

"A 15 MILE SKATING HIKE"

One Saturday afternoon in the early fall of 1923, Miss Bertha and her sister and friends planned to go on a skating hike and invited members of the "Evergreen" to go along.

It was decided to ride to Sparrows Point, Md. and then skate home, or as far as we could skate and then walk the rest of the way.

We took the car at Third St. and transferred at Highlandtown. While we waited for the Sparrow's Pt. car we bought chestnuts and peanuts and ate them in the car. We ate so many and made such a mess that when we left the car it looked like a five and ten cent store at 12:00 p.m. Sat. night. We at last arrived at the sticks and hurriedly put on our skates. We skated in partners and either a few of the girl's skates came off or they kissed mother nature's wonderful black face which was all in the game. We skated about three miles and then stopped at a store and bought and drank Orange ade and then continued on our journey. We skated two more miles and then the road got rough and we had to walk. We walked for about a mile, hoping the road would soon get better. To our great disappointment it did not and we hailed a passing automobile and the kind driver took us in. Some girls were glad they got a lift while others were disappointed because they didn't skate the whole 15 miles. We certainly had a splendid time and in years to come we will tell our grandchildren of the "Evergreen" and the wonderful times we had.

By: Anna Mack

"OUR 1923 THANKSGIVING PARTY"

As Thanksgiving day was drawing near, we girls of the "Evergreen" wondered what we could do to show that we too might take part in this blessed day. We decided to show and prove that we were grateful for the countless blessings bestowed upon us, by giving some folks less fortunate than we, something to be thankful for, something to make them happy. Many suggestions were made, but we finally decided to give a Thanksgiving party to a number of poor children in Baltimore City. We planned to have a festival dinner and prepared for about 30 children. Sister Lena Nos, deaconess of our church, gave us a number of names of children that we thought would like to come to our party. Different committees were appointed to go to the homes of the children and take an invitation to each family and also assure the parents that the children would be safe. The girls that were appointed also had to see that the children arrived at the party safely and then escort them home. So friends who had machines were asked to go after our guests and then take them home after the party and were only too glad to assist us in anyway they could for such a cause. Therefore we had no trouble getting the children altho we would have had a difficult task getting them to the party via street cars.

As the day drew near we were greatly excited over the good time in store for all. We came down the night before the party and decorated the hall and set the tables and made necessary arrangements. All were anxious to see what a time the children were going to have and could hardly wait until the next day, it seemed so long coming.

Miss Margaret Paulsen, Mrs. O. Norden and Mrs. Margaret Bechtold kindly consented to take care of preparing the dinner for us .

Saturday morning just seemed to fly and before we knew it, it was time to call for the children. When they came they seemed so shy that we played "Going to Jerusalem" to make them feel at home. We gave a prize to the one who stayed in the game the longest. After that they seemed more at ease, so we separated the larger children from the smaller ones and played games such as

Pinning on the donkey's tail, Beast, Bird and Fish, Old Lady from the Woods, Bobbing for apples, etc. We played games from 4 to 6 p.m. and then best of all we had dinner. They seemed so excited that they could hardly eat, but nevertheless they sat down and made an attempt. We had chicken and dressing, peas, potatoes, sour kraut, cranberry sause, celery, bread, butter, coffee, nuts, candy, cake and ice cream and each one received favors. Stories were told by Miss Irene Norden, recitations were given by the Misses Catherine Beacham and Margaret Poulsen. After Sister Lena prayed and talked to the children, Miss Bertha told them how we had enjoyed entertaining them. As our time was limited we had to hurry things along and so at seven o'clock we got all the children ready to go home. As a great deal of food was left over, each family represented was given a bag of substantials. As some girls took the children home, the others cleaned up and we can truly say that by helping others, we had the most blessed and happiest Thanksgiving.

By: Mary E. Mueller
(V-P 1924)

"CHRISTMAS, 1923"

Several weeks before Christmas, it was suggested and decided upon that the members of the "Evergreen" whom the Lord had so richly blessed, devote their time and effort on Christmas Eve to bringing joy and sunshine into the lives of several shut-ins whom Sister Lena Nos had acquainted us with. It was also decided that we outfit a baby whom Sister Lena had told us about. To each shut-in we planned to take a basket of fruit or a flower.

After making a list of baby clothes - diapers, night gowns, petticoats, dresses, etc. Mrs. Norden purchased the necessary material, needles, thread, etc. and we commenced sewing. Remarks such as these could have been heard by a passerby during this busy season: "Hey, where's that cotton" "Doggone it I lost my needle" "Ouch my finger!" But at last the cotton was brought forth, the needle found, and the wounded finger healed and we again started to work.

After the articles which could be made by hand were finished, we all went to Highlandtown and purchased such things as a white coat, woolen cap and sweater, stockings, shirts, booties and a friend of the "Evergreen" Miss L. Leimbach presented a blanket and a rattle. Sister Lena however, thought that it was too much to give to one child when there were so many other poor children needing clothing, so as per her suggestion, we divided the clothing into three parts and instead of clothing one baby we had the pleasure of clothing three.

