

1945

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1946

Each year of camp has its high spots and things to be remembered.

1940 was the year of the horse show for which everyone practiced for weeks. We had a stable boy, Bobby, who was no larger than our junior campers who would mount any horse that misbehaved and beat him around the neck with a stick and make him canter around the ring or go anywhere. Bobby has since then become a well known jockey.

1941 was the social year for Third Shack. Mary Alford whose father ran the Belgrade Hotel invited the whole shack to dinner once and various friends on each Sunday. That was the year when the lake was so low that we could go swimming off the rocks way out by the black and white flag. We tied corks on the rocks in the cove to show where we would hit our canoes unless we took a round about path.

1942, our first war year, seemed a let-down year. None of the counselors had cars here as we used to. In former years there were often six or eight cars parked by the stone wall outside the dining room. We missed our cars and we missed our long trips and Colby.

The next year, 1943, we began to get adjusted to wartime conditions. The counselors were resourceful in providing their own entertainment at home since they could no longer have days off when they went in their own cars wherever they wished to go and could no longer go bowling in the village or to the Day and Night Club. We started beanie in 1943, a new work experience

for all of us; and widened the circle of our acquaintance by the little French boys from Winthrop and Waterville.

1944 seemed as gay as ever. We enjoyed table games, canoe trips on our own lakes, beaming, and the tornado. Perhaps the tornado was the most unusual event of 1944. You all saw the pictures taken the next morning when everyone was clearing away the debris that the storm washed into the cove. Those of us who were in the boat house saw tall spruce trees crashing down behind the boat house. As you know, one fell across the canoes on the back rack and squashed them flat. The wind picked up a canoe from the beach and carried it through the air up the path. The Bobs came slamming against the boat house, and the sail boat that was tied to the dock pulled the dock loose. No one was hurt and we all had an exciting story to tell.

1945 has started out remarkably well. Our six beginning swimmers have made excellent progress. Most of you probably do not even know who the beginning swimmers were. Warm calm days in the first two weeks made canoeing possible and every new girl has had a chance to paddle. The visit of Dr. and Mrs. Lanning near the first of the season has aroused more interest in tennis than we have had for many years. After having had no jewelry work in craft for several seasons, we are fortunate in having Micky to show us about jewelry work. The play given by all the juniors gave us all much pleasure and judging from the sounds that came from the Lodge during rehearsals we believe that the Juniors had a good time giving the play.

We hope for many things for the Log of 1945. We hope first of all that everyone will have fun in writing it and in hearing it. We hope that there will be many contributions, that lots of people who have never written for the Log before will hand in articles.

There have been various plans for the Logs in past years. Sometimes we have had short Logs, sometimes long Logs. One year we started the "Runoia Times" and had articles written each week and a "Times" reading each Sunday evening.

For the final Log we have had statistics for each camper, or quotations for each one, or book titles, song titles, and when Colby had charge of the Log the famous limericks. The most famous limericks were those that had plays on names, such as "If she could, Betsey Wood," "The wonder is how could Leigh Stander" - "And lo and behold Nancy Heald." Perhaps the best of all was Lucy Leach who spoke only to Susan and God.

We have no definite plan for this year. It seems to me that it is most fun to have people hand in articles spontaneously and to use the talent at hand. When we get enough to read we can read it.

I hope that we can have limericks for the last reading.

Dear Mother,

When we got to the station it was all very confusing. There was a sign that said "Camp Runoia meets here," but there was another one on top of it that said "Thompson's Restaurant this way." I thought maybe there was a choice, and since I'm always hungry I told them that I'd rather go to Thompson's Restaurant today, thank you. They said that wasn't the right attitude, and that it wasn't a choice. It was only because Camp Runoia doesn't like to advertise that they hid their sign under Thompson's Restaurant's. They say that Camp Runoia doesn't need to advertise because all the daughters of internationally famous physicians go there - also everybody whose mother went to Bryn Mawr. I don't see how I got here because Daddy isn't an internationally famous physician and you didn't even get through high school.

Well, anyway, enough other people stayed under the sign instead of going to Thompson's Restaurant, and pretty soon Mrs. Grant - the one everybody calls the Director - grabbed a whole lot of us and told us to follow a man who had a blue cap on. She said he was going to take us in a back door where nobody else was going in. We walked for miles and miles and somebody said we were walking to Boston. I was kind of worried, because I thought if we were going to walk to Boston I'd like to turn in my ticket and get some money back to buy comic books with. Pretty soon we went into a car and sat down. Somebody said this was a coach and our feelings mustn't be hurt because we weren't riding in a Pullman the way the rest of the camp was. It wasn't

that they were any better than we were. I didn't mind a bit because we got to take off our shoes and put our feet upon the seats. One girl even walked up and down the train in her stocking feet. She kept winking at all the sailors, too.

After awhile some food went by with somebody to sell it only the counsellors wouldn't let us have any. They said they didn't want any and why should we - but I heard one of them say that she was so hungry she'd have to buy some next time.

Then one of the counsellors stood up and said she didn't dare sit down any longer because her dress was getting to be a bag in the back and we couldn't use the iron this summer. Somebody told her to kneel for awhile so both sides would match.

Just as we'd gotten all comfortably settled with our shoes off and our feet in each other's faces some more people came in from the Pullman. They said there was a lady in there who told them to be quiet as soon as she saw they were under 21. Then she sat and talked in low tones.

Finally we got to Boston and the conductors and counselors pushed us off the train and into an elevator and threw our suitcases in after us. When we got out we found it was raining, so the counsellors told us to sit down in the waiting room while they all ran to get taxis. There were lots of us. One girl had a label that said what her name was pinned on her and where she came from. I guess maybe her family thought she might forget her name. She seemed awfully anxious to forget it, because she kept shouting that she wouldn't answer if anyone called her what was on the label.

When the taxis came there weren't enough to go around so we all had to sit in each other's lap. We got to know each other very fast that way and by the time we got to the hotel we all knew what kind of toothpaste each of us used.

After dinner we waded to a movie because it was still raining. We had to walk past miles of people to find seats. One lady looked at Mrs. Grant who was leading us in and said, "My! - I hope they aren't all hers!" I guess she meant us. Since I've been here I see what the lady meant - half the camp seems to be Mrs. Grant's cousin.

We waded back to the hotel after the movie, and went to bed - at least most of us did. There was one roomful that ripped sheets instead. Along about midnight one of the girls in that room said she had a headache. She didn't know why - except maybe it was because the girl she was sleeping with had been hitting her on the head ever since they'd gone to bed.

The next day we went riding around Boston in a wagon that two horses pulled. I guess there's a real gas shortage in Boston. Lots of people saw us off. One lady was very interested in camps and wanted to know if ours taught us how to take off our clothes under water - she said she'd never been able to master that. If I were that modest, I'd just shut the door - I wouldn't bother to go into the water to get undressed.

While we were seeing Boston a lot of other people got met - more than we'd expected because we'd forgotten a few. The ones we'd forgotten came from Buffalo - I guess we'd have remembered them if they came from some place like Cincinnati.

On the train from Boston we had ice cream. Mrs. Grant sold it to us - she had so much fun doing it that she started selling the extras to everyone on the train. We made money!

After awhile some girls started yelling about not going to Macy's anymore because there was a large policeman there. Pretty soon everyone was yelling about Macy's and how you had to pay a dollar. Then the conductor came and said he hadn't slept for two days. I guess he figured he couldn't sleep in our car, so he grabbed our tickets and left.

At Portland we all got postcards to send home that said we'd arrived safely. We hadn't at all! We still had lots to go. We did arrive safely, though. When we got there lots of people met us and yelled - it was almost as good as when General Eisenhower came to town. I've decided that camp is definitely fun. You get to yell most of the time - especially at meals. As soon as you yell in English though you get told to be quiet, but if you yell things like "yip skiddies" and stuff in foreign languages it's alright.

Well, now you know that I got here and that it's a nice place, so I'll say goodbye now.

Love,

Annie

THE TRIP THAT MADE HISTORY

On the afternoon of June 26, at 2:45, seven Cincinnati girls met each other at the Union Terminal. Each had a suitcase in her hand and a coat slung over her shoulder and each was headed for Camp Runcia.

After waiting for thirty minutes or more (as we were that early if not earlier) we were told that our train was here, so with all of our belongings in hand we walked down to the platform. The train was a long one and we walked for what seemed hours until finally we found Car 164. All the good-byes were said and in ten minutes the whistle blew and the train pulled out.

In five minutes when I was sure we must at least be in Columbus we stopped at Winton Place Station and four more Runcia girls got on. Now everyone settled down to reading comics, looking at scenery, etc., until six o'clock when we ate our box lunches. After dinner we again settled down to doing what we had done before dinner.

At nine o'clock we decided to start to bed as we knew that we wouldn't sleep very long. There was much whispering, people sticking their feet in other people's faces, and being stuck without a ladder to get into your upper berth. Finally each one dropped off to sleep.

The next morning I was awakened by "Dog-gone it, I missed the Erie Canal and just five minutes ago, too." I immediately jumped out and found the time which was seven-thirty

but I found no need to, so I read "The Saturday Evening Post."

At one o'clock both other camps were all ready to get off. Five minutes later the porter came in and told us to get off as this was the last stop. We argued with him for a few minutes but he won as this was the end of the line. They had put us on the wrong train and now there was nothing to do about it except find when the next bus would come and take it.

To refresh our minds we went into the restaurant and got a sandwich and a disgusting raspberry malted milk.

While I was sitting there all the things about Camp wandered through my mind. What was it like? What would the girls be like? What would the shacks be like? All of these things dashed through my mind.

Finally at nine o'clock an hour after we had got off the train, our bus came. We all got on and we again went to sleep. This time I did too.

An hour later Johnnie told us we would be in Augusta in an hour. Just then a French woman got on and told "Andy" and me to move over and let her sit with us as she had been working all day and she was very tired. Johnnie soon put an end to that and everyone that came on the bus she told them "these people ain't bringing the younger generation up to no courtesy." When she got ready to get off the driver asked her if she had had a nice ride. She said, "Yes, but there was a lady here that had no courtesy."

After that episode which nearly made me die of laughter we again were quiet and on the verge of going to sleep.

A half an hour later we stopped at the bus terminal. We asked the driver when we would come to Augusta, he said in an hour and one half. This was the last straw as we had been on the bus already two hours. To break the excitement I counted to sixty ninety times and I was surprised to find that I was only five minutes off.

Finally the moment came and we got off at Augusta. There we were met by Baynie and Miss Shaffer.

Now I could contain my joy and excitement no longer. Just to think that in 35 minutes we would be there. Forgetting all of our experiences and hardships, I looked very wide-eyed ahead of me when at last there was a sign in front of us that said Runoia. It was twenty of one, a.m. So you can imagine that we were all tired. Mrs. Grant took us to Second Shack where we were to sleep. I got undressed and as I lay in my bed I thought that even though the trip was hard and long it was lots of fun. I gained many experiences. It will be a trip that I shall never forget and a trip to tell everyone about.

THE END

--Ellie Head

Oh, the jokers at Runoia
Have a peculiar twist of mind,
For they laugh themselves unconscious
At the funny things they find.

They think it's really killing
If a Third Shack bed is pied
And they sit up all night waiting
'Til the victim crawls inside.
In fact they almost "ask her
If she isn't sleepy now"
And they hide the sheet and giggle
And kick up an awful row.

Now the Counsellors have their humor
Take the picnic on Lord's Shore
The slippery board for landing
Made them simply roar.
The more the sneakers sjudgied
And dungarees got damp
The more they thought the show
Was for the amusement of the camp.

At table, too, there's laughter
When Davy wailed and cried
"Someone's eaten all the mushrooms
Do you think there's more inside?"
But there never is, you understand,
Mrs. Warren's never able
To hand seconds to Dear Davy
They are at some other table.

--Baynie

Come one, come all to see "The Happy Man" - thus read the poster for the Junior Play which was given Saturday evening.

There were eighteen able actresses in the cast. When the curtain rose Linda who was The King was talking to the Three Princesses, Molly, Ellie, and Joanie. The King was very ill so Dr. Floyd Gardiner was called in. Floyd diagnosed attraction, gravitation, transpiration, inhibition, endosmosis, capilarity, neuresthenia, and said that the King would be well again if he could have the shirt of a happy man.

The Three Princesses then seated themselves on a wall to watch the passers-by in search of a happy man.

The first man they saw was Wendy, beer bottle in hand, acting rather drunk. Next Eleanor came in as a very rich man with her page, Jane Hollar. But riches did not bring happiness, as Eleanor's closing lines were complaints about having been cheated on the price of shoes.

Then Patsy came in as a beauty of the court who was admired by all the men. The Princesses thought that surely she should be happy. But Patsy said, "dear, dull, teasing, distracting old court," and explained that as soon as a man declared his love for her she lost interest in him.

At last it seemed that happy people had been found when two lovers came in, Charlotte and Jane McLester, but alas, they could not find a house.

Janice made a wonderful washerwoman with a fine clear voice and excellent diction. She was happy in doing things for her family but in the end was found unhappy because her son was

in prison for theft.

Lynne, as a plain blunt soldier, in a general's coat and big tropical hat appeared to be on the crest of the wave because of the loyalty and devotion of the people who had chosen him as President. But General Volmar's popularity was short lived as the crowd which was howling on the porch decided to say, "Down with General Volmar, boo boo, and three cheers for the Princesses."

Finally Emmy Warren came in, with a basket of wild strawberries, barefooted and happy. Her home was in the forest; there was nothing that she wanted to have, or to be, or to see. So the Princesses were about to ask Emmy for his shirt -

But "alas, alack, he did not have a shirt to his back." However the King laughed so hard over the happy man without a shirt that he was cured.

The cast all deserves commendation for their acting and for learning their long parts, and everyone said that the play was specially well coached and one of the most enjoyable that we have had at camp.

POETIC JUSTICE

Once unique Sixth Shack, may its tribe increase;
Awoke one night from its deep dream of peace,
To find within the moonlight in each room
Marring the silence with their song of doom;
That squadron of insects minute but bold
Who with fiendish pleasure torture our fold.
With their zinging and zooming about every bed
For the purpose, we know, from us to be fed.
Even our Flit guns, far trustier than swords
Are of no avail, they fairly seep through the
boards.
But the end that must come to all suffering was
brought
By the fair morn, even reveille was sought!
The next night the enemy appeared again to annoy
More confidant because of the recent success
And lo, indescribable joy, they are met
By an unsurpassed fortress, the mosquito net.

--Eve Potter

July 29, 1945

For our second Log Reading we have several contributions from Juniors. We are very glad to have some interesting write-ups of things that have gone on and some original poems. These authors will read their own contributions this evening.

We are also fortunate in having two well known authors from the counselor staff.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE

Oh, how those mosquitoes bite
all the morning, noon, and night,
Flit or no Flit on they come
with their annoying little hum.

Do they live inside the shacks
or do they come in through the cracks?
Anyway they come right in;
to eat's their one besetting sin.

If they feel they want to eat
off they go in quite a fleet,
Smack! there's one mosquito gone;
they may have brains but have no brawn.

--Eleanor

BUBBLES, EMMY'S CAT

Bubbles, Emmy's cat
Is very, very nice,
And catches all the kitchen mice;
She sometimes chases big, big rats,
And lots of times she tries for bats.

Bubbles had a birthday at camp,
She was only one,
Emmy took her around the dining room,
Just like everyone else had done.

Bubbles came to cotillion last night;
It really was a funny sight,
But poor little Bubbles had to go out.
We were afraid she might get hurt.

--Jane Hollar

CAMP RUNOIA

Camp Runois with its lake of blue,
Has a lot of fun in store for you.

You play kick the can and kick ball
And build sand castles on the sand.

Parties on Saturday night,
Our colors are Blue and White.

It seem the White counsellors are always
blights
And Blue counsellors are always woues.

WIND

Wind on high near precious skies,
Along the shores of nowhere
It blows and blows where nobody knows
On and on forever.

Kites are flying in the breeze
Down below swaying trees;
Wind is swift way up high
That's what makes the kites fly by.

--Janice Vaughan
Shack Three

CAMP

by Jane Mc Lester. Third Shack.

To-day I had decided to write something for the Log.
Not very long, but something to put into the Log.

Come on Evie, come on Davie. Hurry, Evie. Evie won.
Good try, Davie. Well the Blues won the swimming races.

Evie is the captian of the blues. Eve is the captian of
the whites as you may know.

You'll have to take Sport back to the stables. We'll
have to give him back to his owner. He kick's too much.
Thats Blank.

by Janice Vaughan. Third Shack

After activetes there is swimming when everybodys
down at the lake. Somebody asks "Mrs. Grant may we go in now?"
Someone else: "Mrs. Grant may I go to the big float?" Mrs. Grant
says, "Don't ask so many questions girls, quite! Then, all in.
Girls run to get in. All out girls, first bell's going to ring soon
We all rush up. First bell then second and lunch is going to begin.
Soon lunch is over. Counselors dooffee begins. After that rest hour
begins. After rest hour we have activetes. Then swimming.
Quite a few counselors are late for supper. We play games after
supper then go to bed.

Finley

SPORT WEEK

S - is for swimming
With style like a fish
Marty, Louie, and Evie
Went off with a swish.

P - is for pitching
Not hay, but the ball
With many tense moments
Whites won after all.

O - is for onward
The cry of both teams
When the finish is close
There are bound to be
screams.

R - is for rowing
Which we haven't yet had
We can't think of R's
But the idea's not bad.

T - is for tennis
The Queen of the Courts
Has proved to be Louie
Watch how she cavorts.

W - is for Whites
There's no B in this word
Hence the praises of Blue
team
We fear, can't be heard.

E - is for Evie
And E is for Eve
For her team there's a
victory
Each hopes to achieve.

E - is also for Entrance
A dive with no splash
If you yearn for examples
Regardez our Flash.

K - K's for kanoing
And also for krew
When the seconds were
counted
'Twas the Whites who came
through.

The letters above
Seem to spell out Sport Week
Now that it's over
The counselors can sleepk.

SPORT WEEK

The Blues were dressed in bluest blue
The Whites in spotless white.

After the Council and some counselors had divided the new girls on sides, the Captains were elected, Evie for Blue Captain, Eve for White Captain.

The first thing in Sport Week was canoe races.

First place was won by	L. Baker and V. Chaplin
Second " " " "	J. Esmerian and B. James
Third " " " "	E. Comey and P. Flynt

The crew race was won by the whites.

Diving was the next event. There were excellent standing, running, swan, jack, and handstand made by several contestants. E. Comey made a perfect score, 10, on a standing dive and on a running dive, and a 9 on one of her jack knife dives. L. Mitchell offered a front flip and a back flip in addition to five other dives. A. Mitchell was the only one to offer a good back dive.

First place was won by	L. Mitchell
Second " " " "	E. Comey
Third " " " "	A. Mitchell

The first baseball game was won by the Whites, the second by the Blues.

Results of swimming races -

Front Swim - First,	L. Mitchell;	Second,	E. Comey;
	Third,	H. Martin	
Back Swim - First,	H. Martin;	Second,	E. Comey;
	Third,	L. Mitchell	

The tennis tournament got off to a good start with practically all the first round played off in one day. E. Comey and L. Mitchell won their way to the finals in which L. Mitchell won 6 - 2, 6 - 3.

Reba
✓

SAILING RACE AT PINE ISLAND

The day was very pretty - the sky above was blue
And judging from his phone call, the doctor thought so too.

Then early in the afternoon, the wind forgot to blow
Shall we, shan't we, shall we, shan't we, shall we, shan't
we go?

The puffs were long in coming as we started on our way
But when we reached Pine Island's dock the wind was there
to stay.

There was quite a crowd to meet us but the doctor had gone
touring
Was he really showing off his oomp or was that blond alluring?

A meeting of the skippers was called the course to chart
The direction and the buoys clear, we headed for the start.

The judges blew the whistle which was the starting sign
"Beautiful," cried the doctor, it was Eve who crossed the line.

As they were tacking down the stretch, the lead had PIC
The judges from their post off Oak saw one boat slip to lee

The doctor wrung his hands at first, but then with sudden force
A brilliant idea came to him, "The JOHN's reversed her course."

"Nice strategy, good sailing," he clapped his hands with glee
That's hardly cricket racing or good sailing dope, thought we.

