

Once again brains have been racked, pencils chewed, odds overcome and a Log is prepared for presentation. This Log like all our Runoia Logs is a community effort. We have no professional photographers, no printers proofs and above all no copies. This Log, like the rest of the Runoia Logs is unique, and you have all helped to make it so. Those of us who are on the Log staff are well aware that alone we would make a poor showing. Our job is to find other people to work for us, and we think we've done that job pretty well. We found Daisy to type our limericks and statistics and to provide us with the proper décor for our office. We found Nancy Dowd to revive some of the better traditions of the past. We found counselors who were willing to drop everything and run to the tables to write masterpieces on the last hectic days of camp. We found budding poets and dialoguists in the junior end whose masterpieces have been read earlier this summer and last of all we have found you all to write about. If our work is entertaining, it is because you are entertaining people. The things you laugh at are not figments of our creative minds but faithful reporting of things you people have said and done during the summer. If our Log is good, it is because the summer has been good. If it is clever, it is your wit. And if it it's funny it is because through hard work and long process of elimination our director has managed to collect the funniest bunch of people ever assembled in one place.

Colby Cleveland

DEDICATION

Running a camp during a national emergency is a job that many directors have not cared to undertake. They have closed their camps for the duration, overwhelmed by the difficulties of doing without service or transportation and this in spite of the fact that the country's leaders have asked that camps be kept running. Runoia has been kept running because it is run by someone whose courage and energy are equal to the demands of the situation. It is in special appreciation of this unfailing courage and patriotism that we dedicate our Log to Mrs. Grant.

Log Staff Song

Praise the log! Runcoia's old tradition
Praise the log! And honor its position
Praise the log! We're on the supposition
That we've found ability.

We're all proud to edit it,
We hope that you'll accredit it,
The little logarithms are we.

Shouting-

Praise the log! For it is our ambition
Praise the log! To carry out our mission
Praise the log! This is the last edition
And the Log Staff's free.



Camp Runoia
1943

RUNOIA AT WAR

- C is for cramps which we have in the back
from bending for beans of which there's no lack.
- A 's for ambidextrous, a quality needed
especially when gardens have to be weeded.
- M is for manpower of which there's a dirth
constant care of the stables has shown us its worth.
- P 's for the price paid by giving up cups
so small Russian children could have bigger sups.
- R is for rows in the vegetable garden
which always need tending and make muscles harden.
- U is for utensils from every meal
which are washed without groans 'cause dishpan hands heal.
- N is for knitting if you leave off the K
mittens and afgans were made that way.
- O is for oomph with which everything's done
working, athletics, and all kinds of fun.
- I 's for Infirmary which needn't be used
if care is taken and limbs aren't abused.
- A is for allegiance to our country first of all
and you, as campers, have answered the call.

Nancy Dowd

Oh! the girls of Runoia are hardy and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear
So when the wind blew, we merely said, "Pooh"
And started from camp with a cheer.

We made up our beds with canoes for our heads
And a wonderful night it had been
Except that our packs were such elegant sacks
That the rain couldn't wait to get in.

R. Lester

Rationing, more rationing, MORE rationing creeps through our
every meal from point to point
To the last remains of Mrs. Warren's stock
For all our roasts of beef have beckoned fools toward shady
butcher shops.

Gone! Gone! Dear hot dog! You're but a sizzling mem'ry,
A faint specter that spits and pops before our eyes,
And then is smelled no more.
You return to us in Johnny's prayers,
Full of charms and temptings.
Alas! Composed of nothing!

R. Lester

SONG OF 5th SHACK LOG-STAFF

(to the tune of "At Runoia, Runoia, Runoia")
On the log-staff, the log-staff, the log-staff
We do nothing but jabber and play.
On the log-staff, the log-staff, the log-staff
We wear Colby's patience away;
And when we assemble for log-work
The din that we raise is so loud,
You might think we would rather not have one -
But really we're loyal and proud,
Ah, yes! But really we're loyal and proud, Ah, yes!

DIARY OF A NEW GIRL.

Monday, June 28th.

Mother got me down to the station at quarter of seven where we were supposed to meet the rest of the girls from Camp Runoia. I didn't know any of them except Mrs. Grant, - not that she's a girl but the Director - and she came out from behind a sound projector and said "Hello" to us. Then she said, "Now I want you to meet one of our counselors while she still has her dress on." Pretty soon we started off for the train and some of the girl's mothers cried, but not mine. It was hot on the train but everyone kept saying how nice that it was air-conditioned and cool so I guess it was just me. I stated to drink some milk and spilled it but Mrs. Grant mopped it up with her scarf and said we must keep things nice so we could have a nice train next year. And then someone named Daisy said she would make reservations as soon as we got to Camp. I thought I would play cards with a girl named Joan and it seemed like an interesting game only the rules kept changing and every time I thought I had won, someone would say they were a pig and take all my cards. I met some very nice girls and we decided to be chums but they all got off at Winthrop. They were going to a different camp, run by a Mr. Masher, I think his name was. When we got to Camp, it was raining but not enough to bother the mosquitoes and all the Old Girls (which is what they call everyone who has been here before, some of them are a lot younger than me) said, "Wasn't it grand to be back?" and they acted like they meant it. My trunk hadn't come and I asked for some sheets and my counselor said, "Oh, wrap yourself up in a blanket." We had supper and then we went down to our shacks and wrapped ourselves in blankets. Someone said it was pretty pitchy and I guess it was.

Tuesday, June 29th.

After breakfast, we unpacked our trunks if we could find them and then we went up to the Lodge and played dodge ball. You stand in the middle of a circle and people throw things at you. One of the counselors fell down hard which was pretty funny. At lunch we played a game. Whoever is it says, "Flower!" onetwothreefi-seven ten" at whoever's mouth is the fullest and then everyone says "Gone with the Wind." More people kept arriving all day and after supper we had an assembly and everyone had to stand up and be told about. When I stood up Mrs. Grant couldn't think of anything to say since my mother hadn't gone to Bryn Mawr and my father isn't an internationally famous physician, and my uncles hadn't had their pictures taken in bed. That night, way after taps, a lot of girls called Mary Ann arrived from Cincinnati, and they made a lot of noise doing it too.

Wednesday, June 30th.

This morning we had baseball. There is a rule here that nobody groans when they are told what to do or else they aren't allowed to do it, which you'd think if you groaned would be just what you would want, but I guess it's a kind of an insult or something. Because we are definitely not supposed to groan. I played baseball. This afternoon it rained some more. Tonight we played a game where you sit in a circle and move rapidly around bumping into people.

Thursday, July 2nd.

Today I got a splinter in my foot and I went to the Infirmary to get it out. There is a special person who came out to Camp for two days to take out splinters and all our counselors told us if we were going to get hurt to hurry up and do it while she was here. I tried but nothing seemed to happen. I don't have much time to write in my Diary any more. There's too much going on. I wear the key on a ribbon round my neck and I would just DIE if anyone ever read it, especially that part I wrote last winter about you-know-who. But I guess no one wants to read it much because I've left it open a couple of times and nobody tried to look at it.

Friday, June 2nd.

Today we had a picnic which means you all sit at the tables with your own shack and spill milk. We had fun at our table. Two people got sick from eating too fast and one of the little girls spilled strawberry jam all down her clean jodphurs. They say we get inoculated tomorrow, but I don't see why. I've already had the small-pox vaccination.

Saturday, June 3rd.

It isn't inoculations. It's getting initialated and it doesn't come until to-morrow. I wonder if they sew name tapes on us. Tonight, the Old Girls, - only a lot of them aren't very old as I explained - gave a party. First there was a chorus and they sang something about a taxi-honey, only the way they said it, it was more of a gargle and they had on lipstick and bare stomachs, - very sophisticated. Then someone recited a poem called "Ooey-Goey Mud" and there was a prison scene with two of the counselors walking back and forth and back and forth. There was a joke to it but I didn't hear it because all the Old Girls were laughing too hard. Then there was something about Zeke and Zike which was pretty stupid if you ask me, - all about someone who fed his horse turpentine to keep him from getting worms because the other man told him to do it only it had killed his horse so why would he tell the other man to use it. I liked the Pirates' Scene, especially when all the counselors fell down on top of each other. There was a very dramatic scene ^{about} a poor little Old Girl who couldn't pay her rent and so she almost got run over by a train which was a lot of other Old Girls, only her sister rescued her just in time. Then Casey at the Bat which I have an uncle and two cousins who can recite it and do it very often.

Everyone seemed to think it was a very good party. I heard one very Old Girl say she liked it better every year. The Cokey-Cokey was what we did next, which is where you put one hand in and take it out and then put another one in and then your feet and so on. Only everyone yells. Also the Virginia reel. That's where you grab people and try to knock them down when you swing.

Sunday, July 4th.

Today is a national holiday. We all wore flags and red white and blue clothes and cheered George and Tom and Abe and Martha at the tables. I suppose they must be the horses which haven't come yet. Then at lunch we had Décors. It tasted the same as usual to me. Tonight we had to be inoculated, - I mean initialated. We crawled through ponchos and up gang-planks with bandanas over our eyes and then they threw flour in our faces with water first to make it stick. I have definitely decided to come back next year and bring that horrid Susie Smith so I can push her face in the flour. The other part wasn't so bad. One girl had to tell how to win friends and influence people. Judging from what she said, I don't suppose she ever has. Someone told about her first proposal and someone else had to tell her first impressions of Camp. I wish that had been me. Then they all cheered for us which was only right after all we had been through.

Monday July 5th.

The horses came today and I heard someone say that she could be found on the dung heap from then on. I wonder where that is.

Tuesday July 6th.

Two people had birthdays today, - a counselor called Blank, - wouldn't you think her family would have been able to think of a name for her instead of just leaving a blank, - and a girl with pig-tails called Margie who has three sisters. You should have heard the cheering! My goodness! I wish I had a birthday during the summer so everyone would cheer for me and it's in their account that we got ice-cream, which made them even more popular. The cheering is very funny. Things that don't make sense, - like Kitty-witchies and bola-firecrackers and ootens-tootens but it's very loud and lots of fun. I just yell and nobody knows the difference.

Wednesday, July 7th.

We had pound this morning which is where all your clothes disappear to when you take them off. I had one rubber, two tennis balls and a comb in it and every one sang "Five cents for Annie" each time which is almost as good as being cheered. And you don't need a birthday or anything, - all you do is leave your clothes around. I wonder when I get the five cents.

Thursday, July 8th.

Today Miss Dynamite came. Only it turned out to be not Dynamite or Haveabite but Adameit and she has a big dog named Judy who knows how to get through screen doors. I heard one of the girls in Sixth Shack talking about a murder they're reading and they don't know who did it yet except that it couldn't be Lindy or Jill because they're so nice. I must ask Mother to send me some more comic books. Mine have all disappeared. Someone told me that the counselors burned them after we went to bed. They must burn something. The fireplace always seems to be full in the morning.

Friday, July 9th.

Another picnic tonight. We went down to the shore and you could spit cherry pits at people. Later we had a movie about a dog. It was very exciting. A lot of girls cried. Not me though. Some of our counselors went paddling with some counselors from a camp across the way. They had their hair set.

Saturday, July 10th.

The boys from Pine Island were coming today and we all had to get dressed up but a rain squall came up just in time. Also there was another birthday and lots of cheering. I wish I had a birthday but I've lost quite a lot more clothes. Perhaps they'll be in Pound and everyone will sing to me again. Tonight there was a treasure hunt. Our group ran the fastest and the furthest but I guess we must have gone to all the wrong places because we didn't win and if we had of we would of gotten Cokes which is what I always have at home every day at four, - atleast, if nobody is around. I certainly do miss my fizz water. There were some songs after that. One about a murder. Maybe that's the one that Sixth Shack said all those people couldn't have done because they were so nice. Then a bonfire. It seems to me an awful lot goes on around here. Why when the singing started, at least three different songs were being sung at once, - everybody knew so many. I heard someone say it was Katinka but someone else said, "Don't be so silly. That doesn't come until the last night." And then Johnny, who was having her day off, woke up and said, "Last night? Is this the last night? I knew the summer was almost over but I didn't think it was finished completely." I don't know whether we go home tomorrow or not. You never can tell what's going to happen around here.