On Dec. 24th, (Christmas Eve) we all met at Miss Bertha's home at 6:15, and after each girl had been given something to carry, either a basket of fruit, or a plant, or a bundle of clothing, or hymnals, etc. we started out on our blessed mission. At the first house we sang Christmas carols, read the scriptures, and someone prayed. Then our gift was presented. This was the house of an old invalid and all

who witnessed the scene, knew that the invalid enjoyed our visit as well as other members of the household.

As we went from house to house, we sang Christmas carols. The last house to which we went was occupied by a middle aged man who was crippled. All enjoyed watching the delight and joy which shone forth from this man's face. After singing, reading the scriptures and praying, we presented our small gift of love. It was so very little, the least and the most that we could give, yet it was given in the spirit of Christmas and received in the same way. After all it isn't how much we give that counts but the manner in which it is given. And the cheery smiles of the girls and the songs and prayer meant more than the little basket of fruit.

As it was growing late, we decided to keep the remaining packages until a later date. One of the girls volunteered to deliver one of the remaining packages on Christmas Day and the last package was kept by Miss B. who delivered it a few days later.

Going home we talked out our visits and all agreed that we had had a blessed time in showing others less fortunate that someone cares. We remembered Christ's words: "What ye do unto the least of these my brethern, ye do unto Me" and so the "Evergreen" presented their birthday gift to Christ.

by: Margaret Mueller

Jan. 15th, 1924

The weekly meeting of the "Evergreen" was held on Tuesday, Jan. 8th, 1924. The meeting was called to order by our president, and after songs and prayer, the business was discussed. If we are asked to take a table at the oyster-supper we will do so, but if not, we will not offer our help. There is about \$40.00 to be used for a treat for the inmates of Bay View. Rev. Batz has asked us to visit inmates and have charge of this treat. It was then decided to have a membership campaign. On Jan. 22 we will give a treat to our new members and to our mothers. After a brief discussion of this question, the meeting adjourned.

C. A. Beacham, Sec.

Jan. 22nd, 1924

The weekly meeting of the "Evergreen" was called to order by our president. It was held on Jan. 15th, 1924. After the treasurer's report, several other members gave reports on hikes, parties, and other things the club gave. Mr. Schmeiser then came and asked us if we would take the cake table at the oyster-supper this year. We have decided to take it and every girl will be asked to bring at least three cakes; more if she can. The girls then told of the new members who will come next week. Mary Mueller and L. Poulsen will have charge of the refreshments. They will get enough for about forty. There will be no entertainment. They are coming to see just what we do in club. Some Sat. in the near future, we will take a hike. The meeting then adjourned. We had gym and games until 9:30.

C. A. Beacham, Sec.

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Jan. 29th, 1924

The weekly meeting of the Evergreen was held on Tuesday Jan. 22nd, 1924, in the hall. As it was our First Anniversary, the mothers of the girls and the new members came. Mr. Batz led us in prayer and then gave us a short talk. Miss Bertha after the reading of the minutes by the secretary and the treasurer's report gave a talk on what the club will do in the future. She suggested that we have our business meeting from half past seven until 7:50 or 8 and from then until 8:30 have bible study, or at least learn a little more about the bible. The girls were in favor of this so we will begin this week. Our hike will be on Feb. the 9th and we will go to Forest Grove. After this we had gym, danced the Virginia Reel and then sat down to rest. Finally after playing "Teapot" for a while the eats were ready. While we were eating the girls read their compositions. Everyone said they had a fine time, going home with a better knowledge of the work our club is doing.

C. A. Beacham, Sec.

Feb. 5th, 1924

The weekly meeting of the "Evergreen" was held on Tues. Jan. 29th. We opened with songs and prayer. Two new members have joined our club; Esther and Marie Mack. Miss Bertha asked if any girls have been promised any cakes. Many girls had. Our hike was then discussed. It is to be on Feb. 9th. and the place has not been definitely decided upon. Miss Bertha then gave a short talk for the benefit of the new girls on the aims and ideals of our club. A second verse to our club song is to be written by the girls and handed in this week. We then had our bible class for about 45 minutes. We played games until 9:45.

C. A. Beacham, Sec.

"DRUID HILL PARK --- 1924"

During the latter part of July, 1924, our Sunday School held it's annual picnic at Druid Hill Park, and the "Evergreen" was asked to take charge of the games and races.

Accordingly, games and races were listed and prizes selected and purchased for the occasion and on the "Great Day" everything was ready for the picnic.

On the morning of the "Great Day" the girls met at Berth's house, each willing to bear a part of the burden, ie balls, a net, prizes, empty bottles, bags, and what not. After distributing the above among the girls, we started out. Enroute we laughed, talked and even sang, and I suppose the conductor was mighty glad when those "rough-necks" got off at the park. Walking along to the grove we sang and cheered, although it was very difficult as our burdens were so heavy, and we could scarcely get out breath.

When we reached the grove, we arranged everything in the little leafy bower which was to be our home for the time being, and hung our pendant up at the entrance.

Our net was next to go up, and for a time we played volley ball. Then we gathered the little children together and for an hour or so, played singing games with them. By that time quite a number of the older boys and girls had arrived, so we formed two teams and had a number of relays, played dodge ball, spud, and had a lovely hot time. It was then about 12:30 so we all decided what we wanted next was - lunch. After eating all we possibly could, we strolled around the park, visiting the animals and enjoying nature in general. When we returned to the grove, Harry B. had arrived so we decided to prepare for the old ball game which the "shrimps" had challenged us to several weeks before.

