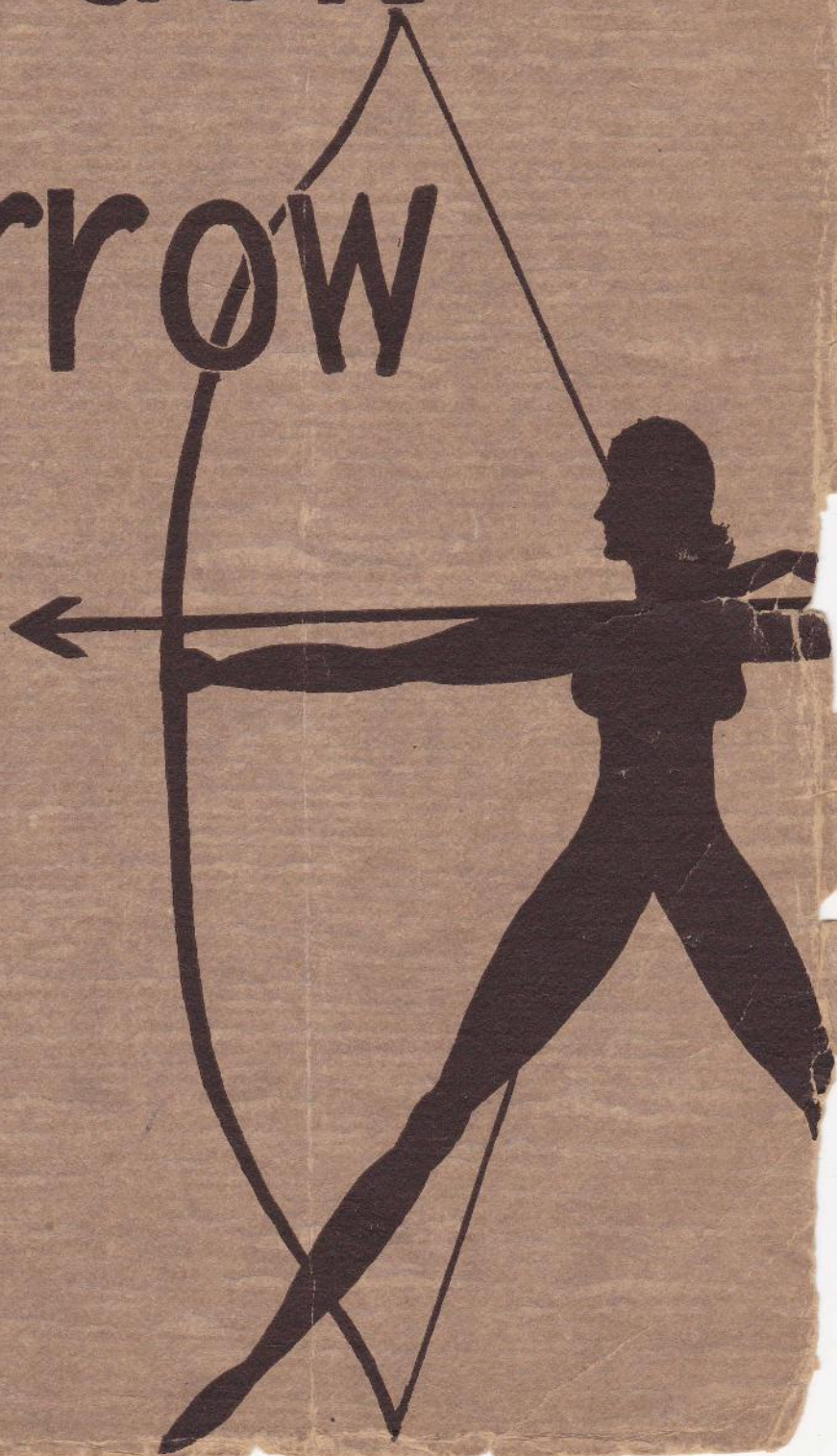


# Arden Arrow





ARDEN  
ARROW

*Published  
annually by the  
Girls and Councillors  
of Camp Arden*

CAMP ARDEN  
OAKLAND · MAINE

1930

*To the Mothers of Today*  
*who were the*  
*Arden Girls of Yesterday*  
*this*  
*Tenth Birthday Anniversary*  
*Number of the Arrow*  
*Is Affectionately Inscribed*  
*and Dedicated by*  
*the Editors*





## THE ARDEN ARROW

VOL. X

DECEMBER, 1930

OAKLAND, MAINE

15 East 10th Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.

*Editor-in-Chief*

BETTY BLOCH

*Assistant Editors*

ROSALIND LEVY

HELEN STEWART

RUTH GESENTER

*Art Editor*

DOT SILVER

*Assistant Art Editor*

HELEN STEWART

*Business Manager*

MIRIAM HELPERN

*Assistant Business Manager*

AUDREY MEHR

*Faculty Advisor*

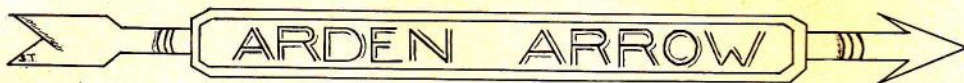
SOPHIA TELLER

---

### ARDEN TEN YEARS OLD

TEN years have passed and it is hard to recall our first summers at Arden, so assimilated do experiences become with the passage of time, and so unfeelingly do recent joys blot out past ones. Time was, and not so long ago, when we gave our plays on the porch, did our studio work in the upper room of the Lodge, and got our medical attention in Peter Pan. In ensuing years came our lovely House in the Woods with its balcony overhanging the Campfire Circle and the Birch Grove (I have to capitalize here to express our feelings properly), our picturesque Tower which watches over all the campus, our outdoor theatre, our efficient "Shelter" and our rustic canoe shelter at the waterfront.

If by this I make Arden seem a bare sort of place with few inducements for leaving the city behind, let me remind you that the spirit did not wait for the com-



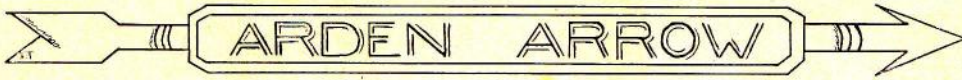
pletion of the physical equipment — that we had a glorious time through it all and counted the days with the greatest reluctance. If we roughed it a bit, we had to be more resourceful, and if we found a few gaps, then we ourselves supplied the deficit with zest and ingenuity. It gave us some idea that we ourselves were making the camp — making the permanent traditions that have hovered over its whole life, and setting the distances to be covered in succeeding years. Looking backward, names and personalities of girls who can never be forgotten stand out in strong relief. Each of them has a permanent place in our history until such time as they become legendary. We have taken their contribution and their accomplishment, and have set our direction in theirs, in order that the Camp Arden of tomorrow will fulfill the ideals which have shaped themselves — and us — as we lived here.

### SUSIE

THERE was a time, in the earlier ages of the development of Camp Arden, when Susie was only an idea in the minds of the guiding spirits of Camp Arden. But her hypothetical existence has now been terminated so completely that most of us have forgotten all about that. Susie has certainly come into the full possession of her powers, and for the reason and the facts you must consult the Inner Circle of 1930. With Ruth she dances and thrills her audiences with her remarkable dramatic interpretations. With Harriet she sings and accommodates our indefatigable Terpsichoreans with infinite patience and skill. With Dorothy she dives and executes all the fascinating artistic projects which her ambition and taste suggest. With Pearl she is the camp ideal of sportsmanship, good spirit and adaptability to every circumstance. And finally with Miriam she shows not only superlative athletic ability, but rare good instincts and an open mind. We could go on indefinitely, yet she is neither prodigy nor paragon. She is simply Susie come to life.

### FAR-FLUNG

AUGUST nights on Sunset Hill — embers of Senior campfire burning low — echoes of singing dying away from neighboring hills and the lake far below. Venus in hushed brilliancy lingers, slowly sinking in the West, until Arcturus in its orange-red splendor claims the western sky. In the North-west the dipper starts its nightly swing around Polaris, and Cassiopeia and Andromeda watch southward over the stretches of our hill-bound lake. Over head Vega of the Lyre, Altair of the Eagle, and Deneb of the Northern Cross blaze their brilliant triangle into the center of the heavens. Such Nights are branded forever into the fabric of our lives. They enlarge the scope of all our perceptions; they prompt resolutions which never quite lose their force. Camp is different in some subtle incredible way, and human relationships are broader and deeper — all because their superficialities have, for the brief space of a moment, found their proper place, and eternal fundamental things have thrust their verities into our seeing faces.



## ON EATING GREEN APPLES

*From Our First Arrow*

(PUBLISHED OCTOBER, 1921)

STOLEN fruits, runs the old proverb, are sweetest, but even the most inveterate poacher of green apples could not, with a clear conscience, classify them as sweet! Nevertheless, the hardest, the sourest, the most puckery of green apples, has a charm all its own for the small boy or girl to whom it is forbidden fruit. Those of us who have, to our everlasting regret, attained to years of discretion, cannot but condemn the pernicious habit of stealing green apples; and its deadly sequel, the eating of the indigestible fruit. Yet is there one of us to whom the merest mention of green apples does not summon up the most pleasurable memories of childhood days. Often it is true, there is a mingling of somewhat painful recollections, but these only add to the fascination of the picture.

Green apples — early summer frolics in the fragrant fields, the hazardous raids into neighboring orchards, the thrilling escape with the treasured trophies, and then not infrequently the painful aftermath that in no wise distracted from the joy of the adventure, nor deterred us from future expeditions. There was always the chance that our hardy digestive system would prove equal to the occasion.

Yes, it is indeed a painful duty to guard the rising generation from similar folly but we sometimes wonder how effective our vigilance has been. There has been more than one unexplained case of colly-wobbles in camp.

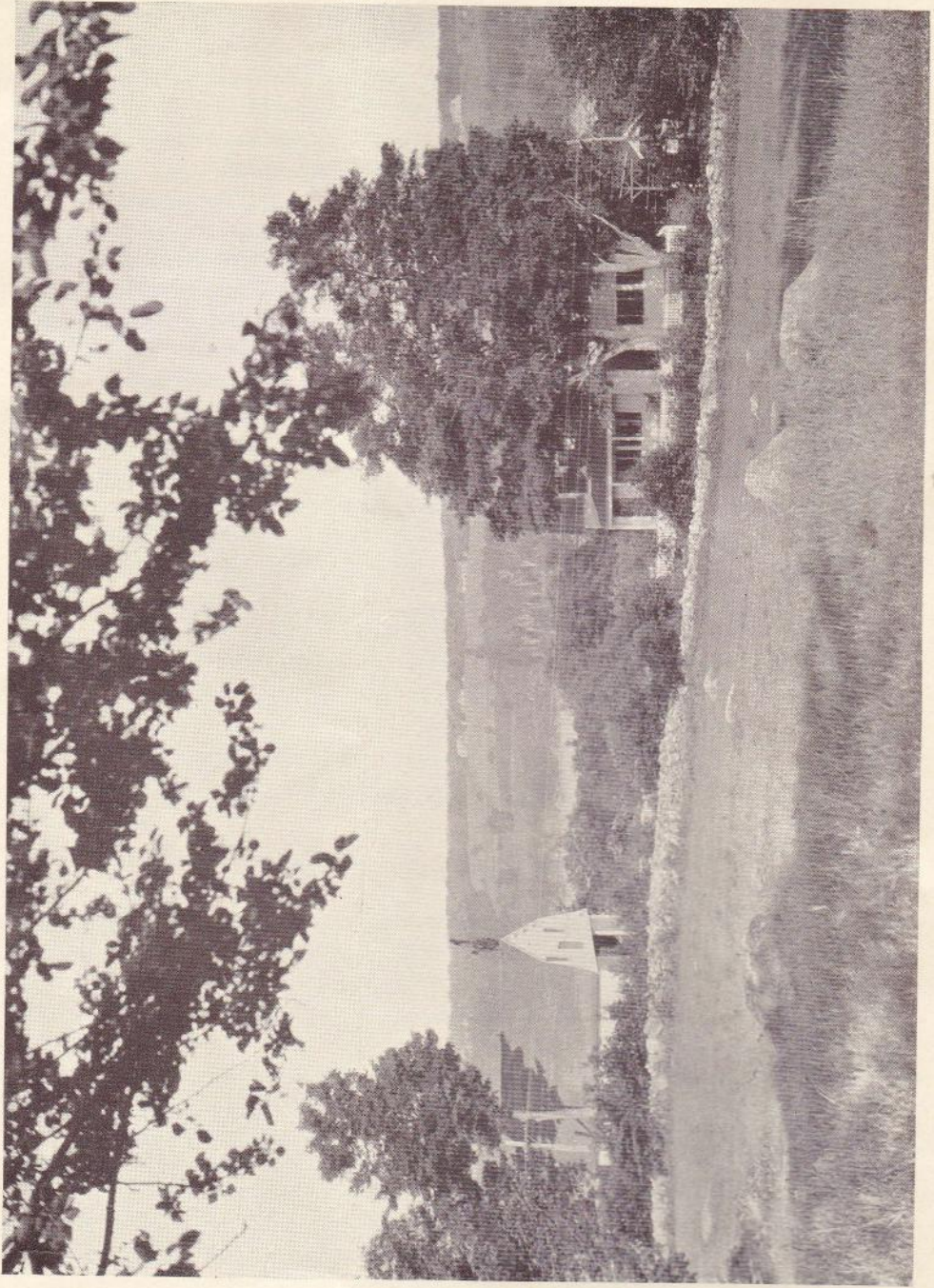
## SUN WORSHIPPERS

YEARS ago, the sun was thought of as a great spirit. Sacrifices were made to appease its wrath in time of trouble, and appreciation was shown, in the same way, in time of peace and plenty. The sun was worshipped with the feeling that it was the averter of evil and the spirit of human happiness. The ancients would, no doubt, writhe in agony if they knew our method of worshipping their great spirit.

