

CAMP RUNOIA

1963

Many of us look upon Runoia as a second home, and a few of us have actually grown up here. This summer of 1963 we wish to dedicate the Log to one who has spent many years with us. Both as a camper and counselor, she has contributed to the harmony and spirit which makes Runoia a home for others. Former campers always ask for her and want to be remembered to her. New ones become quickly acquainted with her name and place in camp. How can we forget her wit and laughter which adds to the fun we all share? But she has her quiet moments too, when she thinks of others and plans ahead. This summer, especially, she has assumed a great deal of responsibility calling for much patience and hard work. Whether in a sailboat or the Saco River, she always has a smile. A counselor, teacher and friend to all of us.....

thanks, Carla.

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CAMP LIST - 1963

Betsy Apple
Carolyn Apple
Ellis Armstrong
Linda Baer
Linda Baker
Martha Beals
Jane Borgerhoff
Anne Bristol
Kathy Bristol
Pamela Brodie
Christine Buckley
Sally Chalfant
Tine Chalfant
Laura Cleveland
Winifred Cleveland
Margaret Cook
Mary Ann Cook
Patricia Corscaden
Noni Crowell
Ellen Dalton
Penny Dalton
Teddy DeArmond
Debby Dennis
Ann Dalrymple
A.J. Doherty
Lynn Doherty
Jenifer Eklund
Diane Ely
Wendy Erslev
Susan Fifield
Barbara Fink
Jano Fisher
Anne Fowles
Christina French
Catherine Fuller
Betsy Fuller
Linda Gates
Janet Gladstein
Debby Gorham
Marcia Greenblatt
Sandra Griffith
Sarah Jane Guthe
Elizabeth Hamid
Beth Hilton
Deborah Hinckley

Hilary Hord
Joanne Hutchings
Ruth Jacobi
Susan Jacobi
Deborah Kaplan
Betsey King
Gerry Kukuc
Anne LaBonte
Marie Lerch
Barbara London
Marjorie London
Cynthia Lund
Claire Maner
Elsa Master
Jane Master
Nancy Master
Gail Merrill
Joellen Miller
Nancy Nelson
Jane Orbeton
Sara Ratichek
Susan Ratichek
Sue Rosenblum
Emilie Runyon
Diana Sandberg
Jody Sataloff
Louisa Sayen
Georgia Sollenberger
Susan Squire
Betsy Squire
Suzanne Stohlman
Meg Taylor
Audrey Thompson
Julie Thompson
Margo VanAllen
Irene Vernaglia
Anne Vomacka
Caroline Vorys
Constance Warren
Polly Willard
Alice Williams
Holly Winger
Jessie Woeltz
Mary Young
Mary Ann Zeman

LOG STAFF - 1963

Kit Chamberlain - counselor
Sue Rosenblum - C.I.T.

Second Shack

Georgia Sollenberger
Nancy Master

Third Shack

Liz Hamid
Betsy Squire

Fourth Shack

Polly Willard
Caroline Vorys

Fifth Shack

Margo VanAllen
Wendy Erslev

Sixth Shack

Sue Squire
Mary Young

Seventh Shack

Marjorie London
Janet Gladstein

POEM TO MISS WEISER

Come with me to the top of the hill.
It isn't far to walk.
Come with me to the top of the hill;
With her we'll sit and talk.
As in an armchair snuggled,
You gaze upon her face,
You'll love her eyes that sparkle
And find comfort in her grace.

With these hands she's calmed, created;
She gestures as she speaks.
Her cloud white head is nodding;
Her mind's eye sees our deeds.

God grant that as I fill the pages
In my memory book,
I, too, may keep my youthfulness
And learn where e'er I look,
I, too, may live for others
And never grow too wise
To delight in talk with younger ones
Who now begin their lives.

Susan Orbeton

A GRAIN OF MATURITY

"Where are you going this summer?" they asked.

You said, "To camp - in Maine! Camp Runoia to be exact!"

"But where in Maine?"

"Belgrade Lakes," you said impatiently.

A place on the map - is that all it is? When you say Camp Runoia, what goes through your mind? Think about it for a moment. Do you see a dot on the cove of Great Pond? Do you see pine trees, chipmunks and smiling faces? Or is there something else there in your mind when you think of Runoia - something you can't quite name - something you feel deep down inside - something that says, "It's not just a place but a friend."

How far you have come since June may not be too easy to see until you leave this summer world. How can you tell just what you have learned? Maybe you will find yourself helping a younger brother or sister that you were very impatient with three months ago. In school perhaps, you will find yourself using good sportsmanship that you came to know through team competition. We hope you have learned to work with others side by side, helping each other, not always following, not always leading, but doing what is called

for at the time. Perhaps there are already ways in which you know you have learned this summer, but we hope there will be many more that you will discover in different ways when you return home.

Remember Runoia not only for her natural beauty and fun times but also for her meaning of harmony, the lessons she has taught and the person she has become to all of us.

Like a mother she harbors her children, guiding each one in a realm of her own. She broods - she sings - she nurses and tends each one to see that they grow. Then, suddenly, her hold is no longer compelling. She must let them go - out into a real world with real people. And all the while they are going, she is sad and wise in her knowing. They have learned, progressed and matured so that they may pass on to others what she has taught to them. Now, for the moment, they no longer need her, but in all they do, they refer back to what they have learned and absorbed. Whether it be in sportsmanship or patience, tolerance or gratitude, the grain of sand has been placed in her character, and now it remains to be seen whether or not she creates a pearl for others.

Kit Chamberlain
Sunday Service
August 18, 1963

POEM

How can you say all you hear in your heart
When it's heaped up so terribly high?
How can you say that you love so much
Without breathing a word or a sigh?
How can you explain the tears on your cheek
Or the pain that you feel when you're glad?
How can you bid a dear friend farewell
And at one time be happy and sad?
The answer my friend is not to confide;
It's in you - way deep inside!

M.J. Mott

GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL AT CAMP

"Mother, do you still grow?"
I let the measuring rod slip closer
To my child's head;
Three foot two!
"Do I still grow?"
Do I still grow?
This afternoon I suffered from
Unkind words
But smiled.
Last year I would have been
Quite proud
Of making sharp retort.
Last week I set aside
My own desires
For others.
Last year I would have cried,
"I'll have my way
Let others yield to me,"
In a soul still scorned once,
And told it to another.
Do I still grow?

Mary Dickens Bangman

How true this little poem is. Yes, everyone keeps growing all the time, not just physically, but also mentally and emotionally. But here, particularly at camp, we grow in many ways.

Take, for example, team spirit. You may think, "Oh, anyone can have spirit." But that's not so. Sure you can have pep, but I mean REAL spirit. You do need a good leader, but each individual is a large part.

Let's compare our team with a wheel. The leader is the hub of the wheel. Each spoke represents a person on the team. The hub itself cannot go far, but with each added spoke it gets farther and farther. However, if you look closely at the situation, just one missing spoke makes the whole wheel wobbly. In the same way, the team needs the whole spirit of each individual, and as it does, it speeds along more rapidly on the road to success.

Another step up the ladder of growth is to try to conquer selfishness. Everyone has some selfishness in them. Selfishness is a mixture of a lot of things. You can be selfish because you are jealous, or selfish because you are angry, or selfish for various reasons. But whatever your cause, I am sure it can either be avoided or settled in a peaceful manner. Let's say that you feel that someone at camp dislikes you, and, therefore, you dislike them. Then the time comes for a trip, and your so-called "enemy" has come to you to borrow a sweater. Of course you feel that you shouldn't lend the sweater to her because she might spoil it. Besides she doesn't even like you. But this is looking at things in the wrong way. If you do lend the sweater, chances are that it will not be hurt, and your relationship will be much better if you give that person your

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trust instead of being angry and selfish.

Another problem that I've found is hard for me is holding my temper. If someone says something to you to make you feel angry, why should you blow your top at them? Give them a smile, and think over a good reply to their remark.

Solving problems can be like finding a good hair style for yourself. When you are young, you may look well with short hair, and then as you get older you may find that you look better in long hair. However, still later in life, you may find that a different hair style that is slightly shorter is more becoming, and, therefore, you get it cut. You can take the same views with problems. When you are young you may look at your problems one way, and when you are older you may still take another viewpoint.

Here at camp let us try to change our viewpoint, and hold our temper, and give a little extra to our team so that we can grow in the right direction.

Sue Ratichek
Sunday Service
July 21, 1963

THE ECLIPSE

The morning of the twentieth was nice and bright,
And so far as we could see, no cloud was in sight.
The morning passed quickly, and free swim came soon,
And another hour later we expected to see the moon.
We expected the darkness to fall upon us like night,
And we were sure we wouldn't see any amount of light.
But to our dismay it started to rain
Just like it said on the weather vane.
The eclipse was over, and darkness had passed.
We wouldn't believe it had happened so fast.

Jody Sataloff

THE ECLIPSE

Camp had an extra attraction this summer - a total eclipse of the sun occurring Saturday, July 20th. Ancient peoples used to think the strange phenomenon that turned the blue sky pitch black and made the stars shine was some monster eating away at the sun. But the sunlight kept coming back; it always returned.

The night before the eclipse, Betty explained to us how an eclipse occurs and how we would watch it here at camp. With the aid of Gidget and Gerbie, she demonstrated when an eclipse happens - the point where the moon passes between the sun and the earth. This happens quite frequently, but it is rare that any one place on the earth can see the total eclipse. When the moon comes between the earth and the sun, it blocks out the sunshine leaving only a ring of glowing light called the corona. This glow is made up of dangerous infrared rays that can blind a person. Galileo, the famous astronomer, was blinded for life while watching an eclipse of the sun. All of us were warned not only by Betty but by letters from home not to watch the eclipse even through smoked glass, sun glasses or film. Some of us, however,

constructed peek-hole boxes through which to view the eclipse. Everyone anxiously awaited the next day.

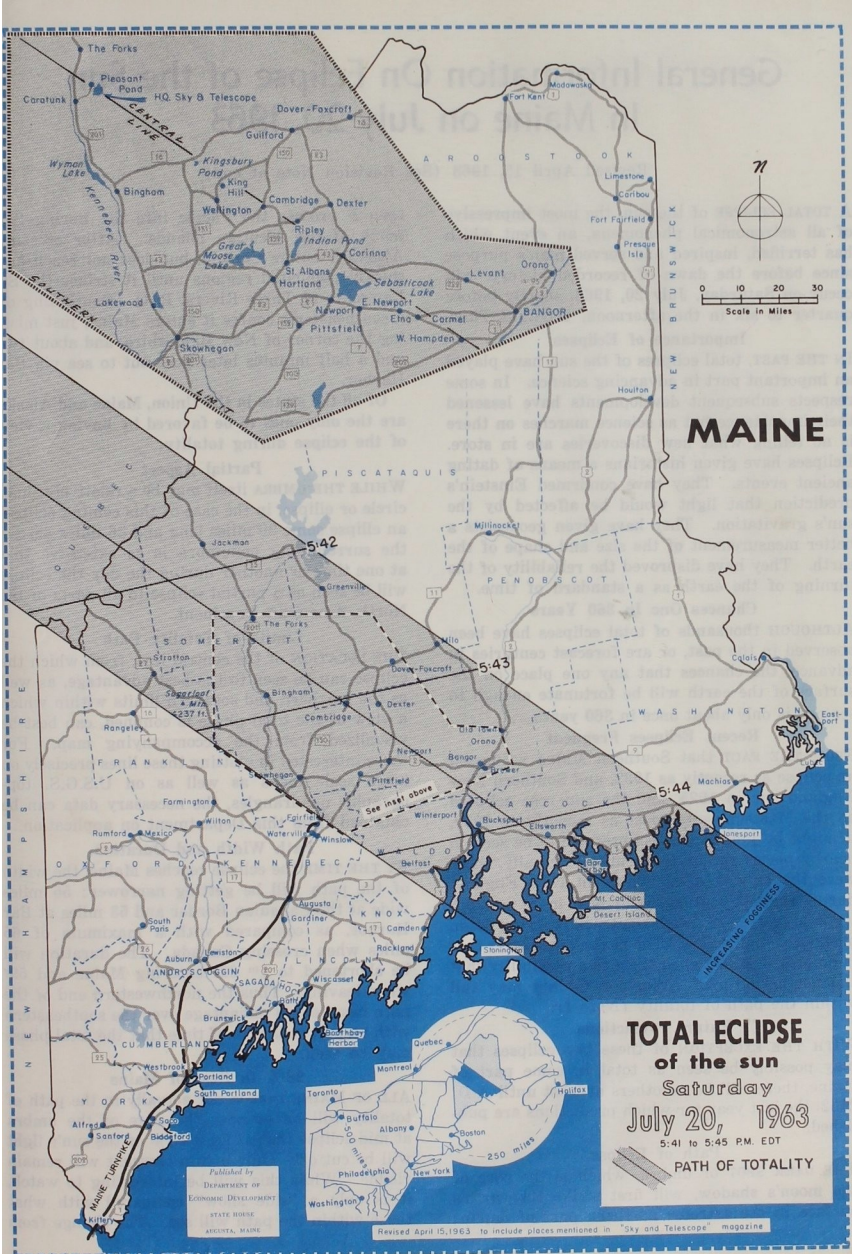
Saturday, July 20th started out as one of those "rare summer days" - blue sky, bright sun, but the weather reports threatened thunderstorms and dark clouds. All of us, however, were optimistic about our once-in-a-lifetime chance and hoped for the best. After an afternoon Junior Blue-White kickball game, everybody went down for free swim early. During free swim the lake started to swell, the sky darkened with clouds! We could see the rain coming across the lake, and everybody hurried out and up to the shacks. The wind became so wicked we had to tie the canoes down. About five o'clock everybody came down to the boathouse clad in slickers and ponchos. The rain continued. The television was set up on the boathouse shelf, and we watched the films of the total eclipse from Canada. Every now and then commercials appeared...just like home. The sky darkened; the rain stopped. Slowly the hands of the boathouse clock creeped...5:41. "The magic hour approached."

Suddenly the sky darkened. Everyone held her breath. Would the stars come out? Every moment the heavens were shadowed more. The water shimmered in an orange light. Although the night we had long awaited hadn't come,

something was different. We might call it twilight and a sudden morning. Before we knew it, the orange waters faded and the sky lightened again. The phenomenon of the summer had come silently and sneaked away secretly.

Once again there was "sunlight on the water." The great eclipse had passed and faded from view until 2106.

Sue Rosenblum



General Information On Eclipse of the Sun In Maine on July 20, 1963

Revised April 15, 1963 (See Revision Note at end)

A TOTAL ECLIPSE of the sun, the most impressive of all astronomical phenomena, an event which has terrified, inspired and served man's purpose since before the dawn of recorded history, will occur on Saturday, July 20, 1963, shortly before quarter to six in the afternoon, Daylight Time.

Importance of Eclipses

IN THE PAST, total eclipses of the sun have played an important part in advancing science. In some respects subsequent developments have lessened their importance but as science marches on there is no telling what new discoveries are in store. Eclipses have given historians a means of dating ancient events. They have confirmed Einstein's prediction that light would be affected by the sun's gravitation. They have given geodesists a better measurement of the size and shape of the earth. They have disproved the reliability of the turning of the earth as a standard of time.

