

P.S. This log includes
1948

C A M P R U N O I A

L O G

1 ' 9 4 7

1

DEDICATION

We would like to dedicate the log this year to Miss Shaffer, the gal who does everything from keeping us in clean clothes, tooth paste and sailor hats to leading our dances. She buys our food which gives us energy and then directs us in the skillful spending of same. She's not a new camper but we always find her doing something original--so to Miss Shaffer who has given and is giving we fondly dedicate our Log.

---Log Staff '47

1 9 4 7

1947 has been notable as the year when the heat was turned on, and Sport Week was turned off. The council agreed that the camp should not be divided against itself.

To make One World requires cooperation everywhere, even in our own back yards, between Blues and Whites.

There was a housing shortage at camp as well as in New York. We not only played sardines, but we lived sardines. When it got too tight for some of the guests, they moved out to the float to sleep in canoes. For awhile it looked as though we'd have to move cots into The Place or sleep on the dusty "soft shoulders." It's lucky that some of our residents were only ghosts, that Benjie Sarsaparilla and Cerise had homes of their own. Next year we may have to hire the Dilly Dehaunting Agency to dehaunt their quarters and give us more room.

The curriculum was expanded to a pre-war scope and sequence. Especially appreciated was a day's cruise on the "Arra Wanna" and the overnight cruises on the "White Heather," in spite of the cigarette butts which Pine Island left under the mattress.

The year was a success because each one put his shoulder to the wheel, finger to the wind, kept his eye on the ball, locked the barn door before Bud was stolen, and found arrows in the hay stack.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: Harold	FOUND: Ray
LOST: Smooth tennis courts	FOUND: Deer
LOST: Torps	FOUND: Aluminum canoes
LOST: Hull on beach	FOUND: Plans for yawl
LOST: Bat in 4th Shack	FOUND: Two
LOST: Mosquitoes	FOUND: Peace of mind
LOST: Dizzy horses	FOUND: Enlarged riding ring
LOST: Maine weather	FOUND: Heat wave
LOST: Wind	FOUND: all sailboats on lake
LOST: Extra beds	FOUND: Many guests

THE DAY IN NEW YORK

Mary Ellen, Phebe and I arrived in the New York Central Station where Mrs. Grant met us. She took us to the Lexington Hotel for breakfast. Then we went to meet the Cincinnati train but it was late. Then we went to the hotel room to write home.

When we had finished we went down to the train again. We had tickets to a broadcast but since the Cincinnati group hadn't come yet we had to go alone. So Mrs. Grant called her cousin and asked her to come over and go to the broadcast with us. So we went to Radio City and heard the broadcast of Arthur Godfrey.

Then we went to see if the train was in yet, then we waited around for awhile and went down to meet the train again. This time it was in. What a relief! Then we went to the Hotel Biltmore for lunch. After lunch we went to the Planitarium where we heard a sort of a talk on stars. Then we went up to the top of Radio City in the elevator.

When we had come back we washed for supper, then went down. It was very crowded. I sat with Tommy. We had a wonderful dinner. We went back to the hotel room, picked up our things, went to the station, met the New York group, got on the train, and WE WERE OFF!

---Lucy Guthrie

ANDI BRYNE AND MY TRIP UP TO CAMP

Andi started to walk up from the South Station. Then we walked to the train and got on a new car. About five minutes after the train started to move a porter came and said luncheon is served. In about a half an hour Andi and I went for lunch. We went through about twelve cars before we got to the diner. We had a club sandwich with four layers and for dessert we had ice cream and cookies. I had milk and Andi had ice tea. We went back through twelve cars to our seat.

I wanted to give Andi some riddles and jokes from my Jack and Jill book. So Andi got my suit case and I got my book. We read for awhile after we finished with the riddles and jokes. Then we wanted to know where we were, and in a minute we came to a stop and we were in Portland, Maine. When we left the station for about two miles we watched the outside.

Then the fun started. We played a game, the one when one person makes a head of something and folds it down. Then the

ANDI BRYNE AND MY TRIP UP TO CAMP (CONT.)

second person does from the neck to the waist and he folds it down. The first person does from the waist to the feet. The second person does the feet. Then the person who did not do the feet opens it up and we got into laughing very hard.

Then we played another game for a long time. And all of a sudden a porter came and yelled BELGRADE LAKES. When we got off the train Miss Shaffer was there to get us. We had to stop to get some chicken but the man wasn't there so we came right to camp. And that was the end of our trip.

---Debbie Robson

LETTER TO MOTHER

Dear Mother,

Well! I have been at camp 12 days, 11 hrs. and 3 min. (They tell me it's only right to be exact. So-oo-oo!)

And Mother, the girls use such awful language here. They say, "Oh hot spit in the bucket, and dump it out again!" I don't know what it means. But oh well!

I'm in Shack 4. Or maybe Mrs. Grant told you that I be there. You know I don't see why they call them shacks 'cause they don't look like a shack to me. They look as if they've only undergone a few centuries.

My roommate is a girl nicknamed "Winkie." I asked someone why she is nicknamed that and someone told me it was because she winked at all the boys that came over from Pine Island Camp. I don't really believe it though.

All My Love,

Janice

P. S. Winkie comes from some small town called Cincinnati.

Janice

THE 1947 SEASON

The day was soon to come that all and everyone of Camp Runoia's many campers would step off a train in Belgrade. And then we shall speed away the time until August 27, a season to cherish. The 1947 season of Runoia campers would last until August 27, the fatal day in which the girls, or rather campers, would leave for their homes all over the United States.

But let us not talk of leaving but of staying, staying for season after season for two months of happy and carefree vacation--vacations which may be cherished forever and onward.

---Janice Leslie Vaughan

INITIATION

After waiting on the porch they called me up and blindfolded me, then made me lie down and crawl through a pile of chairs. There were some wet things that slapped me in the face as I went through.

Then I walked a little way, then they told me to take big steps. Then they told me to take a great big high step. Then they made me step in some cold worms. Then they made me jump down on a soft mattress. They took some worms and tickled me in my mouth and on my stomach. Then they made me kiss the Blarney stone. They said make a wish and kiss again. I came up and I was all wet. Then they took off my blindfold, and I was all gooey with worms, which turned out to be noodles on my feet. Mrs. Markham wiped off my feet with some rag or towel, then I put my shoes on.

There were lots of stunts being done. Then Debby Janney and I were called up. We had marshmallows put on a string. We tried to chew on the string so one of us could get the marshmallow. Debby got the marshmallow and then we sat down. They all clapped for us. Then we watched the other stunts.

---Pollie Parkhill

Dear Minnie,

Mother told me to write you about camp 'cause you might want to come next year. She told me a long time ago, but there has been so much going on I haven't had a chance. Anyway now I can write you about the whole summer.

We've had lots of trips this year. Some kids went to the ocean one day, and when they came back all they talked about was Punkin and tying knots in ropes that shouldn't have knots in them at all. Then some more went on the Meadowbrook Trip and ate. They said they had wonderful times and chased one of the counselors with snakes in canoes. I didn't think that was very nice 'cause that counselor doesn't like snakes, but they said it was a howl. There was an overnight to Humpback. Nobody said much about that trip except that they laughed all the time, but they didn't seem to know what they had laughed at. The big trips of the year were the cruises on the Pine Island boat. There was a lot of driving back and forth from Camden for a few days. I guess one of the counselors got pretty fed up with driving all the time 'cause she took the director's husband with her on the last trip, and they got lost on the way back.

The kids on the cruise had a wonderful time and didn't want to come back to camp which was lots of fun then because it was so hot none of the counselors wanted to do anything so we all sat in the lake all day and had a beautiful time.

Then there was a trip to Pemaquid and Boothbay where they had lobster and cooked on the rocks and fed the gulls. For awhile the whole camp was never together, but as soon as they were all here lots of other people came too. I thought it was fun because you never knew who anyone was or why they were there. The director didn't either and she had to make her cousin sleep out just about every night so someone else could use her bed. That was pretty funny because the cousin really didn't have a definite bed--she was just shuttled from one shack to another when she wasn't sleeping on the lodge porch or on the float or sent out on trips. Mrs. Grant even went so far as to send one of the guests on a trip an hour after she got to camp because there wasn't any room for her.

Another thing we've had this year is intercamp relationships only I haven't found out which camp we're supposed to be a relation of. We had a big picnic for Abena where we all ate five hot dogs and decided afterwards Abena wasn't as bad as everyone had thought they would be. Then one day we all got dressed up and went to Abena only someone made a mistake and Abena was sealing camp relationships somewhere else, so we all

came back here and had cold cereal which Mrs. Warren fixed when she heard she wasn't getting the day off at all and didn't have any food to give us anyway. I didn't care because my father makes Wheaties and someone else's father makes Cheerios, and the more we eat the more years we can come back to camp.

There's another camp we have relationship with, only the campers never do, only the counselors. They seem to have lots of friends over there. Tom and Chip and someone they call "Mud" and Bill, only Bill's dead. We have lots of fun in the shack because we made up a song about Bill being dead to the tune of the Funeral March, only our counselor doesn't think it's at all funny. I wish they'd have the whole camp over so maybe we could learn some of their cute songs like "I want the whole wide world to know I'm from the land of Old Black Joe."

One day one of the girl's brother came over for lunch. The girl sat all afternoon and grinned at her brother which we thought was sort of strange especially if they do that all the time at home. They sent a counselor with him who sat at the table with one of our counselors. She usually has a huge appetite, but that day all she could do was laugh and she couldn't eat a thing.

Some of the people around here are awfully funny. There's one girl who does imitations of Al Jolson. She's so good that everyone got records and that's all you hear in the lodge except Alice Blue Bonnet. Another girl is always hungry, and one day she was sailing with some counselors and they wouldn't let her come into a picnic supper but paddled around the cove while we all stood on the dock waving sandwiches at her. Everyone is interested in ghosts this year. The riding counselor knows the one that lives up the road, and he introduces her to all the other ghosts around here. I guess he wanted to introduce her to a special one the other night 'cause he called her up to tell her about it. She didn't want to meet him though, so she sent him to her Uncle Ed who lives in the Village. All the plays have been about ghosts too. I wish I could have been in one 'cause everyone gets a chance to scream and moan which I can do very well, especially after taps.

Oh, I forgot to tell you about one trip. It was the younger kids and they went to climb a mountain and eat on top. They didn't get back till real late and then they told us how hard it was climbing. We didn't pay much attention and told them to wait until they really climbed mountains, not hills. I guess, though, that it was hard 'cause the next day the director who went with them couldn't move and said she didn't think she'd send any more trips up that hill.

One thing you'll probably want to know about camp or rather your mother will, because Mrs. Grant always says parents write about it is tennis. This year we've had lots of rain,

or at least we did in July so the courts were wet and we couldn't play until they didn't care anymore and let us go out and track up the courts like the deer do. As soon as the rain stopped it got too hot to play, but we learned all the strokes so we can look like we can play even though we won't be champions.

Another thing your parents will probably want to know about is the water. There has been a lot of talk about it lately because two counselors went to a meeting where they talked about it. They have tested the lake and found it pure only they seem to think it tastes better when they put chlorine in it. You know that's the stuff they put in swimming pools. Because there isn't any chlorine in the ice, we can't have it only Ray, he's the man who works here, keeps the water cooler filled better than anyone else because he was in Burma.

We have some traditions that you ought to know about. When we first get to camp we are either old or new girls, and each group gives a party. The old girls' party is made up of skits which have been given year after year, but you aren't a Runoia girl until you have seen them. The old girls also initiate all the new girls by making people crawl under chairs and covering them with flour and water. Then the new girls have to give a party which this year was a lot of skits which the nurse knew about and taught to the kids. Another thing we always do is square dance which is led by one of the counselors. We do all sorts of things like throw paw-paws at each other and make like elephants and lose partners. After a few dances we usually are so tired that we don't care if it is time to go to bed.

Well I think I have told you about everything, and I have to stop anyway and go help clean up the shack because the people staying after camp want to do other things than clean up.

Love,

Sadie Benderback

INTERCAMP RELATIONS - 1947

Saturday, August ninth dawned clear and warm. We washed and set our hair, got out our clean uniforms, borrowed one or two things and got extras for Muffet and Dana from Mrs. Warren's inexhaustible supply.

The war canoe, carefully filled with our youngest and smallest good paddlers practiced the paddle drill. We even practiced straight arm paddling to make a terrific impression on Abena who fill their war canoe with seniors. A few hardy Sixth Shackers and Aides led the procession in the new aluminum canoes.

Emmy tied hitching ropes around the horses necks and started early with the three best riders, as you never know what may happen on the way home in the dark.

The station wagon and Johnny's car were heavily laden. The trip to Abena was off!

As we approached Abena's point in the war canoe, still practicing our drill and getting all ready to stiffen our arms for the impressive approach, we saw the separate canoes coming back.

"It's the wrong day," Barby called.

"Oh, you're just kidding," we said.

"No, we're not!" they called. "There's no one there but a few counselors. Abena has gone for intercamp relations with Carabou."

So the awful truth came upon us.

Nothing daunted, we decided to go on to Belgrade Lakes. Of course we had no money, but Mrs. Bartlett obligingly lent us a nickel to telephone home to see whether we would be welcomed with open arms and closed fists.

They told us we had better come home, so we went into Bartlett's lunchroom and fortified ourselves with first ice cream cones, then hamburgers, then popsicles, and then felt able to face the music.

A couple of days later the Abena head counselor came over with an invitation for the next Saturday. They must have known about Mrs. Grant's filing system, for the invitation was painted on a large board which could not possibly be misplaced with large letters

ABENA INVITES RUNOIA TO A CARNIVAL - SATURDAY, 8/16

FISHY BUSINESS

Ricky and Molly had to go to Waterville to see about Rickey's furnuncles that had been sprouting like mushrooms on her knee. When they returned gaily around 11 o'clock, Sixth Shack were in crafts. Ricky came running down the hill, forgetting for once to hobble helplessly because of her bandage, and in one hand she was swinging a little pint container. "Boy," I thought to myself, "Ricky has brought us some ice cream!" But I was jarred back to cruel reality when Ricky yelled, "I got some goldfish!" Such was the fate of Sixth Shack.

Upon the arrival of these _____ fish many dire threats were made, but as time went on the threats became more and more terrible. Not a morning passed without Oogie's saying in a horrible voice, "I'm going to flush those animal's down the pix!" But even with these menaces the fish lived on in a luxury that is not enjoyed by many "poissons de l'eau." Everything went reasonably well until one day--Bingo! Ricky returns from Waterville with two more foul fish, one of which had a strong resemblance to Willie the Whale. Now, the housing shortage loomed into the horizon. There were no veterans' associations for these poor beings, and they were left to sink or swim, that is, in a leaky wastebasket!!!

Although there was no SPCA, or rather SPCF (for fish, ya know) in the wilderness of a town called Belgrade Lakes, many drastic improvements were made. A modern glass quonset hut was gotten, and the two newcomers to Runoia were soon installed in great ease! At first they spent most of their days watching their owners with their big ogling eyes, wondering why people would be so stupid.

Ricky soon tired of her petite poissons and more and more times she forgot to feed them and change their H-2O. It was so Gay! Sob, Sob. She then auctioned those unhappy souls off to the highest bidder, and the fish started their life of travel--to Janey's room, to mine, and then on to the pix!! They saw the shack from tip to tip and from porch to sink.

Life for the fish at the present moment is comparatively calm, but you never know with our fish. If there are any more exciting events, I'll keep you posted!!

---Jeanie Bobis

Get Set for the Dash!



After the dash--

Top picture, L. to R.: Winkie Martin,
Pinkie Erdman, Janice Vaughan, Joan Tipper,
Phebe Grauer, Polly Parkhill, Emmy Warren.

ABOUT SPORT WEEK

Any old girl who was not at Runoia this year who hears of the Council's decision not to have Sport Week may be a little taken aback since this has been one of camp's long standing traditions. After hearing the pros and cons brought up by the girls on Council and their discussion, it was decided to cut out any event which meant close competition such as the canoe and swimming races. Sport Week, as such, was overlooked except for one day set aside for the official opening of senior sport week, and later junior sport week.

Such a decision left the actual point-making to individual interest in getting marked for canoe strokes, swimming strokes, diving, posture, and room inspection. The baseball game, crew races, and tennis tournament were carried out.

The announcement of this plan met with little complaint, and certainly the whole-hearted cooperation of each girl in camp. There were events in which there was competition, but points for sides were not awarded although prizes for place holders were awarded at Cotillion.

The most outstanding feature of the change was that the Council, the representatives of the camp, made a decision which was carried out by everyone.

SIXTH SHACK ARCHERY ENTHUSIASTS

Katherine Anderson



Molly Marble, Nan Hadley,
Barbie Warren, Katherine Anderson

THIRD SHACK CONVERSATION AFTER REVEILLE

First for pix!

Second!

THIRD!!

No, I'm third!

Okay, you can come in with me, Lucy.

