

NUMORA

LOS

1941

DEDICATION

The Camp is grateful to Johnny and Dougie for their fifteen years of service, for their untiring enthusiasm which has made each summer seem like the indispensable summer, for their all pervading wit and humor which has carried them and us through numberless treasure hunts, backwards days, horse shows, and wet trips, for their energetic interest in all things Runoia; in short, for being Johnny and Dougie. It is to them that we dedicate this, our LOG of 1941.

The Log Staff of 1941 is indebted:

to Stumpy and Peg for doing the typing

to Dowdie for taking the Log pictures

to everyone who contributed, especially
the counsellors.

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Bundles for Britain

Bundles for Britain,

Bundles for Britain,

This is the tune of our craft,

We are not idly fooling or making things a little daft.

But under the guidance of Peggy,

We are knitting with all our skill,

To turn out warm winter woolies

For the services, with a will.

There are sweaters and scarves for the Navy,

Wristlets and beanies too,

And these are all knitted also

In the smart Royal Air Force Blue.

So now Camp Runoia is able

To say with a gay and light heart

That she, with hundreds of others,

Is certainly doing her part.

M. Kiek











THE ROCK SITUATION

Last year, the rocks were under the sand
The place for swimming around was grand
And just a rock or two showed its head
Above the top of its own lake bed.

Now this year everything is changed
And all the rocks in the lake are ranged
Above the water or just below
So that you'll scrape a canoe, or scratch your toe.

So now some corks we put on rocks
So that your feet won't get such shocks
And buoys on the larger rocks
To stop the canoes from getting knocks.

And while this has helped us quite a bit
We keep on wishing and never quit
That some day while we eat or sup
That the Belgrade Lakes could just fill up.

H. Hughes

JINNY

A cute little dog with long silky ears
Though well forward in age he can carry his years;
He's affectionate, docile, and friendly and nice,
Thus his coming up here has lent the Camp spice.

H. Hughes







MY TRIP AROUND THE COVE ON THE ROCKS

This morning, we started out to climb on the rocks around the cove; we, meaning Babs Sayre, Grace James, Patsy Cleveland, Margie Smith, Mary Alford, and myself, after being told that Mrs. Coty, the Art teacher would not come, due to the breaking down of her car.

When we started out, we thought it would be great fun, so, with our shoes off, we began. When we reached Sandy, we saw an awful-looking dead fish, but we kept going until when Margie and Gracie who were ahead shouted back that they had seen a snake. Patsy decided that that was the last straw, so came no further. We kept going without Patsy and just a little further ahead I slipped on some green slime, as we called the sea-weed on the rocks, and fell in. However, we went on undaunted until Peg, who was in a canoe with Patsy and two other girls, said to start going home.

By the time we reached home, we had seen two frogs, four dead fish, a snake, a green thing (we weren't sure what it was) besides having our feet practically kill us from climbing on the rocks. Thus we were very glad when we reached home and could go swimming.

By: Jean Sayre

Connie took her B.A. at Bryn Mawr
And though she has travelled afar
Her thoughts wander back,
So she heckles Sixth Shack
Into steering their course by that star.



Colby's keen wit's her best asset
If you want a good quip, why she has it.
At parties and plays
Our emotions she sways
And from dawn to dark seldom is tacit.

✓
The I.O.H. is proud of its Nance
So well does she canter and prance
When she comes to the table
She smells of the stable
And does she fall off--? Not a chance.



As a bulter Tay hasn't a peer
And stinky-pinkies she introduced here.
The best wit may be brief
But we'd just as lief
Have her stay with us longer next year.

Sal, unlike the rest of the clan,
Goes to church when she possibly can.

Does she do as she does

For the prayers, or because
She hopes that she may meet a man?



The Blue Team is proud of its Aide.
Let's pause for a fanfaronade!

Her name is F. Stumpp

In her worst batting slump
She is way up in the hitting parade.

Goodyear is under control

To have Ruthie the same is her goal.

At loud laughter she blinks,

She says less then she thinks,

And her name will rate high on our roll.



Ruthie Lester is quite a young clown,

She has a feebly growing down.

Her manner's astute

Her wit is acute

And you never see her with a frown.

On windy nights Jinny can't sleep
A vigilant watch she must keep
Lest a sailboat blows in.

"For Cry-eye", says Jin,
"Jeepers-Creepers I'll creep down to peep".



When it comes to looks, Smitty's a hog
She's also the big bump on The Log.

The councilors will know
What this means and so
We'll leave all the rest in a fog.

Anna's spent half her birthdays at camp
On our annals she's left quite a stamp.

Who would have thought when

She wasn't quite ten

She'd grow to portray such a vamp?



Thopy came late to her team.

Of all the white crop she's the cream.

She's willing and able

And quiet at table.

As Preen she was really a dream.

Nancy Dowd, of illustrious name,
In dramatics at fainting's won fame.

She's got a license, a mutt,
And a mouth that won't shut.

She came late, but thank goodness she came.



Tap portrayed Mrs. Bland in the play,
She kept us in stitches all day;

The way she said "Jossif"

Would have made the play close, if
We hadn't been used to her way.

Making beds is Olivia's passion

For Fifth Shack she set a new fashion.

In the councilors' rooms

She flourishes brooms

And her goodwill towards them knows no ration

Lorna Elizabeth MacDougall

Has two nephews who dote on the bugle

It's easy to see

That the whole family

Have musical bents which aren't frugal.



Ginger does so much and so well

We don't know quite where to dwell

Her archery's fine

But let's draw the line

Her story is too hard to tell.

Canniffee's a girl of much stature.

In many things no one can match her

She has such a rep

For humor and pep

That we've had to change her nomenclature.



A musical maestro is Junior

If you want her to sing you a tune'ya

Have only to ask

She finds it no task

Than her, only her sister is loonier.

A pro on a horse is M. Kiek

She goes through her paces sans squeak

On water and land

Her sports are just grand

And her accent's delightfully chic.



You'll often find Hope in the path

Tearing up boulders in wrath

We used to stub toes

But now heaven knows,

The holes are a worse aftermath.

✓
Though usually moderate and mild,
When the monkey came Nancy went wild
With his tail 'round her neck
When you watch them by heck,
You would think they were mother and child.



Not a thing ever gets Helen down
Then too, she's a poet of renown
She gets a thought, then
Picks up paper and pen;
In a minute she's going to town.

Mary Bauman at diving's won fame
Her eyes are now used to acclaim
At sports she's O.K.

It's no wonder we say
She's a Trump by nature and name.



Mary Jane hits such a high clip
That with Sixth Shack she went on a trip.
She dotes on the lake
With a sail takes the cake,
In other words hardly a drip!

Mary Ellen goes to Franklin School
Where 9 subjects a year are the rule
Miss Crawford's her boss
So she gathers no moss
And scholastically's never a fool,



A dark horse in Sport Week was Annie
Though in fifth shack, my word, 'twas uncanny!
She took the first places
In games and in races
Though she had to slide home on her fanny.

Peg sings with a musical sound
She also keeps track of the pound
With diapers and knittin'
She Bundles for Britain
And anyone ~~else~~ who's around.



Betty P. had her third 'niation
Come now--this has reached satiation
Oh Perry you dear
Please come back next year
Be an old girl as befits your station.

Lucy's a tempestuous child
Her emotions are easily riled
Her affections she pours
On those she adores
In a manner which hardly is mild.



Charlotte has come here from Hingham
The Branhams can certainly bring'am
She's a hard paddling blue
In the big war canoe
She can definitely peek, cross, and wing'em.

A red from far Cincy is Evie

She plays ball like the rest of the bevy

She's never a fool

As she comes from THAT SCHOOL

And her hands on the keys are not heavy.



The junior blue Captain is Babs

With Jeanie sport honors she grabs

She swims with the best

And on land her great zest

Makes it trying on her to keep tabs.

A leader in Fourth Shack is Grace
She has such an innocent face
That when noises are made
Or rowdy pranks played
In the blame she seldom takes place.



"Cheenie"'s the heavier Sayre
When with Babs, an unbeatable pair
But if you've not heard
That a buckeye's no bird
But a tree, she'll be filled with despair.

One night Margie Smith grew a beard
Was it permanent? If so, how weird!

Next morn she was saved

For her growth had been shaved
And her smooth skin and pigtails appeared.



Camilla is one of the folks

Who simply adores hearing jokes

In baseball too

She's learned to come through
And drops the bat after she pokes.

Miss Johnson is fond of her bed

✓ You may nothhave heard, but tis said

She won't come to a play

Unless she can stay

With her feet on a line with her head.



✓ Mary Blank has a wit all her own.

On a memorable day she has shown

That where there's a will

She can swallow a pill

And mimic wild campers we've known.

Mary's father he runs the hotel
Which makes it perfectly swell
For third shack en masse
Goes out--how high class!
We wish he was our dad as well.



Babs James is the latest newcomer
Of a tribe that is many in number
Though slow at her sweeping
And long over sleeping
At bat she is always a hummer.

✓ Joanie Myers is small, but oh my!
She'll give any old sport a fair try
Her horse never throws
Her, as anyone knows
Who has seen her go cantering by.



✓ Anne Sullivan's long, lean, and lank
Out on trips on her you can bank
She'll steer her canoe
And roll her pack, too.
No problem child she to M. Blank

Franny Lauder found camping exquisite
We hope now she's gone that she'll miss it
Out paddling she found
Her canoe gone aground
When told t'was a rock she said "is it?"



Though it wouldn't seem plain at the start
That Em had a motherly heart
She loves dollie dearly
As you will see clearly
If you threaten to tear them apart.

At table P. Cleveland's a riot
She just winks when she's told to be quiet
She's not fond of snakes
But her brain--Goodness sakes!
In the junior quiz no one could tie it!

As for Carol it's quite hard to fox her
Her Father won fame as a boxer
If any one tries
To get overly wise
She gets up and hauls off and sox her.

✓
Annew counselor from Cincy is Gatch
She keeps all the choir up to scratch
Nightly concerts she gives
At the girls' club she lives
We hope she'll bring more of the batch.



