





CAMP CORY CULMINARY



1929

SERVICE

Service of the satisfying sort
Plus—

QUALITY

Such is the characteristic of
this store

TRY US

C. A. KELLY

PENN YAN, N.Y.

HOBANS



Quality

MEATS

FRUITS

VEGETABLES

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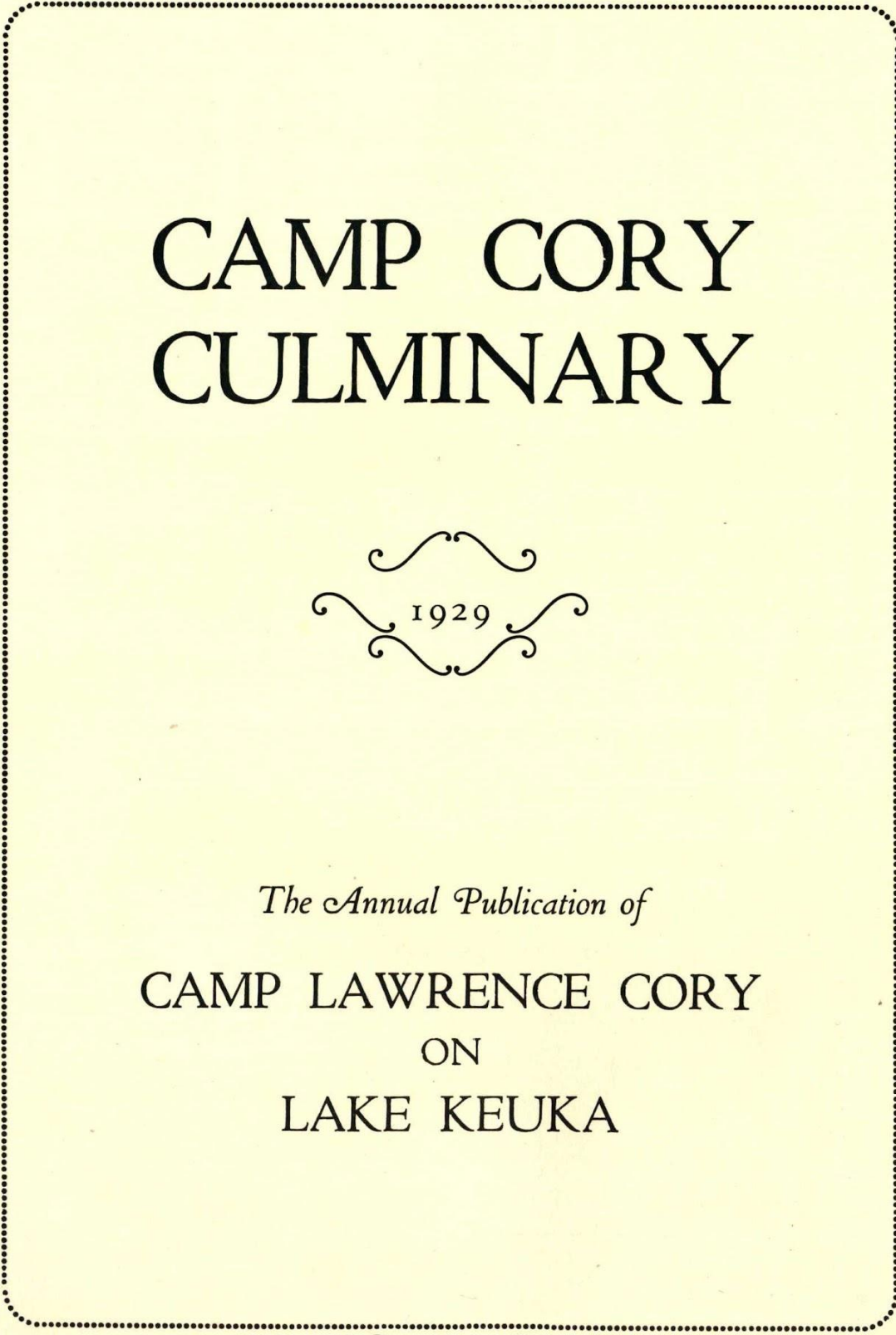

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CAMP CORY CULMINARY



1929

The Annual Publication of
CAMP LAWRENCE CORY
ON
LAKE KEUKA



S T A F F

ROGER P. VICKERY

ELBERT ELLIS
MUNRO WILL

ROBERT M. HENNESSY

DIRECTOR—DOUGAL E. YOUNG

Harold J. Brodie, Mechanics Institute '17

William Hennessy
Paul Eason, East High School '28

John Gugelman, Silver Bay Prep. '31
Joseph Tonkin, Cornell '33



much of value in regards to aquatics. The tower and the springboard were the most popular pieces of water equipment but the slide ran them a close second. Many a dive has been perfected this year and many a slap has been received while learning to master said dive. Also a great number of bathing suits have lost their seats through too much friction on the slide.

Speed, swimming and fancy diving were fostered by bi-monthly swimming meets between the several classes. Each camper competed with boys of his own weight and thus everyone had a chance. Rowing and paddling were very popular as proved by the fact that all boats were in constant demand throughout the four hours each day during which they could be used. Overnight hikes made a hit also—always more so before leaving than after the first few miles of paddling. "Number, please" "All boats in" and "Everybody Dip" will be remembered by most campers.

Versatility is our middle name, so as proof we converted the tower into a grand display platform on the Fourth of July. Littlefield, Meyers and Vickery burned their way through the big display while reciprocally the display often burned through them. The Fourth, the banquet and the bonfire are probably the three big nights for the whole camp, but a certain Saturday night mystical was probably a high spot for many campers. For that matter, each day and night should have been a red letter occasion for every camper, considering the things we have to offer in Cory.

There was the archery club which numbered among its yeoman many of our prominent campers. Each day the range was a place of activity, but the manual training building was much more active. There it was that each camper created his own bow and arrow, there he pounded his fingers, cut himself, daubed paint on everything, and emerged a full fledged warrior with a sturdy bow and a full quiver of arrows.

The more flighty campers hewed and glued, snipped and snapped and soon had model aeroplanes which varied from Baby-Rise-off-Grounds, Endurance Tractors, Oversize R. O. G.'s, to Hydroplanes. It surely was pitiful to see the look of pain that flashed across a flyer's face when his pride and joy broke the

"Prop" on the first flight. Although we were badly out-flown in a meet with Camp Iroquois, we still feel proud of our air squadron of high flyers.

For those who craved substantial results, we offered woodwork, leather and art metal work. The latter projects were new and popular, and soon the camp abounded in belts, key cases, wallets, ash trays, book ends and many other things of like nature. In wood work the range of articles was from submarines to sail boats and ping pong paddles to tables. All day long hammers pounded, chisels chipped, saws hacked and files rasped while the sides of the building fairly bulged from the force of concentrated activity. A tool losing epidemic threatened to close up the Cook building, but it was finally overcome with a casualty list of fourteen hammers, several saws and a few screw drivers.

But stay, gentle reader, for the above is but a drop in the bucket compared to all that transpired within the walls of the Isabelle Crittenden Cook manual training building. Daily, the nature study room was littered with birds, beasts and trees both in picture and in actual form. The high spot of the season was the construction of a glass aquarium. The second high spot was the hatching out of an innocent looking piece of hornet's nest. The stars also attracted many who spent hours of watching with sometimes little more than stiff necks for their trouble. However, the more clear sighted learned much about the heavens.

Next door to the nature study room is a little sanatorium, well fortified by locked doors, in which the aspirants to writing fame spent long weary hours compiling the Cory Clips, our weekly. (Not a tabloid). The new cover (thanks to Phil Will, Cory ? ? '26, '27) has improved the outward appearance of the paper and high grade editing has improved the contents. A more complete listing of weekly activities cannot be found, and yet humor and wit were not pushed aside for dry facts. Oh those dreadful odors that nearly disrupted the Editor's work! The Chemical Laboratory was situated next to the Cory Clips office. How the chemists could work without gas masks is beyond imagination. Nevertheless, a few stolid chaps de-



veloped a great interest in this science and gave us a minute but complete laboratory.

Dramatics was another activity that drew a large number of participants. Skits, stunts and one-act plays provided the local talent with plenty of chance to demonstrate. Campers were solicited for parts rather than leaders, partly to fulfill degree requirements and partly to develop any latent talent. Speaking of emblem awards—our system this year was entirely remodeled. Each camper saw Mr. Young personally and set his own tasks, with certain limitations. Degree workers this year have done more constructive work for camp than ever before. The new and sturdy bridges were built, the windows in the boat house were done over, a new set of volley ball standards was erected, and a new path to keep women off the campus during swim was made. (We might add that it did very little good). Other awards this year were the Cory Cup for him who best exemplified the ideals of Lawrence Cory; the Cook Cup for the best results in manual training; and numerous pounds of candy for the largest woodpile, the best decorated table, and so on.

Every Sunday the Coryite covered his tan with decent clothes and journeyed to the outdoor chapel or the boathouse for the weekly religious service. To be true, vespers were held each night in the tent, but these tended to be more philosophic than religious. Each Sunday we had good speakers, good music provided by the quartet, and a full attendance of campers and visitors. Also we had music of another nature each Sunday noon. The Camp Cory Symphony Orchestra alternated with the Syncopating Five, our jazz band, in offering selections for the campers and visitors. Thus, music leant its charm to our camp.

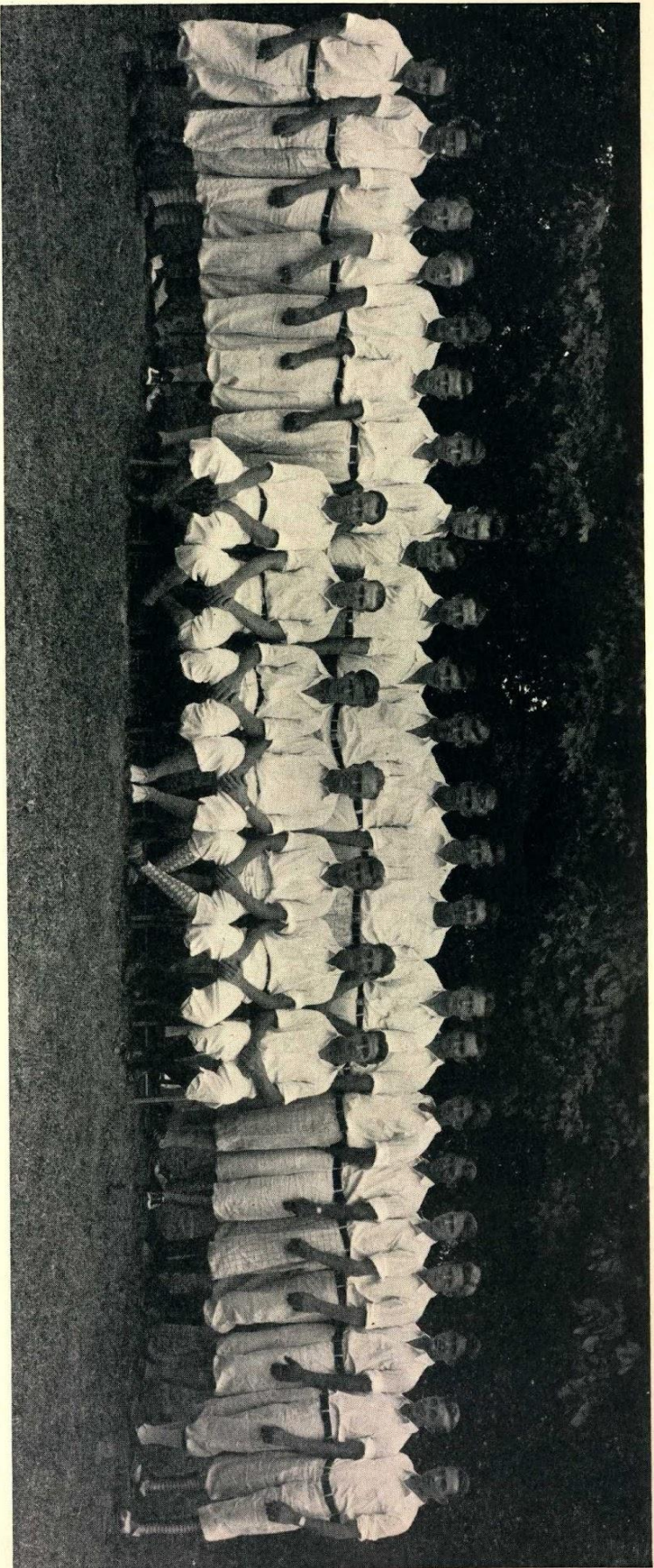
A word about our hospital and the use to which it was put is not amiss. This year the LeRoy cottage has been kept in the height of neatness. Campers and leaders clamored for a billet in the infirmary in spite of the bitter doses administered to them while there. Only twenty-five or thirty, however, succeeded in holding down a bed for more than an hour or two. Most of the patients had minor ailments such as colds, general malaise, poison ivy and the like. Nothing

more serious than a broken arm occurred all summer. To be sure, the nurse had a number of scratches and bruises to take care of after the war games, but then campers must have their amusements.

For further amusement this year, we had movies every Friday night which were met with loud acclaim by the campers. On Saturday evening stunt night was held and tent groups and others had a chance to act. Other evenings were taken up with boxing, wrestling, tent competition and also by story hours. Two mystery thrillers which were of great interest to most of the campers were read during the season. The library loaned books daily to the campers and was a true friend on rainy days. The store, at which candy, stamps, stationery and camp clothes could be purchased was opened after every noon meal. The juniors were allowed five cents a day and the seniors ten cents a day for candy.

Overnight hikes were popular forms of excitement and exercise. Many a camper has learned how wet the rain can be and how hard mother earth is when he tried sleeping on the ground in the storm. In spite of blisters, small amount of sleep, burned bacon, scorched eggs and rolls of soup, many campers and leaders could not get their fill of overnight hiking. Thus it was that tent spreads became a favorite pastime. Each tent went up the Lake and cooked supper at least once during the season. Many tents went as often as three or four times. Ah me! The torture some people will go through and call it pleasure. Five Watkins Glen trips were held this year and many were the sodas and suckers that were consumed en route. Although it sounds impossible, it was true that the bus ride and the glamour of candy, gum and peanuts influenced more boys to go than the appeal of the beautiful Glen itself.

Camp has closed. The banquet is over; banana splits have long since ceased being uncomfortable in our stomachs. The cups and prizes have been awarded—we have perhaps forgotten to whom. Many things that seemed unforgettable are even now flitting from our memories—but one sure fact still remains, the 1929 season at Cory was a big success in all ways.



