

1922

Miss Pond

I would rather have the
affectionate regard of
my fellow men than
I would have heaps
of mines of gold.



Miss Weiser

Gentle of speech; but
absolute of rule!

The log Staff

Labor with what zeal we will
something still remains undone

Sixth Shack

Miss Dowd
A man of action;
not of words.



Mrs. Arlitt
Each morning sees some
task begun
Each evening sees it done.





Elizabeth Mallett (Blit)
 She walked with her
 Thomas in sweet delight

Harriette Taylor
 Thru heat and cold and
 shower and sun,
 still onward cheerily
 riding.



Frances Hayden (Fuzzy)
 For me bananas
 roasted and raw.

Elizabeth Rhett (Lib)
 Subdue your appetite
 my dear
 and you've conquered
 human nature.





Marjorie Illingworth (May)
They tell that she
feared not to slumber
alone in the dead
of night.

Medra Brown

Lazy in craft was she
and loveth to lie
in the sun.

Betsy Ohnewald

Man delights me not.

Edith Pierson (Cole)

Its a poor heart that
never rejoices,
and our hearts are
not poor
are they?

Jeannette Ohnewald

Bad books are fountains
of vice.





Charlotte Odierne (Cha

Dancing, three on pleas
map - to care to girls
un know.



Gayle Morgan

Are we all met?

Fifth Shack
within the halls is
song and laughter.



Miss Rhett

A-ha! Beneath the bed!
If you find a man there,
He shall die a flea's death.

Miss Neel

Raymond, Gertrude
Eleanore Neel.

"Many a name have I
heard" he thought,
"but never a name
like that!"



Delores Dias

The spirit who
'biketh by himself



Marie Runyon (Onion)

Thy form and mind
sweet maid, can I
forget?

In richest lore, the
brightest jewel set.

Eleanor Dear (Dearie)

In all her words and
She seems much ^{ways} older than in truth.

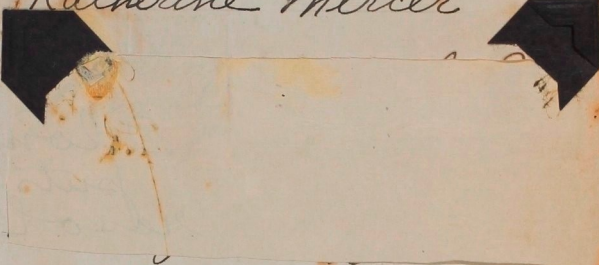




Anne Colby

Her eyes were deeper than
the skies that arch
the sunny south.

Katherine Mercer



Frances Gaines (Baby)

Baby knows all manna
of wise words though few
on earth can under-
stand their meaning



Cynthia Fraser
They conquer who
believe they can.



Lydia Garrison (Lee,

Her hair is like the
curling mist that
shades the mountain
side at even.

Betty Walker

I don't care, Nothing
puts me out; I am
resolved to be happy.

Mary Thayer (Maniac)
watters, watters everywhere
and not a drop to
drink.

Constance Campbell
(Connie)
As you make your bed
so must you lie.





Eleanor Speer (Ekus)

Again, again that tender part
That I may catch her
melting art.

Helen Tuttle (Tut)

A drachm of goodness
is worth a world of
greatness.



Fourth Shack

around the blazing
feast-house, clustered
the eyes of the foe!



Miss Nicoll

He had a wife was
the plague to his life

Miss Tuttle

How can my poor
heart be glad
when absent from
my sailor lad?



Miss Read

Oh boy! I think
that all I need
is rest!

Dorothy Allee (Dot)

I saw my shirt and
petticoat go riding off
like witches, I lost
Oh bitterly I wept I lost
my Sunday breeches.

Dorothy Stevens (Steve)

I love such mirth as does
not make friends ashamed
to look upon one another
next morning.





Jean Allee (Chinky)
His hand is ready
and willing.

Lillian Nicoll

If you deny me
I'll be upon your back

Elizabeth Lee (Betty)

We don't all of us
do what we ought
all the time; do us?

Frances Lewis (

A place for everything
and everything in
its place.



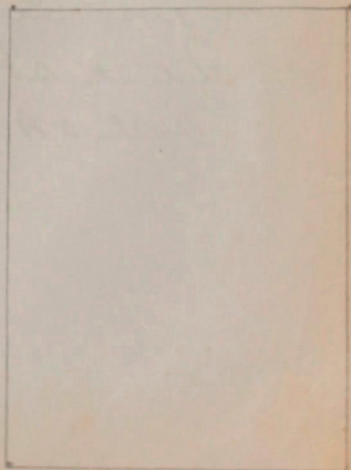


Francis Kinsman (Hoss)

A burnin' and a shinin'
light to a' this place.

Marjorie Ruzicka (Marj)

Always thoughtful, and
kind, and untroubled.



Third Shack

The game is done!
I've won! I've won!

Miss Stetter
We're shall the sun
rise on such another.



Miss Meredith
His heart was in his
work.

Alice Mary Anderson (Allamap^{to})

I may be a bad poet -
I don't mean to say I
think I am, but I
am a good versifier.

Jane Freeman
Pity my yearning heart
pity my girlish tear

Claine Brown

Not blustering-but
firm and confident
in himself.

Jane Becker (Bucky)

The heights by great
men reached and kept
were not obtained by sudden flight





Almida Brown (Alic)

Quieter than the sun
was he.

Jane Bowman
Bright was his face
with smiles.

Mary Jean Gare
My hopes (of staying)
are cast upon the
shoals of time like
drift wood.



Second Shack

People must rise early
to see the sun rise in
its splendor, for its
brightness seldom lasts
the whole day thru.



Miso Pease

At first the children
sickened
And then the women
paled.



Miss Benson

I love these little
people.

Nancy Burke

She is a winsome
wee thing

She is a bonnie
wee thing.

Marille Becker

I'll be merry and free
I'll be sad for nobody
If nobody cares for me:
I'll care for nobody.



Sally Campbell
a child of many
prayers

Eleanor Alling
With honest pride I
coin each selfish end.



Martha Bray
When I sleep I dream.

Helen Bowman
This is a world of action



The last day of camp.
The fairest day is still the last



E, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1927

in Yonkers an

HER ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Miss Frances Froment Gaines, of Greenwich, Conn., who is to
Mr. Owen Pardee Jacobson, of Highland Park, Ill.

Let me Forget.

- 19th Tommy and Molly join the heavenly crew. Sport week started. Sent's in drill appointed D. Allee & F. Haydon.
- 22nd Second shack as the "F Loat-in Opera Stars" present "The Three Junes".
- 24th Three Day riding trip started off. Everyone envied the lucky trippers: Miss Dowd, Miss Stetler, Tommy, Cde Pierson and Harriet Taylor.
- 27th The trippers returned and Wildfire went lame.
- 28th Saddest 2 days! Harriet Taylor left camp for home.
- 29th Fifth entertainment brought down the house. "A Day at Camp" was certainly made real by them all.
- 30th A perfect dress drill! Who was not thrilled? Molly left Sunday night but drew two little doggies on 6th Shack walls as a parting token.
- 31st With a clap and sound and chorus of bells came Betty Lee's birthday. Also Mrs. Lee and Kitty (not with the same manner - no -!).
- Dr. Dowd took a few seniors acquainting.

Aug. 2nd The first trip of the season - Long Lake - started. Ted Nardie arrived. ~~Betty~~ Tommy left in the P.M.
Aug 3rd Messalonskee Trip set off and Long Lakers came back.

That evening there were horse races -

4th - Announcing arrival of Betty Wal-
Mr. & Mrs. Anderson attended wedding
J.B. Lee & A. McCall and gave ice
creams cones to wedding guests

5th Announcing arrival of much
and many - Aunt Colby, Dor-
Stevens, and the Messalonskee Trip.
Also that night - "My Lord in
Liveries" by fourth Shack - It was
really charming.

6th Disgraceful dress drill! Rough -

7th Miss Pease and nurse left.
were sorry to see Miss Pease go

22 2 Few Letters - From a Camp Girl
to Her Mother.

Dec 29th Dere Moth.

I jes got here so im jes sitting.
It was a girl named Marjorie Ra-
zuekas birthday on the train.

Some of the counsellers are so
little that you cant tell them. But
theres so all nice -

Love - Susie

24th 27 Dere Moth -

we have cowbells and buzzles.
This is Saturday night and the
girls, old ones, gave us, new
ones, a party. A girl named Charlie
danced. Goodnight - Love to Daddy
P.S. The bugle is great. Susie.

2nd Dere Moth -

we had yelling at lunch today
because it was a birthday of
Jane Freeman's. There are good
things to eat. Goodnight and hugs.
P.S. We have two teams. Susie

3rd Dere Moth.

Its Bobs birthday, another
girl, you know. The table she sat
at was big. Its raining awful
weather. Love - Susie
P.S. Our teams are crickets and chesshoppers.

4th Dere Mork

Yay it was fun up here. Mas Po.
had fireworks and we toasted
marshmallows and ate in the
fire. Hope you all had some
Love Susie.

5th Dere Mork

To night we new ones are given
a party to them. Its a circus
and - gee I'm so excited - I guess
we'll have ice cream afterwards
so goodnight. Love to you all
P.S. Lee and Pip are Captains. Susie.

6th Dere Mork -

The biggest girls went in a
canoe - something like a float it
was called - to Belgrade Lakes. I
had something to eat, too. See you
soon I hope - I love it here.

Susie

15th Dere Mork -

Lip shak gave a Halloween
party! In July! But it was more
fun. All books and ghosts and
ice cream, too. Love to Dad
Susie.

P.S. we looked for marshmallows
and jumped for apples, too -
(passion)

8th Two more trips sent off today.
Senior Echo Lake and Junior Park-
hans Cove. The remaining seniors
went to Belgrade Lakes. 1
9th 1st Parkhans Cove Trip sack and
2nd started.

10th In morning the Parkhans Cove trip-
pers sack. The Echo Lake in the
afternoon. Also the Aug 13th 2nd
Shack Trip around the "point".

11th A picnic to the top of the world
in Kayack, speed demon, Ford
and Buick! Which won? The
joy, however was a little weakened
by left us!

12th Saturday again! All aboard the
good ship Ego and 3rd Shack's
party which was greatly enjoyed
by all.

13th A good dress drill once more,
thank goodness. Many visitors who
had seen to the one previous, were
shown that we really could drill.

14th A Long Lake Trip sailed away.
15th Second Echo Lake Trip started, be-
fore which a few Senior swimming
race were held. Return of Long Lake Trippers.

16th A Day Horse Sack Trip went and
some seniors paddled to Belgrade.

Lakes and got caught in a terrible
thunder-storm.

17th - The Annual Camp meeting was
held in the Lodge that evening.

18th - Most violent thunder-storm -
thought we'd have to sleep in
Lodge or on the dining-room
Tables - but we didn't -

Saddling horses was "more of

TRIPS



2nd Shack Trip

"We went on an over night trip. We had a lovely time. We did not have a nough to eat and Miss Tuttle had to come back to get some more bread. We went over to sandy beach for our supper. We had soup and bread and toast and cereal and fried roast - beef. We went in swimming. We had lots of fun swimming and were very hungry for supper. We went for a paddle to Echo Cove. Eleanor and Helen went back for dry bathing suits. Miss Mieser came down and saw us. Then we all went to bed. The bugs bothered us a whole lot and crawled up in a tree. We got up at twenty minutes past five. We walked over to sandy beach for our breakfast and had fried eggs. Then we walked back after breakfast."

By Eleanor Alling +
Helen Bowman

The First Long Lake Trip.

We started on the first trip of the season in rest hour on July thirty first. When we reached Belgrade Lakes we made a dash for Beans.

It was quiet rough on Long Lake but we made Beaver cove in good time. Miss Dowd and Cynthia, who paddled over with us to show us the way, refused all our urging and paddled home.

While some of us went in swimming Miss Nicoll went fishing with Betsy.

Everyone had gone to bed and all was quiet, when Baby heard a noise. It seemed to be coming nearer and nearer so some of the girls went to investigate. Miss Nicoll turned on the light and found it to be a little frog.

Our night ended at four the next morning. The fishing was more successful than it had been the night before because

Miss Neal and Miss Nicoll caught
four large fish.

We ate a large breakfast,
made our packs, and started
for home.

At Bean's we met the Mess
trippers and after talking for a
while, started for home feeling
as though we had been away
for weeks.

The First Messalonskee Trip.

On Thursday August, third, Mrs. Arlitt, Miss Tuttle, Gayle Morgan, Charlotte Odiorne, Ted Nardi, Constance Cambell, Helen Tuttle, Frances Hayden and Elizabeth R Litt set out for Messalonskee.

At Belgrade Lakes they stopp'd and carried their canoes across to Long Lake.

They spent the night on Long Lake and the following morning, paddled to Belgrade where they stopp'd to have sundaes and telephone Miss Pond to say that they were all right.

From Belgrade they paddled up the Messalonskee stream to Messalonskee Lake.

Because a storm came up and the Lake became too rough they were unable to go to the usual sleeping place and spent the night on the verandah of a boarded-up cottage called "Baby Joe".

The next morning they went to North Belgrade where they had a carry of two miles to Great Pond.

They had lunch at the end of the carry and afterwards although the Lake

was quite rough ~~they~~ paddled home



First Messalonskee Trip Song
Tune: "I've been working on the Railroad"

I

We set off for Messalonskee
Three long days ago -
And we met the Long Lake trippers
Just in time to say "Hello!"
Soon we left them far behind us
To find a lonely place
But campers and a million "sheeters"
Tried to occupy the space.
(Scratch, scratch, scratch!)

II

All night long we each lay waking
Thinking others slept
When we found we were mistaken
We laughed until we wept
As the laughter grew uproarious
Teacher shouted thru the din
"If you don't shut up this instant
You'll never come again."
(Oh! Teacher!)

III

"Teacher, Teacher where's the sugar?"
We hunted all in vain
Yet cocoa sweetened up with jelly
Why, you know it tastes the same.
When we'd paddled several hours
And left our shady nook

Right in the middle of the stream
Gayle gasped, "I've left my pocket-book
(I'll lend you some Gay

IV

Just before we had our luncheon
Gayle got Lib all wet
So Lib said that she'd get even
And this is how she won her bet.
While poor Gayle was eating beefsteak
Lib rose up in wrath
Threw some mushy butter on her shoul
And gave her a greasy bath.
(How vulgar!)

V

Later we passed Cedar Crest Camp
Further on what did we ~~see~~
A pair of trunks they'd left behind the
So we hung them on the tree
While in Belgrade we were eating Sunc
The "Juts" went to the well
One leaned over to get water
And in love the citronell.
(Jut! Jut!)

VI

As we came to Messalonskee
Thunder began to roar
The lake got rough, the waves got big
Then rain began to pour

Then the wind it blew in gales
And no further could we go
So we looked around for refuge
And spotted "Baby Joe."
(Thank Goodness!)

~~VIII~~

Teacher made a wondrous fire
Tho' she had to use wet wood
Then we had some boiling coffee
Yum, Yum it tasted good.
We slept on Baby Joe's veranda
With ponchos strung around.
And tho' drier it was harder
Than sleeping on the ground.
(If possible!)

~~VIII~~

Now we're back at Camp Runoia
And glad to be here too
Tho' the lake was rough and choppy
We managed to get thru"
We hope you all are glad to see us
You really ought to be
Because the folks that we took with us
Are all big bugs here you see.

Fourth Shack Canoe Trip

The Fourth Shack set out early on an over night trip, but their merriment was dampened by the news that Pinkham's Cove was to be their destination. They found little excitement there but the water, in which they enjoyed many a dip, was very refreshing. Mrs Arlett deserves many congratulations for the preparing of the food and fire and also Miss Nicoll for conducting her excitable shack in a most dignified manner.

Third Shack Trip?

"Third shackers! do you remember the good time we had when we went to Pinkham's Cove in 1922? We paddled over with Miss Meredith, Edith Pierson and Fuzzy as counselors. We had a wonderful smoked supper, went for a dip and then turned in. In the morning we awoke ready for excitement and found it in the haunted

house in the woods. I'll tell you
girls it was a fine trip.



Charlie, Betsey, Lib Rhett, Miss Rhett, Blit, Ted Na



The First Echo Lake Trip.

The first Echo Lake trip set out on Thursday August tenth. The trippers were Miss Rlett, Blt Mallet, Gayle Morgan, Charlotte Adiorne, Betry Ohnewald, Ted Nardi, Helen Little and Elizabeth Rlett.

The first day they paddled across Great Pond and half way up Meadowbrook stream.

The following day they crossed North Pond to Smithfield where they had sundaes and bought more food.

They paddled over to East Pond for lunch and that afternoon, after going back to Smithfield for water, they reached Echo Lake.

The next morning they started home and paddled all the way down Meadowbrook and part way across Great Pond.

They had lunch in a little cove on Great Pond and reached home about three-thirty.



Charlie, Betsey, Helen Tuttle, Lib, Ted, Miss Rhett, Gayle

omit

First Echo Lake Trip long.
June - He sat in the Hammock.

We set out for Echo Lake
just for the ride etc.
We set out for Echo Lake
just for the ride etc.

When Teacher saw the counselors
Oh! how she sighed etc.
When Teacher saw the counselors
Oh! how she sighed etc.

They sat on the shore and
Ha! Ha! they cried etc.
They sat on the shore and
Ha! Ha! they cried etc.

Paddling up Meadowbrook
Oh! how we tried etc.
Paddling up Meadowbrook
Oh! how we tried etc.

at Echo Lake on balsam we lied
Balsam we lied etc.
at Echo Lake on balsam we lied
Balsam we lied.

Coming down Meadowbrook

Flip-flop we fled

Coming down Meadowbrook

Flip-flop we fled

The rest of the details

you'll be denied etc

The rest of the details

you'll be denied etc

We're safe back at Camp again

Ha! Ha! we cried

We're safe back at Camp again

Ha! Ha! we cried

The Second Long Lake Trip.

"Miss R. Beth, Miss Tuttle and Miss Benson started out for Long Lake with girls from fourth and fifth grades. When we arrived at Belgrade Lakes, the men on the dock just sat around and watched while we lifted our canoes across the road. As soon as we had eaten our fill at Bear's we saw a storm approaching. Miss Paul met us and told us not to cross the lake until the storm had passed over; so we cooked our dinner in a pine grove in Belgrade Lakes. After being drenched by the rain we paddled over to Beaver Cove where we immediately went in swimming until scared out by the presence of leeches; or rather we imagined them.

After spending the night pleasantly with the marguerites we paddled to Belgrade Lakes. There we went through the same process of lifting canoes and there we came back to camp."

Fillian Uicoll.

Second Echo Lake Trip.

We started right after lunch and passed the first trip's camping place long before we were ready to stop paddling, so we waited until we found another place good for a camp. There we proceeded to eat and after dusk we some of the more energetic of us tried to turn cart-wheels and ~~the~~ other stunts Miss Neel had showed us, the night before to pass a few minutes. We made our packs, after stirring of that and finally calmed down enough to let some of us go to sleep.

After talking to the mosquitoes most of the night the Cornies were sent into the middle of the field, howling, to wait for the rest to wake up in the morning.

We had no drinking water so we hurried to Smith's field as fast as we could paddled and ate two sandwiches, ginger ale, root beer, and water until we felt like stopping. We slept under canvas at Echo Lake, but were glad it didn't rain after all.

We caught a turtle coming down Meadow Brook but let him go when we had showed him to the people on the shore, at camp.

Mrs. Arlett, Miss Neel, Miss Nicoll
C. Campbell, L. Garrison, E. Dear, E. Speer
F. Gaines, M. Runyon

Second Echo Lake
trip song.

We started out about 10,000 years
ago

And there's nothing in the world
we do not know.

We got lost among the rushes

We met cows beneath the bushes

And we've nine good men to prove
that this is so.

We hit a snag or two in going
up the stream

We went to bed to sleep, to sleep
but not to dream

Lee and Connie in the night

Moved their beds and had a fight

And we've nine good men to
prove it was a scream.

Then at Smithfield we had sundaes
all around

Picoll played with baby dog
that she had found

She used five spoons to the cup
feeding ice-cream to the pup

And we've nine good men to prove

it was some bound

At Echo Lake the sky soon
changed its hue
The thunder roared aloud and
all the winds they blew.
We slept beneath canoes, the
was water in our shoes.
And we've nine good men
to prove that this is true

We ate crackers and drank
coffee all day long
We hadn't slept at all and needed
something strong.
We've ^{been} paddling home all day.
Tell us, Dearie what you think
Our nine men say that a toot
is not far wrong.

THE MOUNT BLUE TRIP



Left to right:
Miss Stetler
Harriotte Taylor
Miss Dowd
Tommy Tompkins
Edith Pierson

Monday, July the twenty-fourth five people Miss Dowd, Miss Stetler, Tommy Tompkins, Edith Pierson and I, Harriotte Taylor started gaily off from Camp Runcoia on a Mount Blue Trip. We were mounted on Freckles, Wildfire, Bess, Lady and Cadet, who unsuspecting the hardships before them trotted and cantered without being urged. So the twenty five miles from Belgrade to Farmington was soon covered.

We got a simple but ravishing lunch at a hotel in Farmington. After lunch, while waiting for the horses to rest we amused ourselves by telling, with in three hours, of the correct time, by Miss Stetler's pocket sun dial, which she brought along so we would have some way of knowing the time if all the watches in the party were to get lost. At four o'clock we were again on our way.

Our plans for the trip were to get to Mr. Phillip's farm which is part way up the mountain by night of the first day, get food at the farm, put our horses up and camp out near there. The second day we were to climb the mountain, eat lunch on top and come down in the afternoon and sleep out again. The third day we were to make the trip home. Just before starting up the mountain we stopped to inquire of a woman, directions to the farm. She after explaining

in detail the road which would take us to the farm, told us it was ^{deserted.} That of course frustated our plans. We now decided to go on the village of Phillips which was a few miles away and spend the night at the hotel there.

It took us a good while to ^{reach} Phillips and we were almost starved by the time we reached the Elmwood Hotel.



The Elmwood, Phillips, Me
The Porch where we spent the first Night.

Miss Dowd looked the hotel over and decided that since it was the only one in the town that it would do and engaged two rooms. But alas! The dining room had been closed hours and the hotel manager said that there was no possible chance of giving us anything to eat. He suggested however, that there was an ice cream parlor and a restaurant, which he knew was closed. He called up the restaurant and talked to the woman who kept it. She was just starting to bed and said she didn't have anything fixed. Miss Dowd went to the telephone and spoke to her so pleadingly saying that we would eat anything she

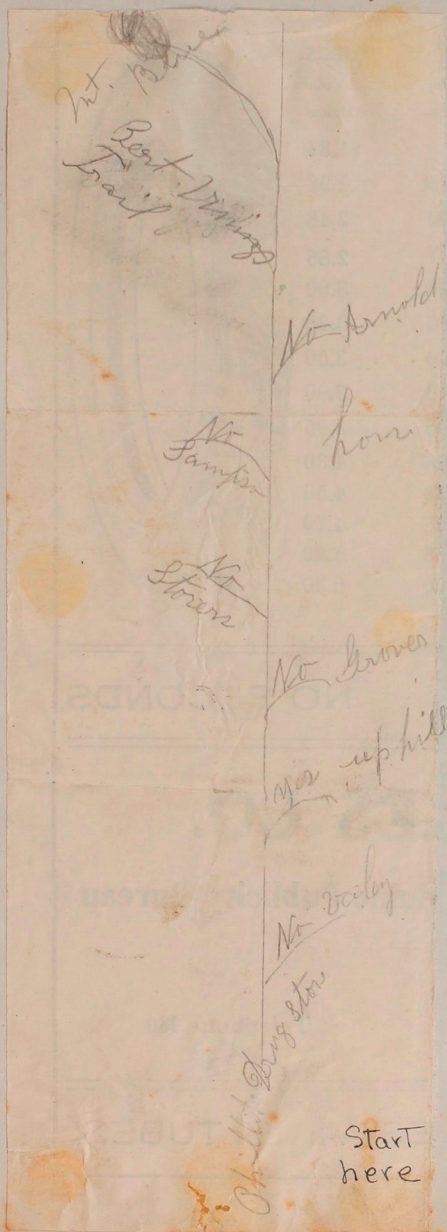
ad~~that~~ The woman said she would fix us up something. As soon as we
ad put our horses up we went to the restaurant. The restaurant
as in back of an old house. One look at the room, the table and
ur hostess was enough to make us wish we had retired supperless.
he room was large with only a few small windows. It contained two
arge tables one of which was spread with several kinds of cold foods
nd ready for us. Our hostess was very large, not overly agreeable
n appearance and she had but one eye. But nothing could ruin our
ppetites we fell to and had soon eaten everything that was eatable.
ven this did not satisfy our hunger so Miss Dowd called the woman
nd asked her if she could give us some meat "cold or raw". The
oman said she had some steak that she would cook for us. We were
greatly pleased at this but rejoiced too soon. When the steak came
it was - well simply pass^d the ^{age} when it was eatable. It was however,
ecessary to make a pretense of eating it since the woman had been
put to so much trouble to fix it. So I began fumbling about it with
my knife and fork. Suddenly the Cyclops came over to me took my knife
from my hand, cut the meat into small pieces and stood over me, ^{glaring} ~~glaring~~
at me with her one eye until I was forced to eat a piece. My eating
some of the meat seemed to satisfy her and she greatly to my relief
left the room. We soon left the restaurant.

We went to the Elmwood. Miss Dowd after giving the beds a
thorough examination pronounced them unsa^fe. Fortunately our windows
opened upon a porch and we spread our ponchoes on the floor of it.
This made a very comfortable bed and we slept peacefully until almost
day, when the noise of a cat fight on the sidewalk below awoke us
and we found that our porch was conspicuously located right over
the village main street —

How to Find Trail up Mt. Blue
from Phillips.

Original Map drawn for Runoia Trip by
native of Phillips
showing short cut
across foot of
mountain -

Under brush
and grass up
to horses' knees
automobile or
wagon could
not get through.



Start
here at Phillips Drug Store

and we moved into the house.

This day was doomed to reveal to us two tragedies. The first was the discovery of a large hole in my riding breeches, caused by the unusual amount of bouncing and rubbing I had got, being unused to riding. It was quite evident that I could not go on without repairs. So Tommy and I went to a shop to get a new pair. I being covered with confusion, Tommy took the matter in his own hands and asked the woman who waited on us if she had "any mens trousers that this young lady could wear"? The woman brought out a pair and ^{led} ~~all~~ the way to the cellar where I retired behind a pile of goods boxes and made the change while she stood on the stair steps with her back modestly turned. After this incident I was called the idiot child.

When we were on our way to Mr. ^{Vining's} Virard's from the place where we had decided to climb the mountain the second and more serious tragedy revealed itself. Wildfire had become so lame that he could not go faster than a walk - so that was the pace we had to go the twelve miles from Phillips to Mr. ^{Vining's} Virard's farm.

