

THE CAMP RUNOIA LOG

1942

DEDICATION

In 1907 the hard work and high ideals of two women we all know and love resulted in the establishment of Camp Runoia. Since that time there have been booms, depressions, and wars but Runoia has stood firm, representing the harmony which was the dream of its founders. However, camps do not ^{run by} ~~turn to~~ dreams alone; every year there are two hard months of preparation making possible our two months of recreation and happiness.

In heartfelt gratitude for that early dream and this ceaseless devotion we dedicate this, our 1942 Log, to Miss Jessie Pond and Miss Lucy Weiser.

THE LOG STAFF

RUTH LESTER

HELENE THOMAN

LUCIA TAFT

NANCY LESTER

MIMI KIEK

MARY JANE LESTER

GRACE JAMES

EVELYN COMEY

BARBARA WARREN

ANNE SULLIVAN

RUNOIA GOES TO WAR

Along with the rest of the world Runoia girls today are asking themselves, "What is my place in this war torn world, and how best can I prepare myself to take it?" Now there's a question! There are many answers and it is to be hoped that this summer has provided a few.

Next winter all of us will frequently find ourselves engaged in earnest conversations about military strategy. Some people would be unprepared for such discussions but not the Runoia girl. When Daddy describes the heavy machine gunning necessary to consolidate positions in the Solomon Islands, she will whip out her knife, plunge it into the black walnut dining room table, snap it sharply and give out with da-da-da-da-da-da. These sound effects will add a great deal to the discussion and will show our camper that her place in a war torn world is in bed. (Hungry, too.)

What else have we learned? Well there was first aid and if Johnny had only broken her ankle a little later in the season we could have some valuable practical experience. With a little luck though, we may rate a broken bone in our own family and I'm sure we'll all remember to apply traction splints and to induce artificial respiration in case of shock. (If there isn't any shock this can be taken care of too.)

The next important thing we can do is collect rubber. Some rubber is better than other of course but it's all a fair game. Try stealing the spare tire sometime. After all, only four are needed. Or the two hot water bottles mother is hoarding. Mr. Ickes will be very grateful and your family should learn to make

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sacrifices after all.

As for third shack and sometimes even fourth, they have no problem. The war torn world will prove their natural habitat. It won't be a question of learning to take their place, but of keeping from taking everybody's place. They have learned well. The rest of us might profit from their example.

And so it goes--we have great confidence in you--. Remember your training girls and when in doubt tell one of Camilla's jokes and the war torn world will pause in bewilderment.

Colby Cleveland

"Now, be good," says Mrs. Bauman, putting my crutches in the next room as she goes to breakfast. How can I be anything else, with no accessible underpinnings, thinks I?

Clatter of dishes and gradual crescendo of voices as the sleepiness wears off. Screen doors slam, footsteps sound on the path.

"I ate four muffins. Wonder how much I lost?"

"I'm next on the scales. Oh gee, I've lost a sixteenth of a pound. Now next meal I'm not going to have thirds."

"How much do you weigh?"

"Oh, I do not."

"Yes, you do--I saw you."

"Mary, have you the cotton in there? Who took the alcohol?"

"Let me look in the mirror now, M.J."

"Tootle, toot, toot. Here comes your breakfast, Johnny."

"Oh thank you. So Piglet put the stick in my oatmeal. Well, I'll get it back to her. Lovely smelling coffee, but where is the cup?"

"Isn't it there?" I looked carefully to be sure everything was on the tray this morning."

Finish weighing, breakfast, complexion club.

Clump, clump to Pix while Mrs. Bauman makes two beds and sweeps.

"I wonder where Franny ~~Lauder~~ is. She should be here for her exercises----" "Oh, come in Joan. Something wrong with you? Let's see, I'll have to soak your foot a while. Here's Franny at last. You come in here Franny and start. On the floor first. One, two, three--higher, Franny---four, five--keep your legs straight--six, seven----."

"Hello, Chatter. Let's begin reading."

"I can't stay long, Johnny, because I have to do the hall, but look how far along I am in the book."

"Now, Franny, your calf-stretching exercises. One, two--don't twist your back so--three, four--. "

"Shall I tell you what this chapter is about, Johnny? You see, Paul Bunyan told the big Swede that he-----".

"Mrs. Bauman, we're going to have First Aid class this morning. I'll fix the horses and come down just as soon as the riders get started."

"Could I have some Band Aids for my fingers? We're having archery this morning."

The bugle blows for assembly. Scurry, scurry go the feet on the path. The last of Fourth Shack goes by, just a wee bit late.

Quiet and calm settle down over the corner of 42nd and Broadway, colloquially know as the Infirmary. Only the sound of the dishes in the kitchen and the strains of Gilbert and Sullivan wafting from the Lodge or the soft purring of the Rolls-Royce backing up to the woodshed break the peaceful moments. Yes, the day is well on its way now and it's time to take my embroidery and sit out in a chair in the sunshine. Wotta life,--wotta life!!

Johnny

IN SOCIETY

Miss Claire Canniff of Kelwynne Road, Scarsdale, N.Y. arrived Sunday morning with two of her dear young friends at the gay metropolis of Waterville. Miss Canniff was wearing a chic linen dress with bolero to match gracefully setting off her svelt figure. Her friends, Miss Mary Smith of Westbury Lane, charmingly situated in that well known Long Island City names for the Garden of Eden, and Miss Hope Griggs, of Ardsley-on-Hudson, were met by a gala crowd of young ladies from that beauty spot in Maine, Camp Runoia. Miss Smith is a member of the weel known S-M-I-T-H spells Smitty family of which Miss Nancy, Miss Margaret and Mr. Calvin on the davenport are members. Miss Griggs is the daughter of Mr. Maitland Griggs of Ardsley-on-Hudson and the granddaughter of Mr. Maitland Griggs of California and Brooklyn.

Another new guest at Belgrade Lakes is Miss Frances Luther of Grandin Road, Cincinnati, Ohio. Miss Luther has spent the past two summers on a ranch in the far west with a gay group of young people and horsees. Miss Luther is the granddaughter of Mr. Lusther and of Mr. Wright, the grandfather of Miss Ethel Lawrence who also graced the shores of Great Pond in past seasons. Many were the warm welcomes from her many friends of the old days who promptly took her rowing and riding on a raft. Indeed so warm was their welcome that at one point Miss Luther who prefers to be called Julius Caesar was seen marooned on a faft in the Middle of Great Pond.

A chatty group of Cincinnati sub-debutantes drove all the way to Augusta to meet Miss Priscilla (Piglet) King who jauntily stepped from the train charmingly gowned in a street suit, small piquant hat and two large gardenian which had been given her by---guess whom? Ask Piglet.

Mrs. Grant

THE GROUP PICTURES

Shall we wear old uniforms or new ones? I like the old blouses-- I like the new ones. I like the old shorts--I like zippers. My old blouses are darker blue. I'm going to wear an old dark blue blouse and new light blue shorts so they'll put me in the back row with the tall ones. I always get put with Fourth Shack. Remember my white shoes three years ago. That's the first thing you see in the 1939 picture. IT's our faces. If you have a little face you get put with the Juniors. I'm going to wear dungarees so as to be sure to get in back. Remember the time Barbara Martin fainted and we just propped her up and went on with the picture? No one's fainted for years. Let's have the picture beside the Infirmary so we have to stand on benches and things. No, let's have it at the shore. No, by the big birch tree. Oh, foocy, Let's sit on the Lodge steps, so Skipper can sit up. Now everyone smile whether you feel like it or not. Shall we turn down our collars if we have old blouses? NO---Close your old collars and be quiet.

Mrs. Grant

BELGRADE TO NEW YORK

"Good-bye!" "Good-bye, Perry." "Good-bye, Dougie." "Good-bye".

With their farewells in my ears, and the promise to write, I left on the Pullman train bound for New York. I was quite glum at first, but later I perked up and made notice of what was going on around me. Across from me there were two Naval Officers. We had already picked them out. One for Blank and one for Perry, or Lisbeth. There was a family of two girls, one about my age and the other about five. Their father was in the Navy.

When the porter fixed my berth, I went right to bed because there wasn't anything else to do. I slept in Upper 9, or rather didn't sleep. The person underneath me snored which was very annoying. I finally woke up early in the morning wondering where I was. I wanted to get up and see, but how could I without waking the person below me? I decided to take my chances and jump. I landed with a thud. I thought I had woken up everyone in the car. I looked out of a window until the porter said I should get dressed.

