

North Shore PERSONALITIES.

BY LUCY ROGERS HAWKINS

"Ideas are like people from Iowa, one brings another."

Curtis B. Camp was discussing his reasons for liking to write sonnets, and the comparison to the ubiquitous colonies of Iowa folk was apt for the conversation had drifted hither and yon, from Episcopalianism which is close to the hearts of both Mr. and Mrs. Camp, to Iowa where both were born, to travel, and on to writing.

At one time Mr. Camp said he took sketching seriously but finally gave it up. "An artist has to mix his paints, prepare his canvas, go out in the woods and pick a suitable spot, select his motive, put on a smock, and work all day," he continued with a sigh over the work in putting on a smock. "Whatever he does is always the best thing he has painted, but if it doesn't sell and lays around the studio for

John 4:24, is a recently written one, greatly liked by Mrs. Camp.

*I looked into the deepest, bluest sea,
Beyond the furthest star to find
His place*

*But could not journey there nor
see His face,*

*And so I called, that He might hear
my plea*

*And know—but only silence an-
swered me;*

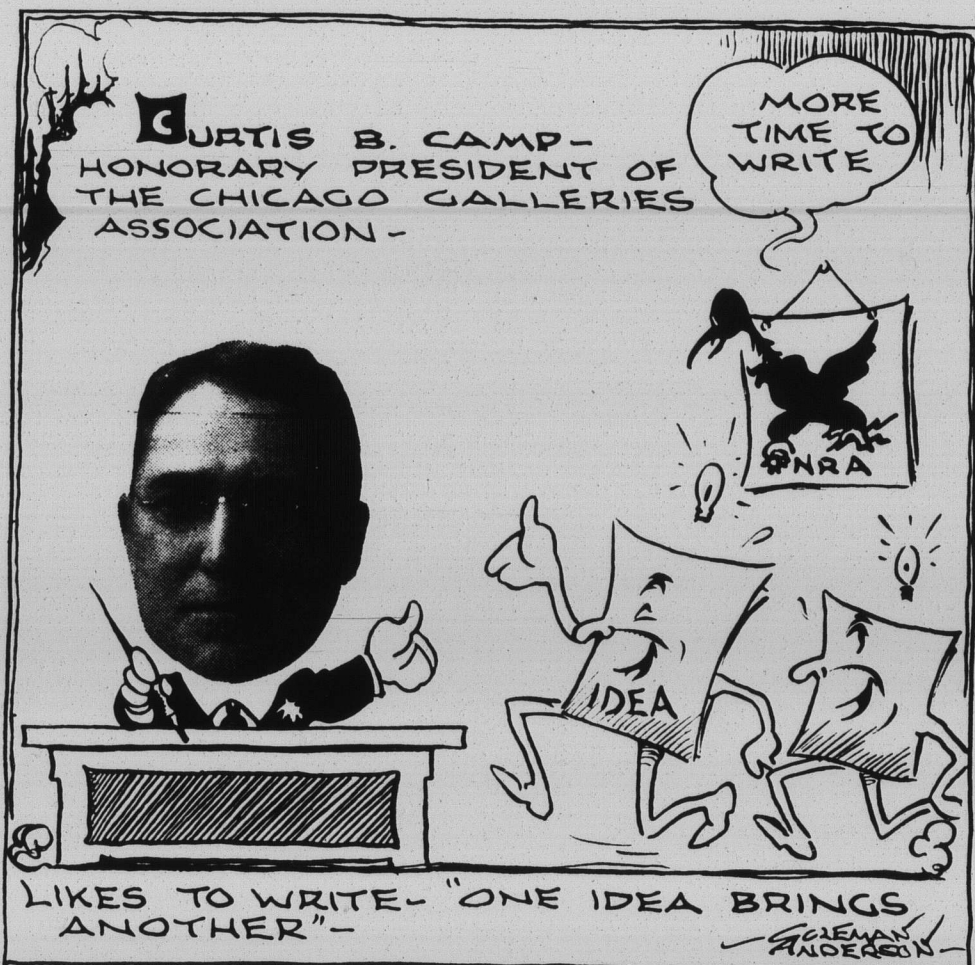
*In deep despair I cried, "I cannot
trace*

*The way to Him," but He replied,
"By grace*

*I dwell close to your heart, and seek
for thee."*

*And when I looked within, in doubt,
in fear,*

*I found Him there! and knew that
my long quest*



a few months, it is no good. His next canvas is then the best."

In view of Mr. Camp's long record as a patron of the arts, it is obvious that his comment is merely a personal one based on his own preference for writing.

Pencil, Paper and Ideas

"I like to express myself in writing," he confided. "I prefer to take out a pencil and smear around. I can do this anywhere, and I enjoy it. Ideas are all there is to living. I like to start with one, work it out, add other ideas, and end up with a sonnet that says what I believe."