It was late when we reached the ^{Vining's} Virard's and Mrs. ^{Vining} Virard had to cook dinner for us. The dinner she fixed was absolutely uneatable and her five unwholesome children who ran about the kitchen while we were eating made it even more impossible for us to eat. So we abandoned the idea of climbing the mountain that afternoon and went to Weld the nearest village and bought food supplies and blankets.



x = the Vining's farm

o = location of Spring where we slept -

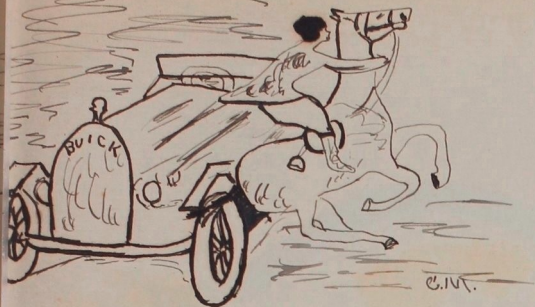
and later learned that bears are often seen

We climbed half way up the mountain and camped by the spring that night. We arose the next morning at four o'clock and climbed the mountain but we reached the top too late to see the sun rise.

We left the Virard's about eight o'clock but on account of the horses lameness we were unable to make much head way. It was two before we reached Wilton, the place we had lunch.



In the afternoon we rode faster but at night fall we were still a good distance from Camp. When we reached Mount Vernon it was very late, we were both tired and hungry. We were just about to leave Mt. Vernon when a car drove up and a familiar voice spoke to us. We were overjoyed when we saw Miss Pond and Miss Weiser who were out looking for us. We drove in the car back to camp, leaving the

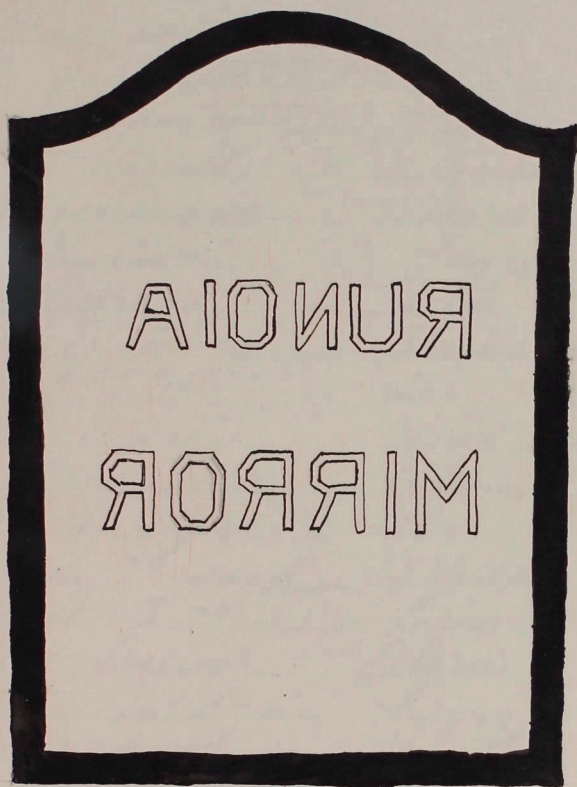


Brownie who was very slow,
 Needed a whip to make him go.
 The young and timid who had alarm
 Knew that on Brownie there was no harm
 But when a speed machine he met
 His sides in the road he set.

Once with Miss. Stetter on his back,
 He received from her an awful wack.
 Round and round in circles he flew,
 But Miss. Stetter stayed on as with glue.
 When to throw her off he found it hard
 He stopped to rest on the cars mud guard.

To part with Brownie none had regret
 For in his place we have cadet.
 He's never scared and never cross.
 And behaves just like a hobby horse.





1922

As Others See Us.

Human Question Mark	Alla Marie	J. Brownson
Most Interesting Talker	" "	Dora & Lillian
" Unsophisticated	Lib	Onion
" Sophisticated	Nelae	Betty
" Sympathetic	Cynthia	Chickie
" Sensible	Cynthia	Ede F.
" Generous	Deare	Fuzzy & B. Lee
" Musical	Fuzzy	Dolores
" Daring	B. Lee	Onion
" Helpful	Chickie	Fuzzy
" Athletic	Hoss	Onion
" Attractive.	Charlie and	Fuzzy
" Original	Lillian	Edrus
" Popular	Lib	Fuzzy
" Easily Fussed	B. Walker	Dolores
Hardest to Fuss	Chrus	Lib & Allamadia
Best Dancer	Charlie	Betty
Best Natured	Fuzzy	Hoss
Best Looking	Jamiette	Anne Colley
Funniest	Connie	Baby
Peppiest	Fuzzy	Onion
Neatest	Dolores	Cynthia
Wittiest	Lillian	M. Thayer
Noisiest	Baby	Hoss & J. Freeman
Cutest	Charlie	Lally
Cleverest	Chrus	Fuzzy & Allamadia
Best Sport	Lib	Onion
Best All Around	Lib	Onion Hanson

name	was	company			
Miss Pond		getting the float to float	Parallel bars	To drive home from Waterville in 15 min.	ask Miss Weiser
Miss Weiser		Taking camp pictures	Bobbed haired councilors	To become a movie director	ask Miss Pond
Mrs Arlitt	Teacher	fixing canoes	life or death	to have 2nd shack properly clothed	lovely cat! what's the plot my solid hat. whee! eek! yay!
Miss Dowd		numbering napkins and paddles	ordering of R.	getting rid of her I caught	listen people dummy
Betsy Ohnewald	bigunk-wunk	rough-housing with Teacher	to have anyone out of the final sex stare at her.	to have Janette remain sweet and innocent	how uncouth I should snicker I'm not decent are you Belknap
Marjorie Illingworth	Mari	waiting for her <u>shail</u> (it's all a matter of spelling)	Craft?	to have raven black hair	com'ear
Nedra Pond	Boys	Boys	Boys	Boys	Mother the boys are teasing me

Name	alias	savoure occupation	Pet abomination	aspiration	expression
Janette Ohnewald	Little Unk-wunk	laughing in glee club.	drill	to live in a world without rule or bounds	"weeek" I thought I'd die It's a big skin
Edith Pierson	Ede	riding	stomache- aches every night spiders	To be a good diver	Oh dear!
Charlotte Odiorne	Charlie	winning dancing contests	being waked up	sister like sister	oh my cow!
Gayle Morgan		writing at her little table. fixing people's knitting	spelling	to have the log done before its begun	Good night!
Elizabeth Rhett	Lilo	laughing with Fuzzy	having his blankets taken off.	not to be called a colored girl	Oh Cath! Perfectly hegious!
Frances Hayden	Fuzzy	entertaining at shack	making breaks	To go in the movies opposite "Oh o phew"	To divine for any use. puck the ponds dear dear no no yes yes etc. Oh what a girl!
Elizabeth		Playing with	people who		

Name	alias	occupation	abomination	aspiration	Expression
Katharine Mercer	Bobs	Smoking with her Father	Being Teased	To go to Echo Lake	I wish you'd have me alone
Mary Thayer	Reddy Maniac	Making pens	Having her hair fixed	To be able to wear Connies pink ribbon successfully	More water please
Helen Tuttle	Tut	Sending things home	To have anyone fool with her camera	To have a new spring board like hers at school	Oh Chubby!
Eleanor Dear	Dearie.	Giggling	Being hidled about her age	To have an unbreakable victrola	you know' Not at all
Eleanor Speer	Chus	Drawing on peoples knees	Being told her eye lashes are so lo-ong	To be a reding counselor	Never Mind
Marie Runyon	Onion	Dumping over the 5th shack beds	Whistling Being told about her figure	To have a heavenly figure	Oh! you're crazy

Harriette Taylor	Hat Hattie Hatsy	Telling people that she's dumb Laughing at him Mug gling Laughing at him Laughing at him	Having people call her "Little idiot child"	To turn a cart wheel like Miss Nell	Precious!
Miss Neal			Boiling water	To keep it shack quiet To have Miss Rhett's hair grow.	I dare say! Now come Pooh!
Miss Rhett		Tony Marcellus Baby	Being told she's beautiful	To be an opera singer	Really! Get out cut it out!
Constance Campbell	Connie	Darning	Oh! Squash + Turnips	To be six feet tall	Golly Moses -
Delores Dias	D.	Playing the pianola	To show off	To pitch for the yankees	I can't
Cynthia Fraser	cyn	Receiving letters	Polar bears	To be a second Molly	See you later
Frances Gaines	Baby	Laughing off his taps Finishing large words	Frances eats and Frances Gaines	To have curly hair	rociferous rocher Petheosaurus

Lydia Garrison	Lee	Kissing 5 th shack good night	Being called nervous	To have "Fathers whiskies" sung in assembly	God darn
Anne Colby		borrowing	spelling	To have all the candy she wants at once	Oh dear!
Betty Walker	Jackass	collecting horse pictures	poisoning	to stop getting embarrassed	alright thanks
Miss Read	— Garrison	Talking of her boys	to be ducked	to have a craft shop where paddles & canoes do not exist	Oh joy burn oh boy!
Miss Tuttle		going sailing	to be kissed	to go down Meadow Brook stream	sure
Miss Micoll		making jabberwocks	Friendship is a wonderous treasure	To have authority to lay hands on Lillian	I must see Miss Povel to tell her pix is out of — order.
Dorothy Allee	Dot	Talking	her sister	to be able to come to 6 th shack without an invitation	say! I've got an idea!

Name	alias	Favourite occupation	Pet abomination	aspiration	Expression
Jean Allee	Chinky	Straightening things up.	her sister	to have a dog orphan asylum	Now honestly now I ask you.
Frances Lewis		playing tennis	polar bears	To have Fuzzy finish knitting her sweater.	I should worry
Elizabeth Lee	Betty	Borrowing things	short waisted dresses	to be able to eat chocolate	Pee-ew!
Frances Kinsman	Horse	writing letters	having to claim his lost articles in assemblies	To have Howard come to dress drill	oh Chinky! sh for s
Lillian Nicoll	Lee-yan	talking of her stage friends	to have Alice borrow her clothes	to be rescued by E. D.	how vulgar Now my dear
Marguerite Reuzicka	Midge	singing	to have her beel mussed	to have a crush	my dear!

Name	alias	Favourite occupation	Pet abomination	aspiration	Expression
Almeda Brown	Elec	playin jacks	polar bears	To be like Charlie	
Jane Freeman		playing jacks	missing desserts	To go to California	I did not!
Mary Jean Gair		playing jacks	To have 3rd shack be naughty!	To weigh at least 40 lbs	stop it!
Miss Pearse		Putting argrol in and up and down people	A sun burned nose	To sleep all three the night on a trap.	Oh mercy!
Miss Benson		Making lamp shades	Having 2nd shack talk in their sleep	To be able to sing with the altos + Sopranos at the same time in Elec Club.	come on now you all. s-i-i-nd.
Eleanor Alling	Brownie	asking people to go canbeing with her.	practicing on the piano	To be 1st class swimming	Blue-ut!

Dorothy Stevens	Steve	talking about poor things at the table	to start at the bottom of the tennis ladder	To receive a letter from Paul	oh heavens!
Miss Meredith		canoeing	leaking out pound articles in assembly		Oh gracious my sakes
Miss Steller		picking rasberries	fresh children	a chicken dinner	I wonder if I can scale up a crowd
Alice M. Anderson	alamaidy Fuebles	telling jokes	movie actors + actresses	To be a hula-hula clancer	da-da!
Jeane Becker	Becky	playing jacks	French	To work in a candy store	You Claire!
Jane Bowman	Bones	playing jacks	polar bears	To be able to stand on her hands under water.	Good night!
Claine Brown		playing jacks	alamaidy's puns	To have an all year round camp.	Stop it Jane!

Marilee Becker	Looking in the kitchen	shredded wheat	To be able to eat everything	Blee-ut clergoverthing
Helen Bowman	giggling	pepper sneezes	To ude like Miss Steths	Blee-ut
Martha Bray	Putting his head against the wall at night.	To have nancy teaseal	To have brown hairs	Blee-ut
Nancy Burke	wearing hair-ribbons	leading singing	To be noisy	Blee-ut
Sallie Campbell	praying	ties	polar bears	Blee-ut

Seniors Water Sports for July.

Swim on front.

1. H. Tuttle
2. M. Runyon
3. { H. Thompson
F. Gaines

Swim on Back.

1. M. Runyon
2. C. Idiorue
3. H. Tuttle

Canoe Singles

1. M. Runyon
2. F. Pierson
3. C. Campbell

Canoe Doubles.

1. { M. Runyon
F. Gaines.
2. { J. Morgan
C. Speer
3. { C. Campbell
L. Garrison

Crew -

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| { E. Rhett
F. Hayden
C. Pierson
J. Morgan | { M. Runyon
F. Gaines
C. Speer
M. Hayer | { H. Tuttle
L. Garrison
W. Mercer
C. Campbell |
|--|--|--|

Land Sports for July.

Hop, Step and Jump. 75 yds. Dash.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| 1. Betsey Thuewald | 1. M. Runyon |
| 2. E. Rheet | 2. E. Rheet |
| 3. F. Hayden | 3. B. Thuewald |

Discus

1. E. Rheet
2. F. Hayden
3. B. Thuewald.

Baseball Throw

1. B. Thuewald
2. D. Day
3. M. Runyon.

Running Broad

1. M. Runyon
2. H. Tuttle
3. E. Rheet.

Standing Broad

1. D. Day
2. F. Hayden
3. H. Tuttle

Running High

1. B. Thuewald
2. F. Hayden
3. L. Garrison

July Junior Sports.

Water Sports.

Swim on front

1. F. Kusman
2. Alueda Brown
3. Cleaver Alling.

Swim on Back.

1. F. Kusman
2. C. Alling
3. L. Mcoll

Canoe Singles

1. F. Kusman
2. D. Allee
3. L. Mcoll.

Canoe Doubles

- 1 { F. Kusman
D. Allee

Crew.

- 1 { F. Kusman
D. Allee
C. Brown
M. Ruzicka

- 2 { C. Brown
M. Ruzicka

- 3 { L. Mcoll
J. Allee

- 2 { L. Mcoll
J. Allee
J. Lewis
J. Becker.

Land Sports.

75 yd. Dash

1. F. Musman
2. { C. Brower
- C. Brown
- D. Allee

Exp. Step. Jump.

1. F. Musman
2. D. Allee
3. B. Lee

Baseball Throw

1. F. Lewis
2. C. Brown
3. D. Allee

High Jump

1. D. Allee
2. { F. Lewis
- C. Brown
- F. Musman

Broad Jump-

1. F. Musman
2. F. Lewis
3. L. Nicoll

Standing Broad J.

1. F. Musman
2. F. Lewis
3. B. Lee

July Games

Basketball

Crickets		Grasshoppers.		Score
P. Forward	J. Hayden	D. Allen	Grasshoppers.	
"	G. Morgan	E. Brown		
Center	C. Pheet	E. Thucwald		
S. Center	D. Nicoll	H. Tuttle	Cricket.	
Guard	M. Runyon	C. Fraser		
"	C. W. Spar	C. Odorue		

Pick Team		Councillors		Score
P. Forward	J. Hayden	Miss Pheet	Councillors	
Forward	G. Morgan	Miss Nicoll		
Center	C. Pheet	Miss Steller		
Side Center	H. Tuttle	Miss Samsen	Pick.	
Guard	C. Fraser	Miss David		
"	M. Runyon	Miss Tuttle		



SHACK SONGS



Shack Song contest

One morning Miss Benson announced in Assembly that there would be a song contest. Each shack would have one week in which to write a camp song. One week later the songs were sung and the judges decided that it was a tie between sixth and fourth shacks. The decision was left to Miss Pond who decided that the fourth shack song would last longer as a real camp song.

Fourth Shack Song.

At Runoia, Runoia, Runoia
We are gathered to-day comrades true
At Runoia, Runoia, Runoia
Beneath our banner of blue.
And today in our joy and our
 laughter,
We are pledging our friendship
 anew,
Though far from your shore
 we may wander
We'll be friends and be loyal
 to you

Ah yes,
Be good friends and be loyal to
you

Sixth Shack Song.

Sweetest flowing,
Soft breezes blowing
Sweet voices singing
Songs of Camp Life
O'er the rippling waters ringing,
- Their shadows falling,
Birds softly calling,
Twinkling stars peep there
See Ruessie bringing
Throats all cover true.

(Tune of "Till Now and Then")

Camp Songs, 1923.

I.

Forward, forward, girls of Camp Rumbia,
Marching onward, heads held high,
Ever following, ever looking on to
our Banner floating high;
Where the blue leads, we will follow,
We will ~~lead~~ her every call.
Rah, rah, rah, rah — rah for
Camp Rumbia —
Rah for our comrades all.

II.

Cheer for our Camp Rumbia,
Our Camp so rare,
Cheer for our Camp girls
The home that we adore,
So here's the wish
That good-sportsmanship
Crown all her days,
Hail Rumbia — Rumbia,
Welcome her praise!

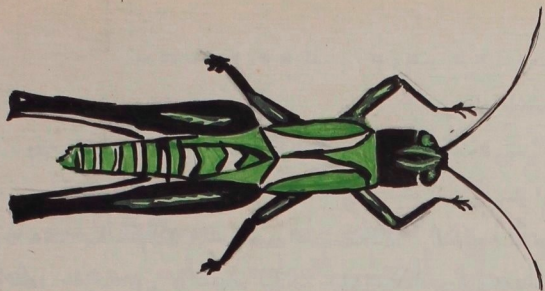
III.

Thrice hail fair Camp Rumbia,
We come a joyous throng,
To lay upon thy threshold,
Our shrip of glowing song.
From northern, rock-ribbed mountains,
From eastern fire-girted sea
From south and west we gather

To pledge our loyalty,
From south and west, we gather
To pledge our loyalty.

out. vers.

Tipt high their comrades all,
Our banner, white and blue,
And pledge our love undying,
That lights each glancing foot.
The years shall catch the echo,
And sweep from plain to star,
The fame of Russia's glory
Nor time, nor change can wear
The fame of Russia's glory,
Nor time, nor change can wear.
Two - Mendelsohn's two
To the four



RASSHOPPER

SONGS

AND

CHEERS

Songs.

I

Turn of Yankee Doodle.

Grasshoppers are out to win
And very glad to meet you,
Hope you will not mind at all
If we should chance to beat you.
Wave the green and the white
Grasshoppers forever,
Always gay and always bright
For we grow big — never!!

II

Grasshoppers will win the game,
Fight for us go on to fame;
Push that ball and put it in,
Fight our team, you're going to win.
On the line, on the line,
On the side of the line,
Cheer for our team in the rain
' or the shine,
Cheer for our team and we'll
cheer all the time,
Where we're out on the side of,
Where we're out on the side of,
Where we're out on the side of the line.

III.

Stand up and cheer,
Stand up and cheer for the
Grasshopper team,
For today we raise the cheer
above them all;
We will stop fighting until we
have the victory;
We cheer the cheer,
We cheer the cheer,
The cheer Grasshopper team.

IV.

Our Grasshoppers go on and
win the game,
Go make the echoes ring the
cheer team's name;
Crash there that hostile line
triumphantly
For we will never, never yield
our glorious name.
The Grasshoppers will always
show their might
Ever with valiant spirit win
the fight,
So give a rousing cheer for
Grasshoppers
We're out for victory!

II

Hello, dear Crickets,
We're glad to see you
As can be;

You know we're for you
And that we like you
splendidly.

We think you are all great
And that your Travel spirit is—
Up to date,

And so if you feel
The way that we feel
We'll have a grand old game!

Cheers.

I.

Fight Green and White,
Fight Green and White,
Fight, fight, fight, fight,
Green and White
Green and White
Green and White.

II.

Sis - boah - bah —
Grasshoppers
Bah —

III.

Gr - Gr - Gras -
 Sh, Sh, - Shop -
 Pz - Pz, Pz -
 Grasshoppers, Grasshoppers
 Yes! Yes! Yes!

IV.

Who's going to win, win -
 Who's going to win, win -
 Who's going to win, win, now?
 We're going to win, win -
 We're going to win, win -
 We're going to win, win -
 How?
 Easy - !

V.

Crickets - Rah!
 Crickets - Rah!
 Crickets, Crickets,
 Crickets - Rah!

VI.

Mercury, Venus,
 Neptune, Mars;
 Can't you see we're
 base-ball stars?
 Hobbz gobble, razzle, dazgle
 Sis - boou - Rah!
 Grasshoppers, Grasshoppers,
 Rah, rah, rah!



Lydia Garrison, Captain of the
Grasshoppers -

VII.

Whow! — Big Lion
Eek — Little Lion
Whow! — Grasshoppers
Eek — Crickets.

VIII.

fight, fight, fight, fight
Team, team!

(Repeat 3 times, then yell)
Yay —!

Song.

We are the hoppers,

Hoppers are we,

Working and playing

So merrily,

And now that we are

together

We'll cheer thru ever

Hear's to the Cricket team!

Rah, rah, rah!

(Repeat)



CRICKETS'
SONGS
AND
CHEERS

Cricket songs.

I

Go on mighty Crickets
We'll never give way
Our team's on the war path
For glory today
So good-bye green and white team
Grasshoppers good-night
Run climb into bed
And we'll turn out the light.

II

Cricket Teams on the war path
Clear the field for the fray
Let them tremble the green and white
For they have met their judgment day
Hail all hail to the orange and black
Cricket teams out to play
Crashing to victory, merging triumphantly
For Cricket team wins the day.

III

Cheer oh cheer we know no fear
The Cricket battle cry
Speed the orange and black to victory
Cheer them to the sky
See the Cricket team is turning
Gaining score on score
Then fight, fight, fight
For we win to night
Cricket team forever more.

IV

Away, away, away we go
Up and down the field you know
Away, away, away we go
Just to beat the Hoppers.
Azu, Azu, Azu boom bah
Crickets, Crickets rah, rah, rah.
Away, away etc.

V

Here's to the orange and black
May each Cricket be loyal and true
Victory must always be ours
Let's have success in all we do
Oh! Grasshoppers hop for a while
But can they keep on hopping always
Yet thru the ages and years
The Crickets' cheerful chirping
We will hear forever!

VI

We're the Crickets, we're the Crickets
We're the Crickets day and night
And we'd rather be the Crickets
Than the slushes green and white

VII

Here's to the stoppers
They're the right sort
They have the spirit
Each one a sport
And so however the game ends
We'll be the same friends
Here's to the stopper team.

Cricket Cheers.

I

C-R-i-c-k-e-t-s — C-R-i-c-k-e-t-s — C-R-i-c-k-e-t-s
S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s Broom - Bah!,
Cricketo!

II

Loop-the-loop - leap-the-gap
The Crickets are coming
Get off the map!

75 yd. dash.

Base-ball throw.

1. T. Ohnwald
2. F. Hayden
3. W. Runyon
H. Tuttle

1. H. Hies
2. B. Ohnwald
3. W. Runyon

Discus.

B. Ohnwald.

H. Hies

E. Rhett

1st team.

Cricket - Grasshopper Base-ball Pair.

Cricket's Grasshoppers

- F. Hayden I. C. Campbell
P. Wagoner II. H. Tuttle
III. Runyon R. C. Fraser
E. Spitzer I. C. Odioner
E. Rhett C. E. Hies
T. Garrison S. P. T. Garrison Capt.
Score, 24-6 - Cricket's.

Cricket's 2nd team.

H. Stewens I. H. Hies

B. Hies R. E. Browne

III. Hayer I. E. Hies

Decker R. T. Hiesman

T. Lewis C. III. Hiesman

T. Hies S. P. B. Hiesman.

Score 19-5 - Cricket's.

Cricket - Grasshopper Base-ball Pair.

Cricket's Grasshoppers

H. Hies T. Garrison Capt.

F. Hayden C. Fraser

P. Wagoner I. C. Campbell

III. Runyon R. H. Tuttle

E. Rhett S. P. Ohnwald

E. Spitzer S. P. Odioner

III. Hayer F. B. Ohnwald

T. Garrison T. E. Walker

Pickson Back

Colby sub. Back

Score 13-5

Cricket's

Water Sport for August 27

Canoe Single

1. F. Tinsman
2. T. Allze
- 3.

Canoe Doubles

1. F. Tinsman, II. Allze
2. T. Allze, J. Tinsman
3. E. Browne, III. Pugieka

Canoe Crew

1. { E. Browne
- II. Allze
- F. Tinsman
- III. Pugieka

- sub.
1. T. Allze
 - J. Tinsman
 - F. Tinsman
 - T. Browne

Land Sports

Running High Jump

1. B. Jee
2. F. Tinsman
3. II. Stowers

Standing High Jump

1. F. Tinsman
3. E. Browne
3. II. Stowers

Standing Broad Jump

1. B. Jee
2. F. Lewis
3. F. Tinsman

Running Broad Jump

1. F. Tinsman
2. II. Allze
3. B. Jee

75 yd. dash

1. F. Tinsman
3. B. Jee
3. F. Lewis

Hop-step-jump

1. Tinsman
2. II. Allze
3. E. Browne

Base-ball Throw

1. F. Lewis
2. II. Allze
3. E. Browne

Foot Sweets

1. F. Browne
2. A. Browne
3. E. Alling

Back Sweets

1. A. Browne
2. II. Allze
3. E. Browne

ing broad 1 { H. Garrison
2 { H. Tuttle
3 { F. Hayden

chall throw 1 { D. Diaz
2 { B. Churwald
3 { R. Runyon

cus 1 { D. Diaz
2 { R. Runyon
3 {

ship jump 1 { J. Churwald
2 { R. Runyon
3 { H. Tuttle

gh jump 1 { J. Churwald
2 { H. Garrison
3 { F. Hayden

nd. h. jump 1 {
2 {
3 {

yd dash 1 { Capt R. R. R.
2 { J. Churwald
3 { F. Hayden

at swim 1 { Runyon
2 { Tuttle
3 { Gaines

h 1 { Odiorne
2 { Runyon
3 { Dear

Curve - 2 in 1 1 { E. Spear
2 { Runyon
3 { Pearson

Doubles 1 { Morgan, Spear
2 { R. R. R.
3 { R. R. R.

Crew 1 { Morgan, Pearson
2 { Hayden, R. R. R.
3 { Spear, Runyon

2. Spear
3. Gaines, Colby
4. Garrison, Tuttle

Basketball game
Oriehts
Hayden l. f. Campbell

Morgan r. f. Tuttle
Runyon r. f. Fraser
Spear l. f. Odiorne

Capt R. R. R. e. f. Dear
Gaines o. c. Garrison, Capt
24-6 Crickets

mid team
C. D. Spear
F. Hayden
B. Lee
W. Hayter
J. Beecher
F. Lewis
J. Allen
D. Lee
E. Brown
Dear
Kinsman
M. Illupworth
P. Utter
9. Crickets

5. G. Hoppers



The New Girls' Entertainment - Baimum and Barley's
 we had heard "it" was going to be a circus
 and thought it was a wonderful idea and, as
 usual, wished we had thought of it first.