Chances One In 360 Years

ALTHOUGH thousands of total eclipses have been observed in the past, or are forecast centuries in advance, the chances that any one place on the surface of the earth will be fortunate enough to see one is only about once in 360 years.

Recent Eclipses Frequent

FROM THE FACT that Southern Maine witnessed an eclipse as recently as 1932, and Southern New England one in 1925, and the sun rose eclipsed on the Massachusetts coast as recently as 1959, it might be judged that eclipses are to be seen in nearby places rather frequently. Actually, these were the only eclipses visible in New England during the last century. Our next mere possibility is May 1, 2079, when the track is in the ocean off the coast of Maine. The next chance after that is on May 3, 2106, when there is a possibility that the northern tip of Aroostook County may fall within the path of totality (Note 1).

Future Predictions

WITH THE EXCEPTION of these two eclipses that may possibly be seen as total in some part of Maine, there will be no others at least until A.D. 2162, the last year for which predictions are published.

Path of Eclipse

THE DARK SPOT or umbra, which is the core of the moon's shadow, will first strike the earth's surface in the extreme northern part of Japan;

then it crosses the Pacific into the Bering Sea north of the Aleutian Islands. After crossing Alaska it enters Canada, but does not reach any thickly populated regions until it strikes the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers, P. Q. Continuing on a southeasterly course it enters Maine, just missing the corner of New Hampshire, and about two and a half minutes later goes out to sea via Bar Harbor.

Of all the states in the Union, Maine and Alaska are the only ones to be favored by having a view of the eclipse during totality.

Partial Aspect

WHILE THE UMBRA itself may be a relatively small circle or ellipse, in the case of this coming eclipse, an ellipse some 90 miles long and 36 miles across, the surrounding penumbra is so extensive that at one time or another during the day the eclipse will be seen as a partial eclipse in all parts of the North American Continent.

Limits of Totality Path

THE LOCATION of the central line, from which the eclipse can be seen to the best advantage, as well as the northern and southern limits within which a view of the total phase is confined, can best be visualized from the accompanying map. For those interested in plotting these lines precisely on large scale maps as well as on U.S.G.S. topographic quadrangles, the necessary data can be obtained from this Department on application.

Path Width and Duration

BY THE TIME the eclipse reaches Maine, the width of the path will be getting narrower: 55 miles wide at the Canadian Border and 53 miles at Bar Harbor, as compared with a maximum of 65 miles when crossing Canada. The duration will be shortened to 1^m 02^s entering Maine and 59^s when leaving. Thus the northwestern end of the path has a slight advantage over the southeastern with respect to length of time that the total phase may be seen.

98% In Rest of Maine

ALL OF MAINE that is not actually in the path of totality will be so near the edge of the umbra at mid-eclipse that at least 98% of the sun's light will be cut off. Only a thin crescent will remain visible. While this will be interesting to watch, it is only a "side show" compared with what those within the path will see. The change from

full daylight to almost night in the course of an hour will be impressive, as well as the return to the long summer twilight.

Cause of Eclipses

AN ECLIPSE of the sun is caused by the moon passing between the sun and the earth. For a limited area near the point on the surface of the earth where a line through the centers of the sun and moon, if extended, would strike, a view of the sun *may* be completely obliterated. The eclipse is said to be total. Surrounding this area is a ring within which the moon appears only partly to obscure the sun. From any point in this ring, the eclipse is said to be partial.

Umbra and Penumbra

THE INNER CORE of complete darkness is called the umbra, whereas the surrounding ring partly illuminated is called the penumbra.

Four "Contacts"

THE FOUR EVENTS which astronomers attempt to time very accurately are called "contacts". The first is when the moon becomes tangent with the disk of the sun. This is very difficult to observe because it is not apparent until after it has happened. Second contact is when the sun finally disappears, and third when it reappears. This is relatively easy to time because the horns of the disappearing crescent rapidly draw together at second contact and separate at third contact. Photographs taken in quick succession permit the exact time to be estimated. Fourth contact is when the moon passes just beyond the edge of the sun.

Formula Available

THE APPROXIMATE times when the middle of the eclipse will occur can be judged from the time lines on the map, but if more precise estimate is required for any point with given latitude and longitude this may be computed by a formula which this Department will provide on request.

Final Time Check

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to predict the time and location of the limits of totality precisely because of an uncertainty in the rate of rotation of the earth. Forecasts are consequently made on an assumption that past trends in this respect will continue. Just prior to the eclipse the U. S. Naval Observatory will make a final check by comparison with precise standards of time to see how correct this assumption is proving to be, and then issue a revised forecast. While important to some astronomers, the correction will be far too minor to make any appreciable difference as far as laymen are concerned.

Sight Not To Be Missed

THE DISTINCTION between a total and a partial eclipse of the sun is very important. During the partial phase it is only the outline of the black body of the moon that can be seen in strong contrast to the bright disk of the sun. The effect is such that primitive people thought that a great monster was taking a bite out of the sun. During totality the entire body of the sun is covered by the moon, which then and only then, appears to be surrounded by a mysterious glow of the sun's outer atmosphere, a sight never to be forgotten.

Persons living just outside of the path of totality are warned not to be satisfied with seeing a nearly total eclipse. If they can be made to realize what they miss, it will be a source of regret the rest of their lives.

Difficulty has been encountered in impressing those who saw the eclipse of 1932 as a partial eclipse with what is in store for them. Except for a few favored locations, the weather was such that clouds prevented millions from seeing the corona. Consequently, there are few living in central Maine who can speak of the marvelous sight from actual experience.

West to East Shadow

WITH THE MOVEMENTS of the sun and the moon, the shadow moves progressively across the face of the earth in a west to east direction. Consequently a given point along the path first sees the eclipse as partial, then for a brief period, in this case of about a minute duration, it is total, followed by a corresponding period when it is seen again in the partial phase.

Speed of Shadow

THE SPEED of the shadow varies along the course, but when it reaches Maine it is picking up speed from about 3200 mph when it enters the State to about 3450 mph when it leaves.

Duration of Entire Eclipse

HERE IN MAINE the total length of time from the beginning of the partial phase until the moon finally passes beyond the outline of the sun will be approximately two hours and five minutes, including the minute of totality.

Approach of Shadow Cone

IT HAS BEEN REPORTED that from favorable locations the sight of the approaching shadow cone, which at times may appear as a tremendous black storm cloud in the sky is most impressive. It rushes onward at a speed much greater than any storm and is accompanied by a marked drop in temperature. The best locations for seeing this

effect are somewhat to the southwest of the central line or even outside of the path of totality.

View From High Elevations

TO APPRECIATE how the umbra crosses the countryside the best position is from an airplane looking down. Unfortunately, only a few can afford such luxury of a seat in the gallery. The next best is to stand on a high mountain which overlooks a wide expanse of landscape. Although height above sea level is generally advantageous for any astronomical observation, in this case extent of the view is even more important. For that reason Cadillac Mountain, near Bar Harbor, probably offers the best opportunity.

Selection of Sites

AN EXCELLENT ARTICLE describing the path of the eclipse across the North American Continent appears in the February 1962 issue of "Sky and Telescope". This is followed by articles in December 1962, January, February, March and April, 1963 dealing specifically with sites for observation in the western, central and eastern portions of the path of totality. Future issues should be watched for announcement of important developments prior to the date of the eclipse (Note 2).

Central Line Accuracy

WHILE IT IS TRUE that to see the total phase for the maximum possible time one should be exactly on the central line, nevertheless one could be $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles away and only sacrifice 10%. Up to as much as three miles, the loss in time would amount to only a part of a second.

Choose Site In Advance

SINCE it will be late in the afternoon, according to our time, before the shadow reaches Maine, the sun will be low in the west, and the form of the shadow a very much elongated ellipse. Care must, therefore, be taken in selecting a location for observation and make sure that there are no obstructions. One of the best ways to be absolutely sure is to pick out a spot on May 25th at ten minutes before the predicted time of the eclipse. It is then that the sun will be almost exactly in the same part of the heavens as during totality.

Height and Direction

AT ORONO, where the Astronomical League is to hold its annual meeting prior to the eclipse, the altitude of the sun at mid-eclipse will be $24^{\circ} 25'$ above the horizon and the direction to the sun will be $5^{\circ} 26'$ north of due west. Although these figures will not differ greatly for other places in the path of totality, any who wish to compute precisely the position of the sun for any particu-

lar location will find useful the data in the special ephemeris compiled for the Department of Economic Development.

Extreme Caution Urged

Unless you are an astronomer and know what you are doing, do NOT under any circumstances attempt to look through any telescope, field glasses, sun glasses, goggles, or even little opera glasses. **SERIOUS DAMAGE TO THE EYES MAY RESULT** and there is no object in taking any risk. All that can be seen at the time of an eclipse can be seen without optical aid.

Smoked Glass and Film

THE TIME-HONORED method of watching an eclipse is to view it through a piece of smoked glass. The Department of Economic Development has recently been advised that there may have been cases where permanent damage to the eye has been caused even though at the time the burn was not painful.

Readers consequently are cautioned not to consider use of smoked glass or even unapproved photographic film until more information concerning the dangers involved can be obtained. Watch for news releases and bulletins advising how the eclipse safely may be viewed.

Your eyes are valuable; don't take any chances!

Projection Methods

ANOTHER SAFE way to watch an eclipse in the partial stage is to take an ordinary spectacle lens, provided it is not corrected for astigmatism, and cover it with a card in which there is a hole about a quarter of an inch in diameter. Hold this in front of another white card which acts as a projection screen, at the distance that gives a sharply focussed image of the sun. This may be safely watched as the image of the moon eats away the bright disk of the sun. The longer the focal length of the lens the larger will be the image. In case that this makes the image not brilliant enough, enlarge the hole.

Exposure Times

THOSE WHO contemplate taking photographs during the eclipse should consult John A. Patterson, Director of the Hayden Planetarium, Science Park, Boston, for information regarding exposure times.

Shadow Bands

SEVERAL MINUTES before the beginning of totality ghostly shadow bands are to be looked for flitting across any white surface. They were very

spectacular in the eclipse of 1925 when New England was blanketed with new snow.

Crescents

IF THE LIGHT of the sun shines through foliage, little round light spots are seen on the ground. During a partial eclipse all of these round spots become crescent images of the sun, producing an interesting effect that should be watched for. In case there are no trees or bushes nearby, the same effect may be produced by making little holes in a sheet of cardboard held several feet above the ground.

Baily's Beads

AT THE MOMENT of second and third contact there is a fleeting but interesting phenomenon known as Baily's Beads. This is caused by the last rays of sun shining through irregularities or valleys in the surface of the moon.

During totality the corona may be looked at with the unshaded eye but if a dense filter is removed a little too soon the remaining glare may spoil the effect and possibly injure the eye.

On the other hand, if too late, the view of Baily's Beads may be lost.

Prominences

THE SUN is sometimes pictured as a flaming sphere. Although far from the popular conception of flames there are flame-like prominences which are sometimes but not always seen by the naked eye just as the sun disappears or reappears. If seen at all, they will have a reddish or rosy color.

Corona

NOW COMES the main feature. The corona is the outer atmosphere of the sun and glows with a strange light like a fluorescent lamp. Many astronomers have had only fleeting glimpses of the corona, never more than $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes at a time, which is the longest possible under the most favorable conditions. According to Duncan, it is estimated that no one astronomer has ever seen the corona more than an aggregate of 30 minutes. Because of weather disappointments it is also estimated that during the last century scientists have had less than an hour to study the corona during eclipses.

The size of the corona appears to be related to the sun-spot cycle and since we are at present near a minimum of sun-spot activity, the corona is not expected to be as large as usual (Note 3).

Earth Uniquely Favored

THE REASON that we can see the corona as a complete ring around the sun is that the sun, which is about 400 times larger in diameter than the moon, just happens to be about 400 times farther

away. Consequently, the apparent size of both bodies is very nearly the same. Thus it is that when the moon comes directly in front of the sun, the glare from the sun's main body *may be* completely cut off but the glow of the corona may still be seen all of the way around the dark body of the moon. The earth is the only one of the planets which has a satellite so situated that this is possible. If there were inhabitants on Jupiter total eclipses of the sun would be very common, but only a very small part of the corona would be seen at any one time.

Light During Totality

ALTHOUGH the entire sun's disk will be covered during totality, it is never completely dark like a starless night. The light is said to be about half of that of a full moon. Although no light may come directly from the sun, much is reflected from clouds surrounding the umbra. The coming eclipse will have shorter duration than the average and consequently the area covered by the umbra will be small. This gives better chance for reflected light to enter from the sides. The effect of the glow from without may be particularly marked on Cadillac Mountain because the visible landscape is decidedly *larger* than the umbra.

Visible Stars and Planets

DURING THE BRIEF period of totality the brighter stars will appear. In order to recognize them quickly, it would be well to study the heavens when the stars will be in the same position that they will be at the time of the eclipse. This can be done March 31st, at midnight; April 15th, at 11 p.m.; May 1st, at 10 p.m.; May 16th at 9 p.m. and May 31st at 8 p.m., all times being Eastern Standard. Rather low and to the north of due west will be seen the twin stars, Castor on the right and Pollux on the left. At the time of eclipse the sun will be still farther to the left of Pollux about twice as far as Pollux is from Castor. Farther to the left and higher in the sky will be the familiar constellation of Leo, the Lion, with the bright star Regulus in the handle of the sickle.

By July 20th, there will be the addition of two planets not far from the sun. Venus will be to the right and very low in the sky. Mercury will be higher than the sun and to the left. Mars will be in the south, having crossed the meridian shortly before the eclipse began. Neither Jupiter nor Saturn will be visible.

Traffic Problems

ALTHOUGH STATE authorities can be depended upon to do everything possible to meet the sit-

uation, traffic especially immediately after the eclipse will be a major problem. Drivers are particularly urged to demonstrate that courtesy and forbearance are the key to highway safety. The eclipse will bring untold pleasure and satisfaction to possibly more than a million in Maine. The event should not be marred by highway negligence which may bring tragedy.

Automobile Headlights

IN ORDER to give astronomers every opportunity to carry out their study projects during totality, drivers should be cautioned to turn off all lights. The effect of day suddenly becoming night will be heightened if everybody observes this precaution.

Do Not Use Smoked Glass

REVISION NOTES: Special attention is called to the rewriting of the section on "*Smoked Glass and Film*" in the former printing. Although thousands of persons have viewed past eclipses through nothing but smoked glass with relatively few cases of eye injury, considering the importance of the eye, **NO RISK AT ALL IS WORTH TAKING!** The Department of Economic Development's Technical Advisory Committee has received reports of permanent injury, due to insufficient filtration density of smoked glass, even though the burn was not painful at the time. Another safety consideration against the use of smoked glass is the fact that most of this probably will be broken pieces with jagged and sharp edges and all persons, but especially children, should be warned against handling such material.

D. E. D.'s Technical Advisory Committee currently is assembling light filter data from competent scientific sources and will publish its results as soon as possible. The safest material thus far suggested from industry sources is a double thickness of over-exposed and fully-developed silver density photographic film. In the face of the occurrence of a natural phenomenon of this magnitude, this Department can do little more than urge extreme caution by all concerned in all activities pertaining to health and safety. This is especially urged upon all those who have children under their care and guidance.

