

CAMP RUNOIA LOG

1955

DEDICATION

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*
* The summer of 1955 was made to
* order for campers. In contrast to
* the rainy 1954 season, the many long
* sunny days and cool nights provided
* an excellent opportunity for us to
* enjoy thoroughly our life in the woods.
* A just complement to the fine weather
* was the usual Runcoia harmony and spirit.
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* Our summer was particularly bright-
* ened by one familiar face which again
* became an active part of our camp life.
* She was behind the scenes of all our
* activities, and was present at many
* camp events. This reassured us of her
* interest in our welfare.
*
* We affectionately dedicate the Log of 1955
* to
* Miss Weiser
*
*
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Somebody Goofed

It was about eleven o'clock at night and my mother was sewing name tags on clothes for New York. Daddy came bursting in and said, "Tina missed the train!" So Mother and Daddy looked up all the letters that Johnny sent and they found out that I was supposed to leave at six o'clock that night. So, about eleven-thirty that night Mommy called Johnny and she was asleep, so Mommy talked to Carol. She told her to tell Johnny that I missed the train and I was going by plane. So, the next morning we were packed and the airport called and said the plane would be two hours late. I got so mad because it was late. Then it was time to leave. We got on the plane and a few hours later we were in New York and we went to the hotel and looked up where the kids were. We met them in the lobby and went up to the hotel room and waited. Then we went to dinner in a real rich restaurant and most of us ordered soup. When it came the waiter poured it right in front of your face and almost made you sick. When dinner was over we went to the train station.

- - - - - Tina Klassen

The Trip up to Camp

Janie Master, Helene Bowman and I were all ready to start for New York in the car. And my father said don't forget to take the tickets and the trunk keys.

When we got to Philadelphia to get on the train for New York, my aunt got a phone call. It was my father, who said that all the State Police were after us to give us our tickets and trunk keys. Then he said that a man was coming to the station to give them to us. Finally, he came. Then we got on the train for New York.

In New York, we went to the Biltmore Hotel and stayed there the whole afternoon. Luckily the rooms were air conditioned, because it was very hot and humid. When we were all settled we ordered some cool drinks and some pretzels. Then later we had supper in our rooms and afterwards went to the station. Then we hopped on the train and started to move. The porter had already made our beds so I put on my pajamas and got ready for bed. It was very hot in the train. The seniors were singing songs about all night. I was in the last bunk. I couldn't sleep all night. The train was going back and forth, back and forth. Tina was sleeping on top of me in the upper bunk. There was sort of a little hole in the curtain and so I put my head through the hole and talked with her. Finally, it was morning and I was waiting for the train to stop to get to camp.

We were two hours late getting to camp. When we got there we had breakfast and then got our rooms and made our beds.

- - - - - Liz Bowman

Camp Runcoa in Ten Years

Camp is much different now as I look back on my first year at Runcoa in '55.

I remember now how we used to have to walk down to swimming. It's so much easier now going by escalator.

On arriving down at the waterfront and stepping off the escalator, I see the fleet of atomic-powered cabin cruisers. Gee, those canoes were hard to paddle. I don't blame sixth shack for sinking them.

As my gaze travels to the right, I come upon our two forty-foot yawls which we use to really rough it. I've never seen such leaking tubs as those sailboats we used to have, which have long since gone to their glory.

I ride up to sixth shack and on arriving come upon the gorgeous nylon shack. Gee, can you remember when we had to wait a day for clothes to dry? Now the radiant heating dries our clothes in a minute.

I meander up to the Lodge and on the way peer into fifth shack. It is, of course, greatly changed—with folding daybeds and telephones and electric lights.

The Lodge is a gorgeous, large nylon building, with spun glass windows, a couple of T.V. sets, transcontinental radios, a grand piano, and a beautiful stage with mechanical velvet curtains, and convertible stage settings. It now has a wonderful library.

But even with all those hardships we endured in '55, we still had loads of fun. I'll never forget that year.

A Spider in My Sleeping Bag

I went to bed in my sleeping bag on the overnight trip. When I got in my sleeping bag I found out that there was a spider in my sleeping bag. And then I said, "Jo! Jo! come here, there is a spider in my sleeping bag." Jo screamed, "A spider in your sleeping bag." I tried to kill the spider, I couldn't. Jo killed the spider after all.

The End

- - - - - Jane Orbeton

What Joanne Hutchings Said in Her Sleep

One night I woke up and heard someone talking. I looked across the room and saw that Joanne was the one that was talking. She said, "Watch out or you will fall in the water. That was a close call." Another night she started to sing "That's the Life for Me".

- - - - - Janet Rolfe

Birds I Haven't Seen Before This Year

Before camp started I was sitting on the dining-room porch and was reading my book. I was sitting by the petunia beds. Along came a humming bird. It was the first time I had ever seen a live humming bird.

When camp started 4th shack had tennis. Vicky Mayfield and I were playing together. I hit the ball and all of a sudden a yellow object landed on the tennis courts. Now Vicky and I could see what the object was. It was a goldfinch. It was beautiful.

On our way to Belgrade Lakes we saw a very queer looking bird. It stood almost three feet tall and was brown and white. It had web feet. Finally, the car scared it away. It flew very slowly and smoothly.

Another bird I saw was a woodpecker. It looked like a penguin with white polka dots on the black. It has a red stripe down his head.

- - - - - Jan Leader

Trees

Birch trees are so soft and white,
They shine at day and glow at night.
The oak tree there's not many of,
The acorns green and brown we love.
And the baby pine trees dear
When in the rain we all do fear,
That they will drown before our eyes
And will not be in our future lives.
But when they're big and husky green
They, too, will always be seen.

- - - - - Jan Leader

The War Canoe Trip

One lovely morning some of the juniors, who did not have riding, went down to the beach and got out the war canoe. There were eleven of us and we all piled in and started off. We headed out of our cove and around toward counselor's dock. Barbie showed the new girls how to paddle in rhythm. We paddled for almost half an hour. And then finally to save ourselves from losing our arms, we stopped at a dock and went swimming. And, Boy, did that feel good. We went on until we came almost to the end of the lake and then paddled back to camp.

- - - - - Joanne Hutchings

Margy's, Sally's and Vicky's Tumble

We were walking down the road on the horses on Vicky's birthday and we were going to the city dump. Cricket was explaining why Sasha shied so much. We got to a rock in the road when Sasha shied at a little animal. She reared and scared Duchess and the two scared Pixie and Chocolate and they all headed for the stables. We didn't get to the stables but the horses did. We all went off and when Sally recovered she ran down to get Marianne and she ran up to where we fell off. She looked at Margy and went to the infirmary, looked at Sally and Vicky. Then she got in the car so she could take Margy to the hospital for X-rays. When Margy got back she was bandaged up. We all lived and that's what counts!

- - - - - Vicky and Margy

A Trick on Our Horse Counselor

Joyce, Janet and Ruthie had gone on a trip and M. J., Oscar and I were left. Before rest hour we all decided to dress up like Cricket riding a horse. M. J. and Oscar were the horse -- M. J. stood up and Oscar put her hands on M. J.'s waist. I put a blanket over them and got on top. We all wobbled and fell across the floor. It was a very wobbly horse indeed.

After practising all of counselor's coffee we got hot and stopped the riding. Cricket was coming down the path! We all ran for the blanket and hid in one of the rooms. Cricket came in the door and we all went galloping up and down the hall. She laughed and said that we should show ourselves to Johnny, but we didn't.

- - - - - Patty Christensen

"The Stay of the Duchess" or "Be Prepared"

When I first came to camp things seemed pretty strange. I was glad three of my friends were with me. Of course, I am the oldest and most mature of our group. Pixie is the baby-- oh, dear, she is childish. She is a sweet little thing, only a bit frisky sometimes like when Joanie rides her near the boxer. Chocolate is a good friend, so good that she talks to us even when we are in the ring and she in the stable. She is quite well mannered, except when B. J. waters her or when she's hungry in the ring. I guess everyone knows what I mean. And then there was Sasha--Mrs. Master said she was a half Arabian, but she was really the black sheep in our horse family.

When I arrived someone was there but I don't know who because she had her hat pulled over her eyes. The counselors seem to be a strange bunch. One wears a delicious looking straw hat, but I have only managed to get one bite out of it. She is quite nice to us though, and I don't think she smells as badly as the fifth shackers say.

I was just getting adjusted to camp life, when we went for a jaunt on the road early one morning. We were heading for the town dump, but the dump ended up in Miss Weiser's yard. A little chipmunk jumped in the bushes, and I was so frightened I headed for the stable as quickly as possible. For some reason my rider decided she didn't like sitting on my back any longer, so she left me. I even had to leap over her, and now she has something to remember me by.

The days were quiet for a while, but very hot. I sweated so hard every rest hour I drank pails and pails of water. One thing that bothered me, though, was that big, black mud-hole. That strange counselor insisted upon leading me through it, so I had to give her a bath herself so she could see what it was like.

As I remember, that was an eventful day. Sasha went for a run through Miss Weiser's flower garden. And I was so disappointed that afternoon. Someone named Jane got on me. She was very nice, but I guess she didn't like me. She got off the very minute she mounted, and then ran to Pixie. My feelings were hurt, and for some reason the counselor's face was very red.

One day I was really given a scare. Sasha, that old devil, started jumping about like a bronco with Oscar. We weren't going to stand for that, so we left the campers behind and Tina got a vacation in the hospital with a buzzer and orange pop.

The hot weather soon disappeared, and one day it even rained. That was when Lizzie got bounced in a mud puddle against her will. She did look surprised. I really do like Lizzie, but my feet just went out from under me...

So then one of our friends left. Some big mean old man came and took Sasha away and we all cried, especially Chocolate, who had tears running down those big brown eyes. We all knew Sasha didn't want to leave, and she did put up an argument.

"The Stay of the Duchess" or "Be Prepared" (continued)

But in her place was a tall, dark handsome stranger, and all three of us snorted with joy to discover it was a boy! We had wanted a co-educational camp, anyway. And Genius soon became the dream horse of all the campers.

We had lots of fun after that. We worked long hours on the riding exhibition, better known as our little ditty. We were ridden bareback, and Pixie even managed to throw Mattie, who usually has glue on her blue jeans. One day that absurd counselor even rode Chocolate standing up, but Chocolate soon brought that to an end.

When the night of the ditty arrived our troubles started. Genius was quite obnoxious, but the riders used ingenuity in a most difficult situation and presented the original Runoia riding song.

The summer drew to a close, but we had adventures to the very end. One supper ride was most exciting, complete with bicycles and heavy traffic. We saw lots of friends on that trip--Winkie, Blinkie and Stinky, two fat relatives, going backward of all things, and a rather large sheep. It was a delightful supper. The riders were so quiet and well-mannered, and they had the most delicious drinks that someone carried on my poor back all the way from camp.

The horseshow climaxed our interesting season. Laney Bowman was surprised to find herself with a blue ribbon, and Tina, Patty and Janet also won firsts. Cici and Susie won top honors in the camp, displaying excellent horsemanship. I left Runoia last night, just a little fatter, a little wiser, and prepared for anything

"Be Prepared"

Be Prepared, that's Runoia's riding song,
Be Prepared as we gaily trot along.
Be Prepared to hold in Chocolate pretty well,
Don't let Duchess kick or Pixie go too fast.
Be Prepared when you see a chipmunk jump,
Be Prepared or you'll get a great big bump;
Keep those reins in, heels down, head up
So you won't be on the ground,
And be careful not to take off when the counselor's around
For she only will insist the horse be spared.

Tumbledown

We got in the cars and started off for Tumbledown. It was a long ride to the bottom. When we got out we saw that Pine Island was there too. We walked for a little way and then ate lunch by a little stream. Then we started off all enthusiastic.

As we went along we thought it was easy but then it got steep! Finally, we got to the timber line but we still had a long way to the lake. We were all hot so everybody except Carol and Mary went swimming. Some people (Ann and Jo) tried to swim to the end of the lake. When they got near the end there were water weeds and they said it was leachy so they came back. We got dressed and started back. On the rocks we lost our way but Jo found it again.

On the way back we were in back of a boys camp. We got in the cars and started off for a baked ham dinner. It was very good. When we got in the cars we were tired but happy, and most of us were glad we went.

- - - - - Oscar

Pine Parlor - 5th Shack

One afternoon after rest hour 5th Shack started off on a trip across the lake. It was quite windy paddling over. When we got there we put the canoes up on shore, then we fixed our bed rolls so that they were on level ground. The counselors built a table as a surprise for the rest of the trips coming over. After that we elected a committee to cook supper. We had tuna fish and peas, which was delicious. After supper, Ann made us gather wood until there wasn't a stick left. We then sat around the fire and made bread sticks. We retired to our sleeping bags and tried to fix our mosquito netting. Finally we got it fixed, but it took us a long time to go to sleep.

The next morning, we gathered more wood and the other committee made breakfast. At about 10:00 we started back to camp. We really had fun!

- - - - - M.J.Mott

Fourth Shack's Cookout

Fourth Shack had a cookout. The counselors were Carol and Ann. When we were all settled we found there was only one knife to share between nine people. But we all managed to make our sandwiches with one knife. For supper we had sandwiches, eggs, tomatoes and milk.

Dessert was really very funny because we had used the spoons to eat our eggs and did not have any spoons to eat our peaches with. So we had to suck the peaches out of our drinking cups. By the time we were done we were all a mess. But we all had a wonderful time.

- - - - - Helene Bowman

Third Shack's Overnight Trip

Third Shack went on an overnight trip across the lake and the counselors were Barbie, Jo and Doris. The place was called Pine Parlor.

When we got there we unrolled our sleeping bags and went for a swim and afterwards we read comics and climbed the big hill to see what was on the other side. Then we had supper about

7:30 P.M. After that we went for a little paddle to the point in the canoes and it was very rough and we all got splashed. Then we tied our canoes together and rode the waves.

When we got home we had a skinny dip and roasted marshmallows for a half an hour. Then we went to bed about quarter past ten and woke up at five-thirty. When we got the counselors up we had a skinny dip and had breakfast. Then we made our beds and came home.

- - - - - Sally Boynton

The Juniors' Trip to Pemaquid

The morning we were supposed to go to Pemaquid was very nice. When reveille blew, we all got dressed in a hurry. We had to get dressed in Blue and White. Everybody was borrowing everybody else's clothes. After breakfast we made our beds and cleaned our rooms--the fastest anybody ever did.

Finally, we got started. Some in the stationwagon and some in Johnny's car. On the way we went through a lot of towns. Also, a few kids got carsick.

We finally got there quite rid of carsickness and raring to get on with swimming and everything. When we got to the right part of the beach, we went into the so-called tiny woods and changed into our bathing suits. Next we went swimming. The water was freezing. It took most of us at least fifteen minutes to get wet. We stayed in the water about one hour and then got dressed. After we finished dressing, we went to Gilbert's Lobster Pound. There we ate our lunch. Some of us had hamburgers, but most of us had lobsters, and we all had soda to drink. For dessert most of us had ice-cream cones.

After lunch we went to the gift shop. We shopped around a bit. We bought a few little things and after that we went to climb on the rocks. We climbed for a while, then we went to have some soft drinks. A little while later, Johnny decided to take our pictures, so we went to the point to have our pictures taken. On the way back I slipped on some wet rocks and got the air knocked out of me. It hurt for a while but later it was all right.

Next we went for a boat ride. We went all around Pemaquid Point. We saw white seals. On the way back we ate our suppers. We had sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and oranges.

After the boat ride we all got into the cars and went back to camp. We arrived back at camp, a tired but happy bunch of kids.

