

CAMP RUNOIA

1962

This summer of 1962, we wish to dedicate our Log to someone who has served Runoia faithfully for many years. She is always there, ready and willing to help us - at birthdays, Sunday morning breakfasts or just before a trip. How can any of us forget those homemade crullers, that apple pie and the oven-fresh donuts, apple crisp and other delicious treats we have enjoyed this summer? Her job is a very important one, demanding the utmost responsibility, time and patience, and this year her task has been even harder, but she has fulfilled it happily as usual. Always smiling, she helped to make past summers and especially this one of 1962 an enjoyable and memorable one for all. She will remain dear to us at Runoia always. We thank you, Mrs. Littlefield.

In Memory of Mrs. Lynn

This year we would like to make this dedication
in memory of Mrs. Lynn, who devotedly served
Runoia for many years. Her kindness and patience
have won her a place in the hearts of all of us.
She is someone we will never forget.

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CAMP LIST - 1962

Annex

Mrs. Littlefield
Mrs. Harding
Pauline Fletcher
Sandra Kelley
Nancy McLellan
Sandy Bickford
Elaine Després

Infirmary

Natalie Opdycke

First Shack

Penny Dalton
Jenifer Eklund
Nancy Fifield
Cathy Fuller
Joanne Hutchings
Ruth Jacobi
Genie Rogers

Ann Greene
Marian Johnson

Second Shack

Peggy Cook
Liz Hamid
Pegeen McCarthy
Jody Sataloff
Chris Smith (1)*
Irene Smoluchowski
Georgia Sollenberger (2)*
Meg Taylor (2)
Julie Thompson

Beverley Keys
Bunny Thibodeau
Cathy Wargo

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

Third Shack

Linda Baker
Christy French
Hilary Hord
Ellen Hornig
Susie Jackson (1)
Leslie Oakes
Pat Rowell
Audrey Thompson
Vicky Webb (2)
Polly Willard
Allie Williams

Liz Bowman
Carolyn Godfrey

Fourth Shack

Betsy Apple
Martha Beals
Debby Dennis
Susan Fifiold
Barbara Fink
Gayle Gilman
Debbie Gorham (2)
Susan Gurganus
Diane Sandberg
Louisa Smith
Jessie Woeltz
Mary Ann Zeman

Mary Ann Rhodes
Sally Sherburne
Nancy Ball
Susie Orbeton

Fifth Shack

Susan Beerits (1)
Michael Ann Bell
Pam Brodie (2)
Pam Caughman
Lynne Friedman
Sally Hutchings
Susan Jacobi
Anne LaBonte(1)
Barbara London
Bianca Maniaci (2)
Elsa Master
Joeleen Miller (1)
Robin Ritchie (2)
Ann Ruth (1)
Ann Speicher
Connie Warren

Barbara Muchnic
Carla Sandberg

Sixth Shack

Susan Berry
Barbara Brown (2)
Lynn Doherty (1)
Wendy Erslev (1)
Kim Ferguson (2)
Jano Fisher
Linda Gates
Susan Hill (2)
Debbie Hinckley
Marjorie London
Marilyn Makepeace
Cindy Murdock
Susan Ratichek (1)
Abbie Skillman
Mary Young

Mary Jane Mott
Louise Shaw
Mary Lynn Mahan (1)
Margy Warren

Seventh Shack

Carolyn Apple
Mary Ann Cook
Noni Crowell
Betsy Fuller
Marcia Greenblatt (1)
Sandy Griffith
Katie Kennedy
Betsey King
Jane Orbeton
Sue Rosenblum
Betsy Speicher
Julie Stohlman (2)
Holly Winger

Betsy Langmore
Barbara Leader

Lanesend

Lucy H. Weiser
Doris Shellberg

Cobb's House

Betty Cobb
Phil Cobb
Ricky Cobb
Sandy Cobb
Robbie Cobb
Pam Cobb

LOG STAFF - 1962

Sue Rosenblum - Editor
Barbara Muchnic - Counselor advisor

First Shack

Cathy Fuller
Jenifer Eklund

Second Shack

Jody Sataloff
Julie Thompson

Third Shack

Allie Williams
Linda Baker

Fourth Shack

Barbara Fink
Louisa Smith

Fifth Shack

Ann Speicher
Connie Warren

Sixth Shack

Margie London
Jano Fisher

Seventh Shack

Carolyn Apple
Betsey King

WHY DO I GO BACK

Many's the time that the question's been asked
Why in the world do you want to go back?
Back to a camp with five dozen odd girls
No freedom to come and go as you please
Bugs and mosquitoes and deadly routine
Oh why, they ask, do you want to go back?

My answer is vague for they'd ne'er understand:
The excitement of watching a storm o'er the lake
As it whips and lashes the sailboats about
The symphony of song one hears in the morn
As the birds flash color from branch to branch
The fun of a show performed by the loons
As they laugh and giggle and mock at each other
The thrill one shares with a girl who learns
To wave through the water with ease and grace
The peace and contentment one feels at dusk
As the sun goes down in a blaze of soft color
And the new moon devils high above shimmering water
The satisfaction that comes as one reads aloud
And notes the enraptured young faces upturned
No, they'd ne'er understand so why try to explain
Why it's back to Runoia each summer I'll go.

Barbara Leader

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAMP IN 1962

I have been a faithful camper since 1960, and my third year, I hoped, would be better than ever! With every hill we rode over, my heart beat faster, and finally the long journey came to an end. We reached the dear old "Camp Runoia" sign.

The car gayly jogged along the dirt road, and I spotted the archery field, same as ever! The baseball field was the same way I'd left it that dreary day in 1961. But over the small hill I spotted a smaller cabin. No, it wasn't a cabin, it couldn't be! Not way up here. Phil came out, and soon after, Sandy and Robbie. This, I figured, must be the new doll house I've heard about.

Suddenly I was here, and all my old camp buddies and some newer faces greeted me. But I had also noticed that the road, which used to run on the kickball field, had been detoured to behind the kitchen, and the kickball field ran over the road in all its grassy splendor. To my right, behind the kitchen, was a small building, a replica of the shacks, only smaller. This I found out to be the new infirmary which would take the place of first shack, now filled with C.I.T.s.

But as I walked down the path, past the dining room and Lodge, over the big rock between the Lodge and Fifth Shack and on to Sixth, I knew that Camp Runoia hadn't changed at all. The happy and the homesick girls, the spirit and the friendship which built a camp were still here and would be replaced by nothing. Camp Runoia's memories will last in campers' hearts, even when their camping days are over.

Kim Ferguson

OUR TRIP UP TO CAMP

It was 9:30 A.M., June 23rd when we left for camp from Grand Central Station. We were all so jumpy that we couldn't think straight. We got on the train about 9:45 and we were off! We started off in a tunnel. We stopped here and there picking up new and old campers and other passengers.

We had a separate car next to the dining car so now and then we would get some good sniffs from the next car when a passenger walked in.

At one stop Arlene, the counselor with us, got off to get our lunch that was waiting there. A new girl got on, and her parents got on to say good-bye. And the train took off! Arlene was left on the platform and the parents on the train. The train kept on and on and then it finally stopped. It backed up and the parents got off and Arlene got on with our box lunches. We had a ball!

At Boston we got on a bus and we were off again. We got to camp with a loud hurray! We ate supper and went to bed.

A. Williams

OUR NEW SAILBOATS

This year we got three new sailboats. Betty wanted names for the boats, so she sent out post-cards asking for people to think up names for the sailboats. Everybody sent names.

Betty selected the names. They are: the Doris S., the Cobbweb and the Oh-Johnny. Betty thought it was a good name, so she selected it.

Martha got a prize for naming a sailboat. It was a shell made into a fish.

Martha Beals

MY FIRST DAY AT CAMP

June 23, the first day of camp. For me it meant many new and exciting things because this was my first day at Runoia. It was cold and hazy, and I know now that those days are very common in Maine. When I arrived I was told that I would be in Seventh Shack, and a counselor showed me to my new home. It looked very neat, and I thought of what a turmoil it would be in when everyone arrived since I was alone at the time. I tried to unpack but was interrupted by the dinner bell. I sat down to a table of strange faces. The food was delicious, and I wondered if the rest would be the same. After dinner was over, I returned to the shack to unpack. It was a terrible job, and I thought it would go on forever. Soon came the rest hour bell but that made no difference. I went right on as usual since I was alone in the shack. We were allowed to go for a swim in the afternoon, and I took advantage of the allotment. The water was freezing, and I thought it would be my first and last swim. I returned to the shack to thaw out and then went to supper. That was a grave mistake for I was appointed to do the dishes.

During this the bus arrived, and I went to the Lodge.
We did such things as give out name tags and write home.
After milk and crackers, I returned to my shack for an
awaited sleep, not knowing what the next day would bring.

Betsey King

VESPER SERVICES AT RUNOIA

Vesper service at Runoia is a custom practiced on Sunday evenings before bed. This service is usually given by some counselors or C.I.T.s. Some prayers are read, hymns sung and a fairy tale read from a book such as Hans Christian Andersen. We have requests for hymns and sometimes learn new ones. Gerbie leads us in song, and poems are read. Then, in the midst of the happy, yet quiet singing that makes up most of our quaint Vesper service, comes the familiar sound of "Good night, Juniors," and we go to bed dreaming of next week's Vespers.

Linda Baker

THE FIRST OVERNIGHT

The first overnight this year went to the old Runoia campsite. Barbie Leader and Betsy Langmore were the counselors, and there were eight campers. They were: Wendy Erslev, Jano Fisher, Elsa Master, Connie Warren, Anne Ruth, Sally Hutchings, Margie London and Debbie Hinckley. We had loads of fun. We even took a peek at the boys' camp that was near us and some of the private cabins.

The food was really good, and we had the best cocoa ever. We had spaghetti and salad for dinner with peaches and bananas for dessert. Then for breakfast the next morning we had hot and cold cereal. Also there were pancakes and that yummy cocoa.

Then when Phil was driving us home in the truck, Debbie's sailor hat blew off, and this sent everyone into absolute hysterics. But we had lots of fun, and I'm sure all of us would gladly do it again.

Connie Warren

SIXTH SHACK'S TRIP TO OAK ISLAND

On June 28th Sixth Shack was a madhouse. We were going on a trip to Oak Island. Sleeping bags were brought from storage and packed hurriedly. After rest hour we loaded up in canoes. To our surprise, one of the canoes leaked badly. After a half hour's delay, we started with the "Birchie" substituting for the one that leaked.

Once on the island there were no other mishaps. We unloaded the canoes, unrolled our sleeping bags and looked for firewood. After about an hour's looking for wood, we asked if we would have a swim. The answer was "yes" and away we went. The water was wonderful. One of the girls got her air mattress, and we had a lot of fun.

When we got out of the water, the fire had been started, and food was in the pan. We had "Pigs in the Blanket," carrots, lemonade, potato chips and s'mores for dessert. It grew very dark, and it was time to go to bed. We quickly changed into our p.j.s and got into our sleeping bags. The counselors sang taps. Then all was quiet.

Next morning we woke up about eight o'clock. We

started the fire and cooked French toast, bacon and cocoa. We also had pears and milk. After the dishes were done, sleeping bags rolled and the campsite picked up, we loaded the canoes and paddled back to camp. It was lots of fun, and I'm sure we all would go again.

Cindy Murdoch

THE BLUES AND WHITES OF 1962

On June 30th, 1962 came the exciting event of picking new team members. This took place in our Lodge with the Blue Team sitting on one side and the White team sitting on the other side. All the new girls were seated in the front under the banners. Two empty candy boxes held the determining Blue and White pieces of paper. One box was for the Juniors and one box for the Seniors.

First the new Juniors chose their teams. Julie Thompson was the first. She reached into the box that was held overhead and picked out a white slip. She was greeted by the White team with a small felt "Willy White" which was pinned on her blouse. Gradually all the Juniors chose their teams, and the Blues pinned small blue banners on their new team members.

Next the new Seniors picked their teams. This having been completed, congratulations were exchanged which were followed by the joining of hands and singing "It's Blue and White."

Marcia Greenblatt

BLIGHT SONG

(to the tune of the Watermelon Song)

You can talk about your White Team
You can talk about your Blues,
But the Blights are the team that will never win or lose.
We're a motley group it's true,
But we're fighting through and through.
We've got spirit for our happy hardy crew.

Oh - the Blight team is the best;
We've got zim and zest;
At rolling through the wickets we are pros.
So watch it, oh watch it,
We're really gonna botch it.
We go swimming by dipping in our toes.

MOUNT PHILIP

July 3rd the Juniors climbed Mount Philip. Betty took Sandy and Robbie to the top. When we got to the top, we were looking for a tunnel. When we found it, we went through it. We found a new entrance. Once we almost had a crash up. One was going through the old entrance and one through the new. Betsy almost got stuck. When we were going down, we saw a little field mouse. And on a steep slope I almost fell on my face. In one place we could see our camp.

Liz Hamid

THE WINDS

The Fourth of July was the first day that the wind was so great and the water was so rough and cold that we didn't have swimming lessons. The waves on the cold water came above the docks, and the Marjorie was pushed all about by the rough waters. The wind continued for the next couple of days, and no one could go in the water. Two of the sailboats broke loose with the waves, so Carla pulled them up on shore. Later they brought them all up on the beach because the water got so rough.

With the winds came rain, and we had to go inside. One day it rained off and on. One minute it was sunny and then it poured, so we couldn't do much of anything.

Sue Berry

THE FOURTH OF JULY
EYEWITNESS TO HISTORY

Had George Washington, King George III and Cornwallis come across Great Pond in canoes or sailboats, they might have seen history re-enacted right here at Runoia. We all were awakened by a parade of counselors dressed in all sorts of red, white and blue outfits, ranging from newspaper hats to red pajama bottoms and night shirts. Barbie's bugle startled us and up we rose. The sky was blue, and we all donned red, white and blue shirts, belts, hats, bathrobes and red boots, one white boot, one white sneaker and one blue sneaker. Flag raising had a special meaning this morning as we anxiously awaited the day's activities.

