

We, the Log Staff, dedicate the Log of 1940
to Miss Dowd with many thanks for a simply swell
summer.



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TAWNY DAY LILY

THIRD SHACK

There is a young lady, Miss Leach,
When she smiles, she looks like a peach;
She likes to swim
And has plenty of vim
And can always be found on the beach.

Emily is our smallest rut
You never find her in a rut
And though she is our youngest camper
on our spirits she's no damper.

A.wrestling young girl is our Annie
She likes to land on her fanny
When she had her long hair
It was quite a care
But now we can really see Annie.

A dear little girl is our Toodles
She smiles just oodles and oodles
She came rather late
But with us she does rate
And oh, how she loves to eat noodles.

We have a young girl named Joan Myers
Of whom nobody overtires,
She sits on the beach
With little Miss Leach
And she loves to eat by the fires.

Mimi is such a cute girl
In her hair you'll find never a curl.
But she's hardly a lamb
When she sits in the jam
And around on a horse she does whirl.

FOURTH SHACK

We have a young camper named Hughes
Upon whose writings we muse.
She's always happy
And never scrappy
Our Helen, we'd hate to lose.

Here come Babs and Jean Sayre
Before them, twins were quite rare.
Jean is a white and Babs is a blue
But they look just alike to me and to you.

Mary Ellen, from the Erie Canal,
Is a good old worker and a good old pal.
She hails from Franklin, in the North
And on history she holds forth.

Tommy holds many a place
And through the White line she does race
She beats them all
And never does fall
And at dinner she sets a swell pace.

Margo is a plump young lassy
But in diving she's quite classy.
She's the leader of her team
And you all should hear her scream.

Mary is our tennis star
In every field she goes quite far
Sixth shack beds she helps turn down
We love to see her laugh and clown.

Jimmie is a cousin
One of a baker's dozen
Her manners they are fine
Towards politeness she's inclined.

Mary Jane is a fourth shacker,
In vim, she's never a lacker
She shouts and she screams
And she talks in her dreams
In sailing, she's a fair tacker.

There's a fourth shacker, named Chatter,
Who eats, but never grows fatter
In circles she talks
At nothing she balks
When silent, something's the matter.

FIFTH SHACK

Ruthie is a peppy girl
At drawing she is quite a whirl
She laughs and jokes and smiles all day
Both in her work and in her play.

A fifth shack rider is Claire Tapley
She canters round the ring quite happily
She also likes her citronella
She even puts it on her pillow.(At least she used to)

Janie's of the cheerful kind
She's never sour like lemon rind
At drawing flowers she's a pip
But on her knees she often slips.

Hopie has a monkey Pipsqueak
All think to hide him is a treat
With her nose in a book on the porch she sits
And plays around with the two little kits.

A fast talking girl is V. Miller
The sound of the vic sure does thrill her
She loves basketball
And surprises us all
But learning "Whoops Tommy" will kill her.

Acting is Canifffee's line
At playing villain she's quite fine.
Because she is so very tall
She's quite a guard in basketball.

Terry's of the Putnam clan
Between them all they're quite a band
She hoola-hoolas like a native
And in music she's creative.

Priscilla's clever at modelling clay
Her gilded horse was on display.
She drew quite well and seldom fought
But to leave in July she hadn't ought.

To dance, Mary thinks, is divine
And at it she surely does shine
The Conga or waltz
At nothing she halts
And also to sing she is inclined.

Connie came late and left early
This kind of a life seems quite squirrely
But while she was here
She made use of the year
This cheery dramatic young girlie

A. E. is a girl with long legs
For seconds she seldom does beg
She writes thrilling dramas
While dressed in pajamas
And really is quite a good egg.

SIXTH SHACK

Smitty really likes to dance
Around on horses she does prance
In pep and cheer she's never laggy
But everything she sees is "haggy".

Jeanie's bed's her pride and joy
To jump on it does her annoy
And then she has such snarly hair
She needs a dog brush to keep it in care.

Our Marty is some prima donna
All clothes seem to look quite well on her
She golfs and she dips
She loves all the trips
And she practices on the piano.

Our flag raiser is Kathrine Lee
The captain of blue team is she
But nevertheless
In spite of her zest
She writes for the log studiously.

The white team's captain is Jinny
Daily eating does not keep her skinny
She sneaks round at night
Without a flashlight
And is always bumping her shinny.

Our Dowdie's sheets are all a-tatter
Only one remains but that doesn't matter
Her relations are many
But won't lend her any
And for trips her heart pitter-patters.

At poetry Lester's a whiz
She denies it but really she is
She laughs and she jokes
And no one provokes
And likes to drink gingerale fizz.

Tay Tay is full of horse sense
She often sits on a fence
To think of some jokes
To tell to us folks
And her humor she never relents.

Our Stumpie is known for her primping
And on her sore toe she goes limping
She gives out the mail
With nary a fail
And with food she never is skimping.

A deadweight is sixth shacker Thope
As a life saving victim she has no hope
She's able to swim
But while playing victim
With Ivory she ought to elope.

Anna runs the motorboat
She manages to make it float
She draws and swims and paints quite well
And runs at the sound of the dinner bell.

COUNSELORS

There is a counselor Miss Dowd
By cousins she's never cowed
She invites them to camp
Though they're many a scamp
And boy I can tell you they're loud.

Betty is our southern belle
For Pine Island she does yell.
She rides around in the best of style
Instructing others all the while.

Across the courts our Johnny does fly
Hitting the balls both low and high.
As a judge in races she's good too
Cheering hard for White and Blue.

Dougie's father is a sailor
But as a horsewoman we all hail her.
Angora sweaters are her pet
We like her red shoes too - you bet.

Flackie has a set of curls
On her forehead bobbing
And when her curls look queer, you know
Mimi her curlers has been robbing.

Dobbin is always off on trips
Both in canoe and icebox she dips
On full moon weekends, she sometimes vacations
Which fills her heart with quick palpitations.

There is a small girl, Piglet King
Who knows how to do everything
She takes us on trips
And watches our dips
And pushes us through Life Saving.

Peggy is a charming lass,
(Pine Island thinks so too)
She takes us aquaplaning
And sees our third shack thru.

A nature lover is Mrs. Put
She knows the birds from wing to gut
At choir rehearsal she does function
But how she hates Tuxedo Junction.

Mrs. Bauman is a peach
She helps us out when we do screech.
She covers us from head to toe
With gentian Violet-purple, you know.

Mrs. Branham rules the kitchen
She won't let the cats in to do their itchin
In store, she keeps us all in line
In pound, for lost things, she does fine.

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A wonderful cook is our Daigy
When she bakes for us, she's never lazy
Our tummies delight
As our consciences fight
While we stuff in more chicken and gravy.

Stitch is really quite a wow
She plays the piano - and how!
Around the tables she does go
Carrying trays stacked high and low.

Betsy is the belle of the ball
Long black curls down her back do fall.
She struggled hard at tennis with Stitch
Till the mosquitoes made her itch.

Jane Marsh dreads all the inspectors
I guess she's afraid they'll give her lectures
Of diving she is rather fond
As she goes splash! into Great Pond.

ON THE TRAIN

The train pulled out of the G.C.S.

With the girls and baggage in a mess
With the counselors trying to stay cool
Even when Whooper made a pool.

There was fun and laughter all around

But finally there was little sound
As the train poked on to Belgrade far
'Twas night time on the pullman car.

But wat a night, oh what a night

And wat relief when came the light
For all that night just to the sink
A line of people stood to drink.

In stations it was hot as blazes

When you dozed you went through mazes
And when you woke you lay and thought
And thought till you were over-raught.

When day came and night grew less

People hurried up to dress
For that night so hot and damp
Was o'er and they were near to camp.

By

Hughes

Dear Aunt Sue:

You told me to write to you as soon as I got here so I am doing just that. I have been here exactly two hours and in that space of time so many things have happened that it makes my head whirl to think of it.

As soon as we got here, a lot of girls sat down on my bed and sang all the songs and cheers to me. The cheers were really funny, though I couldn't understand a word they said. It wasn't like "We'll win this game" or anything like that. At first I thought it might be some words I hadn't heard of so I looked it up in the dictionary, but it wasn't there. Then I thought of foreign languages, but that wasn't right either. Finally, someone took pity on me and told me that they were just letters strung together. And Auntie, they bellow those things on trips.

Well, they all have some kind of toys on their beds. Now you know I outgrew toys long ago! Well, when I came I was presented with a doll and teddybear that belonged to my batty roommate. She felt sorry for me because I didn't have anything to take to bed. I looked at the things with such bewilderment that someone sarcastically told me to put them on my bed and sleep with them. Everybody laughed, and I got red. Will write again soon,

Your very bewildered niece

Joyce Jane Hardgraves

By: Helen Hughes

INITIATION

It was around 7:30 on the night of July 4, 1940. The cow bell was ringing, calling everybody to the lodge. It was to be the night for initiation.

The windows were all black so we couldn't see in. We walked up the stairs in time to hear Mary Jane Lester and Margo Vorys say, "Please form a line, we will blindfold you one by one and let you go in." I was lucky, yet not lucky to be first. Mary Jane blindfolded me and then lead me through the door. A friendly moice said, "O.K., Jimmy, a big step up in the air." That step was a rather uneasy one. I walked along a long narrow board. A book was put on my head and somebody said, "Watch out, you are touching the ceiling". Then came a wet towel hitting me in the face. I was then told to jump. I landed in a heap on a matress on the floor. I stood up and said to myself, "Boy, it feels good to be on the floor again." I walked a few steps then was told to kneel down and kiss the Blarney Stone. Imagine my surprise when I ducked my face in a big bown of water. I then moved over and was told to kiss it again. This time I kissed a big big bowl of flour. I stood up with something like paste stuck to my face. That was the end. I breathed a sigh of relief. It was very successful. Mary Smith was the only one that really got what the old girls wanted her to.

After everyone went through that, we all sat on one side of the room. Everyone had to do some stunt such as singing a laundry list, threading a needle with your feet crossed on a socker ball, eating two crackers and seeing who can whistle first, feeding each other marshmallow sauce, etc. We all had a grand time at the initiation given by the old girls.

By

Grace James

TIME MARCHES ON!

The year 2540 A.D. toddled in six months ago, and 600 years have passed since that memorable date when a Runoia initiation was last recorded. Things have changed greatly since 1940. Runoia is now internationally known and the Blue and White may be seen fluttering over coves of Frangland, Germussia, Spitaly, and Canerica as well as certain spot on Great Pond in Maine. Our tale concerns this certain spot.

The day is Friday, July 13, 2540, the time, 7:30. At this moment, fifteen small, medium, and large greenhorns stand quaking outside the skylight of the glass Forum, once known as the Lodge. As the years have passed imaginations have grown and initiations in this day and age are something to look forward to with wonder.

Well, to return to the greenhorns. They are still quaking outside the Forum Skylight, and the Flares from the moon point out the time to be 8:00. Preparations take a long time, but the Runoia Subterranean Express made its journey early in order to give the initiates time to ponder on their woes and sins. Not everything is milk and honey in 2540 and people still have woes and sins.

