

CAMP RUNOIA

1959

We wish to dedicate this Log of the summer of 1959 to a person who has contributed much this year and in the past. Beyond teaching crafts, she does the many little things that go towards making our summer at Runoia a wonderful experience. Never frowning and always smiling, no demand is too great for her to fulfill. We thank you, Shelly.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| Camp List for 1959 | |
| Flag Pole - Dedication | |
| My Life at Runoia..... | Sally Hutchings |
| A Poem..... | Cathy Fuller |
| The Train Trip from Grand Central.. | Susi Jacobi |
| Trip Up..... | Martha Goldsmith |
| Camp..... | Beth Vogel |
| Initiation..... | Elsa Master |
| Morning in Sixth Shack..... | The Bats |
| My Summers at Camp..... | Sally Hutchings |
| Sixth Shack's Trip to Fairy Ring... | Nancy Ball |
| Trip to Mt. Philip..... | Noni Crowell, Betsy Fuller |
| Our First Trip to Belgrade..... | Jane Master |
| To the Deer Farm..... | Susan Canning |
| Senior Trip to Pemaquid..... | Peggy Vogel |
| Junior Trip to Pemaquid..... | Sue Schwartz, Linda Benny |
| Ode to Sixth Shack..... | Ruth Jacobi |
| First Hoyt's Island Trip..... | Mary Benny |
| Second Trip to Hoyt's..... | Janet Shaw, Lucy Jennings |
| Third Shack's Trip to the Horse Farm..... | Diana Sandberg |
| Third Hoyt's Island Trip..... | Liz Eames, Joannie Hutchings |
| Runoia Variety Show | |
| Rest Hour in Fourth Shack | |
| Told by a Pencil..... | Sally Hutchings, Derry Watkins |
| Fourth Shack Trip to P.&M..... | Betsy Speicher, Susi Jacobi |
| Tumbledown Trip..... | Cathy Fuller |
| All Day Paddle to Pine Parlor..... | Ruth Jacobi, Jane Orbeton |
| Third Shack Goes to the Ox Farm.... | Cindy Murdoch |
| First Cruise..... | M.J. Mott, Judi Breck |
| The Long Lake Trip..... | Liz Bowman |
| First Fourth Shack Trip to Hoyt's.. | Sally Hutchings |
| Third Shack Overnight at Fairy Ring..... | Jessie Lottman |
| Second Cruise..... | Susie Shaw, Betsy Shaw |
| Fourth Shack's Trip to the Old Campsite..... | Em Baldwin, Sue Schwartz |
| First Horseback Overnight..... | Sunny Stein |
| Fifth Shack Pine Island Trip..... | Jan Leader |
| Saco River Trip..... | Jan Leader |
| Caribou's Visit..... | Nancy Ball |
| <u>Caribou Roundup</u> | |
| Lost and Found..... | Patty Christensen, Liz Bowman |
| Wave Songs..... | Rocky Stein |
| Anagrams | |
| Statistics | |
| Limericks | |

CAMP LIST - 1959

Annex

Mrs. Lynn
Mrs. Littlefield
Gail Dixon (1)*
Beatrice Pray
Diana Pray (2)*

Infirmary

Martha Oliver

Second Shack

Marian Johnson
Doris Shellberg
Carol Stein
Shadow

Third Shack

Susan Canning
Linda Gates
Jessica Lottman
Elsa Master
Cynthia Murdoch
Diana Sandberg
Mary Ann Zeman

Janet Scholes
Polly Parkhill

*(1) - denotes first month
*(2) - denotes second month

Fourth Shack

Emelyn Baldwin (2)
Linda Benny
Anne Brayton (2)
Honora Crowell
Elizabeth Fuller
Martha Goldsmith (1)
Sandra Griffith
Sally Hutchings
Susan Jacobi
Susan Rosenblum
Susan Schwartz
Susan Slaymaker (1)
Elizabeth Speicher
Derry Watkins

Joy Leader
Sandra Lee Rinehart

Fifth Shack

Elizabeth Bowman
Judi Breck
Patty Christensen
Emily Hooker
Jan Leader
Mary Jane Mott
Elizabeth Shaw
Susan Shaw (2)
Margaret Vogel (1)
Catherine Wargo
Romney Willson

Elizabeth Sagebeer
Angie Strole

Sixth Shack

Nancy Ball
Mary Benny
Penelope Dalton
Elizabeth Eames
Nancy Fifield (1)
Catherine Fuller
Joanne Hutchings
Ruth Jacobi
Lucy Jennings
Mary Lynn Mahan
Jane Master
Jane Orbeton
Susan Orbeton (2)
Janet Shaw
Sunny Stein
Elizabeth Vogel (1)

Barbara Leader
Carla Sandberg

Doll House

Philip Cobb
Elizabeth Cobb
Ricky
Sandy
Robbie
Alice Stengel

THE FLAG POLE DEDICATION

Saturday, June nineteenth, was the big day. At sunset Mr. Dixon came to put up the new flag pole. For awhile the spectators wondered if three men could get such a tall pole into the shaft, but with the aid of Johnny and Jo Rinehart, the mission was accomplished. Phil and Barbie moved rocks, planted trees and grass, and built a flagstone path. Then the plaque which Shelly made was attached to the base of the pole. This plaque honors Constance E. Dowd, the first camper when Runoia began back in 1907.

MY LIFE AT RUNOIA

As I walk through the shady pine trees
Whistling a happy tune,
I think of my life at Runoia,
And I wish it didn't end so soon.
All the fun I have here,
All the good food I eat,
The cool waters I have to jump in,
There's nothing this can't beat.
And I think what a lucky girl I am
To have all this and more,
And I'll praise the Lord, and I'll thank the Lord
For Runoia and its fun galore.

Sally Hutchings

BEYOND THE HORIZON

What is it that lies beyond the sky
Where Mother Nature's birdies all do fly?
What is it that lies beyond the sun
Beyond a child'd own world of fun?

Beyond the sky as blue as day
Live the months of March and May.
Beyond old Mr. Jolly Sun
Is our own world, Kingdom Come.
Beyond the reddest sunset glow
Is the Paradise that we all know,
And beyond the horizon of many colors
Dwells God and His children - all our brothers.

Sue Rosenblum

CAMP RUNOIA "59"

The summer of fifty-nine
Is going just fine.
Everyone's having fun,
Always on the run.
From tennis to swimming,
And baseball to riding,
The trips we all like
In canoes or on hikes,
Camp Runoia we cheer.
Here's to a happy year!

Cathy Fuller

THE TRAIN TRIP FROM GRAND CENTRAL

It was just about time for the train to be pulling out of the station when I realized I had not said goodby to my mother. I was completely heartbroken about it. Sally Hutchings, my partner in line, was trying to comfort me, but the porter who was leading the long line of soon-to-be and old campers did a better job than Sally. He kept saying things about his daughter, Susie, such as, "My daughter's name is Susie too!" She had a birthday party in school today. When's your birthday?" Before I had a chance to answer, I was shoved on to the train and into a little Pullman with Sally Hutchings.

After we got settled, we got our suitcases. Everyone had one except for Sally! When the news finally reached her, she became panicked! The porter and Mr. Handy, the director of Pine Island who was always over in our car, tried to comfort her by telling her it would be at camp maybe before her. They said it would happen, but apparently the ingredients of it didn't come until the second week.

Nobody got any sleep, so we had milk and crackers to keep us quiet. We finally reached camp two hours late.

THE TRIP UP

I came up to camp with my mother. The whole family except for my father drove from Cincinnati to our summer house in Biddeford Pool. We spent a night at our summer house.

At 8:15 the next morning Mom woke me up. I got on my clean clothes and went down to breakfast. At nine o'clock we started to camp. Did I have the jitters! My teeth were chattering, I was shaking and I had butterflies in my stomach. Finally we got there. Did I feel silly when all the counselors rushed up to me, and Jo said, "You're in my shack, Martha." Immediately I started to like camp. Shelly came up to greet us. Then Noni appeared. Jo and Noni showed me around.

Martha Goldsmith

CAMP

One day I got home and Mother said, "How would you like to go to camp?" "Yes," I said, "I'd love to." I read the pamphlet and knew it by heart. All I thought of was camp the three days on the road. I was so excited on Thursday when my parents brought Peggy and me. When we got to the shack the first camper I met was Sunny Stein. When my parents left the fun really began. That night Sunny and I talked and talked until we fell asleep.

All the rest of my life the thing that will stand out most will be the summer at camp and all the friends I met.

Beth Vogel

INITIATION

One night all the new girls were initiated. Barbie Leader was the Master of Ceremonies. Each new girl had to come in costume. Phil had to measure the Lodge with toothpicks. The new Third Shackers had to make a bed of three pillows so that it would pass inspection. Nancy Fifield had to put peas into a Coke bottle and then she had to eat half of them. She hates peas. Muff had to kiss the blarney stone (which was flour). Four Fourth Shackers had to sing Row, Row, Row Your Boat. Janie M. and Cathy Wargo had to eat peanut butter on crackers. Angie and Martha had to read part of a love comic.

Elsa Master

MORNING IN SIXTH SHACK

Reveille

First silence - then a chorus of groans

Sunny: Rise and shine.

Mary-Lynn: Who's going for a dip?

Silence

Janet: Liz! You talked in your sleep last night.
It was something about a horse named Ronny
with a diamond in his nose.

Mary: Them mosquitoes was really bizzing last night.

Ruthie: Janie M. Are you still in 68?

Janie M.: Yup.

Everyone gets up and walks into Penny and Baldy's
room (convention hall). The discussion is usually
about boys, sleep talking and snoring.

First Bell!

Chorus of screams

Second Bell!

All is quiet in Sixth Shack

The Dats

MY SUMMERS AT CAMP

I just can't picture a summer
Without Runoia Camp;
I just can't picture a summer
In the city cold and damp;
I just can't picture summers
Going on forever more,
Without my fair Runoia
On Great Pond's shore.

Sally Hutchings

SIXTH SHACK'S TRIP TO FAIRY RING

On July 10th, Sixth Shack went to Fairy Ring. When we arrived, they actually made us work! After about an hour of concentrated labor for a select few, we had supper. After supper they put us back to work again, but in some cases there were exceptions to the rule. There were long discussions on coming out parties, and Penny Dalton has firmly made up her mind to be a debutante.

We left for camp at about 8:30, and when you go to Fairy Ring, you must notice how much better it looks. And it's all through the efforts of a few people - about five to be exact.

Nancy Ball

THE TRIP TO MOUNT PHILIP

There was nothing to do on this real hot day, so Johnny decided to do something unusual such as climb a mountain. So that afternoon the Juniors and Sixth Shack set off for Mount Philip. We went in four cars; Martha's, the Camp's and the Cobb's cars. The Cobbs were supposed to follow Martha's car which was following the Camp's car. When we saw they weren't following us when we got to Belgrade, we stopped to wait for them. Finally we went on to Mount Philip. There we met them. They had taken a short cut we hadn't known about.

After a lot of talking, we started up the mountain. After pushing our way through bushes and climbing over fallen trees, we reached the top of the mountain. Most of us were so tired we could drop.

Everyone had a lot of fun exploring. Some people found a cave, and for about twenty minutes we played in it. Then we went down the mountain. On the way down, some people found a whiskey bottle. When they came to the car, they pretended that they were drunk. They gave the bottle to Barbie, who gave it to Johnny when we came back to Camp. It was a great afternoon.

Noni Crowell
Betsy Fuller

OUR FIRST TRIP TO BELGRADE

Before lunch one day, Barbie told us that we would paddle to Belgrade with Fifth Shack during rest hour. Everyone was excited. I rushed over and told Liz in Fifth Shack.

After lunch we got our money from Johnny. We went down to the beach and unracked the canoes. Some of us went in the war canoe, and the others went in single canoes. I went in a single canoe with Liz.

The paddling went fine until we passed the point where the lights are. After we passed the point, it got pretty windy. When Liz and I were a little past the point, a puff of wind came. It blew us to one side and we left a mark on a rock there.

When we got there, we tied the war canoe to the dock and walked to Day's. When we got there we bought ice cream and other things. Then we walked back to the canoes and paddled back to camp.

Jane Master

THE DEER FARM

One day Third Shack went to the Deer Farm. We saw a baby deer. We saw some sheep too. We were feeding the deer. There were some deer with little antlers. We got to pet the deer. We saw a hawk. We took some pictures of the deer. Johnny took us to the Deer Farm. The house was pretty. There was a bee hive on the house and an elephant head on the wall.

Susan Canning

SENIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

Yesterday we went to Pemaquid (July 9). The bus got here at nine. The bus ride was very smooth and comfortable. We went through Wiscasset and Damariscotta on the way. We went to the rocks first, and Miss Shellburg had put in sketch pads, so I started to sketch the lighthouse. The day was very hot and clear. I could see Monhegan distinctly and Harbor Island. I also saw many islands behind Harbor Island that I can't remember the names of anymore, but I am sure Black Island was among those I saw. Whenever I look at the lake here I think, "What a beautiful high tide."

Then we went to Gilbert's Lobster Pound near the old fort. I got a lobster, some French fries and a piece of cake. The lobster was very good. Then we went to a beach where the sand was very fine and got into everything. The water was colder than the lake water and so very salty. It burnt my eyes when I went under water. Then we went back to Gilbert's about five after having spent a couple of hours at the beach. The counselors had brought sandwiches and oranges. We got cokes to drink. Everyone wanted to buy her supper and not eat plain sandwiches, and so I ate my two and several more as well. I still wasn't stuffed so I ate three oranges.

After that we went on a boat ride around the islands in the vicinity. The boat was large and smooth, built on the same lines as Stillman's lobster boat. It had pairs of aluminum seats along the sides, about eight. We only filled half the seats. We got turns sitting on the deck in front of the cabin. It was more fun up there, and we could see on every side. There was a captain that walked about with four gold bands on his sleeves. He had two men in uniforms helping him, only they didn't seem to be doing anything. The captain turned the wheel a little once in a while. They had a radar screen, I guess you could call it, that shows the reef, islands and other boats around the boat. They also had a ship-to-shore radio that they listened to. We went by Seal Island but couldn't find any seals, and by Witch's Island, but couldn't find the woman that lived in the house on the island. The captain said he had never seen her. By the way, he was a huge man, no fat, but bulky, and reminded me of Kenneth Robert's character, Cap Huff. I don't know how he fitted through the doors of his boat. The islands were very beautiful. They looked as though a plate had been put upside down on top of them. The trees sloped down to the shore line. There was a good deal of swell, and it was fun to ride. We also saw the lighthouse from the water. It wasn't as spectacular as from the land.

We reached home at ten and saw the capitol building
on our way through Augusta. It was lit up.

Peggy Vogel

Pemaquid Trip Song (Home on the Range)

What a day we did plan,
From the time we began,
When the bus arrived promptly at nine.
But now we've returned,
And there's nothing we yearn,
For the trip has sure suited us fine.

Refrain:

O take us again
To bask on the Pemaquid sands;
The lobsters taste great
And the clams we all ate;
Yet we're glad to be back to our lake.

What a time we did have
On the Pemaquid trip
Where the skies were not cloudy all day.
On the rocks we did play,
In the ocean we swam,
On the Magnum we sailed 'round the bay.

Refrain:

JUNIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

It was a bright sunny day when the Juniors started off to Pemaquid Beach. During the bus ride we sang many gay songs. As we went through Augusta we spied the capitol.. We finally arrived at Pemaquid.

Our first exciting adventure was climbing the rocks, now and then getting dashed by gigantic waves. We fed the sea gulls bits of graham crackers. We stayed at the rocks until it was time for lunch.

Most of us had delicious lobster at Gilbert's. A few were sissies and had hamburgers as well as many other treats. Everyone felt as if they gained ten pounds.

Then we went to the sandy beach and played in the sand after which we went back to Gilbert's for a boat ride on the "Magnum," a sight-seeing boat. We looked for seals but to our dismay saw none. Still we were astonished to see so many lobster pots as well as sea gulls.

Then, landing at Gilbert's, we had supper of sandwiches and cold drinks, adding more sweets. Then we started the long journey home.

Susan Schwartz
Linda Benny

Trip Song

Tune: Titanic

On the tenth of July
We took a bus ride
Singing many camp songs
As we passed the countryside;
To the rocky ledges by the sea
Climbing merrily
It was great when we went to Pemaquid.

Then we were off to Gilbert's
To fill our tummies well.
The food we had there
Really was something swell.
To the sandy beaches we did go
And the water froze my toe.
It was great when we went to Pemaquid.

Then we were off on the "Magnum"
To ride the waves so blue,
Looking for seals
And spying sea gulls too.

ODE TO SIXTH SHACK

There once was a shack numbered six,
Whose counselors were wise to their tricks.
Their beds were short-sheeted,
Their rooms could be neater,
That doesn't rhyme but it fits.

Doctor Mahan will dissect crayfish.
For the smell to go, we all wish.
The crayfish was dead,
He was so underfed,
I'm sure he'd have tasted delish.

The basket was filled with balls.
On Carla's head t'was s'posed to fall.
That night was so quiet,
We expected a riot.
The balls didn't fall in the hall.

Sixth Shack is really a great place.
Time goes by at a great pace.
Summer's come to an end,
But there's many a friend
I'll remember as my shackmates in camp.

Ruth Jacobi

FIRST HOYT'S ISLAND TRIP

We packed our canoes with food and supplies,
And were off to Hoyt's with happy eyes.
We paddled on till we reached the shore,
Cleaned the fireplace and worked galore.
With Jo and Carla it was sure to be lively,
So we played some games very excitedly.
A dip and cake before we went to sleep.
We woke up the next morning feeling very weak.
For breakfast we had eggs and bacon,
Biscuits and cocoa with milk.
We packed our belongings and back to camp
Leaving Hoyt's, we hope, as clean as silk.

Mary Benny

SECOND TRIP TO HOYT'S

On a Thursday afternoon in July, Janet Shaw, Ruth Jacobi, Cathy Fuller, Penny Dalton, Lucy Jennings, Beth Vogel, Patty Christensen, Oscar Willson, Emmy Hooker, Betty Cobb and Angie Strople started out for Hoyt's Island for an overnight. Lucy, Emmy and Ruthie decided to be very lazy so they passengered all the way over. When we got there we beached the canoes and fixed our sleeping bags. Some of us slept in a pine grove. After we were settled we gathered firewood, firewood and more firewood. Before dinner we took a dip, and then we ate. We did the dishes and took another dip, then changed into our pajamas. Betty taught us how to make Mock Angel Cake and we each had about three pieces of the delicious new dessert. After cleaning up, we sat around the camp fire and told ghost stories. Around ten o'clock we decided to turn in. The mosquitoes were very popular. At about five o'clock, Cathy Fuller woke up Janet Shaw and said that the sun was setting, but we never found whether it was setting or not. We got up at about seven o'clock and had a huge breakfast of toast, hot cereal, cold cereal, eggs, bacon, cocoa and juice. After we had breakfast we took a dip and then took

a walk. When we got to the other side, we saw Oak Island.
When we got back to the campsite, we took another dip.
We loaded the canoes and arrived back at Runoia in about
twenty-five minutes.

Janet Shaw
Lucy Jennings

THIRD SHACK'S TRIP TO THE HORSE FARM

One day Third Shack went to the Horse Farm, and when we got there we saw pretty barns and a house. We went in the barn and saw the pretty Arabian horses. A horse fly bit me. We sat in one of the carriages, and Johnny took a picture. The caretaker made a dog sit while Cindy took his picture. After that we came back to camp.

Diana Sandburg

THIRD HOYT'S ISLAND TRIP

We all started out in a number of canoes, our spirits high, for we were in store for a barrel of fun as we paddled toward Hoyt's Island for an overnight trip. We made pretty good time as Barbie had estimated the place to be farther than it actually was. So we came upon it quite suddenly, beached our canoes and began curiously exploring our temporary living quarters.

We found a nifty little grove of pine trees upon which we promptly unrolled our sleeping bags. After a violent struggle with the tarp and a few pessimistic remarks about "rain and wind," we finally got under way enough to start thinking about supper. We were all for just thinking about it, but the counselors made us work. After an hour of hard labor, we had ravioli and salad. Some kids washed the dishes while others watched the gingerbread.

Later some kids went on a walk to the other side of the island while about four of us stayed home to whittle bead-twist sticks and watch the gingerbread, which didn't seem to be cooking.

After the others came back, we had bread twists and spilled jam and butter all over the table. Then we sat

down to watch the gingerbread and listen to Joyce's eerie voice read "The Most Dangerous Game" from an Alfred Hitchcock magazine. Barbie, right in the middle of the scary part, spotted the Northern Lights, so we went down by the lake and sat in the poison ivy while Joyce continued reading.

When the story was finished, we all went to bed - but not to sleep. One of us under the tarp, I forget which one, got the brilliant idea of putting the mosquito netting up with only two poles. It was fine until we got into bed. Anyway some of us got some sleep!

After a dip in the morning we were awake enough to get breakfast of bacon and eggs which was very good, -for being that early in the morning!

Phil and Angie came over in the motor boat to see if we were still alive and finding us in same condition- left. After a great deal of organizing, we were on our way and arrived at camp alive - I think!

Liz Eames
Joannie Hutchings

Runoia Variety Show



VARIETY

Theme from Liebestraume
No 3, A Dream of Love

Linda Benny

Five Foot Two

Joanne Hutchings
Ruth Jacobi

Little Hiawatha

Linda Gates, Susan
Canning, Mary Ann
Zeman, Elsie Master,
Diana Sandberg,
Cindy Murdoch, and
Susan Schwartz

Pink Shoelaces

Sandy Griffith
Sally Hutchings

Spinning Song

Emmy Hooker

Some Day My Prince
Will Come

Susan Canning

Dark Town Strutters Ball

Liz Eames
Nancy Ball

Clarinet Solo -
Irish Washerwoman

Jane Orbeton

Up in the Attic

Honi Crowell
Susan Slaymaker
Martha Goldsmith

Piano Solo

Betsy Speicher

July 19, 1959

SHOW

Stumbling

Mary Lynn Mahan
Nancy Fifield

If I Loved Him

Jan Leader, Judi
Breck, M.J. Mott,
Jane Master, Liz
Bowman

The Barcarolle from
The Tales of Hoffmann

Mary Benny

Violin Solo - Perpetual Motion Betsy Sagebeer

Grieg - Piano Concerto

Cathy Fuller

Young and Foolish

Patty Christensen
Oscar Willson

Happy Talk

Jan Leader

Hungarian Rhapsody -
Mac Dowell

Peggy Vogel

Monologue

Sue Rosenblum

Parade of the Wooden
Soldiers

Betsy Fuller

REST HOUR IN FOURTH SHACK AS TOLD BY A PENCIL

Hi! I'm a pencil living right across the hall from Joyce's room. One day at rest hour there was a regular riot in Fourth Shack. The only noise heard was the whizzing sound made by paper airplanes, the buzzing sound made by campers, the bouncing of jack balls, the creaking of beds and the voice of Joyce trying to quiet things down.

Then all of a sudden for no reason I could perceive the whole shack quieted down. Airplanes were caught and stopped, the campers stopped talking, the balls stopped bouncing, the bed creaking slowed down and gradually stopped. The silence was rudely shattered as the screen door slammed. All of a sudden I realized why the shack had been so quiet. It was JO!!

