMINARY

ROBERT FORBUSH

Lucious, creamy, soothing, juicy, mellow and aromatic — we'll always remember these favorite adjectives from the blonde athlete, "Forbie." We shall always recall his earning of the fourth degree, his third successive Cory "C", and Junior Life Saving. He certainly did a fine job on the Cory Clips and made many a friend with his genial smile.

DAVID WILDER

For the first six weeks the Junior Counselorship of Tent Two was capably handled by "Dave." No one was so ambitious and consistent as this swimming and track star, who is a wearer of the Cory "C." He was very active in the Senior Camp although he assisted a great deal with the Counselors in the Junior Camp.

LANSING McDOWELL

"Mack" will always be remembered for his faithful work in any line that he took up. He excelled in tennis, baseball, basketball, swimming, and dramatics. You can fool some of the people some of the time but you can't fool "Mack," because he's always awake and ready to go. We're expecting you back next year, "Mack," after a successful year at prep school.

JOSEPH HOCHSTEIN

"Joe" has been at Cory five years and for the third consecutive year assisted in guiding Tent Four to its many destinies. His wide grin and his all-around athletic ability has made him very popular with all Coryites. We must admit Joe can read small writing from —? Well anyway, go back to Brighton, "Joe," and show them that you are a real specimen of Cory.

ROBERT KAHSE

This is station C-O-R-Y — a fact almost made possible by our pal, "Bob," who started a radio club

which proved a success here in camp. Aside from working with the dot dash system, "Bob" was a capable talker and a potent Nature Study lover.

RICHARD RICHARDS

Everyone likes a smile and a cheerful face and that's why "Dick" was so popular about camp. He was very masterful with printer's ink which often resulted in a dirty face, but the job was certain to be done well by a keen eye and a guiding hand.

HAROLD MATZKY

This tall blonde-headed youth managed Tent Twelve for the last four weeks and did an excellent job. He was a constant winner for the Democrats in both track and swimming meets. As Harold rounds out his fourth year at Cory and his first year as Junior Counselor, we may rightly say that he has justified his appointment.

LLOYD WELCH

Being the first one to take a dip in the morning and the last one out of the evening dip was considered a great feat by our ever-smiling Lloyd. Often during rest hour you would see him and "Bob" Jeffrey bobbing in and out of their secret places to carry on their daily game of tag. But Lloyd had a serious side in his camp life which resulted in some fine handicraft projects. A well liked fellow!

EDWIN COX

"Ted" was not only the camp bugler and camp mail man but also the camp lover. He broke all existing records by receiving four letters from the same girl in one day. Ted is a hard worker and was often selected as a counselor in the Junior Camp when there was a temporary absence.



