

CAMP RUNOIA LOG

1944



Through wars and hurricanes, through treasure hunts and sport weeks, through noise and confusion, our director remains calm and steadfast, an example to us all. Because we are grateful to her for her leadership and her inspiration we dedicate our 1944 Log - such as it is - to her with affection and gratitude.



Destination - RUNOIA

As I approached the group of Camp Runoia girls, standing around in the waiting room, I decided that it would have been worthwhile to come back only to be an old girl and explain things to the astonished new arrivals, and know everyone else, and discuss old times. I neared the group and was met by Mrs. Grant, who led me to a group of strange faces chattering gayly among themselves. Everyone seemed to know everyone else, and as Mrs. Grant began the tedious task of introductions, I felt more like a new girl than they did, I'm sure. Before Mrs. Grant had half-way finished the ordeal, it was time to go, so, taking Wendy, one of the few girls whose faces were familiar to me, by the hand, we walked to the train. Margie Young, another of the few I had known before, followed after me, with a very dark-haired silent girl at her right.

Soon we were all settled and the train began to move. As I looked out of the window at the receding buildings of New York, I knew that the long winter months were finally really over, and camp would be reached at the end of the day. I smiled at Margie, who had settled herself across from me and at Wendy who was just at the moment stepping all over me in the act of getting, or trying to get, her suitcase from above my head. Margie had meanwhile introduced me to her dark-haired companion, Jacquie Esmerian, who was at the moment engrossed in a book. Pine Island boys were walking up and down the aisle, and Runoia girls were following them with their eyes, with looks which said more than words.

I thought gratefully that this unattractive vehicle, crowded but fairly cool at the moment, was the means through which I would get to Belgrade Lakes at precisely 8:05 P.M. that evening. As I am only human, how could I know that it would also be the means by which we would be delayed four long, waterless hours. But at the moment I was innocently and unsuspectingly busy obeying Wendy's command for more funnybooks from her never-ending supply, and being introduced to a blonde new girl from Texas with a lovely li'l suthe'n accent.

Jacquie now pulled out a bag of dried apricots and proceeded to pass it around. As everyone politely refused, she put the bag aside and picked up her book again. Feeling it was safe, I pulled out a bag of pretzel-sticks and also handed them around. Before long Robin returned the bag with a smile, saying, "The rest is for you." I smiled back, and then and there I knew Mrs. Warren would have a hard time feeding these vultures this summer.

I was again introduced to a new girl, this one being Ann Burch, whose English accent was already the talk of our group. Margie politely offered her some of Jacquie's apricots, which she accepted with the words, "I should diet, but I never can!"

Since we were all getting bored, and everyone, munching on pretzel-sticks, decided it wasn't time for lunch yet, someone brought out some cards and we started a game of hearts. Soon a Pine Island boy was standing over us, at first hinting broadly, and then asking frankly

if he could join the game. Here Babs James brought her somewhat dusty wings into view by saying demurely, "Our director doesn't like us to play with campers from other camps." When he had gone, Babs was rewarded by a score of dirty looks, but Margie exclaimed sensibly, "He wasn't very cute anyway!"

We soon got tired of heat, the supply of pretzel sticks was exhausted, and we were all beginning to get hungry anyway so, encouraged by the younger members of the group, we got out our lunches and began to eat the food offered us by our friends. We had soon eaten up all of our food, and all of everyone else's, too, and we were satisfied to lounge around reading magazines.

Meanwhile the train had not been peacefully running along as it should have. First, it stopped for a long time and then, to make matters worse, it began going backwards. When it finally stopped again, we were so glad that it didn't recede anymore, that we didn't mind its halting so much.

To add to all of our difficulties, our water cooler was emptied by battles of Pine Island boys to see which one could get his opponent soaked fastest. Then, unless you wanted your throat to dry up you had to walk through five cars to get to a water cooler. With the stopping of the train, the airconditioning stopped, too, and we were all boiling, so we were soubly glad whenever the train took it upon itself to start.

Meanwhile Mrs. Grant had handed out postcards to all her charges, and imaginations were busily describing the train ride to worried parents as "a hot, dusty train which wrecked four of its cars, and had to go back to get four more" etc. During the evening, after we had finished our supper, we stopped again, for a longer time and so were permitted to get off the train for awhile. We were all filthy and thirsty, so we stopped at a faucet, drank some water, and washed our hands and faces. Some Pine Island boys happened to be there too.

A little before 12:00 midnight, the ominous figure of our conductor passed through our car for the last time, shouting "Belgrade!". This was the first welcome news he had ever given us, and we had begun to dread him, for he had first told us we would be twenty minutes late and then raised it to four hours. Now we quickly gathered up our baggage and everyone tried to be the first one out of the car. Result: the suitcases came out first, and there was a mad scramble for your own things. Some were already saying "hello" to Colby and piling their suitcases on her while others went around with their noses in the air, smelling the pine trees and Maine odors in general. But soon everyone was settled in one of the three vehicles meant to convey us home and though the new girls were fairly taken aback by all the talk of last year, ranging from "rolling in the oats", to "And now, shall we join the ladies?", they were too tired to care much. And so they entered the gate with spirits low and eyelids lower at 12:10 A.M., ready to start another glorious summer - in the morning - but just at the moment ready - for bed.

Trudy Donath

Have you ever really thought about the days of camp? How terribly exciting it was being a new girl? Remember when you got on the train, not knowing a soul and someone came up to you and said, "I'm Helene Thoman. This is Frances Thomas, Mary Anne Hamill," and then she muttered some more names that you couldn't even remember. You sat down and talked and then someone would scream, "MacIlwain, where's my lipstick?" Whoever MacIlwain was, you couldn't quite remember but you knew she must be one of the campers.

After awhile, someone said that she was hungry so everyone went to the diner and ordered fried chicken. You'd overhear someone saying, "I wonder if Babs and Gracie are going to be back." Then someone said that they hoped so anyway.

After dinner everyone went back to their seats and once again started talking about camp and the people who were going to be there. Someone said something about a counsellor called Colby Clovelind or Cleveland - or something on that order and that she was going to meet us at the train in Augusta. You began to wonder after awhile what this Colby really did look like. Probably pretty - most counsellors are! She'll probably be standing there at the station waiting for us to come in.

Then came bedtime and Thopy put all the little ones to bed - at least she tried to! After forty-five minutes of brushing teeth and arguing which berth everyone was going to sleep in, everyone was finally settled. You didn't sleep very soundly because the train was so joggly and you wondered what camp life was really going to be like. Fun? You hoped so.

In the morning, about seven or eight o'clock you heard wild screams from somebody's berth. Someone couldn't find her money and claimed she had been robbed. Everyone was awake by this time and hunting. It was soon found in her suitcase. Everybody got dressed and then went into the diner for breakfast. You could remember the names a little better now and so you could at least call the girls by their names instead of having to say, "Oh, I'm sorry but I can't seem to remember your name."

After breakfast you began talking and you didn't feel half as shy as you did in the beginning. Finally the train arrived in Boston and everyone declared that they wanted food. A counsellor went to the Travelers' Aid and asked where a good restaurant was to eat. They gave directions to go to so-and-so street and then turn one block left and walk straight and you'd be sure to come right to it. Great help! You then ended up going to some stuffy restaurant in the Boston Station. You waited about forty-five minutes to be waited on - at least it seemed that long - and when you were waited on you waited a half an hour for your food. It finally came and after eating, you left and roamed around the station.

The time seemed to go very slowly until train time. Once more Thopy got everyone together and once again you boarded the train. After getting on the train everyone seemed to be saying, "Only a few more hours before we're at

camp." You began to imagine all sorts of things about the camp. What would it be like? What would the counsellors be like? And what would be the girls be like? It was always such a strange feeling not knowing the girls you were going to meet.

After hours of slow riding the conductor came through the coach and yelled, "Augusta. Next stop Augusta", and continued yelling that through the rest of the train.

Augusta! Everybody screamed with happiness. Very soon you found yourself getting off the train. Everyone ran up to a very attractive person with short blonde, curly hair and said, "Colby! How are you?" and et cetera.

When you were introduced to Colby you were probably very shy but she made you feel much better by a friendly, "Hello".

Someone told you to get in one of the cars. You got in and Colby started driving for camp. Everyone held their breaths going past grave-yards until they were blue in the faces. Finally you arrived at camp and everyone jumped out of the cars and ran up to a girl who looked about eighteen years old, a counsellor called Ruthie.

"Ruthie! Hello! Remember me?" That's all you could hear being said.

After having crackers and mild and being introduced to everybody, someone said to you, "Here I'll take you down to your shack." You followed the girl in front of you until you came to the shack. You were told that you could have the choice of any of the rooms except the end ones because they were all taken. You threw your sheets and blankets on one of the beds and then began thinking.

The rest of the camp would be here tomorrow and you knew it was going to be fun meeting alot of the girls. It was already an experience in two days and think what it would be like for a whole two months. It was then that you decided and knew you never would want to leave Camp Runoia.

Laura Lee Baker

The Flag

Be proud of your star spangled banner,
As it floats aloft on the breezes,
So beautiful it everyone pleases,
It's the flag of the true
For us of the red, white, and blue.

Patsy Morrison

Initiation at Camp

The dreaded evening came. Initiation was tonight and everyone was all fluttery. Well, all the new girls assembled in front of the Lodge that night when the "cowbell" rang. The old girls were discussing whom to take first. Then Evie whispered, "Take Perry Flynt first." I heard her and didn't like the bright remark but I went first.

They blindfolded me and told me to lie down on the floor and crawl. I was put through a tunnel of boxes and stuff and every time I raised myself a little everybody yelled at me to "stay down low." I finally got out of that.

Then two people took me and told me to follow them. I felt something dribble in front of me but I didn't know what it was. I then heard a voice saying, "It didn't work".

I was told to step up, and suddenly found myself walking a plank. I walked to the end and something wet was thrown in my face. I fell on a mattress and some pillows. I thought I was going to fall into a tub of water but I was glad it wasn't.

Then I was told to "kiss the Blarney Stone" and I did it, but instead of that I was dunked into some water. Then I had to do it again and they dipped my head into some flour and it stuck to my face and hair. Then they took off the blindfold and I saw what I had been through. Boy!

I sat down and they called for the kids, one by one, and I sat there watching and gloating over them while they in turn did it.

When everyone was finished with that, we sat down and one by one were called on to do something. Some people had to feed each other marshmallow cream, and one person was taken on an airplane ride. Baynie had to tell about the proposal that got her married and Anne Mitchell had to propose to Mrs. Grant. Then, when my turn came I had to put lipstick on Molly and Molly had to put it on me. Some fun. We got it on our teeth and smeared all over our mouths.

But all in all it was a wonderful party and everybody had a lot of fun.

Perry Flynt

As Overheard Over the Rafters of Sixth and Fifth Shacks

One, one, one, one. Three, three, two, two, two. Hey, I have a corner. Let me play. I always write in my diary every night of my life and if anyone ever read it I'd simply die. He's simply adoorable. I never said any such thing and I'm not mad at you. Oh, I've lost the top of my bathing suit, you shouldn't use it to hit each other with. He's adorable but he's so fa-ast and you can't imagine what he sa-aid. Swish, swish, swish.

Voices from across the bathing suit line. "Rolling home, rolling home, dead drunk, dead drunk - one keg of beer for the four of us". I think it's pretty funny. I think it's a complete riot. I think this time you've gone a little bit too far.

Scrape, scrape, are you mad with us, Hogul, are you mad with us? Scrape, scrape, tell us, Hogul, where is it? Is it under the dock, Hogul? Is it in the lake, Hogul? Does anyone know where it is, Hogul? Scrape, scrape, T O M M Y. What time should we look for it, Hogul? Three. Three when, Hogul? Three when? At night, Hogul? Is this Hogul? N O . Who is it? G N E E K, Hogul's mother. If you won't go into Pix with me I won't speak to you for the rest of camp. Oh, one more night, won't we ever be read to again? I can't bear it and all that Infantile Paralysis in Buffalo. I shouldn't go home. Can't we have camp for two more weeks? You should hear what I dreamed - there was Colby thin and adorable sitting by a smoky lantern reading to ba-ande and ba-ande of Indians.

C.D.G.

