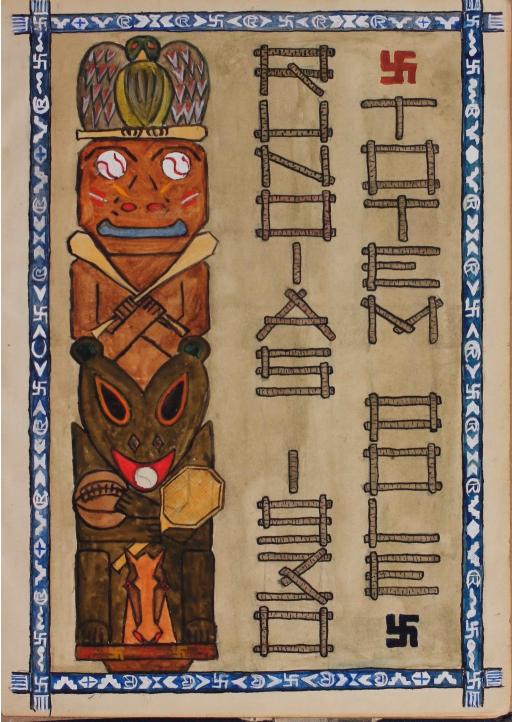


light to Right -Colly Chodand (hair), Grace Tales, face betind foot? face behind arm = Suzannah King (Suzie), Rhoda Lester (frunt p contro) Jane Loston Reid Hardy (? no cap)
nuyten Stea Livingord Frances Jopson (smile) Dorothy Freeman (Dodo), Nancy Fiske (Trisky), Nosalind Louthel (Rosie), Jean Wilson (sliced). 1936 Doris Richardson Ann Thayer

Doris Richardson



Dedication

To

Dr. Ada Hart Arlitt

and

Dr. Constance Dowd

in appreciation of their fine leadership throughout a wonderful summer at Camp Runoia, we, the Log Staff of 1930, affectionately dedicate this volume The LOG Staff is deeply indebted to Miss
Thayer for giving her time to typing the LOG,
to Miss MacDougall and Teacher for their work
on the limericks, and to all the contributors
for the interesting articles they have written.

### LOG STAFF OF 1930

Editor-in-Chief--Dorothy Groom

Associate Editors--Ann Thayer

Jane Lester

Ruth Maltby

Emily Laffoon

Jean Wilson

Art Editors -- Sue Larter
Grace Fales

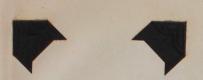
Junior Reporters--Rhoda Lester

Jane Baehr

Counselor Advisors--Miss Johnson
Miss Boyle

We've "gone Indian" this year. Some bf us didn't have far to go, 'tis sure, while others needed most of the paint box. Anyhow, we got the inspiration to have an Indian Log. As you know, the Indians recorded their events and happenings by pictures and carvings on their Totem Poles. Hence we are naming this record of our summer her "RUNOIA'S TOTEM POLE FOR 1930".

We hope the good times we have written about herein will be carved in your memory so you can look back and enjoy your own Totem Pole through the passing year. And so here goes---WHOOPEE!!!!!





#### HEAP BIG CHIEF TALL-BRAVE DOWD

Tall Brave, our chief, is a warrior bold
Who, after Taps, makes us do as we're told.
She sails down the hall
With Flytox for all
So the skeeters won't prey on her sweet
little fold.





#### HEAP BIG CHIEF ARLITT

In Sixth Wigwam lives Big Chief Teacher.
In chapel she acts as our preacher;
In rain or in shine
She throws out her line,
For in fishing we never outreach her.







## BRAVE WHITE EAGLE THAYER White Tribe

Our Brave White Eagle Thayer
Is a Waterville lass so fair.
To her one day came
The Baby Whale's name,
So she said, "Come again if you dare!"



TWICE BRAVE LARTER Blue Tribe

A chietain to be is Brave Sue.

Already she's head of the Blue.

Her deeds of renown

On our pole will go down.

There's nothing that Twice Brave can't do.





## BRAVE BLACK-FOOT MALTBY White Tribe

Runcia is proud of Brave Malt,
For in swimming she hasn't a fault.
In the water her skill
And on land her good will
Should surely the White Tribe exalt.



BRAVE YELLOW-MUSTACHE GROOM
Blue Tribe

Here's Dotty--Brave Yellow-Mustache, Whose actions are often quite rash.

She came to this camp
But, not used to the damp,
Her wholeslife she lives in a hash.



M

BIG BRAVE SWATUM RICHARDSON White Tribe

Doris is Big Brave Swatum,
And if you hit flies, she's gottum.
In One-Old-Cat
If you're up at bat
She runs and runs till she's caughtum!



BRAVE BUSTA-BUTTON LESTER White Tribe

Busta Button's abomination
Is to play the accordion, Her indignation
Simply runs away
When she's asked to play,
But at the piano--oh, delectation!





arriages Yester



Jay Te Winburn. Parrott. andolph is one the list of patrons a

# "The Patriots



#### MRS. JOHN B. F. RANDOLPH

of the capable vice chairmen for the Mr. and Mrs. Slack Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adler, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Schiffer, Mr. and Mrs. of the capable vice chairmen for the are:

Mrs. John B. F. Randolph is one the list of patrons and patronesses

working with Mrs. Philip Vonder- Julian Pollak, Mr. and Mrs. Edward smith, chairman, to insure a highly M. Johnson Jr., Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Since, Charlman, to insure a lightly successful occasion.

Thursday evening's production of "The Patriots," starring Walfer Mrs. Samuel Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Hampden, is being eagerly anticipated as it, is the New York critics. Theodore White, Mr. and Mrs. Milpitze play. "The Patriots," which has caused wide contioversy among historians, is agreed to be "excellent theater."

Mrs. Robert Christy, Mrs. William Hinsch, historians, is agreed to be "excellent theater." C. France, Mrs. Wilbert Rosenthal, A telegram from Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, Fox, Mrs. Robert Almy, Mr. and who will be in Cincinnati Thursday to take part in the launching of the fourth war loan drive, has advised the league that he will try to stop in at the theater party with ting, Mr. Sam Parsons, Mrs. Path Mr. John J. Rowe, who has planned A telegram from Mr. Henry Mor- Miss Jennie Allgeier, Miss Edith



### BRAVE WAVEY-HAIR BROWN Blue Tribe

"Oh, look at my curls;" cries Wavey-Hair Brown,
As she looks at her head with a deep furrowed frown.

"I know all the girls

Will laugh at my curls-I must get curl remover from town."



BRAVE EAGLE-EYE LAFFOON White Tribe

Emily Laffoon is Brave Eagle-Eye,
Who spends all her time in watching the sky.
When the stars do appear
She gives a big cheer,
For she loves to get points in as-tron-o-my!







## BRAVE ASK-ME-NO-QUESTIONS FALES Blue Tribe

Ask-Me-No-Questions, a brave is she Whose big aim is a detective to be.
Through S. S. Van Dyne
She wades with her mind
Alert for the clues she should see.



BRAVE RED-DOG HITCHCOCK Blue Tribe

In the time of the heap big Pow-Wow
Brave Hitchcock is right there--and how:
 In swimming and track
 You just can't hold her back,
So cheer for Brave Red Dog--bow wow!





BRAVE BIG-FEET ATWATER
White Tribe

Here comes our Brave Big-Feet Atwater, Who says to us often, "You oughter Be jealous of me feet."
That's right--they can leap Over hill, over dale, even water.



BRAVE BIG-TUM-TUM CONVERSE White Tribe

A strong young brave is our Tum-Tum
Who says to us often, "Now come, come.
Do get me some shade
So my nosey will fade
And keep me from looking so glum glum."





### BRAVE PEPPY-POP-POP CONDIT

Brave Condit came camping quite late,
For the Blue Tribe this was a sad fate,
But now that she's here
We'll all gladly cheer
For highly this Indian does rate.





CHIEF TENNIS-PLAY-PLAY JOHNSON

Miss Johnson, Chief Tennis-Play-Play,
Makes witty remarks every day.
For teasing her shack
She sure has a knack-Just ask them and hear what they say!





### CHIEF SPOTTED-HORSE MacDOUGALL

Chief Spotted-Horse lives in Fifth Shack. In riding you can't hold her back; In baseball, too,

She swats straight and true--Believe me, that chieftain can whack!





----

BRAVE HIGH-JUMP LAWSON White Tribe

High-Jump Lawson soared over the stick
While cameras around her did click.

The braves all tried
And the squaws sighed
Because it looked such a very easy trick.



BRAVE LOUD-VOICE BROKAW White Tribe

Our bugling brave is Chloe,
She plays do re me fa so me
On her bugle each day.
You can hear far away
Those beautiful strains from Chloe.

Phloe.



## BRAVE FRECKLE-FACE CULLEN Blue Tribe

There was a young brave called Jane Who really could relish the rain,

As she reads by the hour

In sunshine or shower.
Oh, my, how her poor back must pain!



BRAVE LAUGH-A-LOT JOPSON White Tribe

Oh, Joppy's the brave with the giggles.
When she starts, it gives one the wiggles.
Her speech is quite queer,
She whinnies, poor dear,
And her whole body then gets the wriggles.

HA-HA-HA DHA-HA-HA



BRAVE TRUMPET-BLOW-BLOW HARRIS
Blue Tribe

There was a young brave named Arlene Who was neither too fat nor too lean.

When dip time was near
She would always appear
In a bathing suit of luscious green.





#### BRAVE CORN-STALK GROOM White Tribe

There was a young brave, Mary Alice, Who had for no one any malice.

She was quiet all day

But at night they all say

She whispered and talked. Mary Alice!



#### BRAVE LONG-BOW NELSON Blue Tribe

Phyllis is the name of a brave
Who has no desire to bathe.
She wakes up each morn
And says with a yawn,
"Those cold icy waves I can't brave!"





BRAVE TALL-HORSE AGNEW White Tribe

Little Agnew's the name of a brave.
Of horses she always did rave.
On Fanny or Bélle
She always did well,
But Pathfinder she never did crave.



BRAVE BUG-BUG WILSON Blue Tribe

There was a young brave called J. Willy Who could act exceedingly silly,
But at Jacks she could beat
Anyone she did meet,
So often she's wise and not silly.





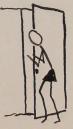
BRAVE EAT-MUCH-BREAD JOERS White Tribe

There was a brave named Jean Joers
Who was always slamming the doors.
The shack would all sing,
"It's a Joers or a King!"
In Scarsdale they must not have doors.



#### BRAVE BACK-JACK KING Blue Tribe

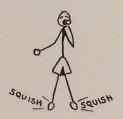
There was a young brave called Susannah Who had a peculiar manner
Of prowling each night
To the doors left or right-Pray tell us the reason, Susannah?

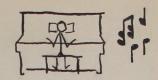




### CHIEF WET-FEET THAYER

Wet Feet is a chief that can't be beat;
She got on Sandy 'cause tomatoes she did eat.
When a trip goes out
You can hear her shout,
"Wet feet! Hurrah! Wet feet!"







#### CHIEF PIANO-PLAY BOYLE

Listen to those strains of music floating down the hall.

Shh! It's after Taps--didn't you hear the bugle call?

"The Desert Song" and "If You Knew" She is quickly playing through,

But the camp songs that she wrote we like best of all.

#### CHIEF RUFFLED-SHORTS KENNEDY

Green and white and pink and blue-My, Miss Kennedy, what will you do?
You know it's wrong
To wear shorts long,
For you start the styles for campers, too!







#### SQUAW LONG-HAIR FREEMAN Blue Tribe

We're glad that Kate Freeman brought Dot,
For all of us like her a lot.
For the masquerade
Her costume she made-For originality she's on the spot.