After a while I arrived in New York. I was met by Dr. Hicks and then I went to his house to have breakfast. I spent the day "bummin' around". I bought some dungarees and a knife, and some magazines to read on the train to Chicago. At 6:00 I was put on the Twentieth Century Limited, the fastest train in the World. I felt a little sick at first, but that wore off. I went to sleep about 9 o'clock. In the morning I woke up, got dressed, snatched a sign and read. When I got to Chicago I was met by Mummy and Daddy. I stayed in the Stevens Hotel, the largest in the World, for two days and then at 11:00 Wednesday night we boarded the train for Spokane. It took two nights and two days, but here I am in Spokane.

By Ann Sullivan who had to leave early because
her Dad has gone to war.

"ING"

Oh what goes on this afternoon
Please tell us what we're doing
Could it be tennis or maybe craft
Or possibly just canoeing?

Oh what goes on this afternoon
Our campers are always cooing
Could it be dancing in the Lodge
Please can't we have gumchewing?

Listen my children and you shall hear
No, no let's have no boeing
It isn't tennis, it isn't craft
And certainly not canoeing.

For something new has been added too
And third shack will have snipping
And Fourth, if they've been very good
Their schedule offers clipping.

For something new has been added too
And Fifth can't bring their knitting
For off to the mill they all must go
And there they'll do some chipping.

And something new has been added too
And Sixth must all go clipping
For out at the float the dives are few
And they should practice flipping.

For something new has been added too
The counsellors all are yipping
For something new has been planned for your
While the counsellors all are sipping.

Betty Perry

MOSQUITOES THAT BUZZ IN THE NIGHT
(With apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan)

Mosquitoes that buzz in the night--Tra la
Bring promise of many and itch
As we sleepily slap when they bite--Tra la
We curse at this troublesome mite--Tra la
With a jerk and a scratch and a twitch
With a jerk and a scratch and a twitch.
And that's when we wish that this bold parasite
On some other victim had chanced to alight.
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Mosquitoes that buzz in the night--
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la la.

Mosquitoes that buzz in the night--Tra la
Are really the deuce to outwit;
For they're usually just out of sight--Tra la
And never attack you outright--Tra la
You can only control them with Flit
You can only control them with Flit.
And so we'll just say in a tone not polite,
"Oh bother this--bother this bold parasite
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
A blight on this troublesome mite--
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la la".

Ruthie Lester
Helene Thomann

A BUOY'S EYE VIEW

It was a warm, pleasant day, and I lay bobbing not uncomfortably in the water, when several of the girls (the ones that like to sit out in a boat all day) came down to the shore with the purpose of putting up the masts in the sail boats. (They certainly didn't know what they were in for.) Well, they decided to put the one they call Les on the craft house roof to lower the masts in. Mimi came up later and I'll tell you now they sure did look funny stuck up there, and I know because I had a buoy's eye view. After trying every mast in every boat unsuccessfully, they came to the conclusion that everything must have warped during our "rugged Maine winters". Thinking that it was beyond them to straighten "warped" wood they resorted to the muscles of Everett. When with his help, however, they at last managed by the process of elimination to fit the masts in the correct holes, the halyards were all entangled. The smart one they call Thopy offered to climb the perilous ladder to fix things. This she efficiently did, but after the job, when they tried to remove the ladder, the straightened halyards were all threaded through the rungs of the ladder. This time, to make sure everything was OK, Everett went up, and finally the job was completed and I went back to my bobbing with a sigh of relief.

The Blue Buoy

P.S. They sure must have wanted to go sailing badly to have gone through all that.

A MOUSE IN THE KAYAK

As I was paddling the kayak on Sunday the 19th, a little baby mouse stuck his head up. I don't know which was more surprised, the mouse or me. I yelled to Ginger and she told me to paddle back, so I did. Then Les and I tapped the kayak to get the mouse out. He didn't come out but we say him. He was the cutest little baby mouse.

Anne Sullivan

CAMP RUNOIA STYLES

The newest fashion is a big, bright, red patch on the seat of your dungarees. Overalls are coming into fashion again this year... Misses Nancy and Ruthie Lester have straw hats.....You should see Fourth Shack's pajama style. Wow!....It's coming into fashion to wear socks that don't match...Since it's war, everyone wears hand-me-downs.

That's All Folks....

MORNING DIPS

Every morning when we go for a dip,
The water is usually cold,
But we jump right in and get warmed up
And the water we never scold.

It seems as soon as we get in
Thopy yells, "All out",
We hate to come, but we turn around
Like a sail boat coming about.

The main reason we go for a dip
Is so we won't be sleepy
I know if I don't I don't feel right
And everything seems sleepy.

Well anyway
That's all there's to say
From my lips,
About morning dips.

Barbara Warren

A FOOLISH THOUGHT

I wake up about 5:30 A.M. and wonder if I shall go back to sleep or if I shall continue as I am and read. After a long struggle between these two, I finally decide on the latter because I am awake now and besides what's the use of going to sleep again?

Then suddenly I feel something move against my leg. First I think that it might be a delicious snake, or something of the kind. There it goes again! At this point I am really scared! Finally I get enough courage to look down at my feet. So I cautiously move up from the bottom of the bed. I suddenly have a queer sensation that the morning is cold. I wonder why, and as I am wondering I find my feet very cold. At the moment I don't really care whether my feet are cold or not because I want to find the thing that moves. Again I move and again and again, finally fresh air, fresh air, but--oh is it cold!

Again I find courage and turn over (this process is very hard as I am on the edge of the bed, and as I do not want to turn over on The Thing). I turn over and look down towards the end of my bed all the time being careful not to let my shoulders out.

I look to see what is there and jump so I jumps off the bed. The Thing is only Skipper. I feel very silly now and start reading to take my mind off this stupid experience.

C. Peabody

"Mergie!", someone whispers.

"Yes?"

"I just walked up to Blank's room and she is asleep."

"Oh, good!"

Just then a tennis ball bounces against a waste basket. BANG!! The Shack titters. Someone forgets to put their face in a pillow while she is laughing. Blank yells, "QUIET!" Silence reigns. But not for long. Some courageous soul peeks around Blank's wall and comes back with the report that to all appearances she is asleep again. It is doubtful that a person would go to sleep so soon so all si quiet for a little while.

Then slowly they collect in the farthest room from the counselor. The room happens to belong to Chatter and Evie. Everyone parks herself and begins to argue about who should play tennis with who. "Ow, that really hurt." "Well, did you think I meant it to feel good?" This seems to strike everybody as very funny. They laugh. The sound of feet and up stalks Blank. "I see there are several applicants for Second Shack." Everyone looks crushed and goes back to bed. Fourth Shack rests.

Leigh Stander



MESSALONSKEE

We were off on a trip at a tidy old clip, but found we had hours to spare, so we allowed our pace down as we drifted to town with never a worry or care. We bought out the store, ate ice cream galore and heaved our canoes o'er the road; Camp Belgrade's strong talent proved not very gallant, but no matter we managed the load.

To Frinke's we did hi, 'neath the bright sunny sky, (who could guess how the weather would darken) the time quickly went, as it well when well spent if to puzzles and quizzes you harken.

The morn came at last, with sky overcast, and we viewed it with skeptical glance, but we could not turn back for clouds big and black, so decided to go take a chance--Oh we were delayed but never dismayed though our sugar was salt it is true, but two volunteers (the sweet little dears) went and got some without an ado.

We said our farewell, to the sound of Frinke's Bell, and Annie gave Skipper a thump. And we gave a groan at the sound of her moan as she dragged from the lake a wet lump.

In mid-afternoon, our lunch was a boon as the rain started drizzling down. But we didn't mind as Arcadia we find, can tell tales of how they've been round. And Skip liked the water much more than he ought'a, and jumped in again on a spree, and so we surmised Annie was so surprised, that was why she fell out of the tree. For hours and hours through dampening showers, we wended our way down the stream--a wet little crew unattractive to view, we filled up on cokes and ice cream. Pretty soon it was night, and we left all the light when from Belgrade we pushed off once more, the correct piece of ground for our camp-site we found but the cows were lined up on the shore. These cows were aggressive, and very possessive--we soon were aware of our fate though our numbers were stronger, we tarried no longer, agreeing that we should vacate.

