

Members of the 1935 Runoia Log Staff

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Dedication

In sincere appreciation of her untiring efforts to make this one of the very best summers imaginable, we gratefully dedicate this, the 1935 Runoia Log to our Director, Miss Dowd.

We sincerely appreciate, and wish to thank Miss McKim for typing the Log, and all of you for your hearty cooperation in contributing much of your time and interest to the Log.

EDITORIAL

As another camp season ends the talk of the Cotillion is in the air, we turn once more to the reading of the LOG. Last year a new publication was devised in the form of the RUNOIA TIMES, which was issued weekly and combined at the end of one year into the LOG, together with the traditional statistics, limericks and anagrams. This year -- 1935 -- we continued the RUNOIA TIMES and, considering the loss of the older and more experienced girls, had a very excellent year. And so we present the RUNOIA LOG of 1935 and wish those in the future many successful seasons.

Editorial

With the opening of the 1935 Runoia Camp season we turn once more to our beloved paper and pencils, for the first issue of the RUNOIA TIMES. This weekly paper was started as a new project in 1934 and being a great success then we hope that we may have the same luck with it this year. A new staff has been appointed with some of the new girls taking over the editorships. We want to plead with everyone who is not on the staff of the TIMES to write for it, for we feel that it should be a representation of the whole camp and not only the staff.

A brand new department has been added to the TIMES featuring the well known comic strip or "funnies". We sincerely hope that you will receive the department with laughter.

Last year we presented the TIMES in the form of skits. We are going to continue to do so this year as it gives a background for the articles. These skits are entirely original and often presented in costume. We hope that the TIMES will always continue through the seasons as the editorship changes hands, and that soon it will become an established publication of Runoia.

Welcome New Girls

It is with the greatest of pleasure that we welcome the new girls and counselors to Camp Runoia. We hope that you will have the best time of your young lives here, and that you will come again and again. We also hope that your summers with us will be so pleasant that you will relate your many exciting adventures to your children and your grandchildren and your great-grandchildren. So come on in, the water's fine.

Startling Announcement

Announcing something new and snapping in a contest with grand prizes!!! Have you any clever nicknames on the tip of your tongue? The youngest junior has just as much chance to win as the most intellectual counselor. All you have to do is give Miss Hillhouse and Miss Lawson a suitable nickname. Think of the most unusual, suitable name you can for one or both and submit them to Anne Hillman, contest editor. All entries must be in on or before midnight, Friday, July 12. The judges will be Misses Hillhouse and Lawson. The decision of the judges is final. Come on, girls, give the counselors a break and make their surname a happy one -- also win a grand prize for yourself.

Welcomes New Girls

It is with the greatest of pleasure that we welcome the new girls and counselors to Camp Keweenaw. We hope that you will have the best time of your young lives here, and that you will come again and again. We also hope that your summer with us will be as pleasant as that you will relate your many exciting adventures to your children and your grand-children and your great-grandchildren. So come on in the women's time.

Janet Crawford
Constance Grant

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prizes!!! Have
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Constance Branham

RUNOIA GIRLS HEAD FOR CAMP

"Goodbye". "Have a good time!" "Be a good girl." All these things were ringing in our ears as we started out for Camp Runoia. Everyone was so glad to see Piglet who hadn't been to camp for one whole year. That may not seem to be so bad to some of you new girls, but to those who know Piglet, oh my!

After we were all settled (at least we thought we were) the train pulled out of the station, cherry pits already beginning to fly right and left. Many hurried acquaintances were made while most of the old girls spent their time reminiscing over their past experiences at camp. Although everyone needed her precious beauty sleep, no one seemed particularly anxious to retire. Some of the girls started an impromptu gossip circle in the compartment at the end of our car. Most of us made so much noise that we disturbed the peaceful slumber of the younger campers who must have been walking in their sleep because most of them were anywhere but in their berts. If it wasn't a foot in the face it was something gooey landing from the realms above (meaning the upper berths of course). Finally after a few complications among some of the little charges, everyone settled down to a jerky sleep.

SUFFERING RUNOIA BAND ROOTITY-
TOOTS ONCE MORE

What a racket! The smothered toot of a trumpet floats (floats did you say) through

the air, then the squawk of a clarinet (which is flat by the way). What is the matter? We can stand the suspense no longer. Upon arriving at the lodge we discover what it's all about. Mr. Lockhart, the Beginning Band Leader, is arriving and the girls who have played before are in a frenzied rush to practice before he comes. The old proverb "Haste makes waste" evidently is holding true for we haven't heard one right note yet. Ah! here's Mr. Lockhart. Maybe he'll fix things so we can at least take our fingers out of our ears. Well, we do have company. Mr. Lockhart has brought along his helpers. Mr. Lockhart asks the old girls to play some of their music (just to show off). After five minutes they are playing quite presentably. Then we persuade Mr. Lockhart and his helpers to play us a tune! They play "On the Mall" and the "Stein Song", thus the beginning of the band season has begun!!

ADDITIONAL MUSICAL TALENT

We like Hilly-Billy Music! Thus speak Miss Hillhouse, Flackie, and Dougie. Sounds of a string trio with help from Ginger and her harmonica and Pat singing vocal choruses fill the air at odd moments. We think the counselors may even have a chance to go on the radio next year.

Best of luck.



Lorna MacDougall
Marian Johnson



Jean Hill house

SPORTS

As the camp season opens, many sport activities are seen in action. Swimming, diving, canoeing, croquet, basketball, and tennis are the sports already started. The baseball diamond has not been put in condition as yet. It will be ready to play on soon. The swimming, which is enjoyed by everyone, is fine, for the water is just right. Miss Dowd and Miss Lawson have been giving and passing people on their swimming tests. Several of the girls have been to the Marjorie and to the float which has the diving board on it. The canoes have been in use and some of the girls have taken canoe tests with and without their camp clothes on. There has only been one basketball game so far this season. The Blues and the Whites did not play against each other because the new girls have not as yet been chosen for teams. Fifth and Sixth Shacks played this game. The tennis courts are fixed and have been occupied many times. Miss Johnson has been working to improve the tennis of many of the campers.

OUTSIDE SPORT NEWS

The last reports on the baseball standings in the Leagues:

New York is in the first place in the

American League having won 41 games, lost 24.

New York is ahead in the National League having won 45 and lost 18.

New York is ahead in the National League having won 45 and lost 18.

COMICS STRIP

Little Dede Dawe asked inquisitively "What is hay"? Aunt Hillhouse explained in her motherly way that it was dried grass which was put in the barn for the horses and cows to eat. "Oh, exclaimed Dede, "I guess it must be pasturized."

As the dock was gently slipping away the other day one of the Livingood of springs said to Miss Dowd in a most complimentary manner- "What a lovely new canoe slide!"

During Amateur night, Lucy Flatpaddle (Helen Olcott) announced that she had been paddling for five or six years. Whereupon Major Bed remarked that she should have reached shore by this time. (Major Bed-Johnnie)

Elsie-I have went to Belgrade. That sounds wrong-is it?

3rd Shack-It sure is.

Elsie-But why is it wrong?

3rd Shack- Cause you an't went yet



Georgia Hall
Patricia Thomas



Virginia Dessar
Doris Hillman



Florence Booker
Jane Mengel Allen



Piglet King



Sylvia Taft, Peg Branham, Anne Hilman



Sixth Shack



Outside News Flashes!

News Item-----A woman in West Virginia had a broken neck for a whole year and didn't know it. Better have your heads examined---you never can tell!

Item---A man in Concord discovered a player-piano in his home, which fascinated him for hours on end. One roll of music especially engaged his fancy and he played it until his wife nearly packed up and left. Then the man discovered that he had been playing the roll backwards, so that the thing was just a lot of jumbled sound with a Gershwinish effect. The man, a Mr. Paul says, quote, "Played right - end-to the thing is no good, but played backwards it is a masterpiece." Unquote, Have we a little masterpiece in our camp?

Still another Item---A Swamp-scott canoe, tired of the unceasing barrage of fire-crackers on the 4th of July, finally sought refuge in the ocean, swimming 2 miles out to sea before a rescue was effected. Our Scottie fared somewhat better. Says the happy Scottie, "I have never known a nicer 4th., thanks to the kindness of Runoia girls."

Startling Scientific Discovery!

Several months ago agricultural experts produced odorless cabbage; but a still more remarkable invention was made recently. By cross-breeding and inter-breeding bees, scientists came forth with a swarm of stingless bees. They were tried out

by deliberately being turned upon a crowd of people--no- nobody was stung!

Those in camp who are not well supplied with Flit well undoubtedly welcome the invention of biteless mosquitos, which we hope will be the next step science has to offer.

For two or three years the stylists in Paris have been trying to move the evening neck line up in front and "back. The opinion of Queen Mary is that they're all nuts, because jewelry can more easily be displayed with low neck lines. We don't know about the jewelry, but if the present weather conditions remain, we'll stick to the Queen's ideas.

omit

Startling Announcement---Listen!

Announcing something new in a contest with a grand prize, in fact two grand prizes! Have you any clever nicknames on the tip of your tongues?

The youngest junior has just as much chance to win as the most intellectual counselor. All you have to do is give Miss Hillhouse and Miss Lawson a suitable nickname. Think of the most unusual, suitable, name you can for one or both, and submit them to Anne Hillman, contest editor. All entries must be in on or before midnight Friday July 12th. The decision of the judges will be final.

Come on girls give the counselors a break and make their surname a happy one--also win a grand prize!

Junior News ---

On the third of July all the new girls were called down to the boat house for a meeting. We were all scared stiff, because we thought we were going to be initiated. We walked around casting fearful glances over our shoulders and slapping at mosquitos. Pretty soon Miss Dowd and Miss Crawford came down. We all sat down on the steps and looked as if we were going to be shot. We heard shouts up at the Lodge where the old girls e



Anne Hillman
Peggy Branham



Helene Livingood
Joan Bayne

were having a meeting. Then Miss Dodd said, "We are going to teach you some camp songs." Everyone looked relieved. ~~We ended by singing~~ "Hail, hail the hags all here."

Additional 4th shack News

4th shack went for a morning dip July 5th. Was the water wonderful!

The Fourth shackers are making halters to march their camp shorts. Also they are much engrossed in jacks.

Taking The Cure At Runoia Spa!

During these strenuous, hectic days of 1935, it behooves all of us, yes, even becomes a necessity, for us to take some cure, and what could be more logical than to benefit ourselves by the renowned curative waters of Great Pond, upon whose shores are located our own Camp Runoia. At Runoia Spa one finds not only those famous waters whose soothing, healing, properties have restored many a shattered nerve, but also nearly all of the major sports, to say nothing of the minor ones such as letter-writing, playing house and Egg. Not only are some of us compelled to seek Runoia Spa to soothe the ravages of a mad winter whirl, but some actually come for pleasure, so many and varied are its advantages. Its staff is headed by the all competent Dr. C. Dowd Grant, brain specialist, who is ably assisted by a score of charming x-chorus girls quaintly called counselors. There is Dr. Johnson, eminent child specialist

Dr. McDougall, who is that way about horses, Dr. Fback, specialist in ailments of the heart, Dr. Crawford whose talents are so many and varied that it would be useless to try to numerate them, Dr. Hillhouse, noted dentist, Dr. Bauman, able nurse, Dr. Branham, famed surgeon, and last but not least, Doctors McKim and Lawson, chiropodist (foot doctor to you) and beauty doctor respectively.

There is as you can see, little that cannot be done for one at this desirable spot, from curing a bad case of hangnails to learning the genteel art of balancing a bowl of soup on ones head. So make your reservations early and avoid the rush.

Beauty Hints or Campers--Or How to Undo Yourself on a Hot Day.

Girls, have you piled up a heap of beauty hints for hot camp days? You ought to, and I am going to help you out by whispering a few choice hints to you (when better hints are hinted we will be the hinters).

First of all one should not neglect the hair. Try a shampoo at least once during the camp season. Never use hot soapy water, it gets in your hair so to speak. Even more important than the lack of a shampoo, is the care of your hair curlers. If you use the Bobby-pin be sure to keep it well oiled. so that it will slide off and on easily. Whichever kind you choose, be sure to take good care of them for they are your best friends. Try losing them for the entire summer sometime, it is most refreshing.

Try also using a nail file sometime (look it up in the dictionary if you are unfamiliar with the word). It is a novel and thrilling experience.



Kay May Condit
Georgeanne Burlee



Figi. Chaqueneay
Betsey Wilds

A dash of Flit on your wash cloth often lifts your face so that it is barely recognizable. Some fun, eh, girls!

Follow my advice carefully, and faithfully and even your best friends won't know you.

On the porch of her house
I think it will be too
anyway I'd rather sleep
in bed.

The doctor says I have
a cold in my ear and mummy
says I'm crazy. Perhaps
they're both
right. All she does is pour
water in my ear and no
matter how much they hold
me for her to hear it? They
say she's unbalanced!

You know, I haven't gotten
used to this life yet. There
are so many things I don't
understand.

He said I was
a little bit
crazy. I don't
know what that means.

I don't know what that means.
I don't know what that means.
I don't know what that means.

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Helen Olcott
Clare Weber



Betty Ann Wadleigh
Harriet Mc Lane

Letters From Our Readers

Dear Pooch,

Well I have arrived at last. Mummy is a different person. She's so girlish and sweet. She never wears hats anymore and her hair flies in the breeze. She made me a bed on the porch of her house but I think it will be too hot, anyway I'd rather sleep with her.

The doctor says I have water in my ear and mummy thinks he is crazy. Personally I think they're both crazy. All she does is pour more water in my ear and no wonder I bark when they hold me for her to do it. They just don't understand!

You know, I haven't gotten used to this place yet. There are so many new smells. None of them are like home, except the dining room, and they won't ever let me in there! The ground is just full of smells, especially under the kitchen. Its so much fun to chase all the little animals. There's one that always stings me tho', especially on our bird walk yesterday. My best remedy was to roll in the road. I do wish there were more roads like that at home! And I do wish those mosquitoes would pick on somebody their own size! Then there's another thing, everybody is all legs here, even mummy, and when they go in swimming they are all heads and splashes. I can't make it out. I was in the canoe with mummy and I tried to bite the splashes but nothing happened and I couldn't catch anything! What do you think ails the people around here? Every night they bring queer swinging lights down to the

shack. If they knew how funny they looked I'm sure they would leave them where they found them. I'm getting to be a marvelous watchdog. Everyone that goes by at night gets a loud bark. You should see how surprised they are! But mummy always comes out and spansks me. What do you make of it?

By the way, palsy, Weren't you going to send me a picture of you with Palooka? I must have something to remember you by. Anyway write that letter you promised me, tell me how the world is treating you, and tell me how the flea situation is with you.

Love

Scotty

Local News Flashes!

We pass on from winter sports and school days to the carefree activities of camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Branham arrived at camp on July 1st. bringing their two young offsprings and a friend. Mrs. Branham is staying at camp to run the store. Mr. Branham left for home the next day. We hope he spent a restful night on the pile of mattresses in 2nd shack.

On July 4th Jane Allan was visited by Dr. and Mrs. Swan from Pine Island. Too bad they didn't bring any of boys with them.

On July 3rd. the horses arrived. Peaches, Peter, Mystic, and Grey Mist. Grey Mist is a small white Poney, or miget hunter.

The 4th. of July came and went without a mishap of any sort, thanks to the counselors.



Betsy Wenigman



Penelope Perkins
Virginia Branham



Odds and Ends

The Care of Scotties

After Miss Crawford had been fully instructed how to administer the necessary treatment for her precious most long-tailed Scottie's numerous ailments, she started out to manipulate.

With cotton, orange stick, EarLotion and Miss Dowd, she began. Miss Dowd held the dog nestled under her 5th rib, his sympathizing mistress made a few feeble; yes very feeble pokes into the ailing ear. After this they reversed the charges Miss Dowd accomplishing fully as much as Miss Crawford, absolutely nothing.

The next time the great feat was attempted the ladies aid society was summoned to the spot. This society consisted of Miss King, Miss Hillman, a beer Jacket and a handkerchief. Miss King holds the dog (or tries to), Miss Hillman takes care of his head or tail, or what seems out of control, the beer jacket covers Miss King and the handkerchief supposedly holds Scotties mouth closed. This prevents the little dear from nipping off the fingers of his loving helpers.

Well, with lots of yelping and longing on Scottie's part, Miss Dowd does manage to fix the ears, but oh, such a time as she has.

And now dear unsuspecting campers you can see how difficult the puppy you see romping around can be to take care of, I hope you will never say again that dog's ailments are easy to take care of.

OLD GIRLS PARTY

On Saturday night, July 6th, Camp Rundell opened its new broadcasting station, WCR, Belgrade, Maine.

Major Bed was master of ceremonies for the amateur night and presented the amateurs and the prizes.

Young ladies and gentlemen from all over the country came to present their talents. Uncle Don, (Ray May), and our dear friend the Swinging Lady, (Joan Bayne), took a day off from their daily broadcasts to entertain us. We also heard the Kitchen Band, (Darcy, Anna, Mary, Betsy, and Harriet), the Tutti-Frutti Girls, (Anne, Peggy, and Georgie) from Kresgies, Lizzie Hoyt (Helene) with her pants, and the Saxtets (Silvia and Doris) playing "Love and a Dime." Miss Lucy Flatpaddle (Helen Olcott) who taught us how to wreck a canoe was on the program, and we must not forget the Kitchen Aids (Lena and Myriah- alias Elsa and Piglet) sponsored by the Form Fit Aprons. We feel sure that we must try their recipe for Canterbury Long Cake some time. The Hilhouse-Billy's (Hillhouse, Dougie, Flackie, and Ginger) came up from Good-night, Texas and the Blue Ridge mountains of Kentucky. Last but not least the mature crooner (Miss Dowd) sang a cross between "When the Blue of the Day



Carol Skinner
Barbara Martin



Anna Bauman
Darcy Scudder

Meets the Gold of the Dawn?"
"Bingo", and "Sunset Glowing."

The Mature Crooner won the prize as the best old girl amateur along with the Kitchen Aids and Lizzie Hoit. After the trained amateurs had given their performance, the new girls were required to extemporaneous acts.

Jane Allen gave us a lecture in Southern Dialect. Florence Booker told us a ghost story in her Luevulle accent. Ginny Branham acted out a fight between Scotty and a Skunk. We are still not sure who won. Penelope Perkins did not say anything about her topic "Horses". As for Pat Thomas, she sang to us in her bass, alto, contralto, and soprano voice. We were very much amused by the delightful Tyrolian atmosphere created by Miss Crawford and her dog, Scottie. Miss, Ginny, Polly, and Helen presented a clever skit at the scene of the Belgrade Station. Miss Lawson proved to us that she did know *how* to put the third shackers to bed, and Miss McKim did a Clog dance to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare".

When the entertainment was over, Miss McKim received the prize for the best stunt of the new girls. Then, we turned to the ice-cream cones and one or two chocolate sprinkles apiece. The ice-cream grew a little soupy after the first helping so the refreshment committee drank the rest of it with much satisfaction.

Dancing and singing finished off the evening.

Infirmary News

On the opening day of Camp, everyone was dashing madly around with many things to accomplish--with one exception, the camp nurse, Mrs. Bauman. We were all so busy that we did not have time to concoct a task for our nurse--with one exception, Dorothy Dawe. Dear DD with her thoughtfulness moved over to the Infirmary so that Mrs. Bauman might be saved from that frightful life of loneliness and inactivity. DD now (July 7th) wants to return to Camp, but Mrs. Bauman likes her so well that she is reluctant to name the date of DD's departure. But, we campers are anxiously awaiting DD's return to public life. We wish you a speedy recovery, Dorothy. (T'is trite, but t'is true!)



Claire Canniff
Dorothy Daw



Frances Luther
Mary Bauman

Title Bestowed Upon Counselor.

Ever since I can remember I have yearned for a nickname, but somehow I never acquired one, until last summer, when my shack-mates dubbed me Milquetoast (I think after the N.Y. Tribunes well-known Caspew, I hope there was nothing worse behind it, although I must confess I have often wondered). Well, somehow I never could quite bring myself to enjoy that nickname, and I have always thought that a person should really like her own nickmane. We have absolutely nothing to say about honest-to-goodness names, and often we do not even like them, if the truth were known. But out nicknames, at least we should enjoy, or be amused by them. Now I happen to like my first name, but I do get a bit fed up with "Miss Hillhouse this and Miss Hillhouse that". And somehow I cannot say I like the idea of going down in the history of Runoia as Milquetoast, and so I have asked you to re-name me--perhaps an unusual request, but what of it?

Your response has been most satisfactory, and I have chosen from a wide and varied, selection, the name of JILL, which seems to me, suitable, amusing, and sensible. The prize-winning name was submitted by none other than Johnnie! I invite you all to call me by this altogether pleasant name, from now on for as long as I decide to

to spend my summers at camp, and even afterwards if you like.

Many thanks Johnnie, you win the prize, I get a nickname, and everybody's happy, I hope. What's in a name? Who knows?!

And now I present the grand, astonishing, stupendous prize--- one pair of woolen ankle socks, color and size to be selected by the winner---our Johnnie!

Outstanding Sports of The Week.

One of the most outstanding sports of the week was the aquaplaning. On July 10th, Johnny, Flacky, and Dugie, got the new motorboat running and let all of the seniors who wanted to, aquaplane. It was great fun and everyone did well, even if they hadn't aquaplaned much before. Johnny had the 5th shack out for track. The results are stiffness, and soreness, mostly. The track workout was the first of the season. There has not been an any tennis on account of the rain.

The horseback riders have had many pleasant rides on nearby trails. These are the most outstanding sports of the week. Also there was a baseball and basketball game between the seniors. There have been several short canoe trips around Oak Island and to Otter Island.

Jane Allen

The Technique Of Falling in the Belgrade Lakes Association Dock.

Step no. 1--Go to Bean's and buy a West African Big Game helmet and ~~byxax~~ try as hard as you can to look like "frail buds". Secondly: Return to the dock in the black of the night, arms filled with numerous signs and keep your eyes on the North Star.



Constance Payson
Jean Price

Step no. 3--Run around the bow of the canoe and peek into the next boat, stepping gingerly forward.

By this time you should be in the water. Your white hat will float so that the little Tagt girl will see you and pull you out.

Peggy Branham

Miss Lawson Receives Title.

Thank you one and all for the grand nicknames, that you all submitted. The final decision was a hard one to make, and took the judge many hours of pondering, the final decision being that DOBIN should win the prize. Therefore it gives me great pleasure to award the said prize to Mrs. Branham, and Skipit. Each winner receives a pair of socks.

NEWS FLASHES FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

Many cranberry bogs have been badly damaged by gypsy and brown-tail moths, which attack the groves in great quantities. Farmers found they were unable to ward off the pests with ordinary spraying machines, so the latest trick is the use of airplanes to spray the bogs with powder poisons.

A California professor is convinced that he has proved by various experiments that a man's brain never really improves.-- That sounds pretty hopeless for most of us!

A passenger on one of the large steam ships is seeking 50,000 dollars damages against the Canadian National Steamship Line because of a small cut received from glass in a port-hole broken by a heavy sea.--Who would ever think of a thing like that? She must have been pretty hard , or shall we say, cut up about it!

Florence Booker

CAMPERS SCALE PERILOUS MOUNTAIN

On Friday July 12, we all took a trip to Mt. Phillip. At 10:45 the sail boats started to get ready and at 11:30 we pushed off. 4th shack paddled in the wat canoe, 3rd shack went in the bus, and 5th and 6th shacks paddled separte canoes with the exception of five people, who went in the two sailing canoes.

At one o'clock we reached the shore and started our upward climb.

When we reached the top we all ate a delicious lunch and each shack had rest hour,

After about an hour we started on the downward climb, reaching camp by various methods of travel about 5:30.

anonymous

(I think it was Georgie)



Sixth Shackle



Fifth Shackle

Woman's Page

The Care of A Wood Stove

Unbeknownst to a great majority of the population, Camp Runoia has one of the rarest of attractions. We won't go so far as to say that this is the only creation of its kind in captivity but an exceedingly rare one. It is full-sized, two-oven, eight-cover wood stove. Camp Runoia had gone so far as to build a special shack for its curiosity. This shack is called the kitchen and is full of the articles necessary to keep our curiosity in the most excellent condition.

The feed-box kept piled high with wood is there, and various utilities for caring for the stove. The keepers are quartered nearby. It is necessary to have a new staff every year or two, as the labor entailed in the care of the stove is very great. The day of a keeper (there are two who work in shifts) begins something like this: She arises to the accompaniment of bird songs at, day, 6.00 A.M. and tiptoes in to see if it is time to make the fire. It may be necessary to mention here that building the fire in the wood-stove is something akin to the awakening of another creature, for the flames cause the animation and life that produce the ungovernable temperament of the beast. So the stove is awakened by gently stuffing it with any waste paper that may have accumulated within the wood-box, or possibly yesterday's

cereal boxes. By laying in some carefully broken old shingles and by cautiously inserting a lighted match beneath all this, of course the trainer singes her hand and, drawing it quickly away, collects from the top of the stove much soot. But this is only a part of everyday existence so no matter.

If all has gone well with the trainer's technique, the stove soon begins to put on a warm smile and a little clicking and blowing sound which gladdens the heart of the trainer. The stove is ready for his day's work. This consists of preparing the food for some 50 campers and counselors, for their meals each day. (Thus with the assistance of the trainers, if course.)

Now all wood stoves in general, and Runoia's in particular, are unusually sensitive to weather conditions. It is one of the chief problems of the trainers to get the stove to burn merrily and cheerfully on cold days, particularly just before a meal, and to burn with discretion when a hot day comes along.

In behalf of Camp Runoia's wood-stove, the trainer who has had some experience with other members of this species, feels that nowhere is there a more loyal and trustworthy wild-stove, to be fed--it consumes enormous quantities of wood and occasionally needs to be petted and cajoled into browning the muffins in time for breakfast, but on the whole to be the keeper of so rare a curiosity is an honor and distinction.

Polly Holmes



Polly Holmes



Helen Bryan

HOW TO MAKE MUFFINS

At about eight o'clock when the gabble in the kitchen is in full swing start the muffins for the next morning -- thus allowing fifteen minutes longer of bliss in bed. Look at the recipe, which must be made one and a half times (this calls for complicated fractions). Start measuring your flour, get it half done and get into an idiotic conversation. Come back to the flour to find that you have forgotten how much you have put in; take a guess at the amount already measured and proceed merrily on your way. Put in other ingredients in the same haphazard manner. Look at the finished product and wonder why it looks odd; rack your memory to see what could have been done wrong. Discover that while arguing about trained fleas you read quarts instead of pints. Gasp at the amount of muffin mixture but fix it up somehow. The next morning add liquids, put in the oven. Sit on pins and needles, peeking in the oven every other half minute to see if your product will be edible. Sigh with relief when they seem to rise correctly. Feel proud that you had sense enough to make enough muffins when the campers are kind

enough to appear at breakfast with tremendous appetites and eat all the muffins provided.

QUICKEST WAY TO REMOVE STAINS

The spotless white dress of one of the waitresses came in contact with the newly painted blue chairs or table while squeezing between them during a meal. In despair she searched for something to remove it with. She looked in the shacks. None was there. She looked everywhere. There were two courses to take. Either to find a can of paint and to dip the dress in it and thus have a blue dress without the stain showing or to let the stain remain. She concluded that the easiest and quickest way to remove the stain was to let it stay.

GINNY

SHORT-CUTS FOR THE TIRED HOME-MAKERS

One of the waitresses discovered by accident (and such a noisy one) a new and shorter method for finishing up the work after serving a meal for forty (and that waitress realizes only too well the value of short cuts!) By stacking glasses double-deck (water and all) on an aluminum tray she has to make one less trip to the kitchen ... a wonderful plan. Ah yes, but the accidental discovery is yet to come! About half way to the kitchen the wet, heavy aluminum tray will surely slide to the



(continued from Woman's Page)

floor ... breaking most of the glasses, and no doubt cracking the rest. Now the mop presto! The floor is washed and the glasses are well taken care of!! One bit of warning ... be sure all the glasses aren't clean, be sure you have a good mop!! -- The Fuller-brush man is always within beck and call -- so this waitress discovered the other day.

MIG

NEW GIRLS' PARTY

At seven o'clock all the old girls entered the lodge to the tune of School Days. Everyone dressed in a fashion suitable for school. Misses Hillhouse and MacDougal represented the Parent Teachers' Association. The old girls of Sixth Shack came as the Dionne Quintuplets with Dr. Daffoe. Among the rest of them in gay rigs was Miss Dowd dressed as a teacher from a progressive school (where children do just as they please). After a very entertaining program by the new girls, a prize was awarded for the best costume. Each of the Dionnes got a lollypop. Finally after ice cream pies had been served, the juniors retired while the seniors concluded the party with "two more dances".

ELSA LIVINGOOD



SPUDDY



Scottie on deck
with Johnny

LOCAL NEWS

Miss McKim has been sick in the infirmary with a sprained ankle. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Peter, the horse, also is an invalid and is going to be sent home.

Anna Bauman has had a sprained ankle, but she is on the road to recovery.

Jean Price was visited by her grandfather yesterday.

Yesterday two kittens arrived for the White Team. We hope -- or rather the Fifth Shackers hope -- they will stay in Fifth Shack.

Dr. Swan visited camp again. This time he brought half his boys with him.

KAY MAY CONDIT

THE DEAD MAN ARISES

One cold windy day a group of people were gathered around a newly dug grave. Nobody was sobbing or wailing because the "Black Terror" was dead. He was the worst murderer in the country and had killed nearly 100 people.

His lovely mother and his young brother, Bill, who was 13, were among those who were gathered around his grave. They were not crying; they were happy because the "Black Terror" had killed his father and Betty, his little 12-year-old sister.

The body was lowered into the grave and was covered over by the soil and then everybody walked off talking in serious little groups. One old man said, "Did you see the awful expression he had on his face? It seemed as if he were saying, 'I'll get even with you!'"

Billy and his mother went home. After supper they went to bed.

That night as Tom Smith (the caretaker of the churchyard) was going around on duty he passed by the "Black Terror's" grave. He saw it slowly open.

(To be Continued)

KAY MAY CONDIT

THE HOWS AND WHYS ABOUT
ANNOUNCING

There is, as you may or may not know, an etiquette for making announcements.

To begin with, one must be very careful about how the glasses are tinkled. The knife (or spoon) should be held between the first two fingers of the left hand so



Scottie, Min Crawford, Betty Ann



that the "Tinkler" can make a swift horizontal motion between two glasses and let out a boisterous sound.

During this process, the girl who wishes to announce should proceed to some spot from which she can at least be seen, if not heard, by the rest of the campers. (This prevents them from thinking they have been entirely deceived by the clanging of the knives and glasses.)

Now in a suitably loud voice (at least loud enough so that one or two persons very near can understand and pass the word along) the announcement should be made. Short and concise, but not too, too hurried is the best policy. (At least from the point of view of those trying to hear.)

After this little speech has been made, it is wisest for the orator to hurry back to her seat, just in case a few girls may not have heard the news she has been trying to convey and so stop her to find out what it is. By hurrying, you see, she may be able to finish her meal.

DORIS HILLMAN

THE TALE OF A DISH

It was July 1st and a bunch of noisy clattering children came pounding up the kitchen steps. I was

fifth in my stack of fellow dishes and could just peek over the bottom of the kitchen window. That minute I said to myself, "Here's where the peace ends." Well, I was right. Three times every day we are taken out of our stacks and filled with some kind of sticky, slippery stuff called food. After living through a horrible time known as dinner, in which we are jabbed with a knife or fork every two or three minutes, we are piled up with a lot of glasses and literally dumped into hot water.

You know, these waitresses don't care what happens to us. They chip off our edges and one of them dropped a whole tray of glasses on the floor the other day so that now they are lying at the bottom of the dump heap. Well, to get back to the way they bathe us, whoever does it leaves all the soap on, which ruins our lovely complexions. And our associations while we are in the dish-pan! Once they put me next to a fish platter. That was the crowning insult. The odor permeated all my nice enamel and I smelt of fish for days afterward. When it comes to drying, a different person dries us each day and none of them know how to do it. Some hold us so tight that we practically suffocate us, while others nearly drop us and we have to hold on to

the dish towel for dear life so we won't fall and crack our skulls. One girl never dries my back and I get dreadful attacks of rheumatism. The dish towel they dry us with is so wet that it rubs the water into us.

Finally we are stacked up with the rest of the dishes to watch our suffering fellowmen. Thus the days pass.

I see one of the cooks eyeing me now, so I guess I have to get ready for dinner. Such is the life of a dish.

VIRGINIA DESSAR

A TRIP TO WATERVILLE

Miss Dowd and Mrs. Branham, accompanied by three uncivilized campers, drove into the metropolis of Waterville. Arriving, they parked in Arnold's famous parking space, planning to meet again at 11.30. Miss Dowd vanished into the Pearl White Salon, while Mrs. Branham set off on her numerous errands.

Now the three campers were turned loose on Waterville. First they entered the 5 & 10¢ Store and bought everything from Micky Mouse balloons to pot holders. Next they proceeded to the cut-rate drugstore, for one camper felt economical. After the clerk had gotten the tooth powder which the conservative camper asked

for, he inquired politely if there was anything else.

"Yes," was the boisterous reply, "I want a razor." This spontaneous reply brought forth loud laughter from both the onlooking campers and the clerk.

After the razor was purchased and all was calm, an inquiry was made by Camper No. 2 as to the location of Pleasant Street where Scotty's veterinary lived. This the clerk proceeded to draw a diagram of. In spite of his unique directions, the girls of course got lost and walked all over Pleasant Place before reaching ~~the~~ ^{what} was supposed to be Pleasant Street. It was a pleasant place. They walked down the street and inquired of a passerby as to the whereabouts of the veterinary's dwelling. They discovered they had almost passed the place, but directed their steps to the doorway, only to find that the doctor was spending the day in Augusta. Camper No. 2 asked for a worm pill, while No. 1 added that it was for the dog. Thus another roar of glee from Camper 3. However, the veterinary's wife refused to supply the worm pills because of the lack of experience of the campers in giving such tonics.

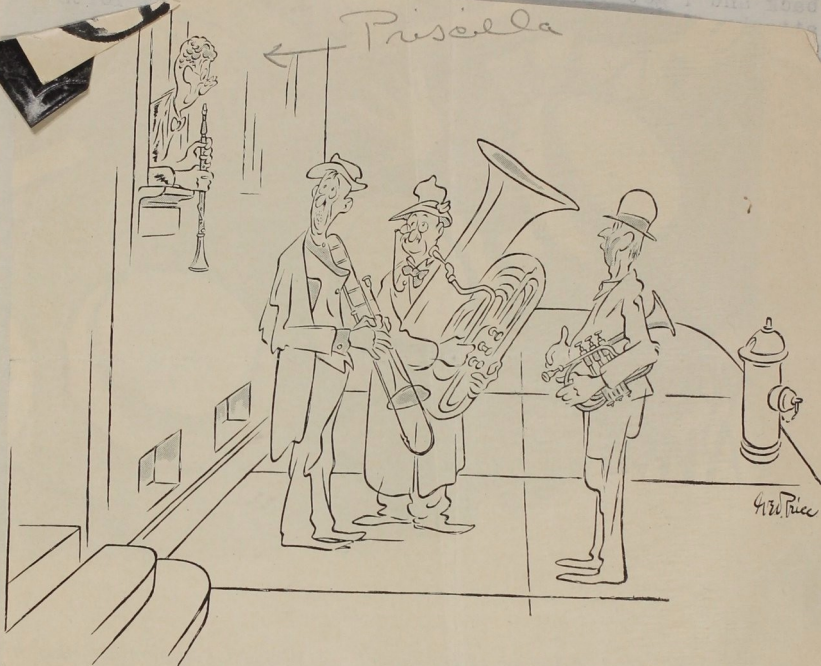
Regretfully they retraced their steps to the city, where they entered the "Palace of Sweets" and stuffed themselves with black and white jiggers. Eventually they returned to the



Snow ball and Pennie Perkins



End of Meadow brook



"Do you mind if I join you?"

Mother sent me this and
I thought you would appreciate
it - Piglet

parking lot, only to find they had forgotten several balloons which they soon purchased from a sporting goods store.

Finally they got back in the car and drove home, arriving in time to distribute their many purchases before the noon meal.

