This is Copy No. 2A.
Printed especially for
Miss Lucy H. Weiser





RUNOIA

LOG STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - · · · · Margaret Ogden

Art Editor - · · · Aline Tiedemann

Literary Editors · · · { Gladys Gould Katherine Wilson }

Joke Editor · · · · Miss Steacy

Assistant Joke Editors · · · { Katherine Bernhard Wilma Kohler }

Photographic Editors · · · { Freddy Bernhard Elsie Wheeler }





Miss Pond (And Bounce)

I am Sir Oracle—

And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!



Miss Kennish.

For courage mounteth with occasion.

She is troubled with thick-coming
fancies that keep her from her
rest.



Miss Weiser.

Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.





Miss Addington.

And Mistress of herself though
China fall.



Miss Nash.

O wad some power the giftie gie us, To see oursels as others see us!



Miss Noble.

I have been young and now I am old. In second childishness and mere oblivion

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.





Miss Peters.

A very ancient and fish-like smell. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!



Miss Steacy.

Oh what men dare do, what men may do;

What men daily do, not knowing what they do!



Miss Stanley.

Done to death by slanderous tongues.





Miss Wheeler.

A merrier maid Within the limits of becoming mirth I never spent an hour's talk withal.



Frederica Bernhard (Freddy) Height 5 ft. 2 1-8 in. Age 15 yrs. 4 mos.

Oh! Amos Cottle! Phoebus! What a name! Frederica!!!!!!!



Kathryn Bernhard (KB) Height 5 ft. 5 3-8 in. Age 16 yrs. 7 mos.

But for my part it is Greek to me.





Jean Bullard (Bullie) Height 4 ft. 6 7-8 in. Age 10 yrs. 11 mos.

When you do dance I wish you a wave of the sea that you might do nothing but that.

Missing but not forgotten.

Helen just stepped out to get a— "sandwich."

Helen Clark (Goose-Egg) Height 5 ft. 4 1-4 in. Age 15 yrs. 5 mos.

He was a man of an unbounded stomach.



Margaret Donaldson (Donnie)
Height 4 ft. 5 5-8 in.
Age 11 yrs. 1 mo.

I must have liberty withal, as large a charter as the wind, to blow on whom I please.





Elizabeth Essick (Essicky) Height 5 ft. 1 in. Age 12 yrs. 8 mos.

I am all the daughters of my father's house and all the brothers too.



Frances Gregg (Greggory) Height 5 ft. 3-8 in. Age 12 yrs. 7 mos.

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer.



Gladys Gould (Goldenrod) Height 5 ft. 4 3-4 in. Age 17 yrs. 1 mo.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry

Than experience to make me sad.



Mary-Margaret Hudson (Mexico) Height 5 ft. 3 3-8 in. Age 13 yrs.

I am not in the roll of common men.



Francis Jeanne (Fanny) Height 4 ft. 1 1-2 in. Age 10 yrs. 2 mos.

Brevity is the soul of wit.



Edna Jeanne Height 4 ft. 10 in. Age 13 yrs. 9 mos.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness And all her paths are peace.





Marjorie Jarvis (Margie) Height Age 9 yrs. 9 mos.



Leila Meurer (Prince) Height 5 ft. 8 in. Age 15 yrs.

Take, O take those lips away!



Katherine Jarvis (Kitty) Height Age 9 yrs. 9 mos.

So they grew together like a double cherry seeming parted.





Paulletta Page (Cricket) Height 4 ft. 11 in. Age 14 yrs. 9 mos.

I am the very pink of courtesy.



Helen Meurer Height 5 ft. 3 in. Age 12 yrs. 11 mos.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.



Olga Murck (Oli) Height Age 13 yrs. 8 mos.

Ye Gods it doth amaze me.





Florence Martin (Fluffy) Height 5 ft. 1 3-4 in. Age 15 yrs. 7 mos.

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease Uncertain, coy and hard to please And variable as the shade By the light quivering aspen made.



Rachel Magrauth (Egg-shell) Height 5 ft. 1 5-8 in. Age 14 yrs. 5 mos.

I have marked a thousand blushing apparitions start into her face.



Edna McDonald Height 5 ft. 3 1-8 in. Age

The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she





Height 4 ft. 5 7-8 in.
Age 11 yrs. 1 mo.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace.



Elizabeth Mackie (Mackie) Height 4 ft. 8 in. Age 12 yrs. 4 mos.

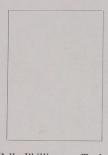
Of manners gentle, of affections mild.



Margaret Ogden (Miggie) Height 5 ft. 1 1-8 in. Age 18 yrs. 9 mos.

No sooner met but they looked, No sooner looked but they loved.





Belle Phillipson (Tanky) Height 5 ft. 4 in. Age 16 yrs. 7 mos.

Up! Up! my Friend and quit your books, Or surely you'll grow double. My library is dukedom large enough.



Eleanor Pavenstedt (Ely) Height 5 ft. 5 1-8 in. Age 13 yrs. 5 mos.

I am sure care is an enemy to life.

Mocking the air with colors icily



Margaret Page (Peggy) Height 5 ft. 2 1-4 in. Age 13 yrs. 5 mos.

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

spread.





Dorothy Page (Dotty) Height 4 ft. 4 5-8 in. Age 10 yrs. 4 mos.

As merry as the day is long.



Kathryn Rohnert (K.) Height 5 ft. 5 5-8 in. Age 13 yrs. 10 mos.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy I were but little happy, if I could say how much.



Ruth Spearman. Height 5 ft. 1 3-8 in. Age 17 yrs. 5 mos.

Sink or swim.





Dorothy Simmons (Dot) Height 5 ft. 5 1-4 in. Age 14 yrs.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book.



Erminie Skofield (Germany) Height 5 ft. 1-8 in. Age 13 yrs.

War, War is still the cry, "war even to the knife".



Martha Sheppard Height 4 ft. 9 in. Age 11 yrs. 4 mos.

Hast thou any philosophy in thee, shepherd?





Height 5 ft. 4 7-8 in.
Age 16 yrs. 4 mos.

The end must jusitfy the means And virtue is her own reward.



Wilma Kohler (Kaiser) Height 5 ft. 5 1-2 in. Age 14 yrs. 5 mos.

Still you keep on the windy side of the law.



Elizabeth Wooster (Puss) Height 5 ft. 5 in. Age 15 yrs. 9 mos.

Oh how full of briars is this worka-day world.





Elsie Wheeler Height 5 ft. 4 7·8 in. Age 15 years 11 mos.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.



Katherine Wilson (Billy) Height 5 ft. 2 1-8 in. Age 14 yrs. 7 mos.

Yet I do fear thy nature; It is too full of the milk of human kindness.



Elizabeth Welsh (Squelchy) Height 4 ft. 10 1-2 in. Age 13 yrs.

A merry heart goes all the day Your sad tires in a mile-a.





Dorothy Wilkins (Dot) Height 4 ft. 11 1-8 in. Age 11 yrs.

Be wisely worldly but not worldly wise!



Katherine Cornwell (Kacey) Height 5 ft. 4 in. Age 18 yrs.

Direct descendant of Rip Van Winkle.



 $\begin{array}{c} {\rm Margaret~Beach~~(Margaret)} \\ {\rm Height~5~ft.~3~in.} \\ {\rm Age~15~yrs.~4~mos.} \end{array}$

Do you ever have a sort of thrill?





Gloria Hollister Height 5 ft. 8 in. Age 16 yrs.



LOG STAFF

- 1—Elsie Wheeler
- 2—Aline Tiedemann
- 3—Freddie Bernhard
- 4—Wilma Kohler 5—Gladys Gould
- 6—Billy Wilson
- 7—Miggie Ogden
- 8—K. Bernhard

Fire in each eye and papers in each hand They rave, recite and madden round the land.





LOG LUNATICS.

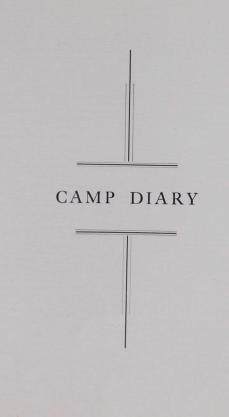
We're the Log Staff of Runoia, Mama sent us here; We just love to write and scribble All the live-long year; When our log is all finished And our work is done We will smile and tell the others That we had some fun.





