

The Runoia LOG Staff of 1932
dedicates this LOG to Miss Dowd with
many thanks for a wonderful summer
and hopes for more to follow.

LOG STAFF 1932

Literary Editor

Colby Cleveland

Business Editor

Rhoda Lester

Assistant Editors

Ann Baer

Mary Stuart Houston

Junior Editor

Janet Brown

Phyllis Schell

Councillors

C. Murdoch

M. Thayer



Miss Constance Dowd

139 Lake Avenue, Saratoga
Springs, New York

Entered camp 1907, girl--
1919, councillor

none

All hats off to our dear director--
No rain or no storms do affect her.

She rules Sixth Shack

With a wonderful knack

And needs not a thing to perfect her.

CURES EVERY DISEASE

Miss Janet Crawford

596 Cambridge Street, All-
ston, Massachusetts

Entered camp 1932, coun-
cillor

Our only new councillor with brains,
The girls in campcraft she trains.

At the camps she's been at

She did this and did that--

From telling us of them she never refrains.



JOLLY CAMPER



ENJOYS PERSONAL REMARKS

Eleanor Rose

334 Warren Avenue, Cincinnati,
Ohio

Entered camp 1932--Blue

Eleanor Rose is a curious lass;
Of questions she's always a mass.

"What's your mother's name?"

"How'd your father get his
fame?"

We call this a pretty pass.

Lois Soule

6 Burgess Road, Scarsdale, New
York

Entered camp 1932--White

When Lois went out for a ride
The horse to get fresh did decide,
So he gave a jump
And she landed bump
And on her poor face took a slide.



LEARNS VERY SPEEDILY

Colby Cleveland

Palisade Avenue, Riverdale-on-Hudson,
New York, New York

Entered camp 1930--Blue--Senior Tennis
Tournament '32--Log '31, '32

SOMETIMES CALLOUSLY CANDID

On Echo Lake Trip Colby Cleveland
In all of the food sprinkled sand.
The girls all complained
That she never refrained
But went ahead just as she planned.



Barbara Hutton

167 East 82nd Street, New York, New York

Entered camp 1931--White--Captain Whites 1932

BRAND NEW HAIRCUT

In dieting our Bobby's up head;
She sighs when with sweet things she's fed.
She thinks she's too fat,
But I wouldn't say that--
I'd just tell her to watch her corn-bread.

Rhoda Lester

85 Greenacres Avenue, Scarsdale, New York

Entered camp 1929--White--Log '30, '31, '32

RELATES DANDY LINE

"There's Ol&nd!" Now who could that be?
That's not a hard question for me,
For Rhoda's the one
When all's said and done
Who's usually the first one to see.



Nancy Fiske

21 Westover Road, Montclair, New Jersey

Entered camp 1930--Blue--Captain Blues 1932

NOT TOO FAT

Our FriskY she captains the Blues,
A better captain we just couldn't choose.
Although she does snore,
She can do a lot more,
And she's never caused her team to lose.

Janet Brown

190 Mercer Street, Princeton, New Jersey

Entered camp 1929, 1931, 1932--White--Log '32

JUMPS OVER BARS

A girl there is, Janet O. Brown,
Who just simply can't be kept down.
She's a temper, 'tis true,
But in a minute or two
A smile e'er replaces her frown.



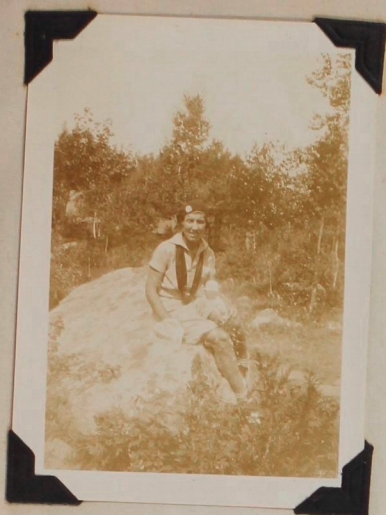
Nancy Thomson

University of Nanking, Nanking,
China

Entered camp 1932--Blue

AWFUL BIG TUMMY

A very good tripper is Nancy.
She keeps dry in the rain. Only fancy--
When she sees any bees
She turns and she flees--
What can be the matter with Nancy?



EATS LITTLE MEAT

Miss Lorna MacDougall

580 Monterey Avenue, Pelham Manor,
New York

Entered camp 1927, councillor

When Dougie gets bitten by bees

A desire to scratch will her seize.

This is only a whim,

But try Radio Vim--

I think it your fancy will please.

Miss Marion Johnson

Walnut Hill Schook, Natick,
Massachusetts

Entered camp 1927, councillor

When Johnny was out on a trip

The fancy seized her to strip.

She wished to get burned,

And I'll be durned

If she didn't give us a tip.



MAKES RUNOIA JOYFUL





Elsa Livingood

114 Wyomissing Boulevard, Wyomissing,
Pennsylvania

Entered camp 1930--Blue

ENVIES WHOLE-HEARTED LOVERS

A remarkable child is our Elsa--

Nothing ever repels her.

Amongst all the fishes

She washed the trip dishes--

She'll do anything anyone tells her.

Katherine Freeman

Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York, New York

Entered camp 1929--White

KEEPS FIT

One who loves Smoky is Kate;
Though he kicks, she thinks he's just great.
 She brings up the rear
 With very good cheer
And when on him doesn't mind being late.



Mary Stuart Houston

The Barclay, Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Entered camp 1928, 1931, 1932--Blue--
Shack Pin '28--Junior Medal '31--Log '32

MOVES STIFFLY HOWEVER

In diving our Stewie's just great--
She never once thinks of her fate.
 She'll try any dive
 And come up alive--
Let's go watch her before it's too late.

Dorothy Frink

610 Park Avenue, New York, New York

Entered camp 1931--White

DOESN'T ALWAYS FUNCTION

Dodo Frink makes a very good center
But she fouls and you just can't prevent her.
When the whistle does blow
Straight ahead she will go
'Cause she thinks they couldn't have meant her.



Betty Mangas

404 Tremont Street, Lincoln, Illinois

Entered camp 1932--Blue

EVER CRAVES MAIL

Every day Betty Mangas gets mail.
I never have known it to fail.
Almost daily she gets
Her Lincoln Gazettes
And if they're not there she turns pale.

Priscilla King

3 Sherbrooke Road, Scarsdale, New York

Entered camp 1928--Blue

PRETTY HOT KID

Figlet just loves to catch fish.
She'll guarantee to fill every dish.
She's at it again
In shine or in rain
And to go every day is her wish.



Ann Baer

1927 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Penn-
sylvania

Entered camp 1928--White--Junior Tennis
Tournament '31--Log '31, '32

ALWAYS RATHER BLASE

Ann Baer just loves to play rolls;
We can't stop her to save our souls.
She loves them so much
When they're once in her clutch
She wears them right down to holes.



ENJOYS LITTLE REST

Miss Evelyn Rahm

98 French Street, Buffalo, New York

Entered camp 1930, councillor

Miss Rahm she gives us our mail--
With all our demands she turns pale.

When we scream for a letter

She feels that she'd better

Jump over the bars and turn tail.

Miss Mary Thayer

10 Nudd Street, Waterville, Maine

Entered camp 1922, girl--1927, councillor

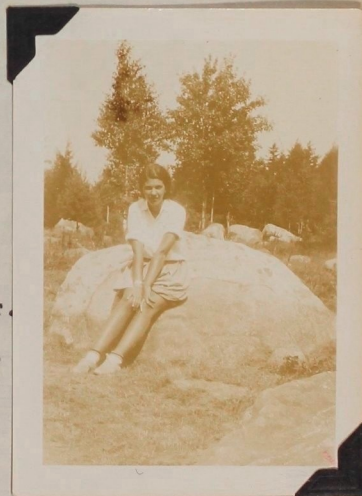
A councillor in Fourth Shack is Miss Thayer.

She's well preserved in spite of much wear.

On trips she's just swell

And her coffee--oh, well,

Why spoil a story so fair?



MORE EVERLASTING TENNIS

Alice Wolcott
Downington, Pennsylvania
Entered camp 1931--White

ALWAYS CHEWS WILDLY

Alice just loves to play jacks
And now we'll get down to brass tacks--
She can do double cherries--
She's really the berries,
And believe it or not these are facts.



Frances Hathaway
228 West Miner Street, Westchester,
Pennsylvania
Entered camp 1932--White

FIGHTS HAPPILY

Oh, Frances, your hair looks so nice,
May I ask what is your device?
You comb it, you say--
What, once every day?
Now it one and all does entice.

Mary Baer

1927 Spruce Street, Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania

Entered camp 1928--Blue--Shack Fin '29--
Log '31

MODERATELY BIT BIGGER

Now Jenkins says up with your hands
And you as umbrellas must dance.

Mary Baer loves this game
And in it she's won fame
Because with the coin she'll take many a chance.



Josephine Norris

2130 Cypress Street, Philadelphia, Penn-
sylvania

Entered camp 1932--Blue--Junior Tennis
Tournament '32

JUMPS PRETTY NICE

In broad jump our Josie goes far,
But the reason she doesn't break par
Is she lands on her seat
Instead of her feet
And therefore her record does mar.

Phyllis Schell

Waldo Avenue, Riverdale-on-Hudson,
New York, New York

Entered camp 1932--Blue

PRETTY LOUSY SARDINE

Phyllis is swell in inspection.
For her broom she shows true affection.

The rest of her shack
Many warnings would lack
If she could but give them direction.



Grace Ewing

Broad Brook Road, Mt. Kisco, New York

Entered camp 1932--White

GETS VERY EXCITED

Grace just loves to play ball
And although she's not very tall
She'll not pass a ball by
No matter how high--
It makes no difference at all.

Betsy Hite

Port Chester, New York

Entered camp 1932--White

EATS MOST HEARTILY

Some Fourth Shacker is Betsy Hite--
She does high jump with all of her might.
She shouts "Oh, my can!"
But she tries like a man,
And we'll all agree she's all right.



Clare Weber

22 East 82nd Street, New York, New York

Entered camp 1932--White

CAN SWIM WELL

Another Fourth Shacker is Clare.
In inspection I'd say she's just fair,
But in throwing a ball
And diving and all
Oh boy just look at her tear.



Miss Elizabeth Flack
Barrington, Rhode Island
Entered camp 1925, councillor,
1929, 1930, 1931, 1932

Flackie can do anything--
She sails, does craft and can sing.
She solders our jewels,
Can use many tools,
And how her hammer does ring!

EVER FASCINATING

Miss Marjorie Miles
Kappa Alpha Theta House, Stanford
University, California

Entered camp 1931, councillor
A buxom lass is our Marge;
In canoe, float, dock or garage
She's apt to go through--
Oh, what can she do?
Perhaps, oh, perhaps she's too large.



MARJORIE HUNTS MEN

Key May Condit

40 Afterglow Way, Montclair, New Jersey

Entered camp 1930--Blue

CHARMING, MOREOVER CROSS-EYED

There goes that cross-eyed Condit child--
Call her that and she gets riled,
But as anyone can see
She has dimples three
And with them she has us beguiled.



Betty Perry

64 Melrose Place, Montclair, New Jersey

Entered camp 1932--White

EVER MOVES PROMPTLY

Betty has brothers four
Whom the whole shack has come to adore.
The names of this quartet
We'll never forget--
Grassmere, Desmond, Brainstorm and Messmore!

Helene Livingood

114 Wyomissing Boulevard, Wyomissing,
Pennsylvania

Entered camp 1931--Blue

HAS JITTERY LEGS

Helene is wonderfully neat--
To go into her room is a treat.
Pussies do grieve her
And quickly will leave her
As she with a broom does them greet.



Joan Bayne

45 Afterglow Way, Montclair, New
Jersey

Entered camp 1930--Blue

JUMPS NOT BADLY

A very nice girl is Joan Bayne;
She'll never cause anyone pain.
She's got form in jumping
And lands without bumping
Though she does it again and again.



Susan Baer

1927 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Entered camp 1929--White--
Shack Pin '30

Sookie'll try anything once,
And I will say she's not any dunce.

She tries hard at track--

You just can't hold her back,
This girl who tries anything once.

SELLS HER BONZOS

Jane Kain

454 Church Lane, Germantown,
Pennsylvania

Entered camp 1932--White

Jane Kain just loved to be carried.

Her first words if anyone tarried

Were "Oh, give me a ride--

I'm small, and beside

I do so love to be carried."



JUDGES KNOWINGLY



Ramona Cuppia

62 Undercliff Road, Montclair, New
Jersey

Entered camp 1932--Blue

HATES ROWDY CHILDREN

Ramona's just learning to swim--

She does it with vigor and vim.

In a little while

She'll swim a mile

And the very best swimmers trim.



Miss Constance Murdoch

248 Grant Street, Sewickley, Pennsylvania

Entered camp 1926, girl--1931, councillor

CUTE MUG

You said there was no second shack?

We must ask you to take it all back,

For that's Connie's hangout

And without her no doubt

There would be a most painful lack.



OLD GIRLS' PARTY

There was much excitement when the old girls gave their party for the new girls. As I was a new girl, I had to stay in the shack overbrimming with curiosity until the bugle blew. I was blindfolded and led up something which was supposed to be a plank. Later I discovered it was only a bench with a mattress under it. Then there was a dance by Third Shack and some short plays. One was a night on a Pullman train and it caused much laughter. Afterward we had refreshments and danced. Everybody had lots of fun.

Phyllis Schell

MOUNT PHILIP--or A TYPICAL
C. R. PICNIC

Characters--The campers, councillors and grounds

Time--A Friday in July or August

Place--Runoia and Mt. Philip and lake in the evening

Flag Raising

It is a beautiful day--not a cloud in the sky or a faint suggestion of a breeze. Councillors arrive one by one looking very dazed and sleepy in spite of early dips. Just as Johnny prepares to say "Fall in", someone arouses from lethargy to remark: "So this is Friday".

"Not a bit like the traditional Friday."

"Don't worry--it'll rain or blow before the day's over".

"I say let's go some place. How about getting the whole camp on the water?"

Miss Dowd: "I had thought we might go to Mt. Philip--"

Chorus of approval. The councillors have agreed so the whole camp is to go to Mt. Philip.

Picnic Committee

Miss Weiser,

Miss Miles, Connie and Elsa are at work. Miss Pond drops in now and again.

Connie goes to the kitchen to get the ham filling and views with slight dismay the plain ham.

Florence: "Huh--I suppose you all 'ud like some pickle in it."

Connie tries to smile pleasingly and says,
"Now I think that would be nice."

Florence starts resignedly to add pickles to the concoction.

Miss Pond drops in to see Miss Rahm in the office but as the latter isn't there she wanders over to the committee. "Lucy, is there anything I can do?"

"Yes, Jessie, you can sit right down there and put meat filling inside those buttered pieces of bread. Dear me, girls, some of you are very careless. These pieces of bread don't fit and everyone hates messy sandwiches. Do it this way and always take two slices of bread and butter between them--and don't forget to butter both sides.

Connie: "Please be sure to butter the edges."

All work in silence except Elsa who continually plies Miss Miles and Connie with questions about Stanford and Wellesley respectively and carries on quite a conversation with Connie about the Wyomissing girls who used to come to camp.

Miss Pond: "Who buttered this? The edges aren't done."

Miss Miles: "Connie did."

Miss Pond: "My goodness, and I thought you'd been brought up at Camp Runoia."

Connie works laboriously for fully five minutes and then presents Miss Pond with two slices of bread with "There, I defy you to find any unbuttered corners."

Miss Pond, after careful inspection: "Guess you belong here after all."

Elsa: "Are we having eggs?"

Miss Weiser: "Well, I thought not with meat."

Elsa: "Well, I love eggs, soft boiled--but I think it's silly to get a choice of soft, medium or hard at breakfast."

Rest Hour

Miss Rahm down at mail docks notices that it seems to have blown up a little. To mailman--"How's the weather out there?"

He: "Kind of rough down at the other end."

She: "Do you think we could get the kids down to Mount Philip for a picnic?"

He: "Kinda rough down there, and me--I'm scared of a canoe--never go out in one. Me for Betty."

She: "Is it going to rain?"

He: "Probably not before night." A loon flies low over the water crying. "Never saw one of them doing that in the daytime, but it's a sure sign of rain."

Later in Dining Room

Raymond appears. Miss Rahm: "Good afternoon, Ray. What's the weather going to be?"

He: "I don't know."

Olan appears. Miss Rahm: "Good afternoon, Olan. What's the weather going to be?"

Olan, decisively: "It won't rain till late and the wind is blowing right down that way, so that's all right."

Ray: "I kinda thought so but I didn't like to say so. I didn't know whether my eyes were deceiving me or not."

At Beach P. R. (Post Rest-Hour)

Third Shack arrives with sweaters and raincoats.

Fourth Shack arrives with sweaters.

Fifth Shack arrives with raincoats.

Sixth Shack arrives without anything and rather tardily at that.

Miss Dowd: "Kay May, what's the weather going to be?"

Kay May: "Aw, it's going to rain."

General clamor arises.

"Miss Dowd, do we need raincoats?"

"Miss Dowd, do we need sweaters?"

"Miss Dowd, can we take some of the food in our canoe?"

"Miss Dowd, do we have to take raincoats?"

"Who has Paddle 31?"

"Miss Dowd, do we have to take sweaters?"

"Who has Paddle 22?"

"Miss Dowd--this is Rhoda--can Frisky and I take a torpedo bow?"

"Miss Dowd, can I go in the war canoe?"

"Miss Thayer is. This is Colby."

"Who has Paddle 19?"

"Miss Dowd, do we have to take raincoats?"

"May I sit in the bottom of Frisky's canoe?"

"Miss Dowd--this is Piglet--can Ann and I take a torpedo bow?"

Miss Dowd, driven to distraction and vigorously blowing her whistle: "Everyone must take sweaters and raincoats. Fourth is going in the war canoe. Third is not paddling."

Alice: "May Mary and I paddle stroke?"

All disperse to get proper clothing. Finally return and get started.

Trip up Mount Philip

All start walking. Part way up the road a car looms ahead.

Councillors: "All keep to the left when a car comes."

Half the camp scatters to the left and half to the right, apparently ignorant of which is which.

A little farther on a few drops of rain patter down. A few ambitious souls go back for the raincoats, stored carefully in the canoes left at the landing place. On the way up Sixth Shackers and councillors vie with each other carrying food. Frisky's cake is very popular. This is heard frequently: "Can't I carry something? Frisky, can I help with your angel cake?"

Part way up Miss Thayer comes upon Elsa struggling with a small bucket of water. Seeing Elsa's distressed visage, she asks: "What's the matter, Elsa? Can I help you?"

"Oh, Miss Thayer, please do. Take this can of water-- it's so heavy."

The first party arrives at the top, but Kate, who started in with them, is missing.

Councillor: "Where's Kate?"

Girls: "She's stuck in a berry patch part way up."

Chorus: "Gosh, I'm hungry. Can't we eat?"

Exasperated Councillor: "The food isn't all here and we've got to wait for the others anyway. You can all admire the view while we wait."

Girls: "Can we have a drink of water?"

Councillor: "It isn't here yet."

The Picnic

Committee: "Line forms to the left and passes in front of this rock. What are you doing? We said in front, not behind. Each one take a package of sandwiches and some lettuce. No, no--not a whole package, just a few leaves. That little package has some for bread for Dougie, and that big package is all brown those as can't eat meat. Mary and Sookie, did you get the right kind? Take a banana and help yourself to a cookie--just one cookie and one banana apiece. No, no olives today, and no milk."

Josie, probably putting the feelings of several into words: "Aw heck, meat sandwiches again. Why do we always have to have picnics on Friday? I can't eat meat and I do love ham sandwiches--and if we ever have weenies again I'll starve and have a fit."

"Can I have a drink of water?"

"There's only a little water. You can have half a cup now or later, but you'd better wait till you've finished your ham and peanut butter sandwiches."

"Oh, dear, I'm dying of thirst."

"Who wants a ham for a peanut butter?"

"Who'll trade a peanut butter for a ham?"

Chorus: "I will."

"Here's the peanut butter."

"Oh, that's the wrong way around. I want the ham, not the peanut butter."

"I want a drink of water."

Dougie, hovering over a two by four fire built by Johnny and Flackie: "Who wants a toasted peanut butter sandwich?"

"Eat it yourself."

"No, you take it. I honestly don't want it--I don't even like it."

All councillors being toasting sandwiches.

"I want a drink of water."

"Oh, you big gyp. You got a whole cup and I only got half."

Miss Dowd: "I wish Belle were here. She's the only one in camp I like."

Committee: "Everyone bring your papers and rubbish over here. This basket is for paper--this for garbage--and this for unused things. Heavens, they're putting the rubbish in the good stuff and the papers are mixed with rubbish--oh, dear, what a mess!"

Trip down Hill (so-called mountain)

First party starts out and arrives at landing. Johnny and Dougie start for home, leaving Connie with many brats, all of whom have nothing to do. She tries to keep them from getting their feet wet, sitting on damp ground, falling off dock, sitting on canoes, busting paddles and taking the ferry to Ram's Island etc. "Where, oh where is the rest of the camp?" Finally Bobby appears, very breathless. "Miss Dowd says to go on." It appears that the rest of the camp are lost on the hillside. Miss Dowd, Miss Flack et al in one group, Miss Thayer and Miss Miles in another--all calling to each other and thinking the others are on the path. Well, all's well that ends well.

Way Home

Rough water between Ram and Hoyt's.

Motor-boat and men set out from Ram and approach the first canoe.

"What camp are you?"

"Camp Runoia."

"Who's in charge?"

"Miss Dowd."

"Where is she?"

"Back further."

"You girls are taking an awful risk to go down there tonight. There's a big blow at the end of Hoyt's."

Motor-boat approaches war canoe. "Miss Dowd aboard?"

"No."

"Where is she?"

"Back further."

"It's very rough off Hoyt's. You girls ought to wait here overnight."

Motor-boat finally finds Miss Dowd and tells her the news. Camp proceeds to end of Hoyt's, planning to stay there if it is too rough, but scarcely a ripple when they arrive so they set out for the lights on the beach and home. Everyone tired but happy.

10.15. In the Dining Room

Misses Miles, Thayer and Murdoch are still up. Phone rings. M.T. answers. "Hello.--Yes, this is Camp Runoia.--Yes, we were on the lake this evening.--No, we got home safely about an hour ago.--We saw your lights and tried to attract your attention but couldn't.--So sorry to have caused so much trouble.--Thank you very much.--Goodbye."

Amen--Thus endeth the 1932 picnic trip to Mount Philip.

NEW GIRLS' PARTY

At the sound of the cowbell on July 16th there trooped to the Lodge perhaps the strangest assemblage which had ever graced its venerable porch. After much suspense we filed in to find ourselves thrown in with practically every character which had ever pranced through a funny paper and a good many from various books. By way of helping us to identify them each character or group of characters gave a short skit. They were all extremely clever, and most were guessed quickly. After due deliberation on the part of the judges the prizes were awarded to Nancy Fiske and Colby Cleveland as Heidi and Peter and to Kay May Condit as Skippy. Another prize for guessing the most characters correctly was bestowed on Colby.

The new girls then put on some fairy tales in pantomime which were very well done and much enjoyed. One act in which the three Bears (Baers) figured brought forth much applause.

Then there was some folk dancing sponsored by our most able dancer, Miss Elizabeth MacDougall. After that we all joined in the Virginia Reel and the evening ended with gaiety and punch.



CHRISTENING OF MARJORIE

Mr. and Mrs. Camp Runola of Belgrade Lakes, Maine, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a small float, Marjorie, on July 12th, 1932. Mrs. Runola, who was the former Miss Ivory Soap, is well known in these parts. An elaborate ceremony marked the christening of the infant. Mrs. Coolidge, better known here as Miss Crawford, presided and christened the newcomer Marjorie after its godmother, Marjorie Miles Bigger. General merrymaking and rejoicing followed, with a sumptuous parade. Mother and infant are doing well.

VISIT TO EASTERN MUSIC CAMP

The Runoia camper, having donned her street apparel, heaved herself into the bus and turned her face in the direction of the Eastern Music Camp, situated on Lake Messalonskee.

Having encountered a good many camps on the way, the Runoia camper arrived at the Camp, a little the worse for wear but still eagerly anticipating the concert.

Arriving at the entrance and finding that children under twelve were admitted half price, the Runoia camper shrunk a few considerable inches, smiled childishly at the lady, receiving for all her trouble a curt "Fifty cents, please," fifty cents being whole price.

Nothing daunted, however, our camper took her place among the many others and prepared herself with a program in each hand to follow the various events. Her eyes were attracted suddenly to the aisle where a vision in streamers and ribbons came dashing by. Having looked twice, however, it was discovered that only a woman, dressed in a good many bows, some of which were untied, was passing by.

Determinedly the Runoia camper set herself to listen to a song by some tenor, but upon consulting her program found it to be bass. Not being able to hear extremely well where she sat, the Runoia camper again let her eyes wander over the audience, this time seeing a good many different outfits-- orange and red combined there, brown and black clashing here, and lavender and light blue over younder etc.

All too soon came the end and no one was more surprised than the Runoia camper, who proceeded to buy punch. Then, a little dishevelled and much the worse for wear, she once more heaved herself into the bus, receiving at the same time a polite inquiry from a friend on "Mr. So and So", to which the Runoia camper answered that the concert was divine and set her face toward camp.

Ann Baer

HOYT'S ISLAND TRIP

We started out right after rest hour and we were very excited. When we got there we saw someone on the end of the point. Flackie, Josie and Frances went up to ask him if he was camping there. He was a Japanese and said no, he had just swam over, so we landed and pulled the canoes up and turned them over. Then we found places away from the bumps and made our beds. By that time the man had started back. When he got to about the middle of the lake Connie and Miss Rahm went and picked him up and took him the rest of the way. When we were through making our beds we went in swimming and then cooked supper. After supper we sat around and sang songs. When it got dark we went in for a moonlight dip and then we sat around the fire in our P.J.'s and toasted marshmallows and started our trip song (which never got finished). Then we went to bed. When we woke up, which was about six, we went for a walk. Then we went in for a morning dip and then had breakfast. After that we rolled our packs and went in for a swim. Then we came out and started home, and that is the end of a perfect trip.

M. Baer

NAME	CAMP NAME	DISTINGUISH- ING CHARAC- TERISTIC	HANGOUT	ABOMINATION	ASPIRATION	PRIDE	SAYING
Miss Con- stance Eleanor Dowd	Director	Police siren	Infirmary	Droopy draw- ers	To get Sixth Shack up in time for the cowbell	Indepen- dent campers	"Get in your rooms and put some clothes on"
Miss Janet Crawford		Hatchet	Miss Dowd's room	Lousy singing	Enough sleep	Water- proof beds	"Now in the third camp from the last where I was--"
Janet Olcott Brown		Bow legs	Other peoples' beds	To be taken for Dodo Frink	To squelch Rhoda	Hair	"Oh, I wouldn't put that in the LOG about me"
Susan Colby Cleveland	Colby	Sniffle	Fourth Shack	To have the councillors say "When the kids are in bed--"	To do a back flip	Crawl	"Did I <u>really</u> do that?"
Nancy Tur- pin Fiske	Frisky	One-track mind	Berry patches	Having Bing thumb-tacked	To sleep out every night	Coiffure	"I don't care, I think you're nasty"
Barbara Noble Hut- ton	Bobby	Chubby cheeks	In other peoples' clothes	Her hair	To diet	Point o' Woods	"How many helpings did you have, Rhoda?"

NAME	CAMP NAME	DISTINGUISH- ING CHARAC- TERISTIC	HANGOUT	ABOMINATION	ASPIRATION	PRIDE	SAYING
Rhoda Deni- son Lester	Rhody	Frayed wristbands	Corset strings	Wet rides	To get her man	Her pic- ture gallery	"I know something about you that would squelch you so"
Eleanor Paige Rose		Personal questions	In her rubber galoshes	Raising her- self 40 times on a chair	To learn to swim with- out going in the water	Her \$2.00 angora socks	"Hey, people, I'm going to the John"
Lois Vir- ginia Soule		Scratched face	Anywhere under the sun	Not being able to think of peoples' names	To get a little tan	Being the oldest in camp	"Slick"
Ann Bigelow Thomson	Nancy	Black- brown hair	Pix	Being told she has black hair	Not to have Helene ask her ques- tions	China	"I wish we wer ^e go- ing to have craft"
Miss Marion Rachel Johnson	Johnny	Sandals	Craft house	Parabola backs	To have Betsy hold her back up	Her ring	"Now say please"
Miss Eliza- beth Lorna MacDougall	Dougie	Moccasins	On Smoky	These person- al basketball players	To have Eleanor ride on a horse	Her Chevvy	"Now when we play Sardines--"

NAME	CAMP NAME	DISTINGUISH- ING CHARAC- TERISTIC	HANGOUT	ABOMINATION	ASPIRATION	PRIDE	SAYIN G
Ann Rogers Baer		Hair ribbon	Pianola bench	Gumless camps	To have no abomination	Her new records	"Act your age"
Katherine Freeman	Kate	Her gun- boats	In bed when the cowbell rings	Track	To get the prize for the puzzles in PHOTOPLAY	Dodo	"Who has a COLLEGE HUMOR?"
Dorothy Angelica Frink	Dodo	Diady bloomers	In the paint box	Being taken for Janet Brown	To have her wall complete- ly covered with animal pictures	Her crazy horses	"Oh, it's pathetic"
Mary Stuart Houston	Stewie	Stiff legs	In Dodo's room	Lipstick	Never to mountain climb	Her stick- less lips	"Oh, shut up"
Priscilla Harrington King	Piglet	White hat	Pix for a change	Not enough blankets	To collect all the cho- colate and vanilla signs in Maine	Sanford	"You poor stew"
Elsa Wil- helmina Livingood		Reading pretzels	Sixth Shack	To miss kissing everyone in the shack goodnight	To Germanize the camp	Figure	"Oh, my sinus"

NAME	CAMP NAME	DISTINGUISH- ING CHARAC- TERISTIC	HANGOUT	ABOMINATION	ASPIRATION	PRIDE	SAYING
Elizabeth Clare Mangas	Betty	Scratched legs	By the radio	Being twit- ted about the gangsters in Chicago	To play a perfect game of tennis	Lincoln Gazette	"Thank you, hon"
Miss Evelyn Lena Rahm		Braids	Mail dock	Changing tables	To get from the lousy into the not-so-hot divers' class	Her pet mouse	"Get out of the office"
Miss Mary Eleanor Thayer	Thalia Throttle- bottom	Matching pants and socks	Float	Telling people anything more than 10 times	To beat Lorna and Johnny at tennis	Carol At- water's clothes	"Sissy"
Mary Bea- trice Baer		That un- dressed look	The Pound	Straight hair	To get the Governor's autograph	Her uncles	"We went fishing with no bait"
Grace Valley Ewing	Gracie	Tossing braids	With a book	Getting her hair dry	To have a book along when she's Sardine	"Samuel Hall"	"Hee hee, how funny"
Frances Hathaway		Funny foot- gear	Bed	To comb her hair	To remove the wall so she can read both sides of her papers	Funny wall paper	"Oh, piffle"

NAME	CAMP NAME	DISTINGUISH- ING CHARAC- TERISTIC	HANGOUT	ABOMINATION	ASPIRATION	PRIDE	SAYING
Elizabeth Mallory Hite	Betsy	Her stamp	Rafters	Poison ivy, sties, stone bruises etc. etc.	To get thin so she can get places in riding meets	Her riding master	"Oh, must I sleep in the infirmary?"
Josephine Parker Norris	Josie	Her hys- terical giggle	Miss Thayer's bed	Whitewinging	To have her room done for her	Bandana	"My gosh"
Phyllis Leigh Schell		Freckles	LOG meet- ings	Messy rooms	To sleep out	Her blue stars	"Yes"
Clare Sturtevant Weber		Grin	On a horse	To be fruit- less	To choke everybody in camp	Lan	"Oh, Betsy"
Alice Calley Wolcott		Jittery feet	Around food	Sweeping the hall	Springy dives	Her outdoor beds	"Who'll play jacks?"
Miss Elizabeth Flack	Flackie	Orange overalls	Stables	Puffs	To find her glasses	The ducks, P.U.B.O.	"It's time to go swimming now, girls"

NAME	CAMP NAME	DISTINGUISH- ING CHARAC- TERISTIC	HANGOUT	ABOMINATION	ASPIRATION	PRIDE	SAYING
Miss Marjorie Helen Miles	Marjorie Miles Bigger	Knitting	Mail dock	Bitten finger nails	Not to crash through	California and Stan- ford	"Odious chi ld"
Susan Heath Baer	Sooky	Her per- sonality	On the floor play- ing jacks	Being teased about her future	Bigger and better kisses	Her knit- ting	"Did I get any spring that time?"
Joan Nancy Bayne		White hat	On the floor play- ing jacks	Nosebleeds	To dive without holding her nose	Her looks	"Oh, dear"
Catherine Mae Condit	Kay May	Dimples	Bobs Brown's canoe	Bees	To beat Perry	Ray	"Oh, Perry"
Helen Ramona Cuppia	Romeo	Cock-eyed beret	On the floor play- ing jacks	Having people inspect under her bed	Not to frog dive	Boy friends	"I got to go to Pix. May I go?"
Jane Kain		Ills	On some- one's back	Being told about her bitten finger nails	To ride horse- back more	Her music	"Won't you carry me?"