In any event, protracted gazing through any filter medium, no matter how dense, should be discouraged. It is sufficient to check on the progress of the eclipse through a proper filter only a few seconds at a time. During the period of totality itself, there is no danger to the naked eye in viewing the corona and nearby stars. The use of crossed Polaroid lenses, as mentioned in the previous printing, so-called sunglasses, or "eclipse goggles" of any kind should be avoided by all concerned.

(The above material was compiled for the Maine Department of Economic Development under the supervision of Carroll F. Merriam of Prospect Harbor, Maine, former president of the American Congress on Mapping and Surveying. Other members of D. E. D.'s Technical Advisory Committee are: Dr. Noel C. Little, Bowdoin College; Dr. Karl S. Woodcock, Bates College; Prof. Arthur S. Fairley, Colby College; and J. Frank Harper, Rear Admiral, retired, University of Maine.)

Accommodations

SOME PERSONS may not appreciate that the eclipse occurs during the height of the summer tourist season, when hotel and motel accommodations are normally very well filled. For this reason those who contemplate coming to Maine at this time should apply well in advance for reservations. Should regular places of public entertainment all be engaged, get in touch with chambers of commerce or local civic organizations. Those traveling with their own camping equipment can generally be accommodated near the spot from which they intend to view the eclipse, but even then there should be understanding in advance with the landowner.

Notes:

Note 1: This applies only to Maine. In 1970 a total eclipse of the sun is charted to begin in the eastern mid-Pacific, cross Latin America and the Gulf of Mexico, skirt the coast of Florida and the Atlantic Coast. It may touch Nantucket Island and Eastern Nova Scotia. The path will be well out in the Gulf of Maine and the entire State will be in about 95 per cent totality.

Note 2: Sky and Telescope magazine and back copies may be obtained only from Sky Publishing Company, 49 Bay State Road, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Note 3: Although astronomers may not expect the corona to be as extensive at sun spot minima, nevertheless the equatorial streamers possibly may be longer.

Draw Your Own Map

It's easy to draw your own map of the path of totality across Maine.

On a standard highway map of Maine, draw a line between Bar Harbor and Cambridge, or Kingsbury, and extend it. This is the center line of totality.

For the southern limit line, draw a line between Stonington and Norridgewock and extend it.

For the northern limit, draw a line between Jonesport and Milo and extend it.

This path will be accurate enough for all practical purposes. To be sure, choose your viewing site at least approximately five miles within the northern and southern limit lines.

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CHRISTMASTIME IN SUMMER

On July 24th the whole camp gathered together after lunch and found out it was Christmas at Runoia given by Seventh Shack. We started out by drawing names to see to whom we were to give presents. The presents were to be made out of twigs, leaves and other articles of nature. The next thing we found out was that each table needed to be decorated. Each table met and discussed how they would decorate it. Again it had to be made out of things found outside.

During rest hour everyone thought of what she would make, and each shack was told what they had to do together. Some made chains, some wreaths and some Christmas tree ornaments.

After rest hour the afternoon was spent making presents, table arrangements and shack projects. Each camper donated a sock for Santa to fill.

Finally dinner came, and table 10 won with Susi Jacobi designing a Christmas yule log for her table. After dinner we had our Christmas Party. Everyone put her present under the "empty" tree. Soon it was decorated, a little bit donated by each shack. Many games were played, among them guessing how many pine

cones in the jar. The Senior winner was Allie Williams and Junior, Mary Ann Zeman. Another game was how many words you could make out of "Merry Christmas." Debby Hinckley won this. Then the right side of the shacks competed against the left side in Charades, and the left side won. Then the gifts were handed out. Everyone got her Christmas stocking and enjoyed her treats. To end the day everyone went for refreshments, lemonade and cookies. It was a wonderful day for all.

Anne LaBonte

C.I.T. PROGRAM

1963

Every summer brings new achievements to campers and counselors alike. There's the joy of learning and the joy of teaching. This summer six C.I.T.s under Greenie's guidance crossed to the other side of the fence and explored the field of camp counseling. We were a varied group, all friends but all individuals. Living together this summer, we learned to share our knowledge and skills with each other in order to become well-rounded campers.

The C.I.T. program this summer afforded us the opportunity to perfect our skills and learn to teach them to others. To begin with, we had an extensive swimming program. Our Water Safety Aide course consisted of first learning the requirements for Beginners, Advanced Beginners and Intermediates, teaching them to one another and finally assisting other counselors during instructional swim. How often we can remember playing "Ring Around the Rosy" to get each other wet. About the fifth week of camp we started our Senior Lifesaving course. Since three of us had never had lifesaving before, we

became pupils of the other three. This gave us good practice. Every morning right after assembly we would head for the beach and practice those blocks, head holds and carries. Reading our Lifesaving manual consumed much of our time, but sitting together and just "talking it over" really helped us to learn. By the end of the summer we had all passed, thanks to our excellent instructor, Greenie, and to ourselves!

In addition to water safety and lifesaving, we had a chance to teach most of the other sports. In the first few weeks we reviewed the fundamental skills of archery, tennis, canoeing and sailing. We took turns being the teacher, and then discussed both our strong and weak points. Later in the summer we assisted the counselors in these activities. At Blue-White kickball and softball games we helped keep score and reviewed how the games were played.

A vital part of our C.I.T. program was learning to command respect from the younger campers. During Counselors' Coffee we took turns looking after each of the Junior shacks. We would sit on the porch and play jacks, look at books with them, tell jokes or just talk over problems. We began to see ourselves again as campers. Sometimes at night we would put

both the Junior and Senior shacks to bed. We learned it is sometimes hard to say to a friend, "Quiet down," but the respect gained is worthwhile.

Overnight trips also gave us the chance to live and work with both Juniors and Seniors. Each C.I.T. went on four trips. Whether it was a night at Fairy Ring or a sail on the Blackbird, we enjoyed supervising the others and still joining in their fun. The last week of camp all six of us and Greenie went on an overnight together at Horse Point. Everyone did her share, and we all enjoyed that steak, corn and congo bars for dinner. On our trip we exchanged camping hints we had acquired on other trips this summer. Also that night we helped Greenie write our limericks for the Log. She called it just another part of our program.

Several times this summer we planned or assisted with evening program. Often on Sunday nights we would do Vespers - read stories, prayers, then sing. Our other specialities included a camp treasure hunt (which was quite successful) and a night of "Barnyard Relays." We tried to participate in evening activities as much as we could and even won second place in the song writing contest with "Our CR." At morning assembly we took turns leading camp songs. Although we first looked upon it as a terrifying experience, we gained the poise and

confidence needed by a good leader.

Our interest in counselor training did not stop at Runoia. As part of our program we visited one C.I.T. group, and one camp visited Runoia. The Camp Med-O-Lark C.I.T.s from Washington, Maine invited us to visit their camp. Unlike us they had a specialized campcraft and nature program called Junior Maine Guide. Although we were impressed by their hard work, we all agreed, "There's no place like Camp." Later Camp Wyonegonic's C.I.T.s came to visit Runoia. We showed them Fairy Ring, our cabin, waterfront and Lodge, and they all envied us! It was interesting to find out how similar their program was with ours with Senior Lifesaving and evening program planning. Both the Med-O-Lark and Wyonegonic C.I.T.s made us appreciate and acclaim our C.I.T. program at Runoia more.

The end of the summer has come again. This Cotillion we will help to decorate. There won't be any ribbons or prizes for us, but we will be rewarded by our Senior Lifesaving badges, well-earned. But we are a team. Call us the Blights, the Whoos or the C.I.T.s, we worked hard, from patching leaky canoes to clearing the woods. Everything we did with a purpose to become better campers. Many authors such as Emerson wrote how nature and the out-of-doors reveals a man to himself. This summer living at Runoia has given us a chance to see our abilities more

clearly and share them with others. Whether or not we will be camp counselors here or anywhere is not important, for the knowledge and training gained this summer will be ours for a lifetime.

Sue Rosenblum

NOTHING BUT JELLYFISH

When we went to Pemaquid we stopped at the lobster pound to eat our lunch. When the boats were landing we went down to the dock and we saw nothing but jellyfish. Jody was picking red ones. They were floating on top and below. It was so foggy that you couldn't see a thing, so Phil told us to go.

When we got to the beach, we all had to lie down for awhile. Gerbie got a crab and was teasing Bobbi with it. It got pushed through Bobbi's sleeve. When she finally got it out, she started chasing Gerbie. It was a wonderful day.

Winnie Cleveland

TALENT SHOW

The Talent Show was really terrific this summer! There were many contestants who showed their talents. For instance there was Toosie, the opera singer, along with Mary Ann and Joanie. There were two guitarists, Margo VanAllen and Mary Ann Zeman. These people were accompanied by Bobbie London. To top it all off, there was a rollicking performance by Second Shack of the play Cinderella. The finishing act, the grand finale, was done by the counselors and was called, Sipping Cider. Betty and Phil were behind a big sheet and were silhouetted by a lamp so you could only see their shadows as they acted out the song while the counselors sang. It was really a wonderful evening.

Hilary Hord

THE FOURTH OF JULY

On the morning of the Fourth of July, I woke up with a start because some counselors had pots and pans, and they were banging on them with spoons and things. They had come into our shack to wake us up.

At Flag Raising everybody wore red, white and blue. Some girls had on long red socks with white socks over them. All of a sudden out of some bushes a bunch of girls came charging. They had been on a trip and had come back very quietly to surprise us.

After breakfast we had games. The camp was divided into teams. They were the Americans and the British. We played kickball, volleyball, baseball and that's all.

For lunch we had good food, and for dessert we had strawberry shortcake with an American flag in the middle of each dish. After lunch we had rest hour, and after rest hour, we had canoe races and other games down at the waterfront. It was really an exciting and a wonderful day.

Linda Baer

THIRD SHACK

There are ten girls in our shack,
And it seems to be enough.
Quietness is what they lack,
And their rooms are full of stuff.

When we have eaten and finished lunch,
We go back to our shacks.
Instead of sitting on our beds,
We go out and play with jacks.

Next comes rest hour,
The time we must not talk.
Instead of writing letters,
We get up from our beds and walk.

Now you see what problems
Susie-O and Gidget go through.
I wonder if there's anything good
That shack number Three can do!

Betsy Squire

THIRD SHACK SONG

Tune: Way Down Upon The Swanee River

Way down upon the Belgrade Lakes
There is a camp
By the name of Runoia
Where we can find new champs.

That's where my dreams come true
And we all have fun.
We paddle to the middle of the lake
Under the setting sun.

In everything we do
Runoia girls are we;
Living through the summer all together
Blue and White are we.

Soon it's time to say good-bye
But friends we'll always be;
Here's to the camp we love so well
Here's to a memory.

AFTER TAPS IN SIXTH SHACK

M.J. and Liz have finished reading the last chapter of Father of the Bride. The lantern is out, and our shack is bathed in darkness.

Linda Gates snorts.

Teddy DeArmond cracks her knuckles.

Connie Warren throws powder over the wall at Elsa Master.

Sara Guthe snores.

Susi Squire looks through the peekhole at M.J. and Liz.

M.J. says, "Not another word in this shack!!!"

Connie yells, "Word!"

Susi, her roommate, says, "Constance, that was absolutely
uncalled for."

Liz yelps, "Another noise and I've had it!!!"

Connie and Susi (naturally), "Noise!!!"

Teddy says, "Good night, Jasper!"

Connie then replies, "Toosie, aren't you going to say
good night to Jasper?"

(Jasper is Connie Warren's stuffed monkey)

Toosie says, "Connie, I've had about enough of this!"

And Sixth Shack is bathed in darkness.

Susi Squire

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAMP

My first impression of camp was nice. I thought that camp would be very quiet and lonely. I didn't think that there would be any people that would like me. Camp is much more fun than that. The people are all so nice and gay. All the counselors are so young. It is like one big family. When you sit down to supper you can only have three glasses of milk. After supper you sometimes have relays. It is so funny because there are so many different sizes of people. And to top off some nights we go dipping in the lake.

Candy Maner

THE JUNIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

On Monday, July 30th, all the Juniors went to Pemaquid. We left half in cars and half in the truck. We arrived at Pemaquid and stopped at Gilbert's Lobster Pound to eat lunch. Some ate lobsters or clams, and others ate hamburgers or hot dogs. We ate dessert and got candy and souvenirs. Then we went down to a dock where we caught some jelly fish and watched men unload lobsters that had just been caught. We went on another dock, and the jelly fish went swimming past us in hundreds. Then we went back to the cars and truck and left for the beach. We stayed there for about three hours, collecting and throwing jelly fish, making sand castles, swimming in the ocean and lying in the sun. Then we got dressed (after some trouble finding our clothes) and went to the lighthouse. We climbed on the rocks and watched the waves break, after which we ate supper, feeding some of our sandwiches to the seagulls. We now switched, and the half that had been riding in the truck went in the cars, and the half that went in the cars went in the truck. On the way home we stopped for ice cream. We returned home and went right to sleep, dreaming of our wonderful trip to Pemaquid.

Susie Fifield
Dianna Sandberg

THE SENIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

On the bright, sunny day of Monday, August 5th the Seniors started out on the all day Pemaquid trip. Some girls rode in the truck, most on the floor with arms tightly wound around each other for warmth, and the rest in three cars. They were the lucky ones!

We arrived at Gilbert's Lobster Pound after a long but much enjoyed ride. We all piled out and all made a wild dash for the lobsters and hamburgs for those who don't know what's good! After a filling lunch of lobsters, clams, hamburgs, French fries etc., we bought souvenirs and candy and then headed off for the Pemaquid beach.

Arriving at the beach, we were met by an unwelcome downpour. As soon as it stopped, we jumped into our bathing suits and dashed into the cold salty water. Others sat on the beach and tanned themselves but had trouble because of frequent showers.

Then we departed from the beach and headed for the Pemaquid lighthouse, Here we had a gay time climbing on the rocks and just enjoying the beautiful view. Afterwards came dinner which consisted of ham

and cheese, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, celery and carrot sticks, milk and peaches. Some carried their meal out on the rocks, but most of us had a great time feeding our meals to the greedy seagulls. By the end of dinner there wasn't a bit of food to be found on the table. Finally time came for us all to leave. We had a peaceful ride home (those in the cars!) and stopped on the way for ice cream cones. (Thanks, Johnny.) As we rode along we saw a gorgeous orange colored full moon to end a splendid day at Pemaquid.

Debby Kaplan
Bobby London

FIRST TRIP TO FAIRY RING

On Monday, July 1st, Mary Ann Zeman, Diana Sandberg, Barbara Fink, Beth Hilton, Susan Fifield, Gerbie, Janie-O and Skip, along with Marcia Greenblatt, went to Fairy Ring. We had been there about ten minutes when all of a sudden loud thunder noises were heard by all. Only one tent pole was up, so everybody rushed about trying to get the rest of it put up in order. In the meantime it started to sprinkle. Soon it was no longer sprinkling but pouring. It rained and rained and rained. Everybody ran under the Lean-To and started to peel carrots, onions and potatoes for Hunter's Stew.