SQUAW JACK-JACK BUTLER White Tribe

Here's to Babs, a real wonder at Jacks; In them there is nothing she lacks. She does Birds in the Nest Without once having missed. Believe us that these are true facts.





CHIEF GENEROSITY-NO-LACK SANGREE
Blue Tribe

Our Joyce is a peach of a Blue.
There's nothing she won't do for you.
When she makes a bed
You can bet that it's spread
To make your best dreams come true.



UTSTES HEYER SQ

SQUAW HANG-HANG-HEAD FISKE Blue Tribe

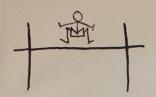
There is a young lady named Nan
Who is a true baseball fan.
She hits the ball,
But that's not all-She puts Whites out whenever she can.



SQUAW LAUGH-AND-GROW-FAT LESTER White Tribe

There was a young lady named Rhoda
So fast that nothing had slowed her.
She asked questions a mile
With never a smile,
And though that an answer was owed her.





#### SQUAW CHUBBY-JUMP-HIGH Blue Tribe

There was a young lady named Kit;
In her sports she sure made a hit.
She'd jump a mile
And calmly smile
"That was naught but a little bit."



SQUAW ROSY-FACE LOUTREL Blue Tribe

A peach of a squaw our Loutrel;
They say she does everything well.
In the shack she is good,
And at table at food
We all agree that she's swell.





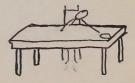
#### SQUAW BLUE-EYE FIELD Blue Tribe

There was a young lady named Kay
Who snored till her roomate would say,
"Now, please wake up,
You snoring pup,
And don't go to sleep till day."



SQUAW GOBBLE-GOBBLE CLEVELAND Blue Tribe

Our Colby plays baseball so well
She makes the Blues pridefully swell.
Her manners at table
We're never quite able
To very effectually quell.





# SQUAW WORK-THE-IMAGINATION BAER White Tribe

A surprise we got when we saw Ann Baer,
For, of all things, she'd cut her long hair.
But it made her lighter, for look how she goes
When jumping in track and doing the throws,
So it's all for the best, we loudly declare.



SQUAW HAPPY-ALL-THE-TIME KING

Blog Tribe
Our Piglet may be very small,
But that doesn't matter to us at all.

She carries off places
In all of the races
And makes joily times for us all.











### CHIEF STUDY-THE-SKY THURSTON

Qur Miss Thurston's head's in the stars;
All she thinks of is Saturn or Mars,
Though she spends a few hours
Studying flowers,
And with bugs fills our rafters and jars.



### CHIEF RED-EYE FLACK

A talented chieftain is Flack;
At everything she takes a crack.
She is good at all shows-Leather, jewelry, even bows-We hope, oh, we hope she'll come back.



TARA TARA

THE

## SQUAW ABSENT-MIND FREEMAN White Tribe

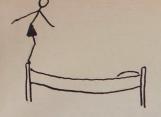
In Third Shack lives our Kate,
Who really tries not to be late.
When the bugles blow
My, how she does go-Let's give three cheers for Kate.



## SQUAW BRAVE-ADMIRER ROYALL White Tribe

We can say of our Mary Royall
As a friend there's no one more loyal.
If you're anxious for fish
She'll fill every dish
And your pleasure she never will spoil.





SQUAW HIT-IN-THE-MOUTH LAMOTTE Blue Tribe

A story I'll tell you of Jane.
Of teeth she sure should have pain,
For she climbed on her cot
And fell on the spot.
Oh, Jane, hadn't you better refrain?



SQUAW GRIN-ALL-THE-TIME BAEHR White Tribe

As an Indian boy little Jane Baehr
Had very near nothing to wear,
And when in the show
With her own bow
She's so good she makes us all stare.



Ash.

#### SQUAW GIGGLE-GIGGLE MILLER White Tribe

A young lady named Margaret Miller
In her shack was known as a filler
Of rest hours with alarms,
Incantations and charms,
Though she'd fool you to think no one's stiller.



SQUAW NEVER-DRESS-RIGHT BAER Blue Tribe

If you look for a girl always fair,
If you look for a girl always square,
And a corker at that
And a peach at the bat,
Why, you'll find that you've found Mary Baer.



# SQUAW BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT LIVINGOOD Blue Tribe

A new Third Shacker came this year.

If you know Elsa, you often hear,

"Is your submarine really a fake?"

"Oh, no," says Teacher, "It's now in the lake,
and if you wait it will sometime appear."



SQUAW GUESS-IF-GUESS-CAN BURKE Blue Tribe

Who's it that puts her hands over your eyes
And then in a funny deep voice cries,
"Guess if guess can,
Only I'm not a man!"
Why, it's Georgeanne! What a surprise!





Miss Cynthia H. Parrott

student demands. These included not only a lifting of the situniversity practice of issuing class rankings.

The scholastic ratings have been made available to draft

part of a bigger problem-the students' place in the university and how they are involved in its operations. Not all the students attending

the outdoor rally joined the sitin, however.

student council, urged the students to realize they already Werner Lindeman of Upper Ne had won a victory with the Montclair, N. J. Hatcher reaction. He said they

# Cynthia Parrott, 1965 Debutante. Plans Marriage

Former Briarcliff Girl Betrothed to Andrew Pierce MacNair

Special to The New York Times WASHINGTON, Nov. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Alexander Parrott of Washington and Fishers Island, N. Y., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Cynthia Holmes Parrott, to Andrew Pierce MacNair, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce MacNair of Washington.

Miss Parrott, a graduate of the Potomac School in McLean, Va., and the Hawthorne School in Washington, attended Briarcliff College. She was presented in ban but also an end to the last year at a dinner dance given by her parents and at the Washington Debutante Ball. Her grandparents are Mrs. Andrew Holmes Brown of New York boards when students grant and Fishers Island, the late Mr. 29 permission.

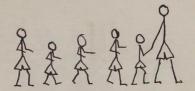
Mr. Robinson told newsmen the two specific issues were the two specific issues were treed, and the late Mrs. Parrott has bigger problem. of Marshall, Va.

Mr. MacNair, who was grad-en uated from St. Andrew's School M in Middletown, Del., is a sopho- M more at Princeton University. No His grandparents are the late L. Mrs. James Tilly Houghton and Bob Smith, a member of the the late Hugh Kirkman Prichitt, th both of New York, and Mrs.



#### CHIEF GALLOP-HORSE DUNHAM

Chief Dunham can certainly ride, But that's really just an aside, For Second Wigwam Can never go wrong While she in their shack does reside.



## CHIEF MEDICINE-MAN LEHR

A peach of a nurse is Chief Lehr.
When you need her she's always right there;
A cut, scratch or bite
She will soon make all right-We all thrive under her watchful care.







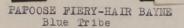


# PAPOOSE RAIN-IN-THE-FACE CONDIT Blue Tribe

Second Shack holds Papoose Kay May; She came to camp on a sunshiny day. When she looks at the rain

It's with a feeling of pai Outside of that she's quite gay





Kay May brought Papoose Fiery-Hair-(She's another who hails from Montclair)
"It's so hard," she once said,
"To comb snarls from my head
That I wish, how I wish, for straight hair!"





PAPOOSE IDA-WANNA SHANNON White Tribe

"Ida wanna! Ida wanna!" you can hear her say,
And that is M. F. Shannon, but that is just her way,
For when you see her try to swim
You'll know that she is sure to win
And rival Gertrude Ederle some day!





# PAPOOSE SOOKIE-SOOK-SOOK BAER White Tribe

There was a papoose, Sookie Baer,
Who at Jack games was always quite fair,
But it happened at night
She behaved like a fright,
But by dawn she was always quite there.



PAPOOSE RIDE-MUCH BAER Blue Tribe

The smallest in camp is our Bill
Who enters in games with a will.
He is Aggie's great pride,
And how he can ride-He's as straight as a soldier in drill.

HALT!

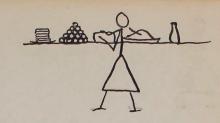


## SWAT-HOME-RUN MURRAY

Our Ag, though a nurse she may be, Is a camper to you and to me.
In baseball, oh, boy!
She fills us with joy-Such a whacking we never did see.







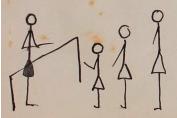
# CHIEF PLAN-GOOD-MEALS BIRGE

A counselor strong was Miss Birge.
As a worker she had a strong urge
For all kinds of food
Delicious and good.
When we talk about her we just
splurge.

# CHIEF SORT-THE -MAIL RAHM

In the store our Miss Rashm is just At taking a quiet but firm stand.
Says she to the candy line,
"Come on! Be a dandy line!"
But the noise that they make beats the







# CHIEF PAINT-ALL-THE-TIME STORR

Chief Storr is an artist, we see.
She painted an Indian tepee.
In leather work, too,
There's naught she can't do,
So here's to Chief Torie--whoopee!



"And this, dear Miss Dowd, is my motherless daughter Elsie."
There was a slight tremor in the tall man's deep voice and a momentary dew misted his eyes. With great self control, however,
Horace Dinsmore resumed mastery of himself and like the perfect
gentleman he was, smiled at Miss Dowd, a director of the summer
camp to which he was entrusting his little treasure--lovely, blueeyed Elsie Dinsmore.

Little Elsie, with a shy smirk, took the outstretched hand in her pink palms and murmured a bashful greeting. Miss Dowd smiled with delight at this fragile little flower and wondered inwardly

how soon she could start her corrective exercises.

Elsie Dinsmore, dear reader, in case you have not before followed her checkered career, was a girlish girl of some twelve summers (and winters, too, of course-that goes without saying for

the reader of intelligence.

"Ah, little Elsie," murmured Miss Dowd in dulcet tones, "I am indeed glad to welcome you to the fold of dear old Camp Runoia, which in the tongue of our red friends (she meant Indians, but was too romantic to give them this prosaic name) means Harmony. This is our motto, our aim, our be-all and end-all," and she sighed with inspiration.

Horace Dinsmore nodded appreciatively at this really charming little speech and drew Miss Dowd aside to converse with her on

such subjects as rubber boots, lollipops and the like.

Elsie, left to her own deveces, noted with mingled expectation and apprehension, a group of laughing nut brown maids who approached her with interested glances. Elsie, with the good old southern courtesy which Mammy Chloe had instilled in her, tried to muster a smile, but her heart quaked within her. Could it be that these were to be her companions for the summer? Why, two of them actually wore garments which—(Elsie knew this from a plumber, who had once visited the Dinsmore mansion)—were called overalls. And the other two were scarcely more feminine in apparell and—a blush mantled Elsie's little cheeks as the terrible fact penetrated her sensitive mind—their knees were brown and bare. Elsie could do naught but turn away while tears of embarrassment stung her eyes. Appealingly she turned to her dear papa, who had finished his talk with Miss Dowd. She crept closer to him and "Dear papa," she whispered, nestling her hand in his, "are who are these uncouth maidens?)

Horace Dinsmore started and withdrew his gaze from the path.
"Er--what?" he exclaimed, turning, almost with reluctance, it seemed,
to his little daughter. "Oh, those are--er--those must be some of

your fellow campers."

Bravely Elsie choked back the lump in her throat and tried, for

her beloved father's sake, to face the inevitable.

Horace Dinsmore seemed to sense his daughter's feeling, for he smiled at her lovingly. "Buxom lasses, are they not?" he murmured, looking at the girls again. "I hope, my little daughter, that this summer will bring the roses of youth to your cheeks and that you will return to the city a--er--a pale biege, at least, in colour.