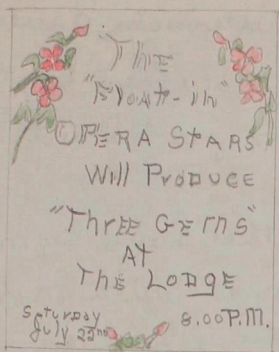
They had chairs in a ring, back to the
 center, connected by a strip of green crepe
 paper; sawdust in the ring and a wonderful
 colored band of cymbals, cokes, and other noisy
 instruments. First was a procession of every
 new girl and then the band played and sang a
 few southern songs.

Miss Nicoll, Miss Tuttle, Miss Neel and
 Miss Tuttle did some stunts one each others
 and Miss R. Bett gave a dance - which later he-

Came face out - "Long" and for an encore "I'm Just a Baby..." Miss Neel and Sallie Campbell had a two round boxing match and when, after panting with exertion and self-consciousness Sallie overcame Miss Neel, we were overcome by the audacity of such an act.

Miss R. Bett and Harriette Taylor were screamingly dressed as babies, and Jane Beecher, Alameda Brown and Jane Freeman did a remarkable feat as butterflies. The whole Lodge shook when "Uranian's Daughter" came in, and also at frequent intervals during the evening.

The last on the programme was "Alla-udaisy" Anderson as a hula-hula dancer. She told some funny stories but she was at her best when she danced.



Second Black Entertainment.

There's not a person in camp who would say it was "cute". Each of the hostesses had a part in it and felt if her part hadn't gone well, the whole evening's entertainment would have been a failure.

Marilee Becher was the first on the programme with a dance to Miss Benson's Cantillation. Everyone agreed her sense of rhythm was wonderful for a girl of seven.

Eleanor Alling, Martha Bray and Helen Bowman were the "Black-eyed Susan", the "Flower" and the "Rose", respectively, in the third act.

The fourth act, Martha Bray as the man and Sallie Campbell as the girl was screamingly funny, and from the shouts and "encores" one could suspect we liked it. Sallie, who powdered her nose dur-

ing very frequent intervals, covered her face with her parasol whenever her lover's remarks, or hers, were greeted with too many shouts.

Stunts, another dance by mariles, and "Baker in the Woods", with Miss Pearce and Miss Benson as the children, finished the entertainment.



MY LORD IN LIVERY
PRESENTED BY
SHACK 4

Lord Thialmere	L. Nicoll
Spiccott	T. Allie
Hopkins	F. Kinsman
Robert	F. Lewis
Sybil	D. Allie
Laura	M. Ruzicka
Rose	B. Lee

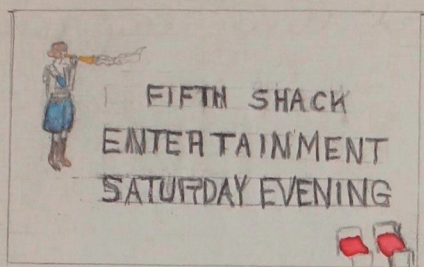
AUGUST 5th

Fourth Shack Inter-Tainment.

Fourth Shack gave "My Lord in Livery," a play in two acts in which the scene was laid in Sir Amberlee's drawing room. Dr. Allie took the part of Sybil, Sir Amberlee's daughter, while Betty Lee and Margery Ruzicka took the parts of Rose & Laura, two visiting friends. Chinky as the old family housekeeper, Spiccott, did some very good acting particularly in the second Act. Lillian made a handsome hero and looked like a perfect butter in her

black suit. The "Hoss", as 'ophins, was
very amusing in her talks with Spiggott
and Sybil, and Frances Lewis was
a "bear in buttons".

Dot Shurns who came up too late
to be in the play did a very nice dance
between the acts - After the play
there was ice cream and dancing.



Fifth Shack Party.

On August twelfth the announcement was made at supper that the Camp was invited to the Fifth Shack Party in the Lodge.

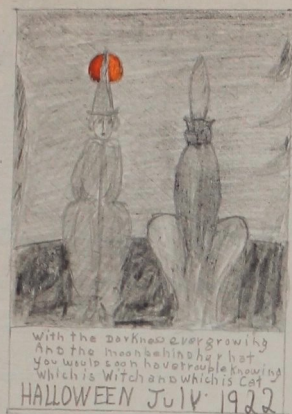
There was much excitement because nobody knew what they were giving and everybody was so curious.

At seven thirty the Lodge was full of Campers. Finally the curtain was drawn and much laughter on the part of the audience, for the entertainment was to be a take off on a day of Camp life.

It was screamingly funny and the audience was kept in a roar during the whole performance.

After the entertainment we were all greatly pleased to see ice-cream

coming towards us. We then danced until
tired to retire where fifth shack and were
dressed waited their way towards their
shack.



Sixth Shack Party.

It was sixth shack's turn to give a party and what to give us we knew, the only entertainments we could think of had been given so many times and we at least wanted it to be original.

Finally the thought came that a Halloween Party had never been given, so give it we must.

The Dodge was decorated in orange, black and green with spooky looking ghosts and posters in all corners and on the walls.

It's not much used to say what we did because every one knows what happens at a Halloween Party. There was the usual bobbing for apples, jumping for marshmallows and all sorts of stunts. After

a white ice-cream was served and then
every body danced. By the cheers and
one given at the end of the party we
felt sure that every body had well then
enjoyed their evening.

The Dim Future.

One cold night in December, I was lying sleepily on the sofa, gazing at the fire and thinking of Purvis, and the councillors and girls.

Suddenly, as I watched, the fire grew brighter, the flames larger and finally the whole fireplace was a huge misty red glare. Each flame took form and soon I saw a group of camp girls talking excitedly and eagerly. As I listened, here's what I heard from one girl whose hair looked so neat - my not a strand out of place - I hardly recognized Anne Colkey "Betty" she cried "Don't you dare come near me! Heavens! You make me sick!" I looked at B. Walker in horror - Could that possibly be a bunch of poison ivy she was holding in her arms? - surveying her face in it with the most delighted air - I was wondering with surprise, when I heard a rasping voice, singing way off key - and in walked Blat. "Blat"! I cried, "what has happened to you?" But no one took

notice of my voice, if they heard it.

I noticed, on the outside of the group, a littler girl, making no noise whatsoever, taking no part in the conversation. It was Jeanette Thuewald! Gracious! What had happened to my dear camp girls? Then the whole scene was upset by a Buick car coming straight up the road, swerving from side to side, and finally trying to clear the campsite. It stopped - out got Miss Pond, giving us thought the car, but going to the girl - A the back a girl clambered - we clumsily and awkwardly, and then blew up to the group.

"Girls! Miss Pond is going to take us to the Capitol to see Lanny playing opposite the Phoebe in 'The Hymnwhacker' of Ibsen."

"Don't hurry, girls" said Miss Pond, wait just as long as you want.

My poor head was quite in a whirl - for as the clumsy looking girl got back into the car, I saw it was Charlie! As the cloud of the car died out I saw a car coming down the street. Marc

at the head, keeping perfect order
and there was Dorothy Allen! I saw
that F. Tansell had jumped out of
the car and was running to catch
up with the parade.

"Oh! she cried," I must fall in some-
where! I love this drilling so." The
whole Band was mist down and
let people drag up the rest.

Then a windy gale came, blew
the ~~lights~~ almost away - and as they
sprang up again I saw Electric lights
appearing - Bright ones - they were - finally
all was clear - they were the ~~lights~~
lights of the Metropolitan Opera House
and that! Miss Patricia Peto - in
"Mine Beetlepie" Also on the Lower
Line - "Tomorrow - The Tittall Players
Present" "My Lord in Severe." Suddenly
the lights went out and all was
cold and dark. I awoke and the
fire was out - I breathed a sigh
of relief - It was only a dream - and
yet - well - I wrote lots of letters
next day to certain girls ~~because~~ there
is a harmless little way if they were
just the same.

The Perfect Girl
 One who is "Too divine for any use."
 She has:

Lee Garrison's	- -	Hair
Anna Colby's	- -	Eyebrows
Dolores's	- -	Eyes
Chas's	- -	Eyelashes
Mary Rucoska's	- -	Nose
Charles's	- -	Mouth
Cynthia's	- -	Teeth
Mrs. Blitts	- -	Smile
Betty Lee's	- -	Coloring
Emmie's	- -	Figure
Mary Huggarick's	- -	Legs
Thomas James's	- -	Cubcles
Miss Reed's	- -	Speaking voice
Bliss's	- -	Singing "
Fanny's	- -	Peep
Clarice's	- -	Unselfishness
Anna McCall's	- -	Disposition

And a quotation from the "The Start"

"A day was named; and soon the morning broke, all
Canoes were thrust in the sea and the ^{houses} emptied of folk."

"Speak! why are you silent? why do you bend aside?
Whence steer to seaward? thus she panted and cried
Never a word from the gunsmen toiling there in the dark,
But right for a gate of the reef she silently headed the
bank."

"And wielding the single paddle with passionate sweep on sweep
Drove her the little fitted forth on the open deep."

The Carry

"Wings for the angels, but feet for men
We may borrow the wings to find the way
But our feet must rise or we fall again"

The Camp

"All day long they ate with the resolute greed of brutes
And turned from the pigs to the fish and again
from the fish to the fruits."

"Now see between the northern-scented pines
The whole sweet summer sharpens to a glow"

"In the blue of the woody twilight Night
Burned red the cocoa-husk
And the women and men of the clan
Went forth to bath in the dusk."

"And now the torch was extinguished
The night was as black as a pit"

"Here on the rushes will I sleep."

"Now we fight for the rag of a greasy rag"

"And the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the dark
First a crimson leopard laughed at us most horrible
to see
And a red and yellow unicorn was darning round a tree."

"Give me your hands, How cold they are, how cold
cold they are."

Morning.

"Again it was morning but shrunk and cold
As y^e few vines were sapless and old
And she rose up drowsily for a last dim look
At earth and sea"

"When I awoke it rained,
My lips were wet, my throat was cold
My garments all were dank"

"A glorious morn for a feast
A glorious wind for a fire"

"We groined, we stirred, we all up rose
Nor spoke nor moved our eyes"

"Almost
I thought that I had died in sleep
And was a blessed ghost"

"Now cold was many a heart and shaking in many
For there were the simply baskets but who was to feed
the men?"

The Return

"There home again we plodded
While polyphemus nodded"

"I think it is over over, I think it is over at last
I know it is over over, I know it is over at last"

"And so the voyage ended"

Addresses.

Mrs. Ada Hart Britt
Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr
Pennsylvania

July 27.

Miss Constance F. Howd
138 West 58th Street
New York
N. Y.

Nov. 12.

Elizabeth G. Mallett
544 West 132nd Street
New York
N. Y.

Oct. 28, 1903. - 18 years

Harriette Taylor
Hazel-De-Hill
Wilmington
North Carolina

Aug. 9.

Marjorie Olquith
477 Mt. Prospect Ave.
Newark

New Jersey
Dec. 30, 1905. 17 years

Betsy C. Chuzwell
130 Buckingham Road
Brookline

N. Y.
May 18, 1905. 18 years

Elizabeth Rhett
39 H'ston Ave.

Garden City
Long Island
Sept. 17, 1906. 15 years

Frances Haydon
829 Park Ave.

New York
N. Y.
November 13, 1905. 16 years

Edith E. Pierson

Madison
New Jersey
Feb. 1, 1907. 15 years.

Jennett T. Chuswell
130 Buckingham Road
Brookline

11. 4.
Oct. 14, 1907. 14 years

Gayle Morgan
3 Stanley Road
Westfield

New Jersey
Oct. 15, 1906. 15 years

Charlotte Odier
12 Sanford Street
Bangor
Maine

Miss Raymond 1122

Glenn Ave.

111 Dover

New Jersey

March 22.

Miss Catherine Tyler Rhett
39 Hinton Ave.

Garden City
Long Island

May 19.

Adams Gloria Hias
Institute of Holy Angels
West 40th St
New Jersey

Oct. 15, 1906. 15 years

Queen Gladys Colby
Stewell Park
West Orange
N. J.

May 24, 1908. 14 years.

Oliver Mathewes Mercer
15 Broad Street
New York

% J. W. Mercer
July 3, 1907, 15 years

Mary Elvira Thayer
10 Hudson Street
Waterville
Maine

Oct. 30, 1907. 14 years

Constance Campbell
74 North Lafayette Ave.
Grand Rapids
Mich.

April 19, 1907. 15 years

Edward Hear

34 Butler Ave.

Jersey City

New Jersey

Aug. 9, 1908.

14 years

Maria Van Der Veer Riney

585 Bergen Ave.

Jersey City

N. J.

Dec. 17, 1907.

14 years

Frances Townsend Gaines

37 11th Street

Providence

Rhode

Dec. 11, 1907.

14 years

Cynthia Fraser

967 Madison Ave.

New York

N. Y.

June 26, 1907.

15 years

Helen Morris Tuttle

Bryn Mawr

Pennsylvania

Dec. 26, 1906.

15 years

Elmer Kirby Sprer

29 Butler Ave.

Jersey City

11. J.

March 28, 1908. 14 years

Sydia Wright Parison

Stawdyu Park

West Orange

New Jersey

April 3, 1908. 14 years

Elizabeth Lee Walker

Stawdyu Park

West Orange

11. J.

Sept. 19, 1908. 14 years

Miss Alice Mary Hill

385 State Street

Albany

11. J.

Nov. 20,

Miss Elizabeth Little

Rockefeller Hall

Bryn Mawr

Pennsylvania

Oct.

Miss Julia Read
Hobanuy Plantation
Yemassee
S. C.

April 17.

Mortley Thiermer Allen
Main and Market Streets
Ridgefield
Conn.

April 19, 1909. 13 years

Frank Allen
Main and Market Streets
Ridgefield
Conn.

Feb. 23, 1908. 14 years

Frances Triswale
13 Summer Street
Augusta.
Maine

June 27, 1909. 13 years

Elizabeth Lee
346 Park Ave.
Orange
N. J.

July 31, 1909. 13 years

Frances Lewis
334 Burlington Ave.
Jersey City
N. J.

June 7, 1910. 12 years.

Sillia Tied
385 State Street
Albany
N. Y.

Jan. 11, 1909. 13 years

Marjorie Rusick
25 Riverdale Road
Madison
N. J.

June 28, 1910. 12 years

Dorothy Steves
606 West 116th Street
New York
N. Y.
13 years

Miss Lois Meredith
Ridgely ^{Station} Minneapolis
Minnesota

Feb. 11, 1897.

Miss Edith Stetler
West Nyack
New York

Oliver Mary Anderson
Stewelye Park
West Orange

Dec. 2, 1911.

11. 11.
11 years

Jane Becker
838 West End Ave.
New York
N. Y.

June 5, 1910.

12 years

Eleanor Browne
45 Lenox Road
Barnett

Oct. 26, 1911.

11. 11.
11 years

Jane Bowman
42 Wyomissing Blvd.
Wyomissing
Pennsylvania

Dec. 15, 1912.

10 years

Alveta Brown
195 Claremont Ave.
New York
N. Y.

Aug. 27, 1911.

11 years

James Freeman
905 West End Ave.
New York
N. Y.

July 2, 1910.

12 years

Mary Jean Fair
Green Road
Long Island
N. Y.

Aug. 18, 1911.

11 years.

Miss Emily Benson
3608 Roland Ave.
Baltimore
Maryland

May 30,

Miss Helen Frazz
Johns Hopkins Hospital
Broadway
Baltimore
Maryland

Marjorie Becker

838 West End Ave.

New York

N. Y.

Nov. 12, 1916.

6 years

Helen Bowman

42 Wyomissing Blvd.

Wyomissing
Pa.

April 26, 1913.

9 years

Mary Burke

2 Fairmount Ave.

Sowell

Mass.

Oct. 5, 1916.

6 years.

Martha Bray

Sowell

Mass.

Sallie Campbell

74 Lafayette Ave.

Potomac Rapids

Mich.

Nov. 23, 1915.

7 years

Seviers.

Water Spots for August

Canoe Singles

1. E. Speer
2. W. Roneyou
3. E. Pierson

Canoe Doubles

1. T. Paines, W. Roneyou
2. J. Morgan, E. Speer
3. E. Rhett, T. Hayden

Canoe Crew.

3. J. Morgan, E. Pierson,
T. Hayden, E. Rhett.
2. E. Speer, W. Roneyou,
T. Paines, A. Polby.
1. J. Pierson, H. Tattle,
C. Fraser, C. Odier.

Swim on Tread.

1. W. Roneyou
2. H. Tattle
3. T. Paines

Swim on Back

1. C. Odier
2. W. Roneyou
3. E. Hear

Tand

High Jump

1. B. Ouzwell
2. J. Pierson
3. T. Hayden

Spots.

Standing Broad Jump

1. B. Ouzwell
2. C. Fraser
3. T. Hayden

Running Broad Jump.

1. J. Pierson
2. H. Tattle
3. T. Hayden

Hop, step and jump

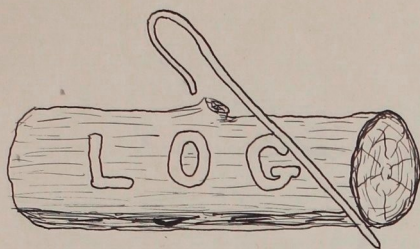
1. J. Ouzwell
2. W. Roneyou
3. H. Tattle

RUNOIA

LOG

1923





Editor in Chief - Frances Jeanne -

Assistant Editors

Charlotte Odiorne

Amanda McCutchen

Mary Thayer

Art Editors

Bobs Mercer

Tommy Tomkinson

Sport Editor -

Frances Lewis

Junior Editors

Miss Johnson

Holly Jane Tyler

Dedication

To our honoured and revered directors,
Miss Pond and Miss Meier,
This chronicle of Camp life
Is affectionately dedicated
By the Log Staff of Nineteen Twenty-Three.



Miss Pond

"A kind, true heart, a spirit high
That could not fear and would not bow
These written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow."

Miss Steier

"The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, the guide of youth."





Miss Johnson
 "Severe and resolute,
 and still
 And calm, and self-
 possessed."

Miss Hittler
 "Ride on the breeze
 is near"

Mahue Walker
 "The best things al-
 way come in small
 packages."

Peyton Jones
 "She is a winsome
 wee thing,
 she is a bonnie
 wee thing."





Helen Bowman
 "Much mirth and
 madness
 all fun and no bad
 ness."

Cita Jones
 "My kingdom for
 a horse."

Ann Thayer
 "She has two eyes so soft
 and brown,
 Take care - she gives a side
 glance and looks down
 Beware - beware!"





Miss Pease
 "Every year helps to fill
 the peck."

Miss Hall
 "Quick to see, to hear,
 to understand."

Mary Louise Mercer
 So cheerful, sprightly,
 carefree was the
 maid."



Jane Bowman
 In an orderly house
 all is soon ready."



Helen Piser
 "Gay wit and humor &
 Suggestive lighting her
 light blue eye."

Mary Jean Lair
 "Courteous though sh
 and gentle though."

Eleonor Alling
 "Frank Nature, rather
 curious than in
 haste,
 "Hath well composed
 thee."

Ruth Sears
 "Thy modesty is a
 candle to thy merit."





Margaret Kreider
"And she was shown
of all her locks".





Miss Tyler
 "Her words, her air
 and her phrase even
 kindly."

Miss Lockman
 "Skillful, honest,
 and true-hearted"



Helen Foster
 "Her hair is like the
 curling mist
 that shades the
 mountainside at
 dawn."

Louise Davis
 "Chat on, sweet maid."





Louise Monner
 "Both her smile and
 speech were winning!"

Edith Watts
 "Of manner gentle,
 Of affection mild."

Virginia Dashiell
 "So tender and true!"

Dolly Jane Tyler
 she who knows the
 joys of friendship,
 trust, security, and
 mutual tenderness."





Barbara Strawn
 "joyously laughing
 all the day,
 she trips along her
 merry way."

Betty Perry
 "rise books & bees
 use flowers."

Almeda Brown
 "And still to her charms
 she alone is stranger
 Her modest demeanour
 the jewel of all."





Miss Braunnell
 "Here a life that
 leads melodious
 days."

Miss Weaver
 "Week in, week out,
 from morn till
 night
 you can hear her
 whistle blow."

Margorie Guzicka
 "She's bonnie, blooming,
 straight, and tall,
 and long has held my
 heart in thrall."

Helen Mayer
 "I will help others
 out of a fellow feeling."





Frances Hensman
 "He who knows how
 to return a kindness
 has received
 Is a friend above all
 price."

Faith Rollins

"She has wit and
 and fine."

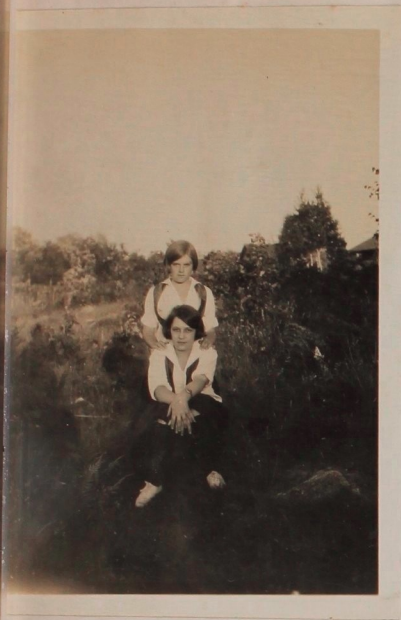
Dornell Balthasar

"She is pretty to walk with
 and witty to talk with
 and pleasant, too, to
 think of."

Catherine Reiser

"Such a one do I remem-
 ber whom to look at
 was to love."





Frances Lewis
 "His hand is ready
 and willing."

Mary Seidel
 "Still (and quiet but deeper
 than you think."

Frances Parker
 "Her ways are ways
 pleasantness and
 her paths are peace."

Gene Becker
 "The brightest bird
 upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter
 heart than she."





Eileen Rafferty
 "The simple grace of
 sylvan maids"

Dorothy Stevens
 "The steady brain, the
 sure link
 To leap, to climb, to dive,
 to swim."



Miss Dowd

"As purest in her form
she has the truest, kindest
heart."

Mrs. Gullitt

"Few hearts like his
with virtue learned
Few heads with knowl-
edge so informed."

Jeannette Ohnewald
"He gazed, he wept,
He flew, he blushed."

Edith Pierson

"Ready in heart
and in hand."





Frances Jeanne
 "Never idled a moment
 but thrifty and thank-
 ful of others."

Charlotte Oliver
 "Mindful not of her
 but bearing the
 of others."

Gayle Morgan
 "Never was man
 more capable
 nor more deserving."

Margorie Ellingworth
 "A kind and generous
 friend."





Betty Hart
 "a place for every-
 thing and everything
 in its place!"

Betsy Ohnwald
 "he's gone like Alexander
 & spread her conquests
 farther."

Gene Reynolds
 "Nothing to give him
 but love."





Amanda McCut
 "Revealings deep and
 are there of mea
 smiles"

Mary Thayer
 "Having the gra
 of speech and
 in the turn
 of phrases"

Katherine Mercer
 "I and my father
 are one"

Frances Tomkinson
 "A willing heart lightens
 work."



Birth Shack

"Where there is no peace
there is no feast."



Charlie

The Log Staff

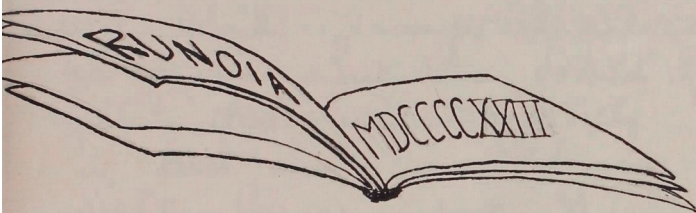
"The mob has many
heads but no brains".

Runoia Acrostic.

C is for colors Blue and White,
A is for all that's true and right,
M is for merry days and bright,
P is for pan-cakes which with relish we bite.

R is for rest hour despised by all,
U is for uniforms for large and small,
N is for noise proceeding from weemen,
O is for omnibus, alias Speed-Demon.
I is for Indians and 5th Shack fame
A is for another year, nearly The same.





DIARY

Prologue to the Diary. 1923.

"My First Trip to Camp Runois" by Annie New Girl.

They told us to be at the Grand Central at 5.15 promptly, so Father, Mother, Sister Brother and I arrived ten minutes earlier, as Mother says "It is best to be prompt in all things." We picked out the crowd of camp girls that we liked the looks of best and found it was the right Camp and I was given a white ticket with queer numbers on it, like this A 46 Upper 12. I kept it carefully so as to give it to the conductor when he asked for it. Soon the crowd began to move and I was told to follow the porter and the lady in the pink hat and green and yellow waist. I lost the porter almost at once but was swept on in the right direction by the crowd. Several girls were crying but I don't see why as I didn't in the least mind leaving Father, Mother, Sister

and Brother. The conductor did not want my white ticket so I went on to the train and gave it to the Pullman porter, but he didn't want it either so I just hid it in my pocket from then on.

The train pulled out and all the old girls gave a kind of war whoop and soon began eating all the things that they had brought for breakfast the next morning. The porter began to make up our berths and he must have liked making up berths as he kept right on doing it till after eleven o'clock.

Well — I was in my berth putting my shoes on the floor so as to get them shined, when I saw a girl disappear into the opposite berth in a salmon pink taffeta kimono. Not two minutes later a girl climbed out of the next berth with a kimono exactly like the first one and then a few seconds later another girl got into the end berth in a salmon pink taffeta kimono. By that time

I was worried. It must be either a Camp uniform or the costume of some secret society into which I had not been initiated.

I began to feel homesick — my poor old brown bath robe looked so shabby and I wished that Mother hadn't been so strong for clothes that are serviceable.

I watched the lights flash by outside until I feel asleep. I was awakened suddenly by a voice saying "Oh it's a girls' camp" and peeking through my curtains into the dim corridor I saw two boys in pajamas running through the car. Then I heard two girls in the next berth giggle and one of them said "My cow, it's two o'clock and we haven't slept a wink yet." When I waked up next it was bright daylight and I leaned down to get my newly shined shoes but alas! they were dustier than before and the toes were all mashed in where someone had stepped on them.

As soon as I was dressed I went down to the end of the car, intending to see a girl in the other

car, but when I reached the end
of ~~the~~ our car I met the lady
in the pink hat, who said
quite fiercely "Don't come pass
here, keep out." Frightened I
ran into the drawing room near by
only to find a girl there who
shouted "Go away, don't come in here.
Poor girl she was shut up all alone.
Probably she was being punished
and camp hadn't even begun. I
immediately resolved to be very good.

In a few minutes the fierce
counselor made us hurry into our
hats and coats and collect our bags.
I don't see why she made us hurry
so as we sat for almost an hour
before we reached Belgrade.

