
ern school with its modern children, tucked it under my cloak until I reached my desk. To add to my embarrassment the teacher asked me if I came hatless, while I was tucking it in my desk.

So it was a great boon, when my cousin from the north made a visit to Tennessee, in 1936, when I was nine years old, and brought me back with her.

“Jerks” at Camp

Martha Finney

Perhaps it would be well to explain the significance of the word “jerks” before proceeding further. “Jerks” is a Girl Scout colloquialism for the daily early-morning calisthenics. Of all the institutions in a Girl Scout camp or under the sun, this one is to me the most distasteful.

There is one main reason for this dislike. Consider for a moment a typical morning at camp. The bugle sounds, and it is necessary to report for jerks immediately. At six-thirty of a summer's morning the grass is very dewy, and consequently after a few minutes of running and jumping about in it, not only the slippers are wet, but also the bottoms of one's pajama trousers. Having cold, slimy slippers is sufficiently uncomfortable, but to have clammy pajamas clinging to one's ankles is unbearable. In addition to the physical discomfort, this condition also makes it impossible to slip back into a warm, inviting cot for a stolen few moments of laziness before the bugle calls for the Colors ceremony.

How much more satisfying it is to substitute in place of this ordeal a swift plunge into Lake Erie, which succeeds in awakening one so completely that there is no temptation to climb back into bed.

Through The Years

Marie Therese Schubert

My reading library enlarged when grade school work had begun with the well-known additions of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and *Black Beauty*, a book that caused many tears to flow, and instilled in me, as I remember, a passionate love for horses.

As the years progressed, school became more closely an intrinsic part of my life. My parents were helping and encouraging, and sets of books were bought for reference work. They lent whole-hearted support in any worthy affair that had connection with the school; their willingness to help made me love them more than ever before.

Experiences rather than people influenced my early years: certain trips away from home; occasional rides into the country, accompanied by lovely hikes in the fall on cushioned rugs of scarlet leaves; cold but happy hunting excursions in snowy winters, when I carried a gun more for ostentation than for meat for the pantry. The physical exertion made me feel fully alive and exuberantly in secret communion with Nature.

My dog, on whom I tagged the suitable name of Mutt, was a big joy; and although his size did not equal that of the St. Bernard whose picture decorated one wall of my room, I cared for him much more than for the big brown-eyed, inert canine. I remember especially one occasion when he played the role of “Mary's Little Lamb,” and followed me to school. He did look very gentle and subdued sitting on the seat with the teacher; but too much commotion was aroused, and Mutt reluctantly had to depart.