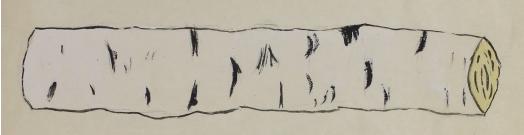
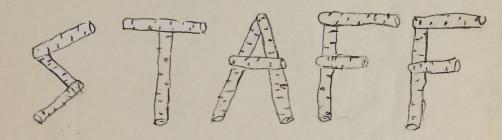
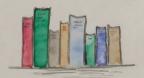
AS IN DAYS GONE BY AND AS IN
DAYS TO COME, THE LOG STAFF DEDICATES THEIR
EFFORTS OF THE SUMMER 1938 TO THEIR DIRECTOR
WITH AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE FOR ANOTHER
WONDERFUL SUMMER.







In the Runoia bookshelves there are numerous volumes of literary matter which are of sufficient worth to be mentioned in the log. The mentor is often seen pouring over a treatise by Charles Atlas, entitled, "How to Become World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," It is believed that at last this feat has been brought down to practical needs. You too may be a man (advt.) The course is very simple, two letters a week will do the trick. Another very popular number, especially with two of our more intellectual Sixth Shackers, is a lengthy travelog by the name of "Pixer's Progress," Miss Johnson may be quoted as saying "Fun in Bed" is a delightful little whimsey, but Stuey prefers "Pride and Prejudice." Skipper's now tattered copy of "Gone With The Wind" sits on the shelf beside "The Smart Set," which blongs jointly to Dougie and Dobbin. Sometimes Colby may be seen reading "The Return of the Native" by I. Ustabe Hardy a little wistfully. Then occasionally all of Fifth Shack in a burst of cultural aspiration are found curled up with "Live Alone and Like It." Oh, there are a lot of grand books in our library. For a postage stamp you can have our attractively bound and hideously illustrated booklet. In fact, you can have it for nothing.





Our average camper woke up at Gray Dawn but was Wiser than to take a dip in the Fond. She was a little late to see the Freeman's flag rise for her Hamilton watch was slow. She didn't eat much at breakfast Lest er pounds pile on. She went back to her shack and made her bed with Ramsey wool blankets and straightend her Dessar. She spilt her Johnson's baby powder in her hurry and it Bue-all over the hall. After assembly she had crafts. Flackie asked her if she wanted to Weav-er basket. The average camper said, "Is the Reed worth the Price?" To this Flackie asked, "Do you Dowd my word?" Mrs. Dillenbeck And-er-son were here for dinner. Then there was rest hour and Nancy Lester played with her Dougie. Wadleigh time passed on. Miss Dowd did Grant a picnic supper to a group of girls. After rest hour the average girl Rhoda horse called Martini. Fair Lady had to be taken to a Smith to be reshod. Dougie de Claires this is the Bayne of her existance. The man said that either the Tay lor head had to go in first. She might Blakley door down if she went in sideways although I've never heard of a Dobbin that's done it. Our girl had to Skipper ride back because of Fair Lady. She got back in time for the picnic and the girls set out in the two boate the "Runya" and the "Wreckya". In the two Burke bark canoes that carried the food to the sail boat our camper Anne Elizabeth were Bauman. While they were sailing the tiller came loth but it came Lother and Luther so they had to Tap it gently because they didn't want Den-it -some more. Harry-ete a lot of Stew with Freyed Brown-ham and gained Mortons. She is now Livingood days and weeks at Runoia.

The third Thursday of camp Fourth Shack was burdened with the thought of giving their party. Miss Weaver said she would be willing to help them and suggested a treasure hunt. They divided the camp into four different teams each having its own set of clues. Some clues were; tweet, tweet, redparadise, holy holy, holy, new whites and old blues, shoe bask, private line and ouch, bow, wow. Everyone thought tweet, tweet was the ducks but it turned out to be the badminton court. New whites and old blues was the margery because of the new white boards and the old blue boards. Private line was Rhoda's bathing suit line in the craft shop. One of the hard clues was ouch bow wow which was the fourth shack dock because the councilors stub their toes when they go in swimming. Miss Dowd's team won the prize which was lollypops. The refreshments were black and white jiggers.



FIFTH SHACK PARTY



Under the able direction of Jonne Weaver, Fifth Shack presented two plays; "Pearls" and "The Happy Journey". Due to our visit to Pine Island the performance was postponed until eight o'clock. The first of the presentations, "Pearls", was very skillfully enacted by Anna Bauman, Nancy Lester, Jean Price, and Katherine Hamilton.

Anna and Jean as the Lewis sisters held us in suspense until Nancy, as Ted Lewis, returned after his interview with Mr. Brown who fortunately, was not Detective Brown. To relieve the tenseness of the mystery, Nancy Lester juggled around a few damns and had us all in stiches in spite of her serious intent. After the phone rang for the last time and Rosie said the Casey boy had stolen the pearls, the Lewis family sat down and ate Polly's birthday cake (our mouth's were watering) and all was well again.

"The Happy Journey," quite a well-known comedy, was done quite expertly by Mancy Smith, Evelyn Freeman, Jean Reed, Barbara Taylor, and Helene Thoman. We should also mention Babs Martin and Marianne Fry, whose excellent stage management was a great asset to the success of the play. Tay Tay seemed to be right at home with her coy glances and silly facial expressions which had us all convulsed with laughter. We can also shower our praises on Nancy Smith for her realistic portrayal of Ma Kirby.

Afterwards, we were served ice cream, sandwiches and danced the Big Apple until Miss Dowd turned out the lights. We thank Fifth Shack for having presented the camp with such an entertainning evening.

Early Monday morning in assembly, it was amounced that Sport Week had begun.

The juniors had cance races. The first race was a foul and was run over again, but after that nothing happened except that one of the girls went through the dock while jumping up and down. The winners were: First place went to Sally Lester and Claire Canniff, Second place to Amme Morton and Mary Jane Lester; Third place went to Claire Tapley and Olivia Ramsey. The crew race was won by the White Team.

After the races were over, Miss Dowd remarked that every race had been very close. Later on some swimming races were run and the winners were: In front stroke, First place Helena Thoman, Second to Anna Bauman, Third to Harriet McLane. In the back stroke, First place went to Helena Thoman again, Second to Betty Anne Wadleigh and Third to Nancy Lester.

That afternoon a senior baseball game was played and the Blues won. During the course of the game Peggy Branham showed great speed in a rather peculiar way.

The next day the juniors had their swimming races and they came out very close also. The winners were: - Front stroke Jane Goodyear first, Mary Stuart Anderson second place, Clair Caniff third place. In the back stroke, they were Claire Caniff first, Ruthie Lester second, Mary Bauman third place.

That afternoon there was a senior basketball game. The Whites won by quite a lot.

On Wednesday it rained so the juniors had singing in the morning and played games in the lodge.

On Thursday nobody did much of anything in the morning, but in the afternoon Fourth Shack went to Augusta, Third Shack read books and played games. The seniors had diving and the results were as follows: First place went to Virginia Branham, Second to Virginia Dessar and Third to Nancy Dowd.

Friday the juniors had baseball and track events. The Whites won the baseball game, and in the track events the winners were

In the baseball throw the places were, First Clivia Ramsey, Second Sally Lester, and Third Claire Cannif.

And so ended the July Sport Week.

Olivia Ramsey





WESTERN UNION

	Normal ration of the Control of the	19
)	Skipper Johnson	
	Street and No. S.S. Runoia	
	Place Belgrade Lakes	Me.
-	Congrats Kiddo Keep it up	
	for The Party & for your gratefu	21
	Jimny	







TRIPLE CONFUSION

Morning of July, 21.

7:15 a.m...reveille

7:16 a.m.... In Second, Fourth and Sixth Shacks the refrains of "Happy Birthday to You," were heard being sung to Skipper, Claire Canniff, and Blimpy Burke.

For the first time in the camp's history there were three birthdays on the same day.

During breakfast all the birthday songs in the camp's knowledge were sung to them.

Later on in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Carmiff came over and Claire opened her presents which consisted of a letter portfolio, three books and a victrola. Among the presents Blimpy received were a charm bracelet, candy and perfume. As we did not know until the day before, Skipper received only a knitting bag.

Mrs. Conlin and her daughter Virginia spent the morning baking three large birthday cakes and making marshmallow sauce, while Harry froze chocolate ice cream, so by the time desert came around the camp was full of anticipation. Skipper had been sung to as though it was her sweet sixteenth birthday, and so when her cake was brought on with only four candles she corrected us, and was assumed to be only four years old. Thus ended the camp celebration of three birthdays on one day.

Claire Tapley

Virginia Miller

MASQUERADE



Saturday night after supper all Camp Runoia was rustling around fixing costumes and getting dressed for the masquerade. About seven thirty the bell rang and we filed out of the shacks dressed in different costumes. After we arrived in the lodge there was a grand march in which everyone walked around showing their costumes. There were several girls dressed in costumes of different times and countries, and three monkeys who heard, saw, and spoke no evil. Dougie, Skipper and Johnny were Pine Island boys in a sail-boat and Flakie was a tramp. There was Charlie McCarthy who marched hand in hand with Edgar Bergen until it was time to return to Bergen's knee for a severe scolding about Charlie's spelling paper. Sixth Shack was the Yanks with Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt who opened the baseball season. A newsboy was there giving out Camp Runoia papers. Gilbert and Miss Weaver were riding in the old truck. a wheelbarrow. and Nancy Lester was the engine.

After a few dances, vanilla ice cream was served as refreshments. Then the prizes were awarded; Babs Martin as the Lavender Cowboy received a paddle for the most original individual costume; Virginia Miller as an Indian; and Am Elizabeth Nelson as a baby panda received Runoia banners for their costumes. A group of girls from Fifth Shack representing the song "Religion" won lollypops. Then after a few more dances Miss Dowd turned out the lights ending a very happy evening.

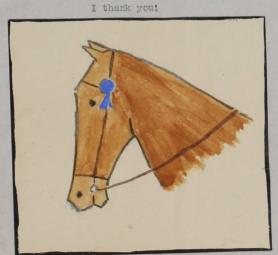
HORSE SHOW

Toot: toot: Bang: bang: Into camp drove the Tally-Ho directed by your illustrious friend Colby. So began Runoia's 1938 Horse Show, with Dougie, Stuie, and last but by no means least, our director as judges:

The beginners class rode first. It consisted of Jonne Weaver,
Helene Thomas, Margaret Dillenbeck, Clivia Ramsey, and Ruthie Lester.
This was followed by the intermediate class. In other words, Babs
Martin, Betty Ann Burke, Claire Tapley, and Anne Morton. Last to ride
was the advanced class in which were Betty Ann Wadleigh, Pinky Buell,
Tay Tay, Ginger Dessar, and Nancy Smith. Places went to----

BEGINNERS CLASS	INTERMEDIATE CLASS	ADVANCED CLASS
1st. Helene Thomas	1st, Anne Morton	1st. Nancy Smith
2nd. Jonne Weaver	2nd. Claire Tapley	2nd. Tay Tay Taylor
3rd. Ruthie Lester	3rd. Betty Ann Burke	3rd. Ginger Dessar

So ends the description of the 1938 Runoia Horse Show. Curtain!



The reception committee, decked out in their very best blue uniforms, amused themselves during the hour that they had to wait for the sailors by composing fitting ditties about the tardiness of Pine Island and by painting small signs saying that this was Camp Abena welcoming Camp Kennebec.

The sailors at length arrived minus one of their members, made a perfect mooring and waited for Miss Branham who rowed out expertly and picked them up.

During lunch the wandering son returned and joined gaily into the conversation at one of the tables.

After rest hour the remainder of Pine Island Camp drew up in style to the dock and clambered from the Gray Swan, (that goes much slower than the Spuddy by the way). The new comers were shown around the camp, which they thought was exactly like their homes and the opposite of Pine Island, until they were summoned back to the dock to watch the start of the race.

After sitting and waiting quietly for a while the very youngest began to wiggle and Miss Dowd with her usual tact, that she is so proud of, suggested that we go up to the lodge and have a marionette show.

Third Shack acted out the sad story of Sally and Jimmy Lester.

A tale with a happy ending and a moral.

After Third Shack had been properly cheered by one and all everyone returned to the dock for the finish of the race. Great was the rejoicing by the Runoia girls when Jimmy and Tay Tay crossed the finish line after a race that had lasted one hour and forty-one minuted and fifty-five seconds. The Pine Island boat came in after

A GALA DAY AT RUNOIA

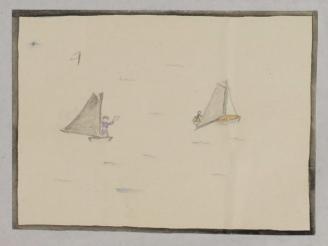
they had been out one hour, forty-nine minutes and forty-five seconds. There were no lusty feelings on either side but of course we were happy to have won, and Dr. Swan expressed the sentiments of his boys when he said it was good for the self confidence of the girls to have won.

Another marionette show was the next thing on the program. It was Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs complete, even to the Red Cross sign in the window, and it was doubly satisfactory for it brought back memories to the Pine Island boys of their own production of Coal Black and the Seven Smudges.

Punch, doughnuts and dancing came next - to the joy of all.

But this was interrupted all too soon and Fine Island departed
once more and quite drowned us out by their newly developed
cheers. These were a pleasant surprise for we all had memorized
their good old Akala Ching.

Joan Bayne



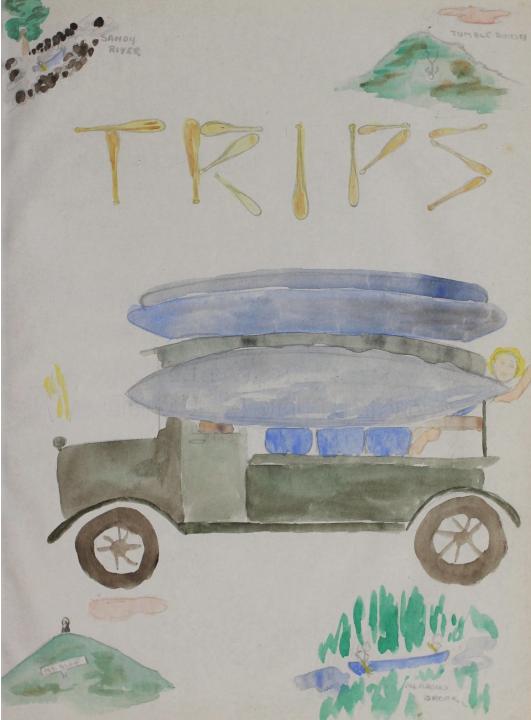
Oh, at last the time had come Runcia was going to shine; Pine Island had sent that long awaited invitation, curlers were curling all day, and at the last minute, "How does my hair look?" "Are my shorts too mussed?" "Do you think I should wear this bracelet?" and such remarks were heard here and there.

Finally at about three o'clock the war cance, carrying sixth shack and part of fifth shack left. The rest of Runcia was supposed to go in the Spuddy and the good old camp truck. A short distance from Pine Island the war cance stopped and combs were put to work. Again the war cance started, and about fifteen minutes after it arrived the rest of Runcia arrived. They were delayed because the Spuddy didn't seem to understand the importance of the occasion, and er should I say stalled.

Pine Island had worked very hard decorating and Runoia was entertained royally. The refreshments were swell, and the glass blower was most interesting. After a short performance, he sold many lovely articles at very reasonable prices.

Finally the time came for Runoia to start home. Everybody had a grand time and hated to leave. As the war cance pushed off it was discovered that a certain joung lady in sixth shack had visited Pine Island with a small aperture in the rear of her shorts, or should I say, a hole in the seat of her pants.





ADVICE TO CAMPERS

My dear public has asked me to write something that will be of use to campers to come concerning trips. They even went so far as to suggest that I write a short composition on the Boothbay trip, which I hope with my large generous heart will become a trip that will be looked foreward to by brighteyed campers of the future.

The first thing that will be noticed on this outstanding trip is the necessity of reserving, a long time in advance, a small swing mattress or padding of some sort on the floor that will serve as a bed for an exhausted camper.

Once this is done the next thing of importance is to have the correct supplies with you. Each trip of course has its own requirements and if the equipment needed on Boothbay sounds a bit unusual, take it from me, and old Boothbayer of a good many years, everything taken will not be used and all that is left at home will be needed. But this will be no concern of yours and I only mention it to prove that I have been on Boothbay and I am not ignorant of the facts of tripping.

Now, for the benefit of campers who may need it, I will draw up a list of the essentials of clothing and accessories that should be taken by every well out fitted camper. Four sweaters (these come under the heading of things taken but not used except on the bus returning). One cake of scap to every seven campers to be used in the showers that are taken on the average of one every two hours during the trip. Anywhere from two to four pair of shoes or sneakers Often as many as five campers will fall in the mud at the clamming

ground at one time. One good hammer as a strong set of teeth (either your own or a set that any dentist will supply for a small sum). These are very necessary for the opening of lobsters and such during the clam and lobster bake on Saturday night. A large quantity of Mother Sill's Seasick Pills (I think that I can safely say this is the most important item on the list). I know of no other effective antidotes for seasickness unless lying face downward on the deck for hours. I have several friends who get relief by many little rowing expeditions to shore (the speedier the better), but some of them find that this is only a temporary relief and though I advise it strongly I believe that Mother Sills is a more simpler and no doubt more effective remedy. In the way of recreation, every two campers should bring a bathing suit and a vibrator to start circulation after swimming. No trip to Boothbay is complete without a silencer for the more lively trippers who perform after the others have retired, and a tail light for each girl who enjoys wandering through the halls and sitting on the stairs in the dark. To add to the enjoyment of the campers, a copy of a book by Miss Nancy Smith should be brought. This book can be purchased at any book store. The title is, "Love Making In My Sleep" or "How I Got My Man." This I believe completes the list. If the campers are fortunate enough to have friends at Christmas Cove the trip will be perfect. To Christmas Cove two jars of Ham-N-aiee (pronounced ham and eggs) should be taken and several dozen pears.

If my suggestions are followed nothing can mar the perfection

of the trip.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

In a moment of inspiration a short verse popped into my head:-

If to Boothbay you go Be sure not to show How every swell Makes you feel like --

I can't think of the last word - but you can.



A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH

We sang "The Merry Merry Crew" With actions at the "Loyal and true" So that Miss Dowd (who's up in front) But I guess that she forgot Just our purpose like as not. Corn and hash we bought and some Ice cream cones and bubble gum. Logs and rocks are everywhere. You bump into them all the time And then out of canoes you climb It's fun though boy! take it from me We stopped for lunch and did we eat! We're filled up clear from head to feet. Then off we shoved and had some fun But what a sight when we were done.

Tay Tay had taken Anna's shoes And with'em dumped water in our cance. We very nearly tipped over but We didn't so then Lester the nut Swiped our paddle what a mess? But we got out somehow never the less. At three we were out of the stream though still damp So we hunted around for places to camp. Then back to Otter's for a cooling dip Which was spoiled by a nearby fishing trip So we left on our halters and underwear. (Some left'em off they didn't care). Nancy dried her underpants by the fire But should have held them a little higher For they came out so very queerly But Nancy didn't love them very dearly. Then we cooked our supper where Nancy cooked her underwear. Into an argument we got Bout whether the water was boiling or not, "Why sure it's boiling", Miss Dowd says "No not until the bubbles raise" But anyhow it tasted swell As cooks we're doing very well. Then back to camp across the lake. We hope some more trips we will take.