The shore looked quite gloomy and not very roomy, exploring the coves in a daze. Imagine our joy as we screeched, "Boy oh boy" when a cabin loomed out of the daze.

Our nerves were all shocked when we found it was locked--but Annie our housebreaking champ, gave the window a rumble and in we did tumble relieved to get out of the damp.

A roaring wood fire, blazed higher--the food really cooked on a range. The clothes started shrinking--but all we kept thinking, "How nice to get dry for a change."

Our packs were all angles, we slept at odd angles for the porch was not proof 'gainst the storm. The puddles were numbered, but onward we slumbered--so glad to be sheltered and warm.

The morning dawned sunny--t'was really a honey. Oh we were light hearted and gay, we got the location of North Belgrade station and merrily started away. Gee! what a swell trip, it sure was a pip. Everybody had plenty of fun. Eight more came to meet us and gayly greet us. Our two-night Messalonskee was done.

Ginger Dessar

SIXTH SHACK GOES TO THE VILLAGE

Sixth Shack, complete with their one and only counselor, the Director, arrived in Belgrade Lakes in hysterics on Friday night, July 24 after a very eventful paddle during which Lucia and Sylvia had become almost permanently stuck under the bridge, Abena and its musical occupants had been raucously sung to, Ruthie and Les had paddled first both on one side and then on the other, and one and all had been thoroughly splashed.

Naturally we rushed to buy magazines and eat and drink unattractive concoctions supplied by Bartletts renowned store. We also had a first rate view of Belgrade's smart younger set in action. When finally our bottomless stomachs had been filled, we proceeded to show off Belgrade Lakes to Sylvia. This included marching sedately up and down the porch of the Belgrade. Becoming bored with our Maine metropolis, we again took to the water. On the way home we called in at Mimi's, where we ate some more. (Didn't I say bottomless?) The moon disappointed us, but we still found the way home though we did become so entertained with conversing with Echo that we almost stayed out on the lake all night. We concluded our successful visit with looking in on some of the counselors who had also been busy that night!!!

Mimi Kiek

THE TUMBLEDOWN TRIP

On Wednesday morning a small group of campers left Runcioa headed for Tumbledown with Perry at the wheel. Later on, at Nan's suggestion, Piglet took over. When we finally arrived at the foot of the Chimney Trail, even Perry was amazed at it's tameness. But we being less experienced, decided to go up anyway.

Part way up we were faced with the question of which trail to take-- Chimney or Loop. We chose the Chimney Trail as it seemed to offer fewer possibilities of a gruesome death on the rocks below.

In spite of a few rocks, we soon gained the summit of the mountain with the help of one or two iron rungs. While eating on a rock a gentle breeze came up so we decided we might as well have a drink of water. But having arrived at the spring we found it a pitiful trickle full of dead frogs. How inviting!

On our way back to the beginning of the Chimney Trail, we stumbled on the Loop Trail and took it back to the station wagon.

That evening we enjoyed a delicious supper at the Wilton Inn. And so to bed.

Mary Jane Lester
Nan Carr

THE BALD MOUNTAIN CLIMB

On Wednesday, July 15th, 4th Shack, with Perry and Mrs. Bauman, started off in the station wagon for Mount Bald. The only one that did not go up was Margie Smith because she had a cut on her foot. On the way over we sang songs and counted cemeteries which were rather numerous. When we came into Wilton we stopped at Camp Lineowatha to see Miss Epeley who is a friend of some of us. She wasn't there though because her uncle had died and she had been away. They said she would be back in the afternoon. We also met Miss Baso who is the director of the camp. Even though it is a girl's camp there were a lot of men standing around. They told us a new way to go up the mountain but it turned out to be the same way we always go up. Finally we got to the top where the wind was so strong it almost blew us off. We had lunch and played ghost. Then we took paper cups and went hunting for blueberries which grew all around us. When we started down again we put them in the empty water can and brought them home. We made out trip song up on the way down too. We came back safe and sound a happy day behind us.

Evie Comey

A TRIP TO MOUNT BALD

We climbed up Mount Bald one sunny day
Singing and laughing all of the way
We started at ten all in one piece
Wishing and wishing the heat would cease
We made no stops enroute to the mount
But on the way up the rests I can't count
When we reached the top we were very hot
So we ate our lunch in the coolest spot.
We each had a melted Hershey bar
Which made us feel quite up to par.
After exploring, eating and such
We trudged down the mountain eager to touch
The coolness of the stream below,
Which made our feet feel just so so.
Homeward bound we gaily tread
Tired, happy and ready for bed.

Grace James

THE TRIP TO MT. PHILIP

At about 3:30 one Friday afternoon the girls of Camp Runoia gathered on the shore by the dock getting ready for a two hour paddle to Mt. Philip, a small mountain across the lake. We all piled into the canoes, some in the big war canoe and got off at about a quarter to four. We landed in a small cove near the foot of the mountain where we got out, unloaded the canoes and started out in the direction of the trail.

One on the trail it was easier going except for the juniper bushes which crowded around our ankles most of the way. On reaching the top, most of the girls ran off exploring the rocks and caves. We ate in small groups, scattered about the rocks.

The lake had blown up considerably during the afternoon and the paddling was harder on the way back but most of us were singing and the scenery and sky were so beautiful that we didn't notice it. After arriving home we put the canoes away and tumbled into bed, tired but happy, dreaming of the days experience.

Jinny Chaplin

THE SIXTH SHACK MESSALONSKEE-BELGRADE STREAM AND LONG LAKE TRIP
or
HOW JOHNNY MANAGED TO GET THE 'STICK' BACK TO PIGLET

The trip that had left camp on August 8th--spending two nights and three days--was met at the North Belgrade Station on August 10th by seven excited campers and one excited counselor. Namely: Les, Thopy, Hope, Ruthie, Pepper, Junior and last by by no means least--Piglet.

Meeting Mr. Furbish proved again to be a highlight of the trip. When, with an egg sandwich in one hand, and a half eaten cucumber in the other, besides five huge cucumbers tucked under his arm, he approached us--after we had carried the canoes over the dam.

Putting the cucumbers in a canoe we prepared to adjourn. But wait! Our attention is held by Mr. Furbish's interrogation, "Do you want to make some easy money? Now here's what you do--". Being bored at this point (having heard the talk before) we happened to glance around and there lo and behold, was Ruthie, standing in the water digging furiously with the pix shovel. As it turned out she had dropped some money--but until we we knew that it certainly looked very queer to say the least.

About 6:30 we started looking for a place to sup and seeing a sign which said, "No camping without a guide, signed Berthram Smith", we immediately proceeded to make ourselves at home. After restoring the picnic grounds to even better than normal condition we were about to shove off when we heard a aweal from Piglet. Much to her amazement, and ours too, there, tied to her paddle, was that innocent little fun-maker of an infirmiry stick!! All the way home, Piglet kept declaring that Johnny was entirely too clever and we who write this feel that Johnny had best beware!

We reached our destination, Castle Island, about 7:30 and were met by Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Chambers, who seemed very surprised to see us so soon. They were loaded down with knitting and magazines preparing for a

ONE DAY MESSALONSKEE-BELGRADE STREAM (Con't)

long wait. These two graciously drove us home and after answering a million and one questions, we were perfectly content to pile into bed.

Anonymous

THE PIONEER Q.T. COVE TRIP

Trips have come and trips have gone in this rainy month of August, 1942, and according to each set of trippers theirs was the most fun, the wettest, the longest, the windiest, the laughingest, or the the mosquitoiest. But a certain trip had an even more original slant to it. Explorers were we of the Pioneer Q.T. Cove trip on July 31st. A short little trial trip the Director wanted it to be--down Great Pond with Ginger to Crooked Island; learn to boil potatoes, and make shelters without chopping off fingers, rip up bright and early next day to be home in time for lunch--were her directions. She didn't know that adventuresome group: Ginger, Columbus' wife herself, two bold guides, Taft and R. Lester, and five other valiant pioneers, Babb, Smith, Kiek, Lester, M.J., and Bauman. Variety we had and a-plenty, A sailboat race with Lester and Taft's raincoat-rigged vessel against Dessar's doughe canoe affair, two boats behind one poncho. The self-initiated grand clean up of the vilest of messy camp grounds on Crooked Island, while Dessar was off to a house on the opposite shore to inquire of a more fitting stopping place than that on which half eaten hot dogs, half drunk bottles of beer, potatoes and peels, and squashed tomatoes were generously strewn. And finally the long sought discovery by our eagle-eyed leader, Ginger, of that cosy, woody and well cleared spot, Q.T. Cove. In the excitement of the moment, Pioneer Babb tumbled into the lake, but the substitution of pajamas for underwear remedied that calamity.

