

DEDICATION

This Log of 1957 is dedicated to the happy and harmonious summer which we campers and counselors have shared here at Runoia. There is a spirit of friendship and unity here which has drawn us together like one large family, and this spirit has contributed much toward the success of this camping season.

Part of this spirit is willing co-operation. This can be seen as juniors and seniors pitch in and work together at swimming, riding, tennis, canoeing, square dancing and all the other activities of camp life.

Another part is enthusiasm. Who could forget the excitement with which the juniors tackled the jack tournament and the seniors, the tennis ladder? And the enthusiasm and co-operation demonstrated by everyone on the various trips is a shining example of both of these points.

The last and probably most precious part of the Runoia spirit is friendship. Each girl has won for herself a lasting place in the hearts of not only her shackmates, but also of every other girl at camp. We have formed ties of friendship which will never be broken; and in the words of the song, we are "camp friends for long days, old friends for always."

These three things, co-operation, enthusiasm and friendship comprise the Runoia spirit; and this spirit has made these eight weeks a happy success. It is, therefore, to the summer of 1957 and to all of the campers and counselors who have made it so wonderful that this 1957 Log is dedicated.

THE TRIP FROM CINCINNATI TO NEW YORK

On the long awaited June 26, our motley crew of Cincinnati girls boarded the train and took off for Camp Runoia. The ride from Cincy to Columbus, though uneventful, was bumpy to say the least, so we spent most of our time and effort trying to keep our I.Q.'s from rising too fast. Soon we arrived at Columbus where Tina joined us. After many "Oh, oh, ohs" and "How are yous", we left from Columbus at 6:41 P.M. After we got settled, we went to the dining car for dinner. It took a very long time until we were all finished.

Karin slept in a roomette and the rest of us slept in one bedroom. Jane, Allie and Tina were up at 5:00 in the morning. When we looked for Bobbie, she looked like she wasn't there.

The next morning when we were eating breakfast, the train was so bumpy that Allie could not pour her coffee, and it was very funny. At 9:20, we reached Grand Central Station. We were all very tired and we could not find the entrance to the hotel. So we had to walk all over Grand Central Station dragging our suitcases looking for the entrance. We got to the hotel room to find that it was a mess. Camp Runoia girls are always neat, so Karin went to work tearing the bed apart and she put all the sheets and blankets behind the chair.

That afternoon we planned to go to Rockefeller Center. We were standing on the corner of 45th and 5th Avenue looking at a map. Finally we got there with a lot of trouble. Just before we went to see the show, we went on top of Rockefeller Center. We saw "The Prince and the Showgirl" and it was very good. After that we went to the Automat to eat dinner. At 6:00 we went to the station to meet the rest of the campers.

Tina Klassen
Allie Chase

THE TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO MAINE

It was 7:10 when we were at the station and we all were ready to go. Some of us brought comic books and some didn't. At 7:30 the train was ready to leave from the station and everyone said goodby to their mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers. Then we got on the train and took off at 7:35. It was so much fun. It took the train five minutes to get out of Grand Central. Then most everybody put on their PJs. At 9:30 everybody went to bed; at 11:30 the counselors went to bed.

The next morning at 5:30, most everybody woke up and we were in Portland. About 9:00 we still were in Portland. We were supposed to get to camp at 9:00 but we didn't. Instead we got there at 10:20. The reason we were held up at Portland was because we were waiting for some cars to hitch on the train, but they didn't come. And that was the trip from New York to Maine.

Terry Boynton

CAMP RUNOIA

A summer of fun for all campers,
Each counselor and child they do scamper.
They come on the train
To Runoia in Maine.
Of New England's charm each is a sampler.

There are sports counting riding and swimming,
And with guidance we send canoes skimming.
We've made friends, it's true
And there's plenty to do,
With happiness no one is dimming.

Joanie Hutchings

INITIATION

Fourth of July, the new girls were initiated. Barbie was master of ceremonies in tails and all.

Susan Lyle was the first to be initiated. She had to donate her clothes to the poor people of Hungary.

Bunny Fisher, Carol Van Wyck, Anne Blackwood and Bobbie Hill put on a skit of counselors' coffee. Bunny played the part of Rocky, Carol played the part of Karin, Anne played as Jo and Bobbie was Barbie.

Lucy Jennings and Ruth Jacobi had an eating contest to see who could finish one cracker and whistle first. Whoever lost had to sweep the lodge. Lucy lost.

Karin had to write a will leaving some of the possessions of the new campers to the old campers. Then she had to dance a ballet to Birth of the Boogie.

Rocky had to walk on spaghetti blindfolded and tell what kind of worms they were.

Derry Watkins, Sandy Griffith and Linda Gates went on an obstacle course around eggs on the floor blindfolded. After they had their blindfolds on, the eggs were removed from the floor.

Terry Boynton had to sit and be quiet for fifteen minutes. If she laughed or talked, she had to take a spoonful of cottage cheese, which she hates.

Susan Lyle
Mary Jane Mott

THE FIRST TRIP TO FAIRY RING

Part of Fourth Shack and part of Third went to Fairy Ring after swimming. The sleeping bags went in a boat. When we got to Fairy Ring, we found a place to sleep in the lean-to. I slept with Buzzy. After we got settled, we had supper. We washed the plates and cups and cleaned up the place. Then we went for a skinny dip. When we got back, we had smores. We had two. Then we went to sleep.

I woke up about six o'clock. Sally Boynton was awake. We went down to the lake. After awhile Lucy came down. We went back awhile later. Sally Boynton went back to sleep. Joanie and I and Sally and Lucy went down to the beach again. My sneaker dropped in the water. Joanie got my sneaker. Then we took a skinny dip. Then we went back and started to pack. We went back after we packed.

Sandy Griffith

FOURTH SHACK'S COOKOUT AT OAK ISLAND

It was picnic night at Camp Runoia and every shack went to a different place. Fourth Shack went to Oak Island. We had some very merry adventures. First when we were making the gingerbread, I cut my thumb, and this was the one trip that did not bring Band-aids.

After supper we washed the dishes. Ruth fell in the water while she was washing dishes. Then we went for a skinny dip. Later we roasted marshmallows and told jokes around the fire. When we were finished, we paddled back to camp.

Janie Master

OUR CANOE TRIP

Sixth Shack went in the war canoe on a trip to the end of the lake. We started out after rest hour and went past Hoytes Island and saw Indian Head and Crooked Island. We were going to have supper on Crooked Island but decided not to. We went on the shoreline of the mainland. We found a creek and went up it. It was very quiet. We saw a kingfisher bird. We came back to the lake and found it pretty windy. We were getting pretty hungry by this time and it looked like rain. We stopped on an island that had a house on it but it wasn't occupied. So we stopped there so in case it rained we would have shelter. We went for a skinny dip and had supper and went again for a dip. Then we started home and we were not looking where we were going, and we went into a rock. We scraped the bottom of the boat but did not injure it. From then on we were okay. We got home after dark, got milk and crackers and went to bed because everybody was tired.

Jan Leader

THE FOURTH OF JULY

On the Fourth of July, we went to the deer farm in Mount Vernon. There were seven little fawns in one enclosure with their mother in one next to them. There were two sheep as well. It was a beautiful house with elephant heads and a little pond with a lily and a frog (not real, of course) that spilled water.

At last it was time to go home. That afternoon all the new girls had to dress as firecrackers. We picked slips of paper for blues and whites and sang songs.

Derry Watkins

A MORNING IN SIXTH SHACK

In the morning when I sit up in bed,
I catch a glimpse of Carol's head
Buried under the covers low,
Keeping warm from fifth below.

The last one out of bed, alas,
Is Oscar with her hair a tangled mass.
Upon the ringing of first bell,
She jumps out of bed saying, "Oh, well!")

A wild dash is made for the pix
In which leaves everyone in a fix.
No one's in and everyone's out,
And from Barbie comes a loud shout.

The last bell rings to Tina's grief.
When the flag is reached, she gives a sigh of relief.
This is an impression that isn't true,
And do my story I give to you.

Bunny Fisher
Carol Van Wyck

THE SECOND TRIP TO FAIRY RING

Linda Gates, Ruth Jacobi, Janie Master, Barbie Christy, Noni Crowell, Derry Watkins and I left for Fairy Ring on Saturday. We got our packs and sleeping bags. Then we took them down to the dock. We loaded them into a canoe and left for the Fairy Ring. We got there in five minutes. We formed an assembly line and got everything up to the Ring. We got our bedrolls out with quite a lot of difficulty. Only Linda slept in the lean-to. We all (the rest of us) slept outside in a line with our heads under the roof. With a lot of trouble we all got a little of sleep. I snored for about fifteen minutes. Before we knew it, morning was here. We woke up and went to the shore so as not to wake up Polly, Bobbie and Cici (or rather Shingles). Then Polly came down at 7 A.M. We all went in for a long skinny dip. We all were out and ready to start for camp at 7:30 A.M. But then Shingles remembered it was Sunday! We had to pass one half hour. We toasted bread and a few of us had marshmallows. After a few songs we went back to camp.

Jane Orbeton

THIRD SHACK'S TRIP TO FAIRY RING

One evening, Third Shack started out for Fairy Ring. The counselors were Jo, Cici and Bobbie. When we got there, we got wood together and started a fire. Then we made hamburgers and we helped cook them. When they were done, we put them in rolls and then we had potatoes and milk and tomatoes. The meal was very good. After we were finished, some of us wanted seconds, so the ones that didn't went down to wash their dishes. When the people who wanted seconds had seconds, they went down to wash their dishes. When they came up, we all had smores, and we played around and then we left.

Sally Hutchings
Noni Crowell
Linda Gates

THE FIRST TRIP TO PINE PARLOR

One sunny afternoon, the first trip to Pine Parlor started out. First we got the canoes loaded and then cheerfully put to the lake. It took us about forty-five minutes to make it across the lake. When we finally were all set up, we started gathering wood for the fire. After that, Susan and Liz did the job of digging a pix. After we had a two-foot hole in the ground, we went for a refreshing skinny dip. Boy, did that feel good!

After our skinny dip, we started in on our supper and our ginger bread cake. The supper was delicious, but I can't say much for the cake, since the bananas on the bottom were all burned and tasted like pine needles sizzled. After all the dishes were done, we all went for another skinny dip. We were in the water for about an hour playing "Keep-away" with two cakes of soap.

After our second skinny dip, we went up around the fire to sing. After we got tired of singing, the whole troupe piled on top of two sleeping bags and told the scariest stories you would ever want to hear. After the stories, we went right to bed.

The next morning at about 6:30, Jan, Allie and Liz were up and skinny dipping, and the others went when they awoke. While Jo and Karin were in, Jan stole their personal belongings and strung them up for flag raising. After flag raising, we all had a hearty breakfast and then packed up. On the way back to camp, we stopped at Oak Island for another skinny dip and then paddled the rest of the way back to camp.

Liz Bowman
Christie Sorenson

THE SECOND TRIP TO PINE PARLOR

We started out across the lake, looking forward to a wonderful trip. The sky was rather dark and gloomy, and we barely made it over before it started to sprinkle. Quickly Karin and a few others started putting up the tarp while the rest of us went for wood. Before we knew it, it had begun to pour, so we all rushed under the tarp. Until the rain subsided, we sat around and sang and sang.

At about six o'clock some of us went out to see how wet it was. We found it to be dry enough to build a fire. While Anne and M.J. went off to dig the pix, the rest of them worked with the fire. After awhile we all went in for a skinny dip before supper.

We had a wonderful supper of ravioli, lettuce salad milk and smores. While we were washing the dishes, two counselors from Bomasine came up to us and said that they had been camping at P & M before and that we had taken their campsite. We finally convinced them that we were there to stay, and they ended up camping right where our pix was. We took another skinny dip under cover of darkness before getting into our PJs.

We sat around the campfire singing for awhile until we heard something like footsteps running from tree to tree. We shone our seven potent flashlights around and found three boy scouts. They all turned and ran down the hill to the shore.

Soon after that we all decided to turn in. Joy, Allie, and Jane slept in the log cabin, and Bunny, Susie, M.J., Oscar, Anne and Karin slept in the tarp.

The next morning as we were eating breakfast, about five boy scouts came over with a plate of raspberry pancakes and a can of syrup. While the dishes were being done, Susie O. spotted some of the boys who were trying to gunnel out on the lake. So she sat and watched them until we called her to tell her to come with us for a walk to the top of the hill. When we came down from the hill, we loaded all the stuff into the canoes and started back to camp.

M.J. Mott

FOURTH SHACK'S TRIP TO PINE PARLOR

One morning Johnny told us that we were going to P & M for the night. We were all very excited. At counselors' coffee we packed our sleeping bags. After rest hour we went swimming and then started out.

When we reached P & M, we fixed our beds and mosquito netting. Rocky told us to gather wood and start a fire. When that was done, we cooked and ate our supper. We all wanted to go skinny dipping but had to wash silver and the rest of the dishes.

When we were skinny dipping, Johnny and the seniors paddled over. When they left, we had gingerbread and sand songs. Then we had to go to bed. Terry couldn't get her mosquito netting to stay up. We all sang taps.

In the morning, Rocky made us go for a skinny dip. After that we had breakfast and of course did the washing again. When we finished rolling our sleeping bags, we loaded the canoes and paddled back to camp.

Barbie Christy

FIFTH SHACK'S TRIP TO PEMAQUID

Early on Monday morning, July 15, Johnny asked us if we wanted to go to Pemaquid. The loud yells meant yes, we would like to go, so as soon as we could, we packed bathing suits and left. Barbie was sure we would all freeze in the ocean breezes, so we all took heavy coats and sweaters. Since only a few people went, we all rode in the station wagon. Johnny drove, and Karin went along too.

The beach was very sunny and we went swimming. After we had gotten out of the water, we looked around for Johnny ---- and couldn't find her. Since we had just passed lifesaving, we naturally thought she had drowned. We started to look for heads or bubbles in the ocean to tell us where she had gone down. Just as we were about to dive in and search, someone saw her far up the beach, walking. She had really scared us, so when she came back, we gave her a lecture about scaring us like that.

Next we went to Gilbert's Lobster Pound and ate. We ate lobsters and clams till they were about to come out of our ears. After this, we went for a boat ride to Boothbay. We saw the wharf from "Carcousel" and stayed in Boothbay wandering around looking in gift shops and eating again. Later we rode back to Pemaquid Point and saw the famous lighthouse. We wandered around for awhile and then went down on the rocks to eat our sandwiches and get ice cream and other food there. After being splashed by the ocean waves, we drove home again, tired but very happy.

Jane Spoor

SIXTH SHACK'S TRIP TO PEMAQUID MINUS OSCAR

We were told the news the night before. Of course we all prayed for sunshine. Our prayers were certainly answered. We could not have asked for a more perfect day.

We were all ready to leave when Oscar leaped off the porch with a laundry bag full of bathing suits and towels on her back. She went down in a heap, laundry bag and all. She sprained her ankle and had to stay at camp.

The rest of us piled into the station wagon and Johnny's car. Rocky and Barbie were driving. Throughout the drive, the station wagon kept stalling and the other car had to push it. We finally made it at about eleven-thirty.

We then took a boat ride for an hour and a half. There were seals on the rocks lying in the sun. When we came nearer for a better look, they slid off into the water. We went between islands and the mainland and then over to the light. We ended up where we had started, at Gilbert's Lobster Pound. Most of us ate a lunch of lobster. Barbie and Rocky also had clams; a few even had hamburgers.

After lunch we piled into the cars again and went to the beach. We changed into bathing suits behind the trees. A few of us went swimming but some stayed out because of numerous jellyfish.

While Barbie was sunbathing on the warm sand, Susie O. dropped a jellyfish on her chest. Unsuspecting, Barbie thought it to be sand. When she found out what it was, she was up and after Susie in one leap, chasing her into the water. A few adventurous souls hiked over the rocks to a point and back. It was four-thirty before we left.