Finally at 9:21 $\frac{1}{2}$ precisely, a figure flutters from the skylight using the new super, super hynon wings. The trembling group vaguely recognizes it as Bary Mauman who is a fixture at Runoia. She shows them a few pivots and dips before sinking gracefully in front of them. The girls realize that the fateful hour has arrived and after a few sidelong glances, they follow Bary through the skylight into darkness. Nothing happens for a few moments but suddenly a shrill screech pierces the silence. The greenhorns relax a little as it dawns on them that Minnie Giller is the only person aside from a ghost who has the ability to make such a racket.

Next, the fifteen uneasy girls are lined up on one side of the extremely large Forum and given the once over by the light of the bottled sun rays. When all is ready, a hollow voice issuing from a dark corner calls the first name, that of Pemily Utman.

Pemily bravely marches to the front and listens to her orders, which are to lay out a new tennis court. A sigh of relief is heard from Pemily as she hurries to accomplish this easy task.

Meanwhile, Moan Jeyers is listening to her difficult orders with groans of self pity. Of all things! Those cruel campers are demanding that she sweep the Forum with a broom, an ancient leftover from past days. The poor girl looks at the thing with a bewildered expression and gallantly pitches in - using the wrong end of the broom. No one understands the art of sweeping therefore she is left to her plight.

Wimi Mhilton is then called forward, and told to knit six sweaters for the Red Cross. Knitting being her specialty she has no doubts of her ability and sets out cheerfully, her mind on the all year sucker she will receive as a reward for finishing them that evening.

While these three are hard at work, Sann Ullivan is given her directions. Her heart sinks as she hears that she is to shine two pairs of shoes. Impossible but it has to be done and she starts to work.

Pemily and Wimi have now finished their jobs and are happily watching their companions suffer. At this moment, Cucy Leech is struggling with her hard task of shelling a pound of peas. Most of the campers have never seen fresh peas, and Cucy is no exception.

By 12:00 the fifteen new girls, have all passed the test. Oh! My mistake! Moan is still viciously wielding the broom, but she has now discovered the use of the queer bristles on one end. Let's hope she will have the Forum cleaned in time to have her luncheon pill with the other campers.

- Ruthie Lester -

NEW GIRLS PARTY TO OLD GIRLS

Saturday noon we came running to the dining room for we knew the girls poster would be up. It said we should come tackey.

That evening at 7:30 we all went to the lodge.

When we got in Mary Smith announced the grand march. All of us had queer costumes. After we had gotten seated again we would be entertained by Third Shack. Mimi Whiton did all sorts of acrobats. Emily Putnam recited some nursery rimes a little differently from what we usually hear. Ann Sullivan did some solo wrestling and Joan Myers did some tricks.

We were next told to face the wall for we were going to play a game. Each of us had a name pinned on our back and we had to guess who it was. Some of us had a hard time.

Next on the program the new girls of Fourth Shack gave a short play composed by themselves, and then three new seniors sang a song, which was very pretty.

The prize for the best costumes were awarded to Margo Vorys and Mary Jane Lester. They dressed in white with thumb tacks all over them and therefore were tackies.

Then we had refreshments which were Big Chiefs. After that we danced and so ends a very happy evening.

A NEWCOMER ON A GREAT POND

When I came here the first thing I wanted to go in swimming. When I came down to swim I said, "I hope I can go in a row boat alone."

So finally my wish came true. Johnny told me to go out in it alone. I had a nice time.

Rest hour was surprising to me. I have a nice time in swimming. I hope you can do the same thing. Maybe you have. Wasn't it fun?

FOURTH SHACK'S COB WEB PARTY

On a bright saturday afternoon, Fourth Shack was doing something peculiar in the Lodge.

You could hear such things as "My string broke," "Flackie, please undo this note," "It's my turn, I've been waiting for ages."

The sounds turned out to be the preparations for a Cobweb party which was to be given that night.

That night, Miss Crawford was the winner of a wooden sailboat pin. We danced the Boonsi-Daisy and the Virginia Reel, and after that, we had refreshments. The Cobweb party had been loads of fun, and everybody had a good time, including Fourth Shack.

Mary Ellen Morris

FOURTH SHACK PARTY

Last night Fourth Shack gave a cobweb party. Dobbin's string went up on the rafters. Mine went over windows and chairs. Somebody's went under the porch. Miss Crawford finished first. She won a wooden sailboat. Miss Branham came second. Nancy Smith came third. After the party we had dancing.

RIDING

I will now read about riding. I go riding two times a week. I ride Gaylark most because I like him the best. When I first came I did not know how to post so I went bumpity bump when ever the horse trotted, but now I know how to post.

Yesterday I did not hold on to the saddle at all and I kept my knees down and my toes in and I sat up straight. Dougie was very pleased with me.

Yesterday I went riding with Jeanie Price and Bobbie taught her how to canter. I was riding on Gaylark beside Dougie and all of a sudden Gaylark got mischievous and nipped her, which wasn't a very pleasant surprise for her.

The End

Mimi Whiton



Yellow Loose-strife

Purple loose-Strife



THE WATERVILLE TRIP

by
Helen Hughes

Last Friday Fourth Shack went to Waterville. We had been invited by the Baumans to go and have a picnic supper at their house.

When we finally got collected and into the city of Waterville, Flacky started dividing us into groups of about four with a counselor for each group as we were going shopping.

We streamed around the five and ten cents store trying to decide what to buy. When we had finally made up our minds we were driven back to the Baumans. Once there everyone made a beeline for the raspberry patch. Then we played croquet until supper and what a supper it was. Hot dogs, fried potatoes, salad, raspberries, pears and milk and there were seconds too.

Then after supper we strolled around and rode Mary's bike up and down the driveway and down the road too.

Later we went to Webber's and each got a vanilla or a flavored ice cream cone. We munched those contentedly in the bus as we drove home. We had had a lovely time and it was the end of a perfect day.

PINE ISLAND AND THE MAGICIAN

August 6, Pine Island came over to see the magician. First he did a handkerchief trick and then presto a full glass of water was under it. Then he did a few other tricks. Then came the marriage of Emily and Jimmy. Peggy played a wedding march. Peggy squeezed water out of Mimi's hand. We were going to have a sailing race but there wasn't enough wind. We had punch and doughnuts. Then they went home and we had a wonderful time.

By

Camilla Titcomb
and
Lucy Leach

THIRD SHACK FISHING TRIP

Third shack decided to go fishing, but they didn't catch a thing. All they got was bites. Everybody thought they had a fish. But they didn't. At lunch Peggy made up a trip song.

Anne Sullivan

AN ANTS VIEW OF SPORT WEEK

Last Monday morning when I crawled out of my hole I found everybody was hurrying and scurrying above me. I had a hard time dodging the many feet and soon I decided something very exciting was going to happen. Every morning I watched flag raising but today I began to wonder if there was to be any. All of a sudden I ~~waw~~ through the bushes a pair of orange and black striped shorts. This was very queer but I began to feel sick when I ~~waw~~ the pink shirt above. I was just recovering when I saw the person they call the "director" appear in yellow satin shorts. This was too much. I crawled slowly back into my hole where I rested for awhile.

A few days later I heard many yells of encouragement from the beach. I ran to the beach and there I found girls sitting on logs, in the lake, spanking the water with long sticks. "What are you doing down here?" said a voice behind me. I turned and there was my good friend the Red Ant. I told him what I thought of the silly girls on the logs. "Oh," he said, "those aren't logs, they are canoes and the girls are paddling the canoes and not spanking the water. They are in a race and it look-----" Just then a feerfull sound shook the air and I could only distinguish some of the words. Later I found out that it had been the senior crew race of which the Whites won the first and the Blues the second. Later in the week the juniors had their crew race and the Blues won.

Then came the land sports. I watched everyone of the games. In baseball the senior Whites won and the junior Blues. In basketball the Whites won both games. When Sunday morning dawned I knew I could sleep late for Sport Week was over.

SOMERSET WELCOMES YOU!!!

We suggest that you:

1. Use small house for food and dry wood.
Take nails out of lock (We haven't a
key either.)
2. Tile bathroom behind big rock to the left
through the grove. (We think it's tile
anyway.)
3. Water at North Pond Club beach. Right
hand beach facing club near this side of
lake.
4. Rocks can be removed from inside of fire-
place.

Hope you have a swell night.

Somersettters

P.S. Please don't feed the mosquitoes.

A BEGINNER'S TROUBLES

Yes, Ma'm, Dougie, my hands are down
But the earth looks very big and brown
Screech, screech, grab, grab, jerk, jerk, fall
Pick me up, Dougie, for I'm not hurt at all.

Dougie:

Your feet left the stirrups, your hands left the reins
Now if you would trot nicely you'd get no more pains
And even if you are about to be killed
Don't ever let out such a screech as you trilled.

Try posting now for when you learn
You will be glad all in your turn
Kick, hold the reins quite still
And after this you've had your fill.

Up down, up down, bounce, bounce, pains
Here comes a lawn-mower I'll jerk on the reins
Wow, he is jumping, and rising and free
Here is the dear old brown earth under me.

I must have hit it kind of hard
I hope my face I haven't marred,
I hope that Dougie isn't mad
I better go for I've been bad.

By

Hughes

Dear Zipper,

How you would love it up here. There are so many things that a dog would do up here that you couldn't do in New York. For instance:

You could wander all over the camp and see many surprising sights, for instance; did you ever see a chipmunk? I thought not, well, just as a word of warning I will tell you what he looks like. He is ~~tiny~~ with a background of brown and a trimming of red and yellow stipes. There are also porcupines up here. (What, you say that you are bored?) Well if you get pricked by a porcupine you will wish that I had told you what he looks like.

Another nice thing about this camp is that there is another little dog up here. It is Mrs. Grant's. The puppy is much younger than you are, Zip, so you would have to be carefull of him. He is not a black cocker, as you are, which is probably a good thing as cockers are supposed to fight. I don't think that you would fight with the "W.P.A." or Wuppa, for short, over the buying of a bone. Wuppa might think that you were being messy.

Wuppa just loves to chew, he chews everything that he can get his paws on and his teeth in. Remember when you were young, Zip, and you scalped a doll. (Poor thing, she never was the same after that) and when you ripped part of the bindings off of the books? They still look terrible. What a puppy you were in those days! But now you are two years old and I hope that you have learned better ma nners.

Flackey, is training Wuppa to come at her whistle and to lie down. (As I think of it I see how your training has been neglected.) You were such a rolly, polly, puppy that ~~every~~ time we got you in the position to beg, you either rose up on your hind legs or top-pled over.

I hope that you will come to Camp Runoia soon.

With my best love to the darlingest dog in the world.

Helen (Hughes)

Dear Owner Helen,

The picture that you have painted of Camp Runoia is very delightful, but I have my own ideas. Little dogs who live near me have told me differently and they should know. (You ask me how I know). Well, it is this way:

The owners of these little dogs took them to camp and what a life. They were mauled, neglected and petted and got sick about everyother day from one thing or another which I will refrain from mentioning. So I am just as content at home.

As to my chewing, I think it was very mean of you to compare a two year old dog with a three months old puppy. Even if I do chew balls till the air goes out of it. It is a high class ball and as for getting silly and nipping, well, I have to let loose once in a while.

Well, thank you anyway for writing me a letter. It must have taken you a long time and you must have been pretty sure that I would come. Sorry to disappoint you.

Aurevoir dear owner, see I know French.

Zipper

P.S. Aurevoir means something like "I will see you soon." But it doesn't mean that in my case.

