

CAMP RUNCIA LOG

1949

L O G S T A F F

Sixth Shack

Sally Anderson

Jean Bobis

Beth Burchenal

Janice Vaughan

Fifth Shack

Stephanie Bang

Sally Robinson

Fourth Shack

Lucy Guthrie

Deborah Robson

Third Shack

Barbara Green

Deborah Janney

Pictures

Anchen Perin

Sigrid Schutz

Janice Vaughan

Counselors

Colby Cleveland

Nancy Dowd

Ruth Lester

DEDICATION

We dedicate this Log to Constance Dowd Grant because it is an account of the last summer she gave us.

For the first time in over twenty-five years she is not here, and yet when we remember the summer of 1949 surely we will feel very strongly that Mrs. Grant has been among us. She worked out the plans for this year down to the last complicated detail just as she has always done. There is not a counselor here she did not know and trust, not a camper she did not select. There is no gathering she is not part of, for it was her skill in human relationships which has created the whole group.

Everything here is as she wanted it, which is to say as she knew we wanted it. Look at the new tennis courts which have been in constant use. She arranged for those before she left last September. Listen to the voices, singing a new camp song by the lake she loved so well. It is a song she wrote last summer.

When we go out on trips we stay overnight in spots she chose and which we are permitted to use because of the close friendly relationships she built up between Runoia and its neighbors. During Sport Week we can almost hear her voice telling us that losing is sometimes better than winning, and that sportsmanship is more than athletic skill. As the summer comes to a close with its dear and familiar ceremonies which she always planned so carefully, we realize more than at any other time how very truly this has been her summer.

And so we dedicate this Log, not to a memory, but to the most vivid presence among us, Constance Dowd Grant.

In Appreciation

Although it is almost impossible to express in a few lines our real appreciation to Johnny, we just want to tell her what a grand job she has done in directing the widely diversified activities of our camp summer.

---Campers of 1949

Camp Runoia History

At the turn of the century there were no camps for girls, at least none in actuality. Such a camp did exist, however, in the mind of a forward looking instructor at Teachers College, Columbia. It began to look like a possibility when this instructor discovered in one of her summer school students a sympathetic listener. This student, Miss Jessie Pond, already headmistress of a school in New York City, had done considerable camping in Maine herself and saw no reason for its pleasure to be limited to the so-called stronger sex. Need we say that the instructor was Miss Lucy Weiser?

By 1907 the project was focused on Belgrade Lakes, Maine; and one snowy March these two ladies awoke in North Belgrade, broke the ice on their water pitchers, and went out to rent their first camp site. That summer saw Runoia's first season. Nine girls, chaperoned by Miss Pond were met at the North Belgrade station by a hay wagon; not for a lark, but because that was the only means of transportation. Among these was twelve-year-old Constance Dowd. One farmhouse housed the whole camp that summer....nine girls, Miss Pond, Miss Weiser and a cook.

The equipment consisted of one rowboat large enough, so that no one had to be left home on rowing days, and one maple tree of which each camper claimed a particular branch. During rest hour they perched on these branches while Miss Pond and Miss Weiser read to them from below.

Later that year the directors returned from an expedition to Waterville with a new addition to camp. An old stage-coach horse named Jethro caught their eye while they were shopping. "Shall we buy him for the girls?" With the wagon and harness it was a major investment not to be undertaken lightly. In true sporting tradition, a flipped coin made their decision, and Jethro became the first inmate of the Runoia stable. He was one of the happy memories netted by the summer's experiment. A more tangible asset was the princely profit of twenty-five dollars shared by the two directors.

The following year the camp doubled in size. There were eighteen girls and four counsellors. Uniforms consisting of bulky blue serge bloomers, white middie blouses with flowing silk ties, and long black stockings replaced the dresses of the year before. The first shack, designed by Miss Weiser, relieved the overflowing farmhouse. Parts of it are still with us in the dining room floors and the sides of the annex.

As the camp grew the scope of activities widened. A yearly feature was trips to Meadowbrook Stream in the motor launch called the Jolly Roger. When they reached the marshes, canoes were unloaded and the more intrepid campers paddled up the stream. On one occasion cabins

were rented on the North Pond and a group spent the night. Miss Weiser reports that on their return, they greeted the table linen from McCutcheons with heart-felt cheers.

For some years Miss Pond and Miss Weiser had been hoping to buy a particularly attractive cove which included the only sheltered beach on Great Pond. By 1914 this purchase seemed feasible, and Jacob Wentworth was willing to close the deal. The property of this elderly recluse included a large barn, which was sold and moved, a small barn, and the present cottage which is over two hundred years old. During the winter the move was easily accomplished. Like Gaul, the senior shack was divided into three parts, pulled across the ice, and reassembled to form the present kitchen.

This move allowed room for further expansion, and the camp continued to grow, further shacks being designed by Miss Weiser, and more campers being enrolled each year until a peak of seventy-two was reached in 1921. The numbers were increased, not through advertising but through reports circulated by enthusiastic campers. Two large tents were put up to accommodate these hordes which, including counsellors and other personnel gave a census, subsequently, of over a hundred. This number was allowed to drop, however, it being felt that a smaller camp gave time for more individual attention and greater freedom of activity.

During this time a full scale farm was in operation, a large vegetable garden supplied the larder; and cows, pigs, chickens and horses threatened to rival the human population. These prosperous years were marred by a tragedy in 1916 when Jacob Wentworth's barn, the only uninsured building on the campus, went up in flames.

After the move in 1915 Miss Pond and Miss Weiser stopped directing activities, for supervision had become a full time job. But campers of those days will long remember the powerful pitching arm of Miss Pond who continued to star in the counsellor-camper baseball game.

One of the proofs of Runoia's success has always been the number of campers whose enthusiasm for camp life has been indicated by their return as counsellors. Among the first of these was Constance Dowd, by then a Bryn Mawr graduate, who returned in 1922 as camp secretary, not a very good one, Miss Weiser recalls for she was seldom to be found at her desk. Later, as water sports counsellor, when she could indulge her love of the outdoors to the full, she was a complete success. In fact she was invited to return as head counsellor, and in 1927 became co-director. From 1932 on she was in entire charge of Runoia's activities, always greatly helped by Miss Pond and Miss Weiser, who continued to open camp every summer, to attend to most of the shopping and above all to give advice when it was needed and their moral support throughout. The close and affectionate ties between camp and cottage have contributed a great deal to the firmly rooted stability of Runoia.

Constance Dowd was interested in all things progressive but she

made few changes at Runoia and these few, gradually. She further limited the size of the camp to its present quota of approximately forty, believing that a more elastic schedule could be followed and more could be accomplished with the smaller number. It was she who introduced the one rule system. Her rule was "If you feel like doing something unusual, tell a counsellor first."

In 1933 Constance Dowd was married to Albert Grant and Runoia had another supporter. Mr. Grant has never been too busy to help with camp bulletins, edit the pamphlets, show movies, and assist in closing camp at the end of the year. Always his time at camp has meant particular fun and added sparkle for the whole camp.

Many girls' camps sprang up during the twenties and many too were not able to weather the depression. Others closed during the war unable to operate under the manpower shortage; but at Runoia the girls took care of the stables, repaired canoes and dumped garbage. We kept going because there were always enough of us who wanted badly enough to keep going, and the source of this drive was Constance Grant. She believed in the validity of camp as Miss Pond and Miss Weiser had done before her.

It is said that a happy man has no history and perhaps this is true of camps too. Things happen, of course; there was a bad hurricane in 1944 which destroyed some canoes and uprooted many lovely pines. There are special memories of every summer which find their way into the unbroken series of camp Logs; new trips taken, old parties given a new twist, vivid personalities which flash across the constant stage; yes, there is always something happening but by and large there have been few changes. An alumna from 1910 would see a new campus but she would recognize the shacks. A returned camper from 1920 would find her name still on the boat house. Those who come back from the thirties and forties find their posters still in the lodge and the same costumes in the property room. In assembly, songs from as far back as the twenties are among the favorites though the repertoire is still being enthusiastically expanded. And at counsellors' coffee the same witticisms are being received with the same hilarity. The cast changes with the years. Third shakers become sixth shakers, aides, and with enough perseverance even counsellors. Present campers may be daughters of former campers or the mothers of future ones. The cast changes, of course, but the show goes on.

Runoia is a happy camp and if happy camps have no history, it has none. It does have a continuity though and a tradition and that is what we've tried to give you here. Its tradition began with Miss Weiser's dream; it took root with the pioneer years of Miss Pond's and Miss Weiser's enterprise and it was faithfully tended by Constance Grant. These three people built Runoia with their dreams and their hard unremitting work; with their foresight and their spirit, with their knowledge of human materials, with their love and their laughter.

In December 1948 Miss Jessie Pond died. Her life had seen the success of her labors and the achievements of her strength. Six months later

History (Con't.)

Constance Grant died. Her life was tragically shortened but fulfillment is not measured in time. She had always given of herself freely and what she gave remains. Runoia is here. It is being run by Miss Marian Johnson for Mrs. Grant along lines that Miss Pond approved. Miss Weiser is here too, still helping her dream along now as much as ever before. Though much has been taken, much remains; and 1949 has been a season of which Jessie Pond and Constance Grant can be proud.

CAMP RUNOIA LOG

Trials and Tribulations of a First Base Umpire

The outlook wasn't brilliant
For the first base ump that day
The scores were neck and neck
With an inning left to play.

A runner came to first
They said it was a Blue
"She's out," I loudly cried
But, Oh, it wasn't true!

The Blues were wild with anger
There seemed to be a fight
For that last out was my fault
I used to be a White.

And now the Whites were up
And what was I to do?
To call them out would be
'Cause my sister was a Blue.

But they saved my reputation
For the time at least
But then a runner came
Right for me--lead due East.

But, heavens, what was that?
Our numbers have increased!
An ump, four men, a ball
But where, oh where's the base?

A fix like this, and you
Want me to say who's safe?
Well, my umping days are over
And I'm sure there is no doubt
That 'twas a glad day at Runoia
When its poor old ump went out.

--Barbara Warren

Backwards Day

Reveille blew. I heard Carol say, "Emmy played it wrong. She played taps."

"Oh, you're nuts," I mumbled as I rolled on my bed. Then Johnny came walking down the hall saying, "Today is backwards day!"

"Oh, good!" cried Janie.

"How super!" said someone else.

"It isn't Backwards Day. You know how Johnny is," I said wearily.

"I told you reveille blew wrong," jeered Carol.

Finally I was convinced, seeing Third Shack and Janie. We went to breakfast, finding Fifth Shack in pj's, not to mention Sixth Shack who were really backwards.

After breakfast, Johnny told us to go to counselor's dock. Someone got the idea of skinny dipping. It happened, and of course we spied Johnny walking down--with an extra chin this time. You should know the rest.

We went in the shack, finding our beds being pied by Johnny and Andi. We planned our revenge quickly. Up went Johnny's and Andi's bras.

That night we went on the hayride, which was fun. Emmy and a few others and I walked home and played "Who Am I." I had a "J" and they guessed who I was. Finally Emmy guessed it as being Johnny of Philip Morris. Today turned out to be a very nice one.

P. S. Andi found her bra and left Johnny's which was taped by Janie. But finally Andi climbed up after it and later found her picture of Bob between the two pixes.

--Beverly Ferris

Close All the Way

The third baseball game between the Blues and Whites was a very exciting game. Up to then, each team had won one game. Each player was nervous, hoping his team would win.

The Blues were up to bat first. Nothing very exciting happened in the first half inning except for a run made by Ferris. Then it was the

Whites' turn at bat, and one run was scored by C. Janney. The first inning ended in a tie 1-1. Three runs were made for the Whites in the second inning, so the score at the end of the second was 4-1 in favor of the Whites. Each team got four runs in the third, making the score 8 for the Whites and 4 for the Blues.

The innings continued. On the White team Janey Hollar whacked two beautiful hits to left field, only to find that each was a foul. Finally she straightened herself out, and hit a gorgeous fly between left and center, to go for a triple. To even this up for the Blues, Nicky Ames hit a homerun in the sixth to make the score at the end of their half 14-12, White's favor.

Each pitcher did a splendid job. Only two people were walked, one for each team, and five people were struck out. Excellent fielding plays were made by Bang, Burchenal, and Ames, and a foul tip was caught by Kate Resnik.

As the top of the seventh inning ended, the score was tied, 14-14. There was lots of excitement on both teams. The Whites were up. They filled the bases. Emmy Warren caught a fly at first. Anne Nelson came up to bat. She made a beautiful hit which drove in the winning run, scored by Stevie Bang.

The game was very close all the way. This made it one of the best ball games ever played at Camp Runcoia.

--Cricket Janney
and Stevie Bang

Salmon - McGrath Trip Song

Come on along, come on along
And let us take you by canoe
Up to McGrath, and to Salmon Lake where the water is so blue.
There are fish and frogs and turtles galore
As you paddle along the sandy shore
That's where we'd like to take you, too
In a blue canoe.

Fire bans never stopped us
for we had our food pre-cooked
And just for fun we had a run
into a waterfall. Come look!
And if you ask us what that nettings for
Just take a guess;
It was the best.
We passed the test!
We're the rugged type.

Sixth Shack's All-Day Paddle

JOHNNY: Oh, girls! You must admit you couldn't have had a more perfect day. (Yawn) I stayed up all night to do it. See, it looks like glass.

(Change of scene - Down at beach. The canoes are loaded, ready for take-off. Burchie afloat.)

BURCHIE: This is the third time I've been pushed off and I'm getting "R."

ANDY: What kind of "R"?

BURCHIE: Ang-R.

ANDY: Hot doggie!

(Counselors appear in the distance, and we shove off.)

Out on the blue waves:

DOWDIE: Anybody seen Barbie and Janice in the past hour?

(No answer and canoes stop to wait. Twenty minutes pass before J. V. and Barbie appear on the horizon.)

DOWDIE: Come on you all. (Pause) Janice, you're a head.

JANICE: What kind of a head?

DOWDIE: A knucklehead.

(A half hour of paddling passes. Janice and Barbie lost again.)

JANIE: Let's explore this stream while they catch up.

Entering stream, Andy and Burchie first:

DOWDIE: You two go first and see what it's like.

(A loud crash of falling wood and scraping aluminum is heard.)

STEVIE: Wha' hoppèn? Did you hurt the canoe? (Pause) I can't see them. All I see is the canoe.

(Two heads appear out of bottom of the canoe)

ANDY AND BURCHIE: There isn't any R in here.

STEVIE: What kind of R?

ANDY: Water.

(After much heaving and tugging, the canoe was brought into open water. Barbie and Janice seen paddling up)

DOWDIE: This is enough. Janice, you come in this canoe with me and Barbie, you paddle with Stefanie.

(Once settled our canoes head toward the old camping place. After a wait of about one-half hour in which Dowdie has gone to ask permission to cook there, our stomachs are turning flip-flops with hunger. The bad news comes with the return of Dowdie. We cannot stay.)

For the umpteenth time we strain our muscles while a small squall blows us gaily about the lake. Arriving at Humpback, we settle down to fill our empty stomachs.

STEVIE: I'm a T.

JANIE: What kind of T?

STEVIE: An emp-Ty. Let's eat.

EMMY: I'll do the dishes.

SEAWEED: Me, too.

DOWDIE: Fine! Fine! Fine!

BURCHIE: No! No! No! Let's do potatoes. (A few seconds later Burchie and Janie are down on the rocks diving for forks.)

DOWDIE to Barbie, who is covered with grime: You're a T.

BARBIE, giggling: What kind of T?

DOWDIE: Dir-Ty. Let's go!

(Again we bend to our paddles, destination white house (in horizon). Several hours of paddling pass.)

STEVIE to Seaweed: Tell Dowdie to wait on us!

SEAWEED TO Burchie: " " " " " "

BURCHIE to Dowdie: Wait up!

Stevie's canoe approaches.

STEVIE: For gosh sakes, Nancy. What dō you think you're doing, touring the lakes: We're heading for the white house. Where are you going?

DOWDIE: We're heading for the mouth of the stream. Don't you want to?

(Loud shouts. Sure! Sure!)

DOWDIE: Fine!

(We resume our paddling, singing as we jay stroke around the graceful curves. Little do we know that busy beavers have been working ahead. Some of us with explorers blood portage over the dam and forge on ahead to see if it is all right for the rest to follow. Several minutes of silence pass.)

GINNY: How is it in there. May we come? (Cries of anguish arise.)

BURCHIE: It's E.

PHOEBE: What kind of E?

BURCHIE: Mucky.

(Soon we all realize that it is not the kind of ground for canoes. Being unable to turn the canoe, Burchie and Andy decide to turn themselves, which leaves Andy in the position of stern (or should we say, leaves Andy trying to be stern.)

BURCHIE: Oh, Andy. There's a tree ahead.

ANDY (disgustedly): I see it. (Loud crashes!)

BURCHIE: I mean there was a tree ahead.

ANDY: Oh, for heaven's sake! (Canoe swerves to opposite side of stream.)

BURCHIE: I'm so glad I let you be stern. This is better than the whip.

ANDY: I'm sorry. I just forget that I'm supposed to steer. I really didn't mean----- (No more is heard from Andy, as a tree has just fallen on her.)

(Finally when the canoes are all together again we hitch up and drift slowly back toward camp. Then a debate springs up. Where will we eat supper?)

GINNY: Camp Runoia.

SEAWEED: Oak Island.

STEVIE: You're darn tootin', Ginny, Home Sweet Home.

PHEBE: I think we should eat on Oak. There's even a table there.

DOWDIE: Fine! Fine! Fine!

STEVIE: You're all crazy. Back at camp we could take a dip and cook down at the shore.

(But Stevie is overruled and we head for Oak. By the time we are in the middle of Oak, a voice says, "We've passed the place to cook, so instead of going back, let's go back to camp.")

And so we do, and thus ends a wonderful day.

--Sixth Shack

Menu for a Fire Ban Trip

(or Why Didn't They Ban the Trip, Too?)

by Two Who Know

Breakfast (served to all who are conscious)

Entrée - Orange juice (straight)

Main Course - (Choice of one or two) Are you mad, woman?

Cups or buckets of Cheerios topped with Hershey's
Deluxe Chocolate Syrup (if sauce is not wanted, TOUGH.
Be a party poop and eat it dry!)

One seedless orange (better known to all veterans
as the orangeless seed) crowned with a rich, mellow
Hershey Chocolate Sauce. (Boy, what a commercial
this would make, Mr. Hershey!)

One cup milk (for those who like cheese). To give the
beverage far more zest--yes, that's right--Nestles
Super Deluxe Chocolate Sauce will be added. (Camp
treats you to the best.)

Lunch (served in the romantic seclusion of one's canoe)

Entrée - Bread

Main Course - Bread with peanut butter

Second Helping - Bread with jam

Third Helping - Bread with fluff

Fourth Helping - Bread (you ought to know it's cheaper by the
loaf) and a combination of the above-stated
ingredients.

Dessert - (served to all if scurvy has not set in) Cookies
Also, 3 2/3 pieces of some poor gal's candy. And
maybe 4, if you are the lucky one to hit that cer-
tain number between 4,629 and 6,175.

Supper (available to those who have conquered gastric indigestion.
For the rest, we shall have one minute of silent prayer.)

Entrée - Tomato juice (Directions: Shake well before using.)

Main Course - La petite hot dog, pre-cooked, pre-warmed, and
pre-destined to make one burp.

Bread (no remarks)

One helping of salad--"Idiot's Delight" or
cole slaw and carrots, seasoned with sand.

Dessert - If you want it, you can have it. It's too much
for me. Gulp--pass the bicarb, please.

(P. S. We're only kidding!)

A Memory

On cold winter nights when the wind is hustling and bustling outside and the coziness of my room fills me with a beautiful drowsiness I love to dream just before I go to sleep. I pull up my covers around my head and wiggle my toes around on the cold smooth sheets. Then I close my eyes and delve into the memory book of my mind. There are many bright pictures there.

Suddenly I have cold winter far behind and I am back at camp again on a glorious August morning, feeling again the exciting anticipation which filled all of us as we started off on our journey to Camden and the sea. The whole scene is tinted by a mellowness that only memories can render to an adventure, but I can still remember all the funny and grand things which made us all feel that this was the trip of trips.

There were fourteen of us as we boarded the Arrah-Wanna, and the crew increased our number to seventeen. And what a crew it was. There were Hans and Bill, two college professors from Cornell, who had the great distinction of hailing from Ridgewood, New Jersey. Also along for the ride was Captain Jack Tobin whose quiet handsomeness filled our hearts with the strangest butterflies.

The first day out at sea proved to be a gay one. We all felt in accord that we must prove to these seamen that we were far superior in every way to any camp that they ever had had aboard. When it was discovered that Camp Abena had caught fish, we were determined to catch more fish. Burchie even suggested that she could catch a porpoise as a bonus. Between baiting and debating, the morning passed quickly.

The net result of our first morning attempts at fishing were a baby mackerel, p---- and two or three mammoth monsters which had been felt tugging at our lines but had just not quite been hooked. Although lunch passed us by without much exciting happening except for the misplacing of one precious spoon on the ocean floor.

As the day slipped by, the breezes grew and tugged at the billowing canvas. There's nothing more exhilarating to sailors or to us landlubbers than the quick motion of a sailboat as it skims over the choppy water. With much screaming and slipping we piled up to the front of the boat, or in more nautical terms, the bow, starboard, leeward end of the boat. Here the high dancing spray covered us with gay confusion and plenty of salty liquid.

It was about 4:30 when we reached Long Island, our stopping point for the night. Here the first overloaded boatload made out for the shore to dig clams. Oh, it'll be easy to get clams, thought we as we hacked unsuccessfully away at the sandy beach. It will have to be said that our first attempts at locating our hard-shelled friends ended miserably and it was only when Captain Tobin disgustedly instructed us upon the complicated ways of the art of clamming that we began to collect.

We chose a high bluff overlooking the bay as our camping spot, and the steep cliff which was the only path up proved to be a menace to all who had to carry up packs. It was only with valiant effort that this mission was successfully accomplished. We built our fire on the rocks below, and it was not long before the scent of cooking supper brought campers from far and near to eat. We feasted on bread, clams and things until we couldn't cram in another clam. The dishes were done with many thrills and spills caused by a couple of friendly crabs who took a great liking to Janice's big toe.

It was not long before drowsiness overtook us, and we scrambled aloft to hit the hay. But fate would not have it so!! When we reached our sleeping spot a scene took place which would be hard to understand when told firsthand, and almost impossible to believe when written up. But this is the gist of it. Nobody could decide where to sleep, and when they did they changed their minds almost immediately--all very loudly.

But even this tumultuous and lengthy scene subsided, and silence and peace covered all. The moon rose and set. As the first rays of the sun peeped over the treetops we awoke, or should I say we emerged from our nocturnal tete-a-tete with the ants and mosquitoes. As soon as breakfast was eaten we packed up--lock, stock, and a barrel of clams--and made off to the ship in a rowboat that sank to the gunnels with our weight.

"Oh, to live the life of a sailor," or just plain "Whoopee" would have been a good slogan for us. We just couldn't get enough of the water splashing over the bow. To sit as far up in the bow with our feet and

legs as far in the water as possible and with as little clothing on as we dared have was to be in style on this cruise. Most of the landlubbers soon grew tired of the all too cold water dashing and spraying up against them and went back to the "sissy section" or in more understandable terms, the stern. Yet there were a few who stuck it out and all they got for their valor was a set of chattering teeth and some matted, well-seasoned hair.

Nobody this side of a victim of melancholy could have called the voyage dull or empty of humor. There were a few in Sixth Shack whose whole existence centered around out-cracking each other in jokes and puns. The one great peculiarity of one of the fun-makers was that she had the ever-present fear that not everyone heard her remarks, and thus the poor puns were yelled from one end of the boat to the other until there came a great fear that Captain Tobin was about to do away with himself.

As the day waned and we sailed into Camden, the choppy sea began making our stomachs turn dizzy somersaults and proceeded in tinting our gills a sickly shade of green. But still all too soon we felt the warm air of shore brush our faces. We were back, the trip was over--it was goot!

"Yes, it certainly was" I mumble as I snuggle down toward the stern of my bed and hoist my covers up to the bow.

A Perfect Morning

The first sound I hear when I am awakened by reveille is snoring, and Susan Clarke and Polly trying to get dressed in two minutes so they can go sit by the flagpole and watch the skinny dippers.