Louie bailed throughout the race, her skipper to assist
And seeing Milford in his boat, 'twas too much to resist

So while Eve made the buoy - either side would do
Pine Island got a shower - a bailing cup or two.

The finish line before them - it looked like Eve had won
When suddenly Pine Island's boat came forth to start some fun.

All racing rules forgotten in attempt to save the day
PI sailors shouting, "Lady, I maintain the right of way."

But Runola was victorious and 'twas Louie that we thanked
'Cuz when they tried to pass her, she just leaned across and
yanked.

How to Sail

*By One Who Really
Tried to Do it Once*

WHEN you get into the sailboat, there is one thing you must do before you do anything else. That is to bail out the boat. This is done with a pump which doesn't seem to work at all, although it worked perfectly yesterday, and a tin can which works perfectly.

Next there is the problem of getting the sails up. This is done by pulling on a lot of ropes, and there really are a lot of ropes. The first one pulls a funny-looking piece of wood up out of a slot in the middle of the boat. This funny-looking piece of wood is the centerboard, which is something



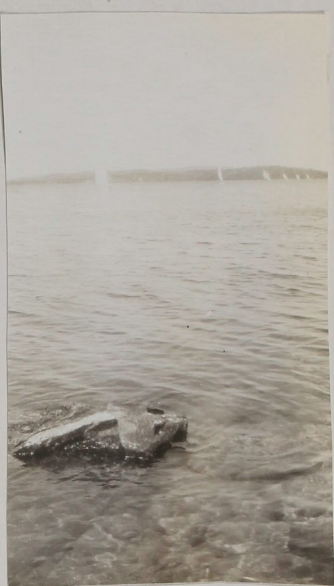
that sticks down in the water under the boat, and is for scraping submerged rocks and getting the boat caught on them—teaching you to look out for submerged rocks, you dope.

Keep pulling ropes until the sails go up. Then tie the ropes on any of the little hooks you see around. Use either bow-knots or granny knots or just wrap. Most small boats have two sails. These are known technically as the big one in back and the small one in front. The big one in back is attached to a big stick of wood, about the size of a middling redwood tree, known as the boom. The boom goes back and forth and “boom!” when it hits your head, which is frequently. You’ve got to watch those things, buddy. You’re not on dry land, *\$-x-!!*ff!!! it!

The next step is to head the boat out into the wind, which is around somewhere, because if the wind has gone, where did it go to? You can’t get away from that. If you don’t find any wind, you are becalmed. If you keep on not finding any wind, you are badly becalmed. Well, there are always oars. Don’t lose your head. Don’t get panicky. Don’t get in a blue funk. Just keep becalmed.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.





THE SAILING RACES WITH PINE ISLAND
July 28, 1945

Dr. Swan telephoned us bright and early in the morning to say that they would be over in the afternoon. He said that they wanted to have their counselors sail in the races as the boys were too young to handle the boats. When they got here Milford told us that he wasn't allowed to handle a boat in the race either.

So, we got some Fifth and Sixth Shackers who are allowed to handle boats and at the last minute decided to put in Perry even if she is a counselor; she looks like a girl anyway, and always neat.

Then we had Ginger wait at the dock as Reception Committee because she looked well dressed and her hair always looks neat even in the wind and even if it hasn't been set.

Pretty soon two motor boats appeared towing three sail boats and carrying practically all the PIC boys except some of the youngest boys whom Mrs. Swan had to stay home to take care of.

Well, we were discussing the starting line, and direction of the course, when way out in the middle of the lake we saw the little white rowboat gallantly pulling through the waves. Dr. Swan said, "See that boat! Are those some of your girls out there? I'll take the motor boat and rescue them. Poor girls way out there in all that wind." But Mrs. Grant quickly said, "Oh, no, don't bother about them - that's only two counselors putting out the buoy for the race. They like it out there, the

smaller the boat and rougher the waves the better they like it."

"Where's the buoy," someone said. We didn't know as we couldn't see it and we weren't sure whether we should go around Thopie and Ruthie in the white row boat, or whether they had succeeded in the difficult task of anchoring a buoy in the middle of the lake.

Then we decided that someone should go out and anchor by the flag for the first buoy so we found three Sixth Shackers, who just happened to be dressed in spotless white and had their hair set, and a pretty buoy they made, Chris, Marty, and Nancy in a blue canoe.

Then Thopie and Ruthie pulled nautically to shore and said the buoy was there but maybe no one could see it so they'd be glad to brave the wind and waves again and anchor there, but this time in a canoe.

The race started with everyone jockeying for position. Pine Island's boat "The John" which in nautical fashion they refer to as "she" and "her" crossed the starting line first, but hot on her trail was Runoia's "37" with Louie and Eve as skippers.

Dr. Swan said, "Beautiful! beautiful start. Who's that girl with the light hair in your first boat? Beautiful!"

The Pine Island counselor who was on "The Margery" shouting the time for the start said it was Dr. Swan's birthday. All this was in honor of his birthday. So Mrs. Grant thought it only fitting to invite him out to "The Margery" since it was his birthday and since Mrs. Swan was home with the youngest children. The Pine Island counselor paddled Mrs. Grant to shore and Dr.

Swan gallantly offered to paddle her back to "The Margery." So Mrs. Grant demurely sat in the bottom of the canoe in a puddle of water and got paddled back to "The Margery."

Runoia's "37" soon pulled ahead of "The John." Dr. Swan said, "Who's that girl with light hair in your first boat? Beautiful. Beautiful sailing. Isn't that a beautiful sight with all those boats and the blue lake."

Well, Eve and Louie came in to a glorious finish and were first to cross the line and be acclaimed the winners! Dr. Swan said "beautiful" again and we decided to have a second race.

The buoys were all paddling to shore so two Pine Island counselors decided that they just had to paddle out to help Marty, Nancy, and Chris. So it took five people to be the buoy this time. Ruthie and Thopie had thoughtfully left their buoy out by Oak Island so they paddled home to entertain the boys.

"The John" got off to a good start again and kept the lead on all three legs. "She" came in first with another Pine Island boat crowding Eve and Louie for second. "37" tried to pass Pine Island's boat, and a luffing match took place. Both boats lost headway and the third Pine Island boat came in second, but close behind came Runoia's "41" with Reba and Mary Ellen skillfully taking advantage of a puff of wind, so "41" won third place.

Pine Island invited us to come over to their side of the lake next time for a race there.

FIFTH SHACK

- F is for Flash who disturbs us by scratching her rash.
- I is for itch which you get after visiting Lord's Shore and going through bogs.
- F is for fishing which is the cause for screams before reveille.
- T is for tipping tests which is when we bore holes in the bottom of canoes.
- H is for he--- (woops) heck which is what we say when there aren't seconds on peach short cake.
- S is for skinny dips which is what we do on dark nights and cold mornings.
- H is for helpless which is what people are when it comes to making beds.
- A is for awful which is anyone who isn't a joker face.
- C is for cats which prowl on the roof and scare us half out of our wits.
- K is for kurlz which is what we all long for when Pine Island comes over.

THE END

POOH ON WET HAIR or WHO SWIPED MY TOWEL?

"Oh, gosh, what a day to be in the infirmary," I said to myself as I climbed into one of the squeaky infirmary beds early one morning and lay down amongst the pillows.

There had been much confusion ever since Mrs. Grant came into the shack early that morning and told me to take my things up to infirmary. She had already talked to Flash so I gathered that she had found out that we both had awful colds, although how she found out remains a mystery to this day.

Soon Flash joined me in the infirmary and there we were, all set to spend a boring day between the sheets. As soon as we had settled down we began to realize what we were missing.

First of all, Bev Miller was coming to spend the night, and we wouldn't be able to see her that day. After mooning over this for a while we discovered that another thing we would miss was the treasure hunt which was to take place that night. This didn't make me so mad because I never was much good at those things anyway. Still, there we sat, talking and reading comics that the Fourth Shacklers so generously donated to the worthy cause.

After supper the treasure hunters began their search and Flash and I became more and more jealous of them. "If only I had dried my hair," I groaned, "I wouldn't have this vile cold." Enviously I glanced out of the window at the girls running back and forth in search of clues.

After the hunt we were served refreshments, which was only right, of course, after what we had been through.

Then taps blew and all was quiet once more.

The next morning after breakfast we left the infirmary and I made a resolution that never again would I neglect drying my hair.

--Anne Mitchell

THE MORNING DIP (As seen by one who does)

"Who's going for a dip?" - That familiar cheer greets everyone in Fifth Shack in the morning, ever since we started the dipping contest. Slowly, inch by inch, I creep out of my warm, comfortable bed determined to win that Hershey bar. Across the hall I see Reba, up and dressed in her bathrobe ready to go. How did she do it, I ask myself? Just then I suddenly realize that I hadn't heard reveille. I guess it was the conversation in Sixth Shack that woke me up. Well, anyway I'm awake. As I get up I see Cleo half buried in her red blanket, opening one eye to see what's going on. I envy her, lying there - but the contest must go on! I put on Cleo's bathrobe not bothering to dig my own out of the mess of clothes hanging on one hook. I start slowly down the hall half asleep and ready to fall flat on my face, when Reba calls to wait. I stop. It's then Mitch wakes up and calls to Babs.

"Babs, are you going for a dip?"

"I don't think so, are you?"

"No, I don't feel like it."

They both turn over and Reba and I start down the path, followed by Barbie.

The water's probably warm, I tell myself every morning, trying to be hopeful. "Yes," Reba agrees doubtfully. We arrive at the dock after a minute which seems like ten. Barbie bravely slings off her robe and dashes in. I watch for reactions. Bur-r-r-r, comes the answer to my questioning face.

I stick in my toe but quickly withdraw it. Uh-huh, I agree. Reba's next. Splash! She's in! "It's cold, I'm getting out," she says. "Oh," is my only reply. Slowly I take off my robe. One - two - three - I'm in. It's warm, I tell myself. Then, suddenly it creeps over me that - - - that it's really cold. Oh, gosh! I swim back and forth past the dock once, and get out. I put on my clothes which I have brought down. Boy, do they feel swell!

Coming up the path we meet Andy, Rickey, Phil, and Mitch dressed in one sparse bath towel. It's very warm, I tell them. They'll find out soon enough. But all in all a dip certainly does me good. It wakes me up, refreshes me, and it warms me up.

I like 'em!

Fifth Shack Ghost

Andy: Hurry, Mitch, bring the flashlight.
Mitch: I'm coming, where's the sheet?
Andy: I've got it. Quick, I hear someone.
Mitch: Take Cleo's belt and tie it around here.
Andy: I can't make this flash light stay.
Mitch: Let me try. (The two culprits work with sheet, pillow, and flashlight until they have invented a gruesome ghost.)
Andy: Let's tie it to this towel rack.
Mitch: Hurry. I swear I hear someone.
Andy: I'm through. How does it look?
Mitch: Devine. Shut the door.
(They shut the pix door and vanish, each into her own room.
The porch door opens. Enter Ginger, Phil, Babs and Flash.)
Ginger: Everybody get undressed.
Andy (suddenly) BOO.
Flash: OOh you scared me.
Mitch: Oh Naw.
Ginger: Where's Cleo and Perry?
Phil: In the dining room.
Ginger: Well, they should be here. Everyone go to pix.
(Immediately great whispering is begun. The whispers seem to evade Babs and Flash. The rest of the shack enters.)
Flash: Why the big secret about the Pix? Who cares if it is out of order?
Mitch and Andy: What Pix.
Flash: The right one.
Mitch (gulping): What's ailing you? There's nothing wrong with that Pix.
Flash: Phil said not to go in it.
Mitch: It's OK. Go on in.
Flash: No, sir, there's something in there.
Andy: Oh, do you think it could be foul play?
Everyone: Ha, ha
Babs: I'm not afraid. I'm going in. (She opens the door.)
E E E E E K! Oh o o oh!
Flash: What is it?
Mitch: Oh Babs, what a riot. I wish it was light so I could see your face.
Flash: Imagine being scared of a thing like that.
Andy: If you'd opened the door, you'd have probably fainted.
You're even scared of a Dady Long Legs.
Flash: Yes, but that doesn't even have legs. You're a joker.
Scared of a stuffed sheet!

Annn Mitchell

Perry



Conversation at Table

Can, I mean may we begin?

Let's play, "Who am I".

O.K. I've got a good one. May I please have the butter?

What's the letter? "B".

Half a glass please. Are you a famous musician? No I'm not - pass the buns. I get a direct question. Are you a man?

No, I'm not. Yes, please. Come on you jokers, rack your brains. I never said any such thing. You did too, you told me so yourself. Let's try for some more potato chips. Yes, we can get thirds, we're at Mrs. Grant's table. Did I say something wrong?

Are you a famous painter? No I'm not Botticelli.

Are you alive? I forget. Wait till I ask Colby.

No, thank you. Are you a famous movie star? No, I'm not --

(Sounds of air raid) Air Raid! ! (Sounds continue)
Gee, is this fun. (More sounds).

Ding-a-ling-a-ling. All Clear..

O.K. All Clear.

By Flash and Perry F.

A Day at Camp Runoia by a member of Third Shack

If you come a little after eight P.M. you will find the sinougers even after revlie still in bed. Junures are up running around. Then first bell. The junggers all in line for flag raising. Secend bell. Coby's shrill voice yells "Fall In". People still rushing up. Right dress ect. Then flagraisings over, everybody make a wild dash for the dinning room. Queer songs are sing sung song in meals. Breakfasts over everybody goes to make their beds. "My, my, what a mess." "Thopy" is my bed all right? "No" comes the answer. "Oh golly" says the camper. The bugle blows for asenbly. People f rom all shacks 3,4,5 & 6 rushes fro the logde to find out morings activetes. In asenbly we do things like the pound, sing camp songs, a talk from Mrs. Grant. Third shack has tennis, fourth has craft Oh! comes f om all over the room. Fifth Shack "work". Ha, ha. Sisth Shack baceball withe Coby.

A PICNIC AT LORD'S SHORE

Friday, the picnic day at Runoia, we all went to Lord's Shore. Third Shack started about fifteen minutes ahead of Fourth Shack and they went out of the cove giving us a salute.

After Fourth Shack left the cove we all started singing. When we got to Lord's Shore Third Shack was screaming something about ghosts in the haunted house, so we all got out of the war canoe and ran up to the haunted house and we soon found out it was Ruthie and Dowdy dressed as ghosts.

After we came back from the haunted house we noticed Flash's pants were soaked and we asked her how she got them so wet and she wouldn't tell us. Then we all started going down the slide and Floyd fell in so we guessed how Flash got her pants all wet. Then one after another everyone started to fall in. Jane, Joyce, and Wendy. Then we noticed some of Fifth Shack coming along in the canoes. The counsellors told us to keep quiet about falling in because some of them might fall in and sure enough Barbara fell in.

After dinner some of us decided to go exploring, some by land and some by water. The ones that went by land walked along for a few minutes and soon came to the forest's swamp. They wanted to see what was on the other side so they started plunging through it and the water came up to their knees on the tall ones and to their waist on the short ones. When they came to the other side all they found was a boat house so they came back the same way. The ones that went by water paddled up and

down the lake through the leaves and I don't think had as much fun as the ones that went by land.

Patsy took the canoe out by herself and had to come home with the Fifth Shackers because Fourth Shack had left by the time she got back.

I think everyone who went on the picnic had a wonderful time. I know I did.

--Jane Hollar

Patsy

THE PICNIC ON THE HILL

It was Friday and picnic night as usual. Mrs. Grant said that we would go on a short hike and have a picnic. Fourth Shack started out first with Colby. We walked for a mile on the road towards Lord's Shore. Then at the first road on the right we turned and walked half a mile. At last we were at our destination on the top of a hill.

Third Shack followed in the station wagon and after them on foot came Sixth and Fifth Shacks, except some of Sixth Shack came in the station wagon to bring the food. When everybody had come we all climbed under the barb wire fence. Everybody came safely under except Charlotte was pricked in the chin and as a result of this later had three stitches.

After this incident we all rushed for rocks which we thought suitable to eat our meal on. One girl put her tan sweater on a rock and forgot about it. So now she is minus one nice tan sweater. Then we were served a delicious sandwich dinner. Colby toasted hers over a twig fire and had toasted sandwiches which I imagine tasted quite good. For dessert we had luscious plums and doughnuts.

From our rocks we had a beautiful view of Mt. Philip and the surrounding ranges. After dinner we spotted a barn below and a hill on the opposite side of the barn. Mrs. Grant said we could go down to it. We all went rushing down the hill we had eaten on. Some people went on the road and others ran just straight down the hill. But it happened the people who went straight down the hill stepped into a bog. So I'm glad I went by the road.

We all went in the barn and found it loaded with hay. Everybody climbed up the wall of the barn and jumped down in the hay. People did somersaults and cartwheels. After this some people climbed on the roof of the barn but were made to get down immediately. For as some of the counselors said kiddingly it wasn't the safety of the girls it was the leaks it would make in the farmer's roof.

On the opposite side of the barn there was a hill and Babs and a few of her pals walked on the top of the hill to a stone pit and when they came back Babs said if you threw a rock in the pit a rat would come out. But several people tried it and had no luck.

Soon after this we had to go home. But we were given a dip which we all enjoyed. And all in all I'm sure everybody had loads of fun.

--Patsy Morrison
Fourth Shack
1945

THE PICNIC

Friday July 29, 1945

We were going to the meadows to have a picnic. Everybody that was going was in back of the dining room in groups. The Juniors left first because they walk slower than the Seniors. When we got there everybody went rushing for a rock to eat their supper on. After things had quieted down they began to pass the food around. When almost everybody had finished eating somebody said there was a barn down the road. After walking down a very steep hill we finally arrived at the barn. There was one room in the barn that was full of hay. As soon as people spotted it they started jumping in it.

Perry, one of our counselors, came down and everybody started to jump on her. After what seemed like hours they stopped and Perry announced that she had lost her shoes. At first she said she would give ten cents to the person who found her shoes, but as no one seemed to be helping she raised it to twenty-five. After a while one shoe was found, but we still were looking for the other shoe. Then I heard her mumbling about being scared and about living in them. Then finally she found the other shoe.

After we got home we all had skinny dips and washed ourselves off and I think it was a pretty tired bunch that went to sleep that night.

THE END

--Judy

Perry

MEADOWBROOK (FIFTH SHACK)

Sixth Shack had finished their trips and now Fifth Shack awaited their turn. It was a sunny day and just the kind for a trip. Mrs. Grant told us to start rolling our packs for we were going on our Meadowbrook Trip this very afternoon. Probably some of you heard the loud shouting when we heard the long awaited news.

You could hear groans and cries while Fifth Shack struggled with their packs most of which were tremendous. At last everything was rolled in the blanket rolls and Fifth Shack started on some real fun. We started off for Potter's Shore where we were going to spend the night.

After paddling for about an hour, we saw some smoke coming from where we thought Potter's was. Who could be there? We were in despair. Ruthie and Thopy decided to paddle in and investigate. If luck was with us maybe these people were not spending the night. We found that it was the crippled children's camp and they were only staying for dinner.

We paddled back across the lake and went in swimming. Then we drifted while we played "Who Am I." We could still see people, so we thought that we should not go in yet. The people whom we saw had by this time moved up the shore, so because it was getting late we decided to go in.

We unrolled our packs and hunted up some good sticks (which were next to impossible to find) to hold up our mosquito netting.

Later on we found that the people we saw were Camp Abena and they were camping down the beach from where we were.

At ten o'clock we had a very good supper and went to bed with the mosquitos buzzing around our heads. Thus ended the first day of our trip.

After a very good breakfast consisting of eggs, toast, bacon, and some Lester-Thoman cocoa we loaded our packs in the canoes and started off for the Meadowbrook stream. It took only a minute to find the stream among the reeds. All around us were different kinds of plants growing from the water. For a while it was just reeds and more reeds until finally we came into the real part of the stream. All along there were logs and branches, sandbars and beaver dams. Ruthie and Thopy were in the lead and they would call out when something was in the way. We were everlastingly getting stuck on a sandbar going around a sharp curve.

We stopped for lunch in a little cove where it was rather muddy so we decided to eat in our canoes. We tied them all together and just drifted around. Then on down the stream until finally we came out on North Pond. We were supposed to stay at Somerset's camping place for the night, so after hunting all around the lake for it for about an hour we discovered it was occupied by the owners. The only other alternative was the crippled children's second beach.

