

# ARDEN ARROW





*Country Club  
656 Victoria Ave.*

# The ARDEN ARROW

Published  
annually by the  
Girls and Councillors  
of Camp Arden

*To my very own precocious little  
brat - you have carved yourself  
a place in my thoughts, this  
summer I will never forget  
7 andly  
Rookie*

CAMP ARDEN  
OAKLAND · MAINE  
1.9.2.9





*“The spirit of the woods, the joy of games, the thrill of cool waters”*





## THE ARDEN ARROW

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### THE DEEPER SIGNIFICANCE OF CAMP

I love to hear the word *Camp*, for I have come to associate with it, the spirit of the woods, the joy of games, the thrill of cool waters; but I also feel, in the word, a meaning as significant, as valuable and as happy as any that accompanies the other thoughts. This feeling is the realization that in camp we engrave in our minds impressions that are as long as life itself, as deep and as dear.

Beneath the swaying birches, from out the night comes a bird's call, a call not only through the night, but through the long years of life, which, as they mount, God's early secrets become wonderfully glorified. On through the deep woods, a road winds, cool and silent, with a certain gray stone forever lying in it's heart; a road that winds through our lives, keeping us mindful of the true path. It is here we talk with the friends of our youth, the friends of our later years,—where we open our hearts and minds to the beauty of each comrade's soul, cherishing in our own souls, memories of a word, a song, the first glimpse of a sleeping face at dawn, a walk up the hill towards the setting sun.

Impressions such as these, beautiful and sacred, help to form the basis of our characters, to build up our moral lives with the strength and serenity of the fields and hills—all this and more I feel when I hear the word, *Camp*.



## DAWN ON SUNSET HILL

We have all seen the sunset on Sunset Hill, but how many of us have seen the sunrise there? Our camp is all wrong; all camps, in fact. We awaken each day hours after the day's greatest miracle—the superb spectacle of dawn. “Only that day dawns,” says the proverb, “on which we are awake.” I suspect that the sage who first penned those lines had in mind some hidden meaning for us, but to me the literal meaning is the finest and best. It is a day truly without a dawn if we are not awake to see it. Of all the glories of a summer at Arden, the grandest is the one we are most likely to miss—the stealing of a new day over our Sunset Hill. It is a full hour before the first crow begins to make the day hideous. It is a half hour, at least, before the veeries begin their sweet chirping to their mates in the tree-tops. It is the time when the world is still lulled in the hush of midnight—only the black of night has faded to indigo, or violet, or mauve. At that solemn hour even the fields are hardly green—the grass on Sunset Hill looks like a purple coverlet over which sleepy purple trees seem to nod in rhythmic cadences;—as if just waking or falling asleep. Probably, like many of us humans, the trees at that hour are just dozing in that beautiful dream state on the border of slumberland. The Tower, too, half phantom, half real, and all purple, reminds one for all the world of a piece of scenery for a toy theatre—purple cardboard with square holes cut for windows and a cardboard flange to hold it up. Dear Arden Tower! Dear Sunset Hill! Others may love you most at the close of day when the great ball of fire slips down over the western edge of the world, but as for me, as long as I live, I shall wish to remember you at purple dawn when “jocund day stands tiptoe” on the eastern horizon.



## MOOD

It is evening. As the sun gathers in her golden carpet and Dusk throws her mauve coverlet over the campus, a new atmosphere is created.

The bugle sounds, and a gradual hush permeates the campus. The high voices of the campers dwindle down to whispers; the birds cease their noisy chattering. The mauve coverlet changes into a black shroud. All is dark, for night is everywhere.

A symphony, created by nature's own hand strikes up the first chords—a sudden hush, and then a slight rustling of the leaves as if “from some stringless instrument.” The high chirping of the crickets from a nearby field is the melody, while the bull frogs near the lake form the bass cello. All is in harmony with the gentle lapping of the water on the rocks. The distant barking of a dog breaks through the symphony like the cymbals. Then an owl, waking from his reverie, utters an eerie note. Again a sudden hush. The instruments cease and afterwards nothing but darkness and the low indistinguishable voices of the night.





THE LEADER

A king from head to foot was he,  
 A man in every way,  
 Not boastful, though his worth he knew,  
 Nor was he vain, but as a man, was proud.  
 Superior, above us all  
 In manner, actions, and in life,  
 Our friend, our leader, aye, our king.



—Miriam Helpern

I have just spent the last siestas reading Eugene O’Neil’s “Hairy Ape.” Hank, the pitiable being who was rejected by man, sought the ape as his companion. In the end, crushed spiritually and physically by the gorilla, he died, uttering the words, “even the ape thinks I don’t belong.”

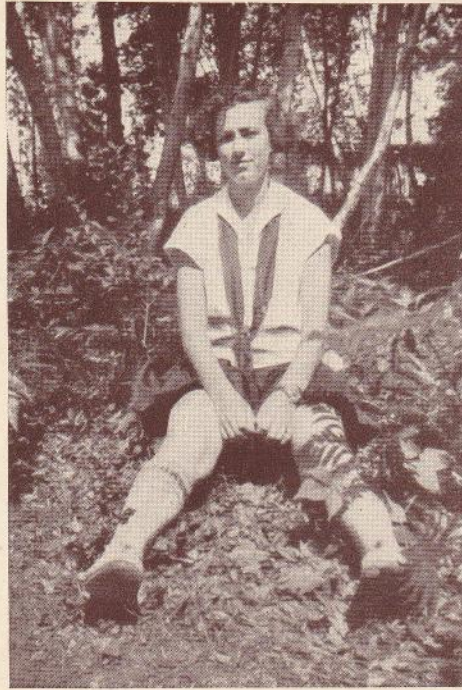
Those last words made a tremendous impression on my mind. Who does belong, I wondered. Why should any of us? What is it “to belong”?

That evening I climbed to the top of Sunset Hill. In front of me was the horizon ablaze with vivid red and gold. Insignificant, I stood there, tingling from the sheer beauty of the sky before me. A beauty that artists have tried to reproduce since the history of art began; the kind that poets have unsuccessfully tried to describe in their verse; the kind that mere mortals like myself feel through every member of their bodies, yet before which remain inarticulate and expressionless. I turned my back to the glorious sunset and faced the camp. The red and gold of the sky permeated the campus, filling it with a spirit of peace and serenity.

As I stood there, I thought of Hank, the pitiable being who could not find a



place for himself in the world. Then an exquisite feeling of exaltation and peace came over me. I understood the tragedy of Hank and felt a deep compassion for him, for, for the first time in my uneventful life, I felt that I belonged. —R. L.



*Bunkie*

What is it about camp that holds us to it? I wonder if anyone could answer that question clearly? Of course we have a good time here, but I've found that I can have good times anywhere. We can swim, ride, play tennis, etc., true, but can't we do all these in other places? I've argued with myself more than once, tried to search my own mind to find an answer to the question. I never seem to put my fingers on any definite answer but each year finds me returning like the birds going north in spring to the same old haunts and something way down inside me swells up and is glad to be back at camp once again.

OUR PET RABBIT

The little bunny is just running around on the grass, eating and eating. His name is Jimmie. He is very tame. You kneel down on your knees and you feed him a little piece of bread and you say "Here, Jimmie, Jimmie" and he'll come. —*Amelia Teller, 9 years*





### COMPETITION AT ARDEN

The competition at Arden is quite different from that found at the majority of camps. Instead of playing outside teams we are divided into two groups, Brown and Tan. All competition is thus intramural. Each team is headed by a senior captain who has as her assistants a sport captain, a junior captain, and four sub-captains; one for fieldball and hockey, one for basketball and baseball, one for the water and a field captain to supervise track, tennis, newcomb, and hiking.

In this way all the games are held on our own campus; so we avoid the disadvantages of intramural competition and at the same time receive the benefits of friendly rivalry.

### BOATING AND CANOEING

Senior boating and canoeing varies with the weather at Arden. On lazy days the girls are content to merely drift and read a book or write letters. Other days, however, they work hard on various parts of canoe tests, go on a cruise up the lake, or indulge in the delightful sports of gunneling, kangarooing, tilting, or swimming under an overturned canoe.

Junior boating and canoeing, on the other hand, is quite different. These ambitious youngsters are always eager to learn another stroke, pass another test, or try this or that. Even a row boat cruise is met with enthusiasm and at the mere suggestion they rush to man the oars.

### TENNIS

Conditions at Arden have never before been so favorable to tennis. With Chick Reinford as mistress of the courts, the girls work, instinctively drawn there from the start. Form in playing was stressed above everything else; having once tried their hand at it, everyone immediately felt the advantage it has over the old ways.

Even Martin did his little (or rather big) part by keeping the courts in perfect condition. All these together with the wonderful tennis weather have helped to make the tournament at Arden this year a success.



Kiddo, how can I ever  
 forget you; - the sweetest  
 most adorable - oh well!  
 you understand, don't you?  
 Loads of love,  
 Harriet



### HARRIET

From year to year since she first came to Arden, Harriet has steadily risen in our estimation. In her quiet and efficient way, she can get her team to do just as she wishes. As a member of the Council of Guidance and Inner Circle she showed her fitness for one of the captaincies so that when the time came to choose our leaders, her election was a certainty in advance.

### BROWNS

#### Seniors

Betty Block  
 Helen Dine  
 Louise Harris  
 Roslyn Hirsch  
 Jeane Kaufman  
 Marjorie Kerngood  
 Jean Kussner  
 Selma Leavitt  
 Roslyn Levy  
 Hannah Marks  
 Henrietta Rosenfeld  
 Eleanor Saxe  
 Dorothy Silver  
 Peggy Sloman  
 Harriet Urbach  
 Ruth Weiskopf  
 Beth Wurzburger

#### Juniors

Elaine Cassman  
 Eleanor Endler  
 Ruth Fremes  
 Mavis Kussner  
 Bernice Levinson  
 Ruth Liberman  
 Gerry Miller  
 Muriel Miller  
 Jean Press  
 Bernice Robbins  
 Beverly Roth  
 Selma Salzberg  
 Jean Siff  
 Leona Siff  
 Ada Soliterman  
 Connie Weinberger





MIRIAM

Although Miriam missed the year 1928 at Arden, her experience as Junior Captain two years ago rendered her ideal for Tan Senior Captain. Her versatility and light hearted vivacity and unending good humor are some of the points that make Miriam popular and lovable.