The 1929 Combined Leaders Corps

BACK ROW, left to right—"Chris" Smith, "Jim" Hall, Ralph Axon, "Gillie" Rice, "Joe" Tonkin, John Gugelman, "Dewey" Baker, "Fred" Kates, "Bob" Hennessy, "Gord" Meade, "Tom" Atterbury, "Jerry" Smith, "Whitey" Shepard, Munro Will, George Ulp, "Bill" Turney, "Art" Reis, "Jim" Kilip, "Doug" Anderson, "Bob" Eason, "Mike" Majgren, "Mat" Kotowski, Jason Walker, "Keh-che" Clark.

FRONT ROW, left to right—"Steve" Brodie, "Lefty" Meyers, "Ken" Littlefield, "Chief" Young, "Rog" Vickery, "Pete" Braal, "Army" Klix.

Faculty and Leaders

DOUGAL E. YOUNG

It was once said that a college president is successful when he can make impressive speeches and raise large sums of money. It seems that this definition might well apply to a camp director, or at least to our camp director, Mr. Dougal E. Young.

The issuing in of the fourth year of "Chief's" regime in camp brought many changes and improvements. Throughout the year, the Chief spent much of his time thinking of new ways to make camp a success, and the results of last winter and previous winters thinking are a new junior camp, a new method of activity arrangement, and a greatly augmented curriculum. All these changes have tended to increase the enrollment and heighten the good times had by the campers. Thus it is safe to say that 1929 has been camp's biggest and best year.

Chief has several failings, one of which is golf. Every night he swears off the game, but the next evening finds him back on the course hoping for one good drive or putt which will strengthen his belief that he is improving. All joking aside, however, D. E. Y. often turns in the low score and shows the rest of the foursome how it is done.

This year, Mr. Young has given up worrying about the activities of camp and has slipped this burden on to other shoulders. He has devoted much of his time to personal work with the campers. All fellows who were working for degrees met Mr. Young and talked things over with him. In this way, he spread much good will while the campers benefited from personal contact with the "head man." His tireless efforts and unusual ability have put Camp Cory on the map, so to speak, until now it is recognized as one of the best boys' camps in this part of the country.

Mrs. Young has not been in such close touch with us this year, for she is far removed in the new cottage situated in a distant corner of the junior camp. But her graciousness in entertaining both leaders and junior leaders at various spreads has won for her a warm place in our hearts. Mrs. Young, Mrs. Brodie, and Miss Hill have all been very charming hostesses and we are grateful to them for all they have done for us.

JAMES LEE ELLENWOOD

If Jim likes us as much as we like him he will come back to Cory next year and remain all summer. This was Dr. James Lee Ellenwood's second summer with us here at Cory. He "blew" into camp a few days after camp opened in time to get settled with his "gang" in the cottages on the beach and get his talk ready for the Sunday services. He has shown us here at Cory just what a camp church service can be—a really worth while part of camp life. He has done more to create the right atmosphere in which the very best things will develop than any other one man. Leaders and campers have been helped by his three sermons on successive Sundays, his chapel talks at breakfast and his association with them during the day when less formal "talk-fests" have been held. His conference with the leaders of both Junior and Senior camp and the junior leaders of the Senior camp were helpful to the extent that one was able to apply the teachings in actual practice here in camp life. Jim is the personification of what we wish all preachers would be, then we are sure all churches would be

filled every Sunday. It all can be summed up in one sentence, "He knows his stuff."

Jim found time to fish, play ball and indulge in his favorite pastime, "shoot golf." Every night after supper he inveigled Chief and Steve Brodie to accompany him to the links where he endeavored to beat old man Par and his trusty partners. It sounded like a motor boat when Jim reached the green for it was always putt, putt, putt and sometimes putt, putt, putt, putt, putt, putt. It is said that Jim being a minister never swears, but we have it on good authority that when he dubbed a shot he always spit, and the green keeper tells us that the grass never grew where Jim spit. For he's a jolly good fellow, was the report from the Junior leaders when they came back from the overnight hike, with Jim as their leader. It takes a he-man to be happy and keep others smiling when the rain comes down and even though Jim was soaked through, he kept smiling.

Dr. Ellenwood is associate Secretary of the Executive Committee of the State Y. M. C. A. with his office in New York City, his home is in Brooklyn but he belongs to the entire boyhood and young manhood of the whole state of New York, for he is always sought after as a speaker to groups of High School and College men. Always in demand, and we hereby serve notice on him that he is to spend the entire season at Cory in 1930.

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD BRODIE

"Steve" seems like one of the camp fixtures—here year after year and never changing. He did make one change which was not hard to take, and that was into the cottage formerly occupied by Mr. Young. He said he was loathe to leave his former abode, but we know that a fireplace has much more attraction than a leaky roof.

As usual the Manual Training building was presided over by this capable fellow. To his disgruntlement, however, he discovered that three other activities were to share his stronghold this year. Now don't think that Steve dislikes to lend his equipment—far from it! But when sixteen hammers, all shiny and new, gradually drift away never to return, it is enough to get under anyone's skin. Thus it went with Steve this year. He was kept ever busy trying to locate tools he had loaned.

"Steve's" major activities in camp were golf, baseball and bridge. He is proficient at all of them, not only playing a good game but also talking an excellent one.

To Mrs. Brodie our hats are off. If it weren't for her this Culminary would be a sorry sight. She gives her time and skill as a typist each year and thus does a large share of the work on this volume. She also keeps "Steve" happy and contented, thus giving the campus a better man with whom to work.

ROGER P. VICKERY

And now, dear reader, we must devote a few lines to one Roger Vickery, our assistant camp director and a man of manifold ability—but greater possibilities. Need we say he was the busiest man in camp? His day started in the morning when he woke up the bugler and ended at night when he tucked him in bed again. In between times all he did was to give setting-up exercises, inspect tents, take swim numbers,

referee games, act as stage manager, director and actor for the Cory Theater Guild and play golf with Steve Brodie.

So strongly was Rog imbued with the spirit of Cory and his duties that it was even noticeable during the past college year, his last at the University of Rochester. It is rumored that he went to the gymnasium one day and asked Dr. Fauver if all the freshmen had their swim numbers. On another occasion while crossing the campus he dashed to the flag-pole; went thru a setting-up drill, and then shouted, "Everybody dip!" at a group of passing co-eds. His worst break, however, was when he took the leading role in a college play. He is so used to the Cory crowd that before he could go on with his part, he turned to the audience and said, "The first person who turns on a flashlight will be THROWN out!"

Now a serious word. This was Rog's last year here at Cory. He won the esteem and admiration of all his associates. "Rog" will be a pleasant memory to those lads who have been in camp with him during the past few summers. He has given his best to Cory, and may we wish him the best of luck as he now enters upon his life work—to do NOT better but BIGGER things.

KENNETH SPRAGUE LITTLEFIELD

"Mr. Littlefield, will you please see that Johnny has an upper bunk, and that he takes his hot milk every afternoon at 3:30?" "Mr. Littlefield, Bobby can't get along with the boys in his cabin. Will you see that he is put in with Johnny White?" "Mr. Littlefield, you will take special care of Willie, won't you?"

Thus is the life of the junior camp director. Questions, questions, questions—day after day. It takes a man with iron will, serenity and equanimity to hold up under this sort of barrage and come up smiling. Ken soothed the campers, interested the friends and placated the parents with untold success.

But even the strongest representatives from that muscle factory known as Springfield college, from which Ken hailed, will weaken under such a strain as is undergone by the director of the junior camp at Cory. Ken, worn to the ragged edge by one insistent parent, succumbed and adjourned to the hospital for a few days. Of course there were other attractions there besides a soft bed and sheets, but we will not mention them. After a few days' incarceration "Littlefeet" came forth ready to renew the battle and bang through the rest of the season with colors flying.

There are such things as his daily letters from Springfield, various pictures in his tent, telephone calls from across the lake, etc., that are better left unmentioned, so we shall not say a word about them. However, we will say that Ken has started the new camp with a bang and has created so much momentum that next year ought to roll up astounding results.

Ken's departure from Cory, whenever that may be, will leave a vacancy difficult to fill with similar competency.

PETER JOHN BRAAL

At the opening of camp, Peter John sat in his office, large white bandages covering his hands. To a curious sympathizer, he revealed that he had been hurt while exploding fireworks; to others, that he had fallen from an aeroplane. The fact was, however, that Pete in his exploits in the advance party had encountered that dreaded plant, poison ivy, and thereafter he was known as "Poison Ivy" Pete.

But to poison ivy as to everything else in this world, there must be an end, and so in a few weeks, Peter John was, to use his own words, "O. K. like a bear." In the remaining weeks of camp, he showed class in

baseball, in basketball, in swimming, in tennis and even in that well known Cory pastime, pitching horse-shoes.

In his office work, Pete has done a remarkably good job. With the addition of the Junior camp this year, his duties have been greatly increased, but he has worked unflinchingly and with a smile that every Coryite will long remember. Pete answers to many aliases. "Magonigal," "Mahaff," "Paluka," and "John" will all be accorded a response. Pete is a conscientious chap and will become Director of the Senior Camp some one of these days.

ARNOLD J. KLIX

"Army" besides being troubled with the pressing duties concerned with truck driving had his hands full defending himself from the many Alpha Deltis and Dekes here at camp. He being the lone Theta Delt was entirely outclassed due to numbers whenever a triangular battle arose between the aforementioned brotherhoods. Arnold rose to fame overnight after days of very bright sunlight and cloudless sky. His liberal disbursement of the soothing cocoa butter to the sunburned campers has indeed won him a place in the hearts of all who have suffered with tender backs and shoulders. Seriously, though, he has established a very creditable reputation among faculty, leaders and campers, for the cheerful disposition which he maintains at all times. Even when tasks seem disagreeable, Arnold did not complain, but went ahead and finished the job while others were talking.

This job of driving the truck at camp can be just as hard as an individual wishes to make it. Former truck drivers have spent but few hours a day on the job. For the past two years, Arny has shown us just what it is to work. He has not only fulfilled his own duties in a capable manner but has also done a great deal of voluntary work about camp, which is worthy of commendation—especially in the kitchen assisting Mr. Bonesteel.

We feel certain that he shall always be remembered by Coryites as a cheerful fellow who was ready to oblige campers and carry out their wishes; thus enabling them to have an agreeable summer at Camp Cory.

THOMAS ATTERBURY

Master Scullion or Magistrate of the Dishwashers. Toward the end of the third week in camp, the mighty faculty aroused themselves from their dreams and decided that something should be done to install order and peace on the dishwashing porch. The result was that Tom Atterbury, D. K. E., arrived in camp with the shoes and trousers that were to make him famous. He was installed in the Junior camp faculty tent so that he would be as near to his work as possible. Mr. Young was taking no chances on letting this stalwart son of Rochester tire himself out by plodding a long distance each day with his feet encased in those mammoth ten pound brogans of his.

"Paluka," a term of endearment wished upon him by his loving tentmates, spent his spare time watching the model aeroplanes fly and building a sail and out-rigger for Mr. Young's small canoe. He also trained all promising junior pugilists and taught them the art of self defense. As truck driver, he proved his ability to adapt himself quickly to new jobs. He drove for Klix for three days and learned all the back alleys in Penn Yan in that time.

Tom had a habit of ignoring all morning bugle calls. He never got up before 7:30, rain or shine. He always dipped—at the tent faucet, would hurry slowly to the kitchen in his clodhoppers and arrive as everyone else was finishing breakfast. Nevertheless, he did his job extremely well and proved to be a real fellow and an excellent leader.

"Mun," the notorious jolly journalist from Tent 3, proved to be handy not only with the quill but also with the pick and shovel. Some people might even say that he is handy with the sword but that is problematical. At any rate, he did not wield it very lustily in his fight for Guinevere. However, Mun was rewarded for his chivalry, for King Arthur appointed him dean of women in the brand new "knight school." All this, of course, dear reader, refers to the leaders play for who could ever imagine our shrinking violet, our tall, dark, handsome leader lowering his

dignity to associate with women. Unless, of course, it was the woman.

Seriously speaking, "Mun" is certainly to be congratulated on the very fine way in which he edited the Cory Clips. Under his management, our camp paper has become practically a magazine, whose quality ranks very high. Although Mun often flitted to Rochester for ads and other things, he stayed in camp long enough for us to discover that he can play a harmonica with great skill. We also discovered from the looks of his tent and from the reports of his campers that he was an excellent leader.

JAMES KILLIP

One of the biggest sports in camp is aquatics and Jim proved to be an able and competent swimming director. When he wasn't busy acquiring a coat of tan out on the tower, he was teaching non-swimmers or rescuing campers who tried to drown each other to pass life-saving.

Jim was a good camper, getting into everything for all he was worth and his leadership of Tent 4 showed that he was capable in yet another respect. His friendly personality and willingness to help out wherever possible made him a most welcome figure at Camp Cory. Naturally he was liked by the campers, leaders and faculty, and we know he liked the camp. Good going, Jim—You did a good job in putting swimming on the map at Camp Cory.

ARTHUR REIS

Art was the Lindbergh of Camp Cory. He had charge of the model aeroplane work and he managed it in great style. Probably half the campers came under his instruction at some time or other during the season. So great was the interest in this field that a match was arranged between Camp Cory and Camp Iroquois. Although Cory was defeated the ardor of Art's class was not dampened. He constructed a giant pusher which flew very successfully to the delight of all the campers.

Art liked to take his tent on over-night hikes and tent-spreads. He must have known considerable about camping for his boys always had a good time. He was also an accomplished bridge builder and was quite keen about swimming. The diving board underwent a great strain when our man Reis tried a jack-knife from it, and although it nearly bent double at times it upheld his great weight.

Art did a fine job in conducting his model aeroplane class. It contributed much to the life and activity of camp. Congratulations are in order. Old Boy! You have been of real service to Cory.

MATTHEW KOTOWSKI

Mat was among the new material added to the leaders' corps this summer. He spent most of his time helping Doug Anderson with athletics and Jim Killip with aquatics. Every swim period one could see Mat peacefully reposing on the top platform of the diving tower. He kept close watch over the fellows in his vicinity and instructed many campers in diving. Mat's greatest effort and most dismal failure was his attempt to teach Doug Anderson and Whitey Shepard how to execute a perfect jack-knife. Cheer up, Mat! How anyone could accomplish this task is incomprehensible.

Another endeavor on Mat's part was his attempt to surpass the "peak of perfection" in tan which was held by Doug Anderson. In soaking up the sun's rays Kotowbaum often gave the impression that this was the Cory Sanitarium instead of camp. In spite of all his efforts he could not overcome Anderson's three year start. A good Coryite and a good fellow.

