

# Tecumseh In The 1930's

**From George Stanley and Bus Gager, 1930** - A really great memory, documented by photos, was the time that former Tecumseh camper and counselor Howard Ehmke took Tecumsehites to Shibe Park for a baseball game in 1930 between the A's and Yankees. Really old timers would remember the names Al Simmons, Jimmy Foxx, Mickey Cochrane, Lefty Grove, Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Bill Dickey. Ehmke played in the major leagues from 1915 until early 1930. He played his last five years for the Philadelphia Athletics. In 1923, he was a 20 game winner. In 1927, he served up two of Babe Ruth's major league record 60 home runs. In 1929, he was the winning pitcher in game one of the World Series. He set a World Series record that game, striking out 13 batters. After his career was over, he returned to Tecumseh for several summers.

**From Clint Roth, 1930** - Jim Pearce, Ernest Wench (older brother of Jim, he was a fat little fellow and everybody called him "oink oink"), Bob "Bedpan" Benton and I started a hut on Jock's Island (now Joe's Island). We had a great hut over the next several years. We certainly learned how to build. The hut would sleep the Juniors for overnights. It even had windows, a door and it was shingled all around with a tar paper roof. We got most of the stuff from the Farm House (Clint Grace would give us left over lumber). We would drag it to the lake at Doolittle's beach and float the stuff to the island. We slept in it in the last week of camp in 1931. We thought it was waterproof until it rained and I found a pool of water in my bed. Drew Pearsall (Tecumseh Boy, 1934) later built a hut on the end of the island, but it did not compare in any way with ours!!! Ha!!

The last time I checked, the hut was gone. However, I have great pictures of same in my Tecumseh photo album. Over the years, I have been able to build good porches, garages, etc., on all my homes, thanks to Tecumseh.

**From Clint Roth, 1931** - Bill Lingelbach gave us tennis lessons, I still play. Ed Stanley and John Shuman gave us baseball stuff (I can hear Ed yelling now). Wayne Fretz and Joe McCracken taught us swimming and diving. Joe was a super diver, I can see him now. On my last visit to Tecumseh, I found him at home on Moultonboro Neck Road. Harvey Reed was in charge of horseback training. And of course, Henry Williams was in charge of the drama. I enjoyed *Trial By Jury* best and can remember Joe Carnwath as the Judge (and a good judge too). Lovely maidens and Dick Richards with the funnel (large hearing aid) to hear. The tunes and memories will never be forgotten. Thanks C.T.

Professor Whittlessey was one great guy. He would try to get all the dead limbs off the pine trees, at our expense. I can remember him at the beach, he would take his bath towel after a fine swim and fling it between his legs. This he called "aeration of the balls." It really works and I still do it!! We had some super mountain trips. The Miller Brothers (Don and Ken) were the truck drivers. I can remember stopping at Plymouth and looking at the athletic equipment at the D & M store. The Mt. Chocorua, Mt. Shaw (the three sisters), Mt. Moosilauke trip was the best. We stayed at the Lake of the Clouds that night and took a moonlight swim. We slept on the ground by the lake, almost on top of Mt. Washington. We skimmed over the tops of the mountains after Washington, Little Haystack and Big Haystack, coming down into the Flume.

As waiters in the Dining Hall, we each had two tables. Charlie Wrightson had Mr. Grant's table and the next one up. Bob Benton had the next two and I had the last two across the dining room. Jake Mata had the first two on the far side and Marshall Bryant (an old friend of mine who I brought up to Tecumseh) had the second two. We all had white coats and pants and of course waited in bare feet. A funny thing happened when we would try to cut Miss Lucy's fresh baked bread! I was the only one to please her as she used to say "Let The Knife Do The Woik." In other words, don't mash the bread when you try to cut it. All the other waiters did just that and she would scream at them. We washed the silverware and glasses, cleaned the Dining Hall, put on white table cloths and put down the place settings every meal. It took about two hours each meal. Alfred (Lucy's daughter) would do the dishes with another fellow. Jim Pearce, my good friend, would make the ice cream every day. We all had fun doing our jobs.

The Franconia trip was another wonderful climb. The pictures of all the trips are still in my album. The hut builders got into trouble one Sunday afternoon. We snuck out after lunch in two canoes, portaged over Moultonboro Neck and were on our way to Center Harbor. When we were in front of the girls camp (Camp Iroquois), we went

too fast and turned over both canoes. We paddled to shore (it was getting dark) and the camp brought us back in a camp truck. Who should we run into at the garage by the lower gate but Mr. Grant and the Little Red Fox (Forrest Gager)!!! After that, the canoes were chained at night. Jim Pearce did not return the next year. I believe his long plaque is still on the Lodge wall with ten or so years written on it.

Lew Tabor was one of a kind! He had a beautiful Packard 1930 touring car with a second windshield in front of the back seat. The front windshield had glass wind fins that pointed skyward. He was a man of all trades and could do anything. We all went to Singing Eagle Lodge for a dance one time. He had a radio in his car (they were just coming into cars in the early 1930's). He wired it to a speaker inside the Lodge and we had dance music. We all wanted to ride in the Packard. The best I could do was in 1936 when I drove to camp in a Ford Roadster. It was cream colored, one of the first non-black cars ever.