TANS

*Seniors*

Estelle Freund  
 Ruth Gesenter  
 Miriam Helpern  
 Viola Jassby  
 Ruth Krashes  
 Helen Lader  
 Maxine Levin  
 Helene Levy  
 Becky Lowenstein  
 Catherine Marks  
 Audrey Mehr  
 Barbara Olsan  
 Libby Ruskay  
 Doris Saxe  
 Helen Stewart  
 Norma Weisman  
 Pearl Wolff

*Juniors*

Ruth Berkowitz  
 Barbara Dine  
 Connie Ginsberg  
 Marian Grosner  
 Emmy Heim  
 Betty Hillson  
 Joy Joffe  
 Irene Liberman  
 Edith Marks  
 Naomi Mayer  
 Helen Schrieber  
 Ruth Schrieber  
 June Schwartz  
 Betty Stewart  
 Millie Teller  
 Shirley Unger







### WINSLOW VERSUS ARDEN

After many preliminary skirmishes the great advance of the Arden troops occurred on the evening of July 30. Plans were made for a brief visit into the stronghold of Camp Winslow by members of Eagles Nest and Pine Cone, led by the renowned Colonel Bertenshaw.

A cavalry brigade was the first contingent to set out, sallying forth on their stalwart chargers at high noon in battle array. The remaining troops at sun down. Colonel Bertenshaw personally conducted the advance, ably assisted by Lieutenants Henrietta Medine, Sophia and Rookie. Transportation was provided by the famous ex-auto racer, Bert Alexander and Pete.

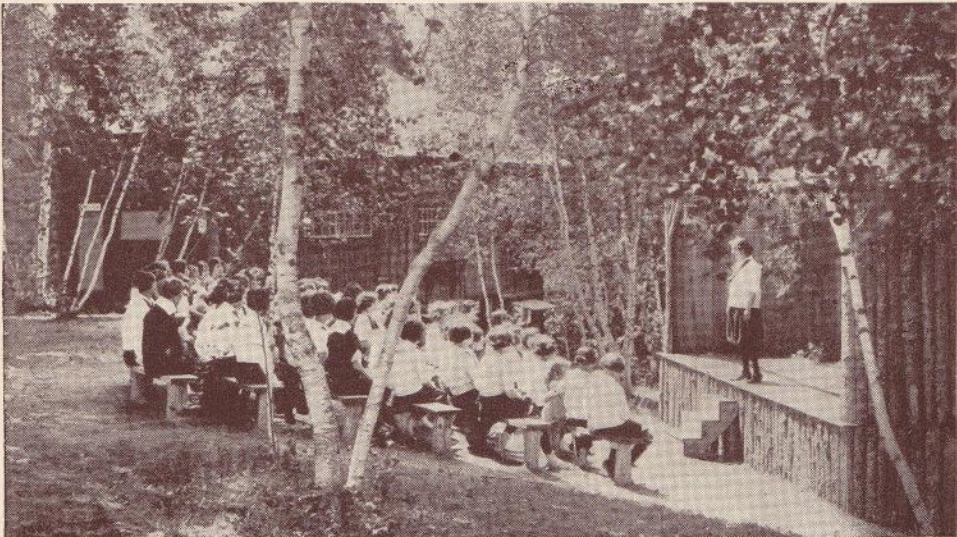
At 7:15 P.M., (as the crow flies) all were on the scene for the great engagement. The Winslow veterans led off triumphantly with an excellent play. We admit this is not the usual method of commencing battles, but it must be remembered that this is a different type of warfare.

Several minutes later Arden retaliated strongly by supplying music for the dance when the Winslow Victrola failed at the crucial moment.

The chief encounter, the dance, lasted over an hour and a half. Newspaper correspondents on the front lines decided it a draw with both sides doing nobly.

At 10:45 the Colonel decided on a victorious retreat. The Cavalry remained encamped on Winslow soil for the night, but the rest returned with the glorious feeling of having conquered Camp Winslow.

Both sides expressed a hope that a return encounter would be staged on Arden territory.



*Morning Assembly*





*The Directors and Staff*

#### MISS HOWARTH

Although Bunkie is now our high and mighty head councillor, she seems not to have changed a grain since her arrival, seven years ago. She can still be seen playing volley ball with the Peter Panners, stepping high with her adorers at dances, eating slum gullion on trips and playing tennis with Chick. Nearly every Friday night we see her ride by on Prince with a grand whoopee and a cloud of dust. All in all, we consider Bunkie the very best type of Arden councillor.

#### MRS. BERTENSHAW

*To Little Dorothy of the curly hair + our new Dinner Circle member - Love Maria C. Bertenshaw*  
 We wonder where she gets the energy, for Mrs. Bertenshaw can outrun, out-jump, and outdance anyone in camp. She can be seen at any time during the day and night frisking up and down the campus with her bigger and better half, Miss Elliott. Bert is interested in all land sports, especially basketball. For four years she has "reffed" our games. As a song leader, she is unsurpassed, and we wonder what would have become of Mazhenka without her. Bert's last act of the day, the blowing of taps, always seems as an echo of a perfect day.

#### MLLE.

"Machine!—Machine!—Machine!" All eyes turn in one direction, expecting to see a big touring car or such, tearing over the hill. But no—only the disgusted, excited or explanatory comment of a very small personage. Let one look at the councillor in question. One would see a very "petite" young woman—she has



very artistic tastes but is not only gifted in that direction, for she speaks five languages to perfection, and is very patient in imparting her knowledge to those who are willing to learn. Excelling in everything she attempts, what more is to be said? Perhaps another expression typical of her—"Oo-la-la!"

#### MISS EHLERS

As councillor for the Peter Panners, Teeny has been a great success this season. Her patience never gives out and she can be seen surrounded by her little charges, combing their hair and tying their shoes. Teeny has charge of the water also, and does a very good job of it, especially rescuing tipped canoes. Her complexion is one of the seven wonders of camp as is her almost perfect "Flying Dutchman."

#### MISS MEDINE

"Henry", as the girls affectionately call her, is our capable office secretary. As one who has charge of the phone, the accounts, the store and the details of the office, Henry can always be found ready to serve one, and with the service goes her ready smile. Miss Medine has the rare art of combining business with pleasure in such a way as to make the summer enjoyable for her, and all who come in contact with her.

#### DR. NABUT

Dr. Nabut has been so efficient during her two years at Arden that she has had much spare time; so she can invariably be found sunning herself in front of the Shelter, fashioning beautiful silk underwear.

Dr. Nabut also shines as a hostess. After taps the councillors have a great time over Doc's famous tabloid tea, and candy. Thus as a doctor, underwear-maker, and hostess, Dr. Nabut has won fame at Arden.

#### MISS LEVY

When Rookie isn't pleading for articles for the "Arrow" in assembly, she can usually be found in Eagles Nest trying to squelch her capricious wards. Even though Rookie is one of the youngest councillors, she is able to command respect and obedience from the campers. Because she was once an Ardenite, she has endeared herself to us all by her camplike understanding.

#### MISS ELLIOTT

She can be found whistling all day—either by artificial means for "reffing" games or a natural toot for her sidekick, Mrs. Bertenshaw. Every Ardenite has, without a doubt, felt a thrill run up and down her spine while watching Miss Elliott's superb hand stand from the tower. Besides being an accomplished diver, Miss Elliott has done a great deal towards perfecting the dives of her proteges. Her dignified manner and remarkable calmness both add to make the inimitable Miss Elliott.



### MISS JAMES

To work in the Studio for two months and not get a nervous breakdown is remarkable—nay phenomenal. Besieged with leather punching, banging of looms, and about twenty people to help at once, we cannot but admire her. There are other things that interest Miss James besides arts and crafts, for example her first horseback ride, milk and crackers, and her increasing weight. With all these assets Miss James holds our affections by her sense of humor and ever ready smile.

### MISS REINFORD

“Point, game, set.” “Love set at that.” Who else could the above statement belong to but Chick? Chick, whose forehand drive makes us all envious. But Chick’s ability stretches far beyond the tennis courts. She can coach swimming and track and when it comes to basketball—just try to guard her. With all this in her favor one would hardly think that there could remain any fault to find with her but Chick is quite eccentric when it comes to eating. She never allows anyone at her table to tackle another pancake after the seventh.

### MISS M. DAVISON

As master, or mistress, of ceremonies for the Friday night musicales, Miss Davison has been a great success. She has aroused real enthusiasm in her musicales, which, up to now, have been side issues as an evening’s entertainment. She also gives out the mail and checks up on erring campers who do not write home as often as they should. Both charming and efficient, she is an important member of the Arden Staff.

### MISS J. WYER

Despite the fact Miss Wyer is our dramatic councillor, she does not confine herself wholly to dramatics. She is a first rate swimmer, hiker and tripper as well as a good horseback rider. Nevertheless, the Arden stage has been extremely enjoyable under her direction, assisted by our versatile Mlle. as scenic designer.

### MISS BOUTELLE

One and all, old and young, we agree that camping and eating out at The Haunt has been greatly enjoyed through the efforts of our Campercraft councillor, Miss Boutelle.

Not only has Miss Boutelle made our two trails interesting and instructive, but she has also made possible the Museum where she can often be seen taking in specimens found by the campers.

Besides this, Miss Boutelle helps plan our programs for the Thursday night campfire.