FLAT ON YOUR BACK IN REST HOUR

Theréssaa giant chocolate sundae
See "Maryland" at Haines on Monday
Drive skillfully on snow and ice
Prone Pressure Method will save a life
Can you swim? If not, why not?
Pepsi-Cola hits the spot
Shampoo, Marcel, Manicure
Lion's famous beer is pure
Luscious Borden's heavy cream
Read American Magazine
Collier's is now on sale
Always drink Ballantine's Ale
Tipping not permitted here
Dining car is found in rear
Lowest prices in ammunition
Baby Ruth's provide nutrition
Chesterfield's they satisfy
Fifteen cents for Canada Dry
Do not disturb, No dogs allowed
Eight hundred killed, Oh! what a crowd
Fifth Shack got our "Nix on Nicks"
But they stay so long on pix.
See the world so they say
We have maps to show the way
Scratch the itch and stop the pain
Camp Runoia, Belgrade, Maine
Look at Armour's Radio hour
Borden's heavy cream looks sour
Misses go 10,000 miles
Mercator map of Bermuda Isles
"Lux et veritas" is Latin
Pixes in Sixth are meant to be sat in
Willkie for President, that's the thing
Private Road, No Trespassing
Not responsible for Zippers
All these signs brought back by trippers
Burning August First thru third
Was that the bugle that I heard.

By

Sixth Shack

THE WINDY DAY

The first one to come in was '37.

When I went down to take a dip I saw only one sailboat at the moorings. I looked all around and couldn't find '37. I pictured her dashing on the rocks along the shore somewhere. And where do you think she was? Safely reposing in the slip between the canoe slike and the dock, bow into the wind, patiently waiting to be tied up again.

Nothing more happened until after breakfast when Mrs. Branham came rushing up the path, shouting, "Get Gilbert, quick, my little girl Peggy is up to her neck in the water trying to hold the Spuddy off the rocks."

So then everyone in sight dashed into the water with their clothes on and joined the fray. The Spuddy was securely lashed to the dock. The waves were getting fiercer. Wild the wind howled; wild the waves roared. We ran a rope across from the dock to the canoe slide and tied '37 so she wouldn't bump Flackie's windowbox. The petunias were bobbing around in the gale.

While we were working the Jabberwock gracefully began to slide toward shore. The chain had snapped and she dragged her mooring along with her. Peggy to the rescue again. The Jabberwock started and was run out to the big float and tied there.

Then in came a couple of row boats and we were just waiting for the Marjorie to begin to slide to shore. We watched the big float moving slowing southward and hoped for the best.

The best fun is removing rudders from the sail boats to beach them. There the Branhams shine again; Ginny with monkey wrench and was it the plunger, oh no, that's what Ginny uses in Sixth Shack, it's just monkey wrenches and hammers on the sail boats. Then a crowd on the beach and heave ho over the logs that are supposed to roll neatly as the boat is beached.

Well, it was fun in swimming anyway riding the big waves and it's lots of fun rowing the little white row boat and the Bobs Brown makes a fine rough weather boat. You just sit in the bow and paddle backwards and she'll ride any gale.

By

Miss Dowd

COUNCILLORS' PARTY

The councillors gave a party in which the girls were to dress as pre-school children and their parents. At first there was a lot of excitement about what we should go as. But when the time came we gathered in the dining room and saw Sixth Shack dressed as refugees. Jinny B. and Nancy S. as french refugees, and Nancy Dowd as Pick refugee.

Then the bell rang and we tramped into the lodge. Miss Crawford was sitting in the lodge, her name, Mrs. Featherbottom. The curtain opened and we saw Johnny sitting as the teacher. Then in walked the head and immediately began asking question after telling the row of children before her that it was a test.

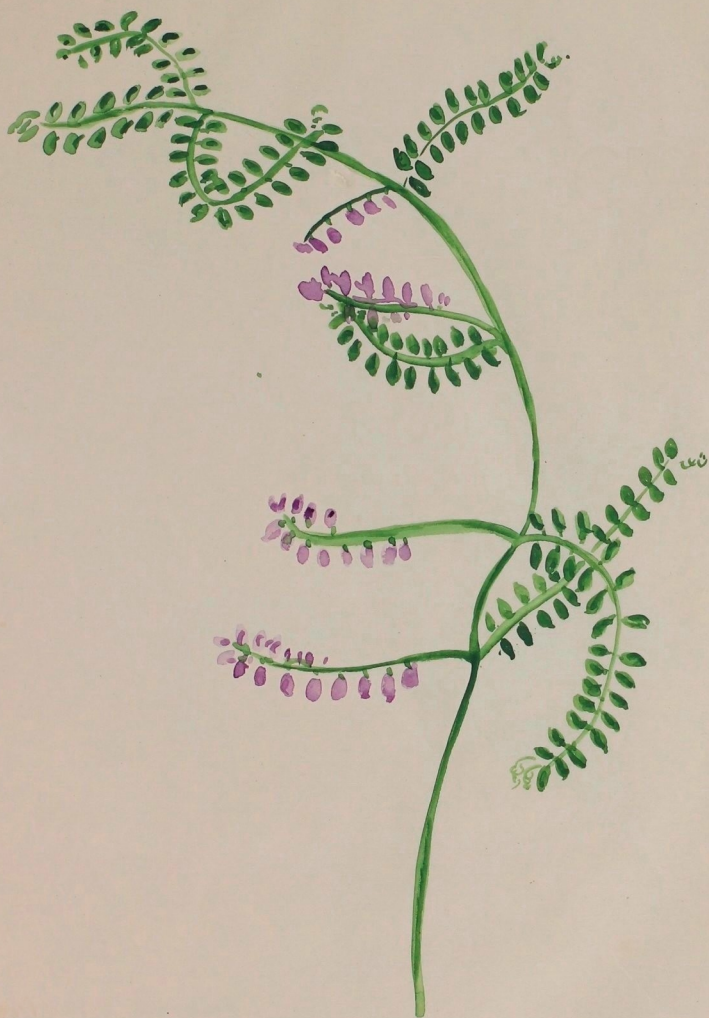
The children sang America all out of tune and then they were told to stand up and do stunts. Mrs. B did much and swished her skirts from side to side and mumbled, two children sang and there were other stunts. It closed with the teachers asking the parents to see the works of the pupils.

LIFE SAVING OF THE FUTURE

Crack! went the bottom of the pool and her head as Dobbin VII forgot that she was in the future and that she should be careful how she jumped into a pool of vapor.

Noticing the catastrophe, the life saver, Piglet, the robot, pulls a box of "Wheaties Pills" out of her storage room (situated in her cheek) takes a pill and sticks it in her chest drawer. This drawer immediately and automatically closes sending a piece of the pill to each part of the tin body which gives that part energy. A thought suddenly comes to Piglet of how her ancestors and those of Dobbin VII had such a mutual friendship, and throwing all her energies into a mighty leap she dives into the vapor. With a curse against the dentist that made it for her, Piglet reaches into her mouth and pulls out a tooth, melts it with the vapor and rubs it over Dobbin VII's forehead which immediately makes her regain consciousness. But though Dobbin VII is conscious her nerves snap with a loud Bang which echoes through the vapor and she grabs Piglet in a crushing stomach hold. Piglet with a great presence of mind whips out her trusty saw and saws off Dobbin VII's arms with such lightening speed that an onlooker would blink at what he saw (if he saw anything). She released herself and glued Dobbin's arms back again. This whole process was done with such great speed that Dobbin VII didn't know anything had happened. Immediately Piglet rushes into the Overarm Push which pushes Dobbin VII onto a waiting bed. Piglet had fulfilled her one and only ambition.

A.E.N.



Blue Vetch

A POEM

Campers, Campers

Look what I see

I am going sailing

I hope there is a breeze.

By

Emily Putnam

SUNDAY HORSE SHOW

Dear Sue,

I was playing with the kitten. He purred and he purred until he went to sleep. Hope had the other kitten. I got him to put his head down. Then he went to sleep.

Send my regards to your mother.

Love,

Emily

Fourth Shack has been cleaning out the back woods or shoule I say Flacky and Dobbin have. One of the leading attractions of the Glen is the mosquitoes, which bite in great numbers. Another attraction is the hammock which is not any more. The villain in this case is Jimmy.

And the other day something fell in Margo's eye, and Dobbin fell out of a tree.

We are still working away at it and we hope it will be done in time to enjoy it.

SIXTH SHACK'S TUMBLEDOWN TRIP

Nine Sixth Shackers, with Peggy and Piglet as counselors, started off to Mount Tumbledown, in old Iron Sides, among cheers of Chehe, chehi, cheho from and for the stay-at-homes. String tricks provided entertainment for the first part of the trip, and then we sang. We stopped a while to see the "big city" of Weld, and then went "on to the mountain."

We started right up because we didn't want to get caught in the rain, as we had been the week before. We stopped at the half-way rock to eat a real mountain climber's lunch of triscuits, cheese, raisons, and chocolate. Then on we went.

This was not an uneventful climb because we lost our way! We came across huge boulders that we never thought even existed. After meeting a few groups of climbers, we regained the trail and reached the top. We were all quite hot and so we went right down to the lake, and on over to the spring.

From there, Piglet, Thopy, and Ditto went dashing over all the rest of the peaks among swarms of black flies, while the rest sat together by the lake, talking.

Upon the arrival of the three hikers, most went over to the spring, while Taytay and Ditto went swimming in the Crater Lake with all the snakes, bugs, blood-suckers, frogs, tin cans, and so forth.

By this time, it was getting quite late, and so we climbed down. At the bottom, we bather our hot feet in the cool waters of a stream, and started off for the Home Place. On the way, we ate oranges and cookies, and then sang.

We were heartily welcomed on our arrival at the Home Place by Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, who gave us a delicious supper; after which Mrs. Whittemore taught us a song she had made up for us.

Only too soon it was time to be off, and we piled into the truck for a chilly ride home.

FOURTH SHACK'S TRIP TO OTTER ISLAND

Wednesday, July 18, Fourth Shack started out in canoes for Otter Island and invited us sailors to go along. We paddled for about three quarters of an hour then landed at a little island where we put our canoes up between rocks and started to explore the island with shoes off.

Then we stopped on some rocks opposite where we docked our canoes. We ate some cookies and oranges then started around the island wading where rocks there were none except under water and climbing on the rocks above water. Mary, E. M., and Jean S. slipped on the rocks and fell in the water.

We then paddled back home. On the way Mary B. and Jean S. and Margo and Babs S. were ahead. They met some men in canoes that they thought were from Pine Island and were ready to give a cheer for them when the men yelled out, "What camp?"

We said, "Runoia" and asked them, "What camp?" They said, "Wigwam" and we were glad we didn't give them a cheer.

When we got home we put up our canoes and went swimming.

Jean Sayre

PARENTS DAY

Last Sunday was Parents Day.

I went in a big, big boat. It had an awning all over it.

We went across the lake to Pine Island. We went around the island and looked at the boys.

Another day we did the same thing in the Jabberwock. I hope you can do the same thing some day.

By

Joan Myers

Toddles and I went to Bellgrade Friday,
August 2. We gave frogs to the bass. We had
an ice-cream cone. We went in the Jabberwock.
We back speedy. Then we went in swimming. We
took turns on the mattress and we never scrapped.

Emily

THIRD SHACK PICNIC

On Friday, August 2 Third Shack had a picnic with Peggy and Johnny.