After we had cleaned our shacks, the morning bell rang and we all hurried to the Lodge. "It was a peculiar day," as Betty put it. The entire camp was divided into six teams: three British, three American. They were for the British: Cornwallis, George III and General Howe; for the Americans: George Washington, Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys and Paul Revere. We were told that we would compete, British against American, in such activities as softball, kickball and volleyball. When the whistle blew, we rotated to

fight the other enemy. By the end of the morning the British were ahead.

At lunch we were greeted by the traditional red, white and blue bows on the dining hall with miniature Old Glorys and ferns. For dessert we had our traditional strawberry shortcake topped with the American flag.

The lake was rough that afternoon so we continued our battles on the kickball field, archery field and baseball diamond. First the British were ordered to advance to the baseball field for the 50 yard dash, softball throw and broad jump, while the Americans held fire at a three jump contest, kickball throw and kickball kick. Then the Americans retreated to the baseball field and the British to the kickball field to complete the remaining activities. Then the two best from each British and American team competed in the finals.

After supper we gathered in the Lodge to hear the results. Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys held fire in third place, while George III was second. We all waited anxiously to hear the winner. Would history be changed? When it was announced that General William Howe had been triumphant, we all could say that history had been changed - "We were there."

Our eyewitness to history was concluded with a most delightful movie: "Look For the Silver Lining."

FIRST OSSIPEE RIVER POLING TRIP

On July 4th, at 9 o'clock, six campers from Seventh Shack, two C.I.T.s and Carla and Sally loaded their supplies and the trip box into the truck and climbed into the old Camp station wagon. Three campers had a windy trip in the back of the truck mid sleeping bags and bulging knapsacks. After an hour on the road, the station wagon had a flat tire which was fixed by two state troopers. Phil drove the truck, pulling three canoes, into a clearing near our campsite, and we took our knapsacks and sleeping bags through the woods to our campsite. It was on a hill overlooking a large open pool into which three streams came. We all tramped back to the truck and unracked the canoes and took them down to the river. Next we loaded the canoes with food, the trip box, the tent and other supplies. Everyone took a side of a canoe, and we walked up the rapids with them. By the end of our walk we were all wet to the waist, so we were glad when we got to our campsite. The rest of the day was spent in putting up the tent, which was to be our "house" for three days, cleaning the ground and collecting firewood. After

cooking supper and cleaning up, we sat by the fire and sang camp songs.

In the morning we collected firewood, cooked breakfast and generally cleaned up the campsite. Clad in bathing suits and sweatshirts we climbed into the canoes and paddled the short distance across the pool to one of the streams that was all rocky with only a little water. We walked on the rocks until we came to a large set of rapids on the Ossipee where we turned around and came back. In the afternoon, after a leisurely rest hour, we went swimming and poling in the rapids. Around dusk, when several of us were poling in the pool, a sudden thunderstorm came up and nearly drenched us before we could get into our ponchos.

The next day dawned hot and clear as though the rain had washed all the ominous clouds away. After setting the camp in order, we again poled the rapids, swam and took sun baths. When lunch and rest hour were over, we again "took to the water." That night most of us poled around the pool until it was almost dark.

Our day of departure was spent mainly in collecting everything we had brought and cleaning up camp. At 11 o'clock Johnny arrived with the other group of Seventh Shackers. Before we left, most of us took a dip in the river. On the way home we all had a windy trip in the back of the truck. We arrived home at 3 P.M., a little sunburned and sorry that we had to leave Ossipee River.

Katie Kennedy

THE DAY I SAW A MOOSE

Two days ago, (July 7, 1962), the camp was playing "Run Sheepie Run. I was on the sheep's team, and Nancy Fifield and I were picked for the runners, and while we were completing the trail we saw a moose!

At first I thought it was a horse, but then I saw the antlers and said to Nancy, "Look!" She started rubbing her eyes and then said, "It's a Moose."

He was as tall as Barbie, (5 to 6 feet), he had a short tail and a big head and a funny chin. He also had a hump on his back.

Jessie Woeltz

C.I.T.S OVERNIGHT TO FAIRY RING

Less than a week after camp was underway, the C.I.T.s, Joannie, Penny, Genie, Toosie, Nancy, Ruthie and myself, went on an overnight to Fairy Ring under the direction of Gerbie. We all divided the jobs and set to work lashing a table and preparing a delicious supper. This consisted of Hunter's Pie, lemonade, biscuits and brownies. After cleaning up and going for a dip, we sat around the campfire telling ghost stories that would make your blood chill. By this time we had lost two of our campers, Joannie and Nancy, both who had gotten sick. We had a snack of s'mores and then tumbled into our sleeping bags. After a disturbance from a horrible looking insect, which found its way into my sleeping bag, we dosed off.

Next morning we cooked a breakfast of French toast and bacon. We trooped back to camp after a successful trip which renewed our enthusiasm for outdoor camping.

Cathy Fuller

ALL DAY SAIL

On Thursday morning, July 12th, twelve seniors were told to meet Carla and Shorty on the back steps of the Lodge. We were told we had a "big surprise." We were to take an all day sail! The weather was beautiful - the sky was blue and the air warm. We paired off and started out to the sailboats. After we rigged the boats, we set sail. The lake was extremely calm, and every boat sang "Where Does the Wind Come From?" Finally we found the breeze, and gleefully, our sails full of wind, away we sailed! Carla and Shorty had taken the new funfish while we followed - the Cobb-Web in the lead. "Where are we going?" called the Lucy H. to the Doris S. Soon we saw a silver motor boat coming towards us with Phil taking movies of us as we skippered the boats. Finally we noticed that Carla and Shorty had sailed to Crooked Island, so we followed.

After landing and tying our boats together, we took a dip in the lake and had our lunch. Immediately following we set sail back to camp.

"Around the island on the left," ordered Shorty, and we all started out to the middle. Soon Cindy and Sue in the Lucy H. decided to head left, and soon the other boats followed. The wind had grown now, and the skies began to cloud. Boldly though, we kept sailing. The Lucy H. kept in the lead, but soon it started to head off course into the rocks. A squall came up, and the boats kept tacking and beaming, attempting to head for camp. Cindy and Sue in the Lucy H. soon got caught in the irons, and the waters became rougher. Soon they let their sails down - Runoia's distress signal. Luckily Bobbi and Marcia saw them and directed a boat to the distressed Lucy H. The kind men took them in tow, and since the weather did not look too good, they towed them to their house. Immediately they unriggered the boat and called Betty. Soon Shorty came over with Carla and towed the boat back while Sue and Cindy sat by the fire, shelled peas and had cookies and gingerale. Soon white caps appeared and the rain came. With binoculars the Bonns kept a close eye on the other boats while Betty finally arrived. Several of the others boats had been stuck, and all but two or three had to be towed in. Getting into the nice warm car was comforting as we said goodby to the Bonns and thanked them for their kindness and hospitality. Not only had we experienced an all day

sail, but we had reaffirmed faith in ourselves, and
we had learned to keep our heads in a crisis.

Sue Rosenblum

THE C.I.T.'S HALLOWEEN PARTY

Friday the thirteenth descended upon us with dark skies and rain. Because superstition has made it an unlucky day, it seemed very suitable that the day should be dreary. The C.I.T.s, having put their foot in something, were planning a Halloween party for the camp. We spent the whole day decorating the Lodge and forbade all to enter. When noon time arrived, the campers were informed that they had to appear that night in something appropriate for Halloween.

Night came and so did ghosts, witches and every other kind of thing imaginable. Everyone paraded around the Lodge many times and were looked over by a panel of judges. They had been put in teams before, so after the parade they went to their assigned games. There was a horror house which brought many screams, apple bobbing, dart throwing, pin the tail on the Aide, trying to bite a penny out of an apple and marshmallow chewing. There were also refreshments of apple cider and doughnuts, and at the end the prizes were awarded for the best costumes.

Nancy Fifield

THE SURPRISE AT FAIRY RING

When we were on the way to Fairy Ring with Liz and M.J., we were wondering what we were going to do. Well, when we got there they said to gather wood, so we did. After we got the wood, they told us what the surprise was. We were going to make brownies!

What fun we had making the brownies. We looked so funny when we finished eating the brownies we made. After we were finished, we washed the pans. Then we came back to camp in time to get ready for swimming.

Betsy Apple

NATURE IN CAMP

I feel that nature plays an important part in our everyday life here at camp. Where would we swim, canoe and sail if we had no lake? As this camp concentrates on aquatic sports, we wouldn't be able to do very much, would we?

Nature in camp often is useful as many of us discovered when decorating for Christmas. In fact, the popularity of the bunchberry almost extinguished it from the camp grounds.

Nature, aside from being useful, also provides matchless beauty and scenery. The graceful white birches, surrounded by ferns and wild flowers, provide a sight hard to forget. The more solid oaks and maples provide shade on sunny days and shelter on rainy ones.

Wildlife around camp, though rather hard to find, aside from birds and insects, can be very interesting. The plainest little sparrow can be fun to watch, but few take the time to. Even mosquitoes are rather interesting, though disgusting, to watch when they bite. However, most people would rather slap a mosquito than

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sit and watch him bite, and I don't blame them. A snake, gliding through the grass or frantically searching for an opening in a stone wall, is quite fascinating.

Most people who don't enjoy nature don't take the time to watch it. Even if you can't see an animal, you can often hear it. The wierd, wailing cry of the loon has a spine-chilling quality, but it is really quite pretty. The anxious chirping of a bird, the quick rustle of a chipmunk in the leaves or the shrill whining of mosquitoes - all may be found at Runoia.

I feel that nature in camp, though overlooked by many, plays an important part in camp life and that we should all appreciate the chance to learn about and enjoy the nature at camp.

Ellen Horning

JUNIOR TRIP TO FAIRY RING

This year the Juniors made four trips to Fairy Ring. The first two trips were graced by beautiful sunny weather; the last two were spent in the rain, but spirits were high, and we all had a wonderful time. On both of the rainy trips we were lucky enough to have a tent along. Bless the man who invented waterproof canvas!

We have some promising cooks in the Junior end. All of our meals were tasty, and we were never at a loss for food. On the trips we enjoyed such various meals as Hunter's stew, Toad-in-a-hole, banana boats, Rice Krispy chocolate bars, peach pancakes, French toast and bacon. Cooking these meals involved using our energy to collect wood and chop it, and our ingenuity as to building fires in the rain. We also learned the secrets of digging a successful garbage hole!

All told we have some happy memories of Fairy Ring for most of us were camping out in the woods for the first time in our lives. Fairy Ring seems to be a good place to practice our skills and learn new ideas, and next year when we return to Runoia, we will be all set to begin again.

THE SECOND OSS�PEE TRIP

One sunny July morning, who could be seen traveling down the Maine turnpike but a truck load of Runoia campers. The nine of us, Louise, Sue, Marcia, Holly, Betsy, Sandy, Janie, Joannie and myself, were off to Ossipee, New Hampshire for a three day canoe trip.

Upon arriving, we met Carla and the first bunch of kids who had just had a wonderful three days poling up the rapids. That day and the next were spent leisurely floating on rafts, swimming, attempting to pole the rapids for the first time and exploring a partially dried river bed.

The third day dawned bright and clear, but we were in for a surprise. I don't think anyone has spent a sixteenth birthday as I did, sitting under a tarp eating peanut butter during a thunder and lightening storm. To take care of the huge puddles of rain water, we dug trenches around the campsite. I must say, it looked like a bulldozer had gone through it when we finished with it. To add a little excitement, Betsy accidentally caught a fish. That evening I was presented with a beautiful (?) birthday cake. It was a two layer

cake cooked in a one layer pan and was loaded with frosting. Although it didn't look too good, it tasted delicious.

On the last day we all practiced our skills at poling so we could show Phil, who was coming to pick us up and take pictures, how good we were. We decided to try two in a canoe, and Joannie and I had a little trouble. We tipped over right in the middle of the rapids with all our clothes on. As we were leaving, Camp Wyonegonic arrived to use the campsite. Phil got some pictures of us hung up on the rocks in canoes in the middle of the rapids, and then we returned to Runoia after a wonderful trip.

Cathy Fuller

THE BOAT RIDE

Phil took us on a boat ride. We saw some little islands and the dam that holds the lake up. We each had a turn to steer the boat. We all had a good time. It was fun riding the waves for an hour. We saw some children in swimming with their dogs.

Georgia Sollenberger

SENIOR TRIP TO MOUNT PHILIP

One sunny afternoon the Seniors who were not on any trip climbed Mount Philip. Half of us drove over in the truck and the other half in the station wagon.

Upon arriving at the foot of the mountain, we piled out of the cars and began climbing. Singing, talking or eating small apples which we found halfway up the mountain, we reached the top.

Here we spent some time looking at the beautiful view and figuring out where camp was. Then we again set out to explore. Barbie said she would give the person who found "the cave" a penny. This exclamation sent most of us searching, and Sally H. soon found the cave. The next hour or so we climbed through various passages from which we emerged covered with dirt.

Before we knew it, it was time to start back again. The trip down seemed even shorter than the trip up, and we were soon back in the cars on our way to camp.

Debbie Hinckley

THE FOURTH OF JULY THAT WASN'T

One night the bell rang, and we went down to the beach. There was a nice warm bonfire. Later we were going to cook marshmallows. Then Betty handed out three sparklers each. Then we sat in a circle and sang some songs. Over where nobody could see, Mary Ann Cook and Genie Rogers set off some firecrackers. They scared me half to death. Some of the people saved their sparklers so when it got darker, they would show more. Then we toasted marshmallows over the fire. We went by shacks. Then the Juniors went for a skinny dip. After that the Seniors went for a dip. It was late when the Juniors got to bed.