- - - - - Christie Sorenson

The Seniors' Day at Pemaquid

On July 11th the Seniors, along with Debby, Jo, B.J., Mary, Marianne and Barbie, started for Pemaquid as soon after breakfast as we could get ready. Arriving at Pemaquid Beach at about 11:00 we parked the cars and walked down the beach. Soon, a portion of the beach was practically obliterated with girls, towels, cameras, shoes and bathing caps--all from Runcoia. We stayed there for about 45 minutes, during which the more daring went swimming in the icy water and the others talked, took pictures and walked up and down the beach looking for shells and other various and sundry articles of interest, and then we changed back into our regular clothes and left in the three cars for Gilbert's Lobster Pound. There, we stuffed ourselves. After all kinds of soda, plus lobster after

The Seniors' Day at Pemaquid (continued)

lobster, hamburgers, chocolate cake, ice cream, pie and fudge were consumed, we left but not before we had bought postcards, stamps, candy bars, chewing gum, and every type of souvenir of Maine imaginable. We went over to Pemaquid Light where we went to the "Sea Gull" and the snack shop. After we left, I'm sure the "Sea Gull" was minus several boxes of writing paper, jewelry, postcards and other attractions. Then some of us went way down on the rocks below the lighthouse to look at the crashing, green sea and got soaked in the process.

We then went back to Gilbert's and boarded a small boat for a cruise, which lasted about an hour. We cruised around Pemaquid Point and saw eight or ten seals on the rocks.

Having arrived again at Gilbert's, we ate our picnic supper which we brought from camp. Then, stuffed and happy, we piled into the cars and came back to camp.

- - - - Susan Walker

Lost and Found

Lost

Pixie's temper
Phone calls from Pine Island
Napoleon, Snowball and Smythe
The second cruise
Sh-Boom
The kittens' mittens
Squaredancing
Barbie's privacy
The scheduled dishwashers
The box of poison
Patty's and Janie M's braids
Last year's steady rain

Found

Tina's injuries
Mark, and Cricket's peace of mind
Their baby sister
Fog and "I Doubt It"
Birth of the Blues
A prize for same 3rd shackers
The shag
Her postcards
A lack of substitutes
Matty's and Polly's good health
Convenience
Hurricane and sunshine

Sixth Shack Pine Parlor
(Otherwise known as P. and M.)

Sixth Shack, Barbie Leader and Ann Irish started for Pine Parlor on a beautiful day with the lake looking like a mirror. We got as far as Oak Island where we showed Ann Irish the many picnic spots, which Barbie imagined were there. We promptly jumped into the lake to swim, while Barbie hunted for drift wood. When we had satisfied her hunger with a broken center board, we piled back into our canoes and headed across the lake.

After we arrived and lugged the canoes upon the bank, settled ourselves, we took another dip, and got ready to cook supper.

Our dietetic supper consisted of hot dogs (leaving plenty for midnight snacks), original salad, canned peas, chocolate milk, chocolate cake (a la Cici), with chocolate frosting (a la Polly)--poor Ann Lotspeich--original cookies, coffee, pears, and peaches.

Then, the dreaded chore of doing the dishes was turned into a game of catch, during which Ann Lotspeich made a boo-boo with a coffee pot. Afterwards, we giggled ourselves silly over a certain song called "It's Red and White" and discussed the difference between two similar relations of Ann Lotspeich.

Having stuffed ourselves again with hot dogs and coffee, we attempted to go to sleep while Polly read some selections from "All the Girls We Loved". The heat of the night, our clogged up noses, and the swarms of mosquitoes, made it impossible for us to go to sleep, so we just lay there and giggled. Trust Ann Lotspeich and Polly, at such a moment, to go in for another skinny dip, which they did.

Finally, Barbie disgusted with the noise, yelled from her hot air mattress, that if she heard one more word that night, there would be no more trips for us. - - - Quiet! - - - then giggles arose! Our two Arab friends, Mattie and Polly, had looked at each other. Then, apparently, Barbie gave up for she offered us some cocoa. Of course, we accepted.

After a while, Barbie, Mattie, Sue and Anne Lotspeich returned to their sleeping bags, while the rest of us sat up by the fire, hoping the smoke would keep some of the mosquitoes away. Then the many strolls down 5th Avenue began, much to Barbie's disgust, and the left over hot dogs, rolls and mustard were slowly diminished, along with the coffee and cocoa. We attempted to go to sleep by the fire with Ann Irish telling "Little Willy" stories, Allie and Cici giggling and Polly saying "Shh". However, we proved the song "Time Waits for No one" wrong, because time seemed to stand still. Finally 4:30 dragged itself around and after eating oranges, Ann Irish, Polly, and Cici--all of whom had stayed awake all night--plus Allie, with her twenty-minute sleep, decided to go skinny dipping by moonlight and dawn. The sun rose quickly after that and so did the sleepers, very begrudgingly.

Sixth Shack Pine Parlor (continued)

We fixed breakfast, consisting of more chocolate cake, French toast with gooey, trip-made brown sugar syrup, oranges (what was left of them), bacon and eggs, toast, jam, coffee and cocoa. While we were eating it, Cici made a resolution to stay awake for twenty-four hours. She hadn't had any sleep for twenty-three hours and fifteen minutes anyway, so why not. Dishes turned in to another game of catch very uninspiring! Some of us went to sleep while others rolled their sleeping bags, and Barbie hunted for driftwood.

At 9:00 A.M. we started out for Oak Island and Barbie and Allie (much to her joy) hunted more camping spots for Ann Irish. We went for a swim, and then headed back to camp.

- - - - - Polly Parkhill
Allie Chase

West Carry Pond

Tuesday, July 26th, all of Sixth Shack and two from Fifth Shack started out in two cars for West Carry Pond. We were to stay out two nights and three days.

At the set time of 9:30 A.M. we all piled into two cars, some with eager anticipation of the proposed 15 mile hike and others with dubious feelings about the length of the trip.

In the station wagon with Mr. Rinehart driving were Janet Smith, Ann Lotspeich, Cici Crowell, Joyce Leader and Allie Chase--the happy passengers--and Mrs. Rinehart, who, much to our amusement and later to hers, also, requested "Minnie the Mermaid". The second car was inhabited by a non-talking bunch who grieved most of the way about Nursey's--or Marianne's-- departure.

After arriving in the cars and walking the 2 1/2 miles to the Storey's we discovered that Louise, our friend from the previous year, was engaged to a prime specimen of manhood, known to us only as "Stupid".

We made camp and went for a swim. On returning to our lean-to we found a dead chipmunk there and promptly named him "Gilbert". (Eventually "Gilbert's" owner removed him, much to the general relief of everyone). The rest of the evening was spent in camping chores and playing "I Doubt It" at the Storey's.

The next morning we were all awakened by a driving rain, which ruined former plans for a hike along the Appalachian Trail. The lost time was spent playing cards, eating candy and listening to the Hit Parade on the Storey's radio.

The next morning early Cici and Ann Irish got up and made bacon and eggs. Naturally, we were all awakened and got up. After breakfast we started to pack and after Carol had the unwanted job of burying you know what, we left down the mountain. It was easier descending and we had an amusing conversation all the way down, where we met Mr. Rinehart and had a happy trip home, sleeping most of the way.

- - - - - Cici Crowell
Janet Smith

Long Lake

It was in the third week of camp that Mattie Uhrig, Ann Lotspeich, Janet Smith, Allie Chase, Janet Scholes, Joy Leader, and Ruthie Thompson, along with the counselors Sue Clarke and Barbie Leader, left for the Long Lake trip.

We left after breakfast and got to Belgrade Lakes in a short while since the lake was extremely calm. After the portage, we set the canoes on the bank of Long Lake and stopped in at Bartlett's, where we each had a soft drink and an ice cream cone. After this brief pause, the trippers resumed their paddles and continued to stroke until lunch time. For lunch we stopped on a point which had picnic tables. This cove is near Elizabeth Arden's. Some people went in swimming here but others decided to stay dry. Barbie could not remember how far it was till we should reach our camping spot so we paddled on not knowing how much longer we had to paddle. Eventually, we arrived at the camping spot. There were numerous mosquitoes. Barbie thought there might be fewer mosquitoes on Ingram Pond and to get there we had to paddle down a swampy stream. This was just a small lake, with three unoccupied houses and not a single place to camp. We then paddled back to the other camping spot, thus having wasted an hour of our time and strength, though Barbie thought it was well worth the time and effort. We finally got settled and then began supper. We had a lot of time before supper, since we got there about 4:30 P.M. We had a delicious dinner, followed by a scrumptious birthday cake for Mattie. Later that evening, we made banana boats, which were very good. We all retired, extremely sleepy and sore from paddling all day.

The next day we woke early and began breakfast. As soon as possible we headed toward Belgrade Stream. The sun was hot and most of us had gotten sunburned the previous day so we tried to keep our legs and backs from being exposed to the sun. Eventually we got to the dam. We walked to the farmhouse and got the water from the well although the people were not at home. After we portaged the canoes we continued on down the stream. In a few minutes Joyce discovered that she had left one can of water back at the dam. When her canoe rejoined the others, after returning for the water, we continued on down the stream.

For lunch we stopped on the shore of the stream. After lunch two canoes decided to paddle very slowly down the stream. When we came to a farmhouse we asked how far it was to Belgrade. The farmer replied that it was 1 1/2 miles. The other three canoes were way ahead of us so we decided to go slowly since it was only a short distance to Belgrade. There was a breeze now and Barbie wanted to take life easy and sail so Allie and Joyce held a poncho up to catch the wind. This didn't work since there were only puffs. During this time the other canoes were having a gay time--or must have, since we heard them laughing from where we were.

Soon we thought we saw Belgrade, so we stopped and Barbie, Allie and Janet went swimming. Just as Barbie had hoped, around the next corner was Belgrade. We found the others anxiously awaiting our arrival. After we carried the canoes and packs to the road we went to a place where we called camp. Here we had ice cream cones and soft drinks. We returned to the canoes to find Lockie already there loading the canoes into the trailer. After loading the packs in the truck, we piled in on top and rode wearily back to camp.

The First Cruise

Johnny woke us up at quarter of seven in the morning, when we got up and made our beds and ate an early breakfast. At 8:00 we were off to Boothbay. Finally, we arrived there. Then we got on the boat and started to sail. All that day we played cards and tried to catch seaweed. Later, we arrived in Port Clyde and we took down the sails. Then we started to cook our supper. We had hamburgers and tomatoes and corn. After dinner we went ashore to a little gift shop. As I was looking, M. J. and I walked right into a boy who looked just like M. J. ! Then we went to a different store and we bought giant ice cream cones. Then Lanie knocked over a candy counter. About ten o'clock we started for the boat in the dinghy.

When we got to the boat we got in our pajamas. While the counselors were up on the deck Christie and I played store, and I took out the canned goods from the drawers.

In the morning we had our breakfast, and after the dishes were done we started to sail. As usual, we were playing cards all day. Then we stopped in North Haven where we went to a place like a night club. We bought some wonderful jaw teasers and I played the machine that said "No minors". All over this town it said "Nell is coming". She was a person in a play. After we were finished buying our things we went back to the boat. Then we went to bed.

The next day we arrived in Camden at about 2:30 in the afternoon. Then we went to a drug store and bought some cokes. While we were in Camden we went to a gift shop called "The Smiling Cow". After that, Johnny came and took us back to camp.

- - - - - Liz Bowman

The Second Cruise

The second cruise, which consisted of Ann Lotspeich, Cici, Mattie, Sue Walker, Carla, Joyce, Sue Clarke and Ann Irish, started off Wednesday afternoon after rest hour for Camden. We spent the night in Camden, after seeing H.M.S. Pinafore. We all heard the words to the songs very clearly, even though we were in the back row, because Mattie sang them as the play went along.

The next day was foggy and rainy and not good sailing weather so we spent the day in Camden, going to various gift shops and stores.

That night we went into Yorkins and played the juke box and ate our fill.

The next day proved to be as rainy as the one before, so we spent the morning learning various new educational games, such as, "Pig", "Crazy Rights", "Slap Jack" and "Bridge".

That afternoon, some of us went into Camden and played "Follow the Leader" up and down the streets and purchased various articles in grocery stores. Meanwhile, back on the boat Sue Clarke was talking in her sleep and throwing pillows. She hadn't felt quite up to going into Camden as she had had a rather rough night.

That night a few of us went into town to the movies, while the others stayed on the boat and went to bed. We saw "New York Confidential" and "Southwest Passage". When we got out of the movies we nearly had a catastrophe, thanks to Ann Lotspeich's friendliness.

The last day was a little better than the first two, so we powered to Rockland where we were picked up by Johnny and Barbie. Since we hadn't done much sailing on our cruise, we went and spent the last day of the third cruise with them and sailed to Boothbay.

- - - - - Mattie Uhrig
Ann Lotspeich
Carla Sandberg

The Third Cruise

On a nice, foggy, Sunday morning, the people who were going on the third cruise set out bright and early, after numerous delays, for Rockland. There, they met Captain Kelley and Mrs. Kelley, who rowed over for them after cat-calls and whistles from the crew had filled the air. The crew stowed their belongings on various bunks and explored the boat. Finally, they settled down long enough to read magazines of nondescript description and a letter left to them by the second cruise. Reading these interesting and informative manuals whiled away the hours until the crew decided that Rockland had escaped long enough from the invasion of the crew members. Therefore, piling joyfully and gleefully into the small rowboat, a part of the crew set off to wait for the rest of the crew members on the dock. Setting off from there the crew, with the exception of one member who spent a pleasant and delightful time at the doctor's office, walked down the streets of Rockland with many an inquiring eye following them. Suddenly, a screech rent the air and a high, excited voice squeaked out that some sort of itch was in town. After closer questioning of the crew member, we established firmly that she was talking about the movie, "The Seven Year Itch". Also, we discovered that another movie, "Not as a Stranger" was in town. So, being intellectual souls, the crew decided to see both movies, one right then and one after dinner.

After the movie we went to the dock and the first part of the crew left for the boat to cook the ravioli for supper, while the other members stayed on the dock. The crew members left on shore soon decided to amuse themselves waiting for the captain to row back for them. Spying a building from the dock, they wandered aimlessly, but concealing a hidden purpose, toward it. Entering through the main door, they scanned the room. Although noticing a juke box in the corner, they decided to leave that for a later date, and, lured by the sight and smell of a certain delicacy known to the public as French fries, they made their way to the counter. While the French fries were cooking, we suddenly thought that the captain might be back. A moment of panic--who would entrust the French fries to the others to go find the captain. But the captain himself saved the situation for he suddenly appeared outside the window, looking from left to right. One of the members ran outside very hastily to inform him where we had been. When the French fries were finally done we set off in the dinghy. And then we realized we were having ravioli for supper -- ravioli and French fries? But we were spared that combination, because as soon as the rest of the crew realized that there were hot French fries on board the pint of French fries began to dwindle very rapidly. Oh well, what could be better than French fries as hors d'oeuvres?

After supper that night we set off again for Rockland. On the first trip over only two members were left waiting for the rest

The Third Cruise (continued)

on the dock. These two decided to wait for the rest in the building which had been used earlier in the day. Entering, they put the juke box to good use and managed to entertain themselves sufficiently until the others joined them. After meeting the rest of the crew members we proceeded on our way, toward the movie theater. After seeing the movie we went outside in search of a drug store. Finding one, we quickly stuffed ourselves with delicacies and then wended our weary way back to the dock to be rowed back to the boat.