AS OTHERS SEE US

	-								-	Miggie
Best All Roun	nd	-	ę -	-	-		-			Aline
Most Prompt	-		-	-	-			-		Miggie
Noisiest -	-		-	-	-		-	-		Kaiser
Biggest Loafe	r	-	-	-	-		-			Pussy
Most Pepful	-	-	-			-	-		-	Miggie
Most Easily I	usse	1	-	-	-		-			Rachel
Funniest -			-	-	-		-			Gladys
Cleverest .			-	-	-		-	-		Miggie
Wittiest -	-		-	-	-		-			Kacy
Most Popular			-	-	-		-	-		К. В.
Biggest Eater			-	-	-	-		-	-	Helen Clark
Meekest -	-	-	-			-	-		-	Cricket
Best Sleeper	-	-	-	-		-	-		-	Kacy
Slangiest -			-	-	-		-	-		Dot Page
Neatest -	-	-	-	-		-	-		-	Cricket
Best Dancer	-		-	-		-	-		-	К. В.
Most Original	-		-	-	-		-	-		Miggie
Best Natured	-	-				-	-		-	K. Rohnert





June 28.—On the twenty-eighth of June we started off from the Grand Central at half past seven, and Oh, how good it felt to be all together again. This year our crew has grown and grown; it contains the large number of forty girls and ten counselors. We had an uneventful trip and arrived in Belgrade as hungry as bears.

June 29.—The "Speed Demons" brought us to camp where some grand surprises awaited us, a peachy new Baby Shack and a nearly completed boat house. Of course the new girls had to be escorted all over the camp and shown all the different points of interest. After lunch some of our trunks arrived and the girls who were lucky enough to beg, borrow or steal a bathing suit, went bathing. In the evening we played games in the lodge and then went to bed to sleep the sleep of the just.

June 30.—Today we got into the swing of camp, beginning with straightening our rooms, then drill in which our Captain, Tiedemann, started our military training with a vim. Next camp high jump, basket-ball and a swim. But still the trunks did not arrive and some poor girls went trailing around in their city clothes. At last, just before supper, the welcome objects appeared, and you may be sure we lost no time in getting into our clothes.

July 1.—The old girls decided to give a dance for the new girls, so we all hopped around and got either one or two or three partners, as the case might be. The old girls gathered little bouquets of white flowers and tied them up with blue ribbons, a bunch for each new girl. Everyone had a fine time and all knew each other very much better when it was finished.

July 2.—Last evening the first load of canoes arrived, so after services as many as could find room went out on the lake to write letters and read. By going in two loads all the girls managed to get a chance. It wasn't a very nice day so we didn't do much in the afternoon.

July 3.—Inspection began this morning and all the new girls were very scared. All the shacks got A, however. Miss Noble took two of the girls fishing. They arrived home, having kept supper waiting for some time with three very small fish. Mr. Pratt was horrified and said that the game warden would get them sure.



July 4.—Who ever heard of a rainy fourth? But this was the exception. We had to say our pledge and sing over "Star Spangled Banner" from the safe seclusion of the dining room porch. A beach picnic had been planned but on account of the rain we exchanged it for a stunt show. It was perfectly screaming. Frances Jeanne and Margaret Donaldson got the prize—they acted out the word "noiseless" with some of the other first shackers. There was some awfully funny exhibition dancing and a circus performance, to say nothing of numerous charades and recitations.

July 5.—We had the usual programme in spite of the mud, and in the afternoon the old girls went over to North Belgrade for the war canoe and it was a very stiff paddle home. Two single canoes were brought over besides the war canoe.

July 6.—Four energetic fishermen got up at quarter to five and set out. They only caught two tiny ones, and as the author was one of their number she was too sleepy the rest of the day to know what happened.

July 7.—Today we had the postponed 4th of July picnic. Being our first picnic this year everyone was very much excited. We had a beautiful time down on the beach and after supper had a big bonfire. Each girl was presented with a box of sparklers and Miss Pond set off red lights. So we really had two fourths.

July 8.—Miss Stanley would not tell us when her birthday was, so we decided to give her a surprise party. It was a boy and girl dance and a birthday party all mixed up together. Miss Wheeler suddenly developed some kind of an ache and carried Miss Stanley off while we went over to the lodge and were there when she came back. There was a grand march and each one presented her with some kind of a gift. She received everything from "fig newtons" to postage stamps, with hair pins and cakes of soap as a variety. After the presents were opened, everyone was requested to say a piece. We certainly had a good time.



July 9.—After service Miss Wheeler took us exploring. We went as far as the second point to the left and found the most luscious strawberry bed. Eleanor Simmons, Dot's cousin, took some of the girls for an automobile ride this afternoon and the rest of us had Glee Club until time for swimming.

July 10.—This morning three of the girls swam to the point, getting in practice to do Oak Island. After rest hour we had a very exciting game of basket-ball and this evening we danced in the lodge.

July 11.—After drill we had high jump and then bathing. A nice big log was floating around in the cove and it was more fun to try and stand up on it. This evening we paddled around Oak Island, coming home by moonlight.

July 12.—My what a hot day it has been. We all went out in canoes in our bathing suits this morning to try to keep cool until time for bathing. At lunch Miss Weiser said we could either go to Belgrade Lakes or go swimming again. Many of the new girls chose the Lakes and enjoyed the sights greatly.

July 13.—Another hot day! This morning we only had swimming and drill. We went swimming again this afternoon, that is, we went as far as the float when it began to thunder and lighten, and Miss Wheeler came out and chased us in. Next we had craft and then played "beast, bird or fish".

July 14.—Today was picnic day again. This time it was Mt. Phillip and we certainly did have fun. The new girls went in the war canoe and it beat the launch over. When we arrived we found that some Abena girls were there on a pirate trip, as they call it, and intended to stay all night. The little old lady who lived in the house over there had broken her arm so we had to be very quiet as we went by. It was a lovely day so we could see for miles when we reached the top. We saw the riders coming winding along the road and then we suddenly remembered the supper and hurried down faster than we had come up, not wishing to run the risk of not getting any. The counselors came home in the war canoe.



July 15.—Right after drill Miss Pond took three of us to Augusta. It was great fun. We got a sundae, a bag of peanuts, some saltines and bananas a piece. We arrived home starved to death in spite of all that. The babies had intended to give a party tonight but there was such a beautiful moon that they postponed it and we went paddling instead. When we came home we got real energetic and cleaned up the beach and then had a big bonfire and marshmellows.

July 16.—This morning we still felt energetic so we cleaned up around the dining room. I wish those carpenters would clean up after themselves. We went out in canoes after service, and had Glee Club this afternoon, with Camp songs after bathing. Joy, bliss and rapture, we didn't have to dress up.

July 17.—This morning we had a most exciting baseball game. We went in bathing twice. Miggie came this evening and we certainly were glad to see her. Nearly the whole camp followed her around everywhere she went.

Tuesday, July 18.—Aline gave drill, and then we all thrilled Miss Noble with our beautiful voices. We were so wonderful that we had to sing each song about ten times to satisfy her. When we escaped from the lodge, there was much excitement while six Babies and two counselors packed up for a trip. The sky looked threatening, but Miss Weiser consulted the weather man; she really noticed the direction of the wind by the flag, but don't breathe it to a soul, and told the expectant trippers they might go. In a jiffy all were ready and the whole camp bid the "Go-aways" as fond a farewell as if they were off for Europe. Amid cheers and wild waving of handkerchiefs the trippers paddled out of sight, leaving a mighty hole in the Baby Shack, and a gone feeling in the camp at large. We survived enough to do craft in the afternoon and enjoy a dip and even to go paddling in the evening. The lake was beautiful, or perhaps it was the moon, what difference does it make? We sang camp songs, and when we had finished our repertoire, put up the canoes and went to bed. Did we go to sleep right away? Well, what happened in the Baby Shack appeared in public several days later.



Wednesday, July 19.—There was quiet and peace in camp, although everyone missed the Trippers. In the absence of the captain, everyone expected to miss drill but they got it just the same, and then a long swim to make up for it. After craft we had a dip to cool off, and just as we were splashing around someone spied three canoes coming lickety-split over the lake and we all rushed up to the shacks to dress. Most of the girls were on the dock to greet the trippers and help them carry their packs home. After dinner the "stay-at-homes" went paddling but the others declared they had sat in canoes long enough for a while.

Thursday, July 20th.—The morning passed quickly while we drilled, sang and swam around until the unwelcome whistle summoned us to shore. After rest hour the Seniors and Babies worked hard at craft for a while, then played tennis or basket ball until supper time, and afterwards went paddling "by the light of the moon".

Friday, July 21.—Rainy, but we didn't care much, as we had a lively morning in the lodge, drilling, potato racing and dancing. In rest hour the Babies rehearsed in the lodge for tomorrow's stunts. Then came craft, a dip in the lake, and hurried dressing for supper. In the evening a trembling party assembled in the lodge behind closed curtains. Small groups were ushered in separately and each girl put through ghastly stunts, such as receiving a handshake from a dead man, going high-sky in an aeroplane, pulling a limp leg and stepping over invisible objects. After recovering from the "Spookie party" we danced a little and went to bed.