And now, my darling, I really must leave you. I -- er -- I have an engagement with an old friend of mine at the Hotel. Come out to the car and bid me farewell."

Need I suggest to you, discriminating reader, the agony of that farewell? Elsie flung her arms about her father's neck and choked back the hot tears. "Good-bye, my dearest father," she whispered, "Do not forget your umbrella and rubbers when the weather is inclement, and pray, papa, rememeber to water the goldfish and feed the rubber plant daily."

"Good-bye, my little treasure, be good and be careful for my sake, I need say nothing more to you, for you have been raised as a girl should be," and with a last glance at the staring camp girls and a last fond kiss for little Elsie, Horace Dinsmore leaped into

the car and was gone.

The misery that flooded Elsie's tender heart is beyond my poor power to describe. Blindly she allowed herself to be led to her living quarters, where she flung herself on her bed and found relief in tears. She was well nigh tinsensible when Miss Dowd entered the room.

"Would you not like to go for a swim now, my dear?" questioned Miss Dowd in a motherly tone, "it may well be that you would like to remove some of the stains of travel."

Gallantly Elsie fought back the attack of vapors she relt coming on and sat up. "Ah, yes, dear Miss Dowd, that would indeed be most fortuitous" she murmured. She rose, opened the trunk which was devoted to her bathing garments and half an hour later descended to the beach, modestly garbed in a girlish suit of black denim, long of sleeve and leg. This was Elsie's pride and goy, and had she been of the boasting type, she would have told all of the fifteen of material it contained and the sixty-five pearl buttons which adorned it.

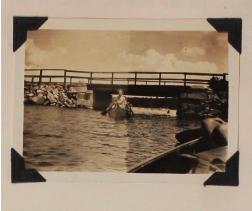
Picture, if you can, Elsie's horror on arriving at the beach to find several bathers, apparently with no sense of shame, cavorting around like young gazelles in brief one piece suits. Elsie turned her eyes from this dreadful scene and crept back to the shack without even washing her face -- a great hardship, as can well imagine, for our little Elsie.

The melodious note of the cowbell aroused our heroine and. pulling herself together with an effort and a pack strap, she made her way to the dining room. The first meal was an ordeal which Elsie will never forget. Fortunately, her seat was beside Dr. Arlitt, codirector with Miss Dowd, and this gracious gentlewoman did her best for the shy child, engaging her in conversation and refraining the children from throwing butter at her. However, the meal was punctuated with much raucous laughter and even loud yells, which, Elsie learned, were known ad cheers. Of course, like the little lady she was, Easie tried not to betray her horror and shame. However, it was with a feeling of relief that she rose from the table and again wended (or is it wound) her way to the shack. Again she flung herself on her bed and started to sob. She was aroused by a hand on her shoulder, a pillow on her hand, and a thump on her feet. "Come on, Else, we're going to play Truth and Consequences," yelled a trio of typical G.R. girls, and Elsie, while lamenting their uncouthness, was touched by their good fellowship. "I do not know how to play," she murmured bashfully, a pretty pink tinging her cheeks, "but I have

played tiddleywinks. Does it resemble that delightful sport?"
"Oh, yes, a great deal; come on," yelled the girls and Elsie
arose, wiped her eyes, blew her nowe and meekly followed the others
to learn the new game.

And now, dear reader, we will leave Elsie in this happier mood, and need we tell you that, as always, breeding triumphed and our Elsie was able to exert a great deal of influence over her fellow campers in the course of the summer?

I. Wood. Untno





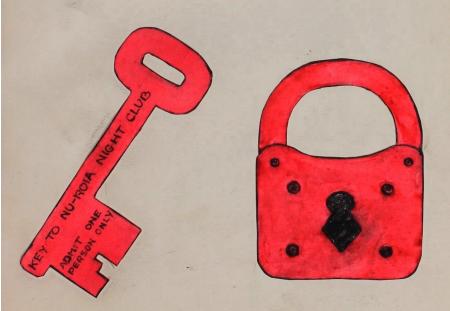


# OLD GIRLS' PARTY--JULY 5

We put our keys into the lock And entered the opened door; Inside we found, to our surprise, Colored tables about the floor. We seated ourselves and gazed around To catch the waiter's eye When a crash of drums and a loud, deep voice Set up this hue and cry: "A mammoth floor show we will stage. With famous revues from all the land. And if you like our show tonight Please signify by clap of hand!" There followed then in fast array Revue upon revue Before we realized how fast The night was going through. But someone else had not forgot, For soon upon the door A loud commanding knock was heard--"Police! Police!" --- no more.

The lights went out—a shot was heard,
And through the apalling noise and din
The police lieutenant's voice rang out:
"HANDS UP! DELIVER UP YOUR GIN.'"
With soher face and air of gloom
We slowly filed from out the room,
But anyway we had our fun
Before the raiding was begun!

D. Groom



# SECOND SHACK IN COUNSELORS' COFFEE

A Play in One Act

# Dramatis Personae

Annie Senior
Kay May Condit
Mary Frances Shannon
Joan Bayne
Billy Baer
Susy Baer
Georgeanne Burke

ACT ONE

Scene One

Place -- Second Shack Hall

Time -- After dinner

Georgeanne: Please, please sit in my room.

Joan and Kay May (interrupting): No, come in our room.

Everyone: Aw, you know me, sit in my room.

Senior: Eeeny, meeny, miny, mom--

Mary Frances: Do potatoes instead.

Kay May: Oh, be quiet, Mary Frances.

Mary Frances: No, I won't.

Senior: Shh! I'll sit in Aggie's room. (She sits on

the bed and all Second Shack pile on top)

Second Shack (in chorus): I want to sit next to her.

I was here first. (The strongest obtain desirable

positions, according to their ideas of personal comfort)

Kay May: Tell us a story with lots of blood and

daggers and robbers and ghosts.

Senior: Once upon a time --

Mary Frances: I don't want a fairy story.

Kay May: Oh, be quiet, Mary Frances. (Mary Frances

subsides and the senior continues)

Senior: There lived in the middle of a dark and dismal forest--

Billy: Oh, I dreamed I was in an airplane and I jumped out and landed in a tree.

Susie: Shh, tell it later.

Senior: An old man with his two daughters --

Mary Frances: Are you making up your story? Malt always does.

Senior: No, this one isn't original.

Susie: Is it true? I like true ones best.

Senior: No, this isn't true either.

Susie: Mary Frances, will you play jacks with me?

Kay May: No, that isn't fair. You said you'd play with me.

Senior (rather exasperated): Well, are you going to listen to the story or play jacks?

Georgeanne: Oh, will you play jacks with me?

CURTAIN

Chloe Brokaw

#### A FREE SHOW

All of a sudden the sky grew black And a powerful gust of wind shook the shack. We all rushed down to the mad lake's shore While the rain in torrents began to pour. To a rocking float clung water-soaked girls While the huge waves beat over their flowing curls; After being tossed wildly around They finally arrived on the firm wet ground. In the midst of the swell the float came untied And upon the sea in freedom did ride. Some one must brave the deep in the boat --Boy! They had some struggle to set her afloat. Miss Thayer got in and was follwed by Sue. Who entered the thing by a method quite new: Stomach first, legs kicking high in the air, Which made us laugh, almost capsizing Miss Thayer. With one frantic lurch the lake gushed from Sue's boots While we watched with merriment their droll pursuit. The float safely anchored, they pulled toward the shore, Ne'er having had quite such a good bath before. The storm passed over and left all serene --The best show for nothing that I'd ever seen.

Catharine Hitchcock

#### THE TRIP TO MOUNT PHILIP

The day the trips to Messalonskee and Meadowbrook started out, camp--or what was left of it--went to Mount Philip. Fifth Shack paddled in the war cance and the Juniors went in the bus. Miss MacDougall took some riders also.

Most of us had a hard time climbing up, as we were so attracted by the raspberry bushes along the way. The last part was the hardest as it was almost perpendicular, and there were many grunts and groans from the campers as they struggled up. The scenery was beautiful from the top, as we could see the whole of Hoyt's Island and camp.

Almost as soon as we had reached the top it was time for the ones who were paddling in the war cance to start back, so everyone else went too.

On the way down Miss Dowd made us file past her like convicts while she took pictures of us. When we reached the bottom we all had a drink of water and then started home.

M. A. Groom

#### JUNIOR SWIM

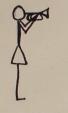
All Juniors arrive down at the beach fifteen minutes before swimming time and crowd on the dock for sunbaths. Five minutes later someone cries out, "Isn't it time for swimming yet?"

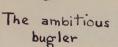
"No! Ten more minutes." Finally comes the welcome sound of "Juniors in."

Then, with a splash, everybody's in. After half an hour of fine swimming the sound of Miss Dowd's voice says, "Juniors out." No one pays the least attention. "Juniors out." Still no attention. "Juniors out or no swim tomorrow." A dash for the shore, and thus ends a perfect swim.

Jane Baehr

# THE QUIET HALF-HOUR AFTER SWIMMING



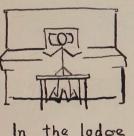




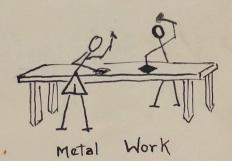
Three in every shack



The trumpeter



the lodge



The dinner bell Finis

#### NEW GIRLS' PARTY

Let's all of us go on a sail tonight,
The boat leaves right away.
We won't see a whale or even a shark
Though we sail till break of day.

You'll all get your passports as you go in-No need to worry, you see. The programs will be in the shape of a boat Afloat on a brown paper sea.

The sailors will dance all night for you While sitting beneath the moon.

Then Second Shack rows the rowboat in And sings you a nautical tune.

We all will do water sports on the dry land

And then the mermaid will sing

While the cook and the sailor man dance on the deck-
This stunt is the funniest thing.

Two sailors will do us a hornpipe, I'm sure and then we will have some food;

And now we must all get off of the boat-Oh, boy, this party was good!

Emily Laffoon



#### REST HOUR IN FOURTH SHACK .

"Everybody on her bed."

Half an hour after Miss Boyle has said this she adds, "Rest hour hasn't begun and it won't begin until everyone is quiet."

"Katchococococo, "---Yes, that was Colby.

"That was quite unnecessary, Colby."

"Oh, Colby, stop it," yells Rhoda.

"I couldn't help it -- I have to sneeze."

"Sh, sh, I tell you rest hour won't begin until you are all quiet."

Silence for about three seconds.

"Katchoooooooo, "--Colby again.

"Colby, that is the second time. Once more and you'll have to go to Miss Lehr." Miss Boyle says this almost every rest hour.

"Oh, but I haven't a cold -- that's only hay fever.
Katchooooo."

"Golby, after rest hour will you please go to Miss

"Oh, gee, Miss Boyle, that's only hay fever. I won't do it again, honest. I promise. Katchooooo."

"Hum, hum," this coming from Babs.

Miss Boyle sits herself in the hall. Pretty soon a string is stretched across from Ann's to Kitty's room. Miss Boyle lifts her head up from writing a letter. "What's that?"

Ann Baer pipes up, "Oh, it's only a line to hang bathing suits on."

Miss Boyle goes on writing. Kitty writes a note, puts it in an envelope and starts pulling the string.

As it hits Ann's end it bumps on a beam and a very rattly sound is head.

Miss Boyle--"Ann, I think it's a very good idea to put a bathing suit line up, only you shouldn't let it sag in the middle so. Remember, girls, rest hour hasn't begun yet."

The whistle blows, a chorus of "Whoopeee" is shouted. Rest hour hasn't begun yet, but it's over and Shack Four goes out to play basketball.