Though frequently late to M.E.
Piglet's entrée has always caused glee
For when in this region
Her big trips are legion
Viz. Kennebecs one, two and three.

Mrs. Baumans so fond of it here

That she comes to us year after year

✓ When Camp seasons oe'r

She returns to our shore

Though the red leaves of autumn appear.

Mrs. Branham's our latest romancer

Moonlight paddles do seem to entrance her

In kitchen, in store

She's never a bore

To any old question she'll answer.



Of our friends Misses Weiser and Pond
The camp is exceedingly fond
They bring us jacks
And colored thumb tacks
From Waterville and beyond.

Mrs. Conlin makes cookies and pies
That make us pop open our eyes
Superb are her cakes
Her chickens and steaks
In fact everything that she tries.

Mrs. Bauman is wondrously smart
She always is taking our part
Against germs and bumps
And all sorts of lumps
That soon are forced to depart.

Mrs. Branham is everyone's friend
Although our money we spend
She keeps balanced accounts
And these she'll announce
When camp has come to the end.

R. Lester



CAMP RUNOIA

Here I am at Runoia.

I am at the "best Camp of all,"
I'm ready to fight for White and Blue,
To have fun all summer 'til fall.

We will have fun doing many sports,
Having tennis, craft, and basket ball.
We're always sorry when we have to leave,
Have to leave our dear camp in the fall.

By: Grace James





OUR TRIP TO NEW YORK

We got on at 2:55 in Columbus; Evelyn Comey and Blank were on the train to meet us. We played cards until time for supper, then went through the train. In one car, there was a Jewish camp talking very loud and queerly. We reached the diner to find the Camp occupying the tables so we wrote Margo. After waiting an hour at least, we sat down, ordered, and began to eat. Our meal consisted of shrimp salad with an awful dressing, fruit salad with the same kind of dressing, beet greens, potato chips, and iced tea. We got the giggles and nearly spilled Evie's iced tea. The price was about twice as much as it should have been. We then left and got ready for bed. Evie, Jeannie and I played Tarzan - swinging from upper berths until we got to Buffalo. Then we decided to throw pillows at Mary Ellen who was getting on there. The train waited there over an hour and we once put our dresses on over our pajamas so we could get off, but Blank wouldn't let us. When Mary Ellen got on, she saw us with the pillows but our trick worked anyhow.

We all went to bed when the train left Buffalo and next thing, we were in New York. The trip was loads of fun and I will never forget it.

By: Babs Sayre

Amid the dull roar of Grand Central Station
The East Waiting Room was a scene of elation
Joyous shouts and excited cries
Mingled with our hurried good-byes
Down the ramp and into the car
It seemed a long way but it wasn't far
Into the drawing room--"Three, no more"
Don't tell a soul-we had more than four
Off with our hats, fling off a shoe
Bring on the cherries, 'tater chips too
Spit your pits on seat or floor
We'll give the poor porter quite a chore
Down the hall to the men's room we fled
Just for our baggage! then back to bed
Where is my toothbrush? Gimme that towel
Ye gods! this brand of toothpaste is foul
And then we sang that old couplet
"Passengers will please" et cetera
Lights out at nine, eyes closed at three
We obeyed orders as you can see
Wake up at five, sit up in bed
The engine sounds sick and we're about dead
We tossed and we turned the rest of the night
Arose in the morning--My word what a sight!
We got off at seven, there's no more to tell
But we didn't get off at any North Bel.

N. Smith-N. Lester

FIFTH SHACK PLAY

July 19, 1941

The poster said "Romance and Harmony" and we went to the Lodge prepared for almost anything. When the curtains parted there were Helen Hughes and M.J. sitting at a breakfast table over cold scrambled eggs, potatoes, and hot coca-cola representing Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Their cockney maid, Mims Kiek, was helping them to various tasty tid-bits left over from the camp supper and being pretty fresh about the whole thing, too. We couldn't help wondering whether she dodged around the screen to pull up her stockings or to take a nip from the coke bottle.

Gradually the clan gathered. The pert young son, Hope Griggs and bored heir to the Williams name Nancy Carr, arrived simultaneously. The discussion centered around young Annie who had just returned from spending a summer at Camp Runoia. The boys seemed to think it hadn't improved her and when she (Annie Morton) entered in shorts and bare feet her mother tended to agree with them. When she accused her father of wasting his youth on the crew when should have been boxing he too shared the adverse opinion.

Mary Smith-the sophisticated older sister-made a delayed but graceful entrance which was enhanced by a new Belgrade Lakes hair do. Not long after her appearance her dream man appeared in the shape of Clair Canniff and a little brisk, albeit slightly bold, repartee went on in the next room. For Fifth Shack was not satisfied with one stage set-they must needs divide the lodge and very

picturesquely too. Their flirtation was interrupted by Grandma Bauman whose all-out efforts on the side of Romance were instrumental in bringing the play to a happy close; but not before Annie Morton Williams engaged Joan Matthews (Boy friend Canniff's kid sister) in a spirited discussion about the relative merits of Runoia and Minnehaha. Needless to say Runoia had it hands down, probably due more to the text than to any fa^{ing}ing of Mary Ellen^{Morris} Matthews.

What a play! Boy gets Girl and Runoia gets orchid. We think Fifth Shack deserves one too.

THIRD SHACK PARTY

The party Third Shack gave was a play called "A Night on a Pullman" by Colby. The scenery was four berths and two pixes. Two berths were on each side, the old lady and the old man in one, the Englishman and the drunk in the other were on one side. On the other side were the newly-weds, and the mother and children. Mary was the Porter and Patsy was the old woman, Caroline was the old man, Blank was the Drunk, and Babs was the Englishman, Johnny was the mother, Emmy was the girl and Joanie was the boy. Franny was the girl of the newly-weds and I was the man. We had to give the play twice.

After the play we had refreshments and dancing.

By: Anne Sullivan

OLD GIRL'S PARTY

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a camper to her chum
There is an Old Girl's Party to which everyone must come.
See the Juniors and the Seniors and the counselors advance,
You can hear loud music playing, won't you come and join
the dance?

There's a twinny on the washboard and Lester on the drum,
You can surely hear the music from here to Kingdom come.
Likewise a red hot floorshow, watch those Smithies sing
and prance.

There will even be refreshments. Won't you come and join
the dance?

The chum was very willing, so they hurried to the place.
A burst of noisy laughter seemed to hit them in the face,
A wrestling bout was carried out, with no one else but Anne,
The twins and Gracie told them of Herman and his clan.

One highlight of the evening was "Casy at the Bat"
The inimitable Miss Cleveland was the girl who gave them that.
The tragedy of Casey wrung every heart that heard
For "Casy had struck out" was the final bitter word.

The climax of the party was the pirate scene of gore,
The audience was much impressed though it had been done before.
Esmy and Canniffie put in some charming notes,
All agreed there's nothing funnier than artistically-cut
throats.

It ended up with ice cream and a large Virginia reel,
The campers felt as entertained as anyone could feel.
The memory of this frolic the whole summer does enhance
The camper and her chum are glad they did not miss the
dance.

A. Gatch

NEW GIRL'S PARTY --JULY 12, 1941

The poster was up at the stroke of high noon

A hunt for a treasure, it said--

The Old Girls were to dance while the New piped the tune,

And a right merry chase were thay led.

Yes, a mad merry chase were they led.

The rain was a hazard of no mean repute,

The poster said, "Walk and don't run!"

For blisters result if you run in a boot,

And blisters spoil everyone's fun.

With a blister you just can't have fun.

The clues seemed a product of Frankenstein's brain--

For example take "Twenty of Six",

"Want some sea food, mamma", caused severe mental strain,

Said Johnny, "I'm bored with your tricks!"

Poor Johnny was bored wit our tricks.

Dougie's group got in first which caused no surprise,

Mrs. Branham's came close on their heels.

Peg shinnied the bell rope while her kids hid their eyes;

The Director was Hell-fire on wheels.

The Director was greased Hell on wheels.

When the groups were all in the cokes all came out--

A novel refreshment we'd brought.

'Twas greeted with glee and many a shout,

And some burps as an afterthought.

A few burps as an afterthought.

The dancing was grand and the jazzing red hot,

The music was quite okey-dokey.

The reels and clap dances were sportive but NOT

On a par with the mad cokey- cokey.

What compares with the gay cokey- cokey?

Soon the lights were put out and the crowd off to bed--

Now my story is nearly all told,

But first I must tell that I oft heard it said

That our New Girls deserved to be old.

Oh New Girls, Come back and be old!

Colby Cleveland.

At about 1:30 on last Sunday morning

Most of Sixth Shack were aroused without warning.

Miss Dowd, dressed in dungarees, flashlight in hand

Hurried to round up her rescue band.

It seemed that the moorings were none too secure.

One sailboat was missing - of that she was sure.

So off to the beach we went on a run

In spite of all doubt, it really was fun.

About half way over to Sandy Beach

She'd sailed by herself - without luff - without leach.

We pulled and we tugged and we hauled her back home

And tied her up fast so no more could she roam.

Then off we went for a midnight repast

Of crackers and milk and then bed - at last.

By: Nancy Lester

A HASTY BEDTIME

After we have milk and crackers, we have to go to bed. When we reach the shack, we start undressing. It seems as if everybody yells, "First in pix!" It is always a hard time to get ready, but we always do it in the end. After a while, everybody comes into our room and listens while either Peggy or Perry reads to us.

Taps blows, but we usually keep on reading for about five minutes. After that, we all go to our rooms and start to get into bed. When Evie pulls down her sheets to get in, she found her bed had been pied. She finds her sheet and puts in on while everybody else goes to get into bed again.

The shack is not quiet for you can hear the twins talking through their peep-hole in the wall. But all is quiet after a while in number 4 Shack.

By: Charlotte Peabody

Third Shack at Night

Emily: We need the lantern

Jean: Now we don't get any light.

Patsy: We need some light, too.

Mary A.: Put the lantern in the middle.

Anne: Now none of us get any light.

