

CAMP RUNOIA

1965

As the summer draws to a close, we can't help but think of the days and weeks that have passed. Many of us came to Runoia for the first time in June, possibly with doubts and wonder of what lay ahead. Others were returning to a place that held warm memories and unforgettable experiences.

What is it that makes old campers return, and new ones feel as though they belong here and that Runoia belongs to them? It is not just one person. It is not just one event but a blend of so many things that are molded together to mean something different to each special person who has spent a brief time here on the shores of Great Pond. The sportsmanship, the skills, the fun, and the learning have all come about because of the true meaning of Runoia.

And so, we dedicate this Log of 1965 to Harmony, because without harmony we are without Runoia, and without Runoia we could not be the people we are.

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CAMP LIST - 1965

Alston, Cynthia
Bacon, Ann
Baker, Eleanor
Baker, Linda
Bent, Susan
Bernhard, Susan
Bieber, Caroline
Broad, Louise
Buckley, Christine
Buckley, Tracey
Burrage, Ann
Canning, Susan
Cleveland, Winifred
Cobb, Sandy
Corscaden, Patricia
Crary, Margo
Dalrymple, Ann
Dalton, Ellen
Davis, Amy
Dix, Deborah
Doherty, Adrienne
Ely, Diane
Erslev, Carole
Euster, Caren
Fifield, Susan
Fink, Barbara
Freidson, Jane
Gabetti, Ann
Gerrior, Brooke
Goff, Vicki
Gorham, Deborah
Hamid, Elizabeth
Handy, Evalynne
Hester, Janet
Hilton, Elizabeth
Huber, Cintra
Kempner, Adeline
Langwiesche, Helen

Lichtenberger, Carol
Maner, Claire
Marshall, Joanne
Martin, Rinanne
Master, Nancy
McCreary, Anne
Meyer, Laurie
Miller, Barbara
Morgan, Catherine
Morgan, Cynthia
Morgan, Sheila
Myer, Georgia
Myer, Virginia
Myer, Jody
Pickman, Caroline
Rake, Jane
Reed, Laura
Rhodes, Jean
Ross, Parthenia
Sataloff, Jody
Schmidt, Harriet
Shambaugh, Jeannette
Sharpe, Catherine
Sharpe, Susan
Shoemaker, Barbara
Southard, Gail
Steele, Lorraine
Swan, Kate
Tabell, Margaret
Thomas, Jane
Thompson, Audrey
Thompson, Julie
Vernaglia, Irene
Vivian, Mary
Williamson, Susan
Willard, Polly
Yates, Susan

CAMP LIST - 1965

Counselors

Baldino, Carol
Bump, Lucile
Chamberlain, Kit
Cobb, Elizabeth
Cobb, Philip
Dalton, Penelope
Fifield, Nancy
Greene, Ann
Jacobi, Ruth
Johnson, Marian
Kay, Margaret
Orbeton, Jane
Padderatz, Edith
Rhodes, Mary Anne
Sandberg, Carla
Schrader, Sharon
Shellberg, Doris
Thompson, Ann
Warren, Margaret
Weiser, Lucy

Staff

Brown, Dawna
Dorsey, Diane
Foss, Glynnis
Hickey, Sheila
Taylor, Sally
Wilcox, Constance

Aides

Griffith, Sandra
Jaquith, Amy
King, Betsy
London, Marjorie
Vivian, Ann

C.I.T.s

Holmberg, Margaret
London, Barbara
Master, Elsa
Morgan, Anne
VanAllen, Margo
Young, Mary

* * *

Cobb, Pamela
Padderatz, Edie

Hamster, Herman Huber

LOG STAFF - 1965

1st Shack	Mary Young
2nd Shack	Laura Reed, Meg Tabell
3rd Shack	Patty Corscaden, Nancy Master
4th Shack	Diane Ely, Janet Hester, Cici Morgan
5th Shack	Caren Euster, Georgia Myer
6th Shack	Susan Fifield, Beth Hilton
7th Shack	Jody Sataloff, Irene Vernaglia
Tent	Cathy Morgan, Julie Thompson, Mary Vivian
Staff	Kit Chamberlain, Ann Vivian

Mary Anne Rhodes - faithful typist and helper

LOST AND FOUND

LOST

Margy's aching back
Drifting motorboats
Trim, slim figures
Soggy ping-pong tables

A rope and a board
Gnomies
Spare time
Shirt loops
Lobster buoys
The cruise
Bunk beds
Foreheads
Idle hours
A casual corner
Eight weeks

FOUND

The new lawn mower
Drifting dock
Boston Cream Pie
Betty's and Johnny's
 new office

The swing
Indians
Life Saving
Lobster buoys
Peach pits
The coast
The tent
Long bangs
The Johnson tree house
The counselors' room
Memories and fun