Mr. Camp is not an admirer of the depression, but he admitted that the NRA has given him an extra day of leisure, which affords more time for writing. His sonnets are chiefly religious. One appears each month in the bulletin of St. Elisabeth's church in Glencoe, where he and Mrs. Camp worship regularly. The Living Age, a national publication of the Episcopal church, published his sonnet, "God the Son," in the February issue. Religious sonnets give him an opportunity for expressing his sentiments and convictions.

This sonnet, "Where Is He?" from

*Had failed because I sought afar, not
near*

*My door, and did not seek the
Spirit Blest*

*With Spirit prayer and simple faith
that clear*

*The way, and make Him our true
Spirit Guest.*

"Victory" deals with a theme close to the hearts of all who have known grief:

*When death descends with dissolu-
sion's tide*

*Almost it is as if our birth was
naught*

*Except the things that memory has
taught*

*Or as at birth we breathed but once
and died;*

*For worldly interests held so firmly
slide,*

*None holds its course released from
guiding thought;*

*But Christ still holds that life He
dearly bought,*

*And holds it still; as all the rest
subside.*

*Which means that death is the start
and not the end;*

*"I go to prepare a place for you," a
sheer*

*Delight, for in such place we may
depend*

*Our Saviour is, and we shall be; so
here*

*We "Lift our eyes unto the hills,"
and blend*

*The life that is, with that which shall
appear.*

Ideas are the material with which Mr. Camp works. He is too kindly to be scornful of fellow-men who like to chase a little ball around a golf course, but he firmly believes that the men who work hard all their lives and then retire go to pieces because they have ignored the world around them, particularly the world of ideas. Life offers so much of interest it is foolish to spend hours of one's time chasing a ball, he avers.

Inspires a Cartoon

One of his ideas gave his talented neighbor, Gaar Williams, inspiration for a cartoon—or perhaps the idea should really be credited to Mrs. Camp. At any rate the visitor to the beautiful Italian home of the Camps at 81 Lakewood drive, Glencoe, may see in the game room an autographed cartoon giving thanks to Mr. Camp for the idea hereof.

It seems that once upon a time in the history of the Camp family Mrs. Camp bought a number of shirts and ties for her husband. Certain ties were to go with certain shirts, she suggested. "But how am I to remember which goes with which?" protested the man of the house. "I'll crochet little numbers on each pair," said Mrs. Camp with a twinkle. And she did.

So the cartoon shows a group of men in the locker-room of a club-house razzing one chap who bears the number "14" on his shirt-tail and another "14" on the reverse of his tie.

Patron of Arts

Other art in the Camp home is more serious in intent and performance. As befits the home of a man distinguished for his leadership in art circles in Chicago, there are many beautiful decorations, paintings, rugs, objects d'art, curios. In a place of honor on the fireplace is a beautiful snow scene by an Oak Park artist. An erotic Stark Davis bird decoration hangs in the hall, and in the entry is a lovely canvas by Walter Ufer, "The Mountain Chapel." There are exquisite large and small marines, a tiny wash drawing Mr. Camp picked up in New Orleans which depicts an arch-way in the shadow and a winding street of tall houses in a vista illumined brilliantly by sunlight.

Outside the artistic effects are equally interesting. The house is set high on the bluff overlooking the lake with every angle fitted to the promontory. Here and there are little niches, porches, and look-outs which give upon the vast expanse of the lake. Terraces keep the visitor from falling into the deep ravine whose trees climb to the level of the roof or from pitching down the slope to the sandy beach below. Flowers abound, and the master of this little kingdom of garden and house is Fairfax, the Camps' golden Pomeranian.

Chicago Business Leader

I have been chiefly concerned with an intimate portrait of Curtis B. Camp. The world knows him well as honorary president of the Chicago Galleries association and former president of the Municipal Art league which in 1925 organized the association. For his business career with the Kellogg Switchboard and Supply company he has lived on Chicago's west side, then for 10 years in Oak Park, and since 1925 in Glencoe.

As a signature to this portrait I choose "The New Deal," which is Mr. Camp's poetic version of the business situation:
*The Patient lay nigh unto Death, nor
knew*

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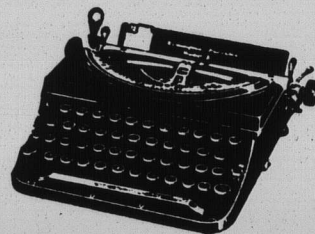
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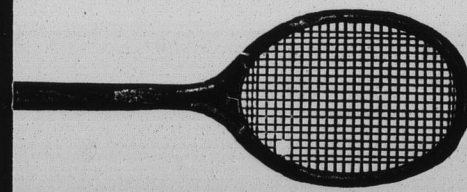
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