After obtaining permission we set up camp there for the night. We had a delicious dinner of beans, beets, sweet potatoes, with a dessert of eight marshmallows. But ----- breakfast

was the real thing. Pancakes, sausage, toast, cocoa. Boy, did that taste good. We then made our packs once more and started towards Smithfield, where the camp was to meet us in the station wagon.

We got to Smithfield about 10:30 and spent some time buying postcards and stuff in a little store there as the station wagon hadn't come yet. About ten minutes later it did come with a group who were going back up. We all piled in the car and Ruthie drove us back to camp.

I think everyone enjoyed that trip and will want to take it sometime again.

THE END

--Perry Flynt
"Andy"

MESSY TRIP, 1945

On the dull and rainy day of August 7, six of us from Fifth and Sixth Shacks, with Perry and Baynie, met a trip in charge of Ginger and Colby at Belgrade and proceeded to paddle down the Belgrade Stream amid a temperamental drizzle. We reached Furbish's late that afternoon and contemplated spending the night there, finally deciding to paddle on to Song Lake. We reached our destination around supper time, only to find our camping place occupied by Winnebago. They very politely offered to let us share their pup tents with them, but we declined and camped across the way. By the time supper was finished it was raining quite steadily, so we huddled in a group out in the woods attempting to keep dry. After awhile we decided that we would be just as dry in bed as we were out there, so we entered our meager shelters and tried to sleep. We more or less dozed until around twelve, when Davy and Louie joined Perry and Baynie in their supposedly waterproof shelter.

The next morning there was still a slow drizzle, but we got up to the smell of a delicious Baynie Williams breakfast. As soon as possible we proceeded to paddle down the lake, with our blanket rolls spread out in the canoes to dry. We ate lunch a short way beyond Castle Island Camps. Our lunch consisted of marshmallow fluff, peanut butter, jelly, and more marshmallow fluff. We reached Belgrade Lakes soon after lunch, and decided to spend the night on Hoyt's Island. We spent an uneventful afternoon putting up mosquito netting, arranging bed rolls, etc.

The next morning we had a delicious breakfast, of which the high spot was Perry's cocoa. The morning was spent in canoes, acquiring a sunburn. A short and leisurely paddle after lunch ended our Messy Trip, which I am sure everyone will remember for years to come.

FIFTH SHACK'S TRIP TO HORSE POINT

The prize trip of the season was made by Fifth Shack to Horse Point. Starting out from camp after a very charging time at the Stander's, we joker-faces of Shack Number Five, plus Ruthie and Thopy, plunged through the darkness toward Horse Point. With our landing guide, Flash, leading the way, we eventually found the place to park our canoes. After our packs were settled in their proper places, Ruthie and Thopy occupying the suite on the point, our astronomer, Reba, helped us amateur stargazers locate some of the more common star junkyards. We all slept pretty well except for a vicious and more or less successful mosquito invasion at about five o'clock.

As is the habit of most lazy vacationers we didn't get up until we were good and ready. Around 8:30, in keeping with the rules of the Fifth Shack dipping contest we all jumped in and out of an exceedingly cold lake. For breakfast we had a Lester-Thoman cocoa water concoction, of which most ended up on the ground. Some of us attempted to make gas house eggs which were demonstrated in "Moonlight Over Miami." Also we discovered another delicious dish by someone accidentally dropping a piece of bread into a frying pan of sizzling fat.

Coming home we decided to use strategy by first paddling into the waves and then practically drifting into camp with them.

On the whole I think we Fifth Shack plunger-faces had a pretty swell time.

--Barbara Warren

Dear Mother and Ty,

Last night Mrs. Pepper said we had to go to bed early. We didn't want to but Mrs. Grant said "yes," and she meant it. While I was playing in Fourth Shack Joanie came in and said we were going to Waterville. "Waterville," we cried, "Oh! boy." We jumped around and had a lot of fun.

We got up at 7:00 o'clock and had breakfast, then got in the station wagon. Mrs. Grant drove and Ruthie (a counselor) sat (the lazy thing). When we got there we saw Jackie get on the train. Then we went to get some things in the five and ten cent store, while Mrs. Grant went to the hair dresser (I wonder why, she looked alright to me).

After that Mrs. Grant said we could have hamburgers or some could have ice cream. Then we went to see Emily Warren's father.

After that we went to see Joanie Tipper's mother and played games. After that we had to go home.

It was a lot of fun for everyone.

I bought a horseshoe with "Good Luck - Maine" on it, and a flag with "Waterville" on it.

Love,

Janice

SIXTH SHACK
MEADOWBROOK-MESSALONSKEE TRIP

Come all you campers if you want to hear
The story about a brand new feat this year-
The Five Lake Trip was the name of our jaunt
And through the winter months its memory will haunt.
We put in at Alden's and the wind did blow
We started to paddle but we had to paddle slow
We looked at each other, and this is what we said
Oh, we'll reach Messalonskee but we'll all be dead.

CHORUS

Five Lake Trip,
We'll reach Messalonskee
Five Lake Trip,
And this is what we said-
Five Lake Trip,
We'll reach Messalonskee
Oh, we'll reach Messalonskee
But we'll all be dead!

Down Meadowbrook and over the logs
Partly in the reeds and partly in the bogs
North Pond, Great Pond, how it blew
For wherever we went, the wind went, too!
Sunday night at Mr. Frink's shore
After splitting bananas at Bartlett's store
As we paddled on to our sorrow we learned
That the wind was against us whichever way we turned.

CHORUS

Five Lake Trip,
We'll reach Messalonskee
Five Lake Trip,
And this is what we said-
Five Lake Trip,
We'll reach Messalonskee
Oh, we'll reach Messalonskee
But we'll all be dead!

P.S.

It was a Four Lake Trip, instead of a five
We didn't reach Messy, so we're still alive!

CHORUS

Four Lake Trip
We didn't reach Messy
Four Lake Trip
Instead of a five
Four Lake Trip
We didn't reach Messy
Oh, we didn't reach Messy
So we're still alive.

SIXTH SHACK FIRST MEADOWBROOK TRIP

Come on, jokers, let's go tripping
Come on, jokers, let's go tripping
Come on, jokers, let's go tripping
Way down yonder on Potter's shore.

Runcioa paddling down Meadowbrook stream.
Hey, deing dang, loaf all the way!
So many beaver dams we couldn't count 'em,
Hey, deing dang, loaf all the day!
We sailed to Smithfield in our canoes.
Hey, deing dang, sail all the way!
When we got there, we broke the news
That we were out to stay!

Crossing North Pond the water was rough-
Hey, deing dang, bounce all the way!
The wind was strong but we were tough-
Hey, deing dang, rock all the way!
We made camp at Somerset
Hey, deing dang, sleep all night - Ha Ha -
Rain came down and we got wet
Hey, deing dang, dried the next day!

Back to Smithfield, across the dam.
Hey, deing dang, carry all the way-
Round the point and into East Pond
Hey, deing dang, sail all the way!
Fisherman directed us to a beach
Hey, deing dang, cow pasture there.
Not a cow within our reach
Hey, deing dang, bats in the air!

Every bat goes higher, higher
Ev'ry mosquito lower, lower-
Every stroke goes onward, onward
To Alden's farm and camps.

Peanut, peanut, peanut butter
Peanut butter, peanut butter,
Peanut, peanut, peanut butter
Peanut butter, five whole jars!

END

Emily
Warren

THIRD SHACK'S TRIP

Ginger and all of Third Shack are going on a hike. Just a little hike to get things. We started to pick up flowers, etc., on the way until we came to the dump. Then Ginger cut some bark off a tree and we are going to make post cards out of it. In the middle of the dump road we found a toad. I put a box over him and we finally got him.

We kept on walking until we came to a road that led in the woods. We went on it to a path that went off the side. The path led us to Echo Cove. Then we started in the woods and almost got lost, but we found a mossy place and christened it "Moss Forest." It has a lot of little trees. It's neat. I thought it was a mossy spot we found last year and last year's mossy spot had a path to get to "fairy ring." There was a path there so I thought it led to "fairy ring," so I led them through the woods and got lost again and also stepped in so much poison ivy it isn't funny - so did everyone else. Then Ginger was in the lead and led us to the road.

In the meantime everyone was saying we can't get lost - we've got to get out some way - what if there was a storm when we were in the woods, but at last Ginger led us to the road. Everyone was crying that was the best time I ever had in my life, except for the poison ivy. And we all ran home to get a dip and to wash with yellow soap.

--Emily Warren

BELGRADE LAKES

One afternoon after rest hour four of Third Shack started for Belgrade Lakes. The other four went riding. The main reason why we went was because the head of Hillsdale came up to camp and we had to take her to the bus.

First Thopy stopped at the post office to mail a letter. I am an old girl so I know where the war canoes and little canoes come in so I showed the new girls. Then we drove down to Bartlet's and got an ice cream, and three orange crates for our rooms as little dressers. I had one so I didn't need a new one. Johnny got some cookies and we all had three a piece and took three a piece to the others.

When the bus came Johnny jumped out of the station wagon and put up her arms. The bus stopped and our visitor got aboard. Then it was time for us to go home.

--Emily Warren

THIRD SHACK'S TRIP TO OAK ISLAND

One morning Dowdy came in to the shack and said that she had a surprise for us and that she wouldn't tell us until after everyone had finished his room. Soon after everyone had finished his room and come in Dowdy's room and Dowdy said we are going to paddle to Oak Island and everyone was happy.

Then assembly was blown. We went to assembly and when assembly was over we went down to the beach to put the war canoes in the water. Then everyone got in and paddled away.

We finally reached Oak Island and Dowdy tied the canoe and then we started to explore and it was fun. We found a big rock and all rushed to it. We found teaberry leaves growing on it. We got off the rock and went to the lake. Then Dowdy said to come back and have something to eat. On the way back we picked some blueberries for Mrs. Grant.

Then we ate and while we were eating we met two men and talked with them. After that we went home.

The first game of "Run-Sheepie-Run" of 1945 was played on July 1. The two team captains were Colbie and Mrs. Grant. The runners for Mrs. Grant's team were Baynie, Ginger, and the signals were:

Coca Cola - Get ready to run

Philip Morris - Run, all's safe

Tootie frootie - Lie low

Mrs. Grant's team has a certain "place" but they never hide in it so nobody can find out about it. There was a map drawn on the Lodge floor showing the shacks, archery field, stone walls, etc. This map was just a circle around the camp.

Colbie's team took their course back of Shacks Two, Three, and Four. They walked around the field behind Shack Three. The runners called "Run-Sheepie-Run" and Colbie's team lost the game.

--Floyd

'Twas a damp and chilly morning
And Evie gave a sneeze
Louie groaned and Davy moaned
While Marty gave a wheeze.
The others slept so soundly
That Colby did not stir
We crept around on tip-toe
For fear of waking her.

Connie was up early
With hair all brushed and neat
She heard the pitter patter
Of Davy's little feet.
She graciously permitted us
To rise, and seek the sun.
We trooped out on the front porch
Exclaiming, "Oh, what fun."
But we crept around on tip-toe
For fear of waking one.

We heard Abena's reveille
While looking at the pine
We snuck up to the lodge
A handsome little line.

From comic strips and barrel tops
There sprung a rosy flame
We looked around and on the floor
We found, oh what a shame,
A mutilated hot dog for which the counselors were
To blame.

A prompt and tidy waitress
With bugle in her hand
Appeared and served us orange juice
Which tasted simply grand.

Our waitress' soft rising notes
Heralded a day begun
She tip-toed back into the shack
For fear of waking one!

T-DAY

Fully three weeks ago a voice, gentle and quiet as all Third Shack voices are, shattered the silence at the end of Rest Hour with this request: "Topie bear, will you do my trunk first when we start packing?" Topie Bear is the title that Thopie goes under when she is being asked to do a special favor. However the sweet salutation had no effect for Thopie replied, "I never let myself get dated up so far in advance." Further inquiries were silenced and the subject was not mentioned again during the three weeks that followed. However Third Shack's counselors, and I believe those of Fourth may also be included, knew all too well that the dreaded day of packing had to come. Camp activities soon made them forget the horror that was ahead, but on the morning of August 30, that being the last day of camp, all realized that the ordeal must be faced bravely for T-Day was upon us.

And T-Day it was for it meant an invasion of two-months' worth of hoarded treasures. A summary of quotations will give you an idea of what T-Day is like at Runoia.

Winkie: "Topie bear, where shall I pack my caterpillars. I can't give those funny books away, I've only read them seven times. I have to take those letters that came from Mother in June down to Bunny. She hasn't read them yet."

Jane: "I must take that rock. It's my favorite diving rock. But you can't pack my tennis racquet in the bottom of the trunk. Mother packed it in the top when I came up."

Joyce: "Winkie, may I have my shirt back now? Tipper, could you please return my shorts? Emmy Anne, are you through with my underwear? Janice, did you return my shoes after beaning? Who did I lend that black belt to? Can I lend anybody anything that they are missing?"

Janice: "There are my glasses, Dowdie? And I can't find the bottom of my soap dish."

Emmy Anne: "I can't find the top of mine. Thopie, I don't see why I have twelve cakes of soap left when I only brought twelve with me."

Wendy: "Please pack my teddy bear carefully. I need the funny books and cards in the top of the suitcase to use on the train. Those jodphurs aren't dirty. They just smell horsey."

Tipper: "I don't know where my towel is. The last time I saw it a counselor was bailing a boat with it."

Third Shack, luckily is blessed with Emmy, a stayover whose trunk doesn't need packing - yet. Suddenly Thopie is whisked off to write limericks and Dowdie sits in the middle of the hall tearing her hair. A voice which came from Fourth Shack, but I am inclined to believe it heaven-sent, announced that it was time for a skinny dip. Eight forms fly out of the shack draped in coats (bathrobes have been packed!) Silence reigns. The nonplussed counselor reclines on odd rocks, jacks, and tennis balls, as a small red caterpillar crawls up her leg and winks at her.

P.S. It seems pertinent to add that as this manuscript was being re-read Tipper appeared on the scene inquiring after the whereabouts of her brown belt. Thopie, spying the belt holding up Tipper's voluminous dungarees stated thankfully, "You've got it on." "Oh, no," replied Tipper, "this is Emmy Anne's."

Connie says that sweeping up dust
In a pan every morning is just
What keeps her young middle
Looking fit as a fiddle ..
But she looks young all over to us.



As Colby's tenth year here now ends
We recall its significant trends;
She's practically hitched
To George Schnorff, who bewtched
Her through tales told by friends of his friends.

Baynie's family has got us in stitches
It's hard for us to tell which is
The strangest of them
For there's many a gem
Or is it just bull that she pitches?



Ginger takes mustard and water
Thus armed she goes forth to the slaughter
She catches huge worms
And in spite of their squirms
She makes them behave as they oughter.

Ruthie did better this year
For she took several trips this year
But to Goodyear's wedding
She will not be gedding
She was not invited... oh dear.



Take a last look at Miss Betty P.
For next year a matron she'll be.
So lets raise a psalm
To Mrs. Greasebomb
From tight sleeping bags may she be free.

Her duty's to cure all our ills,
But that's only one place that she fills
Pepper sleeps on the dock
To keep watch o'er the flock
Lest Pine Island bring illegal thrills.



Whenever a noise is loud
Or a giggle stands out from the crowd
Without looking to see
Who the culprit may be
Connie calls "Hush Nancy Dowd!"

Mrs. Bishop is such a good sitter
The junior councilors were all in a twitter
And they had such a race
To get her for their place
That they left the poor soul in a jitter.



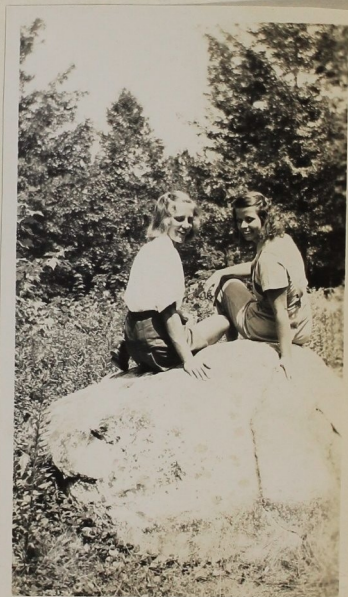
This jitterbug kid to state mil'ly
Knows steps which are smooth, slick and wiley.
She walked off with a prize
In a dance of some size
Which event has left Pauline Smiley.

Ellie B. guides by the red light
She follows its call every night
Wherever she goes the
The Major knows
This beacon will guide her aright.



Miss Shafer deserves acclamations
For teaching us new words with patience
Paw paw, cluck cluck, My lou
To name just a few..
The word IMPS has new connotations.

Topy Bear beats all Third Shack
When it comes to wielding the jack.
She's also near queen
Of picking the bean
And at farming she'll soon take a crack.



Johnny left Third in the lurch
After many a frantic search
For bands for the braids
Of Third's renegades...
Then Dowd came and sat on her perch.

Blank's trip to the Main Chance Farm
(Where Elizabeth peddles her charm)
Was a hectic affair
For Ebony there
Left his card, to Blankie's alarm.



Mickey is new to us here
And in craft she has proved sans peer;
She makes bracelets and rings
And awards and things
We hope she'll come many a year.

Parkchester.

MR. AND MRS. Charles V. Dake
have returned from a short
vacation visit to Belgrade Lakes,
where they were joined by their
daughter, Miss Alice Dake, and
Miss Mary Jane Lester, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Dudley J. Lester,
both of whom had been counselors
at Camp Runoia for the summer.

The party next enjoyed a so-
journ at Drake's Island, Me., for a
few days before returning here.

* * *

MISS DOE

daughter



Dung diggers M.J.J. and Alice
Can exhibit many a callous;
They've proved they don't shirk
When it comes to hard work
May their next job be cleaning a palace.

Margie came to us late
Which Sixth Shack thought was a hard fate
She was needed to help
With her sister's young whelp
When she came 't was a memorable date.



Jinny swears by our national game
So fond of the Yanks she became
That she buys all the papers
To follow their capers.
That they take the pennant's her aim.

✓
On the tennis courts Louie is queen
And the baseball she pitches is mean;
On swimming and diving
You'll find that she's thriving
And her fish was the biggest we'd seen.



A premiere danseuse is Marty
Her dancing's both jazzy and arty
Every time she'll perform
She takes us by storm
And makes us feel that we've come to a party.

Nancy's problem's to find out a school
Where all weekends off is the rule.
She has taken her test
With the fates lie the rest..
May it prove that she isn't a fool.



When Eve sails against P.I.C.
Dr. Swan finds her lovely to see.
But the close of the race
Sees her taking first place
Does the Doc call that lovely? Not he!

✓
Mary Ellen's in charge of the jobs
She's always beseiged by great mobs.
"Please let me prepare"
"Not breakfast, I'LL swear"
But she is immune to their sobs.



When Trudy to third shack plays Mother
The talk alwasy turns to her brother.
So to him they write notas
To fill up their quotas
Since one letter's as good as another.

Jacquie left us before camp was done
Which put quite a crimp in our fun.
But it was her last chance
Ere he left for France
To say goodbye to her grandmother's son.



Captain Jennings, alias Chris
Portrayed a young lover's bliss
Till the tables were turned
And he found himself spurned..
Still he quaffed coffee to acquit his young Miss.

When stuffed olives are even discussed
Davy jumps up, crying "I must
Have been overlooked,
Our share has been hooked..
Never mind we'll get mushrooms, I trust."



Evvie Comey captained the Blues
She thought they were going to lose;
The look on her face was
Was the talk of the place
When she heard the astonishing news.

As the cranky old grandpa Flash shone,
In The Bathroom Door she played an old crone
With her hair up in papers
Her elderly capers
Made us mourn the young Flash we had known.



The Youngest of seniors is Phil,
At the table you'll find that she will
Eat such a great deal
For every meal
That her size is increasing still.

✓
If your play is in need of a star
Barbara Warren will prove up to par;
Any language she'll speak
With an accent quite chic
And her fame has travelled afar.



For a week Fifth Shack was kept neat
To give Andy's father a treat.
When to camp he did ride
With his wife at his side
They were glad they'd accomplished this feat.

When Reba goes sailing, she
Is apt unexpectedly
To capsize the boat
And though she stays afloat
Her glasses no more will she see.