(Joan moves the lantern towards her room.
Mary moves it back.)

Joan: Aw gee!

Caroline: Lets take one out of Pix.

Frannie: No, we need it there.

Joan: Lets get in Mary's bed.

Anne: O.K.

Mary: Get to bed now.

Anne: Lets get in Johnys bed.

Joan: O.K.

Mary: Get in to bed like my good girls.

Anne: Why do we have to be your good girls?

Mary: If you get to bed before taps I'll read to you.

Anne: Owwww-I stepped on another tack.

--Taps--

(A few wisper and good-nights)

A. Sullivan





SIXTH SHACK PLAY

or

"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES"

August 16, 1941

Well, ya see it was like this, I was cruisin' 'round the East for M.G.M. lookin' for some cute girlies to star in "When Susie Comes Home", when one night I ends up in a berg called Belgrade Lakes. Well, ya can imagine how knocked for a loop I was when I had to spend the night in a place like that. Boy, I said to myself, you couldn't find talent here if you looked 'till Christmas. So I took me down to a spot called The "Day and Night Club" to pass away the time. Well I'm sittin' there big as life and this wise guy comes up and wants to know how I bring in my pennies and who I am--ya know the old line. Finally he says "Why don'tcha run out to Camp Runoia to-night, I hear they're puttin' on a swell play called "Shall We Join The Ladies". Well, I wish you coulda' heard me laugh. Me, Joe Blume the talent scout, lookin' for movie stars in a girls camp. I told this guy to go'on home and quit botherin' me. Then, after awhile I gets to thinkin' about writin' home and tellin' the fellows I've been to a girls camp and the more I think about it the louder I laugh and pretty soon I decide to drop in on the Camp Fire Girls and have a really good laugh. Well, I gets to this joint and it ain't a bad little place at all. it ain



Ya, know, a lake and a couple a trees and some of those cabins you hear about that Lincoln lived in. Well, as I say in ain't too bad. Then I sees this classey lookin' maid--ya know, black uniform, white apron and one of those pint-size hats on her head. Well, I ask myself what type a camp is this where they have poisonel maids. Anyway I hail this babe and ask where the play is and she says "Ya mean "Shall We Join The Ladies" and I thinks she's mighty fresh 'til I remember that's the name of the play. Finally I gets to a place called the "lodge" and they're alot 'a kids runnin' 'round in blue and white and calling each other chum. Well, I pulls out a cigar and starts to light it when this chicken called Ginger swings up and says put it out. Well, I was all for pulling out of the dive when the show opened. Well ya wouldn't have befieved it. Down the aisle walked some of the classiest people I've ever seen. Real snappy evening dresses, tucks, and tails and all the trimmings. Well, I said to myself, this really looks like its going to be something. First this gal named Colby, who impoisonated a man, introduced all the charactors. Let me tell you this Colby was sure hot stuff. Poisonality kid we'd call her back home. Then there was a smooth looking dame in a pearlyygray job. Boy, when I saw them eyelashes I said to myself--Joe those are the real McCoy. Then there was this gighclass looking gent and I thought there's Garbo's next heart-throb 'till I remembered she was really a Camp Fire Girlie. Well, I'm telling you they all were hot-stuff. And could them girlie's act. You're asking me! Why one of these

gals pulled a faint that was so real I got out my sniffing salts. And there was one little queen who said, "Oh Sir Jossif" and I'm tellin' you the way she said it was a dream. I've seen "Shall We Join The Ladies" in lots of theaters, but this beat all. I says to myself we gota send Joan Crawford and Hedy LaMarr to Runoia next year. Really, you shoullda seen the props--real wine grasses (not empty either) and all the rest of them fineries. Well my heart was right up in my wind-pipe all thorough the play and did I applause at end. I tore right out and phoned M.G.M. and told Ed I'd got the whole cast for "When Susie Comes Home".

Well, this only goes to show ya. Talent is a funny thing. Think of me finding all that gold in a berg called Belgrade Lakes.

I'm tellin' ya, it was poifect even if the queen in the polly gray number wouldn't step out after the show.

E. Perry



Our Trip to "Lord's Shore"

Going to "Lord's Shore" is lots of fun
For you and me and everyone
For the new girls and for the old
All its adventures before are untold.

If going to "Lord's Shore" on "Old Ironsides"
You will have many bumps, many slips, many slides
The truck had the food so no one could eat
If they by chance had happened to beat.

If you go in the war canoe you get wet socks
If you go in any boats there's the danger of rocks
The sailboats had trouble getting into shore
But altogether we had fun, eats and much more.

Grace James

OUR TRIP TO LORD'S SHORE

I started down the path toward the boathouse. Miss Dowd calls, "One twin is to go with Ann Morton, the other with Mary B." Jean and I draw lots and I draw Ann. We walk to the canoe slide and find we have to take the Bobs. Ann and I lift it into the water and Ann gets in. Ann yells, "Push her off." I put a foot in the canoe and push. Suddenly, I feel cold water on the other foot and the canoe tipping. Ann yells something and we start off.

At first, everything is fine until we get out in open water where it is very rough, then Ann complains, "Babs, stop that. Every time you stroke, you go to one side and make the canoe tip." I move over and paddle again. She repeats that about four times and we gain some progress. Then I complain, "Let's change sides." We change BUT I nearly tipped the canoe over Ann said because I went to one side. We change back and paddle for a while, talking with other people in the canoes we pass, or fall behind. Next thing, I look up to see rocks looming ahead. I yell, "Look out, rocks ahead!" Ann quickly turns just missing them. We paddle long and hard until we decide we will catch up with the head canoes, for we have fallen way behind. Finally, catching up after the same kind of troubles as before, only worse, we land at Lord's Shore. Here, I ran up and told the

story. We had loads of fun on the trip.

By: Babs Sayre

THIRD SHACK'S TRIP TO MT. FRENCH

We started off in the station wagon, Johnny with her knapsack as usual. Everybody knew what was in it in spite of Blank saying it was shoes. We started across the field toward the mountain.

Johnny: There are blueberries at the top.

Joan: Oh, boy!

Emmy: Hot dog!

We go on while Joan, Emmy, and Anne say, "I remember this, don't you?"

Joan: Do we have to go through the woods?

Babs: Yes.

Blank: I like this mountain. It's easy to climb.

Mary: So do I.

We finally reach the top.

Anne: Look at the blueberries.

Carol: I'm hungry. (starts picking)

Some men come in.

Carol: Johnny, some men are here.

Man: (sweetly) Hello, girls.

Girls: Hello.

Blank: Who wants to climb down the rocks?

Everybody climbs down the rocks until Blank says we can't go any further.

Anne: Like fish. (She goes on further until she slips, grabs a dead tree.) We climb back up again and eat oranges and chocolate.

By: Anne Sullivan

Third Shack Trip

Counsellor's Coffee

Colby: Couldn't we take Third Shack to the Fairy Ring tonight, Connie? It's a perfect day and besides Patsy's leaving soon.

(Nothing is said and all counsellors look into coffee cups)

Colby: Ginger and I would just love to take them and it would be fun to do it before Patsy left.

(At the sound of Ginger's name Blank and Johnny show signs of interest and agreement)

Grant: They don't know how to make packs and it would take hours getting them ready.

Colby: Oh Ginger and I'll fix up the packs, and you know they'll just adore going. Why it will be the gi biggest thing in their lives.

Grant: Well they can't carry their packs over there.

Colby: (In an indignant screech) Can't carry their packs!!

(A long argument follows on the strength of Third Shack and every counsellor tries to say a few words about how they carried elephants around when they were ten. Finally it is agreed upon to take canoes to Sandy, and Ginger, seeing that there is a good chance of Third Shack really going, suddenly remembers a pressing social engagement and Perry comes in as substitute.)

Colby: Then it's all decided on, Connie! Ginger can help with the packs and I just know it will be such fun and I'm so glad they're going before Patsy leaves.

(Counsellors go back to looking into coffee cups except for Johnny and Blank, who look at Colby pathetically.)

Late Afternoon

(Third Shack's packs have all been rolled by Colby and Ginger, and no one has seen Perry all afternoon. She finally arrives after the news has gotten out that Third Shack's packs are done. Colby and Perry disappear

and are to be found in a huddle with Mrs. Conlin.)

Colby (in whisper): Can you make coffee?

Perry (in whisper): No, can you make cocoa?

Colby (in whisper): I really don't know anything about cooking.

Perry (in relief): Neither do I.

Colby and Perry (giggling): Mrs. Conlin, could you tell us how to make coffe and cocoa?

(Mrs. Conlin in a motherly way explains the rules for cocoa, and frantic notes are taken)

Mrs. Conlin: Now for coffee you put a cup of water in the pot for each person and a tablespoon of coffee for each person in the cradle and percolate.

(Colby and Peryy look blank but which is minus cradle. Both look horrified)

Colby: I know--let's take coke instead of coffee. It really would be much better.

Perry: Oh yes, let's take coke. It really is better.

(Both look unhappy)

(Time passes and soon everyone is gathered on the shore ready to depart. Packs are all ready falling apart from having been dropped so many times.)

Joanie: Can I paddle stern with Annie?

Annie: Can I paddle bow with Mary?

Babs: Can I paddle stern with Joanie?

(This goes on for sometime until all are worn out and finally canoes are launched. The two counsellors nearly get in a fight trying to out-do one another in being polite about taking bow and stern.)

Colby: First we'll go to Sandy and carry our packs to Fairy Ring and then if we have time we'll go to Echo Cove for supper, shall we?

(All agree and in no time at all the campers are unloading and again staggering under the weight of packs. Both counsellors have trouble in finding Fairy Ring, but at last agree that they are standing in it.)

Patsy: Oh I've found the best spot of all for my bed.

Caroline: This is perfect!

(Counsellors go over to to inspect and find the "best spot" a mere hole in the ground. Finally all bed sites are found and everyone returns to canoes and starts out for Echo Cove)

Echo Cove

Colby: (inwhisper) We'd better send them all in swimming While we cook supper.

Perry (in understanding voice): Yes, We'd better do the cooking ourselves.