### MISS WEIL

If you see someone very small and slender coming across the campus with a swinging gait, you’ll know it’s Miss Weil. She has charge of the library, and



maybe that's why so many people like to read books at Arden. She tutors the campers so competently that we are sure no one will fail her examination this fall.

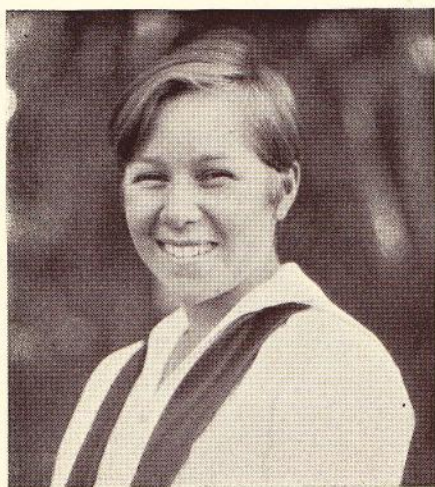
Her hobbies—well, does anyone wish to go on a snipe hunt today?

### MISS F. DAVISON

Florence Davison has been an invaluable asset to the musical life of Arden this year. In the morning assemblies she relieves Bert as song leader, and in the Friday evening musicales she accompanies girls who sing or dance. Still more important is the fact that she plays for our dances. However, the fruit of Miss Davison's labor can best be found in the Toy Symphony which has played so well for us this summer.

### SOPHIA

Who is Sophia? What is she? Sophia, as *you* all think is a councillor, but I must ever disagree with you. "But isn't she Miss James' assistant," you ask? "Does she not have access to the councillors' tent?" "Has she not been initiated with the rest of the new councillors?" "And last but not least, does she not share in their midnight revels?" "Yes, that is all very well," I answer, "but Sophia is still a camper in spirit and at heart even though not in actions." Sophia still gets a thrill out of creeping into the bed of one of the other girls after taps, and shooshing when she hears the footsteps of the patrolling councillor. She raids the kitchen for figs and cakes to take down to the bunk. She has even tried to steal lollypops into camp but was espied by the ever watchful "Bunkie" and forced to give up the attempt. Yes, God fashioned Sophia with the appearance of a councillor, the heart of a camper, and an understanding of both.







### THE STUDIO

Down the path and under the shelter of the trees we have a spot that vies with any in the camp in beauty and interest, for it is here in our Studio that great ability and creative genius are exhibited. We welcome all those who desire to use their hands, others who admire the work of those who have already mastered some branch of art. To give one tiny spark of light to those whose souls are filled with the impulse to create, yet whose fingers require friendly aid, here find a helping hand.

Were you to see us in our little abode on some visiting day when all the work is proudly displayed, we could, with small effort on our part, show you all kinds of crafts that surprise and delight the eye and fancy of the casual spectator, almost as much as that of the proud maker or still prouder parent.

Here are leather belts, seven strand or ten, leather pocketbooks, on which the patient worker has imprinted her initials or design, baskets of raffia or reed, book marks, that would honor any piece of literature, and woven bath mats and scarfs whose color schemes and design proclaim mastery in that field of art.

Yes, and but little time is needed to show you, that in our Studio, tucked away in the cool seclusion of the woods, the spirit of art and beauty is astir.

### THE HAUNT

Properly named because of haunting dreams of too many frankfurters or flap-jacks? We hope not. Many are the strange concoctions propounded and eaten by starving Ardenites. It is usually the name that is the worst, however. Slum gullion and goulash may not sound edible but ask the campers. What's that? How-how!—the usual response to an invitation to a supper cooked over the open fire. And reflector biscuits? Enough said! When can we go again?





### BLAZING THE TRAIL

A new phase of nature education was introduced at Arden this summer, namely, the Nature Trail. This type of out-door education is the very latest step in the teaching of Nature Study. It puts before the campers the facts of Nature in an interesting and entertaining manner.

Camp Arden has an ideal location for such a trail. The work was started by Miss Fisk who mapped out the trail using red tags as blazes. It was left to the Nature Department to complete the work so nicely begun.

There are really two trails. One is called the Training and the other the Testing Trail. The Training Trail starts at the Haunt, wends its way through a hemlock grove to the lake. From there it turns and winds through a beautiful stand of ferns and deciduous trees, finally emerging in the camp meadow. The purpose of this is two fold. First, to take one for a pleasant walk, and second, to acquaint one with a few nature friends along the way. To do this, trees and plants are labeled with small linen tags. The name is given and usually an interesting fact or two. By the time one has walked through the entire trail one has learned something about nearly all the trees and woodland plants to be found at camp. How much better than sitting down with a book and learning ten trees or ten mosses with long Latin names. Books belong to the school-room. At camp we have Nature herself as a teacher.

The Testing Trail is quite different. Here, you can test your own knowledge of the woods. Here, the tags ask questions, sometimes about the facts of the specimen in question. It is in no way an examination, but merely a place where one tests one's knowledge for one's own satisfaction.

Only a small start has been made this summer. There is interesting work for Arden girls for many summers to come. May the Nature Trail become a permanent and well beloved part of Camp Arden.



## THE BAT—A MYSTERY OF HORROR AND HILARITY

*A One Act Play by the Pine Cone Northerners*

TIME—9:30 any dark night.

PLACE—Pine Cone North.

CHARACTERS—Pine Cone Northerners.

*Miss Wyer*—Now, every one quiet. It's 9:30.

*Audrey*—Eek, I hear something!

*Miss Wyer*—Shh.

*Audrey*—I hear wings!

*Miss Wyer*—Audrey!

*Audrey*—I mean it, I heard wings.

*Miriam*—Me too.

*Ruth*—Me too.

*Selma*—Eek.

*Ruth*—A spider!

*Selma*—Eek.

*Miriam*—A bat!

*Selma*—Eek.

(Muffled screams from all including Miss Wyer)

*Ruth*—I'm going home. I hate bugs and snakes and doctors and dentists.

*Miss Wyer*—(Collecting herself from under the blanket) Stop this foolishness. You'd know it if a bat were in here.

*Audrey*—I don't care if it is a bat, but if it's a moth, I'll yell; I hate moths. They're wet.

*Miss Wyer*—Now, you all quiet down and be sensible for ten minutes and if you hear anything, we'll all get up with flashlights and bring this thing to earth.

*All four*—O.K. (Silence of about 4 minutes)

*Selma*—Eek, I heard it—right over my bed.

*Miss Wyer*—I didn't hear anything.

*Miriam*—I did.

(Flashes flash flashily around the room bringing in the vigilant Rookie. After much persuasion on her part, order and quiet are restored. The Pine Cone Northerners slept under their pillows that night although they would not admit it.)

☐☐☐

### UN POEME FRANCAIS

Pas de sujet que j'aime  
 Comment ecrire un poeme?  
 Comment puis-je le faire  
 Comment a Mademoiselle plaire?  
 J'aime Arden de tout mon coeur;  
 Etre ici est un bonheur  
 Ses arbes, le lac, les filles. . . .  
 Nous formons une grande famille. —*B. Stewart*

### MADemoisELLE

Je connais une mademoiselle;  
 Elle est tres petite et belle;  
 Elle enseigne la langue francaise,  
 Elle enseigne les filles anglaises,  
 Elle est aimee beaucoup,  
 Elle est aimee partout.  
 —*Mademoiselle's Monkey*



MAIL

“Did I get any mail?”

“How many letters did I get?”

“Did I get a letter with an Ashtabula postmark?”

Such is the chorus that greets Miss M. Davison each noon as she ascends the steps of the porch. She dives quickly and skillfully into the dining room to escape the questioning of seventy anxious girls. She rushes through a hasty and troubled meal in order to be the first at the tower for fear that some of our more husky campers might knock it over in their stampede. Suddenly she is surrounded by a milling mob, the Borns and Blocks pressing closely in front, the Weismans and Wurzburgers straggling in the rear. Much shushing from the Levys and Libermans. Then, one by one the crowd diminishes with either a burst of joy, disappointment, surprise or disgust. Then Miss Davison breathes a sight of relief, mops her forehead and rushes for a drink of water.



PETE

A tall, lean young man with a perfected slouch, a nondescript pair of breeches, and a sweater of sorts, topped by a glowing white—or rather what was once white—hat.

On first glance, one might observe his chief characteristics—a nonchalant attitude and a cheery disposition. He is literally indispensable around camp, for he performs services for every one. If Mr. Brown or a councillor are in distress, Pete helps out. Ever gallant, he stretches a point, even purchasing hair-pins or powder puffs for fastidious campers.

However, his real job is to drive a Stude of vintage unknown, engineering the car so skillfully and quickly between Arden and Winslow that Mr. Teller can make twenty or twenty-five trips a week, if need be, between the two camps. We believe the campers will agree that Pete deserves his numerals.



## THE UNCLAIMED

Had the history of Arden taken place a few years back, I am quite sure there would be very few clothes indeed in the unclaimed laundry.

Then, there was so much less individuality in underwear and pajamas that the girls would hardly be interested in having their own exhibited before the camp on certain weekdays.

Now, however, one feels very proud to walk up to Bunkie and claim that cute sun-tan shirt or those darling running pants with the loud red stripe.

In fact, I think that this means serves as the only one whereby an Ardenite can show her ingenuity and daring in underclothes.

The only remedy, therefore, for this problem of unclaimed laundry is for the directors of the camp to insist on a set uniform in underwear too.



## THE MISSING TRUNK

Once upon a time,  
Not really long ago,  
A girl came up to Arden  
With spirits all aglow.

She liked her bunk, etc.  
No one could happier be;  
But alas! alack! her joy went smack,  
For no trace of a trunk had she.

Notes were written, wires sent,  
She tried her level best,  
But she borrowed from her camp-mates,  
And never gave them rest.