A STORY OF AN EXPEDITION

This is the story of Winnie-the-Pooh, who, as you all know, is a particular friend of all campers. One day, he picked up a Bent branch, and, since it made a Handy walking stick, he set out in the direction of the big Greene forest. When Pooh encountered the many Rhodes within the woods, he was very confused, being a bear of very little brain. He knew that the Bumpy one led to the Fifields and another to the mushy Myer of a swamp choked with a variety of Sharpe Reeds and filled with deadly breeds of snakes and Elys. The Marshall had warned him of this, so the Bashful Bear chose the Broad path leading in a Southardly direction, which was the Maner of the three avenues. Now Pooh is very brave, and you could never call him a Sissy, but he does lack a sense of direction. As he wandered on, he passed the towering Hilton hotel, a Howard Johnson's motor lodge, and a Corham silver polish factory. The Bear was very frightened as he went farther, and he wished that he had his friend Jaquith with him, but Jake was unable to Steele away from his father's sardine Canning company. Since he could not go, he gave Pooh a string of purple Poppet beads, a gold-plated Rake, and a Pollyethelene bag of super-speed Goff balls. Even with all the protection he had, Pooh was having difficulty

getting Euster the woods, and he imagined he heard the Padder of ratz. This made him very uneasy, so he began to sing a tune to make himself happy. It went like this:

One, two, Buckley my shoe,
Three, four, sing some more.
Humming a tune is really O-Kay,
In fact, I could do it the entire day!

All of a sudden, there was an opening in the woods, and Pooh spied a long Tabell. It must have been a feast left by the friendly natives when they heard of the Warren neighboring reservation. Pooh was very glad indeed. He picked up a carrot Schrader and sliced off a Chip of cornCobb wrapped in Bacon, which is an old Indian recipe. Pooh ate his Phil of this and then nibbled at a Patty of prime Young Lichtenberger. Next he devoured a King-size Tuna-flavored waffle. To top it off, Pooh consumed a marshmallow and a piece of gooey Candy and began searching for the first aid Kit because he had Fossed himself to eat too much. Our friend the bear looked at the Tabell again and there Sataloff of bread obviously made by a Master Baker, for it was plump and the Miller had used only the finest grain. The note inside the bread told him to go to the London bridge, but he did the opposite and marched in a straight Lina into a bush of Biebers which is a painful species of plant. Then this Bear of Good Intentions turned into a forCynthia shrub. Poor Pooh ran in confusion through the trees,

past the Swan-filled Brooke with the Shelley bottom, and past the Shoemaker's house. Finally, he reached a clearing with many birches, a Sandy cove, and a lake of many Hu(ber)s. There he made a home for himself and waited for a Weiser person to come and help him build a camp.

Ann Vivian

THE TRIP UP TO CAMP

We all met at Grand Central Station on Tuesday, the 29th of June. A new counselor, Peggy, was our chaperone. We boarded the train at 10:00. We were all glad to see our old friends. One of the surprises was Herman the Hamster. We read, played games, and talked. We had a box lunch, consisting of two sandwiches, an apple, two cupcakes, and milk. We all enjoyed it. Then all of a sudden we stopped. There was something on the track. We were stopped for about 15 minutes before we started to move again. We got off the train at about 3:15 and got on the bus. The bus was very pleasant, and we all had a good time singing, talking, and reading. We stopped at Howard Johnson's for supper and had the drink of our choice, meat loaf, peas, and ice cream. It was only a little time before we were at camp and having a good time.

Liz Hamid

RETURNING TO CAMP

In 1959 I came to camp for the first time in my life. Since I was here six years ago, I had been to several different camps, but Runoia called me back. Now people want to know - is it the same, or has it changed very much? Runoia has changed physically but not spiritually. Runoia has grown from about 49 in 1959 to approximately 71 this year.

When I was here last, I remember a thirteen year old camper with curly dark hair. Now, this old camper is my counselor, Ruthie Jacobi. Also, one of my shack mates is now a C.I.T.

A lot of things have changed around Runoia. We have now an addition of seventh shack and the tent. The camp has been doing a lot of decorating, for I see that the inside of some of the shacks has been done over. The Lodge has been done over so that the porch is now part of the inside.

In the form of sports, we have a few more sailboats, a new speedboat, and riflery. Some of these things were not known to Runoia in '59.

Two things at Runoia have definitely not changed: the two teams, blue and white, and the spirit. The camp will always change in appearance, but it will never change its spirit.

Susan Canning

FOURTH OF JULY - 1965

We celebrated the Fourth of July Runoia style. We were waked up by the horn blowing and crazily-dressed counselors who paraded through our shacks. We all got up and dressed in red, white, and blue and put on anything from pjs to rubber boots. After breakfast we all met in the Lodge, and before doing anything, we did a sun dance, which managed to keep the rain off until lunch. The C.I.T.s divided the camp into British and American. On the British side were the Ticonderoga Tigers, the Yorktown Yellers, and the Brandywine Bombarders. On the American side were the Valley Forge Fillies, the Lexington Leapers, and the Bunker Hill Bombers.

