

CAMP RUNOIA

1961

This summer of 1961, we wish to dedicate the Log to one who has contributed much to camp life for many summers. As a counselor and director she has always taken a personal interest in every girl, Junior and Senior. Her daily smiles and laughs have always been there, so sweet and cherished. She has given us inspiration and has shown us the good way of life - God's way. Every moment is sacrificed for us. Always looking ahead and thinking in the future, she is our guidepost. In both sports and work, whether it be a camper-counselor baseball game or a corn-husking bee, she is there to join in our fun. She is truly the key note in the pleasant and everlasting harmony of Runoia. We thank you, Johnny.

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CAMP LIST - 1961

Annex

Mrs. Lynn
Mrs. Littlefield
Ann Huckins
Pauline Fletcher
Carol Parlin (1)*
Janet Nesmith (2)*

Infirmary

Natalie Opdycke

Second Shack

Nancy Ball
Riki Diller
Mary Lynn Mahan
Susan Orbeton
Cathy Wargo
Margaret Warren

Ann Greene
Marian Johnson

Third Shack

Betsy Apple
Robin Conover
Margaret Cook
Debby Dennis (2)
Barbara Fink
Gayle Gilman
Kathy Preston
Brook Simons
Christine Smith
Mary Ann Zeman
Liz Hamid (day camper)

K.T. Preston
Sally Robinson
Patty Christensen

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

Fourth Shack

Martha Beals
Jessie Colgate
Anne Fowles
Linda Gates (1)
Karen Jurgenson (2)
Susan Knauft
Julia Lockwood (1)
Barbara London
Marilyn Makepeace
Bianca Maniaci (2)
Elsa Master
Ann Speicher
Audrey Thompson
Alice Williams
Mary Young (1)
Ann Zuckerman (1)

Sally Sherburne
Lynn Rathbun

Fifth Shack

Nancy Affleck
Michael Ann Bell
Mary Ann Cook
Martha Goldsmith
Monnie Gores
Marcia Greenblatt (2)
Susan Jacobi
Linda Knauft
Marjorie London
Jane Master
Jane Orbeton
Ann Vivian

Carla Sandberg
Judy Conley

Sixth Shack

Mary Lynn Baldock
Noni Crowell
Kim Ferguson
Betsy Fuller
Jean Furniss (1)
Sandy Griffith
Deborah Hinckley
Sally Hutchings
Jessica Lottman
Jill Singer
Betsy Speicher
Janet Stewart
Robin Zeamer (2)

Arlene Smith
Louise Shaw
Elizabeth Bowman
Mary Jane Mott

Seventh Shack

Carolyn Apple
Sandy Cook
Penny Dalton
Jenifer Eklund
Nancy Fifield
Cathy Fuller
Joanne Hutchings
Connie Mather
Dionys Miller
Paula Preston
Genie Rogers
Sue Rosenblum (2)

Polly Parkhill
Velma Carter

Lanesend

Lucy Weiser
Doris Shellberg

Doll House

Betty Cobb
Philip Cobb
Ricky
Sandy
Robbie
Pam
Peggy Doyle
Kitty Walker

LOG STAFF - 1961

Second Shack

Nancy Ball
Mary Lynn Mahan
Susan Orbeton

Third Shack

Brook Simons
Mary Ann Zeman

Fourth Shack

Barbara London
Elsa Master

Fifth Shack

Nancy Affleck
Susan Jacobi
Jane Orbeton
Ann Vivian

Sixth Shack

Kim Ferguson
Sandy Griffith
Betsy Speicher

Seventh Shack

Connie Mather
Sue Rosenblum

SONG FOR BETTY AND PHIL COBB

Tune: "Some Enchanted Evening"

Summertime is ending.
Soon we will be parting.
From our hearts we thank you,
We sing your praises high,
For time and again
You've both been a friend,
For helping and guiding us
Day after day.

Camp Runoia's memory
Within our hearts is treasured.
Our thanks cannot be measured
With but a word or two,
But Betty and Phil,
We'd like you to know
That throughout the summer
Our loyalty has grown.

C.I.T. THEME SONG

Tune: "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Our blisters tell the story of the life of C.I.T.'s.
With our axes we are ready, we are busy as the bees.
Having given the Camp two cookouts, we can do it now with ease,
As the group goes marching on.

Chorus: Betty, Betty, is there anything else to do?
Greenie, Greenie, will you be dipping too?
Johnny, Johnny, when is dinner due?
We ask the whole day through.

We teach beginner swimming 'till our lips have turned all blue.
Our arrows pierce the bull's eye with an aim that's straight
and true.
Oh, let us fix those tennis courts, we know just what to do,
As the group goes marching on.

Repeat Chorus:

Every morning down to counselors' go the hardy C.I.T.'s,
And shouts from K.T. follow as we stumble through the trees;
And last of all comes Greenie, though droopy-eyed is she,
As the group goes marching on.

Repeat Chorus:

The Battle of the Bulge we're sure the C.I.T.'s will win.
To eat desserts or seconds, we proclaim the cardinal sin.
Although we cheat a little, it is really not often,
As the group goes marching on.

Repeat Chorus:

ODE TO AN OLD OAK LOG

On what do you stumble in twilight's mist?

What trips you in the fog?

What gives your ankle a brand new twist?

Hark! Ode to an old oak log.

A trifle rotten in places perhaps,

And maybe a little soggy;

But think of the home it gives various gnomes.

Ode to an old oak log.

Toosie Eklund

THE TRIP UP TO CAMP

We were all waiting mournfully but bravely for the bus in the Greyhound station in New York. Polly Parkhill was our chaperone. We were sitting on our paraphernalia, anxious guarding our menagerie (an owl and a mouse). After various trips to the ladies room and the news stand, for comics and candy, the bus finally came. We piled in, animals, luggage and all, and staggered to our seats. The owner of the mouse was wandering around, trying in vain to find someone who would sit with her. When someone consented, we all breathed more easily.

Stamford was our first stop. Old and new campers piled in and filled up more vacant seats. Onward we traveled, singing, laughing, talking and sleeping.

Hartford came along, and everyone piled into the "Red Coach Inn." The ladies room was jammed, but finally we emerged, refreshed. On the way out, many mints and lollipops were acquired.

We went a bit further and had a box lunch. It consisted of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, a plastic bowl of cole slaw, a chicken leg, an apple and some pound cake.

Many people slept or sang when we finished our lunch, and about an hour later we all consumed a cup of orange drink which was pretty strong. Then we stopped at a gas station and got some soft drinks. We had to gulp them down hurriedly, for we could not bring them on the bus. We got back on the bus and started off again.

To pass away the time, we sang songs, played games, chewed gum and candy, read each other's comics, tore up each other's comics, and soon it was time for our dinner. We went into a Howard Johnson's and had a steak dinner which was made up of hamberger, French fries or mashed potatoes, peas, and strawberry, vanilla, chocolate or coffee ice cream. On the way out of the restaurant we each acquired, to our delight, a lollipop. Then all of us piled back into the bus with full stomachs.

We came out of Portland and to our distress saw a sign that said, "Construction Ahead. Detour." Soon we were bumping and jogging along a dirt road, but we had high spirits because we knew Camp Runoia was not far. It wasn't! After seven more miles we got there! With cheers and songs we entered camp, climbed out of the bus with our belongings and said goodbye to our bus driver.

So ended our adventurous trip by Greyhound bus to Camp Runoia in 1961!

Kim Ferguson

POEM

Dedicated to Sixth Shack and vicinity
By the late Richard Plantagenet, alias Rebecca Runoia

I am a small frightened grey mouse.
I used to live in a nice house.
Now I am at camp,
(And boy, is it damp)
Everyone thinks that I smell.

There has been talk of my tint.
That I'm a field mouse there's a hint.
But my father was white,
And my mom was all right.
She was bred in a lab, I think!

I really like everyone here,
But to them I'm not such a dear.
Still I do my best
In the hour of rest
To squeak on my exercise wheel.

Now I'm getting sentimental.
(It is not purely accidental)
For I feel in my heart
That soon we must part.
Sixth Shack, I forgive you. Farewell.

Jessica Lottman

RICHARD VERSUS RUNOIA

If you ever see a shack full of screaming girls, namely Sixth Shack, you can bet that Richard is there. Richard, if you don't know already, is a pet of Jessica Lottman and can be described as a small fragrant ball of brown fur. Although he doesn't mean to be a pest, he somehow manages to cause chaos in a once peaceful camp. For instance, we all remember the time when Jessy let Richard out of his cage for some fresh air, and he managed to almost cause a riot. Richard also has a rather unmistakable odor, (especially when Jessy forgets to clean his cage.)

One minor detail that Jessy forgot when she brought him to camp was to notify Johnny of his visit. This, needless to say, added to the excitement of his arrival.

When Wol, Alice Williams' owl, gets a little older, certain unnamed persons are hoping that he will develop a craving for a mouse named Richard.

Ann Vivian

IMPRESSIONS OF A RIDE TO CAMP BY A SMALL GREY OWL

Early one morning my dear, sweet, lovable mistress stuck me into my dirty cage. She hurried me out the door, and after a long wait I found myself on the side shelf of a moving vehicle. The vehicle, I soon discovered, was occupied by a nest of squawking female children. Every once in a while my mistress would peer over into my cage accompanied by one of these campers. Exclamations of "Isn't he cute?" or "What an adorable pet he would be!" would soon follow. Nothing is more disgusting than a cooing female child.

After an almost unbearably long ride, we arrived in the pitch dark at "camp." My mistress seized my cage and started out of the vehicle, but at the same time all the other children came surging out too. Lunging, pushing, screaming, seething campers pushed at all sides of me. I was at last out of the bus and was hurried into what seemed to be a small room. I was at peace and undisturbed at last.

Jean Furness

REST HOUR IN THIRD SHACK

K.T. - "O.K. Rest hour has started."

K.T. and Patty go around and look at everybody. Patty goes into Gayle's and my room and says, "Get your feet up on the bed," and then goes to her own room.

(after a little while)

Gayle - "Why did they name her K.T.?"

Me - "Oh, how should I know?"

Then Patty comes in and says, "Be quiet in here," and returns.

Meanwhile, Brook is playing with Robin's broken flashlight which is making a lot of noise because the batteries keep falling out of the flashlight. Peggy, in the next room, is sending notes to Brook that are falling under the bed. K.T. is trying to get Kathy to go to sleep, but Kathy is watching Peggy and Chris across the hall. Brook, Robin, Betsy and Mary Ann walk silently across the hall to exchange games and notes, and while all this is going on, K.T. is saying, "Shhhhhhh."

Barbara Fink

A TYPICAL REST HOUR IN SHACK FIVE

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Carla - "All right, girls. On your beds. Snap it up.
Rest hour has started."

Susi Jacobi - "Oh, please, Carla. Just let us finish
this game of jacks 'cause I'm winning."

Nancy Affleck - "Carla, we've almost finished our card
game. Wait just a minute."

Carla - "On your beds and quiet! You can finish your
games later. Now if you'll be quiet, I'll
read the activities for the afternoon."

pause....

Sailing

Riding

Susi Jacobi

Linda Knauft

Monnie Gores

Mike Bell

Janie M.

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

..and everyone else has canoeing except for the
life savers."

Janie M., Susi Jacobi, Margie London - "Oh, darn it.
We live in that class. UGH! Lifesaving!"