**From Bus "Junior Fox" Gager, 1935** - Many of my memories entail pre- and post-season activities: painting, caulking boats, putting up and taking down tents, distributing and retrieving mattresses, etc. In 1935, the first flush widdow was built by Clint Grace, with several helpers. At the conclusion of building the ten seat palace, Clint Grace said: "That's good enough for a s\_\_t house."

**From Pinky Shover, 1935** - (The following is an excerpt from an article written by Pinky Shover in the final issue of the *Sunbeam* in 1977.) Tecumseh Days were hysterical, especially the preparing of the famous Tecumseh Punch. Alex Grant and "Pop" Stanton were the only ones who dared make the punch from their own special recipe. An old iron-stone crockery pot contained the ingredients and the two of them on Saturday morning of Tecumseh Day, with arms bared to the elbow, used not long enough spoons to stir and mix the contents. Many Tecumseh parents and boys did not know that they were drinking especially hand and arm made beverages on these auspicious Tecumseh camp closing occasions.

One of the most unique camp features was the supplying of food, vegetables, chickens, and meat products from our own farm and gardens. What other boys camp ever offered such an unusual product? Although the running of the farm was a distinct liability, never did a camp give its residents sweet corn picked less than an hour before its consumption. During the growing season - all too short - Forrest Gager had planted some melon seeds in the gardens at the corner of the road to the back of the kitchen. From the very planting until the melons were full grown, Gage nursed them and watched them grow. He took me up to the garden one early evening to show me the fruits of his labor. He couldn't impress upon me enough the anticipated harvesting of his own special four melon crop which he said would be forthcoming the very next morning. How tenderly and carefully he had arranged the melons so that the sun could ripen them all around. The big day at last arrived. He went up to gather the melons. To his utter astonishment and unbelievable amazement he found all four squashed by the wheels of a delivery truck enroute to the kitchen. He could discern rather clearly the tire tread marks on the remains of two of the melons. From then on, every truck using that run of the road, he compared tire marks with melon marks but never tracked down the guilty one.

**From Fred Clark, 1937** - Driving up to Tecumseh from Pennsylvania was an all day affair prior to the interstate roads. I was asked by Alex Grant to drive his car, along with three others, to Camp in June. To get an early start, I took the train to his house in Narberth, walked to 508 Essex Avenue and spent the night with two other counselors. We took off around 5:00 AM in the Nash heading up Route 202, then 611 and through Albany, NY. Finally, over the Bennington to Brattleboro Mountain Road and up Route 3 through Manchester and to Camp. Arriving about nightfall at 7:00 PM, we had enough of driving, a total of 14 hours. In some years we would drive back to Pennsylvania, pick up Mr. Grant and drive back to Camp. Usually, he would ask one of us to wash and wax his car soon upon our arrival. In earlier days, Mr. Grant drove a Hudson.

The Franconia mountain range trip was a favorite of many. Leaving on the truck in the afternoon, the group camped out with sleeping gear and ponchos on the ground at Lafayette Campground. A permit was required. The fee was supposed to be 25 cents per person, but I have a copy of one showing we paid 25 cents total. After a hearty breakfast with cocoa over an open fire, and eggs, we took off to hike up the Eagle Cliff Trail. This is more difficult than the Bridle Trail, more commonly used today, but the trailhead was closer to Lafayette Campground.

We made a brief stop at Greenleaf Hut, then up to Mt. Lafayette at 5249 feet elevation where a stone foundation still exists from days when horses really came up the mountain in the late 1800's. The trail then proceeded across the ridge where some of it is a knife-edge over Lincoln, Haystack, and finally Liberty. The extremely steep descent via the Liberty Spring Tail brought us to the head of the Flume Brook where we walked out the path through the Flume without any charge for us. The total hike was about 18 miles done in one day.

Bo-Bo, the little black, short legged male Scotch Terrier was a constant companion of Alex Grant's and was even allowed to sit by him in the Dining Hall. He had also been trained to sit up on his backside when told to. One meal-time when Mr. Grant had invited some parents and their son to join him for dinner, Bo-Bo was present. The command to "sit" was given and the boy said "Oh Mom, look at .. the dog." Everyone looked over to see Bo-Bo sitting back on his haunches. Up came his little red flag and the boy was flustered. There was much laughter.

Drew Pearsall was always full of fun and a perfect counselor for the 7 to 9 year old Junior C's who lived on the screened porch at the Farm House. He was nicknamed "Pony Boy" and was busy one evening after vespers on August 13th. This was the night when stories of Mary Bee and her ghostly appearances were the talk of Camp since this was the anniversary of her hanging herself in the Lodge. It was time for the Junior C's to walk up to the Farm House in the dark and go to bed. Pony Boy had cooked up a plan and told the boys that if he saw any ghosts in the woods he would yell "Run, Run" and all were to get to the farm as fast as they could. Just as the group reached the middle of the woods, Pony Boy picked up one of the small boys and screamed, "There she is, run!" The boys flew to the porch door at top speed. A not to be forgotten experience.