(Third Shack strips and tears into water.)

Colby (proudly): I'll cook the spaghetti,

(The spaghetti is all ready cooked and only needs heating. A great discussion follows as to whether it should be heated in cans, but a pot is decided on.)

Perry: One teaspoon cocoa per person; spot of water; mix to paste. Hey does this look like paste?

Colby!! I'll say.

Colby: Okay kids, supper's ready.

(Third Shack trails out of water)

Perry: Well for heaven's sa

Babs: We haven't any towels.

Counsellors (crossly) Well run around till you're dry.

(Third Shack looks bewildered)

Perry: Well for Heaven's sake run!!

Colby: Umm!! Isn't supper good.

Perry: Good cocoa, eh Annie?

(Annie makes no reply)

Perry: (threateningly) I said good cocoa, Annie!

Annie: (timidly) Yes.

(Supper is swallowed and a game of counsellor's coffee is started. It does not prove nearly as fascinating as is expected. It is nearly dark now and all Third Shack screech to go in a counsellor's canoe going back to Sandy. It will be noted that no one wanted to paddle with counsellors when the sun was shining.

As the trippers approach Sandy a wave of terror passes through the group.)

Patsy: What's that light moving along the shore? Oh I'm scared.

Perry: Light! What light!- Oh! (then trying to gain control of voice) Oh it's nothing.

Mary: Oh I see it too! It's moving through the trees!

Perry: (in wavering voice) Colby, see the light?

Colby: Light! What light! Oh it's only a firefly.
(Aside to Perry) I hope.

Perry: See Patsy, it's only a firefly.

(Sandy is finally reached and panic runs high, All start off through woods clutching counsellors.)

Caroline: Colby, you're my cousin so I'll wald with you.
(Caroline has previously refused to acknowledge this relationship)

Colby: Now all of you stop it at once! Perry, you go first.

(All trudge back to camping site and fear diminishes as fire is lighted. All unroll packs and put on pajamas.)

Colby: Now no one can go to sleep until the trip song is made up.

(An hour of bribing and threatening passes and the song is finished. All start off to bed after marshmallows have

been handed out.

Counsellors hug fire and listen to creaking branches.)

Colby: If you all don't stop whispering you'll have to go home.

Perry: Alone!!

(Counsellors finally extinguish fire and crawl into beds. All is quiet for awhile and then a slight noise is heard.)

Colby and Perry (in unison): Was that you?

(Finally sleep descends and all is quiet until morning, when a skunk arouses third shack and third schack arouse counsellors to tell of Mary Alford's run in with the skunk.

Counsellor's Coffee
Same A. M.

Colby (in exhausted voice): Oh Connie it was ~~stuh~~ fun and I'm so glad we got it in before Patsy left.

Perry: So am I.

Betty Perry

PEMAQUID TRIP

Few seniors were left when the cruises were out
But we had nothing to worry about.
We soon set out on a Pemaquid trip,
Our aim was the ocean for a nice cold dip.
We all went off, light-hearted and gay,
Two car loads full on our merry way.
Jinny, Les, Dowdie, Tay, Mary B.
Mary Jane, Mimi, Nan Carr, Mary E.
Nine of us girls off to the shore,
Who at Runoia could ask for more?
Dougie and Ginger escorted us there,
We all piled out with wind blown hair.
After a dip in the ocean so cold
Appicnic lunch on the beach was unrolled.
All kinds of sandwiches flavored with sand,
Cokes so hot that they burned your hand.
One bottle opener went 'round and 'round
First it was lost , then it was found.
The cheese was good but there wasn't enough;
Olives and bread, salt and pepper and stuff,
All these things went to make up our lunch,
Food was devoured munch after munch.

The boat left for Boothbay at half after one,
We piled into cars and our picnic was done.
We boarded the boat and were soon under way,
The ocean loomed up as we left the calm bay.
WE sailed along the ocean blue,
Saw the Goodyears' house and The Blue Goose too.
Then who in all Maine should we chance to meet
But Evvie and Marty on a Boothbay street.
An hour was set as the length of our stay
'Cause the boat left port at four that day.
Hats were bought and Worry Birds too,
Sodas were gobbled, the visit was through.
The ride back to Pemmy was much like rest
Except that the Worry Birds flew from their nest.
The wind blew around in a great big guff
And off went the birds---were we in a huff!
Returning we ate at the Lobster Pound,
Lobsters and hot dogs---then Homeward Bound,
A satisfied group of Runoia Girls
Back to Camp after one of their whirls.

N. Dowd

THIRD MEADOWBROOK TRIP

Fifth shack took Meadowbrook backward this year. So we were transported to the first bridge to take over the canoes in which some of Sixth shack had come up the stream. Meadowbrook was not quite itself this year. Even at the first bridge the canoes had to be pushed quite a distance and a beaver dam had to be crossed. Several times the canoes got near being stuck in the mud but at last we got out into the lake.

We slept the night at Potters Shore but in spite of rain we decided not to sleep in the cabin and we braved the weather. In the morning the milk was sour so Pepper, Hope and Mimi found out from Miss Potter that milk could be purchased at a farm up the road. This was the only mishap, but it turned out all right. The next morning we started off for Crooked Isle to lunch but we were preceeded so moved on to Hoyts. By this time the lake had blown up considerably and we decided not to go round the end of Hoyts. But when we reached the point it was not too rough to get to Belgrade Lakes. We had refreshment at the Day and Night and returned home after as wonderful trip. The Councilors were Ginger and Wag and the trippers Pepper, Hope, Annie, Helen, Mary Bauman and Mimi.

Tumbledown Trip.

7:15-Grant: I made my mind up at Reveillie that Sixth Shack would be going on a Tumbledown spree!"

All; To Tumbledown? How too, too divine!

9:00 The trip is off, the rugged bus having replaced the effete Station Wagon and the smart set having been converted into Tumbledown bums.

10:30 When Peggy stopped at the Whittemores' to check on the peas the growing girls of Sixth Shack were reminded of their pressing need for food and urged a halt at Weld where their hunger was momentarily assuaged by ice-cream, licorice, pumpkin seeds, milky ways, and assorted sweet-meats. Nausea, however, failed to set in and all went smoothly.

11:15 (or thereabouts) We are en route, Anna leading us a merry chase.

Anna: ONE

Smitty: TWO

Jinny: THREE

Colby: FOUR

Tay: FIVE

Les: SIX

Sal: SEVEN

TAP: EIGHT

Rufus: NINE

Peg:

Peg: TEN

Janey: ELEVEN

Olivia: TWELVE

ALL: HAU KAY!!!!

The ascent continues with various verbal accompaniments,
The latter decrease in direct proportion to the steepness of
the slope, notably Colby's humorous remarks.

Anna; It's funny---I'm not even warm.

Peg: Well we are. so slow up!

Smitty: Oops... Muck!

Jinny: Muck-

Colby: Muck-- (and so on down the line-)

Ruthie: I think muck ought to be censored, it sounds much worse
than stink.

All: (Horrificed) SSSSSH

Tapley: Hey, slow up, Anna!

Anna: Oh, am I going fast?

(A bitter silence from the rear gives the answer)

Tay; Colby, aren't you dying in those sweat pants and sweat shirt?

Colby:(Hopefully) Oh, am I sweating through?

Tay: Well, not through the sweat shirt... but I was wondering
about my shirt you have on underneath.

Jinny: Itch is sweating through.

Someone: Oh, Itch she?

Anna:I'm not even warm.

Another grim silence punctuated by pants which amount almost to groans.

Smith: Hey, we're at the lunch place.

Bull: (from far below) Who's we? Criminy Natalie, we're still at the bottom.

All reach the rock and prepare to eat. Swaps are effected, food is consumed, garbage collected and loins girded for the final struggle.

Sally: (Leaping lightly into action) Let's change numbers!

Colby: (Struggling to her feet) No, everyone stay where they were so we won't get confused.

Anna: ONE (and so forth through seven which seems to be a dead end.)

Rufus: Hey Tap, say eight--

Tap: I'm not eight.

Janey: You must be-- you come after seven.

Tap: I'm not eight.

Janey: Well, what are you?

Tap: I don't know, but I'm not eight!

Peg: Well, you are now, so say it.

(In the meantime Smitty, Anna, Jinny, Colby, Les and Tay have started calling HI LO EENIE MEENIE KY KY UM CHOW CHOW O FEE WOW WOW and when Tap consaents to be eight she, Sally, Ruthie, Peg, Janey and Bull shout ICK DA MINIGA SOCK DE IDATBOOM DE SHADY ADY YOO HOO** and all is again well with the C.R. branch of the Girl Scouts)

The top is reached and a discussion of the peaks begins. The consensus is that if you've climbed 'em once--you've climbed 'em for good. Swimming is discarded because of the male audience. Taylor plays affectionately with a blood sucker while those who have saved their oranges eat them noisily.

The Branham elect to dispose of garbage while a group goes to the spring. Peg mounts a peak to give it a lusty heave but the wind is against her and it boomerangs into back into their faces.

Taylor and Lester (N) are positive that the spring lies red lies respectively to the Northeast and the Southwest. It is ultimately found somewhere between the two. Smith stabs herself mildly on a post which is a source of deep satisfaction to Cleveland and P. Branham who were afraid that the First Aid Kit was to have been lugged in vain.

The trip down begun after a leisurely interval, resembles the trip up in tripple time. Jinny practises her Christies and all swing happily from tree to tree.

The bus ride to the Whittemores was spent in composing the trip song which was done with gusto and to the tune of Jenny.

Smith and ~~SVith Branham: Br~~ Lets be different and say something nice about the councilors.

Cleveland and P. Branham: Why--that's a splendid idea girls-- Just splendid.

pon Jinny and Smitty ruin it all my demanding orchids.

The Whittemores provided us with a classic meal and subsequent sing after which we all signed the guest book twice due to some secretarial error on part of Smith.

The remainder of the trip was spent in worrying over the possibility of getting back before taps. Such however was, happily, not the case and it was after ten before Sixth Shack (whose equal would, incidentally, be impossible to find) had finally counted off from their beds and the last HAU KAY had died into silence.