As we were crossing the beach, we saw two deep-sea divers heading into the water. We watched them for a while and then left for the cars. When we reached the point, we looked around the gift shop and then went climbing along the rocks. Barbie almost toppled off the cliff but was saved by Rocky. We ate a picnic supper on the rocks - or rather the sea gulls ate it. One even ate from Jan's hand.

We rode back watching the beautiful pink sunset and arrived with two trip songs. In all it was a very successful trip.

Anne Blackwood

THE JUNIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

One sunny day, the Juniors and Oscar set out to Pemaquid. It was a long ride but we finally got there. First we went for a boat ride. Then we ate lobsters on the pier. Some of the girls didn't eat lobsters, but we all had our fill. After that we went to the beach. The initiation of Pemaquid was jelly fish down our backs. Sally Boynton was the first one to have one put down her back. She didn't know she had one and she sat down. Ooie gooie!

Then we went to the rocks and climbed on them till supper. After supper, Sally Hutchings was climbing on the rocks and she fell and hurt her heel. Later on we were climbing and Sally Boynton dashed the waves and her foot landed in a puddle. After that, we went up to the Snack Bar to get ice cream cones. Then we were homeward bound.

Trip Song

Tune: I want to go back to camp again
Runcia girls went tripping to Pemaquid one day,
First we went for a long boat ride
Then we ate by the waterside.
Then we went to the sandy beach with jelly fish galore,
And we climbed on the rock, and we want to go back
To Pemaquid some more.

Sally Boynton
Buzzy Lynn

ODE TO A SPRAINED ANKLE

An ankle means a lot to me,
Although you'd never know it,
Because one day I slipped and fell
And out of joint did throw it.

It really broke my heart in two
Because I could not go
To Pemaquid with the other girls
I would have had fun, I know.

Instead I had to go to town
To have my foot X-rayed.
I went in the car with K.T. and Johnny
Oh, what a commotion I made.

Back to camp I finally limped.
I walked around on crutches.
My foot is getting better now,
All but the finishing touches.

Romney Willson

TUMBLEDOWN

Early in July, on a bright, sunny, Monday morning, most of the seniors, led by Jo, Karin and Rocky, set off for Mt. Tumbledown. We were all aware of the strenuous climb ahead of us, but we were trying not to think about it, so we sang and told jokes most of the way to the mountain. After taking the wrong road only twice, we finally arrived at the road into the mountain. It wasn't as bad as in previous years, so we drove in. Then we walked to the stream and ate lunch and rested before we started up. We had plans to climb in one group, but after several rests, and because Susie O. wasn't sure she could make it, we separated into two groups and again took up the climb. We lost the trail once, but easily got back on again, for some camp had marked the trail recently, and it was much easier to follow. When Jo's group got to the beginning of the rocks, we ate our oranges and waited for Rocky and Susie.

Here at the rock we told the new girls that there was no lake, and that it was just a trick to make people climb, but we would walk to the valley anyway and maybe pick blueberries. By this time the new girls were extremely confused, and when they finally reached the top of the rocks and looked down over the cool waters of the lake, they were much relieved.

Most of us went for a dip which cooled us tremendously, and soon we started down again all ready for a luscious dinner at Weld Inn. On the way down we passed a boys' camp, the one that had made the trail blaze, and learned that they intended to spend the night up on top. (To ourselves we all sighed, very glad we weren't carrying those heavy packs up the steep mountainside.)

At Weld Inn they were very generous and gave us seconds on everything, (except dessert). After we sang some camp songs for them and had bought some candy to eat on the way home, we reluctantly left the Inn but were very contented at having stuffed ourselves with such delicious food.

On the way home, Jo's car made up a trip song, many thanks to Bobbie Hill, and when we were back on the road to camp, we stopped to teach it to the other car.

Runcio girls went climbing
Up Mt. Tumbledown.
Fourteen noses we counted
Up and down, and all around, and round, and round, and
Rocks and trees and bushes
Scratched our legs but good,
In spite of everybody's groans
We climbed when we could.

We all said purple bunny
So it would not rain,
Put moleskin on our blisters,
So that we could ease the pain and start again.
And when we reached the summit,
We all went for a swim.
Then we tumbled down again
To old Weld Inn.

Thus we reached camp a tired and wornout group who had just vowed never to climb Tumbledown again. But next year we'll most likely go again and have the same good time.

Joy Leader.

A TRAIL RIDE

One day Paula, Janie M. and I went on a trail ride. Paula was riding Chocolate, Janie M. was riding Pep, Rocky was riding Mischief and I was riding Flicka. We were all settled down and were at the road to the Alfonds and I was thinking "Oh goody, Flicka hasn't coughed yet and she might not cough hardly at all." Just then she coughed, and did she cough hard! I thought she would never stop. Finally she stopped after walking about twenty feet. I then quickly changed my mind about her hardly coughing at all on the ride. Then we inspected on horseback a red house, and we then rode through brambles and tall weeds. Then we returned to the road. We rode to the dirt road to Belgrade for awhile till we came to a nice long trail. Of course we did not know it was as long as it was. We rode over logs we all thought the horses would stumble over, through branches we all called booby traps. Finally we reached the end and had to make the unfortunate return trip back over the trail. After leaving that trail, we passed the cabin where the game warden sometimes stays. By that time it was nearly one whole hour so we came back to camp.

Lucy Jennings

THE HORSE SHOW

This year the horse show was not based on form but on how fast you could do certain things.

We were both in the costume class. I was William Tell, and Paula was dressed as a stableman in Black Beauty.

I was in the Potato race without Paula. We had to ride from one side of the ring and spear a potato in a can with a fork, ride back to the other side and drop the potato in the other can. I had to do this five times because there were five potatoes.

Sally Boynton was in the Baby Bottle race with me. Sally had to drink a baby bottle full of water and I had to keep the horse trotting. We both fell off, and Sally bit her tongue. Nancy wasn't in that race.

Paula Preston
Nancy Ball

THE NATURE HIKE AND A COCKOUT

We left for Lynn Forest right after lunch. Our Leader was very fancy and had a lot of Klassen was very fancy until a Bea bit her. I was climbing up a Hill among the Black-Eyed Susans when I lost a Bobbiepin. As I bent down to get it, I saw a Bunny. I snapped a picture that Willson thought would win an Oscar.

When we finally got there the path was very Rocky, but it soon became Sandy though somewhat Shelley when we neared the lake. Johnson heard a Buzzy sound. It was a Katy-did, and someone spotted a king-Fisher on a tree between two Gates.

The afternoon was almost half over, so we stopped and had our refreshments, Mary Janes, and Baby Ruth. Someone played Ball. When Pauls'on found a piece of rare Blackwood, we jumped for Joy. It was a Locky chance.

It was nearing five, but we Ereston until we reached the campsite. For supper we had a Barbie-Q.

That night some of the campers played "Come, Master," in which the object is for the person who is it to Chase everyone until all are caught. That night we were so tired we Crowelled into bed.

Susie Orbeton

AFTER A SUPPER RIDE

It was late, very late, up at the stables, when Rocky, Joyce, M.J. and Janet came riding in on their once sturdy steeds. They dismounted at the tennis courts for Rocky and M.J. had to put Sixth Shack to bed. Joyce and Janet led two horses apiece up to the dark, dark stables (without a flashlight).

Well, since Rocky had so co-operatively taken all the lead ropes with her, Joyce held the horses and Janet felt around for "their" stalls, hoping that by mere chance she might get the right horse in the right stall. Success! (so far). Now comes the hard part. How do two people without flashlights get the saddles and bridles off all four horses? Well, Joyce took off the bridles while Janet removed the saddles. But how the heck do you get anything done when both people are laughing? Heaven only knows! Anyway, Joyce did get the bridles off, although she wasn't sure whether she had undone the cheek strap on the browband. And after losing one horse, sticking her fingers in his eye, and a few pitch forks, brooms and shovels, she finally got the "dern things" off. Oh yes, the job couldn't be complete unless the bits were cleaned. And Joyce is always so helpful. (She couldn't break her record now!) So she went feeling around for the rag on the shelf and in doing so knocked the flit can into Flicka's pail of water. Thinking she'd knocked down a brush and being afraid of spiders, she waited awhile before retrieving the "brush"! Upon finding the flit can, she naturally had to spray everyone and everything until the shock wore off.

Janet was doing fine (aside from falling down the ramp into the tack room) until she came to Chocolate Lady, where Joyce began imitating Ke-e-erin which made Janet laugh so hard she sat down practically under Chocolate and wouldn't get up until Joyce said, "For Pete's sake, get out while you can!" Well, she did! And they're both here today -- plus Rocky and M.J. to argue about flashlights and lead ropes and what should have been done with those poor horses that dark night at the stables.

The Chipmunks

THE SATURDAY NIGHT SHOWS

This summer, the members of Third, Fourth and Sixth Shacks have proved their acting talents in various dramatics programs. Third Shack started off the year by presenting "The Legend of Runcio", an original play dramatizing four major episodes in the life of the Indian chief. Sixth Shack was next on the list, but because of their large number, they split into three groups; two to give plays, and the third group (Lanie and Susan Lyle) to help with costumes and props. The first group gave a one act comedy entitled "Life With Ikey"; and the second division presented "The Ghost in the Green Gown," a mystery.

Because of lack of time, Fourth Shack did not give a formal play. Instead, on two afternoons, they met for some situation dramatics. They were given a situation, such as, "Exploring a Haunted House," and from this they created entirely on their own several lively and entertaining scenes which they presented in the evening for the whole camp. Third Shack also gave situation plays, and it would be difficult to say who enjoyed them more - the audience or the actresses themselves.

Dramatics played a large part in this camping season, both as an outlet for imagination and as a source of entertainment and fun. The girls worked hard together to put on their plays, and their efforts have been rewarded with great success.

Bobbie Hill

THE FIRST CRUISE

We started out from the harbor of a little town south of Boothbay. It is a cute little harbor where Captain Rand lives, one of our captains. We went to bed early and got up early. We had breakfast and then went on deck to find it very foggy. We swabbed the decks and then went with Captain Rand's daughter around the harbor. Later on the fog lifted, and we started our sail. We went to Boothbay Harbor to get some things for the boat. We went under the drawbridge. We got to Boothbay and went into town. When we came back to the dock, we had lunch. Then we started our sail. We didn't go too fast because of the wind.

That night we anchored at Port Clyde. A boy came to our boat and started talking to us. He told us his name was Norman. We fixed supper and saw the beautiful sunset. The next morning, the weather was wonderful, and we started out in a sail. Near lunchtime, we went in swimming, and you have no idea how fast we were moving. I got a mouthful and it was very cold. I thought I'd never get out. It was difficult because we were going so fast. It was not rough until after lunch, but it was very rocky then. But we did have a good sail. We landed in Rockport and went into town. It was very foggy when we got back to where our dinghy had been tied up. We could hardly see the boat.

The third day it was very foggy and rainy, and we couldn't see fifty yards ahead of us. We landed in Camden where the other cruise was going to meet us. We had a lot of time before the other cruise came, so we went to see "The Seven Year Itch." Then we had dinner and went back to the sailboat and met the other cruise.

THE SECOND CRUISE

It was Saturday and we were all getting packed up for the cruise that we had been looking forward to for days. But now at last we were on our way to Camden, where we would meet the first cruise.

When we arrived at Camden, we met the first cruise and helped them move out their packs and food, and we moved ours in. When they left to go home, we went below and started to unpack and put our food away. When we were finished, we went ashore and looked around the town for awhile. On the way back, we took a short cut past someone's house, but when a boy on the top floor threw a bag of water out of the window, we figured we weren't wanted. When we reached the boat, we fell in bed and went right to sleep.

The next morning was a bright and beautiful one, and we showed that by being up and out sailing by 6:30. Captain Kelley was awfully nice and was very amused by Frizzy Lizzy and the way she did the Hula, and how she made me guard the pix door while she was in, and if anyone came I was to sing "Over the Rippling Waters." When the Captain heard about this, he thought it was so funny that he promised to sit in the dinghy while Frizzy was in Pix. Before we knew it we were in New Harbor eating dinner. That night we walked around the town for awhile, and we were back again shortly after it started to rain.

The next morning it rained for about two hours, but we made the best of it by singing songs as we sailed. By noon the sun was out and it was just as nice as ever. That afternoon a breeze blew up so hard that we made South Portland that night. When we reached Portland, we ate and went right to sleep.

The next morning we were out and sailing by 7:00. The weather was perfect and the sailing was just great. That morning we really gave Frizzy the works. We told her a piece of sea had just broken off and had fallen into the sea. Of course she believed us and jumped right out of the Captain's bunk to see it. Then we told her Superman was out on deck and again she came up to see him, and yelled, "Where? where? I don't see him." She sure added a lot of fun to our cruise.

The time really flew and we reached Cozy Harbor at only 2:00. After Polly had caught the mooring, we were all ready to clean up for the third cruise. After that we went ashore and ordered the lobsters we were going to have for dinner. After that we walked to the Post Office and looked at some little shops along the way. When we got back, we were all ready to eat a delicious dinner, all except Frizzy who had hamburgers.

Shortly after dinner, the third cruise arrived, all very anxious to get on the boat. But it was time for us to leave, and we all hoped we would be back again on the cruise next year, and that we would have as much fun as we did this year.

Helene Bowman

THE THIRD CRUISE

On a bright, nice, sunny day, Susie, Bunny, Sally, Joanie, Ruthie, Rocky and Johnny started out to Cozy Harbor in two cars. We all got butterflies in our stomachs when we got to the harbor. We got to the dock and soon went to the boat. We ate supper on the boat and went to sleep. In the morning we started out with the motor to Boothbay for supplies. Later that morning we started to sail, and we sailed quite fast for awhile. Then it got rough so we stopped in Wiscasset for the night. When we were eating supper, it was so cold and windy and rough that we all felt not so good.

Well! The next morning it was calm as glass, and Rocky took some of us out in the rowboat to look at some old ships. After that we sailed toward Cozy Harbor. When we got to Cozy Harbor, we went to shore and ate lobsters. It was really a good trip.

Ruth Jacobi
Susie Orbeton

WEST CARRY

Jo, Karin, Jane, Cici, Joyce, Allie, Tina and Anne all piled into the car and took off for West Carry. After yelling "wing, wing, wing -- hello" at every passerby, we arrived at what appeared to be a logging camp. We had just settled down to wait for Mr. Storey, with all the food unpacked and under the tarp, when he appeared around the corner. We hiked over the "Dingblasted Trail," past a pair of boots hanging from a tree, through frogs and raspberries to the campsite. Camp having been pitched, we struggled with the tarp and consumed a large dinner of "magnanimous hamburgers" and spilt gingerbread. The next morning after breakfast, we hiked out the "Dingblasted Trail" and drove to Mt. Bigelow, where, after a hurried round of Thief and Red River Valley, we started up the mountain at exactly 10:30. Less than a mile later, we met with foul play. Lumberjacks (pardon the expression) who, in the process of their very unselective cutting, had removed the Appalachian Trail. (Mr. Appalachian had been kind enough to let us use it.) After much confused running, shouting, swearing and falling into holes we did manage to get back on the trail and followed it without further mishap, reaching the Legs at lunchtime. After viewing the landscape for several hours, we hiked back down Little Bigelow. We then took off to the local general store where we sent postcards, one of which backfired at Jo. From there we went to the "Fitch Hashery" and then back up the "Dingblasted Trail" to the Storey's for a record-breaking dinner.

At six o'clock the next morning we were up and at'em and soon after were on our way to East Carry Pond. Seven miles to the pond and seven back put us in such condition that some stumbled and fell the last few miles while others merely crawled. Back at the campsite we were all so completely exhausted that we became silly; so to the strains of "Que Sera, Sera," we rolled in the grass and then collapsed on our bedrolls, where we admired each other's blisters and swollen feet. After a brief dip to wash off the mud, we again invaded the Storey's and devoured another delicious dinner. That evening we sat around the campfire singing and eating smores and mushroom soup and at last we hit the sack to rest up from our efforts of the day.