Irene Smoluchowski

UNDER THE SAIL

How wonderful it is! Life under the sail.
Soaring along with the wind's gentle gale,
Watching the gulls as around us they fly,
Seeing the clouds above in God's sky,
Staring with awe, when all we can see
Is one line of blue where the sky meets the sea,
Listening to the waves as they lap at the boat,
Enjoying and loving every minute afloat.

The gentle rocking of the boat in calm seas,
The thrill of "heeling" in a stronger breeze,
The beauty of white caps on water so blue,
Water that turns every color and hue
From deep blue in morning,
When the sun's keen and bright,
To shades pink and purple
With the coming of night.

The sense of achievement, the good way we feel
After rigging the boat or taking the wheel;
The smell of food cooking in the galley below,
As into some quaint little harbor we go.
The serene peace we feel at night as we sit
On the deck looking up at the sky brightly lit
By myriads of stars and old Mr. Moon,
The silence broken only by the call of a loon.

And at night when to bed we sleepily creep,
The boat's gentle motion will rock us to sleep,
To peacefully slumber the rest of the night,
To wake bright and cheerful with dawn's early light.
Then we're off again over the briny deep,
Looking forward to the pleasures the day will reap,
Pleasures to be found only under the mast;
Joys that bring memories that forever will last.

Bobbi Muchnic

FIRST CRUISE

We left one rainy afternoon after an early supper. Joellen Miller, Holly Winger, Lynn Doherty, Mary Ann Cook and Betsy Fuller had a cold, bumpy ride in the back of the truck while Sally Sherburne and Liz Bowman rode up front with Phil. The "Blackbird" was at Cozy Harbor to welcome us. We all went to bed early so we could get a good start in the morning.

We awoke at 6 o'clock and got a late start because of the fog. The wind was in the wrong direction so we headed for Portland. We had our usual lunch of lemonade and sandwiches. We docked in a hoody part of South Portland at the Centerboard Yacht Club. At first Captain Kelly wouldn't let us go ashore, but after a short visit he changed his mind. After singing some songs back on board, we all retired, praying for good weather.

The "Blackbird" was off early the next morning. As we left the harbor, a Navy boat from Greece waved to us. Most of the day was overcast, but the sun finally came out at supper time, most of us having slept all day. After a chicken casserole dinner that wasn't too good, we finally came into Port Clyde at

8:30. We didn't go ashore but instead went to bed because it was late.

Arising the next morning, we found a thick, gloomy fog all around us. Finally we started for Camden. At about 15 knots we arrived in Camden, the skies atill overcast. After eating lunch on board and getting the boat neat, we explored the town. After a supper at Yorkies, we met the Second Cruisers and returned home by the station wagon, singing songs all the way, with happy memories of a good cruise in our heads.

Betsy Fuller
Mary Ann Cook

BLACKBIRD

(to the tune of "Bye, Bye, Blackbird")

Pack up all our gear and go,
Here we come, singing low,
Hel-lo, Blackbird.
Where Captain Kelly waits for us,
Ready to take us without a fuss.
Hel-lo, Blackbird.
Anyone who's cruised can understand we,
Oh, the thought of riding on the rolling sea!
Sea is rough; everyone's sick.
Reach for the dramamine but quick!
Blackbird, hel-lo.

Now the sea is calm once more.
With wind in our sails we really soar;
That's the Blackbird.
Up and down the coast of Maine,
Praying for sun and not for rain,
That's the Blackbird.
All day long we sail to places once so far.
Then at night we anchor in a new harbor.
Then down to the galley to fix our meal,
And after that to bed we reel.
Blackbird, that's you.

The end of our trip comes much too fast,
But oh, how the memories will last!
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.
We've had fun sailing on you,
And to your name we'll e'er be true.
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.
We would like to stay with you forever,
And our memories we'll always treasure.
As we leave we breathe a sigh,
"Wa dats" to you and now goodbye;
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.

SECOND CRUISE

We pulled into Cozy Harbor on July 18th at about 7:00. It was a cold, bleak day, and we were not too enthusiastic about the temperature. Nevertheless, we were enthusiastic about the cruise and were not going to let the weather spoil our fun. It didn't!

Bobbi M., M.J., Pam C., Sally H., Sandy G., Noni C., Betsy K. and Mike piled out of the crowded station wagon as Liz, Sally S. and the First Cruise piled in.

We ran down the dock, and, just our luck, we found it to be low tide. Now we were confronted with a problem. How to get our food and supplies down the tall, steep, thin, slimy ladder. Finally the people in the neighboring boat allowed us to use their ramp, and we got the boxes down to a small dock from which Captain Kelly rowed them to the "Blackbird."

After we claimed our bunks and, in general, had gotten organized, we went ashore to the snack bar on the pier. We sat there and stuffed ourselves to our hearts' content with all the foods we had not been able to acquire at camp. We returned to the boat about two hours later for a peaceful and profound sleep.

The next day we awakened to find FOG. This was very

disappointing, but after we were up for awhile, it lifted and we found it to be very pleasant. The first meal was cooked which was very good except the milk that was gotten in Camden. It was as thick as marshmallow fluff. This milk was not enjoyed by anyone including Captain Kelly. This lovely milk was chucked!

We're off! The first glimpse of the sea with the sun shining was thought to be beautiful by everyone. When we got out of the harbor, up went the sails. Everyone helped. It was quite a chore compared to the small Sprite sails. After sailing on the sea for awhile, everyone was wrapping up because it was getting cooler each minute. Our lunch was good except for one problem - the potato chips kept blowing away. We also kept spilling lemonade which Captain Kelly made a face at. After lunch just about everyone brought up her sleeping bag to keep warm instead of staying down below and getting sick. We were lying peacefully on the deck when Captain Kelly decided to come about. Since the sun immediately went to the other side of the deck, we all clamored over. Well, Sally rolled over a little too hard and off went the hat that she had borrowed from Liz. Everyone went into stitches except Sally. "Will she be mad?" she asked. "Don't worry about it. I'll pick one up for you at Day's when I go in," reassured Bobbi, and all was forgotten.

That night we pulled into Tenant's Harbor, probably the most regretted act on the whole cruise. That night we went ashore, and since the main store was closed, we went to a dirty old store. When we entered, we looked at each other with disgusting looks. The walk to the dock wasn't too pleasant. When we got to the dock, there were boys all around. We rowed back to the boat ready for a night's sleep.

We woke the next morning to find sun. Just about everyone went to put on her bathing suit ready for the sun to bake. At the end of the day, everyone was burned. Reading and eating was what we did Friday. We pulled into Boothbay anxious to go into a town. We got gifts and had a good dinner at Browns.

We awoke the next morning to find it miserable outside. It was cold, foggy and looked like rain. Because of the weather we motored to Cozy Harbor after breakfast in two hours. We had lunch in the harbor on the boat. Later we found that we had a lot of time until Johnny would pick us up, so we went ashore to kill about an hour. Then back to the boat for the final clean up. After the clean up, ashore we went to meet Johnny and Barbie.

All in all we had a very good time.

Pam Caughman
Sally Hutchings

THE C.I.T. PROGRAM

Our group of the "seven deadly wonders," led by the Big Greene One, started our training program with our Water Safety aide course coupled with our Senior Lifesaving. The first week we learned the essentials of campcraft and tried to learn songleading from Gerbie. During this time we took a trip to Fairy Ring where we applied what we had learned of campcraft.

We learned the basics of canoeing, archery, tennis and the other sports, and we had a few classes of teaching the other C.I.T.s. Then toward the latter part of the summer we observed the counselors teach the various activities and finally had the experience of instructing the campers under the supervision of the counselor in charge.

We had a compatable group, and we managed to have a lot of fun while learning how to be good counselors.

Ruth Jacobi

JUNIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

We started off about 9 A.M. on a beautiful summer day. It was a long trip, but no one seemed to mind it. We sang all the way down and most of the way back.

We first went to the beach for a short swim and to lie on the beach. Then we went to Gilbert's Lobster Pound where most of us had either steamed clams or lobsters.

After we left Gilbert's, we went back to the beach for another swim. While we were swimming, some of us found quite a few jellyfish. Then we decided to make sand castles, each of them having a moat in which we put the jellyfish for the time being. After that we decided to have a little fun, so each of us took a jellyfish, and we put them on each of the counselors' backs. Wow! Did the counselors scream when we put them down their backs. Bunny didn't like it, so she put one down the front of Pegeen's bathing suit.

Then we started off for Pemaquid Point where we planned to have a picnic supper. After supper we decided to make an exploration of the rocks. Up

and down we went, slipping on seaweed and falling into little pools of water.

Then came the time for the final journey back to camp. On the way we stopped at a restaurant for ice cream cones. It was very late when we reached camp, so we all hit the sack as soon as possible after a wonderful day at Pemaquid.

Audrey Thompson
Alice Williams

C.I.T. TRIP TO PEMAQUID

The day started out with normal weather - foggy and cold. However, with the weatherman's blessing and promise of a clearing afternoon, we set off for Pemaquid.

Accompanied by eager stomachs, we arrived, despite such opposing factors as our chauffeur-counselor, Greenie, at Pemaquid Beach. We immediately purchased food to start the day off right. It was twelve o'clock and not yet warm enough to swim, so we made our way to the main attraction of the trip - Gilbert's Lobster Pound. If we were to give awards for the person who concentrated on eating and accomplished the most, I think it would go to the "shortest C.I.T." The rest of us held our ground; we managed to keep ourselves supplied and stuffed with food for three hours, at which time the "Magnum" arrived, and we set off on the celebrated cruise.

The sights, including the co-pilot, were beautiful and pleasing. I doubt that Boothbay will forget the twenty minute onslaught of the Runoia C.I.T. brigade. We spent enough money to raise the Titanic. Again on the return trip we enjoyed the

beautiful sights including a Navy ship.

We had a quiet and comparatively small dinner on the rocks at Pemaquid Point and drove back to camp a little heavier than when we started, and a lot happier.

Genie Rogers

OUR FOUR HORSES

We have four horses,
The best you can find.
I'll try to explain them
In this little rhyme.

Beau is dark brown, a pretty horse.
Bunny saw her way through and changed the course.
She named him Beauty in memory of
An ex-horse which she did love.

Sheiba looks like an Indian pony when she doesn't wear
A bridle or saddle to hide her black hair.
She has her tempers, but all in all,
She's a darn good horse, and fun for all.

Penny's the one with the bumpy trot.
Some kids didn't like it, and their heads got hot.
When they found the white horse wasn't bad at all,
They got together and had a ball.

Mischief is spirited and fast as the wind.
Some kids sure did fear him, but he's really a friend.
Most everyone loves him at the end of camp,
And now we all hope that he'll be back.

All of these horses have really been friends,
But camp doesn't last; it has to end.
We thank them all for the times we've had.
They might come back, and then we'll be glad.

Mike Bell

LUNCH RIDE ON HORSEBACK (natch!) by Marilyn Makepeace

Bunny rode Penny
Betsy S. rode Beau
Ann R. rode Mischief
Guess who Marilyn rode?

turned around
at the X

Blueberry Hill

lady in
the robe

Bunny's
friend,
don

ate
here

bridge #2

bridge #1

traffic jam

divert

started to
rain and...

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Went past Elizabeth Arden's

We ate baby alive. It consisted of
squashed sandwiches.

Betsy's horse ran away.

Betsy's poncho fell off back of horse

Ann's rope fell.

Went up this Rud

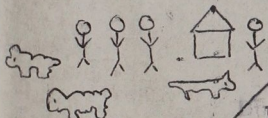
Horses stopped on Main Rud

Sheba tripped and hit her nose on Main Rud

Main Rud

To Belgrade

we got wet



Past another house with a barking
dog, lots of kids and two sheep.
← (other side of rud)

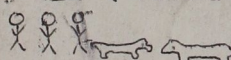
Cantered. Our destination was
Blueberry Hill.

to Rud
PPERY
n wet,
how!

C
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Great Pond

← Past a house, two dogs and some kids



Past Miss Weiser's house, carrying our baby

bles

START: 11:14½ o'clock from the door at Runoia Stables

SECOND LUNCH RIDE

by Marilyn Makepeace

After lunch the horses went up to Liz Arden's and then went home.

Ate at Main Chance Farm Point

Met Long Lakers Johnny came with lunch and kids to ride back. Tied our horses

Johnny's car and riders ate stuck in hole. together.

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Bridge #2

Bridge #1

saw a culvert

Main Rud

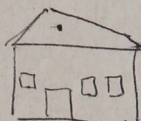
Belgrade



Passed the house with kids. This time there were no sheep. The dog didn't bark.

Two cars passed. Sheba backed into rud.

C
a
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d



Stables

Start:
Left Runoia stables one cloudy morn



Passed Miss Weiser's house without baby this time

SENIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

For several days the Seniors had been anticipating a trip to Pemaquid. Because of bad weather we hadn't had a chance to go. Finally one day dawned bright and clear, so off to Pemaquid we went. It was an enjoyable ride because of the beautiful scenery and the fun we had singing. Bobbie led us in singing camp songs and taught us some new ones.

Upon arrival at Gilbert's Lobster Pound we were greeted by a heavy fog. It did not dampen our spirits or stomachs, so we eagerly bought our lobsters, clams, soda and hamburgers for those who did not like sea food. The food was delicious. After about two hours, when we departed for the beach, the fog had lifted. The ride to the beach was very short, and in no time at all we got into our suits. The people who were brave went in and had a wonderful time. The tide was coming in and the water was warm. By the time we got out of the water and into our clothes it was time to go. The bus took us to the Pemaquid Lighthouse. We all scrambled out of the bus and started exploring on the rocks. The tide was coming in and it was very rough. We ate

supper on the rocks and threw crusts to the numerous gulls that hovered about. Some even took food out of our hands.