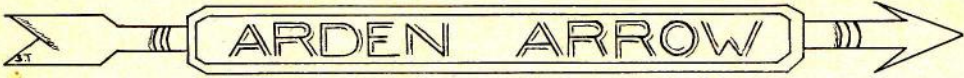
We modern Ardenites, however, feel that we are far more sensible than our predecessors and, perhaps also, a bit more aesthetic. The ultimate aim of our cult is nothing so mundane as a little rain, or perhaps a good harvest. Our worship consists only in the desire for a beautiful golden tan over our shoulders and legs. The more luscious the color, the more devoted our adherents become. Our sole sacrifice is merely a bathing suit or two slashed down the back for the sake of the cause.

We believe that our worship is perfect, for there is no room for non-believers in our midst. Each of us has interpreted the meaning of the sun's rays as none of the wisest of our barbarian friends could.

AR DEN ARROW



The Lovejoy Homestead



## THE LEGEND OF LOVEJOY FARM

LEGEND — what a far-off sound it has! what strings it strikes in our minds; how it fires our imaginations, so that anything possessing a legend is a thing of value and an object of love.

Thus it is that we find our Lovejoy Farm a spot that we can never visit enough, a little haven that tells a story forever new. The legend of Lovejoy Farm is as interesting to us as the Wayside Inn must have been to Longfellow; and so for those who do not know it, we hereby set it down.

Away back in about the year 1850, Dolly Willey was living on Willey's Ridge, which we know today as the Back Road; and she was living on the spot where now stands the Lovejoy barn, in a log cabin of the very rudest sort.

Now in about 1855, Dolly closed house and took a long and tedious journey out of her native state and went to live in the town of Salem, Mass. But she had not been there long when she met a young man from Vermont, one Chester Lovejoy, and so it was that these two young people loved and married and then decided to go back and live on Dolly's old homestead on that beautiful spot on Willey's Ridge.

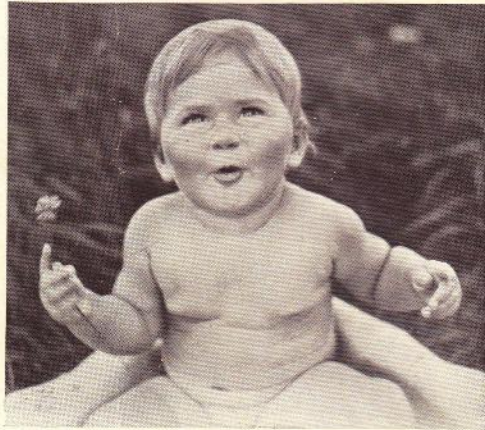
It was not long before the Lovejoy's decided that they would build a new home for themselves. They selected for the site of the new home, a spot near the cabin where stood a tremendous boulder. This boulder they blasted. With the fragments, "Chet," as Lovejoy was more familiarly called, built the cellar and foundation of the house and made a straight and level roadway leading up to the door. This new house was of boards and had two stories. Downstairs there were two rooms and a big pantry; the upstairs, he never completed. The Lovejoys were very proud of their new home and planted before the door two maple trees. At the side they planted grape vines and near the well, a little lilac bush. You can see them all today, not as they appeared then, for the trees are big and glorious, and spread their branches out over the house, the grape vines have grown until they cover two sides of the house, and the lilac bush flourishes all along the south windows and in June fills the air indoors as well as out, with its sweet fragrance.

Chester Lovejoy was not only a farmer; he sold apples from his orchard, syrup from his maple trees, extracts and spices. Here on his farm he and his wife raised their six children and here he earned for himself the love of all who knew him. All the old people of the neighborhood still remember him and Dolly and love to tell of the tall and kindly gentleman who came from far-off Vermont, and the sweet and simple lassie whom he wooed and wed.

The years passed on and by the year 1905 both "Chet" and his wife were laid away in the little cemetery which we can still see by Salmon Lake, and the old homestead went to a daughter, Lizzie. After the death of her parents, she and her husband, who had been taking care of the old folks for some years, completed the upstairs and added a front porch and kitchen. It was in 1913 that they moved up the state and the farm was left vacant for seven years. It then passed to other hands until in the year 1927 it finally came to Mr. Teller who renamed it for its



original owner, and the Tellers have had great joy in adding to and improving the house and grounds. Mr. Teller has felt like us, that if a house is lucky enough to have a story, that story should not be given over to oblivion, but should be kept, a living story for all to know and enjoy as we know and enjoy it. If you care to, at any time, you can go into the front hall of Lovejoy Farm and there at the foot of the stairs you will see the gaunt yet loving features of Chester Lovejoy in a mahogany frame of the generation in which he lived, still lord and master now, as in the days when he built the house for his Dolly and their children.



*Karen*

#### THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF ARDEN

THE youngest member of the family, this summer, is little Karen. She lives at Lovejoy. While her mother, Mrs. Handweg, is taking care of us at Arden, the nurse and the Tellers take care of her. Her favorite playthings are the hair brush and the coffee strainer.

When she comes to visit us at Arden we all run to her. She is very cunning. Her coat of tan is the envy of many at Arden. When she smiles, we see her tiny two front teeth and her two dimples. She has twinkling blue eyes and beautiful yellow hair. Her tiny feet and hands we love to watch, for they are never quiet. She kicks her tiny feet in glee and grasps nearly everything in her hands and puts it in her tiny mouth.

When she grows up we all know she will be a good Camper.

—Paula Heyman



ANYONE who has taken part in one of Arden's plays knows that it is not the audience that derives the most fun from a presentation. The most thrilling experiences are reserved for the actors and those who help with the scenery and costuming. It is gratifying to see an attractive set emerge from a few yards of paper or cloth and a few boards, or to mold an effective costume from a bit of bright cambric. Only those who have acted can know the pleasant thrill of excitement and fear that grips the heart just before the curtain parts, or the joyous elation that comes with a rush as the curtain closes. Such results are more than a just reward for the effort involved.

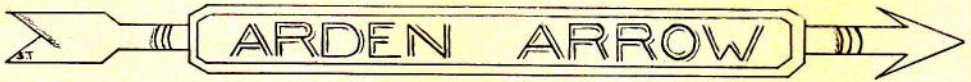
Thus, because of the keen enjoyment it offers to everybody and because of the pleasant and constructive experience it gives, dramatics play a big part in camp life.

### THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

WHEN we arranged ourselves in the House in the Woods, we only knew that we were to see the play "The Birthday of the Infanta." So much one knows of every play, its title, as to the rest it is to be hereafter unfolded.

When the curtain opened we saw the stage draped entirely in green except for a golden gate, looking out on a vista of flowers, playing fountains and softly gleaming lights.

The twelve year old Infanta, our Harriet, ceased to be herself when she became the noisy, spoiled and heartless Princess. The Duchess, if you please, was our charming and talented Doris and Helen Stewart made a most gallant court official with her suave manner and courtly uniform. But this play reached its highest point by the superb acting of Ruth Gesenter, or more properly by the Fantastic. Before our eyes appeared a slip of a boy, light as winds, in rags and tatters with brown eyes sparkling with joy in spite of the hump upon his back.



His weird little dance was as great a delight to the audience as it was to the princess. It was wonderfully realistic to see his awed and eager face as he twisted and turned in the palace room. Only more touching than that was the scene that followed when the Fantastic, discovering a mirror, was horrified at the ugly little image he saw there mocking him. With a cry that put a lump in all throats, he recognized the image as his playfellow Echo, but his heart could not stand the pain that it gave and was stilled.

That was all, and when the curtains closed over his still form, it was a pensive and appreciative audience that cheered the players and their able coach.

ARDEN's operetta of 1930, "The Gypsy Rover," was a decided success from all standpoints. The colorful scenes, the delightful songs and the talented acting were all that could be asked for. The part of "Rob," the Gypsy Rover, who is soon discovered to be the long lost son and heir of the late Sir Gilbert Howe, was well portrayed by Rosalind Levy. Harriet Urbach played the part of the heroine, Lady Constance, to perfection, while the cowardly Lord Craven was excellently done by Helene Levy. Lady Constance's father, the sport loving, fox-hunting, patrician, Sir George Martindale, was just the part for Pearl Wolf to enact.

Although the operetta was primarily a romance, a great deal of comedy was added by the clowning robbers, played by Estelle Freund and Miriam Schacter. The light-footed Gypsy dancer and her sweetheart brought to light the fact that love and sweethearts roam the world over, even in Gypsy camps. These two parts were well done by Ruth Gesenter and Estelle Freund.

As a contrast to these two Gypsy lovers we have Lady Constance's sister, Nina, played by Muriel Miller and her lordly sweetheart played by Henrietta Rosenfeld.

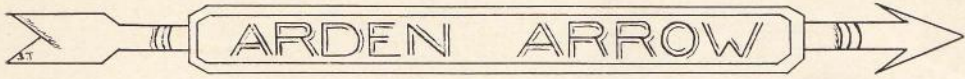
All in all, the operetta created a great deal of enthusiasm in the audience and much deserving praise for the participants.

#### FOURTH OF JULY PAGEANT

THE FOURTH of July entertainment was anticipated with a great deal of enthusiasm and interest this year, for it afforded not only an evening's amusement but also brought to the limelight the promising dramatic talents for the current season.

"Princess Pocahontas" was portrayed in harmony with the spirit of the Fourth. The famous American legend was presented in a semi-pantomime, charming in its simplicity and spontaneity.

The entertainment, given in the birch grove, seemed to grasp the feeling of the story that has become one of our own traditions. The entire audience was impressed with the fact that we not only have good material in camp this year, but a dramatic councillor who is sure to make the most of it.



## VANISHING PRINCESS

THE VANISHING PRINCESS, written by Golden and presented at Arden by the senior girls was a grand success.

Betty Stewart, who took the part of Cindy, the young heroine, was so splendid that she took us into another world. Cindy was a happy-go-lucky orphan child, with a spirited tongue who made the best of her naturally meager life. Matinka, an old magician, portrayed by Helen Stewart, confesses to his beloved Cindy that he had a son, now lost to him. Danny the son, played by Dorothy Silver, returns to Matinka and Cindy on Christmas Eve. The dramatic tension of this touching scene was relieved by the comical Mr. I-Say, taken by Bernice Robbins, who was delightfully amusing.

The girls had but a short time to produce *The Vanishing Princess*, but any details that were lacking because of this were more than made up by the ingenuity of the producers and the spontaneity of the entire cast.

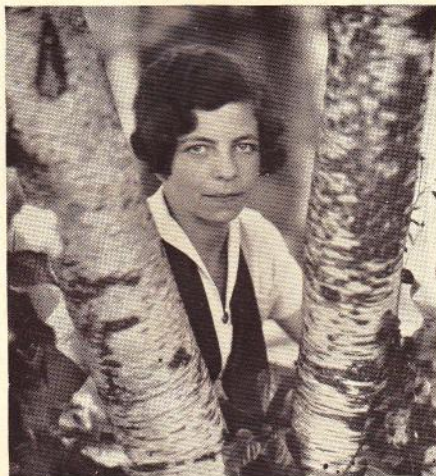
### A MOOD

I want something —  
Not company, people are shallow;  
Not solitude, I fear myself;  
My thoughts are dazed —  
I think of life — it seems so futile.  
I think of death — it is a blackness,  
I close my eyes to calm the turmoil within me.