Well, I guess I'll have to go now because Jo is right in the midst of putting the poor Fourth Shackers to shame, and I'm sure that wouldn't be very interesting... would it?

Sally Hutchings
Derry Watkins

FOURTH SHACK TRIP TO P&M

It spread around camp like a flash of lightning. "We're going to P&M for an overnight," were the voices of the very excited Fourth Shackers. Fourth Shack looked like...looked like... well we just don't know what it looked like. There was so much hustle and bustle that you couldn't tell what it looked like. Well, anyway, after a couple of centuries we got started.

Finally after paddling continually for about an hour, we heard our canoe scraping horribly on the rocks. We knew we must be there. We formed a large assembly line. Sleeping bags and mosquito netting were thrown all over the place.

After everything was settled, we started to gather fire wood. Betsy Fuller seemed to be having an awfully good time with the axe. She was acting like a lumber jack! As Jo said, "You just cut down one of the biggest and livliest trees I've ever seen." After all the wood that had to be chopped down was chopped down, we had the most delicious dinner of Chuck Wagon stew and lemonade. Then we waited for the most delicious cake to be made by Betsy Speicher. While we were eating dinner, Linda yelled

out, "I felt a drop of rain!" Oh, no! Nobody believed her until they felt it themselves. When Jo decided that it was going to rain all night, we put up the tarp. Then we put our sleeping bags under the tarp, and that was quite an operation. Five kids slept under the war canoe including Jo and Joyce. They were Linda, Susan, Sue, Derry and Susie. The rest of us, Sandy, Noni, Martha, Susi, Betsy, Betsy, Sally and Betty slept under the tarp. The hard part about sleeping under the tarp was, if you touched it from the inside, you made a big hole in it.

Well, we lasted through the night without touching it once! (It was hard, but we did it!) It poured throughout the night, but in the morning the sun was shining and we all went for a dip that lasted a half hour. Then we had breakfast of French toast, bacon and cocoa. Linda Benny had seven pieces of French toast!

All together we had the neatest time, except for one little incident - the rain!

Betsy Speicher
Susi Jacobi

TUMBLEDOWN TRIP

On July 23rd all the Seniors piled in the bus at nine o'clock to go to Mt. Tumbledown. It was a beautiful day and turned out to be very hot. We got to the base of the mountain at about ten-thirty and ate a picnic lunch by the stream. When we had finished eating, we put our oranges in our pockets and started up. There were two groups - the fast and slow. The second group stopped quite often because it was so hot. We were really roasting by the time we got to the top so we took a dip in the lake, drinking half of it, we were so thirsty. Then four of us, Mary Lynn Mahan, Barbie Leader, Phil Cobb and I, decided to climb higher while the others sat on the rocks. At the top of the peak we picked blueberries and Phil took pictures. We had another dip when we got down and drank from a stream Joannie Hutchings found. After that we started down. It didn't take too long but our legs were about to fall off. We got to the bottom at five-fifteen and cooled our feet in the stream. Then we went to the Weld Inn for a delicious turkey dinner. In the bus on the way back we all sang songs and slept. The bus drove into camp at about eight-thirty and we all had had a wonderful time.

Cathy Fuller

Tumbledown Trip Song

Tune: I'll Be Down To Get You In A Taxi

We were off to Weld at the break of day,
Stopped at the stream and had our lunch,
And then we started up
And the sun was hot
And it shone around us.
Two steps up and one step back
Fifteen minutes for a break
Then on top we saw the lake
And we went for a (hum hum) dip.
And we all ate supper at Weld Inn by Webb Lake.
It was great!

ALL DAY PADDLE TO PINE PARLOR

It was a beautiful day for a trip. The lake was calm and a faint breeze was blowing. Carla, Joyce, Angie, Nancy B., Mary Lynn, Patty, Betsy, Sunny, Cathy W., Lucy, Jan, Janie O., Joannie and Ruthie were going to Crooked Island for a cookout. Then we were going to look for some kind of stream, paddle around and come back on the other side of Hoyt's. When we got to Baxter Point, the wind really started to come up. The waves were really something. There were white caps and all sorts of crazy things going on. The two passengers had to paddle too so we could make some headway against the wind and waves. Patty and Betsy were in the last canoe. We had just crossed in front of Hoyt's when Angie and Lucy and I turned around and saw them tipping over. Jan and Janie O. were almost to Crooked Island when Carla and Baldy signaled to them to come back to Jamaica Point. We emptied Patty's canoe and put rocks in it to weight it down. We paddled around Chutes to look for a place to stop for lunch. There were too many big rocks sticking out of the water so we didn't go there. We paddled to

Otter where we met an old fuddy-duddy who said he bought the island and it was private. We paddled to Pine Beach Camps. While Joyce, Carla and Angela talked to a man about lunch, we talked to a man from Montclair, New Jersey. We couldn't cook there so then we paddled to Pine Parlor. Betsy, Patty and Carla walked to Merriweather to call camp so that they could come to get us. They started out in the motor boat, but it was too rough so they came by car. We went back Sunday morning and got the canoes and paddled back to camp.

Ruth Jacobi
Jane Orbeton

THIRD SHACK GOES TO THE OX FARM

One nice night after supper, Third Shack and Johnny and Martha went to see some oxen. Mr. Penny was the owner of this farm.

After we looked at the oxen, we took the car to look at the other end of the farm. We saw the Belgrade Stream.

Then we went back to see the oxen pull a load weighing about 620 pounds! It was really interesting! After we saw some cows, we went in the Penny's house and talked for awhile and then went back to camp.

Cynthia Murdoch

FIRST CRUISE

The time:
6:00 A.M.

The date:
Monday, July 22, 1959

The place:
Dining Room at CR

The involved persons:
Liz Eames, M.J. Mott, Judi Breck, Oscar Willson,
Patty Christensen, Mary Benny, Janet Shaw, Barbie Leader

Charge against persons involved:
Having too much fun on the first cruise.

Early, too early, one Monday morning, Barbie, Judi, M.J., Oscar, Patty, Liz, Janet Shaw and Mary staggered up to the dining room for an early, too early, breakfast. After most of us had eaten and Patty stuffed herself, we piled in the station wagons and were headed for Cozy Harbor. This was the beginning of the first cruise? Dumm de dum dum.

When we got to the Blackbird, Captain Kelly wasn't there. We loaded the boat and he soon arrived.

The wind was strong and the ocean rough. A few of us didn't feel well. Mary didn't know there was a difference in which side of the boat to feel sick on. So she felt sick on the wrong side. Dum de dum dum. After that little episode, everyone spent their time on the leeward side of the boat, just in case.

At about 7:00 we arrived at Matinicus Island and started to cook our supper. The supper crew was very efficient except for one person. Not to mention any names but Elizabeth Parrish Eames didn't peel the onions. After the peelings were unraveled, we sat down to one of Barbie's better suppers.

While the kitchen crew was cleaning up, the others of the gang escaped into the dingy for a short trip around the harbor. After zigzagging across the harbor, we were almost run down by a large fishing boat. This didn't phase us in the least and we zigzagged back to the Blackbird and went to sleep.

The next morning we got up early, too early, and fixed another one of our fabulous meals. Again, after most of us had eaten and Patty had stuffed herself, we proceeded to clean up. Just before we left Matinicus, Barbie decided that she just had to go swimming. And boy, we've never seen her swim so fast ever since we came to camp. After thawing out in the dingy for a while, she went back in for another short dip.

After that we set sail. There wasn't too much wind but we sailed slowly for North Haven. The whole day consisted of playing cards and cards and cards and cards.

We arrived in North Haven for supper. M.J. did one of her better googleboobies and tossed all the paper plates

and cups overboard. For the next hour, she rowed around the harbor picking them up. After another good meal, we all went ashore, called Johnny and had something to eat. Then we started back for the Blackbird. First of all Judi and M.J. rowed Captain Kelly out in the boat and zigzagged back for another load. When M.J. finally made it back to the Blackbird with the first load of kids, she decided to try again. This was a mistake. With only two docks to head for, she aimed for the wrong one. This confused her thoroughly and she spent the night arguing with Barbie about which dock she had left them at.

Since the next morning was foggy and we had a bad carburetor and the Coast Guard inspected, we didn't get out of the harbor until 10:30 or 11:00. The rest of the morning we spent looking for bouys and other boats through the fog while Barbie confused us about what time we'd get to Camden. When we finally did arrive, about three hours earlier than Barbie had said we would, we were so happy that we cleaned up the boat in record time and went off to Camden to spend our money. After about two hours we decided to eat before all of us spent the money we had put aside for dinner.

After stuffing ourselves on lobster, we walked back to the boat, loaded ourselves in the car and started back to camp, a tired, stuffed but happy bunch.

Verdict:

Guilty of having a wonderful time on the first cruise.

M.J.Mott
Judi Breck

THE LONG LAKE TRIP

On Monday morning, July 27th, the whole crew consisting of Kathy Wargo, Penny Dalton, Janie O., Cathy Fuller, Lucy Jennings, Janie M., Liz Bowman and Jo and Betsy as counselors, set out upon a very wonderful mission. One of the first things we all noticed was a small fleet of red canoes, and when we arrived at the Belgrade Stream, they were still with us. So some daring person asked them where they were from and what their destination was. Arcadia's reply was much to our dismay, for both our campsites were Elizabeth Arden's Point. We then paddled forward and then portaged four of the most heavy canoes there are. After the portage, we paddled into an entirely different lake called Long Lake. The time was 12:30, so we started looking for a place to have lunch. We finally found a place but it was nothing to rave about for there were so many flies around. We had our lunch and paddled down to E.A.'s Point at the opposite end of the lake. We all arrived safely although we all had very red backs and legs. Then we set up camp right next at Arcadia and had a most delicious dinner. After dinner two women from the beauty resort came to check if we had cut any live trees down.

They weren't too observant for we had cut a couple to bake our bread sticks on, but they didn't find anything amiss. After awhile we all decided we needed some sleep, so that was our next play.

Next morning the whole group woke up at the early hour of 5:30 and by 10:30 we were paddling again. We decided to explore around the lake. After a couple of hours lunch was due so we found this cute little island on which we had our lunch. After lunch we had a short rest hour on the lake, which was quite a calamity. After rest hour we paddled homeward and arrived at camp about 4:00. I'm sure we all had a mafar blast.

Liz Bowman

FIRST FOURTH SHACK GROUP TO HOYT'S

One morning Jo announced to a group of Fourth Shackers that we were going across the lake to Hoyt's for an overnight. The lucky and much-envied group was Sandy, Linda, Sue, Derry, Anne and Sally. The quiet(?) Junior end was suddenly filled with shouts and screams of joy. Sleeping bags and panchos were borrowed, rooms were quickly finished and everyone made ready so we could get off as soon as possible.

Well, to make a long story short, we finally got there after much strain and struggle and began to unpack and gather wood. And this is about what was heard.

Sandy: Now can we go for a dip Josie? Please?

Jo: Not quite. We still need more wood.

Sandy goes for more wood.

Sandy: Now, Josie?

Jo: O.K.

Sandy: People, we can go for...

Everybody: Yipp-e-e-e, a dip!

Everyone gets into bathing suits and piles in.

Sally: Last one in is a rotten egg, not included.

Later.

Sally: Last one out is a rotten egg, not included.

Jo: Oh, No! I just thought of something.

Janet seems to read Jo's mind.

Janet: Really! Oh, No!

Jo: You know, I feel like going back and getting it.

Janet: We could have bacon.

Everyone: What's wrong?

Jo: We have cereal for breakfast.

Janet: Yes, there's plenty of that.

Jo: I still think we should go back.

Janet: All right. I'll go back with Sandy.

Soon Janet and Sandy leave. We hack around awhile and then help get supper ready. We soon hear a motor boat and Sandy, Janet, Phil and Ricky ride up in the motor boat, dragging the torp along behind. The meat was rescued! We start making hamburgers and soon dinner was ready. And despite the fact that it was somewhat late, it was delicious! After the dishes were done, we took a short dip and went to our sleeping bags. Janet and Jo came over to play charades for awhile. Then we went to sleep.

In the morning we took a short dip which was followed by a delicious breakfast of pancakes and bacon. We soon packed up and were off across the lake.

Sally Hutchings

THIRD SHACK OVERNIGHT AT FAIRY RING

On a very hot day we put our things in the canoes and started off to Fairy Ring. When we got there we beached our canoes and got our stuff there by means of a chain. We set up our mosquito nets and, with much grumbling, went looking for some wood, after which we went swimming. For dinner we had hamburgers, peas, potatoes and cake. After dinner we went for a dip over at Echo Cove. We had a snack and went to bed. The counselors sang taps to us.

We woke up before reveille blew at camp but soon fell behind (because we had to cook.) After breakfast we washed dishes and one of us (I'm not saying who) fell in. Then Angie and all the supplies were put in one canoe with the shortest paddle in camp and sent home, while the rest of us walked. On the whole, it was a good trip and only three people fell in the water.

Jessie Lottman

THE SECOND CRUISE

On Thursday the 30th, Penny, Cathy, Janie O., Betsy, Susie, Betty and Polly all awoke at the early hour of 5:30 expecting to find sunlight, but we were enclosed in thick fog. We found our way to the dining room for a hearty breakfast. Then we were off to Camden.

For the next two days we roamed Camden and played Jotto while waiting for the fog to lift. On Friday the fog had not lifted much, but we ventured out of the harbor, only to thicker fog. But we did not give up hope for Betty called camp and found that we could stay an extra day. That afternoon we played Hares and Hounds ending up a Yorkies for a Sunday.

Saturday we motored in the early morning from Camden to Rockland. This was a difficult journey for there was still a thick fog and many fog horns which seemed to come from nowhere.

In Rockland there was a Lobster Festival at which we all got large amounts of cotton candy. We left there in quite a hurry for there were many people and much noise. From there we motored to Port Clyde. This was a rolling

journey and neither Janie O. nor Penny felt well. Betsy Shaw made the only bad (googoobooby) mistake for she dropped her glasses overboard. Although she went blind for three or four days, she has a new pair now. There was nothing more than a single store in Port Clyde which turned out to be quite dull, so after our first state of moving, we had a quiet supper and went to bed. On Sunday we actually set our sails from Port Clyde to Cozy Harbor. This was a very restful ride and afterwards we all had a large lobster dinner and drove home.

Susie Shaw
Betsy Shaw

FOURTH SHACK TRIP TO THE OLD CAMPSITE

It was a bright Thursday afternoon when the second half of Fourth Shack started on their overnight to the old campsite across the lake. It was too rough to paddle so we all piled into the station wagon and Johnny drove. It took about twenty minutes to get there. The trippers were Betsy Speicher, Betsy Fuller, Susi Jacobi, Noni Crowell, Em Baldwin, Sue Schwartz, Betsy Sagebeer, Carla Sandburg and Joy Leader.

After we got there, we unpacked our sleeping bags and then went swimming. When we got out of swimming, we started supper. For supper we had creamed tuna fish and peas and boiled potatoes. We had lemonade. Then we did the dishes. When the dishes were done, we took a walk to a gigantic rock which we climbed. We came back and made banana boats with bananas, chocolate and marshmallows. We got ready for bed. Then it just barely started to rain.

The next morning we woke up and three people took a dip. One-two-three and it was over. Then we started breakfast which consisted of juice, eggs, bacon, toast and cocoa. Did dishes again.

Next we took a hike to the original campsite which was quite a distance from the water. Then we walked back. We still had a lot of time until Johnny would come, so we went and spied on Camp Belgrade. Then we came back from our walk and pretty soon Johnny came and took us back to Runoia.

Emelyn Baldwin
Sue Schwartz

THE FIRST HORSEBACK OVERNIGHT

Wednesday, the fifth of August, right after rest hour, Judi Breck, Susan Shaw, Betsy Shaw and I, Sunny Stein, went up to the stables to saddle our horses for the first horseback overnight. It took us about two hours to get to our camping spot on Long Lake. We got there with only two disasters - Chief stumbled and cut his knee open, and when we stopped to look at it, Choc stopped but wouldn't start again. After a few tries for Judi Breck, Rocky came up on Chief and took Choc's halter. It worked. When we got there the truck was already there with Martha Oliver and Janet Scholes.

We took care of the horses and prepared dinner and everything. After we ate, we went to sleep.

The next morning Betsy and I went to water the horses. After breakfast we went up to groom them. Buddy was loose! We found him by Mischief and since he was such a gentle horse, we led him back easily. On our way back only Susan Shaw fell off - accidentally.

Sunny Stein

FIFTH SHACK PINE ISLAND TRIP

"Let me borrow your bathing suit." "I've got to comb my hair again." "Yes, your eyes look beautiful." "Come on, we'll be late." Their big motor boat came to pick us up at 4:00 to take us back to Pine Island where the boys gave us a big welcome.

The first activity was swimming for about an hour. After we got dressed, we paired off for sailing. We then toured the island. In their main hall, which was really pretty, they had a great big moose head which was very sacred. After we toured the island, we had our supper which consisted of hot dogs, salad and peaches.

Their next planned activity was a sailing race. I was assigned the Menace with Judi. This boat was supposed to come in first but... besides not coming in first, we were disqualified. (We would have come in third.)

The campfire was lots of fun. To begin with, a person who had done a courageous deed during the day got to light the campfire. This day Betsy got to light it. We then sang songs we both knew, played one game, and Stu told a story. To close the evening we sang Abide With Me and The Lord's Prayer. Then we thanked them for such a wonderful time and got into the motor boat which took us to the mainland. There we got cars to come home.

Jan Leader

THE SACO RIVER TRIP

We got up at 5:45, took a dip and went up to the dining room for breakfast. By 7:00 we were on our way to Mt. Pleasant.

We arrived at Mt. Pleasant at 9:00. It was a dreary day but good for climbing. So when we got to the top, a big cloud decided to cross our path. That's our luck! We weren't able to see anywhere. When it cleared a little, we decided to go up in the fire tower, but finding it closed, gave up the idea.

While coming down the mountain, we stopped to pick a paper bag full of huge blueberries. When we arrived at the foot of the mountain, Phil picked us up and we were on our way.

We started our paddle with the canoes from Wyonegonic at Bridgeton, paddling downstream for $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles when we arrived at our destination for the day. We fixed up camp, and after supper we were ready to hit the sack right away.

The second day was very pretty and we started off with a hearty breakfast. In the morning, after the dishes were done, we set off past Walker's Falls for Lovewell Pond. This was rather easy paddling because it was downstream and there was a strong current. But... there were logs and sandbars to slow us up. We finally reached a stream

which led into Lovewell Pond.

We decided to take a swim but found the current so strong if we tried to swim against it, we would not go anyplace.

It was really pretty upstream the way the Silver Maples were mottled on the stream. When we reached the pond, we paddled to the other side and had lunch. We got along fine except we had no spoon for the dessert nor cups for the lemonade.

While paddling back across the pond, we heard the loud speaker from one camp saying, "Group 3, get ready for rehearsal." Going upstream wasn't as bad as we thought and to top it off we saw a cow. It started to rain just as we got to the campsite where we spent the night. It cleared up in time for us to fry our chicken for supper. After supper we went in for a swim. Then we had a feast of somemores and mock angels. Then we went to sleep. Oh, I'm sorry. Some didn't get to sleep. And why not? Because a racoon decided he wanted to play "catch me." Betty and Jo decided to play, but after awhile the racoon got bored because no one else joined in the game and went to find someone else to play with.

Six o'clock the next morning the cooks got up to make breakfast. At eight the rest of the crew got up and had breakfast. By ten o'clock the canoes were packed and we

were on our way downstream which wasn't hard paddling.

After lunch we saw some teepee stakes and Liz was sure that there were Indians around. Then we saw some people who said there were some Indians near called the Sacosas. Betty, Cathy and I went ahead around a curve, beached our canoes, and went up on a hill, and when Liz rounded the bend, we started to throw sticks at her. Liz couldn't beach her canoe because the Indians might capture her so the only thing left to do was to hide under the thwarts (which she did.)

Later we heard cars and thought that the Hiram Bridge was right around the next bend, but we kept going on and on. After a while when we saw water lilies and came to a dead end, we guessed we had taken the wrong turn. So back we went and about thirty minutes later, shouts of joy were heard from all five canoes as we pulled up to the bridge at Hiram. There we met Phil who took us to Wyonegonic camp and then on to Howard Johnson's for supper. When we finished gorging ourselves, we went back to camp. later Senior taps was heard and the memories of the Saco River Trip were in the past.

Jan Leader

CARIBOU'S VISIT

On August 8th, Caribou came over for an afternoon and evening visit. It started with a softball game and after that we had water sports, "Keep Away" and "water Kickball." Then Barbie assigned us buddies to go out to the Big Float. Each girl took a boy, and we kept the same partners throughout our supper at Fairy Ring. Then we had challenge games in the Lodge, two social dances and square dancing. After our goodnight circle, they went home.

Nancy Ball

CARIBOU ROUND-UP



Vol. 13, No. 7

CAMP CARIBOU

August 12, 1959

SOCIAL WITH RUNOIA

by John Hanna

On Saturday, August 8th, Cabins 7, 8, and 9 left camp with counselors Bill Wargo and Paul Bolduc at about 2:30 in the afternoon, and headed for camp Runoia, over on the Belgrade Lakes. When we arrived, the girls led us over to their softball field. The girls were divided into two groups and the boys likewise. Then one group of boys, and one of girls combined to form one team. The captains of the boy's groups were Topper Winder and John Hanna. We played 6 innings with John Hanna's team coming out on top 11 - 9. Then we went down to their waterfront and had a game of Keep-Away in waist-deep water, followed by a game of water kickball. Then there was a 15-minute free swim.

After that the boys and girls paired off for a picnic supper. We had hamburgers, tomatoes, potatoe salad, and iced tea. For dessert we had fresh fruit.

We were then told to go to the lodge for entertainment and games. The first game was played by couples. The girl sat on a broom and the boy pulled her across the floor. The winners of this were Chuck Rushton and his partner. Dave Glick and his partner monopolized the next game, in which the girl had to walk across the floor on two pieces of cardboard that the boy put in front of her. The third game consisted in fanning a small feather across the floor with a paper plate. Again Chuck Rushton came out the winner. In the next event an individual had to walk across the floor on two (empty) beer cans. Art Egendorf Jr., won this one. The final event was that a person put a paper bag on his head and try to nock the bag off his opponent's head. Chuck Rushton won this one too.

Following this event we had several free dances, after which a square dance was announced. Then there were more free dances and also refreshments. At 9 o'clock we thanked our hostesses, said sad farewells, and headed back to Caribou.

THE CARIBOU ROUNDUP

Published by and for the campers of Caribou every Wednesday of the camp season.

Editors --- Lewis Morton
 Craig Oettinger
Associate Editor --- Mike Psaty
Sports --- Allen Thurm
Waterfront --- Bill Storn
Assistants --- Don Leo
 Paul Cohen

Staff Advisor --- Bill Berlinghoff

*

*

*

*

*

*

MEET THE STAFF

PETE MANSKY

Pete, one of Cabin 7's able counselors and a member of the waterfront staff, is a native of Utica, N.Y. He is a Red Cross Life Saving Senior and has had extensive camping experience in the Boy Scouts of America, in which he is an Eagle Scout and also a nature counselor. He has also worked as a playground supervisor. In school, Pete is an honor student and participates in both football and track. His varied interests include ham radio, astronomy, bacteriology, and photography.