NAME	CAMP NAME	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	HANGOUT	ABOMINATION	ASPIRATION	PRIDE	SAYING
Helene Jas- sen Livingood		Peg leg	On the floor play- ing jacks	Being called Helen	To get more shoo fly cake	Her sister	"Do I have to write home if Elsa does?"
Elizabeth Morin Perry	Perry	Cast-off mas- culine clothes	Bobs Brown's canoe	Bugs	Not to spread eagle	Her brothers	"Oh, Condit"
Miss Con- stance Murdoch	Connie	That wholesome look	Protruding pinkies	People who drop in for a little extra craft	To beat Lorna and Johnny at tennis	Davis Cup racquet	"Now we used to do it this way--"

Buzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz, whirrrrrrrr, our dear director turned the dial and finally stopped at Station C. R., Belgrade Lakes, Maine. Just another clever scheme of Fifth Shack's, and this time they were a troupe of entertainers with Dougie MacDougall broadcasting.

Nebuchadnezzar Politics told us how to get out of the depression and then jumped out himself, leaving us behind. Then the weather was broadcast to us and the prophecy for rain on Parents' Day with showers of guests proved correct. How did they guess that? Maybe from experience--I wonder!

A charming little bedtime story was given for the benefit of our younger members and then the most up-to-date news of Camp Runoia was given, much to everybody's enlightenment.

There were charming selections from the Hill Billy Orchestra in between each skit, and then Pigaletto somebody or other warbled up and down the scales for a minute or two, but then, as Eleanor remarked, she wasn't so bad!

The dramatic ability of one of the members of Fifth Shack was shown at its best in a story about wrapping paper, and then we were given Elsie Dinsmore's conception of a trip, but even little Elsie didn't go so far as to take a bed.

Next Mama Goldberg entertained us with an account of her daughter Rosalie's doings at camp. Oi, oi, oi, did she have fun?

Then Marge from the ten cent store amused us with relating the high spots of her past history.

But the really bright moment of the evening was when Eko and Iko, two wash-outs from the hills, told us the Bigger stories, especially one original one which was bigger and better than ever. What can Miss Miles be blushing about over in the corner?

Home-made ice cream in cones and a little dancing ended another swell party.

FOURTH SHACK PARTY

We waited anxiously for the poster which was to tell us about Fourth Shack's party to be put up. Upon its being tacked up we found that they were giving a treasure hunt.

When the cowbell rang we trooped into the Lodge, where we were divided into several parties, and all the parties were presented with clues on different colored slips of paper. Two Fourth Shackers went with each party to help them if they got in a tight place.

We proceeded on our trails, and there were many clever clues such as, "Don't get personal here", meaning on the basket-ball field, and "Love all", meaning the tennis courts. The last clue was, "A place usually visited on Saturdays," meaning the property room, and all parties rushed for the dining room, all breathless and many with just a faint feeling of a stitch in the side, when Betty Perry found the treasure for Party One. Each girl in the party received a set of china animals or a rubber doll.

We then returned to the Lodge, had refreshments, danced, and went to our respective shacks.

N. Fiske

ZOO STORY

August 15th Third Shack went to the zoo in Farmington. Miss Pond and Miss Miles took us. Stewie, Phyllis, Ann and Piglet went also. Miss Pond took some girls in her car and Raymond took some in his car. Some girls and myself went in Miss Pond's car. We drove for quite a while. We passed by Sandy River. At last we reached the zoo. We had to wait a few minutes for the other girls. We waited and read funny papers until they came. First of all we saw the monkeys. We saw buffaloes, lions, tigers, bears, wolves, dogs, skunks, rabbits, birds, seals and so on. After we saw everything we had some ice cream. Then we started home. When we reached Belgrade we had some more ice cream. Then we came home.

Kay May Condit

FOURTH SHACK IN COUNCILLORS' COFFEE

Characters:

Clare

Betsy

Mary Baer

Phyllis

Josie

Alice

Frances

Grace

Annie Senior

All: Oh, we're so glad you came today and not anyone else.

Annie: Oh, yeah, you said that yesterday to So-and-So.

Mary: Oh, well, that was yesterday.

Alice: Will you play jacks with me?

Clare: No, let's all do something together.

Annie: What do you want to do?

Frances: You suggest something.--I'd like donkey.

Grace: Yes, you tell us what to do. I like Truth and
Consequences.

Josie: Let her tell us what to do. I want something new.

Annie: O. K. How about hearts?

Betsy: Yes, let's play hearts. Isn't it something like pig?

Mary: All right, let's play hearts--but I do like I Doubt It.

Annie: We're going to play hearts--I'll deal.

Frances: Well, I like ghost better.

Alice: Let's play ghost and go on from last time when we didn't finish.

Phyllis: Well, I was it--

Annie: Grace, wake up--we're playing hearts.

Grace: Oh, is that what we're doing?

Josie: Look out, Clare, I can see your hand.

Clare: Well, don't look.

Josie: I'm not.

Betsy: You are so!

Alice: You was!

Frances: She wasn't!

Annie: Shall we go on?

Phyllis: I'm way ahead--I have all the hearts.

Clare: Then you're the booby--you shouldn't have any at all.

Frances:

Alice:) What?

Betsy:

Josie: Aw, we were playing the other way. Can't we count it that way? I have the queen of spades.

Annie: Well--

Clare: No, I have the jack!

Annie: Well, here comes Miss Thayer so we'll have to stop.

All: Oh, dear, I just love hearts!

Colby Cleveland

THIRD SHACK PARTY

We came to the boathouse,
And what did we see
But bugs and beetles
All pinned on each tree.
We followed them both
And walked quite a way
Till we stumbled upon
The scene of the play.
The stage they had
Was out in the wood,
And the play they gave
Was exceedingly good.
Then to the Lodge
We all hurriedly went,
After an evening very well spent.



SIXTH SHACK PARTY

After a long wait, during which mysterious sounds issued from the Lodge, the cowbell pealed out its musical notes and we were admitted to the Lodge. A double row of curtains was then opened and lo and behold--an extremely artistic camp fire had been built upon Runcia's massive stage.

The campers were lying on their blankets, thunder rolled, lightening flashed, and it rained and rained. The poor girls certainly were uncomfortable, as we had reason to guess by quarrels and low whispering. Suddenly a car pulled up and two very good friends piled out. The curtain then rang down amidst thunderous applause.

Again the curtains parted and we beheld a studio in Hollywood. A director and his friend were making tryouts for their next picture. Suddenly Zasu appeared, a charming, beautiful woman with gee-orgeous hands. After Zasu appeared Thelma, an equally beautiful girl (and could she smoke!), and last but not least came Clara Bow-Legs, the heroine.

Again the curtains rang down and again they parted to show us the camp fire, but because of a bright action on the part of one of the wet girls it went out.

Again the scene shifted to the homecoming of the trippers to Camp Somersault. The director met them in her panama hat and the lovers were united, only, to the great jar of the girls, the great actress and actor were their councillors.

Brownies, ice cream and dancing followed, but at last Sixth Shack party, like all good things, came to and end.

Ann Baer

COUNCILLORS' COFFEE

By One Who Has Been There

Time--Any noon after dinner

Scene--Miss Dowd's table

Characters--Misses Dowd, Crawford, Johnson, MacDougall, Rahm,
Thayer, Flack, Miles and Murdoch

Dowd: Now we've got to decide right away what we're going to do this afternoon because we're late in getting started.

Crawford: And you've all got to learn your parts for Third Shack's play.

Thayer: I think Colby miscast me. I roar swelly--in fact, I scare myself.

Miles: Well, I roar pretty well too.

Dowd: Now Fifth Shack is supposed to have craft--

Flack: Oh, not Fifth Shack--they had it yesterday.

Thayer: I still think you should let me roar.

MacDougall: Aren't there any lime lollipops left? I don't like anything else.

Crawford: Now let's learn our parts.

Johnson: May I have the cream, please?

Dowd: I guess it's too windy for canoeing. We might let Fourth Shack--

Murdoch: Gosh, I'm sick of marrying Thayers. It used to be Andy and now it's Mary.

Johnson: Cream, please.

MacDougall: Is it going to rain? Can I take someone riding?

Flack: It's going to burn off.

Thayer: There's going to be a bad thunderstorm in an hour.

Dowd: Perhaps we'd better let Seniors play games. Which do they need more, baseball or basketball?

Johnson: MAY I HAVE THE CREAM?

MacDougall: Evie, will you tell Phyllis Schell to get ready for riding when you go down.

Crawford: Now let's start on the parts. Miss Dowd, you're Hippolyta.

Miles: You mean Hippopotamus.

Dowd: What shall we do with Fourth and Third?

Murdoch: I only have one line and I know that.

Johnson: I think people are late too much.

MacDougall: Maybe it is going to rain. Never mind telling Phyllis, Evie.

Dowd: Let's get this afternoon settled. Fourth Shack tennis--

Johnson: The courts are too wet.

Crawford: Now, Mary, you're Lysander.

Thayer: Oh, am I Lysol--I wish I could be the lion.

Flack: I wish you'd change tables soon. I don't like mine--do you know who's there--I have--

Miles: Oh, don't change--I like mine. No one eats much and I have a swell time. Ever since you moved the dieters I get all I want to eat.

Thayer: Coffee, please.

MacDougall: Is it going to rain or isn't it?

Rahm: What shall we do with Fourth Shack about inspection?
They're terrible. Don't you think it would be a good
idea--

Dowd: Well, let's let Fourth have craft and Third rehearse
and Senior basketball. Then tonight--

Crawford: Have you made that ass's head yet, Flackie?

Flack: Don't you think four helpings of cereal is enough?

Thayer: More coffee, please.

MacDougall: Maybe it isn't going to rain. I guess you'd
better tell Phyllis, Evie.

Crawford: Connie, did you say you knew your part?

Murdoch: Sure--I say, "Anything you want, dearie, is O. K.
with me."

Crawford: Well, that's practically it. The script according
to Shakespeare and Colby is, "Anything you want, my love,
is what I want too." But I like yours just as well.

Dowd: Now do you all know what you're doing this afternoon?

Miles: Gee, I hope I get some mail.

Thayer: Janet, couldn't you please let me roar? I'm awfully
good--listen. (Roars with such vehemence that Rahm upsets
coffee.)

Dowd: Now let's have rest hour.

Crawford: Do you all know your lines?

MacDougall: I wish I knew what the weather was going to be.

Thayer: Is there any more coffee?

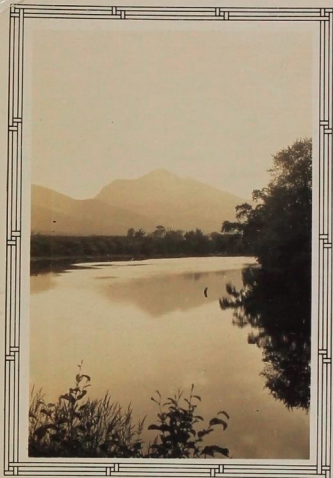
Dowd: Now that we've got this afternoon settled, let's go.

Rahm: Oh, let's not. I like it here.

Dowd: We must go. Come on, everyone.

Dowd departs. Others linger. MacDougall looks at sky inquiringly. Rahm sews tail on animal. Crawford reads play. Murdoch gets mail. Miles peels collodian from poison ivy. Flack knits placidly. Thayer tips coffee pot. Johnson sits and looks blank. (All above actions are supposed to be characteristic and indicative of various temperaments).

Chorus: What do we have this afternoon?





DRESS DRILL

Has anyone seen my bran clean tie--
Where on earth could it be?
Oh, darling roommate, I see you have two--
Could you lend one to me?

This middy is much too big for me--
I've gotten exceedingly thin.
Do you suppose by any possible chance
Someone could lend me a pin?

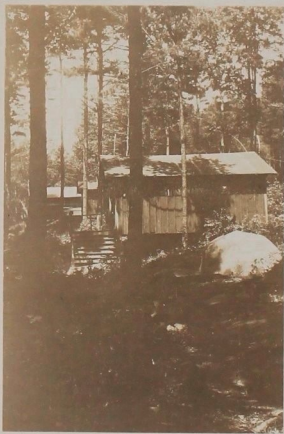
The pleats in my bloomers are coming out,
And I don't know what to do.
Well, anyway here are some socks,
But where is the other shoe?

Oh, I remember, we had a fight.
Now at whom did I throw my sneaker?
I'll have to look in everyone's room--
The prospect couldn't be bleaker.

Why, here it is on my bureau--
How could it have gotten there?
Maybe this is the other one--
Why no, here is the pair.

Now I'm finally ready--
I've even found my beret.
My, don't we all look swell,
All rigged in full array!

Colby Cleveland



ECHO LAKE TRIP

Told by a Paddle.

August 5, 1932. Trippers--Miss Murdoch, Miss Thayer, Rhoda, Colby, Frisky, Janet, Nancy, Lois and Bobby.

First I was stuffed into a canoe which was hitched onto the truck in some weird manner and we joggled along this way for some time and everybody was making so much noise that nobody could hear herself think--and perhaps that was just as well.

When we got to East Pond everything was unloaded and somebody dubbed on me and then I was grabbed and we started off. We barely got started before we stopped for lunch and somebody said she was glad half the trip was on a diet, and that half of the trip said they had changed their minds, and everybody ate for half an hour and then lay down and said they wouldn't eat any supper.

After that we went down a stream called Smithfield and somebody said it wasn't as nice as Meadowbrook and somebody else said it was nicer. Anyhow, we stopped at Smithfield and I was left along with all the canoes (which had been carried over a dam) and the girls went and left me and when they came back they looked guilty and said anyhow they wouldn't eat any supper.

Then we paddled down a little stream which had funny things in it, but I didn't mind because I didn't have much work to do. After a little while we got to another big lake which somebody said was North Pond and after a while, after everybody had gotten out and shoved through some rocks, we got to Echo Lake where we stopped and I was dropped again where I couldn't see what was going on, and then I heard someone start a fire and some kind person picked me up and leaned me against a canoe and I could see everybody eating a lot and someone said "I thought you weren't going to eat any supper", and someone else said "Well, anyhow, there won't be much for breakfast." After everything was cleared up they started playing Truth and something or other, only everybody asked so many questions there wasn't time to answer and I didn't find out as much as I thought I was going to.

Pretty soon they went to bed and some of them were still worrying about somebody's name and then they came down to brush their teeth and when they went there were still two left on the beach and they tossed around something terrible all night and in the morning one of them said she felt like a pretzel and if I could have I would have said she looked like one too.

Then everybody ate breakfast for a long time and then said well, they wouldn't eat much for dinner because there wasn't much left anyhow.

After that we started and pretty soon we got to another stream which was Meadowbrook and people kept jumping out of the canoes and pushing them for a little way, and then they'd stand up and paddle and then hit a stump and sit down suddenly. Finally we got out of that and paddled across a large expanse of rough lake to a dinky little island that looked like a birthday cake and everybody was trying to make up her mind if we were half there, and just as they decided we were I felt something scraping and we bumped on the beach of Otter Island, which is the place we were half way to.

Then it was time for lunch and in about ten minutes they all said they were full, and in half an hour more they said they couldn't possibly eat any more, and twenty minutes later they said it was lucky the trip was over because they'd hate to break their diets.

About two hours later we started back and then it started to rain and the rest of the trip is confused with rain, waves and wet clothes. Anyhow, everybody said it was a swell trip, so I guess it must have been.

Colby Cleveland



THE COWBELL

What, is that the cowbell ringing--
And my letter's just half through.
Oh, dear, why does it ring now
When I've so many things to do!

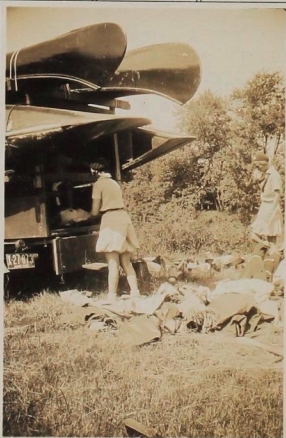
And I guess I'd better comb my hair
Or Miss Dowd will send me back,
And this room is just too awful--
It's the messiest in the shack.

Where did I put that frightful comb--
I know it was right here.
Someone must have taken it,
And I'm sure I'm late--oh dear!

Oh, well, I'll wear a cap instead--
I'm sure it looks as well.
Now I'll have to hurry
For there goes the second bell.

Here I am just in on time,
And am I out of breath!
Darn those awful cowbells--
I'm sure they'll be my death!

Colby Cleveland



Mount Bigelow and Dead River Trip

Pioneers on the Trip

Colby Cleveland
Janet Brown
Nancy Fiske
Barbara Hutton
Rhoda Lester
Lois Soule
Nancy Thomson

Act I Scene I

Afternoon in a farmyard at foot of the mountain, (second highest in Maine until the last census when it decreased to fifth highest, ...anyway it's 4088 feet high. The fire warden himself said it takes three hours or three and a half for ladies to get to the top)

A Ford truck, beautifully festooned with canoes, stands by the roadside surrounded by open packs, ponchos, blankets, food baskets, shoes, cameras, etc. etc. Farmers stare in amazement at the strange cargo.

Bobby: When do we eat? We've driven forty-eight miles since the last ice cream cone.

Janet: All I had for lunch was animal crackers, peanuts, three squashed pears, some grapes and dates, chocolate crackers and an ice cream cone. I'm hungry.

Miss Crawford: Who said Eat? This is a mountain climb not a tea party. All we need to eat tonight is two hotdogs and a little bread. Here, Nancy, you take this string of hot dogs in your blanket roll, wrap it tight and tie it around your neck. Lois, wrap this butter in your blankets and Frisky put the bread in yours, never mind if it crumbles, bread crumbs are just as nourishing.

Rhoda: Gosh these blanket rolls smell lousy with all this squashed butter and hot dogs rolled in.

Miss Dowd: The fire warden told the lady at the post office that it's a three hour climb and it's half past four now and we don't know the trail and may get lost if it gets dark.

All trudge off the scene laden with blanket rolls and hungrily eating blue berries as they pass.

Act I Scene II

Two and a half hours later. Nearing the top of the mountain.

Miss Dowd: Time up. It's three minutes, get up again and climb.

Nancy: When do you think we'll get to the top?

Janet: Please look at my back once more and see if it isn't just

a little bit wet through. That's my ambition, to sweat through the back.

Rhoda: mopping her face. Wet through, I haven't a dry stitch on. Oh there's another ladder over the rocks.

Bobby: Am I wet through the back?

Nancy: When do you think we'll reach the top?

Colby: Next time we stop to rest wait to count the three minutes after we've all sat down. Oh, I smell hot dogs coming out of someone's blankets.

Janet: Am I wet through yet?

Frisky: I wish we had more to eat after all this climb than just two hot dogs.

Lois: Oh, here's a spring, I stepped in it. Let's get a drink.

Nancy: When will we reach the top?

Janet: Aren't I wet through yet?

Miss Dowd: I wish we had more than two blankets, it's getting cold up here and I'm afraid my feet will be out all night from the knees down.

Miss Crawford: Here's the top! I see the log cabin.

Act II

Scene I

Top of the Mountain. A tip-top log hut surrounded by three beds spread out on the ground. Nine people emerge from the three beds, fully clad and absolutely neat and immaculate, just as Mr. Furbish would have liked us.

Frisky: I wish we could eat my cake.

Bobby: Gosh, I'm hungry! Haven't we anything to eat?

Janet: Can't we eat a thing until we get down the mountain?

Miss Crawford: There's nothing to eat this side of the truck.

Colby: Mr. Blackwell said it would take an hour to get down the mountain and we want to climb to the look-out tower first.

Miss Dowd: Oh, stop quarreling. I think it's swell to have a chance to camp our own way without a bite to eat. Everyone get a drink from the spring and roll your blankets.

Miss Crawford: That spring water is just as good as food, so nourishing.

Frisky: When can we eat my cake?

All trudge up the steep crag to the look-out. Mr. Blackwell, the fire warden, suddenly appears behind the parade.

Mr. Blackwell: Now come up in the look-out, and I'll show you the map of the mountains and you can look through the field glasses and register in the guest book.

Colby: What'll we write in the guest book? Let's say how we haven't had a thing to eat for twenty-four hours and have to climb down for over an hour before we even eat an orange....

Miss Crawford: No, we mustn't mention food on top of this beautiful mountain. We'll just think of higher things and write something poetic. What is food to us on top of Mount Bigelow?

Chorus of all Campers: Everything.

Frisky: I wish we could eat my cake.

ACT II. Scene II

Dead River: Wilderness on both sides of the river.

Councillors: Now, we'll take a bath and have tea and eat Frisky's cake.

Rhoda: I won't swim in this muddy river---the banks are all mud.

Frisky: We can't land anywhere, it's all forest and thick woods and mud.

Colby: I'll get out in the middle of the river and swim---

Councillors: You'd better keep your bathing suits dry, in case of rain we'll need everything dry we can have.

Girls: Oh, my goodness, look at the councillors' bathing suits all alone in the canoe.

Colby: (splashing about alone in mid-river) Please paddle back and let me in.

All are eventually cleaned and more or less clothed and gather together in the middle of the river to enjoy Frisk's angel food cake with chocolate icing.

Scene III

Large promontory of rock extends into the river amid dashing rapids. Three figures are seen on the rocks working over the fire. One has on a pink bathing suit, one a pair of blue shorts and a bandana for a shirt, and the other looks very respectable except for a gashed hand from which the gore and mercurochrome drip merrily.

A strange band appears on a flat boat, sitting high above the water on white painted chairs. One stunning gentleman, gaily clad in a faded blue bathing suit, high sneakers and a golf cap approaches the three campers on the rocks.

Gentleman: What camp are you? My goodness how did you ever get a canoe down these rapids? I can see by the way the girls handle their canoes that they are experienced canoe experts.

Miss Crawford: Thank you, very much, I'm from Boston and we always chop wood scientifically and make envelope beds.

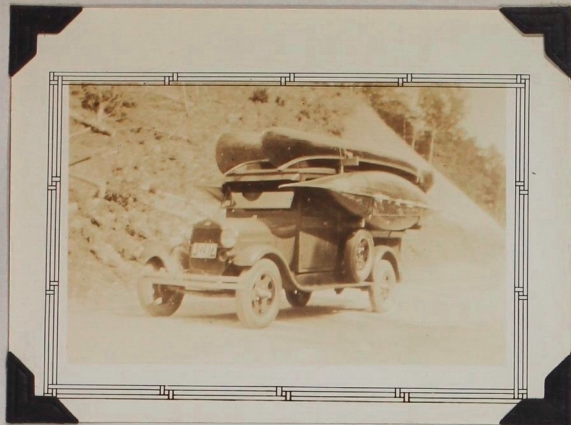
Gentleman: Oh, I could tell you were from Boston. Do you know Willie? we are Appalachian Mountineers and are blazing new trails in wild places, but we never expected anything like this (looking at Lois, coyly clad in a bandana).

Lois: Oh, Mr., we have the fussiest canoe councillor and we have to save our shirts to return to camp neat.

Gentleman: You have the best camping place on Dead River and Long Falls is the most beautiful spot in this region, but don't cross the swinging bridge, it's dangerous.

Appalachian Mountineers walk off at a snappy pace.

A happy family, father, mother, son, daughter and collie dog, approach



the best camping place on Dead River.

Happy Family: Yoo hoo---we haven't seen anyone for so long, we just had to cross the river to see you.

Miss Dowd: (hurriedly covering up wet underwear etc. and trying to hustle Lois into some clothes) Oh, do come in and have a chocolate cracker.

Head of the Happy Family: Now you just walk this way and we'll show you the spring where J.P. Morgan took his picnic parties every day. Then I'll build you a smudge to keep the black flies, gnats and mosquitoes away.

Janet, Colby and and nancy: We're going to have our own smudge and sleep way up here alone. Maybe there'll be a bear and then we can come and get in bed with the councillors.

All visitors depart and campers settle around the fire on the rocks and roast marshmallows and pop pop-corn.

ACT III

Truck stands beside high river bank. Rhoda knee deep in mud gracefully hands canoes, packs, pots, pans, waterjars, paddles, shovels and grills up the bank to the bucket line of campers above.

Colby: I bet we had the wooden canoe on the side of the truck and you're trying to put it on top.

Rhoda: Hey, there, hand that canoe over. Shove it up top there.

Miss Dowd: I think we can load canoes just as well as any man I've ever seen. What does anyone want men around for anyway?

Janet: We just busted a paddle and a water jar, but they just belong to the camp so it doesn't matter.

Miss Crawford: Now we must fix these ropes right. We have to drive sixty-eight miles.

All get into the truck between canoes and no one can see out at all except the driver who can see straight ahead but not sideways.

Lady at Post Office: Well, I declare, you can't see where you're going and you don't know where you are. Do you know where you've been?

Chorus: You bet---Mt. Bigelow and Dead River----

Post Office Lady: Well, if you're canoes aren't on right you can stop down the road where the men are cutting bushes and they'll know how to fix them just right.

Councillors and Campers: We don't need any men to help us, we can get along in our own way with all the spontaneity in the world. Let's cheer----



LONG LAKE TRIP

Trippers--Miss Dowd, Miss Crawford, Kate, Stewie, Elsa, Betty, Ann, Piglet and Dodo.

One day after Rest Hour Fifth Shack started out on a trip. As a parting gift Johnny donated a bottle to bail with and a piece of dry wood.

When we got to Belgrade, Bill helped us carry the canoes.

Once more we got started and paddled on to the bridge which we went under. A thunder storm was coming and we decided to camp, so we paddled over to the spring. We had a grand time deciding which place to camp at. Finally we landed and made our beds. Then we went to get firewood. Piglet and Betty succeeded in bringing in a small tree which we all took turns chopping up.

It began to rain and we all ran to see if our beds were getting wet. Finally assured that they weren't, we went to help cook supper.

After supper Elsa washed the dishes. It had stopped raining, so we went to bed.

During the night the stars came out, but we couldn't pick out any constellations in spite of Johnny's teachings.

In the morning we paddled to the Kennebec Camp site where we had dinner. Kate and Elsa stayed behind while we paddled to Moose Lake.

After dinner we started back for camp. When we got to Belgrade we had ten cent ice cream cones. Finally we got back to camp just before supper.

Mary Houston



THE FIRST DAY OF SPORT WEEK

As soon as Reveille blew that day
We all jumped out of bed;
We all had lots of work to do
For Sport Week was ahead.

We hurried to the dining room
With clean shorts and middies too--
The Whites were dressed in purest white,
The Blues in spotless blue.

We cheered the Blues, we cheered the Whites;
We cheered the captains too;
We cheered Sport Week in general,
And we cheered each Blight and Whoo.

We all knew that our team must win--
The others had no chance.
With all the champions on our side
We'd lead them a merry dance.

That evening arter supper
We proceeded to our shack.
There was no baseball game that night,
And in pep we seemed to lack.

We weren't so sure our team would win--
The others had good stuff;
And as for Sport Week anyhow
We'd almost had enough.

We limped a little as we walked;
Our heads were hanging too.
The Whites were clad in dirty white--
The Blues in grimy blue.

Colby Cleveland





MESSALONSKEE TRIP

Trippers---Miss Johnson, Miss MacDougall, Rhoda, Bobby, Lois, Janet, Colby, Nancy and Frisky.

This here is no fish story--I'm educatin' you. Do you get me? The reason I'm telling you all this is that you never can tell who might be coming along to take this same trip and you ought to be a-planning for it. You get me? When the time comes so as you can get the raw materials for this here trip and you can educate the camp directors so as they see the value and necessity of it, then you can have trip after trip and take all the enjoyment for yourselves, absolutely! We won't take any away from you in payment for this here education we're giving you. Do you get me?

Sure I've got a bookful of testimonials about what a swell trip this is--all sworn to before the camp, too. Yes, sir, turn to any page in the booklet and you can find where some grateful camper is enthusiastic about this trip down Long Lake and through Belgrade Stream. Nine people can't be wrong. Get me?