COLBY CLEVELAND

DIARY OF ANNIE NEWGIRL

Sunday, July 11th. Well, we didn't go home after all and since this was a day of rest we didn't have any games but just worked all morning tidying up our rooms and sweeping up the lodge where the counselors sit at night and shelling peas. Then we had chapel and Mrs. Grant talked to us about security. She said some people felt more secure on horses and some people felt more secure in canoes and if you didn't feel secure on either that was why the counselors got cross at you. This afternoon Pine Island came and they all went in the lodge to see the movies, and we went in swimming because the director said it was too hot for any human being to sit in the lodge. Especially since there were ponchos up to keep the air out. They stayed most of the afternoon and some of their counselors came too. They mostly just stayed by the water cooler and drank water. Our counselors had their hair set again and they drank a lot of water too. Tonight we had more movies, and then a log, at least I think it was a log. They read a lot of things about what people do in rest hour and before Reveille and after taps and everybody laughed, even the counselors which was rather odd considering how they act when all these things are going on. I suppose once they're written down it's different. Another thing everybody laughed at was Pix. I wonder why.

Sunday, August 1st. Well, it's almost three weeks since I wrote in my diary and so much has happened that I hardly know where to begin. People have been coming and going. An English girl called Mimi left. She is going back to England to share a man and the director went with her but she only went as far as Boston where someone named Janet was getting married. It must have been a very confusing wedding judging from the talk about obsters and champion. Someone named Potter got her. At least I think he did. Not the director, she has Al, at least I think she has. But maybe that's Johnny who has Al. She's the one he writes to and who invites him up. Maybe it's like Mimi said and everyone shares him. Lots of things happened while the director was away. We went on a picnic in a quarry. First we called up Mr. Lord and asked his permission and he said he'd be perf'ly charmed, and no wonder because it wasn't his quarry anyhow but Mr. Scribner's and Mr. Scribner came in his car to see if everyone was enjoying themselves. He said Miss Pond had had a lot of privileges around here for the last thirty years but when it came to rolling in his oats why that was going too far. He didn't want a lot of people rolling in his oats and he didn't aim to have it. I wasn't rolling in the oats anyhow, just sliding down the quarry, where Johnny said it was dangerous. She got real mad and said we ought to know better than doing dangerous things before the nurse came. But I don't know why Mr. Scribner was mad - rolling in the oats couldn't hurt anyone. When Mr. Scribner left he said, "Now mind you tell Miss Pond what I said. Somethings I won't have and rolling in my oats is one of them and that goes for Miss Weiser too and for Mr. Lou Pond. No ma'am I don't want no marshmallows. I got a mouthful of tobacco and they don't go

good together and besides I ain't had my supper." So then we sat around the fire and sang and I bet Miss Pond will be good and mad when she hears about not rolling in the oats anymore.] The next morning all the horses were running around with their feet on the ground. Their shoes were all worn out, and everybody was trying to get a blacksmith. I suppose after the nurse comes they will be allowed to go barefoot. All the blacksmiths live up the road a piece and they don't have telephones and people have to call out windows for them so it takes a long time to get them, and then they don't want to come anyway, at least not for a week and by that time the nurse will be here and it won't make any difference. The director came back in the middle of the night and she wants us all to stop screaming and shrieking. She doesn't like to have people go eeep peeeep when they see a snake and she says whoever put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder, it's not gracious living and she doesn't want to hear any more about it. Gracious living is something new we've been having lately. It's throwing somebody a piece of bread without making them ask twice and it's not noticing if the dishes aren't clean because who knows it might turn out to be you who didn't clean them and it's providing extra napkins for the milk people are going to spill and taking away dishes before people have a chance to get them dirty. Also not talking between tables except if you want to interrupt a joke about Out Board Motor.

Another thing we've been doing lately is trips, not like the real ones which come after the mosquitoes go and the rainy season starts but short ones where we toast raisins or take marshmallow sandwiches or go into Belgrade Lakes and buy candy. It's funny about candy. There's a rule about it here but nobody knows what it is only if anybody breaks it it's just too bad. Your family aren't allowed to send you any but if they do you pass it around and everybody cheers you. If you don't pass it around it lasts much longer but everyone gets mad at you and Mrs. Grant doesn't want it in the shacks and what's more she doesn't aim to have it in the shacks and Mrs. Chambers doesn't want it in the office and the other counselors keep telling us that it has to go in our trunks or in the office and what of each and then they laugh hysterically. When we went in to Belgrade Lakes we only had a quarter to spend on food and Mrs. Harnden had saved a lot of chocolate bars for us so it was very lucky that most of us happened to have a little extra money which we hadn't brought on purpose naturally since we agreed that 25 cents was reasonable but which happened to be in our pockets. We brought home all the chocolate we could carry which is what somebody thought was the rule only it turned out that was only for a little while when it looked like there might be a scarcity, and so there we were with a lot of candy which everybody was annoyed about but which nobody knew for sure the rules saying we couldn't have them. That's one thing I like about this place. It's so unexpected. Like thumbtacks. Somebody said last year there was a rule about thumbtacks and all the counselors took them out of the shacks and wouldn't give them to us,

until we were going home on the train and it didn't matter if people stepped on them but this year the Director gives them out for prizes. Maybe that's just a trap to see who is saving them. Another trip we took it started to thunder just before we went and everybody came running down to the beach to say get off the water when it lightens and someone said O.K. we'll get under the biggest tree we can find and then the people who weren't going all started to tell us not to but we were all pushing off by that time. We paddled until we found a place which said No trespassing and that's where we landed and made our fire. I wonder what trespassing means. Maybe roll in the oats which there were none of anyhow. Besides Miss Pond didn't come with us. When the lightening began we all got out of the water though no one had said you couldn't be in the water, just not on it. But the counselor said she wasn't taking any chances, because how she'd feel if someone got struck and she got all the blame. Our counselors certainly are very careful of us. We had another trip to Lord's Shore where there is a haunted house. There were moans and shrieks coming out ~~of~~ it and everyone said how they weren't scared but why didn't someone else go first. I wasn't at all scared until the window shade started flapping and then I got behind a couple of 3rd shackers. In the end it turned out to be two counselors and three bats. One day we played Run Sheepie Run which is a very peculiar game that the counselors are very fond of. There are two groups, one on their stomachs in the lodge and one on their stomachs in the woods and whoever gets to the flagpole last the other group wins. There are signals and megaphones and mosquitoes and people telling you to shush, and really is quite exciting. Mrs. Grant's group has a special place which they don't hide in though in case someone might find them. Another thing that happened is that Fifth shack gave two plays, one about a bathroom door which all through the play was closed and they thought some woman's dead husband was in it only it turned out to be only an empty pot. Then there was another one which was a mystery and had lots of romance and was very blood curdling, not the romance but the part about cutting off peoples mothers hands. Very exciting. Other things we have quite often are baseball games in which Fourth Shack beats Fifth Shack or the counselors beat the campers. I'm beginning to like baseball quite well because you are allowed to yell all you want and say awful things about the counselors if they are on the other side. I have to hurry up and finish this diary because I want to write something for the log which we are having tonight. All you do is write about people making noise in rest hour and then you get to be on the log which means you can make up slams about everyone who isn't on the log. It sounds like a lot of fun and it doesn't count as catting which we aren't supposed to do. Oh, I almost forgot about a Sport Week we had. We threw baseballs and had swimming races and canoe races and a baseball game and if you won anything you got cheered but I didn't happen to mostly because people made fouls on me in the water sports and the land sports just don't happen to be things I do well. Anyway we aren't making much of

Sport Week this year on account of the war situation - not that I can see what that has to do with it but somebody at the wedding she went to insulted Mrs. Grant about camps being useless and so we are supposed to make a big fuss over the Victory Garden and bean picking and dishwashing instead of sports. That's all right with me. I always did fuss over the dishwashing anyhow, especially when I got on the after lunch shift. The only good thing about that was that you could overhear some of the counselor's coffee conversation, which never was as interesting as you might think it would be. Lots of chatter about making reservations and going eep peep and they always got into violent arguments about what shacks were going to do what and then right in the middle Mrs. Grant would get up and say let's leave it that way. No more time to write now. The first bell rang for lunch and I have to get there in a hurry so I can't sit next to the food. That's part of gracious living.

Colby Cleveland

✓ ANNIE NEWGIRL WASHES DISHES

We were supposed to get up at 6 o'clock and go beaming. I don't know just what that is but it's very patriotic anyway. Well, I didn't go. I wasn't surprised because it is one of the rules here to make a lot of plans, what we're supposed to do and then we do something else. My chum B- and I woke up at 5 o'clock and every one else was asleep. It was a scream. So we burst out laughing in a snorting way we have, and Blank came and said we'd have to do dishes all day. I don't think she has a sense of humor. Then Colby said we were going on a picnic instead. Daisy was going too. She's not exactly a counselor, sort of odd. So after a while Colby said to get in the canoes. Somebody had got the lunch packed and put in the canoes, so we got in and went to a place called Oak Island. We went in for a swim, and then somebody had made a fire and cooked potatoes with onions and ham and eggs and beans and oranges and cookies, so we ate everything up and after somebody had cleaned up the dirty pans we lay down and Colby read ghost stories to us, and a little boy came crashing through the trees. I was so frightened I could of screamed. He asked us to wait there - his father was bringing 6 fish for Mrs. Grant. We didn't mind. We weren't going anyway. It was very nice. We had packed 2 packs of marshmallows and the blond girl from Texas said she was glad she came to camp because now she knew how to toast marshmallows. Then Colby gave us a surprise. It was fizz water. So I lay on the leaves and felt a little homesick, or a little sick anyway. It was lovely except the leaves were soaking wet. Then the man brought the fish, and it thundered a little in the distance and Daisy said "We've got to get out of here right away." Somebody had cleaned everything up and put out the fire so we went.

Blank and Ruth were on the dock and said they had lobsters in finger bowls for lunch, and why were we back so early. We told them we had caught a lot of fish on bobby pins sharpened on rocks with marshmallow ham balls for bait. Blank's father is a wonderful fisherman so she said she was going to write him right away and tell him to catch black bass with ham and marshmallows, and that she really could hardly believe it. But she did, and so did everyone else. But Colby is really an honest person so she finally told them, and Daisy said, "Even if we didn't catch any black bass we caught a lot of suckers."

We had the fish for breakfast but I didn't see any suckers. Now the plan is that we are going beaming tomorrow. I wonder what we will do instead.

Daisy

THE NEW YORK TRIP TO CAMP RUNCIA.

We all met at the New York Grand Central Station at 7:30 A. M. although it seemed like about 9:30 P. m. after a very strenuous day. It was really terribly early. It was swell seeing camp friends again. It seemed a very short time before it was time to be leaving for good old Camp Runcia and good-byes were finally said. We all tramped to the train, nervously thinking about whether our suitcases would be left on the platform or travel up with their owners. "Our car is air-conditioned" cried the relieved campers. "We're off! We're off at last!" called the excited voices.

Most of the conversation on the trip up was centered around the time we got up. "I had to get up at five o'clock", said someone, yawning. "I didn't have to get up till six," some one else said, rather proud of herself.

Then finally it came time to eat, and O boy! what a relief, and did our lunches taste good!

Then the other camps got tired of their cars because it was so hot and decided to come into ours, and My Gosh! they did and how! So many people came in, even our car became stuffy and what a time we had trying to keep them out. You couldn't even get up without about ten people rushing to grab your seat, and with our car getting stuffy, it was getting to the point where the trip was rather boring.

Then again, it came time to eat, but this time, supper. It seems all we did was eat and talk.

Everyone was getting excited. This was the question, "Would we have to change at Portland?" What a question and it was on everyone's mind. The conductor leisurely walked down the aisle and asked Mrs. Grant what camp we were and looked at his paper and then said, "No." What a relief and we sunk back in our seats.

Everyone was so hot so Colby got off at Portland and bought some ice-cream and Grace started to get off to buy some more but as she started, the conductor yelled "All aboard!" From then on, we mostly played cards, read and talked and once in a while munch-ed a chocolate bar.

After we passed Auburn, everyone really became excited. At last, Belgrade. "We aren't very far from camp now," said an excited camper.

We all piled into the cars awaiting us. As we drove on, you should have heard the questions fired at the old girls.

"Boy! Do the evergreens smell good! They are just as I heard they were."

"Isn't this where the Runcoia sign used to be?"

"Yes, but we don't expect many visitors this year, so we didn't put it up," said Miss Betty Weaver.

"Boy! What a bump that was! "

"I like them."

"This is loads of fun"

"If you think this is fun, you should ride in the old camp bus."

"Gee! I'm not used to these dirt roads. They're awfully bumpy!"

"Oh, look! What does that say? I'm bumping around so much, I can't read it."

"You can't read anyway."

"Ramp Runcoia--I mean Camp Runcoia. Gee, we're here at last."

"Are we really here. I can't believe it."