CAMP CORY CULMINARY



"BUD"
ANDREWS

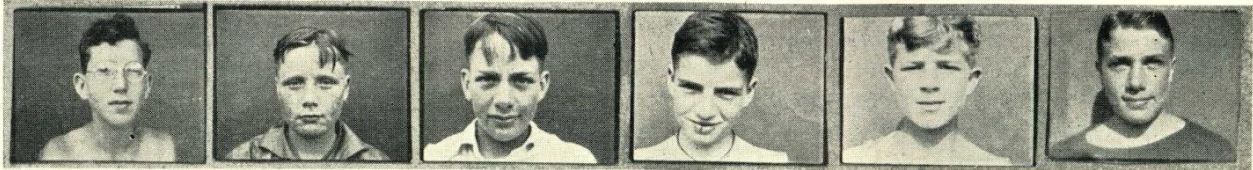
"JACK"
AUSTIN

"ED"
BROWN

"GANDHI"
BERSON

"JACK"
BROWN

"FRANKIE"
BISSEL



"ART"
BARTHOLOMEW

"MILT"
BROWN

"LEO"
BRASCH

"BILL"
BURKE

"DAVE"
BASCOM

"BINK"
BURR



"GIF"
BEACH

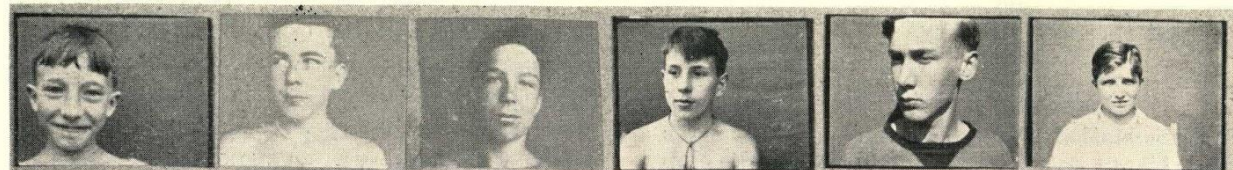
"JACK"
BATZLE

"MIKE"
BEAL

"CARRY"
BROWN

"BROWNIE"
BROWN

"DAN"
BAKER



"CHUCK"
COIT

"ED"
CRAWFORD

"BILL"
CURTIS

"EARL"
COBEY

"EARL"
COOLEY

"RYE"
CROUCH



"RED"
COATES

"RED"
CAMPBELL

"BILL"
CROSSETT

"HOUSE"
CULVERHOUSE

"BOB"
CROUSE

"NORM"
CAMPBELL

CAMP CORY CULMINARY



"BUD"
CLARK

"DICK"
CRIPPS

"VINCIE"
COSTELLO

"BILL"
CADY

"DI"
DILLELLA

"JIM"
DWYER



"CHUCK"
DICK

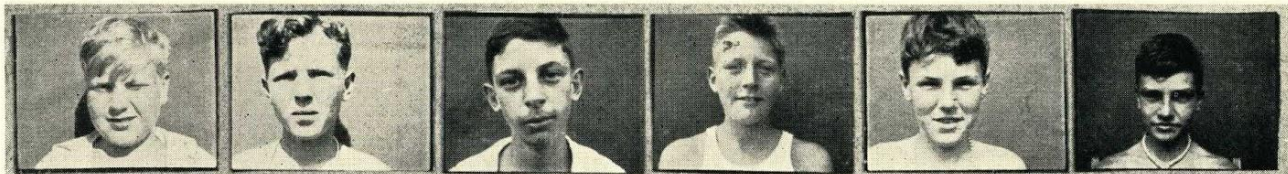
"MILT"
DUGAN

"SID"
DILWORTH

"PETE"
DESPARD

"JIM"
ELKINS

"HOWEY"
ERWIN



"BEANS"
EATON

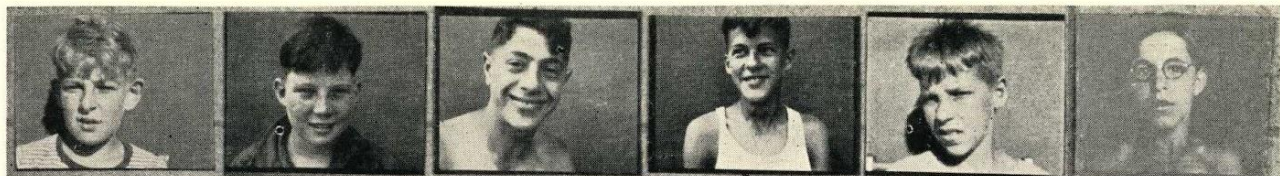
"RED"
ERWIN

"PAUL"
FELDMAN

"BILL"
FRIEDEL

"BOB"
FOULDS

"JAKE"
FINLEY



"BOBBY"
FELDMAN

"BILL"
GILKINSON

"PATSY"
GIANCURSIO

"GONDY"
GONDEK

"MAR"
GASCON

"TEDDY"
GRABOWSKI



"ED"
GATES

"LIGHTNING"
GOSNELL

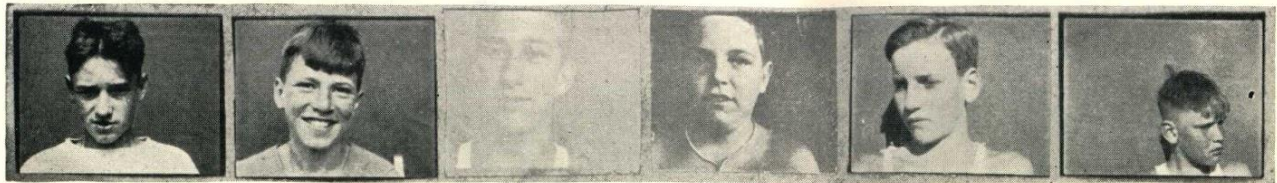
"BILL"
HUNTLEY

"BOB"
HEWITT

"HERB"
HOUGHTON

"FAT"
HULL

CAMP CORY CULMINARY



"DICK"
HALSEY

"JOE"
HULSCHUH

"JACK"
INGLE

"INGIE"
INGERSOLL

"BOB"
JAFFRAY

"CHUCK"
JACK



"HARRY"
JEFFRIES

"NATE"
JONES

"RAY"
JONES

"LEFTY"
JACKSON

"MASE"
JONES

"SI"
JOHNSTON



"BILL"
KENNEDY

"DON"
KENNEDY

"HERB"
KRUMWIEDE

"WILL"
KITTS

"HOWIE"
LORENZ

"CHUCK"
LANE



"EVIE"
LELAND

"RUSS"
LECHTE

"DAVE"
LANNI

"LOVE"
LOVE

"SHADOW"
LONT

"HANK"
LAUGHTON



"LANNY"
MACDOWELL

"HARRY"
MATZKY

"NERTS"
MERTZ

"FROGLEGS"
MELNIS

"BILL"
MILLER

"PROFESSOR"
MCLEOD

CAMP CORY CULMINARY



"BOB"
MORRIS

"BOB"
McCOY

"MAC"
MACFARLANE

"NIBS"
NEIMAN

"HARRY"
OAKLEY

"PEARY"
PEARSE



"AL"
PRICE

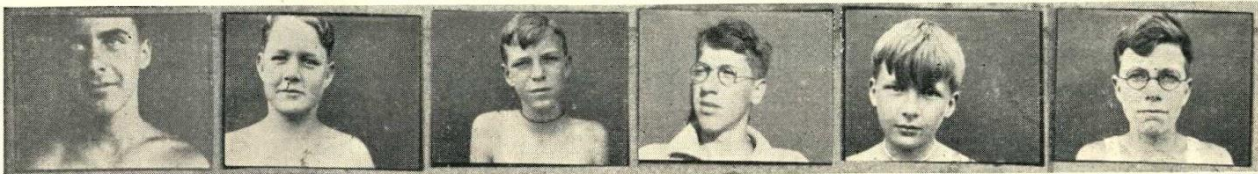
"CHARLIE"
PARSELLS

"GINNIE"
PAMMENTER

"BOB"
PRESTON

"AUDREY"
REED

"BILL"
REID



"ED"
REICHERT

"BUD"
RAY

"DICK"
ROUSE

"AVRY"
ROGERS

"DICK"
ROGERS

"BOBBY"
ROBERTSON



"ALICE"
ROBERTS

"HANK"
ROELOFS

"LEO"
SOSULOFF

"ED"
SKEATES

"SCOTTY"
SCOTT

"HOWIE"
SAMUELS



"BUNNY"
SUTTON

"SOUL"
SOULE

"WHITEY"
SCHREIBER

"EVIE"
SUNDERLIN

"DICK"
STEBBINS

"BURP"
SIEGEL

CAMP CORY CULMINARY



"SKELLY"