MEADOWBROOK TRIP

One very warm day after breakfast six girls and two counselors left camp for North Pond.

After arriving at North Pond in the truck, the trippers went to buy supplies to be used on the trip. Dobbin went to get corn and had lots of trouble until finally she went to a little store where we all finally went. At the store the trippers, Dobbin, Denny, Blimpy Burke, Nancy Smith, Pinky Buell, Jean Reed, Evie Freeman, Harry McLane, bought ice cream and Denny kept store while the storekeeper went for the corn.

Finally the trippers bid Gilbert, Peg Branham, Nancy Dowd good-by and paddled across North Pond to the stream. At the stream we paddled down, got water lilies, dragged cances. In about the middle of the stream we stopped, got out of the cances, on to the bank and ate the delicious lunch we had long awaited. After lunch was over we paddled through the stream over many reeds and very rough water to Otter Island.

At Otter Island we swam and cooked; ate supper. After much cleaning, washing dishes and fixing sunburns the trippers paddled back to camp where the One Day trippers were just arriving. Everyone was nicely burned and happy to be home but Meadowbrook was lots of fun.

Harriet McLane



After sending Meadowbrock trip off with cheers from trippers and stay-at-homes five of us with one counselor started on a one day cance trip of Great Pond with enough food for lunch and supper.

We paddled across the lake to Chutes Island where, after picking up wood on the shore as we went by, we built our fire on a little island near the shore of Chutes. The fire was on a slanted rock and every now and then it would start sliding into the water.

All of us had a swim before our lunch which was hamburgers, peas, and cabbage.

After lunch we started out exploring. We followed the shore in and out of coves as far as Hoyt's where we went into a little stream which reminded us of Meadowbrook.

Having paddled all the way from Chutes in halters we all had very noticeable burns and after putting more vinegar and Mennen's baby oil on we went on along the shore as far as the Belgrade stream.

We went into the Day and Night Club in Belgrade after making sure that Elsa didn't fall in the water. After being fully refreshed by jiggers and coco cola we paddled to Echo Cove where we had our supper and from there we went back to camp after a wonderful trip.

Betty A. Wadleigh



FOURTH SHACK TRIP TO BELGRADE LAKES

Stroke, stroke, thus started the fourth shack trip to Belgrade

Lakes in the war cance. It was a smooth ride until-----

"Gee whiz, Margaret, stop splashing or I'll look like a drowned rat before we're even half way there."

"Oh well, I can't help it," says Margaret.

"Do you think we ought to turn back?" is heard from Flackie as she looks at the black clouds.

"Oh wait until we get to the point. Maybe it won't start to rain."
"All right," says Flackie, "We'll see."

After the point was rounded came the problem of finding the stream. We even strained our eyes to try and see the white sign that is at the beginning of the stream. Finally we spotted it and made a dash for it because we were afraid that it would start to rain soon. The stream was rather muddy but we arrived with no mishaps. Mr. and Mrs. Caniff were there to meet us and treat us to ice cream at the Day and Night Club. Just as we were leaving-----

"Oh! Blankety, blank!!" Exclaimed Mary Lee, "Why does it always have to rain?"

"Lets go to Harnden's, we might find something more interesting there, "announced Claire. Upon arriving at Harnden's a lovely sight met our eyes.

"Oh! look at those hats. Aren't they too, too divine?" chirps Olivia.

As the rain did not stop, Flackie and Dobbin went into a huddle and decided that they should call Rhoda and ask for help in the line



FOURTH SHACK TRIP TO BELGRADE LAKES

of transportation. After waiting for about twenty minutes----"Ch, I wish Rhoda would step on the gas. I'll bet Old Ironsides has broken down or something," comes from Tap while she gets up to go look and see if Rhoda is in sight. After much waiting up rolled Rhoda in Miss Crawford's car. Of course we couldn't all get in the car at once so we had to go in two loads.

After we all got safely back to camp good nights were said and Fourth Shack went to sleep to dream of hats, rain, and war canoes.

JUNTOR VIEWS



This morning was ushered in by an informal breakfast at the Runoia shore which was given by several members of Fourth Shack; Mary Lee Blakely, Ruthie Lester, and Claire Tapley, with Miss Dowd and the remaining four ducks (or is it three now) as special guests. An onlocker would have witnessed a bountiful spread upon a clean table cloth showing the domesticity of Fourth Shack. It was a very complete meal, and everything was well cooked.

The junior end of camp along with the seniors welcomed back this noon Claire Caniff, who with her mother were in time for lunch. Claire was in the Thayer Hospital in a room right next to a Pine Island boy. Pine Island and Runoia together once more:

Fourth Shack again took the stage when Virginia Miller,
Ruthie Lester, Margaret Dillenbeck and Claire Tapley decided to
sleep out. Packs were rolled for practice and as the sun went
down were spread out on the ground. Everything from flash lights
to soap and wash cloths were rolled into them.

Once again Fourth Shack came into the limelight when they all cooked lunch out one noon in two groups. One at the boat house and the other in the corner of the beach.

Last but not least Mary Lee's family surprised us by telephoning and anouncing their arrival from Louisville, and we are all awfully glad that they were able to get in on the end of our second parents day. Come with us where whispering pines

Border a lake of blue,

We'll cook our breakfast on an open stove,

And eat by the war canoe.

The day is Sunday,

The hour is eight.

R. S. V. P.

Please don't be late.

Signed;
Claire Tapley
Ruthic Lester
Hary Lee Blakely

Supervisor
Elizabeth F. Weiler

Weather permitting.



SANDY RIVER TRIP

Monday morning dawned bright and clear with a few lazy clouds drifting across the sky. Sixth shack looking toward the heavens was thinking what a beautiful day it was to start on a trip to Sandy. But the director, while taking her morning dip, glanced at the sky and amnounced that it was either trout, salmon, or mackerel, (we can't remember which) and that there would be no Sandy River trip that day.

Tuesday morning not a beam of sunlight shone but the director, defying all forces of nature proclaimed it a perfect day and we started to roll our packs. Immediately after assembly we were ready to start but we didn't get into the swing of things until almost eleven o'clock. Rhoda did her best to tag along but at the director's stern command and Flackie's entreaties she climbed from the bus and left the rest of us to Gilbert's care.

At Belgrade Lakes we stopped to refresh ourselves and to moisten our throats which were hoarse from singing. Among the purchases made, by far the most important were two blueberry pies that were guarded carefully by Dobbin, two love magazines of a very inspirational type and a stunning pair of brown sneakers for the director, (because everyone will wear brown this fall).

After a frantic search for the bed of Sandy River, which had completely changed its course in the last few years, we ate lunch before which we had a demonstration of rapid shooting.

The afternoon passed pleasantly with only a few mishaps. The most serious one was the stranding of Joan upon a rock in midstream

SANDY RIVER TRIP

by Jinny; but the generosity of Dobbin and Betty Anne saved her from, "spendin' de rest of her days dere."

About four o'clock we stopped for the night and started to make camp. Madly we searched for ropes to tie down the corners of our ponchoes in case of rain for we were going to be prepared.

Dinner over, Jinny and Ginger executed a snappy crossing of the river deminude to swing birches. The recrossing of the river was even more fetching with their clothes tied jauntily atop their heads a la style de la eighteen hundreds. After a rousing hour of frantic love making and "Midsummer Madness," read by the director, we retired, prepared for rain.

A gentle moo roused us from our rosy slumber, and breakfast was started. Jinny worked her lily-white fingers to the bone, scrubbing those masty, sooty kettles.

That morning the rapids were less frequent and also the scrapings of the cance bottoms. Around a bend we found a nice calm place composed of gooey clay where we ate lunch. We stopped for tea and a swim later on where we all acted like perfect ladies. That night we camped on a high embankment entirely covered with thistles. After supper we paid a neighborly call upon Mrs. Peas who had cucumbers to spare and was going to grow double hollyhocks next year. The ones who stayed in camp improved their minds with True Story and amused themselves with the antics of Elsa who was at her peak. Around the fire that evening our taste in literature heightened and we turned our interests to the Ladies Home Journal. Later on we threw ourselves

SANDY RIVER TRIP (cont)

into bed fully clothed, no cances and insufficient number of ponchoes.

Early Wednesday morning it began to drizzle. We all quickly rolled our packs before it began to pour. Breakfast was eaten in raincoats and water dripped in our coffee. Lucky we were to have some dry wood to burn. Our packs and remains of food were quickly rolled down the hill to the cances, and we loaded them as fast as we could and were off. Miss Dowd and Dobbin paddled down the stream covered with ponchos and with a coffin-like bundle in the middle of their cance.

The Kennebec reached, and our stomachs empty. We stopped for lunch and made up several of our numerous trip songs. The only interruption of this happy meal was a violent dispute over the cheese, which was finally hurled into the river.

Norridgewock was reached, the cances beached, magazines bought. Gilbert telephoned while some of us sat chatting in the drug store, the remaining young ladies trucking around the Gulf Station. The end of the trip was reached after Miss Dowd had adroitly changed her clothes in the truck, and cheers were made for the counselors and trip.





RANGELEY TRIP



What chance did the trip have from the beginning? Miss Dowd had told Joan that if she went on a trip with Johnny she would certainly sleep under a roof, and you can't fail a prophecy like that. But why didn't she add that we would have three meals in a restaurant or hotel and two automobile rides, one just a small trip of six miles in a stoical Studebaker of former style? Now if you want to call such a trip a cance trip we will agree with you, because we know we paddled against the dashing waves for many hours, in the steaming sunshine, and in a drenching rain.

Maybe it was Johnny's fault that it rained, heck, its a shame if she's going to be a wet smack like that. Personally I think she calls down the rains just so she cam sign a hotel register. Its the only time of the year she gets to travel much, poor thing. Be it so, this time she pulled a laundry out of her wet rain coat pocket, and what could be more appropriate for eight dripper trippers? And you might like to know how to approach a summer hotel in which you are going to occupy the laundry for a little slumber party. One counselor slops up the long, long path while all the porch sitters gaze interestedly and all the cottage dwellers pop out their front doors and pass down theline the word that eight camp girls have just arrived in the rain storm. While the counselor inspects hotel rooms, laundries, and attics with a view to a warm comfortable night's abode, the girls hold up a rubber blanket on the dock toward

the hotel and quickly attire themselves in clothes, wet or dry.

Then kind gentlemen hie themselves to the dock and help carry

packs, tin cans, baskets and wet clothes. After all, they like a

little excitement, just as we do, and a girls' camp doesn't swim

into Middle Dam Hotel every day.

You have heard the tales of our eating in the kitchen for half price, playing "Do you Know" in the hotel lobby, playing hide-and-seek among the lines of clothes drying over our beds, sleeping on the soft, soft boards, and Joan laughing in her sleep while the lady above us snored. Well, it's all true, but you never can appreciate the full flavor of that evening just from the hearsay. Come along with us next year and see if the new laundry they are going to build is as cozy a home as the old one.

The rest of the trip was as nearly as possible a replica of the famous first trip. Ginger made a good guide in showing us all the camping and eating places, even if some of the new members of the trip had to help her out once in a while. We'll map out the trip for any future aspirants, adding an extra day to run up good old Aziscoos mountain. And we'll send greetings to our friends who carried the canoes, the cook who told us to go out and see the gorgeous rainbow, the man from Philadelphia who gave us pretzels, Camp Vega who followed us down the lakes, and the poor bowed-down counselor from Camp Kingswood.

So you may sit at home and sing "When it's Raining Rain on Rangeley," but our advice is to join the rugged outdoor Rangeley drippers and see for yourself what the drip, pardon me, trip, is like.

Oh me, but that Jabberwock is heavy! Why did it have to break down? I'm just a weak little boat and yet they expect me to pull that old lugg. Well, all I can say is that I'm the only boat in camp that could possibly pull it; but I don't think I'll last long. Oh there he goes cracking jokes at my smallness and all the time I'm pulling him just to be nice, mind you. I can't go any faster, and yet they keep giving me the gas. Ah! Here we come to Belgrade Stream. I think we're going to leave the lugg at Belgrade Lakes and then I'll be free. Oh, I hope he can never be fixed 'cause when he is fixed he will come back and bother me some more.

Right I was. We did leave him at Belgrade Lakes and here I am scooting back to camp again. As soon as I get home I'll just sit by my mooring and rest. That is if those girls don't go aquaplaning.

Three weeks later. Oh, am I mortified: The Jabberwock is pulling me to Belgrade Lakes to be fixed:







Meow, Meow, Meow! Oh, how hoarse I am from saying the It seems for most as long as I've known anything I've been saying that. Now my purring sounds all rusty.

It seemed such a nice morning, warm and cheerful, with little bugs flying through the air and tall slender grasses so dry they didn't wet my nose, so I followed all those pink, bare toes lippety hop down the path, over the hard gray hills and down to brown hollows. And then everyone sat around and a strange sound like a big purring came out of a box, and everyone made the same noises they make when they sit on the floor of my house up on the hill. I had fun licking toes and like a giant leaping from one high, big, gray hill to another. For once no one paid any attention to me or grabbed at me with great pink paws.

Next I knew I was listening to a group of the worst grabbers on the steps from which I peered down on mysterious depths. The sun was so warm that I went back into the big room where ropes and tables' legs and cloth and boxes were everywhere about the floor. My, this was intriguing - so many places to hide. Ah, what place is this, a quiet, dark hole, and a low roof where no one can find me! And so many boxes to wind around! But I was tired so I curled up under some cool wooly stuff. Ah ha! they won't find me here! I'll sleep awhile in this cool, dark spot.

I don't know how long I had slept, when I heard an awful bang and a scraping. I jumped up but found everything was pitch

changed in my new hiding place, except the door was closed. I smelled around the crack and jumped up a little but kept bumping my head, so gave that up, and also it seemed very warm. This wasn't quite so funny, because I also was getting a little faint in my turmy! Well, there was nothing to do but sit down and meow, meow! I could hear thuds around on the other side of the door. Meow, Meow! Oh goodness, those feet make so much noise they won't hear me! My I'm warm and now I know I'm plain hungry! That cool wooly stuff hurts my mouth to eat and cuts my lips, and paper gets awfully dry in the mouth if you haven't any milk to wash it down. Meow! Meow! I put my ear to a tiny crack. Everything was silent. Guess I'll forget my pains and go asleep again. I feel pretty lones one! I might even prefer being grabbed to being so hot. Well, I'll tuck my little nose in my turmy and go to sleep.

What's that? Some one is calling me. Hurrah, I mean, Meowmeow. Soon I'll get out! Meow meow. Why don't they come? Meoweowowowow (I pitched it higher). MEOW. Yes, there is was again, "Kitty,
kitty, kitty." Meoweowowow.

"Kitty, darlin', kitty, poor little kitty."

Here-ow I-ow are-ow: Oh goodness, their voices are going farther and farther away. I guess I'll scratch at the door: They may hear that. Scratch, rattle, scratch. Oh, goodness, I feel lonely. Why don't they hear me! And the pain in my innerds: Ow - ow - ow. All there is now is me - ow: ow: I'll never hide again, I thought. I'll be good under beds and on beds: I'll not permit fish boxes: I'll keep away from Stewie, Johnnie, Tay-Tay, and Elsa. Oh, please

-

come back and listen! People make so much noise they never listen to little sounds. They call and call and never wait still to hear.

Meow-ow-ow! And off to sleep I was. If you curl up tight it's like pulling your belt up a couple of holes, so I curled up in a light ball and tied a half hitch round my middle with my tail.

What was that? So many people stomping around squeaking,
"Kitty, kitty, kitty." They are everywhere about, pushing boxes,
lifting up things, leaning on my cell. Meow - Meow - MEOW.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty." Meow - Scratch - meow - push - rattle. Oh,
why are people so stupid. They think they know everything, but
they're just dumber than dumb animals about most things.

And now they're gone. Poor Cwish-Me, owish-me, ow - me, ow - me; goodness, I'm so faint I can't talk straight. I wish I'd never left my mother. Mummy - Meow - Mummy-ow - Mum-me-ow. Just plain ow. I guess I'll have to tie myself into a clove hitch.

I never was so hungry. I could eat grasshoppers and worms. I could catch flies like a frog. And I went to sleep and dreamed of oceans of milk, warm, rich, sweet milk spreading indefinitely before me.

But every time I started to drink, it disappeared and I went nearer.

On such a dream:

Hark, what's that? "Kitty, kitty!" I was too weak to respond.

I got myself untied with great effort. I'd die game and fighting, I thought, and Presto! Just as I was getting to the crack the door opened and I fell out!

Oh, cool, cool, cool air and moving light about me. How sweet:

I trembled on my feet. I tottered. I almost fainted! But it was
heavenly: And what is that! My yellow bowl! FULL:

I knew then why those girls sing hymns to that purring box. It was like heaven to be $\underline{\text{full}}$ and able myself to purr.



0028

WHEN ASSEMBLY BLOWS

As the campers trooped out of the shack for assembly, the floorboards creaked with relief and settled back with a sigh. A big yellow raincoat hanging drearily on a hook said to the floorboards, "I don't see why you're so woebegone. Look what I have to put up with. I've hardly had a day's rest since I've been here, what with being out in the rain all day catching my death of a cold or pneumonia. If it's not that I'm wrapped up in a messy bundle, until it seems I must crack, and put into a smelly old poncho and nearly suffocate. Oh me! it was a sorry day when I was bought."

"Who says I'm smelly?" growled the poncho, "Show him to me and I'll knock him so hard he'll file his teeth instead of his nails."

The termis racquet said irritably, "Oh, shut up." It was a very young termis racquet, having been an Easter present, and hadn't had enough exercise so that it was restless and irritable. The poncho began to tease it and when the racquet made no reply said, "What's the matter, has the cat got your tongue?"

The tennis balls bounced up and down gleefully in their cubbyhole. They didn't mind their inactivity at all and were always bouncing down on things, mostly the campers' beds after taps. The sweater began to stretch and yawn, "Fipe down and let me sleep. I have never been so overworked in all my life and when I finally get a chance to catch up on my sleep you start gassing. How would you like to be yanked around until your ribs almost break and then tied around a big fat waist

and bounced around in the old camp bus to some old mountain full of rocks? I ought to know having been dragged all over them. I was slid all over the rocks and some torture chamber called the Lemon Squuzer."

"I bet I suffered a lot more than you did," interrupted a much scuffed up shoe, "my sole is all worn out," it complained.

"My eyes got so full of dust they couldn't even see."

The blanket began to talk to the trunk and the shoe's tongue wagged busily. The whole shack was talking; then abruptly everything hushed as the door squeaked and the campers came in.

Marianne Frey





SIXTH SHACK IN THE MORNING

4 a.m. Peg: "Help, help, I can't do it. Stewis. help!"

Elsa snores.

Joan: "Heck no, don't skin me alive."

Elsa snores, Nancy crashes through wall.

Elsa snores on.

7 a.m. Ginger is sitting knitting in bed. Elsa looks and giggles. Nancy thumps down to Pix, and Elsa giggles

louder: Shushes from rest of shack.

Reveille: Miss Dowd pulls down the transom and sunlight streams

in. Queenie bounds down the halls.

Voices: "Hey, stop throwing water - ch, it's you Queenie, yes,

nice dog, nice dog. Oh, my sunburn! Who'll rub my back.