Saturday, July 22.—Hot and muggy. We had a drill and danced in the lodge for a long time, and then had a good swim to cool off. In the afternoon the craft house simply resounded with the most awful squeakings and poundings, and how Miss Peters lived until time for the four-thirty dip is more than I can tell. In the evening the Trippers revealed the secrets of their trip in shadow pictures and all the scenes were greeted with appreciation and applause, not to speak of squeals and giggles. After the trippers' show the girls they left behind them in the Baby shack showed what happened during the others' night out. There were crackers and bugs and all sorts of disturbing things in the Baby Shack that evening.



Sunday, July 23.—Rainy. We had service in the lodge, then letter writing until dinner time. We had a long rest hour in the afternoon and a concert in the evening. Miss Weiser and Miss Noble sang for us and many girls played the piano and the rest clapped and clapped.

Monday, July 24.—After drill we had a potato race in the lodge for points, amid much excitement. We had a long rest hour in the afternoon and then craft. We danced in the evening and went to bed early to be ready for a day of sports Tuesday.

Tuesday, July 25.—With much palpitation of the heart we all filed out for drill for points. Then came high jump, but as the three star jumpers—Gloria, Leila and Elsie—were not there, no first, second or third places were decided on. After swimming and lunch, and rest hour and craft, the tennis tournament began and waxed fast and furious until supper time. Everyone was glad to go to bed early. Even for the rambunkshous Babies sports are tiresome.

Wednesday, July 26.—We had a drill and then hurried into our bathing suits and down to the lake, for double and single canoe races. Billie and Freddie won the Senior Doubles and K. B. won the singles. In the afternoon we were again torn away from craft to play tennis tournament. The shacks, that is the girls who live in the shacks, gave charades in the evening, and the second shack's charade was proclaimed the best by the powers that be. Right after the charades everyone was sent to bed. Babies and seniors, as well as juniors, much to the juniors' delight.

Thursday, July 27.—All those who were going on the Rangeley trip, got up at half past six and were ready by eight o'clock to clamber into the speed demons. What happened to the stay-at-homes the Trippers knew not and cared not much, and what happened on the trip will be described at length later on. Suffice it that we had a splendid time and arrived at camp about seven-thirty, tired and happy and ready to tell anyone we had had a dandy day.



Friday, July 28.—After drill came a most thrilling baseball game for points. At the beginning of the last inning the score was nine to one in favor of Captain Bernhard's team. Captain Tiedemann had quite given up hope but sent up his batters one after the other with grim determination. After eight runs had been made and no one had been put out there was wild excitement on the part of both teams. Bases were full, there were yells of "Put 'em out!" "Watch the bases!" "Careful there," "Watch Home," and then "Steal Home," "Don't force her," "Get in there," finally the batter hit a clean swift one into the field and two runs were made. There was a deafening cheer and each girl on Tiedemann's team gleefully added three points to her list. After this came an equally thrilling relay race, finally we all had a peaceful non-point swim. In the afternoon there was more tennis tournament and a picnic on the shore, and a roaring beach fire ended a strenuous day.

Saturday, July 29.—Drill started another day of sports and the morning passed quickly with baseball throw, basket ball and speed swimming, which was won by Margaret Beach. After craft a few tennis matches were played off and in the evening the Seniors treated us to a skilfully made spider web party. We danced afterwards and were sent to bed rather early.

Sunday, July 30.—Oh! Day of Rest welcomed by all. We had chapel in the morning and then rested and wrote, paddled and fooled until time for dress parade in the afternoon. After supper we sang camp songs in the lodge and laughed and clapped "The Little Boy at the Circus."

Monday, July 31.—All the Babies got up at five o'clock and sneaked off in a speed demon to bid Gloria a fond farewell. They returned in time for breakfast and then there was drill, broad jumping, tennis and swimming. Craft was sadly disturbed in the afternoon for Miss Steacy and Miss Nash appeared in bathing suits, mounted a queer looking tower arrangement and shot into the water on a little car which rushed down a perpendicular track with sickening speed. For full particulars as to the sensations thus caused we refer you to Miss Wheeler. After seeing Miss Steacy and Miss Nash try the shoot several times and come up



smiling so to speak, we all begged to be allowed to risk our own lives. We received permission, hustled into our bathing suits, and Frances Jeanne claims the proud distinction of being the first girl down the shoot. After receiving the shoot information from Miss Wheeler you will understand why we went to bed early.

Tuesday, August 1.—After drill Miss Wheeler and Miss Nash went with several girls on a walk to "The Top of the World." The way up was uneventful, but on the way home we spied a delightful hill and rolled down again and again. A few girls, who had dropped behind before the "Top" was reached hid in the bushes and amused themselves by tracking the others, who were muchly surprised not to find the "Drop-Behinders" in camp when they themselves arrived. After craft and rest hour we played tennis, and most of us were wide-awake enough to dance in the lodge in the evening.

Wednesday, August 2.—We had a perfectly regular dandy camp day. Drill, tennis, swimming in the morning, rest hour, craft and more tennis in the afternoon, dancing and early to bed in the evening.

Thursday, August 3.—Cool and windy, but despite the gale we had tennis tournament in the morning and afternoon. We also played the deciding basket-ball game and cheered Kacey and captain of the winning team. As an exception to the rule, we had sports after supper in the form of the fifty yard dash, which was won by Belle. Most of us spent a quiet evening and "turned in" about eight o'clock.

Friday, August 4.—After drill K. B. and Kacey won the Seniors Doubles from Belle and Gladys and then the excited audience and the contestants all went swimming. At four o'clock we started for a picnic at Old Runoia. Several counselors and girls paddled over and the motor boat took the rest. On arriving we all started off on the famous quarter mile tramp and finally came to the deserted farm house and overgrown field which was the home of forty or so happy campers only two years ago. The new girls decided that Runoia as they know it is far superior to any camp that could have existed on the place before them, but the old



girls remembered the many glorious days they had spent there and did not express their opinions so surely. We had a splendid picnic on the shore so familiar to some and then paddled home by the light of the stars since the moon was not.

Saturday, August 5.—We had a drill and dancing in the lodge and basket-ball and swimming out of the lodge. There were visitors in the afternoon and we duly showed off. The Juniors danced, the rest drilled, and a few good players played tennis. In the evening the II Shackers gave a perfectly splendid Book party. The books were represented by Tableaux. There were sixteen and many were so good that the audience called "Encore, encore." Some of the best were "The Little Colonel," "Little Women," "The Prince and The Pauper," "The Brushwood Boy," "Freckles," and well they were all fine and will be described in full later.

Sunday, August 6.—We had service in the Lodge and then voted on "Best all round", etc. After rest hour we had a fine swim and then dressed spic and span for dress parade. In the evening Mary-Margaret treated us to a flower party as it was her birthday, and after guessing ourselves green in the face we were ushered off to bed.

Monday, August 7.—Had drill and dancing in the lodge and then had jumping, tennis and swimming. We had rest hour and craft in the afternoon and somehow were all pepless in the evening so went to bed early.

Tuesday, August 8.—We had to say "Good-bye" to another Baby this morning, and three favored girls went down with Miss Pond to see Kacey Cornwell off. There was drill and glee club and tennis until swimming time. It rained in the afternoon and we had a saddling and bridling party in the barn. There were lively games in the lodge in the evening, and during the one called "Bird, Beast or Fish," Kaiser loudly proclaimed that a cockroach was a fish and Miss Steacy declared loudly that a fly was a bird.

Wednesday, August 9.—Rainy! Had drill and dancing in the lodge as usual and then the log staff disappeared to perform their mysterious rites. They filed into dinner with hair parted in the middle and drawn back in a tight knot. They also wore glasses and announced



the log had had a queer effect upon them. After craft and swimming we departed to our various shacks and planned our costume for the Book party this evening. Each girl dressed to represent a different book. Some were fine and many original. After much discussion among the judges Dot Wilkins was awarded the prize; she represented "Just David" and certainly deserved the prize. We had a few dances but were sent to bed before we were ready to go.

Thursday, August 10.—Damp! The morning passed quickly while we drilled and danced and swam. After craft we played basket-ball and in the evening enjoyed a beautiful moonlight paddle, and two especially lucky girls went out in the sailing canoe with Miss Wheeler.