The next day, we awoke early and were informed by the captain that we were going to sail. Although we did wake up early we got a late start, after saying goodbye to Ann, the captain's wife. We sailed almost until supper time, although it was only ten miles from Rockland to Camden. In order to do this we went in and out of Camden Harbor three times. Finally we docked and since there were still some hours left before supper we decided to go into Camden. When we arrived in Camden, the crew decided to split up and go their separate ways. While walking down the main street of Camden, one part of the crew suddenly thought that she saw Wally Cox of Mr. Peeper's fame sitting in a car. This suspicion was quickly verified and clustering around the car, they had Mr. Cox quite busy for a few minutes writing autographs. When the rest of the crew joined them a few minutes later, the others waved their autographs under their noses and seemed determined to make them jealous. But since Mr. Cox had not moved from his position, we all got his autograph in the end. After getting his autograph, we, like Paul Revere, ran around the streets of Camden informing the residents that Wally Cox was sitting in a car on Main Street.

That night we all saw Mr. Cox in a play at the Summer Theater, which was very good.

The third day of our cruise we were awakened bright and early by a boat load of boys. What could be more exciting and romantic than to be awakened by the noise of masculine voices booming outside our portholes! Rising from our bunks, we made our sleepy way to breakfast. Afterwards we rolled up our sleeping bags in preparation for Johnny's coming with the second cruise.

When the second cruise had come, we started out in the hopes of fine sailing weather. But hopes were quickly quenched when a light drizzle of rain started and with the wind blowing from the wrong direction. We sailed by means of the motor the whole distance from Camden to Boothbay. The weather was extremely cold and on deck were prostrated lumps under blankets which were the crew. So it was a welcome sight to see the ships in Boothbay Harbor and know that we would soon be in a nice, warm restaurant eating a lobster dinner.

All this happened as it should and after we had eaten our dinners we said goodbye to Captain Kelley and the memorable third cruise.



Anagrams

Janet R. Rolfe
Joanne B. Hutchings
Jane P. Orbeton
Jane E. Master
Sarah A.F. Boynton
Margaret D. Turnbull

Elizabeth J. Bowman
Susan Orbeton
Janice K. Leader
Cheryl C. Sorenson
Helene L. Bowman
Kristina Klassen
Victoria Mayfield

Ruth L. Thompson
Carla May Sandberg
Joyce Ellen Leader
Janet Fielding Scholes
Mary Jane Mott
Patricia Christensen
Romney Lee Willson

Ann Hale Lotspeich
Polly Curtis Parkhill
Alison Mason Chase
Susan Peck Walker
Janet Decker Smith
Martha Nye Uhrig
Consuelo Slavin Crowell

Marian R. Johnson
Deborah A. Janney
Barbara L. Jordan
Barbara B. Leader
Mariame Ringwald
Kate McShane
Flora M. Lynn
Lois G. Mills
Harriet L. Janney
Carol M. Brestel
Sandra Lee Rinehart
Ann L. Irish
Susan E. Clarke
Mary E. Twining
Doris L. Gray

Joined Runoia Recently
Jacks' Big Hero
Jolly, Pert Optimist
Judged an Excellent Miller
Swims a Fast Backstroke
Makes Doris Tired

Energetic, Jolly Blue
Sounds Off
Junior Kickball Lover
Canthers Chocolate Swell
Heartily Loves Bretzels
Kids Kissing
Very Muscular

Rambunctious, Lively Talker
Continually Mooring Sailboats
Jokingly Excuses Lateness
Judged First in Show
Makes Janney Messy
Piercing Cry
Really Loves Wiggling

Active, Hardy Lifesaver
Pop Comes Preaching
Assists Most Cheerfully
Smith's Potential Woman
Jivy Davis Singer
Many Naps, Usually
Constantly Shags Casually

Makes Runoia Jolly
Dishwashers All Jump
Bosses Loving Juniors
Bare, Black Legs
Mirthful RN
Kids Minnie
Food Made Luscious
Loves Giving Medicine
Has Late Jamborees
Carefully Manages Baseball
Supervises Little Rascals
At last Leaving Ipse
Skillfully Encourages Co-education
Musically Energetic Turtle
Day off Lives Gleefully

Counselor Statistics

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Carol Brestel	Carol	Grapenuts	For work	After-supper tennis	Going to bed	I'm used to waiting!
Susan Clarke	Clarke Bar	For phone calls	Cute man SSS sweat shirt	Trips to Smith	"I'll be seeing you"	This is rah!.
Doris Grey	Boris	With the little ones	For Log writers	Wednesday night sprees	Thursday morning questions	"God who touches earth with Beauty.."
Ann Irish	Sport	In a sailboat	Good with spit curls	Sleeping in canoes	Nancy Drew	It was a ball.
Deborah Janney	Debs	With visitors	For the ants in sugar bowls	The jitterbug-shag	Losing her letters from Penna.	How 'bout that!
Harriet Janney	Cricket	In the Hen's Pen	For Chapel speakers	Spreading Smith propaganda	Little snooping faces	My blue jeans <u>don't</u> smell.
Marian Johnson	Johnny	Like a polar bear	Out for all of us	Tucked-in shirt tails	Uninteresting postcards	There's a lot of life in the old girl yet.
Barbara Leader	Barb	Wearing little	For the plunger	Prompt lifesavers	Soap on the dock	"Love is the language of the heart"
Barbara Jordan	B. J.	In a dirty stall	For Gilbert	Her father's watermelon	Watering Chocolate	Holy Hannah!
Flora Lynn	Flo	Two doors from Kate	For missing cookies	Joking with the men	Last minute panicking	I do the best I know how
Kathryn McShane	Kate	Energetically	Forward to Fridays in town	Home	The icebox door	Crimeney!
Lois Mills	Lois	She doesn't know yet	For a suntan	Perfect inspection	Hypochondriacs	Scrabble, anyone?

Counselor Statistics (continued)

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Sandra Lee Rinehart	Sandy	On the tennis courts	For a Bridge game	To shag	10:30	You're causing talk!
Marianne Ringwald	Marianne,- this year	Away from us just now	Tan	Trips to Thayer Hospital	Clothes on the rafters	Please?
Mary Twining	Mock Turtle	Under leaks	For a comfortable bed	Playing duets	People who aren't	Wowms



Miss Weiser and Johnny

Mary Twining

From Hillsdale another one sought us -
Artistic skills Mary T. taught us;
Her manner's so humorous
With funny faces numerous
As she expertly plays the mock tortoise.



Marian Johnson

Though Johnny's not terribly lean
Her sense of humor is keen;
And her laughter so hearty
Enlivens a party;
Nothing's dull when she comes on the scene.



Barbara Leader

Barbie's expert at cold skinny dippery
As well as the fine art of trippery;
Letters bring her relief
Though the postcards are brief
And so is her feminine frippery.



B

Barbara Jordan

In the stable our B.J. does hack
But she has her own home in 3rd shack;
With a broad grin so sly
"Oh Hannah!" she'll reply;
We can safely say she's no sad sack.



Susan Clarke

Sue's responsibilities grew
To include both the dock and canoe;
Home's in 5th shack or sixth,-
You can hardly tell which
But we like her whatever she do.



Doris Gray

Doris tries with 3rd shack to stay sane
And quotes riotous statistics on Maine;
Tho' she uses her day off
Each week to go 'way off
She does much for CR, it is plain.

Marianne Ringwald



15

Harriet Janney

Though Cricket through hardship advances
On account of the steeds and their prances;
Of gay trips to the coast
And the Fair she can boast,
And those wild Belgrade Lakes Hotel dances.

Flora Lynn

Our Mrs. Lynn, alias Flo,
Has a smile that you'd never call slow;
When she serves up the dishes
They turn out so delicious
You realize she's surely a pro.

Kate McShane

For a cool, relaxing vacation
She came here to help cook our ration;
Did Mrs. McShane.
You can hear her so plain
When she makes an exclamation.

Lois Mills

From Cincy to Runoia came Lois,
Her nursing skill ready to show us;
Tho' she came at the end
She did soon comprehend
It takes little time to get to know us.

Sandra Rinehart

Jo's bellowing cries of "Yo, sport",
Fill the air from the beach to the court;
But she's good when you're weary
At making you cheery
And to boredom she'll never resort.

Debby Janney

There is a young girl with a yen
For a handsome young farmer named Ben;
She's really quite pert
Though she never would flirt-
Our Debby is at it again.

Carol Brestel

At tennis our Carol's expert
As well as at cleaning up dirt;
If you ask her, "Why bother?"
She'll say "I'd really rather".
She's certainly on the alert.

Ann Irish

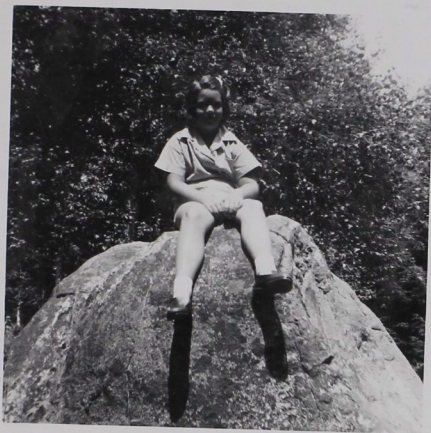
The girl with the German-French name
For sailing and camping trips came.
She's curly and blonde,
And the clothes that she's donned
Show Ann Irish is not a tame dame.



THIRD SHACK

Third Shack Statistics

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Sarah Boynton	Sally	With her baby teddy bear	Like a pixie	Chocolate lady	Getting up in the morning	Get away from my teddy bear
Joanne Hutchings	Joanie	To eat	Cute	To write letters	Inspection	I've lost my mittens
Jane Master	Janie	In Robesonia	Funny	Lizzy	Milk	Oo-oo-oo-o
Jane Orbeton	Gigi	For Mark's visits	Like a string bean	To giggle	Being called Orbeton	Holy Cow!
Janet Rolfe	Janet	In Waterville	In the cupboard	To play jacks	Kickball	May I ask?
Margaret Turnbull	Margy	In New Jersey	Like Peter Pan	Crafts	X-rays	Who am I going to ride?



Jane Master

Her last season's shackmates have passed her,
By virtue of growing up faster--
But her ripening wit
Has become such a hit
That in camp it has made Janie Master!



Margaret Turnbull

'For the Blue Team our Margie does root
And to the stable she always does scoot
But when reveille blows, our Margie is slow
'Cause she gives no response to that toot.

Sally Boynton

In our play Sally made a fine queen
And at home on a horse may be seen
For she got second prize
Is the light of our eyes
Gets milk and crackers because she is lean.



Jane Orbeton

Though with life she's just starting to grapple
She's already been mentioned in Chapel -
Has Miss Janie O,
By Mark, Cricket's beau -
Of his eye how she'd like to be apple!

Janet Rolfe

Janet has dimples first rate
And she often gets there late;
But to swim, play jacks or sleep out
She'll hurry like a scout
And is considered by us a good skate.



Joanne Hutchings

Miss Hutchings - we call her Joanne
Has a claim on an Old C.R. clan;
Through her grandfather Barr
She is hitched to a star
For Miss Weiser is kin to that man.



FOURTH SHACK

Fourth Shack Statistics

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Elizabeth Bowman	Liz	With her cousin	Unlike her twin	Chocolate cake	The bottoms of broccoli	I swear on the Bible
Helene Bowman	Lanie	To get mail	Like a string bean	Crafts	Square dancing	Criss-cross my heart
Kristina Klassen	Button	In Columbus	Like a shrimp	Horses	Crackers	Heavens!
Janice Leader	Jan	To play jacks	Like a glamour girl	To put her hair up	Eating food with- out milk	You know what you do about it?
Victoria Mayfield	Vicky	With boys	For Cricket	To gain pounds	Swimming races	Oh Golly!
Susan Orbeton	Susie	With the coun- selors	Like a mop	Skinny dips	Combing her hair	For Pete's sake!
Cheryl Sorenson	Christie	For riding	Giggley!	Good jack balls	To wear her hair in pigtails	Murder

Elizabeth Bowman

When Lizzie gets dressed for the ball
Her costume's the envy of all;
Lipstick and high heels
And shrill opera squeals -
But what if her falsies should fall!



Helene Bowman

With Bretzels and bunches of mail
Laney's greeted each day without fail;
With gifts from relations
And weekend vacations
She has blazed quite a fabulous trail.



Tina Klassen

Tina is a firey 4th shacker
Who has proved to be quite a hacker;
With her giggles and smile
She's shown all the while
She's her White Team's most whole-hearted backer.

Janice Leader

Her Ma worked to make her a reader
Of great books which will mentally feed her;
But her teammates say "No"!.
We like her just so,
Of the Junior White Team--Janice Leader.

Cheryl Sorenson

Christie's laughter at games and at table
Are by way of becoming affable;
She gives such a sputter
When you ask for the butter
That you reach it yourself--if you're able.

Vicky Mayfield

Our Vicky's the greatest of all
When it comes to throwing a ball;
She's known as a sport
Of the very best sort
She'll try out for the Red Legs this fall.

Susan Orbeton

As the first strains of reveille sound
Susie leaps from her bed with a bound;
She's off with a roar
For a dip at the shore
She's a true Polar Bear so we've found.



FIFTH SHACK

Fifth Shack Statistics

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Patti Christensen	Patty	In the U.S. for a change	Forward to going home	To write on walls at rest hour	Travail	Do you suppose?
Joyce Leader	Joy or Joyce	By breathing, I guess	Like she has had enough of life- saving	Having big ears	Going to sleep too soon after reading	None--she just looks them
Mary Jane Mott	Twinkles or M. J.	For laughs	Toward the last room on the left	"Tension" and "Spit"	Being told she's twinkling	I can't help it.
Carla May Sandberg	Carla	Jamestown	Quote "Like a freak"	Richy	Tickling	Oh Lord, love a duck.
Janet Scholes	Janet	Near Howie	For Gilbert	Her mail-male	Leaving camp- Reason??	We'd better leave this out--just to be on the safe side.
Ruth Thompson	Ruthie	For Blueie-Bee	For a roommate	The idea of go- ing to Pine Is- land's farewell feed	Not much of anything	We're cooking.
Romney Wilson	Oscar	In Satan's domain	For trouble	Cuz	Poison ivy	Help!

Romney Willson

Romney Willson, as Oscar, is known
You never from her hear a moan;
She loves to play spit
When diving won't quit
The Blues claim Oscar their own.



Mary Jane Mott

Our youngest 5th shacker is M.J.
There's a smile on her face every day;
At baseball she's tops
M.J. never stops
She's a crackerjack White they all say.



Janet Scholes

A most welcome new girl was Janet
Just mention a trip--she'll help plan it;
Of a party she's life,
With vivacity rife;
Show her any old horse and she'll man it.

Carla Sandberg

Though there's little at which Carla fails
'It's her giggles that have us in gales;
If she needs a good blow
(In a sailboat you know)
She just laughs up a storm and she sails.

Joyce Leader

Now to punning Joyce needn't be led
And at diving she's way out ahead;
But her leadership ends
With the day, say her friends
For everyone beats her to bed.

Patty Christensen

With a joke Patty knows when to stop
And her riding is far from a flop;
But inspection reveals
That this lady feels
A good book is more fun than a mop.

Ruth Thompson

That Ruth is domestic it's plain
For her, kitchen work is no strain;
Like her aunt and her mother
And many another
She joins us from Waterville, Maine.