Around seven o'clock it stopped raining, and we fixed a fire and began to cook the stew. The Hunter's Stew was delicious, but cleaning up the dishes from it was another thing. Finally, when the dishes were done and put away, and everyone was settled, the campers went for a dip in the lake. As it began to get dark, we came out of the water, dried off and got into our pajamas. In just a few minutes we gathered around the campfire and made Dough-Boys. They were

just heavenly. After that we sang camp songs and ate Hershey Bars and peaches. Then we went to bed.

The next morning when we awoke, there was a fire just waiting for us to cook our breakfast. Skip had made it for us around five o'clock in the morning. For breakfast we had Maypo, scrambled eggs, cocoa, plus an orange for each. When breakfast ended and the dishes were washed and put away, and new fresh wood put in the wood pile, we departed from our wet, exciting trip to Fairy Ring.

Beth Hilton
Susan Fifield

SECOND TRIP TO FAIRY RING

Right after rest hour, the other half of Fourth Shack went to Fairy Ring. When we arrived the tent was already set up, so we went right to work gathering wood. When this was done, we went swimming and had dinner. After dinner we swam for awhile until it was almost dark. Then we went for a skinny dip. We got out and put on our pajamas. When we finally got all settled, we came out of the tent and noticed that the two counselors were taking a skinny dip. We ran down to the water and took their towels and clothes. But they were smart and had hidden some of their other clothes in the bushes where we couldn't find them. Before bed we had our usual s'mores and sang some songs around the fire. Finally we went to bed. In the morning we packed up and left for camp. We really had lots of fun.

Laura Cleveland

SECOND SHACK TRIP TO FAIRY RING

On half of Second Shack went on a trip to Fairy Ring. Those that went were as follows: Georgia Sollenberger, Winnie Cleveland, Patty Corscasen, Ann Vomacka, Diane Ely, Ann Dalrymple, along with Janie-O, Marcia Greenblatt and Gidget, our counselor. We all trooped over together. It was a very hot day, but we went to work right away because we wanted to go for a swim. That night for supper we had Bubble and Squeak. Then we cleaned up and played Concentration. After that we had a skinny dip which really felt good because it was so hot. After the skinny dip, we sat around the campfire and sang songs. We really had fun. We woke up the next morning and had a good breakfast of Maypo, grapefruit and cocoa. Soon after that we cleaned up the breakfast dishes, packed up our sleeping bags and left.

Diane Ely

THIRD TRIP TO FAIRY RING

Right after lunch a C.I.T. came in and helped us pack. She had to go over and over the list.

When we got to Fairy Ring, we were very hot, and we quickly gathered firewood so that we could go in for a swim. It was hard to dig the garbage hole because we had to cut through so many roots.

We had Toad-in-the-Hole goulash for dinner and celery sticks that fell in the dirt. We had Rice Krispies for dessert. Were they ever tasty!

We went swimming at Sandy Cove and then made Some-mores. Meg found the pix and A.J. tripped over a log on the way. We sang songs around the fire and then went to bed.

We got up in the morning and made Maypo and cocoa, then went for another swim. We rolled up our sleeping bags and came home after a good time at Fairy Ring.

A.J. Doherty
Meg Taylor
Chris Buckley

SECOND SHACK'S TRIP TO ABENA

We packed right after rest hour to go to Abena for supper. We put our things in a raincoat so that they wouldn't get wet from the leaks in the canoe. The counselors were Bobbi, Cathy, Toosie and Betsy. Bobbi and Betsy loaded the packs of clothes and the food for supper in number twelve canoe. It was a new one, and we thought it wouldn't leak as much. Betsy and Winnie paddled number twelve, and I was a passenger. We had four canoes and ten girls.

On the way I heard a rustling noise, and the top of the lemonade can came off. I grabbed it out of the water just in time, and after that I kept my hand on it.

When we got there, all of the boats were leaking, and some of the raincoats had gotten wet. We carried the packs up to our campsite. We didn't have to gather very much wood because there was a big pile there already. While I was gathering wood, I found a piece of drift wood in a rock.

We all went for a little swim while Bobbi and

Betsy talked to a man that owned our campsite. After we changed into our clothes, we had supper of hamburgers, potato chips, carrot sticks and lemonade. After supper we took a walk to the deserted camp where they were going to build cottages. It was such a big camp! Every person had a room to herself. After a while we went back to camp in just enough time to pack our raincoats and get them into the canoes. We paddled home singing in the sunset.

Meg Taylor

OUR TRIP TO ABENA

We left camp right after rest hour. We had to paddle. When we got down to the beach, we found out we had to take two new canoes and one old one that leaked. Then we went back and forth to the Dining Hall carrying sleeping bags and things that we needed. Soon after everything was done, we were on our way to Abena. It took us about half an hour to paddle there. When we got to the campsite, we were met by Betty, Robbie and Sandy. It took us a long time to land the canoes and get out of them.

When we got everything up to the campsite, there were some jobs to do like gathering wood and pitching the tent. After everything was done, we went swimming. While we were swimming, the counselors started a fire for supper. Afterwards we fixed our supper. It was very good. After supper some of us went to look for sticks to use for Dough-Boys. After that we gathered the sticks together and sat by the campfire and cooked our Dough-Boys.

After we were all settled in bed, Bobbi came in and played some songs on the uke. After that we all

fell asleep.

The sun woke us up in the morning. After we got dressed, we made breakfast. After breakfast when the counselors were getting dressed, we took charcoal and made marks on our faces. We all looked very silly. When the counselors got dressed, the owners of the campsite came. We all had to run down to the water to wash our faces! After all this we got our things together, and we put our canoes in the water. Then we paddled back to camp.

Peggy Cook

FIRST HERMIT ISLAND TRIP

On July 8th, Monday morning, sixteen Juniors left for Hermit Island. Some of us went with Carla in one of the camp station wagons, and the rest went with Gidget and Greenie in the other camp car. We got there at noon and ate our lunch at a little place where people lived. During lunch Phil, Janie-O, Marsha, Janie M. and Carla went up to the campsite and put the tent up. After we finally got settled, we had rest hour. After that we went for a walk along the beach and then came back and fixed dinner. It began raining and thundering so we all went into the tent to sing songs. Gidget played on her uke, and we all laughed and had fun.

The next day was beautiful. We went down to the beach and stayed there all day. We also had lunch there. Carla took us back in the tall grass and showed us how to make bracelets of grass. Then we went back to the campsite and had lobster. We also had soda and s'mores and banana boats.

The next day was cloudy but not raining. After breakfast we went to the beach. At about twelve

o'clock the next group of trippers arrived. We left, then went to Fort Pompham. We ate lunch and explored the Fort. The drive home was fun! When we came home, we went swimming. Boy, did that water feel good compared to the salt water! The trip was fun, and we hated to leave, but what a difference in the food. Instead of a teaspoon of milk on cereal, we had one cup. I sure can't wait until next year.

Sara Ratichek

THE SECOND HERMIT ISLAND TRIP

On Wednesday, July 10th, the Juniors left for Hermit Island. We reached our destination at 1:30 to be greeted by a group of sunburned, happy campers and counselors that had been there before us. We had a lunch of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and cheese sandwiches. We got our sleeping bags rolled out and spent the rest of the day at the beach. We slept peacefully (squished) that night.

The next day was spent on the beach. We spent five hours there including lunch. For supper that night we had lobsters and for dessert banana boats.

The next morning, after the tent was down, and our sleeping bags were rolled up, we heard a truck coming up the road, and thought it was a long-haired Phil. To our surprise it turned out to be Betsy Langmore. Anyway, off we went to Pompham Beach for a lunch of P.B. and J. Nancy Master shared her candy with all of us. We explored the Fort and headed for home, tired but happy.

Jody Sataloff

SECOND HERMIT ISLAND TRIP SONG

Tune: Noah's Ark

Betty and Phil, they called on the Junior shacks
Betty and Phil, they called on the Junior shacks
Strap your knapsacks to your backs,
Children of Runoia.

So off we went to Hermit, Hermit Isle
Off we went to Hermit, Hermit Isle
Where we used a soap called Dial, Dial
Children of Runoia.

It hardly rained, but we saw a rainbow, rainbow
It hardly rained, but we saw a rainbow, rainbow
And we watched the sun get so low
Children of Runoia.

We swam all day and bathed in the sun, sun
We swam all day and bathed in the sun, sun
Ate big lobsters and had lots of fun
Children of Runoia.

We'll always remember our good times together, 'gether
We'll always remember our good times together, 'gether
We had Gerbie and some sunny weather, weather
Children of Runoia.

SECOND OAK ISLAND TRIP

We set out for an overnight at Oak Island shortly after breakfast one morning. The lake was rough so we had a hard time paddling, and when we got there everyone was anxious to go for a swim. We brought the canoes on shore, put our sleeping bags in the tent, and after a few pleas, we got to go swimming.

We all pitched in and did chores, and soon dinner was under way. Margy made a Chippewa kitchen which was very useful. For dinner we had Toad-in-the-Hole, and for dessert Ruth made brownies which were a little soggy but delicious.

A little after we were in bed, a thunderstorm started, and the counselors, Carla, Margy and Ruth tumbled into the tent with us.

In the morning we had a huge breakfast, packed our things and headed back for camp.

Bobbie London

SECOND OAK ISLAND TRIP

Neither snow nor sleet nor hail nor rain could keep the twelve determined campers away as they set out for Oak Island on July 1, 1963. The trippers included Susie Orbeton, Sue Rosenblum, Margie London, Betsy Fuller, Joanie Hutchings, Teddy DeArmond, Sue Squire, Ann Fowles, Ann Bristol, Pam Brodie, Allie Williams and Betsy Langmore. After rest hour we set out in four canoes for our campsite. We arrived with the rain and quickly changed to dry clothes. Then we put up the tent. Our sleeping bags were unrolled, and we were ready for dinner. It was a mixture of meat and vegetables called Slumgullion. For dessert we had gingerbread and Dough-Boys. When the dishes were washed, everyone hit the sack.

We slept until eight and then made our tempting breakfast of Maypo and cocoa, French toast, bacon and fruit cup. Then we cleaned up and made way for our next campers.

Teddy DeArmond

FOURTH OAK ISLAND TRIP

On a very windy July 3rd, a Wednesday, Sarah, Sally, Connie, Susi, Sandy, Linda and Wendy began loading the somewhat swamped canoes. Our faithful leaders were Susie O., Kathy, Gidget, Carolyn and Janie M. Because the canoes were somewhat swamped and because there were whitecaps in the cove and because the lake looked like rapids, Susi made the observation that if the food was brought in the canoes, and if one of the canoes tipped, we might starve. So, arrangements were made in a pretty unorganized manner for the food and packs to be brought over during free swim in the motorboat. (Caroline to the rescue.) So we, without a worry in the world, left the food and packs on the dock and went paddling off towards Hoyt's. Yes, Hoyt's, not Oak. Since the wind was so strong, we had to tack up towards Hoyt's, into the wind, and then ride with the wind down towards the campsite on Oak. Believe me, once we turned around and started to our campsite, it was heavenly. No pulling on the paddles, no "stroke! Feather...Stroke! Feather...etc.", and no shipped water. It was like surf riding. The waves were high enough. We sort of drifted down towards Pine Island, and when the wind was right, we very reluctantly tacked back up to our

campsite. But our reluctance left us when we saw our beautiful campsite. The third trip was so good to us. Margy Warren even left a little kitchen unit, complete with table, hooks for cups, and the cups! We stood there with our mouths hanging open in awe of the beauty of the campsite. It was set in a little cove (free from the wind, sort of) and the blue tent rose like a castle among the pine trees. The view was beautiful too. We had the most wonderful "scenic vista" of Pine Island.

After about fifteen minutes of getting the canoes up over the rocks into a nice bed of pine needles, we started the old campsite tradition...collecting wood. We really didn't have to get all that much, though, because there was some left over from trip number three. During the desperate search for twigs etc., some Pine Island Juniors came along, and we were talking to them. Kathy was talking to Chip, her brother, for a while. That was the third Runoia trip that met up with Pine Island Juniors. Too bad they're never Seniors.

We got together a delicious meal of Texas hash, (which was promptly spilled on the ground) lemonade, banana cream pie in a graham cracker shell and corn fritters on which everyone thrived. After the dishes were done, we had Dough-Boys for which we also had boys. The Pine Island Juniors we had seen before unexpectedly

sneaked up on us. They must have smelled the food. Well, they were making a cake that wasn't quite done when they finished the dishes, so they left their campsite and visited ours while the caked cooked. I wonder how it looked when they finally returned about fifty minutes later.

The Dough-Boys finished and the boys gone, we were just settling down to a good old "'round the campfire" sing, when we heard a familiar motor boat sound. We went running down to the rocks and saw the familiar figures of Betty, Phil and the twins...so we thought. So we yelled and screamed at them, yelling "hellos" all over the place. When they finally came into seeing distance, about ten yards, we noticed the funniest thing! It wasn't Phil and Betty at all. We hardly had time to say where we were from, when all of a sudden they were barging into our campsite. So up went our canoes to the other side of the campsite, through trees, over rocks...in the dark. It was like going through an obstacle course in the woods at ten at night carrying canoes. We told the intruders we didn't have too much room, but they said they didn't mind being squished. That was considerate of them, wasn't it?

Finally we got settled and sang a few songs

around the campfire to the accompaniment of another family setting up camp. We read an Alfred Hitchcock story and then, after a few tickling fights, got to sleep. We woke up at six-thirty because the other people had company at that time. We didn't want to disturb them, so we very conveniently fell back to sleep until about eight-thirty. We got up, pretty reluctantly, and had breakfast pretty reluctantly. The breakfast consisted of a Susie O. concoction of onions, potatoes and scrambled eggs, Maypo, bacon, oranges and cocoa with marshmallow fluff. After we had finished stuffing our faces, Carla came over in the motor boat to take our packs. (Carla to the rescue.) We paddled back against the somewhat let-up wind and arrived at camp a happy and full crew.

Susi Jacobi

THE SUPPER SAIL

Caroline got a group of us together on Wednesday the 10th, and after the afternoon activity, we all got in our sailboats and headed out for Hoyt's. That was a laugh. In two hours we got as far as Thwing's, and that was with sculling and paddling. Finally Caroline decided that if we were going to get to our campsite before midnight, we should get towed or else starve. So M.J. and Penny were dropped off at our campsite to fix dinner while Caroline towed the sailboats to the far side of Hoyt's. We got there and were greeted by a beautiful fireplace (compliments of M.J. and Penny), many bugs, many empty beer cans (compliments of the fishermen) and the smell of cooking food. We ate chicken fricassee with dumplings, corn, grapes, cake and lemonade. We got towed back to camp after M.J., Kathy and Penny had a little wet dish rag fight. On the way back to camp we were greeted with a breathtaking sunset. Since there was no wind, our excursion could not be truthfully called a "supper sail." How about "supper tow!"

Susi Jacobi

SECOND ALL DAY PADDLE

One bright and sunny day, July 11, 1963, eight healthy Seniors and their esteemed counselors left in Runoia's sturdy canoes for a day of "fun in the sun." After an interesting few miles we embarked on the shores of Belgrade. Here we pulled shorts and shirts over our bathing suits and stampeded the General Store. We enjoyed the utmost of pleasure in candy munching and icecream cone licking. Then we shoved off in search of a place, of all things, to eat lunch. Soon we stumbled upon a pleasant clearing and gorged on ham and peanut butter, oranges, a necterine concoction and potato chips, generously supplied by Penny Dalton.