All of us were disappointed to leave, but it was getting dark. On the way home we stopped and bought ice cream.

SAILING RACES

The boys from Pine Island were supposed to come over last week but it rained and a glasher fell off Mt. Philip. Mt. Philip really is a big glasher, and a peace of it fell off. A few days latter they came over and some of the seniors sailed with the boys, and when they went home, their boat broke down, and they went back in a truck. The seniors raced with boys. And the left-over seniors and the juniors played kickball and keep-away and basket-ball and conoe races.

Peggy Cook

CHAIN OF PONDS TRIP

Tuesday morning bright and early seven campers and three counselors happily left in the truck for the Chain of Ponds area, 18 miles from the Canadian border. The weather was hazy, but we all were in high spirits.

After we had devoured our lunch, we started to paddle through the first two ponds. Since Carla and Phil were not at our campsite when we arrived, numerous services were held in their honor. Being greatly disappointed when they arrived, we started supper. Later everyone retired, fancying thoughts of a sunny day only to be awakened by vigorous thunder and lightning and furious rain both outside the tent and inside. Louise moved to the picnic table, and everyone then slept half-soundly.

The second day we paddled down to an old dam where we heard a moose. We then walked on with our canoes to the Sarampus Falls campsite where unexpectedly we met the Bigelow trip. After a birthday party for Pam Caughman, we went to bed with the noise of logging ringing in our ears. Unfortunately the storm repeated itself, and a few of us got drenched again.

Pleasure was with us the following day when Phil took our packs and equipment to the next campsite.

That day the miles went by extremely fast, and we arrived at our campsite at 11:30. We then wrote Phil a note only to have him come as we were leaving. We covered the next five hours of our journey in fifteen minutes, so we spent part of the afternoon enjoying Mr. Hull's Chase Pond.

"Plan Ahead" was our motto for that night as all facilities were quite far away. We had lovely graham cracker crust under our banana cream pie, but the filling wasn't too appetizing. After the dishes were done, we all enjoyed a game of "Banana, Banana, Split Banana" and then went to bed.

A long hard paddle awaited us so we journeyed forth early. Large rapids and ledge falls provided us with numerous hazards for the day. After many portages we faced the lengthy paddle to Flagstaff Lake. That night we enjoyed a delicious meal consisting of steak, corn-on-the-cob and Banana Boats bought for us by Phil.

The last morning, after seeing a beautiful view of the area from Custis Ridge, we returned to camp never to forget our glorious trip.

Sandy Griffith
Jane Orbeton

CHAIN-OF-PONDS SONG

One was on a pipe, another on a road,
And the songs we sang were of the knights of old.
We were bold, we were bold,
As we tramped round our green Cathedral cold
Through the forest so thick
Father, mother, MITs and every brother,
We were bold in our green Cathedral cold.

When we woke up one day, three eggs had gone away,
And we vowed the culprit animal must pay.
At the dam we heard a moose; Oh boy, did we vamoose,
But another crane is welcome any day.

It was sunny, it was sunny
And we all got some burns that sure did hurt
On the Chain-of-Ponds trip.

It was sunny as we roped with our canoe.
We packed up all our gear to shoot the rapids blue,
And the warden said that we would never get through.
His estimate was ten hours, but we made it in two.
It was leechy as we walked with our canoe.

It was leechy, it was leechy,
It was leechy as we walked with our canoe
Down the Chain-of-Ponds.
Rapids and falls - little rips and night-time squalls,
It was leechy as we walked with our canoe.

As monks we all were clothed
In ponchos torn and old,
And our services were something to behold.

BIGELOW

We started out in the camp truck. It was quite a long ride. We sang songs, and everyone was squished. When we finally got there, we started climbing and climbing. We had to take turns carrying the food. We rested sometimes and we stopped off at springs. On some rocks were signs like "a spring" or "look out" and "cheer up."

Connie and Kim found some toads and named them Mary Lynn. Nearer the top on the second peak we found Arnold's Well, and some went inside it.

The second night we moved to a new campsite near a pond. It had a picnic table and fireplace. When night came Susie Jacobi thought she felt Shorty's head but came to find out it was a snake. The next day we put the snake in Betsy Fuller's shoe, and she nearly jumped out of her skin.

There was also a dock at the campsite, and Phil found a raft. We couldn't find him until someone saw him floating on the raft. The dock was like a raft that was anchored. Betsy Fuller and Connie Warren were on it with their clothes on. They floated

around the pond and capsized. After that they stayed on the raft with their wet clothes and then dried them near the fire.

One morning we saw a fawn running around across the pond. Phil had his movie camera and took some pictures. The fawn was still there when we left to climb the second peak.

All of us had a wonderful time climbing Bigelow. We thought it was worth it when we saw the view.

Susan Hill

THE FIRST HERMIT ISLAND TRIP

(#1 Campsite)

The first Hermit Island trip left camp around ten-thirty in a small drizzle and arrived there in time for a picnic lunch. Then we split into two groups, one headed by Barbie and Margie, and the other by Gerbie and Shorty. I was in Gerbie's group.

Gerbie's group was on top of the hill overlooking the ocean and the beach. It was a beautiful view of the island and the beach. We set up the blue tent and then went down to the beach. Some brave people went in swimming. The water was freezing.

At about five o'clock we started cooking supper. We had Hunter's stew and corn. For dessert we had banana boats. They were delicious. After supper we cleaned up and sang. Gerbie played her ukulele, and she sang us a sad song.

The next day we got up at eight o'clock. It was a beautiful day. For breakfast we had cereal, scrambled eggs, bacon, hash, cocoa and lemonade. Then we cleaned up and got into our bathing suits for a swim. We had sandwiches, peaches and lemonade for lunch. Then some of us went for another swim.

For supper we had lobsters, salad and orange drink. Betsy Apple didn't like lobster so she had steak. For dessert we had s'mores.

The next morning we packed up and went home. For lunch we stopped at Popham Beach. We saw the fort near the harbor. Everyone had fun.

Louisa Smith

THE FIRST HERMIT ISLAND TRIP

(#2 Campsite)

We got to our destination, Hermit Island, at about one-thirty in time for lunch. We came in a slight drizzle but it cleared up when we got there.

We had one nice day which we spent on the beach. The water was cold and salty but it was fun. The group that went with Barbie and Margie found a little pond with fresh, warm water.

While playing on the big rocks, we found a little lake dug out in the rocks. It was like in the story of "Tom Sawyer" when Indian Joe popped out from the cave.

The second night we had lobsters. They were so good.

Each night at the time we saw the sun set we saw the moon rise also. It was lovely. The moon looked like a huge ball going higher and higher in the sky. It was so COOL.

We picked raspberries and looked for blueberries but found none. We had fun.

Jody Sataloff

FIRST HERMIT ISLAND TRIP SONG

Oh, we went to Hermit Island
Where the water's so cold,
And we saw there a clipper ship,
Beautiful to behold.

Oh, what fun we had
When we washed with Fab
At Hermit Island,
At Hermit Island.

Gerbie played the ukulele,
And she sang us a song.
The evening was so perfect.
Nothing could go wrong.

Chorus:

Oh, we went to the seashore
Where the water's so cold,
And we saw there a girl
In a bathing suit bold.

Chorus:

The last night we had lobster,
I remember so well,
And Shorty got hives
That made her face swell.

Chorus:

HORSEBACK OVERNIGHT

(From a Horse's Point of View)

All of a sudden five excited girls came into our stables. I soon discovered from their conversation that we were going on an overnight to a campsite on Long Lake. We were all saddled and bridled, and soon we were on our way. We got so hot that when the red truck carrying all the girls and equipment passed us, we were relieved of our saddles.

When we got to the campsite, the tent was up, and the skies had turned dark grey and it began to rain. I was very scared because there were flashes of light and loud noises every so often. After a while I was roped up for the night and got my hay. There was a big fuss about tiny pine trees all over the campsite. I almost stepped on one but was yanked away just in time.

The girls had fried chicken for supper. By the conversation I heard it was very good. I went for another ride after supper. Everything was still wet, but we had a good time anyway.

It rained off and on all night, but I decided to be good because the girls looked very tired to me. I got my hay again at five o'clock in the morning, and

then those lazy girls went back to bed. But I guess they had a pretty good reason to be lazy, seeing as they were up most of the night just to make sure we didn't get into trouble.

The campers got up at eight o'clock and had pancakes and cocoa. It smelled good, but I'll settle for hay any day. A while after breakfast Phil came in the truck and packed it up. Then four girls plus good ole' Bunny started home. I sure was anxious to get back, but apparently my rider wasn't, so I had to slow down a bit. At last we reached the stables, but the ride was wonderful. I got my oats and hay, and the kids went for their lunch. I sure wish I could do that trip again.

"Skip"
(as dictated to
Betsy Fuller and
Betsy Speicher)

PUPPET SHOW

One night in the Lodge the first Hermit Island trip and Third Shack put on a puppet show. We made the puppets out of paper bags. There were two plays. Third Shack did the first show and the rest of us did the second show. There were rabbits, dogs, cats, dragons crows and an alligator. I was a dog. Bobbi took pictures of us and our puppets. The puppet show was a big success.

Susan Gurganus

THE JUNIOR TRIP TO HERMIT ISLAND

(Second Trip - #1 Campsite)

We left at ten o'clock Wednesday morning. When we got there the other Juniors were rolling up sleeping bags and putting clothes in laundry bags. After we got settled, we went down to the other campsite and ate lunch. We all got into our bathing suits and went to the beach and swam. There were plenty of jellyfish. I found a small one and named it "Jennifer."

Liz Hamid and I picked raspberries. Once I tripped and found some blueberries. After a while I tripped again and found strawberries.

Later we played "Dectective" and found clues. Finally we solved it and found out it was the witches. The other campsite made a graveyard.

We had lobsters the second night.

On the way home we stopped at Fort Pompham. It is a COOL fort. Then we went home. We had stayed for three days and two nights.

Gayle Gilman

LOBSTERS AT HERMIT ISLAND

(#2 Campsite)

Wednesday seven Juniors left for Hermit Island. The ride up in the truck was awfully windy. Almost immediately after we arrived, we ate.

The night before we left we had a wonderful meal - lobsters! We went to the store and had a hard time picking out the right lobsters. We finally finished. We got back to camp, and the people who weren't having lobsters went blueberry picking. The three girls who were going to have lobsters went down to the beach to get salt water and seaweed to cook the lobsters in. I volunteered to get the water, so I took off my shoes and started in. I had the bucket half full when Betsy said, "Don't get sand, too." So I dumped the water out and started again. Just as I was about finished, a big wave came and soaked me. By this time they were finished getting the seaweed. We went back and started cooking the lobsters. I changed my clothes, and we all went blueberry picking.

Next morning we left after having fun at the beach. We stopped at a fort and ate lunch. On the way home the people in the car made up a song. Here we are home again, sorry but also very happy.

CHRISTMAS IN JULY

Merry Christmas in July -
Though it seems quite clear
That there should be no snow or ice,
Holly or reindeer.

But a Merry Christmas it surely is,
And all of us should cheer it.
It's not the season that counts;
It's just the Christmas Spirit.

Warmth and cheer and loving hearts
And brotherhood are found
In helping to make the world rejoice
In Christmas the year 'round.

So once again I say to you,
And you know it is no lie -
Best wishes friend, good cheer to you -
Merry Christmas in July!

Toosie Eklund

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

During the first week of the second month of camp, Betsy Langmore was in charge of a Christmas party. We were told to make gifts out of things outdoors for the person whose name we drew. There was also a table decorating contest. The table whose decorations were best suited for Christmas would win. Each shack also had to make decorations for the tree.

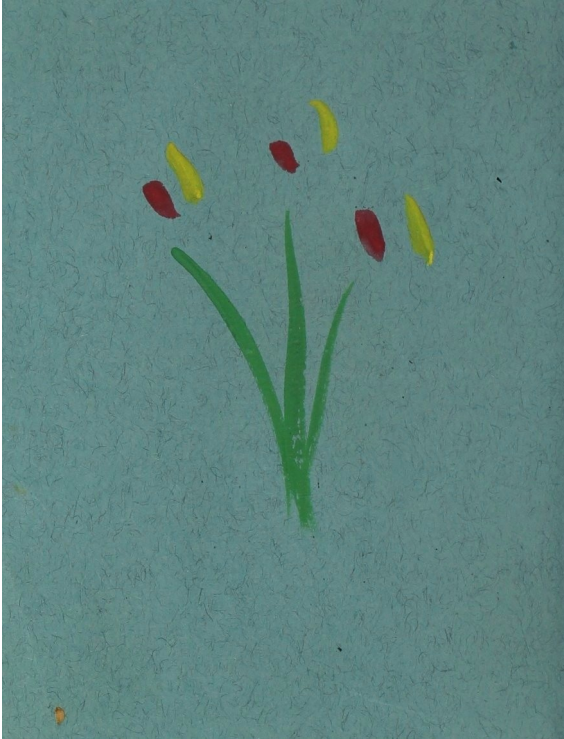
After supper when the bell rang, everyone went into the Lodge. The first thing they did was to have all the shacks put their decorations on the tree. Then there were two teams picked to knock the hat off the snowman's head. One team was Katie Kennedy's and the other was Sue Rosenblum's. Sue's team got the most points, so they won.

Then came time for giving out the presents. While they were doing that, Phil came in dressed as Santa Claus. Next came a play entitled, "The Night Before Christmas."

When it got darker, Betsy Langmore, Margie London, Noni Crowell and Sandy Griffith gave out refreshments. Then everyone went down to her shack and went to bed. All in all it was a pretty nice Christmas even though it was kinda early.