SIXTH SHACK

Sixth Shack Statistics

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Alison Mason Chase	Louella Parsons II	For repayment of backrubs	Better with her ponytail backwards	Skinny dips and to do dishes	Not digging dirt	I'm coming!
Consuelo Slaven Crowell	Crowbar	In misery	For 6th helpings of food	Butterscotch now	The big four!	Boy, you know it!
Susan Virginia Leonard	Hip-po	In tight pants	Like a washer- woman	Her laniard	Diets, when she can't eat what she wants	Peasant!
Ann Hale Lotspeich	Annette	In the 2nd room on the left	For the trip	Being an hon- orary Boyscout	Being thirteen	You're not funny- tee hee!
Polly Curtis Parkhill	Pollette	Oh! you know how	After Janet to look after Gilbert	Robert, Henry, David & Jeffrey	Herself for gig- gling at inop- portune moments	Mary had a little lamb....
Janet Decker Smith	J. D. S.	Barely	For a chance to ride	Building stair- ways	Cheese	I'm only teasing!
Martha Nye Uhrig	Mattette	In Sue's clothes	Sleepy	Her shorties	Being a lamb?	Hordee-har-har-ha
Susan Peck Walker	Sue	To gain weight	For her records	Jelly and hor- ses	Exercises and her long gray beard	Am I riding, Cricket?



Polly Parkhill

With her hand on the tiller, Polly goes
To face whatever the tricky wind blows,
When the sheet bellies out,
The orders she'll shout,
For Polly's the skipper who knows!

Sue Walker

It's the first year at camp for Sue Walker.
Hartford produced quite a talker!
Many letters she'd write,
And exercise every nite,
And did all of the things that she ought-er.



Janet Smith

Into every activity reaches Janet's fame-
Canoeing, or tennis, or a baseball game.
Or if it's swim, shag, or dive,
And S. Davis, Jr. to dramatize,
She'll be there just the same.



Allie Chase

An all around camper is Allie
And she never does lack for a sally,
In the shack or at sports
Table games or retorts
She shows up quite well in the tally.

Susie Leonard

For indirect questions in "Who Am I?",
For a laugh that no plight could belie,
For a shock of blond hair,
And a lanyard so fair,
We'll remember Susie Leonard for aye.



Mattie Uhrig

There is one who has worked hard this season,
Of Mattie we speak and with reason.
That dive she did master,
Few balls did get past her,
And for clothes that she wore she took teasin'.

Ceci Crowell

Ceci takes care of the Blues
And over their progress she stews
She gives them the zest
To meet every test
And hopes for the best of good news.

Ann Lotspeich

There was a young camper named Ann L.
She could swim and could ride and could gunnel
She captained the whites
Planned all thru the nights
How to lead her team home in the finals.

AROUND CAMP



75

Joy Leader, Janet Smith, Carol Brestel, Ann Lotspeich, Jane Orbeton



76

Janet Scholes, Jan Leader, Joy Leader, Elsa Master, Jane Master



Fourth Shack



Fourth Shack and Elsa Master

7D



Elsa Bowman, John Bowman, Helene Master, Elizabeth & Helene Bowman



Jane Master



**Emily Warren,
Student at Tufts,
Becomes Fiancee**

MONTPELIER, Sept. 1 — Emily B. Warren's engagement to Joseph B. Taylor of Bangor, Maine, has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer C. Warren.

Miss Warren was graduated from the Northfield School for Girls and is attending Tufts University.

Mr. Taylor, son of Mrs. Gladys H. Taylor of Bangor, Maine, was graduated from the University of Maine and served in the U.S. Navy. He is a civil engineer and is engaged in graduate research at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

A June wedding is planned.

Engagements

Virginia Ann Perin to Wed Curtis Harrison Gager Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lyman Perin, of Scarsdale, N. Y., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Virginia Ann Perin, to Mr. Curtis Harrison Gager jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis H. Gager, of Scarsdale.

Miss Perin was graduated from the Masters School, Dobbs Ferry, and is attending Wheaton College. She made her debut at a reception and a dance in 1952 in Cincinnati and at the Westchester Cotillion in 1953.

Mr. Gager was graduated from the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania. He was an infantry lieutenant in Korea and is a captain in the Marine Corps Reserves.



Hal Phyle

**Virginia Ann Perin, en-
gaged to Curtis Gager jr.**

Sept. 1955



Mrs. McShane Mrs. Lynn



Debbie Tanney



Carol Brestel



Cricket Tanneq



Mary Twining



Patty Christensen Joy leader



Lanie Bowman

Tina Klassen



To Rinehart



Sue Clarke



Carla Sandberg
Janet Scholtes



Christy Sorenson
his Bowman



Susan Orbeton

C A M P R U N O I A L O G

1956

Dedication

We are agreed that Runoia is what the personalities who have been connected with it have made it. So, on this, its Fiftieth Anniversary, we dedicate the Log to all campers, counselors, and friends of the Camp who have contributed to the tradition and Spirit that is Runoia. We especially honor Miss Weiser, who originated the idea for the Camp, and her loyal friend, Miss Pond, who helped her realize this ambition.



Counselor Anagrams

Marianne Ringwald	Merry Runoian
Barbara Leader	Boldly Bares Lingerie
Polly Curtis Parkhill	Passes Cute Phrases
Susan Ellis Clarke	Seems Especially Crazy
Norma Diane Dransfield	Nicely Distributes Drugs
A. Gail Andrews	Always Going Ape
Sandra Lee Rinehart	Same Sousy Rhapsody
Marian R. Johnson	Makes Runoians Jump
Julie P. Nugent	Jovially portrays nimbleness
Katherine Todd Preston	Keeps Things Pleasant
Katherine Todd Preston, Jr.	K. T.'s Pet
Doris Shellberg	Doesn't Shirk
Eleanor B. Warren	Excellent Biscuits Whipped
Flora M. Lynn	Food Made Luscious
Nancy H. Oster	Nice Healthy Obstnacy
Doris Lorraine Gray	Does Like Girls
Lucy H. Weiser	Likes Having us With her

Counselor Statistics

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Gail Andrews	Gail	Southington	Happy	Oscar & Susie	Prune whip	Oh -
Sue Clarke	Rudest little	For the end of camp	Knowingly	To hear from Vt.	Susan Emily Seymour	Pish-Tosh
Diane Dransfield	Norma	Under a hat	Looks burned	Nancy Drew mysteries	Eating through a straw	(Dirty digs too nu- merous to record)
Doris Gray	Boris	In terror of mussels, etc.	In the raf- ters	To laugh	Burps	You're the rudest little thing
Marian Johnson	Johnny	In 4th shack	For shirt-tails	Kathie	Chewing gum	Hurry up, 6th shack
Barbara Leader	Barbie	For gathering driftwood	For dishwashers	Enamelling	People who stuff her bugle	Stroke!
Julie Nugent	Gazelle	To be shocked	Bewildered	To understand what people say	"The Fair Young Maiden"	I don't get it
Nancy Oster	Nanny	For pie	Laughingly	"The Desert Fox"	People who say "Never mind"	Oh, dear, dear me!
Polly Parkhill	Pollette	Near camp	Like a Roman princess	Being righteous	Partial counselors	Go to bed
K.T.Preston	K. T.	To decorate birthday cakes	For her knife	People who like Kathie	Not very much	Kathie!
Sandra Rinehart	Jo	For her phone calls	After her sole heir	To sleep out	Writing letters	"Sandra, just call me Sandy"
Marianne Ringwald	Marianne	To laugh	Suntanned	Knowing people's weight	Giving "S"'s	Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha !!!
Doris Shellberg	Shelley	Cincy	Young	To help everyone	Cracked enamel	Now you're cooking on the front burner
Mrs. Lynn	Simon	Behind the kit- chen	After Buzzy	Lots of things	Having to hurry	Hurry up, Nan
Mrs. Warren	Ellie	Montpelier	Like her daughters	Her new grand- daughter	Leftovers	Everybody around here is scared of me!



Marian Johnson

She shepherds us all through vacation
With a humor that's quite a sensation;
She seldom is wrong,
She's a friend true and strong,
We know Johnny's no imitation.



Marianne Ringwald

We all wish that she had stayed here,
Marianne, with her laugh and her cheer;
As a nurse, she was great
Though she laughed at our weight
She'll always have friends--she's a dear.



Diane Dransfield

Diane is the one who knows all;
Though a teaser, she's really a doll;
She snickers and laughs
Till we all split in half,
As our nurse--she's always on call.



Barbara Leader

There's nobody whom Barbie bores,
She's a whiz at doing her chores;
She's friendly and gay,
Always ready for play,
But less good at keeping her drawers.

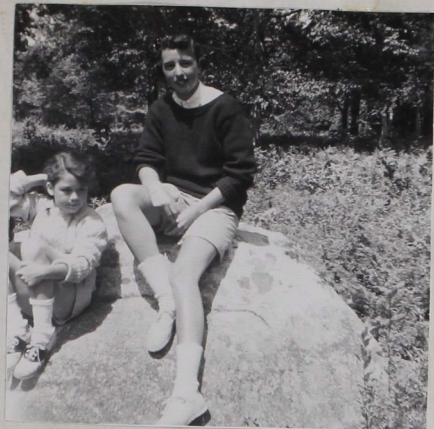
Polly Parkhill

Runcio's own sailor is Polly,
Though she's sort of profound, but she's jolly;
She's 3rd Shack's protection
With a 6th Shack connection;
And she's deep in the midst of the folly.



Jo Rinehart

Jo is an all around camper,
With Ed, she's a genuine vamer;
In sports she is grand
In lake or on land,
And she's always prepared for a scamper.



Susan Clarke

Susan Clarke is a counselor wise
In the ways of making bed pies;
In canoe or when docked
She can never be shocked,
But she will roll her horrified eyes.

Doris Gray

Each night our Dorsi goes creeping
To examine the place where she's sleeping,
For mussels and mice
And things equally nice;
Poor reward for the music we're reaping.



K. T. Preston

K.T.'s a true Runoian gay,
A help to us in every way;
The Prestons add much
To our Camp life as such,
And we hope that, with us, they'll stay.

D



Gail Andrews

The queen of the stables is Gail,
In riding she never can fail;
She's funny and cute,
We think she's a beaut,
We know that she'll capture her male.



76

Doris Shellberg

In crafts or out, she's a whiz,
Enamelling, she knows her biz;
She's pleasant and gay
Always ready for play,
What a wonderful help Shelley is.

Julie Nugent

Julie can always be fazed,
Or at least be slightly amazed;
Without all her cracks
And the knowledge she lacks,
The roof would seldom be raised.

Nancy Oster

A scullery maid perfect is Nan,
A mysterious N. J. dead pan;
But make her laugh once
And she'll act like a dunce,
Till Skidmore our Nanny will ban.

Mrs. Lynn

At cookery, he was so deft
Without her, we all feel bereft;
She was fun, all agree
Though a Simon Legree;
We all wish Mrs. Lynn hadn't left.

Mrs. Warren

Though she's only been here a while,
She's won us all with her smile;
We're glad that she's back
Friends she'll never lack
And we hope we aren't much of a trial.

Camper Anagrams

Louise E. Bettman	-	Likes everybody
Elizabeth Bowman	-	Escapes jobs blithely
Helene Bowman	-	Habitually lively bother
Sarah A.F. Boynton	-	Such a fiery blue
Elizabeth S. Cameron	-	Ever smiling camper
Alison Mason Chase	-	Ardently manages camp
Barbara L. Christy	-	Beginner loves Camp
Melinda K. Corpening	-	Merry kid from Carolina
Consuelo Slavin Crowell	-	Casually swims chickly
Honora G. Crowell	-	Has good crawl
Joanne B. Hutchings	-	Jolts Blues habitually
Sally S. Hutchings	-	Seldom shields herself
Kristina Klassen	-	Krazy Kat!
Janice K. Leader	-	Jack knife leaper
Joyce Ellen Leader	-	Jokes evoke laughter
Susan Virginia Leonard	-	So very learned!
Ann Hale Lotspeich	-	Always heartily laughing
Jane E. Master	-	Jolly eager Miss
Mary Jane Mott	-	Makes jolly moments
Jane P. Orbeton	-	Junior phenomenal one
Susan Orbeton	-	S-o-o-o outdoorsy
Grace Pearson	-	Good pianist
Katherine Todd Preston II	-	K. T.'s pet
Paula Ellen Preston	-	Politely explains problems
Carla May Sandberg	-	Characterizes mosquitoes superbly
Janet Fielding Scholes	-	Justifiably feels squeaky
Antoinette Farrar Seymour	-	Always feels sentimental
Cheryl C. Sorenson	-	Changes seldom
Jane E. Spoor	-	Just an elegant senior
Ruth L. Thompson	-	Rides like Tonto
Margaret D. Turnbull	-	Mighty darn tricky
Susan B. Whitehouse	-	Sends baseballs whizzing
Romney Lee Willson	-	Rides like wild

Did You Know?

1. That Skidmore has consented to tolerate both Sue Clarke and Nancy in their freshman class this year?
2. That old Runcoaites - Cricket Janney, Pat Knapp and Ann Irish became engaged this year?
3. That Shelley is snowed under with crafts in winter and summer and stops just long enough to get to and from Camp?
4. A heavy snowfall this past winter caused 5th shack roof to cave in?
5. There have been approximately 2,200 campers at Runcoia?
6. Emmy Warren was married in June and is now Mrs. Joseph B. Taylor?
7. Barbie Warren and Emmy Graf have baby girls?
8. Shelley won the First Prize in the first annual Arts & Crafts Show at Belgrade Lakes Hotel this summer?



S I X T H S H A C K

Sixth Shack Statistics

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Alison M. Chase	Allie	During camp	Benevolent	Windy days	August 21st	The same to you and twice on Thursdays
Melinda Carpening	Yawl	South	Like Elvis	Bobby	Carpetbaggers	Binny, Binny,Binny, Binny, Goodmun
Consuelo S.Crowell	The stomach	On general principles	Dior-y	Letters from Mass.	Laws	"I'll be up at 11:30 August 2nd!!"
Joyce Leader	Joy	To make dirty digs	Knowingly	Food	Having to maintain silence	"I'm hungry"
Susan V. Leonard	Leopard	To play "Who am I?"	Like Susan Hayward	Intellectual discussions	Neurotic shack-mates	"Ish!"
Ann H. Lotspeich	Nna	Same old place	Typical	Same old thing	Coming home from West Carry	Oh <u>honestly</u> ! hee,hee
Carla M. Sandburg	Straighty	For Roscoe	Like a musk-weeto	Most things	"Carlotta-callous careless"	<u>I'll</u> never tell
Janet F. Scholes	Janet	To be squeaked	Squeaky	"Thank you"	When nobody gets the wrong idea	My Mommy warned me!
Antoinette Seymour	Noti	In Nobody's clothes	For a chance to get seconds	Jewelry	"I'll be seeing You"	Oh, Lardy, that <u>is</u> attractive!
Jane Spoor	Beautiful	Cincy	For her dog book	To talk	Nurses	Gott, oh, Gott!
Ruth Thompson	Ruthie	In the kitchen	Towards 5th shack	Mail	People who write on her legs	Good - good
Susan Whitehouse	Woozie Light-house	In the stables	Forward to backrubs	Being teased	Paddling a straight line	Real neat kid!
Sixth Shack	Sick shack	Dangerously	Dangerous	Danger	Danger	Danger!

Cici Crowell

Consuelo is really her name
But it's Cici to us just the same;
In swimming she's tops,
All the prizes she cops
And adds Captain of Blues to her fame.



Alison Chase

At Runoia there'll always be space
For a girl like Alison Chase;
She's always quite fair,
Seldom goes on a tear,
But at eating she sets quite a pace.

Carla Sandberg

Carla Sandberg to all is just swell,
And in love with our Kathy she fell;
As "Mother" or sailor
There's none who would fail her,
And in crafts she does really quite well.



Ruth Thompson

Ruth Thompson's a gal who can work
No job small or large does she shirk;
To her great surprise
She took second prize
In the horseshow she sure was no jerk.

Toni Seymour

If it's Toni that you want to see
It's with Nancy or Sue Clarke she'll be;
She writes for the Log,
Her mind's in no fog;
She's really some gal, all agree.



Ann Lotspeich

On the cruise, she started a fad,
In her scanties naught else was she clad;
Ann Lotspeich for sure
Was really demure,
So no one thought she was so bad.