Sonnet

Blue lake, whose beauty is so calm and pure,
Fringed by the whispering pines along the shore!
Thou who, in fiercest gale, art still secure,
Wilt draw our hearts to thee forevermore.
The peace of God is mirrored in thy blue;
And though mad storms may cap thy waves with white,
The morning sun will show thy face anew,
The lovelier still for tumult in the night.
Teachus, thy willful daughters, how to still
The raging currents in our own restless souls;
And show too, by thy calm, unruffled will
The peace and beauty which must be our goals.
As long as ears can hear and eyes can see,
Our hearts will gather round thy majesty.

Diana Chambers

The Meeting of the Believers

"Hey Cleo, tell Robin that there's a meeting tonight."

"Ok, Patsy, I'll tell her. Say, why don't you get that card table from the lodge instead of that pewey little one."

"No, I will. I have to lose weight anyway. I'm ten pounds --"

"Never mind about your figure. Go and round up the gang."

(Later, in the shack) "Are we all here? O.K. Now first we put --"

"No, we don't. I know 'cause once I --"

"Yes, we all know. But first Robin has to move over to this side, 'cause absolutely no one can sit on the North side. Hogle said so."

"Who said so?"

"Hogle, you dummy. Honestly, you oughtn't to be here if you don't--"

"Listen here. Cut the argument. Now all of you rub your hands on wool."

"Is this wool?"

"Yes, it's O.K."

"It is not. It's 50% cotton and--"

"Oh, shut up. This blanket is perfectly good anyway."

"Well naturally. Aren't all blankets wool?"

"Sh. Now listen kids. We'll never get started if we quibble like this all night. Everybody shut up and listen to me. I see you've all rubbed your hands on wool. O.K. Now all take three breaths - now all together - one- two- three."

"But I thought--"

"Keep quiet (loud voice). Don't you know that if you talk it will spoil everything. If you want to say something it has to be almost in a whisper, and it has to be important."

"But I--"

"Is that important?"

"O.K. I'll whisper if I must. Well, what I want to know is, what are we doing, anyhow?"

"Do you mean to say that you don't know what we're doing?"

"Of course she doesn't, silly. Don't you remember that you were the one that was making all the fuss about telling her."

"Yes, as a matter of fact, you were."

"Big memory."

"O.K. I didn't remember. Well, we're table tilting."

"We're what?"

"Table tilting. If you leave your hands on the table long enough, the South end--"

"The North end."

"Oh. The North end, then. Well, the North end will actually lift up!"

"But we haven't even got our hands on the table."

"So we haven't. We'll all have to rub our hands on wool again and take three more breaths. O.K. Now all rest

The Meeting of the Believers (cont.)

your hands on the table, lightly, mind you."

"What will hap-"

"Sh- sh. Can't you even be quiet a minute. If you-"

"And just what do you think your doing?"

"Well, all right. Let's just all shut up for 15 minutes. Things ought to begin working by then."

"O.K. Now everyone SHUT UP!"

(15 minutes later) "If that 15 min. doesn't hurry up and finish, I'll-"

"Stop worrying. It's uphew, anyway."

"Hooray! Oh boy! Oh-"

"Goodness! Can't you pipe down? I told you you have to keep still. Are you deaf?"

"All right. We'll keep quiet. Come on kids, let's-"

"IT MOVED!!!!!"

"I saw it, too."

"I din't, did you?"

"Yes, 'cause I felt it!"

"Robin, is it supposed to do that?"

"Yes. It moves for a while, and then finally it lifts up by itself!"

"Really?"

"Get out! Scram! You can't sit here unless you believe. You get-"

"Look, look, it'd moving! OOOoo, watch out. Move out of the way. Here it comes!!!"

"Jeepers, I'll sware to - that it moved!!"

"Yes, I saw it too."

"Oh, look!! It's lifting. The North end look!!"

"Yee Gads, it's lifting."

"Look how high it's going! Oh Blank! Oh Baynie! Oh kids, it worked!! The table lifted!!!!!"

Flash

Fourth Shack Play Christopher Robin's Surprise

The play was well done, and needed very little prompting. The actors were good in their parts and spoke clearly. Emmy Warren as Eyore sounded so sad and lonely.

Pooh, Perry Flynt, was good and knew her part well.

Small, Nancy VanVoorhis, was very like real life, and although Roo was a little taller than Kanga it didn't matter much.

The scenery was good with branches stuck in buckets and put around the room for trees.

The cast was: Christopher Robin- Sue Leach; Pooh- Perry Flynt; Eyore- Emmy Warren; Piglet- Molly Marble; Owl- Linda Stauffer; Rabbit- Eleanor Lanning; Tigger- Wendy Sorenson; Kanga- Patsy Morrison; Roo- Judy Merlin; Small- Nancy VanVoorhis.

Frankie made really sonderful costumes and 4th shack looked very nice in them.

Dorothy Smedley

Mosquitoes at Camp

The 'skeeters at camp are very bad.
Especially at night,
I wish we had something to give them,
To give them all a fright.

They bite and bite and bite you,
It seems they never stop.
At last you finally slap them
And one by one they drop.

But a camp without mosquitoes
Is sort of queer, I guess.
It's like a picnic minus flies and ants
And you can guess the rest.

So hurrah to Camp Runoia
And all its summers there
It brings back fond memories
Of mosquitoes in your hair.

Perry Flynt

Fourth Shack After Breakfast

Emmy- Silvia help me make my bed.

Silvia- alright but I don't see why you don't make it
yourself.

Wendy- Patsy do you want to hear my ghost story?

Patsy- NO

Emmy- can I have the broom after you Judy.

Judy- Wendy play jacks with me and no insulting each other.

Wendy- Oh I suppose so.

Patsy- Emmy can I borrow six of your jacks

Emmy- alright. Oh no you can't there goes assembly.

Eleanor Lanning

The Mice

Oh arn't they cute says one. arn't they horrible
says another. I see these pink things in a box. Someone
tells me there mice. Pink mice - is there such a thing
I guess fo because here they were. Nancy Heald told me
that the mother mouse was in the shack. BEEP. There was
an awfull noise in the box the mice wanted their mother.
Oh someone yells heres the mother mouse under colbys dresser.
Everyone starts chasing it but they coulan't catch it. In
a little while I went back to sixth shack and Louie Mitchell
told me that the mother mouse had taken her babies under
the porch. I guess I'll never see them again.

Susan Leach

Moonlight Paddling

It was a warm, dreamy evening. All around the lake, the shadowy pines stood like silent specters. The water was very dark, almost black. Only the moonbeam which rippled softly on the waves and seemed to be playing with them lighted the lake. A canoe which was advancing in the line of light appeared to be going straight to the moon.

The night was still, almost too still to be real. We paddled in silence, as if afraid to break the spell. Now and then drops of water from the paddles would chime softly as they fell in the lake. From time to time a faint scent of pine would arrive to us from the woods, the smell of Maine which will always come in our minds when we think of camp this winter.

Jacqueline Esmerian

The Biography of a Mosquito

My name is Dare-devil Johnny, and I have quite a reputation around here for my blitzkrieg attack. I live with my mother, my father, and my three brothers in a camp on Belgrade Lakes, where the most delicious-tasting people live! Why, you only have to go twenty feet to find your next meal. There is nothing I love better than a nice plump, juicy camper! This is really a Mosquito's Paradise. I think there must be something special in the air, because all these girls are so red-blooded and healthy with lots of nice, fat, red corpuscles floating around. Just right for a mosquito! The only thing I can't understand is, why everybody always so scared of me? Honestly, the way they act, you'd think I was a ghost or something, instead of the peaceful, law-abiding mosquito I am! It's the funniest thing to see them all jump up and down, and wave their arms about wildly whenever I come round. Especially when I sing to them! I really think those girls ought to be taught to appreciate good music. Why, one night, when I was out foraging for a little midnight snack, and singing the "Mosquito Serenade" to myself, a great cloud of some poisonous gas they call "citronella" came out and nearly drowned me! To make matters worse, I had forgotten my gas-mask; but I managed to fight my way out of it. That certainly taught me a lesson! On the whole, though, life is pretty easy around here, and there's not much I could ask for.

Well, there's a good-looking specimen coming up the path, so I think I'd better end this biography, and go have some dinner.

Editor's note: That was the end of Daredevil Johnny!

Diana Chambers

After Breakfast in the Middler Shack

Perry: Have you straightened the clothes line, Mitchell?
Mitchell: Yes, Perry.
Perry: Well bring the towels in.
Mitchell: But Perry, they're all wet.
Perry: Hang them in the pix! Oh Ledbetter, your bureau is rather cluttered up.
Ledbetter: I haven't any place to put all my things.
Perry, will you check my laundry? You wouldn't do it before breakfast.
Perry: Who has hall I hope you don't consider it swept yet. Not everyone has swept their room. Gina, look at the dust under your bureau.
Gina: But Perry, Joanie keeps sweeping her dust under ther, so Eve and Sylvia won't see it when they inspect.
Perry: No wonder she gets all those warnings.
Dorothy: Is my room all right, Perry?
Perry: Yes it is all right except maybe you could straighten your bureau a little, and sweep under your bed better.
Beferly: Hey Earnshaw, hurry and get out of Pix. I want the broom.
Earnshaw: Hold your horses! I have to brush my teeth don't I? I'll be out in a minute.
Perry: Your room needs sweeping, Beverly.
Beverly: Earnshaw is in Pix so I can't get the broom.
Perry: Well, there's the other one staring you in the face. Someone will take it if you don't. Where's Rickard? The top of her trunk is messy.
Myers: She's in her room, writing for the Log.
Perry: Joanie, will you tell her to fix her trunk and (bugle blows for assembly) --- sweep the porch.

Jane Rickard

Our Sports

Baseball is lots and lots of fun
Even more when you hit a home run.

is
Tennis\lots of fun too,
Even when it is a new sport for you.

Swimming is often admired
By those who are hot and tired.

Canoeing is always desired,
Not a paddler needs to be hired.

There are many more sports, but I cannot think.
And besides my pen has run out of ink.

Molly Marble

Rest Hour in Fourth Shack

Thopy- Have you all been to pix?
Wendy- Oh I forgot Thopy can I go to pix now
Patsy- Thopy I do not have to go to pix
Thopy- you better go anyway
Patsy- Okay I will go to pix
Emmy- Thopy can I ask Wendy if I can look at one of her
funny books
Susie- Wendy can I look at your magic book
Wendy- Yes you can
Linda- Can I have one of your funny books
Wendy- Yes you can
Molly- can I look at the funny book after Linda.
Wendy- yes you can.
Perry- Nancy lets write on the wall in rest hour
Nancy- okay
Frankie- you can not write on the wall in rest hour
Nancy- okay
Perry- okay
Eleanor- Frankie what are we going to do this afternoon
Judy- Emmy can I play with your cards
Emmy- yes.
then everything is quiet

Wendy Sorenson

The Masquerade

The night of the Masquerade was hot and sultry, and long before the bell rang, Sixth Shack was ready and waiting, most of us sweltering in heavy costumes. But in the end it was well worth it.

As we finally started up the path, the sight that greeted us at the Lodge steps was certainly something not often seen! A colored mammy complete with cardboard pancakes, two angels in dungarees, and a 1932 glamour-girl were a few of the amazing sights! We mingled with the crowd, adding our own bit of color, and all trooped up the steps.

Inside, a parade was started; we marched outdoors, past the dining-room, past the counsellors standing together, and around back to the Lodge again.

When we were all settled down once more, the real fun began. We guessed each costume one by one; some we got quickly, others took longer, but we did guess them all.

The counsellors were an especially decorative group, and as no one could guess who they were, they caused quite a bit of excitement. Finally someone suggested that they had come as "Who Am I?", that interesting and informative Runoia game. The characters ranged from Tagore and Cleopatra to Paul Revere and Helen Keller. Altogether they made a very impressive showing.

The Masquerade (cont.)

Among the campers, the costumes were just as effective. The three little pigs (well stuffed) were chased across the floor by the Big Bad Wolf, while Hitler was forced to his knees by a shrouded Defeat.

The costumes which won prizes were the two angels in dungarees, who turned out to be the Heavenly Twins, Aunt Jemima with her accomplice, The Harvest Moon, and a booby-hatch. The first prize was given to Flash and Barbara Warren, who came as "Before" and "After" in the Dubarry Success Course.

Everyone of the costumes was colorful and entertaining, and each contributed to a hilarious evening.

Diana Chambers

Before Taps

Perry: coming into the shack: Be quiet Mitchell and get undressed all of you: Stop jumping over the lanterns, Joany, and get into pix.

Joany: But Perry there are 4 in there now.

Perry: Earnshaw, have you been to pix?