At last everyone scrambled off
train and climbed into a big steam
four seated car. I felt quite lost
when I saw that poor girl who
was being punished, overguarded
by a counselor way down at the end
of the platform, I was so sorry
for her that I felt quite cheerful
by comparison and climbed hastily
into the steam car.

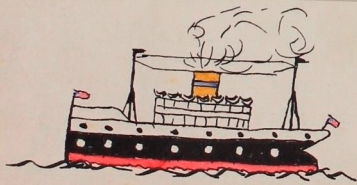
Diary

When the girls finally arrived at Camp they spent some time rushing about to see if Runoa was going to come up to their expectations and all agreed in favor of the Camp.

It was quite a surprise to some of the new girls when they discovered that their trunks hadn't arrived so again there was a general rush to borrow muddies and bloomers from the girls who had their trunks.

In the afternoon the usual physical examination took place and everybody was running around clothed only in two towels, much to the embarrassment of the new girls.

It has always been the custom at Runoa to have a party each Saturday night so to show the new girls how glad we were to have them with us, the old girls gave a party in honor of the former. The party was held in the Lodge, which was decorated to represent a ship.



OLD GIRLS'
ENTERTAINMENT

7:30

At first everybody was occupied in various stunts and games but unfortunately for those preferring games some one started the polka and the majority proceeded to dance. Refreshments were served and one of "Do we get two?" Finally, one fortunate counsellor had to make herself unpopular for the time being by announcing that it was time to retire.

The first Sunday in Camp most of the girls spent on the lake although they did condescend to come ashore for a chicken and ice cream dinner. Of course all the girls felt very sorry to think we weren't ready for a drill but according to facial expression they felt much worse when they were told that informal drill would be held.

The rest of the week was taken up mostly by track to see what girls were capable of and there were many surprising discoveries, many some for better and some for no but considering that we had been in camp only one week the discoveries were mostly for the better.

Everyone was hoping for a sunny
"Fourth" because several of the campers
had received boxes of wildly exciting
fire-works from home and they
don't make half so much noise
and sputter if it rains. Besides
all this a picnic supper had been
planned on the shore but all our
canning was of no use because it
did rain. However, a downpour has
never been able to dampen Runia's
spirit so we joyfully ate in the dining
room mid table decorations of red,
white, and blue streamers. Suddenly,
there was a quiet. A few looked at the
clock to see if it was twenty minutes
after the hour but instead they dis-
covered it was because it had
stopped raining and no one dared
breathe for fear it might break the
spell but soon we caught ourselves
talking and it was still clear so
everyone dashed to the shore where
the canoes were immediately cragged
forth, filled up, and let float. As it
grew dark fire-works were sent
off from the shore, then all paddled
swiftly in for the marshmallows
which might be smelled as they

were roasted over the big bonfire. Everybody dreaded to leave for bed but when finally they all did have to go they agreed that it was the happiest Fourth they'd ever spent.

By the second week all had become acquainted and the new ones had overcome all trials and tribulations of camp life. The regular schedule was fairly well established.

All, old and new girls alike were eagerly looking forward to the picking of the captains for the two sides. No one was surprised or disappointed when Betty and Charlie were almost unanimously chosen. After much argument Blues and Whites were selected as names for the sides. The two captains then proceeded to divide. Betty drew the Blues and Charlie the Whites. After many varied tests, physical and mental the sides were chosen and morning exercises began. The Blues were fortunate enough to have games and gymnastics in the Lodge while the Whites were obliged to swelter through Walter Camp's Dozen on the basket-ball field.

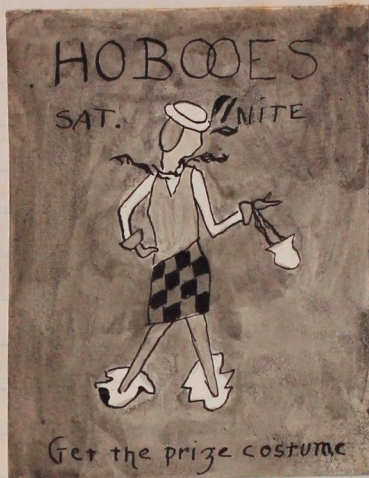
The following day Mrs. O'Donnell

to give us our first lesson in tripping the light fantastic around the Sledge she may be sure that she succeeded in making many of us a tiny bit more graceful if such a thing were at all possible.

Now for the second picnic which, due to galsore of water from above was held in the dining room. No chairs were allowed and no elaborate silverware decorated the table. Consequently, everyone endeavored to make herself as comfortable as possible on the floor but in vain. Many sandwiches and olives were daintily thrown hither and thither to the assembled crowd, a part of which continually yelled for more. One would think it a base-ball game instead of a weekly picnic.

All week the new girls had whispered together and acted mysterious. Consequently, many and varied were the conjectures as to the kind of entertainment they would offer. Saturday noon a latecomer to the dining room might have been surprised to behold a mob of feminine figures clustered about

some object nailed on one of the posts. It was, however, only a



poster announcing the entertainment to be a hobo party to be attended in such a scramble there was that afternoon to obtainable disguises. It was less to say there were many varieties of costuming ex-

from Apache dancers to Pigi. To the satisfaction of all Miss W. and Fanny were awarded the prize for being the most perfect hobos. A most harmonious brass band entertained the guests. In fact, I can recommend it as "one of our best." All, hostesses and guests alike, enjoyed the games and stunts provided for the amusement of the latter. We also enjoyed the refreshments. Everyone turned out and enjoyed self by dancing until again so the councillor braved the wrath of the multitude by announcing that it was time to disperse.

The next day was one of trepidation on account of the first formal dress drill. At five P.M. the whole camp assembled on the tennis courts summoned by Miss Dawd's bugle. Fortunately we were not forced to don our noble heads with those everlasting dress-drill hats due to the fact that many campers could not obtain suitable and satisfactory sizes. Considering that this was our first attempt and that many were appalled at appearing before visitors the first dress drill of the season went remarkably well.

Because our picnic day was Friday the thirteenth, we were fully resigned to a rainy day, but in spite of or perhaps because of our expectations a better picnic might never dawned. As goes without saying everyone was promptly on hand ready to eat. Great quantities of food were consumed and, for this reason, if no other, the picnic was a great success.

For quite some time second shack had gone about with beaming face and an aspect of mystery. Every few

minutes they would dash in and out of the Lodge to hold mysterious consultations with Charlie, while in the background Miss Brownell thumped the piano. Charlie was enthusiastic over the progress of her protegee and this of course was to our interest. Therefore, when Ann announced at supper Saturday night that the first part of second season entertainment would be held in the woods behind "Bathing Suit" we were all glad that our supper was soon to be ended. According at seven thirty the whole company assembled at the trysting place from whence we were led into Sylvan glade where we settled ourselves as comfortably as it is possible to settle on roots and rocks. After a few minutes of general conversation we were informed that a play was to be given which was entirely written, staged and acted by Mabree Walker and Helen Bowditch. After a few stifled giggles from both actors and audience the play began. From a boulder nearby Miss Tyler read the manuscript

a fairy,

while the youthful stars acted the story. It was a modern version of "Babes in the Woods". Helen and Mabie certainly made adorable "babes" in their colorful costumes. Teacher's chirping in the character of the bird of happiness which the babes followed was the feature of the evening. For the next few days many of the girls went about imitating her, - or trying to - and strange indeed were some of the sounds they succeeded in producing. After Mabie and Helen had finished the search for their grandmother after a strenuous chase led them by the bird, we all returned to the Lodge for the second part of the entertainment. The first feature was a Mistress Mary dance by Ann, which certainly did credit to Charlie's coaching. Then all the second shockers did "A Chinese Love Story" amid loud applause from the spectators. After these graceful exhibitions the rest of us were anxious to display our skill in dancing so soon we were all enjoying ourselves in that respect.

We were all willing to stop, however, for "treats" which, as an innovation, were introduced in the shape of cookies and lemonade. All too soon a stop was put to our fun by a suggestive "Good night, everyone" one of the counsellors. Being late we took the hint although loath to leave. On the whole I can fully say that "a good time was had by all".

Mrs. Laura Richards, the author and the head of Camp Meneyue was our honored guest one day during July Sport Week. There was great excitement and much commotion about camp at her arrival. As there was a wild dash for the shacks to straighten up our room also to don camp costume for the drill which was to be given in honor. But while we were still revolving around "Guest Laura" arrived and saw Fifth Shack just as it always is.

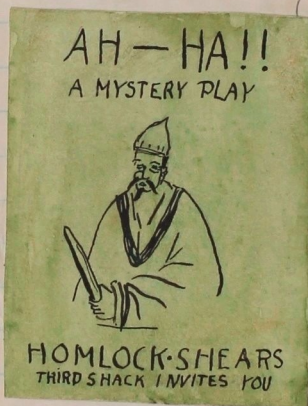
When all were rigged out in uniform we filed up to the hall to meet our distinguished guest. Betsy's introduction to Mrs. Rich-

the latter immediately spread Betty's Annapolis class pin and asked "And what did you win this badge for?" Betty registered much embarrassment and told Mrs. Richards what it was.

After this incident we entered the floor to sing Camp songs. At the end Mrs. Richards thanked us heartily and left with greetings from Camp Merryweather.

We were all greatly excited one morning in assembly to hear Miss Ould announce a song contest among the shacks to be held at the picnic Friday night. For a few minutes everyone talked of the wonderful song she would help her shack to write and promptly forgot all about it until Friday about five P.M. Such a flurry as there was then to get a presentable song within an hour! Well, it was accomplished somehow and no one missed the picnic from stage fright. After we had all eaten heartily, we knew the hour had come. The counsellors all withdrew to a rock where they sat in solemn judgment. One by one the songs were presented and more or less heartily applauded. After it was all over we sat about

awaiting the sentence of the judges. When it came, no one was surprised or disappointed. Fourth Shack had won the contest with Fifth Shack a close second. Virginia Dashiell, who had written most of the words was heroine of the hour. All in all, however, we heaved a sigh of relief to think that the song contest was over.



"Along wet snout" and "a tuft of white hair on his back!" What do they suggest to you? Exactly what they suggested to one who, to hear Third Shack trying for their entertainment. Of course, no futile guesses were made as to what was in store for us and the much looked forward to, ^{poster} did not help us out much. It informed us that Third Shack invited us to "Ah-ha!! A Mystery Play by Homlock Shears." Needless to say we were all there when the curtain went up. And then such a riotous play as we witnessed! No Police himself could not have the

us more than did Mary Jane in the leading rôle of Homelock Cheese, the great Detective. She had able support, too, in her cast. The suspense was maintained until the last minute and then came the sharp, unforeseen climax! The audience united in giving a hearty "Ru-Ru-Ru" for Third Shack. And then, of course, came refreshments and dancing, but not for long. Once again, long before we were ready, we were sent off to bed, only to dream of "long, wet snouts" and "tufts of white hair."

The next evening being Sunday, Miss Stetler and Miss Brownell planned a concert to be held in the cottage at Miss Pond and Miss Weiser's invitation. So at eight o'clock the camp marched up to the cottage to listen to its talented members perform.

When everyone had made herself comfortable and when all were ready Miss Stetler played for us and was most enthusiastically applauded as usual. Maryonie Ruzicka and Virginia Oastell then sang for us and several other girls played the piano. After much urging Miss Pond

played a few selections and Mrs. Whelan later consented to sing. Everybody said good-night and went to bed feeling that their knowledge of music had been plentifully increased.

To start August in well Goshack gave a party for which all the campers were invited. They pictured how they would look in fifty years and accordingly. There were a few who pictured a rather unhappy future but others brightened. The party was played about playfully and announcing that they had no glands. For some time the entertainment consisted of games which were quite well suited to some who had pictured themselves in a second childhood. As soon as the games were finished everybody lined up and marched by the judges' stand.

Picture yourself as you will be 50 years from
Wednesday night
Fourth Shack.

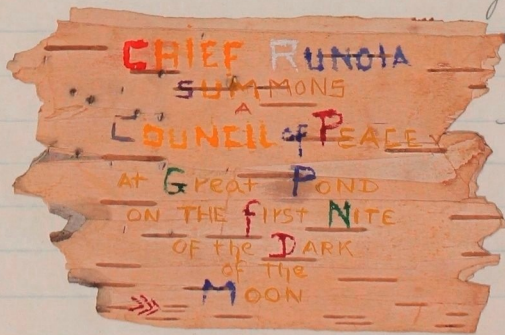
in order that the prize costume might be more easily decided and it was finally given to those whose future seemed to be most pleasant to look forward to. As the prizes were lolly-pops the next day found the winners with their nickels still in their pockets. Of all the fun that was "had by all" it's hard to decide what was the party's redeeming feature but everyone seemed to be very happy when the refreshments appeared. As usual all good things have to come to an end so the party broke up with one of our best cheers for one of our best shacks.

The only difference in the usual dress drill on Sunday was the extra groaning because everybody was compelled to wear those attractive dress drill hats.

This week marked the beginning of much excitement in Camp. Trips were starting out! From the arrival at Camp all the old girls had been talking about trips so now they became completely happy and the new girls joined the ranks as Maine's Champion havers.

The campers had long been admiring the harmonious singing which was often heard floating from the kitchen so finally Selma Ethel, and Herschel were persuaded to sing for us in the Lodge. The singers left everyone breathless and the girls who had been singing harmony in the camp soon immediately gave up as defeated.

The first thing of note this was the Fifth Black party which certainly note-worthy. For several beforehand savage-like yells had been heard bursting from the shore but not a soul could imagine it was all about until a piece of bark was seen hanging in the



room announcing that Chief Runota summoned the camps to a council of peace on the shore. Everybody assembled earlier than expected, unusual as it may seem but noise has always been drawing card. As it grew dark

than expected, unusual as it may seem but noise has always been drawing card. As it grew dark

with people bearing torches appeared around the point while the "wild Indians" gave a ceremonious yell and as they came ashore placed their torches in a big bonfire thus lighting up the entire shore. Soon there was a quiet thrumming of the drum which seemed to be all that was needed to draw the tribe to the fire, about which they did a most effective dance. As the dance ended the peace pipe was passed from one Indian to another after which they disappeared. Everyone immediately admitted that it was one of the most effective entertainments ever given at Punnoia. Following the pageant was dancing in the Lodge and the usual looked forward to refreshments were served to many beaming faces. Shortly after everyone was chased to bed to dream of Indians and the "Wild West" of pioneer days.

With Shack's turn came to give the last shack party of the year. As there had been many parties it was rather difficult to think of some

original form of entertainment
finally some one very brilliantly



SIXTH SHACK
ENTERTAINMENT



suggest a Minstrel
show so a Minstrel
show it was. O
Mary, Rene, and
made most amu
end men and to
some very clever
songs of which
about the Camp
Each member of
company did one
more act and to

enthusiasm of the audience helped
put pep into the performers. Mr.
David was a splendid interlocutor
and Teacher was a credit to the
the way she put over her jokes
did a real darkey dance. As usual
the dancing followed the enter-
tainment and ye good cones were
brought forth again with a van
of ice cream. Sixth Shack seemed
to be relieved when the party
was over but we hope the rest
of the Camp didn't feel that way.
We'll leave that for the rest
to decide.

From the beginning of camp everyone has known that the last Saturday night of camp season is given over to a masquerade but do you think anyone was foreshadowed and got her costume early? Never! That self same last Saturday morning samples might be seen standing about here and there whispering together and then dashing either to the property trunk or to some friend to borrow this, that, or the other thing. When the bugle blew that night some of the girls were still pinning things together but when everyone finally arrived it must be admitted that the costumes were very clever so the the proverb that "haste makes waste" was banished entirely from our minds.

Miss Pond and Miss Weiser and some guest judged the costumes and the prizes were given to Frances Lewis for the best disguise and to Tommy Tomkinson for the best impersonation. Dancing took place until Miss Pond introduced us to Mrs Burgess who had often entertained the girls of Old Russia

by monologues and planologues
and was to do the same for us.
When Mrs Burgess was through
performing there were wild
screams for more and some
gasps of "Wonderful" or "Isn't
it wonderful" Everyone was ve-
much obliged to Mrs Burgess
her charming performance.

Again everyone danced and
although one like original this
we all hoped that refreshment
would not be varied and it
wish was granted. Everyone
went to bed tired but agreed
to the fact that it was the
party of the year.

No one but an old Runoia
can know what sensation the
words "Last dress drill" bring to the
thought of the drill this year
particularly agonizing because of
the white duck hats which
all hated with a passion. Saturday
night we all assembled for a
final rehearsal and the hats
the white hats! ended. Each
wore hers at a different angle
and each looked a little worse

than the one before her. Miss Pond viewed the effect with an impressive face and hope died within us — two minutes later the field looked as though a magnified snow storm had struck it, for everywhere lay white dress drill hats while the owners cavorted gaily about. Fortunately for our peace of mind Miss Pond did not insist that we wear our hats again so we felt twice as hopeful considering dress drill.

Of course, when the bugle blew the next day each girl dashed on the court clutching frantically at her bloomers or some equally vital portion of her clothing. And the visitors — there were hundreds of them — at least fifty. Everything went off remarkably well, considering the fact that we were all struck with stage fright. And for a wonder no one sang off key when we gathered in the lodge to more or less tunelessly entertain our guests. On the whole we felt that we could congratulate ourselves on a most successful day.

The last Tuesday of Camp was one of the biggest events of the season as the dancing exhibition was given that night. It seemed as though the whole of the Be grade Hotel turned out to see the Punoia Ballet Company. Mr. Odiorne arrived in the morning and went over the entire programme with the different while Miss Brownell and Mrs. Lockman worked incessantly the various costumes. The programme was as follows:

The Hussar Dance - Rhoda and Gustie

Russian Dance - Dorothy Stevens

The Ball Dance - Second Shae

The Day of a Nymphs - Charlie O

The Spanish Dance - Fifth Shae

Katinka - Frances Fennell

The Riding Dance - Sixth Shae

From the applause we took it that the exhibition was a great success, thanks to Mrs. Odiorne and all those who helped.

During the entire camp season everyone of the girls has been perfectly happy and as each party come and gone it has been enjoyed.

to the very limit but when everyone is so content and things run so smoothly it is hard to appreciate it all until now when the summer of twenty-three is at an end and all the girls and counsellors who have grown so close must part. everyone begins to realize how perfect it has all been and that Runnia is the only Camp and it is here that happiness is found.



TRIPS

Why Young Girls leave Camp for Trips

By Almeda Foster.

I think that trips are nice because you can choose your favorite counselors and favorite Seniors to go with you and you can tip over without losing any deserts and take as long as you want to to bring your canoe back to shore — I know two girls that took an hour to get their canoe in and nothing happened — and then I like trips because every time you have to carry your canoes you can have two sundaes and you can go barefoot and have moonlight dips and marshmallows.

When our shack went on a trip we had a hard time deciding what counselor to choose — some of the shack wanted Miss Beaver to be the "life of the party"; there were a few votes for Miss Beacher because she cooks so well and then one girl wanted Miss Bohmy so that her basket of fruit would be eaten up. In the end counselors coffee decided

Second Shack Song

(Tune)

(The Bear Went over the Mountain)

Second Shack went camping
And slept beneath the trees
There were no bugs or beetles
Or even pesky fleas.

And Cita ate the salt,
And Cita ate the salt,
And Cita ate the salt,
And Cita ate the salt.

And when we went to bed
We saw a Baby Moon,
And way across the Belgrade Lake
We heard a moisy loon.

Oh, Johnny, froze her toes
Oh, Johnny, froze her toes
Oh, Johnny, froze her toes
Oh, Johnny, froze her toes.

Oh, scrambled eggs and pancakes,
Bacon, peas and dips.
And now we think we've had
The very best of trips.

Second Shack Trip Song.

(continued)

And Pety flipped the pancakes,
And burned her sneakers, too,
And Pety flipped the pancakes,
And burned her sneakers, too.

Cita Jones.



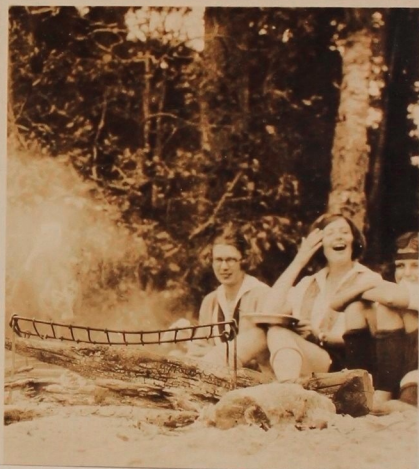
Pinkham's Cove Trip

It was a bright, clear afternoon when third shack started for Pinkham's Cove. We landed on a sandy beach and hunted for a place to make our beds. The cooking utensils ready, the fire burning nicely, we started to cook our supper. It was a delicious one, fried eggs, crisp toast, and cookies. After a glorious moonlight dip, we toasted marshmallows. The girls were not sleepy and continued to talk. Finally we settled down and went to sleep. When the rain started we all woke up and covered ourselves with ponchos as the rain was coming down steadily.

The girls got up very early about four o'clock and ate breakfast and washed the dishes. We were all very wet and uncomfortable. At last the rain stopped and we played tag in the canoes.

In the early afternoon we started home. The lake became terribly rough and the wind blew so hard the canoes were blown all around. It got so bad that we

had to land on Oak Island and
signalled to Miss Pond who came
in a motor boat and brought
us safely home. It certainly
an exciting trip.



Our counselor, Miss Weaver
and chaperone from 6th Shack, Miss Onuewa

Fourth Shack Trip.

Pinkham's Cove.

On August 2nd, fourth shack watched the lake with great interest, for if the it calmed down, we could start on a trip to Pinkham's Cove.

At last we started on our paddle, for Great Pond looked calm. When we were just a few canoe lengths out of the cove, the waters that had looked so calm and gentle from shore, had turned, like a flash into great, billowing waves.

Suddenly one of the paddlers looked up when we were in the middle of the lake, and saw four green canoes, resembling those that had left for Messalonskie, a few days before. With excitement and merriment we hailed them, and our doubts were soon ~~dis~~pelled, as Betty Sperry, looking for her long lost Teacher, cried: "I see Teacher's hat above Irene Reynolds' head!" As both groups of trippers passed each other, a great many salutations were shouted from canoe to canoe.

We arrived safely without mishap, which was a great relief to Miss Hall and Miss Tyler.

Then the real fun began. Picking out soft places to sleep, was the first number on the program. Within fifteen minutes the slower girls, looked up from the task of bed-making, to see a hot feast

being prepared by a multitude of chefs.

After things were cleared up and put away, we jumped into our pajamas, and securing a canoe and flash light for two people, started to drift on the now glassy lake. When we came in we all secured a warm, comfortable place to sit by the fire to roast marshmallows, then scampered to bed near the hour of two.

Next morning about 4.30, A.M., we were awakened by a few small giggles that came from various parts of the sleeping grounds. We again awakened at 6.45 A.M., finding ourselves entangled in a quantity of blankets. When Betty awoke, she was not yet over the excitement of having a small field mouse in her bed, and was still more horrified when she discovered that ~~she was~~ the same mouse had made a vain attempt to pull some fur from Fuzzy's moccasins.

After having cleared away the remnants of breakfast, we all took canoes and went out fishing with sack ropes, safety pins, and bacon for bait. As we were called for swimming, we discovered that not one of us had had a bite, even. Swimming time was spent in imitating Miss Weaver, by standing on the gunwales of a canoe, and "bucking broncos" back and forth.

Dinner came and everyone was starved, and perfectly willing to do anything to get something to eat. Within ten minutes after dinner we had a small

thunderstorm, to make things more exciting, but as Miss Hall and Miss Tyler had both seen it approaching, and so had put all bedding under two canoes. After playing "ghost" for a little while, we were hurried into a stubby old boat house, which was rather unpleasant. Soon it cleared, and pulling every thing into various canoes, we started out with a happy heart, wishing that we were to stay another night. Suddenly we saw camp after a short paddle and were very glad to stand on Runoia shore again.

Helen F. Foster.
Betty C. Sperry.



Helen Foster
on Bess

FLORA



Echo Lake Trip - Smithfield.



The Haunted House
on East Pond

First Menalonskee Trip.



Hopt's Island Trip.

When Third Shack started for Hopt's Island it was very rough, so we took the war-canoe. When we passed Mr. Mitchell's camp on the island we saluted and cheered him.

We got to our cove about six o'clock and had our supper, we built a stove of rocks. While we were cooking our supper, Mr.

Mitchell came in his motor boat to see us. After supper we all sat around the fire and toasted marsh-mallows. One burned her finger on a red-hot one.

When we went to bed Miss Ross fixed a sheltered place for us to sleep if it rained, but it was a very clear night with lots of shooting stars, some of which we were afraid might fall on us, so we stuck our heads under the covers.

In the morning we went in on a dip and then had breakfast, after which we played cards and made up our beds. Then we went

is for a swim.

Before dinner Mr. White showed us where the well and helped us to get water. It was a sad affair because we had to bury the dogs.

Soon after we embarked for Camp and as we were about to paddle we were glad when Rubia's cove came in view.

Long Lake Trip

To the tried and true trappers, the Long Lake trip may sound rather unpretentious, but to us who were not so experienced, it seemed quite the other way.

We started out one Friday noon, a gay little fleet of six canoes, after a hearty send-off from the stay-at-homes. In spite of the fact that there were thirteen of us, we were anticipating a most gayful time.

After a steady paddle of about an hour, we arrived in Belgrade Lakes where, after an exorcising carry into Long Lake, we proceeded to quench our thirst with sodas and Sunbros. We kept the decks in Beans in a continual flurry washing dishes and glasses. At last, when the appetites of all, even the incorrigible Dot and June, had been satisfied, we started on our journey down Long Lake. This passed without event, and no one was even tired when we sighted our camping place, a balmy glade on the mouth of a rocky stream.

Of course, the first thing we did, after unrolling our packs, was to go in swimming. The plunge was not quite all that could be desired, as the water was icy, the shore line irregular, and the bugs plentiful.

Outside of these trifles, our first trip swim was perfect.

When we were again fully clothed and our right minds (?), we proceeded to the supper, we being, for the most part, Mary, and the councillors. By the time had finished our somewhat lengthy meal, it had grown dusky and we were forced to make the dish washing a rather sketchy affair.

After supper was over and the dishes done, we all assembled on one little beach and sang songs, more or less harmonious. After about an hour had thus timefully passed by, a few of the more courageous made ready to go in for a moonlight dip. Of course every one stubbed all ten toes on boulders and rocks, and nearly froze in the crisp water, but otherwise we were all right - nothing the matter with us.

By the time our swim was over we realized fully that a cold night was due. We all made ourselves as comfortable as possible on mats and rocks and cold bare ground. Sleep did not come easily but at last, after many false starts one after another dropped off - into oblivion - but not for long. Helen and

Jane woke to talk all night, Dot mumbled fitfully in her sleep at frequent intervals, and Mandy and Mary rose at one o'clock to wander about until Miss Paul drove them to bed once more. In spite of these midnight meanderings, we awoke feeling refreshed and ready for whatever the day might bring.

