

CAMP RUNOIA LOG

1951

Dedication

This Log of 1951 is dedicated to Shelley, with deep appreciation for all that she has done for Runcoia. Not only does she make Craft one of the outstanding activities but she also is the originator of costumes, scenery, decorations, and favors. She is a friend and an inspiration to everyone of us.

All Day Paddle

Six girls and Barbie started out at 9:45 for an all day paddle on Tuesday, July 31, 1951. The girls that went were,- Judy Reynolds, Susette Scofield, Sally Rogers, Jo Rinehart, Janie Ames, Sally Wilson, Angie Stroppe and Barbie Warren. We paddled to Crooked Island where we ate our lunch. After lunch we decided to follow the shore line. Almost opposite Crooked Island we found a stream which we followed as far as we could. We went along the shore until we came opposite Ram Island. There we stopped to rest. We decided to go to Belgrade Lakes but when we came to the end of Hoyt's Island we decided it was too late so we came home.

--- Angie Stroppe

Mt. Philip

Third Shack went to Mt. Philip one day. We got raspberries on the way. We had a pretty hard time getting to the top. When we got there we had a peach and a cookie. It was very pretty on top. There was a cave of rocks which we climbed through a few times. I got up on a big rock that was standing on end. We had some gum that Shelley gave us and more raspberries on the way down the mountain, too. We had a drink when we came back to the car. I had a wonderful time.

--- Carla Sandberg

First Night Sleeping Out

Johnny came to the door and asked who had sleeping bags. About five people had them, or maybe six or seven. Four of them were picked and they rushed to get their sleeping bags. I was one of the four kids who could go. It was on a Friday and when we finished our picnic supper our sleeping bags were out and we showed the other kids where we were going to sleep. We got into our pajamas and listened to the story. Then Johnny flitted the others and we got our flashlights and went down to the woods. We got in our sleeping bags and Johnny flitted us. She went up to the cabin and came back with our book. Just then a crow flapped his wings and made an awful noise. Then we went to sleep.

In the morning we woke up very early. Ducks and crows were flying all over the place. They were making the worst noise you could think of. There were bugs and twigs in the sleeping bag but I fixed that up. Then the bugle blew. I was glad that I did not have to make any bed that morning. We had so much stuff to carry up to the cabin that it all fell out when we picked it up. But we finally got up to Fourth Shack and decided that we wanted to sleep out again soon.

--- Linda Bull

Poem

In the evening sunset
Bathed in pink and gold
Small canoes adrift
Their beauty half untold.
Of this evening sunset
Memories linger true,
Memory of Runoia
Runoia, here's to you

--- Tony Seymour

My Best Impressions

Cleaning

First, I like not being lazy for a change, then later I simply don't care! Even later I'm trying. I simply can't have any "O's". Last, I would kill the man who invented bed-making and sweeping.

--- Tony Seymour

Fourth Shack in the Morning

Carol: Oh it is cold. I'm not getting up until First Bell.
Everybody talks.

Tony: Oh be quiet. You'll raise the roof.

Linda: Louie, get out of bed, Lazy.

Franny: What will I wear today?

Merry: What day is it today?

Alison: You gotta get up in the morning. What do you think that reveille is for?

Carol: Where is my brush?

Linda: One wart is gone away.

Carol: Oh Louie, please tell me who your boy friend is. I want to put it in the Log.

Louie: I will put it on a piece of paper and hide it in my room.

Tony: Second bell rang!

--- Franny Lang

Counselor's Coffee at Fourth Shack

Randy: I got a Necco.
Tony: Me, too
Allie: Somebody please play jacks with me.
Carol: Sure
Cricket: Hey, you kids, be good please.
Carol: Black Poisons
Louie: I can't flip with one hand
Meredith: Cricket's sick
Linda: Shut up
Frannie: I'll be doctor
Meredith: Cricket is our little baby.
Randy: I'll give you my pinks if you'll give me your blacks. Sure,
I'll trade a yellow for a green.
Tony: Its a deal. Here
Randy: I love Neccos.
Frannie: Can I play jacks with you?
Carol: You missed.
Allie: No, I didn't.
Carol: You touched your leg.
Allie: Oh pooh!
Frannie: Cherries
Carla: What are you kids doing?
Cricket: Go back to your shack.
Randy: Can Tony and I go get a book from the Lodge?
Cricket: Okay, but come back.
Louie: Watch out Meredith.
Carol: Meredith, stop it.
Frannie: Yeah, just stay out of here.
Thumper: Rest hour has started.

Rest Hour in Fourth Shack

Thumper: Get on your beds. Rest hour has started.
Frannie: Did I get any mail?
Thumper: Nobody except Tony and Meredith.
Louie: They always get mail.
Thumper: On your beds.
Linda: I want a needle and thread to sew on "Noodle's" beak, eyes,
and hat, They are falling off.
Merry gets up and walks up and down the hall.
Randy: Go back to bed, Meredith.
Carol starts to laugh.
Thumper: Be quiet.
Carol passes a note through the peek-hole that is all painted up.
It said, "Frannie loves Billy B." Pass it on. Linda throws it on
to Allie and she passes it back to Carol. Louie begins to talk about
Noodles and Waddles, the two stuffed ducks. It gets very funny. Linda
and Louie begin to laugh. Thumper walks up the hall. All is quiet.
The whistle blows. Rest hour is over.
Randy: What do we do this afternoon?
Thumper: Crafts
A big cheer runs through the shack.

Theater Notes

The dramatic season at Runoia has been notable this summer. While the village of Belgrade Lakes may have lamented the decease of the Belgrade Playhouse, we at camp have not felt the loss at all, due to our own unsurpassed performances.

At the beginning of the season, the young ladies from the junior end of camp put on a delightful operetta called "The Lemonade Stand". The whole camp waited with bated breath to hear Meredith's one line, and sure enough she came through with it. If the refreshments ran a bit short, perhaps it was the result of over-enthusiasm in making the selling of the lemonade be very realistic. Anyway, we all enjoyed the operetta very much. These girls were the various characters,- Miranda, Tony, Carol, Alison, Franny, Meredith, Louise, Linda, Carla, Frannie Brandt, Prue, Jeanie, Bonnie, and Ruthie.

Another performance on our schedule involved eating,- or rather, drinking tea. Poor Mrs. Jason tried desperately all through the play to get Polly to put the kettle on so she could have some tea to relieve her headache. Polly had been told that ghosts would appear if she put on the kettle, and she was not going to stay in any house where there were ghosts. So Polly kept finding excuses not to put the kettle on. In the meantime we had two lovely young ladies, Kay and Julia, about to get married or trying to get the young man to propose. This involved all kinds of trouble. The two sweet little lady-like girls whose mothers had been such good friends forgot their beautiful manners and caused a disruption of the mother's friendly ties. As all good plays should do, this one had a happy ending. Each young lady got her man, the children stopped fighting (or did they?), the mothers became bosom friends again, and Polly was saved from seeing a ghost. Sixth Shack surely gave us an entertaining and hilarious performance of "Polly Put the Kettle On", ably coached by Sally Rogers. The cast was:

Mrs. Jason--- Margie Lang
Mrs. Vail--- Cricket Janney
Sylvia Vail- Susette Scofield
Marion Jason-Jo Rinehart
Julia Martin-Sally Winkler
Polly ----- Judy Reynolds
Kay Jason--- Penny Andrews

To climax the theatrical fare for the summer, Fifth Shack gave a superb performance of "The Mikado", with Sylvia Babb as the producer. The costumes had been planned and made by Shelley and Sylvia, with some help from a few others. Never did old curtains show off so handsomely as did those which went into the costumes of "The Mikado". The audience sympathized with Nanki-Poo in his frustrated love for little Yum-Yum, laughed at Pooh-Bah in his many official positions (and his gruff voice), and worried about the Lord High Executioner's need for a victim. The Mikado swept in with great pomp to find his lost son who was to marry the much-sought after Katisha. The lucky Ko-Ko finally got her for his lovely bride, as Yum-Yum had married the trombone player, who turned out to be the Mikado's son in disguise.

Theater Notes (cont'd)

The excellence of this operetta was shown in the repeated and well-deserved applause of the audience. We had many outside guests present, and one of them remarked that Fifth Shack's "Mikado" was much better than the play she had seen at Lakewood the night before. Congratulations are due to all the cast, to Shelley, and to Sylvia. The cast for "The Mikado" was:

Nanki-Poo	--	Barbara Green
Ko-Ko	--	Debby Janney
Pooh-Bah	--	Janie Ames
Pish-Tush	--	Lisa Blauvelt
Yum-Yum	--	Polly Parkhill
Pitti-Sing	--	Angi Stropole
Peep-Bo	--	Sally Wilson
Katisha	--	Renie Ewing
Mikado	--	Judy Reynolds
Chorus	--	Baba Sexton, Gail Sheppard, Julie Nugent, Emmy Warren, and Nannie Wolfe.
Director	--	Sylvia Babb, assisted by Sally Rogers
Costumes	--	Doris Shellberg

The Tale of a Tail-less Cat

Dear Boots:

You remember last year about this time I wrote you of my experiences after you saw me start off in that modern contraption called a car. The ride to Maine this summer was just as unhappy an event for me as ever, except that I have learned from experience that it is possible to get myself released from that terrible travelling cage I start out in. Last year at camp I heard one of the campers always talking about getting car sick so I decided to work on that idea, and somebody told me that if I tickled my throat with a feather I could produce car sickness. Not having any feather except the one on my mistress' hat--which I couldn't reach--I pulled out some fur from my tail-less tail and found that did the trick. The result was what I wanted, and I was let out to ride in state like the rest of the family.

I surely was happy when I began to see familiar countryside again and know that I was leaving busy city streets and wandering city dogs behind. I saw one change in the roads as we got near camp that disappointed me, however, for since last summer the sides of the roads have been stretched way out so that there are no nice ferns and bushes along

the edges for me and my friends to take refuge in when the cars whiz by. And they are putting some awful black sticky stuff all over those nice dirt roads and now I can't smell my own foot prints in the sand as I used to so that I would know where I had been. I expect next to find those horrible city street cars travelling up and down our roads.

Well, I have had a lot of pleasant experiences too.

I was afraid that I was going to be pretty much neglected this summer without my friend, Emmy, at camp but I soon found that many of the new campers are cat lovers and I get so much affection that at times I almost choke on it. There is one little girl who even carries a clean white piece of yarn in her pocket for me to play with. A funny thing about this girl is that they call her "poor Bull", and yet she doesn't look poor nor does she look anything like the bull your friends have in their barn. Maybe coming to camp makes bulls more like people. Anyway, I know she loves me even if I sometimes wonder if I am going to survive her love.

You remember my telling you last year about those Thursday night lobster parties the counsellors used to have, when they fed me the parts they didn't dare eat themselves--everybody except the Director--who dared to eat everything except the shell. Well, this year they have a lot of new counsellors. They must be young because they don't have any gray hairs and don't seem to be slowed down by the cares that the older ones have, and they sit up with me at night. I guess perhaps these people who stay up late at night are what they call "night crawlers"--at least, I see a lot about them on signs around here. But in one way these new counsellors disappoint me and that is that they don't like lobsters the way those older people do, so that we don't get to have the Thursday night parties any more. There is one of the new counsellors who likes lobster as well as I do, but I guess she isn't one of the younger ones, even if she doesn't have gray hair, because she keeps talking about getting married and nearly every night there's an awful bell that rings and somebody scares me off the path by running down to 3rd shack to tell this new counsellor that that "fellar Dell Fear" is calling.

One night recently I was completely surprised to get the scent of sea food in the air about 10 o'clock and to find a few of those old-timers gathered around the kitchen table sucking something out of shells and getting very excited about it. They kept talking about necks but as there were no men present I don't think it is what you call a "necking party". Anyway, after my mistress had eaten more than she could hold she began giving me some of the contents of these shells and I found it as good as lobster. But they had a funny effect on me--the same as tickling my throat with fur--and I soon had the same pleasant taste reversing itself. I was rudely eliminated from the party then.

They have a new game at camp this summer. The Director couldn't get much interest in archery so she told the campers to take the arrows and find their own targets, and one night sure enough they came bringing home one of those black and white animals with the prickly fur I told you last year. They had shot it with an arrow while it was up in a tree, so,

believe me, I'm not climbing trees from now on. It was rather gruesome to hear the glee of those people over my dead comrade's body, when I had thought them so animal loving. Not only that, they talked about eating it for dinner the next day. Believe me, I'm taking no chances, but am eating fish from now on.

Well, right now, it is what they call cracker and milk time. If they meant fire crackers it couldn't be any noisier and I find myself unable to think, so I will "paws" in this "tail" of mine and send my cat's meow.

Possibly yours,

Bubbles

P.S. I have a secret fear which I must reveal to you as it worries me so. Every time my family to by a certain spot down the road they say "Oh, there's a cat of nine tails we must have. I can't really blame them for wanting a cat with a tail, but it seems as though a cat with nine tails would look as funny as I do without any. At least, I have nine lives—or did have and still have six or seven left. Please let me know if you think there is need of my worrying about my place being taken by this new cat.

B.

Bubbles and the Chipmunk

This morning Bubbles saw a chipmunk. He was on a rock. Bubbles saw him and ran after him. His head went up and down. Our table saw him first. Then after breakfast some of us saw his nest.

--- Ruth Thompson

Meadowbrook Trip

It was a bright, sunny morning and as soon as reveille blew Jo, Cricket, Angie, Sally, Julie, Judy, Barbie, Geeks and I assembled on fifth shack porch. We were told that we were goin on the Meadowbrook trip.

That morning after assembly we took off in a terrifically stiff wind. It took us about an hour to reach Otter, and that was only half way. We rested there but Sally and I were so far behind that we didn't have hardly any time at all to rest. We shoved on towards the stream but it wasn't quite so rough on this part of the lake. When we finally reached the mouth of the stream it was time for lunch and we had it in the reeds. We had one chicken sandwich and two peanut butter and jelly ones apiece and peaches and fruit cake.