"Yes, we're really here."

"It's just like she told us it would be. Isn't it wonderful?"

BABS JAMES.

THE HECTIC RIDE TO CAMP

The automobile was packed with our camp things and my sisters were already waiting to go. I was in my room getting the last minute things together.

"What would Runoia be like?" I thought but thoughts were soon interrupted by a yell from below.

"Hurry up - what the devil's keeping you?"

"Hold your horses, kids. Is Mother ready yet?" I answered.

"Yes, she's in the car. Gee, Gin, you're always primping in front of that old mirror!"

"No, I am not. You have no right to say that. I can't go out to camp with my lipstick half on and look as if I had been through seven cities in two minutes!" I raced down all four flights of stairs, 3 at a time to find Mother and the others sitting impatiently in the car.

"Sorry I'm late but you -----"

"Yes, we know." I was interrupted impatiently from the rear. I said my goodbyes and was off.

"What would Runoia be like. The kids said it would be very nice and that I would meet alot of swell people but it also would be very formal. Pat said that I would have alot of time in which I could do anything I wished." My thoughts were interrupted again with what my sisters called a Dutch concert. It was awful!!

"Mother, please let me drive just think how nice it would be to have me drive into camp. What an impression I would ----"

"Oh, Gin, don't be crazy. We want to get to camp within 2 hours and in one piece."

"Yes 'U'". Barbara put her two cents in.

"Anymore complaints?" I shouted back to the rear.

"No!!" was the loud answer.

"Let's change the subject."

"Oh, a store, Mom I'm thirsty."

"No, we're almost there."

"We are not. You seem to forget ----"

"Let's have another Dutch concert!"

"No!", I yelled from the front, "The people will think that Mother is taking us to Augusta to the asylum instead of taking us to a very respectful camp."

"I don't see any people - you're nuts!"

"Well maybe I am, but haven't you any respect for our ears?"

"Haw! Haw! Haw! Now she has ear trouble."

"Oh, the cemetery. Everyone hold your breath and wish!"

"It's so-o-o-o-o-o- long I can't!"

"Don't say can't. In some camps the counsellors will not let the kids say can't."

"You been dreaming again."

"I have not!"

"Oh a tramp - let's give him a ride."

"We certainly will not, besides we haven't any room."

"Oh, he can sit on Virginia's lap."

"Oh, you disgusting things. I hope that you don't act as halfwitted when you get to camp as you do now. I'm the oldest and -----"

"I'm the youngest sowhat!"

"Now, Marjorie, stop your loud talking."

"You have to turn down this dirt road to the right. No, not that one - that is a dead end. See there's a sign."

"Gosh, it's way off in the wilderness."

"It is not!!"

"Well what do you call this, New York City!"

"Come, come."

"Look at the sweet farm house - my eye."

"Now, if I was ---"

"If I were, please watch your English. The people will think that we have come from the sticks of Maine."

"I wonder what we are going to do. Mrs. Grant said something about a Victory garden. I just got done working in one."

"I wonder what the kids will call it; remember at Laughing Loon we called it the 'hoos egow'".

"That was sort of dumb, wasn't it?"

"Oh I don't think so."

"Here we are girls - almost."

"Well, Runoia, we are here whether you like it or not."

"Oh I reme~~ber~~ it now."

"So do I - I think. Who is that funny person with her pants rolled up, horned rimmed glasses, and the white hat?"

"How should I know - remember I just got here?"

The girl came up to the car and told us to get out and to make ourselves at home. We all tumbled out one by one. The girl introduced herself as Colby Cleveland.

"Gee, was Colby College named after her?" Marge whispered to Joan.

"Of course not dopey."

After we got the baggage out and placed, also my sisters; Colby told me I was to be in her shack. On the way down she introduced me to two girls one was sort of big, had yellow pigtails, and was running all over the place; the other had bushy hair and wore glasses. The minute I had gotten into the shack Colby yelled into me.

"Come out and help me pick daisys for the table!"

After the good-bys were said, I settled down to what I thought was a super beginning to a splendid summer, even though the ride out was very hectic!

Ginny Hill

THE PLAY IS THE THING!

Part 1

"Well, have you all had a good night's sleep? Are you all bright and peppy for our great production? Do you know your parts letter-perfect? Have you got your costumes all ready to jump into?" With these varied interrogations, Miss Sarah Bernhardt Cleveland, the great dramatic producer of Camp Runoia, burst into Shack Five on the early morning of July 24. The great day had arrived!! The stars of the production glanced at their slave-driver through one sleepy eye, and with one accord, turned over and went to sleep again.

Part 2

"Colby said 'The Bathroom Door' was first!"

"She did not, she said 'The Jeweled Hand' was first, I heard her."

"You're crazy!"

"Are we going to have two dress-rehearsals or one?"

"One."

"Two!"

"One!"

"Two!"

"Oh, gosh, what on earth am I going to wear?"

"Where is Mrs. Grant?"

"Where is Colby?"

"Where is Franky?"

"Where is my knife? I haven't got my knife. She'll get away. I should have brought my knife!"

"Will somebody sweep their room!"

"I've lost my part, oh unhappy day!"

"Who has 'The Bathroom Door'? Colby wants it."

"Oh, drat it, our pix seats are welded on!"

"I'll never trust another man as long as I live. They may all be wolves in sheep's clothing!"

"Who took my engagement ring?"

"Oh, do you think it can be a lunatic?!!"

And thus the actresses did arrive.

Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah through the land!

Part 3

The dress-rehearsal for "The Jeweled Hand" was about to begin, with the actors assembled in the lodge, and Bernhardt Cleveland draped over a deck-chair in the background. "Curtains", yelled Bernhardt, and the play began. Telegrams were flying around the stage, but everything rolled off smoothly until the love-scene. At this point trouble started. Colby hopped off and on the stage, demonstrating the right technique (born of experience?) for passionate love-making. After Blair and Ann had been engaged nicely enough to suit the critical eye of an expert, the rehearsal continued without a flaw.

Ten minutes later, the scenery was whisked around, the pix door was firmly established, and the dress-rehearsal for "The Bathroom Door" started with a flourish. (Trumpets, please.) Mrs. Grant, Mrs. MacIlwain, and Franky watched the

whole performance and each agreed that it could be nothing but a huge success. "Dress-rehearsal for each play again this afternoon", said Cleveland, with a you'd-better-be-there-or-else look. Amid general sighs, everyone left.

Part 4

The big mpment had arrived at last! Colby had made the opening speech, and the curtains had parted for "The Bathroom Door". One by one, each member of the cast, trying to overcome the fits of nervous indigestion which attacked everyone, walked on stage and vainly tried the pix door. This, however, was held firmly in place against the onslaught by a Gremlin. The play went off without any interruptions (that is, except for the frequent prompting behind stage); until the climax was reached. And what a climax!

During the intermission, ice-cream was served to everybody except the actors, who were frantically throwing tacks around the stage in an effort to clear the way for "The Jeweled Hand". Just before the curtains opened, someone whispered that Ginger was coming. The word spread like wildfire. "Ginger is coming! Ginger is coming! Did you hear that? Oh how super, Ginger is coming!!" Everybody was in an uproar behind stage, too. Finally the confusion subsided, the play began, and carried through to a triumphant finish.

Diana Chambers
Charlotte Peabody

The Talk of the Table

"Book -1-2-3-4--"

"Gone With the Wind!"

"Movie -1-2-3-4-5-6--"

"Gone With the Wind!"

"Poem -1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8--"

"Gone With the Wind!"

"Play -1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10!"

"Gone With the ----"

"Too late! You're it!"

And that is the exciting and informative game called "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10", or "Gone With the Wind". It is played without fail (at least at Sue Co's table) at every meal at Camp Runoia. Of course, someone may think of a different answer, such as "daisy" for "flower", but naturally these few are outcasts of society for the rest of the meal. A point of great argument in the game is whether "Lockheed" is the maker of a plane or the name of one. (Of course, any body who is anybody knows that "Lockheed" is the manufacturer, and "Lightening" the name, but nevertheless the fur flies every time it is mentioned.)

Another intriguing game is "coffee-pot". In this, the stress is on verbs and the variety that pop up is really amazing. Of course, if you want to be really intellectual, "Who Am I?" is just the thing. Altogether, I am sure that any visiting English professor would be astonished at our quickness of wit at the table.

Gracious living is stressed at every meal. If a piece of bread is asked for, the polite thing is not to toss it, but merely to pass it down the table till it reaches its destination. Another rule is: never cry over spilt milk; make a river of it.

Daisy Viola seems to be the good-table-manners demon. She also gets quite mixed up in the games. I guess the whole thing is just too pitchy for her.

Birthdays are a source of neverending joy. Lucky the shack that has two or three to its name! The only difficulty is in keeping the candles lighted till they get to the table.

As everyone knows who has been here a meal or two, Runoia is a very musical camp. Just what the songs mean, no one can say, but afterall, "the words don't count, it's just the music". Here again, birthdays come into their own, and I think that if the dining-room roof were not nailed securely on, it would sail through the air with the greatest of ease, at the racket that is raised underneath.

With all these educational values, I sometimes wonder why parents inevitably exclaim at the end of the summer, "You eat as though you were a Hottentot"!

Dano Chambers

Horseshoes - Weddings - and Blacksmiths -

The morning of Miss Crawford's wedding day in Boston, friends and family were gathering, presents were all about, wedding finery was being packed, announcements were still being addressed -- when the telephone rang. Miss Crawford's dignified Brother from Cleveland said there was a telegram for Mrs. Grant. Mrs. Grant who was trying to keep out of the way while all the important last minutes touches were made, slid unobtrusively to the telephone.

"Will you accept a telegram from Belgrade Lakes signed Blankenruth?"

"OK" said Mrs. Grant grudgingly. "The telegram reads
Boy's going round with one foot on the ground
Second verse, Dan is worse.
Situation desperate. Call Mrs. Card.

Signed: Blankenruth "

So we called Mrs. Card but she didn't know what size shoes Boy or Dan wore or where their coupons #17 were. Things piled up, orchids, gardenias, white carnations, relatives, ministers lobsters and champagne and everything that's helpless but still no horseshoes. Just as the bride was getting into her wedding dress there was a lull when a telephone call to Maine seemed possible. Blank was ridely awakened from her mid-day siesta to be told that she would have to ask Boy and Dan what size shoes they wear as Mrs. Card didn't know.

At this point a masterpiece in verse arrived via telegram which we must record for future generations.

Lars
Saw stars
His planet
Was Janet
He offered
J. Crawford

His name
And his fame
And terse
Like our verse
Potter
Gotter

His name

By Colby Cleveland

Horseshoes - Weddings - and Blacksmiths continued.

After we all got back to camp the search for a blacksmith continued. Mr. Adams had gone to do defense work. Mr. Campbell had no telephone but could be reached through Lemi Snow. Lemi Snow wouldn't answer. Mr. Currier had no telephone but the telephone operator could send a little boy down the road for him. Mr. Ives had a truck with blacksmith equipment but he couldn't come till a week from Thursday.

Our intrepid Blank finally took the situation in hand and started out sword in hand, shield and buckler firmly strapped to the station wagon. Ah, success. She found a blacksmith who might come in four days.

Meanwhile Boy was running round with four feet on the ground, Dan was worse and Queenie was getting bored by Ruthie's and Tommy's little jogs down to the black road and back to keep her exercised.

So now Blank dashed forth in other directions sample horseshoes in hand to be copied. Johnny who has such a way with Mr. Scribner, cross old men and talkative children, joined the expedition. And lo, their blacksmith led all the rest.

And now all horses are fitted with nice new black and white Spaldings and beach shoes which require no coupons and we are simply surrounded with blacksmiths. Dr. Stander knows one who has been out of work for weeks and needs horses to shoe so that he can feed his starving children, and as we were taking our nooning one day at bean-picking what should we see but a lovely blacksmith truck with a little anvil perched on back.

The moral of all this is, if you can't find something go right on with everyday work and it will turn up.

THE TALE OF THE DIRTY SHIRT.

A problem needs solving at Camp Runoia. We have discovered that the laundry won't be back 'til a day after this week's has gone out! It seems to be on everybody's mind. Colby was heard singing:

"Take it off, take it off,
For the laundry man's here!"
to the popular tune of "Strip Polka", at breakfast the other day. Worried cries of
"I haven't even one uniform for Sunday because
I put all FOUR in the laundry last week!"

and

"Jeepers, Johnny, can't I please use the iron?
I have to look nice for Pine Island, and the
laundry isn't back yet!"

Several helpful suggestions have been made.