DAVE LAHAIT

Dave is one of Joe alex's assistants on the athletics staff and one of the counselors of Cabin 2. His home is in Salisbury, Mass., and he attended nearby Amesbury High School, where he was captain of the football, basketball, and track teams in his senior year. He is now attending Maine Central Institute. Dave is a sports enthusiast and intends to major in Physical Education in college.

DAVE FORMAN

Dave was born in Atlantic City, N.J., where he still lives. He is another of Caribou's waterfront staff and one of the counselors of Cabin 7. He is on his school swimming team and also on the tennis team. Besides swimming and tennis, Dave's hobbies are stamps, cheese, salami, and photography, and he is head of the photography club here at camp.

MIKE BENDER

Mike is a Counselor-in-Training in Cabin 4 and the assistant tennis instructor. He lives in Vineland, N. J., and is going into his senior year at Vineland High School. He is top man on the varsity tennis team there and is also on the basketball team. Mike hopes to go to Harvard, but his plans for the future and a career are undecided.

COMPETITION WITH NEY-A-TI

This year's first competition with Ney-A-Ti was held last Friday, August 7 at Ney-A-Ti. The three teams which competed were the Varsity baseball and riflery teams, and the 12-year-old archery team.

Baseball

by Ed Fagan

On the Caribou team were Ed Landau, Bob Herron, John Hanna, Dave Glick, Topper Winder, Art Egendorf Jr., Roger Gutner, Stu Werbin, and Ed Fagan. For the first three innings the game was fairly even, but in our half of the 4th inning, Caribou erupted for a six run rally. Caribou continued to score in the remaining time, so when the game ended Caribou was victorious with a score of 12 - 6.

Archery

by Bob Mann

Starting for Caribou were Bob Mann and Herman Fried. Also shooting were Al Thurm and Mark Eiges. Bob Mann was high scorer for the day. It was a hard-fought match, but we lost by 60 points.

Riflery

by Paul Cohen

Shooting for Caribou in the prone position were John Hanna, Roger Gutner, Don Lee, and Paul Cohen. Tied for high score on the Caribou team were Don Lee and Paul Cohen, both of whom had 176 out of a possible 200 points. The final score was 420 to 779, in Caribou's favor.

BASEBALL WITH EASTWOOD

by Al Thurm

On Tuesday, August 4th, Caribou opened its 12-year-old season with a smashing 15 - 2 score against Eastwood. The starting players for Caribou were Bob Mann, Don Lee, Mike Fried, Rod Blanc, Bob Raskind, Larry Beifield, Si Fried, Jamie Eisman, and Al Thurm. The substitutes were Neal Gosman, Bud Laskey, Fred Isaac, Howard Gosman, and Bill Wargo. Only two innings were played because of shortness of time. Caribou scored 8 of their runs in the first inning, and 7 in the second. Both of Eastwood's runs came in the second inning.

CHAPEL

On Sunday Caribou's outdoor chapel area once again held the entire camp for the morning services. After the opening hymn, "God of our Fathers", was sung, Joe Alex gave a talk on consideration in what we say to and about others, and supplemented this by reading Psalm 51 about the "deceitful tongue". This was followed by the closing hymn, "Faith of our Fathers".

TREASURE HUNT

by Roger Gutner

On Wednesday, August 5th, Caribou had its first treasure hunt of the season. The camp was divided into two teams, the Maroons and the Grays, which competed against each other. There were fourteen clues, each having a saying which would send the team to some place in camp. From there the next clue would tell them to go to another location. Alan Bachrach, the clue composer and hider, was very tricky, and deceived the Maroons into going to a place other than where they should have gone. An example of the clues would be, "Where horses once were the rage, And spiders now have the stage", which referred to the old barn at the rifle range. In the end, the Maroons came out on top, finding 9 clues, and the Grays found 6. There were prizes for the winners and the losers. Everybody agreed that the evening was well spent.

HAM RADIO PROGRESS

As one of Caribou's newest activities, Ham Radio has become one of the most popular activities in camp. Several people here are making considerable progress, and a few have passed their license tests. There are two licenses that campers are able to get here, The Novice and the Technician Class, and it is hoped that some will pass the Technician Class license test, which is the harder of the two.

*

*

*

*

*

VISITORS

Camp Caribou was happy to welcome the following visitors during the past week:

Dr. and Mrs. Fried
Dr. and Mrs. Einhorn
Mr. and Mrs. Barken
Mr. and Mrs. Psaty
Mr. and Mrs. Forrest
Mr. Fegan

BIRTHDAYS

Congratulations and best wishes to Don Lee, whose birthday was on August 7th, and to counselor Kim Cummings, whose birthday was on August 6th.

THE SECOND SACO RIVER TRIP
by Bob Herron

On Tuesday, August 4th, Mike Krawitz, Lee Ruff, Dave Blick, Bill Stern, Ted Levin, Mark Eiges, and Bob Herron, and counselors Paul Bolduc, John Buckley, and Phil Einhorn left at about 10:30 in the morning on the second Saco River trip. We put the canoes in around Fryeburg Center about mid-afternoon and paddled six miles. We camped for the night just before a stretch of rapids.

The next morning we checked the rapids to see if we could shoot them, but unfortunately the water was too low, so we portaged around them and got under way again. The second day we paddled twenty-five miles. In the evening we had a campfire and sang songs. To end it, Paul told us a "Three-Fingered Willie" story.

The following morning we packed the canoes and set out. At noon we reached Hiram, where we loaded the station wagons, put the canoes on the trailer, and started the return trip to Caribou.

BASEBALL WITH BELGRADE
by Al Thurm

On Saturday, August 8th, Caribou's 12-year-old team played its second game of the season, and it ended in a 5 to 3 victory over Camp Belgrade. Playing for Caribou were Bob Mann, Don Lee, Mike Fried, Bob Raskind, Ted Levin, Rod Blanc, Stu Werbin, Si Fried, and Al Thurm. The substitutes were Larry Beifield and Fred Isaac. After an uneventful first four innings, Ted Levin relieved Bob Mann, who had been pitching up to this time. Everyone enjoyed the game, and we hope to play Belgrade again soon.

ON THE WATERFRONT
by Bill Stern

Bill Wargo, our waterfront director and one of the finest fishermen here at Caribou, this week caught two large smallmouth bass. Bill, in the 6 years that he has been here, has caught innumerable amounts of fish. Bill seems to be gifted with the talent for catching fish on Pattee Pond. He and John Buckley, another expert fisherman, are always ready and willing to give advice on fishing and fly-tying.

Also hearty congratulations to Peter Steefel and Mike Gross who swam the lake last week. Peter, who is 8 years old, is the youngest camper at Caribou to swim the lake. We are very glad to see much improvement in swimming throughout the camp, especially among the younger campers.

TALENT SHOW

The evening activity for last Sunday was a talent show -- the last one of this Caribou season. The leadoff act was a short magic show put on by Bob Mann and John Steefel. This was followed by a quiz show about baseball, which was run by Don Lee, Si Fried, and Mark Eiges. Then the famous P - J's (Allen Thurm and Bob Raskind) displayed their talents as rock-and-rollers. Randy Rosenberg, Dave Hoffman, and Howie Gosman followed with a Western version of "Crime Doesn't Pay", culminating in a fatal gun duel between two card-sharps. Then Mike Krawitz and Lee Ruff sang two original songs about certain well-loved counselors. They were followed by Ed Fagan, who assembled a group on stage for an impromptu community sing, after which he sang "Sixteen Tons" as a solo. The famous Fried Brothers made what might well be their final appearance of the season, singing "Hound Dog", "I Want To Be Free", and "All Shook Up". The final act of the evening was a skit by members of Cabin 6 (Bud Laskoy, Bill Fish, Neal Gosman, Rod Blanc, Stu Werbin, and Paul Krauskopf) about their favorite movie star, Gene Autry, and how he manages to elude all dangers and outwit all enemies. Thus closed the talent show.

CAMP CARIBOU
WATERVILLE, MAINE



FIRST CLASS MAIL

Miss Cathy Wargo
Camp Runola
Balsgrade, Maine

LOST

Chocolate
Kathy
West Carry
glasses
George W. Budd
bluejays
stepping stones
counselor's privacy
flag pole
lukewarm water
metal trip cups

FOUND

Pal
Ricky
Saco River Trip
contacts
Donnie
cardinals
bridge
fleet of boats
taller one
hot
plastic ones that melt

Patty Christensen
Liz Bowman

WAVE SONGS

Waves and sand by firelight
Chant songs the heart has known.
But when the embers fade,
The sand and waves by starlight
Sing softly in the stillness
Of all the heart must learn.

Rocky Stein

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Elizabeth N. Cobb | Enjoys the New Camp |
| Philip J. Cobb | Prepares Jobs Carefully |
| Gail Dixon | Gingerly Drives |
| Marian R. Johnson | Manufactures Regulations Judiciously |
| Barbara B. Leader | Beats Bats Lustily |
| Joyce Ellen Leader | Junior End Lieutenant |
| Gwendolyn M. Littlefield | Gifted in Making Layercakes |
| Flora M. Lynn | Fulfills Menus Lavishly |
| Martha Louise Oliver | Marshals Lazy Ones |
| Polly C. Parkhill | Pursues Campers Periodically |
| Beatrice E. Pray | Bangs Every Pan |
| Diana L. Pray | Daily Labors Pleasantly |
| Sandra Lee Rinehart | Saves Letters Religiously |
| Elizabeth R. Sagebeer | Elicits Real Singing |
| Carla May Sandberg | Canoes May be Sailed |
| Janet Fielding Scholes | Justly Favors Smiles |
| Doris A. Shellberg | Draws Astounding Scenes |
| Carol B. Stein | Cares Best for Shadow |
| Angie Bowles Strople | Acts Boldly Sometimes |
| Lucy H. Weiser | Loves Her Work |

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Elsa W. Master

Eagerly Waits for Mail

Cinda J. Murdoch

Carefully Joins in Mischief

Mary Ann Zeman

Mostly Acts Zestfully

Jessica G. Lottman

Just Goes Loafing

Linda Lee Gates

Likes Laughter and Giggles

Diana Kathleen Sandberg

Dives Karefully for Swimming

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Emelyn Baldwin | Extremely Bashful |
| Linda Rose Benny | Loathes Riding Budd |
| Anne Rich Brayton | Always Rides Bravely |
| Honora Gapen Crowell | Helpful, Gay Camper |
| Elizabeth Avison Fuller | Enjoys Acting Funny |
| Martha R. D. Goldsmith | Makes Runoia Delightfully Gay |
| Sandra Beverly Griffith | Social Benevolent Girl |
| Sally Spalding Hutchings | Sings Songs Heartily |
| Susan Faith Jacobi | Sits Flipping Jacks |
| Susan B. Rosenblum | Shy Blithe Runcian |
| Susan Roberts Schwartz | Sits Riding Stately |
| Susan Slaymaker | Swell Swimmer |
| Mary Elizabeth Speicher | Merrily Eats Spaghetti |
| Elizabeth Derryll Watkins | Eligible Desirable Writer |

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Nancy Helen Ball | No Hidden Bulges |
| Mary Genevive Benny | Mosquitoes Go on Bizzing |
| Penelope Wright Dalton | Plays at Work Daily |
| Elizabeth Parish Eames | Enjoys People Everywhere |
| Nancy Haines Fifield | Never Hates Fun |
| Catherine Forbes Fuller | Calls For Food |
| Joanne Barr Hutchings | Joy at Breakfast Hour |
| Ruth Elizabeth Jacobi | Resists Every Job |
| Lucy Ellen Jennings | Loves Each Journey |
| Mary Lynn Mahan | Moody Little Martian |
| Jane Elizabeth Master | Jeers Everything Messy |
| Jane Orbeton | Junior Once |
| Susan Orbeton | Sassy Optimist |
| Janet Williams Shaw | Just Works Slowly |
| Sonya Lynn Stein | She Loves Stables |
| Elizabeth Stevenson Vogel | Everyone She Votes for |

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------------|
| Judi W. Breck | Just Won't Behave |
| Patty L. Christensen | Priviledged Little Character |
| Elizabeth J. Bowman | Easily Joked, By-gosh |
| Emmy L. Hooker | Enjoys Living Here |
| Jan K. Leader | Just Kills Lads |
| Mary Jane Mott | Merrily Joins in Mischief |
| Elizabeth R. Shaw | Enjoys Riding and Sailing |
| Susan B. Shaw | Silent But Slick |
| Margaret L. Vogel | Makes Life Vital |
| Cathy E. Wargo | * Can Easily Win |
| Romney L. Willson | Rapidly Losing Weight(?) |

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|------------------|----------------|--------------------------|----------------------|----------------------------------|---|--|
| Elizabeth Cobb | Betty | in P-town | like a Saco Indian | Cabbage, peanut butter & raisins | complainers | Go to Daddy, Ricky. |
| Philip Cobb | Philsie | at the "Fairy" Ring | after the graveyard | to be helpful | diapers | What can I do for you? |
| Gail Dixon | Gail | with the Cobbs sometimes | neat | to keep her figure | her sore back | Here she comes. |
| Marian Johnson | Johnny | with her camera | for peanut butter | her new car- I'ts a Rambler | Birthday Cakes | The Russians landed on Hoyt's Island! |
| Barbara Leader | Barbie | for games in the Lodge | through windows | her new bugle | losing her voice | Betsy- the moon will be full... |
| Joyce Leader | Olive Oil | with her extra pounds | for "Birdie" | Fourth Shack | getting spray on her arm | Where's the key? (Church) |
| Mrs. Littlefield | | at the mixer | like Barney Olefield | making cookies | people who walk between the stove & the table | I thought I made enough desserts. |
| Mrs. Lynn | Flossie | for peace and quiet | after her girls | jokes | playing "63" | Must you have your hair up in curlers? |
| Martha Oliver | Nursie | among her letters | well in dresses | driving over rocks | doing laundry | Just use soap and water. |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|------------------------|-----------------|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|---|
| 'Polly Parkhill | Pineapple | for the games with Third Shack | for the hares | Kingston Trio | being in the fog | I'm in a twit. |
| Beatrice Pray | Beechie | with the bats | for Smiley's milk truck | the ice box | being yelled at | (Does she ever stop talking?) |
| Diana Pray | Diana | listening to the radio | for time to dip | to beat Mrs. Lynn at "63" | cutting carrot sticks | You Jelly Belly. |
| Sandra Lee Rinehart | the Cardinal | with a plunger & mop | like a beaver tooth | Apple Crisp | the beer can race | It's a gooder. |
| Elizabeth Sagebeer | Betsy | with Angie | like a witch with her hair down | Pine Island | losing her contacts | Awoonie woonie Kow wow woonie. |
| Carla Sandberg | Sandbags | for "the" telephone call | for her bed- separately | the "Millers" | blind dates | Let's have it quiet. |
| Janet Scholes | "Birdie" | with her diet pills | for the fireplace | being pinned | peanut butter | Don't use psychology on me. |
| Doris Shellberg | Shelly | among octopuses | for weavers | work | hot coffee | It doesn't make any difference. |
| Carol Stein | Rocky | with Shadow | for blue ribbons | dips | Chocolate Lady(?) | But you told me I could have anybody. |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|---------------------|----------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------|-------------------------|---|
| Angie Stropole | Angela | with bubbles in her contacts | like a camper | to help Shelley | being snuffed out | I'll be down to take pictures. |
| Miss Lucy Weiser | Miss Weiser | up the hill | for a good Runoia summer | music | sewerage trouble | What would you like for dinner? |

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> |
|------------------|----------------|-------------------------|-----------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|---|
| Susan Canning | Susie Canning | on the raft | for Poison Ivy | Cathy Wargo's sailor hat | Poison Ivy | Do you know what Poison Ivy looks like? |
| Linda Gates | Linda | for Lake Winnepesauke | for bees | to be neat | bee stings | Hurry up. |
| Jessica Lottmann | Jessy | underwater | for the city | chess | ants, spiders- bugs in general | Rats. |
| Elsa Master | Elsa | with Cindy | for Janie M. | the senior end | new ideas | Jeepers. |
| Cynthia Murdoch | Cindy | second room on the left | for Elsa | playing jacks | doing silver | Come on, Elsa. |
| Diana Sandberg | Diana | for crafts | like a doll | her loafers | bathing cad marks | What are we going to do now? |
| Mary Ann Zeman | Mary Ann | slowly | for her brother | books | peas | Oh, gads. |

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> |
|------------------|----------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|-------------------------|--|
| 'Emelyn Baldwin | Em | like a bookworm | for books | crafts | nothing | Oh, gosh. |
| Anne Brayton | Anne | in the first room to the left | for her baby pillow | to sleep | to be awakened | Where's my baby pillow? |
| Linda Benny | Binda Lenny | with Josey | for her rock collection | to cheat (Ha, Ha) | to keep a straight face | Joseey! |
| Honora Crowell | Noodle | for these Jr. Blues | like a broom | Jack Griffith | to be called Nauni | Iapuchacalmana. |
| Elizabeth Fuller | Fuller | wildly | for a buddy | to play cards | to be old-fashioned | Hey, Spike. |
| Martha Goldsmith | Huffler | on the diving board | for Noni | everything | to be mean | Eeech. |
| Sandra Griffith | Sandra B. | with Noodle | for Jack | desserts | to be wrong | Point your toe, Mary Ann!!! |
| Sally Hutchings | Sally | with Joannie | like a carrot | store | not getting any mail | O, dalin! |
| Susan Jacobi | Susi | for morning dips | sentimental | boys | bossy seniors | I do not walk like Ruth Jacobi, and you know it! |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|--------------------|----------------|-------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------------------|--|
| Susan Rosenblum | Sue | with Poor Pitiful Pearl | nice | to talk in rest hour | being called Susan | Oh, Epimanandes, Oh, Epimanandes, You ain't got the sense you was born with. |
| Susan Schwartz | Sue Swarts | in the stables | for Lucy | horses | archery | If you don't like it, you can lump it. |
| Susan Slaymaker | Slimey | like a fish | for Derry. | to learn new things | leaving camp | Oh, Derry. |
| Betsy Speicher | Spike | with her nose clips | happy | riding | to be called Mary Elizabeth | Hug those balls. |
| Derry Watkins | Derry | Stamford | like a growing girl | Em | to be quiet | Oh, marvelous! |

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 | in a house | fetching | Junior proms | blushing | You look fetching, Dearie. |
| Mary Benny | Mary | in Sixth Shack | like she was a good Hearts player | cruises | bizzing mosquitoes | This place is a human bughouse! |
| Penelope Dalton | Penelop | with Baldy | funny | coming out parties | getting up in the morning | Ha-ha |
| Elizabeth Eames | warped record | for her horse (to be) | exotic | singing | people who don't write | <u>Will</u> you quit playin' around. |
| Nancy Fifield | Fife | near Joannie | strange | everything except... | peas | I'se a'comin'. |
| Catherine Fuller | Cathy | with Sunny | like her sister | getting up | going to bed | Want to play tennis? |
| Joannie Hutchings | Hutchie | 3rd room on the left | like she came from the roaring twenties | Gerry L. | baseball | No, you can't! |
| Ruth Jacobi | Witchy | with her pony tail | like a gypsy | Bruce | thinning shears | Hey, can I borrow your bathing suit? |
| Lucy Jennings | Lucy | for her dog | for new ways to rearrange the stables | horses | being beaten at Russian Bank | Well, you see I was riding Chocolate and... |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|------------------|----------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------------|---|
| Mary Lynn Mahan | Chi Chi | for a letter from her brother | like a monkey | baseball | singing at birthdays | I want you to go where the wild goose goes! |
| Jane Master | Janie M. | with Janie O. | normal | cousins | messy rooms | Have you seen Lizzie? |
| Jane Orbeton | Janie O. | with Janie M. | full of pep | M.G. (Whoever that is) | fog | I paaked my ca in Haavard yaad. |
| Susan Orbeton | Susie O. | for the C.T. | dramatic | people | having her hair cut | You clunk! |
| Janet Shaw | Shaw | with Lizzie | like Betsy | John Day | Lizzie's singing | Shut up, Lizzie! |
| Sonya Stein | Sunnybeam | with a cane | brilliant | Maple Sugar | nothing that we know of | I don't know if you have riding this morning. |
| Elizabeth Vogel | Beth | On Carla's bed | for a different way to wear her hair | counselors | not being able to go on Tumbledown | I wish my dog would call me up. |
| Sixth Shack | The Shack | barely | old | noise | work | Welcome to Sixth Shacks gambling casino! |

FIFTH SHACK STATISTICS

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|----------------------|--------------------|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|----------------------------|--|--|
| Elizabeth Bowman | Lizard | for the Blues | like her hair is falling out | Darvid Ratherpoop | being teased | Really? You're kidding me! |
| Judi Breck | Judi Bereckchev | just barely | Russian | horseback overnights | Minerva T.C. | If at first you don't succeed, give up! |
| Patty Christensen | Petite Patty | in bed as long as possible | for jobs to do | coffee | talking in her sleep | Oh, my boudoir. |
| Emily Hooker | Emmy | in several different rooms | happy | anything | Emelite Hukero | Good- morning. |
| Jan Leader | Jan | for boys | for short piers to walk off | trips to Pine Island | Pine Island? | Oh, Phoooh! |
| Mary Jane Mott | M.J. | in Third Shack | like Caesar | everything, of course | being called M.J. Mariwana Vulgar | Come on you Whites, shake a leg! |
| Elizabeth Shaw | Bets | in bed as long as possible | for mistakes to make | fooling around | the word "grub" | But my glasses really did fall in the water! |
| Susan Shaw | Susi | here for one month | like a card sharp | sailing | to play singles | Oh, Grub! |
| Margaret Vogel | Peggy | for challenges | for a good book | canoeing | shorts | But I can't play without my music! |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|--------------------|----------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------|------------------|--|
| Catherine Wargo | Cathy | at Runoia instead of Caribou | smiley | to play the flute | baseball | Oh, I'll eat the meat. |
| Romney Willson | Oscar | with a reptile | good with her eyelashes curled | Kingston Trio | being weighed | I'm fat! |
| Fifth Shack | Shack Five | crazily | good when we're gone | to listen | being heard | Is that Patty C. talking in her sleep again? |





THIRD SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK









Lucy Weiser

Miss Weiser is wiser than the Kaiser.
Her memory is mindful, her manner is kindful.
In June when the loon
Sings his song to the moon
Miss Weiser, for Runoia, her patience it tries her.



Marian Johnson

Johnny jumps for jingles and jokes.
She pumps and she primes and she pokes.
Then she can tell
That you are fell;
She'll get you the next time too, she hopes.



Doris Shellberg

Shelley stalks amongst the shiney stones,
For pretty pebbles for the pins she's shown.
The scenes she's sketching
Are really fetching.
Her warmth of smile, we've always known.

Philip Cobb

Phil is the man of Runoia fair.
Rocks, trucks and ivy he does dare.
A wink and "hello"
While he's on the go-
Such a supper, at cookout, he can prepare!



Elizabeth Cobb

From Bangor to Bridgton Betty does know.
Just give her a paddle and there she'll go.
To breakfast she's late.
Her Lodge games are great.
On beach, dock or ball field,
new friendships she'll sow.