Susie: No, Perry.

Perry: Well, go then. Where are Jane, Dorothy, and Gina?

Tex: They are in pix.

Mitch: rattling the doorknob: Let me in you jokers. Hurry up in there. Open in the name of the law!

Perry: Be quiet or I won't read to you.

A clamor of voices: Perry, let me read. Perry can I read?

I vinny reading. Perry I asked first.

Jane: Perry may I read?

Perry: No, I'll read. Are you all ready?

Susie: But, Perry, I haven't gone to pix yet.

Perry: Hurry, Susie. I told you to go before. Keep still all of you. Where is the book?

Perry looks for the book and finds Gina sitting on her bed reading the funny papers.

Perry: Gina, just what are you doing?

Gina: I don't want to listen, Perry!

Perry: Well come out in the hall where I can see you.

I'm going to start.

Tex: Here, Perry, sit on my blanket. I get one side of you.

Mitch: I get the other.

Perry: Where did you stop last night?

Jane: We stopped on the next to last page of the chapter.

Perry reads while Tex puts calamine lotion on her back, and all is quiet except for a few laughs.

Dorothy Smedley

PINE LODGE PLAYERS



CAMP
RUNOIA

IN WHICH CHRISTOPHER ROBIN
GETS A SURPRISE.

presented by

FOURTH SHACK

Christopher Robin	---S. Leach
Pooh	-----P. Flynt
Eeyore	-----E. Warren
Piglet	-----M. Marble
Owl	-----L. Stauffer
Rabbit	-----E. Lanning
Tigger	-----W. Sorenson
Kanga	-----P. Morrison
Roo	-----J. Merlin
Small	-----N. VanVorhis









Sue Leach

Perry Flynt

Molly Marble





Emmy Warren

Christopher Robin's Surprise

Scene 1

Enter Pooh humming

Pooh: I could spend a happy morning seeing Piglet

Hum, Hum, Hum

But it's too hot to wald to Piglet's house

Hum, Hum, Hum,

I could spend a happy morning seeing Eeyore

Hum, Hum, Hum

But I don't know where he is because he doesn't have a house

Hum, Hum, Hum

I could spend a happy morning seeing Owl

Hum, Hum, Hum

But for a bear of little brain, his company is a strain

Hum, Hum, Hum

OH! A rhyme!

So I think I'll spend a happy morning being me

Hum, Hum, Hum (Which almost rhymes with seeing Piglet)

Enter Roo running

Roo: Hallo, Pooh.

Pooh: Hallo, my little fellow.

Roo: Do you know what? (hic) Pooh - Oh Pooh- do you know?

Pooh: No what? Little Roo. (hic)

Roo: Hic

Enter Kanga and Tigger Bouncing

Kanga: What did I tell you, Roo?

Roo: Hic

Kanga: You shouldn't have rushed in the hot sun.

Roo: Hic

Tigger: Pooh! Have you heard?

Pooh: Heard what?

Kanga: You must come home and get your strengthening medicine

Roo: But I have to tell Pooh!

Pooh: Tell me what?

Kanga: You can tell him later.

Tigger: I think I have hiccoughs too. Hic, Hic, Hic...

Kanga: Very well, you can have some medicine with Roo.

Exeunt Kanga and Tigger

Roo: But I never told Pooh! Hic!

Exit Roo

Pooh: Told me what? Oh! They've gone! I thought somebody was going to tell me something, but perhaps I misunderstood. I so often do. (pause) I have an eleven o'clockish feeling. I wonder if there is still a little something in that jar. I could go and see, but it's such a long walk that if there was nothing lest I would be very hungry indeed.

I could spend a happy morning seeing Rabbit

Hum, Hum, Hum

Seeing Rabbit is a very pleasant habit

Enter Eeyore mournfully

Eeyore: Hallo Pooh. It's not a very nice day.

Pooh: Isn't it?

Eeyore: No, Pooh, it isn't.

Pooh: Oh.

Eeyore: I suppose there's no reason why anybody should have told me. Why tell Eeyore? He isn't a person of importance. Oh, well. I shouldn't complain. One of Rabbit's relations bumped into me this morning and if he hadn't been in such a hurry he would have said excuse me. It isn't such a dull life... it has its moments. Time passes.

Pooh: So it does. It must be nearly eleven o'clock.

Eeyore: Time for Pooh to go to his house for a little something. I haven't got a house, not that it makes any difference, but I do think someone might have told me --- even if I haven't got a house.

Pooh: Told you what, Eeyore? Someone came by and started to tell me something, but I don't think they ever did.

Eeyore: Nobody told you, Pooh? No, that couldn't be. Eeyore is the one nobody tells things to. They must have told you.

Pooh: Told me what, Eeyore?

Eeyore: You don't know! They didn't tell you either!

Pooh: I don't think so.

Eeyore: Then perhaps it wasn't intentional.

Enter Rabbit and Owl and Rabbit's relation.

Owl: We must weigh the value of any statement, Rabbit, before we accept

Rabbit: Exactly, Owl, I was just remarking to my nephew here- wssn't I, Small?

Small: Here's Pooh! Hello, Pooh!

Pooh: Hullo Small. Hullo Rabbit. Hullo Owl.

Rabbit: Small, what did I just tell you?

Small: Here's Eeyore.

Eeyore: I was wondering if anybody was going to notice me.

Rabbit and Owl: Hullo Eeyore.

Owl: We were just discussing the value of certain information that has come to our attention...

Eeyore: Information? I've had some information.

Rabbit: Yes, I told you myself. The question is, is this information accurate? Is it valid?

Owl: Rabbit, my uncle who was a judge of some note told me when I was small that ~~a~~ information should always be examined.

Pooh: (to himself) I wonder what everyone's talking about. Hum, Hum, Hum.... Being a bear of little brain, I really must explain that I do not understand. At all about this plan... Is there a plan, Rabbit?

Rabbit: Pooh, what are you talking about?

Owl: People with very little brain seldom know what they are talking about.

Enter Piglet.

Piglet: Oh, Pooh! Christopher Robin is coming home from school!

Rabbit: We were just telling him.

Pooh: But you didn't tell me, Rabbit. Nobody told me. All morning people have been talking about something and I didn't know that it was. This must be it. Christopher Robin... well-well-

Enter Roo, Kanga, and Tigger.

Tigger: Pooh, Christopher Robin is coming home!

Pooh: I know.

Eeyore: Everyone knows, even me.

Owl: The question is, how shall we celebrate his return?

Roo: A party..

Pooh: With things to eat.

Rabbit: And where shall this party be and whom shall we invite-
I'll arrange it. Small, I'm afraid you and the rest of
my friends and relations will have to sit separately.

Small: Why?

Rabbit: Because only people of importance can sit with Christopher Robin.

Small: Oh.

Figlet: Pooh can write a poem.

Rabbit: I wonder if poems are just the thing on occasions of such importance.

Owl: I was thinking that a speech of welcome full of long impressive words would be more dignified.

Roo: Oh, bother!

Kanga: Roo, dear, that isn't very polite.

Eeyore: Of course no one has asked my opinion. It seems to me..

Figlet: I think Christopher Robin loves Pooh's poems.

Pooh: Does he, Figlet?

Figlet: Yes, Pooh, he does.

Roo: I do too.

Pooh: Do you, little Roo? How nice! It needn't be along poem.
There'll be lots of time for dignified speeches.

Tigger: I think speeches are boring.

Eeyore: I recall a speech I composed on the occasion of my birthday several years ago.

Figlet: I remember. I gave you a balloon.

Eeyore: A broken balloon.

Kanga: You can have the party at my house and I'll prepare the banquet.

Tigger: And I'll help you. Yum yum.

Roo: So will I. So will I.

Owl: I will write the invitations...

Tigger: Why do we have invitations? Why don't we all just come?

Rabbit: Tigger, there are always invitations to affairs of importance.

Small: Will I get an invitation?

Rabbit: If there are any left over. Now let's all go and get ready. The party will be a week from to-day.

All leave save Pooh and Figlet.

Figlet: Just think... Christopher Robin will be home all summer!

Won't we have fun! Christopher Robin runs better than

Rabbit.

Pooh: Do you suppose he will still like to play with us in the forest?

Figlet: Oh, yes, Pooh, I'm sure he will. What else is there to do?

Pooh: Well, now that he's been away to school, maybe he'd rather talk with Rabbit and Owl.

Figlet: Well, I'd rather play with you!

Pooh: Would you, Figlet? I'm glad.

Tigger: Pooh, Christopher Robin is coming home!

Scene 11

The animals are assembled around a large table. The head of the table is vacant.

Owl: What is Small doing here? I thought your relations were going to sit at another table.

Rabbit: They all have the measles, so I told Small he could sit with us.

Kanga: Measles! They're very catching! Roo, keep away from Small!

Tigger: Why don't we all hide and bounce out when we say "surprise"?

Eeyore: I don't think bouncing ~~is~~ is a very good idea. Remember how you bounced me into that stream?

Tigger: That wasn't a bounce... it was a cough.

Eeyore: It was a bounce.

Tigger: Well, it was sort of a "bough".

Rabbit: Well, never mind. Do you have your poem, Pooh?

Pooh: Well, yes.

Roo: When do we say surprise?

Kanga: Shhh! Roo, dear!

Rabbit: The trouble with this gathering is that too many people are talking at one time.

Roo: But I want to say surprise!

Pooh: Has everybody brought their food? I have my honey.

Eeyore: Why it's half eaten!

Pooh: Not half, Eeyore! I only took a little something out of the pot at eleven o'clock.

Enter Christopher Robin.

C.R.: Hullo, everybody.

Pooh: Hullo, Christopher Robin. We're having a surprise party.

Piglet: Pooh! You told.

Pooh: Wasn't I supposed to?

Rabbit: Now all together 1-2-3 SURPRISE!

All: Surprise!

Owl: This gathering is a gathering in honor of a great occasion.

Rabbit: Hear! Hear!

Pooh: Where?

Owl: An occasion on which one of our most distinguished members.

Small: What's he talking about, Roo?

Kanga: Shhhh!

Owl: Has returned. That is to say, he has returned from receiving his education.

Piglet: It's Christopher Robin! He's home from school!

Pooh: Oh. Is that what it is?

Small and Roo: Surprise!

Rabbit: Speech! Speech!

Eeyore rises to make a speech.

Eeyore: I'm rising to say a few words...

Rabbit: Not you, Eeyore.

Eeyore: No, I thought not.

C.R.: My dear friends, I am very pleased and very surprised and very happy to see you all again. School is all very well, in its way, but you miss your friends. You get thinking of them and wondering how they are. You think of Pooh at eleven o'clock...

Pooh: You do?...

C.R.: You think of Eeyore when it rains and wonder if he's getting wet---....

Eeyore: Of Eeyore! Imagine that! Are you sure you don't mean someone else? Little Piglet, for instance?

C.R.: Of Piglet too and Kanga and Roo and Owl and Rabbit and Tigger....

Small: And Small?

C.R.: Certainly of Small. Of all one's friends.

Pooh: Which one's?

C.R.: Funny old bear! Of me of my friends... I'm very glad to be back with you all and we'll have a wonderful summer.

He sits and all clap.

Roo: Do we eat now?

Kanga: Not until after Pooh's poem, dear.

Rabbit: Well, Pooh, commence.

Pooh: What?

Rabbit: Begin, start.

Pooh: Me? Oh!

Sing Ho for Christopher Robin!

Our friend

To the end

A friend of us all

Including Small

A friend of Roo, a friend of Pooh

A friend of Tigger (who's getting bigger)

Tigger's friend, and Rabbit's too

Friend of Owl and Kanga-roo

Sing Ho! for Christopher Robin

Sing Ho

You know...

Sing high, Sing low

We all love Christopher Robin

Sing Hey

For today

The day that he came back...

Finish

Piglet: What a lovely poem, Pooh.

Pooh: Thank you, Piglet.

C.R.: Thanks old bear.

Roo: Can we eat now?