Friday, August 11.—The morning passed as usual, but the afternoon was quite the opposite, as we had single canoe races for the Bernhard Cup. The races were arranged like a tennis tournament so that two girls always raced together. It was most exciting and when Leila won everyone cheered until they were hoarse. A little later we all started for a picnic on the "Top of the World". Some went in a hay rack and Miss Wheeler drove the dangerous and speedy Trilby while the little Juniors with her squealed with delight. A few energetic girls walked to the picnic ground and all arrived hungry as bears. We had a fine time and agreed that "The Top of the World" is an ideal picnic place. We came back to camp by various routes and various means, either on the horses, on foot, in Trilby's wagon, hay rack or auto. We needed little urging to go to bed when we once reached the shacks.

Saturday, August 12.—The Seniors started off on a trip and when we had cheered them on their way the stay-at-homes went over to the tennis courts and were drilled by Frances Jeanne. After tennis, swimming, rest hour and craft Miss Wheeler took the Babies to Belgrade Lakes in the war canoe and brought back ice cream for the camp as a treat from Mrs. Jeanne. We went paddling in the evening and when the war canoe party returned the girls told thrilling stories of a haunted house and a mysterious clicking which sounded like grave digging and turned out to be a piece of slate between two rocks in the water.

Sunday, August 13.—Cloudy and cold. We had chapel and wrote letters in the morning and at dinner time buttoned our sweaters around our necks, shivered and shook and



thought of the poor trippers. About half past three they arrived and told us of many adventures which will appear on another page. We reluctantly took off our sweaters for inspection drill and were glad that Tiedemann had pity on us and made it short and sweet. In the evening we had Glee Club and popped corn over a roaring lodge fire.

Monday, August 14.—It is awfully cold. In the morning we had drill, tennis and swimming, which was really a hasty dip, and after rest hour and craft we kept warm by exercising or bundling ourselves up in steamer rugs. After supper there was a long wait, which was royally rewarded, for at eight-thirty the curtain rose on the Junior play, entitled "Miss Crab's School". The play was a wonderful success, from the pet who spelled in a lovely way to the bad little boy who went fishing and stole in late. Margaret Donaldson played her part so well that it was hard to realize there was a lively little girl acting as an old maidish school-marm. When Jimmy Jones pulled off Miss Crab's false hair the audience simply hooted; in fact, they laughed all the time, and when the bawling Belgrade Female Seminary Simms were dragged off by the irate Mrs. Simms and the curtain closed, they cheered and cheered, both actors and coacheresses, and pronounced the play the best ever. The Juniors had given us a good enough treat, goodness knows, but there was another one in store for us in the shape of ice cream cones. They certainly did taste good, and when we had eaten everything in sight we were at last persuaded to go to bed.

Tuesday, August 15.—Had drill, then a baseball game and swimming, and after craft we practised basket-ball. In the evening we all went to the lodge for Dot Wilkins birthday party. Each table presented an amazing game, such as picking up beans on a knife, catching dangling marshmellows in your mouth, spearing peanuts, drawing pictures with your eyes blindfolded, pinning a tail on a donkey, sticking pins in a cloth or guessing advertisements. We went from table to table and the winner at each was rewarded with a little gold star and Billy won the prize by getting four stars. Then came the crowning event of the evening, for Dotty was presented with a birthday cake, and we all had ice cream and chocolate cake. Soon after this Miss Pond said a suggestive "Good-night girls". Aline began to put out the lamps, and we sent the birthday child to her shack with a final cheer.



Wednesday, August 16.—Had drill as usual, and then not as usual got into our bathing suits and fooled until swimming time. The Juniors went for a boat ride at half past two, and when they came back cheered Mrs. Jeanne for the treat and reluctantly gave up their places to the Seniors, who scrambled into the motor boat, squabbled for places on the front deck, commonly called the bow, and at last were off for a fine ride around the lake. After supper the Second Shackers started on a trip, quite an original trip too, for they declared they did not know where they were going. The lake was calm and the moon rose about eight o'clock, and all the canoes were used until the paddlers were forced to go up to the shacks and leave the lake to the fortunate Second Shackers, and possibly a few other night wanderers.

Thursday, August 17.—Had drill and glee club, practised jumping and enjoyed a good swim in the morning and another one after rest hour and craft. In the evening we again took to the lake and paddled around as long as we were allowed to.

Friday, August 18.—In the morning we had uniform drill for Mr. Tiedemann. Then broad jump and swimming. During the afternoon great preparations were going on for a picnic in the woods, and about six o'clock a hungry mob gathered in front of the Essick's tent like a swarm of locusts. After the usual picnic supper we had chocolate ice cream cones, oodles of them, and duly cheered the giver of the treat, then we went paddling again, and again were hustled off to bed.

Saturday, August 19.—After drill we were reluctantly hauled out for baseball, and in the absence of umpire Kennish got into an appalling controversy and broke up the game for a peaceful swim. The afternoon passed as usual and in the evening the Juniors gave a second performance of their successful play. There were many important improvements, and although we were awfully sorry Miss Weiser had been sick, we were glad of an excuse to see "Miss Crab's School" again. We had chocolate ice cream after the show was over, for you know the unexpected always happens.



Sunday, August 20.—We spent a quiet morning and afternoon, swimming time and after that dressed in drill costume for a camp picnic. We had chapel in the evening and sang hymns to our hearts' content.

Monday, August 21.—The first morning of sport week dawned clear and hot. We had drill, then running relay and speed swimming. Leila had been practising a new stroke and showed she had mastered it by winning the swimming. All afternoon there was much busy sewing behind closed curtains, marked "Keep out" or more politely "Please do not come in". In the evening Miss Pond and Miss Weiser received a motley crowd in the lodge. No one would have recognized the bloomered and middled camp girls of an hour ago, for they turned out as "The Kluclucks Clan", dancing girls, Greek youths, Pierots, convicts, and in many other weird disguises. There was also a giraffe, a grandfather clock and an alarm clock, a pussy cat, a cubist affair, a harem girl, a champagne bottle, and a pair of Campbell Soup kids. To get these weird creatures to bed early Miss Pond had recourse to a very pleasant surprise trick, for we were each given an ice cream cone when we were ready for bed.

Tuesday, August 22.—A day of sports. We had drill for points, broad jumping and diving in the morning. After rest hour and craft we had double and single canoe races and a dip to cool us off after the excitement. In the evening we again paddled, for we very seldom get tired of the lake on warm days.

Wednesday, August 23.—Very hot! Had Basket-ball throw, tennis and swimming. All sorts of sports were planned for the afternoon but the weather man thought we had done enough for a while so sent a hard shower which kept us in the shacks or at craft until supper time. After supper the lodge was the center of interest for each shack gave a charade. The Junior acted out the word manufacturing so well that they were awarded the prize, and each one had a marshmellow from the box presented to Dotty Page for thinking up the word. To be ready for another sport day we all went to bed early after a few dances.



Thursday, August 24.—Cloudy and damp, so we had drill in the lodge and an endless potato race with the most obstinate potatoes. After craft and rest hour we had fifty yard dash and Leila proved herself the fastest runner in camp. We spent a quiet evening. The babies retired to their shack and fixed the pictures for the show and wrote on the "log".

Friday, August 25.—Clear again. We had Senior High Jump and baseball throw for all and Junior basket-ball. After these we were allowed a peaceful swim, and in the afternoon there was a thrilling baseball game for the Seniors, Captain ball for the little Juniors and more baseball for the Second Shackers. Tennis touranment was played off and on all day, so that we would have no time hanging heavy on our hands. About seven o'clock, so it seemed, we were all settled on the shore clammering loudly for eats. When they came they were awfully good, and there was a peculiar interest added to this picnic supper for we could not see exactly what we were putting into our mouths. After we had managed to consume everything eatable in sight we had a beach fire, paddled a little while and tumbled into bed for a long night's rest.

Saturday, August 26.—We had tennis and senior basket ball, and then everyone hustled into their bathing suits and went down to the lake shore for the Wooster cup swimming race. When the last girl had finished we were breathless with excitement, and when Miss Pond told us that Eely had won there was a wild shout and we all congratulated her before jumping into the water for a short swim. At lunch time the Juniors were given little yaller tickets marked "Big Show—Admission \$1.00—Adults", and the tickets for the Babies read "50 cents—Child's ticket" as was fitting. At four o'clock the audience for "The Greatest Show on Earth" began to wander down the lane in the direction of the yellow sign, when they were greeted by a strange man selling balloons. There were many queer looking people on the circus benches and the most noticeable thing about them was that the adults were nearly all undersized while the children were overgrown and noisy, especially those belonging to a fat woman with a henpecked husband. Amid shouts and squeals and other circusy noises the parade appeared, headed by a sure-enough drum minor with a scrap basket tumbling around



on his head. Behind him was a piper, a drummer boy and several creatures playing unmentionable instruments. Somewhere in the long line of acrobats, bareback riders, clowns and dancers the fattest woman in existence waddled along, and a black beast drawing the ring leader seated sociably beside the prima donna dancer, rival to Pavlowa, brought up the rear. As for the circus itself, no one who witnessed the big show will ever forget the slightest detail, and for those who missed it no description would do it justice. Suffice it that the circus takes the prize of Runoia shows this year and all concerned deserve many Ru-ru-rus and congratulations for their success.