Janie M. - (Enthusiastically) "I love it!"

Carla - "O.K. Quiet now!"

Whole Shack - (Grunts and groans as they settle down)

About 25 minutes later

Mike Bell - "Isn't rest hour over yet?"

Carla - "Shhhh. I'll tell you when it's over."

A few minutes after that

Linda Knauft - (in a whisper) "Hey, Nancy, may I borrow
your pen?"

CRASH!

Nancy Affleck - "Oops, I missed! Sorry."

Linda - "That's O.K. Thanks."

Quiet resumes again

TOOT! TOOT!

Shack Five - "Yak! Yak! Yak!"

And the afternoon activities had begun

Margie London

THIRD SHACK'S TRIP TO OAK ISLAND

With a lot of help, we got the war canoe down on the beach, and two by two we got into it. In the bow were K.T. and Robin. Liz and Sally were in another canoe with the food.

It was very rough water, but Phil was in the motor boat along side of us, and we finally got there.

All of us gathered wood, and Liz started the fire. Meanwhile K.T. got the hot dogs out. Besides hot dogs we had carrots, potato chips and lemonade, and for dessert we had two some-mores.

After dinner we played Swiss Family Robinson. Finally we had to go, and when we got back to camp, everybody had just finished eating sandwiches, but Third Shack was stuffed.

Brook Simons

CAMP RUNOIA

Camp Runoia I do love,
The swaying birch trees and sky above.
I have never seen a camp so keen
From Florida to Maine and in between.
The shacks are neat, the food is good.
The girls are well-behaved and do as they should.
They have canôeing, riding and such.
You can come often - it doesn't cost much!

Robin Conover

OUR SHACK

Our shack is Third Shack. In the morning after everyone is up, most of the kids go skinny-dipping. After that K.T., our counselor, says, "Who is the frozen toad?" In other words, who is cold? Afterwards we go to flag raising and eat, and then we start to clean our shacks. We have to dispose of the notes from the night before, put our dirty clothes in our laundry bags, sweep under our beds, and clean our rooms. Then we do jobs, such as waste basket, clothes line and sweeping the hall. Then we go out on to our porch and play jacks. Then we go to assembly. Then we go to activities. After that we go swimming. We eat lunch and then we have rest hour. We whisper to each other, send notes and read. Then after rest hour we have more activities. We have dinner and then go to the Lodge. We play games and then we go back to the dining room and have milk and crackers. Then we have a story and go to bed.

Robin Conover

FOURTH SHACK OAK ISLAND TRIP

We were just about to leave when Carla told us that we should take our raincoats. Then we all had to go all the way back to get them.

We unracked the war canoe and the two other canoes to carry the food. The numbers of the canoes were numbers One and Seven. Number One is known to tip easily. We put the food in the canoes and we were on our way. The waves were high but we didn't think anything of them. When we got there, we tied the canoes to a branch and waited for the canoes with the food. Number One did not tip over, but number Seven had a leak in it. We went out to find wood for the fire and brought the food to the fireplace. We started a fire and all of a sudden it started to rain. Lynn Rathbun took off her raincoat to guard the fire. It rained and it poured, and all of our clothes were wet even though we had raincoats on. All our food was wet, and the hamburgers were not cooked well. After an hour or so Betty and Polly came just as we were about to leave. Finally we were home and into nice dry clothes.

Ann Zuckerman

FIFTH SHACK SUPPER TRIP TO OAK ISLAND

It was the afternoon of Tuesday, June 27th. The Junior Lifesaving class was in its second period for the afternoon and was out at the Big Float with Polly. When the swimming period had just begun, Betty called out to tell us that the Fifth Shackers were leaving for Oak Island in five minutes. The Fifth Shackers then jumped into the water and madly swam the approach stroke back to the dock. We quickly got out of the water, went up to our shack and got dressed.

Janie O. and Mary Ann Cook were soon dressed (they didn't have Lifesaving!), so they went up to the dining room to help Judy and Carla pack. I soon joined them. We got everything packed and carried it down to the lake. We then rounded up the rest of the Fifth Shackers and unracked the war canoe plus one small canoe. The small canoe was loaded with our supplies and was paddled by Janie O. and M.A. Cook. The rest of us piled into the war canoe and started out with Carla in the stern steering us toward Oak.

The water was very calm and we soon got to Oak.

-2-

We went to one campsite, but it was a mess and didn't have a table. We then paddled on a little bit to another campsite which had a picnic table, but it was a mess too. Carefully we landed the war canoe and started to work.

First we cleaned up the area, unloaded the supplies and gathered firewood. Then we built a fire and started our delicious meal. Our menu consisted of carrots, potato chips, milk and hamburgers that were raw inside and garnished with tomatoes, onions, mustard and chili suace. For dessert we had plums and some-mores plus many extra marshmallows and crackers. Most of us ate quite a lot, but there was still some food left.

After we were filled to the brim and had cleaned the campsite, we got into our canoes and shoved off. We had a nice trip back and sang camp songs along the way. "Wrong-Way Peach Fuzz" (Judy) was at the stern. We arrived safely at camp and unloaded. We all had a wonderful time and were in hysterics most of the time.

Jane Master

SIXTH SHACK TRIP TO OAK ISLAND

On a windy Wednesday at about five o'clock, our shack started out to Oak Island. M.J., Liz, Jill and Arlene were in two small canoes with the food and cooking utensils, while Louise steered the war canoe carrying the rest of us. It was very rough and windy going over, and we weren't sure if we would make it. We finally got to the campsite, much relieved, but our troubles weren't over. How were we to keep the canoes from crashing into the rocks? The wind was blowing directly into the island. Sandy, Noni and I tried to anchor the war canoe with Louise while wood was being gathered and the other canoes were being pulled up on shore or tied to the rocks in the water. Finally, after some of us were soaked to the skin, we prepared supper. Supper consisted of Hamburgers on buns, carrots, cucumbers, iced tea, potato chips, tomatoes, onions, plums and some-mores.

After talking for a while, we put out the fire and started back, leaving a dead fire, some more sticks and a chili sauce covered rock. It was easier going back because it was calmer and the wind was blowing from our backs. We got back to camp, spirited but really quite weary.

Betsy Fuller

OUR TRIP TO FAIRY RING

On a beautiful day in July, a few campers from Third Shack and some from Fourth Shack, M.J., Sally S., Judy and Susie O. went on the well-known trip to Fairy Ring. When we arrived, the first job we had to do, not inviting but necessary, was to dig a pix. While the pix-digging committee was at work, the others gathered all the firewood they could find for M.J. The mosquitoes were terrific, and we had to go easy on our one can of "Raid." When the fire was blazing and our sleeping bags lined up on the ground, we cooked and ate our supper of Toad-in-the-Hole and peas which was surprisingly good. While the dish-washing committee was at the lake, it started to rain. All the sleeping bags, combs, clothes, soap dishes etc. were thrown into the lean-to in a big heap. After cooking our dough-boys in a slight drizzle, the eight campers crawled into the lean-to. The lucky ones who found their pajamas in the confusion climbed into bed and were soon fast asleep, sandwiched in together. The counselors slept outside, their heads under the roof so only their feet would get wet if it rained again.

We all woke up to the sound of the birds singing, M.J. hacking trees down and Sally argu^eing in her sleep. After a quick breakfast of scrambled eggs and bacon, everyone packed up her sleeping bags while oohing and aahing over her mosquito bites. When at last the food was cleared away, the dishes washed, cans buried and everything cleaned up, we put the supplies and sleeping bags in the canoes. When they had left, the rest of us tramped back to camp, tired but happy.

Julia Lockwood

A TRAGEDY

On a hot summer day
A tragic ordeal
Took place on the rocks
Of Pemaquid Light.

A roadmarker, hot,
Overcome with thirst,
Stopped at a farmhouse
To get a cool drink.

The farmer, it seems,
Drinking hard cider,
Asked the roadmarker
To join with him then.

Many hours passed.
The roadmarker stood-
Stumbled out the door
And to his machine.

The drunk roadmarker
Much out of his mind
Drove on down the road
In a dizzy daze.

Behind the machine
A crooked white line
Down to the light house
And plunging right over.

The fate of this man
It is easy to see.
He never was found;
Presumed to have drowned.

All that remains there
A winding white line.
A tragic ordeal
At Pemaquid Light.

Sandy Cook

SEVENTH SHACK PARTY

Excitement broke out on Saturday night, July 1st, due to the party Seventh Shack had planned. They told us that we were supposed to dress as we would like to be in the future years. Almost as great as the excitement was the confusion. Everyone was worrying about what they were going to be and how they would do it. When the bell rang, everyone assembled in the Lodge, and the parade showing the costumes started. This was done by shacks, with the judges picking the best from each shack. Some of the finalists were M.J. Mott and Liz Bowman as the Gold Dust Twins; Noni Crowell as a pix cleaner; Nancy Affleck as a girl married two days; Judy Conley and Velma Carter as Devils; Carla Sandberg as Caesar; Chris Smith as Punishment For Lost Clothing; and Margie Warren as Johnny. The prizes went to these people: funniest- Nancy Affleck; prettiest- Carla Sandberg; most original- Chris Smith; best interpreted- Margie Warren.

After the judging of the costumes came the picking of teams. Again the excitement rose as each person went up to choose a slip of paper, either blue or white, out of a box. After the choosing of teams, team songs were sung.

Next on the program were three skits performed by Seventh Shack. The first was Sandy Cook and Toosie Exlund singing, "Hey, Look Me Over," from the Broadway show "Wildcat." After this came the Barber Shop Quartet, consisting of Penny Dalton as the barber, Nancy Fifield as the victim and Joannie Hutchings and Dionys Miller, singing old tunes. Next came a pantomime of the bus trip up to camp, given by all of Seventh Shack. Everyone exploded with laughter as Genie Rogers sat on a bench and broke it, by mistake.

At the end of the party refreshments were served and that ended a wonderful evening.

Noni Crowell
Sandy Griffith

SAILING

In the eyes of some, sailing is a challenge; in the eyes of others, it is just something to do. In my eyes sailing is like being a bird skimming over the water. When I first stepped into a sailboat, I was a little unsure about what was going to happen, but since I had a good skipper, I soon found out. Sitting in the sailboat watching the clouds go by and seeing the water making a path through its busy water ways, I fell into a dream.

I was a cloud, a beautiful white cloud, sailing by and looking down on the happenings of the earth below me. Since I was large, other clouds moved away, making a path on which I could travel. I came suddenly to a large river and saw my reflection in it. I could also see the rocks making beautiful formations in its bottom. There was also beautiful plant life in the mysterious world below me. Fish swam by, beautiful fish, creating a ballet for me to watch.

I was awakened from my dream by a large wave coming over the boat, and I looked down into the wonderful, beautiful, mysterious world below me. Yes, sailing is a challenge and reveals a beautiful world of its own.

Jill Singer

THE FOURTH OF JULY

We all awoke to a warm, sunny day, disturbed only by bugles, bagpipes, the clanging of pots and pans, and noise in general. Quickly we rose, and, dressed in red, white and blue, rushed to flag raising where we were greeted by members of the same procession that had awakened us a few minutes before. So started the Fourth of July!

At assembly that morning everyone was assigned to one of four teams: the Hessians, the Redcoats, the Minute Men or the Green Mountain Boys. During the day we were to take part in all sorts of competition on land and water to determine the winner of the four teams.