As a bathing beauty Babs James is prime
Her tan is just short of sublime;
'T was no masquerade
To see her parade
Since that's what she does all the time.

Perry Flynt's an industrious soul
She clears tables before she is tol';
On a trip she is quick
To cook, wash and lick
Up the crumbs that remain in the bowl.



As a red lollipop one night
Claire made such an edible sight
That everyone's tongue
From out her mouth hung
And we longed for a big luscious bite.

✓
Though Ricky makes not many slips
From her shorts her underwear drips,
And we wish she were minus
The pain in her sinus
So she could pick beans and take trips.



Anne Mitchell, the Greencastle Rose
Talks not through her mouth but her nose.
She giggles and snorts
And loudly cavorts
While her chums bid farewell to repose.

Wendy brought Janey Mc Lester

At the masquerade everyone guessed her

Her costume was neat,

With hats 't was replete

It was she and not Dowdie who dressed her.



Wendy hit such a high clip

That with Fourth Shack she went on a trip.

The fire she built up,

Washed each plate and cup,

In other words hardly a drip.

Joan was the youngest Princess
She helped her Dad out of a mess
This parent was sad
But she soon made him glad
For the Happy Man brought happiness.



Emmy Ann is the youngest in camp
Wherever she goes it is damp
For she has many fears
Which often bring tears
But at paper dolls she is the champ.

✓
Em's Dad if her story is true
Took tea with a traitor or two;
He opened his arms
To that arch traitor's charms
When Benedict Arnold came through.



✓
Janice has braids down her back
As do two of her chums in third shack,
Which is more of a job
Than fixing a bob
With scissors I'd soon make them lack.

A linguist in third shack is Joyce, ✓
For generosity she is First choice
'Cause she brings candy home
When to church she does roam
And at Pine Island she charms all the boyce.



Though Winkie intends to pick beans ✓
It is fuzzy wild life that she gleans,
For each caterpillar
So greatly does thrill her
That she pockets them all in her jeans.

Whether she's perched on a rock
In her room or out on the dock
You will find Judy's face
In the very same place --
A comic from out her large stock.

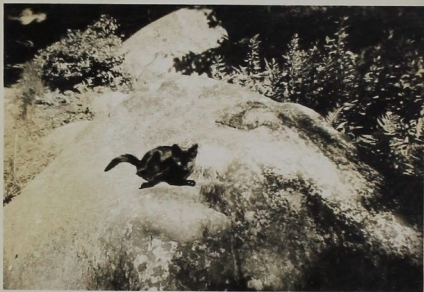


The policeman gets you by the collar,
His aim to extract your last dollar.
At work or at play,
At night and all day
This ditty you'll hear Janey Hollar.

✓
Patsy's comics are a cause of much strife
They're numbered up to one hundred and fife,
And no one's allowed
To take one of that crowd
Without asking, It'll cost you your life!



✓
Molly, whose nickname's Moo Moo
Came back with friends numbering two.
If her friends are all dandy
As Elly and Andy
We hope she'll bring more, don't you?



✓
Nancy V. V.'s an artiste
The horse is her favorite beast.
Her walls she profanes
With their tales and their manes
To an art lover's eye it's a feast.



✓
Like a lady who has the same name
This Eleanor, too, has won fame
For she's active in planning
This skillful Miss Lanning
Many clubs which have brought her acclaim.

When Linda goes out for a ride
She comes back with less skin on her hide
From her head to her toes
Including elbows
And what's more there's the shock to her pride.



When her tale of the trip up she read
'Twas a treat all the audience said
In the senior ball game
Her batting won fame
And the tournament did Ellie Head.

Charlotte Voorhis, her middle name Cal
Unlike her Presidential pal,
She did choose to run
And when she had done
She had taken first place, What a gal!



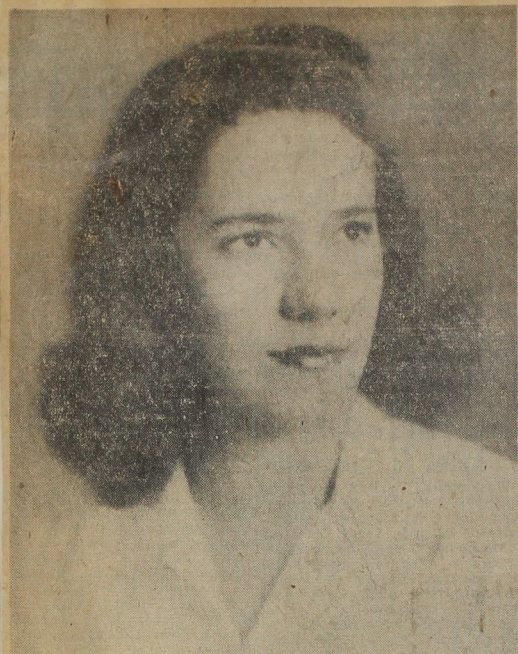
As a movie star Floyd was a riot
Her tennis ball figure -- just eye it!
As Buttercup pillows
Made her stick out in billows
Whatever the role she will try it.

Third Shack

Name	Nickname	Neighborhood	Appears	Likes	Habitually	Says
Emily Craig	✓ Emmy Ann	Columbus	Older than 8	C.S.G. blazer	Is in a daze	What?
Joyce Kettanch	✓ Joyce	Pent house in N.Y.C.	With gifts for all	To jump with Thopie	Is generous	Thopie, watch!
Jane McHeater	✓ Janey	Great Neck	Sedate	To float	Floats	Oh you big-
Lynne Martin	✓ Winky	Cincinnati	Noisy	To eat bread	Eats	What's the diff.
Wendy Sorenson	✓ Wendy	Great Neck	Gay	Pine Island	Wants to go beaming	Oh go fish an egg
Joan Tipper	✓ Joanie	Waterville	Little	To play house	Tries to float	Gollee
Janice Vaughan	✓ Janice	New York	To dislike prunes	The rock in swimming	Avoids prunes	Oh so.
Emily Warren	✓ Emmy	Waterville	Like the cover on Good Housekeeping Magazine	To tell what we did last year	Collects points	That's beside the point

4th Grade Name	Nickname	Neighborhood	Appears	Likes	Habitually	Says
Helen Gardiner	Floyd	Deepest South	Unbraided	To improve her vocabulary	Seeking knowledge	I enjoy a good joke as well as anyone
Ellen Barrett Head	Little Headache	That school	Barefooted	To make donations to the pound	walking into trees	Stinky, boring, dull
Jane Hollar ✓	Janey	Wardman Park Hotel	Hollaring	Sound effects of gum chewing	Hungry	When I had virus chicken-pox and couldn't walk for six weeks. Why?
Jane Eleanor Lanning ✓	Eleanor	Pelham Manor	On the diving board	To redecorate	Beating rugs	Why?
Mary Ellen Marble ✓	Molly	Cincie	Neat	Baseball	lady-like	What's important
Judith Ann Merlin ✓	Judy	Darien	Freckled	Her movie stars	Fiddling Fighting	But that's your business
Martha Patricia Morrison ✓	Patsy	Columbus	Sweeping	To dream out loud	Tidying up	But that's your business

5th Name	Nick name	Neighborhood	Appears	Likes	Says
Katherine Anderson	Andy	Cincie	To be waiting for her parents	To hide the John paper	I <u>do</u> not
Reba Benedict	Reber	Cincie	Grimy on trips	Riding and sailing	Where's Venus?
Perry Flynt	Perry	Cincie	Flg - like	Sports	Aw, for pity's sake
Mary Ann Hamill	Flash	Queen City	With BVD's showing	Evie	Hey, you joker faces
Barbara James	Babs	Maplewood	Undressed	Sun & lemons	Oh, how crude
Anne Mitchell	Mitch	You guess	Plunging	To wake up <u>in</u> bed	I hate, loathe, despise, detest & abominate
Jane Rickard	Rickey	Exeter (slurp) N.H.	Pigeon feed	To read the book of Hugh & Nancy on the John	I must write to dear Dick
Claire Rothenberg	Cleo	Guess again The City	To get gummy letters	Seagulls	I most certainly <u>do</u> <u>not</u>
Phyllis Thornhill	Phil	Brooklyn	like an Indian	To get things efficiently in order	Honestly, I mean it.



—Childnoff, New York.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

DR. AND MRS. M. A. BLANK-
ENHORN announce the engage-
ment of their daughter, Mary Mar-
garet, to Lt. Arthur Joseph Sassone,
son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sassone
of Pinole, Calif.

Miss Blankenhorn is a graduate
of Hillsdale School and Swarth-
more College. Lieutenant Sassone
is stationed at the Naval Air Sta-
tion at Alameda, Calif.

No date has been set for the wed-
ding.



BAYNE'S SHANGRI-LA - ENTERPRISE, FLA.

MARRIED IN JERSEY



Miss Elizabeth Moring Perry
© Bachrach

MISS PERRY FIANCEE OF AN ARMY OFFICER

Alumna of Westover School to
Be Bride of Capt. Ralph C.
Gleason, ETO Veteran

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 17—Mrs. Ralph Henry Perry of this place has announced the engagement of her daughter, Elizabeth Moring, to Capt. Ralph Carlyle Gleason, AUS, son of George H. Gleason, also of Montclair, and the late Mrs. Gleason.

Miss Perry attended the Kimberley School here and was graduated from the Westover School in Middlebury, Conn. She made her debut in 1940 and is a member of the Montclair Junior League and the Montclair Red Cross Motor Corps. Her fiancé prepared at Phillips Exeter Academy and was graduated in 1942 from Harvard University. He returned recently after serving for thirty months with the combat engineers in the European Theatre of Operations, and is on terminal leave.



Mrs. Ralph Carlyle Gleason
© Bachrach

ELIZABETH PERRY MONTCLAIR BRIDE

St. Luke's Episcopal Church
Is Scene of Her Marriage to
George Gleason, Ex-Captain

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Feb. 2—The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Moring Perry, daughter of Mrs. Ralph Henry Perry of this community, and the late Mr. Perry, to Ralph Carlyle Gleason, son of George Gleason, also of Montclair, and the late Mrs. Gleason, took place this afternoon in St. Luke's Episcopal Church. The Rev. Henry Harrison Hadley performed the ceremony.

Given in marriage by her brother, Ralph H. Perry Jr., the bride wore her mother's wedding gown of cream satin appliqued with panne velvet, and trimmed at the neckline with rosepoint lace. Her full-length heirloom rosepoint veil was arranged in coronet effect and she carried the rosepoint fan used by her maternal grandmother at her wedding, and white orchids and lilacs.

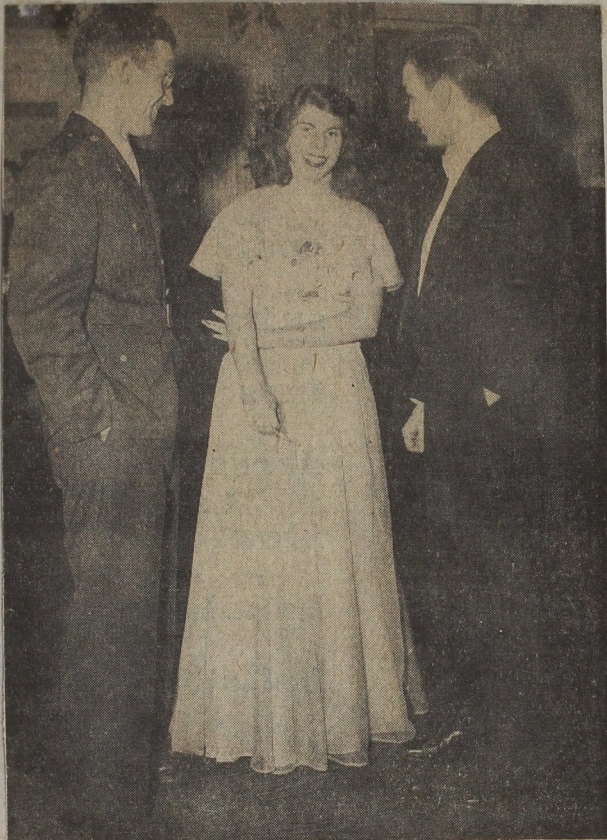
Mrs. Ralph H. Perry Jr. of Montclair was matron of honor for her sister-in-law. The other attendants were the bridegroom's sister, Miss Barbara Gleason, and Miss Katherine May Condit of Montclair.

Cyrus Felix of Montclair was best man. The ushers were three brothers of the bride, Oliver Hazard Perry, Henry E. Perry and John B. Perry, all of Montclair; Dr. Robert Williams of New York, and Douglas McDougall Anderson of Needham, Mass.

A reception was given at the Montclair Woman's Club.

The bride, a member of the Montclair Junior League, attended the Kimberley School here and was graduated from Westover School at Middlebury, Conn. She was presented to society in 1940 and belongs to the Red Cross Motor Corps. Her husband, a captain with the Combat Engineers of the AUS, served thirty months in the European theatre. He is an alumnus of Phillips Exeter Academy and was graduated from Harvard University with the class of '42.

Mr. and Mrs. Gleason left on a trip to Nassau in the Bahamas.



Capt. Samuel Pogue, Miss Frances Luther and Mr. James Monroe:



MAKE DEBUT AT CHRISTMAS BALL.

Shown here are the 18 debutantes of 1945 who made their debut at the Christmas Ball Saturday evening at the Hotel Sinton. From left to right are Misses Eleine Hoffman, Joan Barbara, Athea Ford Richardson, Ann Schroth, Mary Anderson Coombe, Frances Resor Thomas, Barbara Wood, Ann Dorsel, Irene Emery, Alice Pease, Beatrice Burchenal, Alice Ann Heekin, Lila Russ Gantt, Martha Hauck, Helen Louise Conroy, Mary Lee Fulghum, Mary Guthrie Wilshire and Anne Hetherington DeCamp.

Miss Thomas wore a bouffant skirt of white tulle with a graceful tracery of silver sequins, topped by a fitted bodice of white jersey with a boat-shaped neckline. She also is now attending Vassar College and is a graduate of Hillsdale School. Mrs. Thomas chose for this dance a gown of American Beauty crepe with an intricately draped skirt.

WITH impressive dignity and beauty the marriage of Miss Olivia Ramsey, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William McCreery Ramsey, to Lt. (j.g.) Duncan Fraser Brown, son of Lt. Col. and Mrs. William Eustis Brown, was solemnized at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The marriage took place in the Christ Church Chapel in the presence of the immediate family connection and a few intimate friends. The reception at the residence of the bride's parents which followed the ceremony was confined to this same small group.

White seasonal flowers, tulips, stock and snapdragon were arranged in the handsome altar vases which were gifts of the Ramsey family to the church. Seven-branched candelabra on the altar and tall standards holding single tapers illuminated the sanctuary. Marking the entrance to the chapel were large stands filled with tulips, peonies and other spring blooms.

Colonel Brown, who recently returned from Greece, having headed the Medical Mission of UNRA, in Athens, and the Balkan Medical Mission with headquarters in Cairo, was his son's best man.

The ushers were Dr. Robert Ward of New Haven, Conn.; Mr. C. Langdon Harriss of Princeton, N. J.; the bride's brother, Mr. William McCreery Ramsey III, and Mr. Gordon Wright.

The bride's sister, Miss Anne Ramsey, was maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Misses Mary Whittaker and Mary van Antwerp. Both, with the bride, were members of the Debutante Group of 1944.

Identical in every detail, except color, were the gowns worn by these attendants. Miss Ramsey's frock was shell pink; Miss Whittaker's, pale yellow, and Miss Van Antwerp's pale blue. These gowns were of net, with bouffant skirts, the fitted bodice elaborated with a soft ruffle of net at the neckline and edging the three-quarter-length sleeves. Each wore a tiny Juliet cap of the same material as her gown.

Miss Ramsey carried a bouquet of mingled pink tulips, pink cornflowers and larkspur and apple blossom sweet peas, tied with pink satin ribbons. The bouquets of the other attendants also were of spring flowers but in tones of blue and yellow, made up of tulips, daisies, snapdragons, cornflowers and larkspur.

THE BRIDE.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a handsome bridal gown of heavy white satin. Duchesse and rosepointe lace, heirlooms of Mrs. Ramsey's family, formed the exquisite yoke of the bodice, and the ruffled cuffs of the long fitted sleeves. Her only jewelry was a pearl crescent pin belonging to her great-aunt, Dr. Francis Hollingshead.

The bride's veil of delicate French



Mrs. Duncan Fraser Brown.

—Carlson Portrait.

lace was draped from a soft coronet of Duchesse lace, caught at each side with clusters of real orange blossoms. The bride's bouquet was of lilies of the valley tied with white satin ribbons.

THE RECEPTION.

Spring flowers of white with accents of color were used to decorate the Ramsey residence where the reception took place. Joining the host and hostess in the receiving line were the bridegroom's parents and the bridal party. Mrs. Ramsey wore a gown of gray crepe, simple of line, its only decoration being the heirloom lace which outlined the square neckline. Her hat was a small one of gray felt on which were perched two green birds. Her flowers waxy petaled, black centered, orothagolim, were tied with ribbons of lime and emerald green.

Mrs. Brown wore a gown of blue and white printed crepe with a cluster of white roses at the waistline. Her small hat was of white flowers.

Among out-of-town guests wel-

comed on this auspicious occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Ramsey and Mr. Courtright Ramsey of Columbus, Ohio; Miss Virginia Ramsey and Mrs. Orin Tovrov, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Compton, New York; Dr. and Mrs. Robert Ward, New Haven, and Mrs. William Hooper Evans, St. Louis, who had been the maid of honor at Mrs. Ramsey's wedding.

Following the reception Lieutenant and Mrs. Brown left on a brief honeymoon. Lieutenant Brown having returned to Cincinnati only yesterday afternoon from sea duty. The bride's going-away suit was of plaid tweed in tones of blue and dark red. Her small blue hat had a white feather trimming.

The bride graduated last June from the College Preparatory School and studied this winter at Connecticut College. Lieutenant Brown is a graduate of South Kent and of Harvard, class of 1942. He was a member of the Iroquois and Hasty Pudding Clubs. Immediately following graduation he entered the Naval Training School at Notre Dame.

Ice Up A.Grant
Dishes R.Lester, J.Bayne, C.Grant
Tables B.Perry and N.Dpud
Stamp Cans Dr. Lester, E.Warren
Burn M.S.Lester
Clean Fifth Shack and Junior incinerators
CDGrant and Cousins
Take remains to DUMP A.Grant and admirers
Finish cleaning Fifth Shack Bayne Warren, B
" " Sixth " Cleveland, Grant, C.

