

CAMP LIFE

Being a Bit of Human Interest Material Gathered at the Arden Shore Camp.

BY ANNA BELLE FERRIER

(Superintendent Arden Shore Camp)
At the United Charities before camp opens:

"Please sign me up for Arden Shore Camp. We always have such good times there." "What do you mean by good times?" inquired the outing secretary. "Oh, they have a mothers' club where they all play games like the kids. The last day we have a party with coffee and cake and they always give you a bundle of clothes to take home. Why, last summer they gave me something for everybody in the family. Katie never seen such a pretty dress before, and you ought to see Jimmy Moore all dressed up in the pants we made him at the beach house. The old ones we cut up come from Marshall Fields too."

In the Baby-fold:

"No I won't give him no more coffee, Miss B—, but I sure hate to hear a baby cry." An interested listener might have heard the friendly nurse in the Baby-fold explaining to the inexperienced young mother what and when and how to feed the sad-eyed baby that seemed to be always eating yet never satisfied.

In Boyville:

"We got the prize! We got the watermelon!" The excited winners in tent 42 Boyville, try hard not to look too proud of the honors they have won. It hasn't been easy always to keep their tent ready for inspection with so much happening around them—ball games, boxing, etc. It is marvelous how much inspiration is in a tiny white pennant bearing the single word PRIZE. Even the mothers covet one above their tent flaps.

On the beach:

At two-thirty P. M. the camp seems strangely deserted. On the bluff hundreds of pairs of eyes are turned toward the lake, ears are alert for the signal—a bell rings, a whistle blows and a mad, merry race of young and old ends at the beach. Some are clad in gorgeous bathing suits, some in faded fragments, some in overalls and some in little dresses, but all are keen for the jolly water frolic that is the most attractive feature of camp life.

In the Amusement Hall:

The Arden Shore piano works real

magic. The shy girl with large feet, the supercilious flapper with infinite knowledge of the latest steps, the lifeless girl with no ambition, are all shortly skipping through the mazes of an intricate folk dance. With fun and laughter the breathless hour comes to an end and the warning bell summons the dancers to supper in the big open dining room.

When Winter Comes:

"Up and at 'em" in joyous chorus from every corner of the big open air dormitory and another day has begun. Extra milk, a long rest period, wholesome food, regular living sounds like a monotonous routine, but make it the daily program of forty boys and it becomes a living, vital force. It transforms skinny, lifeless, irritable boys, unable to get a working certificate, into bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, laughing young soldiers, eager for a try at life's battles.

CAMP FIRE FOOD SALE TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

The household skill and cooking ability of the Camp Fire Girls of Winnetka was tested and satisfactorily demonstrated when they conducted a most successful cake sale and bazaar in Community House. The Boy Scouts of Troop No. 1 also had a table on which they displayed bread, cakes and other foods which they had cooked themselves, and articles of hand craft, such as bird-houses, tools, etc.

Each of the seven groups of girls had a table, which they decorated and arranged themselves, and on which were displayed delicious foods—home-cooked—and fancy articles made by their clever fingers. Dainty bags, collar-and-cuff sets, table mats, sweaters, scarfs, handkerchiefs and other useful articles in attractive display delighted the many purchasers who made possible the financial success of the undertaking.

So many Winnetka housewives came to buy and so great was their enthusiasm, that by early afternoon, the tables were sold out.

Most of the groups registered one hundred per cent in effort—each girl making a contribution. "Local Honor Beads", much coveted by the girls, will be awarded. A little over \$100 was cleared and will be used for Camp Fire and camp purposes—but best of all—the hundred girls have again had the joy of effort together in a united purpose.

Your Neighbor

Mr. Edinger has been doing business on the North Shore for the past 15 years, and possibly you did not know that he lived in Winnetka; well he does, and therefore feels as one of you, and seeing the class of people around him as there are in Winnetka, he decided to make a special and personal plea for their patronage through these columns. To show his appreciation, Mr. Edinger will give his neighbors of Winnetka personal attention and his expert advice any evening you wish to call him at his residence.

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