SKELLEN

"RED"
STONE

"BUD"
STOCKIN

"CHUCK"
SCHMITT

"LIGHTNING"
SIEGEL

"JIMMY"
SOULE



"HARRY"
THOMPSON

"BOB"
ULRICH

"DON"
VANVECHTEN

"DOC"
VANDEMARK

"JIMMY"
WILSON

"HAR"
WARNER



"RAY"
WALLS

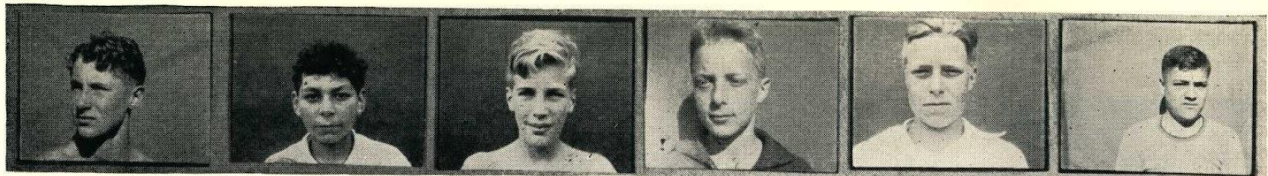
"LEE"
WEBER

"JAKE"
WEBER

"TUBBY"
WELLS

"BILL"
WEED

"JIM"
WILDER



"DON"
WELLS

"DICK"
WOLIN

"JACK"
WOOD

"DEE"
WHIPPLE

"ORE"
WEBBER

"LARRY"
WHITLOCK



"WHITEY"
WHITED

"WASH"
WASHINGTON

"RAY"
YACKEL

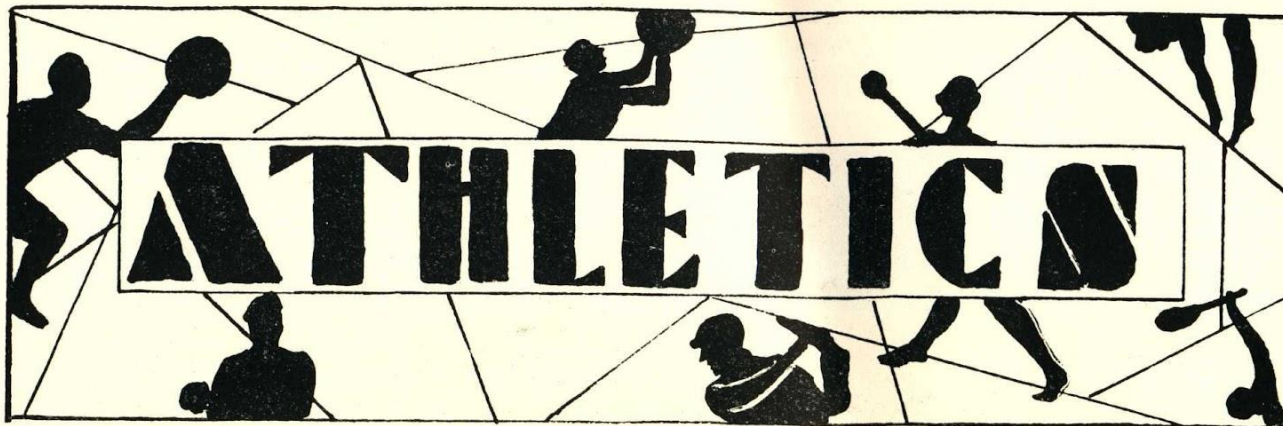
"FARMER"
ZAJONKOWSKI

"FOGGY"
ZABEL

THE CULMINARY regrets that individual pictures of the following were unavailable: "Jim" Clark, "Nellie" Cross, "Chuck" Nelson, "Bob" Stewart, "Cy Smith, "Muckle" Brown.

SENIOR CAMP ACTIVITIES





BASEBALL

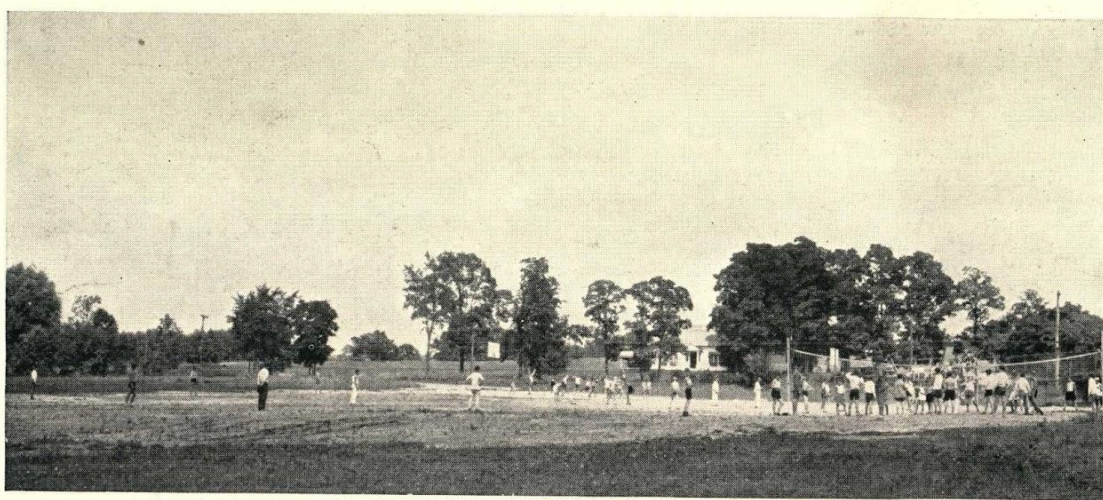
Baseball received its usual enthusiastic response again this season. Junior-Senior leagues in which the competition was of the keenest, played scheduled games three times a week. Besides this, games were played with other boys' camps, and Cory won its share—seven out of the twelve games played. To add to this, tent and village competition was encouraged whenever program permitted.

For those who were more in the novice class, instruction in the national pastime was held twice a week, and several very promising Ty Cobbs

were brought out into the spot light of public attention, through the sympathetic interest of the instructor, "Bob" Shannon.

BASKETBALL

Cory's basketball court received a grooming this year from the campers, working under the direction of various counselors, which put it in excellent condition. Because of this, only one outside game was played — Cory losing a hard-played game to Camp Iroquois. However, much interest was shown among the campers in the sport, and many fine, well-contested games helped to make camp a pleasure to the hoopsters.



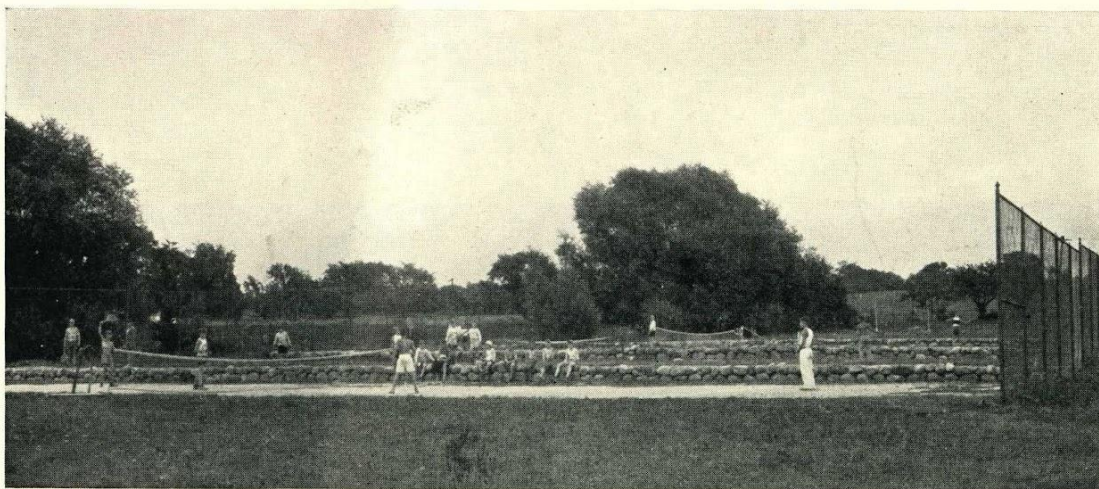
VOLLEYBALL

During the last four weeks of camp a volleyball league was organized with scheduled games between the two rival teams, the Democrats and the Republicans. This marks the initiation of such a league at Camp Cory, and in view of the fact that the league was the result of camper demand, will undoubtedly find increasing popularity in the future.