Susan Leonard

Not even a snail is as slow
As Sue Leonard, whom all of you know;
All those books she does read
Keep her from the lead;
But we all love our Susie just so.



Janet Scholes

If ever you want a back rub
Seek out Janet and don't take a sub;
Her last name is Scholes,
All mares she controls,
But when swimming you hear a blub blub.

Susan Whitehouse

Susie Whitehouse from Cincy does hail;
She likes to ride and to sail,
But we all must say
In the stables she'll stay
Just to be with the counselor named Gail.



Melinda Corpening

Melinda is new to 6th Shack,
For friends she never does lack;
Just ask her to say
"Benny Goodman" today,
Yea, Dixie, we hope you come back.

Joyce Leader

Joy Leader is really some gal,
To all she is quite a real pal;
If there is a joke
It is Joy who just spoke;
You can bet she will boost your morale.



Jane Spoor

Another from Cincy's Jane Spoor,
Her leg so often is sore;
Yet, nevertheless,
We all must confess
She is always game to try more.



F I F T H S H A C K

Fifth Shack Statistics

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Elizabeth Bowman	Liz	To pass her dive	Dainty	To go crazy	To sit on her bed during rest hour	Geesum!
Helene Bowman	Laney	With Liz	Good in archery	Pink & white nec- cos	Her eczema	All right,Liz Bowman
Louise Bettman	Modest,oddest	In Cincy	For Dick's letters	Her privacy	Getting earaches	Oh, Gee
Janice Leader	Jockey Leader	To get a tan	For Nancy Drew books	To sleep in dog house	Losing weight	You wouldn't!
Kristina Klassen	Tina	In Columbus	For boys!	To fix hair	Tiny Tina & Button	What time is it?
Mary Jane Mott	M.J.	In New York	Forward to dive	To tip canoes	To be tickled	I did not!
Grace Pearson	Gay	Newbury	Small for her age	Sailing	To play the piano in church	Eeek!
Christie Sorenson	Christie	Manchester	Forward to Duchess's canter	Wet hair	The spring board	O-ksey
Romney Wilson	Oscar	With the records	Healthy	Horses	Waiting to be excused from the table	Oh Lord love a duck
Elizabeth Cameron	Starky	In Cincy	For a jack mate	Jacks	Jumping in and out of canoes	Oh, darn it

Helene Bowman

During rest hour she sits on her trunk;
In the water, Jane M. she will dunk;
With that beautiful stroke,
None does she provoke
For in swimming she never could flunk.

Elizabeth Bowman

Back to Runoia Liz came,
To score for the Blues was her aim;
She's willing to try
What passes her by,
But at teasing, she's won her fame.



Louise Bettman

A curious gal--our Louise
And she tries very hard to please;
Her yen is to write;
We think she's quite bright,
About her modesty we often do tease.



Jan Leader

On the White Team Jan's really a leader,
In both swimming and canoeing they need her;
In arching she hit a high score,
Whatever she does, she does more
And when riding, this gal is a speeder!

Romney Willson

In the 5th Shack play she looked pert,
And on a horse she's always alert;
Though she's good at the rest
With horses she's the best,
And at rest hour she's never inert.



Starkey Cameron

In the middle of the season she came,
Called by her own middle name;
From Cincy she came too,
She'll try everything to do;
The stamps on her mail bring her fame.

Tina Klassen

A half-pint is really her size,
And how she can flutter those eyes;
She played Polly, the maid
And Julie at the masquerade;
In races through water she flies.



Mary Jane Mott

At rest hour she'd like to cause riot,
Her laughter is hard to keep quiet;
M. J. looks good in a dive,
On our food she does thrive;
At the sight of a bed, she'll say "Pie it".

Gay Pearson

Gay Pearson appears rather quiet,
But we soon found she's a riot;
Whether in a boat
Or on a float,
Whatever it is, she'll try it.



Christie Sorenson

If you're looking for laughter,
It's Christie you're after;
She's not very tall
But oh a fire ball;
And often she's found on a rafter.



F O U R T H S H A C K

Fourth Shack Statistics

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Sarah Boynton	Sally	With Jr. Blues	Attractive	Boys	Rain	"Jr. Blues Kickball"
Barbara Christy	Barbie or Piglet	With Kaylet	For blueberries	Pooh stories	Rest hour	Who took my candy?
Joanne Hutchings	Joanie	With Sally B.	Funny	Horses	Prune whip	Believe me
Arlene Lynn	Buzzy	For boys	Glamorous	Sports	Being called Arlene	Tell me, mamma, do I gotta?
Jane McCann	Jane	4 Woodmont St.	Good in bed	Comics	People who look through peepholes	Pass me the tile cover
Karen Noling	Karen	In New Jersey	Cute	Margy	Boys	Gosh!
Susan Orbeton	Susie	In 4th Shack	For Shelley	Her freckles	Molasses	Glory
Paula Preston	Paula	With the dentist	Chubby	Kathy's chariot	Being weighed	Gail, when do I ride?
Margaret Turnbull	Margy	Far Hills	O.K.	Sally	Spinach	May I ride Pep?

Sally Boynton

A popular girl is our Sal,
To all she is a great pal;
Whether swimming or riding
Sally B's never chiding,
She leads her Blue Team, what a gal.



Margie Turnbull

If a girl for 6th Shack is bound
It's Margie, who will be found;
Whenever she giggles
She also wiggles;
Wherever there's fun, she'll be around.

Arlene Lynn

Arlene Lynn is an athlete quite keen,
She's one of the best you've seen;
Her laughter's contagious
Her spirit's courageous,
And to others she never was mean.



Susan Orbeton

A smart young girl is our Susan,
We often see her just musing;
How often at night
We awake with a fright
To hear her talk loud and confusin'.

Barbara Christy

As Piglet in 4th shack's swell play,
Barbie Christy was happy and gay;
Her swimming's improved,
She really has moved
To the head of her group they all say.



Karen Noling

Karen Noling's a new camper this year,
A swell gal is all one does hear;
In swimming she tried
"There's not time", she replied,
To pass tests for my White Team, I fear.

Joanne Hutchings

Joanne Hutchings is held in esteem,
When she smiles her whole face does beam;
We hate to relate
To bed she is late,
Joanne's Captain of Junior White Team.



Jane McCann

Jane McCann is the 4th shack's red head,
But no temper has she, it is said;
She's learned how to swim,
She dresses quite trim,
And at night she's the first one in bed.



Paula Preston

To Runoia, did Paula return,
Determined her swimming to learn;
Good climbing she does,
But it's horses she loves;
That ribbon, she really did earn.



THIRD SHACK

Third Shack Statistics

<u>LISTED AS</u>	<u>LABELED</u>	<u>LIVES</u>	<u>LOOKS</u>	<u>LIKES</u>	<u>LOATHES</u>	<u>LINES</u>
Honora G.Crowell	Noni	Long Island	For her Panda	Horses	Swimming lessons	Heaven only knows
Sally S.Hutchings	Sally	In 4th Shack	Like a carrot	Soft drinks	Covered peek holes	Gosh, Gee!
Jane E. Master	Janie M.	With the twins	In her letter box at rest hour	Going to Bel- grade	Having her picture taken	But that's beside the point
Jane Orbeton	Janie O.	With her ani- mals	Like a turtle	Diving	Swimming to the big float	I don't know either. That's why I asked you.

Noni Crowell

Her long blonde braids are her mark
Little Noni, happy as a lark;
Though this year she's new
She's already a loyal Blue,
This young gal is never in the dark.



Jane Orbeton

Janie O. is full of pep and vim,
Whether riding, canoeing or in a swim;
Though it was Mark last year,
When Gail's Jeff came near
Her bright face broke into a grin.



Jane Master

Second prize in the horse show she did win
This young lady, always near a twin;
Her name is Jane Master
But she never moves faster;
She can do anything, this' gal kin!

Sally Hutchings

Sally H. is a new loyal White,
Her smile is sunny and bright;
Her hair is fire red,
She speaks French, so it's said,
And never anyone does she slight.

AROUND CAMP



A R O U N D C A M P



AROUND CAMP



LD



'The Katie's'

At Casale's Horse Farm





The "Blackbird"
in Tenant's Harbor



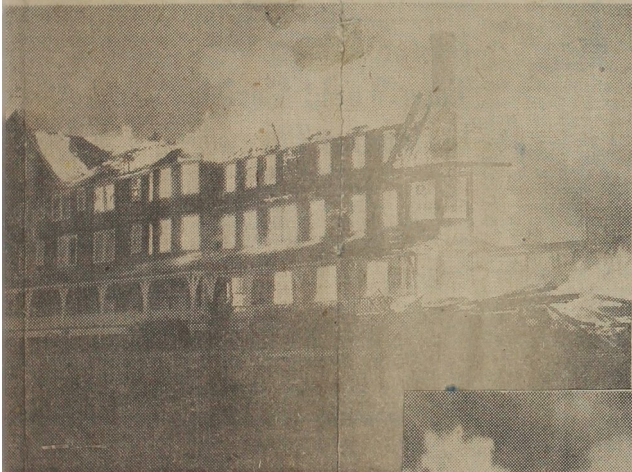
At Pemaquid

1956

The Belgrade Lakes Hotel Fire

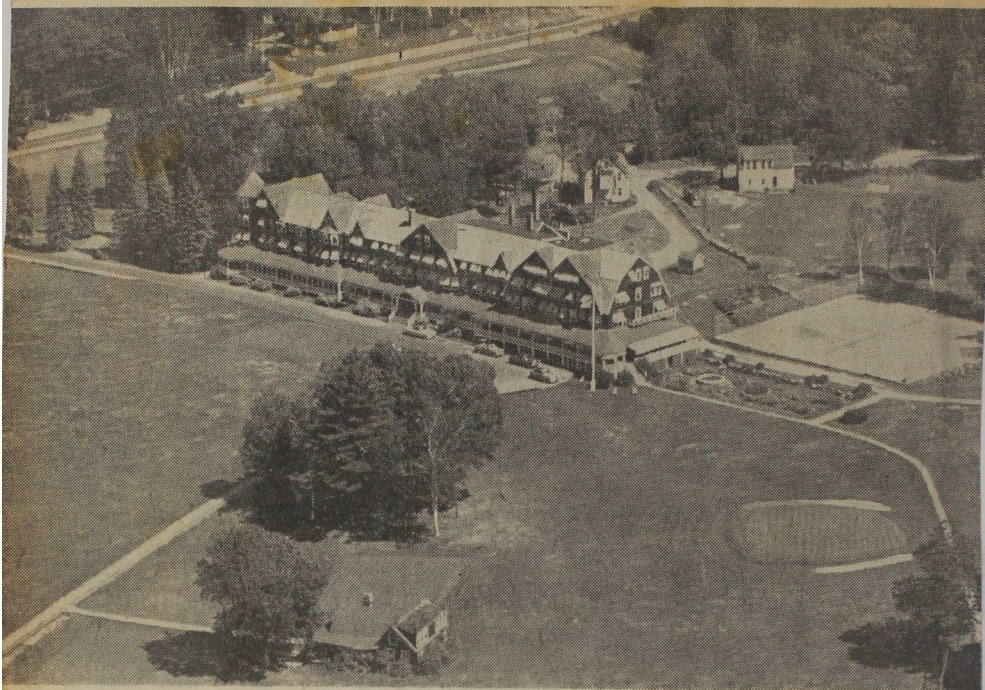


Some Furnishings Were Saved



High Winds Fanned the Flame





RESORT BEFORE FIRE—Above is air view of Belgrade Lakes hotel and cottage resort as it looked before it was destroyed by fire late Wednesday. Taken by Howard N. Gray, this picture from

the air shows how the 60-year-old hotel looked in its attractive summer setting.



Some Furnishings Were Saved

(Photos by Bob Truett)

Famous Belgrade Lakes Hotel Razed By Fire

Nearby Structures Are Saved By Local Firemen, Other Depts.

BELGRADE, Oct. 3 — Angry, wind-swept flames ravaged the beautiful Belgrade Lakes Hotel tonight, threatening cottages and homes of this lakeside resort town.

The giant blaze, believed by fire officials to have started in a bedroom off the main-floor lobby of the old building, began at about 5 p. m. Less than one hour later the structure was all but demolished and fire fighters were wetting down surrounding buildings to prevent the blaze from spreading.

James Acheson of Augusta, president of the chain that operated the hotel, said tonight a "conservative" loss figure would be \$200,000.

"A replacement figure would be astronomical at today's prices," he added.

The hotel had closed for the season Sept. 8 and the building was vacant at the time. Caretaker Kenneth Pray said he had checked the building at 4:30 and that everything was in order. He lives in the village.

First to arrive on the scene were volunteers of the Belgrade Lakes station, located nearly across the street from the hotel. One of them, Frank Petell, said he smelled smoke as he was driving on the highway which runs through Belgrade Lakes. He looked and saw a pillar of black smoke coming from the center of the building. He said that when he arrived at the hotel with his firetruck the blaze had not spread out of the room it originated in and that he and the others might have extinguished it if they had had more help.

Hundreds of spectators stood on the lawn of the 100-room resort hotel, watching it crumble to ruins in the growing dusk as firemen from Belgrade Lakes, Belgrade Depot, Manchester, Oakland and Mt. Vernon, assisted by the Augusta and Waterville departments, tried in vain to arrest it.

Shifting winds from 20 to 30 m.p.h. made the situation critical. Giant timbers fell sprawling to the ground, throwing sparks in all directions and endangering firemen and spectators who had ventured too close.

On the scene was Joseph Flynn, state director of fire prevention, who said that everything possible had been done to fireproof the hotel. He credited volunteer firemen for confining the blaze to the

Flynn said that in all likelihood the fire originated on the ground floor of the 3½ story building, in a bedroom south of the lobby. From there, he said, it went up through the rooms above and burst out at the roof. Then, Flynn went on, winds caught it, driving it south and then north again.

The path of the blaze followed a general north to south direction. Heat was intense from 50 to 100 yards away and flames threatened to engulf giant pine trees located next to the hotel and spread to the neighboring buildings.

It was here firefighters concentrated their attention. Saved were several cottages, a dormitory for hotel help and the hotel workshop.

By 7:30 the hotel was all but leveled, the only part still standing being the extreme north corner, still burning. In less than three hours the sprawling victorian structure had been reduced to a shambles. Firemen stayed on, wetting down embers and standing guard with their hoses over neighboring buildings.

Spectators at the blaze, many of whom had known and loved the old hotel since their youth, could not believe the dramatic scene taking place before their eyes. As section by section of the proud landmark tottered and fell, they gasped and shook their heads.

Flynn said it was impossible to determine the origin of the blaze until fire inspectors could examine the ruins. He said that would be Thursday, if the embers had cooled off. for them to get in there.



With the North End Turret the Last to Go

Lot Of Memories Up In Smoke Of Hotel Blaze

BELGRADE LAKES, Oct. 3— A lot of memories went up in smoke as Chester R. Thwing watched flames race through the Belgrade Lakes Hotel here early tonight.

Thwing, now 76, was "hopping bells" at the resort hotel in 1903, only a few years after it was built near the shore of Long Pond here.

"And they used to keep up on the jump in those days, too," he recalled.

Thwing said it was a group of Waterville men, as he remembered it, who had the hotel constructed about 1898 and operated it for many years—just how long, he couldn't recall.

The late Charles Hill was its first manager, and it was for Hill that Thwing worked as a bellhop in 1903. He worked for the hotel as a guide from 1904 through 1907.

Thwing left the hotel at that time to build some summer camps which he operated himself. He's been in that business ever since and now is the owner of Woodland Camps here.