A suspicion went the rounds  
About the missing trunk;  
After all, she might be  
Filling us up with bunk.

"Til one day, three cheers—hooray!  
An answer came to camp,  
The elusive thing at last was found,  
Libby was no more a tramp.

## NIGHT

The blackness of the long night covers all  
As the sun sinks behind the western sky.  
The stars light up the canopy of earth,  
The full moon smiles and takes its place on high.

—F. L. T.

## WRITTEN ON A RAINY DAY

The grass is wet,  
The sky is grey,  
All night it rained—  
It's dull today.

The wind is strong,  
A storm is brewing,  
Whoever makes the weather  
Forgets what he's doing.

I want some sunlight  
Golden and warm,  
Bribe the Weatherman?  
With what charm?

Hurrah for the sunshine,  
That's what I seek,  
I'll get what I wish for—  
Perhaps next week.

## BUNK TREATS

Mysterious packages are coming;  
They're usually two pounds or more;  
They're filled with candy and sweets,  
And other good things galore.  
We all are excited to see them;  
We beg to get near them, too.  
But what's the use of our pleading?  
For we're only allowed a few.

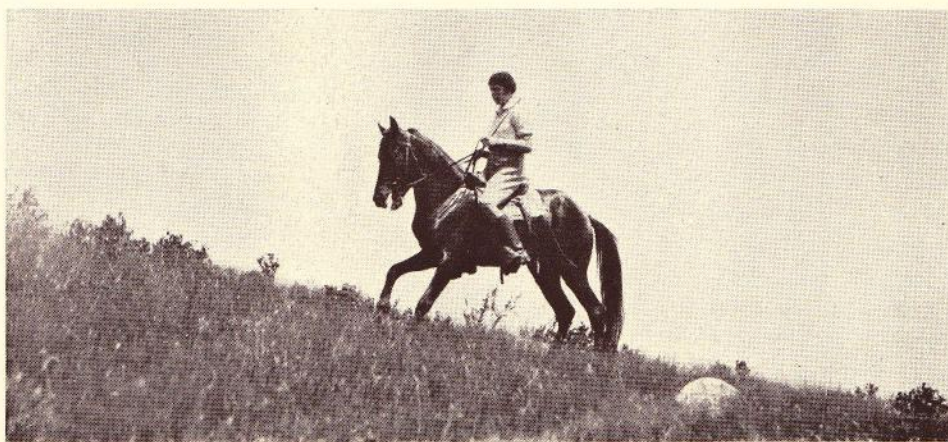


# RIDING

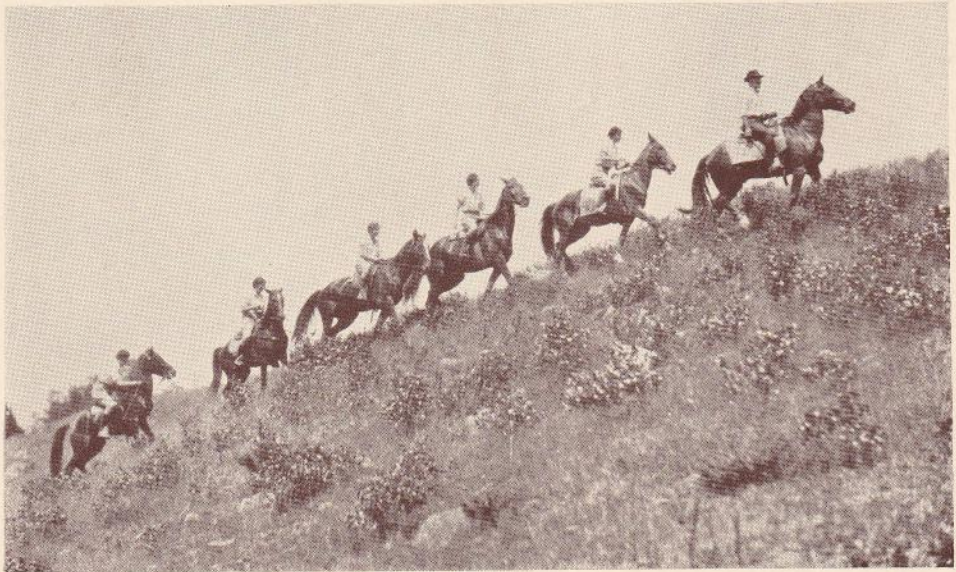
The thud of hoofbeats resounding through the cool invigorating day, the feel of the wind brushing back your hair, the feel of a swift, steady flying motion, the feel of a good mount between your knees—this is riding.

But this is not all; there is something bigger and finer to riding than even this, an indefinable something which makes you feel as though your mount was a friend, a person you could talk to, tell your innermost thoughts to, as though he would understand and not dispute. This is the prevailing feeling which draws horse and rider together.

And then to feel that at your touch, at your command, a thing of life and spirit obeys. No wonder riding at Arden enjoys so much popularity—a popularity accentuated by Mr. Pollard's amiable way, the excellence of his horses, and his easy, efficient method of teaching.







*Dear Editor of the "Arrow":*

Kindly allow me space in your paper to say a little about the riding and the riders of Camp Arden for the season of 1929.

I came to Camp Arden a stranger, but very soon found myself grouped with a lot of people endeavoring to make each other happy. My work as riding teacher has been very pleasant from the beginning. Every girl from the beginner to the advanced rider has tried, and succeeded, in a very large measure, to accomplish what I have asked her to do. We have been patient with each other, working together. Harmony, which is a vital element in all group work, has always prevailed, and I am very happy to say, that in all my years of teaching, I have never worked with girls so pleasant, thoughtful and courteous, and I shall always remember the pleasant days passed with the Camp Arden girls.

Very sincerely,

*W. H. Pollard*



I passed the campfire circle,  
The fire was burning low,  
Giving up its last spark of life  
Like a beast, wounded to death by the arrow of  
the hunter.

I hastened my pace;  
The flames grew dimmer—  
A background for the birch trees  
Silhouetted against the twilight.  
From the distance I looked back for the last  
time,  
But I saw only the deep darkness,  
I felt only the utter loneliness. —*Audrey Mehr*

When hours of play are gone and done,  
When flown are signs of day—  
The peacefulness of world is stressed  
By sunset's mellow ray.

The lavender and gold of it,  
The glory of its hues  
Are to the world a glorious sight,  
And homage pays its due.

A fitting thing is this sunset  
To close a summer's day;  
For humans just as bird and wind  
Seek haven after play. —*Jean Kaufman*





# MUSIC

## THE FRIDAY EVENING RECITALS

Music has been called the universal language, but any language unless it is one's mother tongue must be studied in order to be perfectly understood.

Music is no exception to this rule. Although many have a natural love for music, this same love may be augmented by knowing how to listen intelligently.

Music is an orderly language, expressed in a way that anyone without training in technic may appreciate. This has been the object of the Friday evening recitals.

The lights in the "House i' the Woods" shed a soft radiance over an expectant audience. On to the platform comes a radiant little figure in a period gown. The title of the selection is announced, a bit of the life of the composer is told, possibly a pathetic incident in his life, which caused him to compose the piece.

Then the music is heard. The throbbing pathos of it grips the attention of the audience, for now deep in its unexplored depths lies a story; and in looking for the story, the listener gradually allows the music to sink into his very soul and thus the message of the composer is received.

Possibly the next is a gay, dancing peasant girl and the next a gondolier from Venice. Each brings a message and each appeals to a different mood. Each knocks at the door of our sub-conscious self and bids us understand the life and the customs of our friends in what have hitherto been strange lands. Isn't this in itself a worth while influence?

As our stay at Arden comes to an end, all realize that the performers have given and the audience received a full course in music appreciation such as could never be given in the stuffy classroom of a city university.

## SING ON THE LAKE

Three chimes strike, breaking into the hub-hub, and silence immediately ensues, not counting the "sh's" that precede it. Miss Bunk is making an announcement. What? A sing on the lake? Such fun! Then shift the scene an interval of twenty minutes. A giant war canoe surrounded by small canoes and row boats occupied by enthusiastic girls, a placid blue lake, with scarcely a ripple, a few last lingering rays of the sunset, and the tall trees around the shore, guarding us like sentinels. This is the picture. The characters, however, are so animated that someone, their leader evidently, has but to hum one suggested note and they sing; first a humorous ditty, then a sentimental camp song. Individual voices are not noticed but all are one accord, suggesting songs and following the suggestions of others. Good fellowship prevails.





### THE ARDEN LIBRARY

Camp! The usual connotations this word carries with it are tennis, canoeing, ball games, songs and cheers. All these and more make up the ordinary conception of camp—the athletic side—but the girls of Camp Arden are gradually becoming aware of another aspect of camp life—the Arden library.

To the cosy little nook set aside for this purpose in the "House i' the Woods" comes each day an increasing number of campers. The books from our own library, and those loaned to us through the courtesy of the Maine State Library, afford such a varied collection that we are enabled to meet the demands of campers whose interests are widely diversified. Be it stories of birds and flowers, novels, blood-curdling mysteries or stories of glorious adventure, they are all there and if one were to look way down deep in the corner, one might even find French and Latin textbooks! Thus the library tries to cater to those who come to enjoy the opportunities it offers.

### THE PROM

The couples that arrived at the opening night of the Russian Inn believed, to say the least, in variety. The men, some in plus fours, others in breeches, and the more exclusive in evening clothes, gallantly escorted their lovely partners to their places. Every one was waiting expectantly for the arrival of the waiters and waitresses, for it had been advertised that they had all belonged to the Russian nobility and were extremely gracious and gifted. Nobody's patience was taxed for they arrived almost immediately. They filed in single file to their respective tables, singing as they went. Their manners were superb; each one granted, without delay, the choice of food on the menu fit for a king. The couples



all agreed that the Inn would be a great success, and having drunk to its health, decided that the evening would be ideal for a walk.