Preparing supper and the Director's boiled potatoes was a trial indeed. The watched pot just wouldn't bile, and though M. Smith was going to transform the uninteresting things to French fries, our avid hunger couldn't wait and the long cooked "Taters" were eaten boiled a la Mrs. Grant!

Our poncho shelters with the help of the long suffering stake chopping crew were true works of art inspite of the frantic borrowing of the 3

PIONEER Q.T. COVE TRIP (Con't.)

flashlights to tie this stupid little string or pound in that stubborn stake. At last all beds were prepared and any ordinary camper wearied by the exhaustive work would want to fall in bed but near midnight tho' it was, that handful of energy, Kiek, syas, "Let's do the trip song." I inwardly groan and thank the few stars above that Ginger deemed it best to compose in the morning.

With plenty of food for breakfast including varieties of eggs, and coffee strained through Ginger's delicate small hanky and a song done up in literally 10 minutes by our poetic genius of a leader, we paddled homeward next day.

So ended our trip to that nifty little campsite, Q.T. Cove, so christened by Miss.R. Lester because we insisted on remaining quiet, utterly silent for a week about our discovery and the night in the rain.

Lucia Taft



CAMDEN CRUISE--1942

I

The aides and Junior went to sea
With Perry and Blank in a yacht
Wet took some rope, enough to cope
With every conceivable knot.
The Cap looked down to Al below
When he saw such a gigglesome crew:
"Oh Al, my pal, out troubles they grow
What a laughter-struck crew we drew
We drew
We drew
What a laughter-struck crew we drew."

II

Cap said to the crew, "Without more ado
For Rockland we'd better set sail
To pick up some ice and the Coast Guard's advice",
The crew complied without fail.
Little we knew, this innocent crew
The wild entertainment in store
The sailors all veered as our dinghy appeared
Blank and Perry each jerking an oar,
An oar
An oar
Blank and Perry each jerking an oar.

III

In a shop of antiques, you'd have thought we were freaks
From the questions with which Blank was plied
Though our accents in Yiddish--"Mek up mit the hands, plish"
Were not really meant to misguide.
Later that night to the movie we fled
On the streets we dared not be seen
Thru bank night we sat and pop corn we spat
While Spy Smasher flashed 'cross the screen,
The screen
The screen
While Spy Smasher flashed 'cross the screen.

IV

Pulpit's Harbor was next on our schedule of stops
In bright sunshine we rode the sea sprays
We dug clams in the sand, sailed the dinghy too, and
Learned how to splice ropes in three ways.
Back to Camden next day; we fished on the way,
Our luck was excusably bad--
Lobster dinner on shore--Could we ask for more?
What a wonderful cruise we'd had
We'd had
We'd had
What a wonderful cruise we'd had.

THE INITIATION

It was around lunch time the Friday after our arrival at camp. There was excitement in the air. New girls look at each other and giggle with simultaneous shivers. Whispers are passed around and the dreaded, yet long hoped for word is spoken. "The initiation's tonight!"

"What will it be like?" is the big and much debated question, while the old girls look on with that "indulgent and knowing air exclusive with campers old and experienced in the art of torture."

"You just wait", said that gleam in their eye, and the new girls either gaze in awful fear, or in loud tones taunt their future tormentors with "I know what you're going to do" or "I'm not scared". Of course a select few shrug their shoulders with utter indifference. They did it before at school; they aren't afraid.

Or are they? The moment has arrived. The new girls are pushed into a group on the Lodge porch, kept from peeking with great difficulty by Thopy and Blank.

"Oh, oh, we're going to be blindfolded" is heard as the pile of borrowed bandanas is revealed. And so they were. One by one Blank villainously suhered them into the torture chamber-entrance door of the Lodge. "Get on your stomach", says she with a sinister look.

I watched her, you see, I was a new girl too, in the same boat with all those innocents whose shrieks I heard within. She used the same tactics with each one and they meekly obeyed.

By golly, I wasn't going to be so submissive!

THE INITIATIONS (CON'T)

"Taffy, it's your turn", says Thopy. Was that my heart that went thump, thump, thump in such an uncourageous fashion? Of course not. I struggled against the blindfold and then gave way to the horrors of total darkness.

"All right, Lucia, crawl!", says that villain, Blank. I won't be so degraded and besides why should I, says I to myself says I. So I balk--they push. "Move, you worm", say they or something after that fashion. I decide to be obliging in spite of that epithet. Bump!! "Keep your head down, you're in a tunnel", say they. I meekly lower it and ignominiously crawl on. Then I rebelled. None of this for me, bumps or no bumps. I hurled myself to my feet. Nothing there! The old trick of making a fool of the poor blindfolded person. I would oblige them no more.

"O.K. walk the plank", they say. Was that me cringing in obedience? Surely not. No, I was still rebelling. Their lovely apparatus rocked from side to side as I bounced around. Bump again! Had I reached the ceiling? No, only a book on top of my head. The rest of the events followed in quick succession. I went off the plank in the wrong direction on top of Ginger, got on again, fell off on the mattress. Then the usual messing up episode. "Kiss the Blarney Stone" is the severe command--and get plastered with flour and water should have been added. Boy, did I! from hair line to neck. Oh well--so did everyone else. The torture was ended and I collapsed on a chair.

"Now we shall have some entertainment", says Blank, "given by you now full-fledged campers. Will Lucia Taft please give a feather

THE INITIATION (CON'T)

cut and set to an imaginary person?" I groaned--weren't they satisfied with the tortures I went through two days before with Thopy? Evidently not, so I made a fool of myself again, caught a laugh here and there and dropped in exhaustion. Vaguely, sights of the acts of my other poor comrades came to me. Muscles giggling instead of singing the laundry list, Nanny Heald's hips swaying from side to side as she described how to feed a baby in three minutes, Emmy carefully stepping over imaginary pillows, and so on. Finally, the old girls' loud cheer for us and our feeble one for them and it was over! Whooppee!! I was a real Camp Runoisite at last! The nervous exhaustion which kept me wide eyed all night was well worth it. I was initiated!

Lucia Taft

Camp Runoia, Me. (AP)

One of the most gala parties of the season for the younger set was given by the Old Girls on the Fourth of July.

The group was entertained by the Pirate Act, one of Runoia's oldest traditions. Miss Blankenhorn of Cincinnati, Ohio, feeling she was too young to be grasped by the Fingers of Death, remained standing though death was her doom. Another high spot in the entertainment was the tumbling. The girls, costumed in blue and white, perched one upon the other almost to the top of the large building in which the celebration was held. Mrs. Grant and Miss MacDougall performed with great gusto the Russian Dance. Two inmates from Sing Sing terrified the audience, although heavily guarded. The two James sisters declared themselves nuts while the Misses Lauder and Myers lifted themselves in our esteem by twinkling their toes through a spirited tap dance. There was another dance song routine to the tune of "Darktown Strutters Ball."

Among the guests who came as characters in American history were Mary Ann Hamill as Benjamin Franklin, Nancy Heald as Betsy Ross, Jinny Chaplin as Nathan Hale and Lucia Taft and Sylvia Babb as Dandy Hamilton and Sloppy Jefferson respectively.

Mary Jane Lester

FIFTH SHACK'S VARIETY SHOW

On Saturday, August 1st, Fifth Shack entertained with the most original party of the gay season at Belgrade Lakes.

The guests were asked to come dressed as the ages one to six. The guests came dressed in incubators, ruffled panties, and more intimate underwear of the three cornered variety, securely fastened with safety pins.

The attractive prize, a multi-colored leather parrot, was won by Mrs. Chambers for the best costume.