When first bell rings I finally decide that I'd better get up pretty soon. After hunting my sneakers everywhere, which I later find are on my feet, I finally get to breakfast. When I spill a cup of very hot cocoa all over myself I am thoroughly wet and awake.

After breakfast I amble lazily down to the shack. When I finally finish making my bed I realize that I am on silver. I go to the dining room to find that my partner has done her share and gone back to her shack. I plunge my hands into the boiling water with which I'm sure Barbie wanted to boil me alive.

When assembly rings I am found with the silver not done, my room just begun and probably a double warning.

This is my idea of a perfect morning.

--Debby Janney

The Adventures of an Aluminum Canoe

by Lucy Guthrie

My name is Allen Canoe. I am a shiny aluminum canoe (or was). I was made in an airplane factory in Maine. I have two brothers and a sister. After I was made I was put in a truck and along with my brother and some other canoes driven to Camp Runoia.

When I got there everyone was excited over me because they had never seen an aluminum canoe before. They wanted to try me right away.

After my first day I was used quite a bit. I was used more than other canoes because I was so light. After my first week I went on many trips. I am still at Camp Runoia having fun only I'm not so shiny as I used to be.

Goodbye now. Here's hoping I stay here a good many more years.

--Allen Canoe

What's in a Name?

Farr from the salty Bryne of the ocean up in the Vaughan lands of Northern Maine there is a town of Shellburg situated in a lovely Knowle in famous Parkhills. The countryside is Kelly Green and the Cornn Schutz from the ground as if by magic.

The village is mostly populated by Sheppards who are not at all friendly, and their lives are spent Warren among themselves. In one clan we find Jack, John and Sons. This is the Merlin gang. The other bunch, the Janneys consist of Nels, Ander and their Sons. There is so much fightin' and killin' going on that the clan employs a Clarice to keep track of the number killed or wounded.

The scene opens in Sheppard Hiles Benard (barnyard) as he discovers some suspicious-looking Sache in his hired man's bed in the barn. The Sheppard, a jolly little man with a big Smiley face and a bold Vinke in his eye, is so cross that his whole visage has been screwed up into an expression of a Griffin about to Grauer. Hile's man Cass comes back from milking.

The employer speaks. "What are these pieces of Burch en all these other pieces of paper. Have you and your brother Cor bin taking bets on the fights again. Why?"

Cass replies. "Wy-man? Because everybody is willing to get Ritt o soffer money to gamble on this duel coming up at the Ferris wheel

Inn Yard next week. Here's a Graf of the bets com-Perin the preferences."

"Oh, you're Robin them son, but I'm not one to Sny-der works of youse guys."

Two days later a large crowd was gathered to watch the duel. One was a little Shafer of a man and the other big Ewing Chinaman.

Before the fight the priest raised his hand for a Benedict-ion, mumbling in Latin, "Bob-is, bit Kattaneh, as at. Amen and God B'Lester."

The starting gun Bangs. The crowd Hollars. They both take Ames and Schutz.

Boom! Ewing is hit! Although Res-niked him, it was a Blau velt by his entire body. He falls dead and the attendants rush in and Tozzer over to a corner.

The crowd is hushed. "Cover him with your Robe-son," cried the priest to the attendant.

And that's what comes from not fooling while dueling.

Tripping

If you go behind the scenes of a trip or two
You'll discover some things that will amaze you.

We've had trips this year, both new and old
Sometimes with hot food, but usually with cold.

We've been in canoes, buses and on cruises
And sometimes returned with cuts and bruises.

But few trippers have come into camp without a beaming grin
Ready to heave-ho a pack and start right out again.

And so to all those trippers who'll remember some of these scenes
And to all the stay-at-homes for whom trips are still mere dreams

We dedicate these tripping skits which have taxed facilities mental
And any resemblance to campers present or past is purely coincidental.

Sixth shack's all day paddle is the first trip we recall;
Little did we imagine that the calm lake could be taken by squall.

We've loved MacGrath Lake dearly and deeply
Since that bright morning we pushed from her shore,
And Jeanie dove for turtles so quick and so steeply
She latched on to one and held him secure.

We also loved Salmon although we were strangers,
For there we cooked lunch in the midst of our roam
And we found Camp Gaywood both junior and senior
Each one living in a separate home.

We even liked to portage canoes at North Belgrade
And chatting with Piglet on the Hatchery shore,
And the cascading water falls in which we could all wade,
And at night the mosquitos which bit to the core.

Yes, we had the bug bomb but they chose to ignore it
And so for the netting some paddled back home.
Then back to our camp site, we headed right for it;
We used Schutz's flash as a guide 'cross the foam.

Salmon and MacGrath now are explored lakes
And Sixth shack is now a pioneer crew.
Their verdict of the trip was "Why Heaven's sakes,
That is an easy paddle to do."

And Mac, our turtle, to camp was a stranger.
This was his home but he still was alone;
So we let him go where there was less danger
And he could make some good friends of his own.

The old tin camping cups and plates are counted out once more
And the old familiar question rings out on Runcoia's shore,

Who is going and where, is all they ever ask;
And to keep it all a secret is often quite a task.

This time it was Messalonskee Lake,
And a two night trip at that.
Mrs. Warren had both her girls at stake
But not an eyelash did she bat.

We paddled to Bartlett's in record time
We snatched a Choco-pop
And Beth hit Seaweed over the head, but for nothing could we stop.

On and on and on we went, a camp site for to see;
We had a visit from Winston Churchill smoking an old pine tree.

Barbie soon discovered Pentagon Point
And Phoebe Grauer-ed "What a wonderful joint."

That was a night that's hard to forget,
The food was good but the jokes were wet.

After retiring an attack by a bear
Made us count off by ones to be sure we were there.

Next morning we were up and dined by seven
In time to be back in bed by eleven.

Then with effort we rose and got underway
And Radio Vim was the event of the day.

We heard about upper cuts and the solar plexus
And remedies for anything that might ever vex us.

Furbush knows where gold can be mined in Maine
And how to drive up Tumbledown at 90 in the rain;

He gave us many warnings as we pushed out of sight
And he started telling Satan about his famous fight.

On down the stream we stroked with all the strength we had.
The rains were approaching and the gale was getting bad.

At last the wind was with us and up the ponchos went,
And off down the stream we sailed, lakeward bent.

When we reached Messalonskee, once more we strove,
The ledges were pre-occupied so we hunted for a cove.

When we had finally landed and our beds were all set
Our cry was, "Let the rains come, they can't get us wet."

So the rains came lightly and the bugs came in hordes
And we fought them knightly though we had no swords.

When the morning came, our bites were oh so bad!
But the Warrens came out boasting of the peaceful night they'd had.

Perin has been walking in a slump ever since
If you saw the angle she slept in, you too would wince.

After breakfasting on chocolate and marshmallow fluff,
We buried the mustard and took off in a huff -

Old Camp Belgrade was on our heels,
But they soon learned who turned the wheels.

Even though the six miles turned out to be nine,
We reached the toothpick factory just on the deadline.

Thus ended Messalonskee, our three-day excursion;
And so ends our story, just a trippers version.

Now you've been behind the scenes of a trip or two,
And we've tried to tell you what some trippers do.

There never are two trips that are the same,
So just go out bent on playing the game -

And we wish you all an hilarious time,
Regardless of whether you walk, paddle, or climb.

Sung to the tune of "Tea for Two"

Tea for two and two for tea
Without a tax for you and me
Can't you see how happy we will be
Nobody near us to frighten or skeer us
No Redcoats or Tories to rule us or jeer us
We'll go on a bender with tea that is tender and strong
Tea for two and two for tea
Without a tax for you and me
Can't you see how happy we will be
We'll have a "One Man's Family"
No Tetley, no Lipton's, just Tenderleaf tea
Oh! can't you see what brewers we will be.

Sung to the tune of "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party"

I was seeing Betsy home
I was seeing Betsy home
And t'was from George Washington's sewing circle
I was seeing Betsy home.

Rocket

I love Rocket very much. Rocket is a horse that I rode one afternoon. I rode two hours because Susan Clarke had a headache and could not ride.

By the way, we drew straws. I rode at three then at four. At three I rode Black Magic. At four I rode Rocket. We trotted and walked but we did not canter.

Soon it was time to stop and put the horses away. As we were going in Rocket tripped and started going very fast. I fell off. The horse tried very hard not to step on me but he did. He just scraped me though. I fell on a rock and got a big black and blue spot. Then I put the horse away and watered and fed him.

I went swimming and stubed my toe; those were my injuries. But I still love Rocket.

-- Polly Parkhill

A Trip to Camp from Cincinnati

On the twenty-sixth of June a group of girls started off to the train. There were tears and forced smiles on each side of the double windows. Soon the train started and we were too engrossed in comic books to think of the family left behind. After each comic book had been read thoroughly, a mischievous spirit came over us. Before we knew what was happening a fencing match was going up and down the aisle. A few people had been banged on the head and Reba was frantic.

We calmed down enough to go in to dinner and be prim young ladies. Our berths were made up and pajamas were put on and everybody but Sandy Griffin and Janey Ames crawled in one lower berth and talked about things in general and people in particular. We finally crawled reluctantly into our berths and waited until Reba had gone to sleep and then white ghosts began to fly up and down the aisle. Mysterious whisperings were heard and comic books came flying into innocent people's berths.

Finally we slept but awakened early to talk with the people who had gotten on in Buffalo and to eat candy.

We steamed into New York and were greeted by Rufus and Piglet. We were hustled up to three hotel rooms and after dumping unnecessary coats and heavy suitcases most of us went to the movie about Marilyn Miller,

"Look for the Silver Lining." After that we went to the Automat and after sticking nickels into slots, settled down to a delicious meal. We bought something to eat the next morning and then started to drag ourselves back to the hotel. On the way we saw something so interesting that we forgot aching feet and the heat for the moment; a shop where you could hear radio programs in the city you came from, see yourself by television and hear Some Enchanted Evening. Finally we dragged ourselves away from the wonderland of miracles.

We walked back to the hotel and talked to the Chicago group which had come in our absence. After lying about on bed or chairs we felt refreshed and started wandering around to see what everyone else was doing. One person in another room had had the bright idea of filling a bath tub full of ice cold water and soaking her feet in it.

All of a sudden it was time for dinner and we all went to a restaurant where they had very good food. After having eaten we went back to the hotel rooms and talked until it was time to get on the train. We changed to pj's on the train and found that most of the older girls had upper berths. They started swinging across the aisle like a bunch of monkeys. When the Connecticut group got on they found only quiet, broken occasionally by a smothered giggle. They started innocently down the aisle, from upper berths came a hailstorm of white pillows and then a bedlam of voices yelling "Hy, Cricket! Where's Pinkey?" "Is Kelly coming back this year?" "What berth is Janie in?"

We quieted down because of counselors saying only one person per berth and no whispering and then they, satisfied with the quiet, went to bed also. Then most of the upper berth people climbed into one upper and began to tell jokes and ghost stories in hushed whispers. Finally even they got sleepy and went back to bed. Silence reigned supreme until early morning when people couldn't wait to find out certain things from people whom they hadn't seen for almost a year.

We had a snack of graham crackers and milk and then pulled into the station to be greeted by Johnney. We piled into cars and were driven to camp and so our journey ended.

-- Sally Robinson

The Camden Cruise

Fifth Shack

At 6:30 everyone in 5th shack was awake and had decided not to go skinny dipping. We dressed and made our beds quietly so as not to wake 6th shack who we hoped were still slumbering peacefully.

We hurried to breakfast and no accidents happened except when Jean Cassidy salted her egg, the top of the salt shaker came off. After collecting things which we needed and stowing them in the back of Johnney's car we were off with Miss Weaver and Ray at the wheels of the cars.

We were rather sleepy during the two hour ride but when we tumbled out of the cars and the damp foggy, misty air hit us we were thoroughly awakened. When the boat arrived we climbed aboard and waved good bye to Ray.

We motored out of Camden Harbor and then hauled up the sails. We sailed along for awhile and then we went swimming. The water was icy cold and almost everyone as soon as she hit the water climbed right out again. We all felt very cold and sticky for awhile and thought of the sweaters left behind and the lunch before us.

We anchored in a little cove and had lunch ashore. We wandered up and down the beach exploring, digging clams, and beachcombing. We netted lots of beautiful shells, lots of wet sneakers and socks, lots of soft-shelled clams and lots of fun.

Some daring people ate some raw clams much to the disgust and admiration of some of the campers.

We came aboard and some people steered the boat while others fished. A few hardy souls put on bathing suits and jumped back into the briney deep to hold onto ropes and stream behind while the boat was still going. They were hauled out of the deep blue sea later and told to hurry up and dress which they did. We came into Camden and said good bye to Captain Tobin and Hans.

We shopped for awhile and then had supper and came back home tired but happy.

Results of the trip:	15 love comic books
	no fish stories
	salty sneakers
	30 quarts of clams
	lots of fun

-- Sallie Robinson

A Trip to Belgrade Lakes

On July 22, 1949, 3rd Shack and two 4th Shackers went to Belgrade Lakes. We paddled in the war canoe for about an hour. We all agreed it was worth all the paddling (and splashing) we did, because we got an ice cream cone, which certainly tasted swell on such a warm day. We went into a store and some of us wished we hadn't gone in because we hadn't brought any money and we wanted comics and other things.

Then we got into the canoe and came back to Camp Runoia. On the way back we made up two trip songs. When we got back we didn't have time for a swim but we had a wonderful lunch. Later on we had a swim and a picnic supper.

So that's my story of our trip to Belgrade Lakes.

-- Butch Green

These are our trip songs:

One, two, a blue canoe
Three, four, two strokes more
Five, six, no side kicks
Seven, eight, keep it straight
Nine, ten, do it again
Eleven, twelve, dig and delve.

To the tune of "Cruising Down the River"

Out upon the water on a sunny summer day,
We dip and lift our paddles as we glide along our way.
The sky so clear above us, the lake so pretty too,
On our way to Belgrade in Runoia's war canoe.

At Runoia we have games to play.
At Runoia our safety is good.
At Runoia our health is just fine,
For there is awfully good food.

-- Irene Ewing

Counselors' Day in Pemaquid

Trip Song

Johnny is our darling, our darling, our darling
And this is what we say:
When she would like to rid the camp
Of one or two or three or four
We'll go again to Pemaquid
And play along the shore for
We sure do like the ocean, the lobsters, the sea gulls
We sure do like a sea breeze BUT
We like Runoia more!

-- Peg, Fetch, Shelley, Ellie Bissell

Johnny is our darling, our darling, our darling
Johnny is our darling, and this is what we say:

When camping days are gone and past
And she is far from here
We'd like to have her think of us
A lot throughout the year

For we all will think of camp days, of gay days, of play days
We all will think of her ways. OH, Johnny, Johnny, OH!

The Pemaquid Trip

At 8:30 the school bus which was to take us to Pemaquid rolled in while we were eating breakfast, to the tune of school days led by Johnny's table. About a half hour later we were all in the bus (bathing suits, cameras, jackets, and Dowdy included) ready for the two-hour ride to the coast.

Two hours later we were walking down the beach toward a group of trees to get ready for a swim. Jane said that she wasn't going to get all sticky and gooie again like she did the year before on account of the salt water. Fifteen minutes later a group of swimmers (Jane included) came out of the woods shouting and laughing. Janey got down to the beach and again stated that she wasn't going in. She ended up wading around and getting her feet all "sticky and gooey."

We got in the bus and shoved off for the lobster pond where we ate

all the lobsters we could lay our hands on. "Sweet music" was coming from under the table. Upon inquiring we found that Burchy was changing her film.

A few minutes later we were on the boat heading toward Boothbay. As we hit the waves (lobster, ice cream, cokes, pie and fudge included) it felt like a small cyclone. As we were getting settled I heard not a low moan, but quite a loud one. We turned around to see Ruthie and Weezee swaying back and forth and looking rather green.

We finally got to Boothbay all in one piece and with no ill effects. We all piled off and took to touring all the gift shops in the vicinity.

There was a rather loud shout, which we later found out was for joy and came from Janey, that echoed and re-echoed from building to building. There it was on the door, a sign that read "Bo-den pictures sold here." Jane got literally dozens of them.

Fifteen minutes later we boarded the boat and began our homeward trip with half-melted popsickels in our hands. We soon took to telling jokes, and what jokes they were.

As we glided to a stop Jane declared that if she smelled another lobster she'd be sick, so she and quite a few others held their breath until they had passed the danger point. We got in the bus and headed for Pemaquid Point and the lighthouse. When Ruthie, Stevie and Dowdy went to get milk, Burchy decided to have the urge to pet a dog. Seeing that there was a dog lying in someone's front yard across the street she began calling it. The dog got up but paid absolutely no attention to Burchy. At that point Stevie was back and told Burchy to get out of the way so she and Dowdy could put down the milk. Ruthie soon followed and we were off.

We got to the Point where we visited the gift shop and ate our dinner. After dinner we roamed the rocks and again visited the gift shop.

Sometime later we all piled into the bus and headed home. It was a wonderful day.

-- Anne Nelson

The Overnight

Once upon a time in the hot month of August, 5th Shack started out on an overnight trip to Hoyt's Island.

We had rolled our packs and packed them in the canoes with food, extra ponchos, mosquito netting and water jars. So we paddled away from camp braving the dangers of being turned over, drowned, mosquito bites, and poison ivy.

When the jolly trippers finally came ashore again, Ruthie and Andi told us quite firmly, "Roll down your packs first. Then and not till then do we go swimming."

We unrolled our packs and undressed to go skinny swimming. We found four rocks which could be used for diving. Too soon Andi called, "All out, supper!"

Everyone scrambled out and dressed and soon we were sitting around the rustic table eating sandwiches of peanut butter, jam, mustard and hot dogs, candy peaches and cake, and drinking water and juice.

Four people were assigned the task of dish-washing and they went down to the lake with the dirty dishes, yellow soap and a dish towel. The candy was passed again and soon an hour was passed and we again went swimming. Again came the awful words, "All out!"

Fully dressed we gathered around Ruthie and Andi reading comic books and discussing what Andi's children should be named; how Mr. Grey proposed to her; and Ruthie's and Andi's boy friends.

Pretty soon the counselors grew embarrassed and changed the subject by saying we ought to put up the mosquito netting. They showed us the way they did it and then crawled into their bed rolls, leaving us to the mysteries of mosquito netting. Finally finding they could not go to sleep until our mosquito netting was up, they helped us and then went to sleep.

We were finally asleep and then woke early. We were passibly quiet until the counselors woke up. Then a lot of heads were to be seen bobbing around in the water.

We had a breakfast of orange juice and chocolate sauce, cereal, applesauce and chocolate sauce, sweet rolls with chocolate sauce, and ham and chocolate sauce sandwiches.

After having packed our sleeping bags and other paraphernalia in the canoes, we paddled around Hoyt's Island. When we got around to the other side of the Island, we put up raincoats and paddles and went sailing along to a good place for skinny dipping. We swam for awhile and then paddled back to camp.

It was a wonderful trip.

--Sally Robinson

Fifth Shack Camden Cruise

'Twas dawn on Wednesday we set out
For Camden by-the-sea
Through drizzle, raindrops, fog and dew
There were ten of us plus three.

Oh, the ocean waves may roll
Oh, the ocean waves may roll, may roll
While captain, crew, and lover boy
Took off on a motor cruise,
Took off on a motor cruise.

We parked on a beach
And gobbled up our lunch
Dug 30 quarts of clams
Then fished from the boat but the big one got away.

We steered for awhile and swam
Oh, the ocean waves may roll
Oh, the ocean waves may roll, may roll
Of ocean waves we surely are fond
We'll stick by our Great Pond
We'll stick by our Great Pond

--Fifth Shack

Pemaquid-Boothbay Trip

A - you're away from here
B - in a bus my dear
C - is the rugged coastline
D - is the salty dips
E - is exciting trips and
F - you're the freezing salty brine

G - it looked good to me
H - it was heavenly
I - It was what I idolize
J - is for jokes and such
K - for our crazy bunch
L - for the lobster and the pies

MNOP - we could go on all day
QRST - alphabetically speaking it's ok.
U - we did miss a lot
V - it was very hot
WXYZ - it's fun to wander through the alphabet with you
To tell you what it meant to we!

-- Seniors

Fifth Shack Camden Cruise

Fifth shack went on an ocean cruise;
To most of us that's no news.
We went sailing on the ocean blue
Where there was nothing else to do,
But swim, eat clams, and have fun all day.
For we did swim in the ocean cold,
Though those who did it were really bold.
We had a picnic on a rocky isle,
And dug soft shelled clams, a real big pile.
Then again started sailing on the briny deep.
While some of us fished, the others in the ocean did leap.
No fish did we catch though we tried 'tis true.
But we saw some porpoises, a whole big crew.
We sailed into Camden after a wonderful day
And everyone of us really say
Though there was hardly any sun,
We had loads and loads of fun.

--Sallie Robinson

Camden Cruise

Get outta bed!
I don' wanna
Look it's raining outside!

But we started on our way to Camden
Happy for the ride.

Then we board the boat with Capt. Tobin
with Capt. Tobin
Ready to sail awhile.

Mist and foggy dew came a falling
came a falling
Soaking us to the hide.

Not a thing could dampen our spirits
 dampen our spirits
For we had hit low tide.

Out on the beach they digged for a clam bake
digged for a clam bake
To fill our little insides.

Then we sailed the trail for Runoia
the trail for Runoia
Happy to be alive.

-- Fifth Shack

Juniors' Day

One day the seniors went on a trip and left the juniors alone. That morning we had assembly on the porch. Then we had crafts. I made two belts. Then came the exciting part. We had lobster and hot-dogs for lunch. For dessert we had big juicy blueberries. Then third shack had rest hour in the woods and Peg read to us. After rest hour we had a long swim. That night we had a skinny dip, and third shack slept in the woods, also we got mosquito bites.

Third shack thinks that that was one of the best days that we have had.

-- Susan Clarke

The Baseball Game

The first blue-white baseball game was played on July 24, 1949.

The whites were up first. They played well and finished the inning with four runs. Then the blues were up. Nicky Ames hit a nice third-base hit. When the first inning was over the score was six - four in favor of the blues.

When the whites were up again the first interesting play was a fly, caught by Beaver. Thumper hit a beautiful three-baser. Finally the whites were out. The blues made two straight outs. They finished the second inning with a score of 18-8 in favor of the whites.

The third inning went by without anything special. Both teams were out quickly. The score ended 21-8 in favor of the whites. The whites were out quickly.

At the end of the fourth inning a fly was caught and a double out was made. Score - 24-12.

The whites were up. Ann Rittershofer, four blues and the ball were on first base at one time but it was finally called safe. The blues made three outs in a row. Score - 29-12.

Andy was up first. She hit a fly ball. Lydia hit a fly. The blues were up. Kate Resnik hit a double but got in because of two over-throws. Sigrid hit a fly which was beautifully caught by Thumper. At the end of the inning the score was 31-15 in favor of the whites.

The whites were up for their last time. They made their third out when Emmy caught a fly. The blues made two outs. On the third, Kate went to third base. Everybody thought she was out and each

of us was cheering when the umps decided she was safe. Then Nicky hit a beautiful ball and was on her way home when she was touched. Everyone again started to cheer but again the ball was dropped. Then people began to hit triples. Finally the blues were out. The game was over. Score - 38-23 WHITES.

--Lydia Wyman

Our Trip to Pemaquid

On July 22, 1949 fourth shack went to Pemaquid. We went in the station wagon. When we got there the first thing we did was to go swimming. The water was very cold. We saw two jelly fish.

After swimming we had lunch. We had lobster for lunch. I ate one lobster and some clams.

After lunch we went on a boat ride. Johnny asked the man if we could stay out more than an hour. He said we could. We saw some seals on the rocks. We stopped at this dock while the captain put up some posters. Two teen-age girls and a boy climbed on top of the boat and dove off.

When we got back Shelly and Johnny had some coffee and then we went to the lighthouse at Pemaquid Point. We sketched some pictures of the lighthouse which we later painted in crafts. We went up to the gift shop and bought some things.

After that we ate supper on the rock and took pictures. We also fed the gulls. Then we went home. On the way we saw the capitol of Maine lighted up. We made up our trip song and talked.

We got home about 9:30. I think I will always remember this trip to the seashore.

Sung to the tune of "Me and My Gal"

The bell is ringing for the Fourth of July
The men are singing so wild and high
Everybody is knowing
Toward freedom we're going
And for days they've been blowing
Every horn in the town
They're congregating for the Fourth of July
The bell is waiting to ring out on high
And someday there's going to be a little U S A
Where we can say "We're free,
Forever, just you wait and see.