Nancy Fiske

#### FIFTH SHACK PARTY

On Saturday, the nineteenth, that gorgeous day in July, the closing exercises of the school at Perkins Corner, that most excellent township, were held. Multitudinous families and friends were present, dressed in their Sunday best, and the superintendent, Mr. Fullergerwi, a most noble man, was also there to lend assistance to our cordial hostess, Miss Antebellum.

Each scholar took part in the ceremony and all did most excellently, but the star pupil, Mary Jane Diefendora, outshone all her classmates. She not only recited, but sang and played as well, and everything was done with the utmost skill and care. Among the other items on the program was a recitation by Ebenezer Pentley of "Barbara Frietchie", that well-known poem, which was rendered very dramatically. These are but two very excellent examples of the many fine numbers on the program.

And last, but far from least, on this delightful program was the presentation of the diplomas to the graduating class. Mr. Fullergerun conferred these great honors on the class and also spoke a few words which

expressed his unbounded delight and manifest joy in thus honoring the one graduate, Sonny Weinstein.

This great event has proved to us that the younger generation are entirely worthy of their eminent fathers and mothers.

J. Lester











#### MOUNT BLUE TRIP

Bump, bump, bump, the girls are riding Swiftly onward toward Mount Blue. From here it looks quite low, But when you get there---oh! That's a different story we are telling you.

Up, up, up the girls are toiling--Look out, boys, put on your shirts--With many a hald and stop We finally reach the top And the view up there is certainly the nuts.

Down, down, down the girls are tearing--Cheer up, Teacher, here we come! With many a slip and slide We descend the mountain side--If you try to beat is you'll be going some.

Sh, sh, sh, the camp is sleeping
While we all are chewing fast
On the Sandy River shore-We just gobble more and more,
And how we wish that this would always last.

# FOURTH SHACK PARTY Told by the Puppets

"I can tell you I was scared when I had to go on the stage with little Willie," said Percy the same night as the Fourth Shack Party, after everybody had retired.

"Well," said Peter, "I didn't know what to do when Peterette forgot to twirl in our dance. But she did it the second time. Of all things I didn't expect it was an encore!"

"Ugh, ugh," said big Chief Eagle Face, "I hope me yelle was wilde."

"Oh, Billie, dear, I am so glad you weren't really killed. I don't know what I would do without you." This from Little Bess.

"Now, Willie, be quiet and go to sleep. It is too late for you to be up," said Percy as he walked over to Willie.

"Psss, Pss, Psss," whispered Willie.

"Why, Willie, you can't. I don't think there is any left."

"I won't go to sleep."

"You'll have to."

"I won't."

"All right then, go ahead, but try not to fall in the ice cream freezer trying to get it.

"I hope it's chocolate ice cream--I like it better," cried Willie as he slammed the door.

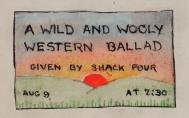
"And now, to go back to the play," continued Billie,
"I almost fell out of the saddle I swayed so after I was.
shot. The shot scared me so."

"I am afraid Willie and I will never be camp cheer leaders," murmured Percy.

"Mmmmmm, that ice cream was good," said Willie as he came in--"chocolate and vanilla in little cups with spoons to match. Well, now let's go to sleep."

And very soon all the puppets were sleeping soundly, all quiet except for an occasional snore from Percy.

R. Loutrel



#### THE JACKS TOURNAMENT

While the braves were out testing their strength the squaws decided to have a tournament amoung themselves. Jacks was the chosen subject. The central wigwam was the squaws' usual gathering place. They met this time to play jacks around the blazing campfire. Many of the papooses also joined the squaws in their game and played exceedingly well.

The contest was close, but in the end Squaw Kitty Chubb forged ahead to win the title "The Squaw of Jacks" over Squaw Colby Cleveland.

R. Lester and J. Baehr



#### HEAP BIG POW-WOW

The week of July 21st brought us the heap big Sport Week Pow-wow. Both tribes, from braves to papooses, entered in the big feat. During this eventful week the following sports were entered with competition between the two tribes, Blues and Whites.

First, the braves took part in the swimming. The shore was crowded with squaws, chiefs and papooses, cheering and yelling their various cries as the contestants took their places in the water to get ready for the big races. The places in the braves' swimming events were as follows:

|      | Front Swim | Back Swim |
|------|------------|-----------|
| 1st: | Maltby     | Hitchcock |
| 2nd: | S. King    | Maltby    |
| 3rd: | Hitchcock  | S. King   |

After the braves, the next contestants were the

squaws. The places were:

| Back Swim                   |
|-----------------------------|
| Chubb<br>P. King<br>A. Baer |
| H. Daer                     |
|                             |

The result of the braves' diving was indeed a triumph for the Blue Tribe. The results were as follows:

1st: S. King 2nd: Brown 3rd: Larter







Due to the tie for first place in the squaws' diving, no second place was given, the results being:

1st: Chubb and Miller

3rd: R. Lester

Next came braves' basketball. The Whites won the first two games of the series, making the third unnecessary.

Braves' baseball was also a victory for the White Tribe, the score being 36 to 12.

Again to the water sports--cance doubles and crews. In the braves' doubles the Blue Tribe was victorious over the White, first place going to

Hitchcock and Larter.

In the crew the White Tribe tried to even the score by coming in first with

Thayer, Atwater, Converse and Laffoon.

The next event brought us out to the track field.

Broad Jump Running Broad

The results of the braves' events were as follows:

High Jump

| lst:<br>2nd:<br>3rd: | Lawson<br>(Tie) Fales & Brown | Larter                           | Atwater<br>Laffoon<br>Hitchcock |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
|                      | Hop, Step & Jump B            | asketball Throw                  | Baseball Throw                  |
| lst:<br>2nd:<br>3rd: | Atwater<br>Brown<br>Laffoon   | Larter<br>Richardson<br>D. Groom | Richardson<br>Larter<br>Thayer  |



Squaws' events and places at the track field were as follows:

| High Jump |                  | Broad Jump | Running Broad |  |
|-----------|------------------|------------|---------------|--|
| st:       | Chubb            | Chubb      | Chubb         |  |
| nd:       | (Tie) Fiske & M. | A. Baer    | Fiske         |  |
| rd:       | Baer             | Fiske      | P. King       |  |

Hop, Step & Jump Basketball Throw Baseball Throw

lst: Fiske 2nd: R. Lester 3rd: A. Baer

## POW-WOW TOURNAMENTS

The braves competed in tennis while the squaws engaged in a new tournament game -- jacks.

In the tennis tournament, both runner-up and winner were of the White Tribe.

Winner: Richardson Runner-Up: Thayer

In jacks, both the runner-up and winner were Blues.

Winner: Chubb

Runner-Up: Cleveland

The results of the heap big Pow-wow were in favor of the Blue Tribe, the final score being 141 to 101.

R. Maltby

## THIRD SHACK PARTY

We backwards came

To play some games

At Third Shack's jamboree.

We backwards skipped;

We backwards hopped,

As happy as could be.

The counselors' spelling match was fun,

The words spelled backwards -- see?

But don't think us a backward camp,

'Cause this was Third Shack's spree!

E. Laffoon

BACKWARD PARTY
GIVEN BY
THIRD SHACK

WEAR YOUR CLOTHES BACKWARDS

#### MESSALONSKEE

And what a time we had! We started from Runoia's dock in the morning and paddled to Belgrade Lakes.

When we arrived we met Merriweather at the dock. We carried over our canoes and on our way back to get our last canoe we bumped into two Merriweather boys carrying it over to Long Lake for us, and with the greatest ease possible.

- Did we eat much? I'll say we did. But being big sensible girls we put a limit to our appetites. Teacher bought enough supplies to feed an army.

After arriving at our camping place, way at the fartherest end of Long Lake, we unloaded. And I'd better mention that we made use of Teacher's supplies.

After lunch, while Teacher, and Sue went fishing for whales, the sensible ones went in quest of Belgrade Stream. When we came back Sue informed us that they had caught twenty-three fish but had had to throw back eighteen. "Tough luck," was our only reply. But we enjoyed the other five fish anyhow for supper that night.

The next day we started for Belgrade Stream to Belgrade, where Olan was to meet us. We paddled and



paddled, until we hit a saw mill dam. We had to carry over this, and then we went on and paddled and paddled some more until we hit a high wind, then rain. But soon we sighted a Socony sign which informed us that we were nearing Belgrade. We walked up to a store and Sue called up Olan and he soon met us. After piling in wet packs etc., we started home. As usual on our way home we made up the trip song about the Messalonskee trip, which wasn't really a Messalonskee trip, but that's what they call it.

R. Maltby

## SIXTH SHACK PARTY -- A Play Entitled "Shall we Join the Ladies?"

True to form, Sixth Shack decided to give their party at the end of the week during which they were all to be away on trips. Consequently they chose a play, as it takes extensive memorizing and intensive rehearsing. When the trippers got back we had the vague impression that the plot of the play revolved about a certain Mr. Smith.—Sam Smith, to be exact. Perhaps we got that impression from an oft-repeated phrase, "Sorry, Sam Smith."

It seems that S. S. (Sam Smith) had a brother who was murdered and S. S. was playing detective to ferret out the murderer. The possible guilty were narrowed down to twelve people, all of whom S. S. had gathered together for a houseparty, supposedly. During the course of a dinner together Sue, in the character of Sam Smith, convincingly revealed the motive of his hospitality. By gathering all the guilty together and accusing them he hoped to find enough evidence to name the murderer of his brother. Naturally, everyone tried to ve very casual and innocent in the subsequent conversation, but incriminating statements would



creep out. Mrs. Preen (otherwise known as Dot Groom) even fainted. A very bad sign!

How to tell who was the true murderer when each individual appeared guilty? Barrie, who wrote "Shall We Join the Ladies?", always left his audience guessing the answer, but Sixth Shack wanted us to go home with a finished feeling. We were invited to decide on the villain and his motive before the second act revealed Sixth Shack's solution. As some had guessed, Jane Lester proved to be the heartless murderer. Probably Jane didn't want to do it but she was taking the part of Lady Jane Wraye, who had put poison in S. Smith's cup of coffee—therefore, she looked guilty. Her cousin Con, in the role of Captain Jennings, wouldn't believe his fiancee could do such a dastardly underhanded trick, so he seized the poisoned cup and drained it. He died and she fainted, which simply goes to prove doubly that she was the murderer.

Thus the evening ended on a happy note and we all departed at a late hour, voting Sixth Shack as very able actors and royal entertainers.

#### THIRD SHACK TRIP SONG

(Tune -- "Jingle Bells" and "Bingo")

Here we go, here we go,
In our packed cance.
We had such a happy time-Wish you'd had one too.
Shooting stars, northern lights and a campfire
bright
Weren't enough to keep us all
From sleeping through the night.

(Chorus) E--C--H--O Echo, E--C--H--O Echo E--C--H--O Echo C--O--V--E Cove

#### A NONSENSE NOVEL

(with apologies to Stephen Leacock)

I came late.

I rode into camp when they were playing baseball.

Everyone immediately hit a home run and on the way around the bases ran up to say hello to me.

I felt flattered. I felt popular.

And needless to say, a little dazed. Nevertheless, I quickly took a stiff drink of water and became again the perfect campfire girl. And just then, around the corner came Bobs, all dressed up and—going to the hotel. I remember thinking that those Harper boys were pretty lucky, but I quickly took a stiff drink of water and became again the perfect campfire girl.

Then came a wild snorting from the lake.

It sounded like a motor boat.

I looked around.

It was. The name on the side said "The Baby Whale."