The activities began with baseball and kickball. We were to play three innings of baseball and as much kickball as we could get in before the baseball ended. So for a full morning, we interchanged back and forth and competed against each other in these two games.

At lunch we were still kept in the spirit of the day with strawberry shortcake and a small American flag stuck on the top.

During our afternoon activities we participated in water sports and began again our competition among the

four teams, this time with canoeing, swimming and sailing races. These things ended all competition but definitely not the Fourth of July.

Supper that night consisted of a delicious picnic of hot dogs, potato salad and water melon. After that we all assembled in the Lodge to elect Junior and Senior Captains of the Blue and White teams and also to hear the results of the day's competition. The Hessians proudly carried the victor's flag while the Green Mountain Boys took second place, the Redcoats third and the Minute Men last. Then we all hurried down to our cabins to don long slacks and sweaters for a bonfire at the beach. This is where our marvelous day ended with sparklers and marshmallows.

Sally Hutchings

PEMAQUID

July 7th dawned dingy and cloudy. After being packed securely on the bus, we all settled down to read our mail and sing songs. The sun peeped through at long last only to be hidden under a thick blanket of fog as we neared the coast. Nearing the beach, we found the windshield wipers a necessity not to be overlooked.

Running, playing, splashing, swimming and eating on our own private beach was a great success. Actually we used the regular public park beach, but as we were surrounded by fog, mist and rain, no one joined us.

Lunch! Ah ha! A crew of soggy seniors arrived at Gilbert's with close to three hours to spare. Needless to say we found plenty to do! Eat, eat, eat. The lobsters were great, and we didn't have to wait too long, because the staff knew we had arrived, much to their horror. Within one hour everyone was finished with the main part of lunch. Then we swarmed to the gift shop. The cash register jingled as most everyone purchased something: a pillow, plate, ash tray, pin, necklace, glass, stationery, rubber lobster or candles. Next on the agenda for the day was a walk to the post office so that "gullible consumers" could mail off some "fresh Maine ay-ha."

The Magnum was adventurous fun, and three shifts exchanged places up on the bow. A few and then swarms of gulls fell for the scarce pieces of bread that were not eaten by one crew of helpers but tossed to be soggily eaten. We landed at Christmas Cove amidst a fleet of clean, new yachts and yawls.

Leaving for the lighthouse, we journeyed on the bus once more. Waves thundered on the rocks and hikers climbed around for about an hour. A few adventurous souls risked 15¢ for a peek around the newly built Pemaquid Art Gallery. Supper was heartily consumed and we left for home. The trip back was rather noisy but somehow a few exhausted campers managed three winks before Flavorama, a tasty place where we completed our day. Even though we had had lobster, three cones, lollipops, candy bars, lifesavers, pie, two sandwiches, carrots and an orange, not to mention the clams or soda pop, we managed a 31¢ chocolate dipped, nutter or chocolate sprinkled Dairy Joy. Don't ask me how, please! All in all it was a very food-stuffed trip.

Jane Orbeton

SAILING OVERNIGHT

One dark night as Carla was reading on Fifth Shack's dusty floor, Johnny came in with her clipboard. She said that three trips were going out that week: Long Lake-Messalonskee, a trip around the lake, and the first sailing overnight ever to be had at Runoia. She read down the list. London, M., Affleck, Goldsmith, Janie O. and Janie M. were all sailing from Fifth Shack. After a lot of gasps and exclamations, the shack quieted down and Carla resumed her reading.

The next morning dawned cold and chilly. The sky was a light gray and the lake was rather rough. After assembly we finished rolling up our sleeping bags and brought everything down to the lake. We left our sleeping bags in the boathouse and then went out to the Sprites. Kim Ferguson and Dionys Miller sailed in one boat, Janie O. and Martha Goldsmith in another, and Margie London, Janie M. and myself in the third. Carla and Liz took the sailfish. We set out across the lake toward our destination, Crooked Island. By lunch time we were still out in the middle of the lake, and there we ate lunch. Like all good little litter-bugs we threw our paper bags and watermelon rinds into the water. The wind kept up until about three o'clock

when we suddenly found ourselves on a lake of glass. But Crooked Island was only about two hundred yards away, so we paddled in to it.

We gathered wood, or we tried, and even that was quite a feat, for everything on that island was living. About four o'clock Phil came in the motor boat with our sleeping bags, food and other utensils. Busily we set to work. For dinner we had hot dogs and baked beans, cocoa, fresh peaches, and to top it off, some delicious peanut brittle of Dionys'. Then we found a clearing and unrolled our sleeping bags. Later we ate breadtwists and finally went to bed. Of course we talked for a while, but at last all was quiet. It was a beautiful night, the stars were out, and there was a fresh breeze that drove away the mosquitoes.

Everyone slept late or tried to, but by six-thirty Carla had woken all of us by banging a spoon on a plate. Once we were up, we fixed breakfast: cereal, French toast, bacon, eggs and cocoa. Then we rolled up our packs and did the dishes. We left all our sleeping bags, food tins and boxes on the island covered with a poncho with hopes that Phil or someone else would pick them up.

There was a beautiful wind and we made the best of it. We explored every cranny and cove of Great Pond, including Pine Island, and we sailed straight

for six and one half hours in the sun (no lunch either). By four o'clock we neared camp. Janie M., Margie and I were becalmed around Alford's and had to be towed in. We went swimming, ate lunch in the kitchen and then unpacked. So ended what everyone thought was an absolutely perfect trip and a great success.

Nancy Affleck

SECOND STANDERS TRIP

On Wednesday, July 12, a group consisting of Linda Knauft, Janie Orbeton, Martha Goldsmith, Connie Mather, Nancy Fifield, Ann Vivian, Sally Hutchings, Polly, Liz, Val and Jean Furniss left for Stander's on the other side of Hoyt's Island. The paddle over was quite easy, and although the sun was out, an overcast sky threatened of rain.

As we scraped ashore Peggy came outside to greet us and to show Liz and Polly to the campsite while we took a dip and dived from their float. A peppy crew then paraded off looking for fire wood. Victorious, they returned and supper was started immediately. After devouring spaghetti and beans, Janie O. frosted a delicious drippy chocolate cake and all ate it slowly. Polly took Peggy a piece while eight bushed campers crawled into bed.

In the morning the early risers, who rose at 8 A.M., collected fire wood while two lazy cooks slept through it all. We were a half hour late in starting but arrived home on time, a tired but happy crew.

Janie Orbeton

THE HAILSTORM

What a beautiful day! The sun was out, the Mercury was climbing up close to 85 and there wasn't a cloud in the sky --- yet!

At about 1:30 the sky began to cloud up and the temperature began to drop a little bit. Before that Jets were breaking the sound barrier. We thought it might have been thunder, but we didn't want to ruin this lovely day by some unpleasant thoughts. Some of the more scientific geniuses in camp began to wonder if it might not storm because in previous days it had been quite cool for July. All of a sudden it was really warm. They put two and two together and finally figured out that we would probably have a whopper! And a whopper it was!

At rest hour the wind started blowing a bit more than it had been, and the clouds started to fill with water. The lake began to look a dull color - black to be exact. By 3:00 the rain was coming down very hard and the wind was blowing at an incredible rate. We thought we might have a hurricane! Two canoes were blown off their racks, and M.J.'s Snark was blown off its rack too.

After we thought everything had momentarily stopped, large hailstones, each about the size of a penny, came tumbling down from the heavens. The path in front of Fifth Shack was turned into a river. Soon the whole camp was covered by ice. It looked as if snow had fallen and covered the ground. The first Long Lake trip turned back and returned to camp, after a wild and wooly adventure of a hailstorm, out in the middle of the lake.

Now, after recovering, the camp is as good as new - a little shaken up, maybe, but free of ice and snow.

Susi Jacobi

CLIMBING MT. PHILIP

One day in July, Phil, Sally S. and Liz took some of the Juniors to Mt. Philip in the bus. After a few false starts, we found the right trail and started walking in high spirits with Phil bringing up the rear. It was a warm day, and soon we were all tired and hot. At last we reached the rocks and, scrambling up, we had our reward: a beautiful view of Great Pond and all the islands. Everyone sat down and gazed out over the lake until Phil suggested we hunt for the cave. It was a small cave hardly big enough for one person to squeeze through, so we lay down on the cool rocks and rested. After a while Liz said she would lead us to an S, so we jumped up and followed her down the hill, guessing all the way. Was it a steak dinner, a soda or a swim? Phil wouldn't say. At the bus we found out. A Surprise! All the way into Belgrade we guessed and went nearly mad until Phil stopped by a drugstore. Liz led us in, and then we knew what the surprise was - an ice cream cone. As we ate our cones, we watched the water rush through the dam between Great Pond and Long Lake, and Phil explained how it worked. On the way back to camp in the bus we all agreed that it had been one of the best days all summer.

FIRST CRUISE

On a sunny July afternoon we left for our three-day cruise. Penny, Jill, Dionys, Mary Ann, Sandy, Paula, M.J. and Betty piled into the old camp car and bounced down the camp road only to forget the first aid kit. After successfully sneaking into camp unseen, we again started off. This time we made it. We had a cheerful drive to Cozy Harbor where we were met by a most unexpected face, that of Captain Rand! After settling our luggage, we filed onto shore, invading the one and only soda shop, then settling down for a peaceful night's rest.

Up at 6:00 and fairly rested, we ate, then set sail out onto the grinning Atlantic. Many of us spent a beautiful day sun bathing and sleeping until we pulled into Tenant Harbor at about 7:00 P.M. Repeating our former habit, we went into town and ate until we were about to burst.

Smooth sailing and sunny weather greeted us on our second day, and we set sail for Boothbay Harbor. In the course of the day we noted many beautiful yachts, spied curiously upon the porpoises and eagerly fed the hundreds of sea gulls. Boothbay was a welcome sight

at 5:00 P.M. and after a delicious dinner we went ashore to enjoy several hours of sightseeing and eating! We came back to the "Blackbird" in merry spirits, amid a drizzle.

Our third morning dawned cloudy and windy, and we found it possible to sail without our mainsail. We enjoyed a luxurious but brisk day, exploring up and down several rivers, ending our delightful cruise at Cozy Harbor again. Packing our luggage, we drove to Boothbay, enjoyed a delicious lobster dinner and, thoroughly tired, we finally arrived at camp. What a wonderful cruise!

Dionys Miller

SECOND CRUISE

On Sunday, July 16th, the second cruise consisting of Polly, Louise, Cathy, Betsy, Margy, Carolyn, Monnie and Martha left from camp to go to Cozy Harbor. It was raining when we arrived so we went to bed.

The next morning we motored to Boothbay. After spending our money on various treats, we left to go to Camden, our final destination. After we left Boothbay, we lifted our sails and by mid-afternoon we were under full sail. That night we stayed in Friendship.

The fog was so bad the next day that we could only go as far as Port Clyde. There we visited a Sardine factory. We all agreed that the smell was not too pleasant!

The next day was sunny and nice so we sailed on our way. We all got sunburned and tanned that day. That afternoon we arrived in Camden. After running from shop to shop on the main street in Camden, we hobbled over to Yorkie's. There we spent the rest of our money on a delicious seafood dinner. On the way home we sang songs and made up our trip song.