Mrs. Markham: Wait, I must see if the pix works.

SHUT UP! Polly's asleep. (Polly wakes up by some strange coincidence.)

Cricket! Have a game of jacks with you after breakfast! (Debby R's booming voice.)

Lucy: No, Cricket never plays with me.

Cricket: Snore!

Anne: (yelling) Anna, do we have to wear long pants?

YES, and hurry up and get dressed.

Polly: Well, you aren't dressed.

(Sandra walks sleepily into the pix.)

Debby J.: Blankety, blank! We have drunken drawer inspection today.

First for the broom!

Second!

Third!

FOURTH!

Sandra; Oh, let me sleep!

(Anna clomps out to go skinny dipping.)

Mrs. M.: Help! The pix is stuck.

Anne: (sarcastically) Probably Cricket's rabbit foot.

THIRD SHACK CONVERSATION (CONT.)

Stevie: (from second shack) Anna?

Anna: Tommie?

Yes, Yes, Yes.

Mrs. M.: You'll have to use Fourth Shack's pix.

The bell rings

Debby J.: Yipes, and I haven't even gotten my pajamas off.

Cricket: (Snore!)

Mrs. M.: Hurry up!

Second bell rings

THE END

--- Cricket Janney
Debby Janney

POEM ABOUT THIRD SHACK

GOING TO CHESTER TWINGS

We went to Chester Twings
And we saw a lot of things.

We had a bottle of coke
And saw quite a few folk.

We saw big fat lady with nickers
and a big bow tie.
We laughed so hard we cried.

We went with Elly and Louie,
And Elly said, "phooey!"

Debby Robson
1947

A PLAY

SCENE I, ACT 1

Place: Fourth Shack plus porch time after reveille

Phebe: Johnny, can we go for a skinny dip?

Johnny: No!

Janice: I'm sleepy. Yipe, Emmie, don't throw cold water on me. I'm getting up. I think that's dirty of you.

Wendy: Sally, stop tickling me. I mean it! Winkie, come help me get this big lump of blubber off me.

Sallie: I beg your pardon.

Stevie: Tommie, are you coming?

Tommie: I'm coming.

Stevie: I'm going to count. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-

Tommie: I'm coming. Hold your horses. (She rushes out).

Nancy: Let's strike for more skinny dips.

Irene: Here, here!

Winkie: Strike, strike.

Judy: We want more skinny dips.

Phebe: Here, here!

Johnny: It's time for you to get up, girls, it's past the half way.

Joanie: You'd better hurry up. First bell's going to ring. I'm hungry.

Emmie: You're not hungry. You're Joanie.

(First bell rings)

Sallie: You'd better hurry up.

Janice: Why? The bell hasn't rung.

A PLAY (CONT.)

Judy: Yes, it has.

Janice: Oh my goodness!

(Second bell rings and everyone troops out and Fourth Shack is quiet for once.)

---Sally Robinson

TRIP SONG - FOURTH SHACK TRIP TO HORSE POINT
August 4-5, 1947

Tune: "Witchcraft"

We are the campers who went to Horse Point.
We paddled there and landed on the shore,
And then we lugged packs up the steep embankment,
And found a place where we could lay our heads.

'Twas then we built there a smoky campfire
On which we cooked our toast and fudge and cheese,
And then we climbed up a nearby hillside
Then traveled back to turn in for the night.

We were at Horse Point, our dear old Horse Point,
We had mosquitoes, bats and everything,
But we had fun there at dear old Horse Point,
And we'll go back again another year.

Memories that linger, constant and true,
Mem'ries we cherish, Horse Point of you.

FOURTH SHACK CONVERSATION

Emmy: Winkie Martin! Will you quit leaving your underpants in my room!

Wendy: And Winkie, your socks are in my room!

Winkie: (who is engrossed in a comic) Uh-huh.

Janice: Nancy! You did hall when you were supposed to have done pixes!

Phebe: Janice, I did pixes. And by the way, who left their gum on the toilet?

Joanie: Yes, Phebe, I gound the gum too. I was going to the bathroom and I sat in it. Gosh, I wish people would--

Judy: Which pix was it in?

Phebe: In the right one!

Sally: Oh, I guess that's mine. I put it there while I was brushing my teeth. I was going to chew it again, but I forgot it.

Winkie: Where are my pants!

THE END

P. S. Winkie has lost so many pants that way!!!

MY LIFE AS A TENNIS BALL

I was born in the normal way, (That is, the normal way for tennis balls by noisy machines who put you together.) and was put into a smelly container with one of my brothers and sisters. By the way, I think I'd better introduce myself. My name is Bounceball Voit. But all my friends call me Bounce, and I'd like you to be my friend. You see I'm a very friendly tennis ball.

Well, on with my story. The first thing I knew I heard a sound like air escaping from a flat tire, and the smell was gone and I could breathe fresh air again. Finally I was taken out and found myself in a small room with my later good friend beside me, Peppy Forgetful Tennis Racket. At least that's what he told me. He's so forgetful he forgets his name and has to make a new one.

You know, confidently I think humans are crazy. The way they want a tennis ball to be spanked by a racket when we have done nothing wrong is crazy. When we hit in the middle of the racket it doesn't hurt so much, but when we hit on the wood, ouch! it hurts like anything. Perhaps people don't know it or they'd relieve us of our misery. That is, maybe nice people would.

Do you know I'm engaged to be married? I suppose you don't know who the lucky girl is, do you? She is Dustyball Dunlap. She's called Dusty because she never washed but she certainly is the cutest ball you ever saw with a dusty face, 2 eyes, 1 nose and 1 mouth. We were going to be married the other day but Dusty and I got lost. So now we're Camp Runoia balls and most likely will be until we are too old to work any more.

---Sallie Robinson

OUR PADDLE TO ECHO COVE WITH LOUIE

Third Shack went to Echo Cove in a canoe. We went with Louie. I went with Anne Knowles. When we got to the big float we went back towards Louie and Polly. When we got so far Louie said do you want to go to Echo Cove. All of a sudden we heard yes, yes, yes, yes, no, no, yes. So Louie said who said no. So seven said I didn't, so we started off. When we got to the cove next to Echo Cove Anne and I were in the lead. All of a sudden Louie said stop come back. We didn't hear them except for the word stop! So we stopped paddling. Louie started to loose her temper. So she yelled come back! So we turned around and went back. We saw that they were going back to the dock. I noticed that Emmy Warren and Judy Timms had the shell in the middle of their canoe. We found it on the rocks. It had floated away from the shore.

---Debby Robson

THE SHELL BATH

It was swimming time and Anne and I wanted to use the shell. So we asked Ginger if we could and we got in it. Anne said she wanted to get in last, so I got in and sat way down at the end and the front went way up and Anne had an awful time getting in, but she finely got in with a lot of tipping and falling out.

Then we went past the dock and then we decided to take a bath, so we put some water in the shell and I started to kick the water all over and Anne fell backwards and the shell filled up with water and we sunk.

So we went under water and brought the shell up and Ginger said, "All out!" So we took the shell up on the beach and sat down in the sand hoping to get in, but Ginger she wouldn't let us so we ran up to the shack and tried to sit down in the pail, but that didn't work so we tried to sit down in the toilet but I didn't fit. So finely I filled up the sink and sat down in it. And we finely got the sand off.

---Sandra

SAILING TO SLEEP

Sailing in the sun's silver path
Toward the dream of tomorrow
Leaving the sins of yesterdays behind
Leaving the world's sad sorrow.

Toward the land of laughter and fun
Where we go when we have to rest
So we'll be ready for tomorrow's sun
And do lots of things with the best.

When we go to sleep at night
And sail in the sun's silver path
Sailing toward the land of fun
Away from our English and math.

---Sallie Robinson

THE MT. BALD TRIP

One warm day Fifth Shack started off to climb Mt. Bald. After an early breakfast, Johnny and Shelley herded us into the cars, and off we drove in the direction of Mt. Bald. Johnny had been there some years before so she was our guide.

We stopped at a small town on the way to buy some milk, and then off we went. After driving along quite a way we finally asked directions. We had to go back about one-fourth of a mile to get to the path. We finally found it after much searching.

The trail was blazed quite well. There were a lot of blueberries near the top, so we ate our fill. It was very hot climbing, and we had our sweaters tied around our waists with our lunches inside them.

There were lots of rocks at the top. We finally got to the top and ate our lunches. Then some of our group decided to take a walk, and they walked into the bog and got wet. We had almost decided to go for a swim in the bog, but just then some of the kids started down the path to reach the tree level. Later on the rest of us came.

When we got down to the bottom we took a skinny dip, though the stream was only about 1½ feet deep in the deepest place. Before supper we visited Camp Koneowatha. After spending all our money on wood toys and a good supper, we started home.

FLOTILLA

It was Friday night, a night for a picnic. We had just finished eating supper on the beach when Johnny suggested that we should have a Flotilla. So we got ten canoes and started paddling down the shore. Judy Timms and Wendy had taken a row boat and were heading for Oak Island. "Hey! You two, aren't you coming with us?" booms Johnny from a canoe.

"We're coming but we can't get this rowboat turned around!" said Judy. Then we started the Flotilla. Everybody grabbed hold of another canoe and started singing. Judy and Wendy meanwhile were headed for us, but they still couldn't reach us. Then we floated in to the dock and went to bed.

---Anne Knowles

The Boathouse



Pathway to the Infirmary

INNINGS IN THE INFIRMARY - (CONT.)

"Marty, will you time me for my exercises? Do you think my posture is improving?"

"It helps if you sit up straight at the table, you know."

"May I get weighed? Oh I've gained a half pound!"

Marty: "Should I say that's good or bad? I never know whether or not you girls are trying to lose or gain weight. I do wish you would stop worrying about it. Just eat moderately at meals--not six muffins, then wonder why you gain."

"Have I soaked long enough?" Marty: "It would help if you would keep your foot under the water. Here's a paper towel. Dry your foot, then I'll put a bandage on it. If you wouldn't wander around at night without shoes you wouldn't stub your toes."

"Can you take out a splinter? Please don't put alcohol on it."

"Just fan it with your hand, don't blow on it."

Onlooker: "Yes, I know that spreads germs."

"Are my 5 minutes up yet?" "Yes, they are." "Thanks, Marty."

"There goes the call to assembly. I'll have to finish sweeping later." Exit the de-splintered and bandaged.

6:45 P.M. - After devouring the evening meal, a procession of individuals heads for the Infirmary.

"Do I have to keep the bandage on?" "Of course you do!"
.... "The Blues and Whites are having a meeting. Would you give me something for my poison ivy. It itches." "Do you really think it's athlete's foot? Must I wear shoes all the time?" "You can take them off when you go swimming, but don't walk on the dock." "How much weight can I take off for blue jeans?" Some choice voices gather together to sing "Johnny, oh Johnny, your Alice-blue Marty." "That's enough of that. Please don't slam the door when you leave." There follows herewith--Bang-slam!

9:00 P.M. - "May I wash my face in warm water? It is so rough. Where's the zinc oxide? This would be a good make-up for a masquerade." Another voice enters, "Do I have to take all that stuff. Oil doesn't look very appetizing. May I wash it down with water. Thanks. Goodnight!"

Oh, me! Such is the end of another day in the Infirmary. Sweet dreams, you campers.

---Marty

TUMBLEDOWN TRIP

On the morning of July 30 when the sun was just rising over the horizon voices were heard in Sixth Shack. If anyone knows that shack, they know why this was very surprising. We were all very wide awake though because we were going on a trip to Tumbledown.

We started out about eight o'clock with Mrs. Grant and M. J. at the wheel. All the girls in the shack went but Butch who stayed home to take care of the goldfish. We had a long two-hour drive, but it was well worth it.

When we got there we ate our lunch at the stream near the bottom. Then we started up--up--up. It was a long trudge, but so much fun. It might not have been a Mt. Everest, but oh, to us tenderfoots!

When we got to the top we expected a nice cool refreshing lake with a spring near it just waiting for the Runcoia girls. We were quite surprised to find boys from Androscoggin, Kiwanee, Miranacook, and Caribou already in our lake. While waiting for the boys to get finished dipping, some of the more energetic people climbed the second peak and went through the lemon squeezer. Then we went dipping ourselves and started down, eating blueberries along the way.

After cleaning up at the stream at the bottom of the mountain, we started out for Wilton where Mrs. Grant treated us to supper---and as the old saying goes, the trip was enjoyed by all.

BOOTHBAY TRIP

At last the long restless night was over, and Sixth Shack hurriedly arose to dress for the Boothbay Trip. As the sky looked downcast, we left camp midst raincoats and rain hats.

After about two hours we arrived at Pemaquid, changed into our bathing suits, and took a refreshing dip in the ocean. At the lobster pound we ordered our lunch. We ate lobsters, steamed clams, and potato chips until our stomachs could hold no more. Soon we boarded the boat bound for Boothbay, and after we had tossed and turned for about an hour on the sea we reached the harbor. The captain told us that the boat left in about an hour. That gave us an hour to ransack the town. Where to go first was the question! We split up in groups and the time went all too fast. Before we knew it the boat was ready to leave and we all started back. We sat on the deck of the boat and displayed the many things we had purchased.

We arrived at Pemaquid once more, and scrambled into the cars and drove to the rocks by the seashore. There we had a weinie roast. It seemed as if Jeannie had sea-gull appeal because the gulls came up and ate right out of her hands. That started us all off. Soon the greedy gulls had eaten all our bread and we had none left for ourselves. We were all stuffed by that time anyway so it didn't make much difference.

After awhile Johnny said it was time to leave. When the cars had been packed, we started on our long journey back to camp--our hearts light and pockets quite the same.

THE LONG LAKE TRIP

One sunny day Johnny came into our shack and asked us what we would like to do most. We knew she was hinting at an overnight trip, but just to tease her we mentioned having crafts, playing tennis, or practicing water safety. Finally she told us that we were going on an overnight with Stevie and M. J.

We started out after rest hour in the three gleaming canoes. We were the first trip this year to start out in a wind. We paddled across Great Pond and by Abena Point. Then into Belgrade Lakes for an ice cream cone.

As we approached where we were planning to stay we saw a few people. From the distance it looked like there were only two or three people. After much debating, we decided to go and investigate. As we got closer, we saw that there were people swarming around. Some of them had red hats on. They looked like a lot of girls four or five years old. As we got closer we asked what camp they were from. To our dismay they answered, "Kennebec."

We asked them if they knew another place to stay. They told us another place to stay and we set off again. When we got there we started cleaning up. Gee, that place was a mess. Then we put our packs up on the hill.

It was then 7:00 P.M. so we started fixing supper. At 8:30 we finally ate. Gee, it tasted good. After the dishes we sat around the fire and sang and roasted marshmallows. Then to bed and to sleep.

The next morning at about 9:00 we got up. Then for a breakfast of pancakes, cocoa, toast, bacon and orange juice. When we finished breakfast and dishes, we went back to Belgrade Lakes for lunch. We met some Somerset girls who helped us lift our canoes across the road. Then we had a wonderful lunch at the drug store. It tasted very good after the long paddle.

We started off once more. It was hot and we were thirsty and it seemed an awful long paddle to camp. We got there at last after a wonderful trip to Long Lake.

FIFTH SHACK TAKES A CRUISE ON THE "ARRAH WANNA"

Yes, it was a merry crew that left an early morning in July, yes, a very merry crew. Fifth Shack, Johnny, and Tommy landed in Camden about quarter of 10:00. The boat would pick us up at 10:00.

A loud voice boomed, "Tommy, don't tell Johnny, but I have to go to the the pix."

"Be calm, everybody. People are staring at us," Tommy pleaded. "What will they think?"

The voice boomed again, "I don't care what they think. I have to go to the pix."

At that point Johnny came to the rescue and shoved us into the car and drove us to a garage. A loud shriek came from Huwe as she pounded on the chewing gum machine, "Give me back my penny," she yelled. The garage man, very red and flushed, explained that she had put a silver penny in and the machine only takes copper ones. With tearful eyes she turned to see her crew leaving her.

We gleefully bounded on the Arrah Wanna, much to Captain Tobin's horror. "I've got the front." "Oh, no you don't. I'm here and you can't possibly move me," Burchie said with pride.

"Will you please get off the anchor rope," said Punkin. Now if you have ever met Punkin--oh well, let Tommy tell you about him in her spare time. After pulling up anchor, we putted out to sea.

Burchie was in the water first only because she was pushed by a dog by the name of Cathy Lander. She came up rather blue or green and swam for the rowboat, got in and shook. Next came our joker Huwe. She was bravely pushed in. Shrieks and hollers came from her as she jumped up and down. Judy peered over the side of the boat and said, "Huwe, why don't you get out if you're so cold?"

"I can't," Huwe replied, "I'm too cold." Then after we were all out Johnny and Tommy got in. Johnny started swimming the side stroke and proceeded to tell us we were babies. Johnny swims with her glasses on, much to our astonishment. After a few questions we found out that she not only likes to see where she's swimming but where she's swam.