It seemed as though the slope on our grove was just made for our game. There were three little trees just located at the right distances for bases. Harry had a new bat and indoor base ball, and oh

boy, with our high spirits, we just knew we were going to have a great old time. A little after 2 o'clock, we all had our positions and were ready for action: Harry, the old dear, pitched on the "Shrimps" team, but he really wasn't pitching for the "shrimps," but for his little girl friends. Altho' Harry did his darndest and we cheered and played some snappy ball, the "Shrimps" won! A metal was presented to them and Harry felt mighty proud, we are sure, when the metal was pinned on him.

Ice cream was then served, after which we had the races. The winners, received prizes of course, and were delighted with them.

Soon after the races it started to rain but that did not dampen our spirits or stop our good time. We took advantage of this lull to finish eating our lunch, and then sang a little more. When it had almost stopped raining we went out on the slope and drilled and acted like crazy. Harry and the boys came out then and we played a part of another game.

After seven o'clock, we stopped playing and endeavored to make ourselves presentable to go home. We gathered all of our belongings together and soon we were all ready.

We had a nice time going home, talking our heads almost off and at Broadway and Eastern Ave., the gang parted.

Everyone was mighty happy, even thou the "Evergreen" lost the game, but surely we can afford to smile -- we will have another chance to lick those "Shrimps" at Fairview!

by:--

Lillian Poulsen

It's Monday, Monday, Aug. 25, 1924, a day which when uttered, sent a thrill down the spine of every "Evergreen" and now it has really arrived. But let us peep into the homes of these girls and take note of what we see. Alas! The eyes of the girls are brimming with tears, their lips trembling and some are even scolding. Why such a change of expression, you may ask, for was it not but twenty four hours ago that these selfsame girls were giggling, chattering and expressing their desire for the next day? But ah, did you not take note of the weather in your hurry to see these expectant faces? However listen to the following remarks and you shall not be in doubt very long as to what caused the trouble.

"Rain, rain, rain, Oh why did you have to come -- Mercy knows we don't want you today of all days. Oh you contrary thing, why did you have to come?" The above is snatches of phrases which were heard by the spectator, from the direction of the girls. But from the mothers quite a different tune was heard, as follows: "There now I told you that you couldn't go. Not in this storm. You'll never get home alive. That old Emma Giles breaks down in good weather, what in the world do you think it will do on such a day as this?" Just then the telephone rang and another wail was heard from across the line.

"Dear fellow sufferer in distress,
Was it you who made this awful mess?
Mother says Em will sink,
Where did she get that idea do you think?
I'll go, I'll go, I know I'll go,
To Shady Side, if I must row,
Will see you at Clinton Street,
Good-bye, Goodbye, until we meet."

Then as if inspired by this dramatic speech, we girls made up our minds, and kissing our beloved parents as if it were the last time we were to meet, we started forth. To our surprise we found that Providence had actually smiled upon us, and the dreadful spigot had been turned off, for a while at least. Armed with suitcases and umbrellas, we girls arrived at 6068 Clinton St. to find that the poetess had already arrived with her brother, and his machine waiting to

take us to the boat. Into a five passenger machine twelve needles were piled and they weren't needles with one eye neither. Well, finally we arrived at the wharf. We girls waited until Mamma Bertha purchased the tickets and then we trooped on board. Then Mother Carey counted her chickens thusly, Alverta Rettman, Ella Rettman, Lillian Yeager, Lillian Poulsen, Anna, Esther and Marie Mack, Catherine Beacham, Clara Bauersfeld, Irene Norden, Margaret Mueller, and Mama herself, made our dirty dozen.

Then the boat started, on its journey. Never before were we more joyous to leave Balto. than we were at that moment. Waving goodbye to our dear city, which didn't seem so dear at the time, we turned our noses to the direction in which we were traveling. After a few minutes of trying to review our geography, we gave up the attempt as to trying to decide whether we were going north, east, south, or west. Knowing that Emma Giles was to be our home for a few hours, we thought that it would be well if we should become acquainted with our new abode. Accordingly we proceeded to the dance floor, and very soon we became acquainted with "Our Professor". After playing a few dances for us, as we were the only ones stepping, our pianist played a few of the popular songs to which we tried to sing. Then Cas, our fortune teller got out her cards and I know that one girl who was told that she was to meet a dark complected young man is still waiting for that dark complected sheik! Every colored person who happened to glance her way, made her shiver. Some of the other girls were affected in this way also, but all were not so frivolous. Then we went to see how well our wraps, which we had taken off, were becoming acquainted. How glad we were that we had put them into the salon for it had begun to rain again. Then out came the big box. This was like a signal, for at once the girls ran for their chairs and made a circle. Then the papers were distributed. How our voices rang, if not in harmony, they certainly rang in volume for as soon as we stopped to draw a breath, a man's head and hand was poked out of the parlor and a tempting box of candy was held out with the promise that if we would sing the song, "We're going" a piece of this candy would be awarded to each one of us.

Of course the temptation was too hard to resist. Then we thought that we ought to have a dance in the honor of such good work. On the way to the hall, someone suggested that we should dance the Virginia Reel. Of course Professor could play Turkey in the Straw for us, and play it he did. So forming two lines, we danced the Virginia Reel as best as we knew how, with a boat full of people as audience.