**From Alexander Grant, 1937** - The following is an article written by the Camp Director in 1937. The article, titled *A Vision of 1903*, was found in a 1937 Sunbeam.

In 1903, when Camp Tecumseh came into being, it was the hope of those who started it that it might grow to become something better qualified to give to boys what our schools failed to give them than did the camps which we saw in operation.

As both Dr. McCracken and I were raised in pioneer communities, where the family tradition was the most dominant factor in the life of the people, where families averaged a dozen or more and human affections were strong, we had an opportunity to see working a high type of democracy which produced superb men and women. It seemed to us that this was what an urban life most needed, and what perhaps a summer camp of the right sort could supply.

So Tecumseh came into being to supply a certain human need to the growing boy; to emancipate him from the tense regimentation of our city and school life; to regulate his sense of values which so often become twisted or lost. In such an environment as we have here, with lakes, mountains and forests about us, where things of beauty live and grow, the soul and body of the boys, we hoped, would grow in harmony with his surroundings.

In this, our Thirty-Fifth season, it seems to me that our hope has been realized. Our family of over a hundred has measured up most generously to the ideal family that we had in our vision of 1903.

**From Bus Gager, 1938** - I remember going on a mountain trip as a senior. For some reason, as we were about to leave camp, we tossed the tarpaulin over the side of the truck. Later, as we returned to the base of the mountain, it started to rain. We completed the hike, but before we loaded up to return to camp, Ralph Evans had the driver (Roy Miller) drive down the road a bit and make us walk to "prevent getting stiff." We groused and continued to express our disfavor as we finally started back to camp. Almost immediately Drew "Pony Boy" Pearsall asked, "Is everybody happy?" The rest of the trip was uneventful except for numerous repetitions of the question. Soon everybody was asking, "Is everybody happy?" The moral of this story is that misery loves company and we really were happy.

Another story which could have been disastrous involved Joe McCracken. On a senior canoe trip, we stopped at an old mill to begin a portage. Joe stepped on to an old dock which was attached to the building. The dock immediately collapsed. He disappeared below the water surface and was entangled in some manner. I remember that there was silence at first, then a lot of splashing as he fought to get free. Suddenly his head popped up and he was okay. There was more than a sigh of relief, followed by an outburst of cheers. What could have been a tragedy, fortunately, ended happily.

A final story involves Bill Walsh. Bill was somewhat fat. One day at riding instruction, a horse bit his stomach just above the waist. He had teeth marks for days. Embarrassed at first, he later proudly showed off his mark of distinction.

I recall one Sunday early evening at sandwich making time that John Grant gave Bo-Bo, (Alexander Grant's Scotty dog), a piece of the topping. The dog tried chewing, but it stuck to his teeth. When he tried to swallow it, he started gagging. Fortunately, John was able to force the dog's jaws apart and retrieve the blockage.

I don't believe Lucy ever cooked from recorded recipes, at least I never knew of anyone finding one and I'm sure many tried, including members of my family. I was around the kitchen a lot and never saw paper, note card, or book. She was very proud to say "I'ze not educated, but I'ze intelligent" and she was. Someone once put a sign "Braid Room" over the door to the room where she prepared dough and occasionally sat down to read her daily newspaper. She tore the sign down, angry at first, then smiling at the joke played by "My boys." To this day, I believe Dick Whitney did it. He was a great jokester. He could and would imitate everyone, including Mrs. Davis of Davis's General Store. "Mr. Gayja, would you believe he put the bananas right inside his shirt?" This was a reference to a Cole Stanton visit to her place of business, a story the Red Fox had told the Silver Fox, apparently overheard by Whitney. It was Whitney, I believe, who added the additional foxes to the camp vocabulary: Silver Fox (Alex Grant), Pinky Fox (Pinky Shover), Fat Fox (Al Wagner) and others.

An embarrassment to me occurred one day after a meal, probably breakfast because I don't remember cream on the tables other than for morning coffee. I was challenged by a waiter, Aram Pakradooni to drink a glass of cream. I downed it and almost immediately broke out in hives. I raced to the beach, jumped in the water, and the hives disappeared. I suspect Lucy or Alfred knew about it, but I never had to explain to anyone about the hives. This story came to mind having read Peter Benoliel's pitcher story in Fred Clark's book.

I was always a scholarship camper and became a worker when I took care of the mail and ran the store. I never was a regular on the waiter, tennis courts, or ice-box icing crews. I made ice cream, was the first milk pasteurizer, and eventually drove trucks. As a teenager, I once produced mint chocolate chip ice cream without Alex Grant's knowledge or permission. After the meal that the ice cream had been served, Grant appeared at the door and motioned to me to come over. In his kindly way, he suggested that I stick to regular flavors. One of those regular flavors was banana. One morning, as breakfast was ending, Horace Hepborn was carrying a stalk of bananas up the hill from the kitchen to the Lodge, in preparation for the opening of the store. He slipped on the wet grass and he and the bananas went in all directions. We made banana ice cream for several days!!