Sandy Ricky Robbie
Cobb



Martha Oliver

Nursie Martha, Runoia's daughter;
Come and bring the soap and water.
Through rocks and rills
Your purple pills
Will save us, or they surely oughter!



Carol Stein

Rocky is friendly, her smile's always fair.
She won't let the horses get in your hair.
Her stables are clean;
Her mounts do gleam.
Rocky and Shadow, unbeatable pair!



Bel-Jean's Dark Shadow, C.D.X.

Janet Scholes

Janet's a worker, that we all know.
She saddles and grooms, the horses all glow.
Janet, Oh, Janet
Paint it and plan it,
But don't you forget the hamburger so!



Polly Parkhill

There once was a counselor in Third Shack
Who surely could tack in a kayak.
To Barnard she's going;
Much more she'll be knowing.
T'is only a Frisco suntan she'll lack.

Sandra Lee Rinehart

Jo makes all things fun on a trip,
Whether sun shines or rain does drip.
For tennis magnif
She sure has a gift.
No canoe that she paddles ever could tip.



Joyce Leader

Jerce plays a neatsy-po tennis game.
She's also a diver of some fame.
Around the fire
She does horror inspire.
Dreams after Hitchcock sure are not tame!

Angie Strople

Angie Strople really is priceless.
Her Russian Bank game still is diceless.
She's small and she's cute,
Intelligence astute,
And never a smile on her face is lifeless!



Elizabeth Sagebeer

Betsy Sagebeer's a versatile gal.
She can ride any horse you corral.
Her fiddling is great;
Her dives really rate,
And to all Fifth Shack she's a pal.

Carla Sandberg

Carla, Carla, calls Sixth Shack.
We all want our baby oil back.
Legs like hers
Should have special ermine furs.
"Let's have it quiet!" she shouts right back.



Barbara Leader

Barbie Leader is Runoia's prize.
In camping life she sure is wise.
With all sports she'll deal
Her friendship we feel,
Perpetual sun shines in her eyes.

Flora Lynn

Mrs. Lynn, Oh, Mrs. Lynn,
Because of you our dieters sin.
Your lush plates do make us
A calorie-counting fracas,
But oh how we eat through the din.



Gwendolyn Littlefield

Mrs. "L" has proved that baking's an art.
Night and day 'round the kitchen
 she quickly does dart.
Her birthday cake
Puts my diet at stake.
We hope with Runoia she never will part!



Beatrice Pray

Beechy Pray is a giggler, they say.
She waits patiently and long for Thursday.
For her bathrobe she dashes
As that paddle it splashes.
Mrs. Lynn, she drives crazy all day.



Diane Pray

Diane came to camp a bit late.
They say she is worried about weight.
A whisper, her talk;
A large stride, her walk.
She wants 7 A.M. to be 8.

Gail Dixon

Gail Dixon looks neat as a tack.
The dishes she neatly can stack.
She lifts with such gusto
Her back she did busto.
We're so glad the twins brought her back.

THIRD SHACK

Susan Canning

From Chicago came Miss Susan Canning,
And on her, Poison Ivy came landing.
She was away for awhile,
But came back in style.
As a Runoia-ite this gal's in good standing.

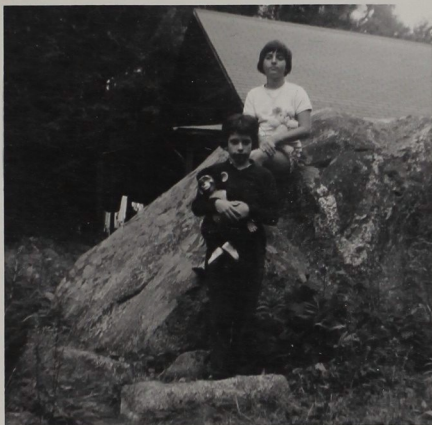


Diana Sandberg

Despite all her aches and her pains
She's agile in all of her games.
And in arts and crafts
Diana really goes daft.
The reason- well, Sandberg's her name.

Jessica Lottman

The Jacobi's brought Jessie, their cousin
To camp, and since then she's been buzzin',
While cleaning up her clothes
Or telling stories to droves,
For Jessie knows them by the dozen.



Mary Ann Zeman

When you hear the hollar, "Who's missing?"
Guess Mary Ann and you'll be listing
The girl who wears the bluejeans
And for her brother does dream;
And slowly is large loafers, she'll
come listening.

Elsa Master

At making faces she's a master,
Imitating Polly, you can't put past her.
If she's not saying potatoes,
Then it could be tomatoes.
Either way, our Elsa's on the roster.



Cynthia Murdoch

To recognize this laugh is a feat,
For her giggles could never be beat.
In jacks she's the top,
But her laughter won't stop,
So rest hour's never a treat.



Linda Gates (left)

With the shack this girl really does rate;
For inspection she never is late.
She's got a new brother
And his picture you'll discover,
But Linda's the one that we'll take.

FOURTH SHACK

Honora Crowell

Who's keeping Junior Blues in line?
Miss Noni Crowell you're sure to find.
She's active in sports,
And swimming's her forte.
This gal isn't lagging behind.



Sandra Griffith

Oh, with dancing you'll find this girl
handy,
And you hear that Humphrey's just dandy.
At diving she tries,
But with the breast stroke she dies.
A great camper you will find Sandy.

Linda Benny

Our champion starter of fires
Linda's never the last to retire.
It's archery she likes,
But she moans when on hikes,
And it's "fabulous" Don she admires.



Susan Rosenblum

To CR came Epamanandus.
With talent she did surround us.
Her hair it does flare
With curls everywhere.
We sure are glad Susie found us.

Elizabeth Fuller

Our Betsy is quite a tree chopper.
At P & M she felled a real whopper.
She can't be beaten
When it comes to eatin'
And when she giggles no one can stop her.



Elizabeth Speicher

The Junior White captain is Speicher,
And all the Fourth Shackers do like her.
She is always right there
With giggles to spare,
And in kickball she's a real fighter.

Emelyn Baldwin

To CR Em Baldwin's a late-comer,
And she rooms with a girl who's a hummer.
Although she is quiet
She'll join in the riot.
We all hope to see her next summer.



Derry Watkins

Derry Watkins returned to CR
And inspection was found to be hard.
Her swimming's improved,
But she's quite slow to move;
Give her time and she will go far.

Anne Brayton

Who sneaks down the hall during rest?
It's Anne Brayton putting Joy to the test.
She came halfway through
And thought it would do,
But we hope she'll stay all summer - it's best.



Susan Jacobi

To not miss a dip, Susi strives.
On talking she surely does thrive.
She loves to take trips,
But boys make her flip.
She's a White Team gal with much drive.

Susan Slaymaker

She was labeled a Grandma Slaymaker,
But she's really quite a poor faker.
In swimming she's best.
She passed her whole test,
But after a month the train did take her.



Martha Goldsmith

Martha came to CR one month.
Barely had time to unpack her trunk.
But her jacks game was great,
And her swimming did rate.
We all wish she'd stayed with her bunk.

Susan Schwartz

A lover of horses is Sue.
On camp trips she never is blue.
She's not a beginner;
She's just turned a "swimmer,"
And to Runoia she'll always be true.



Sally Hutchings

Watch out for the wild red hair.
This gal you never will scare.
If it's not pink shoelaces,
She's making strange faces.
This Sally is Hutchings the Fair.

FIFTH SHACK

Judi Breck

Judi Breck's as cute as can be.
A distinctly positive personality.
By her accent it's plain
From New Hampshire she came.
On the cruise she's the "Sailor-at-Sea."



Jan Leader

Jan is singing "Happy Talk."
That yellow Bull's Eye she can stalk.
From the way she swims
It seems her feet have fins.
Watch her climb when TN's on the beanstalk!



Emily Hooker

Sweet Emmy could swim the width of the cove
With Crawl or Dog Paddle, if she jumped or she dove.
On top of the water
She beat Pickerel's daughter,
And under, a straight path she wove.

Mary Jane Mott

M.J. - we salute the White Captain.
Over Fifth Shack's rafters she's waftin'.
She's not to be beat;
Her team thinks she's neat.
When she's silly, all camp hears her laughin'.



Patty Christensen

There once was a caterpillar at Fifth Shack,
Whose mistress was much taken aback
When he would have none,
A cocoon to become,
Sweet Patty just gave him right back.

Catherine Wargo

Cathy Wargo has a flute
Upon which she loves to toot.
She paddles fine;
She keeps in line.
She loves to swim without her suit.



Margaret Vogel

Liberache hasn't got a chance
When Peggy picks up his "Song and Dance."
She learns like a whiz,
Keeps a boat in a dizz.
Her arrows beat Livingston's lance.



Elizabeth Bowman

Frizzie believes all the things that She's told.
From the top of Mt. Pleasant she'll view Molotov bold.
The Rockies their snow-bound crags will appear.
For sweet gullible Frizzie, we shout our cheer!

Elizabeth Shaw

Blind Betsy blew bubbles at Camden.
The seaweed and salt flew at random.
But now the receptacles
For Betsy Shaw's spectacles
Are white sands, for she couldn't land 'em.

Oscar Willson

Green Grow the rushes ho.
Oscar's music's on the go.
Her pitch is great,
Songs up to date;
A voice that's sweet and low.



Susan Shaw (right)

Poor Susie, whose ears gave no trouble for years,
Was almost in tears because of those ears.
But when cruise came along
Weak Susie was strong,
For Nurse at those dear ears did leer.

SIXTH SHACK

Sunny Stein

Our Sunny we know loves the horses.
Her duties she does without forces.
Then her ankle she sprained
And made her so lame.
At Runoia she loves any courses.



Catherine Fuller

Full of pep is our Cathy Fuller.
On trips you don't have to pull her.
She's trained at the keys,
And ready to please,
But watch out when she's at the tiller.



Elizabeth Vogel

Beth Vogel from Cincy did hail.
She made friends here at camp without fail.
But oh, when she wretched
The bucket we fetched.
Ne'er the less, her departure we wailed.



Mary Lynn Mahan

A swell sport is our gal Mary Lynn.
Any game she will strive for to win.
Baseball is her game,
Perhaps dancing her fame.
As a camper she surely is in.



Joanne Hutchings

Our Joannie's a real gone gal.
To Mary Lynn she's really a pal.
They laugh and cut up,
But can stop quite abrupt.
Yes, it's something these two to corral.

Jane Master

There's one in Sixth Shack who is master.
It's true there are some who are faster.
But Janie's a dear;
She has friends, never fear,
And she loves Runoia, just ask her.



Jane Orbeton

Our Janie's a gal full of vigor.
Since 7 she's grown so much bigger.
It's not Mark any more;
With the boys she's no bore,
For with Caribou she's a top figger.

Mary Benny

Mary Benny is new in our camp.
Mosquitoes her atyle always cramp.
She sits up/all night
To give them a fight.
But Barbie says, "Back to bed, scamp."



Ruth Jacobi

When it comes to writing the boys
And making with whoopee and noise,
Ruth Jacobi is there
Yes, combing her hair.
Oh, she is a gal with some poise.

Janet Shaw

Our Janet's a real swell friend.
Our friendship we all love to lend.
She strives for that dive;
Tennis keeps her alive.
Her summers here will never end.



Elizabeth Eames

Liz Eames is not always too neat,
But she truly is really a "beat."
She can dance with the best.
A great gal, say the rest.
With her smile she will ne'er know defeat.

Lucy Jennings

If you think she has quite disappeared
It's not true as you well might have feared.
Our Lucy is keen
For horses, we've seen.
It's the stables she always has neared.



Susan Orbeton

T'was great when Miss Orbeton came.
Sixth Shack has not since been the same.
Asleep or awake
Her chatter's no fake.
Oh yes, Susie O. is her name.

Nancy Ball

"Hey, Baldy," you've all heard them call.
She's the lass that is really a Ball.
But her name was her name
When Caribou came
That's our gal for whom all the boys fall.



Penelope Dalton

Penny Dalton is really a jewel.
At baseball that girl is no fool.
She passed her front dive
And still is alive,
And her friends in Sixth Shack say she's
cool!

Nancy Fifield

A new camper at Runcioia was Hi-fi.
On the courts her feet fair did fly.
In swimming she sank;
She loved a good prank.
When Nance left all Sixth Shack did sigh.





























(Harding-Glidden)

MRS. ELLERY WARDWELL STONE

Miss Gretchen Knowles Wed To Mr. Stone, in Cohasset

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clement Knowles received at "Unicorn Cottage," their home in Cohasset, yesterday afternoon, following the marriage of his daughter, Miss Gretchen Knowles to Mr. Ellery Wardwell Stone. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Wardwell Stone of New York city, and Rear Adm. Ellery Wheeler Stone, USNR (ret.). The Rev. Roscoe E. Trueblood officiated in the First Parish (Unitarian) Church in Cohasset.

Escorted by her father, the bride wore a full-length veil of Brussels lace belonging to her great-aunt, over her gown of candlelight satin. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair, and carried a bouquet of champagne roses and echeveria.

Mrs. Axel Rosenblad of Boston was the matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Mrs. Whitney Donham, Mrs. Loren Godfrey and Miss Hope Warren, all of Boston. They were gowned alike in raspberry red velvet, and carried bouquets of pink cyclamen.

Mr. Albert Hoyt of Santa Fe, N. M., was best man. The ushers included Mr. Albert Hinckley, Jr., of Warrenton, Va., Mr. Anthony Phillips, Mr. Manuel Gavales, both of New York city, and Mr.

Axel Rosenblad, Mr. Philip Koch and Mr. Loren Godfrey, all of Boston.

The bride, daughter also of the late Mrs. E. Tener Weir, Jr., was graduated from the Beaver Country Day School and attended the Museum School of Fine Arts in Boston. She was presented to society at the Debutante Cotillion during the 1951-52 season, is a member of the Vincent Club, and is the granddaughter of Mr. Clifton L. Bremer of Milton, and the late Mrs. Bremer, and the late Mrs. Willys Dowd of Greenwich, Conn., and the late Mr. John Appleton Knowles of Cohasset.

Mr. Stone, the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Wardwell of Chicago, Ill., and the late Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Parkman Stone of Oakland, Calif., was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is now attending the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, and is a member of St. Anthony Club of New York city.

On their return from a wedding trip to Puerto Rico, Mr. and Mrs. Stone will make their home in Boston.

Miss Sheppard, Allan Rodgers Plan Marriage

Vassar Senior Fiancee of Princeton Alumnus —Nuptials in June

Special to The New York Times.

GREENWICH, Conn., March 7 — Mr. and Mrs. John Wade Sheppard of Greenwich and Amagansett, L. I., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Sandra Stuart Sheppard, to Allan Gray Rodgers. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. John Ashmead Rodgers of Rochester, N. Y.

The couple will be married in June.

The bride-to-be, a senior at Vassar College, attended Greenwich Academy and graduated from the Westover School in Middlebury. She was presented to society in 1955 in New York, in New Haven and at a supper dance at her parents' home.

Miss Sheppard is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwin Sheppard of New York and of Mr. and Mrs. John Day Jackson of New Haven. Mr. Jackson is editor and publisher of The New Haven Register.

Mr. Rodgers, an alumnus of the Loomis School in Windsor and the King's School in Cambridge, England, graduated last year from Princeton University where he was a member of the Cottage Club.



John Lane

Miss Sandra S. Sheppard

March, 1959

CAMP RUNOIA

1960

ATOMIC
CORRASABLE
BOND
USA
EPA TAPE

COTTON FIBER CONTENT

For eight years a person has been here whom we all admire and respect. She has helped us in all phases of camp life and taught us so much. Her patience and understanding are valued by everyone. All our thanks, Barbie.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Camp List
Log Staff
Camp Runoia - 1960
Twas the Night
Train Trip Up
First Impressions
My First Impressions
My First Hours
Old Girls' Party
Fourth of July
New Girls' Party
O Clouds
Senior Trip to Pemaquid
Junior Trip to Pemaquid
Fairy Ring Trip
Sixth Shack's Trip to Belgrade
Camp
Trip to Pine Island
Rest Hour in Fifth Shack
Sixth Shack Trip to Tumbledown
Fifth Shack and Tumbledown
Schmittty's Poems
Second Pine Island Trip
Fourth Shack and Reveille
First Cruise
First Meadowbrook
Second Meadowbrook
Second Cruise
Fourth Shack at Rest Hour
Before Pine Island Arrived
Pine Island Trip to Runoia
Fourth Shack Exploring Trip
First Long Lake
Second Long Lake
Fourth Shack
First Messalonskee
Horseback Riding
The Comedy of Errors
Second Pine Parlor Trip
Second Messalonskee
Vespers
Harmonious Runoia
Anagrams
Statistics
Limericks

Camp Runoia 1960

| | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|--|
| Nancy Affleck | James | 466 Riverside Dr., Princeton, N.J. |
| Emelyn Baldwin | E.L. | 920 Stillwater Rd., Stamford, Conn. |
| Nancy Ball | R.W. | 125 Edgewood Rd., Alapocas, Wilmington, Del. |
| Martha Beals | Norman W. | 86 First Rangeway, Waterville, Me. |
| Elizabeth Bowman | John | 1148 Old Mill Rd., Wyomissing, Pa. |
| Elizabeth Boynton | Carroll | Pottersville, N.J. |
| Anne Brayton | Roswell | Woolrich, Pa. - Westport Harbor, Acoaxet, Mass. |
| Judi Breck | Robert | 9 Myrtle St., Milford, N.H. |
| Susan Burrows | R.H. | Windy Hill Farm, Far Hills, N.J. |
| Patty Christensen | Lauge | 52 Blueberry Lane, Darien, Conn. |
| Jessie Colgate | Richard | Home Farm, Oldwick, N.J. |
| Mary Ann Cook Sandra | Alfred, Jr. (Dr.) | 242 Prospect Ave., Princeton, N.J. |
| Honora Crowell | David | Motts Cove Rd., Roslyn Harbor, L.I., N.Y. |
| Penny Dalton | Herbert | 203 Western Ave., Westfield, Mass. |
| Harriet Dann | C. Marshall | 106 Cambridge Dr., Wilmington, Del. |
| Kim Ferguson | R.C. | 119 Summit Ave., Upper Montclair, N.J. |
| Nancy Fifield | Richard W. Newcomb | 104 Summit Ave., Upper Montclair, N.J. |
| Anne Fowles | Frank | 40 Drew Rd., So. Portland, Me. |
| Catherine Fuller Elizabeth | Richard E. | 50 Lowell Ave., Westfield, Mass. |
| Linda Gates | Alfred B. | 3 Orchard Dr., White Plains, N.Y. |
| Sandra Griffith | A.J. | 12 Russet Lane, Huntington, L.I., N.Y. |
| Ellen Huntington | Thomas F. | 73 Allison Ave., Princeton, N.J. |
| Joanne Hutchings Sally | William S. | 110 Summit Ave., Upper Montclair, N.J. |

| | | |
|------------------|--------------------|--|
| Ruth Jacobi | Frederick A. | 58 Ogden Pl.W., Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. |
| Susan | | |
| Ann Jacobs | A.M.R. | 128 Summit Ave., Upper Montclair, N.J |
| Jessy Lottman | Evan | 250 West 104th St., New York 25, N.Y. |
| Elsa Master | Elroy P. | Berksveldt Farm, Robesonia, Pa. |
| Constance Mather | Maurice | 72 Adams Dr., Princeton, N.J. |
| Mary Jane Mott | Mrs. Clarence | 10 Vernon St., Roslyn, N.Y. |
| Jane Orbeton | Everett (Dr.) | 45 Channel Rd., So. Portland, Me. |
| Susan | | |
| Paula Preston | Paul | Outpost Inn, Danbury Rd., Ridgefield, Conn. |
| Karen Rickard | David | 59 Maxwell Rd., Garden City, L.I., N.Y |
| Eugenia Rogers | John D. VanCott | 215 E. 72nd St., New York 21, N.Y. |
| Susan Rosenblum | Irving S. | 367 Briar Brae Rd., Stamford, Conn. |
| Diane Sandberg | Bruce | 2622 Bird Dr., Erie Pa. |
| Brook Simons | Gustave | Kellogg Hill Rd., Weston, Conn. |
| Ann Speicher | John | 65 Grandview Blvd., West Lawn, Pa. |
| Betsy | | |
| Audrey Thompson | Philip P., Jr. | 7 Ship Channel Rd., So. Portland, Me. |
| Ann Vivian | Leslie L., Jr. | 52 Gulick Rd., Princeton, N.J. |
| Catherine Wargo | William P. | 1544 Oak St., Lebanon, Pa. |
| Margaret Warren | Charles O. | 70 La Rue Dr., Huntington, L.I., N.Y. |
| Alice Williams | Alfred | Copeland School Rd., R.D.1, West Chester, Pa. |
| Susan Woodruff | John | 120 Garfield Rd., West Hartford, Conn |
| Mary Ann Zeman | William S. | 15 Linwold Dr., West Hartford, Conn. |
| Anne Zuckerman | Mrs. Edith | Maple Farm, Skillman, N.J. |
| Pamela Stevens | D. Barton | 42 Cleveland Lane, Princeton, N.J. |

Counselors

| | |
|------------------------------|--|
| Betty & Philip Cobb | 355 Walnut Lane, Princeton, N.J. |
| Lynn Batchelder | 1966 Skyline Vista Dr., La Habra, Calif. |
| Marian R. Johnson | 909 Ellison Ave., Cincinnati 26, Ohio |
| Barbara Leader Joy Leader | 220 Loraine Ave., Cincinnati 20, Ohio |
| Martha Oliver | 108 Grand Ave., Leonia, N.J. |
| Polly Parkhill | Belgrade, Me. |
| K.T. Preston | Danbury Rd., Ridgefield, Conn. |
| Sandra Rinehart | 16th Ave. & Maplewood Rd., Belmar, N.J. |
| Carla Sandberg | 103 Huston Ave., Jamestown, N.Y. |
| Doris Shellberg | 2584 Madison Rd., Cincinnati 8, Ohio |
| Angie Stroppe | 33 Farmlea Rd., Longmeadow, Mass. |
| Berna Thibodeau | R.F.D.#1, Box 218, Presque Isle, Me. |
| Lucy Weiser | Lanesend, Belgrade Lakes, Me. |

CAMP LIST - 1960

Annex

Mrs. Littlefield
Mrs. Lynn
Anne Goodale
Carol Parlin

Infirmary

Martha Louise Oliver

Second Shack

Elizabeth Bowman
Judi Breck
Patty Christensen
Mary Jane Mott

Sandra Rinehart
Marian Johnson

Third Shack

Martha Beals
Jessie Colgate
Barbara Fink (2)*
Anne Fowles
Kathy Preston
Diane Sandberg
Brook Simons
Alice Williams
Mary Ann Zeman

K.T. Preston
Bunny Thibodeau

*(1) - denotes first month
*(2) - denotes second month

Fourth Shack

Emelyn Baldwin (2)
Beth Boynton
Susan Burrows
Kim Ferguson
Linda Gates
Sally Hutchings
Susi Jacobi
Jessy Lottman
Elsa Master
Karen Rickard
Ann Speicher
Audrey Thompson
Ann Vivian
Anne Zuckerman (1)

Joyce Leader
Angie Stroppe

Fifth Shack

Nancy Affleck
Anne Brayton
Mary Ann Cook (2)
Noni Crowell
Betsey Fuller
Sandy Griffith
Ellen Huntington
Jane Orbeton
Genie Rogers
Sue Rosenblum
Betsy Speicher
Pam Stevenson (2)
Susan Woodruff (1)

Polly Parkhill
Carla Sandberg

Sixth Shack

Nancy Ball
Sandy Cook
Penny Dalton (2)
Harriet Dann
Nancy Fifield (1)
Cathy Fuller
Joanne Hutchings
Ruth Jacobi
Ann Jacobs (1)
Connie Mather
Susan Orbeton
Paula Preston
Cathy Wargo
Margie Warren (2)

Linda Batchelder
Barbie Leader

Lanesend

Lucy Weiser
Doris Shellberg

Doll House

Betty Cobb
Phil Cobb
Ricky
Sandy
Robbie
Pam

LOG STAFF - 1960

Third Shack

Diane Sandberg
Alice Williams
Mary Ann Zeman

Fourth Shack

Susi Jacobi
Ann Speicher
Ann Vivian

Fifth Shack

Noni Crowell
Ellen Huntington
Sue Rosenblum

Sixth Shack

Cathy Fuller - Editor
Joanne Hutchings
Connie Mather

FRIENDSHIP

Money blows away like a leaf on a tree.
Wealth disappears like a storm out at sea;
But a loyal and a dear and a cherished friend
Will remain yours alone to the very end.