A Game Fair was soon in full swing. Can you name 48 states in the Union in five minutes? Wag can. Can you look at twenty things on a table and then write them down? No, neither could the guests. Can you identify Kellogg's Krispies, Swan Soap, Sunkist Oranges, and Chen-Wu nail polish? Well, Mary Ann Hamill knew about the nail polish. Tossing pennies into Mickey Mouse, pinning a tail on a pussy and identifying smells completed the variety. Close your eyes and try sniffing vanilla, cinnamon, ammonia, and fir balsam. Thopy, Sylvia, Evie and Joanie know all about smells, pennies, tails, states, Royal Pudding and Lucky Strikes because they got the prizes.

Mrs. Grant

THE MASQUERADE

"Taps in the middle of the day! Heavens! What's going on?"

To their dismay the campers found that the afternoon was to be Backward's Day. First you come upon Juniors walking backwards. Then Mrs. Grant was seen with her skirt and overalls on backwards. To top it all off the masquerade was to backwards too. The rest of the afternoon was spent pondering over backward costumes.

At the sound of the bell the party began in full swing. After the grand march honorable mention was given to Pepper, Junior, Hope and Mimi, who came as dirtiest, dirtier, dirty and Swan soap, and to Leigh and Babs, the clothesline.

Mary Smith
Mary Bauman



Johnny in her chariot, leg in cast, being carried by
some of her many admirers



JUNIOR CANOE RACES

Well, there goes everybody down to the beach to watch the Junior canoe races. Let's join them. "Chatter, I do hope you and I race with each other." That's Evie speaking. "So do I," is the answer. We are down at the boat house now. First we watch the Senior canoeing.

Mrs. Grant is telling the heats while Nancy Lester nervously awaits them at the canoes.

All of a sudden we hear Chatter and Evie cry, "Yippee!" which probably means they are together. I am right. They are together. Perry is just saying, "On your mark, get set, go!" Off they start. First the Blues are ahead, then the Whites are coming up. The Whites are about an inch ahead now. The Blues are ahead now. They give one last stroke and win, but I must confess the Whites weren't far behind. Nancy Lester runs up and says they are wonderful and everything like that. The next heat is Lucy and Margie against Camilla and Joanie. Here they come, nobody ahead. Yes! I think the Blues are but the Whites aren't very far behind. Now you can see the Blues are ahead. They are about a canoe ahead. Yea! They are at the finish line. The races go on like that and once in a while the Whites win but not very often. Mrs. Grant announced the places at dinner. The places were:

1st--Evie and Chatter

2nd--Lucy and Margie

3rd--Leigh and Babs.

Lucy Leach

THE RUNNING RACES

In the July Sport Week 1942, we had running races. It was a hot morning and we all were glad to have something to do. After we had assembled at home plate on the baseball field, Babs donated her undershirt to Perry to use as a flag to wave up and down. The first races began! The first heat was run by Leigh and Evie, the second one by Lucy and Mary Ann and the third by Emmy and Susan, and so on until everybody had a chance to run. Afterwards everyone was glad to go into the nice cool lake for a swim. At supper Mrs. Grant announced the winners. They were:

1st--Evelyn Comey

2nd--Leigh Stander

3rd--Anne Chatfield

In all I think that everyone did very well.

Mary Ann Hamill

The Sailing Races--A Dream

Here I am, the peter, sitting on the top of the mast flying in the air on top of the White's sailboat, '37. Our sailboat is getting ready to start the race. The Blues are also getting ready. The people in the Blue sailboat are Mary Bauman and Nan Carr. The people in the White sailboat are Ruthie Lester and Lucia Taft. "Now", says Mary, "we must let out the tiller and steer the sheet". "WE've got to win this race". "So they think they're going to win this race. We're going to win it ourselves", uttered Taffy.

Finally Perry shouted, "On your mark, get set, go!" Both boats scurry along and in about two seconds the wind dies down and ^a stop flying. Oh now they've both got to paddle and fast. They all yank out their paddles and start paddling and just as they start paddling the wind comes up again. Well, when they got settled they had covered about two thirds of the way. The wind was very strong. The Blues! The Whites! The Blues are ahead. The Whites are very close behind. The Whites are closer. Oh the Whites are ahead. The Whites have won!

Camilla Titcomb



SPORT WEEK DIVING

Mrs. Grant says, "Laugh at Sport Week. Don't take it too seriously", and Sport Week is under way. The Blues and Whites fighting stubbornly every inch of the way. On one afternoon word got around that they were going to have Junior and Senior Diving. Everybody immediately started exclaiming in a very loud voice that they simply couldn't dive. Finally everyone who was going to watch, assembled themselves about the float. Some seniors weren't going to dive because of noses or something. So the only people diving were Lucia, Thopy, Les and Mary Bauman, and Nan Carr. It looked pretty good for the senior Blues. And I was not far wrong in saying this because the first place was given to that marvelous diver, the person with more dives up her sleeve than ever, that dashing young person, Miss Mary Bauman, the Waterville Belle. The second place was won by Miss Lucia Taft, another very good diver. The third place -- well, folks--it was a tie, between Miss Nancy Lester and Miss Helene Thoman. The Junior diving was quite a bigger affair. The people on the White Team were Babs James, Joanie Myers, Camilla Titcomb, Barbara Warren, Leigh Stander and Franny Lauder. And on the Blue Team there was Evie Comey, Chatter, Margie Smith and Lucy Leach. There were quite a few people who just couldn't dive or so they said, but when we really started everybody dived doing a good job. But still in all Lucy Leach and Evie Comey, two unbeatables, got first and second place again, and Margie Smith got third.

Everybody did well I know because they nearly jounced the life out of me.

Margie Smith

The Swimming Races
By the Dock

Timers ready? Yes. On your mark, get set, go! They are off, streaking and splashing through the water. Blues! Whites! Everyone is screaming. Why? you ask. Today is the day for the swimming races in the 1942 July Sport Week. Yea! Leigh wins that race on the backstroke. The next race is between Chatter, Evie and Leigh on the front stroke. They are off. Evie is ahead, she wins. Everything is very exciting as the swimmers swim past the dock going 100 miles per hour (or at least it looks like that.).

Now the Seniors race. Thopy and Taffy plough through the water at full speed. Mimi shoots along on her breast stroke. Incidentally, on the backstroke several people bumped me a few times. Lester shouting "Blues" roars in my ears and "Yea Whites" from the White team also.

Finally everything is over. The water calms down and everything is as still as before the races.

Lucy Leach

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The tennis tournament in Sport Week of 1942 was very exciting. There were four Senior Whites and four Senior Blues chosen from the two teams to play. The first match was played by Annie Morton and Diana Chambers. Diana won. Lucia Taft and Nancy Lester played the second match which Taffy won. Nan Carr and Thopy played the next match. I was won by Thopy.

Mimi and Mary Bauman played the fourth match, which was won by Mimi.

The first match in the semi-finals was played by Diana and Thopy and Thopy won. Lucia and Mimi played and Lucia won the match.

The finals were between Thopy and Taffy. It was very exciting and a close game. Finally at the end it was won by Thopy and Thopy had won the tournament.

Babs James

LOST AND FOUND

Lost: Chum
Found: Roomatey

Lost: Emily
Found: Emily

Lost: Arthur Murray Studio
Found: Grant's Moving Picture House

Lost: Gilbert
Lost: Sullivan
Found: Gilbert and Sullivan

Lost: Everything
Found: In the pound

Lost: Hippa
Found: Daisy

Lost: Colby
Found: The Bible

Lost: I. O. H.
Found: Dung Diggers

































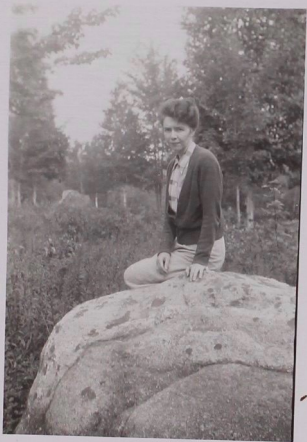












ANAGRAMS

Sixth Shack:

- ✓ C.E.D.G. Can't Endure Dry Gardens
- ✓ S.M.B. Seldom Much Bothered
- C.J.C. Capability Justly Commended
- H.L.G. Hails Lonesome Gobs
- ✓ E.J.K. Energetically Jabs Keyboard
- ✓ N.L. Noticeably Lamented
- ✓ R.A.L. Rouses Apathetic Log
- F.R.L. Fifth Rather Luring
- M.M.S. Monopolizes Most Salads
- L.C.T. Lauds Canadian Tricks
- C.A.T. Chatters Almost Tirelessly
- H.V.T. Heads Victorious Team