My favorite memory is that of several taller men carrying an inverted war canoe to the beach, with Pinky Shover chinning himself from one of the central cross-bars inside the canoe. I'm sure that this was an annual ritual, probably with the big guys raising the canoe on a prearranged signal.

In my early years, there was a nature counselor named Itchy Snyder who got his name from an encounter with poison ivy. The story went that on a nature hike he rubbed a portion of a three-leaved plant on himself to prove to the campers that it wasn't poison ivy, thus his new name!

I remember fires at camp, some intentional, some not. But, when you are miles from the nearest fire department, this is a serious concern. The annual Junior B Bonfire, approved by the local authorities, was always an inferno (especially the one with the out-house labeled "The flush got my full-house"), as was the demise of the Thetis. These were controlled, or at least clear of extremely flammable substances. When the Farm House roof caught on fire (1929?), Fleming Laws put it out from a ladder with a garden hose. The fire had started from sparks coming from old shingles used as kindling. He was a true hero and was immortalized in song in the minstrel show or another musical that year. Another time, the Model A Ford truck caught fire after refueling (the gas tank was above the engine for gravity feed, but behind the dash). The Red Fox smothered it with a blanket or tarp. He knew the tank was full so there were no fumes there to explode.

The pump-house also caught fire one day and Dick Whitney, one of my favorite Tecumsites, ran from the senior campus to get water. Half-way back, he realized the fire was only yards from the lake so he dumped his bucket and headed for the lake.

**From Bus Gager, 1938** - The Elkins boat-house, across the lake, below Bald Peak, caught fire. It was at night and the Tecumsefleet, possibly including the Thetis, but definitely including the two war canoes, headed across the lake. There was a loud explosion, not from the fire itself, but from the dynamiting of the dock connecting the boat-house to shore. Cutting off the fire from land prevented its spreading, limiting further damage. Souvenir hunters reported everything was burned to the water line. Someone brought back a piece of a two by four with a splinter about 1/8 inch by 6 inches which had gone through it so that it extended out from both sides.

I passed my canoe test when I was a Junior B. Everyone else had passed, I think. I needed to pass the test because our first canoe trip was coming up. I never became a very good swimmer and on this occasion I made it by doggy paddling almost the whole way. I think I still hold the record for the slowest test ever. I went on the trip and became eligible for aquaplaning. If I didn't invent the "widow stoop," I certainly was a proponent!

Aram Pakradooni was my best friend at camp and at Episcopal Academy. In the dive competition of a senior swim meet, he opted for a belly flop dive. He rose from the board, did a tuck, and extended horizontally. He hit the water with a tremendous splash and climbed out of the water beet red from head to toe. The crowd cheered the dive, but the judges (Bob McDonald and Bud Toebe), gave him a one for effort. Pak was livid, chased them around the dock, and finally calmed down.

John Grant, Alex's nephew, was noted for going barefoot. I never saw him wearing shoes. Over the years, he probably climbed and led more campers over mountains barefoot than most men did shod. I remember clearly trips when on the return to the base of the mountain we would shed our footwear and cool/soak our feet in a stream. John would not even rinse off his feet unless the trail had been muddy. One year we climbed Mt. Tecumseh, not always done regularly. At the base, where we parked the truck, was an old mill and abandoned house (we thought). Below the mill, the stream went over a huge rock into a deep pool. After the climb, we shed our clothes and had a dip. The rock made a great slide. As we were about to leave, a woman stuck her head out of an upstairs window and yelled: "Don't you people have any respect for private property?" or words to that effect. We all jumped into the truck (and the Packard) and raced away.

Tecumsites usually rose early, drove to the mountain and climbed, then slept on the ground or rocks. Girls camps seemed to camp first, then carry packs on the climb. I don't know how often we'd be literally running along a trail and meet a group of girls sweating under load and hating every minute of it. We didn't always run. One year on Mt. Washington, we were descending on the toll road when Pak and I saw Dick Whitney riding curled up in the huge spare tire of one of the Pierce Arrow mountain taxis. We decided to try to hitch a ride. Soon we were riding in a Chrysler coupe. The driver said that Mt. Washington was harder on the car than Pike's Peak. We were impressed. When we arrived at the base camp, the Red Fox and Lew Tabor were in charge of dinner: steak, corn on the cob, and strawberry ice cream. Now that is mountaineering!!

**From Fred Clark, 1939** - The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Fred Clark to his father on August 5, 1939 while at Tecumseh:

Two nights ago it was very warm and there was a full moon. Gordon Yocum and I went to bed about twelve but couldn't sleep so we put our shoes on and took a walk up the road in our pajamas. Fortunately no cars came along. We were prepared to pretend sleep walking if any did come along.