Sue Rosenblum

CAMP RUNOIA - 1960

If I had not come to Runoia this year
I certainly would have missed
All the girls whom I have met here,
And all I have experienced.
Also I wouldn't have taken the trips
Which all have been such fun,
And a few mornings attempted the dips
In the warm bright summer sun.

So next year when I return to camp
I will enjoy once more
The wonderful days which hardly were damp,
The life which I adore.
Old girls, who come back to greet
And past summers to recall;
The new girls who are here to meet,
To sadly go home in the Fall.

Cathy Fuller

TWAS THE NIGHT

Twass the night before camp starts
And all through the house
Every creature was stirring
Even my mouse.

My blouses were hung by
The iron with care
In hopes that my mother
Soon would be there.

The needle was flying
On Ma's old machine.
Names were put on
The socks that were clean.

My suitcase was packed
Full up to the brim.
Not one more stuffed animal
Could cram itself in.

My stamps could be found
In their neat little sack
Enabling their sticking
A back to a back.

My trunk all packed
And my sheets in the car
Set my dog a-thinking
I was going too far.

I popped into bed
And shouted good night,
And wiggled and squirmed
To turn out the light.

Janie Orbeton

THE TRAIN TRIP UP

As the evening of June 24th approached, Runoia campers bid good-bye to their family and friends. They were off on the train for a summer of fun at Runoia. Many of the girls boarded the train at Grand Central Station in New York City. Some got on in Stamford and New Haven.

Polly Parkhill was the counselor in charge. Many of us were surprised to see our old friends, as to meet the new campers. Greetings of old acquaintances were exchanged, while friendly smiles were cast toward new faces.

As many of us were tired, we finally fell asleep to the rumble of the train wheels.

In the morning we stopped in Portland to board the bus for camp. With camp songs and friendly chit-chats, we endured the long bus ride to Runoia.

We finally sighted the sign, "Camp Runoia." As the bus rolled into camp, we all sighted the faces of our old friends. A summer of fun had just begun.

Sue Rosenblum

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Camp Runoia surprised me greatly both in dimensions and in the friendliness of the girls. For one thing, I thought that this camp was going to be much bigger than it is in true size. The friendliness of the girls is wonderful, making me, a new girl, feel very much at home.

On the train coming to camp, we all sang camp songs, and the old girls helped the new girls along with the words, making it a pleasant train ride for all.

When we arrived at camp, the new girls were not treated as new girls but as old friends who were coming back to camp from the year before. The counselors, too, were very friendly and helpful.

I thought there were going to be many more girls here, and I also thought that the dining room was going to be one big room with about three thirty-two foot tables where everyone sat.

I thought the lake was going to be very small since the name "Great Pond" kind of led me to believe it was some sort of a big pond. Therefore the size really amazed me.

I also thought there would be very few horses considering that this is not a riding camp. Instead there are four horses and a huge ring.

I enjoyed thoroughly this past summer, and I hope that I will be able to come back for many more.

Ann Jacobs

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS

We had been riding on the train since June 24th and it was now the 25th. When we arrived at the station, we went by bus to camp.

The bus ride took about two hours but it did not seem long. All along the way the old girls sang songs which the new girls did not know. Polly, along with Liz, tried very hard to help the new girls learn the songs.

We arrived at camp about 10:45. I saw only a tennis court, the dining room and two shacks. I felt alone and unwanted. I looked for Mr. Cobb, the one who helped me decide to come here. I could not find him. I looked for Sandy and found her making new friends. Somehow I felt just like I was in a new world, and in a way I was. I didn't want to make friends. I just wanted to go home - and fast.

As the days rolled on (and somehow fast), I learned to do new things, make friends and enjoy this camp, Runoia. I soon found myself feeling at home, happy and very pleased with the world.

At times now I feel unwanted and a small feeling to go home, but that is overcome by the feelings of new friendship, happiness and the joy of learning new things, and learning to live with people like me and not like me.

Connie Mather

MY FIRST HOURS

"We're here, we're here!" Everyone shouted joyfully as we piled off the bus. Johnny was waiting for us, and after we collected our belongings, she told everyone what shack they were in. Sally H., Susi J., Elsa M. and I all rushed to Fourth Shack to claim our rooms.

There were many new faces, and I had pretty much trouble learning their names especially since there were three Anns!

After making beds, putting away clothes and hanging pictures, we went for a very refreshing dip. That really felt good. We were shot and tired!

When we came up from swimming, dried and dressed, first bell rang. Everyone stampeded to the dining room, where we had a delicious dinner of Shepherd's Pie which I thought was almost better than home!

When the time finally came for rest hour, we reluctantly trudged to our rooms. As I lay on my bed, I thought, "This is a great place. I'm almost sure I'll have loads of fun this summer!"

And I have!

Kim Ferguson

OLD GIRLS' PARTY

We old girls shall do something drastic this year,
Something you new girls have no reason to fear.
For in lieu of initiation of years gone by
We have something new and different to try.
A come-as-you-are, a welcome for you,
With entertainment provided by the old and the new.
Since you've all signed our guest list,
Of course with your feet,
We'll now start a party
That just can't be beat.

So saying, M.C. Susie O., dressed as a clown, welcomed the new girls to an evening of hilarity. Instead of initiation, a come-as-you-are party was given to greet new campers.

Ruthi Jacobi and Joanne Hutchings started the evening with a bang by singing "Five-foot Two" in true flapper fashion.

Anne Fowles, Brook Simons and Beth Boynton were then informed, through the following poem, that their contribution to the evening was an egg-walking stunt, which, after painstaking precautions, they successfully performed, only to find that the hazards they so carefully avoided were non-existent.

Anne Fowles, Brook Simons, Beth Boynton are wearing
Apparel that shows their courage and daring.
So break out the blindfolds, so they'll take a chance
Over raw eggs, in bare feet, these campers'll prance.

Bunny Thibodeau, unable to escape the obligations as a new addition to the Runcia staff, related a tale of a typical night in an Army barracks.

Bunny Thibodeau's actions are scand'lous to hear!
Where did she sleep in the spring of this year?
An Army barracks? Why this just can't be true!
But Bunny, let's hear the whole story from you.

The story of the hummingbird was Kathy Preston's welcome addition, and Sue Rosenblum's accordian playing furnished happy listening for Runoia.

Sixth Shack, infamous for its lack of punctuality, came up in record time with a skit after the suggestion:

Sixth Shack has imagination new campers have found,
And its four new girls have enough to go 'round.
So with the costumes you've worn, go up on a cloud,
And come down with a skit of which we can be proud.

Genie Rogers, Connie Mather, Sue Woodruff, Ellen Huntington and Nancy Affleck, walking on tin cans, presented a slightly altered version of "Little Red Riding Hood."

Cathy Fuller treated us with "Scarlet Ribbons," after which the new Third Shackers demonstrated a highly original method of making a bed.

Jessie Colgate, Martha Beals, Alice Williams, they say,
Know how to make beds in the most wonderful way.
Working together to prove what's been said,
This cute Third Shack trio will now make a bed!

Ann Zuckerman, augmented the education of us city slickers with a talk on farms and rosebushes. Then our thus-far fun-filled evening was interrupted by an announcement that a member of the audience had suddenly become ill, and immediate operation was necessary. Two unknown surgeons volunteered, and the operation was carried on behind a sheet. Although all the organs of the victim were removed, the operation was unsuccessful.

The air of gloom which had fallen upon the audience was lifted when Fourth Shack presented an impromptu skit with the props which had been given them.

Punch and cookies were served, and then both Seniors and Juniors went to their shacks to pay their respects to the sandman.

Susie O.

FOURTH OF JULY

Bang! Bang! The sound of horns and marching feet was the start of the Fourth of July. Everyone got dressed in red, white and blue. The Third and Fourth Shacks came playing different instruments, and Sixth Shack had on blue lipstick.

At lunch we had very nice little flags on our dessert.

That afternoon we had a baseball game - the Americans against the British. The Americans won.

After supper the old White and Blue Team girls went over their team songs. Then the bell rang and it was time for the new girls to pick their teams. A blue slip meant that the girl was to be a Blue; a white slip, to be a White. Then each team sang some songs. After that we went down to the lake and the fire to toast marshmallows and to light sparklers. Then we went to bed.

Anne Brayton.

THE NEW GIRLS' PARTY

It was a week after initiation when the new girls gave their party. The old girls were told to get a partner and come as the Gruesome Twosome.

When we arrived, we were each given slips of paper with numbers such as X1 on them. Some of the slips didn't have anything on them.

The program was based on a television program. The show started with a commercial advertising "Basis" soap. Then some of the new girls did a silent movie entitled, "Confusion Plus." It was about a large family on a picnic. That was followed by another commercial which advertised "Colgate" and its invisible shield. The new girls then did a melodrama about an average household in the "Wild and Woolly West." The family involved couldn't pay the mortgage on their house.

The old girls were then called upon to do skits describing their costumes. Susi Jacobi and Sally Hutchings won the prize for the best costume. They were "Pro Toothbrush and Stripe Toothpaste." Their prize was having the new girls make their beds for one week.

It was a wonderful evening, and we were sorry to see it end.

Betsy Speicher
Noni Crowell

O CLOUDS

O clouds, tell me your marvelous tale,
Of your fluffy white coat and your snowy white veil.
Tell me, o clouds, of your life in the sky
Where blows the west wind and the merry birds fly.

Tell me, o clouds, of your adventures anew,
As you swiftly sail over a carpet of blue.
Show to me, clouds, a beauteous sight.
Throw open your cloaks and shed God's light!

Sue Rosenblum

SENIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

At 9:00 Thursday, July 7th, the Seniors piled into the bus and set off for Pemaquid. We arrived at Gilbert's Lobster Pound and had an early lunch consisting of lobster, clams, French fries and soda pop.

After our delectable lunch, we drove off to the beach where everyone except the counselors passed for under twelve and got into the beach free. The man in charge told Barbie that he didn't see one girl that was under twelve, but we talked him out of that. The water was slightly "kool," so we didn't stay too long at the beach.

We returned to Gilbert's for the boat ride which took us from Pemaquid Point to Christmas Cove. From there we went in the bus to the rocks where we had our supper. We stayed at the rocks for about two hours. We then came back to Runola.

Betsy Speicher
Noni Crowell

THE JUNIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

We started out in Phil's bus and the camp car. We stopped on the way at a gasoline station to fix Audrey because she got bitten by a bee - a big one too!

The next stop was Pemaquid. The lobsters were good and so were the clams!

After we ate, we went swimming. The water was nice but cold. It was a bad day for Kim. She lost her bracelet in the bath house.

We came back to go for a boat ride. It was a long ride. At Christmas Cove we got off the boat and came back to Gilbert's where Kim bought another bracelet.

Then we went to the rocks and ate supper - peanut butter and jam sandwiches, oranges and cookies. After we ate we started back. On the way back we had an ice cream cone. It was good! It had been a long day, but fun.

Linda Gates

FAIRY RING TRIP

The Sixth Shack's trip to Fairy Ring was divided into two groups. The first group was Ann Jacobs, Cathy Fuller, Ruthie Jacobi, Nancy Ball, Paula Preston and Nancy Fifield. I was in the second group. My companions were Connie Mather, Susie Orbeton, Cathy Wargo, Joanne Hutchings and Harriet Dann. (Incidentally, Harriet Dann is more universally known as H.J.)

Johnny had announced the trip two days beforehand. I was excited and was packing my sleeping bag during the next day's rest hour. I had my fingers crossed, hoping it wouldn't rain.

That afternoon we carried my sleeping bag over with the rest of my crowd. The sleeping bag was bulging with my clothes and it weighed a ton. I set up my sleeping bag under the tarp and waited until Jo and the Aides were set up.

Wood chopping I had never really experienced before, and I found my hands were blistered before the spree was over. I was thankful for the dip after the wood was gathered.

Next we proceeded to begin our meal by building the fire while the Aides peeled onions for the meat loaf. Judi Breck slapped the raw hamburger, onions and ketchup into a long pan while Jo fixed the potatoes in foil. Some carrots were sliced and cooked in water before they were put in with the meat loaf. A marble cake was decided upon, and so I set to

work on the icing. None of us could seem to make the icing chocolate enough. The icing was almost black before we finally agreed. The cake and fruit made our dessert. The dinner was delicious. Connie, Cathy and I offered to do the dishes.

After all was cleaned up, we went back to camp to attend the party given by the Aides - a treasure hunt. At the end of the evening refreshments were served.

Very soon we were back in Fairy Ring again and taking a dip. Then it was time to hit the sack but not before singing a couple of tunes. We were serenaded by the Aides when we were finally in bed.

It was a beautiful night and the stars shone through the branches of the trees. I was so thankful for the mosquito netting and my sleeping bag's warmth.

In the morning wood was collected, and French toast, bacon and cocoa were on the fire. Apple juice was served first. Jo was tickling M.J. Mott, and everyone was in hysterics. When breakfast was over and everything packed, we left Fairy Ring for camp.

Sandy Cook

SIXTH SHACK'S TRIP TO BELGRADE

On a Thursday night, after a picnic at Fairy Ring that the Aides and Jo planned, Barbie gathered together all of Sixth Shack to go canoeing to Belgrade. Here we were to buy ice cream cones.

At around 7:30, we headed out of the cove in the war canoe under the speed of twelve paddles. As we paddled we sang songs, and as we neared the Frenchman's house about two coves away, we started to sing "Alouette," hoping he would return the song as he had in other times. Unfortunately, there seemed to be no one home so we paddled on.

Halfway to Belgrade, we stopped paddling to look at a double rainbow which had followed a rain storm.

When we reached Belgrade, we headed for the store. Here we bought a single dip ice cream cone and then headed for home. As we neared the halfway mark, we were attacked by mosquitoes. This was the only flaw in the trip. We reached camp at approximately 9:30. We headed straight for bed, tired but happy after thanking Barbie for allowing us to go to Belgrade.

Ann Jacobs

CAMP

Camp isn't just a place where you learn how to swim or dive, but a place where girls, both young and old, can get used to the idea of good sportsmanship, and I think that Camp Runoia is the best place where we can grab this opportunity.

Susi Jacobi

TRIP TO PINE ISLAND

On Wednesday the 13th of July, an unexpected boat arrived from Pine Island and took seven Sixth Shackers over there to sail and learn to race. The Sixth Shackers that went were Joanne Hutchings, Susie Orbeton, Cathy Fuller, Nancy Ball, Harriet Dann and Ruth Jacobi. We tied the two new sprits to their launch and pulled them over with us.

When we arrived there, one boy and one girl went out in a sailboat together. We started to race but there wasn't enough wind, so the sailing instructor called us in. Then we all sat around a blackboard and he showed us how to race and the winds. There was enough wind later, so we decided to try to race again. Out we went to the boats, but this time there was too much wind, so in we came again and took down the sails and went on shore.

Before we left, we had a kind of bee of sailing terms. The girls only knew about two. Then we boarded the launch and came back to camp.

REST HOUR IN FIFTH SHACK

If you ever want to sleep during rest hour, don't come to Fifth Shack. You'll never rest. For one rest hour as I lay on the bed, I heard the sound of cards being shuffled, book pages being turned noisely and beds forever creaking. To add to this confusion, my roommate got hold of a tennis ball, and she and one of the girls across the hall started throwing it back and forth. Then they became more daring and rolled it across the floor, coughing to hide the noise it made. When they got tired of that game, my roommate took her shampoo and started to wash herself in it. Then she and the girl across the hall switched rooms and started using each other's shampoo. In the midst of all this, the big Pine Island boat came over and the Seniorsend was in an uproar. That was the end of rest period. Although the whistle hadn't blown, there was no quieting of the Seniors. Finally, the whistle blew and rest period was over.

We haven't yet, and I hope we never do have another rest period like that.

Nancy Affleck

SIXTH SHACK TRIP TO TUMBLEDOWN

On the dreary day of July 14th, Sixth Shack set out to climb Mt. Tumbledown. The fourteen of us all piled into Phil Cobb's Volkswagon bus and set off promptly at nine o'clock. The weather was rainy and damp, but our spirits were, nevertheless, as high as usual, for we sang the whole way.

Reaching the base of the mountain, we immediately got out the Graham crackers and after a brief refreshment, we were off on the second leg of our trip. Climbing was somewhat difficult, but we were thankful that the day had not turned out hot. Phil was a good leader and did not tire as easily as the rest, so while we took frequent resting spells, he went on to investigate the trail. As a result of this, he was stung by a bee whose hive was near the path. We were careful to avoid this going up the mountain although we unfortunately forgot coming down. And so we climbed steadily upward, growing more and more encouraged as we crossed the timberline.

As soon as we reached the top, we unpacked the lunches and ate. The bugs swarmed around us so thickly we could hardly see through them. After eating, Sue Orbeton and I climbed up a rock peak. From the top we had our pictures taken by Phil who was with the others near the lake.

Meanwhile the other girls built a fire and went blueberry picking. Sue and I were timed coming down the peak. It took twenty minutes, and Phil won a bet he had with Barbie. Four of us took a dip in the lake and then started down the mountain. It took about an hour, and three people were bitten by bees from the hive which we had been careful to avoid coming up - Ruth Jacobi where she sits down, Nancy Ball on the leg, and Joanne Hutchings under her eye. At the bottom we changed into shorts and drove to the Weld Inn where we ate a delicious dinner. We then drove back to camp, all dead tired after a wonderful trip.

Joanne Hutchings
Cathy Fuller

THE WELD INN

WELD



MAINE

Menu

DINNER

WELCOME TO CAMP RUNOIA

Assorted Relishes

Hot Yeast Rolls

ROAST VERMONT TURKEY, SAGE DRESSING

Whipped Potatoes

Green Beans

Buttered Carrots

Tossed Salad

Homemade Apple Pie or Chocolate Sundae

Milk Iced Tea
Coffee Hot Tea

July 14, 1960

FIFTH SHACK AND TUMBLEDOWN

Everyone in Fifth Shack was up bright and early the morning of July 15th to get ready for the Tumbledown trip. We all ate a hearty breakfast and then we cleaned our rooms. We piled into the bus and were off. We arrived at the bottom about 11:00. We stopped at a little stream and had crackers. Then we were off up the mountain. We took turns carrying the packs.

It was a hard trip up to the top of Tumbledown. We all struggled along. It was a rewarding sight when we reached the lake. As soon as we got there we ate our lunch. We hunted for a little mountain spring to get water from. Genie Rogers and Phil Cobb climbed to the next peak and down to the other side of the lake. Betsy Fuller and Anne Brayton tried to find the Lemon Squeezer. After that we went for a dip in the lake. We hid Phil's shoes and socks. We were ready to go down the mountain and Phil couldn't find his sock.. Finally Betsy Fuller found it. It was much easier going down than coming up. We had our dinner at the Weld Inn.

All of us were sad to leave, but we had to go back to camp.

Sue Woodruff

Fifth Shack Tumbledown Trip Song

Off on a bus to Tumbledown
Limbo, Limbo, Lee
Struggle up and tumble down
Limbo, Limbo, Lee
Day - o, Day - o
Limbo Lee

Had our lunch and swam in the lake
Limbo, Limbo, Lee
Climbed those rocks, for goodness sakes
Limbo, Limbo, Lee
Day - o, Day - o
Limbo, Lee

Went to the Inn and had some dinner
Limbo, Limbo, Lee
We did not get any thinner
Limbo, Limbo, Lee
Day - o, Day - o
Limbo, Lee

Back on the bus to Runcioia
Limbo, Limbo, Lee

THE WELD INN

WELD



MAINE

Menu

DINNER

WELCOME TO CAMP RUNOIA

Assorted Relishes

Hot Yeast Rolls

BAKED SUGAR CURED HAM

Whipped Potatoes

Birdseye Green Peas

Butternut Squash

Tossed Salad

Homemade Apple Pie or Chocolate Sundae

Milk Iced Tea
Hot Tea Coffee

July 15, 1960

SCHMITTY'S POEMS

A truck! A truck!
With the wheels underneath.
Get ready! Get ready!
Those pearly white teeth.
grr-grr!

The girls, the girls
Tall, fat and small,
Brown eyed or blue eyed
I love them all.

To those who found ~~me~~ had to love
I thank my lucky stars above
Though I looked like a great grey rug
You never stepped on the "Weimeraner" rug.

SECOND PINE ISLAND TRIP

On August 2nd, part of Sixth Shack went over to Pine Island. Because of an agile ear her and there, and a few calculated guesses, most of us had decided what to wear when Polly told us we were going. The lucky seven were Joannie, Ruth, Nancy, Penny, Susie O., H.J. and Cathy F.

When we got to Pine Island, we were paired off to go sailing. There were two races, both of which Ruthie and her partner won. Each race had four legs (a leg is the distance from marker to marker). It was good sailing all the way, and I'm sure that all of us learned a lot as well as having fun.

Nancy Ball

FOURTH SHACK AND REVEILLE

REVEILLE:

Angie S. - "That's the quietest you've been in a long time!"

Susi J. - "Anyone for a dip?"

Ann V. - "Me."

Jessy L. - "Not me."

Emmy B. - "Jessica Lottman, get out of bed this instant!"

Audrey T. - "Sally, please get out of my bed!"

Joyce L. - "BUNNY, are you going for a dip?"

(in distance) - "Sure."

Joyce L. - "C'mon then!"

Elsa M. - "Susie Burrows, get out of my bed!"

Susie B. - "Oh, gee! Please let me stay."

Elsa M. - "Oh, all right."

All - "Hi Bunny, Hi Jerse, Hi Judy, Hi Patty, Hi Fritz, Hi M.J.,
Hi, Jo."

Kim F. - "Elsa, please pick up your junk up off the floor."

(Elsa moans)

Kim F. - "C'mon, it's my turn to sweep and I don't want to load
it on you bed."

Elsa M. - "Oh, all right."

Karen R. - "Jeepers, Ann Speicher, are you dressed already?"

Ann S. - "Sure, why not?"

Linda Gates - "Here come the kids that went for a dip."

All - "Hi Bunny, Hi Jerse, Hi Judy, Hi M.J., Hi Fritz, Hi Patty,
Hi Jo."