Fifth Shack:

- L.E.M.D. Loves Each Morning Dip
- V.D. Vacantly Dreams
- M.T.B. Mamma'S Tiny Baby
- ✓ N.L.C. Newly Licensed Council-Member
- V.C. Vaguely Chirps
- ✓ D.V.C. Drenches Very Cheerfully
- ✓ F.C.H. Frantically Causes Hilarity
- ✓ G.M.J. Giggles Most Jocularly
- ✓ M.J.L. Music Joyously Lirting
- C.L.P. Canfield Lauded Profusely
- M.C.S. Manifests Constant Surprise
- A.S.W. Arguments Stubbornly Willful

Fourth Shack:

- M.M.B. Manufactures Magnificent Burps
P.H.K. Persistently Hacks Kindling
A.C. Ain't Coherent
E.C. Excellent Concerts
✓ M.A.H. Methodically Asks "How?"
✓ B.J. Baseball Joe
✓ L.L.L. Lovely Looks Lucrative
M.V.S. Must Venerate Scarlet
✓ C.L.S. Clinches Lucky Shackmates
✓ B.C.W. Boosts Creative Writing
A.S. At Spokane
C.L.T. Conscientiously Learns Things

Third Shack:

- E.M.P. Entertains Mostly Pine Island
O.A.G. Overstimulates Apiaries Guilelessly
K.R.L. Kindles Raucous Laughter
F.L.L. Finds Life Lackadaisical
✓ J.H.M. Just Hoardes Mementoes
✓ E.B.W. Enjoys Being Wicked
✓ S.G.L. Seems Generally Lean
S.J. Sophisticated Juvenile

Girl's Club:

- B.A.✓. Balances Accounts Carefully
M.R.J. Makes Rash Jumps
M.T.B. Manufactures Tidy Bandages

STATISTICS

CHRISTENED	CALLED	COMES FROM	CONDITION	GRAVES	COMMENTS
<u>Third Shack:</u>					
Elizabeth Mor- ing Perry	Perry	Monclair	Just 21	Quiet	Comb your hair.
Orpha Ann Gatch	Wag	Milford	Vague	Books	Hang up your bathing suits.
Frances Lauder	Franny	Greenwich	Squeeky	Abraham Lincoln joke	Can we have the Bobs?
Katherine Roland Lauder	Kathy	Greenwich	Lively	To weigh one pound.	Oh--you lucky!
✓ Susan Grace Leach	Susie	Wellesley Hills	Wandering	Queenie	I'm hungry.
Sheila Johnson	Sheila	Princeton	Traveled	To be read to.	In Nassau--
✓ Joan Halstead Myers	Joanie	Ardsley	Athletic	To build houses	Can we have the Bobs?
✓ Emily Bissell Warren	Emmy	Waterville	Curious	To rest in her own room.	I'm an ooey- gooey worm.
<u>Fourth Shack:</u>					
✓ Mary Margaret Blanchhorn	Blank	Cincinnati	Yes	Don't we all?	More often than necessary.
Priscilla Harrington King	Piglet	Scarsdale	Thinking of what to do w with the stick next.	To finish Life Saving.	Does this bother you?
✓ Catherine Leigh Stander	Leigh	Across the lake.	Tripping over something	To sweep the counselor's rooms.	There's a bat in my bed.

CHRISTENED	CALLED	COMES FROM	CONDITION	GRAVES	COMMENTS
Ann Chatfield	Chatter	Cincinnati	Talking	More rows on a ear of corn.	Waste pper bassketts
Evelyn Comey	Evy	Cincinnati	On top	Nothing	Oh gruntzers.
Margaret V. Smith	Margie	Garden City	In a tizzy	To be like Nancy	un-ch-ch
✓ Mary Ann Hemill	Mary Ann	Cincinnati	Squirming	To put raisins in counselor's coffee.	Aunt Jemima says not to pat pancakes.
✓ Barbara James	Babs	New Jersey	Late	To look like Veronica Lake	I am.
✓ Lucy Lowell Leach	Lucy	Boston	Different	To ride more	Who's riding today?
Camilla Lucy Titcomb	Camil Pil	Augusta	Announcing	Evening dips	Oh nifty!
✓ Barbara Chapman Warren	Barbara	Waterville	Ready	To know what we're doing this afternoon	Who's coming to our shack?
<u>Fifth Shack:</u>					
Lorna Elizabeth MacDougall	Dougie	New Canaan metropolis	Self-to get sacrifice Shack.	To get to bed on time just once.	Time to get up, Fifth Shack.
Virginia Dessar	Ginger	The great metropolis	Busy	Wisconsin	May we present a plan?
✓ Nancy Louise Carr	Nan	Hingham	Photogenic	To gain weight.	The grinding unendurable pain.
✓ Mary Jane Lester	M. J.	Saratoga Springs	Stolid, now not by.	Clear complexion	Nay I know not why.
Mary Trump Bauman	M. B.	Waterville	Happy!	Penny	Oh no!

CHRISTENED	CALLED	COMES FROM	CONDITION	CRAVES	COMMENTS
Anne Sheldon Wheaton	Morton	Pelham	Appendicted	Hedy Lamarr	Censored
Mary Cornelia Sprague	Muscles	Miss Crawford's School	Herculean	Short hair	It's a gyp
✓ Grace Miriam James	Jimmy	Maplewood	Misleading	The twins	Crumb
Virginia Chaplin	Ginny	Gay village of New York	Ethereal	Mail	In rest hour
✓ Frances Catherine Heald	Nancy	Cincy	Bewildered	Sudie	Happy day!
✓ Diana Virginia Chambers	Dano	Spence	Quiet	B. E. E.	Really, Muscles!
✓ Charlotte Lansing Peabody	Charl	Derby	Jolly	Emmy Lou	Oh Nancy, hurry up!
Skipper	Skip	Unknown parents	Sore paw	Attention	Woof!

Sixth Shack:

✓ Constance Eleanor Dowd (Contracted- Grant)	Mrs. Grawnt	The clan L-E-S-T-E-R	Unpredictable	Well-fed posies and clean- clipped lawns	Tomorrow I'm going to make my speech on education.
✓ Sylvia Mary Babb	Sylvia	Ardmore	Affectionate	The printed page	I want to take Johnny her breakfast
Claire June Canniff	Pepper	The social whirl	Too tall for the draft	Letters	Roomatey!
Hope Lee Griggs	Hopie	Ethel Walker	Strong of arm and sharp of eye	A Navy correspondent (any one will do)	In some foreign tongue
✓ Elizabeth Josephine Kiek	Mimi	Over the bright blue sea	Coily	Breast stroke races	Really haven't you heard of of a Whoopie Cushion? It goes p-ft, p-ft, p-ft.

CHRISTENED	CALLED	COMES FROM	CONDITION	GRAVES	COMMENTS
Frances Luther	Frannie	Cincinnati	Tongue-tied	Fifth Shack	Few
Mary Morell Smith	Junior	Garden City	Melodious	To be like a fairy and quite so light and airy.	Boy oh boy!
Claire Anderson Tapley	Tap	N'R'chelle	Reclining	Numerous answers to her numerous answers. questions	Continuously

Aides:

Helene Valeska Thoman	Toapie	A fine family	Tall and handsome	A country club college	But I've paid \$50.
Lucia Chase Taft	Taffy	A fine family	Tall and handsome	A co-ed college	This food's so good
✓ Ruth Alden Lester	Ruthie	A charming family	Short and handsome	A one-horse camp	I'm homesick
✓ Nancy Lester	Les	A charming family	Short and handsome	A telegram right after Cotillion.	Make mit a joyful noise, ple--alse!

Girl's Club:

✓ Beatrice Adams (Contracted-Chambers)	Daisy	New York City	Meticulous	The outdoor life	Telegram for Tomy, oh I mean Topy.
Mary Trump (Contracted-Bauman)	Mrs. Bauman	159 Silver St.	Chumless	Fewer Dowds and Johnsons	Let Dr. Bauman look at it tonight
✓ Marian Rachel Johnson	Johnny	The infirmery	Impaired	Hefty heavers	Oh let me see-- I'll take my favorite-Ypsilanti.