Abbie Skillman





MERRY

MID

CHRISTMAS

FIRST LONG LAKE TRIP

On Monday, the 23rd of July, eight of us got the shock of our lives when we found out that Ruthi, Toosie, Louise and Baldy were going to "supervise" a trip down Long Lake. The motely crew consisted of Janie O., Sue R., Jano, Marilyn, Cindy, Connie, Susi and Pa-am.

After just a bit of scurrying around borrowing everyone else's sleeping bag, poncho and air mattress, forgetting about our own, we got started, a little miraculously. It was a beautiful day...so we thought. Hopes high, we paddled strenuously to the stream and with the "Birchie" in the lead, went crashing through the Belgrade Lakes. When we reached the end, we had a bit of portaging to do. Believe me, a canoe is heavier than it looks!

We had a delicious lunch of P.B. and J.s and ham sandwiches, lemonade, congo bars and moldy watermelon. When we finished stuffing our faces, we came to the stark realization that our brand new canoes were practically upon the jagged peaks of the shore pebbles. We decided we ought to start paddling away from them before our heads were handed to us.

Arriving at our campsite, we were faced with the problem of how to put up the Blue Tent. Janie O., BRILLIANT Janie O., finally figured out how to do it. After a sufficient amount of firewood was gathered, Susi, Pam, Jano and Janie O. began on a concoction of hamburger meat, rice, peas and mushroom soup (better known as "Toad-in-the-Hole.") We had Zarex for those who wanted it and cocoa for those who didn't. No comments, please. Baldy and Ruthi made some wonderfully gooey graham cracker brownies that were enjoyed by all.

When everything was cleaned up, Susi made some dough for "doughboys" that were to be cooked in the rain. Yes, it was raining. Drizzly at first, then harder. Louise and Baldy suffered a cold wet night in a home-made pup tent.

It rained all through the night and part of the morning. When we woke up, Louise was cooking some scrambled eggs, cocoa and cereal for us lazy bums. When we were all contentedly full, Louise shattered us with the news of an exploring trip (in the rain, no less.). Reluctantly we un-beached the canoes and paddled against the wind to a little island nearby. While picking waterlilies in a lagoon, Louise discovered a hidden stream. Everyone was very excited and curious about it, and we decided to investigate, but we were abruptly halted by a fallen tree blocking the way.

We drifted back to the campsite and had a delectable lunch of tunafish sandwiches and cheese sandwiches toasted over the fire. For dessert we had more of Baldy's brownies.

After a brief but relaxing rest hour, we got back in the canoes and paddled down the Belgrade stream to the "darn." It turned out to be a beautiful day by the time we got there. When we got back, Connie and Susi started shopping down all the trees in sight because dry twigs for firewood were scarce. There was a wonderful beef stew made for which Toosie made some "dumplings." They were more like chewing gum though. Ruthi's peach cobbler-crisp really was...um...original (but good).

That night we had s'mores, ghost stories, fishermen and good weather. Wednesday morning started out with good weather too. We sailed all the way down Long Lake for the wind was with us. There was nothing for us to do but steer the boat and hold the sail up. We stopped at Camp Wyconda, a deserted boys' camp, and accidentally met the second Long Lake trip. We had lunch there and explored the premises before starting back to good ole' Runoia.

All in all we had a blast. We attempted several times a trip song but never succeeded. The "Birchie" had a trip motto though - "The Last Shall Be First."

Susi Jacobi

P & M

One day we started to take a trip to P & M. It was a very windy day, and there were white caps on the lake. When it was time to take our trip, Phil said it was rough and to go up and around Pin Cushion and ride the waves down to P & M, so we did.

When we got there, Sally's canoe was complaining about how much water was in the canoe. Then we unpacked and put the canoes aside. Then we unpacked our clothes and sleeping bags. Most of the sleeping bags were drying in the sun because they got so wet. As soon as we got the tent up and things put away, we started supper. We had fried chicken and was it good! After we had done the dishes, we went for a dip in the lake. It started rocky but ended up sandy. Then we came up and went to bed.

When we got up the next morning, it was cloudy, so we decided not to go to North Bay. We sat down to breakfast, and after a while we played "Beckon" which is a game Shorty taught us. After that we ate lunch and played "Beckon" some more. Polly had a wonderful hiding place but at last was found. After the game Linda Baker read to us from a book she had brought.

After the main course of supper, we settled down to watch a big thunderstorm coming right at us. However, we didn't get the worst of it, and soon we were outside again watching the sunset.

Polly Willard
Allie Williams

THE SECOND LONG LAKE

We all started out one breezy morning in July. The sun was shining brightly, and the water was just rough enough to be pleasant. The trip across our lake went easily, and the portage was completed without any problems.

Lunchtime arrived, and we ate heartily at a small island. Long Lake was getting rougher, so we strengthened our canoes by using a crew. It became rougher and rougher. If we rested, it would simply blow us backwards. We rested at last when we met Louise's group. They were lucky for the wind was with them. We switched a few canoes and journeyed on ahead, but the waves became rougher and the wind, stronger. The heavy wooden canoes were gliding at a fairly good pace, but our aluminum canoes just seemed to stand still. Finally, after much work, we, exhausted, reached our campsite. The tent was up, so all we had to do was to start gathering wood.

After a delicious dinner, our sleeping bags seemed only too comfortable. We went into the tent and went to sleep with plans of reaching the "darn" for lunch and paddling back here for dinner the following day.

Well, our plans were wrong for the second day of our trip was wet. It rained all day with a few let-ups here and there. So the second day was spent in the blue tent. In the late afternoon the rain finally stopped, so we paddled on the lake for a while. Dinner was next on the agenda and perhaps a quick dip. Then we retired again to the tent.

On the third day it no longer rained, so we rose early and prepared for the paddle ahead of us. The lunch was made, and we were soon paddling on the lake, under the bridge and on toward Belgrade Lakes. The waves were again against us, but on we paddled, and soon we met Barbie's group at the portage. We ate by the stream, and a sorry sight we were to passers-by too! Finally we were on the last stretch of our trip. We visited deserted Camp Abena and at long last reached camp, just before another rain storm broke!

Kim Ferguson

RAINY DAYS

No matter what anybody may say, the sun has been shining this camp season, though most of the time it has been hidden by grey clouds and rain. On rainy days everybody except those who have crafts stays in the Lodge for morning activity. One day we had challenge games such as, "sing-the-other-person-down" or "stamp-on-the-other-person's-toes." Sometimes we played games such as "jump the shot" and "seven circle keep-away." Another activity was square dancing. We learned dances such as "Boomsadaisy," "Thief," "Basket" and once even the basic steps of an Irish jig.

One memorable rainy day was the day we had the jack tournament. This was won by a terrific Senior, Betsy Fuller, who gets to second or third "fancy" in one turn! She's unbeatable!

Rainy days we have had galore, but as you can see, we have made the most of them.

Linda Anne Baker

THIRD LONG LAKE

Last week a group of four canoes set off for a night on Long Lake. Barbie headed the party with Cathy and Bev and Genie. At the Belgrade Lakes portage we met a returning group and traded a canoe. We spent lunch time with a horse trip at Elizabeth Arden's.

After putting several hours of paddling, we arrived at an already-set-up campsite early enough for a leisurely supper of spaghetti, salad, garlic bread and banana boats which we roasted with marshmallows and chocolate just before bed. After supper we followed a winding, marshy stream to a small lake.

A couple of girls cut an old tree down across another fallen one to form a perfect see-saw. Everyone took a few hesitating turns.

Coming home along the Belgrade Stream was heavenly with a light breeze to catch our homemade sails. We ended a terrific trip being picked up at Belgrade.

Julie Stohlman

OAK ISLAND

After rest hour one beautiful day some of Fifth and some of Sixth Shack and Liz, Bobbi and Susie O. went on a trip to Oak Island. We started off. The paddling was beautiful, but right before we got there it started to rain. Soon it stopped and turned out to be a beautiful day. Liz put up the lean-to while the rest of us gathered wood. Soon the fire was started, and we prepared the food. We had Hunter's stew with biscuits which we cooked on the reflector oven.

That night while we were doing the dishes, some Runoia campers came over with Barbie in the War canoe. Later on we went in for a dip, and then we sat around the campfire and sang songs trying to avoid the bugs. At 9:30 we retired.

The next day was beautiful, and we had a very good breakfast. Then we went back to camp after a wonderful trip.

Ann Speicher

THE C.I.T. TRIP

Monday morning, the 6th of August, the C.I.T.s, along with Betty and Greenie, loaded up the cars and set out for Naples, Maine to visit a camp called Wyonegonic. We ate lunch on the way and arrived there during rest hour. We were met by the C.I.T.s and given a tour of the camp. Their camp is much different from ours. It is a unit camp. This is a place where the camp is divided into Junior, Intermediate and Senior units. Each part has its own lodge, dining room and recreational equipment along with a waterfront of their own. It is as if each was a separate camp in itself. Then we had a swim, borrowed and loaded three of their canoes and paddled to one of their campsites. We had a wonderful dinner, and all the credit for that goes to Betty and Greenie. We had a swim, made banana boats, then packed off to bed.

The next morning after a very hearty breakfast, we loaded our canoes and headed back to Wyonegonic where we stayed long enough to return their canoes and load the cars again. We then headed for Poland, Maine to visit a camp called Tripp Lake. This is a rather large camp, (230 girls and 86 counselors) with beautiful

lawns and flower gardens and many elaborate facilities. We were shown all around the camp by the director. Then we headed back to Runoia, happy to be where we were. We all felt that the trip was very worthwhile. It was interesting to see how other camps have their way of doing things, but we still think Runoia is tops.

Nancy Fifield

VALUES OF CAMP

We are now beginning our last weeks at Runoia. We have been here a month now, acquainting ourselves with people, sports and camp life. But do we realize what we gain from this experience? Why do we come to camp?

Here at camp we are busy taking part in the different sports. Not only are we learning the "game," but we are also learning how to "play fair" or, in other words, practicing good sportsmanship. When we go on overnights, we are putting much of our knowledge to use. We use different canoe strokes while paddling, we chop wood and build campfires, we cook our meals and clean up afterwards. Then, when the work is done, we have time to do what we'd like to - swim, sing camp songs or pole up the rapids.

On our all day sail we were testing our sailing skills, but as the squall blew up, it proved to be more of an experience, and a worthwhile one too, for it taught us to think quickly and gave us an opportunity to use what we knew.

And while we are putting what we know to use about

sailing, canoeing, swimming and the other activities, and at the same time having a wonderful summer, we are learning something more. We are learning to get along with others and their different personalities. We are learning to be pleasant and kind and considerate, and "to do unto others as you would have them do unto you." This is one important lesson which when well learned, will be of service to us all through our lives. For we will always be with people, working with them, playing with them, living with them. It would make our lives very sad indeed if we could not get along with others.

And yet, there is still more we can get out of camp if we take the time, for here, under the pine trees, away from studies and social events, there is time to think, to think about a day's activities, about our lives and how we would like to spend them, of our friends and families, and of God and the beautiful land around us. It is here that we may collect and sort our many thoughts, here that we may puzzle over and think out our many problems, here that we may think new thoughts.

Runoia is the perfect place to think, but it is also the perfect place to look and smell and hear. In camp we are able to get acquainted with nature -

nature as it really is, not a place that is built-up or full of smoke. It is here that we may look across the lake and gaze at a breath-taking sunset or awaken to the call of the loons. Here we may take a walk into the woods and see beautiful wild flowers, various colored mushrooms or a salamander scurrying by. As we look around, we are liable to see a strange bird fluttering about or a huge moose off in the distance. If we take the time, we can be the audience of a never-ending play - that of life, how it is born, how it lives, how it dies. It is a performance far greater and far more exciting than one ever sees on a stage, and it is here all around us, for us to see and enjoy. It is at Runoia that we may learn how to live ourselves.

Sunday Service
July 22, 1962

Carolyn Apple

I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER

I will always remember the summers you gave me,
Runoia, beside your deep blue lake,
Where harmony played on her harp oh so daily
A tune of old friendships and new ones to make.
Mid pine trees I hear again the golden melody gaily.

I will always remember the skills that you gave me,
Runoia, beneath your gracious pines tall.
A sail on Great Pond when the sun set so queenly
Or a climb on great Tumbledown, the canoe trips and all.
This is Runoia, a summer serenely.

I will always remember the joy that you gave me,
Runoia, a summer dream for a girl to come true.
The rainy day games in the Lodge, warm campfires brightly,
The smile of each girl, the teams White and Blue,
The crackling embers rekindles memories lightly.

I will always remember these treasures you gave me,
Runoia, the summers, the joys, skills and friends,
The times I have had here, my life so freely,
And even if our summers together must end,
Each dip of my paddle, the sight of a pine tree
An old cherished memory will send,
A memory of my loving camp friends.