—M. H.



*Our Woodland Theatre*



HARRIET

AT ARDEN, the name Harriet has come to be synonymous with the mythical yet living Susie Arden. Skill, charm, ability, leadership and exceeding good will can only hope to hint at the all-aroundness of the Brown Senior leader of two years. She also leads the Inner Circle, is a member of the Council of Guidance, is of the Treats Committee, and is official camp musician. We would like to sing her praises were we not afraid that our humble eloquence might not do her justice.

BROWNS

Billie Bath  
 Carol Blumenthal  
 Eleanor Endler  
 Dorothy Epstein  
 Constance Ginsberg  
 Sally Hartman  
 Paula Heyman  
 Betty Hillson  
 Viola Jassby  
 Margery Kerngood  
 Helene Levy  
 Rosalind Levy  
 June Munzesheimer  
 Evelyn Nachlas  
 Beatrice Nobil

Marjorie Pomerantz  
 Bernice Robbins  
 Eleanor Saxe  
 Shirley Saxe  
 June Schwartz  
 Leona Siff  
 Dorothy Silver  
 Queenie Singer  
 Betty Stewart  
 Amelia Teller  
 Shirley Unger  
 Harriet Urbach  
 Norma Weisman  
 Ruth Weiss  
 Pearl Wolf



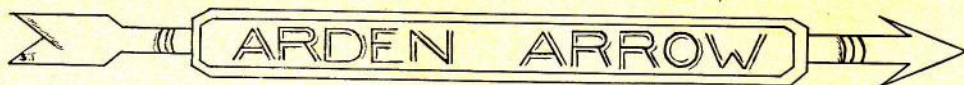
MIRIAM

ONCE AGAIN Mim has been the campers choice for the place of captaincy. As the Tan captain of last year Mim showed such competency and good management that it was almost a foregone conclusion that she would be this year's choice. Besides being captain, Mim, as a member of the Treats Committee, The Council of Guidance, The Inner Circle, and the Business Manager of the ARROW, had her work cut out for her and certainly proved that she could do good jobs of them all.

TANS

Betty Block  
 Constance Blumenthal  
 Anne Carples  
 Elaine Cassman  
 Barbara Dine  
 Helen Dine  
 Estelle Freund  
 Emmy Heim  
 Miriam Helpern  
 Joy Joffe  
 Ruth Klein  
 Ruth Krashes  
 Bernice Levinson  
 Irene Liberman  
 Ruth Liberman

Edith Marks  
 Hannah Marks  
 Naomi Mayer  
 Audrey Mehr  
 Muriel Miller  
 Ruth Ostrov  
 Natalie Prenskey  
 Jean Press  
 Selma Salzberg  
 Miriam Schachter  
 Helen Schreiber  
 Ruth Schreiber  
 Jean Siff  
 Beth Wurzbarger  
 Jean Wright



## "SUSIE" POEMS

By C. J. T.

### AT THE BANQUET

The grass was vivid green  
Not very long ago,  
But now it's turned to bronze  
And the winds are murmuring low.  
The crickets sing a dirge,  
On the trail I hear the thrush,  
Sad and solemn. In the lodge  
Falls a deep and wistful hush.

The glasses chink and ring;  
The singing swells and dies.  
But there's sadness in my heart,  
And there's moisture in my eyes.  
The faces that I scan  
All wear such wondrous grace  
That 'tis in vain I try to tell  
Which face is Susie's face.

. . . . .

The grass has turned to bronze,  
And the winds are murmuring low.  
This lodge will soon be shuttered,  
And I'll miss my Susie so.  
But Susie, when the thrush is gay  
And crickets sing with glee,  
When grass is green once more, I know  
That you'll come back to me.

### TWILIGHT IN MAINE

Mountains draped in purple,  
Hills of sombre green,  
Mist along the valley  
Like a silver screen,  
Island clouds of prussian  
In an amber sea,  
Ah! rapturous evening, if only  
Susie were here with me.

### GOLD THREAD

Gold thread and pearly dew —  
The one for me, the other for you.  
We've searched and searched in the woods  
together,  
We looked, dear Susie, in all sorts of weather.  
Oh! where could it be, that precious gold  
thread?  
And where is our pearly dew hiding his head?

Gold thread and pearly dew —  
The one for me, the other for you.  
How strange, that the forest so darkly con-  
cealed  
What now, Susie dear, is so fully revealed.  
The pearly dew shines in your eyes, as we part;  
And the gold thread — I feel it — about my  
heart.

### MY YELLOW STAR

Above my little hill, beside my apple tree,  
A twinkling yellow star is shining down on me.  
Oh! brilliant yellow star, above my little hill,  
You bring me joy and peace. I lie down and  
am still.

I wake and look once more upon my hill afar;  
I want to call "Good Night" unto my yellow  
star.  
Alas! my smiling star no longer on me shone.  
A moment I had slept; I woke and it had gone.

Above my little hill, beside my apple tree,  
My twinkling yellow star no longer smiles on  
me.  
Yet some day out beyond, in God's great world  
afar,  
I know that I shall see again my mellow, yellow  
star.



### SPORTS AT ARDEN

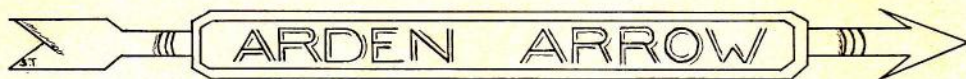
SPORTS without competition would be like food without seasoning. Here, at Arden, in order that we may more keenly enjoy our games, we have two teams, namely Brown and Tan. At the beginning of the season, leaders are chosen and as soon as equal teams have been selected, the contest is on.

With the goal in view, the inscription on the silver loving cup, excitement runs high. On the field, in baseball, basketball, hockey, track and tennis, on the water, in swimming, diving, boating and canoeing, both teams are spurred on to victory. Although it is a close battle and the goal is not clearly seen for either team until the last moment, neither team is covetous. Fair play and love of the game itself is predominant.

### THE BROWN AND TAN COMPETITION

THE RESULTS of the Brown-Tan Junior Competition were unusually interesting and pointed some lessons for next year's efforts. In baseball, the Browns, under Evelyn Nachlas, as leader, won two consecutive games and in Boating and Canoeing, the Tans, under Helen Schrieber, did the same, while in Newcomb, Fieldball and Swimming, the entire three games of the series had to be played before the winner appeared, each side winning one of the first two games. On the other hand, in activities permitting only one contest, such as hiking, track, tennis, campcraft





and honors, the Tans won each time, showing possibly, that the Browns would have been capable of doing better work if given more than one opportunity to organize. This may account for the wide difference in the score, Browns 74.6, and Tans 140.4.

THE SENIOR BROWN AND TAN CONTEST was closely fought until the last week, the Browns, under Harriet Urbach, winning the baseball and hockey series and the Tans, under Miriam Helpert, winning the basketball, field ball and water series. Then track went to the Tans and Campcraft to the Browns, who also won the highest number of individual honors by a considerable margin. But the riding contest and the highest hiking mileage added considerably to the mounting Tan score, and the final results appeared giving the Browns 97.7 and the Tans 125.3 points. Both leaders showed great skill and intelligence in commanding their cohorts and neither deserved to lose.

### RIDING -- THE KING OF SPORTS

HORSEBACK riding at Camp Arden for the summer of 1930 is now a matter of history, and now as we look back we wonder what has been accomplished. What particular thing have we enjoyed? Have we gotten out of riding everything which we should? Has the co-operation between rider and horse been what it should have been? Has the sympathy between teacher and pupil been perfect? To answer these questions we must consider riding as an art. It is essential to remember that there is a correct way to ride and after the technique has been accomplished, we feel that oneness with the horse. We ride smoothly and as if we were a part of the animal. An observer could quickly tell the novice from the professional. Let us not look upon that word "professional" as though it could be attained by but a few, for it is possible for many. In the process of learning to ride as in any other thing (we learned to creep before we could walk) we learn by degrees to hold the feet, legs, arms and body, to guide the horse, to go to the speed we desire and to quiet the horse when necessary. During all this process of learning we find an element which we may not find in other branches of study. We find enjoyment in it all from the very first, and as by degrees we unconsciously learn to do the right thing -- by degrees our enjoyment increases. We have acquired rhythm and suppleness which make a graceful rider, and we so much admire a person who rides well.

As teacher of riding at Camp Arden, I am happy to say that the group of girls who have ridden there have entered into the spirit of it with much zest and every ride seemed to be filled with enjoyment. "Have had a wonderful ride, Mr. Pollard" and "This has been the best ride yet." Altogether I feel much pleased with what has been accomplished in so short a time.

—W. H. Pollard, *Riding Master*

IMMEDIATELY after siesta on Sunday, August 3, our baseball diamond presented a novel appearance. A Father-daughter baseball game was in the offing and since the teams were being assembled, excitement naturally ran high. I am afraid the girls were just the least bit frightened and, shall I say, the men a little too cock-sure?

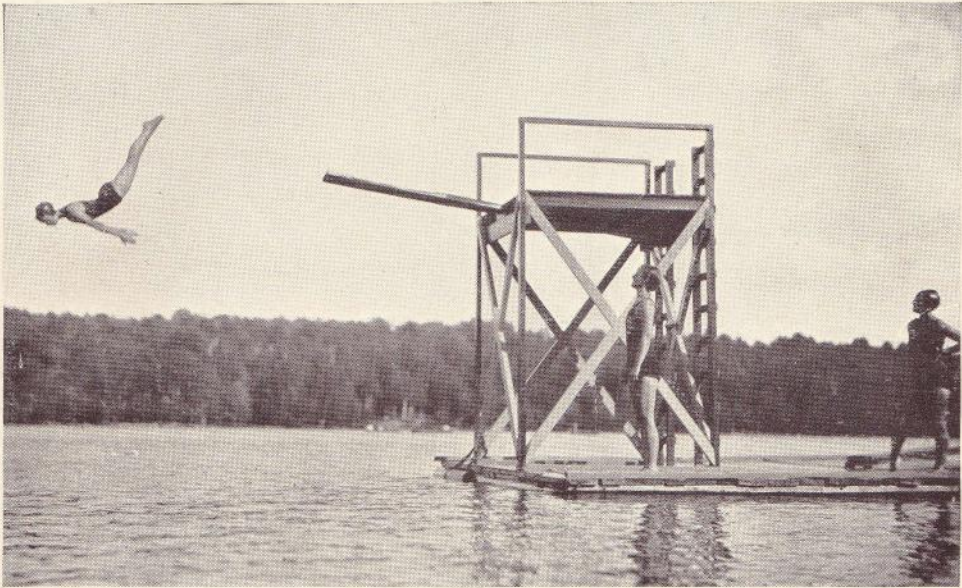
The umpire, Miriam Helpern, calls "Batter up!" and the girls bravely take their stand by the catcher's box. First licks are theirs.

To everyone's surprise, the end of the first inning found the daughters ahead by a score of 2 to 0.

Betty Block pitched excellently throughout the entire game, while Mr. Miller, Mr. Saxe and Mr. Helpern shared pitcher's laurels on the opposing team.

The game progressed "nobly," until Mr. Wolff decided to make an impression on Mother Earth by sliding at least two feet.

At the end of the fifth inning, the score was 9 to 10 in the girls' favor. The fathers had seriously marred their reputation as baseball players, but for thorough amusement, the game beat all others this summer.



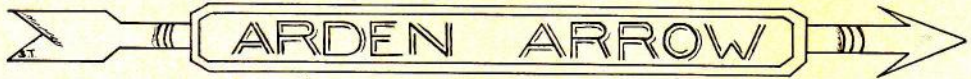
*A Thrill only the Camper Knows*

THE SPRING

It's hidden from the sunlight.  
 It's in a mossy hollow.  
 It's scorned by the haughty bluejay  
 And loved by the peaceful swallow.

A floor of velvety moss,  
 A ceiling of leafy green,  
 It is a haunt of peace  
 Where nature reigns supreme.

—J. J.



## OUR POETS' PAGE

### THOUGHTS ABOUT TREES

I'm resting here — my head on my knees,  
With the trees very near me;  
Happy trees — gloomy trees  
And trees that are weary.

The happy ones sing a joyous song,  
"It's glorious here," they say,  
"Think of the glad music  
When you are far away."

The gloomy ones chant a soft, slow dirge  
So low one can hardly hear;  
"Ah, you'll remember our funeral song  
Each time you shed a tear."

But it's the sighs of the weary trees  
That I hear above the rest,  
Of the trees that have blossomed and cast  
their shade  
That I'll remember the best.

Those trees that are old and dreary now,  
Once were the lords of this wood  
Now that they've grown so twisted and tired,  
Do they think of their prime — as we should.