Who's got the Noxema? Say, where are my pajamas? You

slept without them, stupid, so they're right on the

wall where you left them! Ouch my back feels like a

furnace. The bear went over the mountain. The bear

went --- Hey, quiet in there: Say, who's going in for

a dip? Silence. "Who is going in for a dip?"

Several

"I'm not!"

Voices

Others "Well, I guess so:" Might as well. Oh-h-h."

Beds squeak, doors bang, and silence reigns.

Peg: "Pinky, when are you going to get up?"

Pinky: "Oh, I dunno, first bell I guess;"

Ginger: "There's that cat again. Get out of here. Scat:

1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10

Nancy: "You're just mean to him. What's he ever done to you?"

SIXTH SHACK IN THE MORNING (Cont.)

Ginger: "Nothing yet, what he might do is the question!"

Time elapses and the dippers return

Voices: "Hey, quit dripping in here!" "Aren't you kids up yet?

You could have been dressed by now."

Ginger: "Hey, Boney!"

Elsa: "Who said Boney?"

Ginger: "Never mind, hiver, it's only Joan. Hurry, the first

bell's going to ring!"

Elsa: "Ola no! Och, ich muss mich aufstehen."

Ginger: "Yah, yourself!"

Hats: "Who puts up the flag?"

Betty Ann "Whoever is ready!"

and Blimpy:

Bell suddenly rings

Voices: "Help! I can't find my clothes!"

"Where'd you take 'em off?"

"I wouldn't know! Somewhere around here!"

"Do we need puppy covers?"

"Oh, my shirt hurts my sunburn;"

"Hey kids, toute de suite, there goes Johnny!"

"Oh heck, I always did want to brush my teeth after

breakfast anyway!"

"Coming?"

"Coming:"

Bang!

"There goes, fall in!"

Silence falls once more over the shack,

CRABBING SCENE SUNDAY



Anne and Frannie wake up ten minutes after reveille.

Both: "Oh! it's Sunday."

Frannie: "All we do today is work."

Anne: "And we're not supposed to work on Sunday."

Frannie: (yells) "Do we have to wear puppy covers?"

Miss Weaver: (wakes up) "Shh."

Anne: "Reveille blew ten minutes ago."

Dobbin: "Jonne,"

Frannie: "Reveille blows sooner on Sunday."

First bell --- ding dong.

Both scramble out of bed.

Anne: "Oh, the first bell."

Frannie: "It rings ten minutes early on Sunday."

Miss Weaver: "Did you wash your face?"

Anne: "I can't. I left my soap and wash cloth down at the beach."

They run out and slam the door.

Place The shack

Time After breakfast

Anne and Frannie walk in slowly and start playing jacks.

Miss Weaver: (comes in) "Anne and Frannie, this is no time to play jacks.

It's Sunday - start cleaning your room."

Francie: "That's all we do."

Anne: "Oh, I stepped on my sheet and got it dirty. I'll have to

send it to the laundry."

Frannie: "That won't do any good."

Anne: "Only make it dirtier."

CRABBING SCENE SUNDAY (cont)

Francie: "Pay a lot of money to have a sheet made dirtier."

Anne: "Come over to my trunk and see how dirty this is."

Frannie: (knocks trunk lid down)

Anne: "Ouch you knocked the trunk lid on my finger."

Frannie: "Go to Mrs, Bauman,"

Anne: "She will make it hurt more." "Cooco my finger hurts so."

(Runs in pix and washes it and gets towel, towel rack falls

down.) "Help me put this up,"

Frannie: "You knocked it down."

Anne: "Oh, I'll leave it down and get a warning."

Frannie: "The laundry makes your clothes all greenish too."

Anne: "They must put clorine in their water."

Framie: "Speaking of water Miss Dowd makes us get out early if

we lose even 1 of a pound.

Anne: "I'm going."

Frannie: "Please wait for me to sweep the hall, Anne."

Anne: "Oh, you're as slow as molasses in cold weather."

Frannie: "Oh, go on then."

Anne: "Well I'll wait." (Climbs up on rafters.)

Miss Weaver: "Anne Morton get down off the rafters."

(Anne gets down.)

Anne: "What can I do on Sunday?"

Miss Weaver: "Clean your room."

Anne: "I have."

Miss Weaver: "I must be getting old, my eyesight must be getting bad."

Anne: "Why do you, (To Herself) always pick on me."

Assembly blows and the two girls run out.

DOUBLE REVEILLE BLOWS



Stuey....."Who's going for a dip?

No answer.

Stuey "Why arn't you going Annie?"

Annie "I haven't got a bathing cap."

Miss Weaver. . "You can borrow mine."

Annie....."It won't fit."

Miss Weaver .. "Yes it will

Annie....."You don't know how big my head is Miss Weaver."

Mary Jane.... "Where smy sheet?"

Mary..... "At the other end of the shack,"

Mary Jane ... "Well I'll hunt for it later."

Rhoda..(in bed) "Hurry up and get out of bed the first bell will ring."

First bell rings.

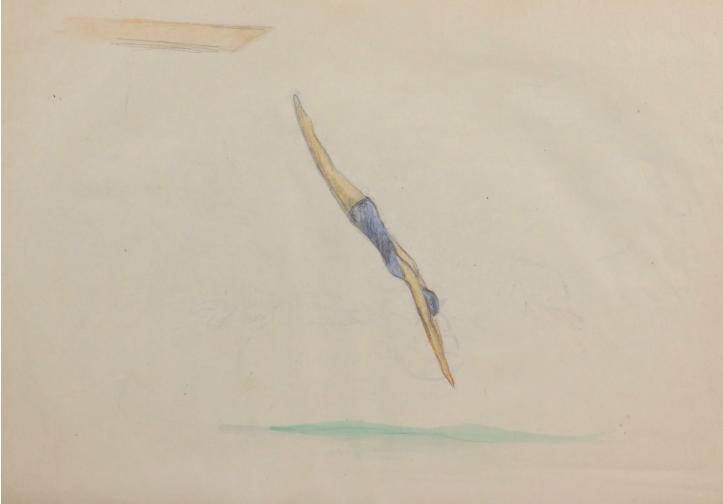
Rhoda...."Help!"

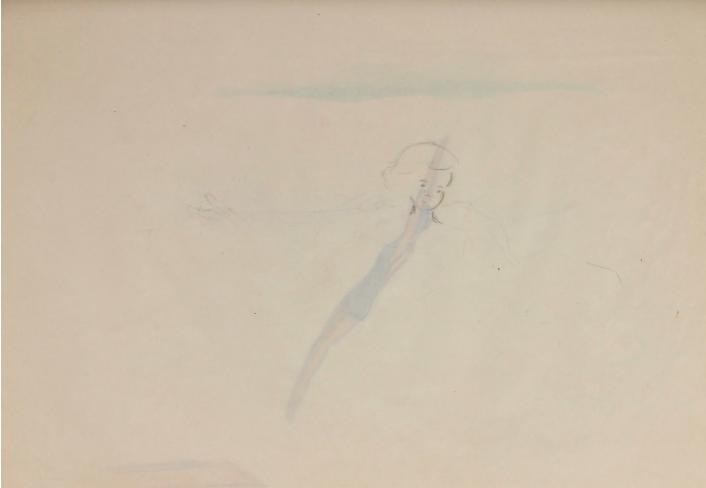


As I hobbled up the first step my heart sank. Although they'd said my visit at the Infirmary would be a pleasant one I had my doubts.

When I entered the door the first sound that met my ears was someone saying; "Here comes that Peg Leg Pete again." I gathered from that remark that I was very much welcomed. The person who made the remark happened to be a cousin so it wasn't so hard to forgive. Mrs. Bauman then appeared on the scene with a very cheerful smile and said, "You couldn't stay away from me long could you Nancy." My physiognomy tried to return the smile as cheerfully as it was given, but the feeling did not come from the inner regions of my carcass as I was not very pleased at the idea of returning to this gorgeous building. When I was settled Mrs. Bauman reappeared with a bottle of alcohol, I mean rubbing alcohol, and pleasantly asked if I would like my back rubbed. My first thought was that it was very sissyish to have your back rubbed so my reply was, "No thank you." As I thought it over I realized that I was very full of hot air and a rubbing might of taken some of the heat out of it. I turned to appologise for my hasty reply, but it was too late, Mrs. Bauman had left. I then began to think over all the mistakes I'd made. What a wrong impression I'd gotten of the Infirmary.

In spite of all my mistakes and disillusions, I think the Infirmary is a swell place and I really had a lot of fun there. Besides it's the coolest spot in camp in hot weather.





11-3

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF GRAY DAWN

Oh, darn that horse. I wish he would stop kicking the wall and waking me up every morning. One of these days he's going to kick right through and hit me. Where's my breakfast and what in the world has happened to that creature they call Harry who is supposed to take care of us? Gee, it's hot today and I suppose I'll have to go along those same old roads again. Thank goodness they don't make me walk around and round that ring so much any more, it makes me dizzy.

Ouch, please don't drop that saddle on me so hard. It hurts and that belt around my middle is so tight I can't breathe. Guess that big fat girl will ride me. Oh, oh she's going to: she's so big I think I ought to ride her instead; well, we're off. Goodness the other horses are leaving me behind already. I don't see how they expect me, with my poor little legs to keep up with them. I'm glad we're going to that place up on the hill, because it's so nice and cool up there, and oh there's the nicest place up there where you can lie and roll in the grass. That's the most fun I know of. Here I go everybody, you'd better get off. Ouch, don't hit me like that, I was only having fun. Ah, we're on our way home. It's lucky it's down hill or I'd never make it in all this heat. Boy, I feel peppy now we're on our way home. I wonder what would happen if I tried to get there before the others. Hey, don't pull like that - it hurts my mouth. Maybe I'd better walk I guess. Oh, I see that old familiar sign down the road - we must be home. Thank goodness there's one more day finished in my life of carrying these big heavy brutes.

Tomorrow night prizes will be given for athletic achievement, but after all we believe in Progress and Femininity and Flexibility and so there are other things which we think are pretty important: other outstanding facts which deserve recognition. First of all. to our outstanding hostess, to the little woman who warms Pine Island's collective hearts, to Betty Ann Wadleigh, our medal for being the gracious receptioner. Another medal for the exceptional housewife, Mary Jane Lester. Some man will make her a good home some day and may she remember that her place is in it. Beauty surely has its place in a modern camp, beauty and those who contribute to it, so to Peggy Branham who has set enough waves to cover the surface of Great Pond, we give our third prize. A Thing of Beauty gathers the worm! Prize number four! Really we are embarrassed to think this prize has never been awarded before,the well dressed woman. How could former prize givers have neglected this. The prize for dressing with originality, surprise and taste (in order of importance) to whom do you think, why Rhoda Dennison Lester. The Winnah! And now since we are being awfully broadminded and liberal, let's give an award for the biggest mail hog. That after all is an integral part of camp life, and the palm for the little girl who gladdens Jim Farley's heart goes to Janet Johnson (interruption telegram).

And how about a prize for endurance to Mary Bauman. She has won the Third Shack marathon and her book, "My Life and Times in Shack Three or The Secret of the Fie Bed," is expected to be published shortly.

Our last but scarcely our least award goes to the men who hold the hearts of our intrepid counselors - to Al, Joe, Bill, Rog. Their prize is our gratitude for the generosity they have shown in giving us their wives during the summer months, and our amazement at the way they fit into counselors' coffee on their all too infrequent visits. For their information they have been instrumental in breaking down the time honored barriers of sex prejudice. Sometimes we feel almost affectionate toward the weaker sex.











THE PERFECT RUNOIA GIRL

Eyes.......Mary Bauman

Hair.....Joan Bayne

Nose.....Jean Reed

Mouth......Mary Stuart Houston

Teeth.....Virginia Branham

Complexion...Elsa Livingood

Figure.....Nancy Smith

Personality...Margaret Branham

Versatility...Virginia Dessar

Hands......Claire Caniff

COUNSELORS

5-

Miss Dowd....."So Rare"

Skipper..... "Sailing, Sailing Over The Bounding Main"

Miss Crawford ... "Remember Me"

Johnnie J..... "Life Of The Party"

Dougie "Oh, It Aint Goin To Rain No More"

Stewie "Moonshine Over Kentucky"

Denny..... "Having A Wonderful Time"

Dobbin...."You Have Everything"

Flackie....."Oh Joseph, Joseph"

Rhoda..... "Somebody's Thinkin' Of You Tonight"

Jonne "Drop A Nickel In The Slot"

Mrs. Bauman "Just Let Me Look At You"

Mrs. Branham "Doughnuts And Coffee"

Colby "Sing Me A Song Of Social Significances"

SIXTH SHACK

Peg,....."Let's Have Another Cigarette"

Nancy..... "I Simply Adore You"

Elsa....."At A Perfume Counter"

Betty Ann..... "The First Time I Saw You"

Ginger..... "We Don't Know How We Do It Curselves"

Pinky..... "Pardon My Southern Accent"

Joan....."On The Sentimental Side"

Ginny "The Toy Trumpet"

Hats...."Flat Floot Floo-o-gie"

Blimpy....."It's Easier Said Than Done"



THIRD SHACK

Little Stewie....."The Big Apple"

Franie......."A Hole In The Wall"

Anne Elizabeth...."Sweet Stranger"

Annie Morton....."I Double Dare You"

Mary Bauman....."I'm In My Glory"

Mary Jane....."If Your Dog Loves My Dog"



FIFTH SHACK

Babs....."I'm Steppin High"
Tay Tay....."An Old Straw Hat"

Anna...."Smiles"

Thopy..... "More Power To You"

Smitty....."Off To The Rodeo"

Evy..... Boom"

Marianne...."The Old Apple Tree"

Jean Reed....."At Your Beck And Call"

Jeanie Price ... "Bewildered"

Dillenbeck "Two Bouquets"

Ditto..... "Pack Up Your Troubles"

FOURTH SHACK

Caniffy....."Sympathy"

Sal..... "Stand Up And Cheer"

Ramsey....."Ain't Misbehavin"

Miller....."Please Be Kind"

Blakeley....."I Feel Like A Feather In The Breeze"

Ruthie...."I Live The Life I Love"

Tapley....."Just A Cheeful Little Earful"

Janie...."I'm Wishing"







COUNSELORS

C.E.D.G.,.Constantly Entertains Dowdy Guests

J.C....Just Couldn't

J.E.J....Jibes Ever Jubilantly

M.R.J.... Made Rangeley Joyful

L.E.M.... Leads Each Mount

E.L..... Everlasting Laundry

C.D.....Consistently Debonair

E.F.W.... Enjoys Feeling Wifely

R.D.L....Responsibilities Descend Lightly

J.L.W....Just Loathes Winter

M.T.B.... Medicates Tender Bruises

C.K.B.....Counts Kitchen Belongings

S.C.C....Scorns Class Conciousness

M.S.H.... Makes Society Heave

SIXTH SHACK

M.B.....Musically Bouyant

E.W.L....Evades Washing Laundry

V.D.....Veritable Dynamo

J.N.B....Jokes Not Bad

H.S.M.... Has Swell Manner

B.A.W....Best At Washing

B.A.B....Bashful Although Beautiful

N.C.D.... Numerous Cousins Delight

V.B.....Vociferous Burper

E.G.B.... Egg Garnishes Blouse

FIFTH SHACK

A.E.B....Aint Ever Bored

K.L.H....Keeps Looking Happy

N.L..... Not Ladylike

H.V.T..... Has Versatile Traits

M.F......Makes Fauxpas

J.B.R....Joins Brearley Reactionaries

B.M.... Broad Mind

M.J.D....Momentarily Joins Dippers

J.S.P....Just Simply Prattles

E.F.... Evasively Frolicsome

N.S..... Never Sour

B.M.T....Big Masquerade Triumph

FOURTH SHACK

M.L.H.B...Must Like Heading Blues

S.L..... Sleeps Loquaciously

C.A.T Canters Around Track

C.J.C.... Contentedly Joined Campers

R.A.L.... Rattles Awful Loudly

O.R.....Omit Ridicule

V.E.M.... Very Efficient Manner

J.G....Just Gone

A.E.N.....Always Eats Nothing M.S.A.... Many Social Activities M.T.B.....Mind Those Banalities A.S.M....Acquired Sailing Masterfully





M.J.L.... Maybe Just Lazy



















THIRD SHACK

Name	Alias	Hales from	Likes	Wants	Says	Looks	Pet peeve
Mary Stuart Anderson	Pig- tails	Louisville	The Big	To take a dip every morning	I hoany the dock	Better with her hair cut	Poison ivy
Mary Bauman	Mary	Waterville	Her paddle	To win a 3rd place	Has severybody swept	Bigger each year	Doing Frannie's shack dutie
Mary Jane Lester	Mary Jane	Saratoga	Queenie		I have a headache	Healthy	Queenie
Frances Luther	Frannie	Cincinnati	The cat		No it doesn't hurt	Like a one armed paper hanger	Her ornery
Anne Morton	Anne	Columbus	Gray Dawn	To climb 4th shack rafters		Surprised	Reading
Anne Elizabeth Nelson	A.E.	Galva Ilinois	To read ahead in the story	Johnny's	Aunt Marion said so	Like a baby panda	A tiskit a tasket





FOURTH SHACK

Name	Alias	Hales from	Likes	Wants	Cours	-	
		1			Says	Looks	Pet peeve
Mary Lee Blakely	Merrily	The army	To flea hop	Bill	But	Like a lady	Her rubbers
Claire Caniff	Caniffy	Scarsdale	Her birthday parties	Some new		Like a queen	Being called Caniffy
Ruthie Lester	Rufus	East Aurora	A wee bit of gossip	Angel	Oh, you bum	Pert	Ginny's hair
Sarah Lester	Sally	Scarsdale	To do everything	To be a senior	Can I be on the log	Very lively	Sarah
Virginia Miller	Ginny	Cincinnati	Everything, especially chocolate	.Another lobster	Oh don't worry about me	Like a	Milk
Olivia Ramsey	Bolivia	Cincinnati	Canobing	To make beds	you're	Like a fire engine	Mosquito bites
Claire Tapley		New Rochelle	To truck	hop	We're not kids gillies	Impish	Her straight
Jane Goodyear	Janie	Cincinnati	Bashful	To learn to drive		Like Bashful	Going to Pine Island
				-			











FIFTH SHACK

Name	Alias	Hales from	Likes	Wants	Says	Looks	Pet peeve
Anna Bauman	Anna	Wa-a-te- ville	To go tripping with 6th	A ten in the breast stroke	Eek-eek	Like sister Lucy	Blowing the bugle
Margaret Dillenbeck	Mar- garet	4th shack	5th shack	To be able to get 5¢ Hershey in store	Have a sweet pea	Like a senior	People who sit on her bed
Marianne Frey	Fari- anne Mrey	Hillsdale	Colby	To talk	Poppa said hell no	Like a cat about to jump on a mouse	Being coached before guests arrive
Evelyn Freeman	Evie	Riverdale	The Schooner	A purple	Boo are	Neat	Morning dips
Kathrine Lee Hamilton	Ditto	New York City	To be read to	Wigi	I thought I'd split a gut	Like a Brearley- ite	Hearing Anna grind her teeth
Nancy Lester	Nance	Saratoga	To sleep in under clothes	To be a hero	Ya Queenie	Like an	Queenie
Barbara Martin	Pepper	Riverdale	Swimming a la Venus	To be here for the whole summer	Honestly	Lanky	Johnny making her wear puppy covers
Jean Price	Jeannie	New York City	To talk after taps	To be called Polly	Ga-loar	Young	People who don't like her talk before reveille
Jean Reed	Reed	Brearley	Craft	light		Strong	Those peopl who use her Cashmere Bouquet
Nancy Smith	Smitty	Garden City	Everyone		Oh my gosh		Hasn't one