Scarsdale, New York

I had fallen off my horse and was feeling pretty sore. Unguentine and zinc oxide didn't seem to help me, and I was despairing of recovery when someone told me of the Messalonskee Trip. I gave it a try, following the directions. I put on a big hat to shade my face and sat in the bottom of a canoe while Rhoda and Colby paddled me to Belgrade Lakes. Being a beautiful

day, the effect of the trip was almost instantaneous, so that by the time we got to the Lakes I felt perfectly able to help push the canoes across the road in the new perambulator and to consume a large ice cream cone. I can say you have a wonderful remedy.

LOIS SOULE

Note: Under date of August 21st L. Soule writes that she has had no further trouble with the horse and the one experience of the trip completely cured her.

New York City

Much to my horror I found myself losing my hearing. I couldn't hear the conversation at the table--all I heard was a crunching and smacking sound. All I needed was one good hour of the Messalonskee Trip and I found myself hearing again. I could distinguish the embryonic song Colby was singing over and over until I finally had to ask her to desist. I can heartily endorse that part of the trip as being a real restorer of sensitive hearing.

B. HUTTON

Riverdale, New York

For years I had been underfed. My mother had tried everything, including Dr. Cleveland's remedies. Finally I decided to try the Messalonskee Trip which some friend had told me was so wonderful a remedy for every complaint. The directions were to use four doses, one at a lovely picnic ground on Long Lake, two at our camping site, and the last one in the haymow of the barn on the Furbish estate, East Mount Vernon. I have only one complaint to make--the third dose was cut short by external forces in the guise of two counselors. Only they can explain the unreasonableness of the intervention. The final dose in the haymow with the old white horse looking on was sufficient to set me upright in a canoe for several hours. So I shall always be a staunch believer in the Messalonskee Trip as the antidote for malnutrition. And I have eight witnesses of what it did for me.

C. CLEVELAND

Note: At one point in the treatment this patient was heard to mutter: "Roll me over easy, roll me over slow". But after that we heard no more.

Scarsdale, New York

My girl friend and I were having a lot of trouble from dryness of the skin. We supposed it came from the confining winter indoors at the institutions we attended. Anyway, we were greatly worried, especially as the disease assumed the most virulent form of dry feet. Then we met Miss Thayer of 10 Nudd Street, Waterville, Maine, who said she had never suffered from dry feet and her advice was to try trips. So we applied for the Messalonskee Trip, and we wish to tell you here and now that the one application was enough to cure dry feet and dry skin. Our first dose consisted in extenuating the leg muscles so that the blankets protruded beyond the bottom of the poncho. Then with no further effort we felt a rush of dampness on the feet and we gave a great cry of joy to think we were cured so quickly. The second part of the cure was nothing more than a six mile paddle in a hard rain-storm, letting the rain trickle down our necks and legs and sleeves. Really nothing could be easier and more pleasant. We certainly shall always recommend this trip as a quick and sure cure for dryness of the skin.

R. LESTER
N. FISKE

Princeton, New Jersey

Everything bored us; nothing was new and interesting after our winter in Princeton. "Ennui" our friends called it. But we went on the Messalonskee Trip and talked to that human marvel, Mr. Frederick Furbish, unique in his field of natural restoratives. Now life is full of interests, and we shall devote our future to spreading the gospel of Radio-Vim--"The Pill that Will".

J. BROWN
N. THOMSON

We, L. E. MacDougall and M. R. Johnson, being of age and sometimes of sound mind, on oath depose and swear that:

1. We take a trip each summer.
2. The summer comes after the winter.
3. This summer we extended our repertoire by trying Messalonskee Trip.

4. All the above testimonials from those trying this trip are true and unadulterated and unsolicited.

5. In fact there is more we could tell you, but we feel it would not be good for you to know more.

6. Just always remember this bit of information from the Furbish theory of life--there is a button that controls everything.

7. And so push the right button and take the trip yourself some day.

1. Most Versatile
1st. Colby
2nd. Dodo and Rhoda
2. Funniest
1st. Piglet
2nd. Rhoda
3. Best Athlete
1st. Dodo
2nd. Colby
4. Friendliest
1st. Frisky
2nd. Rhoda
5. Most Happy-Go-Lucky
1st. Kay May
2nd. M. Baer
6. Peppiest
1st. Colby
2nd. Piglet
7. Best Natured
1st. Frisky
2nd. Rhoda
8. Most Absent Minded
1st. Frisky
2nd. Grace
9. Most Attractive
1st. Bobby
2nd. Ann Baer

10. Cutest

1st. Betty Perry

2nd. Janet

11. Most Tactful

1st. Ann Baer

2nd. Piglet and Bobby

12. Wittiest

1st. Colby

2nd. Rhoda

13. Best Sport

1st. Frisky

2nd. Rhoda

14. Most Popular

1st. Frisky

2nd. Rhoda

3rd. Colby

DEAR DIRECTOR

Miss Dowdy Cornstarch, one of the best known psychologists, amateur psychiatrists, physiologists etc. etc. ad infinitum in the country, conducts ^{is} this column for the benefit of Camp Rundia girls and councillors. Please enclose a three cent stamp with your letter. The same will be appreciated on account of there's a depression and three cents is three cents and you can't get around that.

Dear Director:-

Are camp clothes the thing for a dinner party? I've always considered them quite a la mode, but at the last party I attended people stared at me askance and I think I detected a titter. Was it not comme il faut to go in my Sunday best uniform? I've always done it at the other eighteen camps I've attended, but now doubts haunt me and I only get about twelve hours' sleep per day.

Juicy Crawfish.

Answer--If you've really been to eighteen camps as you hint, perhaps lavender and old lace would be more becoming to you.

Director.

Dear Director:-

My life is just one problem after another. Can you help me? I have a trunk and no place to send it. I'm going to California, either by boat or train. Somehow I don't think I'll need it on the train, but since it's a steamer trunk maybe I'd better take it on the boat. What would you suggest?

M. M. Bigger.

P. S. What would you wear to West Point?

Answer--Send your trunk to the Institute of Human Relations and shut up about it.

Director.

P. S. I wouldn't go to West Point if I didn't know what to wear.

Dear Director:-

What shall we do? We're three wholesome, attractive females, but we've passed the age where you go jumping into pits and take part in drill. Our minds, interests and souls are young, but our faces have aged. What shall we do?

Jackie, Flougie and Donnie

Answer--You poor misguided things! According to my philosophy, age is only a state of mind. After all, it's the spirit that counts. Have you ever considered taking up knitting?

Director.

Dear Director:-

I'm supposed to have a tryst in the woods with a mail man every day, but others are always sending me to rest and cutting me out. How shall I hold my own?

Heavy Ram.

Answer--Just be your own sweet self and see where it gets you.

Director.

Dear Director:-

One night we were in town with our pal Carrie Canoe and three men tried to pick us up. We're afraid it was Carrie they admired and we're getting an inferiority complex. We enclose a snapshot in bathing suits for your perusal. What is your honest opinion?

Horny Burdock and Thalia Throttle-
bottom

Answer--After careful inspection of the picture you sent, my candid opinion is that it must have been a very dark night and that the men didn't get a good look at any of you. Anyhow, three buxom girls like you don't need to fear strange men. I'd trust you anywhere.

Director.



JULY SPORT WEEK 1932

SENIORS

Swimming

Front Swim

- 1st--King
2nd--Frink
3rd--Houston

Back Swim

- 1st--Fiske
2nd--Houston
3rd--Freeman

Diving

- 1st--Houston
2nd--Fiske
3rd--Lester

Canoeing

Canoe Doubles

- 1st--Freeman & Frink
2nd--Hutton & Lester
3rd--Baer & Brown

Crew

- 1st--Hutton, Lester,
Brown & Baer
2nd--Freeman, Frink,
Perry & Wolcott
3rd--Fiske, Cleveland,
Houston & King

Track

Broad Jump

- 1st--Brown
2nd--Frink
3rd--Cleveland

Running Broad

- 1st--Frink
2nd--Hutton
3rd--Brown

Hup, Step & Jump

- 1st--Fiske
2nd--Frink
3rd--Baer

High Jump

1st--Frink

2nd--Cleveland

3rd--Brown

Baseball Throw

1st--Cleveland

2nd--Brown

3rd--Frink

Basketball Throw

1st--Cleveland

2nd--Frink

3rd--Fiske & King

Tennis Tournament

Winner--Cleveland

Runner-Up--Hutton

Semi-Finals--Baer & King

Baseball

Winning Team--Whites

Picked Team

Frink

Brown

Baer

Hutton

King

Cleveland

Fiske

Basketball

Winning Team--Blues

Picked Team

Cleveland, forward

Brown, forward

Houston, center

King, side center

Fiske, guard

Lester, guard

J U N I O R S

Swimming

Front Swim

1st--Hathaway

2nd--Weber

3rd--Ewing

Back Swim

1st--Ewing

2nd--Schell

3rd--Hathaway

Diving

1st--Weber

2nd--Hite

3rd--Perry

Canoeing

Canoe Doubles

1st--Weber & Wolcott

2nd--Perry & Ewing

3rd--M. Baer & Schell

Crew

See Senior Events.

Track

Broad Jump

1st--Hathaway

2nd--Wolcott

3rd--Hite

Running Broad

1st--Wolcott

2nd--Ewing

3rd--Hite

Hop, Step & Jump

1st--Weber

2nd--Schell

3rd--Ewing

High Jump

1st--Norris, Ewing & Hite

Baseball Throw

1st--Weber

2nd--Condit

3rd--Ewing

Basketball Throw

1st--Weber

2nd--Wolcott

3rd--Ewing

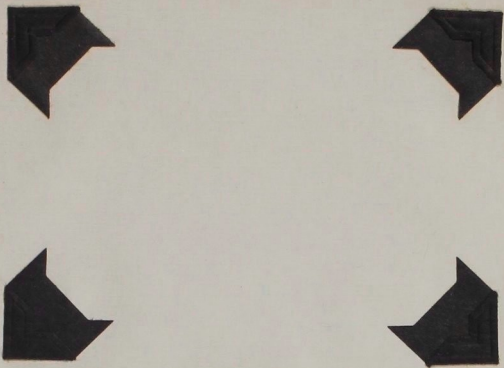
Tennis Tournament

Winner--Norris

Runner-Up--Hite

Semi-Finals--Wolcott & Bye

Kickball Team--Winning Team, Blues



THE RUNCIA LOG STAFF OF 1933
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATES THEIR
FEEBLE ATTEMPTS TO MISS DOWD
IN APPRECIATION OF ALL SHE HAS
DONE TO MAKE THIS A PERFECTLY
WONDERFUL SUMMER FOR EVERYONE.

LOG STAFF -- 1933

Editor-in-Chief	Colby Cleveland
Photograph Editor	Rhoda Lester
Contributing Editors	Janet Brown Barbara Hutton Beatrice Hudson
Art Editor	Dorothy Frink
Junior Editors	Virginia Dessar Betty Perry
Counselors	Miss Lester Miss Thayer



CAMP RUNOIA

Miss Dowd

Miss Dowd went to private school
And seldom adheres to a rule.

She does things for fun,
And when all's said and done
We none of us think her a fool.



Miss Crawford

But Miss Crawford learned her A.B.C.'s
At a place that would none of us please.

Her playmates were rough --
That's why she's so tough --
That she scares e'en the flowers and trees.

Rhoda Lester

Our Rhoda's a lass passing keen,
She excels at the slot machine.

On Echo Lake Trip

They thought it a gyp

'Cause so many slugs she did glean.

Barbara Hutton

A girl in Sixth Shack is Bobby.

To knit has become her new hobby.

Though she knits for days

While she works and she plays

It never is ragged or knobby.

Janet Brown

Janet Brown surely aims high --
To get in with the elite she does try.
The president's wife
Came in to her life
And christened her raft -- my, oh my!



Colby Cleveland

If you want to get Colby's goat her
Friends all say to just note her
Face when they shout
'fore she knows what they're about,
And spoil her joke -- "Outboard motor!"

Katherine Freeman

Kate is a nice little girl;
She keeps the shack in a whirl.
She argues, 'tis true,
And tells shady jokes too,
But in string she can knit and purl.



Priscilla King

A sprightly maid is our Pig.
In Belgrade she got a new wig.
She asked "How do I look?"
And our heads we all shook,
But she never once heeded this dig.

Mary Stuart Houston

Stewie hates sweeping the hall;
When she has to makes quite a squall.
She just loves to eat,
But her diving's a treat,
And you should see her doing the crawl.



Dorothy Frink

Dodo Frink may make very few slips,
But she draws the line at dips.
She spends her time reading,
In spite of our pleading,
Yet does her share on all trips.

Miss Miles

Miss Miles is a shark at the bat --
Her home runs leave us all flat.
And in doing the crawl
She has beaten us all,
And she e'en has appeal with the cat.

Miss Parker

As the end of camp draws near
Miss Parker's very busy, 'tis clear --
"Now where does your trunk go?"
"We don't cash checks, you know."
How nice that ~~this~~ comes once a year!

SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1933



Brother and Sister

Miss Clare and Orlando Weber, children of Mr. and Mrs. Orlando F. Weber.

Clare Webber

A fruit fiend is dear little Clare.
It seems to us hardly fair
 That the mail should bring
 To her such a ting
As a basket a week, which is rare.



Betty Mangas

Betty is knitting a sweater --
She doesn't like anything better.
 When 6th Shack does shout,
 "O'h, rip it out!"
She runs off -- my, how it does fret her!

Elsa Livingood

Swimming is Elsa's best sport.
We know she was very well taught.
At anyone's wish
She will swim like a fish,
And at water tag never is caught.



Betty Barr

Latin annoys Betty Barr --
She can't seem to bring hers to par.
But she keeps her room neat --
It's reall a treat --
And she hasn't got one red star.

Phyllis Schell

When Phyllis goes to Belgrade Lakes
A terrible uproar she makes
Because her small means
Don't include magazines
Of the type for which her soul aches.



Beatrice Hydson

A fanciful maiden is Bea.
She has brains as any can see,
But she thinks the Chines
Should everyone please,
And that is a problem for me.

Nancy Jean Handy, Lt. James B. Hallett, Of the Army, Wed

Truman Parker Handys' Daughter; Bridegroom 1 of 3 Brothers in Service

Miss Nancy Jean Handy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Truman Parker Handy, of Riverdale on Hudson, New York City, was married there yesterday to Lieutenant James Brewster Hallett, of the Army, son of Mrs. Frank Mansfield Taylor, of Boston, and the late Mr. Lucius Felt Hallett, of Denver. The ceremony was performed in Christ Church by the bride's uncle, the Rev. Alan R. Chalmers, rector of All Saints Church, Jacksonville, Fla., assisted by the rector, the Rev. Gerald Vail Barry.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. Her sister, Mrs. Edward Morton Beyer, was matron of honor.

The bride wore a gown of white satin with a wide collar of heirloom Point de Venice lace worn by her maternal grandmother, a three-tiered tulle veil and a cap of the Point de Venice lace and orange blossoms. She carried camellias and freesia. The matron of honor wore a gown of sea-green slipper satin and a dark green tulle veil with a wreath of green leaves and a cluster of freesia. Her bouquet was of amaryllis.

Mr. Edwin J. Clapp jr., of Washington, was best man. Ushers were Messrs. Parker Douglas Handy and Chalmers Handy, brothers of the bride; Oliver Sawyer Hallett, brother of the bridegroom; Robert C. Lea jr., of Radnor, Pa.; Edwin Tilton and Ensign Henry A. Caesar 2d., of New York.

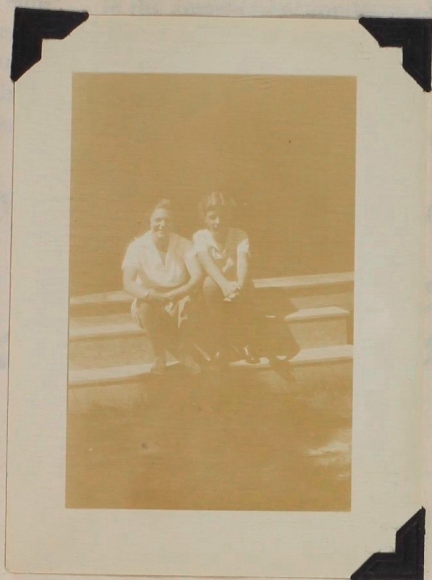
A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. The



David Eerns
Mrs. James Brewster Hallett

Doris Hillman

Doris plays tennis so well
That the Whites all pridefully swell.
In baseball, too,
She hits straight and true,
And her spirits we never can quell.



Nancy Handy

A pretty smooth life-saver's Nancy.
She passed all her tests -- only fancy!
In canoeing, too,
She pulls for the Blue --
This remarkable lady called Nancy.

Miss Nancy Handy, Lieut. J. B. Hallett, Of the Army, to Wed

N. Y. Lawyer, Infantry Officer, Will Marry Daughter of the Truman Handys

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Parker Handy, of Riverdale on Hudson, N. Y., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Nancy Handy, to Lieutenant James Brewster Hallett, of the Army, formerly of New York, son of Mrs. Frank Mansfield Taylor, of Boston, and the late Lucius Felt Hallett, of Denver.

Miss Handy attended the West-over School, made her debut in 1940, and is a member of the Junior League. She is a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Parker Douglas Handy and of the late Rev. James V. Chalmers and Mrs. Chalmers, of New York.

Lieutenant Hallett was graduated from Milton Academy in 1933 and from Harvard College in 1937, where he was a member of the Hasty Pudding—Institute of 1770, D. K. E., and Delphic Clubs. He was graduated from the Yale Law School in 1940 and was with the law firm of Alexander & Green, in New York, until he was inducted into the Army last March. He recently was graduated from the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia.



Ira L. Hill

Miss Nancy Handy

Miss Flack

Flackie always feels jake @-
In the craft shop, her shack or the lake.
She'll try her hand
At a boat or head-band --
There just aren't many girls of her make.



Miss Lester

A motherly soul is Aunt Jane.
She keeps her shack from all pain.
She makes every bed
And combs every head,
And watches to see if they gain.



Myrtie Atwood

At diving our Myrtie is grand --
Come, let us give her a hand.
She does swans and jacks
Front dives and backs,
And even attempts a handstand.



—(Portrait by Carlson).

MISS SYLVIA HOWARD TAFT

Sylvia Taft

Sylvia covers first base;
To get by her one needs a fast pace,
For she'll get any ball
That is near her at all,
And then straight for the bag she will race.



Betsy Hite

Another knit-wit's Betsy Hite --
Her orange sweater's some sight.
We spot it each day
From miles away
And we've come to love it -- oh, quite!

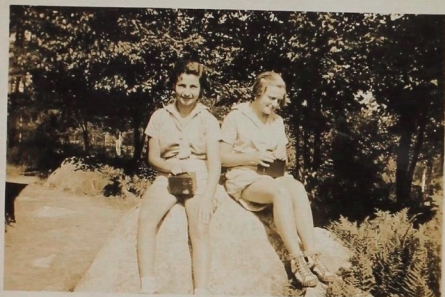
Virginia Dessar

A girl there is -- Ginger by name --
Who in her jumping's won fame.

She does athletic high,

And my, oh, my --

With her form she'll never be lame!



Ann Hillman

One who loves fishing is Ann;
She goes out whenever she can.

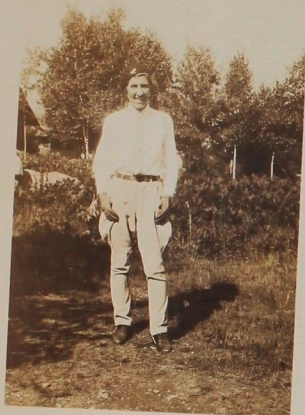
She baits her own hook

In spite of the gook.

And can she swim -- man, oh, man!

Miss Johnson

Johnny comes out well on trips,
And in bedmaking seldom makes slips.
She cracks joes a mile
Without stopping to smile,
As deftly the pancakes she flips.



Miss MacDougall

Since the campers have taken to Belle,
Dougie's erstwhile pride, I've heard tell
She's gone Smoky crazy,
And though he is lazy,
She uses a stick and goes swell.



Kay May Condit

When it comes to making bad faces
Kay May takes all of the places.

She screws up her phiz --

She's surely a whiz --

It's too bad it's not one of our races.



Betty Perry

Betty Perry just doesn't like bugs --
She can't stand their sweet little mugs.

When they're near she turns pale;

Her courage does fail,

And a dread fear at her heartstrings tugs.

Nancy Palmer

When Nancy competes in sports
We're all alarmed by her snorts.
 She giggles and squeals
 And laughs in loud peals
And in general acts up and cavorts.



Helen Olcott

Helen Olcott loves to throw dice
Though her shack doesn't think it is nice,
 She does it all day
 Every time that she may --
To her life she claims it adds spice.

Helene Livingood

Helene has a habit of squealing.
When you hear her you cannot help feeling
 She's well nigh killed
 Or at least been spilled
From a horse as high as the ceiling.

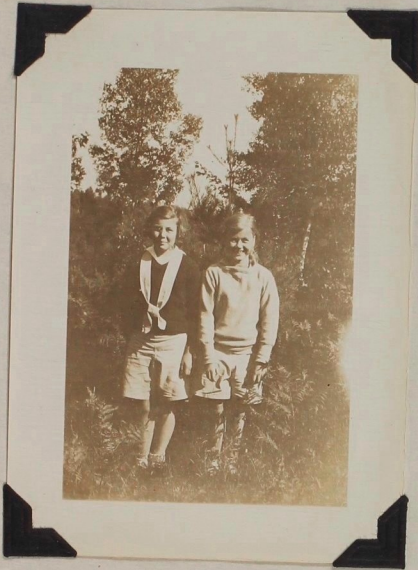


Joan Bayne

Joan Bayne has a passion for sleeping.
When awake, her time seems to be creeping,
 But in spite of it all
 She heaves a great ball
And she's not half bad at leaping.

Constance Lyman

Connie lives down in Fourth Shack --
She simply can't be held back.
 She loves every worm;
 She laughs when they squirm --
And my, how she works at her track!

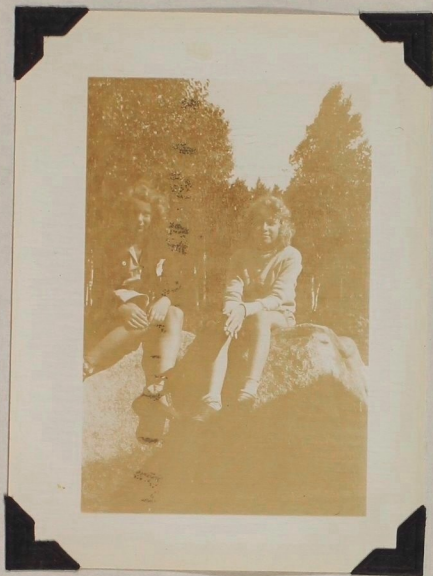


Anna Bauman

Anna Bauman lent us her cat.
By 4th Shack's care she grows fat.
 She starred in their play
 With the goats, so they say --
Now what do you think of that?

Darcy Scudder

Though Darcy may hap to come late,
She'll arrive with a bang, sure as fate,
And at follow the leader
No one can beat her,
And she's learning to jump at some rate.



Georgeanne Burke

You should see Georgeanne when she swims --
The best of the juniors she trims.
You hear cheers from the stand
And clapping of hands
As straight through the water she skims.



Mrs. Oliver

Mrs. Oliver knits with a will;
She has us amazed by her skill.
Under her watchful eye
Each one sweaters does try
To keep off the cold wintry chill.

Miss Murdoch

Connie is knitting a dress --
She hasn't made even one mess.
 She knits and she purls
 As her yarn she unfurls,
And we wish her every success.

Miss Thayer

We're sorry that you came so late,
But since it seemed to be fate,
 We're hoping you're here
 At the start of next year --
Now remember, Miss Thayer, that's a date!

THE COUNSELOR'S PARTY

The poster for the party was bright and amusing and so was the party itself.

Garbed as shipwrecked people, the girls rushed to the lodge at the sound of the bell, and scrambled for the best seats from which to view two thrilling melodramas, "Runoia Blue Murder" and "Southern Exposure".

Everybody had to get up again, however, and march about to display their costumes.

The procession over, the plays began. The first one was a mystery play about a girl who murdered her uncle because of her insane hate for a certain shade of Runoia blue that he always wore. The second was a romance of southwestern America.

After the plays there was dancing and the refreshments were good.

Everyone went back to their shacks feeling thoroughly satisfied and filled with a pleasant sensation of having spent a delightful evening.

B. Hudson

OLD GIRLS PARTY

The old girls gave one of their grand partys to the new girls in July. It was a track party. Two sides were chosen, Olan and Ray, and then the great events were called. The shot put came first, and what should it turn out to be but a balloon. Many an effort was made to put it a few feet but most of the efforts landed the balloon behind the line. There were the javelin throws which were paper airplanes and the discus throw, a paper plate. In these, the contestants did very well for most of the objects skidded to the other end of the room.

Three-legged, wheelbarrow, orange and potato races followed in succession. The party ended in grand style, the Ray side winning with 25 points. They were presented the Winners Cup. Refreshments were served, and everyone went to their shacks feeling well satisfied with the party and popcorn.

V. Dessau



THE NEW GIRLS' PARTY

When Saturday night came around and we knew that the new girls were going to give their party, everyone was extremely curious to see what sort of a one they would give. When the poster was put up at the dining room it was evident that it was to be an advertisement party. So there was much hunting through magazines and the property room before hand.

At the call of the cow bell we all piled up to the lodge which had been decorated all over with ads. Everyone was arrayed as some famous thing and we all marched around to be judged. There were Flit, Chipso, Campbell's soup, Lifebuoy, Absorbine, Jr., and lots of other things portrayed. Finally it was decided that the prize would go to the Chipso advertisement. They were very good as they paraded around with a tub of dirty clothes, one very tired from scrubbing, the other not at all tired because she used Chipso.

After that, the new girls sang us a new camp song to "In the Park in Paree" which was very good.

Then refreshments were served and after we had danced a while we ended up with a lusty cheer for the new girls.

B. Hutton

Sixth Shack Party

The Sixth Shack entertained in a big way with two whole productions. The first was called "MOTHER WORRIES" and was written by Miss Crawford. It took place in camp during the present summer and was replete with plot, much action and change of scene. The shack scene prepared us for the visit of Mother (Miss Dowd) and her attractive son, Reginald (Stewie). A sprightly counselor (Piglet) and several camp girls appeared from time to time. Miss Dowd's interpretation of a solicitous mother, attractive in appearance, with mincing gait and high-pitched voice, went over excellently. A real canoe gave the bouncing daughter (Miss Crawford) excuse for demonstrating various canoeing habits.

The last scene was laid in the kitchen, and with the aid of the staff from Simmons College, a pleasing song and piano number was executed. Throughout the piece, incidents and jokes of the season were recognized with due appreciation by the audience.

Then came "THE BATHROOM DOOR", a farce made famous by the Prince of Wales, who once played the part of the young lady during a long cruise, and thereby displeased Queen Mary.

The scene is laid in the hall of an English inn, where various guests meet early one morning while awaiting turns for baths. The cast caught the spirit, and though the setting suffered from inadequate scenery, the costuming was excellent.

The Riverdale campers were especially interested in comparing this production with one given by their home talent several years ago. Colby's lines in particular had a familiar ring, recalling her father in the same part. Bobby gave a good exhibition of the temperamental opera singer. Kate played the young man with a suitable bored dignity. Janet was such a straightforward unembarrassed, modern young woman that she was taken for a man by some of the audience. And Rhoda as the old woman and Stewie as the bell boy were truly funny in their character parts.

Taken together, one play featuring purely local incidents, and the other emphasizing characterization by showing reactions to one situation, the two playlets made a nicely balanced program.

Mrs. Oliver

FIFTH SHACK PARTY

When Saturday night came, it was not without little excitement, for we knew that there was to be a treasure hunt and everyone was eager to know what the treasure was. We all were a queer sight to look at with big heavy boots and ponchoes, rain coats and bathing caps on at a hundred different angles.

After Dougie had divided us up into groups of threes and had given us our first clues, we all ran out into the rain, some running down to the craft shop, others up to the stables, and still others not knowing where to look.

Finally we found ourselves down on the beach digging hard for the treasure which Flackie, Piglet and Joan uncovered. We were all pleased to find that the treasure was a big five pound box of marshmallows and a pocket book for each one.

Afterwards we went up to the lodge where we ended a swell party with cookies, cocoa and marshmallows.

J Brown



MIDDLERS' PARTY

Among the numerous activities of the social season at Camp Runoia was the Marionette Show "Alice in Wonderland" given by the sub-debs, or better known in these parts as the Middlers. These most active young people were ably directed by Miss Elizabeth Flack who is socially prominent in the colony. Mrs. Howard Oliver who is also well known in these parts did a great deal to make the show a success.

By special requests two of this years debutantes, Miss Rhoda Lester and Miss Piglet King, presented Billy Venero. They were accompanied on the guitar by Miss Flack and Miss Marian Johnson, world famous contralto, sang the touching story.

During the intermissions several cowboy ballads were sung in which most of the audience joined.

Many prominent people attended this performance. Most noticeable was the knitting circle where many groups were represented. The plain-knitting group boasts of the largest membership. The purl-two-knit-two-group has just elected Miss Mary Thayer as its president.

From sunny California we had, ^{with} us Miss Marjorie Miles of the diagonal-hole group.

Light refreshments consisting of punch and doughnuts were served while some of the audience enjoyed a few minutes of social dancing.

Dough

FOURTH SHACK PARTY

From the very time someone put us in a truck and held us while we bumped along the road, we thought it was an unnecessary performance. We showed them so by refusing to move, or moving very quickly and with a directed purpose. Ask the people that put us in a shed that first night we spent in the queer place called Runoia.

It seems we were needed very badly for a play that some little girls were giving down in the woods. The name of the girls seemed to be Fourth Shack--rather a queer name, we thought, but then everything was queer to us. We were more or less dragged over rocks, into bogs, and against trees, to a soft grassy open spot amid the birch trees, and there we were tied to spend the day. It wasn't so bad nibbling at the bushes and trees, but then a lot of two-legged animals came crashing toward us and Brown Bear got frightened and ran away. A tall man brought Brown Bear back after a hunt through the woods, much to our disappointment. A funny little boy dressed in very tight pants--let's see, they called him K. May sometimes and Peter sometimes--held the ropes which were tied around our necks and which we didn't like. When we chewed grass and stuck out our tongues those funny children laughed at us, and we didn't think that was nice.