In the course of time all were beginning to feel a little hungry, but with the reassuredness that soon we would be at Foxes with a good substantial meal before us, which ought not to be spoiled by a paltry devil crab, which was served on the boat, we waited patiently. Having arrived at Annapolis we looked at the Capital and felt rather proud that this beautiful building represented the cities of Maryland, Baltimore included. Then the boat moved on again, all too slow now for we were anxious to get to our destination. Trudging along the river, Emma did her best to meet our demands. But after a few hours so it seemed to us, but in reality only sixty minutes, we passed Foxes. What a beautiful place, even in the pouring rain. A few minutes later we were docked at the wharf of Shady Side. Then filing off we sang, "Hail Shady Side, Hail" with more fervor than we sang any of our other songs. Remarks were overheard by different girls and excuse us if it sounds vain, but really it comes with our trip so here it is, "Let us hang a crepe on the boat, for "Em" will be dead after these girls leave." Soon we girls heard the unfamiliar sound, "All aboard" and turning to see who uttered these words our eyes met with those of dear old Bill's, but who was at that moment, Mr. Bill, who ran the launch for Mr. Fox. Wet on the outside, but as warm, as happy, and as dry on the inside, beyond words description, we piled into Mr. Foxes launch. Altho' the rain was purring down our necks and water was dripping from the brims of our hats, we laughed, talked and sang to our hearts content. When we arrived at Foxes, the next project to be considered was that of rooms. After this problem was settled, the fact remained that Bertha and Irene Norden, Lillian Poulsen, Esther and Anna Mack were to stay in one room and the following

girls: Catherine Beacham, Alverta Rettman, Ella Rettman, Marie Mack, Lillian Yeager, Clara Bauersfeld, Margaret Mueller were to stay in another. All of a sudden all the girls looked queer, a funny growling noise was heard from every direction, and all rushed for the box of kisses which Alverta Rettman brought to the rescue. In a minute this was empty and as the prospects of getting something to eat were slim, we thought that we would unpack. Then began the talking, "What dress did you bring?" "How many did you say?" "My how pretty!" "Wish I had one." "Don't you like this one?" And so on until one girl said, "Don't you feel hungry" and again all dispaired.

Soon again, "All Aboard" was heard once more, and altho we were puzzled we ran to see why these two words were said. Bertha was already by the boat calling to her chickens. To our disappointment all could not go, for Bill was only going to take the row boat. So some returned to the house and finished unpacking. There they wrote letters. While they were still indulged in this act, the others came back soaked again. Then Bill told us to go into the dining room. Of course we thought he meant for us to eat, and our countenances beamed. But to our disappointment he just meant for us to dance. We became acquainted with the other vacationists but after a little while our stomachs still protested. Then we sought refuge in our rooms to await the coming event which was so important to us at the time. Still the time dragged. Finally one girl looked at her watch and made this startling announcement. "Girls in fifteen minutes we eat." Well I think it is needless to say that was the longest quarter of an hour that had even been experienced, by any of us. At the end of the time which seemed endless, a bell was heard and our instinct told us that supper was about to be served. All the girls rushed for the dining hall, and altho it was still raining very hard, no one seemed to mind. We quickly seated ourselves, and we certainly did go south on that swell cooking. However, we finally finished and now feeling better we went out, but to our disgust we found that the rain was still coming down in torrents.

Then we went visiting. One girl began to give the good points of her room only to be interrupted by one of the other girls from the other room. They came to this conclusion, that they were both very good, but still each thought in her heart that her room was the better.

Then we were informed that the dining room was at our disposal again that night for dancing and games. So again our gang trooped into the hall while the rain kept raining. We were hopping around when suddenly a head popped into the door and then came feet. Then the whole body appeared and with it a guitar. Then this cowboy, so he thought he was, began to play. Instantly Mamma and Aunt Maggies heads went together, and we all knew that they were up to some prank. So they called Bill Poulsen and these three gave us a sketch. Irene, the villain, Berth, the Heroine and Lill the hero. This seemed to warm up our cowboy and he and Irene gave the L'Apache. Such fun, but by this time we were very tired, and wishing to try out our new beds we bid good night to our newly made friends. Then each grabbing a lantern, we proceeded to our respective rooms. All dressed or should we say undressed, in our night gowns, we knelt in prayer. Oh for so much had we to be thankful! Then one of the girls read a portion of the bible, and then we hopped into bed. Poor bert said, "Say, Marg, don't you feel this bed rocking. I actually believe I'm on the boat" Clara said, "Gee this bed is hard," Cas said, "Oh shut up I want to get some sleep, don't you?" and we all decided that we did and into slumber land we tumbled.

In memory --

Margaret Mueller

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 25, 1924

"TUESDAY AT SHADY SIDE"

Hurrah, Tuesday! Just imagine girls, this is the second day of our vacation.

We awoke very early in the morning account of the roaring of the wind, that wicked creature, who could not be seen but heard, and there was the rain beating against the windows and the trees making all the noise possible and the dipper which hung on the pump clanging to and fro. Many a time the little needles drank out of this dipper when they came home from a launch trip and danced with Bill; while inside there was the clashing of tongues, talking about the time they had before they went to bed and what they were going to do this day.