At my side Andy, our little flower, was blushing

unseen (?). I started to ask an embarrassing question, but I quickly took a stiff drink of water and became the perfect campfire girl.

Then, just as I was beginning to feel at home, suddenly--like a bolt from the blue--came a hustling form which felled me where I stood.

This much I knew. It must have been someone in an awful hurry who had not seen me until too late.

I had a suspicion.

I looked up -- it was Dorothy Converse.

I thought I had heard the first cow bell!

But I quickly took a stiff drink of water and became again the perfect campfire girl.

After dinner, the coast being clear, I was just about to slip under the dining-room porch to hear counselors' coffee when someone tapped me gently on the shoulder.

I looked around.

It was Olan's son.

She wanted to introduce me to a lovely young thing, dressed in elaborate clothes, whose name, I think she said, was "little Ruthie."

I really was overcome, but I quickly took a stiff drink of water and became again the perfect campfire girl.

After rest hour I started up the path to try out some new fox passes in basketball.

Someone hailed me from afar. I rushed up to the Lodge. There stood Teacher with a brook trout.

It looked to me about three feet long.

But--I quickly took a stiff drink of water and became again, and for the last time, the perfect campfire girl.

U. B. Imbarest











#### FIRST ECHO LAKE TRIP

With a loud bang we were at last off on first Echo. There had been much debating as to whether it was too windy and whether it was going to rain, but finally we had won and were on our way. We started off in the bus, happy and expectant, though hemmed in by canoes and packs. Olan left us at the store on East Pond, and as we were starting back to the canoes someone asked us if we were Camp Somerset. This was the first of many times to come.

We pushed the canoes off into East Pond and slowly fought our way to the other end where we stopped for lunch. All of a sudden, while eating first Sue and then Miss Thayer dashed down the bank and jumped into a canoe. After a few minutes they came back with a canoe that had drifted away.

When lunch had been finished and Sue's purse had been found as the result of much hunting, we left the now calm lake for Smithfield Stream. After winding in and out among the reeds we reached Smithfield. We first carried the canoes over a dam and then went to buy the town out.







When our fill had been eaten and we had been taken for Camp Somerset again, we went up to Flora's and were disappointed to find she had no bandanas. Then we paddled across North Pond to Echo Lake, where we found the best camping place rented for the summer by our old friend, Camp Somerset. Much as we would have liked to stay there, we went to the only other camping place, and soon after we were settled along came Camp Kennebec looking for a camping place. T. B. for them, as Malt would say. The night was uneventful except for poor Gustavus, the buried corpse on whom Miss Thayer, Sue and Andy slept.

The next morning we went down Meadowbrook Stream, and even though Andy and Sue did chase all the turtles and birds away we all had a great time. We spent the second night on Great Pond at the mouth of Meadowbrook among the mosquitoes, and next morning paddled home to chicken and ice cream, having been taken for Camp Somerset only five times.

Jane Lester

### HOYT'S TRIP

Blow, wind, blow with all your might
And make the waves so high, the white caps white
Blow up the lake until the gale will roar
So we can never, never leave the island's shore.

Blwo, wind, blow with a 1 your might

And make the waves so high, the white caps white

So we will have to stay another night

Upon our trip at Hoyt's.

SMOOTH SKIN Jant loveliness satisfaction-Power Knowledge. SWEETHEART facts RECOGNITION Riches Service Foot: Eas

I hat true troubles pyorrhea. Crooked Heels rejudice annoyance stout conscience, care

#### TRIP TO CAMP MERRIWEATHER

On Wednesday afternoon half of Fifth Shack shoved off for an over-night trip to a camping ground near Camp Merriweather.

The prospects did not look very pleasing, for the lake was covered with whitecaps. It was rough enough in the cove, but when we left that zone of safety and comfort we were nearly capsized.

The counselors, however, got the worst of it.

They were in a light Kennebec which rocked dangerously from side to side.

We passed near Oak Island, where the counselors debated upon the advisability of spending the night. This suggestion was met with violent protests. Consequently, we headed for Camp Merriweather.

At Merriweather we were directed to our camping ground, where we were met by Mr. Richards, who kindly helped us shift our heavily laden canoes up the steep bank.

We congratulated ourselved in having left nothing behind but the butter and Miss MacDougall's cucumbers. Butter was purchased from the camp, but cucumbers we were not able to replace.

Except for this unfortunate incident things flowed smoothly enough until Susie's sneaker fell into the fire and was partially exterminated.

Hot cocoa and cookies after our dip hit us in the right spot. Phyllis consumed so great a quantity of marshmallows that she was unable to fit into her narrow bed and spent the majority of the night in a sitting position.

After breakfast the counselors took us on a long hike. It was impossible for Susie to go because of the unfortunate accident that occurred to her shoe on the previous night. Jean stayed behind to keep her roomate company.

The lake had calmed to such an extent that the return trip was very brief and we were soon back again in Camp Runoia.

C. A. Brokaw Jean Joers

#### ECHO LAKE TRIP SONG

(Tune -- "The Animals are Comin'")

Come, my brothers an' sisters, too, List to the tale we tell to you. The Echo Trip has done been out, and now we're back we're all gonna shout: "Hurray, hurray, hurray for the Echo Trip!" Can old Olan drive that bus? He drove so fast he joggled us.

The trippers are comin' one by one--We stopped at Smithfield. Boy, what fun!

The trippers are comin' two by two, Wondering what we were coming to.

The trippers are comin' three by three-Our cabin "The Hemlocks" you should see.

The trippers are comin' four by four--We laughed and we laughed as we gazed in the door.

The trippers are comin' five by five-Thus the trippers did arrive.

Hurray, hurray, hurray for the Echo Trip.

The trippers are comin' six by six--Mary's Al the fire did fix.

The trippers are comin' seven by seven--Susie and the onions smelled to heaven.

The trippers are comin' eight by eight-There we were without a grate.

The trippers are comin' nine by nine--Albert's grate fixed us up fine. The trippers are comin' ten by ten--What do you think happened then?

Next morning we awoke and found That it was raining all around. Two good meals at a table we ate With linen napkins and china plate. And now that we are home again, We want to say just this--"Amen."



#### MEADOWBROOK TRIP

"Oh, Miss Thayer has her feet in the water as usual!" "Hold it!" "There goes Bobs all the way in!" These are a few of the things you would have heard if you had been with part of Sixth Shack as we tried to approach Otter Island. After about three quarters of an hour of hard struggling we finally pulled the canoes over the rocks. We were all soaked to the skin by the time we finished and ready for a good hot fire. At last the fire was made and we cooked enough food for twenty-five people. There were only eight on the trip.

The lake was getting quite rough, so of course we wanted to get started for our camping place, which was at the mouth of Meadowbrook Stream. The camping place was a sandy beach. Therefore, the swimming was good. After a long swim we started to cook dinner. After Miss Kennedy put the cocoa on four times and California dropped six pieces of toast in the fire, we started eating. Gee, but it was good—it had everything a trip supper should have. We talked around the fire for a long time, meanwhile consuming a pound of marsh—mallows.

After being serenaded by the mosquitoes all night we awoke (?) the next morning and ate a hearty breakfast. Then we launched the canoes and paddled a long way down the stream. With the exception of sticking on bottom a few times, everything went very smoothly. When we got back to our camping place it started to rain, so we packed the canoes and started back to camp. On our arrival at camp we all agreed that it had been one of the best trips we'd ever taken.

Carol Atwater

# A RUNOIA DAY IN FOURTH SHACK

- 7.15: Reveille

  Piglet: "Whoopee, Ann, Ann. Ann, wake up. Ann!"

  From distant shacks sounds of awakening are heard.
- 7.30: Rhoda and Kitty begin to wake up.
- 7.45: "Rhoda, Itll beat you getting dressed." Hurried sounds of dressing.
- 7.50: Cowbell
  "Oh, my hair isn't combed and I can't find my sweater!"
- 7.55: "Fall in, fall in, fall in," and Billy stops, out of breath. "'Tention! Dress Right! Pledge 'legiance!"
  And so on.
- 8.00: Breakfast.
- 8.30: "Where's that broom I had in my room?"
- 9.15: Correctives. "Miss Dowd, am I in the graduating class?"
- 9330: Assembly and a general yell for different songs.
- 9.45: Baseball, basketball, craft or dancing.
- ll.00: Junior swim, Senior dip. "Miss Dowd, isn't it Fourth
  Shack's turn at the float?"
- 11.20: "Juniors sout. Seniors in." No response.

- 11.22: "Juniors out." No response.
- 11.25: "Juniors out for the last time, or no dip this afternoon. I'll give you till I count five.

  One--Two--Three--Four--" Ah, all out!
- 12.30: Dinner.
- 1.30: Counselors' Coffee.
- 2.00: All on beds. Sucks of lollipops and "Oh, gee" are what are heard.
- 3.00: Whistle, and rest hour is over.
- 3.00: Craft, dancing, baseball or basketball.
- 4.00: Senior swim, Junior dip.
- 5.30: "Miss Rahm, didn't I get some mail? I'm expecting a package."

Miss Rahm: "Wait till 5.45."

- 5.45: "Miss Rahm, Fifth Shack first." "No, Third Shack" etc. etc.
- 6.00: Supper.
- 6.30: "Let's play Run, Sheep, Run."
  "All right."
- 8.30: Juniors go to crackers and milk and then to their respective shacks.

8.45: Fourth Sahck is read to.

9.00: Bed. "Aw, gee, one more chapter."
"All right."

9.15: "Now, hustle, everybody." And everybody is in bed-her own or someone else's.

9.20: Taps

9.30: Piglet goes to Pix.

Kitty Chubb

# RECEIPE FOR A PERFECT CAMP GIRL By Colby Cleveland and Rhoda Lester

| Measurements   | Ingredients                             |
|----------------|---|
| 3 tablespoons  | Malt's good nature                      |
| 1/8 cup        | Jane Lester's musical ability           |
| 3 quarts       | Susie King's ability in sports          |
| 2 tablespoons  | Piglet's cheerfulness and               |
| teaspoon       | Doris' freckles                         |
| 1/3 cup        | Sue's art talent                        |
| 3 pints        | Dot Groom's quietness                   |
| 1 pinch        | Colby's "Little Willie" stories         |
| 2/3 teaspoon   | Miss Thayer's wet feet                  |
| 3/8 tablespoon | Elsie's good sportsmanship              |
| ½ cup          | California's strength                   |
| 3 cups         | Andy's helpfulness and willing-<br>ness |
| 1/16 teaspoon  | Rhoda's good humor                      |

Mix thoroughly and put in the sun to bake for three

hours.

Take out and wash thoroughly in the lake.

Dry and add everybody's good time at Camp Runoia.







Fourth shack trip was wonderful as all trips are. Strange as it may seem, we paddled and cooked and ate and slept and cooked and ate and paddled again. But that's leaving out all the things this trip was unusual for. In the first place, they sent Andy and Sue and Chloe with us to help the counselors, but I don't see why they did because everyone knows the Seniors eat twice as much and make three times as much noise as the Jundors do. Then Sue finded the ones in the war canoe paddle about five miles too far, but she didn't seem particularly sorn—she would have been if she'd had to paddle all that way.

Well, when the war canoe finally got back to the camping place and everything was unloaded, Chloe and Andy helped us make our beds, but they made more fuss over where and how they should sleep

than we did.

The counselors and Seniors cooked supper while we made toast, but Miss Kennedy spilled half the eggs and Miss Thayer burned all her toast and we all had to pretend how much we'd had to eat when

we really could have eaten a lot more.

After Piglet had washed the dishes we all got in our pajamas and toasted marshmallows only most of us didn't have many because Colby toasted half of them for Andy. Then we played truth and consequences because everybode expects you to on trips, but we all talked at once so I didn't find out what they talk about at counselors coffee like I wanted to.