From all we could gather as we were tied up to a tree behind a green shelter, these children were playing that they lived in the mountains in Switzerland. That's why they needed us, of course, because people that live in mountains always have goats. Peter Condit and Grandfather Perry seemed to be taking care of us. At least one of them would dash around to our tree and pull us somewhere, then tie us to another tree. This happened several times until Brown Bear got tired of it and decided to go where she wanted to. Peter Condit had to pull so hard that his suspenders broke, and we bleated with great satisfaction. A little red-headed girl, called Heidi Bayne, came up to the mountains to live with Grandfather Perry and to play with Peter and us. Just as we were having good times together, Aunt Dete Lyman took Heidi away. Although we were more interested in eating the basket of apples behind the green fence, we couldn't help but hear that Heidi had gone to the city, (whatever that is), and there she was supposed to play with a little sick girl, Clara Scudder. Across and severe person, Fraulein Livingood, made Heidi cry, and Tutor Burke tried to teach her to read-- a useless accomplishment from our point of view. Heidi felt so badly at being away from the mountains that she walked in her sleep and frightened Maid Palmer and Butler Olcott. Grandmother Bauman knew Heidi was unhappy and wanted her to go back to the mountains. We were glad when that happened, because then we

could act again, and by that time we realized the object of the whole game was to go out in front of the green shelter and let a lot of people look at us. Everyone seemed glad when Clara came up to our mountains and got well enough to walk alone.

It was all over and Fourth Shack made a funny noise that sounded like bleating and mooing and "Miss Crawford". Guess she must have been the person that was telling the girls what to do or laughing at what we were doing. We still had some fun coming to us, because we had to go back over that same path up to the shed with Rhoda and Miss MacDougall, and we gave them a few butts and pulled on our ropes just to show them what goats can do after a play.

In spite of the new experience of being in a play with Fourth Shack, we were very glad to get back in our own pasture where we didn't have to be tied up with a rope and pulled around by Grandfather Perry and Peter Condit, but we did tell the other animals in the pasture that we hoped the girls would remember us whenever they needed two good goats again.

BROWN BEAR
WHITE SWAN

Johnny

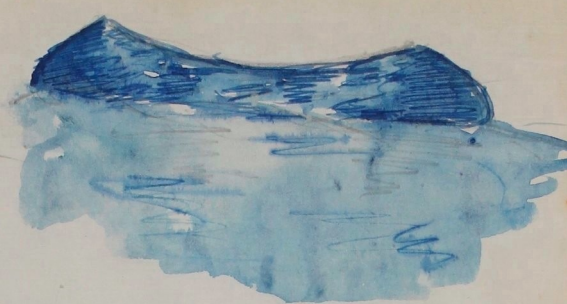
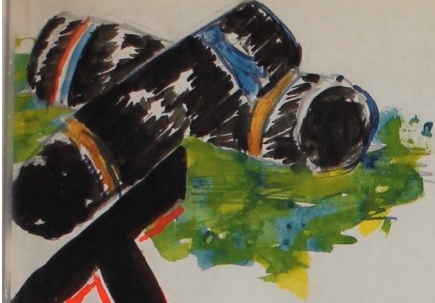


MASQUERADE

Runcioia's time honored masquerade was had in the middle of the summer this year and per usual the costumes were greatly varied and extremely original. The evening began with a grand march and then the more subtle costumes were explained to us by skits of these. The one considered the cleverest by the judges was Manhattan Island as portrayed by the majority of 6th shack. The high lights of the city were represented all the way from the Statue of Liberty to the George Washington Bridge and in between was the Empire State, The Holland Tunnel and many other illustrious spots. A big jump from this brilliant reproduction was Helene Lixingood's costume which was selected as the prettiest. It was made of filmy white tulle in which we are told she made a public appearance at school. The remaining prize was given to Kay May Condit and Betty Perry for what was thought the funniest costume. They represented the popular song. "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep". After a little plate throwing and hair pulling their aim was accomplished and the lights went out.

These judgements were all applauded highly and between bites of ice cream and social dances, the winners were congratulated by one and all.

Cleveland



THE HOYT'S ISLAND PICNIC

Although the day was misty (not an unusual thing for Fridays) Camp Runoia started on a picnic to Hoyt's Island. In spite of the fact that the arrivals of the ducks delayed the trippers, the camp pulled out of the cove, the war canoe following last with Middlers and a few Fourth Shacklers dressed in uniforms of navy blue berets, white middies, navy blue ties and serge bloomers prepared for the trip to Belgrade Lakes after the picnic. Raincoats, blazers and sweaters were pushed under seats, and, as paddles flashed in the air sending many sprays around, Hoyt's Island grew nearer and nearer. A little while later found Runoia girls on Hoyt's Island shore with bundles, food, water, and watermelon. A table made it very convenient for the picnic committee. Around this the hungry Runoia girls formed a line and with shoving and pushing each one finally managed to get a plate, napkin, a package of sandwiches and a cup of milk. Stumps, logs and even a few blankets made very good eating grounds and every one commenced the supper.

The people that were going to Belgrade Lakes took great care to tuck napkins around their necks. If someone didn't like cheese it was easy enough to trade with your nearest neighbor. Another convenience

was the fire upon which sandwiches might be toasted with great care and with squeals if the dainties fell in the fire. But all cares for the uniforms were forgotten when slices of juicy watermellon were passed around. The white middies were sadly stained, and if one looked at people's faces one could surely find the watermellon marks from ear to ear. These were wiped off though and blazers put on to cover stains. After all the arrangements of where you would sit and who should paddle stroke the war canoe left shore, a navy blue silk tie remaining behind hanging on a tree. The war canoe soon pulled out of sight leaving the rest to sing and follow on to camp later with empty baxkets, empty water jugs and watermellon rinds.

Betty Perry.



Messalonskee Trip

It was a calm but cloudy day when sixth shack plus Counselors Lester and Parker turned faces west on the first canoe trip of the season. We had remembered everything, even to Flackie's mirror, the ax for Jane, and the shovel for Piglet. There were four canoes in our young fleet as we proceeded in a straight (?) line toward the village.

On our carry across to Long Lake, we exchanged messages with two canoe loads from Wyconda, who were planning a trip on Great Pond.

Inspite of the double-decker ice-cream cones consumed at Bartlett's, when we reached the birch grove for luncheon, we were ready to eat at once. Six pounds of hamberger seemed hardly enough, but that was supplemented by corn on the cob, toast, and canned cherries.

Our camping place for the night was at the end of Long Lake, practically at the entrance to Belgrade Stream. All went well--we made our beds, swam, prepared our supper--except for a momentary excitement when we discovered a water snake making eyes at us just off shore.

However, true to tradition, or what have you, before it was quite dark, the rains descended. In spite of a rather cheerful fire, even a game of Truth and Consequences pattered out after one round. Therefore, raincoats gave way to pajamas and sweat shirts as we crawled beneath overturned canoes and blankets. Kate and Piglet entertained us for sometime thereafter with choice bits of melody, but gradually only the splatter of the rain broke the silence.

The rains descended. The ponchos parted. Counselors Lester and Parker stirred and wakened to find their bed a miniature lake. They resorted to bathing suits and prayed for morning. The rains descended.

Then came the dawn! Soundly sleeping campers were awakened, while Counselor Lester betook herself to start the fire. The wood had been placed under the table to keep dry. The table leaked. The wood--well, to make a long story short, the coffee was boiled by means of the kerosene and --the FLIT (quick, Bobbie, the Flit, or no coffee for breakfast).

The rains descended. Belgrade Stream saw four rather bedraggled canoes wending their way toward the station. The rains ceased.

At Belgrade we were met by the Misses Dowd and Crawford who took two of our number and our packs and gave us dry sweaters and socks in return.

The clouds lifted, and we proceeded to Messalonskee. The sun came out. We enjoyed a luxurious lunch, eating everything save a few onions and some canned fruit salad with which we intended to treat Miss Thayer to afternoon tea. We basked in the sun. Several of our number, deciding that cleanliness was next to Godliness, took baths inspite of gaping fishermen. At length, dried and refreshed, we started to paddle up Messalonskee. The lake never was more blue, never more calm. The sun continued to shine-- we even acquired a tan.

Near the end of the lake, following directions, we looked for a brown cottage with glassed-in porch, and occupied by the Thayers. After asking practically every inhabitant, we discovered the cottage to be green, and Miss Thayer not at home.

By the time we reached North Belgrade, there was Olan with the other two members of our party, ready to take us to camp. The motor trip back was uneventful--we reached here in time for supper, and (quoting from our song):-

"We're not bragging, but it's understood
Any trip we take sure is good!
How're we doin' Heh! Heh!
Tweet! Tweet! Tweet! Twah! Twah!"

Farber

THE MIDDLELERS' TRIP TO HOYTS

We went to Hoyts one nice fine day,

A-paddling hard along the way.

And when we arrived, oh what did we do

But dump out our packs and haul up

each canoe.

We cooked our supper and started to eat

And as we were hungry this was not a feat.

A dip at nine, and my oh my,

What would have happened if boats had gone by!

A little bit later we went to our beds,

And snuggling down we covered our heads.

We all woke up at the dawn of day,

But there was no sun, it was cloudy our way.

Oh the wind blew hard and the rain did pour,

Till none of us wished for one bit more.

Late in the morning we went back to camp,

Though the air was still windy and the ground

very ^{damp} dry.

But in spite of our troubles we had lots of fun,

And this is agreed to by everyone.

VIRGINIA DESSAR



MEADOW BROOK TRIP

Piling into the over-laden truck, we started on a bumpy ride to Smithfield where we played the slot machine, and ate as much as possible on the money Connie and Jane let us spend. Of course it must be added that Betty and Bea would have had beer but Jane would not allow it.

We camped at Echo Lake where everyone worked hard gathering wood except Bea and Betty who sat on a rock and watched them complacently.

At twelve p.m. we went to bed under the stars.

In the morning, after Bea had kindly made our pancakes, we set off for Meadowbrook with Kate, Nancy, and Bea--who fell back later--in the lead.

After bumping down the stream we came into Great Pond, which looked like the ocean in a storm.

We then headed for a beach nearby, since it was too rough to reach Otter Island.

Betty and Bea then situated themselves comfortably on the beach with the biscuits, while the rest of the happy party explored inland. A choice spot for a fire was found on the edge of a steep pasture, and it was there that we ate from two to four p.m.

After lunching we went to see if the lake was calmer, but discovered that, if anything, it was rougher. We were in a quandary as to what to do when we saw a motorboat approaching.

In it were Meadow Mouse and Piglet, who took our packs and our Betty home.

At that point we launched the canoes and started out to battle with the waves.

On the way back to camp we became thoroughly drenched.

Miss Dowd and a few of six shack met us half way and took some of us back in the motor boat , and the six shack girls paddled back.

Doris Nielman
Bea Hudson

LONG LAKE TRIP

One windy August morning, a very little while before lunch fifth shack started out on a trip to Long Lake (without shovel or ax).

We had scrambled eggs at Hoyt's and Bea complained bitterly about their softness and the lack of Worcestershire.

Arriving at Belgrade we ate again. Ice cream was eaten by the common mass but Bea and Betty drank beer.

We made such a charming picture carrying the canoes over the raad that an admirer of our beauty took motion pictures of us.

An hour and a half later we got to our destination, which was a small cove at the end of Long Lake.

After making our beds and gathering wood, some of us went dipping. Although Clare and Bea were not among the ambitious crowd, they decided to wash their hands. While doing this, Clare dropped Bea's 75¢ piece of Yardley's Lavenaar soap into the lake, to the latter's disgust.

The loss of this cake of soap furnished the start for an after dinner argument of Chinese art versus Radio City. After Bea and Betty argued long and loudly, Miss Dowd decided that we should go to bed.

In the morning, after Elsa had washed the dishes, and Clare had vainly tried to retrieve the lost soap, and we had done our futile best to persuade Miss Dowd to stay out to lunch, we started back.

Doris Hadman
B. Hudson



TRIP TO HOYT'S ISLAND

Late in the afternoon with pots, pans and packs, Jane and Miss Crawford pulled out of Camp Runoia with five 4th Shackers for an over-night trip to Hoyt's Island. Everything went well except for the leaky canoe. When we reached Hoyt's our usual camping place was occupied by Camp Arden. We exchanged greeting and paddled on to another spot. We soon found a nice place and piled out bundles and packs with us to explore our new home. We found it quite satisfactory and moved in. Beds were made although some blankets were wet from the leaky canoe and the owners had to wait for them to dry. Also Georgeann's pajamas were wet and were put by the fire to dry.

Jane was chief cook and made salmon wiggle, cocoa, and we toasted toast on sticks. Pears and candy made the meal complete and we lay around the fire rehearsing our play, while Jane cleared the table and washed dishes. It soon got too dark to rehearse. And in a little while we went to bed. Georgeann's pajamas were still wet and by now were full of burnt holes for they had fallen in the fire, so she had to go to bed in a bathing suit. But the rest had pajamas and we all crawled in bed with a goodnight.

Next morning we awoke early and started waking up Jane by throwing twigs at her. She soon woke up--about fifteen minutes. We went in for a dip and the water was grand. By the time we were dressed Jane had breakfast ready and was it good. We had eggs, bacon, toast, cocoa, fruit and jam. Right after breakfast we made our packs and began to rehearse.

Just before we left we went in swimming and left our bathing suits on and put our greasy clothes in the canoes, all except the leaky canoe which had only pots and pans. We soon shoved off and were in Echo Cove when the first cowbell rang, and were safely on shore when the second rung. But we had a nice trip but were glad to be back again.

BETTY PERRY

MIDDLERS' TRIP TO LONG LAKE

All aboard for Long Lake! The Middlers were off. The lake was peaceful and we made fairly good time to Belgrade Lakes. After carrying our canoes across there and also stopping for eats, we started for the north end of Long Lake, where we turned up a rocky stream. We stopped where Fifth Shack had and pulled up our canoes, Miss Miles cutting her foot in the meanwhile. We carried our packs to the camping place.

We chose our places to sleep and made our beds. By the time a good supper had been cooked we were all ravenously hungry. We ate steak till we couldn't, and then began on something else. We ate in the moonlight without any moon, but we didn't care. We had no dip, and were glad to get into bed. We left all cleaning until morning.

We were up and doing early in the morning. We washed the dishes of the night before and then took ourselves to a dip. Breakfast was made up of fruit, French toast and bacon. We filled ourselves to the brim and then made our packs.

Thirsting for something to do, we decided to kill the morning by exploring up the stream a ways. The stream was quite deep where we camped, so we canoed to where it was narrow and shallow enough to use the rocks as stepping stones. We slipped and skidded up the stream to the place where we wanted

to stop. Then we turned around and slipped and skidded down again. We had taken no watch with us, so when we came back to where Flackie watched the canoes we found we had been gone only a half an hour. Up the stream we went again. It was fascinating. There were logs going back and forth over the stream which we took the trouble to go back and forth on. We saw baby waterfalls every once in a while. After half an hour we began to feel hungry, so we scrambled back down again and paddled back to the camping place.

After a hasty dip we proceeded to cook our dinner. Creamed salmon and peas! My, that sounded good! We got water from a spring nearby and heated it for dish rinsing. Soon there was a smell from the kettle that set your mouth to watering. We ate till we were full, but still there was some left. Such a pity to waste it! We went out on the rocks to wash the dishes. Splash! There goes a knife; splash!--there goes the soap. We were very careless, but we managed to get everything but the soap.

We started home right away. It was cloudy and the wind was rising. We paddled hard all the way home. The sun came out and we used bandanas as shirts. We soon got into our own cove. A cheer! They were welcoming us. A cheer! We answered. My, it was good to get back!

SYLVIA TAFT



ECHO LAKE TRIP

"Oh, there's old Runoia!"

"Heck, it is! That's only a dump heap."

"Oh, well--"

"Anyhow here we are at East Pond."

"Is it too rough, girls?"

"No, it's the nuts. We like it rough."

These and various other statements were heard as Olan saw us off at the start of the annual Echo Lake Trip. The lake was rough but not too rough, the sky was blue but not too blue, it was windy but not too windy--need we say more?

"What are you heading for anyhow?"

"That light green point."

"Oh, that? Here I was going straight for the dark green beach."

"I think it's that island."

"That's not an island--it's a peninsula."

"A which?"

"I'm sure it's an island because it has water all around it."

In due time we arrived at the luncheon spot, where we ate a lot but not too much, where the sun was hot but not too hot, where the wood was wet but not too wet--need we say more?

"Oh, is this Smithfield Stream?"

"My, isn't it cute!"

"Say, this is nothing compared to Meadowbrook."

"I'll say--you haven't seen anything yet."

"Let's cut through these reeds."

"That's not reeds--it's the dam. This is Smithfield."

"Yea^{ay} Smithfield."

We embarked at Smithfield and entered the store where we proceeded to win our supper at the slot machine and get thoroughly shocked by a nude male counselor and an electric machine. The ice-cream was cold but not too cold, the slot machines tricky but not too tricky, and the clerk attentive but not too attentive--need we say more?

"Do we paddle down this little brook?"

"Of course."

"Hey, you siss--I mean lily--get out of your canoe."

"Oh, what's this lake?"

"This is North Pond. Head for those rocks--that's Echo."

"Well, my map says that is Little Pond."

"We know better though."

"Hey, look out for those rocks."

"What rock? Oh, that--"

"Yes, that--look what you did to the canoe."

"Which cove do we head for?"

"The first one on the left."

"The third one from the right."

"Isn't that the same?"

"Well, here we are."

"I dubbs on this for my bed."

"Ha, ha--that's a spring!"

"Well, it's nice and soft anyhow."

"Let's get supper."

"Yes, let's."

The supper was duly gotten and wood chopped. The hatchets were sharp but not too sharp, the wood dry but not too dry, the food sandy but not too sandy--need we say more?

"Well, I suppose we'll have to play Truth and Consequences."

"Yes--who are your favorite counselors?"

"Why, Johnny and Dougie."

"What's your favorite shack?"

"Sixth Shack, of course."

The game proceeds. People are tactful but not too tactful, blunt but not too blunt, the fire is warm but not too warm--need we say more?

"Gosh, my bed is soft--how's yours?"

"Mine is the nuts, except for the roots and rocks."

"Oh, help, there's a cow!"

"No, it's Rhoda."

"Figlet, I hope you went to Pix so you won't be up all night."

"Janet and Colby, go to sleep."

"Yes, Johnny."



CAME THE DAWN

"I hear a dodo bird."

"You nut--they're extinct."

"Well, then, it's a rooster."

"Don't you think we came out well, seeing we only had one pin?"

"Yes, you came out beautifully--especially on this side."

"Let's go for a dip."

"Let's get breakfast."

"Let's pack the canoes."

We did all of these. The water was cold but not too cold, the breakfast plentiful but not too plentiful, the canoes packed but not too heavy--need we say more?

"So this is Meadowbrook."

"Stump on the left!"

"Rock on the right!"

"So what?"

"Go in the middle, dumbness."

"Ow--I'm caught."

"Hand me my middy--here's a truck with men in it."

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Well, after all I can't go through the bank."

"Don't tell me Meadowbrook is over already."

"My gosh--is this good old Great Pond?"

"Yes, and there's Otter Island."

"My, we made good time getting to this island."

"Look at the bread and butter all sliced."

"Pew--how revolting!"

"Let's get lunch."

We did. The dogs were hot but not too hot, the rolls fresh but not too fresh, and we were full but not too full--need we say more?

"We ought to start now."

"Yes, let's."

"Let's sing songs."

"Sing Billy Veniero."

"No, Dear Lord and Father--"

"How about something "for those in peril on the sea"?"

"My, it's rought."

"Well, we're almost there."

"Oh, there's Miss Thayer."

"Hello, Miss Thayer, won't you be a guest at our table?"

She was. That was the end of a perfect trip. Need we say more?

c. Cleveland



SANDY RIVER

Futile to tell events in their order; every day held three meals; every night, hard sleep. But the name Sandy River is a mystic symbol of all that camping means from the first time a girl comes to Runoia until she severs her connections in later life. Thus it was more of interest to discover just what there was about this trip above all others that makes it the goal of all living while in camp.

Certainly it was an advantage that we all were new to the trip -- except the Director. There was no one to say, "Wait till we get so-and-so -- that's the place to see", or "Oh, last year it was much more thrilling and hazardous." No, we all approached each new experience hardly suspecting what it had to offer. There could be no disappointed hopes or bitter rivalries.

Sandy River begins different from any other trip. At a certain age and after certain accomplishments, one simultaneously knows that she will go to Long Lake, Messalonskee, and Meadow Brook. Not so Sandy! We talk and talk about it; pore over old LOGs; ask the Director and old girls all about it; but we never know who is going or when we are going. Then comes rain -- heavy, steady rain falling hour upon hour. Strange, although it spells doom for other trips, we see the Director talking with Olin about the bus; we hear the counselors whispering as they look up to the skies; and then, the morning after the rain, the Director steps out of her room, casual as usual, and says in a voice equally casual as if telling you to hang up your tooth-brush, "Guess today we'll go on Sandy." There's drama there! The most significant utterance in five summers spoken in the quietest of manners.

To make the whole affair pretty special, the Director has to appear careful of whom she takes (although why anyone couldn't bump rocks and scratch canoes as well as we, I don't know); so she disregards the rule -- common to other trips -- of taking the whole shack -- and with great gravity picks only six -- supposedly the cream of Runoia.

The preparations over, we find that we have less "goosey" stuff than the younger blades take, just simple fare -- dozens of ears of corn, real steak, plenty of coffee, and a shortage of food that's going to require scouting parties later on.

A stop at Belgrade where a counselor buys a real pipe-- a peace pipe, she called it. Then away in the bus, the most unique experience in camp, canoes lashed to the side and we, like old

ladies, looking backwards. Maine takes on a new aspect of distant low hills, blue as larkspur, and wide broad horizons. Stops while Olin and the Director dive out the back of the bus, disappear into the underbrush, and return saying mysteriously, "Too low, too low!" Already the adventure has taken on a unique atmosphere. But further incidents heighten the spirit of abandon. With no one's permission we drive in a farm yard, open a great gate, pass through, stop. Colby struggles with chains and clasps to close the gate, Rhode jumps out to help her, Piglet jumps out to help them, and there is the danger of everyone's going back to close the gate when Piglet remarks with great satisfaction, "Nothing can get through that but a snake", so we ride on just as the gate sags back with a yawning opening.

At last a distant rumble, a flash of sunlight on rushing water, and with bus backing downward constantly through stands of pines, we reach the river bed. Sandy!

Even the name is a travesty, because on all sides stretch rocks and stones and ledges. But more alluring is the water tearing along, dropping a foot every teen feet with swirls and rushes. A new experiment! Battling against such a current, swirls of powerful river pushing you down stream, struggling arms and legs working up stream!

Dinner cooked with wood so plentiful we needed no axe! And now we are on! "Go for the triangles," was the command after everything from packs to pants had been lashed firmly to thwarts and we sat armed with paddles and dressed solely in shoes and bandanas. And we were off, the water swirling us faster than we could have paddled! Bump, crash, sock! Leap! The canoe is lying across stream with a list of 45 degrees. Back in again, dragging wet sneakers after us, wondering just what a triangle looked like anyhow with the current going every which direction and a hundred little spurts of water laughing up in front.

Scratch, scrape, shiver -- but we get over that, slide by that with the canoe doing its best to make turns in half its length. For the first time I wished canoes were snakes so they could go in curves.

Shallows ahead -- everyone else is walking, so out we get and the hiking begins, dragging the canoes along, stepping now on a smooth, shallow rock up to the ankle and next in a hole deep as hips, while the girl in the bow is pulling the canoe ahead and away and a rolling rock has the hind foot anchored behind. Five minutes -- ten minutes -- slip, slide, sink -- I never felt so many greased rocks.

Suddenly the river is as calm and respectable as a Sunday meeting house, and we're back in our canoes, now filled with water, paddling. But a bend, more rocks, more walking, more bumps, scratches. I had begun to wonder why I had left my dry shoes and dirt paths for this watery way.

And the sun was shining brightly down on our backs. Wet from waists down, on fire from the waist up -- and the afternoon wore on. The river grew steeper, the triangles between the dangerous rocks more obvious, the crashes less frequent. We were beginning to feel the thrill of the shoots.

When the shadows on the west bank grew wide on the river, we pulled up by a high bank covered with a pine grove and made camp. The girls cooked the meals. The girls made their own beds. The girls sat alone about the camp fire. The girls put themselves to bed. Certainly never had we felt so self-reliant, and as I lay on my burning back looking up to the cool stars I laughed at how different this trip was. We had stoop up in canoes, pushed rocks with the blades of our paddles, dragged canoes over jagged rocks, laughed at the blue paint left on the stones, and giggled at the water rising slowly in our canoes.

And the second day like the first, full of sunshine, the sound of rushing water and a sense of being off from everyone. But this day we had mastered the art and the joy of life was complete when again and again the leader found the channel, shouted the way to the others, and in single file we nosed into the rapids, felt the current take us, sterred right, then quickly to the left, charging from one river bank to the other, ripping along breathlessly beside high banks, coasting out into the middle, and finally dropping into a quiet stretch. That's Sandy! That's what you're waiting for, girls!

And add to this the tramps up to lonely farmhouses to buy eggs, butter, and corn; the chances to fill our water jugs at streams ice cold, rushing out of the cliffs; swims a la nude in deep dark water by jumping out of the canoe into the middle of the river (and somewhat afraid that a turtle, eel or water snake may nip your toes); fighting for the one piece of soap; basking in more and more sunlight -- and wearing less and less clothing as the second day closes. All these make the Second Day complete. And we sleep high on a bluff between two stretches of water, with the sound of a cow-bell tinkling in the distance.

And the next morning we look eagerly from our bluff toward the meeting of the waters. The Kennebec is a black current washing the feet of the horizon hills. We cook our breakfast, even

taking coffee to the sleeping counselor. We welcome a kind woman from the farm who has come cheerily bidding us good morning and bringing us fresh lettuce and cucumbers. While we pack up leisurely she tells us the history of the river. And now we are on, swinging out into the wider waters of the Kennebec. We are now more companionable -- the canoes are four abreast. We talk -- argue. A grassy slopes lures us for luncheon, but in place of sirens there are steers, and we make sport by feeding them salt, and the Director by riding one. But the animals outnumbered us and pressed down upon us, driving us back into our canoes, and we were off toward Norridgewock. As the outlying buildings loomed on a hill, we bared ourselves of our bandanas, dressed in our "city clothes" of blue, and swept under the high railroad bridge in perfect paddling formation as the bus rolled over the next span. The trip was over! It had been different! It was worth all that we had dreamed for years.





MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM J. GORDON



Arthur Stettner

Couple shown leaving St. Bartholomew's Church yesterday. The bride is the former Miss Angie Frink

Dorothy Frink Bride Of William Gordon At Chapel Service

Mrs. H. H. Bucklin's Son Weds
Mrs. Angelika Frink's Daughter
at St. Bartholomew's

Miss Dorothy Angie Frink, daughter of Mrs. Angelika W. Frink, of 610 Park Avenue, was married here yesterday afternoon to Mr. William J. Gordon, son of Mrs. Harris H. Bucklin, of Providence, and the late William J. Gordon. The ceremony was performed in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church by the rector, the Rev. Dr. George P. T. Sargent. A reception took place at Sherry's.

The bride was escorted by her uncle, Mr. Maurice Wertheim, and was given in marriage by her mother, Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney was matron of honor. Bridesmaids were the Misses Edith Garver, Theodora Roosevelt, Frances Jones, Marion Geer, all of this city; Elizabeth Mapes, New Haven, Conn., and Annette Zang, Denver.

The bride wore a gown of ivory satin and a tulle veil edged with rose-point lace and a lace Dutch cap that had been worn by her mother. She carried white orchids, white sweetpeas and valley lilies. All the attendants wore gowns of gold-color satin and velvet, embroidered with gold sequins. They wore small gold sequin caps adorned with small bows. The matron of honor carried yellow and purple orchids and maidenhair fern.

Mr. Harris H. Bucklin jr. was best man. Ushers were Messrs. Grosvenor Nicholas jr., Charles J. Schuster jr., Charles Cary Rumsey, all of this city; Kirkland Hopkins Gibson, Thomas E. Steere jr., of Providence, and Peter Richmond, of Riverside, Conn.

The couple will live in Locust Valley, L. I. The bride was graduated from the Brearley School and attended Vassar College. She made her debut in 1937. Mr. Gordon was graduated from the Choate School and is with the Eastern Air Lines.



NAME	ALIAS	PRIDE	OCCUPATION	SAYING	PET PEEVE
RHODA DENISON LESTER Rather desperate lady	Rhody	Jane's clothes	Riding in the rain.	Thank you too much.	People who insist on pro- viding blank- ets for her.
BARBARA NOBLE HUTTON Bud needs handling	Bobby	Her bread basket	Dieting	Do you think it's too soon to answer Bud?	The big words in "The Scot- tish Queen"
SUSAN COLBY CLEVELAND Seldom combs curls	Co	Her lousy puns	Reading post cards	And out bored motor.	Having Janet hiccup.
PRISCILLA Harrington King Pitches hopeless kinks	Piglet	Susie's under shorts.	According to tradition-- pixing.	How do I look, how do I look?	Being flit- less.
KATHERINE FREEMAN Knits frantically	Kate	Her string knitting.	Doing her laundry.	Have you two kissed each other good night?	People who take advant- age of her elastic bras
MARY STUART HOUSTON Must shout, Harison	Stewie	Kleenex	Putting in false teeth after taps.	Well, I am working!	Having Dodo ride when she has to sweep the hall.
DOROTHY ANGIE FRIMT Darned athletic feet.	Dodo	Pooh.	Writing French letters.	I've never burped in my life.	Weak acid for pickling.
JANET OLCOTT BROWN Janet often bites.	Jan	Possum and Waddum.	Reading "True Love" stories.	I didn't mean to.	People who go in pix with magazines.