TRACK

A miniature Olympics was held on alternate Saturdays during the camp season. Several youthful stars did their utmost to establish all-time records in track during their stay at camp. These track meets were participated in by a large number of contestants.

CAMP CORY CULMINARY



TENNIS

The tennis courts this year were kept in excellent shape by the expert care of "Don" Brownlee, the capable instructor in the sport. Two tournaments were held during the camp season in which large numbers of campers participated. Both doubles and singles matches were hotly con-

tested, and the names of the champions of the camp were inscribed upon the camp tennis cup.

Always after mealtimes there was a mad scramble for the available courts, and the fortunate ones were enabled to enjoy a brief sojourn on the courts. Tennis at Cory ranks a major rating in the field of sports.



SWIMMING

What would Camp Cory be without swimming? Especially on those hot days in summer when the cooling waters of Keuka made life decidedly more enjoyable.

So keen was the interest that numerous contests were held to decide the supremacy between two competing groups. The Republicans finally asserted their superiority over their rival team, the

Democrats. A very efficient Life Corps was organized under the direction of "Bob" Coe, and patrolled the daily swims in an excellent manner. It is perhaps due largely to this group that Cory's perfect waterfront record remains unblemished.

"Bob's" routine also included various classes for those who desired to achieve greater perfection in this enjoyable pastime. Many a camper left camp with increased skill as a result of these classes.

1932 CO



ON THE SHORES OF OLD LAKE KEUKA
IS A SPOT MOST DEAR;
CAMP CORY WE HAVE NAMED IT,
COME, LET FORTH OUR CHEER!

RYITES



CORY, CORY, MAY WE EVER
KEEP THY NAME MOST HIGH.
YOU HAVE SET A STANDARD FOR US,
MAY IT NEVER DIE



The handicraft arts — always a source of much satisfaction to scores of campers, and thereby requiring the meticulous supervision of an

enticing program — were well supervised this year by a newcomer to the faculty, Ernest Walker, who has done an unusual job of supervision



ARCHERY

In a certain section of the Handicraft Lodge those who desired knowledge of the manufacture of bows and arrows found instruction available under the tutelage of "Gray" Stemples. After having made their weapons, they were given opportunity to try them out on the archery range.

WOODWORKING

Some excellent work was done in this field and one always found a number of campers engaged in turning out end tables, book ends, bookcases, cedar chests and other articles of wooden construction, worthy of the skill of a professional craftsman.

LEATHERWORK

Fashioning useful articles from leather occu-

pied the attention of many practical campers who found wide use for the billfolds, belts, and book covers which they were able to make in the classes for leatherworking.

TOTEM POLES

An innovation was introduced into Cory when "Rip" VanWinkle planned in his project classes the creation of a large totem pole — an Indian Thunder Bird, which was erected near the Senior council circle.

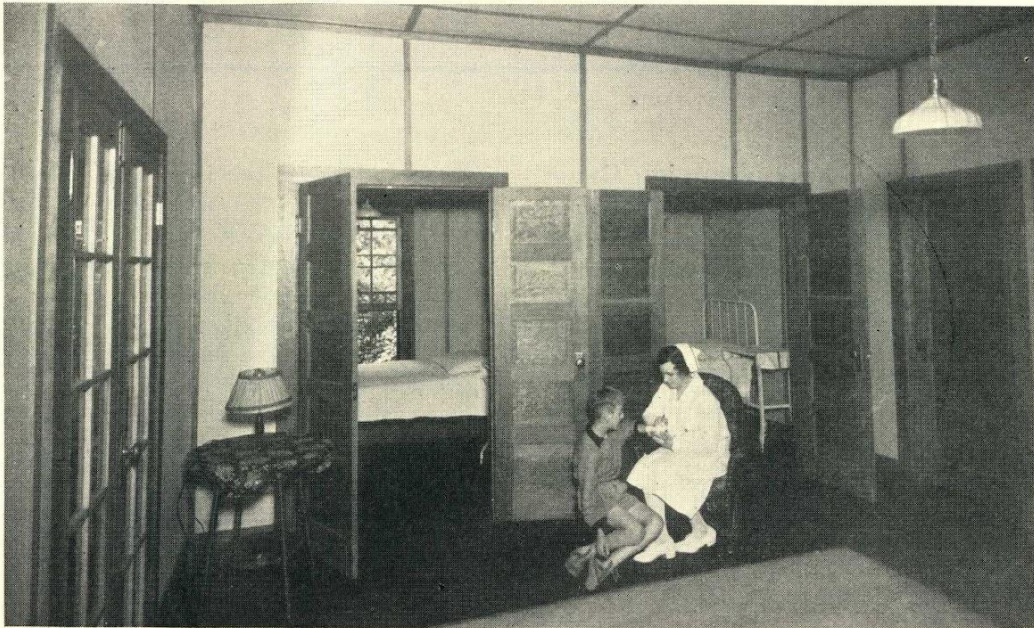
PRINTING

The Cory press was continually kept busy turning out chapel programs, stationery, Xmas cards, calling cards, labels and tags — in fact anything printable — under the instruction of "Herb" Krumwiede, who aided various campers in their printing activities.

PHOTOGRAPHY

By joining "Hubie" Stott's photography classes many campers took advantage of one of the best ways of preserving Lake Keuka scenery. Numerous trips were taken to various picturesque spots in the vicinity where the campers with their

camp-made pinhole cameras obtained permanent souvenirs of their stay at camp. In the dark room they became acquainted with the fascinating mystery of developing and printing. A number of unusually fine "snaps" resulted from several contests held among those interested in the activity.



Nature always holds a considerable fascination for young and old alike. Cory is extremely fortunate in possessing a well-equipped Nature Cabin, and many a young naturalist finds here the answer to his question, "What is it?" — whether this question is related to rocks, trees and flowers, butterflies or caterpillars, snakes, birds or beasts, the stars and even the weather forecast.

Hikes to the glens, aquarium building, stargazing classes, short talks and movies on nature

subjects were the chief formal activities. For those, however, who desired a more minute knowledge of the world about them, were enabled to enjoy countless little journeys with the microscope in search of those alluring worlds invisible to the naked eye. Such interesting trips were conducted under the competent guidance of Carroll Otis and Earle Mahoney, both of whom possessed an extensive acquaintance with the microscopic as well as the visible world.