—A. M.

### A STORM

Last night the Sky was at war  
With weapons of wind and rain;  
Now the lightning will flash no more,  
Nor the thunders crash again.

After the strife of the night  
A rainbow is over the bay,  
The east is suffused with a golden light,  
A promise of peace for the day.

The rainbow carries a truce in its train  
It silences without a word;  
It's the messenger sent by the sun to the rain,  
The white flag of the Lord. —A. M.

### JACKS

Jacks here, jacks there,  
Jacks, jacks everywhere.  
Here's a trip, there's a fall,  
Oh, my dear, where's the ball? —G. M.

### EVENING

Pale blue skies  
Softly tinged with mauve,  
Fantastic shapes wending their way skyward;  
Hosts of the enemy — threatening, advanced,  
Now veiled in mists —  
Now darkly outlined against the faint back-  
ground.

Trees waving their lofty arms,  
Barely discernable in the gathering gloom;  
Arms growing, fading, collecting, dividing —  
Never to be seen again.

Stars fitfully flickering  
Now hidden by gray mists,  
Now shining forth in Solomon splendor.

The wind calling, enticing,  
Breathing strange secrets,  
Beckoning far-far-far.  
Twilight at Arden. —H. U.

### GLADNESS

I awoke to the gladness of morning,  
I awoke to the cares of the day,  
But the gladness of morning drowned them,  
And I thought as there I lay,  
What's the use to fret and cry?  
What's the use to worry of naught?  
Why stop to pine and sigh  
When mirth is but to be sought.  
For this world was made of gladness,  
The flowers, the birds and the trees,  
And was never made for sadness,  
But for one who joyousness sees. —B. S.

### ARDEN

Arden flowers are so bright.  
They make us glow with delight.  
Arden birds are such pretty things,  
With their lovely colored wings.  
Arden alone is beautiful, too,  
Especially for me and you. —G. M.



*Our Faculty*

MRS. HANDWERG

MORE respectfully speaking Mrs. Handweg!! Who would dare be anything but respectful? Camp director par excellence! Because she is brave in the water, fearless on the mountains, considerate at the head table, affectionate when the children beseech for favors, tender when they need her care, sympathetic with their troubles, and literary around the camp fire. All hail Handweg! Life, at Arden, colorful as it is, would be drab without you, because we love you!

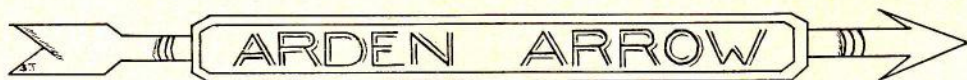
MRS. BERTENSHAW

Mrs. Marion Bertenshaw, our cheer-leader and song inspirer in every sense of the word, is for the fifth year making great niches in the hearts of the Arden girls. Bert's vivacious spirit, together with her great versatility, has proven to be an irresistible combination.

This year's operetta, "The Gypsy Rover," has tested not only Bert's fine taste, but also her productive ability. Besides all this, one can always find Mrs. Bertenshaw lending a helping hand to struggling second area girls, and to the Brown and Tan basketball teams. All in all, Mrs. Bertenshaw has made herself invaluable to Camp Arden and to the happiness of its girls.

MRS. FREED

FROM the sunny south comes Mrs. Freed, custodian of many letters and dispenser of numerous packages. A loyal southerner, Mrs. Freed has interested all of us in her happy southern home.



#### MISS HOWARTH

Miss Howarth, lovingly known as "Bunk" is the oldest of the staff in years of service. "Bunk" has been with Arden girls for eight summers, teaching them swimming, diving, baseball and hockey; but, in addition to her skill as a teacher, "Bunk" has given us all her charming self in her love for the simple outdoor living, her enthusiasm, her loyalty and her sweetness. May "Bunk" be with us many more years!

#### MISS EHLERS

Miss Christine Ehlers, more suitably called "Teeny" is with us for the third year at Arden. Extremely capable, "Teeny's" potentialities seem to increase each year she returns. Blessed with ability, patience and a cheerful disposition, she has made swimming and hockey most popular. We might add that she is regarded with a great deal of admiration by both her conferees and the campers, particularly her small charges, the members of "Peter Pan."

#### MISS JAMES

Miss Edna James, Camp Arden's skilled art councillor for a second year, has been teaching the girls the intricacies of weaving, pocketbook making, and all the numerous other things that can be and have been accomplished in the Studio. Beside teaching art and poster painting, Miss James has done the scenery and helped with the stage work of the plays. Due to a skillful brush, fires are created out of paper, trees arise, houses loom in the distance and lights shine through paned windows. Although art work is a joy forever, it is even more of a pleasure under Miss James' leadership.

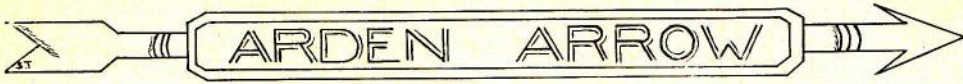
#### MISS REINFORD

Miss Mary Reinford, our tennis councillor, has successfully presided over our tennis courts for her second year at Arden. Under her skilled tuition, Arden girls have furthered their tennis ability to a great degree. Besides this, Chick has taught ambitious girls the various accomplishments required for Junior Life Saving and has turned out a number of creditable A. R. C. members.

#### MISS WEIL

OUR petite French instructress, Miss Weil, may be seen in the campfire circle, almost any hour of the day enlightening her little proteges in the gentle art of French conversation.

Besides coaching for French plays, Miss Weil makes herself a favorite by guarding the office and paging those wanted on the phone.



#### MISS MEDINE

QUIET, sweet, serene, our Henrietta rules over the domain of the Tower. To her come the many problems of the office, but to Henrietta, problems never exist. Her efficiency, her tact, and her charm make of the Tower a happy haven. We thank you for your lovely spirit, Henrietta.

#### MISS DAVISON

Miss Davison, for the second season, has accomplished the task of making the Friday evening Musicales one of the best liked entertainments at Arden. Although she is kept rather busy with music lessons and her work as councillor in "Peter Pan", she is ever ready to do anything for anybody and her lovely personality and sunny disposition have endeared her to us all.

#### MISS PATTERSON

Miss Ruth Patterson, fondly known to Ardenites as Pat, has for such a diminutive personage and for the unsatisfactorily short time that she was here, left impressed upon the hearts and minds of all, campers and councillors as well, her ability and personality. Although she was with us for only half the summer, her accomplishments were many. No one who witnessed the performance of the "Birthday of the Infanta," "The Vanishing Princess," and others, could possibly doubt it.

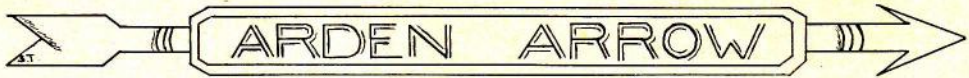
#### MISS FARSON

Miss Edith Farson, the nature councillor of 1928 has returned to the fold and is again enticing Ardenites "back to nature" by her interesting presentation of Nature's miracles and the charms of campercraft.

Not only has Miss Farson presided wisely and well over the Haunt, the Nature Balcony and the Trail but also has given valuable assistance in the refereeing of games and in the sailing of boats.

#### MISS TELLER

ALTHOUGH Sophia is one of our youngest councillors, her lack of years is fully compensated by her long experience as an Ardenite. Assisting Miss James in the Studio, she has proven her capability in weaving and leather work. Additional credit is due Sophia as faculty advisor of the ARROW, in which role she displayed both enthusiasm and ability.



#### MISS ELLIOTT

SWIMMING and boating this year have held a special lure for the water loving girls of Camp Arden, for, under the skilled tuition of Miss Elsie Elliott, we have made much progress in aquatic sports. Miss Elliott's is the knowledge of the right thing to do and the innumerable things not to do. Besides water activities, Miss Elliott's indoor trackmeets and other entertainments are always a source of enjoyment to the girls.

#### MISS KUMIN

Miss Edythe Kumin, in her first year at camp has made herself dear to our hearts by her inexhaustible good humor, her willingness to help and her adaptability.

She helped us with our bunk stunts, read poetry to us at campfire and finally she proved her versatility when she caught up the rein of dramatics and continued the high standard set by Miss Patterson.

#### MISS HOWELL

Miss Louise Howell has spent her first year among Arden girls teaching them proficiency in swimming and expertness in land sports. Lou's happy spirits combined with her confident knowledge of what she's doing and the competent way she accomplishes things, has made sports even more enticing to Ardenites than before.

Lou's ability and popularity will always remain factors in the happiness of the summer of 1930.

#### MISS THOMSON

Miss Lucile Thomson, with her charming personality and her musical talents, has proven her efficiency and versatility by taking charge of the commissary department this summer. "Tommy" is popular with everyone. Our only regret is that she is so busy pleasing our palates that we do not see enough of her.

#### DR. SHEARER

DR. MARGERY Shearer, our camp physician, has proven herself to be the ideal camp doctor. She has shown her ability to treat and care for the various hypochondriacs as ably as she does the girls with colds, headaches and the other various symptoms that campers sometimes acquire.

Dr. Shearer's firmness along with her sympathetic nature and jovial spirits, have made for Arden girls the prospect of being mildly ill for a day, rather a pleasant experience.

# ARDEN ARROW

## MISS RICHTER

A NURSE who has a nose for other things besides medicine is as rare as a professor who isn't absent-minded. This year, however, in the person of Miss Rose Richter, we have one, not only efficient in the treatment of ills, but also interested in the other phases of camp life.

Her talents range from discussing Music and Literature with the campers to taking part in their various activities. Ricky has endeared herself to our hearts for hers is the ability to nurse the campers' minds as well as their bodies.

## "HY"

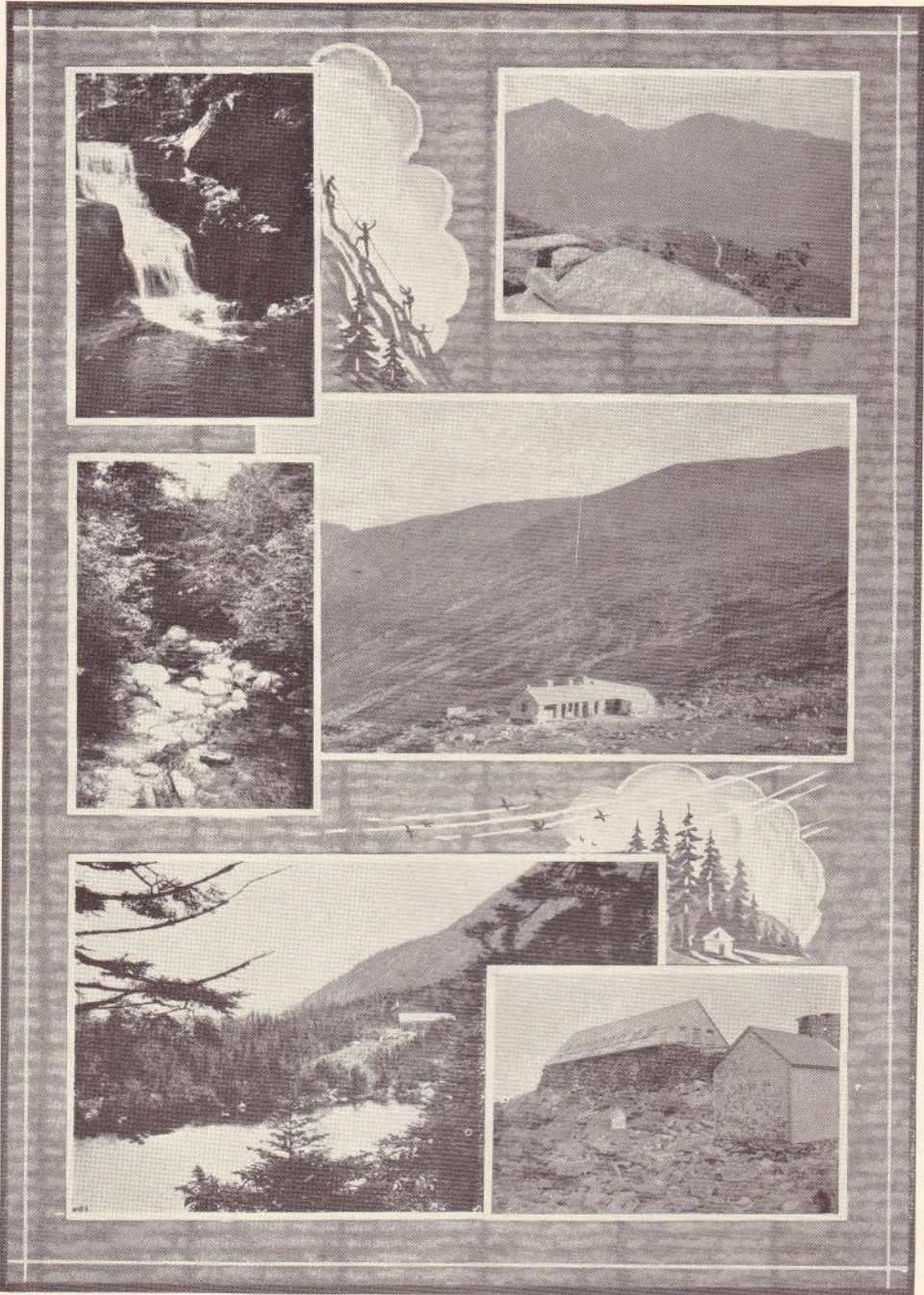
HY OF THE Highways, as this epithet reveals, is the medium of communication between Camp Arden and Winslow, our brother camp. The job requires more labor than conveying Mr. Teller safely between these points of interest, for Hy renders such invaluable services as purchasing bobby pins, bead strings or cold cream for needy girls.