NAME	ALIAS	PRIDE	OCCUPATION	SAYING	PET PEEVE
ELIZABETH CLARE MANGAS Ever Clare's manager	Betty	Her mosquito bitten legs.	Reading Clare's paper.	I <u>beg</u> your pardon!	Sixth Shack's opinion of her knitting.
BEATRICE MARY HUDSON Bangs most harmoniously	Bea	Her music	Practising the piano.	Why shouldn't I put salt in my milk?	Hackneyed poems.
Phyllis Leigh Schell Paddles lazy stroke	Phee	Stanley's letters's letter	Spraining her ankle.	Did you say Phee or Bea?	Bea's un- tidiness.
NANCY JEAN HANDY Never jumps high		Her big brother.	Playing tennis on all three courts at once.	Let me see the table list.	Missing out on a movie magazine.
DORIS MAY HILLMAN Dines most heartily		Fieldston	Winning the Tennis Tour- nament.	Um-hum.	Playing short-stop.
ELSA WILHELMINA LIVINGOOD Eats with leisure.		Her Doitch	Trying to get one of her own pretzels.	I'm going to marry a man I love!	Having Helene get more mail than she does.
CLARE STURTEVANT WEBER Can't stand worms		Her excema.	Jittering her feet under the dining room table.	You're telling me!	Having the daily package go astray

NAME	ALIAS	PRIDE	OCCUPATION	SAYING	PET PEEVE
ELIZABETH ANN BARR	Betty	Her Heart Mamma	Getting mail.	Will you help me with my Latin?	Canoe parades.
Ever a baby.					
ELIZABETH MALLORY HITE	Betsy	That orange knitting.	Knitting ankle straps.	Me no likee this.	Her weight.
Ever man hater.					
SYLVIA HOWARD TAFT	Syl	Her sisters.	Picking up stitches for the entire camp.	I never sleep well in a neat bed.	Having to hang out her bathing suit.
Surely has talent					
MYRTIE DUNN ATWOOD		That Greenwich stomp	Snoring before taps.	I studied that in college.	Having people say, "Is that natural?"
Madly donates apples					
VIRGINIA DESSAR	Ginger	Citronella	Biting pieces out of the partition	K. O.	Having Jane remove the pictures she put on the wall.
Verily defiant					
ANNE ROBBINS HILLMAN		Getting her room done early.	Putting noxema on her red nose.	You would!	Having her bed bounced on.
Abominates rough housing.					
DARCY SCUDDER		Her Mickey Mouse sweater.	Being passenger in War Canoe in Canoe parades.	Will you play jacks with me?	Having Georgie mother her.
Delightful smile					

NAME	ALIAS	PRIDE	OCCUPATION	SAYING	PET PEEVE
KATHERINE MAY CONDIT	Kay May	Bobs Brown's cancee.	Playing Tarzan	Kiss Perry!	People who take her "Kees me" seriously
Kiss me caressingly					
ELIZABETH MORING PERRY	Perry	Being old enough to do Life Saving.	Fishing with frogs.	Kiss Condit!	Her permanent.
Ever more passionate					
JOAN NANCY BAYNE		Her curtains	Chewing gum.	I get a letter every day.	Playing jacks.
Joyful, near Bobs					
HELENE JANSSEN LIVINGOOD		Not having any warnings.	Talking German.	Honestly.	Not enough sleep
Hollers just lustily					
ANNA ELIZABETH BAUMAN		Her birthday	Baiting hooks	Horrors!	People who refuse to sleep with her cat.
Adores every baby.					
CONSTANCE EMMET LYMAN	Connée	Her cut head	Getting her hair combed	Hello, wozzy.	People who like to braid hair.
Curl E. Locks					
NANCY PALMER		Her red blazer.	Giggling.	Oh, dear.	Correctives.
Needs pushing					
HELEN OGDEN OLCOTT		Her brother's clothes.	Throwing dice.	Have my Wright and Ditson clothes come?	Having her hair russed with.
Has oogley orbs					
GEORGEANNE BUBKE		Her age	Telling stories about her boy friends	The sun's out!	Having her peek- holes plastered up.
Gets by					

NAME	ALIAS	PRIDE	OCCUPATION	SAYING	PET PEEVE
CONSTANCE ELEANOR DOWD	Director	That pink hairnet.	Relaxing 6th shack.	You musn't say sissy.	Having the horses cut up on the path to the beach.
Can even direct					
JANET CRAWFORD	Meadow mouse.	Fairy ring.	Keeping her axe from harmful hands.	All the natives will laugh at you.	Messy tripping.
Joints crack					
MARION RACHEL JOHNSON	Johnny	\$2.50 camera	Singing second.	Have you taken your medecine, Lorna?	Militaristic hymns.
Men run joyfully					
LORNA ELIZABETH MACDOUGAL	Dougie	Smoky	Riding Smoky	Smoky really is an awfully nice horse.	To have Smoky slammed.
Laughs ever merrily.					
MARJORIE H. MILES	Margie	Her wounds	Sending letters to Argentina	Have you seen my diagonal holes?	The eastern weather.
My heart means					
JANE LESTER	Jane	Her capacity	Having her life saved.	Don't call me Aunt Jane!	Having other people adapt her stories.
Justly liked					
ELIZABETH FLACK	Flackie	Her courderoy pants.	Making puppets for the Middlers show.	That's fine! Just file it and use the wrong emery it and it'll duck psychology.	Having people use the wrong psychology.
Earring frantic					
FRANCES E. PARKER	Pat	Her pictures	Receiving and writing the daily letter.	Now you'll all get the mail when it's sorted.	The middler's accent.
Feels every package.					

NAME	ALIAS	PRIDE	OCCUPATION	SAYING	PET PEEVE
MRS. HELEN REGAL OLIVER Has royal orange juice.	Holiver	The Riverdale Yacnt Club	loaning night gowns to 6yh snack.	Yes--come over after supper and I'll fix your knitting.	Having people handle her newly paint- ed boats.
MISS MARY THAYER Mary envys Tessie	M. T.	Her scars.	Being operated on.	Tessie's the name.	Having people fuss over her.



CAMP RUNOIA VOCABULARY

<u>Aquaplane</u>	--	Something to lie on your stomach on and wait till they row you in.
<u>Assembly</u>	--	Knitting class.
<u>Ball</u>	--	Something you use to knit with.
<u>Bandana</u>	--	An article you wear on some trips but not on Sandy.
<u>Belgrade Lakes</u>	--	Somewhere to get signs.
<u>Bird, Beast, Fish - or Fruit</u>	--	A game in which you talk about radio sketches and tooth paste.
<u>Counselor</u>	--	Someone who can't have a good time anywhere else.
<u>Counselors' Coffee</u>	--	Old girls come back for it and children cry for it.
<u>Cowbell</u>	--	Signal to get out of the water.
<u>Ghost</u>	--	A game, another name for which is "Hunt the Dictionary."
<u>Guests</u>	--	Somebody you shout "Outboard Motor" at.
<u>Knitting</u>	--	Something to pester Mrs. Oliver with.
<u>Lantern</u>	--	Something someone else has always taken all of.
<u>Lights</u>	--	Bug attracters.
<u>Motorboat</u>	--	A thing you go rowing in.
<u>Postcards</u>	--	Something you're sure Colby will read.
<u>Reveille</u>	--	The signal to go to sleep.
<u>Ring 2</u>	--	The signal for silence so you can hear what they're saying.

<u>Sandy River</u>	---	A pile of rocks over which you haul canoes.
<u>Squash</u>	--	Something Pat makes the girls and counselors eat.
<u>Tapeworm</u>	--	A favorite conversational topic -- especially at meals.
<u>T. & C.</u>	--	Something you try to inveigle the counselors into.
<u>Trip</u>	--	Something you go on and get wet and eat burned or raw food and pretend it's fun.
<u>Uniform</u>	--	Something you remove as much of as possible.

M.T.

CAMP RUNOIA SONG BOOK

"Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep"--Joan & Helene

"Stormy Weather"--Kay May

"Lying in the Hay"--Betty Barr

"Wanderer"--Miss Crawford

"A Fool in Love"--Elsa

"We're in the Money"--Janet Brown

"20,000,000 People Can't Be Wrong"--Camp Runoia

"Strike Me Pink"--Rhoda

"You're Telling Me"--Clare

"King's Horses"--Dougie

"I'm Young and Healthy"--Connie Lyman

"You're Getting to be a Habit with Me"--Betsy & Myrtie

"Remember my Forgotten Man"--Miss Parker

"42nd Street"--Bobby

"Eddie was a Lady"--Betty Mangas

"You're an Old Smoothie"--Helen Olcott

"I Cover the Waterfront"--Miss Miles

"Crazy People"--Counselors

Lester
Cleveland

EIGHT REASONS WHY I LIKE CAMP RUNOIA
BETTER THAN THE TWENTY OTHER CAMPS I
HAVE BEEN AT

By One of the Old Faces Who's Skinned a Yellow Cat

1. None of the others had a skunk named Aloysius or ducks named Jake, Mary, and Rosie.
2. None had Chicken Dinners or Eddie Cantors on the ceiling.
3. None had pixes in the Ghacks.
4. None had counselors that were so noisy at their Coffee.
5. None had a Director that went on canoe trips in a bandana.
6. None had a nature study course where the lessons resembled a game of Kick the Can and all the work was done on the last day of camp.
7. Every single one of the other camps had more than one rule.
8. I think Camp Runoia is funnier than any of the others.

miss Crawford

Diary of the Youngest Member
and Latest Arrival in Camp

Aug. 11 -- Came to camp. They say I'm to sleep in the Middlers' Shack because there is only one counselor and her mother there. I think it was mean of everyone else to go away just as I arrived.

Aug. 12 -- My, that counselor and her mother talked late last night. I'm afraid I won't get enough sleep in this camp.

Today everyone has been rushing around carrying beds, chairs, blankets, tables, foot, etc. to a place called the Fairy Ring. I guess we all must be going to live there from now on.

(Later -- Saturday Night)

We didn't sleep there after all. They took me there in a box -- everyone was making speeches. All of a sudden I was grabbed out of the box and put under a red blazer, and just as everyone else was saying "Meow" they took me out and I was confronted by the most terrifying person called Fraulein, who said terrible, terrible things to me. If she is a counselor in this camp, I think I'll go home.

Sunday,

Aug. 13 -- Today has been better. There's one counselor that must be the sleeping counselor; she seems to sleep better than the others and stays in bed all day and all night except when she jumps up and puts her foot in a funny old-fashioned white wash basin. I like her much better than Fraulein and think I'll get my rest all right if I can just sleep in Fifth Shack.

Aug. 14 -- Caught ten grasshoppers today. There are lots of things here to jump at and play with -- golden-rod, the tops of grass, and the lovely bouquet that those nice girls called Sixth Shackers fixed for me in the Cat's Amusement Park.

Aug. 15 -- One funny thing about this camp is the way everyone but me seems to like water. They go in the lake right up to their necks; then they have to have lessons in life saving so they can learn how to drag each other out again. It seems funny to me that they ever go in at all; the girls go in the lake, the ducks go in, and the counselors -- and even the horses.

Aug. 17 -- Caught fifteen grasshoppers and five crickets. They gave me a mouse in the kitchen, but it was dead.

It's funny here how they ask me to sleep in so many places. They only shacks I haven't slept in are Fourth and Third. Maybe the Fraulein who said such terrible things lives in those shacks.

Aug. 20 -- Caught a toad today.

I think I like Sixth Shack best because they made me a Cat's Amusement Park with dangling things and all their toy animals. Then there's a girl there who has lots of cat appeal. She has hair almost the color of mine and she likes me to sleep with her. -- It's funny so many people here want me to sleep with them. They're all so sweet to me, and I'm so tired of it all!

C. E. D.

OUR LIFE AND EXPERIENCE WITH POISON IVY

We are authorities on poison ivy, and are qualified to write on this subject. We have let ourselves come in contact with this weed just to prove to ourselves it is really poisonous. WE KNOW NOW! All the pain and suffering, all the itching and furtive scratching, we have known!

Now when we see little pink bumps on our anatomy they arouse our suspicions immediately. If we find more than one bump we are certain that the dreadful ailment is with us again. We immediately fly for the remedies. These are numerous and varied. Some like collodion; some like iodine; some like alcohol, and some prefer lotions. As for us, we use them all and an extra perscription and we don't feel a bit better.

Day after day and night after night we itch. By exercising great self-control we can keep ourselves from scratching in the daytime. But at night we find that we cannot control our emotions. For we wake up scratching. That makes you feel very miserable indeed, for the more you scratch the more you itch and the more you itch the more you scratch, so it is one vicious circle.

Another disadvantage of having poison ivy is that you are deprived of the privilege of swimming, for that spreads it. Also your personal appearance suffers greatly because the parts affected become very swollen, red, and bumpy. One becomes very unpopular. Even your best friend won't get near you for fear of catching the ailment. This makes you lead a lonely, as well as a painful life.

If you would avoid this treacherous disease keep away from a shiny little three-leafed plant. This plant is the source of the whole trouble. So beware of three leaves!

P. King
Miss Miles

THE KNITTING MENACE

Being as how I was a girl at Camp Runcoia back in the gay twenties when the camp costume consisted of serge bloomers, white middies, voluminous pancakes called tams, and--believe it or not--underwear, and have been a more or less permanent fixture about the premises ever since, it was only natural that when it was decided by various and sundry doctors that a little overhauling was in order I should yearn for the scenes of my girlhood and wonder how Camp Runcoia was getting along without me. Accordingly, as soon as I was able to navigate unaided I turned my wavering footsteps toward camp.

All the way out I thought of the buxom girls I was about to see and a stab of envy attacked me at the active and strenuous life the campers had been leading while I was imbibing gruel and other tasty concoctions at the hospital.

The entrance to camp! I cast my eyes toward the baseball field, expecting to see eighteen young gazelles galloping about the diamond. Not so. Equally deserted were the basketball field and tennis courts. "Oh, well," I thought, "they're no doubt disporting themselves on the water front." I headed, therefore, for the shore. As I approached strange sounds assailed my ears. "Look out for that ball." "Hey, time to

cast off!" "Ninety-eight, one hundred!" Well, it sounded more like football than anything else to me and I quickened my pace. As I rounded the bend I was nearly blinded by a mass of brilliant colors and bits of steel flashing in the sunlight. Shades of the husky Amazons I remembered, the sudorific exercises I had undergone--the girls were knitting! Baffled, confused, a-sea and bewildered, I staggered to a bench and sat down. From behind a barrage of bright-colored wool a few girls curtsied and murmured, "Hello, Miss Thayer!"

Dejectedly I remembered my pal Marjorie, a gay carefree lass. I sought her out. She lay on her bed buried under a load of bright yarn. "Hello," I said weakly. "Knit 2, purl 2--hello, Mary--have you seen my diagonal holes?" was her retort. I sought the air.

As a last resort my thoughts flew to Johnny and Dougie, who typified in my mind the old Runoia spirit. Ah, there they were coming down the path--knitting! I turned and fled. All was over, I thought sadly.

As I stumbled up the path, heartsick and benumbed, someone inquired if I'd seen Miss Dowd. "No," I answered, and with difficulty refrained from adding that I'd seen enough. I wanted to go home and play a fast and thrilling game of rummy. But I was informed that she wanted to see me, so I

waited. Well, at any rate I was prepared. Probably, I thought bitterly, she would be wearing three handmade sweaters and swathed in a couple of afghans. Brooding thus, I was unconscious of her presence until she spoke. I looked up--before me stood the Director--unmarred by any worsted! The spirit of Runcia still survived! New hope flooded my soul. Life was still good. Consequently, when the Director invited me out for the rest of the camp season I accepted with gusto.

I turned to leave. Miss Dowd went briskly toward the shore. "Goodbye, Miss Dowd!" I called. "I'll be out Tuesday. Oh, by the way, do you know how much yarn it takes for a sweater?"

M.T.

INTERIOR DECORATORS AT WORK IN SIXTH SHACK

- Colby: Let's fix our rooms up nice this year. A nice-looking, homey room just makes a camp, I think.
- Janet: I've been collecting things all winter for our room. I have 43 banners, 15 animals, and 96 covers of Collier's Magazine.
- Stewie: I brought 20 posters and some swell curtains. Kate and I really appreciate interior decoration. We always bring real curtains and bed spreads.
- Rhoda: Where's that old pillow that Sue and Andy left here five years ago? I only have 19 pillows on my bed now and I just must have some more.
- Bobby: Yes, I like a lot of pillows so that they'll hide the frogs that the Middlers put in my bed.
- Kate: Oh, why bother about beds and pillows -- the ceiling is the only important thing to decorate.
- Piglet: Well, girls, here's the masterpiece. Look at my little pigs -- Most Little Pigs Go to Market, but the Best Little Pigs Go to Jones.
- Everyone: Oh, Piglet, how darling!
- Dodo: I like the Roxborough Riding Club poster better than pigs. -- I wonder if I could climb all the way to the peak of the roof to put that up?
- Stewie: (Balancing on one foot on the rafters) -- Oh, my, I've been up here half an hour and I can't reach one bit higher.
- Kate: Here, I'll do it for you. Give me the hammer.
- Rhoda: You can't beat the Prince Albert sign and the Chicken Dinner that I put up all alone last year.
- Chorus: We can too -- my Collier's is half an inch higher.

- Bobby: You girls are crazy. You've been up on the rafters ever since camp opened. Why don't you come down and fix the part of your rooms that anyone can see?
- Janet: I just love to lie in bed and look up at Eddie Cantor and the Radio Stars.
- Colby: There's no fun fixing dressers or beds -- the ceiling's the only thing that counts in a room.
- Miss Dowd to Miss Crawford: Do you think we should allow them to make the Shack hideous with these awful things?
- Miss Crawford: Well, that's one thing they're never allowed to do at home. I think we should leave them alone.
- Kate: Let's go to Belgrade tonight and see if we can get some more posters!

C. E. D.

PERFECT GIRL

Hair--Kate Freeman

Complexion--Elsa Livingood

Eyelashes--Connie Lyman

Eyes--Nancy Handy

Nose--Bea Hudson

Mouth--Stewy Houston

Teeth--Betty Perry

Legs--Phyllis Schell

Posture--Rhoda Lester

Smile--Kay May Condit

Figure--Colby Cleveland

VOTING

	<u>First Place</u>	<u>Second Place</u>
1. Peppiest	Colby	Piglet
2. Best Athlete	Dodo	Sylvia
3. Best Sport	Rhoda	Colby & Janet
4. Most Attractive	Bobby	Colby & Janet
5. Cutest	Perry	Piglet
6. Most Versatile	Sylvia	Colby
7. Most Helpful	Rhoda	Janet
8. Friendliest	Colby	Janet
9. Most Interesting	Colby	Bea Hudson
10. Most Sympathetic	Janet	Colby
11. Funniest	Piglet	Colby
12. Most Promising	Rhoda	Bobby
13. Most Typical C.R. Girl	Rhoda	Colby
14. Most Popular	Rhoda	Colby

THE RUNOIA TIMES

"KNOWS NOTHING -- TELLS ALL"

VOL. I.

July 8, 1934

NO. 1

STATEMENT OF POLICY

Tonight we present the first issue of the RUNOIA TIMES -- a new project. Each week the staff will present, in brief, the news of the week -- both local and foreign. This, our latest journalistic effort, is being done in conjunction with the LOG -- that well-established tradition of Runois. The customary annual edition of the LOG will be presented as usual at the end of camp.

Being in the nature of an experiment, the set-up is more or less flexible and subject to change. The staff is temporary and additions and alterations may be made. All are urged to contribute, and we will appreciate suggestions and criticisms from anyone.

PRIZE ANNOUNCEMENT

The TIMES staff wishes to announce that a prize is being offered for the best contribution for the first two or three weeks. Let's everybody try for it.

EDITORIAL

Is Tradition a Good or Bad Influence on Camp Life?

Obviously here is a question for discussion. Each year camp is divided into two main groups on the subject and clashes are inevitable. There are those who think that "we always have done that" is a sufficient reason for continuing to do so. To the more logical-minded this brings up visions of long woolen stockings and heavy bloomers, which would be distinctly out of place in these days of halter tops and naked backs. On the other hand, though, the group who feel that because "things were done so in the hoop skirt days" is enough to put a stop to anything are also in the wrong. They proudly call themselves progressive but seem to forget that after all one must progress from some beginning, and therefore that progress and tradition are closely allied. Probably the very ones who now feel themselves hampered by tradition will find themselves pleasantly surprised some ten years hence to come back and see that girls are taking the same old trips and enjoying the same competition during the sport weeks.

In conclusion, therefore, we concede to each party that much of their theory is good and we beg them in turn to be tolerant towards each other and to keep in mind that, while tradition without progress shows narrow-mindedness and undue prejudice, so conversely is progress without tradition ungrounded and superficial.

COLBY CLEVELAND

WELCOME, NEW GIRLS

The old girls of Camp Runoia extend to those who have just joined our midst the heartiest of welcomes and wish them as grand a summer as has been our experience. We can say no more.

SPORTS

Sports Find High Favor in Camp as well as Outside World

Rain but no tennis was the byword around camp for the first few days, but since the sun has peeped out the courts have been well filled. A tennis ladder has been started and is going well. Several matches have been played and variations made on the ladder.

Baseball, basketball, canoeing and swimming are well in progress and several tests have been passed among the water sports. Riding also has its place in the day's events, and bumped heads plus stiff legs give evidence of the beginning of the season.

In the outside world baseball occupies the center of the stage. The New York Giants and New York Yankees are at the top of their leagues and still going strong. Both lead their nearest rivals by at least three games.

On Monday Bill Botheron of Princeton set a new world's record of 3.48.8 in the 1,500 meter run, leading Glen Cunningham, the Kansas miler, by one-tenth of a second.

VIRGINIA DESSAR

SPORT FLASHES

Helen Jacobs is to play Dorothy Round in the tennis finals at Wimbledon -- so what?

Lou Gerigh has hit two more homers, thus bringing his total for the year to 23. Is Babe's face red!

LOCAL NEWS FLASHES

Having whirled through a mad dash of late spring activities in the city, we now pass on to the country for our early summer social events.

Miss Turk, godmother of Miss Darcy Scudder's brother, recently visited Camp Runoia. Miss Turk has had a camp in North Carolina for quite a few years but has given it up for the present. She is enjoying Maine and regrets having to leave it.

Miss Rhoda Lester was a recent visitor to Waterville, where she spent a most enjoyable day, buying supplies for Camp Runcioa.

Other distinguished guests recently at Camp Runcioa were Mr. & Mrs. Thayer, Dr. Bauman, and Miss Farrell. Last Sunday night four musicians supped here and were refreshed by our cool climate.

On the Fourth of July a party was planned to be held at night for the new girls. Initiations were held during the course of the evening, in which Miss Mary Cleveland did nobly impersonating Mae West. Another outstanding event of the evening was a Russian dance interpreted by Ballerinas MacDougall and Dowd. A boxing match was also staged by Miss Darcy Scudder, 130 pounds, and Miss Connie Lyman, 160 pounds. The champion was not announced and it seems another match will have to be staged. Afterwards fireworks and marshmallows were shot and eaten respectively at the shore. After everything was finished and done, it was agreed that the day had certainly gone off with a bang.

June, the month of brides and flowers, having drawn to a close, the mid-summer season draws close. We anticipate many outstanding events.

KITTY CHUBB

KITCHEN NEWS

Sub-Debs Go Menial at Camp

The kitchen has been the center of much excitement and the subject of much conversation this past week as a very interesting experiment has taken place. Andy, Lois, Rhoda, Colby, Kitty, Frisky, and Stewy have had their turns at a day in the kitchen, and so far it has turned out most satisfactorily. Lois' experience with scissoring the string beans, Rhoda's swill savory, and Colby's marshmallow filled cookies are not to be soon forgotten. Every would-be cook has come back with the same feeling-- she wants a bed; but in spite of their eagerness to sleep, they each and every one liked their experience and profited by it. The only thing we're afraid of is that pretty soon Betty and Carol will have made cooks of the whole camp and then it will be no privilege or novelty to be on the picnic committee.

RHODA LESTER

Stew

By the old saying "Fools and the dead alone never change their minds", Sixth Shackers proved themselves to be of neither species. A few days ago we were told that dance we must whether we wanted to or not. We all went with a feeling of distaste for the sissy sport. When we emerged from the Lodge after about an hour of it, we had changed our opinions and we thoroughly recommend dancing to anyone and everyone in camp, not only as reducing exercise but also as FUN.

①

1930

(all letters capital)
Papoose Fiery-Hair Bayne
Blue Tribe

Kay may brought Papoose
Fiery-Hair (she's another who
hails from Montclair)

"It's so hard," she once said
"To comb snoots from my
head that I wish, how I
wish, for straight hair!"

SECOND STAGE IN COUNSELORS' COFFEE

A Play in one act

Dramatis Personae

Annie Senior

(put in middle Kay May Condit
of paper) Mary Frances Shan

Joan Bayne

Billy Baer

Susy Baer

Georgianne Burke

1930² cont.

ACT ONE

Scene One

Place-- Second Shack Hall

Time-- After dinner

Georgianne: 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
moe-----

Mary Frances: Do potatoes instead

Kay May: Oh, be quiet, Mary ^(speak) F.

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

③
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. (M.F. ^(spell))

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--

M.F. ^(spell): 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. 1130-

poster on wall

4

M.F. = Mary Frances
Condit's Whinny

Senior: No, this isn't true either.

Susie: M.F., 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?

Georgianne: Oh, will you play jacks with me?

Curtain

Chloe Book

Name	Nickname	noted for	abomination
Bayne		Red hair	not to be able to get the hat
occupation	aspiration	failing	gaining
playing hopscotch	to sing Bimbo every day	curls in eyes	gaining you lucky

THE PERFECT MAIDEN

Hair	Joan Bayne
Eyes	K. Field
Nose	Chloe Bookaw

mouth - - - - - ⑤ - - - - - Babo Butler
Complexion - - - - - Rosie Lourel
Dimpling smile - - - - - Ray Condit
Figure - - - - - Bobs Brown

1931

Joan Bayne

Entered camp 1930-Blue.

"A simple child that lightly
draws its breath."

THIRD SHACK PARTY

On Saturday night, August 1st, we were
all entertained by third shack at a
Backward Party, but one thing
we can't be backward about is
expressing our thanks to Third
Shack (and miss miles) for the good
time we all had.

We never knew before that
Kay May and Sookie Baer
were artists, but then there are
plenty of things we never
knew, and now after seeing their
poster we conclude that someday

They'll make camp Rumba famous for their works of art.

Besides the Kay May and Jean-
 Frantz made very adept door-
 keepers while Mary Baez did
 wonders as a master of
 ceremonies. The other members
 of Third Shack helped in a
 way most pleasing to all of us.
 They passed the ice cream.

Each shack went through
 various stunts and the winner
 was awarded the welcome
 prize of a lily pop. Sixth
 had a most thrilling contest
 of pinning the tail on a
 donkey and fifth had a back-
 ward writing race. Then
 Fourth had various races the
 most important of which was

a marshmallow race. On the whole everybody had a marvelous time. Colby Cleveland.

Anagram

J. N. Bayne Just not Bayish
Senior Will

We, the Seniors of Camp R. 1931 being of sound mind do hereby bequeath to those whom we leave behind us our gardens, our towel racks in Pix, our Feather beds, hoping sincerely you can find sheets to fit them, our privileges such as they may be, our prestige, and individually the following items:

Jane Lamotte - Colby's curls
 Jane Baer - Bobby's crawl
 Ann Baer - Susie's extensive correspondence
 Riscilla King - Rhoda's job of pulling up wicks
 Reid Handy - Joyce's good nature

how to the ^⑧ left put:
witnessed by

Oswald
Sundu
Godfrey

Lisa Livingood - Jappy's beauty secrets

Dorothy Feink - Hitchy's non-traumatic muscles

Mary Royall - Elsie's deep bass laugh

Kate Freeman - Maddy's ability to stick
on a horse

Mary Stuart Houston - Janet's smile

Susan Baer - Colby's linguistic activity

Mary Baer - Rosie Lautrel's neatness

May May Condit - Dodo Freeman's genius
for sewing

Georgeanne Burke - Willy's stick-to-
her-own-bodiness

Alice Wolcott - Feis Ky's table manners

Jeanne Frantz - Helen's care of
the ducks

Helene Livingood - James' method of
nail dressing by beezet

JOAN BAYNE - Kitty's enthusiasm
for sports

Signed

The Seniors

(9)

statistics

name	camp name	Pet Peeve	Habit
Joan Bayne	Joan	Sports	In Osback with paper dolls

saying L

Let me have the Feegs during rest hour
Kacy. 1931-Whites

1932

Joan Bayne

Entered camp 1930--Blue

JUMPS NOT BADLY

A very nice girl is Joan Bayne;
She'll never cause anyone pain.

She's got form in jumping
And lands without bumping

Though she does it again and again.

name	camp name	distinguishing characteristic	habit
Joan Nancy Bayne		white hat	on-the-go playing jokes

abomination	aspiration	pride	saying
Nosedocks	To dive without holding her nose	her boys	"Oh, dear"

TRIP TO MT. PHILIP

Sturdy Runoia Girls Scale Perilous Mountain

After one day of camp Fifth Shack got ambitious and decided to climb Mt. Philip. As we all got ready to start everyone wanted a drink, so one by one they were gotten. Finally, after much running back and forth, we were off.

En route to Belgrade we came in contact with a friend--the porcupine. Such a nice playful fellow! We thought we might bring him back to keep us company in bed, but then decided against it. Such an idea! Who thought of that one? Phyllis? Gosh, she's getting quite the sleeper!

We continued on through Belgrade and almost up to Mt. Philip, where Johnny stopped the bus and said "all out". Naturally, we replied, "Why stop here? We're not there yet?" and it was then that Johnny told us that the camp had stopped there ever since she could remember so that we must follow the tradition. On the way up we met some strawberries and made short work of them.

At the top middies were taken off and we sat in comfort. Johnny and Flackie had a little argument, with most of the advantage on Flackie's side. After that middies were put on and we went down. Sylvia and Georgeanne ran ahead with Anne, Doris and Phyllis close at their heels. This is not a fox hunt, girls.

As we ran to the bus we thought we saw a car, but later learned it to be some large cans. On the way home we sang songs and enjoyed ourselves. Let's hope Mt. Philip gets decent people again next time.

GEORGEANNE BURKE

TRIP TO BELGRADE

War Canoe Makes Maiden Trip to Belgrade for 1934

"Hurray -- hurray" echoed across the campus when Rhoda, Stewie, Sylvia, Doris, Anne, Georgeanne, Ginger and Phyllis were told that they were going to Belgrade in the war canoe chaperoned by Miss Dowd, Mrs. Matthews and Connie.

Then the rush to change our clothes and get our favorite paddlies, which, as usual, caused a bit of confusion--and we were off.

When we reached Belgrade we all made a dash for the "Night and Day Club", where hot dogs and ice cream cones were gobbled with great enthusiasm and extra nickels pushed into the victrola.

Then the race for signs, accompanied by many arguments as to which sign was whose.

Back to camp again singing camp and popular songs under the starlight.

Thus ended a grand trip which every one of us enjoyed thoroughly.

PHYLLIS SCHELL.