We awakened at daybreak and unpitched. After a variety of burials, we carved all our initials on a log and tossed it in West Carry Pond. It then began to rain so we hurried down the "Dingblasted Trail" for the last time, carrying with us a small innocent-looking tree named Frank Vulgar. We drove homeward singing, "They had to carry us to West Carry!"

Fifth Shack

SCENES AROUND CAMP





















76







76



















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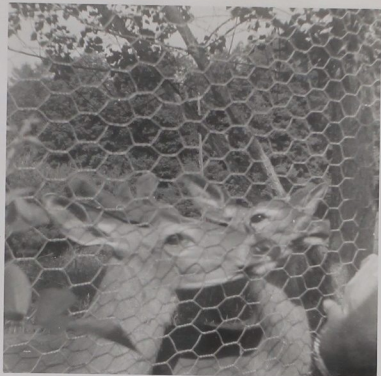
Hobo Picnic



Horse Show



Deer Farm



Pemaquid



Cruise







West Carry





Cotillion











Fall Picnic
in Connecticut









SIXTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



THIRD SHACK

COUNSELORS



Lucy H. Weiser

An Appreciation

Miss Weiser is not what a poet would call
The limerick type; in fact, that's not at all
Her style - though she, of course, would lend it grace.
No, rather valentines with real lace
And sentiments direct from flowing hearts.
Affection flowers as the shadow starts
To lengthen on another summer here -
Another friendly Camp Runoia year
A chance for all-aged youth to come to capture
With her - the fifty-first fine careless rapture.

It has been said and sung a thousand times
In 'Logs and letters, limericks and rhymes
That campers come a thousand miles and more
To seek their memories upon this shore,
This is no legend but the simple truth
Miss Weiser is the one who keeps the youth
Of all her girls a living, breathing fact,
Safe in her heart - eternal and intact;
And doing so, herself keeps always young
To live the Harmony which Camp has sung.



Marian R. Johnson

In her terry cloth robe of bright blue
She goes daily to dip through the dew
They say she broke ice
Near the dock once or twice
Her name? Look it up in Who's Who.



Doris Shellberg

When the cold reared its frost bitten head
And followed dear Shelley to bed
She decided to eat
Lots of food to defeat
Old Man Weather. It worked, so she said.

Virginia Boone

Home Ec. teaches this girl to slice bread
And what side to get out of bed
Her nickname is Gini
And she's got that old pin
To remind her whose Home lies ahead.



Beatrice Pray

There's a Living Soap Opera today
Of a real Cinderella at play
At her work - in her dreams
This heroine schemes;
For a True Romance does Beatrice Pray.

Margaret Damren

Every year there's some new CR first
How many can claim they are nursed
By a fabulous cook?
On Margaret we look
With such pride we are ready to burst.



Flora Lynn

In charge of our diets, Mrs. Lynn
Resides in that city of Cin-
Cinnati, you know
And back there she must go
But Maine claims her when summers begin.



Carol Stein

Behind the label "Counselor of Riding"
Many interests is Carol Stein hiding
For all things alive
Off the road she will drive
In a car yet - in one second's deciding.



Barbara Leader

Now we tell you no more than the truth
When we sing of this Leader of youth
Who on water or land
Makes us eat from her hand
A pld piper is Barbara in sooth.



K. T. Preston

What a talented shack is that Second
To each some of the Muses have beckoned
You know K.T. cooks
But it soon will be books
By which she will have to be reckoned.



Jo Rinehart

Sandra Rinehart is always called Jo
 For reasons that few of us know
 But fun, sport and fame
 Don't depend on a name
 Ask her camp friends...or wait...ask her beau.

Polly Parkhill

See-Yolly sounds rather absurd
 Like the wail of an exoho bird
 It's not Polly's fault - because
he's the same as she was
 But that's what she is called now in Third.

Karin Paulsen

It hardly seems now that it's true
 That Karin began this year "new"
 In sports, games and trips
 She's become one of the chips
 Off the old block of Runcoia blue.

THIRD SHACK

Noni Crowell

This small blonde of the famed Crowell pair
Has plenty of pigtail to spare
Honora by name
In her actions the same
She lets everyone help braid her hair.



Sandy Griffith

A new girl in Third Shack is Sandy
She thought she would find camping dandy
But she took her poor wrist
And gave it a twist
At "Run Sheepie Run", How unhandy!

Derry Watkins

An intellectual Watkins named Derry
Likes to read and think thoughts that are airy.
Is she absent of mind
Or hoping to find
New inventions to make our lives merry?



Sally Hutchings

Sally Hutchings - an actress of note
Can so readily rise and emote
That her delicate air
And flamboyant red hair
Give her Oscars on everyone's vote.



Linda Gates

Blessed at birth by twin fates
High in camping and beauty she rates
With her natural coiffure
And her careless allure
Linda'll never be given the Gates.



Kathy Preston

For a camper who's hardly begun
Kathy, nevertheless, is the one
Who cuts troubles in half
Multiplies every laugh
With her wild, irrepressible fun.

FOURTH SHACK

Barbara Christy

On the stage Barbara Christy's great zeal
For naughty child parts makes us feel
That critics might ask
If her skill at the task
Is acting - or some of it real?



Jane Master

Unlike most of the rest of the pack
Jane Master, who lives in Fourth Shack,
Thinks more than she speaks
So her mind never leaks
With the usual old yackety-yack.

Terry Boynton

Terry Boynton is usually quite
A well-dispositioned young White
Should you wish to displease
Her - just bring cottage cheese
She finds that the wrong thing, all right!



Jane Orbeton

From a fair sea coast city in Maine
Comes a camper named Orbeton, Jane
Her rollicking wit
Keeps the shack in a fit
While her animals look on in pain.

Ruth Jacobi

Ruth Jacobi is here from Dobbs Ferry
To help all her shackmates make merry
With wit effervescent
And chatter incessant
She's also a neat girl. Oh very!



Joanne Hutchings

Joan's in charge of the junior White team
And how simple she makes it all seem
She takes first with her diving
And her land sports are thriving
While her teammates do pridefully beam.

Lucy Jennings

Lucy's a girl who loves horses
And we have it on several good sources
That when Jacks is the game
She has won so much fame
That she herself gives all the courses.



Paula Preston

You've heard of the tortoise and hare
And you know who won out of that pair
So watch Paula P.
She takes years if need be
But she passes her diving - so there!

Sally Boynton

Captain Sally lives down in Shack Four
And she labors to pass on her own lore
Her Blues work with a will
But their Kick-ball's up hill
'Cause the White team has been here before.



Arlene Lynn

A youthful Olympian, Lynn
Paddled stern, brought the junior crew in
Ahead of the older;
But the Whites didn't scold her
Not at all! They were proud of the win.

FIFTH SHACK

Janet Scholes

With a paint brush or pencil she's able
And always genteel at the table
But the alternate roles
Of the versatile Scholes
Are concerned with hard work in the stable.



Joy Leader

Joy is real gold without glitter
Her dives have the camp in a twitter
She eats like a horse
And stays lissome, of course
It could be because she's no sitter.

Barbara Hill

Endowed with much musical skill
There's more talent to tell about still
In this rising young star
Who enlivens CR
With dramatic productions, B. Hill.



Jane Spoor

From Cincy, Ohio, Jane Spoor
Comes to help the Blue team endure
And she hopes in a while
To travel in style
To Athens, where art forms are pure.

Cici Crowell

A long, limber maiden, Consuelor
Is a skillful and avid sailor
In addition, of course,
She looks great on a horse
And her tripping arts never will fail her.



Alison Chase

Here's some help for an interesting case
Tied up in old ribbons and lace:
Do not fear your debut -
For when it is through,
Then the stagline will Alison Chase.

SIXTH SHACK

Tina Klassen

Mama Tina has been rightly named
By each child that appears she is claimed
And even small deer
Rejoice when they see'r
May her motherhood flourish untamed.



Jan Leader

There's a girl down in 6th Shack named Jan
Who lives with a lot of élan
In a dance - with a chord
On the old Bongo board
She is willing, and what's more, she can.

Lanie Bowman

Lanie Bowman's a good-natured soul
Who plods - never speeds - to her goal
Except in the water
And then you just oughter
Watch that old Bowman crawl take its toll.



Liz Bowman

Captain Kelley put Liz in a tizzy
By teasing and calling her frizzy
She could hula just fine
With shillelagh behind
And ringing the bell kept her busy.

Christie Sorenson

Due to helping her sister to wed
And becoming a bridesmaid instead
Of a camper, old Christie
Arrived here all misty
With dreams of romance in her head.



Susan Orbeton

The years do not much alter Susan
For none of her verve is she losin'
She still clamors to clear
And her converse this year
As of old, is unquiet and confusin'.

Nancy Ball

From a state which is notably small
Comes a girl who is named Nancy Ball
When she plays "Who Am I"
She can tell you just why
Her school teaches nothing at all.



Bunny Fisher

If you want to get laughs out of Bunny
You don't even have to be funny
Just look - and she giggles
Till all of her wiggles -
When it's raining, she makes us feel sunny.

Romney Willson

Oscar dives and swims hard for the Blues
Is at home with a sail or canoe
But that fall and sprained ankle
Did certainly rankle
For crutches she never would choose.



Anne Blackwood

Anne's tennis gives nobody pain
She is fine on a trip in the rain
In fact she's so grand
That we can't understand
Why her dives so resemble a crane.

Mary Jane Mott

Mary Jane, who is dubbed M.J.Mott,
Gets the giggles as often as not
Especially at meals
When her counselor feels
That her manners might mend just a bit.



Susan Lyle

Susan Lyle goes through life in a breeze
Because she is not hard to please
The mere thought of a boy
Simply fills her with joy
And thoughts can be shaped with such ease.

Carol Van Wyck



COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Lucy H. Weiser	Likes Harmony Well
Marian R. Johnson	Makes Rocky Jump
Doris A. Shellberg	Dips At Sunrise
Margaret M. Damren	Makes Marvelous Desserts
Virginia L. Boone	Very Loud in Bed
Beatrice E. Pray	Bellows Every Place
Karin Paulson	Keeps Peace
Barbara B. Leader	Blows Bugle Loudly
Katherine T. Preston	Keeps Traveling to Post Office
Carol B. Stein	Chocolate's Baby Sitter
Polly C. Parkhill	Puts Campers in Place
Flora M. Lynn	Fixes Many Lunches
Sandra L. Rinchart	Soberly Leads Repertoires

CAMPER ANAGRAMS

THIRD SHACK

Linda Lea Gates	Lovely Little Girl
Honora G. Crowell	Hollers Gail Counselors
Sally S. Hutchings	She Swims Heartily
Sandra Beverly Griffith	Swimming Beginner Gained
Elizabeth Derryll Watkins	Ever Dauntless White
Katherine Todd Preston 11	Kunning Tiny Package

FOURTH SHACK

Arlene Gail Lynn	Always Giggles Loudly
Lucy Ellen Jennings	Little Educational Jewel
Esther McComb Boynton	Energetic Miss Bounce
Sarah A. F. Boynton	She Always Favors Blue
Ruth Elizabeth Jacobi	Reliable Every Journey
Paula Ellen Preston	Pursues Every Prize
Jane Orbeton	Jacks Ogre
Jane E. Master	Jolly Each Meal
Joanne B. Hutchings	Jacks Bother Her
Barbara L. Christy	Blonde Little Cutie

FIFTH SHACK

Joyce Ellen Leader	Just Eats Lustily
Janet Fielding Scholes	Just Frequents Stables
Jane E. Spoor	Jibes Every Sail
Barbara Hill	Bug Hater
Consuelo S. Crowell	Camp Swimming Champion
Alison Mason Chase	Always Merrily Cheerful

SIXTH SHACK

Elizabeth Janssen Bowman	Every Joke Believed
Helene Livinggood Bowman	Has Lifesaving Badge
Kristina Klassen	Kool Kookie
Janice K. Leader	Just Keeps Laughing
Mary Jane Mott	Makes Jolly Music
Susan Orbeton	Slight Overthrow
Cheryl C. Sorenson	Constant Cheerful Smile
Romney Lee Willson	Rides Like Westerners
Nancy Helen Ball	Never Has Blues
Jacqueline Ruth Fisher	Just Really Friendly
Carol Van Wyck	Camping Very Willingly
Susan P. Lyle	Slender Polite Lady
Elizabeth Anne Blackwood	Elegant And Buoyant

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	With her tiger	For rubber bands	Birthdays	Swimming lessons	Oh, bunk!
Linda Lee Gates	Linda (Most of the time)	On 3rd shack porch play- ing jacks	cute	Joy	Prune whip	Will you play jacks with me?
Sandra B. Griffith	Sandy	With Noni	For Piglet and Kalet	Her panda	Doing her job	Noni, can I use your ball?
Sally S. Hutchings	Salcy	With her sister	For Polly	Whites	Her medi- cine	Where are my animals?
Derral E. Watkins	Derry	On a horse	For her book	To save her store candy.	Writing Letters	Oh, boy!

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>
Lucy Jennings	Lucy Pucy	in the stables	for blueberries	tennis	being teased	"I did not!"
Paula Preston	Peala Puela	in Connecticut	like a cat	washable	skinny-dipping	Do we have to go swimming?
Terry Boynton	Gertie	in agony	for excuses	rough exercise	cottage cheese	OK,Smarty!
Jane Orbeton	Janie O.	with Elfy	like Roo	jacks	being bossed	I'm freezing
Sally Boynton	Sally	with the Blues	for boys	going home	being tickled	GET OUT!
Arlene Lynn	Buzzy	dangerously	strong	kickball	doctors	Come on, Ter!
Ruth Jacobi	Ruthie	in New York	devilish	to sleep	shots	I didn't hear reveille.
Joanne Hutchings	Joanie	with Buzzy	like a chipmunk	riding	inspection	Don't brag, Sally.
Barbara Christy	Barbie	with Janie O.	like Piglet	Kathy	slow bed-makers	Hurry up.
Janie Master	Lazy Janie M.	with Liz and Lanie	grown-up	to be slow	to be called Masters	Don't rush me.

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>
Alison Chase	Allie or Deb	in "High Society"	For 5th shack's Protector		Talkative roommates	Four chicken pies----
Consuelo Crowell	Cici or Shingles	for mail - mainly bills	Southward	her skimpy bathing suits	the teaching profession	Oh, vile!
Barbara Hill	Bar Bell	in the craftshop	for sun	forbidden foods	anything that buzzes	Goodnight!
Joyce Leader	Jerce or Jerk	with the redlegs	right	quadrupling	her little black book	Purrrrrrr!
Janet Scholes	Joyce's friend	with shovel in hand	good breath- ing through the nose	rainy places	having to twitch her socks	Glerp!
Jane Spoor	Spoon	in the Classics' Library	Jim Dandy	walruses	her blush	Ich spriche nur Deutch!
Fifth Shack	Censored	for food	at men from Mars	Roman poets	mosquitos	Bats!