Katherine Beacham was the first girl to jump out of bed; in fact, she was the first one to get up every morning. The first thing she did was to pull the curtain aside to see if it was raining; but, to her surprise, she found it wasn't. How happy we all were, as we danced around the room. We could go in bathing and do many other things that we could not do Monday. Just then the first breakfast bell rang. Finding out that we only had half an hour, we quickly washed our faces and hands, put on our stockings and shoes, combed our hair, brushed our teeth the best we could and put on our blouses and bloomers, which we thought suitable for the morning. We then had but a few minutes left, which we spent in running around the lawn or sitting in the swings. When the next bell rang, we all marched in the dining room to take our assigned places at the table. My, how appetizing the cantelope, eggs neatly arranged on the plates, fried tomatoes and muffins looked. We certainly did enjoy our breakfast.

After breakfast we skipped to our rooms, happy as larks. No wonder we were happy - there wasn't a dish to wash or dry. We did not hear our mother's voice that morning, saying, "Lillian, Mag, Alverta, put the water on to get hot - you will have to do dishes." This certainly was a joy to all who had to do dishes at home. After straightening our rooms the best we could, we went out on the lawn to get

acquainted with the other vacationists. The first one with whom we became acquainted was "Bill." One may wonder why we mention him first. We would tell them because he was the one who showed us a good time. He took us out in the launch every time he could go and chaperoned us to dances and did many other things for us - especially Berth. Among the other vacationists were Mr. and Mrs. Kurtz, whom we called Uncle Ed and Aunt Bertha, Mr. and Mrs. McNish and Mr. and Mrs. Seamon and their children.

After making these acquaintances, we sat out on the lawn for a while, then we went rowing. After we returned, we heard Bill's voice - "Bertha, bring your dozen if you want to go fishing with me." This time Bertha did not take her dozen she only took half. The other half remained at home to finish writing to their parents and friends. After we finished mailing our cards and returned from the fishing trip, the bell rang for dinner. After dinner we all went in bathing, which was the greatest pleasure we looked forward to since coming to Shady Side. Some of the girls knew how to swim; others made a swell attempt. We splashed around in the water and played ring-a-round-a-rosy, which was great fun. We stayed in the water about two hours. After rinsing our bathing suits and hanging them up to dry for the next day, we played ball and did many other things to enjoy ourselves. It was then time for supper. After supper Bill took all of the vacationists launch riding. As we were riding along you could see the sun setting. My, how beautiful it looked! We sang songs which sounded good on water, at least we thought so.

After the launch ride we all wanted Bill to take us to a dance, but he told us that there wasn't a dance that night and that he would take us to one the next night. We then took a walk up to the bakery with Mrs. Fox and Bill. From there we went to Nowell's to get some candy and cakes to eat in bed. Good-night, Some Perfect Day.

Lillian Yeager.

Wednesday, August 27, 1925.

Wednesday! how the time does fly. Ding, dong! there go the breakfast bell. Several of us girls scamper away while one fair maiden with long tresses cries, "Wait for me I won't be long". Finally everyone is seated at the table saying "Fanny sure is a dandy cook". After breakfast we girls run to our rooms to take one last look at ourselves for today we are going to a picnic with Bill. How well we can hear that manly call of Bill "All aboard". Bill helps us into the launch and we are off, singing merrily. We at last arrive at the picnic grounds. "Won't you have a drink?" courteous Bill asks. Of course we won't refuse. We then went over to the soft drink stand and soon all were sipping ~~his~~ their drinks. Here we met Bill's girl Hannah. We went around the ground attracting attention. The baseball game was to start at 2.00 p.m. so that we went over to watch it. Gailsville and Shady Side were playing. Of course we were for Shady Side we told one curious person. We yelled and sang for them. Bill was umpire. "Batter up" and with the batter the hearts ~~of~~ of the "Evergreen" went up in the air with him. "Good boy run", we screamed. We were very enthusiastic about the game. The sun poured down on us but we still sang on cheerily for Shady Side. At last the game was over and Shady Side had won. Everyone complemented us and said they ought to have been for Shady Side. Imagine going against their own team just because it had lost one game. After a while we went home tired but happy for our team had been victorious. That night we went to a dance tired yet never too tired to dance.

By

Alverta Rettman

"THURSDAY AT SHADY SIDE"

Thursday was started as usual by everyone drowsily slipping from their beds and getting dressed for breakfast. After eating as much as we were able, we went to our rooms to put a few finishing touches to our faces and prepare for a day of fun. Bill promised to take us in the launch to buy bait. A very short time had elapsed when we heard his familiar cry of "All aboard." We all gaily hopped into the launch and scrambled for our preferred seats. We sang many of our songs, including Bill's favorite which we sang over and over. When we reached the boat which we had been heading for, Bill inquired about the bait. He was unable to get it so we turned homeward.