"We can go naked the day before it comes," our Director offered.

"I know! If we send it out this week the day we want it to come back next week, we'll have it on time"

"But then, if it had gone out before it came in, it would have come in after it went out," said a confused Third Shacker.

And so, dear reader, if you should happen to visit Camp Runoia on the day between the going out and the coming in, don't be surprised to see us all draped in paper towels.

LEIGH STANDER.

Dear Mother,

You told me to come up to Camp Runcoia because none of us had been here for a long time. I don't like it one bit! Couldn't I please come home? It was all right until the night before last. The girls seemed nice and the shacks were of excellent material. So I thought I would serenade those nice girls in Sixth Shack.

No sooner had I started, Mother, than flashlights went on all over the place. I heard shrieks and one girl, that they call by a boy's name, said, "Some poor animalis dying!"

Was I insulted! I went on for about an hour and they still didn't like it. Some more girls shrieked and they all said they wished I would stop so they could go to sleep.

What shall I do, Mummy? You used to like my singing! I was never so unhappy. Please let me come home.

Love,

Porcupine Pete.

P. S. There is a dog up here but he doesn't even pay any attention to me so how can I fight him the way you did when the famous Queenie was up here?

NAN CARR.

TO CHEW OR NOT TO CHEW.

"Please do not encourage the chewing of gum among the campers because the disposal of myriads of wads of gum becomes a problem." Was this the sub-title of Runcoia's one and only rule? If it were, the meeting of the Big Five, (Emmy Warren, Mary Ann McIlwain, Trudy Donath, Sylvia Babb and Constance Down Grant) would never have taken place. The Big Five, which were commonly referred to as The Chewing Gum Committee, in spite of remarks such as, "But my dentist says I should chew gum" and "It fills me up after dinner", decided that the sport of gum chewing should be confined to shacks and canoe trips.

The next problem was how to dispose of "the myriads". "I know a wonderful place,- under the second shelf from the top in the boathouse. Mine kept perfectly well there," Sylvia, in her usual helpful manner, suggested from grave personal experience, "Do not park it on your eyelashes."

"Susie spit her gum out on the floor and-"

"Now Emmy," interrupted Mrs. Grant, "let's not bring personal grievances into this."


Trudy offered helpfully, "Since, because of war conditions, gum is scarce, save your used wads and add a new one each day for flavor."

Enough was enough: this couldn't go on forever, so the Committee (alias Mrs. Grant) reached the verdict that the gum be neatly wrapped in a discarded wrapper and placed in a wastebasket. The decision was amended at an open meeting, by Miss Colby Cleveland who suggested that "it would be very del-

licate to spit it into the lake when close to it."

And with that, the Big Five rested.

SYLVIA BABB
and
TRUDY DONATH.







11







23



5



No. 7



22



14

THE VERSATILE COLBY

Upon seeing Colby for the first time, my impression was that she held the position of camp nurse. There was an intelligent look on her smiling face suggesting that pensive thoughts were flowing around inside.

Arriving at camp, she rang the bell and declared it was her first official duty. Would a nurse's duty be to ring a bell? Was bell-ringing an acknowledged occupation? She must do more than sit around and pull a string to summon the populace to various essential gatherings.

I obtained no further information that night, so my mind was in a state of mental confusion upon retiring.

I was finally informed thru various streams of information that this mysterious lady was Colby, the counselor.

Our beloved counsellor is indeed versatile. She acts like Helen Hayes, plays baseball like the Babe, and indulges in a wicked game of ping-pong and baseball.

Colby most certainly needs a personal maid to clean her habitat. Entering her room, one spies various undergarments lying about like little ripples in a huge ocean.

One thing we're all certain of is that if Colby stood on top of a hill and blew the bugle, the enemy would turn about in full retreat.

Elaine Hinsey

THE DELIGHTS OF RUNOIA

Camp Runoia - the sound of paddles dipping in the lake;
Camp Runoia - the feel of bare toes on a squirming snake;
The sting of mosquitos, the smell of bacon frying;
The pound of boogie-woogie, the bats in Sixth Shack, flying -

These things may make life trying, but -

What would Runoia be without them?

The weekly breakdown of the all-important pix;
The regular occurrence of bites, and scrapes, and nicks;
Our darling Third Shack - playing those naughty tricks -
They all may make us feel like giving hasty kicks, but -
How could our Runoia live without them?

Ann Andrews

THE MIDNIGHT TALE OF FIFTH SHACK

Previous to the time of this tale, Fifth Shack had had the brilliant idea of making piebeds on their two "beloved" counsellors, "Blank" and Ruthie (plus a few others). By this time those two had become quite fed up with this piebed folly and so when the unsuspecting Fifth Shackers retired for the night, our counsellors set upon a mad scheme of revenge!!

When the time crept around to the hour of midnight, the vicious two crept down the hall to the room of two members of Fifth Shack whom they suspected the most. Brilliant beams of light were flashed cruelly into the eyes of the two victims! Blank took one, Ruthie the other, and while shaking the sleepers violently, they demanded the whereabouts of their missing sheets. On receiving incoherent mutterings from the two, (from which they gathered enough to know where to find the missing bedclothing) they decided that to get the best results they would do best to awaken the whole shack and completely destroy the piebed spirit forever!

Soo- , over went Blank's trunk with a crash to the floor, pushed by a determined hand, followed by thundering rumbles which proved to be Ruthie, in the process of remaking her bed, although the extra noise made by this was intended for the benefit of those who still struggled for the piece of Morpheus!! Mingled with all this was a hideous sound which proved to be Blank's victorious laugh!

Then, as the story goes, up came C.D.G. offering to help the crazed counsellors in their plan but the two declined assistance from all outside resources!

By this time the shack was fully awakened and to make sure it stayed that way, the two counsellors made a point of leaving the pix doors open while they gargled noisily to the best of their ability! Meanwhile the ten sleepy victims "shushed" and pleaded in vain, until finally, ftheir revenge satisfied, the triumphant twosome trooped back to their rooms, leaving a disturbed, fully exhausted shack, who for some reason had no desire to make any more piebeds in the future!

Jinny Chaplin

Barbara Hill

BEHIND THE SCENES

You may think that giving a play is very simple. Well, take it from us, it's not as easy as it seems. From the assigning of parts to the presentation of the play, life is nothing but lines, lines, lines, and more lines. If you were to walk through the shack when we were learning our parts, all you would hear would be, "Oh, but I haven't got my knife", or "Isn't it disgraceful, being kept waiting in a public bath", or "This is awful, awful!". When rehearsing begins, life is more hectic than ever. It's a wonder Colby still has a sense of humor left after the ordeal of it all. After rushing around the stage, and stumbling over the footlights, Colby demonstrated the correct way to go into a clinch.

One of our big problems was the music. Twice the book said to start but never did it say to stop. After all that worrying it was decided not to have any music at all.

During a tense scene one resorts to picking her feet, peeling her nose, or scratching mosquito bites. To top it all off, comes a loud burp from the sidelines.

To add to the misery of the last day, we were told that a good dress rehearsal means a bad performance. To prove that our hearts were in it, people dreamed of a jeweled bathroom door. But all in all, it really was fun and we would do it again.

Grace James and Nancy Heald

FROM REVEILLE TO FIRST BELL

A noise pierces the quiet and sleepiness of shack five. Anywhere from five to ten minutes afterwards there will be heard no sound until a viceous sixth shacker yells, "Anybody from fifth shack going for a dip?". No answer, just a ripple of sound from those sleepy people turning over in bed. All is quiet again until somebody gets up and starts to get ready for the dip. Soon more than half the shack is shivering as they prepare for it; the other half sleeping or at least trying to.

The next sound is a dull thud slowly approaching down the hall, finally we see the figure of Blank and behind her is her accomplice, Ruthie. In they come, with malicious looks in their eyes, and anybody sees it gets out of bed double quick!

Later on, in troop the dippers and there is a scurry to pix. Someone is left out and is yelling that first bell is about to ring and that they just have got to get in!

Comes first bell, then second, close on its heels, and everybody hurries to flagraising, giving last minute looks in a mirror, and all hurry through the door.

Charlotte Peabody

PINE LODGE PLAYERS



CAMP
RUNOIA

Fourth Shack
presents

ALICE IN WONDER LAND

Directed by Colby
Gowns by Frankie

Alice -----	B. Wood
March Hare -----	J. Hill
Dormouse -----	J. Myers
Mad Hatter -----	M ^{rs} . Hamill
Frog Footman -----	B. Warren
Duchess -----	L. Stander
Queen of Hearts -----	B. James
King of Hearts -----	M. Hamill
Knave of Hearts -----	J. Myers
Tweedledee -----	L. Leach
Tweedledum -----	C. Rothenburg
Cat -----	L. Leach
Red Queen -----	C. Eagan
White Queen -----	M. McIlwain

PINE LODGE PLAYERS



CAMP
RUNOIA

FIFTH SHACK

PRESENTS

THE BATHROOM DOOR
A Farce.

Young Man-----	M. W. Thomas
Young Lady-----	V. Chaplin
Old Gentleman-----	B. Hill
Old Lady-----	C. Peabody
Prima Donna-----	G. Donath
Boots-----	N. Heald

THE JEWELLED HAND
A Mystery.

Ann Andrews-----	D. Chambers
Clare Collins-----	N. Heald
Blair Burns-----	E. Hinsey
Ware Waring-----	G. James
Aunt Alice-----	M. Young
Molly-----	B. Hill
Officer-----	M. Blankenhorn

FIFTH SHACK

PRESENTS

THE BATHROOM DOOR

A Farce.

Young Man-----M. W. Thomas
Young Lady-----V. Chaplin
Old Gentleman-----B. Hill
Old Lady-----C. Peabody
Prima Donna-----G. Donath
Boots-----N. Heald

THE JEWELLED HAND

A Mystery.

Ann Andrews-----D. Chambers
Clare Collins-----N. Heald
Blair Burns-----E. Hinsey
Ware Waring-----G. James
Aunt Alice-----M. Young
Molly-----B. Hill
Officer-----M. Blankenhorn

REVEILLE TIME IN FOURTH SHACK.

Before Reveille.

(Barbara gets up and goes to pix and then crawls very softly into Claire's bed.)

Barbara: Claire, teach me the sign language, please.

Claire: Oh, all right.

Pretty soon Barbara has the signed ^{language} learned and Mary Ann crawls in, which makes three in the bed. Pretty soon the whole shack is awake, including Johnny, who comes clomping down the hall. Scurrying feet tell the tale. Mary Ann is dragged out, spanked, and sent to her own bed. Then comes Barbara.

Silence is held until the bugle blows and the shack is noisy again.

Mary Ann: Did Mrs. Grant blow double reveille?

Babs: No, she didn't.

Mac: Oh, heck!

Leigh: Here's Mrs. Grant now. Maybe she'll say we can go in for a dip.

Mrs. Grant enters.

Mrs. Grant: Fourth Shack may go for a dip but don't tell Third Shack.

Girls: Yippee!

The lazy-bones stay in their shack while the others don bath-robos (all except Lucy.)

Claire: Why are you wearing your pajamas, Lucy?

Lucy: Because I got my silk bathrobe wet and it ruins it.

So Lucy went to her dip in her pajamas.

At the Dock.

Joan: Is it cold?

Lucy: No, it's just wonderful. (Then all together) Too soon!

Colby: All out!

Two were late for flag-raising but what does that matter?

"All's well that ends well."

BARBARA WARREN.

REST HOUR IN FOURTH SHACK.

- Johnny: Everyone has to be ready for rest hour in ten minutes.
- Leigh: May I go down to Fourth Shack dock with Babs?
- Johnny: No, you made too much noise the last time you went.
- Leigh: (To herself) Oh, Phooey!
- Claire: I debs the small rock by the porch.
- Joanne: I asked before you did.
- Claire: Oh, all right, if you must.
- Mary Ann: I have under the birch tree.
- Joanie: I hocks the big rock.
- Johnny: You have have five more minutes left.
- Lucy: (Hurriedly) I'm going to rest inside today.
- Betsy: So am I. I'm tired.
- Mac: Barbara and I debs the hammocks, one.
- Barbara: I debs the big green one.
- Mac: I ought to get it because I asked in the first place.
- Barbara: Well, I asked before you did.
- Mac: Still I ought to get it.
- Johnny: Neither one of you can have it, if you don't stop fussing. You both had better take the other two instead.
- Babs: How much more time do we have, Johnny?
- Johnny: (looking at watch) Only one more minute. You'd better hurry.