Some wended their way to Larkins, others to the lake, and still others to the spring. A half hours' stroll was long enough for those feet aching to dance, and at the sound of the whistle, boys and girls made their way to the House i' the Woods. The metamorphosis that had taken place here was indeed delightful. Uncomfortable benches turned into cushioned sofas; the usual rustic colors of the place made warmer by colored shawls and foliage. Here and there a lamp or other bric-a-brac gave the place an inviting air. A chord was sounded, and with it, the rustling of dance cards. The men gracefully led their partners on the dance floor. Rhythmic swaying let up only for refreshments, and finally stopped for a last time when taps sounded.

### SOLILOQUY OF THE WAR CANOE

*Visitors' Day—*

Gee, I've had quite a rest this summer. Maybe I didn't feel like slipping into the lake when the water was so warm. I know I'm parked up here in the shade, but even so, I mind the heat. I think if the girls hadn't made a fuss everytime Miss Teeny suggested me I might have been used more often. Wonder why they don't like me as well as my nine little sisters. Guess they are just too lazy to get me down from my resting place. Oh, look! Here comes Miss Bunkie and several of the senior girls. They are really going to put me to some use after all. My, how nice it feels to be in the water again. I must hold everything while the girls take their places. Boy, we certainly are going along nicely now. What are they doing? Salutes! My, they are pretty! How many do they know, anyway? What's that—clap, clap clap clap, clap clap, clop clop clop, clap clap, clap clap clap clap eeeeeeee! Sounds like a Chinese cheer to me. Judging by the applause, the visitors certainly enjoyed the drill immensely. Dear, I hate to have the girls put me back. Oh, well, probably I'll get out again when trips start, so I'll cheer up.

### THE PUMP

For an O. D. to awaken early in the morning, amble sleepily up the hill, and blow the whistle for the purpose of waking the rest of the camp, has always been a point of amusement with me. Does it not seem ironical to you, who, having already been awakened by a noise, as of a chug and three flutter kicks, to hear the meek and rather apologetic tone of the whistle?

One day when I had surrendered myself to the fact that it was almost time to awaken the other half of my sleepy self, for the pump had, as usual, begun to make water while the camp sleeps, I noticed an unusual tremor in the otherwise consistent regularity of the pump. Could it be possible? Was the pump ailing? Or how else to account for the peculiar noise? The best way to find out, of course, was to open my eyes and look around and see what I could see. So I quickly followed this intuition and looked across to the other inmates of the bunk, who in turn were looking across at Helene. No it wasn't the pump this morning. It was Helene's powerful crouching and nose blowing.



## THE SHELTER

The Shelter at Arden is indeed a true haven of rest. Its hospitable doors are always open to receive anyone who comes, but ever anxious to speed its guests on their way.

Many interesting things take place at the Shelter. Here, every girl must report each morning before breakfast for personal inspection. After assembly the daily clinic is held when the campers may come to have baseball fingers bandaged, splinters removed, or other little accidents treated.

It is to the Shelter that the girls come each week for weighing, shampoos, and hot baths. By this stringent care and by the ever watchfulness of Dr. Nabut and her ready assistant, Miss Smith, the health of the campers is kept at a maximum, and thus the six white beds in the infirmary have had very few occupants this season.

The Shelter, even though an infirmary, enjoys a reputation quite the contrary to the usual infirmary. Girls sometimes come here just to talk and joke with Dr. Nabut; and here, after taps, the councillors congregate, have tea parties and grand good times.



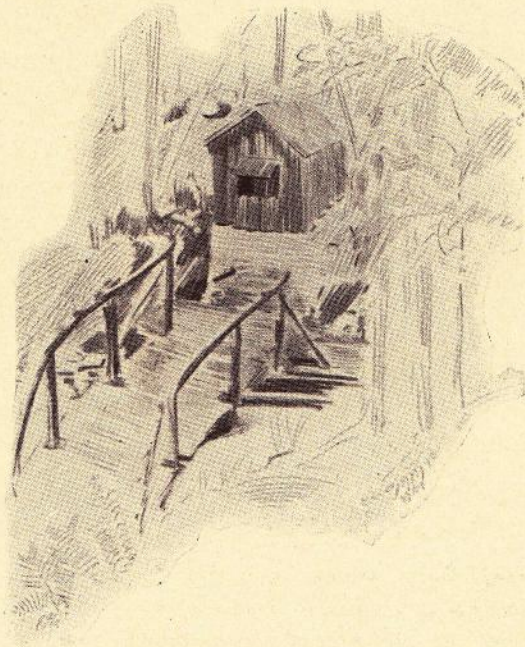
## TRAFFIC ON THE LAKE ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT

The moon, a beautiful moon, stalked stealthily and slowly through the trees, as do the girls on the back porches. Seeming to bob up and down before it finally clears the trees, the moon rises triumphantly into the fragrance of the night. With many covert glances, the girls, ever on the watch for the councillor on patrol, gain their balconies. Three shrill whistles sound! Surely the moon, looking as though it has a face and of course a mouth, is capable of making no audible sounds such as—well—such as indelicate disturbance as a whistle. A councillor's footsteps! The scurrying of perhaps a dozen pairs of feet into a mused but gaping bed. A flash of light! Someone disgustedly puts down a newspaper, "The Unkissed Bride." Tch, tch! From the lake floats in the inquiry, "Hey, Columbus, where are you going?" "Ship ahoy!"

Ah, the midnight revels! How much does the moon see? He smiles serenely, a picturesque orange circle in a blue sky, studded with stars. He does not reveal his secrets!







### THE SPRING

I have been told that the best remedy for a feeling of despondency is a walk in the open. One day, when most of the girls had gone on hikes and I had such a feeling, I decided to set out to a quiet place. My footsteps inevitably turned towards the spring.

I had never before come to the spring in such a mood, and I immediately felt the difference. When I had come here before, it was usually with a group of laughing, chattering girls. And in my previous visits I had never noticed the beautiful details of the place, the quaintness of the small bridge over the stream or that of the spring house. The shading of the spot by the trees into a series of beautiful patterns, fascinated me, and the rushing of the cool water from the spring-house on to the rocks and down the stream produced a rather soothing effect on my spirits. A decided victory had taken place in my heart. A feeling of serenity slowly crept over me,—and with it all my sorrow and sadness vanished. A small place indeed—the spring; yet with the power to fight down the worst moods. There is, indeed, relief in the knowledge of a place of retreat from future cares.





CAMP ARDEN, SUMMER OF 1929

AUTOGRAPHS

In the same fix you were  
in. Best to you Dorothy  
Elsie Elliott.  
Bunk Howarth

See, I'm in a tough fix,  
I know what I want to say  
but just can't.  
"Lovingly"  
Jessie

To my little brat - you can  
paddle and dive and  
what not! Mostly the latter.  
Your "spout" Grant.

Allo! Allo, Allo!! De telephone  
de Londres!..... De telephone en  
anglais!.....  
Che "petit singe" de tout ces  
bons chance!  
Mad: de Lany:carte

R. H.	S. L.	J. J.	R. F.
D. S.	R. W.	J. R.	M. M.
H. M.	H. D.	M. G.	B. R.
R. G.	C. F.	R. S.	J. S.
J. R.	B. W.	B. L.	H. U.
D. S.	H. H.	A. K.	R. L.
K. M.	H. M.	E. S.	M. R.
L. R.	H. W.	H. L.	J. S.
H. S.	B. D.	L. S.	J. J.
M. L.	B. W.	S. S.	B. H.
M. H.	P. S.	S. U.	B. D.
A. M.	B. B.	B. S.	N. M.
E. M.	F. J.		





-8 DIRECTORS, COUNCILLORS AND CAMPERS -8

### AUTOGRAPHS

Wishes to our great kid panel  
marvelous friend. Love as always  
Tommy Holt.

Always your friend  
Holt.

Congrats lol dear  
Ruth Resenter

R.L. M.G.

H.S. E.C.

M.K. C.G.

B.L. E.H.

D.S. G.P.

E.C. G.M.

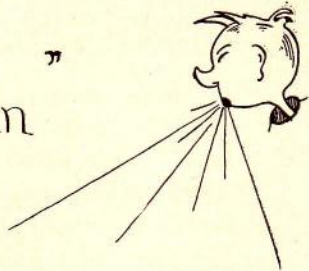
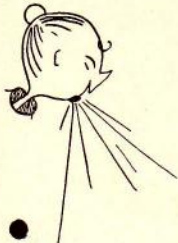
C.W.

R.L.

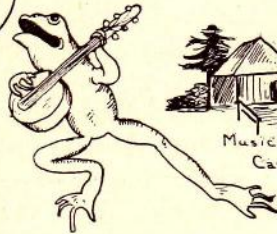
R.B.



# "Just in Fun"



Here you see our tennis pet  
Landing one across the net.



Musicians of  
Camp Arden



Oh, Those moonlight nights



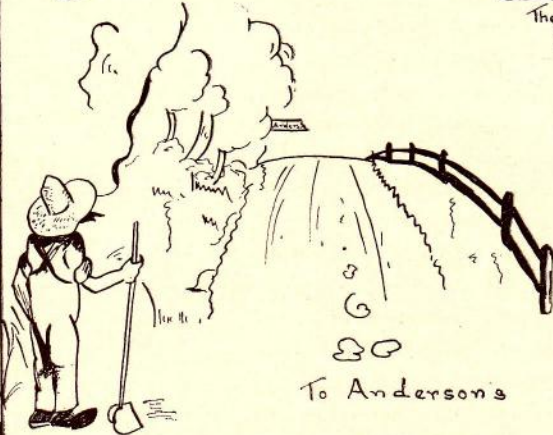
Where did you  
get that hat?



Allaa



The way our nurse makes a dive  
She beats all other girls alive.



You may walk a mile  
for a camel  
But we walk seven  
for an Ice Cream Cone.