FLORENCE BOOKER
PRISCILLA KING

IN LYRICAL MOOD

O mosquito, why must you pick on me?

Am I such a choice and dainty bit

That all others don't exist
E'en when I shower you with a dash of Flit?

O mosquito, must you pick on me?

O mosquito, must you always light on me?

Why not try some other diet,
On another start a riot,
Come on, be a sport and try it!

O mosquito, must you light on me?

Such devotion is uncalled for,
Is unwanted, is a huge bore.
Leave my bed and board forever.

Let our strongest ties now sever.

The world's a vast and crowded place --

Choose yourself another's face!

JEAN HILLHOUSE

THROUGH THE HALTER

I'm bored stiff. All I've been doing is hanging around this stable. Of course I go out for a trot every morning and afternoon, but I can't do what I want to then.

Would you like to hear a good joke? Everybody here calls me an extremely nervous horse! Isn't that a howl? So now when I got out I pretend I'm scared and jump at every rock and puddle. Then what fun! Everybody gets excited and says, "Mystic, Mystic!" I don't pay any attention though.

Where is my breakfast? That man is awfully slow. I'm tired of eating here. Ha--an idea. Why don't I break loose and get a nice run in the field, as well as some breakfast? The halter doesn't look very strong. Well--here goes! Now for a gallop. Gee, this certainly is swell. This clover looks good. Hmm--it is. Oh, darn it, here comes that man. Now for some fun! He thinks he'll try and catch me. I'll wait until he comes up real close and then I'll beat it. Here he comes now. Whee--you can't catch me. I'll wait once more. Here he comes. Off I go. This is getting monotonous. I'll let him catch me this time just to be good. Well, I'M



Dido's Lament

Alas! Her grieving echoes
Go searching through the years,
For when the wind is crying,
'Tis Dido's sobs one hears;
And when it's raining, raining,
'Tis raining Dido's tears.
Across the hills and hollows
Come weeping wisps of song,
Too faint for mortal ears —
But fairies' ears are strong.

And oh! to waiting Dido —
The years seem long, seem long.

— Carol H. Skinner

back again in my stable. This has been fun. Some day I'll try it again.

JUNIOR NEWS

Carol Skinner had a collision with a rock.

Fourth Shack had a jack tournament.

Betty Ann Wadleigh and Penelope Perkins had blisters on their heels. They got them on the picnic to Mt. Phillip.

On the way home from the picnic to Mt. Phillip the people in the war canoe had a water fight!!!

CAROL SKINNER

MORE JUNIOR NEWS

A brand new project has been started. It is the Art Class. This is composed of Third Shack with Miss Hillhouse as Art Director. The young artists may be seen either morning or afternoon sketching numerous objects. New paints have been purchased and Connie Payson made immediate use of these by painting a "cheer up" picture for "Skip It". She also presented Flackie, who is in sad need of pictures for her room, with a squirrel's portrait.

JOKES

On entering Pix Mrs. Branham found that little Mary had squirted toothpaste all over the place. She was very angry and told little Mary to put that toothpaste right back. Then little Mary began to laugh because she knew she could not get the toothpaste back into the tube.

First Girl: I'm always visiting.

Second Girl: Where?

First Girl: Pix.

Mrs. Bauman remarked on the softness of the water at camp. "Well," said Georgie, "it isn't so soft when you dive and land flat!"

FUN IN BED

Dearest Goozleberry:

You should see me now! Honest to pete, you ain't never seen such a sight. You see, kid, me and the ground didn't make connections once; strained relations was the result. Hence I am propped up in bed with a sprained ankle. Man! How I yearn for a camera. I tell you this is the real life. Guess what? I get a bath not only on Saturdays but also on every day in the week. Ain't that the berries! And, believe it or not, I get warm water for it. Oh, I tell you there is nothing so classy as this here Camp Run-over-yah!!!

Goozleberry, I wish you'd see the visitors I get. Big, little, wide, narrow, and small. All of them have been just swell to me. (Don't you think swell is a swell word? I learned it from Mrs. Branham who is a swell person.) Anyway, to go back to the visitors. Man alive, do they talk! Really, Goozlie, you'd think I'd sprained my tongue instead of my ankle, the way they try to keep me from saying a word. But what disturbs my equilibrium about it all is that just when I'm aching to tell about my aches and pains someone speeds off a funny story, at least what they think is a funny story. Honest Injun, sometimes I almost lose my self control!

Have you ever been ex-rayed, Goozleberry? Well, really, you don't know what you've missed! I had it done to me this very morning. First they lay yah on a table -- a dreadfully hard one to say the least! Then someone manipulates iron bars, brass

tacks, etc. and etc. -- til you think that you are going to scream. Then, Goozlie, they turn some dials and out pours the most terrifyng noise. I moved around to see what was happening. As I do so someone yelled: "Lie still!" "What kind of a liar do yah think I yam?" I answered back. Well, de guy didn't even answer me. Such nerve!

So now the Dr. has the picture of the interior of my lowest extremity. Goodness knows what he's going to do with it. Personally, I shouldn't want that picture hanging in my front room! Would you? I asked Dr. Bauman if he would like me to autograph it, but he wasn't interested. Aren't these Drs. queer?

Whoopee - 'tis supper time! Which remind me - have you ever figured out what the distance is from your lap to your mouth? Just a short distance, you say? Well, just you try eating soup from a tray in your lap! You'll sing a different tune then. (NO, I don't mean with the soup!) I mean that you'll discover that there's a long way between the lap and the lapping! Also there is many a slip between the lap and the lip -- as you'll see when you look at your PJ's!

Here comes the supper tray. Gee, does the food ever look swell! Wish you were here, dear Boozelberry. But, recalling your stupendous appetite, I withdraw that wish with great haste! Anyway - I'm going to enjoy my supper right now. I'll try and write you again sometime.

Yours til Bel-grades,
Your loving friend,
Gazook.

WITH APOLOGIES TO GILBERT AND SULLIVAN!

When our enterprizing campers aren't a camping---aren't a camping,
 Or exclaiming o'er the beauties of our clime,--of our clime.
 She loves to hear the dinner bell a ringing---bell a ringing,
 And hopes its not the first, but second time---second time!
 When in quiet hour they whisper to each other, ---to each other,
 Jill replies so sweetly,---girls that isn't done---isn't done.
 Oh take one consideration with another,---with another,
 A counselors life is not a happy one--happy one.
 Oh--When in quiet hour they whisper to each other--to each other,
 A counselor's life is not a happy one .

When our 4th shacks not engaged in its employment--its employment,
 Or maturing some felonious little prank,---little prank,
 Its capacity for innocent enjoyment ---cent enjoyment,
 Is just as great as any other shack.
 Their feelings they with difficulty smother--culty smother,
 When Flackie says some duty's to be done--to be done,
 Oh, take one consideration with another---with another,
 A counselor's life is not a happy one---happy one.
 Oh, When Flackie says some duties to be done--to be done,
 A counselor's life is not a happy one---happy one.

JILL

Now "The Black Terror" is in the
 life sequence.

THE END

JILL

Little Miss Buffet

Sat on a buffet

Putting her cards and wigs.

Along came a spider

And sat down beside her

And said, "Is this seat taken?"

Polly: These hot days for the plants we want to

crank at the pump.

Mrs. Winter: In these hard times we have to be careful of our
 cash cost.

"Oh, look at the little pink smile," remarked Mrs. Winter to
 Miss Shacker.

"Don't touch it," warned Mrs. Winter. "It's precious and as
 dangerous as a ripe apple."

LOCAL NEWS

1. Piglet, Sylvia, Elsa, Johnny, and Dobbin went mountain climbing.
2. Mrs. Canif visited Clair on Saturday.
3. Fifth Shack went to Waterville on Saturday

THE DEAD MAN ARISES (con.)

Tom was so scared he didn't know what to do. The grave opened a little further and Tom ran to get the police.

They were just in time to see "The Black Terror" crawl out of the grave and walk away. They ran after him and caught him.

He wouldn't talk so they took him to the police station. This was his story---

"I guess I wasn't really dead because I came to and I couldn't breathe. I found a pocket saw in my pocket and made a hole and climbed out."

Now "The Black Terror" is in Sing Sing and is serving a life sentence.

THE END

JOKES

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And said, "Is this seat taken?"

Polly: These hot dogs for the picnic are meat at one end and crumbs at the other.

Miss Weister: In these hard times we have trouble making both ends meet.

"Oh, look at the little green snake," screeched one of the Third Shackers.

"Don't touch it," warned Mrs. Bauman, "it's probably just as dangerous as a ripe one."

MY DOG AND CAT----A STORY

I used to have a dog named Flip and a cat named Maltie. One Sunday when we went out, Flip was on a chair in the kitchen. He got loose and went looking all around the house for mischief, he finally found some, and he got my doll and chewed all the hair off. He got a pair of slippers and ripped all the lining out of them; he got some pillows and tossed them around. Maltie and Flip played a lot together. Flip also got a pill and ate it. That was one of his punishments. He got another one also. When we came home we found him in Daddy's chair. One day he got run over and killed. We were all sorry. Maltie missed him too.

Betsy Wenigmann

 JUNIOR NEWS.CAROL SKINNER

Betsy Wenigmann moved from third shack to fourth. Welcome to 4th Betsy!

Anna Bauman won the 4th shack jack tournament. Another is planned soon.

Fourth's shack leaks have been fixed, much to their delight!

 Bell a Wonderful Horse ---A story

It was in the early part in the spring that a colt was born on a ranch out west.

The colt was a very proud colt and he had a right to be because he was a beautiful snow-white pony.

When he was a month old, something very strange happened. He was running around with some other colts, when all of a sudden they heard a strange sound. It was a very funny sound to them, they had never heard it before. They put their ears up and listened very closely with the other horses.

To be continued!

 NEWS ABOUT KITTENS

The kittens are spoiled now because Friday morning their sweet mistress fed them salmon, and now they won't drink their milk like nice babies. Wadlign and Dessar Corp. feed them their milk in which they take their bath (kittens do).

KITTENS WALK ALONE!

Yesterday we took a walk up the lane and decided to get lost in the forest of ferns. Until some big giant came along and picked us up.

by the kittens themselves

Dearest Goozleberry:

Yes, again your dear Gazook is going to pen you a line. Well, I might write more than one line - if you behave!

Did I ever have de thrill yesterday! Me and me pal, Bumpy, took out a canoe to paddle in. No, we weren't fighting. I mean we took a little ride in a fragile thing called a canoe. Let me tell you about my first experience in a canoe. (Just try and keep me from telling you!)

Bumpy, who paddles expertly, yelled to me: "Why don't yah try being stern?" Well, Goozleberry, you can guess how insulted I was. Never have I been stern to anyone, and here Bumpy wanted me to be stern to her. Well, I wouldn't do it, and I told her so. Believe it or not, Goozlee, she laughed right in my face! My pride was deeply pierced. So, I sez to myself I sez: "You get your carcass in dat there boat and hie yourself off without that laughing hyena. Goozlee, heed my words carefully. Revenge is sweet, if there are no difficulties in the process of revenging! To continue with my sad tale- I puts me foot in that flimsy bark, and ye gods the thing began to wobble like jelly. My equilibrium and my instability fought for the supremacy of my body for several seconds. At last,

equilibrium gained ground so I could collect my senses. (Now, Goozlee, of course, I have senses!) Anyway, I realized that I mustn't let Bumpy guess how my heart was flopping. Thus, I calmly (calm like heck!) yanking my foot out of the canoe, I placed a wan smile on my face. I couldn't help recalling the sad state of poor Tyler. You remember the guy about whom the people yelled: "Tippe canoe and Tyler, too." Believe me my heart went out for this Tyler guy. Tipping a canoe isn't so easy on one's nerves!

Well, by this time Bumpy had recovered sufficiently from her laughing spell so that we could start. Well, my vanity won't permit me to tell you about the rest of that horrifying trip. We got back safely-which wasn't Bumpy's fault as she kept yelling such insane things as "Backwater." "Right angle turn etc!" Honestly, I think the gal is goofy.

Goozlee dear, my public calls me so it is adieux again.

Yours til swimming suits,
Your adoring
Gazook.

Our Novelette for
the Week.

Inky

"Hi," said Mike who was one of the stable boys. "We're training the little bay colt for the race in the fall. 'Course I don't think he's goin' ter be a good racer, but the boss says train 'im."

"Gee," said Bill who had j just been exercising the colt, "thet animal shore ken run. He flys just as his legs didn't touch the ground; even if I didn't 'spect he could run races."

"Wall I shore am surprised bout that," said Mike.

"Oh well," broke in Joe, "I guess you ain't seen his ma run. Why she won billions of races. I'm agoin' to tell you the story of her I am."

"Well, eight years ago there was born a little coal black baby. A week after she was born she saw her fust human bein'. She tried to run away from him, but she stumbled and broke her leg. After her leg was mended she was let loose."

Well, whan she was a year old, whe was brought in the stable again. She didn't like to be cooped up, so she broke away. After she had done this four times, she had to be tied.

"In the start of her second year she was startin' to be trained. She never would go faster than a trot. She was entered in the two year race next spring in that same condition."

"Then, the day came. She was at the startin' post and showed no life. The signal was given an all the hosses were off except Inky. She just stood there and shuddered. Then, suddenly she started. She passed one hoss after another until she was neck to neck with the leadr. Only two lenghts to go and Inky was leadin' by twenty lengths. She won. After that she won all the races she was ever in. The little heard this because he was standing right behing Joe when he told the story. He made up his mind to always win. He won all the races he was ever in too."

Envelope Perkins

DAYS OFF

Theme Song: A Horse and a Flea and two Blind Mice
Sitting on the curb stone shooting dice
The horse slipped and fell on the flea
Whoopee said the flea, there's a horse on me
Boom ain't it great to be crazy.

Skippit and Elsie and two old faces
Sitting on the cock and -- well, we'll begin at the start.

You see Mr. Crawford invited 42 of us to a shore dinner at the Lobster Pot so four of us went. It was at the dock overlooking the harbor in Friendship.

To get there you take the back road toward Boston that misses Augusta but you have to go to Augusta so your turn around and ask one of those good-looking Maine farmers with a beard all over his face and two front teeth gone how to get to Augusta. He tells you to take the rud to the right and go straight across the cement rud and follow the black rud.

Pretty soon you find yourself on the stone rud among all the rocks and bumps. So you ask another farmer and get a new set of directions and eventually follow the black rud right down to the harbor.

Well, the reason we went on this long ride was to show Skippit the ocean. You see she is a mid-westerner and comes from west of the Alleghanies. This makes her an alligator. As we neared the ocean she got more and more excitable. Finally we all cried, "There's the ocean!" "H ----- isn't it CUTE?" cried the alligator.

"Take a Deep breath of the salt air," said Elsie.

"Gosh, what a smell," said Skippit.

Miss Crawford, always anxious to TEACH the young, said, "Now, Skippit, I'll explain about the tide. You see those two schooners way down below the dock, well, when the tide comes in those boats will come up so we can step right from the gang plank into the boat." "You mean the water rises," said Skippit, "how ducky. But I can't understand about the tide because I never studied physics."

By this time the much anticipated Shore Dinner was announced. "Whoopee," said Skippit, "there's a clam in my clam stew. Oh look at those cute oyster crackers. I like crackers anyway."

"Now," said Mr. Crawford, "when you get your steamed clams, you must be sure to chew the clam shells very fine." Well, you should have seen Skippit with a tiny little helpless steamed clam gracefully poised on her fork, dangling it by the neck and looking completely baffled and somewhat dubious as to its origin and destination. "I like bread, anyway," said Skippit reaching for a piece.

By this time Elsie had completely demolished her pile of clams and was only too glad to take over Skippit's plate and add her pile of shells to the large one by her plate. Skippit said, "I always liked potato chips. May I have a piece of bread?"

"Wait till you see the BROILED LIVE LOBSTERS," said Mr. Crawford, "you must be very careful to chew the shells and claws very fine." "Oh, how cute," said the mid-western west of the Alleghanies innocent one.

Just then the waitress appeared with a large red animal on a plate and set it in front of Skippit. "Oh what do we do with that?" said Skippit, "I never took biology because I never could dissect things." So Mr. Crawford took the large red animal and showed her how to crack its back and get all the tidbits out and all the best part from the claws. "I think I'd like a piece of bread," said Skippit.

Well, on the way home we were riding along the Maine countryside when Skippit looked over at the eastern horizon and WHAT do you think she saw? There rising over the hill was a Large Red Lobster just the color of the unfortunate animal that had been on her plate. "Am I having a nightmare," she said, "or is that really the moon?"

So now when Mr. Crawford comes to visit the westerners west of the Alleghanies Skippit is going to invite him to dinner and what do you think she is going to have for dinner? A WHOLE broiled live Shark with the skin and all the scales still on him and they are going to carve him at the table.

MT. Katahdin Trip -



MT. Katahdin from Toque Pond



The Knife Edge

Johnny
Elsa Livingood
Sylvia Taft
Priscilla King

and Elsie Lawson

drove in the Plymouth with the
top down most of the way - Syl and
Piglet sat in the rumble seat in the rain
all one day.

Miss Agnes Watkins, a friend of Johnny's
who has climbed Katahdin several times
and Miss Lucy Titcomb went in
Miss Titcomb's car.





CONTINUANCE OF RUNOIA'S HISTORY

When the camp was moved across the ice, the flooring of the two shacks was used for the flooring of the dining-room and kitchen. The junior shacks and boathouse were built first; then finally the senior shacks. There were no trees at first, for the camp site was a cow pasture and the trees sprang up later. In 1918, 70 girls were in camp and tents had to be used for the oldest campers and some of the counsellors. No bed spreads were used -- just blankets -- and a counsellor slept at each end of the shack. The tennis courts were built in the early seasons of the new camp, but baseball was played by the kitchen until 1928, when the diamond was used. Down at the shore a slide went from the boathouse roof to the lake with a little cart in which you'd sit and slide down into the lake with a splash.

Knee-length stockings were adopted about 1917-18 and they were considered very shocking, there being a tan stripe for about five inches around the knee where the bathing suits came to. When the girls went to the village they used to call them Camp Knee-oia. White duck hats and high-backed bathing spits were in style until 1928. In 1928 counsellors went to amasque made in shorts, thinking it was funny. From then on clothes got less and less. If the last twenty years brought so much progress, I wonder what the next twenty will bring?

NEWS FLASHES

More than 60 giant blackfish whales were washed on the Florida beaches out of the Gulf of Mexico. They were thought to have lost their bearings on their way north.

The Statue of Liberty, which holds the torch of welcome and farewell to the many ships going in and out of the New York harbor, celebrated her 50th birthday last June 192th. A half century ago France gave it to the United States and a sculptor spent ten years modelling the woman's bronze figure, which was officially dedicated in October, 1886.

The recent attempt to succeed in a strathosphere flight across the country by Wiley Post was again unsuccessful. His plane, the "Winnie Mae", which had previously helped him break records, was said to have been the cause of the failure. Wiley Post says he is now through with the plane forever.

Germany and England have avoided the costly and dangerous naval armament race by coming to a naval limitation agreement. Hitler agreed to build his navy only 35% as strong as the British sea forces.

SPORTS

The last part of Sport Week was continued and finished the first of the week. The diving was finished about the first thing. Sylvia Taft won first place with 74.75 points. Clare Weber won second place and Florence Booker won third place. In the junior diving the places were: 1st: G. Branham; 2nd: C. Skinner; and 3rd: B. Martin.

The track was finished. Darcy Souder and Ginger Dessar took some places.

OUTSIDE SPORTS

A seventeen-year-old girl sprinter (not splinter) broke one World's Record and one American record during June. She is Helen Stevens of Fulton, Mo.

Sir Malcolm Campbell will try to set an automobile record of 300 miles an hour. He will race his Bluebird on the flat salt beds near Salt Lake City, Utah.

The University of California's crew, for the third year in succession, won the intercollegiate varsity race. Cornell was second and Washington third.

IN THE KITCHEN

Shack. 6:30

Alarm!

Ginny stretches one arm out and turns off alarm, sleeps.

Polly clumps out.

Ginny: Helen, are you up? Meg, whatcha doing?

Silence.

Door slams. Polly returns, laughing.

Ginny: What's the joke?

Polly: Honestly, I wish Gilbert didn't wear rubber soles. I wonder what he thought of my bright red pajamas! He caught me building the fire. He said 'Good morning' and didn't look at me so he wouldn't embarrass me.

Polly grabs towel and retires to john.

Silence.

Ginny rises with a bang. -- Helen, it's five minutes of seven!

Helen (buried in pillow and blanket): Oh!

Ginny: Helen!

Helen falls sleepily out of bed, pulling on socks and shoes.

Ginny: Come on, Meg.

Meg: Is it time? (Gives a lingering burrow in bedclothes, sits up, puts feet on floor and stretches.)

Kitchen. 7:00

Polly enters, slamming door, gets muffin mixture on table. Helen enters, gets out fat and eggs, while Polly measures some milk and gets to work mixing, dumping in this and that as Helen gives it to her.

Ginny: What's the fruit?

Polly: Oranges.

Ginny: Oh, Mona! Why didn't you tell me before -- I suppose the little darlings have to have them squeezed. Takes an hour! (Gets to work with oranges.)

Meg strolls in and says: What do we need this morning?

Ginny: Use your head!

Polly: Does this look right? It looks like an awful lot.

Helen: Gosh!

Polly: Now what have I done? (Reads recipe.) Lord, I read quarts for pints. Somebody kick me!

Helen: How much more do you need?

Polly: Three times again of everything.

Helen: Hurry! It's quarter after seven. We'll be cooking muffins all day.

Bustle.

Ginny: (Rushes at dishes to count them. Drops one -- does not break.) Now that's an art! Only a Ritter could do that!

Meg: Do we need spoons for cocoa?

Ginny: Only one table ever asks. She'll send out for them.

Meg: O. K.

Gilbert: Do you want the water now, Miss Muffet?

Ginny: Yes, please.

Gilbert sits in corner, peeping around.

Meg: Someone get Gilbert's breakfast.

Helen: I'll get it. -- All ready, Gilbert.

Ginny: Is it time for first bell?

Helen: Heavens, no.

Everyone very busy.

Ginny and Meg get water on second bell.

Ginny: Can we wait now?

Finis

MESSY JOKES -- OR WHAT CAN HAPPEN WHEN SIXTH SHACK GETS GOING

On the famous Messy trip Piglet made a very feeble attempt at frying eggs. The yokes just insisted on streaking. The reason for this was that Piglet was not egg-speriences or egg-spert.

The trippers decided to sing "Row, row, row, your boat". Piglet said: "I'll start, Jane next, then Elsa, and then Doris."

"Oh, let's sing it in four parts," pipes up Elsa.

"Is that Gilbert over there?"

"No," said Doris, "that's not him."

"Not he," corrects Elsa.

"Not him," insists Doris.

"Well, grammarians say 'he'," says Elsa indignantly.

"The heck with grammarians," scoffs Doris.

"I always liked my gramma," coos Elsa.

Sylvia: I do all the cooking for you kids on this trip and what do I get? Absolutely nothing.

Booker: You're lucky. We get indigestion.

MESSY TRIP

"Yipskitty-I-kie-hip hurrah, the stay-at-homes, the stay-at-homes, rah, rah, rah!" And so the Messy trip started. Donning helmets, removing blue middies, and with guns on hand, eight sparkling girls headed for Belgrade Lakes. With haste to pass Belgrade before it rained, for it always rains on a Messy trip, they heaved ahead and had soon overtaken eight coco-colas, while Doris used her two cents and won six chocolate bars. Pockets well filled with gum, they started the Long Lake pull. Having pulled Long Lake, they stopped at the good old camping place where Elsa and Piglet promptly found a hill to sleep on. Hastily making their beds, carefully covering them with canoes and ponchos, they waited for the rain. Came the rain. In the midst of cooking hamburgers, Doris donned her cap and raincoat, and sitting in a mud-puddle proceeded to cook them in the rain. "Clap went the thunder, snap went the ax, trickle, trickle, trickle, went the rain down their backs." After many heaves and sighs from Thor's hammer and blows from Aolius (god of wind to you), the squall dispersed, leaving eight wet people to eat an equally wet supper. Dishes washed, songs sung, dips dipped, squats did, they squirmed into their beds or what have you. Reposing and composing beneath canoes, ponchos, mosquito netting and dripping trees, the trippers ended the first day of their Messy trip.

Splash -- that is Piglet!

SPLASH -- that is Elsa -- and thus reveille was blown for our trippers. By ten thirty, in what they thought was a gale of wind, these not quite so sparkling girls attacked the Belgrade stream. Their first stop was Furbish's where, after carrying the loaded canoes over his dam dam, they posed around the family wash-tubs for various unique snapshots,

and proceeded on their way. A request was made by Johnny to find a suitable place for lunch soon. Three canoes arrived safely at the chosen hut. But alas! The canoe behind the first two and in front of the last was missing! Counting noses, the missing two were Florence and Sylvia. The searching party (Johnny and Dougie to you) turned around and retraced their steps, while the worried comrades paced the shore in misery. After what seemed an age, the searching party returned with the lost, and the once more happy family ate their lunch of triscuits, cheese, and prunes.

Continuing on their way, they reached Messalonskee, taking time out for ice-cream at Belgrade. That particular afternoon Messy wasn't feeling very well, for she heaved and sighed as they paddled o'er it in their pack-laden canoes. Reaching an aimed-for white house, they piled out and inquired from a farmer the direction of the ledges. Finding we had gone a mile too far on that belching sea, they turned around and retraced their strokes, wrenching backs and numerous ligaments. They reached the ledges and found a very campable camping place, whereupon Piglet and Elsa took out their surveying implements and staked a claim for a reposing place.

A unique supper of hot dogs and what-nots was served and the trippers settled down after their strenuous day.

Not until eight o'clock did the once more sparkling girls arise, all claiming that they had spent the best night of their tripping lives.

After a late brunch, which included a famous French dish created by none other than the famous French chef, our Johnny, a leisurely paddle

along the shore was started and soon they reached the well-known music camp, where triscuits, prunes, and cheese were again on the menu.

When two o'clock rolled around they struck across the lake for the North Belgrade station and the waiting arms of Gilbert, who made quick work of the canoes, with the help of Miss Pond, the station agent, and the eight trippers.

"Yipskitty-I-kie-hip hurrah, Johnny and Dougie, rah, rah, rah!" So ended the most messy Messy trip that ever went out.

LOCAL NEWS FLASHES

1. Sixth Shack went on a trip; we judge they have had a good time.
2. Fifth Shack went to Mount Tumbledown; they had a lot of fun.
3. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins visited camp.
4. Sixth Shack went to Waterville a couple of days ago.

A SNEAKER'S LIFE

Not that I'm superstitious, but I might have known as I sniffed the cool breezes which ran in and under the bed where I was lying on my side in complete relaxation last Friday morning, and as I rejoiced at the thought of not getting all hot and stuffy for at least one brisk day -- yes, I might have known that high-stepping hopes

August 4, 1935

would soon come to ground. Little I suspected what a day lay ahead of me, since there were no indications of special excitement such as follows after I have been scrubbed and dried in the sun or when I have a clean sock inside me. There was nothing to warn me that Friday was to be one of the most vital days in my life. The tongue in the head above me wagged noisily as it tied my poor tongue more tightly than necessary about Mt. Blue or Mt. Tumbledown, Mt. Tumbledown or Mr. Blue. All the time I was being rushed around the bed faster than usual (as the hands above smoothed blankets more messily than usual, and from where I was I know they didn't get tucked in at the back side of the bed); and I was being moved a little faster around the broom than usual. But still I was unsuspecting of the travail of the day. Even though I ran up and down the path a few times after forgotten articles like cameras, raincoat and heavy sweater (oh, yes, and bathing suits) I had no fears. The day was so cool; the ground was sweet and dewy as I fled by.

But what is this! This is a strange step that I had never treaded, and then on a rough floor surrounded with all the loose articles of clothing I found myself buried with all the other familiar sneakers.

"What's this? Where are we?" I asked as soon as the other sneakers got through stepping all over me.

"The bus, you twit," said the black man over the way whom we respectable sneakers deridingly called "Mock-o'-Sin."

No sooner had he said it than we were all set jiggling and buzzing and burning so that I thought my tongue and eyes would be shaken out of me.

"Oh, my grandmother's lacings," I shouted. "How long does this last?" The words were no more than uttered when all of us were thrown together and the bus began to move. Bump,

whack, kick!! There was no time for thank yous! We were careening around over each other like a crew of sailors on a rough sea, and I was just feeling that I was about to whiff when up I was hoisted and stuck out of the side of the bus where the air whipped by us and revived us. You should have seen us all dancing about over the road as cars whizzed by, kicking at farmers on the roadside and having a beautiful time! But a word was rumbled from the driver's seat to the effect that we weren't respectable enough to be seen in villages, so down again among the raincoats we smothered. Awful smells of heat came in from the engine as we slowly climbed up the hills, but a rush of wind cleared it away as we flew down again. We were all getting pretty well worn when, plump, we landed on freshly mown hay.

You may think this ought to be the last of my story, but, believe me, it's but the preamble. Yet amble it could hardly be called, for we were shooed up a narrow path and then down a rushing stream by which we rested while the tongues above lapped up the water which lay in dark pools between rocks and then began on eggs and sandwiches. Funny my tongue never thirsts and hungers so, nor for all its waywardness waggles. I was carelessly placed on a slippery rock and slid down into the cold water, a refreshing experience! And did I need it! Immediately we all leaped from stone to stone, dug into a steep embankment and started out -- to where -- to school? I have never gone so slowly except to school. But no, then I go on hard smooth pavements, and here it's mushy, soft, comfortable! "Ouch, what was that?"

"A root from a tree, you calf," squeaked out the Mock-o'-Sin.

"Well, I've had many a tree in me, but I've never seen one with a root before," said a tall boot behind. I had no time to ponder on such matters because, slow as I was moving forward, I was continually slipping back fast, and to make matters worse a black dog kept running all over my dogs every few minutes. Up, up, up, up, up, up!! Roots, rocks, rifts, rises and rises! Was there no end? I felt completely pumped out when at last I was stretched out on a long sloping boulder and allowed to cool off in the wild wind that was blowing. The eyes above me looked out over valleys and beautiful distant hills. Funny, my eyes never see such interesting sights. I was beginning to think that life was sweet again when I was dragged on over rocks -- and what rocks! -- ledges, and boulders. It took all my strength to hold on and I was being worn quite thin.

At last we reached the top where a gale of wind blew us right on down over more rocks, then up and up, precariously close to vast drops of space. "Whew," I thought, "I must be a good ground-gripper here all right." So energetically I arched myself over each hard mound beneath me. Believe me, I was pretty well impaired. "If we go much farther," I ruminated as I stuck out over a huge cliff, "I'll surely be down on my uppers, and I may never get healed." Nevertheless, on and on we went, now down, holding close to the sides of the mountain lest we should tumble down. I saw four other sneakers sitting by the black dog as I went by. "Lucky pairs," I thought romantically as I went down. "My eyes, what have we here -- bog?"

Yes, certainly it was, bogs and bogs, and tired dogs all mushed together ankle deep. I was getting blacker and blacker with muck and in danger of smothering under the dense underbrush I was transversing when one side of me was wedged into a rift of rock. "Ouch, that hurts!" I squealed as all the weight came down on me. The other sneaker, my mate, was waving around in mid-air. "Come on and help," I squeaked.

"I have no place to step," she wildly yelled. "There's not a cranny anywhere that I can rest on." I didn't think I could hold on much longer, what with the pain in my toes, when I was hoisted out and wiggled into another little pocket. My mate was nowhere to be seen. "Head over heels above me, I suppose," I groaned in frantic despair. "She always was such a wayward vamp."

"Ooo," I rasped as I was dragged up over a sharp rock, "this is some feat." Again I dug into a niche, gripped with my big toenail for a moment only to be reared higher than the shoulder and stuck into another tight squeeze. "Can such things last forever?" I queried as I felt the winds blowing sharp about me like French spikes. "What do they think me -- a lizard, that I should be climbing all over Alligator Mountains like this? I shall stand for this no longer," I grumbled.

But every clog has a lining, and in due course I found myself lying flat on quartz and quartz of feldspar. "Micah," I groaned and buckled over.

From then on, little mattered; I felt tied to the ground. I had no lift left in me. I know I was a poor supporter and could not make a

decent descent. I rolled from side to side, from bunion to corn. Down, down, down, leaving slimy tracks behind me for the next sneaker to skin in, bowling over boulders, and rocking over rocks. My grip was gone; my shape was gone -- down, down, down. I was so done up I could not tell whether I was splashing on golden toadstools or flecks of sunlight. Moss, mold, and muck were one. At last after ages I finally was hoisted up and laid over on my side on the bottom of the bus. I thought for "shoe-r" I should never move again, so was quite surprised to find myself lined up under a long table with the rest of the unfortunate pairs while the folk above me made sport in great style over their creamed chicken and sundaes. I must have been in a coma because I know not how I finally got back under the old bed at camp. But sometime in the middle of the night I came to with my toe turned up as though dead and a crepe upon my sole.

up too turned up as though dead and
 middle of the night - came to with
 at once. But something in the bed
 I finally got back under the old bed
 a room because I know not how I
 and unclean. I must have been in
 great state when I was washed clean-
 the toilet room made spots in
 east of the house. I made pains wife
 lined up long table with the
 so was quite surprised to find myself
 "house" - Third day.

Lake Umbagog - Third day.

Lunch on Upper Richardson
second day

FIRST RANGELEY TRIP IN HISTORY
August 1935

We don't know where we're going or how long we're going to stay, but we're on our way.

Until the last minute we thought that Sixth Shack was going down Sandy River according to tradition. Then it got dryer and dryer and the lake got lower and lower and we remembered that terribly dry Sandy trip four years ago when we dragged our canoes for miles and had only two rapids to shoot. Then we decided that next year we'd go down Sandy during the first part of July, mosquitoes or no mosquitoes, and take elephant shooting hats and mosquito netting, and that we would find a brand new strip for this year.

So we looked at Johnny's map of Maine and found five great big lakes up by Rangeley, and off we started. Miss Pond and Miss Weiser and Miss Weaver drove us as far as Rangeley village and Gilbert drove the truck with the canoes. Gilbert was the only one who knew the way as he used to be fire warden on top of Mount Saddleback at Rangeley.

Those who took this pioneer trip were

Florence Booker
Jane Allen
Elsa Livingood
Priscilla King
Virginia Dessar
Sylvia Taft
Doris Hillman
Miss Crawford
Miss Dowd
Scottie

For the benefit of future trippers in this region we will now give a geographical description of our route. We put in Lake Mooselookmeguntic at Haines Landing and started for Dollar Island at Upper Dam. We had a fairly calm lake but it might be very rough as there are long open stretches in all directions. We found Dollar Island just before we came to the dam house and it is a marvelous place to camp.

Next morning we started early as we didn't know where we were going and didn't know where we could build a fire or spend the night. The game warden had called on us to say that we were not allowed to build fires anywhere along the lake unless we had permission from the fire warden and that the fire warden would follow us right down the lake to see if we built a fire unless we stopped to call on him.



The carry at Upper damm was only about a quarter of a mile and two of the canoes were carried just around the dam and shot the rapids. They WERE rapids! There were big rocks all around and the waves were so high that we shipped water even when we were going right through the proper channel.

At the tope of Upper Richardson Lake we embarked again and halfway down the lake someone said, "Where's Scottie?" He was not in any of the canoes so back we went and there he was a little behind hand as usual calmly snooping around the dock and waiting to be picked up.

For lunch we stopped at the wildest place you can imagine. It was a fine sandy beach with thick forest behind it and old stumps and logs that had been washed up on the beach. On the beach we saw loads of deer tracks and up toward the big pine trees was a big Bear Track as plain as could be. We took a picture of it so we can prove that this is true.

Then we hastened on to find our sleeping place and came to another damm house, at Middle Dam. There was a funny old-fashioned hotel there and there we saw what do you think -- an automobile. There was no road in so we couldn't imagine how it got there until one of the guides told us that they had taken it in on the ice during the winter and used it to go across the carry back and forth the six mile woods road into the next lake. As we approached the elegant hotel two men rushed out with cameras and asked if they could take our pictures for a New Haven newspaper. So we all smiled our sweetest and hoped for the best. After a game of ping pong and some beautiful music on the piano that sounded like a mandolin in the upper register we boarded the 1927 Packard and rode as far as SMOOTH LEDGE on Rapid River.