One of Hy's greatest services this summer is his assistance to Cupid. Without his aid, many sighs would have been in vain, for Hy is the ever faithful carrier of love messages between the two camps.

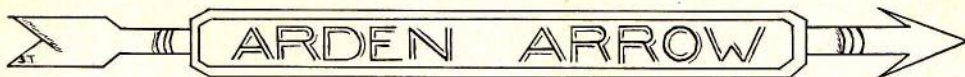


*Eva — THE TELLERS — Chester*





White Mountain Memories



## TRIPS and HIKES

THE LONG anticipated White Mountain trip of 1930 left by starlight on the morning of August 20th, with Estelle Freund, Pearl Wolff and Ruth Schreiber, to establish the reputation of St. Louis (since lost by the Cardinals), Helene Levy and Bernice Robbins, to prove that it doesn't make any difference if Long Island is flat, and the Siff sisters to show that genius (of the pedestrian variety, anyway) runs in families.

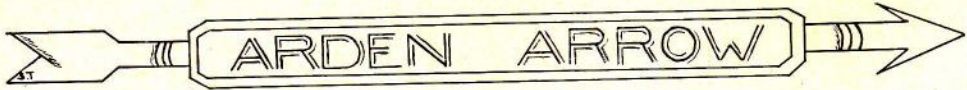
In Waterville, they were joined by a contingent from Camp Winslow and proceeded by train to the Crawford Notch of the New Hampshire Mountain chain. From then on, in spite of the continued newspaper reports of universal drought, none had a dry shoe or knapsack until reaching camp again. All the way up the eight mile trail to the Lakes of the Clouds hut, our first night's stop, a steady, drizzling rain was falling and we were quite in need of the hearty dinner and cheer which the hutmasters had ready for us.

The second day was spent going over Mt. Washington and the peaks of the Presidential Range, an incomparable trail in fair weather and a thrilling one even in the clouds, which covered it all day until just before sunset. The difference between rain in the clouds and rain below seems to be a thorough-going one. While below clouds one can be sure of being attacked vertically, but once in the clouds, rain comes from all directions at once, drenching everything systematically. Anyway, it was all a great experience and sunset brought the party to the safety and comfort of the little red-roofed stone huts lying above timber line in the saddle between Mt. Madison and Mt. Adams, a charming sight with the smoke of the evening fire rising from the chimney, up over the gray-granite-piled slopes of Mt. Madison.

The next day's journey took us over a new trail (for Camp Arden) to our favorite A. M. C. hut at Carter Notch, an enchanted but minute spot, holding two small lakes, far below the overhanging heights of Mt. Wildcat and Carter Dome on either side.

Our last day was the most exciting, for we climbed the perpendicular Mt. Wildcat and then went on over all the "kittens," of which they say there are only four (but no one believes this). Fair weather was, at last, our lot and looking west, the mighty Northern peaks which we had been scaling looked unconquerable. We could have gone on for days longer, as we were hardened by this time and well accustomed to the swing of a knapsack, but had to turn reluctantly toward camp with the fervent promise of returning next year for more.

All hail to our 1930 Mountaineers and to their indomitable guide and leader, Mrs. Marian Bertenshaw! They have beautifully upheld the Arden Mountain traditions so well known and favorably regarded by the hut masters.



## THE SALMON LAKE TRIP

LEAVING on an overnight trip may be doubtful when the sky looks threatening, so it was no wonder that the looks of the Salmon Lake Trippers were somewhat disconsolate when they left Arden on August 12th; but excitement took the place of grumbling as soon as we started.

Salmon Lake was oceanic! We were almost giving up hope of ever again setting our feet on terra firma, when we finally paddled to our destination. It was not what I call a perfect harbor but to us it was Liverpool, the second.

After having the conventional quarrels about sleeping bags and neighbors, we ate. From personal experience, I could continue that one word "and" for an indefinite period, using "ands" occasionally, but I shall refrain.

Feeling better, after our meal of hamburger steak, onions, coffee, cheese, potatoes and so forth, we fell into the best of humor and forgot that "so-and-so stepped in my cheese" and that "half of my mess-kit is gone."

Squatting around the fire, we listened to wonderful tales of Mrs. Bertenshaw's White Mountain trips. We all enjoyed them and only consented to have their place taken by a ghost story by Miss Kumin. Its main points of interest were a stormy night, a broken car, an old woman, midnight, a gleam -- the story of a haunted house. Great to try to go to sleep after!

In the morning we did the usual thing -- we woke up. After eating bacon and eggs, a few of the more ambitious went in for a dip. When they came back the fire was brightly gleaming and the aroma of cheese filled the air.

After dinner, we packed our canoes and set sail, seven husky girls and two councillors. Salmon Lake was still whipped up, but we plied our paddles and arrived back at camp, happy and proud, with remembrances of a great trip.



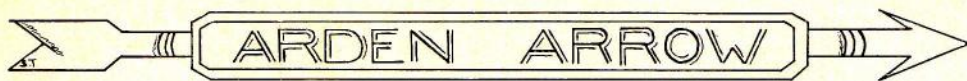
## TRIPS AT ARDEN

TRIPS! What a short word to mean so much! But then, it seems that the shorter the word the greater the meaning for the most important things in life are expressed in one syllable -- pain, joy, love, hate, life, death; and trips occupy an important place in camp life.

Girls come to camp to be free. The instinct for a free life in the open is as natural and wholesome as the gratification of hunger and thirst. It is the call of nature to a simpler existence.

Our life in cities is a radical change from the life of long ago. Our forebears were huntsmen, herdsman, fishermen and sailors, and though we are naturally adaptable in mind, our bodies still yearn to function as Father Adam's.

A wise director of camp activities recognizes this fact and gives girls every opportunity possible to "get back to Nature." All season the girls learn to build fires, make bed-rolls, cook, not on electric ranges where to wish and to have are



one, but on open fires, where a clumsy move means the flap-jack is "out of the pan and into the fire." They are taught to handle canoes in wind and current and the climax and reward for their true endeavors is a trip.

Arden has a very fortunate situation. There are seven lovely, woodsy lakes in a chain, in circle formation. These lakes afford ample scope for our wanderings. Our Peter Panners go up the shore of our own lake and as the groups increase in ability the trip lengthens until one finally goes all the way around the lakes. To make the Great Circle is the secret ambition of every girl, maybe not so secret as all that.

we go in small groups, well equipped and wisely guided. Suppose you follow me; I will lead you through a day of bliss. Up early and swim (no bathing suit needed). Big breakfast and healthy appetites to enjoy it. On our way! The lake may be rough or smooth but we paddle along. Lunch. "Much ado about nothing." Rest -- but not long. Off again, five ten, fifteen miles! Who cares? Make camp. Eat, and how! Clean up. Swim. Sleep, justly earned, and Oh! the joy of sleeping under the stars! You will never know 'til you've tried it.

There are other trips besides those in canoes. Horses are excellent to help you to go places and do things. The White Mountains have lured a select group each year. Preparations for that trip are carried on through the summer. Hikes are comparatively simple trips -- one walks and wanders as the gypsies do.

Call me gypsy, if you like. That's the name for folks who hike.  
What care I what name is cried, long as I am satisfied?  
In the open, in the air, 'neath the heavens anywhere,  
Out with nature! That's a treat! Set me pretty on my feet.

Let me walk where I will. I can't keep my spirit still.  
Call me tramp or call me Bo -- anything, but let me go!  
Clear the way to out-of-doors, where there's grass upon the floors!  
Down the dirt road edged by wheat. Turn me loose upon my feet!

Let the sun shine down on me. Let me drink of ozone free.  
E'er I go, when I arrive, I will know that I'm alive.  
Watch my gait. Yea, see me swing. Free and easy -- that's the thing!  
Up the highway, down the street, I'll go my way -- on my feet!

WHEN COMES THE RAIN

RAIN at Arden brings a day of leisure to Ardenites. A few feel a need for closer companionship and usually seek it in the "House in the Woods." Here small groups gather, some about the crackling fire, the more warm-blooded singing about the piano, and still others on the nature balcony and library. Their contentment is like a challenge to the insistent beating of the rain and their spirits refuse to be dampened.

About the bunks, there is an unusual stirring which one does not find on clear days. Some girls find tranquillity with portfolio and pen, reclined on brightly blanketed beds. The others, unable to resist the strains of the victrola find stimulation in a fox trot.

Unlike this group, there are a few who feel a need for solitude on such days. One is lured to the canoe shelter where the utter quiet is broken only by the rhythmic lapping of the water against the shore. Another retreats to a favorite woodland haunt where she is sheltered by the thickness of the trees. A third trench-coated, rubber-booted young brave may be seen walking slowly through the wet grass, oblivious to everything but the refreshment of each drop as it beats upon the face.

A rainy day at Arden is a day of fun and fellowship for some, a day of quiet and reflection for others.



*Camper Group and Faculty*

### THE MASQUERADE

THE EVENING started off with shrieking sounds coming from the direction of Mrs. Handweg's room. Despite the fact that they were somewhat disconcerting, we managed to get into our costumes and go to the "House i' the Woods." It was most entertaining to see the usual brown and tan change to bright greens and reds, brilliant blues and sombre blacks.

The high spot of the evening, however, was the emergence of our own dignified Mrs. Handweg in what one might call a costume of sorts, the object, we presume, of the shrieking we had heard previously. Her gown was a soft white cheese cloth gathered around the neck. Her left shoulder was enhanced by a charming bouquet. Black stockings were on her legs and comfortable wooly bed room slippers on her feet. The whole effect was made more delightful by a pink crepe paper hat with some red roses on it. For the sake of atmosphere, she had affected the loss of two teeth in front. She was indeed a charming picture.

When the grand march ended, the junior prize went to Eleanor Endler, dressed as a little hula-hula girl. Norma Weisman, looking as if she were fresh from the Bowery won the senior prize. But, lest we forget, Mrs. Handweg received honorable mention.

The evening passed quickly with dancing and games, which finally ended with crackers and milk on the porch.



Faculty of the Summer of 1930

## APPALACHIA\*

(Dedicated to the mountain-lovers of Camp Winslow and Camp Arden)

By C. J. T.

Let no one fail to heed the call  
 Of the trail that leads from here.  
 For this is the gateway to the mountains;  
 The millennial rocks are here,  
 Dropp't down when the earth was young  
 Through aeons prone yet proud,  
 While subtle Nature, deft with hands,  
 With woven mosses overlaid them.

Here, too, are the trees,— the untold trees —  
 Craning their necks to touch the skies,  
 Stretching their arms to touch each other.  
 Patient, but not content, serene,  
 Yet still toward heaven and earth aspiring,  
 A company of thoughtful souls;  
 Merg'd each with all, yet each unique  
 And individual,— like no other.

Here is the flesh, the spongy flesh,  
 The eager pulsing flesh of the earth;  
 Now clean and naked to the eye and now  
 Concealed by leafy bronzed mosaics.

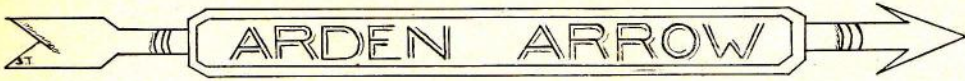
Austere and fathomless pools, these hills  
 Retain, reflecting in their depths,  
 When nights are dark, yet clear enough,  
 The beating stars of heav'n's mysterious dome.  
 Quiet as a child with toy, asleep,  
 So lie they here, caressing clouds by day,  
 As stars by night, a nether firmament.  
 Upturned to that above.