DOUGLAS ANDERSON

"Doug's" coat of tan represents the accumulation

of several layers gathered in as many years on Cory's sunny campus. It is the envy of every camper and the admiration of all things feminine. And this reminds us that Doug is a famous breaker of hearts. For the first month, his activities were down the Lake toward Penn Yan, but during August the other direction claimed his attention as well. With strong attractions on both sides of camp, we sometimes wondered if he knew just what way he was going in his nocturnal peregrinations.

In more serious moments, Doug made an able athletic director and a fine captain for the Whees, one of the camp's large teams. He was unquestionably the best leader in Tent 8. His winning smile and cheerful disposition made every one in camp his friend, and Doug was always eager to lend a helping hand wherever possible.

JASON WALKER

"Robin Hood II"—"Fellows, there will be a very important meeting of the Archery Club at 6:30 to-night, and I wish all the members to plan to attend." So spoke our Jason on an average of once a week in the interests of his pet sport, archery. He was the guiding spirit of this, the newest child of the Cory sports family, and did a remarkably fine job in initiating it, and interesting the fellows. When Jason wasn't writing letters, he could always be found on his "pasture" or the plot known prehistorically as the range.

Perhaps Jason's greatest contribution to Cory, second to his instruction of the "young warriors," was his method of teaching the parents the gentle art of twining the bow-string on the supple yew. Several fathers were heard to announce one Sunday, after a class had been run off by Jason, that they would be particularly interested to form an Archery Club of their very own, with Jason in the top-hole position. Such was his success as a Leader and Instructor.

CHRISTOPHER SMITH

When we remember that Chris came to Cory from the Rochester School for the Deaf where he was a teacher of Biology, Leather Work and Metal Work, we marvel that he was able to survive our bedlam. Chris introduced Leather and Metal Work into camp, two new activities and ones which proved to be of intense interest to campers and leaders as well. We haven't the statistics regarding the number of belts, key cases and bill folds turned out under his willing and untiring tutelage but it verged on large scale production and a number of articles of artistic merit were produced.

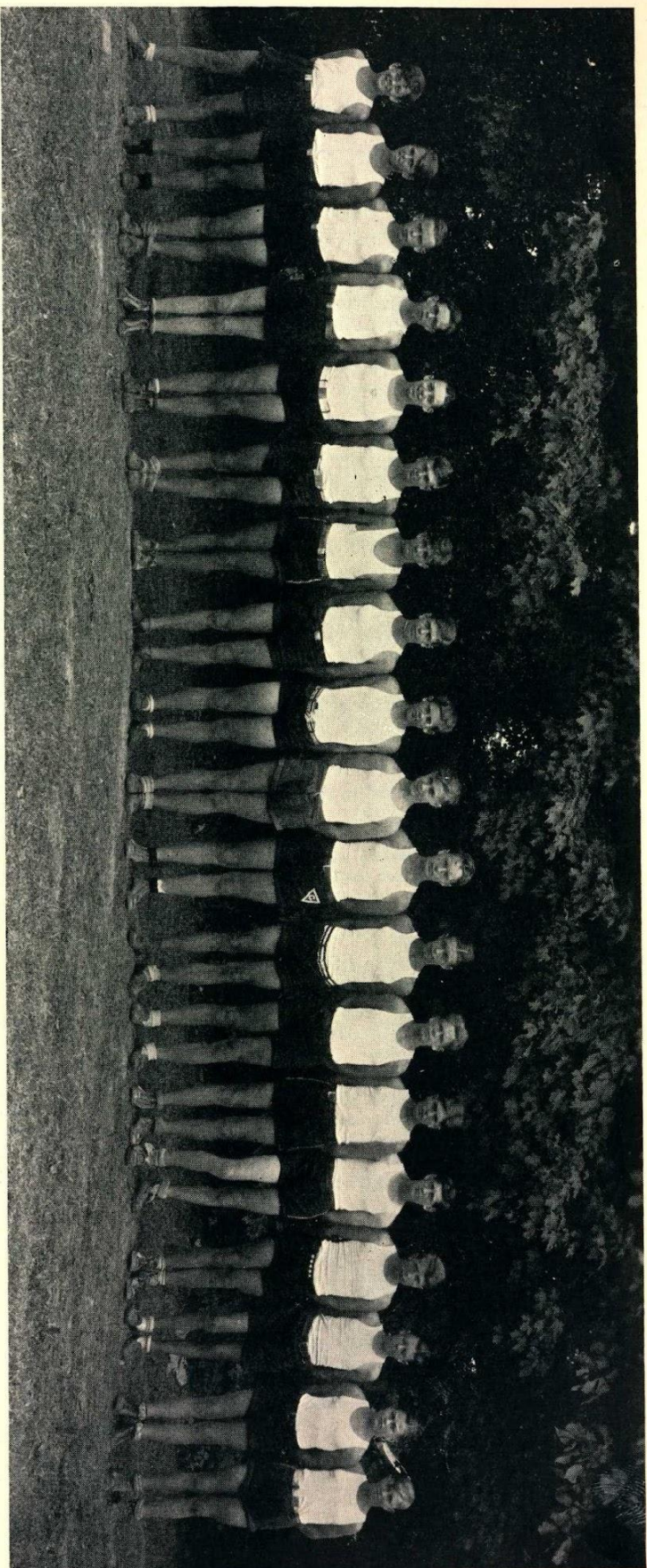
As a minor sport, Chris took up bridge building and as a member of the firm of "Turney, Smith and Ries, bridge contractors," performed a needed and valuable bit of camp service.

And then there are rumors of a bemoustached figure in shorts skipping fantastically over the fields with a net in his hand, pouncing upon unsuspecting butterflies, for Chris aspires to be a naturalist of some fame as a sideline.

WILLIAM TURNERY

Bill always had a grin and pleasant word for everybody which partly accounts for his popularity among the younger campers. Bill was the mighty man of the camp. But he was not strong all the way through for he had two very marked weaknesses, overnight hikes and a couple of bars of Nestle's and a box of Cracker Jack after every meal. If that is the recipe for Bill's physique and his many fine qualities, we shall certainly follow suit.

Occasionally Bill lost his dignity and actually became childish such as the time when he soaped the new slide, went down it backwards and nearly caused a Tidal Wave and the demolition of the dock. "Law and order" was his motto which he enforced with his brawny physique.



The 1929 Junior Leaders Corps, Senior Camp

Left to right—"Jack" Adler, "Jack" Ringrose, "Scot" Callister, "John" Cooper, "Bob" Eason, "Herb" Houghton, "Bob" Merklinger, "Al" Schick, "Bob" Bowie, "Art" Cowles, "Buzz" Ellis, "Bob" Shannon, "Jim" Root, "Chris" Pickering, "Red" Zelter, "Dick" Wilson, "Bill" Cubley, Kirby Preston, "Brud" Taillie.

Our Junior Leaders

Robert S. Bowie—Tent sixteen started upon its career this season with not only three veteran campers on its role, but a thoroughly capable and experienced junior leader in the person of Bob Bowie. Bob served in this capacity last season with great success, and this year he is bettering his record. He worked quietly without ostentation but got the job done even though his tent full of live wires kept him very busy. This smooth taciturn gent is champion ticket-taker and door tender of Camp Cory. He thrives on work and is entirely dependable.

Johnson Cooper—When Johnson came to camp this year Mun Will was congratulating himself upon having an old camper in his tent, but his joys were soon ended, for this Oswegoite was given a trial at junior leadership because of his ability as a camper. He moved to tent twelve and managed that group very well during the last two weeks of the season. In spite of his quiet manner and low voice he was well known about the campus. After hustling his gang through squads he would hie himself to the Manual Training building and spend long hours artistically redecorating the signs used to point out Camp Cory to visitors.

Albert Schick—This unassuming young gentleman was removed from tent sixteen soon after his arrival in camp and was made junior leader of tent thirteen. There he took over all the duties of tent leader so that Gordie Meade would have more time for star-gazing. His renowned ability as a swimmer put him in great demand for both teams, but unfortunately he could only render his services to one. Inherited his brother's dexterity in "oaring" boats, and we expect to see him make his varsity crew. From this catalogue of qualities you may draw your own conclusions about Al.

William Eason—"Bill" was the prince of humor and laughter. Always cracking a joke, always making others laugh, he was perhaps one of the best liked and most popular fellows in camp. His advancements were many—from dishwasher to camper and from a camper of Tent 7 to Junior Leader of Tent 14. That's quite a jump and Bill deserved every bit of it. A hard worker with a smile or grin on his face. Willing to battle any two guys on the campus at any time. Bill was a great fellow and we in Tent 7 missed him when he moved to 14, because he had such a bright and witty disposition.

John Gray Adler—John was the smallest junior leader in camp but a bundle of energy. Whatever he did he did whole-heartedly, and, we might say, very well. His efforts during the last four weeks of camp were directed towards earning his fourth degree. He is famous for his smile and his gum-chewing ability. His activities range from archery to jack-straws and from baseball to ping-pong. His sunny disposition and his cheery grin have made him one of the best liked fellows in camp.

Arthur Cowles—Art had a tough break this summer. On the junior leaders' over-night hike, when everyone got so wet, he contracted a bad cold which put him in the camp hospital for the better part of three weeks. He was missed sorely during his absence because he was a driving power in tent nine. Art was one of the best athletes of our versatile junior

leaders' corps and a man to be feared in war games. Art and his College Humor were always acceptable anywhere.

William Heiber—Bill was at camp for only four weeks, but he proved to be a very efficient junior leader. He took part in all camp activities, especially in baseball and basketball. When the junior leaders put on their very successful play, Bill played the part of the dumb detective to perfection. Whether he was just a good actor or whether he just acted natural was a much discussed question in the camp. Bill was rather a quiet chap but he knew his place and always filled it.

Chris Pickering—Chris took Bill Heiber's place as junior leader and succeeded very well in filling his shoes. Chris was an excellent swimmer and baseball player, and gained many points for the Wheels in both these sports. He had some wicked hooks on the ball when he was pitching, and many a heavy hitter fanned the breeze when Chris gunned them over. He was an expert tennis player and was very fond of writing letters. Sally was his favorite correspondent.

Scott Callister—Scotty was the good, dependable and steady junior leader of Tent 11. Tent's duties were always well done under his direction and they were done without the bullying attitude assumed by so many junior leaders. He was missed greatly when he spent nearly a week as leader in the junior camp, and everyone was glad to see him upon his return. Scott was a fifth year camper which probably accounts for his ability to accomplish things and to make fellows like him. He won his fourth degree this year and from all evidence—he earned it! There wasn't a more agreeable, likeable, companionable junior leader in camp this year than Scotty, and lucky is the leader who gets him next year.

James Van Allen—Out of the wilds of Little Falls came Jim, to his first year here at Cory. The first week Jim regarded as rather tough, but after that he liked camp so well, and showed such spirit that he was appointed junior leaders of tent fifteen. In this position Jim had a great deal of success; but he did not confine his activities to leading the tent in the place of his absent leader. He also found time to play in the camp orchestra and win his first degree. Jim has many likeable traits as proved by the many vari-colored letters he received from Little Falls.

William Cubley—Bill was always up first in the morning, but was not satisfied with just getting up. He had to blow around, awaken his tent-mates, and finally arouse the whole camp. He never seemed to get out of the habit of stirring up the camp like a big hive of bees. How he ever got through the season with a whole skin is beyond us. First in the morning, last at night—he was the bugler. Bill hails from Potsdam but that shouldn't be held against him. He played first trumpet in the orchestra and was also dramatically inclined. His passionate colored shorts nearly caused his downfall.

Herbert Houghton—Herb's term of active service closed at the end of the fifth week of camp when he magnanimously stepped aside to give another camper a chance at the job. During his term of service he

was an earnest and willing worker. Herb's chief hobby is a good game of "hot-hand." Further than that the waters of Keuka were daily cleaved by his famous one-and-a-half twist. "How was that one? Huh!" Recognition came to Herb when he was christened on the over-night hike by Jim Ellenwood as "Admiral Adenoid."

Robert Merklinger—Bob was in camp for only one week before he was promoted to junior leadership of tent fourteen. Since this was his first in Cory he deserves much credit for such rapid advancement. Whether he was democratic or just forgetful of the dignity of his position has never been determined. However, the fact remains that he often indulged in friendly mud fights with the campers. We hope to see this handsome devil again next year so he can be junior leader for a whole season.

James Root—Jim made a good junior leader, although keeping his hair in place and his clothes in order sometimes kept him from more athletic pursuits. He was a born actor (bad, maybe) but never failed to accept a little responsibility now and then. Jim caused the chief and his leader very little worry except for the food he consumed. He was always singing the latest popular songs and hopes to rival Al Jolson someday. (We have our doubts, Sonny Boy). Although a bit shy at developing them, Jim has many sterling qualities.

Robert Shannon—Tent four boasted as its junior leader none other than the inimitable Shannon, captain of the Whams. Bob sure had the Cory spirit to the Nth degree, for he was always on the job as junior leader, and right there when it came to any activity in camp. This gent was runner-up in the first tennis tournament and he swings a wicked ball bat as many a Whee can testify. In fact, Bob rates as one of the best all around athletes in camp. His interest in athletics extends way into the night, for he can be heard almost any night umpiring a ball-game in his sleep. His "Strike one," "You're out!" and "Everybody dip!" have awakened many a poor camper. In spite of all his ravings, Bob is sincere in all that he undertakes and can always be depended upon for a good job.

Elbert Ellis—"Red" or "Buzz" Ellis arrived on the opening day of camp to assume the junior leadership of tent one. He brought with him all the social polish of Rochester's "Four hundred" plus a special dispensation from the Pope to reform the world. (Her name is "Treesee"). The Cory Clips soon found it needed him as business manager; the Culminary next came under the spell of his personality and made money for the first time in years. In addition Red took part in every camp activity. As store keeper he was Mike Maijgren's greatest worry, but seriously, his companionship added much to the pleasure of camp life for us all.

Charles Zelter—"Hully chee, you birds, shut-up!" Red was always one of the busiest junior leaders, and had a hard time finding words to express his disgust

of the lack of action in the lazier fellows. "Schmeel" came into the ranks of the mighty junior leaders upon the heels of Jim Van Allen. Not only did he have practically all the females of Rochester catalogued, but he received letters from most of them every day. Red was the main stay of the campers' team. Often in fits of frenzy he would work as much as half an hour a day on the basketball courts; all this with an eye on his fourth degree emblem. Red's nature and big ears endeared him to most of the campers.