C. Cleveland

THE FIRST CAMDEN CRUISE

The Skipper watched sombrely as five girls and two councilors bore down on him excitedly and proceeded to swarm all over the White Heather. Now they were all below trying to work that fascinating little pix with the lever and the pump and deciding which beds to have.

"Janey, how about you and Rufus sleeping in that little room in the double bed?"

No complaint from either Janey or Rufus as the bed was long and they had the room to themselves.

"Who's going to sleep on the floor?"

Silence...then Thopy:"I will"

But she didn't fit, try as she would. It came about that the Captain was sleeping on the deck with a cleat for a pillow and the jib as a ceiling, so Thopy got his bunk which was very long, very wide, and very comfortable.

Perry and Colby got the inner beds which looked comfortable (aside by typist: The only air we got was that passed in to us second hand by Smith and Tapley; We really preferred the small beds which we slept in the other two nights) and Tap and Smitty ended up with outer bunks which looked small.

All that day the girls tried their hands at the tiller, sunned themselves, drank numerous cokes, played interesting games of Truth and Consequences, and, in general, enjoyed themselves thoroughly, all except Colby; for the pix wouldn't work so, as she put it, she "slaved over a hot toilet all day".

That evening Cap watched seven drastically changed girls climb up the hatch. They were changed as drastically as combed hair, clean slacks, and lipstick ever changes a Runoia girl. Off they went, bound for a happy, if confusing, evening of pool.

Hours later he heard them returning.

"More on Colby's oar." There's a boat. No, no not that way, Smitty. Look out! Boy, we just missed that."

Tap was hastily shouting orders and frantically pulling on the rowers' shirts to direct them.

"Is that our boat, Tap?"

"No, Ittissen't, it issen't," peeped Tap.

They finally found the White Heather and the Captain and assured him that they would be up early. But on into the night he heard giggles. Whenever they finally quieted down, the clock would strike seven bells or whatever, and they'd be off again.

What's so funny about bells thought the captain.

But thay surprised him and were up early, ready for a day of perfect sailing, sunny and windy,

That was the day they really got to know Al, the steward, who was seventy if he was a day, who had no teeth and who had a reputation for eating just bannanas, but that wasn't true and all the bannanas that they had bought him spoiled, so he made them a cake of them. Wasn't that sweet? He told them he had two babies - 44 and 51!

Another outstanding point of that day was the number of anagrams and limericks that were written for the LOG. It was amazing.

That evening found them in a gymnasium in South Brooksville watching, or should I say sleeping through a twelve-act play. They stood about five acts of home-made poems and "Twinkle twinkle little star", then they left.

The next morning, the boat was on its way even before the girls got up. There was a thick fog on all sides and Captain Klosson thought they had better be starting. They had sailed 40 miles the day before and it was evident they couldn't do it now. The sun was entirely hidden behind the clouds and it was chilly. And this was the time they chose to swim in the ocean! And this was the time also that out br-rr-rr-rr-d motor!

Later in the day, we wrote our Ship's Log which has been appreciated several times by the campers, and completed many more limericks.

Back in Camden by four bells, we discovered the Mattie on the starboard with Mary Thayer a-board. Perry and Co went to get her and brought her back for some of the fast-disappearing coke and comparison of pixes. We liked ours better even if it did overflow.

We shopped that evening instead of bowling or something of that sort and Co and Perry surprised us by giving each of us a worry bird as a prize. We were all greatly pleased except Tap, who thought the large package was for her.

Only one more night on the Heather and we had to leave, turning the ship over to Fifth, who couldn't have had as wonderful a time as

we
us.

N. Smith

Second Camden Cruise

Captain Freeman Closson

Steward Ansel Farnham

Fifth Shackers: Claire Canniffe

Helen Hughes

Hope Griggs

Mary Smith

Anne Morton

Counselor: C.D. Grant

'Twas Sunday noon when we set sail
On our good ship White Heather
The sea was blue, the sun was bright,
And it was perfect weather.

The Captain was a cautious man,
And so he reefed the sail.
We started off before the wind
'Twas blowing quite a gale.

We sped right past the Camden hills
With Annie Morton steering.
Soon harbor stakes were out of sight
Bell buoys out of hearing.

Before long we saw Owl's Head light
Right off our starboard bow.
The wind was good, our course was straight
Hope Griggs was steering now.

Seal Harbor lies up in a cove
Away from wind and weather
And there we hove to for the night
On our happy home White Heather.

We ate our supper on the deck
The wind was howling louder.
The Captain rowed us into shore
To dig some clams for chowder.

Next morning when we took our dip
We jumped in with a shout
"It's rubber water," Captain said,
"You bounce in and bounce out."

When breakfast had been stowed away
We went to sea once more,
We saw a school of porpoises
And lobster pots galore.

The wind died down so we could fish
You should have seen Canniffy
She caught a thirty-six inch cod
And two more in a jiffy.

Our Helen could not get enough



Of swimming in the cold
Of all the stalwart bouncing maids
She always was most bold.

We bounced into the sea again
Right off the leeward rail
We had some lunch and fished some more
And then we took a sail.

The Captain was a cautious man,
Far off on the horizon
He saw some fog and rain clouds low
He hated them like p'ison.

We came about and made for port
With Junior on the bow-sprit
The dingy rolled and swayed and lurched
It hadn't rained a bit yit.

We hurried fast to make our port
Behind the big breakwater
At Rockland where we all behaved
Exactly as we oughter.

We went ashore and saw the sights
And ate some viands rare
We rowed back home at ten o'clock
With darkness everywhere.

Next morning in the rain we stayed
Below and ate together
In rain or shine, Al's food was fine
On our happy home White Heather.

We sailed in rain and fog and mist
To Camden where we moored
And when we finally got to shore
To movies we were lured.

The bowling alleys beckoned next
We bowled all evening
And rowed home in the dark again
Too cold to swim or sing.

Now if you want to take a sail
That's full of life and thrills
Go sailing off the coast of Maine
Right by the Camden hills.

And if you want to have a crew
~~That, bells and tales of the stars sea~~
Get Captain Closson and old Al
Who sings his sea shanty,

-CD Grant

POEM

Stars twinkle in the heavens
Day has come to a fall
Sleepy children close their eyelids
Angels keep watch over all
Stars fade in the heavens
Then we see dawn break
Birds begin to twitter
Happy children wake
Sun shines forth from hillside
To each one joy it will send
Children romp in the meadows
Night has come to an end.

C. Eagan--

ON TIEING KNOTS

It's really a wonderful thing to know how to tie a knot - that is, the proper knot in the proper place. After a few lessons in knotting, a person should feel well acquainted with all sorts of hitches and sheepshanks.

Knowledge of knotting is quite useful. For example, the bowline is a most utilitarian knot. If a person falls over a cliff, all one has to do is to send the rabbit into the hole and around the tree in the right direction, toss the whole mess over the edge and hope for the best. Provided the knot is expertly and skillfully tied, the victim can be pulled up and will be hale and hearty. Otherwise - but we won't discuss it.

Another use of the bowline is connected with the gallows. It is the hangman's favorite knot. In his spare time, he practices tieing it so that he may shorten his working hours.

The sheepshank is also a helpful knot. If you have a loaded clothesline which suddenly stretches, all you have to do is tie a sheepshank in the middle of it. This prevents the clothes from picking up particles of tattle-tale gray from the ground.

Hitches are very handy for tieing horses. When you do your marketing, you can tie your horse to the nearest hitching post with a clove-hitch. He will still be there when you leave the store.

I must now go sheepshank a clothesline and hitch
a horse, but you can readily see that knot-tie^xing is
an important part of every growing girl's education.

By: Ruthie Lester

Poison Ivy

Poison ivy here again?
That is Ginny Branhan's bane;
And she is not the only one--
Before the summer's fair begun,
Many people rub and scratch.
At first you see a little patch,
But then it will begin to spread
From the toes up to the head
Until the victim is a sight,
Like a rose-bush with the blight.
Orders come in by the dozen;
To get relief by salves and lotions,
And the doctor's soothing potions.
Perhaps in some far future year,
A fearless savior will appear
Who'll figure some successful way
To make the three leaved enemy stay
Underground and out of sight
So it won't cause such awful fright.

R. Lester

Third Shack's Unlucky Day

Joanie: (coming down from breakfast) Let's hide in the curtains.

Anne: Take off your shoes so Johnny won't know who we are.

Mary A.: Here comes Emily and Caroline.

Joanie: Take off your shoes quick, Franny!

Emily: The curtain broke!

Everybody else: Oh!!

Anne: Let's fix it.

They fix it all except Johnny's room.

Anne: I hope Johnny doesn't see it.

Thus the first unlucky thing happened.

Joanie: There goes my water.

Anne: And all over the new comic book.

Joanie: Wednesday's my unlucky day.

Anne: Mine too.

Joanie: It's Third Shack's unlucky day.

Anne Sullivan

A Poem Which Doesn't Rhyme

It was sleepy Sunday
No one cared whether tomorrow was Tuesday or Monday
Nobody cared what was going to happen
Except Third Shack and they knew.

Everything was sleepy except the sun which was shining brightly
The wind was blowing slightly
Everybody thought to rain was not lightly.

Anne Sullivan

My Life--Or What Ruined My Peace

Before I begin to tell you the short tale of the trial and tribulations of my life, I must tell you who I am. I am an ant. My mother and father and their fathers and mothers before them were all ants. What's more, I am an ant at Camp Runoia. Camp Runoia --oh me!--when I think of what that name means to me I shudder and twist in my boots for it is that place which has meant the means of my existence but the downfall of my private life.

As well as I can remember, it was a dark, dreary night in June 1941, which saw my sad departure from my home under a stone out into the world to seek my fortune. I remember my mother always told me I must never settle in an open spot but must always choose a nice cozy spot with at least two sides to it. It was with this thought that I set off that night. I journeyed for several days and nights but finally on about the eighth day I found a wonderful place and after a good look at the surrounding grounds I decide upon my discovery as the place where I should live and die.