LITERARY GEMS

DOWN IN THE MEADOW

Down in the meadow where the
 green grass grows --
 There sat Miss Dowd pretty as
 a rose.
 Along came somebody and kissed
 her on the nose.
 How many kisses did she get?
 10-20-30-40.
 Who kissed her? Ask her?
 CONNIE LYMAN
 P. S. Please do not forget to
 ask her.

THE BREEZES AND ME

Over the rocky mountains,
 Over the great blue sea,
 Come the soft little breezes,
 Bringing good tidings to me.
 Oh, dear little breezes, what
 will I do without you
 When the soft air freezes?
 Oh, tell me, little breezes,
 what to do?

"Oh, dear little child," say the
 breezes,
 "When the air is no longer
 fair,
 Stay in your house when it
 freezes,
 When the great wind starts to
 blare."

MARY CLEVELAND.

Runoia.

Dear Doggie Sister:-
 How I wish you were at camp
 with me! I have so much fun.
 This morning some girls played
 baseball. Someone hit it and
 away it went. I ran after it.
 Everyone laughed at me. I have
 been in swimming a lot. I

think it is much fun. All
 the girls are so nice to me.
 Your Doggie Brother --
 Timmy

Home.

Dear Doggie Brother:-
 I wish I were at camp.
 My master has gone away.
 But I have a cat to play
 with. He is gray. His
 name is Mac. I play with
 his tale. It is much fun.
 Soon I am going away to
 Moosehead Lake. I wish
 you could come. Your
 Doggie Sister --

Cinders

ANNA BAUMAN

FASHIONS OF RUNOIA

Here come halters with a
 mighty show --
 Watch them come and watch
 them go.

Fish net sandals come next on
 the list --
 Too bad they don't fit around
 the wrist.

Braided belts are coming fast;
 Don't you hope that they will
 last?

Low backs are now in style --
 People wear them with a smile.

Bands fit the head with ease --
 Oh, don't break them if you
 please!

The fashions of this age
 Turn to another stage.

GEORGEANNE BURKE

DRAMA AND MUSIC Barnyard Echoes Gradually Assume Symphonic Dimensions

Noises, noises everywhere and not a single note. Everyone trying her best to blow louder than her partners. But we must all realize that practice makes perfect. Miss Dowd also has taken an interest in this new band and, since she has played the bugle, the cornet is very easy for her to learn.

Our director, Mr. Lockhart, is very capable and presents the subject in an interesting way. In one hour we were able to play an exercise on our instruments. Although we still lack quite a bit of accuracy, there are great hopes for the future.

ELSA LIVINGOOD

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Among the many interesting things taking place in the craft house is the making of leather belts and picture frames. Many of the campers are making and wearing the belts. Not as much jewelry work has been done this year as last, but it may be very popular during the latter part of the camping season. Key-ring cases and pocket-books are also being made out of leather.

PEGGY BRANHAM

FOREIGN NEWS FLASHES

It is reported that in 1935 the United States is likely to have a deficit of five billion dollars, but don't let that worry

you undly, as it is possible that our budget may be balanced by 1937!

There is much excitement in Germany. Hitler is trying to oust Von Papen, who is Vice Chancellor, and put his buddy, Goring, in his place. Von Hindenberg has so far prevented Hitler from doing this, which is really Hitler's first great defeat. We have in our midst tonight one who knows Gorch to such an extent that the gentleman once opened a bottle of champagne for her. This fortunate lady is known to us as Mrs. Matthews.

San Francisco is upset by much striking and rioting as ports are blocked by a walk-out of marine workers. The police force has had to be called out and many people have been hurt be the necessary violence of that body.

We know that you will be interested in hearing that you aren't the only ones to have your allowances cut. King Boris of Bulgaria has just received the third reduction in his income since 1930. Tough luck, King!

COLBY CLEVELAND

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Misses Hillhouse and Thayer, worldly-wise and jaded, announce the opening next week of a column of advice to the young and inex-

perienced. Why not call upon our vast fund of valuable knowledge to solve your problems? Excellent motherly advice provided for persons of all ages, including the consulate. All contributions will be regarded as confidential. Consider us your friends.

NEW GIRES' PARTY

Hunky Dory Circus Rivals that of
Ringling Bros. & Barnum &
Bailey

The new girls of Runoia entertained in a new and different way last night, Saturday, July 7, 1934, with a circus sponsored by Hunky Dory and Second only to Ringling Bros. & Barnum & Bailey. They were aided by a few old girls of good standing who had voluntarily surrendered their rights to that name after a few years of exile. The circus was begun by a parade of the freaks, starting with quintuplets and including Siamese twins, a new sensational batch of Siamese triplets, the leopard women, Tereasa the Tiny Tatooed Lady from Tasmania, two wild brothers from Borneo, a bare-backed rider, numerous clowns, and -- last but by no means least -- Eko and Iko, the startling ambassadors from Mars, who were recognized only with the greatest difficulty as Johnny and Dougie. Each and every freak showed off for the benefit of the assembled multitude, as did the one and only baby panther in captivity, the man on the flying trapeze and the largest tame butterfly

in her first public appearance (except possibly the graduation play at school in June).

The whole performance was directed by a most proficient ringmaster (whom on weekdays we call Miss Hillhouse), who in turn was abetted by Rube Thayer, the hatletss handy man. This gentleman proved himself born to the profession by the way in which he directed the games with a straw in his mouth and everything.

Subsequently pink lemonade was sold and all would have been well if some inconsiderate guests had not remarked that in the first place it was dark red and in the second place it was mostly grape juice. However, it was most refreshing and with animal crackers made a well-rounded menu.

Several new pianola rolls made their debut during the course of the evening and the close of the party was attended by lusty singing and the usual congratulatory remarks for the hostesses.

COLBY CLEVELAND



THE RUNCIA TIMES

"KNOWS NOTHING -- TELLS ALL"

VOL. I.

July 15, 1934

No. 2

EDITORIAL

There is no disputing that at the end of one summer at Runcoia one has learned many things -- not only how to accomplish physical things but how to think more squarely, more open-mindedly and clearly through direct contact with other people. While having a perfectly wonderful time and while totally unaware of the fact, one has picked up a great general knowledge.

Although not realizing it, one learns, through contact with many and varied characters and traits, to be able to distinguish more easily the good from the bad and right from wrong.

One meets those who are always fine, helpful and fair, and from their example one is unconsciously able to act in the same way at the right time.

Runcoia not only teaches one to be a better person, but also brings out the best in each of its campers when the opportunity arises.

On the other hand, when Runcoia girls consciously learn to do things-- such as crafts, track, baseball, basketball, swimming and diving -- it is presented in such an interesting way that each girl wants to do her best and so tries hard; and here again she learns to be more fair and sportsman-like through these activities.

Let us all realize, and be thankful for, this wonderful opportunity to better ourselves, and let us look upon this summer as not only a perfect time, but as something very valuable which will help us the rest of our lives.

NANCY FISKE

SPORTS

Camp News

The rungs of the tennis ladder have been changed and re-changed during the past week. Many matches have been played and perseverance is beginning to tell. Miss MacDougall trimmed Kitty Chubb and Ann Hillman overthrew Peggy Branham.

Sport Flashes

The Giants and Yanks are slipping a little but still retain the lead.

Bill Dickey of the Yanks hit two homers the other day. Bright boy, Billy.

Hal Schumacher of the Giants held the Pirates to six hits Wednesday, and that's good work.

VIRGINIA DESSAR

LOCAL NEWS FLASHES

There seems to be a slight lull in the social mad whirl. Few marriages have taken place due to the great number committed in June and the scarcity of men in this neighborhood. If Pine Island comes over once more, we can prophesy a few more social events.

Flash Flash! The Clevelands came over the mountains and stayed to supper. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Sr. and Dr. and Mrs. Cleveland Jr. were much welcomed by Colby and Mary and even more by the rest of the camp. Dr. Cleveland won approval of Sixth Shack by showing them Belgrade as they've never seen it before.

Other recent parental visitors to Runcia have been Mrs. Scudder and Mr. and Mrs. Treiber.

On Saturday Ada May Risley of Waterville, Maine, was a guest of Miss Mary Bauman. Miss Risley reported a very delightful day and hopes sometime to spend a summer with us.

KITTY CHUBB

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Fourth Shack went to Sandy Beach in canoes. The latest thing is knitting.

Everybody is knitting scarfs or sweaters.

Yesterday Third Shack had tennis with Johnny and everyone played very nicely.

The following is a series of literary gems gleaned from Third Shackers.

Here is a poem written by Virginia Mathews --

IN THE FALL

In the fall there are a lot of squirrels, all gathering up the nuts;

And when they've got that business done, pack them away in huts. The leave beds, they are growing vast, and birds are disappearing fast;

But just the same, the rest remain, till winter comes at last.

VIRGINIA MATHEWS

A poem written by Harriet McLane--

IN SUMMER

In summer we play,

All the day,

All through the woods we play.

And one day when we did too long stay

My brave father came and got us and took us away, away, away.

HARRIET McLANE

BIRCH TREES

Birch trees have snowy white bark, While other trees have brown, But all trees have green leaves, Just like an Irish clown.

MARY CLEVELAND

Edited by HARRIET McLANE

LITERARY GERMS

I don't like mosquitoes
 But they like me
 Wherever I go,
 They want to be.
 I admire their devotion
 And reward them with flit,
 But I still don't like them--
 Not one little bit.
 They swarm on my legs,
 Which isn't very fair,
 And when they start eating
 They get in my hair.
 No, I don't like mosquitoes
 But they still like me,
 'Cause wherever I am
 They seem to be.

Yet, who on the whole are
 pretty swell?
 Who are more fun than we can
 tell,
 And who can take it passing
 well?

Our counselors!

And who deserves three rousing
 cheers
 For listening to our laughing
 jeers,
 As they have done throughout
 the years?

Our counselors!
 COLBY CLEVELAND

Who tell us when to come and
 go?
 Who swear at us if we are slow
 Who teach us what they don't
 know?

Our counselors!

Who make us do their dirty
 work?
 Who are the first to say we
 shirk?
 Who, when we sweat, sit by
 and smirk?

Our counselors!

Who grab the only decent ~~brooms~~
 brooms?
 And keep them till assembly
 looms.
 Then fuss ^{about} our unswept rooms?
 Our counselors!

Who hash us all behind our
 backs,
 Yet bawl us out for making
 cracks,
 Or hinting that one of them
 lacks?

Our counselors!

 DRAMA AND MUSIC

The first play of the season
 for 1934 at Camp Runcio was a
 grand success. A melodrama has a
 most stimulating effect on prac-
 tically everyone and sixth shack
 certainly gave theirs a grand
 touch of comedy. Connie as the
 heroine was very devastating, and
 Frisky as our hero, gave an ex-
 cellent portrayal of the True Blue
 Harry type. And, last but not
 least, Rhoda as the bearded vil-
 lain who trys his best to force
 the pale-faced maiden to marry
 him. Miss Dowd, Lois, and Stuey
 also had parts in the play. Miss
 Dowd's motherly personal ity showed
 up beautifully and Stuey gave a
 perfect demonstration of a brutal
 father.

This was a very good start
 for a splendid list of plays to
 be presented in the future.

ELSA LIVINGOOD

ARTS AND CRAFTS

One of the unusual things taking place this week in the craft-house is ship-building. Also, rings have been started and a few bracelets have been made. The leather picture-frames are still very popular--many of these have been taken up by the counselors.

*****PEGGY BRANHAM*****

Communists overrun San Francisco! and countless hundreds of people poured out of the city by plane and motor. Hold 'em, Roosevelt!

Hitler still keeps his place in the headlines, what with vacationing in the Bavarian Alps--and everything. As he himself so aptly expresses it--if not in actual words--nothing is too good for Adolf.

*****COLBY CLEVELAND*****

FOREIGN NEWS

King and Queen go sporty!
The King and Queen of England go in for tennis in a big way. We understand that they occupied the royal box all during the tennis matches at Wimbledon for the Davis Cup play.

On July 11 the cruiser Houston reached a pause in its voyage, and deposited its honorable burden, President Roosevelt to you--at Balboa. They welcomed him enthusiastically despite rain.

Theaters get right to cut immoral films! Probably by the time we get home they will be giving the Three Bears--and stuff!

Harvard Professor says peace must be man's ideal! Life is too short to fight. We suggest this as a suitable motto for the juniors.

Much excitement in Waterville as Will Rogers lands by plane. He was seen by two of our eminent members, Misses Mary and Ann Thayer.

THIRD SHACK PARTY

Even the rain didn't dampen the spirits of our indomitable young dramatists, and they cheerfully moved their stage from the boathouse to the lodge at the last minute, and even so gave a most creditable performance of the time-honored story of Cinderella. In fact, considering that it was done wholly without rehearsal, we might say that it was startlingly good.

The play was so well-cast~~ed~~ that no lines were necessary and much ad lib was possible. Especially in the case of Anna Bauman, the words rang with a familiarity only possible after nine years practice. The title role was taken by Virginia Mathews, and it was indeed hard to recognize in the pathetic scullery~~ym~~maid our old friend, Hard Boiled Egg. Connie Lyman as the Prince resembled nothing less than Napoleon, and his blase attitude toward all females other than Cinderella was perfect. The fairy god-mother (Harriet MacLane) played her part with an airy grace that made her seem indeed a being from another world. Darcy Scudder as the step-mother, and Betsy Wenigman as the other daughter, were sufficiently horrible to make us cringe with sympathy for poor little Cinderella. And the pages, Marys Bauman and Cleveland, did well in their

parts although at one point we did think the latter looked a bit ill. On the whole, the play was a great success, and we wish to congratulate the producer on scoring another hit, and all of third shack on their respective bits of drama.

The party ended with marshmallows, and dancing to the pianola, which gave to the gathering the true air of festivity as enjoyed at Runoia.

COLBY CLEVELAND.

HELPFUL HINTS

As announced last week, Misses Hillhouse and Thayer stand ready to help you solve your problems of any kind. Following is this week's good advice.

Misses Hillhouse & Thayer:
(Jaded and Worldy-Wise)

What, oh, what shall I do? In spite of all my efforts I have acquired dish-maid hands. My clothes say lady of leisure, but my hands scream scrubwoman. I am ashamed of my hands when I go out. Even my best friends won't tell me and soon I shall have no more best friends. Awaiting your answer eagerly, I am,

Yours sincerely,
Cinderella

Dear Dinderella:

Stop talking with your hands and maybe they won't scream scrubwoman.

Your loving aunts --
Jean & Mary

Misses Hillhouse & Thayer:
Ladies:

We are troubled because whenever we have some really good cuts we can't seem to remember what feet they are on. Our climax is spoiled and our faces are red. What do you advise?

Yours--

Fourth Shack

Dear Fourth Shack:

You have probably been brought up on the adage to put your best foot forward. Just reverse this and you'll be all right. Anyhow why let your right foot know that your left foot is out and vice versa? No cutting remarks, please.

Hillhouse & Thayer

My dear Misses Hillhouse & Thayer:

I have reached the stage where my skin can get no darker and I no longer find any pleasure in the sun. Life has lost its meaning. What shall I do?

Daffy Taffy

Dear Daffy Taffy:

Perhaps you are also troubled with black specks in front of your eyes. If so, may we suggest wearing black specs -- (not the same ones).

Hillhouse & Thayer

Misses Hillhouse & Thayer:
Dear Friends (for I feel that you are truly friends:

Do lend an ear to our plea and give us advice. We are troubled with bats in the belfry. We hear bats, we feel bats, but we can't see bats. Now we are afraid that we are bats. Do help us without delay.

Hastily--

Batty & Puzzled 6th Shack

Dear Batty & Puzzled 6th Shack:
 Just to reassure you, we
know you are bats in the belfry.
 We hope you feel batter now.
 Your true friends,
 Hillhouse & Thayer

Bring your problems to us, girls.
 See how we've helped those who
 appealed to us this week. Do
 not be delicate -- nothing makes
 us sick.

ITEM

Watch for a startling announcement next week. The long-heralded prize will be awarded for best contribution to these columns. Contributions to next week's issue will be included.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The former Miss Marian Hunter, erstwhile prima donna of Camp Runoia's 1926 production of the "Pirates of Penzance" returned to Runoia for a brief call on Friday, July 13. She was attended by her husband, a Mr. Schutt.

Among other marriages of note are those of Faith Rollins (1924, '25, '26) to Mr. John Davidson of Omaha, Nebraska; and of Miss Alice Bliss ('26, '27, '28) to a Mr. Sylvester (we think) on Saturday, July 14. At the former wedding Miss Mary Thayer was maid of honor, and Miss Janet Learned (1925, '26) was also in the bridal party.

Other notable alumnae who are expected to visit Camp this year are Miss Sue Larter

and Miss Ruth Maltby.

Miss Janet Brown writes from a ranch in Pecos, New Mexico, that she is homesick for Camp.

Miss Jane Lester is the sanity in a hut-hospital in Katonah for the summer.

DANN THAYER

ANNOUNCEMENT

A new column will be inaugurated next week, to be entitled "Bright Sayings of Runoia Children". All are urged to contribute. This column will be conducted by Miss Colby Cleveland, one of our biggest jokes.

EMINENT CHILD PSYCHOLOGISTS
 PERUSE NATURAL PHENOMENA
 IN NATURAL HABITAT

One of our socially prominent aides de camp has a delightful daily duty which enables her to delve deeply into the fascinating but complicated subject of child psychology. Now child psychology is a study which enables one to comprehend in a more sympathetic manner the actions of children, gives reasons for their behavior, and tells how one can counteract certain disagreeable tendencies of adolescents. But our socially prominent aide de camp seems to have some difficulty in interpreting such actions as telling one child she must sit on a tack before she may play the well-known but worn out game of jacks with the rest. And that brings up the simple subject of the game of jacks-- oh why, all you dear psychologists, why must there always be

arguments over how turn it is, whether kisses are legal or ill legal, or whether one must mark her games or not, an action which consists of slapping the floor with the hand. The dictionary definition of child psychology is that it is the science which treats of the mental phenomena of children. But who can account for the mental phenomena of the childish mind that encourages it to take forty-five minutes to don shoes, stockings, and a camp uniform, and get the hair combed. Perhaps we'd better not go any deeper into this perplexing subject but, instead, will go to our dear director for the solution of our problems.

L. SOULE

FASHION NOTES

Knitting has come but a little bit late,
But now we do it in a very grand state.

Rubber bathing suits now find their place,
If they phfft how red gets the face.

Flackie's hammock is now in use.

Don't get it two by twos.

GEORGEANNE BURKE



SPORTSMANSHIP

Sportsmanship means not only having skill in field sports but also being a square fellow while playing the game. Sportsmanship should be used in every-day life as well as while playing games if one desires to build a good character and be considered a "swell kid" by others.

How often heated and unnecessary arguments arise that are caused by poor sportsmanship on the part of someone during the game! These disagreements many times create animosity between players and make the game disliked generally.

Younger children are liable to get argumentative over small and unimportant matters, but older children should be taught to control these tendencies for they become more pronounced as the child grows older.

However, on the other hand, it is not a good policy to give in too much for the sake of peace. One should have a theory and stick to it but not be disagreeable about it at the same time.

Next week is the first Sport Week of the summer. Why can't we all remember to

be good sports and not get involved in arguments over basketball and baseball or any other sport we happen to be competing in? Play games for the fun of it -- don't get too proud of yourself if you win, for -- who can tell? -- you may lose next time.

LOIS SOULE

LOCAL NEWS FLASHES

One of the outstanding events this past week was the birthday of Miss Betty Spear, which was accompanied by the arrival of Betty's mother and two friends, besides some new and different pepperment ice cream with chocolate sauce.

Fifth Shack's trip to Augusta will be dealt with more fully elsewhere -- we just mention in passing that such a jaunt was had.

Roughest day of the year recorded on Monday, July 16. Many reckless paddlers were vanquished by the angry waves, but dauntless few round float despite storm. Incidentally, Abena had to walk home.

On Tuesday the captains of the respective sides were elected, and we are both proud and happy to congratulate the Blues on their choice of Miss Nancy Fiske and the Whites on theirs of Miss Rhoda Lester.

Drill has arrived with a bang! Or does that sound too militaristic, Miss Dowd? Anyhow we've been having drill lately and it has been welcomed enthusiastically by the whole camp.

The pony, Midget, is fast becoming an indispensable part of our camp life and already we have learned to love the dear little fellow. (Of course, we momentarily feel resentful when we have been thrown from his back and trampled on, but then one must allow for his playful moods.)

Among our visitors this week were two Abena girls whose canoe we still retain as a souvenir, Miss Mann, the Skinner family, who resided in Fourth and Sixth Shacks, the Wilds, and last but not least our old friends Kate and Dodo Freeman. There seems to have been a dearth of parents for some reason or other.

COLBY CLEVELAND

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Pet Paragraph

Third Shack has the cutest pony. His name is

"Midget".

We all ride on him and have a grand time. Fourth Shack thought it was going to have a dog. Fifth Shack has ducks, and Sixth Shack has the sweetest little kittens. They are gray and white and very cute. And Timmy seems to like them.

HARRIET McLANE

LITERARY GEMS

TREES

You aren't allowed to peel the birch,
Or any other tree,
For if you were caught,
You will say, "What will become of me?"

MARY CLEVELAND

CAMP RUNOIA

How would you like to go to a camp,
A camp where water is clear and cool,
Along the bank of the water's edge
Pine trees grow nice and cool,
Where girls romp all around the place,
All have a smiling face --
This Runoia where every camp girl wants to stay?

ANNA BAUMAN

CLOCKS

When clocks are in order they go tick-tock,
But when they aren't they stand still,



Never making a sound, but the
hands still go round --
What cuckoo clocks!

HARRIET McLANE

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"Pearls", a play by Dan Totheroh, was presented Sunday, July 15, by some of the girls of Fifth Shack. It was quite a contrast to that of the week before. Everyone was held in suspense over Tad Lewis, the hero, who was thought to have stolen some genuine pearls from a department store. Ginger Dessar did marvellously as Tad, bringing out all the interesting points very well. Anne Hillman, who took the part of Mr. Brown, did very well. Phyllis Schell as Polly Lewis and Doris Hillman as Peggy Lewis took their parts excellently. A change in atmosphere is almost always appreciated.

Miss Hillhouse has offered the suggesting of forming a theatre group of those who are interested in dramatics -- juniors as well as seniors to be eligible. We would appreciate any further ideas concerning this subject.

ELSA LIVINGOOD

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF RUNOIA CHILDREN

As announced last week, we are inaugurating this week a column devoted to the smart remarks of Runoia girls. ~~Sand~~ in your hopeful's latest wise crack -- but remember, no dirt allowed.

Question by Anna Bauman: What's the likeness between a banker and a gambler?

Answer by Fifi (in a worldly tone of voice: Tw, they both cheat.

Question by Flackie (amiably trying to make conversation): And how are your numerous brothers, Mary?

Mary Cleveland: Oh, they aren't so funny.

Miss Hillhouse (fingering paper plates lovingly): How smooth these plates are! They're supposed to be waterproof and the name is Chi-net. I think I'll name my first child Chi-Net.

Connie Lyman (speedily): Would that make it waterproof?

Special Repartee by Miss
Hillhouse

What Aunt Jean is caught in an embarrassing moment by her shack, is her face red? I should say not. Does she light a Murad? Again no. On the other hand, she merely looks at them coldly and withers them with a "Beep beep -- snoop snoop."

Conducted by COLBY CLEVELAND

EKO AND IKO

During luncheon on Saturday, July 14, there were many whisperings and secretive looks at Miss Dowd's table, and from the bits of information that leaked out something gray and white for Sixth Shack guest-room was up at the cottage. (Incidentally, since the surprise has arrived, it has been every place but the guest room.) There was much guessing as to whether it was a pair of twin beds or a rag rug, but when it was found out that there were two kittens coming, luncheon progressed rapidly and everyone (that is, almost everyone) was much excited.

During rest hour, the well-behaved pussies arrived. One by one, most of the camp dropped by and offered their opinions. A bowl of cream was given them, and aside from some mauling and chasing strings with paper tied on the end, the newcomers spent a quiet afternoon.

Since they had to be let loose in Sixth Shack during supper, a good deal of concern was felt for any knitting which might have been left unguarded.

After supper the kittens were quite spoiled, what with Georgeanne and Sylvia claiming them for Fifth Shack, with lots of echoing of approval from other Fifth Shackers. And, although most of Sixth Shack seem to either get hay-fever from them or just generally dislike their "rodentish" look, they heartily disapprove of letting them be transferred. Miss Thayer made a gallant effort to play with them by holding them out at arm's length and saying, "Im is de tutest little fing" and it is generally believed that she has become quite reconciled to them.

Of course, since the kittens' arrival, many names have been offered. Among them were Hi-de-hi and Hi-de-Ho, Hot and Cha, and many more. However, the final decision was Eko and Iko.

NANCY FISKE

FASHIONS

Fashions cannot go on like this-- Everyone wears the old ones for bliss.

If the styles do not change very quick
Of the old ones we'll soon be sick.

GEORGEANNE BURKE

FOURTH SHACK'S PARTY

Drama at Runoia reached new heights as Fourth Shack brought us a comedy scene from "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm". Fifi played the part of the rustic heroine and played it with such utter abandon that we could scarcely tell where Rebecca began and Fifi left off. Helene was excellent as the cross Aunt Miranda and Betsey equally good as the more sympathetic Aunt Jane. Two visiting lady friends, the Misses Burnham, were portrayed by Nancy Palmer and Barbara Treiber. The only thing we objected to was some grand joke that was shared only by the members of the cast and which was funny enough to send them into gales of hysterical laughter at the most inopportune moments.

Rebecca's friend, Emma Jane, was enacted by Helen Olcott, and was done with the childlike innocence and simplicity which can be found only in the younger actresses. The whole performance was interesting, amusing and really well done. Don't tell me we heard a sigh of relief from Miss Hillhouse as the curtain closed.

The refreshments were ice cream cones, a novelty which caused much excitement, and the evening was ended with the usual dancing and cheering.

COLBY CLEVELAND

SPORT NEWS

There was a baseball game Tuesday night, Blues vs. Whites. The Blues won by a large score and all the counselors were on the Whites.

Track began in earnest the beginning of last week. High jumping and other events were practiced with a will.

Canoeing has increased in popularity and long paddles are quite the style. Two were planned, and both were taken by the seniors.

The tennis ladder has been changed and re-changed so much that no one knows quite where she stands. However, by the end of August we may be satisfied with the results of our perseverance.

Outside Sport News

Helen Jacobs was beaten by Dorothy Rounds, the English star, the other day at Wimbledon.

The New York Yankees have slipped to second place while the Detroit Tigers captured first place in the League.

VIRGINIA DESSAR

FOREIGN NEWS

Rioting spreads to Minneapolis and 21 men were killed. What is this -- a game or a system?

Two women Nazis were tried in Austria for terrorist activities -- oh, you Nazi women!

Italy is to acquire land from France. Nice work, Italy.

Berlin is still messed up with revolts and stuff. This is getting boring.

COLBY CLEVELAND

MORE LOCAL NEWS FLASHES Extra! Extra!

Mr. & Mrs. Percival Wilds have been visiting camp during the past few days. They have been quoted as having said they found camp delightful, and there is no doubt that camp found them delightful. They took out several groups of campers in a launch, and also treated their daughter and Her roommate, Miss Helene Livingood, and a friend, Miss Helen Olcott, to lunch at the Belgrade Hotel.

Sixth Shack, always willing to do their part, helped out Fourth Shack's party by giving the puppet show "Billy Veniero". The tragic piece was attended by many audible sniffs, from the players if not from the audience.

COLBY CLEVELAND

HEAP BIG INDIANS ENTHRALL CAMPERS

Princess Wanta-Basket (?) and Young Chief entertained us

last night at the beach with their native songs and dances (may I have this dance, Princess Wanta-Basket, if I'll wrap you up in a blanket?). And while we were highly amused at their cleverness, we could not help being deeply interested also by the story of the Indian race. Their life has been a hard one and through their surface veneer it is easy to detect a haunted and anxious air, born from the uncertainty of their life. They are naturally resentful toward the White man, and so we feel that we are singularly lucky in having been able to see and talk to these friendly Indians who once roamed through our woods.

COLBY CLEVELAND



FIFTH SHACK'S TRIP TO AUGUSTA

Twelve attractive young ladies climbed into the bus early Wednesday afternoon, tripping in their unaccustomed high heels. Then Johnny stepped on the gas and they were off on their way to Augusta, singing all the popular songs written during the last few years.

About 45 minutes later the same girls were seen entering the Capitol at Augusta, but even their skirts and tippy hats couldn't fool anyone -- they were just the same old Runoia girls.

After stopping at the museum for a few minutes, where all interests were turned towards the shrunken head, a short visit was made to the House of Representatives and then they all plodded up to the dome, where a bird's-eye view of Augusta was obtained and Ginger looked in vain for the 10¢ store. Down the stairs and into the truck these fair girls went, and after a short ride all jumped out and made a bee-line for the 10¢ store, where Colby bought a 39¢ sweater and magazines, potato chips and many other things were purchased by all. In short, Runoia bought the store out.

With weary feet and big appetites, they seated themselves in Miller's and ordered sundaes. These were followed by ice cream cones, cookies, more sundaes and life savers.

At quarter of five the truck drove into camp just in time for orchestra practice and deposited twelve girls who had had a grand afternoon.

ANNE HILLMAN

HELPFUL HINTS

Misses Hillhouse and Thayer -- Advice to the Perplexed. Let us solve your problems.

Dear Misses:

Is it possible to be more beautiful than we are, and if so, what creams, lipsticks, rouges and nail polish do you suggest? The price cannot exceed ten stamps, but on the other hand we abhor anything cheap.

Hopefully,
FOURTH SHACK

Dear Fourth Shack:

After all, beauty is only skin deep. Why not rely on your Runoia coat of tan to carry you through the trying winter months?

HILLHOUSE & THAYER

Ladies:

We wouldn't ask anyone else because we dread ridicule, but can you explain the joke about the cow who lisped so she couldn't say moo, so she said moo?

Thank you.

WE ARE DOPES

Ladies:

We refer you to Dr. Bovine Cudcruncher, P. H. D., D. D. S., M. O. O., etc., who has written a lengthy treatise on this subject. You will find the information you desire on Page 3018, Paragraph 691, Section 98, Volume 15. If this doesn't explain it, nothing will.

HILLHOUSE & THAYER

ARTS AND CRAFTS

The craft shop has gone barber shop. What do we mean? Just this -- if one could be the proverbial fly on the wall she would see an impatient line of Third Shackers sitting and anxiously awaiting the familiar word "next". This is a signal for everyone to jump for the chair -- or rather the turn. Flackie, being the barber, is kept busy continually with little or no rest between haircuts. Last week it was belts that were being slaughtered and next time it will be something else, but the barber shop line will continue.