This was the most picturesque spot on our whole trip. There was a swimming hole where one could dive and be swept by the current down stream only to be swished around upstream in a whirlpool and back to where the diving place was. We have a picture of this too, if you don't believe it. The moon rising full over Rapid River made a scene that poets would write reams about if any poets could ever brave the wilds to get there.

Next morning we put into the wildest lake we had seen, Lake Umbagog. We heard a wildcat calling up in the hills as we paddled along. In the distance we saw Saddleback Mountain and Old Speck and behind us Azizcoos Mountain.

The little island where we had lunch had one huge tall pine tree on it. (See picture on opposite page.) It was about eight miles down to Lakeside where the truck was to meet us and the hottest day ever. After we had paddled and paddled we heard a honk of a Buick horn and knew that it must be Miss Pond and Miss Weiser although we couldn't distinguish any car or truck. We paddled toward the sound of the horn and there they were ready to take us on the one hundred and four mile ride back to camp.

Bear Tracks

Bear Tracks

on beach at Upper Richardson Lake

Beach where we had lunch

Tall Pines at Upper Richardson Lake

Counselors at Work

Upper Dam House. Upper Dam, Maine

Rapids between Moose luk me guntic
and Upper Richardson Lakes



Rapid River. The Whirlpool.

Elsa about ~~the~~ dive in - the water whirled us around in a circle back to the diving place. Ginger and Miss Crawford keeping guard.



Lake Umbagog - the home stretch.
Scottie reposing in the canoe



Pictures by Mengel

MT. BLUE TRIP
(August 23, 1935)

"Your bid," from Doris.

"No trump," from Sylvia.

"Oh, you louse! Why don't you name a suit for me?" The speech from Flackie.

This gives you an idea the way Flackie, Doris, Piglet and Sylvia spent the time going up Mt. Blue. The rest learned all the gossip from the bridge game. Three of Fifth Shack and seven from Sixth Shack left about ten-thirty on Thursday and had a jerky, bumpy trip for about two hours. They arrived about twelve-thirty at the foot of Mt. Blue, ate lunch, and three quarters of an hour later started on their very merry way up the mountain. They reached the top and the observation tower without a rest, due to climbing the Crawford-Alpine way. We climbed to the top of the observation tower, where we all signed our names in the register book. Jane was quite thrilled to find she was the first Kentuckian ever to climb Mt. Blue. Everyone practically raced on the way down. Just at the very end Kay May jumped into a man's cabbage garden. When she was trying to make amends to the enraged farmer she declared she didn't know it was a garden until she was in it. On the way home we managed to pick up a very appropriate Burma Shave sign. We were in the act of getting another when a man stopped his car and seemingly took our license number, which made Flackie and Dougie nervous so we drove on, every minute expecting to be picked up for a two hundred dollar fine. We reached home safely and except for a very little stiffness we are still alive and kicking after a perfectly swell trip.

1842

FIFTH SHACK MEADOWBROOK TRIP

With the rumble of the truck and clouds of dust Fifth Shack started out for another "Meadowbrook Trip". They rode in the truck for a half hour until they came to the place where they got into their canoes in which they paddled across East Pond and up part of the Smithfield Stream where they had their lunch.

After lunch they paddled up the rest of the Smithfield Stream until they reached the quaint village of Smithfield, may we even call it that. They feasted on "Big Chiefs", "cones", chocolate bars, and tried their luck on slot machines. After the feasting in Smithfield and expecting to just glide down the rest of the stream like in Cony Island they found the man who was to let the water in the stream not there -- instead, fishing. They were then forced to walk down the stream leaving some bubble gum in his sock. They then paddled across the calm North Pond and then across the smooth Echo Lake which was their camping place.

First of all they went swimming for they needed refreshing very badly after their paddle. They then ate supper and went to bed early for they had to rise at 6 o'clock next morning. After a good night's sleep they started out for their paddle up the windy Meadowbrook.

"Oh, dear, must I get out again?"

"Do you see what I see? A snag!"

"Please don't think I'm trying to boss you, but you know how it is."

"Do you think we are almost at the end? I'm beginning to think we're lost."

"I do hope my shoes will dry, but I doubt it."

All this was heard going down Meadowbrook when finally the lake was seend. Paddling, paddling on Great Pond hoping the next point to be Otter and each time being disappointed. Finally Otter was reached after a long struggle. After lunch they paddled to camp where they were greeted with cheers after a perfect trip.

THE MERRYWEATHER TRIP

Four of Fourth Shack and three of Fifth, with Johnny and Dougie, paddled across the lake to Merryweather. And after getting permission to camp further up on their shores, we paddled along till we found a camping place.

Quite soon we had our beds made under the pines, and a bright fire burning. After supper we had a visit from Camp Merryweather in rowboats and kyacks. Later on we went for a starlight dip, for the moon wasn't up yet, after which we sang a few songs around the campfire and then hopped into bed.

In the morning we went dipping and then after breakfast proceeded to make our packs. After a little exploration we got our packs into our canoes and started off for a paddle.

We went around Shute's Island and had lunch on the very tip. After lunch we paddled home and arrived in the early afternoon.

Helen Olcott

HOYT'S TRIP -- FOURTH SHACK

4th Shack went to Hoyts Island. We had a swell time. Besides getting many splinters off the shakey dock, we got along fine. The counsellors who went with us were: Flackie, Skippit, and Miss Dowd.

After having a swell supper of fried onions, hamburger, toast, and a pear, we went to bed, and slept very well all night. We went home in the morning and were glad to get back to Runcioia.

Harriet McLane

BOOTHBAY HARBOR TRIP

Fourth Shack went on a trip to Boothbay Harbor. When we got there we all had ice-cream cones. Then Flackie went to see about the mooring for the motor boat. After Flackie got back we took the Nelly G. and went to Squirrel Island. We visited some friends of Mrs. Bauman's. Then went down along the rocks and had lunch. After an hour we went swimming. The water was quite cold. On the way home the captain of the Nelly G. gave us picture cards of the boat. Halfway home we stopped and ate supper. Then we arrived at camp ending a happy day.

Anna Bauman

At least we reached a camping place where we were surrounded by a group of summer girls. Figs and Alice found a better place for the night, having been taught a good lesson by their experience on long lake.

In the morning everyone was feeling very (poor) and anxious to reach Mendocino, where a jolly crew was had by all (at least for a time).

"One, two, three -- heave!"

"I guess we had better get out and push for a while, don't you?"

"Oh, dear, I'm sinking into the water. I really must another stop. Good-bye too!"

"Just one more hand and I suppose we will be in better luck."

"No, it must be the worst."

"Oh, dear, the worst one is about to go!"

"Thank goodness we don't have to leave or wait in this awful storm any more."

SIXTH SHACK MEADOWBROOK TRIP

"Anything more to go in here?"

"Yes, just a moment -- I almost forgot the pix paper."

"All set"

"Goodbye, everybody."

"Aka-laka ching aka-laka chow

Aka-laka ching ching chow chow chow

Booma-laka booma-laka sis boom bah

The stay-at-homes -- Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Yes, the beginning of another trip with Skith Shack on its way. We all wondered where we were to be dumped, but finally our doubts were made clear as we sited East Pond and were deposited there by Gilbert. Lunch was served in the middle of Smithfield Stream (or should we say first come first served?). Of course there were the usual supplies to be gotten at Smithfield, where all of us supplied our stomachs with ice cream (or what have you?).

At least we reached a camping place, where we were serenaded by a group of Somerset girls. Piglet and Elsa found a level place for the night; having been taught a good lesson by their experience on Long Lake.

In the morning everyone was feeling rosy (poor Rosy!) and anxious to reach Meadowbrook, where a jolly time was had by all (at least for a time).

"One, two, three -- heave!"

"I guess we had better get out and push for a while, don't you?"

"Oh, dear, I'm sinking into the mud. I can't move another step. Ouch! My toe!"

"Just one more bend and I believe we will be in Great Pond."

"No, it must be the next."

"Oh, dear, the next one is surely it."

"Thank goodness we don't have to heave or wade in this awful stream any more."

"Yoo-hoo, are you there, Flackie? We're coming."

"This next bend must be Great Pond."

"Whoopee! We're here!"

And so we arrived at Otter for lunch. With a request from Flackie to keep together, we headed for camp. Of course we had a swell trip -- Sixth Shack always has.

Follows: John - Betty; Ann - Aunt Harriet; Helen - Aunt
Frances; Betty - Aunt Abigail; Peggy - Cousin Amy; George -
Shackie; Fifi - Eliza; Ray Ray - Ralph and the doctor; Helen -
Eliza; and last but not least, Clara and Uncle Henry who read the
woman across, which proved to be a pleasing pastime between the
changing of the sets. The story was about a frail little orphan
that lived with her aunts, Frances and Harriet, who spoiled her by
taking too much care of her. Aunt Harriet develops a cough and
has to go South. Betty who cannot go is sent to the Putney
country who live on a farm in Vermont. The Putneys turn her
into a healthy, normal child. They grow very attached to the
little girl that has come to visit them and when the day comes
for her to leave they are all very sad. In a climax of the play
Betty receives a telegram telling her that Aunt Frances is
married and that she won't have to leave the farm.

In all the play was a great success and everyone enjoyed
themselves (we hope).

FIFTH SHACK PLAY PRODUCED BY
MISS HILLHOUSE

"Swish swish" and thus opened the curtains on "Understood Betsey", 5th Shack's play. The list of characters was as follows: Joan - Betsey; Ann - Aunt Harriet; Helene - Aunt Frances; Betsey - Aunt Abigail; Peggy - Cousin Ann; Georgie - Stashie; Fifi - Eliza; Kay May - Ralph and the doctor; Helen - Ellen; and last but not least, Clare as Uncle Henry who read between scenes, which proved to be a pleasing pastime between the changing of the sets. The story was about a frail little orphan that lived with her aunts, Frances and Harriet, who spoiled her by taking too much care of her. Aunt Harriet develops a cough and has to go South. Betsey who cannot go is sent to the Putney cousins who live on a farm in Vermont. The Putneys turns her into a healthy, normal child. They grow very attached to the little girl that has come to visit them and when the day comes for her to leave they are all very sad. As a climax of the play Betsey receives a telegram telling her that Aunt Frances is married and that she won't have to leave the farm.

In all the play was a great success and everyone enjoyed themselves. (we hope).

SIXTH SHACK PLAY

On Saturday night, August 17, 1935, Sixth Shack gave a party which consisted of a masquerade and a play, the former having many colorful costumes. Three prizes were awarded -- one for the prettiest, which went to Darcy Scudder as a Hawain girl; one for the most original, which went to Clare Weber and Kay May Condit as "Mistic" and Walter; and one for the best all-round costume went to Penelope Perkins.

Refreshments were served which consisted of black and white jiggers with sprills and cherries.

The play which was "Alice Blue Gown" was without a doubt enjoyed by all. Towards the end it grew very exciting as Alice had no gown to wear when she was going to sing and just as everyone was giving up hope the package came and the cast and the audience were much relieved.

With Sylvia Taft the main character and the rest of the Shack the supporting cast, and last but by no means least the help of Mill Hillhouse the play was a grand success.

SPORTS

"Yip skiddy I ski -- Hip hoorah
The Blues and the Whites -- Rah, rah, rah!"

By the time first Sport Week had arrived all sports had gotten well on their way. Sport Week arrived with its usual hopes and fears for both teams. A tennis tournament was won by the White Captain, Doris Hillman, with Sylvia Taft runner-up. Clare Weber broke the previous basketball throw record by throwing a distance of 72 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The Blues won both hard fought for basketball games. The Whites surprised the Blues in baseball and won the game by a score which is better unmentioned. After the finish of the July Sport Week sports settled down again. Trips occupied most of the seniors' time and pretty soon another Sport Week was upon us. The Blues won the first basketball game. To finish things off with a flourish and to the great surprise of everyone Clare Weber broke her basketball throw record and then Sylvia Taft broke Clare's record, making the record 76 feet flat. As the finish of Sport Week nears everyone hopes for many more coming ones.

Jane Allen

6th SHACK

✓ Piglet is Jill's noble aid,
And many stage sets she has made.
She's a peach of a Blue
And their captain too --
You couldn't find better if paid.

✓ Jane Allen's a Louisvillite
And to see her swim is a sight.
On trips she's a peach
In spite of the leach;
So here's to our Louisvillite.

✓ When Elsa comes into the room
There's never a moment of gloom.
She makes us all laugh
But on her behalf,
So we'll laugh and love her till doom.

✓ Ginger is head of the LOG,
And works on the thing like a dog,
But she jumps to good height,
Is a versatile White,
And often on horseback does jog.

Booker's from Louisville too,
And a peachy White -- ask a Blue.
With a mit and a ball
Aghast we stand all,
As she heaves them o'er the plate--whew!

Jay left camp at any early date
Even though she was first rate.
She talked of her boys
And made lots of noise --
She giggled both early and late

Pat is the camp's nightingale,
And she sure does like her male (mail).
She's peachy on trips
Though she seldom takes dips
Because of her knee that does ail.

Doris is a very loyal White,
She always is planning just right.
And e'er in her dreams
She makes out the teams,
And sure can put up a grand fight.

A girl we admire is Syl;
She does everything with
great skill
She can dive, she can
swim,
And shoot baskets with
vim --
In chorus she also does trill

FIFTH SHACK

Anne is a peach on trip,
and is one of the few to dip.
She is a true Blue,
And a dandy guard too;
On horseback she also does grip.

✓ A girl with some horse-sense is Kay.
She'd like to go riding all day.
On Mystic she wiggles
And giggles and giggles,
But she's one of the best, every way.

✓ Peggy, a girl of fourteen,
Was once very calm and serene
But soon we found out
Without any doubt
She's really quite peppy and keen.

Georgi's French is her pet peeve.
When the exam is passed she'll give a great heave.
She loves to get mail,
Masquerades with a tail,
And when she's gone we will all grieve.

Clare Weber can swim like a duck,
Says her bracelet brings her good luck.
She dives with great ease
And tries to please --
So here's to our talented duck.

Fifi's head a a curly mop.
She must feel there's a weight on top.
She says, "Who -- me?"
And laughs with glee
When she tries her canoe to stop.

Betsy can act on the stage
And often can fly in a rage.
She plays the trombone,
Gets called to the phone,
And seldom can act her own age.

Helene has a picture of Jim,
And once she really saw him.
His winning smile did her beguile
And set her head a-swim.

Helen was all alone in her room
With no one to comfort her in her gloom,
When along came Clare.
Now she has no care --
She ought to be happy until her doom

FIFTH SHACK (continued)

✓ Joan is the one with the curly head;
She's sure does sleep when she gets to bed.
But one red star
Her record did mar.
We hope she'll get no more, 'nough said!

FOURTH SHACK

✓ Anna's a champion at Jacks --
And she has such a cute little knack,
That no one can beat her,
She gets fleeter and fleeter,
It's a shame, alas and alack!

Now Penny's at home on a horse,
It would give her great pleasure, of course,
If she rode ever day,
But Mystic says "Neight",
Though you urge me and seldom use force.

✓ Barbara's slumber is deep,
She talks in her sleep.
When she tooses and moans
In deep, dole tones,
We're afraid over Flackie she'll leap!

Betsy grins like a Cheshire Cat,
And wants to know where she's at.
If she went to a fire,
She'd be bound to inquire,
"Is it my turn?" or something like that.

There was a wee maid named Scudder,
Who, when she talked to her "brudder",
Had to climb on a boulder,
And shout o'er his shoulder,
Then all he could hear was a "mutter".

✓ Harry pretends she's Mae West,
Her imitation's one of the best.
She reads funny papers
And cuts such cute capers,
Each performance is flavored with zest.

FOURTH SHACK (continued)

Betty Anne is a star in all lines,
And the boundaries are hard to define.
She can swim, jump, and prance.
And boy! Can she dance!
There are no limits to the heights that she'll climb.

There was a young squaw from Ohio,
Whose giggles would make us all sigh-o.
She wrinkles her nose,
Wherever she goes,
And her spirits are high as the sky-o.

✓ If you should perchance mention Hingham,
Jinny'd shout its praises and sing 'em.
She toots on a horn
Till her breath is all "gorn",
And in track, in the throws, can she fling 'em!

THIRD SHACK

When the Hon. Payson comes near,
Everyone gives a loud cheer.
And the reason they do --
Well, so would you,
She's such a fine camper, my dear.

✓ Claire is really quite charming,
Her smile is sweet and disarming.
She looks after her shack,
With patience and tact,
So there's nothing amiss or alarming.

Now D.D. has learned to swim,
And goes at it with much pep and vim.
She has no red star
Her record to mar,
'Cause her room's so tidy and prim.

✓ Mary has pretty blue eyes,
And looks exceedingly wise.
She swims like a fish.
When she dives she goes--swish!
She's a sweet little Blue who sure tries.

Frances came to camp three weeks late,
'Twas a shame, but that's Fate.
She's happy and gay,
Her skies never gray.
In fact we think she's just great.

THIRD SHACK (continued)

✓ Jeanie takes good care of her room,
And knows how to handle a broom.
She's jolly and sweet,
To be with her's a treat.
You'll never see her shrouded in gloom.

Counselors

✓ Flackie is friend of us all,
And no one her kitten may maul!
She rules the craft house
And sleeps like a mouse,
With nightmares on top of it all.

✓ A tripper is Elsie it seems;
When Meadowbrook's mentioned she beams.
She can paddle and heave
And no ailments receive,
So here's to the coach of our teams.

Skippit's the one who can make us fall,
When she pulls her puns on us all.
At times we could choke her;
Other times we could poke her --
And boy, are her stories teal tall!

When Miss Hillhouse burst out into fame,
She thought she would get a nickname.
So we had a contest
And Jill was thought best,
Now Jill is a frisky young dame!

✓ Mrs. Branham is head of the store
And really that's not such a chore,
When you think of her knack
In ruling Third Shack,
So now she gets praises galore.

✓ Mrs. Bayman says, "Come and get weighed."
But she knows that we'll be delayed.
With calomine lotion
She gets into motion,
And from further ailments we're saved.

✓ Dougie loves to knit socks
And her schedule's oft on the rocks,
But she'll fit in your ride
And you she will guide,
Though she'd rather sun-bathe on the dock.

✓ Johnny is counselor in Fifth Shack,
She does things like measuring in track.
She climbed up Kathadin
With such a big load on
You'd think she'd have broken her back.

Counselors (con.)

We know a young lady named Meadowmouse
Who keeps her Scot put at our house.
She leads in canoeing
And sometimes Ru-Ruing,
And at morning we never can her arouse.

✓ Miss Dowd is the cream of the crop --
She surely comes out on the top.
She always takes dips,
Wears bandanas on trips,
And even the truck she can stop.

Annex-Dopes

✓ Ginny would like a nice burn,
And her manner is not very stern.
But the stories she tells
In the kitchen excels
All those that we ever have learned.

A friendly young damsel is Mig,
She is liked by the little and big.
She works with a will
And no time does kill
As into the dishes she'll dig.

Helen's a witty young cook,
Buried in her receipe book,
But the things she turns out,
Without any doubt,
Make our mouths water to look.

Polly's pet peeve is her math,
And on it she vents all her wrath.
Is this enough?
If it isn't, it's tough.
Gosh, here come the kids up the path!

D. S. ----- Darned Sweet
 A. E. B. ----- An Enthusiastic Bauman
 E. W. ----- Eats Warily
 H. S. M. ----- Has Sensible Motives
 P. P. ----- Pretty Peppy
 V. B. ----- Very Boyish
 B. A. W. ----- Beautiful and Warm-Hearted
 C. H. S. ----- Can Handle Skinner
 B. M. ----- Bountiful Maiden
 D. S. D. ----- Digests So Diligently
 M. T. B. ----- Makes True Blue
 C. A. P. ----- Can Always Prattle
 C. J. C. ----- Cleans Joint Carefully
 F. R. L. ----- Feeds Rather Lazily
 J. S. P. ----- Just So Practical

V. D. ----- Versatile Dancer
 D. M. H. ----- Doesn't Mind Helping
 S. H. T. ----- Sings High Tones
 P. H. K. ----- Peppy Hilarious Kid
 E. W. L. ----- Ever Wonders Longingly
 P. A. T. ----- Pretty and Tough
 J. M. A. ----- Jumps Mighty Altitudes
 F. B. B. ----- Forever Being Beautiful
 A. R. H. ----- A Real Help
 M. B. ----- Many Bumps
 G. A. B. ----- Grabs at Betsy
 K. M. C. ----- Keeps Messy Clothes
 H. J. L. ----- Hates Joan's Language
 J. N. B. ----- Just Not Bashful
 E. H. W. ----- Enters Horseplay Willingly
 C. S. W. ----- Carries Such Weight
 H. O. O. ----- Has On Overalls
 A. R. C. ----- Always Raising Cain
 G. L. H. ----- Goes Laughingly Home

Counselors

C. G. G. ----- Can Diligently Govern
 J. C. ----- Just Clver
 C. K. B. ----- Can Keep Books
 J. F. H. ----- Just Full of Hopes
 E. F. ----- Ever Faithful
 R. E. M. ----- Radiates Eternal Mirth
 L. E. M. ----- Likes Even Mystic
 M. R. J. ----- Manages Rare Jumping
 E. H. L. ----- Ever Higher Leaps
 M. T. B. ----- Many Troubles Brewing

Annex-Dopes

M. G. H. ----- Makes Good Housewife
 V. R. ----- Very Rambunctious
 M. E. F. ----- Meets Every Fuller-Brush-Man
 H. F. B. ----- Hunts for Bread

VOTES

Best Athlete -----	1. Sylvia Taft	
Most Sympathetic -----	1. Peggy Branham -----	2. Anne Hillman
Best Natured -----	1. Doris Hillman -----	2. Ginger
Most Versatile -----	1. Sylvia Taft -----	2. Doris
Best Sport -----	1. Ginger -----	2. Doris
Peppiest -----	1. Piglet -----	2. Kay May
Funniest -----	1. Piglet -----	2. Elsa
Most Attractive -----	1. Peggy -----	2. Piglet
Cutest -----	1. Darcy and Ginger (tie)	
Most Happy-Go-Lucky -----	1. Piglet -----	2. Jane Allen
Most Helpful -----	1. Doris -----	2. Ginger
Friendliest -----	1. Doris -----	2. Jane Allen
Most Popular -----	1. Doris -----	2. Sylvia ----- 3. Piglet

<u>Name</u>	<u>Nickname</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Aspiration</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>
✓ Constance Dowd Grant	Miss Dowd	Exploring	To have 6th Shack on time	Trip-made halter	A shack-keeper	We don't know where we're going	Scottie
Janet Crawford	Meadowmouse	Sleep	To have everybody love Scottie	A long-tailed dog	An alarm clock	Oh isn't he cute?	Noise before reveille
✓ Marian Rachel Johnson	Johnny or Mrs. Dionne	Mountain climbing	To 'clim' high with ease	Underwear	More triscuit	Oh my Godfrey!	5th Shack
✓ Lorna Elizabeth MacDougall	Dougie	Her woolen socks	To have no ailing horses	Horse sense	Blacksmith	Oh my gosh!	Late riders
Jean Fargo Hillhouse	Jill	To drive the truck	To have everyone write for the TIMES	Neat appearance	New LOG staff	Are we going to have a TIMES this week?	LOG staff
Ruth McKim	Skippit	To pun	To sleep all day	An infectious giggle	N. R. A.	Honest to pete!	Lousy tap dancers
✓ Elsie Lawson	Dobbin	Meadowbrook	Not to be late for breakfast	Versatility	More mountains to climb	Oh gee!	Dips
✓ Mary Trump Bauman	Mrs. Bauman	Her infirm-ary table	To have everyone gain	Calamine lotion	People to weigh	I'll look at you later	Poison ivy
✓ Constance Branham	Mrs. Branham	Store	To have 3rd Shack go to Pix without being told	3rd Shack	More clothes for 3rd Shack	Only two pieces of candy!	People who swing on the gate
✓ Elizabeth Flack	Flackie	Cream in her coffee	To play "Runoia"	Pigtails	An assistant	Oh dear!	Messy craft-shop

<u>Name</u>	<u>Nickname</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Aspiration</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>
Georgia Hall	Jay-Jay	Al	To be an architect	Blond hair	Tan	Oh my gosh!	Dips
Patricia Ann Thomas	Pat	Panky	To sing with the Colby orchestra	A voice	To gain	Oh darn!	Her knee
Florence Bridges Booker	Booker	To eat	To get over inky potatoes	Curly hair	A maid	Hullo	Sweeping the hall
✓ Jane Mengel Allen	Mingle	Sherbet	No blisters	A Louis- ville accent	A sharp axe	My cowlick!	Salads & bloodsuckers
Sylvia How- ard Taft	Syl	Taking pictures	To have umbrellas on rumble seats	Long legs	A good ankle supporter	Enough!	Losing things down Pix
✓ Priscilla Harrington King	Piglet	Hymn Tune	To diet and eat raisin bread at the same time	No head- band	More rye crisp	Oh Elsa!	Lisle stockings
Doris Hillman	Doris	Rye-crisp	To have an 18" waist	Technique in drying dishes	A few inches	Oh how cu-te!	Reducing
Elsa Willi- mina Living- good	Elsa	Counselor's Coffee	To know things before they are history	Dehydrated fruit	An ear- trumpet	Why didn't you tell me?	Unhousebroken kittens
✓ Virginia Dessar	Ginger	To tease Elsa	To be rid of ants	Long eye- lashes	A room- mate	Have you got your article for the TIMES?	Poison ivy

<u>Name</u>	<u>Nickname</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Aspiration</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>
Anne Robbins Hillman	Anne	To ride	To go on a good trip	Swell disposish	Little	I'm not proud	Fifth Shack
✓ Margaret Branham	Peg	To talk	To get her dollar	A smooth tan	Pair of barber scissors	Thank you, love	Her sister
Georgeanne Burke	Georgie	Mountain climbing	To pass her French exam	A good backstroke	A maid	Oh heck!	French
Elizabeth Housel Wildes	Betsy	Jacks	To have curly hair	Temper	A letter from Bob	Pardon me!	Being teased by Georgie
Helen Ogden Olcott	Helen	Other people	To have a full-time roommate	Good disposition	To pull her pants up	Hello	To have Fifi wait for her
Adelaide Rhinelandier Chaqueneau	Fifi	To spihl ink	To steer a cance	Sleeping-bag and knapsack	Squeak-less clarinet	Who, me?	Fuzz
✓ Joan Nancy Bayne	Bones	Her flutes	To go on the stage	Red hair	Sun hat	BuBa Bo	Voice cul-ture
Clare Sturtevant Weber	Clare	Her bracelet	To get a BurmaShave sign	Gained 10 pounds	Nothing	Wait for me!	Dark glasses
Helene Janssen Livingood	Helene	YMCA camp	To ride well	A picture of Jim	Jim	You know	Not having Vernon write her
Katherine May Condit	Kay May	Nelson Eddy	To play the trombone better	Red stars	A private maid	Oh, Georgie!	Georgie

<u>Name</u>	<u>Nickname</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Aspiration</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>
✓ Virginia Branham	Jinny	To make collections	To be a scientist	Good sports- manship	Her mother	O.K.	Brushing her hair
✓ Harriet Swift McLane	Harry	Trips	To be a good pal	Sweet disposi- tion	Mae West's figure	Come up and see me sometime	Rice
✓ Betty A. Wadleigh	Betty Anne	Athletics	To get first in all sports	Permanent wave	Ginger	May I swim under your canoe?	Reprimands
Penelope Perkins	Penny	"Mousy"	To make a perfect grunt	Bare feet	Haircut	Now my horse!	Upper berths on trains
✓ Barbara Martin	Barbara	To ride	To be helpful	Nightmares	Short hair	Watch this will you please?	To sweep the hall
Carol Har- grave Skinner	Carol	Cincinnati	To grow tall	Original ideas	A piece for her front tooth	Well, in Cincin- nati--	Fish
Elizabeth Wenigman	Betsy	Toggiggle	To get all blue stars	Persistency	To learn to dive	What of it?	Third Shackers
Darcy Scudder	Darcy	Her brother	To be Tarzan	Books	A pony	What'll I do now?	A rainy day
✓ Anna Eliza- beth Bauman	Anna	Her home town	To play the bugle	A decided Maine accent	A strong angle	Darcy, come here!	Mary

<u>Name</u>	<u>Nickname</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Aspiration</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>
Constance A. Payson	Connie	The pony	To be an artist	80-year old doll which is still a girl	Part in her hair	Okie-doke	Cleaning her room
✓ Claire June Canniff	Claire	Shirley Temple	Tap-dancing	Tact	Camp uniforms	Let's have a club	Good night 3rd Shack
Dorothy Shane Dawe	D.D.	Charlie	To be a movie star	Learned to swim	To hurry up	My turn to Flit	Writing letters
✓ Jeane Stewart Price	Jeanie	A neat room	Opera singing	Dy.D.doll	A loud speaker for talking in her sleep	Will you please braid my hair?	Long hair
✓ Frances Ramsey Luther	Frances	To stand on her head	To be an Olympic swimmer	Far-away voice	Pep	I see sights	Combing her hair
✓ Mary Trump Bauman	Mary	Marsh - mallows	To model	Mosquito bites	Shirley Temple doll	Oh please	Being told to fix her room

ANNEX-DOPES

<u>Name</u>	<u>Nickname</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Aspiration</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>
Margaret Evelyn Fogler	Mig	To dance	To acquire a Southern accent	Good serving ability	Unbreakable drinking glasses	I agree with you 100% but --	Gilbert's coyness
Virginia Ritter	Ginny	To play bridge	To learn the Navy rank	A good vocab- ulary	Freckle re- mover	Fogler, why did you dump the silver in the dish- pan now?	Freckles
Mary Gilpatrick Holmes	Polly	To fix salads	To have all food come out evenly	A pleasant personality	A home (pun)	Somebody kick me	Fractions
Helen Frances Bryan	Helen	Pot with ears	To cut pies in correct pieces	Even disposi- tion	Two electric egg-beaters	Polly, the coffee!!	Stopped-up drains

Prominent Wedding



—Photo by Carlson.

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas Lotspelch (Sylvia Howard Taft) was solemnized Saturday in Christ Church followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phelps Taft II, on Garden place. The bride is the granddaughter of the late President William Howard Taft. Mr. Lotspelch is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Meek Lotspelch.

Cincinnati Travelers Embark



HE lure of foreign lands has attracted scores of Cincinnatians to Europe this summer to pass the holiday months wandering through the British Isles or on the continent. The congenial groups presented here sailed from New York over the past weekend, each with some intriguing plan in mind for the vacation season.

In the upper photograph are shown, reading from left to right, the Misses Eleanor and Sylvia Taft, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft; Mrs. Claude M. Lotspeich, with her daughter, Miss Margaret Lotspeich, and Miss Betty Nottingham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Nottingham, who will make the voyage on the S. S. Transylvania, arriving in Glasgow on July 13. They plan to spend the first month of their holiday in England and Scotland, Mrs. Lotspeich being joined early in August by Mrs. Edward King, a member of her faculty, with whom she will attend a convention of the International Education Fellowship at Cheltenham. After this fortnight's convention, Mrs. Lotspeich and her youthful companions will visit in Paris and the south of France, returning homeward with the Misses Taft on August 23. Miss Lotspeich and Miss Nottingham will remain abroad for a year of study in the French capital.

Summer in France—

In the picture at the lower left Mrs. Eugene Farny is shown bidding bon voyage to her daughter, Miss Josephine Farny, who, with Mr. Martin Low, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Low, of Wyoming, and Mr. John Mithoefer, son of Dr. and Mrs. William Mithoefer, will spend the summer months traveling in France under the tutelage of Mr. Donald Watts. The latter, who has arranged similar travels abroad for youthful Americans, endeavors to cement a bond of friendship between them and the foreign students at whose homes they stay during the summer, and with whom they enjoy motoring and bicycling jaunts.

Mrs. Farny is returning home this week to pass the remainder of the month at her country home in Milford, O., she and Mr. Farny departing in August for Penobscot Bay, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Michael Straus at their island, "Great Spruce Head."

In the British Isles—

In the lower photograph at the right are shown Dr. and Mrs. Carleton G. Crisler, with Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Huffman, who sailed on Thursday aboard the S. S. Berengaria for six weeks of delightful travel in the British Isles. Dr. and Mrs. Crisler departed for New York a day or so in advance to visit Mr. and Mrs. Huffman, who have been making their home in Manhattan since giving up their residence in the Queen City some years ago. These congenial travelers will motor about through South England and the picturesque Lake District, spending some time also in London before turning their footsteps homeward the middle of August.

1936

on Summer Jaunts in European Lands





STAFF

Editor.....Virginia Dessar
Associate Editors...Betty Perry
Harriet McLane
Betty Burnam
Elsa Livingood
Junior Editor.....Connie Payson

Editorial

After another winter of hard(?) work, Runoia girls, old and new have come up to Camp to recuperate. And, with the opening of the season also comes the one and only Runoia paper, the "Times". This paper being in the third year of its existence is striving to become an established part of camp life, and with the co-operation of campers and counsellors alike, will probably Attain its goal before long.

The "Times" was started two years ago with much ado, being the first weekly paper to crash the literary gates of Camp Runoia. It struggled through it's first year quite successfully, repeating its performance in the second year. By now, it has gathered up steam, and we hope will steer a straight course for many years to come.

Ginger Dessar

Grand Central Smiles on Youthful Campers!

In the midst of tennis racquets, suitcases, paddles, coats, boxes, hurrying people, and porters, Kay and I made our entrance into Grand Central Station on a certain June 30, 1936. Our object, to join the group of Runoia campers. Their object, to board a fast train and retreat to the one and only Camp Runoia.

After much confusion Kay and I located a suitable eating place, partook of some food, and went to search for a glimpse of a blue and white banner, stating "Camp Runoia Meets Here."

We soon spied one and made a bee line for it.

From then on until the train left our time was divided between slapping old campers on the backs, making the acquaintances of new girls, and bidding last farewells to friends and relatives.

With last farewell embraces over, our group wended its way through the bustling crowds and boarded the train for Belgrade.

Thus we embarked on our trip, minus a few of our old campers, but eager to make friends with our new ones, two being only of the ages of eight and five. This particularly interested me, for I had never seen them as young as that at camp before.

After having plopped our luggage on a compartment we made ourselves comfortable in greenback train chairs and began reviewing old camp incidents and where and how we spent our winter. Fruit and crackers were generously passed around and the time and stations flew rapidly by.

Soon darkness crept upon us and the porter began turning the greenback chairs into berths. The younger ones immediately took to the upper berths and swung precariously from one berth to the other. Gradually we all eased off our traveling clothes in favor of pajamas. The process of undressing oneself in a small train berth is no easy task, and long sighs and squeals arose from many a berth. After running around showing off our night clothes and running back and forth for water, we soon began to weary and hopped into bed anticipating a nice snooze. But for most it was not an ideal rest. For being kicked almost out of train windows or being nearly knocked on the floor is certainly no kind of a rest for a tired person. But gradually comfortable positions were found and there were few interruptions until morning.

July 1, 1936

Wednesday morning found Runoia campers up bright and early. We were arrayed in our camp uniforms



and looked quite fresh in spite of a hard night.

We were all very much excited at the thought of being so near to camp and peered out of the train windows for familiar scenes. We soon located some and in due time arrived at Belgrade station. Everyone fell on everyone else's when getting off onto the platform but luggage and campers were finally all assembled.

After greeting Miss Pond and Miss Wieser we piled in cars and the camp truck and started on the last lap of our journey. For the new girls I imagine this ride was like a sight-seeing tour, for the old campers eagerly pointed out the different places.

With loud bursts of songs we sailed into camp, fell out of cars and feasted our homesick eyes on our beloved Runoja.

When shacks had been looked at and greetings with counsellors and girls who were already at camp, had been exchanged, we went in for our first camp breakfast.

And so we arrived again at Runoja, to spend another delightful summer beside the cool waters of Belgrade Lakes.

Here's wishing all a happy and lucky summer.

Betty Perry

Dr. Hill Gives Movies on Intelligent Swimming.

Tuesday night, July 7th, Dr. Hill from Waterville came to Camp to give us movies of swimming. We Runoja girls invited some of Pine Island to come and view the movies with us.