Unleashed here are,  
 Cataracts crashing from crag to crag,  
 Searing earth's body to the very bone,  
 Fash'ning tiled crystal bathing-pools,  
 Outrivalling Rome's; channelling at last its joy —  
 Intoxicated fury in a placid stream.

Tamed, tamed is "savage" nature here,  
 Tamed and controlled, subservient to Law.  
 Here life and growth, decay and death,  
 And all those states before, between and after,  
 All tamed, controlled, subservient to Law.  
 On yonder summits, last, as at the first  
 Unchanged that Universal Law shall stand  
 Unaltered, though these hills themselves depart.

Let no one fail to heed the call  
 Of the trail that leads from here.  
 Here is the gateway to those mountains,  
 Where one ascends the very throne of God,  
 One's self, as like as not, discovering.  
 Whence one looks out to peaks beyond Beyond —  
 Only to find new realms within Within.

\* Near Randolph, New Hampshire, the starting point of the trail over Mt. Madison.



## REVERIES

### I.

A FEELING has possessed me, a feeling of longing and peacefulness that is aroused when one thinks of the beauty of these shaded woodlands and the sparkling sunbeams on the quiet waters of the lake.

When I have these thoughts I am the happiest person on earth. But then, that longing feeling seems to have gained access to the depths of my heart and I begin to think of the time when I shall have to leave Camp Arden and nature with all its wonders.

The din and heat of the city seem so far away -- further even than my thoughts are at this moment.

I am disturbed from my dream of peace and tranquility. I must leave the lake and shaded woodlands for the summer closes and all its splendor vanishes.

### II.

I FEEL restless. My tired soul is longing for peace and solitude, so I steal away from the crowd and wander down to the lake.

The moon is low, and the waters are quivering under its light. The sky is cloudless, and the heavens are alight with sparkling stars. I watch the trees across the shore, as they meet the sky. Each branch is just a darker line against the dark. There is not a sound -- all is quiet.

Before long, a feeling has possessed me -- of tranquility. While the stars and moon still shine down upon me, I move away, with thankfulness to Arden, in my heart.

I think the world never seemed kinder, or more wonderful than it did then, in the darkness. And, when the heavens reassure me, as they did that night, I feel that there is some great connection between those friendly stars -- and Arden!

### III.

So I sat myself down and thought, "I shall write of beauty. I shall write upon the beauty of Camp Arden, of the budding flowers, of the stately birches, of the rippling waters, of all that Arden means and stands for, yes, I shall write of beauty. But then as I prepared to start, the solitude and quiet of the place began to affect me, and as I looked about me almost in fearful awe an idea flashed upon me like a thunderbolt from above.

"After all," I soliloquized, "Who am I to write about beauty, what do I know of such a profound thing that I can take it upon myself to write about it? Beauty, what is beauty, is it something tangible, can we touch it, do we see it, can we hear it? Is it all of these or is it only an idea? Surely, if it is an idea, then, as every one has different ideas, to every one beauty is something different. What is beauty to you, is perhaps sordid to me; thus beauty and what it stands for is something no one person can define. And I was a bit abashed and rather cowed to think of how confidently I had started out to write of beauty. So I closed my pad and put away my pencil; for I could not write more.



# ARDEN ARROW

## CAMP ARDEN'S BIRTHDAY

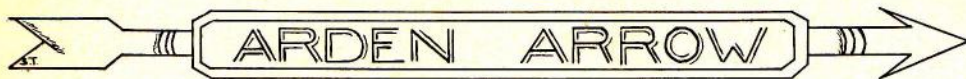
A TENTH birthday is always important. Arden's tenth year is an achievement in all that is worthy. It marks the successful culmination of a decade of development and artistic self-expression.

To celebrate this most important year, Arden girls originated bunk projects, each one to be a lasting monument to the glorious days spent at camp. Because, in days of old, Indians used totem poles to add the last touch of dignity to their council ring, Eagles Nest carved and painted a pole. Because our bunks were too rustic and beautiful to be marred with black and white signs, Pine Cone assembled birch bark and twigs and created new signs. Columbine reorganized our paddle house. Three Birches used paint most effectively to welcome visitors at Larkin's. Joyous Garde slavishly toiled until lo and behold, brown and tan table scarfs appear to enhance the appearance of our House i' the Woods. Peter Pan combined with Blue Bird in a most successful attempt to make our shelter a place of spick and span attraction.

Our labor was rewarded with Mr. Teller's appreciation, expressed in happy phrases at the conclusion of a camp-fire program, regarded by many old timers at Arden as one of the most eventful evenings in the history of the camp.



*Inner Circle Members—1930*



## SUNDAY NIGHT CAMP-FIRES

A slow rhythmic beat of the Tom-Tom. Silently with muffled foot fall, from out the forest at the North and East appear two lines of blanketed Indians. What brings them together from their various tasks, but the tribal custom which bids them assemble on the first night of each week to exchange greetings, to hear past events, to perform feats of skill, and perhaps to eat together if the past moon has been bountiful.

The circle now filled, after a moment of reverent silence the tribe is seated, the leaders sitting upon a raised bench in front of a mysterious totem pole, the meanings of whose various symbols are known only to the members.

The leader, in somewhat different array from the rest, rises and calls upon the older members to make their will known. Songs are sung low and melodious and then fast and high pitched. Next, account is made of the honors earned by the younger members. Meanwhile, the fire is burning brightly and on the altar its flames shoot high into the star-lit heavens.

One wonders suddenly what it is that calls forth the loud Indian "How How" (fine, fine). It is the challenges in which all participate, matching wit with wit, strength with strength, cunning with cunning.

Even now the smoke begins to curl and the glowing embers in the center cast fitful shadows over quiet forms. One low farewell song to the Great Spirit, the even steady beat of the Tom-Tom; the tribe arises and soon has disappeared into the now black and silent woods which is their home.

### AFTER TAPS

#### "PINE CONE" VERSUS "EAGLES NEST"

"Lights out, girls!"

"Who's on duty?"

"Miss Blank."

"Oh!"

"Pine Cone" subsides -- a few minutes later the same is repeated down at "Eagles Nest." For the next half hour all is quiet for "discretion is the better part of valor," or, in this case, fun.

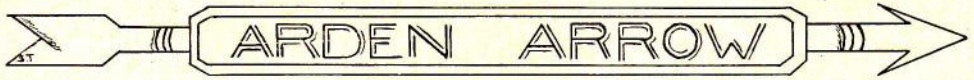
Sounds are heard from "Eagles Nest" -- their volume increase. Someone laughs -- something falls.

It's catching, for now "Pine Cone" wakes up and decides to serenade "Eagles." "Little Sir Echo," "There's a Long, Long Trail" -- others follow. Flashlights are seen in "Eagles Nest."

"Where in the world is the councillor on duty?"

"Eagles Nest" decides to take things in its own hands, and for a while they drown "Pine Cone" out. But not for long, for "Pine Cone" returns to the attack with new vigor.

In the midst of all the noise a councillor's voice is heard -- Ugh!



## SHAMPOO DAY AT ARDEN

TODAY is Tuesday -- Tuesday s-h-a-m-p-o-o-s -- that is, provided the day dawns serene, sunshiny and clear. It usually does though. If you should, by chance, be anywhere on the campus immediately following assembly you will surely see the first prospects sauntering leisurely towards the Shelter, comb and brush in hand and towel slung carelessly across arm. Mrs. Livingston is in the "beauty parlor" ready to receive you with a goodly supply of soap and water -- the water supply depending largely upon whether Raymond has pumped enough in the wee hours of the morning. If he hasn't, you must hunt him out. If, after paging him, he is nowhere to be found you may rest assured he has meandered up to Lovejoy -- he sometimes does you know. He is ordered back post haste. The familiar sound of the pump resounds through the air and almost simultaneously the water begins to flow plentifully. All is well once again! Short hair, long hair, straight hair, curly hair, golden tresses, raven locks (come to think of it we haven't a red head in camp), they're all welcomed with open arms.

Suddenly and quite miraculously the lawn in front of the Shelter is transformed into an outdoor beauty parlor. You may sit and bask in the sun until your locks are dry. If you're fortunate enough, you may even see the Mary Pickford of Arden (otherwise known as Paula Heyman). In order to avoid hair pulling contests between all those desirous of curling Paul's hair, it behooves Miss Richter to perform the coveted task herself. Curls aren't our only source of pride. Perchance you have also seen the lustrous braids of Millie and Constance, Arden's cousin-twins?

By mid-afternoon, all the little heads have come and gone and the "crowning glory" of Arden is once more restored to beauty. —R. R.

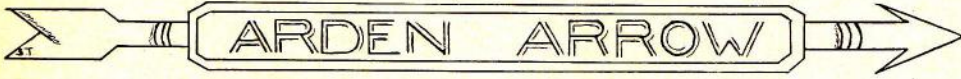
## THE STUDIO

COMING from the athletic fields or perhaps from the splashing at the dock, you will find the Studio and although it is a busy place it is also a place of relaxation. Here you can try your luck at any branch of the arts or crafts and pit your skill against that of already seasoned workers.

Of course, we cannot all produce raffia baskets with colored swastikas, make paintings of fairy castles or carve strange totem poles. However, leather pocket books, cretonne writing cases, beaded book marks, chenille bath mats, hooked rugs or net purses will be found in ample varieties to astound and engross any visitor to the Studio. Still, if none of these aforementioned crafts attract, then you may go to Miss James who, with rare resourcefulness, will be sure to suit a project to your talent if you cannot suit yourself to one.

Sophia, also, patrols the Studio and helps smaller and younger aspirants over harmless yet fearful bumps.

Painters, weavers, craftsmen, come ye all to our Studio under the great oak, and let us share our secrets with you.



## A MYSTERY TALE IN TWO PARTS

THE SEASON opened at Arden very peacefully. Life progressed and in due course, we found our museum a sanctuary for wild beasts, untamed snakes and a butterfly. In the corners reposed nests filled with beautifully coloured eggs. Campers, one and all, regarded this museum as a haven for true nature lovers; and serious minded folk, with spectacles and note books were innumerable. The deep dark happenings which took place amid these innocent surroundings hardly seem credible.

On the fifteenth day of July, 1930, to everyone's astonishment, behold our wild animal, a promising young turtle, had disappeared from the museum. Where could he have gone? The pantry was examined, the campus was searched, but no turtle appeared. The girls were amazed.

The next day, an event occurred which could not be overlooked. Our pride and our joy, the snake, had gone! This time the camp became ruffled. People were heard to remark that the watchman, the honored custodian of our animal proteges had been lax. Things could not remain as they were.

Investigations were organized, for this was a serious situation. No effort was withheld, no energy spared, to make this a fruitful search. Flashlights and magnifying glasses were used unsparingly. But, alas! to no avail. The animals were not captured. Perhaps the hand of Fate desired to lay this cruel burden upon us. Perhaps, as someone has suggested, it was the "Black Paw," a conspicuous spirit at every camp.

In either case, it has remained the outstanding mystery of the season.

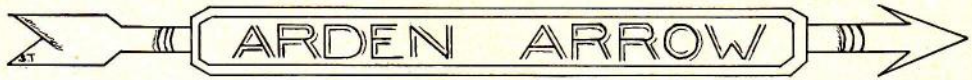
## WINSLOW-WARD HO!

SEVEN high-spirited maidens started for Camp Winslow. The path was long, the horses frisky, but Oh, the destination! In their great excitement they could be seen breaking into a trot and once or twice took the speed of a canter. Oakland was approached. All hail, to muddy roads, noisy motorcycles and short cuts! This town having been passed, Waterville was approached. Hail, here, to village half-wits, traffic and "tooting" conductors! Country roads then stretched before them, sloping hills, winding curves and a blue sky.

The riders arrived at the magical place. They gave a cheer to announce their arrival. The hospitality was overwhelming. Supper was served. Lively chatter ensued, excitement carefully suppressed. Eight-thirty arrived and the women and children were put to bed. (Sorry, but those are my orders, and I'll stick to them!)

Morning dawned dull and rainy. Again the girls were charmed with their hosts' hospitality when offered a delicious breakfast and were delighted when they were treated with the respect due to coffee-drinkers.

The rain, happily, delayed the hour of heart-rending departure and in the meantime ping-pong courts and bowling alleys were to be reserved solely for the girls, my dear! No men allowed on the gallery!



Dinner was served a la carte and with great ceremony in an enchanted bungalow called Muir. Coffee and ices (or was it apple-cake?) were served in the lounge, otherwise known as the assembly, about an hour later.

The inevitable hour approached and the horsewomen mounted their steeds making a striking picture as they galloped away. Camp was finally reached without an animal having slipped, sprained its ankle or stubbed its toe.