Annex:

Shirley Helene Chase	Shoiley	Waterville	Musical	Piano	Yay Whites
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CHRISTENED

CALLED

COMES FROM

CONDITION

CRAVES

COMMENTS

Roberta
Aileen
Marden

Bobbie

Waterville

Cheerful

Friday
afternoon

Who's doing dishes
today?

Doris Mae
Dow

Doris

Kents Hill

Gay

Kents Hill

At Kents Hill--

✓ Eleanor
Bissell
Warren

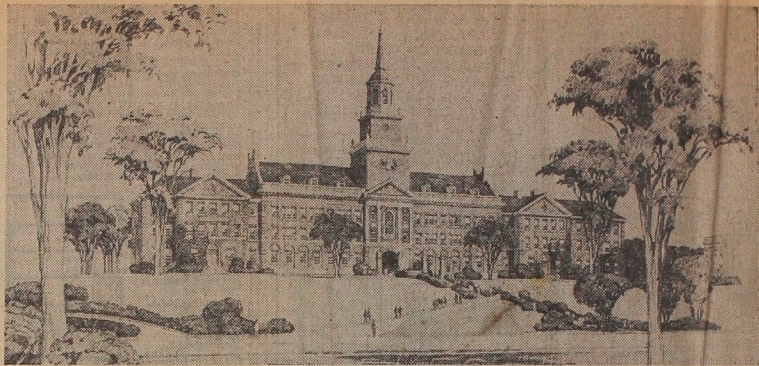
Mrs.
Warren
(Liz)

Waterville

Cool, calm
and collected
Gingerale

The kitchen hasn't
eaten yet.

New McMicken Hall Plans Shown at UC Banquet



This is a preliminary sketch of the proposed new McMicken Hall on the U. C. campus. The structure will be 380 feet long and 62 feet in depth. "Mack" and "Mick", the stone lions which guard the old building, will occupy their traditional places before the new hall.

Lucia C. Taft, daughter of Charles P. Taft, and great-granddaughter of Alphonso Taft, a member of the original University of Cincinnati Board of Directors, cuts anniversary cake.



—Julia Malott Photo.

ENGAGEMENT OF IMPORTANCE

MR. AND MRS. O. DE GRAY VANDERBILT JR. announce the engagement of their daughter, Barbara, to Pfc. Warner Arms Peck Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Warner Arms Peck of Glendale. Miss Vanderbilt attended Miss Porter's School at Farmington, Conn., and The Residence School of New York City. She made her debut at the "June Party" in 1942, and is a member of the Cincinnati Junior League. Private Peck, a graduate of Williams College, Class of 1943, is in his junior year in the College of Medicine at the University of Cincinnati. He is a member of Chi Psi and Nu Sigma Nu Fraternities.



Old Readers Interest Student



Miss Lucia C. Taft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft, of 16 Garden place, examines some of the McGuffey readers written in the 1830's when Dr. McGuffey was president of the Cincinnati College. Cincinnati College and the Medical College of Ohio, predecessors of the University of Cincinnati where Miss Taft is a student, celebrate their 125th anniversaries this week.

CAMP RUNOIA
BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE

To the Campers, Counsellors and
Kitchen Helpers.

I appreciate your helping me this summer in doing the many things which Gilbert and I did together last summer. You have taken care of the horses, mowed grass, cut trees, helped with the icing-up, taken care of the tennis courts, helped launch the new float, and many other things. With your assistance, I feel we have taken care of the work real well. I want to thank you all, hope you have a good trip home, and that we will all be back here next summer.

Everitt.

August 1942.

ROTOGRAVURE SECTION



RHODA LESTER, occupational therapist, gives Pvt. Roy Turner of Anahuac, Texas, instruction in rug-weaving at a loom. The rugs he makes are useful, but the principal purpose of occupational therapy is to teach co-ordination of hands, arms and legs following severe injury.



Delar
Miss Priscilla H. King

Miss King, Lt. Davis Engaged

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. King, of Scarsdale, N. Y.

Special to the Herald Tribune
SCARSDALE, N. Y., April 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sanford King, of Sherbrooke Road, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Priscilla Harrington King, to Lieutenant LeCompte Kirkwood Davis, A. U. S., son of Mrs. A. Edward Davis, formerly of Scarsdale, and the late Dr. Davis. Miss King was graduated from the Ethel Walker School and the Bouve Boston School of Physical Education. She is a teacher at the Brearley School, New York, and also has been a nurses' aide. Lieutenant Davis attended Washington and Lee University and is a member of Delta Upsilon.



Mrs. LeCompte K. Davis
David Berns

PRISCILLA H. KING SCARSDALE BRIDE

Attended by 5 at Marriage in
Church to Lieut. LeCompte
Kirkwood Davis, AUS

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
SCARSDALE, N. Y., June 24.—In the Hitchcock Memorial Presbyterian Church here this afternoon Miss Priscilla Harrington King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sanford King of Scarsdale, was married by the Rev. Dr. George H. Smythe to Lieut. LeCompte Kirkwood Davis, AUS, son of Mrs. A. Edward Davis of Northfield, Mass., and Scarsdale, and the late Dr. Davis. Mr. King gave his daughter in marriage.

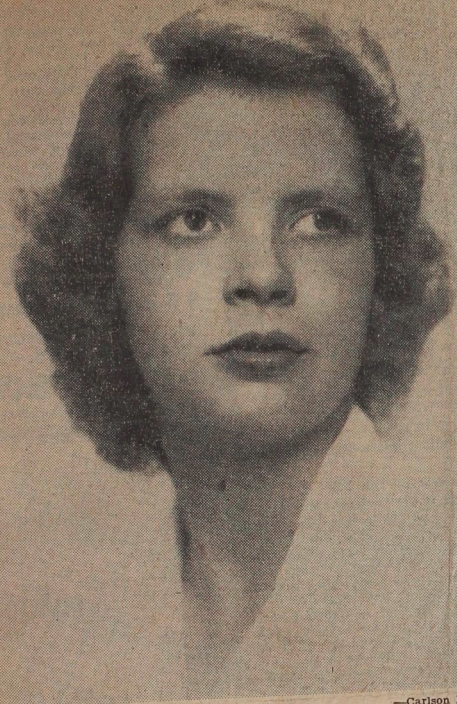
The bride wore a white satin gown trimmed with lace at the heart-shaped neckline, and a net veil attached to a coronet embellished with orange blossoms and seed pearls. Her bouquet was of gardenias and sweet peas.

The bride's maid of honor was Miss Mary Farham Woolfolk of Atlanta, and the other attendants were Mrs. C. Sanford King 2d, Mrs. Justin R. Whiting 3d and Miss Marion Fowler of this place, and Miss Elizabeth Jennings of New York, formerly of Scarsdale.

The bridegroom had for his best man Dr. Theodore Loizeau. The ushers were C. Sanford King 2d, George Harrison, Frank Reilly and John Raymond.

After the ceremony a reception was given at the King home. The couple will make their home in New Orleans. Mrs. Davis, who has been teaching at the Brearley School in New York, was graduated from the Ethel Wall School in Simsbury, Conn., and the Bouve Boston School of Physical Education. The bridegroom attended Washington and Lee University and received his commission in the infantry at Fort Benning, Ga., in March, 1943.

WELCOME VISITOR



MISS NANCY C. DOWD

—Carlson Photo.

Miss Nancy C. Dowd is being warmly welcomed to Cincinnati, where she is spending a part of her midyear vacation from Sweet Briar College, with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grant in Glendale. Miss Dowd is leaving on Sunday to return to Sweet Briar, where she is a member of the freshman class.

At 1 o'clock today Miss Dowd is assembling a congenial group for luncheon at the Cincinnati Woman's Club. Since she was graduated in June at Hillsdale School, Miss Dowd hoped to entertain this group at her luncheon. While some have already returned to college,

those who will join the hostess today will be Misses Danesi Hilton, Susan Jane Finke, Keith Freyhof, Ruth MacCrellich, Beverley Hooker, Mildred Maxwell, Nancy Denison, Patricia Nagel, Mary Jane Watson, Suzanne and Harriette Rattermann, Barbara Jussen, Lucia Taft, and Carol Upson.

Miss Louise Wachman, who is engaged in volunteer war work will join the group following luncheon. Greatly missed on this occasion will be Misses Betsy Richardson and Mary Lyda Hutchinson, who are taking the nurses' training course at General Hospital.