We were the only ones in camp. We roasted hot dogs and we had some mustard and jam. I ate so much that I almost popped, but I didn't.

When we were through eating we took turns on the trapeze and some of us made a moss path for bare feet only. And we washed the pans.

Anne Sullivan

TRIP TO HORSE POINT

We paddled across the lake to our camping place, Pine Parlor. It is near Camp Merryweather and was used by them. When we arrived we discussed the subject of possible rain until some one piped up about "crossing bridges before you reached them" and so the subject was dropped.

When we had settled, we got in our canoes again and paddled to a fish hatchery. There we saw many baby fish.

From the fish hatchery we walked to the big town of North Belgrade. After walking thru a drug store, and a grocery store and a post office and a sport equipment store all in one, we paddled back to Pine Parlor.

After supper we sat around the fire to sing. We were going along nicely until a cow interrupted our beautiful recital. A few of us went to investigate and if we were seen by someone else we would of made a queer sight. We stood there with sticks in our hands and ready to run if the cow came closer. The cow was probably scared too.

We had a nice night and were only interrupted once or twice by the cow.

In the morning after breakfast we paddled home after a swell trip.

By: Mary Jane Lester

FIFTH SHACK OVERNIGHT TRIP

Rest hour had begun in Runoia, Wednesday, August 9, 1940. Johnny walked into the shack and saw (as usual) everybody in everybody else's rooms. She came down the hall and then said that we were going on an overnight trip and would leave as soon after rest hour as possible.

Then rest hour was forgotten for the moment. The shack was in an uproar. Then the girls were jumping up and down shouting all at once. "Am I going?" "I'm going, I'm going" came from behind Johnny, "So am I", from in front.

"Sh-h-h," said Johnny, "not so much talking; these are the ones going, Tap, A.E., Canniffie, Ruthie, Janie, and Mary."

Rest hour was resumed after much ado. We waited it seemed endlessly for the bell, but before it ended Johnny said all who were going should start to roll their packs.

After this was done and the food had been made ready we all went down to the dock.

"We want a torp," "So do we," "Same here". That left the redwood for our counselors, Miss Dowd and Piglet.

We started off across the lake amid cheers for "trippers" and "stay-at-homes". When we had gone out of the cove the girls took off their blouses revealing lovely printed and striped halters.

We paddled over to Crooked Isle and went dipping. From here we paddled down to the Standers where we were welcomed heartily.

As soon as we were settled we set to work on supper. We had Tuna Fish wiggle with cream sauce, on toast and cherries with cookies for dessert. We saved our pits for reasons you will soon know. We neatly cleaned up all our dishes, pots and pans, food, etc. When things were thus disposed of the contestants of a pit-spitting contest got in a line each holding a cup of cherry pits. Piglet was the marker and they were off. As it turned out A.E. shot the farthest. She apparently has strong mouth muscles.

By this time it was dusk so we sat down by the fire; told funny jokes and sang. We soon left for bed amid Citronella, flit and Bug Repellant.

About five-thirty in the morning, "Oh, look at the morning star!" Grunts, groans - huh?

Ruthie, sleepy and annoyed turns over to see Tapley wide awake looking at the morning star. "Oh my gosh," says Ruthie, "shut up, you will wake everybody up, you moron!"

"What's a moron?" says Tapley interested, "Oh, yes I know, it's a man with two wives."

Exasperated, Ruthie turned over and tried to go back to sleep.

- Silence -

Tapley leans over Ruthie and says, "Look at A.E. She looks just like an Indian. You know I saw a man in Hot Springs, Virginia. He looked half negro and looked just like an Indian.

We'll stop here until breakfast; in fact we'll keep on going because breakfast was uneventful.

We left Standers bright and fresh, paddled over near Belgrade Lakes after a refreshing dip we paddled over to the Day & Night Club for lunch. We met Dowdie over there putting dimes in the slot machines. She had more luck. She won \$6.25.

We carried over to Long Lake and put in. The afternoon was spent swimming and paddling. We paddled to Oak Island for supper with Dowdie and her brother and his wife. We decided to stay out another night and so we spent the night on the camp beach and went up and surprised everybody at flag raising.

So ended a happy trip.

Mary Smith

MESSALONSKEE TRIP - 1940

Nancy Smith

- M for many, much and multitude
as in bugs, food and pulchritude
- E for everything swell and fine
can anyone give me a second line
- S for the sun that burned us brown
and for the super camping ground
- S for sugar, stumpy and soap
Smitty and swell (no more I hope!)
- A for animals that kept us from sleep
and for ants that on us did creep
- L for Lawson our counsellor dear
even though her cocoa is queer
- O for ocean (excuse me it's lake)
and for the omelette that Dowdie did make.
- N for neeba, knobby and neet
Baldwin and Goodyear (aren't they sweet?)
- S for something small I forgot
Betty's snake that sat on a rock
- K for kindling that made our fire
we're expert fire-builders for hire
- E for exclamations loud and long
when Arcadia cheered us with a song.
- E for everything that I've left out
for Messy let's give three cheers and a shout.

Within these pages Sunday night,
Brief memories of the week we write;
A little poem, a trip of ours,
Is jotted here of happy hours --
Both mighty deeds, and common things,
The tasks and pleasures each day brings.
And yet we hope that when we look
Over the pages of this Log Book,
Twill be (and if so, I'm content)
The record of each year well spent.

Adapted from a poem by
Eloise Wood.



BALD EAGLE

KENNEBEC TRIP - 1940

Characters

Miss Dowd	Smitty
Piglet	Dowdie
Ditto	Tay-Tay
Marty	Lester

Gilbert

On the morning of August 14, 1940, Miss Dowd came tramping down Sixth Shack hall --

Miss Dowd:- You can go, and you, and you, and you.

Sixth Shack;- Where?

Miss Dowd:- Kennebec.

Shrieks of delight from the trippers, moans from the stay-at-homes. We have breakfast. After breakfast Dobbin comes down. It seems that a whole new set are going. Blanket pins ponchos, etc., are fought over and we get started. After a while we come to Worridgewock. Dowdie somehow gets hold of a dollar and we all troop into a store for ice-cream. We manange not to pay for one or two cones and with that money buy peanuts. We again get started.

Tay blows harmonica

Everybody:- Shut up!

Tay goes on blowing.

After a while the truck groans and stops.

Gilbert:- Everyone out. This is where we eat.

Miss Dowd:- Look out for poison ivy. Look out for your knee Dowdy. Be careful of the pineapple juice Piglet.

Tay tears through P. I.; Dowdy runs down the hill; Piglet rolls in the pineapple juice. All eat while Gilbert talks to a Coca-Cola man.

Ditto:- Who wants my celery?

Dowdy:- Who wants my plums?

Miss Dowd:- Who can I press to more pineapple juice?

Silence

Gilbert:- You gals ready to go?

We go.

Tay-Tay starts playing harmonica

Everyone:- Shut up!

Smitty:- There are Miss Pond and Miss Weiser following us.

Miss Pond:- (calling) We're going to eat lunch now.
Meet you at the Forks.

Gilbert:- Don't eat too much, gals!

We go on to the Forks. The truck stops.

Everyone:- Is this where we put in?

Marty:- I've never been quite so near a public thorofare.

Ditto:- Who gets the Red-Wood?

Dowdy:- Who gets the Torp?

Everyone:- I do!

Miss Dowd & Piglet:- We do!

Silence

We put in. Shrieks, groans and yells of delight from all.

Dowdy:- (after being down one rip) What triangles are we heading for.

Tay:- The black ones.

Miss Dowd:- The white ones.

Dowdie:- Oh!

Lester:- We just laugh and head for the rocks.

Smitty:- Yes, we noticed

Miss Dowd:- Let's go over there it's rougher.

We shoot rapids in silence.

Piglet:- Is that the saw mill?

Marty:- Yes.

Miss Dowd:- Everyone stop.

Everyone:- How?

Everyone stops except Lester and Dowdie. Dowdie gets all the way to shore and mangges to sit down.

Piglet:- There are some grappling irons

Dowdie:- They're just like rakes.

Piglet:- No, the life-saving book says they're grappling irons.

Miss Dowd:- This isn't the saw mill. Let's go on.

Tay and Smitty are already out of sight.

Dowdie:- I still say they're rakes.

We shoot more rapids and arrive at the real saw mill where we meet Gilbert, load the packs, and say good-bye to Miss Pond and Miss Weiser.

Miss Dowd:- Let's sail.

Smitty:- Tay, you can't go thru' a log you have to go around it.

Tay:- Why?

We sail. Lester gets out Dowdie's Rosemary cape and uses it as a sail.

Dowdie:- Look how well Rosemary's doing.

Their canoe stops

Lester:- Look at the Breerley.

Tay's canoe shoots ahead.

Dowdie:- Boo!

Miss Dowd:- Tay and Ditto sing something.

Tay and Ditto make babbling noises.

Miss Dowd:- Well, maybe you'd better not.

Piglet:- (who has been silent for a long time)
Food!

Miss Dowd:- Let's have tea.

Piglet:- Each canoe gets a pile of cookies. Here's
one for you and ---

Tay grabs two piles.

Marty:- Hay!

Smitty:- Well, anyway we got the biggest.

Silence. All eat.

Marty:- I'm through. Let's go.

All:- O.K.

We paddle on.

Lester:- Roga-roga-Saratoga!

Dowdle:- The team of Rosemary is out upon the field.

Ditto:- B-R-E-A-R-L-E-Y.

Smitty, Marty, & Piglet:- Shut up!!!

Dowdle:- I'm squelched.

Lester:- I'm not.

We paddle in silence to a house which is across
from an island.

Miss Dowd:- Smitty and Tay go over to the island and
look for a camping plane. We'll go towards the
house.

Smitty:- (after looking in the direction of the island)
It's no good!

Lester:- Let's tack over to the house.

Tay:- You can't tack with a Rosemary cape.

Dowdie:- What'ya mean!

We arrive at the house and all pile out of the canoes.

Miss Dowd:- Are the people coming back tonite?

Those who want to go on - yes
Those who want to stay - no

Miss Dowd:- Let's go see if the road has been used lately.

Marty:- We have a Sherlock Holmes among us.

Piglet:- (making slapping noises) Black flies!

Miss Dowd:-We're going to stay. Bring your packs up and also all the food.

Everyone brings up her own pack. Dowdie and Marty go swimming. Everyone else sits and watches the counsellors get wook - make fire - cook food - set table - Marty and Dowdie come up from lake.

Marty:-Is supper ready?

Piglet:- Glub.

All eat.

Marty:- Let's have the youngest ones in the shack wash the dishes.

All but Les & Smitty:- Yes!

Les & Smitty groan and stagger down the path laden with frying pans, dishes, etc.

Tay sits and holds the dishes as they are washed then gets disgusted and leaves.

Les hurls a plate at her. Ditto & Marty & Dowdie unroll their packs. Lester starts chopping down ferns with an ax. Everyone returns to the fire.

Miss Dowd:- Let's tell stories.

Ditto:- Once there was a dog and he was the fuzziest
dog ---

Tay & Les:- Shut up!

Dowdie:- Pipe down!

Miss Dowd:- Who wants to hear about grandfather's
saddle bag.

Silence

Miss Dowd:- Well, lets go to bed.

Dowdie:- Let's hear about the saddle bags.

Miss Dowd:- I've forgotten how it went.

Tay:- I'm cold.