Sue Rosenblum

LOST

Tumbledown
Meadowbrook
Bagpipes
Old Infirmary
The Dollhouse
Braids
Uninformed parents
Sunday afternoons
Sunshine
Idle swimming

FOUND

Bigelow
Chain of Ponds
Ukulele
New one
Cobb's new house
Plum trees
Camp newsletter
Pine Island sailing races
Rain
Counting laps

Sue Rosenblum

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Nancy Helen Ball	Nothing Hazes Baldy
Sandra Lee Bickford	Seldom Leaves Boys
Elizabeth Janssen Bowman	Enjoys Jam (and) Biscuits
Elizabeth Nawrath Cobb	Enlists Nifty Campers
Philip Jackson Cobb	Provides Jolly Car-rides
Elaine Ann Després	Enjoys Action Dearly
Pauline Jane Fletcher	Prepares Juicy Feasts
Ann Sophia Greene	Always Smiles Gaily
Carolyn Godfrey	Climbs Gracefully
Marguerite Louise Harding	Makes Lucious Hamburgers
Marian Rachael Johnson	Most Rewarding Jokes
Sandra Jean Kelly	Suppers Just Keen
Beverly Janet Keys	Brought John's Knitting
Elizabeth Woodhull Langmore	Eats With Lust
Barbara B. Leader	Blows Bugles Lovingly
Gwendolyn Murray Littlefield	Gets Many Lunches
Nancy Grace McLellan	Neatly Gets Meals
Mary Jane Mott	Mercilessly Jams Muscles
Barbara Leigh Muchnic	Brings Lots (of) Music
Natalie Parker Opdycke	Needles Prick! Ouch!
Susan Orbeton	Smiles Overflowing
Mary Anne Rhodes	Mist And Rain

Carla May Sandberg

Doris Alva Shellberg

Sarah Stevens Sherburne

Louise Ritchie Shaw

Berna Lee Thibodeau

Catherine Elizabeth Wargo

Margaret Suydam Warren

Lucy H. Weiser

Capsizes Most Skillfully

Draws And Sketches

Soiled Sunday Sheets

Likes Rotting Sneakers

Best Likes Trips

Craft Enthusiasts Welcome

Mountains Slowly Walks

Loves Her (little) Women

FIRST SHACK ANAGRAMS

Penelope Wright Dalton

Jenifer Willis Eklund

Nancy Haines Fifield

Catherine Forbes Fuller

Joanne Barr Hutchings

Ruth Elizabeth Jacobi

Eugenia Margaret Rogers

Places Weight Distinctively

Just Waits (for) Excitement

Nightly Hacks Fitfully

Cracks Feeble Funnies

Just Bleached Hair

Remains Ever Juvenile

Examples (of) Marvelous Riding

SECOND SHACK ANAGRAMS

Margaret J. Cook	Mostly Judges Croquet
Elizabeth P. Hamid	Eats Pretty Heavily
Pegeen McCarthy	Plays Mostly
Jody S. Sataloff	Just Sits (and) Sings
Christine Smith	Can Sing
Irene Smoluchowski	Ironing (is) Superb
Georgia P. Sollenberger	Good Posture Sometimes
Meg E. Taylor	Makes Every Thing
Julie R. Thompson	Judges Races Terrifically

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Linda Ann Baker

Christina C. French

Hilary K. Hord

Ellen C. Hornig

Susan C. Jackson

Leslie T. Oakes

Patricia Ann Rowell

Audrey W. Thompson

Victoria L. Webb

Marcia White Willard

Alice M. Williams

Loves All Boys

Constantly Caught (at) Flight

Happily Kicks Hard

Ever Cantering Horses

Skillfully Conquers Jacks

Likes To Orate

Permanently At Refrigerator

Attached (to) White Team

Vivacious Lively White

Merrily Watches Weight

A Mischievous Winner

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Elizabeth L. Apple

Martha Mary Beals

Deborah Leigh Dennis

Susan Parker Fifield

Barbara Ann Fink

Gayle Drummond Gilman

Deborah Baldwin Gorham

Susan Waite Gurganus

Dianna Kathleen Sandberg

Louisa Dunlap Smith

Jessie Colby Woeltz

Mary Ann Zeman

Enjoys Living Actively

Makes Marks Bravely

Devilish Little Devil

Swims Pretty Fairly

Beats Any Fairytale

Gracefully Dives Greatly

Devours Bales (of) Gum

Skinnydips With Gayle

Don't Keep Swimming

Loves Doing Silverware

Just Can't Win

Much Anxiety (for) Zest

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Susan Beerits

Michael Ann Bell

Pamela M. Brodie

Pamela A. Caughman

Lynne F. Friedman

Sally S. Hutchings

Susan F. Jacobi

Anne LaBonte

Barbara London

Bianca Maniaci

Elsa W. Master

Joellen Miller

Robin Ritchie

Ann Ruth

Ann Barr Speicher

Connie B. Warren

Swims Beautifully

Most Always Behaves

Practices Mounting Briskly

Pitches And Catches

Lives For Fun

Sits Singing Happily

Sings Full (of) Joy

Always Likeable

Barks Lovingly

Bow Master

Eats With Matilda

Jacks Master

Regal Rider

Always Rushing

Always Banishes Seconds

Catches Balls Willingly

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Susan Berry

Barbara F. Brown

Lynne Doherty

Wendy Erslev

Kim A. Ferguson

Jeannette B. Fisher

Linda L. Gates

Susan V. Hill

Deborah B. Hinckley

Marjorie A. London

Marilyn A. Makepeace

Cynthia J. Murdoch

Suzanne Ratichek

Abigail Skillman

Mary E. Young

Some Boid

Batting For Blues

Lively Dame

Willingly (does) Everything

Keeps All Friends

Just Be Funny

Loves Lively Games

Softball Values Highly

Don't Bellow High

Many A Lap

Maneuvers All Mounts

Can Joke Merrily

Sails Readily

Always Sociable

Meets Every Yell

SEVENTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Carolyn V. Apple

Mary Ann Cook

Honora G. Crowell

Elizabeth A. Fuller

Marcia S. Greenblatt

Sandra B. Griffith

Kathryn A. Kennedy

Betsy Wood King

Jane Orbeton

Susan B. Rosenblum

Mary Elizabeth Speicher

Julie M. Stoleman

Hollis A. Winger

Careful Vigorous Archer

Merrily Attacks Catchers

Hair Goes Casually

Eternally Acts Foolish

Makes Seventh Giggle

Snore, But Gaily

Knows All Kapers

Boy What (a) Kook

Jinxes Opponents

She Boisterously Reads

Makes Entrancing Smiles

Joyfully Manages Swimming

Happy And Witty

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Nancy H. Ball	Baldy	in a canoe	for a cigarette	to eat	having to diet	Can I bum a cigarette?
Elizabeth Bowman	Liz	in the diningroom	beaming	to eat	diets	Where's M.J.?
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	in the new Dollhouse	for rainy day ideas	organized charts	rain	What's the problem?
Philip J. Cobb	Phil	in the truck	like a God-send	his taxi service	clogged plumbing	Is that so?
Ann S. Greene	Greenie	with the C.I.T.s	content	to tease	reveille	Don't forget the ashtray!
Caroline Godfrey	Shorty	in Blue Hill	short	Bunny's horses	serving meals	Yes! I do too smile!
Marian R. Johnson	Johnny	with the lost and found	for the sun	morning skinny dips	pepless people	What do you want?
Beverly Keys	Bev	in the craft shop	nursie	overnights	very little	I built a one match fire!
Elizabeth Langmore	Betsy	on the archery field	for free food	to eat	spending money	I only had 8 pancakes!
Barbara Leader	Barbie	with her bugle	for good helpers	to be organized	the alarm clock	Buddy check!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Mary Jane Mott	M.J.	with her contacts	tired	the Blackbird	lighting Coleman lanterns	I ate too much!
Barbara Muchnic	Bobbi	in her dungarees	for mail	to eat	dirty sneakers	Tell me about it!
Natalie Opdycke	Oppie	in the infirmary	jolly	healthy people	hypochondriacs	Where does it hurt?
Susan Orbeton	Susie O.	enthusiastically	cheerful	overnights	peace and quiet	What can I do to help?
Mary Anne Rhodes	Gerbie	with her ukulele	red	dead mosquitoes	to blush	Oh! You guys!
Carla Sandberg	Pinky	in the motorboat	for her rudder	sailing	people forgetting to cleat the main halyard	Tie on the rudder!
Doris A. Shellberg	Shelley	at Lanesend	for new ideas	to make crafty things	threading looms	Who's on the next loom?
Sarah S. Sherburne	Sally	with her soiled Sunday sheets	for letters from Wayne	wink	cold weather	I'm going up to the dining room.
Louise R. Shaw	Louise	on the tennis courts	athletic	bright and sunny days	rolling tennis courts	No comment!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Berna L. Thibodeau	Bunny	with her horses	for Shorty	Blue Hill	rainy weather	In all seriousity..
Catherine Wargo	Cathy	in the craft shop	happy	to draw	hanging up her sweater	a nod of the head
Margaret Warren	Margy	for diets	like a pink piggling	Merry- weather	messy places	Oh! Is this grungie!
Lucy H. Weiser	Miss Weiser	for Runoia	like a doll	to make friends	very little	I'm so glad to see you!

FIRST SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Penelope Dalton	Dopey	to be modern	voluptuous	to lead songs	Bloopers	Isn't heroine a girl?
Jenifer Eklund	Grumpy	without light	like Buster Brown	her two piece	bobby pins	Don't wait, resuscitate.
Nancy Fifield	Sneezy	in the infirmary	tired	everything	unpaid bills	Hey, you guys!
Catherine Fuller	Doc	to take her life-saving test	lost	PC's	to bet on unfair tennis matches	For Pete's sake!
Joanne Hutchings	Snoopy	alone	like she acts	red, white and blue	turkey	Wadda mean your 84?!
Ruth Jacobi	Bashful	in her bikini	like a friz ball	cookies	to be rushed	Hey Babes!
Eugenia Rogers	Sleepy	at the stables	after horses	"Holey" books	Flag raising	But why?

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>
Margaret Cook	Peggy	for her cat	like an eskimo	Gail	getting S's	Cathy, I'm catsick.
Elizabeth Hamid	Tin Lizzie	with Jody	like a tomboy	Aqua-planing	sweeping the hall	May I borrow 3 jacks and a ball?
Pegeen McCarthy	Pegeen	for jacks	like a little Dutch boy	playing jacks	doing work	I swept under my bed.
Jody Sataloff	Satalite	in dungarees	like she's in orbit	Mary Lynn	swimming lessons	Personally...
Christine Smith	Chris	for the Blue team	like her mother	everything	swimming lessons	Who wears short shorts? Jody wears short shorts.
Irene Smoluchowski	Tinkerbelle	normally	tiny	swimming lessons	losing a jack game	Gads!
Georgia Sollenberger	Georgie	with her jacks	like she's hungry	food	work	Jeepers!
Meg Taylor	Meg	with Peggy and Irene	cute	snids	not much	Please tell me.
Julie Thompson	Julie	in shorts	like an Indian	tennis	archery	Stay on your bed.

THIRD SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Linda Baker	Brains	to pass her life-saving	like Tricia	Matthew Young	getting up in the morning	Just a minute.
Christina French	Christy	with Audrey	mischievous	being bad at night	Goodie-goodies	You're kidding?
Hilary Hord	Hil	peacefully	like Hil	to look at herself in a mirror	being teased	Let's play catch with Piglet.
Ellen Hornig	Ellen	for nature	friendly	Chris Cornell	stewed tomatoes	Oh my gosh!
Susan Jackson	Susie	with Hil	cute and small	Calamine lotion	poison ivy	But it itches!
Leslie Oakes	Leslie	for meals	hungry	shredding napkins	broccoli	I do not!
Patricia Rowell	Tricia	in her books	like Linda B.	to comb her bangs	to be tickled	Can I have some more?
Audrey Thompson	Aud	on the kickball field	for Christy F.	birthdays	to be called Spidah	Junior Whites, KICKBALL!
Victoria Webb	Vicky	with Hilary	merry	food	poison ivy	For heaven's sake!
Maria Willard	Polly	with her hair	like Alice in Wonderland	ghost stories	orange	Where is my bathing cap?
Alice Williams	Allie	with Piglet	for Pooh	peanut butter frosting	to be called Allie-Oop	It's pitiful.

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>
Elizabeth Apple	Betsy	with Jessie Woeltz	mischievous	taking jack balls	being told what to do	Really?
Martha Beals	Martha	with her jacks	neat	her hair	crazy hair-dos	Is the game locked?
Deborah Dennis	Debbus	with Bunny	for Bunny	Bunny	not being with Bunny	Where's Bunny?
Susan Fifield	Pieface	with Susan Gurganus	cute in a plum tree	Susan Gurganus	to be called "Prunie"	Good grief!
Barbara Fink	Barb	with Martha	tan	hard fancies	people who get mad easily	Me? Oh, come now!
Gayle Gilman	Gayliepuss	in her parka	like an angel	pizza	being neat	That's wicked!
Deborah Gorham	Debbie	with her doll	for someone to play jacks with	skinny-dips	kickball games	Can I play jacks with you?
Susan Gurganus	Gurgy	with Susie Fifield	cute in a plum tree	sports	counselors	Gads!
Dianna Sandberg	Dianna	in a mess	for Carla's tennis racket	black magic	missing on black magic	No, you can't borrow my comics.
Louisa Smith	Louisa	by herself	for someone to play jacks with	her ukulele	S's and W's	Gerbie, is my uke in tune?

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Jessie Woeltz	Jessie	with Betsy Apple	curly	to sing	swimming lessons	Don't be so stupid.
Mary Ann Zeman	Mary Ann	with Bobbie London	for Bobbie London	easy fancies	inspection	Gerbie, can I play the uke now?

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>
Susan Beerits	Susie	in her brown sweater	for her books	to read	doing dishes	What?
Michael Ann Bell	Mike	in movie magazines	for Bunny	Ben Casey	being tickled	Hi, Poopsy!
Pamela Brodie	Pam	with Susie J.	nice	people	people borrowing her clothes	Oh, all right.
Pamela Caughman	Pam	with Betsy	cute	Dixieland	the whip-kick	Yes m'am.
Lynne Friedman	Lynne	with her jacks	like a model	pitching	lazy people	Oh, O.K.
Sally Hutchings	Sally	in utter disorganization	like a red-head	her rollers	inspection	Where's my retainer?
Susan Jacobi	Susi	with her rollers	curly	setting her hair	being short	Oh!
Anne LaBonte	Anne	on the Marjorie	for a free swim	Carla	little	Carla, kiss me goodnight.
Barbara London	Bobbie	in the pool	for Anne LaBonte	rest hour	1st hall	Want your back rubbed?
Bianca Maniaci	Bianca	peacefully	like Pocohantis	long hair	little	Sing "Lemon Tree."