Catherine Kiser kept us in a state of constant anxiety that morning. We doubted if we would ever get her home safely. First she parked herself under the frying pan, only to get bacon grease poured all over her legs. Then she had a wrestling match with numerous trees, in which she was rather worsted. Once the food appeared, however, she gave us no more trouble.

After breakfast came the ^{over}troublesome task of rerolling our packs. Of course, everything from shoes to bathing suits was omitted, but obliging comrades helped out by adding the forgotten articles to their already bursting packs.

Our last swim was of necessity cut short, as we were due home in time for lunch. Of course, there was the usual fleeing in leaving our camping place, but at last we were off. Arrived in Belgrade Lakes, we proceeded to satisfy our appetites with the

inevitable sandbars. We had to leave before we were fully full, as our time was short and the lake rough.

After a stiff paddle of an hour or so we at last turned into our cove. Never has camp looked so good to us! Trips are wonderful, we all agreed, but the homecoming is better yet.



The O.K. Trip to Moose Pond.

Although the Moose Pond trip started out late, it proved to be one of the most adventurous trips of the season. As a result of bad weather, we were forced to go to Helgrade lakes in motor boats. There we were refreshed from our arduous labors by sundaes. After a stretch of strenuous paddling, we stopped at a most excellent camping place - long enough to impart of a glorious meal.

Moose Pond was happily reached without many hazards, and we immediately proceeded to don our bathing suits for a much needed swim. Two daring individuals performed the inevitable tipping stunt with much ceremony. One of the more foolish members of the party conscientiously endeavored to rescue them and, amid much splashing and displaying of temper, she was awkwardly desposited into the water. Said unfortunate began to wail frantically, "the lantern", "the lantern", and one of the heroic tippers bravely brandished it in the air, until our honorable Miss Pond, hearing the frantic calls, paddled to our aid. However she apparently considered us insignificant in comparison to the lantern, for enigmatically clutching the latter, she again paddled back to shore, inconsiderately leaving us to splash our way in, dragging the canoes behind us.

The supper was a merry one. We would ravenously seize our food and dash off to generously share it with the mosquitoes - ah! those mosquitoes, how they did buzz and bite.

It is where the perilous part of the trip really began. Miss

Howd wanted to change parking places, so we thought of the mosquitoes and agreed in unison. Then we started out in the dark, ^{and} paddled down O. K. stream with all its terrible night prowlers. We nearly fell out of our canoes with fright when what proved to be a harmless frog, leaped suddenly from the bushes.

We finally landed, but that wasn't the end of the d. H. H. Here daintily stepped from one canoe to another, was seized by an unseen hand and hurled mercilessly into the water. With no thought for her poor drowning self, she valiantly yelled, "The eggs! Save them in the name of all that's wet."

Two of our party dashed to the rescue and proceeded to swim around in the water with lighted flash lights and dress drill hats. Most of the drowning ones were recovered and dumped beside the fire.

We retired, only to dream of more water, and, as day awoke to reality, for it was raining cats and dogs.

Next morning we resumed our happy journey, after a plentiful breakfast, during which numerous pancake records were broken. Due to a decided roughness on the water, we were forced to land at a point directly opposite Helgrade Lakes. Everyone, with the exception of the dignified counsellors, gazed longingly at Heans and then at the turbulent waters and sighed and sighed again. But ah, thrill of thrills, you all know what came next. Boat load

upon boat load of the opposite sex arrived and that foolish individual, formerly spoken of, together with others, less foolish, immediately began to act like retired lunatics to the great very great mortification and disgust of our sensible counsellors.

Eventually, with many backward glances, we left the side of Heart Halpitations, and paddled across to the grade lakes and thence homeward to our good old Camp Hunsia.

Johnny Hieser

Faith Hollins.

Sandy River



Betty Hart, Teacher, Fannie, Charlie, Oreue + Betsey



Sandy River Trip

On a perfect Friday morning we, Fanny, Charlie, Bob, Irene, Betsey, Teacher, Miss Pond and I rolled our packs, packed our canoes and started off to Sandy River. We paddled to Belgrade Lakes and there a brave little Ford truck took our four canoes on its back. By the time we had finished packing it looked like four canoes and some Anishinaabe girls taking a ford out but we got to New Sharon safely. Miss Pond, who had taken some of us in Bembo stayed for lunch on the banks of Sandy River.

Only the girls who had been on the River last year, kept up the bright smiles, for the river only looked a few inches deep and the rocks, they were every where. Miss Pond and Miss Brownell helped us get ready, then we put on our bathing suits and down the river we went. Part of the way we walked pulling the canoes, bruising our legs and feet, but the fun we had in the Rapids made up for all that. Then we would jump into ^{the canoes} as fast as we could and shoot the rapids - looking for the deepest ripples and breathing a sigh when we found still deep water, or getting out to push and "1-2-3 heave" when the canoe hit a rock.

We didn't find a good camping spot until late,

and then, - did "wienies", potatoes and
ever taste so good?

It rained that night, so we got under
our canoes and ponchos and slept until
heard "breakfast" called. On place of
we had perfect sunshine, so we went
down more rapids and rocks to the
Ferry. - Goodbye wet bathing suits, - we
dry clothes! From there a Ford truck
us to Smithfield. Thence we paddled across
North Pond into Echo Lake where we
for the night. This time we had a cold
night and in the morning we paddled
Meadow Brook stream nearly hanging over
on the branches and bridges till we saw
Great Pond with Camp in the distance.
There was a storm threatening so we
hurry for Camp and reached it in time
hear the first bell for Sunday dinner.
And we voted that a good time was had
all!



The Ferry. - at Davis Ferry

Sandy River Trip Song -

Tune: "All God's Chillen got Shoes."

I got a canoe, you got a canoe

All Miss Pond's children got a canoe

When we get to Sandy River going to take our canoe

Going to carry all over Sandy River, river,

Everybody talk about the river ain't going there,

River, river, going to carry all over Sandy River.

I got shoes, you got shoes

All Miss Pond's children got shoes

When we get to Sandy River going to put on our shoes

Going to walk all over Sandy River, river,

Everybody talk about the river ain't going there

River, river, going to walk all over Sandy River

I got a bathing suit, you got a bathing suit

Fanny ain't got any bathing suit,

When we get to Sandy River going to put on our suit

Going to swim all over Sandy River, river,

Everybody talk about river ain't going there

River, river, going to swim all over Sandy River

I got a hat, you got a hat

All Miss Pond's children got DRESS DRILL HATS

When we get to Sandy River going to put on our hats

Going to lose them all over Sandy River, river

Everybody talk about hats can't bail with them

River, river, going to lose them all over Sandy River

I got a bed, you got a bed
All Min Pond's children got a beds
Where we get back home going to get in our
Going to sleep in a regular bed, bed,
Everybody talk about beds can't
appreciate them
Bed, bed, going to sleep in a regular



Davis Ferry

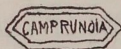
-HONORS-



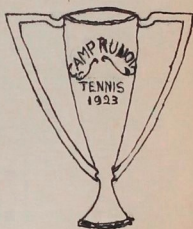
Bersy Ohnewald



Helen Rieser



Mabie Walker



Farnell Balthazar



Records broken in 1923

Seniors

Baseball throw - 150' 4" - G. Rieser
Running broad jump - 12' 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ " - B. Ohnewald

Juniors

Running high jump - 3' 11" - H. Rieser
Running broad jump - 11' - H. Rieser
" " " - 11' 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " - A. Brown
Hop, Step and Jump - 23' 11" - H. Foster
" " " " - 24' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " - H. Rieser

Basket-Ball

	1st Blue Team	2nd Blue Team	1st White Team	2nd White Team
1st Game	19	19	7	0
2nd Game	18	11	18	8
1st Game	17	5	24	9
2nd Game	16	9	16	4
3rd Game	21	12	17	8
4th Game	18		29	

July match won by First Team - Blues
Second Team - Blues

August match won by First Team - Whites
Second Team - Blues

Junior Base-ball Game (Aug. 21st).

The junior game, which was called for two o'clock, began promptly at quarter of eleven. In the first part of the first inning the "Blues" discovered that they had a base-ball eight instead of the official "nine". Consequently, one of the White players modestly returned from the field. There was a great deal of difficulty over batting order but peace prevailed at last among the four wicketeers.

Ritchie Helms twirled a speedy sphere but the "Blues" stood up to her valiantly and in the first inning made eleven runs.

The second half of the first inning saw the "Whites" at bat. In spite of the fact that they were asleep on the benches, they managed to slip around the bases twelve times and the score stood twelve to eleven.

In the second inning the "Blues" struggled to defeat the pale heads and rolled up the score to sixteen. The "Whites",

however, west three feet below
and the grass seed with a
row of twenty to six trees in
front of the white road.



First Team Basketball - August

One of the most exciting features of Sport Week was the basketball. The teams were much more evenly matched than in the previous Sport Week, due to the advent of Gayle Morgan. The lineup for all the games was:

Whites		Blues	
Parnell	forwards	Dat Stevens	}
Gayle		Mary Thayer	
Marge Kuzicka	centers	Betsy (capt.)	}
Jeanie		Irene	
Charlie (capt.)	guards	Fanny	}
Hoss		Francis Lewis	

The first game took place in the early part of Sport Week. Each team was grimly determined to do their best. The Whites, however, did their best better than the Blues, although the score was close until the very end. "Never mind," said the Blues gamely, "We'll do better next time."

The second game occurred on a windy day, thus making it rather difficult to shoot baskets. In spite of this drawback, both teams played exceedingly well. The second half was just one thrilling basket after another.

For some time the Blues were in the lead but gradually the Whites crept up on them until the score was a tie. Both teams were playing fast and furious as they knew the time was short. Suddenly two whistles blew almost simultaneously it seemed. Time - and a foul on the blues! Every one held ~~their~~ breath until the shot was taken. Joyfully for the Blues and sorrowfully for the Whites, the shot was missed. The game was over - and the score was 16 - 16!

Due chiefly to the good work of Dot Stevens, the third game was a victory for the Blues with a score of 24 - 17.

The fourth and deciding game took place two days after. Although the Blues fought stubbornly, the Whites were ahead throughout. Never was there better team work ~~and~~ more brilliant plays than those displayed by the Whites. Jeanie surpassed all previous records by her wonderful quickness. Charlie & 14 oss, too, out did themselves in guarding and Scayle and Parnell shot one basket after another. The final score was 29 - 18, and there was no one who

begruddged the white their well-won
victory.

Canoe Races -



	First
Most Versatile	Charlie
Most Easily Tressed	Johnny
Best Attended	Johnny
Best Dancer	Charlie

Second
Fanny
M. Kinder
Charlie
{ Drew
{ Betty
{ H. Lee Pieser
Fanny

Blameiest	Johnny
Most Happy go lucky	H. Oss
Dearest	Fanny
Most Original	F. Ruth
Hated	M. Edge
Wittiest	M. Thayer
Hardest to Fress	Betty

Johnny
M. Thayer
B. Sperry
B. Hart
Fanny
{ Dolly J. Lyfar
{ Charlie
{ Louis Davis

Tourest	H. Oss
Peppiest	Charlie
Most Attractive	Charlie

Jeanie
H. Oss
{ Fanny
{ Drew

Cutest	Ann Thayer
Best Looking	Jeanie
Best Athlete	B. Stevens
Most Helpful	Edith Pieser
Most Interesting Talker	Bob Mercer
Human Question	Mark
Most Desirable	Johnny Davis
	Edith Pieser
Most Sympathetic	Charlie

Charlie
Charlie
H. Pieser
Charlie
H. Oss
B. Sperry
Bob Mercer
Edith Pieser

III ost Generous

III ost Waring

Best Sport

III ost Popular

{ III Thayer
Jane Becker

H. Stevens

{ Charlie
Edith Pierson

Charlie

{ H. Thayer
Frances Kinnear

+ Mary

{ Tommy Loneliness

III andy

III andy

Wouldn't She be One of the
World's Best
If she had —

Hair	Jeannette O'neaveall
Eye. brows	Frances Lewis
Eyes	Charlia O'divner
Eye. Lashes	Betty Hart
Nose	Edith Pierson
Mouth	Faith Collins
Teeth	Louise Morris
Chin	Margiea Ruzicka
Complexion	Teacher
Smile	Virginia Dackall
Figure	Miss Doud
Legs	Purnell Balthazar
Singing Voice	Mandy McCutchan
Speaking Voice	Betty Hart

Rawther!

STATISTICS

Name	Alias	Favorite Occupation	Get (Worried)	Greatest Failing	Deficiencies	Expressions
Miss Dand		Tying screens.	She jumps!	"Bimbo."	"I have everyone wear dress-drill hats"	"Where Miss Weiner?"
Miss Weiner		Greeting guests.	Herents!	Fishing on dry land.	"I have everyone sing on day on Sunday"	"Where Miss Pond?"
Miss Dand		Picking up papers around eighth shack.	Thress-drill	Her alarm-clock!	"I have eighth shack put themselves to bed automatically"	"If you'll all be quiet, I'll look for you."
Miss Belitt	"Teacher"	Leading out trips.	Having company arrive during rest-hour.	Permanent wave	"To make the Miss Dand trip in one (1) day."	"Rawther!" "One of our best"
Frances Lamberson	"Sonny"	Knitting Mary's sweaters	Being called Frances!	Barretto.	"I do all the cooking on trips."	"Yea ho!"
Margie Shingworth.	"Marge."	Washing dishes on trips.	Chewing gum!	Rubber gloves.	"I have hair that wait come down."	"I hate refusal!"

Name	Alias	Favorite Occupation	Pet Abomination	Greatest Failing	Aspiration	Expression
Gayle Morgan	"Gally"	Playing tennis	Receiving type writers. Letters.	Not green blossoms.	To have her hair grow.	"Did I get any mail?"
Alice Katherine Threan.	"Bobs"	Climbing up on the boat house roof.	Hornets.	Muddle!	To be an artist.	"My hat!"
Anne & Ida McCutcheon	"Maundy"	Craft!	To have finger marks on her napkin rings.	Letters!	To be the riding counsellor at "Charlie's" camp.	"My land!"
Mary Hayes	"Pinkie."	Talking!	Riding.	Pancakes!	To have her typewriter run smoothly.	"Hell's bells!"
Betsy Oswald	"Batey"	Maintaining her nails on trips.	Very cats!	Sand stockings.	To shrink!	"Lacrimosically."
Frank Reynolds	"Ken"	Reading "The Sunday"	Getting up in	Nails!!!	To receive a second delving	"boy friend"

Edith Wilson	"Edie"	Taking medicine	Being framed.	Food.	To lose five lb.	the old foot.
Jeanette Chumard	"Jeanie"	Licking Charlie, and teasing Johnny.	Being quiet.	Swimming.	To live in fifth shack.	"Oh, what a funny noise!"
Betty Hart	Betty	Straightening up the boards in "jacks".	Having Herchel joke in the back.	Foreign postals - cards.	To take an ocean voyage.	"Get out of that 'jacks'."
Charlotte Adams	"Charlie"	Rolling jacks.	Being kissed.	Dancing.	To run a camp.	"Good hat!"
Francis James	"Fanny"	Reverting.	Getting personal with Jack.	Reverting.	To be assistant director at Charlie's camp.	"Oh, my cow-foot!"
Miss Beavonell		Doing things for other people.	Having James Becker talk after taps.	The piano.	To learn to swim.	"My sakes!"

Name	Alias	Favourite occupation	Pet Nominations	Greatest Fading	Aspiration	Expressions
Miss Weaver	"Big brother"	Blowing up basket-balls.	To be asked to lead "Yaah's" ark.	Atletics!	To be able to walk on her hands like her brother	"Don't crowd you look like chickens!"
Danell Balthazar	"kellie"	Eating chicken wings.	Pink-eye.	Her hair.	To sit in child's window and flip-em.	"I hate!"
Majorie Rydels.	"Widge"	Correcting John's pronunciation.	Being laughed at.	Doing nothing - up exercises in the water.	To be with Edith all the time.	Oh, dear!
Frances Kierman	"Hoss"	Trying to play a ukulele.	Wearing other people's clothes.	Shower baths	To get the world's champ- ionship in naps.	"Jeannie dear" and "You know."
Jane Becker	"Beckie"	Chewing gum.	Wimp.	Head bands.	To be a lieutenant in drill.	Three guesses!
Faith Collins	"Fate"	Swimming	Having her	Swimming on	I -	You know

Name	Alias	Favorite Craft or Hobby	Notable Characteristic	Greatest Failing	Reputation	Expression
Frances Lewis	"Louise"	Swapping the craft shop.	Having people mess her bureau.	Miss Lockman	To go down ^{with} on the train, her blankets.	"You will, will you?"
Mary Seidel	"Brownie"	Playing cards	Having people borrow things and not return them.	Talking.	To be taller.	"Oh, yes!"
Hebe Meyer.	"Fletcher"	Reading letters aloud.	Blocking the mail.	White Jack hats.	To be a jockey.	"Do you have?"
Frances Fisher	"Parker"	Riding.	To be told she looks like Alla-mindy Anderson.	Y lies bothering Lady.	To ride a flyless horse	"Oh Lady as the flies bothering you?"
Eileen Rafferty	"Ske"	To learn the first stroke.	Being called E-i-lean.	Not Stevens.	To go on a trip.	"Not, stop tickling me."
Dorothy Stevens	"Dat" or "Steve."	Talking close-ups.	Being teased about K.F.	Lickling people.	To see K.F. in a play.	Shhh - know!

Catherine Rieve	"Johnny"	Rever Tipping her tie.	Receiving postal.	Her sister.	To have the whites win.	"Weel yeh hui"
Charlotte Tyler	"Holly Jane"	Riding.	Crushes.	Brownie	To be a first class swimmer.	"Dee aming!"
Miss Hall	"Miss Hall"	Paddling out to meet the mail-boat.	Accounts!	Serving cakes and milk during swimming.	to have An automatic mail sorter.	"Oh, my goodness"
Miss Tyler	"Miss Tyler"	Paring canoe strokes.	Hating people misbehave at the table.	Muggle!	To be able play hockey this fall!	"Oh, I wish you love it."
Almeda Brown	"Al"	Playing jacks	White duck hats	Movie stars	To be a dancer	"Oah!"
Virginia Dasmell	"Loring"	Smiling	Being con- spicious	Long letter writing	To sing	"Oh my"
Eith Watts	"E"	Reading	Taps	Humor	To write	"Human year cake"
Margaret Kneiden	"Maggie"	Reading	Routine	Craft	To do nature	Has anyone my mind to be a sky home

Foster	"uzzy"	jacks	fisheries	4th shack	To be a social service worker	"Oh, my goodness"
Barbara Hawbridge	"Bobs"	Higgling	Movie store	jack ladder		
Elizabeth Gentry	"Betty"	Looking at the store	Warnings	Dreams	To be a champion jack player	*Pekst is me all over, mabel
Louise Davis	"Tommy"	Talking	The man who killed her dog twice	Bread	To find the correct way of doing the twist stroke	"Did Miss Dawd say so."
Louise Morris	"Sheepies"	Sneezing	Double dimples	Puzzles	To get a Maine cat	"Oh, land"
Helen Lester	"Johnny, Jr."	Riding	Getting her tie on	Track	To have longer legs	"May I go riding."
Jane Lawman	"Jane"	Eating candy	Helen's laugh	Jacks	To be a craft councillor	"Oh, dear"
Ruth Leans	"Rufus"	Understanding her family at camp	Meatiness	Absent-mindedness	To play tennis	"Oh, dear"
Mary Jean Lange	"Mary Jean"	Riding	Hanging out bathing suits	Mandy	A hair cut	"Pewster"
Mary Louise Mellon	Mary Louise	Jacks	Arranging shoes under bed	Jacks	To be a big league baseball pitcher	May I go riding with Jane

Name	Alias	Favorite Occupations	Best Accommodations	Cheated Fairing	Exposition	Expression
Eleanor Alling	Eleanor	Knitting	Basket ball	Mail	To lead songs	"Oh, Miss Dawd!"
Miss Pease	Miss Pease	Shampooing	Audiences	Talking	To tilt	"Oh, my dear!"
Miss Johnson	Johnny	Taking care of second shade	Left over food on trips	The cat	No talking during dull	"I'm roasting"
Miss Stiller	Miss Stiller	Making riding schedule	Anything but music and riding	Red ties	To have the 5,000 riding hours cleared	"Get out!"
Ann Phayer	Ann	Reading	Moonlight dips	Rocky Ann - Lullaby	And shouts	"My stars"
Cornelia Jones	Cita	Riding	Rest Hour	Animals	To get a tent in dwing	"Now, Johnny"
Helen Bowman	Helen	Sweeping her bed with a whisk broom	Nature study	Bureau drawers	To get up when she wakes up	"If my mother could see me now she would think I was a hard-baked"
Mable	Mable	Reading	Reading	Waiting	To be a first class driver	

[illegible]



Left to right.

Helen Foster, Miss Margie Tyler, Jane Bowman
Miss Stetler, Miss Lockeman

A Runoia Day.

- 6.00. Second Shack here begins to duck
under the Shack.
- 7.14. Alarm Clock goes off in VIth Shack.
- 7.15. Miss Dowd slams the door.
- 7.18. Bugle sounds in the distance.
- 7.19. Second Shack screams "Good Morning".
- 7.20. Beach is thronged by crowds of
eager Seniors taking an optional
morning plunge bath.
- 7.30. Tommy Davis tells her dreams,
Betty Sperry " " "
Bobs Mercer caps the climax.
- 7.40. Catherine Riser goes to 6th Shack.
- 7.44. Mary Trayer arises.
- 7.45. First bell.
- 7.49. Second bell.
- 7.51. Teacher and Miss Dowd go up the
path followed by 5th & 6th Shacks
- 7.55. Miss Tyler blows the whistle
glaring at Jeannette as she comes
up the path.
Miss Tyler says "Iren right -"
No one is.
- 8.00. Breakfast
- 8.27. "I'll race you, This is my eleventh
- 8.28. Announcement: "Will everyone
put on Camp uniform for the

- pictures" — Groans —
- 8.30. "There will be no pictures taken to-day but there will be Junior Crew races whenever the bugle blows. Everyone pick up their rooms now.
- 8.50. Warning bugle — Mad rush for dust pans and brooms.
- 8.55. Second bugle blows — Peyton says "Oh dear, I'm not nearly ready."
- 9.00 Camp gets upset for the day.
- 9.10 3rd and 4th Shacks arrive at exercises and say that they didn't hear the
- 9.15 Chorus — whole Camp — "How many more minutes of exercises have we
- 9.20 Encore — "how many more minutes
- 9.25. " " " " "
- 9.30 Miss Stettler says the riders must start on time. Riders dash out Lodge. Miss Weaver calls them back.

The White riders in the woods gaze longingly toward the Lodge. All the whites — "Oh listen to the Blues — why can't we have games" —

Miss Dowd in her fiercest manner "Breathe in in 4 counts" — Snorts

40. Hymn 143.

10.00. Sports and Craft.

All Seniors beg for Craft.

Miss Lockeman shows them how to dye gracefully.

11.00 Seniors go dippy -

Juniors swim -

11.30 Miss Lockman calls Juniors out of the water

11.35 " " " " " " " "

11.38 " " " " " " " "

12.30 Dinner - Keemo - Kimo for the winners of the bead-stringing tournament.

1.30 Miss Pond shoos the shoppers away from the store. Betsey trembles audibly.

All depart except the counselors who remain to discuss weighty matters, such as the length of a five minute dip, and protein value of a second cup of coffee.

2.00. Rest Hour

2.28. Fifth Shack Victrola disturbs the afternoon calm -

2.30. Fifth Shack tunes ukuleles though they wouldn't think of playing them in rest hour.

- 3.00 Teacher whistles for base-ball
- 3.30 Baseball begins.
- 4.00 Junior Chorus: "Can we have a dip to-day?"
- 4.30 Irene attempts to pass her bread stroke. Bob and Margie Ruzicka concentrate on the trudgeon.
- 5.15 Bugle call for Drill
- 5.20 6th Shack: "What's that funny noise do we have to have drill to-
- 5.30 All Juniors clamour to be one. Only one out of every four is chosen.
- 5.45 Miss Hall goes on a canoe trip to the mail boat.
- 6.00 We all eat supper so that we can soon get our mail.
- 7.00 Miss Brownell scatters lanterns on shack porches.
- 7.30 Miss Johnson chases Peyton around the Lodge.
- 8.30 Juniors to bed.
- 8.45 Chorus "Oh Miss Hall, sing Fido".
- 9.00 Junior Taps blow. All Junior counselors inform all Juniors that Taps has blown much to the surprise of the Juniors.

9.30 Senior Taps.

9.31 Senior Counselors: "I've been walking up & down this hall for fifteen minutes" -
"if you aren't quiet in 2 minutes you'll have to go to bed 15 minutes early tomorrow and miss your desert."

Seniors - answer: "It's time for Runoia fish-eyes, we don't care".

9.40 Miss Brownell: "Faith, go to bed"
Faith, prancing down hall disguised as a fire-horse in a rain hat, "I have to go to the fire when the bell rings."

9.45 Mary Thayer starts for a ride in her Ford -

9.50 Teacher - "Tie that Ford".

THE END

Camp Addresses
for

1923

Qd 123322.

Eleazar Q. King

151 West 105th Street
New York - N. Y.

Qd 10

Percy Balthasar

130 Sterling Street
Brooklyn - N. Y.

Qd 15

Joe Becker

838 West End Avenue
New York - N. Y.

Qd 13

Harold Bowmer

42 Wyandising Boulevard
Wyandising - Pa.

Qd 10

Joe Bowmer

42 Wyandising Boulevard
Wyandising - Pa.

Qd 11

Plurda Bruce
 195 Claremont Avenue
 New York - N. Y.

Apr 13

Virginia Tashell
 Meadowbrook Lane
 Chestnut Hill - Pa.

Apr 13

Lois Lewis
 Hartsdale - N. Y.

Apr 12

11 Ave | 2 Ave | Pair
 52 York Road Road
 Placerville
 d. I.

Apr 11

15 Ave | 2 Ave
 42 Bretton Avenue
 Jersey City - N. J.

Apr 17

Courlie Lewis
 621st Street
 Chestnut Hill - Pa.

Apr 10

Pepper 10023
Chestnut Street
Chestnut Hill - Pa.

Q92 6

Margaret Kazider
4 South Fourth Street
Sabanee - Pa.

Q92 12

Frances Lewis
334 Brighton Avenue
Passy City - H.

Q92 13

Rosanda McCutcheon
845 West 2nd Avenue
New York - N. Y.

Q92 16

Eliza Katherine Moore
15 Broad Street
New York - N. Y.

Q92 16

Swiss Morris
38 Summit Street
Chestnut Hill - Pa.

Q92 13.

Lawrence Leptine
711 Ravine Road
Plainfield - N. J.