Monnie Gores

THIRD CRUISE

At six o'clock on July 19th a group of six campers and two counselors including, Noni Crowell, Sandy Griffith, Toosie Eklund, Janie Orbeton, Cathy Wargo, Carla, Arlene and I left for Camden Harbor for a three day cruise. The weather was warm and clear. After about an hour or two we arrived in Camden.

We went aboard and unpacked. We decided to go to town, and while we were standing on the dock talking about it, the campers from the second cruise came to greet us. Most of them looked like newly cooked lobsters and the rest like they were ready for a freedom ride. After spending some of our limited money on candy and sundaes, we returned to the boat, fully stuffed, and slowly retired for bed.

We missed the usual camp bell when we awoke the next morning, but at six o'clock we were roused by Carla's inviting yell, "Get up!" After a hearty and good breakfast, we prepared to shove off.

The weather that day was sunny and everyone spent all day on deck. We motored mostly to Friendship Harbor. After dinner we walked to the nearest store (one mile away). On the way back we were followed by a few boys. They were full of

comments and we were eager to answer them. That night when we prepared for bed there was much to talk about!

With unfailing eagerness Carla again awoke us with her inviting, irresistible call of, "Get up!" After breakfast the fog set in, and the sailing that day was not as good as the day before, and we were forced to motor to New Harbor. It was terribly hot, and we decided to go swimming. The water in that harbor was freezing but refreshing.

That night we again walked to the nearest store (About one or two miles away) and found that New Harbor was not as friendly as Friendship. After a snack we returned to the boat. Captain Kelly informed us that tomorrow we would be able to go on to Cozy Harbor.

At six o'clock that morning we were up without fail. Carla was getting a trifle hoarse. We sailed straight to Cozy Harbor where our trip was to end. It was three o'clock when we dropped anchor. We swabbed the decks and polished brass. When this was over we went ashore to spend the last of our earnings. We ate heartily. For dessert we each faithfully ate two hot fudge sundaes. While eating we had been putting quarter after quarter in the juke box. We had scared half the people in the store with our twist and even more with our selections.

At six o'clock that evening Johnny came for us.
On the way home we talked and talked, and although
we were sorry to end our cruise, we were glad when
we tumbled into bed that night at Runoia.

Connie Mather

TRIP TO HOYT'S ISLAND

On the afternoon of July 5th, nine of us left camp for an overnight at Hoyt's Island. They were Polly Parkhill, Patty Christensen, Ricky Diller, Sandy Griffith, Mike Bell, Noni Crowell, Toosie Eklund, Mary Ann Cook and I. When we got there we got settled and picked up the mess that people before us had left. Then we cooked supper. It was then we discovered that we had forgotten the silverware, so we had to eat with our hands and sticks. Supper was delicious - Toad-in-the-Hole, brownies, bread twists, milk and marshmallows. In the middle of the meal there was a sudden storm. We used two small tarps to cover the fire and food. When it cleared, Patty and Ricky went in for dips, and then we went to bed. It was a sleepless night for some of us; others had all the comforts of home sleeping on rubber mattresses.

At 8 o'clock we all got up. Breakfast was soon cooked - oranges, fruit cocktail, cereal, eggs, bacon, French toast and cocoa, which didn't taste quite right. Polly then noticed that someone's sleeping bag was on fire. Naturally it was mine. After a quick clean-up job, we paddled back to camp and made it just in time for swimming.

SENIOR TRIP TO TUMBLEDOWN

We departed from camp by bus in high spirits, for our day's activity was climbing Mount Tumbledown. We reached the foot of the mountain and prepared ourselves for the long climb ahead. Making our way up the mountainside, which proved harder than most of us thought, gave us a chance to view the beautiful sight below. Although we managed, most of the time, to stay on the trail, we strayed several times. At long last our hot and tired group reached the top and gazed longingly at the cool, clear lake below. A quick dip in the lake followed by lunch revived our spirits, and later an adventurous crew took off to explore a nearby peak. Another dip and we prepared for our climb down. We found the camp song about Tumbledown almost completely true, for the little mountain spring was there, but to our regret the blueberries were not yet ripe! The trip down was much faster and more pleasant, but we were all ready for the delicious dinner that lay ahead at the Cross Inn. After dinner we went back to Runoia, and we were all ready for a good night's sleep!

Ann Vivian
Carolyn Apple

FIRST LONG LAKE TRIP

We set out hot, happy and hoping for good weather. This was the second time that we had attempted to paddle around Long Lake. The first trip had started at 11:00, but the rain and hail which preceeded the hot morning sun had sent us, ten drowned campers, back to camp.

We started our paddle at about 10:30 and continued until we reached Belgrade Lakes where we portaged the canoes. We paddled on until we reached "Hailstone Island" where, at about 1:30, we decided to eat lunch. Lunch tasted good, especially after a cool swim which we all enjoyed.

We said goodbye to Hailstone Island at about 2:00 and continued on our way. The sun was now behind the clouds, and we knew that a storm was at hand. We reached Elizabeth Arden's campsite after a hard paddle through waves and strong wind.

We put up the tarp, after consulting each other as to which way the wind was blowing, and finally picked a nice rocky spot where we hoped that we would be sheltered from the wind. (As soon as the tarp was up, the wind proceeded to change its course.)

We put up ponchos to shield the fire, covered the food and put our packs under the tarp. As we sat there anticipating the on-coming storm, Margie L. was stung three times by a bee. The bee then stung Louise, so we decided to sit outside the tarp. The storm finally came and the wind became so strong that we went back, a little unwillingly, to the tarp. Nobody else was stung, so as the storm started to let up, we began to plan ways to kill the bees. We finally decided to tie a towel, drenched in "Raid", around the tree. Then we put mosquito netting around the tree and sprayed the tree and tarp with "Raid"! Then we decided that we would cook dinner. It was delicious, and after the dishes were done, we unrolled our sleeping bags, went for a skinny dip and retired to eat bread twists and to kill mosquitoes.

We hardly slept at all because of the mosquitoes, and those who did woke up early. Breakfast was cooking, and about 7:00 we ate. We packed our sleeping bags and then fell to work loading the canoes. It was foggy but we were in high spirits and soon set off for camp. We paddled all morning and reached Belgrade Lakes before lunch. We portaged our canoes and continued to Echo Cove where we ate a delicious picnic lunch. The fog burned off during lunch, and we returned to camp in time for rest hour and a refreshing dip in the lake.

Debbie Hinckley

SECOND LONG LAKE TRIP

July 26th was a beautiful summer day. The sky was blue, the sun was shining brightly but the lake proved a challenge for our paddling. There were twelve of us: Carla, Judy, Ricky, Mary Lynn, Ann Vivian, Betsy Fuller, Robin Zeamer, Janet Stewart, Carolyn Apple, Sue Rosenblum, Joannie Hutchings and Penny Dalton. After packing our canoes, we set out for a trip full of new adventures and camping experiences.

To the dip, dip, dip of our paddles we sang until we reached Belgrade Lakes where we portaged our canoes across the road. There stretched before us was Long Lake, reflecting the sunshine and awaiting our paddles.

After some paddling, we sighted a deserted boys' camp where we ate our picnic lunch and then continued our journey. We decided to camp at Elizabeth Arden's Point but first paddled to Elizabeth Arden's to ask permission. We then returned to the campsite. Weary from our long paddle and anxious for a dip, we plunged into the water after unpacking our canoes. Yearning for adventure, some of us started out on a walk past Elizabeth Arden's, admiring the flowers that covered many of the lawns and enjoying the pine fragrances.

surrounding us. We reached a bend in the road where we decided to turn back. Like a merry, merry crew, we walked back to the campsite and eagerly put ourselves to work gathering fire wood and preparing supper. We had a real outdoor-cooked meal consisting of hamburgers, beans and cocoa. As it was Carla's birthday, we decided to have a surprise party for her. Around the fire with an almost full moon shining on the lake, we sang traditional campfire songs in the spirit of Runoia. As the evening drew to a close, we retired to sleep under the stars.

Missing our familiar bell, we awakened at 8:00 and had a hearty breakfast of orange slices, French toast, bacon and cocoa. Departing from our campsite, we explored a cove along Long Lake. After a refreshing dip, we continued our paddle homeward. Our next stop was Hoyt's Island where we had lunch. Then after a short paddle around the point, we returned to Runoia. The trip had been rewarding not only for "roughing it" but for the fun of it all!

Robin Zeamer
Sue Rosenblum

THE SECOND P & M TRIP

We started out during the middle of free swim. Even then we heard the faint rumblings of thunder. Our counselors were Carla Sandberg and Lynn Rathbun. The storm was moving very fast. It was now right over the middle of the lake, but we started out anyway. We just got out of the cove when Carla found that she had left her watch at the boathouse. We had to go back and get it. Betty came out and told us to go to Fairy Ring and wait out the storm.

We started out for Fairy Ring and now it was pouring. While tying a canoe to a branch at Fairy Ring, I fell in the water. Underneath the shelter I changed my clothes. The storm didn't last too long, so we started out again for P & M. We finally got there.

We had a hard time trying to get the fire going. Everything was wet but we were glad to get our supper finally. It started to rain again, and we were all pretty uncomfortable. We had to put ponchos along the side of the tarp to prevent the rain from coming in. We were glad to get into our sleeping bags. Jessy started reading "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea"

out loud. Soon we were asleep.

I woke up at dawn. From then on I dozed on and off. The mosquitoes were terrible, and the ponchos were flapping in the wind. The day turned out beautiful. It was clear, sunny and fairly windy. We had a very good breakfast. We had grapefruit and French toast with luke-warm cocoa. The trip back to camp was very pleasant and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

Janet Stewart

TRIP AROUND THE LAKE

Ten well-fed Runcoia-ites filed up the path sparsely laden with packs and boxes once filled with food. Those ten had just come back from the day trip around the lake.

They look reasonably happy, and why shouldn't they? Because, if you should pry deeper, you would find that they had spent the entire day at Merriweather, forever eating and swimming. And if you proved to be a very good listener, they would tell you about the fire that Janie M. and Robin saw. You might also wonder what made them camp at Horse Point, so close to their first campsite, P & M. To this Carolyn Apple or even Jill Singer would relate to you their sad but fun-filled tale. It would go something like this:

"Well, we were going to spend the night at Hoyt's, but we were greeted by some boys from Camp Belgrade. Then Louise decided on Abena. 'Oh, no you're not,' we were informed by the boys. 'Our other group is settled there.' At this point Liz mentioned Fairy Ring, but everybody booed, so we went to Chester Twing's cove to get permission to stay at the site near the haunted house. Permission, phooey! We couldn't find the owners! So that was out.

After a revival of milk and crackers, it being 5:30, we hustled over to Oak Island. Well, you guessed it. It was taken. You can well imagine what time it was now and what our stomachs were like, but still we forged ahead. On, on to Horse Point where we spent a rough night combatting mosquitoes and nursing sun burns!"

There you have it. Of course, they add a little here and there about the sites they saw and such, but that's about how it went. In other words, they had fun!