The trip was long, and the riders were tired.

### THE TRACK MEET

ARDEN'S first Indoor track meet, sponsored by the A. A. A. (Arden's Aesthetic Aspirers) or the Arden Athletic Aimers, was held in the "House in the Woods."

The Red team was the first to put in an appearance, when a sextet of muscular misses strode proudly across the floor, unabashed by the tumultuous acclaim of their "Ardent" supporters. Their opponents followed rapidly in much the same manner.

After the customary preliminaries, the contestants were called to their places and the meet began.

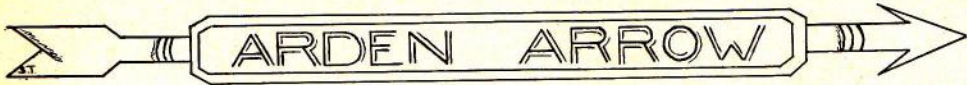
It was amidst great cheering that a member of the Green team threw the handkerchief for the astounding length of ten feet and it was with pride that the yellow team won the feather blow. And then, when the estimable, ever to be feared "Poiple" team won the paper bag shot, pandemonium reigned. Things progressed like this through the evening, one right after the other until finally the events were finished. The judges consulted among themselves, while the weary and worn players stood panting in their corners. Shuffling feet and bitten finger nails betrayed their nervousness, while the scratching of doubtful though itching heads displayed their uncertainty. At last the winners were announced and it was with shrieks and shouts of joy that the greenies (as they are fondly called) stepped forward to receive the silver loving cup.

### THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

THE "House in the Woods" is where campers of Arden meet in the evenings. There we hold dances, plays, parties, and other entertainments. We come there during the day, and play games sometimes. The balcony is used for the study of Nature, and there Miss Farson, the Nature Councillor has put pictures up, so that we may study them when we want to. There is a collection of books in the library downstairs in which we are allowed to read in spare hours. Downstairs is the property room, where we keep the costumes for the plays. Then next to it is the workshop where some of the girls work on wood or carving things. Near there is the Museum where specimen of different animals and insects are kept. So far there have been two snakes, some butterflies, snails, also one turtle, one lizard, and a few frogs.

I am sure if you went into the House in the Woods you would find many interesting things going on.

—C. B.



## IN OTHER WORDS

Harriet Urbach — rippling streams, dainty buttercups, pale apple blossoms.  
Miriam Helpert — stately pine, north star, bright flames.  
Dot Silver — gurgling brooks, swaying trees, twinkling stars.  
Tommy Block — white clouds, mighty thunder, deep pools.  
Bert — bright Indian paint brush, soft quick patter of raindrops, prancing horses.  
Bunky — swift winds, rushing wings, pussywillows.  
Chick — singing birds, laughing waters, sparkling sunlight.  
Lou Howell — early morning dew, blue lakes, bright rainbows.  
Mrs. Handberg — snow-capped mountains, cold steel, calm waters.  
Helen Stewart — dark night, gardenias, velvet hangings.

## THE ROCK

THROUGHOUT the ages, rock has always been the symbol of power: the Egyptian Pyramids, the Egyptian Sphinx — all of rock, all symbols of power. However, rock signified not only power but also stability; and truly, what is power without stability, what is a machine without balance?

Thus, it is fitting that here at Arden where these two elements reign supreme, we too should have our symbol, our rock. Our rock, which is appropriately situated on the water's edge near Eagle's Nest is, by an unwritten law, accessible only to the oldest girls, the Eagle's Nesters, and here the girls of Eagle's Nest come with their books, reading their books, writing their letters and telling their secrets. So, our rock, our symbol has also been a retreat for the melancholy, an inspiration to the poet, and a paradise for the dreamer.

## ARDEN CAMP

Swimming and hiking,  
Hockey and track,  
All so alluring,  
We're sure to come back.

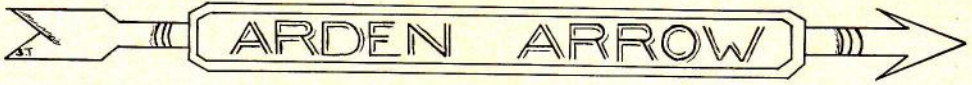
Diving right into  
Water so clear  
Learning to swim  
Without a fear.

Sturdily hiking  
On dusty road  
Jackrabbit, tortoise,  
Scout and hoptoad.

Dusting with a hockey stick,  
Her object is a hole.  
Now she's hit the ball in!  
Hurrah! she's made a goal.

Everybody's Happy!  
Swimming or on a tramp,  
This is life, loving, learning,  
At Arden Camp.

— J. J.



## WINSLOW-ARDEN PARTY

ON SUNDAY evening, August 17th, Arden Campers were busy making ready for especially welcome guests, for Camp Winslow was soon to arrive for their annual dramatic and social engagement.

We started the evening with Arden's contribution, a very delightful and amusing play called "The Vanishing Princess" which was very well presented and equally well received. Winslow did the honors next with a sparkling comedy called "The Man in the Bowler Hat."

The performance over, the camp, with the exception of the Eagle Nesters and the Pine Coners, was dismissed.

Thereafter, the girls danced to the delightful tunes played by Harriet, assisted by Lionel, with the saxophone. Soon after, refreshments were served and everyone departed for bed, knowing the evening to be a huge success.

## JULY 4TH FIREWORKS

THE ENTIRE camp group was pessimistic about the Fourth of July fireworks. "Why get excited?" they had all said the day before, "hasn't it always rained on the fourth of July?" But as fate would have it, the fourth dawned as beautiful a day as any landscape artist could have hoped for. The work of the day being over, and the moon and stars coming out to witness the event, the whole camp came down to the shore of the lake, choosing the most advantageous positions from which to regard the beautiful spectacle.

There were pin wheels, torches, fire crackers, Roman candles and sky rockets of every color and description, beautiful not only in themselves, but doubly enhanced in their reflection cast in the lake.

## LE FRANÇAIS AU CAMP

DANS la plupart des camps le français n'a point de place mais ici à Camp Arden l'amour de cette belle langue est très grande.

Chacune des jeunes filles tirent autant de bien que possible de ses leçons et partout on entend des cris comme ceux-ci.

"Avez-vous un peu de temps pour causer avec moi en français?" et une autre fois, "Comment dites-vous cela en français?" La plus grande partie désirent apprendre à converser et il est bien amusant de voir les grimaces que font les commençants en essayant de prononcer les sons français.

Ordinairement les "Seniors" donnent une pièce en français mais cet été il a été possible de présenter deux pièces courtes dont les rôles furent joués dans l'une par les "Seniors" et dans l'autre par les "Peter Panners." Tel est l'enthousiasme qu'on montre pour ce sujet à notre camp.



### OUR SINGING CAMP

ARDEN -- our singing camp! The Terpsichorean -- the god of song and dance has cast his spell. Now all Ardenites worship at his shrine.

Nearly every activity of our daily program is marked with some sort of harmony. In the morning at assembly we start off to the tune of "yawning in the morning." Our competitive games are accompanied by their own distinctive type of song marked by enthusiasm and gusto. On our hikes we find it so much easier to keep in step to the tune of a spirited marching song. Sometimes we sing on the lake in the evening in harmony with the returning echoes. The musicals bring out the finer talents of the campers, in the Arden quartet. While at the camp fire, as if moved by the spirit of the fire our singing takes on a softer more wistful note.

We are a singing camp not only from the sheer love of harmony, but also from the beauty of our selections. Singing is an activity in itself at camp, and is cherished and stimulated by all Ardenites.

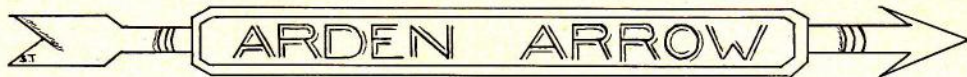
#### STAND UP AND CHEER

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.

#### 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.





### SENIOR PRIZE SONG

Tune: "Fair Harvard"

Arden Camp, 'tis with pride, that we call you  
our own,  
And we honor and cherish your name,  
Your traditions so noble we all will uphold,  
As we gather to sing of your fame.  
In our games we all strive for the Brown and  
the Tan  
And our captains so loyal and true  
And though we will fight to the end for our  
team  
We're the best of comrades, too.

### JUNIOR PRIZE SONG

Arden Camp, Arden Camp,  
All your praises ringing,  
Over every hill and dale  
Mid pines and birches tall,  
We all hear your call.  
True to your ideals,  
We're ever loyal  
High we hold you in our thoughts  
For 'ere you are appealing,  
To the best that in us lies.  
Days may part us,  
Still we'll cherish onward  
Memories of the Brown and Tan.

### SPLASH — SPLASH

There's a camp on the shores of McGrath,  
With memories so dear to me.  
And the friendships we made there,  
Were loved ones,  
That never forgotten will be — Camp Arden.

Hiking and swimming and tennis  
We worked and we played and we learned  
To live on the square and always play fair,  
For we learned about such things at camp.

We get up at seven in the morning,  
And then we go in for a dip — Splash, splash!  
We hike through the grass to our breakfast  
With plenty of pep and zip — Camp Arden.

Hiking and swimming and tennis, etc., etc.

### CAMPING TIME

Tune: "In the Good Old Summer Time"

In the good old camping time,  
In the good old camping time,  
Tramping by the woods and stream  
That's the life for mine!  
Give a cheer for Arden Camp  
Let's its fame reach every clime,  
For that is where we're happy,  
In the good old camping time.

### OLD PRIZE SONG

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.

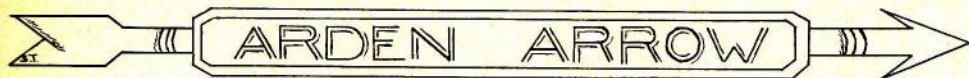
### BRIGHT FLAMES

Tune: "Believe Me If All Those Endearing  
Young Charms"

As the bright flames ascend to heaven,  
O God, of love and truth,  
We would in thought with thee commune  
In love and joy and youth.  
The hills abound with our glad song  
And echo back to Thee,  
And thanks receive for work and health  
And love and loyalty.

### 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!



## 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.

## GOOD NIGHT SONG

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.

## INSPIRATION

Tune: Bobolink

1-9-3-0 at Arden Camp  
No other year the same  
Every girl a comrade true  
Whatever title or fame  
1-9-3-0 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.)

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## ROUND THE BLAZING FIRE

Tune: "Smile Awhile"

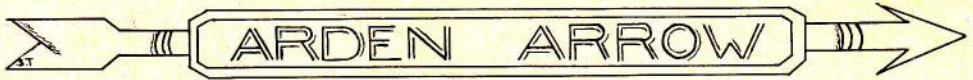
Round the blazing council fire tonight,  
Arden hearts all seem so very light.  
When the work of day is o'er,  
We love the shelter of the fire, for  
We all love to work and play as one,  
And we share each other's joys and fun,  
And when we leave the camp in fall,  
Mem'ries hold us all.

Repeat softly

## PINE CONE SONG

Tune: "Anchors Away"

Here's to our councillors and our campers, too.  
Here's to the Brown and Tan, the teams to  
which we're true.  
Here's to our happy days and the games we've  
played,  
Here's to the friendships formed,  
May they last through all our days.



### EAGLES NEST SONG

Moon beaming  
Pale gleaming,  
Stars shining from above.  
Girls singing,  
Joy bringing,  
Thus ends our day here at camp.  
Pines sighing,  
Fire lying,  
Night winds caress the face,  
Thinking and hoping and dreaming once more  
Of Arden Camp.

### 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.

### 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.

### BROWN AND TAN SONG

On the shores of Lake McGrath's a camp you  
surely know,  
Its sportsmanship and spirit are renowned  
where'er you go.  
In hockey, track and tennis, no other can  
compare,  
As for information, and you'll hear this every-  
where —

#### *Chorus*

Arden, Arden, we'll stand by to the very end.  
We'll bear the Brown and Tan to Victory  
For there never was a camp as fine as ours.

### "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

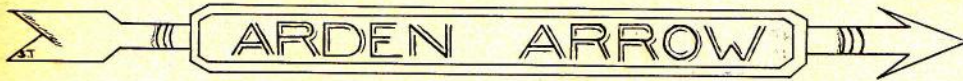
#### *Tune "Juanita"*

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.

### WELCOME SONG

Hello, hello, hello, hello,  
We're glad to greet you  
We're glad to meet you  
Hello, hello, hello, hello!



### 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.

### 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.

### 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.

### IT ISN'T ANY TROUBLE

*Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"*

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,  
Oh, it isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,  
So, smile when you're in trouble,  
It will vanish like a bubble,  
If you only take the trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.