Richard Wilson—Dick was tent six's notorious and far-famed junior leader—Yes the same sir!—commander of the Horse Marines and chairman of the committee on the promulgation and betterment of tent-spreads and over-night hikes. He was the originator and owner of the patent rights on the famous "Carberry Trough for Simplified Guzzling." Dick was all right, however, despite these weighty shortcomings, and we feel fortunate that he was designated junior leader of ten six. Dick is quiet and dependable and was always in all camp activities. We congratulate the junior leaders' corps, for in Dick they had one of the best.

E. Kirby Preston—Kirby was the blue-eyed fellow in tent five who claimed to be junior leader. He did not show the usual traits of junior leaders for he never ordered the boys about. Whenever Kirby wanted anything done right he always did it himself. Kirby's good nature and ability to take jokes kept him out of many arguments. Besides being a butterfly maniac, he played a good game of baseball. Another of his accomplishments was the ability to sleep soundly through rain, hail, thunder, first-call and reveille.

John Ringrose—In the dim, dark ages five years ago Jack Ringrose came to camp. Then our highly civilized camp of today was wild and barren. Growing strong and healthy under the influence of the sun, moon and stars, the young boy soon showed marked athletic qualities and also qualities of leadership. Not many years passed before he was made junior leader, for those early noted traits developed into strong characteristics. Today Jack holds one of the leading positions among the campers and the junior leaders' corps. His dancing brown eyes and winning smile make friends for him easily. He is esteemed and admired by all.

Lawrence Taillie—Brud as junior leader and good fellow could not be equalled. The Irish humor in his eyes always twinkled. Although he was a little fellow he could hold more than his own with the rest of the campers. His reputation of being the most dependable hitter and fielder in baseball at Cory is enviable. Brud's great sense of humor and easy going manner make it difficult for him to get riled, but when he does get all "het up" someone is likely to get a "lamp hung around his eye." He was waiter for Jim Ellenwood and Steve Brodie and thus became well known in the kitchen. There he learned to take on four faculty men at once, and after this training we claim he can take a punch from anyone.



THRU THE TENTS

We regret that this book had to go to press on the fifteenth of August --- thus, many late campers are left out. Also, with so many campers arriving and leaving throughout the season, it has been a difficult task to insure Culminary write-ups for all. The Editor regrets that through slip-ups or errors, some may have been omitted.



Tent No. 1

LEADER—ROBERT M. HENNESSY

Peter Gerolintos—Pete came to camp with the idea of eating, and he certainly did succeed. He rivals Charlie Chaplin in a baseball game, but nevertheless he is a real Spartan athlete and has a large sense of humor.

Anthony Bertram—Pete's pal, but the two were always arguing. "Red" was an ardent fisherman and spent most of the time between meals at the dock. We hope his early acquired sunburn didn't spoil his stay here at camp.

William Becker—Bill never had a lot to say but was ready for any activities. Vice-president in the firm of Kelsey and Wright, Wood-cutters. As an experienced camper he handles his share of the tent duties willingly.

Frank Smith—A radio could not rival him at talking. Frank got a big thrill from diving off the tower after he had worked up courage. The only person in the tent who knew all the latest popular songs.

John Hannick—Jack was a new camper and proved to be a fine sport. He was always agreeable and took an active part in the camp games. Popular with the cook because he ate less than anyone else in camp.

Myron Carey—A quiet chap entered the tent one day and announced his intention of staying two weeks. That was Bill, fellows! In spare moments he liked to lie in his bunk and read aviation stories. Welcome to our gang, Bill!

Frank Wright—No sooner had Frank reached camp than he seized an axe and a saw and set out to cut wood for the fire. The whole camp was immediately seized with the craze till Chief Young had to interfere.

Andrew R. Sutherland, Jr.—Picture a shock of red hair and a cheery grin and you have "Mike," our champion baseball catcher. Always prompt and agreeable, he made many friends in his three weeks here. His witty remarks often drove "Red" Ellis into hysterics.

Leland Uffindell—Leland joined the Tent 1 crowd because he wanted to be near the water, but on cold mornings he found it pretty tough to take a dip. He worked hard for his degree and did everything from star-gazing to dramatics.

Harold Matzky—We learned a lot about Harold in the two weeks he spent in Tent 1. He watches falling stars at night and can't hear the bugle in the morning, but after he's awake he's a fine worker and a good sport.

Lewis Zoller—A new camper from Little Falls. Lewis maintained an aloof dignity which we tried to understand. Tennis, ping pong and swimming were his activities, along with playing tricks on others. Always on time for seconds in desserts.

Allan Feldmeier—Full of pep from morning till night, Allan was always doing something. He was a clever swimmer and took an active part in two swimming meets. He was very fond of over-night hikes, tent spreads and Gord Meade's stories.

F. Clark Bloomfield—"Who is the little fellow with the big smile?" people ask about Clark. His cheerful disposition and love of fun made him a fine camper. He took great delight in stumping our invincible junior leader. A regular fellow is Clark.

Robert Matteson—Bob is an old Coryite. He knows just what to do and when to do it. Not only that, Bob really practises the Cory motto, "Help the other fellow." What more need be said?

Lewis Kelsey—Lewie has taken up archery with the result that he is a veritable Robin Hood and Jason Walker's only rival. In addition he was able assistant to Frank Wright, Chief Young's other pest, in collecting wood.

Wallace Baker—Wallie went to Camp Pathfinder last year but decided to honor Cory with his presence this year. He likes to build model boats. His six weeks in camp proved him to be a good sport and a worthwhile camper.

Vernon Gridley—“Vern” was always quiet and unassuming but a willing worker and a good hand at helping to clean up the tent. He took an interest in things and worked hard for his second degree. Vern liked Cory and Cory liked him.

Hollis Becker—“Holly” arrived in camp soon after his brother “Bill” and filled the bunk below him. He had a strong sense of humor but never got too mischievous. A real help about the tent and a camper with the proper spirit.



Tent No. 2

LEADER—GEORGE ULP

Jack Heimlich—Another member of LeRoy's prominent younger set who has done everything but set the camp on fire. A great ball player and hard worker, "Hoxie" had a great second year in camp.

Thomas Keenan—“Tom,” has been one of our most regular and dependable campers—an eight week one at that. He was an enthusiastic member of the camp orchestra and also an ardent supporter of campus activities.

Robert Spry—"Bob" has been one of our most active campers. A loyal supporter of any activity in which the "Tent-Twoers" participated, from dramatics to baseball. Always ready and eager for a little fun.

Richard Spry—Rather diminutive but rivals his brother in everything possible. "Dick" spent six weeks with us and had a hand in everything from sending new campers for the finger bowls to playing tent tennis with ping pong rackets.

Edgar Erb—"Eddie" is a bit inclined to avoid work, that is, unless it is in leather work or something that he really likes—then watch him go. He has a cheerful smile which he uses a lot and helps keep Tent 2 right up in the running all of the time.

Fordyce Gorham—"Ford" manages to rattle cheerfully on his way, stopping only long enough to get the toothpicks for the boys at the table. He liked to keep the tent in O. K. condition although he shirked combing his hair. A good camper who seldom complained.

Edward Davis—"Eddie," though a little slow in getting started, did things well when he did them, from making an archery outfit to playing in the camp orchestra. Eddie lent his serious mind to vespers, as well as using it to perfect whatever he was interested in.

George Davis—"Jack." George works hard (when he works) and plays hard most of the time. He took a keen interest in many camp activities, and had no difficulty in earning his first degree.

Richard Burke—Always ready to lend a hand or help a fellow out, Rick was ready for anything, from the morning dip to waiting on table, and by his eager participation in campus activities achieved the distinction of earning the first Cory emblem of the season.

Gerald Manhold—Gerald, coming from the wilds of Driving Park Avenue lost no time in making friends and getting into most of the camp activities. Spent his time flitting about after butterflies or spearing pollywogs. He looked well in Gus Bonesteel's finger bowl coat and he had no equal in leading vespers.

Robert Evans—Although Bob is slow in getting started, he threatens to get his third degree or bust. The archery club would be lost without Bob, and we know his luck helps him to hit the target. Well, as long as he hits it what of it?

Carl Bausch—Carl was with us but a short time when the call of his home gang proved too strong. He was at his best on the archery range and the archery club lost an enthusiastic member in Carl.

Al Atwater—“Al” was one of the best natured campers in Tent 2, evidently profiting by his previous experience in Cory. He started out with a bang and worked hard for his degree. He spent much of his time on the tennis courts and improved his game quite a bit.

Ardean Miller, III—Handsome Ransom was a good camper and possessed a sunny disposition. He was once accused of being good looking, but he is working hard to correct this impression. He will probably succeed because he always gets just what he wants.

Walter Gunkler—He has a freckled countenance, but freckles vanish in his cheery smile. His brothers have made quite a reputation for him to live up to, but it seems as if he will do it.



Tent No. 3

LEADER—MUNRO WILL

Philip Kribbs—Fond of eating, sleeping, making model aeroplanes and playing tennis. Of these, sleeping was easiest for him; in fact, when asked to contribute to the vesper service, he was invariably found to have drifted off into the land of nod. With all his easy going ways, he made many friends and was quite a pleasant fellow.

Charles Nixon—Poor “Chuck” had a chunk taken out of his camp season when he was taken ill with ear trouble. His greatest asset was a broad grin which appeared in both sunny and rainy weather. He is the kind that would fit well into any tent group.

Alan Gleason—Our little human dynamo managed to get into about everything that went on here in camp. His versatility was amazing. Tennis, swimming, baseball, ping pong and paddling were all in his range of accomplishments. Besides these, he was over zealous to be helpful and used to run his legs off on errands for his leader.

Donald Jones—This year “Don” was much the same lad that he was last only a little more mature and a little surer of himself. As he was a good camper last and the desired sort, so he was this year and there is no need of listing again his qualities.

Julian Potts—Our big, bad, bold, brutal dishwasher. Tent Three's bugaboo polishes profusely pots and pans. This hairy chested, two fisted he-man comes from Oil City, Pa., where oil, money and gin flow freely. “Mikes” mops the muddy mess hall and manages to miss most inspections. Entirely too talkative, he keeps his tentmates awake nights telling tales of terrible, man eating tadpoles.

Duane Schreiber—“Tiny Tim” or the “Wee Wee” man at his struggles to maintain his dignity and uphold his pride. That might well entitle the story of Dewey's life at camp but not the complete story. Duane is the aggressive type who will make his way in the world.

Homer Roberts—Short, square and noisy but good hearted and efficient. Without him the tent would be naught as the wise Merlin said. He was a wonderful fellow at taking responsibility, a good swimmer, and a fine chap all the way through.

Peter Buckland—Though Peter was a bit unhappy during the first few days of his two weeks stay in camp, he soon snapped out of it and took a real interest in camp life. Come for a longer time next year, Pete.

Donald Whiting—Another boy who wanted to go home for a while but an interest in boxing and leather work soon made him feel better. Don's size was no handicap. He did more than his share of the work and was voted by all his tentmates a good guy.

John Quinn—Though here for only a short time, “Jackie” made his impression upon us. A little fellow and quiet, nevertheless he showed manly qualities which were the admiration of all. Most willing and helpful about the tent, his pleasing disposition also gained for him many friends.

Richard Lum—“Dick” was a little slow at first in getting into the spirit of things here at Cory but soon something happened and he became the liveliest and one of the most interested in all that went on. What's more, he worked hard and was well liked by everybody.

Donald Van Arsdale—“Don” came for the last two weeks and got busy immediately on his first degree. He was one of those quiet efficient fellows whose actions spoke louder than words, and who never caused his leader a moment's worry.

Ross Erwin—The last addition to our tent wisely chose the last two weeks for his second sojourn at camp. “Ross” was a capable chap and a good man to have around. He was interested in all sports, mixed well and made many friends.



Tent No. 4

LEADER—JAMES KILLIP

Richard Despard—“Shorty” spent four weeks at camp and spent most of his time in the Manual Training building, making model aeroplanes. He did find time, however, to play baseball and his catching ability was one of the main factors for the tent's good record.

Douglas Wiggant—“Doug” was one of the first to obtain his degree this year. Although being hampered by lack of experience in track and baseball, he made a fine showing for a first year camper.

Reed Chamberlain—Reed is popular for being the plumpest camper on the campus. We give him credit for trying to diet but cannot say much of his success.

William Seaborne—“Bill” came to camp for a rest. We wonder if he actually found time to do so, for he seemed on the go most of the time. Bill reached the height of all campers ambition—he was excused from morning dip.

William La Rock—“Rod” is also a great actor, known about camp as the better half of the Carberry-La Rock combination. Rod's weakness is bread and gravy of which he can put away any given amount.

Joseph Hochstein—Joe's arrival in Tent 4 was an omen of future good luck. Joe was noted for his generosity and his skill in twirling baseball.

DeForest Zimmerman—“Don” was the Tent's champion short stop. His ability as a ball player was one reason for the ten's good showing in inter-tent competition.

Louis La Vallie—“Lou” and his blue cap were inseparable except at meal times, and even then he doffed it many times by request. He was a good camper and an aid to Tent Four.

Charles Warner—“Chuck” had the toughest luck of any camper this year. He broke his arm within three hours after coming to camp, but despite his handicap he was always willing to do his share of tent duties. Better luck next year, Chuck.

Frederick Von Lambeck—“I can't live without horses,” cried Freddie. In order to spend his four weeks at camp in peace, he brought a pair of white mice along with him to fill the bill. We enjoyed Freddie and his white mice even though they took off during inspection.

Stewart Johnston—“Cy” was the snappiest table waiter of Tent 4. Speedy service with a smile was his slogan. If the waiters' aisle was blocked, Cy would often forward pass the beans with disastrous results.

Elmer Booth—His favorite sport was baseball and in his short stay, he made the midget baseball team. Although a small fellow very few balls got past him.

Robert Booth—“Bob” spent many hours in the boats and would have spent many more if he had the chance but he was always on hand when he was needed.

Paul Suter—“Red” came to camp for two weeks, and became so interested in life here that he decided to make a season of it. He was a quiet fellow and well liked in Tent 4.



Tent No. 5

LEADER—ARTHUR REIS

Earl Johnson—“Babe” Johnson came down as a dishwasher, but somehow he didn’t last long. If it was the dishes, we can’t blame him for leaving early because dishwashing is no cinch. Babe was an all around athlete; in the meets he was always somewhere near the top. The tent missed his pitching when he left, and their reputation as a “tough bunch to beat,” soon faded away.

John David—John claims he had a good time at camp this year. Aeroplanes, archery and nature study interested him most. His model plane broke the camp record in its class.