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Elsa Master	Gertrude	with Liz	like Elmer	food	people who set their hair	Play jacks with me?
Joellen Miller	Jo	happily	for Willy	horses	swimming lessons	I'll miss you.
Robin Ritchie	Robin	in her jack bag	for Louise	jacks	doing dishes	Are you crazy?
Ann Ruth	Booth	with Bird	like a flapper	riding	sweeping her room	Hey Bird!
Ann Speicher	Ann	for sports week	for Ann Vivian	kickball	Cookie's pitches	Do I look all right?
Connie Warren	Miss Warren	with her tennis racket	for Mary Lynn	baseball	jacks	Bonjour!

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>
Suzanne Berry	Bird	in utter disorganization	confused	Ann Ruth	frizzy hair	Oh Kid!
Barbara Brown	Barbie	enthusiastically	like Dionys	comics	glasses	What's today?
Lynn Doherty	Lynn	with her curlers	in the mirror	boys	freckles	Where's Dumbo?
Wendy Erslev	Wendy	in Fifth Shack	tiny	Susie Beerits	dishes	I got another letter.
Kim Ferguson	Kimmie	with everybody	with a twinkle in her eye	her two piece milk and bathing suit	crackers	Time to get up, everyone!
Jeannette Fisher	Jano	for having fun	tan	camping trips	bedtime	Drat it!
Linda Gates	Linda	in the infirmary	mischievous	sailing with Pine Island	baths	Is this a boil?
Susan Hill	Susie	in her mitt	athletic	pitching	skippering	I know it.
Deborah Hinckley	Debbie	with her high pitched voice	innocent	softball	Pine Island	Great Scott!
Marjorie London	Margie	in the water	good in a tank suit	swimming laps	messy beds	Don't sweat it!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Marilyn Makepeace	Marilyn	for riding	sleepy	horses	sandy tanksuits	Can I play jacks too?
Cynthia Murdoch	Cindy	happily	pink	softball	mosquitoes	Sob! Sob! Sob, sob, sob!
Suzanne Ratichek	Suzanne	quietly	like a skipper	sailing	paddling on the left side	Oh how sharp!
Abigail Skillman	Abbie	happily	helpful	jacks	archery	My daddy is the president. What does your daddy do?
Mary Young	Mary	with Elsa	shy	sleeping	awakening from slumber	Oh, do I have to?

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	for laps	like her brothers	neatness	messiness	Oh! Benson
Mary Ann Cook	Cookie	to play taps	athletic	Greg	being called Tomboy	Oh Sob!
Honora Crowell	Noni	for Sundays	through her contacts	her blonde hair	putting in her contacts	It was hysterical!
Elizabeth Fuller	Betsy	wildly	peppy	jacks	having bleached blonde hair	Come on, Blues!
Marcia Greenblatt	Marcia	carefully	for Betsy King	throwing tennis balls over the rafters	being rushed	Hey Betsy!
Sandra Griffith	Sandy	with cysts	like Snow White	tennis	wearing her black retainer	You're always mean to me.
Kathryn Kennedy	Katie	joyfully	brainy	books	interruptions when reading	You rang?
Betsy King	Betsy	playing jacks	like a chipmunk	Dixie	snoring	Come on y'all.
Jane Orbeton	Janie O.	in her bed	pretty	to drive the Jube	people sleeping in her bed	Betsy, fix my knitting.
Susan Rosenblum	Sue	with her accordian	for sunny days	Epimandas	little	Anyone for tennis?

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Mary Elizabeth Speicher	Betsy	for food	for letters from Bob	Annette F.	overnights	I <u>have</u> to roll it up.
Julie Stohlman	Julie	with her trip diary	British	to read	jacks	Oh fine!
Hollis Winger	Holly	with Betsy	like a sheepdog	gum	her straight hair	My hair looks a mess.





SECOND SHACK



THIRD SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK



SEVENTH SHACK



C.I.T.S



AIDES

COTTON FIBER INSTITUTE

COUNSELORS

Lucy Weiser

Miss Weiser's a friend to us all.
When she's around we have a ball.
To her house on the hill
We are sure that she will
Greet us whenever we call.



Doris Shellberg

We're glad that our Shelley is here
With her craft shop and art work so dear.
The looms she will string,
Ideas she'll bring
For brand-new creations next year.

Marian Johnson

She kisses the kids every night
And tells them to pray for sun bright.
When she finds her blue sack
Down at counselors' dock,
Then Johnny will jump with delight.



Ann Greene

Our Greenie's an archer 'tis true.
Her C.I.T.s never get through.
With hot water she's blessed
In her cozy nest,
And she takes good care of her crew.

Philip Cobb

Phil is a fellow most handy.
On our rainy day trips he's a dandy.
He can put up a tent
With nary a dent,
And he is always followed by Sandy.



Betty Cobb

To Betty we all give a cheer.
We're glad she's been with us this year.
Her schedules are neat;
The weather she'll beat.
I can't think of an ending, I fear.



Sandy, Ricky, Robbie, Pam Cobb

At the waterfront you'll often find
The wee Cobbs, with none else in mind
Than to have a good time
While the sun it does shine.
You might say they are four of a kind.

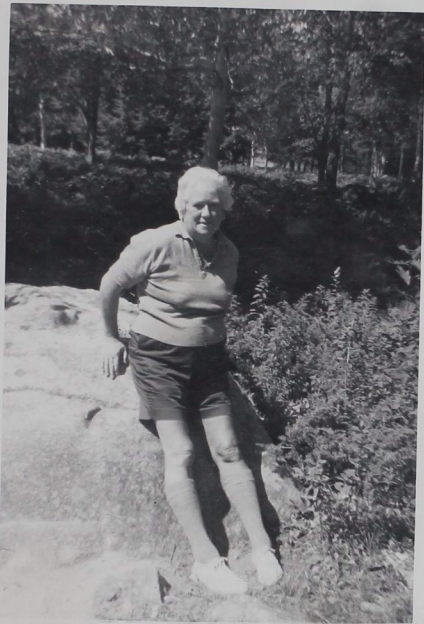
Barbara Leader

Our Barbie's a fish in the water,
And we're mighty glad that we caught'er.
At diving she's grand;
She is an old hand.
She plays taps like a Runoia daughter.



Betsy Langmore

When it comes to arching with grace,
Betsy does not fall flat on her face.
When it comes to eating,
Her face always feeding,
She'll someday win a pie-eating race.



Natalie Opdycke

Poor Oppie must listen with ease
To complaints about pain and disease.
A pill peddler is she
With her aspirin grains three.
Poison ivy she'll fix, and skinned knees.

Bunny Thibodeau

With horses our Bunny is tops.
Her humor, it never kerplops!
Second Shack is her home,
But she sometimes does roam,
And her laughter, it never stops!



Beverley Keys

Our Beverley really is crafty,
Although she won't come near the rafty.
At nursing she's great,
As Oppie can state,
But like us she finds camp a bit drafty.

M.J. Mott

M.J.'s war canoe solo's a feat.
No one sane would try for to beat.
Though one of her frocks
Our decency shocks,
With smiles her arrival we greet.



Louise Shaw

With a racket Louise is a pro.
She's speedy and ready to go.
With her hair of red,
She is, as we said,
Hitting balls, one, two, three in a row.

Bobbi Muchnic

As the Chief Editor of the Log
She has worked on it like a dog.
Bobbi plays every night,
Her uke's a delight.
On days off to Gray she will jog.



Carla Sandberg

Swedish pancakes are a treat rare.
On trips Pinky can them prepare.
Down rapids she'll shoot;
She won't give a hoot,
But the sailboats she gives tender care.

Sally Sherburn

One day while she walked in the rain,
Poor Sally remembered in vain
The sheets she'd forgot.
She dreaded a lot
Washing 21 sheets - oh what pain!



Mary Anne Rhodes

Gerbie's a blond-headed lass
Whose singing cannot be surpassed.
Climbing Mount Bigelow
She wasn't too slow,
And on her trips the rain, it will last.

Margy Warren

From Bethesda our Margy does come.
In the water she never gets numb.
She always is giggling
Like a little pink piggling,
And she fears she'll get fat in the tum.

Susan Orbeton

A peppy gal is Susie O.
Witticisms from her mouth do flow.
At limericks she's great
And does not hesitate
To pole down the rapids, not row!



Nancy Ball

At canoeing our Baldy is great.
It seems now that this is her fate.
Her wig is not real,
Just try it and feel!
She has trouble controlling her weight



Cathy Wargo

Cathy's a gal who does know
How to make like a pro.
She's arty 'tis true;
Newsletters she'll do.
With the Juniors she always does go.

Caroline Godfrey

Our shorty's a very fine sailor.
She even can pass for a tailor.
Caroline is her name,
Of old Blue Hill fame,
And she makes a pretty good bailer.



Elizabeth Bowman

When it comes to eating, Miss Liz
Is really somewhat of a whiz.
She is going to Wells
To be one of their belles,
And Third Shack mistress is she.

Mrs. Littlefield

Mrs. L's pies and cakes are delish,
And she has good ideas for fish.
Her cooking's a treat;
It just can't be beat.
She'd make lots more crullers, I wish.



Mrs. Harding

Mrs. Harding, we all give a cheer
For the food you've cooked us this year.
Main dishes, oh boy,
You fill us with joy.
Next season we hope you'll be here.

Pauline Fletcher

Pauline washes pans with much grace,
And she's always quite able to face
Those grubby old pots
That come from us tots,
When she's wearing her apron of lace.



Sandy Kelley

Sandy tackles her job with great vim,
The task regardless how grim.
Her tables do shine;
At floors she is fine.
When free she'll go down for a swim.

Nancy McLellan

Nancy's a girl with a smile.
She washes the tables with Lestoil.
The floors she will sweep
With nary a peep,
Although they are sometimes a trial.

Elaine Despres

Elaine really is quite a girl.
The young Cobbs keep her life in a whirl.
With the kids she is great,
And with them she does rate.
To us all she is really a pearl.



Sandy Bickford

Sandy's a dandy it's true.
Without phones her life would be blue.
With the young Cobbs
She is really a whiz,
And she really can handle this crew.

FIRST SHACK

Ruth Jacobi

Now Ruthie is not very tall,
But loves to bang on the wall.
She eats a great deal,
One continuous meal,
And at Pemaquid had a ball.



Cathy Fuller

The rapids a challenge propose,
But Cath all the angles does know.
'Bout her walk we all tease,
And sailing's a breeze.
Originals all are her clothes.

Jenifer Eklund

A hair-do of note has Toosie.
We all wonder how she can see.
But without a doubt
We'd better look out,
Or soon she will squeak in high C.



Nancy Fifield

Intermediates our Nance teaches well.
One learns by experience she'll tell.
Her laugh is renowned,
And knitting she's found,
But Pete is the love of this belle.

Joanne Hutchings

Jack-of-all-trades is our Joan.
Of Ritchie quite fond has she grown.
At the Lilt she's a pro,
But over she'll go
When the rapids her boat have o'erthrown.



Penny Dalton

Our Penny we really do tease
When she says, "The flit, if you please."
A "heroine" great
Who's really first rate
As she swims in all kinds of seas.

Genie Rogers

To the stables our Genie does run
When the day has hardly begun.
Whenever we look,
She's reading a book.
It's a wonder she gets her work done.

SECOND SHACK

Julie Thompson

Our Julie's a camper from Maine.
In swimming she's worked hard to gain.
Advanced Beginners test
Was her biggest quest.
Without her we'd not be the same.



Liz Hamid

This year a full camper she is.
The ocean is loved by our Liz.
She is a live wire;
She never does tire.
Proud of her, our Second Shack is.

Jody Sataloff

Our Jody in bluejeans does live.
A tomboy, she is quite active.
Her curls she does plaster,
We dare you to ask her,
For boyhood what wouldn't she give.

Vicky Webb

A one month camper is Vicky.
She is a cute little tricky.
She just loves to read,
And she's sure on a steed.
At the table she's never picky.



Meg Taylor

The tiniest girl's name is Meg.
She lives with a roommate named Peg.
Orange garments she wears;
For bright colors she cares.
We all think she's a really good egg.

Georgie Sollenberger

Our Georgie from Lauderdale hails.
She tells many carnival tales.
Our youngest she is;
She rooms with our Liz.
Her spirit for camp never fails.

Irene Smoluchowski

Her nickname is now "Tinkerbell."
She likes Camp Runoia quite well.
Her stature is small,
She eats much and all.
Where she puts it she never will tell.



Peggy Cook

Peter is the name of her cat.
A picture she keeps in her shack.
Her tooth once came loose.
She yelled, "Here's my tooth!"
For words she's ne'er at a lack.

Pegeen McCarthy

This gal is neat as a pin.
To her, all the dust is a sin.
Each day of the week
She hollers, "Let's sweep."
You'll know her by her mischievous grin.



Chris Smith

Chris Smith has a roommate named Pooh.
Without him, now what would she do?
Princeton's own tiger
With Piglet beside her,
It seems that she's keeping a zoo.

THIRD SHACK

CONFIDENTIAL

Allie Williams

The Junoir Blue Captain is Allie.
In swimming she never will dally.
Her laughter is heard
Throughout all of Third;
For her team she surely does tally.



Patricia Rowell

Tricia is short for Patricia.
In jacks she always will "git ya."
She reads all the funnies,
And dives like a honey.
Camp Runoja surely will miss ya.

Audrey Thompson

From Portland old Audrey does hail.
This Junoir White Captain won't fail.
Though noisy at rest,
She's never a pest.
Her ~~humor~~ will never be stale.



Leslie Oakes

Our Leslie is just a bit quiet,
But in the shack she does riot.
She loves a good ride,
And she will always abide,
When a counselor says, "Just try it."

Ellen Hornig

From Princeton this little gal hails.
At knowledge her mind never fails.
All nature she loves;
The drill team she's a member of.
Our Ellen is always on the trail.