We spent a lazy rest hour, (ten minutes) in our canoes. After debating the matter for ages and a day, we paddled away to Crooked Island for a dip off its sandy shore.

Even with the tragic outcome of sunburns and sore arms, our all day paddle was a most enjoyable trip.

Susi Squire

TUMBLEDOWN

We all started out with a mad dash to the truck and were tumbling over its sides even before it had stopped! A few rearrangements were made, and then we were off! We all sang gaily even though the people in the truck were quite cold. When we arrived at the bottom of Tumbledown, we all prepared for our climb up, which meant combing our wind-tangled hair, putting the loose clothing into other people's packs and getting our bag lunches. After a short climb, we stopped at a mountain stream to have a glass of lemonade. Then up the mountain we went.

After about a half hour we passed a boys' camp coming down the mountain. They had been on top of Tumbledown camping and had stayed for two or three days. Unfortunately they were Juniors!

Our first stop was made about one third of the way up the mountain. We obtained a breathtaking view of the surrounding countryside. We stopped again shortly when one of the members felt a little ill. In a few minutes we were off again.

We reached the summit in record time. We had lunch beside the beautiful lake that is on the top of Tumble-down. All was eaten! After lunch some rested and a couple sunbathed. An energetic few set off to climb the surrounding peaks and to hunt for a cave called the "Lemon Squeezer" which Susie-O had read about in a manual telling about all the mountains in Maine. The expedition came across a tunnel which had a metal bar in it and wondered if that wasn't it. One of the members climbed down to explore and had great difficulty climbing out, because of slippery rocks. At one of the highest peaks they were able to see different mountain ranges! They said it was a fabulous sight!

Meanwhile, a few members of the main body hiked to the other side of the lake to examine a possible beaver dam. They returned with sticks to prove it was. Two or three others indulged in the great sport of catching leaches with Dixie cups. They only caught one.

When the expedition returned, a skinny dip was taken in the crystal clear lake. The water was very cold but refreshing!

We then started down the mountain. We stopped half-way down to have Hershey bars and then continued. At some points we couldn't understand how we had ever

climbed up it was so steep and slippery. But we were all quite safe and sound when we reached the bottom again. We then climbed into the truck but we had lost a great deal of umph so it wasn't as dangerous.

We all ate a hearty and delicious meal at the Cross Inn and then sang our way home. When we reached camp we interrupted a rousing folk dance with "We're Here, Because," and "Tumbledown!"

Margo VanAllen

SENIOR AROUND THE LAKE TRIP

We started off right after assembly in a slight rain. It rained off and on all day. We paddled in and out of every cove the first day. At noon we tied the canoes together for lunch near Camp Bomizene. We had a short little rest hour in the canoes, and then we paddled to Horse Point where we were to stay the first night. We arrived there about three-thirty or quarter of four. As soon as we got there, we put up the tent and started supper because there was a storm coming from across the lake. As soon as supper was finished, the dishes were done, and we had eaten our Dough-Boys, it began to rain cats and dogs. It was by then around seven-thirty, so we all went into the tent and told stories for about an hour or so. Then we all went sound asleep.

We got up quite early the next morning and made our breakfast which consisted of scrambled potatoes, cocoa and Maypo. After washing the dishes, rolling up our packs and taking the tent down, we were off at about ten o'clock. We left the tent at Horse Point

because we were going to exchange campsites with Susie O. and Margie. About two hours later we met that group. Since it was about lunch time, we stopped and had lunch with the other trip.

When we arrived at Crooked Island, it looked as if someone had taken over our campsite. No one was there but there were towels, clothes and a box of food on the picnic table. When we looked in the tent Susie O. had left up, we found three piles of clothes. We gathered up all the stuff and put it under a poncho down at the beach. Before long we had a thunder storm. M.J. and Liz told us to get in the tent so of course we did. A few minutes later we heard a boat coming. After it had stopped raining, Liz and M.J. said the people had come and taken their equipment and left. We asked if they knew who it was. They said it was two boys from Pine Island and the nurse on their days off.

After dinner was finished and the dishes were done, we had an early evening swim, and then we had Rice Krispie squares. We all went to bed very early, and the next thing we knew we were at camp. All in all it was a very exciting trip.

Christy French
Audrey Thompson

LONG LAKE TRIP

On Wednesday, August 4, 1963, a Long Lake trip left camp right after rest hour. We paddled down Messalonskee Lake to the New England Music Camp where we spent the night. We were invited to a concert, but unfortunately we were a little late in getting dinner started and couldn't make it.

The next day was a beautiful one, and we had no wind. As soon as we got to the end of the lake, there was a slight bit of disagreement as to exactly where the mouth of the stream was located. However, we soon found it with the help of a kindly gentleman. As usual, the counselors had thought the dam was further down the stream than it actually was. At three-thirty we got there and racked our canoes after having portaged across. Soon after this we ate lunch.

Thursday night was spent on a point which was covered with tall pine trees. This was a point at the end of the Belgrade Stream and at the beginning of Long Lake. That night it poured buckets, but we pulled through in fine shape.

Friday was an easy paddle up Long Lake, with lunch along the way and a portage at Belgrade Lakes. We then finished by paddling down Great Pond and into the cove at Camp Runoia.

Suzy Stohlman

THE SACO RIVER TRIP

We left camp at nine-thirty loaded down with packs and sleeping bags. It was a long trip up in the truck, but we had fun singing and talking. On the way up we stopped to pick up five canoes at Camp Wyonegonic, and then we proceeded to our campsite. This campsite was located on a sand bar right next to the river. We ate lunch with the Ossipee group, and for lunch we had ham and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches plus the last drop of lemonade we had for the rest of the trip.

Later on we went swimming, and we discovered that the current had made ledges in the river, so a few feet away from the shore there was a drop of about ten feet. This made it possible to dive off the opposite shore which was a cliff of about twenty feet.

After the Ossipee trippers departed, we had a three hour rest hour and then proceeded to collect firewood and start dinner. For dinner we had ham and sweet potatoes and water since there was no lemonade. Later that evening we had Dough-Boys as a bedtime snack.

The next morning for breakfast we had French toast and Maypo along with juice. We then began to get ready

for a paddle down the river. Just before we left we made signs which read, "We'll be back at five P.M. 7/29/63, Monday." This was done so that no other camp would take our campsite. We put this to the tune of "London Bridge Is Falling Down" and spent the rest of the trip singing it.

We had a lunch of peanut butter and jelly and ham sandwiches and water on a sandy beach in Lovell's Pond. After we arrived back at the campsite, we went swimming in Walker's Falls. They were just like the rapids. For dinner we had stew and water, and later on that night we had s'mores. After dinner we met a boys camp which was rather friendly. We challanged them to water sports such as diving into the river from the beach.

For breakfast the next day we had eggs and bacon and potatoes with water. We then lugged our packs down to the falls and packed them, along with fourteen people, into the four canoes. Then we started on the long trip down to Brownfield. On the way we passed through Indian Territory. Cookie got shot. Everyone except me knew that she hadn't really been shot. I was crying. We ended up on a beach near Brownfield where Phil picked us up in the wagon and brought us to a motel where we ate dinner. Everyone had a terrific time on the Saco trip.

Linda Gates
Cindy Lund

OSSIPEE RIVER TRIP

We left camp at nine-thirty with the two station wagons and the camp truck. We had the Saco River trip with us also. We were all gay and happy. We had been looking forward to this for a long time. After we left camp, we stopped at Camp Wyonegonic to pick up some canoes. Then we went on until we got to the Saco River where we ate lunch and had a swim. We left there finally and were on our way.

We arrived at the Ossipee River at around three o'clock. We set up our tent and got on our bathing suits to go for a dip. The rapids were great. A few of us went up to the top of the first rapids and floated down them on our stomachs. The rest of the girls went poling up the rapids. Cathy Fuller and M.J., Susie O. and quite a few others made it up the first set, and some even made it half-way up the second set of rapids. Cathy and M.J. made it up the hardest set on the first try. Then our counselors, M.J., Cathy and Susie O. said, "All out," so we went back and collected wood.

That night for supper we had sweet potatoes with marshmallow fluff on top, fried ham with pineapple on

it, lemonade and peach cobbler. A while after supper we went swimming again. Then we came out and had DoughBoys.

The next morning we ate breakfast, got wood and went swimming and poling. For lunch that day we had sandwiches. Around one o'clock it started thundering. Then we saw a boys camp and asked them if they wanted to stay on our campsite. The boys were around ten or eleven years old. They were from a camp in New Hampshire. They were very nice. It rained for a little while, and after the rain we went swimming again. We then made supper. After supper we invited the boys to come sing and tell ghost stories. Then we went to their campfire and stayed there for a while. Then we went to bed and had a good night's sleep.

The next morning we started getting ready to leave. After breakfast we went poling and swimming again. Then we packed up the tent. We took all the things down to the river bank and loaded the canoes, and then we went to the place to meet Phil. We were all sad because we had so much fun and didn't want to leave. We then went to pick up the Saco River trippers and went for supper. After the long ride we finally got back to camp, tired but happy.

Elsa Master

THE FIRST CRUISE

The first cruise went out on Sunday night, July 14, and headed for Cozy Harbor where Captain Kelley met us with a forty-two foot ketch named "The Blackbird."

The first day was cloudy and we went to Boothbay Harbor which is about forty-five miles away from Cozy Harbor. That night we took a smaller sailboat of the Captain's, which was called "Sinbad," and went into Boothbay.

The second day was sunny and warm. The cruise left Boothbay early. Out on the ocean the water was rough. Although I was a little under the weather, the other people were lying in the sun. That day we went about forty miles and stayed at North Haven. North Haven was a very small town, and one store was open.

The third day, and last day, was very warm. The ocean was very calm. Again we left early. Instead of going to Camden as we had planned, we went to Northeast Harbor where the second cruise people were to meet us. We had lobsters, and then we left around six o'clock. We made it back to camp around ten o'clock that night.

Anne Fowles

THE SECOND CRUISE

Wednesday, July 17, Mary Young, Connie Warren, Debbie Hinckley, Allie Williams, Jano Fisher, Betsy Fuller and M.J. climbed into the red truck and prepared for a long drive to Captain Kelley's "Blackbird."

Having reached Northeast Harbor, we met up with the first cruise. After setting our belongings on board the ketch, we gorged on a delicious lobster dinner, and then we walked uptown for our dessert.

The following morning we groped through the dense fog to Manset where we remained because we were fogged in the harbor. Later we went ashore and camp~~e~~ upon a town which consisted of one store.

Friday morning we headed out to sea even though the weather was foggy. We hoped the fog would lift, and it did, much to our delight. The rest of the day was filled with beautiful sailing, and the weather was perfect for getting twenty minute sunburns. We reached Owl's Head in the late afternoon, and met two kind-hearted ladies who were friends of Captain Kelley. They drove us to Rockland to buy milk and also invited us to their house.

On Saturday there was very little wind but the sun was brilliant, and we began our sail to Rockland. The sun was so warm that we went swimming off the ketch a few times to keep from burning. Having reached Rockland, we soon met Phil and were driven back to camp in the truck. All of a sudden a storm brewed and the rain came down like darts. We reached camp in time to see the eclipse, and everyone said that the second cruise had been nothing but wonderful!

Jano Fisher

THE THIRD CRUISE

At six-fifteen half of Seventh Shack and one member of Sixth Shack were up and running around getting dressed and ready to leave on the cruise. Johnny and Betty were up early and fixed our breakfast. It was Sunday morning, August 11, at quarter to eight that we started on our trip.

Betsy Langmore drove us, Margy, Cookie, Margie L., Noni, Sandy, Lynne and Joellen, in the old Chevy to Cozy Harbor. There we met Captain Winfred A. Kelley, packed the boat, and as soon as the tide came in, we set sail. It was a beautiful day for sailing, and we sailed all the way to Monhegan Island. After an unsuccessful fifteen minutes of looking for a mooring, we decided to sail to Port Clyde. About this time, 7 P.M., it started to rain. At eleven o'clock we finally moored in Port Clyde... right in front of a sardine factory. It was here that Captain Kelley, reaching for a mooring, broke two ribs.

Monday morn we set sail early and went all the way to Boothbay harbor. That night we went ashore in the tippiest boat you could ever find, and systematically covered the whole town. The way we spent our money, we surely must have raised their economy. Speaking of

tippy row boats, we have two members who can vouch for that...
Dainty..(Sandy) and Petite..(Margy).

Tuesday when we got up, it was beautiful, but by ten o'clock it was raining. That day you could have found us sailing up the Sheepscot River and around to Cozy Harbor. After unpacking and saying goodby to Captain Kelley, we drove to Camden and had a delicious dinner at the Withams. No matter rain or shine, we all had loads of fun on the cruise.

THIRD CRUISE TRIP SONG

Tune: Mandy, and at the end, Tell Me Why

We left camp at quarter of eight
Before the campers were awake

Chorus: Blackbird oh, Blackbird oh, Blackbird oh

When we arrived we were aground
Stuck in the mud we soon found

Chorus:

Waited 'til the tide came round
Then at last we were ocean bound

Chorus:

Had nice sailing all that day
Then came to Monhegan Bay

Chorus:

Couldn't get a mooring there
Sailed along in the cool night air

Chorus:

Thirty miles back to shore
During which it sure did pour

Chorus:

Anchored at eleven P.M.
Found ourselves in Port Clyde then

Chorus: Sardines oh, sardines oh, sardines oh

Early next morn we did arise
With the sunshine in our eyes

Chorus:

Many miles we sailed that day
Then we anchored at Boothbay

Chorus:

Spent many pennies there that night
Came back in an economical plight

Chorus: Oh I'm broke, oh I'm broke, oh I'm broke

Dainty, grace and petite
Weren't too swift upon their feet

Chorus:

Then that morning Mrs. Carter came
Her doughnuts left us in pain

Chorus:

Then it rained were sure did shiver
Up and down the Sheepscot River

Chorus:

Back to Cozy by and by
Rains kept coming, don't ask why

Tell me why it rained all day,
Tell me why the sky's so gray;
Because Chief Rainface made it that way.
We thank you Rainface, one and all.