Pick up Boat House B.Perry, Cousins
Clean closets in boat house Cousins

Start taking down greens in lodge
M.S.Lester and admirers

Start raking up some of all the material cut by
A.Grant B.Warren, Cousins

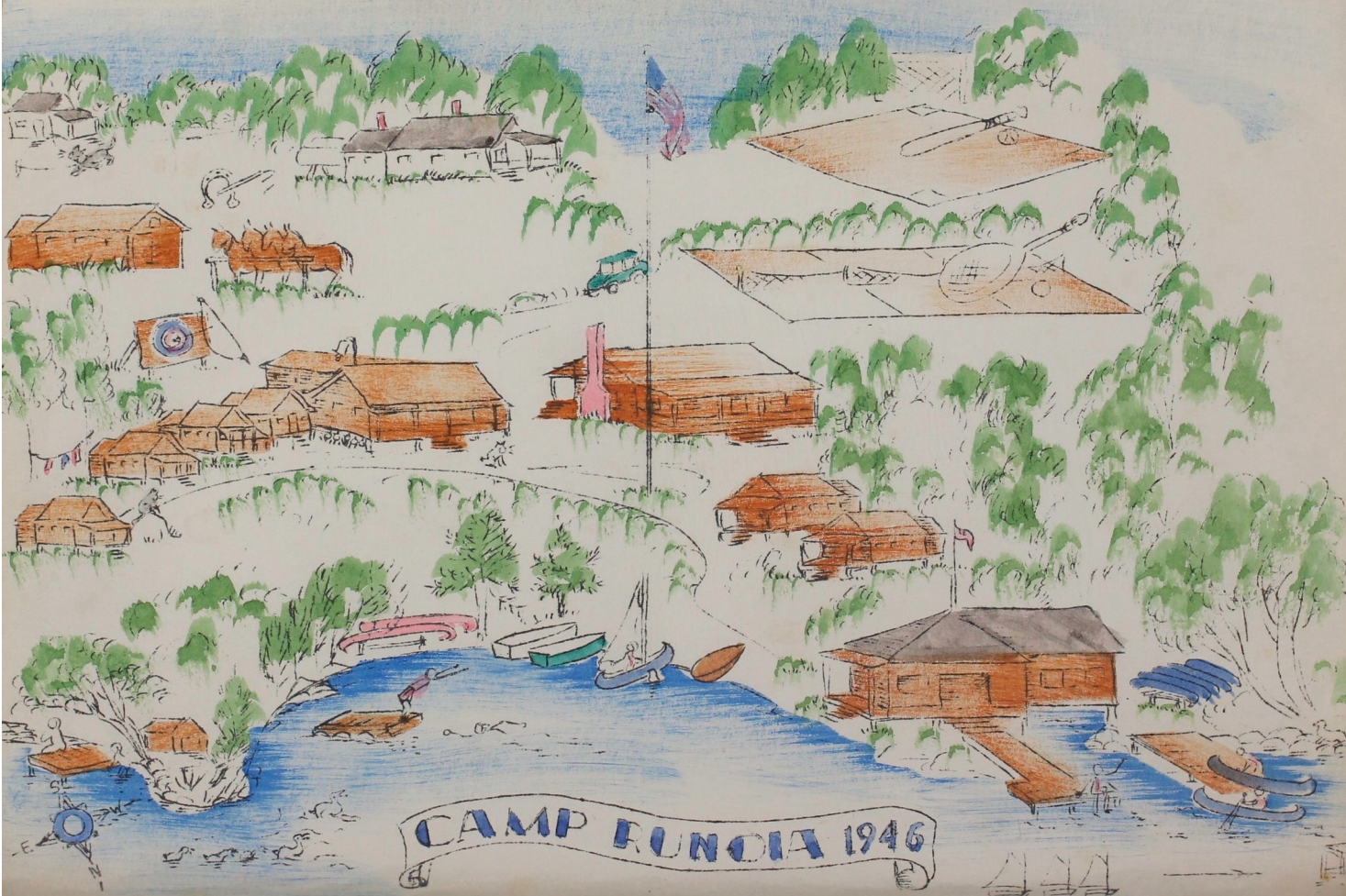
Cut, cut, cut till we see the lake
C.W.Lester, A.Grant, The Major

White collar workers, M. Shafer, CD.Grant

Thinker E.B.Warren

1945.

Farming expenses



CAMP RUNGIA 1946

1946 LOG

D. Chambers
B. Warren
J. Richard
A. Miles

J. Mc Lester
G. Lovejoy
J. Vaughan
J. Tipper
E. Warren

L. Guthrie
B. Werner
W. Sorenson
P. Morrison
E. Goodrich
P. Flynt
J. Bobis

PROLOGUE A. Miles

POEMS J. Mc Lester
" G. Lovejoy

DIALOGUE G. Lovejoy

RADIO PROGRAM J. Vaughan

LUCY'S MYSTERIOUS NIGHT J. Tipper

DEBBIE'S VISIT L. Guthrie

POEM - "YES AND NO" B. Werner

"THE RAFT" B. Werner

LORD'S SHORE W. Sorenson
L. Stauffer
N. Van Voorhees

THE PICNIC HAYRIDE P. Morrison

HORSE POINT E. Goodrich

SUSIE SNUBB J. Bobis

MEADOWBROOK P. Flynt

OVERHEARD AT C.R. BY JOHNNY P. Flynt

NOW WE ARE SIX B. Perry

THE AIDES C. D. G.

ANAGRAMS
PROPHECY
STATISTICS

INTRODUCTION

1946

The fortieth year of camp has been notable for being "in the arts", as we say in "Who Am I?" and, that is, the arts including inventions.

I'm thinking of a person whose name begins with S. No, it's not a man. Yes, she's alive! Yes, she paints; yes, she designs cornices, table decorations, favors, bugs and plaques. Yes, she has a full craft shop, some of 6th and 5th, a few of 4th and 3rd - and a goodly number of counselors and Harold. The only ones this summer who haven't produced excellent craft work are Bubbles and Wheaties.

Another person in "the arts" begins with C. Yes, she plays the piano - can play anything from Schubert's Serenade to Picking up Paw Paws. She also teaches singing. She had the best choirs this summer that have ever sung in a well-known camp in Maine.

Is dancing in "the arts"? Miss Shafer's arrangements of Shoo Fly, Parlez-vous, and the Spanish Cavelliro are truly artful. Square dancing under Miss Shafer's able leadership hit Camp Runoia this year with a bang and we hope that it has come to stay.

Inventions? Well, we have never before had supper rides. We have never before had people writing home for permissions to ride and to take more and more hours. Emmy's riding is really in "the arts" too. It's an art to sit on Bud as though she had grown there and direct three other horses with all kinds of riders, even to one with closed eyes. And we're proud of our riding counselor's getting a place in the big horse show at Bath!

In speaking of "the arts", we should mention the interior decorating in the Infirmary, so ably done by one who came to bind up our cuts and bruises. How did we know that she would prove to be a painter, not to mention being chief picnic preparer and a mighty good plate and bottle washer?

Then there has been "art" in our culinary department this summer; beautifully decorated cakes, decorated cookies, printing, blue and white candles, and what was that the other night, blue and white spaghetti?

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF CAMP RUNOIA

"Have you any empty cigar boxes, Mr. Harnden?"

"Unnh".

That was the lengthy conversation which took place on every visit to Belgrade Lakes for about three weeks before the last Sunday in camp. Persistent requests produced a great many boxes which disappeared into a back room of second shack.

Then there were secret operations with the silk screen at the craft house, followed by getting everyone in camp to sign her name on three separate pages. This all had to be done when Mrs. Grant was not around, as each girl was told the pages were part of a surprise for Mrs. Grant. And one Sunday night there was a late trip to Waterville to get a stencil for a mimeograph, in order to produce many copies of a certain map of a well-known location.

And what was all this about? Why, it was to celebrate the completion of the fortieth year of Camp Runoia. Mrs. Warren and Shelley had schemed and planned and worked secretly so that Sunday the 18th was a day to remember in camp history. At chapel Miss Pond, Miss Weiser, and Mrs. Grant each told a few stories about the first years of camp, which started in a farmhouse on the east shore of the lake in 1907. When we went into dinner we found the ping pong table had been transformed into a model of camp, with the buildings made from those many cigar boxes which were mentioned earlier. The model was complete with trees, rocks, boats, Marjorie, live stock, buildings, - everything. Everyone who saw it "Oh-ed and "ah-ed" appreciatively. At each place at the table was a souvenir map of Camp

Runcia, the result of the Colby College miemograph machine, - with the addition of hand-coloring. The climax of a good dinner was a huge, huge birthday cake with forty candles on it, or at least candles and "40" were on the cake. This cake was carried in by several counselors wearing old camp costumes from various eras and it was put down in front of Mrs. Grant and Miss Pond and Miss Weiser, to be carved up into many pieces and passed out to many campers who always enjoy Mrs. Warren's birthday cakes.

All of us here at camp in the summer of 1946 are certainly happy to have been present for such a wonderful fortieth anniversary celebration.

ODE TO AN ANNIVERSARY

Oh bright are the waters and tall are the pine trees
That circle Runoia's fair shore.
Sing to Tessie, to Lucy, to Connie.

So dear to our hearts and our fond reminiscing,
Runoia's a name we adore.
Also Jessie and Lucy and Connie!

Forty summers have passed neath the bright summer sun,
Each more fun than the one gone before,
Due to Jessie to Lucy to Connie.

So let's dance on the greensward and sail on the waters.
Let us frolic and shout and be gay,
And cheer Jessie and Lucy and Connie.

For all they have wrought in these full forty years
We now thank them and heartily say
"Thank Jessie, thank Lucy, thank Connie."

So ring out the bell and put forth the bugle.
Let the echoes be heard far and wide.
Hail to Jessie! to Lucy! to Connie!

TO THE AIDES - By Them as Appreciate Them.

A certain stability lingers

Wherever the aides are found -

Whether pouring the coffee at meal times

Or scraping the plates of ground round.

They're dependable down at the Craft Shop

In cutting a stencil or ring.

What's more they can saddle the horses,

Clean stables, and most anything.

They help exercise lively horses

And lead Lucy round on a strap.

They drive us on many an errand

And packages know how to wrap.

They watch our young hopefuls in swimming

And teach them to kick like a frog.

They teach us to knit instead of to sit -

And they write funny things for the Log.

They coach plays and what's more they choose them,

And are patient while actresses learn.

They help sweep and dust as everyone must

And oft back of Fifth Shack they burn.

Among them you'll find jacks of all trades.

They're willing and pleasant and gay.

They wash and prepare, and set counsellors hair.

They keep busy the whole live long day.

Before camp started there was work for us all. Campers and helpers arrived every minute, it seemed. Finally everyone was here except for the rest of the campers, who were coming the next morning at 6:37. People were scattered all over the camp at night. Johnny was expected in the afternoon but came in the middle of the night. Ginger came to fourth till Johnny came.

We told jokes for a while, then all was still. The next morning we woke about 6:45. We talked in a low whisper at first, then we found Johnny had gone. Then we talked aloud and got dressed. When we got to the kitchen it was 7:00. We ate an early breakfast and were on the back steps when there was a call from the station that the campers were leaving. Five minutes later they drove into camp.

Next the shacks were full - full of "where's my duffel, where's my trunk."

There was a call for breakfast. Hungry girls went trapesing up to the dining room. Afterwards there was bedmaking and trunk unpacking.

Finally things were settled for eight weeks of camp fun.

Emmy Warren

Dear Mother -

So I'm finally here - at least I think I am though I can't be sure about anything yet. I've met some super kids, and its loads of fun so far. There's one gal who terrifies me though; know the type, tall, dark, athletic, and oh so terrific! My roommate hasn't come yet. Apparently her name is "Doughnut" - I can't think why - but then.

The trip really was something. We all deserve the Congressional Medal of Honor for Service in the line!! Thanks muchly for putting me on and introducing me to Mrs. Grant - who's really very sweet, and not terrifying at all! I know you told me she wasn't but I just had butterflies in general. That's all to be taken for Grant-ed (pun - they tell me its the accepted form of humor here).

After running the length of the train and back again trying to find B-46, I was slightly - only slightly mind you "melted". I got on the train and after I'd waved goodbye, Mrs. Grant took me inside. I do mean inside. More twisting - kinda like a maze. Then the car - well I think that it was either an Old Troop Train or maybe a cattle car. Never saw so many long legs, arms and funny books before.

There was a tall blond - who I later found goes to Bryn Mawr (Bryn Moron) hmmmm! who was completely engrossed in a funny book. I talked to her for a while until something rather like a large bombshell came shrieking down the aisle. I thought there'd been a train wreck but it turned out to be a camper in distress. Can't figure out where they get all that wim, wiger and witality (Keene Oats) I suppose.

Behind me was a bunch of gals singing "Sue City Sue" at the top of their lungs. Cute gals too! And all from the Sooty City of Cincy.

The tall blond (who's a counselor) a cute brunette (who's another Aide) and I were back at the end of the car getting into our P. J.'s when the porter appeared out of the air. We were mightily embarrassed but it was too hot to blush. We all walked back to our seats and sat down. A very small girl with a frantic look on her face zoomed up and punched the dark Aide and said in a stage whisper "Which way's the John!!!"

At this point the porter was trying to make up the bunks - really there's nothing as amazing as those bunks!! Somehow the seats swung up around and through and made three layers - "pickle in the middle and the mustard on top." When I wrenched myself into the middle bunk I felt like the original ham sangwick. All I can say is thank goodness I wasn't wearing a girdle! Several people stepped in my face, and the same tall blond (who comes from Norway) seemed to be doing setting up exercises against my mattress. All was quiet for a while, then the gal above me decided she needs must away to the end of the car - sooo - she hopped around and my hair fell madly in love with the springs above my head and refused to be parted! Down came her shoes - they must have had cleats in them - Oh well, wounds heal soon in the fresh Maine air.

The gal clambered back and the whole car was dark, and still. I drifted off and began to think I was sailing on a cloud when the train forgot which way it was going, and couldn't decide which way it should go. Somebody shouted in my ear that we were in Providence. All the shades

flew up and there was a bunch of men outside the window. Somebody pulled down a window and said "Hubba hubba". Another gal whom they call P. U. (queer?) said "Hey buddy, what time ya got." She also sings a song I'd like to learn "Seven years with the wrong woman is more than any man can stand....".

After this things were pretty quiet but all the littlest cherubs got up awfully early. The first thing I heard was a southern voice saying something about "Poopatique something - or - other". M'goodness is that a new swearword or what!?

The train was supposed to get to Belgrade at 6:30, but what with its forgetting which way it was going, and all the rest, 7:30 came and 8:30 before we came in. It was all very exciting and Mrs. Grant had milk and fruit for us. I still can't figure out where it came from. Cows and fruit trees on the train, no doubt. I knew it was an amazing train.

When we came in dozens of people met us and everybody knew everybody else except me. What a place. I love it. Will write soon again.

Love,

Anna

Mrs. Grant says that someone had taken the bunk in which she intended sleeping, so she slept with third shack sprawled on each side of her and the very smallest next her. She awakened next morning to find a different person laid out on the next bed. Amazing train, maybe it belonged to a magician instead of cows, who can tell?

THE TRIP TO CAMP

The trip to camp was wonderful. It all started when we met at Grand Central Station in New York. When we all got there we walked and walked and walked. After getting to our car we all sat down in what looked like just plain seats, but later the porter turned each seat into three beds. After getting into pajamas and slippers we climbed all over the place, and a couple of us changed beds.

We didn't get to bed until about 10:30 and we kept waking up in the night and it was loads of fun because you could look up and down and see sleeping forms all around you.

When we woke up we got dressed, and were all ready to get off. Pretty soon we found out we were three hours late. We had oranges and milk on the train but we were still pretty hungry.

At long last we heard shouts from the old girls and we knew we were at Belgrade. We all got off and climbed into a couple of cars and started going. After a while we turned up a driveway that had a sign post beside it saying, Camp Runoia on it. We turned and drove a little bit and then stopped.

Everyone got out and started shouting and I knew we had reached our destination.

The End.

by

Gail Lovejoy

THE TRIP UP FROM NEW YORK

When I got to Grand Central Station it was about 6:30 and I was all excited about camp. There the time passed quickly because I was busy saying Hello's and How do you do's. I didn't notice the time until I heard Mrs. Grant say something about numbers. I soon found out that the numbers were the berth you were to sleep in. My number was 25. I soon learned that Winky and Janice were both near me and also someone named Barbara Werner whom I didn't know but who seemed quite nice. Then we started to follow the conductor and walked what seemed like hours. After a long time we got to the car that we were to go in. I was very excited and I think everyone else was too. We began to move about and find our berths. There was a great comotion. Soon we began to move. The porter came in and made the beds. Soon everyone had gotten undressed and into pix and into bed. But there were still people whispering, including me.

Early in the morning everyone was awake and dressed, just to learn that we were two or three hours late, which to everyone was a great disappointment. We finally got there and Johnny, Miss Shaffer, Ginger, Mr. Pond and a few others were there to greet us. They said that they had been waiting since 6:00.

When all the suitcases had been put in the truck we went. Soon we got to camp and I was glad. We met more people, said more Hello's and went to our shack, where we got out of dresses and into shorts, which were more comfortable I thought. I guess all the old girls were glad to be back and the new ones glad to be here.

All in all I think it was a wonderful trip and everyone remembered it.







THE OLD GIRLS' PARTY

It was the first Saturday Night in camp. The Old Girls had been practicing all day long. The New Girls had been told how wonderful Saturday Nights at camp were. Everybody was extremely excited. July sixth was the night. The sun had been shining all day and wouldn't it be a perfect ending to a beautiful day to have a party.

The poster had been made with dancing figures in the form of music notes. The poster said to dress from the neck up. Hum! Thought all the new girls. What shall we wear?

The ringing of the bell at seven-thirty came very quickly. First on the Program was the Runoia Chorus. They came in prancing. They wore camp shorts and suspenders in the form of an H. Must have been for Hillsdale. They also wore blue bows in their hair. They were very good.

Then came the parade. Third shack really looked fine. Lucy came as a donkey and Marsha as a squirrel. They were the paper bag twins. They certainly did look cute. Irene Empiricos, who is from Greece, came as a waste basket girl with ferns. She had quite a decorative hat. Janie Goodyear came as a Runoia counsellor. But she certainly had done her job with Mrs. Markham getting Third Shack off to a party.

Fourth shack had some very clever ideas. In fact one girl, Heather Joe, was really on the beam, wearing a lamp shade with flash light batteries. She won a well earned prize.

Bobbie Werner, from Glendale, came as a colored Mammy. What a job she and Johnny must have had getting the paint off that night. Gale came

as an Arab lady. She was really very hard to recognize, the way she had those towels swung around her head.

Next came fifth shack. They had two poor souls in Red's Second Shack Infirmary. What they missed! Mary Workum came as a plain worn out Runoia Camper. "Rickie" Goodrich came as a wild African native, with little pig tails all around her head. I hate to think what happened to Alice's rubber bands. Olga Empiricos came as a Runoia camper.

Sixth shack thought of everything. Dono and Texas came as twins. Dono wore a cute little, pert, red beanie atop her head - Texas, a hat (ten gallon) with ferns. To adorn this chipper big chapeau, she put on the Huntsville Prison Banner. She must have quite a few friends there. "Pugh" came as a small sized zoo and what a menagerie! Three little bears. She must have wanted to be a little bear and sing: "I wish I was a little bear. I'd hugsie and I'd squeeze everybody that I'd see-zee." Ann Milane came as a tennis girl. She wore tennis shoes and balls on a bathing cap.

About this time "Louie" could hear the excitement and wished she was there. Joan Bowman wore curlers and evergreens and a comb. This attire also was very cleverly thought up. "Stevie" came as an All-House Collector. Pots and pans began to bang and clang and cups to jingle as she paraded around. Just at the right moment when several people were standing before the judges, her alarm clock went off. I guess it still works as it goes off every morning ten minutes before first bell.

Anna Miles came as ~~Boo~~ Bear's Nightmare. A big teddy bear and a pair of rubber boots with many other things made her look very cute.

Next after the parade came Zeke and Zike. An old girl's party wouldn't be one without them. Barbara Warren and Ginger played this part. One man recommended turpentine for a horse who had the cholic. It killed his horse and his friend's, too.

Then Mary Ellen came out looking very pretty in a white evening dress with a green belt. Her hair on her head. She sang "What's the Use of Wonderin'". She really sang it perfectly beautifully. Her voice had such a lovely texture. Then came "Herman" with Barbara Warren and "Ricky". One did the acting, the other the talking in part play language and part English. It was quite amusing.

Next was the Hula. The girls came in swinging and swaying to motions of the palms. They danced around in a circle and then in a horse shoe and one person wove in and out like a crooked stick.

The Prison Scene was played by Mrs. Grant and Wendy. It was very good. Since it has been played a very few times by a camper, it was quite a treat.

The Pirates were played by campers this year. They all came searching and they saw a spot of blood and killed themselves. Mrs. Grant was the leader of the group and when it came her turn to fall she had to walk six corpses to make a graceful fall.

Last was the train scene. This poor girl who couldn't pay the rent was laid on a railroad track. The train came along chugging then the hero of

the story stepped in and saved her.

Afterwards we had a great deal of fun dancing the "Virginia Reel" and "Picking up Paw-paws" under Miss Shaefer's direction and "Weezy's" untiring efforts at the piano.

I'm sure everyone had a perfectly delightful time. It was so very much fun and such a wonderful start to Saturday Night parties.

By

Patsy Morrison

Fifth Shack

1946

THE ADVENTURES OF SUSIE SNUB

It was a windy afternoon in July, and as we sat around on our beds talking, there was a light step on the porch, which reminded me of the soft stamp of an elephant. Then an operatic voice boomed in the door, "Hullo! Anybody home? This is Susanna Bummy Snub! I'm new here!!"