FIFTH SHACK

Name	Alias	Hales from	Likes	Wants !	Says	Looks	Pet peeve
Barbara Taylor	Tay Tay	Brearley	Grey Dawn	To gather a clan to challenge the Lester brood			Being told not to bit her finger nails
Helene Thoman	Thopy	Hillsdale	Tennis	Tennis	Is there going to be a tennis tournament this year	Timid	Being told to brush her hair













SIXTH SHACK

Name	Alias	Hales from	Likes	Wants	Says	Looks	Pet peeve
Joan Bayne	Baynie	Kimberley	To dance	Her hair to turn white early	Don't skin me alive	Knowingly	Mildew
Margaret Branham	Peg	Hingham	Her cashmere sweater	The kitten to stay off her sweater	Yes'm	Dimpled	Size 38 with wide backs
Virginia Branham	Jin	Derby Academy	To sail	To go on a pixing spree	Oh phow	Very	Not being able to sing her icky phew
Evelyn Buell	Pinky	National Cathedral School	Her food	Straight	I like my hair in my eyes	Fatter	Her tight riding breeches
Betty Anne Burke	Blimpy	Pelham	Her dogs & Commander	To see Runoia Chapel	I can't	Unambiti-	Meat salad on picnics
Virginia Dessar	Ginger	Lincoln	The White Team	To go to Canada	Can't we have basketball today	sweater	Stewie wanting Fair Lady the same time she do
Nancy Dowd	Nance	Rosemary Hall	Her cousins	To be able to do things	I'm sorry	Like Roosevelt	Her
Harriet McLane	Hats	The cellar of Pelham High	To be cheerful	More mail	Hi	Very placid	A laundry floor
Elsa Livingood	Elsa	The farm	Her shock proof water proof watch	One of the many Johns	Oh, no	Very motherly	Showing vistors around
Betty Anne Wadleigh	Wadda	The Leonardeers	Pine Island	Her men	Воо Воо	Hawaian	A leaky

COUNSELORS

Name	Alias	Hales from	Likes	Wants	Says	Looks	Pet peeve
Constance Dowd Grant	Miss Dowd	Bryn Mawr	Casualness	To be a man	It is not a country club	Ruggedly feminine	Inflex- ibility
Mary Trump Bauman	Mumma	Rockford	To paddle by moonlight	To impress Anna	Did you call me	Like the mother of forty	Nancy. Dowd
Constance Kellen Branham	Hippa	Bryn Mawr	Neat picnic committees	Guests in the Girl's Club	I've gotta nother wadda	All over the lake by moon- light	Kitten in the dining room
Susan Colby Cleveland	Colby	Vassar	Camp	Peace	What college do you go to	Like Hell (she told us to put this)	
Janet Crawford	Meadow mouse	Wellesley	White kittens & white row boats	To give boats & organs to camp	Say these letters	For ducks	Missing trips
Carol Densmore	Denny	Wellesley	Archery	More	I know a game	Small to	Variegated color effects in sunburn
Mary Stuart Houston	Stewie	The social whirl in Kentucky	The ranch	To run motor boats & things	Good old opera	Social	Colby's junk & jabber
Janet Elizabeth Johnson	Skipper	The dark ages	Sailing	Wind	My how things have changed	Young	Kittenish people
Marion Johnson	Johnny	Wellesley		Cabins on trips	Mrs. Branham please send Gilbert with mop	For trouble	Anything that's a trouble
Elsie Dobbin Lawson	Burpa	The social whirl	Trips	To stay till end of camp	He looks like a meat ball	clean shirt in	Going under bridges in cances

Name	Alias	Hales from	Likes	Wants	Says	Looks	Pet peeve
Rhoda	Rhodie	Mt.Holyoke	Day & Night Club	Tele- phone on the Island	Squeak, squeak with Mexican intonation	you ever	Bezzles
Elizabeth MacDougal	Dougie	The social whirl in New Canaan	Fair Lady	Box- stalls	I have to tell Harry it's rain- ing	cent on	Changing schedules
Jonne Lee Weaver	Jonne	U.C.	Her mail	Com- mander	Do I have to change my clothes	Well groomed	Camp uniform
Elizabeth Flack Weiler	Flackie	The Bowery	To telephone Joe	To know what Joe is like in the summer		Wild in bangs	Minks
Queenie Lester	Queenie	Saratoga	Everyone	Company	not sleep all night	Handsome to the photo- grapher	Porcupines
Snow White	The kitten	The farm	Bedspreads	To get out of the closet		At	Queenies coldness











The

<u>B E L G R A D E</u>

BELGRADE LAKES

MAINE

August 25, 1938

Mrs. Constance Dowd Grant, Camp Runoia, Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Grant:-

I wanted to write you this little note of appreciation and thanks for the opportunity given me to instruct your camp girls.

Next year I hope that I may have the same privilege and wish to assure you of my every effort, if I am so favored.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES DANSBURY

Golf Professional

CD:G

CAMP-RUNOIA
DISTORY
TOORY

VISITOR'S VIEW

OR

ONE BIRD'S EYEPINION

Beautiful lake, good looking
Horses, and games galore,
Is there anything else you
Could wish for more.

Cr you can admire, if so
You will
Swimming races from
The craft house sill.

But the thing of edification,

Most, to me,

Is the riot known as

Councillor's coffee.

Joe Wieler

YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, OCTOBER EW

day Were of Outstanding



Miss Mary Stuart Houston Married to John Meriwether

Ceremony Is Performed in Second Congregational Church at Greenwich by Her Grandfather

GREENWICH, Conn., Oct. 12—
The marriage of Miss Mary Stuart Houston, daughter of Mr. and Mr. George Harrison Houston of this place, to John Williams Meriwether of Louisville, Ky., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. David Meriwether of Knoxville, Ten., took place her of Greenvich, Mrs. Alexational Church by the bride's grandfather, the Rev. Deaniel Bliss.

Escorted a bouquet of gardenias and pansies.

Miss Mary Randolph Meriwether of Knoxville, Ten., took place her of Louisville, a cousin of both the bride's grandfather, the Rev. Deaniel Bliss.

Schelberger of Mrs. and Mrs. Deaniel Bliss.

Escorted a bouquet of gardenias and pansies.

Miss Mary Randolph Meriwether of Inon. The bride's other attendants were Mrs. Stanley Carter Schuler of Greenwich, Mrs. Alexational Elias.

Schelberger of Mrs. and Mrs. Deaniel Mrs. Alexational Elias.

Escorted a bouquet of gardenias and pansies.

Miss Mary Randolph Meriwether of Chouisville, Account of the Johnson of New York Thuss.







NEW YORK HERALD TRIBU

Clare Weber Married To R. A. Springs Jr.

'Baltimore Sun' Man Weds the O. F. Webers' Daughter Special to the Herald Tribune

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y., June 7.— Miss Clare Sturtevant Weber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Franklin Weber, of New York and Mount Kisco, was married here this after-Risco, was married here this afternon, in the garden of Wendanbrook,
the family home, to Mr. Richard
Austin Springs ir., of Baltimore, a
member of "The Baltimore Sun"
staff, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard
Austin Springs, of New York and
Cambridge, Md. Canon Harold Adve
Prichard, of St. Mark's Church,
Munt. Kiego, officiated A reception Mount Kisco, officiated. A reception followed

Miss Elizabeth M. Hite was maid of honor. Bridesmaids were the or nonor. Brucesmaids were the Misses Barbara Adams, Elisabeth Babocck, Barbara Brown, Dorothy Butler, Lillian Chambers, Ellen-Douglas Allen, Ruth Meyer, Rosa-mond Reed and Barbara Wheeler, Mr. James Huntting Worth was best man, Ushers were Messrs, Harrison Black, Lohn Weekingan Bahart Hare. Black, John Hoskinson, Robert Hare, John Coleman, William C. Coleman jr., Frederick Roberts Blair, Frank W. Rounds jr., MacPherson Ray-mond, Richard Purnell, Carleton Tobey and Randolph S. Warner jr.

Mrs. Springs was graduated from the Brearley School and attended Sarah Lawrence College. She is a Gre member of the Junior League and the Society of Mayflower Descendants.

Mr. Springs, Ken Princeton, '40, is a Club. He also Continental he An rincetor

urgher ty. ar timo

NEWSMAN'S BRIDE



Mrs. Richard A. Springs jr.

WEDDING IN CHURCH FOR ELIZABETH RICH

Daughter of Representative Is Married to Sheridan W. Bell Jr. in Woolrich, Pa.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES. WOOLRICH, Pa., Sept. 1.-Miss Elizabeth Rich, daughter of Representative Robert Fleming Rich and Mrs. Rich of this place, was married here this afternoon in the Methodist Episcopal Church to Sheridan Watson Bell Jr., son of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Sheridan W. Bell of Buckhannon, W. Va. The ceremony was performed by the bridegroom's father.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a cream satin gown, with a rose point lace collar, which had belonged to her great-grandmother, and an Indian lace-embroidered veil. She carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies

of the valley. Mrs. Albert Butterfield of New London, Conn., was the matron of honor, and Miss Margaret Rich her sister's maid of honor. Other attendants were Mrs. Donald Orwige of Williamsport, Pa., and the Misses Jean Louise Sykes of Conifer, N. Y., and Catharine Ann Rich and Julia Trump Rich, sisters of the

The Rev. Charles Marvin Styron of Lincoln, Mass., was the best

A ceremony was given at the Rich

After the middle of September, the couple will reside in Columbus, Ohio, where Mr. Bell will be asso-ciated with the Rev. Dr. Robert Tucker at the Inianola Methodist Emisconel Church

Tucker at the Inianola Methodist Episcopal Church.
The bride was graduated from Mount Holyoke College and from the Yale School of Nursing. Last year, she was a member of the Raculty of the National Cathedral School in Washington.
Mr. Bell is an alumnus of Ohio Weslevan University and of the Yeslevan University and of the University and the Geslevan University and

onn., for the last two



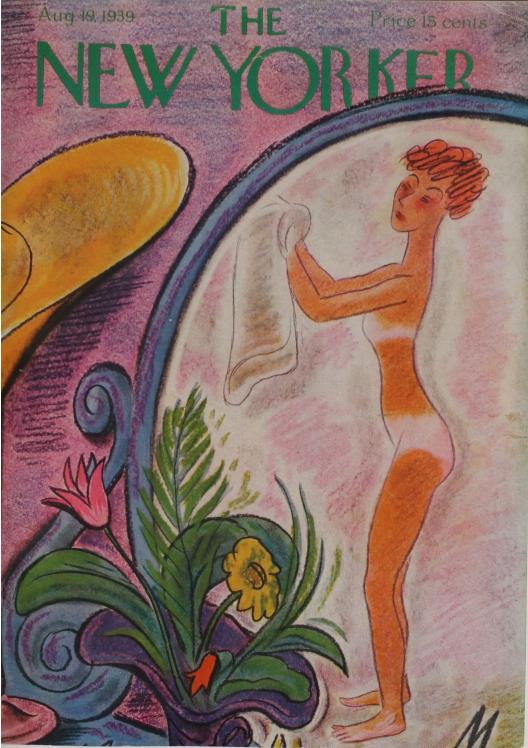
Mr. and Mrs. John Meriwether (Mary Stuart Houston), Louisville.

DEBUTANTE AND ESCORT



Miss Elizabeth Wilds, who was introduced to society last month at a reception which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Wilds, gave at their home in Riverdale-on-Hudson, photographed at Hampshire House with Robert Herrick 3d of New York and Boston.







We the members of the 1939 Log Staff dedicate this Log to Mrs. Constance Dowd Grant with many thanks for a very happy summer.

LOG STAFF 1939

Jane Allen Nancy Lester

Joan Bayne Gale Miller

Nancy Crockett Ann Elizabeth Nelson

Virginia Dessar Olivia Ramsey

















Dear Pieface:

Well here I am, black and blue and still panting hard. I weathered that gigantic mob, at the station with only a few minor injuries.

By the time I'd arrived at campI had recovered most of my lost senses. Little did I know what fate was soon to fall upon me, suddenly up from the dinner tables where I was eating my breakfast a deafening roar greeted my suprised ears. I felt somewhat like an orange peel on the very bottom of the garbage can, or like a needle in a hay-stack; or maybe it would be easier for you if I simply said, I felt lost. All I could make out of this horrible noise was a few scattered "Aca-laka-chings" and some broken up "Rifty rafts." It soon dawned upon me that this was merely the girls tame little way of expressing their enjoyment.

Then came the most dreaded part of all-unpacking: First I was here, then lo and behold I turn around only to find myself there. While my belongings are scattered literally everywhere.

Of course the various activities have taken up a great deal of the time, and I have taken part with much so called gusto, even though my body is of frail and fraigile build. Basketball, tennis and swimming are among my chief time wasters and dear Pieface may I mention, I never have enjoyed wasting time as much as I'm enjoying it this summer. Naturally I can't say much for my sporting ability, as you know I'm just the rottenest baseball player that ever stepped foot on this troubled world. As for basketball, well need I mention it Pieface, I'm sure you know. And swimming, sink or swim, Daddy dear always said, so I like an obedient child am following his advice. Yes, I'm sinking. Canoeing, sailing, baseball and everything else fail to bring out anything that would ever make me a good sports women. Yet there's nothing like trying.

You know that's what I like about Runoia, the way everyone puts their best into everything and the wonderful spirit all the campers have. I believe that no matter where I go I will always feel that this same spirit is drawing me back.

Good heavens this is getting to sound like an obituary page. Anyway I didn't mean to make this a complete novel. I just wanted to tell you about the swell time I'm having.

I remain yours till next time.

Little Audrey (Nancy Crockett)

As all this gathering knows the Log Staff is composed of people of little or no brain matter. Hence we are reverting to our true nature this evening.

After years of research in the subject of prehistoric man and his habits of speech and action. Professor William Nut has found sufficient evidence to prove his point that a conversation in prehistoric times was carried on in verse, blank or otherwise. For a long time it has been known that individuals of little or no brain matter use verse as a means of conversation. Thus many small children speak their first words in poetry.

Oh have you been bothered by goats dear friends
Those goats of the voices so sweet
All day and all night
Foul weathers and fair
Ye all may hear them bleat.

And did you know that Mingle dear friends
Dear Mingle from the south has come
She tells all the news
Of civics and sports and the newest
Receipt for rum.

So many things have happened
We don't no where to start
To help you all remember
We're going to do our part.

Oh, do you remember
Dr. Chapman dear friends.
Dr. Chapman of photos and stones
We welcomed with glee the pictures he showed
His departure was accompanied by groans.

Oh, do you remember
Miss Payne dear friends.
Miss Payne of Pine Island repute
She tried so hard to make chorus a go
She was witty attractive and cute.

Oh, have you noticed
Our Piglet dear friends
Our Piglet of statue small.
Miss Crawford's arrival last Saturday night.
Is also on the roll call.

MISS DEVEREAU'S

SOCIETY NOTES

Mrs. Albert Grant of "Mole-acres" in Glendale, that charming mentor of the young socialites from Cincinnati, has again (and again) chaperoned a radiant group from Cincinnati's leading families to enjoy the cool breezes of Maine.

Miss Martha Ann Goodyear, the svelte and graceful daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Goodyear is one of the leading members of the little coterie at Belgrade Lakes. She looks her usual charming self this summer in a white silk underslip, gracefully draped in futuristic stream lines, and a chic dark blue jacket. Miss Jane, the vivacious charming sister of Miss Martha Ann, is wearing a white quilted bath robe with red combing on the edges to top off her early morning costume. Under this attractive modernistic robe she wears----. Miss Helene Thoman well-know sociaite of Beechcrest Lane, who has been one of the leaders in the timely organization of the "Wall Flower Society," that exclusive club to which only the elect are admitted, drove east to attend the World's Fair and to visit Miss Ditto Hamilton before the opening of camp. Miss Helene is one of the outstanding swimmers in the Belgrade Aquacade. Last season she won all the swimming races in competition with young ladies somewhat older than her own charming self.

Miss Virginia Miller tripped lightly and hopefully on the train when the group left Cincinnati. Always eager and frll of enthusiasm she smilingly anticipates each new activity in her summer abode.

To this picturesque spot in the Pine Tree State also hied Miss Frances
Thomas, noble scion of the Thomas, Waite and Resor families. Miss Frances
has just graduated from the well-known Lotspeich School and would have

MISS DEVEREAU'S

SOCIETY NOTES

gone to Mr. Wuerfel's camp if he'd had horses as well as boys.

Interesting to note are the travels of two of our younger set, Miss Frances Luther and her little cousin Miss Olivia Ramsey. Relying with great faith on the reliable responsible character of the two young buds, their families allowed them to make the trip from New York to Maine, alone. The Misses Ramsey and Luther had attended the joyful occassion of the wedding nuptials of Miss Christine Ramsey in the chapel of Vassar College, that mid-victorina institution of old time classical fame.

All and sundry are looking forward to their gala vacation mid the pines by the lake at Camp Runoia, that unique summer resort, where the young society buds desport themselves amid their delightful mentors who are chosen for their charm of personality.

Constance Dowd Grant

SOCIETY NOTES

Many are the festive nuptials to which those who have been chosen for their charm of personality have attended during this "little season."

Miss Dobbin Lawson, well known New York socialite, stepped daintily out early Saturday morning to fly down to Center Harbor to participate in the wedding of one of her erstwhile schoolmates at that select and exclusive institution of learning, Farmington. Miss Lawson, known as Dobbin to her intimate circle, was charmingly clad in stunning white shoes, high, high heels setting up her chic figure, and openwork toes and heels. On her well-bred graceful head was a simple panama setting off her exquisite features. A pure white purse and blue silk dress completed her ensemble.

Miss Bessie MacDougall and Mrs. Elizabeth Weiler were also among society this Saturday. Miss MacDougall, smartly attired, as is her custom in a spectator sport outfit straight from DePinna's (\$89.50), drove off in her 1940 Rolls Royce. Beside her sat the petite form of Mrs. Weiler, also attired in a DePinna costume bought by Miss Elizabeth. These members of our younger group attended the wedding of Andy Thayer whose name graces the walls of most of the rooms in Fourth Shack and all of the pixes in camp.

Sue Larter who runs Andy a close second in the galleries of fools' names, was also in Maine, and visited camp after taps with her husband, the man with dark hair and a Palm Beach suit, who thought Camp Runoia was a beautiful spot in the pitch dark - each stumbling place on the path being illuminated by a feeble spot-light.

Constance Dowd Grant

HOTTEST WEATHER IN MAINE FOR 75 YEARS TEMPERATURE SOARS INTO THE 90'S WATER IN GREAT POND SCALDS CAMPER FROM OHIO.

Belgrade Lakes reports a temperature of 95 on the baseball field: 98 in the shade of the craft shop and 102 in the quiet (?) of 4th shack.

Camp Runoia has taken up a new sport this summer, --wading. The rules are to start out fully clothed and wade along the rocks on the shore. Only the feet get wet at first. This avoids the shock of the hot water of Great Pond---temperature reported at 82.

One young lady, Miss Ramsey from Ohio, accidentally fell in and was scalded by the steam. Her arms, back and knees still show the results, being bright red.