Apr 15

Jolly Jane Tyler
207 East Grovers Lane
Christie Hill - Pa.

Apr 12

Mabel Walter
1122 1/2 Rock
Orange - N. J.

Apr 11

Edith Watts
301 Rex Avenue
Christie Hill - Pa.

Apr 12

Mary Louise Weaver
Wyomissing - Pa.

Apr 11

Harriet Foster
Murry Hill Road
Scarsdale

11000000 10000000
10 11000000 11000000
Waterville - 11000000

Apr 16

10000000 10000000
10 11000000 11000000
Waterville - 11000000

Apr 9

Charlotte Odior
12 Sanford Street
Bangor - 11000000

Apr 16

Catherine Rizzer
623 11000000 5th Street
Reading - Pa.

Apr 14

Harlow Rizzer
623 11000000 5th Street
Reading - Pa.

Apr 12

Betty Hart
666 East 17th Street
Brooklyn - N. Y.

Apr 18

Harlow Moore
139 Windsor Street
Reading - Pa.

Apr 13

Betsy Overwald
31 Cathedral Avenue
Ford City - D. C.

Apr 18

Martha Overwald
31 Cathedral Avenue
Ford City - D. C.

Apr 15

Frances Porter
1154 Reading Boulevard
Wyomissing - Pa.

Apr 14

Edith Pearson
Madison - Ill.
Box 111.

Apr 16

Eileen Rafferty
119 Hobart Avenue
Sommit - Ill.

Apr 14

Isaac Repwolds
227 1218000 Quorum
Babblye - " 4

Q92 18

Margie Rustie
1118000 Quorum
" " 11

Q92 13

Ruth Sells
156 12021 Quorum
12021 City - " 11

Q92 12

Betty Sperry
3 Edgell Road
New Haven - Conn

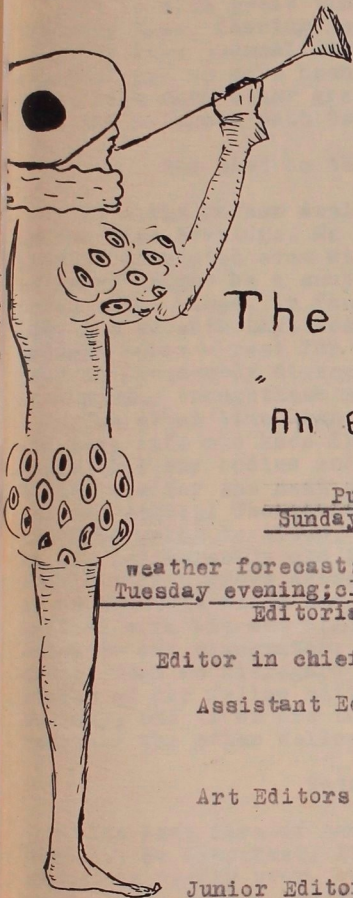
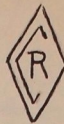
Q92 12

Maithy Stowers
606 West 116th Street
New York - " 4

Q92 14

Barbara Strawbridge
Sweet Quorum
Chestnut Hill - Pa.

Q92 13



The Runoia Clarion.

"An Eye for every Item."

Published now and then.

Sunday Edition. Sunday August 24 1924.

weather forecast: cloudy tomorrow; heavy showers
Tuesday evening; clearer Wednesday.

Editorial Staff.

Editor in chief: Mary Thayer

Assistant Editors: Charlotte Odiorne
Jane Becker
Frances Lewis

Art Editors: Miss Lockeman
Frances Kinsman
Virginia Ostby

Junior Editors: Miss Moore
Margaret Kreider

Presentation.

This paper is published under the auspices of our kind patrons and true friends, Miss Pond and Miss Weiser, to whom we present this our feeble, but sincere effort, in the hope that they will accept it in the spirit in which it is given.
The Staff.

"Now that we've done our best and worst and parted - "

It is with great timidity that we venture upon this new literary line, fearing lest it seem a step in the wrong direction to lapse into journalistic lingo. "Easy is the descent into Avernus" and we have been tempted too strongly to resist. Therefore, like some other great men in History, we too shall "go down the primrose path to the everlasting bonfires."

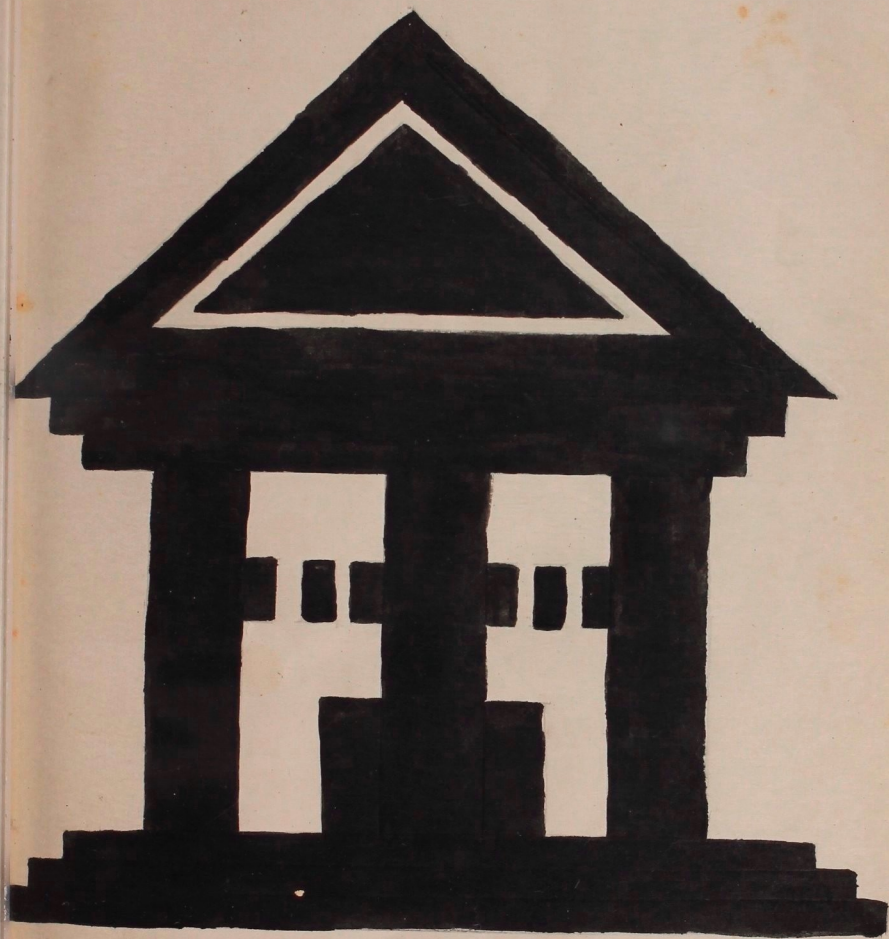
The Blot on the 'Scutcheon

It seems rather deplorable that we cannot have more sobriety in the late evenings. We have all day to romp and laugh. We are little restricted even at meal times. In fact, "Eat, drink, and be merry" might be a camp motto. There is a time, however, for quiet - two times, in fact. One of these is during rest hour. Like the Seventh Day, rest hour is given for relaxation from arduous labor - rest for brain and brawn. Like the Sabbath, rest hour is frequently disregarded, not in a spirit of defiance but in a purely thoughtless manner.

The other time when quiet is essential if we are to carry on our camp life and keep fit is after Taps. Taps ends the day. It means that our bodies and minds should rest in order to prepare themselves for the next day. If we neglect this, we are deceiving our own selves. Though it be fun to whisper and giggle when we should be going to sleep, does it not seem unnecessarily childish? We are sufficiently old to see the wisdom of getting sleep. Why should we not prove ourselves thinking beings - not "as the horse or as the mule which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle." A second thought is that we should consider our shackmates. Noise is disturbing when we want to sleep. Must we disregard not only the feelings but even the rights of our fellow citizens? Runcia, as we all know, means Harmony, and if we are to live in harmony it behooves us to remember the other fellow - both at rest hour and after Taps.

Retrospect

SA 9/11 The last days of camp are now here, and in another week we ~~will~~ all be dispersed. It is hard to realize that our glorious summer is nearly over, but all things must come to an end. Let us part, then, with a feeling of mutual regret, and may we always remember the summer of 1924.



We nominate for the
Hall of Fame.

WE NOMINATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME



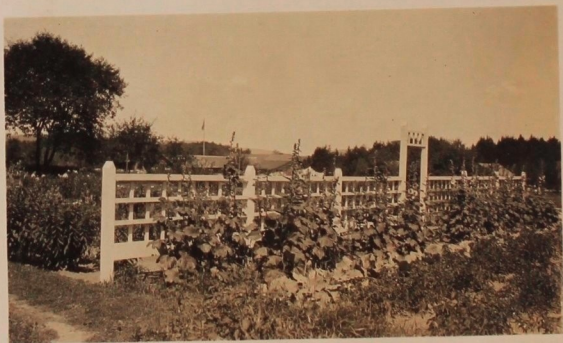
Miss Pond

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength
and skill."

Miss Weiser

"She is most wise, patient and kind."







Miss Mary Pond

"Her heart is like a garden fair
Where many pleasant blossoms grow."

Mrs. Arlitt

"A perfect woman ,nobly planned
To warn,to comfort and command".

"Come and trip it as you go."

Miss Dowd

"He sits high in all men's hearts".

"Blow,bugles,blow."





Miss Marean

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too, her dusky hair".

"Serene I fold my hands and wait".

Jeannette Ohnewald

If to her share some human errors fall
Look on her face and you forget them
all".

"Friend, admire but touch me not".

Frances Kinsman

"Not bold, nor shy, nor short, nor tall
But a new mingling of them all".

"I see thee not, yet still I hear
thy shrill delight".





Mary Thayer

"They had not skill enough your worth
to sing".

"Poor Mary --- is dead".

Faith Rollins

"Many thoughts had she and wit at will
And so her tongue lay seldom still".

"She doesn't need to be cranked; she's
a self-starter."

Elizabeth Strong

"I am called away but I leave my
character behind me".

"Hush," says she".



College News

BRYN MAWR (AND WAYNE), PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1928

PRIC

do not complain

At first the P. C. C. team frequently menaced the Bryn Mawr goal, but Johnny Reiser, in the posture of a lioness defending her young, was able to ward off all attacks.

The first score was made by Blanchard
The line-up was

Bryn Mawr: Blanchard, Moore, Wills, Longstreth, Crane, Balch, G. Woodward, Freeman, Hirschberg, McCully, Reiser. Goals: Longstreth, 2; Blanchard, 1; Wills, 1.

Philadelphia Cricket Club: Chapman, S. Cross, L. Cheston, C. Cheston, Diss-ton, J. Logan, Brinley, Graham, Hunter, Schwarz, Elliot. Goals: Cross, Cheston.



Charlotte Odiorne

"Some people can do big things quietly".

"Look out, Bright Eyes-- for thou art
fair to some".

Catherine Rieser

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act
And make her generous thought a fact".

"And the old man said, 'I mean'".



Nancy Laidlaw

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind".

"Surely, 'twere more sweet to slumber
than to toil".





Eleanor Speer

"Fair was she to behold".

"Night is the time to laugh,
And when dawn comes it's time to sleep".



Miss Canfield

"Earnestness is the best gift of
mental power".

"The pageant passes me".

Miss Weaver

"A full rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just".

"Into the Ford and why not knowing".





Dorothy Stevens

"The heavens such grace did lend her".

"I meant to do my work today".

Eileen Rafferty

"True to the best that is in you".

"For what I will, I will, and there's
an end".

Jane Becker

"A sunshine heart and a soul of song,
Love for hate and right for wrong".

"A butterfly flitted across the field".

Frances Lewis

"Large was his bounty and his soul
sincere".

"The animals came in two by two".





Frances Parker

"No storm ever ruffles the calm of
her life".

"I will go back now to the world
of men".

Virginia Ostby

"A quiet disposition, earnest and kind".

"Procrastination is the thief of time".

Rebecca Tenney

"To friends, a friend".

"Vanity, oh vanity, young maids,
beware of vanity".

Prudence Gager

"Still waters run deep".

"O sweet illusions of the brain,
O sudden thrills of fire and frost;
The world is bright while ye remain
And dark and dead when ye are lost".





Miss Hall

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform"

"Along came a spider and sat down beside
and frightened Miss Muffet away". her

Doctor "Johnson

These are the richest deeds,
These little nameless acts of kindness
and of love".

tern, rugged nurse"?





Miss Moore

"Her career with roses spread".

"A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room".

Katherine Dear

quiet, shy, unobtrusive maid".

ns sing before they die
ere no bad thing
ertain persons die before they sing".

Margaret Kreider

can I paint thee as thou art?"

the very pink of curiosity".





Jane Bowman
 "I love a lassie, a bonny, bonny lassie",

"Ah, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo

Almeda Broun

"Calm and self-possessed".

"He jest set still and listened
 and wouldn't sing at all".

Helen Rieser

"A merry heart goes all the day".

"I dreamt I was in love again".





Miss Johnson

"He was beloved by all
and most of all by the children".

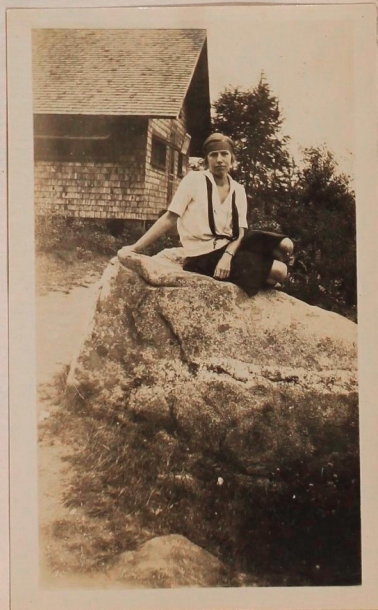
"How brave a chief!"

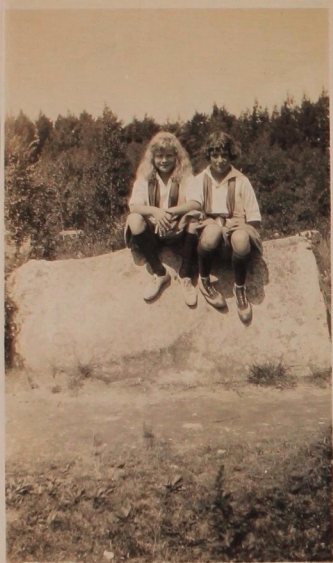
Miss Lockeman

"Sober, steadfast and demure".

"I am dying, Egypt, dying"

"A bee on a tour of inspection".





Julie Gillespie

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples
like a golden fleece"

"Little pitchers have big ears"?

Mabsy Walker

"As merry as the day is long"

"The fault is not in our stars,
but in ourselves".

Adelaide Dear

"Courteous, though shy, gentle and retired"
All I ask is to be let alone".

Sarah Johnson

"A smile for all, a welcome glad".

"Let me but love my love without disguise"





Eleanor Alling

"Brown as a berry, busy as a bee".

"The magic of a voice".

Mary Jane Hunter

"When she laughs her eyes laugh".

"What could I do but laugh and go?".

Ann Thayer

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all
she knew".

"Brevity is the soul of wit".





Time - July 1, 1924
 Scene - Grand Central Station

Act 1.

The curtain rises. A babble of voices. Cries of - "What's that Indian for?" - "How can you expect to find anything in that mob?" - "I know she said she left end of the waiting room, and here we are, and she can't!" - "Oh, there she is!" A general swooping down of girls, parents, tennis racquets, skeleles, and candy to the space under the sign marked Camp Runcioa. Now ensues a short space of time in which every one loses every one else and remembers some cherished article left behind. Finally, with many promises from weeping parents to send ten pounds of candy on each mail, and with more cries of "Good-bye, don't forget to write from Greenwich, Jane!" - we are all being gently but firmly pushed on, and at last we are all off for Camp Runcioa.

The car is somewhat crowded and for the first half hour every one is busy, trying to locate, from the little white cards that were given us in the station, which particular spot is hers for the trip.

There is no real preference for lower berths. In fact, the uppers seem to possess rarer charm. None can understand why that unreasonable head councillor simply will not permit more than four girls in an upper berth. "What an idea!" - "How unreasonable people seem to be getting!" - "Oh, well, I guess we will have to get along with four, and if we are allowed full climbing privileges the night may pass somehow!" Indeed, one golden haired young lady seems to be

making use of those same privileges, for she is seen hanging between two upper berths with a cup of water in each hand, which she desires greatly to pour into the mouth of the protesting councillor below.

Shortly before twelve every one is seemingly settled for the night. Quiet signs are hung throughout the car. Hats are rescued from beneath suitcases and shoes are successfully mixed for the morning scramble.

The casualties among the people occupying upper berths are amazingly small. Only once does a suitcase become suddenly seasick with the lurching of the car and empty its contents upon the floor. During the night entertainment is afforded our councillors by the obliging conductor, who relates local, international, and historic news, and with the exception of lollypops being passed out the window to track walkers just outside of Hartford, the night passed more or less quietly.

Morning sees the most ardent of our campers donning the camp costume, bloomers and middies. With the news of a dining car on the rear, spirits soar skyward.

Presently the porter comes through, calling "Belgrade next stop - all off for Belgrade!" With one last snort and a violent lurch, the Bar Harbor Express comes puffing into the station in record time, only two hours late!

Every one is pushed into cars and busses and we are soon speeding over the very last miles of the journey to our own Camp Runcioa.



Train for Maine Camp delayed at
Portland.

The Belgrade Special.

"Hail aboard!" "Where's Miss Dowd?"
"Oh I've lost my suitcase"
"Goodby, Mother!" "Darlin' don't
forget to write me".

No, all this uproar did not take
place in the Grand Central, but just
outside of the Lodge at Runoia on the
evening of July 5th while the new
girls were waiting for the old girls
party to begin. Soon the porter ap-
peared dressed in traditional white
jacket, but how closely he resembled
Johnny Rieser. "Carry yo' bag, lady?"
"Right this way"

On they came, a long line of
immaculate creatures, in Sunday best.
As the train started the curtains of
Upper 13 parted and Fay-Ronnie's fair
head peered out only to be thrust
hastily in again as a troop of boys
flocked through the aisle--one, two
three, oh, six times did Faith try to
escape from her lofty prison only to
be foiled. At last losing her hold on
her suitcase she strewed its varied
contents on the floor. In vain she
called, "Porta", "Porta". In vain she
inquired as to her whereabouts.
Would they never reach Portland?

Finally the occupants of the Lower
disturbed by the noise, grew restless
and Hossie was hurled to the floor by
the lurching train--or was it her
partner's sturdy foot?

As the curtains of the Lower were
pulled aside, the other sleeping?
girl could be seen feeding lollipops
to the track walkers outside. At
length "the shouting and the tumult
died". The floor was cleared for con-
tests of brawn and brain. Bean-blow-
ing, olive-chewing and a hobby horse.
Miss Marean proved herself an adept
at whistling with her mouth full of
cracker crumbs. Julie chuckled and
chortled over the peanuts. As for
Miss Canfield, she covered herself
with flour and glory as she blew a
mighty blast to uncover her buried
treasure. Darkness came swiftly and
with it cookies and punch served
from the water cooler in elegant
style.

"Goodnight" rang out over the
camp as all departed for bed.

CAN YOU IMAGINE? 2

Miss Dowd looking messy?

Teacher without her smile?

Charlie in a cross mood?

Johnny Rieser neatly dressed?

Hoss without her Haccelats?

Nancy weighing 250 pounds?

Rebecca on time?

Prudence making a loud noise?

Miss Hall running a mouse
farm?

Miss Moore on a trip?

Dr. Johnson as a snake charmer?

H. Rieser without her arms
around the person next
to her?

Margaret Kreider perfectly
satisfied?

Katherine Dear excited?

Eleanor Ailing enthusiastic?

Julie talking fast?

Adelaide sitting up straight?
????????????????????????????

#####

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

Bathing cloaks and evening
apparel for Madame. Latest
styles from Paris.

Mlle. F. Parker
8 rue de la shaque cinq.
Runoia.

Fancy and assorted headbands.
Guaranteed to swear with any
costume. .. C.E. Dowd..



MYSTERY PLAY IS PRESENTED BY NEW GIRLS

July 13. The opening night of "In the Catacombs" took place in the Runcioa Lodge last night. Miss Alice Johnson, the leading lady, is assured of her place in theatricals from now on, for she made a great success with the Runcioa girls. She was ably supported by a talented cast, consisting of Misses Rebecca Tenney, Betty Strong, Virginia Ostby, Nancy Laidlaw, and Caroline Moore, the celebrated Southern prima donna. The suspense of the play was sustained until the final curtain. Afterwards the actresses came off stage and entertained the audience, much to the surprise of the latter, who were at first rather in awe of their distinguished hostesses. However, a merry round of games and dances soon put them at their ease. We can well advise all to see this gruelling drama of horror.

#####

GIRLS COLLAPSE AS BOAT REACHES GOAL

The crew of the three masted war canoe of Runcioa was called upon to administer first aid to Miss Hoss Kinsman and Miss Charlie Odiorne on the night of July 14. The Fourth Shack had been to Belgrade Lakes for its weekly relaxation. Bean's Store was cleaned out. Sundaes, sodas, shoe strings, all day suckers - every one had disappeared. There was no marshmallow sauce left, no nuts left, no chocolate ice cream. All was lost. "Therefore," argued Fourth Shack in the most logical manner, "let us break all records on the way home. We have shown our prowess in the comestible line - let us display our talent in the aquatic direction. Let us vie with

with our seniors - let us emulate our elders. Forward to victory!" With one accord the paddles dipped and gleamed. Miss Moore puffed and pulled. "Hurry!" shrieked Johnny Rieser Jr. "Stroke!" screamed the cox. "Stroke, strike, struck!" echoed the waters of Minnetonka. "Hurry, hurry!" Hoss and Charlie bowed to the dust of Great Pond in agonizing struggle. "Hurry!" lisped the lake. "Hurry, hurry!" lapped the water. "Unquiet ripples lisped and purred" in the wake of the war canoe. On she sped. "Your speed is not symmetrical," snapped the stroke, "strive for simple symphony. Not too swift, but steady." But on they went, fairly eating up the nautical knots as a dog laps up lamb gravy. Soon the Runcioa lantern appeared glimmering aloft in the blue. "Time?" yelled the crew, "what time?" "Night time, and you've broken all records," came the gruff reply. Whereupon the two strokes fainted dead away as the big craft grated on the shore. The terrified crew quickly applied the surface approach, the cross eyed carry, and the Schaffer method, even for three hours, before the unconscious Hoss and Charlie were resuscitated. The result was that no more canoeing was allowed on Great Pond for the year 1924.

#####

EXTRA - GOLDEN-~~HAIR~~ED GIRL CHANCES UPON STRANGE ABODE

House Completely Furnished and
Occupied by Ursine Family
Startling Discovery Unprecedented
in Annals of History

On the evening of July 19, a dainty maid of tender years, Julia Gillespie by name, while enjoying the air, wandered into an impenetrable forest, where, to



REAL INDIAN PRINCESS
VISITS CAMP RUNOIA

Interesting Entertainment
Given by Indian from
Oldtown

July 18...A great deal of excitement was aroused when it was announced that an Indian princess was to visit the camp and give a short recital.

At 7. 30 the whole camp was assembled, all eager to catch the first glimpse of the princess.

Soon the curtain was opened and every one held her breath, for the whole end of the Lodge was decorated with flowers and green ferns. Indian blankets strewed the floor and chairs, and it made a very effective setting for the Indian, who now stood before us in her native costume.

Then she began with a short talk concerning the people of her tribe. This was followed by tribal songs and dances, preceded by a brief explanation. The hit of the evening was the fascinating shuffle step used by the old men and the young men in the wedding celebration. At the close of the performance the Indian's niece brought out a number of beautiful hand-made baskets which she sold to the girls of the camp.

Marcel & Curling

Moderate rates - Latest
Modes of Dressing the Hair
Rafferty and Rollins

The Song of the Sailing Canoe

O, list to tale of a midnight sail
In the speeding sponson canoe;
The captain and mate started promptly
at eight -
To say nothing of crew of two.

For Belgrade they started but ere
they departed
From view of the camp shore line
'Twas half after eight, yet no wind
did abate
And the waves and the gale were
divine.

Skipper Johnson steered as the crew
persevered
In driving the craft through the
deep;
'Twas nine o'clock when they reached
the dock
At Bean's, and the town was asleep.

So homeward they crept while every
one slept;
They struggled and fought with the
gale.
The captain and crew in the sailing
canoe
Nevermore will indulge in a sail.

Chapeaux a la mode
Chic et a la bonne heure
Tout a fait la derniere cri
A. Arlitt
Rue de la guerre

Frances Kinsman
Victrolas
The very best -
Guaranteed to break all records
Come for demonstration
to
Room 4
Sixth Shack

The form of the building

of the building is of a slight hill
in the building is of a slight hill
The building is of a slight hill

row of two

ended but

no more

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

The form of the building

of the building is of a slight hill

in the building is of a slight hill

The building is of a slight hill

of the building is of a slight hill

row of two

ended but

no more

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

to the

Riding Trip

Bright and early one Saturday morn, three little maidens, Hoss, Sam, and John, gaily and blithely set out for the barn. Before them rides a martial figure, resplendent in gray hat and unique green uniform. This, undoubtedly, is the honorable Miss Canfield, greatly respected in Camp Runoia for her e-inspiring voice while on horseback. This interesting quartette is evidently starting on a trip. Let us follow - and we shall see what we shall see.

They approach the barn, where await the restless steeds. Each fair maid selects her favorite steed, whereupon every one mounts - Look! they are off! The horses are in excellent spirits and the riders - well, when one sixteen on a perfect Maine running with a good horse under him, one is scarcely apt to be melancholy. But alas! - Methinks one member of the party is feeling perfluously exuberant this morning. She is astride the beast whom Miss Canfield addresses as Rabbit Nose or Gyp. Look! - She rises in the stirrups and attempts to straddle the mere ozone, whereupon her trusty genus equinus comes to a sudden stop, very nearly precipitating the frolicsome maiden upon her tender nose. But Beware, O mysterious one, for the inevitable councillor is on your trail. We start, with palpitating hearts, at her stern "Jean!"

And now, we come to a hill. Landing at the top, we may obtain the most comical rear view of the descending cavalcade. Please note Bill, the one on the end. Poor Bear beast, he has failing forelegs, which pitiful affliction necessitates the most laughable sideward movement of his colossal flanks.

And so - onward press the "Four Horsemen" until finally they arrive at their camping place. And now for a place to tie the horses!

They select a very unsteady looking fence, and immediately Babe, a horse with likewise unsteady temperament, yanks the fence most hazardously, so that it is necessary for him to be tied at the top of the hill.