Sally H. - "I bet."

Beth B. - "First bell!"

Whole Shack - "YOW!"

Kim F. - "Elsa, can I borrow your blazer?"

Elsa M. - "Oh, all right."

Jessy L. - "Oh great, second bell."

Kim F. - "Elsa, it's a miracle! You picked up your stuff!"

Ann V. - "Better hurry up a put on your shorts, Karen!"

Elsa M. - "Kim, coming?"

Kim F. - "Coming."

And everyone's off in a cloud of dust. Doors slam and all is quiet.

Kim Ferguson
Elsa Master

FIRST CRUISE

Sunday night, Phil, Carla, Patty, Judi, Nancy, Connie, Betsy Fuller and H.J. invaded the Blackbird at Cozy Harbor. We spent the night on board with a few no-see-ums.

We were up early on Monday morning and were soon off. It was a perfect day for sailing. By noon we reached Monhegan Island. The sun was very hot and we all got gorgeous red burns. The wind died down later in the afternoon, so we ate supper while we were still sailing. We arrived at Matinicus Island about eight and went ashore for a walk before it got too dark.

We spent a peaceful and calm night until fishermen came out in their boats to put down their nets while it was still high tide. When we got up, we found that we were roped in the harbor with fish nets. The men had set their nets at high tide, and as the tide went out, the fish swam into the nets. Soon, however, they closed up the nets, and we were on our way again.

The weather was fine and the sailing good. From Matinicus we headed for the mainland. On the way we watched a Navy bomber take practice shots at an island. We found that the sailing weather wasn't as good as expected, so we had to eat another supper while still sailing. We dropped anchor in a small harbor about 8:30. Since it was late,

we all didn't go ashore, but I went in to call Johnny.

The next day the water was rough and we headed straight for Camden. The going was slow and wet with some swells coming over the sides. We arrived rather wet and with a broken mizzen sail at about 3 o'clock in Camden. After cleaning up, we went ashore for our lobster dinner and to meet the next cruise.

All in all, we had a wonderful cruise with no major catastrophes which made the trip a little different from those usually taken by Runoia campers.

Patty Christensen
Judi Breck

FIRST MEADOWBROOK

The first canoe overnight, Meadowbrook, was a grand success. The trippers, Penny, Susie O., Sue Rosenblum, Nancy Affleck, Paula and Janie O., together with Jo, M.J. and Liz left camp right after assembly.

Our paddle across a rough lake brought us to the area where the stream should have entered Great Pond. With the aid of a helpful hint from some fishermen, we located the stream about an hour later.

Lunch, eaten at 1:30, was tossed from canoe to canoe until all had caught their sandwiches, cookies, eggs and lemonade. Then the paddle up the stream began.

The insect population was drastically reduced as each entered enthusiastically into a mosquito and black fly extermination campaign. Armed with paddles and armored with jeans and sweatshirts, we reached North Pond about quarter of five.

At our campsite on Echo Lake, Jo and Janie O., in the lead canoe, were greeted by three hostile nine year olds in inner tubes. All but one made a hasty retreat. The remaining boy threatened to tip the canoes. Jo raised her paddle above her head. "You wouldn't dare!" said a not-so-bold voice. But she did dare, and a loud crack! echoed over the lake. The subdued warrior returned to his pals, and we set up camp.

We all dipped in the lake before a late supper of cocoa and tuna-a-la-king. We decided to save dessert until we were ready for bed.

After the dishes were done, a motorboat came across the lake and beached at our campsite,

"Hello," grinned fourteen year old Joe Dione. "Just came over to see how you were coming."

It was his little beagle who had been so friendly with us. Joe Dione raised dogs for shows, it turned out. All loyal dog lovers voiced their opinions concerning feeding and raising dogs. The little beagle would be gone by morning, said her owner, forgetting his boat for a moment. Liz pushed it off, and it was a distraught skipper who made a mad dash for the canoes to rescue his boat. Soon after Joe Dione left, content with the knowledge that we were leaving at seven the next morning.

Chocolate cake proved an effective nightcap, and we all slept soundly until daybreak. Dragging ourselves from our sleeping bags, a group of young ladies from Connecticut concocted a breakfast of cereal, cocoa, bacon and French toast that hit the spot.

About 10:30 we broke camp and headed across the lake for Smithfield where we met Johnny and the girls who were to paddle down Meadowbrook the following day. We ate lunch together and then we rode back to camp, a sunburned but happy crew.

Susie O.
Penny Dalton

SECOND MEADOWBROOK

Noni, Sally, Joanne, Betsy, Ann, Cathy W., Ruthie, Barbie and Jo were the crew. Johnny dropped us off at Smithfield where we had lunch.

After we finished lunch, we started across the lake. It was windy, but we made it. After about three hours of paddling, we reached the campsite. We went out to gather wood, and Noni and I followed a path to a clearing that had just been used recently by lumbermen. They had piled up logs very neatly, so Noni and I just took a few.

When we got back to the campsite, we found that we had left the food back at Smithfield. So Barbie and Sandy paddled to this boy's house, and his motor boat took them to get the food.

This boy had visited the group the night before and was willing to help. Only he practically stayed all night. For a while we thought we would have to feed him, but he went home only to come back after dinner.

We had two sorry experiments with fudge after supper. One pan scorched, and the other didn't harden.

Next morning we got a good start and paddled down the stream. When we got to the mouth, it was so windy and rough that it didn't look as if we could make it back to camp. So we stopped at Bomazene and called Johnny.

The next day Mr. Griffith took us across the lake to get the canoes. It was hot in the middle, so Noni and I took turns jumping out and swimming. By this time we were far behind, so when Mr. Griffith came, he towed us. We stopped at Otter and Oak Islands to swim, and in the middle too. When we got back to camp, we tipped the canoes and had a blast.

Ruth Jacobi

SECOND CRUISE

The whole crew, consisting of Polly, Joyce, Ellen, Cathy, Jeannie, Sandy, M.J. and Liz, descended upon Camden Harbor. The day was Wednesday, July 27th, and the weather was negative. After we got situated, we walked to town and headed for the "Smiling Cow." Completely exhausting the sales girls, we decided to head for the boat and our sleeping bags.

At the hour of 6:30, the crew was wakened only to meet the on-coming fog. We ate a substantial breakfast and headed for town, seeing that sailing was out of the question. Since the shops were so inviting, we decided to look around. After looking around for a couple of hours, the crew ended up at "Yorkies" for a refreshment. Here we decided that we needed a little nourishment, so we headed to the boat for some lunch.

After eating, Joyce and Liz took off in the dinghy while the rest of us sat around on the boat. After meeting almost everyone in Camden Harbor, the two returned, and supper time was upon us.

After supper, Harvey, one of our many friends, invited us aboard his schooner home. He then took us into town, and we headed for "Yorkies" for a snack. Then off to the boat we ran, and into bed we fell. Oh, what a bunch of talkative people we had aboard that night!

The day was Friday and still no sunshine, but we had a good idea for entertainment. "Hounds and Hares." A few of us rowed into town for some chalk and mayonaise for the tuna fish salad. Then we split up into two teams and played a rousing game of "Hounds and Hares." The Hounds quickly found the Hares seated on "Yorkies'" steps waiting to go in for a snack. After we had eaten our lunch, a few of us played bridge with Harvey, and later on a few of us climbed the rocks along the shore. As the afternoon was fading away, suddenly the fog began to lift, and at 4:00 we made an attempt to sail to Rockland which was about five miles away. At 6:00 we arrived at Rockland Harbor, and we met the Millers who were moored right beside our boat. After finished the soapy apple crunch, we were invited aboard the Miller's boat. We all spent a very enjoyable evening listening to David Miller recite "Bert and I," and eating grapes and cookies. When bed time arrived, we had a terrible time locating the Blackbird which was only a few yards ahead. But we finally did make it back to the boat, because the fog couldn't cramp our style.

The last day of the cruise was upon us and so was the fog. In fact "Brenda" was kicking up a storm further down the coast. We were all very disappointed with the weather report, and after our breakfast, we took all our packs and food ashore. "Mr. Fog," a very nice man at the Chamber of Commerce Building allowed us to shelter our supplies in

the building. After everything and everybody were safely on shore, we ordered our lobster for lunch. Feeling stuffed, we took a little walk into the city of Rockland and bought a few things such as records and cards. At 3:00 that afternoon Phil, Ricky and the bus came to transport the unexperienced crew to Runoia. Although we didn't so much sailing, I'm sure we all had a terrific time meeting people, looking through stores and playing that exciting game of "Hounds and Hares."

Liz Bowman
M.J. Mott

FOURTH SHACK AT REST HOUR

A rest hour at Fourth Shack is usually an unusual one.

Shall we take a peek and see what it's like?

Angie: All right, on your beds. Rest hour has started.

Sally: But the bell didn't ring!

Angie: So?

Susi: Does anyone have any reading material I could read?

Jessy: A science fiction volume.

Susi: Never mind.

Beth: What do we have, Angie?

Angie: Get on your beds and I'll tell you when you're quiet.

Everybody scrambles to their beds.

Beth: Now tell us what we have.

Angie: You have archery. Now be quiet!

Elsa: Again? Oh.

Angie: Quiet!

Ann: Karen, don't move and your bed won't squeak.

Susi: Em, can I borrow your sewing kit? My pants split.

Kim: You're too fat!

Angie: Hey! Let's keep this shack quiet!

Ann: Beth's snoring again.

Jessy gets up, tripping over the wastebasket.

Angie: Who's got big feet?

The whole shack goes into stitches. Then the bell rings, the shack is emptied and all is quiet.

Susi Jacobi

BEFORE PINE ISLAND ARRIVED

Ruthie: What time is it?

Cathy F.: They won't be here for twenty minutes.

Penny: I'll never be ready by then.

Paula: Then hurry up.

Sandy: Connie, may I borrow....

H.J.: There's the bell for rest period.

Nancy B.: Oh, darn. I'll never be able to rest.

Susie O.: Be quiet!

Joanne: Oh, my shirt's dirty.

Ten minutes later and still no quiet.

Barbie: Rest period has started.

Cathy W.: I'll wear this shirt.

H.J.: Do I look all right?

Susie O.: Are you kidding?

Ruthie: Are they here?

Margy: No, darn it.

Connie: I hear a boat.

Joanne: I thought it was bells.

H.J.: She always hears bells!

Connie: They're here!

Nancy B.: I'm not dressed yet!

PINE ISLAND TRIP TO RUNOIA

On August 6th, right after rest hour, 18 boys, 4 aids and one counselor came over from Pine Island. Before and during rest hour both Fifth and Sixth Shacks were in a mad rush to get ready. Almost every girl was running around borrowing a blouse or something. When the boys arrived, everyone went down to the boat house to greet them.

The first activities were volley ball and tennis. Six of us, Nancy B., Joanne, Penny, Margy, Janie O., and Cathy F., each had a partner for playing doubles in tennis. Meanwhile the rest of the Seniors and boys played a game of volley ball after which followed a scavenger hunt. A dead mosquito, a nightcrawler, a one pound stone and a twelve inch branch were some of the things which had to be found. Swimming was the next sport. Groups of us took turns going to the big float where we dived and played submarine tag. Others swam around at the "Marjorie" or played water basketball.

Then we all changed for supper. When we met again in the kickball field, there were long tables loaded with food. We were given dinner partners, then lined up along the tables, got our food and sat down to eat. We all came back for thirds and fourths before dessert was served. Dessert was bowls of

fruit and plates of cookies. After we had stuffed ourselves, we were divided into four teams to play baseball. Two played in the baseball field and two in the kickball field.

When the games had ended, the boys had to go back. The girls followed the boys onto the dock and "Bobo'd" them as they motored away after a wonderful time.

Cathy Fuller
Nancy Affleck

FOURTH SHACK EXPLORING TRIP

One morning after Assembly, Fourth Shack went on an exploring trip with our lunch. We rounded the cove and started our all day journey. First we paddled to Baxter and around the point where we saw three loons - mother, papa and baby loon. From there we went near Abena over to a swamp. We were going to explore it. Then we found out that there was a stone wall under water, so we could not explore it. We paddled on for about another hour and finally stopped to eat.

We had for lunch sandwiches, carrots, celery, and to drink we had tomato juice. We started out again and paddled on for a little while. Betty decided to stop at Alice Stengel's house to get some water.

It was rough water by the time we got to Ram Island, so we decided to cut across to Hoytes. We had almost gotten to the end of the island when we stopped to eat our oranges and to drink the water. From Hoytes we started back to camp.. When we got to Sandy Cove, we all went for a swim and then some of us swam the canoes back to camp.

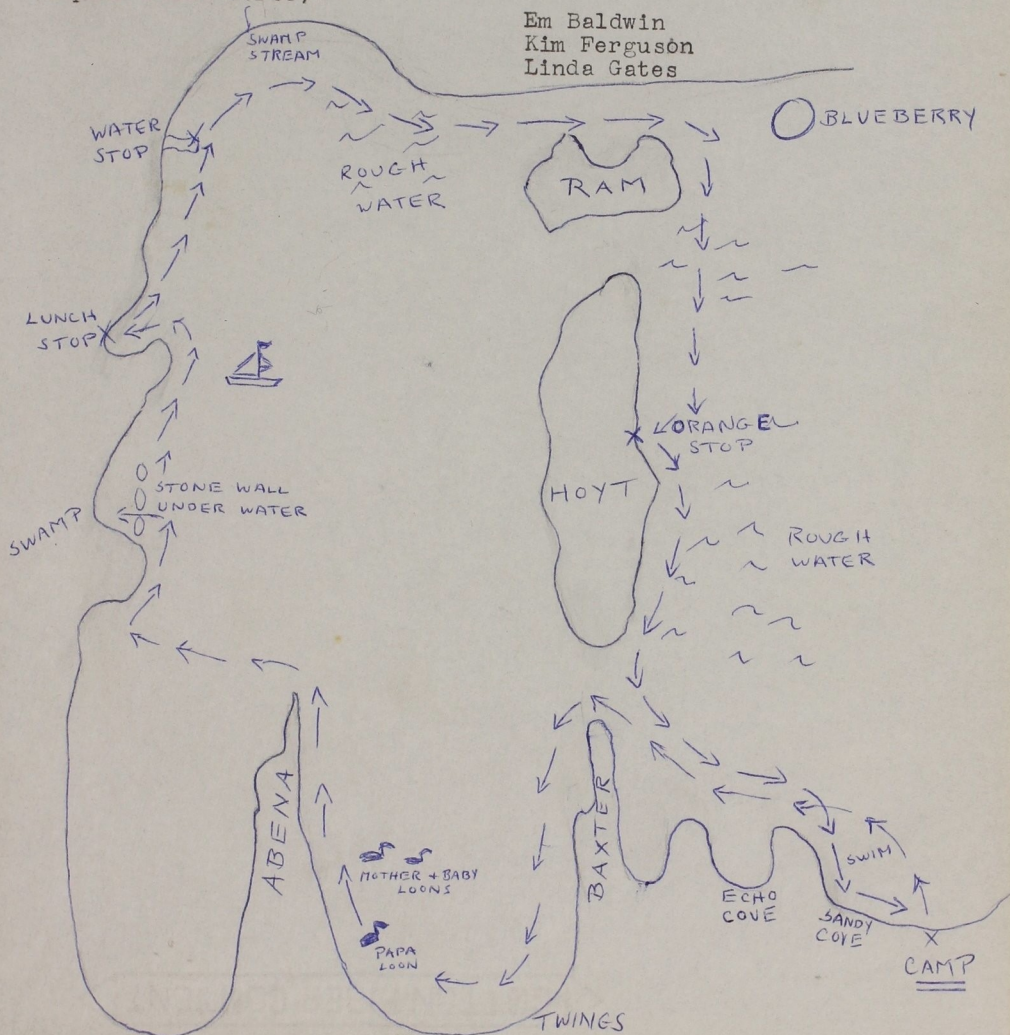
Beth Boynton

Revision of Out on the Blue Waves

Out on the black waves, where summer gales blow,
Our boats go sinking way down below.
We leave the surface to realms of fish we go,
Down to the bottom of the lake where currents flow.

Down in the lake is a wide open space
Where the rocks reach out to the far mountain space.
Far from the world is a magical place,
And it's there that we drown as we sink.

(Repeat first verse)



FIRST LONG LAKE TRIP

Recently Fifth Shack went on a trip down Long Lake to the Belgrade stream. We went in two separate trips. We were accompanied by two counselors, Jo and Linda. The first half left on Monday to go down Long Lake to the mouth of the stream. The trip down Long Lake was rough. We camped there for one night and continued down the stream to Belgrade the next day.

When we got to the end of Long Lake after hours of paddling, we found our selected campsite had been taken. This presented somewhat of a problem as we were all very tired and hot from our trip. We went around the corner to see what we could find. There was nothing satisfactory, so we paddled across the lake to look some more. There we found a pleasant spot to spend the night and cook our meal. We had an excellent supper of hamburgers, corn on ~~the~~ cob, rice, beans, cocoa and peach cobbler. We finished eating and doing the dishes around 9:30. After taking a dip, we all went to bed in our bedrolls which we fixed with hemlock and fern mattresses earlier.

We all arose quite early to take a dip and sit down to a hearty breakfast of Maypo, French toast, eggs, bacon and cocoa. Then we washed the dishes, rolled up our equipment,

packed the canoes and started down the stream.

We took it slowly, singing as we went. About halfway we stopped for lunch. While we were having lunch, we wandered around. However, there was a certain tree Jo wouldn't let us near. She said there was something dangerous. She wouldn't tell us what it was until after lunch. When we were finished, Jo and Linda had us file into our canoes. After we were part-way out of the cove, Jo showed us what it was. At first we couldn't see a thing; then we saw it. It was a large, black, hairy spider with a body the size of a fifty cent piece. As soon as we saw it, we paddled off as fast as we could. Jo tried to kill it, but couldn't, so we kept going until we got to Belgrade. We landed on the beach of another camp where Phil picked us up in the "little bus." It was a fabulous trip!

Pam Stevens

SECOND LONG LAKE TRIP

The second trip to Long Lake was as much fun as the first, I'm sure. We started off at about 9:30 in the morning with a gloriously sunny day ahead of us. We paddled along at an easy pace. The lilies along the side of the stream were very pretty and got more abundant as we went up the stream. We ate lunch in a buggy place. The food was delicious. It was after lunch when we asked Jo where we were going to wash the cups. She replied that we would have to resort to lake water because the faucet on her canoe was broken. That stopped all other stupid questions...except... Ellen asked if we were going to have rest hour. Jo gave up at this.

We started off again and made good time. Our first portage was a nice one, as we went swimming. The swim was cool and refreshing. Carla did some fancy dives off the old and unused water control machinery. Off again, and within the hour we reached Long Lake. We were looking for a suitable campsite when we met Camp Kennebeck Junior. Jo knew some of these counselors, so they helped us find a site. We used the one they had just finished with. It was a neat campsite - absolutely not a mosquito!

For dinner we had pork chops, peas and potatoes. Dessert-
ahhh- for dessert was had two graham cracker pies. Sounds
good - well it was. Later that evening some of the counselors
from Kennebeck Junior came over. They tasted our pie and
were surprised. Apparently the boys aren't such neat campers.
At that point we hit the sack, dreaming of blueberry pancakes.

Breakfast came and went. We left later than we expected
with the taste of blueberry pancakes on our lips.

The trip back was fun and pretty. We stopped at an old
boys' camp. Wyconda was the name, and apparently when in
operation during 1950, it was quite a camp. We had a good
lunch and left for Belgrade and another portage soon after.

After reaching Belgrade, it was an easy matter of
reaching camp. Gee, it was a great trip!

Genie Rogers

FOURTH SHACK

At the far end of Runoia
Backed up by a sloping wood
Lies a shack which I am positive
For quite some time has stood.

This cabin's only called Shack Four
A simple name and yet
One I'll remember
Forever more.

The walls inside this shack
Are marred with names, dates, faces,
Addresses too, in pen and crayon
In many different places.

Right now the shack is filled with noise
Giggles, whispers and shrieks,
And campers' anxious cries for help
While talking in their sleep.

But soon the final day will come
When the campers head for home,
And dear old faithful Fourth Shack
Shall be left alone.

Sally Hutchings

FIRST MESSALONSKEE TRIP

August 8th, Sandy Cook, Harriet Dann, Penny Dalton, Nancy Ball, Ruth Jacobi, Liz Bowman, Patty Christensen, Joyce Leader, Jo Rinehart and myself started off for a three day trip to Oakland by route of Belgrade Lakes Stream, Long Lake, into the Belgrade Stream and then into Messalonskee Lake.

When we left it was quite cloudy, and when we came to the end of the Belgrade Lakes Stream, we had to make a portage to get on to Long Lake. Before we pushed off, we saw Johnny who told Jo to pick up the Coleman Lantern at Castle Island. We then set off on Long Lake. We headed for Camp Wyconda where we stopped to eat lunch. We were not allowed to touch anything because some boys had ransacked the camp, and we didn't want to get our fingerprints on anything. After we looked around, we sat down on the lodge porch and ate our sandwiches. For dessert we had grapes and everyone was trying to see how many she could hold in her mouth. Jo then started to chase Joyce on the porch when they suddenly bumped into a Yellow Jackets bee hive. Jo got stung on the leg, and Joyce got stung on the leg and hand. After that bit of excitement, we then pushed off for Castle Island.

When we picked up the lantern, the men told us that the rest of the lake was very rough. We then set off for a very rough paddle. When we finally reached our campsite, we set

up camp. People unrolled their sleeping bags and some people helped with the supper. Just as everything was ready, the rain came down in buckets, so everyone rushed to check her sleeping bag and also to get a poncho to hold over the fire, so our food wouldn't get wet. The rain lasted for a good twenty minutes. Finally we had a chance to eat our supper which consisted of hamburgs, peas and fried potatoes, and for dessert we had peach cobbler. Most of us were tired, so after a few jokes, we all hit the hay. Sandy Cook's sleeping bag had gotten wet during the rain, so at around four in the morning, Sandy went into bed with Ruthie. They talked till about six. Then they thought it was eight, so they got up and started the fire.

When we finally got up, which was around 7:30, we started to cook pancakes. Most of them were very good except P.D. got too much bacon grease in the pan, so those who ate hers had a few after effects!

After breakfast we got our things together and set off. Before we started down the Belgrade Stream, we went down Ingram Pond which was very pretty. When we got to the end of the pond, we turned around and headed down the stream. When we came to the dam, we stopped and ate lunch. We ate on the dock, and before we ate, we saw some trucks go by with boys from Pine Island. They were on their way to Duns Corner to practice for the war games. Then Joyce took us to the top of the first hill where we thought we could see them, but we couldn't. We then came down the hill, and just as we started to eat our lunch, we saw another team come back. If we had

only stayed on that road a few minutes longer --!

We then pushed off after swimming and eating, and continued our way down the stream. When we came to the end of the stream, there was a bridge that we had to go under. So as soon as Ruthie and Nancy hit the bridge, we left the stream and started into Messalonskee Lake. We then paddled to our last campsite where we had to climb up a bank by the use of rickety stairs. When we got to the top, we found that we were right next to a railroad track. As we were getting supper, which was at quarter of six, the train went by. We counted a hundred-odd cars. Meanwhile others were getting wood. Liz and Patty cut down an old, what we thought was a telephone pole, and Ruthie and Nancy climbed over a barbed wire fence about four times. We also had to build a fireplace which turned out to be pretty good. We also built a table. That night we had ham, string beans and sweet potatoes. For dessert we had grahamcracker pie.