There was a trip in the Thetis scheduled for last Sunday for fisherman only. They were quite thrilled by the idea and promptly gathered tackle, worms, etc. I started the engine to pump out the water in the bottom and then left it running in order to go up to the Lodge for something. When I returned, the boys told me that the engine had stopped although nobody had touched it. In attempting to start it again, I ran the battery down. I then went up and took the battery out of the Packard but I couldn't get the motor to run. In the meantime, a leak developed which soon filled the boat up to the floorboards. Soon the Thetis was on the bottom in about two feet of water, enough to fill the crankcase, carburetor, and starter motor ram in. I was rather disgusted.

Mr. Grant is not in very good shape now. His leg has been bothering him some and he had a nasty fall two days ago. This morning he insisted on driving by himself all the way into Meredith to meet his two daughters and the two twin granddaughters. I feel strongly for him. I don't believe I have ever seen a man with so many faithful friends. I have seen men in here who were boys twenty and thirty years ago who come here to see Mr. Grant. He rarely forgets a face or name. His whole life is boys as I have said before. The boys here this year are a grand bunch.

**From Bus Gager, 1939** - Willy Kapell was a senior at camp. I don't know how many times his bedding flew from the flagpole near the campus. Charlie Shreiner reminded me that at least once his bed was up there too. I remember Eugene List playing tennis as well as the piano. I have heard List, Kapell, and Istomen on my public radio station.

Another pianist was Richard Snyder, I believe, who was between List and Kapell and also younger, only an intermediate. One day, Snyder was catching in a baseball game when Mr. Grant arrived at the ball field. Alex got out of the car and yelled to Snyder to get out into right field where he could not get hurt. This is the only time I ever heard Alex Grant raise his voice!

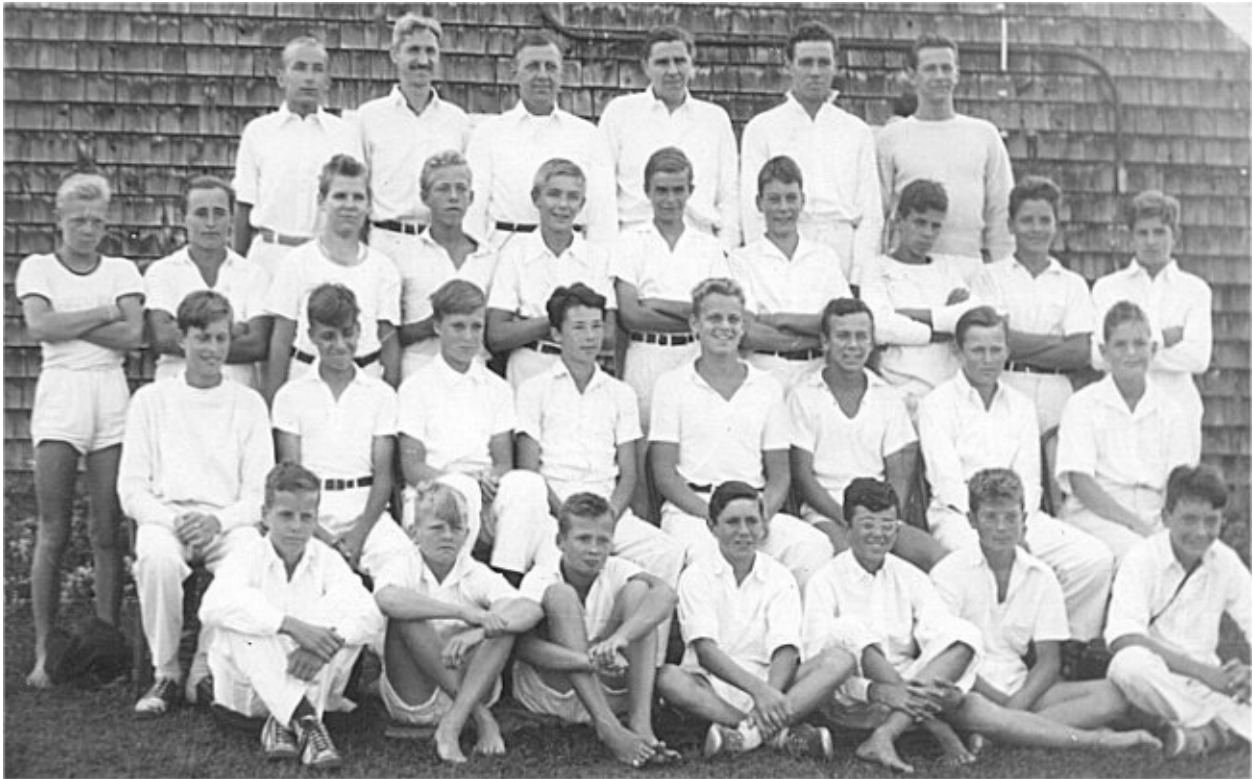
**From George Stanley, 1939** - We were out on a trip when Johnny Magee encountered a staff member from Singing Eagle Lodge. The boys got restless while Magee socialized. The *Sunbeam* mentioned the incident and quoted Stanley as saying: "What do we know? We're only twelve years old."