Les:- I'm cold.

All:-Let's go to bed.

We all go to bed and there are many groans and
yells about bumps and ridges, pine needles and
spiders. There is silence for a while - but
only for a while - then out of the dark comes
Smith.

Smitty:- What is a rum ruffin?

Dowdie*:- What?

Smitty:- It's a long tailed titmouse.

Giggles from Tay and Les - silence for a few
more minutes.

Smitty:- I'm a P

Dowdie:- What kind of a P

Smitty:- Sleepy.

Groans from Tay & Les - silence

Smitty:- I'm a table

Dowdie:- What kind of a table

Smitty:- Comfortable.

No sound from Tay & Les. They are overcome.
Silence. We hear whining noises. Les is
thinking. Finally after much thought we hear:

Les:- I'm a Z

Tay:- What kind of a Z

Les:- Drowzy.

Miss Dowd:- (from afar) Is'nt it about time to go
to sleep.

Dit & Marty:- Yes.

There is a crashing in the bushes.

Dowdie*- What is it?

Piglet:- (with lantern) Where is it?

Ditto:- There

Piglet goes the other way.

Dowdie:- WHAT IS IT!!

Marty:- It's only a moose!

We sleep.

Midnight: Dowdie wakes up and puts on dungarees, sweat shirt, and socks.

1 A.M.: Ditto freezes in silence.

2 A.M.; Tay wakes up and puts on shoes.

About 5:30 A. M. Tay wakes up - Les wakes up -
They look at each other and Margo Vorys name
tape on the poncho, roll over and go to
sleep again.

6 A.M.: All wake up one by one and look at
each other and laugh. Lester plays with inch-
worm.

Dowdie:- I was so cold.

Tay:- I froze.

Ditto:- I almost died.

Les:- I was warm all nite - see, I have five blankets.

Dowdie:- Tay & Dit. Oh!

Marty:- Sh: Mis Dowd will kill us.

Dowdie:- She'll be awful mad.

Miss Dowd appears from bushes fully dressed.

Miss Dowd:- Let's have breakfast.

Dowdie & Smitty sit up and stare.

Marty:- Are we getting up now?

Everyone:- Who's got some toothpaste?

Ditto appears with a microscopic tube of Ipana.

Ditto:- I have

Tay:- (reproachfully) It's not Colgates - I won't use it.

She takes the tube and goes down toward the lake

Ditto:- The fishes like it.

Tay combs Ditto's hair and the counsellors get breakfast. we eat.

Ditto:- Who wants a tomatoe?

No answer.

Ditto reaches into the tomatoe box and lets out a yip.

Ditto:- Squish.

Piglet:- Oh yes, I put the left over macaroni in there last night, didn't you know?

Ditto:- It feels like worms.

Marty:- Goo!

Miss Dowd:- Lets rehearse the bathroom door.

Marty:- O.K.

Tay & Marty rehearse. No one watches. Smitty wisecracks. Piglet snickers. Ditto yells for the shovel. Marty gives up and washes dishes. Tay whips around, gets in everyone's way and finally settles down to washing dishes.

We finally pack up and leave. Miss Dowd and Piglet have had enough of paddling with Sixth Shack so they paddle together. Marty & Dowdie talk about visiting after camp, Smitty and Ditto paddle hard, Tay and Les giggle. We paddle all morning. Miss Dowd and Piglet try to go over a log chain. Smitty and Ditto paddle around it. Tay and Les giggle. Smitty and Ditto get way ahead.

Piglet:- Let's eat.

Marty:- But Ditto has the food.

Miss Dowd:- Call them back.

We arrive at a sand dune. Dit races for the top of the dune - she runs thru' some foliage.

Marty:- That was P.I. you just waded thru'.

Ditto:- Oh!

Miss Dowd:- Tay-Tay stay off the land.

Tay stands knee deep in water while everyone feeds her. Dit and Les and Smitty slide down the dune. Tay joins them. Marty gets food. All eat.

Piglet:- Does anyone want a tomatoe?

Ditto:- Is it macaroni. If not I'll eat it.

Ditto munches a tomatoe, Tay and Les drift off. Smitty and Ditto follow. Smitty gives a yell and pulls a huge lake trout out of the lake.

Smitty:- What is it?

Tay:- It's a log.

Les:- It's a bass.

Ditto:- It's a perch.

Smitty:- Thanx.

Smitty pulls fish into canoe and they drift on. Marty and Dowdie get energetic and follow.

Tay:- I think we're near the dam.

Piglet:- Un-huh - could be.

Ditto and Smitty give a yell. Les and Tay give a yell - all yell - "The dam"

Ditto and Tay stop paddling. Smitty and Les go on. Marty and Dowdie head for the dam.

ONE HOUR LATER

Smitty and Les are still paddling Tay and Ditto.

Tay:- I feel silly.

Ditto:- You look silly.

Smitty and Les are too tired out to say anything.

Dowdie:- (from afar) Hurry.

Les:- Can't

Smitty:- Uh!

They finally reach the dam and get out. Then down many steps to a door. Dowdie rings bell. Minutes pass, a buzzer rings, and then another bell.

Dowdie:- (to man) Have you seen a lot of people in blue shirts?

Man:- Yep.

Dowdie:- Where?

Man:- In there.

Dowdie:- Can we go in?

Man:- Yep.

All go in - look around, rush to the mirror, comb their hair and go out again. Finally we all get collected and go over to meet Gilbert in the truck.

Miss Dowd:- Where shall we eat? At a tea room or cook out?

All:- Tea room.

We arrive at the tea room and all pile out.

Smitty:- I'm a P

All:- Shut up!

We eat noisily for a while.

Miss Dowd:- Tay go out and give Gilbert some ice cream.

Les:- Tay you have a hole in your dungarees.

Tay backs out with ice cream and trips over the door.

We start on our way again. When we're almost home Mis Dowd pipes up: "Let's telephone when we get home and say Gilbert hasn't met us."

All:- O.K.

We get to the cottage. Piglet scrambles out.

All:- Sh!

Piglet disappears into cottage. Gilbert reappears.

Gilbert:- She's filling them full.

Dowdie:- Tell us about it.

Gilbert:- She says you are at the forks all wet and dripping.

All:- Yippee!

Miss Dowd and Piglet reappear and pile into truck. We drive down and everyone stares.

Ginny Miller:- You're on the west side of the river.

All pile out, grab packs and dash for the mail box.

Tay:- phew!

Les:- yippee!

Ginny Miller:- Oh, I see, it was a joke!

CURTAIN

By: Tay-Tay

Dear Cabana:

We were so sorry to hear that the camp fee was too much for you this year, if we'd known that was the reason we'd have chipped in and helped you along.

The camp is going on the rocks and the management has installed pay pixes. It's so trying because we must keep our dollar bills in nickles and you don't know how heavy change can get. We are all slightly round shouldered from the weight.

We have trolly lines from shack to shack and field to field. The ones to the field are seldom used because baseball is such an effort.

The counselors are at Counselor's Cocktail now but we are looking forward to the after-dinner quantreau.

I am rooming with Maria de Lump, the famous stage and screen star. She is nice but she bores me so with the trivial things of life.

My family got the weekly camp bill the other day and they hit the sky. It was \$109.63½. I can't see why they were mad because it was less than last week and you know how cigarettes and drinks do mount up.

We have changed the camp colors to khaki and bittersweet which has raised the price of the uniforms. We all wear nylon stockings to the knee which helps raise the price a little too.

Most of the girls are off in our new Cris Crafts for a spin to Lakewood but before they left they sent tenderest wishes to you, dear.

It seems too bad that you can't bring your six year old colt for a week or so to see some of our younger horses.

No more news just now so - I'm off to get a tan under the new sun lamp.

If I can remember I'll write soon.

Passionately yours,

Antoniette Jax Heresepurdy vanHaatenpile

YACHTING NEWS OF CAMP RUNOIA

Last week Sixth Shack unfolded its sea legs in anticipation of a one day cruise on the "White Heather". This yacht being the well-known Pine Island ship belonging to Dr. Swan.

After much discussion of the weather, cars, and what to wear, besides the discovery that their lunch had been put in the truck which was headed for Meadowbrook, the Runoia crew left in fine style. Cheers were shouted for the trippers as well as the land lubbers who watched Sixth Shack, Miss Dowd, and Mrs. Putnam speed away amid clouds of dust.

The hostess for the cruise was Mrs. Swan who met Runoia at the crossroads and relieved the overloaded cars of two passengers.

The next stop was at our destination: The Camden Yacht Club! As the cars drew up, combs were grabbed and many heads were bumped in an effort to smooth down the fuffled appearance caused by the drive.

With the words, "make yourself at home, girls," an order which is never hard for a Runoia girl to carry out, Sixth did not hesitate to look the Club over and scratch their names in the register.

The White Heather was found waiting at the dock and was soon explored from bow to stern.

After taking the boat out of the harbor, the skipper turned over the management to the Runoia crew who did not let the fact that the boat had a wheel instead of a tiller faze them.

The skipper charted the course and the girls followed it, taking turns at the helm.

There was not an inch of the boat except the masts which was not covered by the adventurous guests of Mrs. Swan. During the entire trip the bow was never without several figureheads. Three girls wishing to escape from the hustle and bustle of the deck, rode in the dinghy or tender.

The White Heather headed for Camden at the end of a perfect day and left its passengers wishing for another trip like the one they had just completed.

By: Martha Ann Goodyear

FIFTH SHACK PARTY

On Saturday, August 10, Fifth Shack gave a party in which we were to dress from waist up or waist down in costumes of the gay nineties. Nobody could think of what to wear except Third Shack so Sixth Shack wore gay nities or pajamas, and fourth Shack came as old people in their gay nineties and won the prize.

Fifth Shack gave a little play in which Amboose saved Genevieve, his lover, from being murdered on the railroad tracks, by the tax collector. Then they did some dances, Mary Smith sang and last they did the cancan. We then danced and had refreshments.

By

Babs and Jean Sayre
Fourth Shack

Fifth Shack Tumbledown Trip

Although the sky held a smattering of cirrus clouds which, according to our friend, Dr. Chapman, are supposed to indicate rain, our band of wayfarers bumped cheerfully away toward that great and wonderful bump on the landscape known as Mt. Tumbledown.

As we left the "Home Place" to begin the second lap of our journey all eyes turned to the left side of the road and stayed glued there until cries of "stop," "there it is," "I see it" and many others, brought "Old Ironsides" to a jerking stop. Several girls jumped out and ran down the slope to survey a very dilapidated Burma-Shave add. Nailed to the top of this sign was a red board on which was printed in bold white type, "NIX ON NICKS". This part of the sign being desperately wanted by Fifth Shack. After applying a monkey wrench and a screw driver ten girls heaved together and were carrying the sign across the road to the truck when a man with false teeth confronted them and demanded the return of their new possession. After some bickering Miss Dowd came to our rescue and paid for the sign. We now continued triumphantly on our way to Tumbledown.

Having refreshed ourselves with nourishment consisting of sandwiches and drink at the foot of the mountain we gayly started to climb. Those of us who had never before been on Tumbledown were full of speculations and guesses and the rest were busy reminiscing previous trips. Although we gradually separated into three groups the climb up was uneventful and we all reached the summit of the first peak hot and a little breathless, but eager to go on.