A thermometer is kept hanging from the dock so that bathers may read the temperature before risking their toes in the hot water.

Constance Dowd Grant

STRANGE ACTIONS OF RUNOIA CAMPERS AROUSE COMMENT

Reporter interviews a passing senior and acquires interesting and world rocking news.

It is not nervous disorders that make campers shake and quiver:
The medical world is relieved.

Here follows the interview word for word.

Question: What is the reason that once a week a group of Runoia girls look fairly presentable and neat?

Answer: Didn't you know? We thought everyone that played Kick-the-can and could creep around the corner and peak in the windows knew that Monday night an ambitious crew of seniors and some juniors were endeavoring to improve their ball room technique with a male instructor.

Question: Well then, please try and explain the awkward way in which that crew of people particuly Miss Flack and Miss Lawson are wiggling and squirming these days, will you?

Answer: Don't say they are wiggling and squirming they are doing the fashionable Rhumba, complete with all the hip swinging and balance shifting that goes with it.

Question: Does that account for all the aches and pains of the dancing class?

Answer: It certainly does. You may think it is a simple thing to throw your hip out of joint until it hits your shoulder but try it sometime and we will pay the doctor bills.

Question: We have noticed something peculiarly puzzling about the befogged expression on the beloved teacher's face. Can you explain it?

Answer: Yes. (Excuse me while I pat my self on the back.) It is caused by utter bewilderment and amazement because he can't understand how we

STRANGE ACTIONS OF RUNOIA CAMPERS AROUSE COMMENT

can be so polite and interested. We are, "Too dammed good" for his comprehension.

HORSES ARRIVE

At seven fifteen Thursday morning the rumor that the horses had arrived was spread quickly by the Runoia grapevine throughout the campus. Dougie and Darcy tore up to the stable to check over the equipment and see if Fair Lady (who is the apple of Dougie's eye) was among the horses. When they reached the stable Harry and three gentlemen full of steak dimmer greeted them heartily.

While Dougie went for the check, leaving Darcy at their mercy, Darcy crouched in a stall while they reminisced about their wild trip.

We seemed to have slipped down from the navy to the army, for this year instead of a commander we have a major.

Darcy Scudder

THE OLD GIRLS PARTY

Ding: Dong: The much anticipated hour had arrived. Strange looking creatures poured out from their shacks and hurried to the lodge. The old girls were escorted through the back door while our new members were forced to wait their turns. Each new girl was blind-folded and led into a mysterious room at the end of which was a steep hill to be climbed. After being hit several times by a cold clammy object she had to jump from the top of this hill to an unknown fate. She was then told to kiss the Blarney stone. which proved to be much fluffier and softer than rocks should be. This was the end of her troubles for the time being and she was now able to watch her companions suffer. Individual tortures followed this general initiation. Some of these were a boxing match with one person blindfolded and the dramatic action of the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet. These were only two of the many initiations. The grand March took place next. Many good ideas for costumes grew from the theme, "The World of Tomorrow." Even the Perisphere and Trylon left their places to be with us. Buck Rogers' representators were two lovely girls wearing flashlights on their heads. The judges then asked each person to stand up and show his costume alone. After this everyone rushed to the automatic filling station and received refreshments. We then danced until the counselors were ready to perform those unforgetable skits, "The Russian Dance," "The Prison Scene," and "The Spot of Blood." When the applause for our councelors had ended, our friend the Trylon appeared and announced the winner of the costume contest. This was Miss Gale Miller who looked perfectly lovely in a costume of leaves. The prize a Camp Runoia Banner, was presented to her and everyone applauded.

THE OLD GIRLS' PARTY (Cont.)

Dancing then took place until bed time when we left feeling that this was one of the best parties in Runoia history.

Ruth Lester

NEW GIRLS' PARTY

There was a general rushing around about seven thirty Saturday night, because it was almost time for the New Girls' Party to begin. Very girlish looking men went to meet their fair damsels.

At last the bell rang and groups of odd looking couples rushed into the lodge, which, for the evening, was the Fourteen Club. One unusual looking couple were Joan Bayne and Virginia Branham. The former, a rather old-fashioned looking college girl; the latter, her dashing young suiter. Another couple were a tiny young sailor lad and his sweetheart who was much too tall for him. The patron and patroness were a distinguished looking pair. The patron having a large black moustache and horn rimmed glasses. The patroness was enrobed in a dark red silk dress which fitted tightly over her slim figure.

After the couples had shaken hands with the patron and patroness there was dancing, and then there were a number of entertainments given by the new girls and then certain individuals of the old girls had to dance, sing, recite poetry, etc. After that punch and cookies were served at the bar. Dancing continued until nine o'clock - and so ended the evening.

My dear Poany:-

Dinty Moore's was the saloon that we went to
Saturday night. The guests were of all kinds; even Tarzan gave
up his jungle and came with his mate to dine at Dinty's! Allez Oop,
another friend from the wilds, was there in all his glory and pine
branches.

Jiggs and Maggie fought their battle, while Tillie and Mac unexpectedly tipped over, and Dagwood, Baby Dumpling and Blondie also had their family troubles - all acted out by the budding actresses of Third Shack.

Herby and the comic strip won the prizes - after Miss Pond and Miss Weiser thought about the matter seriously. Big Chief was there in his chocolate coat and vanilla undies. He was a very popular guest.

After the refreshments we danced, and then the juniors went to bed. Taps blew and everything was quiet ----0 yeah?

Margo Vorys and Joan Bayne

TWO QUESTIONABLE CHARACTERS ENTER 14 CLUB BY FORCE

Police protection has been requested by the Runoia night club after the lurid experience of Saturday night.

The select social gathering at the 14 Club was startled last evening by two sailors who slid past the host and hostess and entered into conversation with some of the more attractive ladies.

They gave their names as Toots Dougall and Hoots Flack.

Several of the ladies offered to pay the cover charge for the men, who both proved to be graceful and able dancers and so were soon in popular favor.

The managers of the club, however, were foaming at the mouth with rage and tried again and again to give the two sailors the bum's rush.

Miss Dowd

THE FOURTH OF JULY AS VIEWED BY A FLARE

All day I lay on the table near an instrument that kept ringing all the time. People came in and out and when it seemed as though I should remain there forever, somebody picked me up. I was quickly placed in a box and then juggled back and forth until set down near a lake. Many people were walking around. I could see that they were gathering in one part and someone was handing out some long sticks. Suddenly one of the sticks began to glow in lovely falling sparks. Then I knew that these were the sparklers I had heard about. It looked lovely now, for there were many sparklers. Just as I began to enjoy the sight, I was taken out of the box and stuck in the sand beside the lake. The person who had previously taken me to the lake, now lighted me and my costume began to glow like green fire. Many other flares were glowing too, but some of their costumes were glowing like red fire. As I watched the dock which jutted out into the water, I saw some rockets burst forth into the air. As they broke, stars of all colors fell to the lake. I was very sorry for them, for they were so lovely and yet they lived such a short time. Several times I caught a glimpse of some magnificent fountains with embers falling from them into the lake below. After a while I began to notice people roasting marshmallows near a huge bonfire. Soon there were no more fireworks but up above in the sky I could see some lights glowing in long streaks which continued to appear and disappear.

Now the light of my costume began to burn low. All the girls had gathered around the fire and all that could be heard was the sound of their voices as they blended in song. Finally as my costume flickered down to the last spark, I heard their voices ring out in praise---to the best camp of all, Runoia, here's to you.















The other day, we were paid a very welcome visit by Dr. Chapman a geologist, who some of us recognized from several years ago. "Mica," we whooped when we heard he was coming. "Esker" (meaning Miss Dowd) if he will take us on a trip?

We were ushered into the lodge in small groups on Sunday afternoon, and almost split in two, trying to peer over the eratic boulders (pardon me, heads) which crowded 'round the table. Many, and varied were the type of minerals spread out before us, and the products into which they were made. That funny rock which looked like gold almost fooled us, but the truth eventually cracked through our granite like skulls. We bounded around the campus for a while, then proudly mended our way to the shacks. We were loaded down with all types of pebbles, but there was a stoney yet educated look in our eyes.

That night, Dr. Chapman showed slides, demonstrating how the hills and valleys at Maine came to be. He was very glaciers about it and answered most of our foolish questions. Monday morning bright and early, we all decended or should I say ascended upon Mt. Phillip. It was a steep rocky climb and I'm sure our knees all showed the marks of glacial scratches at the top. It was a warm day, so we took along a pot holding plenty of fluid and drank quartz and quartz of water. But we were still thirsty and felt sparsely delt with. Back at camp again, Dr. Chapman took leave of our weathered little group, and we all wished him good chipping, and hope he will come back again to visit us.

NEWS FLASHES

The Misses Barbara and Gale Miller have recently had the pleasure of having their mother visit them. Mrs. Miller was one of Runoia's early campers, when it was across the lake, and enjoyed renewing her acquaintance with it. Accompanying her was another daughter Miss Henny Miller and a friend Mrs. Hemmingway.

Another guest who was a former camper is Miss Beulah Pinks.

Miss Pinks has charge of a camp in Meriden, Connecticut, and we all
enjoyed her telling us about it in chapel this morning.

Miss Peggy Branham and Miss Meme Payne have had the pleasure of being entertained for the afternoon by two young men who are counsellors at Pine Island, the neighboring camp for boys, and of walking in to Belgrade Lakes for dinner due to lack of motor transportation.

A small group of seniors spent an enjoyable evening in the lodge the other night, being entertained by Miss Nancy Lester who had received an exceptionally long letter in the mail that evening - to be exact twenty-five pages long - from an old friend in Baltimore.

Miss Joan Bayne and Miss Jinny Branham passed an interesting morning in Waterville on Saturday, and of their numerous errands shopping for unroasted peanuts occupied quite a bit of the time.

Miss Jane Goodyear, Miss Martha Ann Goodyear and Miss Nancy Crockett had the pleasure of dining this Sunday with their brothers at the neighboring camp, Pine Island. Miss Dowd accompanied them.

Fourth Shack has been having quite an unusual experience this past week, trying to train a chipmunk. The chief tool for

News Flashes (Cont.)

training being unroasted peanuts.

Miss Virginia Miller has withstood very well her shack-mates practice of beautifying, and is none the worse for the attempt.

Miss Dowd, Miss MacDougal and Miss Johnson have been having quite a time trying to outdo one another on the new streamlined bathing suits, while Miss Weiler has had to stay out of the water for fear of not being able to live down the fact that her bathing suits are all so old-fashioned.

Miss Dowd and Miss Johnson drove the other afternoon to

Thomaston, Maine, on the seashore to visit Miss Fessenden, the head
of Hillsdale School in Cincinnati. After spending the evening there
they arrived back at camp early the next morning before breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce with their sons Timmy and Dougal have arrived here from Auburndale, Massachusetts, to visit Mrs. Pierce's sister Miss MacDougal. They plan to make their stay in the doll house. Mrs. Pierce was a former counsellor at Runoia.

ARTHUR MURRAY DANCERS

"Waltz me around again Willie" and take two steps back with your ankle bones knocking.

Mr. Arthur Murray very generously offered Runoia the services of two of his able instructors last Thursday evening.

The young lady and gentleman demonstrated the intricate steps of the tango, rhumba and fextrot. And later, although some of the younger members of our happy throng seemed unwilling to accept gifts from strange men, he gave a class in the fundamental manoeuvers of the fextrot and as a side line he introduced the graceful Cokey-cokey, a dance combining the wild pulsations of the Voodoo religion and the Elizabethan minust. Performed in a circle it is based on group cooperation and physical coordination. All were inspired toward a more graceful existence and Saturday night showed the effect of Thursday's teaching. Many were the "twinklers" paced out upon the lodge floor and many were the budding Pavlovas discovered. Certainly we all agree that a summer camp should not be lacking in the culture and finer points of city life.

PINE ISLAND VISITOR

A day at Pine Island, Oh My: Oh, My:

That would be the apple of her eye.

This girl of Runoia hoped for the day

When she could visit the camp across the way.

Wouldn't it be grand to see her cousin and brother?

The day was decided: At last she could go:

Who knows? She might meet a young Romeo:

The night before leaving for the Isle of her dream

On her extra beautiful face there was a bright beam.

To see her in bed was quite a sight

For she had her hair all in curlers that night.

She was helped out of the boat at Pine Island's dock.

She looked up - oh: What a shock:

Oh dear! Not a Romeo so soon:

After all it was only noon:

"I had a wonderful time," to her shackmates she cried "For all my hopes have been satisfied!"

Jane Goodyear

RUNO LA'S ROMANCES

Oh dear, we had a fright And we're going out tonight Peggy will be entertained by John While Mimi will stick it out with Tom Up comes the hair and out come the dresses And both our rooms look like messes. In a rowboat they did arrive And we never thought we would survive The trip to Belgrade in that craft And we laughed and laughed and laughed. We sat at the table and ate ice cream Until the moon began to beam Then we went to the "Day and Night Club" And filled ourselves up with grub. After some dancing we returned in that dory And that is the end of this complicated story.

Gale Miller and Mary Jane Lester

A MAN HATER

Gather round and lend an ear Some news I'll tell to you The awful day Pine Island came It's left me sad and blue.

It really made me think of home To see those silly men Each year I think I'll see no more But they come back again.

I took a motherly interest in A cumning little boy The magician seemed to please him While the punch filled him with joy.

How much I doted on that boat I really can not say It's shape was nifty you'll agree When going the other way.

Jane Allen

LITTLE FISHES

I have some little fishes And they are very cute They swim around the water Without a bathing suit

They never do a bit of work Just swim around all day I really think they ought to join The W.P.A.

Frances Luther

TO A ROOMMATE

Reveille's in the air, when the infant morn is nigh Yet immocent to the call of morn, sound asleep I lie. All the world's awakened, the birds give forth and sing. Heavy are my eyelids, with me, sleep is king.

In my dreams I see him, tall and dark and true I'm almost at the alter about to say, "I do." Everything is set just right, both the time and place When in hopes to wake me, my Roommate throws a pillow in my face.

Throughout the day I'm just as sulky as can be When I think, "I was closer to the alter than I'll ever ever be." Oh lovers knots and roses entwine a loving cup Why for the love of Pete did you have to wake me up?

Nancy Crockett

There is a young girl named Patty Her mother wants her to be fatty Bread and milk she devours And she asks every hour "What have you been doing today?"

There is a young girl Mary Jane
To be sailor she struggles in vain
In foul weather or fair
She always is there
That charming young girl Mary Jane

Margo Vorys is an excellent swimmer
If she swims too much she'll be slimmer
She is gay as a lark
From morning to dark
This happy young girl Margo Vorys

There is a young lady named Gail As a dresser she never will fail In leaves she appeared And we cheered and we cheered This stunning young lady. Miss Gail

Our Karkie an actress will be At the theatre we surely shall see This charming young star In a limousine car We'll come to see her from near and from far

Annie is among the new
And quiet moments she has few
But when a speech she's asked to make
She really proves to be a fake

BROTHER BAT

Once upon a midnight dreary, Helen slumbered weak and weary, After working many hours, out beside the kitchen door, Just after she'd gone napping, suddenly she heard some laughing, as of some one heavily rapping, slapping at her boudoir door. "'Tis some vistors," she muttered, "banging at my chamber door, Wish to goodness they'd say no more."

Ah, distinctly we remember, the 'not a night in bleak December, And the lamplight shone all around the rafters and the floor. Eagerly we wished the morrow, brooms we quickly sought to borrow, Hats we crammed on in our horror, for not a dove but a bat did sore And all about the room we tore amidst the hillerious uproar, Unforgettable forever more.

Deep in the darkness peering, long we stood there, wondering fearing, Pondering in which direction he would next begin to soar.

Then the silence was again broken by Betty Sue's squeaky token.

And the only work there spoken was Helen's command and her implore, "Doble, Doble, bring the light and shine upon the rafters more."

The bat could be indured no more.

Presently our souls grew stronger, hesitating then no longer, "Sir," said we, "or madam, truly youre forgivenes we implore, But the fact is, we were napping, and you, brother bat, came rapping And so fiercely with a broom we were whacking on your cerebellum door." For now no longer did he scar for he was dead upon the floor, Then sweet oblivion, nothing more.

Helen Howard Nancy Doble Betty Sue Belding

FIFTH SHACK'S SCAVENGER HUNT

Frogs and name tags, cances and trees

We really needed all of these

For we were scavenger hunting that night

And we needed such things as bugs that bite.

Our teams were divided, and off we tore

Running from the lodge to the shacks to the shore.

After awhile we straggled in

Only to find that our team didn't win.

Yet ever dauntless, happy and gay

We continued on our joyous way.

We danced, ate and had loads of fun

Till the moon rose high and day was done.

MASQUERADE

We were all looking forward to Sunday night, when there was to be a masquerade.

When the time came we saw the Three Little Fishes and the Momma Fishy too, a W.P.A.Worker, two Baseball Teams, two Holidays, a Seniorita and many other amusing and colorful custumes.

After we had danced for a while a telegram came from the Dinglebollies and Little People saying that they would be there and please to wait.

Finally they arrived and then after the grand march each person walked around and told us what she was. After which Sixth Shack proceeded to read and act "Casey Twenty Years Later," in which Casey, being Miss Dowd, did not strike out but hit the ball and brought in the winning runs.

The judges kept us in suspense while we ate Big Chiefs, but finally told us that the prizes had been given to the Dinglebollies and Little People who turned out to be Johnny, Dougie, Flackie, Dobbin and Piglet. Olivia and Anne Elizabeth won prizes as the Holiday, as did Margo Vorys who was a Russian Peasant, and the Fishes who were Claire Canniff, Nancy Lester, Nancy Crockett and Ruthiq Lester. Bobby Miller got honorable mention as a Peasant.

The good time we had was probably due to the fact that the Little People were there, and we thank them and the rest of the Little People who didn't come for a swell party.







SPORT WEEK



"Laugh at Sport Week! Ha ha!" was heard all over camp on the first day of the July sport week. The Blues were all dressed in brilliant blue, and the whites in spotless white; while the Whues and Blites were every color of the rainbow - except blue or white.

But -- On the first morning of the August Sport Week
things were different: There was a dash of blue here and some
white there. Then some people had green, red and other colors
on. Most of the counselors had come nonchalantly to flag raising
wearing blue, having forgotten entirely about Sport Week.

The juniors got to work right away and finished some things, but the seniors had to recover from numerous trips and rehearse for the 6th shack play. It wasn't until the third day of sport week, in the evening, that they started by having canoe races.

Then there's been the tennis tournament, which very few people know anything about and which even fewer people have done anything about. This has been intermingled with Arthur Murray dancing and Pine Island.

The horse show has also been a problem. It started out on Sunday in a drizzling rain, but had to be postponed till Monday because of the downpour.

Both teams have done very well, and we're all waiting to hear how they come out.

HORSE SHOW

Sunday afternoon came around all too soon for the riders of Runoia, but their nervousness was short lived as the sky darkened and it began to rain. However, it soon returned when Dougie informed them that their docm would be the following afternoon.

The intermediate class preceded from the day before, and the three winners were soon decided as Claire Caniff, Frances Thomas and Ruthie Lester.

Next the advanced class took place, in which Barbara Taylor was champion, Ann Morton placed second while Claire Tapley and Helena Thoman tied for third.

Margo Vorys was on the sick list, but Hope Griggs and Virginia Miller repeated the beginners class in hopes of improving their previous records. Hope placed first and Margo second. Only two ribbons were given out as there were only three contestants.