Some ate lunch in their bathing suits, but not Lenny. She was frozen. Burchie had given her a quick rubdown and she sat eating her lunch in shorts and T-shirt.

Now all the time we were all busy eating our lunch Huwe was busy with her own fun. She had been sailing with Andi the day before and had only half seen Andi furl the sail. Huwe saw some idle rope and decided to practice. After we had finished lunch and were hoisting the anchor which would not come, Punkin asked us to look for a piece of rope. Huwe turned red and walked up to Punkin and said, "Is this what you're looking for?" Dangling from her hand was a half-crocheted and half-furled piece of rope.

"Why in ___ did you have to do that, girly?" said Punkin.

"Well," sputtered Huwe, "pull this." Punkin's face was blank. Nothing happened.

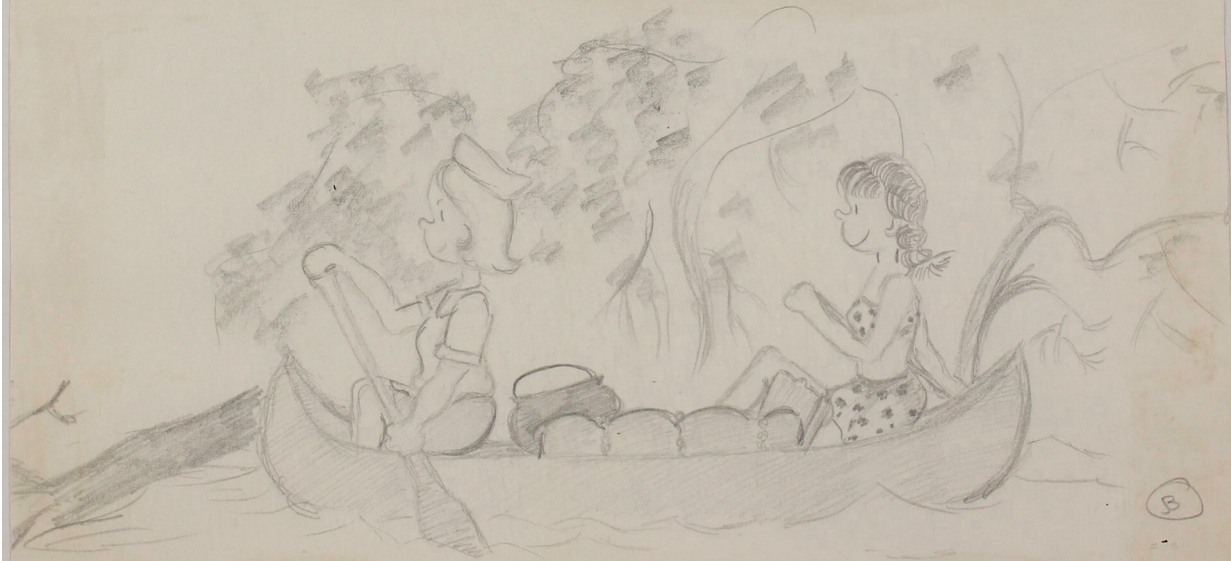
"Try again," said Huwe. At that point Punkin started off reciting the Ten Commandments, and then in a very calm and collected voice asked us to please go to the front of the boat.

All was quiet for about an hour and a half. Then Huwe came up from the cockpit with her pack in her hand. She approached the Captain. "Thank you," she said. "It was a wonderful trip."

Johnny looked confused. "But Huwe, we're out in the middle of the ocean."

"Oh? But Nanny told me we were in Camden. Are you sure?"

When we finally landed in Camden we shopped awhile, and then had dinner at the Green Gables. Then later we landed at camp very full and tired.



MEADOWBROOK TRIP 1947

FIRST MEADOWBROOK TRIP

I haven't yet decided why a new inexperienced aluminum canoe like me should rate the Meadowbrook Trip, but it seems I did, and oh--what a trip! I'm certainly an experienced canoe now. I arrived in great style on a Friday morning, and was placed in the cool shade of a tree on a strange beach, which my nearest neighbor, a seventeen-footer, told me was part of Camp Runoia's grounds. All morning long strange girls skipped past me, but not one person seemed to pay any attention to me. The day wore on and I grew lonely. Night came and I slept quite soundly in spite of my new surroundings.

I had just opened my sleepy eyes in the morning when I heard apparent sounds of excitement. It sounded much like my first home, the Grumen factory. I then felt myself being lifted and without further notice I was plunged into that icy liquid they call water.

My intelligent neighbor told me that I was going on the famous Meadowbrook Trip. My passengers were Jeanie Bobis and Molly Marble who mostly indulged in New York and Cincinnati talk. My first impression of my passengers wasn't the best, for they called me a tub when I didn't seem to be able to keep up with the pace of my gunneled friends. I just plugged my ears to such nonsense and glided onward. It wasn't long before I was rudely interrupted by a harsh scraping on my tummy. It was a sandy place which Jeanie called Potter's Shore. While the trippers were getting out their lunch, I caught some names. The one in charge was Ginger. She was helped by "Louie." Another two were Janie and Chris. There was one girl named Oogie who impolitely said that I was made of alamin-yun. Also there was a girl who seemed to insist that her clothing be made of a towel. Her name was Judy, but they didn't call her that very much. Usually she was called "White Rock," or just plain "Imbecile."

Now came the real part of the trip. I was soon completely lost in a dense forest of water reeds. The trippers were searching for the Meadowbrook stream. Soon we were winding round this enchanting stream. I was a little dizzy, and it seemed as if I was making no headway. Our speed slackened as we reached the beaver dams. Each time I was lifted out, up, over and down again. We plunged onward into the unknown, never knowing from time to time what was around the next corner. My worst experience came as we were going under a low bridge. I guess I held my head too high, for I felt a hard thud that shook me to my very last screw. Several long hours brought us to the end of the stream.

FIRST MEADOWBROOK TRIP (CONT.)

It wasn't long before I thought I heard familiar voices. Could the trip be over? Was this camp again? I looked up and found that we were on a beach of a town called Smithfield. The voices belonged to the Fourth Shackers who had come to bring us some supplies. For once I felt like a hero. Everyone wanted to know how the new canoe was.

However, we were off again to find our sleeping place for the first night. My passengers were in a gay mood and seemed to enjoy an elephant song. They tried harmony with another song. Ugh! What harmony! Before long I was once more landed on a strange beach. It wasn't the type of beach I would choose, all made of pebbles. The place was called Somerset. During the next hour, my trippers cooked their supper. The familiar odors of smoke mixed with the smell of hash blew in my direction, and I felt very hungry.

Dusk came and I decided to try to sleep in spite of my uncomfortable position. But my passengers put me in the water once again. This time the water was different. Instead of gliding over the water, I bobbed up and down. I heard that we were going to Smithfield to get a forgotten article. Apparently my friends disliked the waves too, for they seemed in a hurry to get back again. At last, after a lot of hard paddling, we got to our camping place, safe and sound but rather tired.

The night passed quietly and in the morning I was on the move again. This may sound dull to my listeners, but we went to Smithfield again. We weren't there long when I was taken a short distance on a stream. I had to be carried over several shallow places. My passengers got out, slushed around, complained about the bugs and then got back in again. We came to a place that looked like a stopping point. But my dauntless trippers got out once more and carried us up a small hill and down to the other side. As the last canoe was being carried, Louie's eye caught a glimpse of her greatest hate, a black snake. She came screaming in my direction and jumped on me trying to escape Oogie, who held the snake up before her eyes.

The rest of that day was spent eating, paddling, and later on, sleeping. After the excitement about the snake was over, lunch was eaten. We paddled until the Smithfield stream brought us to East Pond where we camped that night.

The sun shone brightly as we started on our third morning. It was the last morning of the trip, so the trippers were a little glum. They were met by six other girls who went on another trip. Their story was a long and exciting one, but I'll let someone else tell that.

Now, don't you think I was a lucky canoe?

by Molly Marble

SECOND MEADOWBROOK TRIP

Dear Mother,

We've had the most wonderful week! I really didn't think it would be but--well, I guess I'd better tell you all about it. It all started on one of those week-end days--I never know what day it is except for Sunday when we only have pea-shelling, swimming, chapel and rest hour and nobody gets any mail--and I think it was the day before Sunday, which anywhere else is Saturday, but at camp you can't tell what day it is except right before we go to bed when we have punch instead of milk. Anyhow on that day six people and two counselors who I suppose are people too, started off. I knew they left and we all had assembly on the dock right after they left, and we had a wonderful time saying "squid-squid" which is in a song I learned here, only I didn't know there were squids in fresh water. So they left and they took canoes and boxes and boxes of food which they didn't really take 'cause Mrs. Grant had to take them over to Smithfield that afternoon to meet them. Everybody said they were going up Meadowbrook Stream which was a good hard paddle, so they all wore sailor hats which I never bought because somebody thought I'd better have a bathing cap instead.

Then came Monday. I've skipped but nothing too important happened. On Monday Mrs. Grant said we were to go and meet the other people and bring the canoes back down. One of the counselors who was going with us had to go way across the lake "just for exercise" she said--aren't counselors queer? One minute they say that everybody must go to bed early and get rested for the trip, and then the next thing they're paddling across the lake to "get exercise."

Anyhow we went to Belgrade Lakes and had lunch. They said we'd better drink a lot because there wasn't any water where we were going, and we can't drink lake water because it's pure and has to have chlorine put in it to make it taste better.

When we got to Aldens' Camps we met all the other people, and everybody shouted and all the packs rolled around but nobody minded until a counselor told us to be quiet because we were almost in civilization and there might be somebody asleep. Then we got in the canoes which were still shiny. They're new and all the counselors carry them around to prove they're so light. When we got into the middle of the lake everybody decided to eat hamburgers and read letters especially because two girls disappeared and we thought we'd better wait for them.

We got to Smithfield at 2 o'clock and carried the canoes over a place all covered with sawdust. We got our canoes upon

another beach and left them there while we went to get post-cards and stiff to eat. We all sent cards back to camp which we knew would come after we got home but it was fun. Somebody wrote nine whole postcards! And we ate. The other counselor who stayed with the canoes came back and said we didn't want to swim there because we'd have to pay 25 cents each, and it made the accounts all go screwy. So we didn't swim there, but everybody wanted to and we all took pictures and left. There were two motor boats chasing each other, so we watched them for awhile and tried to decide whether we should go to Pine Tree Camp beach where they were supposed to be having a dedication until 6 o'clock or not. We went skinny dipping, or rather one of the counselors did. She took off part of her bathing suit, the lower part so that if anybody came she'd look as if she weren't skinny dipping.

Finally we made camp and everybody raced to get the best camping spot, but it turned out that there was enough room for everybody. Lots of people came around in white dresses, and somebody that everybody knew but I didn't. They have water at this place and it's awfully cold. Everybody uses it, even all the camps across the lake, but nobody minds its not having the chlorine taste because it is so cold you can't taste it anyhow. We ate and ate till it got dark and then a counselor read to us about a college girl who kept eating wet walnut sundaes, and we all got eaten by mosquitoes. The next day we had our hard paddle only it wasn't too hard. There were two counselors or something coming along behind us. They were from a boys' camp and were cutting down all the trees we had to carry our canoes over. We decided not to wait and go behind them because they took too long. Apparently they will bring some very small boys down the stream next week. The counselors really had a good time on the trip they led and half way down the one who had been on the trip before said we were almost through, but we just kept going around corners and weren't. Then they thought up a game. Everytime they came to a bend one of them halloood to us and the other one said we were almost out.

They had one of the aluminum canoes and one of them said that whenever they came to a carry the other got out and pulled the canoe half way over, then without waiting for her to get out and lift jumped in. She said she thought the canoe would bend, but it didn't even scratch.

We camped that night with mosquitoes and pounding surf. Everybody was sunburned and tired, so after we'd eaten supper we all went to sleep. Three people made up the trip song to the tune of that song about Miss Shafer's cat. The next day we had a grand time making noise before the counselors wanted to wake up. They finally did and we went skinny dipping until some people came by carrying mattresses. I guess that everybody sleeps out these days. The woman said we'd better get decent 'cause they would be carrying things back and forth from then on.

We had breakfast and came home. Everybody thought that we'd better come in together so we all went slowly so as to stay with the counselors.

Gosh it was fun. Maybe I can go on some more trips!

Love,

Me

As you know, Don and Muffet spent a week in Third Shack. When they were packing, Muffet's unopened Kleenex box would not fit in her bag. She took it in her hand and proudly presented it to her mother, with this remark, "Mummy, I had a perfectly elegant time and, look, I didn't blow my nose once!"

P. S. Dear Log Readers:

This would only be four lines on a typewriter.

Mrs. Markham

THE FIRST CRUISE

The moon went down, the stars faded, and the sun peeped its sleepy head over the pine trees. The great day dawned, the day when seven excited Runoiates which included Cleo, Jeanie B., Perry, Joan, Molly, Louie, and Ginger started on their long anticipated cruise. Up at the ghastly hour of six and stuffing down our breakfasts at 7 o'clock was quite a feat for girls who had to keep their eyes open with one hand and work with the other. We were off by 7:30, all aboard and everyone accounted for!! Our first stop was the Pine Island road where we changed hands. Our new vehicle was a streamlined, smoothe riding little antique which must have dated back to sometime before the birth of Henry Ford. Never have we experienced such a ride before on anything outside of an ancient roller coaster at Coney Island. Everytime the truck back-fired somebody would jump with fright and hit the ceiling with a thud and land on the floor, only half conscious.

At last we puffed and chugged in to the pretty town of Camden where many a passerby craned their necks to see this jumping bean of a car go by. We piled out of the car at the pier and squinted out to see the "White Heather" coming into port with a boatload of Pine Island commandoes who were jumping and hanging from all parts of the ship.

In about three hours we had seen the last of P. I. and also of some of the debris that they left behind. The boat was built in a very strange way for it seemed to sag in certain places below decks. Every time we walked into the galley we had to stoop over and many many times we stood up too soon. OUCH!!!

We set out to sail about 2 o'clock and Captain Freddie Bickford came aboard. Now you couldn't quite call the captain a character, but with his brawny form and wind-burned skin, he was a typical sea-faring man with a sense of humor sharp as a knife. The day was windy and the sails filled out with a salty breeze that whipped us over the waves. Ginger turned out to be quite a hand at steering, and Louie at griping Captain Freddie. I am afraid we were a crew of giggling landlubbers that first sail who couldn't tell the difference between the bow and stern, but we improved after a few embarrassing experiences such as getting hit on the head with the boom. OHHHHH!!

We moored the first night in Camden Harbor and took our first icy plunge into the salty depths. Ginger and I were almost asphyxiated trying to get a little pot-bellied charcoal stove in the galley to burn. Yet we had a yummy supper and

THE FIRST CRUISE (CONT.)

after dishes were vaguely washed, we set out in a loaded-down rowboat toward Camden to see "Stallion Road." We had a very exciting time but had a very hard time to find our boat when we came back a little later that night. The Northern Lights lighted our way to bed--some on the deck and some down below!

The next day dawned with a brilliance that made the sails flap with joy and the breezes sing with glee. We had a feast of a breakfast and were off again over the bounding main about nine. Sun bathing started that morning in full force, and Joanie Bowman could only lie in the sun a few minutes before she'd run to Cleo and ask if she'd gotten any tan. During the afternoon on a bouncing sea an excellent batch of fudge was made in the galley where the dishes and pans had the gay tendency of sliding off their shelves everytime we went about. Finding the busy metropolis of Rockland was a very easy job because you just had to follow the smell of fish and bingo! You were there. We later took a dip in the harbor, diving out in between lobster buoys and, as Cleo would say, "It was colder than ice." Brr-rr-rr. After gorging ourselves on hash, corn, beans, and strawberry shortcake, with honest-to-goodness whipped cream, we were offered a ride in a slick little sailboat which everyone accepted except--the dish washers who had to stay at home and get dish-pan hands. Later we took a jaunt into Rockland and came back to the ship without accomplishing anything outside of eating an over-loaded sundae.

We were startled half out of our skins early next morning by a blast whistle at a lobster packing factory. It may not have wakened its workers, but it certainly did us. Early that morning we puffed softly out to a calm sea with high expectations of a day for suntans and sleep. But after that morning a lively little breeze began to blow which at last broke into quite a baby gale. Joan and Cleo fixed the famished crew a yummy buffet on the swaying deck where many a potato chip was blown right out of our hands just as we were going to bite in. The dishes done, we started swabbing and scrubbing the decks to make the boat all ship-shape for its incoming tenants. As we came about for the last time and sailed into Camden Harbor our thoughts turned back to the three happy, hectic days we'd spent on the rolling sea.