LOST

Skip
Shorty
The Stengles
Our Captains
The bugle
Idle swimming laps
Chain of Ponds
Cookie's tactfully
dropped hints
Junior misery
Unorganization
Rested Fourth Shackers
Clouds and rain

FOUND

Hagar
Skip
Forty horses
Four more
Johnny tolling bells
unanimous cavorts to music
Saco
The rifle range
Clout shooting
The tool shed
Fauna
Sunshine and warmth

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Elizabeth J. Bowman

C.A.H. Chamberlain

Elizabeth N. Cobb

Philip J. Cobb

Penelope W. Dalton

Jenifer W. Eklund

Catherine F. Fuller

Ann S. Greene

Caroline Godfrey

Joannie B. Hutchings

Ruth E. Jacobi

Marian R. Johnson

Elizabeth W. Langmore

Mary Jane Mott

Barbara L. Muchnic

Natalie L. Opdycke

Susan Orbeton

Mary Ann Rhodes

Eugenia M. Rogers

Carla M. Sandberg

Ever Joy Brings

Cream And Honey Character

Energy Never Ceases

Pulls Jammed Carburetor

Pep's Willing Driver

Jabbers With Ease

Coordination Forgot Fuller

And Sublime Grace

Cruises Grandly

Joins Bats Hesitatingly

Resembles Emulsified Jello

Morning Rises Joyously

Enjoys Wild Lunches

Many Joyous Moments

Bails Leaky Motorboats

Naturally Likes Oysters

Sings Offkey

Mild And Refreshing

Effective Manure Raker

Crashes Mid - Stream

Doris A. Shellberg

Ann H. Thibedeau

Catherine E. Wargo

Margaret S. Warren

Lucy H. Weiser

Shelia B. Holmes

Dianne A. McCasslin

Patricia A. Sabeau

Ruth Ann Doe

Virginia May Duran

Drawing Always Superior

After Hagaar Trails

Creates Ever Wildly

Mysteriously Sings (and) Warbles

(a) Lovely Honorable Woman

Stirs Biscuits Hastily

Does Always Magnificently

Polishes All Silverware

Running All Day

Very Marvelous Dishes

C.I.T. ANAGRAMS

Carolyn V. Apple

Canoes Vigorously Anywhere

Elizabeth A. Fuller

Every Appetite Fills

Marcia S. Greenblatt

Many Split Garments

Jane E. Master

Just Everything Marvelous

Jane Orbeton

Just Optimistic

Susan B. Rosenblum

Saves But Roughly

SECOND SHACK ANAGRAMS

Linda A. Baer

Loud At Bedtime

Chris C. Buckley

Carries Conversation Brilliantly

Winnie V. Cleveland

Walks Very Cautiously

Patty A. Corscaden

Pampered And Cuddled

Diane D. Ely

Dare - Devil Eagerness

Nancy C. Master

Never Ceases Munching

Emilie T. Runyon

Enjoys Talkative Roommates

Georgia P. Sollenberger

Gets Pretty Smart

Adrian Joan Doherty

Always Jokes Devilishly

Anne Dalrymple

Always Darling

Meg E. Taylor

Makes Exciting Things

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Ellen S. Dalton	Entrancing Skinny Devil
Elizabeth P. Hamid	Enjoys Pounding Heads
Deborah^B. Gorham	Desserts Bans Generally
Gail J. Merrill	Good Judgment (of) Meals
Nancu L. Nelson	Needs Less Nerve
Sarah J. Ratichek	Spreads Jam Readily
Jody S. Sataloff	Joke Seldom Serious
Louise D. Sayen	Lives Devouring Seconds
Rebecca J. Squire	Really Jumps (and) Swims
Julie R. Thompson	Joker (at) Runoia's Third
Candy C. Maner	Can Cook Magnificently
Ann Vomacka	Always Vivacious
Margaret J. Cook	Many Jokes Cracks

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Elizabeth B. Apple

Ends Big Attractions

Martha M. Beals

Makes Many Bargains

Laura L. Cleveland

Likes Little Curls

Deborah L. Dennis

Doesn't Laugh Deliberately

Susan P. Fifield

Sadly (faces) Pickled Frankfurts!

Barbara A. Fink

Buys Any Food!

Beth L. Hilton

Beats Laughing Hyenas

Dianna K. Sandberg

Doesn't Keep Secrets

Caroline S. Vorys

Can't Sing Verses

Maria W. Willard

(with) Music Works Wonders

Jessie C. Woeltz

Just Can't Win!

Mary Ann Zeman

Makes Anyone Zealous!

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Anne W. Bristol	Always Was Bright
Jane C. Borgerhoff	Jacks Can't Bounce
Sally Chalfant	Slyly Chewing
Wendy Erslev	Wins Easily
Hilary K. Hord	Hails Kennedy Honorably
Barbara London	Bows Lazily
Cindy B. Lund	Carries Big Log
Suzanne Ratichek	Smiles Ridiculously
Audrey W. Thompson	Always With Tarzan
Margo I. VanAllen	Many Interesting Vampire Actions
Christy C. French	Can Catch Flies
Irene R. Vernaglia	Is Radiantly Vibrant
Debby Kaplan	Delicate Kid
Anne LaBonte	Always (pushes) Long Balls

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Ellie F. Armstrong	Equestrian (of) Fame Almost
Linda A. Baker	Likes All Books
Kathy C. Bristol	Keeps Calm (and) Bright
Edith DeArmond	Eats Dietetically
Anne A. Fowles	Always Around Freely
Linda L. Gates	Lives Life Gaily
Sarah J. Guthe	Studios Jacks Girl
Elsa W. Master	Everywhere With Mary
Susan B. Squire	Surprisingly Buoyant Sometimes
Mary E. Young	Meets Elsa Yearly
Connie B. Warren	Cookie's Best White
Alice M. Williams	Always Merry (and) Willing
Geraldine Kukuc	Gently Kookie!
Joellen A. Miller	Joyous (in) All Manner
Suzanne Stohlman	Somehow (keeps) Slim

SEVENTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Pam M. Brodie	Prettily Maneuvers Boats
Christine L. Chalfant	Cheers Loudly (for) Camping
Mary Ann Cook	Muscular Athletic Camper
Honora G. Crowell	Here's (a) Good Catcher
Jano B. Fisher	Just Beautiful (in) Flight
Janet S. Gladstein	Just (a) Silly Girl
Sandra B. Griffith	Sings (for) Blues Gladly
Debbie B. Hinckley	Does Beautifully Hit
Susan F. Jacobi	Seldom Finishes Jabbering
Betsey W. King	Better Watch (this) Kid
Marie K. Lerch	Mighty Kookie Laugh
Marjorie A. London	Makes A Leader
Stephanie L. Doherty	Some (say, a) Living Doll
Holly A. Winger	Handles Any Wind

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Elizabeth Bowman	Liz	for food	for dessert	seconds	slow paddlers	Com'on, you guys.
Kit Chamberlain	Gidget	in her Uke	like a daisy	to gain weight	taking pills	What is this garbage.
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	behind her desk	frazzled	sunny weather	messy tables	Can I talk to you for a minute?
Philip Cobb	Phil	with a hammer and a flashlight	helpful	agreeable campers	people who don't fasten seat belts	You don't say?
Penelope Dalton	Penny	morning skinny dips	disheveled	to chop down trees	mice	Oh - I dropped a stitch.
Jenifer Eklund	Toosie	behind her hair	like an Amazon	to go barefoot	bad manners	I'm going to get it cut this fall.
Catherine Fuller	Cathy	in madras	lovely	to write letters	noisy campers	That'll be chucks.
Anne Greene	Greenie	looking for matches	calm	shacks to be neat	weak coffee	Gee, that's neatsy.
Caroline Godfrey	Skip	in a dusty old sailboat	discontented	to drive the truck	people who don't sit up straight	Don't forget to empty the steam iron.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Sheila Holmes	Sheila	in the jeep	happy	everyone	heat	Is that tables supposed to be set?
Joanne Hutchings	Joanie	happily	tired	fun-times	silence	Ha-ha-a-ha
Ruth Jacobi	Ruthi	for marsh-mallow fluff	curly	tripping	being neat	I'll be there in a minute.
Marian Johnson	Johnny	for her boat to win	content in her chaise-lounge during rest hour	tricky jokes	lost and found	Are there any more here who want stamps?
Elizabeth Langmore	Betsy	with the red truck	for bargains	to win dessert raffles	being hungry	Is there any more left?
Diane McCasslin	Diane	in the kitchen	busy	moonlight motor boat rides	staying in at night	Oh yes, I'd love to.
Mary Jane Mott	M.J.	behind her contacts	like a winner	people who smile	being picked on	I've had it!!!
Barbara Muchnic	Bobbi	behind her knitting needles	for mail	to put on plays	peeling sunburn	Let's go!
Natalie Opdyke	Oppie	to go swimming	healthy	Pemaquid	people with stubbed toes	Go on, get out of here!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Susan Orbeton	Susie-0	for trips	like a plumber	to axe	disorganization	Oh- lovely!
Mary Anne Rhodes	Gerbie	with a smile and a song	like sunshine	Hermit Island	rain	Oh dear!
Eugenia Rogers	Genie	at the stables	long	to water ski		Oh, that's great!
Patricia Sabaen	Pat	with her ring	charming	everyone	a dull evening	Oh no... I can't!!!
Carla Sandberg	Carla	with the caliphone	like a fish	contemporary cards	excuses	I don't know what's going on around here.
Doris Shellberg	Shelly	fixing looms	crafty	to get up early	whining campers	Now here's what you do..
Ann Thibideau	Ann	for the funfish	like Hagaar	skinny dips	fixing bridles	I want to learn how to knit.
Catherine Wargo	Cathy	with the 2nd shack	imaginative	to sketch	getting up in the morning	Oh, I didn't hear the bell.
Margaret Warren	Margy	in her mumuu	mystifying	to get a big "S"	sloppiness	Can I come too?

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Miss Lucy Weiser	Miss Weiser	for Runoia	friendly	summers at Runoia	not much	How nice to meet you.
Ruth Ann Doe	Ruth Ann	in the annex	patient	happy children	whiners	Pam, come here!
Mrs. Jackson	Mrs. Jackson	in the doll house	happy	to bake	people who track thru the kitchen	How many will be here for dinner?
Mrs. Durand	Mrs. Durand	behind the stove	motherly	people who smile	"	You'll have to save your forks for dessert.

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>
Carolyn Apple	Carolyn	in the pool	in need	her Seventeen	people who disagree	How glunky.
Elizabeth Fuller	Betsy	in the stables	like Pinocchio	her knitting	swimming laps	How spastic.
Marcia Greenblatt	Marcia	in her split pants	at her legs	clout shooting	people who borrow things	I did not!
Jane Master	Janie M.	in the pix	at the 10 year old on her dresses	the cruise	dirty hands	Anyone in pix?
Jane Orbeton	Janie O.	in bed 'til first bell	forward to certain visitors	the news-paper picture on her dresser	people who don't do things right	Janie M.!
Susan Rosenblum	Sue	in her horoscope	like a gypsy	to sing	to get sick	I wonder what my horoscope is today?

SECOND SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Linda Baer	Linda	in 2nd shack	happy	to keep warm	dust	Poor Winnie!
Chris Buckley	Chris	with crafts	like a boy	Patty	losing	Come on, Blues!
Winifred Cleveland	Germany	with her jacks	for the broom	Skip	peace and quiet	Food!
Patty Corscaden	Patty	with Dianne	for Chris	the pix	to do her room	Get the ball!
Dianne Ely	Dianne	with Nancy	for her name on the riding list	answering Lisa's letters	doing pix	I turned the wheel!
Nancy Master	Nancy	laughing	like a Master	big Ss	people who dirty her room	Bobbi, does my room look all right?
Emile Runyon	Yum	with Anne	thin	jacks	1st hall	Oh, Patty!
Georgia Sollenberger	Georgia	under tangled curls	cute	Chris	to brush her hair	Tell me a spooky story!
Adrian Joan Doherty	A.J.	energetically	cute	Cathy	not getting a blue star	Do I have to?
Ann Dalrymple	Ann	with a broom	little	Patty	little	I did it!
Meg Taylor	Meg	with Peggy	for checks	laundry day	a mess	Please do it for me.

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>
Ellen Dalton	Ellen	with Nancy	wiry	screaming at Liz	being Penny's sister	Boy, I have riding again!
Liz Hamid	Liz	in her shoe- polishy Bermudas	like a jealous boy	feeding Humphrey	broccoli	Where's Oppie?
Debbie Gorham	Debbie	in Maine	like her sister	the end of rest hour	eating desserts	My puppy is having puppies!
Gail Merrill	Gail	in New York	like a cowgirl	her baby sister	sitting down when playing jacks	Debbie - wait!
Nancy Nelson	Nancy	with a big stuffed Teddy bear	like Liz Hamid	taking morning skinny dips	rainy days when she can't skinny dip	I'll play you a game of jacks.
Sara Ratichek	Sara-ha-ha	with her sister	like her sister	washing her face	losing at jacks	Golly!
Jody Sataloff	Jody	jumping on counselors to wake them up	like lots of fun	piggy- back rides	being teased about a certain young man	Wait up, guys!
Louise Sayer	Louise	with her jacks	bewildered	food	doing 2nd hall	What does that bell mean?
Betsy Squire	Betsy	with a bed full of stuffed animals	like a monkey	her stuffed animals	doing silverware	Say goodnight to Seymore!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Julie Thompson	Julie	with Jody and Liz	like her sister	helping people	wearing glasses	I see a girl!
Candy Maner	Candy	with a southern accent	thin	baseball	to go to bed	I con't!
Ann Vomacka	Ann	to read	sunburned	to play the piano	peeling	But I didn't have time%!
Peggy Cook	Peggy	for the Whites	to get packages	Peter	people who don't ask before they use something	Hey, where is everybody?

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 her curtains	tired	yarn dolls	people on her bed	Do you want to join the tree club?
Martha Beals	Martha	to knit	sweet	to be neat	sore throats	Can I come?
Laura Cleveland	Laura	to play jacks	curly	third base	inspection	OK, foursies, do your stuff.
Deborah Dennis	Debbus	with Ann	on the riding list	Bunny, Ann and horses	people who don't get candy	When's Ann coming back?
Susan Fifield	Fifi	for Beth	like a pixie	to giggle	leaks	Where's Beth?
Barbara Fink	Barbie	for kickball	pudgy	wave lotion	no team spirit	Junior Blues have kickball practice.
Elizabeth Hilton	Beth	to laugh	cute	her hair and nature	hard Backsies	Oh dear, Holy Mother, where's Gerbie?
Diana Sandberg	Diana	with Caroline	like a movie star	Timbuck-Two	milk and crackers	Hug those balls.
Caroline Vorys	Caroline	on the tennis ladder	athletic	Diana	the whip kick	C'mon, you guys.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Maria Willard	Pilly	with Barbara Fink	like an angel	to harmonize	sour notes	We're shippin' We're shippin'
Jessie Woeltz	Jess	with Betsy	like a duck	wearing woven belts	goodie- goodies	Can Betsy and me be together?
Mary Ann Zeman	Ma	on first base	like a boy	her guitar	missing backhands	Yeah!

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>
Anne Bristol	Anne	with her jacks	content	almost everything	bed boards	Boo!
Jane Borgerhoff	Jennie	behind her hair	French	to snort	Bobbi pins	Well, gosh!
Sally Charfant	Sally	in trouble	mischievous	trail rides	party poopers	God bless you before the devil gets you
Wendy Erslev	Wendy	for Herman	cute	shoes	powder	Be quiet so they can read.
Hilary Hord	Hil	for neater days	like a lion	folk dancing	cleaning her room	Someday I'm going to murder the bugler!
Anne LaBonte	Anne	underneath red curls	like a Chameleon	books	having to keep on a diet	Say goodnight to Shorty III
Barbara London	Bobbi	in shorts	glamorous	her pillow	Boozers's nose	Oh you didn't!
Cindy Lund	Cindy	with her glasses at the end of her nose	like a model	jacks	not much	Heavens!!
Suzanne Ratichek	Suzanne	with her sister	tall	Sunday service	dense people	Have you seen my sister?