There is a hurried rush as blankets and pillows are dragged through the door. Then all is quiet as Fourth Shack settles down for rest hour.

Behind The Scenes At Counselor's Coffee.

(The Scene Takes Place in Fourth Shack)

Mary Ann; Now's the time.

Joanne: Yes, but we've got to hurry before Lee comes back.

Joanie: This is the first pie-bed I've ever made.

Joanne: Golly,- you haven't ever made one?

Mary Ann: Boy! Won't Lee be surprised?

Joanie: Am I doing the pie-bed right?

Joanne: Sure, that's a neat way of doing it.

Mary Ann: What's that paper under Lee's pillow?

Joanie: Maybe a love letter. Let's read it.

Joanne: Sure, go on Mary Ann, read it.

Mary Ann: Hey, listen.

"Dear Fourth Shack,

When you are done making this
pie-bed, please place the extra sheet under the
pillow so I can find it in the dark.

Lee"

Joanie: And I thought she would be surprised!

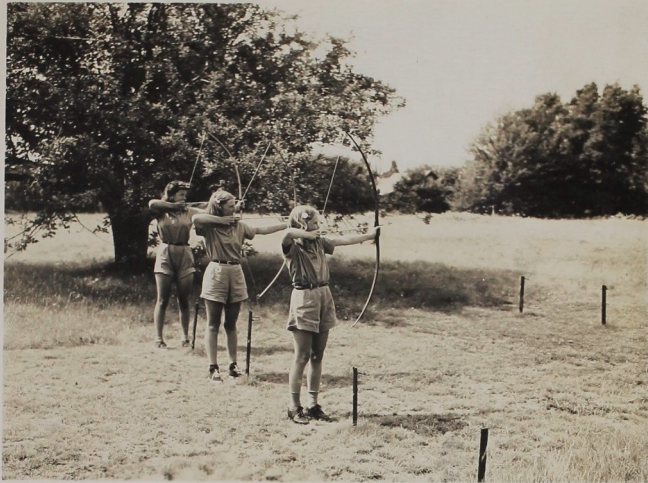
Joanne: Me too. I was all ready for a surprised yelp from
Lee when she got into her bed.

Mary Ann; But we've still got to go through with it.

Joanne; Hurryup! I see Lee coming!

Joanie: My first pie-bed and it won't even be a surprise.

JOAN HILL.



13













SWIMMING IN THE EVENING FOR 3rd SHACK

3rd shack all together: "Can we go in now?"

Jean: "No! Wait for Wendy. Put on your bathing caps though." Pretty soon Wendy comes out of the boathouse with a big bandaner on her head.

Wendy, as she starts running: Ca-n-n- we go in ----

Jean, interuting: All in.

There comes a splash! Jean and Miss Adomeit knew that we were in.

But poor little Patsy standing on the walk, a little to afraid to show of her cute figure said, "Here comes some grils!"

The grils started padding of and in gos Patsy. "The waters fine, Jean," shouted Sue. "Watch Marjorie", shouted Emily, as she does a funny trick.

Wendy: Hold open your legs, Emmy, I'm coming though!"

When Wendy was half under Emily just relised that it was Wendy and jumped away.

"Oh gosh Jean I wish I could go under water", said Patsy.

"Well, you can't, Jean answered.

"I think they should come out now", wisperped Miss Adomeit.

"I think so to, All Out!" Jean wisperped and shouted.

Marjorie Hill

ABOUT "ALICE"

"No room, no room!"

"Off with her head! Off with all their heads I say!!"

"Well then, it wasn't very civil of you to offer it."

"And the moral of that is ---"

Such were some of the remarks heard echoing through the Lodge for a week before the brilliant preformance of "Alice in Wonderland", as enacted by Fourth Shack.

The law was laid down by the director, S.C. Cleveland, and that - all the lines were to be learned letter-perfect by the following Thursday.

At last, after many rehershals, and much rushing down to the craft shop and getting costumes together, the cast was ready for the dress rehershals on Saturday afternoon. Everything went smoothly until the garden scene. Unfortunately we discovered that no-one knew her lines or cues at this late date. After going through this scene six or more times the cast departed. Oh, well, we thought, if the saying holds true we'll be allright. "A bad dress rehearsal means a good preformance".

After supper the Lodge was full of screams of

"Oh, Frankie, my pillows are slipping!"

"Frankie, another pin, please."

"Horrors, Frankie - one of my hearts is broken!"

But when the curtain went up all the difficulties had been righted and the play proceeded according to the highest expectations. The audience was full of admiration for the stage settings and costumes, and needless to say the acting reflected Colby's expert coaching.

THIRD SHACK LYRIC.

Wendy, the smallest, has fun with 4th shak

Made someone lose a jack

Emmy, that's me, knows almost how to swim

"I ask the counsellors to look at my strokes to see how
they are" said Tim.

Sue tries to feed the poor little dog.

She doesn't eat her own self so she is a hog.

Patsy is almost late for dinner

So when she gets there, all she gets is a minnow.

Margie, the oldest of all, her hair is very messy indeed,

So she is getting very fussy and swallowing a hard seed.

EMMY WARREN.

THIRD SHACK'S KIDS.

Wendy, the smallest, doesn't know who she's for -
All of us kids, the broom or the floor.
Emmy comes next, with her very big mouth,
Has been in the East, the West, and the South.
Susie and Patsy, who fought for the dog,
Wish they had time to go fish for some cod.
Marjorie, that's me, who's trying to swim,
Said I to the girls, "I'm too old for you pins."

MARJORIE HILL.

THIRD SHACK PICNIC

First we went to echo cove. then Jonny called all out. we got dressed. when we got back to camp, we started a fire. we cooked over the fire. then we ate and after we had eaten are yum-yum food we tooked our extras. We had rest Hour. Sleep for a half of rest hour. "Oh phooey", says Wendy, "I'm going to read any ways, nosey Jean". rest hour has begun. Then it was quiet.

Emily Warren

.

REST HOUR IN THIRD SHACK

Jean: Rest hour has begun.

Margie: I want my dot book.

Emmy: I forgot my knitting.

Jean: Rest hour has begun. Hurry up.

Sue: Oh I want my dominoes.

Pat: I am going to get the chinise checkers.

Jean: Rest hour has begun.

Wendy: I want my teddy.

Then it was quiet.

Wendy Sorenson.













PIONEERS

It was early in the morning. We had gotten up stealthily before reveille and had breakfast. Now we were in the station-wagon, speeding to Mr. Ward's farm. Mrs. Grant said, "We're really pioneering now. Never before have Runoia girls gone bean picking!"

Once at the farm we were quickly shown what to do. Each one took a row and set to work furiously putting the beans into a tin can. Mr. Ward went around asking our names and quite soon each one found a green bag in her row with her name on it. On inquiring we found that we were supposed to empty our cans in the bag and that after the picking the bags would be weighed. We were to be paid one and three fourths cents a pound.

As each one picked she found different and unique ways of doing it. Four methods were finally evolved. Standing and bending over was the fastest, and the sturdier souls firmly endorsed it. And then there was kneeling, sitting on your bean can, and finally sitting on the ground and bumping yourself along as you picked. Whatever the method we all grew muchquicker at it as time went on.

Finally it was over. The bags were weighed, wages paid, and the pioneers went home satisfied.

Nan Carr

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

It is about half an hour before taps. Sixth Shack huddles together in one room.

M.J.: Now do you promise not to tell anyone?

The door slams and a familiar cry sends everyone into Pix.

"Is everyone in bed?"

Chorus from Pix mid noise of toothbrushing : Yes!

Colby, menacingly: Not one single soul is ready. Do you realize fifth shack was ready to be read to HOURS ago?

(Self-pityingly) I thought you would be ready so we could read for a nice long time tonight. I thought I could trust you. I thought - oh never mind. No reading tonight.

Wails from sixth shack: We're ready.

Nan: We've been ready for hours.

Colby, with dry humor: Is that the fashionable length for pajamas or did you just get tired of them flapping around your ankles?

Nan: Oh, are these my shorts? Well, I'm ready now. (Strips)

Tommy, from Pix: Don't wait for me.

Colby: I said No Reading. Where's the book?

All eagerness, sixth shack is wildly helpful and a moment later in breathless silence, broken only by Sylvia's knitting, Tommy and M.J. putting up their respective hair, Margo telling M.B. a joke, and Peggy making her bed,

COLBY BEGINS TO READ.

Nan Carr

1.

On a bright and sunny morning, after we had finished yawning
Three canoes sped o'er the waters-
To a distant stream we tore.
As we sailed, our ponchos flapping
Suddenly there came a tapping
As of thunder gently rapping in the skies with subtle roar.
'Tis some freak, we trippers muttered,
Trying to send us back to shore
This it is and nothing more.

2.

Over logs with slippery scrambles
Through the marshes, branches, brambles,
Up the twisting turning waters, watching tiny herons soar,
Muddy slime our paddles beating, toward the lake in manner
fleeting
As the thunder kept repeating in a steady solid roar.
It won't rain, we glibly chuckled,
We shall make the nearest shore,
Only thunder, nothing more.

3.

Through the din of trippers bustling
With their ropes and packs a-tusseling
Came the sound of branches rustling as the rain began to pour
Morning came beneath our shelter
Blankets wet and helter-skelter store.
Though the rain had ceased to pelt on our precious food in
We were wrong, we trippers chattered
As we heaved our sighs galore
But now the sun is on the shore.

4.

The moral of these stories lie
For those who seek to prophesy
About a bright or cloudless sky, when it would seem to rain
So if of distant isles you're speaking no more.
Rolling hills and hemlocks seeking
Start with food and packs unleaking
For the drops are sure to pour.
Never say what trippers say, as they seek an open door
Only thunder, nothing more.

Ginger Dessar Crittenden

5th SHACK'S TRIP TO HUMP-BACK ISLAND

We are going on a trip! I was especially happy when I heard the news, for though 5th shack had gone once before, this was my first trip. I learned that I was elected to get the food with Ginger. After mislaying a pound of bacon and otherwise making myself useful, I went to the shack and, after watching the girls a few minutes, gathered that you were supposed to borrow a poncho and three blankets to start with, then, after fixing your blankets the right way, throw in everything you need and roll it up. I decided that a sleeping bag is an asset, after, and proceeded to roll it. Everyone was glad I owned a sleeping bag because by the time I was done rolling it, everyone had already divided my blankets between them.

After everyone had "honied" their favorite canoe, we started out. It didn't take us long to get to our original destination (a word I can't spell) but when we all voiced our opinions against it, Ginger suggested a little isle near Pine Island, where we eventually landed.

We got settled in a short time and ate a delicious supper of boiling beef soup, stewed tomatoes which I don't like and a small black lump which Ginger called a potato, but was more soot than anything else.

After supper we had a moonlight paddle to North Belgrade, where we got stocked up on candy and ice cream. We somehow stumbled back to our canoes and paddled home to our isle, whose name we were still arguing about. We had some burnt, salty, but still very good popcorn and went to bed, to sleep on roots and spiders.

We awoke to find ourselves full of mosquito bites, and ate a large breakfast. We left Hump-Back Island, for that was the result of our arguments, soon after, and, though we had decided to go somewhere new and different for lunch, found Oak Island an inviting spot for tired paddlers. We ate a hurried lunch amid rain and then all crowded underneath a poncho where Ginger read us stories from The Omnibus of Crime.

Ginger finally decided that we had to get back, rain or no rain, and soon a group of drenched campers were welcomed back to dry clothes and a soft bed.

Q. T. Cove Trip

It was one of the first trips of the season. Fifth Shack was busy borrowing blanket pins, sleeping bags, and ponchos. When finally everything was borrowed and set, the law was made that this year borrowing was forbidden, so with loud protest from the borrowers, back went the blanket pins, sleeping bags and ponchos. But in spite of this, when afternoon rolled around, the trippers were seen, with all needed supplies, paddling out of Runoia's cove to the adventures of a trip!

As the wind was strong, and going in the right direction, ponchos were ingeniously arranged as sails and the rest of the voyage was sailed in comfort.

Q.T. cove was reached by six o'clock and the trippers immediately set to work, building fires and starting the meal. This process, of course, had its trials. There were lumps in the cream for the salmon wiggle. The water for cocoa wouldn't boil. The pancakes turned black. But in spite of all this, the meal tasted mighty good to the hungry eaters. After toasting marshmallows, all were lulled quietly to sleep by the reading of the monkey's paw from the Omnibus of Crime!