Robert David—“Bob” is more athletic than his brother and is not so interested in hobbies. He is a cute little fellow and misses very few things of interest around camp.

Dean Lawson—Dean was the boy with the chubby face. Baseball, aeroplanes and swimming were his chief activities. Ducking squads was his pastime. How’s for earning a degree next year, Dean, old boy?

Harold Bubel—Harold came to camp with the idea of eating, sleeping and having a good time; and that is what he did. He didn’t do much else except play an occasional baseball game.

Frank Gottry—Frank was the main reason why all the girls flocked to Tent 5 on Sundays. He was interested in athletics and all other camp activities, and is worthy of Junior leadership another year.

Donald Smith—“Don” was never in good humor until after dip. Then he was up for the day. He was always on hand for anything from back slapping to toe tickling. Try to get into more activities next year, Don!

Orlo Smith—“Smitty” was a little fellow who wanted to get into things but didn’t seem to know how. Swimming proved a big stumbling block for him. Better luck next year, Orlo.

Robert Burr—“Bobby” was a quiet boy, always on the job. His stay at camp was a short one because he claimed camp was not so good as it used to be. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion.

Alfred Sanderson—“Cappy” was a good natured scout and although the fellows teased him quite often, he never resented it. He took an all around interest in camp and enjoyed it immensely.

Meade Bailey—Meade was into all activities, but concentrated his efforts on baseball and model aeroplanes. He asked very pertinent questions that stumped his leader at times.

Bruce Schmul—Bruce was a quiet but dependable lad. Fishing was his hobby and his victrola his bid to fame. On the job every minute but never in the way, can be said for him.

Irving Eber—Irving spent most of his time drawing cartoons. It is true that his aeroplanes often looked like autos but what of that. Although small he was active in activities.

Frank Eigabroadt—In spite of Frank’s temper, which got away from him at times, he was well liked. Soap carving and athletics were his specialties while dishwashing was his job.

Paul Lang—Paul lured by the sunny waters of Lake Keuka and the far famed name of Camp Cory visited us for the last two weeks. He was Tent Five’s latest acquisition, but not the least by far. Come again and stay longer.



Tent No. 6

LEADER—WILLIAM TURNEY

Elmer Griffith—“Tex” was here for a short time but was a good camper who availed himself of every opportunity of having a good time. He was first tenor in the famous quartet of Tex, Diltz, Carberry and Smith, Inc.

David Dieltz—“Dave” was a new camper this year and he liked it so well, he is coming again next year. Sorry to lose you, Dave old boy,—while here you were one of our best campers.

Brooks Houghton—“Brooks” was one of the famous duet of Houghton Brothers. He was a mighty good camper and always lead the prayer at vespers.

Stewart Benham—“Stewie,” a Maplewoodite, did not stay long but was a fine camper while here. His one big failing was missing the early morning dip.

Lance Phillips—Another of the Maplewood boys and a good one at that. We weren’t able to find out much about Lance, but he was a good mixer and he seemed to have a grand time while he was here.

Richard Hughey—There is only one thing that Dick is interested in and that’s chemistry. We hope that after he has found out all the Leader knows and all Gordie Meade knows about chemistry, he will come down to Cory as instructor. Good luck to you, Dickie, old boy.

Robert Carberry—Originating in Webster and originator of the famous “Carberry Frog Dive.” Bob was a good scout, anyway, even if he did have a special eating apparatus and exercised his lungs to the maximum at meal time.

Daniel Kelly—The baseball king from Tent 6. Was a good chap and was liked by all the fellows. From what we know of him, we are sorry he didn’t join our family sooner.

Lewis Swift—“One Lung” Lewie was the champion fisherman who went out one night and only caught a cold. Sorry! Old chap! Better luck next time!

Will Saile—“Bill” was quite fond of going over to Alley’s Inn and we can’t figure out whether it was “Frances” or the chicken sandwiches that were the greater attraction. This year at Cory has done a lot for Bill.

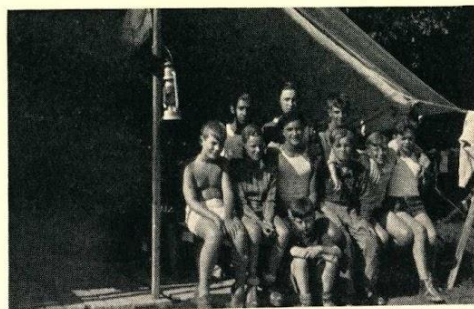
Alfred Fichtner—This little Dutchman became so homesick that he left camp before we had a chance to know him.

Carl Maier—Carl’s stay in camp was extremely short but while here he enjoyed himself and left a good impression with the rest of the campers.

Carl Anthony—Carl came to camp for the last two weeks and when this book was printed he was going great guns. Keep it up, Carl, old boy.

Donald Lum—Don was a darned good scout and we were glad to have him at Cory this year. Before we let him into the tent we made him swear that he would not try to put over any real estate deals. As a bugler, he rivals Bill Cubley.

Edward Magy—Edward caused no trouble in Tent 6 during the last two weeks of the season which constituted his stay in Cory. He made friends very easily and counted the hours until the banquet. Try to make your stay longer next year, Ed.



Tent No. 7

LEADER—MATHEW KOTOWSKI

Robert Long—“Bob” is just a good natured fellow. Eating, swimming and sleeping occupy most of his time. More exercise would do much towards the benefit of his health.

Richard Betlem—“Dick” was brand new to Cory but soon made himself one of the gang. A ready smile for everyone was his most pleasing feature. Making ping pong paddles was Dick’s favorite hobby.

Edward Frankenstein—Tiny but able to hold his own in the battles of the Camp. Ed could be seen chasing butterflies at all times of the day, working hard for his first degree.

Barton Andrews—“Bud” was well liked in good old Tent 7 because of the cakes he received from home. A tip top fellow but sometimes late at vespers because of star gazers.

Peter Raineri—“Pete” was an ardent worker for his Cory degree. His first time at camp, he had two degrees in two weeks. Nice going, we call it.

James Estrich—“Jim” is a regular Coryite. Ready to help at any time, was one of his many pleasing characteristics.

He was one of the most sought after fellows in the camp because of his five cell flashlight.

Richard Rohr—Dick was a good dishwasher as well as a good ball player. His humor cropped out incessantly and attracted the fellows like sugar does flies.

Mackey Swan—Mackey never shirked his work and most always did more than his share. Witty and good looking, Mackey was the prince of good fellows. Here's hoping you come back, Mackey boy!

Franklin Hull—Frank's favorite hobbies were making book-ends and waiting on table on Sundays. Always willing to do the hardest part of the job, he will remain in the memory of the leaders with whom he worked as one of the finest of Coryites.

Robert Cansdale—"Bob" can well lay claim to the title of the camp's smallest man. Although full of mischief and perhaps a little noisy, Bob is still a good kid. Aeroplanes claimed his time while at camp and perhaps he wants to be an aviator. If so, good luck to you, Bob, and come again to Cory in the summer of 1930.

William Dean Wallace—Dean is sure one peach of a fellow. Always ready to do his share of the squad duties or any work about camp. He was an archer of no mean skill. The fellows all liked to hear him draw out his pet expression, "Holy, Jeebers" whenever he wanted to emphasize a point.

Gene Taylor—Gene was a good addition to Camp Cory. He was a good ball player and a good story teller. Gene's ghost stories after taps were enough to make your hair stand on end. He proved to be a regular fellow of fine qualities.

Austin Kingsbury—"Aut" arrived in camp to augment the Whams baseball team. He worked hard for his first degree. His athletic qualities did not exceed his other good traits. "Aut" received our hearty O. K.



Tent No. 8

LEADER—DOUGLAS ANDERSON

Bert Standing—Bert was the star ball player of the tent. He was small but, oh my, how he tosses the ball around the diamond. Bert was also the star player of the "Midgets" and also captain of one of the junior teams.

Robert Van Demark—Bob was the comedian of the tent. How he could talk and eat so much at the same time was a puzzle. Bob's favorite food was horse meat, but he managed to get along without that while he was at camp.

Herbert Pool—Herb won his third degree this year and certainly did a pile of work. Herb was captain of one of the Junior teams, a mainstay of the Junior "Whees" and a member of the archery club.

Henry Cerquoni—Hank was an old camper and got right into the camp program without any hesitation. Although he didn't appear to be very active in some activities, he was in tent competition and all team games.

Gordon Present—"All Muscle" was the entertainer of the tent. This was Gord's first year at camp, but he entered into everything with all the pep and spirit of an old camper. Gord's specialty was pinch hitting but he declines to talk about it.

Richard Samuels—"Lefty" was the tennis champ of the first four weeks. Although he played many campers, who were much bigger, he managed to come out the winner. "Lefty" was also star junior pitcher for the Whees.

Horace Gioia—"Horry" was another old camper who was greeted with open arms. Although he was a little lazy at times, he managed to get fairly well into camp activities. His favorite sport was baseball.

George DeVisser—George was the wonder of the camp both in size and in appetite. He was well liked by all, both young and old, and in spite of his size he took an active part in all competition.

Paul Cooper—"Red" was an old camper who knew all the tricks of camping. Although he was only at camp for a short time, he firmly entrenched himself in the hearts and minds of his fellow campers.

Dickinson Hood—Dick was a rather quiet fellow around camp, but how he could chatter in the tent. Dick's favorite sport was fishing and many a poor fish went to the happy hunting grounds when he rigged up his tackle.



Tent No. 9

LEADER—JASON WALKER

Charles Richards—At the first of the season, Charlie was a rather delicate chap, but by the eighth week he was brown and strong. We feel that camp made a very great contribution to him.

Jack Rase—A future aviator who when he gets out of grammar school will go to some good aviation school. He is undecided as to which one he will attend, but once through we expect him to duplicate Lindbergh's feats.

Frederick Gioia—"Hey, Germany, where do you stow all the food?" He thought nothing of coming back after the fifth or sixth helping. Sometimes his eyes were bigger than his stomach, but we expect he'll grow out of that habit.

Myron Bantrell—Even though he was one of the many who get fooled on the finger bowl, he was a hard worker and it didn't take him long to get his first degree emblem. Our suggestion, Myron, learn to control your temper.

David Bromley—"Ferguson." The life of the tent. Fat people are as a rule good natured and Ferg was no exception. As a leader in some mountain camp next year, we wish him the good luck and success which he is sure to attain.

Charles Moyse—Camp taught Red how to do things for himself and if his stay in camp hadn't been so short, he would have made his first degree. He had the will but not the opportunity. Better luck next year, Red.

Robert Nellis—"Nellie" was a second year camper who made a good impression upon us, a pleasant fellow and a good camper. A pal of Dave Bromley, and wherever you find one you always find the other. See you again, "Nellie."

Edgar Weschler—"Okkie," a good natured boy but not always as ambitious about his work as he might have been. Nevertheless he always played fair and we hope to see him in Cory next year.

Albert Waldron—"Washy" was an easy going fellow who always laughed off any bumps that might mar his smooth journey through the 1929 camp season. Albert's even disposition made many friends for him.

Richard Coe—From the first day, Dick was a leader of the gang in Tent 9. After a few days he learned to hang his clothes where they belonged instead of on the floor, and from then on was an A-1 camper.

Roger Whitney—"Rog" was a regular archery fiend while in camp. He became so interested in this sport that he claims he will start a club when he gets home.

Robert Kahse—"Bob" was the tent's long distance arguer, but his persistency was carried over to his work so he made a hit in camp. As an eater, he was the speed king.

Webb Cooper—The Oswegoite blossomed forth into a great camper this year. He was captain of the Top-flites and leader in many junior activities. Like all active boys, Webb was full of mischief and played plenty of tricks.

Fred Puls—Puls is a fat boy who was a good worker and was quite keen about overnight hikes. He fell hard for many of our activities, especially leather work, archery and model aeroplane building. In order to have the most fun at these things Fred, you ought to stay longer.

Clairmond Howland—In spite of his name he is quite a boy and a steady worker, who is not too obstetropous and who can take responsibility. He got on the Midget baseball team immediately upon arriving in camp, and although he stayed for only two weeks he made a very good impression.

Cragg Penrose—Cragg has been here before and consequently knew how to get right into camp activities as soon as he landed in camp. He was a pleasing sort of chap, and worthy of much commendation.



Tent No. 10

LEADER—CHRISTOPHER SMITH

William Biesel—At his own request, the gang called him "Midge" and the name fitted him. He was the little tiker of the tent and one had to look twice to see if he was in his blankets. His pleasant smile showed he was happy and contented at camp.

Frank Mathews—"Manky." His nickname comes from the first part of his last name and the last part of his first name. But this does not indicate that he got everything twisted. Looking at him, one wondered how he kept his lanky frame from getting knotted up.

Edward Brown—"Ed" is the little short and stout one—there is one in every tent. Some day he will make a good baseball player. He is short and able to get under the ball, and being fat he certainly can roll to the bases.

George Donovan, Jr.—"Don" should have an L. C. S. degree after his name. (Large Capacity for Spuds). That boy could eat more spuds at one meal than any other fellow could eat in a whole day.

Robert Weller—"Pete." Here is the great fisherman of the tent. No doubt, he would have caught many had there been any in the lake. Pete was also a great guy to share whatever he had with his tent mates.

Elmer Mathews—It seemed as if he had a great craving for bread, and especially for that of the other fellows. He was caught putting it in his shirt, whereup he was forced to eat the extra. Ever since, he has kept in bounds.

Billy Gardiner—If "Hicky" would comb his hair occasionally, he would have some chance in the beauty contest. His method of eating ice cream made him famous, but he got an extra day of waiting for showing us how it was done.

Leonard Morey—When you saw "Len" with his friendly smile you knew that there was nothing better than the life here in Camp Cory. He was always on hand to do his part and ready to help the other fellow.

Gordon Holleran—"Who'll help me?"—"I will"—this was Gordie. A quiet sort of chap, never boasting of what he had done and ready to give a helping hand at all times. Interested in all the activities in camp.

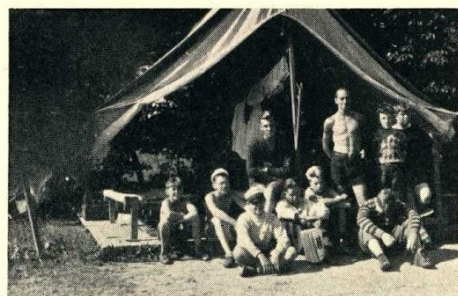
William Hoffman—"Bill" was more interested in music than in any other camp activity. He was rather inattentive to his duties around the tent and needs more of the "He-Man" spirit. However, one would usually find him in a happy mood, contented and satisfied.