We have reason to believe that the counselors are getting more done in craft than the girls are. It seems every time we turn around Johnny is re-gluing her picture frame or braiding a belt. Besides crafting,

Miss Johnson does canoeing, rowing, baseball, and tennis. What we want to know is how come Miss Johnson can get around to do so many things when she is supposed to be stuck in the door?

RHODA LESTER

LITERARY GEM

A STORM

The thundering clouds make a mighty roar,
And the fog grows dense around the shore;
The lightening strikes with a terrible blast,
And the waves do break with a mighty splash.
The wind is weird with howling sounds;
The earth does rock -- even grave-yard mounds.
Then all is quiet for a minute or more,
And then the storm breaks with a mighty roar.
Somewhere on this raging sea Sailors work very busily.
Hands are probably numb with cold,
But the obedient sailors do what they're told.

GEORGEANNE BURKE



DUCK'S FUNERAL

LITERARY GERM

Who are with us all the day,
In our work and in our play;
~~From whom~~ ~~can we~~ seldom stray?
Our campers.

Who wakes us up at half past
six
With all their cunning little
tricks
And martial tread en route to
Pix?
Our shackmates.

Who seem to drop things after
Taps;
And during rest hour with loud
raps,
Just as we are taking naps?
Our children.

Who blame us when the mail is
slow,
And fuss when laundry's not
just so,
And tarry long when bugles blow?
Our girls.

Who mar our walls with silly
holes,
And guzzle cereal by huge bowls,
While adding fat in bulging
rolls?
Our darlings.

Who asks us what color our hair
was before it turned gray
And why our teeth are yellow
that way
And why we don't get married
or drink more wine from
the cellar every day?
Our tactful friends.

Who really are a lot of fun?
Who teach us jokes and many a
pun? --
O. K., when all is said and
done.

Our girls.

Who cheer our hearts through
all the year?
Who keep us young while we
are here?
Now let us give a rousing
cheer --
Our campers.

C. D. G.
E. F.

MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENT

Mysterious accident occurred at Runoia late this afternoon. Prominent citizen ~~narrowly~~ escaped death. Peep-Peep was attacked by unknown assailant while taking his sun bath under Fifth Shack. Dr. Bauman was rushed to the scene and after a thorough examination the victim was removed to the Runoia Infirmary.

The latest bulletin states that his condition is extremely grave. We are sorry to say he is decidedly on the danger list.

Peep-Peep is under the expert care of Virginia Dessar, D. N. (Duck Nurse), and the whole community joins in a heartfelt wish for Peep-Peep's speedy recovery.

E. FLACK

RUNOIA TIMES

KNOWS NOTHING -- TELLS ALL

VOL. I

July 29, 1934

No. 4

EDITORIAL

Weather permitting, in all probability trips will start out next week. Everyone loves trips and looks forward to them as one of the outstanding advantages of camp. When one thinks of trips she thinks only of fun and good times, which is perfectly natural. But fun is not the only thing that can be derived from trips. We all, maybe unconsciously, learn how to pitch in and do our share of the work. If everyone pulls together and does her bit the work seems easier, goes faster, and it leaves more spare time for other things.

So next week, if we are among the lucky ones -- as I'm sure we all will be sooner or later -- let's put our shoulders to the wheel and make everyone have a grand time.

RHODA LESTER

LOCAL NEWS FLASHES

Local news has been largely limited to sporting events this past week, but there have been one or two happenings that deserve mention.

The many friends and relations of Peep-Peep, beloved brother of Snoop-Snoop and son of Mrs. B. Flack, joined in moaning at his funeral on Monday, July 23. The popularity of the bird was easily seen by the scarcely restrained sobbing as Peep-Peep went to his last repose.

We feel that there is one sporting event that merits special mention in this column, although it will be more fully dealt with elsewhere -- the breaking of the Runoia basketball record by Miss Sylvia Taft.

Among our guests this week have been the Wenigmans, the Branhams, and two old Runoia girls -- the former Miss Katherine Wilson, now Mrs. Miller, and the former Miss Gayle Morgan, now Mrs. ~~Sand~~ ^{Sand} ~~yer~~ -- who revisited the scenes of their childhood and claimed to find them little changed. Mrs. Miller was accompanied by her two daughters, Gayle and Barbara. Dr. and Mrs. Hillman also arrived in time to witness the return engagement of Flack's Fascinating Puppets in "Alice in Wonderland" and professed themselves highly pleased with the performance.

COLBY CLEVELAND

OBITUARY

Peep-Peep, one of the camp's most distinguished members, was laid to rest last Monday afternoon. Snoop-Snoop, brother of the late Peep-Peep, was chief mourner, while Fifth Shack, the bereaved and hen-pecked relatives, were the pall bearers. The funeral was well attended by the whole camp, as well as Peep-Peep's animal friends, all dressed in deepest mourning. The funeral, however, took on a militaristic air toward the end as Peep-Peep was borne to his grave to the music of the bugle, ably tooted by Miss Dowd.

LOIS SOULE

EASTERN MUSIC CAMP

Runoia Music Lovers Journey
Far Afield to Satisfy Their
Musical Predilections

Last Sunday Camp Runoia was represented by seven rabid music lovers at the second Sunday afternoon concert of the season held at the Eastern Music Camp outdoor auditorium.

There was an orchestra, a chorus, and a band, which made up the program. Each was composed of boys and girls from the Eastern Music Camp, with a very few of the faculty assisting. Some of the participants

were as young as ten and twelve, which made the Runoia orchestra feel rather untalented and squelched.

The band was, I'm sure, the most popular part of the program as far as the Runoia-ites were concerned. They enjoyed the drums most of all.

After the concert was over, Runoia was introduced to the drummer, whom they had learned to admire greatly, and they felt as if they were being introduced to Clark Gable or Houdini at least.

After ice-cream cones, they rode back to camp with a feeling that they would like to go again.

NANCY FISKE

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Cincinnati Sensation Smashes
Sphere-Hurling Record in
Stunning Style

As the seniors went out to the track field on Wednesday July 25, with the idea of throwing a basketball the greatest possible distance, the air was charged with a certain tenseness that told of great things to come. They came when Sylvia Taft heaved the leather-covered sphere over a space of 65 feet 10 inches, which was just 1 foot 11 inches short of the record. Could she stretch that already incredible throw to 2 feet more and break the record? Impossible, we cried. But not

for Sylvia. At her second turn she exerted herself to the utmost and threw 66 feet 6 inches. We gasped -- 4 inches to go. Could she do it -- could she break the record made three years before by the powerful Elsie Lawson? Those of us who had known Elsie sighed reminiscently and shook our heads. But we hadn't counted on the girl prodigy from Cincinnati. She threw again, but to no avail -- only 64 feet. She was falling off -- she couldn't make the grade. Well, she had tried -- it had been a noble effort, and we settled down to our knitting with the air of having seen a great spectacle. But she has one more turn. Will she make it? Inconceivable, we thought. She is poised and ready. She swings once -- twice -- three times -- and lets go. It seems to have gone an awful distance. Has she made it? We hold our breath. Johnny, with her usual calm composure, leans over the tape. "68 feet 8 ¹/₂ inches" she says in a matter of fact voice, and pandemonium reigns.

COLBY CLEVELAND

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Runcioa has been shining bright in Sport Week. Misses Elizabeth Wilds, Helen Olcott and Barbara Treiber took places in diving. Misses Helene Livingood, Anna Bauman, Harriet McLane, and many others were very good. The latter, who is the writer, is rather embarrassed to say so. The

final results for track cannot be announced yet, as some juniors have still to compete.

POEMS

A RAINY DAY

A rainy day makes me feel drowsy;
It makes me feel as though I'm
going to sleep.
But here in Camp Runcioa we have
no time to be drowsy.
What a swell place to stay,
At Runcioa day after day,
All we do is play,
Except at night,
When we all sleep tight.

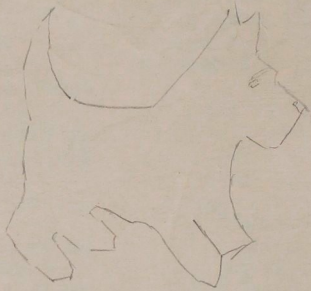
HARRIET McLANE

GOOD AND BAD

Janet and Jane were cross little
girls,
As cross as cross as cross.
They both had darling yellow
curls
And big pink ears, of course.

Their mother she punished them
often;
Their father he scolded them too,
But they always looked at them
pathetically
With their eyes so big and blue.

One day the teacher went to the
mother
And told her an idea --
"Send them to Camp Runcioa
Where they won't listen so
much with their ears."



Their mother gladly consented
And willingly sent them to camp
And the children forever after
Said the place was never damp.

MARY CLEVELAND

Edited by HARRIET McLANE

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

Return Engagement of Last Summer's Sensational Success Proves Positively Palpitating to Awed Audience

"Alice in Wonderland", presented by Fifth Shack under the direction of Miss Flack, was quite a new idea for presenting a play of this type. The marionettes were made by some middlelers last year and certainly do reflect Flackie's ingenuity. Anne Hillman's voice made the part of the dormouse and the little pig seem very comical. Peggy Branham's part at managing the duchess was done very well. And last but by no means least comes Alice, portrayed by Sylvia, who certainly pictured Alice as one might imagine her after reading the charming story from which the play was taken.

ELSA LIVINGOOD

Advice to the Folorn
Aunties Hillhouse and Thayer
Draw from their Fund of
Accumulated Wisdom for your
Benefit. Call on us.

Dear Misses Hillhouse & Thayer:

I have amassed a mass of ringlets, which I hate with a purple passion and which I do my best to get rid of by plastering my hair close to my head. I seem to have as much trouble uncurling my hair as the seniors have curling theirs. I dare (dare say) you could tell me of a plan by which we could even things up.
Perplexed

Dear Perplexed:

If you want things evened up in the hair line, we suggest that you see Mrs. V. Mathews.

Hillhouse & Thayer

Dear Jaded & Worldly-Wise:

I have an uncontrollable dislike for cats and dread the thought of them squirming. I live in constant fear they will crawl across my face during the night and am therefore unable to sleep. Please help me with your kind advice as you have helped so many others. I am a loyal follower of your column.

Raggedy Andy

Dear Raggedy Andy:

There's just one way to overcome this atavistic fear in yourself. Steel yourself to the ordeal, and then resolutely take Eko and Iko to bed with you. By morning, if you're not in a state of com-

plete collapse, you will love the little things with a tender, encompassing mother-love.

Hillhouse & Thayer

Dear Hillhouse & Thayer:

Why do Sixth Shack work in the kitchen? I want to know. Can't the cooks do there work with out Sixth Shack helping them.

Your friends --

Eko & Iko

P. S. We couldn't write so we had someone write for us but we told her what to say.

Dear Eko & Iko:

Apparently you haven't yet grasped one of the most salient features of camp life -- i. e., no important activity can be undertaken without the aid of Sixth Shack -- or should we say the aides of Sixth Shack? If you don't believe this statement, ask them.

Hillhouse & Thayer

SPORT WEEK

Sport Week went off with a bang at Camp Runoia this summer. The senior track on Monday started the ball rolling, and from then on events progressed smoothly. The canoe races on Wednesday proved to be a great source of excitement -- especially the crew race, which was nearly a tie.

A basketball game was played which proved rather disastrous for the Whites, with the Blues mounting up the score until it stood 41 to 5 in favor of the Blues. However, the Whites gave the Blues something to think about in the baseball game when the score stood 13 to 13 in the last inning. The Blues finally won 18 to 16, and the Whites were beaten but not disgraced.

Outside Sports

The Yankees played the Detroit Tigers in New York with the heat at 110. Combs of the Yankees ran into the grandstand when catching a fly and broke his collarbone and fractured his skull. He is still unconscious in the hospital.

VIRGINIA DESSAR

LITERARY GERM

Who eat us out of house and home?
Who look at us with mouths that foam?
Who never far from kitchen roam?
Our boarders.

Who keep us humored with songs
and rhymes,
But ask for seconds at inopportune times?
Who make us feel as small as dimes?
Our campers.

Who wonder if the coffee's on?
 Who drink hot water every morn?
 Who groan because the tea's not
 warm?

Our counselors.

Who always crawl beneath our
 feet
 But look at us so cute and sweet
 They really make us want to weep?
 Our animals.

Who scrub potatoes once a week?
 Whose hands of dishwater and
 onions reek?
 Who prove themselves willing
 and ever so meek?
 Our aides.

Who always has another guest
 For us to feed besides the rest
 But never comes with beaucoup de
 zest?

Miss Dowd.

Who wipe their plates so clean
 of grub
 That we are spared an extra
 scrub
 Yet make of themselves a veri-
 table tub?

Our Fifth Shack.

Who really aren't so hard to feed?
 Who seldom show an excess of greed?
 Who spur us on to each daily deed?
 Our campers.

ELEANOR WALLACE

FOREIGN NOTES

The quintuplets' noses are completely out of joint. Octettes occurred in China, that mystic land where anything may happen -- and apparently does: Mother and children doing well. Father also bearing up.

Dillinger dodges doom in desperate duel, but meets ignominious end through red-headed decoy. At the time of his demise his face had been successfully lifted, though his left eye was still intact, which information is passed on for the sake of the devotees of "Twenty Questions".

The situation overseas has reached a truly serious state. War is threatened. The assassination of Dollfuss, who has held his country together against the Nazi and Communistic influences which have been closing in on Austria, horrified those who have the peace of the world at heart. Mussolini at once mustered 48,000 troops on the border, and though they have not yet crossed into Austria all is in readiness for a speedy invasion. Meanwhile Starhemberg, the new Austrian chancellor, is holding the rebels at bay, and 3000 have fallen in battle. The world waits with bated breath the outcome of this struggle.

COLBY CLEVELAND

THE RUNOIA TIMES

KNOWS NOTHING -- TELLS ALL

VOL. I

August 5, 1934

No. 5

EDITORIAL

Are you having a perfectly swell time at camp? Do you dread those coming days when we start to sing "four more days of vacation"? Everyone knows the answers to those questions. But did any of you ever think how lucky you are to have a summer like this in Runoia? Did you ever stop to imagine what it would be like if you were cooped up in a stuffy house in some hot town for the whole summer?

Not to see any swimmable water not to have all the fun and joy that you get here would indeed be a blow to most of you. Just reflect over this thought and you'll find more happiness as the days go by in appreciating them for what they're worth.

KITTY CHUBB

LOCAL NEWS FLASHES

What guests we had on Sunday July 29 were entertained in two ways, entirely new to Runoia. First by our orchestra and then by several dance numbers, planned and prepared by Mrs. Mathews. Apparently camp is going in for fine arts in a big way.

Our annual trip to Mount Phillip was taken last week and since we went on Monday instead of Friday the weather was beautiful and the lake calm. Almost too calm to quote Flackie. The climb was uneventful as to calamities and the paddle home equally peaceful-Yay Mount Phillip!

The only visitor this week has been Nathan Warren Fellows Jr. Evidently he approves highly of camp (or something) and he hopes to be with us again soon.

The alarm clock situation is getting desperate. Those of Sixth Shack are being held by Fifth and those of Fifth Shack have been so successfully hidden from Sixth Shack that they are of no use to anyone. We hope a compromise may be reached during the following week.

Two trips have been taken this week by the Seniors which will be written up elsewhere.

As soon as Miss Dowd had gotten the Messy Lonskee trippers out of the way, she let the photographer in and he took pictures of the more attractive campers all afternoon.

COLBY CLEVELAND

PARENTS DAY

Although drill was impossible to have on account of the rain we succeeded in our attempt to entertain the visitors. Mrs. Mathews gave a very lovely dance recital. Helene, Kitty, Betsey Wilds and Mrs. Mathews gave solos which were very well done. Kitty did exceptionally well in a modern dance.

After recital our attention was turned to the band which played on the beach. But in spite of a few sharp and flat notes we did considerably well. (Don't you think so Johnnie?) Even though most of the campers' parents were not here to enjoy our utmost efforts to please

them, I am sure that the enthusiasm shown by those who did come made up for the many that were not able to get here.

ELSA LIVINGOOD

CONFESSIONS OF THIRD SHACK

The other day during counselor's coffee a few young third shack debutantes locked themselves in pix for a private conference. During this conference they took toothpaste and squirted it on the towels and rubbed soap all over the toothbrushes. Maybe they were copying fourth shack's idea of rubbing soap all over their bathing suits. Any how it wasn't a very good idea.

ANNA BAUMAN

Monday two third shackers (who came back from Mount Phillip with Miss Dowd) spilled a bottle of ink on the floor, ruining both the sheets and pillow cases. The first child borrowed some ink with much bargaining with the second child. Then the first child said something the second child didn't like and the second child shoved the first child's hand and the ink spilt.

We got punished by Johnny taking away our pens. The next day the first child said to the second, "I Darcy I am not very Mary today."

MARY CLEVELAND

SPORT NEWS

Sport Week over, Camp Runoi settled down to the regular routine of camp life, but still keeping up their practice in sports. The finals of the sport week swimming races were very successful with Georgeanne Burke taking both first places. Riding continued all through sport week and Dolly, the new horse, was a great favorite. Outside in the civilized world, sports continue as usual and baseball games are played in the heat of not less than ninety-five degrees.

VIRGINIA DESSAR

FASHIONS

The campers now go round in bare feet
That is how they keep their shoes neat.
Lily-pond leaves were worn for style;
We paddled this way for about a mile.
We at camp had a backwards day;
We all looked very funny that way.

GEORGEANNE BURKE

JUNIOR NEWS

Wednesday afternoon a man came to take some pictures of camp, which delayed 3rd shack

trip with Johnny and Dougie. So in the latter part of the afternoon Miss Dowd, Mrs. Bauman and 3rd and 4th shack went to Mr. Crawford's place and went for a motor boat ride which was wonderful.

ON RAINY DAYS

On rainy days, the sky is gray,
On sunny days, the sky is bright,
And to play it is quite allright.
On rainy days, when the sky is gray,
You cannot easily play.

HARRIET McLANE

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE

Messalonskee Trip

"Take your blankets, plenty too,
And roll them good and tight.
You go to Messalonskee Lake,
On Long Lake spend the night."

And so we went, in four canoes,
Prepared to cook and sleep,
And started off mid shouts and
cheers
Over the waters deep.

Then at the Day and Night Club
stopped
For ice cream cones to eat.
But Rhoda, generous hearted,
Left them our luncheon meat!

Then over the sparkling waters
go
And paddle and paddle along,

Cutting the waves with a ready
zest,
Singing Runcoia song.

Supper over we gather 'round
To sit in the camp fire's glow
And watch the growing shadows
fall
And a red sun sinking low.

Hooting with crazy laughter
We heard a lonely loon;
All wrapped up in our blankets
We slept 'neath an August moon.

We breakfasted with Aunt Jemima
With coffee made with lake
And on through the Belgrade
Stream we went
Our winding path to take.

Then all marooned we sat for hours
With lolly-pops to suck
And "Ever Ready Olan"
Came and saved us in the truck!!

MATHEWS

Long Lake Trip

After hasty preparations the
Long Lake trip started out.

They arrived in Belgrade
Lakes in time for luncheon and
bought chocolate sprill ice-
cream cones for desert, after
which they set out for the other
end of Long Lake.

Peggy's curiosity was finally appeased when, after having been disappointed at every bend for half a mile, she saw Elizabeth Arden's place, she says when she comes into her millions you can find her there.

Before the destination was reached they stopped to look for

a spring, which never turned up.

For supper they enjoyed perfect hamburger, toast, jam, pears, and fried potatoes.

However by the time they were to go to go in swimming, a friendly water-snake, called, Will-He-Bite, had made himself so at home on the campers' shore that most of the trippers refused to take a much needed swim.

At last, remarking on the perfect night and the probability of rain, since the following, would be Friday, the trippers went to bed, only to be awakened at twelve o'clock by a gentle rain, which before morning was washing their faces at a great rate.

breakfast

A delicious was followed by a smoothy paddle to Moose Pond by way of a darling stream, and had anyone been at the end of the stream, which luckily they were not, they would have seen a bunch of females dressed in water lilies and lily pads, paddle out of the stream and across the lake, where killed, Phillip, Flackie's spider companion during the paddle, and ate salmon, peas, potatoes, graham crackers, chocolate, and marshmallows.

Then they started back down the lake to Belgrade Lakes, had the usual cones, paddled home, and so on, far, far into the night.

NANCY FISKE

POEM

Once when by 4th shack I heard
someone say
"Why wear all that finger nail
polish and junk?
It makes your nails shine in a
very queer way

And that lipstick and polish
is just all the bunk.
It doesn't keep you from being
a tramp
And it's not just the suitable
thing for a camp.
But we all have ideas and
girls will be girls;
They prink and they powder
and fuss with their curls.

ANNA BAUMAN

FIFTH SHACK PARTY

For the first time in the history of camp a scavenger hunt was given and it turned out a great success. Daddy-long-legs, who are so numerous when not wanted, seemed to be one of the most difficult to find as were also a dead fish, a four-leaf clover, an Indian pipe, and a green pine cone.

The group that had the greatest number of points was made up of Miss Dowd, Kitty Chubb, Stewie, Mary Bauman, Mary Cleveland and Artie Bauman with Peggy Branham carrying the laundry bag for them. After the prizes, which were red chin-covers,--just plain red bandanas to you--were given out, all joined in the Virginia Reel. The Seniors danced first to show the Juniors how while the Juniors had refreshments. The refreshments consisted of Chilly Chunks--very delicious and original--and the party broke up at the wee small hour of 9:15

LOIS SOULE

BACKWARDS DAY

At last after a ten years lapse a backwards day was held at Runcio on Saturday. We got up to the tune of taps and proceeded through the whole day with as much confusion as possible. The Aides were counselors, the Fifth Shackers Aides and the Juniors just unusually backward Juniors. The Counselors represented various girls and did it so cleverly that we were in gales of laughter throughout the day. Connie made a grand Fifi, being hyperactive to an amazing degree and after a little practice even perfecting the facial expression. Johnny and Dougie as Nancy Palmer and Virginia Matthews at their worst were excellent. Flackie as Lois had just the right touch of tender solicitude for her cats, and Miss Dowd as Colby acted as troublesome and typical as could be expected from our calm and Garbo-like Director.

The Misses Thayer were represented by Rhoda and Colby who had just about run out of their own clothes anyhow and Mrs. Matthews, Flackie, Mrs. Bauman and Miss Dowd by Kitty Frisky, Stewie and Lois respectively. By the end of the first few hours the former counselors were worn out from unusual exertion but the girls who were taking their places professed themselves delighted with the change and decided that the counselors had it easy.

The only thing we really didn't like was the food arrangement. Something about having breakfast at the end of a hard day wasn't altogether appealing.

No, on the whole, seeing as how we are all fine straightforward girls, we think every ten years is plenty often enough for a backwards day.

COLBY CLEVELAND

FOREIGN NEWS

The German situation waxes serious indeed as Hitler gets 100% vote for absolute power. Everyone who doesn't feel that way about it either keeps quiet or wishes that he had.

President Roosevelt is going sissy-or sooty or what have you-and is photographed with bouquets around his neck, no less, as he arrives in Hawaii. However I'm sure we'll all be glad to welcome him back after his long vacation and we wish him luck for the coming year-he'll need it.

U. S. sends warships to Foochow as Reds endanger Americans. This looks as though it ought to be a lot of fun.

All who are interested in the welfare of Germany or indeed of the civilized world will be shocked by the death of Paul von Hindenburgh who represented the last barrier to Hitler's complete subjugation of Germany

CLEVELAND

Do you suppose that the Indians used to live in our cove? They could have had their tents under the tall spruce trees. Little fires would burn there even in the rain. Perhaps they used our beach as a general landing place for many families.

Do you suppose that in the evening after they had finished their hunting and fishing and cooking, they used to paddle out on the lake when it is all gold from the sunset? Perhaps they paddled around Oak Island as we do, past the spooky shadowy shore on the farther side and out again into the bright water still light from the last rays of the setting sun. The hills back of Long Lake must have looked just the same as they look now high and dark ~~xx~~ against the bright sky.

I wonder if they saw the moon rise from behind Oak Island with a bright path all the way across the lake right into our cove.



WE, THE RUNOIA LOG STAFF OF 1934,
GRATEFULLY DEDICATE OUR HUMBLE
ATTEMPTS TO OUR DEAR MISS DOWD,
PARDON, MRS. GRANT, THE ONE WHO
HAS MADE THIS GORGEOUS SUMMER
POSSIBLE FOR ALL OF US.

THE LOG

CAMP RUNOIA TIMES STAFF

Colby Cleveland

Lois Soule

Nancy Fiske

Rhoda Lester

Elsa Livingood

Georgeanne Burke

Virginia Dessar

Harriet McLane

Mary Thayer

Jean Hillhouse



EDITORIAL

As this is the last editorial to be written, it seems only logical to deal with the Log itself in the hope that this may be of some assistance to next year's staff. This year the new system of having a Times reading once a week was tried and since it was originated by our counselors, Misses Hillhouse and Thayer, we feel that we are not too forward in saying that it was considered a great success by the majority of the camp. One helpful idea has been presenting it in the form of a play each time. This we think makes it more interesting for the younger members of the camp besides being very entertaining to do. Inevitably every system has its faults and we think that the weak spot in this one is the fact that where the staff is so flexible one is likely to take too little responsibility to oneself and in this way an unfair amount of work falls on the counselors. Perhaps if next year each individual member would concentrate on doing as much as possible instead of as little, this difficulty would be surmounted. Another thing we wish to mention is that Miss Murdoch, Miss Flack, and Miss Dowd have all been helpful in typing, costuming, and contributing, respectively.

However, on the whole, taken by and large, we feel that the Times and Log have had a very successful year, and certainly the staff has had an enjoyable and possibly even profitable summer.

Cleveland

MISS DOWD

In Sixth Shack Miss Dowd holds sway.
In her usual motherly way
She puts us to bed
When she takes into her head
That we've had quite enough time to play.



Miss A. Thayer.

There's a councilor in Sixth Shack passing fair
About whom you've oft heard us declare.
She's a peach of a sport
And to this no report
Must be added to describe Andy Thayer.



Miss Rahm

Because Miss Rahm arrived late
Her tan was not quite up to date.

But she doesn't falter
Just grabs Andy's halter.
She'll soon be quite brown at this rate.



Lois Soule

Lois just dotes on the cats.
She lets them sleep in her hats.
But when they forget
She says, "There, there, pet".
To our mind the woman is bats.



R

Rhoda Lester

I'll go on a diet tomorrow
Says Rhoda, and then to her sorrow
The next day arrives
She somehow survives,
But she says to herself, Oh "Begerrah".

Katherine Chubb

There was a young miss so romantic
Who was neither severe nor pedantic.
She complained when the mail
Was three days stale
'Cause it came many miles o'er Atlantic.



Nancy Fiske

Fiske says, "Oh, where is the fire?
If you tell me there's one, you're a liar."
She rushes so fast
That she's always the last
And just sneaks in under the wire.

Mary Stuart Houston

Stewie reads early and late.
It's a most infallible trait.
But she reads such trash
That Miss Dowd says, "Oh bash".
You're taste to my mind is third rate.



Colby Cleveland

Colby's Runoia's worst pest.
Her jokes aren't all of the best.
And she shrieks so loud
You hear groans from Miss Dowd.
And all beg for just a brief rest.

MISS FLACK

A peach of a gal is Miss Flack
Her home is down in Fish Shack.
She adds to the joys
Of the ducks and the boys.
To be brief, we just can't hold her back.



MISS HILLHOUSE

Her shack all call her Milquetoast.
But myself I have oft heard her boast
That she's no wet smack
So nerts to her shack.
I think she's as rugged as most.

Virginia Dessar

When Ginger gets into mixups
She often ends up with the hiccups.
One night after taps she had a relapse.
It was eleven before she could pickup.



Ann Hillman

Ann is a peach of a kid.
She is liked from Nome to Madrid.
When you want something done
She stands by her gun
And before you ask twice it is did.

Clare Weber

Clare came to camp a bit late.
But now that she is here it is great.
She has entered her teens
Mid cake and icecreams.
In the hearts of Fifth Shack does she rate!



Doris Hillman

When Sixth Shack started on Sandy,
They needed someone who was handy,
So they took Doris May
And reported next day
That they found her to be simply dandy..

Sylvia Taft

There are few things that Silly can't do.
She's athletic and musical too.
She breaks records with ease
In all things she does please.
So three cheers for a versatile Blue.



Margaret Branham

We know of a nut-brown maid
Who reluctantly came, but stayed.
At first she was sad,
And then became glad.
Now she weighs 1-5-0 in the shade.

GEORGEANNE BURKE

Georgie's a cute little trick.
We most of us think her a brick.
When her art she employss
To inveigle the boys
She's entirely liable to click.



Phyllis Schell

Phyllis has got loads of style
Besides having a most winning smile.
When in her best gown
She's the talk of the town.
And to see her you'd walk most a mile.

ELSA LIVINGOOD

A sensible maid is our Elsa.
Nothing ever repells her.
She enters all sports
Without any retorts
And does what everyone tells her.

Betty Barr

A mail fan is Betty Ann Barr,
As a correspondent she is a star.
But that isn't all
She can play basketball
And her alto horn's quite up to par,

GEORGIA HALL

'Twas early when Jay had to leave
This parting made all of us grieve.
The point was just this -
From this hysterical miss
They had her tonsils to relieve.





Miss M. Thayer

Miss Thayer is a councilor with wit
Her remarks keep us all in a fit.

She's capable too

And the only one who

Can play ghost, get wet feet and knit.

Mrs. Mathews

Mrs. M., or else Anna Pavia,
Is a peach when you learn how to savvy her.
She dances with grace
And a smile on her face,
This most entertaining Anna Pavia.



Miss Murdoch

When we all clamor around the rail
Poor Connie almost turns pale.

She says with contempt,
"Why, I never dreamt
You were such a fiend for the mail."



Helen Olcott

Helen is fine on the stage.
At this rate she'll be the rage.
In the Fourth shack play
She got carried away
And memorized page after page.



Fifi Chacqueneau

A jitter, a squeak, and a squeal
And laughter in peal after peal.

If all this you shake up
You will have Fifi's make up.
That's true, tho' it hardly seems real.





Miss Barbara Edith Treiber, a senior at Edgewood Park School, who is to be the bride of Edward Randolph Randall, of Roslyn Heights, L. I., a senior at the School of Engineering, University of Kentucky. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Treiber, of Scarsdale, N. Y.