The movies showed the way water animals can close their nostrils when going under water, and the human cannot.

Our movie camera broke so we used Pine Island's. It was lucky they brought one!

After Dr. Hill's movies we

showed one of Pine Island which was very interesting, although it had been taken quite a few years ago.

We then said "Thank you" to Dr. Hill, Pine Island went home, and Runoja went to bed!

Connie Payson

SECOND SHACK OPENED AFTER A SIX YEAR REST!

For the first time in six summers second shack has opened her portals to three little newcomers and two counselors. The last time this junior shack was open it was occupied by Sukie Baer, Billy Baer, Joan Bayne, Kay May Condit, and, (as some of you older girls may remember) Mother Dunham. Ever since that memorable summer this shack has only been used as a property room and as a place for visitors to park themselves for the night.

However this summer there is quite a bit of activity within its four walls which are constantly being shaken by the laughter and giggles of its new occupants, Judy Enos, Katherine and Dorothy Erickson, who are most carefully guarded and mothered by Jill and Ibbey.

Here's to a very lively summer Second Shack!

Elsa Livingood

RUNOJA STAGES BIG FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION!

On the "4th" all one could see was red, white, and blue. It happened that a girl's birthday was on the same day, so it was a combined luncheon and party. The tables looked very pretty with their favors. The dining room was done in red, white, blue streamers along the walls. That night first we had the old girl's

arty, where the new girls did tunts etc. It made a very merry introduction to the fireworks, which came later in the evening. We had sky rockets, Roman Candles, plain and colored sparklers. We stayed up later than we usually do and had a bonfire this was topped off by lusty singing which ended a perfect day.

Harriet McLane

THE EDITOR'S UNEASY CHAIR. A NEW COLUMN CONDUCTED BY OUR EDITOR.

A newcomer to Camp in the form of a kitten arrived the other day for 2nd shack. The young occupants were all in a FURRY about him and thought he was PURR-fect! They named him Tigger, on account of his figger!

A new name for the well-known vegetable, beet greens, has been coined by the youngest member of Camp. While eating them at table the other day she was heard to remark, "Are these evergreens?"

Well, the baseball season has rolled around again at Runoia. We hope that it won't be as batty and BAWLED up as the last one!

Dougie was kept on the anxious seat for awhile as the horses were late in arriving. But, after having her first ride on Ginger, she felt better for he had a lot of SNAP to him! (catch on? Dougie doesn't have to, she just stays on naturally).

With much puffing and blowing, the Sousa Runoia Band got under (and in) the way. At first they sounded "lost" but gradually they got their bearings and sound in the form of a tune burst forth, much to everyone's surprise!

Ginger

MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF CAMP

At the station I was introduced to so many girls and parents that I could not remember any of the names. Everybody was saying good byes. I was pushed down a long platform, everybody was talking and I was asking questions, (too many I suppose) nobody answered me.

As the train bumped along I kept thinking what camp was like. Was it big or small, modern or unmodern or what? Everybody I asked said something different, I was getting very queer ideas, but when I got to camp it was very different from what they had said (better).

Now I know the names of the girls and counsellors and I love camp even in the few weeks I have been here.

Betty Burnham

NEW YORK SWELTERS...RUNOIA REMAINS COOL!

I ought to write for the Times, I think to myself, I will too, maybe this afternoon...but do I? Well, once in awhile... like now for instance. I think, here we are up in Maine, comfortably bedded in at Runoia, while millions of people are suffering in New York, with the mercury soaring between 95 and 102 degrees. Now up here the mean rainfall (the mean old thing) is roughly 11 or 12 feet per day or something like that. Oh, don't we feel sorry for the poor, perspiring city folks?

And I hear that the heat wave has forced the price of lemons to unheard of prices....just think how wealthy we would be if we could ship a few of our lemons...I mean a few lemons to the over-heated city.. but heck, there wasn't a lemon in our carload. (see Grand Central Term June 30th..car- c-45). In fact all citrus fruit (grape fruit, lemons, oranges and limes to you) prices are practically prohibitive...that means no lemonade and STUFF! Gee!

Well, well, heat does funny things, now the pavements are bubbling! Honestly, the tar has become so heated that bubbles are obstructing traffic. Some streets have been blocked off because skidding and bursting bubbles have caused many an upset! No skidding! The bridges are closed, too. What next? Traffic dangerous, no lemons, bridges closed..... well, no one has issued a warning against the well-known game of bridge. Still some hope left. I suppose to distinguish one must say, "What, no Brooklyn bridge tonight?" Life must be very trying there.

Now I must confess that at times I really enjoy felling a little bit smug, and this is one on those times. When people say, "Where are you going this summer?" I always feel so grand saying, "Why to Maine of course, of course. For everyone knows that up here we have mosquitos, and that's nothing. But the price of lemons stays pretty much the same, and we don't have to bother about our paths getting bubbles in them. All in all it's pretty swell."

Jill

NEW GIRLS STAGE GRAND PARTY Entertain Old Girls in Fine Style.

"And the Music Gosh Roun' an' roun'", cackled Helen in her drunken tenor, and everyone's head popped out of their pullman berths. Don't be alarmed, Helene is not really a drunk but only an "old girl" helping forth her efforts in the old girls stunt night. The aforementioned pullman scene was the first in a series of specimens of unusual talent gleaned from productions of years past, and brought forth deafening applause and much favorable comment from the newcomers.

After this first contribution, enacted in Fifth Shack, the convention moved up to the Lodge, where Colby Cleveland heart-breakingly related the sad tale of "Casey at the Bat" with Betty Perry at the bat, and Kay May pitching. The counsellor rooting section provided the realistic touches that added to the breathlessness of the occasion.

When the audience had finally controlled their sobs and reggined their composure after the emotional strain of watching Casey strike out, they were favored by "Old Folks at Home", musical selection by the Misses Condit and Perry. This, however, was not accomplished without quite a bit of strain backstage on the part of the principal actors, for it required much time and biting of fingernails to get the accordion and ukelele to get together. When this was accomplished, the musicians rendered the selection in a most professional manner.

THE ORIGINAL RUSSION DANCE, the next offering was most amazingly tripped out by Miss Dowd and Dougie in a blood curdling fashion. High notes of this delicious morsel of terpsichorean art were the flowered pants that Dougie wore and Miss Dowd's simultaneously losing her moustache, and her balance on the last intricate step.

A grim prison scene was the next attraction, and in this depressing atmosphere Jill and Fohnnie made us realize the futility of life with a superb piece of acting. The lines and acting in this skit were especially effective.

"The Bloody Dagger", the finale of the performance, was enacted by all the counsellors, and left the audience breathless and awe-struck by its intensity and drama.

After the audience regained its breath, they pranced the Virginia Reel for the remainder of the evening.

Catherine Lanham



THE 1936 COUNSELLOR STAFF

Runoia is pleased to welcome the following new faces on its 1936 counsellor staff.

May we introduce Emily Pribe, who comes for her first summer at Runoia from Cincinnati? In the first week of Camp she has proved herself the possessor of many talents, which have contributed to our enjoyment and pleasure. We wish she had a nickname, but that will come we feel sure before long. Her name has so many possibilities, for instance, Pribe goes before FALL! And then there is this: THE PRIBE THE SUN SHINES ON! Also: PRIBE AND PREJUDICE. Oh, well there ought to be a nickname in the crowd. I understand that Miss Pribe dotes on puns, we hope she likes puns and coffee!

Catherine Lanham comes from Indiana, and is interested in music and the drammer! She goes to the University of Indiana, where she is outstanding in her musical talent. For the first time in many a year our poor pianola suffers keen competition.

Elizabeth Rich is the new R.N. (nurse to you). Her bedside manner is superb, and in her quiet way she inspires us with confidence when we bruise or burn. Ibbby comes from Pennsylvania, and drove all the way to Maine in her sporty car.

We are well equipped with aides too. Janet Brown has returned in this capacity, and a darned good one, too, if we may say so. Janet was here several years ago as a camper, for four years to be exact. Princeton is her home, and for the past years she has been studying at Fermata School. She plans to spend the coming year abroad.

Nancy Fiske, once a camper, now an aid, is certainly a welcome addition to our staff. Frisky hails from Montclair, New Jersey, and goes to Wheaton College. It would be difficult to say just what duties Frisky is best in, but one is safe in saying that she is most proficient in a number of things, most especially is she the darling of Second Shack.

And of course Colby Cleveland needs no introduction to Runoia. She usually speaks for herself. Pep and enthusiasm run rampant while she is here. Although her visit with us will cut short, due to her pressing social engagements, we feel that camp will suffer a real blow when she leaves.

We are happy to say that many old faces are still grinning at us. Johnny, Dougie, Flackie, Mrs. Brnham, and last but not never least Miss Dowd.

SOMETHING BY COLBY CLEVELAND...LEAVE NOW IF YOU THINK IT BEST!

The season of 1936 in Runoia promises to be an eventful one as far as live stock is concerned. Our first contact with the animal world, we are forced to admit was a sad one. I rever of course to the death and interment of Avis, one of our fine feathered friends. Though our acquaintance with him was not of long standing (to be frank the first time he came into our lives was as a cadavre) he held a place all his own, in each true blue Runoia heart. We dug him a grave just six by three, put him in a cereal box and buried him to the tune of Gloomy Sundays. It was a sad occasion lightened only by the knowledge that little Avis has gone to the happy hunting ground.

And then the horses...yes they did come finally...unshod of course but that was soon remedied by one of the effecient Maine blacksmiths and our only comment on seeing them was "How beautiful with shoes!" To most of you an introduction will be superfluous but



1935 COUNCILOR STATE

Rhodes is pleased to welcome

and is interested in
the University of Indiana,
where she is outstanding in
her first year. For the first
time in many years our poor
Rhodes will have a keen competition.
Elizabeth Rich is the new
Rhodes (nurse to you).
Rhodes is superb, and
she inspires us with
her praise or punishment.
Rhodes is a native in the
way to Maine in the
We are well equipped
Rhodes Brown has
this capacity, and
one, too, if we
Rhodes was here several
a camper, for four
Rhodes. Rhinoceros is
Rhodes for the past year
Rhodes studying at Vermont College.
Rhodes plans to spend the coming
her abroad.

The season of 1935 in Rhodes was
to be an eventful one as far as his
stock is concerned. Our first contact
with the animal world, we are fairly
admit was a bad one. I never of
to the death and torment of a
of our time. The first Rhodes. The
our acquaintance with him was not
long standing. So he took the first
Rhodes was a
place all his own
Rhodes heart. We
Rhodes by three
Rhodes and buried him
Rhodes. It was
Rhodes only by the
Rhodes has gone
Rhodes.
Rhodes... yes they
Rhodes of course but
Rhodes by one to the
Rhodes and our
Rhodes was "How fast
Rhodes with speed."
Rhodes will be superhuman but

but for the benefit of the non-riding populace I would like to present Snowball (the pony), Little Tim, Stardust, Ginger and Caesar. The latter unfortunately went back on us all and turned out to be a mare, (not that the female of the species isn't superior to the male, Miss Dowd) so we are now undecided whether to name the horse Calpurnia or Cleopatra. Caesarina was suggested but was discarded for obvious reasons.

Another addition to the Runoia barnyard is the cat, or shall we be more tactful and say the sweet little kitten (ugh)...Oh well, let's be philosophic ..it may catch some mice and then we can have some more funerals. Perhaps some day we can even have a funeral for the cat, or is that too much to hope?

The duckies are coming (Hurrah.. Hurrah!) but it seems they are still in a somewhat embryonic stage.

Any account of Runoia live stock would be incomplete without a mention of the bunny rabbit which has practically adopted all of us. Every time he pokes his head out Dorothy and Katherine run for a carrot which they keep in their shack and perhaps before long he will be fully tamed.

Of course the flies, moths and mosquitoes, like the poor, are always with us, but as the month of July wears on we hope they will be less and less in evidence because we feel that our barnyard is quite complete without them.

Colby Cleveland

1936

THE NEW GIRL'S PARTY

"Have you got rhythm?"

"Sure we've all got rhythm.

Lets swing it fast and tap the evening away."

Bang, bang went the dish pan, scratch, scratch went the wash-board, tinkle, tinkle, splinter went the purplish bottles, while Colby led with her rolling pin which split the air while her feet squirmed to the fadt tunes. The evening was started with one hot number after another. This was the new girl's party for the old, and everyone was decked out in his or hers gladdest rags. Two rawkus drunks crashed the check room bringing their slinky gals with wiggling hips.

And then - on with the show! Our two little prodigys, the Erickson sisters tapped their way into the room.

We're off on a trip in the train
they sang,
while applause from the roof
and rafters rang.

Then up from no wheres
two Hill Billies popped
with their twang and their songs,
which couldn't be stopped.
They sang and they danced
Till the audience pranced
and the tumblers came
rolling in, at the sign
of Colby's rolling pin.

These Lester Tumblers
did well earn their fame,
they jumped and they hopped
until they were lame,
and then in a final exit
these three, jumped through a
hoop which was hard to see.

Jazz, jazz the orchestra played
while ears buzz buzzed somewhat
dismayed.

But up to their feet all the
people did go,
and elbows did bump,
unmindful of the blow.

More taps, more taps
the audience cried

as Miss Tap Tapley entered
the room,
like a blushing bride.
And she like the Erickson's
won our hearts
so well did she dance
her various parts.

And next Madam Judy,
a gypsy star
came to us from lands a-far
while the well loved Bingo
she sang
and got from the orchestra
the familiar clang.

Denazzy and Barbara
two awkward young things
gave us a dance
like puppets on strings,
but my we all roared-
we couldn't be bored
as they danced and pranced
from the room.

Bang, bang again went the
orchestra- those jolly good
waiters were coming- around
and around the room they went
and served cigaretts and ice
cream to those hot and excit-
le of bottles again split the
air, as Miss Lanham in a more
soothing and quiet voice sang
to the crowd. And finally as
empty ice cream cups fell on
the floor and the room was
again a deafening roar, The
Hotcha Club closed for the
night, and hoped everyone
would sleep especially tight!

Summer '38



fishing trip

RUNOIA SENIORS SET SAIL FOR A
SALTY SOJURN AT BOOTHBAY.

"Duffles aweigh my girls,
We're off to Boothbay."

And so eleven seniors, Miss Pribe, Miss Lanham, and Flackie set out for a week-end at Boothbay in Runoia's "Old Ironsides."

Two and a half hours later found us in Boothbay about to enter the Spiling Cow gift shop, where Flackie was to meet Mrs. Blakemore, who soon told us the way to the "Down East Nautical Camp, where we would make our home for the next few days.

We again piled in the truck and headed for our new camp. Most of us expected to see a real camp but instead arrived in the midst of houses and cottages, much to our surprise.

Loaded with duffle bags we jumped from the trucks and not knowing exactly which house we were to go to, picked the first in sight, and dropped our luggage on the lawn. No sooner had we disposed of the baggage when an elderly woman came flying out of the house, in a great state of excitement, thinking we were going to camp on the front lawn. Flackie soon fixed up matters and the woman pointed out the house we had been looking for. Being very hungry and extremely anxious for lunch, we fairly stumbled down the hill to the Down East Nautical Camp where Brinson and Pindal (the two colored cooks) had lunch waiting for us. But it didn't wait long, for us! ~~But it~~ For with eleven hungry Runoia girls no food could last long.

After lunch we spent about an hour making our beds, unpacking and exploring the boarding house in which we were going to spend two whole nights. Finally Flackie shouted to us that it was about time to leave, so we came downstairs and piled into "Old Ironsides" (the bus to you) and put-putted

off to Walter Buzzell's Salt Water Swimming Pool.

As we pulled up to the entrance gate some of the more modest maidens in our group were a trifle dubious about alighting because they felt as though they were girls from an orphan asylum our for the day (or something like that), but when they saw the most inviting salt water pool in front of them, they gently eased themselves out of the bus and scurried off to the bath houses.

In a few minutes we were all clad in our bathing attire (what there was of it) and were dashing into the refreshing pool. After a few moments of splashing and diving some one suggested that we bask under the sun in the specially provided solarium which was a mere open air shack with some poles with canvas stretched across for beds. Anyway, I guess the main attraction was in the name. However all this idle contentment could not last forever, for in a half an hour Flackie came dashing in and told us we would have to hurry up and get dressed if we wanted to go clamming. So we dashed up to our various beach houses, (ours being Miami Beach) and go vack into our orphan dungarees and awaited the arrival of the clam man.

Much to the surprise of some of the campers, (including myself) this business of clamming turned out to be a rather mucky proposition. With pants rolled up and shoes and socks removed we started to dig. Flackie was quite a past-master at the art of clam digging and soon taught us how to "bring 'em up alive." After an hour of wallowing in mud and cutting our feet on barnacles, we settled down to a sea food dinner which consisted of steamed clams, fresh lobster, olives, hard tack and watermelon. After we had loaded ourselves to the gills, we again started out for the "Down East" Camp (or shall we call it a boarding house?)



where we fell after a few giggles on our beds and sailed off to the land of dreams (or shall we say nightmares?)

S UNDA Y AT BOOTHBAY

Sunday dawned bright and clear with only the Sunday School bells of Boothbay to remind us that it was the Holy Sabbath. After breakfast, we tore down to the dock to meet the fishing schooner, scheduled to arrive at nine--it was practically punctual, hoving in to sight at ten-thirty. But the wait that we endured was profitable in a way, for we dangled our toes in the water and observed the beauties of the deep (such as jelly-fish and sea-weed). When the Baby Grand, our worthy craft of the day--a forty-eight ft. two-master--finally came drifting calmly in, we cheered the crew, much to their embarrassment and chagrin, and clambered aboard like a bunch of exploring puppies poking our noses into all the corners....

Of course, the wind immediately petered out, as did the wind, so we had no trouble with sea-sickness or the like but after much coaxing, the crew--namely Dick Lyman and Dave Darling--managed to propel us out into the "deep". We were entertained en route by pertinent questions from the inland Helene, who evidently has much to learn of the ways of the sea. We ate, by popular request, before we started fishing--it was a good thing that we did, too, the deck was just the least bit messy after we started the great task of the day....

The less said about the catch, the better--We blushingly hide our heads and mutter that the fish we snagged were not fifty-pound cod or halibut or mackerel--in fact, the few that we did catch had scarcely cut their baby teeth, and our tender hearts forced us to throw a lot of them back because of the pathetic look in their eyes..

The activities of the day were halted rather abruptly by the advent of a few clouds and a peal of thunder, so we managed to get back to the home port somehow--by the help of the rippled motor--and we clambered up the hill again to divert ourselves of the peculiar fishy smells that we had acquired during the day.

After dinner we boarded the trusty truck and zoomed into Boothbay on all four cylinders to seek the surprise that our counselors had been dangling before our noses--- After much confusion and mix up and general unhappiness as a result of curiosity, we finally discovered the surprise to be a spooky trip around an ancient four-masted schooner, rotting away at an already rotten wharf.. We made friends with the caretaker and got all the inside dope about the old ship.. Ice cream cones were next on the list, and we devoured huge ones before we set out for the camp once more..... And don't think those beds didn't feel plenty good, even if they were hard!..

Monday

Monday morning of the Boothbay trip dawned bright and clear--We were all refreshed after a night of devilment and of teasing Flackie, and we came down to devour mountains of scrambled eggs, to the accompaniment of much bragging about activities of the night before.

After breakfast we adjourned to the dock where we toasted our already (in many cases) raw epidermises, and sailed with Willie the Sailor--Incidentally, we swam in the briny deep and swallowed enough salt water to prevent sore throats for many days to come--There were no fatalities during the sailing, which was not very surprising since the wind was fickle and did not honor us with its presence too much....

Luncheon consisted of fish chowder compiled from our huge(?) catch of the day before, and poor Betsey and Helene were out of luck for not liking our finned friends. However they fared quite well with the help of peanut butter, apple pie and so forth.

Having finished the delicious repast (we will draw the curtain to denote the passage of time while Miss Pribe and Willie the Sailor grappled over great hunks of cheese) we packed our duffle-bags and started the long pull up the hill with them, heaving them into the truck with sighs of relief for reaching the top, and of regret for having to leave this Garden of Eden.

We stopped in Boothbay to take pictures of our beloved four-masted schooners and to bid a last farewell to the Smiling Cow--thence back to Great Pond and vicinity. Aside from red noses and slightly ruffled dispositions, we seem to be none the worse for wear, and kodak pictures are still coming in to tell the tale of our grand week-end...

The Baumans Entertain At Waterville

On Friday, Anna's birthday, Mrs. Bauman gave us a party at her home in Waterville. The party was in the long living-room and we played checkers, tiddly-winks, and a game of astronomy. After these games by the fire, we went into a beautifully decorated table set with pretty glassware. We had the usual picnic supper, topped off by a pretty cake with white icing and silver sprinkles, and raspberry ice cream. During supper we played Buzz, Telephone, and a map game played with doilies. After supper we rode Artie's bicycle (by the way, Artie is Anna's brother). During all this, Flackie and Mrs. Bauman were fixing the so-called "counselor's skirt" of blue cambric material, and they later sewed it on the hostess's sewing machine. On the way back the trippers sang camp songs and made remarks about "road-hogs".

THE PROCTER PLAYERS

ie cast for:

ie Old Duffer

ie Game Of Chess

and

ie Vaudeville

Lyle H. Farrell- Director

Francis Hunt

Ralston Darley

Allen Chamberlan 11

Josiah Fuller

In the dimly lit room, with only the footlights casting wierd shadows on the curtains, sat the Runoia audience. As it always is before the curtain rises, the room was in a hushed silence- what would the stage set be like, how did the play begin was the question in everyone's mind. And then the curtain opened. We saw before us a typical scene between father and son. The son is about to be married and naturally enough he is extremely happy- but- this happiness, at least to us, is marred by the entrance of a poor beggar who turns out to be the son's real father. All would be well, but this man has a prison record behind him, and if his son were to know this, his conscientiousness would not let him marry the girl he loved. The question in all our minds was, will he selfishly claim his son as his own and ruin his chances for happiness, or will he remain obscure to his son forever? We were all held in complete suspense, but hoping against hope that the outcome would not be tragic. And in the grand climax the final decision is made- the beggar father leaves in a rather touching way, while all ends happily.

Again suspense- what will the next play be like we all thought? And again the curtain opened- this time in a Russian room where a stately Russian sat, clothed in the richest of garments pondering over a game of chess with his friend. However, all was not well in this play either- the stately Russian with a very long name was to have a private interview with a political enemy of his. We saw the enemy enter the room, clothed as a peasant, bearded, and in a desperate state. He had a pistol in his pocket, aha, his object was to kill. He drew out his pistol and was just about to fire, when bravely the noble opponent looked into the face of the gun and said, " wait, I have something to say." Cleverly he led the peasant off his track, told him they were brothers and that they must die together and prepared a poisonous drink for each. Would the peasant fall into the others net- yes they both drank the mixture, and waited for its

evil effect. We had all given up hope for both, but at the crucial moment the noble one informed the miserable peasant that he was imune to the poison, and that only the stupid peasant would die. And what a horrible climax that was, to see that wretched peasant roll his eyes, and gasp his way to death, while the clever chess player sat back, immobile, marvelling at his own cleverness.

Applause? Yes there was plenty, but we were all rather uneasy after that last emotional scene. And so when the curtain parted for the last time, and we beheld an amusing Vaudeville, it was a great relief to be able to laugh- and laugh we did heartily at the jokes, and the acordian player.

Again the room was only dimly lighted by the footlights, but this time it was filled with pleased applause instead of expectant silence.



DAY BY DAY AT RUNOIA

well, the Tucks have at last arrived! We have been looking forward to their arrival for some time with the greatest anticipation! Brita is living in 6th Shack, while sister Emily is boarding with 5th. We hope that their very brief stay will be crammed with goodies! FLASH....IT WILL BE FOR CLARE'S BIRTHDAY IS COMING SOON!

Alyn Godda has joined our ranks, and is making her home in 5th Shack. People come and people go, and plenty always happens...at Runoia!

Time Magazine says, Quote..."Names make news, this week these names made news." And so it is here at Camp. It seems that we have many new names this week. Still another one is Cynthia Polly, who comes to us as a day camper" for a short time.

Cynthia lives in 2nd Shack. She is rapidly acquiring a suntan as well as an appetite. We predict that in 1949 she will tip the scales at 100! Welcome Cynthia!

And speaking of children naturally brings us to the question of parents. And aren't they a question?! The Sunday of July 26th was Parents Day. A few were brave of enough to make their appearance at Camp to look over the situation. Several special events were planned for them, and it seemed a shame that more of our fond papas and mamas weren't here to see 3rd Shack's presentation of Kiplings. How the Elephant Got His Trunk" in the form of marienetts. And as for the band concert...they say around Camp that they are considering a contract to appear at the Stadium in New York next summer! Need we say more? It was really something to listen to, and wonder at. Three years of Progress! Time marches on.

P. K. (Patrica Kennedy) left our fireside on the aforementioned Sunday, the 26th. Two events of such opposite nature in one day. Well, that's life. Dog Spot arrived along with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, and poor P.K. just couldn't resist his fond charms, and went along with him. Naturally we are more than sorry to have lost such a good camper, and we hope that she will return to us next summer, dog and all.

On Tuesday night we were entertained by Princess Wanna wassa, (Here she will always be known as Wanta Basket), and Young (no longer) Chief Cooloff, or something like that. Poor Young Chief is now a bit on the windy side especially after one of his thrilling Snake or Eagle Dances! They really are a very entertaining and interesting pair, however and we think that life on the Island at Old Town would be well worth seeing.

Sport Week has come and gone, and Mingle has had a birthday. Both events of major importance, but good things always come in pairs. Of Sport Week we can say that the weather favored us, and all was well. Of Mingles birthday we can truthfully repeat that the weather favored us and all was well, especially the orange "shubert" and cookies!

FLASH... 4th Shack entertained at Charades on Saturday night. The whole Camp has been buzzing with enthusiasm over the new recently imported from Tibet some weeks ago! It seemed to go over with a bang at Runoia, for we all shappened our wits and got busy with some brain twisters, (no relation to the well-known brain trusters...you just can't trust a brain truster) and made the fur fly. We discovered that on the whole we are a pretty smart crew!! Along with the merry crew and such.



DAY BY DAY T RUNOIA

Imagine our surprise, not to measure the other day when two, fat, com, watermelons arrived as the ft of Cynthia's father, one Mr. lly! Many thanks, Mr. Polly, let assure you that they^{was} good to the st seed.

Gloomy Sunday, Colby left the night the plays! Camp just hasn't seemed e same since her ill timed depart-e. We miss the laughter and gaiety th which she constantly infested our king hours. Yes, on said night, ght after the last curtain, she ietly said her last farewells, and silently crept away. It was indeed sad moment for us all, and we still ar her voice where ever we roam. is roumered, however, that she may turn sometime in August. We have it good authority that she thinks that mp has it all over the summer colony like nobodys business, and thats something we have known for a long ime, but like some other things also know about, it has to be learned om sad experience. And let that be lesson to you...and you...AND YOU!

On Saturday we found the 4th Shack tting all their peas in one very rge basket! Tch...tch...4th Shack ats not the done thing. Always hold t for a rainy day...and you'll ually get it! The peas tasted pretty ell, and we do appreciate yourefforts.

Gossip has it that 4th Shack is hard work on a new play, soon to be pro-ced. It is also being whispered about at someone in 4th is turning actor-ducer! Personally we are all on ge trying to figure out who it can . The sly little minxes are surely to something unusual.

THE EDITORS UNEASY CHAIR

It seems that some members of Camp have had the wanderlust lately. Janet went over to visit her brother and was quite disappointed because she didn't see him, but maybe(?) she had a good time anyway.

.....
Miss Crawford arrived recently bringing with her a young friend, Dick Kent, and her beloved Scotty. Scotty had broken his leg and had it is bound up, but we hope he won't be cast down for long.

.....
The long awaited ducks finally arrived, being very healthy specimens, we will need no quack Ducktors for them!

.....
Birthdays have been reeled off one, two, three the past week or so, being those of the Misses Caniff, Bauman, and Allen. It is not quite Claire now how anyone can store away so much ice cream Anna cake or two, but I guess its Allen a day's work!

The Editor

FOURTH SHACK WENT TO BOOTHDAY TOO!

Yes, they did, and why not, aren't they big girls now? From several hints dropped we hear that hints were not the only things that were dropped! Seems that Betty Gripper is a great little dropper!

Upon reaching Pemaquid they boarded a boat and found THREE MEN ON A HORSE...I mean BOAT! Seems the idea was to take a number from 18 to 40, and you would have their respective ages. Theres quite a wide range when you stop to think about it. They tell us that P.K. got the collywobles going and others joined them on the return. It gets you coming and going, pals!

Connie Payson says...quote..
"After diving through breakers and coming up on the other side, they came home thoroughly happy." unquote
I should think they would!



Third Shack Party

No, you mustn't run down to the beach, just walk to the place where the cobwebs have been woven. But I didn't notice any walking, it was a pretty mad dash to the pine trees. Here, white figures wound up miles of thread spun by those ingenious bird shackers. Around trees, up rees, and through them they went, and if one were to look up into one special tree, one would see Miss Dowd around it trying to untangle a great mass of string. The work of the busy spiders was finally undone and everyone wandered back to a big fire where they laughingly told of the witty sayings at the end of their string--"fooled again" or, "better luck next time," but some were lucky/...they found pencils, and Elsa proudly showed us the prize she won...a pad of camp writing paper. Songs began to float over the water, camp songs, cowboy songs, funny songs and rounds, and then again another Runoia day ended.

Janet Brown

NE MORE MESSY TRIP

Us on a trip
Paddling on for hours
Without showers
When we reach Long Lake we'll stop
And in the lake we'll hpp
That's us...on a bus or on a trip
it doesn't matter..the words don't count..it's just the music and the fact that we're out for three long days in the wilds.

When we got wind bound at Long Lake we didn't care. We didn't care about dinner or getting our beds made before dark..we had what we wanted right with us---Our Love Stories--we had "True Confessions", "True Love Stories." "All just full of love, and we sat right down on the rocks, at the carry and read and read. All too soon the counselors interrupted us to say that we should tie our packs in, so as not to lose them if we tipped over, and start daringly

across the raging waves. We were complimented on the way we paddled across the rough stretch...so one had any trouble at all. After a good long paddle we found the camping place by the old spring and in spite of approaching darkness had a fine supper and fixed our beds comfortably for the night.

Next morning we packed up our True Stories, True Confessions, and started for Belgrade Stream. We passed the other two camping places at the south end of Long Lake and passed the stream into Moose Pond and the bridge where Booker and Syl got lost last year and found a nice bluff with a fine fishy smell to have lunch on and read our Love Stories...By this time the counselors had begun to appreciate our literature so they read aloud to us "The Miracle That Came into My Life" or Love in a Small Town" All too soon we had to pack up and go on to Lake Messalonskee. We had heard how rough it always is there and knew there was a high wind because even in the stream we could sail with our raincoats.

Here's the way you do it...Bow paddler holds paddle between knees placing blade of paddle in neck of rain-coat.. the raincoat us then spread between outstretched arms of bow paddler. Stern paddler relaxes...lies right down in the stern, and lets herself go. Its better to sit on the back seat in rain coat sailing. Well, we never had to even put paddle to water all the way across Messalonskee to the ledges. We just sailed over.

Before we reached Messalonskee we had some social life at Belgrade Station First we spied Frisky leaning out of the window of Miss Rich's car and then when we were eating icecream in the village, along came Johnny. We talked in a spirited way but were all too glad to get back to our Love Stories.

All during supper the wind was still blowing hard and we felt like hardy mariners on an island way out at sea with the wind whipping across the ledges and blowing our fire into a thousand sparks. We gayly got ready for our beds which had been made with great skill and care and were



Dear Perplexed,

We crawled in and settled down. Suddenly the wind dropped and zu- u- zu- zu- zu- zu- zu- zu-lap slap slap!

Look what they've done to us--
We got up and went out paddling. It
was beautiful moonlight. Flackie
and Joan stayed home with the mos-
quitoes. It was cold and Helene was
sitting in a canoe full of water so
we found our way in the dark back to
Joan's flashlight on the Ledges.
They said the breeze had chased the
mosquitoes so we went to bed again
but not for long...zu- zu- zu-
slap, slap, slap, Flackie said, "
Well, anyway we can light a fire so
we had a midnight feast of cookies
and peaches and bread and jam and
settled down around the fire which
seemed to drive the mosquitoes off.
Two of us chose to escape in a canoe
and at one-thirty A.M., Betsey and
Burr could have been seen anchored
off shore cosily reading "True Con-
fessions" by falshlight. Kay May
and Terry took a brisk paddle at the
same hour but eventually we all sett-
led fown around the fire except
Tinny who had a soft little sleeping
hook on the hard rocks by the shore.

Next time a trip camps at the
ledges we advise them to take some
MOSQUITO NETTING.

Anyway to make a long story short-- we had a grand Messalonskee Trip and were sorry to see the North Belgrade Station water tower where the truck wasto pick us up, looming into sight all too soon.

The Director

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Please write me what I should do in this delicate situation. A friend of my uncle's and their male descendant may come to see me. I should be very embarrassed. What should I do?

Perplexed

True yours is an alarming situation, calling for the most careful, and skillful handling, but do not give up hope, WE can, and will give you expert advice!

First of all you must secure the services of a competent chaperone, we suggest you engage her at once! At once! We can not emphasize this point too strongly! Then consider the matter of dress. Of course you are at once at a decided disadvantage in this important issue, for camp costume is not at all the sort of thing one should wear when entertaining a male descendant. If you can, I urge you to get the longest pair of black stockings possible. Be sure to see that your knees are entirely covered. Borrow (from Miss Dowd) a pair of full, black, or navy, bloomers, ~~the~~ long full kind, and wear a long-sleeved-white middy. Since you are cursed with blonde (you know how men are), you had better cover this entirely with a bathing cap, or beret. Top off with dark glasses, and high boots, or sneakers, and you are ready for anything. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven, and serve with fudge sauce. This serves two!

The Editor.

The Editor wishes to say that this paper will be glad to answer any perplexing questions of any nature. Benefit by our many years of experience. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential.

Voice of Experience



DAY BY DAY AT RUNOIA

Piglet is with us once more... three cheers, and a loud hurrah! They all come back ..just give them time. By the end of summer we will be able to have one grand "Old Home Week." (What is this wonderful power we have?)

Yes, and Mrs. Bauman just couldn't remain away for the whole summer. Of course she has sneaked out of a Sunday afternoon now and then, but this time she packed her little bag and came to spend the night, and incidentally to soothe a few aches and pains on the side---or back or front---or tummy! We, of course were tickled to death to have her among those present.

Fourth Shack has been truckin' again. This time they reched good old Augusta. Janet and Jill went truckin' with them, and kept them on the straight and narrow! Some said that the State House was even more beautiful then ever this year. Plenty of Senators were in evidence. Was that significant? Time has not altered the shrunken head one atom. One thing, though that brought dire disappointment to hearts,...the place is not all it seems from the outside! Seems that some of the marble is just facing and is not genuine stuff clear through! Isn't that awful, someone ought to bring it to the attention of the Governor! And I'm gonna do it, so!

Elsa, Ginger, Katherine, and Jill whipped into Waterville the other morning, on secret missions. Now that Clare's birthday is over the secret is out! We spent so much time window shopping and whatnot that we missed our dinner and were forced to halt on Webber's lawn. You can guess the rest!

WE DID MORE THAN ADMIRE THE VIEW!

Our fame shatteredd all records last month. People came and went so rapidly that we scarce had to

time to get acquainted. We are pleased to welcome Jane Irvin to Runoia. Fourth Shack's gain...Belfast's loss!

Miss Judith Enos has moved from Second Shack, where she has been spending the month of July, to an apartment in Third Shack.

There has been quite an epidemic of out-door sleeping lately. First Fourth Shack picked up their beds and walked, and not to be outdone, Thirds followed. All was quiet on the Junior front...that is after about three o'clock!

The wiley old Muffin Man came and went and deposited soe pretty grand blueberry muffins on our doorstep the other morning! Muffins rapidly disappeared and waistbands as rapidly expanded! Ho, hum, there's always a time and place for everything, and on such a morning is no time to watch that figure!