Genie Rogers



MEADOWBROOK TRIP

On a Monday morning, two counselors, two C.I.T.'s and nine campers left for Meadowbrook. We paddled across the lake and started for the entrance of Meadowbrook. In the swamps we were all very hungry, so we stopped for lunch. The lunch consisted of peanut butter and marshmallow fluff sandwiches and egg salad sandwiches. We had lemonade and raisins too. All full, and with the sun brightly shining, the trip upstream began. The current was against us but that didn't really matter. The water was extremely shallow and polluted. There were many logs and rocks sticking out of the water, so we had to walk along with the canoes a lot. As we were nearing the end of the stream, we met a boys' camp. Finally we came to the lake. Were we glad to see nice clean lake water and fresh air!

When we came to our campsite, we found that it was taken, so we went to the one next to it. Lynn and I went swimming in the lake. The others hung out their wet clothes, sleeping bags etc. We all helped prepare supper and gather fire wood. As we were doing this, two boys, Joe and Pete, came over. They left very soon, but that wasn't the end of them. We cooked

chicken, rice, salad and lemonade. While we were doing this, Sandy burned her hand. For dessert we had Boston Cream Pie. The supper was delicious. When supper was finished, Joe and Pete dropped in again. We had a campfire over which we made some-mores, sang and talked. Tired and weary from our day's paddle, we went to sleep under the stars.

The sun was shining brightly as we got up the next morning. We gathered fire wood and made fried potatoes, scrambled eggs, Maypo and cocoa for breakfast. After dishes were done and our packs were rolled, we started out for Smithfield. Later that morning, amidst rough waters, we reached our destination. Phil, Johnny and Miss Weiser were there to meet thirteen weary but happy trippers.

Marcia Greenblatt

TRIP SONG

Over rocks, over logs,
Into swamps and into bogs
As the trippers go paddling along.
We pick flowers, we chop trees,
We were battered by the bees
As the trippers go paddling along.
With a hi-hi-he,
Fried chicken we did eat
Shout out your praises loud and strong
Great - great
Wherever we go, you will always know
That the trippers are paddling along.

We like trips, we have fun
Tho' we always look like bums,
As the trippers are paddling along.
This last trip, you'll agree
Is the best you'll ever see
As the trippers go paddling along.
With a hi-hi-he,
Great Pond we did see
Shout out your praises loud and strong
Whoopee
Not a cranny or a cove where we didn't rove
As the trippers go paddling along,
Just keep paddling
As the trippers go paddling along.

Jessica Lottman
Sandra Cook
Sally Sherburne

LOST

Bunny
Schmittty
Barbie
gaff
good weather
woods
Martha
Chief
sermons
first Long Lake
bugle
Linda
baseball field
clothes
Carla
Gail's hair

FOUND

Sally
quiet
longing for bugle
sprite
soggy tennis courts
Seventh Shack
Oppie
Sheba
nervous people
hail
bagpipes
Lynne
mud
suggestions
Pinky
Gail

Ann Vivian

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Elizabeth Janssen Bowman	Elbowroom (for) Juicy Bites
Velma Ethel Carter	Very Eager Crafter
Patricia Louise Christensen	Pudgy Little Chipmunk
Elizabeth Nawrath Cobb	Eagerly Nips Coffee
Philip Jackson Cobb	Pix Just Clogged
Judith Margaret Conley	Jumps Mit Crutches
Margaret Ann Doyle	Mad About Days off!
Pauline Jane Fletcher	Playfully Jostles Friends
Ann Sophia Greene	Abhors Scraping Garbage
Ann Maureen Huckins	Angrily Mangles Hambologna
Marian Rachael Johnson	Must Reprimand Juveniles
Gwendolyn Murray Littlefield	Grinds Meat Lovingly
Flora Minnie Lynn	Famed (for) Motherly Love
Mary Jane Mott	Muscle! Just Muscle!
Janet Kimball Nesmith	Just Kinda Nice
Natalie Parker Opdycke	Nothing Phases Oppie
Polly Curtis Parkhill	Paddles Canoes? Phooey!!
Katherine Todd Preston	Kindly Tackles Problems
Lynn Grace Rathbun	Loathes Gruesome Rest hours
Sally Ann Robinson	So Adept (at) Riding
Carla May Sandberg	Caught Mooching Sandwiches
Louise Ritchie Shaw	Long Red Snid

Doris Alva Shellberg

Sally Stevens Sherburne

Arlene Diane Smith

Katherine Miles Walker

Lucy H. Weiser

Dear And Sincere

Seldom Seems Sane

Another Day Shot!

Knits Miles Weekly

Loves Helping Waifs

SECOND SHACK ANAGRAMS

Nancy Helen Ball

Erika Pallard Diller

Mary Lynn Mahan

Susan Orbeton

Catherine Elizabeth Wargo

Margaret Suydam Warren

Now Hair's Blond

Étudiait Pour Demain

Munches Like Mad!

S'not Overweight

Curls Every Wisp

Merrily Slams Wall

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Elizabeth L. Apple

Robin E. Conover

Margaret Jane Cook

Deborah Leigh Dennis

Barbara Ann Fink

Gayle Drummond Gilman

Elizabeth Hamid

Katherine Todd Preston

Brook Lois Simons

Christine Smith

Mary Ann Zeman

Every Limb's A-climbing

Rocks Every Canoe

Makes (a) Jolly Companion

Dainty Little Diver

Bouncy Agile Flapper

Gay Dancing Guppy

Eagerly (does) Handstands

K.T.'s Pet

Babbles Loudly (to) Seniors

Cute (and) Sunny!

Merry And Zany

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Martha Mary Beals

Jessie Morse Colgate

Ann Aldrich Fowles

Linda L. Gates

Karen Gould Jurgenson

Susan Carol Knauft

Julia D. Lockwood

Barbara London

Marilyn Adams Makepeace

Bianca Maniaci

Elsa Wilhelmina Master

Ann Barr Speicher

Audrey Winnek Thompson

Alice Montgomery Williams

Mary E. Young

Ann J. Zuckerman

Munches Many Blueberries

Joyfully Maneuvers Canoes

Arches Arrows Frequently

Lively Little Giggler

Knowingly Guides Jib

Supervises Cobb Kids

Joyously Does Laugh

Book Lover

Merrily Awakens Mischief

Beginners Magic

Every White's Mirror

Active Blue Sportsman

All Ways Tidy

Always Makes Wisecracks

Mischievously Eyes Yummies

Always Jabbering Zestfully

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Nancy Elizabeth Affleck	Never Ends (her) Antics
Michael Ann Bell	Makes Noise (at) Bedtime
Mary Ann Cook	Masters All Comically
Martha Rule Deupree Goldsmith	Magically Rates (in) Diving Grading
Mary Irvin Gores	Mirthful Intelligent Gem
Marcia Slater Greenblatt	Manages Swimming Gracefully
Susan Faith Jacobi	Saucy Fatigueless Jabberer
Linda Louise Knauft	Laughs Like Kräzy
Marjorie Ann London	Makes Anyone Laugh
Jane Elizabeth Master	Genuinely Enjoys Music
Jane Orbeton	Jibes Often
Ann Willis Vivian	Always Wins Vigorously

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Mary Lynn Baldock	Mostly Lies (in) Bed
Honora Capen Crowell	Hates Going Canoeing
Kim Adele Ferguson	Kisses All Fellows
Elizabeth Avison Fuller	Eats All Foods
Jean B. Furniss	Just Builds Friends
Sandra Beverly Griffith	Sails (with) Boys Gaily
Deborah Burnham Hinckley	Does Bowstroke Heartily
Sally Spalding Hutchings	Sometimes Swings (a) Homer
Jessica Grace Lottman	Jobs Get Lost!
Jill Roberta Singer	Jolly Runoian Sister
Mary Elizabeth Speicher	Makes Everything Special
Janet Stewart	Just Swell
Robin Wisler Zeamer	Roots (for) Whites Zealously

SEVENTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Carolyn Virginia Apple	(a) Canny Vivacious Adventurer
Sandra Elise Cook	Sterns Every Canoe
Penelope Wright Dalton	Plays With Drive
Jenifer Willis Eklund	Jumps (for) Whites Every time
Nancy Haines Fifield	Never Haughty (to) Friends
Catherine Forbes Fuller	Casually Foils Feuds
Joanne Barr Hutchings	Jolly But Headstrong
Constance Dawn Mather	Constantly Diets (on) Monday
Dionys Elizabeth Charlotte Miller	Dislikes Every Complex Moment
Paula Ellen Preston	Plays (in) Every Phase
Eugenia Margaret Rogers	Effects Many R's
Susan Bee Rosenblum	Sincere Blue Runoian

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 Bowman	Gold Dust Twin	in a cloud	sometimes	more and more food	diets	Really???
Velma Carter	Vel	in the craft shop	like a southern belle	Ben	being messy	Now don't you worry about a thing!
Patricia Christensen	Patty	in confusion	never	evasion	chopping wood	Has anyone seen my Yoga book?
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	with her clipboard	preoccupied	coffee	people who don't work	Phil, get the camera quick!
Philip Cobb	Phil	in his VW bus	for clogged pixes	capture the flag	people who write on walls	Whatever you want.
Judith Conley	Soggy	in hand-knit sweaters	for calls from Baltimore	Tweety McDuck	telephone bills	Would you mind?
Ann Greene	Greenie	with the C.I.T.'s	for Oppie	her CARE packages	morning skinny dips	It's on the bottom shelf of the walk-in.
Mary Jane Mott	M. Juice	sometimes	for trees	pizza	being accident prone	Oh, what will my mother say?
Natalie Opdycke	Oppie	to sail	for her cough medicine	freedom	being called Nursie	Go up a rope!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Polly Parkhill	Popley	on the May Bee	for airmail letters	other people's clothes	U.S.S. Mansfield	Oh my heart you fruit!
Katherine Preston	K.T.	in the station wagon	for untidy rooms	her morning coffee	M.J.'s absence	Third Shack is a chicken coop.
Lynn Rathbun	Lynn	for having a ball	from behind her drooping locks	Mort	balogna	I can't stand it!
Sally Robinson	Sally R.	for Sept.	for red blankets	Tommy	late riders	Can I have my drill team tonight?
Carla Sandberg	Pinky	and how!	for trouble	her head- ache bands	Sylvester	Outa my way!
Louise Shaw	Fatty	in holey tennis shoes	her Snid	her new slacks	lining tennis courts	Gad!
Doris Shellberg	Shelley	in a well- lit craft shop	after Velma	imagination	rewarping looms	Somebody has to do it!
Sally Sherburne	S.S.S.A.	in a twit	for buglers	Great Pond	dirty dishes	Come in, P.P.M.
Arlene Smith	Enelra	for excitement	great in pink and purple	taking pictures	people jumping on her bed	You'll never get me in!
Lucy H. Weiser	Miss Weiser	amidst Shelley's art work	(wonderful	giving lobster parties	empty camp	Yes, I know all the girls' names.

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>
Nancy Ball	Baldy	under a haystack	like a drunken fish	her tennis sneakers	her diet (what diet?)	But I didn't have any cocoa!
Riki Diller	Riki	in "the hole"	disorganized	Scotland	French	Gad.... hit me!
Mary Lynn Mahan	Mary Lynn	in a gold-fish bowl	like Friar Tuck	midnight vigils with Margy	people who don't stand up straight during flag raising	Tell me I don't look like an Amazon!
Susan Orbeton	Susie O.	energetically	thinner	fixing pixes	not going to bed exhausted	By cracky, guess how much I lost this week?
Cathy Wargo	Cathy	underneath her rollers	for interesting things to sketch	green grapes	getting out of bed	It seems to me I'm always going over there.
Margy Warren	Wobbly-Knees Warren	furtively	muscular, not fat	playing jokes on Louise	audiences	Ye-ow!