**From Bus Gager, 1939** - George Stanley and his younger brother Bob, rode up from Philly to Camp with Aram Pakradooni. The Merritt Parkway was relatively new and after speeding along (up to 98 miles per hour), they came to its end. When Pak stopped at a gas station for directions, a trooper drove up. He told Pak he never would have caught him if he hadn't stopped and proceeded to write him up. His shoe laces and belt were removed and he was detained until a bond was received from home. At camp he was called "jailbird" for awhile. This may have been the year he arrived at camp with a shaven head and wore a cap all the time. His barber had told him to shave his head and rub in olive oil to prevent baldness.

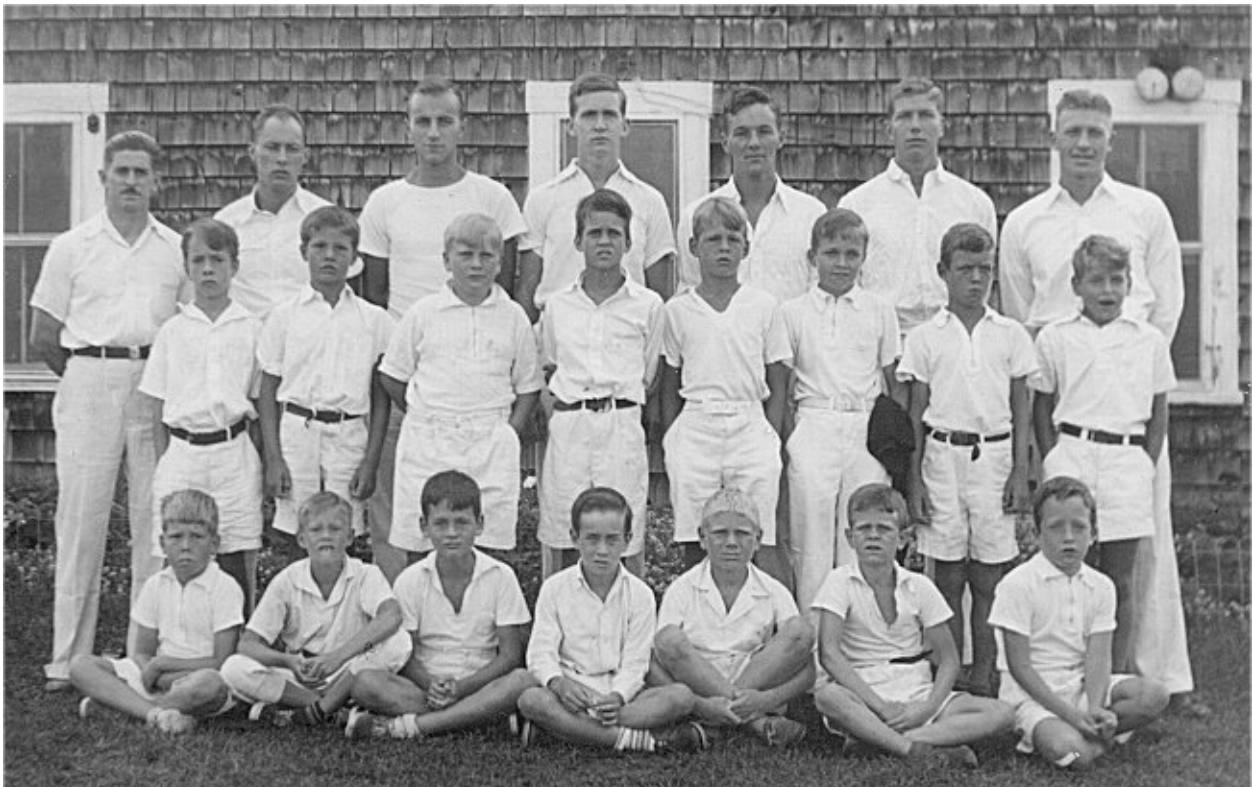
One night Bob Stanley and Tyler Griffin went horse back riding. Bob's horse got startled and threw him. The two searched and searched for the horse, then got in Griffin's car and searched some more. No horse! To make matters worse, the crankcase of the car got damaged (from hitting a rock in the woods). Naturally, the horse returned to the barn unhurt. After a consultation with either the Red Fox or Lew Tabor, the bottom of the crankcase was removed for brazing by Bud Whitehouse, the master mechanic of Center Harbor.



Tecumseh campers and counselors inside Shibe Park in 1931 with Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Bill Dickey, Jimmy Foxx and other baseball stars. The trip to the Yankees vs. Philadelphia Athletics game was arranged by former major league pitcher and former Tecumseh camper & counselor Howard Ehmke who was the winning pitcher in game one of the 1930 World Series for Philadelphia. At the far right of the photo is Forrest L. Gager.