Sunday, August 27.—The day after the afternoon before, especially for the lively circus actors. We had chapel in the morning, and in the afternoon the log staff was too busy to know what was going on, and as for the events to come, well, one evening will be fine and that is the cotillion evening, but we can only prophesy, and while doing so, give a rousing cheer and the one most dear for the Summer of 1917.



2 3 4 5 6 7



1st Shack

- 1—Elizabeth Mackie
- 2—Katherine Jarvis
- 3—Margaret Donaldson
- 4—Jean Bullard
- 5-Martha Sheppard
- 6—Marjorie Jarvis
- 7—Francis Jeanne
- 8—Dorothy Wilkins
- 9—Magda Murck
- 10-Dorothy Page



2nd Shack

- 1—Mary Margaret Hudson
- 2—Helen Meurer
- 3—Olga Murck
- 4—Eleanor Pavenstedt
- 5—Peggy Page
- 6—Elizabeth Essick
- 7—Elizabeth Welsh
- 8—Katherine Rohnert
- 9—Billy Wilson
- 10-Erminie Skofield
- 11-Frances Gregg

3 4



3rd Shack

- 1—Elsie Wheeler
- 2—Leila Meurer
- 3-Florence Martin
- 4-Edna McDonald
- 5—Pauletta Page
- 6-Rachel Magrauth
- 7-Margaret Beach
- 8—Helen Clark
- 9—Edna Jeanne



6 7 4th Shack

- 1—Elizabeth Wooster
- 2—Katherine Bernhard
- 3—Gladys Gould
- 4—Aline Tiedemann
- 5—Dorothy Simmons
- 6-Wilma Kohler
- 7—Margaret Ogden
- 8—Ruth Spearman
- 9—Frederica Bernhard





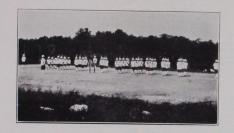




All of Us

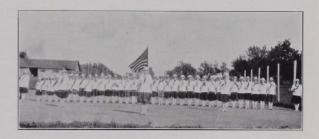


DRILL











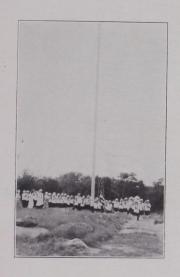
FLAG RAISING







FLAG RAISING





THE LAKE



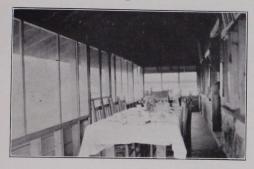








Dining Room



Our Buildings





Boat House





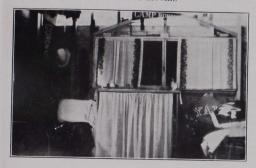


View from Slide Tower





One of the Rooms



Junior Dance



The Lodge



Runoia Rough Riders











ATHLETICS





SWIMMING



JUMPING



CANOEING



DRILLING



SPORTS



THE MOST POPULAR INDOOR SPORT HELEN CLARK, Captain



MOTOR BOATING



HORSEBACK RIDING



BASKET BALL

KOHLER CUP

R. Macgrauth O. Murck	R. Macgrauth	l v no i i	
K. Bernhard K. Rohnert	} K. Bernhard	K. Bernhard	
E. Wooster G. Gould	G. Gould	K. Bernhard	
Bye H. Clark	H. Clark	G. Gould	
K. Cornwell Bye	K. Cornwell	F. Bernhard	
E. Pavenstedt P. Page	} E. Pavenstedt	K. Cornwell	
A. Tiedemann F. Bernhard	} F. Bernhard	F. Bernhard	
L. Meurer E. Skofield	} L. Meurer	F. Bernhard	
R. Spearman E. Jeanne	R. Spearman	K. Wilson	ernhard
K. Wilson D. Simmons	K. Wilson		
B. Phillipson Bye	B. Phillipson	B. Phillipson	
Bye F. Gregg	F. Gregg		
W. Kohler	} W. Kohler	B. Phillipson	
E. Wheeler Bye	} E. Wheeler		
H. Meurer Bye	H. Meurer	M. Ogden	
C. Page M. Ogden	M. Ogden	at Ogden	



BASE BALL GAME

Friday, July twenty-eighth was the day chosen for the great game which was to decide whether the Never-Say-Dies or the Hoping-to-Soons should hold the 1916 Championship of Runoia. The day dawned clear and everyone appeared bright and early upon the scene of the coming battle.

The Never-Say-Dies were in field first and after several slight delays the umpire roared "Batter up" and the fight was on. Captain Bernhard, who was first at the bat, made a brilliant hit amid violent cheering of the onlookers. The first half of the inning was ended by Kohler striking out, not, however, before three runs had been made by the Hope-to-Soons.

The apt pitching of Captain Bernhard caused the first three batsmen of the Never-Say-Dies to strike out, and once more the Hope-to-Soons were at bat.

Pitcher Clark rose to the ocassion and the Hope-to-soons had only time for one run before three outs were called. Captain Bernhard's wonderful pitching succeeded in putting out the Never-Say-Dies before one run had been made, so that the score stood 4-0 in favor of the Hope-to-Soons, and the first half of the great game was ended.

BASE BALL GAME

In the second half the playing on the part of the Hope-to-Soons was not as brilliant as it had been in the preceding innings and the Never-Say-Dies at last scored one run. In the first half of the last inning the Hope-to-Soons scored three runs and it looked as if they would be victorious. However, this was not to be, for short-stop Meurer began the second half by a brilliant two-base hit. Six runs followed before the first out was called and it was now evident that Pitcher Bernhard was becoming rattled, and the next man up received his base on balls. The audience cheered madly and each player was strung to the top notch. There were wild exclamations from all parts of the ball ground, such as "Bases full", "Lookout", "Don't force her", "Keep your eye on the ball", "Watch third" and "Steal home". Captain Tiedemann coached from third base and in the excitement of the moment lost his usual calmness and shouted "Get on", "You've got to make it and the score is 9-8". Before anyone realized what had happened, McDonald slid home, tying the score. Spearman got to third and again the bases were full. Thus encouraged Batter Clark hit a clean first-baser, two more runs were made, and the Never-Say-Dies gave a shout of victory. Clark made the twelfth run before three outs were called, and after the first cheers had subsided, score-keeper Steacy announced that the outcome of the game was 12-9 in favor of the Never-Say-Dies, who were hailed the 1916 Base Ball Champions of Runoia.



RECORD OF CAMP PRIZES

	CUP	PIN	MEDAL
1911	Constance Dowd	No Pin	Helen Tiedemann
1912	Constance Dowd	Helen Tiedemann	Mary Batlin
1913	Helen Tiedemann	Margaret Ogden	Helen James
1914	Vera Balthasar	Lorna Stevens	Eleanor Eaton
1915	Vera Balthasar	Vera Balthasar	Billy Wilson
1916	Kathryn Bernhard	Aline Tiedemann	Eleanor Pavenstedt



PRIZE WINNERS

CAMP PRIZES

Camp Cup -							-				-		Kathryn Bernhare
Camp Medal	-		-		-		-						Eleanor Pavenstee
Citizenship Pin							-		-		-		Aline Tiedemann
					SI	E	CL	AI	L C	U.	PS		
Bernhard Cup					-		-		-				Leila Meurer
													Freddy Bernhard
Simmons Cup			-				-						Kathryn Rohnert
Wooster Cup	-	-		-				-		-		-	Ely Pavenstedt
Keys Cup -			-		-		-						Helen Clark



BERNHARD CUP TOURNAMENT.

CANOE SINGLES.