Leaving a small group at the Crater Lake the rest started out to the spring to refresh themselves. From there onward to the second peak and lemon-squeezer, Janie's and Canniffie's long legs were appreciated when they helped us down the lemon-squeezer by pulling down and up by boosting.

Upon returning to the Crater Lake, Ruthie greeted us in a booming voice stating that she and Miss Dowd had spent the afternoon cooling off in the pond. This statement caused many remarks and finally Miss Dowd gave the rest permission to take a quick dip.

We arrived at the "Home Place" tired and hungry. The dinner was received with enthusiasm and silence. After dinner there was singing, first the old songs and then the new modern ones.

Back at camp we found that a good fairy had
turned down our beds for us so in we tumbled tired
and happy.

By: Claire Tapley





HORSE SHOW

On Sunday, August 18, the annual horse show was held at ten o'clock, daylight time. Judges were Piglet and Bobby, while Dougie and Betty supervised.

At nine o'clock a committee of dust-layers strolled off to the ring with two sprinkling cans and three pails for water. Here they ran up and down the hill between Miss Pond's and Miss Weiser's garage to fill the pails with water from a four length hose.

Around ten-fifteen the show began with quite an audience of families looking on.

First was the Beginners Class in which Lucy Leech won first, Ann Sullivan, second, and Mimi Whiton, third.

The Intermediates class did different drills and were judged individually to their ratings. Mary Smith was awarded first prize, Ruthie Lester second, and Jane Goodyear third.

The Advanced class did the same as the Intermediates and after quite a time the judges awarded first to Claire Canniff, second to Nancy Smith, and third to Barbara Taylor.

Then a game, "Musical Chairs" was played which Barbara Taylor won due to her ability to slide off a horses neck.

This ended the show which everyone thought was grand.

By: Frances Stumpp

SIXTH SHACK PLAYS

"Quiet is requested for the benefit of those who have retired" could be heard ringing through the lodge the night of the Sixth Shack plays, August 18, 1940.

The bell had rung and the camp was gathered around waiting eagerly for the performance to begin. Fifth Shack, in case necessary, came in their pajamas ready to go to sleep at any time. They soon found it wasn't necessary for the "Bathroom Door", which led the show, was quite a success.

Tay-Tay as a dashing and chivalrous young man was quite attracted to the supposedly beautiful and talented young primadona, played by Martha Ann. Nancy Dowd and Anna Bauman, the old man and hand-made red-head would have made an extremely handsome couple if they could have gotten together sooner. Ditto, who played the part of a beautiful young girl, quite looked her part. And last but not least "Boots", played by Thope, completely took our attention as she calmly walked to the Bathroom Door and opened it as if it had been freshly oiled.

Soon after that the curtain was again opened and this time upon "A Happy Journey." Nancy Smith played to perfection the part of "Ma" which we are sure she will portray in later life.

"Stumpy" played the part of "Pa" which we are sure she will Not portray in later life.

Jeanie Price played the part of Carolyn, the innocent daughter while Jinny Branham was the Hap-slappy-go-lucky young son. Beulah was played by Anna Bauman, who was fitted perfectly to the part.

Nancy Lester, the general "all-around" smoked her pipe, played, and prompted.

The highlight of the evening came when Beulah received a present from "Pa". This proved to be Fifth Shack's glorious "Nix on Nicks" sign. Then by courtesy of the Sixth Shack it was removed under the lodge steps, where it spent a most comfortable night.

Refreshments of punch and Mary Anns were served and the usual dancing took place.

By: Claire Canniff

FIFTH SHACK PICNIC

We were all very surprised to hear that we were going to cook our supper on the beach, and I think the idea of it completely baffled some of us. These baffled ones staggered down the path, carrying a few stray pots and pans, about a half an hour late, and continued to be a little behind all evening.

As soon as firewood and Fifth Shack had been gathered, we built two fires and filled our frying pans. A scramble arose over the frying pans as there weren't enough to go around, but sooner or later, everyone was happily eating a rather burned egg and some blackened slices of bacon. If anyone heard me say that, she would probably tear me apart piece by piece, but I believe in being truthful. The food tasted very good, though, and probably would have been even better, had we followed the advice of Flackie and Johnie a little more closely.

Finally the last crumb and drop had disappeared, and the dish washers vigorously set to work on pots and pans, dishes and forks. When the last kettle was again shining, we all decided that we had taken some older dirt off with our own, but that we had had a lot of fun, and were ready, willing and able to do it all over again.

By: Ruthie Lester

THE MASQUERADE - 1940

On Saturday night, August 17, everyone trooped up to the lodge dressed in different costumes. First was the grand march, which was supervised by Piglet, who came as Puss-in-boots.

After everyone had shown off her costume separately several danced followed while the judges were deciding the winners.

Mary Ellen Morris, who was dressed as a spanish senorita, won a paddle for the prettiest costume. Mary Jane Lester and Margot Vorys came as Runoia's Gilbert and Anne Sullivan and were judged as the best couple. The twins as Flackie and a tree in the glen, received honorable mention and lollypops. The cleverest costumes were worn by Fifth Shack and Johnnie, who came as the nine planets, the sun, and a lost comet. Flackie awarded them three jumping-beans apiece.

After refreshments of ice-cream, dancing took place until Miss Dowd turned off the lights to end a happy evening.

Jean ~~Price~~ Price and Constance Payson

A TRIP TO BELGRADE LAKES

The girls had a nice day for their trip across Great Pond to Belgrade Lakes, but it had been a Goodyear, anyhow. Nevertheless, their minds were on the weather rather than the paddling and some began to Hughes their paddles queerly. This brought comment from the counsellors, who told them, "It really would be Weiser to watch your course, and you Canniff you try." The weather was forgotten.

"I certainly am glad I Titcomb on this trip." This from a new girl whose name was Lee.

"Watch out!" cried Sunny, the stern paddler. "There'll be a heavy Price to pay if we hit that Stumpp!"

Alas, they had already stuck like a Leach. For a split second silence reigned like a King. Then Lee broke it with, "Lester and maybe we can push ourselves off it."

"I don't Dowd it," said our friend, Sunny, and the feat was soon accomplished.

On entering the stream Lee became talkative again and cried, "Is that a Miller what? It might even be an old Smithy's shop."

"Look again. It's only a tired-out boathouse. I swear you wouldn't know the Taylor head of a dog."

"I'll Grant you that, Sunny, but let's change the subject."

Time stalked on! Our gang had now arrived and the Bauman jumped out to hold the canoes. When all was tied up or down, they set off on some errands.

In the store a councillor was heard saying, "Dougie have everything now, and did we buy the right Branham?"

Everything was found to be in order so everyone dashed for the Day and Night Club, Lee falling over her own feet on the way. She was glad that she had blue instead of Whiton, as it didn't show the dirt.

The girls were quite hungry Ann their orders proved it. Weiler friends watched her, Lee guzzled one Jigger and wanted four more, but a shocked voice exclaimed, "Vorys too much - even one Morris too much! Tapley on the back. She should notice that the waitress is busy and we musn't Sayre name too much.

A little later a councillor, looking at her Hamilton watch, stated, "It's time to go!"

A gentleman Maine-ite sitting at a nearby table exclaimed, "A.E. going so soon!"

"Yes, we must be on our way. Payson before you go."

"Do - It's the Lawson." This from Lee.

The girls found the canoes as they had left them and piled in. Before long, a Putt-Putt was heard and the motor boat Marian passed. She had been driven through Meyers and her repairs were just finished! The girls waved to the crew - Thomas and James - two boys who lived nearby, and paddled on toward home with Hope of returning again.

Here I am at the end of my rope and still have Baldwin and Thoman! Oh well, better luck next time!

By

Ruthie Lester

NEW BOOKS BY RUNOIA GIRLS

Nancy Dowd

1. "How to Remove Jam from the Posterior Regions
of the Anatomy"
By: Mimi Whiteon
2. "How to Wash Dishes and Influence Soap Suds"
By: Betsy, Stitch and Jane
3. "The Strifes and Strokes of Tennis"
By: "Johnny" Johnson
4. "New Salad Recipes"
By: Helen Hughes
5. "The Care and Growth of Finger Nails"
By: Grace James
6. "A Horse, A Horse, My Kingdom for A Horse"
By: Claire Canniff
7. "The Painlessness of a Paneless Window"
By: "Dougie" MacDougal
8. "Male Etiquette Among Girl Campers"
By: Bobby Permane
9. "Pups is Pups"
By: W. P. A. Grant
10. "East to the Kennebec"
By: P. King
11. "What Not To Do In a Motor Boat"
By: Anna Bauman
12. "Dumplings One and All"
By: Peg Branham
13. "Captains Courageous"
By: Ditto and Jinny
14. "Scratch The Itch and Stop The Pain"
By: Mrs. Bauman
15. "Trips"
By: Elsie Lawson

LOST AND FOUND

- Found - Hope's Pipsqueak in Sixth Shack rafters
- Lost - Anne Sullivan's hair found on Mary Smith
- Found - Dowdie's bum knee on Lester
- Lost - Infirmary Pix seat found under Ginny Miller
- Found - A second Jean Reed in Stumpy
- Lost - Several teeth in Third Shack
- Found - Colby's writing ability in Helen
- Lost - Meatball
- Found - Dumpling
- Lost - Buddy's shaving Cream
- Found - on Dowdie
- Lost - Marty's desire to elope
- Found - Mimi in the jam.

By

Jane
Mary, Lester and Tay Tay

INITIALS

Mrs. Albert Grant	Always Grand	A. G.

Mrs. Joseph F. Weiler	Just Full of Wit	J. F. W.

Priscilla Harrington King	Paddles Huge Kayaks	P. H. K.

Margaret Branham	Makes Beds	M. B.

Mrs. Roger Lee Branham	Rules Little Brats	R. L. B.

Mrs. Palmer C. Putnam	Picks Certain Plants	P. C. P.

Mrs. Clair S. Bauman	Can't Stand Bruises	C. S. B.

Marion Rachel Johnson	Makes Riotous Jokes	M. R. J.

Lorna Elizabeth MacDougall	Languidly Eats Macaroon Doughnuts	L. E. MacD.

Elsie Herbert Lawson	Eats Hearty Lunches	E. H. L.

Elizabeth Zollickoffera Baldwin	Ever Zealous Belle	E. Z. B.

Barbara May Taylor	Bears Mountain Trips	B. M. T.

Martha Ann Goodyear	Makes All Glad	M. A. G.

Frances Martin Stumpp	Feeds Most of Shack	F. M. S.

Nancy Lester	Noisy Laughter	N. L.

Virginia Branham	Very Boyish	V. B.

Anna Elizabeth Bauman	Always Eats Boldly	A. E. B.

Nancy Smith	Nice Sister	N. S.

Jean Stewart Price	Jinny's Sailing Partner	J. S. P.

Helene Valeska Thoman	Has Varied Talents	H. V. T.

Nancy Cheeseborough Dowd	Never Could Drown	N. C. D.

Kathrine Lee Hamilton	Keeps Loving Hills	K. L. H.

Maria Theresa Putnam	Merry Tooter Plays	M. T. P.

Hope Griggs	Hardly Gigantic	H. G.

Virginia Emerick Miller	Very Eager Maiden	V. E. M.

Anne Elizabeth Nelson	Artistic Efforts Notable	A. E. N.

Mary Morrell Smith	Merry Melodious Singer	M. M. S.