And so I settled down that first night in my new home. Over my head was a roof and not only had I two walls near me but I had an extra one too. But, alas and alack I can not say that night was peaceful for, if I have not already ventured to say so, I will now state that my resting spot was under the bed of a human being and I was awakened by a terrifying noise. There, skidding across the floor was a pair of glassed, kicked in the dark by someone entering the room. Well, that was enough for me and away I scampered into the opposite corner. Breathless I wated to see what would happen next. By that time the person was uncovering her bed and while I watched she dropped four pillows on the floor and then silently dropped towel, matches, book, pen, sock, another sock, shorts and a sweater on those fallen pillows. Then hastily undressing and donning pajamas, she slipped into bed and fell asleep. I don't think slipped into bed, though, is very correct for rather should I say fell for over pillows and sundry she tripped and landed with a dull thud.

Finally my first night faded gradually into early morning and I wandered forth in search of food. On my return the person was gone. Noting this quickly I began a search into the various articles in my new home and in the ensuing hour I found out many bits of information. The room belonged to a Miss C. Cleveland and my home was at Camp Runoia. Later in the morning two people came into the room, one a red head and the other a short girl who is indefinable. They proceeded to straighten up as much as possible. I say possible because there was an accumulation of articles too numerous to mention which added to last night's pile made the room almost too hard to entirely clean up.

I suppose I should stop my tale here for it was my first night which I wished to write. I shall say, though, that my life continued in much the same fashion from that night forth. Miss Cleveland continues to enter her room in the dead of night and continues to live in fear of my life because of falling articles. Often also I will stumble out dazedly in the morning, falling over socks and match folders, bumping into books and shoes and generally wounding myself.

Sometime in the not too distant future I hope to reform Miss Cleveland and together, then, we may live in peace and security the rest of my days. As it is now, though, I can only hope and pray that she never goes crazy for God only knows what her night barrage would be like then.

Olivia Ramsey

THAT MOOSE STORY

There's a mysterious tale that right on Oak
There live three moose, the nice old folk;
And though none have seen these famous three
They've been known to have been on many a spree.

Folks hear a crashing in the wood
And knowing that it bodes no good
Retire, scared, to bed and sleep
And next day talk of moose a heap.

One person said two swam the lake
Some took that story for a fake
While others, walking the path by night,
Were scared to go without a light.

Some hear the moose quite early calling
When the dew on the grass is just still falling,
So they snuggle down in bed and doze
Or stay asleep 'til reveille blows.

These people haven't heard them lately
And they appreciate that greatly.
But there I have to end this story
And there is no more to write, thank glory!

H. Hughes

HELLO STRANGER

All was quiet in the Senior end, when Johnny skunk came
 'round the bend,
Outside Junior's window he stood, begging pleadingly
 for fud,
Continued rustling in the leaves brought out yelps,
 cries, and pleas
"A skunk!" cried Junior, "God bless my soul!"

Four members of Fifth Shack promptly shrieked, Canniff,
 Bauman, Junior, and Kiek.
Black and white were his colors in line, and followed
 the direction of his spine.

"I'll never be the same," said Pepper so loud, we all
 thought surely we'd soon hear Miss Dowd.
"Never in my life," said Mimi aghast, "The thing might
 smell, how long will this last?"

Bauman was laughing, I thought she would split,
 To look at Canniff you'd think she'd been hit.
~~Pretty soon we all~~ settled down. The skunk had decided
 to stop wandering 'round.

All of a sudden, Pep's room was distoibed, in came Ann
 Morton - was she poitoibed!
The knife she was carrying was the size of a broom, we
 all shivered and shook as we thought this our doom.
Annie returned from whence she came, quite disgusted with
 the skunk's little game.

Then we all went back to sleep, the ones who couldn't,
 counted sheep.

C. Canniff
M. Smith

TRUE CONFESSIONS

or

Titcomb Tells All

Athletically speaking, I was born on the wrong side of the tracks. Even my best friends wouldn't choose me. Night after night I strode The baseball field, alone, absolutely alone, trying to master the technique that was second nature to girls more fortunate than I.

The day of the big game came. Would I make good or would I go down to ignominious defeat? I stood on second base, as if glued to the gunney sack. The batter was up. The writhing pitcher ground the ball into her hip; the spheroid flew. A resounding whack told me my worst dream had come true, for the ball was approaching me with the speed of a cannon ball and with no less force. My moment had come. I lifted my hands. I felt the contact of the hurtling missile. It stung, but, by heaven, it stuck. In trying to regain my balance I put my foot on the bag. My teammates shouted "Double Play" and the words were sweet in my ears. I had arrived. I had made good.

UP IN THE RAFTERS

In the rafters is a place where most shacks go, except Sixth Shack because they might break them.

Even Third Shack is a little heavy.

"Johnny! May we go up in the rafters?"

"If you get up on Emily's side."

"O.K."

"Oh, Patsy! Stop knocking my books over."

"Go on Patsy, move. I want to get up."

"I'm afraid to."

"Well, come down then."

Finally, all who dare, are up.

"Mary, hand me up my book."

"Johnny, look!"

Johnny looks, while everybody looks as if there're going to break their necks.

"Be careful!"

"We will."

"Oops, I almost fell."

"Emily, will you move!"

"No."

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Well, move!"

Assembly blows.

"Watch out, I want to get down."

"Well, so do I."

"Move over."

"You move over!"

"Emily, stop pushing!"

"Babs, hurry up!"

"Hurry up yourself."

And so on.

By: Anne Sullivan

You wake up in the morning about 4:30 thinking you heard reveille when it was just your own teeth chattering from the cold. You look at your clock fixedly for about three minutes until you realize what you're looking at it for. You then groan, turn over, and go back to sleep. Finally, you wake up to find your roommate pouncing on you and shouting in your ear that reveille has blown and Peggy says breakfast will be in ten minutes. You jump out of bed and try to look startled but fail whole-heartedly as you look just the opposite. You're in such a fog, you zip your shorts up only half way and in your haste, you upset your roommate's clock.

Oh horrors! First bell! You run a comb through your hair, sop your face with cold water, and tear up the path just as the second bell starts to ring. Missing flag-raising, you get such a look from Ginger that you aren't late again for flag-raising very soon after that.

By: Margie Smith

The Counselor's "If"

If you can keep your head with shacklings screaming,

"Where do we go, and when, and who, and how?",

If you can keep your countenance a-beaming,

On hearing, "Help me roll my pack please, now",

If you can heave canoes without a shiver,

And say, "T'was nothing", for appearance sake,

Or sturdily repress an inward quiver,

When next day's breakfast falls into the lake,

If you can calmly mutter, "Yes, I know it",

As brushing off the spiders, snakes, and such,

If you can crawl between three soggy blankets,

And glibly chatter, "I'm not cold-not much",

But if you get them back all sound and happy,

You'll know your efforts were not all in vain,

And when some other trips are in the offing,

You'll surely beg to take them out again.

V. Dessar

POUR PRENDRE CONGÉ

A passing bouquet to Runoia's Aides--
A written bouquet since an orchid fades.
Whatever is asked they aren't above it,
Treat 'em rough and they seem to love it.

Anna gives baths and helps at the lake,
Eighteen candles graced her cake.
She chaperoned Fifth into Waterville,
She serves at the table and doesn't spill.

Jinny watches the sailboats awake and asleep,
She helps out at baseball with never a peep.
Down at the shore--out in canoes--
Just whistle for Jinny and you can't lose.

Nancy Dowd came awfully late,
Which seems too bad 'cause we think she's great.
She coaches diving and plays Chauffeur--
Hysterical laughter follows her.

Stumpy's big job is sorting mail.

When the car pulls in she's there sans fail.

She gathers wood--her typing's the nuts--

When I say she's swell there aren't any buts.

So here's to the Aides--

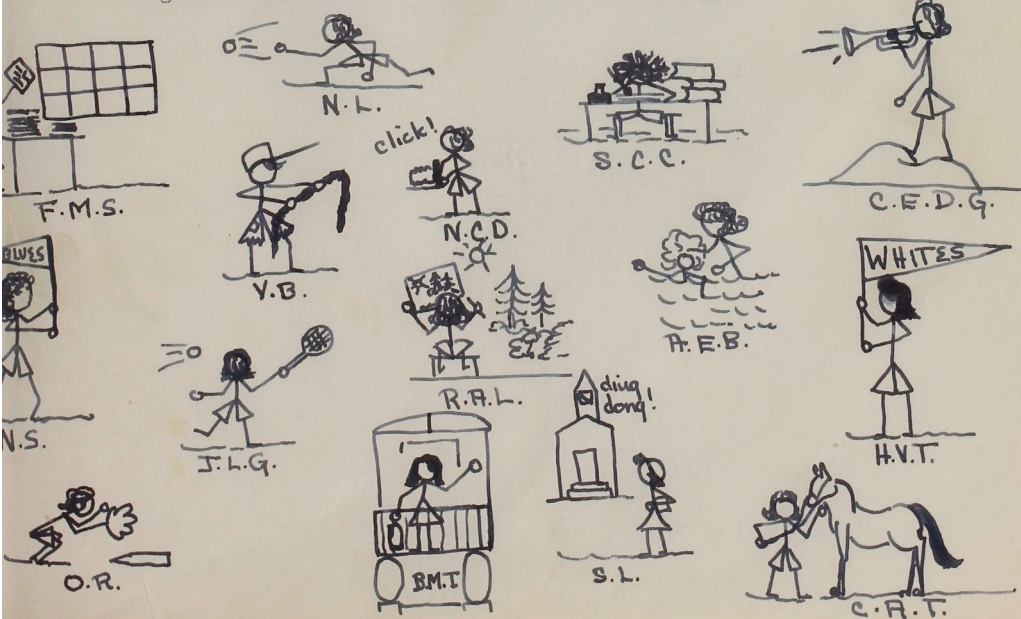
Nothing can flout them.

What would the Councilors

Do without them?