Then we shoved off down through the stream. Barbie, Julie, Angie, Jo and Cricket were way ahead. Geeks and Judy and Sally and I were about an hour behind. The half mile or so of reeds at the mouth of the stream was quite easy but, pity the stern, it would like a wiggly snake.

When we got in the stream it was something different. We went ahead of Geeks and Judy, but every few moments--"Oh, oh, we're stuck", issued from Sally. It grew to be quite a frequent saying. At the cow pasture we got out and Geeks got flowers for the sides of the canoe until it looked just like a funeral barge, and it was then that we decided that we should change places. Boy! Some stern! We bumped into something every foot or so and we only went a hundred yards. 'Course I can't say that I did much better. Soon we changed at the other side of our first portage. Wilson got into the canoe and started paddling merrily along. "Hey!", I shouted, and slipped into the murky water. I bet we made a funny sight--me running around in thigh-deep water after Sally who was talking to the stern who wasn't there. I got in, but soon we got stuck again and no amount of tugging could get us back. In a case like this, the bow is supposed to get out and push, but did Sally move an inch? No! I had to get out and push. After struggling a while I asked Sally,-- "Well, do something. Tell me what to do. Say something for Pete's sake!" She peered into the water, and answered smugly, "We're still stuck". Under two bridges and over another portage and Geeks was all in because she had the only muscles in whole end group and there wasn't much left of them by now. "If we have to go over another portage I'm going to stop then and there!", Geeks said. Of course, right around the corner there was another huge one. Geeks stuck her paddle in and looked mad and when she pulled it out there was a wiggly leech on it. This was about the end of the line! We got over it and around a dam too. The end wasn't far off. When we reached the lake the others were no where to be seen. "What are we going to do now?", we all said. We went in the logical direction toward the

Meadowbrook Trip (cont'd)

Crippled Children's Camp. Then we saw the others coming toward us and they explained that all the camping places were taken and that they had had to race Camp Bomazeen to the site we now had. And, best luck, we were camped sixty yards down shore from Camp Caribou. We went in swimming and I was the only one who didn't have a bathing suit, so I went in in my camp suit.

That night after supper we had inter-camp relations with Camp Caribou. Barbie made quite a hit and I believe she's had two or three dates since with one of the counsellors. That night we paddled around the lake and sang songs. It was exceedingly cold that night and my sleeping bag is very thin, so I hopped in it over to the fire and nearly fell in.

We woke up early next morning and had a huge breakfast and after washing dishes we went for a paddle and a swim. We passed Camp Somerset and they said we could use their sleeping place for the other group. We paddled across to Smithfield and up a way on the stream. We went to the store and bought dessert and pop. We buttered our bread with Julie's knife. And after some sign snitching we met the other group. It was a very happy trip.

-----Janie Ames

Babylon or Babble on

When the counsellors round the table sit
Just afore the peace of rest hour
For the afternoon to see what's fit
While "ears" round the kitchen do a'scour.

Oft the talk is of Blue and White
And of a baseball game today,
But sometimes t'is of a loud mouthed fight
'Tween two of the campers who want their way.

At other times we talk of different things
Like a letter we have just gotten,
Or which bird has taken to it's wings,
Or what rule of discipline we have forgotten.

All this takes place at counsellor's coffee,
Where we all sit and chew the fat,
Or where we sit and chew some toffee.
Our Babble-ons are no more than that.

--- Baba Winship

The Second Meadowbrook Trip

The eight of us piled into the station wagon, with Johnny driving. Penny and Margie came along for the ride, but the other six of us--Mil, Susette, Sally Winkler, Debby, Lisa and I were really going to and through Meadowbrook. Ray's truck was following us with Baba Winship and Sally Rogers perched in the back with the sleeping bags and paddles.

When we got to Smithfield we found the other group of "Meadowbrookers" at the beach. After we waited while the storekeeper was getting us some sweet corn, we got in our canoes, pushed off, and waved to the remaining campers on shore. The canoes were not close together and two boys in a motor boat came over to bother Debby and me. They shouted something to us and then moved to bother Lisa and Susette. Then the boys turned around and headed for us. I tried to pull ahead but they banged into our bow and turned us around. We were furious, and two men came over and asked us if the boys had bothered us. We said yes, and they said that they would get after the boys. We noticed that the boys did not bother us again. Then Mil and Baba had to go back for two ponchos they had left on the beach.

We paddled around the lake to explore before going to our camping place, which belongs to Camp Somerset. We unpacked the canoes, then Mil, Sally Rogers and Baba built a fire. We put our sleeping bags down and got our clothes out of them. We had a good supper,-- most of us had three pieces of corn and some even had four. We also had four hot dogs, and for dessert we had peaches and cookies.

After supper we paddled around Echo Lake. We went to Pine Tree Camp spring for water to drink in the morning, but we never used it. After getting back to our camping place we got in our pajamas and cooked marshmallows around the fireplace. We also told logic and ghost stories, after which we could not lie in our sleeping bags for fifteen minutes without feeling scared.

In the morning we woke up, got dressed, and had an excellent breakfast of eggs and bacon and toast. Then we started off. We paddled across the lake and started down the stream. We bumped into logs, beaver dams, broken bridges and sand bars, but safely got through with no more damage than a scraped knee. We met Camp Bomaheen on the stream and one of the boys whistled when Suzette's and Lisa's canoe went by. Later we passed two fishermen who said that we were more than halfway through.

There was one canoe up ahead of us out of sight and those of us who were behind made two wrong turns at the end of Meadowbrook which led us into little streams which we knew were wrong, so we had to turn around and go back. We found the right way and finally came to the end. We looked around for Mil and Baba who seemed to have disappeared. We heard a rousing "bobo" from the reeds and there they were hiding from us.

We ate lunch there in the reeds because there was no place to get out of our canoes. After lunch we switched people around in canoes.

The Second Meadowbrook Trip (cont'd)

Going across to Otter Sally Winkler and I were way behind and we couldn't catch up to the rest. We yelled to them to wait and they did. While they were waiting they made up the trip song. Then it started to rain! Sally and I caught up with them and we changed canoes again so that now I was paddling with Lisa. Then a terrific wind came up just as we were about a quarter of the way to camp. Lisa and I tried to catch up with the rest, but the canoe went backwards instead of forwards. The wind kept up for about a half an hour but it seemed like hours to us. After the wind died down we could go faster and we made better progress. In the meantime Mil and Sally had come back for us and it had started to rain harder. We got about twenty-five yards away from camp and it started to rain cats and dogs. We paddled in and took our stuff out of the canoes. (By this time the rest of the canoes were in) We went and changed our clothes which were sopping, but we all agreed it was a swell trip.

--- Gail Sheppard

Fourth Shack Trip to Pemaquid

One morning Fourth Shack heard Johnny say, "How would you like to go to Pemaquid today? Its a wonderful day for it." Everybody wanted to go so we did.

We drove the sixty miles to Pemaquid, and the first thing we did was to go to the beach and change to our bathing suits behind some bushes and trees. Then we swam in the ice-cold water for a while and skipped stones and splashed water on Pat, who had not wanted to go in swimming.

When we got dressed again we went straight to the Lobster Pound for lunch. There we got lobsters, sandwiches, something to drin, dessert and tons of candy. Everyone agreed that the food was good. Carla and Allie had a lobster and then a hamburger each, besides their dessert.

With full stomachs and some extra treats in the hand we got on the boat, "Ocean Star", for a delightful cruise around the shore line and the islands. Most of us sat up on the front deck where we could see everything. There were a good many sailboats that we passed.

After the boat ride we got in the station wagon and rode over to the Lighthouse on the rocks at the ocean's edge. There was a gift shop over there near the Lighthouse and many of us visited that and bought presents. We climbed the rocks and then ate our supper there. While we ate we had a beautiful view of the ocean waves bouncing off the rocks. We also had fun feeding the gulls with the old bread that Mrs. Warren had sent along for that.

Fourth Shack Trip to Pemaquid (cont'd)

On the way home we stopped for some ice cream and some milk at the store because we did not have enough milk on the picnic. Then Fourth Shack drove back to camp, and it was a tired but happy bunch that went to bed that night.

--- Alison Chase

The Seniors' Trip to Pemaquid

One bright, sunny day the majority of Fifth and Sixth Shack left camp for Pemaquid, some sixty miles away. We stuffed bathing suits, towels, cameras and such paraphernalia into the station wagon and Johnny's car. Some two hours later we clambered out on Pemaquid Beach and prepared for a dip in the cold ocean. We didn't stay in very long and those who didn't go in at all amused themselves by covering Cricket with sand. While we waited for Shelley and Sylvia, who had gone to see about lunch, some of the kids walked down the beach and came back with a piece of seaweed resembling a dead snake. Somehow the seaweed ended up in Mil's bed that night. Cricket and I just couldn't have known how that happened.

After a short drive we arrived at Gilbert's Lobster Pound where we all satisfied our appetites. Cricket and Baba Winship had three lobsters a piece, which was tops for the day. The seagulls, which were numerous, hovered near and enjoyed every mouthful.

After our large feed we boarded a boat which took us on a sight-seeing tour of Pemaquid Point. We weren't able to see too much on account of the fog but what we saw was beautiful. There were islands that gave an appearance of being solid rock. The man who ran the boat told us that there were seals on the rocks sometimes but we didn't see any that day.

After our cruise we again took to the cars, but only for the short ride to Lighthouse Point where we had a picnic supper on the rocks. Baba Winship, Carol Smith, Gretchen, Cricket and I explored the rocks thoroughly, finding a crevice about five feet wide where we could sit down, take off our shoes, and let the cold salt water race in over our feet. Many of us patronized the Sea Gull Gift Shop which had an excellent assortment of gifts. About 7:30 we started our long drive back to camp. We arrived after nine, tired and happy over our trip to Pemaquid.

--- Sally Rogers

The Tumbledown Trip

At nine o'clock one July morning the seniors piled into a waiting bus. The bus was very modern and streamlined. On the way to the mountain we had an intelligent conversation about seven old ladies and their troubles. Suddenly Tumbledown loomed up before us and the bus stopped. After giving the bus driver some lunch, we each took some part of the lunch for us and started lugging it to the foot of the mountain. We arrived at the stream and ate lunch there. Then we started up the mountain.

First, we went up a long uphill stretch which seemed to take forever. After about an hour of walking away from the stream it got steeper. Some of the rocks we had to climb were almost straight up and down. We were in two groups; the faster climbers and the stragglers. Rene and I were in the middle of the mountain when the rest of the climbers were at the top, so when we got to the top there were no signs of life. We thought we had taken the wrong turn and had ended up on the wrong mountain. After wandering around a bit, we could see the lake but couldn't find any people. So we yelled and yelled until someone heard us.

As we went down to the lake to go skinny-dipping, we met two boys who were just leaving. They changed their minds and stayed for some unknown reason. The water was freezing and there was a rumor about leeches being in the lake, so we didn't stay in long. Janie Ames, Jo Rinehart, Mil Curtis, and Barbie Warren went on to second peak and the lemonsqueezer while some others went to the spring and sat around on the rocks in the sun.

At four we started down the mountain and the trip was uneventful except that we met a boy's camp. We piled into the welcome bus which took us to Wilton Lake Inn for supper. The meal was fair and we divided our time between eating and watching a small girl who was running around with nothing on. Some boys noticed Suzette and Sally Wilson but Suzette didn't care because her mind was preoccupied with her own personal thoughts.

We arrived back at camp at about nine-thirty, dead tired.

--- Debby Janney

When I was an Aide (To the tune of "When I was a Lad")

When we were at camp we used to be
The bestest aides you ever have seen.
We washed the dishes and we dried them too,
Although Carol says we never got them all clean.

Every day in the afternoon
We sit around and have our own aides' tea;
We talk about the affairs of camp,
And we have a lot of fun as you can plainly see.

Now Sally's task, her favorite of them all,
Brings her and nature very close it seems.
For every morning just at ten or so
She has it rain to make all the petunias green.

Oh, Cricket, she is the horses' aide,
And she has lots of stories she could tell,
Of all the campers who think they can ride,
And she leaves behind a very horsey smell.

When we were at camp we used to be
The bestest aides you ever have seen;
We have so much fun all of every day,
That on our faces is a continuous beam.

--- Carol White

To the Tune of "Rich Maharajah"

'Twas a great bunch of counselors came here in June
For a summer of fun 'neath the sun and moon;
They had courage and grit
And plenty of wit,
But they didn't know how to handle the campers.
The counselors tried
To plead their side,
So to the campers one day they said,-

Aa - aa - aa - aa - aa - aa -- aa - aa

You've killed our courage and all our grit,
Ruined our humor and gleeful wit;
Broken our bones and bedsprings too
And treated us like no other humans do.

--- Anonymous

THIRD SHACK STATISTICS

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Frances Brandt	Frannie	Waterville	For lost things	To dance	To clean under her dresser	Oh, do we <u>have</u> to?
Prudence Bull	Prue	Stamford	For Bubbles	Animals	To sweep hall	I'm not Pooh Bear, I'm Prue Bear
Bonnie French	Bonnie	Belgrade Lakes	For Frannie	Riding	Going home	Sylvia, where are the kids?
Jean Murphy	Jeannie	New Canaan	At counsellor's coffee	Canoeing	Rubbers	Come on, Prue
Ruth Thompson	Ruthie	Same as Frannie	To see what is happening	To be Bat Boy for the baseball games	Doing nothing	Op-op-lop-gwooppich

FOURTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Melinda Bull	Linnie	Stamford	Through the Peek-hole	Sports	Doing Breakfast dishes	Oh for corn sakes
Alison Chase	Allie	Queen City of the West	Innocent	Everybody	Her Girl Scout play suit	That helps matters a lot
Frances Lang	Franny	Cincinnati	Fragile	Fuzzy-Wuzzy Jr.	Her middle name	Oh for the love of --
Miranda Marvin	Randy	C.S.G.	For seconds	Books	Picking berries	Tony, be my buddy
Louise Murphy	Louie	New Canaan	For a letter	Swimming	Meredith's ques- tions	Oh my gosh
Antoinette Seymour	Tony	At THE Farm	For craft periods	Michael Matthews	Having Randy leave	Don't raise the roof
Meredith Seavey	Merry	Wickford	For the new table list	Sally Rogers	Missing swims	I know what we are go- ing to do today
Carol Vilter	Carol	On the banks of the Ohio	For more books	Jacks	Having her bed collapse	Yea, Blue Team
Marla Sandberg	Sandy	Jamestown	Like Shelley	Moving up to Fourth Shack	Eggs and mayonnaise	When are we going to pass our Marjorie test?

FIFTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Jane Ames	Janie	Hamilton, Ohio	As if she was taking her time	Her <u>one</u> shoe	Getting up as early as second bell	H&!
Lisa Blauvelt	Lee	Orange,N.J.	Like a flapper	Charleston	Having shampoo thrown on her floor	Oh honestly
Irene Ewing	Rene	Yonkers	In a fog	Having her hair fixed	Mashed potatoes	Ffnshagh <u>un</u> chooo
Barbara Green	Butch, Barb Beanbrain, Babs, Bebop	Three blocks from Polly	For the silver lining	Yum-Yum	People who wake her up	Life is just peaches and cream, tra-la
Deborah Janney	Debby	Stamford	As if she needs new glasses	Her bed, even tho' it's the worst one in camp	People who want to cut her hair	Really, that doesn't sound attractive
Julie Nugent	Dan'l	Here, there, and everywhere	For a victim	To dissect fish	Long, curly hair	Oh, yeahahah--
Polly Parkhill	Pol	Three blocks from Butch	Good in other people's clothing	Butch's loafers	A sore throat	I am indeed beautiful
Beryl Sexton	Baba	New Canaan	Down from two mattresses	Maisie Gilbert	Squooshed sandwiches	Isn't there any left for me?
Gail Sheppard	Gail	Greenwich	Into the future	Not having her sister in camp	"Today's Woman" (but not today's men)	Old Bag
Angie Strople	Angelica	Longmeadow, Massachusetts	Petite	Jacks	Having to take out roommate's bathing suit	Dry up 'n blow away

FIFTH SHACK STATISTICS (cont'd)

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Sally Wilson	"Cuz"	Tyrone, Pa.	Like her mother	The Junior end of camp	Who knows?	There's G.C., Andy and always Mike, who's fourteen
Nancy Wolfe	Nanny	Columbus Sani- tarium for Goons	Devilish, when she has that gleam in her eye	Staying all summer	Piles of newspapers	She doesn't-- she giggles

SIXTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Penelope Andrews	Penny	The Big City	Typical American teen-ager	Seeing the ground from horseback	Cutting her lip	Get up, get up.
Harriet Janney	Cricket	George School	After Mil's seniors	Nick	Manure piles	We will fight, fight, fight
Margaret Lang	Margie	Where else	Good in shorts	Franny	Going to bed	Says nothing
Judith Reynolds	Judy	Greenwich	Black	Cough drops	Trouble	Gosh all Peter
Sandra Lee Rinehart	Jo	Kennebec	Like Bob Feller	Sports	Choir practice	Sally did it
Sally Rogers	Buck Teeth	Forest Hills	Like Pancho	Tennis	Getting up in the morning	I'm in a rut
Susette Scofield	Squeezette	Same as Judy	Blank	Ret	Not giggling	Giggles
Sally Winkler	Stinkler	Cincy	For more food	Candy	Being quiet	Jo did it

COUNSELLOR STATISTICS

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Sylvia Babb	Mrs. Shamis	In anticipation	After music	Lobsters	Bugs on the path	Don't you think so?
Milicent Curtis	Hortense	Hopefully in Lancaster	At Dave's picture	Nudism	Aides' tea	If you have buddies you can go in
Mrs. Elsen	Nettie	In Cincy	For the Cincy Tribune	Bubbles	Idle moments	What kind of potatoes do we fix today?
Jane Hollar	Janey	Between Chicago and Washington	After Sally Wilson	Rest hour	People screaming at her in swimming	Keep your eye on the ball
Marian Johnson	Johnny	Suburb of Kewanee	After everybody	Turkey skin	Sugar in bottom of cereal bowls	What's the weather going to be?
Patricia Knapp	Veronica	In a stable	Bald	Sewing patches	Skinny dips	Do you think we can get out of here?
Gretchen Knowles	Geeks	Beantown	From above	Windy weather	Walter	You gotta get up
Linda Rea	Linda	In the Infirmary	For sore throats	To sit on rocks in the sun	Cold weather	Teach me how to swim
Doris Shellberg	Shelley	At Miss Weiser's	After 3rd shack	Driving the station wagon	Cleaning up the Craft Shop	Let's go to Pemaquid
Carol Smith	Carol	In a dishpan	For sneakers	Walking	Pots and pans	Yea Colby!
Barbara Warren	Barbie	At Pine Island	Through the mailbag	Going to bed early	Hiccoughs	Ask the canoeing counsellor

COUNSELLOR STATISTICS (cont'd)

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELS</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Eleanor Warren	Ellie B.	Montpelier	After Barbie and Emmy	Bubbles	Having the refrig- erator go off	Will you please open the refrigerator door for me?
Carol White	Carol	In Yankee country	For dishwash- ers	Sailing on Salmon Lake	Sundays	I don't know what's for dinner
Anne Winship	Baba	Right	Cheerful	Skinny dips	Cry babies	Godfrey

C O U N S E L O R L I M E R I C K S



Miss Weiser

Johnny

Through eight weeks of rain and sunshine
Johnny's kept us all in our prime;
From her dip at sunrise
Till taps calms the wild cries,
She cheerfully plans for all a good time.



Janey Hollar

Jane Hollar is soon going to college
She hopes it will increase her knowledge;
She's had letters galore
Invitations by the score
From sororities who seek her to pledge.

Gretchen Knowles

At sailing our Gretchen has skill,
But the weather so often stands still
That Gretchen laments
As she irons her garments
That she has time for laundering her frills.



Mil Curtis

From Denison College comes Mil
To swim us in water hot or chill;
She's been fine as a coach
For making the right approach
Perhaps its been due to Dave's drill.



Carol Smith

You'll find Carol Smith on her toes
Whether working or must blowing her nose,
Though she's short on the talk
She's ever long on the walk,
And she draws pictures wherever she goes.

Mrs. Warren

Mrs. Warren gibes us food of such worth
We find it difficult to watch our girth;
On each birthday cake
A decoration she will make
For ideas there never seems any dearth.





Linda Rea

Though Linda is small of stature
Her technique results in a cure,
The coughs, bruises and bumps,
Penicillin in rumps
Show her nursing to be safe and sure.

Mrs. Elsen

Mrs. Elsen from Cincy did come
To help feed us and see Eastern sun;
But though most of the time
The sun didn't shine
She's kept busy and seemed to have fun.





Sylvia Babb

Good music our Sylvia did provide
And with gentle hand 3rd Shack did guide:
More songs we could learn
If she'd plan to return,
The Shamis Dick wants her for his bride.

Shelley

O'er the craft shop Shelley holds sway
And there she works both night and day;
Be it Cotillion or crafts
She ardently drafts
All the work for the campers and plays.



Baba Winship

Enthusiasms have stemmed from Baba;
Sometimes she has made us ga-ga;
Her new prize is Godfrey
But she lacks the recipe
For making this collector's model car-ga.



Barbie Warren

A counselor now is Barb Warren
To canoeing she's surely not foreign;
On trips she has fun
I don't know what she's done
She comes back with a long list of men.

Pat Knapp

On a horse Pat looks very swell
We are sure all her riders excel;
Her laugh is oft heard
When once she is stirred
But she can sleep through the loudest bell.



Carol White

Carol White's camp life is spent
In figuring who's here and who's went;
How many places to set,
Substitute dishwashers to get;
Is it worth all this energy spent?

THIRD SHACK





Prue Bull

Oh where, oh where, is Prudence Bear
Oh where, oh where is she.
She went to the tree to sit and stare
At the honey of Jeannie "B".

Jean Murphy

Jeannie Murphy is a girl from 3rd Shack.
Jeannie is a great big help in 3rd Shack.
She sweeps the floor and cleans her room.
And she knows how to use a broom.
Jeannie is a girl from 3rd Shack.





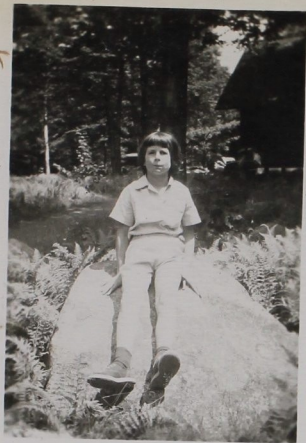
Bonnie French

Sailing, Sailing, there is Bonnie.
 She likes boats and fish are funny.
 One day she heard some singing,
 She turned and got a stinging.
 'Twas Jeanne "B"
 And by mistake
 She thought it was honey.

Franny Brandt

Franny, Franny, Franny Brandt,
 She likes ice cream, if you please.
 When she eats it she comes out
 Far beyond her dungarees.





Ruthie Thompson

Oh, Ruthie Thompson likes to ga a riding;
She gets upon her horse and goes a hunting
Once she got a hare,
And it turned out to be Pru Bear
Oh, Ruthie Thompson likes to go a riding.

Emmy Warren

Emmy Warren came late this year
We hope that she shed a fond tear
For the days away
From our Ru-noi-a;
We're all glad that now she is here.

FOURTH SHACK





Alison Chase

A new camper named Alison came
With reluctance to this State of Maine.
Having once seen this place
The idea she does face
That summer without camp would be tame.

Meredith Seavey

Any day if you're down at the lake
Many jumps you will see Merry take
From the dock to the water
Tho' she hadn't oughter
A continuous splash she does make.





Carla Sandberg

A niece of Shelley's is Sandy
As a camper she has been dandy;
Her years counted ten
This summer, and then
She moved to Fourth Shack 'stead of Randy.

Miranda Marvin

Randy brought Tony this year
For this we all give her a cheer;
We hope there's no reason
For curtailling next season
She'd like it, we have not a fear.



Tony Seymour

If a great artist you want to see
Tony Seymour is the girl it will be.
She draws with such dash
Some day 'twill bring cash
For great success it will offer the key.

Carol Vilter

On the porch of 4th shack every day
Carol Vilter plays jacks such a way
That in Poisons or Cherries
She sure is the berries,
It's hard to beat her we all say.



Franny Lang

Franny's generous and friendly indeed,
With her Teddy Bear oft she is see'd.
She's been a good fairy
In all ways to Merry;
I'm sure she is what we all need.

Louise Murphy

For the Whites Louie covered first base
Right toward her the Blues oft would race.
She'd pocket the ball
Hopefully wait for the call
Of "You're out", if the ball won the chase.



Linda Bull

At swimming our Linda is able,
In baseball "short stop" is her label;
But her bows and sling shot
Have not filled the pot
With wild game to put on the table.

F I F T H S H A C K



Butch Green

It's the rich maharajah of Magado
By day and night, and what's more
She dances and prances
To the rajah's romances,
We never can call Butch a bore.



Debby Janney

A love comic Debby won't miss,
She'll twitter and thrill at a kiss;
Her mind is entranced
By the thrill of romance
And a life full of intimate bliss.

Gail Sheppard

Gail's self-ordained cop in 5th shack,
She seems to have learned well the knack;
Everyone quiets down
When Gail makes her round,
She steps in where her counselors lack.



Lisa Blauvelt

Lee covets her roommate's gray sweater,
We think she could surely do better;
But though she's a klepto
She's very much hepto
And we say that we're glad we have met her.

Sally Wilson

Sal's brothers have caused much debate,
Of who who would make which a good mate;
There's "G.C" and Andy
And Mike would be dandy,
If only they'd ask for a date.



Nancy Wolfe

There's a time we all should see Nanny
And that's when she's getting angry,
Her eyes get so bright
And shine with a light
That for Nanny is really uncanny.

Janie Ames

Poor Janie has bathing-suit trouble,
For always amid all the rubble
That stays on her floor
To make her counselors sore,
A wet suit is betrayed by a puddle.



Angie Strople

To Angie canoes are a bed
When paddling she might's well be dead;
She sits on the packs
And makes nasty cracks
When she could have been paddling instead.

Irene Ewing

Poor Renie's found life very boring,
So now she keeps 5th shack a-roaring;
Her vigil she keeps
While everyone sleeps
At her somnolent hobby of snoring.



Baba Sexton

B. Sexton was born with a giggle,
Her tongue's a perpetual wiggle
She laughs with a snort
If it's funny or not,
And her body is always a-wiggle.

Polly Parkhill

V.I.P. at Runoia's P. Parkhill,
They even lugged her into Waterville;
They swabbed at her germs
Mid her wiggles and squirms,
But in spite of it all, she's here still.



Julie Nugent

Our Julie has some special calling
On counselors to always be crawling.
She'll pull at their hair
And leave nothing there,
The damage she does is appalling.

S I X T H S H A C K



Sally Rogers

If a john overflows she's the fixer,
If there's ice tea to make she's the mixer,
But always the fame
That goes with her name,
We'll call Sally Runoia's fix pixer.



Harriet Janney

There's a place in Pa. called George School,
If you boo it, dear Harriet's most cruel,
At midnight you'll drown
If you cheer for Westtown,
Guz Cricket's nobody's fool.

Jo Rinehart

If there's a person around to be kidded,
If in baseball a fly to be hit;
Canoes to be paddled,
Or brains to be rattled,
We'll just have to say that "Jo did it!"



Sally Winkler

Sally tries hard to act like a lady,
Some day she'll accomplish this maybe,
But she rips and she snorts,
And always retorts,
In a sarcastic voice---"Oh da beby!"

Judy Reynolds

Our actress in 6th shack 's named Judy,
On the stage she well performs her duty,
We laughed the mostest
When she talked about "ghostes"
Or when she was the Mikado so moody.



Penny Andrews

If by the night air is racked,
That echoes around through 6th shack,
Quite sure you can be,
That it comes from Penny,
As she practices up on her hack.

Suzette Scofield

A giggler in sixth shack, Suzette,
Is teased about a fellow named Rhett,
She talks in her sleep,
Climbs and walks in her sleep,
And her head's up in the rafters yet!



Margie Lang

Margie's shorts sometimes shock us all,
She has one a person might call
An astonishing violet;
And though not the style yet,
They're mighty short for a person so tall.



Camp Runoia 1951

B L U E and W H I T E T E A M S



Blue Team

White Team



"Blueie V " and "Whitie"

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



A R O U N D C A M P



Off for a Supper Ride



Pat and Four of her Riders

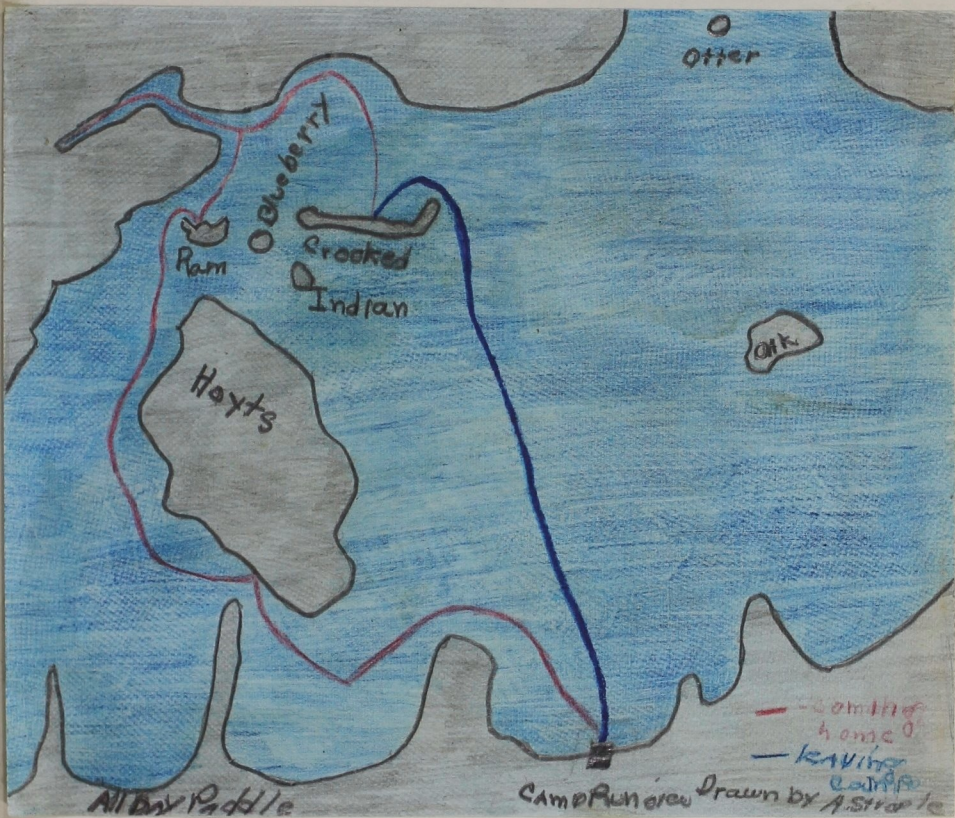




Fourth Shack
at work
in the
Craft Shop

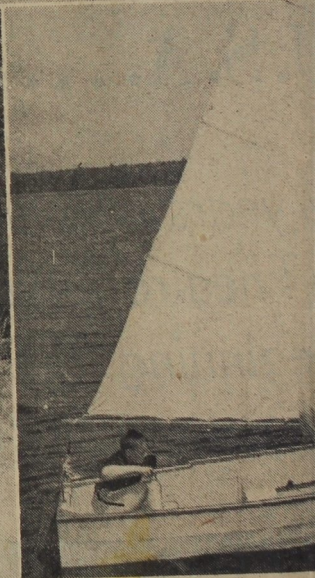
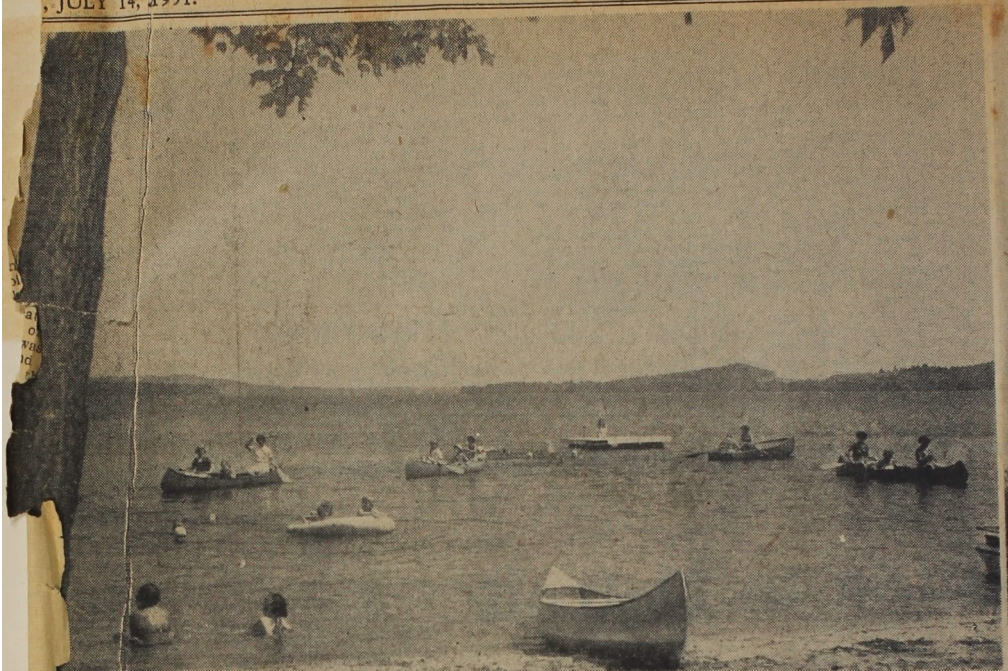


An Outdoor
Crafts Lesson
for
Third Shack

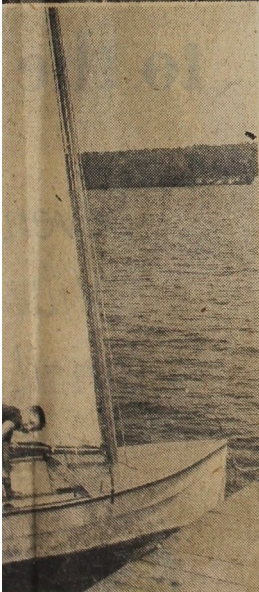


all dogs aer Happy





SUMMER SEASON IN BELGRADE MEANS THE OPENING OF A SERIES OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' CAMPS ON GREAT POND WITH
 HIKING AND CANOEING TO HIKING AND HORSEBACK RIDING. IN THE TOP LEFT PHOTO, the girls of Camp Runola spend a pleas-
 ure day on the water. The girls are Joan Wilklow, Hempstead, N. Y., followed by Helen McLeish, Newport, R. I., and Lee Olive Harrison, Amityville, N. Y. The girls
 and is Joan Wilklow, Hempstead, N. Y.; the batter is Richard Jacobson of S. Orange, N. J. and the umpire is Ronald Hurston of Washington
 is Glen Gunther, New York; the pitcher is Richard Jacobson of S. Orange, N. J. and the umpire is Ronald Hurston of Washington
 is Glen Gunther, New York. IN THE LOWER RIGHT PHOTO, boy scouts from Camp Bomazeen prepare a fire in true sc-



—Kennebec Journal Photos (McKay)

YOUNG PEOPLE FROM SEVERAL STATES FLOCKING TO THIS AREA. THERE ARE PLANNED ACTIVITIES, RANGING FROM summer day canoeing, boating and swimming. IN THE TOP RIGHT PHOTO, three Camp Abena girls go horseback riding. In the all members of the advanced class. IN THE LOWER LEFT PHOTO, Camp Belgrade boys get set for a rousing ball game. The C. Pine Island boys, IN THE LOWER CENTER PHOTO, prepare for a sail. At the bow is Robert Adams of New Canaan, Conn. and fashion. At the left is Roger Gagnon of Augusta and right is Vinton Savage, also of Augusta.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1951.

Great Pond Camps Teach Young People Love of Outdoor Life

By PAULINE PLOURDE

The settings may vary, from the bare necessities of living in tents as found at Bomazeen and Pine Island,

land, to the more luxurious cabins of Abena, Runioia and Belgrade, but most of the camps on Great Pond are alike in their love of Maine and the outdoor life.

One more proof that the charms of the Belgrade region lie not only in its own beauty but also in its position as a hub from which many excursions can radiate is shown by

the variety of trips made by these campers.

Plan Several Trips

Camp Bomazeen, one of the three camps of the Pine Tree Council of

Boy Scouts of America, offers a week or more of the outdoor life to about four hundred boys of the ten southern counties of Maine during its eight week season. Overnight

canoe trips on Great Pond and overland hikes are high points in the boys' stay.

Stanley Gillman of Waterville, their waterfront director for five

years, sees that a boy learns to swim before he ventures out in a canoe or rowboat. Many of the campcraft and survival craft techniques learned at the demonstration areas in camp are brought into use on these trips planned by John Vadeboncoeur of Portland, the assistant camp director in charge of program.

More expensive trips are taken by two of the girls' camps, Runioia and Abena, and by Camp Belgrade and Pine Island Camp for boys. Sailing trips of two or three days, out of Boothbay Harbor or Camden, follow sailing training back at Great Pond. For forty years Pine Island boys have been making an annual sailing cruise along the Maine coast in true shipboard style, with a down east skipper, and their counselors.

Canoe trips through the complete chain of the six Belgrade lakes are popular. The girls of Abena, while on their canoe trip, make a stop each year at the Pine Tree Camp for Crippled Children and stage a greatly-enjoyed musical and variety show.

Camp Runioia girls participated in an all-day sailing regatta last year with Pine Island and private owners of sailing craft. They hope to repeat the fun this summer.

An overnight horseback trip of sixty miles is a feature at Camp Abena. At Abena every girl learns to ride, under the training of their English riding master, Sidney James of Mamaroneck, Long Island.

All ages can participate in trips from the two-day jaunts for eight-year-olds to the two-week trips to the Allagash region, as taken by the boys of Camp Belgrade.

A base camp at West Carry Pond is maintained by the Pine Island Camp. From this outpost, mountain-climbing groups tackle Mount Bigelow. Katahdin is also climbed by the harder and more experienced Pine Islanders. This year a new trip to nearly-inaccessible Little Enchanted Pond is on their schedule, after three years of preparation to make sure that such a trip can be safely achieved.

Many States Represented

Young people from many states have learned to know and to love Maine through the summers spent here. Eugene L. Swan, Jr., of the Collegiate School for Boys in New York and director of Pine Island Camp, says: "We have alumni from 32 states, including over 2,000 boys and men." This year, among their 68 campers, there are boys from as far away as California and Missouri. Pine Island Camp is one of the oldest camps in Maine, having been established in 1902 by Dr. Eugene L. Swan, father of the present director.

At Camp Belgrade, the director, Mort Eismann of New York, says that of their 140 boys there are representatives of Alabama, Missouri and Ohio. Among their 26 counselors, drawn from a wide area, there are Maine men, too. The head counselor is Raymond Stickney, of Rangeley, with John Gilmore of Winslow as athletic director and Harvey Dolloff of Oakland the swimming instructor. So the boys learn about Maine people as well as Maine lakes and trees.

Miss Martha E. Sansom of Farmingdale, N. Y., the director of Camp Abena, finds girls from Chicago and Washington, as well as the nearer metropolitan districts, among her 60 campers this season. Fourteen-year-old Laurence Mus, a young French Miss, whose father is an exchange professor at Yale, is at Abena for her first season. Back for her second year is 13-year-old Myri Kazazian of Rome, Italy.

The staff of 20 at Abena includes counselors from Florida and Georgia. All are college girls, mostly from Vassar, Smith and Radcliffe, with Miss Jessie Godfrey of Wellesley the head counselor.

The smallest camp of these five, Runioia, counts among its 40 campers girls from Ohio as well as Connecticut, New York and other nearer areas. Miss Marian Johnson, the head counselor, is from Cincinnati, while others of the 11 counselors come from Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

This camp and Abena were both established in 1907. Miss Lucy Weiser has always been the director of Runioia. She and Miss Jessie Pond started with only nine girls, living first in the farmhouse in North Belgrade now owned by John Hill. Girls may think the present camping life a rustic one, but back in the early days Miss Weiser and Miss Pond walked to the North Belgrade station to go

by train into Waterville to buy groceries. Later they bought the white horse, Jethro, and went by carriage to Oakland, and then to Waterville by the old trolley line.

One of those first girls, Constance Down, later Mrs. Grant, came back for ten summers, then returned as counselor until her death two years ago.

Scouts Assist

At Camp Bomazeen, in addition to the senior staff, headed by Leon A. Warren, a junior staff of older scouts called Explorers assist with the activities. These young men stay at camp the entire eight weeks.

In a large semi-circle up the hill beyond the mess-hall stand the five troop sites, each with its five tents, accommodating 30 boys and their leader, as well as a kitchen tent. These boys learn all the ways of scouting out-doors, including the making of their own noon-day meal each day at their own troop-site. For the morning and evening meals they all meet at the mess-hall.

Most of the scouts go home with many more of their scouting requirements fulfilled, particularly those concerned with water skills.

One of the features of Camp Belgrade's program of twenty-three activities, is a well-equipped chemistry laboratory. "I found many of the boys were interested in chemistry sets at home, so we've tried building up this lab," says Director Eismann. "The boys experiment in such everyday things as making soap or fluorescent lighting, rather than learning dull formulae."

Twenty-five of the older boys are called trainees and take what amounts to a three-year course in business administration, with the camp as the business studied. They learn buying, management and personnel problems.

French Table

An unusual activity is the French table to be found at Camp Abena. Specializing in conversation, Mrs. Gabrielle A. R. Griswald, a camp co-director and head of the English department at the French Lycee in New York, conducts this phase of camp life.

Rifery is another feature of Abena, and the camp is a member of the National Rifle Association. Another co-director, Alfred Voorhies, of Hempstead, L. I., coaches the girls in this sport.

In addition to the usual swimming activities, these Children of the Dawn (for that's the meaning of Abena in Abnaki language) specialize in swimming synchronized to music, with a performance the last Saturday of the season.

Each year, four of Abena's seniors are chosen to return for the following summer as counselors-in-training. These girls are usually college freshmen.

Handcraft is popular at all camps, but Runioia has an excellent room and course, under the tutelage of Miss Doris Shellberg of New York. Another popular activity here is singing, with a junior and a senior choir. These groups sing at the Union Church in Belgrade Lakes village as well as for their own amusement.

Family Atmosphere

"We've tried to keep Runioia like a large, informal family," states Miss Weiser. "That's why we keep the enrollment at only forty girls."

And that family atmosphere, accompanied by learning to love and live with the outdoors, is the theme of all these camps. Mort Eismann of Camp Belgrade adds to that theme with, "We want our boys to learn leadership and to do that they must work up from being good followers so they'll understand the people they will lead."

Perhaps the best way of all of wording the aim of these Maine camps was stressed by Eugene Swan of Pine Island, when he said, "By living here on the island in tents, with no electricity and only the bare necessities, we hope the boys will discover their own inner resources, upon which they can depend the rest of their lives."

Dr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Donath
announce the marriage of their daughter

Trudy

to

Mr. Joseph L. Rauh
on Friday, the twentieth of July
One thousand nine hundred and fifty-one
Cincinnati, Ohio

CAMP RUNOIA LOG

1952

Dedication

This Log is dedicated to two who have been here many years and who have given a great deal to Runoia in many ways. One of them cannot come back for the full summer for several years at least, due to the kind of work she is studying to do. We hope the other one will be with us many more summers. We gratefully dedicate the 1952 Log to Barbie and Emmy Warren.

Lost

Green rowboat
Kerosene lamps
Camp fires
Female camp
Sneakers and tempers
Denison
A strawberry patch
A parakeet
Aunt Cecelia
Sleeping under stars
Fuzzy lines and splotches
Clogged Ces-pool

Found

P. Miller
Coleman lanterns
Coleman stove
Co-ed group
Wilderness outpost
Simmons
A contented horse
The remains
Her ghosts
Pup tents
New tennis court marker
Workable pixes in 6th shack (we hope!)

Impressions of a New Girl

It was early afternoon on June 25, 1952, when Frannie Lang, Alison Chase and Sue Leonard, another new girl and I got on the train with Perry Flynt, our counselor. I had with me Billy, my parakeet, who died the next morning. That night went very quickly for me and so did the next day which we spent in New York. Stevie had gotten on the same night we did at Cleveland.

The night of the 26th was very tiring. We got on the train with some kids we picked up at New York. That night when the last kids had got on at Stamford, I felt lost. Sue and I talked about what we thought camp would look like.

In the morning, when I got up, I could hear people asking each other what they would wear and things like that. When we got off the train, I was led to a station wagon which had Camp Runcoia written on the side of it. When we arrived here at camp I was all worn out. After breakfast I met our counselors, Sally and Jeeks. In two days I knew every person in camp.

Now, nothing seems strange, and I like it very much, and I hope I can come back another year.

- - - - -Kitty Nichols

Billy's Funeral

Billy, the parakeet, belonged to Kit Nichols. On the way up to camp he died. We thought it would be nice to give a little funeral when we got to camp. So, one morning at assembly, Johnny said that we would have the funeral. Billy was laid on the pall, covered with ferns in a shoebox. Since Kit was in fourth shack, they were the bearers. The camp marched along behind in twos. Kit led the procession with a handkerchief up to her face, but she was laughing instead of crying. Perry and Johnny were the tailend. Perry had a black dress on, while Johnny had a black coat on with tails. We walked past the dining room, down the path and next to fourth shack we stopped and laid him in the hole we had dug. Shelley had made a tombstone that read as follows:

Here lies Billy
The Parakeet
On the way to Runcoia
He died of the heat.

Johnny read from the Bible, we sang songs and Gretchen played taps. Billy was gone.

- - - - -Louise Murphy

Runcia Calls You!

Camp - what does that mean to you? Perhaps it is a place you love -- you come back to year after year. Perhaps you've always wanted to go to camp, but it was too expensive. Perhaps you've had the chance to go but you've heard reports of "the military camp" and said "No thank you." True, expense is important, but so many children go to camp each year that you probably can or do attend.

What is camp like? You live with girls your own age - some older, some younger. Maybe someone stayed over night at your house once. Didn't you have fun? Imagine having that pleasure every night and every day for two months. Maybe you love swimming. You'd have it every day two to four times. Or are you the gourmet who loves to eat with friends? You'd eat all your meals with friends - a new group of friends every week. Tennis, horseback riding, canoeing, sailing, ring toss, badminton, ping pong and archery are all yours. Not to mention chapel and vespers, which are like your own church (they are in addition to your own church.) There is a speaker who delivers a sermon or speech at chapel, and at vespers you discuss the problems of campers and national problems. You'd sing at both, possibly in church too, with other campers. Trips - sleeping out, cooking out, and canoe paddling for those who love the outdoors. And crafts! Painting, drawing, basket weaving, tile, wood, metal and leather work, shell and metal jewelry, silk screening, and dry brush - here are some of the crafts of a camp.

But not any camp. Many do not have all these activities. Camp Runcia does, and Runcia has the spirit behind the colors white and blue that is needed to cement friendships and seal in memories of so much happiness. And when taps blows, you need not ask yourself if you'll return. Runcia calls you!!!

-----Glenna Ferris

A Poem

Camp Runcia is the place to stay
It's an awful lot of fun
The people are always dressed up
And always on the run.

Camp Runcia is the place to stay
There's tennis, baseball and swimming
And lots of little plays
Throughout the livelong day.

Fairy Ring Overnight Trip

One afternoon, six of us were all surprised to find out that we were going to sleep out at Fairy Ring with Barbie. They were Susette Scofield, Sara Cake, Penny Andrews, Debby Janney, Angie Strople and Susan Clarke. We left after swimming about 5:00 to cook out and sleep overnight. After dinner Susette, Penny and Susan went back to get bathing caps, water and soap to help avoid any poison ivy we should get into. When we arrived back at camp, Johnny asked us if we wanted to see a movie, and we said yes. We went back to the Fairy Ring and the rest agreed that they wanted to see it. About 10:00, after we came back from the movie, we took a skinny dip. After that Penny read and then we all thought we were ready for the night. After about 10 minutes of peace and quiet, Susette and Sara began to get a little restless. Suddenly we saw Sara's face poking into our tent.

"This is misery" she said. "We can't get to sleep so can we come in your tent?" Susette was also there, and they went back to their tents where they got dressed and returned to our tent. Before they returned we heard a noise outside the tent and when we looked out we saw Susette caught in a bush. After getting out of the mess she was in she and Sara came in. Angie wanted to sleep so she went to their tent where she slept peacefully throughout the night. Sara, Susette and Susan were all dressed throughout the night. We talked until about 4:00 A.M. and, with Susette in Susan's sleeping bag and Susan lying half out and half in the tent, we managed to sleep for an hour, even though the mosquito netting was torn apart. We all awoke about 5:00 and Penny and Debby, even though they tried to get to sleep, couldn't sleep because of the restlessness in the next tent. We all agreed, even Barbie, that we had had fun even though one tent had had trouble with hiccoughs and the other, troubles throughout the night. We returned the next morning before reveille and before noon the whole camp had heard about our troubles and fun we had had at Fairy Ring.

- - - - -Jo Rinehart and Susan Clarke

Sleeping Out in the Woods

The camp got a new tent this year. Fourth shack went into the woods and found a camping site. We found a place by the water. We dug up rocks in the site. Once I was stuck on a rock—it was awfully big. I had to get a jack-knife to cut the roots around it. I slept out with Martha McGavic. The first time it was scary. The water splashed against the rocks and sounded like a man coming down the path. It was fun though.

- - - - -Frannie Brandt

Backwards Day

One morning we woke up and heard taps. It was Backwards Day. We had to dress backwards. First bell rang. Then we had flag lowering. Then we had breakfast with Debby as Perry Flynt and Camilla Wall as Shelley. Debby,- "Would you like any hot cereal, Ruthie?" Ruthie,- "Yep". And down the table she went and they ate and ate. "Would you like any hot cereal, Ruthie?" "Yep". And Debby as Perry turned around to talk and Shelley gave me the big serving bowl of hot cereal, and when Debby turned around, wow! was she surprised!

- - - - - Ruthie Thompson

Initiation

At 7:30 the new girls came to the Lodge with things to put over their heads. First, we led them down to see Shelley as King Kababa, and next we took the ground underpass. Then to the baseball field where they first stepped into water barefooted and then into flour. And then we took them down to the haunted house where Angie was playing the organ and after that we went to the Lodge for the reading of the last wills and testaments.

- - - - - Ruthie Thompson

Carla's Birthday

On the morning of July 26th, I heard a faint song of Happy Birthday from the far end of the shack. Johnny and Shelley marched in, singing "Happy Birthday". Everyone was sitting on me and telling me to get up. Johnny had wet hands and she rubbed them on my face. Everyone left my room, one by one. Mrs. Warren thought my birthday was the 27th, so we just left it the 27th. I got presents on the 26th and the 27th. I enjoyed them very much.

- - - - - Carla Sandberg

Fourth Shack in the Morning

The bugle blows:

Louie: Last night I went to the wrong pix. I wanted to go to Kings but I went to Queens by mistake. I sat on the floor instead of the pix.

Meredith: Shh, Sally and Jeeks are asleep.

Linda: So what?

Meredith: Get up Frannie Brandt

Frannie: No.

Kitty: Stop tearing my bed apart, Sandy.

Sandy: No.

Kitty: Oh, my shirt - leave it alone.

Sandy: Ha, ha, ha.

Johnny: Time to get dressed.

Picnic at Lord's Shore

On Friday, July 25th, the camp went to Lord's shore for a picnic. When we got to the beach we were told that 4th shack and two of 5th shack were to take the war canoe, with Thumper as stern. We were off. Johnny told us that the war canoe was to be the first to get to Lord's shore, so we decided to look at the haunted house. But first we had to go through a marsh. When you get through the marsh, then you are at the haunted house. We got to the door and saw that there was a boat inside, and we were all very excited to see it. Then we went back to Lord's shore and ate! Johnny took a few people to the haunted house again, and they said that there was shampoo, soap and cigarettes. Then we went back to camp.

- - - - - Lynn Sheppard

The Picnic at Lord's Shore

The 25th of July those who did not go on the Long Lake trip went to Lord's shore for a picnic. I, myself, and fourth shack went in the war canoe with Jane Hollar. After we got there and waited for the other canoes, we went exploring the haunted house. We had a very nice picnic and when we started back to camp we sang songs such as "Out On the Blue Waves", and when we got to the Sackett's we sang to them.

- - - - - Ruthie Thompson

Fourth Shack Trip

One day it was decided that fourth shack was to go on a trip. We packed our sleeping bags and what a time we had. "Geeks, I haven't any string to tie my sleeping bag up with". "Ruthie, I have some, ha! ha! ha! "May I have some, Ruthie, please". Frannie B. asks first. Sally, - "Let's get going now". We got down to the beach. Barbie, - "Who will go up and get the pup tent and two ponchos?" Ruthie, - "I will". We got off late because of me.

First, we paddled to Pin Cushion and took a swim while boats circled around us. Then we went to Humpback and had a swim there. There we had lunch. After lunch we paddled to the other end of the lake and then paddled to Pine Island's mainland and had a cold drink of water. We met Mr. Swan who said we had to cook in shacks. We looked at the camping space and went to the sleeping space and I had a very nice time, but landed up in the Infirmary.

- - - - - Ruthie Thompson

Old Girls' Party for the New Girls

"My goodness, I nearly fell off my rafter that night when the Old Girls here at Runoia gave their party for the New Girls! A group of queer bugs paraded on to the porch where they were ushered to the badminton court. I hopped down from my rafter with my wife, Chrysanthemum, to watch the fun. I take it they were having a contest and my sister-in-law, the Black Widow Flynt, won a prize.

"They took my comfortable chair, put it in the middle of the Lodge, and made a gigantic web of strings tied to it. Some web—I nearly got tangled up in it myself. Then the New Girls untangled strings until they came to their lollipops. If any of you New Girls wonder why your lollipops had a few holes in it, it's because Chrysanthemum and I hadn't caught many flies that day, and we were hungry.

"Then they settled down to dancing and refreshments, and my dear wife and I resumed our peaceful life on the rafters with a few cookie crumbs and drops of punch to last us through the winter."

- - - - - by Jezebel Spider (alias)
Sally Wilson and
Bridget Hayward

Poem of the New Girls' Party

Come dressed as bugs
The big sign read
So all of the New Girls
Dressed as it said.

There was many a bug
Whose costume was good
But Perry Flynt and Lynn Sheppard
Got prizes, I understood.

After that was over
And the prizes given out
Into the Lodge went the bugs
To a spider web contest, no doubt.

Every person took a string
And began to wind
Three minutes and
And the beginning was left behind.

At the end when they finished
All were very tired
But a lollipop awaited them
And that, all admired.

- - - - - Linda Bull

Masquerade — Fantasy

As the last strains of taps lingered in my ears, I lay back on the pillow and began to think. Tomorrow night is the masquerade. What shall I wear? I wonder what the rest of the camp will come dressed as? Book titles, songs, famous people? As I lay there, all of a sudden my head and body became very light, and I felt myself rising out of bed and drifting, drifting off into the sky. It was very bright out and the stars winked merrily at me as I floated towards them. Bump! Suddenly I hit something hard head first. As I settled back on a cloud to clear my head, who should I see but Bridget - but it wasn't Bridget - quite - she looked more like the moon goddess, draped in white. My eyes opened a little wider as I saw a host of other people moving towards me. There was Sara - but no, it was Jupiter, and there was Neptune. Both of these gentlemen were draped in flowing robes, looking very much like something out of my mythology book. As others drew near, I saw Pluto, looking very formidable; Uranus, clothed in green; Saturn with his rings, and Venus—my seh was me. Whish - as Mercury sped by me like a breath of wind. Yet all the faces were familiar, and as I studied them, I realized they were 6th shack—G.il, Jo, Debby, Cecily, Susette, Lisa and Penny—al of the planets assembled, smiling merrily at me. In a flash they were gone and I was drifting again. When I re-opened my eyes, I might have been reading the comics for Little Lulu and her friends sped by, followed by Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck and his ghree nephews, and last but not least, Pogo Possum and Alfred Alligator. I wanted to call to them for I recognized people in 3rd, 4th and 5th shacks, but I was drifting too fast to stop. A minute later I saw Lady DuBarry whiz by in her chariot. She waved to me—I wanted to say, "Stop, Glenna, and tell me what all of this means", but she, too, was gone in a twinkling. I managed to catch a glimpse of her chariot drawing up before the palace of the King and Queen of Hearts and Ruthie and Meredith bidding her welcome, but that scene too disappeared from view.

Bump! oh my, who did I run into this time? I turned around and there was Veronica Lake, seated on a cloud watching Costello hit a golf ball. The faces of Susie and Renie looked welcoming but as I started to speak, Costello cried, "Fore", and the golf ball went whizzing, and I with it. I followed it way out, faster and faster it went. It began to grow very dark and cold. I looked around and saw two 4th shack bathing beauties who didn't seem to mind the cold, and that gave me some comfort. But not for long. I was getting colder and colder. Oh, how I wished I could see the sun. No sooner had I thought that when the heavens opened and glorious sundhine broke through. As I approached, I saw that it was Sally, shimmering in yellow. I stretched out my arms in welcome but instantly she vanished, and I was surrounded by a pack of terrifying pirates. I recognized the faces of the counselors, bearded and scarred. Their circle began to close in on me as I heard whispers of "Blood, dagger", and "How did he die?" I covered my face, horrified, and wished with all my might that I could get back to Mother Earth. Instantly, I felt myself whirling and turning and racing at a desperate speed. I dared to open my eyes and I saw Earth—her arms open in welcome. As I sped nearer, I saw that it was Judy. My heart lifted - I stretched out my arms in return. Closer, closer, I came, faster and faster until I realized that we were going to crash! I

Masquerade -- Fantasy (cont'd)

tried to stop myself to no avail. Closer, closer - - -

"Wake up, wake up. You've been dreaming!" I opened my eyes and the familiar sight of 6th shack greeted me. I reached out my hand and touched the floor. It was solid. "You know", I began to tell those clustered around me, "I dreamed you were all planets in the sky. You know, that certainly would make a good costume idea for the masquerade!"

"Silly girl", answered one of them, "the masquerade was last night! Don't you remember?"

All Day Sail

I'm a sailboat at Camp Runcoia. I have number 38 on my sail. One day in July the sailing counselor, whose name is Gretchen Knowles, took me and my two companions on an all-day sail with Pine Island, a boys' camp near us. Their boats were much faster and better than we are, so the Pine Island counselors had to go slowly so as to keep with us. The boys they brought with them were much younger than the girls that Runcoia sent in me and my companions, and I think the girls were a bit disappointed but they soon forgot their disappointment as the sailing grew more exciting. I had to work hard to keep right side up, it got so windy.

We headed for a place that looked like a beach near Oak Island. When we got there, everyone went swimming. The girls that didn't have bathing suits on had to go into the woods to change. After they had had their swim, they came and got the food out of us. Everybody was very hungry after sailing all morning. When everyone had finished lunch, and almost all had had thirds and fourths on sandwiches, we set out again.

In the latter part of the afternoon the wind died down considerably and I had a chance to rest while Pine Island and Runcoia went swimming in the lake. After everyone had gotten back into me and my companions, we said goodbye to Pine Island, and Gretchen had to scull me home because there wasn't any wind. We finally reached the cove where I and my companions have sat for 47 years. Boats 41 and 48 both agreed with me that it was loads of fun and that it was one of the best trips that we ever went on.

- - - - - Cecily Sachs

Tumbledown

A group of girls left camp for Mt. Tumbledown Wednesday, July 23rd. We sang and played games most of the time in the bus. When we arrived at Tumbledown, the girls started up the road in high spirits. We ate lunch at the stream and started climbing. For a while there wasn't any hard climbing to do. But then-- we got lost. The group decided the trail wasn't anywhere around us. The mountain climbers started on, their only thought "the cool mountain spring". When the top was finally reached, we started down towards the lake to hunt for the "little mountain spring". Most of us found it, but it had dried up. The lake was next best. After everyone had drunk some water, some one thought of Typhoid Fever. None of the trippers got it, so the water was all right, I guess.

Nothing exciting happened on the trip down the mountain with the exception of knees about to give out. The stream was very welcome to us. We left Mt. Tumbledown for Wilton and dinner. Back to camp and bed. "Oh boy", it was fun.

- - - - -Angie Strople

Pemaquid Trip

Friday morning of the 8th, we took off for Pemaquid. The ride was long but it was worth it. When we got there we did the usual things like skip rocks, run on the beach, and, of course, swim. After a while we went to Gilbert's Lobster Pound where some of us had lobster and the rest had hot dogs and hamburgers and sodas, icecream cones and candy. Afterwards, we went on a boat ride on the Ocean Star. We saw Pemaquid Point and the gift shop where we would be later. When we got back we drove to the rocks where we ran to the gift shop. After we had bought out the gift shop, we climbed on the rocks and sketched. We ate dinner on the rocks and fed the gulls, and then drove home.

- - - - -Frannie Lang and
Frannie Brandt

Pemaquid Trip

The morning of August 1st, the seniors of Camp Rumoi boarded the bus for Pemaquid. Finally on our way, we sang and screamed, and I don't doubt that we drove the bus driver out of his wits. Once at Pemaquid, we went swimming in the ocean and then were driven to a lobster pound where we stuffed ourselves with lobsters, clams, potato chips soft drinks and candy. Having filled our stomachs, we went for a cruise on the Ocean Star. The cruise lasted for two hours and we enjoyed ourselves fully. Upon returning, we drove to Pemaquid Point, where we spent most of our money buying presents and friendship rings. Afterwards we ate a picnic supper on the rocks. Although the seagulls got most of the food, we felt like stuffed bananas as we climbed back on the bus, happy and contented.

- - - - -Alison Chase

The First Long Lake Trip

One bright sunny afternoon, six Runoia campers, Sally, Susette, Jo, Bridget, Sara and Judy, with their two illustrious counselors, Perry and Gretchen, paraded down to the shore and stepped gracefully into their respective canoes. Each with a paddle clutched in their lily white lunch hooks, they proceeded to paddle to Belgrade Lakes.

They landed in Belgrade Lakes and portaged through the property of a most charming old lady. They intended to carry their canoes through, but their friend had a different outlook on the whole situation. They had gotten one canoe all the way across, when she blandly announced to them to get out. So off they trudged to get their canoes and carry them around the long way.

When they were all across they trooped into Belgrade Lakes to get something to eat. Following this excursion, they got their canoes and started out again. On the way they ran into a little group of fishermen who were exceedingly polite in their presentation to them of five big fat fish.

About 6:30 that evening eight weary Runoians landed at their camping spot, which was extremely nice. After landing there was but one daring girl in the crowd—named Jo—who shunned all the temptations at staying out of the water which, incidentally, were prompted by eight others who flatly refused to go in. She neatly stepped out of her clothes and dove in.

At about 7:30 they all sat down to a hearty supper of hash and fish—what a combination! With stomachs filled and dishes washed, the campers went their separate ways. Perhaps the personalities of the girls can be divided into two groups; for one group, very courageously indeed, went exploring in canoes, while the other group stayed home by the light of the Coleman stove reading a collection of magazines such as "The Latest dirt in Hollywood with a special on Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis", or "Modern Tear-Jerkers" with a featured article—"Do Women Talk Frankly to Doctor Kinsey?"

At about 10:30, they got into their sleeping bags and then came that long-famed battle that Runoia trippers face every year— "The Battle of the Mosquitoes". There was a choice which might be entitled "take the lesser of two evils"—namely, use the mosquito netting and pass out from suffocation, or don't use the mosquito netting and pass out from a badly bitten body. Most used the mosquito netting and just passed out.

Morning arrived after a sleepless night and was joyfully welcomed only for the fact that the little winged friends had left. Breakfast was later, sleeping bags were packed, and they set off again. The inspiration for the morning's paddle was to get to the dam near Dr. Furbush's house, but when they got there they found that Doc was not at home, or at least he wasn't receiving visitors that day. However, fresh water was becoming a necessity, and so Sally and Jo set about to try and find some. Their pursuits were fruitless for after paying their respects to three

The First Long Lake Trip (cont'd)

houses, they found that nobody had any. However, they finally did get some, and returned to the dam only to find that the rest of the troop was wading and Judy had fallen in.

The rest of the trip went as scheduled, except for one incident. Upon coming to one of the bridges, Susette went through sparsely clad in her bra and shorts, only to find a rowboat full of laughing boys on the other side. Upon her warning scream and hasty dive for her shirt, the others proceeded to don their shirts. And so, four canoes passed through the bridge and by the boat full of boys, doubtfully hoping that the young men hadn't seen them. Aside from this, the trip passed peacefully, lunch was eaten, the end of the stream was reached—either by paddling or sailing—and the canoes were landed at Hayden's. Ray picked up the canoes and their passengers and set out to go back to Runoia. It was good to get back but all agreed that it was a good trip.

- - - - - Judy Reynolds and Sara Cake

The Second Long Lake Trip ?

On one dreary and muggy afternoon a bunch of us set off in our canoes for Belgrade Lakes. We got there without mishap and the long portage was ahead of us. It then started to drizzle so we got the canoes across and went into Bartlett's to get an ice cream cone and some mush magazines.

We were half-way across Long Lake when it really started pouring. When it started to thunder and lighten, Debby called, "Is anyone scared?" Lisa said, "No, but I certainly would be if I were in one of those aluminum canoes!" Debby then yelled, "Hey, I am! Blue streak it to the shore!" We did, and thanks to the hospitality of a certain Mrs. Elkin, we tied our canoes to her dock and came up on to her porch. Sally then called Johnny, and it was finally decided that we would paddle back to Belgrade Lakes and stay on the porch of the Lakeshore Hotel until we could be picked up. There was one difficulty though,—the station wagon was at the blacksmith's.

We got to the hotel in record time—all of 45 minutes. There we sat around and cracked jokes, and at one point Cricket was especially funny. Johnny came for us as quickly as she could, which was about an hour and a half later. We ate a late supper at camp, and that was the end of our trip(?)

- - - - - Gail Sheppard and Lisa Blauvelt

Second Meadowbrook Trip

I've always thought that canoe trips were hard on my skin—oops, pardon me, my alloy, but now I'm sure of it. I can't understand why I am the most popular canoe in Camp Runcoia. I do my best to tip over in rough weather, and I try to absorb the sun so I can burn my passengers when they touch me or sit down on me, but still I always seem to be the first canoe off the rack and I am plunged into the freezing cold water.

They call us aluminum canoes, but my bow and stern always get hurt when they can't pronounce it correctly. Gee, with only two of us here you'd think those campers and counselors could at least call us by the right name. It's so lonely to have just one friend, but those people, if that's what you call them, keep us busy with many canoe trips. These campers can be so mean, and this last Meadowbrook trip really took a coat off my beautiful silver paint. To begin with, they have discovered that the clue to my only trick is to put lots of weight in me. Oh, woe is me! It's so much harder to go the way I want to go. They put all the food in me, and you'd think they were going for two weeks instead of two days. I did hear some conversation about staying out two nights, but I guess we all got too wet. I tried hard to keep dry going down the stream, but if I could talk I know those campers wouldn't believe me. Gee, the names they called me weren't fit to mention. It was all their own fault too. If they hadn't put so much weight in me, I wouldn't have gotten stuck so many times. Well, I'll start from the beginning and then tell about the miserable time I had in the stream.

We left Smithfield and the whole trip started out quite innocently if not peacefully and calmly. However, the lake was not quite as calm as the campers. Gee, my air poskets have never felt quite so sick in all my life. The wind carried us over the waves like nobody's business, and it always had the annoying habit of coming from every direction at one time. We finally arrived at our camping spot for the night. I thought I would at last have a good rest, but my campers weren't satisfied with going to bed early. They hardly waited until I had a dry bottom when they took me out into that mean wind. When we finally settled down for bed, it was so cold I never thought I would be able to move again. Gee whiz, when it's hot they put mosquito netting and ponchos over me and I almost melt from the heat, and when it's cold they let me freeze. How ornery can you get? Well anyway, the next morning we were up bright and early. If I had known what was ahead of me, I would have sunk immediately!

There were two of us aluminum canoes and two other things which tried to call themselves canoes, but there was more water in them than there was in the stream. My bow always seemed to get by the sand lots when someone in the stern would say, "Gun it Louie." But, oh my poor hind end! The counselor was just too heavy to push over. They kept referring to as L.B. or L.W. - they couldn't make up their minds. It certainly made things easier for me when she was out of me. The three people who called themselves counselors certainly were a lazy crew. They made two of the youngest campers carry them down the stream. I think they were called Louie and Linda, but they mumbled something about

Second Meadowbrook Trip (cont'd)

Muzzolie to each other. It must have been too hard to remember their real names. They spent more time in the water than in me. There was a Susie Clarke too, and an Allie and a Judy who really did pretty much swimming. I think Susie got tired though because half way through the stream she made a fuss about a leech and a cramp so she was passenger for the rest of the way. There were leeches all over my bottom but no one heard me complaining. There were cows along the way too which I didn't like too much. Those campers made an effort to carry me over a bridge, or should I say drag? And then they dropped me and I went shooting ahead, right into the cows. Every time I was carried over something, they dropped me. How would you feel if one time you were scraped along the bottom with sand and next you were thrown into water? There was one camper everyone seemed to enjoy. I think her name was Glenna and I know she didn't like the stream. She touched a live wire once and after that she didn't say much. She didn't say too much anyway, but I could tell by the expression on her face and the way she put her foot in the water that she didn't like it. Rene was just the opposite. If her feet went in, everything went in. She had two leeches on her. It's a wonder she didn't have more. She and Sue played a mean trick on Allie. They left her behind once and made her walk through all that mud. I think that Glenna was left behind several times too.

Judy and Bridget paddled one or those canvas things and they worked hard. It was too bad one of those lazy counselors didn't help them, but I don't think they were any help to any one.

When we finally got through the stream we stopped on some island—just for kicks—and Glenna wanted to stay longer but since we were all hungry, we decided we'd better hurry on.

They ate supper—I guess that's what they ate—but they ran out of gas in the stove, so it was partially supper, eaten on Oak Island. We arrived at camp about nine and everyone was glad to see us, even me. I certainly felt dirty after the trip and I slept well that night in spite of my bruises and scratches. My passengers weren't so bad either because the next day they washed and scrubbed me so that I was bright and shiny once more, ready to start out on another trip.

- - - - -An aluminum canoe

Cooking Out

The cooking out was fun
And to the beach we did run
The stove we did initiate
For its warmth we did appreciate;
Then the spaghetti we did make
And after, to the food we did take;
When we were through
To the water we drew,
For the pans and the pot
Which I couldn't say I liked a lot
But I assure you, it was good too.

- - - - -Frances Lang

FIRST WILDERNESS TRIP

My name is Lester Leech, and I live near the beginning of a stream between two ponds in the wilderness of Maine. One day, when I was peacefully taking a sunbath, I was rudely awakened by an aluminum canoe noisily approaching me. Being a leech of a curious nature I crawled on to something that later proved to be a leg. By listening closely to their conversation I learned about the beginning of their trip. It seems that they arrived at their camping spot for the night, and were taken on a short tour of the place. I understand that one of the girls forgot her bathing suit and was forced to go in swimming in her underwear before a varied audience. Well, they soon settled down to preparing an excellent meal of shipped beef on toast, beans with string, and for dessert they had bananas and cup cakes. Before going to bed they had some fudge and milk. Then one of the girls said "Boo" and they went to sleep.

Early the next morning everybody awoke to the aroma of bacon. One of the counselors—I think the name was Barbie—had got up early and fixed breakfast. After doing the dishes and fixing their packs they started up the stream where they soon picked me up. After going several feet I heard a loud voice screaming "Oy, there's a leech on me". "Aaah, Jo, there isn't", came a voice from another canoe. I found myself being thrown back into the stream. They seemed like pretty nice girls so I got myself caught on the bottom of the canoe.

The going was fine for several hours. And at about 12 o'clock the group stopped for lunch, which was sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, and some positively luscious looking cookies. I must try them some day—they were called original cookies, or something like that. We continued on our way and soon came to a beaver dam that we got through safe and sound, but minus one sneaker. After a while the head canoe started singing Party Party. I was glad because I love parties, but when we got there we found that it was just a lot of reeds. I don't see why they sang that. Really it was no party. Presently, we came to a dead end where the girls found that they had to carry the canoes through a cow pasture and on to the lake. Once on the lake, we started searching for a camping spot. After looking in every possible place, without success, we decided to return to the pasture. When we arrived, however, we found it was inhabited by a large number of boys and cows—both of them undesirable. Finally, an uninhabited camping spot was found to which we gladly moved. The girls took a dip and ate dinner—spaghetti, corn, pineapple, graham crackers and candy. The counselors ate most of the pineapple though. They soon went to bed but I was kept awake a long time by voices. The next day's trip back through the stream was comparatively uneventful and we arrived back at the original camping spot about 3 o'clock. I think I'll stay on this canoe and see what other adventure I might have.

Debby Jarvey
Jo Rinehart

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Penelope Andrews	- - - -	Pretty Angles
Deborah Anne Janney	- - - -	Drools at "Johns"
Bridget Hayward	- - - -	Busy Habitually
Gail Sheppard	- - - -	Generally Superior
Lisa Carter Blauvelt	- - - -	Likes Careful Blues
Sara Ann Cake	- - - -	Sweet and Cheerful
Judy Reynolds	- - - -	Justly Righteous
Sally Ann Wilson	- - - -	Screams at Whites
Susette Townsend Scofield	- - -	Silly till Sundown
Sandra Lee Rinehart	- - - -	Surely Likes Rip
Cecily Sachs	- - - -	Country Schooler

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Glenna Katherine Earle Loretta Ferris	- - - -	Glenna "(K)aresses" Each Leech	Fondly
Angelica Bowles Stropole	- - - - - - - -	Always Been Skinny	
Barbara S. Green	- - - - - - - -	Bobby Seems Great	
Susan E. Clarke	- - - - - - - -	So Easily Cares	
Irene Dunlop Ewing	- - - - - - - -	Ideas Do Everything	
Alison M. Chase	- - - - - - - -	Always Maligning Calories	
Susan V. Leonard	- - - - - - - -	Scores Vividly, L ₁ steners	

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Frances Elizabeth Brandt	- - - -	Forever Eating Butter
Melinda E. Bull	- - - -	Menaces Every Blue
Frances V. Leng	- - - -	Fun, Vigor, Laughter
Louise A. Murphy	- - - -	Labled as Muzzolie
Katherine E. Nichols	- - - -	Kids Everyone Nonchalantly
Carla M. Sandberg	- - - -	Can't Manage Shelley
Meredith Barbara Seavey	- - - -	Makes Bulletins Suddenly
Lynn S. Sheppard	- - - -	Laugh—Simply Sensational
Ruth L. Thompson	- - - -	Really Likes Things

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Prudence H. Bull	- - - -	Perpetually Hollors Bang
Jean Russell Murphy	- - - -	Jolly Rest hour Menace
Cheryl Christine Sorenson	- - - -	Cherubic Cheerful Sister
Camilla P. Wall	- - - -	Creative Patient Worker
Richard Walter Brandorff	- - - -	Rides with Barker

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Stephanie K. Bang	- - - -	Seeks Kids Blessings
Louise C. D. Brandorff	- - - -	Loves Coffee During Breakfast
Perry Wynn Flynt	- - - -	Pine Island Won Friends
Ruth Marjorie Hall	- - - -	Rides Many Horses
Jane Hollar	- - - -	Jilted "(H)alma Mater"
Harriet Laura Janney	- - - -	Horses Love Janney
Marian Rachael Johnson	- - - -	Manages Responsibility Jovially
Patricia A. Veronica Knapp	- - - -	Patronizes Avidly Virile Kennebec
Gretchen Knowles	- - - -	Gets Kissed
Flora Minnie Lynn	- - - -	Fixes Meals Luxuriously
Alice Elinor Anita Markham	- - - -	Always Evades All Mischief
Kate Resnik	- - - -	"Kool" Retorts
Sally Marcella Rogers	- - - -	Success "Mit" Racquet
Doris A. Shellberg	- - - -	Dextrous at Sketching
Barbara Chapman Warren	- - - -	Believes Camping Worthwhile
Eleanor Bissell Warren	- - - -	Elmer Bids Welcome
Emily Bissell Warren	- - - -	Easily Blows Woodwinds

THIRD SHACK STATISTICS

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Prue Bull	Prunes	Stamford, Conn.	Forward to mischief	To jump on Alice in the morning	To do housework	o.k. Loss
Jean Murphy	Jeanie	New Canaan, Conn.	For Stevie	When Prunes spills shoe polish	Being tickled	Grrrrrrrrrrrrr
Cheryl Sorenson	Christie	Great Neck	After stuffed animals	Lucy her cat	Baseball	Oh Fish
Camilla Wall	Camel	New York City	For Debby	Crafts	Not seeing the early show	Phooie

FOURTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Linda Bull	Liny	Near Muzzolie	Funny	Aga-boo-boo	Playing tennis on hot days	Oh Muzzolie
Louise Murphy	Muzzolie	N.C.C.S.	For Muzzolie	Trips	Breakfast silver	Oh, honestly
Kit Nichols	Kit	Cincy	With funny faces	White Team	I w-i-l-l t-h-i-n-k	All ri - ght all ri - ght
Frances Lang	Franny	Same as Kitty	With braces	Billy Bryant	Sleeping out	"Well Now"!
Carla Sandberg	Sandy	Jamestown	Through peek-holes	Birthdays	Getting up	Well Jimminey
Meredith Seavey	Merry	Wickford	Happy	Kate Resnik	Baseball	Skinny Meatballs
Ruth Thompson	Ruthie	Waterville	For information at Counsellor's Coffee	To be in bed first	Skinny dips	Oh Pttt
Frances Brandt	Franny	In Maine	Like a mainiac	3rd Shack	Cleaning horses' stalls	Manees
Lynn Sheppard	Lynn	With Gail	Sexy	Mama	Tripping over rocks	Well Golly

FIFTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Alison Chase	Ally	Cincinnati	Like Albert the Alligator	Lambert	Anti-Pogoians	Oh Fu(m)ff
Susuan Clarke	Sue	for Tommy	Happy	Janey	Leaving Camp	Ho Hum and a Bottle of Rum
Irene Ewing	Rene	Yonkers	For more books	To eat	Being told she can't play golf	Hip Hip
Glenna Katherine Earle Loretta Ferris	Glenna	On 5th Ave.	Contented	Meadow Brook Ha! Ha!	Having a 22" waist	Who wants their portrait painted
Barbara Green	Butch	In front of a Television set	For a letter from Pat Unger	93 Columbia Rd. Portland, Maine	Not being on riding list	Happy Birthday
Susan Leonard	Susie	Indian Hill	Like Veronica Lake	To catch the Blue Team's flies	Being kissed good-night	Butch, have you forgotten me yet?
Angie Strople	Pipsqueak	Longmeadow	Too innocent for comfort	To tease	Braces	Who wants to part my hair?

SIXTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Penelope Andrews	Penny	In an insane asylum	Well without straps	Skol	Gail's leotard	Marnie was lying on her stomach watching a chipmunk trying to open the biscuit tin.
Elissa Blauvelt	Lisa	Orange, N.J.	Well in her lavender bathing suit	Bill Barbour	Wet sleeping bags	I'm a nut
Sara Anne Cake	Sara	Greenwich	At her auto-graphed photos	Dean & Jerry	Being tutored	Oh, Misery!
Bridget Hayward	Harry Toodles	Greenwich	As if she uses Tintair	Getting mail	Being called Harry	Come play Ping Pong with me
Deborah Janney	Roomie	Stamford	At Roomie's mushy letters	Pogo and Blue Moon	Charlie	I go Pogo-Party, party!
Judith Reynolds	Judy	Greenwich	Tearful at movies	Sailing	Cows along Meadow Brook	I'm oops, excuse me!
Sandra Lee Rinehart	Jo	Belmar	Like Nero	Mail from Pa.	Rolling tennis courts	I'm in a rut Oy
Cecily Sachs	Ces	Bradford Village, N.Y.	For her poncho	Crossword puzzles	French	It's me foist job, mistah!
Susette Scofield	Squeezluke	In a constant daze	Like Venus	5th shack	Being told to stop giggling	Oh, honestly!
Gail Sheppard	Gail	Greenwich	Like Pluto, King of the Underworld	Bethel, Conn.	Green jello and morning dips	How absolutely blah What's it with you? Definitely, didn't you know?
Sally Wilson	Roomie	Near George School	For Aunt Cecelia	Blue Chevy trucks	White Team meetings where people act up	Oh, Muthah!

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Marian Johnson	The Brass	At Hillsdale	After everybody	Rainy weather	Trippers who come home early	Empty the ashtrays!
Eleanor Warren	Ellie B.	With Elmer	Busy	Friday night picnics	Hungry campers	Are you on a diet?
Doris Shellberg	Shelley	Near Johnny	For lost Craft- shop tools	Talented campers	Boiling hot coffee	Why sure!
Barbara Warren	The Old Crow	At Simmons	For the trip coun- selor at Caribou	Wet, buggy trips	Meat	I got up at 5 o'clock this morning
Perry Flynt	Perrywinkle "Harpo"	The most beau- tiful campus in the country	For lost tennis balls	Wednesday nights	"Never been kissed"	We'll start at the beginning and sing it over 5 times
Jane Hollar	Just about everything	Chicago, Denison and Simmons	After Ricky	Sam	Ripping out argyles	We're almost fin- ished lifesavers-- only 2 more hrs. in the water
Patircia Knapp	Knatty Pap	In the Maniac State	For telephone calls	Clean stables	Big words	We have 16 hours to make up
Gretchen Knowles	Geezer	In 4th shack	For center boards in the lake	Quiet rest hours	Penicillin shots	I guess it's windy enough to go sailing
Alice Markham	Oss	With the 3rd shack demons	For laundry slips	Cornell men	Rest hours	Put your tools back where you found them
Louise Brandorff	Lou	Bellevue	Hungry	Space cadets	Hypochondriacs	Anybody for tennis?
Flora Lynn	"Minnie"	In the "L"	Cheerful	The animal game	Dirty cereal dishes	Let's go to Tukey's
Emily Warren	Emmy	Where they make maple sugar	For dishwashers	Camper's brothers	Tippy boats	Northfield forever

COUNSELOR STATISTICS - (cont'd)

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABEL</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Ruth Hall	Ruthie	In the sesqui- centennial city	Well in baggy pajamas	The radio	Boiling hot water	Let's go riding
Sally Rogers	Cuddles	At George School	After Meredith	Sunday dinners	The G.D. doctor	Bend your knees
Stephanie Bang	Stevie	At the home of the Indians	For Prue and Jean	To knit	Not getting mail	Who has the mar- jorie?
Kate Resnik	The Hillcrest Horror	W. C. S.	Like Cricket worst luck!	People from Chicago	Emptying ashtrays	O.K. Advanced Swimmers-out to the float & back 4 times
Harriet Janney	Cookie	At George School-Rah	Like Kate worst luck!	Ship bottom	Being bounced on in the morning	Colonel's knee deep today



C O U N S E L O R L I M E R I C K S



Miss Weiser



Shelley

Our Shelley's the queen of the shop;
At nothing her talents do stop;
Whether carrying up lumber
Or being Camp plumber,
She climbs till she reaches the top.

Gretchen Knowles

You may call her Geser, Gretchen or Geeks,
But never a weak paddler in creeks;
When in a boat with a sail
Her techniques never fail
But her heart breaks over the leaks.



Johnny

Johnny, our camp does direct
And insists everything be correct;
At being top brass
She's far from crass,
Displaying school marm's intellect.

Louise Brandorff

To Runoia as nurse came our Lou,
Nothing here did she ever eschew,
From bandaging the ailing
To tennis and sailing
She mustered what at first seemed so new.



Rickey Brandorff

Rick is Runoia's fine Space Cadet;
Thinks space belts are the best thing yet;
He flies by Oh so quick
In one place he won't stick,
But he gets where he wants you bet.

Barbara Warren

Of the crows our Barbie seemed best
To reign o'er the 6th Shack next;
Plus her aching "decision"
And canoeing precisions
Our Barbie she ne'er gets a rest.



Perry Flynt

Day and night, Perry Flynt's on the go
With tennis, Bill, Andy or pian-O;
Whether it's the courts that she lines
Or for Log makes up rhymes,
We must say that our Perry's not slow.



Alice Markham

Alice Markham helps everyone in craft
It's a wonder she hasn't gone daft;
'Cause the Juniors all pray
For craft night and day
But in spite of it all she just laughed.

Pat Knapp

To the seniors this year moved Pat Knapp
For kissing she's taken the rap,
She tucks into bed
Every 5th shacker's head
And she's famous for taking a nap.



Janey Hollar

'Round all the Life Savers involved
Camp activities this summer revolved;
Jane's life on the dock
Has been the Camp's clock
It's a wonder that nobody's dissolved.

Harriet Janney

A gal who came here from Stam-ford,
The glories of George School has roared;
She's worked in the stable
More than most would be able
So, Cricket's had little time to be bored.



Sally Rogers

From Jenkintown Sally does come
With her knee cap quite on the bum;
But it gets her not down
Just a trip into town
And a "GD" whirl bath that is fun.

Mrs. Warren

She's known for her arts culinary
Her cakes are extra-ordinary;
Mrs. Warren's her name
She's surely won fame
And naught can be said to the contrary.



Mrs. Lynn

Though Maine accents she can't understand
And the weather's more cold than she planned,
Mrs. Lynn enters in
To camp life with a grin
And helps fill up the starving camp clan.

Emmy Warren

Emmy Warren scrapes pots and pans,
Burns, toots and writes to her mans;
She's busy all day,
By dark hits the hay
And with dishes spoils all campers' plans.



Ruth Hall

In the kitchen Ruth Hall does her share
Whether its peaches or carrots to pare;
For Ruth finds that all food
Stimulates her best mood,
And in eating there's none can compare.

Stevie Bang

Stevie Ban is an aide this year,
She's bound to be an old maid we fear;
But with letter from Phil
And Roger and Bill
Stevie shant even shed a sad tear.



Kate Resnik

Kate Resnik came back as an aide
To each and all she's a maid;
In tennis and swimming
Her personality's winning
And for this little job she is made.

SIXTH SHACK





Bridget Hayward

We all like Bridget's haberdashery,
It reminds us of Prexy Harry's flashery;
The colors are wild
They get us all riled
And will surely lead to debauchery.

Deborah Janney

Debby's surely a poor discriminator
To her animal friends she will cater;
There's Howland and Pogo,
For whom we will no go
And Albert the pet Alligator.



Sally Wilson

Poor Cuz's Aunt Cecilia is dead,
A counselor stepped on her head;
That crawling old smarty
She crashed 6th shack's party
She's now in a permanent bed.

Sandra Lee Rinehart

At Runcoia young Sandy came courting
Each girl over eleven sought him;
With red hair and curls
He charmed all the girls
But Jo got there first and she got him.



Susette Scofield

When Susette wears her hair in her eyes
The male population all sighs
Such a succulent curl
For such a young girl
How we pity those poor helpless guys.

Lisa Blauvelt

She comes the end of the summer each year,
On trips she's the farthest from near;
When she breast-strokes, the hump
That is known as the rump
It's Lisa who brings up the rear.



Gail Sheppard

Remembrance is all that she asks
If 'tis lost Gail will take you to task;
'Tis a crime to mislay
That wee bit of clay
Her wrath leaves us all aghast.

Sara Cake

For Sara it's Jerry and Dean
At the sight of their pictures she'll scream;
Though it's only their head
They're with her in bed
And clowning in all of her dreams.



Judy Reynolds

Judy was really on the spot
When she tried to get grease in the pot;
We said, use your head,
She used her fingers instead
Wow, but wasn't that grease hot!

Cecily Sachs

Where there should be hair, there's steel wool
It pricks when you give it a pull;
But nevertheless
We still love our Ces
And envy her her luxurious head-full.



Penelope Andrews

Penny's a curve in her back
And some nice ones in front, for a fact;
With a swing of the hips
Boy's hearts must do flips
Too bad we can't all have the knack.

F I F T H S H A C K



Barbara Green

A camper this year is Butch Green
Her second love is the Blue Team
Whether yelling for Pat
Or using Gail's bat
The choice is too easily seen.



Susan Clarke

To Runcia Sue Clarke did return
And for her the White Team does yearn
In baseball and swimming
She's high hopes for winning
Though she's lost that face that's so stern

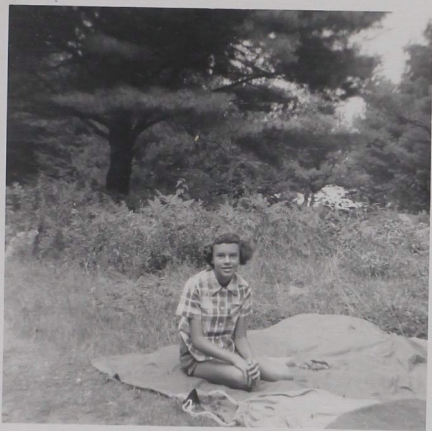
Susan Leonard

While at Runoia Susie's Mom sure did miss her
But soon gave her a cute baby sister
So if Susie's at home
And you call on the phone
She'll answer with sis in her fist-er.



Alison Chase

An old girl this year, Ally Chase
Finds it trouble to keep up the pace
With ice cream and cake
It's so tempting to take
She's done well on winning the race.



Angie Strople

Oh Angie's so frail and so small
And we're all so afraid that she'll fall;
But when she yells "Whoa"
The horses won't go
So she's not very small after all.

Irene Ewing

One day Rene happened to fall
Off a horse that was so very tall
And yet she went back
Her spirits not slack
We're glad that she still likes the stall.



Glenna Ferris

Glenna Ferris came late this year
To add to 5th shack some cheer
We've taken her dipping
She's shared in our tripping
The latter she really does fear.

F O U R T H S H A C K





Martha McGavic

Katherine Nichols

New to Runcia was Kit
For the White Team balls she does hit;
She makes funny faces,
And with 4th shack she races
Taking no time out to sit.



Frances Lang

A captain of the Blues is our Frannie
In Runcia, friends she has many;
She paints and she draws
Does craft without flaws,
Her talents are really uncanny.



Meredith Seavey

Meredith grins all the day long
While singing the hundred miles song;
She reads all the lists
Tells us where we sits,
To 4th shack she cannot be wrong.

Ruth Thompson

Ruthie, our inquisitive friend,
The silver on her does depend;
For improvement in swimming
Our praise she is winning,
Letters, she hasn't far to send.



Carla Sandberg

Carla all smiles, always gay,
Plays games with fourth shackers all day;
When she is at crafts
We can all hear her laughs
"There's a good camper and White" we can say.

Louise Murphy

Muzzoli, she's known as to Linny,
The White Team she hopes will be winning;
She's all full of pep
As captain has rep
For her smiles—for she always is grinning.



Melinda Bull

A good athlete is camper, M. Bull,
When on trips the paddle she pulls;
Her hair is of blonde
Of her we are fond,
For of laughter and good will she is full.

Lynn Sheppard

The giggles have captured our Lynn,
She hopes that the Blue Team will win;
She laughs hard at Gail
And laughs without fail
At anything—but it's no sin.



Frances Brandt

A good camper this year is F. Brandt,
To do many things she says "can't";
She plays for the Blues
Whether they win or lose
And from her racing around she does pant.

THIRD SHACK



Camilla Wall

There is a young lady named Wall
Who is exceedingly small.
What she lacks in height,
She makes up in fight,
And is always right there on the ball.



Cheryl Christine Sorenson

You'll Always find Christie, of course,
On top of a white and black horse.
If Pat said okay,
She'd ride all the day,
And not show a bit of remorse.

Jean Murphy

In the morning if you feel a flounce
And wake with a terrible jounce,
You'll know that it's Jean
With a bang on the bean,
Then thé day will begin with a bounce.



Prudence Bull

There is a young gal named Prue Bull
Who always looked like she was full.
We're glad to relate
That Prue's lost some weight,
We thought it was impossible.

AROUND CAMP



A R O U N D C A M P



A Tennis Lesson for Sixth Shack



Funeral and Gravestone of Billy the Parakeet





Janey and Barbie
announce Initiation



Shelley as Kinkababa
at Initiation

Third Shack Goes on an Overnight Trip



Backwards Day



Third Shack at
Initiation



The Seniors are off to Mt. Tumbledown





Barbara Warren, Senior at Simmons, To Wed in January

MONTPELIER, April 26—Miss Barbara Chapman Warren's engagement to Malcolm Elliot Reed of Boston has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer C. Warren of Loomis Street.

Miss Warren is a senior at Simmons College where she is specializing in physical therapy. She has been active in student affairs, including the Glee Club and Academy, the honor society, of which she is president.

Mr. Reed, a Navy veteran, was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1946.

As an undergraduate, he was managing editor of The Tech, and was elected to the honorary engineering society of Tau Beta Pi. He is the son of Mrs. Mina Reed and the late Warren W. Reed. He is an engineer on the staff of Tracerlab in Boston.

A January wedding is planned.

Runoia Reunion

A Camp Runoia reunion will take place today, when former campers meet for luncheon at the Cincinnati Country Club. Miss Marian R. Johnson is director of the camp, which is located at Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

Some of the Cincinnatians who have made reservations for the luncheon are Alison Chase, Frances Lang, Margaret Lang, Susan Leonard, Kitty Nichols, Joyce Leader, Jan Leader, Carol Vilter, Mrs. Robert Burton, Mrs. William Pease, Mrs. Barbara Leader and Miss Doris Shellberg. Mrs. Elmer Berg and her daughter, Betty, will come here from Richmond, Ind., and Nancy Wolfe, Toni Seymour and Miranda Marvin will come from Columbus.

Following luncheon, movies of the camp will be shown. Several girls unable to attend the luncheon are planning to arrive in time to see the movies.

The Wilderness Trip



HOPE GRIGGS BRIDE OF ROBERT TURNER

BRIDES IN SUBURB

**Bennett and Cornell Graduates
Are Married in St. Barnabas
Church, Irvington-on-Hudson**

• Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
IRVINGTON - ON - HUDSON,
N. Y., April 19—In St. Barnabas
Protestant Episcopal Church here
this afternoon, Miss Hope Lee
Griggs, daughter of Mrs. Joseph
C. Hoagland of 115 East Sixty-
fifth Street, New York, and East
Hampton, L. I., and Maitland Lee
Griggs of Ardsley-on-Hudson and
Washington, was married to Robert
Phillips Turner, son of Mrs. Harry
Cole Bates of Irvington-on-Hudson
and the late Mr. Bates.

The ceremony was performed by
the rector, the Rev. Richard L.
Harbour, and was followed by a
reception at Barberries, the home
of the bride's father in Ardsley-on-
Hudson.

Given in marriage by her father,
the bride wore a gown of ice-blue
satin finished with an off-the-
shoulder neckline embellished with
a bertha of Alencon lace, short
sleeves, and a bouffant skirt trim-
med with the same lace and ter-
minating in a train. She wore a
veil of tulle attached to a coronet
of the same lace, and carried a
bouquet of white orchids and white
geraniums.

Mrs. Faith Griggs of Irvington-
on-Hudson was a matron of honor
for her sister.

The other bridal attendants were
Mrs. Maitland L. Griggs, Mrs.
Thomas J. Nolan Jr., Mrs. Robert
H. Jeffry 2d, Mrs. Edmond R. T.
Kelley, Miss Joan Sweeney and
Miss Marianne Shaw.

Harry Cole Bates 3d was the best
man for his brother. The ushers
were Charles Turner Bates and
David Field Bates, also brothers of
the bridegroom; Maitland L. Griggs
Jr., brother of the bride; Charles
Williams Carter, Stuart Davis
Stevenson and David B. Kittredge.

The bride attended the Masters
School in Dobbs Ferry and was
graduated from the Ethel Walker
School in Simsbury, Conn., and
Bennett Junior College in Mill-
brook.

She is a granddaughter of Mrs.
Katharine W. Crocker of New
York, the late Frank L. Crocker,
and the late Mr. and Mrs. Mait-
land F. Griggs of New York.

Mr. Turner was graduated from
the Hackley School in Tarrytown
and Cornell University. During
World War II, he served as a lieut-
enant in the Army Air Forces. He
is with the Sterling Last Corpora-
tion in New York, manufacturers
of shoe lasts. Mr. Turner is a mem-
ber of the Ardsley Country Club.



Jay Te Winburn

Mrs. Robert Phillips Turner