We were honored with the presence of an old-fashioned stage coach, which consisted of the truck decorated with banners, with Piglet and Miss Dowd on top blowing trumpets and bugles, Ginger and Nancy Dowd on the running boards and Jean inside.

The show was a great success and we hope that next year's will be as fortunate.

Dear Commander:

I meant to write to you before this but the person who is in charge of us (you remember Dougie) has not given us a break as yet. Everyday I have been hoping to slip my halter and get away to mail a letter to you. You remember how we liked to slip out unknown to Harry (he is still around) and kick up our heels and nibble Miss Pond's flowers. She has a good crop this year but I have not been able to get my teeth on them yet. But just wait:

Commander dear, I miss you so much. There is a rangy looking individual by the name of Major in your old stall. You know I always preferred the navy so I really can't warm up to Major. He being a retired army horse. Three cheers for the navy. You may remember last year how I was the pride and joy of Dougie and a certain person whom some call Mrs. Grant, others Miss Dowd. Well as much as I hate to tell you this that Grant or Dowd person is fickle. Yes, really fickle: Could you believe it she has fallen for Major. She has even tried to make him step out as I do. Of course I just ignore them both. The other day she made Dougie hold me back until I was all frothy at the mouth so that Major could be in the lead. I talked it all over with Gray Dawn (who is as independent as ever) and he agrees with me that there is no accounting for taste. Of course Gray Dawn much prefers Darcy Scudder and Annie Morton. The former has a horse of her own at home called Lady and seems to be a very nice person.

Most of the girls are kind to us. However there is one girl thank goodness I don't have to carry her around. Her name is Ginny Miller. She just loves riding but my how she bounces. That is one time I feel sorry

for Major. However I feel that Ginny likes us and she may get over bouncing before long.

There is one thing that bothers me I over heard a remor the other day that the counselors were going to have an afternoon for riding. If I could only become like Pegasus that day I would join you in Bretton Woods.

I seem to be the only one that misses you Commander. Harry is always telling Dougie how mean you were. I know better you were not really mean. Life is pretty dull without some excitement and you always could manage to give us some.

On a whole we are treated very well. The food is good and we have good beds. I hope your summer is not too strenuous.

Your friend

Fair Lady (Elizabeth McDougall)

Dear Macaroni;

Boy, am I good!! Now I have a beautiful box stall, just because I kicked Harry real hard in the knee. He really is sorta nice to me though, and he grooms me swell.

Fair Lady is the darndest sissy I've ever met. She's crazy about the creature that Harry calls Miss MacDougall, to her face, and Dougie to us. Dougie rides her too, and that makes Fair Lady high hat the rest of us.

Martini certainly has a nerve!-pretending he's lame that way.

Why, all the creatures really believe he is.

Oh golly, here comes Harry now, I guess he's going to feed us. Fair Lady must be his pet too'cause he's always feeding her first.

"Commander, we don't have as many oats as we had yesterday.

Maybe we are going to have the beginners again today." This from

Grey Dawn, who loves his food better than anything else. He was

probably right though, 'cause they don't want us to be too peppy

for the beginners.

On phochey, here comes that creature that Harry calls Rhoda. I suppose she wants to ride Fair Lady. They all do. She won't even speak to us other horses.

One hour later in the ring.

That funny looking creature is on my back again; you know, the one I told you about in my last letter. I think I'll shy at something -oh there's a plaid shirt over on the baseball field-that will do..... Yeah: She's off ouch, quit hitting me, Dougle. I only wanted her to break an arm or leg so's she couldn't ride. Golly, she's on again-life is hard-and so was the ground for that creature that I knocked off. Ha, ha, she looked so funny. Ouch she's hitting and pulling the reins so hard that my mouth's nearly

busted. What does she think I am? If I start trotting she just yells, "Hey, Dougie, he's running away!

Well, give my love to Nellie and I hope to see you soon-- Nips and kicks,

Commander









On the morning of July 11th, Sixth Shack having a severe attack of wanderlust decided on a Around-the-Lake trip. Being a spur of the moment affair everybody was running around at a great clip till the last echoes of Cheehi were heard, and then the fun had only begun.

The trippers were Jean Reed, Darcy, Ditto, Anna, Nancy Dowd, Joan, Martha Anne, Ginger, Jinny Branham and Flackie.

The first difficulty was the waves which fould great pleasure in crashing over the bow of the Bayne-Dowd canoe. At that we went into Echo Cove and shifted around to avoid bow heavy cances. Having done that we headed into the wind and crossed to Hoyts Island where we met up with, and cheered, some mudists. Our next destination was a small island down beyond the other side of Hoyts: where we swam, ate and last but not least read "Secrets," some very elevating literature acquired beforehand. We now paddled for about an hour and then just drifted, reading "Secrets" once more. By the time we had finished one story we practically were on the Belgrade stream, so we went to the Day and Night Club and had high tea. From there we went around Abena and explored up a stream near Chester Thwings. Having gotten out from that bug-breeding place, we slid under the bridge and headed for Echo where we ate supper of toast, marshmallows and peanut butter. After we had read "Secrets" once more we came home after a stremuous trip. Amen.







The One Day Messalonskee Trip (Cont.)

aways and made our supper of sandwiches. Right in the middle of it a dark cloud appeared on the horizon accompanied by a hurricane. So after putting away the food and tipping over the cances, we went up to a deserted shack for shelter. We stayed there till the rain stopped and we saw Old Ironsides pull up. On getting in the bus we were swamped by dry sweaters, swet shirts, coats, blankets and puffs which though not needed were appreciated. To sum up the whole thing. we had a nifty time.

FIRST MEADOWBROOK TRIP

1

Off we went with four cances From Smithfield's Sandy beach The Meadowbrook stream was far away But not beyond our reach.

2

We paddled awhile, then stopped for lunch Then straddled a cow or two Then later on we improved our minds With a lot of romantic goo.

3

At Otter we stopped to stuff ourselves While Anna's friends chugged round It didn't bother us a bit That we weren't completely gowned.

4

And now we look with envy on The half dozen girls or so Who took the trip the following day And wished that we could go.

Katherine Hamilton

SECOND MEADOWBROOK TRIP - 1939

On Thursday morn we started out The weather fine without a doubt We drove to East Pond in the truck And set our canoes down in the muck. Across the lake we traveled fast Using raincoats and paddles as sails and mast. Then into Smithfield Stream we went And it appeared both crooked and bent The shores were lined with marshes thick And many a canoe in the mud did stick Arriving in Smithfield we went to see How the lake on the other side would be Buy oh! the sight that met our gaze Was enough to make one ill for days The wind was blowing a hurricane And to paddle across it would have been in vain So back to our canoes we went once more And decided to eat and then explore Many were the things we found As we turned over rocks and fished around And sad to say we had to call Up camp to come and get us all But if the wind must blow a gale Our Meadowbrook trip will always fail.

SIXTH SHACK GOES TO BELGRADE

Before supper on Monday night Sixth Shack was in a bit of an uproar. The topic of discussion was whether we would go to Belgrade or not. At the end of the debate the Shackers won and Miss Dowd, against her better judgment, let us go.

After supper we all set out, a merry merry crew, and the trip over was very successful.

On arrival Miss Dowd mysteriously became Miss Smith, and then "Smitty." This name was all very well until we met people who knew the Mentor, and I must say they were very much astounded to hear her called by an unknown name.

When we had gotten seated at the "Day and Night Club" mid stares and "What camp is that?" etc., two couples consisting of Jinny and Darcy and Joan and Ginger bravely got up to dance. They had the whole floor to themselves, but just as they got about half way through the dance they went kerplunk right into each other. It's funny how Runoia girls must stick together?

After we had all eaten our fill, the waitress appeared with one of the most enormous chocolate sodas I've ever seen. No one seemed to claim this delectable dish, but finally the light dawned. It seems Jimmy Branham had ordered it, but she had also ordered a jigger which she'd forgotten about. She tackled both of them and we're glad to say she's still with us.

Nothing much more happened and we returned very happy for two reasons: first, that Miss Smith had let us go, and second that we had no Elsas along to fall in.

FIFTH SHACK GOES TO BELGRADE LAKES

Up to this time Fifth Shack has written numerous stories about "The Imaginary Trip to Belgrade Lakes," and how we almost got there and so forth and so on. But now we have something to tell the world about. Yes sir, Fifth Shack went to Belgrade Lakes.

The trip over didn't seem very long and the lake was as calm as a mill pond, but that was o.k. by us. After all hadn't Dobbin said that unless it was smooth as glass we'd never get there? But that's sort of telling our secrets, so on with the trip.

We stood around trying to decide whether to go into Harden's or to the Day and Night Club, and naturally the majority wanted to eat. So happily we set off down the road, our stomachs leading the way.

On reaching the Day and Night Club we all squeezed into one little booth, and each and everyone of us (except Nancy Lester who decided to be different and got a jigger) ordered a hotdog and We topped it off with sundaes.

After eating we lolled around trying to get up enough courage to dance. Then Jinnie contributed a nickel and we huddled together in a corner and cut some pretty box steps and some divine twinkles.

Johnny finally announced that if we were going to get any souvenirs or such we'd better get amove on, and move on we did and let it be known it was a very happy bunch of campers that left Belgrade Lakes that night, because after all we'd been waiting and waiting to get there, and now we can truthfully say we've been to Belgrade Lakes.









FIFTH SHACK'S TRIP TO GOODYEAR'S

Mah Friends!!! and fellow campers:-

Pardon me but I sincerely believe that what I'm going to tell requires a spech so - here goes.

On the fine morning of August 8th, Ye Olde Fifth Shack tripped lightly off to the Goodyear's at Christmas Cove.

After a quick swim in the chilling salt water, the highly elated group feasted on the choicest hot dogs in the back of the Goodyear's spacious mansion.

May it be brought forth to the citizens of this Camp that where upon the happy group with their friends Martha Anne and Janie and their dear friend Bubbles set forth in a majestic motor launch to Boothbay Harbor. When Fifth Shack had shopped, feasted and gotten lost ten times over, they took the launch back to the shores of Christmas Cove where they descended into Johnny's and Dougie's chariot and sallied forth back to Runoia, land of Harmony.

I thank you.

BELGRADE LAKES

Crash, bang, slam, went the door of 5th shack as Virginia came bouncing in, "Kids, hey kids, we get to go to Belgrade Lakes tonight if the wind doesn't change."

The shack in disgust, "If the wind dosen't change that's a big help."

"Well you should look on the bright side of things anyway." said

Virginia.

"I guess we had better put on our uniforms anyway but I have my doubts about getting to Belgrade Lakes," is heard from Ruthie.

After dinner 5th shack congregates around Miss Dowd and Ruthie with a determined look says, "Miss Dowd don't you think it is a lovely night to go to Belgrade?"

The whole shack, "Yes Miss Dowd don't you think so?"

"All right if you think you can get over and back it is all right with me." said Miss Dowd.

Thank yous were yelled as 5th shack ran down the path to the beach yelling I want to paddle with this that and the other person. They were soon all in the war cance and on their way to Belgrade Lakes. On arriving the cance was hastily tied to the dock and we all rushed to the "Day and Night Club". After a great deal of discussion about what to have to eat most of us decided on hot dogs and sundays. When refreshments were over we all had lots of fun dancing. All too quickly it was time to leave for camp. Late that night we climbed into bed knowing we would never forget the memory of our happy trip to Belgrade Lakes.





Fifth shack began to wonder if Johnny was in her right mind when she told us to get ready for swimming right after rest hour. We changed our minds in a hurry, however, when she told us that we were going to climb Mt. French and eat supper on the top. We hurried through our swim and were all ready long before the bus came into sight.

Belgrade Lakes was our first stop, as we had to buy our hot dogs.

Johnny and Dougie had previously inquired about the number of hot dogs

we could or wanted to hold. This question was answered by a chorus of,

"three". Ruthie, of course had to brightly pop up with, "five", but she

was silenced. After Johnny had pranced gaily into the store and out again,

with the hot dogs, we continued on our way.

Dougie parked the bus at the foot of the mountain and we began our long and tiring climb. Johnny, though she started out with practical nothing, ended with the biggest load of food. Of course, we all hunted for wood and soon had enough for Nance, who built an excellent fire using only one match. This pleased Dougie sconomy sense.

Everybody made a rush for the hot dog package and soon sizzles and pops could be heard. We ate and ate and when the food, hot dogs, salad, mild, and marshmallows, was gone, we sat around the fire and talked.

Johnny and Dougie finally decided that it was time to start and with many, "Oh, do we have to go," and some, "Can't we stay a little longer?" We picked up our bleongings and began our trip downward. We found the bus just as we had left it, and started home with no mishaps other than Taps cut finger which didn't bother her much. Everyone went to bed that night to dream about hot doge, toasted marshmallows, and good times.



Fifth Shack's Trip to Mt. Tumbledown (Cont.)

should we find but a shirt hanging on a limb, and decided it must have belonged to one of the Maranacook boys.

When we reached the top of the first peak we sat and ate blue berries and then wandered down to Crater Lake and over to the spring. After everyone had drunk enough water we continued on our way up the second peak. Nothing particularly interesting happened. We spent most of the time discussing fun we would have going through the fat man's squeezer. We finally all arrived at the second peak, and to the shack's delight for once in her life Ginny did not say "let's sing."

Caniffie, Cricket and Ginny started to the third peak accompanied by Dougie, but Johnny's rubber legs wouldn't let her go. When we reached the bottom Dougie spied fat man's squeezer. Caniffie proved useful as an elevator. Time passed quickly and before we knew it we had to descend the mountain.

After an enjoyable dirmer at "Felix's" we drove home just in time to join the hay ride coming home from the top of the world.

Were we excited? Oh boy! We were going to Waterville that afternoon and have supper at Bauman's picnic place. We had tried to go two days before, but the rain did have to come down in torrents so we had to postpone it until Monday.

Well, we are all in the bus so let's go! Bumpety bump over the dirt road until at last here we are on the main road.
Songs were sung and breaths were held when we came to graveyards.
After a few more minutes of driving we came to Waterville. After
much shopping we all jumped into the bus again. The next stop
was the Bauman's. After a few games of Round Robin we all ran to
supper. There were many, "Will you trade me a cheese for a peanut
butter?" but we finally stopped talking long enough to take a few
sandwiches and pears and gobbled them down. Then there was a
scramble for Annie Chatfield's candy box which finally subsided
when somebody said, "There are only a few pieces left." After that
we raided the raspberry patch and played Hide-and-go-Seek.

In the middle of it - "Oh, dear, we have to go home now! So we all got into the bus but we had to get out again to get ice cream. Finally we were all in again and were on the way. After many motorcycles coming up behind us and bumping and banging we finally got home after a swell time.

JUNIORS TRIP

"We're going to Waterville in the bus"
This is the statement that caused a fuss
Dresses were pressed, and all the hair set
And seniors didn't know why we should fret
But if ever they should go somewhere
Everyone would begin to stare
It began to rain in the midst of rest hour
And all the faces were turned very sour
It rained so hard we couldn't go
Just like Fifth Shack's trip you know.

Mary Jane Lester

TO LEECH COVE IN THE WAR CANOE

Friday morning 4th shack piled into the war cance and paddled across Great Pond to Camp Merryweather. We found that it was inhabited so we didn't land. Johnnie suggested that we paddle along the shore a little way until we came to a small cove. Some of us landed and went wading while the rest stayed in the cance and went after water lilies. The members of 4th shack who had gone wading soon discovered the water full of leechs. They climbed back in the cance and picked leechs off their feet. Some one had the bright idea of calling it Leech Cove and that is it's name.

many hurrahs and yells for they were going to climb Mt. French. We all piled into the bus and with a cheer we were off. We all sang until the bus went over a big bump and Mimi yelled, "Wow does this back ever come off" and then she grabbed the top of the roof for support. After more singing we arrived at the foot of Mt. French. We walked through the meadow and then we came to the cool wooded trail. We picked blueberries as we went up the mountain. When we reached the top and had laid our food and things down someone said, there are some boys over there they look like Pine Island. Peggy looked interested and wondered if John was there. Mimi laughed and they both went to see whether they were Pine Island boys. They returned with a very disappointed look on their faces because the boys were just from the town.

Everyone at Camp Runoia was all of a twitter, because they were going to Lord's shore for their picnic, and it was now the moment to be off.

Several cances had pushed off and now the war cance was pushing off holding all of 4th shack including Flackie, Nancy Dowd, Anna Bauman, and Blossom Appleby. The war cance was to take the lead and the other cances to follow. It was a long paddle, but finally the war cance after having trouble with the two stroke paddlers got some where near Lord's shore.

No one knew where it was except Flackie of course, who thought it was further down the lake. We turned around several times and then Miss Dowd and Dobbin came up along the side of the war cance and asked what the matter was. After she learned what it was Miss Dowd said that Flackie was right and she guided the war cance to Lord's shore.

After everybody had landed they began to eat. The food was cream cheese, jam sandwiches, salad made of raisins, carrots and cabbage, milk and bananars for desert. After supper some lucky people got to walk home. These people were Ann Morton, Francis Luther, Mary Jane Lester, Jean Kark, Mary Bauman, Francis Thomas and Flackie. Finally it was time for everyone to go and they all got in the canoes and it was a lovely moonlight paddle home.

One morning Flackie burst into Fourth Shack with a surprise for us.

We were going to the ocean. At first we didn't believe what Flackie said, but finally we were convinced that it was true. We had to hustle around to get already to go.

Finally we were already and we started out with Mary, Annie, A. E., and Flackie with Piglet and Elizabeth, Francie, Bobby and Hope with Johnny. It was a fairly long trip, and on the way we stopped at Miss Fessenden's house. After a short stay there we went on to the shore.

We had to put on our bathing suits in some bushes on a hillside.

Then we went to the shore and went in, that is some of us did. The water
was cold but fun. Finally after everybody had been out at least once, we
got dressed.

Our picnic place was a bank of rocks overlooking the ocean, and it was a very beautiful spot but there was no shade. We had hot dogs, tomatoes, lettuce, pears, cookies and milk for lunch. When we were about half way through Miss Fessenden came and she helped us look for sea urchins and things like that. We got a jar and put the things in it.

After the lunch things were cleared up we started back to the place where we went in swimming that morning, and we got dressed for swimming again.

We all made castles in the sand for a while and then we wanted to go in swimming, but we found that we couldn't get very far into the water because of the barnacles as the tide was out. We finally found a place where we could swim but it was so late that we could only take a dip.

FOURTH SHACK'S TRIP TO THE OCEAN (Cont.)

After we had dressed we started back to Miss Fessenden's house, and on the way we got some ice cream. We left Miss Fessenden at her house and came on home where we had a good supper awaiting us.

Ann Elizabeth Nelson











THE KENNEBEC TRIP

Act First

(Scene 1 Tuesday about 12:00 in the bus at Bingham)

Characters (Jimny (Flackie (all having set out to (Joan (Dobbin (shop and get directions (Taytay (Mingle (from a mysterious (Jean (Piglet (doctor

(40000)

Tay-tay Now, if only we knew where the food was and where the knives and opener are we could start getting lunch.

Jinny Probably the bread is in that basket you have your feet in.

Tat-tay So 'tis. Now we have the bread where's the jam and all?

Frantic hunt for food of any sort while Jean calmly

watches small boys of the town who excitedly remark on cance and queer group caged up inside of bus getting lunch. Every few minutes she makes some violent statement in a booming voice, causing campers to blush and passersby to stop and stare.