Phebe Grauer

Though our Phebe to some may seem shy
A bright twinkle abides in her eye
She always reacts
To the shack's funny cracks
And it's then the real Phebe we spy.

Jane Hollar

Of Janey there's not much to say
That hasn't been said every way
We've talked of her Hollar
And how the Whites foller
And for the last line we now pray.

Judy Merlin

Tho tardiness ain't a good trait
Judy's arrival was late
Cross the lake she did float
In the old P. I. boat
There are few who arrive in such state.

Anchen Perin

She's always engrossed in her knitting
Whether running or standing or sitting
In light shaded hue
In yellow, now blue
Some baby she's always outfitting.

Sigrid Schutz

This gal caught on quick to cahoots
She has shirts that dress up her suits
She objects to her name
Of beachcombing fame
And when put in a song Sigrid Schutz.

Janice Vaughan

Oh, Janice, whose suit are you wearing?
Who've you left naked and swearing?
It's always sure fire
That in borrowed attire
From the shack to the dock you'll come tearing.

Emily Warren

To Runcoia our Em's hardly foreign
 For eight years blue points she's been scorin'
 Though her sneezes increase
 Her good spirit ne'er cease
 With the White team, just see Emmy Warren.

FIFTH SHACK LIMERICKS

Louise Cornn

In the evening when we want to sing
 Our voices to Weezie we bring
 Her room overflows
 As the crowd grows and grows
 And the rafters of Fifth do ring.

Ruth Lester

She can balance accounts or canoes
 And navigate Meadowbrook's ooze
 Too soon came our last look
 Far too soon William Nastuk
 Ruthie--he gains, but we lose.

Sarah Jo Ames

Nicky's a lady this year
 No swinging from treetops--oh dear
 When in Janie's room
 She wields a strong broom
 But her own--we'll not mention it here!

Stephanie Bang

Weezie, please tell me, oh pray
 How many warnings you gave out today
 'Cause Stevie has affection
 For this morning inspection
 She checks up in a BANG-up way.

Mabel Benard de Bast

Now Mabel looks quiet--but hey
 You should see her toss boots some fine day
 If you ask her to stop
 Her eyes she will pop
 "I cahn't understahnd what you say."

Cricket Janney

Cricket's a real fiend for tennis
And we all find her forehand's a menace
Although it's a crime
We can't find a rhyme
So we'll stop and talk about Peter.

Joyce Kettaneh

To Joyce's parents we all are most thankful
They send candy to us by the tankful
Now our voices we lend
As we all of us send
Appreciation--let's make it a bankful!

Anne Knowles

On the Tumbledown trip, cautious Anne
Gave her dough to the head of her clan
Said, "I'm fearful of dropping
My wad while we're hopping
From peak to peak" -- unhappy plan.

Anne Nelson

Anne Nelson is fond of a joke
Of stories she has a full poke
But what she loves mostly
Is tales that are ghostly
In the dark she'll scare all with her croak.

Kate Resnik

Kate might as well be a twin
Although Cricket's not even kin
Forever and ever
They'll be together
At least until Kate can win Wynne.

Sally Robinson

Sally Robinson's fond of a rhyme
And consorts with her muse all the time
It has also been said
That she pies a mean bed
Which goes to ridick from sublime.

Linda Schutz

Linny is long, lean and svelte
With a smile that makes everyone melt
But she calls down a pox
On the shortage of sox
And the raw deal the laundry has dealt.

FOURTH SHACK LIMERICKS

Marian Johnson

That Johnny's our darling's been told
Her math leaves us warm, never cold
For she multiplies laughs
Divides troubles in halves
She glitters and what's more she's gold.

Andi Bryne

As "Miss" this month's her last stand
Soon she'll have a new name--a new land
A "Bo-bo" we'll say
For the new Mrs. Gray
And for Robert--a hand and a band.

Jane Ames

Now Janie's the newest edition
Of the Ames--let's start a tradition
Coeducation
Is shaking the nation
With Azer, let's make our transition.

Ann Corbett

Our Annie, whose face wears a grin
Makes the best of all that she kin
Whether happy or sad
She never looks mad
And all the more friends she does win.

Beverly Ferris

Jacks is a favorite at camp
Let the weather be warm or damp
Though she's mighty small
She can beat them all
So here's to our Beaver, the champ.

Sandra Griffin

She's known as both Pinky and Sandy
Whichever nickname's most handy
What we'd like to know
How came it so?
To most people one name's just dandy.

Lucy Guthrie

To Lucy we take off our hat
At "Who Am I" it always seems that
 She's perfectly able
 To stump the whole table
For she's got Truman's cabinet down pat.

Carol Kelly

"Oh me!" she cried in despair
"These tangly locks are a care."
 But a snip of Steve's shears
 Dispersed Carol's fears
By removing the bulk of her hair.

Deborah Robinson

When on one side of camp or the other
To go find her pal's too much bother
 So Debby remains sittin'
 And bellows for "kitten"
No voice ever known travels farther.

Anne Rittershofer

Annie R's nickname is Kitten
When at tennis or baseball she's hittin'
 Or when in a canoe
 Does it not seem to you
That her nickname is not very fittin'?

Cecily Sachs

Where Cecily lives is a riddle
And the clues she gives help you liddle
 It's near to New Canaan
 But it's New York that it's lain in
Could it be that it's right in the middle?

Sandra Sheppard

Oh, Sandy, honey didja know
That if you all grow much mo'e
 You'll be reachin' the sky
 And, gosh, that's high
So take my a'vice, take it slow.

Eleanor Vinke

Mink Vinke had to leave us one day
It made us feel really un-gay
She'd a date with Queen Mary
And so could not tarry
We hope next year she'll just stay.

Lydia Wyman

Here's a lilting limerick for Lydia
A too early goodbye we have bydia
With your baseballing knack
You were missed from Fourth Shack
And we'd never have chose to get ridia.

THIRD SHACK LIMERICKSJean Cassidy

The Cassidy junior is Jean
In the realm of dramatics a queen
Versatility's mother
Is she and none other
And her humor is fat--never lean.

Margaret Cassidy

Peg Cassidy is such a peach
No achievement is out of her reach
But the dirt on Third Shack
Finds her taken aback
So she hurries them to Sandy Beach.

Lisa Blauvelt

We're so glad that Lisa came back
We'd really been feeling her lack
So when over the water
The Blauvelts brought daughter
We welcomed her into Third Shack.

Susan Clarke

What's so strange about dipping?
Maybe it's all due to the stripping
But whatever it be
Susie had to see
The seniors leap out all dripping.

Irene Ewing

One night Renie announced at the table
That her Pop disliked stars--even Grable
But she went on to reveal
That he often does steal
To see Mickey Mouse whenever he's able.

Barbara Green

Butch played the old scarecrow's role
And it seems the whole show she 'most stole
Her acting ambitions
Come from family traditions
Which urge her on, body and soul.

Suzanne Jackson

As a snob in the Third Shacker's play
She sneered at the man made of hay
Just an act we all know
For her real manners show
That in life Susie's far from this way.

Deborah Janney

"Boys!" Debbie cries in disgust,
"Are ~~any~~ thing I can stand if I must."
But to actually like 'em
To kiss 'em, not strike 'em
It's too cwazy to be discussed.

Gail Sheppard

It seems that some gremlin it pleases
To give Gail all the childhood diseases
But now, I declare,
She's had more than her share
Of bumpses and coughses and sneezes!

Nancy Smiley

When Nancy originally came
We couldn't believe in her name
We saw nary a smile
Only tears all the while
Now we find name and nature the same.

Polly Parkhill

In Third Shack our Polly did tarry
She was young in coming--but very
But as she grows
She gains no foes
She always appears so merry.

SECOND SHACK LIMERICKS

Reba Benedict

Reba's out in the sun a great deal
To be tan is to her a wish real
But her nose is a magnet
To the sun it's a dragnet
And, like onions, does nothing but peel.

Emmy Graf

One hundred per cent is laugh
She's cute fifty per cent more than half
She's tiny in size
But totally wise
And this is our Emmy Graf.

Doris Shellburg

Oh Shelley! a limerick's too short
To include one tenth a report
Of wonders you've done
Adding color and fun
To the Craftshop where you hold the fort.

Barbara Warren

All the turkeys Barb bargained to stuff
In exchange for a sail where t'was rough
But she found that her chore
Took in five birds not four
Heavy pay for one hour of luff.

KITCHEN LIMERICKS

Carolyn Snyder

Carolyn's curls are a problem.
She's tried, but she just cannot stop em.
She's cut and she's pinned
She's trimmed and she's thinned
Even so, we'd still like to rob them.

Vera Tozzer

Our Vera will lack no attention
If Bill keeps on breakin' convention.
Hell never go staley
A man who writes dailly
He is a most amazing invention.

Mrs. Warren

Ellie Bissel has sure had her troubles
With two daughters, her men folk and Bubbles
 There's always a worry
 As hustle and scurry
She cooks all the meals on the doubles.

Nancy Hileman

She keeps us all at sea
A'wondering where she can be
 At tennis, breathing, or strokes
 She's the butt of our jokes
'Cause our scratches we can't let Nance see.

Mary Shafer

When Fetch scurries down to breakfast
She sometimes comes first, sometimes last
 Tho she keeps good time
 There's no reason or rhyme
Regarding the Navy bell's blast.

THIRD SHACK

<u>Name</u>	<u>Alias</u>	<u>Hails from</u>	<u>Appears</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Yells</u>
Lisa Blauvelt	Liz	Orange	to like the "toothpick"	to beat the jacks champ	people who read her books	"Oh stink"
Susan Clarke	Sue	Westfield, Mass.	with Polly	eggs won't be on the menu	being in plays while parents are here	"Oh, honestly"
Irene Ewing	Rene	Yonkers	in her nose clamp	for more comics	not hearing the story	I'm only telling you the good things--
Barbara Green	Butch	New York	with her "Butch"	for long hair to get the boys	being called "Butchy"	"The Thing Is?"
Suzanne Jackson	Susie	New Haven	as the "Blonde"	to come back next year	leaving Gaily	Such impertinence!
Deborah Janney	Debby	Stamford	snooping	she'll be on good terms with Rocket next year	her name spelled with an "ie"	Gads!
Polly Parkhill	Polly	<u>Pa</u> ark Ave.	as catcher	to be promoted to 4th Shack	the ever- present pound	For Pete's sake!
Gail Sheppard	Gaily	Greenwich	with curlers	for letters	the whooping cough	She doesn't; she coughs!
Nancy Smiley	Nancy	Winslow	with Weezie	to swim like a fish	being told her underpants show	Now--Miss

FOURTH SHACK

<u>Name</u>	<u>Alias</u>	<u>Hails from</u>	<u>Appears</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Yells</u>
Jane Ames	Janie	Hamilton	innocent of clothing	to remember lines in 6th Shack play	She inherits her sister's	My beee-ootiful Elizabeth
Ann Corbett	Annie	Waaterville	giggling	to sound scary for "Scary"	If she has any nobody would know it	Yes, Sah!
Beverly Ferris	Beaver	Clifton	dropping stitches	to be a pianist	quadruple cherries	Maybe she does-- but what?
Sandra Griffin	Pinky or Sandy	Columbus Stable for Goats	in pix	to be Emmy Graf's aide	Johnny's dis-like of monkey tricks in rafters	Will you be my buddy?
Lucy Guthrie	Goosey	Buffalo	upside down and inside out	sister will come to camp	being called	Simply ghastly
Carol Kelly	K. O.	Cincy	in peekhole	to get even	powder dumped on her	And how!
Anne Rittershofer	Kitten	up the street from Sally Robinson	engaged in <u>all</u> sports	to hit baseball into tennis courts	LUCY!	Hardly ever
Deborah Robson	Debby	Newton	playing revealing "Poker"	to live on a farm	being catcher	LAND!
Cecily Sachs	Ces	Bedford	in <u>very large</u> clothes	to finish socks	her brothers	-----
Sandra Sheppard	Sandy	Amagansett	nose in comics	to sleep till 10:00	snoopers	Oh you pig!
Eleanor Vinke	Mink	that famous Ohio town	playing croquet	to stay	Europe	Can't remember
Lydia Wyman	Pickle	ditto	burping	to dress in peace	dropping "the ball"	Duh George!

S I X T H S H A C K

<u>Name</u>	<u>Alias</u>	<u>Hails from</u>	<u>Appears</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Yells</u>
Sally Anderson	Andy	Pearl Street	repeating	everyone hears	people who don't	IIIS GOOT!
Jean Bobis	Beanie Jobis	Summit	frustrated	to get the Log finished	male writers	What could be wrong?
Beth Burchenal	Burchy	"The Jackson"	where she shouldn't	Andy'll stop repeating	birthday presents	HEAVENS!
Barbara Farr	Barbie	signal stop on the Lackawanna	cute as a button	not to bump Mucky Moo Moo	porcupines who don't shoot quills	Hey, Hey, Hey down there
Phebe Grauer	Phebe Graouuer	Where the Buffalo roam	making mischief	for certain kind of male	table lists	Mabel ¹
Jane Hollar	Janey	Where 90% of all gangsters dwell	aroused	Icelandy ain't taken Andy	pens in people's pants pockets	She doesn't, she screams.
Judy Merlin	White Rock	Canada Dry	in a mood!	to go back to Great Neck	being called White Rock at wrong times	in fits of anger
Anchen Perin	Ginny	here, there, and everywhere!	knitting for the little ones	Reds get out of the basement	EVE	Yawns instead
Sigrid Schutz	Seaweed	hooks	with sister	to perfect her curves (pitchin' that is)	losing her socks	Hardly ever!
Janice Vaughan	Junior Varsity	South of the Mason-Dixon Line	in "True Love"	to try on <u>all</u> bathing suits	DOWDY	Oh, for pity's sake
Emily Warren	Emmy	Montpelier	blowing nose and bugle	not to miss morning dip	not under-standing jokes	"Ve do not have to go to the bank.

C O U N S E L O R S

<u>Name</u>	<u>Alias</u>	<u>Hails from</u>	<u>Appears</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Yells</u>
Reba Benedict	Reba	Bryn Mawr	with horsey scent	to get tennis down pat	spectacles	Who am I?
Andi Bryne	Andi	just this side of heaven	countin' the days	she won't get cold feet	her prominence	HOT DOGS!
Jean Cassidy	Jeanie	that Dennison	sleeping till 10:00 A.M.	to play Beet- hoven's "Pas- sionata Sonata"	She ain't got any. Fools are always happy.	Laugh on fool!
Margaret Cassidy	Peg	Tulsa	clowning	to keep youth- ful vitality until she's 90	her dirty 3rd shackers	Oh, Johnny Oh!
Louise Cornn	Weezie	Lotspeich	inspectin' & directin'	to be another Esther Williams	too sweet to have any	Amen!
Nancy Dowd	Dowdy	C. S. G.	burning	to do business with shovel	J. V.	You're a knuckle- head.
Emily Graf	Emmy	de Horse's Back	witty	to keep Bill from coming to Maine	Ray not clean- ing the stables	Are you ready?
Nancy Hileman	Nancy	Holmes	never at home	to come back as trip counselor	the infirmery	Flattery won't get you a Band-Aid.
Marian Johnson	Johnny	Hillsdale	with her Stevie-of-the- Ritz hair-do	for rain	6th Shack's being late to flag raising	I stayed up all night making this day.

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

<u>Name</u>	<u>Alias</u>	<u>Hails from</u>	<u>Appears</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Yells</u>
Ruth Lester	Rufus	Brooklyn, Home of de Bums	waiting for Bill	to see water in Meadowbrook	canoeing people yelling	Hokay!
Stephanie Poor	Stetanie	Slideless	scalping the camp	to see "spooks" while he's young	mistaking bugs for stars	Pooh Bear will make you feel better.
Mary Shafer	Fetch	New York	with a basket	to teach us the difference be- tween boy and girl	unpredictable breakfast bell	Girls!
Doris Shellburg	Shelley	Craft Shop	dripping from dipping	to fly like her mother	missing senses	She doesn't
Carolyn Snyder	Carol	Midst dirty pots and pans	hairless	to finish her lovely tray	endlessness of letter-writing	She can't, she's too busy!
Vera Tozzer	Vera	Ohio State U.	with Janice	to get rid of faithful Bill	pokey dish- washers	My goodness!
Barbara Warren	Barby	on her way to Simmons	scrapping	for a major (in college)	windy days	Dishwashers!
Eleanor Warren	Ellie Bissel	behind the kitch- en table	spooning	kids will lose some of their appetites	birthdays	Put on an apron, dishwashers.
Miss Weiser	Miss Weiser	the cottage	unexpectedly	to live in Second Shack	She's not the type.	She???????





Irene Ewing

Nancy Smiley



Polly Parkhill

Susan Clarke



Barbara Green

Deborah Janney



Gail Sheppard

Lisa Blauvelt



Cecily Sachs

Jane Ames



Sandra Griffin

Ann Corbett



Lucy Guthrie

Anne Rittershofer



Carol Kelly

Beverly Ferris



Deborah Robson

Sandra Sheppard



Sarah Jo Ames

Linda Schutz



Harriet Janney

Kate Resnik



Sally Robinson

Ann Nelson



Mabel Benard de Bast

Joyce Kettaneh



Barbara Farr

Sally Anderson



Anchen Perin

Beth Burchenal



Jane Hollar

Sigrid Schutz



Jeanne Bobis

Janice Vaughan



Emily Warren

Phoebe Grauer



Judy Merlin



Vera Tozzer

Carolyn Snyder

Eleanor Warren



Jean Cassidy

Margaret Cassidy



Reba Benedict

Barbara Warren



Louise Cornn

Ruth Lester

A R O U N D C A M P



AROUND CAMP



C A M D E N C R U I S E



CAMDEN CRUISE



CAMDEN CRUISE



CAMDEN CRUISE



MAC GRATH AND SALMON



MAC GRATH AND SALMON



P E M A Q U I D C R U I S E



P E M A Q U I D C R U I S E



P E M A Q U I D

C R U I S E



P E M A Q U I D C R U I S E



P E M A Q U I D C R U I S E



P E M A Q U I D C R U I S E



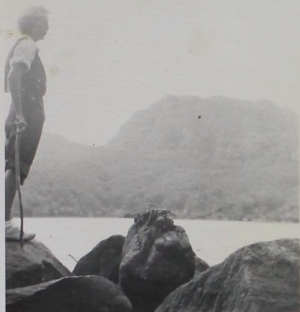
ALL-DAY PADDLE



TUMBLEDOWN TRIP



TUMBLEDOWN TRIP



FIRE BAN TRIP



FIRE BAN TRIP



Montclair's Incomparable St. Luke's

One of the truly intellectual churches of the nation seeks answers to questions that seem to have no answers.

—by Virginia Williams

THE day long observed as the symbol of hope by our Western civilization will face new scrutiny in this year of 1946. The roar of cannon is muffled, but the silence is as ominous as was its echo. Peace brings not Christian unity but the march of militant atheism. New weapons of physical destruction match the ideological anti-Christ. Desolation and famine flap their ghastly wings over half the planet.

Among those who will observe Easter Day are questers more fervent than ever before. They seek in the Church not salvation in a future world, but respite for this modern earth. Their concern is not simply for individual souls, but for nations of men, and their quest is taking them through all of man's time-tried institutions.

If the Church, on Easter Day or any other, would end their search, it must first examine itself and answer their insistent questions. The questions are myriad, and the answers have not been generally formulated. There is the problem of unity. Protestant churches, divided on points of procedure and interpretation, cannot give single tongue to Christian opinion in world affairs. Denominational stability is laudable, but it can be a case of ignoring the woods for the trees.

The second question, closely related, is one of application. Young people who clung to the Christian ideal while their ranks were being decimated by a ruthless war will clamor to have that ideal applied to the world's daily living. They may be excused for neglecting the world of the spirit when the world of the flesh seems to them to have infinite possibilities of betterment. The first law of the Church, the fatherhood of a single God, should provide more than adequate basis for the unity of all Christian peoples. Even a partial acceptance of the necessary corollary, the brotherhood of men, would be the starting point for a practical, applied religion. The celebration of Easter, old in tradition but ever new in implication, will find many anxious people in the congregations.

These suburban communities have no lack of churches. It has been lightly said that there is one on every corner in East Orange. Where the main arteries of the city are concerned, at east, this is not fantastically far from the truth. Montclair, with 45,000 souls has 46 churches within the boundaries of the city proper. Many denominations are represented in this figure, but Baptists and Presbyterians dominate with six each. The denominational fringes are also present—Pentecost, Apostolic, and Quaker. In these respects, Montclair follows the pattern of most of the local communi-

Also typical is the fact that the luxuriant growth of city churches is a comparatively recent phenomenon. In 1876 there were four ministers and

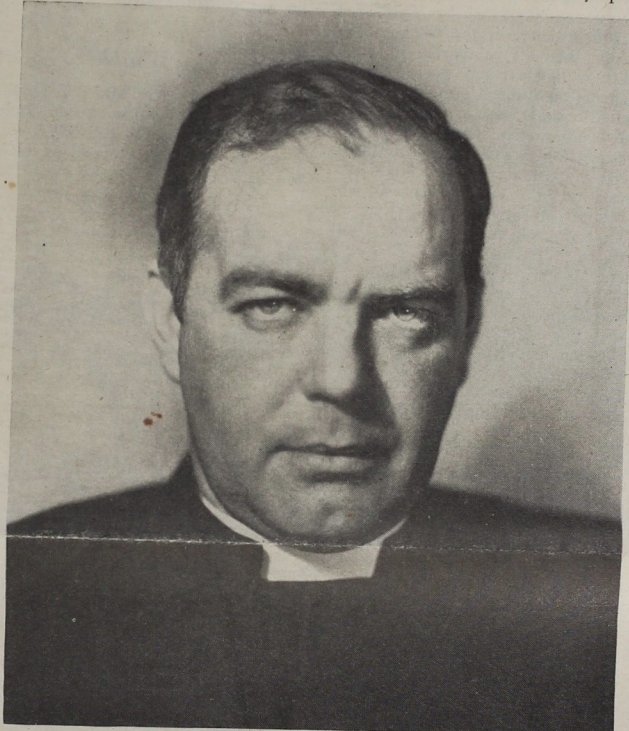
deviate from the general pattern. They have co-operated more readily and with more success. Their membership is large, and generally speak-

ing have enjoyed more than usual brilliance and renown. Harry Emerson Fosdick was minister of the Montclair Baptist Church for 9 years, before he went to Union Theological as a professor, and then to New York for his international reputation. The Black brothers of Edinburgh have all known Montclair. Two of them led the summer services for some time, and Hugo Black, still a town resident, had a pastorate there for years.

A church reasonably typical of Montclair's approach to religion is Saint Luke's Protestant Episcopal on South Fullerton Avenue. It has had a slow but stubborn growth from perilous beginnings. Its leaders, clergy and lay, have been prominent and capable. And in co-operative action and attempts to make religion a practical feature of day-to-day living, it hints at first steps toward a solution of the Church's problems today.

John Wilde, owner of a cotton print mill in the town's early days, provided the starting impetus for St. Luke's. The first building was erected under his direction in 1846 on Pine and Cherry streets to take care of the spiritual needs of his employees. The road of the parish was as perilous, however, as that which stretched before Bunyan's Christian. Services were soon discontinued until the summer of 1858, when visiting clergymen managed to keep the Sunday services going in the absence of a regular rector. In the following year, the congregation would have lost the church but for Joel Condit of Newark and William Davey of Bloomfield, who contributed enough to preserve it.

By 1860, the parish was finally organized and incorporated, listing an enrollment of 12 families. "St. Luke's in West Bloomfield," its initial title, was changed eight years later to the



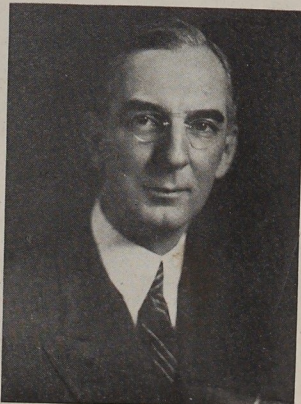
Pat Liveright
The Reverend Henry Harrison Hadley, at 38, is a remarkably young pastor for so large a parish as St. Luke's.

one priest in Montclair. Only since then, in slow and struggling stages, have the present numbers developed.