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>
Nancy Ball	Nancy	in Delaware	sunburned	base- ball	eggs	I know!
Anne Blackwood	Anne	on the tennis courts	cute	sailing	people who burp	Harken!
Helene Bowman	Lanie	with Janie M.	Like Liz	swimming	eczema	Burp!
Elizabeth Bowman	Liz or Friz	at the big float	occupied	truce battles	being teased	gees-zums!
Jacqueline Fisher	Bunny	for crafts	like a bunny	playing Jacks	people who take her jacks	I really know.
Kristina Klassen	Tina	in Columbus	like a movie star	combing her hair	not having shepherd's pie	OK, Baby, how we're gonna canter.
Janice Leader	Jan	on the diving board	very slender	sport week	Pop	I can't help it!
Susan Lyle	Susan	for boys	for Jo	tennis	people who don't like boys	I'm embraced!
Mary Jane Mott	M. J.	Near Oscar	like lots of fun	pieing beds	deviled eggs	For gosh sakes!
Susan Orbeton	Susie O.	the craft shop	for Shelley	canoeing	getting shots	Look, Barby!
Cheryl Sorenson	Christy	in Vermont	for Tina	to go riding	people who call her Cheryl	Thanks!
Romney Willson	Oscar	in 5th Shack	like a born rider	riding	getting up in the morning	A little louder and we'll dance

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Marian Johnson	Johnny	on the Coast	away from lobster	to tease	banana cream pie	Are we having flag-raising?
Barbara B. Leader	Barbie	Cincinnati	suntanned	her book	cloudy days	I agree.
Polly C. Parkhill	Pee-yolly	for the cruise	21	California	scraped paint	Happy New Year!
Karin Paulson	Georgia	for story-telling	a fight	the present	the past	Happy New Year!
Katherine T. Preston	K. T.	opposite Shelley	for weeds	her muscle	personal problems	When am I going to have my dancing lesson?
Sandra Lee Rinehart	Jo	for rest hour	for the first violinist	stick-to-it-iveness	double meanings	Happy New Year!
Doris Shellberg	Shelly	opposite K. T.	warp	broken looms	peace & quiet	You know what Kathy did at the table today?
Carol Stein	Rocky	in her leather jacket	for Janet	chicken chow mein	ravioli & eggs	Watch your manners!
Virginia Boone	Ginny	for Russ	For Thursday afternoon	cooking	snoring	Where's Beechie?
Margaret Damren	Speedy	Belgrade Lakes	for bandaids	to bake	earaches	Here, Trailer!
Mrs. Lynn	Grandma	in fear of Beechie	after Buzzy	to sleep	work	Don't wake me up!
Beatrice Dancer	Beechie	for Ginny	for cookies	food	diets	Alright, if you're

ALUMNAE NEWS



—Shillito's Photo.

MRS. G. EDMUND DAVIS

The marriage of Miss Emily Ann Atkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Atkinson, and G. Edmund Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Davis of Winchester, Ind., took place Aug. 24 at 4:30 p. m. at Holy Trinity Church in Madisonville. The Rev. Sidney Hopson officiated at the ceremony.

The bride wore a gown of silk tissue taffeta with a bodice of alencon lace. Her matching fingertip veil was attached to a crown of alencon lace edged with pearls. She carried a white

prayerbook covered by a spray of gardenias.

The maid of honor was Miss Margaret Ayres of Brighton, Mich. The other attendants were the Misses Kit and Judy Atkinson, sisters of the bride.

Norman Davis of Winchester was best man for his brother. Ushers were Jerry Davis, also a brother of the groom, and Ernest Mills of St. Louis, Mo.

Following a honeymoon at Fontana Beach, N. C., the couple are residing on the campus of Earlham College in Richmond, Ind.



Ing-John

Mrs. Robert M. Ball

Miss Harriet Laura Janney, Robert Markham Ball Wed

STAMFORD, Conn., July 6.—The marriage of Miss Harriet Laura Janney, daughter of Mrs. Laurence A. Janney, of Stan-
wich Road, Greenwich, and the late Mr. Janney, to Mr. Robert Markham Ball, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Ball, of Wilmington, Del., took place this afternoon in St. Francis Episcopal Church. The Rev. W. Keith

Chidester and the Rev. John W. Christie officiated.

The bride, escorted by Capt. Frederick E. Janney, U. S. N., was attended by her sister, Miss Deborah A. Janney, maid of honor; Miss Nancy H. Ball, sister of the bridegroom; Mrs. Franz T. Solmsen, Miss Kate Resnik and Miss Sally M. Rogers. Mr. Richard A. Ball was best man for his brother.

Mrs. Ball, alumna of New Canaan Country School and George School, was graduated cum laude from Smith College last month. Mr. Ball, graduated magna cum laude from Amherst, '56, is a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, England. After passing the summer in New York, the couple will spend the next year at Oxford.

JORDAN - SORENSON

In a pretty summer wedding in Zion Episcopal Church at Manchester Center on Saturday afternoon, June 29, at four o'clock, Miss Wendy Louise Sorenson, daughter of Mrs. W. Eugene MacLean and the late Wendell L. Sorenson, became the bride of William Harrison Jordan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley D. Jordan. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert L. Clayton, rector of the church. The chancel of the church was adorned with white flowers on the altar and two large baskets of vari-colored flowers in front of the altar rail.

The bride advanced down the aisle on the arm of her uncle, Oliver Charles Jackson of New Rochelle, N. Y., who gave her in marriage. She wore a wedding gown of modern adaptation of victorian style made of

Chantilly lace over silk taffeta. The gown was made and designed by the bride. She wore a finger tip veil with a coronet made of lace and seed pearls. Her bridal bouquet was of white rosebuds.

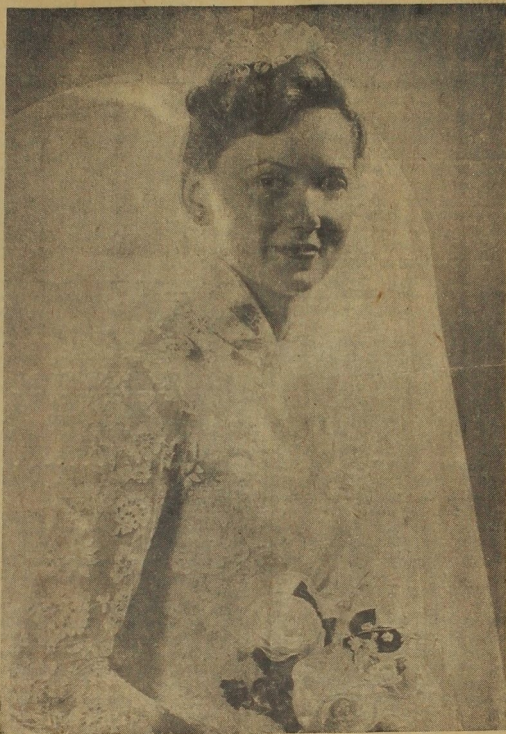
The matron of honor was Mrs. William Stull of Somerville, N. J., a second cousin of the bride. For bridesmaids Mrs. Jordan had her two sisters, Miss Cheryl Sorenson of Manchester and Mrs. Richard McLernon of Fitchburg, Mass.; also Miss Judith Storey of Chatham, N. J., and Miss Pauline Atwood of Swampscott, Mass. The flower girl was little Andrea Sorenson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Sorenson, South Shaftsbury.

Mr. Jordan had his brother, Robert Jordan, as his best man, and his nephew, Philip Jordan, was the ring-bearer. The ushers were James Edgar of Chatham, N. J.; Charles Sorenson of Schenectady, N. Y., and Eugene MacLean of Manchester, brothers of the bride, and Richard McLernon, the bride's brother-in-law.

Mrs. Orrin H. Beattie was at the organ and played several numbers while the guests were arriving, and the wedding marches. Mrs. Robert Jordan sang two numbers during the service.

The bridesmaids' dresses were of nousseline de soie over taffeta. Each dress was of a different color. Hats and sandals matched the color of the affeta of the gowns. They carried pouquets of rosebuds of different shades. The flower girl wore a white gown, which was made by the bride.

The bride is a graduate of Great Neck, N. Y., High School and of Cornell, Home Economics College, where she majored in textiles and clothing.



(Lloyd Photographer Photo)

MRS. WILLIAM HARRISON JORDAN

Mr. Jordan is a graduate of Burr and Burton Seminary and of Burdette Business College in Lynn, Mass. At present he is a petty officer, 2nd class, U.S. Navy, and is an instructor in meteorology at the Naval Postgraduate School at Monterey, Calif. After completing his service with the Navy, he intends to study architecture, presumably at UCLA.

Following the wedding, a reception and dinner for some 175 guests was held in the Garden Lounge and pool dining room at the Equinox House.

The couple left on a wedding trip of two weeks which will take them back to the bridegroom's station at Monterey, Calif., by way of Canada and western U.S.A.

Sept 28



—(Malott)

Miss Sally Ann Anderson
ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM E. ANDERSON announce the engagement of their daughter, Sally Ann, to Mr. Thomas Bart Brush, son of Mr. George F. Brush of Detroit and the late Mr. Brush.

Miss Anderson is a graduate

of Smith College. Mr. Brush was graduated from the University of Michigan where he was affiliated with Phi Gamma Delta. He is now attending Wayne University Law School in Detroit.

The wedding will take place in June.

A symphony of lovely sounds that fall upon my ear,
Wind in pine trees, a happy laugh,
The swish of water, blue as the open sky,
These things I love to hear.

And yet another symphony, this one is lovelier still.
Warm feeling, shared experiences,
The harmony of friendship, spontaneous as the song
of a bird,
My heart with gladness fills.

For what is more harmonious than friendship that is true?
Happy times that bring poignant memories,
A sudden grin at some remembered thing.....

This is Runoia music, written for you.

This 1958 Log is dedicated to the friendships that are
the notes in the music of Runoia.

All thoughts that can be composed of quiet and serenity may be found in a pine forest during the summer. As I walk in a maze of shafts of golden sunlight and patches of softly moving shadows, I wonder if I will return again another summer to enjoy the fun and companionship and harmony which everyone takes part in at Runoia. I cannot picture a summer without camp, because it has become so much a part of me. And maybe it is a camp that has helped me to enjoy and realize the beauty in the living things spaced out before me. For as I stand here now, I think that I shall never see this lovely sight again. But next summer.....

Romney Wilson

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS

When I first arrived at Runcioa, around 9:45 P.M., nothing seemed as I had imagined it to be. All the way home everyone was very quiet. Then I thought I was going to have a very hard time getting to know these girls. The next morning my mind was changed. The few girls that were in Fifth Shack were very friendly. They helped me get settled and then they introduced me to most of the girls that were at camp. Everyone I met seemed very friendly.

After a week I have had every activity and I have liked every one of them. I have been so busy at Runcioa that I have had no time to be homesick. Now my only desire is that I wish I had come for two months.

Susie Shaw

THE TRIP FROM CINCINNATI TO NEW YORK

Karin, Jane and I were the only Runoia campers coming by train from Cincinnati. We met at Winton Place Station where our parents and, of course, Allie were there to see us off. The train ride to New York was not a new one for any of us. Karin passed the time reading a book while Jane and I, discovering mutual friends, had a gossip session. We had stiff backs the next morning from sleeping sitting up.

After checking our bags and refreshing ourselves at the Commodore Hotel, we set off to find the Martha Graham School of Dance, as Karin is interested in dancing. Then we went on to the United Nations where we were conducted on a tour of the buildings. After the tour, we attended one of the council meetings where our attention was held listening to the speeches being translated from any one of four languages to English. By then we were hungry, and so we walked back to the hotel for lunch.

After lunch we were so tired we decided to rest our feet at Radio City where the Rockettes and "Indiscreet" were showing. We were caught in the rain, but finally found a good place to eat dinner close to the hotel. Then it was time to meet the rest of the campers at Grand Central Station. We had been away from home only one day, but it seemed as if we had been gone for a long time because we had done so many things.

Dottie Richards

THE TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO MAINE

We were all waiting at Grand Central Station when we finally heard the conductor yell -- All Aboard! This meant last moment kisses. Everyone was excited and it caused a commotion. After everybody got in their pajamas, Karin taught some of the new girls some camp songs.

Terry and Sally Boynton each asked for a glass of water. Karin reached for the cups and got two retainers. In the morning we woke up at 5:00 A.M. and played around for three hours. Then we got to camp and met some nice people.

Elsa Master
Susie Jacobi

INITIATION

This year initiation was very exciting. It was a sort of "come as you are" night. The people on the committee would catch people who were to be initiated at awkward moments, for instance, in your pajamas or your bathing suit. Barbie Leader was dressed up as a ringmaster with a top hat. She would call up the people and give them something to do. Naturally the person couldn't do it, so they would have a consequence.

The stunts were really neat with many interesting results. For instance, having a toothpick to measure the width of the lodge. Or washing your hands and face and brushing your teeth in 5 seconds.

The old girls thought it was quite funny, but the new girls are still recovering.

Lynda Johnson

THE FOURTH OF JULY

We were awakened by queer looking people. We got dressed in red, white and blue. A bell rang and we went to breakfast. After breakfast, we went to our shacks to make our beds and sweep our rooms. When we were finished, we had free period until a bell for assembly rang. After assembly we had free swim. After that we had lunch. We had strawberry shortcake with flags on it. We had free period and then rest hour. When rest hour was over, we had kickball and the seniors had baseball. At 4:00 we had free swim until 5:00. Next we had dinner. After that we went to the lodge to pick for blue and white teams. After that we had sparklers, and when they were all gone, the Juniors had to go to bed.

Kathy Walsh
Linda Gates

SIXTH SHACK'S PLAY

This year Sixth Shack gave a play called "Thanks Awfully", directed by Barbie Leader.

Dick, a woman hater, has agreed to go to his sister Dot's bridge party, and he has bet her that he can carry on a whole evening's conversation with two words, "thanks awfully." Since he is a well-known artist, it isn't a hard task to answer the women's praises with "thanks awfully."

But then he sees the girl to whom he was once engaged, and still loves, Marian Gatewood. His sister allows him to see Marian if he will promise to say nothing but "thanks awfully." Somehow getting around the fact that that is all he can say, Dick and Marian become re-engaged.

Dick was played by Susie Orbeton. Dot was played by Nancy Ball. Marian was played by Joannie Hutchings.

Nancy Ball

THE HORSE FARM

One afternoon the Third and Fourth Shackers went to the horse farm. There were horses that had colts. We got to see the colts. One of the horses fell, killed her baby, and hurt herself. I felt sorry for her and her baby.

There were horse carts. We climbed all over them and did so many things. We all had a lot of fun.

Little Kathy went along with us and she had a lot of fun. Kathy got to sit on the little pony.

There was a dog and a cat. There were kittens too. They were cute. The dog was beautiful.

I hope I can go again.

Cindy Murdoch

DOUBLE FEATURE

It was 9:00 on Monday morning when we were riding in the ring. Janet Shaw was riding Flicka, Liz Eames, Mischief, Janie O., Chocolate, Betsy Fuller, Cinnamon, and Sue Schwartz, Bud. The ring was muddy, so Rocky let us play hide and seek in the field.

Janie O. had her turn and it was Janet's second. She was turning around to count when Cinnamon started cantering out of the ring toward the bushes.

Rocky got on Mischief to go after Cinnamon. Bud cantered after him.

Both Sue and Betsy fell off, but neither got hurt.

Betsy Fuller
Sue Schwartz

FOURTH SHACK'S TRIP TO HOYT'S

One sunny morning, Fourth Shack went to Hoyt's Island. We all got our paddles and helped get the war canoe down to the lake. Jo assigned us to our places in the war canoe. When we got there, Jo said we could look around. We looked at the house and looked at the boats. There were two lovely boats. We walked and saw all kinds of mushrooms and trees leaning over the water. We were looking for a camping place. We found a nice place for a camping ground. Then we found the one Jo was looking for. Jo said there was a road. After a while we found it. The road was all wet and in one spot it was all mucky. We asked Jo if we could go for a skinny dip. After we were dried off, we said, "Last one dressed is a rotten egg." And guess who was the rotten egg? Noni Crowell! When we got back, we found that we were late for dinner.

Sandy Griffith

THE MASQUERADE

One night Sixth Shack had to plan the entertainment, so we decided to have a masquerade. Suzy Jacobi and Dottie were shopping for hats. Janie Master and Karin did a Dutch dance. Mary Lynn and Penny showed us some new lifesaving. M.J. and Liz were the Vulgar sisters. Judi and Oscar performed an operation. Jan was a Polynesian girl. Rocky modeled a sack dress made from sacks. Sandy and Janie O. did a skit about a lobster. One of the counselors, Joan McKeen and Liz Eames did a skit on the alphabet. Paula and Cathy Fuller did the Maypo advertisement. Lucy and Sunny did a skit on "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Two of the aides, Joyce and Jane Spoor did a pantomime of the record, "The Little Blue Man." Barbie Leader and Kathy Preston were Old Father Time and the New Year.

