

P. B. C. ACTIVITIES (Continued)

names picked up on that team are: "Zeppelin" Bob Bock. 'Ice' Maas. "Jock" Mullan. "Wherzy" Lyon. and "Deacon" Green.

The baseball team captained by "Red MacMillan came close to winning another championship. The boys on the team received some new names by their fellow players: David Love is being called the "Octopus." "Dumbo" Mooney and his bigger brother "Jumbo" Mooney. "Odd Jobs" Bill Morrison. and "Tubby" Moore. Their record was two

victories and two defeats losing twice at the hands of Beulah. These games were played on Gunnel Oval. Saturday afternoons during the spring. The Midgets played at the same place only in the morning.

Come on fellas let's see you take the ball and make as many touchdowns, baskets and home runs as there are words on this page. I'll be down to the trophy case to see all the new ones there, so don't let me down.

Jack Green, Jr.

A TALE OF KIAMESHA

By Jack Green, Jr.

(This story won the \$10 prize donated by Harold S. Latham.)

All the Kiamesha campers sat around the Woodcraft circle. It was pitch dark save for the log fire glowing in the center. The blaze had long since subsided to ruddy embers, but no one even noticed as they sat spellbound listening to this tale of old. Ken Pflieger stood next to the fire his voice echoing through the woods. He finished his legend with these last few words.

"And so before Tom Quick died of small-pox he had killed nearly one hundred Indians and looted many more. His father's murder by the Indians during the French and Indian Wars has certainly been avenged. The treasure which Tom Quick looted from the Indians has never been found, and is said to be buried in this vicinity. The ruins of his home are located just across the Delaware, but he did not hide his money too near his home. That is why it is suspected to be in this area. He who finds this treasure will be rich for life." So the story ended.

Every boy rose in unison as "Moose" led them in the Kiamesha Alma Mater. When the last sounds had died away into the endless woods, everyone started for their tents. Some were sad. for this would be their last year at the dear old camp for a long time, at least until they were back from the war.

Among the younger boys was little Jimmy Allan, an all round camper. Walking back to his tent he imagined himself on the trail of the treasure. Indians were lurking on each side of the path waiting to scalp him.

"What days those must have been." he mused. "Why did I have to be born too late!"

"Come on, Jim, into your bunk." called his leader, bringing him back from the days of tomahawks and war paint. Slowly he crawled down into his warm bunk. Looking out the side of the tent he could see the gently swaying trees with the moonlight glistening on them. Over the Camp from the mess hall came the slow call of "Taps."

He rolled over on his side. Indians and treasure still dancing before him. Suddenly he remembered leaving his axe down the path beside that large rock. Quickly Jim jumped

out of his bunk. After grabbing his flashlight and slipping on his shoes he started down the trail into the woods. Several minutes passed before he reached the spot where he had left it. Where could it be? Down on his knees he felt around in the thick grass. What's this? There was a hollow part under the massive stone.

"Perhaps my axe slipped in there," he thought.

Reaching way under the rock his hand struck a small wooden object. Jim's thoughts began to race. Kenny's story flashed back into his mind. With fumbling fingers he drew out a small wooden box. The outside was rotten and moldy. An old fashioned lock held it shut but as he pried at the lid, it slowly gave under his pressure. With a final snap the lid opened to reveal a small piece of parchment lying on the bottom of the box. Disappointed Jim picked up the sheet and after examining it closely he saw it was dated 1813. the year Tom Quick died. The document was written in a fancy hand with great care—

"He who finds this box hath found the treasure of Thomas Quick, born anno domini 1734. Turn this epistle over and ye shall find a chart shewing the location of all my earthly treasures. Use them wisely."

Jim read and re-read the parchment many times before he realized what it meant. The map indicated a small cave below Wireless Summit, which overlooked the Camp.

Without considering the dangers involved Jim began to half run. half walk up the mountain to Wireless. Up, up he trekked. A hike which in the daytime would take half an hour proved twice as hard at night. Soon he came to the spot where the map indicated to break off the trail into the woods. Farther and farther he went. It seemed miles to him. Then he came to a spot where a huge rock was marked on the map from there he was to turn uphill again. His breath came in gasps and his whole body ached, but the excitement urged him on. At last he came to a spot