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Audrey Thompson	Aud	with Christy	for Connie	to look comfortable	Ss	Hey, Con!
Margo VanAllen	Margo	for kicks	innocent	herguitar	boys	I'll beat those Pine Island boys any day.
Christy French	Christy	with a silver bracelet around her wrist	athletic	sports	her retainer	I promise you!
Irene Vernaglia	Irene	to set her hair	like a mole	anyone with curly hair	getting up early in the morning	Isn't that wicked!
Debbie Kaplan	Debbie	happily	feminine	singing	dirt	You're kidding!

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>
Ellie Armstrong	Ellie	in jodhpurs	wholesome	her long hair	cutting off her hair	Lindy!
Linda Baker	Linda	with Ellie	intelligent	to sing	to be quiet	It is an excellent book!
Kathy Bristol	Kathy	quietly	for her sister	her blue parka	bad weather	Wait up, Ann!
Edith DeArmond	Teddy	as a happy- go-lucky	for food	to eat	being exerted	Let me entertain you!
Anne Fowles	Anne	for Penny, the horse	like a mouse	long riding hours	being with- out gum	Mary, I have 9 o'clock riding. Will you sweep the room?
Linda Gates	Ginger	for sailing with Pine Island	for straight hair	waffles	her hair when it's frizzy	Squish, there's an Indian in the shack!
Sara Jane Guthe	Sara	for playing jacks	for a jack partner	to laugh	getting up in the morning	Are you finished with the broom yet?
Elsa Master	Else	to twitch	like a Miss America	to sail	tennis	Mares eat oats!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Susan Squire	Squish	to borrow clothes	angelic	Elsa's blouses	overflows	M.J., when is the life-saving test?
Mary Young	Mares	with her ukulele	like the all American girl	music	her <u>black</u> thing	I don't believe it!
Connie Warren	Connie	for Blue-White softball	like a lizard	Jasper	an uneventful rest hour	I believe it!
Alice Williams	Allie	for Junior lifesaving	like the typical Tennessean	diving	swearing	Skip, can I go out in the funfish?
Geraldine Kucuc	Gerry	peacefully	like a chipmunk	Hannibal, her cannibal	itchy wool socks	I don't know.
Joellen Miller	Jo	in <u>hemmed</u> blue jean shorts	petite	Lynn	her summer reading list	Calm down!
Suzanne Stohman	Susy	to read her history book	Parisian	boys	looking like a witch	50 more pages read today!

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>
Pam Brodie	Pam	with Cathy	quiet	circular cards	dirt	This time I'm going to do it.
Christina Chalfant	Tine	for sailing	for wind	to read	leaving camp	Golly Gee!
Mary Ann Cook	Cookie	to shovel manure	like a natural beauty	making announc- ments at meals	her red tank suit	Oh but - das!
Honora Crowell	Noni	blindly	for her contacts	blue jean shorts	diving	A little louder and we'll dance to it!
Janet Gladstein	Janet	to wear the sweatshirt with the white hood	like a chipmunk	noise	making up statistics	Lordy Gmort!
Sandra Griffith	Sandy	to sing Blue Team cheers	different when her hair's set	to sleep	her cough medicine	Snort
Debbie Hinckley	Debbie	for milk and crackers	like a gazelle	softball	summer reading	Oh drat!
Susan Jacobi	Susi	for mail	curly	Pine Island	her Jacobi derriere	Night Mail!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Betsey King	Bitsy- Kingfish	for the rising of the South	for letters from Frank	Tinnossee	straight hair	The South shall rise again!
Jeanette Fisher	Fish	looking down on people	like an Ostrich	her red monkey	her feathers	I believe it?
Marie Lerch	Marie	with Janet and Betsey	sweet	soft-shoe dancing	her small feet	Oh no!
Marjorie London	Margie	for synchro- nized swimming	to see if she has riding	her uke	being told she talks in her sleep	But Beautimous!
Lynn Doherty	Lynn	for Cotillion and her birthday	flaming	cruising	freckles	It's <u>not</u> funny!
Holly Winger	Holly	in the same bed as last year	tan	embroidering	being tutored	Do I <u>have</u> to?





COUNSELORS



AIDES



C.I.T.S



SECOND SHACK



THIRD SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK



SEVENTH SHACK

COUNSELORS



Miss Weiser

Philip Cobb

"Phil, where are you?" they cry,
But he'll be there by and by.
At hammering nails,
At nothing he fails.
With no doubt he's a wonderful guy.



Betty Cobb

Betty is busy all day
With schedules for work and for play.
It's true she has trouble
With counselor's rubble,
But still she is smiling and gay.

Ann Greene

Greenie is called the Green Wonder.
When floating she'll never go under.
She lined up the courts
With a method of sorts.
It's hard to detect any blunder.



Marian Johnson

Oh Johnny, you're really a peach.
With laughter always in reach.
Your table's a riot;
They just can't keep quiet!
You bring happiness always to each.



Doris Shellberg

"Dear Shelly, will you fix the loom?"
Is the cry that darkens to doom.
Early she rises,
The mice she surprises.
Any task she will always assume.



Natalie Opdyke

Our Oppie lives by the lake.
The pills she makes sure you take.
At dinner she's funny,
With her you'll be chummy,
If never you make a mistake.

Betsy Langmore

Betsy's always the last one to finish,
And yet she remains sort of thinish.
She eats and she eats,
All records she beats,
But our love for this girl won't diminish.



Carla Sandberg

You'll see Carla by the water all day.
"And what's your excuse?" she will say.
Her humor is dry,
But she'll smile by and by.
She'll help without any delay.

Kit Chamberlain

From Grosse Pointe came a young girl named Gidget.
She was a mere might of a midget.
Her real name (?) oh well,
I'll never tell.
Just ask her and boy will she fidget.



Susan Orbeton

It's Susie you see flying by.
"I'm off on a trip," is her cry.
For campcraft she lives,
At lashing, a whiz.
Organization seems to be her stand-by.

M.J. Mott

If you see the red lemon you'll know
It's M.J. fast on the go.
It's tennis she teaches,
And lifesaving preaches.
At tripping she's really a pro.



Liz Bowman

Lizzie came in a lemon red car,
Which was soon to be marred by a scar.
Though her driving's erratic,
With Dave she's emphatic,
'Cause Craig gave this romance a jar.

Mary Ann Rhodes

If it's rain you are trying to find,
There'll be Gerbie, not far behind.
She cries, "Many Pains,"
Whenever it rains;
The weather's foremost in her mind.



Ann Thibodeau

Ann to the stables is mounting.
Her hours she's constantly counting.
As posting she teaches,
Her voice all but screeches.
Her accomplishments are all but astounding!

Cathy Wargo

Cathy Wargo lives in Shack Two.
She's a wonder with paints and with glue.
She teases her hair,
And for clothes has a flair.
To teach art she's eager to do.



Bobbi Muchnic

Bobbi's the musical kind.
Second Shack's all on her mind.
On the uke she does play
Through night and all day.
Some drama in all she can find.

Margy Warren

To Margy we offer a cheer.
She's a hit year after year.
On the cruise she did sail,
And trips without fail.
To our hearts she really is dear.



Caroline Godfrey

Our Caroline makes quite a skipper.
She seldom is faced with a tipper.
She'll be going to France
In a skirt - not in pants.
In canoes she's still quite a dipper.

Mrs. Jackson

Mrs. Jackson in the kitchen does dwell.
At Runoia she really is swell.
Her cooking is great;
We never are late
When she says, "Someone please ring first bell!"



Mrs. Durand

Mrs. D's in the kitchen all day.
Her cooking's the best, we all say.
In the Doll House she lives;
Many calories she gives.
After this summer much more we'll all
weigh.

Diane McCaslin

This kitchen girl travels in style
In her open top car all the while.
She wipes every table,
She really is able.
She is always right there with a smile.



Shelia Holmes

Pat Sahean

In the kitchen Shelia does work.
No job does she ever shirk.
She scrubs and she stirs,
And likes visitors.
The coffee she causes to perk.



Sandy
Cobb

Pam
Cobb

Robbie
Cobb

Ruth Ann Doe

A sitter most rare is Miss Doe.
By Pammy she's kept on the go.
With Robbie and Sandy
She's also quite handy.
At Runoia she's nobody's foe.

AIDES

Ruth Jacobi

On duty a life ring Ruth wears,
For a rescue that's how she prepares.
At tripping an ace,
Falling flat on her face.
Her ability to eat, no one dares.



Joanne Hutchings

Joanie's an aide who is rare.
The bats seem to get in her hair.
She likes horses and boats,
And people and jokes,
But for fernbanks she just doesn't care.

Penny Dalton

Our poor Penny's jeans are a mess.
Her patches they simply won't press.
She has fits when she knits;
Upon "Pep" she sits,
And causes that poor horse distress.



Genie Rogers

Our Genie she goes to the stables,
Whenever she is able.
Her clothes smell like a horse,
But we expect that, of course,
And she works on her lists for the table.

Toosie Eklund

Miss Eklund's a dramatist rare.
She knows how to give bats a scare.
She dances and sings,
And plucks the uke strings,
But please Toosie, cut off your hair!



Cathy Fuller

A typical Fuller is Cath,
Quite an uncoordinated Lass.
Her walk is unstable,
At the whip kick she's able.
Whenever we see her, we laugh.

C.I.T.S

Betsy Fuller

Betsy knits sweaters mile after mile,
But laps, well they just aren't her style.
On her uke she strums,
Along with it hums,
And life saving passed with a smile.



Carolyn Apple

It's sweat pants she wears when it's cold.
Our Carolyn's a sailor so bold.
Life saving's her style;
She smiles all the while,
But what did the second drawer hold?

Jane Master

Not a crease in the sheet will she stand.
At anything she'll lend you a hand.
The "Blackbird's" her friend.
The letters they'll send
To Jane, the girl with the tan.



Jane Orbeton

Janie O. is a cute C.I.T.
Who seems to be knitting constantly.
At camping she's tops;
At nothing she stops.
An old hand at Runoia is she.

Susan Rosenblum

From Stamford comes a C.I.T.
Whose dream is to be a gypsy.
Every day when she looks
In her horoscope book
The mumps Sue is sure she will see.



Marcia Greenblatt

Hibernating in bed 'til first bell,
She saves by the leg but quite well.
Her seams she will split;
Her Nivea's a hit.
It is our Marcia, can't you tell?

SECOND SHACK

Chris Buckley

New to Runoia is Chris.
Quite a girl is this little Miss.
She swims like a pro,
To the beach she will go.
Next summer perhaps she'll bring "Sis."



Georgia Sollenberger

As our actress Georgia's A-1.
She's a great little camper, by gum.
If you need some assistance,
She'll be here in an instant,
And her spirits they never are glum.

Patty Corscaden

We all love our Patty it's true.
She's a Runoia girl through and through.
She swims like a fish;
Aquaplaning's her dish.
There isn't much Patty can't do.



Linda Baer

From Singapore Linda does hail.
She constantly wishes to sail.
At swimming she's great;
For meals she's not late.
We hope she'll return without fail.

Winifred Cleveland

To Runoia came Winnie this year.
She greeted our camp with a cheer.
At jacks she does play
The whole live long day.
With the horses she loves to be near.



Diane Ely

In Second Shack Diane does dwell.
She really thinks camping is swell.
She always is gay
The whole live-long day.
To meals she will scamper pell-mell.

Nancy Master

A cute little pixie is Nancy.
Her laugh will tickle your fancy.
She's a "Master" it's true,

At Runoia we sure love our Nancy.



Emily Runyon

Our fair-haired young lady is Yum.
This girl's quite a camper, by gum.
A Blue through and through,
She like all Whites too.
We hope to Runoia next summer she'll come.

A.J. Doherty

An enthusiastic camper is A.J.
You can tell her deep voice any day.
With wit she overflows
Wherever she goes.
When you need her she's ne'er far away.



Anne Dalrymple

Our youngest camper is Anne.
Of Runoia she is quite a fan.
Her black curls a-bobbin'
She's gay as a Robin.
All of us think she's grand.

Meg Taylor

This summer our Meg did appear
To Runoia for another year.
With her long hair a-flyin'
She's always a-smilin'.
As a camper we hold her quite dear.

THIRD SHACK

Sara Ratichek

Our Sara's a new one this year.
To our hearts she will always be dear.
At piano she's great,
'Til next year we'll wait
To see her come back with a cheer.

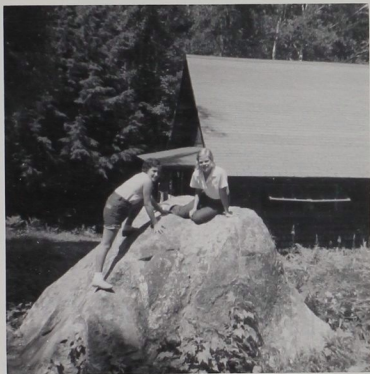


Julie Thompson

Our Julie's a pearl of a girl.
She keeps the shack in a whirl.
Her smile, it is winning;
Her jacks, she keeps spinning.
Our Julie's a pearl of a girl.

Betsy Squire

Betsy's our poet at heart.
She's good at doing her part.
Her voice, it does ring,
Soft she can't sing.
Eating lobster a reaction does start.



Gail Merrill

Gail is the blond one you see.
With Betsy she'll usually be.
She sure can swim laps;
She doesn't like naps,
And thinks nothing of climbing a tree.

Louise Sayen

Louise had a birthday at camp.
Her sparkle it never gets damp.
Energy she abounds;
Of smiles she has mounds.
Over hill and dale she does tramp.



Debbie Gorham

Debbie's the girl who weaves,
And does so with miraculous ease.
She's neat as they come;
Her job's always done.
She's the girl who always says "please".

Jody Sataloff

Jody is back this year,
But we'll have nothing to fear.
In dungarees she does dwell;
Her smile is but swell.
When help is in need she is near.



Liz Hamid

This young Miss is Lizzie
Who has Third Shack in a tizzie.
She's a joy to Runoia;
She'll do anything for ya,
And her mouth it always is busy.

Ann Vomacka

Ann came to our shack one day,
And suddenly was there to stay.
Her skin is so fair,
She peels on a dare.
Too long in the sun she did lay.



Peggy Cook

Peggy came from the shack next door.
With us she'll be evermore.
At arching she's great;
She'll never be late.
Our Peggy we all do adore.

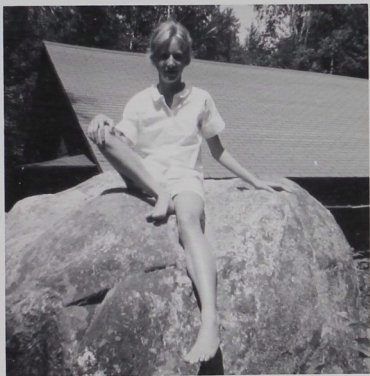
Nancy Nelson

Nancy's a girl through and through,
Despite her dungarees blue.
She's graceful at smiling;
Her way is beguiling.
She's a daughter of Runoia so true.



Ellen Dalton

Ellen is a cousin to Nancy.
At kickball she is pretty fancy.
Every morning she rises
Just full of surprises
To go skinny dipping with Nancy.



Candy Maner

In the middle of summer she came,
And Miss Candy Maner's her name.
At swimming she's tops;
At nothing she stops.
For the Blues she will win the game.