In other ways, Montclair churches

ing, they have not the financial problems that many churches in the Oranges bear. And the clergymen who have touched Montclair in pass-

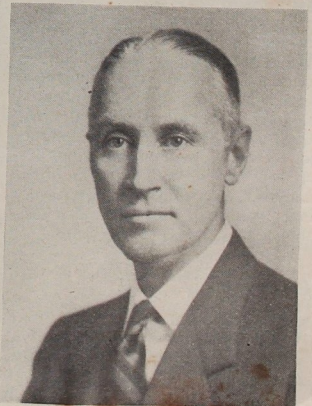
Morris Sayre, president of the Corn Products Refining Company, is Senior Warden at St. Luke's.



Percy S. Young, of the Vestry, is Chairman of the Board at Public Service.



Reginald A. Cook, St. Luke's Junior Warden.



name it now holds.

Most of the early parishioners were manufacturers and their employees. With the shifting and settling of the town's business, a new location for St. Luke's became imperative. Robert W. Hening had moved to Montclair from the south prior to the Civil War. His own church, Presbyterian, was outspokenly Union, and he grew increasingly restless of hearing his former friends disparaged from the pulpit. Accordingly, he switched his membership to the Episcopal Church, hoping for better treatment at their hands, and offered the plot which he owned on St. Luke's Place to the struggling parish. The cornerstone was laid in 1865 by Bishop Odenheimer, and the first services conducted in the new building on Easter Sunday in 1870. We are unable to ascertain whether Mr. Hening received more charitable understanding for his Southern sympathies at the hands of his Episcopalian brethren.

For the next ten years, the struggle against debts was severe. The membership was modest, and foreclosure was threatened more than once. In 1884, a young clergyman from Brooklyn, the Reverend Frederick B. Carter, took charge. The present parish dates its modern period of growth and prosperity from his coming. Two

St. Luke's Episcopal Church is a sprawling yet stately landmark at the corner of Union Street and South Fullerton Avenue in Montclair. The church proper is on the



Pat Liveright

The Hadleys are new to Montclair, but to judge from this portrait, they are already happy in it. Annette, 12, Mrs. Hadley, the former Annette Trafford of Massachusetts, Henry Harrison, Jr., 9, and James, 6, are now living at 75 South Fullerton Avenue.

years later the final mortgage of \$6,000 was liquidated, and the parish stood free from debt for the first time in its 30-year history.

The resultant sense of relief was heady enough to encourage further spending. William Fellowes gave the parish the plot at the corner of Ful-

lerton Avenue and Union Street, where the present church stands, and the air grew thick with plans for a bigger and better building. A fund of \$40,000 was raised, and ground was broken in the summer of 1888. The new church was formally opened on November 30, 1890, by Bishop Starkey, with its importance already established. At the ceremonies when the corner stone was laid were "the elite of Montclair, irrespective of denominational affiliations," according to a contemporary newspaper.

Frederick Carter retired from the rectorship in 1912, after his 28 years of leadership had marked St. Luke's as a strong parish. His place was filled by the Reverend Wilson R. Stearly for the three following years. He in turn left when he was consecrated to the Bishopric of the Diocese of Newark. The church was now materially equipped to take a leading place or a small one in the town, depending upon the temper of the people and the character of the new rector.

Stearly's successor was the Reverend Luke M. White, who came from Shreveport, Louisiana, to take his fourth charge. St. Luke's has been fortunate in faithful, tireless leaders.

(Continued on page 44)

left, the parish house on the right. Just beyond the parish house and the range of the camera is the rectory, a home almost as dignified and vine-clad as the church itself.



6th Shack
presents

"I Remember Mama"



The Lodge

7:15

Admission: Story or poem about
your "Mama;" 25 words or less.

Produced and Directed
By

Sean Cassidy

cast in order of appearance

Katrin
Mama
Papa
Dagmar
Christin
Nels
Trina
Sigrid
Jenny
Mr. Hyde
Uncle Chris
Doctor
Mr. Thorkelson
Nurse
Grine

Sally Anderson
Emmy Warren
Janie Hollar
Janie Ames
Janice Vaughan
Phebe Grauer
Lucy Guthrie
Sally Robinson
Jean Bobis
Ginnie Perin
Beth Burchenal
Sigrid Schatz
Barby Fast
Nancy Hileman
Debby Janney

BELGRADE LAKES CODE



ISSUED BY THE
BELGRADE LAKES ASSOCIATION, Inc.

Belgrade Lakes, Maine

To our Visitors:

You are one of thousands of lovers of the out-of-doors who visit these Belgrade Lakes each year. For over half a century visitors from all over the United States have come here to rest, relax, swim, sail, fish and hunt. Many have become property owners, building permanent summer homes and camps.

In spite of an increasing summer population, these lakes still keep their original charm. They continue to have a sense of remoteness and deep woods. Their shores have not been lumbered off, and the encroachments of civilization, so apparent in many other lakes in Maine, are so far inconspicuous.

It is of importance to all of us who come here, to keep the Belgrade Lakes as natural, unmechanized and free of the abuses to privacy which have destroyed dozens of other once-beautiful areas.

The members of the Belgrade Lakes Association, whose voluntary contributions support many of the advantageous features of this area, have subscribed to the code which is printed on opposite page. The code needs your support and acceptance. By it we can keep the great charm of the Belgrade Lakes region intact. We ask you to abide by the Belgrade Lakes Code yourself, and to assist us in urging all others who enjoy these lakes to do likewise.

**THE MEMBERSHIP OF
THE BELGRADE LAKES ASSOCIATION**

THE CODE OF THE BELGRADE LAKES

1. Throw nothing into the water or onto the shores of these lakes which will endanger a barefoot swimmer. Never throw a bottle, tin can, or debris into the water or onto the shore.
2. When in a motor boat or outboard keep at least 100 yards away from swimmers, sailboats, canoeists, and people fishing.
3. Leave all campsites better and cleaner than when entered.
4. Keep your boat well outside coves and beaches of occupied private property, especially those off which floats and diving towers have been moored.
5. When fishing unusually early or late, remember that you may disturb those asleep in lakeside cabins.
6. Ask permission before landing at docks or on shore line which is obviously private ground.
7. When erecting new buildings or developing shoreline, keep changes as inconspicuous as possible, and in harmony with their surroundings.
8. When cutting timber, do not strip the shoreline.
9. Do not use mechanical amplification systems.

Impressive Wedding



—Enquirer (Kain) Photo.

MRS. WILLIAM RAY GURGANUS.

WITH IMPRESSIVE DIGNITY and beauty the marriage of Miss Frances Resor Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Louis Thomas, to William Ray Gurganus, son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gurganus of Norfolk, Va., was solemnized at 4:30 o'clock yesterday at the residence of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James McBrayer Garvey on Shawnee Run Road.

Wide spreading arrangements of magnolia foliage with accents of white dahlias and many flame-tipped tapers in seven-branched candelabra framed the improvised altar and satin-covered prei Dieu which were placed in the living room. The aisle for the bridal procession was indicated with low white pillars tied with white ribbons and lemon foliage.

Miss Mary Anderson Coombe was maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the bride's two cousins, Miss Jane Garvey and Ione Georgianna White.

Mr. G. Woodrow Gurganus of Norfolk, Va., was his brother's best man. The ushers were Mr. Paul Meyers and Mr. Charles L. Thomas Jr., brother of the bride.

The bride's attendants all wore gowns of peacock blue taffeta, simple of design, with ankle length bouffant skirts and high-necked

fitted bodices having short sleeves. In stunning contrast to their gowns were their bouquets of lemon yellow dahlias combined with shiny, dark green eucalyptus foliage and long velvet streamers.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a handsome gown of palest cream-tinted satin. The long waisted, fitted bodice had a tiny rounded collar. The floor-length skirt was widely flaring and decorative. Her waist-length veil of ivory tulle was draped from a twisted coronet of satin.

The bride's bouquet was a lovely one of fluffy fujiana chrysanthemums and variegated ivy foliage.

The Rev. Hugh Bean Evans, Pastor of Seventh Presbyterian Church, officiated at the ceremony, which took place in the presence of the immediate family connection and a few intimate friends.

The wedding reception at 5 o'clock followed the ceremony.

Mrs. Thomas wore a chartreuse gown which combined a bodice of delicate Alencon lace with a draped crepe skirt. Her shoulder bouquet was of exotic brown orchids.

Mrs. Gurganus chose for her son's wedding a gown of orchid chiffon and with it she wore pale lavender orchids.

Mrs. Garvey's gown was French hand-blocked chiffon, with flowers of variegated hues against a white

background. Her flowers were gardenias.

A tiered wedding cake formed the centerpiece of the flower-decorated table in the dining room, where formal arrangements of white roses and tuberose were placed at the four corners of the table.

Following the reception Mr. Gurganus and his bride left on their wedding journey. For traveling Mrs. Gurganus wore a pale blue suit with a becoming gray hat. On their return to town Mr. and Mrs. Gurganus will reside at 1333 Fleming St.

Mrs. Thomas, who made her debut in 1945, was graduated from Hillsdale School and attended Vassar College. Mr. Gurganus attended Duke University and is a graduate of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.



MISS MARY ANDERSON HAMILL



Saturday, the second day of the Garden Center's Street Fair at the Zoo, will feature activities of special interest to children. Assisting in the projects will be Miss Eva Jane Romaine and Miss Beverly White, and, seated on floor, Miss Penelope Hall and Miss Anne Rittershofer.

Mrs. Tenney Shields Donald Agnew Wed At Chapel Service

11/27/1947

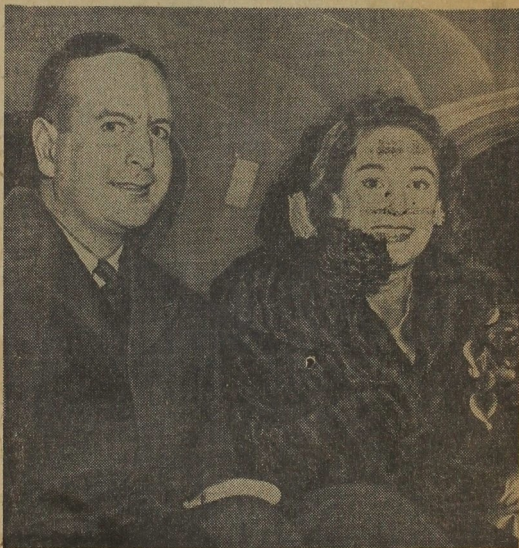
The Harral Straat Tenneys' Daughter and Lawyer Who Served in the U. S. N. R.

Mr. and Mrs. Harral Straat Tenney, of 270 Park Avenue and Greenwich, Conn., announce the marriage of their daughter, Mrs. Rebecca Tenney Shields, to Mr. Donald Agnew, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius R. Agnew, of 620 Park Avenue. The ceremony was performed yesterday in the chapel of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Dr. John Cuthlerland Bonnell, pastor.

Mrs. Agnew was graduated from Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Conn., and attended Miss Nixon's School, Florence, Italy. Her marriage to Mr. Francis X. Shields, tennis player, was terminated by divorce June 27, 1940.

Mr. Agnew, New York attorney, was graduated from Hotchkiss School and Princeton University and, in 1931, from Harvard Law School. He served four and a half years in the Naval Reserve, part of the time in the Pacific theater and is on inactive duty with the rank of commander. He is a member of the Union Club.

The Harral Straat Tenneys' Daughter Wed



Gold & Stettner
Donald Agnew, New York attorney, commander in the Naval Reserve, and bride, the former Mrs. Frances X. Shields, married yesterday at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church

Sept. 1949



(Photo by Kelsey)

IN CHATHAM recently, Miss Andi Bryne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andreas Bryne of Stavenger, Norway, became the bride of Mr. Robert A. Grey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy A. Grey of Chatham. The bride is a graduate of Garland School and the bridegroom is a graduate of the University of Chicago.

COLBY CLEVELAND MARRIED AT HOME

Graduate of Vassar Is Bride
of Russell Woeltz—She Has
Sister as Honor Attendant

1949

Miss Colby Cleveland and Russell Woeltz, whose engagement was announced a fortnight ago, were married yesterday noon in the home here of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Mather Cleveland of Riverdale-on-Hudson and New London, N. H. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. George M. Duff of the Riverdale Presbyterian Church and was followed by a small reception.

The bride was given in marriage by her father and attended by her sister, Miss Patience Cleveland. Lehman Goodman of this city was best man for the bridegroom, who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Woeltz of San Antonio, Tex.

The bride, an alumna of the Masters School in Dobbs Ferry and Vassar College, is a granddaughter of Mrs. James Colby Colgate of Bennington, Vt., formerly of New York, and the late Mr. Colgate, patron of Colgate University for more than fifty years and head of the former New York brokerage firm of James B. Colgate & Co. Mrs. Woeltz is a descendant also of William Colgate, founder of the Colgate soap business and benefactor of Madison University, the name of which was changed to Colgate. She is a granddaughter also of the late Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb Cleveland of Denver. Her father is president of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons and director of orthopedic surgery at St. Luke's Hospital.

Mr. Woeltz is head of the art department of the Calhoun School in this city. He was graduated from the Art Institute of Chicago and the New Orleans Art School, and studied also at the University of Chicago.

5/24/50 High School Girls Do Good Turns For Boys' Club



Katherine Anderson and Nancy Routt, Walnut Hills juniors, seem to be enjoying their job as volunteer leaders for the Boys Club, Inc., in the above picture as they watch over their 15 charges at a picnic at Ault Park recently. Katherine and Nancy are two of the girl volunteers who are assigned to the Boys Club through the Central Volunteer Bureau of the Community Chest. The girls devote every Saturday morning to a different activity for the boys who range in age from 7 to 9 years. The Central Volunteer center is seeking recruits among high school and college students for volunteer work in the summer vacation period. Some of the positions open include assistant recreation leaders for sports and crafts, directors of children's plays and game supervisors.

CAMP

RUNOIA

LOG

1950

DEDICATION

The Log Staff of 1950 would like to dedicate this Log to Mrs. Warren, in appreciation of all the hard work and perseverance she has put into the planning and making of the camp meals. She not only has contributed to our summer with her good cooking but we have found her an humorous and well-liked addition to any gathering.

LOG STAFF

Jean Bobis

Lucy Guthrie

Janie Ames

Carol Kelly

Debby Janney

Beth Burchenal

Butch Green

Emmy Warren

Frannie Lang

Sigrid Schutz

Ann Rittershofer

Sally Anderson

CAMP RUNOIA CALENDAR 1950

- June 28 A red letter day for old campers -- back again at Runoia after weeks of anticipation. We hope the new girls caught the enthusiasm and did not think of home and mother too longingly. Peg planned a good entertainment for our first night, then everyone went to bed early.
- July 4 After five days in camp, full of all kinds of activities and new friends, we were ready to recognize Independence Day. It rained some in the afternoon so that we had games in the Lodge. The party in the evening was planned around familiar characters like Betsy Ross, Patrick Henry, Washington's Barefoot Boys, etc. The evening ended with a bonfire at the beach, where we toasted marshmallows, burned sparklers, and swatted mosquitoes.
- July 8 Much secrecy among the old girls. The new girls were taken to climb Mt. Phillip and find King Kababa's cave in preparation for the evening rites. They proved to be a series of various horrors and frights which were an initiation for the new girls. Anyone visiting camp that night would have seen little groups of blindfolded girls holding on to a short rope and being led about from shore to baseball field by two old girls. Who enjoyed the evening most - the Initiates or the Old Girls?
- July 9 The Junior Choir sang at chapel and Shelley gave us a good talk.
- July 12 Jean Bobis arrived in the evening at Waterville, met by the Aides.
- July 13 The State Health Inspector visited us and found everything satisfactory. His visit is the reason that hot water is so hot. Any complaints of same should be filed at the State House in Augusta.
- Sixth Shack went to Belgrade Lakes in the War Canoe in the evening.
- July 14 Some girls went to the matinee at the Belgrade Playhouse.
- July 15 The new girls gave a swell party. The guests had on a strange variety of costumes as it was a "Come as You Are When You Were Invited" party.
- July 16 The Senior Choir sang at chapel and Reba gave a very helpful and thought-provoking talk.
- In the afternoon the Sixth Shack was pitted against the Counsellors in an entertaining as well as exhausting water sports competition. Probably the young and husky came out ahead but everyone had fun.

- July 17 That well-known Picture Day arrived. This year we had Mrs. Schwartz, from Cincinnati and Camp Walden, take the group pictures and various individual ones. She also took some movies for us to enjoy in the future. She said that Runcoia girls were very cooperative and easy to photograph. Nice to know that outsiders agree with what we already knew. The results of the day are going to be enjoyed long afterwards.
- July 19 All the seniors went to Pemaquid and Boothbay. They took off in the school bus at an early hour and had a wonderful trip. The stay-at-homes had a picnic in the boathouse, with lobsters for those who liked them. Some went blueberry picking in the afternoon. The Langs stayed home to greet their family who circled over camp in their plane before landing at Augusta.
- July 20 Barby and Johnny went to Old Town and picked out the new canoe which Burchie was giving to the camp.
- July 22 Fifth Shack gave a very entertaining party. The price of admission was a contribution to the Log, which was a boon to that publication.
- July 23 Peg Cassidy spoke in chapel about the beauty all around us here at Runcoia. The Junior Choir sang.
Movie in the evening.
- July 24 The Third and Fourth Shacks had a successful trip to Pemaquid. The boat ride was one to write home about. Good lobsters too.
- July 25 Ann Corbett arrived to spend the rest of the summer with us.
- July 26 All the seniors, except two, piled into that familiar bus again for another trip - this time to Tumbledown. Everyone made the top and some went to the further peaks. Good supper in Wilton.
Dr. and Mrs. Ames and Azer arrived at suppertime.
Mr. and Mrs. Bobis visited us and took Jeanie over to Waterville for supper. She joined the group which was over in Waterville to meet Suzanne Jackson and Lisa Blauvelt.
Annchen Perrin and family arrived late in the evening.
- July 27 Dr. and Mrs. Vilter and Jeanie arrived. Miss Weiser came home from a sojourn in the Thayer hospital.
Picnic supper at the Top of the World. Since we could not find any horses to pull a hayrick many of us walked up and back, while some combined walking with a lift now and then. The evening was spent doing charades, which proved very entertaining and original.
- July 29 Third and Fourth Shack gave a very lovely play called "The Princess and the Swineherd." We enjoyed it greatly.

- July 30 Mr. Wyman, the Universalist minister from Waterville preached and the Senior Choir sang. The Wymans and Mr. Warren were guests for dinner.
Mr. and Mrs. Marvin arrived in the afternoon. They, the Vilters, the Ames and Mr. Warren were guests for supper.
- July 31 Nancy Wolfe and Miranda Marvin left with Mr. and Mrs. Marvin. Sorry that they had to leave so early.
- August 1 Fifth Shack went to Belgrade Lakes in the War Canoe. Sixth Shack went over as guests of the Ames.
- August 2 First Fifth Shack overnight trip to Otter Island.
- August 3 Second Fifth Shack overnight trip to Horse Point.
- August 4 Meadowbrook trip started off in the station wagon to put in East Pond at the Tippers shore.
Cooking picnic at home.
Beth Burchenal arrived in Augusta in the evening.
- August 5 Trippers returned after a strenuous walk down the stream. Fifth Shack went to Camden for a day's sail on the Arrah Wannah with Capt. Tobin. They had a good trip and brought home three fish.
- August 6 Senior Choir sang in the church at the Lakes.
Jean Bobis spoke in church on "Friendship." The Junior Choir sang.
A former camper, Sue Larter Long, and her two children called in the afternoon. She thought everything looked much as she remembered it way back in the 1930's.
- August 7 First Long Lake trip started off after lunch.
- August 8 A Fifth Shack trip to the old camp site started off before lunch. The Long Lake trippers were picked up at Belgrade late in the afternoon.
- August 9 Jean Wallace arrived for the last two weeks of camp.
- August 10 The Camden cruisers started off to spend the first night in the State Park, which they did not find as inviting as the literature suggested.
- August 11 The second Long Lake trip started off before dinner. The juniors had their first Blue-White softball game.
- August 12 Taps woke us up on this day. Most of the camp got the message that it was Backwards Day. A great variety of sights appeared for flag lowering.
Long Lake trippers returned before supper and the red-faced Camden

cruisers got back after supper.

- August 13 Jean Cassidy spoke in church about what we had contributed to camp as well as what we had received.
- August 14 First senior softball game and second junior kickball game. The pictures came and were put up for ordering.
- August 15 Senior and junior canoe races.
First Fourth Shack overnight trip to Horse Point started off after the races.
Janet Brown Nugent, a former camper and counsellor, and her husband called on us.
The horses went home after a busy summer. At least they all took home new shoes to remember us by.
- August 16 Tennis tournament - two sets of doubles and one of singles - nice playing.
Second Fourth Shack trip started out to Horse Point. They bucked the waves all the way over and survived a rain storm just like veteran campers.
- August 17 Second senior softball game.
- August 18 Swimming races in the morning. New features were added in having swimming for form and relay races. Everyone showed the results of the summer's practice.
Third Long Lake trip started out and made the village before a bad storm broke. We thought of them when it rained so hard and so often.
The senior life-savers at home had a chance to demonstrate what they had learned. Two canoes from Arcadia tipped over out beyond our cove and a rescue boat from here went out and helped right their canoes.
- August 19 More rain. Trippers got home in good spirits but some damp and more dislike for those things called mosquitoes.
Masquerade in the evening. Many pretty and clever costumes were displayed.
- August 20 And still it rained some. The Senior Choir sang in church and Emmy Graf talked about doing the extra things that were not required but which made life simpler and easier for those about you.
Log reading in the evening. Jeanie Bobis and her helpers gave us a very interesting account of the summer.

Cotillion in the evening. The Lodge was decorated with pine boughs, as usual. There were nice favors for everyone throughout the series of dances. After the awarding of the banner to the winning side, the Whites, there was singing both in the Lodge and at the shore. The seniors serenaded the juniors after the latter were in bed.

August 22 "T" day. No one seemed anxious to pack. New York group left after supper.

August 23 The Boston and Cincinnati group left from Augusta in the morning. So ended another summer at Runoia.

The Night on the Train

When Susette, Judy and I got on the train for camp, we found out that we were going to sleep in a separate compartment and we would not be with the rest of the girls.

So we got undressed and started to read each other's comics. The porter kept coming in to see if we were cool enough just when we were trying to talk. Johnny came in and told us to turn out our lights and go to sleep. I got into Susette's lower berth and slept with her because I had the upper berth.

We went on talking and kept saying every other minute, "Let's try and go to sleep now, we've got to get some rest." But we kept thinking of another joke and then told it.

Judy slept on a couch right beside the lower berth and she didn't always hear what we were saying, so she would say, "Let me in on this, kiddo." Every few minutes something would go wrong with the berth that Susette and I were sleeping in and we had to keep turning on the light. Once I fell out of bed and got wedged between Susette's and my suitcase. Judy turned on the light and both she and Susette had to pull me out.

Judy went to sleep and Susette and I talked on and on about the bumpy train. Finally Judy woke up after one of the frequent bumps. Then all three of us kept on talking.

Johnny came in between two and four o'clock and changed berths with Judy. Susette and I kept poking each other in the ribs. We both finally went to sleep for about an half hour and when we awoke, Johnny was out of Judy's berth and so we went on talking again.

When it was time to get up Susette and I looked out the window to see where we were and the shade fell out. We got it fixed and then went out to the other girls. We finally got back to our compartment and started to get dressed, when the porter came in to see if the fan was off. We got him out and then finished getting dressed. Luckily we had all had on our dresses before he came in.

We were all dressed and then came graham crackers and milk. Susette and I both felt sick so we only ate one graham cracker each. We started to read comics and at each jerk and bump of the train I felt sicker and sicker.

Finally we got to Belgrade and Susette, Judy and I got into a taxi and got to camp. If I do seem a little queer now and then, blame it on "the night on the train."

THE SONG OF THE KITCHEN

Wash-wash-wash,
As the sweat rolls off your head;
Wash-wash-wash,
Till your hands are rough and red.

Wipe-wipe-wipe,
All the dishes clean and bright;
Wipe-wipe-wipe,
With the towels that once were white.

Sweep-sweep-sweep,
As the campers have their fun;
Sweep-sweep-sweep,
Will the floors ever be done?

Burn-burn-burn,
Towards the incinerator each day we make;
Burn-burn-burn,
Paper napkins, cups, and plates.