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>
Elizabeth Apple	Betsy	in trees	smiley	Boompsa daisy!	being the only one in a skort	Oh, please-
Robin Conover	Robin	with her glasses on	for dust	yo-yos	fish	Oh, heck!
Margaret Cook	Peggy	with Grandpappy	like a chipmunk	candy	being reminded she's on a diet	I know where to kick it!
Deborah Dennis	Debbie	with Betsy	happy	Neccos	doing extra jobs	Oh, you!
Barbara Fink	Barby	with her jacks	like a flapper	scarecrows	doing silverware	Oh,
Gayle Gilman	Gayle	in bed till first bell	great in short hair	to make Frizley's root beer	shack jobs	Oh, creeps!
Elizabeth Hamid	Liz	down the road	bouncy	tumbling	walking when she can catch a piggy back ride	Where's Mary Lynn?
Katherine Preston	K-let	in the craft shop	tiny	posing for pictures	Who knows?	Will you sign my phonograph book?

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Brook Simons	Brookside	with Dionys	like an elf	to make daily trips to 7th Shack	Middles Backsies	Where's Fatty?
Christine Smith	Chris	neatly	like her mother	to sketch	being messy	Hey, Mary Ann!
Mary Ann Zeman	Mary Ann	in 4th Shack	like her brother	her camera	being neat	Well, gee!

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>
Martha Beals	Martha	with Barbara F.	sleepy	peek holes	kickball practice	Not again!
Jessie Colgate	Jessie	with Brook	untamed	horses	hidden thongs	Golly red!
Ann Fowles	Ann	at the stables	typical	her jacks	being teased	That's tough!
Karen Jurgenson	Scrooge	in South Portland	for inter- esting books	salt water taffy	Easy Backsies	Oh, Audrey!
Susan Knauft	Sue	with the Cobb children	like a baby doll	to read	spinach	Let's play 'Who Am I?'
Julia Lockwood	Julie	with Mary	optimistic	to giggle	people sitting on her bed	Let's sing.
Barbara London	Bobby	in doctor's office	disabled	sleeping	taking baths for boils	Poopsie!
Marilyn Makepeace	Marilyn	to ride	for bullfrogs	lobster	riding Penny bareback	Oh, Lynn, it hurts.
Bianca Maniaci	Bianca	with her jacks	like a doll	ghost stories	doing pix	I don't have a nickname.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Elsa Master	Elsa	in 5th Shack	tamer than last year	the White team	Welsh Rarebit	Come here, once.
Ann Speicher	Ann	with Betsy	like a mouse	movie magazines	refusing dessert	And wear hard shoes!
Audrey Thompson	Odds	in the infirmary	like a cocker	to talk during rest hour	veal cutlets	Don't call me that!
Alice Williams	Allie	in the water	classic	baby owls	treading water	Oh, shucks!
Mary Young	Mary	with Julie	mischievous	her recorder	bedtime	Wait up, Julie.
Ann Zuckerman	Ann	first on left	for someone to dip with her	cats	her cowlick	Can you help me during free swim?

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	"Affected"	at the stables	forward to riding	scheming with Mike	being called "Nance"	Drill practice today, Mike.
Michael Bell	Mike	bug-eyed	for Pinky	making noise during rest hour	her cough medicine	Carla, kiss me goodnight.
Mary Ann Cook	Cookie	with her fishing rod	for Lynn	baseball	sleeping bag hunters- via her bed	You don't love me anymore.
Martha Goldsmith	Muffy	for Tonto	good in a rainhat	10 nail polish colors and 17 lipsticks	putting in her contacts	I need to go on a diet.
Mary Gores	Monnie	somehow	bleached	sailing	hot dogs	That's not a box of dust. It's my waste paper basket.
Marsha Greenblatt	Mushy	neatly	forward to Sports Week?	home-grown radishes	going out to a buggy baseball field	Don't be frightened. It's only my tooth position!
Susan Jacobi	Susi (with an i)	in continual dis-organization	good in rollers	Pine Island	pied beds	Dear Mikie- You know that boy--

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Linda Knauft	Linda Kanauft	in 2nd Shack	good in Cathy's bathingsuit	magazines	smudged lipstick	All right! Who's been using my baby oil?
Marjorie London	Elvis	for more riding time	like Elvis Presley	swimming races	being teased	That's not a sock! It's mergatroid!
Jane Master	Janie M.	with Teddy	like a school teacher	Lizzy	disorga- nization	Janie O., get out of bed.
Jane Orbeton	Janie Awberton	in bed until first bell	for sun on her cruise	pieing Carla's bed	having Mary Ann Cook sit on her	Just to put some life in the conver- sation. I think I'm perfect!
Ann Vivian	Tonto	dangerously	like an Indian	sailing with Robin H.	brussel sprouts	Oh, Susi!

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>
Mary Lynn Baldock	Mary Lynn	like a fish	good in her Madras shorts	Cathy W.	tipping tests	Do I have to?
Honora Crowell	Noni	discreetly	like a pixie	birthdays	canoeing	Don't quiver your liver!
Kim Ferguson	Kimmy	under a bathing cap	like a cocker spaniel	her pony tail	diving	Does anyone have a rubber band?
Elizabeth Fuller	Betsy	spastically	for her 299 jacks and 34 balls	to eat	diets and spiders	Can't we pass tests instead of swimming laps?
Jean Furniss	Jean	with Janet and Jill	friendly	everyone	triping	Sure.
Sandra Griffith	Sandy	robustly	for chances to get out of wearing her headpiece	sailing with Mike	people who tell her she snores	Gad!
Deborah Hinckley	Debbie	with Ann O.	cute	being sarcastic	being told she has a high voice	Drat!
Sally Hutchings	Sally	with her temper	Irish	Elvis Presley	being called Red	Tch!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Jessica Lottman	Jessie	with her books	for rubber bands	snids	cleaning her room	It's an amulet.
Jill Singer	Jill	with Jessy	great with short hair	people	sophisti- cated people	Jessy, will you do me one favor, please? Clean up your room.
Mary Speicher	Bets	with her curlers	for letters from Mike	light lipstick	peanut butter	Am I getting fat?
Janet Stewart	Janet	quietly	for letters from Jean	to play tennis	archery	Oh, heavens!
Robin Zeamer	Robin	for the Kingston Trio	woosy in the morning	Merri- weather	her middle name	Yikes!

SEVENTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Carolyn Apple	Carolyn	with Toosie and Connie	like a Princetonian	Hawaii	its length	Oh, Connie!
Sandra Cook	Sandy	for mail	in her blue box for candy	service	being alone	That looks funny!
Penelope Dalton	Penny	for sports	flustered	food	calories	Heavens to mergatroid!
Jenifer Eklund	Toosie	to pass lifesaving	industrious	sketching	bedtime	I'm on a diet.
Nancy Fifield	Nance	in bed	compact	sleeping	getting up	It was my dream!
Catherine Fuller	K-let	with Penny	for fun	to please	coughing	What a chuck!
Joanne Hutchings	Hutch	with Dionys	like a White	tennis	wet tennis courts	Don't lett it phase you!
Constance Mather	Connie	for Princeton	dense	neatness	people who don't help	Shh!
Dionys Miller	Fatty	with Joanne	good	wind	picking up stitches	Don't let it worry you.
Paula Preston	Paula	with herself	confused	mail	Pink	Where's Genie?
Eugenia Rogers	Genie	out of the Shack	for dust	making noise	having wet underwear	Where's Sally R.?
Susan Rosenblum	Sue	quietly	sweet	telling fortunes	archery	That's not so bad.





SECOND SHACK



THIRD SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK



SEVENTH SHACK

COUNSELORS



Lucy Weiser

At Lanesend lives our Miss Weiser.
Of Runoia she is a proud founder.
With vigor to lend
To all she's a friend
Of her no one could be fonder.

Marian Johnson

At seven o'clock when we're not awake
Johnny gets up her dip for to take.
Her puns keep us groaning
But we're not bemoaning
The 35 summers she's spent at our lake.



Ann Greene

To Greenie all the C.I.T.s turn
As wanting to be Aids they do yearn.
Should they stray from the path
And incur her mild wrath
She'd show them just what they should
learn.

Philip Cobb

"Go slower," the campers complain
When Phil gives them rides on the plane.
From the roof tops so high
The shingles do fly
And plumbers he aptly does train.



Betty Cobb

When second bell sounds loud and clear
Betty Cobb is not very near.
Down the road she careens
Dressed in sweatpants pea green
Just in time for her coffee so dear.



The Cobb Children

Ricky to Day Camp is rushed;
Sandy's hair is too short to be brushed.
Pam is now walking
And Robbie keeps talking,
And all of them never are hushed.



Doris Shellberg

To Shelley we all give a cheer
For helping us throughout the year.
In rain, hail or sun
She's helped us have fun.
When needed she always is near.

K.T. Preston

K.T. is warden in Third Shack.
Of excitement there is no lack.
Before the bell rings
"Skinny dips!" she sings
For she has been swimming and back.



Mary Jane Mott

Counselors changed in Third again.
M.J. selected to remain.
But "Hi," then "Goodbye"
Back to Sixth Shack she'd fly.
"Don't leave me!" was K.T.'s refrain.

Polly Parkhill

Her nights out are many, go look at the sheet.
But it's never an aunt she's so anxious to meet.
She trips on the rocks, she can't see well at night
And bandages toes till they look a big sight.
She putts madly around in one old outboard,
And chews out the campers until they have scored!



Velma Carter

So full of surprises is she
And handy at crafts as you'll see.
She hails from the South
With a smile on her mouth
And her jokes are so very witty.



Natalie Opdycke

To Runoia this year came Oppie.
A nurse she's the cream of the croppie.
I'm a White, she'll declare
You can tell by my hair
As I sail on the waves, oh so choppie.

Judy Conley

A redhead this week and so beat (!)
Especially when she's found with Tweet.
And down Tumbledown
She attempted to bound
But the weight was too much for her feet.



Carla Sandberg

Is tripping or sailing her forte?
Well, all boats have starboard and port.
While paddling canoes
Or sipping her brews
She'll answer when you call her Sport.

Patty Christensen

Words of rhyme from Patty's pen flow.
She'd tease K.T. with, "Don't you know?"
All summer she tripped
The path was a pip
From the lakes she'd return all aglow.



Elizabeth Bowman

This Bowman is known for her eating.
"Let's eat!" is often her greeting.
Cakes, cookies and pies
Disappear from all eyes
Camp's kitchen sure takes a beating.



Sally Robinson

Down to dipping Sally goes
To wash the horse smell off her clòthes.
After riding all day
She is tired, but gay
All are her friends, and none her foes.

Arlene Smith

This gal a conformist is not.
You can tell by the clothes that she's got.
With her little M.G.
And a handsome young he
You'll agree this gal's got a lot.



Louise Shaw

Her sneakers have holes, both large and small.
They must be from days when she first learned
to crawl.
When she's out fixing courts and lining them
white,
You can bet it will rain cats and dogs that
same night.
She'll best be remembered for snids and red
hair,
And feet that need shoes, at least 15 pair.