Jane Lucia Goodyear	Joins Lively Group	J. L. G.

Constance Alliot Payson	Can Act Professionally	C. A. P.

Priscilla Preston	Plays Ping Pong	P. P.

Claire June Canniff	Can Jazz Continually	C. J. C.

Claire ^{Anderson} Ann Tapley	Can Always Talk	C. A. T.

Ruth Alden Lester	Raises All Laughter	R. A. L.

Adelaide Brown Sayre	Always Bats Safely	A. B. S.

Jean Harrison Sayre	J. H. S.
Joins Happy Sailors	
Mary Ellen Moris	M. E. M.
Munches Every Morsal	
Anne Chatfield	A. C.
Always Chatters	
Mary Trump Bauman	M. T. B.
Mighty Terrific Batter	
Grace Miriam James	G. M. J.
Good Manners A Joy	
Mary Jane Lester	M. J. L.
Makes Joyous Laughter	
Marguerite Ottilie Vorys	M. A. V.
Much Outstanding Versatility	
Frances Resor Thomas	F. R. T.
Friendly Rambunctious Tentmate	
Helen Hughes	H. H.
Hits Highspots	
Anne Sullivan	A. S.
Always Sunny	
Mary Lowe Whiton	M. L. W.
Makes Loud Whines	
Lucy Lowell Leach	L. L. L.
Looks Longing at Lovers	
Jean Holstead Myers	J. H. M.
Journeys Hotelwards Muchly	
Emily Cosslet Putnam	E. C. P.
Enthusiastic Camper Plus	
Camilla Lucy Titcomb	C. L. T.
Came Late Too	
Mrs. Virginia Maude Conlin	V. M. C.
Vitamins Merrily Consumed	

Jane Marsh

J. M.

Jam Muncher

Betsy Doble

B. D.

Best Date

Elizabeth Melvina Burnham

E. M. B.

Enjoys Musical Blasts



STATISTICS - COUNSELORS

NAME: Constance Dowd Grant
ALIAS: Miss Dowd
HAILS FROM: Glendale
WANTS: Wuppa
LOOKS: Streamlined
SAYS: I'll be back
PET PEEVE: Nasal twangs

NAME: Elizabeth Baldwin
ALIAS: Betty
HAILS FROM: "Fahmv'llle"
LIKES: Pine Island
LOOKS: Well groomed
SAYS: That 'a 'way
PET PEEVE: Five extra pounds

NAME: Marian Johnson
PET PEEVE: Statistics

So this is where we end.

NAME: Lorna Elizabeth MacDougal
ALIAS: Dougie
HAILS FROM: New Canaan
LIKES: To wash glasses
LOOKS: Like the little man who wasn't there
SAYS: Bobbie's just a wonderful boy
PET PEEVE: Missing assembly

NAME: Elizabeth Flack Weiler
ALIAS: Flackie
HAILS FROM: New York City
LIKES: This years Fourth Shack
LOOKS: Proudly at her glen
SAYS: I think I'll go gardening
PET PEEVE: Holes in the kayak

NAME: Elsie Lawson
ALIAS: Dobbie
HAILS FROM: The golf coursed everywhere
LIKES: Full moon weekends
LOOKS: Golden tan
SAYS: It's a lovely day for a canoe trip
PET PEEVE: "Dippers" and "ostriches"

NAME: Mary Trump Bauman
ALIAS: Mrs. Bauman
HAILS FROM: Waterville
LIKES: Wholesome children
LOOKS: For overnight guests in the infirmery
SAYS: Some gentian violet will clear that up
PET PEEVE: Anna's extra 13 pounds.

COUNSELORS - (Continued)

NAME: Margaret Branham
ALIAS: Peg
HAILS: Pine Island from Fourth Shack dock
WANTS: A job
LOOKS: Like the mother of six
SAYS: He's just pleasingly plump
PET PEEVE: Going to bed early

NAME: Maria Theresa Putnam
ALIAS: Mrs. Put
HAILS FROM: The New York branch of Putnams
LIKES: Snipes
LOOKS: for good diction
SAYS: Watch your dynamics
PET PEEVE: The out of tune piano

NAME: Priscilla King
ALIAS: Piglet
HAILS FROM: B.B.S.P.E.
LIKES: To sit by the telephone at 9:30
LOOKS: Like a life guard
SAYS: I've been sick
PET PEEVE: Emmy's protruding tummy.

NAME: Constance Kellen Brahham
ALIAS: Mrs. Branham
HAILS FROM: Hingham
WANTS: Elastics in her underdrawers
LOOKS: For bigger and better pea shellers
SAYS: Store for everything except candy
PET PEEVE: Animals and campers in the kitchen.

PETS

NAME: W. P. A. Grant
ALIAS: Wuppa
HAILS FROM: Mr. Wuerfel's litter
WANTS: To come back to camp again
LOOKS: for shoes
SAYS: Too much after taps and before reveille
PET PEEVE: Not being allowed to play tennis or ride.

NAME: Saddles
ALIAS: The kitten with the spot on his nose
HAILS FROM: Under fifth shack porch
LOOKS: cute
LIKES: To climb the bathing suit line
SAYS: Plenty when his food doesn't come down
PET PEEVE: No pets.

NAME: Boots
ALIAS: The other one
HAILS FROM: Anne Elizabeth's lap
LIKES: Spagetti with cheese
LOOKS: Ruffled
SAYS: Where's my sand box
PET PEEVE: no milk

STATISTICS - SIXTH SHACK

NAME: Anna Elizabeth Bauman
ALIAS: Anna
HAILS FROM: Waterville
LIKES: To chew gum in her sleep
LOOKS: Like Flackie at the age of 70
SAYS: Tomorrow, I'm going to start reducing
PET PEEVE: Inspecting

NAME: Virginia Branham
ALIAS: Jinny
HAILS FROM: Derby
LIKES: Fifth shack
LOOKS: Like a boy
SAYS: Hot Spittoo
PET PEEVE: Pajama legs

NAME: Nancy Dowd
ALIAS: Dowdie
HAILS FROM: Cincinnati
WANTS: Breakfast in bed
LOOKS: Sleepy in the morning
SAYS: Someday I'm going to murder the bugler
PET PEEVE: Reveille

NAME: Martha Ann Goodyear
ALIAS: Marty
HAILS FROM: Miss Doherty's
WANTS: To elope
LOOKS: Like an actress
SAYS: Where then is the body of my husband
PET PEEVE: Husbands having their breakfasts downstairs

NAME: Kathrine Lee Hamilton
ALIAS: Ditto
HAILS FROM: The Brearley
LIKES: Sports
LOOKS: Like Wallace
SAYS: Hello, and how are the children?
PET PEEVE: Not having fifths on food.

NAME: Nancy Lester
ALIAS: Les
HAILS FROM: Roga-Roga-Saratoga
LIKES: Tay-Tay
LOOKS: Funny (peculiar)
SAYS: For cry-eye
PET PEEVE: Anna gritting her teeth

NAME: Jean Stewart Price
ALIAS: Jeanie
HAILS FROM: St. Agatha
WANTS: To sail
LOOKS: Kiddish
SAYS: Where is my roommate?
PET PEEVE: Having bed mussed up.

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SIXTH SHACK - (Continued)

NAME: Nancy Smith
ALIAS: Smitty
HAILS FROM: Garden City
LIKES: To dance
LOOKS: Like her sister
SAYS: Egad, it's hagggy.
PET PEEVE: Chocolate

NAME: Frances Martin Stumpp
ALIAS: Stumpy
HAILS FROM: Chappaqua
LIKES: To hear about her similarity to Jean Reed
LOOKS: Collegiate
SAYS: I want my mommy
PET PEEVE: Her ex-sore toe

NAME: Barbara May Taylor
ALIAS: Tay Tay
HAILS FROM: Agnes Irvin School
LIKES: To ride
LOOKS: Funny (Ha Ha)
SAYS: Do you want to hear about snooks?
PET PEEVE: Geometry

NAME: Helene Thoman
ALIAS: Thopy
HAILS FROM: Hillsdale
LIKES: To put up "The star that shines every night"
SAYS: I don't know
LOOKS: Sunburned
PET PEEVE: Dancing

NAME: Virginia Conlin
ALIAS: Daisy
HAILS FROM: Derby
WANTS: Food condensed to pills
LOOKS: Cheerful
SAYS: You can ring the bell now, girls.
PET PEEVE: People coming late to meals.

NAME: Jane Marsh
ALIAS: Jane
HAILS FROM: The Wigwam
LIKES: To dive
LOOKS: For wet floors
SAYS: We're all out of peanut butter
PET PEEVE: Slipping under sink

SIXTH SHACK - (Continued)

NAME: Betsy Doble
ALIAS: Doble
HAILS FROM: The Dobles of Hingham
LIKES: To read other people's mail
LOOKS: Like Nancy
SAYS: Gee, I'm sorry
PET PEEVE: Scraping dishes

NAME: Betty Burnham
ALIAS: Stitch
HAILS FROM: The Kitchen
LIKES: To sing
LOOKS: Original
SAYS: I'll see what I can do.
PET PEEVE: Thirsty Campers

STATISTICS - FIFTH SHACK

NAME: Claire Canniff
HAILS FROM: Scarsdale
ALIAS: Canniffie
LIKES: Pictures of Movie Stars
LOOKS: Like a flagpole
SAYS: Junior!
PET PEEVE: Her middle name

NAME: Jane Goodyear
HAILS FROM: Miss Doherty's
ALIAS: Janie
WANTS: Her Scissors
LOOKS: Like a Doll
SAYS: Get off my bed!
PET PEEVE: People borrowing scissors without returning them.

NAME: Hope Griggs
HAILS FROM: Master's
ALIAS: Hope
WANTS: Quiet in rest hour
LOOKS: Dejected
SAYS: Where's Pipsqueak?
PET PEEVE: Terry's recorder

NAME: Ruth Lester
HAILS FROM: Pelham
ALIAS: Ruthie
LIKES: To paddle stern
LOOKS: Brawny
SAYS: Where were you last night?
PET PEEVE: Marshmallow-less trips.

NAME: Virginia Miller
HAILS FROM: Hillsdale
ALIAS: Virgin-yah
LIKES: Meadowbrook
LOOKS: Like the cat who swallowed the canary
SAYS: I'm sorry
Pet PEEVE: Dirty hair.

NAME: Ann Elizabeth Nelson
HAILS FROM: Watertown
ALIAS: A. E.
WANTS: To be called "Chris"
LOOKS: Like Christopher Robin
SAYS: Hi pal
PET PEEVE: New England accents

NAME: Constance Payson
HAILS FROM: Riverdale
ALIAS: Connie
LIKES: Riding
LOOKS: Surprised
SAYS: He's super-duper
PET PEEVE: Not enough letters from Evie

FIFTH SHACK - (Continued)

NAME: Priscilla Preston
HAILS FROM: Derby
ALIAS: Priscilla
LIKES: Glamorous girls
LOOKS: Pigeon-toed
SAYS: Oh Christopher!
PET PEEVE: Mountain climbing

NAME: Maria Theresa Putnam
HAILS FROM: Shady Hill
ALIAS: Terry
WANTS: Marianne Frey's paddle
LOOKS: Small
SAYS: Honestly
PET PEEVE: Being ordered around

NAME: Mary Smith
HAILS FROM: Garden City
ALIAS: Smitty, Jr.
LIKES: Funny magazines
LOOKS: Like a Smith
SAYS: Canniffie-ee
PET PEEVE: Pea Soup

NAME: Claire Tapley
Hails From: New Rochelle
ALIAS: Tap
LIKES: To loll on Ruthie's bed
LOOKS: Like Shirley Temple
SAYS: Look at that Star
PET PEEVE: Being left out of a secret.