Pluck-pluck-pluck,
For the chickens come each week;
Pluck-pluck-pluck,
So Runoia girls can eat.

Peel-peel-peel,
The potatoes, more and more;
Peel-peel-peel,
We make carrot-sticks galore.

Ring-ring-ring,
The bell each morning at eight;
Ring-ring-ring,
For meals we seldom are late.

Tramp-tramp-tramp,
Here comes Kate for seconds on meat;
Tramp-tramp-tramp,
And Cricket -- who will beat?

Cheer-cheer-cheer,
Towards the kitchen is every eye;
Cheer-cheer-cheer,
On the table is graham-cracker pie.

Crash-crash-crash,
As the camper dishwashers work;
Crash-crash-crash,
For their duty they never shirk.

NEWS FLASH

RUNOIA

BELGRADE

Good morning fellow baseball and softball fans -- this is your friendly sports commentator Bevanie Stang reporting to you on the opening contest between the two outstanding teams at Camp Runoia. This program is brought to you by the publishers of the new book, Baseball for Brainless Boobies - written by Cass & Co. Read it! It's a book for you - I mean you.

Now on with the game. As long as anyone can remember there has been a batting spirit between the Blues and the Whites. It's like the 100 years war - ya know - long and hard. The competition is stiffer than a sailor on shore leave. Yet - ladies and gents - you will find a spirit of great good sportsmanship and friendliness between these two teams.

Well, the first sports event of the year was this baseball game, and what a game! I got so excited that I almost ate all by body building roasty toasty, bubbling, bouncy wheaties - which I always carry in my pocket for that extra lift when I'm down. Everybody around me was in a conventional dither - Nicky and Cricket wore expressions of bull dog determination but there was no bull about this game. The toss was won by Cricket who brilliantly decided on last ups.

In the first inning the Whites retired the Blues three up - three down. Then the Blues went to the field and the Whites after several hits managed to score three runs. The score was then three to nothing.

The second inning proved successful for the Blues who not only hit in three runs but knocked out the Whites in a scoreless second half.

Then just like a seasaw the game swung back to the Whites in the third, who scored a powerful run and kept the Blues down to no score.

The fourth and fifth innings proved to be monumental for the excellent fielding. Neither team could break through the iron precision of the fielders to score even one measly run.

As the sixth inning started there was great movement and excitement in the Blue's bull pen. What a smashing, dashing team they turned into. I screamed so much that my throat was sore and my hair I tore. They scored eight runs inspite of the fast thinking White fielding. Then with cool-as-a-cucumber Sigrid Schutz they downed the Whites in nearly perfect order. The score at this momentous moment stood 11-4 favor of the Blues.

But the never-say-die Whites came back in the seventh when they neatly retired the Blues and came back with a last minute rally. Here a run, there a run, everywhere a run, run, but not enough, no not enough to

News Flash (Con't.)

catch up with the powerful Blues. It was their well earned victory 11 to 9.

I wish that you my listeners could have heard the yelling and cheering. It was a great game with two great teams. Congrats go to Nicky Ames, the winning captain, and good luck to both teams in future meets.

Well, that's about it folks! So listen for your sports reporter, Bevanie Stang.

-- Stevie Bang and company

Sailing Regatta

For the first time in history, a sailing regatta was made possible on Great Pond. It was attended by sailing enthusiasts from several boys and girls camps, and various private homes around the lake.

Ten-thirty found us in the boats sailing toward the South East end of Hoyts Island, where we were to meet the other participants of the regatta. The rest of the morning was spent sailing in that vicinity. Slightly after noon, we sailed into Echo Cove, dropped anchor and prepared lunch. A fire was made and with the help of a ukelele we sang and ate with our new friends. After lunch a map was brought out and our course for the afternoon was planned. It was to take us around Chutes Island. The course was planned short because of the dying wind. After we had put out the fire and picked up our debris we all piled into Mr. Twings outboard - sailing craft and were taxied over to our various boats. There were only a few minor catastrophies. One man fell in and was quite embarrassed in front of his laughing audience. But in the end, we all got off safely and started across the lake. Mr. Twing was the only one who wasn't around the island. The rest of us turned around and started home. One of our sail boats collided with an unsuspecting Pine Island dinghy but no one was hurt and the boats, except for a few minor dents were all right.

We reached camp at about 4:30 in the afternoon after a happy carefree day of sailing.

-- Gretchen Knowles
Emmy Warren

The Camp Site Trip

On a sunny morning in August, part of fifth shack and two counsellors, Jean Cassidy and Emmy Graf, pushed off for Humpback. After paddling 20 to 30 minutes or so we stopped at Humpback. Wearing our sneakers we waded through knee-deep water to the island. We took a refreshing skinny dip, which we needed and ate a wonderful lunch. Of course, we dipped on the opposite side from Pine Island.

Then thoroughly rested we started to the camp site. After a short wait while Jean and Emmy went to ask or to see the site, we started off. Now we were going to explore a short and shallow fish stream. Some of us had a time getting through for it was narrow and boats along one side helped to make it smaller.

We took another dip under a very small waterfall. We then paddled back and unrolled our bed rolls. After that we went for a swim. We couldn't go dipping because Camp Belgrade was on one side and a tourist camp on the other.

Then we sat down to a wonderful meal and the dishes. Jean and Emmy made some fudge and it cooked while we were going up the half mile to Mr. Hill's farm.

Coming back we had a delightful dip and to our surprise two girls were watching us with open eyes. Then we had the fudge and got into bed at 8:30.

About five minutes later the two girls came back accompanied by eight boys and another girl. They made enough noise but plus that they tramped on our sleeping bags. Also they snooped and shined the flash lights in our faces. Jean made a quick change as she asked them to sit down and stay awhile. They accepted and about half a second later they were up screaming and yelling. Jean picked up the flit gun and started after them. They called her the big man with the D.D.T. They started to run and one boy got stuck in the barbwire fence. And then they ran on. Over their shoulder they screamed back "We'll be back tomorrow, don't worry."

We had a pleasant sleep and thought nothing of what they said.

The next morning we got up, had a dip, breakfast and Eleanor and I had to do dishes. They came back when we had three-fourths of the dishes done. Emmy rolled our bed rolls and we quickly got through the dishes. Then we put the canoes in the water and our rude visitors saw us off. They even asked us to come again.

We stopped for a swim at Oak Island. Then we paddled back to camp contented and experienced. I'm sure we will never forget that trip.

-- Peggy Forker

Pemaquid Trip

What excitement there was in junior end that morning that we set off to Pemaquid. Beds were made in a scurry and floors were left unswept. Bathing suits were collected and food all packed up. We left with loud cheering with Johnny and Shelly at the wheel.

The time and 60 miles sped away quickly and before we knew it we were at Pemaquid. We explored the surrounding country and then very soon it was time to go swimming. Almost all of us were eager to go. We got our bathing suits on and started in. The water was cold but there were lots of jelly fish. After some delay we all were under and jumping around. The jelly fish loved us, but we didn't like them. In about fifteen minutes we were all out and dressed, ready to go for lunch.

We were welcomed by the good smell of lobster. Half of us ordered lobsters while the other half had hamburgers. We all ordered everything to go with our meal. It was nice and cool on the wharf where we ate, most of us had seconds on our lunches. When we had finished, we threw our cups, plates, and any extras over in the water for the seagulls.

We went on a boat ride after lunch. All of us except Johnny and Shelly went up to the bow of the boat. We had a very great disappointment when we found out that we had to sit in the seats. As it got rougher we got sprayed quite frequently. We saw seals and a beautiful yacht with a little life boat being pulled behind.

When we headed back for the point we were quite excited because we were looking forward to our picnic supper and sketching on the rocks.

When we got to the Pemaquid Lighthouse, we all went straight to the Sea Gull Shop to get gifts. When we were through gift shopping, Shelly had some sketching pads so we could sketch. We all went over to the rocks to draw. Some people drew the Sea Gull Shop.

Then it was time for the supper. We had it on the rocks. We had hard-boiled eggs stuffed. We had ham and peanut butter sandwiches. Then what a dessert! - blueberry pie, yum, yum.

After supper we went wandering around. Some of us went back to the Gift Shop. Then we went home.

-- Susie Clark
Butch Green
Polly Parkhill

Supper Rides and Gismos

When you're told that a supper ride is in store for you, one thing comes to your mind immediately, gismo sandwiches. Although a supper ride is something you look forward to all summer, you do wish Emmy would find another combination for sandwiches.

The riders start out around five and arrive at their destination about an hour later. The destination is the remains of what probably was a summer home. It is on a small lake behind the Belgrade Hotel and golf course.

After getting the horses unsaddled and tied up, you start to make your way down to the lake for a dip. The steps leading down consist of loose boards most of which are at a fifty degree angle. When the lake is finally reached, the dip, whether it be skinny or not, is always refreshing.

Supper is eaten a little ways from the horses. The first to be eaten by most people are the gismo sandwiches. There are times when you wonder if you can digest them before the ride home. It's just too bad if you don't!

I sometimes think it's the thought of the combination, peanut butter and relish, that makes people dislike it. I, for one, like it. Anyway, if you like the ride and swim, the gismos won't bother you.

-- Annchen Perrin

Backwards Day

On backwards day Peg blew taps. That day almost everything was backwards. When we had flag raising the flag was already up and was pulled down. When the caller called 'fall out' we went in the dinning room and the chairs were facing the other way and the silver ware was upside down.

The counsellors were the campers and the campers were the counsellors. At breakfast we assigned the campers to the silver, then we had counsellors' coffee and thought of who we were going to be. Then at assembly we sat on the benches and one person played the piano.

And after that we had a pink and yellow kickball game. Some of us put our bathing suits on backwards and most everything we did was backwards.

-- Carol Vilter

The Top of the World

One Friday afternoon we set out to walk the four miles to The Top of the World. Johnny had the station wagon and was going to pick up anyone who got tired but, of course, everyone said she wasn't tired. The group who was walking finally dwindled down to about eight.

When we got there it started raining but nobody cared so we stayed. We had good food but no one ate much because the farmer's dog begged for it, and got almost everything.

After supper we rolled in the hay and had hay fever. Then some played charades and others played hide-and-go-seek or something.

I thought it was a wonderful picnic even though my feet did kill me afterwards.

-- Debby Janney

Horror Day

The outlook wasn't brilliant for Runoia girls that morn
When the kitchen girls took over and Ellie B. had gone.
A day of horrors had begun -- oh, dear, what could that mean?
Perhaps some chair legs tied together - some mustard colored green
The juice looks fine to me - let's try a little bit
D'you think it's cyanide, or is it arsenic?
But I see nothing wrong - what could be all the fuss?
Whatever is it they have plotted they will do to us?

It's dinner time and now I hear the Navy lunch bell toll -
Why, look here is a rock they've cooked right in our casserole.
The beans look fine - the milk's all right but the poor carrot pines
Our chairs are tied together, too, and all the food has signs.
They say our ham it wasn't slain - all it did was to die.
And there's some yams and apples that the board of health passed by
But pie with chocolate chips - this is a real occasion.
And only one girl died to save our reputation.

-- Barbie Warren

Oh, Mr. Marcoux

Oh, Mr. Marcoux
What can you do
We're inland people
And wanting a view

A view of the ocean
A smell of the sea
A swim in the briney
A lobster .. or three.

And Capt. Gilbert
May we count on you
To charter our course
To Boothbay too?

We're driving to Pemaquid
In the yaller school bus
And this year there'll be
Twenty-eight of us.

We're full of the joy
Only campers can know
There's so much to do
Many places to go.

We love to prove
Maine's sea-swept shore
Is always there
To visit once more.

So let us be ready
At quarter past eight
An early start
A home-coming late

And wish on a star
Ere you sleep tonight
For a day that is fair
And a sun that is bright

Remember you're going
To want to brouse
In shops called Green Dragon
And Smilin' Cows

No ordinary
Gift shops these
But things scented with balsam
And a Harbor breeze

Oh, Mr. Marcoux (Con't.)

Small craft and sea gulls
A pageant of flight
The deep moving ocean
A constant delight

Summer people in clothes
They must love to wear
With a new coat of tan
And breeze ruffled hair

After a day full of ocean
Of sunshine and sights
We'll picnic there
At Pemaquid Light

The surf pounding in
After aeons of time
Has left marvelous rocks
Over which to climb

Then, soon after seven
We'll signal Mr. Marcoux
And Runoia we'll drive
Back to you

Singing along
Those sixty miles
With a heart full of lift
and a face full of smiles.

-- Peg Cassidy

A Pointed Essay

My name is Percival Porcupine and I take up residence at a beautiful little spot known as Petagon Point. My mailing address, of course, is Belgrade Lakes. Now, my home is my kingdom and although I am not a particularly fussy type of porcupine, there is just one thing I am adamant about and that is "solitude." I don't like anybody poking around where I live - do ya get the point!

Well, now let me tell you about what happened the other day. I had just pulled out a quill and was sitting down to write a letter to my girl friend Patsy when I heard a strange sound. Being a very well educated porc (Prickston 1939, AB, MA, PhD, and a DDT) I recognized them as the complicated squabbles of human girls, a strange and weird specimen of human life.

Well, I just pricked all over with rage and was already to give them a hard and sharp fight - but after one look at the build of those girls I fled back to my place of hiding. But don't think I was afraid! not me - just practical and was just waiting my chance to get pricicle.

Now I tell you those girls did the craziest things. I ask you, aren't boats supposed to be used in the water - well, these nuts pulled up their canoes out of the lake and what do you think - they turned them upside down. Who ever heard of paddling upside down. Then they carried up boxes, baskets and bags of food, enough to feed an army. My tongue watered and my quills tingled with hunger. But what did they do with it? Well, listen my friends and you shall hear! They built an awful hot fire. Then instead of just eating their food like all sensible animals, they held it over the fire. Imagine burning up good food.

Well, I just gave up. Now I know perfectly well that it is very dangerous to irritate the insane - so I decided to let well enough alone, at least for the moment.

After these strange girls had finished their deplorable meal, they all piled down into the lake. Now nothing surprised me anymore but there they sat or stood in knee deep water and scrubbed at odd looking metal things. But this was not all. When they had sunk them, they dived down and then threw them skyward. I shrank farther back into my hole in fear of being hit. These things were getting dangerous.

Boy, was I ever glad to see it getting dark, for now I could move in a little bit farther in safety. Well, the girls left off throwing and yelling in the water and moved up around the fire. And you've never, my friends, even remotely heard the likes of this. All of a sudden they began to jump around one at a time like Mexican jumping beans - while doing this they asked the craziest questions about whether somebody named Uncle Ned was dead. When they answered they flung their arms high and put their mouths awry. For a minute I thought maybe they were a group of Holy Rollers, but other things they did contradicted the "holy" part.

A Pointed Essay (Con't)

The evening rolled on riotously - my time was spent sharpening my quills for attack. I was so mad that although it's against all traditions and regulations of the Porcupine Handbook, I was going to shoot my quills and I had a target all set up for me around the camp fire.

After they finished playing that complegely crazy game, they set up such a moaning "the pine trees by some water side" and "boboski phooten doodle" I closed my ears and took to my nice soft pine-needle bed for the night.

The next mornin' I am up at the sensible hour of 6 a.m. and what do I find - well, at first I thought that my oppressors had left and my quills quivered with joy. But now all of a sudden I spied a big lump of black ponchos. "Oh," I thought, "a bear" but no - it was only those girls.

I waited and waited and waited 6-7-8 not a sound from the insane, only a couple of grunts and snores. I thought maybe they're dead - oh - I hope not - what a mess that would

But no - at 8:30 a.m. they moved. I fled! I have sense. Again they were up to their insane ways, burning their food (what a smell) and throwing the dishes around.

Well - then let me tell you what - I had just gone down in my hole for a belated breakfast of birch bark. I was back up in about five minutes and what do you think - they were gone. I was so relieved, I fainted dead away.

I've never been the same since. There should be some kind of an Association for the Prevention of This Kind of Cruelty to Porcupines - don't you think?

-- Jeanie Bobis

A Rough Day

It was the Fourth of July. Cricket, Kate, Debby, Butch, Dot and I were on the shore fixing the bonfire for that night.

It was a windy day and the shell was on the beach. Butch and Debby decided to get in the shell to get Dotty angry. They got the little paddle and pretended to push away from shore. Cricket, the sweet little sister she is, decided to help them. Kate and I joined in and they merrily drifted out to sea. In the past year they had forgotten how to paddle so Dot had to wade in and rescue them; but when they were safe she slipped in the water.

Dot, not knowing how tippy the boat was, decided to paddle around in it. She tried to get in but fell out. After much struggling she was in and paddling about. All of a sudden the boat tipped over. Then Janet came down and rescued the watch which also had been in swimming. Dot got in again with wet blue jeans and a wet sweater. She had planned to paddle around to counselor's dock but instead she walked through the woods so she would not be seen.

-- Polly Parkhill

Oak Island Trip

All the juniors, three counselors and one aid went on a canoe trip to Oak Island. Some went in the war canoe and some went in the other canoes. When we got to Oak Island we took a path and we got half way around the island. In the path there were lots of cobwebs. The leaders had to brush away the cobwebs as they went through.

When we got back to the canoes we paddled past pin-cushion and counselor's dock and got back in time for a swim.

-- Carol Vilter

Early Morning at Camp

A camper's point of view

"Whoops! There goes reveille. Why do we have to get up so early at this camp? I'm tired of it. Well, maybe there will be time before first bell to take one little snooze. Oh! m'gosh, I forgot I was silver. Gotta hoist my old bones out of my nice warm bed. Yow! it's cold enough to freeze an Eskimo. And if there's any thing I'm not, it's an Eskimo. Brrrr.

Early Morning (Con't.)

"Dong! Dong! First bell and me not even dressed, let alone have my bed made. Rush, rush, rush! That's all I do from morning till night. But I like it. Don't you?"

-- Miranda Marvin

It Never Does Occur at Camp

On the lake at Belgrade shore
Heap big pow-wow here once more
Here to tell the tale of things
That never do occur at camp.

No mosquitoes in the air
Every girl with skin so fair
Appetites so weak and poor
Bathing suits without allure

Horses lagging in their stalls
Tennis rackets, but no balls
Campers reading all day long
Girls who never sing a song.

Water, water everywhere
No girl cares to wet her hair
Swimming time just comes and goes
Jeanie's whistle never blows.

No one waiting for the mail
Bubbles looking for her tail
Shacks so orderly and neat
Rest hour something to repeat

Radios and TV shows
Parties with Pine Island beaus
No one ever stubs her toes
Jacks, a game nobody knows.

Beds that never have been pried
Running sheep that never hide
Lucky knives to give away
Dirty dishes here to stay.

No men needing argyle socks
Sailboats going on the rocks
Shelly with no skills to share
Crafts so dull we're never there.

Johnny looking grim and stern
Who am I ... you'll never learn

Counselor's coffee with no treat
Voices low and stories sweet

Girls who wonder why they came
Life here seems so very tame.
Runoia without any fame

IT NEVER DOES OCCUR AT CAMP!

-- A. Nonymous

Rest Hour with Azelous (a zealous) Friend of Runoia

A monologue

"Naw, I don't take naps much"

All quiet on the eastern rear bunk of Shack 2. (for five minutes)

Soft voice heard from back of curtains in eastern rear bunk.

"If I had sump'n to do I bet I could do it. That leather thing looks like sump'n Indians work with...."

"Sure I could do that, that's easy. In one hole, turn and out the other hole -- sure I could do it....Naw, this hole I can't see any air through it. You better open it up more... This next hole is sorta curved...

"Do you know I can almost ride a two-wheeler....?"

"How do you catch mosquitoes if you do?... Naw, I don't hit em -- I can't -- I just catch 'em in my hand when I do, but sometimes I can't close my hand so quick.

"Why don't you have motor boats here?...Yes -- I guess girls don't run motor boats -- only men can do that hard job. An' if you don't be careful you might get a leg cut off if you get in the way, you know.

"Look, I got around the bend My comb will fit in this thing only it will stick out pretty far, but it will be a pretty nice thing to have anyway.

"When I can really ride a two-wheeler I might get one, only it's no use having one 'til you can ride it, huh?

"I'm hot - guess I'll get a sun burn today. I had one once but I want another, only just a stingy one, not an achey one...Do you know what the sun is?...You don't...Wellllll it's a big ball of fire."

"Say, do mosquitoes bite you much..."

"What do I do with my end? Oh, I see, just tuck it in...This is about the best thing I ever had to put my comb in."

-- Jean Cassidy

The Camden Trip

My name is Irrah Wanna and I live in Camden, Maine. Once a year a group of Runoia sixth shackers get on my deck and I take them for miles and miles along the coast and around the many lovely islands that Maine is so proud of. This is my story of their trip which they took this year on August 11 and 12 - surely one of the best cruises that I have ever been on.

On the Thursday afternoon before the sail they packed-up sleeping bags and lots of "gud fud" for this was the night to sleep in the Camden State Park. They played "I spy" in Johnny's car and Dotty's crew took the bounces very nicely.

There's something about a candy store's odor that campers rarely miss so candy was brought out and they got more food supplies. On to the park and after a short serenade to Camp Tanglewood they each chose a rock to sleep on for the night. They had something called gizmo meat and lots of corn-on-the-cob. People began moving in on one side of them but that's public land and our troops were off to see a torchy movie, the name of which has nothing to do with sleeping in the State Park.

The stars were out at 11:15, in at 11:16 and in a few hours it sprinkled happily over the rocky ground. In the morning they were awakened by the family of five next door who took delight in lining up and staring at them. Our little group straightened out their muscles, made scrambled eggs, packed and was off to the dock by 9:30.

Captain Tobin and Hans were there and soon the day on the ocean started. Sally Anderson slid over the side to start things off and a good southerly wind mixed with the sun to give them tans and a wonderful sailing day. Beth learned that coiling rope is a cinch, Cricket's stomach kept her in the hole for awhile and lots of them sailed toward the camping spot. Someone must have heard about it because the chosen spot was full of No Trespassing signs. They turned around and headed for Butter Island, all the time playing "I have a Hink Pink for Beth's sneaker" and something about a stupid cupid.

Ashore they went and Hans threw bed rolls at them. A few of the crew ran for five miles to dig their supper. The clams were obliging but the tide was not; at nightfall they returned with a sack of clams and no fingernails. The hash committee had a few words to say but the diggers were busy eating their loot. Captain Tobin and Hans came ashore to check on sailing time and to give an astronomy lesson.

Seems to me it was 4:30 when a small group decided not to "play the game," and got up. From then on the bugs had a real feed; by 7:30 or 8, things centered at the fireplace for this was Dot's birthday and surprises were in order. They fixed up a line of balloons (which later went on my mast) and a throne. Then Dot opened up so many packages - she got flowers, a hot water bottle, a spider and from where I sat it looked like lots of money.

Camden Trip (Con't.)

No winds filled my sails so they had to motor to a town called Castine. It was lunch time when they landed but instead of eating their packed lunches, you should have seen the lunch in the local eating establishment. This was the conversation and picture as I heard it told.

They lined up at the counter and their orders sounded as though they were reading posted menus. Every time Kate couldn't be heard or seen by the waitress she'd rise up off her stool and lean over the counter so that the waitress couldn't help but bump into her waving arms. Cricket must have been feeling lots better because she had Halian sandwiches until the store ran out of filling. One banana split looked so good most every body had one until they ran out of bananas and stray nickels were thrown at the juke box. Things still weren't fast enough so the campers got in a line and moving along as they would in a first National Hose with a basket they collected doughnuts, peanuts and goodies of sorts. Luckily their line moved towards the door so eventually there wasn't any place else to go but out.

I must not forget to tell you about Mr. Harry Robbins who must have been a riveter at one time because he talked so fast and repeated so much. Flannel-mouth came back to Camden with us and he must have been entertaining because everybody laughed out and poked each other.

Beth was chased around my deck because she had pushed everyone else in when we stopped to swim. Flannel-mouth swam to the cabin on shore to look around. He later appeared at the door with a moosehead but most of the campers had trouble deciding which head was which.

The wind was up so they sailed home, a burned happy crew. Johnny received Friend for a present and they talked of having supper at the Green Gables. They left me in the harbor feeling pretty forlorn because they laughed so much. I was happy too. Maybe they'll come back again next year - I heard Hans telling the captain he hoped so and it wasn't just because they had neat bed rolls either. The captain just smiled and said something about he guessed he'd better clean me up for the next day.