Sally Sherburne

Sally S. was swimming one day.
She went to the Marjorie to stay.
Mary Lynn in her boat
Got dunked by the float
So Sal had to swim all the way.



Lynn Rathbun

One counselor in Fourth Shack is Lynn
And her face always wears a grin.
With Band-aids and such
She couldn't do much
After stubbing her toe again!

Kitty Walker

We have a sitter named Walker.
She really is quite a talker.
The needles do fly
The French verbs, oh my!
And at sailing she's a fast starter.



Peggy Doyle

Now Peggy has learned how to knit.
Tis father who has all the wit.
The babes cannot read
So signs they don't heed.
With all of us she makes a hit!

Mrs. Lynn

We all of us know Mrs. Lynn.
Our gastronomic appraisals do win.
She seldom is jarred
Or her cooking ne'er marred
In spite of a surrounding din!



Mrs. Littlefield

Mrs. Littlefield's synonymous with cake.
On some days it's four she does bake.
For girls with birthdays
And in all sorts of ways
She spoils us while we are awake.

Pauline Fletcher

When Jimmy brings milk for us all
This girl you will not have to call.
She'll find him a seat
And give him a treat
But for him, wouldn't most of us fall?



Janet Nesmith

Although she came later than most
And she'll never give up her post,
Forever she smiles
In all kinds of trials
We know she will be a good host.

Ann Huckins

Our Ann she once knitting did try
The job she gave up with a sigh.
She went on a diet
Don't most of us try it?
In her case we'll never know why.

SECOND SHACK

Nancy Ball

Nancy Ball now just loves to eat.
Apple crisp is her favorite treat.
She wanted to try it
So went on a diet,
But temptation just couldn't be beat.



Riki Diller

From afar we heard a strange sound,
And there all the Juniors we found.
They followed with glee
This gal on a spree,
As Riki her bagpipes did pound.

Cathy Wargo

A gal who speaks so soft and low
Is known to all as C. Wargo.
She puts up her hair
And has not a care
And oh! How her tan it does glow!



Mary Lynn Mahan

An athlete of note is M. Lynn.
As umpire some fame she does win.
At tumbling she's great,
But her feet are dead weight
When she stomps down the hall, what a
din!

Susie Orbeton

You need a strong caller for squares,
Or a built-in fog horn that blaers,
A plumber for pix
We've one who can fix
For Susie we send up bright flares.



Margy Warren

Margy Warren is accident prone
On a trip or right here at home.
The farmer in the dell
Is the love of this belle
Who also on walks loves to roam.

THIRD SHACK

Kathy Preston

Kathy - our youngest of campers
Up Third Shack hall she does scamper.
All things are such fun
Our hearts she has won
Though jack games she sometimes does hamper.



Liz Hamid

Liz Hamid came by the day.
Each night she'd be whisked away.
A circus was she
Like her family tree
Next year we hope that she'll stay!

Chris Smith

Arlene's little daughter is Chris.
Her camping is far from amiss.
In archery she's fine,
Her diving's divine.
This camper's a cute little miss.



Peggy Cook

The last of the Cooks to arrive
Was Peggy with plenty of drive.
Cunning is she
As she giggles with glee.
Her roommate and she sure do jive.



Debbie Dennis

Debbie Dennis, she came to camp late.
She's great fun and really first rate.
But her cute blond head
Painted red instead
At the boat house as she wrote name and date.

Gayle Gilman

Our Gayle had a turtle named Hank.
He lived in a square little tank.
He crawled out one day
And just went away.
At a girls' camp, he sure was outranked!



Barbara Fink

Ding! Goes rising bell. Pfft.-out she nips
Brown-eyed Barby Fink, how she loves dips
Rain or shine she goes
She's right on her toes
And at jacks, you should see how she flips!

Robin Conover

A good little swimmer is Robin.
In water her head is a-bobbin'
When her horse made a pass
She bounced on the grass
And came up all smiles, not a-sobbin'.



Brook Simons

Brook Simons with her skort of red,
And yellow cap upon her head
From Fourth to Seventh
She does stray
And plants herself upon Di's bed.

Mary Ann Zeman

Mary Ann tries hard for the Blues.
In kickball she seldom does lose.
Her eyes are quite big
She jitters like a twig
Her return will sure be good news.



Betsy Apple

A bouncing bright apple is she.
Her monkey is named Marjorie.
She bounces in bed
Never lands on her head
She's Betsy who's found in Shack Three.

FOURTH SHACK

Alice Williams

You watch the camper named Allie,
And you'll never see her dally.
Sometimes she is found
In trees or on ground,
But to the sound of the lunch bell she'll rally.



Martha Beals

One night that has long gone by
Martha said with a sigh,
'It's gone, hip hurray!
This is a big day.
My tooth's fallen out, my, oh my!'

Ann Speicher

There is a camper Annie S.
Whose loyalty she does express.
The Blue team's her love
The Captain, she's of.
At kickball she centers the best!



Ann Zuckerman

In the morning her black hair stands
high,
When Ann's cowlick our sleepy eyes spy.
She chatters each day
In the same merry way.
To stop her would be useless to try!

Julia Lockwood

Julie Lockwood is the camper's name.
From Princeton this pretty miss came.
With a voice so clear
And a smile of cheer,
We hope she'll come back again.



Ann Fowles

Ann Fowles is in love with a horse.
We know for we have a good source.
Mischief, the old guy
Is the apple of her eye.
Who told us? Why, Mischief, of course!

Audrey Thompson

Audrey thought she was a sprinter,
But her feet should've been dressed for winter.
Straight for the door
But stuck to the floor.
Then Audrey's big toe had a splinter!



Elsa Master

Elsa's the Captain of the Whites.
In distress to their rescue she flights.
She's a Junior leader
You cannot beat'er
She cheers her team with all her might!

Marilyn Makepeace

Marilyn Makepeace with her knife
Makes those whoosies come to life.
No later than sooner
She found B.F. Jr.
And put him in with his wife.



Susie Knauft

Most every night in shack number four,
When you come walking through the door,
You can hear Susie read
With ease and with speed
When she finishes, we all ask for more.

Jessie Colgate

The camper's name is Jess.
One day she cried 'Whoa Bess!'
The horse turned around
And Jess hit the ground.
This is something that Jess did confess!



Mary Young

Mary does her whip kick well.
Anyone can surely tell.
She's only here
For half a year
And we think that Mary's swell!

Barbara London

Bobbie L. is crazy over "Mad"
It is really quite the fad.
To camp they did come
We don't know where from.
When a new one comes, she is glad.



Linda Gates

A camper missed is Linda Gates.
Among the others she really rates.
Without any whims
She smoothly swims,
As her swimming instructor states.

Bianca Maniaci

Bianca M. is the camper's name.
She likes to scratch Mischief's mane.
The trumpet did sound
She said from the ground,
'I got here without any pain.'



Karen Jurgenson

To Camp Runoia Karen J. is new.
However, she's loyal and true.
She is in Shack Four
Right next to the door.
We hope she'll come back next year, too!

FIFTH SHACK

Jane Orbeton

From Portland came our Jane,
And Runoia has won her fame.
The Whites she adores,
She brings in the scores.
To win is her constant aim.



Jane Master

Janie Master's been here for ages.
In the Log you'll find **all** her pages.
Whatever it may be,
She does it with glee,
In all kinds of sports she engages.

Mary Ann Cook

The White team pitcher is she.
This game she undertakes with glee.
She plays very well,
And her fishing is swell.
This gal suits us to a tee.



Micheal Bell

From Fifth Shack comes Mike Bell.
It's plumbing she does quite well.
If humor we lack,
Mike has the knack
To us you really are swell!

Nancy Affleck

A girl at Runoia who's a horse fan,
Can swim as well as a fish can,
A Blue team member
We'll always remember
A Fifth shacker we all call Nan.



Linda Knauft

A gal we all know as Linda
The White team she won't hinda.
To Cathy, a friend
A bathing suit she'll lend,
And at swimming she's really a winna!

Margie London

A rider who hit the dust,
And pass Life Saving she must
She's tall and slim
And lanky in limb,
"Elvis" we have among us.

Susie Jacobi

The talkative miss in Fifth Shack,
Our Susie in words doesn't lack.
She's vivacious, it's true,
And seldom is blue.
Her hair she puts up in her sack.



Ann Vivian

A gal who loves cooking is Ann.
It's sure to land her a man.
Her pies are just great,
And her humor does rate.
Sail? Oh boy, she sure can!

Monnie Gores

From Cincy our Monnie does hail.
In the water our blonde doesn't fail.
Her sailing is great,
Her riding does rate,
And her hair, it hangs in a tail.



Martha Goldsmith

Our "Muffy" came back to C.R.
Her diving is way above par.
With Monnie she rooms
'Fraid her waistline may zoom,
And her talents will take her a far.



Marcia Greenblatt

Who lives in the second room on the right?
Miss Marcia, a merry new White.
Oh, camping was new
But she found it not blue.
She thinks this life is all right!

SIXTH SHACK

Noni Crowell

That extra piece of pie
Always catches Noni's eye
Then she quickly eats it out of view.
How jealous we all are
That her pounds stay under par
After eating her full weight in stew.



Sandy Griffith

What is that contraption
That puts her in action
When everyone tries to sleep?
Have pity, please Sandy,
And snore where it's handy
Like out in the ocean so deep!

Mary Lynn Baldock

Mary Lynn would say, 'no'
If we'd ask her to go
To pack for an overnight trip.
But say, 'Time to swim,
Right now, Mary Lynn,'
Then she races to be the first in.



Jessica Lottman

Who has a rubber band?
For my hair no one can stand,
If it falls in my face when I swim.
I don't know what I'll do
If I hear, 'Jess, you too,'
For a cut and the latest hair trim.

Jill Singer

Jill's hair is found under glass,
And now she's a short cropped lass.
With a large dimpled grin
She can charm any Him.
This girl will be hard to surpass.



Janet Stewart

Our Janet's a '61 White.
At Volleyball - oh, she can fight.
It's music she likes
But boy, she hates hikes.
To all this gal is all right!

Debbie Hinckley

She'd sail all day if we let her,
In foul or foggy weather.
The boys at Pine Isle
Really dug her grand style
And looked forward to knowing her better.



Sally Hutchings

A loud booming voice ventured forth.
You'll note she is not from the North.
Her accent's New Joise
Behind all that noise
When she cheers the Whites for their
worth.

Betsy Speicher

At noon she would tear up
To put her curled hair up
To look her glamorous best.
If soon she'd discover
Sans curls we still love her,
She'd lay her poor head down to rest.



Betsy Fuller

When spiders pursue her.
She screams bloody murder,
'Oh, someone come squash them dead!'
What would happen, I wonder,
If in or up under
She found one alive in her bed?

Kim Ferguson

This gal has a tan all her own.
Man! Tan in summer she'll loan
To some poor redhead
Who freckles instead.
It's Kim, the white skins bemoan!



Jean Furniss

Jean Furniss is a new White team gal.
To Janet and Jill she's a pal.
Though she came for half-time
She really was fine.
Return? We hope she shall!

Robin Zeamer

She came to Runoia so late,
But she brought her own mark up to date.
She'll paddle a way,
Read a story a day.
Science fiction to her's really great.