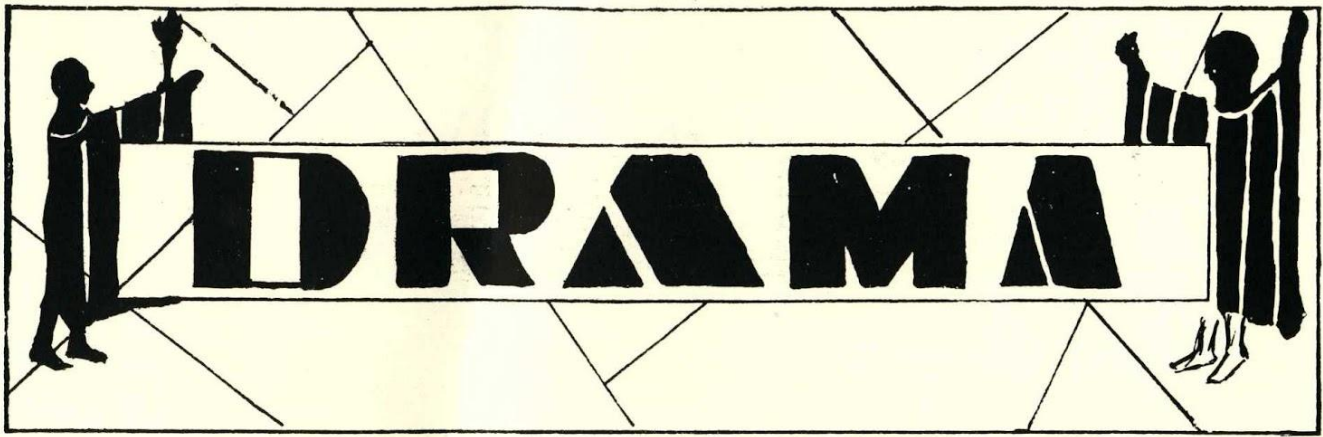
In the life of every Coryite, music has always played an important part. At various festivities, the campers may usually be counted upon to break into spontaneous singing. But the organized musical program undoubtedly furnishes the basis for such spontaneity.

Chapel services would be meaningless without the group hymns, the organ and chimes. Various solos often have been a distinct help in making

these religious services unforgettable events of camp life.

Jazz also has its place in the program and the camp orchestra was a constant source of enjoyment, especially during mealtime. At this time also, community singing under the direction of "Jerry" Smith, the instructor in music, was lustily entered into by all. Nor should we neglect the classical field in which the offerings showed a marked improvement as the season progressed.





The dramatic year at Cory was heightened by the success of many of its unusual plays. All of the presentations were well received in spite of the wide differences in theme and plot. From the highly mysterious and weird **THE GRAY OVERCOAT** to the somewhat wistful play **FALLING CRUMBS**, the campers showed that they were prepared to accept in an intelligent way any play which was more than mere entertainment. This is certainly a favorable sign for the increasing prominence of dramatics in the future life of Camp Cory.

At the same time, too much cannot be said for the hard working and interested characters behind the footlights, both those whom the audience saw and those who worked unseen. Certain names of campers will remain permanently in the camp memory of 1932, and prominent among these is the name of the popular director, Ed Ehre, who inspired a willingness and showed an ability to discover talent for the stage that brought forth an enthusiastic applause from pleased and numerous audiences.



THREE CANS

Hubert	J. Wilder
Earl	D. Lanni
Conklin	T. Eton
Wentling	E. Crawford
Morrison	L. Nelson
Latham	J. Washington
Meredith	L. McDowell
Aviator	W. Jones
Unknown	N. Cross

FALLING CRUMBS (Leaders Play)

Golding	E. Mahoney
Cavanaugh	R. Shannon
Keegan	H. Stott
Bland	J. Smith
Sopwith	G. Stemples
Waiter	C. Otis
Sutton	D. Brownlee
Man	K. Chivers

THE GRAY OVERCOAT

Woodruff	N. Cross
Curtis	J. Washington
Servant	R. Coates

WHOSE MONEY?

Isabel	T. Cox
Husband	A. Cossett
Burglar	S. Seigel

THE FINGER OF FATE

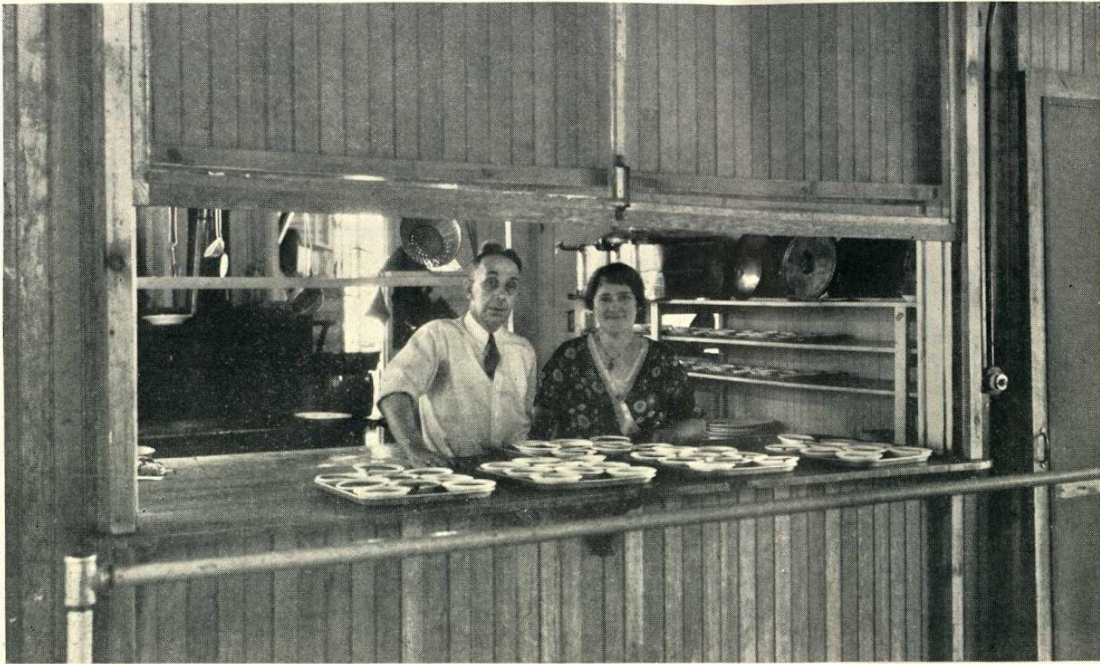
Strickland	J. Hochstein
Benson	T. Cox
Boy	A. Fisher

THOSE WHO PLAY SQUARE

Nelson	Ted Cox
Madge	Art Fisher
Mike	C. Weining
Jake	D. Lanni

Stage Help: Lanni, Seigel, Washington, VandeMark, Crossett, Robertson.