Well, you know how Clare Webber's birthdays are! They go on and on, honestly we don't see how she does it. Time just doesn't march on around the first of August. Party after party, and CAKE after CAKE, nightmare after night-mare, and so on down the line! This year it started on th usual date, August 7th, and ended mid tears, and handshakings, on the following Sunday, following the final CAKE (it was the cutest thing, my dear)! And so, under the circumstances we feel that it isn't too late to wish you a very happy birthday!

Scotty left us recently one morning, but then before our tears were dry, he came back again. You wee, they can't stay away. But on his return we found that he had persuaded his mistress to come with him. And so Miss Crawford returned to the fold, bed, and baggage. With Colby's return, the roll-call will be about complete.

DAY BY DAY AT RUNOIA

Remember we mentioned the fact that 4th Shack had something up their socks? Well, it all came out on Saturday last in the form of a play! They had gone into a tussle over this serious business of the Drama, and decided to quit fooling around with plays written by a really truly author and do something original, all by themselves. The result, after much tearing of hair, and sheets, which nobody heard...when Willie tore his pants)...was uncommonly good. Booth Tarkington, Native Son of Indiana...(page Lanny) wrote a novel and called it "Seventeen" ...4th Shack..... Runoia's Own Girls...choose an exciting chapter out of it, and dramatized it. In the course of rehearsal it turned out that a hitherto unsuspected member of said shack was laden with histrionic talent. I refer to none other than little Evie Freeman, who played the part of 'Liza, the colored maid! Danesi Hilton, portrayed our hero...Willie Baxter, Barbara Martin was convincing as Mrs. Baxter, and Barbara Taylor made you want to haul off and let her have one, so real was her interpretation of the little sister Jane! (lucky for you, dear that we held ourselves under control). That, of course, is the test of good acting. Orchids to you, one and all. The performance was most entertaining.

We think that 4th Shack was very generous to contribute to the entertainment of 5th's party. It was something quite novel. Before the above mentioned play, 5th Shack played mine host, and staged a Scavenger Hunt. Johnny and Dougie did NOT pour, but they did stick around and spur us on in our colossal efforts to find a

(thats one for you, Miss Rich. We aim to unstruct the young as well as amuse, as we go our own sweet way.) Naturally the Pie-'en-Cones made a tremendous hit, and we were duly impressed with the liberal supply of the delicious fruit. MEDICAL NOTE...Tell us what followed that, 5th Shack!!

Last Friday, Picnic night, found the camp making themselves at home on the shores of one-time- Camp Jolie. Some say that trollies have had their day. Certainly one could not wish for a more pleasant last resting place. 2nd Shack, I understand, found a valuable deposits of tin and German silver! All had themselves a good time exploring/

FASHION NOTE....Miss Marian Johnson, of Boston, Natick, and soon-to be-of-Cincinnati, and Points West, was nattily attired for travelling in the current mode. White gloves, with necktie to match, adorning a gay blue camping costume, consisting of bloomer and middy. A bright green Boston bag added just the right accent to her charming costume. A real picture of what the well-dressed tripper will wear. Her head gear should be remember for its unusual arrangement, the the Chinese influence predominating.

Some are backward and don't know it, others acquire it, But Runoia chose to be backward for one whole day! Not satisfied to keep our secret to ourselves, we invited guests to observe our weaknesses! We found that it is just as easy to go forward as backwards, in fact easier! You see, here at camp we set aside one day in which to be backwards, and the rest of the time, we progress at a tremendous rate of speed! (watch our dust)

DAY BY DAY AT RUNOIAA THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK...

Mrs. Bayne entertains
Seniors gain!
Can't refrain!

.....

Mrs. and Mr. Luther were seen lunching at Runoia on Sunday... (we get tired of always saying Mr. and Mrs. We'd like to give the man a break)... Mrs. and Mr. Tuck were seen strolling about camp on Sunday, admiring the view..... Mrs. and Mr. Weber put in their final appearances recently, to all appearances.... the Dudley Lesters, and daughter, Mary Jane, are spending some time on our Lake.... Connie Murdock, erstwhile camper, and counselor spent several days with us, acquiring a bit of local color, which was particularly noticeable in the nose..... Campers were heard whooping up the Misses Marshall on backwards day, (no offence meant, the Misses Marshall)... the girls invited the Counselors to Campers Coffee one noon recently.... Mary Jane Lester has been resting quietly in our infirmary for several days, we are happy to report she is much better.

Third Shack had its annual outing in Waterville on Tuesday, last. Consuming the usual quantities of goodies, and spending money in the 5&10, they trooped through the streets, presenting a colorful picture.

We have a Collector in our midst! Sh, not a bill collector, you dope, but a FERN COLLECTOR. Miss Rich is rapidly becoming an authority on ferns. We hope that she will let us in on some of the interesting things which she has found recently. I should think she would be glad to FERNish us with some worthwhile information on that subject. (how about it, Miss Rich?)

Some of the Seniors, under the able supervision of Flackie, pulled some wires on Sunday, and put Billy Jenner through his paces. Always a sad tale, it was unusually so this time. The sun had some difficulty in setting at the right time, but aside from that all was well. 3rd Shack repeated their version of "The Elephants Child" before a delighted (parents are always delighted) audience.

The band was nice, too. MUSICAL NOTE.... When you hear the band... just st. around, ... around a hundred miles away.

Is there any connection between the barbers arrival and the sudden disappearance of the cats's whiskers? Whoever felt in the mood, must have made some cutting remarks to Poor Tigger, and that is one of the big as yet unsolved mysteries of the present season. Along with the other unsolved, problems of the world, such as "Who killed Cock Robin, and "Who Stole My Heart Away?"... and now "Who Shaved Tigger's Whiskers! !

Runoia Heartbeat.. Who was the attractive young man seen chatting with Barbie Vanderbilt recently! ! !

During a rehearsal of the Ghosts in the Lodge the other evening, the members of the cast were found to be BATS! A bat hung followed, and the unfortunate bat was probably NUTS! That is after he was chased around the rafters awhile.

We are sorry, indeed, to report the ~~the~~ departure of Cynthia Polly. She informed us the other evening that she would miss us here at camp. We sincerely hope she will. Somehow having her with us for this short time has brought out the maternal instinct in some of us! Cynthia expects to go to No. Dakota on the flying Vankee, and will not sail to Haiti until Early in December. Come on back and spend a whole summer with us sometime, Cynthia.

Allyne had a dark birthday on the 14th of September, celebrating her 14th birthday. ~~MY~~ my, now isn't that a coincidence for you. Why do we say DARK? Oh, because she ordered chocolate icecream and chocolate sauce. They say that she is that way about the dark goo.

Top 'O the World to you, too. Yes, Runoia picniced there on Friday. Hay rick, truck, and foot were employed in the supreme effort to get us all there. Boy, isn't it a great feeling to be asitting on top of the world?

SAVED! FROM A FATE WORSE THAN GRIM DEATH! SHOWING THE INFLUENCE IN TIMES LITERATURE AND LETTERS, OF TRUE ROMANCES, AND TRUE STORY!

Betty Perry is about to be fataly bitten by a rattlesnake, when along comes a darkeyed cowboy, and saves her from her fate! Ah, death, where is thy sting!

Dorita Tuck, painting in the field, (not her face, of cours), a cow stealthily creeps up behind her! Our hero, a dashing toreador saves her and picture. Oh, Toreador, etc. etc.

Emily Tuck, dancing in a Belgium dancing class. Suddenly a mouse scuttles across the floor! Belgium lover rushes her safely to a chair!

Kay May Condit is being carried towards some rapids! A Baboon seeing fellow brother in distress (which dress) clutches her to safety in his hairy ~~in embrace!~~

embrace
Peggy Branham is being held captive in a speeding car. Goodlooking cop, "Pete" arrives just as she is about to be shot. Saves her from fatal experience! (and what an experience!)

Jane Terry elopes from a very strict boarding school and gets married at 12:00 P.M. (17 years old) Question...who saves her?

Helene Livingood is on a hiking trip (imagine surprise). On top of the mountain she slips and hurts herself. A handsome game warden finds her. "Is it ~~xxxxxx~~?" she asks.
serious

It certainly pays to find out!

Clare Weber on a hunt gets thrown into a tree. She is strangling! Huntsman looking for lost hurt St. Bernard sees Clare, and making mistake saves her instead of dog!

Harriet McLane...name all over Hollywood, play about to begin... cameras crash and fall! Tom Brown rushes with water and bandages, caring for her himself!

Virginia Dessar on a hiking trip on top of mountain, finds a comfortable, well-heated, cabin with a particularly nice fire warden!

Virginia Branham...the races are on and Jack was sure to win! But really its much more heroic to save a sinking maiden who has been bumped by another boat.

Jane Allen is fording (I can't afford one, can you?) a Kentucky stream. The current is too strong for her. She gets carried along. Fortunately a fishing man wi nearby who knows the method of how to save someone who drifts down a stream! (Wev'e always wanted to know that)

MEADOWBROOK TRIP, AS IT MIGHT
APPEAR IN AN INTERVIEW.

I (the interviewer) found Miss Pribe in jovial mood, ready, yea, eager to receive us, and our questions. Seated at the table, with her shirtsleeves, she seemed more than ready for action. Lets do Meadowbrook, says she.....

"Well, now Miss Pribe, I understand that you were one of the trippers?" Well, says she, "Ask me a question." Did you enjoy it?... (now don't say just YES!) I also understand that it was a canoeing trip again?

No, its hiking. The weather, it gave up, and dried up...we just picked up the canoes and carried. Did this have any lasting (lastic) effect on your shoulders...what is that word...sort of drag? Yes, says Miss Pribe, it did drag. Will you comment on the weather please? The dry season was definite. Were you allowed to light fires in the middle of the stream? No, no fires in the middle of the stream.

(3rd voice) I want to say something. Were there any dames around there? No, no dams around there, dammit.

Would you say that the stream was at low ebb? Yes, very low. Were they raising rice along the sides? No it was a little too dry along the sides. What do you think of the irrigation system? Irrigation system was irregular...rice situation pretty bad...just wouldn't RISE (RISE)!

Where did you start this trip? We started in Someones property, but they didn't like that so well, Shady Grounds Camp (keep it dark). Do you find the eels rather numerous? Well, no...leave that out, thats chitchat. Were there eels under your beds? Sure...Pine EELS! (pine needles) I saimply cannot go on...but the trip went the trip went on...came the second bridge...water under the

bridge...under the bridge. Say, were things on this trip entirely above board? The answer is simply yes. Tell me, briefly, about how long it took you to paddle the first day. About 20 eels. For the day

, and dry season, pretty good. Was there an upset? No, no upset... everything stayed down. Where did you camp the first night? I'm thinking...on...on...Meadowbrook. Oh, yes, on Echo Lake, a distance of about 20 eels. Now was the weather good? Yes, we blew up quite a big storm. Did you have a round or square meal? We had a little trouble with the potatoes....we weren't going to tell them that...cut out the potatoes. Did you sleep at all the first night? Someone slept in Pix..pixilated. Tell us about the second day. Came the dawn..breakfasted heartily.. we progressedoh, about Oh, were all mixed up...do we have to do this all over again? Now tell me in closing, would you say there were any high spots...what was the keynote? Well, we thought 'twas a hiking trip. That is in and out of the water. Your iterinary seems to be a bit befuddled...was that dew to the fog that hangs around on camp feet. We blew in by boat, under our own power and under Dr. Swens' observation. He lent a rather...well, what shall we say? It caused us to put on our shirts on over our halters. Isn't this a sketch?

GERTRUDE STEIN AS INTERVIEWER
EMILY PRIBE BEING INTERVIEWED.

FOURTH SHACK TRIP TO HOYTS

Fourth Shack took their fate in their hands Thursday night and embarked for Hoyts Island. Great preparations were made and they were cheered madly by the camp as they set out on their journey. The night was pleasant and no casualties occurred except for great noises in the woods during the night, that could not be accounted for! As proof of the excellent cooking that was put out during the trip, prectically all of fourth shack has gone on a diet now to do away with the avoirdupios acquired while camping in the wilds.



SECOND MEADOWBROOK TRIP

Most of you imagine a canoe trip as a venture into the far woods, with many a person near. Such experiences tend to make you a nationalist and an isolationist, instead of an internationalist and brotherly lover. The Second Echo Lake trip (we laughed and laughed, because we didn't go to Echo Lake anyhow) or Meadowbrook, if you could call it such, decided to adopt the modern idea of one big happy family on the Belgrade Lakes. So when we finally Poled our canoes over the reeds into the cove we couldn't make by water because of the huge waves battering our fragile craft, there on the shore perched Camp Somerset. They were most hospitable in greeting us and offering us some terra firma, for after all they had the beach with the fireplace and the cleared space for sleeping. We could have been generous under the same circumstances. But strong hearts never waver, so we walked around the point and found two open cabins left by good old Camp Norridgewack, and there we unfolded our tents and settled down for a hard night. Oh, I forgot...after supper our campers joined Somerset for a good old gab fest about the fire and a cup of coffee, which I saw most every Runoia girl pour out on the ground. (Note: we must train our girls to drink coffee)

Going down Smithfield Stream we played hostess and let Somerset go first. Once in awhile we had rest hour in order not to bump into them. We noticed they didn't spend much time in Smithfield on the punch boards and feeding the faces. (Note: we must teach our girls to save their money)

After yearning looks at the "shoot the chutes" we started exploring North Pond for a new camping site, because two camps were already vying for Echo Cove. Here again we upheld the modern spirit, for during our swim one boatload of people landed on our sandy beach.. (fortunately they disappeared in the woods so two nudist members could get dressed), and during supper another boat landed and two men came ashore. Previously Somerset had passed by to a camping place further north, so it was like "Old Home Week" for us! One of the men caused an embarrassing situation by recalling previous meetings with one of the counsellors, which just goes to prove the truth of Jill's statement that "Crime Don't Pay."

This second camping spot certainly was a fruitful one, for when the boy's camp which used to be there closed up, they left all their records and accounts of events. (Note: we must tear down all our signs and carry off all papers and Miss Dowd's bulging boxes and the Logs, if we ever close up Runoia.) Several of our girls took a great interest in the intimate records of several of the old boys, which again exercised that modern tendency toward international snooping!

There may be some details we have omitted from this account, but you should be truly grateful that we do not convey to you the dead fish smell of "Mav's" endless story of "Love At Camp." (Note: another time maybe it would be better to take along the "True Story Magazine" rather than to depend on the imagination! Selah, and yet again, - Farewell!

Johnny

LONG LAKE INTERVIEW.

It was long because nobody paddled for long. (No that wouldn't be tactful.)

Who was the other councillor? Flackie, of course she wore her feather and the others wore halters, and of course we looked the nicest of all camps.

You agreed among yourselves that you were the quintessence of all girl's camps- the ideal. I deal in old clothes, what do you deal in? We dealt food. (That's an aside, don't take that down.)

Well um!- We skinny-dipped with much civilization looking longingly on- (Get it?)

Since this was an overnight trip, did you all carry your overnight grips? If Elsa had been along we might have but as she wasn't we carried plenty of food.

Well- a- in your estimation is this one of the more exviting trips offered by Camp Runoia?

It rained- a wet trip. What time did it start to rain, but I guess we'd better not put that in until I tell how we slept.

Ibbie slept on a rock. Oh! she was rocked to sleep.

I'd hate to feel I was on the skids, seeing as how she didn't bring her grip along- it didn't matter.

Were the mosquitoes on their mettle?

There wasn't any mettle to land on. What does mettle mean? On their toes, they skidded.

You don't think Runoia campers are getting soft do you? What am I supposed to say? What you really think. Well we didn't have soft beds.

Was efficiency displayed by councillors?

B. Martin had a falling out with a canoe. What was that about Lynnie wrapped up in a paunch? Do you mean she had a paunch on? Yes, after dinner. Now we are getting quite to the paunch.

We just gripped with our teeth and bit in.

We passed a boys camp- camping in muck up to their knees. Did ol' man river get 'em?

When did the rainy season begin? Would you say that was the Equinox or the Ides of March?

We didn't do anything- we just got wet- so wet that we had to put on our pajamas- a pretty mess- a pretty kettle of fish.

Did you arrive at camp in high spirits? No, in pajamas but with clean dishes- not so clean! I washed some of them over.

It was wet and we et and that was thet. I call thet a very good ending.

SIXTH SHACK PARTY.

Did you say or ever hear that Sixth shack was crazy?

Well I must say I might have believed it after seeing them prepare for their preformance. Sitting up in the rafters on a bed, walking around like a bunch of mech-anicle men, and even talking of having the pony, that cute little thing, pop out of the pix to the tune of a bugle with wings on, just like Pegasus.

But even though they were crazy, I'm telling you, the camp audience and friends managed to be quite goofy themselves, standing up on the bureaus and roaring at the antics of our monkey shack. Camp a few hundred years from now turned out to be quite an amazing idea, and a trifle lazy I might suggest. The ideal camper no longer slaved over her pack or paddle, it was all worked out with mechanical stiffness. And as to our director, not even having to lift a leg to get dressed in the morning, well, its certainly a grand life.

I don't know if we turned a little more sane in the play"From Camden to Trenton" or not. It all seemed mighty funny to be joggling along in a very bumpy car, all just one big happy family.



And the funny part about it
all was the actors laughed
jsut as hard as the audience.
Well it was all great fun
and who knows, we all may be
actressas yet if Jill gets a
hold of us!



The Perfect Runoia Girl--Junior and Senior..

Senior

Eyes--Betty A nn Wadleigh

Hair--Joan Ba yne

Mouth--Derita Tuck

Nose--Harriet McLane

Teeth--Ginny Branham

Complexion--Elsa Livingood

Figure--Betty Parry

Versatility--Ginger Dessar

Personality--Florence Booker

Pep--Piglet King

Junior

Eyes--Mary Bauman

Hair--Anna Ba uma n

Mouth--Ka therine Erickson

Nose--Danesi Hilton

Teeth--Barbara Va nderbilt

Figure--Betty Gripper

Versatility--Connie Pa yson

Pep--Nancy Lester

Personality--Claire Canniff

Complexion--Evie Freeman

Counselors

Miss Dowd--A Beautiful La dy in Blue
Miss Crawford--Something To Remember
Miss Johnson--Gotta Get To Work Aga in
Miss McDougall--Take Me Back To My Boots And Sa d dle
Miss La nham--I Fe el A Song Coming On--
Miss Flack--Take This Ring
Miss Pribe--Mad About The Boy
Mrs. Branham--At Your Service, Madam
Miss Fiske--I'm gon na Sit right down And Write Myself a Le tter
Miss Hillhouse--Double Trouble
Miss Rich--Please Believe Me
Miss Brown--Miss Brown tō You
Miss Cleveland-- Anything Goes on a Gloomy Sunday

Sixth Sha ck

Elsa Livingood--It Never Dawned On Me
Ginger Dessar--Curly Top
Florence Booker--Dinner For One, Please Ja mes
Peg Bra nham--Peg-O-My-Heart
Claire Weber--I Love To Ride The Horses ON The Merry, Merry-Go-Round
Derita Tuck--Sweet And Slow
Betty Perry--I Just Called Up To Say Goodnight
Ka y Ma y Condit--Ants in My Pants
Jane Allen--Early To Bed
Piglet King--I'm Painting The Town Red

Fifth Shack

Joa n Bayne--Red-heads On Parade
Helene Livingood--Oh Dea r, What Can The Matter Be?
Gin ny Branham--Cheer Up, Little Sister
Ja ne Terry--Little Bit Independent
Emily Tuck--It's All So New To Me
Allyn Gade--You Stayed Away Too Long
Betty Ann Wadleigh--Reckless
Harriet McLane-- You Ought to Be in Pictures
Betsy Wilds--Love Me Forever
Betty Burnham-- Page Miss Glory

Fourth Shack

Claire Tapley-- Crazy Over Horses
Ba rbara Vanderbilt-- Freckle Face
Barbara Martin--Ba bs
Anna Bauman--I Don't Want To Make History
Betty Gripper--I'll BE Hard To Handle
Barbara Ta ylor--I'ts The Anima l In Me
Evie Freeman--Solitude
Jane Irvin--Why Shouldn't I?
Danesi Hilton--Loaf in 'Time

Councillors

It's hard when we come to Miss Dowd
To sing praises sufficiently loud
Since we ~~can't~~ be bright
We'll risk seeming trite
And say, " she stands out in a crowd."

A councillor new is K. Lanham
If fourth shack ~~cuts~~ up she will fan 'em,
Rhythm's her business
It leads to great diziness
This remarkable councillor, Lanham.

Jill usually requires much sleep
For she finds ~~no~~ activities steep
But just give her Leo
And she outdoes dear Cleo
And comes home with a noisy peep-peep.

Mrs. Brant takes charge of pound
She gathers what gets left around
For the price of five cents
Will gladly dispense
With what she picked up on the ground.

Flackie is swell with a boat,
And on mountains a regular goat
Every cliff she will scale
Though she'll never fail
The lion's share of luggage she'll tote.

Johnnie improves with each season,
Every year you find her more pleasin'
Her humor is raw
But she hasn't a flaw,
Unless you object to her teasin'.

Dougie can outdo us all,
When it comes to playing basketball.
With impartial beams
She coaches both teams
And goals she will diligently call.

Em Pribe has won everyone's heart
She's funny, she's willing, she's smart
I'd like to embark
On Tool's classic remark,
Stay with us "till death do us part."

A jovial sort is Miss Fiske
A biography I'd hardly risk
But in passing I'll mention
And call to attention
That sometimes she throws a wild fit--tsk-tsk.

Councillors, conti.

A carastrophe came to Miss Rich
She went swimming, but here come's the hitch,
She fractured her toe
By a rock from below
Onto which by a wave she was pitche d.

Colby has a voice that is carrin'
You can hear it as far as a clarion!
The way she chases poor Hunt,
Is certainly some stunt!
I pity the man she'll be marryin'.



A carastrop
She went sw
She tractor
By a rock
Onto which

Colly has
You can be
The way and
is certain
I fly the



Sixth Shack

You couldn't find anyone sweeter
Than our Belgian friend Dorita
Her accent though faint
Is really quite quaint
Which accounts for the nice way we treat her.

A catcher's job has our Mingle,
We'd think her palms would tingle
At the speed of the ball
But not so at all,
At least she won't say so, not Mingle.

May May is a finefeathered friend,
She keeps us amused without end,
Her jokes and her puns
Are quite funny ones-
Who that her ways she'll mend?

Perry is with us once more,
She's a steadier lass than before,
She has a game leg
That works like a peg-
But she still provides fun galore.

Ginger is a woman of affairs
From pillar to post she tears,
She captains the whites
For the Times she writes,
And these are not half her wares.

A remarkable babe is dear Elsa,
She believes all anyone tells her,
She's funny, you know,
And we laugh at her so
That soon we feel the need of a bromo-seltzer.

Piglet's almost an old face
She really belongs in this place
Eight years she's been around
On this old camp ground
Yet she wears her years with good grace.

As usual Clare arrived tardily
She hadn't yet gotten here hardly
When sport week begun
She joined the fun,
And entered the sports unguardedly.



You couldn't
When our Bell
Her account of
is really
Which account

A catcher's
We'd think
At the speed
But not so at
At least she

Ray may be a
She keeps us
Her jokes and
Are quite fun
Who that her

Perry is with
She's a steady
She has a game
That works like a
But she still

Ginger is a woman of
From pillar to post she
The captain the writer
For the Times she writes
And these are not with her words

A remarkable babe is dear Elsie,
She believes all anyone tells her,
She's funny, you know,
And we laugh at her so
That soon we feel the need of

Elgie's almost an old face
She really belongs in this place
Eight years she's been around
On this old camp ground
Yet she wears her years with grace

As usual Clare arrived tardily
She hadn't yet gotten her hair
When sport week began
She joined the fun,
And entered the sports

Sixth Shack, conti.

Peggy puts on excess poundage,
She'll soon be beyond human boundage,
If she eats much more
She'll be worse than before
And consist of nothing but round edge.

A southern belle's our Booker,
We'll all admit she's a looker.
She's a marvelous pitcher
Beware she dont hit 'ya,
Furthermore, she's an excellent cooker.





M A Goodyear

Fifth Shack

When fifth shack gave a play
Everyone laughed at the way
Emily said spat
And ever since that
We've heard it repeated each day.

'Twas a good year for us when a Goodyear
Came camping with all of us here
✓ She dried when she left
And we all felt bereft
Next year she'll be well understood here.

A regular mermaid is Terry
~~How~~ diving is too very very,
And seeing each day
How she stows food away
We know she'll not have beri-beri.

Buxom Betsey's a fiend for theeseats
Chocolates comprise her best treat s
She'll stuff and she'll stuff
Till she's had more than enough,
Her shorts don't hang in pleats.

There is a fifth shacker, Allyne,
Her spirit in all things is fine,
Pleasant and steady
She's always quite ready
How I wish this reputation were mine.

A water sports queen is our Ginny,
She's neither too fat or too skinny,
✓ In the band she's a star
And wherever you are
~~How~~ trumpeting never sounds timmy.

A camper of long standing is Joan,
You rarely can catch her alone,
✓ Of friends she has plenty
At least ten or twenty
She is liked just as soon as she's known.

Helene is just mad about boys,
Over them she makes much noise,
She gushes and goes,
She ahs, and she oohs,
However, she's one of our joys.

A marvel indeed is Miss Wadleigh,
Although her manner is rather ungodly
✓ You'd think by the way
She appeared in a play
She was a ghost- but ohhhhhangly.



Fourth Shack

From a long line of campers comes Evvy,
Of Freemans there's been quite a bevy,
So we really aren't teasin'.
When we say for this reason
The tradition she upholds is heavy.

To camp Jane Irvin came late,
For the campers this was a hard fate,
But now that she's here
Let's give a cheer
For we really think she's just great.

Barby comes from out West
Where they certainly do things with zest,
Although not energetic,
Her's yet apathetic,
We consider her one of the best.

A thrower of fame is Danesi
Known by her pals as Delazy
But when she plays ball
She's not lazy at all,
From her antics you'd think she was crazy.

The foul ball queen is out Anna,
She has a most peculiar manner,
She fouls and she fouls
While the other team yowls
Because they can't possibly fan her.

A child of the army is Gripper
For this reason she makes a good tripper,
And besides this trait
We beg to relate
That she's a most ardent young dipper.

We've heard that a dog's life is grim,
That his chance for affection is slim,
But when owned by P. K.
It is hardly that way
For she even left camp to see him.

What we like best about Eabs,
Is the fact that she never crabs
Two gailings she owns
In her sleep she groans
And during the day she just blabs.

A Colgate descendant is Tay Tay
To which we find only just this to say
It accounts for the clatter
But what does it matter
Since she is a Colgate hey! hey!



Third Shack

Nancy looks just like a boy
Her antics fill us with joy
Wherever she goes
with her masculine clothes
And the yo-yo, her favorite toy.

I've never seen Ruthie look sour
she giggles and squeals by the hour
She shows a real knack
for amusing her shack
and ~~xxx~~ everyone envies her power.

Another Dowd cousin is Sal
to the White team she's proved a real pal
She goes at her sports
with leaps and cavorts
As we watch her we shout, "What a girl"

O what a rare pea sheller is Claire
and this is 'nt her only flair
For her room is quite neat
Indeed it's a treat
And her blue stars cause many a stare

Franny's a quiet little girl
her hair has a ridiculous curl
She loves to play jacks
and plud all these facts
She's never been seen in a surl.

There was a third shacker named Jane
who never caused anyone pain
when a month she had spent
to cove Christmas she went
But we hope she'll come next year again.

Among the Times staff we find Connie
she does her best to be fonnie
though she tides with ease
her room if you please
Is not quite the type to suit Johnnie.

When Mary first came to our camp
she was but a wee little scamp
but she's stayed and she's grown
to be quite well known
And age on her face has its stamp.

Judy's a tempestuous child
Her emotions she allows to run wild
Her affections she pours
On those she adores
In a mannere not meek and mild.



Last Will and Testament of sixth shack
of 1936

We, the sixth shack of 1936, being of sound mind and body,
on said date August 23, 1936, do hereby make our last will and testa-
ment.

We, as individuals do bequeath our worthy possessions to the
following persons..

Elsa Livingood, her excess poundage to Claire Tapley..

Ginger Dessar, her bow-legs to Betty gripper..

Jane Allen, her patience to Betsy Wilds..

Florence Booker, her Vicks Va por-Rub to Helene Livingood

Peggy Branham, her slæp-walking tendencies to Emily Tuck..

Betty Parry, her extra bones to Tay-Tay..

Kay-May Condit, her laugh to Evie Freeman..

Riglet King, her peeled nose to Betty Ann Wadleigh..

Claire Weber, her ailments to Anna ~~Bauman~~ ..

Derita Tuck, her English accent to Jane Irvin..
and

We, Sixth Shack, do hereby bequeath our Burma-Shave signs
and a leaky pix to the Sixth-Shackers of 1937.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OUT OF YOUR CAMP EXPERIENCES AFTER YOUR RETURN HOME

Civilization looms ahead! In three short weeks we will be faced with the painful prospect of breaking camp and turning homeward! Are you fully prepared to make the most of your experiences at Runoia, so that your family and friends will be held spellbound with your tales of adventure (actually accounts of our daily life at camp, but with a little polishing and retouching, transformed into stories of startling proportions). One should never return without at least one thrilling adventure in which you are the star, or co-star. Of course with practice one can make the simple acts of drying dishes, receiving a letter, or even blowing an alto horn seem daring and hazardous.

But now to give you a concrete example; last Thursday Flackie and Jill had, what is quaintly known among the counselors as an "afternoon off". Well, on their afternoon off they decided to go on a cook-your-own-supper-over-a-camp-fire-sort-of-picnic. After spending the afternoon extravagantly, (that's all they would say about the afternoon, just: "we spent it with a hey-nonny nonny, thank you"), they came upon a dear ducky little place for supper. And now the real adventure material comes in. Your popular dramatist feels quite free to call upon a generous helping of stage properties. These two counselors will at least have that in common with the leading playwrights. Boy, will they stage a show in someones pent-house apartment this winter! First of all there is the little dark cloud you have noticed all afternoon but thought might pass over, the desire to seek a camp site near home, finding that spot in Echo Cove, cooking a delicious woodsy meal over a small, but adequate fire, heartily enjoying the meal with one eye on the now obviously approaching storm, muted comments on the distant rumble of thunder, the quick clean up after supper, the approach of a long ugly looking black snake just as they were about to eat, the uneasy feeling of his possible reappearance at any time, the cloud growing darker, frequent flashes of jagged lightning, the first little drops of rain, reassuring each other that it will blow over, the sudden but powerful wind which seems to come out of nowhere, increasing with sudden violence, the lake whipped into a frenzy frosted with white-caps, the realization that there is only one thing to do---to stay there, the concern for the canoe's safety, Flackie saying in a small voice "I know how to walk home through the woods", deciding the best thing was to haul the boat up on the rock and crawl under, rescuing the basket of sweaters and what-not, the terrific downpour, the sharp lightening and deafening claps of thunder, the overhanging tree that rocked drunkenly over us, the high waves dashing wildly over the rocks putting out the fire, and causing the rock to split in two, the dead tree trunk catching on fire, Flackie getting out in the torrent and throwing water over it, peeking out under the canoe and seeing of all things a rainbow, holding onto the canoe to keep it from blowing away, the rain letting up, the storm subsiding, the sun coming out, the decision to stay and see the beautiful sunset, the sunset, Flackie building a fire out of wet twigs, the triumph of that, taking off our wet clothes and drying them over the fire, the smell of smoked ham, the brisk paddle home, the bath in the lake to eliminate smokehouse odor, the elation of having survived an adventure!

What dramatic material for a tale destined to hold its hearers ghast for hours on end. A tale that enlarges with each recital! In no time at all it will have gone the rounds, establishing ones eputation as something of a heroine.

Think of the infinite possibilities, you Blues, and you Whites, and get your Fall and Winter repetoire ready!

FOURTH SHACK CASTS SHADOWS IN CHARMING MANNER

It was 4th shack's great honor and pleasure to entertain the Camp last Saturday evening, emerging quite successfully from the land of reality into the dim realm of shadows. Characters from Good Olde Mother Goose were presented as shadow pictures. There was Darcy as Little Miss Muffet, escaping daintailly from a terrifying spider. Harriet and Betty as Jack and Jill, Betsy W. as a very nimble Jack who leapt over a candlestick. The drama of the poor kitty in the well was realistically enacted by Anna Bauman, Betsy W. and Harriet, with the help of our own white pussy. Darcy and Carol managed to See-Saw quite steadily. But Flackie as Old King Cole, using her own pigtails tied under her chin as a beard, was the peak of shadow-play. Assisting her in the guise of 3 fiddlers, the pages bringing her pipe, and bowl, were Betty, Anna, Darcy, Betsy, and Carol.

After 4th shack's little entertainment, the guests who came dressed as characters from Mother Goose, dramatized the Nursery Rhymes they represented. Rub Oa Odub-dub-3 men in a tub won first senior prize. Clair, Peggy, and Kay May being the 3 men. Junior honors were carried off by DeDe Dawe, not as Margory Dawe, but as Mistress Mary along with Frances Lucas. Miss Dowd and Mrs. Brangam played the part of the old gray mare, who went to the county fair and sat on an electric chair. Darcy appeared pn the pony as the lovely lady from Banbury Caross.

After popsicles, a few Badger Cavottes, and Virginia Reels, the girls reeled home to bed, and pleasant conversations in their sleep.

Nature In the Raw

Camp Runoia was educationally entertained one evening with a talk on the wild life of the Maine woods, when Mr. Grover of the State Forestry department came with his trusty movie camera to instruct us. The surprisingly correct manners of the camp were displayed quite unexpectedly during the first part of the lecture when the entire blue-clad regiment rose to a man (or shall we say "rose to a gal") upon the timid and presumably unnoticed entrance of our own Miss Weiser--Who could have guessed that our well-meaning but often heedless campers should turn suddenly so scrupulously polite at even the arrival of King Edward himself, let alone at the quiet slipping in of Miss Weiser, who was probably over in the kitchen counting cookies when the program began? But rise they did, and imagine poor Mr. Grover's chagrin and intense surprise to see the great group seated before him suddenly scramble to their feet and turn all eyes toward the door as if contemplating escape.. (We know that they were only looking to see who was late, but how was this man, who was so innocently trying to tell us about the habitat of the woodchuck, to know but what we were trying to stage a walkout?) Stronger men and greater orators than he have doubtless been stricken dumb by a like demonstration, but not the staunch Mr. Grover! He merely bit his lip, thrust his hands deeper into his pockets and with pleading eyes and indomitable chin, talked a little louder in order not to be drowned out.. After an indefinite period of time, the great din subsided to a certain extent, and our forester produced his miniature camera (movie projector) and set to work, showing us in detail how the beaver feathers his nest, why, how and from where Santa Claus gets his endless supply of reindeer, and other strange things about this wilderness in which we are living.. At the end of three reels of deer and moose and beaver and all the rest, Miss Dowd decided it was time to go to bed, and we all burrowed down deep in the covers, resolving to copy the industrious habits of the beaver for ever after! (Joke)

THE LOW DOWN ON THE HIGHER UPS !