After the echoes died away, we looked around and finally somebody called (I think it was Janie, since she had the best voice for that) and said we were in the back room. The screen door screeched with pain as it was thrown open and we peeked around the corner to see Susie. She was very round and very fully packed, but not so free and easy on the draw. Her legs were bowed and her eyes were crossed. "Hullo", she boomed, "Where do I go from here?"

Mary got up courage and she introduced herself and said we were just going swimming! "Swimmin! Geeeeee! Goody! By the way, what is it?" asked Susie, as she threw her bags on the floor with such force that the whole shack trembled.

Ricky bounced out of her room with her bathing suit half on and tried vainly to demonstrate to Susie how you swim, but Susie was too interested in Weesie (whom she called Weasal) because Susie said she looked so much like her aunt, who was a substitute bat boy on the Dodgers.

After much heaving and hauling, we pulled her things together and pushed her down toward the beach. "My mother always says, that if you can't swim do it anyway!" yelled Susie, in her genteel whisper. Then we met Mrs. Grant. Susie bellowed, "What do you do around here, anyway?"

Gardener or something?" We quickly pushed her into the water after that tactful remark and jumped in ourselves.

Walking up the hill after a hectic swim with dear little Susie, we stopped by sixth shack, and by a little mistake she waddled in. We waited expectantly outside when suddenly -

To be continued next week.

CONTINUATION - SUSIE SNUB

As we left our gal Susie, she had just waddled into the welcoming arms of sixth shack.

As we waited expectantly outside and waited and waited, somebody suggested that we go in and investigate!

We crept in and found Susie sitting on top of a little blonde creature with a pink bow in her yellow topknot. We broke up this tender embrace and asked Susie who the little girl was? "She's my twin sister, Silvia," yelled Susie. "Don't she look like me?" Well, we didn't want to hurt Susie's feelings, but I had never seen two people look so different. Silvia was small and frail and nervous. Susie was large and fat and anything but nervous. We told Susie they were spitting images of each other. Susie roared, "My sister never spits, See!!)

The days of summer slipped by very quickly and Susie went crashing through each day as if a mad bull was chasing her, while Silvia tripped gaily through chasing butterflies.

On the last day of camp as I was emerging from a tremendous pile of junk that I could not possibly stuff into my trunk, I heard sweet Susie crashing down to the shack. Silvia's voice: "Mom and Daddy are here to take us home." "They've brought dear old Professor Zanetti and sweet Constance!" This I gotta see, I said to myself, and hauling myself up, I was confronted by a picture of a nervous breakdown: "How do you do? I am so glad to meet you, I'm sure," stuttered Mrs. Snub. Turning around I

noticed a very fat man with an unnaturally red face and a pair of eyes that Loui would call "Yo Yo eyes", edging his arm around a sophisticated girl in a slinking black evening dress, which had a cocktail party droop. Mrs. Snub, "Herbert"! giving her red-faced husband a hearty slap! "Oh darling, I was just ---" wheezed her hubby. Constance: "Now, Mrs. Snub, don't scold sweet little Herbie "erbie." Turning to us girls, the slinky girl said: "How do you do?" We were all standing and gaping stupidly at this group of strange people when a suave little man in a black suit came bustling up. "How do you do? I am looking for the coperamus butterfly. Has it gone through here? No, No, it couldn't have. Excuse me!:" the Professor said, as he walked right out again.

In an hour the Snub's Ford (1916 model) gave a last, parting snort and disappeared over the hill. And I think I heard Suzie singing, but it might just have been Billy, whinying in the stable, who knows.

THE BOOTH BAY TRIP

It was Thursday evening. Fifth Shack was sitting by a warm glowing fire in the lodge toasting marshmallows. We were hustled off to bed with the promise of a wonderful surprise the next day.

We all woke up in wonderful spirits to have a misty morning greet us. "Weesie" told us we were going to Booth Bay Harbor. We were very excited and made our beds before breakfast. We were told we could go only if the station wagon was fixed. Our spirits dropped only for one moment, until we saw Harold come speeding in the driveway and stop quickly at the dining room, so we guessed it must be fixed by then.

Miss Shaefer was going to drive her car also. Mary Ellen drove the station wagon in the lead. First we went through Belgrade and passed the new school house. Next we went through Augusta. We saw the capitol which was very beautiful. Then we ran into the Kennebec River. The girls in Miss Shaefer's car were playing a game counting four legged animals. They all ganged up against "Ricky" when we got to Damariscotta. They had two hundred animals when we were parked in front of the Baptist Church in Damariscotta. Soon there was a lot of laughter from Miss Shaefer's car, as they heard a noise. Miss Shaefer got out and found it was a huge stick, which she stuck out of the window for the station wagon to see. We stopped to decide whether we wanted to drive to Pemaquid and take a boat ride to Booth Bay Harbor or go to Booth Bay and be back in time for the movie. We decided to go to Pemaquid. We could smell the fish as we neared the ocean and the salt air smelt wonderful.

We ate our picnic lunch at Pemaquid and visited Gilbert's Lobster Pond. We went into a fort that held the remains and what was supposed to be an exact replica of Fort William Henry. We also saw the skulls and knives,

cannon balls and helmets found underground. The history of the pirate attacks was very thrilling. From the top you could see the ocean and it was quite rough.

Ginger asked the lady in charge of selling tickets for the boat ride if the boat was leaving. She said it hadn't gone on the morning ride because it was too rough but if she thought nobody would get seasick he'd take the afternoon ride. So Ginger got the tickets. We started out sitting in the stern. The boat rolled from side to side. We passed the Goodyear's farm, Then Jean Bobis saw an island that she thought could possibly be Dr. Fosdick's Island, Mouse Island, but the man in charge told her it was Fisherman's Island, also a property of Dr. Fosdick's. It looked like it would be hard to reach by boat. Then we saw Mouse Island dead ahead.

As we came into Booth Bay Harbor we saw a sail boat race. They looked as if they would tip over any moment as they were sailing practically on their sides. The sails were all white with the boats green, blue, orange, and yellow. Andy said she wished so much she could be in the race. Each boat neatly passed each other until one reached the finish line without an accident!

As we were about to land it looked like a painting of a village harbor. There were the cottages by the sea and a big brown church with golden crosses. There were yachts sitting out in the harbor. There was one very beautiful boat anchored in the harbor called the "Miss Jean" from New York.

We stayed in Booth Bay Harbor until four o'clock. We went in lots of gift shops with weird names like the "Smiling Cow" and "The Dragon".

After everybody had gotten something for their best pal, a lobster pin and had eaten some ice cream we started back to the boat.

When we were all on we suddenly realized Judy was missing and we had two minutes to find her. We all yelled and she came running and told us she had gotten the last LIFE magazine in Booth Bay Harbor. Miss Shaefer went to look for it with no success, so Jean Bobis went into one store after another bumping into each store clerk, asking them for gum with no success. On the way back quite a few of us laid on the bow deck.

"Oogie" went to sleep as the boat swayed from side to side and the waves dashed against the side of the boat. My, what a sleep she must of had. We ate our dinner at Pemaquid in Gilbert's Lobster Pound. We all had a wonderful dinner of either lobster and clams or sirleim steak. On the way back we saw a lot of bonfires. When we passed through Augusta we saw the capitol all lighted up like a grand castle above the city. We went by a one room school house where they were having square dancing. We got back at nine o'clock after a lovely trip we all enjoyed very much and will always stand out in our memories as one of the best times at Runois this summer.

By

Patsy

Morrison

THE PICNIC HAYRIDE

The sun was shining brightly on the evening of August fourteenth. The clear blue sky with few clouds made the evening look very promising. A wonderful looking hay wagon drew up in front of the dining room with two healthy looking horses to pull it. One of the horses was lame. He was white and only eight years old. The other, named Bill, was a beautiful brown horse, twenty-two years old.

We passed the first haunted house and said our best regards to "Bengy" the ghost who inhabits that estate. As the wagon rambled on bumpety, bump, bump, people jumped out and walked behind. We sang a great deal "We've got sixpence." As we turned the corner it looked as if the girls marching behind were attached to the wagon.

We all got out at the top of the hill and rushed up. There was some poison ivy but nobody got it. We were all very hungry, and eagerly got into line. We were served two sandwiches and some salad, milk and green grapes. Doughnuts, also! Three in number apiece. What a feast. The counselors sat on a certain nice high rock. Further down fourth shack had a nice flat private rock reserved. After everybody had eaten their fill we all decided to go for a walk.

Down the hill on the dirt road we started. The view was lovely. You could see the sunset which was a very pink lovely color. Off in the distance could be seen the surrounding mountain ranges pointing straight upward. The green pastures added to this lovely view that looked so much like a painting.

At the foot of the hill was a barn with hay. It was fun to come through with all the hay. We all climbed up to the top of another short hill. The children had the intention of rolling down but not the

counselors in charge, Ginger and Andy. So quite a few got together and rolled Ginger down the hill because Andy said she would if Ginger did. It was the most fun because you'd start rolling and you couldn't stop when you got to the bottom. You were dizzy, but Oh, what fun.

Fourth shack and a few others found a pit which was all sandy. It was very thrilling and scary to jump off the top and fall into a nice soft pile of sand and mud. You felt just as if you were a Parachute trooper and then you'd land plop! Flat on the sand. After we had all rolled and jumped to our hearts content we walked back up the hill. We got into the hay wagon and came back. It was very thrilling and we all enjoyed it very much.

By

Patsy Morrison

THREE THOUSAND FEET UP

The Secret of sixth shack was finally disclosed on the morning of July 17, 1946.

"The lucky stiff!" exclaimed Perry, as sixth shack sauntered up the path to breakfast in their jeans and plaid shirts. "They're going to Tumbledown."

When they were ready to leave, Ginger calmly came up to four of us telling us we were going too. The expressions of the stay-at-homes suddenly changed to gleeful surprise.

"Us?" we exclaimed in chorus. Finally after much hustle and bustle we were herded into Johnny's car and the station wagon.

We started off with a bounce! The familiar sights of Belgrade Lakes and Camp Abena soon passed out of sight. The sixty mile jaunt turned out to be only fifty-two, but Johnny said that was near enough and anyway sixty sounded much better.

We all tumbled out at the bottom of "tumbledown" and ate our paper-bag lunches at the bottom. The lunch consisted of two sandwiches, a hard boiled egg, a plum and a hershey bar to last us all the way up.

The long trip upward started and mile after mile we climbed. (At least we thought so.) Every once in a while we stopped for our source of energy - wheaties, I mean Hersheys.

Half way up we were singing "Nearer My God To Thee" with Johnny's ending, "under the bed;" which had us in stitches.

As we trudged up the last half (on all fours) we heard cries from behind. "Water! Water!" "Oh, my weak heart!" These exclamations came from Pugh and Tex.

We finally got to the top only to find that the lake for which we hunted was in a valley down the other side. A few of us went down and found

the lake most divine for dipping and not full of leaches as we had thought. That water was just wonderful! Just as we were preparing to jump in, two boys and a girl came ambling down the rocks. "Don't get excited," said Johnny as Fugh and Tex dashed for their blouses and as Dene hastily put on her halter. We talked for a while and then they went on their way.

Those who had stayed on top went back down to quench their thirst with the cool water from a stream at the foot of the mountain because they didn't want to go down to the lake. The others met them in half an hour at the stream. We all cleaned up and then went to Farmington for supper. It was a very nice place where we ate. We had chicken, potatoes, beans, iced tea and apple pie for dessert.

When we all got back home we felt most tired but happy at being the first to climb Tumbledown in "46".

By Perry Flynt and Molly Machle

HORSE POINT

All of fifth shack except for Perry and Molly went on an overnight trip to Horse Point.

We left after rest-hour with Mrs. Grant and Bobbie Warren.

When we arrived we found that some people were living beyond where we were staying and Mrs. Grant went to ask permission for us to camp there.

They said it was okay.

Afterwards we unrolled our packs.

Then we went for a "skinny dip" which was just loads of fun. We stayed in for the longest time, it seemed.

By the time we were dressed it was time for supper. We had a very good supper, consisting of tomatoes, canned peas, hot dogs, an orange, one cookie, a Hershey, of course, and milk.

After the dishes were washed we went paddling.

On the way back it was moonlight and it was very pretty.

When we got back we went for a "skinny dip" in the moonlight.

Then we got into our pajamas and roasted marshmallows. While we were roasting them someone dropped a hot good one all over my pajamas.

After that we went to bed.

Jeannie and I were all by ourselves while the rest of them were all crowded out on the point.

In the morning we had a very good breakfast and I ate 13 pieces of toast.

After the dishes were done we packed up and left.

On the way home we stopped at Oak Island and went for a dip.

Then we came home.

Ricky

AN EXCITING NIGHT

The shrill tinkle of a bell broke the stillness of the evening. That was the signal for the fifth shack play to begin. Everybody was very excited and especially fifth shack. We had all worked so long and hard to learn our parts. We prayed it was going to be a success. Now we were all made up and dressed and ready to begin.

The tragic moment had arrived. Our hearts were in our throats and everybody began forgetting their parts. The operetta came first.

Oogie was dressed as a ghost and set the mood. Perry followed. She was the main feature of the play and the murderess was Roseabelle. Mary was the bellboy and Molly was the maid. Jeannie was the funny feature, a big fat detective who fell in love with the murderess. Another funny feature was Polly Piker, a noisy neighbor who was played by Judy. It turned out to be a success.

Thank goodness it was finished. Now we did not have to worry any more about forgetting our lines. But it wasn't all over, we still had the Red Camp play, which was the hardest. The people that had played in the operetta had to quickly change their costumes and wipe off their makeup. There was a great rush and noise till every one was all fixed up again, and the second play was all ready to begin.

The story was about an old aunt that lived with her niece and nephew. She was very strict and would not let her niece marry the man she was in love with because he was not rich enough. And she would not let her nephew go for a journey by himself. She treated him like a baby. But it happened that there was a good luck lamp in the house which the

children's father had brought from South America.

This lamp had never been lit before. One night this lamp was lit by Aunt Matilde to be a signal to the neighbor that she was ready to come over and see her. This haunted lamp brought good luck to that house and everything turned out well. The niece got married and the nephew went on his journey.

Everybody seemed to enjoy this play very much. And we enjoyed giving it. It was lots of fun. We all gave a big cheer for Weesie and Dono, who had taken so much trouble to teach us the plays, and then after having taken our refreshments, we all went to bed to dream of the exciting day we had had.

- Merlin

OVERHEARD AT CAMP RUNOIA

"I'm thinking of a number between one and three, " says Lucy.

"Two," calls out someone at the table, who wished the delicacy which was being raffled.

"Wait until I think of my number", says Lucy, indignantly.

And then there are those rare stories which have been blown up to astounding proportions in a short time.

Time: After a Saturday night play.

Place: Fourth Shack.

Dialogue: Camper, bursting into Andy's room, "Come quick, there are five sail boats blown on the rocks and Cathy Fugh dove off to rescue a boat and hit her head on a rock and she has a concussion."

The audience may use its imagination on the embellishments that Fourth Shack gave to that story the next morning.

Latest hint on a method of collecting the belongings which you have heedlessly left around during the summer. It is packing day in Fourth Shack.

Janice: "Please look at everything you put in your trunks, kids, to be sure it is your own. I'm doing it."

Winky: "Yeah, kids, do that so we'll be sure and get back all our own things, won't you? It might not be important to you if you have something that belongs to someone else, but it might matter a lot to the other person. Here Janice, this is your T-shirt which Andy found on the porch."

Janice: "Oh, thank you so much, Winky."

Gail: "Gee, it's the first time I've ever heard you two be nice to each other. I'm certainly glad to know that Trunk Day has made you that way."

Music was the topic of discussion. One young lady said she could play a piece called "From the Wigwam". "How does it go?" asked an interested counsellor. "Oh, I don't know." "Well, hum it", said the counsellor. "I can't hum it," said the girl, "I play it with two hands."

Now then, what is your favorite story of the summer?

FOURTH SHACK'S TRIP TO LORD'S SHORE

It all started Friday afternoon after rest hour. Mrs. Grant came to fourth shack and told us to come out on the porch as she wanted to tell us something. Everyone's curiosity was aroused, so we hurried out to see what was up. Mrs. Grant said that we were going to stay over night on Lord's Shore. Hurrahs and yippees were heard throughout the shack.

We threw the covers off our beds and got out our packs. Of course, everyone was going on a picnic there, but we didn't think about that.

When we got to Lord's Shore, we went to the haunted house. At first there appeared to be ghosts in there, but we found out that it was just two people in there. We went down to where we were to eat. Fifth came with the War Canoe. Jane Haller tried to catch them but shipped so much water they couldn't and they all came out with wet dungarees.

Soon the picnic was over and we were all glad everyone had left, when we started to look for a good place to sleep. We had already found one place but were not satisfied with it because it was too mosquitoie - so we looked for another. Nancy, Linda, Janice, Emmy and myself found one near the Lake and Bobby, Joe, Eleanor, Gail and Winky found one a little way's from the haunted house. Mrs. Grant said that we could sleep in the place we wanted to.

After we had unrolled our packs, we went to the fire, had a skinny dip and then came back and sat down by the fire and had candy and cookies. They were a real treat.

We soon went back to where we were to sleep rolled up in our packs and went to sleep.

TWO SURPRISES

The Log

Right after supper one evening Johnny came in Linda's and Nancy's room and right in the greatest dramatic scene which we were re-enacting from "The Spanish Main", she announced that everyone should get on their camp uniforms and that only fourth shack was going. What? Where? And how? were the questions being poured out. Of course not one at a time but everyone at once.

We raced into our clothes and Eleanor started to clean her saddle shoes and I tried to follow her example, but in the middle of diligently applying the polish I spilled it and foolishly tried to clean it up. After the spot expanded to what seemed a hundred times its natural size, I ran after Linda and Nancy, who tried hard to save me a place away from Winky's crawling catapillars.

I climbed into the car and it started off. Passing Maffay's the song "Sackketa Maffay Pierces" echoed and re-echoed through the car. Then we immediately stopped as we turned in the driveway of the Pierces. Then the object of our talking was teasing Emmy about Timmy and she grinned and said nothing. Then Mrs. Grant said from the driver's seat we were going to see the Pierces' puppies.

When we stopped the car, Berry rushed up barking and watched us with excited eyes. We walked down the hill and into the house. We were greeted by Timmy and Doug and they took us in to see the pups.

Winky insisted right then and there she was going to write her mother and see if she could buy it and take the pup back to Cincy. (By the way, the letter has not arrived as yet.)

Mrs. Grant then said, "Now we must go, girls." And we were glad there were two surprises. Mrs. Grant then chose the road to Belgrade Lakes and off we started. When we arrived there, Mrs. Grant told us to pile out, which we did.

Johnny and Mrs. Chambers were there to meet us and we went into a store to have sundaes. After we were through we went down on the shore of Long Lake and saw the most beautiful sunset I have ever seen. Behind a mountain one lone beam shot forth and through clouds of a million thousand colors.

After that we ran back to the car and drove back to camp.

FOURTH SHACK'S MIDNIGHT TRIP TO MT. PHILLIP

Yea! Whoopee! Oh Boy! Those were only a few of the many echoing cries that came from fourth and third shack. We were going to Mt. Phillip. That thought in itself was enough to make anyone happy - but at night! Well, that sent us into an uproar. I pitied the counsellors who had to calm us down. But finally after hunting for the sock that you had lent to someone a few weeks ago, and looking for your sneakers, we got off. In the car we did the usual things, played games, talked, etc.. Then we got to the place where we were to start to climb.

Immediately we all started to try to get into first, second and third places. After that was settled we started to climb. When we got started, all the old girls who had climbed it last year began to recall all the different places. Only it looked rather different.

Then we got to the top. For awhile everyone sat down and rested but not for long. Soon everybody was going through Kinkabas Cave, and different things like that. And when Johnny and Mrs. Grant said it was time to start down, everyone was sorry. Then came the real fun, because you couldn't see where you were going. Once we went off the path. Bobby remarked, "Are we lost -- I hope?" and to Johnny's "no", she said sadly "Oh".

When we got down we stopped in Belgrade Lakes and had an ice cream cone. After that we went home. All in all I think it was a wonderful trip.

The End.

FOURTH SHACK ON THE RAFT

- Bobby Werner

Just before we went down to swimming, Linda asked me for a safety pin because her suit was too loose. I didn't have one, so we went on down to swimming.