THE SECOND CRUISE

At 5:30 on Wednesday evening the six kids that did not go on the three-day cruise met the other five at Camden. We unloaded the car and tossed hastily-made bedrolls on the White Heather, our boat. Then all of us started talking. We were warned to walk very low so that our heads would be safe. We were taught how to run the stove in the small seven-foot square galley; to light a small coalstove in a small galley is really a feat. Then after some more instructions like, "Be sure to sleep on the deck," we climbed aboard. We didn't have much time to explore before the captain, who was so nice and cute, told us to say goodbye. Goodbyes were said, last minute "don't forgets" were called, and we were off.

We motored out to the middle of the harbor and anchored there for the night. Then we went down into the small four bunk cabin and put on our bathing suits for a shivery swim. The water was extremely salty and very cold. We stayed in for about fifteen minutes and then began the struggle to get up. The side from the water line to the deck was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 feet, and slanting out. There was a ladder, but it had only two steps and to reach the first one was very difficult. But the deck was finally reached after much pushing, pulling, and boosting.

Then after a quick change from salty bathing suits to jeans we unrolled our packs, for we were planning to go to the movies and it would be too dark to do it when we got back. Andy slept under the boom cradle, Nan slept on the port side on the bow with Barbie, and Janie and Mellon slept on the starboard side. Mellon really spent the night all over the deck. Cris slept sideways in front of the galley. Nancy slept on the upper deck. It was very mosquitoey and wet. The mist and dew just drenched everyone.

But to go back to the beginning of the evening. After the bedrolls were unrolled we had a sandwich supper. After supper Captain Jimmy, a captain of an Elco craft, and our Captain Bicky came over to take us to shore. Everyone had on jeans or slacks except Andy. All her jeans were in the laundry, so she wore very short shorts! When we got on the mainland and started for the movies we were called back by the captain who told us we couldn't get in the movies with shorts on. So after a soft drink we all went bowling. It was loads of fun, and we came back full of pop. We rowed out to the Harbor, and then we couldn't find our boat. We rowed practically twice as far as the boat really was. The captain had forgotten to light the lantern.

When we got on the boat we all lay down together and made up our trip song. Then we tried to go to sleep. The next

THE SECOND CRUISE (CONT.)

morning at 5:30 Janie, only we called her Butch, got up and bailed the rowboat, then went to sleep in the cabin. Barbie and Chris dragged their blankets down and went to sleep in the cabin. Then at 7:00 when everyone thought they could never be more tired we started breakfast. Breakfast was very good, and we thought having bacon, eggs, cereal, orange juice, and cocoa, that it quite satisfied hungry girls who had awakened at 5:30.

After breakfast Janie, Chris, Andy and Nan rowed over to Captain Jimmy's Elco craft which he was cleaning. We talked for awhile about boats, etc. when he asked if the coffee was ready. We all looked agog because we knew we didn't have any coffee on shipboard. Then we told him that there wasn't any coffee but there were plenty of cokes. He could have a coke. So he came over to the White Heather and had a coke while we went swimming. Then Captain Bicky came, and we all started scrubbing to please him. But he said we must pump out the water we had shipped during the night. So we started pumping and he began tinkering with the motor which wouldn't start. After the motor was fixed and the water pumped out, we raised the mainsail and foresail and started out of the harbor. I was given the wheel and with shaking hands, I wove in and out around the harbor to the bay. There was no wind and we just drifted along for awhile. Then a pretty good wind came up, and we had a lot of fun.

Around 11:00 Janie and Chris went to the galley and concocted something that went between graham crackers. Then from that time on everybody ate all the time. In the middle of the afternoon as we passed Saddleback Island, Janie proposed to the captain. She was looking at the captain but talking to Ellie when she said, "Let's go live on that island." Then the captain asked, "Was that a proposal?" and Janie played up to him. All afternoon that was the standard joke.

We certainly did have a swell time. I don't think anyone will forget that trip in a hurry.

---Nan Hadley

THE MASQUERADE

It was about 90 degrees the night of the Masquerade, and by the time the bell rang everyone was sweltering in their costumes.

Perhaps the coolest costume was Nancy Van Voorhis'. It was a bathing suit. All of Fifth Shack except Floyd and Alice were Al Jolson's songs. Burchie was Al Jolson. Alice was an Everready battery, and Floyd was a mosquito with Winkie and Phebe Grover.

Fourth Shack was Hansel and Gretel, and the fourteen angels. Eleanor Lanning was an elephant.

Sixth Shack went as a skit. It was called "A Day in the Life of Tootsie Smith." Pinkie and Cricket were Father Time and the New Year. Anne was a white rabbit, and Lucy was Alice in Wonderland. Polly, Debby, and Mrs. Markham went as the fairy godmother, Cinderella, and the wicked stepmother.

Mrs. Grant, Anna, and Ginger were elephants that went out to play on a spider web. It was rumored that Mrs. Grant's trunk was Mr. Grant's bathing trunks.

Shelley and Emmy went as Miss Pond and Miss Weiser. Emmy was dressed as an owl and Shelley as a pond.

Miss Shaffer was a lollipop tree, and was enjoyed by all.

After a few dancing games and refreshments, then a skinny dip, we were off to bed.

---Floyd Gardiner



Miss Pond

Miss Weiser

Mrs. Markham

SIXTH SHACK

Molly Marble
and
Jeanie Bobis



"Rickey"

and

Perry Flynt

SIXTH SHACK (CONT.)

Cleo Rothenberg
and
Barbara Warren



Jane Hollar
and
Mary Workum

SIXTH SHACK (CONT.)

"Oogie" Embiricos and Nan Hadley



K. Anderson and Joan Bowman

FIFTH SHACK

Beth Burchenal
and
Katherine Lander



Judy Merlin
and
Sally Anderson

FIFTH SHACK (CONT.)

Sally Leonard
and
Heather Taerner



Floyd Gardiner
and
Phoebe Espy

FIFTH SHACK (CONT.)

Jo Rothenberg
and
Nancy Van Voorhis



Alice Markham
and
Kathleen Huwe



Fourth "Shackers"

FOURTH SHACK

Irene Embiricos
and
Nancy Timms



Eleanor Lanning

FOURTH SHACK (CONT.)

Winkie Martin and Janice Vaughan



Phebe Grauer and Sally Robinson



FOURTH SHACK (CONT.)

Wendy Sorenson
and
Judy Timms



Joan Tipper
and
Emmy Warren

THIRD SHACK

"Pinkie" Erdman
and
"Cricket" Janney



Lucy Guthrie
and
Anne Knowles

THIRD SHACK (CONT.)



Polly Parkhill
and
Debby Janney

Anna Miles and Dr. Miles



Mary Jane Lester
and
Frances Thomas

Marjorie Litz

and

Sue Meaney



Emily Graf

and

Mary Ellen Morris



Ray Barker



Mr. Grant and Ray Barker

S O N G S (Cont.)

Sixth Shack

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------------------------|
| K. Anderson | - K-K-K-Katy, Beautiful Katy |
| J. Bobis | - The Jersey Bounce |
| J. Bowman | - Cincinnati Lou |
| O. Embiricos | - Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken |
| P. Flynt | - I've Got the Blues |
| J. Hollar | - Abide with Me |
| N. Hadley | - Nancy with the Laughing Face |
| M. Marble | - I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls |
| C. Rothenberg | - Oh, Johnny |
| B. Warren | - My Heart Is in the Mountains |
| M. Workum | - Mary |

Counselors

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| A. Bryne | - Were I Thy Bride |
| L. Corne | - Mad About the Boy |
| V. Crittenden | - I'm Coming, Virginia |
| M. Durham | - Somebody Loves Me |
| E. Graf | - My Buddy |
| Mrs. Grant | - As If I Didn't Have Enough on My Mind |
| M. Johnson | - Devil May Care |
| M. J. Lester | - Personality (Howevah) Whistler's Mother-in-Law |
| M. Markham | - Take It Easy |
| A. Miles | - He's My Guy |
| L. Mitchell | - Williams, Forever Williams |
| M. E. Morris | - Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed |
| S. Poor | - I Want the Whole Wide World to Know |
| M. Shaffer | - The Persian Kitten |
| D. Shellberg | - Artists Life |
| Mrs. Warren | - What's the Use of Wondering |
| Mrs. Donahue | - When Irish Eyes are Smiling |
| M. Litz | - Not So Quiet, Please |
| S. Meany | - Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine |
| F. Thomas | - Let's Call the Whole Thing Off |

S I X T H S H A C K

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>APPEARS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>PET PEEVE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
✓ Anderson	Andy	across the river from Covington, Kentucky	sudden urge to learn to ride	with her nose in books	to get suntanned on the dock	Louie borrowing her bathing suit	Joan, don't be so neat
✓ Bobis	Bean Jobis	The town that has the worst football team in New Jersey	a way with gulls	with a drawing pad	to live on Pearl St.	booing spelled with an "e"	Did I get a letter from Ronnie?
✓ Bowman	Bowman	Home of the Reds	Al and Ted	in nice looking bathing suits	to get to Coney Island in time	hay fever	Aren't you the bear?
Embricos	Oogie	The Globe	an infectious cheerfulness	making Ginger's bed	to be a nurse	gold fish	I'm gonna flush those animals down the pix.
Flynt	Perry	Miss Fessenden's school	blues	at the piano	for a roommate	riding on rainy days	Untwist, Floyd
✓ Hadley	Nanny	Montclair	passion for horses	sitting on someone else's bed	to be a horse breeder	double trudgeon crawl	Isn't anybody going in swimming?

S I X T H S H A C K (CONT.)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>APPEARS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>PET PEEVE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
✓ Hollar	Butch	The Windy City	talent for baseball	flustered	for Anna to get Ollie	hungry play parts	Captain, don't you want to come and live with me?
✓ Marble	Molly	Cincy	a knack for life saving	with Polly	for a Yale man just like her brother	mid Pine Trees	I have a mad crush on you, Janie.
✓ Rothenberg	Cleo	Same as sister	Johnny	with that horsey scent	to get a full rest hour some day	people who sit down on her eider	Mrs. Grant, you're so pessimistic
✓ Warren	Barby	good question	white team	playing sardines	to have her girl friend come see her	long grass on the archery field	habitually
✓ Workum	Chris	Clifton	borrowable clothes	in 5th Shack	to think of all the clothes she'll need in Mich.	illegible letters from Bubby	Pass the carrots, please.

F I F T H S H A C K

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>APPEARS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>PET PEEVE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
✓ Anderson	Andy	Walnut Hills	gorgeous locks	giggling	to play base- ball well	being called Sandy	Can't hurt my feelings. I'se too ignorant
✓ Burchenal	Burchie	Glendale	one thumb in a cup	with Marty	to show Newt	sitting up at night with the counselors	Crud
✓ Espy	Espy	Hillsdale	hair	with one foot in the infirmary	her dog isn't dead	learning her lines	Well, it's none of your busi- ness
Gardiner	Floyd	McLane	interest in Bryn Mawr	in seer- sucker	to go to Vassar	people borrowing her clothes	Does anybody want to go for a skinny dip?
✓ Huwe	Samson	Queen City	talents for crocheting	in her allur- ing yellow bathing suit	to be able to play bow- wow meow without breathing	that dad- ratted blue woolen bathing suit	Swear on this Bible that you did not take my mints
Lander	Slaughter House	Greenwich	a figure	in some- one else's clothes	there's civilization around boarding school	stubbed toes	Connecticut is the place for me

F I F T H S H A C K (C O N T .)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>APPEARS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>PET PEEVE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
Leonard	Lenny	Indian Hill	to share a room with her baby sister, Susie	wondering if the hen or the rooster lays the egg	to cut her hair	French exams	Huwe, you imbecile
✓ Markham	Alice	Summit	batteries	neat	to sail a boat from 5th to 6th after a rain	having to sit in the Lodge waiting for five lines	five lines
✓ Merlin	White Rock	Darien	brother at P. I. C.	with legs showing	to get a new set of Jolson	being called imbecile	Oh, Louie
Rothenberg	Row-Row	Gateway to the South	curly hair	writing notes to Cleo	to read all Cleo's mail	has none	Good morning!
✓ Taerner	Taffy	Pelham	friends with snazzy cars	in Bobis' hat	to become a great singer	people who can't swing on the rafters	May I
Van Vorhis	Nanny	Miss Hewitt's classes	a father who says "Time Marches On"	without her shirt tucked in	to get a letter from Linda	being called Nanny-goat	Doesn't

FOURTH SHACK

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>APPEARS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>PET PEEVE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
I. Embricos	Irene	New York	that smooth accent	with Phebe	to terrify people with her stories	graham crackers	Oh, it was terrible
✓ P. Grawer	Phebe	Buffalo	dog pictures	quiet	to spend a day in bed	disappearing jacks	I always miss on threesies
✓ E. Lanning	Ellie	Pelham	a bed in the storeroom	with a book	to be here all summer next summer	hair	If you do that again!
L. Martin	Winkie	Cincinnati	a sailor hat	yes	to win numerous raffles	being made to hurry when eating	Uga, uga, boo uga, boo, boo uga
✓ S. Robinson	Sallie	half way be- tween Lots- peich & Hillsdale	trial samples of Procter & Gamble prod- ucts	blonde	to win a sailing race	her false teeth in a cup	When I went to that other camp
W. Sorenson	Wendy	Great Neck	numerous jacks	playing ping-pong	Johnny won't pour a buck- et of water on her in the morning	bed bouncers	I mean it
✓ J. Timms	Judy	Elyria	sunglasses	in French bathing suit	to play senior base- ball	slow people	Oh, Nancy

FOURTH SHACK (CONT.)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>APPEARS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>PET PEEVE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
N. Timms	Nancy	Elyria	not enuf camp suits	between 2nd and 4th	to find lots of black- berries	having people tell her to smile	Oh, Judy
J. Tipper	Skipper	Waterville	a rope to hang herself with	on 3rd Shack porch	to stay after camp	inspecting 3rd Shack	Spit-too-y
J. Vaughn	Janice	New York	glasses she won't wear 'cause she doesn't need them	without loafers	we won't write this in the log	pound	at the top of her lungs
E. Warren	Emmy	en route from Water- ville to Montpelier	a hole in her foot	in conference	not to go to school in Boston	no dishes to do	That's attractive

THIRD SHACK

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>APPEARS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>PET PEEVE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
✓ P. Erdman	Pinky	New Canaan	love for Dougie	like Janie Hollar	to dive as well as her sister & her cousins & her aunts	freckles	Fish-heads
L. Guthrie	Gucy Luthrie	Buffalo	ability for playing jacks	with open mouth in choir	to raffle off everything she owns	not being able to stay under water all day	No-oo-co
✓ D. Janney	Debby	New Canaan	hair in her mouth	innocent	hopth to go to Thmith	bathing caps that come down over her eyes	Don't twy any twicks
✓ H. Janney	Cricket	ditto	fishing rod	serene	to get the ping-pong ball over 1,000 times	being called Harriet	Don't call me that
✓ A. Knowles	Anne	Greenwich	Dowdie	rosey	to get every- body out of bed in the morning	her relatives	Oh Pinky
✓ P. Parkhill	Polly	Bronxville	parents next to Pine Island	when you least ex- pect her	her pants will stay up	being told to wear a belt	I've lost my bathing cap

C O U N S E L O R S

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>APPEARS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>PET PEEVE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
✓ A. Bryne	Andi	Norway	A way with salesmen	in bare feet	to become domestic	straggly hair	sit up straight
✓ L. Corne	Weezie	Lotspeich	the author of Bo-Bo	lying on a rubber mat- tress	for a <u>really</u> good music counselor at P.I. next year	not being able to get a sun- tan	A-men-nn
V. Crittenden	Ginger	Hamp	Satan	falling in	for a better connection next time	moving	Don't struggle
M. Durham	Marty	Dr. Arlitt's classroom	a finished pair of argyles	taking pic- tures	for regular hours	bare feet after dark	She's not sick, she lives here.
✓ E. Graf	Emmy	Down East	an uncle in Belgrade Lakes	avec un rouge derriere	for a knap- sack	materiali- zation of Benjy	Do you mind if I play the piano now?
✓ C. D. Grant	C. D. G.	next to Wuerfels	"calmness but when she blows up, hold your hats"	generally	to find an extra bed	borrowing	00 00 00 00 00
✓ M. Johnson	Johnny	Galva	bats	to have recovered	she hasn't	fishermen	Hells Bells, wait for the Bambino

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

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>APPEARS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>PET PEEVE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
M. J. Lester	M. J.	Saratoga Springs & Rock City Falls or do they	an indefinite bed	only as a mirror shows her	for comfort- able trips	bats	How-wah
M. Markham	Mrs. M.	Summit	a son at P. I.	at the desk	to get the accounts straight	pound	Will you give me a list of the girls who went?
A. Miles	Anna	The Home of Eli	someone to meet her train	finishing her white sweater	for more just like the one she's got	gum on stage	Ya got rocks in your head?
L. Mitchell	Louie	New Canaan	a green wind breaker	in it	the phone will ring	sailboats decaying under her feet	This wouldn't hav happened to any- body but me.
M. E. Morris	Melon	Pine Manor	the only diagonally placed bed	scraping plates	te get her books read	substitutes in the kitchen	Will all the men in 5th Shack please come down to 2nd?
S. Poor	Stevie	Glendale, vil- lage of shabby respectability	curly hair even when it rains	with stars in her eyes and a grin on her face	to stay at Skidmore more than 1/2 a yr.	the whole wide world not knowing	H e e e
M. Shafer	Miss Shafer	New York	Ibsen's best	with a basket	there'll be no more changes	trunks and duffels	Light on your feet, please.