When we reached home, someone proposed that we go in bathing. Everyone speedily consented. In about ten minutes the bath house was filled with discarded clothes and the float filled with a happy bunch of girls. We stayed in the water until noon, then dressed for dinner. Everyone enjoyed the meal immensely as the food was just what our tummies were wishing for. After dinner a game of volley ball was played. When those not playing wished to know who was winning they did not need a score card. They could easily tell by looking what side Uncle Ed was on, for he hit the ball in such a way that the players of the opposite side had little or no chance of hitting it back. We had a wonderful time, and played until most everyone grew tired, and hot. We then rested the remaining part of the afternoon. When 5 o'clock rolled around we ate supper and then went to our rooms to dress for a dance at Hartges. About 7:30 we boarded Bill's launch and started for Bill's girl's house. When we reached her home she came out and joined us in the launch. After riding a short distance we came to a dance parlor situated on the edge of the water. Bill informed us that this was Hartge's. We danced so much that we grew tired and hot, but we had a great time. Everyone enjoyed herself much more than at Nowell's. About eleven o'clock we started home. Some were almost asleep but the rest were singing. When we reached home the other boarders were sitting on the

FRIDAY -- AUGUST 29TH, 1924

It seems like late hours keep the twelve little noddles of the "Evergreen" in bed longer in the a.m. Gosh is that 7:30 already? It seems like we are just going to bed instead of getting up. Lill and Berth, the sleepest ones in the gang, are just rolling out of bed. It is now 5 of 8 and the bunch is still discussing last night's dance at Harje's. There goes that good old breakfast bell; that means we'll be late cause we're not nearly finished dressing. Yum-yum, this breakfast certainly does taste goo to the hungry crowd. After breakfast, Uncle Ed taught us a few points in Volley Ball. Bill invited us to go oystering and believe me we didn't refuse his invitation. We quickly powdered our noses and then all-aboard was heard and the gang dashed to the launch and were soon sailing down the Chesapeake Bay. When Bill had a tong full of oysters, our Bertha thought he looked so charming, she just had to take his picture. We loaded the basket with oysters, and then sailed back to Foxes. We watched Bill shuck the oysters, thinking how good the pan cakes would taste. We fooled around until dinner, and then went to the boat landing with Mr. & Mrs. Seaman and the children. We bid them a hasty good-bye and then went to visit the ice plant. It was right big for a one horse town like Shady Side. A few of the girls went in Bathing, and were taught how to swim and dive by Irene and Lill. We were asked to go to a dance with our launch rider and pal, and then came wash day for the girls. It seems like we all only had one pair of white stockings for we washed them every day. We polished our slippers for we wanted to make a hit at the dance. We are getting to be regular dancers, and can hardly wait for the great event. At last we're strolling down the road singing lullabies to Bill and he still enjoys them even if it is Friday. We are beginning to worry about Monday, when we will have to go home and aren't so noisy. Of course Berth is having the first dance with Bill, even if Hannah, his girl is there. There are not enough fellows here, so we'll have to wait until we are asked to dance. About 11:30 we started home, the girls singing their songs down the dark road, with the flash light guiding there way. The moon was shining brightly and it was a perfect lover's night for Berth, Bill, Lill and Lee. Irene and Ann are

It seems like late hours keep the twelve little
 "evergreen" in our room in the a.m.
 leading and the rest of the gang are strolling
 along. Goodnight to every one and the five in
 our room are dressed in our kimones. We were
 sitting in bed, writing letters, till suddenly
 Lill Y. rapped at our door and told Berth to
 hurry over to her room for Clara was very sick.
 Berth with the flash light, Bromo S. and other
 things, led the great parade, and soon little
 Clara was all dosed up and resting peacefully.
 We went back to our room, laughing at the fun
 we didn't have while poor Clara was suffering
 with a terrible headache. We went to sleep
 thinking of the lovely time we were going to have
 Saturday.

by
 Anna Elizabeth Mack

soon sailing down the Chesapeake Bay. We
 and a long bill of oysters, our certain thought
 he looked so charming, she just had to take his
 picture. We looked the glass with oysters, and
 then sailed back to boxes. I watched Lill snuck
 the oysters thinking how good the ones would
 taste. We had dinner, and then
 went to the boat landing with Mr. & Mrs. Seaman
 and the children. We did them a nasty good-bye
 and then went to visit the ice plant. It was
 right dig for a one horse team like crazy side,
 a few of the girls went in bathing, and were taught
 how to swim and give by Irene and Bill. We were
 asked to go to a dance with our launch tiger and
 belt, and then came wash day for the girls. It seems
 like we all only had one half of white stockings
 for we washed them every day. We polished our
 all right for we wanted to make a hit at the dance.
 We are getting to be real dancers, and can
 hardly wait for the great event. At least we're
 strolling down the road singing full throats to Bill
 and he still enjoys them even if it is Friday.
 We are beginning to worry about Monday, when we will
 have to go home and start so noisy. Of course
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"SATURDAY AT SHADY SIDE"

Well its seven bells -- time for everyone to get up. It sure is a scene to see us hop out of bed. Gee there goes the bell for eats, and we're not half dressed yet. Sure is some rush. After breakfast we finished combing our hair and went outside. Clara after having a bad night, was feeling a little better. Bertha and Lill went down the store and got some cough medicine and Vick's Vapor Rub. When they came back the other girls were writing and playing around. Bertha rubbed Clara with the Vick's and gave her some cough medicine and told her to stay in bed until dinner time. So as orders were orders, she did. Bill said, he was going after fish, and if we wanted to go we could, so we all went aboard the launch. After getting the fish we returned home. We stood around and watched Bill clean the fish and were also waiting for something else.

