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OF
CEDAR CREST CAMP
FOR BOYS
ON SNOW POND
OF
THE BELGRADE CHAIN OF LAKES
OAKLAND, - - - - - MAINE

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LODGE N

This was the domicile of the camp's big boys—big both in stature and accomplishments. Every member was a shining light in something or other—fact is, without them Cedar Crest would be found sadly lacking. However, there is one thing that stood far above everything else accredited to us—our marks for inspection. We allow ourselves to be congratulated because of the spirit of cleanliness and purity that prevailed at all times. Our bunk was as it rightfully deserved to be—a model for the younger boys to look up to and respect.

Lewis Rosen. Lou was a versatile athlete—one of Cedar Crest's best tennis players, and a fine performer in baseball and track. Aside from his other work, the younger Rosen was an accomplished musician. He could make a piano talk.

Walter Endel. Cedar Crest's best swimmer, that's Wally. Yes sir, that boy could thrash his way through the water. Walter was camp sheik—and how? Trouble is, he was "too young."

Kenneth Kurson. This Bangorite was just too funny. It seemed as if his store of wise cracks would never be depleted. Ken was a fine dramatist, he played comedy parts to perfection. And what a Frenchy he made—remember?

Sumner Barron. "Muggins Bay" was our star athlete. He pitched some mean ball games, and took the camp's tennis cup. Sumner knew his warbling too—his minstrel number was a wow.

Nathaniel Gorfinkle. Nat was over at Birch Crest so much with Julian Rosen that it's difficult to write about his activities at our place.

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