Arthur Rosenbloom—"Rosie." He was the dreamer of the tent. His favorite pose at the meal table was to gaze up at the ceiling, trying to find moths. This pose usually took place at breakfast time and the dreamy expression seemed to stick throughout the day.

Fred Meyers—"Izzy." After being in camp for four weeks, we discovered that Rosie and Izzy were cousins. However, Izzy has none of Rosie's traits. He was always happy. Slow at times but with a little "push" always willing to do his part.

Robert Holmes—"Bob's" favorite activity in camp was swimming. The only time he missed the swimming period during his whole stay was when he was kept out as a punishment for shooting cherry pits during meal times. He was full of pep, jolly and happy and took a great deal of interest in the things going on in camp.

Warner Beer—This was Warny's first year in camp and he though there was nothing like it. The only thing the matter with him was that he never talked. Of course he can talk and make enough noise when he gets going. He never neglected his duty around the tent and was interested in the different activities going on in camp.



Tent No. 11

LEADER—JEROME SMITH

Donald Williamson—"Don" spent the first two weeks of camp with us. He just loved to wait on table! Except for a few instances when all the world was wrong and Don was right, he got along famously here at Cory.

Donald Wells—"Don" talked all day and dreamed of oratory at night. Tent 11 seemed like a tomb when he left at the close of the first two weeks—silent and peaceful.

Paul Nickels—Paul was a hard worker and a good scout. He never had much to say but he was willingness personified.

Fred Diehl—Fred had three struggles a day—breakfast, dinner and supper. However, he and his murderous appetite always emerged victorious. More power to you, Fred!

Robert Burns—The first to get his emblem in Tent 11. A great little athlete and into everything that went on—even trouble. Come back next year, Bob, we will all be glad to see you.

Hobart Parsons—"Hobie" was a great little egg. Always on the job and able to fill in adequately in the Junior Leader's absence. He was rather inclined to lose his temper if bawled out but otherwise he was real stuff.

Howard Jermyn—"Howie." Only the size of a peanut but always "up and at 'em." He got right into his first year at camp and had a great time. Two weeks was much too short a period to have "Howie" around.

Arthur Jermyn—"Art" was much quieter and less active than his brother but nevertheless was a good camper. He hated preparation for inspection but then—who didn't.

Joseph Ryan—The wild bull of Tent 11. However, his roar was worse than his bite. Joe was a hard worker and kind hearted and good natured as is characteristic of the—? ? Irish! Good boy, Joe!

George Mutch—George read every available piece of literature about camp and consequently spent most of his time on his bunk. He was good natured though and bore the brunt of the tent's jovial tricks well.

Clinton Hale—Clint was a good little kid and easy to get along with. No one ever found where he spent his time around camp but he seemed to enjoy it.

Clifford Weining—Cliff took several days to get going but he sure tore around then. Wherever there was any horse play, you would find Cliff also. He came in for many bawlings out but took them all like the good sport he is.

Robert Black—"Red's" camp life could have been more successful had he not been so homesick. He came in for a lot of teasing but none of it hurt him any. Next year, he'll know his stuff—eh, Bob?

Philip Clark—Phil was the boy with the grin. He had little to say but found his place in camp activities and had a whale of a time filling it.

Richard Clark—"Fat" was by far the heftiest occupant in Tent 11. We often wondered whether that top bunk of his would hold him from taps to reveille. His favorite sport was pillow fighting in which he indulged heavily.

Carl Campbell—"Soup" was the top sergeant of the tent. He sure could boss the bunch around and instill the fear of God in them. For all his gruff ways, he was very likable and showed the evidences of four years at Cory.

Leonard Shavian—"Len" should make a good lawyer. He could speak volumes within a few moments. He would rather have died than to let a chance to argue pass by. A second year camper and still room for improvement.

John Waugh—Jack was silence in person. He had nothing to say but his mouth worked overtime at meals. A good scout, Jack, and possessing the stuff of which real Coryites are made.

Clarence Dedee—"Clare" proved to be a very quiet chap but was well liked by his tentmates. This was his first year at Cory and we hoped he liked it well enough to come again.

William Kennedy—"Bill" had previous camping experience and he worked into the spirit of Cory in no time. We all enjoyed his presence and hope to renew his acquaintance next year.

Charles Reicher—"Chuck" was very young and innocent and thus spent his first few days bearing the brunt of practical jokes. He took them good naturedly and soon developed into a good Coryite.



Tent No. 12

LEADER—ROBERT EASON

Robert Hewitt—"Bob" was a second year camper and a first degree emblem wearer. He worked hard for his second degree but was not quite able to make it in the time that he was at camp. He could always be counted upon.

Allan Lewis—This was Al's first year at camp and he seemed to enjoy it. He was much envied by his tentmates when he left camp for a day's visit with his parents who had a cottage up the Lake.

Morey Browning—Morey was with us for the last four weeks as a dishwasher. He was a good fellow and was well liked by his tentmates. Despite his duties, he was able to get into a great many of the camp activities.

David Greene—"Dave" was a portly product of the town of Fairport. Although he has attended one or two other camps, Cory ranks high with him.

Herbert Holtzman—"Herbie," a first degree wearer, is well known as the jester of the tent. He seldom failed to furnish a laugh when the opportunity presented itself. He had his serious moments, however, and performed his work well.

Frederick Zwierlein—"Fritz" worked hard as an assistant to Gus in the kitchen. It is rumored that he sometimes had all the dessert that he wanted—lucky guy! His favorite sport was fishing and he could usually be found in a boat when not in the kitchen.

Edward Dudley—"Joe" was another Fairport boy and a good second year camper. Cory impressed him so he brought a friend with him this year.

John Love—"Lover" could be depended upon as a speaker on all occasions. During vespers, especially, he always gave the discussion a boost in the right direction. He earned his first degree.

Kenneth Chivers—"Ken" was a second year man and, therefore, knew his "stuff" from the start. He was probably one of the best workers we had and also displayed his sense of humor at times. His little wise cracks were always well received.

Samuel Cino—"Sam" was the camp's only member from the great City of Batavia. If he was a fair sample, we want more Batavians. Although with us only a week, Sam was able to earn his first degree.

Joseph Cole—"Joe" was the midget of the tent and the star second baseman of the midget baseball team. He was also one of the most dependable workers in the tent.

Robert Lechleitner—"Bob" was another worker when it came to inspection and squad duties. He was a second year camper, and one of the first to earn his first degree this year.

Gordon Moll—"Gordie" was probably the youngest member of the Tent family during the camp season. He spent some time trying to decide whether he liked the leader or junior leader best, but finally decided that he liked them both pretty well.

Orville Williams—"Oro" was the champion nick-namer of the tent and had a pet name for each of his tent mates. Some of his monikers stuck throughout the camp season and became permanent possessions to their owners.

Raymond Smith—"Fat" seldom failed to do what was asked of him. It is rumored that one morning his ambition led him to perform the day's squad duties for the whole tent before the breakfast call had been sounded.

Irving Anderson—We have it from his own lips that Irv liked camp exceptionally well. Although this was his first season and he got in at the tail end he got busy right away on his first degree. "Tennis is the nuts," says Irv.

Cecil Halsey—Hal was a slow easy-going sort of chap, and although it took most of his time to perform the squad duties that he was assigned he nevertheless enjoyed camp. Hal's failing was that he was a little bit gullible, but he learned better before the season ended. His appetite led us to think that he may have put on weight.



Tent No. 13

LEADER—GORDON M. MEADE

Melvin Schroll—"Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie."

These lines of Robert Burns come to us when we think of Melvin for he seemed as timid and frightened as that wee mouse startled by the poet's plowshare years ago.

Frank Rinn—We are told on good authority Frank is not related to Rin Tin Tin but his fighting spirit protected us from the attacks of Merklinger and his crew in 12. Like his namesake he loves "to lie in the warm, gold sun."

William Scheu—"Bill" brought greetings from the Prince of Wales from across the border in Canada. And after watching Bill play baseball we changed our minds about Canada being a place of deep forests where a man swings an axe or "gets his man."

Hugh Tate—"Oh, for Heaven's sake, I've only had eight slices of bread and I'm simply famished, but I don't think that's too many do you?" "Dutch" was a giant in height and appetite. He is Barrymore's only rival behind the footlights as Reuben Rhubarb.

Clifford Wiley—"Ladeez and gentle-men, in this tent we have Midget Mike, born and christened Squirt Wiley, the only human bagpipe, and—folks (crowd a little closer) as he pipes, those prancing feet burn the ground before your very eyes. Only a nickel—a half a dime."

Thomas McCarthy—When Camp Cory's Hall of Fame is erected we expect to see one handsome bust labeled "Thomas McCarthy, Camp Cory's Eminent Man of Letters and Great Scholar." Tom's ready wit, scathing tongue, and fertile imagination will always remain as a memory of Tent 13 in 1929.

Robert Rode—A fellow with an imagination such as Bob's is doomed to write for "Amazing Stories" or "Weird Tales." Ask him about the 400 lb. tarpon he caught in Florida single-handed. And that toad-stabber he carried entitles him to his nick-name "Daniel Boone."

John Romig—When John went to bed on Wednesday night it was so he would have plenty of time to get to breakfast on Friday. Perhaps it is Spanish blood which makes him so languid, dark, and nicknamed "Ramona."

William Wilcox—Leaders, gather around, here is your paragon of perfection—he fights to wait on table on Sunday and says his mission in life is to show the world how to eat. And Bill can give lessons to anyone on how to enjoy life and smile.

Wilbur Mar—If Wilbur wasn't screaming, "Polly want a cracker?" he was wailing, "Hoot, hoot, hoot, I'm an o-o-w!" until the bunch thought their leader had brought in some of his specimens. Also champion sucker destroyer of Camp Cory.

Albert Wood—Albert startled us his first morning by asking for a ticket for mess. To look at Al you'd suppose he was the "Little Old Man of the Mountain," but he surely knew his nature study.

Herman Burne—Let's see now, how shall we characterize Herm? Oh, yes—a "Hi there," from the top of the diving tower, a squirming figure flashing down, a great splash, a huge lump appears on the water, and then a good Dutch haircut bobs up.

Richard Chatterton—Dick and his sidekick, Ramona, were the tent nighthawks and kept the tent in a state of constant excitement wondering where they went nights after taps.

Charles Dumrese—Although he denies it, we believe Chuck is the famous Isaac Walton's direct descendant, for our camp de-teck-a-tif reports he saw him once without a fish-pole. He liked baseball and worked hard for his first degree.

William Bidlack—If Santa Claus is kind this Christmas he'll bring Bill a burglar kit to open his trunk next summer. Bill also holds the tent heavy weight record. After splashing around Keuka and prancing around the archery range for another summer we expect to see him a mere shadow of his former self.

Robert Willson—Bob insists that his name should be spelled like "hell"—with two L's, and he sure is a devil of a William Tell on the archery range. He's a good man even though he does not claim relationship to stalwart Dick Wilson of junior leader fame.



Tent No. 15

LEADER—WHITING SHEPARD

Clifford Sears—"Cliff"—one of the original campers in number 15. Although Cliff was one of the smallest campers in the tent, and often remarkable in his ability to dress in an hour's time, he pitched in and did his share of the work.

Glenn Poyzer—"Freckles." This lad, although handicapped by his size, had the Indian sign on anyone with whom he couldn't agree. A fight a day was only sport with Freckles and he was usually on the starting end of them.

Warren Pearse—"Four Eyes." His favorite sport was trying to work Chief for a trip to Penn Yan and trying to evade squads. He fitted into camp as though he had been here all of his life—come again!

Carl Copeland—"Carl." Carl was with us only five days, barely long enough to gain a nickname, but long enough to kid everyone about homesickness. Then he left after the five days because he was away from home. Try again next year, Carl.

William Spears—"Bill." A one week camper who caught the Cory spirit quickly and left with his first degree. His delight was to go on tent spreads. Bill was busy every moment of the day, and has a great foundation for next year.

Judson Wagner—"Judd." The boy who loved to wait on table. Somehow, Judd, couldn't get enough of it so he skipped camp inspection regularly so he might be asked to wait again. "Judd" had only one hobby, rowing a boat. Come again!

John Spiotti—"John" worked his way to camp and then worked his way into everyone's heart by dint of his unflinching good nature and willingness. A week was long enough for Johnny to win his first degree and gain recognition as one of the best boxers in camp. Good luck to you!

Victor Reckett—"Vic" was Johnny's buddy and constant partner in every kind of scrap. He could straighten a shoe line better than anyone in the tent. Vic says he will be back next year.

Leo Pfeiffer—"Leo." One of our best campers in all weather except during thunder storms. Leo hoped to get his second degree before the banquet.

Allen Perrez—"Al," Leo's side-kick. This half of the team was the larger, but held his dominance only by dint of the boxes of suckers he received almost daily. Al was Jason Walker's main hope for the future of archery.

Charles Meyer—"Chuck," another first year camper, who had little to say for himself, but "Still waters run deep." Chuck was always on hand to do his share of the work. We will be glad to see you back next year.

William Hyatt—"Fred" didn't like camp for the first week—not until he commenced almost daily trips to Penn Yan to see his "cousin." One of Tent 15's most stalwart members.

Kenneth Back—"Ken," a second year camper had an idea that this year he possessed a lease on the property. But Ken was O. K. when he discovered that other fellows were spending their third and fourth years here. Then he established himself as an excellent camper.

Hugh Crosbie—"Bull Dog." We can't discover where he acquired this nickname. He is much too cherubic to have gotten it from personal appearance. Hugh thought camp was fun and we enjoyed his company until he moved to Tent 2.

Milton Greenberg—"Greenie" was an old camper and one who knew the ropes. He not only liked to play tennis but he also liked to play around after taps. Milt can be classed as an A-1 camper.

John Trenaman—"Jack" was a two week camper who liked to play golf. He was a very efficient worker and seemed to enjoy camp very much. He worked hard for his first degree and contributed to the spirit of things in many ways.

John Miller—"Jack" participated in everything that came along. He worked hard for his second degree and was a great help to his tent on inspection. "Jack's" cheery grin and easy going attitude ought to land him near the top.



Tent No. 16

LEADER—FREDERICK W. KATES

Wayne Martin—Wayne revealed traits that marked the experienced camper the first day in Cory. Needless to say, he has proved to be of real value in the tent, accomplishing much by his quiet, peaceful manner. Martin is a good man. One that is not only a credit to his tent but also to his camp.