I didn't sleep very well that night on account of the bumps and the way my feet stuck out the hottom and the way everybody kicked me and giggled and talked but Rhoda said I shouldn't expect

to sleep on trips anyhow.

When the next morning finally came Miss Thayer said "Everybody up!" but I guess she must have been trying to be sarcastic because

all! of us axcept the counselors had been up for hours.

After a breakfast consisting only of leathery pancakes, we paddled home again and I've never felt so dirty and messy in my life, but I have to say we had fun because everybody's supposed to have a good time on trips.

IMA DUM TRIPPER













If there's one thing Runoia girls like better than another, it's trips, and while there may be many Hoyt's and there are two Echos, there is only one Sandy River. Which is but a preliminary to the statement that those of us who participated in the Sandy River trip of 1930 -- namely Teacher, Miss Dowd, Miss Thayer, Sue, Andy, Malt, Dot, and Jane -- started off in high feather one Monday morning in August. Like all good canoe trips, this one started in the bus. We were given a send off worthy of Commander. Byrd -- and faintly reminiscent of his expedition was some of the good advice profferred -- namely, to take our skates, red flannels and other Arctic impedimenta. Fifth Shack even donated a gift "To be opened when Sandy freezes over." Honesty compels me to admit that we opened it in the bus before we'd even laid eyes on Sandy, which is probably what Fifth Shack, knowing us as they do, expected. Anyhow, it was a lovely gift and we enjoyed it -- especially the soap.

Well, at last we reached the river and bore our burdens over the rocks to the narrow strip of water. As my friend W. Shakespeare said so many years ago, "What's in a name"? Whoever named Sandy River had a swell sense of humor. Rocks, yes, millions of them--mud, plenty of it--but sand, only in the food. So if you imagine Sandy River as a smooth, serene stream--forget it. Picture, rather, a roaring, rocky, rapidy river, so shallow that we spent the first two days more in hiking than in paddling.

Have you ever shot rapids? It's a grand feeling, especially when you go tearing by someone else who is heaving her canoe laboriously over rocks which you manage to dodge. There's nothing,

in fact, more condusive to smugness.

Our first two days were spent in shooting rapids, dragging canoes over rocks, and--for a very small fraction of the time--paddling. Swimming the rapids proved a thrilling though hazardous sport. Ask Jane. She can tell you about that. Our first night was spent in a lovely pine grove and our second in a grassy field. Nothing like variety.

You saw the ice box we started out with and you've probably heard about what we ate. So I'll let that pass, merely remarking that we had everything a tripper--or anyone else, for that matter-could desire in the way of food, including that rare delicacy, brook trout, which our astute angler, Teacher, succeeded in angling.

In fact, as I look back over those first two days, I can recall only two drawbacks. One was the awful puns made by Andy and the second the worse ones made by Sue. But then, you can't have everything perfect and I suppose it might have been worse--though it's hard to see how.

On the morning of the third day, after we'd been inspected at dawn by a rustic lass who was afraid we wouldn't get up in time and who was scared off by Sue's before-breakfast appearance, and after we'd purchased three dozen ears of corn for twenty-five cents from a farmer and given the neighboring countryside a great treat, we started off on the last hap of Sandy. Just before noon we came to a dam, around which we had to carry the cances. And what a carry!! Up a sheer, bushy bank and down a terrible, overgrown hill. We organized a bucket brigade and had a beautiful system worked out by

the time we were through.









Sandy River was now comprised more of mudbanks than anything else, and our days of wading and shooting seemed to be over. Shortly after lunch we reached the Kennebec, a wider, slower, less exciting river than Sandy. We sent Sue and Andy for more food while the rest of us looked for a camping place. We found a swell one-right on a shore so muddy you sank about two feet and up a young mountain with a most unattractive carcass on top. Sounds awful, but we got the old bucket brigade working again and all was well. In fact, Malt and Jane and Miss Thayer had a grand time throwing tin cans and coffee pots and whatnots at each other. Miss Dowd, meanwhile, was getting organized. Teacher had taken Dot fishing, as Miss Dowd was insistent that Dot go at least once to get her \$3.15 worth. Dot didn't catch a thing, but anyhow she's been fishing now, so that's all right.

Sue and Andy finally returned, bearing soupy ice cream, yards and yards of hot dogs and excited talk of Indian relics. We could hardly hold Andy down long enough to eat supper, so impressed was she with the Indian monument., but when the corn appeared she finally subsided somewhat. After a night's futile efforts we finally lured Teacher into a game of T. and C. so the trip wasn't a total loss by

any means.

We awoke next morning drenched with dew--but no rain. We arose at the crack of dawn--at least it seemed that way and had breakfast, threw things down the hill at each other, and were off. In almost no time at all we were at Norridgewock, where again we provided a free show for the villagers. After cruising around a bit we found a landing place in some one's back yard. We were just starting to unload when Olan and the bus drowe up. In an incredibly short time we were starting for home in the bus, and as each mile was torn off a new trip song was produced--words and tune guaranteed original.

Words fail us when we begin to tell what a WONDERFUL time we had, and when we begin to try to thank Miss Dowd and Teacher. Anyhow, everyone knows what a swell trip it was so why say any more?

Miss Thayer

# Masquerade

On the night of Runoia's annual masquerade the campers were entertained by two guests whose fame had spread before them at Runoia. Despite the late hour, Elsie Dinsmore favored us with her presence. She came, of course, accompanied by her dear papa.

Among other notable guests were Gallant Fox and a camel. The washwoman was there with her daughter, while the human clothesline was very original. Everyone had a grand time, and all declared that no other single masquerade had offered as many varied and original costumes.

## Prizes



Elsie Dinsmore and dear Papa-E. Laffoon and D. Groom
Washwoman's daughter-M. Baer
Human clothesline-J. Joers and S. King
Cousin Colgate-Flackie
Susie and Billy Baer-Billy and Susie
Pooh and Pight - Rhoda Lester and P. King
Andy Thayer

|        | NAME _            | NICKNAME                     | NOTED FOR                  | ABOMINATION  | OCCUPATION                                   | ASPIRATION                            | FAILING                                   | SAYING                      |
|--------|-------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------|--|--|---------------------------------------|---|-----------------------------|
|        | r. A. H<br>Arlitt | Teacher                      | Long<br>stockings          | Clothing in food   | Fishing                                      | To catch more fish                    | Fishing rod                               | Curtainst                   |
| D      | r. C. E<br>Dowd   | Con,<br>C. D.                | Panama                     | Asking for mail  | Taking not-<br>so-hot divers<br>to the float | To have every one swim in form        | Maps to cover<br>dining room<br>walls     | Ask Teacher                 |
| G      | . Fales           | Grocky                       | Questions                  | Hitchy talk-<br>ing in her<br>sleep                        | Visiting infirmary                           | To be a silver                        | - Movie heroes                            | Raw-ther!                   |
| G      | . Hitch           | - Califor-<br>nia,<br>Hitchy | Water                      | Morning dips   | Sitting<br>silent                            | To be a poet                          | Reading mys-<br>tery stories<br>to Gracie | I don't know                |
|        | . Rich-<br>rason  | Freckles                     | mation                     | Having other<br>people get the<br>cream and<br>sugar first | Writing to<br>Peggy                          | To beat her brother in tennis         | Pompy                                     | D'ya see?                   |
| 700    | . Les-            | Button                       | Being Miss<br>Dowa's coz   | "Noah's Ark"   | Playing<br>hymns                             | To squelch<br>Rhoda suffi-<br>ciently | Stuffed animals                           | Oh, Rhoda!                  |
| R      | •<br>altby        |                              | Too mascu-<br>line clothes | Being called<br>Ruthie                                     | Finishing<br>Peter                           | To finish<br>Peter                    | "Without<br>Love"                         | Mothing<br>makes me<br>sick |
| D<br>G | room              |                              | Sweet little<br>bed jacket | People who talk in their sleep when awake                  | Making toast<br>on trips                     | To be Miss<br>Dowd's assist-<br>ant   | "Under a Texas<br>Moon"                   | Like all<br>get-out         |
|        |                   |                              |                            |  |  |                                       |   |                             |

|    | NAME     | NICKNAME | NOTED FOR                              | ABOMINATION                            | OCCUPATION                           | ASPIRATION                    | FAILING                    | SAYING   |
|----|----------|----------|--|--|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------|--|
| 5. | Larter   | Sue      | Scotch rig                             | Counselors<br>who favor<br>either side | Cleaning fist<br>for other<br>people | To teach Mary Frances to swim | Awful puns                 | Fun, fun, shrieked the maniac in fiendish glee as he spit in the spitoonia |
| A. | Thayer   | Andy     | Rooming with<br>Sue                    | Counselors<br>who favor<br>either side | Hearing Hymie say his prayers        | To play tenni<br>at Wimbeldon | s Blueberry<br>pie         | Oh, I love pictures  |
| Ε. | Laffoon  | Jame x   | Red beret<br>plus short<br>black pants | Being taken<br>for Mrs.<br>Schutte     | Conducting jacks tournaments         | To ride a<br>horse well       | Tap dancing                | Oh, I love<br>to tease<br>Sue  |
| В. | Brown    | Bobs     | Wave in her<br>hair                    | Carol's<br>remarks                     | Writing to<br>Ken                    | To make Sandy                 | The Harper<br>boys         | I had a perfectly grand time at the hotel today                            |
| c. | Atwater  | Carrie   | Malt's say-<br>ings                    | Gaining<br>weight                      | Getting mail                         | To collect<br>more pictures   | Kissing Andy<br>good night | On account of because I'm a baby   |
| D. | Converse | e Dot    | Sophistica-<br>tion                    | Being teased<br>about her<br>appetite  | Eating bread<br>and butter           | To know all<br>her faults     | Fifth Shack                | Oh, you beautiful bouncing baby!   |
|    |          |          |  |  |                                      |                               |                            |  |

|   | NAME                       | NICKNAME         | NOTED FOR                         | ABOMINATION                                       | OCCUPATION                                     | ASPIRATION   | FAILING                          | SAYING   |
|---|----------------------------|------------------|-----------------------------------|---|--|--|----------------------------------|--|
|   | Miss M.<br>Johnson         | Johnny           | Being the mother of a big family  | Truth and<br>Consequences                         | Playing<br>tennis with<br>Miss Madoodl         | To invent slamless doors                                     | Baby buggy                       | I've read<br>a book  |
|   | Miss E.<br>MacDou-<br>gall | Miss<br>Madoodle | Her English<br>awkcent            | Beginners   | Playing<br>tennis with<br>Johnny               | To have Path<br>finder take<br>Billie's<br>place in<br>drill | Cottage<br>cheese                | Oh, get  |
|   | P. Nelso:                  | n Felix          | Wa <b>v</b> y hair                | High jump   | Doing her<br>English                           | To get tanne:<br>than Al                                     | Movie<br>pictures on<br>the wall | Whoops   |
|   | M. A.<br>Groom             | Al               | Red polka dot<br>tie              | Her skinny<br>legs                                | Slowing down the vic                           | To die happy   | Writing<br>letters               | Says you   |
| • | S. King                    | Susie            | IT                                | Jean's hayi h<br>fever before<br>Reveille         | Fighting with Jean                             | n To do a<br>perfect<br>back dive                            | Slamming<br>doors                | Oh, Jean,<br>I did not<br>do it                                    |
|   | J. Joers                   |                  | Slamming<br>doors                 | Hay fever   | Fighting with Susie                            | n To do a<br>perfect<br>jack                                 | Bread and butter                 | For gosh sakes!  |
|   | C.<br>Brokaw               | ¢hloe            | Her "Little<br>Willie"<br>stories | Being told to<br>blow the<br>bugle ELSE-<br>WHERE | Telling<br>ghost<br>stories to<br>Second Shack | To blow the bugle when, where and how she likes              | Trixy                            | My genero-<br>sity is<br>only ex-<br>ceeded by<br>my good<br>looks |
|   |                            |                  |                                   |   |  |  |                                  |  |