The morning dawned, and it was wet! A shelter was made and there was some talk of going home but that was quickly squelched, as the sun broke through the clouds, just before breakfast. Then breakfast was made. It was a bit confusing. The butter was in the Ovaltine jar. The matches were in the first-aid box. The sugar was---- oh, where was the sugar? It had been there the last night in a brown paper bag. Then came the solution. The sugar had been buried instead of the garbage!! Panic! Then all was well as the sugar was retrieved and shortly after, breakfast ended.

A short time later the canoes pushed off to "Crooked Island" across the way, where the trippers swam and ate lunch. The only tragedy then was the spilling of the bacon grease from that morning's meal all over the food and clothing in one canoe! This caused some profanity and ill feeling but that all passed when the next meal came.

When that was fully eaten and enjoyed, all moved on to their final fling of the trip, a paddle to Belgrade Lakes. This, getting filled to the stomach's content at B. L., and paddling home took considerable time but when the last turn was finally rounded and the trippers were once more in the familiar Runoia cove, though reluctant to leave the adventurous tripping life, there is something about eating a big meal, all made for you, then going to a nice bed, healthily tired, and dreaming about your wonderful past experiences, that is unequalled!

OUR TRIP TO POTTER'S SHORE

The big day had come. I was to go on an overnight trip with four girls and two counsellors. We were going to Potter's shore across the lake. With a big sigh, I started to tear the covers off of my bed. Securing a poncho from Johnny, and buying some blanket pins from store, I was all set to begin my pack. With Ruthie's help, I rolled my blankets into what seemed to be quite a small pack, but when I carried it down to the dock, it didn't seem so small to me anymore.

We were all set. I climbed into a canoe with Caroline Eagan, and shoved us off. After we got far enough out into the lake to sail, we started to put up our tarpolins which we used for our sails. Boy, oh Boy what fun we had. We sailed for about an hour and a half before we arrived at the shore. When we were all settled down, we started to hunt for fire wood. Golly, it took a long time, but finally we had enough. Then a couple of us went to explore. When we got back, supper was already started. Leigh and I cooked the bacon, and she cooked the soup also. Besides this we had peas, toast, cookies, and marshmallows afterwards. Colby read to us, and then Leigh and I took a midnight dip, only it waen't quite midnight. Boy, did we feel good after that. We unrolled our packs after carrying canoes over to our sleeping places. We were going to use them to put over our heads in case of rain. Well, we thought that we were alright after putting raincoats and ponchos and tarpolins and everything under the sun over us to keep out the rain. We talked for a while and then went to sleep. A little while later Colby came over to us in the pouring rain. She brought the lantern, and asked us if we wanted to go to the porch of the cottage that was on our camping place. Most of us said no, but after feeling our wet blankets, we gladly accepted her invitation. We were all assembled on the porch, when Ruthie came back from her little excursion, and said that the cottage down the way was unlocked. So away we went, a small group of drencked rats, and slept in the cottage. When we woke up, the sun was shining, much to our surprise. Well, we all went back and cooked our breakfast, which consisted of two eggs, two pieces of bread, and two cups of cocoa. After that, we trudged back to the cottage where we slept, and hastily made our packs. A few things were lost, but what did that matter? Just to have a swell trip was all that we asked, and we did.

We left the Camp Runoia boathouse at a quarter to four
Just put up a sail and were at Potter's shore.....

Fourth Shack's Long Trip

When are we going?
Where are we going?
How long are we going to stay?
4th Shack's been promised
An overnight trip
They've been packing since break of day.

May I have the Bobs?
May I have an egg-shell?
May I have a torpedo bow?
May I go with Leigh?
May I go with Joanie?
May I go to Pix? I mean now.

It's blowing too hard,
The sky is all clouds.
It looks very much like a storm.
We'll go just the same,
We don't mind the rain
Our counselors will keep us warm.

We know how to cook
Our dinner is fine,
The camp fire is really superb.
But what are those drops,
Those little rain drops?
And will they our slumber disturb?

We'll fix our beds now
We all know just how
For Ruthie spent hours on their making.
Canoes at our heads
Pine boughs for our beds,
We're ready for sleep without waking.

We're sleeping so sound
Spread out on the ground
When there arose such a clatter,
We sprang from our beds
The rain on our heads
To find out what was the matter.

'Twas Ruthie and Co
Our counselors you know
Who wanted to go for a stroll,
A rainy night walk
A nice chatty talk
A cottage and friends for their goal.

With dripping wet hair
We stumble in where
Our friends who are sissies are spread
On civilized floors
With windows and doors
And an open fire place near their bed.

They all were asleep
When we gave a leap
And landed all wet in their beds.
With fire built up bright
And warmth in the night
We dried out our blankets and heads.

Our counselors dear
Spread glamour and cheer
In that civilized sissy abode.
We soon slept again
Alleight nine or ten
In one tiny cottage well stowed.

Next morning: How to make yourselves popular with counse lo
"May we paddle back with the ones we want to
paddle with, or do we have to paddle with
counselors?"

Apologies to Chattanooga Choo-choo.
Pardon me girls. It looks too rough to start our tripping.
"Oh, it's not rough. And besides we are tough."
We can't afford to let you run the risk of tipping
It's blowing a gale. "Oh, please let us sail."
We left the Camp Runoia boathouse at a quarter of four
Justn put up a sail and then we're at Potter's shore.
Dinner by the fire. No one could be sprier
Oooh, ooh, Potter's cottage, here we come.

Dear Mother,

I didn't tell you much about the Long Lake trip we went on a little while ago except that it was fun.

We, meaning sixth shack, started out in the middle of a very windy morning. It was pretty rough but not too, so we got across without too much difficulty. The trouble began when we arrived in the other part of the lake, after going under the bridge. It was terribly rough and we had to head into the waves so that we wouldn't tip over. For awhile we were pretty scared but we got to the other side all right and proceeded on our way to Belgrade Lakes.

Once there we carried our canoes over the road to Long Lake. When we saw how rough it was over there, we decided that this was not the time to cross, so we toured the town. Ruthie and Les bought our food for supper, and then we ate our lunch on a raft, which had been drawn up on the beach. The wind almost took our lunch with it but it didn't bother us much, because we were laughing so hard that we didn't notice it.

We went back to the place we had parked our canoes, expecting to have a long rest hour ahead of us, and we saw three canoes full of boys battling across the lake. Well, we decided that if they could do it, so could we and we started out.

I was never so sure in all my life that we were going to tip over. We were out further than any of the other canoes and we were afraid of going broadside, because we might have tipped over. The others kept yelling at us to turn in, but we were scared stiff if we did so we pretended not to hear them. Finally we did think we could head in, so we did and explained why we hadn't answered.

I forgot to tell you that we were going to camp at a place owned by a Mr. Frink. We had to go there first because he had to know who was camped at his place.

When we reached Mr. Frink's, he told us to our horror that he had expected Summerset the night before, and that if they didn't come, we could stay. We prayed that they wouldn't come and paddled around the bend to the camping site.

Everyone helped cook supper. We had soup, coco, corn, and tarts which were all very good and much improved by the campfire.

After the dishes had been washed in the evening, we sat around the fire and read and popped pop-corn. Someone mentioned how nice it would be if there was some coke. Ruthie and Les looked pleased and got eight bottles of it from the lake, where it had been concealed by Ruthie's bathing suit. Then we knew why she had thought the trip was as good a place as any for washing her bathing suit.

In the middle of breakfast, next morning, we were visited by the camp we had seen going across the lake. They came up and held a little pow-wow in our woods, and then went off again. They thought that we were Summerset, I guess.

We went over to Mr. Frink's to sign his guest book, among other things. He had an organ, which some of us

Paragraph
on next
page

played, while the rest played pool under the direction of Mr. Frink.

Due respects having been paid, we started back for our camp. As it was dark, we lost our way. We scrambled around in tall briars and fell into small tributaries of the lake. Amid shrieks and gales of laughter we finally got through the bushes to our camp. *read after 9th canoe on first page*

As soon as everything was in order, we walked over to Mr. Frink's again and climbed the mountain at the back of his house. We had lunch up there around a fire and picked a can full of blueberries.

Our trip home was very uneventful except for some boys from Camp Carabou who stood around while we carried our canoes across at Belgrade Lakes.

We paddled into camp backwards because we always have to give the stay-at-homes a little show.

Sylvia Babb



THERE'S NOT A WORD OF TRUTH IN IT.

Have you heard about the flat tire on the station wagon?

It's deflated and we'll never get to Augusta for the train.

Have you heard about the Infirmary pix being broken so that

all Sixth Shack had to go to Third Shack to pix?

Have you heard about Third Shack being so good in swimming

that Miss Weaver let them swim to Oak Island?

Have you heard how Mrs. Grant got some big bullies from

Sixth Shack to go down to 4th Shack to take Lucy

Leach's bed because the Seniors wanted it?

Have you heard about 4th Shack spending the night in the

rain half way under their canoes, while Colby and

Ruthie slept soundly?

Have you heard what's in the riding ring? It's a little colt.

Queenie just had a colt and they got a nice little cow

stay with it to give the colt milk.

C.D.G.

FAMOUS LAST LINES OF COUNSELORS

"I think I'll go up to the lodge tonight to write a letter."

"I put it in my filing system."

"I'll wake you all up at sixthirty and we can decide then."

"I'll have one more cigarette and then I am going to bed."

"They're all going to Boston, Cincinnati or New York and
what of each?"

"I'm going to tear down the dining room and turn it around
to get the morning sun."

"I think I'll fix myself a study in 2nd Shack where it's
quiet."

"I saw it in the property room."

"I'm going to write a novel in my spare time."

"Now what is it we're supposed to tell the kids about candy?"

"And now, Shall we join the ladies?"

C.D.G.

TO A VICTORY BEAN

I think that I have never seen

A poem as lovely as a bean.

A whose lovely tendril grows

In mud which squishes through our toes.

A bean whose bush, as we have seen,

Has nests of caterpillars in its green.

Beans are picked by girls in jeans

But only God can make these beans.

Farmer Ward's Beaners

LETTER HOME ABOUT CAMPERS

Dear Mother,

Well, the other campers are all off on a hayride. I have been in the infirmary for a few days but now my cheeks are Rosa. However, I am paying the Price by staying home. Frankie, I'm quite upset about it as I was very Eagan to go down Elaine, through the Wood and Myers, and over the Hills with them. I think they Ohrt to have gone by Carr, but I grant you that gas becomes Lester and Lester.

As I sit here in my Chambers writing at my Dessar, my mind is a Blank. We have done so much lately that I Donath know where to begin.

Yesterday afternoon was a Claire day and there couldn't have been Morison so I asked if I Mar go sailing on the Pond. Three of us went. I was the Weiser so they made me the Bauman. It was so Wendy that we Heald over very far and the Peter came Luther and Luther. Maybethat was because a black Tommy cat crossed our path before we left and caused us Babb luck. We found lots of Leaches on the boat. We took Mary Ann cookies along and everybody Emmyed us. My chum ate all the cookies and I can't Stander anymore. We really had a Warnerful time, though.

Last Sunday a Young Chaplain visited and gave us a sermon on Graceious living.

By Johnny, as I look at my Hamillton watch, I see that it is getting late and I Warren they Colby getting back from the hayride soon. I'll see you next week. Lots of love,

A-Stay-At-Home

P.S. I haven't forgotten Babs and Charlotte. Please give them my love.

Nancy Dowd and
Claire Rothenberg





Lost and Found

Lost- watchful waitresses

Found- Gracious Living and Pitchy Décor

Lost- rainy day boredom

Found- craft, after many long years

Lost- Mrs. Chambers

Found- Daisy Viola

Lost- Dessar

Found- Crittenden

Lost- Titcomb

Found- sorry, she's irreplaceable

Lost-Ferbish's Fifth Column

Found- Frink's Friendly Camp

Found- a study for college girls

Lost- immediately

Lost- MacDougall drills

Found- the Bauer method

Lost- the Nazi salute

Found- Barbara Frietchie

Lost- tennis blisters

Found- dishpan hands

Lost- a blacksmith

Found- but not for a long time

Ruthie Lester

The New York Times.

Copyright, 1944, by The New York Times Company.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1944.

Entered as Second-Class Matter,
Postoffice, New York, N. Y.

LATE CITY EDITION

Fair and moderately cold today
with moderate winds.

Temperatures Yesterday—Max., 40; Min., 31
Sunrise, 8:20 A. M.; Sunset, 5:42 P. M.