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

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>APPEARS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>PET PEEVE</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
✓ D. Shellberg	Shelly	Upstate N. Y.	new ideas	having cock-tails on the sailboats	for Bob	Shallberg	Oh, how I'd like to have it changed.
✓ E. B. Warren	Elliebissell	she doesn't know yet	too many blueberries	disrupting counselors' coffee	the fish man will get the order straight	unexpected returns from Abena	I have no idea how many for dinner.
Mrs. Donohue	Mrs. Donohue	Western Hills	a handsome son	before breakfast in the Lodge	for an automatic dish washer	dish washers	Don't do that, you might get in trouble.
M. Litz	Marg	East Hartford	red slacks	quiet	to get to Kennebunk Port	carrot sticks	Am I really quiet?
S. Meany	Sue	Maplewood	talent for miscounting desserts	in a sea-plane	to be mentioned in Counselors' Coffee	being called Margy	Oh, go on!
F. Thomas	Tommy	the home of Burger beer	a big trunk	in an AAA sweater	Bill isn't dead	raffling	No, I didn't flunk out of college.

S O N G S

Third Shack

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------------------------|
| P. Erdman | - A Pink Cocktail |
| L. Guthrie | - You're Everywhere |
| D. Janney | - Thipping Thider Through a Thraw |
| H. Janney | - Casey at the Bat |
| A. Knowles | - No Strings and No Connections |
| P. Parkhill | - Ain't Misbehavin' |

Fourth Shack

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| I. Embiricos | - Oh, A Thousand Miles I've Traveled |
| P. Grauer | - I Love to Read the Funnies |
| L. Martin | - I want More, More, More |
| E. Lanning | - Expressive Glances |
| S. Robinson | - My Gal Sal |
| W. Sorenson | - My Pretty Blond |
| J. Timms | - My Sister and I |
| N. Timms | - Green Eyes |
| J. Tipper | - Catfish, Take a Look at that Worm |
| J. Vaughan | - My Gal's a Corker, She's a New Yorker |
| E. Warren | - Loudly Let the Trumpet Bray |

Fifth Shack

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------------------------|
| S. Anderson | - I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles |
| B. Burchenal | - Everything Happens to Me |
| P. Espy | - Ma Blushin' Rosie |
| K. Huwe | - You Tied My Heart in Knots |
| H. Gardiner | - Eat, Drink and Be Merry |
| K. Lander | - Connecticut is the Place for Me |
| S. Leonard | - You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby |
| A. Markham | - Poor Butterfly |
| J. Merlin | - There are Smiles that Make Us Happy |
| J. Rothenberg | - Oh, What a Beautiful Morning |
| H. Taerner | - There's a Song in the Air |
| N. Van Voorhis | - California, Here I Come |

From Camp Runoia.

A large group of Cincinnati girls, who have been spending the summer at Camp Runoia on the Belgrade Lakes in Maine, will arrive home next Friday. Approximately one-third of the camp roster is made up of Cincinnatians. This balance is maintained by the camp owner, Mrs. Albert Grant of Glendale, who believes that it is important for the girls to have campmates from other parts of the country.

The sunburned contingent eagerly expected home by their parents include the Misses Kathleen Huwe, Phoebe Espy, Sally and Katherine Anderson, Sally Leonard, Joanne Rothenberg, Sally Robinson, Beth Burchenal, Molly Marble, Perry Flynt and Joan Bowman.

Miss Lester Becomes Bride Of Duncan Farr

Miss Rhoda Lester, daughter of Miss James Dow Lester, Scarsdale, and the late Mr. Lester, a native Saratogian, was married to Duncan Larkin Farr, son of Leonard S. Farr and the late Mrs. Farr, High Street, Monson, Mass., Saturday night in Hitchcock Memorial Church, Scarsdale, by the Rev. George Hugh Smyth.

The ceremony was performed in a candlelighted church in the presence of relatives and close friends.

The bride wore a portrait gown of ivory satin and silk chiffon, the wedding dress of her late great-aunt, Mrs. Bernadotte Perrin, New Haven, Conn. The bodice and skirt were trimmed with rosepoint and duchesse lace of her late grand mother, Mrs. James Westcott Lester, and her great-grandmother, Mrs. Charles Ferdinand Dowd both of this city. Her veil of wedding-ring illusion had been worn by her mother and sister. She carried a cascade of rubrum lilies, stephanotis and bouvardia.

Miss Jane Lester, sister of the bride, was maid of honor and Mr. Kenneth Lappe, the former Sall, Lester, also sister of the bride Mrs. Paul W. Graff, cousin of the bridegroom; Mrs. John R. Chaisson, and Miss Wilma West were the attendants. All wore gowns of flame faille made with off-the-shoulder necklines, bouffant skirt and matching mitts. They wore russet velvet coronets and carried button chrysanthemums in flame and bronze tones with Croton leaves.

Gilmore L. Farr was his brother's bestman.

Milford Dow Lester, brother of the bride, Paul W. Graff, Kenneth H. Lappe and Dr. John K. Knorr III were the ushers.

Traditional wedding music was played by the organist of the church.

A reception followed at the home of the bride.

Attending the wedding were Dr. and Mrs. Carl W. Lester, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Dudley G. Lester this city and their daughters, Miss Nancy Lester, New York, and Miss Mary Jane Lester, Vassar College; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Lester, and daughter, Miss Ruth Lester, New York.

Mrs. Farr, a graduate of Mount Holyoke College and the Boston School of Occupational Therapy

Mr. Lappe Fiance Of Sarah Lester

The engagement of Miss Sarah Lester, daughter of Mrs. James D. Lester of 85 Greenacres Avenue,



Miss Sarah Lester

and the late Mr. Lester, to Kenneth Hamilton Lappe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lappe, Jr., of 1 School Lane, has been announced.

Miss Lester was graduated from the Scarsdale High School and is now in her senior year at Mount Holyoke College.

Mr. Lappe served overseas with the Blackhawk Division of the Army and is now studying at the University of Pennsylvania.

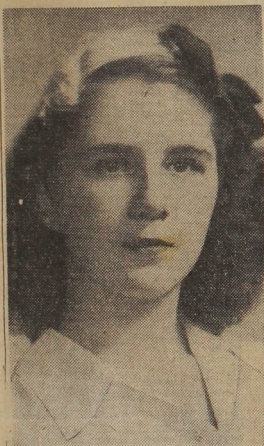
The wedding will take place in June.

BRIDE — Mrs. Duncan Larkin Farr, the former Miss Rhoda Lester, granddaughter of the late General and Mrs. James W. Lester. Photo Gold and Steffner.

phenomena

Miss Chambers Making Debut

Miss Diana Chambers, a student at Vassar College, will be presented to society at the Debutante Assembly Ball, to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria tonight. Mrs. Kenneth Chambers, of 1170 Fifth Avenue, will give a dinner for her daughter at the hotel before the dance. She was graduated from the Spence School before going to Vassar.



Miss Diana Chambers

Tribune
Jan 1st



Klisa Livingood Bowman's
Children - 1947



Lower: MRS. JOHN W. BOWMAN, the former Helene Livingood, daughter of Dr. John E. Livingood, of Robesonia, and her twin daughters, Elizabeth and Helene. Mrs. Bowman's husband, Sergeant Bowman, is now stationed at Shepherd, Tex.—Photo by W. Earl Snyder.



Elsie

Benny

Lissa

Christmas Greetings



Elsie & Bennett Fisher

Dobbins children - 1947



*Merry
Christmas*

from all the

Fishers



Miss Kay May Condit

Bloomfield

Miss Janet N. Patton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Patton, of Hoover Avenue, has chosen Saturday, Dec. 11, for her wedding.

12/24/47
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER

Bryn Mawr Student Feted



Gallo

Miss Jacqueline P. Esmerian

Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Esmerian gave a dinner last evening for their debutante daughter, Miss Jacqueline Patricia Esmerian, in the Iridium Room of the St. Regis.

A graduate of the Spence School, she is a freshman at Bryn Mawr College. Among the guests were the Misses Joan Freeman, Catherine Merritt, Elinor Michaelson, Nancy Stedman, Judith Murray, Roberta Schuette, Jacqueline Tallman, Virginia Chaplin, Victoria Delacorte, Mary Cluett, Pamela Field and June Hunt.

C A M P R U N O I A

L O G

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★ Aug. 28, 1948

THE

Price 20 cents

NEW YORKER



DOVE

LOG STAFF - 1948

Sixth Shack

Jeanie Bobis - Editor-in-Chief
Molly Marble
Perry Flynt

Fifth Shack

Emily Warren
Janice Vaughan

Fourth Shack

Sallie Robinson

Third Shack

Debby Janney

DEDICATION

WE, THE 1948 LOG STAFF, DEDICATE
THIS LOG TO JOHNNY WITH MANY THANKS
FOR THE HAPPY SUMMER TO WHICH SHE HAS
CONTRIBUTED SO MUCH.

THE TRIP UP

by One Who Wasn't There

Taken from Documents, Telegrams, and Letters found on file

June 20. Albany, N. Y.

"Please meet 20 girls western group June 28 and chaperone
38 to Maine."

Telegram from Mrs. Albert Grant

to Miss Ruth Lester, Brooklyn, ha ha, N. Y.

June 21. Brooklyn, ha ha

"Cousin dear, I'll be here,
Have no fear, Love and cheer--"

Telegram -- R. Lester to C. D. Grant
Albany Hospital

June 22. Albany, N. Y.

"Please meet Bowman, Burchenal, Espy, Huwe, Marble, Workum, Dexter,
Kelly, Bang, Timms, Timms 8:20 A. M. Grand Central Terminal;
Hollar, Rose, Nelson-- 8:25 A. M. other end of same.

"Amalgamate groups. Bathe and entertain for day, no water fights,
dry all clothes before packing."

Telegram -- C. D. Grant to resident of Brooklyn

June 23. Brooklyn, N. Y.

"There's a question on Polly Parkhill
Can it be that she's absent or ill?
Or is she in Maine?
Will you kindly explain
Or send a correct list, if you will."

Telegram -- R. Lester from C. D. Grant

June 24. Albany, N. Y.

"Don't be so fussy. Take whatever campers come. Cancel Diane Allen. Do not wait for Ames or Robinson; though really from Ohio they go via Cape Cod and meet Robson and Bryne just to make things simpler. If you don't get this wire."

To R. Lester from C. D. Grant

June 25. Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I don't get it."

Love,

Ruthie

To Room 335, Albany Hospital

June 26. Albany, N. Y.

"Bully for you. Gulla, gulla!

Get some people to help you

Get someone who at least looks mature."

The Director

To R. Lester

June 27. Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Of cousins I've quite a few

There're some young, some old and some new

At the Grand Central Station

The whole congregation

Will put the girls on the chop, choo."

Sally for entertainment, Pa and Ma to talk to parents, Bab's mother to look mature, Irene to take me to train, Mr. Ross to take Irene back.

June 29. Belgrade Lakes, Me.

"Trains on time, weather divine,
Flag flying high, courts almost dry,

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

JOSEPH L. EGAN
PRESIDENT

1201

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

NLT = Cable Night Letter

Ship Radiogram

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

•PA262

JUN 29 PM 7 10

P-PDA830 NL PD=BELGRADE LAKES ME 29=

MRS CONSTANCE D GRANT=

ROOM 335 ALBANY HOSPITAL ALBANY NY=

TRAINS ON TIME WEATHER DEVINE FLAG FLYING HIGH COURTS
ALMOST DRY JOHNNY ON THE SPOT EMMY READY TO TROT FIRST
SWIMS A SUCCESS GUARDS SHOW ABLENESS DDT CHASES AWAY
SKEETS SO FAR ALL DRY SHEETS PRANES RADY FOR VAUGHAN
COME THE NEXT DAWN MOVIE JUST SWELL SETTING TABLES
WORKS WELL OUR ONE LACK IS YOU MAKE YOUR RECOVERY DAYS
FEW=

CAMP RUNOIA=

DDT RUNOIA=

ANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

Johnny on the spot, Emmy ready to trot,
First swim's a success, guards show ableness.

DDT chases skeets
So far all dry sheets
Pranes ready for Vaughan
Come the next dawn
Movie just swell
Setting tables works well.

--CAMP RUNOIA

Dear Mom,

There are a lot of secrets going on around here. Everytime I walk into a room everyone stops talking and stares at me with blank but secretive expressions. Well, I've got secrets too. Tomorrow night we are giving a party for those old girls who have been doing so much whispered planning lately. The party is based on a country fair and there will be several booths on the midway. I guess that I will have more food than anybody else 'cause I'm on the refreshments committee, and they always seem to be eating at parties. Our fair will include many different types of games, from throwing the ball through the animal's mouth to trying to get a clothespin in a bottle from a dizzy height. But our feature booth will be the one occupied by our eastern Swami who will tell the fortunes of the old girls which ought to be quite interesting!

One of our counselors will be dressed up as a pig (she really is not suited for the part.) She will wear pink pj's and be stuffed with numerous pillows (well, not too numerous). The point will be to guess her waistline.

To come to our fair each girl will have to make a soap carving of an animal and a prize will be given to the best entry of seniors, juniors, and counselors. To end up the evening, there will be a number of relays that promise to be amusing.

I hope that the old girls will enjoy it as much as I have, keeping it a secret from them.

Your loving daughter,

Janie II

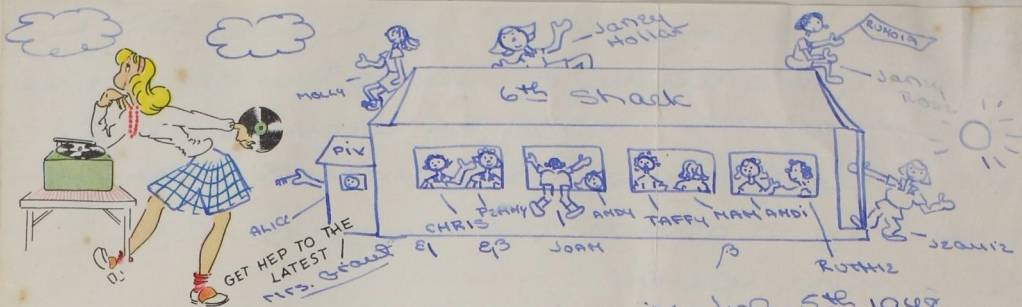
(Janie Rose)

CAR A 147 - ALL
C 146 - 1/2 (8-12)

BELGRADE 32
RING 2

LV. GCT. 6.20. (D.L. TIME) CAMP RUNOIA
STAMF. 7.12 " BELGRADE LAKES
N.H. 8.05 " MAINE
AR. BEL. 6.37 "

			GRAND CENTRAL	ON TRAIN	SEC.	CAR			CAR	SEC.
X	STEPHANIE BANG	CLEVELAND		✓	7	A 147	R. LESTER	A 147	1	-
X	LISA BLAUVELT	1/2 N.Y.		✓	1	A 147	L. BLAUVELT		1	-
X	JEAN BOBIS	N.Y.		✓	8	C 146	C. ROTHENBERG		2	-
X	JOAN BOWMAN	CINCIN		✓	12	C 146	A. NELSON		2	-
X	BETH BURCHENAL	CINCIN		✓	9	C 146	C. KELLY		3	-
X	KATHERINE DEXTER	1/2 CINCIN		✓	4	A 147	P. ERDMANN		3	-
X	PAMELA ERDMANN	1/2 N.Y.		✓	3	A 147	C. GRAUER		4	-
X	PHOEBE ESPY	CINCIN.		✓	9	C 146	K. DEXTER		4	-
X	CRISTA GRAUER	BFO		✓	4	A 147	S. SHEPPARD		5	-
X	THEBE GRAUER	BFO		✓	9	A 147	A. KNOWLES		5	-
X	NAN HADLEY	N.Y.		✓	12	C 146	G. SHEPPARD		6	-
X	KATHLEEN HEWE	CINCIN.		✓	10	C 146	D. JANNEY		6	-
X	VANE HOLLAR	CHICAGO		✓	10	A 147	C. JANNEY		7	-
X	CRICKET JANNEY	STAMFORD		✓	7	A 147	S. BANG		7	-
X	DEBBY JANNEY	1/2 STAMFORD		✓	6	A 147	V. TIMMS		8	-
X	CARROLL KELLY	1/2 CINCIN.		✓	3	A 147	N. TIMMS		8	-
X	ANNE KNOWLES	1/2 STAMFORD		✓	5	A 147	E. LANNING		9	-
X	ELEANOR LANNING	N.Y.		✓	9	A 147	P. GRAUER		9	-
X	RUTH LESTER	N.Y.		✓	1	A 147	J. ROSE		10	-
X	MOLLY MARBLE	CINCIN.		✓	8	C 146	J. HOLLAR		10	-
X	ALICE MARKHAM	N.Y.		✓	11	A 147	J. VAUGHN		11	-
X	ANNA MILES	NEW HAVEN		✓	13	A 147	A. MARKHAM		11	-
X	JUDY MERLIN	STAMFORD		✓	12	A 147	E. POTTER		12	-
X	LOUISE MITCHELL	STAMFORD		✓	13	A 147	J. MERLIN		12	-
X	ANNE NELSON	1/2 CHICAGO		✓	2	A 147	L. MITCHELL		13	-
X	EVE POTTER	BFO		✓	12	A 147	A. MILES		13	-
X	VANE ROSE	CHICAGO		✓	10	A 147	M. MARBLE	C 146	8	-
X	CLEO ROTHENBERG	CINCIN.		✓	2	A 147	J. BOBIS		8	-
X	GAIL SHEPPARD	1/2 STAMFORD		✓	6	A 147	P. ESPY		9	-
X	JANDRA SHEPPARD	1/2 STAMFORD		✓	5	A 147	B. BURCHENAL		9	-
X	HEATHER TAFFNER	N.Y.		✓	11	C 146	K. HAWK		10	-
X	JUDY TIMMS	CLEVELAND		✓	8	A 147	P. WOOD		10	-
X	NANCY TIMMS	1/2 CLEVELAND		✓	8	A 147	M. WORKUM		11	-
X	JANICE VAUGHN	N.Y.		✓	11	A 147	H. TAFFNER		11	-
X	PENNY WOOD	N.Y.		✓	10	C 146	N. HADLEY		12	-
X	MARY WORKUM	CINCIN.		✓	11	C 146	J. BOWMAN		12	-



Dear Mrs. Graetz,

July 5th 1948



Roses are red,
Violets are blue
Though we're havin' fun
we sure do miss you !!!