Gee, gosh, there goes that dinner bell. One grand rush for the table, because we know what it means, after seeing that gang eat supper and breakfast. Talk about eat, why they ate so much and emptied the dishes so rapidly that we thought they were eating the dishes, until we saw Marie bringing them in again all filled. While we were eating, one would say, "I wish I were going home after dinner." Another made the remark, "I want to go home to see my dog." But after all was said and done, it had been decided that we all go home together on Monday. Well, dinner over, everyone left the table, feeling twice her size. Now the time was getting scarce, we were to go to a ball game over to Galesville, so we had to quickly doll up. "What are you going to wear" "Is this good enough" "Lend me your skirt, oh never mind, I'll wear my own" and by the time all these questions were asked, nearly all had decided to wear a middy and skirt. After we were all dressed and had hurried to get finished by 1:30 the time Lee said he would be around with the launch, not one was in sight. Our captain Bill couldn't take us because he was too busy. When we had waited until nearly 3 o'clock and Lee hadn't come yet, Bertha said that we wouldn't go, no not even if he would come." All of a sudden someone yelled, "Here's the launch," so then Bertha changed her mind. We all jumped in and off we went to the ball game, waving good-bye to Bill, for we hated to go without

him. When we landed at Galesville we had to walk up the road a little distance before we came to the ball ground. Lee, that poor fish, was hocked for twelve little 25 cent pieces, but what's that among friends. Well here we are at the ball game, ready to yell for Shady Side team, but to our sorrow they deceived us. The Galesville team beat Shady Side 24 to 4. On the way down the road to the launch we discussed the game and told Lee how rotten the Shady Side team was. Going home we were singing and laughing altho' we were the losing side. When we came to the prettiest spot on West River, Bertha thanked Lee for taking us. We were home no time when supper was ready. After supper we all washed up a bit and changed our dresses, then we were ready to go to the dance. We sat around awhile then Bill asked if we were ready so we started out. Where are we going? Why to Nowell's. Disappointed again because some of the fellows heads had more than they could hold, but that didn't bother us any for we didn't stay long. Mr. and Mrs. McNish had asked Bertha if any of us wanted to go on a fishing trip, if so, five could go. So Bertha, Lill, Irene, Ann and Lill Y. were the ones to go if they could get up in time. We were to leave at 4 o'clock Sunday morning. We left the dance early and even if Bill's girl was there he wouldn't let us go home without him. He had his last dance with her, then we all said, "Good-night" and started home. We talked a little while out front. Mr. McNish told Lill P. to tie a string on her toe, put it out the window and he would pull it in the morning.

Sleep was looking everyone into the eyes, so saying "good-night" we retired to our rooms. In one room, while we were undressing, we talked about the dance at Nowell's, the gang that was down there and the lovers we had met as we came up the lane. Some one blew the light out and then the fun began. Bertha, Ann and Lill P. were in one bed. They had bought silver buds, and were eating for all they were worth, when who flopped in but Lill Y. Their fellows outside were making a terrible noise, so we had to have our ears open and listen on. Half were all canned up and the other half were so in love they didn't know anything. We sat in bed until after one o'clock Bertha almost swearing that she heard Bill and that he was one of those who was drunk. All this while Irene

Sunday, August 31st, 1924

After a few, paltry hours of heavy, yet nevertheless sweet, slumber, the Jolly Fishermen, namely Lillian Poulsen, Anna Mack, Bertha Norden, Lillian Yeager and myself, were suddenly awakened by an unmistakable rattle on the outside of their sleeping quarters, and the voice of Mr. McNish came clearly thru the partition saying, "It's 3:30, girls, you'd better get up, if you care to go with us." (For you see it was the morning of our hastily planned fishing trip out to the Bay) With many a sigh and a groan, we finally pulled ourselves from under cover, and silently went thru the evolutions of preparing ourselves for the coming pleasant ordeal.

What a mysterious sight met our bewildered gaze as we gingerly stepped out into the chill air of morning. A lantern was flitting hither and thither, and hushed whispering could be heard coming from the direction of the landing. As we approached, the shapeless mass began to take form, and we found it to be our fellow fishermen, who were patiently waiting for us to arrive. After a little delay, while Bill got things ready, we finally stepped aboard the "Gallant Launch" and away we chugged thru the darkness to the Great Unknown Spaces to -- fish.

That was the most glorious ride I ever took during our stay at Shadyside. There was quite a little wind, which made the water very rough. At first everyone seemed to enjoy it very much, but gradually one after another succumbed to that dreaded disease "Sea - or I should say - Bay-sickness." To see the smiles fading from their bright morning faces was indeed pitiful, but as there was no turning back, and having nothing with which to aid them, we had to look on, while they bravely endured the pain as best they could.

I am sorry to say we caught narry a fish; in fact, we didn't even get a bite, but we had the pleasure of witnessing for the first time perhaps, a sunrise on the water. It was indeed beautiful. Just as we were deciding to go farther out on the Bay to try our luck, one of the men on board got a fish hook tangled up in his fore finger, which cer-

tainly did not add to the gayety of our adventure, but which made us, after Bill had dug it out, turn and bob homeward, just as the hands on Bill's watch pointed to 7 o'clock.