Linda Baker

Linda is always a-swimming,
And on the job she's a-winning.
She speaks the King's English;
At jacks she will finish.
In Third you can find her always singing.

Polly Willard

Our Polly has golden blond hair,
And is cheerful, foul weather or fair.
She loves to play jacks
On the floors of the shacks.
In swimming all prizes she'll bear.



Christy French

At archery our Christy is quick.
The points she piles them up thick.
To bed she will go,
Although she's a bit slow.
For the White team she will always a
home run kick.

Susan Jackson

Susie J. had a bit of dismay
When in sumac she happened to stray.
A disposition so sweet,
She's really a treat.
We hope she'll come back to stay.



Hilary Hord

Hilary is quite a good swimmer.
In riding she's a winner.
She loves "Fairy Ring,"
And sometimes she'll sing,
But she's always a prize kidder.

FOURTH SHACK

Susan Gurganus

Gurgie's a Blue through and through.
There's hardly a thing she can't do.
She swims like a fish;
Her dives are deelish,
But bedtime's a problem, 'tis true.



Louisa Smith

An A-1 sailor's Louisa.
At Runoia it's not hard to please her.
At tennis or swimming
She's always out winning.
Even Maine's winds cannot freeze her!

Betsy Apple

Apples are found in a tree.
Bets follows this rule, you will see.
She digs pixes wildly;
That's putting it mildly.
Betsy's a gal always jolly.



Debbie Dennis

At night when she was sleepin'
Poison ivy came a-creepin'.
Nothing daunted, she said,
"I won't stay in bed,"
And she stood it without even peepin'.

Dianna Sandberg

Before sweet dreams her head envelop,
Sudden ailments do develop.
At canoeing she's neat,
The Seniors she'll beat.
To help, she'll come at a gallop.



Martha Beals

Martha's a counselor's dream.
Her long blond hair looks supreme.
She's Dianna's pal,
This cheerful gal,
Of the White team crop, she's the cream.

Mary Ann Zeman

To Fourth Shack Mary Ann's come.
On the uke she has learned to strum.
With so much to say,
She talks night and day.
Now we're all nuts on yo-yos, by gum!



Susie Fifield

Hey, Prunie, the Fourth Shackers shout
When Susie Fifield is about.
To Horse Point she went,
And slept in a tent.
Gurgie she's never without!

Gayle Gilman

If a golden ski parka you see,
You'll know that it's worn by Gayle G.
She's an artist first class.
This cute, clever lass.
A natural leader is she.



Debbie Gorham

Always smiling is this little camper.
To her spirits, nothing's a damper.
If you ever need aid,
Deb is your maid.
Brother Juniper really can scamper.

Barbara Fink

Barb's aim is always straight and true,
But when the tent leaked water through,
It all came down,
And Barbie near drowned.
She sure makes a wonderful Blue.



Jessie Woeltz

Full of the devil is Jessie.
Her curls, they oft appear messy.
Crayfish she has canned;
Her interest is grand.
She eats loads, but is no two-ton Jessie.

FIFTH SHACK

Ann Speicher

Our Ann is a dieter, we know.
Her waistline don't seem to grow.
A Senior at last,
She's grown up so fast,
In front of a mirror she'll glow.



Ann Ruth

Ann Ruth was a real curly top.
Into boats she loved to pop.
She left us so sad,
But soon we'll be glad,
Next summer at Runoia she'll stop.

Elsa Master

Our Elsa's a Senior, by gum.
On a trip she'll never be glum!
She's really a skipper,
But never a dipper.
So bouncy, she's everyone's chum.

Susan Beerits

A crafter was our Susie B.
Her nose in a book you might see.
She hails from Pa.
One month she did stay.
To Runoia next year, give the key.



Connie Warren

At softball Connie is great.
With the campers she always will rate.
With her racket in hand,
She really is grand.
On trips she's a pleasure to take.

Ann LaBonte

Ann L. had such pretty curls.
She was a friend to all of the girls.
Soon she went,
But friendship she lent.
Her laughter sure threw us in whirls!



Barbara London

Paris? No, London's her name.
To us, no one else is the same.
Her pants now are loose;
She's made pounds vamoose.
Tip tests, to her, must seem tame.

Lynne Friedman

To Runoia came our Lynne.
In softball she's bound to win.
She's lanky and long;
She'll never go wrong.
To Runoia she'll come once again.

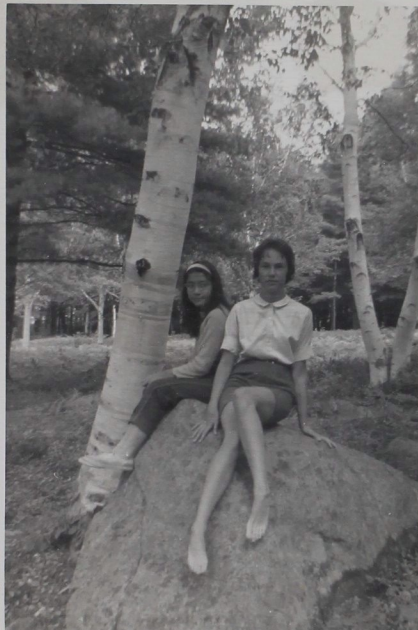


Robin Ritchie

From Mass. Commonwealth Robin hails.
She's a whiz at raising the sails.
At picnics she helped lots;
She even washed pots.
At jacks this gal never fails.

Bianca Maniaci

An artist Bianca will be.
What a bird she made for the tree.
Her aim is so good,
She'll beat Robin Hood.
When she swims, a mermaid you'll see.



Pam Brodie

Pam Brodie is from Nawgatuck.
At Runoia she swims like a duck.
In Fifth Shack she's new;
A good camper too.
On mountains she has lots of luck.

Joellen Miller

Joellen's a real city slicker.
In Fifth Shack she is quite the clicker.
She loved the White team,
Of Runoia she'll dream,
The light of fond memories will flicker.



Michael Ann Bell

If continental manners you see,
You can bet that the gal is Mike B.
Her whip kick's a fright,
But she now does it right.
Here's hoping, more of her we'll see!

Pam Caughman

Chattanooga this gal is without.
Her accent we all tease about.
A Blue through and through,
Not a thing she won't do,
On Chain-of-Ponds Pam was quite a scout.

Susi Jacobi

Susi's hair is puffed to the friz.
At "Who Am I?" she sure is a whiz.
From her sister, I fear,
She's gotten that rear.
At diving a real pro she is.



Sally Hutchings

To Albany Sally H. will be bound,
For a new home there she has found.
She twists really well;
Being a Senior is swell.
Her inquisitiveness is renowned.

SIXTH SHACK

Wendy Erslev

Wendy and Sue are a team.
When tripping she's right on the beam.
Though under five feet
She's still hard to beat.
On the courts she's a worker supreme.



Cindy Murdoch

Cindy's renowned for her laugh.
It's known to all on the staff.
On the field or the water
Her opponents she'll slaughter.
To California she'll go in a gaff.

Mary Young

At diving our Mary is swell.
On the courts she also does well.
Her singing 'tis great,
And in 5th Shack does rate.
Of her softball feats we do tell.



Linda Gates

Linda Gates once contracted a boil,
But her swimming it never will spoil.
The curly blonde hair,
The counselor's dispair,
This Blue is a first class girl.

Susan Ratichek

Susie's birthday called her away.
We wish she'd been able to stay.
Sailing's her forte,
She is a real sport.
From morning 'till night she is gay.



Abbie Skillman

Our Abbie's a fielder supreme.
On the dock every morning she's seen.
From Canal Rd. she comes,
She's got lots of chums.
This girl is a gal on the beam.

Debbie Hinckley

Debbie will talk the day through,
And at night she starts in anew.
By her squeak we are led,
She's the last one in bed.
Her ankle she now has to woo.



Jano Fisher

On the surface our Jano is quiet.
Get to know her, she's really a riot.
Lanky and lean,
In flashy suits sun,
On trips, you name it, she'll try it.

Lynn Doherty

Lynn flew to N.Y. on a plane.
We hope that we'll see her again.
With flaming red hair,
She had not a care
As she cruised up the Coast of Maine.



Margie London

Our Margie will steal J.F.K.
When Jackie too far starts to stray.
She swam fifty miles;
We all love her smiles.
We'll sure miss her when she goes away.

Susan Hill

Susie Hill is new at our camp.
At baseball she's quite a champ.
She'll pitch for the Blues,
Having her is good news.
Her spirits never are damp.



Kim Ferguson

"Hey Bets," our Kim's prone to yell.
The kids in 6th Shack think she's swell.
In her two-piecer bold
She's a sight to behold,
And her cap's braid , we all know full well.

Barbara Brown

At camp this is Barbara's first year.
A friend of Miss Young's, it appears.
With her socks marked in blue,
She's a Blue it is true,
And at jacks she is something to fear.

Susan Berry

There once was a girl called Bird.
She scarcely uttered a word,
But her giggles were loud;
Her pictures a crowd.
She likes film stars, or so we have heard.



Marilyn Makepeace

Marilyn Makepeace you'll find in the
ring.
Riding's praises she often does sing.
In red boots you'll see her.
To Pine Island she's dear.
In sailing blue ribbons she'll bring.

SEVENTH SHACK

Noni Crowell

A Democrat staunch is Miss Crowell.
Her eyes she keeps safe in a bowl.
She fights for Blue team,
And she's quite on the beam,
Yet her dive she cannot quite control.



Sandy Griffith

Our Sandy takes baths in the tub.
She swims like a nuclear sub.
On the up-country trip
She was stern of the ship.
The Blue team is her fondest club.

Betsy Fuller

Now Betsy is Blue Captain fair.
Peroxided blond is her hair.
She rides, she can sail.
In naught does she fail,
Yet trouble she finds with a flair.

Betsy King

From Tennessee comes Betsy King.
She's taken to camp with a fling.
Her humor is dry,
"Yes, m'am," she will cry.
On trips she is tops, counselors sing.



Katie Kennedy

Our Seventh Shack Katie is fun,
Yet quietly gets her work done.
In tennis she's great.
It must be her fate
To help keep those Whites on the run.

Carolyn Apple

As a tripper this gal is a peach.
She shoots rapids with nary a screech.
Ten miles she has swum;
She's chock full of fun.
The top Carolyn Apple should reach.

Susan Rosenblum

The head of Log staff is our Sue.
In track it was first she came through.
She fields like a pro
The White batters know,
And yes, she's an actress, t'is true.



Marcia Greenblatt

From Stanford comes our Marcia G.
She's fun, all the girls do agree.
At Betsy she threw
Tennis balls, we all knew.
Her sailing she knows to a tee.

Betsy Speicher

Miss Speicher has quite a hair-do,
And lipstick so purple t'is true.
But nevertheless,
We all must confess
This gal is a great one surtout.



Julie Stohlman

To camp Julie Stohlman came late.
Her carriage is pleasing and straight.
Determined to swim,
That gal with her vim
Passed two swimming tests by this date.

Holly Winger

Holly's tan is the envy of all.
She's apt with the jacks and a ball.
When asked of the cruise
She'll start to enthuse.
Her days here we like to recall.



• JUL • 62

JUNIOR TRIP UP MOUNT PHILLIP



62

• JUL



HERMIT ISLAND TRIP

CHRISTMAS
PARTY





PUPPET SHOW





SECOND CRUISE - CAMDEN

and Fall

Co-ed to Spend Summer in Denmark

Miss Joyce Leader, 19, of 220 Loraine avenue, is one of 10 persons leaving for Ebeltoft, Denmark, today to participate in the Experiment in International Living program.

Each member of the group will live with a Danish family for four weeks to "look at the world as seen by a Dane."

Joyce will live with a 25-year-old woman journalist who covers the 2000-population Ebeltoft community for a newspaper in Aarhus, "one of the four larger cities in Denmark."

MISS LEADER is an English major and news editor of the Denison University news paper.

After four weeks, the American group in Ebeltoft will leave on a four-week

bicycle tour of Denmark with their Danish "sisters."

"I understand the King of Denmark frowns on people who drive autos," Joyce explained. "Maybe President Kennedy should recommend bicycle riding here as part of his national fitness program."

JOYCE WILL PAY all expenses of her eight-week stay in Denmark. She said she

decided to visit that country because "I know others who have gone there and had such a good time."

Joyce and a girl from Smith College plan to stay in Europe 19 additional days. They will visit London, Amsterdam, the Netherlands, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland and France.

They are to fly home from Paris Sept. 4—just in time for Joyce to begin her junior year at Denison.

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October 1962

Society • Bridge

LAW STUDENT

Russell H. Beatie Jr. To Wed Polly Parkhill

BELGRADE, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Parkhill, of Sunset Farm, Belgrade, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Polly Curtis Parkhill, to Mr. Russel Harrison Beatie Jr., son of Mrs. Philip A. Sapp Jr., of Hastings on Hudson, N. Y., and Mr. Russel H. Beatie, of Wichita, Kan. A December wedding is planned.

Miss Parkhill, whose father is a former head master of Collegiate School for Boys, New York, and is now an educational consultant, attended Chapin School and is an alumna of Mary C. Wheeler School, Providence,

R. I., and Mills College, Oakland, Calif.

A member of the New York Junior League, Miss Parkhill was presented to society in 1957 and is a teacher in Green Vale School, Glen Head, L. I. She is the granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler Wilder, of New York, and the late Mr. and Mrs. David Parkhill, of Brooklyn.

Mr. Beatie, who was in Korea as an artillery first lieutenant, is an alumnus of Hackley School and was graduated cum laude from Princeton, Class of 1959. He is a second-year student at Columbia Law School.

Mr. Beatie is the grandson



BRADFORD BACHRACH
Polly Parkhill

of Mrs. Kathryn Zimmerman and the late Walter Zimmerman and Mrs. Homer Hoch and the late Dr. O. O. Beatie, of Wichita.