Only about a third of the hotel—its central section—was constructed in the initial venture, he said. The east end was built about 1903, when he went to work there, and the west end "probably four or five years later."

(Continued On Page 14, Col. 3)

Lot—

(Continued From First Page)

Electricity, an unheard-of luxury to many in those days, was available to hotel guests back at the turn of the century, he remembered.

The hotel installed its own dynamos at the village dam, driving them from a water wheel that once powered a sawmill. The generating capacity was sufficient to permit the owners to provide electricity to many of the homes in the village, Thwing said.

The hotel was planned in the beginning as a resort establishment and never was operated on a year-round basis, he said. But, even though it catered to wealthy families, most of them from the New York area, the original hotel favored simple, "every-day type" furniture rather than more lavish appointments, he added.

One of the prominent guests back in 1903, Thwing remembered, was actress Anna Held, who later married Florenz Ziegfeld of Ziegfeld Follies fame.

"She was a fine-looking woman," Thwing smiled.

Horses and carriages were the principal means of transportation in those days, and many of the hotel's season-long guests had their own horses sent here for the summer, he recalled. Two 40-foot steamers chugged about the waters of Long Pond and frequently were chartered by parties from the hotel.

"One guest—I can't remember his name—used to furnish fireworks every Fourth of July evening," said Thwing. "Oh, we used to have some grand spectacles then...."

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WESTERN UNION

TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

SYMBOLS

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1201

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1958 AUG 18 AM 10 20

MPA008 HW REP

BMPA008 NL PD=MONTPELIER VT 18=

LUCY WEISER=

BELGRADE LAKES ME=

WARM CONGRATULATIONS ON FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY DISTINGUISHED
CAMPING SERVICE TO GIRLS. ASSOCIATING WITH YOU HAS BEEN
RICHLY REWARDING EVEN AS MERE ONLOOKER=

ELMER C WARREN=(50).

Camp Runoia

I like it here at camp;
I think it's lots of fun;
And now that the end of summer's here
It seems though camp had just begun.

Camp began in 1907
And has grown a lot since then;
Quite a few girls have come again and again,
All have made many a new friend.

This is Camp's 50th year
And we have celebrated it, one and all
With songs and a cheer,
And we're all glad that we came here.
Are you?

- - - - -Susie Orbeton

To a friend,-

Life is the longest, most confused journey there ever was. Each person blazes his own trail and although some trails may be very close to one another, no two are alike. It seems that our paths are far apart and, while the ultimate goal is the same, we are traveling on different routes. Each of us, on our own path, will find many joys and sorrows, many trials and rewards which the other will never see. This is good and natural, but let us always remember that when the way is dark and rocky, and when we trip or fall, we are still in earshot of one another.

- - - - - Toni Seymour

Blue Team Captain Song - 1956

Written for: Cici Crowell

Written by: Melinda Corpening and Alison Chase

Tune: "Remember"

Remember the way she led us
Her smile when we were down;
Remember her pep and spirit,
And how she never wore a frown.

Remember our Blue Team Captain
And all the things she's done;
So thanks for a happy summer,
Let's all share another one.

White Team Captain Song - 1956

Written for: Toni Seymour

Tune: "Time Waits for No One"

To Toni Seymour
Our Captain this year,
We thank you for helping
And your constant good cheer.

Thanks for your good leadership,
Your pep and good sportsmanship;
We hope you never forget the Team this year.

So now, we must leave you;
We sing you good-bye,
To Toni, our Captain,
Now the summer's gone by.

A Special Treat

One of our highlights at Camp this year was the talk given by Miss Weiser, in Chapel. She told about the history of Camp Runoia.

One of the things I enjoyed was the part about our camp's first horse. Way back when we had no cars, the girls at Camp, who wanted to go shopping, had to walk into Belgrade and get a train to Waterville. One day they decided that they would look for a horse. They went into a stable and asked the man if he had a horse they could buy. They told him what they wanted it for, and he said he had just what they wanted. There was just one thing wrong with the horse. Miss Pond, who had helped very much with starting Camp, said, "Is it that the horse is white?" It was. Miss Weiser and Miss Pond finally decided to buy the horse--by flipping a coin. They bought a wagon and hitched up the horse and they all drove back to Camp.

This is just one part of the wonderful talk Miss Weiser gave.

- - - -Elizabeth Cameron and
Romney Willson

The Trip Home from Camp to Cincinnati--Summer of '55

We, the Cincinnati group, got on the train at Augusta and everything was fine until a typical Harvard man with a Harvard sweat shirt got on and sat a few seats ahead of us. Susie, Sue and Ann started reciting at the top of their lungs, "Let's Give a Cheer for Harvard". Not too loud to be vulgar but loud enough to be heard. After that we sat and ate stale Bretzels and soggy graham crackers until we got to Boston. The train was late naturally and Sue Clarke had to catch a train in North Station in ten minutes. So, we went zipping across town in taxis and Sue barely made her train. She had to run all the way across the station and nearly knocked down two old ladies in the process.

Because of the Polio epidemic we really couldn't go any place or do anything except sit in the station. After five hours and thirteen minutes of waiting we got all set to get on the train to Cincy and discovered it wasn't running because the floods had washed out some of the tracks. So we had to spend the night at the Y.W.C.A. in Boston and wait another half day for a train, not being able to do anything but sit.

We played cards and played cards and played cards some more. While we were playing we got in a pun-ny mood and the results were the following:

Joyce did something funny so Ann said,-

(Ann) - Joyce you're a card

(Joyce) - What suit?

(A llie)- That's not a suit that's a skirt

(Ann) - But we're in the center of the city, not the skirts.

A few minutes later,-

Allie - We'll have to get together some time, Joyce

Joyce - Then we'd be Siamese twins

Still later,-

Ann - How corny can you get?

Allie - You can get it canned, creamed, popped - - -

Joyce - And mommed, too

Even later,-

Ann - That would be wiser

Allie - Why not Weaver instead of Weiser?

Ann - Weave 'er what?

After all that it came time to leave for the North Station, so we separated and went in two cabs as there were too many of us for just one. The second cab was supposed to follow the first, but it didn't. It took the second group to the side entrance and the other taxi took the others to the front entrance. We didn't realize that there were two entrances so both groups just sat and waited. When the second group didn't come Ann Irish decided that they had probably given the driver the wrong directions and asked for South Station instead of North. So she took off in a taxi, hoping to find them there. Of course, she didn't so she came back again. After about ten minutes of each group searching the station for the other group we spotted each other. Then we made a wild dash to the train which was all the way across the station and found that our car was second to last, which was way, way, way down the platform. We just barely made the train

The Trip Home from Camp to Cincinnati--Summer of '55--(cont'd)

and then found out we had to sleep eight people in a double compartment because this was an emergency train and there wasn't room enough for us to have eight beds. Ann Irish and Allie slept together. They were both so worried that they'd get in each other's way that one slept way against the window and the other slept with her rear over the edge of the bed. Susie L. kicked Vicky out of the upper berth twice in her sleep and Joyce and Ann L. stayed awake all night fighting over the covers. The train was late the next morning as usual and so we didn't have time to do anything between trains except eat Brunch. We made the next train in plenty of time, surprisingly enough and had a great ride home, eating and playing cards while Ann Irish and Ann L. read.

We finally got to Cincinnati at 6:45 P.M. --- a day and a half later than we had expected.

- - - - - Allie Chase and
Ann Lotspeich

Poems Written by Toni Seymour - -

Return of a New Old Girl

Two years of letters, many, various
My life at Camp, only vicarious
I'm back again, surprised to see
It's not the Camp that's changed, but me.

I fear that I have lost you
Somewhere along the way
I pray that I may find you
And win you back some day.

I wonder, is love always
So fickle and so coy
With longing, mourning, sorrow
So swift to follow joy.

I deem our friendship worthy
Of more than average due
I'll do my best to save it
The rest is up to you.

Much, much love,

Roomy

The Trip to Camp

On June 25th, a day to remember, Allie Chase, Susie Whitehouse, Susie Leonard and I got on the train with some mothers and luggage—the last reminders of home. The train pulled out very slowly and it seemed like an age had passed before we were finally out of Cincinnati. Suddenly, Allie Chase, who "never cries", began to cry because she had forgotten to say goodbye to her brother or her cat. I don't know which. Then Susie Leonard began to cry for some reason which she was never able to blubber out. We asked the porter for a card table and played cards until dinner time, except for Susie Leonard, who was huddled in a corner with some movie magazines.

At dinner, Susie Whitehouse wanted to try coffee, so she ordered it. She was very surprised when she got it and then she had to drink it. While we were eating, the train stopped in Columbus. Sally Walley, the counselor, got on with Ann Lotspeich, Toni Seymour and Tina Klassen. Allie went to meet them and Sally Walley came to see us at dinner. As she was leaving the dining car and heading for our rooms, she went into the kitchen and couldn't find her way out, so the steward had to help her. After dinner we went back to our bedroom and sang camp songs and looked at scenery.

The next morning we got to Grand Central Station and got off the train. As we were walking down the platform near the trains, my suitcase started to come open. Fortunately, it stayed closed until I got into the station where I could lock it again. As soon as we all got together we went to our hotel room, dragging our suitcases. Soon after we got to our room, Sally went after Melinda Corpening.

- - - - - Jane Spoor

The Trip up to Camp

I arrived in New York City around 10 o'clock, the morning of June 26th. A Runoia counselor met me at Penn Station and we went directly—or as directly as a New York cab can go—to the Commodore Hotel,—4th floor, 17th room.

As I opened the door, I saw seven girls dressed, or undressed, I should say, in their underclothes. I was surprised at first, but later I found that these girls—Jane Spoor, Susie Whitehouse, Susie Leonard, Tina Klassen, Ann Lotspeich, Toni Seymour and Allie Chase—were just typical Runoians cooling off and cleaning up. After doing so, we went to the automat for lunch. Between choruses of "Oh, aren't those little windows cute!" from various people, we gulped down about 12,000,000 calories and finally made our way to Radio City Music Hall and the "Eddie Duchin Story". At 5:30 P.M. we all emerged with tear streaked faces. Never let it be said that a Runoian has a hard heart!

Back to the hotel room we traipsed and, carrying our luggage and all removable articles to be found in said room, descended to the lobby. There, the Runoia eating spirit was moved and so were any people who stood between us and the nearest restaurant.

- - - - - Melinda Corpening

The Saturday Night Shows

Saturday was a busy day for the Juniors that night we were supposed to put on some plays for everyone. The plays were "Pooh Gets Stuck in a Hole", "Eeyores Birthday" and "Blue Beard". Well anyway, there we were in the Lodge thinking how the scenery should be, and what our costumes should be made of. In the afternoon we had a dress rehearsal. That night we must have done one million things. Then when the plays were ready to start everything went wrong. I will never see how Polly stood through it all.

- - - - - Margy Turnbull

Initiations

One chilly, Saturday night Camp Runoia gathered in the Lodge to see three famous people. Barbie first announced "Nervous Norvovous" as played by Yours Truly, singing our favorite song--"Transfusion". Then Elvis Presley advanced as played by Melinda Corpening and singing "Heart Break Hotel", and, finally, Jane Spoor as Liberace and Jo Stafford, playing "Indiscretion".

After this little exhibition, noodles were spread over the Lodge floor and "We" proceeded to trample them.

Then there was a sort of "Fun in the Dark Deal" in the boat house. Among those present were Aunt Maggie, King Kababa, an unidentified pair of pants, and quite a few other things. After Ghosts and King Kababa I was about done for, but that wasn't all. I then was told to "walk the plank".

All in all, this was a very enjoyable (?) evening, but I didn't sleep very well that night.

- - - - - Susie Whitehouse

The Juniors Trip to Mt. Phillip

One morning we all started out for Mt. Phillip. The ride was long, but I didn't care about that.

When we got to the top of Mt. Phillip we climbed around the rocks. We came to one big rock and there was a wonderful view of the lake. We saw Oak Island and we saw our cove. Then we came back to a big rock and there we saw Camp Abena. Then we climbed down the mountain and went back to Camp again.

- - - - - Sallie Hutchings

The Tennis Matches - Runoia versus Pine Island - 1956

On Sunday afternoon, July 29, 1956, a truckload of boys, with tennis rackets in hand, from Pine Island Camp, came to participate in that sporting game of tennis with the Camp Runoia girls.

Four days in advance of this event, the Runoia girls were informed by their alert, conscientious tennis instructor(?) -- Jo. And, as a result of this information, these four days were spent in preparation for "The Event"! From 7:30 in the morning to 7:30 at night, figures could be seen running wildly around the tennis courts and adjacent fields. Having formed impressive blisters and having conquered the desire for facing the net and wandering in the nearby fields for tennis balls, the girls made the appearance of being prepared. All that was lacking now was lipstick, combs and Pine Island. These all appeared on Sunday afternoon, July 29, 1956.

The games started off with a big bang -- Pine Island winning the first singles match and Pine Island winning the second singles match--the scores being for both, Pine Island,--six games and one game for Runoia. The doubles matches fared better because a Runoia girl was teamed with a Pine Island boy against another such couple. The counselors also played. Jo and Polly played opposite each other with two Pine Island counselors -- Bill and Stew (Jo and Stew - Polly and Bill).

All in all, it was a very nice afternoon, topped off with refreshments for the players. This is a nice tradition, but in the future we hope to have refreshments for all the camp.

End

- - - - - Susie Leonard and
Susie Whitehouse

Fifth Shack Overnight

In assembly, Johnny told us that we could go on an overnight trip that night and everyone was very excited. Our counselors were Sue and Jo. Then Jo told us that we were going to leave after rest hour. In rest hour that day nobody was on her bed. They were either packing or they were in somebody else's room. Finally, it was time to go and we went up to the dining-room to get all the food. Then we were off. It was quite rough out on the lake but when we were nearing the shore on the other side it was a little calmer. Jo said we had to ask the people who own Pine Parlor if we could use that spot. They said it would be all right if we used it. Then we had to turn around and go back toward Pine Parlor. Finally, we got there and we made an assembly line and got all the stuff up the hill safely. After all that we had to rack our canoes. We finally got finished with all that. Then we had to unpack all our sleeping bags. Jo said that after we gathered kindling wood that we could go in for a skinny dip, so after a while we went in.

After we got out from our dip we had a delicious supper. Then, again after supper, we went in for another skinny dip. Jo told us not to get our hair--- and she went under and then said "wet". There were about ~~ix~~ girls in the water and the rest had gotten out and when we came to get our towels we found that they were gone. Then we went after the rest of the kids and made them tell where our towels were. After all that, we sat around our campfire and sang songs. We then all went to bed. Tina was in bed about five minutes when she discovered that somebody had put a mussel in her bed. She announced it and M. J. screamed and said that someone had put one in her bed too, but everybody told her that nobody had put one in her bed. After that, Jo told us to be quiet.

The next morning, we had flag raising but instead of a flag we had Jo's bra. She warned us that it was her last bra and that we had better get it down. We just left it there and went in for a skinny dip. Jo didn't want to go in but we forced her in. Later on, Sue had to go to Merriweather to see what time it was. It was about nine o'clock when we had breakfast. Everyone was packed so we were ready to leave. We left about twenty minutes later. On our way home we stopped at Oak Island and had a swim. Then we started back for Camp and arrived home safely, and that meant that our overnight was a success.

- - - - M. J. Mott and Tina Klassen

Our Cook-out at Oak Island

As soon as we arrived we started to gather wood. This didn't take very long. Some girls insisted that Doris said she was an "ol' Grandma" and shouldn't work. But at last we got her up and started her to work.

After we were finished with the wood gathering we went in for a long "skinny dip". We played follow the leader and other games.