"Now what will we have them do this afternoon....Well you see you've
to decrease two more stitches and then..."
"Ride them round the ring, Janet."
"Can I have the cream, please?"
"Well, he told me in that letter..."
"Oh, did Al send me cigarettes...wasn't that sweet of him?"
"Fourth Shack could have tennis..."
"The courts are too wet...Fourth will have to have roof climbing Again..."
"I wish we could do something constructive with the Seniors like camp
ft or..."
"I need all the Ghosts."
"Then may I have the odds and ends for craft?"
"Oh, knock knock!"
"rus, "Who's there?"
"Alice."
"Alice who?"
"Alice is not gold that glitters!"
"Oh, gosh, I made that up last night...."
"What's the matter Jean?"
"I'm trying to think of a knock knock, and I just can't!"
"The old faces have a complaint to make about the new faces leaving
garrette stubs in the bath tub."
"Oh, Johnnie, we never..."
"I always throw mine in the water, once a fish swallowed it!"
"Speaking of complaints...about that sight-seeing boat which goes by our
tub every afternoon about four-thirty..."
"Oh, Knock, Knock!"
"Come in..I mean who's there?"
"Icy---"
"Icy who?"
"Icy sights!"
"We've got to get the afternoon settled, lets have a basketball game for
e seniors, and Second Shack can gave agriculture."
"I wish we'd change tables oftener, mine eat so fast I never get anything!"
"Lets make a rule about pie beds."
"Oh, I think they're fun..."
"Thank goodness, my twenty minutes are over, now I can sit down."
"How much have you lost?"
"Unfortunately not one pound!"
"Beggin' your pardon, Elizabeth Arden, we didn't come to reduce!"
"I wish we could though..."
"Will you take Fourth for basketball, Johnny?"
"Knock, Knock."
"Who's there?"
"Johnny"
"Johnny who?"
"Johnny navy and see the world!"
"Hey, I know a really good joke that I heard at College!"
"Never mind...you told us that last winter."
"Now about bare feet...I think its pretty cold, maybe if the Councillors
ould wear shoes it would set a better example."
"The thing I don't like about bare feet is they get ~~into~~ bed without
ashing them."
"Who cares, this is camp, we can't be sissy."
"Don't say sissy in a derogatory tone of voice. It belittles the feminine
ace."
"I'd rather be a man anyway..."
"Gee, I wouldn't, look at the romance in a womans life."

THE LOW DOWN ON THE HIGHER UPS!

"Yeah, you look at it ...I must be near sighted!"

"The laundry man is coming this afternoon, I suggest that everyone goes over their little Shacklings laundry."

"Do we really have to inspect their smelly clothes?"

"What patch of poison ivy are we going to have our picnic in this Friday?"

"Lets have a long rest hour this afternoon! I'm awfully tired!"

"Well, if you'd go to bed at night...."

"I hate to waste time sleeping!"

"Waste, don't you realize the best hours of your life are spent in bed sleeping?!"

"O.K., I guess the afternoon is settled, Oh, and be sure to pretend you like the rainy cold weather. We don't want the kids to get dissatisfied."

CAMDEN TRIP

"Early on Monday, and not any other day," found Miss Dowd, the sixth Shack cripples (Clare, Peggy, and Perry) and those of Fifth Shack who did not go on the Boobay fishing trip, starting out for a days sail on "Pine Island's" schooner the "White Heather", with Mrs. Swan acting as hostess.

The ride to Camden (Not at all like "The Happy Journey From Trenton to Camden") was very enjoyable in spite of the confusion about which cars were to be used. Anyway two cars were used to transport us to Camden: Mrs. Swan and Miss Dowd respectively at the wheels.

(Time out while we announce that Miss Crawford's Ford arrived in one piece and at that was the first to reach our destination. Around the hour of 10:30 found Runoia girls arriving in great style at the Camden Yacht Club which brought back memories to seashore socialities.

After having thoroughly inspected the Club and not forgetting the Ladies Room We transferred our luggage and ourselves to the dory, but not without first having met Captain Clauson, generally known as the "Skipper", and also having the distinction of being the only man in our group.

(Time out while we take our hats off to "Skipper" who broke all records by rowing none of Runoia's (far from the most emaciated) girls, Mrs. Swan, and our Director from the pier to the "White Heather" which was no short distance.)

With fingers crossed we stepped onto the deck of the schooner and watched the dory rise above the water as the three Sixth Shackers climbed out. We were all slightly downcast at finding the wind taking time off, but under motor we left the Harbor in search of wind and a happy day on the water. We had all anticipated climbing the rigging, but on our hearing Mrs. Swan's remarks on what PERFECT LADIES we were, and of how the boys would have already been on top of the masts, with bitter dignity we strolled the decks and learned various new nautical terms.

We had been gone but a short while when the urge for a salt water swim crept up on us and as the boat was now under the power of the wind, (which was still lacking to any degree) we were going slow enough to dive off the boat and swim without having to lay anchor.

As the swimming ladder was midding, several of the larger ones (Clare and Peggy) found it difficult to act the part of Tarzan and swing over the sides of the boat so they climbed in the dory and then onto the boat. After splashing around for awhile, we dressed in our middies and bloomers and went aloft for a delicious picnic lunch. (Thank you, Mrs. Branham for the egg sandwiches).

CAMDEN TRIP(con't)

With the last morsel in our stomachs we found various spots on the deck and sat down to concentrate on finding the wind, which had hitherto been hiding. Under the suggestion of "Skipper" we headed for a thundercloud in search of wind. We got the wind but not without a few drops of rain and for awhile we were in a regular squall and were thankful for our warm coats.

The rain soon stopped (also sopped) and with full sails we found ourselves going at the rate of about five knots. We all took our turns at the helm, sailed around and watched the six meters from Finland race. We then headed for a sheltered cove where again several went in for a last swim.

Before we knew it we had again reached the harbor and with farewell cheers we left the "Skipper", saltwater, and the Camden Yacht Club far behind us.

On the way home Mrs. Swan very generally treated us to cones, Big Chiefs, etc... (Time out for the Third and Last time. Again we wish to say that Miss Crawford's Ford arrived ahead of the Dodge, thank you Mr. Lester.)

Ford in War

Ford in Peace

Ford in the heats of Runoia girls!

Betty Perry

Clare Weber

LETTER FROM ANNIE NEWGIRL

Dear Mother:

I just love camp as you said I would. I'm sorry you've been worried about me, but really I haven't had much time to write. Yesterday after I had cleaned my room and swept the hall and burned the rubbish and been to assembly I passed my canoe tests and tipped over in a canoe and got in and paddled ashore and made three Christmas presents in craft -- I hope Daddy doesn't mind if his belt is about two inches too short; anyway it wouldn't be if he would only reduce a little and be distinguished looking like most of the girls say their fathers are, only some of them I don't really believe -- and played off my tennis tournament and rehearsed for G hosts -- that is just the name of a play and really doesn't mean anything, so don't be worried -- and had my lunch and done what they call resting for an hour -- only it wasn't much rest because they made me go to sleep -- I played nine holes or whatever it is of baseball and practiced my life saving, which is what Miss Dowd -- whose nom de plume is Mrs. Grant and who is what they call the Director of Camp Runoia, which means either Peace and Harmony or Peas and Hominy, and I think it's the first but I don't see why because eating is very important here and the second would be better -- teaches when she doesn't have to talk to parents or write letters or lecture councillors or something else stupid; and then I went swimming and learned to dive and took off my clothes in deep water -- Miss Dowd told me to, so don't be shocked, and anyhow you should see what lots of them do, especially the councillors, and sometimes they are even in quite shallow water -- and then we had orchestra and I tooted the trombone and Mr. Powers, who is the man who leads the orchestra and is nice, told me he had never in all his years of experience ~~he~~ experience in the orchestra I guess he meant -- heard anything to approach it, so you can see I am good and when I get home you can buy me one and I will play when you and Daddy have guests and we can save the radio and I can sing a song called "Bell Bottom Trousers" too which you will just adore -- and then it was time for supper and then we paddled to Belgrade Lakes which is a funny town not much like New York and got home late and went to bed. And what spare time I had I worked on my sweater for you and got it about half done and it is a colour they call bilious and I know you will love it only it is somehow turning out a little long, but I know you won't mind because you always say you're cold where it is going to come anyhow.

As you see, I love camp. Must stop now and go write a newspaper which they call the Times only it's not really much like the New York Times because this one is funny. Goodbye --

Your loving daughter --

ANNIE

P. S. I am so mad. Do you know what? I can't go to write that newspaper I was telling you about because I have to go to bed instead and all because some snoopy old councillor says she saw me yawn at Ghosts and I didn't and anyway if I did I was probably just exercising my jaw, and anyhow anyone can yawn once in a while I should think, wouldn't you? I told them Daddy yawned all the time at the opera, but they didn't care. And how could I be tired when I haven't done a thing for three days, and who wants to go to bed -- and I'd like to know who that councillor was -- I wouldn't send her any Christmas card. I am so mad!

COUNSELLORS

Name - Constance Dowd Grant
Hails from - Cincinnati
Alias - Miss Dowd
Wants - Metropolitan tenors & half a dozen
combs.
Endures - The squeak of 6th Shack door
at night.
Can't stand - Loud voices
Enjoys - 6th Shack
Says - I want ch'all to be quiet!

Name - Lorna Elizabeth McDougall
Hails from - New Canaan
Alias - Dougie
Wants - Blacksmith
Endures - Slipping saddle blanket
Can't stand - Anyone being late.
Enjoys - Being early.
Says - My Godfrey

Name - Marian Rachel Johnson
Hails from - Galve, Ill.
Alias - Johnny
Wants - A whole horsehide for
leather articles.
Endures - Dirty faces
Can't stand - Orchestra
Enjoys - Sleep
Says - Fall in!

Name - Nancy Turpin Fiske
Hails from - Montclair
Alias - Frisky
Wants - Letters
Endures - 3rd Shack
Can't stand - Janet's hair in her
eyes.
Enjoys - Lakewood
Says - Oh, dear!

Name - Catherine Ross Lanham
Hails from - Greensburg, Ind.
Alias - Lanny
Wants - Non-giggling choir
Endures - Playing at parties
Can't stand - Squeaky sopranos
Enjoys - 6-page letters
Says - Emmy, help me with my
knitting.

Name - Emily Elizabeth Pribe
Hails from - Cincinnati
Alias - Boo-Boo
Wants - To lose weight
Endures - Her bad high jumping
Can't stand - A certain table
Enjoys - Toole
Says - Crash!

COUNSELLORS

Name - Janet Olcott Brown
Hails from - Princeton
Alias - Jinnit
Wants - A letter from Julian
Endures - Mingle's nicemess
Can't stand - Little children
 kissing her.
Enjoys - Julian
Says - Sixth Shack, pick up
 the spare room!

Name - Elizabeth Flack
Hails from - New York City
Alias - Flackie
Wants - Tidy Craft house
Endures - Messy craft house
Can't stand - To be kissed
Enjoys - Her feathers
Says - Will you please clean up
 when your through?

Name - Constance Branham
Hails from - Hingham
Alias - Mrs. Branham
Want - Name tapes on clothes
Endures - Laundry
Can't stand - Telling people to
 go to Pix!
 Enjoys - Her daughters.
Says - Check your laundry

Name - Jean Fargo Hillhouse
Hails from - New York City
Alias - Jill
Wants - Second Shack to
 speak good English!
Endures - Log stuff
Can't stand - Yawning at rehearsals
Enjoys - Doing things for 2nd Shack
Says - I'll say!

Name - Elizabeth Rich
Hails from - Woolrich
Alias - Ibbby
Wants - More patience
Enjoys - Sleeping in the infirmary
Can't stand - Broken toe
Enjoys - Gathering ferns
Says - Well, I just don't know

Name Susan Colby Cleveland
Hails from - Riverdale
Alias - Co
Wants - Hunt
Endures - A messy room
Can't stand - Those who want to
Enjoys - Acting be men
Says - Knock, Knock

THIRD SHACK

Name - Nancy lester
Hails from - Baltimore
Alias - Nance
Wants - Boys clothes
Endures - Learning to play Jacks
Enjoys - Her yo-yo
Can't stand - A bathing cap
Says - Gosh!

Name - Sarah Lester
Hails from - Scarsdale
Alias - Sally
Wants - To be like Jane and Rhoda
Endures - Singing of Taps
Enjoys - Teasing the Prefects
Can't stand - Sweeping the hall
Says - Any mail for any of the Lesters?

Name - Ruth Lester
Hails from - Buffalo
Alias - Ruthie
Wants - A poker face!
Endures - *Orchestra*
Enjoys - Her peek hole
Can't stand - To stop giggling
Says - It wasn't my fault
Lets holler!

Name - Frances Luther
Hails from - Cincinnati
Alias - Francy
Wants - Her clothes off the rafters
Endures - Hair in her eyes
Enjoys - making pie beds on herself
Can't stand - Neat room
Says - Will someone help me fold my blanket?

Name - Claire Canniff
Hails from - Scarsdale
Alias - Clair Canniffie
Wants - Jack champion of the world.
Endures - *Sweeping the hall*
Enjoys - Triple confusion
Can't stand - Messiness
Says - May we have questions?

Name - Constance Payson
Hails from - Riverdale
Alias - Connie
Wants - *To ride the pony bareback*
Endures - *listening to others*
Enjoys - *riding*
Can't stand - warnings
Says - *Once upon a time*

Name - Mary Trump Bauman
Hails from - Waterville
Alias - Empty
Wants - *To be an artist*
Endures - *Judy*
Enjoys - *diving from the Margery*
Can't stand
Says - *I can't*

Name - Judith Enos
Hails from - Hingham
Alias - Judy
Wants - *attention*
Endures - *Partying with her beret.*
Enjoys - Powdering her Teddy
Can't stand - *Wearing shoes instead of slippers*
Says - Now I've left Kaferine and Dorofy, and I'm in Fird Shack!

SECOND SHACK

Dorothy

Name - ~~Katherine~~ Erickson
Hails from - New York City, MAJESTIC
Alias - ~~Katy~~ Dotty
Wants - A pin
Endures - TRack
Enjoys - Baseball
Can't stand - Rest hour
Says - I want you to do that!
Katherine

Name - ~~Betty~~ Erickson
Hails from - THE MAJESTIC!
Alias - ~~Betty~~ Katy
Wants - A dog.
Endures - Fixing room
Enjoys - Camp Birthdays
Can't stand - Waves
Says - I wanna tell ya something!

Third Shack

Sally Lester -- You Can't Pull the Wool over My Eyes
Nancy Lester -- Take My Heart
Ruthie Lester -- No Strings
Claire Canniff -- You're So Darned Charming
Frances Luther -- The Simple Things in Life
Mary Bauman -- The Girl With the Dreamy Eyes
Connie Payson -- Goody Goody
Judy Enos -- You May Not Be an Angel

Second Shack

Dorothy Erickson -- Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes
Katherine Erickson -- Accent on Youth
Cynthia Polley -- Rockabye Baby

Annex-Dopes

Janice Ware -- I've Got a Feeling You're Feeling
Dorothy Rugo -- Anything Can Happen
Biruta Prakapas -- Animal Crackers in My Soup
Lucille Stobie -- Footloose and Fancy Free
Julia Rugo -- Lookie, Lookie, Lookie Here Comes Cookie

letter by Dorothy Erickson
Shack II.



in camp' we have
one pony, and
three big horses
and second
shack has
a garden,
and Dorothy &
Katherine
has a cat,
and second
are the little
children.

and third 2 are
around ten. and
forth fifth and
sixth, and the
Leader is Miss-
Grant, and we
have a tennis
court, and in
swimming in the
morning we go at
a Leven oclock.
and in the
after noon we
go at four oclock

and in³ swimming
we have a moor-
der boat,
and a ware
caena and
other litte
ones, and fith
and sick's shack
are senjurs,
and Seckond shack
farth third and
goonars, shack are
have and we
that a large
we sig in,

and up ⁴ here
they call the
ones that take
care of you
couslers, and
up here we
have little shacks,
and you can have
mail our pack-
achs, and they
have a hasball.
and they have
lots of posnivy
up here, and if
clocks are broken
you can even send

thos a way, and
the nams who
owns the camp
is to latys and
there names
are mr pond and
mr wizier
and we have
a counslers coffy
and that means
that say what there
going to do, and
then the big girls
wach as,

Dorothy Erickson
age eight

FOURTH SHACK

Name - Claire Tapley
Hails from - New Rochelle
Alias - Claire
Wants - curly hair
Endures - curling her hair
Enjoys - Treasure hunts
Says - My gosh!
Can't stand - Being teased

Name - Barbara Vanderbilt
Hails from - Cincinnati
Alias - Barby
Wants - Mingle
Endures - Danesi
Enjoys - Being with Mingle
Says - Oh, Danesi don't!
Can't stand - Canoe trips!

Name - Betty Gripper
Alias - Betty
Hails from - Fort Monmouth
Wants - Perry
Endures - Anna
Enjoys - Being with Perry
Says - I mean
Can't stand - Kick the can!

Name - Evelyn Freeman
Hails from - Riverdale
Alias - "Evy"
Wants - ~~Taxxxxxxxxxx~~ short legs
Endures - ~~Rxxxxxxxxx~~ Long legs
Enjoys - ~~Warnings~~ Horseback riding
Says - "~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Skip it
Can't stand - ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Being called Evelyn

Name - Barbara May Taylor
Hails from - New York
Alias - Tay-Tay
Wants - To be a horse
Endures - Blue stars
Enjoys - Warnings
Says - "It was so amusing"
Can't stand - Her middle name.

Name- ^{Danesi} ~~Danest~~ Mathews Hilton
Hails from - Cincinnati
Alias - Dansi
Wants - To win swimming
Endures - Barby
Enjoys - Being with "Tigger"
Says - Proceed
Can't stand - Canoe trips!

Name - Anna Elizabeth Bauman
Hails from - Waterville
Alias - Anna
Wants - To be with Lanny
Endures - Gripper
Can't stand - Being called Elizabeth
Enjoys - Long hair
Says - Plop, plop
~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ -

Name - Barbara Martin
Hails from - Riverdale
Alias - Babs
Wants - All blue stars
Endures - Warnings
Enjoys - Baseball
Says - Hey!
Can't stand - To be called Marteny

Name - Jane Irvin
Hails from - East Aurora
Alias - Jane
Wants - To be a hero
Endures - Pie beds
Enjoys - Condit's company
Says - She don't
Can't stand - Citronella

Name- Patricia Kennedy
Hails from - New Rochelle
Alias - P.K.
Wants - A horse
Endures - Claire Tapley
Enjoys - Her dog
Says - Oh, heck!

Can't stand - Arguing about right
or left leads on horses.

FIFTH SHACK

Name - Joan Bayne
Hails from - Montclair
Alias - Bayne

Wants - Jerry
Endures - Helene's chatter
Enjoys - Her false teeth
Can't stand - Boy friends
Says - Oh dear!

Name - Betty Burnham
Hails from - Montclair
Alias - "Burr"
Wants - Sixth Shack
Endures - Betsey's temper
Can't stand - Weak puns
Says - Wooshy Wooshy

Name - Allyn Gade
Hails from - New York City
Alias - "Linie"
Wants - Dorita
Endures - Horse fever
Enjoys - Talking about Highfields
Can't stand - Sports
Says - Oh, Emy!

Name - Virginia Branham
Hails from - Hingham, Mass.
Alias - "Jinny"
Wants - Valve Oil
Endures - Peggy
Enjoys - Orchestra
Can't stand - Poison ivy
Says - Oh boy!

Name - Helene Livingood
Hails from - Wyomissing
Alias - Helene
Wants - To be an Opera singer
Endures - Trips
Enjoys - Her boy friends
Can't stand - Mountain climbing
Says - Is it serious?

Name - Jane Terry
Hails from - Hingham, Mass.
Alias - "Terry"
Wants - To win diving
Endures - Orchestra
Enjoys - Diving
Can't stand - Criticism
Says - Is that so?

Name - Harriet McLane
Hails from - New Rochelle
Alias - "Harry"
Wants - To come back to camp
Endures - Betty Ann
Enjoys - Joan or Helene's room
Can't stand - Writing her own statistics
Says - I don't mind!

Name - Emily Tuck
Hails from - Belgium
Alias - Emy
Wants - Cold cream
Endures - Getting cold after swimming
Enjoys - Taking sponge bath.
Can't stand - Morning dips
Says - "He spat it out!"

Name - Betty Ann Wadleigh
Hails from - New Rochelle
Alias - Wadleigh
Wants - "Gordon"
Endures - Teasing about Ginger
~~Can't stand -~~
Enjoys - Herself
Can't stand - Advice
Says - ~~I almost had kittens on the~~
Boy, its sweet! ~~spot!~~

Name - Martha Ann Goodyear
Hails from - Cincinnati
Alias - Martha Ann
Wants - To stay another month
Endures - Rubbing Perry's back!
Enjoys - Taking petrolagar
Can't stand - Anything rough!
Says - I'll do that!

Name - Betsey Wilds
Hails from - Riverdale
Alias - Betsey
Wants - To be loved
Endures - Her figure
Enjoys - Eating sweets
Can't stand - Teasing
Says - I almost had kittens on the spot!

~~Name~~

SIXTH SHACK

Name: Elsa Wilhemena Livingood
Alias: Elsa
Hails From: Wyomissing
Wants: to be the ideal mother
Endures: Ginger
Can't Stand: Dick
Enjoys: Mushy letters
Says: why?

Name: Florence Bridges Booker
Alias: Booker
Hails From: Kentucky
Wants: another letter from jimmy
Endures: Peggy's walking in her sleep
Can't Stand: cows waking her on trips
Enjoys: visiting the Branhams
Says: Yup

Name: Virginia Dessar
Alias: Ginger
Hails From: New York City
Wants: to be an orthopedic surgeon
Endures: Elsa
Can't Stand: Elsa's maternal instincts
Enjoys: burning matches
Says: it's O.K. with me

Name: Elizabeth Moring Perry
Alias: Peggy
Hails From: Montclair
Wants: to be independent
Endures: extra bones
Can't Stand: cooking
Enjoys: visiting Dave
Says: nutty nut

Name: Margaret Branham
Alias: Peggy
Hails From: Hingham
Wants: to get her license
Endures: junior visitors in sixth shack
Can't Stand: spare tires
Enjoys: her Peter hat
Says: well, I like his nerve

Name: Clare Sturdevant Weber
Alias: Clare
Hails From: Mt. Kisco
Wants: to get the brush
Endures: injuries
Can't Stand: ignorance about fox hunting
Enjoys: talking about her ailments
Says: same with me

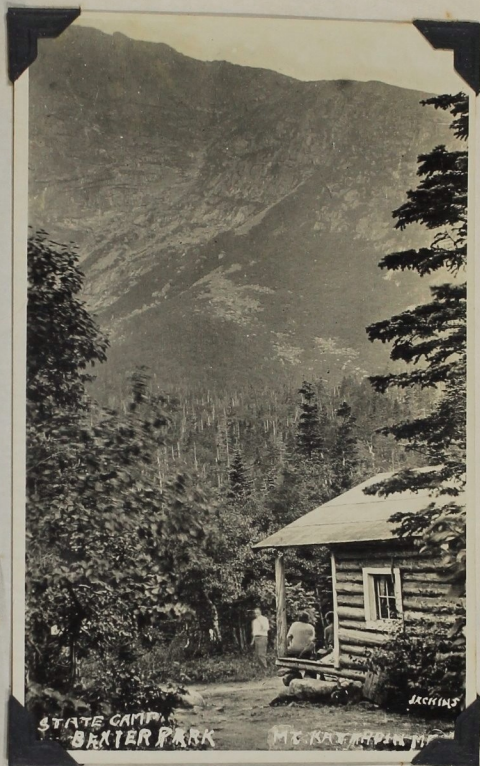
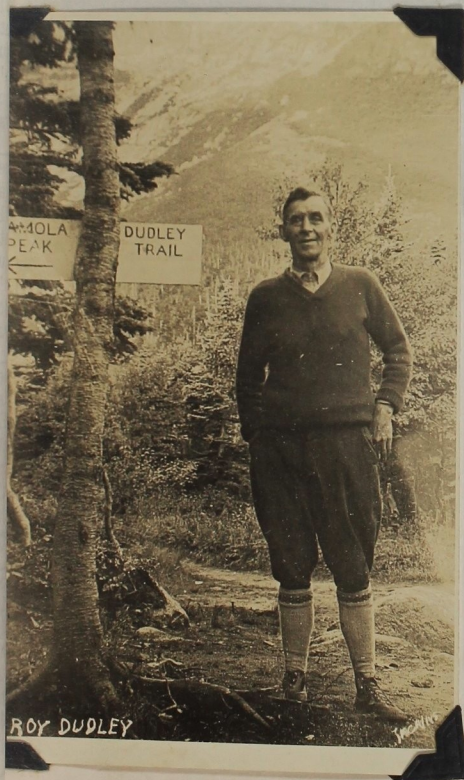
Name: Dorita Tuck
Alias: Dorita
Hails From: Belgium
Wants: abig poncho

Endures: American slang
Can't stand: Being called baboon
Enjoys: true stories
Says: oh you baboon

Name: Priscilla Harrington King
Alias: Piglet
Hails From: Scarsdale
Wants: to find her ten dollars
Endures: her nose
Can't Stand: sloppy basket ball
Enjoys: breaking the ice
Says: I'm a lamb on wheels

Name: Katherine May Condit
Alias: Kay May
Hails From: Montclair
Wants: to marry Nelson Eddy
Endures: domestic duties
Can't Stand: her hair
Enjoys: making puns
Says: oh Perry

Name: Jane Mengel Allen
Alias: Mingle
Wants: many letters
Endures: the singing
Can't Stand: whispering after taps
Enjoys: pleasing Janet
Says: Hey you all taps has blown
Hails From: Kentucky

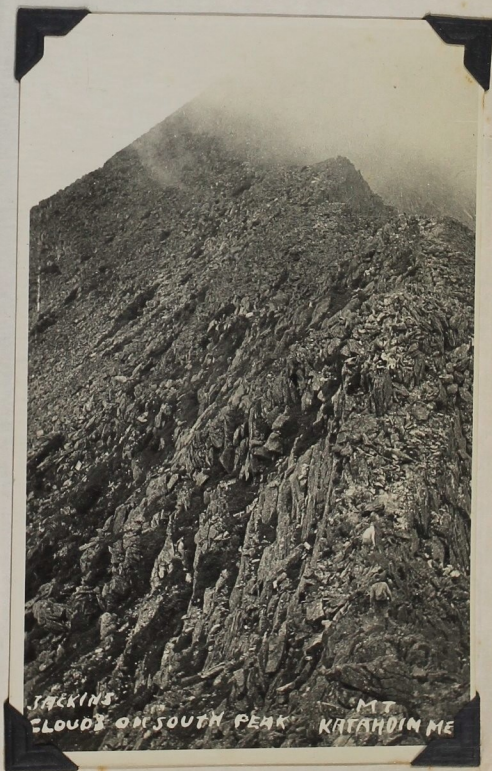




POMOLA
PEAK

JACKINS

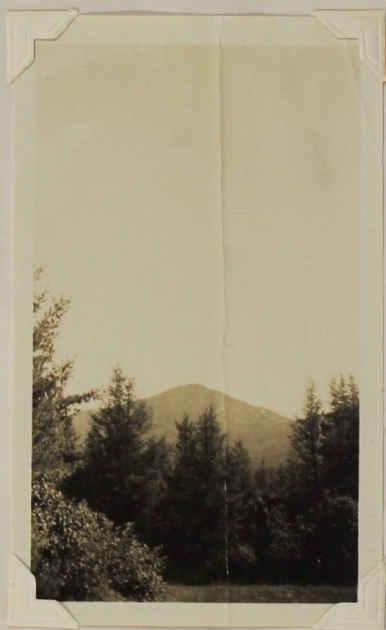
MT KATAHDIN ME



JACKINS

CLOUDS ON SOUTH PEAK

MT
KATAHDIN ME



After Camp. Mt. Katahdin Trip.

We took two cars and drove all day to Togue Pond where like softies we rented a cabin for the first night. Dougie, Johnny, Flackie, Janet Brown, Mengle (Jane Allen), Mr. and Mrs. Grant.

The second day we cooked breakfast out doors at a beautiful wild place by a stream. We then drove as far as the road went, to a C.C.C. camp at the foot of the mountain.

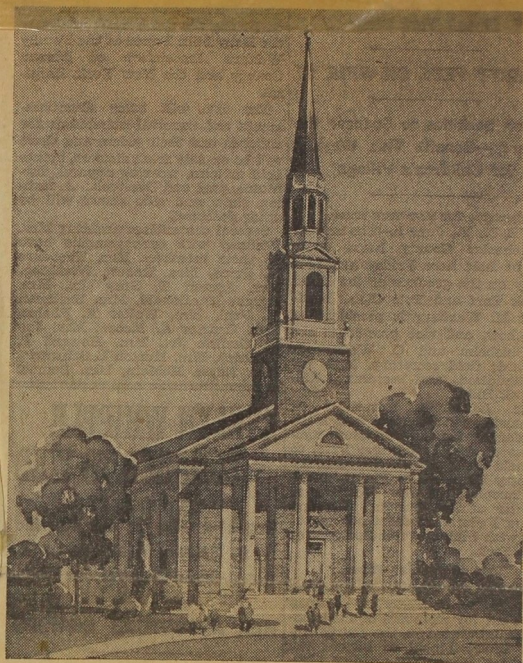
We donned our packs and started to climb



"THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS" FOR A CENTURY



In the Colby Centennial Pageant Susan Colby Cleveland, Vassar sophomore, will portray her great grandmother, first principal of the school.



Proposed new chapel at Colby Junior College.

Colby Junior College Ends Span Of 100 Years in New Hampshire

*Centennial Exercises, Beginning Thursday, Will Be a Part of the
Commencement Program, in Which 2,000 Graduates,
Friends and Invited Educators Will Take Part*

By ROWENA MORSE

Academic guests from seventy colleges and 2,000 alumni, parents and friends are expected to attend the celebration of the centennial of Colby Junior College this week. Beginning on Thursday with a historical pageant, the exercises will end on Monday, June 14, with commencement exercises and an address by Dr. Roswell G. Ham, president-elect of Mount Holyoke College. A centennial program, with Governor Francis P. Murphy as a speaker, will be held on Friday.

During its first hundred years Colby has answered to four names; it has been once a school for boys and girls; twice a school for girls only. In rounding out the century, it is harking back to its original aim. As a school for "young ladies," New London Academy opened in 1387 with Miss Susan Colby, daughter of Governor Anthony Colby, a founder, as principal. The original

catalogue shows that "expense accounts" ran about two dollars a term, tuition for "English and Common Branches" was \$3.60, and for the "Classical and Ornamental Branches," \$4.10.

In 1853, as the Baptist denominational academy of the State, the school became the "New London Literary and Scientific Institution" and included boy students. With pupils of both sexes, though dancing was taboo, social activities enlarged to include such diversions as "promenades" with one's "best girl" along the boardwalk.

Legend of Professor's Ride

To this experimental coeducational period too belong legends such as that of Professor Ephraim Knight's ride in the town hearse. He is said to have crawled into it when he heard the boys were to drag it down hill. As they started to abandon it at the foot, his head popped out the door with the request that he be returned to the ton.

By 1878, the school became Colby Academy, in deference to the Governor and his descendants, still its loyal supporters. The last change came in 1928. After a half century of coeducation, the school dropped "Academy" from its title and boys from its roster. Colby Junior College for Women emerged.

Only one of the original buildings is left, a wooden dwelling house off campus. From the modern brick Colby a group will go during the celebration to place a tablet upon its wall.

President H. Leslie Sawyer, who has steered the college through its last transition, now heads a faculty of thirty-two, and a student body of 317.

"We are constrained to do three jobs," he said in an interview. "First, to give a liberal arts course which is cultural, and prepares for the junior year of a four-year college. Second, to offer two terminal courses which prepare girls to go out and earn their own living at the end of two years, such as commercial secretarial and medical secretarial courses. Third, to awaken in the mind of a girl the proper approach to home life and to do all we can to equip her to answer the demands placed upon her by the modern home."

"If a girl has no economic problem I always advise her to take the liberal arts course with some modern science. That should prepare her to carry dignity and culture into the home of her own over which she will preside. The girl who takes a terminal or professional course equips herself with something she uses for a year or two before she marries."

"Ninety per cent of our girls will have homes of their own. If we can inspired them to take an interest in music, art, the cultural subjects, we shall have done a good job."

Pageant Opens Program

Two hundred students and townspeople will take part in the pageant, "The Strength of the Hills," by Marion Doton Brown of the faculty, with poetic interludes by Enid Kiernan, of Jackson Heights, N. Y. The part of the first principal, Miss Susan Colby, will be taken by her great granddaughter, Miss Susan Colby Cleveland, a student at Vassar College, while a number of other characters will be impersonated by descendants.

What young John Peter de Jersey Harvard meant to the Harvard University Tercentenary last Summer, Miss Cleveland will mean, to

THE RUNOIA LOG

a degree, in the centennial exercises of this New England junior college. She is a direct descendant of Governor Anthony Colby. Since the day when the daughter of the Governor, as principal, began the instruction of young women at the hilltop school, the Colby family, together with the Colgate branch, have given constant interest and aid.

Aunt Mary Colgate who went from the then New London Literary and Scientific Institute to Vassar, was fond of looking ahead to her sixtieth class reunion, which would have coincided with her niece's graduation.

"She was a fine woman," says Colby Cleveland, "and I wish we might have had our joint celebration in 1939. She died last Fall at the age of 80—great grandmother Susan, by the way, lived to be 102."

"I don't know exactly what my part will consist of in that open-air pageant during the centennial, but my rôle will be that of Susan Colby, first principal of the school. I am named after her, you know, but since my mother's name is Susan, too, I use my middle name. Probably brother Jim, who is studying at Deerfield Academy, and I will ride in great-great-grandfather Anthony Colby's chaise, which has been restored and kept in condition by Henry Ford."

Colby Cleveland was born in 1918 in the home built by James Boorman Colgate, whose father established the famous soap trade name. His wife was Susan Colby. Miss Cleveland's father was in the Medical Corps in the United States Army and was traveling from Fort Reilly to Camp Dix the day she was born.

For many Summers she went for vacation to Bennington, Vt., where grandfather and grandmother Colgate lived. In 1923 the Cleverlands moved to New London and have returned every Summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bang
announce the marriage of their daughter

Stephanie Kay

to

Mr. Edmund Kulinski

on Saturday, the first of May
nineteen hundred and fifty-four

Lawrenceburg, Indiana



WITH FIVE MINUTES TO GO BEFORE TRAIN TIME, THE HEAD OF THE CAMP, WHO HAS JUST DISCOVERED THAT HE HAS ONLY 18 TICKETS FOR 19 BOYS, IS REQUESTED TO TAKE CARE OF GEORGE'S TRUNK KEY, TO REMEMBER THAT ALBERT CANNOT EAT TOMATOES, AND TO SEE IF HE CAN GET SOMETHING OUT OF JUNIOR'S EYE

6-28

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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FAREWELL TO CAMP

By Gluyas Williams



ARRIVES AT STATION WITH JUNIOR TO SEE HIM OFF TO CAMP. GOES OVER IN MIND JUST WHAT SHE'LL SAY IN FAREWELL



MEETS REST OF CAMP AT DESIGNATED PLACE, STARTS SAYING GOOD-BYE TO JUNIOR, AND FINDS HE'S NO LONGER BESIDE HER



AFTER FRANTIC SEARCH OF TEEMING STATION, LOCATES HIM AT NEWS-STAND WITH ANOTHER CAMP BOY



BRINGS HIM BACK, GETS HER BREATH AND STARTS HER GOOD-BYE AGAIN, DISCOVERING HIM UNPACKING HIS SUITCASE TO SHOW HIS FISHING TACKLE TO BOY



LEAVES HIM REPACKING IT WHILE SHE RACES OFF TO NEWS-STAND TO SEE IF HE LEFT HIS CAP ON THE COUNTER



RETURNS TO FIND BOYS ARE BEING HERDED ON BOARD THE TRAIN. CATCHES HIS EYE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO WAVE GOOD-BYE

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6-27



1.

U.S.A.

Editorial

by

Ginger Dessar

Almost every year since Camp Runoia began, an editorial has been written for the "Times" or the "Log", and sometimes both. Almost every year, they discuss the same thing, the opening of camp, plus good sportsmanship and friendship. These are essential in camp life and perhaps once a year is none too often to impart these things to us all.

Throughout the entire camp season, the Blues and Whites are in constant competition with each other. Sport weeks, crafts, riding, inspection and other phases of camp life form keen battling grounds for us all. But is only right to put sportsmanship above them. If your best friend is not on your team, don't declare her as an enemy. When your team loses, cheer for the winners, and when you win, remember the others have worked hard too. That's sportsmanship and something to be proud of. When the end of the summer comes, let's all hope everyone will be happy at the outcome and at least have the satisfaction of knowing that she tried her hardest.

THE OLD GIRLS' PARTY

by

Harriet McLane
and

Betty Ann Wadliegh

The Old Girls' Party was held on the S.S. Runoia which left dock at 7:30 Saturday evening. When the new girls went aboard, they were obliged to walk the gangplank blindfolded. There was entertainment which was a very funny contest given in skits which were taken and acted from the front pages of newspapers during the past month. Prizes for guessing the names of most skits were given to Emily Cobb, Helen Underwood, and Johnnie Weaver. Passports were required for boarding the S.S. Runoia and while these and the contest papers were being looked over, refreshments were served. The refreshments were delicious pinecones or eskimo pies. After that, there was dancing to the tune of our wonderful new R. C. A. Victor radio, until we pulled to shore. A good time was had by all. (We hope.)