Today we were to have the raft and everyone was excited because only fourth shack was to have it. Then it started!

Janice: "Hey, that's my face your foot's in."

Eleanor: "Oh, I'm sorry."

Nancy: "Let go of my neck."

Winky: "Whose neck?"

Nancy: "My neck. Let go!"

Winky: "Okay"

"Oh! Oh! Linda lost something!"

Gail: "Come on Wendy, let's tip it over so we can get a good place on it."

Wendy: "Okay."

Splash! Everyone went off and Gail and Wendy got a good place in the middle, with Eleanor smack on the top!

Then Mrs. Grant said we had to divide into two groups because there were too many on it.

Horses

Horses are nice things,

But some are mean too.

Some have funny names, and some

Their names are like Boy or Sue!

I like the horse named Sue,

Because she is black and white.

But I like Boy better

Because he loves to fight!

- Jane McLester

DOGS

Dogs are funny things,

Because they have a tail and two ears.

Some are brave

And they never have any fears!

Some are black and white,

And some are brown.

I wish I had a dog

To take into town!

Once I saw a black one,

And he was in a fight,

And then the fight was over.

He was a very bad sight!

- Jane McLester

FOURTH SHACK BEFORE BED.

Andy: "Get in bed so I can read."

Bobby: "Andy, help me fit my puff."

Wendy: "Oooff! Who's under my bed?"

Emmy: "Don't blow up it's just me."

Gail: "Janice, get in bed."

Janice: "Okay, okay. Don't rush me. - Linda!"

Winky: "Give me stuffy."

Joe: "Bobby, play jacks after you clean your room tomorrow."

Linda: "I'm coming, Janice. Don't get excited."

Nancy: "If Linda goes, I go to."

Andy: "Get in bed!"

Janice: "I'm getting in."

Linda: "Well, hurry up."

Janice: "Oh!! A pic bed!"

Laughter

Nancy: "Ha! Ha!"

Bobby: "Let's see how it feels."

Gail: "After her."

Emmy: "Let me see."

Janice: "The line forms to the left."

- Gail Lovejoy

Fifth - August 6th.

TUNE - MAC NAMARROW'S BAND

Bobby Werner, Jo Taferner, Wendy Sorenson

We started out upon our way

Em's pack upon her back.

And then we came upon a man who

Asked us to help him hay.

We told him maybe some other day.

And then we went our way,

To find a spot we thought

Would fill the bill.

Up and down and underneath we walked

And climbed all ways.

And then we came upon a dock

And took a skinny dip.

And then we scrambled up again

And continued on our trip.

We started unrolling our packs that night.
You ought to have seen them.
They were really a fright.
We tried to get in them
And came out the ends.
And when we got out
They were full of bends.
We went down for a dip underneath the moon.
And it seemed to me we had to come out much to soon.
We sat around the fire
Eating and singing.
The mosquitoes were awful
And they felt like stinging.
We started up the path
That seemed so steep.
Then we rolled up in our packs
And went to sleep.

- Gail Lovejoy

FOURTH SHACK IN CRAFT

Mrs. Grant said, "Fourth has craft."

It sounds something like this.

"Shelly, will you help me with my plaque?"

"Yes". "You put these one inch apart all the way around."

"Shelly, will you untangle the thread on my pocket book?"

"Yes." "My goodness, how did you get into such a mess?"

"Shelly, are these alright for my hat?"

"Yes." A pause while every one works industriously, then, "Shelly, may I be first to have my paper printed?"

"Yes."

"Shelly, may I make a bug?"

"Yes, if you have a pin." Another pause, and, "Shelly, may I make this?"

"No, it's been spoken for."

"Shelly, my weaving's a mess will you help me?"

"Yes." A minute later.

"Shelly, please put my tile in the acid?"

"Just a minute." Two minutes later.

"Shelly, help me with my bug?"

"Just a moment."

"Shelly, may I doodle with these pastelles?"

"Um, you'll find paper in the cabinet."

Fifteen or twenty minutes later - "Shelly, is it time for swimming?"

"Yes, go and put your suits on."

The End.

- Linda

DEBY'S VISIT

One day I was walking up the path from craft. Then I heard Mrs. Grant calling me over to sixth shack porch to see Mrs. Potter and her niece, Deby. I went over and Mrs. Grant told Joanie and me to take Deby to the shack. When I got there I was surprised to find out that Deby was going to room with me. Just then second bell rang and we all went to supper. That evening third shack gave "The Crystal Slipper." After the play we had refreshments and folk dancing.

Sunday morning was warm and sunny and Deby kept asking when it would be time to go swimming. Finally it was, and we had a fine long swim. In the afternoon everybody went out on the lake and had another swim.

Monday morning I went riding and Deby went sailing. We started Junior Sport Week by having a game of Kick Ball.

In the evening we had a moonlight paddle. Deby and I went in the War Canoe.

Tuesday morning Deby had to pack up and go. We hope she is here next year. It was fun to have her visit us.

Written by

Lucy Guthrie

YES OR NO?

When we wake up in the morning the first thing we hear,
Is "May we go for a dip" ringing in our ear.
But usually the answer from Andy is "No"
And all the kids are filled with woe.
But Johnny says that it is too cold
And maybe the bad weather will not hold.
So all of us look forward to another nice day
So that Johnny's "Yes" will be the say.

Bobby Werner

Shack 4

LUCY'S MYSTERIOUS NIGHT

Janie or Mrs. Markam have just finished reading. All is quiet, at least until Janie comes in. The first thing she hears is mysterious sounds from Lucy's room. By this time Lucy had wakened some of us up and there were lots of sh's and hushes and Janie goes in and quiets her. All is quiet again until about one o'clock. Lucy begins to cry again. This time Mrs. Markam went in and said, "Lucy, are you awake?" "Yes, Mommy", she replied. But she made funny noises as if she wasn't, so Mrs. Markam asked, "Are you asleep?" "Yes, Mommy," Lucy answered. About five o'clock in the morning Lucy decides she has to go to the bathroom. She starts out for pix but changes her mind and starts back to her room. But making a mistake, she goes into a different room. She crawls into the wrong end of the bed and to her surprise she feels two feet. A little shocked, she sits up and looks around. She sees two windows and in her room there is only one. Seeing the porch from one window, she decides she is not in her own room. She gets out of bed and walks back to her own room.

The next morning she comes in our room and says, "Janie, do you know what? I was in your bed last night."

Janie says, "So, is that why my bed is so messy."

"Yes, that's why," Lucy said.

The End.

- Tipper

FOURTH SHACK WHILE GETTING READY FOR SUPPER

Gail: Please hang out my bathing suit, Linda, and I'll hang out yours tomorrow.

Linda: No! I'm not going to fall for that stuff. I'm much too smart.

Wendy: I tell you what, Winkie.

Winkie: What?

Wendy: Oh, nothing.

Emmie: Whose got my picture of Roy Rogers?

(No answer)

Emmie: I said, whose got my picture of Roy?

Janice: Oh, I used that to wipe up the pix floor.

Emmie: Oh, you nincompoop.

(She runs to get the remains of Roy)

Jo: Johnnie, has first bell rung yet? I haven't even started to dress.

Nancy: Lindy, have you seen my undershirt? Oh, here - there they are in the waste paper basket.

Winkie: Oh, phooy.

Jo: Johnnie, has first bell rung yet?

Johnnie: It's going now.

Everyone: First Bell.

The End.

By

Janice Vaughan

THE NIGHT I GOT IN THE WRONG BED

One night I was cold so I started to get under the covers, but I decided not to. I could see Emmy Graf's light as usual, but the windows were different. So I decided I might be in somebody else's bed. I sat up and looked around for a few minutes. Then for the first time I noticed the porch, so I thought I must be in Jane McLester's bed.

I got up and went back to my own bed.

Lucy Guthrie

"THE LOST BATTALION"

By the Same

Down the road five campers travelled.

Three with axes, two with clippers.

Off to clear the new-found ghost trail.

Clear a trail to reach Abena.

Many birches lay before us,

Blocked the path with bushy branches,

So we chopped and clipped with rigor,

Unaware that two companions

Strayed away the wrong direction.

Turning back we all decided

To attempt a short way homeward.

Thicker and thicker were the bushes,

As we lost the path completely.

Finally Barbie climbed a pine tree.

Said she saw an apple orchard,

With low hills far in the distance.

But we said that we heard voices

In the opposite direction.

So we started walking towards them.

Thought we soon would find the road there.

But, instead, we hit a wet spot

And another tree was climbed.

Now we saw the lake before us.

So we waded boldly onward,

Through the swamp to find the shore line.

Mud was crawling up our pant legs

And our shoes were squishing water.

Then said Ginger, "Poison Ivy".

That must mean we're near the lake shore.

So we climbed a few more hillocks,

Soon to find the roaring water.

Then we plodded - water, knee-deep,

By the shore to Chester Thwing's,

Where we came upon the camp road,

And bedraggled, straggled homeward.

Tired and wet but still excited

Over our most dread adventure.

FIRST SUPPER RIDE - July 15

TUNE - TROLLEY SONG

Cleo Rothenberg, Reba Benedict, Perry Flynt

Clop, clop, clop went the horses;
Bounce, bounce, bounce went our seats;
Tweet, tweet, tweet went the whistle;
And we stopped at Lord's shore for our eats.

SECOND - July 19

TUNE - DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

Anna Miles, Cathy Pugh, Tex Ledbetter

We packed our food and started out
Deep in the heart of Belgrade.
The clouds said rain without a doubt
Deep in the heart of Belgrade.
We ate our lunch on a loggin' road
Deep in the heart of Belgrade.
When we got off our legs were bowed
Deep in the heart of Belgrade.
The horses yearned for our return
Deep in the heart of Belgrade.
The dust flew off the road we burned
Deep in the heart of Belgrade.
Back by Taps it is all done
Deep in the heart of Belgrade.
We were all dead tired but it was fun.
Deep in the heart of Belgrade.

Third - July 26th

Tune - Camptown Races

Ann McLane, Jean Bobis, Elizabeth Goodrich

The Runoia riders sang this song.

Dooda, Dooda.

As we cantered gaily on.

Ah Dooda Day.

The sun was hot and the breeze was cool.

Dooda, Dooda.

At the thought of food we began to drool.

Ah Dooda Day.

Chorus: Goin' to ride all day, Goin' to ride all night.

We bet our money on a sleepless night.

Oh, Don't you think we're right.

As we trotted on our way.

Dooda, Dooda.

We came upon Mr. Scribner's babe.

Ah, Dooda Day.

When we passed a pasture green.

Dooda, Dooda.

We saw a cow - the first Ann's seen.

Ah, Dooda Day.

Chorus: Goin' to ride all day, Goin' to ride all night.

Then Emmy found a meadow fine.

Dooda, Dooda.

We tied our horses in a line.

Ah, Dooda Day.

We found out 'twas a logging road.

Dooda, Dooda.

Because they passed us with their load.

Ah, Dooda Day.

Chorus: Goin' to ride all day, Goin' to ride all night.

Ricky almost lost her pants.

Dooda, Dooda.

But they were held up by the ants.

Ah, Dooda Day.

The bugs and flies did urge us on.

Dooda, Dooda.

Hope to get back before the dawn.

Ah, Dooda Day.

Chorus: Goin' to ride all day, Goin' to ride all night.

Oh, when Jeanie tickled her hoss.

Dooda, Dooda.

That made Billy begin to cuss.

Ah Dooda Day.

When Handy tried to jump a ditch.

Dooda, Dooda.

Ricky almost dropped a stitch.

Ah, Dooda Day.

Chorus: Goin' to ride all day. Goin' to ride all night.

We returned with the setting sun.

Dooda, Dooda.

We had troubles, but, oh, what fun.

Ah Dooda Day.

We hope you've enjoyed our song.

Dooda, Dooda.

Now we'll have to say so long.

Ah, Dooda Day.

Chorus: Goin' to ride all day. Goin' to ride all night.

FOURTH, AUGUST 5TH

TUNE - SHU FLY PIE

Judy Merlin, Patsy Morrison, Winkie Martin

We started out late but ready.

So we kept our horses going steady,

Until we came upon an eating place

And tied our horses in an open space.

After lunch we wandered around

And found a house that was burned

to the ground.

We followed a board walk to the lake

And wanted to go dipping - but too late.

We didn't get back until dark,

But we were all happy as four larks.

FOURTH - SUPPER RIDE, AUGUST 12TH.

Cathy, Cleo, Patsy

TUNE - THREE BLIND MICE

The horses were feeling fine

As we trotted through the pine.

Once when we turned around

We saw Cathy on the ground.

We proceeded to slacken our pace

As we passed Elizabeth Arden's place.

We tied our horses and stuffed our face.

We all had fun!

FIRST MEADOWBROOK TRIP SONGS (Tune of "Personality")

You take a blue canoe

Perhaps a pack or two

And what you do then is easy to see.

We're off upon the water,

The tripping campers we.

We may go up a stream,

We may go 'cross a lake

(It even stuck up on top of a tree.)

It doesn't matter really

To tripping campers we.

You take a warm sun and a cool breeze

Some firelight and pine trees

And lots of food, if you please.

Do you know? We know.

There's nothing like a jaunt

With different lakes to haunt,

So won't you listen to us

Hear our plea

Because we know what fun is

The tripping campers we.

RADIO PROGRAMS

Counsellors and campers of Runoia, tonight I am going to bring you my version of Radio Serials.

Shall we go?

All right, the first program - "Life Can Be Beautiful."

Music: announcer: Ahem! Ladies and Gentlemen, today we'll find out what has happened to Sally.

Music:

Sally: "John."

John: "Yes."

Music: Announcer: And so we bring you another program of "Life Can Be Beautiful." "Will Grandma die? Is Sally going to divorce Tim? Was Uncle Don killed in battle? Did Rosemary shoot her husband? Tomorrow, hear another startling event brought to you by Johnson's Paint Brushes. And remember, "Life Can Be Beautiful."

Music:

Announcer: "The time now is 11:55, and now "Ma Jones":

Music:

Announcer: "Ma Jones!:"

Ma: "Bob, did you have something to tell me?"

Bob: "Ma - er - Janie and I are married!"

A crack of music, then the announcer:

"What will happen. What will Ma Jones do? Tune in tomorrow and you will find out. This program is brought to you by "TOASTY WOASTIE CHEERY FLAKES."

Music:

THE END.

Dedicated to: Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Markham, Mrs. Warren,
Mrs. Crittenden, Mrs. Gleason, Mrs. Williams.

NOW WE ARE SIX

When we were wed,
We always said,
It's forever, you know.
(The Book said so.)
We took our vows,
But decided to browse
For a while each year
In a camping career.
Believe it or not,
We've found a spot,
Where husbands and wives
Lead separate lives.

As the neighbors all say,
"Where's your wife to-day?"
Husbands groan "painflee",
"She's paddling, you see."
She says I'm to figger
It's good for her figger.
I'm trying to be reasonable
For it's only seasonable,
Still - I'm wiring the camp
To tell Mrs. Grant
We can only be friends
When this camping ends."

THE RUNOIA PLAYERS.

SIXTH SHACK
PRESENTS

NEW SCHOOL OF WIVES.

Mr. Dunlap - - - - -	J. Bowman
Mrs. Dunlap - - - - -	A. MacLane
Laura, the maid - - - - -	B. Warren
Ellen Dunlap - - - - -	K. Pugh
Roberta Vance - - - - -	A. Miles
Cecile Pendleton - - - - -	S. Poor
Harriet Schofield - - - - -	C. Rothenberg
Warren Price - - - - -	J. Rickard

The Dunlap's Living Room.
Time: the present.

WORLD WITHOUT MEN.

Millette - - - - -	A. MacLane
Miss Wisper - - - - -	J. Rickard
Madame Pavel - - - - -	D. Chambers
	and J. Bowman
Mrs. Smith - - - - -	M. Morris
Mrs. Jones - - - - -	K. Pugh
Mrs. Robinson - - - - -	S. Poor
Mrs. Brown - - - - -	B. Warren

Madame' Pavel's Morning Room.
Time: the Present.

Saturday
August 17th 1946.

Fifth Shack presents

Cast

Rosabelle	- - - - -	- Perry Flynt
Bell-boy	- - - - -	- Mary Workum
Sherlock Fletcher Wallace Brown,	- - - - -	
the Detective,	- - - - -	- Jean Bobbs
Mary, the Maid	- - - - -	- Molly Marble
Polly, Piker, the Neighbor	- - - - -	- Judy Merlin
Corpse	- - - - -	- Jane Holler

by

Hilliard Booth

Cast

Matilda Deering - - - - - Patsy Morrison
Harold Deering, her nephew - - - - - Jean Bobis
Alice Deering, Harold's sister - - - - - Mary Workum
Archie Clarke, a young lawyer - - - - - Elizabeth Goodrich
Bill Worth, a man of all trades - - - - - Jane Holler
Annie O'Shane, a maid at the Deering's - - - - - Alice Markham

Synopsis

Act I: Living Room of the Deering house; in a suburb of New York

Act II: The same, ten minutes later.

Time: An evening of the present.

Saturday
July 20 1946.

THE RUNOIA PLAYERS

THIRD SHACK PRESENTS:

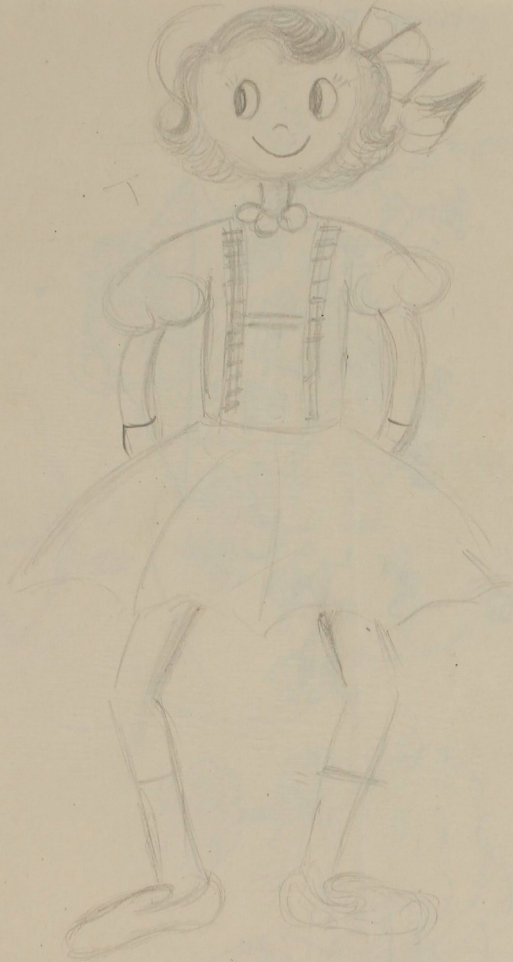
THE CRYSTAL SLIPPER

Cast:

Cinderella	- - - - -	Joan Tipper
Stepmother	- - - - -	Irene Embiricos
Emilia	- - - - -	Jane McLester
Nanette	- - - - -	-Emily Ann Craig
Godmother	- - - - -	-Lucy Guthrie
Prince	- - - - -	Joyce Kettaneh
Page	- - - - -	-Gail Lovejoy
Guests	- - - - -	-Wendy Sorenson,
		Eleanor Lanning, Lynne Martin.

Scene: the garden in back of Cinderella's house.
Time: the morning after the third ball.

August 10, 1946.

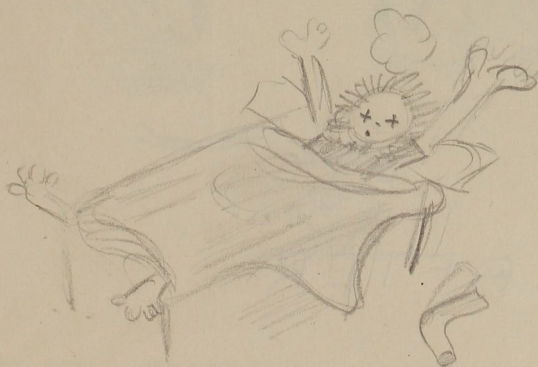


BEFORE

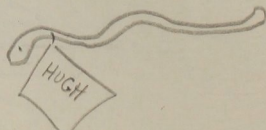
CAMP RUNOIA



Honor Your Partner all



RUNOIA CAMPERS DREAM



AFTER



WAKING UP PT MERRYWEATHER (Meadow Brook)

THE PINE TREE SOCIETY FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN, INC.