After the masquerade we had punch and cookies, and then we went to bed.

Paula Preston
Lucy Jennings

FIRST TRIP TO FAIRY RING

One evening half of Fourth Shack went for a cookout at Fairy Ring. On the way over, we pretended that there were Indians behind every tree and each hole was a trap. But Rocky and Elaine missed out on the fun because they came by canoe with the food...the most important part - I'll get to that in a little while.

When we got to Fairy Ring, we all went out to get sticks for the fire. Then a fire building committee was picked. After that a cooking committee was picked. Now the food. Joan showed us how to make dough for our hot dogs. Then we wrapped the dough around our hot dogs and roasted them over the fire. While we were doing this, Elaine put two cans of corn on a flat rock in the fire. After we had our hot dogs and corn, we went down to wash our plates. When we got back, we went for a short skinny dip. We couldn't go out very far because Joan thought that there were some visitors on the point. But we found out that it was only Johnny and some other kids when we got back to camp. When we got back from our skinny dip, we made bread twists. We made the bread twists from the dough left over from our hot dogs. It was pretty dark and Joan thought it was about time to go back to camp. When we got back to camp, we went to bed.

THE SECOND TRIP TO FAIRY RING

It was a cool night in July. Half of Fourth Shack were told that they were to go on the expedition. We all knew the importance of this mission, for the other half of Fourth Shack had gone on the same trip earlier.

We all knew of the treacherous (two minute) walk to Fairy Ring where we were going to cook out. We were going to cut our way through tangled underbrush (by way of a well-used path) and fight the Indians behind every tree.

We started out on our treacherous walk. It wasn't as bad as we thought it was going to be. But with dodging the crocodile and all, we had a very exciting walk. Rocky and Elaine missed out on it because they went in a canoe with the food.

When we got there, two people helped with the food, two built the fire, and the rest gathered firewood.

We had ravioli (Joan's style), corn and peas for the first course. Then we went swimming while we washed the plates. Then we had two hurried breadsticks and made the treacherous walk back under the leadership of our great commander, Joan. It was a lot of fun and we all got back alive.

Liz Eames

SIXTH SHACK'S BAT

One night just as we wer about to get in bed, someone came out screaming, "A bat!" Immediately we all started screaming. Barbie and Rocky were coming down to the shack when all the commotion started. As soon as they got inside, Barbie said to be quiet, and then she and Rocky went to fight the bat. We all stood in two rows in case they should come rushing out. Barbie and Rocky were laughing so hard and we were screaming and laughing that once Barbie had to come out to get her breath, and Rocky didn't want to be left alone. Everytime Barbie or Rocky whacked their brooms at the bat, we would all laugh. Then all of a sudden, it was gone. Barbie came out with a towel over her head, and we found Rocky crouched under the sink. She hadn't been afraid of the bat, but she had been afraid of Barbie. We were just calming down when it came back. Barbie and Rocky did some more fighting, but we had to go to bed because Johnny came in. Johnny suggested stuffing up the hole when the bat disappeared again. So Rocky got an axe and some kleenex. Barbie finally got the hole stuffed and we were mad. We had gotten out of bed when Johnny had suggested stuffing the hole, but now we had to get in bed again because it was all over and it was time to read. After reading, taps blew, and we all had to go to sleep.

It was the next day after swimming when we saw it again. All of a sudden it swooped down over Nancy's head. She

screamed and ran out. Some of us ran down and got Barbie.
Barbie was out at the big float, so we went up to watch the
bat. When she came into the dock, she ran and got the fishnet.
By now the bat had got out and was flying all over the shack.
When Barbie caught it we had to decide if we wanted to kill
it or let it go. We finally decided to let it go. Barbie
took it out on the porch and showed us what it looked like.
When we let it go, it circled the shack once and left.

It was a very exciting experience.

Barbie Christy
Sally Boynton

THE FIRST OAK ISLAND TRIP

It was a cloudy, rather dismal afternoon when seven Sixth Shackers and one Fourth Shacker started out on their peaceful trip to Oak Island. We all started out with high spirits, until we began to notice how calm and glassy-looking the lake had become. The light, fluffy clouds were becoming very dark and heavy-looking.

As we were pulling the canoes up on shore, we saw that the lake was now covered with whitecaps and had suddenly become very dark and threatening.

While we gathered wood, a strong wind began to blow, so we hurriedly got all the wood we could find before it got wet. Barbie Leader covered the wood with her poncho, and we began to wonder if this cookout was going to turn into an overnight trip against our wishes. We thought that maybe Lucky would come get us in his boat before the storm broke, but our thoughts were interrupted by a loud crash of thunder, and in a split second we thought we might drown in all the rain that followed. Liz Eames had just built the fire, and we all got under the canoes as she stood over our fire protecting it from the rain. Soon she gave up and let it go out and got under the canoes with the rest of us. Ten or fifteen minutes after the storm had started we got out of the canoes, and we heard the thunder way off and the only rain was just rain dripping off the trees.

We rebuilt the fire with the dry wood under the poncho, and just when we had started to cook our peas and ravioli, we heard the dreaded sound of thunder and rain. Since we all had raincoats and towels, we held them over the fire for about ten minutes while it rained. We just ate our supper and were about to start off in our canoes over the rough water when we heard the sound of a motor boat. We were so happy and surprised when we found it was Jo. We went home in the motor boat, and the next day we came to get the canoes.

Ruth Jacobi
Joannie Hutchings

THE PIG WITHOUT A CURLY TAIL

One day a little pig was born. He was green and had a tail that was very straight. Otherwise he was the same as other baby pigs. His name was Charles R. Jacob Raspi, Jr., II. Charles wondered about his differences. He asked his mother everyday why. That went on for two years. One day they decided to trick the color off. The little pig rolled and rolled and rolled in the muddy water for one week without stopping for dinner. When Charles got out, he was very thin and brown. But the next day it rained. Pigs are sometimes pink. The rain washed all the mud off and he was pink. Next day they went to work on his tail. They set it in curlers, but that didn't work. They went to the hairdresser and Charles got a permanent. That did not work either. Monday, when Mommy pig was washing clothes, she let Charles wring them. When she turned her head, Charles got caught in the Machine. They got Charles out, but both front legs were broken. The doctor set the legs and discovered Charles' curly tail. They all could have jumped for joy except for Charles. They lived happily from that day to this.

Jane Orbeton

THE SENIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

At about 9:00 we all piled in the bus and set off for Pemaquid. We arrived at Gilbert's Lobster Pound at 10:30 and set off on our boatride. The waves splashed up on us, and it was pretty cool, but our trials were rewarded when we saw some really cute seals on the rocks.

Anyone back at the Pound would have seen some pretty hungry people pile off a boat, come up to the dock and sample about everything in sight. After stuffing ourselves, we did the wisest thing possible - we went to the beach. No harm was done though, because only a few hardy souls ventured into the water. Those who didn't go in set up a museum, showing a jellyfish's growth. There were plenty - in fact too many if you ask M.J. - of specimens.

After a while it started getting foggy, so we roller skated, which is loads of fun if you don't fall down like we did.

An hour of roller skating satisfied us, so we started off to the lighthouse and the giftshop. We got such as awful greeting: "We don't allow camps" that we left, and fast. We ended up eating supper at Gilbert's.

When supper was over, we visited Fort Edgecomb and explored for a while.

On the way back to camp, we stopped and had some ice cream. We arrived at camp about 9:15.

Cathy Fuller
Penny Dalton

Trip Song: Senior Trip to Pemaquid

Tune: Frère Jacques

I.

We went ona, we went ona
Fishing boat, fishing boat
It was foggy, it was foggy
And it smelled, and it smelled.

II.

We ate lobster, we ate lobster
At the pound, at the pound
Gilbert's Lobster Pound, Gilbert's Lobster Pound
Slurp, slurp, slurp; slurp, slurp, slurp.

III.

We went swimming, we went swimming
At the beach, at the beach
The fog came rolling in, the fog came rollong in
Jelly fish, jelly fish.

IV.

It was raining, it was raining
After that, after that
So we roller skated, so we roller skated
At the rink, at the rink.

V.

On the the lighthouse, on to the lighthouse
What a reception, what a reception
Boy, we left, boy, we left
Back to the Pound, back to the Pound.

VI.

After supper, after supper
On to the fort, on to the fort
Then we ate ice cream, then we ate ice cream
Back to camp, Runoia Camp.

JUNIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

When Johnny told the Juniors that they were going to Pemaquid, there was much excitement among them. We knew it was foggy there, but just the same we went. Around 9:00 the bus came, and soon we were off. When we got there, we went for a swim and the jellyfish were very popular, especially down our backs! Later we went to Gilbert's Lobster Pound for dinner and everything was very good. After that we went on the "Cathy G." for a boatride and spotted an osprey's nest. Then we went to see Fort William Henry. Soon after that we went to the Pemaquid Light for supper on the rocks. There were many seagulls that liked to nibble at the food we dropped. When we finished, we got back on the bus and started home. On the way back, we made up a trip song. Altogether it was lots of fun.

Trip Song: to "A Capital Ship"

A foggy day at Pemaquid Bay, we went for a little trip.
The fog rolled in, but we just grinned, and still we went for a dip.
Then Joan and Dot, they hit the spot with a jellyfish down the back;
And the dinner at Gilbert's Lobster Pound, not one little thing did lack.

The fog let up just a little bit, but still we went for a ride.
The "Cathy G." was very fine, and an osprey's nest we spied.
Then off to the fort without delay, we went on our merry way,
And on the rocks we fed the flocks of seagulls from the bay.

Chorus:

Then blow ye winds hi-ho, a-rovin' I will go.
I'll stay some more on Pemaquid's shore
So let the big waves roar.
We're off on the morning bus, we'll take you all with us.
We're off to the beach with a bathing suit, and that's where
we all will stay.

Susie Jacobi
Janet Shaw

THE WEST CARRY TRIP

The feature of the West Carry Trip was the competition between Lenie and M.J. Otherwise it was a quiet trip with Judy, Patty, Jan, Susan, Betsy, Oscar, Dottie, Karin and Jo looking on.

After we set up camp the first day, we had a delicious dinner with Jo as chief cook. We had several skinny dips and then sat around and talked until we couldn't keep our eyes open any longer.

The next two days were spent taking trips after which we ate delicious roast beef and fried chicken dinners cooked by Mrs. Storey.

Mt. Bigalow was to be climbed the first day, but the trail disappeared when loggers cut a road through the trail. We decided to follow the road and ask directions of anyone we met, but that didn't work since everyone we met spoke only French.

The other day we hiked to East Carry Pond. It was a long hike but a lot of fun. It rained on the way back to camp, but it cooled us off. We went to bed early because of the rain and slept late the next morning.

On our final day we spent $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours for breakfast with several appetizing courses. Of course we were too full to eat any lunch. After visiting the fish hatcheries, we were on our way. Everyone was happy to get back to a nice soft bed.

Dottie Richards

THE TRIP TO THE DEER FARM

One afternoon Third Shack went to the deer farm. When we got there, we looked at the deer. Then the owner came out. He let us come inside the pens. Then he let us feed the deer. At the entrance of the deer farm was an owl, and we saw two baby deer. We fed the deer leaves.

When Third Shack came back, Fourth Shack wanted to go, so the next day we went. Little Cathy went with us. At the deer farm, there was this baby deer. He had white spots on his back. We picked leaves from the trees and fed them to the deer. There were four mother deer. Little Cathy fed the deer. We also saw an owl. It was drawing near to lunch so we went back to camp.

Lindsey Rhodes
Linda Benny

OVERNIGHT ON HORSES

We started out right after lunch. The people who rode over on the horses were Betsy Shaw, Paula Preston, Sunny Stein, Jan Leader and Rocky. We went 15 miles. We stopped to have soft drinks in a small town. When we got there, Elaine had made a table and the fire. Some of the other kids helped.

For dinner we had a piece of bacon, potatoes and carrots. For dessert we had smores. Then we all went to bed.

In the morning we ate breakfast, cleaned up, and fed and groomed the horses.

The kids who came in the truck went back on the horses. The kids were Liz Eames, Lucy Jennings, Janet Scholes and Susan Shaw.

On the way back they ate lunch. Almost to camp it started to rain. It turned into a storm. The riders had to go into a house until the storm was over. When they finally got back to camp, they were dead tired.

Sunny Stein

THE SECOND HORSEBACK OVERNIGHT

We started quite unexpectedly on August 12. We, Jan, Janie O., and I, had been planning on riding back instead of up. So we were not ready for leaving when Rocky announced that we were riding up. Well, after rushing around for 5 or 10 minutes, we were ready and up at the stables. After grooming and fixing the horses, we were 15 to 30 minutes behind schedule. Finally we were on our way. On the whole, the ride up was quite pleasant. Nobody had a mishap. It was a trying trip and we were thankful when we got there.

Elaine, Oscar, Terry and Judy were there when we arrived. They came by truck. We fixed our sleeping bags and mosquito netting and then fixed our supper. It was delicious. Then to bed. Boy, we were tired!

In the morning we picked blueberries for our breakfast. Lorry came during breakfast. Just after we ate it rained. The kids on horseback left after it stopped raining, and we rode home in the truck.

Bunny Fisher

THE TRIP TO FAIRY RING

The camp was going to have a picnic at Fairy Ring one evening. The food was taken there ahead of time, and we all started out. When we got there, we were all surprised to see that there were little cardboard and wooden animals up all around. There were birds set up in the branches of trees. There were two giant toadstools. There was the house of Winnie-the-Pooh and there was Winnie-the-Pooh himself in the midst of all his other friends like Rabbit, Piglet, Kanga and Baby Roo, and Christopher Robin. There were all sorts of different things and they were all in a darling arrangement. After we had run around a bit examining everything, we all had a delicious meal of spaghetti and sandwiches and milk. Then for dessert we all had peaches and cookies. After a while, we all got sticks and roasted marshmallows. After everyone had his share of four or five marshmallows, we gathered up all the little animals and all the jackets and sweaters and all our belongings and walked back to camp together thinking about the wonderful evening we had just had at Fairy Ring.

Sally Hutchings

FIRST SENIOR P & M TRIP

It was a sunny afternoon and nice and calm on our side of our lake, but when we got to the middle of the lake, it was very, very rough. We were lucky we didn't crash into a stone. It was easy going over because we were going with the wind. We finally got there and we got out of the canoes and helped get our sleeping bags out. Then we lifted the canoes up to the place where we were camping. We unpacked our sleeping bags and put the sticks up for our mosquito netting. Then we put the mosquito netting on top of them. To keep the mosquito netting from blowing away, we put stones to hold them down. We went skinny dipping after that. The counselors who were with us fixed our dinner and we ate. We kept a campfire and we had buns with butter and jelly. After that some of the girls went skinny dipping again. We got undressed for bed and went to sleep. Then it was morning and we got out of our sleeping bags and got dressed as fast as we could and put everything in our sleeping bags. We rolled them up. It was raining very hard in the morning and the water was rough going back.

Emmy Hooker

THE FIRST JUNIOR P & M TRIP

After rest hour, six of the Juniors went down to the dock and paddled to P & M. Three went by motorboat. When we got there we went for a skinny dip and then got dressed and looked for logs. There was a wood shed and we climbed up on the roof of it. Karin cooked a cake. Jo built a fire. Then we had dinner. After a while we went for skinny dips, then got in our pajamas. Then we cooked marshmallows and told ghost stories and went to bed.