Soon the familiar rattle of a Ford is heard and the sound is obviously a welcome one to the riders, for it is closely associated with the words "friends" and "food." Then down the hill charges Sixth Shack to join the riders "en mangeant." To return to Babe - we discover her with all her straps twisted around the pole, and the dear thing herself ridiculously sprawling with her four foolish feet frantically pawing the atmosphere.

Suddenly Bill, untied and thirsty, solemnly betakes his ample flanks to the water's edge, where he proceeds to drink quite "au cheval," emitting the while a peculiar sipping solo. This particular feature seems to especially impress Mademoiselle Jean, for she immediately imitates Bill, much to that gentleman's embarrassment. Alarmed at Bill's drinking capacities, another rider leads him back to the fence. However, between the water and the fence is a tiny hill. Now, when Bill arrives at the hill, he runs up, a habit which I believe is peculiar to the horse species. Johnny, being unfortunately ignorant of this habit, is literally kicked to the top of the incline by the innocently intentioned Bill. This last episode is sufficient cause for uproarious conviviality among the onlookers.

But, now, I fear it is time for us to leave, for if we wish to get back to camp, we

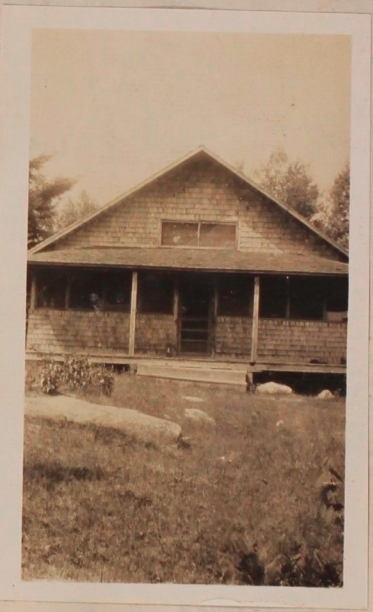
right and early one Saturday
these little maidens, those
and John, really and truly
out for the day. Before they
had a married life, they had
a very hot and warm green
this, undoubtedly, is the
radio class. I have heard
about in some of the
lighting voice of the

They said a very interesting
in their hands, and immediately
made a lot of little
and they immediately
the same kind of
no that it is necessary for
in to be that the way to
the place.

They said a very interesting
in their hands, and immediately
made a lot of little
and they immediately
the same kind of
no that it is necessary for
in to be that the way to
the place.

They said a very interesting
in their hands, and immediately
made a lot of little
and they immediately
the same kind of
no that it is necessary for
in to be that the way to
the place.

They said a very interesting
in their hands, and immediately
made a lot of little
and they immediately
the same kind of
no that it is necessary for
in to be that the way to
the place.



They said a very interesting
in their hands, and immediately
made a lot of little
and they immediately
the same kind of
no that it is necessary for
in to be that the way to
the place.

join those in the Ford. And so - well to the riders, who will re- to us in the evening.

Catherine Rieser

UNIQUE PARTY HELD at RUNOIA

No doubt the daily readers of paper are beginning to wonder type of party remains which not been given at Runoia, but campers are yet to be stumped. Saturday, August 2, a new idea took the merry throng - it was a party. Each girl wore a costume which represented the title of a - the prize was to go to the representation gotten up with least effort. The first prize to Frances Parker, who symbol- ized, very cleverly, "Lamb's Tales Shakespeare." The second prize won ~~observedly~~ by Mabsie Walker Julie Gillespie who personified El and Gretel. A prize was awarded to Frances Lewis for guessing exactly the greatest number of representations. After the awarding of prizes, every one participated in games and dancing. The traditional cream was served by way of re- ment. From all reports, I hear so much diversion was had by girls that they objected violently lights out."

Hints on Table Etiquette

What is wrong with this picture? again we must admonish our readers it is very bad form to pick a nap- part with the fingers. In fact, it is barbarous and simply is not done in the best circles

To throw food from table to table is also poor etiquette. Food such as brownies I refer to. It would be well for some young ladies of Runoia to bear this in mind.

RESULTS OF RUNOIA VOTING

The results of the voting held in the Runoia Lodge last Sunday night are at last ready to be announced. So close was the ballot in many cases that we have decided to publish a list of the persons receiving the second highest number of votes. The List:

Most Versatile	
Charlie	Jeanie
Most Easily Fussed	
Johnny, Sr.	Eileen
Best Natured	
Jane Becker	Charlie
Best Dancer	
Charlie	Jeanie
Slangiest	
Johnny, Sr.	Jeanie & Faith
Most Happy Go Lucky	
Hoss	Jane Becker
Most Original	
Faith	Prudence & Mary
Neatest	
Frances Lewis	Jane Bowman
Wittiest	
Mary	Faith
Funniest	
Johnny, Sr.	Mary
Hardest to Fuss	
Betty Strong	Hoss
Noisiest	
Johnny, Sr.	Jeanie
Peppiest	
Helen Rieser	Hoss
Most Attractive	
Charlie & Jeanie	Johnny, Sr.
Cutest	
Ann Thayer	Charlie
Best Looking	
Jeanie	Charlie



	Best Athlete	
eanie	Helen Rieser	
	Most Helpful	
Charlie	Katherine Dear	
	Most Interesting Talker	
Mary	Johnny, Sr.	
	Human Question Mark	
Adelaide Dear	Hoss	
	Most Sensible	
Nancy	Betty & Virginia	
	Most Sympathetic	
Charlie	Betty	
	Most Generous	
Eleanor Alling	Frances Lewis	
	Most Daring	
Rebecca	Dot	
	Best Sport	
Mary	Charlie	
	Most Popular	
Charlie	Johnny, Sr.	

ing feet and spilled coffee on dresses. After breakfast, Miss Plum came into the room and stated that it was time for assembly, and that the young ladies might have it in their room if they so desired. This was done. It was announced that the dress drill uniforms had arrived from Harold's. They were to be blue evening gowns and silver slippers. The finals in bridge were to be played and the manicurist, hairdresser etc. would be in camp in the afternoon. Assembly was dismissed and the bridge finals started. Fouls were called and the game prospered slowly, - so slowly, in fact, that some one suggested that it was too warm to play and that it should be postponed until a clearer day. After throwing the cards over the room like a shower, Miss Plum announced that it was time for dress drill. Groans and sighs followed. The victrola was started, pairs rose and began to dance. Bedtime came all too soon, but the bedtime story broadcasted from station B. M. W. was most sleep inspiring. The curtain closed on what to Sixth Shack constituted a perfect Runcoia day.

CAMP AS IT OUGHT TO BE

Sixth Shack Presents its
Idea of a Real Camp

August 10. Every one was wondering what surprise Sixth Shack had in store for us when we were told to meet in the Lodge at eight o'clock last night. We all arrived on time and waited impatiently for the curtains to open. Presently Teacher appeared and announced that we were about to see a perfect Runcoia day. The curtains parted, showing a bedroom and several sleeping girls. There appeared two French maids who proceeded to awaken the sleepers, telling them it was ten o'clock. Finally the slumberous damsels were persuaded to arise and take their baths. They returned from their plunge fully clothed for Fifth Avenue. The maids brought the mail, which the girls proceeded to read. There now appeared on the scene a clumsy maid who stumbled constantly over protrud-

Warning

Fifth Shackers warn every one to beware of Miss Weaver and Fay Ronny; daily conspiracies have been held on the front porch. Miss Weaver has been seen gesticulating madly and mystery has been added by Fay's continual hissing during the day.



White Basket-Ball Team



OHNEWALD and H. RIESER CAPTURE TRACK HONORS in RUNOIA OLYMPICS

Kinsman and Bowman Star in Aquatic Races

August 1. Much future Olympic material was revealed in Camp Runoia's Sport Week which closed Wednesday.

Records were sent glimmering by Ohnewald and H. Rieser, the track stars. In the senior sports, every first place was captured by the versatile Jeannette, but the brilliancy of her performance cannot hide the achievements of several other luminaries, such as Rollins, C. Rieser, Tenney, and Stevens. There were five outstanding stars among the juniors - H. Rieser, Bowman, K. Dear, Hunter, and Broun. It is the writer's opinion that within a few years several of Runoia's shining track lights will be ready for yet greater achievements in foreign fields.

Kinsman and Bowman romped off with the swimming races, both taking two first places. Ohnewald, Stevens, C. Rieser, and Odierne all showed up well for the seniors, while Broun, H. Rieser, Alling, and K. Dear placed for the juniors.

The canoe races, as usual, were wildly exciting. However the famed Kinsman and Ohnewald proved too good for the rest and walked - or should we say paddled? - off with first place. Stevens and Lewis, Tenney and Ostby, won second and third places respectively. As for the juniors, Kreider and Bowman showed rare form and came in a little ahead of Broun and K. Dear, who

took second, while H. Rieser and Walker came in third.

Kinsman once again covered herself and crew with glory by triumphing over the Blue senior crew by a scant length. In the junior races, however, Broun steered her gallant followers to victory, coming in slightly ahead of the White representation.

All in all, every one was both surprised and pleased with Runoia Sport Week, but a little less surprised than pleased

#####&\$\$%\$%''!&\$??##&!&

WHITES TRIUMPH over BLUES in Snappy BASEBALL GAME

July 28. The Whites were the winners in a fast game of baseball played on Runoia field today. The final score was 21 to 12. However, the game was closer than the score would indicate, for it was not until the last inning that the Whites made their long list of winning runs. An excellent brand of ball was shown by both sides. Rieser and Rieser proved an unbeatable battery for the Whites team. Rollins on first played a fine game, and Ohnewald on the hot corner was great. The lineup:

WHITES		BLUES	
H. Rieser	Catcher	Tenney	
C. Rieser	Pitcher	Lewis	
Kinsman	1st Base	Rollins	
Odierne	2nd Base	Broun	
Ohnewald	3rd Base	Thayer	
Bowman	ss	Ostby	
Walker	rf	Strong	
Rafferty	cf	Stevens	
Becker	lf	K. Dear	

Substitutions: Gillespie for Lewis, Lewis for Ostby, Ostby for Broun, Broun for K. Dear.



July 29. A fast match was staged on the Runcio tennis courts yesterday when Dot Stevens triumphed over her formidable rival Frances Kinsman in two fast sets, 6-2, 6-3. The winner's game was spectacular with her brilliant serve and underhand drives, while the Augusta girl played a consistently steady game. Another brilliant exhibition will undoubtedly take place next month when the August tournament will be played off.

~~&&\$%# \$"%\$%\$&\$&# \$% !%\$#"# \$%%\$%#~~

July 26. The basketball contest between the Blues and Whites is at last over, and the Blues are the winners. Not without a struggle, however, for three games had to be played and the first two were won by one point only. Due to the excellent shooting of Stevens, however, the third game was not so close, the final score being 22 to 5. Throughout the contest excellent work was done by Kinsman, Ohnewald, Stevens, and Lewis. The usual lineup:

Lewis	lg
Strong	rg
Tenney	jc
Rollins	sc
Stevens	rf
Thayer	lf

Becker
Odiorne
Ohnewald
Kinsman
Rafferty
C. Rieser

July 29. The junior tennis tournament was won yesterday by Helen Rieser when she defeated Almeda Broun 6-1, 6-0. Both girls played a remarkably good game, and credit is due both for the excellent brand of tennis they displayed.

\$%# \$ "% \$ $\frac{3}{4}$? \$%# @ " \$%# @ # @ # % $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ " @ " $\frac{3}{4}$ %

F. Lewis - Kemmels
Thoroughbred canines -
Champion Bonzo -
Blue-Ribbon-winning fel-
ine Adelaide
Rabbits - thoroughly
rabid.

C. Rieser
Dealer in Socks
Guaranteed to fit!!!

Crystal gazing
Palm Reading
and

Sleep Talking
Courses given in dream interpretation. No previous experience necessary.
H. Rieser

Coty, D'Orsay, Houbigant

Hair tonic, face cream, eau
de cologne, liquid cold
cream, eau de toilette
Come early and avoid the rush.
M. Canfield

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040



Second Team Basketball

The second team basketball contest was close and hotly contested, but the Whites were the final victors. The first game was won by the Whites, the second by the Blues and the last went to the Whites.

AUGUST SPORT WEEK SPORTING EXTRA OHNEWALD AND RIESER AGAIN STAR

Second Sport Week at Runoia

August 24. As every one knows, the Runoia Clarion has been watched very closely of late to learn the results of the August track meets. The majority have bet heavily upon Ohnewald and H. Rieser, due to their outstanding record during July, and no doubt there has been much exultation on the part of the betters, for they were not disappointed. However, it is beyond human power to win all places, so much credit is due Tenney, Rollins, Ostby, C. Rieser, Rafferty, Bowman, Broun, Kreider, K. Dear, and Hunter—all of whom placed and for whom we are certain of a great future.

In the water sports, Stevens, Kinsman and Odiorne, well-known mermaids, splash through the first three places in the fronttrace while the back race was won by Odiorne with Kinsman as a close second. Third place was taken by Ohnewald. Bowman was the junior aquatic star, while Alling, K. Dear, Rieser and Broun also showed up well.

The White crews were twice victorious in the August sport week. Lewis and Stevens came in first in the doubles races, with Kinsman and Ohnewald not far behind. Spear and Rollins came in third.

Bowman and Kraider took first in the junior doubles. Rieser and Walker, Broun and K. Dear followed with second and third respectively. All in all, it was a grand and glorious sport week.

BLUES WALK AWAY WITH BASKETBALL MATCH

The first game of the first team basketball game went to the Blues with a score of 20-6. Mary Thayer was the star of the game.

In the second game, however, the Whites came back. In spite of disorganized playing there was some pretty team-work on both sides. Dot Stevens came back in fine form. After a hard struggle, the Blues won by the score of 22-20.

Second Team Basketball

The first game of the second team basketball was played on Friday. The youngsters marred the beauty of their game by an over dose of excitement in the first half, but calmed down in the second part. The Blues carried off the honors by a large score.

In the second game, however, the Whites turned the tables and won, due largely to the excellent shooting of Jane Bowman. Later results will come out in our next edition.

First Long Lake Trip

On the afternoon of August 4 a fleet of three canoes might be seen starting out from the shores of Runoia. It was the first trip of the year, and it made us feel as if we were a group of modern Colum-buses discovering a new land. Our first stop was at the little town of Bel-grade Lakes, renowned for its delicious sundaes and luscious lollipops, in which we all indulged. Then again we set afloat our craft and directed our course to Long Lake. On arrival, the new girls were initiated into the art of bed-making. After which we were dispatched in search of firewood. Alas, even the excitement of being on a trip could not dull our unquenchable love for the game of Truth and Consequences, so after supper we lured the innocent councillors into our fun. Although it was more or less embarrassing for the latter, we enjoyed it to the utmost. At about nine o'clock we ventured into the lake for a moonlight dip, a luxury we are seldom allowed at camp. Afterwards we toasted marsh-mallows and talked. Then to bed - well, all I have to say about sleeping out of doors is that when you get back to camp your bed feels mighty good!

Virginia Ostby

Fourth Shack's Trip to Waterville

Hurrah! Civilized clothes again! In vain, Fourth Shack asked where they were bound for. "Are we going to the

circus - are we going to Europe - or are we going to the county fair?" These were the questions that Miss Moore was raided with. All aboard in Miss Pond's car. Going over they discovered that Runoia had missed a thunder storm. Animals from bears to cats were of interest. What a pleasant surprise when they found themselves in Waterville! The five and ten cent store was a great inducement, so they toured that first of all, and finally ended up at the gift shop, loaded with packages. Ummm - how good sundaes tasted! Coming home some of us carried flour and eggs. How fatal if they would have dropped! Counting the license numbers on cars was a delightful game that they discovered. When they finally reached camp again, they were just in time to miss drill. That was the end of a perfect day!

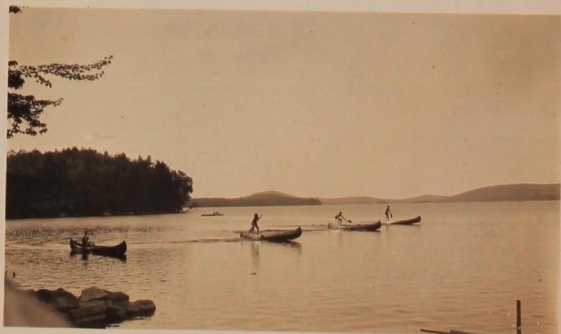
Helen Rieser

Moose Pond Trip

Out on a lake with the rain with August blues beyond, goodbyes behind, and paddling for all you're worth, - that's one beginning of a lovely trip, and it happened to be the beginning of my first one at camp. We were to stop at Belgrade for a while, then paddle down Long Lake and camp near Moose Pond. Of course at Belgrade we all bought as much as we were meant to - and a little more - and started paddling again, much refreshed. When the sun was low and even with all the dainties we felt hungry, we chose a pebbly landing place - nice, and pebbly, and inviting. "Oh - ouch - a snake!" gasps Miss Hall wildly, and thereupon the camping ground becomes a trifle too pebbly, a trifle too enclosed, or a trifle something else which it really isn't at all. The innocent (?)

First Long Lake Trip

On the afternoon of August 4 a fleet of about twenty light birch bark canoes left the shore of Long Lake for the first time. It was the first trip of the year, and it made us feel as if we were a group of modern sailors. After discovering a new land, the first step was to find the lake. At the little town of Long Lake, we found a group of people, some of whom were the old-time residents of the lake. They told us that the lake was a beautiful place, and that it was a good place to live. We were told that the lake was a good place to live, and that it was a good place to live. We were told that the lake was a good place to live, and that it was a good place to live.



serpent really was a beauty - long and slimy and deliciously writhing, with great red and black marks on his back, and a wicked, little, black, forked tongue, which he kept darting out at us menacingly. We landed pulled up the canoes, discussed the situation, and at last came to the conclusion that we had better unroll our packs and get supper. It was dark before we were ready to eat, as the wood was wet from rain, but when we did get to the table - ! Boiled potatoes, chicken, peas, cocoa, plums, - not a scrap left in about fifteen minutes, and we all felt comfortable and happy and rather silly, so silly, in fact, that we went out in two canoes in a rising fog to find Moose Pond. The moon was up, but shone dimly and smokily through the mist, and the lake was calm as a mirror. It was cold and spooky, - we could feel the clammy fog-breath touch our cheeks, and see gruesome shapes in the fallen trees. It was quite a relief to get back to our camping place where a fire and marshmallows to be toasted awaited us. In the morning, I think I had the best breakfast I've ever eaten, and that gave me muscle wherewith to paddle back to Runoia. We were welcomed with cheers and came in in great style, realizing that, after all, the poets may talk a lot of stuff about "sleeping under the stars" etc, but there really is no place like camp.

Prudence Gager

Fourth Shack's Trip to Pinkham's Cove

We're off! Paddle, paddle, paddle! Splash, splash, splash! Oh, how soon we got to our des-

tination! Personallu, I believe we were all getting a little warm.

A cheer for the wood-getters! They were a great help. All in for swimming. A war whoop was emitted from five throats. Our courageous councillors, Miss Hall and Miss Johnson, passed their tipping test and broke the record for time.

The chief cook, Margaret Kreider, with our assistance, made a dinner fir for a king. We ate everything from pepper to jelly. Miss Hall began to get petrified for fear that nothing would be left for our other two meals.

Then came rest hour with a big box of candy. For once, that hour was welcome.

Our chief occupation was broncho bucking. Another swim and then a filling meal.

Again we resorted to our favorite broncho bucking. We heard the good news "Get ready for a moonlight dip" with delight. And, oh, how warm the water was! You never tasted such luscious marshmallows in all your life as we had.

To bed, to bed, you sleepy-heads! The mosquitoes came ten by ten. One after one we ducked under the blankets, but it did not seem to do any good. They molested us in spite of all.

The next morning we arose bright and early. First call for breakfast! Mmmmm - the pancakes! For once we had all we wanted.

All aboard for home! Every one said how funny it felt to be walking on floors again, but we must admit that we like the soft pine needles better.

Helen Rieser



We started in the war
 Because the wind it blew
 we started in the war
 We were a merry crew
 We landed in a pretty cove
 and built a little stove
 and will



some
 We the
 'cause
 They co
 Why
 a
 as they flew and flew
 and in we heard Miss Peace shout
 "That fire out for

"Our Trip to Hoyt's Island"

On Monday the 11th of August, Third Shack started on their trip. We had gone quite far when we had to come back because we left the butter behind.

Miss Lockeman, Sarah, and Mabsy Walker went in one canoe while the others waited.

We finally came to Hoyt's Island. We wandered around and finally found a nice place to sleep. We then came back to the shore and made a fire. We had lunch and then rest hour.

We found lollypops on our beds, and then we had some potatoes which Johnny Johnson made for us.

After rest hour we went in for a long swim. We went broncho busting and had lots of fun. When we came in Miss Lockeman found out she had lost her pet hairpin. Then we got dressed and gathered firewood.

We then had a delicious supper. After supper we went paddling. Johnny then told us that we were going in for a moonlight dip. We went to bed cool and fresh.

About 1. 30 we thought it was raining. Then we all got in bed together.

In the morning it was rather gray, but Julie Gillespie and Mabsy Walker went in dipping.

Then we had breakfast, each eating about seven pancakes apiece. Then we sat around the fire and made up our song. Then we started home, and here we are now.

Mabsy Walker

Messalonskee Trip Done in Quotations

"Calm was the day" when "a flock of nymphs I chanced to espy," "came floating on a crystal flood" "that shone as Heaven's light" "down the

lee that to them murmured
lawn" and "so fresh they seemed that they appeared through lillies' plenteous store like a bride's chamber floor."
"So forth those joyous birds did pass along "and their best service lent" till "at length they all to merry-
Belgrade came." "What wondrous life is this, I lead" "of pomp and feast and revelry" "till the livelong daylight fadeth." "Thus done to bed they creep" "and lie on lowly earth and find it good." "Ere the first cock his matin rings" "the nymphs are at their savory dinner set" where "ripe apples drop about my head" and "upon my mouth do crush their wine." "Stumbling on melons as I pass, and snared with flowers, I fall on grass." Then "as it works the industrious bee computes his time as well as we." "Towered cities please us then, and the busy hum of men." Then "we met with Bill," "a man who in one night ere glimpse of morn hath threshed the corn that ten day labourers could not end." "Hello," he says, "let's give the girls a treat." "n' arterwards there was sweet songs and good Jama'ay rum and many and many a merry tale." Then "with all the crew complete" "they plowed the distant main" and "made no longer wish to tarry" "till they arrived at Heaven's vault" "where they may stay yet hbre awhile." "So ended she"

Fourth Shack Trip to Long Lake

August 14. After waiting many anxious days, Fourth Shack finally set out for



Messajonskee. August 4th

After rest now we went on our way. A long swim. We went through brush-
ing and had lots of fun. When we
came in this looked funny and she
had lost her hat. I then we
got dressed and gathered around.
He then had a delicious supper.
After supper we went bathing. Johnny
then told us that we were going in
for a beautiful day. He wanted to
cool and fresh.
About 1.30 we thought it was
raining. Then we all got in bed to
sleep.
In the morning it was rather
gray, but still bright and sunny.
Walker went in bathing.
Then we had breakfast. When
the boat came across the lake. Then
we sat around the fire and had a
song. Then we started home, and here
we are now.

Messajonskee Trip
Done in positions

"John was the best" when "a flock
of swans I ordered to come" "and
flying on a crystal flood" "that
shone as heaven's light" "down the

Beaver Cove on Long Lake. Almeda wanted to paddle with Jane and Jane wanted to paddle with Helen and Helen wanted to paddle with Margaret. Miss Marean and Miss Weaver decided to arrange us, so Almeda rode with the councillors and she did all of the work because the councillors laughed and talked so much. That's the privilege of being a councillor. Finally, after ten minute's hard work, we stopped to get our second wind. At last we reached Belgrade Lakes where we were refreshed with lemon phiz, ice cream sodas, ice cream cones, and ginger ale. About our we started on our last lap across Long Lake, and paddled hard for a long time before we reached Beaver Cove. When we got there we had to paddle up some rocks and then land our canoes and unload our packs. Then the councillors took us for a dip in the middle of the lake, so we wouldn't cut our feet. They then helped us get supper, and we ate roast beef, potatoes, cocoa, string beans, toast, bread, jelly, oranges, and bananas for dessert. Then, after that, Almeda and Katherine ate more crackers and jelly and it certainly did taste good, for you get such an appetite on trips. After the dishes were washed, we went for a dip, and then sat around the fire and ate marshmallows and candy and my, they tasted so good! Then we sat around the fire and talked and discussed our favorite school subjects and our teachers. Finally Miss Marean and Miss Weaver said we should go to bed, so we went to bed and read the Youth's Companion and ate Jane's two boxes of candy. Finally we fell asleep for a little while, but were soon awakened by cold water on our faces. We tried to keep under our ponchos but the water crept in too and when we got up at last we were pretty damp. We were warmed up by a good breakfast and Almeda made a lovely coffee pancake from all the leavings.

Then we started home, and were so glad to get to Bean's where we ate ice cream and drank strawberry pop. Finally we set out across Great Pond for camp and got home just in time for a good swim and a good dinner.

#####

Sandy River Trip

Sandy River - minus the sand and plus the river. At least that's the way it seemed to us trippers. Which is, after all, a rather misleading introduction. Let us, then, start in ye good old textbook style with the who, the where, the when, and the why. The who - Teacher, Miss Hall, Frances, Dot, Mary, and Johnny. The where - Sandy River. The when - August 18. And the why - just for a good time. From which you may gather that the above mentioned campers of Runoia were out for a jolly good trip. And a jolly good trip it was, too!

It started not at all as good canoe trips should start: bright and early in the morning with a good stiff paddle. Quite the contrary, in fact. We left camp at about 10.30, comfortably ensconced on top of a Ford truck. It was not until about two that we hit Sandy River, but we hit it with a vengeance all right. In fact, I might almost say that it hit us with a vengeance. You know what Sandy River sounds like? Well, forget that impression, for you're all wrong.

It's quite different, but lots more exciting. You pull your canoe all over the river, and every once in a while you go flat, just to add to the general excitement. Miss Hall and Mary excelled in this line. It really was amusing to see Miss Hall submerged in the middle of the river with the sponge held aloft.

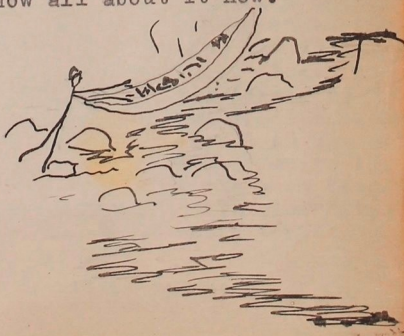
When at last we reached camp, we were wet, and tired, and hungry, but mostly hungry. But all this was soon remedied, though for a while we feared that it wouldn't be. First a herd of cows and bulls decided that they liked the looks of Miss Hall's red blanket, and they had a wonderful time with her toothbrush and other implements of warfare. As for us - we didn't enjoy it much. Especially as Johnny imagined herself a bull fighter and acted the part very realistically, with Dot as an able second. At last we pulled them back and then the beasts lost all interest and wandered off. Our next visitors weren't so easily bored, however. Fortunately they were on the other side of the river and couldn't get over. It was really an amusing sight to see us all awaiting the attack - Johnny as calm as a cucumber, Teacher and Miss Hall extremely bored, and the rest of us - well, the least said the better. By the time we had lost interest in our unwanted admirers, Frances was fast asleep and waking her was about as successful as crying in the Alps. To tell the truth, we really didn't accomplish it, but chucked her in bed, clothes and all.