It really is the truth that we all miss you very very much and hope that you will soon be back here with us!!! The camp just doesn't seem the same without you!!!

I wish that I could say that the weather today is up to the usual Rumor style but it isn't - Right at the moment Hanny, Molly and I are sitting up in the lodge around a blazing (well simmering fire). But I can say that yesterday was beautiful and also the day before!!

We have been having a wonderful time up ^{here} these last few days (as we always do!!) We've had a picnic, a trip to Belgrade Lakes, a little episode with a bashful mouse (in our pix) and to top it all off a party for the "New Girls". This

THE OLD GIRLS' PARTY

All afternoon loud screams and shouts of laughter were heard from the lodge. We were practicing a skit to be given that night for the new girls.

After supper we went to have our make-up put on. At 7:30 we rang the bell. At 7:31 the lodge was filled.

Miss Pond and Miss Weiser walked in front of the curtain. "I'm so tired," said Miss Pond. "Let's sit down and rest. I suppose we'll never find a good camp site," she added.

"I hope so," said Miss Weiser. "Let's rest under this tree. We must have come a long way." So they sat down and fell asleep.

The curtains opened and some Indians came strutting out. They sat cross-legged on the floor. Then they started singing something about being the squaws of Chief Runoia. They then sang their names: Smiling Cow, Funny Nose, Itchy Pants, Sway in the Breeze." Someone came racing out and stood next in line. Little Fleet Foot and-- Beetle Bomb. Then they arose and strutted out.

Then it was the Juniors' turn. We came running and waving our tomahawks and yelling. Then we sat down. "Ugh!" said the first. "Ugh!" said the second. And it went "ugh" until the end. "Ugh, Ugh!" said the last. "Aw, stop changing the subject," said the first. Suddenly a shadow fell across the stage.

"Me wantum rent." It was the landlord. We all jumped up and ran off stage. He caught our last brave.

"Me wantum rent," he continued.

"Me no rent," gasped scared Cricket.

"Why no rent?"

"Me no work."

"Why no work?"

"Me too weakum."

"Me wantum rent," said the landlord as he pulled out his bow and arrows and then he killed Cricket.

Then all the squaws ran in. Two caught the landlord. In walked Chief Runoia. "I, Chief Runoia, have been chief of many braves and ruler of many calm, wide waters. Aaa-hhh! What meets the great eyes of Chief Runoia?" he roared as he looked at Cricket.

The Old Girls' Party (Cont.)

"Did you do it?" he asked, pointing to the squaws.

"No, no, no, no," they sang.

"That's Runoia harmony," he said to the audience. "Did you do it?" he asked, looking at the landlord.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," sang the squaws. "He done it."

"You have been a member of our tribe long enough. What shall we do to you?" asked the Chief. "Shall we hang you by your thumbs or roast you over a low fire?"

There was silence in the Runoia playhouse. "I've got it," he decided. The Chief felt his pants and his jacket. "Has anyone in the audience got a match?" A match was thrown to his feet.

"Thank you," said Chief Runoia, looking at it. "We will send him from our camp grounds with four wampums to his name," he said.

The victim fell on his knees and started sobbing. "And," continued the Chief, "we will give your land away for a camp."

"No, no," sobbed the landlord.

"Yes," said Chief. "Now leave."

"Music!"

One of the squaws ran out for a music stand. Then we all sang "Mid Pine Trees."

Miss Pond woke up and started looking for land. "Look," she said. "Isn't that a sign?"

"Yes, and it says:

LAND GIVEN
AWAY
BY CHIEF RUNOIA

I must tell Miss Weiser." So back she ran. "Miss Weiser," she called. "I had the strangest dream, and now I've found land for a camp."

—Anne Knowles

FIFTH SHACK'S ALL-DAY PADDLE

Fifth Shack's all-day paddle consisted of food, girls, food, canoes, food, and the ever-present pix shovel. Thus we started out, bravely facing the waves which covered Great Pond. It takes two hours from camp to Belgrade Lakes, but that did not faze us. Defiantly we said we could tackle the waves which were the same on Long Lake, but our counselors said "no." (Could it have been they were more tired than we poor campers?)

Eating our lunch on the point which extends from the middle of the bridge, we stuffed ourselves with marshmallow fluff, eggs, and jam. Our counselors must have been afraid we'd starve because they brought five loaves of bread for eleven people, yet in the end we had only one left.

After dining in a boarding-house fashion and after Nicki had taken pains to wipe off the marshmallow fluff which had engulfed her from head to foot, Andi and Ruthie went to call Johnny. I guess it was to find out whether we were welcome or not back at camp for supper, and we weren't. So we went to buy food for dinner.

The next question was where we'd eat. The answer was Hoyt's Island. The minute we arrived at Hoyt's, Bobis hurriedly went about fixing the table which was on the picnic grounds.

Then a long swim, a huge supper, and back to camp. Although we couldn't go exploring on Long Lake, we had a wonderful time.

--Janice Vaughan

MERRY MEADOWBROOK

One might say that when Camp Runoia takes a camping trip they expect to escape from the maddening crowd in the wild wilderness of the woods of Maine. But this trip down the good old Meadowbrook turned into a positive convention of masculine attention (pardon the expression) where we entertained a crowd of campers, counselors, fishermen and picnickers from 6:30 in the morning on.

The whole trip started out quite innocently, if not peacefully and calmly, for no one could call the lake the morning of August 2, 1948, calm. Our canoes bounced over the bounding waves like restless fleas, and the wind had the uncomfortable habit of coming in all directions at once. In spite of the dancing waves we made record time to Potter's Shore where we stopped off to pay a visit to the fishies. We supped our delightful meal in the cattails that border the Meadowbrook Stream. How the gooey marshmallow fluff and peanut butter did fly from canoe to canoe. Nobody could understand why, after they spread peanut butter on jam on marshmallow fluff on margarine on a piece of bread that it oozed all over the canoes and their occupants and made us look like a group of sticky Indians in varicolored warpaint.

Merry Meadowbrook (Cont.)

After our lunch we sped off down the stream with a couple dozen vicious black flies on our trail. The two girls in the front canoe made one little faux pas--they led us down the wrong fork in the stream, but after a great deal of pushing and back-watering we were back on our way. One shack followed another on that stream--small rapids over beaver dams that had the bad way of knocking Janey Rose on her fanny in waist-deep water, fishermen that loomed up around corners, and last but not least (by any means) was the incident of the low bridge, and the herd of cows that gave near nervous prostration to Andi and Taffy, the victims.

We reached East Pond with a great deal more sunburn and mosquito bites than we had had a mere two hours before. After a brief visit at the Pine Tree Camp we started out battling the ever-present waves and wind. The entrance to the lake where our camping spot was situated was a regular maze of rocks and hidden reefs, but we succeeded in entering without a single scrape.

We found a delightful camping space which was one of those deserted little places on the edge of the deserted lake. But it was in less than an hour that we changed our tune about the loneliness of the place. A group of four red canoes pulled up to the beach down the way full of boys--all kinds of boys--big and little and tall and short. Our dream of skinny dipping was literally thrown out the window.

After a delicious supper of rooty-tooty baked beans, tomatoes, bread, cookies, and oranges, we decided to make fudge--not because we were hungry but because we had India rubber stomachs. Then again thinking of food, we decided to paddle over to Smithfield to get more to eat and on the side for the paddle. Smithfield may not be a great metropolis, but it does offer the public one store which is as general as any could be (being the only one in town). At about nine we started back to our camping spot with canoes full of food and stuffed girls. When we reached the perilous straits of our lake we found that we could not see a thing (it being pitch black). And we all lost a few years of our lives winding our way through the rocks. But as you can see we all got there alive and we had worked off enough food to be hungry again. But soon we got the bedtime blues and bounced into bed.

The next morning was nothing short of riotous with boys coming over for social visits at 6:00 A. M. and asking for matches at 7:00 and coming over en masse at 7:30 and borrowing bacon and salt at 8:00. But that was not all. Pine Island campers (who owned the land) decided to come over on our beach and have breakfast. That meant a mere ten more people to make life a little more lively. The quiet little beach suddenly took on the guise of rush hour in Grand Central Station with people, people everywhere.

But then suddenly, almost as suddenly as it all started, it stopped and we found ourselves all alone. But not for long because the time had flown by and it was time to start over to meet the kids at Smithfield.

There probably have been better trips and more exciting ones, but this little jaunt takes my vote for originality.

--Jeanie Bobis

First Meadowbrook Song (Tune:—"In the land of Ice + Snow")

Once upon a summer day
As we paddled on our way
We came upon some breezes oh so light
Not so light!

We tossed and turned
The wind we spurned
The sun beat down and we got burned
Eating fluff and stuff
In Meadowbrook

We paddled over beaver dams
'Neath cows that said, "Moo";
One of them made passes at Andi's canoe
When we had found our camping place
We thought we had lots of space
Till the congregation flocked to greet us.

Counselors---trippers
Disturbed us dippers
Our skin's too thin
Masculine attention
Was like a convention
Fleet was in.

In the morning
When we were snoring
Their presence was beyond ignoring
Snatches for matches
Passes at lasses
Made our trip.

Cheer:--

Cows, cows -- Moo, Moo, Moo
Boys, Boys -- What to do!
Meadowbrook, Meadowbrook
Here's to you
Rah! Rah!

SECOND MEADOWBROOK TRIP

The time did come for life so free
Our hearts were filled with sudden glee
At Smithfield we did park canoes
And paddled forward two by twos.

Second Meadowbrook Trip (Cont.)

We paddled into Echo Cove
For life in wilderness we strove
Our Camp Relations were increased
But soon we wished them to decrease.

After a dinner of the very best
We sat around to laugh and jest
With jokes and stories told by all
Our eyelids soon began to fall.

The morning quickly rolled around
From out our packs we all did bound,
The time did come to be on our way
It certainly was the most perfect day
The dams and carries made it fun
While each of us did crack a pun.

Great Pond soon did meet our eyes
And then we stopped to realize
That we had made a record trip
And oh to others we did skip.

Our boat house then did show its face
The paddles all decreased their pace
Not that we didn't wish to return
We just didn't want our trip to adjourn.

--Louie Mitchell
Beth Burchenal
Sally Anderson

BELGRADE STREAM

One summer day Fifth Shack left Runoia's shore to go on a Belgrade Stream trip. They paddled away and came upon Belgrade Lakes, or rather a few hundred boys camps, whose destination was the same as Fifth Shack's. But they didn't mind.

One of Runoia's girl's best friend's brother's best friend was there, which started a chit-chat. But after canoes had been carried, post cards written, and ice cream eaten, everybody left Belgrade Lakes behind and paddled off.

Now Fifth Shack in high spirits was off across Long Lake, singing, talking, sailing, and paddling. After awhile stomachs began threatening emptiness, so drifting along, lunch was eaten.

Belgrade Stream (Cont.)

Through reeds and swamps they entered Belgrade Stream. How they did paddle! Passing a girls' camp in swimming and many other odd things, they reached Wind Mills, where with the boys' camps (which they met again) went in swimming with clothes and all.

When the boys' camps had gone and everything died down again, Radio Vim appeared with a hearty greeting of "Want to have some history?"

They were polite so all through supper they sat and held in giggles. With history crammed in their heads they pushed off and retreated to a supper of hash, corn, and many other treats. Then down for the night.

4:30 arrived with showers and by 7:00 they, the blankets, the food and clothing were soaked, but nothing stops this crowd so in rain and wind they paddled on to Belgrade.

--Emmy Warren

SIXTH SHACK PARTY

'Twas the mid-summer Christmas
And all through the shacks
Confusion ran trampling
All over our packs.

The children we nestled
All snug in their beds
With Kleenex and nose drops
For colds in their heads.

The stockin's were patched
And mended like new
So when toys were put in them
They wouldn't go through.

Sixth Shack in their annual maze
Of wrappings and ribbons
And stickers for days.

There were trees to be trimmed
Wreathes to be hung
Posters to be painted
And carols to be sung.

But they all took time
In wishing you
A Merry Christmas
And a New Year, too!

--Anne Nelson

Dear Brother,

I slept out last night with Barbie Warren, Beaver, and Nelly, my roommate. I carried my sleeping bag down and then went back to the shack for flit. After milk and crackers I went down and put on my pajamas. The bats were flying overhead and mosquitoes around my hair. Very annoying. I finally got to sleep to be rudely awakened by a raindrop falling on my cheek. I jumped out of bed when this was followed by another.

Dumping all my junk into my pillowcase I gathered my sleeping bag and poncho under one arm and grabbing my pillowcase wrong side up, I fled, scattering dry clothes, shoes, hair brushes, and the flit can. I was half way between the woods and the boathouse when bingo! Down came the rain. I was close to being soaked when I finally stumbled up the boathouse steps and into my sleeping bag to lie awake the rest of the night.

When everyone else woke up we collected ourselves to dash to the Lodge with our food to cook it over the fireplace, but who should appear but Johnny with raincoats and boots. We cooked our breakfast over the open fire. I was still in my pajamas because of wet scattered clothes, but who would walk in but Ray. He stayed to eat leftover cold cocoa and toast which tasted of smoke and raspberry jam.

I am O. K. How are you? Are you having fun at Pine Island?

Love,

Sallie Robinson

KENNEBEC TRIP

The river looked very delightful
But the rapids soon turned very frightful
As the rocks all went "scrape"
We only could gape
At the end our canoes were a sightful.

In the evening the stars started popping,
However, the clouds soon were dropping;
We couldn't believe
We soon were to grieve
'Cause our wonderful time would be stopping.

When the morn came our packs were all dripping
As the rain poured we all started ripping;
As we rolled up our packs
The rain at our backs
We doubted our knowledge of tripping.

Kennebec Trip (Cont.)

So sure that our trip had been stunted
We deserted our packs as we hunted
For a road which we found
When we all were quite drowned
And Barbie was soon Caratunked.

As the camp was being told of our plight-ful
A diner was found for a biteful
We found a nice man
Who lent us a hand
And made us forget our big night-full.

As we dried all our toes by his stove,
It quenched any longings to rove,
But we gave many thanks
As we joined Johnny's ranks
And back to Runoia we drove.

--Barbie Warren

POSTURE

Good posture is essential to you and me, so
Don't walk bowlegged and carry your shoulder low.

So carry your head very straight, straight, straight;
Don't look as if you're choking over something you ate.

So kick bad posture straight out of your door,
Good posture is here for evermore.

--Sallie Robinson

SUNDAY CONCERT

One Sunday Emmy and the Fourth Shackers were delighted to hear the news that they were going to the Music Camp. They dressed up really snazzily in their Sunday best, and at 2:30 they drove merrily away in the station wagon. As the time went by they began arguing among themselves about asking Emmy a question--something about lips or lipstick! But as they got near the Music Camp, Stevie really settled the argument by asking Emmy whether or not they could wear lipstick. The answer was satisfactory.