Jo's bee sting started to act up that night, and she dreamed that she had to stop at a house on the way to Oakland and get some ice. Well, sure enough the next day she stopped at a house and got the ice. We then stopped at an island and had our lunch. It was kind of cold so we built a fire while we ate our lunch. After a while we pushed off and headed for Oakland. We got there in what we thought was good time. After we pulled the canoes up onto the shore and unloaded our stuff, we walked around town and got an ice cream cone. Later Jo called Johnny, and Phil came and got us.

All in all the trip was a big success, and we all had fun.

Paula Preston

HORSEBACK RIDING

Of all the sports and games at camp
The one I think most fun
Is riding horseback in the ring
Beneath the summer sun.

There's tennis, kickball, swimming too,
Challenge games are such fun,
But what I like the very most
Is riding when all is done.

Sally Hutchings

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
or
FIRST FOURTH SHACK TRIP TO PINE PARLOR

We started out for Oak Island with (almost) no difficulties. We had left at lunch time, so when we arrived we certainly were hungry.

After lunch we battled with rough water for about forty-five minutes. At last we reached a pleasant swamp where we paddled around for quite a while, enjoying ourselves. We picked all sorts of flowers and cattails until Betty decided we'd better get to the campsite before dark.

We finally arrived at our destination, P. and M. We unrolled our sleeping bags and discovered that assorted people had forgotten assorted vital parts of their clothing. Betty and Angie worked to figure out the Coleman stove. There had been a fire, and no campfires were allowed. Elsa and Jessy arranged logs in a circle for a dining area, and Elsa commented that anyone who sat facing uphill was going to have to like sliding backward.

We had toad-in-the-hole for dinner. For dessert Betty tried to ~~bake~~ a cake, but it didn't seem to cook. Anyway, we had canned plums. We washed the dishes and got into our pajamas. After this, we popped corn and watched the cake. After several handfuls of corn, the cake still wasn't cooked. We tried it anyway, but it tasted more like pudding than cake.

When at last we went to sleep, two people snored and one talked in her sleep. Everybody's mosquito netting fell. In spite of this, everyone slept well.

In the morning we ate eggs, one or two, fried, scrambled or boiled, toast and bacon. We had gotten up late (no reveille). We came straight back to camp, without stopping as on the way up. At last we got back to camp to find the second group ready and waiting to go.

Jessie Lottman

THE SECOND PINE PARLOR TRIP

When the first trip came back from Pine Parlor, Sally, Karen, Beth, Ann S., Susi J., Audrey, Barbie and Linda got everything ready and started off. Not five minutes were we out in the canoes when it started raining. Barbie said we ought to put on our raincoats before it poured. About fifteen minutes later we stopped at Oak Island for lunch. We had peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, lemonade, tomatoes, and for dessert, warm apple crisp.

After lunch we went to Pine Parlor to set up the campsite. After that we went exploring in the canoes. We went in a swamp that had blue flags and cattails and lily pads. We picked lots of blue flags and put them in the gunwales of the canoes. Then we paddled on down along the shoreline, and after making several attempts at getting such things as cattails and driftwood, we turned around and headed back towards the campsite.

When we got back, we carried the canoes up the bank, unloaded the paddles, sneakers, blue flags, etc., and flipped them over. Then we unrolled our packs and began getting settled. After this various groups of various people started off in various directions to explore the campsite area.

Susi Jacobi and Sally Hutchings went off down a path in the direction of a boat we had seen anchored to a place

quite near us. They had reached the spot where there seemed to be some nice rocks to sit on when they heard what they were sure was a baby crying. Susi wanted to go on and investigate, but Sally had determinedly decided against it. Sally then thought she had a wonderful idea. Maybe if she yelled, they would come investigating, so at the top of her lungs, she yelled, "Hi, Susi!" No sooner had she finished when a dog began to bark with all his might. They took off down the path as fast as they could go and didn't stop till they got back. As they came back, Beth, Ann and Audrey started barking like the dog that had chased Sally and Susi.

Then Barbie and Linda started supper while the rest unrolled their sleeping bags. Around 8:00 we had supper. For supper we had toad-in-the-hole which is made with hamburger, cream of mushroom soup, boiled potatoes and onions. After supper we had sh-mores but we couldn't have cooked marshmallows because on every tree it said, "No Fires."

After that we went to bed. In the middle of the night, Susi woke up and saw the dog. Barbie said, "Go home!" He went like a bullet.

When Barbie and Linda started breakfast, the rest rolled up their sleeping bags. For breakfast we had scrambled eggs, bacon and cocoa. Then we started off.

Audrey Thompson
Sally Hutchings

SECOND MESSALONSKEE

After breakfast, Jo, Polly, M.J., Judi, Joanne, Margy, Susie O., Connie and Cathy Wargo left for Oakland by car, hopefully eyeing an overcast sky and wishing the clouds would part. Mind over matter may not be effective, but at any rate the sun was beaming as we paddled down Messalonskee on the first day of a glorious trip.

We reached our campsite at the opposite end of Messalonskee at about four o'clock and set up camp. For supper we feasted on fried chicken, corn on the cob, rice and graham cracker pie. While the dishes were being washed, the brownies began their two day long marathon before the fire.

Friday morning we paddled up the Belgrade Stream to the dam where we ate lunch. That afternoon a wind sprang up, and we rigged up four panchos and paddles to take advantage of it. The wind came over the stern of our canoes, and we fairly flew to our campsite on Long Lake.

Supper that evening was one joke after another. We ate as well as the night before, with toad-in-the-hole, string beans, cocoa, and a delicious cake, which didn't take quite as long to bake as our two-day brownies. We laughed so hard that by the time we got around to eating, our food was cold. After singing a few songs around the campfire, we all settled down for our much-needed sleep.

The next morning just as we were beginning to get up, Phil arrived in the motor boat with the woman who was taking pictures for the camp catalog. Jo rushed over and told him to come back in five minutes, so that we could get dressed and get a fire going. When they returned, things were under control. The photographer took pictures of us in all phases of duty. Everything passed off all right except that the pot of cocoa tipped over and fell into the hash.

After Phil and the photographer left, we cleaned up our campsite and packed up our canoes. After a leisurely morning of a combination of sailing and canoeing, we stopped on Long Lake for lunch. After eating, we spent some time exploring the deserted Camp Wyconda. Then we paddled across the lake and portaged across the dam at Belgrade Lakes. The paddling was easy the rest of the way back to camp. We were all glad to get back but sad to end such a terrific trip!

Margie Warren
Susie O.

VESPERS

Vespers is a solemn affair;
As we bow our heads in earnest prayer,
We think of life serene and real.
We think of homes that have yet to feel
The glow of love, content and true.
And then we think, silent and still,
Of all the hearts happiness has filled
To over-flowing and more.
And then to life we shut the door and pray.

Ann Vivian

HARMONIOUS RUNOIA

To the happy carefree children of the future,
May you walk joyously where we have trod.
To a camp brimming with happiness,
To a pine that waved in the wind,
And a lake sparkling in the sun.
Love was the seed that started you.
May love keep you - Harmonious Runoia.

K. T. Preston

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

| | |
|--------------------------|--|
| Linda Chase Batchelder | Likes Camp Best |
| Elizabeth N. Cobb | Elicits Neat Campsites |
| Philip J. Cobb | Precariously Jockeys Camera |
| Anne Lovina Goodale | Always Loves Goodies |
| Marian R. Johnson | Mirthfully Rules Juveniles |
| Barbara B. Leader | Blames Body Leverage (re water skiing) |
| Joyce E. Leader | Juggles Endless Lines |
| Gwendolyn M. Littlefield | Great Menus Listed |
| Flora M. Lynn | Favorite Master of the Larder |
| Martha Louise Oliver | Maneuvers Little Operations |
| Polly C. Parkhill | Plods Camden Patiently |
| Carol Jean Parlin | Carefully Juggles Pots |
| Kathryn Todd Preston | Keen on Tales to Preserve |
| Sandra Lee Rinehart | Seldom Leaves Runoia ? |
| Carla M. Sandberg | Cleverly Manipulates Sprites |
| Doris A. Shellberg | Distributes Astute Suggestions |
| Angie B. Strople | Accepts Bewitching Stories |
| Berna Lee Thibodeau | Bunny Likes Thoroughbreds |
| Lucy H. Weiser | Life Here a Wealth |

SECOND SHACK ANAGRAMS

Mary Jane Mott

Minds Jobs Masterfully

Elizabeth J. Bowman

Enthusiastically Jibes Boats

Patty L. Christensen

Pack of Lasting Cheerfulness

Judi W. Breck

Just a Wonderful Baker

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Martha Mary Beals

Makes Mischief Boldly

Jessie Morse Colgate

Joyously Makes Crafts

Barbara A. Fink

Best At Fun

Anne A. Fowles

Acts A Flurry

Kathryn Tood Preston

Karefully Tries Practicing

Diane Kathleen Sandberg

Dances, Kicks and Skips

Brook L. Simons

Babbles Like Sixty

Alice Montgomery Williams

Acts Most Winsome

Mary Ann Zeman

Mostly Always Zany

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Emelyn Carol Baldwin | Enjoys Camp Beliefs |
| Elizabeth Carroll Boynton | Easily Canoes Best |
| Susan Shepard Burrows | Sometimes Seems Brave |
| Kim Adele Ferguson | Kicks Always Far |
| Linda Lee Gates | Lives Life Gracefully |
| Sally Spalding Hutchings | Swims and Sails Happily |
| Susan Faith Jacobi | Seems Forever Jolly |
| Jessica Grace Lottman | Jenerally Goes Loco |
| Elsa Wilhelmina Master | Enjoys the Water Madly |
| Karen Matilda Rickard | Kan't Manage to Rest |
| Ann Barr Speicher | Answers Back Seldom |
| Audrey Winnek Thompson | Always a Winner in Trying |
| Ann Willis Vivian | Acts With Vim |
| Ann Judith Zuckerman | Always Joins in Zlowly |

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Nancy Elizabeth Affleck
Anne Rich Brayton
Mary Ann Cook
Honora Gapen Crowell
Elizabeth Avison Fuller
Sandra Beverly Griffith
Ellen Foster Huntington
Jane Orbeton
Eugenia Margaret Rogers
Susan B. Rosenblum
Mary Elizabeth Speicher
Pamela Ann Stevens
Susan Carol Woodruff

Natural in Elusive Acts
Always Rather Busy
Mirthful Athletic Camper
Happily Goes Camping
Enjoys Archery Fully
Snores at Bedtime Grandly
Enjoys Funny Happenings
Jill's Owner
Eagerly Masterminds Riots
Sweet But Reserved
Mirthful and Eager in Summer
Playful All Summer
Seldom Cares to Work

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Nancy Helen Ball | Nicely Herds the Blues |
| Sandra Elise Cook | Saves Every Creature |
| Penelope Wright Dalton | Pierces White's Defense |
| Harriet Bigelow Dann | Helps the Blues Daily |
| Nancy Haines Fifield | Never Haughty to Friends |
| Catherine Forbes Fuller | Calms Frenzies Frequently |
| Joanne Barr Hutchings | Joyously Bellows to Harass |
| Ruth Elizabeth Jacobi | Really an Enthusiastic Jiber |
| Ann Marshall Jacobs | Attempts Most Jobs |
| Susan Orbeton | Surprising Originality |
| Paula Ellen Preston | Pleasant in Every Predicament |
| Constance Dawn Mather | Cautious Diver but Masterful |
| Catherine E. Wargo | Canoes Every-Where |
| Margaret Suydam Warren | Master in Sport and Work |

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|--|-------------------------|--------------------------|--|
| Linda Batchelder | Giraffe-neck | for letters | Like Elvis Presley-à la sideburns | to sing | finishing her good books | Tell me... |
| Elizabeth Cobb | Betty | over the hill | surprised | ploughing through Logs | short anchor ropes | I'll come down if you need me. |
| Philip Cobb | Filbert & Philet | in his bus | for CR signs | to pass the buck | broken lanterns | Would you please? Thank you loads. |
| Anne Goodale | Anne | for tele-phone calls | efficient | Thursdays | being stood up | That stinker... |
| Marian Johnson | the blond from Cincinnati | alone mostly in 2nd Shack | well in her new bathing suit | the new bell | going to town | Won't anyone try MY coffee? |
| Barbara Leader | the Barb | to get up on water skis | like Brigitte Bardot in her two piece bathing suit | going down stream | going up stream | Who's on swimming this afternoon? |
| Joyce Leader | Dropsy | for her day off | like Olive Oil | night visitors | lining the courts | Let's go check on the shacks. |
| Mrs. Littlefield | Mrs. Littlefield | at home | like the mother of the groom | to keep the girls happy | extra desserts | Sure, go ahead. |
| Mrs. Lynn | Mrs. Lynn | for peace and quiet | younger each year | her shut-eye | the noisy refrigerator | That's all right, dearie- you can eat the garbage. |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|------------------|----------------------------|---|---------------------------|------------------------|------------------------------|---|
| Martha Oliver | Marty | with her slides | like an owl | Oberammagau | poor table manners | First-aid stops with the first bandaid. |
| Polly Parkhill | Kilroy | in the motor boat | like a SNORD | enthusiasts | people who don't think ahead | I haven't a clue! |
| Carol Perlin | Carol | by cheating her diet | for the milkman | Belgrade Lakes | rainy Thursdays | Let's walk to Belgrade Lakes! |
| Kathryn Preston | K.T. | on a chain | for Schmitty | little kids | rolling tennis courts | His bite is worse than his bark. |
| Sandra Rinehart | Yosie | with her tongue hanging out | after her engagement ring | to dim, dim the lights | missing apple crisp | You snurd. |
| Carla Sandberg | Chub Cheeks | in tight clothes | like a U-bang-a-knees | to woof | dippers | It's been a long time. |
| Doris Shellberg | Shelly-master of all craft | amidst here and there & among this and that | for new projects | posture perfect shoes | hot coffee | Send them all down to the craft shop. |
| Angie Stropole | the Ange | in bottom of boat during aqua planing | after weavers | Mexico | giving speeches | I'll help Shelly. |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|--------------------|----------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Berna Thibodeau | Rabbit | in flashy slacks | for more hours in the day | Polly and the girls | being teased about her accent | Squeak. |
| Lucy Weiser | Miss Weiser | in Mr. Wentworth's old house | for Shelly | camp lunches | the end of each camp season | And how are you today? |

SECOND SHACK STATISTICS

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|-------------------|------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Elizabeth Bowman | Squire | in habitual neatness | towards Pine Island | halts | being just a squire | Well, by dingey's! |
| Judi Breck | Betty Crocker | quite near the dump | like a muskrat | garbage | that's one big question | Boy, I love lettuce. |
| Patty Christensen | the Zoom Queen | slowly | organized? | zooming ahead | halts | The last shall be first! |
| Mary Jane Mott | Clunker | in shock, after morning dips | to see if Polly's having dessert | peroxide | snerds | I'm thinking ahead! |
| Second Shack | the Petite Shack | with officer Krupke | "lived in" | anything edible | nothing | SNURD! |

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> |
|------------------|------------------|---------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|--|
| Martha Beals | Martha | with Anne Fowles | happy | her white sweater | being neat | Where's my jack ball? |
| Jessie Colgate | Jessie | with Brook across from Bunny | tall, dark and dignified | horses | being called Colgate toothpaste | For Pete sakes! |
| Barbara Fink | Barby | with Diana across from Martha | healthy | jacks | being on Silver | Mary Ann, will you play jacks with me? |
| Anne Fowles | Anne | in Third Shack | serious | having a birthday at camp | doing yard | Creeps! |
| Kathryn Preston | the little crumb | with K.T. and Schmitty | gay | camp | having her first tooth pulled | Will you play house with me? |
| Diana Sandberg | Diana | in Third Shack | cute | like H.J.'s and Janie O.'s teddy bear | bread with cheese | <u>No</u> , Kathy! |
| Brook Simons | Brookside | in Bunny's bed | happy | to be with Bunny | sweeping | Where's Bunny? |
| Alice Williams | Ally | across from Schmitty and Kaylet | nice | to sail | picking up after herself | <u>Must I</u> ? |
| Mary Ann Zeman | Mary Ann | with Ally's stuffed animals | like she combed her hair with an eggbeater | Schmitty | peas | But my hair <u>is</u> combed. |
| Schmitty | Chunmmitz | 3 inches away from K.T. | beautiful | hamburgers | trucks and delivery men | Whoo! Whoó! Whoo! |

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> |
|-------------------|----------------|--|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|---|----------------------|
| Emelyn Baldwin | Em | with Jessy | intellectual | Jessy's science fiction volume | jack tournaments | Keep reading, Jessy! |
| Elizabeth Boynton | Beth | with the horses | like a kewpie doll | to snore | nothing | Hey, Burrows! |
| Susan Burrows | Susie | on the rafters | innocent | to throw Charlie | being quiet | Oh, I'm sor-r-r-e-e! |
| Kim Ferguson | Kimmie | in bed | tan | to giggle | combing a wet pony-tail | Pleeese. |
| Linda Gates | Sheena | in Angie's room | sweet | to write her name on the walls | swimming lessons | Hey, Angie. |
| Sally Hutchings | Sally | with her freckles | like she has the measles | riding | people who climb on the rafters via her dresser | Ouhnow! |
| Susi Jacobi | Fuzzy Wuzzy | to reach the rafters at a running jump | like she ought to lose weight | Joyce's radio | giving up desserts | Neatsie! |
| Jessy Lottman | Poopsie | with her science fiction volume | brilliant | food | tennis | Tennis, again?? |
| Elsa Master | Porky | with her animals | like a porcupine | lipstick | people who tease her about her hair | You better wouldn't. |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|------------------|------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------|--|---|
| Karen Rickard | Matilda | in her squeaky bed | like a growing girl | Kathy Preston | using her own jacks | Oh, Gad! |
| Ann Speicher | Ann | in her jack bag | pleasantly plump | swimming | cutting her longest nail | Karen, use your own jacks! |
| Audrey Thompson | Spidah | in Pautland Maine | like a million dollars | spiders-ha! | people who snore | My name's Spidah, not Spider. |
| Ann Vivian | Tarzan | next to a squeaky bed | ready for anything | morning dips | Howdy Doody | Hot dig! |
| Anne Zuckerman | Anne | slowly | tame | her Teddy bear | making her bed | Where's my Teddy bear? |
| Fourth Shack | <u>the</u> Shack | slowly but with great noise | well-worn | to watch baby powder fights | people who hang wet bathing suits on its rafters | "Is that Susan Burrows talking in her sleep again?" |

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> |
|------------------|----------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|--|
| Nancy Affleck | Nance | with Sue Rosenblum | for her jacks | horses | sailing in rough weather | Where's Sue? |
| Anne Brayton | Anne | in a daze | like a giraffe | to make noise at rest hour | to miss crafts | My eyeball! |
| Mary Ann Cook | Cookie | with her fishing rods | for someone to fish with | fishing | spiders | Hey, Stevens. |
| Honora Crowell | Snoodle | with her 8 toothbrushes | like a tiger | sailing | being called Apey-gapey | Large charge! |
| Elizabeth Fuller | Betsy | with Spike | for trouble | archery | being teased | Anyone for cards? |
| Sandra Griffith | San | in her head gear | different | to snore | being teased about snoring | Two men in a bed. |
| Ellen Huntington | Zelda | in her room | like Miss Reingold 1920 | books | to be bothered when practicing ballet | I've got to practice my ballet sometime. |
| Jane Orbeton | Yany O. | for Buzzy's letters | for Hutch | to play tennis | messy rooms | Hey, Hutch. |
| Eugenia Rogers | Genie | in Florida | like a mischief maker | to feed the horses | to be an angel | Mush Hop. |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|-----------------------|----------------|-----------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|--|---|
| Susan Rosenblum | Sue | with her accordian | for Nancy | canoeing | to get a suggestion | Has she checked yet? |
| Elizabeth Speicher | Spike | with Betsy Fuller | nice | to giggle | sharing her tennis racket with her sister | Want to play jacks? |
| Pamela Stevens | Pam | with her torch | for Mary Ann | joining in | Chief | Hey, Cookie. |
| Susan Woodruff | Sue | lazily | for a way to get out of work | to make noise at rest hour | to do <u>any</u> work | It looks just like my father. It is <u>my father</u> . |
| Fifth Shack | Fish Shack | hardly | confused | to make trouble | <u>work</u> | Is that Sandy snoring again? |

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 | to sail | for mail | Kingston Trio | cereal | Next year when we're rich... |
| Sandra Cook | Sandy | in Princeton of course | starry-eyed | being part of the trio | sarcasm | Oh. Sut! |
| Penelope Dalton | <u>Penelope</u> | to pitch | flustered | to give lectures | high blood pressure | Oh, Cath, I just love that guy. |
| Harriet Dann | H.J. | barely | like a horse | sailing with Pine Island | her hair | Bring the buck..buck.. bucket here. |
| Nancy Fifield | Felix | dangerously | like a cat | being mischievous | Baldy's sudden fits of affection | Be sure you don't call me Felix in front of Eddie. |
| Catherine Fuller | Cathy | to tease Penny | pretty funny | sailing | having her mail ransacked | Don't get a all jibbled up! |
| Joanne Hutchings | Joannie | to gain weight | underfed | scraping over Meadowbrook with Ruthi | being called Hutchings | Gad, Ruthi, comb your hair! |
| Ruth Jacobi | Fat Opal | in Joannie's clothes | ignorant | Pete, of course | being told her clothes are too tight | But it can't hurt you. Read my literature. |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|---------------------|----------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------------|--|
| Ann Jacobs | Annie Girl | in Montclair | small | camp | thunder storms | But I don't want to ruin my Shetland sweater. |
| Susan Orbeton | Agile Eers | intellectually | curious | to dive | 10 page letters | But I don't want a drink of water. I want to learn to play tennis. |
| Paula Preston | S.A. | at stables | healthy | Prince | archery | I feel unloved and rejected. |
| Constance Mather | Peroxy | for her many letters | happy | to write | being teased | I was a teenage White. |
| Catherine Wargo | Sutsville | quietly | happy | Caribou | her own clothes | Connie, may I borrow... |
| Margaret Warren | Margy | in Long Island | like a human being | being oldest camper | having such unoriginal clothes | You have these shorts too! |

LOST

Ruthie's hair

Jo

Weight

Shadow

Second Cruise

Lake

"Rocks"

Landlubbers

Ignorance

Tennis courts

Fifth Shack

Saco

Soft hands

FOUND

Her face

Trips

Hunger

Schmittty

Fog

Pool

"Rabbits"

Sea legs

Agile ears

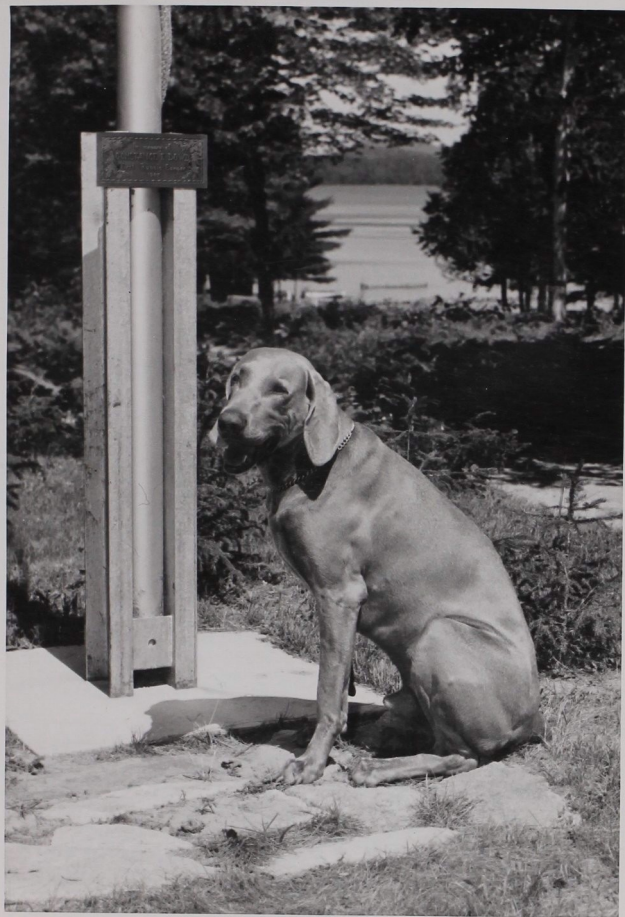
Swimming Area

Aides

Messalonskee

Felled trees





SCHMITTY



SECOND SHACK



THIRD SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK

COUNSELORS

CORRIGIBLE

BOND

U.S.A.