166 MAIN STREET, FAIRFIELD, MAINE



OBJECTIVES: — LEGISLATION — EDUCATION — RECREATION — REHABILITATION

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August 27, 1946

Mrs. Grant, Director
Camp Runois
Belgrade Lakes
Belgrade, Maine

Dear Mrs. Grant:

We sincerely appreciate the use of your movie projector in Pine Tree Camp this summer. It was a nice experience for the campers and helped to round out their program. We think it was very fine of you to cooperate with us and give us the use of the projector whenever we requested it.

The last time we had the projector here the sound apparatus did not function. We took it to Waterville for repair, paid the bill, and asked then to have the projector delivered to you. We have had no communication about the return of the projector so it is assumed that it was returned to you in good repair.

Thanking you again for your nice gesture, I remain

Sincerely yours,

Frederick S. Eyster
Frederick S. Eyster
Camp Director

ANAGRAMS

Third Shack

Mrs. Markam - M.A.M. - Memories Arouse Merrymment
 Jane Lucia Goodyear - J.L.G. - Just Lines Graciously
 Emily Ann Craig - E.A.C. - Eats All Candy
 Irene Embricos - I.E. - Immensely Entertaining
 Lucy Lanning Guthrie - L.L.G. - Lively Little Gremlin
 Joyce Ellen Kettaneh - J.E.K. - Just Everybody's Kid
 Jane Garry McLester - J.G.M. - Jolly Good Merrymaker
 Joan Tipper - J.T. - Jolly Teaser

Fourth Shack

Jane Eleanor Lanning - J.E.L. - Jacks Everlastingly Loves
 Gail Howell Lovejoy - G.H.L. - Good Hearty Laugh
 Lynne Martin - L.M. - Little Moron
 Wendy Louise Sorenson - W.L.S. - Wants Long Swim
 Linda Jane Stauffer - L.J.S. - Lively Jumping Stallion
 Heather Jo Taerner - H.J.T. - Has Jolly Tricks
 Nancy Van Voorhis - N.V. - Nobody's Vessel
 Janice Louise Vaughan - J.L.V. - Joins Linda Vivaciously
 Barbara Werner - B.W. - Bubbles Wonderfully
 Emmy Bissell Warren - E.B.W. - Everlastingly Blue
 Worshipper

Andi Bryne - A.B. - Abhors Blondie
 Marion Rachel Johnson - M.R.J. - Mothers Restless Juveniles

Fifth Shack

Louise Robinson Cornn - L.R.C. - Lyrics Roll Casually
 Virginia Dessar Crittenden - Very Devastating Character
 Jean Clark Bobis - J.C.B. - Jestis Continue Bubbly
 Olga Embricos - O.E. - Omnipotent Efficiency
 Perry Wynn Flynt - P.W.F. - Profusely Working Fervently
 Ricky Goodrich - E.A.G. - Everlastingly Active Giggle
 Jane Hollar - J.H. - Just Hollars
 Molly Marble - M.E.M. - Most Elevated Musing
 Alice Eleanor Markham - A.E.M. - An Entomologist Malevolent
 Judy Ann Merlin - J.A.M. - Just Always Mischievous
 Patsy Morrison - M.P.M. - Mostly Posts Mama
 Mary Lee Workum - M.L.W. - Much Liquid Worry

Sixth Shack

Reba Benedict - R.W.B. - Reliable With Boats
 Joan Bowman - J.B. - Joyfully Brainy
 Diana Chambers - D.V.C. - Dramatizes Very Capably
 Sue Ledbetter - S.L. - Slowly Lingers
 Ann McClain - A.F.M. - Always Fixing Make-up
 Anna Miles - A.M.M. - Amasses Many Men
 Louie Mitchell - L.V.(A.)M. - Loves Various Aquaplaning
 Methods
 Stephanie Poor - S.S.P. - Successful Scenic Painter
 Catherine Pugh - C.S.P. - Certainly Snickers Profusely
 Jane Rickard - J.D.R. - Just Doesn't Rush
 Claire Rothenberg - C.V.R. - Clever Versatile Rider
 Barbara Warren - B.C.W. - Best Camp Wayfarer
 Elizabeth Gleason - E.P.G. - Enters Pretty Gleeefully
 Constance Dowd Grant - C.D.G. - Cheerfully Directs Girls
 Joan Bayne Williams - J.B.W. - Jilts Bud Willingly

ANAGRAMS (cont'd)

Second Shack

George Anne Fritz - G.A.F. - Growing Awfully Fat

Emily Goat - E.G. - Eagerly Gallops

Mary Jo Kumpf - M.J.K. - Makes Joyful Kitchen

Mary Ellen Morris - M.E.M. - Manages Everything

Marvelously

Quincia Verna Redmond - Q.V.R. - Quietly Voices Remedies

Doris Louise Shellberg - D.L.S. - Draws Landscapes

Skillfully

Eleanor Bissell Warren - E.B.W. - Elmer's Beautiful Wife

Mary S. Shafer - M.S.S. - Merrily Sings "Shoo-fly"



PROPHECIES

Third Shack

Hello, is this Irene? Yes, This is Joan Tipper. Where am I? I'm in Maine. Why don't you come up here anymore? I'm a sport counselor at Runoia. What are you doing? Oh, so you're going back to Greece with your family this summer. You've been working at a hospital with your sister and you're going to start a new hospital at Athens next year? How perfectly grand. I knew you girls would do something splendid.

Can you tell me where Joyce is? That's fine. I thought she would marry very young. She has twin boys and twin girls. How marvelous! She said she wanted four children.

What do you think I heard? Jane Mclester has a riding stable in Long Island and gives lessons to dozens of children.

And Lucy is a diving counselor up here. She is teaching the girls to swim under water to Belgrade Lakes.

And I heard a rumor about Emmy Ann. She has two chauffeurs and six cars and tours all over the world.

Come up and visit us. We are having a marvelous party for the fiftieth anniversary of Runoia next week. Can you come? That's fine. Be seeing you. Good-bye.

Fourth Shack

1. Eleanor Lanning: Winner of the International Tree Climbing Contest
2. Gail Lovejoy: Writing publicity for Amagansett summer resort
3. Lynne Martin: Curator of the Cincinnati Natural Museum of Caterpillars and Bugs
4. Wendy Sorenson: Revising the Constitution
5. Linda Stauffer: Ambassadors to China
6. Jo Taerner: Manager for the Comic book-a-week Company
7. Nancy Van Voorhis: Filling Vivian Leigh's place in the movies
8. Janice Vaughan: Still calling, "Linda, Linda, come here."
9. Emmy Warren: Editor of "Personal Lives of Hollywood Stars"
10. Barbara Werner: Assisting Emmy in her High School Riding Class

Fifth Shack

As I sit down in my easy chair with the hourly paper of 1966, made of plastic, hung on my electric reading board, the headline astonishes me. "Professor Markham (Alice, that is) discovers her 55th new bug, and calls it 'The Ruolencaltolagrim'."

My eye travels down the page and I am startled by the thick headline, "Dr. Olga Embiricos O.P.A., P.D.Q. wins the atomicbus prize as the greatest woman linguist in the world, after competing her study on New York's seven languages."

PROPHECIES (cont'd)

Fifth Shack (cont'd)

I turn the page and come upon the theatrical section. As I glance over it, I see a familiar figure in sparse clothing. None other than Judy Whiterock Merlin and her Blitzing fan dance.

Again I turn the page and come upon the book section. A flashy advertisement attracts my attention. "Kiddies! Get your new Atomic Woman Comic Book. Chills and thrills by the famous comic book authoress, Jane Hollar." As I read on, I see that one novel has been added to the best-seller list. The authoress is none other than our own Patsy Morrison. It is her fourth book on the subject and she calls it Readits on Emily Post for Children.

Now we turn to the sports page where we find that Elizabeth Goodrich had been named the first woman guide in the history of Maine. Her technique of worm baiting has been adopted by fishermen the whole world over.

Sixth Shack

Benedict - Organizing ten days course for quick reducing with E. Arden and H. Rubenstein.

Bowman - Developing "Sure salt water swim cure" for poison ivy.

Chambers - Shakespearian critic for New York Times and Vassar Bugle.

Ledbetter - Warden of Huntsville prison.

McLane - Photographer's model for shampoo ads.

Miles - Still knitting.

Mitchell - Successor to Dr. Swan as guide and inspiration of P.I.C.

Poor - Comic lead with Russian Ballet at Met.

Pugh - Bridal consultant at Lord and Taylor.

Rickard - Vice-President of Toe and Heel Knitting Corp.

Rothenberg - Candid Camera Editor for Click, Pic and Police Gazette.

Warren - Chairman of the Board of Maine Guides Association.

Sixth Shack Bookcase

by Ann McLane

Texan Star - Sue Ledbetter

Robin Hood - Barbara Warren

The Three Sneezes - Joan Bowman
Jane Rickard
Anna Miles

Up Goes the Curtain - Diana Chambers

Life with Father - Claire Rothenberg

Portrait of a Lady - Ann McLane

Thunderhead - Louise Mitchell

Gone With the Wind - Catherine Pugh

Captain Courageous - Reba Benedict

Forever Stephanie - Stephanie Poor

Mutiny on the Bounty - Fighting for 67

1946



LOUIE



STEVIE



TEX



RICKY

(no offense)



BARBARA

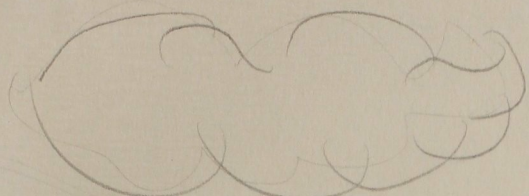


ANNE
MAC.

COME ON BOYS!



JOAN



SEVEN YEARS WITH THE
WRONG WOMAN!!



PUGH

(note from
artist no resemblance
no offence)



ANNA



DANO



CLEO



BAYNY



Mrs. GRANT

Sixth Shack



Reba Benedict, Stephanie Poor, Anna Miles
Ann McClain, Joan Bowman, Barbara Warren
Dano Chambers, Jane Rickard, Claire Rotenberg
Cathy Pugh, Sue Hedbetter

Dano

Anna





Cathy

Cleo

CLASS OF SERVICE

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

WESTERN UNION

1201

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

NLT = Cable Night Letter

Ship Radiogram

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

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

4A83

PA 5085 WONT BE HERE TODAY
REF RESIDENCE 848A-TS-23

PA 5805 W/ BW 813A
PR 7602J

A.HSA38 18=HOUSTON TEX 22 757A

MRS ALBERT GRANT=

GLENDALE OHIO=

DUPLICATE OF TELEGRAM TELEPHONED
-23

BW DA 639A DA715A

AM PLANNING TO BE WITH YOU AT CAMP THIS YEAR CANT WAIT TO
SEE YOU LETTER FOLLOWS LOVE=

SUE LEDBETTER.

IF CANT LOCATE MR
GRANT AT BOARD
EDUCATION CALL

HERE PR 7602 J THIS
EVENING FOR MRS GRANTS

NEWYORK ADD -1215P
2- DA 1220P BOARD DA-TM

MAN ANSWERED SAID MRS GRANT SOMEWHERE IN
NEWYORK -MR GRANT MAY BE AT BOARD EDUCATI-
ON

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

Anne McClain

Joan Bowman





Rickey

Tex Ledbetter

Barby Warren

Roba Benedict



FIFTH SHACK

1946



HOME SWEET HOME





CE

MOLLY

OOGIE

HOLLAR

PATSY



WEESIE



DAH

SUSIE

Fifth Shack

Susie Snub

(Jean Bobis)





Elizabeth Goodrich

Janey Hollar

Oogie Embiricos





Mary Worleum

Perry Flynt



C O U N S E L O R S

<u>NAME</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>HABITUALLY</u>	<u>HEARTACHE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
Andi Bryne	little girl hair ribbons	to have six kids	wears a pink play-suit	getting whistles	We kids raised Hell.
Weezie	curling locks	to get back to her organ	reading music	Chopin	Let's try that bit again.
Ginger	clothes to lend	to have a lookout tower in the Rockies	rounding up 5th Shack	Louie in her bed	Oh nuts!
Fritzie & Mary	similar clothes	no one will come back for fourths	on the dock in rest hour	hungry campers	Why don't you eat some nice hot cereal on this cold day?
Perry	striking clothes	to be able to eat her own cooking	kidding	messy people	Oh Baynie!
Janie G.	an eligible brother	to reform modern education	looks the perfect counselor in slacks	getting people out of the water	I'm <u>not</u> the American type.
Emmy	pigtails	to give lectures on horses	defends balance riding	being small	Well, if you wouldn't grab maybe I'll give you some,
Mrs. Grant	spare ponchos	this has been a successful season	cleaning up 6th Shack	people who borrow sleeping bags	Don't spread rumors
Johnny	a rocking chair	she won't have to take the 4th Shack door down again	teaching juniors to bounce balls	unmarked laundry	Play ball!

C O U N S E L O R S (CONT.)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>HABITUALLY</u>	<u>HEARTACHE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
Mrs. Markham	an ability for telling Bible stories	her shack will be good	dividing candy	mail time	Now, you children stay in line
Mary Ellen	good citizenship	to be able to sit through a whole meal	worrying about her coming-out party	people who do any work while she's there to do it.	Mme. Crittenden
Red	that Southern grace	to get some exciting cases	drinking milk	buying Band-Aids	I never gain weight.
Miss Shafer	a beautiful green convertible	Impy will not escape	wears bobby sox	people who don't collect their orders	Shoo-Fly-Pie
Shelly	Swedish ancestors	for a little peace and quiet	working	people who don't wear shoes in the craft shop	Don't bother me now.
Mrs. Warren	two charming daughters	her husband will let her come back next year	doing things for other people	late preparers	Have you had seconds yet?
Baynie	no clean clothes	to get her house built	sings beautifully	Reading, Pa.	This is a Watch Bird watching an empty pix.

SIXTH SHACK - 1946

<u>NAME</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>HABITUALLY</u>	<u>HEARTACHE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
Reba Benedict	hair in her face	to climb a mountain	reading	her glasses	What's the cube root of 5?
Joan Bowman	a giraffe on her bathing suit	to be in that pool pretty soon	scratching	poison ivy	I can't wait to get back to school.
Dono Chambers	books on Poland	to finish her afghan	chewing gum	people who don't learn their lines	Put more expression in it!
Tex Ledbetter	relatives in the Huntsville Prison	David is still true	talking through the peekhole	this icy northern weather	I aks -ya!
Mac McLane	that pin-up girl playsuit	that Noone will wake her up	frat. pins	square dancing	Put the blame on Mame, boys.
Anna Miles	Ollie	to keep luin	painting blue jeans in 5th Shack	confused knitters	I'm just naturally slap-dash-bang!
Stevie Poor	that frail, fragile femininity	to go to Benning-ton	enthusing	people who don't go for morning dips	Hot too, too, utterly ghastly.
Louie Mitchell	her rope around Mr. Sackett	Ginger won't put the snake in her bed	in 5th Shack	some people	Canter
Pugh	Annie and Hoff	to see them	talking at night	Cleo's comb	I can't stand it.
Ricky Rickard	orange overalls	to retire to her farm some day	doing nothing	sinus	Shed-up
Cleo Rothenberg	mail	to get more mail	writing letters	Johnny's letters to Ricky	Let me read this letter to you.
Barbie Warren	a horse laugh	to be a second Fritz Kreisler	pacing the Lodge while practicing	toothpaste on trips	I do not.

F I F T H S H A C K - 1 9 4 6

<u>NAME</u>	<u>NICKNAME</u>	<u>HOME</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>HABITUALLY</u>	<u>HEARTACHE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
Jeanie Bobis	Bubbles	Summit, N. J.	talents	to be an actress	impersonating Suzie Snub	smoking in plays	Dah!
Olga Embericos	Oogie	N. Y. C.	a knack for pie beds	to graduate from Spence	cleaning up 5th Shack	singing in Greek	All the time
Perry Flint	Perry	Cincy	piano fingernails	for a certain letter	wearing her pj's to breakfast	cold food	Oh fud!
Elizabeth Goodrich	Ricky	Skowhegan	that Maine accent	to find plenty to eat	dropping stitches	snakes	Who's going for a skinny dip?
Jane Hollar	Thumper	Chicago	a loud voice	not to ride Domino	shrieking questions	her knitting	Oogie, where'd you put my clothes
Molly Marble	Molly	Cincy	pretty hair	her next piece will be Chopin	doing Patsy's room	We've never known her to have one	Doesn't unless hollered at.
Alice Markham	Alice	Summit, N.J.	bugs	for good sunsets	taking her bugs for a walk	baseball	Ginger, come see my new caterpillar.
Judy Merlin	Whiterock	Darien, Conn.	the absent shape	to escape warnings	stomping down the hall before reveille	dishes	Oh, fer corn's sake.
Patsy Morrison	Patsy	Columbus, O.	Air mail stamps	for the best	puttering around	double warnings	Molly, does my room look neat?
Mary Workum	Chris	Cincy	2 brothers	to learn to ride	eating	plays	Cleo, I got a letter from Bubby!!

FOURTH SHACK -

<u>Name</u>	<u>Nickname</u>	<u>Home</u>	<u>Hab</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Heart ache</u>	<u>Hollars</u>
Eleanor Lanning	El El	Pelham	Wheaties	to find more mystery stories	fixing Nancy's hair	here ear	"Andy, can we go for a skinny dip?"
Gail Lovejoy	Gay-gay	Detroit	astop watch	to be a good sailor	talking about Amagansett	her violin teacher	For Pete's sake
Lynne Martin	Winkie	Cincinnati	Stuffy	to grow her hair down to her feet	looking for outer pillars	4 th shack work period	Ah, phooey
Wendy Sorelson	Wendy Wendy	Great Neck	a pink rain hat	to get another Nancy Drew book	paying 5¢ for her rain hat	shortness of her hair	Oh, goodie gum drops
Linda Stauffer	Lindy-Lou	N.Y.C.	bathing suits that fall down	to get a picture of Cornel Wilde	lending out her underwear	people who bite her raincoat	Yumping Yuniwers
Heather Taferner	Taffy	Pelham	shaggy dog feather cut	to sing in the Met	gnashing her teeth	reading out loud	Oh, gee, golly whiz
Nancy Van Voorhis	Nancy	N.Y.C.	an autographed picture of Paul Henreid	to spite Linda	dancing up + down	Cornel Wilde	Lordy Godiva
Janice Vaughan	Jen	N.Y.C.	a messy room	to be in 5 th shack next year.	chewing her hair	a raincoat like Linda's	Hat spit in the bucket + dump it out again
Emily Warren	Em	Waterville	Raggedy Andy	to get in Barbys good graces	Swooning over Roy Rogers and Timmy	Words that she doesn't know the meaning of	something different all the time
Barbara Werner	Bobbie	Glendale	passion for jacks	to be in a lot of plays	weeping at movies	anti-climaxes	"Ch! Brother"

THIRD SHACK

<u>Name</u>	<u>Nickname</u>	<u>Home</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Heartache</u>	<u>Hollars</u>
Emily Ann Craig	Emmy	Columbus	a beautiful doll	to get her comic books back	looking a loof	Arithmetic	"No, she's not!"
Irene Empiricos	Irene	N.Y.C.	an exotic accent	to grow just like Olga	acting motherly	riding Billy	"The silly old thing"
Lucy Guthrie	Gracious Guthrie	Buffalo	itchy pants	to put a bracelet on the horse's ear	clinging to your legs	to be told that Gracious Guthrie shouldn't quibble	"Mary- Ellen"
Joyce Kettaneh	Juice	N.Y.C.	a brother at P.I.	to go to the big float	reading	hollering school	'Never does it "Can I play"
Jane Mcchester	Janie	Great Neck	a pony	for a horse	day dreaming		
Marcia Speer	Marcia	Red- bank	marbles named after Timmy + Dougall	Dougall will beat the movie	looking for Dougall	Hi , Dougall	"Hi! Dougall"
Joan Tipper	Tip	Waterville	a deep voice, that is	To drink coffee	winning at jacks	Janey	"Tipper, that is."





CAMP RUNOIA

Sandy River

Mt Bigelow
Dead River