FOURTH OF JULY

by

Dorothy Erickson

When 4th of July came, we were all excited. And in the afternoon the new girls went to Mount Philip. And after supper the new girls did stunts for us. Then we went to the beach. We held sparklers and watched them shoot off those things on the dock. We toasted marshmallows and ate them. I don't think we wanted to go to bed that night.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

by

Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop! Whiz Bang! Came the dawn. Thus began that celebrated day, the Fourth of July all over the world. On Runoia's premises, life continued on its happy course through the day, at least the old girls thought so. The new girls were slightly concerned as to what their fate might be in the hands of the old girls, after the bell rang at 7:30 requiring their presence in the "Lodge" for their initiations into the exclusive Runoia Society. I'm sure they all forgot about making their wills with Johnnie's encouraging remarks, but nevertheless, each and every one passed their trials and tribulations with flying colors. Then as a reward, beautiful fireworks were displayed down at the beach in honor of this great day and for the benefit of all.



EXTRA-EXTRA

Read all about the opening night of the Blue Ballroom of Runoia, featuring Pocoloco di Coco and his orchestra. A floor show and novel track meet; patrons participated; refreshments; Black and White jiggers; impromptu broom dance.

EXTRA-EXTRA

The floor show opened with dancing waiters, dressed in blue slacks and white jackets. Following this, a school day tap dance was given by Joan, Susie and Harry. Harriet Palmer sang two solos, being encored. Next came the hit of the evening when Elsie and Piglet performed an Apache dance while the audience roared with laughter. More talents were revealed when Berr and Emily tap danced. "Blue Hawaii" was sung by Betty Ann. The peak of hilarity was reached when Dougie and Miss Dowd did a Russian dance. Bobby Breen and Shirley Temple were imitated by Kay May and Emily Cobb. This was also done very well.

More entertainment was provided with a track meet. Some of the events were a discus through with a paper plate and a shot put with a balloon, and the three legged race. This novelty was very amusing.

by

THE BIG BROADCAST

Last Saturday night, at the old hay loft, Major Runoia spoke over station C-A-M-P and presented his sixteen weekly amateurs. First on the program was an imitation of "Flacky". At least that's what the audience guessed it to be. There were other impersonations which also had to be guessed, including "Ginger", "Anna Bauman" and others. We also had two very distinguished artists visit us, Shirley Temple and Mae West. They were both very good. After that, there was a song by Sorrie Carress and a Tap Dance by Beetle Toe-Trot. As a grand climax, we had a Virginia Reel topped off with Pine Cones on sticks.

by Evangeline L. Young

NEWS OF THE WEEK

An event of particular interest occurred last Friday, July 30th. Besides being Mingle's birthday, Harold shot, or should we say "murdered", Mr. Percy Porcupine. All the campers made a mad dash for quills. They said to put in Memory books, but since pie-beds are back in style, we wonder-

Miss Martha Anne and Jane Goodyear left us last week to spend the remainder of their summer at Xmas Cove. Miss Martha was a member of the exclusive 5th Shack.

Yesterday, we arrived at Assembly to see 5th Shack decked out in dresses, shoes, and some even had hats. Even Connie was dressed up. Yes, they were going to Waterville. The next we saw of them was at lunch. This time decked out in 69¢ shirts, 10¢ bow ties and different shades of baseball and sailor hats.

At seven-fifteen, not many days ago, some of the very lazy campers were surprised to see the lazy ones jump out of bed and rush, in all their flowing robes and p.j.'s up to the Infirmary. No, it was not the results of the previous days' Grape Sherbert. Miss Rich of the Infirmary was leaving to be married. No sooner had she left than Mrs. Bauman of the Waterville Baumans arrived to take care of the ones unable to take care of themselves.

During Sport Week, we of the exclusive Runoia Society, were gathered on the beach when three sailboats and a motor boat, from all appearances Pine Island, sailed into our harbor. On the deck of the motor boat was a very yatchy looking man. (at least he thought so). Yes, it was Dr. Swan. He proposed to Miss Dowd that we race. Miss Dowd preferred to lay out a course before racing. Miss Dowd, we thought, won the argument. Dr. Swan, however, thought he'd gotten the better of the argument. At least that's what he said later to "his boys". When we got into the boat, Dr. Swan did too. The boat didn't quite swamp. We then went around the course; he telling us just exactly what and what not to do. We had four in our boat. On Pine Island's there were two. In spite of Dr. Swan's instruction, which we would have done better without, Pine Island won, which was natural. Life went by serenely until Rhoda came back from Pine Island after one of her numerous calls and accounced to Miss Dowd that Dr. Swan had said Runoia couldn't sail. We think Dr. Swan ought to practice what he preaches.

Ever once in a while, we who are not energetic are astounded when walking by the dining room, we see those who are energetic taking little green marbles from shells. We discover that they are shelling peas. Most of them land on the floor, but otherwise there are no casualties.

NEWS OF THE WEEK
(cont.)

A few days ago an important social event occurred. It must have been important because even 6th Shack was neat. (almost. Yes, Peggy Jinny's Grandmother was coming. Miss Margaret and Miss Virginia are of the exclusive Brenhams of Hingham.

One rainy morning, loud screams arose from the front of the lodge. Yes, Johnnie had said, "Who wants to carry the pack?" As usual, everyone did. Finally, the trip started, wading through mud and tripping over various rubber boots. Everything went beautifully until they came upon a bee hive. Some people came home with stings, but otherwise, everything was all right.

Miss Frances Luther of the Luthes was honored the other night at a party given by 3rd Shack. This time 5th and 6th Shacks didn't crash it.



SPORT WEEK

Thursday dawned. The Whoos and Blights, alias the councillors attended flag raising in their brilliantly colored concoctions for it was the first day of Runoia's Sport Week; and partiality could not be shown to either team. Team spirit ran high as the events began with the canoe races in which the Whites won the most places in the Senior end and the Blues in the Junior.

In the afternoon, while the Whites won a hard fought basketball game, the first of a two out of three series, the Junior Blues were quite successful in the swimming races. Tired from the excitement of the day, the campers crawled into their comfortable beds for a good night's rest to help them store up energy for the coming events.

For four more days, life continued in its excited trend with each team in its turn winning victories at times and losing at others. After the swimming races the following Tuesday morning, Sport Week was concluded, only the Blues weren't as pure, nor the Whites as spotless as they were when the busy week started.



PARENT'S DAY

The morning of the 25th found the busy Runoia girls fixing up the camp for some of the parents. The new sailboat was draped with flags, the craft house was given a thorough cleaning. Things were gathered from hither and yon for the various water events.

After rest hour, bathing suits were donned and everyone went down to the shore.

The first event, the christening of the sailboat done by Miss Emily Young. The crew who paddled "The Ruinya" to the mouring were Joan Bayne and Betty Burnham.

Out of the eleven events, the one that was the funniest was the suitcase race done by Harriet Palmer, Sue Smith, Emmy Cobb, and Barbara Taylor. Sue seemed to be the one most in trouble in her pea green Dr. Denton pajamas and a big sun bonnet.

Another very funny race was the reading race, which was done by Peggy Branham, Joan Bayne, and Kay Condit. The magazines used were True Story, etc.

We had a buffet supper and on the whole it was a big success.

MISS BETTY GILMORE
at
RUNCIOA

Life at Runcioa is getting gayer and gayer -- at least it took a wild leap when a very lively person honked her way into camp last Tuesday under the name of Betty Gilmore.

Miss Gilmore, as we soon discovered, was a very versatile young lady whose main line was dancing. We asked her to give an exhibition for us of the tango and the rhumba, which we were dying to learn and had gotten pre-notice that she was an expert at them. However, I'm afraid that she turned the tables on us, for pretty soon it was the Runcioa girls, all shapes and ages, who were doing the exhibiting. A stray visitor might have been mildly surprised at the "goings on", but those who knew us were not.

Throughout the course of the next day we learned three types of dances. The tango started us. The rhumba kept us going, and the modern dance completely finished us. Tangoing was rather a new experience for most of us and we made the best of it. Our posture marks went up several points as we glided around gracefully (at least we thought so) to the soft strains of "Orchids in the Moonlight".

The rhumba, however, really got us going, and we wiggled as much as we dared for the rest of the evening. Our teacher was very adept at this and soon had us becoming expert in that line. She announced that the rhumba as she was teaching it might develop an already prominent part of us, so some girls crept out of sight very quickly. We went to bed that night with a groan or two as our muscles began to creak, and we certainly were not prepared for the ordeal of the next morning.

It was then that the entire camp gathered in the "Lodge" to watch a chosen few suffer under the watchful eyes of Miss Gilmore. Why 6th Shack was picked to suffer, only a few know, but perhaps because they were getting too lazy for their own good. That was a never-to-be-forgotten morning for them. The flitted and jumped, were stretched, pummeled and pounded and finally crept, literally crept, back to their Shack.

Betty Gilmore drove out of camp that afternoon without a honk, leaving many a sore muscle behind her. But what's an ache or two? I'm sure that everyone would endure them again gladly, if she would come back and dance and play for us once more.

S. A.

But all in all, we spent a very, very enjoyable evening and I know we all think that Mr. Mulholland is the best magician we have ever seen.

REYNOLDS
U. S.



U. S. A.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK OF AUGUST 15th

- Sunday: was a very quiet and uneventful day. No one could mistake it for anything but Sunday. Fourth Shack went to Hoyt's to spend the night and missed the Times in which the kitchen staff participated.
- Monday: saw Fourth Shack back and Fifth Shack off to climb Mount Tumbledown. It was very hot here at Camp and no one envied them much.
- Tuesday: was Backwards Day and everyone came to Flag Raising with their clothes on Backwards. Johnny, as usual, came attired with her underpants on top - her idea of dressing backwards. Sixth Shack impersonated the Counselors and vice-versa. Mingle was Miss Dowd and wore her clothes complete, even to the whistle. What started out as a bugle duet ended up as a solo by Ginny. Ginger was Johnny. Her aim must have been faithfulness in her portrayal. I bet she must have used up a whole can of powder on her hair. She came late to breakfast with Kay May, who was Dougie. Peggy was her Mother. Assembly was anything but the quiet orderly place it usually is, due to the counselor's zeal in imitating Sixth Shack. They all enjoyed a dancing lesson given by Betz Wiolds who did her best to take off Mrs. Mathews. Miss Dowd was her adored and clumsy Virginia.
- Wednesday: was the beginning of Sport Week and the Seniors had a baseball game in which the Whites emerged victors. The Juniors had baseball throws. The Seniors had a basketball game that afternoon while the Juniors watched.
- Thursday: morning the Seniors labored at Track while the Juniors had their swimming races. The schedule switched around for the afternoon, giving the Seniors swimming and the Juniors Track.
- Friday: the whole camp had canoe races. In the afternoon the Camp rested up for the ordeal of climbing or riding in the Layrich to the Top of the World. A bath was provided for all of us on the way home by Mother Nature.
- Saturday: the Camp went peacefully along and in the afternoon five members of Fifth Shack tore up the turf at the Belgrade Lakes Golf Course in their first lesson. That evening Sixth Shack gave two plays. In the last one a menagerie of two kittens, a most irresponsible and temperamental goat, a white rabbit and a duck graced the stage. Both plays were very good.



SIXTH SHACK PLAYS

by

Peggy Branham

The night of August 21st, found Sixth Shack in a blaze of excitement. Between trying to teach our menagerie to act and endeavoring to learn our lines, the plays started.

The first presentation was THE BATHROOM DOOR, a comedy which proved very amusing.

The Bath Room Door having been carefully removed from Sixth Shack, was banged and battered upon by E. Cobb, the Prima Dona, Ginger, a young man, Betty Anne, a young lady, Suzie Smith, an old man with shaving cream all over his face, and Harriet McLane, an old lady in a night cap whose slipper was supposed to look like a tea cozy. The high spots in the play were where Emily asked if Ginger hung a tea cozy at every door - When Ginger addressed the unknown person in the bathroom, beseeching dear sir or madame to come out - And when Emily exclaimed, "Where, then, is the body of my husband?!!" To be answered by Jane Allen as Boots, "Ees downstairs having his breakfast!"

The second play was THE MAD HATTERS, the story of an eccentric family who went daily to their psychiatrist.

Joan, Kay May, Miss Dowd and the goat first made their appearance. Peggy, the lackadaisical mother of the Mad Hatters sauntered in with a rabbit which sat meekly on her card table while she swept pillows and cards to the floor. Miss Dowd, head buried in the trunkful of papers, where the typed copy of the play was cleverly hidged, emerged only to speak her lines. Harriet Palmer, as Wisteria, the dea creature wandering lonely in the clouds, proclaimed how she was awaeary, and wished that she was dead. Haw, said Kay May, as Percy who was grooming himself to be a critic of current affairs. Joan and Bus, the lovebirds, were the only sane ones in the play and even they carried kittens.



THE HORSESHOW

We learned that as a climax to our already over-ridden summer, the so-called riders of Runoia had decided that they would attempt a Horseshow. I gave them the horse-laugh because I knew that I could land some of them where they didn't want to be and Oh, Stallion, right in front of a whole big audience too. So when we went to bed last night, I carefully tucked my hoof up under my shoulder right where Harold doesn't like me to keep it, and we whispered for hours after taps.

I got Rocket and Snowball all steamed up to act bad and gum the Show. But Fair-lady certainly is a Maresy. Talk about being Teacher's pet. She'd bring roses to Dougie every day if she could get into Miss Weiser's garden, and I heard her say one night she wanted to go down the bridle path with Dougie. At this I laughed with girth. The idea of trying to filley me up with such bunk, it made me cribber.

This morning, although it was Sunday which made it more unusual, it seemed very unusual to me to see Harold apparently working. He did his little bit on each of us, which was rather a nightmare. After we were shined up, he began on the harness at a great pace.

Then up came those silly girls, talking and yapping as usual about how we'd act and how they'd look. The one in the bright green pants had her hair all curled and even Jean Reed had on a clean shirt.

That woman who always comes up with a camera was huntinging us down and I stuck out my horse teeth and smirked when she told us to smile.

As we neared the ring, I thought a fifth horse had come into our midst. I stalled and racked my brains, but in addition to our sixteen, not a single foot could be seen. It turned out only to be Barbara Taylor, who was quietly smelling the flowers under the cork tree.

Snowball soon became aware that all eyes were upon him and his head was completely turned. He spent the rest of the afternoon showing off until it came time for the bareback classes, when he gracefully dumped P.K. at my feet. Rocket's head was also completely turned, almost off his neck, in fact as he meandered among the bushes aping Ferdinand at smelling the flowers and sniffing and snaffling the pine trees. The judges' spirit was soon curbed by Rocket's little game and they left him to stand and laugh in the middle of the ring.



AT THE ANNUAL WESTCHESTER COUNTRY CLUB HORSE SHOW IN



Misses Patricia Kennedy,



Well the beautiful teacher's pet won all the applause. It made me sick to see her showing off so and I decided to pummel her when we got home.

So I was the only one left to give them a little diversion. That girl that likes to play Absolum couldn't find any tree big enough to hang on but went around and around the trees in the ring looking hopefully! I dropped off a couple of girls, then a strange individual with two tails got on, but one tail is enough ofr Pronto, says I, so I got her off in a hurry. I didn't want that bull Ferdinand riding me, so I thought I'd drop her off, but to my surprise, I only found her sitting jauntily on my neck, hanging on to both ears.

It really was a gala occasion and everyone said it was the best horseshow ever posted at Belgrade Lakes.

The prizes were won by P.K.

Key Neigh Condit
Ferdinand (damn his hide)
The green riding pants
Emily Young (though she isn't)
Barbara Martingale

The pony class was won by

Emily (a little older)
Clare Tapley
Ann Morton
Dotty Erickson

I could gallop on with this tale forever, but I must close instead.





SPRING

by

Jean Price

There's a sing of Spring 'most everywhere,
That means it's here to stay,
White clouds float peacefully through the air,
Birds sing the live-long day.

But now and then a cold wind blows,
We think Spring isn't here,
We bundle up in warmer clothes,
We'll catch a cold, we fear.

But then again the sun does shine,
The wind does cease to blow,
And when the weather's warm and fine,
A-gardening we must go.

COUNTRY IN THE WINTER

by

Jean Price

Lake George in winter is a beautiful sight,
With its great wide plains all glistening in white,
And the gleaming ice that covers the lake,
Snow-covered mountains make a lovely mosaic.

The few shining rooftops of mansions so bright,
The front doors and back doors all dressed up in white,
The snow-covered rooftops of barns stored with hay,
To feed the farm horses day by day.

The jingling of sleigh bells so merry they sound,
The snowflakes are falling to cover the ground,
The happy shouts of the people who skate,
At such a marvelous fast flying rate.

All this I've been told of though I've never been there,
When snowflakes are falling fast through the air,
I've lived there in summer and had a good time,
But I haven't been there when the snowflakes are flying.



POETRY

by

Virginia Dessar

Up where the winds sigh
 Tall tress, under the blue sky
 Working pals, playing pals,
 tripping pals, gay pals.
 But we're together
 Camp girls for long days
 Old friends for always
 Have no doubt
 Just look out
 Face about and step on the trail to
 Camp Runcoia now.

Near a little town is Mount Tumbledown,
 Where the rocks are piled to the sky.
 Trees are everywhere and a fragrance fills the air,
 As we scramble up its sides so high.
 There are blueberries too, mixed with mountain dew,
 And plenty to eat your fill
 And we hunt like everything
 For a little mountain spring
 As we tumble up Tumbledown hill.



REST HOUR

by

Patricia Kennedy

When we rest out on the ground,
 We race and hurry for a mound.
There we put our pillows down
 and spread our blankets on the ground.
We then lie down and rest, with no sound,
 Till the whistle calls us away.

Some lie on the dock, while others on the moss so soft
 rest neath the Pine Trees might limbs.
They climb so high, almost up to the sky,
 as you watch them dance and play.
The water, too, is a lovely thing,
 to watch so calmly run and sing.
And when a boat comes by,
 waves dash hard and high,
against the sharp shaped shore.



Christmas Cove
at the Goodyears' house







TRIPS

To Mount Philip

One day when the weather was cool, the new girls went to some elevated ground called Mount Philip. On the way, we saw some of the funniest people you ever saw. After nearly wearing our puppy covers out, we got to the top. What enjoyable sights we saw from Mount Philip. We saw an island which reminded me of a pea, it was so small. After a trying time of killing mosquitoes, we started down the elevated ground, falling most of the way. Coming home we rode in the truck, but it was very loose from its trip to Mount Philip, it nearly knocked everybody inside out. Outside of that, everybody got home in one piece.

by Connie Lyman

Meadowbrook Trip

We started out just before assembly and were off for the day. Gilbert took us in the truck as far as Smithfield - from then on we paddled and dragged. The bottom of Meadowbrook was delightfully muddy, which made the wading much more fun. When our stomachs told us that it was dinner time, we stopped and ate on the bank with some very nice cows. Kay got on a calf, but didn't last long when the calf started off after her mother. We stayed with the cows for quite a while, then were off down the brook again. Miss Dowd played Tarzan in a birch tree once for variety. The brook was so low most of the time that we had



U. S. A.

to walk the canoes along.

When we reached the lake, we finished up all the oranges and plums that didn't get eaten at lunch.

Paddling back, we made up the last verses of the trip song and arrived home no worse for the wear, except for one torpedo that had a hole in it. --We won't mention any names, but the counsellors were paddling it.

by

To Mount French

"Whoopee, did you hear, Physol, that Fourth Shack is going to go to Mount French tonight for the picnic?", shouted Nancy Lester one Friday afternoon.

"Oh swell!", says Physol, and everyone circles around Nancy to know more about it.

Physol is the nickname given to Nancy Smith because she always says "Physol" when she is annoyed at something.

At four-thirty that afternoon, we all started off after yelling necessary cheers and saying goodbye. We sang Camp songs all the way, except when we were in Belgrade Lakes.

Finally we turned off on a dirt road and stopped after a short distance. Our singing ceased and we all climbed out eager to be on our way up the mountain.

When we reached the top, we began gathering sticks and procured some good logs.



The fire was lighted and most of us were very hungry. We roasted hot dogs and marshmallows and had chocolate milk, lollipops, and sandwiches.

After supper, we played around and Claire Caniff, Evie Freeman, and Ethel Lawrence went in search of some of the caves. While we were sliding down rocks and holding on to branches and each other, we decided to hide. Soon, unfortunately, we were found by the rest of the crowd, also searching for caves.

When we were all together, we agreed that we wanted to go home. Some of us were a little tired because we had taken a rainy day walk that morning.

We practically ran down to the "bus" and we were very glad to arrive home and get into bed.

by Ethel Lawrence

FOURTH SHACK TRIP

In answer to various questions as to what we were having, Dave said we were going to Hoyt's for the night. This was followed by loud hurrahs and everyone danced around. "I get Dave first". "Second". "Third". "No, I said third". "You did not!", etc. Finally, packs were done and put in the canoes and we started off. As soon as we arrived at Hoyt's, we found our sleeping places and the supper committee began fixing the meal which consisted of tomato soup, corn beef hash, and grapes. After the dishes had been cleaned away, we sat around the fire telling stories. When

an hour had passed in this manner, we went for a moonlight dip. We had just gotten into our p.j.'s when Johnny arrived with Miss Dowd, Harriet Mc., and Joan Bayne. They joined us in a 9:00 o'clock feast made up of fruit, cookies, and toasted marshmallows contributed by Evie, Jean and P.K. After our guests left us, we all went to bed and somehow slept until five o'clock. By five-thirty we were whispering and by six we were standing on our heads.

After a breakfast of toast and jam, bacon and eggs, fruit juice and cocoa, we went for an exploration paddle. We returned and got our packs, then started for home.

FOURTH SHACK'S STORY DAY PADDLE

One day last July, Fourth Shack went on a paddle. We suggested that we paddle straight out instead of going along the shore. Although Dave told us it would be rough, we went anyway.

Nancy Smith and Janie were together. Nancy Lester, Evie Freeman, Claire Caniff, and Jean Price went in two other canoes, while Ethel, Claire Tapley and Dave were in another one.

We had almost passed Oak Island when Dave said we had better turn around, but we all wanted to go further. Five minutes later, Dave asked us again. This time we agreed.

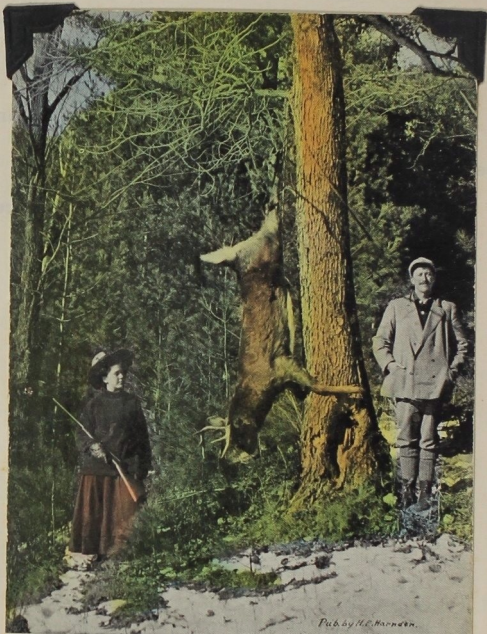
When we had turned around, we found we were against the wind. Two canoes, at first, lagged behind the rest, but Dave's canoe went over to help and started them going. One of the canoes started going, but the other was still behind, seeing as it was the "Baby Elephant". Meanwhile, the other canoe was way ahead of us with the one Dave had helped at first close

behind. The "Baby Elephant" by this time had started along and was making good headway.

When we were just about half-way between Oak Island and the cove, the "Spuddy" came to rescue us with a rope as the girls in the first canoe had gone into the craft-shop yelling, "Whoopee, we're the only survivors so far". That was the reason the "Spuddy" came out.

Next time we will take Dave's advise when she tells us to do something.

by Two Fourth Shackers



Pub. by H. C. Barnard.

THE FAMOUS "OLD CROTCH TOE."

*Having quite a trip - just see
what we've got already!*

THE LONG LAKE TRIP

Betty Gripper's poison ivy didn't do her any good, but it did me, because I wouldn't have been able to go along on the first Long Lake trip with the rest of Fifth Shack if someone hadn't been needed to take her place. I paddled with Flacky. Anna and Babe Martin paddled together while Ditto and Tay Tay were with each other. Barbie V. paddled with Dave. We went through the little bridge on the point near Belgrade. All of a sudden, someone saw a motorboat coming towards us. Yes, it was "Spuddy". We stopped along side of it and told the occupants that we had expected to meet them at Belgrade and that we had also expected to have them help us with the canoes, but Rhoda said: "Oh no!" and rode off. In Belgrade Mills stream, it began to rain and Flacky told us to go for shelter in one of the boathouses. Babe Martin and Anna were way ahead and they sought shelter in a boathouse which had recently been occupied by some fish who had forgotten to take their smell with them when they left. Empty beer bottles stared down at them from the sidelines. They lost no time in removing themselves from the uninviting place.

The rest of us had found a boathouse most conveniently suited to our needs. We just fitted in. Someone suggested the possibility of tipping over, but Flacky said: "Don't you dare! It's too dirty!"

Meanwhile, Babs and Anna were having their troubles. They had tried to get in under the bridge, but in vain. After paddling helplessly about in the rain, finally they saw a nice new

boathouse all spic and span where they went. After a while, I looked out and saw that it had stopped raining, so I asked Dave if I could go out into the stream. Dave said I was wrong, it was raining. I couldn't see well without my glasses. After another while, I went out and sure enough, it wasn't raining. Dave said that it had stopped by then, but that it had been raining the first time. She told Babs Martin and Anna that side of the story. After we had passed by the steam laundry, we carried our canoes across the road with the help of Popeye and another little boy. We almost forgot the waterbottled, but Popeye remembered them for us. Afterwards, Flacky said that she didn't know whether she should have given them a nickel or not for she didn't want to spoil them. Near Frink's place, we saw some loons and came up very close to them before they ducked into the water. After we landed, there was the inevitable squabbling for the best sleeping place. When we had gathered all the firewood, we went swimming. There were sharp rocks everywhere and as might be expected, I cut myself. Everyone helped with the supper and boy, was it good?! As we did not have to do the dishes that night, Anna, Babs Martin and I went canoeing. There was a red rowboat on the lake with a lady in a green dress in it, who came out and talked to us. The lady was one of those sugary sweet things and since she was thirty or more at least, it was most emphatically not becoming to her. She had one of the cutest little dogs with her and she said that it was supposed to be a cocker spaniel and was called "Tops". "Tops" just barked. When the red rowboat left us, we paddled away aimlessly for a while, when suddenly the boat began to tip and I dropped the only paddle overboard. We just sat and laughed, and tried to paddle with our hands,

splashing practically the whole lake into the canoe as we did so. Just as we retrieved our paddle, Flacky and Dave came tearing up towards us. "Get right back to Camp. I never saw such goings on in all my life" was all Flacky said. We wasted no time in obeying. "Well, we might as well make ourselves useful now that we're here", said Anna, so we washed the remaining dishes while the others went out on the lake. When we finished the dishes, we played "Guess Who". Anna was first and she had us stumped. The person was female, white, lived in Maine in the summer, had never been to camp, but we all knew her. It was the lady in the red rowboat. "I knew you'd be pleased", she said.

We all roasted marshmallows by the fire when we were in our pajamas. Some of us told ghost stories and Barbie V.'s left everyone with chills up and down their spines. When we went to bed, we found that every one of us had her own pet mosquito that buzzed around and around her head, keeping most of us awake. Dave and Flacky slept like logs.

In the morning, we were all wakened by Tay Tay tickling our noses with a piece of grass. She had been awake for a long time, but she hadn't known whether to pretend to be asleep or not when Dave saw her because she was afraid that she might have to gather the firewood if Dave saw her awake. The trip home was considerably rougher and Flacky, who thought that dinner was at twelve o'clock, was worried all the way for fear we would be late. We gave Popeye a box and a half of marshmallows for helping us with our canoes.

by Marianne Frey

- 27
- T stands for trail, up the mountains steep side from which we got sidetracked, and faces did hide.
- U is for underbrush, pushed through in vain, for we wanted to get on the right trail again.
- M is for Montclair, a nice little town, which the girls from New Jersey hashed up and down.
- B must be blueberries, plenty were they, we ate for so long that we'd no time to play.
- L stands for lake, between the three peaks, and there was the spring which did play hide and seek.
- E is for "eek", or the screams we let out, when we sat down quite hard and had no time to shout.
- D is for dirty, filthy were we, Dirty's no word as any could see.
- O is for outing to Mt. Tumbledown
Runoia girls climb it with nary a frown.
- W is water so lovely to see
that we pushed through all those who were up in the lead.
- N stands for neighbors, and plenty had we
Three camps and a family was what we did see.

Tumbleup, TUMBLEDOWN, was our motto that day
Now everythin's told, there's no more we can say.

THE MOUNT BLUE TRIP

Two weeks ago tomorrow, or maybe it was two weeks ago day after tomorrow (we can't seem to remember which), marked an important day in the lives of part of Fifth and Sixth Shacks. As we were returning to our shacks, after breakfast, Miss Dowd came tearing down the path after us to ask the all important question, "Who'd like to climb Mt. Blue today?" "Oh Boy, I do", "I do!", greeted Miss Dowd's ears.

After the necessary arrangements had been made, everybody piled into the truck and Miss Dowd's car and before long we were on our way to Mt. Blue.

A while later, the two automobiles met in Weld where we exchanged greetings and directions, etc., and continued our trip.

Before long, we reached the foot of Mt. Blue where three-fourths of the contents of the truck piled out and made their way through the field to a suitable spot where they could --- Well, Kay May will tell you. She took pictures of us!!! Having found and made use of our suitable spot, we returned to the vicinity of the truck where we ate many ham and jam sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, etc. From here, we proceeded up the mountain, climbing the Alps method which was led by Flackie and which proved more than satisfactory. Up, up, and up we went, stopping now and then to see that Elsie and her group were still with us. Puff, puff, pant, pant, came from those who insisted on running ahead, then dropping wearily on a stump to recuperate.

Finally, the top was reached where we were all rewarded by a wonderful view and an orange a piece. We climbed the tower and took pictures of the surrounding mountains and lakes. Having signed the guest book and taken our pictures, we returned to firing and started on our trip downward which took much less time than the one going up! We stopped at the Spring for a drink of cool mountain water half way down and after that soon reached the bottom, only to eat a second orange.

Having reassembled ourselves in the respective automobiles, we started out for our trip home. We stopped at a Drug store in Wilton for an ice cream cone and from there we proceeded to the day and night club, where we ate a hearty supper to say the least!

We arrived home at camp about seven o'clock and a good time was had by all.

SIXTH SHACK'S LAKEWOOD TRIP

Some of our Sixth Shackers, or those of them who didn't go to Chester Twing's with Betty Burnham, went to Lakewood to the theater. We saw "Boy Meets Girl". We took Miss Dowd's car driven by Johnnie Johnson and Dougie's car driven by Dougie. Emily Cobb was lucky enough to see Owen Davis, Jr., while standing in the tavern. Before eating, we looked at the articles in the Lakewood giftshop. There was no shoplifting.

When Emily saw Owen Davis, Jr., we nearly tripped a couple trying to get a bird's eye view. Emily bought about five movie magazines and promptly started to read them while the rest of us had hamburgers, cheese sandwiches, jelly, chicken, brownies, ice cream and other things, too numerous to mention.

After eating, we went to the theater and munched popcorn, that is, that which wasn't on the floor. During the show, there were a good many hearty laughs from our Runoia girls. After the show was over, our girls went back to the tavern and went to pix. Then we got into the car and drove to a small town and went into a drugstore. There we had coca-colas, sherberts, gum, etc.

We then drove toward home to Runoia. On the way, we sang camp songs, popular songs and many others. A good time was had by all including the walking down to the shack from the stables, wobbling back and forth in our city cloths. At that time we were very tired as it was about twelve and way past our bedtime.

We were greeted by our fellow shackers who waited for us to hear of our exploits.

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"I'm going to wear slacks." "Oh no, don't, wear shorts. You'll roast in slacks".

"No I won't!"

"All right, wear slacks, I'm going to wear shorts!"

This was all being said in Sixth Shack when Ray Condit arrived and said she had come to take the first bunch on girls over to Mrs. Bayne's for the day.

When we arrived, we saw Mrs. Bayne just leaving to get the rest of the girls.

The girls that got there first, went into Mrs. Bayne's cottage and started the day off right by eating chocolate covered peanuts and caramels.

The lunch bell rang just as the other girls came into the cottage. At the table we cheered the Baynes and the Condits, Ray and Louise Chester's daughter. The lunch was very good and after exchanging the cheese which went with our pie, and cheering some more, we left the dining room.

After lunch we took a walk. We went to the little beach and after that wandered into some private property. A man came out of a house we were near and one of the girls asked him if he minded us walking here, and he promptly replied, "Yes, I do. This is private property."

When we reached Mrs. Bayne's in safety once more, we put our bathing suits on and went swimming. We swam from the dock in front of the cottage to the big float. After swimming, we went over to the tennis courts and watched the Lawrences and Kay May play tennis.

When we were dressed once more, we had crackers and cheese and some fruit. Some of us played ping pong and the others talked.

We went back to camp tired and full after a grand day.



THE BOOTHBAY TRIP

As last Wednesday was August 11th and time for Sixth Shack's Boothbay outing, we all piled into the bus with Dougie, Flackie, Dobbin and John as our counsellors and started off in a cloud of dust. We enjoyed a very pleasant ride down and though we weren't always on the right road, we finally arrived at the "Down East Nautical Camp". We piled out of the bus this time, and clambered upstairs where we found cots waiting for us! After we had unpacked our bags and made up our beds, we jumped into our bathing suits for a most delightful swim in the salt water which we had awaited so eagerly.

Late in the afternoon, we started off on our clambake for a delicious dinner of clams, lobsters, and corn which had been expertly steamed in seaweed (gathered by us, with a mixture of dead jellyfish and orange peels) by Franklin and Browne (out two cooks). However, we were quite content (though very dirty) and slept very soundly when we got into the beds that night.

Thursday, we awoke early and ate a hearty breakfast. We waited for an hour or two and then once more took a swim in the ocean.

After lunch, we drove over to Christmas Cove and had a very enjoyable visit with the Goodyears on their beautiful seaside estate. From there, we proceeded to Pemaquid Beach and swam in real breakers. When we got dressed we built a fire and cooked hot dogs. We had a grand supper and arrived home again in Boothbay after a wonderful day.

Well, the great day came, Friday, when we were to go out on the yawl called the "I Star". Everybody was trembling with excitement and the day was wonderful, so donned in the costume of the day, which was dungarees with shorts underneath and middies with halters underneath, we went to breakfast. We had the usual, but very appetizing breakfast of bacon, eggs, and rolls. After that, we all got into the bus and were taken to the yacht club where we boarded the "I Star" and greeted John, our Captain. We soon made headway into the sea and were sitting in the bow riding mountains of waves and enjoying the spray, much to our counsellors' chagrin. When we had sailed for about two and a half hours, we headed for a point of land and ate lunch on shore where we couldn't get used to our sea-legs. After an hour or so of eating, we went back to the boat where we fished. Dougie, Harriet, and Joan were the only ones to catch any fish. After this, Dougie took John's place at the wheel and we sailed back into Boothbay harbor.

Later that evening, Kay May, Ginger, Harry McLane, Mingle, Flackie, and Elsie fished off the dock and out of the rowboat which was paddled around.



That night, they were greeted by Jonne, who had baked a cake (chocolate layer, incidentally) and we all feasted on that before bed. (Jonne's housewife instinct we think).

Saturday morning there were many sad faces which boarded the camp bus, because "parting is such sweet sorrow".











CAMP ABENA, BELGRADE LAKES, ME.

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to strut?

ER 23, 1937

BRIDES IN YESTER



Ira L. Hill

Mrs. M. H. Coggeshall jr., who
was Miss Doris Richardson

Miss Doris Richardson Wed To M. H. Coggeshall Jr.