C. Cleveland

- ✓ Constance Eleanor Dowd Grant-----Conscientiously eliminating drastic grammar
 Susan Colby Cleveland-----Stimulates councilor's coffee
 Frances Martin Stumpp-----Feverish mail-sorter
 Sarah Lester-----Sacred learnings
 ✓ Nancy Lester-----Nominates laughter
 Barbara May Taylor-----Bryn Mawr thrilled!
 ✓ Claire Anderson Tapley-----Calm at times
 Olivia Ramsey-----Opinionated red-head
 Nancy Cheeseborough Dowd-----Noisily craves debauchery
 Jane Lucia Goodyear-----Joins Lester guardedly
 ✓ Ruth Alden Lester-----Rates appreciative listeners
 Anna Elizabeth Bauman-----Always-efficient bath-giver
 ✓ Helena Valeska Thoman-----Has victorious tendencies
 Nancy Smith-----Noticeably symmetrical
 Virginia Branham-----Versus brats



✓ Lorna Elizabeth MacDougall-----Learns Every Merry Dance

✓ Virginia Dessar-----Vapidity Disappears

✓ Anne Sheldon Morton-----Ain't Silly-Much

Mary Ellen Morris-----Memorizes Every Movie

✓ Mary Trump Bauman-----Mustn't Tantalize Boys

✓ Mary Jane Lester-----Mentality Justly Lauded

Hope Griggs-----Headstrong Go-getter

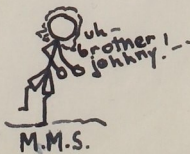
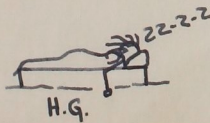
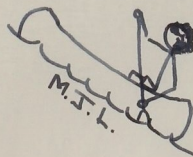
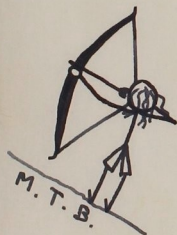
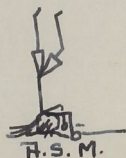
✓ Elizabeth Josephine Kiek-----Endures Jaunty Kinks

Helen Hughes-----Hustles Helpfully

✓ Nancy Louise Carr-----Never Lacks Candor

Claire June Canniff-----Consistently Junior's Companion

Mary Morrell Smith-----Motivates Much Sport



Margaret Branham-----Martyred Braider

✓ Elizabeth Moring Perry-----Eternally Marking Proficiency

Adelaide Brown Sayre-----Actually Born Sooner

Jean Harrison Sayre-----Joins Her Sister

✓ Grace Miriam James-----Graciously Mothers Jeanie

✓ Evelyn Comey-----Extraordinary Conversationalist

Charlotte Lansing Peabody-----Chairs Lean Precariously

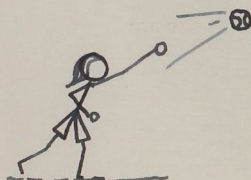
✓ Lucy Lowell Leach-----Loves Lonely Life

✓ Camilla Lucy Titcomb-----Conundrums Lag Tediously

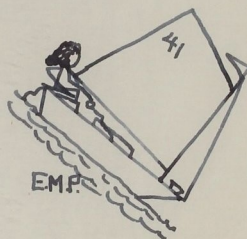
✓ Margaret Vredenburg Smith---Marvelous Value Sense



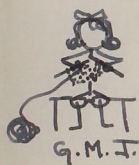
M.B.



R.B.S.



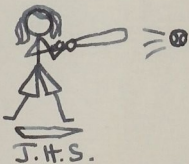
EMP.



G.M.T.



E.C.



J.H.S.



C.L.P.



C.H.T.



L.h.h.



M.Y.S.

✓ Marian Rachel Johnson-----Makes Rules Judiciously

✓ Mary Margaret Blankenhorn-----Might Marry Bill

Caroline Ann Eagan-----Colgates Annex Eagerly

Patience Mather Cleveland-----Pardonably Migrated Crying

Mary Mays Alford-----Most Melodious Accent

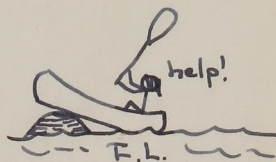
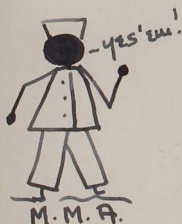
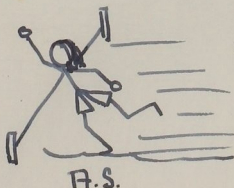
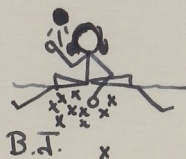
✓ Barbara James-----Barbarous Jack-player

Emily Cosslett Putnam-----Ever Clings Pugnaciously

✓ Frances Lauder-----Frantically Loquations

✓ Joan Holstead Myers-----Joins Horses Madly

✓ Anne Sullivan-----Awfully Slim



Constance Kellan Branham-----Controls Kitchen Beautifully

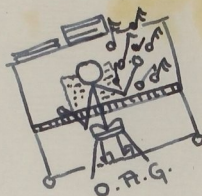
✓ Mary Trump Bauman-----Manner Thoroughly Bedside

✓ Orpha Ann Gatch-----Opinions Awfully Good

Priscilla Harrington King-----Possesses Hidden Knowledge



C.K.B.



O.P.G.



M.T.B.



P.H.K.

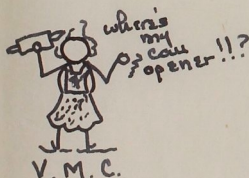
Virginia Maud Conlin-----Veritably Magnificent Candor

Doris Mae Dow-----Deafeus Mother Daisy

Elizabeth Dodson Mathews-----Evening Dates Multitudiners

Mary Francis Weeks-----Misees Foraway Waterville

Freda Evelyn Staples-----Fraternity Emblem Steadies



V.M.C.



E.D.M.



F.E.S.



D.M.D.



M.F.W.



c i e t y

**Emerson-Branham**

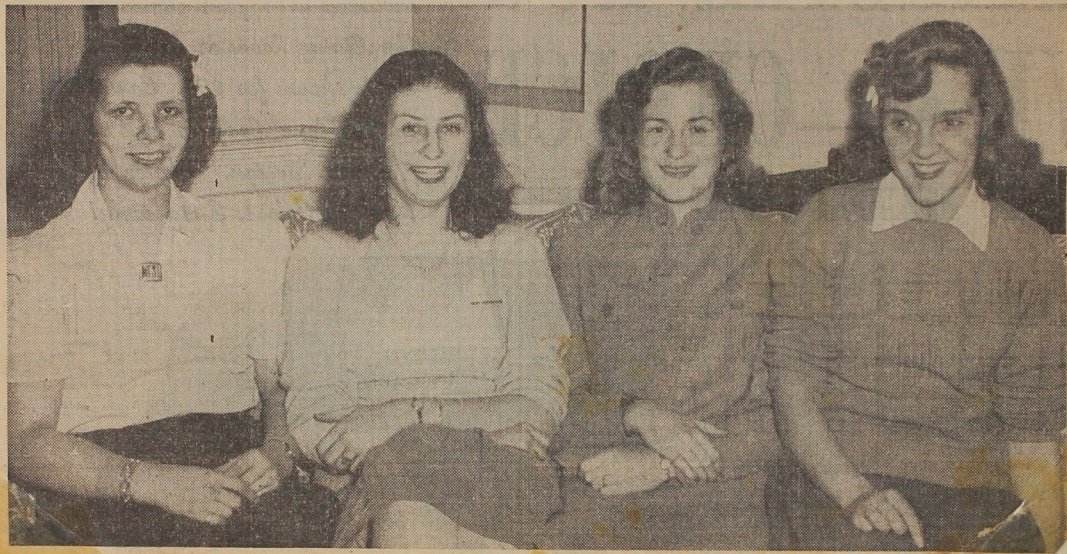
Capt. Roger Lee Branham, USA, and Mrs. Branham of Hingham announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Virginia Branham, to Mr. Hobart Bigelow Emerson, Jr., USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Bigelow Emerson of Newton and Hingham.

Miss Branham, granddaughter of Mrs. William V. Keller of the Hotel Charlesgate, was graduated from Derby Academy, attended the Erskine School, and was graduated from West Hill School in 1943. Mr. Emerson attended the Rivers School, was graduated from Deerfield Academy, and attended Leicester Junior College until he enlisted. He is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heath Learnard of Newton.

ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED—Miss Virginia Branham (left), whose engagement to Mr. Hobart Bigelow Emerson, Jr., USNR, is announced by her parents, Capt. Lee Branham, USA, and Mrs. Branham of Hingham; (right) Miss Eliza-

School Team:

The Hillsdale School will be among the Greater Cincinnati schools that has a four-girl team entered in the team contests to be held at the Cincinnati Kennel Club's Dow Show, sponsored by the Junior League, in Music Hall Saturday and Sunday, March 14 and 15. The teams, leading dogs in the show ring, will be judged on the basis of attractiveness. Members of the Hillsdale School team, shown below, are, left to right, the Misses Nancy Dowd, Martha Spielman, Barbara Jusson and Mary Hutchinson.



Camden Aug 27

Mrs C D Grant

Esteemed friend
and shipmate

You expressed a desire for the
song of my composition

I hereby send copy

Res. J

Al

UC BOARD

Names New Head Of Child Care Branch Of Graduate School.

**Dr. Ada H. Arlitt Selected
—President Lauds Work
Of Dr. Hoke Green.**

In recognition of her distinction in her field, Dr. Ada Hart Arlitt, member of the College of Home Economics faculty, University of Cincinnati, since 1925, will become full-time head of the department of child care and training in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, effective September 1.

This action and promotions of faculty members highlighted the June meeting of the UC Board of Directors yesterday at the Van Wormer Administration Building. Frank F. Dinsmore, Chairman, presided.

In recommending approval of the nomination by Dr. Hoke S. Greene, Dean-elect of the Graduate School, Dr. Raymond Walters, UC President, said: "She is nationally famed as a leading scientist in her field and her books and articles have reflected high credit upon this university.

"Graduate School status will mean utilization of her splendid ability at its most valuable level."