When we got up, the sun was shining and the day was nice. Everybody was going for dips. We ate then. After the girls who were doing the sleepings bags were done, we went for a dip once more. Then we went to Merryweather and then came home.

Chris Wagner
Anne Brayton

THE SECOND JUNIOR TRIP TO PINE PARLOR

Parts of Fourth and Third went to Pine Parlor with Jo and Karin. It took us twenty minutes to paddle over. We fixed our packs upon arrival. We then went for a skinny dip. A few of us waited for Jo and Karin to go in while others got out. I didn't feel too well so I climbed into my sleeping bag. We then had supper which consisted of stew and iced tea. Three unlucky people washed dishes, while other got firewood. We then heartily ate chocolate cake and went for a dip. Half an hour later we had smores and went to bed. Jo told us that a baby skunk had been eating our garbage. We had breakfast, fixed our packs and went for a dip. We left at 11:00 and because of white caps, took an hour to cross the lake.

Janie Orbeton

THE THIRD JUNIOR TRIP TO P & M

It was too windy to paddle to P & M, so Locky took us in the motorboat. When we got there, we unrolled our sleeping bags. Then we went for a skinny dip.

For supper they had chuchwagon stew and peas, but I didn't feel too well so I had to have soup. After supper we gathered wood for breakfast, and Jo cleaned Liz's bites. Then we went to bed.

In the morning, we woke up and took another skinny dip. After breakfast, we rolled up our sleeping bags.

We didn't bring any watch and we were wondering what time it was. Just then a man came by with a brown dog. We asked him what time it was. He said it was ten minutes of ten.

We went for a swim. Then we took our packs down to the beach. Locky came to get us at ten-thirty. We had a lot of fun.

Jane Master

AN EVENING IN FOURTH SHACK

It was Sunday evening. Almost everybody was asleep. Linda Benny, my roommate, was ready for bed. She was more asleep than she was awake. She went into Liz's and Janet's room thinking it was hers. Then she crawled into Liz's bed and went to the other side without waking her. She thought that I had crawled into her bed, so she gave Liz a punch. That's what woke Liz up. Linda told her to get out of her bed. Liz said, "It's not your bed, Linda." Linda said, "It is too!" Liz said, "It's not your room because there aren't any windows in the front." Linda said, "I don't know how to get to my room. Will you take me to it?" Liz was pretty mad, but she got up and took Linda to her room and said, "Now, Linda, do you know which room is yours by now?"

Betsy Speicher

MEESE, MOOSE AND MOUSE

Once upon a time, there was a little boy named Willie, and he just loved oatmeal. One day he decided to travel up the Appalachian Trail on a moose named Moose. With all the oatmeal he could fit on Moose, he started out from Georgia.

When he got to North Carolina, he ran out of oatmeal. Since he did not have any money, he robbed the bank. Then he bought two other mooses named Meese and Mouse and packed them sky high with oatmeal.

Then he discovered that the cops were after him so he fled with Meese, Moose and Mouse to Maine. In Maine they stopped at East Carry to get some oatmeal, but since they didn't have enough, Willie, Meese, Moose and Mouse went to West Carry. There the Storey's gave them enough oatmeal to go to Canada. So-o-o, Willie packed Meese, Moose and Mouse sky high with oatmeal again and started out for the border. The customs man at the border told Willie that Meese, Moose and Mouse had to get shots before they could enter Canada. Willie cried because he didn't want Meese, Moose and Mouse to get shot. So-o-o, all four of them turned around and headed for West Carry again. On the Ding-Blasted Trail into West Carry they decided to spend the night at Washington Spring. They sacked out on Washington's fourposter bed near the large, deep, clear spring: Willie on one post, and Meese, Moose and Mouse on the other three posts. And that night they all slept happily ever after.

The Tree Squeaks

THREE LAKES TRIP

"Hey! That'll be neat fun. When are we going?"

"Right now."

"Right now!! Let's get going."

All the "babies" and Jo, after hurriedly loading three canoes with enough provisions for two days, ventured across the shining blue waters of Great Pond. When we got to Belgrade Lakes, we portaged the canoes and then bought a few unnecessary items in town including ice cream cones to satisfy our stomachs till lunchtime. When we started again, we were on Long Lake. At the end of Long Lake we stopped to feed the mosquitoes and in the process, got some lunch for ourselves.

The next lap of our trip was the Belgrade Stream. As we neared Belgrade, we began to ask people about campsites on the beginning of Messalonskée, but they were all rather vague about it, so we still didn't know where we were going to camp. Several bends and bridges from the beginning of the stream, we arrived in Belgrade Depot and made one last effort to learn the whereabouts of a campsite. This was not in vain, and we even obtained an escort to Chowder Ledge at the beginning of Messalonskee Lake.

Dinner was delicious, even the peas weren't difficult to eat with our only silverware - knives. After dinner it began to get darker and darker due to enormous rain clouds coming across the lake. Then the wind began to blow. I mean really

blow! It was neat to look across the lake and see the lights of Belgrade and even a train while the warm wind was howling around us. When the wind had blown the rain clouds past, we had bread twists and then went to bed.

It was a beautiful day to paddle Messalonskee - warm, sunny, with a breeze behind us. Since Carla's watch had stopped in the night, we didn't know how early it was when we left the campsite. It must have been early for there was no activity on the lake. Soon we stopped at the Music Camp to get water and found out that it was only 10:30.

We stopped for lunch and skinny dip on a deserted island and then resumed our steady paddle toward Oakland. Since we arrived in Oakland early with plenty of time and nothing to do, we went to Rummels, where we fed ourselves again - as if we hadn't eaten enough on the trip. After we got back to Oakland, Mr. Rinehart arrived with the truck to take the canoes back to camp. Soon Johnny came for us.

"Wasn't that fun?"

"Great! Let's do it again next year!"

"Okay!"

Joyce Leader
Carla Sandberg

THE HORSE SHOW

On Sunday, August 17, the Runoia horse show was held in the riding ring. The classes were races and contests instead of classes in which form was judged. The first person to get five potatoes in a bucket won the potato race.

In the relay race, the members of the Pink and Yellow teams trotted to the end of the ring holding hands, dismounted and signed their names on a piece of paper and rode back again. The Pink team won this race.

The winner of musical chairs, a class for advanced and aides, had to teach a class of counselors to ride for ten minutes.

Other contests were the shoe race, the saddling race and a contest in which the riders carried a raw egg on a spoon at a walk, trot and canter.

In another race, the riders rode bareback, sitting on a piece of paper, to see who could keep the paper longest. There were three prizes in each class. The relay teams got horse pins.

Then to top it off there was the costume show. First were Linda Benny and Noni Crowell as Martha and George Washington; then came Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, Mary Lynn Mahan and Paula Preston. As Lorna Doone and John Ridd were Sandy Griffith and Betsy Speicher, and very appropriately Cinnamon arrived as Man-of-War with Lucy Jennings as jockey,

Patty Christensen as the owner and Terry Boynton as the colored groom.

All in all the horse show was interesting and fun for riders and spectators.

Jane Spoor
Janet Scholes

THE FIRST CRUISE

Tuesday afternoon about 5:30, Joyce, Joan, Oscar, Susan, Judi, Susie O., Joan and Mary Lynn left for Cozy Harbor on the first cruise. We were greeted by Captain Rand and Captain Kelly who took us aboard. The first night all went well with Joyce and Joan sleeping on deck. Next morning everyone woke early. We had to wait $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours for Captain Rand to come aboard and start the fire. After breakfast we waited another hour for Captain Kelly to start sailing.

It was a fairly good day for sailing so we headed for Round Pond. When we got there, Joyce, Oscar, Susan and Mary went ashore to get some french fries which we ate for dinner. After dinner, the rest went ashore and had fried clams. The others sat on deck and watched the stars.

Next morning it was very rough. The wind was blowing the opposite way so we went under power to New Harbor. When we got there and tried to catch the mooring, it fell apart. There was no other mooring available so we started for Boothbay. As we rounded Pemaquid Point, the swells and waves were tremendous. We shipped water over the bow and had to put on our raincoats to keep from getting soaked.

That night in Boothbay, after we had eaten, everyone went ashore. After looking around and eating, we went back to the

Blackbird. Next morning it was so foggy you couldn't see your hand in front of you. We took an inland route back to Cozy Harbor.

That night back at Cozy Harbor, we ate a lobster dinner waiting for the second cruise.

Judi Breck
Susan Lyle

THE SECOND CRUISE

Goodbye, goodbye, was heard from M.J., Jan, Lenie, Lynda, Sally, Nancy, Carla and Polly as they left for the second cruise.

"Up and at 'em" was heard from Polly at 7:00 to start the first day of our three day sail. We finished our breakfast and were on our way by 9:00. We knew it was going to be a good day of sailing from the white caps in the harbor.

No sooner had we gotten out of the harbor but Nancy and M.J. started their list of thirty-five things that could have been avoided.

We got to Tenants Harbor in less than five hours because of the thirty-five mile per hour wind which was in our favor. At Tenants Harbor we cleaned the decks and went into town. After spending two hours there, we went back to the boat to have dinner.

Captain Kelly then asked if anyone wanted to go to Rockport to get the new sails. Jan, Carla, Nancy and Sally wanted to go. We arrived at Rockport at 8:00 and everyone got to see the sails. Boy! were they beauties. But they weren't ready, so back to the boat we went.

The next morning we awoke at 7:00 and were on our way by 9:00. By this time M.J. had on her list of 35 things that could have been avoided 9 things, and Nancy had 19. This day wasn't as good as the day before but just as nice.

We can still say it was rough because instead of just Lenie getting seasick, so did Jan.

About 4:00 we got into the cutest harbor, Round Pond. We got the boat cleaned up and ate supper. After that we went into town. Sally met some people she knew from home. We all had a soda and then three of us, M.J., Lenie and Lynda went with the Kellys to get milk.

While we were in the store, Lenie spied a bubble gum machine with charms in it. She then decided that she wanted one of the charms. After putting in five pennies and getting only bubble gum, she said, "If I get another piece of bubble gum, I'm going to shoot myself." Well, she put in another penny and out came not only a piece of bubble gum, but a gun to shoot herself. After nearly splitting our sides laughing about that, we piled back into the car and went back to Round Pond.

When we got there, Lenie, Lynda and M.J. went down to the dock before Capt. and Mrs. Kelly. On the way, M.J. thought she saw three people standing on the dock. Lenie then proceeded to say that probably it was an ambush. No sooner had she said this than a flashlight was flashed on us. Lynda was the first one who ran, but Lenie and M.J. were quick to follow. We had just run about 10 yards when a tell-tale laugh told us that our ambusher was Polly. Boy, were we relieved. Also the three men on the dock turned out to be three gas cans. Then Polly rowed us back to the Blackbird, and within ten minutes we were all asleep, tired from our wonderful day.

The third day, Carla woke us up at 5:00 because we had a long way to go. We were on our way by 7:00. By then M.J. had on her list of things that could have been avoided 18 and Nancy had 25. All went well that day, because nobody got seasick and it was a good sail. We reached Boothbay by 1:00 but could not stay because we had to go to Cozy Harbor the long way. When we got to Cozy Harbor about 4:00, we saw neat little sailboats which went real fast. We cleaned the deck while M.J. and Nancy made two trips out of the harbor to dump the rubbish. After that we went to have our dinner and Lenie decided she wanted a drink of water. She turned the faucet on as hard as she could and squirted people three yards away. Then we walked around the houses and at 7:00 the group for the third cruise came.

We then thanked Captain Kelly for the nice three day sail he gave us. Then we left for camp.

Mary Jane Mott
Jan Leader

M.J.'S RIDING LIST

1. stole lemondrops from Nancy
2. conked Lenie on the head in her sleep
3. slipped on the stairs with a box of canned goods
4. almost fell overboard while holding on to an insecurely fastened coil of rope at a 90 degree angle
5. scraped paint off the Blackbird
6. I will probably do something worse tonight
7. I did
8. sprayed potato chips
9. I'm a dead M.J.
10. squished cupcakes
11. spilled water in the cockpit
12. fell all over the place trying to avoid Captain Kelly for guess what
13. thought three gas tanks were people
14. knocked down lobster buoy necklaces in a public place
15. sprayed potato chips in a public place
16. slipped and fell in a public place
17. almost broke a door in a public place
18. fell off the school bell

NANCY'S RIDING LIST

1. slipped on the deck 2 minutes after we came on board
2. a broken pump
3. methinks I hear the thud of a heavy counselor
4. she climbed up on deck through the hatch in her PJ's where Polly made a brilliant observation
5. tried to use the Chinese water torture on M.J.
6. she fogged up the windshield with her feet
7. spilled lemonade
8. soggy potato chips
9. broke and fixed? the paper towel rack
10. upset the dishes with one knee
11. leaped out of the dinghy
12. accidentally rang the bell right
13. locked M.J. in the pix
14. got the wrong person for "I got you last."
15. stole Lynda's rubber bands
16. spilled 150 paper napkins
17. didn't make the right amount of sandwiches
18. hit her head on the hatch while coming up on deck
19. pulled up a lobster bucy
20. left the cap off a tube of some green stuff and let it get on M.J.'s laundry bag

THE THIRD CRUISE

We were riding back in the car, and it hardly seemed possible that the Third Cruise was over. We had left Monday and it was already Thursday.

Looking back on the trip, we remembered the first day when we left camp at five-thirty. We had ridden to Cozy Harbor where the Second Cruise was getting off the Blackbird. Captain Kelly was there to meet us and he rowed us and our things to the ship. We got settled and later went to the soda fountain. It was hard sleeping that night for the mosquitoes were pretty active. Barbie Leader, Janet Scholes, and Jane Spoor were the brave souls who attempted sleeping on deck. As for the rest of us, Liz Bowman and Patty Christensen slept in the forecastle, Betsy Shaw, Barby Christy and Sunny Stein slept in the main cabin and of course Captain Kelly in the doghouse.

The next day, Tuesday, we woke up at 5 A.M. to find a bright and cheery day ahead of us. Barbie Leader made us one of her Waldorf Astoria breakfasts and then we set out on the way to Boothbay Harbor. We got our water supply there and swabbed the decks, and then set out for Tennants Harbor. It was a wonderfully sunny day and the wind was hardly blowing. Lizzie and Barbie Christy were quite seasick, but we all enjoyed taking sun-baths. On reaching Tennants Harbor, we supped to a grand array of food. Later on, after cleaning up, we went to a soda fountain on shore. We filled up on candy and ice cream, and then retraced our steps to the ship.

We plopped into bed and didn't wake up until it started raining.

Wednesday was a foggy day. We got an early sailing start but later on in the morning we had to anchor in at Port Clyde. We had lunch and later, when we were getting bored, went into town for a walk and some ice cream. Later, back at the ship, we had supper and went to bed.

Surprisingly enough, Thursday turned out to be a bright, cheery day with a nice wind. We set out from Port Clyde towards Cozy Harbor. The sun was out and we all got pretty good tans. It was that morning that we spotted some porpoises. We arrived at Cozy Harbor early, so we went cruising about. We tied in at Cozy Harbor about four and cleaned up. We rowed in after taking leave of Captain Kelly. Some of us ordered lobster dinner at the soda fountain and Captain Rand showed us some easy ways to eat it without utensils. Johnny and the Rineharts came later on to pick us up.

As we entered camp, it seemed as if we had just left. We were glad to get back to camp and our friends, but we would always remember the Third Cruise of 1958.

Patty Christensen
Betsy Shaw

THE TRIP TO CAMP CARIBOU

At 2:30 we started on our very rewarding trip to Camp Caribou. All of the senior girls went except those who were sick. Caribou as a whole was a gorgeous camp, resembling a sport resort. We had a great time from beginning to end.

After we arrived, we went to Caribou Carnival, which had been put together with Coney Island in mind. We were provided with money (unfortunately not real) with which to play. The Carnival lasted for about two hours.