To Anderson's



J. E. J.



PETER PANNERS' PERFECT PANIC

The Peter Panners all went to the Haunt;  
 It didn't seem like a very long jaunt,  
 At least so it seemed to their little heads,  
 'Twas quite long enough to carry their beds.  
 The beds were all made, and supper was started;  
 To gather some wood the campers departed.  
 There was great speculation of what was to eat,  
 But all the cooks said, " 'Twill be a good treat."  
 At last came the goulash, the cocoa and peaches,  
 For firsts, seconds and thirds each camper beseeches.  
 When each ate her fill, all went to the lake,  
 Her spoon and her plate a dipping to take.  
 While there, the weather decided to change  
 And gave a good wetting to all within range.  
 The beds were gathered and placed under shelter,  
 And then, my goodness—how the rain did pelter.  
 'Twas only a shower, the sun then did shine,  
 And gave us a beautiful rainbow divine.  
 The ground was still wet, we knew 'twouldn't dry;  
 For a good place to sleep we all then did hie.  
 Then all of a sudden in the midst of the strife,  
 The councillors tent had a mission in life.  
 We moved our beds in, 'twas a bit crowded too;  
 As a good place to sleep we decided 'twould do.  
 We lay on our beds and told stories galore  
 'Til we really couldn't think up any more.  
 After all that, came a marshmallow treat;  
 In the way of surprises that couldn't be beat.  
 Getting into a sleeping bag is really an art;  
 If you aren't very careful it will all fall apart.  
 We soon were tucked in all cosy and nice;  
 A popular concert we thought would suffice,  
 Each sang us a song she very well knew,  
 And then a small cricket thought he'd chime in, too.  
 "Oooh, Miss Boutelle, do you think he will bite?"  
 Said each small camper in voices of fright.  
 "Oh my goodness no, that's the way that he sings,  
 By rubbing his legs up next to his wings."  
 Now all were quite sleepy; the councillor said, "Quiet."  
 Being so tired all decided to try it.  
 Then off to dreamland, the morning soon came,  
 And not even one camper was a tiny bit lame.



The air and the sleep made us all very hungry;  
 We ate up our breakfast without being grumbly;  
 We packed up our beds and our mess kits, too.  
 We wish you'd been with us; now tell us, don't you?  
 A jollier good time you never will see  
 Than Peter Panners off on a spree.



### SONGS TO FIT

Together We Two—*Bunk and Chick*  
 Honey—*Tommy Block*  
 Sonny Boy—*Libby Ruskay*  
 The Des(s)ert Song—*Roslyn Levy*  
 The Best Things in Life Are Free—*Miss Boutelle*  
 I Faw Down and Go Boom—*Miss James*  
 That's Where My Money Goes—*Miss Medine*  
 Button Up Your Overcoat—*Doctor Nabut*  
 Good News—*Miss Davison*  
 Dancing Tambourine—*Ruth Gesenter*  
 I've got a Feeling I'm Falling—*Miss Smith*  
 I Wanna Be Bad—*Joyous Garde*  
 From Sunrise to Sunset—*The pump*  
 This is Heaven—*Arden*  
 S'Wonderful-S'Marvelous—*Winslow*  
 I'm at the Crossroads—*Alexanders*  
 When Day is Done—*Taps*



Had anyone told me about it, I never would have believed it. To think that after seven years, Bunk had fallen from her undisputed position in camp. Both shocked and disillusioned, I walked slowly to my cabin; the memories of all the years I had been with her and known her surged back to my mind, in retrospect. "It isn't possible; it can't be true," I groaned to myself in agony. I thought of Bunk on a canoe trip, balancing herself nimbly on a mess kit, far ahead of us all. Bunk, in the dining room, gracefully "slinging the grub" to her adoring followers. Bunk, at the outdoor suppers, playing tug-o-war with a string of hot dogs. Yet, always, yes, always, up to now, far surpassing us all. "To think", I moaned, "and now, to think that she has been ousted from her throne by a new comer." For Miss Elliott had undoubtedly illustrated that she could eat more than Bunk.



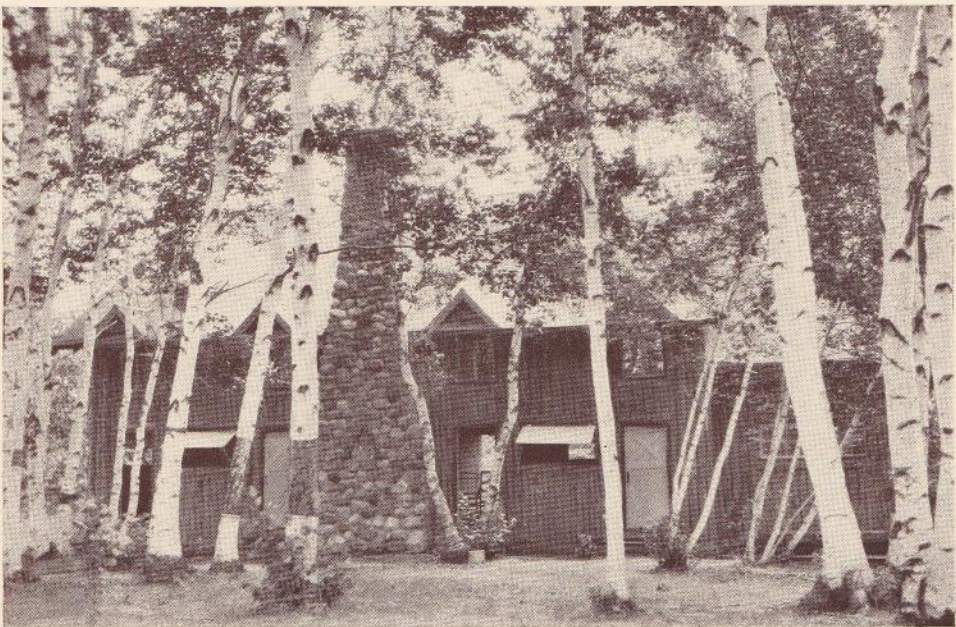


# DRAMATICS

On Saturday evenings, the House i' the Woods is the scene of much excitement; for it is then that the weekly plays are given. Sometimes it is a Junior frolic, spontaneous and amusing, like "Ten Minutes by the Clock," sometimes a Senior presentation, an amorous tale of Pierrot and Columbine, or a comedy of medieval France. But always there is suspense and amusement.

For those interested in costumes and scenery, there is much chance to help, though of course, it is the acting which attracts most of the girls. The stage at Arden is in itself charming; and when Mademoiselle puts up one of her scenic triumphs, everyone is inspired to a brilliant performance.

So dramatics at Arden, though decidedly a minor activity when compared with athletics, in point of interest, assumes major proportions.





## THE VIOLIN MAKER OF CREMONA

On Saturday evening, July 13, a cast of senior girls presented "The Violin Maker of Cremona."

It is the story of an old Italian violin maker who pledged his daughter, Giannina, to whomever won the gold chain and title of master violinist. The competition narrowed down to two of Ferrari's pupils; Sandro, a handsome young man with whom the girl was in love, and Fillipo, an exceptionally fine musician, though a hunchback.

Fillipo was so in love with Giannina that knowing of her love for Sandro, and realizing his own violin would win, changed the violins, giving Sandro the benefit of his labor and time. While Sandro, mad with fear and jealousy, alone with the two violins changes them, not knowing of Fillipo's action, thus undoing the work of the hunchback.

When the prize is awarded Fillipo gives the chain to Giannina telling her he will not hold her to her father's vow, realizing her love for Sandro.

## MAZHENKA

The sun, a huge glowing orb, hung lazily over "Sunset Hill" loath to sink to rest. Not a breeze stirred.

Why the tenseness of the atmosphere? Don't you see something strange is happening in the birch grove? As if by magic two gayly colored houses are nestled under the graceful birch trees. When we were here an hour ago we saw nothing.

Now a strain of music is heard and through the grove a singing crowd of boys and girls appear. We sit up and rub our eyes! Surely magic has transported us to a different land, for these colorful costumes tinge of strange places. The girls in embroidered blouses, bright skirts and black bodices. The boys in orange trousers and boleros, black sashes and boots.

It is the age old story of a boy and girl desperately in love. The scheming mother of the one and the ill-tempered father of the other, endeavoring to separate them.

The mother of Mazhenka, the heroine, has a dream and again the illusion of the unreal is created. "Spring," in her filmy garments, dances before us followed by her throng. Then comes "Winter," swathed in soft, snowy robes. As she dances she entrances us, but she is cold and symbolizes hatred. The forces of Love and Hate clash and "Hate" is driven away.

Awakened from the dream which has been a revelation to her, the mother of Mazhenka effects a reconciliation with Tatineck, the father of Honza, the hero.

Thus the lovers are united and the chorus breaking into a joyous song and dance whirls back into the birch grove and out of sight.

As if nature's curiosity is satisfied, a gentle breeze begins to stir. The sun settles down behind the Hill silhouetting the trees against the flaming sky. The audience stirs as if awakening from the spell which has held them in the "Land of Fancy."





*Council of Guidance*

### INITIATIONS

No, it is not a tribe lost on a desert, but the new girls attending their first formal campfire at which they are to receive their initiations. One would think it was a court marshal, for, indeed, there are two guards at the door, dressed in white—and not carrying guns, but paddles! A judge stands before the fire. On either side of her are torchbearers. She reads from her parchment script. The victim shrinkingly arises when her name is called. She is escorted by the guards to the Judge. Kneeling, as a sign of respect, with her right hand extended to that of her *superior*, and her left on her shoulder, she hears her fate pronounced. What? She is to run every place she goes for three days? Horrors! One after the other, the new girls are told by the Inner Circle members what their initiation is to be. The first act of the play is over. After they complete their tasks, the curtain will fall and obliterate their fast lives. They will be full-fledged Ardenites.