They arrived just in time, and all rushed for front seats to get out of the sun. They immediately noticed a boy who looked like Beaver's

Sunday Concert (Cont.)

brother. First there was the orchestra which was very nice and then came the choir which was even better and then the band which was the very best. During the middle of the band Nancy said to her friends, "I've been trying to find all the instruments, and I see all but the "HOB0!"

After the concert they went out and went to a store in Oakland, and Emmy bought them ice cream.

It was a nice way to spend Sunday afternoon.

--Beaver Ferris

A RAINY DAY

The rain is pounding against the roof,
It can be loud in rest hour without reproof.
Seniors are lounging around the fire,
Juniors are running and tripping over the lamp's wire.

Newcomers come stamping in and out
To the tune of "shut the door you lout!"

I'm so very very cold, brr-rr-rr,
From this fire I'll never stir.
If you are active I'll think you're crazy
Because this is really the day to be lazy.

--Sallie Robinson

SUNDAY MOVIES

If by chance you might arrive at Camp Runoia between 7:30 and 9:00 on Sunday night, you would one minute hear giggles, cackles, or peals of laughter. And the next minute screams and shouts may be heard. Just don't get all nerved up because it will appear to be only Sunday night movies.

Runoia's movies are a variation from Abbott and Costello to "The Thirteenth Guest," which will either make you split from laughter or send shivers up your back. But hold onto your chair and you'll be fine.

THE MAIL BOAT RIDE

I learned suddenly that the juniors were going on a mail boat for supper. It sounded like fun so I got ready. We piled into the boat with our knitting and prepared for a long trip. It was slightly windy, so we rocked gently. We hung over one side to see Pine Island. There was a boy out rowing, but he wasn't anyone I knew. We went past a Boy Scout camp just when the flag was being lowered. Then their bell rang for supper, and we began to feel hungry.

Supper was passed around. We only had one sandwich since the peanut and marshmallow fluff sandwiches had been forgotten. One girl had some candy from her mother which she passed around. We crunched candy and admired the scenery.

It began to be very rough, and I suddenly didn't feel hungry anymore. We reached home and thanked Mr. Webster for a marvelous ride. I had lots of fun.

--Sallie Robinson

A VISIT TO POLLY'S

One fine day in the middle of June,
Anna said that pretty soon
We could go to Polly's home,
If we'd change our clothes, and
Our hair we would comb.

We surely had a lot of fun.
We went swimming and had some
Cake, ice cream, and candy too.
The next day we weren't too
Hungry, it's true.

--Debby Jarney

THE WOODS

Under the moonbeams stands a chestnut tree
Still and silent as can be.
Water is gurgling in a brook
Hark, a nightingale is singing
Sending its sweet song through the silent woods.

The wind is blowing lazily
The owl is hooting, telling others, telling others
It has caught its prey.
Now the moonbeams fade
The sunbeams light the sky
Sending its rays on the now still woods.

--Sallie Robinson

CAMDEN BREESES

This isn't written in a recipe book, but it is a known fact on the sea. Everyone who has ever taken an ocean cruise, and Sixth Shack of Camp Runoia is included, knows the ingredients for a perfect day on the ocean. They are as follows: A charming English captain and his mate, a dash of breeze, a beautiful boat, and a good warm sun. That's what we used, and the whole trip came out well done. I shall now relate the trip in detail.

We started off on a day that didn't look too promising, but our steady concentration on good weather brought the reluctant sun out from behind the clouds. We bounced merrily along for about an hour until we got just outside of Augusta. At this point our station wagon started having internal troubles, and in the middle of a busy highway just lay down and refused to move. It was later found that its affliction was a broken universal rod whose minor job was to hold the back and front together. But in a short space of time the occupants and baggage were transferred to a streamlined taxi, which one rarely finds in Maine. Off we whizzed to Camden without any further delay. When we got to the pier, we spilled out of the cars and started exploring among the weather-beaten docks. Loaded with ice cream cones we boarded our ship, The Fortune, a 38-foot knock-about. The captain, David Anderson, better known as Cap'n Andy, and Sam Batty, his so-called first mate, were two very amazing salties. Cap'n Andy's delightful English accent fascinated us to distraction.

Our trip over to our camping spot, better known as Hewell's Island, was spent trying to discourage Janey Hollar's great ambition to catch a fish, and on the side, devouring our bountiful food supply. We came upon our island about four o'clock, and the first thing that we did was to go in swimming. The water was beyond description, so I will just say it was cold!

After supper, some of the kids went over to the boats of the herring fishermen and came back with a large supply of squirming herring. When the tide went out, Cap'n Andy suggested that we all go clam digging. It was our first experience at this sport, and it was strange to see the clams spit at you from the depths of the sand. But our wet work was rewarded by a kettleful of steaming clams which we ate with great gusto before bedtime.

As a luxury, we slept in a tent that night as a protection from the sea bees and bugs. At 5:30 we awoke! A group of us decided that our sleep was over and so departed for a morning rendezvous with the gulls. Early morning on the sea is really spectacular for landlubbers like us. The smell of our awaiting breakfast floated over the briny rocks, and we wended our way back on what we thought was the right trail, but it wasn't! We found ourselves like Dan'l Boones, in the midst of a Maine wilderness. Every pine tree looked the same, and we'd left our compass at home. But after a long seige of physical endurance, we stumbled upon the right trail. Civilization!

We were to leave at eight o'clock on orders from the captain, but as you have probably guessed, we were still in a turmoil of dirty dishes and

Camden Breezes (Cont.)

undone packs when the zero hour came. But finally we gathered ourselves together and set off into the bright blue sea. Because there was no wind, we had to use the motor, which to most seamen is a noisy gadget, but it saved us from being late in meeting Johnny.

After having met Johnny, Sam consented to take us out for one last plunge into the icy depths. It was icy! But it worked up our appetites for lunch, so much so that Janey devoured two three-decker ice cream cones. What a constitution!

After the delivery of a new bouncing innerspring to the station wagon, we fairly flew over the ground toward home. What a cap'n, what a crew, what a perfect day!

--Nan Hadley & Co.

THE TREES

In winter the trees so bare
Wave their leafless limbs in the crisp air.

In spring new branches sprout
And all the leaves come popping out.

In summer they furnish a cool shade
So everyone is glad they are made.

In fall the trees are all brown, yellow, and red,
And if you don't look out, a nut will fall on your head.

--Sallie Robinson

PRESENTATION

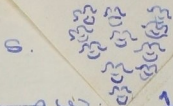
A lovely silver pin made by Shelly was presented to Johnny at Cotillion with the following presentation:

For excellence in administration, organization, orientation, vocalization, as well as bifocalization, orthography, and dislocation (which means faulty juxtaposition--but, of course, it's not juxtaposition, it's who it is that counts) and because she's been in dislocation for twenty-one years, the Runoiates present this pin to Miss Marian Johnson.

Camp Runcia
Belgrade Lakes
Maine
6th Shack



BASE-
BALL



K's

11



CAMP RUNOIA SONGS

Tune: "On a Bicycle Built for Two"

Camp Runoia's
Banner is always true
We love camp teams
Colors are white and blue
Forever we'll love Runoia
We counselors that annoya
The songs we wrote
We surely hope
Will bring girls to Runoia's shore.

--Third Shack

Tune: "Manana"

Runoia is a camp
Where we all love to be
We often go on camping trips
Which always pleases me.
And when the day is over
We will paddle home to you
But just to start to roam again
In a silver or blue canoe.

Chorus:

Runoia, Runoia
Runoia sure is the camp for me!

There's tennis, swimming, riding
And there's also archery
And then we come to baseball
That suits me to a "T"
And when the skies grow cloudy
And threatens for a storm
We pile into the lodge and stay
There nice and warm.

Chorus:

Runoia, Runoia
Runoia sure is the camp for me!

--Fourth Shack

CAMP RUNOIA SONGS (CONT.)

Tune: "Vreneli"

I.

O Runoia girls, Runoia girls
Pray tell me where 's your camp
Our camp it is in Belgrade Lakes
'Tis made of friendship true
Our camp it is in Belgrade Lakes
'Tis made of friendships true.

Chorus:

Runoia - White and blue
Runoia - white and blue
Runoia - ~~white~~ and blue
Runoia - white and blue
Runoia - ~~white~~ and blue
Runoia - white and blue
Runoia - White and blue
Runoia!

II.

O Runoia girls, Runoia girls
Do you have lots of fun
At Runoia we work and play
Until the day is done
At Runoia we work and play
Until the day is done.

Chorus:

III.

O Runoia girls, Runoia girls
Pray tell us what you do
Upon the water we swim and sail
And paddle a canoe
Upon the water we swim and sail
And paddle a canoe.

Chorus:

--Fifth Shack

Tune: "There's a Tree in the Meadow"

There's a camp named Runoia
That we all love so well
Where the summer days do pass away
And leave us in their spell.

Oh we'll always remember
The hours we spent there
'Neath the sky so bright where breezes light
Blow 'way the clouds of care.

--Sixth Shack

CAMP RUNOIA SONGS (CONT.)

Tune: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"

There's a camp in the woods of old Maine
Where our hearts ever true will remain
Where many a light-hearted day passed by
Hours fly, spirits high
Oh, Runoia, here's honor to you
Your two loyal teams white and blue
And we always do say,
Through our work and our play
You're the symbol of our happiness.

--Sixth Shack

Tune: "Men of Harlech"

There's a camp known as Runoia
Nothing there can ever boreya
Ever boreya or annoya
All the summer days.

Hear the camp songs
Ringing true o'er hill
And field and tree and lake shore
May they ever truly ring for
White and blue always.

All the things we do here
We will always hold dear
The supper trips
The morning dips
Shall be ours from year to year
Alma Mater we adore you.

All through the years
We'll always be true
Both to camp and to white and blue
Runoia evermore!

--Barbara Warren

CAMP RUNOIA SONGS (CONT.)

Tune: "The Cowboy's Lullaby"

Pine trees stretching to the dark blue sky
Loons laughing loudly in the lake
White birches gleaming in the hills so dark
Time for Runoia campers to be still
Ya ho, the moonlight on the lake
The loons are nothing leery
Just tryin' to be skeery
Ya ho a molla campers day
So settle down
 Runoia
 till the mornin'.

--Sallie Robinson

RUTHIE LESTER

Ruthie's been here a good round ten years
She's into trips up to her ears
From the one on the train
To the Kennebec's rain
For her hard work we giver her three cheers.



ANDI BRYNE

1st Andi of Sixth Shack is Bryne
In the teeth of a gale you have seene
Clutching madly at sails
At moorings and pails
When we say Captain Caution, we meane.

JOAN BOWMAN

At the shore she was Anna's aid
And swam like a native mermaid
She was quite the lassie
In bathing suits classie
But at the end of July she had strayed.

JEAN BOBIS

Jeannie B. and the muse of creation
Together they cause a sensation
At a play or a party
Or anything arty
Her creation deserves an ovation.



MOLLY MARBLE

Molly Marble's as silent a pal
As that famous Vermonter named Cal,
Though reputedly sly
She's remarkably spry
And her shyness becomes her, some gal!

KATHERINE ANDERSON

When first bell peals forth in the morning,
Andy is deaf to its warning
With the sheets o'er her head
She snuggles in bed
While 'round her the counselors are storming.



ALICE MARKHAM

There is a young camper named Alice
The craft shop to her is a palace
Every morning she swept
And the flowers she kept
That neat little gal named Alice.

JANE HOLLAR

She's the girl all the whites do follar
The slugger named Janie Hollar
When she gets up to bat
She knocks them all flat
Bob Feller is what we should call her.



JANE ROSE

The blues were lamenting their woes
They'd no pitcher to pitch to their foes
They looked all around
And see what they found
From the ranks of the new, Janie Rose.

CHRIS WORKUM

One morning Chris awakened to feel
'Neath the blankets a bounce and a squeal
She leapt from her bed
To the front porch she sped
It seems that she has mouse appeal.



PENNY WOOD

The new girl from Jersey, Penny Wood
Tried to lose all the pounds she could
But when desserts came
Of Mrs. W's fame
The tummy stayed on her for good.

NANNY HADLEY

Before the exam Nan was raving
That her hopes of passing were caving
But she did her best
During the test
And now she's a star in lifesaving.



TAFFY TAERNER

Taffy went to the stables one day
When the ponies were anxious to play
She really needs courses
Playing footie with horses
So they won't walk on her that way.



PERRY FLYNT

She is a good gal, our Perry
In coming to camp she did tarry
Her arrival was late
'Cause of hitchin' of Harriate
Her welcome was joyous, but very!

BARBARA WARREN

A stop-off does Barbie now make
Twixt the archery field and the lake
The tables she swishes
And scrapes off the dishes
For action the cake she does take.



CLAIRE ROTHENBERG

To some people horses are nags
But Cleo consistently brags
That horses outsmart
Humans from the start
And defense of her friends never lags.

LOUISE CORNN

When campers are feeling forlorn
And other activities scorn
To give us a smile
The time to while
There's always Weezie's Cornn!



EVE POTTER

Toward nightfall you'll find that our Eve
To the telephone often will cleave
Now she knows lots of boys
But they all are decoys
John's first--Now, Eve, don't deceive.

JUDY MERLIN

The measles took Judy away
To the hospital she went for a stay
When she found P I C
It turned into a spree
And the moments flew by every day.



BETH BURCHENAL

Fifth Shack laughs at whatever she saith
Our jolly young camper named Beth
Cracks a joke at each cue
And says, "Bully for you!"
And her shackmates are tickled to death.

PHOEBE ESPY

The Espys make up quite a clan
They're amusing and gay to a man
Phoebe comes down to Maine
We hope she'll come again
And that others will come when they can.



KATHLEEN HUWE

When walking through woods you might glance
On the bushes for stray underpants
Her greatest of horrors
Is locating her drawers
"Five cents, for Huwe!" camp chants.



JANICE VAUGHAN

In rehearsals Janice alarms
With waving her "shapely" arms
But when on the stage
She is quite the rage
For passion brings out all her charms.

EMMY WARREN

Emmy Warren knows all that went on
In past summers at camp, all day long
She's got it down pat
We did this and did that
And her memory seldom is wrong.



SALLY ANDERSON

Sally's moosehead names "Myron Q"
Put the Cap'n and Sam in a stew
When asked could it board
They said not a word
Her prize onto the island they threw.

ELEANOR LANNING

Where's Eleanor gone, if you please?
My guess is she's off climbing trees,
If you'll follow my gaze
See how that branch sways
You can bet that it's more than the breeze.



PHOEBE GRAUER

Though Phoebe appears so quiet
She takes a devilish delight
Putting burrs in pj's
Their owners to amaze
Really the result is a riot.

JUDY TIMMS

When Judy Timms went on a trip
We found she was such a pip
In fact so well suited
That she was recruited
From assembly to Smithfield to slip.



Nickie Ames

To know all the animals names
To understand all ^{of} their games
To be on good terms
With snakes, beetles and worms
To accomplish all this, Nickie Ames.

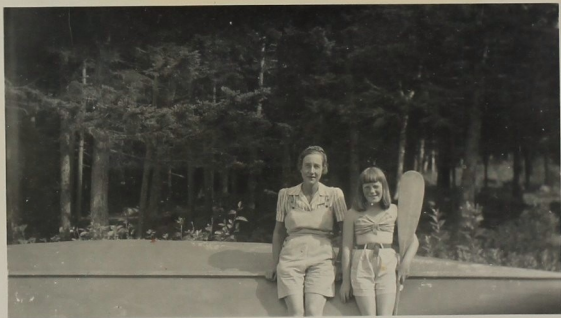
MARIAN JOHNSON

Johnny's good at organization
For her hard work she won an ovation
Let's clear 4th Shack dock
Of that miserable rock
That dislocates on dislocation.



LOUISE MITCHELL

Louie is of the Smart Set
Most evenings you'll find she'll be met
Around nine o'clock
On the end of the dock
To sing a Pine Island duet.



To the end of the dock
to ring a line island that

HARRIET JANNEY

In sports H. Janney's sure-fire
And all small Whites does inspire
As junior lieutenant
She merits a pennant
This fast-action bug we admire.

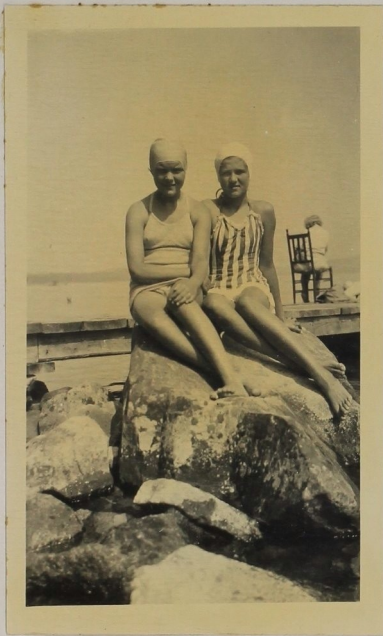


PINKIE ERDMANN

With a toss of her carrot-top mane
She twitches when life gets too tame
When one game is done
She'll search for new fun
"Chief Itchy" is Pinkie's new name.