Miss Danesi Matthews Hilton

—Carlson Photo.



Miss Barbara Vanderbilt

—Carlson Photo.

Laura E. Richards Dies; Author, Daughter of Julia Ward Howe

**Writer, 92, Best Known for
'Captain January,' Wrote
Many Children's Books**

GARDINER, Me., Jan. 14 (AP).—Mrs. Laura E. Richards, author and daughter of Julia Ward Howe, who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," died at her home today.

Mrs. Richards, who would have been ninety-three years old next Feb. 27, wrote about eighty books, most of them for children, including the beloved "Captain January."

Her husband, Henry Richards, to whom she was married in 1871, is ninety-five years old. Also surviving are two sons, John Richards, a faculty member at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and Henry Richards, on the faculty of Groton School, Groton, Mass., and three daughters, Mrs. Carleton A. Shaw, of Groton, Mrs. Charles Williams, of Dedham, Mass., and Miss Rosalind Richards, of Gardiner.

The Toto and Hildegarde stories were others of her works for children, and in the realm of biography she wrote of her parents, Florence Nightingale, Abigail Adams and Joan of Arc.

To hold a child's interest, Mrs. Richards said, an author must use direct approach. "You mustn't talk to the adult over the child's shoulder," she said, "if you want to interest the child."

In her autobiography, "Stepping Westward," Mrs. Richards gave this advice on reading for children:

"Give them the best there is. Give them the great ballads, the Norse sagas, 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' Shakespeare, the Bible."



Mrs. Laura E. Richards

Native of Boston

For many years before her death Laura Elizabeth Richards was the only notable survivor of the first epoch of American intellectual maturity. She was born in 1850, in Boston, and into the society that spoke of "Mr. Emerson" and "Mr. Longfellow," the society that made that city for so long the recognized intellectual capital of the country. Her father and mother, Samuel Gridley and Julia Ward Howe, were of the core of the group of well born, well to do persons, abolitionists, philanthropists, enlightened Unitarians, who were as responsible for the Civil War as Garrison and his "Liberator."

Of them—of the elder Adams, Charles Sumner, who was as intimate with the Howes as he was with the Adamses, and the rest—Henry Adams says in the "Education" that they were "hated by Beacon Street." More ostentatious in their habits, undevoted to high thought and plain living, the "Beacon Streeters" pulled down the shades of their Somerset Club and hissed from the blinded windows when Robert Gould Shaw marched by for the war with his Negro regiment, which Governor Andrew, one of the Howes's closest friends, had been largely instrumental in recruiting. No doubt little Laura, then in her early teens, felt the incident as strongly as the rest of abolitionist Boston. Certainly a dislike for luxury, a Unitarian simplicity, stayed with her always.

Father a Civic Leader

Even her name, Laura, was as natural a result of her environment as her life-long tastes. Her father, who, so they said, "drove all the charities of the state abreast," who had fought for Greek independence, and returned to make himself one of the great public servants of his time, was the practical founder and director of the pioneer Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind. There he educated Laura Bridgman, deaf, dumb and blind, a nineteenth-century Helen Keller, and after he named his daughter. Her mother, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was one of the brilliant and learned women of that generation.

At Green Peace, their country place near Boston, at the Perkins Institution, where her father was in residence for a good part of each year, and in various town houses, she was never far from her family, their friends, and their simple and hospitable way of life. Her mother sang to them in half the European languages and read everything to her numerous children, for it was a big family.

Mrs. Richards learned to read early herself, and devoured Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare, and the Bible. In her autobiography, published in 1931, she pleads strongly for "giving children the best at the beginning" as she received it in songs and books. The reading and singing stuck, too, for wherever she went she made people sing the old songs, and the characters in her own books have a really Dickensian tinge.

Uncle "King of Lobbyists"

And always there were many parties and visits. Uncle Sam Ward, the "King of the Lobbyists," her mother's incongruous but fascinating and adored brother, who ran through half a dozen fortunes, who went to Paraguay and invented stewed terrapin à la Maryland, would turn up with presents for the girls.

As she grew up she went to Signor Papanti's dancing school with its wonderful spring floor and all the young men, as inevitable for young Bostonians then and for many years thereafter as going to church. At nineteen she had come out and was dancing the steps she had learned all over town. In 1869 she was engaged, and in 1871 she married Henry Richards, a young architect. There was a long trip abroad, for he had to see the masterpieces of the Old World, and in Florence Uncle Sam appeared on an errand to Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, and presented the young couple with a large check and a recipe for boiled ham which called for, among other things, a wisp of new mown hay and a quart of champagne. On their return the

Richardses settled for a few years in Boston, where Mr. Richards began practicing architecture.

In 1876 his brothers asked him to return to their native Gardiner, Me., to help with the management of the family paper mill, and the Richardses, already the parents of three children, Alice, Rosalind and Henry Howe, accepted. It was the major break in her life, for the atmosphere of Gardiner allowed the ideas and tendencies ingrained in her by her education and environment room for the fullest development.

Country Festivities

In the winter they organized tableaux vivants, so fashionable for charitable purposes in the '70s and '80s, and danced the old square dances, "Pop Goes the Weasel" or "The Tempest," in the Library Hall or at the open houses they all kept, to the calling of Meltiah Lawrence the fiddler. In summer they lived outdoors, at trotting meetings, on the Kennebec or the Cobbossee, on the hills. Winter and summer they read and, meanwhile, Mrs. Richards had begun to write.

Her first book, "Sketches and Scraps," was published in 1881, but even before the move from Boston her "hurdy gurdy," as she called her great gift for children's and nonsense verse, had turned out such a classic as "Little John Bottlejohn," a name that has passed into the language. From 1881 onward the pages flowed from her pen. Her books for children attained an immediate popularity, for the characters were fascinating and the plots were pleasant. In the '80s she wrote the Toto series and began the Hildegarde books, with "Queen Hildegarde" published in 1889. The next year—after the little volume had been refused by a dozen publishers—saw the appearance of "Captain January," her best known work.

The Richards family had bought and moved into "the Yellow House," a fine old Colonial place, soon after moving to Gardiner, and by 1890 four more children, Julia Ward, Maud, who died as a child; John and Laura Elizabeth, had been born. Teaching them to love the classics she had loved, watching their troubles and excitements, writing the books that made a very acceptable addition to the family exchequer, these things and her friends and her town filled her life.

Mill Finally Given Up

The paper mill was not doing too well. The old rag mill with its patriarchal system had been discarded. A pulp mill was built, and it burned. A second was built, but the great paper-making combines were too much for a small family affair. The small mills that had made its first great prosperity were closing all over New England in the '90s, and the Richards mill could hang on no longer than 1900. Mr. Richards, in the intervals left by the mill and his favorite Plotinus, had camped over most of Maine. Something had to be done, and they decided to start a boys' camp, the first of the multitude that dot Maine's lakes today.

They chose a spot on the shores of Belgrade Great Pond, and they named the camp they built there Merryweather. To their venture, which had an immediate success, they brought all the curious simplicity, the dislike for any but a mental luxury that Mrs. Richards had learned as a child.

Mrs. Richards would read to all the boys sitting under the big pine trees. Group after group of them listened to poetry first and Sienkiewicz's "With Fire and Sword," or her favorite Dickens for an hour every afternoon. On Sunday the reading was always from Shakespeare. Mr. Richards, the "Skipper," led the camp on canoe trips that ended in big picnic suppers and sing-songs or story telling.

Their life kept its even tenor. They put more bathrooms into their house, and Mr. Richards, who disliked modern luxuries almost more than did his wife, accused her of "Statlerization." Very few other innovations found their way into those lives.

In 1922 Miss Alice Richards, oldest of the Richards children, died. She had been a teacher in the Gardiner High School, another institution for which Mrs. Richards had fought, and the respect in which the town held her and her family was indicated by the closing of every store and place of business in Gardiner.

SOCIETY THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1943



Franklin as an educator will be honored by an intensive drive headed by leading women educators of the city. Shown here are (left to right): Dr. Edith Campbell, Personnel Services, Cincinnati Public Schools; Dr. Constance D. Grant; Mrs. Claude M. Lotspeich, head of the Lotspeich School; Miss Florence Fessenden, headmistress of the Hillsdale School.