#### A STORM

The wind moans,  
 The heavens are black,  
 The birds have ceased their song.  
 A crash of thunder, a flash of light,  
 The skies are split in twain,  
 The trees are bent, the earth is black,  
 The river's rushing; wild and mad,  
 The storm is loose, all else is chained.

—Miriam Helpert

#### THE SPELL OF DARKNESS

As the black arms of night close around us  
 The star studded sky high above,  
 Mirrored in rippling waters  
 As a sight we always shall love.  
 We see it each summer at Arden  
 As, with our friends, hand in hand,  
 Dreaming in deep meditation  
 Drawn closer together we stand.

—R. W.



## CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Eagles Nest without refreshments?  
Libby Ruskay not playing Sonny Boy?  
Teeny Ehlers being pale?  
Jean Press staying from swimming?  
Councillors going to bed early?  
Miss Weil eating more snipes than Miss Elliot?  
Dot Silver eating a full meal?  
Sophia being unobliging?  
Pete without his white (?) hat?  
Catherine Marks' hair really touching her shoulders?  
Ruth Schreiber without her one piece bathing suit?



MR. SAMUEL BROWN

Our chef, whose full name is Samuel Washington Brown, is cooking away his second year at Arden. In a very disclosing interview with our chef we learned that his life as a cook has been a very eventful as well as varied one. His life as a culinary artist started fifteen years back on the White Star Line. His services there lasted till the opening of the World War, when he transferred his attention and pancakes to the 80th division. His experiences have not been confined to war and ships alone, for our chef has held a position which makes the previous ones fade into non-existence. Mr. Brown has cooked for Douglas Fairbanks and other famous personages in Hollywood. To his prejudiced mind, every girl at Arden would be as complete a success at Hollywood as his pancakes are at Arden.

Mr. Brown is most ably supported in the Arden Commissary by his wife, and his wife's brother, Mr. Vernon Hubbard.





### WELCOME

*Tune: Good Morning to You*

We've a very, very special welcome  
 In a very special way  
 For some very, very special people  
 Who are with us today.

*Tune: My Bonnie*

We welcome our guests to Camp Arden  
 We're happy to have you here,  
 And to show you that we are in earnest  
 We'll give you a rousing good cheer.

RAH! RAH!



### ARDEN DREAMLAND OF MINE

Arden  
 Dreamland of mine,  
 Arden divine  
 For you I pine,  
 Through each long winter day  
 While we're away.  
 You know that I'll pray  
 For my Arden.  
 Whispering trees  
 Sing to the breeze  
 Sweet melodies  
 Arden, you are my wonderful  
 Dream  
 Dreamland.

### MRS. TELLER, OUR HEARTS TO YOU

Oh Mrs. Teller, our hearts to you, our hands to  
 you,  
 Oh Mrs. Teller, our hearts and hands to you.  
 We pledge ourself to your success,  
 Our love for you will ne'er grow less.  
 Oh Mrs. Teller, our hearts to you, our hands to  
 you,  
 Oh Mrs. Teller, our hearts and hands to you.

### HERE'S TO MR. TELLER

Here's to Mr. Teller, all hail him, hail him, hail  
 him,  
 There's nothing that he cannot do.  
 He's got the spirit, the kind that never fails him  
 He's proved it, too.  
 He's the kind of leader who's always on the top  
 He finds and gives the best and you can never  
 make him stop.  
 So, here's to Mr. Teller, all hail him, hail him,  
 hail him,  
 There's nothing that he cannot do.

### WHEN THE MOON PLAYS PEEK-A-BOO

When the Moon Plays Peek-a-boo  
 And the stars shine down on you;  
 Arden girls are here from far and near  
 To sing, dear Arden, to you.  
 In our hearts you are enshrined,  
 And your equal we'll ne'er find.  
 So we'll sing tonight while the stars shine bright  
 And the moon plays peek-a-boo.



## WAY DOWN YONDER

Way down yonder,  
Where the Arden moon is shining, honey,  
Way down yonder, that's the place for you and  
me.  
Oh-h-h, we're happy, because we're snappy,  
And the girls are always peppy, honey,  
Way down yonder,  
In the light of the Arden moon.

"MRS. TELLER, YOU'LL BE THERE"

*Tune: "Dark Town Strutter's Band"*

We'll be up to see you again, Camp Arden,  
In the year of 1928,  
And we hope Mrs. Teller you'll be there  
To meet us, greet us  
At the station, honey.  
We'll always remember the good times we had  
here:  
We hope we'll have the same next year.  
Oh, we love the hikes and swims,  
For they sure did put us in trim;  
And an Arden honor will always be our goal.

## FALL IN LINE

Come on now, Arden Girls, and fall in line;  
We'll play that game and play it all the time;  
We stand for fair play, square play, sis-boom-  
bah,  
Come on now Arden Rah! Rah! Rah!

## STAND UP AND CHEER

Stand up and cheer, stand up and cheer for dear  
Camp Arden.  
For today we raise the Brown and Tan above  
the rest rah! rah! rah!  
Our girls are fighting and they are bound to win  
the fray.  
They've got the rep! They've got the pep!  
For this is dear Camp Arden's day.

## PALS

Pals, good old pals  
We'll always be  
Sharing together  
Friendships will never, never sever  
Faithful and true, I'll be to you  
Forever more we'll be just pals,  
good old pals.

## "I'M COMING AGAIN"

The very best o'campin'  
That I ever, ever had  
Was at Arden.  
It's near the end of my vacation  
Soon I'm goin' to the station,  
Leavin' Camp Arden.  
But I'm comin' again,  
I'm comin' again,  
I'd stay always if I could.  
For the very best o'campin'  
That I ever, ever had,  
Was at Arden.

## MAGIC CASEMENTS

*"Tune: Juanita"*

Oft in the evening,  
When the shadows softly fall,  
Here, 'neath the birch trees,  
Comes a hush o'er all.  
In this quiet splendor,  
Magic casements open wide  
And with clearer vision  
Bid us look inside.

Arden, 'tis thy courage  
That shall give us strength anew;  
Arden, 'tis thy spirit  
That shall keep us true.

## IN THE EVENING IN THE TWILIGHT

In the evening in the twilight  
You can hear those camp girls singing,  
In the evening in the twilight,  
Arden Camp your praises ringing;  
We have loved you while we've had you,  
We shall miss you when we leave you,  
So we sing in the evening,  
In the twilight.

## AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

*Tune: "Mighty Lak a Rose"*

Down around the campfire,  
While the moonbeams play,  
Arden campers gather at the close of day.  
Sing their songs and pledges,  
Echo carries the refrain.  
As summer closes 'round us in our Arden  
camp in Maine.



*Tune: Bobolink*

1929 at Arden Camp  
 No other year the same  
 Every girl a comrade true  
 Whatever title or fame  
 1929 at Arden Camp  
 Sunset and evening glow  
 But it's the inspiration most  
 That makes us love it so.  
 (Repeat—humming all but the last two  
 lines, these being sung)

As true Arden Campers we come  
 To the Campfire when day is done  
 Singing of Games and Play  
 And the good times we've had all day.

Arden, Arden, singing your praise,  
 The flames send their rays  
 To guard you always, Arden  
 Arden, singing your praise  
 To the camp that we hold so dear.

As true Arden campers we go,  
 When the fire is smouldering low  
 Leaving with thoughts anew  
 And saying good night to you.

#### THERE'S A CAMP WAY UP IN OAKLAND

*Tune: "River Shannon"*

There's a camp way up in Oakland,  
 Filled with happy smiling faces;  
 Where the girls are always jolly,  
 From dawn till day is done.  
 And it's there you form true friendships  
 Which time will only strengthen,  
 In our Arden Camp in Oakland,  
 Little shacks among the hills.

#### ROUND THE BLAZING FIRE

*Tune: "Smile Awhile"*

Round the blazing council fire tonight,  
 Arden hearts all seem so very light.  
 When the work of day is o'er,  
 We love the shelter of the fire, for  
 We all love to work and play as one,  
 And we share each others joys and fun,  
 And when we leave the camp in fall,  
 Mem'ries hold us all.

*Repeat softly*

#### PRIZE SONG OF PINE CONE SOUTH

*Tune: "Majenka"*

Arden Camp, how we love you,  
 To you we'll ever be true.  
 Brown and Tan, we'll stand by you  
 And your standards, too.  
 When we're gone in the  
 winter time  
 How our hearts for you  
 will pine,  
 And for dear old haunts  
 we'll ever yearn  
 Till we return.  
 Arden Camp, how we love you,  
 To you we'll ever be true.  
 Brown and Tan, we'll stand by you  
 And your standards, too.

#### THE SONG OF THE EAGLES

*To the tune of Washington and Lee Swing*

You want a camp that will surpass the rest,  
 A bunch of girls that do their level best,  
 A crowd that's full of pep and on the go.  
 We know the one that puts the others far below.  
 They have the standards that will beat them all;  
 Each loyal camper answers every call!  
 Let's give a cheer—hip, hip, rah—for them then!  
 A-R-D-E-N

*Tune: "My Name is McNamara"*

My name is McNamara,  
 I'm the leader of the band;  
 Although we're few in number,  
 We're the finest in the land.  
 Of course I am conductor  
 And we very often play  
 Before the great musicians  
 That you read about every day.

*Chorus*

Oh, the drums go bang, the cymbals clang,  
 The horns they blaze away;  
 McCarthy pumps the big bassoon  
 And I the pipes do play,  
 Hennessy Dennessy toots the flute,  
 The music's simply grand,  
 A credit to all Ireland  
 Is McNamara's Band.  
 Toodle-di-OO, etc.



## FATHER TIME

Father Time is a crafty man,  
 And he's set in his way.  
 But we know that we never can  
 Make him bring back past days  
 So camp girls while we are here,  
 Let's be friends firm and true.  
 We'll have a gay time, a happy play time,  
 For we all love to play with you.