UC ON SELECT LIST.

Dr. Walters pointed out that this action was timely in view of the fact that UC was among 15 leading universities selected by the American Psychological Association for its advanced clinical psychology program. Dr. Arlitt's course offerings in child care and training on a graduate level will contribute to the university's part in the nationwide program, he explained.

The following faculty and administrative promotions, each effective September 1 unless otherwise noted, were authorized:

Graduate School—Dr. Otto Szasz, research lecturer, to professor of mathematics.

College of Law—Alfred A. Morrison, assistant professor to associate professor of law, effective June 1.

College of Liberal Arts—Dr. Paul V. Kreider, associate professor, to professor of English; Assistant Dean Joseph E. Holliday, assistant professor, to associate professor of the social sciences; Dr. William A. Spoor, assistant professor, to associate professor of zoology; Miss Elsie L. Fillager, instructor, to assistant professor of English.

IN ENGINEERING SCHOOL.

College of Engineering—Dr. Roy O. McDuffie, associate professor, to professor of physical metallurgy; Harvey E. Drach, associate professor, to professor and head of the department of English; William



DR. ADA HART ARLITT.

Licht Jr., assistant professor, to associate professor of chemical engineering; Ira D. Wollermann, assistant professor, to associate professor of English; Louis F. Doty, instructor, to assistant professor of aeronautical engineering.

Teachers College—Dr. Ray G. Price, associate professor, to professor of business education.

Office of the Vice President and Dean of Administration—William E. Alderman, to supervisor of the Union; Miss Betty J. Smith, hostess and student counselor, to social director of the Union, both effective June 1.

The University Board authorized Dr. Walters to bestow recommended degrees and certificates at June 6 commencement exercises and also at later dates for certain candidates who will qualify by study during the summer.

REPORT ON GIFTS.

Dr. Walters reported the following large gifts: \$9,273.80 from the Citizens Committee of Birmingham to the Spies Committee for Clinical Research; \$2,500 from Charles Pfizer & Co., Inc., for research in nutrition under Dr. Tom D. Spies, Associate Professor of Medicine, and \$1,200 from the Lederle Laboratories Division, American Cyanamid Co., for research in biophysics under Dr. Harold Kersten, Professor of Biophysics and Fellow of the Graduate School.

Several prizes were awarded. The \$40 Henry Hochstetter prize for the best master's thesis in chemistry and chemical engineering to C. Robert Geiser in the Graduate School; the \$50 Semple prize in classics, divided between Misses Carolyn Sautter and Caroline Zurlage in the College of Liberal Arts, and Case Club competition prizes in the amounts indicated to John C. Bird, Robert Jacobson, Walter Schutt, Byron White, William W. McNeal and Walter C. Johnston, \$15 each, and Harry T. Klusmeyer and John R. Lesick, \$10 each, all in the College of Law.

Changes in title included Dr. Albert Bell, former consulting pediatrician, contagious division, to consulting pediatrician on the pediatric and contagious division of General Hospital; Lucien A. Cohen, from acting assistant professor to assistant professor of psychology, and Charles A. Brigham, instructor in Romance languages to the additional title of assistant director of admissions, all in the College of Liberal Arts.

THE WRECK OF THE ALFRED KEENE

'Twas Friday March the twenty second,
In Eighteen ninety five
I shipped on board the Alfred Keene
The articles were signed.
The Captain was Reuben Faulkingham
Charles Davis was the Mate.
Lime was our cargo, we were bound
For New York, the Empire State.

On Saturday we made a start,
Our canvass soon was spread
When from North the wind changed
To South west,
As we passed by Owls Head.
But we kept on 'till after noon
When the Captain thought it best
To run in to Tennant's Harbour
And take a little rest.

For three days more, we lay secure
From danger, storm and gale,
Till Wednesday morn, with wind northwest
We again set sail
When fifteen miles off Portland Light
At three, on Thursday morn,
The wind came suddenly North east
And it began to storm.

We then took in our topsails as
We quickly shortened sail.
And made secure, as best we could
To stand the stormy gale.
Our flying and our outer jibs
Were very quickly furled
Then we put three reefs in the mainsail
As thru' the waters we whirled.

We then hauled down our foresail
And put in a double reef
While the waves were breaking over us,
And the angry waters seethed.
Our forestaysail went in ribbons
The gale was rising higher,
The deckload washed to leeward
And soon it was on fire.

Each one did the best he could
And no one tried to shirk
As we threw the deck load overboard
And fast we had to work.
At half past four the storm abated
Yet, the wind did fiercely blow
We drew away our jib, kept off,
And on our way did go.

On Friday morn the sun rose clear,
But the seas were running high
And far up to the windward,
Land we could desery.
The angry waves broke over us,
And lashed us to and fro
Yet bravely on, the Alfred Keene
Sailed gallantly, tho slow.

All thru' the night we waited,
Grave fears within our breasts
We feared the worst but yet,
We all prayed for the best.
All day Saturday we toiled,
And also thru' the night.
Till Sunday morn the thirty first,
When the sun rose clear and bright.

Land ahead was plainly seen and
 At half past nine o'clock
 We wore ship, to stand to the south,
 And struck on Trinity Rock.
 'Twas a moment of great peril
 Our boat was quick to let down
 The Mate, poor man, fell overboard,
 And before our eyes was drowned.

The rest of us got in the boat
 And pulled with all our might,
 While the waters closed,
 O'er the Alfred Keene,
 And hid her from our sight.
 Now, "Pull boys, pull"
 The Captain cried,
 As he bent to the steering oar,
 And 'twas due to his great strength
 And skill,
 That we safely reached the shore.

We reached the land in safety,
 Altho' chilled thru' and thru'
 We felt land once more beneath our feet
 And were very thankfull too.
 To C. B. Churchill's home we went
 His doors he opened wide
 And with a hearty welcome said,
 "Boys, come right inside".

They gave us food and clothing
 And the tenderest of care
 It was royal treatment we received
 From the good people there

The names of the boys who reached the shore
 All safe on that Sabbath day
 Are, Peter Peterson, and John Norem
 Both hailing from Norway.
 John Parsons, from Virginia,
 A jolly lad that same,
 And the Captain hailed from Jonesport
 And I, from Rockland Maine.

We were sent on to Boston,
 After staying a few days more
 It was Wednesday night
 When we bade farewell to,
 Nova Scotia's shore.
 And Thursday noon we landed,
 In Boston at Lewis wharf
 And that night, on the steamer Lewiston
 For Rockland we were off.

On Friday morn we landed
 All safe on Rockland's shore
 Our hearts were lighter for we were
 At home with friends once more.
 And for our shipmate, Davis
 We will offer silent prayer,
 And thank God who in His mercy
 Saw fit our lives to spare.

Our trials are now over,
 Tho hardships we have seen,
 But for many years will the memory live,
 Of, The Wreck Of The Alfred Keene.

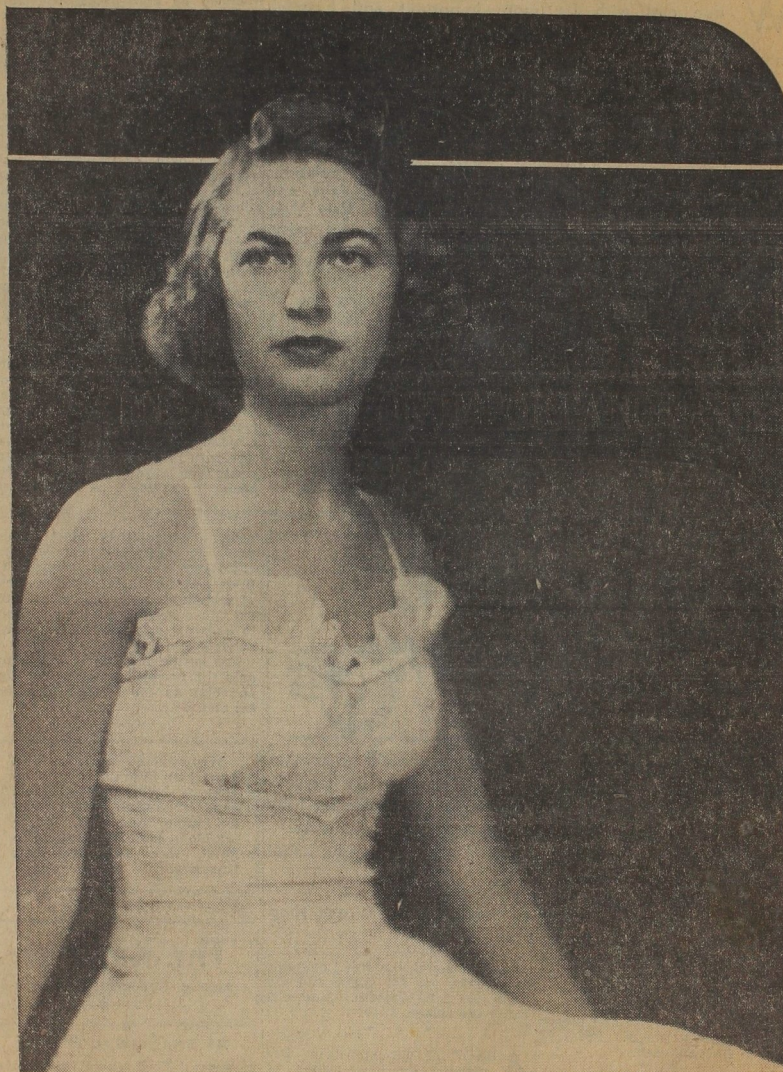
By: Ansel Parnham

Who was on of the Crew.

TY



ENGAGEMENT OF IMPORTANCE



Miss Sylvia Howard Taft.

—Carlson Photo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phelps Taft announce the engagement of their daughter, Sylvia Howard, to Mr. William Douglas Lotspeich, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Meek Lotspeich. Miss Taft is a graduate of Vassar. Mr. Lotspeich, who was graduated from Cornell, is studying at the College of Medicine of the University of Cincinnati. No date has been set for the wedding.