C. Cleveland
J. B. Williams



PINE LODGE PLAYERS



CAMP
RUNOIA

SIXTH SHACK

presents

THE TRYSTING PLACE

Lancelot Briggs-----E. Potter
Mrs. Curtis-----D. Chambers
Jessie Briggs-----V. Chaplin
Mrs. Briggs-----A. Burch
Mr. Ingoldby-----L. Baker
Rupert Smith-----A. Greenough
Mysterious Voice----J. Bemerian

THE HAPPY JOURNEY

Ma-----S. Babb
Pa-----M. Morris
Arthur-----G. Donath
Caroline-----H. Reald
Beulah-----H. Vorys
Stage Manager----F. Thomas

Sixth Shack Plays

"You've had all the time in the world to have your parts learned! There's absolutely no excuse!"---- The plays had been chosed about a week and a half ago. Much time had been spent on copying parts and starting to learn them. Then, all of a sudden, trips to Messalonskee and down Meadowbrook, the rush of passing canoe tests, playing off of tennis matches -- and the plays had been temporarily put out of mind. Come the first rehearsal and it was so unsuccessful that the players were sent off amid threats should the next rehearsal be the same!

From then on a real effort was put into it. Walking into Dano's room, you would see her waving her hand dreamily, and saying, "Why don't you run and dance with one of those young things yonder?". Meeting Davy, she would greet you with an emotional "Fanny, Fanny dearest!" Jinny and Cris just stared at each other saying, "You-you", and Eve, gulping frantically, insisted that she never thought she'd feel this way about a married woman! These abstract remarks everged from the players in The Trysting Place while in the meantime the "Happy Journeyers" would now and then come forth with some equally startling statements.

The rehearsals went on, improving slightly each time, though there were several scenes which caused quite alot of anxiety for both the players and the director. The fatal day finally came, and the morning was spent in fixing the scenery and deciding upon costumes. Curtains were taken down to drape chairs, pails were filled with sand to be used as flower pots, ferns were gathered, and slowly the stage began to take on the atmosphere of a hotel sitting room. Then began the borrowing of shirts, gray slacks and all other necessities for completing the costumes.

The afternoon brought on the last and dress rehearsal. All went fairly well up to a point in the second play, when the cast found themselves in hysterics over every word that anybody said. This caused no amount of displeasure to the director who firmly forbid any similar performance. The rehearsal ended and the players dispersed till the evening presentation.

The Trysting Place was the first to be given. Dano, with her upswept hair, perfectly portrayed the beautiful widow, Mrs. Curtiss. Eve, with shoulders padded and hair-pinned back gulped realistically as she acted the part of the love-sick boy. The young lovers were played by Jinny and Cris, the latter, Rupert, looking very snappy in his white suit, and brown and white sport shoes. He and his love, Jessie, voiced their passionate feelings with repeated "Darlings, dearests", and so on. The other pair of lovers were played by Ann Burch and Laura Lee Baker. Burchie, with her greyed pompadour, and slightly enlarged with the aid of towels, beautifully acted the part of Mrs. Briggs. As for the once let-down middleaged lover, no one but Davy with her realistic nervous laugh, could have received such a hilarious response from the audience. Jackie, who never once made an appearance, created the mysterious effect as she issued forth her comments from behind her large chair.

Sixth Shack Plays (cont.)

Then came the second play, The Happy Journey. Silvia in her straw hat and black coat, played the loving mother with perfect ease/ The part of the father, Elmer, was taken by Mary Ellen. Trudy, throwing marbles and saying naughty words portrayed the young son Arthur while Nan played his older sister Caroline. They bounced along realistically on their way to see the married daughter Beulah. This part was played with much enthusiasm by Margo Vorys. The only other member of the cast was the stage manager who moved furniture and took various minor rolls. This part was done by Tommy. And so the plays came to an end amid cheers from both the cast and the audience. It had been lots of fun, in spite of all the hardships involved, and though everyone rejoiced that it was over, each member will always remember the good times they had together doing it.

Imagine

A waitress clearing the table
A machine picking beans for you
No weeds
Our canoes going as fast as a motor boat without paddling
hard
Wearing dresses at camp
No dust to sweep
Having maids to do all the work
A quiet rest hour in fourth shack
A birthday every day
Sleeping out every night

Fourth Shack

Before Reveille in Second Shack

So early in the morning in the room across the hall,
You will hear a clatter and something loudly fall.
You'll know it's Beverly Miller who has woken a little before
To get her to be quiet surely is a chore.
Then just as you're going to sleep again, you'll hear another
Oh but it's so near reveille now, what the heck does clatter
it matter.
But this time it's Joanie Myers throwing shoes over the wall
One lands on Beverly's dresser and on with a crash in the hall.
Beverly squeaks with delight and surprise and Joanie laughs
into her pillow
And you think as you bury your head in dismay, will they
ever get their fill- oh?

PINE LODGE PLAYERS



CAMP RUNOIA

FIFTH BRACK

presents

THE LOST ELEVATOR

directed by G. Cleveland

Engaged Man-----	H. Hollwain
Man in a Hurry-----	H. Hamill
Big, Easy-going Man-----	H. Smith
Book Salesman-----	O. Rothenberg
Messenger Boy-----	L. Leach
Elevator Operator-----	G. Cleveland
Young Woman-----	R. Carrier
Nice Old Lady-----	B. Wood
Romantic Old Maid-----	B. James
Housewife-----	B. Warren
Girl with Appointment--	H. Conroy

THE GHOST STORY

George-----	H. Conroy
Anna-----	L. Leach
Mary-----	R. Carrier
Grace-----	B. James
Lennie-----	H. Hamill
Tom-----	H. Smith
Floyd-----	G. Cleveland
Lynn-----	O. Rothenberg
Fred-----	B. Warren
Housemaid-----	H. Hollwain

Rest Hour in Middlers Shack

It starts when Ruthie or Perry comes and shoos who ever is in here during counsellors coffee out. Then we are told to be quiet. We settle down reading or writing very diligently. In about ten minutes some one goes to Pix and stops on the way back to talk to someone. That starts something. So everyone starts going to Pix. Someone who is fortunate enough to have peekholes starts passing notes about anything just for the fun of it. Then everyone starts a paper game. Then just as everyone is having the most fun, the whistle blows.

V. Burch

5th Shack Plays

5th Shack was rudely awakened one Saturday by the worried announcement that the play was today or, to be literal, the plays. That was it in the nutshell - 5th Shack had undertaken two plays. After the first rehearsal, however, ambition lagged and writing parts seemed an odious task. Little was done on our plays until the last four days into which rehearsal after rehearsal was crammed.

5th Shack was under a cloud, there was tension in the air and the harried actors paced the floor muttering their parts. The two plays to be given were The Ghost Story and The Lost Elevator. The main characters in The Ghost Story were George, a bashful lover, and Anna, the object of his affections. These parts were played by Evie C. (George) and Lucy L. (Anna). The rest of the shack played the part of an obnoxious group of young people who interrupted the proposal. The Lost Elevator was a comedy in which an elevator was stuck. There were two leading parts Annabelle "a more or less engaged young woman" and Edwin "the engaged young man". These were played by Robin Carrier (Annabelle) and Mary Ann McIlwain (Edwin). Patsy Cleveland had the part of the operator. Mary Ann Hamill was the small-man-in-a-hurry. Barby Warren made good in the part of a bewildered German housewife, while Babs and Betsy kept the audience in stitches as a romantic old maid and a nice old lady. Lucy and Evie were messenger boy and a girl who had an appointment with the dentist. Claire and Margie were the book salesman and the big easygoing man. In spite of former worries the plays went off with a bang. There is little else to say except that we were grateful to Frankie for costumes, programs and scenery and to Colby for directing us.

P. Cleveland

The Lost Elevator and The Ghost Story

For weeks and weeks (or at least it seemed like that) we had been hearing about these two mysterious plays! When at last Saturday night came, everyone was on razor's edged with excitement. What would they really be like? Only a few people had any idea, and these kept their secret well.

After the usual hustle and bustle, we finally settled down, and Colby made the preliminary speech. There was that one blissful, exciting moment when the house-lights dim, a hush falls, and the theatre-goers settle back in their seats; and then the beautiful new blue curtains parted, and the play began.

The scene before us was an elevator - but not just an ordinary elevator- this was a lost one! The characters packed in it were of every type and variety. After much bickering back and forth, it finally developed that the elevator-boy had been paid a hundred dollars to pretend they were stuck, so that a desperate Romeo could convince his Juliet of his everlasting love. At this surprising fact the curtains came down, amid thunder of applause. In the brief intermission which followed, the audience showed their good spirits by singing a few camp songs. Then the curtains parted once more, and a blood-curdling ghost-story was unfolded before our eyes. This too had an unexpected ending, and was performed with much animation and fervour. At the end, both producer and cast were roundly cheered; and as the audience started leaving for the Infirmary to listen to Hit Parade, I am sure each one felt that Fifth Shack houses a group of budding geniuses.

Diana Chambers

Fourth Shack Trip To the Little Bridge

We started in the war canoe and Emmy said where are we going Perry Perret said do you want to go to the little bridge every one said yes we soon came to the bridge we held on to the rocks and Perry said the six get out and you may run around Emmy said lets go over to the big house Wendy said okay come on Emmy Emmy said Perry may we Perry Perry said yes so we went there was a path that lead us so we walked and walked and soon we came to the house we walked a little farther and we looked up and saw a sign and this is how it read.

all who enter leave hope behind
that scred all of us all but Judy walked faster with her until we got scred and we ran back too. then the other four came and a few of us went too and they walked and walked and walked and then we came to the big house too and they saw the sign too and they got scred too so we walked backed to the warcanoe and we came back to Runoia.

Wendy Sorenson

Fifth Shack's trip song for Merryweather
Tune of "D-A-V-E-N-P-O-R-T"

M-E- double R-Y-W-E-A-T-H-E-R Merryweather
That's the only place to go a-tramping, tramping,
That's the only place to go a-camping, camping.
M-E-double R-Y-W-E-A-T-H-E-R, Merryweather point.
First a dip, then a sneeze,
Then into our packs we squeeze,
Merryweather for we-ze!!

Second Messalonskee Trip- First Trip Song
Tune of "Night and Day"

Like the buzz, buzz, buzz of mosquitoes
As they beat against our net;
Like the putt, putt, putt of the motors
As they watch when we're wet;
Like the dip, dip, dip of our paddles
As they stroke and softly dip;
So a voice within us kept repeating, Trip, trip, trip.
Night and day, this was our cry:
Fifth Shack had gone forth tripping -
Why shouldn't I?
In Belgrade's busy street
Where tripping campers always meet
Our dreams came true- We started too.
Up the stream, we followed our dream.
There's an such a hungry yearning burning inside of us
And this torment won't be through
Till our bellies have been filled with luscious stew
On the edges
Of the Ledges.

Second Messalonskee Trip- Second Trip Song
Tune of "Frankie and Johnny"

We rose at six in the morning
The sky was full of mist
We begged the sun to start shining
And the big boy couldn't resist.
Chorus: That was our trip, and it was a pip.

We paddled down to Ferbish
He met us with radio vim
He told us that he'd seen Jesus
On the front lawn talking to him. Chorus.
We left Ferbish
We left Ferbish still talking
Say do you get me girls?
But all we got was a sunburn
As we sailed with our coats unfurled. Chorus.

We played poker that evening
Full house, flush and straight.

Colby won all the money
She thought the game was great. Chorus.

(2nd Messy trip- 2nd Trip Song cont.)
Then we started to bundle
Into our mosquito-prrof nets
Everyone got conf&idential
And told all her secrets. Chorus.

Roll me over easy
Roll me over slow.
I'm lying on rocks on my left side
And my sunburn hurts me so. Chorus.

This story has no moral
This story has no end.
We wish our trip didn't either ,
But here we are - Amen!

Third Meadowbrook Trip Song
Tune of "Fifteen Miles on the Erie Canal"

We left Runocia - the time was late,
But that didn't bother this crew of eight.
Fifteen minutes wa s all we took
To end the first lap to Meadowbrook.
We slept that night at Horse's Neck
We found it in the dark, by heck!
We wackied our spots and we hit the hay
But out in the cold the counsellors lay.

Next day - off for Potter's shore.
But Meadowbrook beckoned, so we paddled some more.
Back in time for dinner-then we slept through the rain
Paddled home next morning- we could do it again.

Second Meadowbrook Trip Song.

Meadowbrook, Meadowbrook Tune of "Rinso White"
Happy little tripping song
Meadowbrook, Meadowbrook
Trippers sing it all day long.

The canoes weave in, the canoes weave out,
The canoes for the stream were much too stout.
Over dams and under logs
And round about the marshy bogs.
Two green canoes were filled with boys
Who followed us with a lot of noise.
We were glad to say goodbye to them
'Cause they weren't even grown-up men.
We finally came to the end of the stream
Where we gave vent to a joyous scream.
Then we headed for Potter's shore
Where we ate and ate till we couldn't eat more.
After supper we / homeward sped
And then were hurried into bed

Tune of
"The worms crawl
in, ..."