Ho-hum, I think I got a little sunburn today too.

-- Jean Cassidy

The Cat's Meow

Dear Boots:

You know I told you when I saw my family getting out that special wooden box with the slats on it that I guessed it must be getting time for us all to go to that girls' camp in Maine and sure enough, a few days later I was placed in the box and put in the car and we started off. For some reason, they always put me on the floor in the back of the car and then wonder why I fuss and get uneasy. They talk about the mountains and landmarks and don't give me a chance to see anything but the top of my box, and the only way I know when we cross the state line is that the bumpy road means we have left Vermont. I decided I was going to get myself a better position so finally I resorted to sticking my sharpest claw into my mistress' sheerest nylons and then I got attention. I was released from my box and allowed to ride like the other people.

After what seemed an endless time, I heard some one say we were in Belgrade Lakes and then they all screamed "Here's the cross road." I don't know why it is called a cross road for it didn't seem to me to be as cross and bumpy as some of the others we had been on. After we got to the end of this road, I began to look for some of my animal friends, but discovered it was too early in the day for them to be out. I especially wanted to see my friends with the long legs and the tail that is short like mine. I don't know what they are but people keep calling them "deer." They call me "dear" some of the time but this animal gets called that at all times. I envy this special animal for it can move so quickly and jump over things while I have to fight my way through the tall grass and underbrush. The only time I don't like this animal is when it gets on the tennis court before I do and scares away my mice.

There's another animal friend I admire from a distance at night and that one is more like me in shape and speed, but it is black and white like you. It's fur is longer than yours -- maybe it is angora -- but somebody has told me the fur is very sharp and not soft like yours. This must be one of the animals that hibernate in the winter for when camp closes the counselors all go out with croquet mallets (that's the only time they get a chance to use them) and touch the poor things on the nose and they roll over and go to sleep. For me, I prefer my ride home in a box.

As soon as the campers begin to arrive for the summer, I keep out of sight during the day as they all make fun of me about how fat I'm getting. I don't know why because I haven't gained 20 lbs the way Debby Janney has.

There's no use hanging around camp in the day time waiting for scraps from the table as nothing ever comes back, except broccoli and I don't like that any better than the campers do.

Well, here goes taps and Johnny will be coming to see if I am asleep. I can't for the life of me see what there is about that racket taps that puts one to sleep. Just as if the loons didn't make noise enough at night. I see the flashlight coming down the path so good night, and here's hoping you have a good catch tomorrow.

Purrfect love,
Bubbles

The Cat's Meow (Con't.)

P.S. They have a song about me that they sing at camp some times, but I don't know what it means. It goes something like this: "Bubbles ski what and dotten." Oh yes, I forgot to tell you about the lobster parties the counselors have on Thursday nights. I look forward all week to those for then I really get to know the inside of the counselors' lives as well as the inside of the lobsters. There's always a lot of arguing about who's going to eat the "green stuff" but I notice Johnny usually get its, though I sit with my mouth open. Little do I care about the color as long as it's lobster. I always get a kick out of hearing one counselor (I think she helps with the horses) refuse the green stuff in the lobster, for it is the only kind of food she ever passes up.

Well, I could go on forever, but I'll tell you more about life at a girls' camp when I see you.

B.

Blueberry Pickers

Right after rest hour we got into the station wagon and drove to a farm where blueberries grew. We got eighteen quarts of blueberries. There were a lot of them around. After we thought we had enough berries we got into the station wagon and went to the store to get some ice cream cones. I got a chocolate one since it is my favorite ice cream.

We got in the station wagon and ate the ice cream on the way to camp. When we got to camp we went down to the lake to wash off any poison ivy.

We hope Mrs. Warren will make blueberry pies.

-- Frances Lang

The Stars

Under the stars on a dark, dark night
Up in the sky the stars twinkle bright
We in our sleeping bags, we see them winking
And wonder what they might be a thinking.

Through the pine boughs the stars seem to be
Like tiny diamonds on a velvet sea.
And now there's the moon round as a ball,
So goodnight Runoia campers one and all.

-- Judy Reynolds



Fourth Shack

Ten little angels in fourth shack belong
They always do right, and they never do wrong.

They're naturally good, and they just can't pie beds,
They go to sleep promptly at nine in their sheds.

They hate to go swimming, and also to eat,
And blueberry picking they never repeat.

They keep the shack clean, and neat as can be,
And always from riding they willingly flee.

They don't eat Mrs. Warren's graham cracker pie.
As very honest campers they never tell a lie!

-- Debby Janney

One Day at Camp Runoia

One day at camp Runoia
We went sailing on the lake.
The waves were high and white caps
On our bow would break.

The sky was blue and cloudless
The horizon far, but clear
And I could see a camper
Upon the weathered pier.

The shoreline was so gorgeous
Mt. Philip looked so high,
I'll hate to leave camp this year.
And you can't guess why.

-- Janie Ames

Sixth Shack vs. the Counselors

On Sunday, July 16, 1950, a mighty contest was waged between sixth shack and the counselors of Camp Runoia. The time set for the affair was promptly after rest hour. However, it took the counselors an extra half hour to steel their nerves; each reminding herself that this was only a game with "little" sixth shackers. Finally, when everyone had gathered, the first event took place. It consisted of an old clothes race to the "Marjorie" and back. The counselors started off in the lead, but unfortunately they were defeated by the campers. Hint to all sixth shackers: perhaps the counselors should be made to swim in their clothes more often in order to give them practice - means and methods available upon request.

This race was followed by many others - all of them using the canoes. The sides were evenly matched, resulting in ties most of the time.

On the sidelines sat forlorn little third, fourth, and fifth shackers who had either been dragged or bribed to the fray by their counselors. They were swayed from side to side, not knowing which to cheer for, their friends or the counselors.

Then at long last - the score having been tie most of the way - came the final and deciding event, a cracker eating race in the water. With both sides matched in regard to number of teeth, size of mouth, and speed in eating - the test was on. Such excitement has never been seen before and never will be seen again at Camp Runoia. The contestants threw themselves into the race with such spirit that most of them did not recover for twenty-four hours. But as luck would have it and a little misfortune too, on the part of sixth shack, this race was declared a tie, thus tying up the whole contest and still leaving unsolved the question - who are more brilliant, agile, and athletic - sixth shackers or the counselors?

Counselors' Dock

Scene - 7:20 The sun is peeking through the trees, trying hard to burn a hole in the mist that covers all like a soft, blanket of white.

Out of the gloomy wood stagger three shapes. As they come out into view, the light shines full on three mops of bedraggled hair hanging over half-open eyes.

First shape to second shape : "Yawn"

Second shape to first shape: "It's a good thing that you're ahead of me so you can catch me when I fall."

Third shape: "What kind of a day is it - I can't see."

Counselors' Dock (Con't.)

First shape: "Oh, watch out - there's a rock" (too late. first and second shapes gather up the third, who is little more than a bundle of bathrobe and tossed hair.

The rumpled trio continues on its weary way to skinny dipping. The voices continue.

First shape to second, who has prepared to dive: "Shh don't do that, reveille hasn't blown yet."

Third shape: "Oh, for heaven's sake don't dive - I'm so cold and you'll you'll - You'll splash me."

Second shape: (sticking her blue toe in the water) "Ohhhh it is the coldest it's ever been."

Third shape: "Gulp. It is? The only good thing about this traditional morning dip is that it feels oh-so good to get out."

Three simultaneous splashes are heard followed by gasping and groans and "Oh, if I had only just stayed in bed!"

Two more figures creep down the piney path, stopping under the Phantom for soap and sponge. Just as they start to disrobe, there is a warning put-put from around the point and a fishing boat comes into view. Then another and another. They're surrounded.

Voices on the dock - First: "Golly! Look!"

Second: "Oh-oh!" she disappears under the dock with a great deal of gulping and sputtering.

Third: "Oh - we should put up a No Fishing sign. Don't people know when they're not wanted?" As she speaks she grabs her towel - dropping part of it in the water; finding, covering herself in this garment to be impossible, she throws it off and submerges.

Voice from the dock - "Sshh - stay down where you are - we'll be decoys. They strut around glowering at their oppressors and muttering under their breath. Ten minutes roll by - the boats are still there with one about fifty feet off.

Small voice from under the dock: "I'm so cold."

Second voice: "I'm hungry."

Third voice: "I'm mad and wet and cross and I've lost my soap down here. Ouch! A fish just bit me."

At last the men in the fishing boat find that the fish won't bite and the dippers come out into sight. So they put out farther, but not too far.

First bell rings -- three hands reach out, grab towels, scramble

Counselors' Dock (Con't.)

onto the dock and dash for home.

Second bell rings -- A lonely bedroom slipper lying on the sunny dock is the only reminder of the eventful dip.

-- Reba Benedict and Jean Bobis

The Princess and the Swineherd

On Saturday, the twenty-ninth of July, third and fourth shack gave a play called "The Princess and the Swineherd." Peg was our director, and Bobis and Dot took part as King Bingo and Jeams. There were three acts. The play was very long, so we had to shorten it..

The principal parts were the princess and the swineherd. The Princess' part was so long, two people had to take the part.

The story of the play is about a swineherd, who wanted to marry the princess, but the King wouldn't let him. The princess wanted to buy a cooking pot that sang from the swineherd. The swineherd said the price was a kiss. The princess gave him a kiss, but the King saw her and sent her to her tower room and locked the door. The swineherd climbed up the drain pipe to rescue her. Soon the whole court came and the princess announced that she was going to marry the swineherd. The swineherd's cloak was torn off by the crowd and there stood "Prince Charming." The princess married Prince Charming and lived happily ever after.

-- Gail Sheppard
Susie Jackson

The Art Gallery

On the rafter in front of a counselor's room is written: "The Art Gallery." She didn't write it there, but it fits her perfectly.

One day, after swimming period a group of Runoia girls along with a counselor went into the latter's room. The excited campers had to have quite a bit of coaxing to get dressed. When that horrible chore was done, and bathing suits and towels were on the line, everybody was satisfied.

They dashed into the counselor's room and seated themselves wherever they could possibly find room.

"What are you going to draw now, Bobis?" asked Carol, one of the merry-eyed campers there. But before she could even get an answer, there

The Art Gallery (Con't.)

were requests from every single direction.

Even though her protests were very strong that she couldn't possibly draw the likeness of anybody, Bobis finally drew a picture of Butch Green. Before she had quite completed it the two dinner bells rang.

Even if it's a sunny day or a rainy day in a free period, that same merry group will be with Jean Bobis and her fantastic drawings in the "Art Gallery."

-- Butch Green

Our All-Day Sail

At seven o'clock on the morning of August 5, fifth shack, Jean Bobis and Pussy rose to find the sky cloudy and gray but we all had hopes of good weather at Camden. Hurriedly we ate breakfast, finished our rooms, and dashed to the cars which took us sixty miles to the seashore. As soon as we arrived everyone rushed to our green and white motor sailer.

Almost immediately we started out of the harbor while all explored the boat. After a short time we put up the sails; some of us helped do this while Lucy sat at the helm.

The sun was trying hard to come out now and though there really wasn't much wind it was fun to be on the sea. Lots of boats were out puttering around hoping for a stiff breeze as we were.

"Can we fish?" someone asked.

"Why sure," the captain answered.

"Dibbs a line"

"So do I."

Thus it went until six lines were out in the stern. For about an half hour we cruised around; then Jeanie passed out the yumme sandwiches - ham salad and peanut butter and jelly, green grapes, cake, soft drinks and a piece of Sandra's candy for each one. While eating we noticed several porpoises swimming around approximately 100 yards away. A seal was also seen by some of us. After the excitement had died we sailed briskly along taking pictures and watching Jean draw.

A scream awoke us all.

All-Day Sail (Con't.)

"My shoe went overboard," Annie Corbett cried.

The captain quickly moved to the scene of disaster where the victim was last seen and courageously tried to save it but to no avail. It was undoubtedly gone.

We then found ourselves in a quiet, peaceful cove with a fish hatchery to the starboard side.

"Who's going swimming?" Sally questioned.

"I am," Jo answered.

"Well, I might," Carroll added a little hesitantly.

Meanwhile Sally was in her suit and ready to dive in. The rest of us changed in a jiffy below in rather cramped quarters.

"Look! I caught a fish!" Sandy shrieked.

All of us crowded around to see the specimen, praised the fisherman and then dived off the other side with lots of merriment to find the water just right.

We sunbathed and dived off the bow until we'd had enough which took a long time. Carroll caught the second fish - a flounder and Crista the third - a mackerel.

Around five o'clock we docked at Camden once more, collected our belongings and hopped off. Immediately some of us in agony searched the town for a p.i.x. Finally we found our destination at a shell station.

After devouring a delicious supper at the Green Gables Inn including chicken and blueberry pie we drove home to a warm bed, satisfied with a grand trip.

-- Anne Rittershofer
Sandra Sheppard

Horse Point Trip

There were two trips to Horse Point. I went on the second one. We hadn't gone very far when the waves got very high. We had fun when it got rough.

We had just gotten our packs unrolled when it began to rain. We quickly pulled up our ponchos and put on our raincoats.

Luckily, the fire kept on going when the rain started. We had a delicious supper of gimicks, milk, cookies, plums, and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

After supper we went exploring and to top it off we went in for a skinny dip.

There were lots of frogs and when we came from our skinny dip, Susan Clarke found one in her sleeping bag. I found one on my poncho and I decided to play a trick on Susie. I caught the frog and walked over to her sleeping bag, stuck it in and said, "Here's another one!"

She screamed and stood up with her sleeping bag around her. We all thought it was quite funny. - Susie didn't though.

About three o'clock we woke up to find it raining very hard. Before the rain there was much thunder and lightening. We stayed awake for about an hour. We all got quite wet.

When we woke up in the morning, a few of us went dipping. Then we had breakfast. French toast, cocoa, gimicks, toast with peanut butter and jelly were all part of the menu. After we had rolled our sleeping bags, we skipped stones (Emmy did very well) went dipping, and made up a trip song.

When we had gotten the canoes down and our packs in we left. Everyone agreed that we had had a very nice trip.

-- Elissa Blauvelt

A Night in the Woods

One night Susette, Gail and I decided to spend the night out. Everything was down where we were to sleep.

When it came time to go down, we were all expecting a peaceful night. It was about 10 o'clock when all of a sudden Susette heard a noise. She kept saying it's a porcupine and it is going to come and shoot his quills at us. It was getting scarry with all the loons and owls making noises so we decided to come up to the shack. Gail and Susette got everything picked up before I did and they began leaving. I got scarred and screamed so loud

A Night in the Woods (Con't.)

that I woke up three counselors, Peg, Dot and Johnney. I scared Susette and Gail more so that when I reached them we ran all the way up to the shack.

We were met by Peg, Dot, and Johnney. We decided that we wouldn't try it again till we got lots more courage.

-- Judy Reynolds

Camp Life

Camp life is a lot of fun!
And we're always on the run.
The horses too are very fast
For they are really all first class.

In tennis too we are out and in.
We have the spirit to fight and win.
Baseball too gives us great competition
But that only increases our ambition.

The captains also are very loyal
They teach us in a way quite royal.
Swimming and canoeing we do with ease
And all the counselors we do please.

Every cabin is neat and clean
On the floor no dust is seen.
The inspectors cannot see a grain
Though they rack and rack their brains.

Everyone works and tries together
No matter what the kind of weather,
For we're all friends from the start
And we really hate to part.

So I leave you with this one thought,
Try to remember what they've taught.
The end of the summer soon will come
And we'll go back where we came from.

-- Peggy Forker

Clara Canoe

or

Meadowbrook Maze

One fine evening I was wakened from my important beauty rest to find that I was going on a trip. Some great big man, Ray I think he is called, heaved me up and strapped me to the back of a huge, dirty truck and there I spent the night with high hopes as to what the next day would bring.

I slept all morning and was awakened next afternoon by the jerking of Ray's attempts to start the truck. But all to my disgust, it wouldn't start. Finally with a huge jolt which nearly sent me flying, we were on our way to the shore of East Pond. The paddle across the lake was extremely delightful for the water was cool and refreshing. But --- the paddle down Smithfield Stream was something different. We got lost three times, I had to be towed over a couple of logs and the water was dirty and smelly, which didn't feel at all comfortable on my aluminum complexion. Finally, when we found the right way, I was completely exhausted. My passengers stopped at a town, where I had to be carried a long distance filled with all my duffle. Finally after the girls had used up all their money, they came back to me and my companions. We had a pleasant jaunt across North Pond to a gorgeous sandy beach which made a soft pillow for me that night.

We started next day down Meadowbrook Stream. I had anticipated a nice clear running brook and an easy journey for the day ahead, but again I was wrong. We went along through the reeds for ages, but finally came to our passengers' destination. The stream was easy at first, but then it became harder than I had ever known it to be. My poor passengers had to pull me and carry me and drag me and lift me and push me and scrape me and haul me, but I think I was as tired as they were when we got through. I felt sort of sorry for them because my edges are very sharp and it hurts like the dickens to carry me. For three solid hours I was hauled over sand and logs until finally we stopped to eat at a smelly cow pasture. I was sharply pushed into an electric fence, too, which gave me a terrible shock. I might add that the water was very dirty and the aroma throughout the stream was unlike that of Chanel No. 5.

At last, very tired, hot, and hungry we arrived at the end of the stream. At Otter Island my occupants had to have a second lunch. When we got home I found on my bottom four sticky leeches and it took much pulling to get them off. Although all in all it was a marvelous trip, my canoe slide bed certainly felt good that night.

-- Cricket Resnik
Kate Janney

The Man of the Year

Old Doc Furbish is a funny old man
And a funny old man is he
He's all Radio Vim, though his memory's dim
And swears by vitamin C.

His house is perched on the top of a hill over-looking the Belgrade Stream. It's definitely a hodge-podge of architecture, doors and windows appear where one would least expect to find them and the multi-patched roof sags gently all along. The weeds have found a fertile and peaceful resting place about the old house and give it the atmosphere of Sleeping Beauty's Palace after the 100 years enchantment. They are creeping up to the broken windows and burying the broken old fence in a sea of green. Old Doc Furbish has collected a conglomeration of junk, which he proudly displays out in his yard - old axels and rubber tires, washtubs and ice boxes. Who knows but what a great treasure may be hidden away in there?

As you approach the house from the road you are confronted with a rather prepossessing sign with "Radio Vim" blazened in gold on black "sold at all drug stores 25¢, 35¢, and 75¢ sizes No harmful drugs" On the side you see a rather scantily clothed maiden holding a torch of radium.

If there were a door it would now open. As it is, you see Dr. F.A. Furbish rounding the corner, arm outstretched, feeling out his audience. As he approaches, you notice his slight limp which was, as he says, caused by "those damned Republicans who shot uranium at me from planes." His white, untamed beard covers most of his face, but plays a poor second to his small piercing eyes which seem to say not only "do you get the understanding, but do you believe me." His white scanty hair is not visable under a helmet, derby or straw hat depending upon his whim. His clothes, such as they are, are held together by the ever ready safety pin. When you are clustered about him, not too close for fear of some unknown danger, but yet not too distant, afraid you'll miss something, he begins to tell you of his many exploits.

"I'm going to tell you all about how I discovered my Radio Vim. You know that great big king, sitting up there on the throne, he done it. One day it just came to me, right here. You know what happened? I was walking by that oil can, did you see it paddling down the stream? and I could hear the spirit walking. I couldn't see him, mind you, and right at my feet there it was glittering in the sunlight. A man told me it was worth \$30,000."

At this point the ground seems to get extremely hard and you wish for a chance to stretch your cramped muscles, but ignoring your restlessness Doc Furbish continues his tale.

"Just last year I climbed in my new 1950 buick and took it up

Man of the Year (Con.)

Tumbledown at 90 miles an hour. Up on top I got in a wrestling match with a bear three times as big as one of you girls. I knocked his head clean off and he got up stunned and asked me how I done it."

Now the counselors make a definite move toward departure. You slide the canoes into the water, pick up lost belongings and shove off. As you shout a final farewell into his good ear, you paddle around the curve. You turn for a last look at a most unforgettable character. You'll remember him standing there, knee deep in water - still talking.

-- Sally Anderson
Beth Burchenal

Initiation

This year the old girls decided to make initiation fun for everyone. We decided to have several stunts such as a catwalk, a nursery and other things.

On the day of initiation, we sent the new girls to climb Mt. Philip while we got ready. Everyone was busy. We set up the catwalk, fixed the lodge and finished planning.

At 9:00 p.m. it was finally dark enough to start. There were five groups, each with two old girls and four new girls. The new girls were blindfolded and led to each stunt by holding a knot on a rope held by one old girl. Barbie Warren and I were together. I held the rope and Barbie walked around shaking water on the heads of the new girls.

The first thing we went to was King Kikibabba. Shelly was the king and the throne room was the craft shop. Shelly was dressed in a reducing suit stuffed with pillows. She made a big clay nose and glasses for herself which were very funny. The new girls had to say "Allah" and bow down three times to the King. On the third time Janie Hollar, who was one of the King's henchmen pulled the carpet out from under the new girl and she rolled onto a mattress.

The second thing was the nursery. Sally Anderson was the baby. She used her hands as the baby's feet and Linda Schutz put her arms under Sally's as the baby's hands. It was really odd.

Next we went to "Swamp Underpass." It was a zigzagged path under the dining room. The new girls had to crawl through on hands and knees while Beth gurgled like a frog and Debby dripped water into a bucket.

The fourth thing we saw was the Catwalk. It was made of planks propped to go up hill and stopped at a pile of hay. The last but not the

Initiation (Con't.)

least was the "House of Horrors." Lydia, Eleanor and Nicky were the horrors. Their faces were gastly, all covered and streaked with lipstick, shoe polish and some blue stuff that I didn't recognize. They were accompanied by Jean at the organ so you can imagine how spooky it was.

All through the initiation Mrs. Warren, Peg C. and Stevie walked around screaming, giving bird calls and being altogether frightning. After the initiation was over, everyone went back to the lodge for refreshments, singing and dancing. On the whole, I think everyone enjoyed Initiation.

-- Lucy Guthrie

Belgrade Trip

On the morning of Friday, August 11, 1950, seven campers escorted by Jeanie Bobis and Janet Stolarevsky started for Long Lake. With full boats and much food, our four canoes glided with the wind. After about an half hour we arrived at Belgrade Lakes where we portaged over to Long Lake. We each bought an ice cream cone, ate our lunch and left the shore of Long Lake from Belgrade Lakes. The water was very rough and made it hard for us to keep from going ashore. The weather was nice but irregular. At about 4 o'clock we reached our destined Pentigon Point. It was too cold to swim, so we all unrolled our sleeping bags, played games, and got ready for dinner.

When the dishes were done, we all sat around the camp fire singing songs and playing games.

Next morning we got up at seven o'clock, went for a skinny dip, and ate breakfast. It was really divine. When the dishes were finished and the blanket rolls were ready we packed the canoes and started on our way for Doc Furbish at 10:00 - according to Janet's watch. When we reached Doc Furbish's he was unusually shy and appeared under protest. Feeling sorry for Doc the newcomers found him very amusing. He started to show us the results of his Vitamin C by stripping to his waist - and farther. After standing in the sun for about forty-five minutes while Doc was telling us his life history, a few began to feel dizzy and walked away to find shade. Bobis was drawing him from many angles.

As we all left Doc, we could see him standing there pitifully on shore saying good-bye. When we had been gone for about an hour, we stopped in Swampy land and ate lunch.

Being on Belgrade Stream we found the water calm in parts and rough in others. But we managed to get to the town of Belgrade where Reba met us at 4:30 and took the majority back to camp. Then Ray picked up the canoes, baggage, and remaining kids and brought them back with him. This trip was very successful.

-- Jeanie Wallace

First Lessons in Paddling and Enjoying a War Canoe

"War Canoe" is a very misleading name for I have seen very few wars fought in them in fact none at all. There have been altogether too many of these big canoes left lying on beaches while erstwhile paddlers travel in the lighter, more tippy canoe. Let's think a minute. Suppose you don't have ten friends to stroke and feather for you; let's suppose you don't have any friends but just a war canoe. Cheer up because you can have a good paddle for yourself plus added attractions in a canoe of this size.

One's first thought is obviously to get the canoe in the water. If your hips are large enough, place the canoe sideways on either one and stumble your way to the water's edge. If this is not possible flip the canoe end over end until it lands in the lake. Take care not to land it upside down as it hits the water because it's no fun paddling from underneath any canoe.

