

had broken? "Pay for them I guess" was my reply. That as I recall seemed to satisfy him, but he still suggested that I not do that again, and did not give me the scolding I expected and deserved.

As a junior counselor I was again in tent twelve. Camp periods were two week segments and at the first session a family arrived with their eight year old signed up for at least those first two weeks and a younger brother of seven who was too young, and not scheduled to stay. When it came time for the parents and the younger brother to leave both boys began crying! The older boy did not want to be left and the younger wanted to stay! Since that ninth space in tent twelve had not been obligated it was arranged that he would stay and be in our charge. It turned out that the younger boy was deathly afraid of the water. He was naturally in the beginners swimming class that I was responsible for and I found myself giving him a lot of personal attention sitting with him on the sand at the waters edge and encouraging him to sit with just his toes in the water, then his foot. Day by day we progressed slowly while other boys were soon "swimming the bobline" the shallow water trial before the deep water swim from dock to diving float twenty five yards away. At the end of two weeks he wanted to stay and his parents were pleased with the water progress. The upshot is that he stayed the summer as did his brother and passed the beginners swimming test. We were both proud to say the least.

In this last year of North Star camp I was privileged to leave the waterfront duties for about a week and went on an extended canoe trip to Long Lake and Sebago Lake which I described earlier, that to this day I fondly recall and enjoy driving through that part of Maine on our summer visits.

Pictures on the facing page show a panoramic view of the waterfront during a "Free Swim" period. One life guard was stationed on the tower on the float, one each in the two row boats, and one on the float at the end of the dock. All were supervised by the waterfront director who was stationed on the porch of the boat house where the picture was taken. We occasionally had drills, three sharp whistle blasts and everyone scrambled for the nearest place to exit the water. To add realism occasionally a camper took the part of a distressed swimmer and the life guards would make a "rescue".

Being in the woods of Maine wildlife of one sort or another was not uncommon. The large tortoise surrounded by legs clad in shorts was really among friends and fared well.

The lower picture below that of the turtle shows one of the rituals performed periodically. We were directed to take our blankets and other bedding to the athletic field for a day of airing and sunning. Sleeping bags were not common in these days.