When the moon shines through the lovely pines  
 And the whip-poor-wills have gone to rest,  
 I lie a-dreaming  
 All stars are gleaming, and there's music so en-  
 trancing;  
 Fireflies are dancing  
 To the sweet tunes that we love to croon  
 That the thrushes sang in June.  
 Oh Arden Camp, I hear you calling me,  
 And I'll come back to you soon.

## ARDEN

*To the tune of Follow The Gleam*

In the midst of the white birch woods  
 Where all are comrades true  
 By the waters of Lake McGrath  
 Arden girls live the summer through.

*Chorus*

Arden, Arden, you are the best  
 Of all the camps  
 Of all the rest  
 Arden, Arden, you are the best  
 Of all the camps  
 Of all the rest  
 Arden, Arden, we will be true  
 Ever to you, Arden.

*Repeat Softly*

*Tune: "May Madrigal"*

Each camp fire lights anew  
 The flame of friendship true,  
 The joy we've had in knowing you  
 Will last the whole year through.

## PRIZE SONG

*Tune: "Love's Old Sweet Song"*

We sing to thee, dear Arden,  
 While the days roll by,  
 As the winds soft whisper  
 And the birches sigh.  
 During each long winter  
 While we're far away,  
 We hope to you, dear Arden,  
 We'll return some day,  
 We'll return to you some day.

## SERENADE

Stand by your camp forever,  
 Never let your courage die.  
 Be loyal to Camp Arden,  
 Never let a chance go by.  
 We strive in all our work and play  
 To do our best in every way.  
 Our stay is short,  
 Time draws nigh  
 When we all must say good-bye.

Against Camp Arden's spirit,  
 Naught can e'er prevail.  
 Our love for her will never,  
 Never, never, never fail.  
 Deep in our hearts will be enshrined,  
 The memories of our good time.  
 And every girl a pal of mine  
 Happy Year of '29.

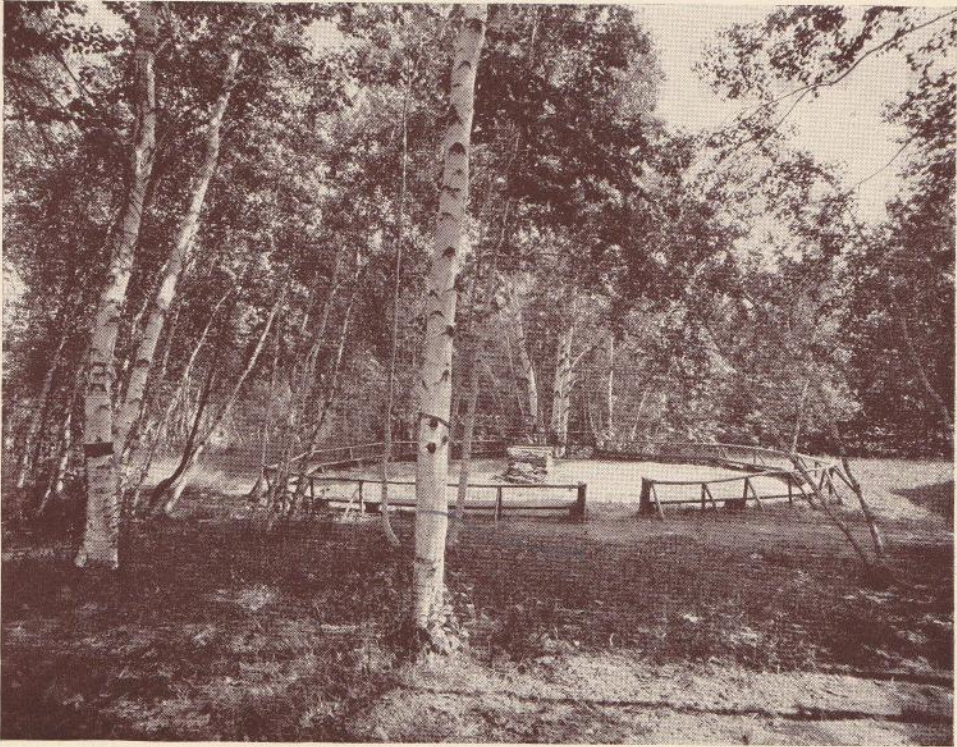
## ARDEN DEAR

*Tune: "By the Waters of Minnetonka"*

Arden dear,  
 Time draws near  
 For us to part,  
 Memories sweet  
 We will keep  
 Fore'er in our hearts.  
 Skies blue  
 O'er you,  
 Smile from above  
 Back here  
 Each year  
 We're led by love,  
 Arden, dear,  
 Arden, dear.



Just as the sun goes down, and the heat of the day is changing to the cool breeze of evening, the dull beating of the tom tom summons us to the campfire. Silently the firekeeper arises and kindles the flames. There, seated around the fire altar, singing soft music, we are thoughtful. Thinking of the past and sometimes the future. Here by the campfire we feel at peace with ourselves and the world...

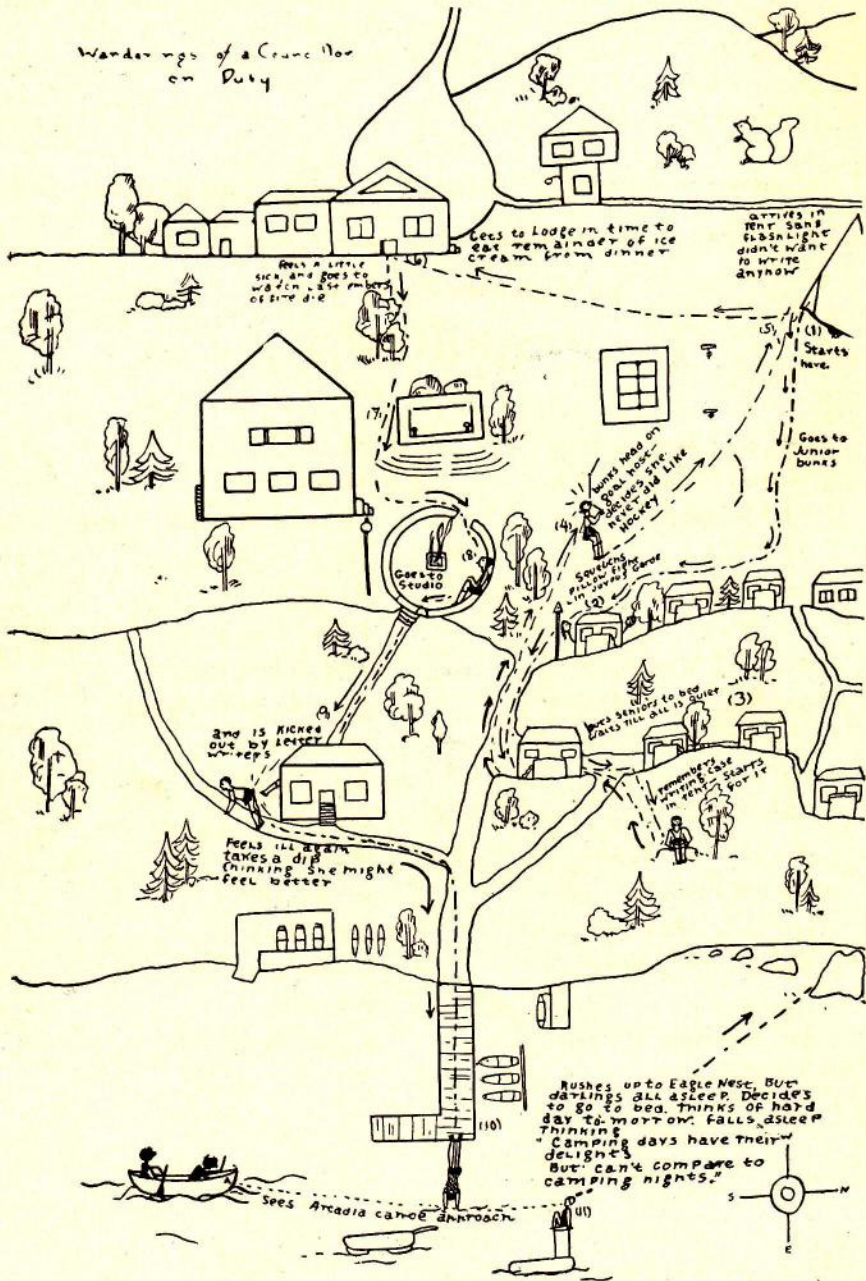


*Farewell wild hearth where many logs have burned;  
 Among your stones the fireweed may grow,  
 The birds have flown, the maple leaves have turned,  
 The goldenrod is brown and we must go.*

—GUITERMAN

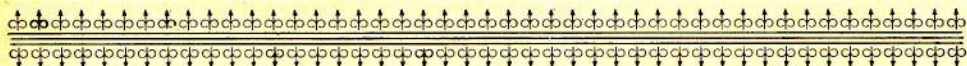


Wanderings of a Council Nov on Duty



Helen Stewart 29





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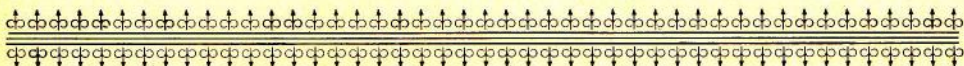
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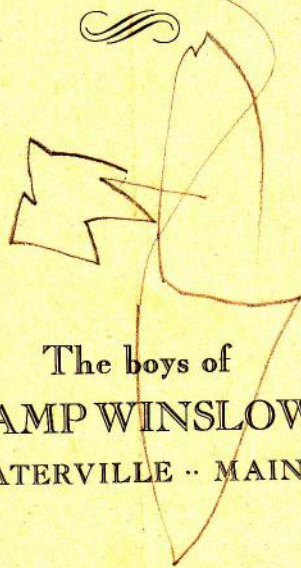
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