After breakfast, it being Sunday, the "Twelve Little Needles" dutifully walked to the little church situated down the road a piece, and enjoyed a Sunday School lesson at a little Shady Side church. It was a beautiful morning, and the sunshine was steaming in thru the colored glass windows of the building, which somehow made it seem very peaceful and remote from the rest of the universe. After the service, we again swung down the road to our adopted home, singing at the top of our voices, and making altogether too much noise for that peaceful Sabbath morning.

Upon arriving at our destination, we found the other boarders strewn around in various places, whiling away the uneventful hours of the morning, until that glorious event - dinner. So we too deposited ourselves under an old tree in front of the house and entertained ourselves as best we could. In what seemed a very short time, the dinner bell was sounded, and after thinking all morning of that Sunday dinner, that Fannie was preparing, no one was slow to answer the call, so with a whoop everyone rushed to the banqueting hall and indulged themselves to their hearts delight in such things as chicken, corn, hot rolls, and apple pie.

After lingering as long as possible over that worthy repast, we regretfully arose and sauntered to our rooms to prepare for the afternoon's entertainment, which included swimming and a game of ball.

For about an hour we splashed around in the water, trying for almost the last time to learn that elusive art of swimming, but without avail, so after struggling for a time, we gave up and wound up by playing "Ring-around-a-Rosie" which was much easier if not as helpful to us.

It was with deep regret that we finally came in and dressed at the Little Old Bathhouse for the evening meal, for the time was slowly but surely drawing near, when we would rest our weary heads for the last time upon the downy pillows of our hostesses beds.

After supper Bill brought the launch out as usual for the Sunset ride around the Bay, but, strange to say, none of the "Evergreen's" seemed at all anxious to take advantage of this offer, for they had always been eager to clamor noisily on board as soon as the launch appeared, and it certainly struck me as being very peculiar indeed. Tonight, however, they sat in a group on the lawn, whispering strangely together, while Ann and myself conversed under the Old apple tree near the water. Our leader, Mother Macree and Lillian were no where to be seen, but as this had often happened before, no one seemed to worry about it.

Just as we were settling ourselves for an uneventful evening, Mr. and Mrs. McNish appeared clad in their white hats and sweaters, which undoubtedly meant that they were going to spend the evening at their mutual sport, namely fishing, and asked if anyone cared to go with them. Everyone declined with thanks, but myself and Marie Mack, so armed with a line and bait we started out. This strange quartet sat under the wonderful starlit sky until 9:30 but again the fishermen's luck was around the corner, for we were unsuccessful in landing even a minnow. Those fish were indeed quite educated, for altho' they nibbled all the bait off our hooks several times, they fled as soon as the line was raised. If only we could have looked beyond the surface of the water, I'm sure we would have seen those little fishes laughing for all they were worth at those poor mortals who so patiently sat in that black, mysterious object on top of the water.

However, after singing a few duets with Mrs. McNish, which was, in all probability, the cause of scaring the little fishes away, we finally persuaded Mr. McNish to row us in the shore. Very reluctantly he abandoned his post, pulled in his line, and rowed us back. The only sound, beside the dip of the oar into the water, was the echo of distant voices,

brought to us by the gentle breezes of the night.

When we arrived at the landing, we found all the girls, enjoying themselves by playing games on the lawn, so we also joined in for a time. However, I became so tired and sleepy after such a strenuous day that I could stand it no longer, and decided to retire for the night. When I suggested going to bed, however, everyone very earnestly entreated me to wait until our worthy leader returned, but it was more than I could do, so altho' I thought everyone was certainly acting very peculiar, I nevertheless did go to my room.

Imagine my surprise, upon entering the room, to find it all be-decked with evergreen and flowers, and to find, upon an immaculate table, three little articles tied with pink ribbon, a box of writing paper, a box of talcum, and a little towel. But not being a suspicious person, I suspected nothing, so after looking things over carefully, I threw myself across the bed and started to count sheep in order to go to sleep.

When almost in that unconscious stage, I was suddenly brought back to this transitory spear by the opening of the door, and someone saying, "Anna Mack, why did you let her in?" That woke me up, and I saw Bertha come in carrying a large package, neatly done up in brown paper. After depositing it on the somewhat crowded table, she turned toward the half opened door, and said, "Bring it in anyway Lillian. It's too late now." So forthwith Lillian entered with a large white paper box, and began to unwrap.

I was so surprised at first, I couldn't speak, but finally managed to blurt out, "What's the matter?" But no one paid the slightest attention to me, so I laid down again. (I did not realize now how fortunate it was that I did not disrobe) for at this point the door again opened and in walked the Twelve little Needles of the "Evergreen" lead by Bill, Mr. and Mrs. McNish, and Mr. and Mrs. Kurtz. I was astounded, for what in the world could they want in our room! When everyone had crowded into our somewhat small quarters, they all turned their eyes heavenward, and with one accord, chirped

"Happy Birthday to You!"

It was too much for me. I laughed and giggled until I almost collapsed, after which came the formal presentation of the articles which I had already seen, took place, and truly they had an added attraction to me now.

Ice Cream and cake was then served, and after a lengthy conversation about the events of the evening, and how it all came about, the conspirators left their victim for the night.

It had been a very happy, eventful day, and in a very short time, everything became peaceful and calm, which told more plainly than words, that everyone was lending their musical cadences to the Song of the Night.

Thus ended Sunday, the Eve of my birthday, and the day before our departure from that wonderful place -- SHADYSIDE.

-- Irene Norden