The words are true but themusic lacks
So you can blame it on second shack.

First Messalonskee Trip Song
Tune of "Pennsylvania Polka"

It was a lovely day when we set out
And in our minds there was no doubt
That we had much to shout about
On our way to Messalonskee.

The food was good, the weather too.
We had cause to be a merry crew
As we paddled down the lake so blue
On our way to Messalonskee.

We've had a lovely holiday
And if you ask us then we'll say
It was a joy-ride all the way
On our trip to Messalonskee.

Merryweather

We started out late one afternoon about dinner time. There was a pretty good breeze flowing, but the paddling wasn't too stiff. Fourth Shack came in the war canoe, but just for a picnic supper.

We landed on one side of the point near where we were going to sleep. By the time we had our canoes up, our packs unrolled, and had gone in for a dip, the counsellors and Fourth Shack had eaten.

When we had finished supper Fourth Shack left, and we went back to our packs. We decided to sleep out on the point, but there was a little bit of a question as to who would sleep where. It was finally settled, and shelters were made. After that we had a dip with a lovely harvest moon of gold shining over head. It made a beautiful golden path across the water. The dip felt so wonderful and refreshing.

Before going to bed we all sat around the camp fire, and had a nice cup of hot chocolate. When we got under our ~~x~~ canoes and ponchos it was so hot that a few of us sat out on the rocks in the moonlight, and enjoyed the breeze. There were a few mosquitoes, but not enough to keep us awake.

The next morning we had a dip, and a delicious breakfast to top it off. We got home in time for lunch. Merryweather was a peach of a ~~x~~ trip, and I shall always remember it.

Betsy Wood

The Meadowbrook Trip

We started out for Potter's Shore at about half an hour before our usual suppertime and it was announced when we were about half way over that supper would be served at nine. After we had arrived, we fixed our beds, and eaten, it was about that time.

After we had been in bed awhile and sleep just wouldn't come we were told that we could go for a dip.

The next morning after breakfast had been cleared up we started up the stream. The first part of Meadowbrook which was very swampy had many curves and very few of us missed getting stuck in the reeds.

The paddling before dinner (which we ate in a cow pasture) was very easy except for a couple of beaver dams.

After lunch during which some Winnebago boys visited us we started out again and soon met up with a huge pine tree lying across the water over which our canoes had to be carried.

The next exciting incident was another pine tree which we had to bounce our canoes under. Soon I found myself with my feet through on the other side and my arms hugging the tree for dear life. After our canoe had gone under we looked back and what did we see but Perry hanging from the log with no foothold but soon a canoe came to the rescue.

From then on there weren't many bad carries but it was very shallow and many a time we got out into the water and lugged our canoes over the bad spots.

Finally we reached a man-made dam and Baynie announced that she thought that we were near the end of the stream. Her prophecy proved true for as soon as we had carried our canoes around the dam and paddled around a few curves we saw North Pond ahead.

Once out on the lake we hunted for a camping place which wasn't an easy job. Finally we decided to stay on a beach where a young married couple with very bad language were spending the afternoon.

Sunday morning most of us loafed around while three paddled over to Smithfield.

At about quarter to four in the afternoon after much delay we arrived in Smithfield.

After giving farewells to the trippers that were going out about how terrible the going was we piled into the station wagon that was to carry us back to "Home, sweet Home".

I guess my story begins with two girls called Betsy Wood, and Robin Carrier. It was about 7:00, one evening, and I was hanging down in the boathouse, hoping that tomorrow, or at least sometime, I would get to go on a trip. I had just told my troubles to "J. M. G.", who was hanging next to me, and who also wanted to go on a trip, when I heard two girls come racing down the path. They were Robin and Betsy. I couldn't imagine what they wanted, and I was just in the middle of asking "J.M.G.", when I heard one of them say something about "Perry's" paddle, and a trip. Then I knew that they wanted me for a trip! There was a great fight about who got me, and after considerable bangings up, I finally was in the possession of Robin. She took me and put me over by the packs, so there I sat for about half an hour.

Just after all the packs and food etc. were loaded into the canoes, Robin discovered that she had forgotten her hat, so she jumped out of the canoe, and threw me down quite hard right on top of a rock. Mrs. Grant got real mad at her for that, but it didn't hurt me any, so I didn't care. Anyhow, I'm used to that sort of thing. As soon as Robin came down, we shoved off in the direction of Merryweather. Nothing much happened, because all I was doing was being paddled. Robin is a pretty good paddler, except Mrs. Grant says that she doesn't do her twist stroke just right. I can tell about those things. When "Perry" has me, I feel fine, because she does the twist stroke swell, but Robin just doesn't twist me enough. I wish she would.

When we arrived at Merryweather, it was nearly time for the girls to have their dinner. I got put into the canoe, and the canoe got turned over, so I didn't see much until the next morning, but I have pretty good ears, so I'll tell what I heard. I had a sort of little nap while the others had supper. When they came back, Robin and Flash debs the point to sleep on, but it turned out that they all slept there, that is, all except Mrs. Grant. I'm glad at least she didn't sleep with them, because they made so much noise that not even the doodle bugs could sleep! Maybe it's on account of my good hearing, but what I didn't hear wouldn't be worth writing down here.

All the girls went for a dip for about half an hour, and then they all came over to the fire-place and had cocoa. Then finally they went to bed and made their so-called "noise", until about 5:00 AM at least it seemed that late to me.

The next morning Robin and Flash got up real early, and they decided to go fishing with long wooden poles. They made so much noise they woke Mrs. Grant up, and they were awfully scared that she would get mad at them, but she didn't, and I know why. Don't tell a single soul, but she was already awake!

About half an hour, all got up for breakfast, which was after the 1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ hour dip, so to speak!! Breakfast consisted of bacon, eggs, toast and cocoa again. Everyone ate very slowly, and greedily, so everyone was feeling overstuffed, except one or two, including Mrs. Grant.

After the hard and tiresome (so I hear from certain persons) job of rolling packs was done, everyone was ready, and, since they were, everyone went.

I must say that everyone went rather slowly, so we arrived at camp in about a half an hour. I'm sure that I enjoyed the trip, and I know that everyone else did, because when all the stay-at-homes asked all the trippers if they had had a nice time, the trippers all answered "yes". I'm pretty sure none of them said that just to be

A Meadowbrook Trip (cont.)

From that time on the main trouble was beaver dams. There were a countless number of them.. I heard my mistress exclaiming how clever the beavers were to make these dams by themselves and dragging all the wood for it with their teeth. My personal opinion was if they were so clever why couldn't they have left an opening for canoes on trips to get through. They seemed a pretty inconsiderate kind of animal to me. Of course I realize the opinion of a pair of glassed isn't worth much to people but since this is probably the only story I'll ever write, I think I ought to be able to express my feelings frankly while I have the chance.

We stopped for lunch about halfway through the stream. There really isn't much to comment on about that meal except that even from the canoe I could hear everyone arguing as to whether they could have three slices of bread then or have one and save the rest for supper. I thought I knew what the opinion of my mistress would be. I was right. It was eat the three slices then. My mistress is the kind of person that enjoys the present and lets the future take care of itself.

The rest of the trip was much easier than the first half. A good deal of it was through meadows. The sun was blazing down on me and I grew hotter and hotter. I'm sure the reader can have no idea what it feels like to melt, but it's a very uncomfortable sensation, which I hope you won't have to experience. I was just about to experience it when we came to the end of the stream and soonafter arrived at Potter's Shore. Our canoe was pulled up into the shade so I was saved in time.

This was the only time during the trip that I was put to use. My mistress wore me when she read a magazine story to the restand though I do hate to waste my energies on that sort of thing, it was good to feel useful again.

The humans ate a huge suppre because they wanted to finish off their food (another act that struck me as being strange). After the dishd were done and they had made up a trip song to the tune of a song about worms, or some such creatures, we started for home. We arrived late that evening and so ends my story. I'm sure everyone will agree that I'm a very superior pair of glasses coming through what I did and having only one little accident. The pin that held my arm to the rest of me fell out, but my mistress who is really a very intelligent person (another of my opinions that doesn't mean much to the humans) put a safety pin in instead and I'm practically as good as new with another experience to my credit.

First Messalonskee

Once upon a time six little fifth shackers and two old, old witches were spinning through the craft house... round the row boat they went. Sloshing paint, tossing off clothes with gay abandon. And as they whirled they chanted and this was their chant. "O, give us a trip, a long long trip and give us these witches too."

And so to bed they went. Up the path next morning came Hogul dragging Mrs. Grant by the hand. Hogul had carried the chant to Grant to Grant and Grant had granted their chant. Oh the prancing little feet, oh the unearthly laughter and equally unearthly plans.

First Messalonskee (cont.)

Through the mist they prayed and waited..waited and prayed. On the third day there rose again the sun. And out of the mists appeared four canoes. Three canoes held the six little fifth shackers and the fourth held the two old withches. Off they went on a paddle. Over the waters they flew and before you could say Rumpelstiltskin they were at the luttile hamlet of Belgrade Lakes.

Past the counters they whirled .. sinkin their teeth with fury into hot dogs, hamourgers, cheese sandwiches.. all the mystic goodies imaginable. They came in on a wind and a prayer to Mr. Frink's rookery. Night fell.. the two old, old witches capered through the fire mumbling, Double, Double, Toil and trouble, We've left the becon, Let the corn bubble.

With tummies full they wound their way round trees. They slithered over rocks, they tumbled helter skelter through the enchanted forest.

At Frink's cottage the group searched and searched and searched for the lost chord. And they wrote magic verse in his big black book.

With the dawn they sped down Long Lake, past the Palace of Arden, the castle of loveliness, home of the Princess Elizabeth. Let Flesh retire.

These children of the woods..yes, even they, had a human thirst. Thirty paces past the fallen tree..ten degrees southwest, four points north there gurgled up from the moss and mold the fountain of youth. The two old, old witches drank greedily. They soaked in the living waters to their very vitals. The little fifth shackers splashed in the cool clear water and froliced in the leafy glade.

Around Black Point first to one side and then to the other went the little group. The unrolling of packs, the building of fires, the tossing away of fish heads, and the preparation of the evening meal. Ah what delicacies came forth from the can! Fruit juice, beans, corn, tomatoes, more beans and more fruit.

What Ho! What type of men are these, on the opposite shore in their BVD's? They are the Belgrade dwarfs, and Old Willy, the Gnome. Off flew the six little fifth shackers- Evie, the sparkler, Louie, the little giant, Lacy, the Leach, and Babs, the barbarious bombshell of Belgrade Lakes- whilst on the home shore lingered the gruesome twosome, Margie, the mincing maiden, and Cleo, the inquisitive. There was singing and burping up of Belgrade. There was an exchange of camping information, giggles, songs, and all the other wiles that men bring forth.

Later- much later- they were tucked into bed, swaddled in mosquito netting, longing for the forgotten flit can. Suddenly there arose from the ground-Babs, Lucy, Louie- and crept pleading and wailing to the old, old, hags. They were beset by gremlins, annoyed by bugs. So into the water a canoe slipped, into the canoe slipped the quintet of campers. For an hour by the light of the pale moon they floated, called gently to Belgrade and rested playfully on the gunwales of their snip.

First Messalonskee (cont.)

Returned to their home of the night, another ship was ready for relief. One after the other with Margie's bulbous nose leading the rest, they paddled out into the lake. Smudge pots were kept burning at home. Oh it was a wearing night!

It was with relief they saw the dawn break. Breakfast over, dishes done, off 'fore day had scarce begun! It was give and take. Race round the dam- wait for Belgrade to pass them. At the dam, how gleefully the little fifth shackers clapped their hands to see the gentlemen groan to pull on the portage, while they merely whisk-ed round the corner and shot off down the stream.

The sun beat down as the little imps lay along their paddles, drifted in the rushes until the last nine miles dissolved into a figment of Willy's imagination. Back home again to conjure up another trip. And that is the story of the little fifth shackers, the two ok witches, and how they made a dream come true.

The two old, old witches

The Cotillion Bonfire

Down to the shore ran the campers,
A jostling merry throng.
Each happy face was contented,
The air was alive with song.

We gathered around the bonfire,
Beneath the tall pine trees.
Each clear note of our melody
Drifted out on the breeze.

Late into the night we sat there
Singing the songs of camp
Regardless of how time sped on
What cared we for the damp?