The next step is choosing your paddle. Pick one which is the length of the canoe for greater depth and no splash. Do not paddle with the large flat end - use the handle end for strokes for remember, yours is to be a leisurely cruise, not a fast one.

Take out all seats because if you plan to spend any time on the water, and you should, you must take supplies for at least a week.

Using a tape measure, I see possibilities of setting up a movie projector in the stern with a screen at the bow. When enjoying films use your trusty paddle as a rudder as the wind will push against the screen in fine fashion and there you are - sailing at the movies.

I have neglected to mention the necessity of building a type of deep wooden side car beside the craft - this will hold liquids and perishables below water level and keep them cool. String canned goods on a line behind the stern taking care to keep them in order of eating preference. This avoids pulling in the whole line for Spam which you forgettfully put on the end.

Recently patented is a portable radiator which heats up when the sun hits it and retains heat for cold, frosty nights. This device is handy for making grilled cheese sandwiches on it as well as for cooking waffles.

Take along a variety of pleasure equipment - fishing tackle, camera, jig-saw puzzles, magazines, lollipops and bathroom supplies. I am working on a canvas covering for those infrequently drizzly days so until then, pick a sunny week for your trip and do throw all maps and calendars away. A planned trip is no good on this type of cruise.

Bring only two sets of clothing and remember that there is no better washtub than a lake. Relax and have fun. There's a canoe at our waterfront to practice in. Before you know it you're ready to push off for a trip that's exclusive, inexpensive and difficult. Be the first in your shack to sign up for a week of casual activity.

Burchie Christening

Ladies and Gentlemen -

Ahem - this is a very joyous occasion yes - ahem - here we are in the lovely woods of ---- of Maine - ah yes, there's good news tonight. We are gathered here to christen this "gorgeous creature". I want you to take a good hard look at her - put on your glasses, old ladies, and notice this trim little craft -- (take a drink of walter).

Never in all my days of ship building have I seen one so well built. She's really stacked. She's a sturdy hulk made of the best materials. Look at that indestructable stern and those well shellacked ribs. No, ladies, she's not like the old battleships that have to go to port for repairs. But, of course, this baby's well beamed - yet we'd better wait until we launch her to find out if she leaks.

Yes, you should be very proud of her. Her canvas is pulled pretty tight here and there, but with that beautiful paint job - I say the tighter the better.

Well - I am so glad to be here - so glad - thank you and now I will proudly christen this shapely little craft.

Sailing with Gretchen

One day when Gail, Janie, and I went out sailing with Gretchen many things happened to us. First we had trouble getting the center board up. Gretchen kept going under the boat to try to get it up, but just when she almost got it she came up. When finally we started out we had a water fight. We all kept splashing each other with water till we all were soaking wet. Just then we saw the Pine Island boats coming nearer and nearer to us and Gretchen was so worried because she was all wet and her hair was hanging all in her eyes.

Soon we came right up close to a P.I. boat. There were two boys and one young counselor. All of a sudden one of the ropes on our sail boat got caught. The P.I. Counselor said "pull up your anchor" to Gretchen, and kept staring at her. And in a loud whisper she said "shut up." On the way back to the cove we were surrounded by P.I. boats. But when we finally got back to camp we were all sure we would never forget that day, especially Gretchen.

-- Susette Scofield

What's in a Name

Once in early spring at Ca-ssidy, when the new Kelly Green Groth was just coming through after a Lang winter, John came home from war. Mary And - er - son came to meet John. After spending awhile reminiscing, they drove to the White church of the Good Sheppard. The sermon was titled "Wy - man is selfish with a Warr - en." All was fine until the middle of the Benediction. Then John - son took from his pocket some jelly beans then Schutz them. His Ames were poor and hit an old lady on the head. The lady fell to the floor with a Bang and let out a Hollar, although the noise sounded more like the Grauer of a Wolfe than anything else.

Later that Sunday afternoon John went for a walk down the road to play baseball with his son and some other kids. When Bob - is up he usually Knowles what to do and gets a run. This time when he Stoly base, the catcher, Ray, had the ball Scotfielded and Gu - thrie out. At the end of that play the ball was back in the catcher's hand, so Rey - nolds the ball while the boy on second base came running in bragging that he had caught a night-Walker in the day time. A Baldwind had just come up so they started there Janney home. When they reached the place where the road bends they could look up at the Parkhill which is popular after 10:00 p.m.

When John and his son reached home there was bedlam because Mary had a welcome-home party for John. The place was swarmed with his friends' kids. The older ones were playing Vinkem, a game where they Winkler at the girls. Baby Bess was fascinated by a block house her sister had Vilter. Junior was being bribed to eat his cake with a Fork-er he'd get frosting on his face. The five-year olds were learning simple Simonds to show off their talent, while the older ones were trying to sew an Ewing on a hurt bird. Someone's seventeen-year old son was writing to his girl but he'd Ritt -er-so - fer as I know twice already that day. While the Resniked a hunk out of the piano stool.

When the noise finally calmed down and the food was brought on, there was watermelon, clams on the half - Shell - bergers nicely spiced and tea. The Tietig over and ruined the new rug. When the guests had finally gone, John stumbled up to bed. While going through the kitchen he slid on a watermelon Rine - hart his foot.

Everything had been simple Marv - in that house that day to everyone except John who when he went to bed made a mental Graf to compare the racket to the number of kids. Now John is a Weiser man and is satisfied with being a store Clarke never again to spend a first day home from the service.

-- Emmy Warren

Third Shack Limericks

Ellissa Blauvelt

Oh, how we love to teasa
About the way she does sneeza
For she does it in sevens
Not eights or elevens
Who is it? Why it's our little Lisa.

Barbara Green

Butch's memory is something terrific
For she learns in a way quite scientific
She sees it three times
And knows every line
Of the musical hit South Pacific.

Suzanne Jackson

Poor Suzanne was nearly slayed
By the meal the kitchen girls made
First a rock she swallowed
Then the operation which followed
Left her weak and almost quite daid.

Frances Lang

For Franie there was little woe
Til she went and stubbed her big toe
Now she's got the blues
'cause she has to wear shoes
We hope that she'll do it no moe.

Miranda Marvin

Oh! Miranda you're so very smart
You must be a genius at heart
For with a speed quite amazing
Through all books you go racing
Before the first page we can start.

Third Shack Limericks (Con't.)

Carol Vilter

Her head she sadly does shake
When her bed she finds she must make
For Carol can't get that sheet
So it to her looks neat
And help from her counsellors does take.

Nancy Wolfe

Nancy minded her P's and Q's
Her feminine ways she hardly ever did lose
Except when she giggled
Then the shack she jiggled
Over a joke she could certainly enthuse.

FOURTH SHACK LIMERICKS

Janie Ames

For the Ames we have a great likin'
As up to Maine they came hikin'
That likable strain
We find in our Jane
The family resemblance is strikin'.

Susan Clarke

Oh, Susan is rarely sick
But conjunctivitis did the trick
Then became very riled
When she was exiled
She's known now as Dead Eye Dick.

Irene Ewing

As the trees drop their leaves in the fall
Renie drops her clothes any place at all
They slip through her hand
Like the grains of the sand
On the porch, in her room or the hall.

Fourth Shack Limericks (Con't.)

Debby Janney

In playing the poor old Town crier
Our Debbie did not seem to tire
Of saying - "Alas"
Or - "Oh yes, Oh yes"
Her performance even Bernhardt would admire.

Margie Lang

To the camp in the woods of Old Maine
Margie's family flew up in their plane
Together they did raid
The snazzy Hotel Belgrade
Our envy almost drove us insane.

Polly Parkhill

Swish-there goes our Polly
To chase her would be a folly
For she often has downed
The lightening speed of sound
She could beat any rabbit - By Golly!

Judy Reynolds

Oh, dear Judy, we've got a hunch
You're more than just one of the bunch
In the Junior's funny play
You showed your winning way
For on the stage you've got lots of punch.

Susette Scofield

There is a girl named Susette
Who giggles like no one we've met
She's just over-come
By a joke or a pun
We know This ain't funny but HONESTLY.

Gail Sheppard

That Gail's got starch in her spine
And stands in a posture quite fine!
But yet by Thunder
Sometimes we wonder
How she keeps it in such a straight line.

Fourth Shack Limericks (Con't.)

Sybil Tietig

When it's time for bed, our Sybil
Will stall, dawdle and quibble
 She's really lots of fun
 But bedtimes she does shun
For to get ready is just too much tribble. (trouble)

FIFTH SHACK LIMERICKS

Ann Corbett

The bugs and the bees are her passion
Though their bites she's always a scratchin'
 But it don't bother Annie
 Of smiles she has many
Her good humor always is catchin'.

Peggy Forker

Our Peggy's hair was curly
With locks all a hurly-burly
 But temptation was great
 So she cut them off straight
And she looks at herself now but rarely. (rarely)

Crista Grauer

Look out boys, it's Crista Grauer
Them eyes got dynamite power
 And with shy charm
 All she'll disarm
There's honey in that little flower.

Lucy Guthrie

Lucy, Lucy was in a quandry
Whether to save or send her laundry
 In bein' so stingy
 Her clothes grow all dingy
But she never stops buying candy.

Fifth Shack Limericks (Con't.)

Carroll Kelly

Carol's policy No. 1
Is little work and much fun
Thus she's continually pokin'
Or practical jokin'
Yet her victims will rarely run.

Sandra Rinehart

Jo hails from the old Jersey shore
And its praises she will loudly roar
Then as a lover of sport
She skillfully cavorts
And never finds talking a bore.

Anne Rittershofer

Our Annie, we all luffer (love her)
For she isn't like any other
Our only fear
Is that some year
That Bill will Ritter shofer.
(rid us of her)

Sandra Sheppard

It seems strange that being so handy
This cahoots should stump our Sandy
She's exceedingly clever
In every other endeavor
If she solves it she sure will be a dandy.

Eleanor Vinke

Eleanor can swing with ease
From the rafters or flying trapeze
For as an acrobat
She performs with eclat
But not on my bed -- Oh please!

Sally Winkler

Sally had an experience sad
With Herbie in the lodge - Oh Gad!
Now she can only giggle
And self consciously wriggle
What he said was unspeakably bad.

Fifth Shack Limericks (Con't.)

Lydia Wyman

Our Lydia cried "Oh Alas
I know that I never will pass -"
About what was she raving
Why it was her life saving!
But she passed it along with the class.

SIXTH SHACK LIMERICKS

Sarah Jo Ames

To the Blue team our Nicky lays claim
And all the poor sport does shame
With her leadership keen
She's the pride of the team
For high things our Nicky does ame.

Sara Anderson

All laughter to Andy seems clear
And since it's her passion to hear
On your stomach she'll pounce
To enjoy every bounce
When you're laughing, prone on your rear.

Stephanie Bang

The instructions said knit one, purl two
But to that our Stevie said -- Pooh!
In her head there're no rocks
For she can make socks
That fall right apart in the shoe.

Bessie Burchenal

Launching the "Burchie" caused a great humm-
Though the weather was a bit glumm -
Yet there was something missing
At this famous christening
It may have been Burchie -- by gumm.

Sixth Shack Limericks (Con't.)

Phebe Grauer

With her eyes always glued to a book
Phebe reads with that far away look
Whether the talk be excitin'
Or just passionate writin'
She don't care -- a book is a book.

Jane Hollar

That dog is Janey's best friend
And to her each whim she does tend
Every day she rushes
A biscuit to Duchess
To prove that she loves her - end to end.

Harriet Janney

For the right words we are at a loss
In describing the White team's new boss
For our friend Cricket
Moves lickety-splicket
We speak of the gal, not the hoss.

Gretchen Knowles

While sailing Geeks met P.I.
Who quickly gave her the eye
When their boats did out flank her
They said, "Pull up your anchor"
She left without saying "Good-bye."

Annchen Perrin

To call her Ginny we're darin'
For sternly announced Mrs. Perrin
Please don't continya
To call her Virginia
'Cause her name really is Annchen.

Kate Resnik

Ahh -- the problems that poor Kate faces
With her music and blessed tooth braces
Her worry you see
Is bigger than she
And lines in her forehead it traces.

Sixth Shack Limericks (Con't.)

Rosalind Schutz

Linda might be Neptune's own daughter
The way that she takes to the water
 She's completely at home
 In the waves and the foam
Could it be that the fishes done taught her?

Sigrid Schutz

When a mistake in our argyles is found
To Seaweed the expert we're bound
 For she'll not take long
 To fix what was wrong
Queen of all knitting, she's crowned.

Jean Wallace

In spite of the boys at Wyconda
Toward Runoia our Jeanie did wanda
 She was one of those freaks
 Who stayed only two weeks
But of her we couldn't be fonda.

Emily Warren

On the bugle only Emmy can toot
And oh! she really plays it so goot
 She blows it at dawn
 Just to see if she cawn
And wakens the campers to boot.

COUNSELLOR LIMERICKS

Betsy Baldwin

There's only one type who could charm her
Or even begin to disarm her
And Betsy swears she will tarry
Until she can marry
Her dream man, an honest to goodness live farmer.

Reba Benedict

As Reba bends over the sink
Washing that shirt that is pink
The thought runs thru her mind
I could not stand this grind
If it were not for that letter in green ink.

Jean Bobis

I'm just at the end of my rope
And for this limerick there's really no hope
For after doing sixty
My mind is all mixxy
So I'll stop now and go to bed - goodnite!

Jean Cassidy

Almost all day Jean does brim
With vitality, good humor and vim
And it took only one look
That man Ross to hook
And boy does she like him!

Margaret Cassidy

Oh, Pet someone innocently ask ta
How about playing a game of canasta
She said with a shudder
"No thank you - brudder"
I guess maybe she's had enough to lasta.

Emily Graf

Oh, Emmy you made a mistake
When a new sandwich you decided to make
With peanut butter and relish
The bread you'd emblish
Forgetting that inevitable stomach ache.

Counsellor Limericks (Con't.)

June Groth

The infirmary remains quite deserted
All long staying guests our June has diverted
With band aid and water
She cured all who sought her
And to a craft counsellor she was converted.

Marian Johnson

There once was a lady named Johnny
Who ran a camp just fine
When people said why
She said "Oh, I don't know I just like
To do it for the heck of it anyhow."

Doris Shellburg

Gainst porcupines Shelley's got a bad case
And will always spur on the rough chase
She'll hunt with her bat
And their noses swat
For knockouts she's Runoia's top ace.

Winifred Simonds

There's gossip about Pussy - oh, land
On which we don't dare expand
But this we will say
It all started the day
She met that young sailor named Hans.

Janet Stolarevsky

The cards that she makes are so slick
For they're bound to conceal a cute trick
Just leave it to Janet
For she always will plan it
To create a push-pull click-click.

Dorothy Walker

In the play Dottie did impart
Great emotion and depth to her part
Hollywood contracts she could sign
After saying that line
"Oh, please Miss, you're breaking my 'art."

Counsellor Limericks (Con't.)

Barbara Warren

Oh, boss, of the dish washers is she
And every three days she makes her decree
 Breakfast, supper or dinner
 You just can't be a winner
But remember Barbie ALWAYS cleans up debris.

Mrs. Warren

If it's your birthday Mrs. Warren will bake
The most delectable kind of a cake
 Using colored almond paste
 She'll decorate with great taste
Of such masterpieces, we hate to partake.

Carol White

In breaking an egg she had a fright
About separating the yolk from the white
 But after quite a struggle
 Carol learned how to juggle
And she sure got the yolk all right. (Do you?)

3rd SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Christened</u>	<u>Known As</u>	<u>Comes From</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Hollers</u>
Ellissa Blauvelt	Lee	Orange, N.J.	a sneeze	people sitting on her pillow	making with the baby talk	to slug the ball out of the park	Oh -- Slurp
Barbara Green	Butch	New York to California	Aunt Junie	variations by Chopin	gurgling	to replace Enzo Pinza in South Pacific	Hot Dig
Suzanne Jackson	Susie	a swimming pool near New Haven	violent attacks from green mustard	filling pail - the pix	using the other bed as clothes rack	to get summer reading done	Listen, Listen
Frances Lang	Francie	where her sister does	a nutty-coco	not knowing cahoots	squeeling like a mouse	for a little brother	Oh Shucks
Miranda Marvin	Randy	C.S.G.	marvelous accent	long hikes	reading, writing and arithmetic	to sleep with Big Pluto	We'll have to write and ask her
Carol Vilter	Carol	across the street from Francie	3rd place in backstroke	losing her barets	finding herself with a crooked part	to have Bobis as a personal maid	Ohhhh
Nancy Wolfe	Nancy	Columbus	hair that she won't admit is red	being called Nannygoat	gentle	to be back next year	Oh Randy honestly

4th SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Christened</u>	<u>Known as</u>	<u>Comes from</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Hollers</u>
Jane Ames	Janie	Hamilton	a monkey-like ability to climb the rafters	poison ivy	late	to go skinny dipping every day	White team, the Blues are after you today!
Susan Clarke	Susie	Westfield	talent for running down lost sheep	having to come out of swimming	beating anyone and everyone at jacks	that she can get another tooth pulled because that ice cream was so good	I doubt it!
Irene Ewing	Rene	Yonkers	not had riding nearly enough	swimming	getting warnings	that she can call at flag raising	My bed <u>is</u> neat
Deborah Janney	Debby	Stanford	big ears when setting table during "counselors' coffee"	tides that almost catch innocent children in caves	talking	that her arrow will hit the desired golden ring	Oh really!
Margaret Lang	Margy	the Queen City	"flying" parents	the bang that in her face does hang over sleeping	getting packages	for another sister	in her sleep
Penelope Parkhill	Polly	across the lake	a great love for Willy White	so someone else gets to put up the flag	down in the Craft Shop	to stump the whole table at Who Am I?	Anybody who wants to play Run Sheepy Run come to the lodge when the bell rings
Judith Reynolds	Judy	Greenwich	an intense dislike for skinny dips	baseball	writing episles	to play more tennis next year	Really

4th SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Christened</u>	<u>Known as</u>	<u>Comes from</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Hollers</u>
Susette Scofield	Mouse	Same as Judy	an attraction for mosquitoes	milk after rest hour	giggling	that there will be square dancing every night next year	Oh really!
Gail Shepherd	Gail	Ditto	a popularity among her table mates because she raffles her deserts	not having an eight-hour day of swimming	getting mail	that she can get all of her letters answered	We can't say it because it (Honest Lee) is no more
Sybil Tietig	Scribble	The Seven Hills	often read psalms at church	not being able to eat all of her fudge	reading comic book masterpieces of literature	to get to the Marjorie	continually

5th SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Christened</u>	<u>Known As</u>	<u>Comes From</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Hollers</u>
Ann Corbett	Annie	a farm	a medley of songs	her bites	smiling	for blue ribbons at fairs	she doesn't
Margaret Forker	Peggy	Grandin Road	had red curls	not having them anymore	visiting June	her curls will return	Really
Crista Grauer	Crista	Buffalo	stretchy socks	Carroll's pranks	rolling them jelly bean eyes	to learn how to knit	Cut it out!
Lucy Guthrie	Lucy	Park School	lots of laundry	people sitting on her bed	reading	for bathing suits without ventilation	Ye Gads!
Carroll Kelly	K.O.	Cincy	numbered sweat Shirts	6th Shack	cutting down the wall	to go into the practical joke business	Oh, cut it out.
Sandra Rinehart	Jo	Belmar	nose clip under her hat	canoeing	staying in bed until first bell	she'll grow up and pitch for the Phillies	Oh, my gosh!
Anne Rittershofer	Kitten	Falmouth	just the right amount of dignity and humor	being teased about Bill	being helpful	we're just stumped	but nicely!
Sandra Sheppard	Sandy	Lake Ave.	skill in swimming	sisterly love	laughing and giggling	to become another Helen Wills	Oh No!
Sally Winkler	Sally	Avondale	had a sad experience in the lodge	rules and regulations	horsing around	she'll pass Math with an A (plug)	Listen Joe!

5th SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Christened</u>	<u>Known As</u>	<u>Comes From</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Hollers</u>
Eleanor Vinke	Eleanor	Weebetook Lane	vacations all over the world	that old dive	hanging from the bar	that the little bang will curl	maybe, but rarely
Lydia Wyman	Friendship	Indian Hill	short hair	name - Friendship	worrying	to be a ballet dancer	Friendship is just like Xmas

6th SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Christened</u>	<u>Known as</u>	<u>Comes from</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Hollers</u>
Sarah Jo Ames	Nicky	R R 4	feminine qualities	bad sports-manship	worrying about weighty problems	to solve Jean's swimming competitions	Yeh! Blues
Sara Anderson	Andy	Walnut Hills	warped sense of humor	uncurling Burchie from around lantern	putting her hands where not wanted	for warm hands	Yah yah Yah yah
Stephanie Bang	Stevie	Shaker Heights	Alpha Sigma Tau in full view	taking her own bathing suit out	taking baths with friends	Jean will write Ross	constantly
Bessie Burchenal	Burchie	L'Ecole de Francois N'es ce pas?	the lobster look	swimming with the sea monster in pre-frozen water	getting her clothes wet	for an invitation to Dowdie's wedding	don't talk that way - Burchie's nic and I love he
Phebe Grauer	Phebe	Buffalo	Francis	cause to diet	reading trashy pash	for a water heater in Great Pond	Doing what comes naturally
Jane Hollar	Janey	Chicago	Dutchess	the hurt in her knee that no one can see	sending bisquits to Dutchess	for 20 letters today	refer to past Logs - they're dillies
Harriet Janney	Cricket	Hillcrest Park	a bathing suit that smells like a skunk	going for skinny dips	feeding her face	to have fun at school (silly girl)	Come on Whites, out to the ball field.
Gretchen Knowles	Geeks	the coast	three boats that don't work	letters from the wrong guy	puttering under sail boats	for extra food	What'll I do now?