It didn't take us long next morning to paddle to Davis Ferry. After a good dinner, we all experimented with the ferry. Johnny thought she was going to be a good boatman, but she got fooled. Poor Teacher had to come and rescue us, and she nearly missed Mary who got suspended on the cable. Well, we all got ashore finally and left

for Smithfield. There we bought loads of chewing gum with which to mend the canoes. We had lots of fun doing it, but we did wish Jane were there. She would have enjoyed it so! We found Flora flourishing and purchased many bandanas. At the grocery store we all vied with each other as to our eating capacities, and Dot won emphatically when she consumed a four decker ice cream cone on top of three bottles of Grape Whip.

We had difficulty in prying Johnny away from the thought of a haircut, but once accomplished we set sail for Echo Lake and soon landed. That night we all set around the fire and discussed the councillors. It was lots of fun and seemed to amuse the other councillors immensely. Finally we went to bed and continued our talk.

Next morning we paddled through Meadow Brook Stream in which we had many exciting adventures too numerous to relate. Once on Great Pond, our spirits ~~had~~ rose, and we paddled frantically for camp. Every one met us on the shore and we were glad to be home, in spite of our wonderful trip. The only thing we regretted was that we didn't have a trip song. And what's a little thing like that between friends? Anyhow, you know all about it now.





By the margin of the water
set amongst the stalwart hemlocks
whispering pines and rustling spruces,
was the wigwam where Nakomis
versed in all the ways of Nature
taught her little Hiawatha
why the moonbeams dance so whitely
in the dusk of after-twilight,
why the owls and flitting fireflies
seek the curtain of the darkness
for their frolic and their pleasure.

Thither came from distant regions
many tribes of many nations
summoned by the mighty Spirit
urged to give up strife and warfare
urged to dwell in peace and union.
There the stripling Hiawatha
grew to staunch and sturdy manhood,
underwent the test of famine,
overcame the great Mondamin,
spirit of the tasseled cornfield.
Hiawatha here accomplished
many deeds of skill and valor-
well-beloved of all his people.

Summoned by a voice within him
Hiawatha then departed;
left the tent of old Nakomis;
left the murmuring pines and hemlocks;
sailed away in shining birch bark
from the land of his own people
to the isles beyond the sunset,
to the western rim of Ocean,
to the "land of the hereafter".

spectacle of surpassing beauty took place at Camp Runoia on August 16th. Longfellow's epic of Indian life was enacted with sympathetic and keen understanding by the gifted young members of the camp. The Pageant was a wealth of exquisite color from the scarlet blankets and genuine Indian rugs to the shimmering hues of the sunset displayed in the costumes of the closing dance.

Six scenes were portrayed including the summoning of the tribes, the prophecy concerning Hiawatha, the wooing of Wenonah, the childhood and youth of Hiawatha and finally his departure to the land beyond the sunset.

Mabsy Walker ably played the part of the little Hiawatha who sat at the feet of the wise old Nakomis. Jeanette Ohnewald interpreted the part of Hiawatha, the youth, with dexterity and intelligence. Special mention should be made of the firefly dance, the growing of the corn and the dance in the waves. The humor of the owl song and dance lent color to the third scene, while the moon dance done by Charlie with consummate skill and grace was a finished piece of work.

Much credit is due to the

producer, Miss Canfield, who was ably assisted by stage managers Arlitt and Dowd. So well played and so aptly chosen was Miss Moore's music that it seemed a natural part of the poetry, while the costumes designed and dyed by Miss Lockeman were interwoven with subtle shade and well-blended tone to make a unified and symmetrical whole.

Many distinguished visitors attended this colorful entertainment among whom were a number of patrons of the camp. All were agreed as to the beauty and harmony of the Pageant and considered it quite up to Runoia's standard.

MASQUED BALL GIVEN by RUNOIA CAMPER



August 24. "What are you going to wear?" - "Oh, you'd be surrounded!" - "I haven't the slightest idea of how to disguise my fairy-like self!" These were the cries that might be heard all over camp before the annual masquerade which took place last night. However, when the great occasion did arrive every one appeared at the Lodge in very attractive costumes. Shortly after the camp had assembled, more or less commotion was caused by the sudden onrush of the Navy. At length, all fell in and marched by the judges who were to award the prizes. They finally decided, very wisely, that the prize for the best disguise was won by Margaret Kreider, and for the most original by Mary Jane Hunter. During the dancing which followed, the Navy made itself popular by serving ice cream and cake. "Oh - ouch - help! Oh, Teacher - Miss Dowd!" If ever the readers have been at Runoia, they know what that designates. Right - the multitude found themselves in utter darkness. That is just camp's gentle hint of bedtime. After a

few more groans from the merry throng, the girls finally dispersed. But wait - another bit of excitement! You might know it would be the never ceasing N. N. N.s. However, no objection was raised, because they but voiced the sentiments of all present by giving "Keemo" for the masquerade.

The Perfect Girl

For some time, various artists have been voicing their opinions of the most beautiful woman in the world. Well, to make a long story short, the editorial department of this paper met and discussed the situation. However, we hit upon a new plan which we consider far superior to any other thus far advanced - namely, that of dissembling the features of various girls and putting them together to form a complete and harmonious whole. This, then, readers, is your staff's idea of a perfect girl:

Hair	Mabsie
Eyebrows	Rebecca
Eyes	Ann Thayer
Eyelashes	Mary Jane
Nose	Faith
Mouth	Jane Bowman
Chin	Eileen
Complexion	Eleanor Alling
Teeth	Helen Rieser
Figure	Frances Lewis
Laugh	Charlie
Smile	Julie
Voice	Betty Strong



Beauty Bureau.

Hunt Slimness.

This column is conducted by Slimness entirely for the reader's benefit. Any questions will be gladly and completely answered by her, but the following rules must be observed: Those self addressed envelope. Full name, write on one side of paper only. Put a two cent stamp upper right hand corner and do not forget to write with red ink. Letters not complying with the above will not be considered.

Answers to correspondence. A reader writes this: I am getting a big stomach and I don't know what to do. Will you advise me please? Well, Worried, the best remedy I know is as follows. Roll up your sleeves fully, don a large apron and go to a wood shed, take the axe, shut both eyes, swing around your head three times and slice off a piece of the offending member. This may be painful, Worried, but remember it hurts more than it does you.

LETTERS.

Dear Cuckoo,
How can I increase my height? I have been told to eat pickles steeped in condensed milk. Do you approve of this method? I am four feet eight and weigh 180 pounds.
Reileen E.

Dear Cuckoo,
Please tell me how to remove dandruff from my hair. My friends recommended Sloane's Liniment, but that seems to make my raven locks more curly than they naturally were.
Trusting,
S. Devens.

Dear Cuckoo,
My knees and ankles are swollen because of great pain. I have tried many compresses and hot rubs but nothing relieves me. I go walking every day for four hours but life is so painful for me that I can stand no longer. Please help me. I have black hair, brown eyes and a white mole on my nose. Anxiously
Bessie.

Dear Cuckoo,

I am a poor overworked creature. My pedal extremities pain me and I am forced to carry great weights on my back. I am very short winded as my employees work me overtime. Can you suggest a tonic that would help?

Weekly,

Pearly P. Nola.

LUCIA LANQUISHES ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN.

My dear Miss Lanquish,

Troubled, desperate even, I dare appeal to you at this late hour for advice, I mean, I am wildly in love with one who is far above me in every way, I mean except height, I mean. This lady is so sweet that I feel like uttering violent ejaculations whenever I see her with another in fact, I mean, I have resorted to primitive methods more than once when stirred by jealousy. Please, please tell me how to win the love of my Goddess. I adore her. I idolize her. I worship her. Dependently.
R.S.V.P.

R.S.V.P. Your case is by no means hopeless. Perseverance and you will gain your heart's desire. We advise you to send ten cents in stamps for our booklet on how to be fascinating. By this booklet you will be able to emerge from a wren like creature into a bird of Paradise woman and win the heart of her whom you love.

My dear Miss Lanquish,

I am in a great dilemma I talk in my sleep and frequently I give away secrets which I would preserve with



my life were I but awake. Can you help me, my dear Miss Languish?

Disturbed.

Disturbed,

Oh, my dear, your problem is very easily solved - in fact there are two solutions. The first is this: Procure a nice sharp knife from the kitchen. Grip your tongue firmly with your left hand and with your right cleave out your tongue by the roots. This will answer the purpose very well. The other solution is as follows: don't sleep! ! ! I am sure you will find this last very effective and while for the first few nights you may feel a great desire for slumber, I think it may be overcome.

??

RUNOIA GIRLS TAKE EXCURSION TRIP TO TOP OF THE WORLD

August 19. The Runoia girls took an excursion trip to the Top of the World last night. A hay rick, a Ford and an auto and four horses were charted to bear them to their destination. There was a little squabbling as to who should go where and how, but at last it was amiably settled to the satisfaction of all. Such a good time as the girls had at the Top of the World! It is a great treat for girls like these to get out in the wide open spaces in God's great out of doors where men are - not! Food was consumed in tremendous quantities and it is a safe guess to say that every one had enough. At last it was time to return home, but this was done with regret.

%%

HINTS FOR SUCCESS

This paper's first thought is for the good of its subscribers. Therefore, we have culled these hints for success from various people well known and famed.

Miss Lockeman warns: Colour schemes play a great part in our lives. If you will but study out a simple color scheme you will always be successful.

Mrs. Arlitt says: I lay the fact of my success to the stunning hats I have always worn. No one can resist an irresistible hat.

~~~~~

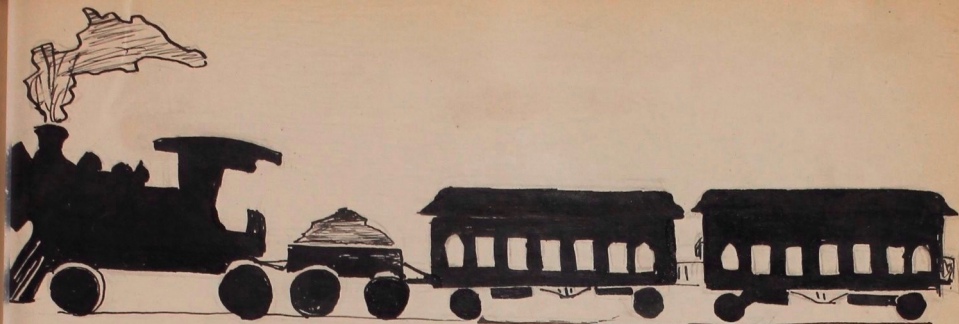
#### The List of Best Books

A Modern Version of Romeo and Juliet. By H. Rieser and J. Bowman. A perfectly amazing adaptation of William Shakespeare's famous play of that name. Better in every way than the original.

Why I Think the World is Getting Worse. By Margaret Kreider. A morbid though interesting book. The reader advances many new theories which are bound to hold the reader's attention.

Colleges I Have Visited. By E. M. Mearns. A most interesting and worthwhile book for any one who is considering a visit to any of the following - Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Williams, etc.





RUNOIA LOCALS

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT IMPORTANT INDIVIDUALS.??-----



| NAME               | ALIAS   | OCCUPATION                 | ABOMINATION                | AMBITION                                | FAILING             | EXPRESSION                   |
|--------------------|---------|----------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------------------|---------------------|------------------------------|
| Miss Pond          |         | Driving to Water-ville     | Black Bloomers             | To Make Waterville in 15 minutes        | Rancia's Reputation | "Sh-h-h!"                    |
| Miss Weiser        |         | Showing Guests around Camp | Answering the 'phone       | To Have Everything go well on Sundays   | Her Garden          | "That was very nice, girls!" |
| Miss Mary Pond     |         | Doing Things for Others    | Messy Hair                 | To Have the Camp Cease playing Forfeits | Bessie              | "Oh!"                        |
| Miss Dowd          |         | Riding Babe                | Having Teacher Arrive Late | To Have People Prompt                   | Life Saving         | "Now don't make excuses!"    |
| Mrs. Arlitt        | Teacher | Trying to Keep Faith quiet | Arriving Late              | To be a Weather Prophet                 | Smoke Screen        | "My solid hat!"              |
| Miss Marean        |         | Picking up the Tennis Nets | Waiting for the Mail       | To Have the Shack Stop Swearing         | Eggs Salad          | "That's slick!"              |
| Anne Laidlaw       | Nancy   | Visiting Fifth Shack       | Making Beds                | To be in Fifth Shack                    | Fifth' Shack        | "Curses!"                    |
| Charlotte Odierne  | Charlie | Shielding Johnny           | Not being allowed on Trips | To Catch one of Johnny's Balls          | Diet-ing            | "Have a peanut!"             |
| Jeannette Ohnewald | Jeanie  | Teasing Johnny             | Being Thwarted             | To Have a French Maid                   | Plaid Stockings     | "Joe - Broadminded"          |
| Lleanor Speer      | Bus     | Playing the Pianola        | Desserts                   | To Have a Movie Star's Figure           | Magazines           | "Very pretty little thing!"  |



| NAME                 | ALIAS        | OCCUPATION                                  | ABOMINATION                      | AMBITION                                                            | FAILING                              | EXPRESSION                                                  |
|----------------------|--------------|---------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| Frances Kin-<br>sman | Hoss         | Asking<br>Questions                         | Dieting                          | To Have Miss<br>Dowd Tell of<br>her First Im-<br>pression of<br>her | Borrowing                            | "Poo poo<br>for you and<br>poo poo for<br>your<br>bicycle!" |
| Faith Rollins        | Fay<br>Ronny | Fixing her Hair                             | Going<br>to Bed<br>Automatically | To be a second<br>Cicero                                            | Making<br>extempera-<br>neous poetry | "My name's<br>Fay<br>Ronny!"                                |
| Mary Thayer          | Pinky        | Dying                                       | Being<br>called Pinky            | To lead a<br>dog's life                                             | Olives                               | "R-r-r-r!"                                                  |
| Catherine<br>Rieser  | Johnny       | Mussing her<br>Hair                         | Crushes                          | To Use her own<br>Pen                                               | Her<br>Vocabulary                    | "I me-ea-n-"                                                |
| Elizabeth<br>Strong  | Betty        | Visiting<br>Belgrade Lakes                  | Being Pawed                      | To Stay at Camp<br>Two Months                                       | Absorbine<br>Junior                  | "Now,<br>Johnny!"                                           |
| Miss Weaver          |              | Picking<br>Flowers<br>for the<br>Guest Room | Having Jane Jump<br>on her Bed   | To Have all<br>Blue Stars in<br>Fifth Shack                         | The<br>Ford                          | "I'm wait-<br>ing, Fran-<br>ces!"                           |
| Miss Canfield        |              | Cleaning<br>her Boots                       | Forbidden Food                   | To Have Every<br>One Ride around<br>Corners ensemble                | Moose                                | "You egg!"                                                  |
| Rebecca Tenney       | Billy        | Climbing                                    | Flag Raiding                     | To be a Perfect<br>Thirtysix                                        | Mirror<br>Gazing                     | "Oh <del>ha</del><br>indeed!"                               |
| Prudence<br>Gager    | Prue         | Writing                                     | Being Visited<br>after a Swim    | To be an Author-<br>ess                                             | Playing<br>the<br>Pianola.           | "Oh-<br>hello!"                                             |

| N | NAME            | ALIAS       | OCCUPATION                   | ABOMINATION                                | AMBITION                          | FAILING                | EXPRESSION                             |
|---|-----------------|-------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|------------------------|----------------------------------------|
|   | Virginia Ostby  | Ginger      | Taking Pictures              | Baseball                                   | To Have a Box of Candy to Herself | Salt Water Bathing     | "My cow!"                              |
|   | Frances Parker  | Pat         | Doing Craft                  | The Yellow Page in her Autograph Book      | To Ride like Miss Canfield        | Bessie                 | "Sweet woman!"                         |
|   | Frances Lewis   | Lewis       | Sleeping                     | Having Clothes Pulled off Hooks            | To Keep a Zoo                     | Candy                  | "Oh, pew!"                             |
|   | Jane Becker     | Nanny Bocky | Looking for her Vendetta Hat | Being Squelched                            | To be a Prima Donna               | Truth and Consequences | "Tir-a-lir-ra!"                        |
|   | Eileen Rafferty | Ike         | Practicing on the Piano      | Having Jane Lie on her Bed and Correct her | To Play the Uke                   | Sidling in Drill       | " <u>Good Cow!</u> "                   |
|   | Dorothy Stevens | Dot         | Writing to Movie Stars       | Being Stared at                            | To Have Curly Hair                | <u>Smorting</u>        | "For crying out soft in the left ear!" |
|   | Miss Moore      |             | Practicing                   | Cold Weather                               | To Play a Ukelele                 | Red                    | "Quack, quack - says the Weasél!"      |

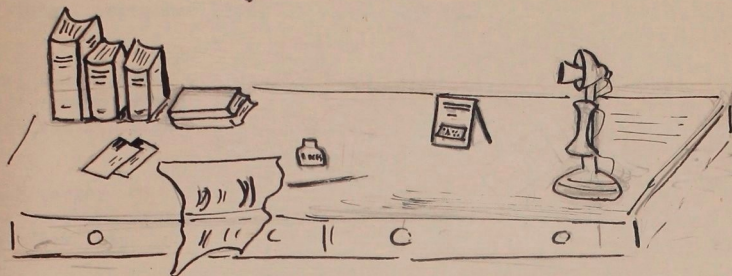


| NAME                | ALIAS            | OCCUPATION                  | ABOMINATION             | AMBITION                                        | FAILING                                             | EXPRESSION                            |
|---------------------|------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Miss Hall           |                  | Lining the<br>Tennis Courts | Planning Trips          | To Have it<br>Quiet<br>at Glee Club             | Crackers<br>and<br>Milk                             | "Oh-really?"                          |
| Miss Johnson        | Doc              | Doing her Duty              | Snakes                  | To Swim to<br>the Float                         | Alcohol                                             | "Doo-lally"                           |
| Helen Rieser        | Johnny<br>Junior | Talking in<br>her Sleep     | Talking in her<br>Sleep | Not to Talk<br>in her Sleep                     | French<br>Toasts                                    | "My cow-<br>slip!"                    |
| Almeda Brown        | Alec             | Drying her Hair             | Taps                    | Never to<br>Miss Desserts                       | Cheese                                              | "Baby bo!"                            |
| Jane Bowman         | Romeo            | Eating Candy                | Writing Letters         | To touch<br>Bottom at the<br>Float              | Life<br>Saving                                      | "Disgusting"                          |
| Katherine Dear      | K. D.            | Cleaning her<br>Trunk       | Riding                  | To Play Tennis<br>like Mary Thayer              | Writing<br>Letters<br>to Unknown<br>People          | "But I<br>like<br>it<br>that<br>way!" |
| Margaret<br>Kreider | Maggie           | Craft                       | Being Called<br>Maggie  | To be a Senior                                  | Talking<br>to<br>Seniors                            | "My<br>heart!"                        |
| Miss Johnson        | Johnny           | Sailing                     | Sewing                  | To Have her Hair<br>Grow                        | Post<br>Cards                                       | "Oh, my<br>dear!"                     |
| Miss Lockeman       |                  | Dyeing                      | Shack Duty              | To Have Sixth Shack<br>Come to Craft<br>on Time | Writ-<br>ing<br>Warning<br>Signs for the<br>Seniors | "Blah,<br>blah!"                      |

| NAME              | ALIAS   | OCCUPATION            | ABOMINATION                    | AMBITION                    | FAILING            | REMARKS                                    |
|-------------------|---------|-----------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Mary Jane Hunter  | M. J.   | Laughing              | Cleaning her Trunk             | To Swim like Hoss           | Frances Lewis      | "Great Scott!"                             |
| Mabel Walker      | Mabsie  | Jumping out of Canoes | Sweeping the Hall              | To be a Councillor          | Her Brother        | "Oh. say -"                                |
| Eleanor Alling    | Brownie | Talking to Strangers  | Going to Bed at Eight          | To be a Craft Teacher       | Pianola            | "Save the pieces!"                         |
| Sarah Ann Johnson | Sally   | Looking for Nancy     | Being Told she Looks like Pete | To be a First Class Swimmer | Nancy              | "Have you seen Nancy?"                     |
| Julia Gillespie   | Julie   | Eating                | Having her Hair Fixed          | To be a Baseball Pitcher    | Tennis             | "Oh, can't I please have another helping?" |
| Adelaide Dear     | O. Dear | Picking Raspberries   | Work                           | To be a Contortionist       | Ask- ing Questions | "Why -"                                    |
| Ann Thayer        |         | Making Guns           | Making Beds                    | To learn to Crawl           | Olives             | "Oh, disgust!"                             |



# Information



Eleanor Ailing  
151 West 105th Street  
New York City.

birthday..September 29th.

Age 11.

Mrs. A.H.Arlitt  
2356 Auburn Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jane Becker  
638 West End Avenue  
New York City

birthday.. June 5th

Age 14.

Jane Bowman  
42 Wyomissing Boulevard  
Wyomissing, Penna..

Birthday... December 3th

Age 12..

Almeda Brown  
195 Claremont Avenue  
New York City.

Birthday, August 27th

Age 13.

Miss Marian Canfield  
1539 Eighteenth Street, N.W.  
Washington, D.C.

Adelaide Dear  
34 Bentley Avenue  
Jersey City, N.J.

birthday .. February 19th

Age 11.

Katherine Dear  
34 Bentley Avenue  
Jersey City, N.J.

Birthday .. October 18th

Age 13.



Miss Constance Dowd  
138 West 58th Street  
New York CITY

Prudence Gager  
29 Linden Avenue  
Flatbush  
Brooklyn N.Y.

Birthday .. December 27th

Age 13.

Julie Gillespie  
Walnut Gate  
South Orange N.J.

Birthday .. July 2nd  
"

Age 10.

Miss Margaret Hall  
West Acton Mass.

Mary Jane Hunter  
25 Claremont Avenue  
New York City

Birthday .. May 29th

Age 11.

Miss Janet Johnson  
377 Charleton Avenue  
South Orange N.J.

Sarah Ann Johnson  
775 Broad Street  
Columbus Ohio.

Birthday .. January 4th

Age 11.

Miss Alice Johnson  
11 East Woodland Ave.  
Youngstown, Ohio

Frances P. Kinsman  
13 Summer Street  
Augusta Maine.

Birthday .. June 27th

Age 15.

Margaret Kreider  
4 South Forth Street  
Lebanon Pennsylvania

Birthday .. September 27th

Age 13

Miss Katherine Lockeman  
249 North Newberry Street  
York Pennsylvania

Anne C. Laidlaw  
133 Dwight Place  
Englewood New Jersey

Birthday .. September 10th

Age 17

Frances W. Lewis  
334 Arlington Avenue  
Jersey City New Jersey

Birthday .. June 7th

Age 14

Miss Elizabeth Marean  
498 Main Street  
Dalton Massachusetts

Miss Caroline Moore  
606 West 115th Street  
New York New York

606.

Jeannette T. Ohnewald  
31 Cathedral Avenue  
Garden City New York

Birthday .. October 14

Age 16

Virginia Ostby  
61 Cooke Street  
Providence R.I.

Birthday .. December 11th

Age 15.

Charlotte Odiorne  
12 Sanfield Street Sanford St.  
Bangor Maine.

Birthday ..

Age 17.

\* be  
Copied



Margaret Kroider  
South Fourth Street  
Ebanon, Pennsylvania

Birthday .. September 27th

Age 13.

Mrs C. Laidlaw  
33 Dwight Place  
Englewood, N.J.

Birthday .. September 10th

Age 17.

Mrs W. Lewis  
34 Arlington Avenue  
Rosey City, N.J.

Birthday .. June 7th

Age 14.

Mrs Katherine Lockeman  
19 North Newberry Street  
York, Pennsylvania.

Mrs Elizabeth Marean  
98 Main Street  
Milton, Massachusetts.

Mrs Caroline Moore  
606 West 115th Street  
New York City.

Charlotte Odiorne

Frances Parker  
1154 Reading Boulevard  
Wyomissing Penna.

Birthday .. May 12th

Age 15.

Eileen Rafferty  
119 Hobart Avenue  
Summit N.J.

Birthday .. April 24th

Age 15.

Catherine Rieser  
623 North Fifth Street  
Reading Penna.

Birthday .. February 4th

Age 15.

Helen Rieser  
623 North Fifth Street  
Reading Penna.

Birthday .. October 12th

Age 13.

Faith Rollins  
13 Benton Avenue  
Waterville Maine.

Birthday .. January 14th

Age 15.

Eleanor Speer  
2600 Boulevard  
Jersey City N.J.

Birthday .. March 13th

Age 16.

Dorothy Stevens  
606 West 116th Street  
New York City.

Birthday .. June 11th

Age 15.



Elizabeth Strong  
Congers Manor  
Greenwich Conn.

or Las Tunas Road  
Santa Barbara, California.

Birthday .. June 10th

Age 16.

Rebecca Tenney  
Deerfield Drive  
Greenwich Conn.

Birthday .. September 14th

Age 13.

Mary Thayer  
10 Nudd Street  
Waterville Maine.

Birthday .. January 30th

Age 16.

Ann Thayer  
10 Nudd Street  
Waterville Maine

Birthday .. January 8th

Age 10.

Mabel Walker  
Llewellyn Park  
~~South~~ Orange N.J.  
Wsst

Birthday .. April 12th

Age 13.

Miss Betty M. Weaver  
414 Bellevue Avenue  
Wayne Penna.





Eleanor Alling  
151 West 105th Street  
New York City

Birthday .. September 29th.

Age 11.

Mrs. A. H. Arlitt  
2356 Auburn Avenue  
Cincinnati Ohio.

Jane Becker  
838 West End Avenue  
New York City.

Birthday .. June 5th

Age 14.

Jane Bowman  
42 Wyomissing Boulevard  
Wyomissing Penna.

Birthday .. December 5th

Age 12.

Almeda Broun  
~~125~~ Claremont Avenue  
New York City

Birthday .. August 27th

Age 13.

Miss Marian Canfield  
1539 Eighteenth Street North West  
Washington D.C.

Adelaide Dear  
34 Bently Avenue  
Jersey City N.J.

Birthday .. February 19th

Age 11.

Katherine Dear  
34 Bently Avenue  
Jersey City N.J.

Birthday .. October 18th

Age 13.

To be  
edited