| STATE OF THE PARTY |          |                 |  |                                  | 11  |  |   |  |
|--|----------|-----------------|--|----------------------------------|---|--|---|--|
| NAME   | NICKNAME | NOTED FOR       | ABOMINATION                              | OCCUPATION                       | ASP IRATION   | FAILING  | SAYING                                    |  |
| E. Law-  | Bumper   | Worms           | Being called<br>a "baby face             |                                  | Simultaneous<br>catching of<br>fish by all<br>in boat | Trippy dips<br>on dippy<br>trips               | Is there any more food around this joint? |  |
| F. Jop-  | Joppy    | Giggle          | Having her giggle imi-<br>tated          | Making spit<br>curls             | To add a few<br>more to her<br>string                 | Maddie's<br>brother and<br>Ann Baer's<br>uncle | Hello, nut                                |  |
| J. Culler  | 1 J. C.  | Pink polo shirt | Correctives                              | Calling<br>Joppy names           | To get 10 in posture                                  | Freckle cream                                  | You little squirt                         |  |
| J. Wil-  | Willie   | Woodcraft       | Counselors who inspect with flash-lights | Playing<br>jacks                 | To be curator in a museum                             | Bug collection                                 | My gosh                                   |  |
| M. Agnew   | Maddie   | Fanny           | Having other people dump scraps in he:   | rest hour                        | To get "With-<br>out Love"<br>from Sixth<br>Shack     | Tomatoes                                       | Ye gods                                   |  |
| A. Harri   | S        | Trumpet         | Being teased<br>about Rudy<br>Vallee     | Entertaining us with her trumpet | To play Taps<br>on her trumpet                        | Trips  | Now                                       |  |
|  |          |                 |  |                                  |   |  |   |  |

|                    |                     |                   |   |                      | 1  | -                             |  |
|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|---|----------------------|--|-------------------------------|--|
| NAME               | NICKNAME            | NOTED FOR         | ABOMINATION   | OCCUPATION           | ASPIRATION   | FAILING                       | SAYING   |
| Miss A.<br>Boyle   | Miss Burle<br>Abbie | , New songs       | Hymns (not hims)                                      | Playing afte<br>Taps | To play Tea-<br>kettle at<br>Counselors'<br>Coffee | Ducky-Wucky                   | Well, I gues<br>that makes<br>you an Elk   |
| Miss L.<br>Kennedy | Kennedy             | Voice             | Havingspeople<br>ask to be<br>excused from<br>dancing | Playing<br>Indian    | To be a big<br>league base-<br>baller              | Her Man o' Wa:                | Honest to gosh   |
| Miss M.<br>Thayer  | Pinky               | Scratched<br>legs | Water in the<br>nose and<br>smoke in the<br>lungs     | Tripping             | To see the Dipper                                  | Elsie Dinsmore<br>on the Lose | I wouldn't know; If there's one thing I like better than another and I'll bet she teakettles |
| K. Field           | Kay                 | Elbow             | Colby's<br>sweeping                                   | Making beds          | To eat more than Colby                             | Her celluloid dog             | Why, Colby<br>Cleveland, I<br>did not  |
| C. Cleve-<br>land  |                     | Hair              | Table manners   |                      | To wake Kay<br>when she snores                     |                               | You wouldn't<br>kid me, would<br>you?  |
| A. Baer            |                     | mother to         | Piglet's Pix-<br>ing after<br>Taps                    |                      | A bigger and<br>better Piglet                      | Reading                       | Piglet   |

|    | NAME    | NICKNAME    | NOTED FOR              | ABOMINATION                       | OCCUPATION                     | ASPIRATION                      | FAILING                    | SAYING                          |
|----|---------|-------------|------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| P. | King    | Piglet      | Poison ivy             | Keeping<br>still                  | Going to Pix                   | Unpunished noise after Taps     | Billy Van-<br>erio's horse | Wait for Piglet                 |
| R. | Lester  | Rhody, Poor | Faces                  | Red hair                          | Laughing                       | To beat Jean<br>Wilson in jacks | Mugsie                     | Thank ye,<br>thank ye           |
| N. | Fiske   | Frisky      | Bashfulness            | Hurrying                          | Going to infirmary             | To have curly hair              | Writing on<br>her sneakers | I am<br>hurrying                |
| D. | Freeman | Dodo        | Red shorts             | Rice pudding                      | Showing her family around camp | To put her hair up              | Bermuda                    | Gee whilli-<br>kers             |
| В. | Butler  | Babs        |                        | Having<br>broom taken<br>from her | Playing jack                   | s To have her<br>hair cut       | Tomatoes                   | I like to be bad                |
| J. | Sangree |             | Good house-<br>keeping | Untidiness                        | Getting let-<br>ters           | To play baseball                | Making peopl<br>happy      | e I'll do<br>that for<br>you    |
| R. | Loutrel | Rosie       | Paper dolls            | Messiness                         | Sewing                         | To be a Siamese<br>Twin         | Kitty                      | Yes, you can borrow my scissors |
| K. | Chubb   | Kitty       | Taking places          | Bugs                              | Getting point                  | s Bigger and<br>better noise    | Rosie                      | Aw, please                      |
|    |         |             |                        |                                   |                                |                                 |                            |                                 |

|                     | 1        |                               | 1.                                       | 1  |   |                      |                                  |
|---------------------|----------|-------------------------------|--|--|---|----------------------|----------------------------------|
| NAME                | NICKNAME | NOTED FOR                     | ABOMINATIO                               | N OCCUPATION                             | ASPIRATION  | FAILING              | SAYING                           |
| Miss E.<br>Flack    | Flackie  | Glass eye                     | Sue's thumb                              | Concentrating on Annie                   | To have Third<br>Shack make<br>beds without<br>being told | Dancing<br>costumes  | You do it cause I can't see      |
| Miss F.<br>Thurston |          | Telescope                     | To have Elsa<br>talk during<br>rest hour | Putting<br>drops in<br>Flackie's<br>eyes | To make Mary<br>Baer fat                                  | Blue prints          | Now what's that star over there? |
| E. Livin-<br>good   | Elzah    | Talking<br>before<br>Reveille | Fairy sto-<br>ries                       | Playing nurse                            | Longer Coun-<br>selors;<br>Coffees                        | Pie beds             | Stop it                          |
| G. Burke            | Georgie  | Blue hair<br>ripbon           | Being hur-<br>ried in her<br>eating      | Asking questions                         | To have Elsa<br>stop singing                              | "Noah's Ark"         | I will not                       |
| J.<br>Lamotte       | Bostie   | Boston<br>accent              | Truth and Consequences                   | Talking in<br>her sleep                  | To have an end<br>room in Third<br>Shack                  | Strawberry ice cream | Pooffy                           |
|                     |          |                               |  |  |   |                      |                                  |

| NAME       | NICKNAME | NOTED FOR                         | ABOMINATION                        | OCCUPATION                                       | ASPIRATION                               | FAILING               | - CANTON                               |
|------------|----------|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|--|--|-----------------------|--|
| J. Baehr   | Bearcats | Good dis-<br>Position             | Has none                           | Reading  | To be like<br>Miss Dowd                  | Jacks                 | Dingbusticate it                       |
| M. Baer    |          | Elephants                         | Picking up<br>her clothes          | Sending too<br>many clothes<br>to the<br>laundry | To be able<br>to high jump<br>like Elsie | Pajamas for underwear | Keep out of other peoples the business |
| M. Miller  | Peggy    | Hair                              | String<br>beans                    | Making mis-<br>chief                             | To make lots<br>of noise in<br>rest hour | Floppy                | I love to tease people                 |
| K. Freeman | Kate     | Slowness<br>in fixing<br>her room | Rising<br>before the<br>first bell | Cleaning her glasses .                           | To always be at Flackie's table          | Sleeping              | Please<br>don't,<br>Mary-0             |
| M. Royall  | Mary-0   | Giggle                            | Thunder storms                     | Brushing her hair                                | To find her jack ball                    | Seniors               | Good<br>grief                          |
|            |          |                                   |                                    |  |  |                       |  |

| NAME                | NICKNAME / | NOTED FOR                   | ABOMINATION   | OCCUPATION                       | ASPIRATION                                     | FAILING             | SAYILG   |
|---------------------|------------|-----------------------------|---|----------------------------------|--|---------------------|--|
| Miss B. Lehr        | Larry      | Gray<br>stockings           | Poison ivy  | Weighing peopl                   | e To have no<br>colds in<br>camp               | Hot water bottle    | Now you take<br>some menthol<br>drops and<br>you'll feel<br>better |
| Miss A. Dun-<br>ham | Dunny      | Second<br>Shack             | "Absence makes<br>the heart grow<br>fonder"             | Mending Second<br>Shack's clothe | To have Third<br>s Shack quiet<br>in rest hour | Riding              | Ask Miss<br>Lehr   |
| K. M. Condit        | K. May     | Likeness<br>to Ray          | To have people interrupt while stories are being told   | the weather                      | To be more<br>like Ray                         | Riding              | Don't you think it's going to rain?                                |
| J. Bayne            |            | Red hair                    | Not to be able to get the water                         | Playing hop<br>scotch            | To sing Bingo every day                        | Curls in eyes       | You lucky  |
| S. Baer             | Sookie     | Generosit                   | Not to be able to get Miss Birge's second cup of coffee | Making paper<br>dolls            | To ride every day                              | Jacks               | Will you<br>play jacks<br>with me?                                 |
| W. Baer             | Billie     | Being the only male in camp | Being mistaker<br>for a girl                            | Visiting<br>Sixth Shack          | To be a jockey                                 | Horses              | Oh, yeah   |
| M. F. Shan-<br>non  | M. F.      | faces                       | Life in gener-<br>al                                    | Spanking people                  | To swim like                                   | "Keep Outy<br>signs | Ida wanna  |
|                     |            | *                           |   |                                  |  |                     |  |

| NAME                | NICKNAME | NOTED FOR          | ABOMINATION                          | OCCUPATION                             |   |                               |   |
|---------------------|----------|--------------------|--------------------------------------|--|---|-------------------------------|---|
| Miss R.<br>Birge    | Birgie   | Wearing<br>dresses | To be asked what the des-<br>sert is | Supervising<br>the picnic<br>committee | To have the picnic committee not eat while committeeing | FAILING Playing game at night | We all<br>eat a<br>little<br>of every-<br>thing |
| Miss E. Rahm        |          | Brown suit         | store day                            | Sorting mail                           | To have no mail   | Nice Love letters             | You can't<br>have your<br>mail till<br>5.45     |
| Miss M. M.<br>Storr |          | Red ban-<br>dana   | To have people yell at her in crart  | tumes                                  | To have her breakfast served in bed every morning       | Leather band on wrist         | And what<br>have you                            |
| A. Murray           | Aggie    | Baseball<br>swat   | To have no mail                      | Playing her vic                        | To have the Baers' laundry in order                     | Lakes                         | For the 119th time I tell you no                |
|                     |          |                    |                                      |  |   |                               |   |

### SENIOR WILL

We, the Seniors of Fifth and Sixth Shacks of Camp Runoia, Belgrade Lakes, County of Kennebec and State of Maine, being in our right minds, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills, bequests and devises of whatever nature by us heretofore made.

