

GIRLS' COUNSELOR TELLS ABOUT INDIAN HILL CAMP

Winnetka Group Under Leadership of "Chief Davies" Enjoys Great Outing

Editor's Note: In the following article Miss Jessie D. West, one of the counselors for the girls at Chief J. W. F. Davies' Indian Hill camp near Ludington, Michigan, which closed last week, tells of the activities and program which was followed throughout the camping period.

By Jessie D. West

After an easy trip on the Nevada on July 11, we arrived at Indian Hill camp in time for breakfast.

There are some places where expressions take a deep hold and the particular expression that was to be noticed at camp was "sleuthing." After breakfast, therefore, we "sleuthed" about, got the tents in order and in general prepared ourselves for whatever program "Chief" might suggest. On the first day, tent-leaders were chosen, tents assigned and a trip taken in the war canoes.

The following day was a big day,

for over two-thirds of the camp was to be initiated before they were to be allowed in the campfire circle. The costumes that the girls wore at this time were both odd and incongruous, hair braided in numerous pigtails, clothes inside out and stockings mismatched. Their table manners would have shocked a careful parent, for during the entire three meals they ate with their knives. They walked up and down hill backward, they salaamed when they saw an old camper, they carried eggs in their pockets; in fact they did everything that would make them feel "as lowly worms." That night, "Chief" according to the usual ceremony burned their camp nickname on a slip of paper in the camp fire; thus giving them their camp name and welcoming them as full-fledged campers.

Work Like Play

Work seems so much like play when one is at camp that one almost forgets to include it. The campers worked on the light house the boys had started, made leather bags of all varieties and beaded or tooled them. They even put on a play called "The Boy Will." There was blueberrying and gravel hauling for anyone who

chanced to be late for meals or was caught enjoying a midnight feed.

There are certain expeditions that mean Indian Hill Camp to the girls. One of these is the trip to the lighthouse over the sand dunes, and "some trip!" Up dunes and down dunes until one wonders whether one will ever manage to make camp again. On the way to the lighthouse, we stopped at Devil's Island a large dune thickly wooded. It was here that "Skeeters" Stultz made her famous remark. As a large arbor vitae branch flew back and hit her on the knee as she descended the mound, she was heard to say "Well, if this belongs to the Devil he can have it." The lighthouse was a revelation to one. Clean and spotless, the girls were much impressed with the neatness of the place and the fact that the lighthouse keeper had a large flower garden, although the soil was nothing but sand.

Enjoy River Trip

The River Trip is the great adventure. This trip was taken during the latter part of camp after the girls had become used to paddling and rowing, for it is ten miles up the river to the bridge and ten miles back. It is usually adventurous and this year was no exception. One of the canoes tipped just as it reached Larson's Landing and gave all the occupants an early morning dip. Lolly Barrett also tried the water and assured us that it was warm but Elizabeth Boldenweck assured us when she got out that there were snakes on the bottom of the river, and there may have been, for on the way up we counted five large snakes sunning themselves in the

branches of the trees, but snakes are not the only scenery; there were groves filled with tiger lilies, wild roses, elder berries and ponds of water lilies. As we rounded the last bend we saw Gould and Leon seated on the bridge and blowing "Soupie." It was never more welcome. We stopped long enough to eat and take a swim, then started with the current back to camp; it was much easier on the return lap and we were tired enough to be glad of that ease.

On Sunday it is the usual custom for the girls to divide themselves into groups and with some counselor, make a trip and tell about it at Sunday dinner. On one Sunday part of the camp visited the Auks, a French Indian family that have lived on Lake Hamlin for a number of years, while the rest of the camp and their guests Mr. and Mrs. French paddled to the dunes and investigated two small lakes in the vicinity of Hamlin and adjoining wood. It was a result of such Sunday expeditions that the mess hall was decorated, birch bark canoes made, flowers and ferns collected and individual wild flower gardens started.

Campers Do Stunts

Every tent had a "Tent night." And there were some clever songs and original names for tents given. One particularly interesting program was that of tent No. 7, that was called the "Microphone." They gave their program in the form of a broadcasting station in which one could see as well as hear the performers. Then there is poetry night. This takes up camp fire time each Sunday and every girl gives one poem original or one that she has chosen. A number of the girls this year wrote their

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