**Ceremony in St. Peter's Church,
Morristown, N. J.**

Special to the Herald Tribune

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Oct. 22.—Miss Doris Bliss Richardson daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bliss Richardson, was married here this afternoon to Mr. Murray Hart Coggeshall jr. son of Mr. and Mrs. Coggeshall, also of Morristown, in St. Peter's Church by the rector, the Rev. David K. Montgomery.

Miss Anne N. Cutler was maid of honor, and bridesmaids were the Misses Nita and Nancy Easley; Mary Louise Whitney and Barbara Frost, all of Morristown; Mary Cowenhoven, Princeton, and Belle Ritchie, Montreal. Mary Merchant, Morristown, and Ruth English, New York, were flower girls.

Mr. Coggeshall was best man for his son, and ushers were his brothers, Messrs John and Bayard Coggeshall, and Lorraine F. Pitman, Granville H. White, E. Newton Cutler jr. and Horace C. Jeffers, Morristown, Robert McKean Thomas jr., of Mendham, and Richard Wood, Montclair, N. J. Richard and Donald Kirk were ribbon bearers.

The bride wore a gown of ivory moire, a tulle veil with fluted tulle coronet and carried lilies of the valley, gardenias and orchids. Maid of honor and bridesmaids wore green moire, matching crownless hats with chin straps. The flower girls wore Kate Greenway frocks of egg shell crepe, poke bonnets, chrysanthemums.

The reception took place at the Richardson home. The bride is a graduate of Miss Masters School and is a member of the Morristown Junior League. Mr. Coggeshall attended Ridgefield School. After a trip to Bermuda they will live at Ed Bank, N. J.





A NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF A PULLMAN CARPET

I was reposing peacefully on the evening of June 30th. All of a sudden I was compressed and my nap went through to the top of the floor. Peeking out I discovered many huge oblong shapes waving in the air. My head resting in the drawing room was immediately covered. My brow sprinkled with crumbs. People began to walk up and down my spine. It tickled! For hours and hours, and still more hours, a continual stream of munching pajama clad humans poured on and off my head. Cherry seeds lodged in my eyebrows. At an ungodly hour in the morning, the racket which had stopped an hour or so before broke out again. Once more the annual trials and tribulations of my race began. Many things were dropped upon me. Numerous boxes were jumped upon and there appeared to be rush from my right wrist. People poured from my feet to neck, they crowded on my ear.

Finally, at least and ultimately, they departed. I had a dreadful headache for that had been heavier than the rest of me all night. They had evidently thought I was a bowling green or something of that sort, for apples had been travelling from one end of me to the other all night. At last they were gone; relief, rest and repose were mind.

Amen

RUNOIA MINCEMEAT

You can make this when the price of the Boston kind is high. That is, you can, if you are a patient cook and willing to try anything once.

Into a ware-ever aluminum pan put three cups chipped ham, two cups lima beans, one quart young corn on the cob. Add a dash of ginger, and fry well. Use a Hingham brand ham; burned ham will not do. Flavor with two teaspoonfuls Morton's salt, and of Flack's seed. Moisten with one cup Lawson's ale, and pack in pint jars. Seal with goodyear jar rubbers and age for forty-four weeks. Serve the next camp season.

We grant you that this may not turn out well. If not, throw it in the pond and no one will be the wiser.



FASHIONS AROUND THE CLOCK

Seven o'clock in the morning finds sleepy Runoia-ites dipping in the lake, robed in a minus quantity of slacks, boots, and berets. This intriguing combination finishes warmth and style, yet allows the warm sun to tan the wrists and ankles of the campers.

At breakfast, the costumes of our campers depend largely upon the amount of time that was left for dressing after dipping. Some mornings heavy sweaters and skipants arrive at the table, while other days, - well less is worn!

After breakfast, when belts have tightened up, the girls return to their shades and seldom change their attractive garments, - the morning activity having come to an end, ski suits are beginning to become a bit warm, so are exchanged for bathing suits, (at least that's what they used to be called!)

At lunch the camp is again seen together. Ah! What have we here? Our girl seems to stand out from the crowd in her vivid oranges and reds! Well, on second thought, color is what we want this year, so she is right in style! (We couldn't get near enough to her to get her name!)

During rest hour, outer garments are discarded, folded neatly, and are laid into piles.

As the afternoon activities are resumed, the neat piles are disturbed and from them are extracted the pieces of clothing which are to be worn while the underclothes lie rotting on the chair. Possibly tennis will be the game that the young ladies will indulge in this fine afternoon. If so, each girl with special care will gently place her shirttails outside of her shorts so as to render a

a graceful effect when she runs.

With the arrival of supper, once more the girls change their clothes. When a picnic is held, slacks prove very popular as the cockroaches just love to feast on legs.

Finally, darkness approaches. Perhaps there is a party. Perhaps a moonlight dip. Anyway, we will leave those costumes for your own imagination to work on!

by Emily Cobb





LOST AND FOUND

Found: Martha Raye's voice in Jean Reed.

Lost: Connie's high soprano voice.

Lost: Ginny Branham's feminine nature at camp.

Lost: Betty Gripper's activity.

Found: Clark Gable's ability to make love in Dorothy Erickson.

Found: A future olympic rowing star of Connie Lyman.

Lost: (we wish) Fourth Shack's ability of jacks.

Lost: One bottle of red rinse. Of found, please return to Joan Baynne.

Found: About fifteen porcupine needles in Queenie's nose.

Lost: Kay May's dimple pusher.

by Emily Cobb

EQUIPMENT NEEDED TO HAVE A PERFECT PICTURE TAKEN AT RUNOIA

1. A sweltering day in August.
2. A shortage in Camp uniform (it is more exciting if the necessary articles are borrowed from different shacks so that it requires physical energy to return them.)
3. Several benches placed half in the shade and the other half dripping in the sun.
4. A photographer who says "Set" up.
5. Followed closely by a case of giggles (best example, Gripper and Reed).
6. This can also be followed closely by drastic threats by Miss Dowd with reference to leaving and going to the Shack.
7. A wrinkled pair of shorts worn, but the director, to be hidden by an obliging camper.
8. The Hair on Second Shack to be pulled back, combed and generally remodelled.
9. An unpleasant surprise to a few campers, in the formal more posing on Fifth Shack, parch in the sun amid the laughter of fortunates whose services were not required.
10. An energetic photographer who insists he loves to canoe and wants to go on a long distance paddle.
11. A cry to "hold it" as we drift through the air in dives at the float and as the sailboat sails by.
12. And last, but not least, to be included in the equipment to make a really successful picture, one has to breathe a deep and heartfelt sigh as the photographer drives off.

By Joan Bayne

THE SAD FATE OF LITTLE GERRY GRASSHOPPER

One night the whole camp was reveling at the lodge. But where was Bugsie? She was not present at the merrymaking of the rest.

As we were walking down the path to the Shack, we heard the bewildered chirping of little grasshoppers. Where was their father? He had gone hunting for food and at the end of day had not returned.

As we entered the Shack, we saw the lifeless form of little Gerry Grasshopper, stretched out on Bugsie's dresser with a glass of water beside him. We knew his fate immediately.

The next day the whole Shack was gathered about talking in low tones. Bugsie entered.

"Hello girls!" she said cheerfully.

We asked her why she had done it.

"Oh, I wanted to look at him under my microscope.

After all, it's just a mere bug."

And the moral of that, my children, is do as you would be done by.

By Barbara Martin
and
Barbara Taylor

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT
or
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU

It is a clear moonlight night and it is raining cats and dogs. As the clocks strike twelve, the rain stops, - which is very mysterious, don't you think?

Charlie Chipmonk decides to leave his bed. We won't mention what for.

TIME MARCHES ON

In the meantime, several objects are moving about. Shall we name them? No, no, yes, yes, no. All right, I give in.

Miss Flack, whereabouts unknown.

Miss Davis, " "

Miss Gilbert, " "

We have more suspects, but we won't uncover them just yet. They might catch cold. As you see, we have a lot of suspects.

It is growing lighter now and the rosie dawn is breaking. Oh, sorry it broke yesterday and we haven't fixed it yet. The birds are beginning their burping (something they et no doubt) and Camp Runcoia is coming to life except for the above who have been alive all night.

Mary Ann Fry trips gaily down the path. Suddenly she stops - gasps - turns a sickly green and swoons. A few minutes later Queenie staggers down the path. (Where was she last night?) Seeing pitiful Mary Ann, she stoops, picking her up in her arms. Then seeing something in the path, barks dogly and mosquitoes down the path.

Ten o'clock we find the entire camp gathered solemnly in little groups talking in low tones, looking at a body in the path. Horrors upon horrors, and still more horrors, it is little Charlie Chipmonk, murdered by some cruel fiend. Who did the deed?

TIME MARCHES ON

Four o'clock. We still find the entire Camp gathered solemnly in little groups talking in low tones, looking at a body in the path. Horrors upon horrors, and still more horrors, it is little Charlie Chipmonk, murdered by some cruel find. Who done the deed?

TIME MARCHES ON

Seven o'clock at night. We find the entire Camp gathered solemnly in little groups talking in low tones, looking at a body in the path. Horrors upon horrors, and still more horrors, it is little Charlie Chipmonk, murdered by some cruel fiend. Who done the deed?

TIME MARCHES ON

Midnight: Tension is in the air. No one moves. Suddenly, Queenie, with a howl, falls prostrate before District Attorney Dowd yelping,

"I done dit. I donedole deed. I done dit.
I dilled dim dith dy down deeth."

(obviously Queenie has a cold.)

Queenie: We the jury of Camp Runoia do hereby sentence you to seven weeks imprisonment at Great Pond Penitentiary.

By

Kay May Condit

MIDNIGHT MELODRAMA

When one wakes up after everyone is asleep, you are apt to hear queer things, especially in Sixth Shack.

One night I was awakened by a noise in Burnham's room, or should I say yell?

"Don't climb up the cake, Katherine".

Yes, she was talking to Katherine Erickson. No sooner had she finished than Joan pipes up with

"Well, why didn't you say so," in a very aggravated tone.

That is immediately followed by a disturbing question from Burnham once more

"Now where, now which, now when?"

If you think you've heard anything - wait - a howl from Harriet McLane:

"Darn, you so and so, Get out of here."

Which is followed by a few loud grunts and groans from Susie, who is obviously having a nightmare. She bangs her bed against the wall, thus waking Mingle, who, though she claims she is very quiet, heaves a large sigh. Don't tell me silence follows. No, this time it's Emily,

"Well, what did you say? No I won't. I can't, I won't."

Next it's Kay May. She is a ghostly figure in pink striped pajamas as she leaves her bed carrying her pillow, climbs on to Ginger's bed, leaves the pillow and goes back to her own bed. Time marches on, - so does Kay. She wakes up, sees the pillow on roommates' bed, pounces on it, and jumps back into bed. Betty Ann must have heard her for she greans and turns over. Now it's Joan's turn again for she choruses,

"But I won't stay alone."

It couldn't be that Malcolm is leaving herm could it? Burnham, still talking about Katherine climbing up a cake, wakes herself up and says,

"Harriet, did I say Katherine?"

Pelvic Palmer replies in a squeaky voice, which might be a voice and might just be her bed. "Yes."

Two minutes of silence follows. Then a jabber of French mixed with Scotch dialect emerges from Giner's room. We are convinced Kay May can't speak French, so it must be Ginger. Now, more groans from Susie, followed by

"I never said that", from a voice that couldn't belong to anyone but Emily.

Our Midnight Melodrama is climaxed by our Midnight Madonna who hadn't uttered a word before. Perhaps she couldn't get a word in edgewise before, but anyway, a screech is heard, Yes, Our Peggy of the Hingham Branhams is leading a cheer and so to the strains of l/ip Skidy-aye-kye, we drift off to sleep at least until the next person starts.

SIXTH SHACK AFTER REVEILLE AS HEARD OVER THE PARTITIONS

Voice: Come in Queenie, here Queenie, that's a nice dog. Here Queenie.

Other voices: Oh, did you hear Peggy talk in her sleep. She said ---
"Oh, I had the funniest dream. There was a great big five layer sandwich and the picnic committee was trying to climb up it.

"Where are my shorts? I can't find them anywhere.
Whose room did I take off my shorts in?"

"Anyway, Nelson't in my room. He's swimming under water."

"He is not. He's in here. He looks so darling under water." "His beautiful wavy hair is stunning."

"His hair isn't wavy except when he's just had it set. It's a permanent he has anyway."

"Well, he has better hair than old Fred Astaire. His is all thin on top and he has to wear a toupee.

"He does not. It's all his own hair and anyway, he doesn't go around booming out a great alto voice all the time."

"Nelson's voice isn't booming. He sings at weddings and funerals and everything."

"Well, Fred wouldn't go around singing at funerals, so there."

"Oh, there goes the warning bell and I haven't even started to get dressed."

CAMPERS' OCCUPATIONS 15 YEARS FROM NOW

Connie Lyman	Patriotic American Congresswoman
Harriet Palmer	Famous model for Petty
Marianne	Tarzan's mate
Suzy	Sailing to India on a clipper ship
"Burr"	Just another blonde
Ethel Lawrence	fan dancer at the El Morocco
Ginger	Famous New York doctor
Jeannie Price	Ginger's <u>helpful</u> assistant
Peggy	hairstresser of great fame
Emily Cobb	Movie star seen frequently with Jackie Cooper
Kay May	Loving wife of Nelson Eddy
P.K.	Kentucky Derby winner
Katy Erickson	Hollywood's sweatheart
Mengel	Just another Kentucky mountain mamma
Frannie Luther	
Tay Tay	in the zoo
Reed	slowly progressing student of Emily Post
Barbie Vanderbilt	heart specialist
Ann Morton	A second gypsy Rosalee
Sally Lester	Following Rhoda's footsteps
Patty Boston	Just swam the English channel
Jean Bayne	famous lawyer arguing in court against Reed.
Helen Underwood	famous photographer
Anna Bauman	swimming in the Olympics against Johnny Wiesmuller
Betty Gripper	Still resting
Aida F. Risley	Elizabeth Arden's assistant

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

* Dear Editor:

I am a young Junior Counselor who was once an old girl, carefully enwrapped in long black stockings and New York debutante etiquette. Life is now enrolling for me. I have met a photographer. He took me in a dark room. Do you think anything will develop?

Dear Y. J. C:

Do not be hyposensitive about this exposure. The result will probably be negative. This is only a film of romance.

E.

* Dear Editor:

We are two young faces looking eagerly for a future. We have been invited to a picnic. We are to bring the food, Will crabmeat salad, sardine sandwiches, nut and creamcheese sandwiches, cream puffs, blueberry pie, watermellon, pickles, celery, radishes, and beer be enough?

Our escorts have only an old Ford and we are embarrassed to have them call for us at Camp. What shall we do?

Dear Young-faces:

Such a sumptuous repast should be sufficient for two normal young men. You must judge their normalcy for yourselves.

Now as to their calling for you, we suggest that they find a wealthy friend (no matter how dumb) who has a good looking Chris-Craft and will bring the boys to call for you. Have them come for you at swimming time so all the girls will be able to greet them with that quaint little custom of singing, "She was just"- This will start the picnic on the gay note desired. It is not necessary for the boys to take you further than around the corner, as the camp girls can't see you transferring to the old Ford then.

P.S. Dont let them bring any wooden Indians.

* Dear Editor:

We are a happy happy group of camp girls, old pals for long days, and shoeless for camp days. It is getting near time to return to civilization and not one of us can get out shoes on. What are we to do for puppy covers?

Dear Camp Girls:

You can obtain some fairly large sized dog kennels from any reputable mail order house.

* Dear Editor:

I am a gentle little girl from Ohio. I had a lovely little white alarm clock with gold trimmings and someone took it on me. My Mother will skin me when I get home if I haven't it. My Father will not be able to get up on time to lead the hunt and may lose his job as Master of the Hounds. What shall I do?

Dear little girl from Ohio:

We advise that you conduct some games of truth and consequences (the official rules of the game will be sent upon receipt of five dollars) and put each member of your Shack on the spot. Then begin on Sixth Shack. We feel sure that you will be able to locate the clock.

* Dear Editor:

We are a local repertory company and our last performance was somewhat upset by a certain lack of control on the part of some of our pantomime actors while on the stage. Can you advise us on how to train goats, ducks, rabbits, kittens?

Dear Sixth Shack:

The goat will be entirely cooperative if you can be sure to supply him with plenty of newspapers, cane chairs, and old straps. The kittens will need to run until just before their entrance, so four people should be assigned to catching them. The duck will need to be washed frequently as he will smell worst of all, after washing, he can be quickly dried with an electric hair drier before coming on the stage. We suggest rubber pants for the rabbits. It is always well to have a dust pan and brush near at hand,

E.

* Dear Editor:

The pleasure of your company is requested in the boathouse on Friday night at half after seven. Please wear a costume suitable for a sawwool R. S. V. P. to Fourth Shack.

The Editors accept with pleasure the kind invitation of Fourth Shack to the boathouse on Friday night at half past seven. Is the following a proper costume for sawoonings?

Ginger's yellow overalls
Flackie's long red stockings
Rhoda's Hungarian hat
Miss Dowd's pink evening wrap
a lavender overdrape
Janice's rubber gloves
Evie's orange pants

* Dear Editor:

We are two young novices from the city. Upon reaching the country we found that we had a problem child in our midst. She is so temperamental and gets so overheated that we have no control over her. The other night just as we were readu to make those delicious cinammon rolls, she burst into flames. What can we do?

Dear Persis and Helen;

We suggest going back to the good old wood stove and giving the horse laugh to modern inventions.

THE PERFECT RUNGIA GIRL

Senior

Hair:	Joan Bayne
Eyes:	Harriet Palmer
Mouth:	Barbara Martin
Nose:	Harry McLane
Complexion:	Betty Burnham
Personality:	Peggy Branham
Versatility:	Ginger
Teeth:	Ginny Branham

Junior

Hair:	Margie Smith
Eyes:	Mary Bauman
Mouth:	K. Erickson
Nose:	P.K.
Complexion:	E. Freeman
Personality:	Nancy Smith
Versatility:	Sally Lester
Teeth:	N. Smith

Counsellor

Hair:	Ginny Walker
Eyes:	Johnnie Weaver
Nose:	Mrs. Branham
Mouth:	Johnnie
Teeth:	Mrs. Bauman
Complexion:	Dave
Personality:	Elsie Lawson
Versatility:	Miss Dowd
Figure:	Dougie
Hands:	Rhoda
Legs:	Flackie

EMILY'S SNAKE

After Miss Dowd had looked on her hands and knees, three nights running, for a snake under Emily's bed, she asked the other counsellors to volunteer to take up the search. Ginny Walker offered to do so. The following is her experience.

Ginny: Oh, hey you kids. Hurry up and get down to the shack. I've got to put you to bed alone tonight. Worse luck. Jonne Weaver walked out on me.

All: Ah! Gee, are you going to have fun. Ha! Ha!

Such were the answers that greeted Ginny Walker's ears after her first statement. Clum, clump, clump, down came the Sixth Shackers to their palatial domain with Ginny close on their heels. Sixth Shack was a riot that night. Ginny was absolutely helpless.

"Help, help, stop." This from Kay May as a 165 lb. tornado (which we shall leave unnamed for obvious reasons) hit her.

Another Voice: Oh, I bet I got a pie bed! I bet you didn't. You always say that just to be dramatic. Say, where's that divine picture of Tyronne. I can't go to bed without kissing him goodnight.

"Oh Emily, how can you stand that drip?"

Kay: Where's Ginger? I can't go to bed without my roommate. Maybe she went down the pit. My turtles went down, you know. Oh, well, I guess she'll turn up.

Voice: (Vaguely like Emily's.) "Eek, I've got something green under the bed.

Oh, shut up, that's just your blanket.

Oh, no. My blanket is a lighter shade.

You must be color blind.

I am not. It's long and slimy too. Eek, there is goes into Betsy's room. Yes, it's in my bed now.

Voice: (from a distance) Where is Ginger?!

Where is the snake now?

Where is my metholbalm?

Where is Tyronne?

Where is my wife?

Ginny: Oh kids, please be quiet.

Voice: Where is

Ginny: Hey, did you kids hear me, I said

Voice: Where is

Ginny: Ohm SHUT UP.

SAVED FROM A FATE WORSE THAN CRUEL DEATH

Showing the effect of True Stories and True Romances upon the lives of the Campers at Runoia.

Kay May Condit is sitting in the first row at the balcony at a personal appearance tour by Nelson Eddy. As he comes on the stage, Kay swoons over the edge. Nelson seeing her danger rushes up the aisle and catches her as she crashes down into his embrace. He struggles to free her, but she is like a leash.

Emily Cobb, making a profession of reading movie magazines, has not been seen for ten days. Just as report of her disappearance is given out, a very handsome Harlow fan finds her buried alive beneath a stack of movie magazines. He rescues her and neither have been seen lately.

In the good old summer time, Sue Smith is riding bareback along a road with a steep cliff on one side and a cliff on the other. The horse stumbles and she falls over the cliff. At the bottom an old ditch digger is digging ditches. Suzy rolls down the hill and takes one look at the digger and immediately begins to roll up the hill. Ah well, such is Sue.

You all may think that Burr has always lived in Montclair, but no, once she lived on the Boston Post Road. Once she was walking along the Road and a runaway horse came along behind her. Burr turned and was immediately frozen with terror. A newsboy, seeing her plight, dragged her from danger and melted her with his warm embrace.

Harriet Palmer, a singer of world known is practising her vocal acrobatics in a Hotel room. The volume of her voice causes the ceiling to crack. A young builder who is on a girder swings in the window before the ceiling crashes and takes her with him, Harriet meanwhile singing, "I'm walking on air."

Mary Ann, famous lecturer and writer is giving educational talks in Cincinnati. A mouse runs down the aisle. An unknown man in the audience rushes from his seat and sets a mouse trap at Mary Ann's feet. Ah Romance! He hasn't been heard of since. She is offering a reward.

Tay Tay is walking in the wilds of Africa. She falls into a trap. A hunter, looking for his lost horse, mistakes Tay Tay for it and takes her home.

Connie is recuperating in the hospital. The whole place bursts into a mass of flames. A young interne captivated by her voice carries her to safety. This is positively killing, cries Connie as her nightie catches fire.

Queenie.

By Nancy and Sally Lester.

Queenie, Queenie is such a good dog
But she has never been mentioned on the log.
And now that she has comitted no crimes
We have decided to mention her on the Times.

Although a chipmunk she did kill
She was soundly punished by a porcupine quill

We have no fear, when she is near,
Because she never is drunk by beer.



Counsellors:

- ✓ Miss Dowd
- ✓ Flackie
- ✓ Dougie and Johnnie
- ✓ Dobbin
- ✓ Mrs. Bauman
- ✓ Dave
- ✓ Rhoda
- ✓ Ginny
- ✓ Jonne

One in a Million
You Hit the Nail on the Head
Shipmates Forever
Old Faithful
You're Here, You're There, You're Everywhere
A Bicycle Built for Two
Love and Learn
Turning the Town Upside Down
I Put My Heart in My Song

Sixth Shack:

- Kay May:
- ✓ Peggy
- Mingle
- ✓ Betty Anne
- ✓ Ginger
- ✓ Baynie
- Susie Q.
- Harriet Palmer
- Burr
- ✓ Harry McLane
- Emily
- Betsy

Alibi Baby
The Letter I Never Mailed
The Lady Who Couldn't Be Kissed
Sing Baby Sing
Shall We Dance?
The Lady in Red
Oh dear, what Can The Matter Be?
A Star is Born
Blame It on the Rhumba
You've got to Smile to be Happy
Moonlight and Shadows
Having a Wonderful Time

Fifth Shack

- ✓ Ginny
- ✓ Tay Tay
- Barbie
- ✓ Reed
- ✓ Babs
- Gripper
- Martha Ann
- ✓ Marianne
- Helen
- Connie
- ✓ Anna
- ✓ Ditto

You Showed me the Way
A Horse Ain't Got much Sense.
All I do the whole day through is Dream of You
Carelessly
Has Anybody Seen our Ship
The Mood that I'm in
Take Me Back to the Wide Open Spaces
Save a Little Love for Daddy
Sailing, Sailing, over the Bouding Main
Slap That Base
Keep that Twinkle in your Eye
Ooh, but I'm Happy

Fourth Shack

- ✓ Jeanie
- ✓ Calre C.
- ✓ Claire T.
- ✓ P.K.
- ✓ Nancy L.
- ✓ Fizzle
- ✓ Evy
- ✓ Ethel
- Jane

They Can't Take that Away From Me
Abide With Me
A Merry Life
Ride A Cock Horse
Don't Give a Gosh Darn
Curly Top's Birthday
Wake Up and Live
Dancin' Around
How Can I Leave Thee



Third Shack:

✓ Sally	I'm Bubbling Over
✓ Mary	You're Eyes Have Told Me So
Adansie	Boo Hoo.
Dotte	You Dø The Darnest Things Baby
✓ Anne	The Kid in the Three Cornered Pants
Emily	Carelessly

Second Shack

Katie	K K K Katie
Patty	A Little Bit Independent
Margie	Babes in Arms

Annex Dopes

Persis	It's Swell of You
Helen	Smoke Dreams
✓ Janice	Thanks a Million
✓ Anne	There's that Look In Your Eyes Again
✓ Louise	In Your Own Little Way

Second and Third Shacks

<u>Name</u>	<u>Alias</u>	<u>Hails From</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Wants</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>
Patricia Boston	Patty	Larchmont	to ring dinner bell	to be in Third Shack	Long hair	Pep	How are you today	Sweeping
Margaret Smith	Margie	Garden City	Johnny	Craft	her turtle	some teeth	Oh Glory	Rest Hour in the Infirmary
Katherine Erickson	Katie	N. Y. C.	to ride	a dog	Splinters	to turn off the water	Oh Gosh	Writing Home
Dorothy Erickson	Dottie	N. Y. C.	trips	to eat corn	a Paddle	Bobby pins	Oh Gosh	Canoeing
Anne Morton	Anne	Columbus	her riding hat	to be bald	no desire to wear supply covers	to re-move the Ginger from her <u>mouth</u>	Galore	anyone to say Adansie's hair is finer than hers
Ada Frances Risley	Adansie	Waterville	her honey colored hair	Peggy to meet Jack	three brothers	two braids	Oh deah	her room-mates
Frances Luther	Franny	Cincinnati	to read funny papers	to go to the zoo	a squeaky voice	to comb hair	Well, I don't know	combing her hair
Mary Trump Bauman	Empty	Waterville	to play jacks	all the brooms	goldfish	a couple teeth you for taking bathing suits out	I'll choose	"Sweet Leilani"
Emily Young	Emmy	Larchmont	to make pie beds	everyone to help her	freckles	another doll's rubber	Heavens above	having to hang out bathing suit
Sarah Lester	Sally cheer	Scarsdale	her stamps	to be boss	that southern accent	a gag to keep her from sleep-talking	Let's cheer	wearing a bathing cap



ANNEX- DOPES

<u>Name</u>	<u>Alias</u>	<u>Hails from</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Wants</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Needs</u>	<u>Says</u>	<u>Pet Peev</u>
Persis Appleton Neal	Persis	Jamaica Plain	Buttercrunch	Lots of mail	A good nature	A new pair of feet	Rats	Sewing
Helen Frances Nolan	Helen	Middleborough	her problem child	to knit a sweater	more pounds than she came with	a decent stove	It Inks Me	Mice
Janice Ware	Janice	Waterville	beer	Reversible coat	a crooked arm	more grape sherbert	How Many Want Milk Here?	Molasses
Anne Marie Simpson	Anne	Waterville	Swiss on Rye	Black Ford with white wall tires	False teeth	Parker	Hello Queenie	Gettin up at 7:00
Louise Miriam Weeks	Louise	Waterville	A good time	more tonnage	A lovely face	Chaperone	Ja-nice	not enough hot water



LOG STAFF READING AT END OF SUMMER

Events of the Week	Marianne Frey
Horseshow	Grant
Fourth Shack Trip	N. Smith
Sixth Shack Play	Peg Branham
Photographer	J. Bayne
Runoia Mincemeat by Persis Neal Helen Noaln	B. Branham
Perfect Runoia Girl	J. Price
Songs for Each and Everyone	E. Cobb
Murder at Midnight	J. Bayne
Statistics 2nd and 3rd	V. Dessar
Gerry Grasshopper	Marianne Frey
Saved from a Fate	J. Bayne
Statistics 4th	B. A. Wadleigh
Midnight Melodrama	E. Cobb
Statistics 5th	E. Cobb
Dear Editor	B. A. Wadleigh, P. Branham, Grant
An Evening in 6th Shack	Ginger
Statistics	Ginger

FOURTH SHACK

NAME	ALIAS	HAILS FROM	LIKES	WANTS	HAS	NEEDS	SAYS	PET PEEVE
Jean Stewart Price	Jeanie	N. Y. C.	S. Temple	to go sailing	musical elephant	Room with-out walls	Why?	Late sweepers
Clare Caniff	Clare	Scarsdale	her cut up hat	her dog	Ebenezer	a louder voice	Oh-h-h	Clarabelle
Clare Tapley	Tap	New Rochelle	to lead a merry life	curly hair	a silly laugh	Fingernails	Honestly?	falling off pony
Evelyn Freeman	Evy	Riverdale	to scrap	a taxi	long legs	umberella for bed	Sa-woon	dust swept into her room
Nancy Lester	Nance	Saratoga	Southern drawl	to pass Junior life-saving	Dimple	kennel rations	Where's Queenie	Porcupines
Ethel Lawrence	Ethel	Englewood	her food	extra sleep	Drawl	self starter	Oh, help!	Hanging up bathing suits
Patricia Kennedy	P.K.	Larchmont	Spotter	Spotter	Spotter	Spotter	Here Spotter	Life without Spotter
Jane Goodyear	Janie	Cincinnati	Camp Runoia	to come back	Charm	a few pounds	Yes, thank you	Leaving for Xmas Cove



Virginia
Brenham

Chris

a la nude

Sweete

technique

FIFTH SHACK

NAME	ALIAS	HAILS FROM	LIKES	WANTS	HAS	NEEDS	SAYS	PET PEEVE
Anna Elizabeth Bauman	Anna	Waterville	hard sauce	to swim the English Channel	a Water-ville accent	to learn how to bat	Oh, thrill thrill	Her red star
Marianne Frey	Windy	Cincinnati	Elmer	set of new toes	the gift of gab	a private nurse	I can't do that	Sore toes
Elizabeth Gripper	Betty	Fort Montmouth	Sixth Sh.	to move	a temper	short hair	Oh, guck	Juniors
Katherine Lee Hamilton	Ditto	N. Y. C.	Sawoon her Marionette	Wigi	to take rhubarb and soda	strong wrist	Gluck, gluck	Being called Kitty
Constance Emmette Lyman	Connie	New Rochelle	Pronto	A letter from Dave	a large vocabulary	basin beside bed	funny woman	Wearing shorts
Barbara Martin	Babs	Riverdale	High jumping	to beat Anna swim	long legs	new braces	Honestly	Her brother Sandy
Jean Reed	Reed	N.Y.C.	Romance Western Magazines	a fairly peaceful existence	a loud voice	a new permanent	this is simply horrible	truth in truth consequences
Barbara May Taylor	TayTay	N. Y. C.	the pony	to be the pony's mate	a pug nose	to be in the zoo	this is rich	wearing puppy covers
Helen Cushing Underwood	Helen	Belmont	to sing Bell bottom trousers	to sweep the wall	a li-li	a baryton voice	look at the pan she hangs	Swimming
Barbara Vanderbilt	Barbie	Cincinnati	candy	a new trunk	a sun-burnt face	a sun hat	Oh well	swimming races
Virginia Branham	Ginny	Hingham	to sleep a la nude	to eat sweets	a parker	frying pan technique	Oh pish	poison ivy



SIXTH SHACK

NAME	ALIAS	HAILS FROM	LIKES	WANTS	HAS	NEEDS	SAYS	PET PEEVE
Margaret Branham	Peg	Hingham	to make sweaters	a housecoat	giddy shoes	ant powder	Oh really	bugs under her bed
Jane Mengel Allen	Mingle	Louisville	to comb hair	to come back to Camp	loads of mail	more craft periods	Help	True Stories
Katherine May Condit	Kay May	Montclair	Love and Romance	to meet Nelson Eddy	a distinguished giggle	a private maid	It wasn't me, Miss Dowd	Taking dips
Virginia Dessar	Ginger	N. Y. C.	to purr	Whites to win	a real bow tie	a comb	Good Lord	Kay's animal instincts
Mary Harriet Palmer	Harriet	Montclair	Camp	to join the mounted troop	a good voice	face powder	I am not!	Kay blowing powder through keyhole
Betty Hooper Burnham	Burr	Montclair	her "duck" bow	to go to Lakewood	long legs	more time for her sweaters	Come here. ill, and sauce	Singing for the Camp
Joan Nancy Bayne	Baynie	Montclair	her blue bow	to be a lawyer	a minus bathing suit	Malcolm	Have vanilla, and more sauce.	her false teeth
Suzanne Smith	Suzy Q.	Montclair	Pronto	her hair to behave	many ailments	to hang her bathing suit	Oh, don't mind me	Being teased about Somer's age
Emily Rotch Cobb	Emily	Concord	Shirley Temple	to be a movie actress	dimples in her knees	good literature	Oh Tyronne	Her middle name
Harriet Swift McLane	Harry	Pelham	her monkey jacket	to be called Swift	a quiet disposition	to catch on quicker	Oh, I can't eat corn	Having skin tests



NAME	ALIAS	HAILS FROM	LIKES	WANTS	HAS	NEEDS	SAYS	PET PEEVE
Betty Ann Wadleigh	Betty Ann	New Rochelle	her Lastex bathing suit	to go to Pine Island	a smooth tan	to have her hair set	Oh golly	pie beds
Betsy Wilds	Betsy	Riverdale	her Hit Parade	a sweater bra	sniffles night and morning	a handker- chief	I have not	Best & Co.



NAME	ALIAS	HAILS FROM	LIKES	WANTS	HAS	NEEDS	SAYS
Marian Johnson	Johnny	Hillsdale School	Quiet in the morning	to take 2nd Shack on a trip	A study-hall glare at flag raising	more clothes for J. Reed	6th Shack is noisy
Elizabeth MacDougall	Princess of Bermuda	Bermuda	Fair Lady	Fair Lady	Harold	a gallon of calamine	my Dad's king of Bermuda
Betty Flack Flackie		The Bowery	to sleep in canoes	to sail	a dressing room	more time	Oh, I want to go
Frances Garber	Dave	Lotspeich School	her bathing shoes	Stanley	Stanley	a camping place	Now, in Georgian Bay, we —
Jonne Lee Weaver	Jonne	Lotspeich School	uplifting conversation	Dotty's toothbrace	Ability to even eat down Dobbin	Mr. Lawrence to put her on the train	Well, yes I'll do it.
Rhoda Lester	Kababa Queen	Mt. Philip	to take pants to Milford	to ride Fair Lady	Hats	an assistant craft counsellor	Oleo layee
Mrs. Branham	Hingham →	the cooks she picked out →	to have Picnic Committee →	two swell daughters →	a mouse proof closet for supplies →	There's some pound today →	
Virginia Walker	Ginny	Mt. Holyoke	2nd Shack	to take 2nd Shack home	A swell disposition	Letter every day	Hello Stranger
Mrs. Bauman	same	Waterville	Wednesday afternoons	Anna to be a tennis star	the Infirmary	some new toes for 5th shack	I can't see a thing wrong with it
Elsie Lawson Dobbin		Farmington	bracelets with charms	to go sailing on parants day	Austrian clothes	a camp skirt	Oh stop
Elizabeth Rich	Ibby	Nat'l Cathedral School	Ministers	a long summer	a turtle	recipies	come

NAME	ALIAS	HAILS FROM	LIKES	WANTS	HAS	NEEDS	SAYS	PET PEEVE
C. D. Grant	Miss Dowd	Lotspeich School	Riding	Ten months of Camp	Only two months	More time for trips	Those who want to stay in swimming longer, come out now.	Sandy River being too low

After Camp



On top of Mount Jackson
from which we crossed to Tumbledown

Doug, Denny, CDG, Flackie, Betty Weaver,
(Johnny took the picture.) Mr. Grant.