SEVENTH SHACK

Joanne Hutchings

A gal from New Jersey is she.
Her hair was long and hung free.
Joan captains the Whites
Through all of their plights,
And she's found in Dy's company.



Dionys Miller

Dy Miller's a gal with talents,
And one who is full of good sense.
A sweater she'll knit;
She handles her mitt.
At camp her addition's immense.

Connie Mather

Connie is a honey, that's a fact.
She's got plenty of life, poise and tact.
A blond is she
That's easy to see.
She passed life saving, look at that!



Sandy Cook

Sandy C. - an artist to be.
She's easy-going and carefree.
At riding she's good
It's well understood
That is our camper, Sandy C.



Sue Rosenblum

Sue R. is a lady indeed.
In music she sure takes the lead.
Your fortune she'll tell
And tell it so well,
In the future you'd better take heed.

Genie Rogers

Rogers and Dodgers make a pair.
They both play a game that is fair.
She'll take any dare,
Has spirit to spare,
In short, the Whites better beware!



Paula Preston

Oh, Paula, here's what she enjoys.
Some riding and hiding from noise.
The horses she loves
Stays always above,
On horseback she's got plenty of poise.

Nancy Fifield

Miss Glamor of one nine six one
Won't exit without her hair done.
She combs it each day
Then puts on hair spray.
It's Nancy beneath all that gum.



Cathy Fuller

Did you find this camper alive?
With Penny how does one survive?
But Cathy just grins
Although she's pushed in
But watch it! Help Penny revive.

Carolyn Apple

Miss Apple's a White you can tell.
In swimming she's really quite swell.
Any task she would do
She's one of the crew.
She's really come out of her shell.



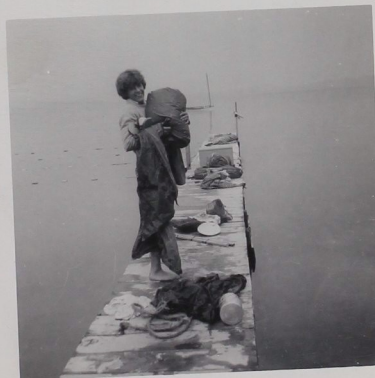
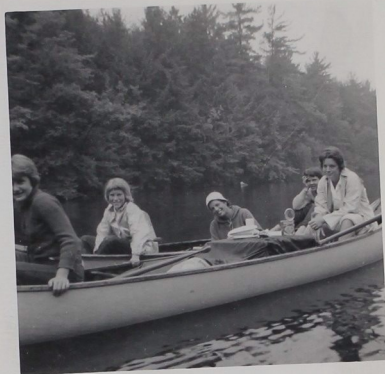
Penny Dalton

This gal is the biggest of hacks
When playing in sports or the shack.
In synchronized swim
Her antics are grim
When will her toes point? In the sack?

Jenifer Eklund

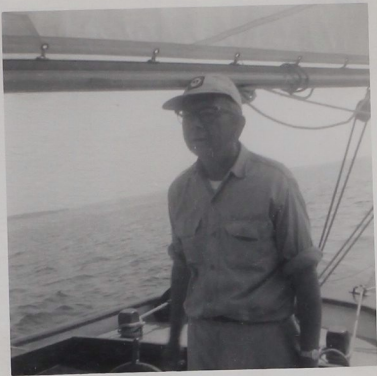
The artist, comedian, too
Is Toosie or Eklund to you.
Her spirit and drive
Aren't late to arrive.
Her smile means that she
has the clue.

TRIP



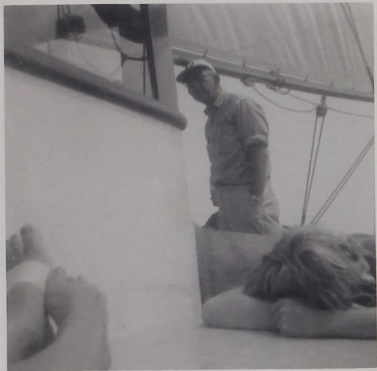
CRUISE

















SCENES AROUND CAMP

















Picturesque Belgrade Scene

Looking off to the left from the bridge upon entering Belgrade Lakes village from Wa-
this looks like a canoe. Actually, it's the stream which connects two

The Region Offers Everything



Messalonskee Lake Narrows

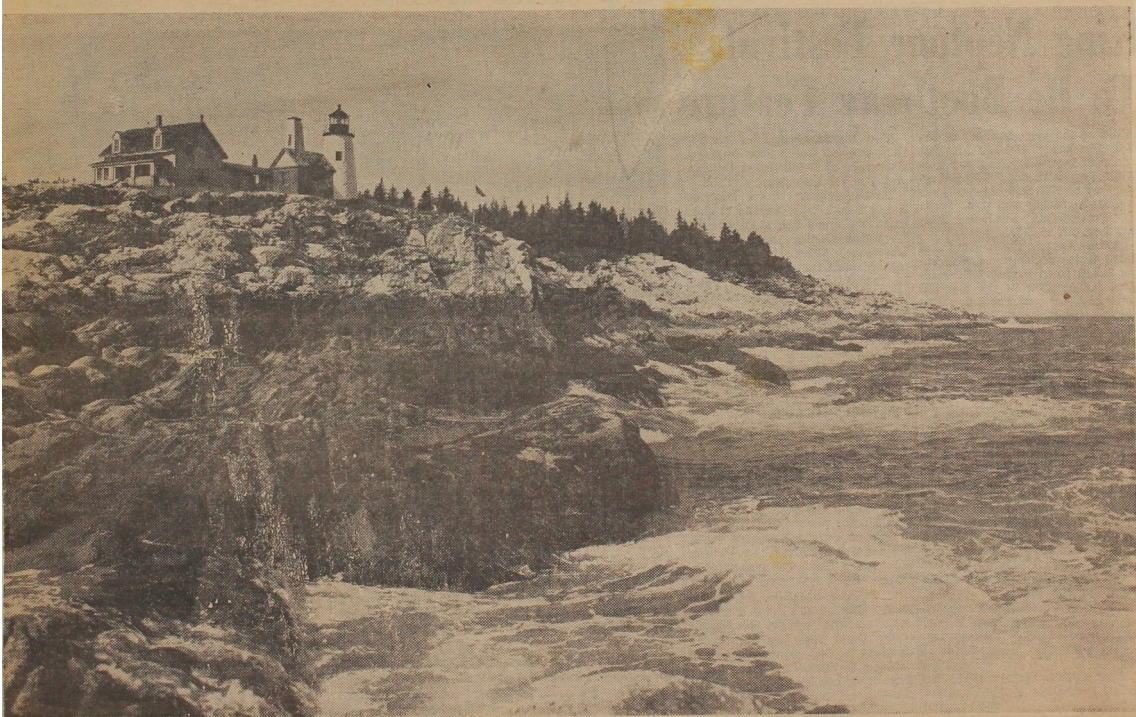
Messalonskee Lake (Snow Pond) narrows as it moves toward its outlet at Oakland. Waterville can be seen at top right of air view

by Howard N. Gray, Sentinel general manager, with LaFleur Airport visible.



Long Lake In Belgrade Region

Belgrade Lakes village nestles cozily at right of air photo of part of Long Lake in Belgrade Region. Long Lake (or Long Pond) is one of famous Belgrade Lakes, long one of country's top vacation playgrounds. Air photo was taken by Sentinel General Manager Howard N. Gray.



Popular Spot On Rugged Maine Coast



Nancy Dowd Burton and family

Glendale, Ohio

1960

Her little daughter is Constance Dowd Burton,
named for Constance Dowd, the first Runoia camper.

Wedding In Toronto



Mrs. Donald Jones

(Paris)

Mr. and Mrs. William Burchenal

*have the honour of announcing
the marriage of their daughter*

*Beth Ewing
to*

Mr. E. Donald Jones

on Saturday, the fourth of November

Nineteen hundred and sixty-one

*Saint James Cathedral
Toronto, Ontario Canada*

A LARGE CONTINGENT of family and friends from Cincinnati and other parts of the country, assembled yesterday in Toronto, Canada, for the marriage of Miss Beth Burchenal of Glendale, to Mr. Donald Jones of Toronto, formerly of London, England.

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Burchenal of Glendale, and Mr. Jones the son of Mr. Clarence McDonald Jones of Gilwren, Wales, and the late Mrs. Jones.

The Rev. James R. Clarke, rector of Christ Church, Glendale, and Dean Gilling of St. James Cathedral in Toronto officiated at the ceremony which took place at 5:30 in St. George's Chapel of the Cathedral.

Miss Judith Johnson of this city was the maid of honor and the bride's only attendant. Mr. Robert Coghill of Toronto was Mr. Jones' best man.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of silk peau de sole in a mellow ivory tone. The sculptured bodice had a scoop neckline and three-quarter length and three-quarter length sleeves. A narrow cording of self material edged the neckline and sleeves and was repeated on the panels of the tulip shaped skirt which extended into a chapel length train.

A triple tiered, finger tip length veil of tulle was held by a circlet of pearlized orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of butterfly orchids.

The maid of honor wore a short-skirted gown of poulet de chome faille in an autumn gold tone. The empire bodice had a rounded neckline and

three-quarter length sleeves, and the flared skirt was of unpressed pleats. Miss Johnson carried a bouquet of autumn flowers in complementary tones to the hue of her gown.

A reception at the York Club immediately followed the ceremony. Mrs. Burchenal chose for her daughter's wedding a suit of worsted wool and silk in a deep emerald green tone. The jacket of the costume had a stand-away neckline and three-quarter length sleeves. A matching green shell calotte and a corsage of white butterfly orchids completed her costume.

Mr. Jones and his bride will reside in Toronto. Mrs. Jones, who made her debut during the 1952 season, is a graduate of Hillsdale School and of Bennett College. She 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.

Attending the wedding and reception were, in addition to the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Burchenal, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burchenal, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Carruthers III, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph R. Carruthers, Mrs. Roger Kemper Rogan, Mrs. William D. Shadelow, Mrs. Joseph Boughton, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Upson and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Orr.

Also Mr. and Mrs. James W. Moss of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. W. Parlin Lillard, Mrs. J. Galt Haydock and Mr. and Mrs. Bromwell Ault, all of New York City, Mr. and Mrs. John Evans of Libbyville, Ill., and the bride's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Burchenal Jr. of Clearwater, Fla.

Daughter of Betty Furness



John Engstead

Barbara Green, fiancée of Denton McC. Snyder.

Barbara S. Green Engaged To Denton McCoy Snyder

Miss Betty Furness, of New York, and Mr. Johnny Green, of Beverly Hills, Calif., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Barbara Sturtevant Green, to Mr. Denton McCoy Snyder, son of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Denton Snyder, of Humboldt, Iowa. The wedding will take place late this month.

Miss Green was graduated from Lenox School, where she was president of the Student Council, and from Smith College, where she majored in theater arts. In her senior year she was president of the Smith Chapter of Alpha Phi Kappa Psi, national honorary society of the arts. Miss Green has spent the past year studying at the Hartt College of Music. Her mother conducts the "At Your Beck and Call" television show on WNTA Channel 13. Her father is a composer and conductor.

Mr. Snyder received the B. F. A. degree from Drake University and the M. A. degree from Northwestern University. He was on the Iowa University faculty while working toward his Ph.D. He taught at Ohio University and is on the Smith College faculty, where he was chairman of the department of theater for eight years.