Our supper was delicious! We had about three hot dogs apiece and we also had tomatoes. For dessert we had banana boats. Doris taught us how to make them. They were very good. During the cooking the flames of the fire went down several times. We always called Doris "our fire creator".

I don't think that any one of us Fifth shackers will ever forget that terrific evening. We all agreed we never had a time like this before.

- - - - - Louise Bettman

Fifth Shack Gets into Mischief

Out of some of the experiences Fifth Shackers have had during this summer, I have picked a few that you might enjoy.

One day we decided to do something to our dear counselor, Sue. So we pied her bed, and we also put some salt in her bed to be devilish. In the middle of the night Sue crawled into and she was so tired she slept in a pied bed all night.

In August one day we went across the lake to Pine Parlor. That night, Jo put a mussel in Tina's bed and M. J. started to scream because she thought that there was one in her bed or sleeping bag. The next morning we thought that we should have flag raising, so we strung up Jo's bra as the flag. Then we got another idea, to put some mussels in Sue's bed, but when she saw that something was fishy she looked in her bed, and she put the mussels in Doris's bed.

At rest hour we are really rascals. One day Doris got real mad and said, "If I hear one more noise out of you kids, you will go to bed right after supper and miss the evening activity!"

But, on the whole, we were very good!! Ha, ha, ha!!

- - - - - Liz Bowman

Juniors Trip to Pine Parlor

One day the Juniors and Jo and Polly went to Pine Parlor. We went by canoe. When we got there we set up camp. Jo was just getting supper when she found out that we had forgotten the chipped beef. So for supper we had bacon, potatoes and peas. After supper we washed pots, pans, plates and silver. After everything was cleaned up Jo told us to get some sticks to toast marshmallows with. After we had them we all made "smores". When we were finished, Jo and Polly went for a skinny dip with us. Then we all went to bed.

Susie O. started to read, then she got tired and passed the book to the person next to her. After she got tired we skipped Jane Master and then I read. After I read about three lines Buzzy said she wanted to read so I let her. A bit later it started to rain. We thought it would stop but instead it started to pour so Jo told us to get under the canoes. We didn't want to sleep any more so we all talked. Later we had breakfast, which was cocoa, eggs, bacon, toast and jam. We washed things again and fixed our sleeping bags, and then we took the canoes down to the water and paddled home.

- - - - Jane McCann and
Jane Master

A Trip to Pemaquid

The Juniors went to Pemaquid on Friday. We went swimming at the beach, and found that the water was cold. We pulled Polly in. After that we went to eat lunch. I had a lobster and that was good. Then we went on a boat ride and saw plenty of lobster traps, but we didn't see any seals. We passed some seagulls on the islands. After we passed a bellbuoy we went back shore and climbed on the rocks. We went down a steep rock and when we got to the bottom the water almost touched us. Then we ate supper and went home.

- - - - Barbara Christy

Sixth Shack Trip to Pine Parlor

Because of rain our short Long Lake trip was cancelled, but in exchange for it 6th Shack decided to take a trip to Pine Parlor. We started out in the war canoe with our sleeping bags and whatnot being towed behind in a smaller canoe. Reaching our destination before dark we fixed our sleeping bags and mosquito netting and then went into the cool, calm lake for a skinny dip. Then we started a fire and cooked some bread twists and went to bed.

The next morning we were awakened by Barbie and the flash camera. After breakfast the lake started blowing up considerably so for fear of a storm we left and went back to Camp.

- - - - Ruth Thompson

West Carry

On Wednesday, August 1st, Carla, Joyce, Allie, Cici, Janet, Susie Leonard, Ann and Jo set off with Mr. and Mrs. Rinehart for West Carry Pond. We rode in the back of the truck on top of the duffles all the way, and stopped on the way to eat lunch. When we got to where we were to start walking in, it was raining and so there was a short pause while we all waited in Johnny's car for the rain to stop. We then walked the two muddy miles in and arrived at our lean-to's very dirty and wet. We settled ourselves in our lean-to's with Allie, Cici and Ann in the second lean-to and Joyce, Carla, Jo, Janet and Susie in the first. The rest of the afternoon was spent going swimming, cleaning up and, finally, making supper. After supper and a hilarious washing of the dishes by Carla and Joyce singing "Have You Ever Seen a Cow Getting Hoarse?" we made a fire and ate "Sh-mores", sang camp songs and read from "Verses I Like".

The second day we got up early to get a good start climbing Mt. Bigelow. We walked out the two miles to the road and then rode in the back of the truck to a trail leading to the foot of the mountain. Before walking the trail we decided that since we had an over-amount of energy we should waste some of it, so we played "Thief", "Oh Johnny" and "Booms-a-Daisy". We walked the trail, stopped and ate lunch, and then climbed to the "ledges" where we enjoyed the view, and Mr. Rinehart took pictures and, finally, started down. When we got back to the truck we all piled in and Mr. Rinehart took us to get soft drinks and candy bars. We then rode home and walked back in and collapsed in the lean-to's. A few took skinny dips and everyone got in her sleeping bag, but it was so noisy it was an impossibility to go to sleep. After about an hour and a half of trying to get some sleep, we got up to go over to the Story's dining-room for supper. After supper we all sat around in the first lean-to and had a heated discussion on "segregation", and decided that we were going to vote for Jo for the next President instead of Eisenhower.

The third day we picked between walking to Flagstaff Dam or Arnold's Point and chose Arnold's Point. We started off with exact directions and assurances that we wouldn't get lost. We walked and walked for hours and couldn't understand why we weren't seeing the signs saying "To Arnold's Point" that we had been told about, or hearing any water, as the trail went right around the edge of the lake. Very bewildered we sat down to eat lunch, and decided that we had done the most foolish thing possible—we had gotten lost. So, when we had finished our lunch, we started back on the "trail" that we had just come on. After about two miles of retracing our steps, we found the right trail and practically ran to the lake, we were all so glad to see it. We all took skinny dips and then started back. Upon arriving home we all again collapsed in the lean-to's to the tune of "KaSeraSera"(or however you spell it). We then again went to the Story's dining-room for supper, came back, built another fire, ate "Sh-mores" and sang more songs and read from "Verses I Like".

The next morning we got up later than we had decided, and, therefore, had to rush around madly to make our deadline. We sadly said "Good-bye" to the lean-to's and all the rest of the place and decided that we'd all have a reunion there next year even if we didn't come back to Camp.

- - - - Ann Lotspeich and
Joyce Leader

First Cruise

We all left camp very excited about going on the cruise, and meeting the new captain. On the way some of the girls felt a little carsick but we finally arrived at the port feeling much better.

The first thing we did when we got on the boat was to pick out our bunks. After we were all settled we went to "Upham" the diner. On the way back we met some of Johnny's friends. When we got back we bought some popcorn and candy to eat at night. Finally we went to bed, and this is what was heard:

Liz: "Let's feast now!"

Tina: "O.K. out with the food."

Liz: "Lenie, have some popcorn."

Tina: "Christie, have some, too."

Captain: "Shhhhhhhh"

Lenie: "Pass the bag to me."

Christie: "O.K. you guys have some potato sticks."

Tina: "No thanks", as she knocks them out of Christie's hand, all over the floor.

From the next room,-

Johnny: "Get the broom."

Tina: "O.K."

Captain: "Shhhhhhhh"

Lenie: "Let's hit the sack"

Everyone: "O.K."

Next day,-

We all woke up by the captain swabbing the deck.

Johnny: "You better get started to get dressed."

Oscar: "What's for breakfast?"

Johnny: "Corned beef hash and eggs."

Everyone: "Ohhhhhhhh" (because we were not very hungry) We all had a very good breakfast anyway.

Johnny: "Who wants to do breakfast dishes?"

M.J.: "Jan and I will."

Captain: "The rest of you girls will have to help me then."

Everyone: "O.K."

Captain: "You over there (pointing to Oscar) help cast off."

Oscar: "O.K."

After everything is done, then starts the constant playing of cards and reading.

Jan: "M.J. and Liz, how about playing a game of "I doubt it"?"

M.J.: "O.K."

Liz: "O.K."

About noon that day,-

Lenie: "What time is it?"

Johnny: "About twelve"

Christie: "When do we eat?"

Johnny: "In a while"

Captain: (pointing to Christie) "What do you want to eat for, you could go on a diet for a week."

Christie: "I know it."

Johnny: "I guess we can eat now."

Everyone: "O.K."

Later on that day,-

Lenie: "I feel awful."

First Cruise (contd)

Johnny: "You had better put on a life preserver and lie down."

Later, we docked at Monhegan Island, and everyone, except M. J. and Christie, went ashore. The kids who went ashore saw some beautiful homes and quaint old fishing shacks.

Back on the boat,-

Captain: "Who wants to polish brass?"

Christie: "We will"

Soon the kids came back from the shore and we were ready to sail again. We sailed until we arrived at Tenants Harbor. That evening it rained, but, in spite of the weather, Johnny rowed in to get us some cokes. After we had a coke, we started getting ready for bed. Just as we were getting into bed we saw a big black cloud that looked like a mountain rising from the sky. The Captain said it was the tail end of a tornado, but it didn't bother us much. The next day was much like the first, except that it was not very rough.

M.J.: "Christie, what's that you are humming?"

Christie: "You're in the Army now."

M. J.: "O.K."

Jan: "Hey, that's a good idea for a trip song."

M. J.: "Yeah, 'You're on the Ocean now!'"

So, we spent the rest of the morning writing the trip song.

After we ate lunch and sailed for a few hours we were in Camden. Soon after we anchored Johnny let us go into town to shop. When we got back we ate dinner, and while the dishes were being done, we played hide-and-seek with the Captain. After about an hour we left to see the movie and when we got home we were all very sleepy.

The next morning the second cruise arrived at 10:00, all very excited. When we left it was about 10:30, and we just got back to camp in time for a skinny dip.

- - - Helene Bowman and
Christie Sorenson

The Second Cruise

Wednesday, July 18th, seven of us, Barbie Leader, Susie Leonard, Jane Spoor, Joyce Leader, Carla Sandberg, Ann Lotspeich and Toni Seymour, drove to Camden Harbor, where we met Captain Rand and boarded the "Blackbird". We planned to sail to Mt. Desert--however, there was very little wind and we motored most of the way. The sun was out and it was very pleasant sitting around in scant uniform and enjoying the sun. Everyone but Janie Spoor finally went in swimming and an article of clothing was lost. We took turns riding in the dinghy and when Joyce and Toni were out paddling along happily the Captain cut them loose and turned up the motor. We stayed in Southwest Harbor for the night, after sailing late into the night.

The second day, we started back down to Stonington. There was a little more wind and it remained very sunny and pleasant. Several boxes of cookies disappeared during the morning, over the unforgettable subject of Otto P. The evening, spent in the wild, gay city of Stonington, was thrilling,--with an unexpected supply of French fried potatoes, literature about women's dormitories, and an escort of the only three hotrods in town.

Friday was not very windy but it was better than the days before. The sun was still out and we sat around eating and slathering on Susie Leonard's coperbone as always. The sun was still out. Our last night was spent in Camden, where we saw the movie "Ulysses" and ate at a restaurant with smooth-surfaced tables and lost of water. Three of us shagged on the dock until the others came back in the dinghy.

The next day some of us walked part way into Camden to meet the next cruise. Although we were very glad to see the people and were happy at the thought of going back to Camp, we were all sorry to leave Roscoe and riotous second cruise behind us.

- - - - Toni Seymour

The Third Cruise

Toward the middle of the cool, July morning, Mr. Rinehart, patiently chaffering six talkative females, his daughter, Jo, Cici Crowell, Allie Chase, Janet Scholes, Susie Whitehouse, Melinda Corpening and Archibald, of course, pulled the rattling station wagon to a stop at Camden Harbor. We were met by the members of the second cruise, who proceeded to scream, yell, laugh and giggle while telling of their antics on board the "Blackbird", which we were soon to know as our beloved vessel.

After saying goodbye, we motored out of the Harbor and into the fog. There were some things we had to learn about the "Blackbird", however. First, was how to work the pix, then came the polishing of the brass and the special art of rope coiling, which some have yet to master.

We had lunch and lay around the deck, delighting in doing nothing but scratching backs and being scratched. It was during this period that a word was born--a word that will live on, a word with a meaning most powerful! The word -- dinghy

The Third Cruise (cont'd)

As night fell the ketch dropped anchor in the progressive, bustling metropolis of Tenant's Harbor.

Amid fog, fish and purple lights, we spent that night and the next day and night passing the time playing cards, talking, sleeping, reading minds, and avoiding the Captain.

The next day we set out for Boothbay and, due to a rolling sea, lay on the deck most of the day discussing the merits and demerits of prune whip and rearranging the lyrics of songs.

On reaching Boothbay, the crew trooped ashore for the long sought after trip to the "Smiling Cow", followed by a lobster dinner and a trip to the movies.

The next morning the group was once again greeted by Johnny and Mr. Rinehart, and, after reluctantly saying goodbye to Captain Rand and the "Blackbird", went to visit the "Carousel" wharf which we had spotted earlier from the water, where "Carousel" was filmed. Then, after looking around and reminiscing about familiar scenes, the cruise headed home for Runoia.

- - - -Melinda Corpening and
Cici Crowell

Pemaquid

Want a jellyfish down your back? How about a trip to Pemaquid?

On July 27th the Senoires left for a rousing trip to Pemaquid. The bus trip was as usual--singing all the songs we could think of. Finally, the bus made its way through the narrow street toward the beach, and we all scrambled out and dashed for the beach. Some spent their time exploring the coast and others romping on the beach and in the water. Numerous teasers spent their time throwing jellyfish down our necks and at each other. As the morning grew short we soon quieted down and built sand castles. By now, it was almost one o'clock and we hurried for Gilbert's Lobster Pound. All were stuffed to the brim with lobsters, hamburgers, potato chips, candy and ice cream. We loafed around for a while until the boat was ready to motor along the coast for a very scenic ride.

When the boat ride had come to its end, we climbed aboard the bus and went to Pemaquid Point. We spent numerous hours roaming in the gift shop and climbing the rocks. Our tummies were quite empty by now so we unpacked our supper, which we had taken from Camp. The bus trip was spent discussing the wonderful time, and in our hearts we were all wishing to it again next year.

- - - -Carla Sandberg

Tumbledown

One morning in July most of 5th and 6th Shack, accompanied by Jo, Sue and Julie, left after breakfast for Tumbledown. We boarded the bus and set off for our destination and to while away the time sang songs, a few of which were dedicated to Julie.

The bus driver let us out on a road not far from the bottom of the mountain. After hiking to the stream we ate lunch and rested a while, and then we began going up the mountain in two groups--Jo headed the faster group; Julie was in the middle; and Toni and Sue brought up the rear. The second group missed a "Blail traze" and was lost for a while. They finally found their way back to the first group. Right then and there we discovered we had two theories about mountain climbing--the first group thought it was best to go at an even pace with hardly any stops; the second group wanted take it slowly with stops. With these theories having been stated we took our separate ways. After plenty of climbing we reached the top, very ready to go skinny dipping, only to find a group of boys had gotten there before us. No matter though, we went in anyway. After we had gotten dressed we sat around and swatted bugs for a while. Then it began to rain, so we started down the mountain, sliding in mud most of the way. Well, we finally got back to the stream, which was a welcome sight, especially to Toni, we guess, because she fell in the deepest mud. At last we arrived at the bus and rode with great anticipation to the Weld Inn where we had a turkey dinner. We finally arrived back at Camp that night safely--but tired.

- - - -Joyce Leader and
Janet Scholes

Juniors Trip to Mt. Bald

On Friday, August 3rd, most of the Juniors decided to climb Mt. Bald. It did not sound so tempting to three of the girls. So the rest of us started out.