6th SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Christened</u>	<u>Known as</u>	<u>Comes from</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Hollers</u>
Annchen Perrin	Ginny	Scarsdale	svelte sophistication	friends from California	keeps the Kleenex company	for hot water heater in shack	she doesn't, she laughs
Kate Resnik	Katey	Stamford	sad faces over broken braces	having to change canoes in middle of Great Pond	being mixed up with Cricket	to learn the Moonlight Sonata	Gosh - she does too!
Rosalind Schutz	Rossy	East Aurora	form in swimming	her father's shoes	being nice	to see Freddy Augustus de Furbish	How can we te. she never says the same thing twice
Sigrid Schutz	Seaweed	if you don't know, admit it	gumption, enough to see sun rise	non-photogenic people	having a ripping time with others' knitting	to get films all used	Oh for Pete's sake!
Jean Wallace	Jeanie	that boys' camp	a talent to moo like a cow	not being able to fight as a Blue or White	using the bottle - on her hair?		Ohhhh
Emily Warren	Emmy	Montpelier	a swell guy named Fred	her bum eye and the bum who put batteries in the incinerator	blowing that thar bugle	for good sailing weather	Get the lead out of your pants

COUNSELORS' STATISTICS

<u>Christened</u>	<u>Known as</u>	<u>Comes from</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Hollers</u>
Elizabeth Baldwin	Betsy	Bangor	played Spanish Cavalier 36 times	people who blame her for how their hair looks	swimming her 250 yards	to get out of adolescent stage	You're cracked
Reba Benedict	Reba	Bryn Mawr	those sleeveless blouses	that sun-burned nose	skinny dipping	for a "no fishing" sign on counselors' dock	Come on Emmy I'll play ya!
Jean Bobis	Beanie Jobis	Stanford	a rendezvous with Stew	Jean chewing her tobacco	looking for Union County licenses	for bigger and better things	Oh, my darling little pinky pigs
Jean Cassidy	Jeanie	66B	Ross	uncooperative buddies	avoiding Jumbo	to get a telephone call thru	Play the game!
Margaret Cassidy	Peg	the Canasta set of Wellesley, Mass.	Originality	boys that get mixed up with girls	demanding clean teeth	Canasta will drop dead	everything under the sun
Emily Graf	Emmy	the stables	horse sense	people who don't appreciate chocolate	getting attention from Bill	to ride show horses	Get that Ghismo
June Groth	June	any where at all	stubbed toes broken knees other woes	people who don't drink their milk	smiling and cheerful	that people laugh at her <u>screw</u> jokes	Awhhh --- that's too bad
Marian Johnson	Johnny	Galva	a penny shaking nose	that completely irrelevant pink elephant	on the go	for rain and sun	about "buts" and such

COUNSELORS' STATISTICS

<u>Christened</u>	<u>Known as</u>	<u>Comes from</u>	<u>Has</u>	<u>Pet Peeve</u>	<u>Habitually</u>	<u>Hopes</u>	<u>Hollers</u>
Doris Shellburg	Shelley	an apartment with Redella Godfrey	talents galore	bare feet	rinsing in the dishpan	to find the lost tool	Great Scott!
Winifred Simonds	Pussy	anywhere from Weston to Portland	Hans	the camper confused accounts	with one elevated foot	to get her spine back in line	but seldom
Janet Stolarevsky	Janet	Penzance	what it takes (and takes it)	noisy rest hours in 6th Shack	watching the Fords go by	Yep!	It's driving me mad!
Dorothy Walker	Dot	Kewanee	lots of sun shine and good humor	she a peeve well, maybe it's eve --	Achu, achu achu, achu achu, achu	for good travelling ground on all trips	Come on kids!
Mrs. Warren	Ellie B.	here, there and everywhere	grown a new tooth and that's the truth	dissolving gum drops	cooking the most remarkable meals - Yumm	for a summer without trips	but there are 2nds on the brussel sprouts
Barbara Warren	Barbie	Simmons on the Charles	dish pan hands	forgetful dishwashers	seen in those leopard skin glasses	to marry a doctor	Silver
Miss Weiser	Miss Weiser	the cottage on the hill	many, many thanks	hospitals	interested in all	to come to Cinti. this winter	
Carol White	Carol	Lexington, Mass.	only working radio in 50 miles	breaking eggs	mistaking porcupines for Bubbles	to get a real honest to goodness tan	only when she drops things and then she moans



Carol Vilter

Frances Lang

Nancy Wolfe

Miranda Marvin





Ellissa Blauvelt

Barbara Green

Suzanne Jackson





Polly Parkhill

Susan Clarke

Sybil Tietig

Gail Sheppard





Margaret Lang

Jane Aimes

Judy Reynolds

Sussette Scofield





Annie Rittersofer

Sandra Sheppard

Ann Corbett

Margaret Forker





Carol Kelly

Eleanor Vinke

Sandra Rinehart

Sally Winkler





Crista Grauer

Lucy Guthrie

Lydia Wyman





Annchen Perrin

Rosalinda Schutz

Emily Warren

Gretchen Knowles





Stephanie Bang

Jean Wallace





Kate Resnik

Harriet Janney

Sarah Ames

Phebe Grauer





Janey Hollar

Sigrid Schutz

Sally Anderson

Beth Burchenal





Jean Cassidy

Margaret Cassidy

Jean Bobis





Barbara Warren

Betsy Baldwin

Carol White

Mrs. Warren





Reba Benedict

Doris Shellburg

Dorothy Walker

Mariam Johnson





Emmy Graf

Jan Stolarevsky

Winifred Simonds





Dorothy Walker

Linda Schutz

June Groth



A R O U N D C A M P



A R O U N D C A M P



A R O U N D C A M P



P E M A Q U I D

C R U I S E

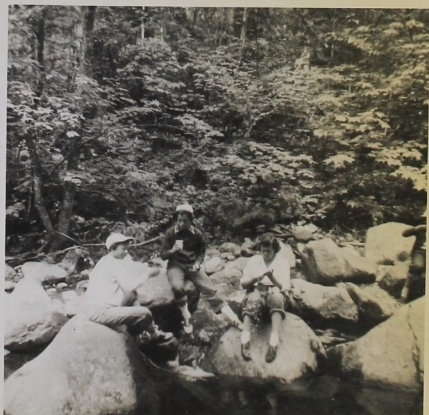


PEMAQUID CRUISE

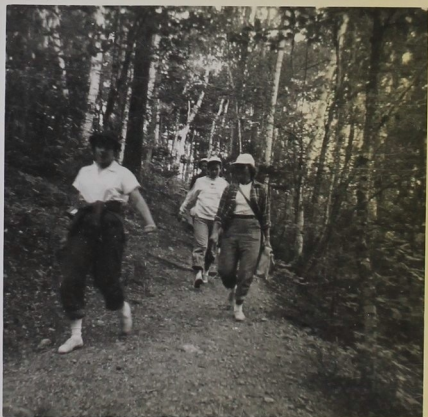


C A M D E N

T R I P



C A M D E N T R I P



TUMBLEDOWN

TRIP



INITIATION



INITIATION



F O U R T H O F J U L Y



M A S Q U E R A D E





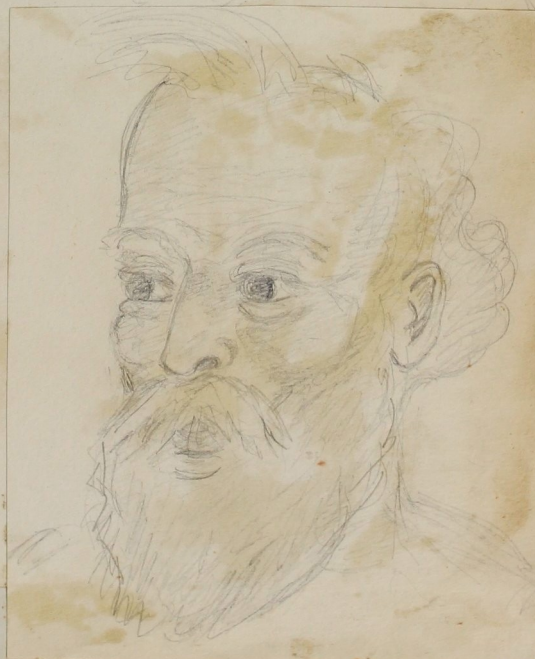
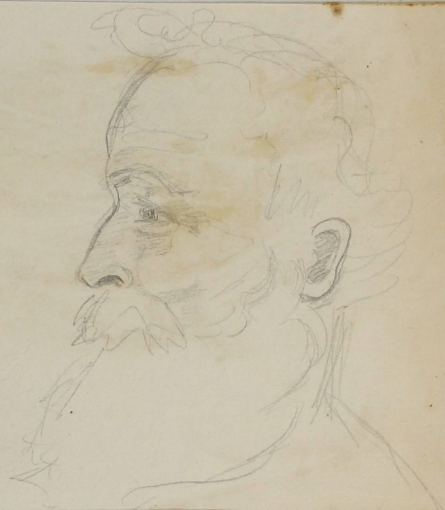


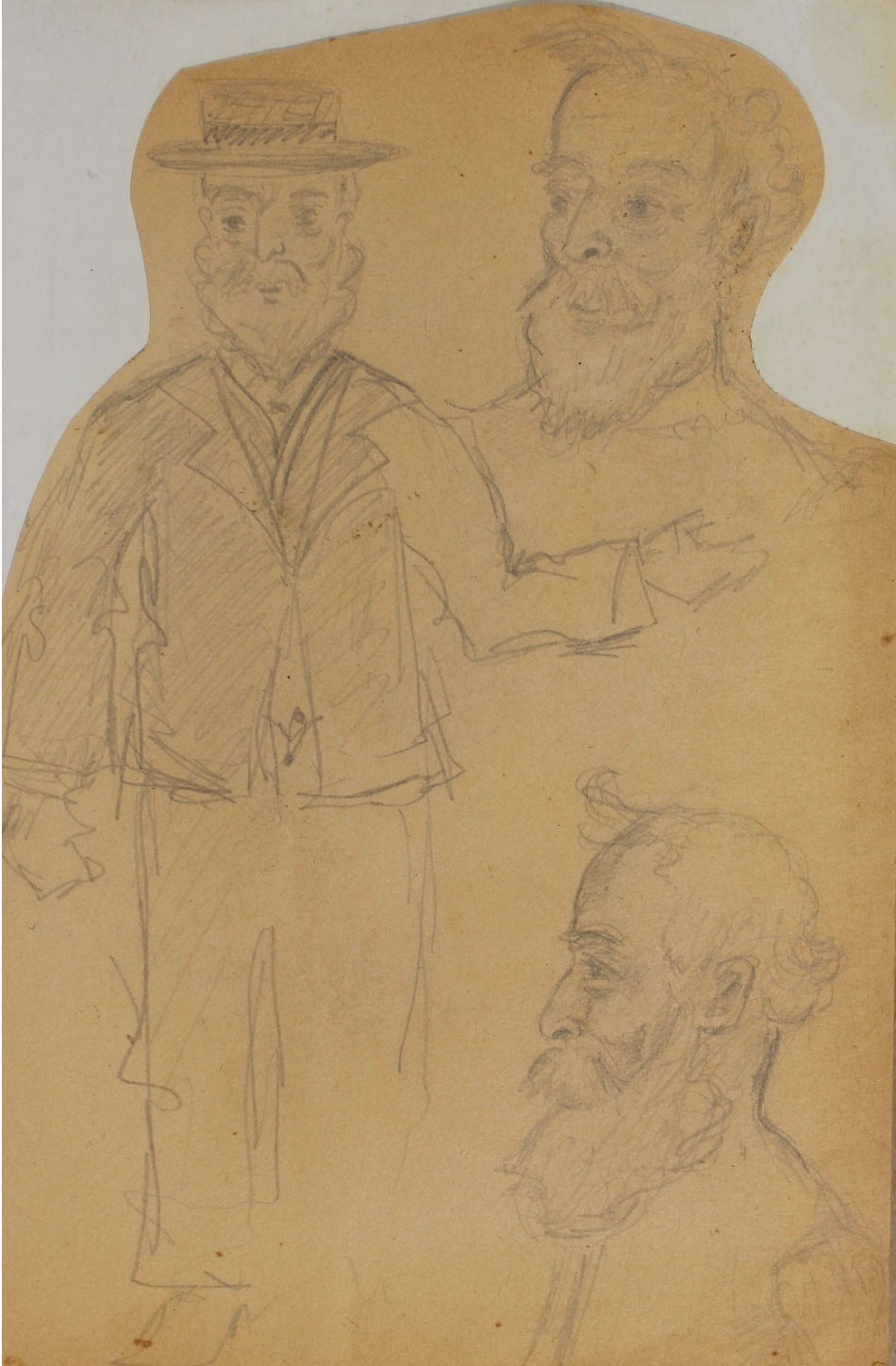
6th slack - 1950 - July

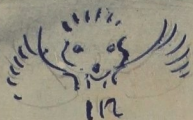
Counselor - Sean Cassidy

that's Emmy Warren on
extreme right

Dr. Furbish







memor i um

A forgettable (we hope)
harasser

Honest Lee

Big brother to our
recently deceased
Rhea Lee.

He died this Aug. 20, 1950
suffering, not in silence
from the malignant
growth of goodness
aches.

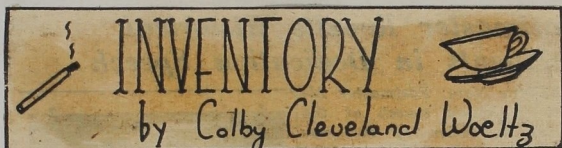
Here lies his
disembodied soul

We hope quite dead.



The Riverdale PRESS

(RIVERDALE) NEW YORK, N. Y. JULY 20, 1950



TO MR. THING AND MR. TWING

That settles it! We mentioned Maine again (that is, if we may assume that our public knows Bangor is in Maine), and can no longer restrain ourselves. Last week we even mentioned a girls' camp other than our own, which in some circles is practically treason except that we spelled it wrong.

Now, without further ado, we send our love and best wishes for the usual happy, hectic summer to Camp Runoia, Belgrade Lakes, Maine. Not only to the girls, the councilors and the grounds but to all the people in all the surrounding towns who know, who love, and who are a part of it. Mr. Thing and Mr. Twing, Bartlett's Store and Rummel's Ices, The Pine Tree Players and the Lakewood Theatre.

Some editors might frown at this point and growl a remark we don't thing ever got, growled outside the movies, "Listen sister—this is the Bronx—where's the local angle?"

"So all right, Bud, this story is lousy with local angles"—(we ourselves snarling back). You've heard of The Riverdale Country School for Girls? Its former owner, the late Mrs. Howard Oliver, was a Runoia girl when the camp started in 1906. The Freemans, The Handys, The Royalls, The Olcotts, The Cleverlands, The Martins, The Perkins, The Hughes, and The Hillmans are all perfectly respectable Riverdale families who have sent from one to three daughters to learn about camping on Great Pond in Maine. And there are others of course. Our memory fails a little (though not as much as some of our friends would wish) with encroaching age.

If this wasn't enough I could start telling about the boys from hereabouts who went to a camp across the lake. Pine Island Camp is an even older but certainly no more venerable institution and if you don't believe me—I mean us—ask Jack Brush, Jed Irvine and Joe Knap, Jr.

Wedding In Glendale

THE RT. REV. SPENCE BURTON, S.S.J.E., Bishop of Nassau, and the Rev. James E. Clarke officiated at the impressive marriage ceremony on Saturday afternoon of Miss Nancy Chesebrough Dowd, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wyllys Edmund Dowd Jr. of New York and Greenwich, Conn., to Mr. Robert Mitchell Burton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Murdock Tylor Burton. The wedding took place at 4:30 o'clock at Christ Church, Glendale, and was followed by a handsome reception at the Glendale Lyceum.

Miss Elisabeth Richardson was the maid of honor and the bride's other attendants were Mrs. Stephen H. Burton, Mrs. Murdock Tylor Burton Jr., Mrs. Hugh Garvin Jr., Mrs. R. D. Garrison of Austin, Tex., Mrs. John E. Ramsay of Salisbury, N. C., and Miss Joanne Morgan of Charleston, W. Va.

Mr. Stephen H. Burton was his brother's best man and the ushers were Messrs. Murdock Tylor Burton Jr., Hugh Garvin Jr., Donald Smith, Marshall Cross of Colorado Springs, Colo., James Crow of Flint, Mich., and the bride's brother, Clement Dowd, of Old Greenwich, Connecticut.

White china asters, white delphinium and caladium leaves were arranged in the massive altar vases and were flanked by branched candelabra. Outlining the chancel entry were flame-tipped tapers in chevron-patterned arrangements. Caught to the cathedral tapers at the pewheads were single large white asters held by bowknots of satin ribbons.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her half-brother, Mr. John Appleton Knowles Jr. of Essex, Conn., wore a princess style gown of ivory satin. The full-gored skirt formed a long train. The fitted bodice had a V-neckline of embroidery of seed pearls, a detail repeated on the short satin sleeves.

An heirloom lace veil which has been treasured in the Burton family connection for many years was worn again on Saturday. The precious mesh was draped from a halo-bonnet effect of tulle and lace. The bride's bouquet was a small graceful one of white orchids, lilies of the valley and tiny star-shaped asters.



—C. Jos. Malott Photo

MRS. ROBERT MITCHELL BURTON.

All of the bride's attendants wore gowns of the same design, the only variation being in the color. These were of white cotton lace over rain-bow-tinted taffeta ballerina-length skirts. Two of the attendants were in sky blue, two in orchid, two in aquamarine and the maid of honor in yellow.

Accenting the tone of their gowns were the bouquets of the bride's attendants. The flowers were China asters in various tones combined with delphinium in mauve and vio-

let and tied with sapphire blue velvet and violet moire ribbons. In their hair each wore a flower clip of similar blossoms.


The colors of the gowns of the bride's attendants provided the theme of the decorations at the Glendale Lyceum where the reception was held. The receiving line was stationed before the stage where there was placed a triple arch effect garlanded in green with accents of flowers and entwined with pastel tinted ribbons. Similar flower-decked arches marked each end of the receiving line.

Mrs. Knowles, the bride's sister-in-law wore a gown of navy blue marquisette, with a shoulder bouquet of spray orchids in violet and mauve. Mrs. Burton chose for her son's wedding a gown of beige crepe and with it wore a bronze orchid.

Pendant plaques of green foliage were used throughout the ballroom and the tea room where the tiered wedding cake was placed before the mantel. It was garlanded in miniature flowers of violet, blue and white.

Following the reception, Mr. Burton and his bride left on their honeymoon to Michigan. Upon their return they will reside in Glendale.

Mrs. Burton is a graduate of Sweet Briar College. Mr. Burton was graduated from Harvard College where he was a member of Hasty Pudding Institute of 1776.



Dana Marie Sassone

December 31, 1950

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Joseph Sassone
(Mary Blankenhorn)

SUNDAY, JULY 8, 1951



MRS. JAMES BUSH HOUSE

Vorys-House Nuptials Are Read

THE NATURAL setting beneath the shady maple trees in the garden of her parents' home at Clifftop in Blacklick was the scene Saturday evening for the nuptials of Miss Margo Vorys and Mr. James Bush House. Dr. Ganse Little of Broad Street Presbyterian Church officiated at the small wedding service which took place at half-after seven o'clock. Two seven-branch candelabra and bouquets were used in the improvised setting.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Webb I. Vorys, while Mr. House is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. House, Jr., of New

(Continued from Page One)
Haven, Connecticut. Given in marriage by her father the bride wore a gown of white mousseline de soie, styled with a portrait neckline trimmed in Venetian and Rosalie lace; a tight bodice and a bouffant skirt. Her full length veil of exquisite Brussels lace and net was a family heirloom and was worn by the bride's mother at her wedding. She car-

ried a spray of Phalaenopsis orchids, lilies of the valley and stephanotis.

Mrs. Arthur I. Vorys was matron of honor for her sister-in-law and bridesmatrons included Mrs. John W. Vorys, Mrs. Frank M. Eccles, Mrs. Arthur I. Vorys, Mrs. Donald G. Dunn, Mrs. Robert A. Driscoll, with Miss Flora House and Miss Susan Wright serving as bridesmaids. Rubrum lilies surrounded by glossy green ivy leaves in colonial style were the bouquets carried by the attendants who were gowned alike in dresses of organdy in shades of lemon and lime. The attendants' gowns featured flattering scalloped necklines and bouffant skirts.

Mr. Timothy Prescott House of Kingston, New York, was best man and ushers were Mr. Frank E. House, III, of New Haven, Connecticut; Mr. James Smith Bush of St. Louis, Missouri; Mr. Robert C. Day, II, of St. Louis; Mr. Arthur I. Vorys; Mr. John W. Vorys and Mr. Henry P. Kidder, Jr., of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. David H. Donnan and Miss Nancy Stone served as hostesses at the reception which followed the ceremony.

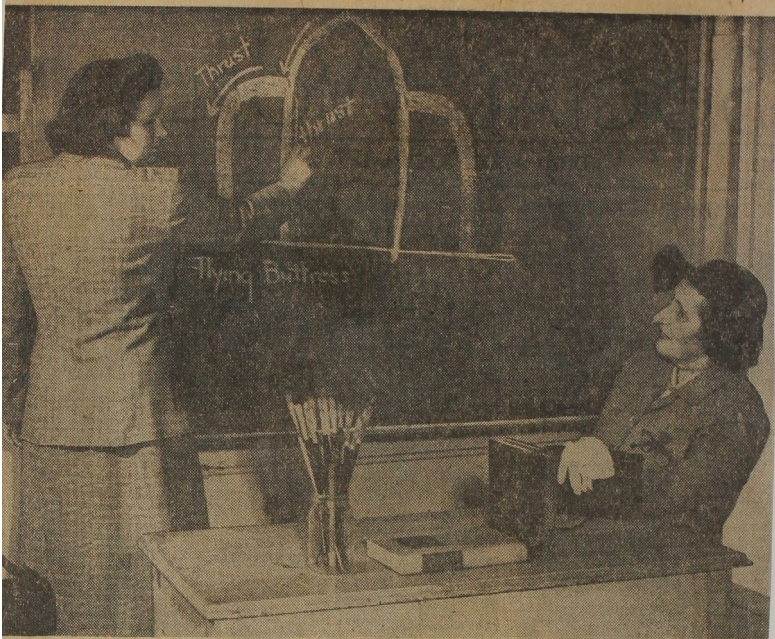
The bride's mother wore for the occasion a dress of periwinkle

blue chiffon with which she wore a corsage of lavender spray orchids. Mrs. House chose a gown of green and white crepe and wore a corsage of orchids.

A light-weight coral w with brown accessories orchids from her bridal was worn by the bride couple departed for their trip to Georgian Bay, Ca

The new Mrs. House is ate of Columbus School 1 and Bryn Mawr College will be a teacher in the County Public School System. House is a graduate of Southern Preparatory School at Sou Connecticut. He is now at Kenyon College. The will make their home in C

Jan. 19 1950 Ohio State Journal.



IN MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS—Margo Vorys (left), just out of Bryn Mawr College, teaches at Columbus School for Girls just as Mrs. Webb I. Vorys, her mother (right), did immediately after her graduation from the same college. An art teacher, Miss Vorys diagrams the flying buttress in the Gothic arch as her mother looks on.—Journal Photo.

Wedding In Glendale 2/5/51



—Carlson Portrait.

MRS. HENRY ADAM RENTSCHLER.

THE GLENDALE LYCEUM, scene of many important festivities in the life of Glendale villagers, took on a new aspect Saturday evening when the wedding was solemnized there of Miss Stephanie Stutson Poor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward King Poor Jr., to Mr. Henry Adam Rentschler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Rentschler of Hamilton, Ohio.

The library was the setting for the ceremony at which Father Seaman of St. Mary's Church, Hamilton, Ohio, officiated. An improvised altar, covered with white moire, was placed at the far end of this spacious room, against a background of tall cathedral candles and dark green foliage. A simulated aisle was effected by white posts, garlanded in foliage and connected by pink satin ribbons.

PINK AND SILVER.

Pink and silver provided the color theme of the gowns and flowers of the bride's attendants. Miss Nancy Kittredge of Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., was the maid of honor. The other attendants were Miss Joan Weis of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. Paul Stuhler Jr., Miss Janet Meakin Lee, Miss Mary Margaret Burchenal and the bridegroom's sister, Elizabeth Rentschler, who was the junior bridesmaid.

Mr. Tom Rentschler was his

brother's best man, and the corps of ushers included another brother, Mr. James Peter Rentschler, Mr. Earl Thompson Jr. and Paul Eberhardt, all of Hamilton; Mr. Malcolm Crawford of New York and the bride's brother, Mr. E. K. Poor III.

The gowns of the bride's attendants were designed with floor-length overskirts of pale pink tulle, worn over ankle-length sheath dresses of pink and silver brocade. The bodices had heart-shaped necklines and wing sleeves.

Each of the bride's attendants carried an irregularly shaped bouquet of carnations shading in tone from bonbon pink to a deeper roseate hue with accents of pink hyacinth blossoms, the clusters tied with pale rose satin ribbons. To designate the maid of honor, silver leaves and ribbons were combined in her bouquet.

TULLE AND SATIN.

The bride, who was escorted by her father, wore a gown of satin and tulle in a lovely tone of blush pink. The bodice, with its long sleeves and off-the-shoulder neckline, was of satin, the petaled neckline enhanced by a pleated ruching of tulle. The satin skirt which had the new irregular hemline, which is shorter at the front and floor length in back, was worn with a full-length flaring overskirt of tulle which finished in a long rounded train.

The bride's veil of tulle, in a faint tone of pink, was draped from a tiny shirred cap of tulle.

Her only jewelry was a strand of pearls the gift of the bridegroom.

The bride's bouquet was a small rounded one in which were combined stephanotis, palest pink rosebuds and pale blue hyacinth bells.

THE RECEPTION.

The reception, immediately following the ceremony, took place in the ballroom of the Lyceum. The receiving line was stationed before the stage, which was garlanded in magnolia and smilax foliage, and centered with a wide-spreading arrangement of pink and white early spring flowers, snapdragons, carnations, tulips and similar bloom.

Mrs. Poor wore a gown of pink champagne colored satin, the bodice being draped and the skirt softly flaring. She carried a rounded mink muff to which was caught a cluster of slipper orchids the exact tint of her gown.

Mrs. Rentschler chose for the occasion a chiffon gown in a delicate tone of lavender-blue. Her flowers were pink spray orchids.

TO JAMAICA.

Following the reception, Mr. Rentschler and his bride left on their honeymoon which will take them to Miami, whence they will go by plane to Jamaica for a holiday at picturesque Montego Bay. The bride's going-away costume combined a black print dress with a black velvet and chamoise colored coat with which she wore black accessories.

Upon their return they will reside in Lima, Ohio.

The bride, who made her debut in 1947, is a graduate of Hillsdale School and attended Skidmore College. Mr. Rentschler was graduated from Phillips-Andover and from Princeton University.