THE MAJOR ACTIVITY



Three times a day for the past eleven years, the Major Activity has sounded its call. And upwards of two hundred and fifty ravenous stomachs, like insatiable vacuums, have scrambled to the Palace of the King of Kookery and the Dutchess of Deserts. Then the Cory Filling Station justifies its slogan "The Customers Are Always Right." "No place like home" has its only rival in the very eatable offerings doled out by Gus and Mrs. Gus. Through their eleven years, this hard working pair has prepared over 443,000 meals, which laid end to end might well lead to the explanation of why Cory is THE PLACE to spend your summers. Added to this imposing collection of regular meals are countless banquets and feeds, not to mention the constant demand for "Seconds" and "Thirds."

No official statistics are available on the exact numbers of chickens, beeves, and the like which have gone The Way of All Flesh, but the number would certainly be amazing if computed. It is perhaps safe to say that the fine quality of Cory food has by now gained a nation-wide fame, and the sincerest compliment which can be paid to the artistic efforts of the chef is the sight of clamoring Young America "at work."

But the Bonesteels have another extremely important position in camp life. It is to them that campers (mostly greenhorns) wend their ways in search of information which seems unattainable elsewhere. While Mrs. Gus waits with an amused

smile, the King of the Kookery — eyes dangerously twinkling in a face otherwise as solemn as an undertaker's — starts many a wild goose chase in search of the location of the key to the pitcher's box or the key to the oar-locks, tent-stretchers, oil for the red lanterns, sky-hooks, fingerbowls, or the warehouse where they keep the extra size 5 post-holes, or perhaps the supply of track-meat. Then too, Gus is a famous trainer for boxers and in his enthusiasm for success of his proteges, was rumored to have trained one boxer so well by demanding a great deal of road work that the eventful night of the contest found the would-be pugilist entirely too fagged out to fight. Likewise the Chef's interests in wild animal life led to his famous Mink-Trapping Episode in which he lost his mink and suffered a mutilated arm covered with blood (such a waste of catsup!).

Nor should Gus's familiarity with Keuka fish be overlooked. He has "lost" them all so many times, that now the big-mouthed bass say hello to him as they swim past. Perhaps they have been hypnotized by the melodious nightly chunking of their Master's banjo — who knows?

At any rate, when the day's work is finished and the kitchen has resumed its accustomed spotless and orderly arrangement, The King and The Dutchess retire to their haven, "*At Last*," secure in the realization that the gaping demands of youthful hunger have been stemmed at least temporarily.

JUNIOR CAMP



SECTION

CAMP CORY CULMINARY



"Get out of doors! 'Tis there you'll find
The better things of heart and mind.
Get out beneath some stretch of sky

And watch the white clouds drifting by
And all the petty thoughts will fade
Before the wonders God has made."

— Edgar Guest

A visitor in our Junior Section was heard to remark, "How I wish I could spend a summer out of doors in a place like this!" We fellows who heard that remark jes' smiled to ourselves and kinda felt warm inside, on account of how our parents thought enough of us to give us the opportunity to be here. 'N then we began to think about what we had done during our summer. Well, first of all, guess none of us will forget the handicraft classes. I mean the classes where most of the gang made rubber sponge toys, queer men, and some useful things too. Jim and I made belts in the leatherwork class, but Howard and Cid made knife sheaths and boomdoggles. We kinda gave Art the razzberries when he started to do beadwork, but when we saw the neat rings and Indian head-bands that he made, we changed our tune and entered the class ourselves.

When our gang came to camp none of us could swim worth a hoot, but along toward the middle of the summer, having passed our "Tadpole" and "Frog" tests, we had a rip-roaring time out on the tower. At that time, too, we were allowed to take boats out. Ned and I used to go out together, 'n he'd row a ways, then I'd row. Sometimes we'd fish, not that we'd ever catch anything, but it was lots of fun hopin' we would. Of course when we had a swimming meet between the SHAWNEES and APACHES, we were tickled pink to think that two of the gang got a couple of second places.

If we weren't good at swimming, we did look pretty fair on the baseball diamond. That is, all of us except Jim. However, he certainly did learn plenty in the instruction classes that "Wally"

Nesbit used to hold every week. Kickball was another sport where we all showed up fine. Especially did we work hard in the Senior-Junior games. It was sorta funny though, we always had the idea that everybody ran after the ball and jes' kicked as hard as he could. The coaches taught us the value of team work and passing, playing our own position, etc. Now that I think about it, that sorta thing is pretty true in most everything we do, leastwise that's what the gang agreed.

Well, between Tarzan games, canoe hikes, movies, tennis, horseshoes, ping pong, acting in plays, and plenty of other things, I'm telling you the gang certainly did enjoy themselves. There was one thing though that all of us enjoyed more than anything else, and that was the Indian council fires. I want to say that I never felt so queer inside of me in my whole life, as I did the nights we used to march into the council ring covered up with blankets. After we were all assembled, the "Chief" used to hold out his hand and then we'd all sit down and watch the fire being lit. Most times, the fire was lit in true Indian style with a flint and hammer. Then when the flames were licking up the wood with a hiss, the reports of the various cabin groups or tribes would be heard by the "Chief."

All together, I guess it will be quite a few years before I, or any of the gang, ever forgets the wonderful eight weeks that we enjoyed the great out-of-doors. Away from the hot city streets, all of us lived better, cleaner, and happier lives, and believe us, we're going to return again to Cory, not jes' 'cause our parents send us, but because we want more of the good times which we had in 1932.

JUNIOR CAMP COUNSELORS

DON HAYWARD

When the Junior Camp Director announces a "full handicraft program this morning," "Don" is besieged by two-thirds of the entire Junior Camp who want to make belts, baskets, key cases and other countless articles. These necessarily confining tasks leave our erstwhile wrestler from Chicago little time to himself. However, he finds time to do some reading in preparation for his winter's schooling at Chicago Y College, plays a bit of tennis, ping pong, and on occasion consents to hold down the third sack for the Junior Counselor team.

When conservatism or a little psychology was needed, "Don" could be called on with the assurance that something constructive would result. Few of us appreciated this deep-thinker from Cabin One, and probably none of us understood his subtle technique in handling campers.

WALTER NESBIT

"Wally" is still unconvinced that his skin doesn't tan easily, although he sported a pair of large gauze epaulettes for several weeks at the beginning of camp, and later having shed these, he was compelled to wear another pair to ease the annoying irritation. Famous for his "Human Interest Sport Flashes" with which he decorated the front of his cabin, "Wally" acquired several nick-names. "Newsy Tidbits" (his preference) showed a genuine interest in baseball instruction, and should be credited with his earnest endeavors to give all campers an opportunity to participate on the diamond. His readiness and consistency of effort to put on an interesting athletic program at any time, won him the respect of counselors and campers alike.

"Wally" returns to the Phi Psi House at Colgate this fall richer by many friends, many new experiences and several hundred hours of solid sleep.