THREE CENTS NEW YORK

P. R. in the Eighteen Nine-
of the leaders of the Brit-
party were the only ones
he trouble to study the dif-
ficulties of the interests of a party
in and a party charged with
responsibility of government.

parties formerly belonging
to the International are in the
majority. In all countries the
parties are unanimously and vig-
orously behind P. R. There are a
few countries in Europe where
the help of Mr. Molotoff, they
want to accomplish what they de-
sire, want to avert such a pos-
sibility to act is now.

It is a matter of great regret that
various organizations to study
the situation of the peace not a
single gives attention to the con-
ditions foundations upon which the
democracy, and therewith the
peace, must rest. Could
any of them at least clarify the
points brought up in recent
years of P. R. and make the re-
sults available to those who have to
run a democratic government in Eu-
rope? If these people will favor
a better system if they know
it, in spite of all that has
happened, some countries still decide
to P. R., heaven help them—

F. A. HERMENS.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 30, 1943.

Artists Information Sought

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:
My business could plan for the
future particularly plan for post-
war are being urged to do and
to do, far better if we knew
what will confront us when
the war era comes about.
I am urging by the Adminis-

it sound plausible that a highly civilized
people such as the Finns are could have
changed into beasts overnight? We
must not forget that they believe them-
selves to be defending their homeland.

These accelerated releases by the So-
viet Embassy in Washington suggest a
carefully planned propaganda campaign
to mold American opinion into a more
lenient mood for the forthcoming
vengeance which the giant power evi-
dently intends to exact from its tiny
neighbor.

JOHN HART.

New York, Dec. 30, 1943.

FARM LETTER—V-MAIL

The Farm, my dear, has still some
depths unplumbed . . .

Young Kit, though smart, takes up a
lot of time . . .

Life here, as there, is frozen and be-
numbed.

Quite out of tune, no rhythm, only
rhyme.

The Farm remains, a thin, unbroken
span

Between the Past and all our Future's
hope;

But, Ben, I cannot read your latest plan.

My angry tears have blurred your
pencil's scope;

The Farm is there, a short five miles
away.

But Kit, though seven months, needs
constant care,

And, as you know, our car is marked
with "A,"

Which means one trip a week is all I
dare.

There is no local news to cause
alarm . . .

But, oh, my dear, we miss you at the
Farm.

COLBY CLEVELAND.

THE CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1944

VOL. 105—NO. 34

Published Daily Except Sunday

Offices of Publication, 800 Broadway, Cincinnati, O.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published therein.

Loud Silence

I sit alone and try in vain to shut
My ears against the sounds which
fill the air;
Not the usual quiet noises but
Sounds which are loud because
they are not there.
The solid, steady ticking of the
clock,
The feeble scratching of a walled-
in mouse,
Are welcome sounds—they do not
come to mock
The solitude which lives within
my house.
The sounds I fear are ghostly ones
apart
From living and the things which
speak of life.
No use to bar my ears, they seek
my heart
And pierce it with the swiftness
of a knife.
Echoes of words that cannot be un-
said
And laughter of a love which now
is dead.

COLBY CLEVELAND

per single copy. By mail, \$7.50 one year.
ky, Indiana, West Virginia, \$6 one year.

assumed for unsolicited matter. Endeavor
i manuscript if stamps are enclosed.

Private Exchange—Call CHerry 1700.

CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR

AY, FEBRUARY 10, 1944

VOL. 105—NO. 35

Published Daily Except Sunday

ices of Publication, 800 Broadway, Cincinnati, O.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published therein.

Subscription price, 4 cents per single copy. By mail, \$7.50 one year.
Rural routes in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, West Virginia, \$6 one year.

TELEPHONE—Times-Star Private Exchange—Call CHerry 1700.

Song for a Wistful Career Girl

She once had a plan
For a wonderful life,
But she met a man
And turned into his wife.
COLBY CLEVELAND.

✓
CONSTANCE ELEANOR DOWD GRANT

One endless refrain we did chant.,

The counselors at coffee said, "Can't

We please invite Al

Up here as our pal?"

And this favor did Constance Dowd Grant.



SUSAN COLBY CLEVELAND

Sue Co is dramatic from morning till night,

She thinks Dottie Parker's a bit of all right.

When she apes Barbara Fritchie,

She is certainly witchie

She keeps us in gales of delight.

RUTH ALDEN LESTER

Ruth, from the day of her birth,
To her final appearance on earth,
Lives by one creed
And is destined to lead
A life dedicated to mirth.

MARY MARGARET BLANKENHORN

When you're chosing a butt for your prank,
There's a counselor on whom you can't bank.
On her there aren't flies,
Nor yet wool in her eyes.
Her name, not her mind, is a Blank.

NANCY LESTER

Though Spanish has Nancy perplexed,
And Fourth has her frequently vexed,
As a girl she learned pitching.

Connie found that bewitching,
And in church, 'twas the source of her text.



MARION RACHEL JOHNSON

The oh so recalcitrant Johnny,
Takes pleasure in devilling Connie.

By her, summer was done

Before we'd begun,

Which now seems more tragic than fonny.

FRANCES ELIZABETH ADOMEIT

Frankie, you've got to come back.
You've filled a two-year-old lack,
With props for our plays.
We've found that it pays
To pin all our hopes on your knack.



JEAN STUART PRICE

Jeanie's so fond of the flag,
She can't bear to see its folds drag.
She thought Barbara Fritchie
Was simply peachy
Until Colby turned her to a hag.

VIRGINIA DESSAR CRITTENDEN

Since Ginger was with us last year,
Something new has been added we hear.

But the change in her name
Hasn't lessened her fame,
And we welcome her back with a cheer.



BEATRICE ADAMS CHAMBERS

Daisy keeps phoning the station,
The poor Thing has reached satiation.

But her pitchy decor
Makes us cry out for more,
So let's keep her without reservation.

EELEANOR BISSELL WARREN

Ellie Bissell rules over the kitchen
We all find her output bewitchin'.

Her cakes and her pies
Make us give out with sighs,
As we pick up our silver and pitch in.



ROSA RACZKOWSKI

Rosa Raczkowski came late.
She found the whole camp in a state.
What with splinters and cuts
And overstuffed guts
Not one of us envied her fate.

VIRGINIA HILL

Her family, when Ginny Hill left,
Committed a serious theft.

Her directions to knit,
Her drawings, her wit,
Losing these, we were sadly bereft.

ELIZABETH JOSEPHINE KIEK

Mimi was mourned when she left. ~~went~~-went
A paltry two weeks she has spent.

We feel left in the lurch,
But she must make her search
For a man to be borrowed and lent.

MARGARET ANN OHRT

Peggy came here from far Texas.

Her drawl with envy affects us.

She has, ~~sit~~ is said,

Seven uncles in bed,

A fact which does tend to perplex us.

FRANCES RAMSEY LUTHER

A camper, whose first name is Franny,

Spent all of July with friend Annie.

She was hailed when she came

With a lovely new name,

She is Drippa to Fourth, how uncanny.

FRANCES RESOR THOMAS

On their day off, Swan's counselors came touring.
'Twas Tommy that they found alluring.
To the stables they went,
And an afternoon spent.
The friendship did not prove enduring.



SYLVIA MARY BABB

Though somewhat addicted to sitting,
'Gainst the backboard she's often seen hitting.
Sylvia's music is sweet,
Her singing a treat,
And none can surpass her in knitting.

NANCY LOUISE CARR

When Nancy's glands started to swell,
The Infirmary was graced with a belle.

Each young junior begs
For a look at her legs,
And they rush for the privilege pell-mell.



MARY JANE LESTER

Mary Jane had a wish which came true,
Involving the big war canoe.

For many a year,
She's been wanting to steer.
Now she's done it, with cheers from her crew.

MARGUERITE OTTILIE VORYS

Three years have not dimmed Margo's fame.

She has wit, plus a weird middle name,

Plus a valuable bond

Which she found in Great Pond.

She came late, but thank goodness, she came.



MARY TRUMP BAUMANN

Mary Baumann has won a tin cup.

For ten years, she has kept turning up,

Which is lucky for those

On whom she bestows

A kind invitation to sup.

NANCY CATHERINE HEALD

When holding down Third in the field,
The ball hit her hand, and she reeled.

'Twas a dire situation,-

Seemed to bode amputation,-

But lo and behold! - Nancy Heald.



SARA ELAINE HINSEY

Elaine is a hep-cat, yousee.

She dreams of Sinatra with glee,

But when she plays tennis,

She's really a menace.

Try taking her on. You'll agree!

DIANA VIRGINIA CHAMBERS

Dano appeared in two plays.

On a horse, she has won Blankie's praise.

For the Log, - in each sport, - -

But let's cut it short,

She excells in a great many ways.



GERTRUDE DONATH

When the Muse has descended upon her,

Trudy makes a fine prima donna.

When the pot she espied,

"Eet ees empty", she cried!

At her best, she can out-Lana Lana.

MARJORY YOUNG

Kidlet Margie is from Maplewood.

With the boys we here ^{at} she is but good.

When she gave us her spiel,

She made us all feel

If she wanted to win friends, she could.



GRACE MIRIAM JAMES

When Gracie went out picking beans,

Arrayed in her lipstick and jeans,

She bestowed her address

As though 'twere largess,

If anyone knows what that means.

VIRGINIA DEEMS CHAPLIN

Two

The sailors found Jinny appealing

Up the aisle, toward her seat they came reeling,

But she gave them the air

With a cold frosty stare

Which her shackmates considered unfeeling.



CHARLOTTE LANSING PEABODY

Charlotte's moved to busy location.

She has got up-to-date information.

In games at the table

She always is able

To discuss the big boys of the nation.

MARY WESTON THOMAS

When it comes to Pete Thomas, oh my!
Her hair hangs down in her eye.

And when she sings "Murder"

Whoever has heard her,
Would generally love to comply.



BARBARA HILL

Barbara Hill, the Waterville Rose,
Laughs not with her mouth but her nose.

She giggles and snorts

As she daily cavorts,

While her chums bid farewell to repose.

BARBARA JAMES

That hair-do about takes the cake.

Oh, is she asleep or awake?

Come now, show your face,

For it is no disgrace

To be Babs, not Veronica Lake.



LEIGH
CATHERINE ~~LEE~~ STANDER

As a Duchess, no one could be grander.

The gleeful Gobs all took a gander.

With bosom to spare

And a vast derriere

The wonder is, how could Leigh Stander?

MARY ANDERSON HAMILL

The life of the Log is young Flash
Her limericks have spirit and dash.

In camp movies we've seen
That her diving is keen
And she goes in with scarcely a splash.



ELIZABETH VANCE WOOD

As an archer, she's better than good,
As an actress, well, that's understood.

At work, or at play,
She has caused us to say,
"If she could, you can bet Betsy Wood.

MARY ANN McILWAIN

When McIlwain goes for a ride,
She amazes the whole country side
 "Slopsy bunch," she will shout,
 With her head hanging out.
"Who, me?" two pedestrians cried.



CAROLYN ANN COLGATE EAGAN

Though slow at sweeping her room,
And not really at home with a broom.

Carolyn's mind

Never leaves her behind.

She excells when we play "Who is whom?"

LUCY LOWELL LEACH

Lucy comes from the home of the cod.
She's a Lowell, and Lowells are odd,
For they're never allowed
To converse with the crowd,
So she speaks just to Susan and God!



✓ CLAIRE VALENTINE ROTHENBERG

Claire came up to camp in the night;
She certainly was a grand sight.

From suitcase and trunk
She hauled all her junk,
And boy! was she glad ~~For~~ a bite!

✓
BARBARA CHAPMAN WARREN

Barbara made such an elegant frog,
As she sat on the stage in a fog,

While pots, pans,- all but stoves

Flew by her in droves

That the audience watched her agog.



JOAN HALSTED MYERS

It was Joanie's first year in Fourth Shack.

She wanted to room with Mac,

But in a few days

She found that it pays

To be on good terms with Barbara.

JOAN HILL

The third and most athletic Hill
Joanne gets many a spill.

While fielding at short,
She does wildly cavort
After flies, which she hauls in at will.



✓ WENDY LOUISE SORENSON

Oh, Wendy, stop chewing your hair!

What's wrong with our camp bill of fare?

Have you not had enough,

Or are you so rough,

That you've spilled more than half off your share?



SUSAN GRACE LEACH

"Guess who" a small voice did beseech

With a squeal, a giggle, a screech.

Though her hands hide your eyes

You will know if you're wise,

It's none other than young Susan Leach.

✓
MARTHA PATRICIA MORRISON

Patsy is full of allure
From her toes to her stylish coiffure
As Red Riding Hood
Her acting was good,
But the wolf she ^{could} never endure.