After the Carnival was over, we went to the Infirmary to change into our bathing suits for swimming. The waterfront was gorgeous, the water was gorgeous; let's face it- the whole place was gorgeous.

Our swim was followed by a dinner consisting of chicken. For dessert we had gobs of ice cream.

Our evening entertainment was definitely entertaining. We went to the lodge for dancing. We started out with square dancing, followed by rock and roll.

The evening ended with refreshments after which we drove back to camp.

Barbara Reithoffer

ALL DAY PADDLE TO HOYT'S ISLAND

One sunny but windy morning, eight of us, Jo, Carla, Judy, Oscar, Betsy Shaw, M.J., Liz and Patty started out on a paddle to Hoyt's Island to have a cookout. The lake was rough when we started but the worst was yet to come. As we neared the island, it got rougher, and it was really hard to paddle.

We went on around the island looking for a campsite that was supposed to be there. Well, of course, it wasn't, so when we had gone nearly all the way around, we gave up and paddled part way back to a likely looking place. It contained a wobbly table and a messed-up fireplace which we rebuilt with rocks from the bottom of the lake.

Since we had forgotten to bring a can opener, Jo had to chop the cans of hash open with an axe. We all stuffed ourselves and then started back. When we got home, we were all tired and sunburned, but we had had lots of fun.

Romney Wilson
Judy Breck

TUMBLEDOWN

One sunny Thursday morning, twenty-eight brave, courageous seniors and counselors attempted the rough hard climb up Mt. Tumbledown.

We started out at about 9:00 in the morning by bus, and we arrived at the foot of the mountain at 11:00. We had a light lunch. Then we started the climb. We started out all together but after thirty minutes, we had a slow group and a fast group. Jo led the fast group, Karin was at the end of the fast group, and Cici and Rocky brought up the slow group.

After a tiring and rugged climb, we reached the timber line and from there it was just a short while till we reached the top.. After we reached the top, we all took skinny dips, which were much needed by this time. Then we took a long rest while some more hardy people hiked up to the Lemon Squeezer, a little further up the mountain.

We then started the hike down Tumbledown. The climb down was much easier (for us, anyhow).

After the climb down, we all enjoyed a marvelous dinner at the Weld Inn of turkey and apple pie for dessert.

After the dinner at the Inn, we returned to camp, stuffed but good and tired.

Liz Bowman
Lenie Bowman

THE FIRST MEADOWBROOK TRIP

One sunny Thursday afternoon, we went on the first Meadowbrook trip. The trippers were Joy, Cici, Janet, Barbie, Susie O., Paula, Mary lynn, Joanie, Lynda and Terry.

We started out just after lunch with Joyce steering with Terry, Susie O. with Lynda, Janet with Mary, Barbie L. with Paula and Cici with Joanie. We paddled across the lake in one hour and a half, counting our rest, of all places, in front of Bomazine, by Barbie's request.

After this we had only a little way to go to get to the marsh. When we found the stream, Barbie led and Cici brought up the rear. After paddling through the marsh, we came to a fork. We waited for Cici and Joyce to catch up and then decided to take the lefthand fork - the one with trees. As soon as we were rested, we started to paddle. On the way up we went against the current, which isn't the easiest thing in the world. We paddled for a long time and had to use up extra strength. It was buggy all the way up. We went through winding places where we would think the stream had ended, and would find to our disappointment that it hadn't. While we were paddling along, we ran into a cow pasture that really smelled. It stank so badly that you had to hold your nose.

We had been paddling for a long time and we were near the end - although we didn't know it - when Barbie and Paula paddled into an iron pipe and punctured a hole in the canoe.

The canoe leaked so badly that Paula had to stick her big toe in the hole to keep the canoe from sinking. We pulled the canoes up on the bank and proceeded to patch the canoe with everything available: Chicklets, dish rags and saltwater taffy. After this was done, we put the canoes in the water and merrily paddled onward. After a short time we came out of the stream and into North Pond. If you ever paddle up Meadowbrook, do look for our calling cards. Meanwhile, back on North Pond, we passed Pinetree and saw some of the kids in swimming. We went through North Pond to Echo Lake to hunt for some camping places. We hadn't known where we were going to sleep previously. We stopped to ask some people to recommend places and also got some gum for patching the canoe. After thanking them for the gum, we went to the camping place. As we got within seeing distance, we saw that some people were there having a picnic. However, they left before we arrived. They even left a fire for us, which was very nice, since we had been paddling for $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours in wet jeans.

We set up camp and then started collecting wood for the fire. For supper we had bacon, toast, cream of chicken soup and grapefruit. This was half our breakfast and the midnight snack because we had forgotten our supper.

After the dishes were done, we cooked some-mores and then went to bed. Cici read Mrs. Mike before we went to sleep. We were awakened at night by Susie O.; she was talking in her sleep.

The next morning we woke up and went for a dip. Then we had the rest of our breakfast. After doing the dishes, we finally got off at 7:45. The people who gave us the gum were up, and they waved goodbye. We passed into North Pond and then went into Meadowbrook. We went past the place where the canoe got a hole.

It was much easier going downstream, and the only paddling we did was to steer the canoes around rocks, although sometimes it was into rocks. About halfway down we stopped to rest, and Barbie took a dip in the stream. Then we made up our trip song. Then we continued on down the stream. In what seemed like no time at all, we came to the fork, and after a while we could see the lake. When we reached the lake, we stopped and rested.

We started across the lake and went for a dip on Otter Island. We all had our suits except Barbie, and when a boat came real close, we all showed off our bathing suits.

After our dip, we went the rest of the way across the lake and arrived at camp late enough to eat during rest hour.

Susan Orbeton
Terry Boynton

THE SECOND TRIP TO MEADOWBROOK

We started out about 10:00 on a very exciting trip to Meadowbrook. Nancy Ball, Liz Bowman, Ruth Jacobi, Sunny Stein and Lucy Jennings made up the group with Cici and Barbie as the counselors.

It took us about an hour and a half to cross the lake. Then we started on the long, hard trip upstream. It was very buggy and hot, but soon we stopped for a good lunch under the first bridge. When we started out again, we paddled through a very cool stretch.

When we got to our campsite, we fixed mosquito netting and sleeping bags down on the beach. After supper we went to visit some people who had helped the first trip. They were very nice, and the man showed us a stuffed wildcat he had killed. He warned us that there was going to be a bad storm. He told us we could stay at the house and roast marshmallows. Barbie said that there was a lean-to near us and we could sleep there.

After that, we went back to our camping place and put our sleeping bags under the lean-to. We woke up the next morning to find that it hadn't rained after all.

After breakfast we started downstream. There was a swift current and we kept bumping into the bank everytime we went around a corner. When we got out on the lake again, we picked cattails and rested. We went swimming at Otter Island. It was very rough, and we got back just in time for the first bell. It was a wonderful trip. I hope to do it again.

Sally Boynton

PRAYER

Oh, Gracious God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee this day for the opportunity we have had this summer to grow and to learn -- to grow in wisdom and stature during our daily activities and to learn to live with each other in true Runcia harmony. Please forgive us if we have said or done something which has hurt one of our summer companions, and by Thy word, teach us to do Thy will. Help us to remember all the enjoyable and pleasant moments of this summer and to forget any trying situations we may have experienced. Enable us, O God, to return home to our parents and loved ones just a little wiser and more understanding than we were in June. By Thy lovingkindness and lasting care, help us to walk in paths of righteousness both now and forever more.

Amen

Joyce Leader

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Consuelo S. Crowell	(Dis-)continued Silent Creeper
Gail Dixon	Good Dishscraper
Nancy Jane Edwards	Needles Jab Everyone
Marian R. Johnson	Makes Riotous Jokes
Barbara B. Leader	Blows Blasts Loudly
Flora M. Lynn	Fixes Meals Lavishly
Elaine Matthis	Entertains Many
Joan Lee McKeen	Just Listens Mutely
Polly C. Parkhill	Pastes Candid Pictures
Karin Paulson	Keenly Prances
Katherine T. Preston	Keeps Things Popping
Beatrice E. Pray	Beats Every Pot
Sandra Lee Rinehart	Screams Laughter Riotously
Doris A. Shellberg	Does Art Splendidly
Carol B. Stein	Cleans Barns Sometimes
Judith Ann Wallen	Just A-Wake
Lucy H. Weiser	Lights Harmony's Way

CAMPER ANAGRAMS

THIRD SHACK

Linda Lee Gates	Little Likeable Girl
Sally Spalding Hutchings	Steam Ship Helper
Susan Faith Jacobi	Sends Friendliness & Jokes
Cynthia Murdoch	Clamors Madly
Elsa Wilhelmina Master	Eats Without Manners
Gladys Christina Wagner	Giggles Constantly Well
Lindsey Duncan Rhodes	Loathes Dish Rinsing
Anne Speicher	Always Smiles

FOURTH SHACK

Linda Rose Benny	Lively Around Bedtime
Anne Rich Brayton	Answers Right Back
Honora Gapen Crowell	Has Gruesome Cry
Elizabeth Parish Eames	Eats Practically Everything
Elizabeth Avison Fuller	Every Aides' Fright
Sandra Beverly Griffith	Stern Blue General
Jane Elizabeth Master	Jolly Every Morning
Jane Orbeton Orbeton	Jabbers On and On
Susan Roberta Schwartz	Shows Riding Style
Janet Williams Shaw	Just Willing Sometimes
Mary Elizabeth Speicher	Merry Every Season
Kathleen Elizabeth Walsh	Knock Everyone's Wishes

SIXTH SHACK

Nancy Helen Ball	Never Hates Breakfast
Esther McCombs Boynton	Everything Minus Boys
Sarah Ann Fraser Boynton	Sleeps After First Bell
Barbara Lenox Christy	Boys Love Crazyface
Penelope Dalton	Plump Doll
Catherine Forbes Fuller	Can't Forget Food
Joanne Barr Hutchings	Just Blushes Horribly
Ruth Elizabeth Jacobi	Reads Every Joke
Lucy Ellen Jennings	Likes Everything Jolly
Lynda Lee Johnson	Likes Little Jokes
Mary Lynn Mahan	Makes Life Merry
Susan Orbeton	Sad Operator
Paula Ellen Preston	Primping, Elating Frankster
Barbara Amalie Reithoffer	Boys Are Requested
Sonya Lynn Stein	Sweet Little Sugarplum

FIFTH SHACK

Elizabeth Janssen Bowman
Helene Livinggood Bowman
Judy Williams Breck
Patty Louise Christensen
Jacquiline Ruth Fisher
Emily Lewis Hooker
Janice K. Leader
Susan Phraime Lyle
Mary Jane Mott
Elizabeth Richards Shaw
Susan Baily Shaw
Romney Lee Wilson

Eats Just Beautifully
Hates Little Burps
Just Went Bathing
Polite Little Cutie
Jests Real Funnily
Enjoys Laughing Hard
Jokes Kracked Laughingly
Sweet, Pretty, Lovable
Manages Jokes Masterfully
Eats Right Stingily
She's Been Sailing
Rides Like Wild

BABY SHACK

Carla M. Sandberg
Janet Fielding Scholes
Dorothy Jane Richards
Joyce Ellen Leader
Jane Elizabeth Spoor

Crazily Maneuvers Sailboats
Jovial, Friendly & Smiley
Does Just Right
Does Everything Laughingly
Jinxes Every Situation

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks Like</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Consuelo Crowell	Cecil-bird	silently	her mother	reading	loosing her badge of authority	It's an illusion
Gail Dixon	Gail	in her skort	an arrow	riding	being bossed bossed	Here she comes comes!
Nancy Edwards	Nancy	in the dark	a carrot	horses	nursing	I'm gonna strang you up
Marian Johnson	Johnny Johnson	for the morning dips	a Wellesley graduate	things to run smoothly	dippers	The Aides will help
Barbara Leader	Barbie	for family excellence	a school- marm	being friendly	help	If I were you---
Mrs. Lynn	Mrs. Lynn	to get off her feet	a jolly person	doing things herself	commotion in the kitchen	How many for dinner?
Elaine Matthis	Smiley	for the out-of- doors	a good egg	having fun	hypochon- driacs	I'm game!
Joan McKeen	Joan	for college	a pussy-cat	camp	bad weather	Le-e-et's!
Polly Parkhill	Flo	for phone calls	a debutante	being different	California	Do I know you?
Karin Paulson	Brigot	for the audience	a chipmunk	being cut up	being surrounded by water	Do you know what I mean?

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks Like</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Katherine Preston	K.T.	for the Audubon society	a clown	birds	exercise	Who's going to take care of Kathy?
Beatrice Prey	Beechie	in her sailor hat	Spanish moss	Belgrade Lakes	trouble	Who's doing dishes?
Sandra Lee Rinehart	Josie	with an oil well	a Gopher	cutting up	pithants	Tough darts!
Doris Shellberg	Shelley	among the reeds	King Kababa	coffee	leisure time	It doesn't make any difference
Carol Stein	Rocky	in her riding boots	Koala Bear	riding overnights	counselors coffee	If I remember
Judith Wallen	Judy	in bed	a plum	crafts	washing dish towels	"vet vater"
Lucy Weiser	Miss Weiser	Lanesend	a peach	Shelley's paintings	an empty camp	See you next summer

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>
Linda Lea Gates	Linda	in the second room from the right	for Ganet	to play jacks with the seniors	the bed in the infirmary	never mind
Sally Spalding Hutchings	Salcy	with her freckles	for Joanie	to argue	being wrong	Golly gee!
Susan Faith Jacobi	Susie	in Dobbs Ferry	for someone to play jacks with	to talk	people who argue with her	I can help it!
Elsa Wilhelmina Master	Eloise	in the senior end	funny	to be messy	people to tease her	I'm scared
Cynthia Murdoch	Cindy	with Linda and Lindsey	cute	to giggle	hardly anything	Jinx, you owe me a coke!
Lindsey Duncan Rhodes	Stickpin	in her Mexican garashes	for her cornpads	Cindy	kickball practice	Oh, Heaven help me!
Gladys Christina Wagner	Chris	in her skort	like a pixie	her tiger	to be bossed around	Tough

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>
Linda Rose Benny	Linda	on Fourth's porch	for her jacks	potato chips	being called Benny	No jinxing!
Anne Rich Brayton	Anne	in Fourth Shack	for Noni	her jacks	who knows?	I know!
Honora Gapen Crowell	Noodle	on Long Island	for Piglet	Sandy & Kathy	to be called Gapen	Pe---olly
Elizabeth Parish Eames	Liz	in Green- wich Village	jovial	to sing	weight	It's smart people like me who make the world
Elizabeth Avison Fuller	Betsy	in Massa- chusetts	funny	bacon, lettuce & tomato sandwiches	being quiet	It isn't a horsey laugh
Sandra Beverly Griffith	Sany Giffif	everywhere	for Sis and Wis	diving	"Remember"	Where's my pillow?
Jane Eliza- beth Master	Lazy Janie M.	with the twins	in her ponytail	Jo	soup diets	Tuck the tail in, Elsa?
Jane Orbeton	Lazy Janie O.	on the tennis courts	like Roo	tennis	shepherd's pie	Lindsey, you are not glued!
Susan Roberta Schwartz	Sue	with the horses	for Rocky	every- thing	the whip kick	Am I riding?

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Janet Williams Shaw	Janet	with Chi- Chi	like Sally H.	Merry- weather	sterning	I didn't leave it there!
Mary Elizabeth Speicher	Betsy	in a leaky room	devilish	being in the out- field	lobster	Oh, please
Kathleen Elizabeth Walsh	Kathy	with Marmaduke	for Marmaduke	Marmaduke	losing Marmaduke	Where's Marmaduke?