Tay-tay & (ensemble) Where is the jam and peanut butter?

Dead silence while Jimmy munches a dry piece of bread

Tay-tay & (shrieking with almost a sob in their voices) Ohl Joan pleasel Somebody, where is the food!

Jean (calmly turning from small boys) Does somebody want something?

Nobody says anything

Jean If you are trying to make sandwiches you oughter have some whatchamawhoosis in the middle. Why don't you use some of this jam and peanut butter?

She produces a jar of each and returns to small boy

and huge shaggy dog - remarking -

Jean Still isn't as big as Beau. You really oughter see Beau - Why! when Beau hears ----

Everyone busy spreading sandwiches for absent

counselors during entire monolog.

Gilbert climbs over the budding cooks with three hot-dogs in a paper bag.

Joan What got there, Gilbert?

Gilbert Dogs.

Joan How many. Gilbert.

Gilbert Ump!

Joan Now, don't go and make yourself sick. You shouldn't

eat so many all at once anyway.

Gilbert stuffs end of second hot-dog in his mouth and says

Gilbert You kin have t'other. I'll get one coming back later.

Joan, Jinny, Tay-tay seize hot-dog and in rotation eat

it, a bite every time around. Jean is left out 'cause she has already stated, unwisely let it be said, that she is going to eat Flackie's egg all herself "like it or lump it."

Piglet and Mingle grab sandwiches and are gone.

Time is spent happily in the bus.

Jean ----of course, Beau isn't like most dogs---- Mother gets

so mad sometimes, why Mother just dotes on Beau, but G-d

Beau is so full of life ----

Jinny Here's to Tay-tay she's true blue --

Joan Hurry and finish that can of juice. Tay, we have to drink

it all.

Jinny So drink - chog-a-log chog-a-lug.

Tay-tay makes queer choking sounds.

Four counselors suddenly dash around the corner, jump in bus, step in the open jam pot, slip in the salt Jean has spilled and the bus rattles off.

(Scene II. In bus still en route to River)

Flackie (with a shudder) He's going to pick us up at Wyman - that is, if his eyes don't fall out. Maybe his brother Dick will get us instead. Hope so. I don't dare look at him, I just look at the ground and squirm -- but don't make me think about him, it's horrible.

Mingle ---- and then Piglet just said, 'Thanks Gus," as if she had known him all her life - an don't see how she can say, "Thanks Gus" to a perfect stranger.

Figlet I had to chase all over town for him, and all the people I asked always told me that, "Gus was here, and Gus was there," and then after I found Gus he didn't have Blueberry pies. I said, 'Have you any Blueberry pies?" and he said all he had was lemon pies and no Blueberry.

Dobbin We had Blueberry pies on Sandy.

Jinny & Remember Sandy?
Joan

Rest of trip spent going over the thrilling experiences of Sandy, and learning Indian from Gilbert.

Act Second

(Scene 1 All found untying cances from bus, Tay, Gin and Joan return from under bridge. Flackie telling about interview with man at hotel)

Flackie

I asked him where was a good place to put cances in.

He said, 'For what purpose?' I said, 'To paddle down
the River.' 'Ladies?' I wasn't sure, but I took a
chance and agreed that we were ladies. Then he wanted
to know if we were 'expert paddlers.' I said we would
be when we got through, and then he told me what a lot
of accidents happened on the River.

Dobbin I'll bet it isn't as bad as Sandy.

Gilbert Noow, just watch out for rocks and don't go down sideways and ye'll be o.k.

cances are loaded by means of a chain gang down the steep embankment. Yards and yards of rope being used to tie everything into the cances. Quite a group of people has collected away down the river ready to see us go by or haul a corpse or so out of the torrent.

Good-by is shouted to Gilbert. Joan and Jin's cance pushes off, then Dobbin's and Flackie's.

First rapids passed successfully.

Dobbin Make it all right?

Jin Not as bad as Sandy.

Joan Not as good as Sandy.

Piglet How far do we go today?

Flackie Down the River to the lake and half the lake - the lake is

twenty-one miles long.

Piglet Twenty-one more miles to go
Twenty-one more miles to go ---

Flackie and Dobbin set terrific pace and cances string out.

Joan and Jin's cance in the back.

(Scene II. About 4:00)

Piglet Forty-four more miles to go Forty-four more miles to go ---

Dobbin We ought to stop and let the others catch up. We don't

want them to think it's a race.

Flackie No, we don't want them to feel as if they're racing all the time. The only reason we go so fast is because we want to stay ahead.

Dobbin We'll stop and eat now.

Other cances straggle up, are held together, and it is agreed among all that the cold, leftover muffins from breakfast should be eaten as afternoon tea. Everyone has a muffin except Jean who is busy talking about how she shot a man's hat off with a gun in her youth.

Whose muffin is this? All quiet.

Piglet I'll eat it

Joan

They divide muffin and are about to eat it when Jean

ends her story.

Jean That's mine and I guess I'll eat it after all.

Piglet and Joan are forced to give up muffin and watch

Jean eat it. All start out again.

Piglet Eighty-six more miles to go
Eighty-six more miles to go ---

Suddenly a log boom is seen ahead - stretched all the way across the river or lake - can't tell them apart.

Dobbin throws each cance over and we continue.

Piglet Ninety-four miles to go

Ninety-four miles to go ---

--- I just shout, 'Mother, come wash my back," or Jean

'Mother, come dry my back"----

Set upon set of rapids are shot easily with a minimum

amount of bumping.

Dobbin As much fun as Sandy?

Jinny I can't understand it. It doesn't make sense. You should head for the dark triangles in between the white ones where the rocks are, and here you head for the white triangles you don't hit anything, you go faster - and you only ship

water over both sides.

Joan's and Jin's cance turns several complete circles and does other peculiar things during the day.

A motor boat is heard behind, but our speed is so fast that it takes quite a while for it to catch up. The distance to a camping place is asked, and we have to be satisfied by the fact that the motorboatists think that any place is good enough.

We settle down opposite Camp Kennebec, Pine Island's greatest rival, and again unload by means of a chain gang among the blueberries, raspberries and blackberries that bless our camping spot.

(from among berry bushes) Look at the berries: You all Jean just paddle along and I'll eat! You do the unloading -I'll eat berries! I don't want any supper - I'll just eat berries!

Flackie (coming back from looking the place over) Watch where you go, Jin, there's some poison ivy.

All belongings are conveyed up hill. Even the corn is thrown, ear by ear.

Act Third

(Scene III Camping place in Kennebec River - or is it a lake?) Flackie Who is going to husk the corn?

Mingle I will.

Flackie Who is going to cook the hash?

Mingle I will.

Flackie Who will slice the tomatoes?

Mingle I will.

Dobbin Who wants to unroll their packs?

Joan, Jinny Tay. Jean

I do!

Packs are unrolled and supper started.

Dobbin I don't mind if you sit on my bed, but please don't

drool on it!

Joan (indignantly) The idea! I'm not drooling:

Everyone sits on Dobbin's bed, drops corn, drip tomatoes

and sprinkles pie crust all over it.

Flackie Who'll do the dishes?

Mingle I will.

Joan and Jimmy launch cance that Flackie wants to sleep in and spend a few minutes washing the greasy pots in it, but come home presently with Kennebec on their heels.

The time is now spent with Camp Kennebec exchanging witty sayings and wishing each other luck.

Everyone retires. Some sleep while Mingle watches with envy.

Next morning 6:00 or 5:30

Dobbin and Piglet have been up all night and are jealous of those sleeping, so much noise from their direction.

Joan (bounding through the dewy grass) <u>Good</u>-morning! Never slept better in my life! Feel wonderful.

Dobbin, Piglet, Mingle groan. Joan and Jinny start

breakfast. Things move along fast and all roll packs.

Tay-tay -----Well, you see, I never did have the talk with my

father until just this October, as it were, and that day you wore the blue dress ---

Joan Yes, George?

Flackie Load the cances.

Piglet Seven more miles to go Seven more miles to go.

Tay-tay Well, The Time has come. The Time has come ----

Piglet Yes, George.

All push off and start paddling wildly trying to get to the dam before eleven thirty.

Dam is reached at nine thirty. Canoes pulled up. Piglet,
Joan, Flackie, Jean go to look at dam and try to explain to Jean why you
can't go over a dam in a canoe. The others go swimming and some bathe.

Eat a mountain lunch, and truck comes for canoes at eleven thirty.

Luckily Brother Dick is to carry us around dam. Canoes are loaded and we go down the road.

Campers Why don't we put in farther down the road?

We are taken down the road, find out we can't get canoes in and come back. We wave good-by to Brother Dick and friend.

We reach another dam with a thunder storm on our heels.

Jimy Hello!!

Man Hi, where ye going?

Jimy Norrigowock.

Man You'll never get there.

We disembark

Flackie Can I hire some men to help us carry these canoes?

Man You might.

Flackie Where.

Another man I dunno

Flackie If we carried ourselves, how far would we have to go?

Man One half mile - three quarters mile - down the road to Arnold's Landing, that's where Benedict Arnold landed.

He did it - guess you can.

Girls try carrying cances. Takes ages to get over to

landing. Rain starts. Flackie and Joan go into the town at Solon but there isn't a man to be found. Rain starts in earnest. Hail

starts. Raincoats utterly no good. All retire to old station.

Chorus And you're doing the Cokey-cokey.

Flackie Jean, put on your shirt ---

Flackie Jean, don't crawl in the safe ---

Flackie Jean, don't crawl down in that dirty cellar --

Rain drops off for a while and other canoes are heaved

down the road. Everyone stands knee deep in poison ivy.

Flackie Here's a pair of pants with one dry leg. Give it to Jinny.

A hateful man appearing from nowhere.

Man Do you ladies want hot cocoa and cookies?

Chorus No.

All depart hurriedly

Piglet Ten more miles to go.
Ten more miles to go ---

Rain again (need more be said?). cances again pulled up and

turned over.

Flackie Come up and stand in this field so you won't get hit by lightning. Piglet and I will go and call camp.

Dobbin grabs Joan who is completely lost in Miss Dowd's

fishing shirt, and boosts her up the hill into the field.

Dobbin Run around, Mingle, your teeth are chattering. Run around

all of you.

Joan I can't. I have no shoes on and I'm standing on the hail -

it's solid ice:

Flackie and Piglet fall in stream and then announce that

the bus will meet us a little way down the river.

Standing under a tree in the poison ivy.

Piglet I sail the ocean blue I catcha da pleanty a fish.

Act Fourth

(Scene 1 About half mile farther down the river where we are to wait for the bus)

Piglet One day there came an ugly witch - ugly witch - ugly witch.

Dobbin pulls one of the cances up the bank.

Flackie Get wood.

Dobbin Get wood.

Piglet Get wood.

Wood is gotten. Fire is built, and beans warmed up.

Dobbin Have some beans - everyone.

Piglet Get wood.

Flackie Somebody bring me a flashlight so I won't fall over the

bank and I will get some wood.

Dobbin Have some beans.

Piglet Get wood.

Hours pass. Piglet and Mingle go off with the gentleman to try and get hold of camp. The rest put their feet in the fire and go to sleep.

Mingle and Piglet come back. Dobbin and other friends-inneed unroll the packs, drag the sleeping girls from the fire and shove them into their packs.

Dobbin Go to sleep.

Jinny Ugh.

At about one o'clock.

Dobbin Get up

Jinny Ugh.

Dobbin Miss Dowd and Johnny have come for us.

Jimy Ugh.

Johnny Get up and come along.

The girls are again dragged around the beds, shoved into the cars, and told to go to sleep.

They arrive home at two thirty. The rest of the shack gets up and puts them to bed. Miss Dowd gives them her benediction and a hot-water-bottle or so. All is quiet.

Scene: AT SUPPER THE NIGHT THE KENNEBEC TRIP WAS TO COME HOME

Peg: Mother, come take this telephone message. I can't hear a thing.

Mrs. Hellow - yes - what is it? East side of Kennebec between Branham: Solon and Madison. All right.

Johnny: Some one better take a car and catch Gilbert.

Miss Dowd: Let me go. I'll take my supper in my lap.

Half an hour later Gilbert and the truck are overtaken

near Smithfield.

Gilbert: You wouldn't have caught me if I'd abeen agoing fast.

Miss Dowd. Here's the directions. They telephoned they're on the

Gilbert: O.K. I'll look for 'em.

Four hours later. Telephone rings.

Miss Dowd: Oh, hello Piglet. Yes, I'm sitting up waiting for you.
Oh -- hasn't he found you? You had a thunder storm? Two?
Three? Oh - You're a little wet - Oh, quite wet - Who?
The gentleman? What gentleman? Oh, he was in bed? He's
driving you and Mingle to Madison? How nice! Well, ask
him to drive you to Solon too and look for Gilbert.

Half an hour later - 11:15 p.m. - telephone rings.

Miss Dowd: Piglet - oh, hello. Didn't the gentleman find Gilbert?

Dear me - wait a minute - here he is - he just drove in.

Gilbert: Couldn't find 'em. Nowhere on the river. No road up the east side. They can just sleep out. That's all.

Miss Dowd: Too bad. Hello, hello Piglet. We'll be over in an hour and a half.

An hour later - at an oil station in Madison 12:45 p.m.

Johnny: Good evening, nice to find your place open so late. Five gallons of gas please.

Miss Dowd: Five gallons in this car too. And can you direct us to Old Patterson's Bridge road?

At Supper The Night The Kennebec Trip was to Come Home (Cont.)

Oil Station (Eying Johnny's dungarees, blue farm coat and blue crew hat)
Man: That bridge was washed out years ago. Can't get across that
bridge. Road's under repairs too. Can't get through.

Johnny: All right, we'll go. We're meeting some cances there.

Half hour later. Piglet swings lantern over feeble little

fire on the wet road.

Johnny &

Miss Dowd: Yoohoo - here we are.

Flackie: Sh sh sh, You'll wake HIM up.

Next Day. Eleven o'clock of a nice sunny morning. Miss Crawford, Miss Dowd Darcy, Anna, Nancy. Nancy and Ditto approach the Kennebec trippers' hide-out.

Miss Dowd: Here's the spot. See that pathetic little pile of cinders?

That's all they had to keep them warm.

Mr. Ames: (Emerging from his boudoir with lather all over his face)
Good morning, ladies. I hope your young friends got home none
the worse for wear. Here's something they left. (He hands
out two wet socks and a muddy belt.)

Miss

Crawford: Thank you. Come down to see us some day at Belgrade.

Miss Dowd: (From top of truck) Nancy, hand me that cance. Johnny says we can't load them, but we'll show her.

Noon. At elegant dining room at Lakewood Inn.

A crowd in dungarees, plaid shirts, muddy shoes and neat, neat hair after the use of Mingle's comb before emerging from the truck stumbles into the room, and is graciously seated at a large table in the center of the flower decked dining room.

Nancy: Oh, look at that big fan.

Miss It's an airplane propeller. We're just about to take off. Crawford:

An elegant gentleman comes into the room, dressed in red slacks and a polo shirt. Glazes condescendingly at the middle table and says to his two companions, "You see, we're quite democratic here."

PHILOSOPHICAL MEDITATIONS BY A COUNSELOR

Ever since the Director's assembly talk on how the girls should treat the counsellors, I have been pondering her words meditatively. In my mind there is no argument about the desirability of the girls being nice to the counsellors, surely all agree that such an attitude leads to the greatest good for the greatest number. For instance, it is much better to laugh at a counsellor's joke, no matter how many years you have heard it. And you should not ask what color her hair was before it turned grey, or what made her teeth yellow, as once happened.

No. with that aspect of the question I take no exception. It is the other half of the story with which I take issue. When the Director said to remember that the counsellors like to do what the girls do, I practically swooned at the thoughts that came to my mind. Do we, and must we, play basketball for long hours on the hottest day in the summer? Then there are the rafters of 4th shack. If it's all the same to the girls, I'd rather not climb them and play tag till the roof sags. And must we forever be bickering over something, as our little chums Annie and Francie, do? Take gum chewing, for instance. I couldn't possibly wring any flavor out of the same stick for three consecutive days. And there's the bother of trying to get more gum than anyone else so you can bribe your roommate to do what you desire. What about yearning to go into Waterville, dear Director? I refer you to Mrs. Branham for the answer to that question. Should we delight in stripping Belgrade Lakes of all loose signs and in wearing silly little Swiss Billy hats which have a kinship to the dunce-cap? Need we carry on the tradition that the end seat of the bus is so much fun that you forget the terrific hiccoughs the bumps give you? Must we fight over who, can go to Sandy for a bath

PHILOSOPHICAL MEDITATIONS BY A COUNSELOR (Cont.)

I'm altogether too ticklish to be enthusiastic, over that activity. And what's this about having to be active in rest hour and before reveille.

Now there I will quarrel with you openly. Are we required to chew with our mouths open, to keep our forks stationery and bob our heads down to our food, and to play feet under the table?

Oh no, dear Director, surely you will allow us to grow older and queerer in our own quaint ways. There may be drawbacks to getting older, such as having to wear skirts when the parents come and serving all the best food to others and leaving the smallest, toughest piece of meat for yourself, or counting the laundry, but there are also compensations if we don't have to like doing everything the girls do. Please grant us this freedom. Methinks I have even seen some of the girls glancing at us enviously, now and then, and dreaming of the time when they will reach our enlightened age and charm of personality.

Marion Johnson

R. AND MRS. HOWARD
B. LUTHER, who are
sailing from Boston on
July 16 for a month in

Europe, are looking forward with great pleasure to this jaunt which will include, besides motoring in England, a fascinating visit to Paris, following their landing in Boulogne. Arriving in Vienna, they will motor to Cortina—a very charming spot—before returning to London, whence they will motor through the famous Dollamites, and tis adjacent, equally lovely, lake region. On their return to "The States" they will spend a week or so at Prout's Neck before making the homeward trek to Cincinnati.

During this fascinating jaunt, Mr. and Mrs. Luther's attractive daughter will enjoy life hugely at Camp Penoia, at Belgrade, a summer haven over which Mrs. Grant, one of the popular teachers of Mrs. Lotspeich's School, will preside, as usual, as mentor and chaperone. The children under her care are very devoted to her, many of them, like Mr. and Mrs. Luther's young daughter, having revelled in the gaieties and informalities of camp life for four years or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther are sailing on the Statendam, which of course leaves its dock in New York, but will pick up its Boston patronage in the latter city. Among the many others jóining this group in that port will be the Luthers.

TO VISIT SWEETBRIAR, VA.

Miss Frances Luther will return Tuesday from her studies at the Madeira School, Va., and will enjoy a reunion with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. Łuther, before leaving next week for a visit to Sweetbriar. Va.

While there she will be the guest of Miss Anna Wheaton, whose friendship with Miss Luther was formed at Camp Runoia, Me., where they have spent several summers

together.

Miss Wheaton is the daughter of Mr. Don C. Wheaton, treasurer of Sweetbriar College, and Mrs. Whea-

Mr. and Mrs. Luther have not as yet completed their plans for a summer vacation, but are hoping to leave in August, as is their usual custom, for Prout's Neck. Me.

AFTER TAPS IN FOURTH SHACK

As Miss Dowd blows taps Flackie is just starting a new chapter in the book she is reading to Fourth Shack.

Everybody "Just finish the chapter."

Flackie "But the chapter is fifteen pages long."

Anne "Oh, well, we'll probably fall asleep before

it is done."