} Edna Jeanne)		
	Edna Jeanne		
} Margaret Beach			
		Margaret Ogden	
Peggy Page)		
	Margaret Ogden		
Margaret Ogden)		
			Leila Meurer
Billy Wilson)		Lena Meurer
	Helen Clark		
Helen Clark	J		
		Leila Meurer	
Dorothy Simmons)		
	Leila Meurer	j	
} Leila Meurer			
	Margaret Beach Peggy Page Margaret Ogden Billy Wilson Helen Clark Dorothy Simmons	Margaret Beach Edna Jeanne	Margaret Beach Edna Jeanne Margaret Ogden Peggy Page Margaret Ogden Margaret Ogden Billy Wilson Helen Clark Leila Meurer Dorothy Simmons Leila Meurer



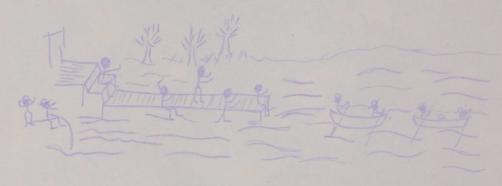
TRIPS

THE ROLLICKING RAMPAGES OF RUNOIA RASCALS In Three Acts

BY THE FAMOUS TRIPPERS' COMPANY

ACT I SCENE I—"BON VOYAGE"

The six girls—"K" Bernhard, Aline Tiedemann, Belle Phillipson, "Kaiser" Kohler, Casey Cornwell and Gloria Hollister—with Miss Kennish and Miss Steacy embarked from the Runoia dock on a sizzling morning in July. The entire camp assembled to bid farewell to the hardy sailors, armed with coffee pot and pie; amid the cheers of the vast throng they started on their thirteen mile journey.



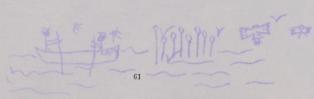
SCENE II—RUSHING THRU THE RUSHES.

Drowned in perspersweat and devoured with a consuming hunger they reached the forest of rushes on the opposite shore of the lake. The hunt for the proverbial needle in the hay-stack wasn't in it with the search for the creek entrance. Kaiser and K. B. were sure they knew where it was, so were Aline and Gloria, not to mention the other four. After paddling desperately for about fifteen minutes they at last found themselves in a narrow opening buried in the rushes.



SCENE III—FLUTTERING FEATHERY FOLK OF THE FLATS.

As they wended their tortuous and twining way up the creek every flying thing from eagles to mosquitoes rose whizzing from the bushes. Everyone admired them but Casey, and in spite of many vain attempts she serenely paddled on and paid no attention to the frightened denizens of the air.





SCENE IV—THE HUNGRY HORDE HUSTLES TO THE HASH.

All the way up the creek they were consumed with a deadly thirst and begged Miss Kennish hourly to let them take one little sip from the briny deep, but she was hard as a stone wall and guarded them closely from all the little germs supposed to wriggle in the water. The water in the cans was hot as cotton and tasted tinny, so they miserably pursued their way, pursued by the above mentioned thirst. At the first bridge they disembarked for food. They gracefully draped themselves around an old tree stump along the road and sat the pie on top of the coffee pot, where of course Miss Steacy put her foot in it and over it went, but they ate it just the same. While busily engaged in picking the chicken bones they spotted a ghastly odor. In haste they gulped down the pie and gathered together all the remains.

SCENE V-AROUSED BY ODORIFEROUS ODORS THEY AROSE.

Compelled to depart in great haste and buried in dust six inches thick from passing machines, they scrambled back in the canoes and prepared for the ordeal of squeezing under the bridge.

brage |



ACT II

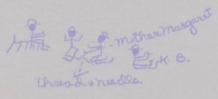
SCENE I-MAN AND MAID MARCH UPON THEIR MODESTY.

Upon their arrival in North Pond they unloaded their belongings, collected firewood, and made up their beds. But alas! when they prepared to go for a swim the direst incident took place. Each female was carefully hidden beside a tree trunk and back of suspended kimonas, when all unsuspecting they were attacked from the rear by two lovers out for a stroll. Needless to say, the poor unprotected man turned tail and ran away thru the tall timbers.



SCENE II—MOTHER MARGARET MENDS THEM FOR THE MESS.

After a refreshing swim and a couple of hundred cooling drinks at the spring, they got themselves ready for the feed at the hotel—some hotel!



SCENE III—GREEDY GIRLS GULP THEIR GRUB.

The menu at the hotel (pronounced H'otel) was too good to be true, as they found out to their sorrow. Eagerly they all ordered chicken au petit pois; when it was brought they gazed on a tiny croquette that never even smelled a chicken and two even tinier peas lying croquettishly (joke) around it. The trippers soon wore one waitress out, and by the time the dessert arrived a fresh relay of waitresses was sent in, while the exhausted one sank wearily in a chair beside a young male in white pants and chewed gum in all sorts of fancy ways for his entertainment. After dinner (?) they indulged in the candy the place afforded and took some magazines and went back to the old camp grounds.



SCENE IV-10 P. M. ROUND THE ROUGH AND RUGGED ROCKS THE RUNOIA RASCALS RAN.

The less said about this scene the better. Seven dim and dusky forms trod the sands while Miss Kennish watched them amid toads and bugs in the shadows of the trees.





SCENE V—GLORIA GARNISHES THE GIRLS WITH GOO.

After all were tucked in their pouches and settled for a sound summer's nap in spite of uncomfortable bumps of sand which ran into their backs, Gloria got out her mosquito goo to paste them with.



SCENE VI—THE INQUISITIVE INHABITANTS INSPECT THE INMATES OF THE INLET.

After they were asleep and the moon was rising thru the trees (funny place for a moon to rise) some curious natives sailed by in a row boat and hovered around till Miss Kennish chased them off with a lantern.

"The property of Property



SCENE VII—DIRTY DAMSELS DISTRESSINGLY DEPART.

Enuf ced!

中华一年 1141

ACT III SCENE I—CASEY AND STEACY STICK ON THE STUMPS AND SNUGGLE IN THE SHRUBBERY.

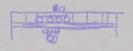
They started down the creek bravely enuf, but alas! grave dangers arose in the way of offending bushes and jagged stumps. Poor Steacy bravely trying to steer alone, where even John Paul Jones would have met with poor success, was left far in the rear, hanging by her stomach to a dead limb (funny thing to hang by and to).



SCENE II—THE MESSY MAIDENS MAKE A MEAL MIDST MOSQUITOES, WHILE STEACY STANDS SOAKING IN THE STREAM.



SCENE III—KLUMSY KENNISH AND BLUNDERING BELLE BALK BENEATH THE BRIDGE WHILE AN AUDACIOUS AUTO AMBLES ACROSS.



Bridge same as in Act I

This picture is too much for the artist.



SCENE IV—THE STURDY SAILORS SHOVE THEIR SLUGGISH SHIPS ACROSS THE SEETHING SEA.

When the trippers came out of the creek into the open sea they found a brisk breeze and a foaming sea, which almost overcame them in their feeble attempts to reach home, but after hard work and much rivalry they got stiffly out on the Runoia dock, tired and dirty but enthusiastic!

SCENE V—SO THE ROVING RASCALS RETURNED TO RUNOIA.

ne est wave dock

THE RANGELEY TRIP.

To begin with, the day was wonderful for motoring, cool and no dust. When we started there were twenty-two of us in the Speed Demons. The left-behinds instructed us in many things we should do and many things we should not do, such as standing up when going at a terrific (?) speed, and talking to the driver, (as if we, Camp Runoia Girls, would do such things). It surely was exciting after we got started. Those Speed Demons can go! The first time the Demons stopped for a drink everybody poured out to watch the operation; but before the trip was half over it was a very common occurence. A few miles the other side of Phillips (where Gladys became so excited that it took the mighty-armed Kaiser and the gentle K. B. to hold her in), the smallest Demon decided to break down, and break down it did. The other Speed Demon condescendingly waited about ten minutes and then left us to our fate. That was the last time we saw them till we met at Rangeley. The Demon refused to be nice about it, so Miggie and Gladys, the celebrated leg stretchers, started to



walk. They had many thrilling adventures, such as being chased by sheep, etc. After they had walked about a quarter of a mile they came to a cross road where they charged on an auto which was stuck on the hill, and asked the startled inmates of the car if they were on the right road to Rangeley. Being miles and miles from their destination, the people must have thought that they had escaped from some nearby asylum. The rest of the way was uneventful, except for the speed to make up time. When we arrived at the Hotel we all fell up the steps, steps being a novelty in our life. Aline heard some old lady say we were Abana girls, at that she clutched the Runoia flag and shook it in her face. We all behaved very well, even if I do say it, and we surely did have a good time. After lunch we had our pictures taken on the steps leading down to the water—thusly





When the Speed Demons came back for us there was a wild rush for seats. Before we left we gave Ru, Ru, for Runoia and were applauded by the people on the porch. Coming home we had many thrilling races, and at Farmington we waited for the rest to catch up. When we arrived in Belgrade Lakes someone suggested getting the mail, and as everyone shouted their approval, we stopped. We must have been a funny looking crowd. When we reached camp again and were enthusiastically greeted by the left-behinds, we all agreed that we had never had a better time, and so ended a perfect day.