STATISTICS - FOURTH SHACK

NAME: Mary Bauman
ALIAS: Mary
HAILS FROM: Waterville
LOOKS: Like fuzzy-wuzzy
SAYS: Oh my Lord!
WANTS: To beat her sister in swimming
PET PEEVE: Getting wrong side up during canoe races

NAME: Ann Chatfield
ALIAS: Chatter
HAILS FROM: Lotspeich
LOOKS: Like an indian
SAYS: They feed me last
PET PEEVE: Hard Beds
LIKES: Piglet not to come before her room is done.

NAME: Grace James
ALIAS: Jimmy
HAILS FROM: Maplewood, New Jersey
LOOKS: Unlike her cousins
SAYS: I haven't got pandamonian
LIKES: To keep from falling down
PET PEEVE: Being called Jamey

NAME: Helen Hughes
ALIAS: Helen
HAILS FROM: Riverdale
LIKES: Books
LOOKS: Intelligent
SAYS: It registers
PET PEEVE: Being called Hughes

NAME: Mary Jane Lester
ALIAS: M. J.
HAILS FROM: Saratoga Springs
LIKES: Craft
LOOKS: Gallant
SAYS: Lucy, may I read your funny book
PET PEEVE: Being told she looks like her sister

NAME: Mary Ellen Morris
ALLIAS: Mary Ellen
HAILS FROM: Buffalo
LOOKS: Like a Senorita
LIKES: To buy candy and not eat it
SAYS: Gravy!
PET PEEVE: Being restrained from eating

NAME: Jean Sayre
ALIAS: Jeanie
HAILS FROM: Columbus School for girls
LIKES: To lie on Mary's bed in the morning
LOOKS: Like her twin
SAYS: Gory!
PET PEEVE: Hearing Grace James sing like an opera star.

FOURTH SHACK - (Continued)

NAME: Adelaide Sayre
ALIAS: Babs
HAILS FROM: Columbus School for Girls
LOOKS: like her twin
WANTS: Wind for sailing
SAYS: Yee Gods!
PET PEEVE: People saying, "her hair turns up and her hair turns down".

NAME: Frances Thomas
ALIAS: Tommy
HAILS FROM: Home of the Reds
LOOKS: Like a cowboy
WANTS: To live in a little town
SAYS: My cow!
PET PEEVE: Her dungarees when they come back from the laundry.

NAME: Marguerite Otelia Vorys
ALIAS: Margo
HAILS FROM: Blacklick, Ohio
LIKES: To turn down the senior's beds
LOOKS: For mischief
SAYS: I don't know how to spell my middle name
PET PEEVE: Bething caps.

STATISTICS - THIRD SHACK

NAME: Lucy Lowell Leach
ALIAS: Lou
HAILS FROM: Wellesley Hills
LOOKS: Like her grandmother
SAYS: Gee whiz
LIKES: Pistol
PET PEEVE: Missing riding with Pistol

NAME: Joan Myers
ALIAS: Joanie
HAILS FROM: Ardley
LOOKS: Cute with her hair done up
SAYS: Heck!
WANTS: To chew gum in camp
PET PEEVE: "Lantern and line"

NAME: Emily Coslett Putnam
ALIAS: Seniorita Longpants
HAILS FROM: Brookline
LOOKS: Naughty
SAYS: Oh please!
LIKES: Chocolate bars
PET PEEVE: Taking out the towels

NAME: Anne Sullivan
ALIAS: Anne
HAILS FROM: New York City
LOOKS: Better with her hair cut
SAYS: Oh, golly!
WANTS: Store every day
PET PEEVE: Lack of fish in the lake.

NAME: Camilla Lucy Titcomb
ALIAS: Toodles
HAILS FROM: Augusta
LOOKS: Hot under her long locks
SAYS: Halleleuyah
LIKES: Chocolate steam pudding
PET PEEVE: Coming late to camp

NAME: Mary Lowe Whiten
ALIAS: Mimi
HAILS FROM: New York City
LOOKS: Wispy
SAYS: Can I go to Pine Island Sunday? Mrs. Swan asked me but that old secretary said I weren't invited.

SOCIETY N

Guests at Tea for Bryn Mawr Director



Cincinnati alumnae of Bryn Mawr College, as well as principals of Cincinnati schools, assembled Friday afternoon for tea at the residence on Johnstone Place of Mrs. Russell Wilson, to meet Mrs. James Chadwick Collins, a Bryn Mawr director. Mrs. Collins was a guest at the Queen City Club Saturday at a luncheon in her honor given by the Bryn Mawr Club. With Miss Catherine More, president of the Cincinnati alumnae group, Mrs. Collins visited schools here Friday morning and was a luncheon guest at the College Preparatory School for Girls.

In the above photographs are, top row, left to right: Miss Angie R. Faran of the C. P. S. executive board; Mrs. A. Alfred Woods, Mrs. Albert Grant (pouring), Miss More and Miss Marian Rawson; Dr. Raymond Walters, president of the University of Cincinnati, and Dean Rodney P. Robinson of the Graduate School of Arts and Science. Mrs. Collins, the guest of honor, is shown below (left), with Mrs. Robert E. Segal.

TIMES-STAR—Thursday, Dec. 11, 1941

N O T

SOCIETY

Dress Rehearsal for "Otango"

Tickets for the Glendale Stunt Night production of "Otango," to be presented Friday and Saturday evenings at the Congress Avenue School for the benefit of the U. S. O. and the Glendale Parent-teacher Association, are still on sale at Mr. Frederick Bernard Jr.'s shop in Glendale. Tickets will also be sold at the door the nights of the revue.

In the top photograph, left to right, are members of the masque dance chorus, including Mrs. T. C. Wuerfel, Mrs. R. Wain Bowman, Miss Mary Moss, Mrs. Albert Grant, Mrs. John Allensworth, Miss Freda Gillian and Miss Beatrice Nichols. Below, left to right, in a song and dance specialty number, are Mr. Edward Anderson, Mr. George Johnston, Mrs. Johnston and Mr. James J. Farn.

A R—Saturday, March 15, 194

OTES

CHILDREN FIRST

THE realization, early in May, that if the child Phyllis does not this year spend a couple of rousing months at one of the camps which have broken out like a pox on the New England states she will be definitely classed as underprivileged.

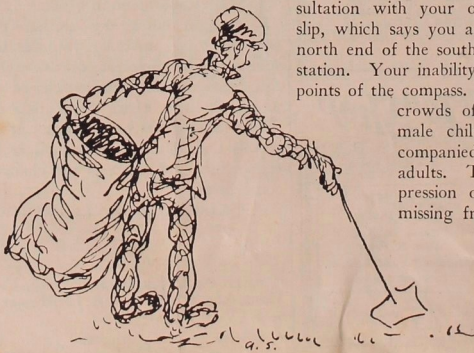
The sending for catalogues. Their arrival. The immediate bewilderment, since, although an acquaintance with seed catalogues, travel-bureau brochures, beauty specialists' pamphlets, and the effusions of the more optimistic of the new-thought cults had given you some idea of what could be done with hyperbole, they were Greek taciturnity compared to this. The glazed pages. The photographs of children whose smiles are as monotonously uniform as their middy blouses. The words "Health," "Service," "Happiness," "God's Outdoors," "Poise," "Murmuring Pines," "Self-Reliance," and many others, all capitalized. The confusion of methods by which these desirable virtues are arrived at. The camp at which the child is never for a moment alone; the one at which she is provided with a Solitary Hour for Quiet Thought each day. The one which is all organized athletics, because they make for Health and Group Feeling; the one which has no organized athletics, because they make for Overstrain and destroy Group Feeling. The one which stresses psychological tests; the one which stresses letting the mind lie fallow during the summer. The one where the children do some of the actual work, because that builds Cooperation; the one where the children do none of the actual work, because that builds Individual Development. The one where they do not sleep in tents, because tents are apt to cause colds and illness; the one where they

sleep in tents, because tents tend to immunize against colds and illness. The final, half-hysterical decision on the camp which seems to combine a maximum of virtues and whose catalogue has that stunning yellow cover.

THE purchase of the camp outfit. The discovery that the child Phyllis is an out-size: ten-year bloomers hanging on her in engulfing folds, and eight-year bloomers effectively preventing her sitting down. The poncho; the six white middies; the three blue middies; the heavy stockings; the thin stockings; the six new pajamas; the bathing suits; the riding pants; the sheets, blankets, towels, pillowcases; the trunk; the duffel bag. The unmaternal and unvoiced opinion that for the same amount of money a very creditable adult female wardrobe for a season at Southampton could be managed.

The doctor's certificate. The dentist's certificate. The large cheque. The slightly macabre feeling as you furnish the camp with emergency addresses of the family other than parents. The sewing-on of name tapes, begun blithely and ending in a fellow-feeling for piecework garment-stitchers. The experiments with indelible ink. The conviction that Michelangelo couldn't have printed his name legibly with the stuff. The discovery that, at least, it is indelible as far as the rug is concerned.

THE arrival of June 30. The Grand Central Terminal. The heat. The feeling that maybe it isn't the Grand Central after all, but a badly run madhouse. The signs set up at regular intervals. "Camp Whoosocket Meet Here." "Camp Obaki Meet Here." "Camp . . ." The hurried consultation with your own instruction slip, which says you are to be at the north end of the southeast side of the station. Your inability to identify the points of the compass. The buffeting crowds of male and female children, each accompanied by one or more adults. The blurred impression of thousands of missing front teeth, bony



thrill and pleasure from it that I get from these three-day canoe trips through the Maine lakes and streams. To be one of six girls and two counselors, who push their four packed canoes off from the dock to be gone for three days, is to be free and alive and independent. Paddling on the average of fifteen miles a day through the wilderness gives you a feeling of solitude. Often I wouldn't see more than two people the whole time I was gone. Shouting from one canoe to another, singing, looking for familiar land marks, searching for new camping places, sleeping with a rock in the middle of my back, walking barefooted on a bunch of thistles, reading aloud around a camp fire are the memories I have of my summer journeys.

Quarrels and arguments are few and those that do find their way into the conversation are of an unusually high standard. No petty quibbles are worth breaking the silence of the woods to settle. Only subjects of general interest are debated. I would voice opinions on those trips that I would keep to myself otherwise. The discussions hadn't the restraint caused by older eyes watching and criticizing that would be present in other places.

"When a girl gets as old as you are she wants a life of society." "You're too old to go to camp." Thus my friends announce. I smile and breathe, "Maybe," and go back year after year. Sophia Kirk said, "If you don't live in the country, you see the woods only in the summer." I don't. I see them twelve months out of every year. Everywhere I turn I see those woods of Maine; every thing I see, do, or hear reminds me of my summer journeys. Other people say that I am getting in a rut. I should go to another camp, get new ideas. The ideas in the camp I go to change every year with the new girls that come in. Every thing seems to change, but basically it stays the same as it has been for thirty years. Utopia in Maine.

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WINNING **SAILOR TAKE WARNING** By RICHARD S.