Gordon D. Gray—"Bung" radiated sunshine for all of the two weeks he was with us. He doesn't look like much of a man in size but he certainly is. He includes in his repertoire fancy diving, swimming, expert baseball, heavy sleeping, all kinds of pep and energy, and occasionally a blindfold trip around the campus.

Gordon A. Gray—No printer's error here, reader. This is "Bung's" cousin. This Gray, it must be confessed, didn't evince the same amount of concentrated life and dynamite

as his midget cousin, but yet he kept things continually in a whirl. "Rat," one of his names, was a member of Palmer's Tarzan the Eighth reading club.

Ralph Palmer—"Bud" is an old time buddy of the tent's bow legged leader, having spent last season in Tent 13. Palmer without doubt, manifested ability as a good camper. Bud had good spirit and the genuine Cory idea, if anyone in Tent 16 had it. He is a genuine Coryite, the kind of chap we want and are proud of.

Bernard Schweid—"Bernie" the Beefeater came into Tent 16 along with Palmer. Two veterans from last year's Tent 13, Bernie didn't manage to acquire any more brawn during the intervening months, but he did get more and more of Cory in him. Bernie doesn't weigh much over a half-pint, yet equals gallons and gallons of real, genuine, first class stuff.

Howard Eckert—Most of the boys in 16 didn't know this man's full name until he left camp. "Weasel" or "Muskrat" served to label him. "Weasel" thrived in Gus' hash emporium; indeed, he caused much trouble there. Weasel was rather of a quiet chap except when he was aroused.

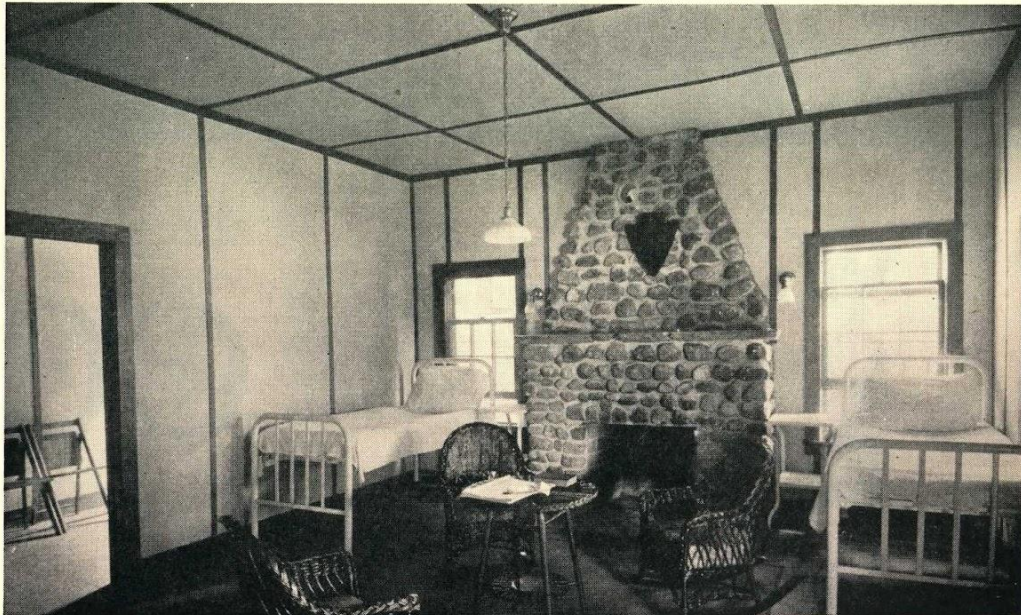
Richard Burrell—Dick Burrell was the third and last hang-over from Kate's tent of last season. Dick was best when performing behind the bat for the midget ball club, but his ability to tear into desserts runs a close second even to his baseball skill. Burrell and Schweid, neither very much over six feet, formed a happy twosome of Coryites.

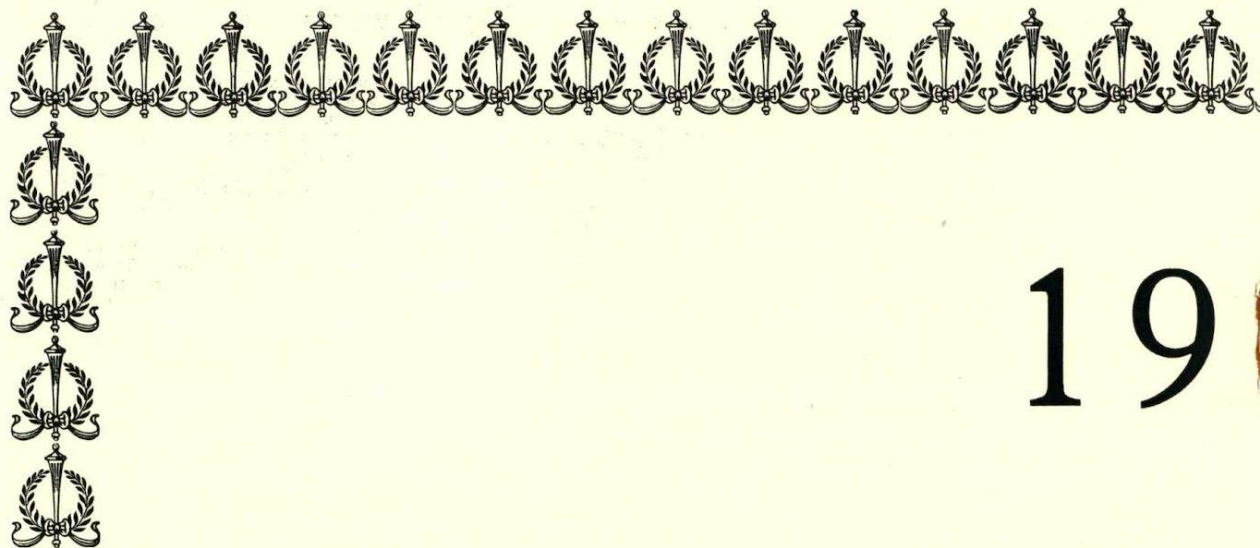
Winston Clifford—"Wince," one of the new campers who spent the last two weeks of the season in Tent 16, proved on the first day that he was in his proper place. In other words, he has an appetite of the same dimensions of the rest of the boys in the tent.

Thomas Stapleton—"Tom," an old camper endeared himself by his quiet way and his willing spirit. He was one of the quieter men in his quiet tent, passing many an hour absorbing Emerson's Essays.

Robert Brice—Stapleton's friend and enemy started out by trying to dodge morning dip. That plan didn't succeed. Brice needed to be bossed around a bit. His tentmate did it.

Lawrence Dash—"Dashboard" was in tent 15 last season and progressed one peg this year. This man Dash took an active interest in all activities. He was a good camper, indeed.





19



CORY



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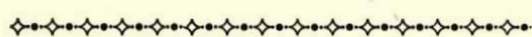
SWIMMERS



Leaders of the Junior Camp

Back row, left to right --- "Gilly" Rice, "Dewey" Baker, "Joe" Tonkin, John Gugelman, Ralph Axon.

Front row, left to right --- "Keh-che" Clark, "Ken" Littlefield,
Chief Young, "Mike" Maijgren.



Junior Section



1929



The Junior Camp

New projects are always the most interesting because their outcome is never certain. However, Mr. Edward Harris and his Camp Cory committee of management believed so strongly that a junior camp at Cory would be a success, that they raised a very large sum of money and erected such a camp. It is not probable that they realized just how much good they were doing for future junior campers and how great their camp is to become. In its initial season, the junior camp has developed and thrived until now it seems that it had always been here. Mothers can send their youngsters here and be sure that they will be happy, well cared for, and healthy. All this is due to the great interest of several Rochester men in young boys. To these men we offer our sincerest thanks.

This year the boys have had a great time. Many who have previously attended other camps claim that Cory is better by far; and those who were here for the first time in any camp said, "Gee, but this is a dandy place." The council circle was the scene of many good times, and was enjoyed more because the boys themselves helped to make it. There, the evening programs were run off and were a source of great delight to all campers. While in the circle, an unwritten law made every camper remain silent. Only the vaguest of whispers could be heard during an evening program. Another custom that was very rigidly upheld was that no one should walk through the council circle at any time. Any infringing upon this law was soon taken care of by the campers.

As Indian Lore was stressed in the junior camp, Indian stories were always greeted with approval. Also Indian dances were used as council circle programs. Instruction was given in making beaded belts, mocassins, watch fobs, arm bands and bracelets. Indian dancing was taught and instruction was given in making leather leg covers, shirts, breech clothes and wigs.

Much time was given over to swimming instruction. Every boy in camp learned to swim at least a little bit before he went home. Many learned enough to pass their boating tests and those who already knew how to swim developed their ability. The four boats were in constant use during certain specified periods.

Anyone who had proved that he could swim fifty yards could use the boats alone. The rest could only enjoy boating when accompanied by a leader.

Many hikes were taken each week, some of them lasting over night. On gypsy hikes and pirate hikes the campers dressed the part and roamed the countryside in search of imaginary gold treasure and defenceless galleys. Athletics was not so popular in the junior camp as in the senior camp, but nevertheless, tent baseball leagues were run off and were very interesting. The tents competed in volley ball as well as baseball and thus developed players for the two big teams—the Horses and the Wagons. Each fellow in camp was on one of these teams and every fellow had a chance to play from the poorest fly dropper to the master twirler of the old apple.

Nature Study in the junior camp was a problem entirely different from that in the senior camp. In the first place, hardly any of the campers had any experience or training in nature study. The main purpose of the department this year was to interest the camper and instill in his heart a love for the woods and fields. Daily hikes were taken to the swamps, the woods or the beach where water life, wood life and geology were studied. These hikes and classes were well attended and a great deal of interest was shown in all phases of nature study.

There was a great deal of interest shown in special classes, such as leather work and manual training. Twice each week the juniors had a chance to make pocketbooks, key cases and other small leather articles. In woodwork they constructed ping pong paddles, book ends, boats, etc. Woodcraft, which was an outdoor project, claimed the interest of many campers—especially when they found out that they could spend a night or two in the leanto they had constructed.

Every camper was on the go from reveille at 6:45 to taps at 8:30. There would not have been time for a rest hour after dinner if the campers could have had their way. Every camper, however, had to spend one hour resting in his cabin after the noon meal. This time was taken up with story telling, reading and writing. A great bunch of campers, a fine bunch of leaders and an excellent camp.

Junior Camp Leaders

HENRY T. MAJGREN

Mike, the sandy haired individual from Hamilton, one of the fellows who has made Camp Cory what it is today. In this, his eighth year at Cory he has proved to everyone that it pays to live up to the motto, "Help-the-other-fellow." During the past season Mike has again directed the interests of the campers of both the senior and junior camp in that interesting branch of field-lore which deals with birds, beasts and trees. He has again had charge of the camp store and has handled it in both an efficient and capable manner, much to the regret of most of the leaders. Every morning he woke the junior camp from its peaceful slumbers. Mike was without a doubt the best leader of cabin seven and an accurate shot with the disinfectant gun. Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon hold no terrors for him now, for he is experienced in irrigation and in pulling fungi (pun, ha!) away from the high cliffs of Watkins Glen. Faithful old Mike will need a rest after the trials of a junior camp leader and advisor. He has a friendly and cheerful manner about him that acts as a magnet and draws the younger as well as the older fellows to him. In all he has been a very valuable man to have among us.

LELAND C. STEVENS

Out from the backwoods of LeRoy stalked Bub for his annual summer at Cory. This was the curly haired Cory Cup winner's first crack at leadership. And what a crack! He did a fine job as leader of cabin six in the junior camp where he also had charge of athletics. All those who saw the juniors play the "Midgets" in their first game know what a fine piece of work he did. He did his job to perfection, and this combined with a sunny disposition and a glowing smile made him liked by all the fellows. Bub was always on the lookout for fair-play. He showed no favoritism and for this reason above all others there was never any quarreling on the team. Sickness took Bub home at the end of five weeks, but he would not be put down and returned as soon as possible. He was a conscientious leader and an excellent example of what a Cory Cup boy should be when he returns to camp in a position of authority.

DE WITT BAKER

This was Dewey's first year in camp as a leader. The routine was new, the life and traditions were new and to top it all he was in the Junior Camp. In spite of all this it took him only a day or two to become acclimated. Responsibilities of caring for the younger fellows was of course his greatest problem, yet he managed them well and they all seemed to like him. Thus he proved his ability to adapt himself readily to new conditions. His congeniality and desire to help the other fellow have made him a well liked pal to all who know him. He worked hard to obtain a record for his tent and had rather good success. Everyone will be glad to see Dewey back next year.

GILLAM RICE

Gillam has been in Cory ever since Hector was a pup. He has held down all positions from camper,

junior leader, senior leader and leader in the junior camp. He has a few bad habits, chief of which is his saxophone. He claims that he has never taken a lesson upon this vile instrument and for the sake of the community we hope he never does. While at college this year, Gilly increased his vocabulary immensely and now instead of calling his campers dumbbells and brats, he uses the endearing terms of buzzards, palukas and plumbers. The estimable Mr. Rice was handy man in the junior camp. He filled everyone's job at least once during the season besides being chief factotum of the four boats in the junior camp. His chief and highest ambition for the season of 1929 was to lie out in the sun long enough to become one big freckle. In spite of all these idiosyncracies, Gilly has done a darned good job in Cory this year. His vim, vigor and vitality, combined with his voraciousness and his verismilitude cerify all reports that Zillam Z. Zice, chief benefactor of the Kamp Kory Kandy Kitchen is a Gent. Good old Gramp got along so well with his kids this year that it would seem impossible for the junior camp to be a success next year without him.

JONAH CLARK

Ke-Chee was the big medicine man of the junior camp. He certainly knows his onions. On several occasions he honored us with solo dances which he had learned in his many years experience with the redskins. When Jonah is all dressed up in his Sunday war bonnet, one would take him for a real Indian chief. In fact, the question has often been asked him whether or not he is part Indian. Ke-Chee put his job over in a great manner this year. He kept every junior camper busy for a few hours at least during his stay at Cory. The campers all benefited from Jonah's instructions and many there are who have turned out excellent pieces of bead work under his tutelage. The first part of the season, we were afraid that Jonah would shock some of our visitors for he insisted on running around in his Indian garb which consisted of a big smile and a very small breech cloth. However, later in the year, he made himself a pair of leather leg coverings which allayed our fears somewhat. Jonah did such a good job in camp this year that we hope to see him back next year.