STEVIE BANG

At reunion they danced and they sang
But Stevie her shy head did hang
Mrs. Grant thought her shy
But at camp--Oh my!
You always can hear Stevie Bang.



NANCY TIMMS

On home plate a professional pat
Reminds all the outfielders that
If they're not on their guard
From their sleep they'll be jarred
Nancy Timms has just taken the bat.

SALLY ROBINSON

From under her locks she keeps glancing
With eyes flirtatiously dancing
Sally never will skimp
At being an imp
From one giggle to the next she goes prancing.



ANNE NELSON

The third from Chicago is Anne
She tries to amuse when she can
Often at table
She'll offer a fable
Or joke with a perfect deadpan.

ANNE KNOWLES

To replenish the Dowd-Lester clan
The latest addition is Anne
Though sent here by Dowdy
She's hardly as rowdy
A change in the family plan.



CARROLL KELLY

We're sure that she's Carroll by day
But at night it's not always that way
She covered her eyes
With a ghostly disguise
And came to the masquerade as Benjy.

SANDY SHEPPARD

As Romeo Sandra looked swell
In spite of her guise you could tell
That there need be no fears
In the oncoming years
As Juliet she'll do just as well.



BEAVER FERRIS

Pray how do you eat so much, Beaver
And once eaten, how does it leaver
It does seem to follow
That somewhere she's hollow
So when she says "wooden leg" I believer.

ANNA MILES

We bet that this charmer beguiles
Professors at Smith with her smiles
But for her there's just one
All others she'll shun
For Ollie's the one for Miss Miles.



TRUDY DONATH

Trudy ably manages store
She passes out Hersheys galore
How can she get by
So easily? Why
It's the learning she gets at Bryn More.

POLLY PARKHILL

Polly's parents live over the lake
To a party the whole shack they take
They come 'cross the water
To take off their daughter
And everyone goes there for cake.



ELISSA BLAUVELT

I think that our Lisa would burst
If she could not dibs to be first
In pix, at croquet
In all games that we play
To be second is worsser than worst.

GAIL SHEPPARD

There is a young lady named Gail
Whose countenance once was quite pale
She got over the mumps
With a few lusty jumps
And since then has been hearty and hale.



IRENE EWING

Renie sat on the dock as if stuck
Her brother to meet--but no luck
Hope had started to die
When behind her came "Hi"
He'd finally arrived in a truck.

CRISTA GRAUER

One day to the stable went Crista
While crossing the wall a rock kissta
The stoney embrace
Was too much for her face
And a dentist was called to assista.



ANNE CORBETT

When "R" she is asked to say
She says "ah" in the Mainiac way
With her ear-to-ear grin
Many friends she does win
To be happy and gay sure does pay.

DEBBY JANNEY

The library Deb does sustain
Reading all from Tolstoy to Twain
The expression profound
'Neath her glasses so round
Shows that she is weally a bwain.



BUNNY DEXTER

A new girl this year's Bunny Dexter
She came here with Chris who lives nexter
She braided her hair
With a great deal of care
'Cause it hung in her eyes, and that vexter.

MRS. BOLLENBACHER

We've kept Mrs. B on the hop
With ailments that never do stop.
Measles and mumpses
Poison ivy and bumpses
Are part of this year's bumper crop.



PEG CASSIDY

Peg replaced Peg at C. R.
As Jack-of-All-Trades she's a star
Her games and her wit
Have made a big hit
And we are sure glad she came here this yar.

DORIS SHELLBERG

Shelly's voice departed one day;
'Twas frightened away by some hay.
In bungalow two
She found it anew;
We hope it has come to stay.



EMMY GRAF

Emmy's ghostly friends turn us quite white
They're a rowdy bunch when there's no light
Abercrombie, Horatio,
And more if you say so
Have parties at Benjy's each night.



MARY SHAFER

Whatever it is she will getchait;
She will buy it or borrow, or catchit.
Beg, borrow or steal
We all of us feel
If she can, Mary Shafer will fetchit.



ELEANOR WARREN

In her seventh year came first mistake
On a birthday she started to bake
Though her graham cracker pies
Bring forth cheers and soft sighs
Ellie B. left the eggs from the cake.

VERA TOZZER

Vera emerged from the kitchen
And spent one morn catchin' and pitchin'
Now she's thought of up here
As the catch of the year
For at baseball she's really bewitchin'.



MARTHA KRAPP

Though the kitchen's her working station
She came forth for her big celebration
Marty went half and half
With Emily Graf
At the peak of the birthday inflation.



BABS JAMES

The daily collection of plates
Does not seem to hinder her dates.
When the telephone rings
"Oh, Ba-abs," it sings;
Her beaux come from 48 states.

MRS. GRANT

There's a friend down the lake, Mrs. Grant
Who ignores the two words, "I can't"
For nothing's too tough
If you want to enough
Wish we all looked on life with that slant.

MR. GRANT

We're very sorry to state
That Mr. Grant was late
But why did he tarry
Why, it was Perry
Who was his Oldsmobile date.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Miss Mary Trump Bauman Is Married Thanksgiving Day To Alfred B. Gates

Married Thanksgiving Day in an informal ceremony at the bride's home were Miss Mary Trump Bauman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Clair S. Bauman, 159 Silver Street, and Alfred Baker Gates, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome W. Gates of White Plains, N. Y.

The candlelight ceremony was performed at 4 p.m., by the Rev. Walter D. Wagoner, chaplain at Colby College, with the double ring service being read.

Evergreen, white candles and white chrysanthemums formed the background for the ceremony, which was attended by a small group of relatives and friends.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. She was attired in a gown of white satin trimmed with seed pearls fashioned with train. Her veil of India lace brought from that country by her parents has been worn by several brides in the family. She carried a bouquet of white roses.

Miss Mary Weston Thomas of this city was the maid of honor. She wore a gown of pastel green brocaded silk with matching mitts, and a coronet of bronze pompoms, in her hair she carried a matching

bouquet.

Fred Allen of Brunswick was the best man.

Music during the ceremony was by Everett Fisk Strong.

A reception was held with out of town guests including Mr. and Mrs. Jerome W. Gates, Geneva and Jane Gates, White Plains, N. Y., Mrs. Robert Rich, Woolwich, Pa., Mrs. Carlyle Whiting, Jersey Shore, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lovell, Ellsworth; Mr. and Mrs. John Donaghy, Bangor; Miss Margo Vorys, Columbus, O.; Arthur Bauman, brother of the bride, a senior at Cornell Medical School.

Mrs. Gates was graduated from Northfield School for Girls, Northfield, Mass., and is now a senior at Colby College. She is a member of the Delta Delta Delta Sorority.

Mr. Gates was graduated from White Plains High School. A junior at Colby College, he is a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. He also served two years in the U. S. Navy with service in the Pacific area.

Following a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Gates will reside at 13 Bartlett Street.



MR. AND MRS. ALFRED B. GATES
(Mary Trump Bauman)

Bradland Photo

Girl Scouts Send Dolls On Their Way



—Enquirer (Cornelius) Photo.

Girl Scouts Mary Todd, Katharine Dexter, Sarah Durham and Suzanne Nein, Walnut Hills Troop 57 of Seventh Presbyterian Church, are shown in this picture presenting to Miss Ethel M. Brotton, Administrative Assistant, Hamilton County Welfare Department, the first consignment of dolls dressed by the Cincinnati Girl Scouts for

the Mayor's Christmas Committee.

Nearly 500 of these dolls, supplied by the Recreation Commission, have been outfitted by the Girl Scouts. Sixty of the dolls have been on display in an arcade window of the Mabley & Carew Co.

All clothing and blankets were made by hand or sewing machine, knitted or crocheted by the Scouts. This project is an annual citywide

contribution from the hearts and hands of Girl Scouts.

Through Miss Brotton the dolls will be distributed to the Public Relief, Aid for Dependent Children and Children's Services. Other agencies benefiting are the Disabled American Veterans children, Salvation Army, Children's Home, Common Pleas Court wards, Catholic Charities, Ohio Humane Society and Soldiers Relief Commission.

SIXTH SHACK

<u>NAME</u>	<u>HANDLE</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>HABITUALLY</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
Katherine Anderson	Andy	The Queen City	15 minutes in the pix every night	for letters even though she won't write them	buried in books	Can I borrow your sweater?
Jean Bobis	Beanie Jobis	Summit, New Jersey	artistic ability	to get a Perma-lift	sorry	Hail, Summit High School, Hail!
Joan Bowman	Joanie	Watch Hill	bathing suits	to visit the Terrace Plaza	combing her hair	Hey, kids!
Perry Flynt	Perry	Ye Olde Queene City	ability to play the piano	to do a complete cross-word puzzle without using answers	looking up the answers	What's a three-letter word for support?
Annette Hadley	Nanny	Montclair	Dickie boy	to pass life saving	up at six	Can we go in for a skinny dip?
Janey Hollar	Thumper	Chicago	White team spirit	to be quieter	inticing captains	Hold 'em, Whites!
Mary Ellen Marble	Molly	Hardisty Ave.	Flexible knees	her hair turns under if she cuts it on the inside	sweeping for Bobis	Funny nose
Alice Markham	Alice	Summit	beautiful blonde hair	to have crafts morn., noon & night	in the pix	seersucker
Jane Rose	Janey	the Windy City	found her rubbers	to get that bracelet	getting letters	Oh Andi, act your age!
Heather Jo Taerner	Taffy	Pelham	a voice	her singing won't send chills up & down people's spines	reading funny books	How is thou art?
Penny Wood	Penny	Maplewood	unbalanced character	the boys won't come Saturday night	cackling	That's a killer!
Mary Workum	Chris	Cincinnati	Bubby & David	to get the point of a joke	star-gazing	You must be crazy!

F I F T H S H A C K

<u>NAME</u>	<u>HANDLE</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>HABITUALLY</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
✓ Sara Jo Ames	Nicky	Hamilton	snake appeal	for lack of feminine accessories	swinging on trees	Darn!
✓ Sally Anderson	Andy, Jr.	Walnut Hills '52	a strange way of talking	to be as sophisticated as her sister	following Burchie	Zoom! Gully Gully!
✓ Beth Burchenal	Burchie	Glendale	her aunt's birthday present	to grow up	in Eve's room	Well, bully for you!
Phoebe Espy	Espy	City of Seven Hills	a peek-a-boo bra	to lose her fanny	giggling	Foul!
✓ Phoebe Grauer	Richy	Buffalo	a singing horse	not to look like her younger sister	climbing rafters	Where's my fountain pen?
Kathleen Huwe	Huwe	next door to Jim	misplaceable underdrawers	for a good complexion	embarrassed	(We can't express it!)
Eleanor Lanning	Elly	Pelham	riding ability	to be a tennis player	reading	Nicky, get out of this room!
Judy Merlin	Whiterock	Darien	a stuffed doll	for more stuffing	being an imbecile	everything Burchie hollers
Judy Timms	Judy	Elyria	lendable bathing suits	to move	happy	Penny!
✓ Janice Vaughan	Janice	the South	no bottom to her bathing suit	to wear her hair like she did last winter	in scarves	unsuccessfully like Eve
✓ Emily Warren	Emmy	ice and snow	spirit +	to lose more weight	handing out weenies at picnics	Any 6th Shacker going for a dip?

F O U R T H S H A C K

<u>NAME</u>	<u>HANDLE</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>HABITUALLY</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
✓ Stephanie Bang	Stevie	Cleveland	fears of bats	not to get on dishes	hanging on people	You queer!
Pamela Erdmann	Pinkie	New Canaan	freckles	for something to put in Louie's bed	down in 6th Shack	I swear it!
✓ Beverly Ferris	Beaver	Cincy	books which keep falling down	for more pop	knitting	Oh, heavens!
✓ Harriet Janney	Cricket	Stamford	bug appeal	for a horse	doing card tricks	Whew!
✓ Carroll Kelly	Carroll	Cincinnati	a roommate who bounces on her bed	to finish <u>House of Seven Gables</u>	yelling at Anne	But definitely!
✓ Anne Knowles	Anne	Essex	a new house	for a good picture of her kitten	waiting till first bell to get dressed	That uncanny thing!
✓ Ann Nelson	Nelly	Chicago	a tale for everything	her shirt won't tear under the sleeves	reading	Believe me!
✓ Sally Robinson	Sally	Cincy	a flying mane	to be a ballerina	playing tricks	(She doesn't-- she giggles.)
Debby Robson	Debby	Newton, Mass.	a Bostonian accent	to come back next year for a whole year	talking	Quit changing the subject!
✓ Sandra Sheppard	Sandy	Greenwich	pretty hair	to get five blue stars	with her sister	Oh, golly!
Nancy Timms	Timmsy	Cleveland	an athletic talent	to know everything	playing jacks	Well duh!

THIRD SHACK

<u>NAME</u>	<u>HANDLE</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>HABITUALLY</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
Lisa Blauvelt	Kitten	Orange	monopoly on first in pix	camp can become coed so Regis can come	on the run	in her sleep
Ann Corbett	Annie	Waterville or almost	midriff playsuits	she'll learn something so she can come back to camp	smiling	Yes, sah
Katherine Dexter	Bunny	a hop from Workum's	a wardrobe trunk	to beat everybody at jacks	pushing back her hair	Look at my dive, Anna.
Irene Ewing	Renie	Yonkers	the hardest bed to make in 3rd Shack	somebody will part her hair	wearing slippers	Does my bed look all right?
Christa Grauer	Chritie	Buffalo	riding pants	to find <u>THE</u> place	batting her big blue eyes	I wanna be called mouse.
✓ Deborah Janney	Debowah	Stamfode	waund gwasses	she can jump on Cricket next year	chattowing	Don't kill me!
✓ Polly Parkhill	Polly	New York	bare-back bathing suits	her hair will curl some day	borrowing scarves	(all the time)
✓ Gail Sheppard	Snail	Amaganset	books & books & books	she won't get sick next summer	calling "Sassy"	Yeah, Blues!

C O U N S E L O R S

<u>NAME</u>	<u>HANDLE</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>HABITUALLY</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
Mrs. Bollenbacher	Mrs. B	Cincinnati	frequent visitors	to finish the curtain sewing	with Weezie	Joan says....
✓ Andi Bryne	Andi	Stavanger	a knack with a needle	for a man	acting up	Getta bed!
Margaret Cassidy	Peggity Hoppy, Peg etc.	Tulsa	Gosh! What hasn't she?	for some table conversation	entertaining	(She doesn't-- she talks)
Louise Cornn	Weezie	Lotspeich	Alex	to change her Cornn	cheerful	Glowry, Glowry.
Trudy Donath	Trudy Doughnut	Bryn Mawr	Tom, Dick & Harry	to get the table list to please her	behind the gate	Oh, Sis---
Emily Graf	Emmy	the stables, but not often	her ghosts	to enter campers in horse shows	top of a horse	Canter, please.
Mrs. Grant	Mrs. Grant	Glendale	a handsome husband	for house guests	behind the camera	
Barbara James	Babs	Maplewood	that glamorous look	her girdle will stretch	wearing dirty shirts	Oh, that's nice.
Marian Johnson	Johnny	Cincinnati	her English captain	not to have to go to Abena	playing GHOST	large or small?
Martha Krapp	Marty	Cincy	tennis ability	to go into Waterville	in the dishpan	It's perfectly hysterical!

C O U N S E L O R S

<u>NAME</u>	<u>HANDLE</u>	<u>HAILS FROM</u>	<u>HAS</u>	<u>HOPES</u>	<u>HABITUALLY</u>	<u>HOLLERS</u>
Ruth Lester	Ruthie	Brooklyn	cute legs	to find a place to stay next winter	at large	Oh, isn't that too bad!
Anna Miles	Anna	New Haven	two lifesavers	her mailbox will be dusted	marking strokes	O. K. That's a 7.
Louise Mitchell	Louie	New Canaan	hair in her eyes	that Gordon's name won't be in the log	with trium- virate	Oh, for pete's sake!
Eve Potter	Eve	physically in Buffalo, men- tally in Ithaca	a master man	to make many explanations	reading those typewritten letters	Oh, that's terrific!
Claire Rothenberg	Cleo	Cincinnati	curly hair	he won't go on that long trip	being wakened at seven	Come down and visit me.
Mary Shafer	Fetchit	New York	that green convertible	she won't have to use it	with hat and basket	Don't sit on the gate.
Doris Shellberg	Shelly	Cincinnati	an agreeable nature	for prompt campers	doing for others	Mitten hundred ogtretien
Vera Tozzer	Vera	Cincy	a Bryn Mawr education	to find out where she's going	sunbathing	Oh, there's a mouse!
Barbara Warren	Barbie	Montpelier	divided duties	to learn how to ride	scrapping	(yes!)
Mrs. Warren	Ellie Bistle	"	unknown recipes	for campers that don't diet	giving out the recipe for graham cracker pie	Which schedule are we on today?