GILHAM RICE

Totem poles, blue sport automobiles, Indian Chief, Utility Counselor for Junior Camp, and other things all mean that "Gilly" Rice was again at Cory. Our season was almost half gone, however, before this dizzy blonde put in an appearance. After an absence of three years (during which he has been making hay, or somethin', in New Jersey), "Gilly" came back to continue to make himself of real value to Cory. During his stay this year he has done everything from chasing elusive Junior Camp explorers, to mixing cement for gigantic totem poles. A counselor of many

varied abilities, "Gilly" has again proved the rule that "A Real Coryite always comes back"—(If only to provide transportation for his boss.).

JOHN GARCIA

Bubbling "Johnny"—otherwise Gaucho Garcia—goes steaming down the campus leaving in his wake the memory of a clouded brow partly shaded by an implacable shock of hair. And the Frankenstein of versatile energy has passed!

Our Beamish Boy, like Little Jack Horner, has had his thumb in many a pie this year and from each has managed to extract the well-known plum. Besides being the Chief of Cabin Four and dramatic expert of the Junior Camp, Peter Pan has sweated over the weekly Cory Clips and engineered the Culminary to completion. One of his favorite occupations, however, is saying, "Migosh, I've GOT to get the Culminary done on time!"—(and then going over to his cabin for a few hours' sleep.)

His exalted position as a charter member of the nocturnal Five-and-Ten Club has put him on the debit side of the ledger in leisure—as well as otherwise. But as John so blithely says, a tired business man must have his recreation and there's no use your worrying about it, too.

Playboys may come and playboys may go, but Garcia goes on forever!

CLEVELAND GRINNELL

When more time is put into a twenty-four-hour day, "Cleve" can use it. (With apologies to Gentle Motors.) He and his little bugle blow us up in the morning and blow us to bed at night. "They" blow about everything that happens in camp. He is the official custodian of the Cory Hatchery in the Junior Camp and has recreated from countless EGGS, a surprising number of well-trained SEALS. Is also one of the mainstays of the Indians and their council circle. (We SAID mainstays.) As Business Manager of this here Culminary he has a very forceful manner of securing subscriptions from reluctant campers.

To add to his versatility he has a rare ability in getting "blind dates" which could not be at all fully appreciated by blind men. Is rumored to be considering successorship to the late Zeigfeld in selecting and glorifying the American girl. Whadaman!

ALBERT SNELL

Missing the genial company of the Princeton Tiger, "Al" found solace in our domesticated bull dog, and did his best to keep the canine—(out of his cabin). After several attempts to run a suc-

cessful nature hike, "Al" decided that handicraft would be a better place for his surplus energies and oh!—much safer. Dealing with harmless little rubber sponge animals is much more conducive to continued good health than meeting the attacks of infuriated farmers armed with shotguns. He also did his share in keeping the camp populated this summer by entertaining lonesome little Juniors in baseball games or at horseshoes on numerous occasions.

Has been noted in the environs as a super-Don Juan, but has been spending the summer singing his theme song, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The truth is, folks, our hero has an excellent capacity for admiring personalities, but a very poor memory for retaining names to go with the personalities. Deah me!

THOMAS GORHAM

A good-natured blonde giant dropped in on us one day during Advance Party and seemed to like Cory so well that he stayed on. His duties during the first days before camp opened were many and varied, but since opening day, "Tommy" with his tennis racquet and shorts (sometimes green, sometimes red) has been living on the courts. But then, you see, it's quite all right because he is tennis instructor from the Junior Camp. Frequent-

ly he becomes so engrossed in either teaching youngsters how to play this pleasant sport or maybe enjoying a few singles games himself, that he completely forgets the Life Patrol.

"Tommy" has made many friends among campers and counselors from both divisions of the camp, and everyone says, "We are glad you were able to spend your summer with us here at Cory."

WILLIAM EASON

This year Junior Camp found a new house-mother in the person of Mr. Eason. Although this was the George Washington Bicentennial, even the great George was overshadowed, as "Bill" from his pedestal of eminence looked down with lordly gaze upon the multitude of adoring worshippers kneeling to pay honor to their hero. Well? But Bill had a hero's weakness for after-taps bathing across the lake. Said you meet some very nice people over there — ahem!

In his other weak moments he parceled out boats at the boathouse, and acted the role of Mother Goose of swimming in the absence of "Cleve" Grinnell.

In spite of all this adoration from both campers and the girls across the lake, Bill remained the modest, likable personality of yore. Good ol' Bill!



"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest. Yo, ho-ho."
— Stevenson.