The Intermediates, 1938. Back Row: Salom, Quintance, Ralph Johnson, Henry Williams, Hammond, Hargens. Second: Spofford, Rugart, Granger, Griffin, Mulert, Matchette, Fiero, Cartier, Cloud, Goodman. Third: Norton, Hires, Broome, Smith, S. Smith, Roberts, Cuneen, Manders. Front Row: Hopkins, Gamon, Quiggle, Stanley, West, Knodel, Gallagher.

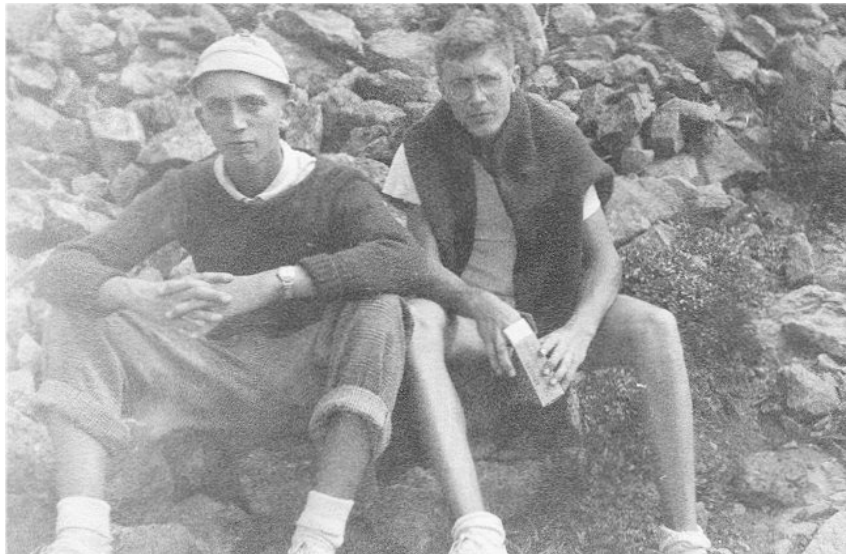


The Junior C's in 1938.  
 Back Row: Forrest L. Gager, Drew Pearsall, Gordon Yocum, Fred Clark, George Park, Nelson Degerberg, Roy Miller.  
 Middle Row: Gallagher, Smith, Hempstone, Jackson, Shore, Clark, Dale, Van Ballen.  
 Front Row: Smith, Graham, Supplee, Tunnell, Pusinelli, Bartow, McElroy.





The Seniors in 1932: Back Row: Bill Linglebach, Al Wagner, Pinky Shover. Standing: McDonald, Unknown, R. Whitney, Benton, Pierce, Roth, Wrightson. Kneeling: Pakradooni, Park, Anderson, Richards, E. Stanley, Schuler, Toebe, Wright. Sitting: Seymer, Salom, Moore, Havens, Seltzer, McCrudden, Vetterlein, Pearsall.



Craig Adair and George Stanley on the Franconia Trip, 1937.



Alexander Grant and Jiller, 1934.

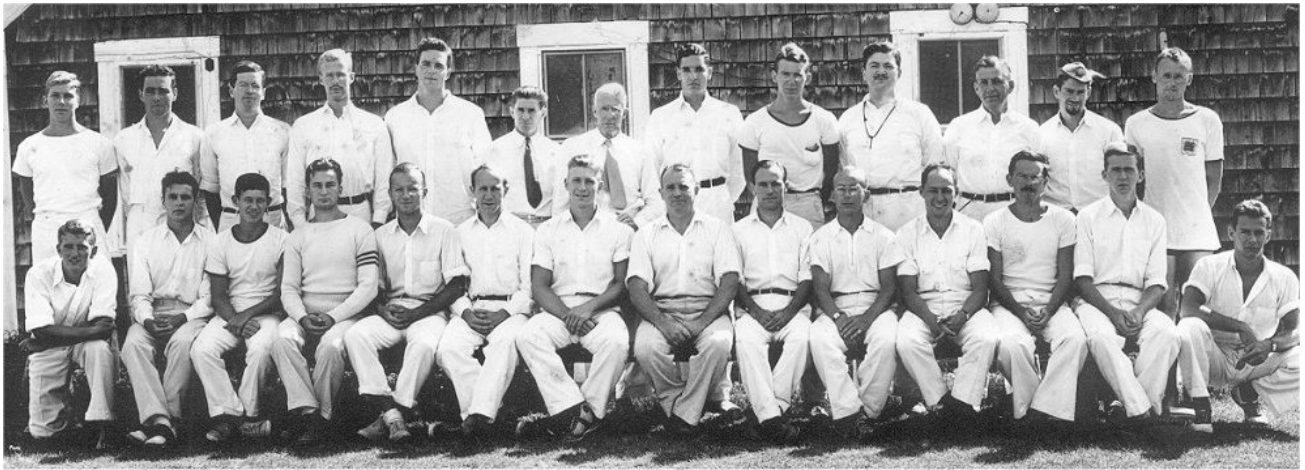


Left: Intermediates in 1934 - Craig Adair, Unknown, Henry Williams, Unknown and Nelson Degerberg.