Watering the Speed Demons.



THE AUGUSTA TRIP.

On Saturday, August the twelfth, the inmates of Runoia were greatly surprised to see four of their number arrive at breakfast in riding habits instead of the usual camp costume. These startling actions were however soon explained by the fact that the four, namely, Miss Addington, Aline, K. B. and Kaiser, were to start on their fierce and fiery steeds for Augusta. How much we had all looked forward to this trip, which was now so near at hand, could only be judged by our speedy departure. Even Jane seemed to realize the magnificence of the occasion and gaily brought up the rear. Our mighty chargers swiftly covered the distance between camp and our destination. On the outskirts of Augusta we were riotously hailed by the foreign population and their canine pets, through which mass we carefully wedged our way. This, however, was a slight preparation for our advent to the city proper. As the beating hoofs of our prancing steeds resounded upon the brick pavement, the populace with one accord welcomed us as a traveling circus. The doubt still remains whether we caused for them or they for us the greater thrills. We reviewed the city and its stately Capitol while hunger seized us. Needless to say it was fortunate for our education that the State buildings were seen before the Augusta House, where we returned for dinner. After stabling the horses at Stilky's—thanks to Miss Pond's parting injunctions, we succeeded in placing Silky's with a "t" inserted. Our appearance in the hotel caused no less excitement than did our arrival in town, but we were permitted to enter and leave the portals without being held up by the law. Having appeased our hunger, we proceeded to do the camp shopping, one sheet of copper, which seemed to have been Miss Addington's one idea. Our splendid control was proven as we passed the movies (by) but what camp outing would be worth while without a sundae? We would not be satisfied with the first parlor, but searched until the blinding glare of a white face corner store could not be resisted. Here we indulged in "food for the Gods," and our digestion was spared from repetition only by the passage of time. We sped to the stables, where the horses were brought to us in Newcome haste. Our homeward trip was uneventful, but all satisfactory after the excitement of the day.

THE SENIOR TRIP.

Very suddenly Saturday morning, August 12th, Miss Kennish told us that we were to go on the North Pond Trip. There were to be nine of us, Leila, Elsie, Margaret Beach, Edna Jeanne, Florence, Helen Clark, Billy, Miss Noble and myself. We were all so pleased and surprised that we didn't know where to begin to make up our packs. All were ready, so we set off about half past nine and paddled across the lake in what seemed to us a VERY short time; however, Miss Kennish said to the contrary. Next the creek came in view and we proceeded to stick on the stumps and snuggle in the shrubbery, and also to bump into each other. Not far up Miss Noble and Billy got stuck under a bridge and had to be hauled out. After about half an hour of sticking and snuggling, Margaret discovered something shiny in the bottom of the creek. We finally decided that it was a gold cigarette case, so Goose Egg snuggled in the shrubbery some more and got her bathing suit. When she finally rescued the animal, it proved to be nothing more or less than a water-soaked flashlight. We then hung onto the bushes and had light refreshments of crackers and milk. At about one o'clock we stopped and had lunch and then Miss Noble read to us for an hour.

But the worst was yet to come. When we got started again we met two more bridges, one was so low that we had to carry the canoes around it. At half past five North Pond came in view and we stopped at the camps to say we would be back for supper, and then proceeded to our camping grounds. In the remains of a fire place we found pieces of a Runoia cup, left from the last trip. We went in for a swim and then proceeded to the camps for supper. I tell you the eats didn't have anything on ours at camp. Nothing very exciting happened that night excepting Edna Jeanne talking a blue streak in her sleep. In the morning Miss Kennish told us that she and Miss Noble had wakened up in the night and seen a "wood pussy" come right down to the lake, almost walking on our heads. Just as we finished breakfast it began to pour and we huddled around under trees to try and keep dry. Then rain soon stopped, but it had simply soaked the bushes in the creek so every time we snuggled in them we got soaked. The current carried us down the creek in fine style and we arrived at our own lake about eleven o'clock.



But great hat! the lake was so rough that we couldn't possibly cross. The waves were simply huge. We landed on Snakey Point to wait for a boat, because Miss Weiser had said she would send one for us if it was rough. After an hour of waiting still no boat appeared, so Miss Kennish and some of the girls waltzed up to the Stephens, about two miles away, to try to get a boat, a hay rick or an automobile to take us home. In about an hour they came back and in the meantime there had been two thunder storms. They had gotten a motor boat and it arrived after some time. Mr. Stephens wouldn't start, however, because he said the lake was too rough to cross. After waiting quite a while we hitched the canoes with the packs and baskets in them, on behind, and set out for home. The canoes tipped and wiggled and behaved like crazy beasts. We had gotten about in the middle of the lake when the second canoe tipped until the water poured in and Billy's and Goose Egg's packs went floating around with the coffee pot and picnic baskets. We finally rescued everything but the coffee pot, which went sailing out to sea. We arrived home at four o'clock in the afternoon, tired and hungry, not having had anything to eat since breakfast except some fruit, but oh so glad, glad, glad to be home again.

SECOND SHACK TRIP.

As the third and fourth shacks had both gone on a trip, Miss Kennish decided to let the second shack take a short trip along the shore.

We made up our packs before supper and left immediately after. We took canoes and paddled along the shore as far as the second cove, when we picked out a nice place to spend the night. After we had pulled the canoes up we made a fire and got our beds ready for the night. By the time we were all settled it was bed time, so we got undressed and went for a dip. When we were all in bed Miss Stanley and Peggy told some ghost stories and then we went to sleep.

At about six o'clock we were all awake. We were lying in bed, laughing and talking, when a big bald-headed eagle flew into the tree just above us. He flapped around for a few minutes, making a terrible noise, and then flew away. That thrilling event having wakened us all, so we got up and went for a dip.

When we were all dressed we started breakfast by "toasting" our bacon on sticks, as we had forgotten a frying pan. Miss Kennish said that Peggy could cook the eggs, and as they were all but scrambled when we opened the basket, we decided to finish them. We also had bread and butter and coffee. After the dishes were washed and the packs were made up, we went for a tramp in the wood, and when we returned we launched the canoes, loaded them and then started off. We paddled around past Abena and landed at the sandy shore, where we went for our morning swim. We had peaches, crackers and oranges when we came out. Some of us went up the little creek and then we paddled home, where we arrived just in time for lunch.





SECOND SHACK BOOK PARTY.

I "My Lady's Elephant."	IX "The Brushwood Boy."
Frances Gregg, Leila, K. Rohnert.	Elizabeth Essick.
II "Little Colonel." Olga Merck.	X "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."
III "Puss in Boots."	XI "Lavender and Old Lace."
IV "Little Women."	Helen Meurer.
Billy, Helen Meurer, Peggy, Erminie.	XII "The Harvester."
V "The Music Master."	Mary Margaret.
Ely. VI "The Prince and the Pauper."	XIII "The Scarlet Letter."
Miss Nash, Ely.	XIV "Rip Van Winkle."
VII "Alice in Wonderland." Leila, Frances Jeanne.	XV "The Gold Bug."
VIII "Freckles."	XVI "Seventeen."
Billy.	Ely, Peggy, Frances Jeanne.



BOOK PARTY

On August 9th, a Book Party was held in the lodge and the girls dressed to represent the following books:

Jean, Jarvis Twins and Mackie .							a
Magda, Margaret D			,				. Cinderella
Magda, Margaret D							. Prince and the Pauper
Dot Wilkins							. Just David
Dot Page, Martha, Fannie							. The Staying Guest
Billie							. Miss Billie
K. Rohnert							. Kay
E. Welsh							. Milestones
Frances Gregg, Mary Margaret .							. Tale of Two Cities
E. ESSICK							. A Far Country
Erminie							. Adam Bede
Olga, Ely							. Two Little Knights of Kentucky
Helen Meurer							. Robin Hood
Peggy, Florence, Rachel							. Three Musketeers
Leila, Elsie							. Beneath Two Flags
Helen Clark, M. Beach							Helen's Babies
Cricket, Edna J., Edna Mc							Four in Family
К. В							Mill on the Flore
Belle, Gladys							Camp Fire Cirls
Ruth, Puss							Lack and III
Freddy, Dot Simmons							
Miggy							Our Mutual Friend
Kaiser							. The Light that Falled
Miss Noble							The Turmoil
Miss Konnigh							. Old Lady No. 31
Miss Kennish							Old Lady No. 31
Miss Addington							
Miss Stanley, Miss Steacy, Miss Nas	Π, .	WISS	Pet	ers	3 .		The Nonsense Book

Elsie Wheeler won the prize for guessing the largest number and Dot Wilkins won the prize for the best costume.