CAMP CORY CULMINARY



"ABE"
AVERY

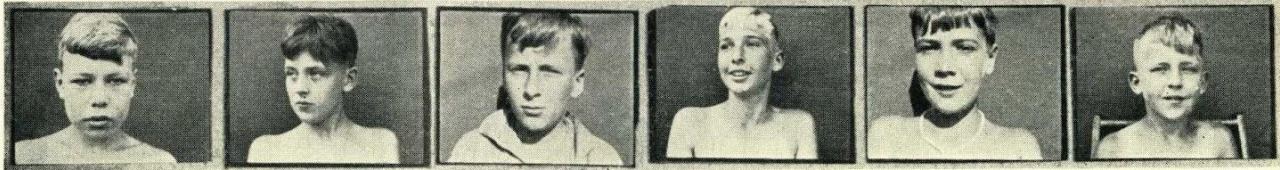
"SLIM"
ALLEN

"NEMO"
ANGLE

"AUSSIE"
BROWN

"AL"
BRITTAIN

"DAVE"
BARBER



"WEBB"
BURR

"KEG"
BARLOW

"OSSIE"
BACKUS

"AUTOMO"
BEAL

"BILLY"
BABCOCK

"CHAWLIE"
BARLOW



"BILL"
BURDICK

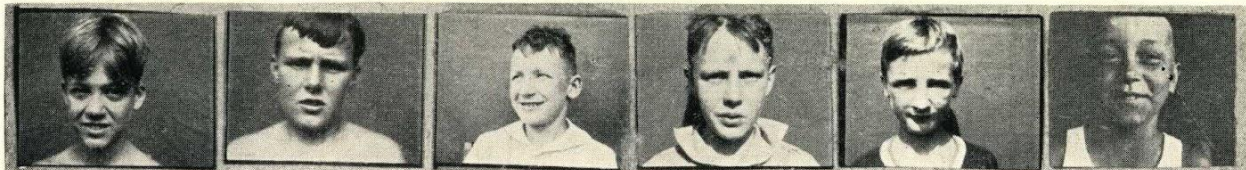
"BEEF"
BEAL

"DICK"
BRESSLER

"ROG"
BRYAN

"CHAPE"
BLAKE

"SHORTY"
CONNELLY



"OWIE"
CASSIDY

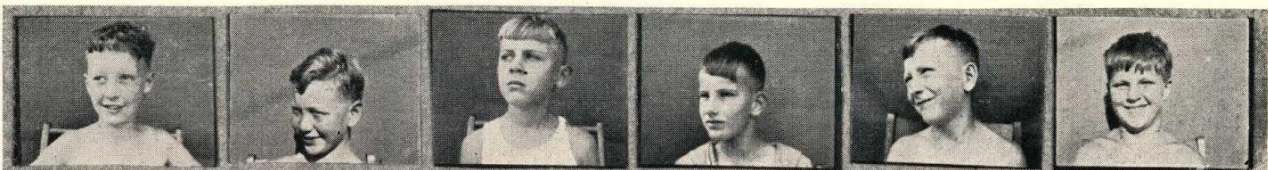
"FAT"
COWIN

"LOUIE"
CONNELLY

"CAMERA"
CAMERON

"GEORGIE"
CLUNE

"MARSH"
CROSS



"CRISCO"
CISCOE

"HERBIE"
CONLEY

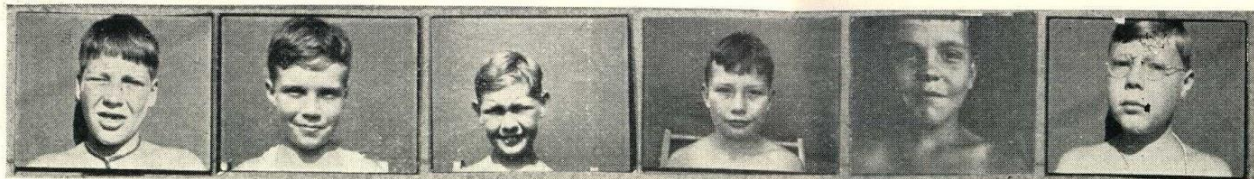
"BANJO"
DODGSON

"DOUG"
ECKBERG

"BOBBY"
EDWARDS

"WAHOO"
FOULDS

CAMP CORY CULMINARY



"BATTLEAXE"
FORSYTH

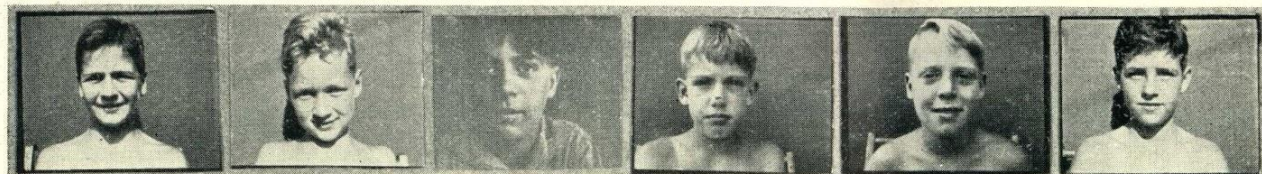
"BOB"
GARVIE

"JUNEY"
GOODMAN

"DICK"
GILKINSON

"TOMMIE"
GILMORE

"GOLDFISH"
GOLDSMITH



"BOB"
HULL

"BILLY"
HALE

"GAYORD"
HUMBERT

"HOTCHA"
HUTCHINS

"BOB"
HAAG

"OLLEY"
HUBBELL



"RALLY"
HURST

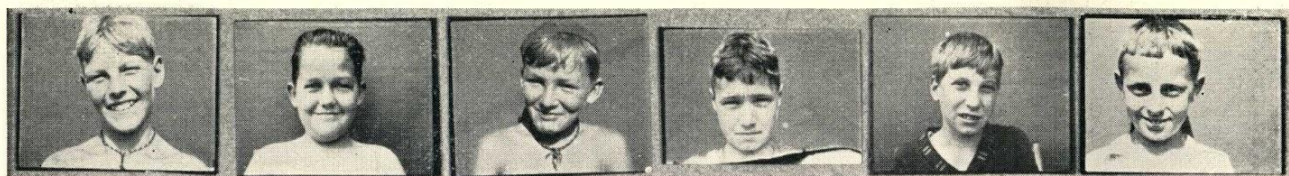
"HOOT"
HOUGHTON

"RED"
HOWE

"JIM"
HERSCH

"CUTIE"
HENDERSON

"SWEDE"
ISCHINGER



"LUTTY"
JOHNSTON

"FAT"
JAHNSEN

"BILL"
KELLER

"BOB"
KENNEDY

"JIMMY"
LIVINGSTON

"NICK"
LINHOF



"RED"
LAKE

"JIMMY"
MILLER

"MICKY"
MACDONALD

"BILLY"
MACDONALD

"JOHNNY"
MULFORD

"GIL"
MCCURDY

CAMP CORY CULMINARY



"PETE"
MORRIS

"NICK"
NICHOLS

"JOHNNY"
NEWELL

"BILL"
PRICE

"SPIKE"
PRESTON

"BOB"
PATCHEN



"JOCK"
PLACE

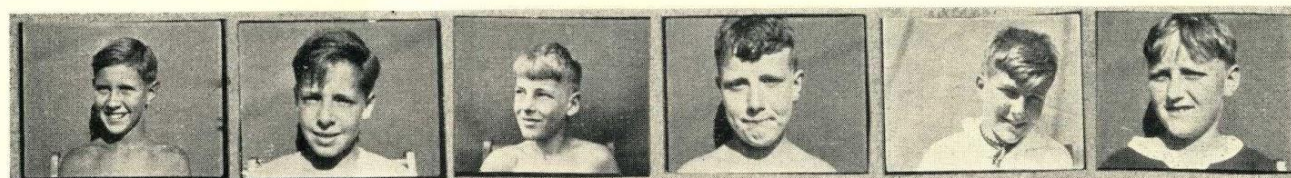
"JIMMY"
RUDDICK

"EMY"
RILEY

"DON"
RAWNSLEY

"RED"
ROBINSON

"GARDIE"
SOULE



"FLORIDA"
SOULE

"JACK"
SONDHEIMER

"BERNIE"
SCHREIBER

"BOB"
SNYDER

"BILL"
SCHMITT

"TEDDY"
TOWNSEND



"BOB"
VOSLER

"FREDDY"
WIEDMAN

"JACK"
WRAY

"CURLY"
WOLIN

"JUNIOR"
WEBBER

"NORM"
WEBB



"DICK"
WEST

"BRUD"
WHITCOMBE

THE CULMINARY regrets that individual pictures of the following were unavailable: "Emmy" Allen, "Bob" Cooley, "Howie" Heydt, "Marchie" Schwarz, "Babe" Oliver.

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My Thought for Today

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