At last there was naught but the ashes
With regret we rose to go
It was like a curtain falling
At the end of a wonderful snow.

Patsy Cleveland

Fifth Shack's Merryweather Trip (cont.)

polite, because from last night, they all seemed to be having a good time.

Finis.

Flash H.

A Meadowbrook Trip as told by a Pair of Glasses.

In the comparatively short rime that I have belonged to my mistress, I have been through a great deal. More than I should go through considering my fragile state. But my mistress is the kind of person that won't learn until it is too late, so though my life is apt to be a short one it is certainly an eventful one!

At least it was eventful until this summer. For weeks she seemed to have no use for me, so I lay neglected on her bureau except for about five minutes every night when she wrote in her diary. Of course in those five minutes I was more exhausted than I would have been if I was used the entire day. Who wouldn't be, after being practically smothered under covers and having a flashlight knocked against you every other minute? Well, anyway I did wish I could have some real excitement. And then one day, to my great joy, I heard her talking about a trip and she decided to take me. I was very happy because she hadn't taken me on the first trip she went on..Even when she said I would be a bother and she didn't think she would need glasses cause she wouldn't be reading, it didn't dampen my spirits too much. I heard her asking all the fifth shackers, if they had a case which she could borrow to put me in. She really is quite thoughtful about things like that. when she puts her mind to it. Well, she couldn't find one and I was rather happy because then I could see the whole trip and not be squeezed on a black hole which is usually too small. It's a pity the humans can't think more of our comfort after all the service we give them. But to get on with my story.

I was shoved carelessly in her raincoat pocket and dumped with her sleeping bag in the station wagon. We were to start from Smithfield and bring the canoes back to camp. My mistress was to paddle with Burchie. The others who were going were Ginny, Nancy, Mellon, Margie, Trudie and Thopy as counsellor. Everything was fine until I was thrown into the canoe. I was looking out of the pocket when suddenly I saw an enormous shoe heading right for me. I thought this is the end and I haven't even started on the canoe trip. I was terribly disappointed because I had counted on it so much. After all it isn't every pair of glasses that has the chance to go on a canoe trip. Just as I thought my doom was at hand I heard my mistress' voice.

"Look out for my glassed. They're in my coat pocket."

The foot slid to one side of me and missed me by about two inches. I almost cracked with relief. When I was sufficiently recovered I noticed we had started. We didn't paddle very long because we were to spend our first night on the other side of the lake that we were then on. I think they called it North Pond. I was pretty glad when we got there 'cause I was tired of hearing my mistress debating whether

A Meadowbrook Trip (cont.)

she would eat food that was fattening on this trip or not. My, that subject does get boring when you hear it day in and day out. I don't understand why they bother to eat at all. But I guess that's just another of the many queer things human beings do.

It was a sandy beach I soon discovered because of all the sand that poured in with me. It certainly isn't very comfortable to be scratched all up by it, but since this was a camping out trip I expected such discomforts.

It would have been a good night except my mistress was very restless and since I had been put at her feet I kept being kicked around a good deal. By morning I was quite friendly with the twigs and pine cones around there and I was sorry to say goodbye to them, but we had to make an early start for some reason. Soon after breakfast we shoved off.

I heard great discussion from my place on the floor of the canoe about what the right direction was. I couldn't see because a shirt, or something was blocking my view. It was evident in a little while, though, that we were heading wrong because we couldn't find the opening of Meadowbrook Stream anywhere. Two of the canoes went to inquire from some fishermen in the middle of the lake about the right way and the rest huddled together in one spot. At last my mistress wanted her shirt so I was able to look around. I was surprised to see two canoes with the other kind of human beings in them (I think they are called buoys or boys or something like that) right beside ours.

I was happy to see them because I knew my mistress and her friends took a lot of interest in these creatures, and I'm always very interested in my mistress' happiness. But to my surprise and consternation they didn't seem very happy about them. I still don't know why but my mistress and her friends seemed to want to get rid of them. My, humans are a confusing lot!

The two canoes came back and we found that the stream was in exactly the opposite direction. We soon arrived there however and our trip really began.

Now whenever I heard about canoe trips I had imagined being paddled over lakes for hours until it was time to stop for lunch. It seems I was sorely mistaken. In the first place this wasn't a lake. It was a very narrow stream, and it must have been quite shallow because my mistress kept getting out of the canoes and walking and climbing over things. And they didn't seem to paddle as much as they pushed and pulled the canoes around. It was exciting to watch all this go on, though I'm sure my mistress would have preferred a different kind of excitement for herself. I was beginning to think that we'd gotten over the worst part when suddenly I felt myself going through the air and let down with a crash on some object. One end of the canoe would tip way down and I would start sliding down there and then the other would start to tip, and I would slide toward that end. In the process of sliding around I had an accident to my arm, but I didn't notice it just then. Finally, after what seemed hours to my rattled being I felt the canoe slip into the water again! I looked back wanting to see what I'd been through. A huge tree across the stream met my gaze. I saw that I must have been lifted over it as there was no room to go under. I thought if there are many more of those my glass would surely fall out from sheer nervousness. Luckily there weren't. Also during that obstacle, the other humans went away and I heard everyone say how glad they were to see them leave.

Camp Runoia

A camp where the sun dou'th glow, a camp where soft breezes blow. Girls happy and gay, at work and at play . Cries of laughter come from their voices at each game take turns of choices, in the craft shop we draw in the woods counleors saw, to build a house from a tree for shack number three.

Fifth shack was rocked to its foundations as a new and sudden craze swept through it. Namely, to answer ads. Mail went out daily carrying with it pathetic requests on how to lose unbecoming fat, curl hair, get rid of unsightly dandruff etc. Caisy was overwhelmed with the sudden demand for penny postals. These, when sent, were promptly read, and soon it became rumored that so and so had sent to do you know what and someone else had actually written to guess who. Inquisitive postmen's eyes goggled as the offending postcards sped along their route. Soon the occupants of fifth shack began to receive Packages and Letters with mysterious bulges. It was three weeks ago that Flash appeared at supper with unusually yellow hair. When questioned she replied unashamed that it was "Golden glint". Several hopefull fifth shackers have become noticeably thinner (Gross exaggeration, but that is what makes a story). However after a while, about three weeks, the craze began to fade (as crazes will) till at last it was a thing of the past.

P.S. I'm afraid it's begun to start up again!!!

P. Cleveland

The Last Will and Testament of Camp Runoia, 1944

Sylvia Babb's love of independence to Judy Merlin.
 Ann Burch's and Dano Chambers' neat hair to Eleanor Lanning.
 Eve Potter's short bangs to Ann Mitchell.
 Jinny Chaplin's archery ability to Wendy Sorenson.
 Jackie Esmerian's quietness to Emmy Warren.
 Ann Greenough's figure to Gina Burch.
 Nancy Heald's talkativeness to Molly Marble.
 Margie Youn's dieting to Susie Ledbetter.
 Mary Ellen Morris' domesticity to Joanie Myers.
 Laura Lee Baker's accidents to Susie Leach.
 Trudy Donath's and Betsey Wood's willingness to Beverly
 Patsy Cleveland's nose-clip hair-band to Miller.
 Susie Earnshaw.
 Barbara Warren's helpfulness to Linda Stauffer.
 Louise Mitchell's boisterousness to Patsy Morrison.
 Bab James' Veronica Lake hair-do to Wendy Sorenson.
 Robin Carrier's giggling to Dorothy Smedley.
 Lucy Leach's baseball prowess to Perry Flynt.
 Margie Smith's and Claire Rothenberg's efficiency to Nancy
 VanVoorhis.
 Flash Hamill's innocent looks to Beverly Miller.
 Mary Ann Macilwain's lengthy tresses to Jane Rickard.
 Evie Comey's red hair to Judy 'the dog').
 Margo Vorys' and Tommy Thomas' smell to next year's horses.
 Mrs. Grant's skill with a bugle to Timmie and Dougall.
 Mr. Grant's ability as Jack-of-all-trades to Margie Smith.
 Mrs. Warren's dry wit to Mary Ann Macilwain.
 Mes. Langley's love of a dip to the 5th shack winners.
 Mabel's reserve to Ann Burch.
 Gil's base-ball heave to Margie Young.

The Last Will (cont.)

Baynie's quiet laugh to Margo.
Perry's serenity to Flash Hamill.
Aggie's knowledge of current affairs to Camp Runoia.
Ruthie's mirthfulness to Jackie Esmerian.
Frankie's expertness in "Who Am I?" to Robin Carrier.
Colby's carefree attitude to Betsey Wood.
Smitty's joviality to Barbara Warren.
Les' deep voice to Ann Greenough.
Blank's poker-face to Nancy Heald.
Thopy's perfect posture to Louie Mitchell.

Eve Potter
Dano Chambers

A Wild Scavenger Hunt

The other night was a wild sight, the middlers gave a scavenger hunt. Boy, was it something. We had fun letting rumors go around about having to find a snake and daddy long legs and such. Of course they never had to find anything that bad only frogs, dead fish, muscles and other queer animals. Another thing fun about it was to stand on the end of the dock and watch the girls tip over in canoes trying to get muscles. (Most of the girls had their clothes on.) And then when it came around to getting the frogs they had to go out in a swampy place and try to catch them. Of course half of the teams never got one!!

So then all the teams came back to the lodge and sorted their animals and such. We had to throw most of the dead fish away because they smelled too much. And then most of the frogs got lose. It was a time trying to catch them.

After the hunt we had chrades. All the names were animals. After we did ours some of the audience did some. It was pretty funny.

Even the next morning at breakfast everybody was still grubbing about the party. I'm sorta glad it's over with because it was "A wild Scavenger hunt".

Susan Earnshaw

Log Staff Song

Praise the Log, Runoia's old tradition
Praise the Log, and honor its position
Praise the Log - we're on the supposition that we've found
We're all proud to edit it ability.
We hope that you'll accredit it
The little logarithms are we.

Singing-

Praise the Log, Runoia's old tradition
Praise the Log, and honor its position
Praise the Log- this is the last edition and the Log Staff's
free.

ANAGRAMS

Fourth Shack

Perry Wynn Flynt - Possesses Winged Feet
Jane Eleanor Lanning - Judiciously Enforces Laws
Susan Grace Leach - Squeaks Girlish Laughter
Mary Ellen Marble - Makes Excellent Marks
Judith Ann Merlin - Jabbers All Morning
Martha Patricia Morrison - Makes Pretty Motions
Wendy Louise Sorenson - Willingly Learn Strokes
Linda Jane Stauffer - Likes Jolly Stories
Nancy Van Voorhis - Nods Very Vivaciously
Emily Bissell Warren - Eventually Becomes Wasp-waisted

Fifth Shack

Robin M. Carrier - Relishes Mediums' Conversations
Patience Mather Cleveland - Practices Many Charms
Evelyn M. Comey - Evades Mentioning Christening
Mary Ann Hamill - Manners Are Horrid
Barbara James - Beans Joyfully
Lucy Lowell Leach - Lambasts Littler Leach
Mary Ann McIlwain - Makes A Mess
Louise VanAnden Mitchell - Looks Vampishly At Men
Claire Valentine Rothenberg - Cherishes Varied Relations
Margaret V. Smith - Makes Victory Sure
Barbara Chapman Warren - Boils Cause Worry
Elizabeth Vance Wood - Ever Very Willing

Sixth Shack

Sylvia Mary Babb - Sings Most Beautifully
Laura Lee Baker - Lovingly Lauds Brothers
Catherine Ann Burch - Crazy About Beans
Diana Virginia Chambers - Decidedly Versus Crushes
Virginia Deems Chaplin - Vigorously Describes Crosby
Jacqueline Patricia Esmerian - Joyously Practises "Elgar"
Trudy Donath - Tries Desparately
Ann Forbes Greenough - Always Found Giggling
Frances Catherine Heald - Finds Camping Heavenly
Mary Ellen Morris - Mightily Enjoys Middlers
Eva Sellstedt Potter - Eats Stupendous Portions
Frances Resor Thomas - Finds Riding Thrilling
Marguerite Ottilis Vorys - Meditates Over Victory
Marjorie Young - Massy Yeoman

Middlers

Virginia Burch - Very Boisterous
Susan Earnshaw - Seems Engrossed
Sue E. Ledbetter - Swallows Enormous Lunches
Beverly Miller - Baseball Marvel
Anne O. Mitchell - Acts
Joan Halsted Myers - Judges Housecleaning Menial
Jane D. Rickard - Junior Dash Racer
Dorothy D. Smedley - Daintily Does Sweeping

Counsellors

Frances Elizabeth Adomeit - Finishes Everyone's Art
Beatrice Adams Chambers - Broods About Child
Susan Colby Cleveland - Stimulating Comic Character
Mary Elizabeth Gilmartin - Makes Eyes Gorgeously
Albert Grant - Awfully Good
Constance Eleanor Dowd Grant - Calls Every Duo Glorious
Ruth Alden Lester - Rather Accomplished Linguist
Agnese Carter Nelms - Arises Circa Noon
Elizabeth Moring Perry - Enjoys Matrimonial Ponderings
Helene Valeska Thoman - Hairdo Very Trim
Eleanor Bissell Warren - Elmer Beckons Westward
Joan Bayne Williams - Joyfully Became Wife





MISS POND AND MISS WEISER

FRANCES ELIZABETH ADOMEIT

Frankie is full of bright schemes
For improving interior themes
The infirmary decor
She had cause to deplore
But soon it will answer her dreams.