2nd Verse — substitute l-a-u-g-h.

3rd Verse — substitute ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

### WE SING TO THEE

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

We sing to thee, dear Arden,  
While the days roll by,  
And 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.

### ARDEN

*To the tune of Follow The Glean*

In the midst of the white birch woods  
Where all are comrades true  
By the waters of Lake McGrath  
Ardens 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*

### AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

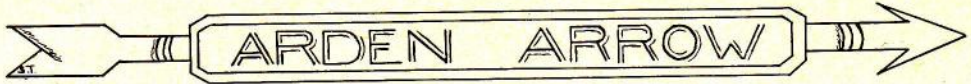
*Tune: "Mighty Lak a Rose"*

Down around the camp fire,  
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.

### CAMP FIRE SONG

*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.



### RING OUT THREE CHEERS

Then ring out three cheers  
Arden Camp, Arden Camp;  
For we love her well, you know  
And surely we'll never forget her, forget her,  
When at last we all must go.  
So if we are gay and drive all care away  
It's nobody's business but our own,  
So ring out three cheers, Arden Camp, Arden  
Camp  
For we love her well, you know  
And surely we'll never forget her, forget her,  
When at last we all must go.

### 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.

*Tune: "Jingle Bells"*

Arden Camp, Arden Camp,  
Arden all the time.  
That's the slogan you will hear,  
Buzzing, buzzing in your ear.  
You can sing it, yell it, shout it,  
Now you've got the rhyme,  
Arden Camp, Arden Camp,  
Arden all the time.

### LITTLE SIR ECHO

Little Sir Echo, ho-do-you-do,  
Hello, hello, hello, hello.  
Little Sir Echo will answer you,  
Hello, hello, hello, hello,  
Hello, hello, hello, hello.  
Won't you come over and play, and play!  
You're a nice little fellow,  
I know by your voice,  
But you're always so far away, away.

### WHEN THE MOON SHINES

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  
entrancing;  
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.

### 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!

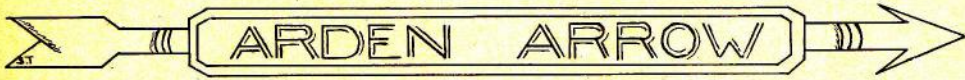
A-R-D-E-N

### PALS

Pals, good 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.

### TAPS

Day is done  
Gone the sun  
From the Lake  
From the Hills  
From the Sky  
All is well  
Safely Rest  
God is nigh.



The editors desire to thank the following parents  
and their friends who have contributed  
to the publication fund of the  
"ARROW"

Mr. and Mrs. Wright

Mr. and Mrs. Saxe

Mr. Max Wolff

Mrs. Isaac Liberman

Harriet Urbach

Shirley Unger

Mr. and Mrs. Robbins

Mrs. S. Agoos

Mr. E. Levy

Mr. and Mrs. M. Nachlas

Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz

Mr. Samuel Mehr

Mr. Joseph Klein

Mr. and Mrs. Helpern

Mr. and Mrs. Carples

Mrs. H. Dine

Mr. and Mrs. Prenskey

Mr. Joseph Joffe

Mrs. Albert Bath

Mr. W. Munzesheimer

Mrs. E. Salzberg

Mr. and Mrs. Weisman

Mr. David Siff

Miss Eleanor Endler

Mr. E. Blumenthal

Mr. Louis Hartman

Mr. Max Miller

Selma Leavitt

Alice Ann Goldstein

In anticipation of many  
Summers  
as Happy as That of 1930

We are

Fraternally yours

Camp Winslow for Boys

Waterville, Maine

Chester Jacob Teller

Director

## Gotham Gold Stripe Chiffon Stockings

SEASAN SMART ON SEA  
AND SHORE

We've been told this stocking color originated on Long Island's fashionable North Shore, and that it's just the shade the sand takes on when the sunset tints it. Seasan adds vigor to the flourishing sun mode. It's an ultra smart color for August and its position throughout the fall is assured.

\$1.95  
THE PAIR AT

CHERNOWSKY'S

Store for Women

AUGUSTA, MAINE

*Established over 45 years*

---

THE

PEOPLES

NATIONAL

BANK

WATERVILLE, MAINE



## M. BRILL

Representing one of the Largest

**WHOLESALE GROCERS**

*Specializing in Camps*

319 West 94th Street

New York City

---

## SIMMONS & HAMMOND MFG. CO.

PORTLAND

WATERVILLE

BANGOR

*The Quality Ice Cream of New England*

Maine Maid Sweets and other bulk and package Candy

---

## LAKESHORE HOTEL

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE

HEADQUARTERS FOR PARENTS VISITING CHILDREN AT CAMP ARDEN

Ideal Location between Long and Great Lakes

80 Rooms, 60 with Private Baths

Bungalows and Cottages on Long Lake

BOATING

DANCING

BATHING

FISHING

Booklet and rates upon application

J. B. CRONIN, *Proprietor*

---

## "NEW ENGLAND'S OWN"

PACKERS AND PRODUCERS  
OF FINE GOODS

Wholesale Only

Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Sausages, Poultry, Game,  
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Olives, Oils, Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish,  
Fruits and Vegetables, Preserves and Canned Foods

**BATCHELDER, SNYDER, DOW & DOE CO.**

Blackstone, North and North Centre Streets

BOSTON, MASS.

# The Ticonic National Bank

WATERVILLE

Pays 4% in Savings Department

*Established 1814*

Member of the Federal Reserve System

---

## M. H. Fisherman Co. Inc.

5c to \$1. CHAIN STORES

153 MAIN STREET

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Visit our store for Notions, Toilet Goods, Confectionery,

Souvenirs, House Furnishings, Dry Goods,

Underwear, Toys, Stationery

---

### SPEAR FOLKS

HOME-MADE

CANDIES AND

ICE CREAM

LIGHT LUNCHES

*The Campers Choice*

122 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

### J. H. DeOrsay's

The Camp  
Drug Store

KODAKS, FLASHLIGHTS,

FILMS, BATHING

CAPS

Waterville, Maine

*Compliments of*  
**Dr. Hatch**

*Compliments of*  
**The  
Augusta House**  
Augusta, Maine

**BOOTHBY &  
BARTLETT  
CO.**

INSURANCE



Waterville, Maine

*Visit the new*  
**Emery-Brown**

DEPARTMENT STORE

DRY GOODS, GARMENTS,  
MILLINERY

SANITARY HAIR-  
DRESSING PARLOR

*Be sure to visit our 3d  
Floor Gift Shop*

Waterville, Maine

**W. B. ARNOLD  
& CO.**

Waterville

HARDWARE MERCHANTS

CAMP SUPPLIES

HOTEL KITCHEN

UTENSILS



FOR SPEED AND COMFORT  
IN TRAVELING

CALL

**Herbert Alexander**

Phone Oakland 39-2

**Michael Nagem  
& Bros.**

JOBGING AGENCY FOR

Coca-Cola, Bromo-Seltzer, Vortex  
Soda Cups, Nonich Soda Glasses,  
Michigan Cash Registers, Sun  
Show Cases, Romance and  
Utopian Chocolates

WHOLESALEERS IN

Confectionery, Paper Bags, School  
Supplies, Soda Fountain Supplies  
and Fruit Syrups

Tel. 1109 Warehouse 90 Front St.

Waterville, Maine



**G. S. Flood Co.**

*Incorporated*

WOOD, COAL, LIME,

CEMENT, DRAIN

PIPE

Telephone 840 Waterville, Maine

## BASS SHOES

*Also complete line of good*

FOOTWEAR

## Gallert Shoe Store

Waterville, Maine

---

## J. C. PENNY CO.

46-48 Main St., Waterville, Maine

READY TO WEAR

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

AND SHOES

---

*It's not what you pay —  
But what you get for  
your money*

## WALTER P. SMALL

63 Temple St. Waterville, Me.

*Just Phone*

350

## Hager's

WHERE YOU BOUGHT  
THE BUTTERSCOTCH  
SUNDAE

Waterville, Maine

---

## C. F. Bilodeau

HEADQUARTERS FOR  
ALL KINDS OF  
SPORT WEAR

Augusta, Maine

---

*Compliments of*  
**Dr. Wolman**

---

## A. E. Carey

Dealer in  
PLUMBING FIXTURES  
PLUMBING AND HEATING  
SHEET METAL WORK  
WATERVILLE, MAINE

## The Little Gift Shop

*The Place Where Things  
are Different*

EXCLUSIVE LINE OF NOVELTIES

*Circulating Library*

56 Temple St. Waterville, Maine

---

## F. A. Harriman

WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND  
JEWELRY, STERLING SILVER  
AND PLATED WARE

*For forty years Waterville's  
reliable jeweler*

98 Main Street Waterville, Maine

---

## Oriental Tea Garden Restaurant

AMERICAN AND CHINESE FOOD

*Near Railroad Station*

320 Water St. Augusta, Me.

---

## Carleton P. Cook

BOOKS, STATIONERY, WALL  
PAPER AND SPORTING  
GOODS

Corner Main and Temple Streets

Telephone Connection

Waterville, Maine

## Jul. Heim

DECORATIVE ART AND

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

1420 Drummond St. Montreal

---

## McLellan Stores Co.

THE ORIGINAL

5c TO \$1.00 STORE

Waterville, Maine

---

## Colby Shoe Shining Parlor

CLEANING, PRESSING,  
REPAIRING, etc.

133 Main St. Waterville, Me.

Tel. 8513

---

## Marston's Garage

GENERAL REPAIRING

10 Charles St. Waterville, Me.

## Kennebec Fruit Store

*Quality Merchandise  
Our Specialty*

FULL LINE OF CONFECTIONERY

ICE CREAM AND SODA

CIGARS AND CIGARETTES

Tel. 686 209 Main St. Waterville

---

*Telephone 40*

## Livingstone Beauty Shop

*Specialist in*

PERMANENT HAIR WAVING

Shampooing and Hair Dressing

Marcel and Water Waving

Hair Dyeing. Facial and

Scientific Treatment

Main Street Oakland, Maine

---

## H. G. Barker Co.

*Headquarters*

MCGREGOR SPORT WEAR

210 Water St. Augusta, Maine

---

## Specialty Shoe Store

*Shoes for all occasions*

100 Main St. Waterville, Maine

## J. B. Farrell Co.

*One of Augusta's*

*Leading Clothing Stores*

237 Water St. Augusta, Maine

---

## Brooks Hardware Co.

*Wholesale and Retail*

Camp Equipment

Tennis Racquets

Tennis Balls Golf Clubs

Golf Balls Tents

Flashlights

Tel. 1612-1613

Augusta, Maine

---

## Proctor & Bowie

*"Just Across the Bridge"*

Everything for the Builder

Tel. 456-457

---

*Compliments*

## Montgomery Ward Co.

54 Main St. Waterville, Maine

## Stern's Dept. Store

We are headquarters for Army and Navy Goods, Camping and Hunting Supplies. Buy your Sporting Goods Here.

8 Common St. Waterville, Maine

---

REMEMBER

Y O U N G ' S

The only first class

RESTAURANT in

WATERVILLE

---

## Breards' Barber and Beauty Shop

Permanent Wave \$6.00  
BONAT METHOD

Marcelling and Finger Waving

93 Main St. Phone 692

Next to Electric Waiting Room

---

## Allen's Drug Store

Prescriptions, Cameras  
Camera Supplies  
Rubber Goods

Telephone 58

118 Main St. Waterville, Maine

## The Vogue Beauty Shop

CORA M. LITTEFIELD, Prop.

Specializing in Permanent, Marcel and Finger Waving

Phone 1269

278 Water St. Augusta, Maine

---

## E. L. SMITH

*We Put New Life  
In Old Shoes*

57 Temple St. Waterville, Maine

SHOE REBUILDING

Telephone 113-R

---

## Evangeline & Claude Beauty Salon

Expert Beauticians. Specialists in Permanent Waving. One Expert Ladies' Barber. Let us help you look your best.

Telephone 410

58 Main Street Waterville, Maine

---

## A. C. TAPLEY

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

Savings Bank Building

Waterville, Maine



**The Lovering Hair Store**

HAIR GOODS

Hair Nets, Theatrical Wigs and  
Beards to Rent. Hair Pins,  
Barrets and Jewelry.

129 Main St. Waterville, Maine

**Berry's Cleansers  
and Dyers**

*Established 1900*

Phone 1744

155 Water St. Augusta, Maine

**Superior Die Casting Company**

CLEVELAND, OHIO



*Compliments of*

Peter Pan

Three Birches

Blue Bird

Joyous Garde

Pine Cone

Columbine

Eagles' Nest