JOE TONKIN

Who is that curly haired Adonis prancing down the path? None other than the Junior Camp's far famed leader, Joe Tonkin. No one would think that this brawny person could work successfully with the delicate personalities of the younger boys. But Joe is really a good looking fellow when he is dressed up—and believe us he is always smooth when parents are around. He spent plenty of time working on the council circle and in short order had a very respectable job done. Many hours of work were spent on this circle, but the results were worth it. Of course, the campers helped a great deal and thus it took a bit longer than might be expected, for the campers always helped which caused Joe to do double duty—undoing the work that they did, and completing his own.

Joe is so attached to his native city that he had to



leave his work for a flying visit to the old home town. There he renewed his vim and vigor, even though he did lose all the curl from his hair. He refused offer after offer to join the movies, for he believes that his education must come first. Thus Cornell will be graced with his presence next year. All in all, however, Joe was a darn good scout in camp and a very dependable chap.

RALPH AXON

This fair-haired, blue eyed man came as a leader of cabin 6 in mid-season. He was well known and well liked for many things, but his most pleasing characteristic was his eternal broad grin. Never could this brawny Deke be found without his trouble chaser. He is a big athlete at the U. of R., and thus was just the gent to take over athletics at Cory. Under his tutelage the Junior Camp teams thrived, and athletics assumed great importance. Ralph often ran the boating periods, and although he is alleged to be a happy-go-lucky individual, the boys never got out of his sight. His carefree manner imbued everyone with whom he came in contact, with cheer and pep, but it never interfered with the carrying out of duties.

When Axon arrived with his grin, gloom and dissatisfaction faded out of the picture. No pest could stand the "sunshine of his smile" so even the insects

vacated cabin 6. Although he buzzed into camp late in the season, he was in the "thickest of the fight, rallying 'round the flag," "Chisel" has proved himself a capable leader and a very pleasureable companion. Here is hoping that he can return for the full season next year.

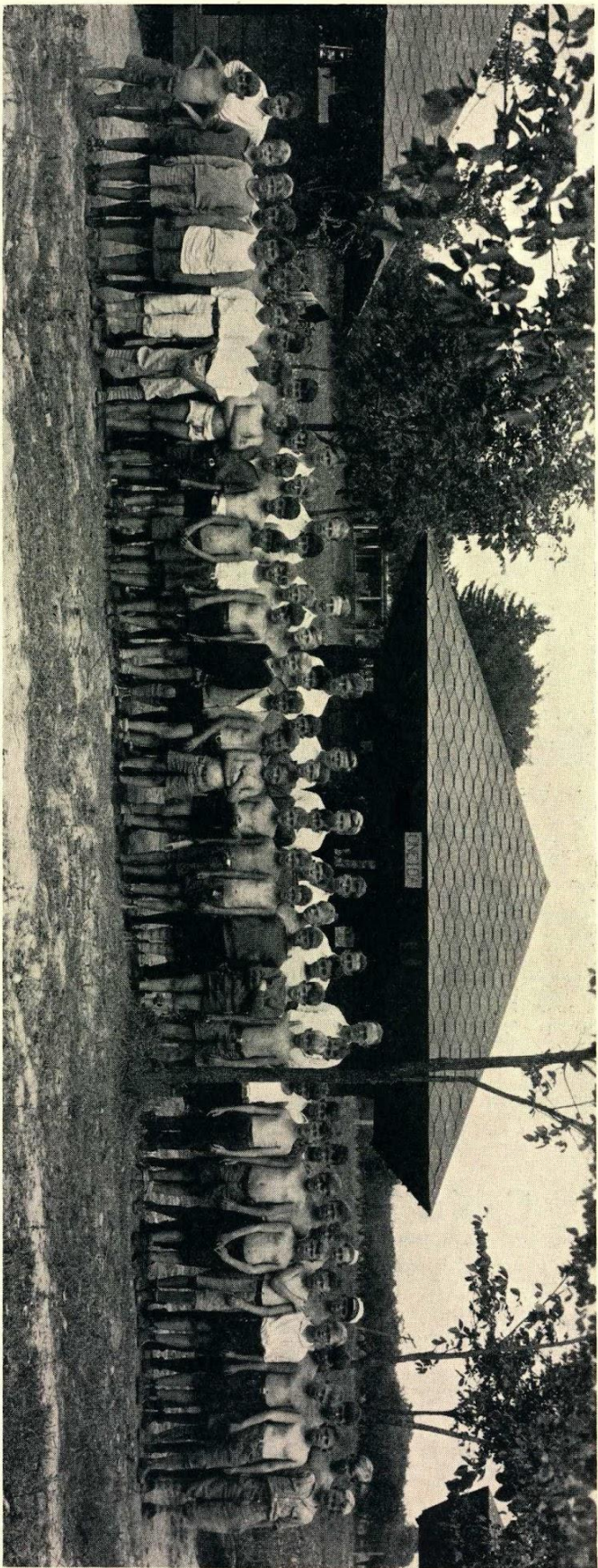
JOHN GUGELMAN

We began to suspect before the season was over that possibly here was Ernest Thompson Seton in disguise. Back there in the "Cory woods," across the Junior campus, John and his gang could be found camping in the approved woodsman style with lean-tos, shanties, and stone fire-places.

Possible this art of the backwoods came from up there on Lake George in the Adirondacks where Johnnie attends the Silver Bay School. That husky quarterback in the Silver Bay pictures was no less than our John.

Outside of Chief Young, John probably has more first hand knowledge of Camp Cory and "Y" camps of the past than any other man in camp. John's lusty voice first made its impression on the world and his first steps on earth were taken in camp eighteen summers ago when his father was our beloved "Chief."





JUNIOR CAMP
1929

The Tribe

Cabin 1—Cayugas

LEADER—JONAH H. CLARK

Donald Jackson—"Lefty" stayed only four weeks but he made good use of the time he was here. He played baseball excessively and was a devoted ping pong and quilts player. When he left everyone missed him very much and it took quite some time to get accustomed to his absence.

Charles McAllister—“Chuck” was another camper who stayed only four weeks. In all the tent competitions he was the backbone of Cabin 1. When he left our chances for winning went with him. Chuck” never missed a dip in the morning during his entire camp period.

Robert Schoenberg—"Bob" didn't have any special hobby in which to devote his time, so he did a little of everything. His chief interest lay in swimming and he could hardly wait until the swim periods rolled around.

Webster Burr—“Pinky” was a rather quiet lad who did not crave excitement. He would much rather go off by himself or listen to someone read. He lived only for the swim whistle to blow so he could get in the water. He could swim like a fish. We were sorry he could stay only two weeks and hope he will be able to stay longer next year.

Robert Levy—“Bob” was handicapped with troublesome ears, but he made the most of it and enjoyed himself just the same. He didn’t care much for baseball but did enjoy making a feathered war bonnet which he proudly took home with him.

Robert Robertson—"Bob" is another one of those plodding campers who believes in taking his time in doing anything. After much urging he managed to make his bunk before noon.

Adrian Crossett—"Wae" spent all his time trying to think of some way in which he could entertain the camp. Wise-cracking was his specialty and if this failed he would start pulling clownish antics that would surely make a stone statue smile.

Jack Honiss—"Jack" came to camp during the last four weeks. He fell in step with the others like a seasoned trooper. He liked to play baseball but swimming was his hobby.

Robert Bryant—This is "Bob's" second year in camp. Last year he attended a private camp in the Adirondacks. He was a bit mischievous but he could work when given the opportunity. We liked him a lot and expect to see him again next year.

Wallace Tribben—"Giggles" is crowding Mr. Edison out of the spotlight. Since he has been in camp he has devised a means of transferring written notes from one bunk to another without the Leader's knowledge. He is forever thinking of some way in which to get the work done in quicker and better time. Here's hoping he succeeds.

Kenneth Hood—"Ken" is one of the smallest fellows in camp but that doesn't mean much in his case for he makes up for his size in other ways. He is nothing more than a coil of springs and is on the go every minute of the day. His heart is in the right place though, and we enjoyed having him with us for the eight weeks.

Philip Taylor—Phil arrived in time to spend the last two weeks with us. Although we haven't been able to find out much about him, he seems to be a good guy who is willing to do his share in any undertaking.

Cabin 2—Mohicans

LEADER—DeWITT BAKER

Jack Castle—Jack was one of the quietest boys in the junior camp. He wasn't keen for sports but enjoyed wood-working and Indian lore. He was good natured and willing to do everything that he was told to do.

Roy Roberts—Roy was a great fellow. He enjoyed baseball and was one of the best left fielders in camp. He was willing to do things and had an abundance of good nature that drew many friends to him.

Tom Nesbit—Tom was happiest when swimming or rowing a boat. When Tom first came to camp he was sensitive and shy but by the end of four weeks, he was able to hold his own with the best.

Robert Burrows—Bob ran into a streak of hard luck toward the end of camp when laryngitis forced him to go home. While he was here he made many friends and was well liked by all.

Charles Gleason—It took C. N. only one day to show us that he should have been here for the whole season. He was one dandy little scout; always ready to do his best in camp activities and work about the cabin.

David Alling—"Dave" was interested in Indian lore and

made beaded belts and watch charms galore. He loved to talk and could make more noise than any other two fellows in camp.

Hubert Gioia—Hugh eats everything that there is on the table and then says, "Well, now that we have had the sample, where is the meal?" He does his work as though he enjoyed it which helps a lot.

James Roberts—James was the fellow who liked to make model aeroplanes and row boats. Although he was here for only four weeks, he proved his worth in that time. A jovial and easily contented chap who counted for much.

Nathaniel Holtzman—"Nate" was the biggest fellow in the cabin. If the day ever comes when he moves rapidly, we want to be there. "Nate" likes to play ball and is a very good tennis player.

Daniel Metzdorf—"Danny" was a four week camper, a good helper and a fine junior leader in the cabin. While in camp he was catcher on the junior team and champion ping pong player.

Theodore Holmes—"Teddy" was one of the smallest fellows in the Junior camp. Although he was small of stature, he proved his independence and showed that he could make his way as well as the rest of them.

Arthur Zelter—"Red's" six weeks stay in camp was largely devoted to athletics. He knew how to keep boys quiet in the early morning and did so.

John Sullivan—"Jack" learned how to mix with the older fellows while he was in camp. He was very quiet and spent much of his time reading but nevertheless he never failed to do his duty.

Allan David—"Al" was very small in size and years but very large in other aspects. He was a great little scrapper and enjoyed nothing better than a good mix-up. How about coming all season next year?

Richard Hall—"Dick," a good hearted little fellow was the last camper to enter the cabin. He wasn't exactly quiet or shy but he did like his own company. He enjoyed boating and would give up anything he was doing to get out into a boat.

Cabin 3—Senecas

LEADER—GILLAM RICE

David Wilder—"Weedy" came to camp with much to learn. He was willing to be educated and we have all noticed a great change in him for the better. Next summer we will miss his helping hand for he will be graduated to the senior camp.

Nathan Jones—"Nate" or "Snail" was just a wee bit slow. He was like a dozen eggs, just a couple of bad points. We liked Nate for his rather sharp wit which flew freely after taps.

Ross Weller—Ross or "Slim Jim" ruled his eight husky plumbers with a rubber hand. He was Gillies' right hand man. aBaseball was what he liked most and he was always knocking something around.

Bill Curtis—“Bud” was pugilism in the rightful sense of the word as well as stubbornness *de luxe*. With these traits he managed to get into plenty of mischief but then someone always has to raise Cain.

John Sanderson—Say boy, watch out or you will be taking the role of the fat man in the circus. Even though Whitey did more than his share of eating, he proved himself to be a fine camper during the short four weeks. He was always full of vim, vigor and vitality.

Stephen Wing—"Steve" had a nice personality, was a good rower and a ball player. These qualities gave "Steve" a big boost from the first day of his arrival. Come again next year, Steve.

Stratton Knox—"Fungus" was God's gift to the hungry squirrels. He was the only hombre in these parts who had the privilege of bathing in Gus Bonesteel's washtub. And think of it, he even had movies taken of him. His ability to stand pain was remarkable. Try again, Fungus old boy, there is always chance for improvement.

Robert Lewis—"Bob" was a rioting little Dutchman who always did things with a bang. Although Bob does raise the deuce, he is a fine fellow to have around to put pep and life into the gang.

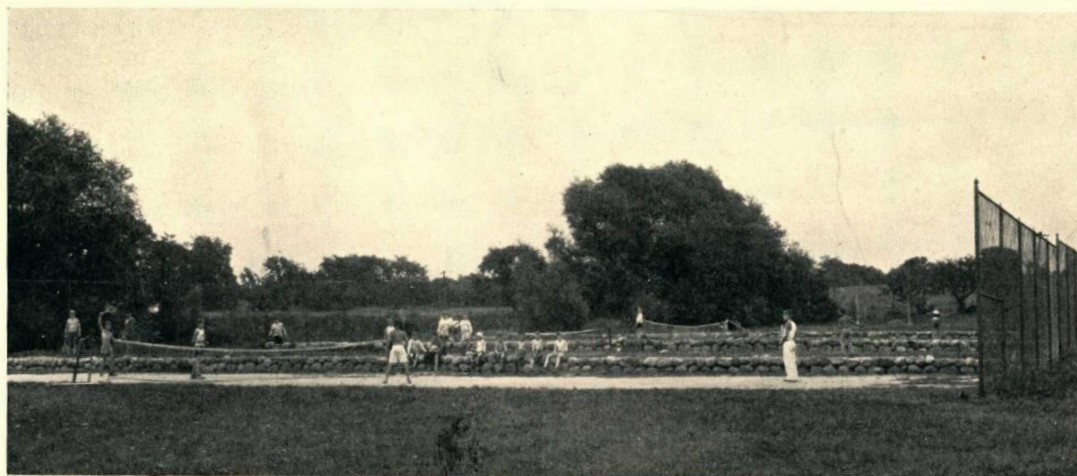
Philip Tischer—Phil was a good worker and an enjoyable companion. He never did anything in particular but was just one of the handy boys to have around camp.

William Wilkins—"Whitey" was another good natured fellow whose presence would have been greatly missed if he had left the tent. He never had very much to say but he nevertheless has a very pleasing personality which will get him a great way.

Thomas Pammenter—"Pompadore" was a great ball player.

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Autographs



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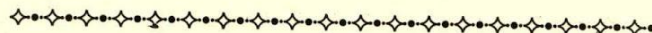
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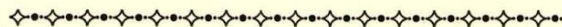
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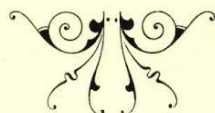
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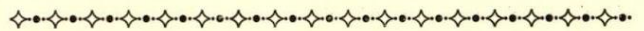
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