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>
Nancy Ball	Baldy	third room on the right	good-with her nose peeling	Pete- instead of Harold	being second oldest in the shack	Methinks I hear the thud of a heavy counselor
Sarah Boynton	Sally	to sleep	good in a Jentzen suit, she thinks	Boys	the City	Don't blow, Terry
Esther Boynton	Ter or Terry	two places at once	Devilish	George W. Budd, Jr.	her base- ball glove	Ahh- Shuddup, ya big ape
Barbara Christy	Darbie	with Baby Dinky and Baby Lucy	cute	Baby Dumpling	people who sit on her bed	Clean up your room, Ruth
Penelope Dalton	Penny or Peneloplop	in 5th shack	healthy	Frizzy	going home	Anyone for tennis?
Catherine Fuller	Cathy	to skinny dip	after Betsey	Birthday Parties	being called skinny	Oh, no!
Joanne Hutchings	Messy Hutch	with her hair brush	in the mirror	tennis	baseball	Wait for me, I'll be there in a sec
Ruth Jacobi	Rufus	at the doctor's	like a poodle	Caribou- especially cabin four	shots	Guess who I got a letter from, Joanie
Lucy Jennings	Pucy	with sunny boy	smart	making doll clothes	being teased	He! He! He!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Lynda Johnson	Lynda Johnny	with every-one at once	friendly	playing tricks	being serious	Ya know what I'm studying to be? A BULL!
Mary Lynn Mahan	Mudhound	on the baseball field	athletic	baseball	being "mauled"	I haven't the foggiest
Susan Orbeton	Susie O.	to read	like her mother	talking in her sleep	people who tell her to be quiet	Hey- People!
Paula Preston	Pula Peela	in her striped P.J.'s	like a cat	Mischief	wet bathing suits	Tough Darts
Barbara Reithoffer	Bobbie	on \$25 an hour	glamorous	the boy in the beige sweater	not seeing boys for three weeks	You're kidding, of course
Sonia Stein	Sunny Boy	with Pinky	for a chance to go riding	nature	her hair-cut	Gol-ly
Sixth Shack	Sick Shack	somehow	hopeless	bats	people who talk in their sleep	Who is going (yawn) for a skinny dip? (yawn)

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>
Emily Hooker	Emmy	in Wash- ington	for cards	swimming	Emiline	Oh, Boy!
Romney Wilson	Oscar	for an eyelash curler	like nothing I've never seen	to do exercises on Judi's bed	people who fool around when she's serious	Oh, Barf!
Helene Bowman	Foghorn	to be the first per- son to outer space	like a porcupine when she sleeps on her hair wrong	baked for beans & cauli- for flower	waiting for Henry's letters	Here comes another one!
Janice Leader	Jan	don't ask me where	like she's alive	her loathes	her likes	Oh, great!
Elizabeth Bowman	Friz	under false pretences	like herself	to act confused	missing West Carry	You're making fun of me!
Judith Breck	Judi	in confusion	and acts like a snelephant	"flea blister"	being a rainbow girl	I'll get my small army after you!
Susan Lyle	Sue	under her red bed- spread	forward to the Dartmouth Winter Carnival	cutting hair	Caribou	Oh, feeble!
Jackie Fisher	Bunny	in her blue sweatshirt	like a bunny	bossing people	singing on tune	Come on, people!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Elizabeth Shaw	Betsy	for tennis	cute in a pixie	dogs	being sick	O.K., O.K!!
Susan Shaw	Susie	with a couple of monsters	sort of confused	Graham	who knows?	Good grief!
Patricia Christensen	Petite Patty	dangerously	for crewcut dandaroofer	bees kangaroofer	"flea blister"	Kiss me! Kiss me!
Mary Jane Mott	Beautiful	for the hornpipe	beautiful	doing things which could have been avoided	Mary Jane Marijvana Vulgar	are entangled in her braces

BABY SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Janet Scholes	Ganet	for life-saving	after Junior	esopha-gotomies	blisters in certain places	I may laugh!
Carla Sandberg	Sunbug	in a palm tree	like Pinky Lee	the still in the night	Sheena	Step on your head!
Joyce Leader	Lola	for teaching riding	skinny, but she's tall, that's all	having more her sweaters than Cici smile	embarrassed	Is that darn Carla going sailing again?
Dorothy Richards	Dottie	surrounded by letters	devoid	to sing	pizza	O Gad, it's code!
Jane Spoor	Mother Spoor	carelessly	pretty silly	knowing how to sail?	having mixed-up travel plans	Git outa here!
First Shack	Baby Shack	for the bell to ring louder	for Joyce to get out from under the bed	feesh	to be stranded up by one	Won't you wear my lobster buoy up around my neck?





FIRST SHACK



THIRD SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK

The Orbetons packing for Camp
From the Portland Paper - June 1958





Janie Orbeton and her Animals
From the Portland Paper - June 1958



Lucy Weiser

In fond appreciation we write this verse to one
Who's given us happy days, chock full of summer fun.
And so, Miss Weiser, now we say, before this season's through,
Our thanks for Runcia's spirit and harmony go to you.

Marian Johnson

Johnny went swimming one day,
But her glasses got clouded with spray.
She said, "It's all right."
Don't take such a fright."
With her, everything's always O.K.



Doris Shellberg

Shelley can always be found
Wherever there are campers around.
Craft draws them near,
It's chaos you'll hear,
When poor Shelley they all surround.



Cici Crowell

Tall, dark and good-looking is she,
Just look at her and you'll see.
Smiley she's tagged,
Quite often she's fagged,
But to most things she answers, Ci-Ci.

Barbara Leader

Swimming's this counselor's chore,
She gets results with her roar.
Barbie's her name,
She's really quite tame,
Just be careful you don't get her sore.

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Carol Stein

A one-track mind has she,
At the riding ring she likes to be.
It's horses for her,
Of this we're quite sure,
None other than Rocky, you see.



Judy Wallen

Gail Dixon

Beechie Pray

Judy, Beechie and Gail are a scream,
They really make up quite a team.
They scrub and they serve,
With plenty of nerve,
But sometimes they're way off the beam.

Nancy Edwards

Nurse for one month was Nancy.
Her doctoring really was fancy.
She liked horses too,
And camp through and through,
But her patients sometimes got antsy.

Elaine Matthis

A favorite line from Elaine
Would be quoted as "What's your main pain?"
Her job here as nurse
Might have been worse,
We could have driven her insane.

Flora Lynn

One person who's loved is Mrs. Lynn,
Her dinners could contests win,
She's an awfully good cook,
She could write a book,
Every time her desserts win a grin.

K.T. Preston

K.T. could very well be
In the Audubon Society.
Birds she can tame,
And Kathy the same,
She showed this with "Melody."



Kathy Preston

The littliest camper of all,
She's neither old nor tall,
But just the same,
She knows everyone's name,
You guessed it, it's Kathy she's called.



Polly Parkhill

The Third Shackers think she's just grand,
Of bridge she plays a mean hand.
Captain Kelly's convinced,
At sailing Polly's a cinch,
Her remarks are always in demand.



Jo Rinehart

Although she's good at all sports,
You'll find her most on the courts.
It's always fun,
When Jo's on the run,
Because of the way she cavorts.



Karin Paulson

Most often at the piano is Karin,
At tennis she's really a rare one,
In dance she's not slow,
Or to put on a show,
For anything she will be darin'.



Joan McKeen

A Scottish lassie, McKeen,
To absentmindedness she does lean.
She paddled one day,
Across the lake to stay,
But her sleeping bag too late was seen.

THIRD SHACK



Lindsey Rhodes

Along the path she walks,
And she doesn't have to talk
For us to know
Without a show
That at picking up her feet, Lindsey balks.

Susan Jacobi

She never stops talking a bit,
If once she can get you to sit.
Of ideas she's filled full
For the White team she'll pull,
Susie never slows down, not one whit.



Sally Hutchings

Red hair and sparkling blue eyes,
Combined with a look that is wise,
If you tease Sally
Her temper will rally,
But her good spirit never dies.

Linda Gates

Well-liked is Third's Linda Gates.
With the rest of us she also rates.
Her curly blond hair
And that demure air
Among boys will soon cause debates.



Anne Speicher



Chris Wagner

A second-month camper is Chris,
You might say she's a peppy young miss.
She likes to wear skorts,
She's seldom out of sorts,
And talking she thinks is pure bliss.

Cindy Murdoch

In canoeing she does a strong J.
If she could, she'd swim every day.
Once you hear her giggle
You can almost see her wiggle,
A picture a Cindy, I'd say.

Elsa Master

A spirited Junior is Elser,
She's often called Alkaseltzer,
Sometimes she looks sad,
But it's never that bad,
If you get her to laugh, it just
melts her.

Janet Shaw

As for Fourth Shacker Jan--Oops! We thought
There was one - but we really ought
To have known that she'd scream
"Hey! You're off the beam!
The name Janet, not Jan, is the one that you sought."

Linda Benny

At Runoia there's one known as "sport"
And it's true, she's a good enough sort.
I speak of L. Benny,
Her friends here are many.
She's found a good home in this port.



Betsy Speicher

She may hold her reins too tightly,
But her room is never unrightly.
As for our Miss Speicher,
There just are none like her.
We all know when she smiles so brightly.

Betsy Fuller

The night is resounding with giggles,
A blanket is lively with giggles,
It must be after taps,
Betsy's taken on naps,
But she'll still laugh at the slightest jiggle.



Sue Schwartz

Noni Crowell

There once was a girl from Lon Gisland,
Whoops! I guess she really said "island"
Poor Noni's been teased
And also's been pleased
With all this attention! My land!



Anne Brayton

A smiling young girl is Anne Brayton,
Of the campers, well, she was a late one.
But she acts just as "old"
On her we've been sold,
And we'll never forget this Miss Brayton.

Sandy Griffith

A bright young lass is named Sandy,
As Jr. Captain of Blues she's handy.
She'll play hard in a game,
And have fun all the same,
We all think that she's just dandy.



Kathy Walsh

In Fourth Shack a nickname is heard,
That has something to do with a bird.
I don't know the rest,
And I think it is best,
Although Kathy would say, "That's absurd!"

Jane Master

Her room is so neat and so clean,
No dust nor dirt to be seen.
Good at other things too,
Janie M. is a Blue,
And she'll always try for her team.



Elizabeth Eames

From Greenwich Village she hails,
In camping she just never fails.
In smiling it seems
One can't top Liz Eames,
Her laughter will keep us in gales.



Janie Orbeton (left)

At rest hour someone would creep
And over the wall she would peep.
Her counselor below
Would see Janie O.
Fearing mischief, she never could sleep.

Sally Boynton

Going bean-picking, she does not dally,
Oh, no -- not our Sixth Shacker, Sally!
It isn't the beans
Towards which Sally leans,
But to Pine Island boys she will rally.



Mary Lynn Mahan

At first she was shy and retiring,
But now we have found her untiring.
Her walk is a sight;
She giggles at night.
Mary Lynn all the girls are admiring.



Penny Dalton

A new girl at Ruhoia was Penny.
The friends that she left here were many.
She slept in Sixth Shack,
We hope she'll be back.
At ping pong, she's better than any.



Barbara Reithoffer

Barbie Reithoffer really is charming,
But the Blues seem to find her alarming.
In diving, a place,
She's rhythm and grace.
We all have found Barbie disarming.

Joanne Hutchings

Joan Hutchings, a rather thin gal.
Each girl in the shack is her pal.
The Charleston she dances,
Each camper, entrances,
And soon all the boys she'll corral.



Susan Orbeton

On ship, Captain Kelly kept musing
On Susie's the gal to go cruising.
He thought she was great,
She'd make a First Mate.
All Sixth Shack her praises do sing.

Sunny Stein

S. Stein's an inquisitive person.
An answer she seeks to each question.
She's not just a brain,
She too can raise cain,
But seldom creates a commotion.



Terry Boynton

T. Boynton's at home in the stable.
To ride she is really quite able.
However, you'll find
She really won't mind
A boarding-house reach at the table.

Nancy Ball

If ever you hear them call Baldy,
It's Sixth Shack just shouting for Nancy.
She's really not bald,
But that's what she's called,
The name, it is not to her fancy.



Lynda Johnson

For Lynda this is her first season,
Runoia now claims her with reason.
She fights for her team,
She's on the right beam,
We hope it won't be her last season.

Barbara Christy

Barbie Christy's the one we call Piglet.
For the name she cares not a figlet.
Baseball she abhores,
But kickball adores,
In Sixth Shack the tiniest trick yet.



Ruth Jacobi

Her line is "yes suh, yes suh, yes suh,"
She joins in the fun without pressure.
At lightening she'll scream.
Desserts make her beam
Now Ruthie gains measure for measure.

Paula Preston

It really is not just a fable.
Three Prestons we count at the table.
Sixth Shack's fond of one,
Yes, Paula's such fun,
In life saving she is quite able.



Lucy Jennings

Our Lucy is really a lady,
But still she hunts bugs where it's shady.
She's clever in crafts,
And dives from the raft,
Of horses she's seldom a fraidy.

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Cathy Fuller

There once was a quiet shy blond,
Of whom every one was most fond.
She left much too soon,
The Sixth Shackers croon,
Oh, Cathy, return to Great Pond.

Patty Christensen

A Senior is our Petite Patty,
You certainly can't call her fatty.
She doesn't like teasing,
But still she is pleasing,
Although sometimes she drives us all batty.



Susan Shaw

Susan Shaw has an "awnt"
But you'll never hear her say, "I cawn't."
With us she does rate
But we wish she'd gain weight,
Though she eats, she still looks quite gaunt

Romney Wilson

Romney Lee Wilson's her name,
As Captain of the Blues she's gained fame.
In a sailboat she's swell,
In choir she does well.
She and "Oscar" are one and the same.



Mary Jane Mott

The Whites chose M.J. as their leader.
In spirit nobody can beat her.
If once you have seen
Her hornpipe, that's keen,
You'll want all your friends to meet her.



Emmy Hooker

Emmy's a new CR camper,
And everywhere she does scamper.
She enjoys her crafts,
And also her laughs.
In swimming she's never a damper.

Sue Lyle

A sophisticated young lady, Sue Lyle
Has been at Runoia quite a while.
In tennis she's great,
With her shack she does rate.
Her charm for the boys is her smile.



Judy Breck

New Hampshire claims Judy B.
From her accent this you will see.
This year she was new
And now she's a Blue.
Runoia suits her to a T.

Bunny Fisher

In Fifth Shack this year is Bunny,
Sometimes she's really quite funny,
To Runcia she's true,
She's a Blue through and through.
Her smile is always sunny.



Betsy Shaw

Betsy's from old Merryweather.
Her step is light as a feather.
Swimming she can do,
If she follows it through,
Come rain, hail or all kinds of weather.

Elizabeth Bowman

One half of the Bowmans is Liz.
Fifth Shack thinks she's a whiz.
She's never quite sure
If you're teasing her,
Even Washington could have fooled "Friz."

Lenie Bowman

Lenie found out on West Carry
That campers, when hiking, can't tarry.
She went round and round,
When sadly she found
That there are several things you can bury.

Jan Leader

In diving Jan is sublime.
She gives singing and dancing her time.
She's tall and slim
Filled with vigor and vim
And she's talented in pantomime.

Carla Sandberg

Carla's from Florida fair.
You just have to look at her hair.
We tease her, by golly,
But she's forever jolly,
She always has giggles to spare.



Joyce Leader

Joyce is a Leader, you bet,
And one of the nicest we've met,
She likes all sports,
And from all reports,
You'll be pleased when her smile you get.

Jane Spoor

A nice quiet miss is Jane Spoor.
Her conversation never does bore.
Ex-Captain of the Blues,
She's now for the Whoos,
But we really wish she'd talk more.



Janet Scholes

Janet's seen most at the stable,
As sometimes you can tell at the table.
Her lifesaving's rare,
Her accents we bear,
The name, Ganet, she has as a label.



Dotty Richards

Dotty's an old Cincy girl.
Her hair she strives for to curl.
Her appetite's large,
As big as a barge,
It really has us in a whirl.

SCENES AROUND CAMP































