FOURTH SHACK

Beth Hilton

With a smile that's as wide as her face,
Our Beth comes from Ohio State.
She'll play jacks for hours,
Or pick wild flowers,
And kicks her way 'round every base.



Debbie Dennis

With jacks Debbie does like to play,
And she likes to feed horses their hay.
With her bathing suit blue,
She's a swimmer it's true.
In a canoe she will paddle all day.

Jessie Woeltz

Miss Woeltz comes from the Bronx, it's true,
And she is a most loyal Blue.
A song she did write,
She sang it one night,
It's about Mr. Cobb and his crew.



Betsy Apple

Miss Apple eats green ones by tons,
But she'll be sure not to leave any crumbs.
Her whip kick she passed;
She goes pretty fast,
And from any spider she runs.

Dianna Sandberg

As Junior captain of the White team,
Dianna is quite on the beam.
With blond hair so long,
Her vision's not strong,
But in her eye there's a bright gleam.



Martha Beals

Miss Beals is a really good camper.
Out of bed in the morning she scampers.
She likes to swim and ride,
And in the water does glide.
With her knitting, you'd better not tamper.

Polly Willard

From Waterville Polly does hail.
She loves to roam o'er hill and dale.
Her singing is tops;
At nothing she stops.
As for water, she's ready to sail.



Barbara Fink

As captain of Junior team Blues
Barbara runs around camp with no shoes.
On the porch she plays jacks;
At night she loves shacks.
It's tennis she really likes to do.

Susan Fifield

Miss Susie is everyone's friend,
And lots of mail she likes to send.
She's a fish in the water,
A true Runoia daughter.
On a trip, the fire she likes to tend.



Carolyn Vorys

Our Carolyn we were glad to meet.
Her tennis game is quite hard to beat.
To the White team she came
To help win the game.
We think she really is neat.

Mary Ann Zeman

On her guitar Mary Ann likes to strum.
Just ask her, she's ready to hum.
At kickball she's great,
And her swimming does rate.
To Hootnannies she likes to come.



Laura Cleveland

Our Laura is brand new this year.
When she came she brought all her gear.
She has many friends,
And her good nature lends
To Fourth Shack good fun and much cheer.

FIFTH SHACK

Anne LaBonte

Anne is our curly redhead.
She sets it each night in bed.
Her dive she did pass;
Alas and alas...
At softball she's great, it is said.



Wendy Erslev

A cute little pixie is Wendy.
The balls o'er the net she will send-y.
For her age she is small,
But still has a ball.
The fire on the trip she will tend-y.

Susan Ratichuk

Suzie came back with her sister,
But from trips she came back with a blister
She is great with canoes,
Sailboating and Blues,
And when she had gone we all missed her.

Anne Bristol

Anne was a one monther too.
She was loyal and true to the Blue.
At sailing she's great;
With us she did rate.
Hope she'll be back next summer through.



Margo VanAllen

Our Margo thinks camping's the life.
She'll make any Maine woodsman a wife.
From Iowa she comes.
On her guitar she strums,
And up the Ossipee poles without strife.

Cindy Lund

Cindy's hair always falls in her eyes.
To comb it she tries and she tries.
She sits well on a horse;
It comes naturally, of course.
In softball she catches high flies.



Audrey Thompson

Our Audrey's a South Portland girl.
Her chatter keeps us in a whirl.
At tennis she's great,
In a boat she's top rate.
The Whites' banner she'll always unfurl.

Barbara London

For Bobbi the Whites are the team.
In riding she's always on the beam.
The synchronized group
Is her dish of soup.
In Senior of the crop she's the cream.



Jenny Borgerhoff

Jenny did live with the cries
To get her hair out of her eyes.
She would make us fret
Without her barrette,
But she left in a gush of goodbyes.

Debbie Kaplan

For just one month Debbie has come
To get lots of fresh air and sun.
At singing she's great,
And at canoeing does rate.
She adds to the shack lots of fun.



Christy French

For one month our Christy did come.
For the White team in tennis she won.
At sailing she's a breeze;
Our Audrey she'll tease.
At softball 'round the bases does run.

Irene Vernaglia

Irene has an accent quite rare,
And in her eyes hangs her hair.
Her canoeing is swift,
Her paddle she'll lift,
And to the waterfront she'll tear.

Hilary Hord

Our Hilary has returned this year,
But has trouble collecting her gear.
She helps the White team
To stay on the beam.
At riding she shows little fear.



Sally Chalfant

Our Sally left us at half
To the relief of the Runoia staff.
A real red headed devil;
In fun she always will revel,
And she's never at loss for a laugh.

SIXTH SHACK

Mary Young

At night this girl never does slumber.
On the uke she will play any number.
As catcher she's great,
With all she does rate.
Runoia's sure glad that we've got her.



Elsa Master

Twitch is Elsa's new name.
This habit has brought her great fame.
She's always with Mary.
Small mice she finds scarey.
On the rapids, herself she did maim.

Susan Squire

Squish was a new girl this year.
Her tricks both her counselors do fear.
She suffered through mumps,
Never down in the dumps.
We all think that she's quite a dear.



Connie Warren

Our Connie's a really swell gal.
To all the Sixth Shack she's a pal.
At short stop she's swell,
And boy - what a yell!
Her energy's hard to corral.

Anne Fowles

Anne came back to Runoia again.
She'd been here before way back when.
She loves to ride horses;
She eats all the courses.
We'll see her next year - bye 'til then.



Allie Williams

After long and tedious waiting
As a Senior our Allie is rating.
She's got all the pep
To go with her rep,
And fun she is always creating.

Ellie Armstrong

From Princeton does our Ellie hail.
She speaks in sign language "sans" fail.
A great baseball player,
We wish she would stay here;
She wins every race she does sail.



Linda Baker

Linda swims like a fish in Great Pond.
Of Yorkshire Pudding she's fond.
She never sits still,
She'll keep trying until
Her fame has been spread far beyond.

Teddy DeArmond

For one month our Teddy did stay.
In the shack she cavorts night and day.
She's Squish's cohort,
She's such a good sport.
She enjoys all her work and her play.



Linda Gates

Our Linda's a girl who's quite rare.
For Pine Island she straightens her hair.
She squirms and she wiggles
Whenever she giggles;
For boys she really does care.

Kathy Bristol

To Runoia came a new camper.
At canoeing she never will hamper.
At tennis she'll win;
With Runoia she's in.
Much too soon did our Kathy scamper.



Sarah Guthe

Our Sarah loves sailing this year.
For the Blues she does loyally cheer.
She sails all the time
In the rain or the shine.
We think Sarah's found her career.

Gerry Kukuc

Her name is Kukuc like cucumber.
She really is quite a cute number.
In canoes she gets sick,
But at softball she's quick.
She's an angel when she's deep in slumber.



Joellen Miller

To Runoia she came at half time.
The campers all think she is fine.
She spends time with Gerry
Our lives she makes merry.
Onward and upward she'll climb.

Susan Stohlman

Sue Stohlman brought cheer to our shack.
The giggles she never does lack.
She works on the courts,
Is such a good sport.
For two months we hope she'll come back.

SEVENTH SHACK

Lynn Doherty

On the cruise Lynn was the fix-it man.
Ate Krispie squares pan after pan.
Works hard for her team.
Of food she must dream.
In the sun she gets freckles not tan.



Holly Winger

What a suntan has our dear Holly.
For one month she is here, by golly.
She swims quite well;
We think she is swell.
In Seventh Shack she really is jolly.

Noni Crowell

Noni, as co-captain, leads the Blue team.
In sports and activities she's right on the beam.
In her two-piece you'll see,
Like a zebra is she,
Doing synchronized swimming she is seen.



Mary Ann Cook

As White co-captain Mary Ann's just grand.
Excels in all sports, lake or land.
On the third cruise "Grace" went;
Down below she got sent.
To this jack-of-all-trades give a hand.

Sandy Griffith

As a leader for Blue she does swell.
She can lead them to victories quite well.
Dainty's our Sandy;
At all things she's handy.
Many tales of the cruise she can tell.

Tine Chalfant

A wonderful sailor, that's Tine.
For inspection, yes everything's clean.
Works hard at all things;
To her team, points she brings.
'Tis a pity, just one month she was seen.



Marie Lerch

Marie's talent will entertain you.
Just watch her dancing soft shoe.
She always looks neat;
This girl can't be beat.
In all sports she works hard for the Blue.

Susi Jacobi

In Seventh Shack you will find Susi.
At comments she's really a duzi.
At talking she's tops;
Her mouth never stops.
Her letters must really be newsy.



Pam Brodie

A cousin of Kathy is Pam,
And what a good camper she am.
She's as tall as a tree,
And from us did flee.
She never will get in a jam.

Betsy King

A swimmer, a diver, a Blue is Betsy.
That's the girl whose home is Tennessee.
To California she went;
To us post cards she sent.
Our shack was so quiet without ye.



Janet Gladstein

On horseback our Janet will ride,
And riflery's right in her stride.
She seems pretty quiet,
But stirs up a riot.
In Seventh lives on the right side.

Debbie Hinckley

Whenever we hear Debbie speak,
It seems to come out in a squeak.
She loves all our trips,
In rapids she flips.
For the White team a victory she'll seek.



Margy London

Our Margy will swim to keep fit.
Her fifty mile goal may be hit.
She'll lead her White team;
With Cookie she's seen.
The endeavor she never will quit.

Jano Fisher

Our Ostrich flies high in the sky.
At poling she'll never say die.
A two-piece she wears
And gets all the stares.
At diving she always will try.

Winter - 1962-63



First Shack



Dining Room Annex



Lodge



Boat House



Chattanooga - Fall 1962



Phil Cobb

PAST CAMPERS
AND
SOCIAL NOTES



Merry Christmas
Happy New Year



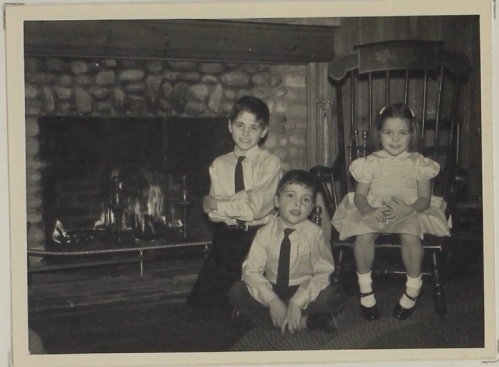
Peter Matt White

Ditto Horie

Katherine Hamilton Hobbs

AV-33





Ruth Lester Nastuk



Merry Christmas
Happy New Year



Dune & Rhoda
Farr

Would love to see you some day -

Rhoda Lester Farr



Barbara Warren Reed



Season's Greetings

*Barbie and Mal
Laura and Bill*

Daniel



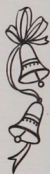


Harry Ball

Richard Ball

Cricket Janney Ball

Merry Christmas Happy New Year



TED, KATHY, MIMI
& CINDY ROOK

Catherine Anderson Rook

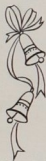


Beth Ann

Todd

Emily Atkinson Davis

Merry Christmas Happy New Year



*Perry and Bill
Robert, Lucile, Nathaniel*

Perry Flynt Phinney



Posing high on the top of Sugarloaf Mountain are Dr. and Mrs. Everett A. Orbeton of Channel Road, the Cape Shore, whose A-frame ski lodge in Carrabasset Village is home while they enjoy a ski holiday with their children, Susan, David, Peter and Jane. Firs heavily laden with snow and ice and expertly sculptured by nature are in the background. Bigelow Range can be seen in the distance. (By Staff Photographer Don Johnson)



Susan Orbeton

Girls Capture Top Honors At So. Portland High School

SOUTH PORTLAND—Susan Orbeton and Diane Rolfe have been named valedictorian and salutatorian, respectively, of the senior class at South Portland High School.

Both Miss Orbeton and Miss Rolfe have straight-A records through high school. Miss Orbeton also completed four courses beyond graduation requirement, including advanced chemistry and algebra.

Miss Orbeton, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Everett A. Orbeton, 45 Channel Road, is president of the French Club and captain of the swimming team. She is a National Merit Scholarship finalist and Science Fair winner. She has been accepted at Bryn Mawr College, where she plans to study liberal arts.

Engagement Announced



(Harry Carlson)

Miss Ann Hale Lotspeich

MR. AND MRS. EDGAR H. LOTSPEICH announce the engagement of their daughter, Ann Hale, to Mr. James Noah Johnson III, son of Mr. and Mrs. James N. Johnson.

Miss Lotspeich was graduated from Hillsdale School in 1959 and is in her senior year at Cornell University where she is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta.

Mr. Johnson was graduated from the Cincinnati Country Day School and from Dartmouth College, where he was a member of Kappa Sigma. He is doing graduate study in the Rochester Institute of Technology in Rochester, New York.

The wedding will take place in June.



May 14, 1962 (Paris)
Mrs. Robert J. Keller Cincinnati

WEARING AN heirloom veil of rose pointe lace and a gown of gros de Londres, Miss Carroll Kelly was married to Mr. Robert James Keller Saturday evening. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Carroll Kelly, and Mr. Keller a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keller. The ceremony took place at 7:30 o'clock in Immanuel Presbyterian Church with Dr. Robert J. Netting officiating.

Miss Susan Kelly, sister of the bride, was maid of honor and the attendants were Miss Joanne Keller, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Libby Gene Curtis and Mrs. Gerald Herrmann. They wore floor-length gowns of aqua silk organza. They carried bouquets of spring flowers in pastel tones with streamers of foliage.

Mr. James R. Wahl was best man and the ushers were Messrs. Joseph DeSalvo, James Ullman, Gerald Herrmann, all of this city, William E. Drobish of Groton, Conn.; John Buckles of Maumee, Ohio, and James Schubert of Kent, Ohio. William Reid Geller III was ring bearer.

The bride's cousin, Mrs. Louis Nippert was soloist, and Mrs. Karl Payne organist.

The bride's gown was designed with a sculptured bodice and a voluminous skirt. The waistline was ac-

cented with a wide cummerbund of self material. The wedding veil of rose pointe lace had been worn by the mother of the bride and other members of her family on their wedding days. Butterfly orchids, lilies of the valley and miniature rosebuds were combined in the bride's bouquet.

The Queen City Club was the scene of the reception, which immediately followed the ceremony.

Following their wedding trip to New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Keller will reside in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Keller attended Ohio Wesleyan University and was graduated from the University of Cincinnati. She is a member of Chi Omega and Kappa Delta Pi. Mr. Keller was graduated from the University of Cincinnati and is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Cincinnati Enquirer. January 1963



Holiday Guests To Leave For Home

Mrs. George C. Hutchinson (Jane Ames) and her young son, Geoffrey Cass, will be leaving Cincinnati later this week for their home in England after a holiday visit with Mrs. Hutchinson's mother, Mrs. Azel Ames Jr. in Glendale. Mr. Hutchinson, who came around Christmas Day with his family, returned last week to their residence in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne. Mrs. Ames plans to accompany her daughter

and grandson to New York City on their way back to England. Wednesday, Mrs. Hutchinson is entertaining for Miss Martha H. Nichols, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Willis Nichols Jr., whose wedding to Mr. Stephen Mansfield Brown of Lexington, Ky., son of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Brown of Whitesburg, Ky., will take place later this year.