FIRST: To DR. ADA HART ARLITT, many thanks and our hearty appreciation for her characteristic sayings.

SECOND: To DR. CONSTANCE ELEANOR DOWD, our genuine thanks for supplying the camp with her cousins.

THIRD: To the counselors, as we have already given them most of our candy, we present to them the dust under our beds and the warnings that go with it.

FOURTH: To the juniors, we make the following individual bequests:-

- 1. To ANN BAER, Atwater's "charm with the chaps."
- 2. To MARY BAER, Joer's hay fever.
- 3. To SUSAN BAER, Agnew's riding ability.
- 4. To WILLIAM BAER, Larter's position as Olan's second hand.

- 5. To JANE BAEHR, Dot Groom's back dive.
- 6. To JOAN BAYNE, L. Condit's whinny.
- 7. To GEORGEANNE BURKE, Lester's musical talent.
- 8. To BEATRICE BUTLER, Wilson's bugs.
- 9. To KATHERINE CHUBB, M. A. Groom's marsh-mallows.
- 10. To COLBY CLEVELAND, Cullen's belief that sometimes silence is golden.
- 11. To KATHERINE MAY CONDIT, Brokew's latest novel, "Murder Stories for the Young."
  - 12. To KATHERINE FIELD, Fales' superior wit.
  - 13. To NANCY FISKE, Jopson's giggle.
- 14. To POROTHY FREEMAN, Richardson's "all over the place"ness.
- 15. To KATHARINE FREEMAN, Laifoon's habit of star gazing.
  - 16. To PRISCILLA KING, Thayer's Hymie.
  - 17. To JANE LAMOTTE, Lawson's place in drill.
- 18. To RHODA LESTER, S. King's sophistication and poise.
- 19. To ELSA LIVINGOOD, Converse's air of worldliness.
- 20. To ROSILAND LOUTREL, Hitchcock's versatility in athletics.

- 21. To MARGARET MILLER, Brown's congenial smile.
- 22. To MARY ROYALL, Nelson's art gallery.
- 23. To JOYCE SANGREE, Harris' ability to blow the trumpet.
- 24. To MARY FRANCES SHANNON, Maltby's hearty laughter.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we, the aforementioned Fifth and Sixth Shacks of Camp Runoia in the town, county and state aforesaid, have hereunto set our hands and seals this fifteenth day of August, A. D. 1930.

FIFTH AND SIXTH SHACKS

Witnesses:

Hymie

Peter

Florence

# THE PERFECT MAIDEN

| HairJoan Bayne           |
|--------------------------|
| EyesK. Field             |
| NoseChloe Brokaw         |
| MouthBabs Butler         |
| ComplexionRosie Loutrel  |
| Dimpling SmileRay Condit |
| FigureBobs Brown         |

# VOTING

First Second Best Athlete Sue Larter Kitty Chubb Most Versatile Sue Larter Catherine Hitchcock Wittiest Dot Groom Andy Thayer Funniest Ruth Maltby Chloe Brokaw Most Attractive Babs Butler Carol Atwater Friendliest Andy Thayer Rhoda Lester Most Happy-Go-Lucky Rosie Loutrel Sue Larter Priscilla King Most Generous Joyce Sangree Sue Larter Most Original Sue Larter Emily Laffoon Peppiest Shloe Brokaw Sue Larter Best Natured Rosie Loutrel Sue Larter Most Tactful

Dot Groom

Sue Larter

<u>First</u> <u>Second</u>

Most Absent-Minded Catherine Hitchcock

Carol Atwater Biggest Bluffer Doris Richardson

Chloe Brokaw Noisiest Colby Cleveland

Grace Fales Sue Larter

out hat bet

Sue Larter Biggest Drag Rhoda Lester

Sue Larter Best Sport Andy Thayer

- - - Well, by the time I finally reach the shore with the girl and bring her by the fireman's carry on to the beach, quite a crowd has collected which I dont mind in the least. I'm pretty tired but I dont show it especially as I hears some of the women say; "My, aint he wunnerful!" and "Aint he strong!" But the men just grunt and look at me green with envy. Not that I mind.

I looks around for somebody that the girl must of had with her for it dont seem right to me that anybody what looks like her would be alone. Finally I

sees her mother who'd fainted and hadunt come to yet.

In the meantime I'm seein if she's breathing, which she aint. So I turns her over on her stomach, sticks her right arm above her head, bends the other an rests her head on it so as the head is turned to the right. Next I opens her mouth wide an pulls her tongue down an makes sure she aint got no gum nor false teeth in her mouth to get in the way of her breathing. The I dont expect she has them becus she's young an real cute as I says before. But I read somewhere that your sposed to look for them. She must of been dumb tho to swim out that far.

Next I spreads her legs out an kneels down so that I straddles her left leg so that I can see better if she breaths. Its lucky she's got a bathing suit on so I dont hafta loosin no clothes. I puts my hands on her back at the end of her reribs an begins the prone pressure method of artificial respiration, keeping my arms straight. "Out goes the bad air --- in comes the good" I repeets like your sposed to.

By the time I gets so Im doing it regular fifteen times a minute without having to think about it I looks up an sees the crowd is pretty close. So I yells at em to stand back. The booklet says theyd recognize me as a leader an do as I say but I dont see any of em hurryin to stand back any. Anyhow a cop comes up, an shoves em back.

Then I asks if theres a doctor in the crowd. There dont seem to be. So I asks for somebody to get one and about ten start off which is okay with me. Then I remembers that I gotta keep her warm so I yells for some blankets which are over on my stand. Some kid goes an gets em and I covers her up with them. All this time Im keeping up this prone pressure method an pretty soon my arms begin to ache tho I wouldunt admit it then.

Well, just as the doctor comes up I sees that shes beginning to revive so I stops the respiration act an the doc sez, "You done a good job." An modest like I answers, "Thats what Im here for"

He gives her some aromatic spirits of amonia. And when she opens her eyes --- Boy! theyd knock you over! --- Shes cross-eyed!

"Through the years that followed after,
Down through forest aisles to this shore,
Comes the echo of his music
Comes the sign of his deep harmonies,
Even as the Indians passed.
Melting through the forest background,
Paddling slowly out o'er water
Go Runoia and his tribesmen
Leaving with us their rare heritage.

SO ENDS THE LEGEND."

#### PROLOGUE

From the dim ages of the past comes the legend of Runoia From the song of the brook, the whispered music of the wind and leaves, from sound in field and forest, lake and river, came his music

Long ere the Indians knew him lived Runoia, charming with soft song all beasts, all birds, all things that lived in forest walks, in streams and meadow.

Came on swift silent feet to hear him all that ran. Came slowly, seeking his soft harmony, all that crawled.

How the Indians first beheld him, knew and loved him, you shall hear.

Long ere white man had beheld them,
On the shores of these great waters
Indians lived, and fought and flourished,
Until quietly without warning
Famine crept and gauntly threatened.
Gone the birds from every tree top.
Gone the trout from every water.
Hid the deer and lost the fur bearers.
Bird and beast and fish had left them.
In their fields the corn was stunted,
Ears too covered with thick husks
To produce the milky corn seed.

Frowned the Gods of Hunting, Stern the Gods of Fishing, Gone the smiling Gods of Grain. In their place the Gods of Vengeance, Cold and Storm and Lightning threatened Brought starvation with them.

While the people in their teepees
Hopeless, save for one more foray
Too long distant favoured tribesmen
From whose stores they hoped by raiding,
From whose urns of drying corn
They had hoped to fill their teepees.

Now at home the women restless And the children thin and palid With the few remaining warriors Waited news of this last foray Waited, hoping, and preparing All their food to give the warriors

As a last nigh hopeless venture Men and maidens slowly gathered For the Grain Dance, supplicating Food from field to face the winter.

CORN DANCERS

(Reader stops during Corn Dance, and begins immediately at end)

All await the returning warriors. Indian boys on shore on tiptoe Stand to carry the first message of the fast approaching warriors.

Suddenly cances are sighted Coming empty, save for those the warriors Who propel them with their paddles.

Once again starvation waits them.
Gone their hope of food from foray.
Gone their hope, and naught but famine waits them if no Gods smile on them.
Squaws come slowly to the shore line,
Hands outstretched for food appealing.
Braves come slowly to the teepees.
Hands too empty to give succor.
All hope now depends on Wookkee!
His the charms and incantations
To confound the evil spirits.

(Reader is held up here until the dance of Wookkee brings it to the coming of Runoia)

Wookkee's Invocation hopeless, Lost the tribe in deep despair. No good spirits follow after His strange dance of invocation. Only Famine stalks among them.

Suddenly from out the forest Comes a gentle, gracious warrior. Without weapons, all unwarlike, Comes Runoia to the Indians.

All unwarlike. and yet Famine
At the sight of him is vanquished,
Turning slowly toward the woodland.
Goes in spite of all his struggle
To return and vanquish Wookkee.
Still the tribesmen in odd silence
Watched the outcome of the contest.

To the tribesmen and to Wookkee

Now arisen and enheartened

Speaks Runoia, answering simply unasked questions:

"Runoia am I, ruler of quiet forests,

God of untroubled lakes and happy brooklets.

I have come to give you peace, and with peace, life."

Scornfully the people viewed him, Scornfully, and with some jeering. How could he who had no weapon, Fight for peace, or hunt for food? Fame only had he conquered For the day and for the hour. But the black Gods of the winter, Of the ice and hail and storm Still approached.

Even Wookkee, jeering, answered,
"All the deer have left the forest,
All the trout have left the stream,
On the corn stalks only husks are,
Where is food to give us life?"

"Trust me, Ere another sun
Stores to last the winter through
Shall be housed within your teepees,
Shall be hung from trees that store food,
All the spirits shall be gracious.
All the Gods of wind and water,
Wood and vale shall smile upon you.
And your crops with every summer
Shall increase until this tribe
Shall be looked upon with reverence
Shall be bowed to by all others
Only one thing ask I of you =
Peace and harmony."

Wookkee spoke, still unpersuaded,
"We shall believe you when you've proven
That our stores for all the winter,
That our crops for spring and summer
Shall be with us now and ever.
When you've proven by one gesture
That this day, with food abundant
Our teepees shall full be stored,
We shall believe you for the future."

"Call you then for one last war dance" Spoke Runoia, standing sternly and then smiling. Wookkee answered "Even so."

(Reader waits during the war dance and through the ceremony of the peace pipe being handed to the first brave, then reads)

"You have done as I commanded.
Now I shall fulfill my promise.
First, the spirits through whose power
All beasts move and breathe.

(Reader stops until the animals leave)

"As for grain, that now is blooming In your fields. Send your young ones that they bring you Ears of corn for women's grinding.

Now with those, the arrow makers And the young and skilled bow men, We shall celebrate the hunting That shall new become successful.

(Reader stops here until after dance of Bowmen)

To their feet then leaped the tribesmen, Crying out that here Runoia Should forever be their Chieftain. Crying out that he should lead them In the chase and in their village.

Even Wookkee once all powerful Stands to place upon his forehead Chieftain's feathers and the bonnet Once he used in invocations, Giving therewith to Runoia All of magic and of power.

Through the years that followed after, Down through forest aisles to this shore, Comes the echo of his music Comes the sign of his deep harmonies, Even as the Indians passed.

Melting through the forest background, Paddling slowly out o'er water Go Runoia and his tribesmen, Leaving with us their fair heritage.

(As the canoes pass around the point, the reader rises, stands until the war canoe is about to turn the point, raises her hand in salute, and says solemnly)

"SO ENDS THE LEGEND."