✓
EMILY BISSELL WARREN

As Black Magic, Em cannot be beat
In an evil role, none can compete.
As the wicked old witch
She hit such a high pitch,
That we trembled and clung to our seat.

PHOEBE CAROL WARNER

Phoebe Warner didn't stay long,
The imprint she left was quite strong.

But as for her spelling,

Where she learned, there's no telling,
So Johnny has righted the wrong.

DIANE LOUISE WARNER

Diane is a newcomer here.

Her teeth,- they just disappear.

So, when she flashes a smile,

Which she does all the while,

It turns into a menacing leer.

MARJORIE HILL

Margie Hill is the youngest of four.

She has glamour and giggles galore.

As a prince, she was charming,

Her kiss so disarming,

That Susie got up from the floor.

HANCOCK	HANDLE	HOME	HAS	HOPES	HEARTACHE	HABITUALLY	HOLLERS
Frances Elizabeth Adams	Frankie	Columbus	talent	for horizontal lines	no bellows	ingenious	"Judy!"
Mary Margaret Blankenhorn	Blank	Swarthmore	dead pan	for good tennis weather	back- scratching	collecting lolly-pops	"On you it looks Hgood?"
Bertie Adams Chamber	Daisy Viola	Fifth Ave.	everything	surcease of confusion	gate sitters	having traf- fic with Mr. Thing	"What of each?"
Susan Goby Cleveland	Sue Co	W. A. C.	dirty hopes	to meet Dorothy Parker	shoes	the life of the party	"Holy Annie!"
Virginia Susan Catthuden	Ginger	is where the heart is	a husband	to see him	frogs on fish-hooks	moving	"I don't talk baby- talk!"
Constance Eleonor Dowd Grant	Connie Elnah	Glendale	problems	for solutions	eeping and peeping	loosing her glasses	"QUIET!"
Marian Rachel Johnson	Johnny	Mr. Grant's study	a way with her	to abolish movie mag- azines	drools	playing ghosts	"Look out! I'm after a man!"
Nancy Lester	Les	Wellesley	a chuckle	to pass Spanish	Shirley Temple at Wellesley	foresees pie-beds	"Now come on, kids--I'm not fooling."
Ruth Albion Lester	Ruthie	Bryn Mawr	to clean the stables	for a quiet study	Hygiene	cheating on her patches	"Don't <u>do</u> that!"

HANCOCK	HANDLE	HOME	HAS	HOPES	HEARTACHE	HABITUALLY	HOLLERS
Nancy Louise Carr	Nan	Hingham	legs	for letters	glands	sailing	"Tuts!"
Mary Jane Lester	M. J.	Saratoga Springs, New York	wit	to lose weight	summer reading	intellectual	"Oh, kids!"
Virginia Hill	Ginny	Waterville	Major	to come back	leaving camp	getting autographs	"Horrors!"
Mary Trump Bauman	Mary	Waterville	Godch	for Messy trip	being cold	doing chores	"Penny has curves of beauty."
Peggy Jane Christ	Texas	Texas	Texas	Texas	Texas	Texas	down in Texas
Sylvia M. ^{any} Babb	Saliva	Ardmore	aunts	for money	Boy	alto-ing	"Well--now--"
Frances Resor Thomas	Tommy	Cincy	oomph	for reservations	hair	smelling horsey	"I hate you with a purple passion!"
Frances Ramsey Lutter	Drippa	Cincinnati	humor	are hidden	Danny	hilarious	little
Marguerite Ottilie Vays	Margo	Columbus	her brother's clothes	to go to Mary's	nothing	good natured	"You sweet man!"

HANCOCK	HANDLE	HOME	HAS	HOPES	HEARTACHE	HABITUALLY	HOLLERS
Diana Chambers ✓	Dano	Manhattan	bandeau hair-ribbons	to beat Colby at pingpong	movie crushes on Trudy's wall	arguing with Colby	Hot spit in the bucket!
Virginia Chaplin	Jinny	The Big City	Ginger's initials	for a trip minus rain	Barbara's Waterville "r"s	Pacifying Fifth Shack	Thanks tons.
Trudy Donath	Trudy	Queen City of the West	Five blankets!	no one will read her Diary	Fifth Shack	loosing bobby pins	Grace James!!
Nancy Catherine Reed	Nance	Good old Cincinnati	a straight feather cut	for Coca-colas	reveille	puttering	Oh Unhappy You <u>jerki</u> day!
Barbara Hill	Bobby	Waterville	a crush	to beat Joanne at sports	long hair	laughing	All right, honey.
Sarah Elaine Hirsey	Elaine	Scarsdale	sinus	to play a romantic love scene	being beaten at ping-pong	dreaming of Ronald Reagan	
Grace James McGinn	Gracie	Maplewood	indigestion	to find her knife	squelching a belch	eating prunes	It wasn't time, ^{me} Trudy.
Charlotte Lansing Peabody	Carlotta	The Hub of the nation	a red plaid suit	to return to Hingham	Jinny's house- ^s keeping	murdering "Murder"	Oh, Roomatey!
Mary Weston Thomas	Peter	Waterville	overgrown bangs	to learn to pitch	not going beaning	all arms and legs	Murder!
Marjorie Young	Margie	Maplewood	short shorts and a brief halter	to bring up the Army morale	gaining weight	reading letters	Hep, Hep with helium

HANCOCK	HANDLE	HOME	HAS	HOPES	HEARTACHE	HABITUALLY	HOLLERS
Mary Ann McDevlin	Mac	Cinci	soup in her lap	to go fishing	mosquitoes	visiting Miss Rosa	"It IS a garnet!"
Barbara James	Babs	Maplewood	a peek-a-booo bang	for a three minute, five second kiss	stomach ache	in pix	"Don't be so juvenile"
Lucy Lowell Leach	Lu	Wellesley	a "super" swan	to have tennis	lost blanket pins	wearing other peoples clothes	"Oh Cleo!"
Joan Mill	Jo	Waterville	13 stitches	to know who Burns site is	not enough riding	trying to hit one of Les' balls.	"Hopeless case."
Mary Anderson Hamill	Flash	Hillsdale	speed	to have Joanne teach her to five	comprehension of words	singing	"What does <u>that</u> mean?"
Catherine Leigh Stander	Lee	Scarsdale	a crush on Alan Ladd	to canter on Boy	broken zippers	in a magazine	"Now that's pathetic"
Caroline Ann Colgate Egan	Carolyn	Rye	placidity	to fill Tay-Tay's shoes	hasn't enough warnings	<u>Reading</u>	"um-m-m-uhh"
Joan Holsted Myers	Joanie	On the Hudson	things in the pound	to have the Bebs	resting indoors	behind the jacks	"Heavens!"
Barbara Chapman Warken	Barbie	Air Force Base	a sister	to stay at the top of the jack ladder	boils	reading "Life"	"I won't do double flying Dutchman."

HANCOCK	HANDLE	HOME	HAS	HOPES	HEARTACHE	HABITUALLY	HOLLERS
<i>valentine</i> <i>Lain V. Rothenberg</i> <i>Elizabeth Vance Wood</i>	<i>Cl</i> Cleo	Queen City	12 cakes of soap	to ride every day	washing dishes	cracking rocks	"Rats!"
	Betsy	Haverford	a willing heart	to be a sailing counselor	remembering her lines	there on time	"How odd!"
	Margie	Maple wood	short shorts and a brief hasten	to bring up the Army morale	gaining weight	reading letters	Hep, Hep with helium

HANCOCK	HANDLE	HOME	HAS	HOPES	HEARTACHE	HABITUALLY	HOLLERS
Margaret Hill	Margie	Waterville	cherubic smile	to come back	her three sisters	playing pranks	"I aren't!"
Susan Grace Leach	Susie	Wellesley	long legs	to get her candy daily	Donnie	playing ping-pong	"Can I go riding today?"
Martha Patricia Morrison ✓	Patsy	Cleveland	a pompadour	to grow up	table manners	playing with her Panda	"I want to talk to Mummy."
WENDY ✓ LOUISE SORENSEN	Wendy	Brooklyn	uncombed hair	to climb rafters	being scolded	making pie-beds	"Oh Jeanie!"
Diane Warner	Diane	Wayne, Pa.	Katherine Hepburn hair-do	to use Emmy's jacks	lost teeth	looks like a sheep-dog	she doesn't
Phoebe Warner	Phoebe	ditto	the giggles	for attention	not getting it	spelling for Johnny	"Where's Diane?"
Emily Russell ✓ Warren	Emmy	Waterville	a pug nose	to win in diving someday	bangs	playing jacks	all the time

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

1201

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

NLT = Cable Night Letter

Ship Radiogram

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENTNEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARDJ. C. V.
FIRST VIC

922A

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

PD2 39 N==PD2 39 NL=TD CD NEWYORK NY AUG 23

MRS ALBERT GRANT=

:PHONE CAMP RUNONIA BELGRADE LAKES ME=

From
:SOME HOT UNGRACIOUS LIVING, SOME SOOT AND CINDERS FREE, I HOPE
WITH DEEP THANKSGIVING, SOON IN MY TUB TO BE, FOR NO TRIP LASTS
FOREVER, AND THO ILL TELL ALL NEVER NOW EVEN JOANIE MYER IS
SAFELY IN ARDSLEY

DAISY VIOLA.

phoned
1000 H

Crafters



Interest in the Cincinnati Crafters' Christmas card and print sale at 128 East Fourth Street is currently so undiminished that it has been decided to continue the sale up to the very threshold of Christmas itself in order to supply the pleasantly persistent orders for this or that popular card among the year's new entries, or to fill requests for one or another favorite of past years which is still well-remembered and, willy-nilly, has to be produced for some importunate customer who will be satisfied with nothing else. Indeed, one of the most heartening aspects of any Crafters' sale, to the creative artists and to the members of the governing board alike, is the loyalty of its discriminating clientele from year to year, and the sense of continuing Crafter tradition which inspires the artists in their work. Thus every year the Crafters' sale goes on, regardless of temporal conditions, and in full assurance of a faithful public.

This year, as previously, queries have been frequent as to which new cards have been entered by the regular contributors of former years, and lively interest shown in the work of newcomers to the Crafter fold who are exhibiting for the first time. In the former group the names of Miss Frances Adameit, Miss Doris Schellberg, Mrs. Thelma Nuetzel Smith, Miss Anita Fenton and Miss Claire Kinney are all represented by handsome groups of cards, and although Miss Louise Barker and Miss Ida Geyler have entered only a single new card apiece these have found eager and appreciative buyers. Miss Louise Barker's wood-blocked and tinted French fold portraying a little miss of the Kate Greenaway era in fur-trimmed hood and jacket feeding birds in the snow is completely charming in subject and well up to the artist's usual high standard of craftsmanship. Among the cards in Miss Frances Adameit's fine series it is hard to settle choice upon a single favorite, since each and everyone makes special claims of its own upon one's fancy. Usually appealing, however, are her "Star Trail," which was awarded honorable mention by the judges, the small hand-blocked card showing a diminutive angel with a star in a lacy blue frame, and the immensely popular "Woodland Christmas" depicting a family of rabbits in a snowy forest setting of star-bedecked hemlocks.

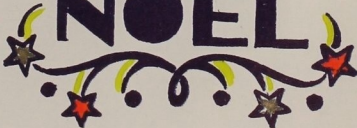
Miss Claire Kinney, who for the

past ten years has directed the Applied Arts Institute on East Eighth Street, carries on the Crafter tradition not only in her own entries, which include the arresting "Indian Peace Prayer" as well as a gay series of Santa silhouettes, but also in the work of three of her former pupils, Miss Mary Schmeing, Miss Ruth Brookbank and Miss Mildred Slacke, each of whom is represented by one or more attractive cards of appropriate seasonal subjects sensitively designed and delicately executed in air-brush technique. Other noteworthy numbers are those by Miss Barbara Skinner, who is a former pupil of Miss Schellberg's; Miss Janet Stalarevsky, who enters a smartly-styled block-print in red and blue of a young girl with a muff; Mrs. Mary Williams, who features an air-brushed group of white lambs on a blue field backed by silver; the Magi card of Mrs. George Fahnestock; Miss Margaret Tinnie, who has designed a "Young Carolers in the Snow," and Mr. Louois Hem-sath, who offers a monochrome of a girl with a candle-light tree, and also an unusual tailored fold-over decorated with twin deer grazing by starlight.





NOËL

A decorative flourish in dark blue ink, featuring a central swirl with four dots. Four stars are positioned around the swirl: two at the top (left and right) and two at the bottom (left and right). The stars are colored yellow, red, and blue. The entire design is set against a light beige background.