REWRITE

NOTION FREE CONTENT



Lucy Weiser

In camp it's her 54th year.
There's nought about her you would fear.
She's very petite,
And oh, just so sweet.
Miss Weiser to all is a dear.



Marian Johnson

A blonde from Ohio is here.
She always is working in gear.
Just ask her a date
A man or his fate.
To all of us Johnny is dear.

Elizabeth Cobb

A mother of four, Betty Cobb.
But we've never yet heard her sob.
At teaching she's great,
Yes, Phil is her fate,
And she's promised us all shish-kabob.



Philip Cobb

It's Phil who is man in our camp.
With camera in hand he does tramp.
Just ask for a post,
Send him to the coast.
When sailing with him you get damp.



The Doll House Contingent

The twins you can tell by their sound
A new sister they recently found.
To some they're off base
To Gail they do race
When Alice is nowhere around.



Doris Shellberg

Our Shelly is busy it seems.
In crafts she will take them in teams.
She smiles all the time,
Her ideas are sublime.
Of Fall at Runoia she dreams.

Linda Batchelder

Our Linda has something to sell.
California is sure mighty swell.
That bathing suit's great
When it gets in the lake.
For graces she does ring the bell.



Barbara Leader

A trip to the float is a must.
For Barbie the motor is bust.
A dip in the lake
You can't always take,
And how do I sail in a gust?



Martha Oliver

Twas Martha who did take a trip
And came back home in a flying ship.
She's a busy bee
And things she does see
When you at inspection do slip.



Sandra Rinehart

We do have a girl here at camp
Who will trip fair, stormy or damp.
In tennis she's great.
With us Don does rate.
In campcraft we'll give her our stamp.

Bunny Thibodeau

Our Bunny is a real sleepy head.
It's hard to get her out of bed.
Put her on a hoss
And she's the boss.
To water at sunup she's led.



K. T. Preston

K. T. is a Preston we trust.
Each morning by Barbie she's cussed.
But it's not her fault
Her dog will assault.
"He really won't bite-don't get fussed."

Joyce Leader

To college our Joycie is bound.
In tennis her voice it does sound.
Contacts she wears.
In diving she fares.
She puts lime on the lines by the pound.



Angie Strople

Tis Angie who quietly works.
Her duties this gal never shirks.
She paddles canoe
Goes places anew.
Just give her a job and she perks. .

Carla Sandberg

Obesity it is a virtue
It adds ballast in sailboats new.
The camera she shuns
In baseball she runs.
Tis the sun that casts the blond hue!



Polly Parkhill

Tis Polly who ties them in knots.
Her camera takes the tiniest shots.
For wind she does look
Then she checks the book.
While on cruise she examines the yakles.



Mrs. Lynn

Mrs. Lynn it is true is the cook.
She does have the motherly look.
A stew she can brew
And you'll love it too!
She really is tops in our book.



Mrs. Littlefield

Desserts we all eat at great risk
We soon must resort to rye crisp.
Now Gwynnlyn's her name
From Oakland she came.
We all love to eat apple crisp.



Anne Goodale

A physeder our Anne will be.
Just walk in the kitchen you'll see.
She gives clear directions
She's good at inspection
Of glasses and cups of coffee.



Carol Parlin

Tis work in the kitchen she likes.
Soon she'll put meringues into pikes.
She bustles around
With a merry sound.
Tis Carol who likes to take hikes.

SECOND SHACK

Patty Christensen

There is one in 2 who can talk
When she does she can't even walk.
Tis Patty, they say
Who's late every day.
In L.S. she's strong as a hawk.



Judi Breck

From Milford(Milfed) our Judi does come.
Her accent sure startles us some.
The cookies she's baked
Blew up by mistake.
Soda's not powder - deedle dumb!

Elizabeth Bowman

Our Lizzie she never will die.
There isn't a trick she won't try.
Just pick up your feet,
Hang on to your seat
And over the hills you will fly.



Mary Jane Mott

There once was a lassie so gay
Who fell into the lake one day.
They call her a clunker
But better a dunker
Who is she? Oh my, tis M.J.

THIRD SHACK

EATON'S
CORRASABLE
BOND
USA
BERKSHIRE

COTTON FIBER CONTENT

Anne Fowles

Anne Fowles is from South Portland, Maine.
Came by car instead of the train.
She sits and plays jacks
In dear old Third Shack.
Is glad to Runoia she came.



Martha Beals

Martha Beals makes all kinds of fun.
With the girls she keeps on the run.
She giggles a lot
Such a skinny tot.
Eats enough though to weigh a ton.

Brook Simons

Brook babbles and gurgles all day.
She's happy and gay at her play.
But hand her a broom
To sweep out her room
Oh my, you should see her dismay!



Jessie Colgate

Now Jessie does many things well.
At falling she sure does excell.
So down the path - Bump!
And off a horse - Bump!
A brush off and smiling "Oh well."



Kathy Preston

Our Kathy so smiley and gay
Is having a ball every day.
Come time to go home
You'll hear her moan
No, no, no, please can't we all stay?

Barbara Fink

For Barbara was late to this camp.
We found her a cute looking scamp.
She swims with a dash,
A whoop and a splash,
But loathes doing clothesline that's damp.



Diane Sandberg

Diane's a pixie indeed,
And so full of pranks and good deeds.
She works so hard too,
And is not a Blue.
For Whites she has plenty of greed.

Mary Ann Zeman

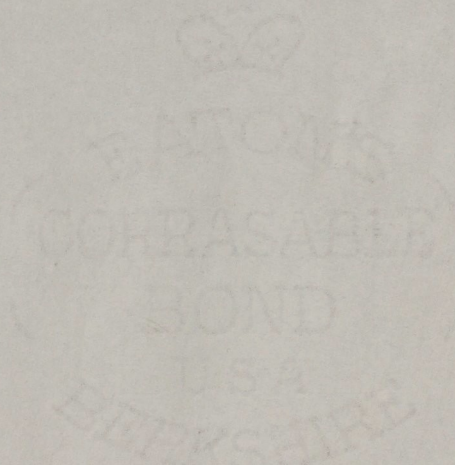
Shoo, Mary Ann, you will be late.
Get going, you have got a date.
She tried all the year
And with her good cheer,
Her team says she's really first rate.



Alice Williams

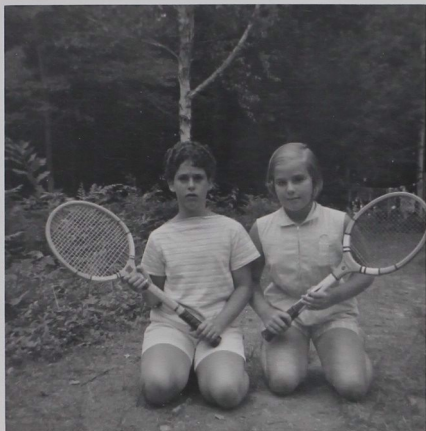
Our Alice loves to sail and to swim.
Canoes and weaves with equal vim.
She has wound her clock
Cannot find her sock,
But always looks so cute and trim.

FOURTH SHACK



Susi Jacobi

Each morning she's seen at the lake.
Her record for dips is no fake.
Her questions galore
Make counselors sore,
Yet Susi is fun we relate.



Ann Speicher

In kickball she's center for Blue.
In swimming a dock dive can do.
Ann Speicher's sweet smile
Each girl does beguile,
And always to Fourth Shack she's true.

Elsa Master

For short she is called Porcupine.
The Juniors all think she is fine.
The captain of Whites,
She's in there to fight.
Our Elsa will never resign.



Kim Ferguson

To Runoia this year came Kim.
She brought with her vigor and vim.
In archery she shoots,
And in kickball she boots,
Yelling, "Come on, Blues, let's win!"

Karen Rickard

Our Karen Rickard is quite bold.
In water she never gets cold.
She's not very neat,
But oh, she can eat.
On camp this young lady is sold.



Ann Vivian

She came to CR, I'm not jokin'
With energy, spirit unbroken.
If all of Fourth Shack
Does rock with a laugh
It's vivacious Ann V. who's just spoken.

Em Baldwin

Em Baldwin to Jess is a pal,
And quite a coöperative gal.
She reads with great verve,
She's not short on nerve.
She raises Fourth Shackers morale.



Jessy Lottman

If you look quite hard you might see
Her way up so high in a tree,
Or doing her reading
Instead of her cleaning.
It's none other than our Jessy.

Susan Burrows

While leading the Junior team Blues,
Or horseback riding she'll not lose.
With giggles and smiles,
And jokes all the while,
We know it's our Fourth Shacker Suz.



Audrey Thompson

From Portland comes this wee lawssy.
Her swimming is oh so clawssy.
Spidah is the gal
Who is everyone's pal,
But her name it's true is Audrey.

Beth Boynton

To Runcia Beth is quite new.
Her sisters have been here tis true.
Blue eyes, curly hair
Make her oh so fair.
Many girls are quite glad she's a Blue.



Sally Hutchings

In camp there is just one red head.
In tennis she's good, so tis said.
She sets quite a pace,
In diving third place.
By Sally the girls all are led.



Linda Gates

A helper in Fourth Shack was she.
A friend to each girl she would be.
Though quiet and shy,
No one passed her by,
For Linda was liked, yes, by gee!



Ann Zuckerman (left)

Ann Zuckerman's team was the Blues.
She chattered the live long day through.
Yet nevertheless,
With friends she was blessed.
This gal to Runoia was new.

FIFTH SHACK

EATON'S
CORRASABLE
BOND
USA
BERKSHIRE

100% COTTON FIBRE CONTENT

Sue Rosenblum

Speak, she does so distinctly.
Her hair is curly and crinkly.
She'll write you a poem
'bout land, sea or home.
It's Susie, hadn't you an inkling?



Nancy Affleck

A new Blue camper is Nancy.
At swimming she's quite fancy.
She rides well, of course,
A horse without force.
Play jacks? Oh boy, can she!

Ellen Huntington (left)

A pretty young lass is Ellen.
From bee bites she's been a-swellin'.
At saving your life
The job she'll do right.
For the White team she sure is a-yellin'.



Pam Stevens (center)

From Princeton, N.J. comes our Pam.
You'll never find her in a jam.
Her spirits on top,
In sports she'll not flop.
A mighty fine camper she am.

Genie Rogers (right)

This gal we can't call a meanie,
And she plays tennis quite keenie.
She comes from Flor-da,
Never will bore ya.
Oh boy, you guessed it, it's Genie.

Anne Brayton

A member of Willy's White team,
In baseball Anne fights with much steam.
In swimming she thrives,
Just look at her dives.
This gal is a Runoia queen.



Mary Ann Cook

At sports this gal is a whiz.
She came later than her siz.
She swims like a fish,
And'll wash every dish.
Mary Ann is who this one is.

Betsy Fuller

You've heard of Katie from Haiti
Owned by a warring young lady.
Katie's been on the rafters
Down on the floor
But Betsy neglected to search Carla's drawer.



Betsy Speicher

Ole bed-ripper-upper is Bets.
Her smile one never forgets.
She lends all her jacks
To the rest of the shack.
She'll be one to go far - don't fret.

Sandy Griffith (left)

It's hours a day for her braces.
This lass wears a harness all places.
When deep in her sleep
Her mouth won't shut keep,
And San's snoring booms in our faces.



Jane Orbeton (center)

They say that the blondes have the fun,
And Janie O. is certainly one.
For her team she does fight,
Buz thinks she's all right.
A promising sailor, bar none.

Noni Crowell (right)

She's found at the stables each day,
For to feed the horses some hay.
You will surely find
Headbands left behind
Wherever Noni's been to play.



Sue Woodruff (left)

O, Susie she learned how to swim
And conquer that kick with a grin.
Her face in a smile
Busy all the while.
Miss Woodruff's memories won't be dim.

SIXTH SHACK

Cathy Wargo

This girl is sure a neat trick.
By her tales she always will stick.
If you would intend
To have a good friend,
Cathy Wargo you never could lick.



Sandy Cook

A new girl to camp, Sandy Cook.
With nature and bugs she is took.
A really nice gal
To Cathy a pal.
At this Blue you just must take a look.

Connie Mather

In Sixth Connie Mather does bed.
From Princeton she hails, it is said.
By all tis confessed
She swims with the best.
To camp we all hope she is wed.



Cathy Fuller

She sailed a good show for the year,
A brought us a bucket of cheer.
For it's never a trial,
Cathy flashed us a smile,
And never did bring up the rear.

Harriet Dann

Our H.J. is quite a gay lass.
The girls all do cheer her en masse.
Her sailing is great,
But we must relate
Her diving will only just pass.



Susan Orbeton

Twas heard that this girl she could hear
Any tale whether far or near.
Sue laid awake nights
To plan her delights
The counselors always did fear.

Nancy Ball

The captain of Blues is Nance Ball.
For her the Blue girls give their all.
She's good in all sports,
In Sixth she cavorts.
It's "Baldy" you'll hear the girls call.



Penny Dalton

A husky young lass Penny D.
As pitcher for Blues she's King Bee,
But diving is not
Our Penelope's lot.
At baseball she's best, all decree.

Paula Preston

Her riding and swimming are neat
Yet diving for her is a feat,
But patience and pluck
As well as good luck
Have made Paula one you can't beat.



Margie Warren

A friend of M.J.'s is this White.
To all she is quite a delight.
In baseball she's great
And though she came late,
Marg Warren is thought quite all right.

Ruth Jacobi

There once was a marshmallow jar.
The course for the trip, it was par.
But Ruthie took hold,
The fluff it was bold
And stuck to her face just like tar.



Joanne Hutchings

Joanne Hutching's a lark in Sixth Shack.
For friends this lean girl does not lack.
We'll give you a clue,
She's White through and through.
All hope she will always come back.



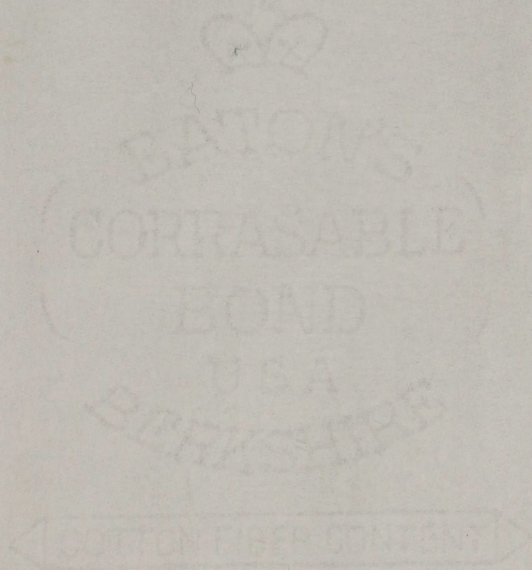
Ann Jacobs (bottom)

We had a young lass in our shack
Who really had nothing to lack.
Though her walk and her daddle
Were like a duck's waddle,
We hope Ann will surely come back.

Nancy Fifield

To Sixth Shack there came a cool cat
Who truly was all but too fat.
Like Felix, her name,
She soon rose to fame
And met every challenge so pat.

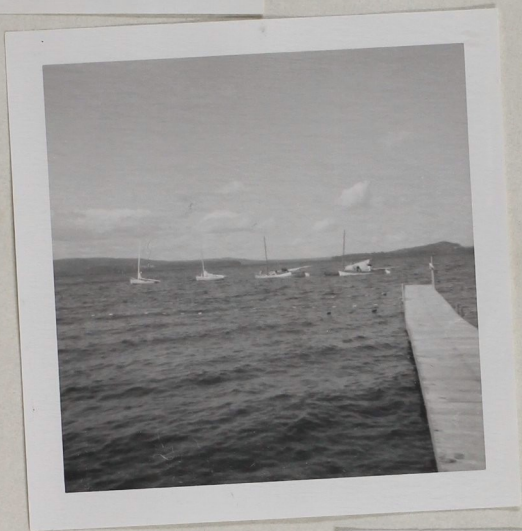
SCENES AROUND CAMP











CIT'S CARNIVAL





22
TATON'S
CORRASABLE
BOND
USA

SHOWER FOR PAM

(5 weeks old)

COTTON CONTENT





JUNIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID





SEPTEMBER REUNION

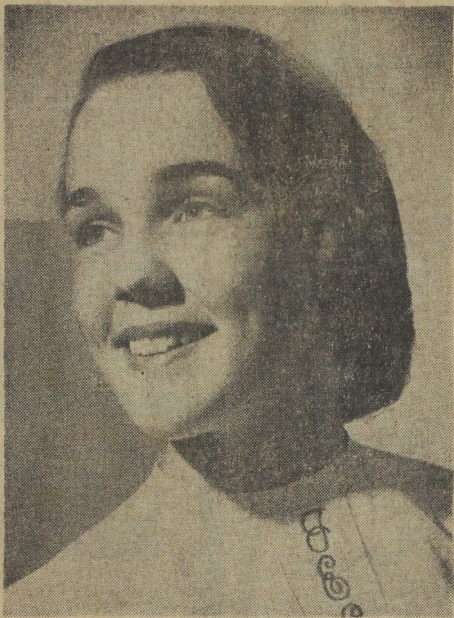
AT THE GRIFFITH'S

HUNTINGTON, L.I.

COTTON FIBER CONTENT



Cincinnati Enquirer
Jan. 1961
Plans Spring Wedding



Miss Jane Elizabeth Ames

MRS. AZEL AMES JR. of this city announces the engagement of her daughter, Jane Elizabeth, to Mr. George Cass Hutchinson III of Cincinnati, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Cass

Hutchinson Jr. of Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

Miss Ames, daughter of the late Dr. Ames, was graduated from Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn., and attended the

Cincinnati Enquirer
Jan. 1961

Engagement Is Announced



Carl Carlson

Miss Beth Ewing Burchenal

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM BURCHENAL of Glendale announced the engagement of their daughter, Beth Ewing, to Mr. Donald Jones of London, England, son of Mr. Clarence McDonald Jones of Gilwren, Wales, and the late Mrs. Jones.

Miss Burchenal was graduated from Hillsdale

School and Bennett College. She made her debut during the 1952 season, and is a member of the Junior League of Cincinnati.

Mr. Jones was graduated from Bryn Mawr College in Wales and served with the Royal Air Force.

No date has been set for the wedding.

Bermuda Bound



Mrs. George Cass Hutchinson III

(Manguso)

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE CASS HUTCHINSON III left by airplane for Bermuda following their wedding at 6:30 o'clock last evening in Christ Church, Glendale, and the reception afterward in the Glendale Lyceum.

From Bermuda Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson will go to Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, where they will be residing.

Mrs. Hutchinson, who was Miss Jane Elizabeth Ames, is the daughter of Mrs. Azel Ames Jr. of this city and the late Dr. Ames. Mr. Hutchinson, also of Cincinnati, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Cass Hutchinson Jr. of Sewickley, Pa.

Spring flowers of white tulips, stock and magnolia leaves were used in arrangements on the church altar and at the entrance of the aisles. Both the altar and the entrance to the chancel were flanked by seven-branch candelabra. Aisle standards were entwined with smilax.

The bride, given in marriage by her uncle, Mr. John F. Church of Dayton, Ohio, wore a gown of bride's taffeta in princess styling with a buttoned back and a chapel train. Rose Pointe lace edged the scooped neckline. In back shirred panels with seed pearl trim fell from the waist on either side of the train. The dress had been worn by Mrs. John F. Church Jr. of Dayton, wife of the bride's cousin. On her head the bride had the heirloom Rose Pointe lace veil of her grandmother, the late Mrs. John A. Church of Cincinnati. She also carried the matching lace and ivory fan which had belonged to her grandmother. On it were fragrant bridal flowers in white including gardenias, freesias, hyacinths, heather and stephanotis.

The bridal attendants were Mrs. James Quest (Sarah Josephine Ames) of New York City, the bride's sister who was matron of honor; Mrs. John F. Church Jr. of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Sarah Faxon of Boston, Mass.; Miss Catia Zoullas of New York City, and Miss Mary Hauser and Miss Martha Nichols, both of

Cincinnati. Annie Quest, the bride's niece, was flower girl.

All the attendants were in short aqua peau de sole frocks fashioned with bell skirts and diagonal shirred bodices with cap sleeves. The same diagonal line accented the back of the dresses which were centered with a flat bow at the waistlines. Headpieces were matching veils. Their bouquets held diagonally across their dress bodices were in the gay shades of spring flowers, tulips, freesias, stock, iris, daffodils, pussy willows and heather.

Mr. Hutchinson was his son's best man. Ushers were Mr. Christopher Hutchinson and Mr. John Hutchinson, both brothers of the bridegroom from Sewickley; Mr. John F. Church Jr., Pittsburgh, and Mr. Edwards Lee Church of Dayton, the bride's two cousins, Mr. W. S. Carlisle of South Bend, Ind.; Mr. James Tudhope of Northfield, Ill., and the bride's brother, Mr. Azel Ames.

For her daughter's wedding Mrs. Ames wore a sheath chiffon in vivid blue-green draped in back with a cowl neckline and short sleeves. Green leaves were appliqued on the matching head veil. Her flowers were pale blush pink spray orchids.

Mrs. Hutchinson chose a gown of champagne color and her corsage was of deeper pink double camellias.

Flanking the receiving line at the Lyceum were large garden urns in the aqua blue of the bridal attendants' gowns with garlands of smilax also used on the balcony and overhead in the ballroom. The buffet centerpiece was of pink and white stock freesias and tulips. Around the cake were the daintiest blossoms of white freesias, roses and heather.

The bride was graduated from Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn., and attended the University of Colorado. She made her debut in Cincinnati in 1956. Mr. Hutchinson is a graduate of St. Paul's School in Concord, N. H., and of Yale University, class of 1957. He is a member of Zeta Psi.



To Rinehart at Campercroft Conference - June