

the hymn "For the Beauty of the Earth".

Overnight camp outs were taken on Mt Ossipee nearby, and to several nearby lakeside locations, and longer trips of several days were made to other locations. The campers would be transported by the camp stake bodied truck to a starting point and later picked up either back at that spot or another location where the hike or canoe trip ended. Not all campers went on these extended trips, it was generally voluntary among the older campers. The trip I made that lingers strongest in my memory was a canoe trip that started at the northern end of Long Lake. We paddled the length of the lake and stopped at the southern end before progressing down the winding Songo River which empties into Lake Sebago.

At the end of Long Lake is a commercial area and the town of Naples Maine. At shoreside was a sleek speed boat providing rides to those who had the price and several of our party took the ride to get the contrast between paddling and motoring. Seems to me I also recall a float plane available also for rides, but I don't think any of us had the tariff.

After indulging ourself; yes we continued down the Sebago River to Lake Sebago where we camped at a state park. The next day we continued down lake Sebago to Fry's Leap, a granite cliff rising out of the water some thirty or forty feet. Legend has it that a hunter by the name of Frye was being chased by Indians and when he came to the cliff he had no choice but to leap into the water and swim back under the overhang. The Indians not seeing him surface considered their mission accomplished and retreated disappointed that they did not have a scalp for their efforts.

Several "braves" from our party climbed to the top of the cliff and leaped into the water. Me? No I was not one of them, high diving from the ten foot tower back at camp was my limit and I did not care too much for that. Lake Sebago is a "U" shaped body of water with one arm larger than the other so we continued from the larger area into the smaller, thence into another river to Panther Pond which was totally isolated and not developed. Not a house in sight so we did a little sun bathing in the buff!

The year I was a table waiter was perhaps my earliest introduction to the working side of food service as an occupation. The experience that I remember was one day when I was setting up my tables I had carried out too many mugs and rather than carry them back to the pantry I slid them like bowling balls then followed them to pick them up and put them on the shelf. When I got to the pantry there was Mr Chet Hall one of the two camp directors arms akimbo! He asked me what I would have done if they