It was an hour's drive to the bottom of the mountain. When we got there we set the cans of water in the stream to cool and then started up. We rested a few times before we reached the top of the timber line. Then it became rather steep and rocky and we began to see patches of blueberries along the path. Then some of us began to slow up as we wanted to pick some. Finally we reached the top and had lunch. Then we began exploring. Some of us started a blueberry club and by the time we had to start back down the mountain we had a bag full.

On the way back it was so steep we slid down on the rocks. When we got to the bottom we waded in the stream and built dams and had a drink of water. Then we went to a restaurant and had supper. Johnny let us have two chocolate nut sundaes.

The next morning back at Camp we had blueberry pancakes from the blueberries we had picked.

- - - -Sally Boynton and
Joanne Hutchings



Shack Bat

My name is Albeart (Dum-de-dum-dum) I'm a teddy bear (Dum-de-dum-dum-dum).
I live in 6th Shack on Allie's bed.

Date -- Saturday, July 7, 1956

Place - 6th Shack

Time -- 11:01 P.M.

Things seemed relatively quiet that night. The shack was already asleep. Suddenly, as Barbie was getting ready for bed, a noise penetrated my semi-conscious haze. From the storeroom there came a whirring, followed by flap, flap, boing as "IT" hit a screen. Then I heard a scream and hysterical laugh from the foot of Cici's bed, where she had submerged at this phenomenon.

When the situation became frantic as IT swooped nearer and nearer the sleeping girls, Barbie, Allie and Cici got up and, arming themselves with brooms, flashlights and both Coleman lanterns, determined to lay in wait for the intruder, who, inopportunely, chose that moment to settle on a rafter. There followed a series of futile excursions around the shack in pursuit of bugs, imaginary and real, and a lunar moth, which, though beautiful, failed to solve the dilemma. Finally, after awakening the rest of the shack, the crusading group trapped the offender in Pix 68, where Barbie wielded her broom—together with Allie—to the triumphant conclusion of the chase. Barbie victoriously dumped on the floor of the hall one dead bat. After that, everyone at last crawled wearily into bed for some much needed sleep.

Time -- 1:00 A.M.

All peaceful in 6th shack.

Goodnight

(scouts)

The Horse Show

The horse show for the beginners was a week ago Saturday, and I could hardly wait. There were two groups of beginners riding -- first, there was Janie O., Janie M. and Sally Hutchings. The next group was Buzzie Lynn, Susie O. and me. When Gail said the second group had to mount and dismount, I couldn't wait for Saturday to come. I didn't think I could do it. When Saturday finally arrived I had butterflies in my stomach. The first group was all over and Janie O. got first, Janie M. second, and Sally Hutchings third. It was our turn to ride and I thought I would fall off the horse, or the saddle would come off, or the horse would shy, or the stirrup would drop off. None of those things happened though. Buzzie got first, Susie O. third and I got in second.

- - - - - Paula Preston

The Extra Horse

Jane Master, Sally Hutchings and I were riding. All of a sudden Gail shouted, "Look who is coming. Get into the ring and hurry." Sally, Janie and I all looked around the ring. There, about six feet from the fence, was a big work horse. Janie asked, "Shouldn't we get off our horses?" Gail answered, "Yes, get off and hold them." I was so scared I fell down off Duchess. Pep started to eat. Gail said to let them eat. Gail tried to scare the horse away but couldn't. She called Lockie. Gail took the horses out of the ring one by one. Duchess almost ate my foot. I took the alarm clock back to the stables. Gail told us to go into the barn and hold the door. Janie Master held the door for about one minute, then she asked me to hold the door. All of a sudden, the work horse went cantering by the stables and down by second shack. I opened the door for a minute. The work horse came back to the stables again. This time he went by the stables and down to the road. Lockie went to get the owner but the owner's wife was the only person at the house. The owner's wife went to get the owner. By the time the owner got back, three-quarters of an hour had passed. The owner took the big work horse back to the barn. Then Sally H., Janie M. and I went down to swimming.

- - - - - Jane Orbeton

What's In a Name?

There's Tina, who calls me Pixie-dust
When really it's just plain Pixie.
I don't mind--call me Dope if you must,
Or, as Melinda calls me--Dixie.

I don't mind having many a hail
Be it Baby (as Oscar calls me)
Brat (according to my friend, Gail)
Or Little One, Doll, or Sweetie.

But let me tell you one thing fair--
Call me anything as your jokes.
My name's plain Pixie, but I don't care--
Just don't call me late for my oats!

- - - - - by Pixie

My Blue Ribbons

by
Chocolate Lady
(as told to Gail)

You can bet I'm as proud as I can be! I won three blues and a red ribbon at the show, and besides that--the champion rider of the Camp was riding me!

The show this year was really some event. Because it took two whole afternoons, we four horses had sponge baths on both Saturday and Sunday. Although I can't say I enjoy having water dribble down my face, it was refreshing.

Saturday was a beautiful afternoon, and I led the procession as the beginner classes went through their paces. Buzzy and Janie O. took the blue ribbons, and before I could even take a bow for my superb performance, I was removed. What a relief!

Sue Leonard and Janet Scholes were awarded the blue ribbons in the bareback classes, and I won second both times -- with Ann's and Oscar's help, of course. After a gay half-hour of bareback riding for everyone, from Jo of all people to Pat Knapp, who judged, we trotted back to the stables to munch on hay and oats until the following day.

Now, this was really my day. I stole the show, if you don't mind me saying so. With my head held high (after all, my owner was there, and I was proving that I'm very well fed), I cantered on the right lead. As I said, Oscar nearly fell off my saddle when it was announced that Number 3 (that was us) had won the championship. Well, I was so proud I even forgot to turn around and bite her foot!

In the two advanced classes, Janet and Oscar got blue ribbons, Sue Leonard and Ann the red. Of course, Janet was riding that Pixie-dust, as Tina calls her, but I can't complain as Pixie certainly is a cunning little thing.

I'm quite proud of the intermediates, for I won two blue ribbons -- Sally Boynton and Melinda riding. I knew "Dixie" and I would make a good pair, as Ahm from the South, too, you-all. Ruthie (on that Pixie) and Jane Spoor (on my friend Duchess) took the red ribbons.

To add to my numerous accomplishments of the weekend, Nancy Selberg rode me and we did a marvelous figure eight, cantering. Though Gail says any of our advanced class could have done them, we didn't -- mostly because that foolish old Pep canters sideways, Duchess pulls, and Pixie just doesn't. By this time I was quite tired of charging around the ring, so I was pleased when Mr. Selberg mounted and showed everyone how lovely I look in a collected canter. I was a bit aggravated, however, when he told me to jump the gate; but everyone applauded so that I did a few more.

Yes sir, it was an eventful weekend. I guess it was worth having our legs and faces washed, our tails combed, and our coats groomed extra well for the 1956 Camp Runoia Horse Show.



Miss Weiser

Song to Miss Weiser

Tune: "Now is the Hour"

Words by: Melinda Corpening

Fifty years of Runcia
And we hope for fifty more.
We won't forget her green trees,
Her waters, or her shore.

Soon we will go.
We'll take our separate ways.
Thank you, Miss Weiser,
For happy, summer days.



Lanesend



Miss Harriet Laura Janney

HARRIET JANNEY BECOMES FIANCEE

Smith College Junior Future
Bride of Robert M. Ball,
Senior at Amherst

Special to The New York Times.

GREENWICH, Conn., March 6—The engagement of Miss Harriet Laura Janney to Robert Markham Ball has been announced by her mother, Mrs. Laurence A. Janney. Mr. Ball's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Ball of Wilmington, Del.

The prospective bride, daughter also of the late Mr. Janney, is a junior at Smith College. She is a graduate of the New Canaan Country School and the George School.

Miss Janney is a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John W. Crawford of Galena, Ill., and the late Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Y. Janney of Washington, D. C.

A senior at Amherst College, Mr. Ball is a graduate of the Friends School in Wilmington. He is president of the Amherst Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa and editor of The Amherst Student, campus publication. He recently received a Rhodes Scholarship and will study at Oxford University next year.

The prospective bridegroom is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Slepicka of Glen Ellyn, Ill., and the late Mr. and Mrs. Markham B. Ball of Nottingham, England, and Notting Columbia.



Taylor - Warren

In a setting of white lilacs and spirea at the Montpelier Unitarian church Saturday afternoon, Miss Emily Bissell Warren was married to Mr. Joseph Bacon Taylor, son of Mrs. Gladys Taylor of Bangor, Me. The Rev. Flint M. Bissell, the bride's grandfather performed the double ring ceremony assisted by Rev. Gerald R. FitzPatrick of Montpelier.

The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer C. Warren of Montpelier, was given in marriage by her father. Her gown of white embroidered nylon over bridal satin had a fitted princess bodice with bouffant skirt. Her fingertip veil was attached to a headband of real lace and orange blossoms which had been worn by both her mother and sister. She carried a cascade of white roses and stephanotis.

The bride's sister, Mrs. Malcolm E. Reed of Steepley, Conn., was her matron of honor and wore a waltz-length gown of shell pink crystallette; she carried a cascade bouquet of yellow and white marguerites. The bride's other attendants were the Misses Ruth Ann Peterson and Martha Johnson of Montpelier and Miss Lois Salter of Bass River, Mass.; they wore waltz length gowns of aqua crystallette and matching headbands of net and pearls, and carried cascade bouquets of yellow and white marguerites. Mrs. Warren, the bride's mother, wore a dress of June pink nylon with matching hat; her corsage was white gardenias.

Mrs. Taylor, mother of the groom, wore a blue lace gown with matching hat and her corsage was also of white gardenias.

Mr. William D. Taylor of Montpelier was his brother's best man. The ushers were Mr. James C. Kersh of Wilmington, O., brother-in-law of the groom; and Mr. William J. Dunnett and Mr. G. Clifton Eames of Bangor, Me.

A garden reception at the home of the bride's parents followed the wedding ceremony. Those assisting at the punch bowls were Mrs. Frank Angulo and Miss Marjorie Pillsbury of Montpelier. Mrs. Douglas Bernardini of Montpelier was in charge of the guest book. Following the bride's cutting the first piece of her cake, Mrs. William D. Taylor, sister-in-law of the bride, completed the serving.

The bridal couple will spend two weeks honeymoon in the Laurentians. For her going away dress the bride chose brown linen with beige accessories, together with a corsage of yellow roses.

The bride was graduated from the Northfield School for Girls and is in her senior year at Tufts University. The bridegroom is a graduate of the University of Maine and Mass. Institute of Technology where he has just completed a two year period of engineering research. He is employed as a structural designer with the A. E. Fletcher Granite Company, in Chelmsford, Mass. They will live at 21 Spring Valley, Arlington, Mass.

THE BELGRADE LAKES ASSOCIATION

Founded 1908

PRESENTS IT'S FIRST ANNUAL

ART and HOBBY SHOW

Bolgrade Lakes Hotel

August 13 to 18, 1956

It is our hope that this project will grow from it's modest beginning into an annual event of pleasure, interest, and some importance to those who reside and spend happy summers in and around these beautiful lakes.

John Lambert, President

EXHIBITS

WATER COLORS

NO.	TITLE	ARTIST
1.	JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT	MARY LANE MC MILLAN
2.	BLUEBERRY & SHINLEAF	MARY LANE MC MILLAN
3.	SHORELINE	DOROTHY NEARING
4.	PENCIL PORTRAIT	DOROTHY NEARING
5.	PITCHER & PLANT	FLORENCE FULD
7.	CLOWN	FLORENCE FULD
8.	VIEW FROM 9th HOLE	EMILY MUMFORD
9.	MAINE LIGHTHOUSE	MORT LENK
11.	STORM OVER GREAT POND	DORIS SHELLBERG
12.	THE BIRCHES	DORIS SHELLBERG
13.	THE SENTINELS	DORIS SHELLBERG
14.	CHARLIE	RALPH G. ENGELSMAN
15.	BUSY LOCKS	RALPH G. ENGELSMAN
16.	BRIDGE TO ROME	RALPH G. ENGELSMAN

OIL PAINTINGS

5.	STURDY PEAKS	DOROTHY NEARING
10.	FLOWING TIME	MORT LENK
17.	TURNERS BROOK, JULY 1956	RAYMOND T. POTTER MD.
18.	"CLIFF" JOHNSON STUDIO	RAYMOND T. POTTER MD.
19.	AUTUMN ON GREAT POND	RAYMOND T. POTTER MD.
20.	NATIVE OF DAKAR	EDWARD H. RISLEY MD.
21.	BOW LAKE, CANADIAN ROCKIES	EDWARD H. RISLEY MD.
22.	WALLED CITY OF FEZ	ADA S. RISLEY
23.	OLD WOMAN FROM ANKARA	ADA S. RISLEY
24.	GUATEMALIAN GENTLEMAN	EDWARD H. RISLEY, MD.
25.	"LOOKING SOUTH"	JACK LONG
26.	"FLIGHT"	EDITH MEGILL WARD
40.	THE THREE BEARS	LEE LONG
41.	MOONSHINE	LEE LONG
42.	BELOW THE RAPIDS	LEE LONG
43.	THE PINEHURST	WILLIAM SLOAN

EXHIBITS

P H O T O G R A P H S & P E C I L S K E T C H E S

NO.	TITLE	ARTIST
27.	COUNTRY GARDEN	MARION M. BERTENSHAW
28.	JOE WELCH	MARION M. BERTENSHAW
29.	PEMIQUID LIGHT	MARION M. BERTENSHAW
30.	FACES IN DRIFTWOOD	JOHN RISLEY
43.	ENGLISH COTTAGE	K. MARTIN

W O O D W O R K

C E R A M I C S

31.	WOOD PRODUCTS	JOHN RISLEY
32.	DRIFTWOOD LAMP WITH IVY	BEATRICE STEVENS
33.	DRIFTWOOD ARBER	A. J. HOLLY
34.	DRIFTWOOD AND BIRD LAMP	A. J. HOLLY
35.	METAL CANDLE HOLDER	A. J. HOLLY
36.	CERAMIC VACE	MARY RISLEY
37.	CERAMIC ASH TRAY	MARY RISLEY
38.	DESK SET-GREAT POND CLAY	MARGARET WOODS PORTER
39.	DECORATIVE PITCHER	DOROTHY NEARING
47.	CERAMIC KNIGHT	JOHN RISLEY

H A N D I C R A F T

44.	HAND MADE ORIENTAL TYPE RUG	MRS. MALCOLM WARREN
45.	9 x 12 WOOL REVERSIBLE HAND BRAIDED RUG	MRS. RUTH B. LAMBERT
46.	ARTIFICIAL SWEETHEART ROSES	CHARLOTTE LEVINSKY

Engagements

Pamela Sturtevant Erdmann Is Engaged to Peter Thomas

Mrs. Sturtevant Erdmann, of New Canaan, Conn., announces

the engagement of her daughter, Miss Pamela Sturtevant Erdmann, to Mr. Peter Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brightman Thomas, of New Canaan.

Miss Erdmann was graduated from Ethel Walker School and attends Sarah Lawrence College. She made her debut at the Darien-New Canaan Autumn Cotillion. She is the daughter of the late Sturtevant Erdmann and the granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Emil Kohler, of New York and New Canaan, and of the late Dr. and Mrs. John F. Erdmann, of New York and East Hampton, L. I.

Mr. Thomas is the grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Will Norman Thomas, of New Haven, and of Mrs. Frank Thatcher Lane, of Hamden, Conn., and the late Mr. Lane.

Mr. Thomas was graduated from Westminster School and was in the Army in Japan two years. He attends the University of Virginia.

A September wedding is planned.

Robert L. Nay

Pamela Erdmann, to be married to Peter Thomas.

March 1956