THE CAST OF THE JUNIOR SHOW.

Margaret Donaldson	-			-		Miss Crab
Marjorie Jarvis -		-	-	-	-	Pete
Katherine Jarvis		-			-	Repete
Elizabeth Mackie -	-	-				Seymour Leg
Dorothy Wilkins -	-	-	-		-	Arthur Mometer
Martha Sheppard -						
						Seminary Simms
Dotty Page	-				-	Lena Genster
Jean Bullard	-	-	-			Geranium Junebu
Magda Merck -		-		-	-	Jimmie Jones
Frances Jeanne -	-	-	-			Sal Hepatica



- Wirricisms -



Name	Alias	Favorite Occupation	Pet Abomination	Aspiration	Expression
Eleanor Pavenstedt	Ely	Massaging Kaiser's ears.	Getting dressed up	To have the largest collection of bugs in the world	
Leila Meurer	Leila "Prince"	Riding Prince	Dancing and being kissed	To shrink	Darn!
Miss Wheeler	Emmy	Overworking the atomizer	To have her alcohol bottle run dry	To make a racing dive	My sainted Aunt!
Margaret Ogden	Miggie	Losing her temper	Thunder storms at night	To GROW	Great Guns! Glory be to Pat!
Wilma Kohler	Kaiser	Eating and sleeping	Playing baseball	To dance aesthetically	Ye Gods! My Soul!
Belle Phillipson	Belle "Tanky"	Chasing bats	Having her things borrowed	To be a suffragette leader	Female!
Katherine Rohnert	K	Straightening up her room	Getting separated from her cats	To be knock-kneed	Great hat!
Dorothy Page	Dot	Teasing Frances	To be called "Slangy"	Actress	Auch-de-Louis



Name	Alias	Favorite Occupation	Pet Abomination	Aspiration	Expression
Katherine Cornwell Kacy Sitting on Picks		Being prompt to meals	To sleep forever	Oh Shoot!	
Katherine Wilson	Billie	Teasing Rachel	Having her room mate have a crush	To get enough water to drink	Great Hat!
Rachel	Egg-shell	Being with HER	Having Her out of sight	To have red hair	For the love of Kacy!
Peggy Page	Peggy	Being with another HER	Rivaling Rachel	Sleeping	Darn!
Hadys	Golden Rod	Diving	Spiders	Getting out of the way of bugs	My Soul of Milo!
Aiss Peters	Pete	Making fish faces	Having to live be- tween four walls		Say, Stace!
liss Steacy	Peg, Stace	Annoying her room-mates	To be tongue-tied	To ride Jane bare- back	Oh you big boob! You darn idiot!
lary Margaret	Mexico Rhiney		Keeping up on Walks	To say "exactly"	Eszacly!



WOULD THE BLOW ALMOST KILL RUNOIA?

Would the blow almost kill Runoia if

Kacey got up and put the flag up before breakfast. Miss Steacy kept quiet. Miss Kennish forgot the tennis tournament. Cricket was untidy. Martha Sheppard didn't fall off her horse. The Junior Shackers didn't scrap. The tent wasn't noisy. Miss Nash forgot Cousin Tom. The tent-mates kept their own hair pins. Jane ran away. Puss let go of the pommel on her saddle. K. B. understood every joke. Everybody came to drill on time. The band at drill didn't laugh. Crushes didn't exist in camp. Kaiser stopped eating. Second Shack didn't talk at night. Miss Pond let us go over to Pine Island. Mr. Newcome talked plainly and walked fast. Grandma lost her iodine. One of the Picks wasn't out of commission. The laundry came back on time and was well done. Somebody forgot her birthday up here.



MODESTY.

When every pool in Eden was a mirror
That unto Eve her dainty charms proclaimed,
She went undraped, without a single fear or
Thought that she had need to be ashamed.

Twas only when she'd eaten of the apple
That she became inclined to be a prude,
And found that evermore she'd have to grapple
With the much debated problem of the nude.

Thereafter she devoted her attention,
Her time and all her money to her clothes,
And that was the beginning of convention
And modesty, as well, so I suppose.

Reactions come about in fashion recent

Now the girls conceal so little from the men,
It would seem, in the name of all that's decent,
Someone ought to pass the apples 'round again.

-From Moving Picture Magazine.



ASTONISHING ADJECTIVES.

Gladys Franklin Gould Good	for Gossip
Margaret Beach Marv	ellously Beautiful
	gry Cannibal
	Welcome
Leila Meurer Lovin	ng Men
Leila Meurer Lovir Peggy Page Prett	y Punk
Eleanor Pavenstedt Easil	y Peeved
Edna McDonald Easil	y Maddened
	ng Madly
	fully Maddening
Times con it control is	Willful
	essingly Silly
Delic I minipoon	Pouter
	ibly Mushy
orga march.	e Mouth
Mary Margaret Hudson Much	Mental Halt
	a Woozy
	Silly
	sh Goop
	nievously Jolly
	Bug
	Mentality
	ustingly Willful
	culous Diver
	dful Pippin
George Pratt Glori	ously Pathetic
Hazen Downs Horr	ibly Dangerous



HIDDEN ROLL-CALL OF RUNOIA.

Noble Jeanne, Phillipson, was walking by the Hudson with his Page Macdonald. He saw a Welsh ship stranded and knew that they would have to Wheeler up the Beach to Kohler.

"Wil-son help them out of the Meurk-y ground," thought Stanley. Essick as he was Wooster, Donald's-son, called the Sheppard and Bullard, and rushed through the Sko-field. As he neared the ship he cried, "I have forgotten Mackie," and rushed home to his Og-den to get it. He was a Tiedemann and it Bernhard with him not to find it in the Jar-vis a vis the Meurer.

As they reached their Gould, they heard Mac-grauth from the ship, "Gregg goodness! Rohnert! Sta-cy, Simmons, Martin by Adding-ton to ton"—Clark, head Spearman, standing on the deck, showed them that although the ship was sinking he could Nash Cornwell.

"If it was only a Pond," said Kennish, Weiser than Peters, "the Pavenstedt of affairs would be different.

COUNSELORS' CAPERS



LIMERICKS

There is a young counselor named Mag Who at dances is scared of the stag, That cause clothes she does lack They will look down her back, This shy and modest young Hag.

There is a young lady named Nash Who cuts up a terrible dash; Her bathing suit's brief As the proverbial leaf,

When she wears it you bet she is rash.

There once was a woman so old
You'd think she'd be covered with mould,
She went down the shute
In her un-i-un suit,
No wonder she caught a bad cold.

At the circus a lady named Stace
Made up such a coarse looking face
That Jane gave one look,
Reared, quivered and shook,
And could not go on with the race.

There's a counselor, Miss L. M. K., Who's a hundred and fifty they say; She'll sit there and drone Through her old megaphone As she watches the tournaments play. There was a young girl named Em Whose figure sure was a gem; When she dove from the float

When she dove from the float A cheer rose from each throat, Especially from those of the men!

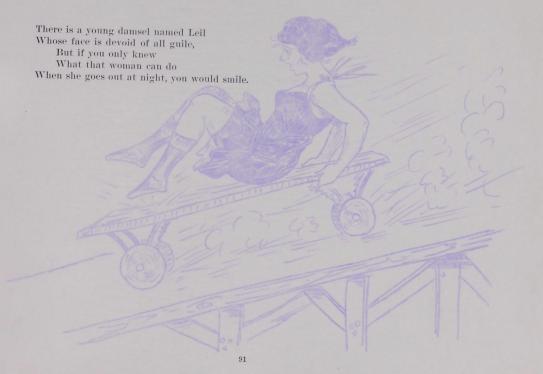


89



There was a young lady named Ken
Who always ran away from the men.
She got candy galore
And fruit by the score,
Which she passed around to her friends.







There is a young lady named Nash Whose suit was no more than a sash; Some men came in a boat So she took off her coat And dove from the float with a splash.



There was a young lady named Star Who set a Smithsonian pace; She led the young apes Into all kinds of scrapes And saved herself just by her face.





There is a young maiden named Pete Whose nature's apparently sweet; But depths are revealed Which before were concealed, And her character's low as her feet.



There is a decrepit old girl
Who can't keep up with the whirl,
She walks with a crutch
And her voice isn't much,
But the piano stool she can twirl.



There is a young maiden so brazen
Who goes to the barn to see Hazen;
She hunts thru the hay
And she talks there all day—
What she sees in him folks think amazin'.



THE END