Right: Two world famous pianists - Eugene List in 1934 and Willy Kappell in 1939.







The Tecumseh counsel in 1939.

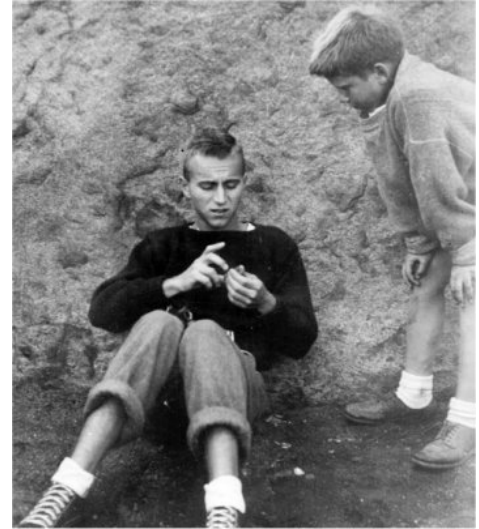
Back Row: Nelson Degerberg, Steve Hammond, John Grant, Lee Bird, Unknown, Forrest L. Gager, Alex Grant, George Park, Bruce Granger, Bob Eckles, Ralph Johnson, Ed Drexel, Arthur Hopkins.

Front Row: Ted McDonald, Unknown, Stewart McCracken, Waldemar Dabrowsky, Gordon Yocum, Ralph Evans, Roy Miller, Al Wagner, Pinky Shower, Pete Salom, Drew Pearsall, Jim Brennan, Fred Clark, Bill Hargens.



Above: Henry Williams reading to campers in the Intermediate Cabin. David Farley is to the far left, David Knodel is furthest back. Newbold Ely is at the foot of the bed, Deacon is behind him. Photo taken in 1939.

Below: Seniors in 1931: Jim Pearce, Marshall Bryant, Bob Benton, Jack Sollers, Clint Roth, Jack Mata, Jack Gensemer.



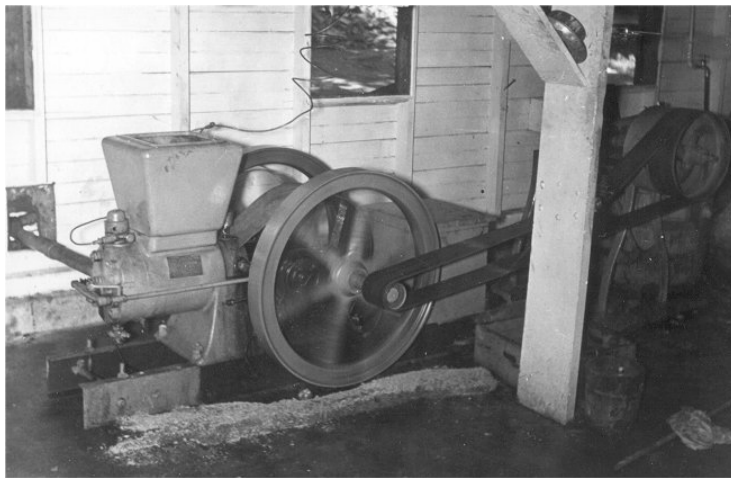
Above: Gordon Yocum and Peter Stroh on a mountain trip, 1939.

Below: Bud Toebe, Bob McDonald prepare for the Annual Junior B Bonfire, 1938.

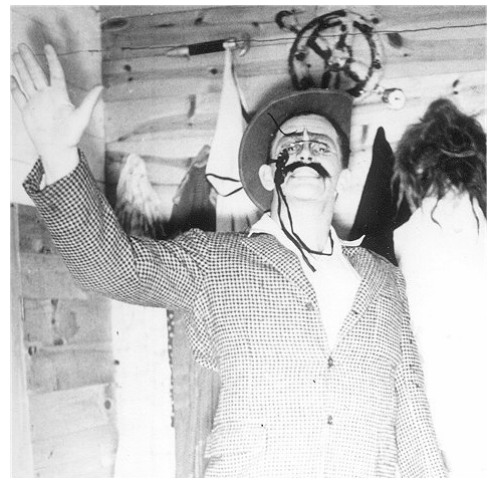




Seniors in 1939. Back Row: Gager, Sprankle, Stanley, Desmond, Fritz, Loescher, Goering, Stowe, Smith, Fiero, Mattchutt, Roth, Rugart, Hires, Knodle, Cloud. Front Row: Shreiner, Knox, Roberts, Griffin, Wharton, Tunnell, Kamsler, Eckles, Brennen, Wagner, Drexel, Lyons, Gibson, Sauliner, Havens, Bird, Kapell, Clark.



Inside the Ice Cream House in 1937. The ice cream making machine was known as The Woodpecker.



Bob McDonald plays Teddy Roosevelt in a 1937 serial production.



The 1937 production of *The Yeomen of the Guard*. All shows were done in the Lodge until the Opera House was built in 1960.



Fred Clark plays a gangster in a 1937 show.