Flackie "So will I."

Frannie "Well just read fourteen pages."

Flackie "I can't read any more."

Framie "If you read one more now you will finish the

book sooner."

Flackie "Remember what I told you about not talking back."

Framie (to herself) "I always say the wrong thing."

About an hour later she is back - has quieted down somewhat -

when ---

Flackie (talking in her sleep) "Those children cause me

more worry. I am getting grey all too soon."

Anne "Well. I like that!"

Loud snoring sounds from Olivia and Amme Elizabeth's room wakes everyone up.

Flackie "Who was that?"

Whole Shack "Not me."

Flackie "It must have been one of you."

Anne "It could have been you."

Flackie "It couldn't have been. I heard it myself.

Well, go back to sleep."

After Taps in Fourth Shack (Cont.)

Early Morning

Bang!! Crash!!

Flackie "What was that?"

Olivia "I fell out of bed."

Anne "Is there a crack in the floor?"

Flackie "There probably is. Go to sleep."

Morning

Reveille blows double. Everyone jumps up.

Anne "I've been awake since three o'clock."

A chorus of "so have I" or "I've been awake since two."

Bobby "It's double reveille - let's take a dip.

I never slept better in my life."

They run out. Flackie gets out of bed very tired from the night before.

THE LIFE OF A MOSQUITO

I was born in a woods near a lake. I flew around the woods for a few days. Then one day I decided I would like to go out of the woods and I did. I went to a very strange place. There were many large things made of wood, that human beings call "shacks." I flew into one of them. After I found I couldn't get out, I decided I would look around and see what it was like. There were human beings all around the shack. One of them who was especially large and whose head was a brilliant color looked very tempting to sting, and I stung her. Then something came down on me and everything went black.

THE FIRST SUMMER IN THE LIFE OF A CHICKMUNK

It was a rather cold morning in early summer when my mother came running down the hole into the nest with both cheeks bulging. "I have just found something new to eat, " she exclamed. "It is some kind of a mut and it is very good."

"What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know, but I know I have never seen anything like it before."
"Where did you find it!" I asked.

"Down by the place they call 4th shack," she answered.

I wondered what 4th shack was and also about that nut that mother just brought in. Time passed with mother comming and going and the pile of things growing bigger. Mother never let us go out of our nest because she was afraid that something might happen to us.

One day she took me out and told me to watch everything she did. I waited behind some rocks and saw her climb some funny things, I think they are called stairs, and get one of the things that she had been bringing home every day.

I wanted to try it but just then I heard the funniest noise and my mother told me to run to the hole. I did and later she told me that the creatures that lived in the shack were getting up and it wasn't safe for us to stay there.

When I was older mother told me to get the nuts for the family so we would not have to scrap and scratch for winter food. I went to the porch every day and not only in the early morning but at all hours of the day. One day I was on the porch and some of the two-legged creatures were there too. They were holding the nuts in their hands and making some sort of noise, I guess they wanted me to come and get the nuts from their hands. I was scared at first but I soon saw they were not going to hurt me. I was just about to take one of the nuts when some one whispered, "Stay there Dobbin." I took the nut

THE FIRST SUMMER IN THE LIFE OF A CHICKMONK (Cont.)

and wondered who Dobbin was when I saw a giant standing in the path. If this was Dobbin I did not want to meet up with it on some dark night. Days flew by and the days got hotter. I still went for nuts but my nest was getting pretty full of winter food. I thought I had enough for the winter so I did not go back. Camp is closed now but I hope the two-legged creatures will bring some more nuts next season.

Francis Thomas









YE OLDE PROVERBS FOR YE BUILDING FIFTH SHACK

Jane Goodyear Better to have come and gone than never

to have come at all.

Nancy Lester A sailing girl gathers no barnacles.

Ruth Lester Laugh and the camp laughs with you: weep --

(but that's no concern of ours)

Helene Thoman A prize a year meets Thopie here.

Nancy Crocett A letter in the box is worth two on the way.

Also remember that "quality not quantity" counts.

Priscilla Preston Good music hath charms to calm the angered

camper.

Claire Tapley Absence makes us want you more.

Virginia Miller Silence is golden!!!

FIFITH SHACK'S UNUSUAL AFTERNOON

"Time for rest hour, girls, " this from Johnny as she entered the shack. She was greeted by a chorus of, "Is it baseball, basketball, or self-initated activities?"

"You're all wrong," said Johnny. "To begin with you have your choice of going sailing or for a ride in the Jabberwock. "Who wants to go sailing?"

Everyone decided in favor of the ride in the Jabberwock as most of 5th shack had never ridden in the motor boat. Rest hour was a little on the noisy side, but after a few "shs" quiet was restored for at least a few minutes. Finally the whistle was heard and 5th shack ran to the beach. Johnny and Peg met us there and we were ferried to the Jabberwock. When we were all settled. and waiting expectantly, Peg started, oh my mistake, I mean tried to start the motor. After a few feeble putt putts, it stopped dead and couldn't be started. We sat and looked at each other for a time while Peggy and Johnny gave the motor a thorough once over stopping to look closely at the more interesting gadgets. This seemed not to help any, so Peggy and Virginia set out to find Gilbert. They soon returned however with the news that Gilbert was in Waterville and Harry had gone home with an attack of indigestion. Johnny and Peg scratched their heads and gave the motor one last despairing glance. They had done all they could and nothing had happened, so the best thing we could do seemed to be to go home. We all gave long sighs and sadly piled into the cance with the exception of Thopy and Nancy who had wisely perhaps, left with Peggy and Virginia and had gone sailing. Thinking of them in the sail boat gave us an inspiration. Johnny approved and we soon had the two sailing canoes out. Ginny went in the boat with Virginia and Janey, while Tap and Ruthie went or tried to go alone. The first boat was managed very well under the expert care of skipper Ginny but the

FIFTH SHACK'S UNUSUAL AFTERNOON (Cont.)

second boat had its troubles. Neither of the members of its crew had ever had much experience, or should I say none at all, and great deal of guessing as to the management of their boat was done. They made two quite serious mistakes, one of jibing near the margery and hitting it and the other of sailing right onto the beach.

It is hoped that these mistakes will be remedied next time. After the wonderfully perfect landing of the first boat, we dismantled the cances and put them away. This ended our unusual afternoon as supper was on hand.

Ruthie Lester

KARKY

I see as I look in my crystal ball an outstanding member of Third Shack, 1939. It is Jean Kark. I see her lying on her couch waiting for her hairdresser who will do her hair before the evening performance at the Metropolitan Opera. She is quite excited about it because the leading man is very very handsome!

Ann

I see through my ball the world known lecturer,
Mrs. David Groshman, known in Camp Runoia and Lotspeach School
as that quiet shy child Miss Ann Chatfield. At the time being
she is giving talks in the wilds of Africa to the natives. The
subject of her short five hour speech is, "My Bible and Yours,"
or. "What I Learned at Lotspeach School."

PATTY

Miss Patricia Boston has a good job in Williamsport,
Pennsylvania, keeping track of the many engagements of the busy
business men of that town. She is noted for her eager question,
"What have you been doing today?"

GALE

The former Gale Miller of Runcia we found to be a society matron of Washington, famed throughout that city for her tasty dinner that she gives weekly for the visiting Senators and Congressmen. In her spare time, which is scarce, she sails her four-masted schooner single handed up and down the New England coast. Her older sister is often her companion on these trips and they spend their happy hours telling Little Audrey jokes.

Chrystal Ball (Contd.)

MARGO

What is this I see? It is Miss Margo Vorys doing a two and a half back jack twisted flip. She has risen quickly in fame since years at Runcia, and Billy Rose's Aquacade. She is now diving in the pools in the Sahara.

MARY JANE

I see through a fog the very efficient Miss Lester who is well known for her good work in founding The Home for Poor Spinster Sisters. Her kind heart toward the dear old ladies has sent joy into the hearts of many of them, especially her own sweet sister Nancy.

Third Shack

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

J.N.B. Jokes never bore.

V.B. Very bespeckled.

K.L.H. Keeps languages hopping.

B.M.T. Braves mighty thunderstorms.

D.B.A. Dares Blues anytime.

A.E.B. Always eagerly brightens.

J.B.R. Justa born rascal (reader).

N.D. Noise demon.

D.S. Dashing swimmer.

J.M.A. Jeers Massachusetts Accent.

V.D. Very Dapper.

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

C.J.C. Craves jolly crowds.

N.L.C. Never looks cross.

J.L.G. Just looks grand.

N.L. Never lags.

R.A.L. Really attempts life-saving.

B.M. Bashful mixer.

V.E.M. Vexes everyone muchly.

P.P. Primps proudly.

C.A.T. Can argue terribly.

H.V.T. Has virile temperment.

COUNSELORS

C.E.D.G. Can ever dance gracefully.

J.C. Jolly counselor.

M.R.J. Makes raw jokes.

L.E.M.D. Likes every male demon.

E.F.W. Ever feels willing.

E.H.L. Embraces hearty lads.

M.B. Maternal behavior.

P.H.K. Picks handsome knaves.

A.B.P. Always beautifully presented.

M.T.B. Motherly treatment benefits.

C.K.B. Continually keeps books.

COUNSELORS

Name	Alias	Hails from	Wants	Looks	Pet peeve	Likes	Says
Constance Dowd Grant	Miss Dowd	Ohio	Dr. Swan to call us Runoia not Abena	Like a	Gum chewing		What will we do with the shacks today?
Janet Crawford	Miss Crawford	Buffalo	Longer rest hours	Like a	Having cousins arrive at wrong time	To go to Captain McDougalls Sunday	Will the altos not
Marion Johnson	Johnnie	Cincinnati	To retire	For a laugh	Dr. Swan & Cheribiri- bin	To joke	Is this all the hot cereal we have, Nannie?
Elizabeth McDougall	Dougie	New Canaan	A traveller rigging	tay	People swiping her magazine	To see Poppa	My goodness
Elizabeth Flack Weiler	Flackie	N.Y.C.	J00	For water- melon seeds	People with hands near face	New craft material	Oh boy
Elsie Lawson	Dobbin	N.Y.C.	To go on all trips	In the	Ironing	Camp	Is there anymore food?
Margaret Branham	Peggy	Hingham	More mail	Like person- alty plus	Having people jump on her in the morning	Day & Night Club	May I have a drag?
Priscilla King	Piglet	Scarsdale	Fun	Like a Piglet	Dick	Buddy	Dobbin & I'll go
Amilia Payne	Mime	Cambridge	To go to Louisville	Attrac- tive	People who never heard of Mrs. Wrightman	John	Definitely
Mary Bauman	Mrs. Bauman	Waterville	Butter on the corners of bread	Pleas- ant	Chewing gum		Don't be
Constance Branham	Mrs. Branham	Hingham	Variety	Busy	Dobbin in the store	Third shack's manner of retiring	Go on, shoo

SIXTH SHACK

Warma.	474	77 17 0					
Name	Alias	Hails from	Wants	Looks	Pet peeve	Likes	Says
Jane Allen	Mingle	Louisville	Freedom	Like a friendly puppy	Having Jean Reed say, "Hi-ya Ming"	Her pipe &combed hair	I'm amazed
Blossom Appleby	Apple	Mt. Vernon	A good nickname	Tidy	Her hair when it gets dirty		Oh, sugar
Anna Bauman	Anna	Wa-terville	A case for her doll col- lection	Ready, willing & able	Not enough wind to sail	To sail	Oh, gracious
Joan Bayne	Baynie	Montclair	Not to be bothered with letters from the mails(pun)	Differ- ent	Wet trips	Peace & quiet	Ginger, why must you alway use your comb when I want it
Virginia Dessar	Ginger	Mount Holyoke	To talk about people's "insides."	Like a playful kitten	Being told to go to bed	To rob the cradle	I'll take archery today.
Nancy Dowd	Nance	Rosemary Hall	To stay out of the infirmary for the whole summer		Not going on trips	Her hockey blazer	My brother has a friend
Virginia Branham	Ginny	Derby Academy	Another letter from Hawaii	Out For poise ivy to no avail	on Poison	Eric	How gruesome
Katherine Hamilton	Ditto	Brearley	Track in Sport Week	Sweet & girlish	Summer work in French	To eat	Oh,
Jean Reed	Jean	New York City	A rich husband	Like a colour 'sample card	Being called 'Reed"	To ask questions	Who's in 67?
Darcy Scudder	Darce	A wee town in New Jersey	To ride all the time	Healthy	Missing trips because of riding	To ride	Coming up to the stables Tay?
Barbara Taylor	Tay-tay	Nowhere at present	To do everything at once	Pony	Being called George	To neigh	Where is Darcy

FIFTH SHACK

Name	Alias	Hales from	Looks	Wants	Pet peeve	Likes	Says
Claire June Caniff	Canniffy	Scarsdale	Well on horses	Virginia to wear a belt	Crunching on lollipops	Tennis	Golly
Nancy Louise Crockett	Cricket	Saybrook	Tiny	Wayne	Writing for the log	Pine Island	Oh I can't stand that
Jane Lucia Goodyear	Janie	Doherty's	Neat	People to visit	Her name	Tyrone Power	Will you come visit us in August?
Nancy Lester	Lester	Saratoga	Like a	Anything anyone will give her	'38	To sail	May Anna & I go sail-ing?
Ruth Alden Lester	Ruthie	East Aurora	Нарру	A plaid shirt	Mount Blue	To talk	Oh my cow
Barbara Martin	Babs	Riverdale	Un- sunburned		Coming late to camp	6th shack	Things in her sleep
Virginia Emerick Miller	Ginny	Hillsdale	Fun to be teased	Basket- ball	Life saving	To dance	I had a wonderful time
Priscilla Preston	Priscilla	Derby	Sleepy	To pass Life saving	Her victrola	To read "Secrets"	Oh I can do that
Claire Anderson Tapley	Тар	New Rochelle	Delicate	Craft	Virginia borowing her curlers	To argue	Oh Virginia
Helene Valeska Thoman	Thopy	Hillsdale	Like an example of perfect posture		Her roommate	Athletics	Phew

FOURTH SHACK

Name	Alias	Hails from	Looks	Wants	Pet peeve	Likes	Says
Mary Trump Bauman	Mary	Waterville	For a pie bed	To do a back dive	Signing autograph books	To get letters	Oh heck
Hope Griggs	Норе	Ardsley on- Hudson	For another box of gum	To pass all her canceing	Taking care of Bobby's tennis racket	To read	Annie can't have any- more gum
Frances Luther	Franie	Hillsdale	Bewilder- ed	First place in diving	belongings	To be mischie-	Oh goo
Barbara Miller	Bobby	Washington D.C.	For some- one to tickle	To be an artist	Taking care of Hope's tennis racket	To help Bolivia make beds	Oh Mary
Anne Sheldon Morton	Annie	C.S.G.	Like a boy	To be near Eric	Quarreling with France	To climb in the rafters	Oh peach- fuzz
Ann Elizabeth Nelson	A.E.	Galva	Like her Aunt Marion	To keep from snoring	Sneezing after taps	To answer riddles	Ah whooshey
Olivia Ramsey	Bolivia	C.P.S.	For a warning	Brown hair	Being called tail light	To help Bobby make beds	Oh, phooy
Frances Thomas	Tommy	Cincinnati	Very tan		Reading the funnies to Annie	The goats	Oh, my

M.T.B. Mamma's tiny baby.

H.G. Has grievances.

F.R.L. Fears riding lady.

A.E.N. Amiably ernest nitwit.

O.R. Omits resting.

F.R.T. Fast rambling talker.

A.S.M. Always saying much

B.N.M. Bed-making never minded.

THIRD SHACK

Patty	Willamsport	B 11				Şays
		in socks	To go to Albany	Bureau draws that stick	To ring the bell	What have you been doing today?
Annie or Chatter box	Cincinnati	Under- water	A better mark on swimming strokes	Shoes	Chewing gum	I have something to tell you
Butch	Saratoga Springs	Unlike her sister	To go on long trips	The sun	Everybody	D'you know what?
Gale	Washington	Cute in ferns			Craft	Oh, Mary Jane
Margo	Columbus school for girls	Round	To keep out of the in- firmary	Combing her	Her mail	Who does the spare room? or I don't know either
Karkie	Saratoga Springs	Feminine	To come back next year	Climbing for her clothes	Romeo & Juliet	Oh, why not?
	Chatter box Butch Gale Margo	or Cincinnati Chatter box Butch Saratoga Springs Gale Washington Margo Columbus school for girls Karkie Saratoga	or Cincinnati Underwater box Butch Saratoga Unlike her sister Gale Washington Cute in ferns Margo Columbus school for girls Karkie Saratoga Feminine	or Cincinnati Undermark on water swimming strokes Butch Saratoga Unlike To go on her long sister trips Gale Washington Cute in To be an ferns excellent diver Margo Columbus school for girls Round To keep out of the infirmary Karkie Saratoga Springs Feminine back next	or Cincinnati Under- mark on Shoes swimming strokes Butch Saratoga Unlike To go on The sun her long sister trips Gale Washington Cute in ferns excellent tapes diver Margo Columbus school for girls Round To keep out of hair the infirmary To come Springs Feminine back Climbing for next her clothes	or Cincinnati Under- mark on shoes gum Chatter box Butch Saratoga Springs her long sister trips Gale Washington Cute in ferns excellent tapes diver Margo Columbus school for girls Karkie Saratoga Springs Cincinnati Under- mark on Shoes Chewing gum To go on The sun Everybody To be an Missing name craft tapes diver To keep combing her her mail out of hair the infirmary To come Karkie Saratoga Springs Karkie Saratoga Springs Karkie Saratoga Springs Karkie Saratoga Springs

ANAGRAMS

P.A.B. Please answer bromides.

A.C. Ample conversationalist.

M.J.L. Many jobs lightened.

G.M. Good mender.

M.O.V. Much Ohio vigor.

J.T.K. Just too kittenish.

ANNEX-DOPES

Name	Alias	Hales from	Looks	Wants	Pet peeve	Likes	Says
Helen Howard	Helen	Hingham	Cute	A job	People who don't coop-	Bull sessions	Thanks oodles
Elizabeth Belding	Betty Sue	Vassar	Like fun	Some good pipe tobacco	Her hair	To laugh	I can't be bothered
Nancy Doble	Doble	Hingham	For the telephone to ring twice	Letters this winter	Peeling onions	Kyle	Guess what I've gotta see a man about a horse
Mrs. Conlin	Mrs. Conlin	Hingham	Cheerful	Surplus food	People in the hard sauce	To use butter	Ha, ha

ANAGRAMS

H.H. Hails heartily.

B.S.B. Begs simple breakfast.

N.D. Neat dresser.

V.M.C. Very much consideration.

BUT SELF-INITIATED ACTIVITIES

No parade

No pageant

But ping pong

No Billy Baers

No baggy bloomers

But bunions of bare feet

No teacher

But tango

No pajamas

But Pine Island

No rootie tookie trombone

Priscilla King



Joan Bayne the Fiancee Of Lt. A. D. Williams Jr.

The Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Bayne, of Montclair

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Bayne, of 45 Afterglow Way, Montclair, N. J., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Joan Nancy Bayne, to Lieutenant Alfred D. Williams jr., Army Air Forces, Fort Dix, N. J., son of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, also of Montclair. Miss Bayne was graduated from the Kimberley School and attends Bennington College. Lieutenant Williams was graduated in 1942 from Cornell University and is a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon.