

CAMP RUNOIA LOG

1953

## DEDICATION

In the annals of time, it has been customary for Man to keep a written record of himself and his doings, which accordingly is set in thick volumes and placed upon high shelves for those who follow to read. So, too, Women have left their mark on time and history. Our mark here at Runoia has been small and relatively insignificant, but for those who took part in the happenings and for those who wish to remember and reminisce, it has been important, and, therefore, we also keep a record of events. This record, called "The Log", is a compilation of the outstanding events of the summer, written by those who took part in them. These, too, are bound in volumes for many who follow to read and take pleasure in.

The summer of 1953 has been different. We have done many things which we have not done before; we have had experiences, valuable or invaluable, that we have not had before. We have either profited by them or not, but, regardless, we have been affected by them. As we read our diary of events, to each person one or two will be more outstanding than others. To some, it will be a cruise on the ocean; to others, an unusual canoe trip, or a job well done around camp. Perhaps it will be an achievement in a sport or skill. But each person will remember and be glad about it.

Because we feel that each person has a special remembrance that will long remain in her thoughts, we know that this summer has been a special one, perhaps even in some way a magical one. To the outside world, it was just another camping season.

To the girls and counselors at Runoia, who have given so much and taken little in return, who have worked and played together, who have outstandingly showed themselves to be fine and truthful people, to all of us, it has been a special summer, not to be forgotten for a long time.

Therefore, with much happiness and gratitude, we dedicate this "Log" to the Summer of 1953.







Runoia's Totem Pole

## The Story of Runoia

(As pictured on the Totem Pole)

Runoia, an Indian Chief, filled with wisdom and love for his people, listened always to the Manito of the Indians who told him how to build wigwams and to fish and hunt. He also showed him how to make jars in which to keep food and water. Chief Runoia would walk along the pathways of the forest listening to their music. There are some kinds of music that everyone can hear, but the great and kind Runoia heard sweet sounds where others heard nothing, as when the mother tree whispered "Good night" to the little green leaves, he heard the music of their whisper, though other men heard not a sound—or when the pines sang their evening song to the stars.

All was well, until one day trouble came. A great tribe of Indians were coming to kill Runoia and his people. "Help us Runoia", the Indians cried, but there seemed to be no hope for them. The warriors came nearer and nearer. Their war-cry was heard. "Oh Manito", called Runoia, "Help us". A voice from the mountain answered, "My children, be not afraid". The war cry was still, and when the Indians looked for the warriors, they were no where to be seen. At last Runoia cried, "There they are at the foot of the mountain." The Indians no longer feared them, for now they were not warriors but rocks. To keep from harm those whom he loved and were good, the Manito had made the warriors into stones. To this day, children love to climb and play hide-and-seek on them.

One day, as Runoia was listening to the sweet sounds around him, it came to him to make a harp so that others could hear music even though it was not the kind he was always listening to. It must have been a magic harp, for if anyone else touched it, no sound was heard, but when Runoia touched the strings, the trees bent down their branches to listen, and even the wind was hushed. All kinds of beasts and birds came about him as he played, and the sun and moon stood still in the heavens to hear the wonderful music.

Winter was coming and the birds had flown far to the south, where the air was warm and they could find berries to eat. One little bird had broken its wing and could not fly with the others. It was alone and in the cold world of frost and snow. The forest, where Runoia's village snuggled into it, looked warm and inviting to the little bird who made its way to the trees as well as it could to ask for help. Runoia heard it ask a beautiful birch tree if it could live among its branches till his friends returned, and he heard the birch refuse, drawing her fair green leaves around her. It was the same with the great oak and then Runoia heard a friendly spruce tree say, "Little bird, come right here, you shall live on my warmest branch all winter if you choose."

"My branches are not very thick", said a pine tree, "but I am big and strong, and I can keep the north wind from you and the spruce."

"I can help, too", said a little juniper tree. "I can give you berries all winter long, and every bird knows that juniper berries are good."

So, the spruce gave the lonely little bird a home, the pine kept the cold wind away from it, and the juniper gave it berries to eat.

### The Story of Runoia (cont'd)

The other trees looked on and whispered to each other. As Runoia listened he heard King Frost say to the wind, "You may frolic and touch every leaf in the forest but the trees that have been kind to the little bird with the broken wing, they may keep their leaves." This is why the spruce, the pine and the juniper are always green.

There were times when Runoia's music was sad. Then the sun and the moon hid their faces behind the clouds, the wind sang mournfully, and it would be then that Runoia felt no friends were near. He laid his hand upon his harp, and of themselves the strings gave forth sweet sounds, at first softly and shyly. Then the sounds grew louder and soon the world was full of music, such as even Runoia had never heard before, for it was the music of the gods. The cold frost had vanished and only sunshine danced through the trees and across the waters of the lake. A little child's voice was heard calling to a crane. "Grandfather Crane, please come and carry us across the lake." And when the crane turned he saw two little Indians holding each others' hands and crying bitterly.

"Why do you cry?" asked the crane, "and why do you wish to go across the lake?" "A cruel witch troubles us, and tries to do us harm all the time", they said. "We will be safe if you take us to Runoia."

"I will carry you over the lake", said the crane. "Hold on well, but do not touch the back of my head, for if you do, you will fall into the water and go to the bottom of the lake. Will you obey me?"

"Yes, indeed, we will obey", they said. "We will not touch your head, but please come quickly and go as fast as you can. We surely hear the voice of the witch in the woods."

The crane bore the two gently to the other shore with it's soft sands and when he came back, there stood the witch. "Dear, gentle crane", she said, "You are so good to everyone. Will you carry me over the lake? My two dear children are lost and I must find them."

Now, the spirit of the lake had told the crane to carry across the lake everyone that asked, so he said, "Yes, I will carry you-- hold on well, but do not touch the back of my head, for if you do you will fall into the water and go to the bottom of the lake. Will you obey me?"

"Yes, indeed I will", said the witch, but she thought, "He would not be so timid about letting me touch the back of his head if he were not afraid of my magic. I will put my hand on his head, and then he will always be in my power." So, when they were far out over the lake she put her hand on the crane's head, and before she could say "Oh!" she was at the bottom of the lake.

"You shall never live in the light again", said the crane, "For you have done no good on earth." "You are doomed till the end of time to stay there and polish stones."



The Story of Runoia (cont'd--page 2)

All this happened as Runoia sat listening to the harp play more and more sweetly. "My harp is giving me music to drive away my sadness. He who has a harp has one true friend and he who loves music is loved by the gods", so the harp sang to him. Tears came into Runoia's eyes, but they were tears of joy, for he heard a gentle voice call, "Runoia come to the home of the gods."

As darkness fell over the lake the Indians looked for him—but he was gone. Where he had stood listening happily to the music of the gods, there on the fair white sand was a harp, and all around it lay beautiful pearls, shining softly in the moonlight, for every tear of happiness was now a pearl.

RUNOIA (A Poem)

I had been to camp in the State of Maine  
I had always wanted to go again  
The trouble of finding one would annoya  
But then we came across good old Runoia.

We boarded the train, one sunny day  
For Runoia, where we would stay.  
There we would have a lot of fun  
After the summer had begun.

The shacks we would sleep in, the food we would eat  
A camp like Runoia cannot be beat  
The trips we would take, the games we would play  
The fun we would have on a rainy day.

The teams at Runoia, we love so well  
They're hard-working teams, as you can tell.  
Both fight on with all their might.  
The names they bear are "Blue" and "White".

The spirit of Runoia I adore  
It will last forever more.  
All the campers gather round  
And sing the songs to which they are bound.

And when the end of camp draws near,  
There's Cotillion where we shed a tear.  
Then we all board the train  
But we'll be back next summer again.

- - - Louise Murphy  
Linda Bull

### A Day at Camp Runoia

Once upon a time there was a camp named Runoia. It is a little camp but we have a lot of exciting things to do. There are six shacks. This year there are 40 children and 15 counselors. We go riding, swimming and play tennis. We have arts and crafts and give plays. We have a horse show at the end of the year. We have a hobby show at the end of the year, too.

- - - Jan Leader

### "And Then There Were Three"

This is a story about Third Shack. When camp opened in June we had four campers: Jan, Sandy, Christie and Paula. We said goodbye to Christie on August 5th. Now our shack has three campers, one counselor—K.T.—and two cats, named Napoleon and Snowball. Our other counselor—Barbara Warren—left August 16th. We miss her.

This year K.T. read us "Two and Again", "Grimm's Fairy Tales", and "Stewart Little".

- - - Paula Preston

### About Horses

Peter kicks. Casey doesn't. Keep his head up. Domino trots very nicely. Pawnee is white and has an Indian name. He canters beautifully and he is my favorite. My teacher is Cricket. She taught me how to trot and ride bare back. One day we went riding on a trail near Benjie's. At the horse show I gave the winners their ribbons. I love horses.

- - - Sandy Bailey

Third Shack

After Lunch - Store day

Paula: What are you going to get?

Jan: I don't know.

Sandy: I'm going to get M & M's.

Jan: I hate M & M's.

Paula: I'm going to get a Clark Bar.

Jan: I decided that I want a Necco Patty.

Paula: I want a Necco Patty too.

After Store

Sandy: I'll play jacks with you, Jan.

Jan: I promised Paula.

Lissa: Let's go on Third Shack's porch.

Nancy: O.K.

Paula: You always get ahead.

Jan: I'm only one fancy ahead.

Rest Hour

Katy: Come on girls.

Jan: Rest hour - poohie

Paula: Are there any new comics?

Katy: No.

Paula, Jan and Sandy: Poohie!

### A Trip to the Old Campsite

August 5th, after rest hour, six 5th shackers, Cici Crowell, Matty Uhrig, Linda Bull, Toni Seymour, Janet Smith and Louie Murphy, along with the counselors, Barbie Leader and Barbie Warren, set out across the lake to the old Runcia camp site where we were going to stay for the night. We paddled about an hour through rough water until we reached the camp site. We left our packs and thought we could paddle along the shore to a stream that runs to Salmon Lake. We came to a dam and couldn't go any further, so we piled out and started off on foot. After picking blueberries and the rest, we wanted to see how far the stream went. A few of us stepped along the stones and the rest stayed behind eating berries. We slipped and all got our shoes wet so we waded along in our shoes. The others started and caught up with us at a laundry place where there was an electric wire. The counselors wanted to see if the electricity was on, so they touched it and it was. Boy! Their faces! When they touched it they were so surprised.

We got on a road by the house and walked to a store called "Anderson's" and got ice cream. We were a holy sight! Wet bathing suits, dirty shoes, and legs, messy hair and just about everything else.

We walked back along the road which led to the canoes and paddled to the camp site. We took a dip while the counselors started supper (they finished it too!) We ate and unrolled our sleeping bags. There was a look of rain in the sky and so while three kids washed the dishes, Janet, Linda and Louie made a little shelter out of a poncho in case it should rain, because Cici, Matty, Linda and Louie wanted to sleep out no matter what happened. There was a house near by that the others slept in. It rained - and how! When it was time to go to bed, the four un-party poopers marched to the rickety shelter and put their sleeping bags in it and then went to the house to change. We had some fudge after going over about three times in pouring rain to see if it was ready. Then we went out and got into our bags. Everybody got wet, especially Cici. Her poncho didn't go over her top so where the roof leaked, puddles of rain came in on her. She also had the worst part of the shelter where it leaked most. We could put up one hand and touch the poncho - then - swish, the water poured in where the joinings of the ponchos were. We wanted to bother the party poopers so through the rain we went with almost dead lights to the house. We flew open the door and said: "We forgot to say goodnight to you." They were asleep and woke up. On the way out we stopped at what we thought was the remains of the fudge. Cici and Matty grabbed for it and said: "Mmm fudge!", but they were very surprised when they found a plate of cigarette ashes in their mouths. They spit it out and we staggered back to the tent. Finally, we got to sleep. Cici's bed got so wet she thought she'd better go in and we thought so too. After she'd gone we went in too because Louie was sleeping in an inch puddle and water was leaking on all the others. We barged in the door and woke everyone else up. We told them that we thought the tent might cave in so we came in. We were wet and damp so they gave us dry blankets and clothes. Finally, after much fixing, we settled down and went to sleep.



### A Trip to the Old Campsite (cont'd)

In the morning we woke up and heard Barbie say: "That sounds like Johnny out there". And, sure enough, it was. She'd come in the station wagon to take us back to camp as it was still raining. We lugged the utensils a 15-minute walk to the car. We went back to camp and had breakfast.

The next day, Jo, Linda, Louie and the Barbies drove over in the truck and paddled the canoes back. It was really a great experience!

- - - Linda Bull  
Louise Murphy

### The Oak Island Incident

It was a Tuesday afternoon when six campers and two counselors started out for a supper paddle to the old camping spot. Upon arriving, Barbie and Perry went to see the owner about building a fire, while the campers unloaded the canoes. When they returned, Jo and Susie got permission to visit some of Jo's friends in North Belgrade. After hiking for a half an hour, they finally reached the cottage where they were greeted by iced, cold Pepsi Cola. They returned to the camping spot, their stomachs and bosoms stuffed.

Soon after, we had dinner consisting of deviled eggs, spaghetti and hot dogs, and milk and schmores for dessert. After supper it started to drizzle so we pulled up and turned over the canoes. When it really started to rain, we took shelter in a half-built house along the shore. After playing the animal game and twenty questions, the rain finally let up and we started to paddle across the lake toward camp. Half way across the lake, a storm broke and there was lightening all around us. We headed toward Oak Island to seek shelter. After paddling a blue streak and stumbling through bogs and woods on Oak Island, hospitality was offered us by a most kind boys' camp called Winnebago. They gave us shelter, food and refreshments. As the storm was raging, we decided we were stuck for the night, so we all bedded down as best was possible with eleven people under one tent affair. About twelve o'clock, when everyone was just about asleep, a motor boat was heard and the rescue team consisting of Emmy, Barbie Leader and Dick McGavic, the hero of the night, hove into sight. Minutes later, the weary but safe trippers were snuggled into bed, carefully attended by a staff of one doctor and several self-appointed nurses—otherwise known as Angels of Mercy. It was truly a wet but enlightening experience!

- - - Jo Rinehart  
Susie Clarke

### Comments on Camp

If the trip home goes as quickly as this summer did I shan't mind it in the least. Indeed, it will be most pleasant dreaming about moles, mice and mink. Although the little mink lives down at the boat house, and I like to look and blink my eyes at him, my favorite spot is the soft pine needles behind the big flat rock, at counselors' dock. Nappy loves it there too. The lake whispers a lovely lullaby on a summer's afternoon.

- - - Snowball

We've all been asked to contribute something for the Log, whatever that may be—apparently, it isn't anything you sit on. Wouldn't wonder if it's the kind you burn. It will be hot stuff all right if Snowball writes her memoirs. As for me, I just don't know what to say-- maybe my first impressions of camp? Horrors! Will I ever forget those first days spent under the Infirmary! Since then, I've peeked in the windows. It all looks very nice and sanitary—everything white, even the nurse. Guess I won't write about my first days at camp after all. I find it embarrassing, particularly when I think of me and my city ways—and how I acted when forced to use an outdoor privy. Now, for the life of me, I can't imagine what I ever thought was so wonderful about my own private tiled affair at home. Oh me, let's see now.

What should I write about for the Log? Johnny mentioned it again today. Just as she did yesterday and the day before and the day before that—guess she's really anxious about it. I could mention about Snowfoot visiting our shack every night—he's a country bumkin if there ever was one. On second thought, I'll just skip him. Of course, I could do a poem about the girls—they're very nice in spite of their noise. I find it a bit hard to understand them. Collectively that is—or maybe I should write about how much I have been enjoying myself mousing. Oh, which reminds me—I've just thought of a spot I meant to investigate last night. It's not good to keep putting things off, you know, so I'll just run along now and do something for the Log another time.

- - - Napoleon

Before and After Taps

Jean: Emmy, come in here.

Lissa: What kind of comics do you like best?

Emmy: Henry

Jean: If you want comics, Frannie has a lot.

Emmy: O.K. Everyone quiet.

Frannie: My hand's on fire.

(everyone starts giggling)

Joyce: Let's see

Frannie: See, it's all red.

Joyce: No, it isn't

(Frannie shines the flashlight all over the ceiling)

Prue: Look at the yellow bat.

Lissa: Let's catch it.

Debby: Don't shine the flashlight there, Frannie.

Ruthie: Honk honk

Emmy: If you aren't quiet, you can't go to the play next week. If you aren't old enough to settle down after this party, you can't go to the B.R.D. next week.

Ruthie: Frannie, do you know what the "B.R.D." means?

Frannie: I asked you first.

Ruthie: "The Bathroom Door"

Debby: What?

Ruthie and Frannie: "The Bathroom Door"

Jean: Oh

Emmy: I don't want a noise while I'm playing taps.

(shhhhhh) All of a sudden (ha, ha, ha) from everyone

Emmy: Quiet!!

(All is quiet)



### First Long Lake Trip

One Thursday morning, Perry and Barbie Warren asked six 6th shackers if we wanted to go on the Long Lake trip. We all said "yes", and during Counselors Coffee we packed our sleeping bags amidst the helpful hints of the shack.

As rest hour began, Jo, Sue, Cecily, Robin, Renie and I, along with Perry and Barbie started for Long Lake. All of us were dressed in the best possible manner for getting a tan. This meant, in many cases, a hasty addition of a shirt if a motorboat came by. Then, came Belgrade Lakes, the place where we had to portage to Long Lake. As we came to the bridge, we noticed some canoes. It was Camp Winnebago and the boys helped us portage. As they were doing so, we talked of sending a formal thank-you note to the camp, which was later forgotten. When the canoes were portaged all of us went into Bartlettts to get some ice cream or soda. In a short while we were on our way again. We reached our camping spot about 4:00 o'clock.

As soon as the canoes were unloaded, we went in swimming. Some of the girls—namely, Sue, Jo, Robin and Renie—swam to the opposite shore to do some exploring. While supper was cooking, Camp Maranacook stopped for they were looking for a place to camp. Finally, they decided to camp further back in the woods and share our fire. After supper we paddled down a short stream to a pond called Ingram. It was late when we returned to our camping spot so we got ready for bed. Actually, none of us got undressed because we were afraid that the boys would be up when we woke up. When all of us were in bed a serene was started. It continued quite late into the night.

All of us got up about 7:30, all very tired. Soon after the boys arrived, breaking their boast of the night before of being up at 5:00. After breakfast we packed our sleeping bags. Just as we were getting the canoes down Camp Brunonia came by.

Down the stream we started in gay spirits. Barbie sang us the trip song she had made up. When we portaged at the dam Jo and Susie went to a farmhouse for some cold water which was welcome later on. We stopped for lunch about 12:30 in what looked like an old cow pasture. We passed many fishermen who said we were quite near Belgrade. Two hours more and we were there. We tied our canoes and went to the store in Belgrade for soda and ice cream. When we came back some of us paddled to the end of the stream while Perry slept. When we returned Robin was playing with a monkey called "Pete", until it got too fresh. Ray picked us up and took us back to camp.

Thus, ended an exciting trip.

- - - Angie Strople



## Second Long Lake Trip

One morning, soon after assembly, the second Long Lake trip left for Belgrade Lakes. The counselors were Barbie Leader and Mickey; the campers,— Nancy, Sally, Debby, Judy, Bed Bug, Lisa and Suzette. We soon reached the town and after putting on the clothes we had taken off, we stopped at Bartlett's to calm down our hungry stomachs. Then, Judy departed on a private mission. When she returned, we portaged over the bridge into Long Lake and continued on our way. After investigating for a while, we stopped at a cove for lunch and a skinny dip—much to the surprise and interest of some fishermen. Presently, we started out to paddle the length of the lake and soon discovered the name was a perfect one.

Finally, about 5:00 o'clock we reached our camping spot and arranged our sleeping bags. We then had a very interesting shucking of the corn. We took time out to paddle around to the sunny side of the island for a dip. Soon dinner was ready—in installments. First, hash, and then after waiting hours for the water to boil, we finally had corn.

Four brave souls, Barbie, Sally, Debby and Judy set out to conquer the stream to Ingram Pond and returned about 8:30. The rest of the group joined them to watch the northern lights. After awhile we went back to sleep for some and to misery for others. The mosquitoes buzzed, settled and bit all night until finally the dawn came and peace. By eight o'clock the last sleepy-eyed trippers were around the Coleman stove, which soon ran out of gas. A fire was started, breakfast eaten and the packs rolled up. About ten o'clock we started to the stream, but that proved to be endless. The dam appeared before us and we had to portage. We took time to get water from a nearby farmhouse. The stream twisted and turned for miles. At lunch time we stopped at the side of the stream for a picnic, with a motorboat passing back and forth. We ate, rested, and then once more turned to the canoes. The stream did, indeed, seem endless, but eventually we came to the bridge and carried up the canoes on to the road. Ray soon arrived, and, after buying sodas, we eagerly piled into the truck and hurried home.

- - - Debby Janney

### Lost

One supper trip  
Feminine independence  
Andy  
One candy bar  
Car keys  
Shabby furniture  
Tedious frying  
Top of the dining-room roof  
Run Sheepie Run  
The Wilderness Trip  
An elevator

### Found

Oak Island  
Winnebago and Maranacook  
Bert  
A wee mousie  
Several days later  
A new living-room set  
A new grillor  
A bell on a post  
Hunt the Counselors  
The Cruise  
Eine Frisch Fisch

## The Arts

Concerning dramatics at Camp Runoia:

"Is this a dagger that I feel behind me?" The sharpest moment in the rehearsals of "Cupid on the Loose", presented by the more whimsical half of 6th shack, was Angie Strople's near stabbing of the worn-out director. "Oh", said she, "I tripped!" Then there was the bus that nobody could catch--sometimes they are hard to find. And speaking of "Cupid on the Loose", might be that those two prima donnas -- Ravishing Rinehart and Dramatic Deborah -- were maniacs on the loose. The dress rehearsal was worthy of the New Yorker Magazine. The lines were supposed to go:

Debby: (skating on stage) (to Jo) Don't suppose you got a skate key, Mister?

Jo: (looking disgusted): Certainly, I always wear one around my neck on a velvet ribbon -- of course I don't have a skate key. And the play goes on. But not so easy -- It went like this:

Debby: Same line as before.

Jo: Certainly,-- I always wear one around my neck on a black velvet ribbon -- here! (And she gave her one, and both left the stage)

The "Cupid" gem was followed by an early-morning hotel episode,-- "The Bathroom Door". Robin Kirkland proved her suspected vamping ability, swinging her crossed leg in the breeze with her negligee at half-mast. And Judy Reynolds was a willing victim (for the play, only, of course) The play came to a crashing climax when the door was opened, revealing no one in the bathroom (and, besides, it wasn't a bathroom behind the door -- only the Lodge fireplace,--hardly good for a bath.)

"Child Wonder" had the perfect part for young Miss Synott -- Eloise (as in noise), to the cast -- Eloise (as in tease) to the rest of the camp. She played a Hamlet-like deathbed scene, ably assisted by her mother (Cici Crowell) and Mouse McGavic -- and hindered by Nurse Carla Vincent Sandberg. The Runoia butler was borrowed from the kitchen for realism. (There was a good deal of servant trouble at the last minute in this production). As for Janet Smith, "True Screen Stories" is waiting for their future editor to finish school and join them.

It's lucky we found "The Lost Elevator", for it was a stopper with a cast of rising stars. Lou Murphy was a credit to the league of nasty young men, and Mattie Uhrig was so convincing she might play her part for life. The play also included two counselors -- Cricket Janney with her quick-reaction-to-a-kick giggle, and Perry (alias Mommy, alias Auntie, alias Flynt) looking desperately for "Gott" -- (I've been telling her for years where to find Him)

Those who watched the plays were so impressed with the acting ability displayed therein that 5th, 2nd and 6th shacks are spending most of next summer at Lakewood (where Perry will see all of them all the time.)

### Reddy Fox and Jimmy Skunk Watch Runoia's Juniors Go to Pemaquid

Reddy woke up early Thursday. He had heard the preceding day that the Juniors were going to Pemaquid, and he nudged Jimmy Skunk, his adopted friend. Jimmy, who was snoring quite loudly, suddenly woke up and looked around. "Who woke me up?" he asked sternly. "I-I-I-I did", stammered Reddy, very much frightened. "Well, I'll teach you a lesson some day", said Jimmy. You would wonder why Reddy would be Jimmy's best friend. Well, Jimmy's only fault was that he was very grouchy in the morning.

Just then, Reddy heard a strange noise - strange to him anyway. "It sounds like a funny kind of owl", he said. "It's only Reveille", said Jimmy who was more agreeable now. "It's a tune played by a musical instrument called the bugle." "Oh", said Reddy, wondering what a musical instrument was. They were so busy talking about musical instruments that they didn't hear either first or second bell. Finally they realized about the time. They quickly jumped out of their hole and ran to the door of the dining-room. No one was there! "Oh", said Jimmy who had a sudden inspiration. "Maybe they've left!" They were soon to find out, because up came the Juniors all ready to leave for Pemaquid. Everyone was talking louder than usual. Jimmy and Reddy ran behind the Juniors and climbed through the open window into the car. They were none too early because the Juniors scuttled into the car as fast as possible. "K.T.", the counselor, started the car and they were off for Pemaquid.

Before they knew it, K.T. stopped the car and said, "Here we are." The Juniors hurried out of the car and ran to the bushes to change their clothes to go swimming. There were a lot of big waves. The two stowaways, who by this time were out of the car, hustled down to the beach. "This water is freezing", Jimmy said. They got out and watched the Juniors build sand castles.

Pretty soon it was time to go to the lobster pound. Most of the Juniors liked lobster and ate heartily. Reddy had bought a lobster the day before so they could have some too! The Juniors bought oodles of candy and Reddy couldn't see how they could eat so much.

Then, a while later, a boat came in and the Juniors all climbed aboard. Reddy hadn't heard anything about a boat ride but he climbed into a little compartment in the side of the boat. They could hear remarks and complaints about jelly fish and attempted to peek out and look at one, but they sounded too sickening for them. Many people took pictures of some beautiful views. Finally, Juniors and all piled back into the car and were off to the gift shop and the rocks. The car stopped once or twice to get some milk. Around curves and bends the car went until at last they were there. The Juniors scrambled out followed by Reddy and Jimmy. They bounced into the gift shop and walked around. Suddenly, Reddy spied something very exciting to him.



### Reddy Fox and Jimmy Skunk Watch Runoia's Juniors Go to Pemaquid (cont'd)

"Look", he said, "There's a fox just like me!" "And a skunk just like me!" said Jimmy, suddenly spying the little animals. "I wish we had brought some money", said Jimmy. "I brought some", said Reddy excitedly. "I brought exactly two dollars!" "Oh wonderful", said Jimmy, full of gratitude. They made their purchases and waited for the Juniors to come out. Finally, after much waiting, they came and climbed on the rocks. Jimmy and Reddy got so close to a wave that they were knocked over with fright. They barely escaped getting wet. After climbing steep cliffs and tumbling down, they ate their picnic supper. "M-m-m this is good", remarked Reddy. "We'd better be going though." "Yes, we might as well", said Jimmy. And so, climbing into the car, they slept peacefully behind the back seat all the way home. Wat a wonderful day!

- - - Debbie Waters

### Fourth Shack Climbs Mt. Bald

At nine o'clock one day, we all got into the station wagon and were off to climb Mt. Bald. On the way we looked all over to see if we could see any jackasses that Abena had lost. We got to Wilton and did a few errands. We got to the mountain and climbed for an hour and a half, and up there we ate lunch and explored different places that people had named,- such as, Sleepy-man's Cave, Slanter's Cove, Jackplayers Rock, and Hollow Rock Cove. At about 3:30 we started down the mountain and it took us forty minutes. We drove to see how to get in to another mountain and then to the Wayside Grille to eat. Such good food! Then we drove home to have a nice sleep that night. No stiff bones the next day either!

- - - Ruthie Thompson



SAM SHINOLA

Dainty Dolly's Little Double Duty Dishcloths, the revolutionary dishcloths that not only wash and dry your dishes, but carry out the garbage as well, present Sam Shinola--private eye.

My name is Sam Shinola--I'm an ordinary guy--mind my own business--try to make an honest living. I hang around Runoia stables most of the time.

The other day I'm standing in my stall singing my theme song: "Wart'll I do when you are far away and I'm alone, Wart'll I do"--when the door opened and she came in. She was a cute little trick with scared blue eyes. I figured she'd be easy to take for a ride.

"Poor Thing", she said, eyeing my affliction. I turned my back and put a piece of hay in the side of my mouth. She wasn't going to soft soap me. I finished off the piece of hay and looked around. She was still there. I picked up another piece of hay-- "What's your trouble, bubble", I nickered.

She didn't answer--just turned around and reached for the saddle and bridle--then we went out of the barn together.

She got on and I took off. "Where do you think you're going?" Her voice was like cold steel.

I put another piece of hay in my mouth. "You'll see", I said between my teeth. I was being real cool.

She didn't say anything--just pulled a whip on me. She had me; I was a goner--Me--Sam Shinola--put on the spot by a mere Runoia Camper.

Tune in again next week when Dainty Dolly's Little Double Duty Dishcloths will again present Sam Shinola--private eye.

- - - M. E. Fullam

Poem

Twinkle, twinkle little bat  
Cujus regni where you at  
Up above the sky so blue  
I go Pogo, how do you?

Icky, bicky, little poo  
From your little pot of stew  
In your pot you boil and bubble  
Tell us honey, what's your trouble.

- - - Markham and Fullam

## Horse Show -- 1953

The day of the first annual Runoia horse show dawned bright and clear. Busy preparations had been in progress all that Sunday morning; colorful prize ribbons were made, horsemanship entrants were arranged in classes, the four main characters in the show were groomed to spotless perfection, and last-minute instructions were given to expectant performers. Many previous rides had been spent practising--shouts of "reverse", "take the right diagonal", and "canter, please", had echoed from the well-worn ring beyond the stable. Then it was time for the camp equestriennes to display their talent.

The first class, novice horsemanship, assembled at the stable and pranced out to the ring accompanied by Bedbug's bugle. We were honored by the presence of many distinguished dignitaries, including Miss Weiser, the Fullam family, Mr. Thompson, and the Finns--parents of Runoia's best-riding beginner. We were surprised by a visit from our old friend, Captain Rand. These, plus all the campers and counselors, made a large and appreciative audience. Debby Waters won the first class despite Casey's contrary ideas, with Ruthie Thompson coming in a close second.

The judge, Mr. Fullam, did admirably at his grueling task, aided by announcer Sally Rogers and Miss Sandra Bailey, who was afforded the honor of handing ribbons to the privileged victors. Mary Ellen's and Cricket's jobs ranged from chasing growling offenders from the ring to unsaddling the steeds for the bareback class.

Two-thirds of the Junior horsemanship class was composed of Leaders, with Joyce in the lead when the judge finally made his decision. As the show progressed, his job became increasingly difficult. There were four entrants in the first Senior group. Janie Boynton, displaying excellent form on Pawnee's rough gaits, took the blue ribbon. Angie Strople looked more surprised than anyone when she was announced as second. Randy's and Cici's riding were examples of the amazing progress they had made, having been beginners at the start of the summer.

The next class provided keen competition, and two of the riders were asked to exchange horses. Domino displayed unusual pep for his old age, with inspiration from Renie Ewing, the class winner.

The final horsemanship class offered much excitement. The big four in Runoia's riding circles were pitted against each other--Wilson, Wolfe, Janney and Janet Smith. Aside from the usual walk, trot, and canter, each rider performed a difficult figure eight. Casey was being his usual obnoxious self, and again horses were exchanged. When the judge finally reached his decision, Debby Janney had the edge and took first place, and Janet won the red ribbon.

A break from good saddle form came with the next event. The three most experienced bareback riders performed, Uhrig, Leonard, and Smith.

### Horse Show — 1953 (cont'd)

Janet edged out Mattie and Susie, although they were all admired for their courage in sticking to those bumpy backbones.

Next came the class for the privileged few who had previously won blue ribbons. Joyce, Renie, Debby and Jane had reached the final and here the competition was stiffest. At last a Runoia banner was awarded to Debby as camp horsemanship champion (any relationship to riding counselors is purely coincidental), and Jane Boynton was runner-up of the show.

The last events brought a lighter atmosphere, with games that called for skill and alertness. Jan Leader romped away with the boot race for Juniors, and Janie raced the fastest through the tires. Musical chairs was wild and fast, with Nancy Wolfe moving Peter like he never moved before—but Debby shot ahead at the last moment.

A bonus exhibition was provided when many of the counselors displayed hidden riding talent. The cameras clicked as Sally, Barbara, Mickey, Perry, and Johnny took off.

Everyone agrees that the show was a success, aside from a few minor mishaps— the friendly boxer, the failure of the record player (this catastrophe was soon overcome by the singing of Flynt & Co.), and the show winner's rather ungrateful dismount from her horse. Sportsmanship was evident all afternoon, and the show rounded off a summer of fun for many good riders.

- - - Cricket



### Tumbledown

One Friday morning in early July, the senior end of camp started out in a chartered bus for Tumbledown, 55 miles away. After singing Blue Moon about fifty times and making arrangements for dinner, we arrived at the foot of the mountain where we ate lunch and started the three-hour hike up. By stopping at frequent intervals we arrived at the top ready for a refreshing swim. The water was like ice but quite a few brave souls went in. A few of the girls went to the second peak although they didn't find the lemon squeezer.

After eating we started down and arrived at the bottom a little shaky but not too tired to enjoy a turkey dinner at the Weld Inn. During the scrumptious dinner, some people seated at a table next to ours asked us to sing some camp songs. We did and everyone enjoyed them. We boarded the bus all about five pounds heavier. On the way back we composed a trip song to the tune of "Old Susanna". We arrived at camp exhausted, having had a very enjoyable trip.

- - - Jo Rinehart  
Debby Janney  
Sally Wilson  
Robin Kirkland

### Pemaquid

Quarter of nine - and beds were being carefully but hastily made, for at nine o'clock sharp the senior end of camp was to leave for Pemaquid. After a rush for forgotten cameras, we left with songs galore. We had a nice, quiet trip down with the noise kept down to a soft, college roar.

We finally reached Pemaquid with "ohs" and "ahs" of delight at the salty smelling air. We wasted not a moment and promptly went in swimming. Of course, there were a few timid souls (I among them) who did not go in.

After a brisk swim, we dressed and drove down to Gilbert's Lobster Pound where we gorged ourselves with lobster, fudge, pop, hot dogs, hamburgers, french-fries, ice cream and potato chips.

At two o'clock sharp we tumbled down the gang plank to the sight-seeing boat we had chartered, and set out to sea. We were about a mile out when the water pump broke and it started to sputter and cough. Randy Marvin, who was sitting near to it, jumped up and said: "I don't know what it is but it's erupting", which caused another eruption of laughter throughout the boat. We turned around and slowly putted back to shore, but we were not bored because we were all engaged in jelly fish hunting. We caught one with the neatest personality, whom we promptly named Peter.



### Pemaquid (cont'd)

When we came back the second time, after a delightful trip out around the point, we were all happy to go to the gift shop. We all bought presents and then went down on the rocks. Susie Clarke, Emily and Cynthia decided to go down on the point. Five minutes later they came back sopped by a wave that had caught them.

We started home tired but happy and when we finally got home, we were glad to get back to our nice warm beds.

- - - Rene Ewing

### Return

When you first arrive you remember everything - this tree, that rock - then you begin to notice how small everything is. The little changes made during your absence peeve you and make you feel you've lost the old spirit. There are new people. This spoils things for at first. You want it all back as it was before. Some people who had come during your absence seem to be too intimate with this special world that was yours - yours alone to keep the same!

Gradually, you get to know these new people. You find that they fit perfectly! You begin to enjoy it as much and even more because maybe now you begin to like--almost the most--some people you hadn't noticed in your previous stay. Yes, that spirit wasn't gone - and it never will be - it will linger forever, in spite of all changes.

- - - Toni Seymour

### Peace ?

The air is warm - the sun bakes everything - a cool breeze soothes your heated brow, bringing with it the scent of baby powder and tartan suntan oil.

You can hear the constant buzz of nature at work--of doors slamming and of sixth shackers screaming.

The lake water laps half-heartedly at the shore - the air is still - but for the scream of someone just pushed in, off the dock.

This is Runcoia! - This is peace ?

- - - Toni Seymour

## The Second Cruise

On Tuesday morning, the 28th of July, Sally Wilson, Susie Clarke, Mattie Uhrig, Susie Leonard, Cecily Sachs and I, with our counselors, Sally Rogers and Mickey Finn, set off in the station wagon for Port Clyde where we were supposed to meet up with the first cruisers and start our journey. When we got there and saw them, we were greeted by such tales of extreme seasickness that we were a little wary as to the prospects of this cruise. We were greatly consoled, however, when we were told that seasickness is all in the mind - ha ha!

Barbie Leader had had such a good time on the trip (could the Captain possibly have had anything to do with it?) that she wanted to stay for the next, so it was all arranged, and we set off with high spirits.

Our first afternoon was uneventful except that we polished brass and started eating. The things our poor stomachs had to endure! No wonder some people had to "succumb" to "regurgitation". Not us though!

The first night we stopped in a little place called Vinalhaven and went to the movies. We saw "Small Town Girl", which was definitely thrilling. After the movies we had a soda and then took a taxi down to "The Blackbird", because it was sort of a long way back. Ahem.

The next morning started off beautiful, but then the sun went under the clouds and it was quite cold. We sat around on deck playing cards and "I packed my grandmother's suitcase to go to Boston" until lunch, when the sun finally came out. That afternoon we all got sun burns while lying out on deck. We landed in Camden at about four that afternoon and wandered about town, stuffing ourselves. That night we went to the movies to see "Lili". It was quite good and Susie Leonard kept saying "That was the saddest movie I ever saw in my life!" "It really was!" as tears were practically rolling down her face.

We got up the next morning at 6:30 and started rolling our packs after a big breakfast. Johnny and the third cruisers came at 10:30 and we were very sorry to have to say goodbye to Ross (or Bob as some called him), the Captain.

I think that we all agree that the cruise was one of the best trips we have ever had.

- - - Lisa Blauvelt

### The Third Cruise

"One bright sunny morning in mid-July" is the usual beginning to a composition for the Log. But as a matter of fact it was bright and sunny but not mid-July when the third cruise set out for Camden. The group included Jo, Renie, Debby, Nancy, Linda, Louie, one counselor, Perry, and one Eskimo--Bloop Galoop. After an exciting drive, vaguely resembling a roller-coaster ride, we arrived at the "Black-bird", a 42-foot ketch, which had been docked at Camden. We met the returning conquerors of the sea, who told us that it was simply zorch, and that no one could possibly get seasick. Thus reassured, we set out, eagerly awaiting whatever was to come. It came! We soon discovered that Perry had the keys to Johnny's car.

After working strenuously coiling ropes and polishing brass, both of which require a great deal of talent, we ate a picnic lunch and some wholesome sweets for children. We sailed on calmly for several hours. The whole crew was happy except several souls who were turning astonishing colors, namely green; while Cricket was maintaining stoutly that seasickness is all in the mind. About 5:30 we moored at Port Clyde and the counselors prepared a very good meal of fish chowder. When the ship had been made ship-shape, Captain Rand, alias Ross, alias Bob, alias The Great White Captain of the New World, rowed us in to shore. In the next hour or so, we guzzled cokes, hot dogs, cokes, french-fries and more cokes; we sent postcards and we borrowed a restroom. We all were very tired and went to sleep soon after someone had a slight coughing fit for some unaccountable reason. Early, far too early next morning, we were awakened by the now-familiar clunk-de-swish. Our chief chef made some pancakes (pancakes?). We eagerly made for the open sea, little suspecting what was in store for us. As the going got rougher, Cricket ate her words, or rather unate them, her head bobbing frequently over the side. We restrained form having lunch until we got our stomachs back in the correct place, which was when we got into Boothbay. In our travels in Boothbay we came in contact with outrageous piles of edibles, a Purple Cow and a Maroon Calf, and a Mr. H.C. Huang. We also had the novel experience of being in a town that was slowly rolling to and fro, to our great distress. The crew finally gathered back at the boat, along with Goeffrey. He, she or it was greeted with distaste on the boat and was therefore placed on the deck for all to see and admire. We had dinner and then went to the movies. "Ride Vaquero" was the name of this exciting picture which thrilled us no end.

Next morning, after eating bacon and eggs, two crazy-mixed-up kids and Bloop Galoop decided to say farewell to Boothbay. I'm sure they will always remain in the hearts of the residents.

Soon the fourth cruise arrived and after hearing and telling all the news, we started back to good old C.R. Most of these literary masterpieces end with, "We arrived at camp, tired but happy", and that is exactly how this one is ending.



### The Fourth Cruise

Members of the cruise: Betty Berg, Allie Chase, Robin Kirkland, Miranda Marvin, Judy Reynolds, Angie Stroppe, K.T. Preston and Emmy Warren.

The evening of July 31st found us packing our sleeping bags to to on the fourth and last cruise. Although some did not pack until the morning, we managed to get in the cars and start the trip to Boothbay Harbor, where we were to meet the third cruisers. About an hour and a half later we were greeted by a group of deliriously happy worn-out cruisers. We finally persuaded them to get off the boat by telling them that tons of mail was awaiting them at home, which induced them to pseudopod along. We all went down to survey the interior and emerged satisfied and excited at the prospect of spending two days at sea. We used the motor to get away from the dock and then put up the jib and mizzen sails. Captain Kelley, aged 45, quite good-looking but married, let us steer the "Blackbird" out to sea. As the wind was not blowing too hard, we put up the mainsail and with a good northeasterly wind we settled down to unpack and enjoy ourselves.

After lunch and a rather quiet afternoon, we finally arrived at North Haven. We tried to start dinner but the stove started to smoke, which drove us out on deck. After a smoked meal of baked beans, brown-bread, tomatoes and peaches, we cleaned up the galley. Captain Kelley volunteered to take us to town. As only three could go, some stayed on board and talked. When they came back they told us about a party that was going on, and immediately everyone decided to crash it. After having thought it over, we decided not to. We went to bed with light hearts and heavy stomachs to awake at five o'clock in the morning. After successfully waking up the counselors and Captain, we had a delicious breakfast of bacon and eggs, cocoa and doughnuts. After washing dishes, polishing brass, washing windows and swabbing decks, we went into the town of North Haven. The whole town seemed to be rocking up and down, but somehow we managed to stagger into a soda fountain where we bought "orange crush" and coke, magazines and postcards. We had our picnic lunch and after sufficiently gorging our faces, we read stories from the Saturday Evening Post, etc. After a nice afternoon, which consisted of a swim in the ocean, we docked in Camden and ate dinner. Then we went to town. We went to a drug store and got postcards. Hearing sounds that resembled a square dance, we headed in that direction, completely bug-eyed. As the noise came from a second floor, we crossed the street to get a better look. However, after hearing "Alleluia" for the umpteenth time, we left the Jehovah Witnesses. Then we went to the Smiling Cow and got some things. We walked until we came to a Confectionery and got some frozen custard.

We got back on the boat and went to bed. In the morning, Johnny came after us and we returned with many regrets to Camp Runoia.

- - - Robin Kirkland



## The "Initial" Story

### 6th Shack

|                               |                                  |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Betty Ann Berg - - - - -      | Blows at Bugle                   |
| Elissa Carter Blauvelt - - -  | Encourages Cheerily Buddies      |
| Susan Ellis Clarke - - - - -  | So Easily "Crushed"              |
| Irene Dunlop Ewing - - - - -  | Imagination Determines Event     |
| Deborah Ann Janney - - - - -  | Debonair and Joking              |
| Robin Kirkland - - - - -      | Rightly (K)urvacious             |
| Judith Reynolds - - - - -     | Jeans rehabilitated              |
| Sandra Lee Rinehart - - - - - | Successfully Liquidates Romances |
| Cecily Sachs - - - - -        | Camping Star                     |
| Angie Bowles Strople - - -    | Abley Betters Steeds             |
| Suzette Townsend Scofield -   | Straight Teeth Someday           |
| Sally Ann Wilson - - - - -    | Shy and Wry                      |
| Nancy Barton Wolfe - - - - -  | Never Been Wicked                |
| Marian Terese Finn - - - - -  | Much Timely Finesse              |
| Perry Wynn Flynt - - - - -    | Puts William First               |

### 5th Shack

|  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| Melinda Elizabeth Bull - -                 | Mischievous Every Bedtime            |
| Alison Mason Chase - - -                   | Always Manufacturing Crushes         |
| Consuelo Slaven Crowell - -                | Conceives Subtle Conivery            |
| Glenna Katherine Earle Loretta<br>Ferris - | Gets "Kraffy" Every Leisure Freetime |
| Susan Virginia Leonard - - -               | Seems Very Languish                  |
| Miranda Constant Marvin - - -              | Makes Continual Mayhem               |
| Louise A. Murphy - - - - -                 | Livens All Missions                  |
| Antoinette Farrar Seymour - -              | Aptly Feigns Sophistication          |
| Susan L. Smith - - - - -                   | Swims Like a Submarine               |
| Janet Decker Smith - - - - -               | Jubilant Doing Sports                |
| Martha Nye Uhrig - - - - -                 | Miraculously Never Uncoated          |
| Harriet Laura Janney - - - - -             | Happy, Laughing Jockey               |
| Barbara B. Leader - - - - -                | Blanches Before Lifesaving           |

### 2nd Shack

|                               |                                 |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Jane Aylesworth Boynton - - - | Justly Avid Blue                |
| Mary Elizabeth Chapin - - -   | Marvelous Eye Charmer           |
| Martha H. McGavic - - - - -   | Merry Hysterical Monkey         |
| Bridget Crowell - - - - -     | Bridges Consciousness           |
| Doris L. Meyer - - - - -      | Desires Lots of Mail            |
| Carla May Sandberg - - - - -  | Casually Masters Somersaults    |
| Joan Synnott - - - - -        | Jovial Starlet                  |
| A.                            |                                 |
| Alice Elinor/Mar'kham - - -   | Applauds Each Anchovie Masterly |
| Mary Ellen Fullam - - - - -   | Makes Everyone Friends          |

## The "Initial" Story (cont'd)

### 4th Shack

|                                |                           |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Frances Elizabeth Brandt - - - | Ferociously Eludes Braids |
| Prudence H. Bull - - - - -     | Pushes Hard - Blues       |
| Joyce Leader - - - - -         | Jointed Lengthwise        |
| Nancy Hamilton Leggett - - -   | Never Heartily Linguistic |
| Jean Russell Murphy - - - - -  | Jolly Rampage Maker       |
| Ruth L. Thompson - - - - -     | Rightly Loves Trying      |
| Elise Truebner - - - - -       | Eternal Trickster         |
| Deborah Ann Waters - - - - -   | Dextrous at Winning       |
|                                |                           |
| Marian Rachael Johnson - - -   | Makes Runoia Jump         |
| Sally Marcella Rogers - - -    | Supervises Many Rascals   |
| Emily Bissell Warren - - -     | Eternally Bailing Boats   |

### 3rd Shack

|                               |                          |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Sandra Jean Bailey - - - - -  | Sucha Jovial Buddy       |
| Jan Leader - - - - -          | Jack Lover               |
| Paula Ellen Preston - - - - - | Possesses Each Pussycat  |
| Cheryl Christine Sorenson - - | Charming Childlike Smile |
|                               |                          |
| K. T. Preston - - - - -       | Kind Tactful Person      |
| Barbara Chapman Warren - - -  | Bright Chruch Wedding    |

### The "L"

|                              |                                |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Emily Ann Atkinson - - - -   | Encourages Amiable Attachments |
| Flora Minnie Lynn - - - -    | Fixes Meals Lusciously         |
| Cynthia Jane Pickens - - -   | Constantly Journeys to Pam Pam |
| Eleanor Bissell Warren - - - | Easily Banters Wit             |

## The "Name" Story

Judy was the Bergomaster's daughter and lived on the Sandy shore by the Claire waters off (s)Cecily. She aDoris Johns'son and wishes she might Sey mour of him. Every evening she puts on her blue Jeans to Sally forth and Leggetts up to the Bridgit crosses the Frue River and Prest on till she got to the town of Lynn. She was aPaulad at the noise of the Katy didds and the Crickets and when she got to a Wall she sat down to rest. She discovered a hawk Robin' a nest of birds in a Ruthless sort of way and hastened to Chase it away, but then found herself faced by a Bull. She gave him a Blauvelt (blow felt) up and down his spine and that made him Sore en' somewhat Brand(t)ed by the Mark ham he immediately started to Miranda off. She then saw the Leader of the Wolfe herd Meyered in the swamp by the Barbara fence and called out to Atkins'son who was across the Sco Field and said "Qi oi, please will Uhrig up a Flynt and steel and bring a Warr en this wild life and end the tension that is brEwing hereabouts?"

### The "Name" Story (cont'd)

This may have seemed Crowell (cruel) but Judy reJoyced that she could feel safe now to join Johns' son who was approaching in the distance. Upon meeting him he immediately said that he found Susan the blackSmith's daughter very poor Pickens and thereupon he asked Judy to Mar(r)y him and promised to be True(bn)er and Syn nott any more.

### Do You Remember?

Remember the times you've had here  
Remember when you're away  
Remember the friends you've made here  
And don't forget to come back some day!

Do you remember.....

The masquerade with Lissa "Jane Russell" Truebner?  
The jelly fish we caught at Pemaquid?  
Sugar Crisp suppers?  
Shinola and his warts?  
Debby Janney as "cupid"?  
Blue Moon?  
Robin's Kleenex boxes?  
The TV movies made of us at Belgrade Lakes?  
T he "cool" skinny dips we took?  
The day Mary Ellen got her hair cut?  
The time the sailboats were paddled home from Lord's Shore?  
Barbara Leader in the top of the birch tree?  
Glenna's eye exercises?  
The "Tender, touching" story of The Duke of West Point ?  
A certain night on Oak Island?  
"Beg pardon, Madame. I 'eard a noise in 'ea and thought perhaps  
I might be needed" ?  
Rest"less" hours in 4th shack?  
All the Orange crush-crush-crushes we had?

How could you forget? These are the small, but unforgettable incidents which stand out in our memories of our wonderful summer at Runoia.

P O E M S

and

T R I P S O N G S



## THE OLD GIRLS PARTY FOR THE NEW GIRLS

### (Initiation)

The old girls gave a party  
And everybody came,  
Including all the new girls  
Who had come to our Camp in Maine.

It was really an initiation  
To bring the new girls in.  
It started off with Third Shack  
Who had a race to win.

And when it came to Fourth Shack  
There were many stunts to do;  
Playing jacks blind-folded  
And other games, old and new.

Second Shack was next in line  
A cutie took a bath.  
Two walked blind-folded over eggs  
And everybody laughed.

Fifth Shack's turn finally came  
And laughter rose from all,  
For two girls acted out a love comic  
And a laundry list was sung to "Yankee Doodall!"

The new counselors did funny skits  
At which the old ones roared;  
Six Shack did one with the kitchen girls,  
In which counselor's traits were fully explored.

And soon the party was over,  
Everyone had fun.  
All the new girls are Runoia Campers now,  
Every single one.

- - - Judy Reynolds  
Susie Clarke

FEMAQUID TRIP SONG  
(Tune: "Baby Face")

Pemaquid, how could we eat the huge amounts we did?  
Six lobsters weren't enough for any kid---  
Pemaquid---  
My poor stomach's shaking  
You left my tummy aching  
Pemaquid, those clams sure tasted good as down my throat  
they slid,  
I went there feeling great  
But after all I ate  
That's enough of Pemaquid!

- - - M. Fimm

TUMBLEDOWN TRIP SONG  
(Tune: "Oh, Susannah" )

From Belgrade Lakes we traveled,  
Way up to Wilton town.  
From Belgrade Lakes we traveled,  
To climb Mt. Tumbledown.

Chorus:

Oh, Runcoia, we've come back home to you.  
We climbed way up the mountain which is what we meant to do.

We climbed, and climbed, and climbed, and climbed  
And thought we'd never stop.  
We climbed, and climbed, and climbed some more  
And finally reached the top.

Chorus: - - - - -

And when we had reached the summit,  
A breather we did take.  
And after we had rested,  
We swam in icy lake.

Chorus: - - - - -

We slipped, and slipped, and slipped and slid  
As we were coming down.  
We left the seats of our blue jeans  
On old Mt. Tumbledown.

Chorus: - - - - -

We had a turkey dinner,  
With trimmings and the rest.  
We ate it at the Weld Inn,  
Which we think is the best.

Chorus: - - - - -

FIRST LONG LAKE TRIP SONG  
(Tune: "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech")

We're the sunburned wrecks  
From the Long Lake trek  
But oh, what friends we made!  
We shared our wood and all our food  
And then a serenade.

Maranacook and Winnebago  
They all came to our aid  
We're the sunburned wrecks  
From the Long Lake trek  
But oh, what friends we made!

- - - - B. Warren

SECOND LONG LAKE TRIP SPEECH

Friends, Campers, Trippers! Lend me your "Flit".  
We come to bury these mosquitoes, not to praise them.  
The evil that they do lives after them--  
In fact, it's often buried with our bones.

The quality of mercy is not strained--when will they lay off?

To be or not to be? That's become the question.  
Whether 'tis nobler to sit and suffer--  
Or to give up and go home.

Never say "Die" -- say Damn!

BALD MOUNTAIN TRIP SONG

Campers, counselors, every one  
Start to run, have some fun  
Hello Baldy.  
Slopes are steep but not too bad  
We are glad, never sad  
Climbing Baldy.  
Blackberries and blueberries abundant  
Piles of rocks to scramble on  
We've "done" it  
So we say at end of day  
We don't want to go away  
Mt. Bald, Bye Bye.

## EVENING TRIP SONG

Lake breezes call,  
Out on the lake we go  
Anywhere at all.  
That's where we long to go  
In sunset or starlight  
Or rainstorm or sun,  
It's all in the fun  
Paddling along.  
Everyone strokes in time  
Singing a song;  
Echo returns our rhyme.  
Bridges and leeches  
Come on everyone  
It's all in the fun.  
Carpets of mist  
Surround us, confound us  
'Til we don't know where we are;  
Now we have found us--  
Our friends all around us  
And we have been so far.

(Repeat 1st 14 lines)

- - - B. Warren



P O E T R Y

by

Glenna Ferris

### Fleetfoot

Click, clack, tap, swish!  
Flitting here and there,  
Click, clack, tap, swish!  
Darting through the air --

Click, clack, tap, swish!  
Charm both ear and eye,  
Click, clack, tap, swish!  
Leaping to the sky --

Click, clack, tap, swish!  
Rhythmic pitter-pat,  
Click, clack, tap, swish!  
Would I danced like that!

### Crescendo

Higher, higher, mounts the heat  
Rippled vision, waves  
Blur, distort, repeat.

Throbbing, throbbing, ceaseless beat  
Rippled vision, waves  
Blur, distort, repeat.

Waning, waning, thine the heat  
Rippled vision, waves  
Fade, disperse, retreat.

### Insect

|              |               |               |
|--------------|---------------|---------------|
| Hum, whirl   | Buzz, moan    | Hiss, purr    |
| Silver wings | Wings of gold | Wings so fair |
| Petals stir  | Mellow tone   | Sweet piper   |
| As you sing. | Chant of old. | Of the air.   |

### Journey

|                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Singing river,       | If thou shalt,        |
| Undulate             | Through the woodland. |
| E'er the winter      | Never halt;           |
| Close thy gate       | Onward rush;          |
| To the sea.          | Hasten hither         |
| Quench thy thirst -- | Through the brush,    |
| Follow me,           | Singing river.        |

### Footsteps

Click, clock,  
Tick, tock,  
Throughout all our ways,  
Click, clock,  
Tick, tock,  
Numbering our days,  
Click, clock,  
Tick, tock,  
Ev'rywhere we go,  
Click, clock,  
Tick, tock,  
Never fast nor slow,  
Click, clock,  
Tick, tock,  
Endless pantomime,  
Click, clock,  
Tick, tock,  
Steps of Father Time,  
Click, clock,  
Tick, tock, S  
Clattering depraved,  
Click, clock,  
Tick, tock,  
Follow to our grave.

### Olden Days

Hazy, heather-misted hills,  
Lakes of silv'ry glaze,  
Blue and lilac rippling rills —  
Breath of olden days...

Birds and lovely, etched flow'rs,  
Minced rainbow maze,  
Sunlit are the gray-stone tow'rs —  
Breath of olden days ...

Beauty that knoweth no blight  
Staunch and tall, dark trees,  
Mottled by the sun-gold light —  
Breath of olden days ...



### Wind

Splash, whir, whistle, puff  
Hiss in the thistle  
Whispering wind.

Screech, whish, query, quest  
Murmuring cattails  
Questioning wind.

Hum, moan, echo, wail  
Song of the heart  
Singing wind.

### Phrase

In my heart rings a phrase  
Forward to eternal days  
Melodic lilt  
A rhythmic tilt  
That knows no guilt --  
"I love you".

In my heart sounds the phrase  
Such a tiny bit of praise  
Your sweet guise  
Soars to the skies  
From even's eyes --  
"I love you".

Exults my spirit in one phrase  
On you alone my eyes do gaze  
In you, promise,  
Never remiss.  
From an abyss --  
"I love you".

### Above

Clouds, rain, sun, light,  
Starry skies of night,  
Moonbeams glow,  
Flakes of snow,  
Frost, sleet,  
Whirling fleet,  
These were, are, and e'er shall be ...  
Above ...

Near, far, now, then,  
Haven for all men,  
Heaven's shrine,  
Lord of mine,  
All beauty,  
Certainty,  
These were, are, and e'er shall be ...  
Above ...

### Dawn

Illuminating the dark corridor  
A candle flickers, furtively.  
Crawling up the dim vaults  
Obsessed shadows claw.  
Cries an anguished echo of night  
As t'is snuffed by the morning chill.

### My Love of Thee

Endlessly straineth the ear to hear  
Painfully, eye to see  
The hand to touch  
The mind to comprehend  
My love of thee...

Absolving as rain on a summer day  
Astringent as winter snow  
Searing as flame  
Glassy as crystal ice  
My love of thee...

In the drear cold, peace shall I disclose  
'Neath raging winds, haven  
An ocean lamp  
Brighter than tow'r beacon  
My love of thee...

### Aquamarine

A watery glow is the charm of the sea  
Billows' swell and a wild song  
Such brilliant splendor belongs to me  
Aquamarine...

Its whitecaps beat with thund'ring roar  
Whip harsh waves scathingly there  
Whirl over moonlit, sandstrewn shore  
Aquamarine...

Now poignantly, ceaselessly, endlessly, sea,  
Lovely sea, of savage soul  
Caress my heart, bring peace to me  
Aquamarine...





COUNSELOR STATISTICS

| <u>Listed as</u>  | <u>Label</u>              | <u>Lives</u>                        | <u>Looks</u>                 | <u>Likes</u>           | <u>Loathes</u>              | <u>Lines</u>                  |
|-------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Marion Finn       | Mickey                    | Eternally with Perry                | For Ben                      | Her 21st birthday      | Cheese                      | Wha-a-at?                     |
| Perry Flynt       | Mommie and Auntie         | At Lakewood                         | For a black Hudson           | Polka dots & Moonbeams | Mickey's bumming cigarettes | We'll leave it that way       |
| Claire Holmlin    | Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy    | In a canoe                          | For "Who Am I?"              | Scandanavia            | Weight day                  | You're not coming thru to me! |
| Marian Johnson    | Johnny                    | For the Sept. cruise                | Where she shouldn't          | The Captain            | Dirty faces                 | Are you serial?               |
| Mary Ellen Fullam | Hatchet Face              | It depends-by phone or mail         | Cute with her hair cut       | To play tag on horses  | Casey                       | Where's my uke?               |
| Barbara Leader    | Barbie                    | In playsuits                        | For Life Savers              | Bonus cruises          | 5th Shack's plumbing        | Eat your dessert, Jan         |
| Alice Markham     | Oss                       | For Shaefer                         | After the Craft-shop         | To paint furniture     | To be called Rawhide        | Oh, stop                      |
| Katherine Preston | K.T. and Magnolia Blossom | With Napoleon                       | After Paul and Paula         | Cashmeres              | Brown pianos                | Go polish stones!             |
| Sally Rogers      | Sal-Mundy                 | In bandages                         | For letters                  | Her limp               | Pony tails                  | That's the cats!              |
| Mrs. Lynn         | Minnie                    | Near the Leaders                    | For Art Linkletter every day | To dip at rest hour    | K.T.'s gizzards             | Ain't that awful              |
| Mrs. Warren       | Ellie B.                  | In the Doll House when Elmer's here | Busy                         | Cracking jokes         | Finicky eaters              | Abena lost their jackass!     |

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>            |
|------------------|--------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Barbara Warren   | Barbie             | In Conn.<br>pretty soon   | Cute in a<br>sailor hat      | Being "Mal"-<br>adjusted        | Leaving camp                         | That ear to ear grin    |
| Emily Warren     | Emmy               | Dangerously               | Like a crazy<br>mixed up kid | Brothers of<br>campers          | Broken sailboats                     | Bilge water             |
| Emily Atkinson   | Flannel-<br>mouth  | Across from<br>Minnie     | Peroxide-ed                  | The Pam Pam                     | Going to bed                         | I heard a noise in heah |
| Cynthia Pickens  | Cindy              | In a boudoir              | For motorboats               | Mooie & Co.                     | Late dishwashers                     | Kinda chokes you up     |
| Harriet Janney   | Cricket or<br>B.A. | For letters<br>from Paris | Full of sawdust              | Glenna to stop<br>eye exercises | Having succumbed<br>to regurgitation | Cool!                   |

C O U N S E L O R   L I M E R I C K S





Miss Weiser

## Johnny

For sea captains Johnny has a failing  
But can't find the time to go sailing;  
So she planned many trips  
Back and forth to the ships  
While Captains Kelley and Rand she is trailing.



## To Johnny

Here's to the camper who brings all the fun  
Here's to the camper who never has won  
Here's to the camper who never has played  
Here's to this camper, our thanks long-delayed  
Here's to the camper whose praises we call  
Here's to our Johnny, our leader in all.

- - - Affectionately and apologetically  
The Senior End



Claire Holmlin

Claire Holmlin is our Swedish blonde nurse,  
Who pills, shots and bandaids disburse;  
She boils and she boils  
Till every germ just recoils  
And gives tetanus so that no one gets worse.



Alice Markham

When anchovies come through the mail,  
We mark'em down with Alice's ale;  
And there goes up a Yea, Yea  
For Ed's gift from New J.  
And they're eaten, head, middles and tail.



Mary Ellen Fullam

When Mary Ellen came to these grounds,  
With her dieting she really astounds;  
But after awhile  
She decides with a smile  
To take off her hair and add pounds.

Mickey Finn

Our Mickey's ever looking for mail,  
Either spelling she hopes will prevail;  
We sent her on trips  
And even on ships,  
But as yet she's not found the right trail.



Perry Flynt

Perry may have lost Andy but why care  
For Bert came to the rescue for fair;  
So with visits from Bill  
And Bert appearing will nil  
There's been competition that's rare.

Cricket Janney

Cricket's appetite ever is keen  
For food, horses or for the White Team;  
May it never be said  
That she's early to bed,  
But in spite of late hours she's right on the beam.



Barbara Leader

Barbara holds forth both on land and on sea  
Keeping swimmers in order and dancers on key;  
She marks charts and charts marks,  
Takes campers on larks  
Till we're convinced that a Life Saver is she.

Sally Rogers

To some, horse shoes bear only good luck  
But to Sally that myth runs amuck;  
For when she nailed on her shoe  
The nail it went through  
Her moccasin, her arch and then stuck.



Emmy Warren

Emmy Warren helps out with sailing,  
Also swimming, canoeing and boat bailing;  
She scores games  
And meets flames  
And hangs o'er Mr. Kelley's boat railing.



"Ellie B." Warren

She is witty and far from demanding  
But she gave up her amateur standing;  
Tho' warm it was not  
Ellie kept the camp hot  
With the number of men she's been landing.



Mrs. Lynn

Mrs. Lynn helps out in many a way,  
She furnished food and reports weather each day;  
When a trip is to be planned  
Johnny has her radio manned  
And from its report we decide aye or nay.

Cynthia Pickens

We may well call Cynthia a versatile soul,  
For with changes of hairdoes she plays many a role;  
One day its a horse tail  
Next, long locks as a veil  
Then suddenly we find that the shears took their toll.



Emily Atkinson

If its carrots you wish into sticks  
Emily A. can teach you the tricks;  
But if its dishes to wash  
She'll answer by gosh,  
"I'm sorry but to that I say 'Nix'".



THIRD SHACK

THIRD SHACK STATISTICS

| <u>Listed as</u> | <u>Lives</u>   | <u>Looks</u>   | <u>Likes</u>  | <u>Loathes</u>                 | <u>Lines</u>                      |
|------------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Sandra Bailey    | Near Wellesley | Wet            | Barbie Warren | Keeping her bed in<br>one spot | Why?                              |
| Jan Leader       | Out West       | Innocent       | Napoleon      | Desserts                       | Must we?                          |
| Paula Preston    | The big city   | After the cats | Cricket       | Cheese                         | Where is it?                      |
| Christy Sorenson | Near Paula     | Toothless      | Comics        | Diving                         | Look out---I'm going to<br>wheeze |



Barbie Warren

When taps blows is Barbie around?  
The truth is, she's not to be found.  
Mal tootles his horn  
And then she is gone  
Reveille blows and she's sleeping sound.



"K.T." Preston

There was a young woman who lived in 3rd shack  
With Paula, Sandy, Jan, Christie of whom she kept track;  
And there were Snowball and Nappie  
With whom Snowfoot was scrappy,  
So she put all to bed and then herself hit the sack.

- - -Apologies to Mother Goose

Jan Leader

There's three at Runoia, we've heard  
One Ma, and two kids, it occurred --  
The pun you'll please pardon --  
You can't help regardin'  
That Jan is the "Leader" in Third.



Sandy Bailey

What's the knot that we see in her hair?  
Is it some birdie's nest or bug's lair?  
That snarl that's a dandy  
Belongs to Poor Sandy  
Who'll not comb it, but lets it stay there.

Christie Sorenson

Poor Christie was all in a dither  
She really should wait for her "Mither".  
Would it be Pemaquid?  
But what she finally did  
Was decided by way of the weather.



Paula Preston

Puddin' Face Preston we call her  
She's almost as wide as she's taller  
Sheared like the Dutch  
You never saw such  
A cute little Pudding as Paula.

FOURTH SHACK





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>  |
|------------------|--------------|--------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------|---------------|
| Frances Brandt   | Frannie      | Waterville   | Forward to over-<br>night trips | Other people's<br>hair      | Tennis         | Jenem         |
| Prue Bull        | Prue         | Connecticut  | Like a shepherd<br>dog          | Marshmallow goo             | Jello          | Squelch       |
| Joyce Leader     | Joy          | Cincinnati   | For lost jacks<br>and balls     | Crafts                      | Silverware     | Bully Bully   |
| Nancy Leggett    | Nancy        | Connecticut  | Skinny                          | Purple Neccos               | Eating         | I don't know! |
| Jean Murphy      | Jeanie       | Connecticut  | For Sally Wilson                | Animals                     | End of camp    | Well          |
| Ruth Thompson    | Ruthie       | Waterville   | In on Cici                      | Sports                      | Skinny dips    | Oh, Lemons!   |
| Lissa Truebner   | Lissa        | Connecticut  | Chubby                          | To act like Jane<br>Russell | Spiders        | Help!!!!      |
| Debbie Waters    | Debbie       | Connecticut  | For Frannie                     | Jacks                       | War canoe      | Oh, Groodle   |

Joyce Leader

To Runoia Joyce brought Elmer Fudd;  
At portraying him she was no dud;  
Likewise in sports  
She ably cavorts  
Whether in kickball, swimming or scrub.

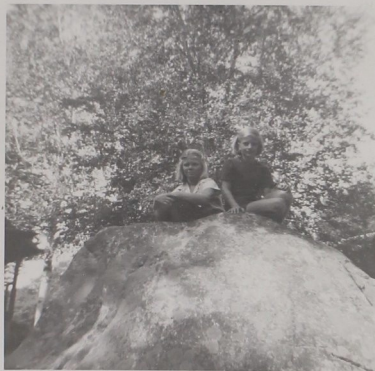


Debbie Waters

Need a jack partner, find Debbie  
For riding she's always quite ready;  
In swimming she scores  
Of jacks she ne'er bores  
And the champion she's become already.

Prue Bull

For a Junior leader of their crew,  
The Blues found what they wanted in Prue;  
She left us for awhile  
The nurse to beguile,  
Leaving her three cohorts in a stew.



Nancy Leggett

As the smallest of our Stamford clan  
To runoia this year came Nan;  
Swimming as a mystery  
Is now past history  
As it's no longer "I will" but "can".

Ruthie Thompson

Our Ruthie's in 4th shack this year  
To the counselors she's really a dear  
With Johnny she rumpeses  
Her rear end she thumpeses  
In the morning there's two you can hear.



Franny Brandt

If belongings and clothes left around  
By others could not be found  
Franny would go bare  
Except for her hair  
Which would cover her safely and sound.



Jean Murphy

The White Junior captain is Jean  
With Prue she's most always seen  
In baseball she swings  
And hits everything's  
A real asset to anyone's team.



Lissa Truebner

To Runoia this year Lissa came  
To bring us a movie star's fame;  
Her girlish figger  
Becomes much bigger  
When she plays her Jane Russell game.

SECOND SHACK



Briget Crowell



Jane Boynton

Our Janie looks swell on a horse  
Pawnee is her favorite, of course;  
She can ride any gait  
Without fear of her fate--  
A future Lone Ranger, perforce.

SECOND SHACK STATISTICS

| <u>Listed as</u> | <u>Label</u> | <u>Lives</u>          | <u>Looks</u>                 | <u>Likes</u>  | <u>Loathes</u>                  | <u>Lines</u>                        |
|------------------|--------------|-----------------------|------------------------------|---------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Carla Sandberg   | Carla        | Jamestown, N.Y.       | For Joan<br>and Marty        | Jacks         | Straight hair                   | Oh Ish!                             |
| Martha McGavic   | Marty        | Bryn Mawr             | For Sally                    | Her Sally hat | Reading right on<br>during taps | Don't be a pooper!                  |
| Jane Boynton     | Janie        | Pottersville,<br>N.J. | For pony                     | Rides         | Backsies                        | I didn't talk in my sleep           |
| Joan Synnott     | Joanie       | Stamford              | Forward to<br>passing diving | Quin          | Being called a<br>pooper        | I'm not a has-been--I'm<br>a genius |



Carla Sandberg

Carla's the Sandberg's daughter  
And lifesaving Barbara taught her;  
You can't possibly drown  
When Carla's around  
As long as you're not in the water.



Mary Chapin



Martha McGavic

A read-head giggler in Marty  
She possesses a mirth that is hearty,  
When to laugh she's begun  
There's no end to the fun -  
A regular life of the party.

Joanie Synnott

A live wire is Joanie Synnott  
She's never still for a minute;  
At jacks she's a whiz  
She actually is,-  
Just name your fancy, she'll win it.



Doris Meyer

FIFTH SHACK





# 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>  |
|----------------------|--------------|------------------|---------------------------|---|-------------------------------|---|
| Melinda E. Bull      | Linny        | Near Louie       | At Edwin                  | Rest hour                               | Melinda                       | Who has the wet noodle?   |
| Allison M. Chase     | Allie        | Cincy            | For a fellow<br>Pogophile | Lots of things                          | Ruby                          | That's great!   |
| Consuelo S. Crowell  | Cici         | Roslyn Harbor    | For trouble               | Impractical<br>practical jokes          | Life Saving in<br>afternoons  | Shh! Here she comes!(thump,<br>thump,thump) God <u>bless</u> you!   |
| Glenna K.E.L.Ferris  | Glenna       | Lil ol' N. Y.    | Sly                       | Eye exercises                           | Inability to<br>pass Swimmers | That's a bully suggestion!<br>Child problem or problem<br>child? What <u>your</u> boy needs<br>is Ovaltine. |
| Susan V. Leonard     | Susie        | Near Dorrity's   | Like Dennis the<br>Menace | To model her night-<br>gown for Cricket | Lack of pri-<br>vacy          | Oh, stop staring at my<br>nightgown!  |
| Miranda C. Marvin    | Randy        | C. S. G.         | Wicked                    | Brussel Sprouts                         | Reading                       | No unseemly levity!   |
| Louise A. Murphy     | Louie        | Near Linda       | For Linny                 | Shortstop                               | Golden silence                | She's seen but not heard  |
| Antoinette F.Seymour | Toni         | Columbus Academy | Like Lorelei Lee          | Occupants of 2nd<br>room on left in 6th | Being called<br>Antoinette    | It's simply delicious!  |
| Janet Smith          | Janet        | Summit, N. J.    | At ease                   | To read Mrs.Mike                        | Form lessons                  | How can anybody be <u>cold</u> ?  |
| Martha N. Uhrig      | Matty        | Glencoe, Ill.    | Like a blood-<br>hound    | Writing to her<br>father                | Matty from<br>Cincinnati      | One hundred Allah's for<br>the "Girdle".  |

Glenna Ferris

For fine craftsmanship and a good joke  
Our Glenna is best say most folk;  
Her wit is a hit  
The shack has a fit  
Though the counselors nearly all croak.



Susette Scofield

Alas, it just had to be fate  
That our Susette arrived here too late  
For the opening day,  
But we hope and we pray  
That her month here has really been great.

Louise Murphy

In tennis and swimming and playing  
Lou Murphy is tops they are saying;  
She serves a fast ball  
But that isn't all,  
The Whites without Lou would be dying.



Linda Bull

Now Linda is White team forever  
A strikeout in baseball? Oh never!  
She giggles a deal  
Yet all of us feel  
Her friendship we'll cherish forever.

Susie Smith

For only one month Susie came  
To ride really well was her aim;  
She knew every horse  
And adored them of course  
And was always right there in the game.



Allie Chase

For fun and good spirit it's Allie  
A really fine person you'll see;  
When paddling she's slow  
But she's nobody's foe  
A good friend to you and to me.



Randy Marvin

The star of the play is our Randy  
As the elevator boy she is dandy;  
She's fun in the shack  
But she sure likes to hack  
And her bag of tricks always is handy.



Toni Seymour

Toni's one of Runoia's big three  
That hail from the great CSG;  
Always something to do  
Maybe tip a canoe  
When she's out on the lake for a spree.

Mattie Uhrig

A new girl at camp is our Mattie,  
Her accent sounds like Cincinnati;  
But we found out (oh boy)  
That she's from Illinois -  
Cincinnati must do without Mattie.



Susie Leonard

Each night at taps we see our Sue  
In her cute little thing that is new;  
Dear Susie's such fun  
That the teasing's begun  
When she puts on her nightgown of blue.

Cici Crowell

If you hear a noise in rest hour  
The counselor gives someone a glower  
You'll know it's our Cici  
Her bed mussed and creasy  
But she really is not at all sour.



Janet Smith

An all around girl is our Janet  
A life-saving emblem she'll get;  
At riding she's cool  
For food she does drool  
This gal we shall never forget.

SIXTH SHACK





# 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>                                  |
|---------------------|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|--|------------------------|--------------------------------------|---|
| Elissa Blauvelt     | Lee                                 | For reveille                 | Old enough to be in college                      | Everyone, apparently   | Who knows?                           | It wasn't cold                                |
| Elizabeth Ann Berg  | Bed Bug(B.B. Out west to be polite) |                              | Soulful  | Land Drill             | Getting up to blow taps              | Hi, Sam                                       |
| Susan Ellis Clarke  | Clarke Bar                          | Too far from the counsellors | For her smelly medicine                          | Night walkers          | Rest hour                            | Oh, Mercy!                                    |
| Irene Ewing         | Rene                                | Yonkers                      | Good on a horse                                  | Lodge                  | Bucking Broncos                      | I say, old chap                               |
| Deborah Janney      | Debrassiere                         | With Jo                      | Like a pixie                                     | To act                 | Being called dramatic!               | I <u>do</u> say                               |
| Robin Kirkland      | Sex Appeal                          | With enjoyment               | Like rough competition!                          | Sports                 | People who <u>wallow</u> in the bath | Jazz-wah diddie with a doodah                 |
| Judith Reynolds     | Judy                                | In a trance                  | Like Esther Williams in the water                | Ballet                 | Baked beans                          | Hey kids--you don't know when you're well off |
| Sandra Lee Rinehart | Jo                                  | Vigorously                   | Great in any sport                               | Preachers & Polka Dots | Dramatics                            | Let's guzzle, Bubble!                         |
| Cecily Sachs        | Sexily                              | Most efficiently             | Neat at 7:38 A.M.                                | Camping                | Messes                               | Patrick, Patrick, It's you                    |
| Suzette Scofield    | Ditto                               | In 6th Shack Annex           | Vague  | To eat                 | Being told she giggles               | I do <u>not</u>                               |
| Angie Strople       | The same                            | In a poorly located room     | For the flag                                     | To tickle              | Unfinished canoe trips               | I'm little but I'm stubborn                   |
| Sarah Ann Wilson    | Sally                               | For riding                   | Cool under that auburn crown                     | The Team               | Blue-White baseball games            | Still: Oh Mothah                              |
| Nancy Wolfe         | Nanny                               | Half in 5th<br>Half in 6th   | For a chance to use the phone<br>Sunday mornings | The C.S.G. Crew        | Being told she's mad                 | Oh, darn                                      |

Lisa Blauvelt

Our half-year girl, Lisa is true  
To her morningtime dips in the dew;  
Unique in our Sixth shack  
She cares naught for the whole pack  
Who kid her when she comes up blue.



Judy Reynolds

When Judy acts, plays never fail  
And she's wonderful handling a sail;  
But her passion supreme  
For food, 'specially the bean  
Put her counselors on special detail.

Betty Berg

The queen of the trumpet is B.B.  
Who calls us from wherever we be;  
Name her Bettie or Bed Bug  
She'll retort with a bear hug  
And "Hi Sam" - what a fine girl B.B. be!



Irene Ewing

By our soft-spoken lass named Irene  
Much improvement in tennis was seen;  
But riding's her love  
If she stays up above  
And she hopes it will make her grow lean.

Angie Strople

Angie's interest in camp never wanes  
And she tickles until she starts pains;  
An inscrutable tease  
She finds victims with ease  
But they seldom are heard to complain.



Nancy Wolfe

Nancy's kind disposition is such  
That she's one person never in dutch;  
Is she misunderstood  
Is she really this good?  
Or just clever at hiding so much?



Cecily Sachs

Our Cecily's a camper A-1  
When given a job it is done;  
Whether sailing or tripping  
Or doing jack flipping  
She always is full of good fun.



Robin Kirkland

Robin's one of our loveliest lasses  
A girl who all scrutiny passes;  
Her figure supreme  
Is the counselor's dream  
And she's won our respect in all classes.

Jo Rinehart

Jo's leading the Blue Team this year  
And she's really a captain to cheer;  
She wins each sport with ease  
Even bats from her knees  
Things start popping when "Bubble" is near.



Debby Janney

Conversation-wise Debby is tops  
Her wit and her tongue never stops;  
In a manner emphatic  
She cries "I'm not dramatic"  
But no play that she's in ever flops.

Sally Wilson

Our red head from Tyrone is Sally  
Who spurs on the White Team to rally;  
Her cousin has fled  
But there's "Muthah" instead  
Near the stables she often does dally.



Susie Clarke

Could "eleven, four, six" be the call of the wild?  
We all know which Mommy belongs to this child  
Susie's found with "the four"  
Behind any door  
Happy nature - she seldom gets riled.



The Juniors Go Mountain Climbing





A Day at Pemaquid

C O T I L L I O N











### Reunion In New York

Miss Marian R. Johnson, who is a member of the faculty at Hillsdale School, has gone to New York to attend a Camp Runoia reunion luncheon to be held there tomorrow.

Miss Johnson is director of the camp, which is located at Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

Three other Cincinnatians will be at the reunion luncheon. Miss Perry Flynt, who is a counselor at the camp, will go to New York from Wellesley College, where she is a student. Two former campers planning to attend are now residing in the New York area. They are Mrs. Robert Mason (Martha Ann Goodyear) and Mrs. Jane Goodyear Strahm.

A Runoia reunion luncheon of Cincinnatians will be held in March at the Cincinnati Country Club.

AT OUR TEPEE /

Name Russell Sloan

Date Arrived May 11 '53

Weight 6 lb. 5 1/4 oz.

Parents Ernest & Willie Faust

Still not a prospective Runoia-ite. But pretty sweet anyway. Maybe a girl later. *Love*

CAMP RUNOIA LOG

1954

## DEDICATION

The summer of '54 has been a real success, due mostly to the efforts of our hard working counselors. Important among them is one to whom many seemingly unimportant tasks are relegated. From her responsibilities to her shack, a difficult age group, to organizing various special occasions, to the many small things she has done for each of us, she has unobtrusively done any and all jobs thoroughly and cheerfully.

To show our gratitude for the innumerable ways in which she has contributed to our summer, we dedicate the "Log" of 1954 to K. T. Preston.

### Going to Camp

We got on the train at Philadelphia and went to New York. When we got to New York, we had dinner at the Statler Hotel. After dinner we got on the train to go to Camp.

In the evening, the porter came to make our beds for the night. I slept in the top bunk, over Sally Wilson. Whenever I had to get down, she always lifted me. I had a hard time getting to sleep because the train was jiggling around. My sister did not sleep much because she got train sick. Debby was sleeping on the the bottom bunk. When she got sick she let her go down to the bottom one. We got off the train at Belgrade, around 7:30 in the morning. It was pouring rain and it was cold. When we got to camp we had breakfast. After breakfast we went to the shacks and made our beds and got our rooms in order. Camp isn't just the way I thought it would be, but I like it anyway.

- - - Liz Bowman

### Initiation

We were scared before initiation. We had to get dressed as under 5 years old or over 90 years old. Tina won a Hershey bar that was stuffed with sawdust, and Carol won Johnny.

We all had a stunt to do. Susie and Lucy had to play jacks blindfolded. Janie and Tina had a race to see who could get dressed faster blindfolded. We ate porcupine livers and frogs legs on toast but it was really peanut butter on crackers. Oscar showed us how to rub a back and M. J. and Joanie went over an obstacle course.

Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy came as a muddy baby. She had to make a speech about camp. Patty sang a song in Spanish. B. J. had to sing a laundry list to "Yankee Doodle", and Jacqui Tressidder sang "Blue Moon". Jackie Clifford sang a lullaby to Ann. Carol acted out people at camp. She did Emmy swinging an axe, Jackie falling out of the sailboat, dieters, and Johnny. Fran did the can can. It was very funny. Marty took a bath, but she kept her clothes on.

We danced and had refreshments. Initiation was fun after all.

- - - Liz and Laney Bowman

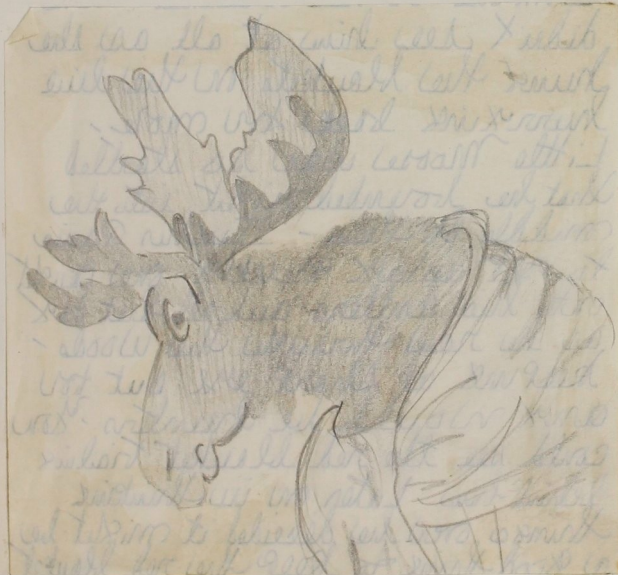


### Our Extra Camper

Napoleon and Smythe can write about this summer at camp. It's been a lovely one filled with all kinds of cats, cat fights and excitement in general. As a spectator I've enjoyed every minute of it, but it seems to me we all should know something about Little Moose. Of course, the things that happen after camp don't really belong in the Log. Still, it does seem proper and fitting that some mention be made of him. He has watched over camp during the long winter months, ever since he wandered in by mistake one fall. Some of the shacks were already closed and boarded up. He glided up the path from the boat house, quite unnoticed, and stood peering about, right by Fourth Shack's clothes line. Suddenly, out came Johnny with an armful of red blankets. She didn't see him at all as she hung the blankets on the line, hurrying back for more. Little Moose was so startled that he bounded right into the middle of them. In his panic to get away quickly, one caught on to his antlers and all that day as he ran through the woods, keeping a sharp eye out for any would-be hunters, you could see the red blanket trailing behind him. Later on in thinking things over, he decided it might be a good thing to keep the red blanket, for no one had so much as fired a shot at him. Probably the hunters mistook the flash of red through the trees for one of themselves. Certainly, no one would ever dream of a moose wearing a big red scarf, for that's just what Johnny's blanket looked like on him.

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start with  
Page 3



Our Extra Camper (cont'd -3-)

"Oh good morning", said Little Moose. "I'm sorry if I've startled you, but I live here all year round. That's more than you can say, so you can just stop being so high horse". "Maybe you do", sniffed Peter, "but it seems pretty strange no one knows about it. What do you do for a living?" "Oh, I just patrol the woods and see that everything is all right", answered Little Moose. "Of course I'm taking things a bit easy and have my hay and oats here". "You what! Well, I must say, Miss Weiser will take a pretty dim view of your eating the hay and oats...."



That was the state of affairs last summer and none of us in camp had any idea about our extra camper. Then one morning, Napoleon and I were out for our usual early morning stroll. Mice were uppermost in our minds. Suddenly we became aware of something unusual. Was it a slight noise? It couldn't be anything the girls were up to for camp had closed. "Now what or who is that?" asked Napoleon peeking from behind a rock. "It's an awfully big snoop that's for sure", I whispered. "Napoleon, just look at that big, nervy thing peeking into each shack!" "I noticed it didn't dare show its ugly face while Johnny was here", he answered. The big goat must have heard us whispering for he turned and saw us. I don't know about you, but I've never seen

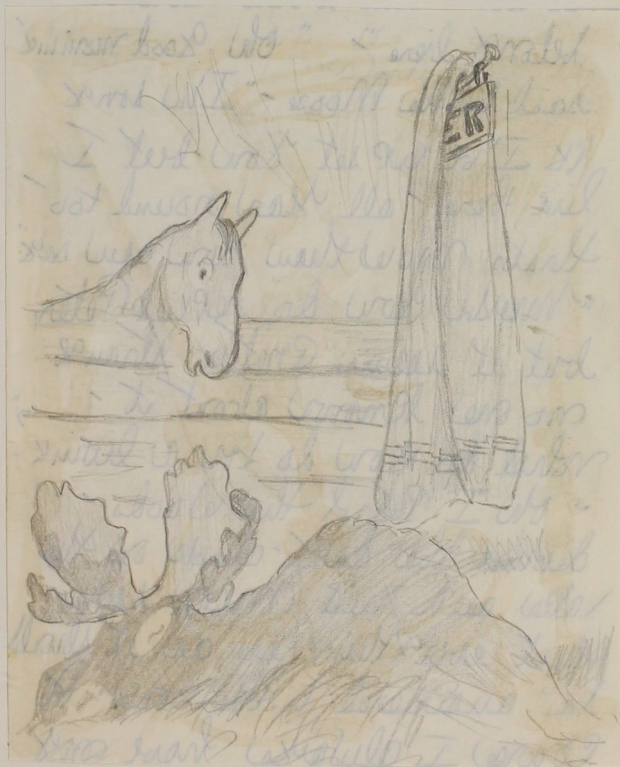
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Our Extra Camper (cont'd) -2-

Camp seemed like a delightful spot and so he returned to it as the snow lay in deep piles, covering the roofs like thick frosting. He selected one of the buildings on the hill to live in and was more than content with the odd bits of hay and oats he found lying around. Spring came and camp reopened, but Little Moose stayed on. No one would ever have known he was there if he hadn't overslept one morning. That was the first inkling the horses had that they were sharing their stable and oats.

"What is Cricket ever going to say if she sees him", said Peter looking over his stall at Little Moose stretched out comfortably and gently snoring to himself. "Hey! You there! Get up! What do you think your're doing here anyway? I'm sure Cricket never asked you to come to take the girls for a ride!"

*Turn back to Page 8*





X

Our Extra Camper (cont'd) -4-

anything so big. For a moment it seemed as though I had grown roots.



I just couldn't move, but Napoleon fled muttering he had just remembered he was wanted the other end of camp. The next minute I was glad that I couldn't move, for Little Moose introduced himself, which certainly saved me from dying of curiosity. He explained about the red scarf he was wearing, how he just loved camp, staying all year round, and that he was so grateful to Johnny for the hunters never bothered him any more. The least he could do was to keep an eye on things while we were gone. Of course there is no question that he has an awful nerve, but still it is nice to know that someone is here in camp to love it during the winter months while we are busy at home.

Napoleon and I have a date with him two days after camp closes this year. He has promised to tell us about the lake and the noises it makes when it is all frozen over...brrrrr. It's been a cold, rainy summer all right, but at least it hasn't been that cold.

- - - - - Snowball

- - - - -

The Log, something for the Log Johnny says. Well, Smythe is too young to have learned his letters and I'm preoccupied as usual, but I'm expected to add my bit. I've spent quite a lot of time on Mary Ann's bed in the infirmary. Not that I'm bedridden, but it was nice and my nerves were a bit shattered—besides, it rained, rained, and rained, and our shack leaked like a sieve. The mousing was good, which is more than I can say for Smythe.

- - - - - Napoleon

### Fourth of July

One morning, upon awakening, I thought I heard some so-called music. The next thing I knew, Johnny, Emmy Warren and Jackie Clifford had arrived in my shack. Johnny was banging a pan with a wooden spoon, Emmy blowing on a mouth organ and Jackie was tooting the sax. As the refrains of "Yankee Doodle" left our shack I heard Johnny's "And a Happy Fourth of July!" Thus I woke up with a bang.

The morning went on in it's usual manner. At chapel, Johnny spoke to us about Declaration Day. She pointed out the importance and significance of this day.

After chapel, we went to the dining hall where Mrs. Warren had prepared a wonderful July Fourth menu. The menu was very original, with names for the food indicated by some known name pertaining to the Fourth. On each table there were forts made out of ice cream boxes and candy sticks. We all demolished the delicious food and proceeded into the afternoon's activities.

That evening, we all gathered around a bonfire down at the water's edge. At this time the totem pole was erected and K.T. read the old legend of Chief Runoia. We all roasted marshmallows and sang camp songs in harmony. This ended our wonderful and entertaining Fourth of July!





INDEPENDENCE DAY DINNER

(You may take Chesapeake at the menu)

July 4, 1954

DINNER

Main Course:

Chicken à Lafayette

Vegetables:

Snow at Valley Forge

General Greene's Bullets

Bayonets and Stocks

Relishes:

Redcoat Jelly

Dessert:

Royal Ice Cream

Cannon Balls

Beverages:

Spirit of '76

Served by Gen'l Warren and the  
Light Brigade with Martha Wash-  
ington the dishes

\*No taxation without representation  
except one telephone call about  
the ice cream

### Mt. Bald

On Tuesday morning, second and fourth shack started out on a mountain trip. The name of the mountain was Mt. Bald. We started climbing at 11:30 and got there at 1:00. The wind was so strong we were nearly blown over. We found a wide, three-foot deep crevice to eat lunch in.

After lunch, we went in two groups and explored the top of the mountain. First, we saw "Sleepyman's Cove", and then we found a nice blueberry patch. After that, we went back to the fireplace. Then we started toward the far end of the mountain. We slid down crevices and climbed over rocks. We went through blueberry patches and then we finally got to the end.

We rested a while and then we started back. When we got back the others weren't back yet. We were pretty tired so we decided to rest. A little while after we got back the others came back said they had gotten lost and had gone a little way down the mountain. We all rested some more and then we started down.

Three-quarters of the way down the mountain our knees were really quivering. When we got down, Johnny took us to get soft drinks and then we went to have supper. We had hamburgers, peas, milk, french fried potatoes and a hot fudge sundae. After that, we all went back to camp. On the way back to camp we sang songs and played games. When we got back to camp we were a tired but happy bunch of kids.

- - - - - Oscar and Gus

### Conversation on Mt. Bald

M. J.     Do you want to explore around the top of the mountain?

Nina:     Yes, and let's find places and name them.

Debbie:   That ought to be fun! Do you want to come along, Lissa?

Lissa:     I sure would!

Debbie:   Gosh! I'm thirsty, I wish we had some water. I wish we could drink from these pools.

Johnny:   We had better start down now.

Carol:     Yes, I don't think it will take so long going down as it did coming up.

M. J.     I hope we can have a drink soon.

Nina:     I hope it doesn't take too long to get down--I'm hungry.

So we all trooped down!

- - - - - Nina Stark

### A Paddle Goes to Bomazeen

As long as I have been in existence, I have been considered a normal, sane paddler, in spite of a cracked blade. Last Wednesday, as I was resting in my bracket, a noisy, dripping group of seniors trooped into the boathouse. I heard one of them say "Meadowbrook! In the rain no less! What a novel idea!" I felt my number sinking from my handle to the bottom of my blade. "Not Meadowbrook!"

Later, after a short ride in a, what appears to be, a new station wagon, I was pulled out at a place I recognized as Pine Tree Camp. I then took stock as to who was going on the trip. All were familiar. There was Jo, Cici, Renie, Angie and Bed Bug. Our number was swelled by three who had paddled up the stream the day before--Ruthie, Barbie and Emily.

After a great struggle through the reeds, we hit the stream. "But wait! Can this be the stream? Good heavens, I'll have to go to work. No carrying over sandbars for me! It's so full!" All of a sudden I heard voices up ahead. The dam! Here's one place where I'll have to be carried, I thought. But no such luck! I was literally bludgeoned in an effort to push the canoe over the stream. After skidding around a couple of turns and bends, I came face to face with a tree across the stream. A great groan came forth from the paddlers. Much to my disgust they seemed to get over this particular obstacle quite easily. We were going along quite well when I heard a horrible screech. Help! All of a sudden I was jerked backwards and almost landed in the water. It seemed as though we were stuck. The rather brainless occupants of my canoe were very nicely entangled in a tree. After great strain on my blade we managed to get out. About five minutes and ten bends later another obstacle hove into view. The stern paddler of the first canoe was set on doing her good deed for the day, shoving canoes with their paddlers over an almost submerged tree. She pushed three canoes over very easily but fell in when reaching for the fourth. "I lost my balance", said she. About 1,000,000 bends later, when I was quite dizzy, I felt the canoe stop. Lunch time - Ha! Ha! But that didn't stop the pranks of my users for they began to throw food from canoe to canoe. All of a sudden I felt the canoe floating free. Backwards down the stream! How stupid can they get! The conversation ran something like this, - "Grab on to that branch. We are drifting!" cried a counselor. "Aw, come on", yelled a camper. "It's fun", another camper screamed. After great effort on my part, a sharp 90° angle was executed so we floated down stream the right way for a change.

About an hour later we came to the mouth of the stream. Great Pond was a never more welcome sight. By this time all the paddles were a deep shade of blue and turning purple quickly. Although some of the paddles disagreed, they admitted it later. After much argument and chattering of blades, we decided to stop at Bomazeen. With a mighty effort we pushed up on to the beach of Camp Bomazeen. After all that effort on our parts, they threw us redely into the canoes. Then those campers went inside a dining-room. Soon after they came out and racked us. While doing that they talked about warm food and then disappeared. About two hours later a new crew of Runoians came to Bomazeen and once again we were put to work. This time we ended up in our brackets. I, at least, went right to sleep and didn't wake up until just now. Oh! No! Here I go again!

- - - - - Angie Strople and Irene Ewing



### The First West Carry Pond Trip

Campers:- Brigit Crowell  
Cici Crowell  
Renie Ewing  
Angie Strople  
Jo Rinehart  
Debbie Janney  
Betty Berg

Counselors:-Carol Brestel  
Emmy Warren  
Mr. Rinehart

The trip to West Carry held many events. We stopped at the fish hatchery and the Appalachian Trail. From the fish hatchery we drove to the parking lot where the cars were left.

After a two and one-half or three-quarter mile's hike we arrived at the camp site. We then lugged the provisions from the dock to the lean-to's, where we finally set up housekeeping. Jo, Debbie, Cici and Brigit settled in the second lean-to and Emmy, Carol, Angie, Renie and Bed Bug in the first one. After all were settled we got wood and then cooked dinner. Then went to bed.

The next day proved to be quite nice so we got up early and made breakfast. After the dishes were done we got ready for the hike on Arnold's Trail. We hiked for about an hour and a half to reach Arnold's Point, where we met Mr. Rinehart and ate lunch. Mr. Rinehart then took everyone but Emmy, Carol and Bed Bug back to the camp site by boat. The brave ones hiked back barefoot, which was quite - - ! That night, while it rained, we all sat in the first lean-to and talked, sang and did various other things.

Monday morning proved to be not so good, so we ate breakfast late and then loafed around for a while until Louise told us that we could go to Flagstaff Dam if we wanted to use the car. Jo, Cici, Brigit and Debbie didn't want to so Mr. Rinehart and they walked while the rest of us rode to the Dam--after we had cleaned up camp and hiked with Louise to the car. We parked the car and took a look at the Dam when it started to rain so we ran for shelter, which was a small picnic shelter. There we ate a lunch of triscuits and cheese. We then drove back to camp.

Tuesday morning was nice and we were excited about seeing the next group which was to come, so we cleaned up camp, hiked down to the parking lot in time to meet the group. After warnings of what was to follow we left West Carry.

- - - - - Brigit's Ghost Writer

### The Second West Carry Pond Trip

Having met the first group Tuesday noon, Sally, Sue, Ann, Mattie, Allie, B. J., Janet, Emmy and Carol started the one hour climb to the camp site. We spent the afternoon swimming and getting our bed rolls ready and also getting acquainted with the Story's. We didn't do much that evening and went to bed early, planning for a strenuous day ahead. But, due to rain, we sat in our lean-to's most of the next day. Some of the more foolish people went out on the lake.

Thursday morning we were up bright and early ready for the hike on the Appalachian Trail. Because of rain the day before it was very wet and marshy. We ate lunch at Jerome Brook and continued on for an hour and then started back. By the time we reached our camping spot we were all dead tired and very wet. The cool lake water felt very good and refreshed us all. We had dinner and then sat around the fire singing camp songs.

Starting the downward climb in pouring rain the next morning we were glad to see the station wagon but were really disappointed to leave West Carry.

- - - - - Sue Clarke and Sally Wilson

### And So To Bed

Each day, whether dreary or gay, has one great highlight for me--the moment I climb into bed. Perhaps you never thought of it before, but I pray of you tonight-- stretch out your full length and let the cool peacefulness seep in. When you've pulled up your covers so warm and are beginning to feel at home-- relax from your head to your fifth piggy toe and let your fancy wander. For you, it's "The land of winkin', blinkin' and nod". Heavenly?

- - - - - Glenna Ferris

### Tumbledown

Under cloudy and threatening skies the expedition set out. After the long bus ride we piled out at the road leading into the mountain's foot and walked the mile to the stream. There we ate our lunch and, after hurrying the counselors to finish, we started up.

As usual, the preliminary climb through the foothills tired everyone but when we began to really climb it was better. However, soon it was discovered that we had lost the trail. After much hunting, during which time everyone suddenly recognized imaginary landmarks and trail blazes, some other hikers from Greenwich, Connecticut showed us the trail. From there on up we went slowly with many stops for rest. Finally, we reached the rocky part of Tumbledown. There several people got their second wind and continued to the lake where they stopped and waited.

When everyone reached the lake the party broke into two groups, the main group stayed near the lake where a few swam and Emmy Warren took Jo and Cici to the third peak where they failed to find the "Lemonsqueezer".

Coming down the mountain always takes less effort and is more fun for almost everyone. The descent was very quick and enjoyed by all.

After resting at the stream the tired but happy girls rode to the Weld Inn for a turkey dinner. At about 8:00 we left for Runola. The trip was lots of fun and was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone--despite blisters, wet shoes and general exhaustion.

- - - - - Cici Crowell

### Meadowbrook

In the third week of July, Frannie Brandt, Ruthie Thompson and Joyce Leader of 5th shack, Prue Bull, Debbie Waters, Patty Christiansen, Nancy Leggett and Lissa Truebner of 2nd Shack, together with their counselors--Barbie Leader and Emily Atkinson--left for Meadowbrook. We left right after the noon dishes were done, with four canoes filled with sleeping bags and food. The lake was very calm and we were glad for we had to paddle straight across the lake which took us an hour and a half. It took us a few minutes to find the stream. The first part of Meadowbrook is not so bad but it twists like a snake. For this reason, some people call this stream the "Serpentine".

None of Meadowbrook was very bad this year for the stream was full. Still, we had to get out of our canoes. At one place we had to carry our canoes across the land because the stream was completely blocked. Right after that carry Frannie discovered that there was a leech hanging on the under side of the thwart. For the rest of the trip Frannie was a little on edge.

Very soon after that we came to a fork in the stream. Barbie was not sure which side we were supposed to take. We ended up taking



### Meadowbrook (cont'd)

the left fork and soon Barbie saw some places and things that she remembered and were all right, but practically all the kids were getting tired and bored.

When we finally got to our camping spot it was 8:45 P.M. It had taken us six and half hours from camp to our camping area on North Pond. Altogether, it is about a ten or twelve mile trip. The camping spot is right next and owned by the Pine Tree Camp.

We fixed our sleeping bags and got dinner. We were eating by ten. The dishes were done and we were in bed by eleven. I'm sure that everyone had a good night's sleep.

The next morning when we woke up it was drizzling. It stopped but when it started again it was really hard. We ate breakfast in the rain with water dripping in our cocoa, on our eggs and bacon and on our plates. When we finished our dishes it was 9:30.

As it was planned, we were to paddle down Meadowbrook too, but since we were all so tired it was arranged so that we could go back to camp. The station wagon was to bring five more girls because Ruthie wanted to paddle back and with the two counselors that would make eight-- just enough to paddle the canoes back.

When we were finished loading our canoes at the camping spot, we pushed off and paddled to Pine Tree Camp (around the bend) where we were to make our change. When we arrived the other campers were waiting for us. We loaded the Camp station wagon with our sleeping bags, and we left the others to their worries as we rode back to camp in the station wagon.

- - - - - Joyce Leader

### Exchange

Perhaps the most striking feature of Camp--of this camp, anyway-- is a spirit of exchange, of give-and-take. Campers and counselors, Juniors and Seniors, all partake of this ebb and flow. What do they exchange? Friendship. How? By engaging in stimulating activities, and eating, sleeping and living together, in this miniature and much nicer world.

The End

- - - - - Glenna Ferris

## A Trip Across the Lake

Oscar, M. J., Frannie, Joyce, Emmy, Carol and I started off on our trip. It was a nice day but windy when we got there. We gathered wood while Emmy and Carol put up the tarps.  
Conversation during supper:-

Joyce: What are we having for supper?  
Emmy: Spaghetti!  
Everyone: M-M-m-m-m  
Emmy: Carla and Joyce make the cake. Oscar cut up the peppers and onions. Frannie cut up the weiners and bacon and M. J. cut up the cheese.  
Everyone: Alrighty.  
Carla: M-M-m-m-m this is good.  
Joyce: Get your fingers out of there!  
Oscar: Wha-a-a-a these onions make me cry!  
M. J.: Boo! HOO!  
Carla: Eek, isn't that a lot of cheese?  
M. J.: How should I know? That's what Emmy gave me.  
Emmy: Here's a tin to put the cake in.  
Carla: This isn't much dough for the tin.  
Joyce: Phew! how sticky!  
Emmy: Oh, we forgot to put the butter in.  
Carla: GREAT  
M. J.: Where's Carol?  
Oscar: She's building a fire.

At supper we all ate heartily and really enjoyed it. The dishes were done and later we went for a dip. In the morning we sang reveille to Emmy and Carol. All of us got up and fixed breakfast. Later we all went on a hike for lunch.

Our supper that night was delicious and we all enjoyed it. At night, when we went for another dip, some people in a rowboat were near us. They rowed around a point and we went in. Then they came out again and we had to run out. After a while they left and we had a peaceful skinny dip.

We slept well well, but got up in the rain. We paddled home with the rain teeming down on us. We trudged up the path even though we had a wonderful time.

THE END

- - - - - Carla Sandberg



### Pemaquid

When we got up one morning we got dressed as we always do. When we were half way dressed, Johnny came in and said, How would all of you like to go to Pemaquid?" And everyone said, "Yes". But next Johnny said, "Anyone who gets carsick better stay here." Then Joan and Nina dropped out. Johnny said we had to wear blue and white clothes.

After breakfast we started--some in the station wagon and some in the Plymouth. On the way we played a game. It was sort of an alphabet game.

When we got to Pemaquid we went to the beach and changed our clothes to our bathing suits. Next, we went in the water. It was nice and warm. We played around in the water for a while and then we got out and got dressed. After swimming we went to a lobster place and ate our lunch. Somepeople had lobsters and some had ham-burgers.

After lunch we went for a boat ride. We passed many islands and one island had seals on it. Altogether, the boat ride was about one and one-half hours.

After that we got in the cars and went to Pemaquid Point. First, we went to the gift shop and then we climbed the rocks. Then we had supper. The supper was fried chicken and an egg sandwich and a tomato. The seagulls seemed to know that we were having supper. One took half of my sandwich, and one took somebody's milk.

After supper we got in the cars and went back to camp, and everybody was so sleepy they went right to bed.

And that is the end of fourth and third shack's day at Pemaquid.

- - - - - Christie Sorenson

### Our Camping Trip

It was Monday afternoon and some of fourth shack went on a camping trip. Sue Clarke went with us and B. J. and Carol, too.

We had our supper. We had to help with supper and then we went to bed. Our camping trip was a lot of fun.

- - - - - Sandra Bailey

### The First Cruise

Lissa: Hurrah! We're off on the cruise.  
Nancy: I dibs the lower berth on the right.  
Lissa: I dibs the lower berth on the left.  
Prue: Aw shucks I have to take an upper berth.  
Debbie: Me too, but I don't really care.  
Joan: Where will I sleep?  
Oss: I guess you'll have to sleep with Prue.  
K. T.: Remember, whatever the captain says goes.  
Lissa: Goes where?  
K. T.: Now stop that nonsense.  
Oss: All you kids go out on deck while we get supper.  
Debbie: O. K.  
Joan: Where am I going to sleep, Captain Kelly?  
Captain: You can sleep in the dog house.  
Joan: What's that?  
Captain: It's a bed near me. I'll try not to snore and keep you awake.  
Joan: O.K.

K. T.: Supper's almost ready.  
Nancy: Goody.  
Prue: I love food.  
Oss: We can eat out on deck.  
Joan: M-M-m-m-m This is good.  
K. T.: After supper we can do the town.  
Debbie: Let's stock up on you know what.  
K. T.: Don't buy too much.

#### On the dinghy

Nancy: I dibs rowing.  
Debbie: I dibs bow.  
Lissa: Hurry up and get in.  
Nancy: Let's go.

#### In a store in Boothbay

Lissa: I'm going to stock up.  
Joan: Stock up on what?  
Debbie: Candy.  
K. T.: Don't eat too much candy.  
Lissa: Why not?

#### Next day

Lissa: Nancy, are you awake?  
Nancy: Yes.  
Lissa: Bop Debbie over the head with a flashlight.  
Nancy: Ho! Ha! O. K. KONK!  
Debbie: Groan! Moan! Ouch!  
Prue: Umph! What are you doing?  
Nancy: Nothing.  
Captain: Time to get dressed.

#### At breakfast

Lissa: (Whispering to Debbie) I'm going to dump my grapefruit juice overboard up at the bow. Come with me?  
Debbie: O. K.  
Joan: M-M-m-m-m This bacon is good.

## The First Cruise (cont'd)

### Later in the dinghy

Nancy: Look at that tremendous red jellyfish.  
Prue: Poke it with the oar.  
Debbie: Eek! It's going down so far!  
Joan: So what! Let's paddle on.  
Lissa: I feel like getting one of those lobster pots.  
Nancy: Yes, let's.  
Lissa: It's all seaweedy--someone help me get it up.  
Prue: I will.  
K. T.: (Calling from the boat) Come on back, we're ready to sail.  
Captain: Let's go!  
Everyone got back on board and we sailed  
Joan: Let's go up to the bow.  
Nancy: O. K.  
Debbie: Eek! It's nifty up in the bow!  
Time passes on and lunch is ready  
Oss: Lunch time.  
Prue: Oh, Boy, food!  
Captain: We will land in Port Clyde this afternoon.  
Lissa: Hot dog.

### After lunch

Debbie: We're in Port Clyde already.  
Prue: It's such a grim town.  
K. T.: How many people want lobsters?  
Lissa: Lobster! Whoopie! I do!  
Debbie and Prue: Me, too!

### On board ship at dinner

Joan: I'm glad I got spaghetti instead of lobster.  
Nancy: Me, too!  
Prue: Let's throw the lobster shells to the seagulls.  
Debbie: O. K.  
Lissa: Here they come.  
Prue: This is fun.  
Debbie: They're all going away.  
Lissa: Anyway, we can go into town now.

### Later in bed

Debbie: Look at this wonderful jack ball I got.  
Prue: It's wonderful!

### In the morning

Nancy: Let's konk Prue on the head with book.  
Debbie: Yes, let's! Where's the book?  
Lissa: It's on the table.  
Nancy: I want to do it.  
Debbie: Quick, do it. BANG!  
Prue: Groan Ouch!  
Captain: Time to get up.  
Debbie: Hurry up.  
Oss: Breakfast is ready.  
Prue: Yum, yum. I love to eat, but I'm on a diet.  
Joan: Let's feed the gulls.  
K. T.: Don't feed the gulls.  
Nancy: Oh, O. K.  
Oss: Who's going to dry the dishes?  
Joan: I will.



## The First Cruise (cont'd)

Debbie: I'm going out on deck.

Lissa: So am I.

Nancy: Wait for me.

Debbie: Let's try to catch jellyfish with the mop.

Debbie tried to catch jellyfish for a while, but did not catch any. Then Prue tried, and when she got tired she asked Nancy if she would like to try. Nancy, with a gesture of her hand said, "No". Prue, thinking Nancy's had was reaching for the mop, dropped it and it floated away. Somebody said, "Look at Frannie's hair."

### Afternoon

The fog rolls in.

Nancy and Joan were sent up to the bow to look for bell buoys. After a while they sight one but it was the wrong one. Finally, they find the right one. They sail into Camden.

They go to a gift shop called the "Smiling Cow". It was a great place.

Prue: Look at the maple sugar!

Lissa, Joan, Nancy and Debbie: I'm getting some.

Prue: Me, too!

After looking around some more we went home and had a delicious meal on the way.

- - - Debbie Waters and Nancy Leggett

## The Second Cruise

The second cruise, which was Barbie, Jackie Clifford, Allie Chase, Mattie Uhrig, Renie Ewing, Ruthie Thompson, Cici Crowell and Ann Lotspeich, started off at Camden about 5:00 in the afternoon. We stayed in Camden that evening and that night went to see "Executive Suite".

The next morning it was too foggy to sail so we stayed in Camden for a few hours. We went to the "Smiling Cow" and various other gift shops and stores and had lunch there. The result of that little expedition was less money.

That afternoon it was not quite so foggy so we sailed and our destination was Belfast. We arrived late in the afternoon and that evening we went into town and spent more money. We spent the night there and woke up the next morning to find a wonderful day to sail so we sailed for North Haven. On the way we stopped at Camden for lunch and to get water. Then we continued on the North Haven under blue skies. We went under power most of the way, but part of the time we sailed. It was loads of fun with everyone reading magazines in the bow and talking. Later, we were allowed to try to catch jellyfish as they were coming in swarms. We successfully caught a small one which we named John in honor of the many Johns so talked about by certain campers and counselors. Near North Haven we were suddenly engulfed in a thick fog and had to post lookouts on the bow to watch for various buoys and rock ledges.

Finally, we reached North Haven. After dinner on the boat, we rowed into the dock and sang almost every song we knew as we waited for the dishwashers to finish and row in too. After they arrived, we toured North Haven, stopping at the only drug store to spend more money. After this, we returned to the boat and went to bed.

The next morning was the last one and we woke up only to find that it was raining. We had to be back in Camden so we set out under power. Failing to dock at Camden because of the dense fog, we went on to Rockport, where we waited for a long while until we were picked up.

- - - Ann Lotspeich and Cici Crowell

### The Third Cruise

#### Members:-

Barbie Leader  
Jacqui Tresidder  
B. J. Jordan  
Bed Bug  
Sally Wilson  
Debbie Janney  
Jo Rinehart  
Sue Clarke

Ready to leave Friday afternoon, we departed at 7:30 Saturday morning, due to bad weather.

We arrived at Rockport at 9:00, hoping for a good wind and sunshine, which we hadn't had for so long. Capt. Kelly was introduced to us and after getting settled we started on our way, heading for Northeast Harbor. At 5:30 we dropped anchor at Stonington, where we were held over until Monday morning, due to a "pea soup" fog--as per usual. Saturday night we all went ashore and enjoyed lobster dinners at "The Harbor Lights" restaurant (except for Sally, who had hamburgers).

The next day, being Sunday, Sally, B. J. and Bed Bug went to an 11:00 church service. When they got back to the boat, we all ate dinner, after which we went ashore to see "Beachhead", which was playing at the Stonington Opera House. We "hit the hay" early that night and were awakened by a bright sun shining through the portholes.

After much elation over the sun, we hoisted anchor and headed for Camden. With plenty of good sailing and with many good sunburns acquired on the way, we ate lunch and picked raspberries at Pulpits Harbor, starting on our way again about 2:00 o'clock and arriving at Camden about 5:30. That night we all went ashore, some going to see "The Wild One" (Debbie, Jo, B. J., Jacqui and Bed Bug), the rest (Sally, Barbie and Sue) went shopping, meeting the movie goers afterwards for refreshments, while a few went shopping at the "Smiling Cow". We headed back to the "Blackbird" around 11:00 -- getting lost on the way.

The next morning we got the ship in shape, packed, and were all ready to leave when Mr. Rinehart and K. T. drove up (at about 9:00) with the fourth cruise.

We all thanked Capt. Kelly for the wonderful time we had had on the cruise, all hoping we could join him again next year.

- - - - - Bed Bug and B. J. Jordan



### The Fourth Cruise

The fourth cruise, which started out on Tuesday, the 10th of August, consisted of K. T. Preston, Martha Johnson, better known as Marty, Angie Strople, Brigit Crowell, Frannie Brandt--the land-lubber--, Joyce Leader--the girl who forgets her boots--, Carla Sandburg--the girl with the sought after coat--, and Janet Smith--the girl who loves to row in windy weather.

When our merry crew first started out we had chilly, rainy weather. This continued for a whole day. That night K. T. convinced Capt Kelly that he was sick enough to go to bed early. We had an early supper and then started into the movies in Vinalhaven--despite a storm which had blown up.

Janet, Brigit, Frannie and Carla were elected to go in the first boat load. They were to pick up some nosedrops and charcoal for the Captain. They started out with high hopes of seeing the movie "Executive Suite". After battling the raging elements they finally reached shore only to find that the movies closed at 9:30 and that it was 8:40 then. Well, they bought the Captain's nosedrops and finally, after a fruitless search for charcoal, started back to the "Blackbird". They were welcomed with a dish of candy and a hot cup of tea from K. T., which was much appreciated by those half-drowned individuals.

The next day was uneventful except for the near tragedy of losing the jib. After this little episode, we settled down for a wonderful sailing day. Capt. Kelly made us extremely happy by saying that we had the best wind of all cruises. After a while some of the people felt a bit queasy. Marty, Joyce, Carla and Frannie lay down on the decks. We had a wonderful day of sailing, we sailed into Rockland. After having a delicious supper, prepared by K. T. and Marty, the crew decided to go ashore and do the town after seeing a movie.

While waiting for the others, Joyce and Janet saw a small rowboat come into view with people who offered them a ride to shore. After checking with the counselors, they accepted and were the first into town.

On the way into town we passed by a carnival which was just being set up. When we got into town we scouted about and finally found a movie called "Apache", which we went to see and enjoyed immensely. Afterwards, we had some ice cream and then rowed back to the boat.

The next morning we were up and dressed by 8:30. After breakfast we set sail for Camden and the "Smiling Cow". As it turned out, Lockie, Jackie and John were there waiting for us. We decided it would be better to go to the Lobster Trap, where we ate lobster and then went to the adjoining gift shop. Soon afterwards, we started back to camp after what we thought was one of the most enjoyable trips of the whole year.

### New Jane

There were seven girls in third shack at first - Tina, Lucy, Liz, Lanie, Susie, Jane and Paula - now New Jane has come and that makes eight.

### Third Shack's Pussies

Third shack has three cats. One is Snowball. The others are Smythe and Napoleon. Napoleon doesn't want to play, but Snowball does. He chases Smythe. Smythe does not want to play. Meow! Meow! Meow! They chase each other around and around. Paula comes out of her room. She gives Snowball a talking to. K. T. comes back with the cat food. Meow! Meow! Smythe and Snowball come running. They want dinner. Smythe laps up his milk and walks proudly away.

- - - Susie and Janie Orbeton

### Cricket and the Horses

In 1954 Cricket was the riding counselor. She also was counselor in fifth shack.

The horses were Domino, Peter, Pawnee and Honey. Domino was for the beginners. Peter comes next. Then, Pawnee and then Honey. Honey is very nervous and hard to ride.

- - - Tina Klassen and Susie Orbeton

## Horses Tales

It is true, quite literally, that in Runoia's horse circles, the summer of '54 has had its share of ups and downs. The number of tumbles after two weeks of camp had progressed was a record zero, but with Christie's spill and Tony's fate our luck seemed to turn. There was Susie's head-first dismount off Domino's neck, and Paula's disagreement with Peter. Pawnee contributed to the summer's excitement, witness Bed Bug's arm and Jan's sore hip. However, despite drushed toes and lame backs, the friendly animals were enjoyed by all.

Will Oscar and Gus ever forget the day Honey gave her bucking demonstration, or Janet the game of hide-and-seek that was a surprise, or Debbie and Sally the supper ride, where we dined on the steps of the "L", or Mattie the day Honey saw her first spray truck?

Despite these unusual events, and unfortunate weather conditions, much progress was made, culminating with the horse show, where the camp equestriennes displayed their talent.

Sunday was busy with show preparations. Oss manufactured ribbons, and Laney, Liz and Mattie helped drain the ring in vain. Although Pawnee missed his bath, B. J. groomed him and his comrades to perfection, along with her other daily jobs. At last Mary Ellen, the honored judge, and many guests arrived, including Miss Weiser, Mr. Thompson, the Crowells and the Murrays, and the Rineharts and Baumans. The riders waited expectantly as Bed Bug's hunting call resounded through the field.

Competition was keen in the large beginner's class. Peter and Domino had a workout while nine juniors showed good form for eight weeks' practice. Patty, Tina and Paula were surprised to find themselves with shiny ribbons that displayed their improvement. Oscar won another junior class, showing perseverance to stick with Pawnee's rough canter. Honey, quite excitable in her nervous condition, was brought from the stable for Lissa to handle expertly. She won a blue ribbon, while Jan carried second place.

The judge's decision became increasingly difficult as the afternoon progressed. Cici's long legs were perfect on Honey, and she won the class. No one was more surprised that Ann with that red ribbon.

The last main event provided difficult riding demonstrations. The riders were asked to change their mounts and do complicated figure eights. There was a tense silence as Debbie, Sally, Janet and Renie performed, until a cheer went up as Domino took his unexpected right lead. When the judge made up her mind at last, Debbie was the winner, with Renie coming in second.



### Horses Tales (cont'd)

The atmosphere was more relaxed as several amusing games were played, such as the potato and costume races. Everyone admired Janet's courage in sticking to Honey's uncomfortable backbone and winning the bareback class.

The camp championship class came last with Debbie receiving the Runcoia banner. (Again, any relation to counselors is purely coincidental). Cici was the runner up, with Lissa and Oscar tying for third.

After the show, many courageous counselors showed off their abilities. Johnny handled Domino like a cowboy, and Barbie was thrilled with Peter. Marty and Cricket rode, after a fashion, and Mr. Crowell surprised everyone.

Much credit goes to Bed Bug, who was an admirable one-armed announcer. Everyone agrees the show was fun. More important than the ribbons that were worthily won, was the very evident spirit of cooperation and sportsmanship.



### Fifth Shack in the Morning

Reveille blows

Ruth jumps out of bed to get dressed

Frannie: What are you doing, Ruthie?

Ruthie: Getting dressed of course.

Frannie: So soon?

Ruthie: Why not?

Ruthie, all dressed, gets back in bed and Joyce comes sleepily down the hall

Joyce: Ruthie, Why are you in bed if you're already dressed?

Ruthie: So I can fool Barbie.

Frannie gets out of bed and does the same thing.

First bell rings!

Wild screeches of terror come from sixth shack

Ruth and Fran jump out of bed

Ruth runs her fingers through her hair and dashes up to flag raising

Cici: You'll never make it Frannie.

Frannie: Yes, I will

Brigit: Huh!

Second bell rings--everyone makes it.  
(And by the way, Barbie never appeared)

### Fifth Shack during Counselors' Coffee

Frannie: (To Renie) Last Flips

Renie: I'm not playing.

Frannie: Oh, yes you are.

Renie: I'm going to read.

Frannie: O. K.

Frannie: Joyce, play jacks?

Joyce: O. K., last flips.

Angie: Can I play?

Joyce: Yes.

Fifth Shack at Night

Cricket: Everyone to bed.

Cici: But Jackie's playing her song.

Cricket: I don't care.

Ann: O, heck.

Cricket: Where's the lantern?

Barbie: I'll get it and light it.

Ruthie: Why don't you light it? Are you afraid it will burn?

Joyce: May I read?

Frannie: No, it's my turn!

Cricket: Barbie, whose turn is it to read tonight?

Barbie: Cici read last night so I guess it's Brigit's turn.

Brigit: I don't want to read because the words are too big.

Ann: Well, then it's my turn.

Frannie: But I get to read tomorrow.

Cricket: Maybe.

Joyce: Ruthie, how can you get into your P.J.'s so quickly?

Ruthie: Easy.

Cricket: You had better hurry too.

Joyce: I've only got to brush my teeth!

Janet: Hurry up so we can read!

Ann: Is everyone ready?

Barbie: Here's a watch--stop at 10 of.

Ann begins to read

Cici: Don't forget, one minute of meditation after taps.

Ann continues. Then taps and one minute of silence.

Everyone: Amen. Where?

Cricket: Quiet!

The reading continues until 10 of and then all is quiet.

Fifth Shack during Counselors' Coffee (cont'd)

Angie: Second to last flips.

Frannie: First flips.

Angie: Ruthie! How can you play with a tennis ball?

Ruthie: Very easily.

Joyce: If it's any interest to you, I'm on my sixth fancy, which is black poison.

Frannie: Yak, yak, you missed.

Joyce: I did not.

Frannie: Look kid, you did, you moved a jack.

Joyce: Don't call me kid or I'll call you brillow.

Frannie: I'll call you what I call Debbie Waters.

Joyce: What's that?

Frannie: You know.

Angie: Here comes Cici and Ann.

Frannie: Who cares.

Angie: I do.

Cici: Are you two arguing again?

Joyce: No.

Angie: Let's play jacks.

Ruthie: Here come the counselors.

Janet (from the rafters): Take the rock from the door, please.

Ann: O. K.

Cricket comes in the door and it shuts by some unseen force. Cricket looks up and sees Janet on the door swinging it.

Cricket: You could give me a heart attack that way.  
On your beds! (She tries to be strict, but ends up laughing)

Soon all is quiet.

### Rest Hour in Fourth Shack

Emmy comes back from counselors' coffee---

Christie: What do we have this afternoon?

Emmy: I think you have games in the lodge.

Oscar: Ugh!

Then a noise is heard up in the rafters. Emmy looks up in the rafters and at first she sees nothing, but when she looks a second time she sees Jan, Joan and Mary Jane up on the rafters.

Joan: Oh, she sees us.

Jan: Oh, Pooh!

Mary Jane: I was hoping she wouldn't see us.

Emmy: Well I did, so you can just get down from there and get to bed.

Oscar: I don't want to.

Emmy: Well, you have to.

Christie: Sandy, can I borrow two 2-cent stamps?

Sandy: All right.

Mary Jane gives some comics to Oscar.

Mary Jane: No backs.

Then everybody else says "no backs". Then everything is quiet.

### Sunday Afternoon in Fourth Shack

M. J.: Let's climb on the rafters this afternoon.

Oscar: O. K.

Nina: I'm going to play jacks in the lodge.

Jan: Sandy, will you guard the door?

Sandy: I guess so.

Jan: I'm coming up.

Christie: Sandy, is any one coming?

Sandy: No.

(5 minutes later)



Sunday Afternoon in Fourth Shack (cont'd)

Sandy: Emmy's coming, get down quick.

(Few seconds later)

Emmy: I thought I told you to stay off the rafters.

Everybody: We forgot.

Emmy: Well, don't do it again.

Second Shack at Rest Hour

Oss: It is time for rest hour--get on your beds.

Nancy: Can't we play jacks a little while?

Oss: No! Get in bed!

Lissa: Can you read to us?

Debbie: Please!

Patty: Will you?

Oss: No.

Nancy: Lissa come in my room.

Lissa: O. K.

Prue: What is all the racket for?

Lissa: Nothing. Squelch!

Oss: Please go to your beds, all of you, and hurry up.

Nancy: Here comes Carol.

Lissa: Shhhhh!

(Later)

Prue: The whistle blew.

Patty: I hope we have crafts.

Nancy: So do I.

Lissa: What do we have?

Oss: Crafts

Debby: Good, let's go.

Second Shack at Night

Oss enters: Everybody hurry up or you won't get read to.

Nancy: Meeting in my room, everyone come.

All the second shackers go in Nancy's room.

Patty: What's the meeting for?

Debbie: Nothing!

Prue: Lissa, do you want to go to bed?

Lissa: No, I want to stay up.

Patty: Let's go back to bed, I'm tired.

Nancy: I'm Nancy, glad to meet you.

Oss: All of you, get in bed this minute.

Debbie: Lissa, are you curling your hair?

Lissa: Of course, are you?

Debbie: Gosh, yes.

Carol comes in

Prue: Carol, start reading.

Carol: Not until you are quiet.

Patty: Oh, please be quiet, I want to hear the story.

Debbie: I don't.

Nancy: I'm hot--too many blankets!

Lissa: Carol, let's read

Carol: O. K.

At last they read. They stop at taps, and all the shackers are asleep.

- - - - - Lissa Truebner

P O E M S

by

Glenna Ferris

### Shattered

My loves are glass figurines  
Delicately blown -  
Amethyst, aquamarines,  
Topaz-colored stones.  
Cracked and crumbling are they,  
Ruins choke my green heart  
Green as new grass and sea spray  
And glittering emerald.

### The Statues

We are veneered  
With pretty sentiments.  
We sport china ruffles  
At our porcelain throats  
Self-consciously. We're proud  
Of our antique dust and cracks,  
Vain of our painted smiles,  
Enamoured of our own bric-a-brac hearts.

### Symphony

The curtains of evening flutter,  
Caressing my cheek,  
Brushing dusky shadows  
Over my lids.  
Daylight melts into the sea;  
Opera glasses - stars- twinkle and gleam  
In the hushed, twiggy balconies.  
The cicadas and crickets have  
Tuned their instruments.  
The nightingale's liquid flute  
Is poised. The moon mounts  
And signals to begin,  
Among the rustling applause of leaves.

### The Drums

The beating hearts  
And pounding steps  
On the ageless drum of time;  
On the parchment of the  
Ancient dead  
Resound strange echoes loud.  
Fortune and fate  
Are sticks that fall;  
Inexorably strike  
Embryo symphonies  
And grind  
Them into parchment dust.



### Relieve

Slow, cold, swan-like  
Death on a moonlit, terraced lawn-  
Poetic, beneath the stone moon  
And dull bronze stars.  
An inky crow-ebon-  
Flits through moon-jade leaves.  
The earth is swathed in sleep -  
Cool, hyacinth sleep, dew-bedded -  
Death pries open a shutter  
And peers in at the white-sheathed form -  
A stir sounds....dawn breaks!....  
Swift, daffodil dawn. A lone robin  
Chirps in the wet grass.

### Island Song

|               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| Moon - white  | Child - cry   |
| Grass - green | Food - gone   |
| Star - bright | Wind - sigh   |
| Man - mean.   | No sun.       |
| <br>          |               |
| Sky - blue    | Sun - rise    |
| Him - old     | Mine - crash  |
| Moon - new    | Child - die   |
| Want gold.    | Sea - splash. |
| <br>          |               |
| Tree- tall    | Sun - shine   |
| Mine - deep   | Pink - sand   |
| Night fall    | All mine      |
| No sleep.     | Just land.    |

### Always Greener

An emerald gondola  
Upon green, glassy waters  
That drip through leafy layers of atmosphere ...  
Slowly, as the juices of ripening  
Green fruit.  
Translucent vessel, winding into the mist . . .  
Gliding toward blue Venice -  
Blue and bottle green  
Against graying golden Italy.  
Again blue - the Mediterranean . . .  
Purple of the perfumed Adriatic Sea,  
Wafting through its channels.  
Then deep Atlantic rock colors and  
Snowy crested crags of ocean . . .  
The mute blue Pacific, reflecting  
Ruby and amber sunset.

(continued on next page)

Always Greener (cont'd)

Yellow China, burnt orange Siam -  
Pumpkin Bangkok in the dusk . . .  
Bronze India . . . ebon Africa . . .  
America - patchwork quilt land of  
Gingerbread houses and fairytale fields . . .  
Shadow-and-sun-striped Arabia . . .  
Asia . . . weird melodies and incense and  
Clanking temple bells . . .  
Church chimes in New England . . .  
Clear gray wind . . .  
Sheer silk mountain air . . .  
Faint vapors . . .  
Ancient wisdom . . .  
Syracuse and Ashtabula . . .  
Fresno and Reno . . .  
Buffalo and Des Moines . . .  
Strange, painted, sequined cities  
And green plains and dust bowls . . .  
Still the emerald gondola upon  
Green and glassy waters . . .  
Which is the fairytale land?  
Mississippi, Hudson, Danube, Ganges,  
Congo, Rhine, Panama, St. Lawrence . . .  
Still the green gondola and birch canoe  
Flapping buds . . . ink stains -  
Spreading across the fiery face of the sun . . .  
In Maine . . . in Madrid . . . in Madagascar . . .  
In Milan . . . in Marseille . . . in Mobile . . .  
Even in Venice - the land of the graceful green boat . . .  
Gondola and canal . . .  
Humdrum world, here in the suburbs,  
Here, in the sesert . . .  
Here, diving for pearls in the Adriatic . . .  
Here, fishing in Tahiti . . .  
Here, on the plantation in Trinidad or Tobago . . .  
Here, in Haiti . . .  
Here, in the Azores . . .  
Here, in the Veldt . . .  
Here, rowing a boat on the muddy canal . . .  
"Come to romantic Venice" . . .  
The water is always greener on the other side of the world.

- The End -

### Anagrams

#### 6th Shack

Elizabeth Ann Berg - - - - -  
Alison Mason Chase - - - - -  
Susan Ellis Clarke - - - - -  
Irene Dunlop Ewing - - - - -  
Glenna Katherine Earle Loretta Ferris  
Deborah Ann Janney - - - - -  
Barbara Lane Jordan - - - - -  
Sandra Lee Rinehart - - - - -  
Angie Bowles Strophe - - - - -  
Martha Nye Uhrig - - - - -  
Sarah Anderson Wilson - - - - -

Expertly Abuses Bones  
Ablly Manages Camera  
Supervises Eternal Chaos  
Impatiently Denies Edibles  
Gleefully Kids Every Last Fellow  
Definitely Adores John  
Blissfully Leaves Job  
Sturdy, Laughing Ringleader  
Amiable But Saucy  
Mysteriously Nightwalks Undiscovered  
Sighs About William

Jacqueline Ann Clifford - - - - -  
Lucia C. Taft - - - - -

Jumps At Call  
Loves Coaching Tennis

#### 5th Shack

Frances Elizabeth Brandt - - - - -  
Bright Crowell - - - - -  
Consuelo Slaven Crowell - - - - -  
Joyce Ellen Leader - - - - -  
Ann Hale Lotspeich - - - - -  
Carla May Sandberg - - - - -  
Janet Decker Smith - - - - -  
Ruth Lovell Thompson - - - - -

Fiercely Encourages Barbara  
Bewildered Conversationalist  
Chants "Sh-Boom" Continually  
Just Enjoys Life  
Ardent Hillsdale Loyalist  
Chatters Most Sprly  
Joyfully Drools at Steve  
Really Lives Tirelessly

Harriet Laura Janney - - - - -  
Barbara B. Leader - - - - -

Hates Lazy Jokers  
Blows Bugle Loudly

#### 2nd Shack

Prudence H. Bull - - - - -  
Patricia Christenson - - - - -  
Nancy Leggett - - - - -  
Elise Truebner - - - - -  
Deborah Ann Waters - - - - -

Persistent, Hardy Blonde  
Pleasantly Charming  
Naturally Loyal  
Equestrienne Talented  
Drives All Whites

Carol M. Brestel - - - - -  
Alice E. A. Markham - - - - -

Counsels Many Brats  
Admires Each Amazing Masterpiece

#### 4th Shack

Sandra Jean Bailey - - - - -  
Janice K. Leader - - - - -  
Mary Jane Mott - - - - -  
Cheryl C. Sorenson - - - - -  
Nina A. Stark - - - - -  
Joan H. Waterman - - - - -  
Romney Lee Willson - - - - -

Smiles Jovially but Bashfully  
a Junior Keen and Lively  
Merry, Jaunty, Mischiefmaker  
Cornell's Cheering Squad  
Nearly Always Speaking  
Just Helps Willingly  
Robust, Loyal Worker

Marian R. Johnson - - - - -  
Jacqueline H. Tressider - - - - -  
Emily Bissell Warren - - - - -

Makes Rain Jolly  
Jovial Trickster  
Easily Becoming Woodsy



### Anagrams (cont'd)

#### 3rd Shack

|                      |           |                                  |
|----------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|
| Elizabeth Bowman     | - - - - - | Ever Bubbling                    |
| Helene L. Bowman     | - - - - - | Habitually Laughing and Bouncing |
| Lucy E. Jennings     | - - - - - | Loves Every Jack                 |
| Kristina Klassen     | - - - - - | K(cheerful) Kid                  |
| Jane Masters         | - - - - - | Jolly but Mousy                  |
| Jane Orbeton         | - - - - - | Just Overwhelming                |
| Susan Orbeton        | - - - - - | Super Organizer                  |
| Paula Ellen Preston  | - - - - - | Persistent, Energetic and Peppy  |
|                      |           |                                  |
| Katherine T. Preston | - - - -   | Kisses Tots Prettily             |
| Marianne Ringwald    | - - - -   | Monopolizing Rear                |

#### The "L"

|                        |           |                        |
|------------------------|-----------|------------------------|
| Emily Ann Atkinson     | - - - - - | Easily Adores Arkansas |
| Frances G. Campbell    | - - - - - | From Great Cincinnati  |
| Martha Johnson         | - - - - - | Much Joking            |
| Eleanor Bissell Warren | - - - - - | Easily Bakes Wonders   |

#### LOST

Tennis courts  
Cricket's Peace of Mind  
My Future Just Past  
Susie Leonard's Nightgown  
Fun in the Sun

#### FOUND

New Belgrade Lake  
Pine Island and Winnebago  
Why do I get Blue  
Bright's  
Fun in the Rain

Despite the rain and hail we had this summer we'll all agree that no other place can beat Runoia.

Remember . . . . .

the fun we had trying to stick on Mr. Bowman's aqua-plane?  
the mornings we had to take skinny dips because there was no water?  
the seniors' lobster party?  
the night modern dance led to Emmy's downfall?  
"Lady Godiva" Truebner?  
"Torchy" Taft?  
the huge spider in "Swiss Family Robinson"?  
the great indoor sport of jacks?  
the famous Meadowbrook trip when we found Camp Bombazeen instead of leeches?  
losing our trail while climbing Tumbledown (oh where was that "karen"!)  
peering through the fog for bells and buoys on the cruise?  
the excitement of swimming and canoe races with special congratulations to our Liz?  
the illustrious 6th shack play when Sue left one line to our imagination?

Yes, I guess we'll always remember the wonderful summer of 1954 at Camp Runoia.





COUNSELOR STATISTICS

| <u>Listed as</u>    | <u>Label</u>     | <u>Lives</u>            | <u>Looks</u>                   | <u>Likes</u>              | <u>Loathes</u>            | <u>Lines</u>           |
|---------------------|------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Emily Atkinson      | Em or Katie      | With a bunch of Quakers | For Arkansas license plates    | Melted ice cream          | Junior bell ring-ers      | I'm so excited!        |
| Carol Brestel       | Carol            | West Carry Pond         | In dismay at wet tennis courts | Living out doors          | Cold coffee               | Hey, kid               |
| Frances Campbell    | Fran             | For warm weather        | For her hot water bottle       | A few beers               | Jackie's driving          | Well, anyway           |
| Jacqueline Clifford | Jackie           | With the Aides          | For a telephone call           | Bertha to run smoothly    | Tipping in sail-boats     | Brr-rr-rr              |
| Harriet Janney      | Cricket          | On Oak Island           | For late riders                | Quiet before Reveille     | Pine Island and Winnebago | We'll see              |
| Marian Johnson      | Johnny           | In a raincoat           | Good in a towel                | To visit the Murrays      | Shirttails out            | "One nation under God" |
| Martha Johnson      | Marty            | Near Emmy               | Like a boy                     | Prune whip                | Washing the garbage pail  | Hot dig                |
| Barbara Leader      | Barbie           | In Cincy                | For Bombazeen                  | To knit socks for Mother  | To play taps              | Is Janet in bed yet    |
| Alice Markham       | Oss              | With the demons         | For interrupted ferns          | Free beer                 | Wearing shorts            | Yo recibí una carta    |
| Katherine Preston   | K.T.             | Under leaks             | At Snowball's tricks           | To cut holes in heads     | To wash cat dishes        | Half past kissin' time |
| Marianne Ringwald   | Nursie or Barbie | For inspection          | Good in a bathing suit         | Tipping up parking meters | Hypochondriacs            | You know it            |

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>                   |
|----------------------|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Lucia Taft           | Lucia or<br>Light Foot | In a nursery<br>school | Good on the<br>tennis court | Coming back to<br>camp | Coleman lanterns                | Let's face it!                 |
| Jacqueline Tresidder | Jackie                 | All over               | Like a hoola girl           | The cruise             | Diets                           | Holy Crow!                     |
| Emily Warren         | Sport                  | Under a tarp           | Over knitting<br>needles    | Delta Tau Delta        | Modern dancing                  | Don't tell my<br>mother        |
| Mrs. Warren          | Ellie B.               | Behind the stove       | For two-legged<br>mice      | Blueberry pickers      | The smell behind<br>the kitchen | How many guests for<br>dinner? |





Miss Weiser



Mrs. Warren

If anyone wants to grow thinner  
Best not eat Mrs. Warren's dinner;  
Come picnics, go cruises  
Blow refrigerator fuses;  
She sails right along as a winner.



Frances Campbell

From school teaching Fran wanted a change  
So joined the kitchen staff and its range;  
But soon found dishpan hands  
Worse than children's demands,  
But good-naturedly accepted the exchange.

Martha Johnson

In order to again live in Maine  
Marty came to Runcia's domain;  
In the kitchen she worked  
And never any job shirked,  
And even enjoyed a cruise in the rain.



Emily Atkinson

Emily Atkinson came back to hold sway  
Over dishwashing, salad making and what may;  
She even undertook  
A trip to Meadowbrook;  
And promoted using rice every day.

SIXTH SHACK



# 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>   |
|------------------|---------------------|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------|--|--|
| Betty Berg       | Bedbug              | In misery                      | For her pipe                     | Azure and Rose            | Pawnee                                       | P-P-Pal!   |
| Alison Chase     | Allie               | With her candid camera         | Like Jeanette Davis              | Helen Herzog<br>Jule Snow | Midnight disturbances!                       | Watch the birdie!                                    |
| Susan Clarke     | Sue                 | For Tuesday nights             | Scalped and sunburned            | To get attention          | Crushed crushes                              | Oh, Roommate, Oh, Hannah!<br>I'm not fit to touch -  |
| Irene Ewing      | Renie               | In a quandary                  | Like Costello                    | To be appreciated         | Peter  | Good afternoon                                       |
| Glenna Ferris    | Merry Little Breeze | On Grandfather Frog's Lily Pad | Like Mildred                     | Louella Parsons           | Invasion of Farmer MacGregor's Cabbage Patch | Bring me a cuspidor,<br>Jason!                       |
| Deborah Janney   | Debby               | In stitches                    | For her alcohol                  | Seabrook Farm beans       | Dirty digs!                                  | Let's face it, It's fou                              |
| Barbara Jordan   | B.J.                | Knee-deep                      | Melancholy                       | Her smelly ol' hat        | Attentive fifth shackers                     | Well, at J. W. ....                                  |
| Sandra Rinehart  | Jo                  | For a birthday remembrance     | For her tribe                    | "That's the life for me"  | Wet tennis courts                            | Let me tell you, some people just never get the word |
| Angie Strople    | Angie               | Longmeadow                     | Sorry                            | To gain weight            | Headaches                                    | Giggle! Giggle!                                      |
| Martha Uhrig     | Mattress            | For night walking              | For a chance to skinny dip       | To borrow Sue's clothes   | Alcoholic beverages                          | Oy!  |
| Sally Wilson     | Roommate            | In bed with her roommate       | Forward to West- field and Smith | 6th shack curtains        | Petunia                                      | Help!  |



Jacqueline Clifford

From Cincy and Houlton Jackie Clifford emerges  
And into our lake she sometimes submerges;  
But she can fly o'er the keys  
With any tune that you please;  
And wherever she be laughter surges.



Lucia Taft

From nursery school to camp Lucia came  
To see if the 'teen age and child were the same;  
She found the large and small tike  
In their ways quite alike,  
But is sure their parents are mostly to blame.

Martha Uhrig

When Mattie gets ready for bed  
To prepare for tomorrow she's ahead.  
Half dressed in the eve,  
Her arm in one sleeve;  
In one minute for flag raising she's clad.



Alison Chase

When reveille blows in the morn,  
Our Allie is never forlorn.  
From her bed she does spring,  
To icy dip on the wing;  
Her cheeriness never is worn.

Betty Berg

Bedbug in her quiet way  
Is not always an angel, they say;  
When her horsie looked back  
Her limb she did crack;  
No angel would fly that-a-way!



Angie Strople

Our Angie's as slim as a loon,  
But her tummy is like a balloon;  
When food is left over,  
You soon will discover,  
'Tis Angie who still has more room.

Debbie Janney

If Debbie ever loses her glasses,  
She'll never know who make the passes;  
If it's help that you need,  
Debbie comes at top speed,  
And will always be liked by the masses.



Jo Rinehart

Persistent is sixth shacker, Jo,  
Though to start at her dives she was slow;  
When she'd dived forty-two;  
For the Blues she came through;  
For her tennis to the Olympics she'll go.





Barbara Jordan

B. J. has her own hideaway;  
It's under her hat, they say.  
In diving she's great,  
Her baseball's top rate;  
But up in the stable she'll stay.

Susan Clarke

Whenever you see Sue in a boat  
The next minute you'll find her afloat;  
Her acting, no doubt,  
Will be much talked about;  
She sure isn't the type to gloat.



Sally Wilson

Our Sally does lead the White team,  
When playing her eyes always gleam;  
At diving we know  
Our Sally's a pro,  
We hold her in highest esteem.

Irene Ewing

Renie's our most intellectual,  
Her books make her knowledge effectual.  
Runoia knows well  
Her dives and riding are swell;  
Praise for her ghost chasing's perpetual.



Glenna Ferris

Glenna's our artiest girl,  
And in conversing drops many a pearl;  
Whether portrait or fashion,  
With serious passion  
Her oils and brushes she'll whirl.

FIFTH SHACK





# 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>               |
|--------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------------|--|---|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Frances Brandt     | Frannie                | Nearby                            | Soulfully at<br>B.J.                     | Her sailor hat                                | Enough                            | Hum-de-day                 |
| Brigit Crowell     | Model                  | Close to Philly                   | Vague                                    | Her nightgown                                 | "I like you <u>anyway</u> "       | Wha-a-a-t?                 |
| Consuelo Crowell   | Cici or<br>Vampire kid | Too far from<br>N.J. for pleasure | For more trouble                         | Noises in the<br>underbrush after<br>taps     | Mail interceptors                 | Hang on, Pew-ee! !         |
| Joyce Leader       | Joyce or Joy           | Forever a loyal<br>Blackbird girl | Like Mrs.<br>DiMaggio                    | The prospect of<br>going home on<br>the train | The gorey parts in<br>"Mrs. Mike" | Hey! That's keen!          |
| Ann Lotspeich      | Ann                    | With P - U                        | Out her window<br>to the north           | Her red ribbons                               | Her hair                          | This is cute               |
| Carla May Sandberg | Carla                  | Near Lake Erie                    | Cute in loud<br>clothes                  | To imitate a<br>southern accent               | Spiders in her<br>shoe            | Jinx-you owe me a<br>coke! |
| Janet Decker Smith | Janet                  | For Steve                         | For conversa-<br>tion before<br>Reveille | Honey   | Sunday's lack of<br>mail (male?)  | Live an' learn             |
| Ruth Thompson      | Ruthie or<br>Rufus     | Near Frannie                      | Across the hall                          | Her hat                                       | Sitting still                     | It depends-it<br>depends   |

Barbara Leader

Whenever you see Barbie sitting  
On a sock you just know she is knitting;  
Tho' she firmly contends  
These to her mother she sends  
'Tis a man's foot I am sure they be fitting!



Cricket Janney

Cricket was busy with horses and stalls  
And spent hours evading telephone calls;  
She had us all primed  
With answers well timed  
But sometimes got caught in pitfalls.

Ann Lotspeich

Ann Lotspeich is new to our shack,  
With Cici she always will hack;  
She really can ride  
And works for the White side;  
For friends our Ann doesn't lack.



Janet Smith

On horseback our Janet is keen,  
In stature she's not very lean;  
She's not very fast,  
In bed she is last;  
Our Janet she is never mean.

Joyce Leader

At baseball our Joyce is a star;  
In swimming she'll really go far;  
Is a howl in the shack  
When Ma-ma turns her back,  
Her spirit we never can mar.



Carla Sandberg

Who pulls that Southern accent  
In clothes her mother just sent?  
It's Carla they say,  
She's always so gay;  
Her noise the rafters will rent.



Cici Crowell

If you hear a giggle at night  
And think it is Cici - you're right;  
Her shape is so long  
That at swimming she's strong,  
For the Blue team she always does fight.



Brigit Crowell

She'll give you a half-awake gaze  
While wandering around in a daze;  
But one won't debate  
That our Brigit is great,  
At acting - the camp she'll amaze.

Ruth Thompson

A staunch and true Blue is our Ruth;  
At sports she does try 'tis the truth,  
Her hat is her Dad's  
It's one of the fad's;  
A style of our present-day youth.



Frannie Brandt

Our Frannie's a whiz at the jacks  
Be is plainsies, cherries, or backs,  
The style of her hat  
Our B.J. begat;  
But sometimes our Frannie wisecracks.

SECOND SHACK



SECOND 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         | Murbull      | For tennis       | After Junior Blues | Losing weight    | Being called<br>Prudence | Kiss me goodnight!        |
| Patty Christensen | Patty        | Under palm trees | For berries        | Skinny dips      | Not hearing a<br>story   | Are in Spanish            |
| Nancy Leggett     | Nancy-Fancy  | With Debbie      | Froggish           | Not going to bed | Stubbing her toe         | Look at the naked<br>lady |
| Lissa Truebner    | Liss         | In her stable    | Everywhere         | Jackknives       | People who snore         | Oh, great sport           |
| Debbie Waters     | Webbie       | Close to Yale    | Forward to eating  | Squelching       | To hear Reveille         | <u>Eeeeeeeek!</u>         |



Carol Brestel

Carol Brestel has action plus plus,  
Loving to chop or clean up somebody's muss;  
She was especially fond  
Of West Carry Pond  
And would have stayed up there without any fuss.



Alice Markham

Nature walks our Alice has planned  
Gath'ring relics that date back to cave man;  
With ferns interrupted  
And birds' nests corrupted  
She displays marvels of sea and of land.

Prue Bull

As a batter de luxe, Prue is the one;  
And at kickball she always has lots of fun.  
She's ready to swim  
With pep and vim;  
To the Junior Blue Captain - well done! !



Nancy Leggett

Agile and stong is our little Nan;  
She'll follow the leader as best she can.  
But in crafts or canoe,  
In swimming and tennis, too,  
She is seldom an "also-ran".

Debbie Waters

Debbie, the Junior Captain of the White team,  
Was always right on the beam  
At jacks or a song  
In kickball or ping pong;  
And she can giggle 'till she bursts a seam!



Lissa Truebner

Lissa seems to like something to do;  
A full day for her is nothing new.  
Activities aren't enough  
For there are things she cooks up  
That include only the Stamford crew!



Patty Christensen

Patty came to Runoia from far away,  
To swim, and play, and sing so gay.  
She took to the broom,  
Fixed her bed and her room;  
Now Patty's a real camper, they say!



FOURTH SHACK



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>               |
|------------------|--------------|---------------------|-----------------|-------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| Sandra Bailey    | Sandy        | Massachusetts       | For Emmy        | Diving            | Doing jobs                | Hubba, Hubba, ding, ding   |
| Janice Leader    | Jan          | Cincinnati          | Skinny          | Swat the fly      | Getting to bed on time    | Well, Gee                  |
| Mary Jane Mott   | Gus or M.J.  | To win jack games   | For heavy jacks | Skinny dips       | Things that are fattening | Hold your horses           |
| Cheryl Sorenson  | Christie     | For Cornell         | For Sue Clarke  | Horses            | Baseball                  | For crying out loud        |
| Nina Stark       | Nina         | All over            | For trouble     | Campers' romances | To be called stuck up     | That's a laugh!            |
| Joan Waterman    | Joan         | To get out of leaks | Funny           | Sally             | "Who Am I"                | I'll play jacks with you   |
| Romney Wilson    | Oscar        | Roslyn, N. Y.       | Like a mouse    | Everything        | Third shackers            | When may I go in swimming? |

Emmy Warren

Emmy's specialty is cooking outdoors  
And not trying to dance on all fours;  
So we advise her tho' late  
To camp out and to bake  
And let others cavort on dance floors.



Marion Johnson

As director Johnny proved most versatile,  
Providing programs that more than fill the bill;  
With more bad weather than good  
This her good mood withstood,  
Ending the season with a sense of good will.

Cheryl Sorenson

When Domino tried a new tack  
Christie fell off with a whack;  
But the doctor found  
She was safe and sound  
So to Runoia he sent her back.



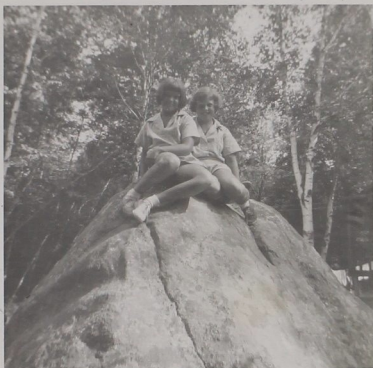
Janice Leader

Jan wishes to be sweet and demure  
With much feminine charm to be sure;  
Around a counselor's lover  
Jannie will hover  
'Til a man for herself she'll allure.



Romney Wilson

At the horse show a place she did take  
And in swimming good speed she did make.  
But with special agility  
She displayed her ability  
For rubbing any backs that did ache.



Mary Jane Mott

What to call her is a good guessing game  
For she's a girl with many a name;  
Whether Mudge or M.J.  
Or Gus you do say  
We're sure glad that Mary Jane came.

Joan Waterman

The rebel of Runcoia is our Joan  
Over her jacks all the juniors do moan;  
But with one bounce of the ball  
Off the porch she did fall  
Then it was Joan over jacks who did groan.



Nina Stark

To camp Nina came late this year  
But the blueberry season was near;  
So she set her eye  
On a blueberry pie  
And picked berries which the others did cheer.



Sandra Bailey

Over swimming at first she was sad  
For her Beginners was still to be had;  
She started to shirk  
But then went to work  
Now Sandy's a Beginner post grad.

THIRD SHACK



### 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>       |
|------------------|---------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|---|--|--------------------|
| Elizabeth Bowman | Liz                 | With Lanie          | Giggly                     | Crafts                                  | Her bandaids                               | Holy Cow           |
| Helene Bowman    | Lanie               | Pennsylvania        | Like a string bean         | Horses                                  | School                                     | Be quiet!          |
| Lucy Jennings    | Lucy                | In pajamas          | Like a pip-squeak          | To be a Glamour Girl                    | To play in the jack tournament             | I hate this        |
| Kristina Klassen | Tina                | Columbus, Ohio      | For Sue Clarke             | To play jacks                           | Kick ball                                  | I did <u>not</u> ! |
| Jane Masters     | Janie               | In her bathing suit | Like an old-fashioned girl | Dogs                                    | Going to breakfast without her hair combed | Eak a Freak        |
| Jane Orbeton     | Gigi                | South Portland      | For her elf                | Canoeing                                | Getting up in the morning                  | No - no - no       |
| Susan Orbeton    | Susie               | With the horses     | For Jo and Debby           | To do running front dives off the board | Who knows                                  | I goofed           |
| Paula Preston    | Pesty Paula Preston | With the cats       | For Tina                   | To play jacks                           | Kick ball                                  | Holy Crow          |



K. T. Preston

Three cats and eight children keep K.T. on her toes  
Except when off on a cruise she goes;  
Then she cooks in the hold  
Catches the captain's large cold  
And without sleeping bag tries for a doze.



Jacqui Tresidder

Jacqui Tresidder loves letters and food  
And both contributed to her good mood;  
Till the scales one day  
Many new pounds did betray;  
Now it's letters not food that is good.

Marianne Ringwald

As a camp nurse Marianne took the cake  
And gave best of care to all asleep or awake;  
Her laugh was contagious  
And she was always courageous,  
And was able campers' fears to placate.

Helene Bowman

Laney can be quite a scamp  
'Cause her mother and aunt were at camp;  
She came with the hopes  
That she knew all the ropes  
The Bowman style's sure hard to cramp.



Elizabeth Bowman

When new at camp she couldn't swim  
But was so filled with vigor and vim  
That now it's our Liz  
Who is really a whiz  
And a third prize she managed to win.

Tina Klassen

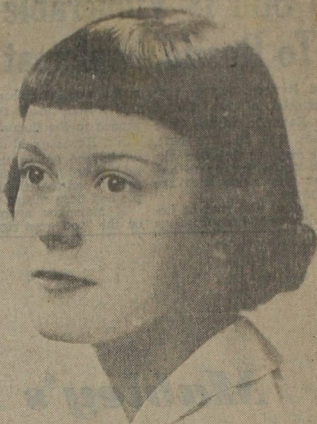
Our Tina is very petite  
But at sports she is really quite neat;  
You never can tell  
When she'll let out a yell  
Nevertheless she is sweet.



Paula Preston

On Peter one day Paula sat  
When suddenly off she went, splat!  
But in riding she's swell  
And canoeing as well  
We're glad it's Runoia she's at!

1/1/54



(Harry Carlson)

Miss Perry Wynn Flynt  
**ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED**

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT HUSSEY FLYNT of Cincinnati announce the engagement of their daughter, Perry Wynn, to Mr. William Flagg Phinney, son of Archdeacon and Mrs. Arthur Osgood Phinney of Cambridge and Yarmouthport, Mass.

Miss Flynt was graduated from Hillsdale School, and is now a

senior at Wellesley College. Mr. Phinney was graduated from St. Marks School and from Harvard College, where he was a member of the Hasty Pudding-Institute of 1770 and the Spee Club. Mr. Phinney, who served in the Army, is now with the Department of Defense, in Washington.

The wedding will take place in June.



Jane Masters

When Janie Masters came to Runoia  
She found that it never could bore ya.  
Although it was rainy  
She had Liz and Laney;  
With pigtails and all we adore ya.



Lucy Jennings

The pussy cats three she does maul  
Whether Nappy or Smythe or Snowball;  
She's especially good  
When she's out in the woods;  
Lucy loves things that wiggle and crawl.

Susan Orbeton

Our Susie is winsome and wiggly -  
We might add she also is giggly;  
She's great at the flip  
When she goes for a dip  
Even dives off the board when it's jiggly.



Jane Orbeton

Oh where did your two front teeth go?  
There's a hole there that really does show.  
With a cowlick of blonde  
Of our sprout we are fond;  
It's our smiling third shacker, Jane O.

PICTURES AROUND CAMP AND ABOUT CAMPERS



The Yankee Doodle Band



Fifth Shack Lobster Party





Marty at Initiation



Stunt Night



Off to Tumbledown



Leaving for West Carry Pond



A Junior Cook Out





Emmy Scoring Canoe Tests



Barbie and Mal

Kenneth and Virginia Crittenden  
welcome the arrival of their  
daughter  
Carol Frary

Born: May 10, 1953

Arrived: August 28, 1953

# Social News

## Miss Barbara Warren Wed in Boston

At 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon, in the Arlington street Unitarian church, Boston, Miss Barbara Chapman Warren, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer C. Warren, 14 Loomis street, became the bride of Mr. Malcolm E. Reed, son of Mrs. Warren Reed, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and the late Mr. Reed. Dr. Flint M. Bissell, grandfather of the bride, officiated at the ceremony, assisted by Dr. Dana M. Greeley. A reception followed in the vestry of the church.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore an ivory satin gown made with long pointed sleeves, a full gathered skirt and a short train. A band of orange blossoms held her finger tip veil of illusion in place, and she carried an old-fashioned bouquet of white roses and stephanotis.

Miss Emily Warren, as maid of honor, wore a winterberry red velveteen gown. The bridesmaids, Miss Jane Hollar, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Alice Southworth, of Framingham Center, Massachusetts, wore hummingbird green. The flower girl, Sandra Bailey, Medway, Mass., cousin of the bride, wore a winterberry red velveteen and taffeta frock. All the bridal attendants carried pink carnations and stevia.

Mr. Horace Randlett, of Palmer, Mass., was best man. The ushers were Mr. Kermit Houghton, Dorchester, Massachusetts, Mr. Edward MacMartin, Boston, and Frank Schulman, of Nashville, Tenn.

The bride was graduated from Northfield School for Girls and from Simmons College. The bridegroom was graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After a wedding trip South, they will make their home in Stepney, Conn. Mrs. Reed is a physical therapist at the clinic for crippled children in Bridgeport, Conn., and Mr. Reed is an engineer with Sikorsky Helicopters.

6/17/54



Mrs. William Flag Phinney

(Bradford Bachrach)

## WEDDING IN THE EAST

MISS PERRY WYNN FLYNT, who was graduated this month from Wellesley College, was married last evening to Mr. William Flag Phinney, in Brookline, Mass. The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hussey Flynt of Cincinnati, went East for their daughter's graduation and the wedding.

The bridegroom is a son of Archdeacon and Mrs. Arthur Osgood Phinney of Cambridge and Yaarmouthport, Mass. Last evening's wedding ceremony was performed in the Church of Our Saviour, which is the church of the bridegroom's brother, the Rev. Frederick W. Phinney. Both the bridegroom's father and brother officiated.

Several other Cincinnatians went East for the wedding and for the wedding reception, which Mr. and Mrs. Flynt gave at the Cambridge Boat Club, Cambridge, Mass. They included the bride's sister, Mrs. John F. Schmidt, who was the matron of honor; Miss Marilyn Moreland, who was a bridesmaid; Mr. John A. Barbara Jr., who was an usher; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sutton Rust, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Marble, and their daughter, Miss Mary Ellen Marble, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hartnett.

For the ceremony, the Brookline church was decorated with white blossoms on the altar, which was banked, on either side with green magnolia trees.

Mr. Flynt gave his daughter in marriage. The bride wore an Empire gown of mousseline de soie and Val lace and embroidery, fashioned with a high, round neckline and three-quarter-length sleeves, and with a full skirt and circular train. She also wore a tulle veil, which was attached to a bonnet matching her gown, and carried a bouquet of white delphinium, lilies and butterfly orchids.

Mrs. Schmidt's gown of wedgewood blue nylon tulle and silk was ballerina-length. Spring flowers, from palest to deepest blue, formed her bouquet.

Similar gowns, in dusty rose, were worn by Miss Moreland and a second bridesmaid, Miss Patricia Jackson of Leesburg, Va. The bridesmaids carried spring flowers also, ranging in shades of lightest pink to deepest rose.

Mr. Phinney had another brother, Dr. Arthur O. Phinney Jr. of Cambridge, as his best man. In addition to Mr. Barbara, the ushers were Messrs. Frank P. Scully Jr. of Boston.

E. Lynden Watkins II of Colorado Springs, Colo. Herick Drake of Wellesley, Mass. William F. Armstrong of Wrentham, Mass., and John Pickard Crawford of Beirut, Lebanon.

For her daughter's wedding Mrs. Flynt chose a gown of ivory-white silk shantung, made with a sculptured neckline, edged black velvet, and a small pearl and sequin hat. Mrs. Phinney wore a beige gown, accented by touches of rose and brown, and a nylon veiling hat.

For going-away, the bride wore a light grey Italian silk suit, with white pique cuffs and detail at the collar, and a white straw hat, trimmed with black velvet. Mr. Phinney and his bride will spend their honeymoon on Cape Cod. They are to reside at 135 Ivanhoe St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Phinney is a graduate also of Hillsdale School. Mr. Phinney, who served with the Army, is with the Department of Defense, in Washington. He was graduated from St. Marks School, and from Harvard College, where he was a member of Hasty Pudding-Institute of 1776, and the Spee Club.



Feb. 1 1954

**A** GAINST a panel arrangement of spring flowers, the marriage of Miss Joan Bowman to Mr. Robert A. Craig Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Craig of Washington Court House, O., was solemnized at 5:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the Watch Point Drive home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Bowman Jr.

The Rev. Milo Beran, of Mt. Washington Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony in the living room before the fireplace, which was screened with tulips, iris, snapdragons and stock, interspersed with foliage and pussy willow branches.

Purple and white predominated in the color scheme of the flower arrangements.

Mrs. John X. Mailander was the bride's matron of honor and only attendant.

Sapphire blue faille fashioned the matron of honor's ballerina length frock, which was styled along princess lines with flared fullness in the back of the skirt and a strapless bodice topped by a matching jacket.

The matron of honor's head-dress was a sapphire blue band with matching veil. She carried a small bouquet of violets, iris, stephanotis and freesia.

Mr. Richard O'Brien of Washington Court House was best man. The ushers were Mr. Robert Laird of Shaker Heights, O., and Mr. Arthur L. Bowman III of this city.

The bride's ballerina length gown of ice blue silk brocade studded with rhinestones was designed along princess lines with a flared skirt, oval neckline and brief cap sleeves.

A rhinestone-flecked cap of silk brocade held the bride's veil which was of ice blue illusion of fingertip length. Violets, iris, stephanotis and freesia composed her bouquet.

The ceremony was followed by a dinner for the family connections and a few close friends of the bride and bridegroom.

Mrs. Bowman wore a pearl gray brocade frock with a scoop neckline and flared skirt. Her flowers were camellias.

For her son's wedding, Mrs.



—M. B. Warford Candid

### Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Craig Jr.

Craig wore a gown of blue lace trimmed in pink and a corsage of purple orchids.

For her honeymoon de-

parture, the bride wore a brown wool suit trimmed in turquoise velvet, a turquoise velvet hat and a brown orchid corsage.

# Diana Chambers Is Bride Of James Ronald Woodruff

Miss Diana Chambers, daughter of Mrs. Beatrice Adams Chambers, of 1170 Fifth Ave., and the late Mr. Kenneth Chambers, was married in the Chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church yesterday to Mr. James Ronald Woodruff, son of Capt. and Mrs. James Woodruff, of Sunderland, England. A reception was held at the Junior League Club.

The bride, given in marriage by her uncle, Mr. R. Morton Adams, wore a gown of palest blush pink with fitted lace bodice and bouffant skirt of net and lace, and carried a bouquet of white orchids and stephanotis.

The bridesmaids, Miss Joan Houston, of New York, and Miss Nancy Zuger, of Duluth, Minn., wore gowns of turquoise taffeta and carried bouquets of deep rose carnations with ivy.

Mr. Abbott Kimball, of New

York, was best man and the ushers were Mr. Gregory Tobin and Mr. Donald L. Wallace.

The bride, who made her debut here in 1948, was graduated from the Spence School and

Vassar College. After receiving a master's degree from Columbia University, she spent a year at the University of Rome.

Mr. Woodruff attended Durham University, England, and served with the Imperial War Graves Commission in Italy. The couple will live in New Haven, Conn., where Mr. Woodruff will do graduate work in architecture at Yale University.

Sept. 1954



Edward Tarr, Inc.

Mrs. James R. Woodruff, the former  
Diane Chambers.