Barbara Trieber

Barbara's quite a sophisticate,
Her only thoughts early and late
Are of polish and paint
Of various taint.
It's odd but it seems to be fate.



Nancy Palmer

Once a young lady named Palmer
Got started nothing could calmer.
She sports vivid toes,
As everyone knows
We hope these bold words won't alarmer.



Helene Livingood

A flapper in Fourth Shack's Helene
Of our life her lipstick's the bane
She prefers her cosmetics
To all athletics
Her attitude causes us pain.



Betsey Wilds.

One day while playing the trombone
From Betsey we heard a soft moan.
She said, "Oh, Mr. Moore,
Please don't think me a boor,
But my tooth has come out and has flown."



Miss Johnson

Miss Johnson has eight mouths to feed
Each one shows an increase of greed.
In each pot-bellied shackling
No appetite's lacking.
That's one fact we're aware of indeed.



Miss MacDougall

Dougie likes riding a horse
But can't stand the Tour de Force.
When you ask her why
She'll just reply
'Cause I can't leave my children of course.

Harriet MacLane

Harriet writes for the Times,
Many poems but very few rhymes.
She loves Spanish dances
And prances and prances
All wrapped up in a shawl, so divine.



Constance Lyman

Connie must have a cow
She talks about it, and how.
But when we ask her
To show us its pasture,
She replies "some other time, but not now".

Darsey Scudder

Now Darseys the kind of a girl
Who wishes her hair wouldnt curl.
However Fate
Says it mustnt be straight
Hence her swirl sets our heads in a whirl.



Mary Cleveland

Who spilt all that ink on the floor?
Mary Cleveland of course and whats more
Theres some on the sheet
Now is that being neat?
On the other hand I calls it a bore.

Anna Bauman

A staunch Third Shacker is Anna
She warbles a high soprano.

She rules the shack
With a competent knack,
In a most energetic manner.



Mary Bauman

Mary Bauman's our baby, 'tis true.
All the same she's a loyal little blue.
And before very long
She'll be just as strong
And as athletic as any of you.

Betsey Wenigmann

Who has a perpetual grin?
And who is plump rather than thin?
I'm sure that by now
You'll all know. Anyhow.
You can guess that it's B. Wenigmann.



Virginia Mathews

When Virginia stepped out to dance
To her mama she looked in askance.
But in shoes or bare feet
With steps nimble and fleet
We fell for her pure modern stance.

Mrs. Bauman

Mrs. Bauman mends bruises and cuts
She patches up cramps in the guts.
She never complains
Over too many pains
But we fear that she thinks we are nuts.



Gertrude Peterson

Pete is a college girl jollys
She plays the piano by gollys.
Yet she can do more
She has talents galore.
Don't you think she'll end up in the follies?



Elinore Wallace

Elinore is a regular clown.
She's either up or she's down.
On days when she's sunny
She's screamingly funny.
But on blue days she sulks and she frowns.

Carol MacGregory

Carol's an artist at cooking.
She's also extremely good looking.
With a dash here and there
She makes royal fare.
Out of things she reads in her cook-bookings.



Betty Spear

Betty carefully watches our weight
To add pounds is her ambition great.
At the end of the season
Being swayed by no reason
She sits by and laughs at our fate.

Counsellors

C.D.Grant	Constantly dodges Grant
C.Murdoch	Condemns mail
E.L.Rham	Envies letter readers
A.P.Thayer	A personality taking
E.Flack	Entirely favorable
J.F.Hillhouse	Just fashions handmaiden
M.E.Thayer	Made entertaining "Times"
V.H.Mathews	Very hot mamma
M.R.Johnson	Mothers rebellious juniors
L.E.MacDougal	Loves every melodious drum beat

The Annex-Dopes

M.E. Spear	Merits every sentiment.
C.A. MacGregory	Concocts appealing menues.
M.E.T. Wallace	Most entertaining time-waster.
G.O. Peterson	Graces our personnel.



Sixth Shack

K.T.Chubb Keeps telling chillers
L. V. Soule Lonesome very seldom
M.S.Houston Manages somehow
R.D.Lester Reads dopey literature
S.C.Cleveland Supports Cleveland clan
N.T.Fiske Nice tight fit

Fifth Shack

M.Branham Much bigger
D.M.Hillman Doubts much hooley
S.H.Taft Sweet helpful temperment
G.Burke Grabs boys
A.R.Hillman Always right handy
C.S.Weber Constantly stays withus
P.L.Schell Pursues lost souls
E.A.Barr Enters atheletics bravely
E.W.Livingood Effusive with language
V.Dessar Virile disposition
G.L.Hall Gotta little homesick

Fourth Shack

N.Palmer	Noisy person
H.J.Livingood	Has jaunty looks
A.R.Chacqueneau	Acts rather childish
H.O.Olcott	Hangs on others
E.H.Wilds	Even "horns" wildly
B.E.Treiber	Beauty ever tempts

Third Shack

D.Scudder	Doesn't shirk
E.Wenigman	Eats wholesomely
V.W.H.Mathews	Vehement when hindering mamma
M.E.C.Cleveland	Much elementary clam collecting
H.S.McLane	Has sweet manner
C.E.Lyman	Canstant enthusiastic labor
A.E.Bauman	Asks every body
M.T.Bauman	Makes true blue



RUNOIA SPORTS 1934

Sports, Sport Week and all that goes with them were reeled off in double quick time at Runoia this summer. Three weeks passed in which riding, swimming, and track were well on their way. Then came Sport Week with all of its thrills and spills, and to cap it all Sylvia Taft broke the basketball record with a throw of 68 feet, 11½ inches. The Blues won both basketball games by scores which had better not be mentioned. However, the Whites gave the Blues something to think about in the baseball game which was won by the small margin of 18 to 16, favor of the Blues. After track, swimming and canoeing were finished, camp settled down to routine again. Three more weeks passed in which trips occupied most of the time. Then, before we knew it, the second sport week was upon us and with it the end of camp. What was our surprise when Sylvia broke her own basketball record with 69 feet, 4 inches. Yeah! And so the last sport week of 1934 ends at Runoia with hopes for many more in the near future.

Virginia Dessar



SECOND MESSALONSKEE TRIP

Eight campers piled into canoes and headed for Belgrade with high spirits. If you had looked closely at these girls in halters, you would have recognized Connie, Flackie, Phyllis, Ginger, Kitty, Stewie, Clare, and Anne. The usual procedure of hauling canoes, purchasing icecream cones, and sending post-cards took place in Belgrade Lakes and then off they started on the calm waters of Long Lake. Both camp and popular songs were sung to the steady stroke of the paddling until their goal was reached. As the beds were being made and supper was cooking, the clouds gathered ominously, so preparations were made for rain. All this was of no use for next morning dawned clear without a drop of rain,

Up Belgrade Stream the four blue canoes went, dodging logs and whirling around corners, until they reached the dam, where they met Camp Cobossee who later passed them when they stopped for lunch and chatted for a few moments. After lunch all interests were turned towards a near by shack which was named Dillingers Hideout and after climbing in the window and exploring every nook and cranny it was decided to be a fisherman's hut.

At three o'clock they banded at the entrance of Messalonsky where Olan met the Trippers and carried them safely back to camp in the truck canoes and all.

It really must be mentioned that a prize was awarded to Stewie on this super trip for being the best camper. Nice going, Stewie!

Anne Hillman

FOURTH SHACK TRIP TO HOYT'S

Do Junior shacklings go on overnight trips? I'll tell the cock-eyed world they do - just like "birds in the wilderness". Runoia begins them young - probably so's to get them into the habit of bringing ponchos. Anyway it's a good habit of and Third shack slept out the same night that our Fourth left on our first trip to Hoyt's Island. We were Helen Olcott, Rifi Chacqueneau, Betsy Wilds, Barbara Trieber, and Helen Livingood, accompanied by myself and Miss Rahm. We paddled over to the Island and after pulling up the canoes set about rebuilding the fireplace and preparing supper. Everybody went about their work as though they were old campers and before long had a camp supper fit for a king. Everybody was ravenous. Miss Dowd came by in the new motor boat and made an exchange with us: eight packs in exchange for Miss Rahm, which we all thought a pretty poor sort of exchange.

We then staked our claims and set about making our beds remembering all the time that we would have to lie in them. Everybody went about it pretty well - considering - then back to the fire for a few minutes "sing" and a quick dip. Then Miss Dowd arrived alone in the "Bob's Brown" after a stiff paddle and we all settled down for the night. The trees rose like giant columns and seemed to end in a handful of bright stars scattered about overhead. Toward morning a fine rain fell. Almost everyone slept through it but Miss Dowd. Anxious to set a good example she kept her blankets dry by getting up in the wee hours of the morning and sitting on her pack - just like a great big "bird in the wilderness". After breakfast we paddled home and arrived just as the second cowbell was ringing. A grand trip, Miss Dowd, and I extend our compliments to Fourth Shack.

Virginia Mathews



TUMBLEDOWN TRIP

One Friday morning almost all of the seniors piled into the bus and Dougie's car with the intent of having a nice picnic lunch on the sunny top of Mt. Tumbledown. After several minor delays, such as, the bottom falling out of the milk bottle, stops for gas and mail, the long and eventful ride was begun, and started off with a bang.

When Tumbledown finally was reached, it was minus two of the original party who had turned back for a doctor and a third member of the party had turned pea green and fainted.

The bus stopped in the camping place of Camp Marana-cook. The first plan was changed when the lunches were eaten at the foot of the mountain and not on the sunny peak (which was something to be glad of). After crossing a mountain stream the climb was begun and the top was reached without many casualties. However, being Friday, what do you suppose happened just as the top was reached, yes, you're right, it rained bucketsful. It was no time at all until the climbers were absolutely soaked to the bone and water was just streaming down their faces, and lots of dripping figures went hopping from rock to rock. Then they sat on the top eating prunes and prunes and prunes until the sun came out and they saw a double rainbow below them. By this time they were so wet that the water just hung in their bloomers and made them bulge.

The descent was one of the fastest things of the whole trip, for as anyone can see, all we had to do was sit down and slide. Clare Weber and Phyllis especially believed in this method while the others sat down only occasionally, comparatively speaking. Some thought it a good idea to go in swimming in the stream at the foot of the mountain, but the others, seeing that they were practically dry, refrained.

We had chocolate bars, a drink of water, and a look at a dead porcupine which Ginger had discovered while she stayed at the foot. Then the ride home was started with everyone singing every song that was ever written, and a wonderful trip was had by all.

Nancy Fiske.

SANDY RIVER TRIP

Did you "heifer" try to "steer" a canoe between two protruding rocks with the current turning you hither and yon? It's not throwing the "bull" to claim that a Sandy River tripper gets expert at dodging one rock, only to hit the remaining ones. But my cow, what else can you do when the number of rocks far exceeds the amount of water in the so-called river? I call it ignominious, I do, when you go on a canoe trip and then carry (heave to you) the canoes half the way. It's like walking home from a buggy ride.

For years the Sandy River trip has been traditional as a special prize for the most experienced campers. Don't think, however, that you have to know everything before you go,-- oh, no, -- because you can learn about cows from Mrs. Pease, about immersion from Rhoda, about how to carry canoes from the boys at the Power Dam, and how to enjoy a trip from the rocks in Sandy.

Due to the increasing ratio of stones to water in this dry summer of 1934, the trip started at Davis Ferry, in order to cut one day of heaven. Little did Miss Dowd know, that since last summer they'd turned the river around so that the lower end was rocky and the upper end had water in it. Nevertheless, Rhoda, Lois, Colby, Doris, Kitty and Stewie took Dougie and Johnny by the hand and stoically led them into the river. It was the first struggle against nature for seventy-five percent (the equivalent of $\frac{3}{4}$) of the party. So we had to rely on Rhoda and Colby for all proper (and some improper) information as to springs, how to paddle over logs, where to camp, which included where to build the fire and every other detail of previous trips, which only an expert

in tradition could tell. Personally I could not tell you all that happened in 1934, so how could I tell you what happened in 1930 or 1932? No, the best can never be told. You must grow up to be big girls with large feet and old shoes and a desire for uplift so that you can go on this trip for yourself and experience all that makes it such a swell diversion.

In spite of being told that the Kennebec was full of garbage, we managed to paddle down it as far as Skowhegan, after leaving Sandy just below Madison. True, we found some tid-bits floating around near Norridgewock, but we passed them by for a much better lunch further down the river. By the time we neared Skowhegan we had reached that state of exhaustion in which you experience illusions of the eye. We were all paddling vigorously and even cheerfully because we saw the bridge just ahead of us. Yes, it was a dark iron one on gray piles. Time alone proved to us that the bridge was around three more bends. All the girls fell out of their canoes and went up on the bridge to find Olan and the truck. Imagine the burning curiosity of Dougie and Johnnie when they saw the girls talking to someone in a car -- after all, that habit of picking up was getting too strong for them to resist, even when off the river. The pickups turned out to be Dr. Bauman and Mr. Grant who were returning from taking a chance at the races of the Skowhegan Fair. Little did they realize that they they would be put into service for the final heave of the canoes onto the truck which Frisky had helped Olan to drive over from camp.

So the trip ends and so does the story. Another year, another trip, another story. We hope you all have your turn at "one, two, three, heave !"

Johnny

THIRD SHACK PAGE

Ghosts

Ghosts fly through the air,
Without a look and without a stare.
I like to be a hostess,
But I wouldn't like to be a ghostess,
Shooting, hither and thither.
Don't they ever shiver?
They are as light as a feather,
But as smooth as leather.

-- Mary Cleveland.

French's Mountain Trip

Third shack went on a trip to French's mountain. On the top we toasted hot dogs. We also had candy given to us by two people in the shack.

We took a long road home, which was very pretty. In Belgrade we all had ice cream and that ended the happy day.

--Anra Bauman.



THE CALF THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG

Presented by SIXTH SHACK

Sixth Shack presented its traditional play on Saturday, August 11, 1934. As far as the presentation is concerned, it was done as well as any amateur performance can be.

Nobody seemed to have a leading part, although each girl appeared to be as important as her partner. Miss Dowd's Jewish accent was not to be sneezed at and Rhoda's toughness seemed almost too real. (Please don't be insulted, this is to your credit.) Stewie and Kitty as the modern couple gave an almost true to life impersonation of the trend of home affairs as they are today. Colby, Lois, and Frisky also added a touch of attractive harmony to the scene. The play, "The Calf That Laid The Golden Egg" concerns a married couple. The wife, who was inspired by her generous instinct, decided to buy her husband a set of golf clubs. In order to do this she decided to sell her calf skin coat. (Or was it Pony?) Her maid transacts the business for her and by the time all the transacting is done the calfskin coat brings in a hundred dollars instead of the intended twenty-five.

Elsa Livingood

Written by Midget
the pony in 1934.

Dear Editor,

I noticed in your paper of August 5th the notice that "As soon as Miss Dowd got the Messy-lonskee trippers off She let the photographer in to take pictures of the more attractive members of camp". Since I was an eye witness of this occasion, I feel that something more should be said.

Well, as soon as the professional photographer appeared everyone rushed to the beach to get in the picture, all the girls, the kittens, and Timmy, and even the counselors. I thought it was silly to be so interested in pictures, but since one of those counselors came and got me, I decided I might as well go down too.

At the beach all was confusion. The photographer was telling the counselors to get the juniors to hold their canoes perfectly still in all the wind, the canoes were blowing onto the rocks, the sailing canoes were jibing, and Miss Dowd was frantically dashing around with a comb trying to comb the hair of the girls in the front of the picture. Even those silly ducks had to come peeping up to get in the pictures. I just pretended that I wasn't noticing anything and went off in a corner and ate grass.

Well, there was the Professional Photographer yelling at Flackie and Dougie in the sailing canoes to stand still, while all the time the wind was blowing like anything. Just as they'd get in the right place in front of the Marjorie, he'd yell "Hold it, hold it" but on they'd go right out of the picture.

Then who had to come snooping down to the beach to get their handsome faces in the pictures but Belle and Dolly and Pinto. I just stayed off in the corner and ate grass and tried to look disgusted. Then someone said "Get Midget in the picture" and up came Darcy to take me over. Well, I backed around and put my ears back and pretended to kick but I saw one of those counselors coming so I decided I might go over and get into the picture. Then I decided I might as well let Darcy get on, and I walked with dignity over to the boat house. Then the photographer said "Now take the horses in the water. Put that handsome blonde on that handsome horse, Belle, and I can name the picture 'Beauty and the Beast'". Imagine taking us horses

into the water. Of all the silly things. I decided that was going one step too far and I yelled at Belle and Dolly, "Girls, don't you do another thing that man tells you to do. Just lie down in the lake and you'll spoil his old picture". And would those old dames show a little spunk - not they - they just meekly went wherever Stewie and Phyllis directed them, the dumbbells. That's the way women are. So then I yelled at Pinto, "Lie down in the lake, big boy, show a little pep, you big while mouse". And did Pinto do anything snappy? Not he. That's the way with pale anaemic looking people. They haven't any pep. Pinto just meekly bent one knee a little and bent over enough to get Betty Barr's riding boots wet. So I saw then that I just had to take the matter into my own hands and stop this nonsense of having a Professional Photographer order us around. So I plunked myself in the middle of the beach, and said to Darcy, who was still on my back. "You'd better get off. I'll let you slide off easy and I wouldn't roll on you because you'r a nice girl and show more spunk than snooty old Belle or Dolly, even if you are a woman", and at that I rolled over right in the middle of the picture kicking sand as hard as I could kick.

That worked. Anytime you want to spoil a picture or stop a lot of nonsense just lie down in the middle of the scene and kick.

Miss Dood.



WHITE



BLUE

BASKETBALL
TEAMS

MASQUERADE PARTY

The traditional masquerade was held on the twentieth of August this year and as usual was accompanied by much hilarity, originality, and all the rest of the gang. The prize for the best costumes, contrary to the hopeful expectation of Miss Dowd, Dougie and Flackie, went to Ann, Doris, Phyllis, Peggy and Clar who very cleverly represented Hitler, Ghandi, the Price of Wales, Mussolini, and Mrs. Roosevelt, respectively. Another amusing costume was that of Ginger Dessar who portrayed poison ivy. She was almost too realistic, but nevertheless was also awarded a prize. The one remaining reward went to Silly and Georgie as Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy. Apparently all the talent in this camp belongs to Fifth Shack, and do we feel small!! As of old the masquerade was concluded by ice cream and a great deal of heated dancing.

-- Colby Cleveland



COUNCILOR'S
COFFEE

Tom Moore's Unspoken Thoughts
anent the Tour de Force.

August 10th. My goodness, what will Mr. Lockhart think of next. Imagine taking a tour with eleven of those Runoia girls and three counselors. Maybe they'll get sick or something and call it off.

I bet they would appear in bare feet with their shirt tails flying and those awful looking curlers all over their frousy heads. Why they have to wear shirts four sizes too big is more than I can see.

August 10th. Well, I guess I'm in for it. They are all ready to go, every one of them even that noisy one. I'm glad that Plackie is going as she doesn't look so bad as most of them and she really has a soul I think. She won't do much good though in setting the tone for the party as no one will think she is a counselor with those cute pig-tails and her sweet girlish face. I suppose they will just giggle and squeak all through the concerts.

We have to meet at the cemetary. That is a very fitting beginning for the tour seems to me.

August 19th.
After the first day out.

Anyway, they were on time at the cemetary and I must say they didn't look as bad as usual. Every single one had shoes on and their flying shirt tails were all covered up with neat blue sweat shirts.

They said they would blow the horn for me to stop if they got lost or anything but believe me they didn't need any horn on that bus of theirs, it rattled so that you couldn't have heard the horn anyway, and then they yelled so much that you couldn't hear the rattles so we made quite a sensation along the road. I kept far enough ahead so that people wouldn't think I belonged to their party.

Was I surprised to see those Runoia girls at Camp Tapawingo. They all rushed for combs and stood in front of the mirror on the bus and when they emerged they looked just as neat as the Tapawingo girls. And were they polite, my oh my, they acted just as refined and nice as those gentle Tapawingo girls. They even waited for their hostesses to go into the dining room before them and stood up when ever anyone spoke to them. Even my problem child



THE
ORCHESTRA
TOUR



Strange to relate, I found the gang in a very respectable place this morning when Mr. Lockhart and I went to get them. They were at the Proctor house with a very respectable gentleman and his wife who appeared to admit to relationship with two of the Runoia girls. The girls had apparently had dinner when we arrived at twelve o'clock after our breakfast. They talked about steak, pancakes, doughnuts, eggs, bacon, rolls and biscuits, that they had just consumed. They said they had been in swimming twice that morning too. There's no accounting for the tastes of some girls.

Well, I thought perhaps the heat would get them when we found how hot the dining and recreation hall was at Camp Wawanock-Owaissa but not at all, they just combed their hair some more and mopped their brows and went on tooting as imperturbably as though they were at home.

I was a little worried over taking the Runoia crowd into the Luther Gulick camps but strange to say Mr. Halsey Gulick was quite delighted to see Rix our crowd and even seemed to know Flackie. I wonder where he could have struck up an acquaintance with someone like that. He certainly is a gentleman; he treats everyone just alike no matter who they are or where they come from. I even heard him say that he might go up and visit Camp Runoia some day, and I think he took Flackie and Miss Dowd to see his new baby who lives in one of the cliff houses overlooking the lake.

Again the concert went ok and they even did their sight reading very well. I sort of hated to take the instruments away from them they seemed so sad over playing for the last time.

You never can count on girls' reactions. Here I thought the Runoia girls were so bored with me and would be tickled to death to see me go. But I guess I rate with them after all. When we said good-bye I actually saw one of them CRYING and the others had to comfort her to stop her. They seemed to have a lullaby they sang to comfort people. It went something like this

Five more days of vacation
We'll go back to the station
Back to civilization
The train will carry us there.
We don't want to go home
We don't want to go home... etc.

Soon as they sang this all were perfectly cheerful again and rushed back to the Proctor House where those kind relatives of two of the girls

Promised them ice cream and pie.

Miss Dowd

<u>Name</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Has</u>
CONSTANCE DOWD GRANT C.D. Director Miss Dowd	Neat	"You dirty louse"	Cooperation	Aide	A rare old collection of bugles
CONSTANCE MURDOCH Connie	Efficient	Wait till after supper	Sixth Shack	Patience	Fourth Shack
ANN PULSIFER THAYER Andy	Like the well dressed college girl	<u>Ayah</u>	Hymie	We'll bite, what does she need?	Freshman hats
NANCY TURPIN FISKE Frisky	Apologetic	Oh, I'm <u>so</u> sorry	"Bing"	Finger nails	A chronic giggle
RHODA DENISON LESTER Rhody	Irish	Throw the lady a bone	The Van Sucker "boys"	A brogue	Him in the palm of her hand
KATHERINE TAFT CHUBB Kitty	"Moon-struck"	How much mail did I get today?	The moon in Bermuda	Enthusiasm	Confidence
SUSAN COLBY CLEVELAND Co	Poised for flight	Pardon my mere existence	Socialism	A sense of tune	That certain rhythm
MARY STUART HOUSTON Stewie	Inquisitive	Gee, ain't that tough!	Her honey dew sweater	Bing's autograph	A framed picture of Bing
LOIS VIRGINIA SOULE Lois	Enterprising	The woman's crazy	Her Alma Mater	A chaperon	Savoir Faire
EVELYN LENA RAHM Evvie	Petite	Do you suppose Andy would mind ?	Andy's camp equipment	An eight weeks coat of tan	Cheerfulness

<u>Name</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Has</u>
JEAN FARGO HILLHOUSE Milquetoast	Lady-like	Beep-Beep Snoop-Snoop	Groucho Marx	A bigger and better Times	Dramatic talent
ELIZABETH FLACK Flackie	Vibrant	Thank-you too, too much	Mr. Moore	Duck soup	Male attention
SYLVIA HOWARD TAFT Silly	Savage	O.K.	To break records	Size three needles	A forelock
MARGARET BRANHAM Peggy	Corn-fed	There's the cut- est boy in Hing- ham	Food	A bigger peek hole	Parenthesis under her eyes
GEORGEANNE BURKE Georgie	Sloe-eyed	Well, Sixth Shack did it.	Attention	Squelching	Consideration
PHYLLIS LEIGH SCHELL Phee Phil	Chic	Gee, that's swell	To flirt	A stationary head-band	That well-dress- ed look
GEORGIA LOUISE HALL Jay	Pasty	I'm going home with the Bebbys	To tell ghost stories	Color	Hysterics
DORIS MAY HILLMAN Doris	Interested	Little	To go on Sandy	To grow	Ability
ELSA WILHELMINA Elsa LIVINGOOD	Rotund	Oh, my gosh	Hitler	To unbend	Religion
ELIZABETH ANN BARR Betty	Pudgy	Did my yarn come today	Chocolate Pudding	A coat of tan-	Red Sweater

<u>Name</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Has</u>
ANN ROBBINS HILLMAN Ann	Sandy	Honestly	Her new coiffure	A permanent wave	A sunny disposition
VIRGINIA DESSAR Ginger	Athletic	Yep	New York	To keep away from poison ivy	Hiccups
CLARE STURTEVANT Clare WEBER	Horsey	What this country needs is more horse sense	Her horses	More entry blanks	Her entry fees
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MARY ELEANOR THAYER Mary, Pinky, Empty	Sporty	Salt and pepper please	Sleepy Sam	You're asking us	A sense of humor
VIRGINIA HOPPER MATH Mrs. M. MATHEWS	For guests	If you do this exercise, you'll have a good figure, too	To cut hair	A hankerchief	Mosquitoe bites
HELENE JANSEN Helene LIVINGOOD	Dainty	I never eat this at home	Lipstick	A spanking	Junior
ELIZABETH HOUSEL Betsey WILDS	Sleepy	Oh, I just love camp	"Egg"	A new trombone	Finger-nails
NANCY PALMER Nancy	Silly	Plenty	To giggle	A good haircut	Pink toe nails

<u>Name</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Has</u>
HELEN OGDEN OLCOTT Helen	Innocent	They started it	The seniors	Feminity	Crew haircut
ADELAIDE RHINELANDER Rifi CHACQUENEAU	Ga-Ga	You're a dear	"Ham"	Composure	Jitters
BARBARA EDITH TREIBER Barbara	Blase	Why I did prac- tise 15 minutes	To play the Carioca	To practise piano	A razor
<hr/>					
MARIAN RACHEL JOHNSON Johnny	Husky	Well, shallawee leave it that way	Her afagan	A bobby-pin	16 little hands to wash
LORNA ELIZABETH Doug MACDOUGAL	Tailored	I got this on the bargain table at De Pinna's	Her constip- ation water	An appetite	Ant bites
DARCY SCUDDER Darcy	Crisp	I'm a Prodestink	To hang on people	A comb	A permanent wave
MARY EVELYN COLGATE Mary C. CLEVELAND	Pop-eyed	Can I pass my swimming test today?	The Clevelands	Better diction	Vivid imagination
CONSTANCE EMMET LYMAN Connie	Tough	Ya dumb ox	To tease	Taming	Ability

<u>Name</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Has</u>
HARRIET SWIFT McLANE Harry	Calm	By Harriet McLane	To write	Animation	Knock-knees
VIRGINIA HOPPER WINSLOW Virginia MATHEWS	Pot-bellied	You can't hurt my feelings	To chew with her mouth open	A bib	A dog named Baloney
ELIZABETH WENIGMAN Betsey	As tho' she had something up her sleeve	Oh, Cawnie	An argument	Table manners	Cheshire cat gri
ANNA ELIZABETH Anna BAUMAN	Pert	Can you braid hair?	To write plays	A new dictionary	Assurance
MARY TRUMP BAUMAN Mary	Angelic	I'm going to write you a letter	Everybody	Skill in drill	Has looks
<hr/>					
MARY TRUMP BAUMAN Mrs. B.	Motherly	Will you report to the infirmary this morning?	Interior decorating	More curtain material	An unruffled disposition

THE ANNEX

Anecdotes

Name	Looks	Says	Likes	Needs	Has
Marian Elizabeth Spear Betty	dignified	How does this taste, Carol?	birthdays	We need you in camp, year after year	figure
Carolyn Andrews MacGregory Carol	tawny	Is this O.K. Betty?	anti-marsh- mallow frappe	" "	freckles
Mary Elinore Therese Wallace Elinore	funny, ha!ha!	So many cute things, my, my	gay times	sobriety	an infec- tious giggle
Gertrude Otilia Peterson Pete	poised	I'll do it	music	dish-washer	linguistic ability

I

Hazel said — (What could be worse
For you?) — she hoped I'd write in verse
In thanking you abundantly
For your great hospitality,
and all you did for her, and me.
So be it; also let it be
My Tardy Valledictory.

II

It's logical that Doctor Dowd,
(who plays The Cornet, none too loud,
in what, to me, was simply grand,
Renoia's Famous Female Band) —
should be inordinately proud
of her Health Home, which bears
the stamp
of Happiness — Renoia Camp.

III

They put the girls through special courses,
of how to swim, and manage horses
and other various kind and sorts
of beautiful exercise and sports.
and each sport has an Expert, who
is there to show them what to do.

IV

For instance "Dougie" who, of course
spends half her time upon a horse
and being modern, rides astride,
to teach the young idea to ride.
Through Belgrade's streets, they ride after
to park a horse before my car.

V

And even though great Helen Wills,
because of sundry aches and ills,
has given up her tennis game
Rumole goes on just the same,
to master fore-hand smash and lob
as long as "Johnnie's" on the job.
She shows the novice how to wack it
For "Johnnie" knows her Tennis "Racket."

Very Sincerely

Edw. W. T. M.

21 Western Road
Mountain N. J.

August-thirteenth,
nineteen thirty-four,

VOTING

	<u>First Place</u>	<u>Second Place</u>
Best Athlete	Sylvia Taft	Clare Weber
Most Versatile	Sylvia Taft	Colby & Rhoda
Best Sport	Rhoda Lester	Lois Soule
Most Attractive	Nancy Fiske	Lois Soule
Cutest	Fifi Chacqueneau	Darcy Scudder
Friendliest	Nancy Fiske	Lois Soule
Most Happy-go-Lucky	Nancy Fiske	Fifi Chacqueneau
Best Natured	Rhoda & Frisky	Lois Soule
Most Entertaining	Colby Cleveland	Nancy Fiske
Most Helpful	Rhoda Lester	Nancy Fiske
Funny Peculiar	Virginia Mathews	Jay Hall
Funny Ha-Ha	Colby Cleveland	Rhoda Lester
Most Sympathetic	Nancy Fiske	Lois Soule
Most Popular		

1. Colby Cleveland
2. Rhoda Lester
3. Nancy Fiske