HELENA VALESKA THOMAN

Thopy's brood is turning her gray
Aches at night and intrigues by day
No matter--the fact is
It's excellent practice
She'll be a sly mother some day.

✓ JANE ELEANOR LANNING

An instructor in climbing's E. Lanning.
A whole course of rafters she's planning.

Now the aim of this fad
Is to be a post grad
Before the counsellors start banning.



✓ LINDA JANE STAUFFER

Though she never played baseball before,
Linda has soon learned the score.

She hits and she throws
And everyone knows
That she has good nature galore.

✓ JUDITH ANN MERLIN

Judy, the little blue hawk,
At table will sit still and gawk.
Says Colby, 'I hope
You won't grow up a dope'.
But Judy just sucks on her fawk.



SUSAN GRACE LEACH

A second mother to Judy is Sue,
And the mice find her trustworthy, too.
But her weight keeps us guessing.
First it gains - then it's lessing -
Have more potatoes, now do!

✓ MARY ELLEN MARBLE

Now Molly - I find it absurd -
No one else gets a chance for a word.
For you talk and you chatter
On each trivial matter
'Till Nobody else can be heard.



✓ MARTHA PATRICIA MORRISON

The cooler is Patsy's obsession.
As an excuse it's her favorite digression.
Be it tennis or arching
She's always just parching
In the garden "I thirst"'s her confession.

✓ WENDY LOUISE SORENSON

Wendy went to the Doll's House one night.
She took pants, which was only right,
But on her way there
They turned into thin air,-
Oh, what an embarrassing plight!



✓ EMILY BISSELL WARREN

It's lucky we liked Em because
Ther's much more of her now than there was
But oh how she hustles
In diving for muscles
Or in anything else that she does.

✓ PERRY WYNN FLYNT

She acted Pooh Bear in the play
And she did very well, I must say,
As the bear of small brain,
But let me explain
That Perry's not like him that way.



✓ NANCY VAN VOORHIS

Nancy is neat as a pin
But her giggles are weraing us thin.
She eats not at all,
Which is why she wasSmall,
Which is just what she always has been.

ELIZABETH MORING PERRY

Tho' she looks like a quiet girl, she
Has a temper which terrifies me
 You'll be hauled from the float
 And stuffed into her boat,
Just call her Miss Betty--you'll see!

RUTH ALDEN LESTER

Ruthie's two-fold position enables
Her to plot out miraculous fable
 About leaky horses and boats
 Which get sick on the oats
As she wanders from sail boats to stables.

BEVERLY MILLER

When Beverly takes to the trees
The counsellors come loose at the knees.
On the haunted house roof
She also gave proof
That aloft she's completely at ease.



✓ JANE RICKARD

From Exeter Jane is the other.
Her birthday came first, said Grandmother.
Her father's vocation
Gives her information
About everyone's bad little brother.

ANNE O. MITCHELL

Anne Mitchell's first knowledge of camp
Has a rather unsabory stamp
For in a saloon
One bright day in June
She decided to be a white champ.



SUSAN EARNSHAW

Susie Earnshaw has trouble with math.
Its problems arouse her to wrath.
But when she plays ball
There's no problem at all,
And she gallops with glee 'round the path.

DOROTHY SMEDLEY

D. Smedley - Rhodes Scholar to be -
Is allotted to storm B. M. C.

If you have an I. Q.

She is certain to like you,
This maid with the braids hanging free.



✓ SUE LEDBETTER

In the infield her playing is tight.
Oh pity the misguided white
Who hits one to Sue.
The heart of each blue
Swells with pride at the glorious sight.

VIRGINIA BURCH

Eating is Gina's chief passion,
But her pancakes we really should ration.
At sewing she lags
So her bathing suit sags
Why worry, the zoot-suit's in fashion.



JOAN HALSTED MYERS

The only old girl in Shack Two -
Five long years since she has been new.
Her swimming and diving
Are certainly thriving
And in paddling, too, she comes through.

JOAN BAYNE WILLIAMS

Mrs. Bud Williams nee Bayne
Is once again with us in Maine
Tho' the fortunes of war
Never seemed good before
In this case we cannot complain.



In Fifth Shack the turnover's quick
At Baynié's roommates you cant shake a stick
Blank, Mac Dougall and Smitty
Then Lester--the witty
Can it be that Fifth Shack makes the sick?





PATIENCE MATHER CLEVELAND

Patsy's waistline has quickly depleted
Her avoir du pois she's defeated
By ten pounds more poor.
But the ten buck's allure
Was so great that the bet was completed.



✓ CLAIRE VALENTINE ROTHENBERG

Though reluctant to rise from the table
To clear off the plates, Claire is able
To brush horses' coats
To dish out their oats
And generally help at the stable.

ROBIN CARRIER

Robin Carrier is Hogle's boss.
Rapid questions at him she will toss.
He lives in her trunk,-
Now you don't call this bunk,-
For you'll ne'er find him at a loss.



✓ Louise VanAnden Mitchell

Like a beanstalk Lou Mitchell has grown
And just look at the balls she has thrown
Or in tennis she'll whack it
But when sailing with Sackett
She paddles the boat home alone.

EVELYN COMEY

So lustrous is Evelyn's hair
When the camera comes out--she's right there
With Joan she splits fame
For the very same flame
Has lit up each head of this pair.



MARGARET SMITH

Margie's efficiency plus
On trips she's a comfort to us
She cooks eggs and bacon
Without ever makin'
The least little bit of a fuss.

MARY ANN HAMILL

Several questions, a giggle, a dash,
A loud whisper when whispers are rash
A noisy cavort,
A rumor's report,-
Who could this be other than Flash?



✓ BARBARA CHAPMAN WARREN

Frau Barbara speaks German so well
That her futures not hard to foretell
For when the war's done
She'll appease the old Hun
With "Fresche fisch und eine mackrele"-

LUCY LOWELL LEACH

When proposed to in 5th Shack play
'Yes George' was what Lucy did say
 With such coyness, such speed
 Her affirmative creed
Will stand her in good stead some day.



BARBARA JAMES

Babs hits a mean ball at ping-pong.
In the water she'll never go wrong.
 She does all she can
 To uphold the clan
And her name will live on in the song.

ELIZABETH VANCE WOOD

Betsey's manners would please Mrs. Post.
She says Thank You more often than most.
Though usually humble
Her voice - a sweet mumble -
Of her Dad in the service will boast.



MARY ANN McILWAIN

Though a bit of a clown, we confess,
You couldn't refuse Mac - I guess,
When she looks up and sighs
With her soul in her eyes
There's nothing to do but say yes.

✓
CONSTANCE DOWD GRANT.

The Director thinks married life's swell
On its beauties she often does dwell.

But, Connie, oh why,
Since he's such a nice guy,
Is he kept at the Belgrade Hotel?

SUSAN COLBY CLEVELAND.

Colby says she is joining the WAC.
We predict that next year she'll be back
With new fanciful schemes
And unrealized dreams,
Charming us, not Oveta or Mac.



CATHERINE ANN BURCH

Burchy's real home is afar
But her pied a terre is at Bryn Mawr
She has Rupert and Pooh
Aechie accent too
And a face that no camera can mar.



✓ DIANA VIRGINIA CHAMBERS

In the play Dano was so soigne
And as Daisy on Backwards Day
It is hard to believe
That the girl we perceive
Is the same that runs barefoot to play.

TRUDY DONATH

As a diarist Trudy is good
She writes in it more than she should
 If she goes out to sleep
 Lest the stay-at-homes peep
She carries it with her--she should!



Laura Lee Baker

Dop-ave-oppys the Queen of the Ops
And her acting of Ingöldsby's tops
 She stammered and stuttered
 As her love life she muttered
But at table -- oh my how she drops.

MARJORIE YOUNG

Margie loves eating--yes ma'am
And she always keeps cool in a jam
While the storm raged and blew
To the kitchen she flew
Calling loudly for seconds on ham.



Mary Ellen Morris

Mellon comes from a wide open town
While murderers rage up and down
Beneath her they passed
While she watched them aghast
And her tale of this crime's done up brown.

FRANCES CATHERINE HEALD

Tho' Nancy looks airy and light
Her walk is ~~the~~ opposite--quite!
She stomps into Pix
Like the horse of Tom Mix
At all hours--both day and night.



ANN FORBES GREENOUGH

Chris was so good as a sailor
That two pretty pick-ups did hail her
- With one on each arm
She exerted her charm
But when she plays Ruppert words fail her.

JACQUELINE PATRICIA ESMERIAN

De la table française she's the queen
Cette très jolie fille, Jacqueline
And in Sixth Shack play
She had quite a way
Though she was only heard--never seen.



VIRGINIA DEEMS CHAPLIN

Jinny's arrival was late
Causing us to miss her birth rete
Which we did deplore
But herself we missed more
And we cheered as she entered the gate.

SYLVIA MARY BABB

Sylvia's motherly soul
Was shown when she acted the role
Of Ma in the play
And caused us to say
A large family should be her goal.



EVA SELLSTEDT POTTER

On the subject of Orson she's mad
Eve's passion has started a fad
The initialed abdomen
Of this archery bowman
Got the Middlers started--egad!

FRANCES REESER THOMAS
MARGUERITE OTTILIS VORYS

They're together so much of the time
That we can't split them up in this rhyme
Slinging dung--pitching hay
Or woo with young Ray
The Gemini,--partners in crime.



BEATRICE ADAMS CHAMBERS

Our hired man is Daisy Viola.
No more sweet, soft pianola.
She dumps and she burns
From decor she turns
She's gone rugged,-has Daisy Viola.



AGNESE CARTER NELMS

Aggi's tan isn't merely a patch,
She is dark brown all over to match.
When the mailman comes by,
He strains either eye,-
The view is considered a catch.

MARY ELIZABETH GILMARTIN

We may find the manpower short
But Gil never turns in that report
 Tho' her man's in the Pacific
 (Who thinks she's terrific)
She finds locally amorous sport.



ELEANOR BISSELL WARREN

Every Sunday we have to page her
For the call which comes from the Major
 Comes also the candy
 Which the counselors call dandy
Ellie Bissell's in luck we will wager.

The Prophecy

Last week an item in our daily newspaper aroused my interest. It said that Rita Hayworth was having a dinner at the Stork Club and had invited her ex-husband Orson Welles plus his new wife, the former Eve Potter. Then and there I decided I would try to find out what happened to the rest of my friends from Camp Runoia.

I knew that Nancy Heald was the conductor of a seing orchestra for DECCA records, and that Judy Merlin was a famous radio star now playing John's first wife in the daily serial "John's Other Wife". Of course everyone had heard of the famous Carrier-Mitchell jitterbugging team, now being a huge hit in the Wedgewood room at the Waldorf Astoria, and of Ann Greenough, the interpreter for Mrs. Roosevelt on her long trip during the last half of her husband's sixth term as president.

I got out my old address book and decided to write to Laura Lee Baker. She hadn't seen me for about seven years, but still remembered me, because she answered me, saying she would tell me all she knew. She herself had become an interpreter of dreams, she said, and was quite famous in her field. She told me that Jinny Chaplin had become very well known because she was the first person to shoot an arrow all the way around the world. She said she had read somewhere that Dorothy Smedley was the head-mistress of a foundling home, and had read Patsy Morrison's newest book, the current revised edition of Emily Post.

I forgot all about my ambition to find out about my friends, until I met Joanie Myers one day, who told me she had started a chain of chipmonk canneries, and that Sue Ledbetter had become a famous Western cowgirl who had made the newest all time record of staying on a bucking bronchl.

She told me to go see the Ringling Bros. Circus, which was in town that day, because Beverly Miller's troupe of trapeze artists, the Miller High Wire Act, was one of the main attractions.

A few weeks later I happened to read in the Daily Mirror that Nancy Van Voorhis was the first person to cross the Pacific ocean in the new winged jeep. I turned to the Hollywood news and read that Hollywood's newest glamour girl, Eleanor Lanning, creator of the Eleanor Lanning hairdo, was to star in a production called "What is Glamour?". I knew that Wendy Sorenson was the star reporter on the Daily Mirror, and her brother Chucky was its photographer. On the same page of Hollywood gossip, there was a little paragraph devoted to the former Anne Mitchell's appearance at a new Hollywood premier with her twelfth husband, Cecil B. De Barne. It said she had on 20,000 of heirloom furs. I turned the page again, and there were the radio programs. A new program was having its premier today -

Mrs. Anthony "to whom you can come for all your troubles" with Barbara James as the kindly advisor.

I put the paper aside, and turned on the radio but was interrupted by the door-bell. It was Mary Ann Hamill, Cincinnati's fastest Western Union messenger, with a telegram.

The Prophecy (cont.)

I asked her about some of our common acquaintances and she told me that Evie Comey had become one of the Radio City Rockettes and that Margie had just been voted as "the girl I'd most like to split a banana with" by the college of Icky- wawa. Betsy Wood had just invented the "Better Buy Backscratcher" and she and Mac, the famous Woogie Boogie Singer at the Stork club were going into a partnership. Another inventor was Jacquie Esmerian, who made the Mechanical Water Pourer, a household device to save the trouble of pouring water. Flash also told me that Patsy Cleveland had charmed all of the foreign ambassadors with her stories as she was appointed the American Foreign Representative to Echemia. Barbara Warren was the chief chel at the International Cuisine, and her sister Emmy was the first person to dig all the way down to China- now she's never seen without her little shovel. Claire Rothenberg, the famous genealogian, had just been asked to trace the history of King Henry X of Bingland. Lucy Leach, the new owner of Greenland, had just recently formed the Greenland-Iceland society. Flash couldn't give me any more information, but she gave me Margie Young's address; I wrote to her the next day and got my answer within a week. She herself, she wrote, was the chiel traffic cop in the under water ways, and that Mary Ellen Morris had bought a beauty shop, Mademoiselle La Marrise's Beauty Salon, which "gives perfect natural curly waves". Trudy Donath was the best mountain climber, and known internationally as the modern Hannibal. Sylvea Babb and Ann Burch were both in New York at the moment - Sylvia was singing at the Met and Burchie had been elected the best dressed woman in the universe. Diana Chambers was in Yugoslavia, where she started a girl's camp fashioned after Runoia, which had become a huge success overnight. Margo Vorys and Frances Thomas had been appointed captains of the international police force by the president himself!

The radio was going while I read the letter, and all of a sudden my train of thought was broken by the announcer's voice, saying "And now we will hear from our gifted congresswoman, Miss MaryEllen Marble!" I was very surprised, so I looked at the radio programs and there, sure enough, it said that Miss Mary Ellen Marble, the most gifted congresswoman in oratory, would speak tonight. I racked my brains and finally thought of her address and wrote to her, asking her the usual question. She answered and gave me the following information: Linda Stauffer is the manager of a new nation-wide chain of Stauffer's restaurants. Perry Flynt's fame reached Notre Dame and now she is the first female football coach there. Susie Leach runs the largest stable of racing horses in the United States. Janey Rickard had become a Professor of Archaeology at Exeter. Gina Burch was the newest model for Varga, creator of beautiful girls. Sue Earnshaw had bought a Barber shop at 38 Peter Rabbit Street.

I had finally found out about everyone of my friends.

Eve Potter
Dano Chambers
Jinny Chaplin
Trudy Donath

FOURTH SHACK

LISTED AS	TABLE	LIVES	LOOKS	LIKES	LOATHES	LINES
✓ Perry Wynn Flynt	Perry	Cincinnati, Ohio	Puckish	Tennis	Snakes	But that's beside the point.
✓ Jane Eleanor Lanning	Eleanor	Pelham, N. Y.	Odd	To climb the rafters	Poison ivy	Oh skork!
Susan Grace Leach	Susie	Wellesley Hills, Mass.	Cute	Sox	Splinters	Oodles!
✓ Mary Ellen Marble	Molly	Cincinnati, Ohio	Quiet	Linda	Liver	Goodness!
✓ Judith Ann Merlin	Judy	Darien, Conn.	Freckled	Jacks	To keep still	My Gosh!
✓ Martha Patricia Morrison	Patsy	Columbus, Ohio	Younger than she is	To talk	To do silver	Mellow!
✓ Wendy Louise Soranson	Wendy	Greatneck, N. Y.	Boisterous	To dip	Double flying dutchman	Oh fish cakes!
✓ Linda Jane Stauffer	Linda	N. Y. C.	Enthusiastic	Food	To write letters	Glory be!
✓ Nancy Van Voorhis	Nanny	N. Y. C.	Friendly	To draw	French	Schnozzle!
✓ Emily Eissell Warren	Emmy	Waterville, Me.	Plump	Double ups	Movies	Oh Lordy!

MIDDLERS

LISTED AS	LABLE	LIVES	LOOKS	LIKES	LOATHES	LINES
Virginia Burch	Gina	Bryn Mawr, Pa.	Like a teddy bear	A good jack ball	Perry's inspection	I didn't miss.
Susan Earnshaw	Susie	Glendale, Ohio	Like a puppy dog	Ice cream	Bulls	I said so first.
Sue Ledbetter	Tex	Houston, Texas	Like a peeled onion	Raw onions	Shirts tucked in	I swear.
Beverly Miller	Bevy	Ardmore, Pa.	For higher rafters	climbing trees and playing cops and robbers	Lipstick and pumps	Be my buddy.
Anne O. Mitchell	Mitch	Cincinnati, Ohio	Like a fish	Apple pie a la mode	Sweet potatoes	Great Scott Below.
Joan Halstead Myers	Joany	Ardsey, N. Y.	Like a rabbit	To carve peek holes	Spiders	I'll play jacks with you.
Jane Rickard	Ricky	Exeter, N. H.	Like Roddy McDowall	Playing jacks	Liver	No, you can't.
Dorothy Smedley	Smedll	Exeter, N. H.	For books she hasn't read	Clean clothes	Caterpillar nests	You can use them.

FIFTH SHACK

LISTED AS	LABLE	LIVES	LOOKS	LIKES	LOATHES	LINES
Robin Morehead Carrier	Hogle	C. P. S.	(are bitten by her hair)	Her spirit friends	People messing with jack ladder	I think that's a kill!
Patience Mather Cleveland	Patsy	New London, N.H.	like Colby	Her nose clip	Breaking glasses	Watch my surface dive.
Evelyn Comey	Evie	Cinci.	lively	The social column in her paper	Nothing!	That's a complete riot!
Mary Anderson Hamill	Flash	Cinci.	like a chrysanthemum	Answering ads	Peace and quiet	Who What Why When Where
Barbara James	Babs	Maplewood	impish	Milford	People Throwing water on her in the morning	I think that's pretty funny!
Lucy Lowell Leach	Lu	Wellesley	pretty	Funny books	Snakes	Runt runt is our battle song!
Mary Ann McIlwain	Mac	Cincinnati	overfbwing	Craft	Things in the pound	Oh, Lord.
✓ Louise Van Anden Mitchell	Hot-lips Mitchell	New Canaan	like William Bendix	Pine Island in general	People looking at her pictures before she gets a chance to	I swear!
✓ Claire Valentine Rothenberg	Cleo	Cinci.	inquisitive	Her family	Fighting	Excuse me, but -
Margaret V. Smith	Margie	Garden City	like her sisters	Willie H.	Going for a dip	You big gruntseroo.
✓ Barbara Chapman Warren	Barbie	Waterville	healthy	Sewing	Illnesses	I think you're mean.
Elizabeth Vance Wood	Betsy	Philadelphia	humble	Texans	Anything messy	I'd love to do that.

SIXTH SHACK (cont.)

LISTED AS	TABLE	LIVES	LOOKS	LIKES	LOATHES	LINES
Frances Catherine Heald	Nan	Near the Grants	Disintegrated	Florida and flashy pajamas	Lots	Oh, Man!
✓ Mary Ellen Morris	Mellon	Buffalo	Cheerful	Archaeology	To be called Elly	Can I take Middlers?
Eva Sellstedt Potter	Potts	The Sem	Like Bob Hope	To be kissed good-night	Rita Hayworth	Jane! Jane!! JANE!!!
Marjorie Young	Margie	Maplewood	Older than she is	Food	Dieting	Hi, old babe!
Frances Resor Thomas	Tommy	In the stables	Anything but anemic	The masculine touch	Book! 1-2-3-10!	Lovely to look at.
Marguerite Ottilie Vorys	Margo	C. S. G.	Contented	Messy rooms	Lack of it Team spirit	Hold that line!

SIXTH SHACK

LISTED AS	LABLE	LIVES	LOOKS	LIKES	LOATHES	LINES
Sylvia Mary Babb	Saniflush	At the piano	For the choir	To be independent	Baseball	Put some <u>expression</u> into it!
Laura Lee Baker	Davy	Columbus, Ohio	Like Joan Davis	With a passion	Insects	I <u>don't</u> have an accent!
Catherine Ann Burch	Burchy	At Bryn Mawr	Well-groomed	Posh and Rupert	Nothing	Yes 'm.
Diana Virginia Chambers	Dano	On 5 th Ave.	Demure	<u>The Merry Widow</u>	Sighing females	Do run off and dance with some pretty young thing!
Virginia Deems Chaplin	Jinny	Ditto as Dano	For pictures of Bing	To make records in orchestra	Only raisins	Oh, Peach Fuzz!
Trudy Donald	Doughnut	Walnut Hills	Peevd	To write in her diary at night	To look ridiculous	Oh, I'm sorry!
Jacqueline Patricia Esmerian	Jacque	N.Y.C.	Like Heddy Larnerr	Trudy's <u>Pomp and Circumstance</u>	Being domestic	Don't drink so much water. It is a trouble to pour it!
Ann Forbes Greenough	Cris	Providence	like a cute sailor	Pools in schools	Learning her part	C-op-ome op-on!

COUNSELLORS

LISTED AS	LABEL	LIVES	LOOKS	LIKES	LOATHES	LINES
Frances E. Adomeit	Frankie	Cincinnati	At the leavings	Little ideas	Squabbling	You're worse than 4 th Shack.
Beatrice Adams Chambers	Daisy	Fifth Avenue	Like the hired man	Tops on toothpaste	Backwards day and thunderstorms	Don't throw your silver in the waste basket.
Susan Colby Cleveland	Co	The Vassar Club	Out of This world	Airmail letters	Sloppy baseball	Shoot it you must this old gray head.
Mary Gilmartin	Gil	Drs. Hospital	Loose jointed	Her Botul or beer	Sleeping on the good earth	Tell him I'm not in.
Constance Grant	Connie Mrs. Grant	With Al	Dismayed at disorder	<u>QUIET</u>	Introspective dieters	I will abolish the Log.
Ruth Alden Lester	Ruthie	Bryn Mawr	Like little Orvie	Her authentically patched pants	Stable paler	Hand me the hootnanny.
Agnes Carter Nelms	Aggie	Pembroke West	Like Billy Venero	9 hrs. sleep	Barbaric vandalism	Gracious Pete.
Elizabeth Moring Perry	Perry	Montclair	Like Anne Mitchell	Horse racing	House without chimney	Likewise.
Helene Thoman	Thopy	Smith (in spite of all Mrs. Grant could do)	Like a viking	Jr. Maine Guide Movement	Speaking in chapel	Few.
Eleanor Bissell Warren	Ellie Bissell	Here and There	Calm and collected	Gobbling olives	Late preparers	To the point.
Joan Bayne Williams	Baynie	Alone and loathes it.	Eagerly toward the future	The Chimney	Having to scold Fifth Shack	But what does an archery counsellor do?

Sawing Trees Blown Down in Hurricane



Mr. Grant Timmy Dougall
Pierce Dr. hester



After camp. Breakfast in the sun.

Christmas Card

made for camp by

Frankie Adomeit