After the Lodge, we all raced down to the beach to see a canoe battle between the American and British C.I.T.s, which ended with everyone in the lake. Each team made up a cheer, and, one by one, each team sang, danced, or chanted its version.

The challenge games came next and started with a new version of softball played with a tennis ball and tennis racket. We then rotated to Olympic games, which were the discus, throwing paper plates; the javelin, throwing paper

airplanes; and the shot-put, throwing a baseball.

For lunch we had a special treat in the form of strawberry shortcake with an American flag on top. In the afternoon our sun dance wore off, and it rained, so we played charades, did skits and puzzles in the Lodge.

In the evening the winner was announced, which changed history, because the British won by $2\frac{1}{2}$ points. So ended one of the most exciting days of camp.

Susan Fifield

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED AT CAMP

I have learned many new things at camp this summer. I have learned how to stand up straight and hit the target in archery. I have learned how to handle and shoot a rifle, how to rig a sailboat, to paddle and steer a canoe, to waterski, and to make many different things in crafts. I have learned to score and play a beginner's game of tennis, to ride a horse, and to learn and sing many new and different songs. Aside from these many different skills that I have learned to do this summer, I have learned to live, work, and play with girls younger and older than myself as well as girls my own age.

I think we all are very grateful to everyone at camp who has helped to make this summer at Camp Runoia a wonderful one.

Cinci Alston

Sunday Service

August 15, 1965

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAMP

When I first came to camp, I was very unsettled, but after a few days, I felt completely at home for many reasons. My sister had gone to camp and had told me all about it. Everyone was nice and helpful, counselors and campers. After the first week, I felt as though I had gone to Runoia for six years instead of only one week. No one was snobby just because you were new, and everyone, juniors and seniors, is treated as an equal. The camp spirit is wonderful. It doesn't matter what team you are on, the blues or the whites, because they are both equal in spirit and campers.

The food is surprisingly delicious. On birthdays we sing funny songs at the meals, and then we have birthday suppers. At these suppers everyone donates her stuffed animals to decorate around the birthday table. Runoia also has a lot of songs about everything you can think of.

I am having a marvelous time at camp, but, unfortunately, I can only stay for the first month. Next year I hope to stay at Runoia for the whole summer.

Carole Erslev

FIRST LONG LAKE TRIP

'Twas a Wednesday morn when we awoke
And we were excited and gay;
We started out with a feather and a stroke
And paddled to the end of the bay.

Here our heavy canoes we tied,
And then with a tug and a shove,
We crossed the road to the other side
Where skies were cloudy above.

On the rocks P.B.J.s were our lunch,
Then we set off to Castle Isle
Where on candy we began to munch
And did not stop for quite awhile.

To our canoes we did go
And quickly got arranged;
We took an evening skinny dip
And afterward got changed.

Mosquitos we found biting so we sighed
Because things were buggy and hot.
We wanted to sleep in the woods outside,
But found that we could not.

In the morning we awoke quite late
And after a morning dip
Got cleaned up, and then we ate
And began the rest of our trip.

We paddled through a little stream
Which soon became a pond.
Then it was time for lunch it seemed;
We had P.B.J...of which we weren't too fond.

The time it flew until we went
Back to our campsite in a rush,
And after supper and an evening event,
We went to bed in a quiet sort of a hush.

The next morning it was time to leave,
And after the dishes were done,
We paddled off and a sigh we did heave,
But we knew we had much fun.

Jody Sataloff
Julie Thompson

SECOND TRIP TO LONG LAKE

On July 21st, ten campers and three counselors pushed their loaded-down canoes off in the direction of Long Lake for a three day trip. With the thought of getting a good suntan and having nothing much to do, we left in the best of spirits.

After an all-day paddle, which was interrupted only three times; once to carry the canoes across the Belgrade Stream; once to stop at Castle Island to call camp for Liz's pills which she forgot; and last but not least, to have lunch on an island full of engraved benches and tables; we finally reached our destination.

First we had to collect fire wood, which wasn't too difficult, since there was an abundance of it everywhere. Then we had to set up the blue tent, which was supposed to supply shelter for our merry crew.

The first and second nights were pleasant and unbuggy, both inside and outside the tent, and the three days were spent mainly paddling through swamps and marshes to a place called "the darn," which was really a dam.

The return trip was sad but full of fun and muscle building. The trip was full of excitement and deserves to be remembered.

Mary Vivian

LONG LAKE TRIP NUMBER THREE

Great Pond looked like the Atlantic Ocean on the morning chosen for the departure of the third Long Lake trip. Margy and Penny investigated the condition of Long Lake itself and found, to their surprise, that it was unusually calm. The outlook for our trip improved steadily, for a fire ban was lifted that morning.

With the prospects of cold food and no campfire gone, our crew shoved off in the late morning after the completion of a Blue-White game. It turned out to be a perfect day, and we all were hungry when we reached Long Lake because of a muscle-building portage across the road in Belgrade Village. Betsy King distributed our lunch, and, with fuller stomachs, we turned to the task of paddling down Long Lake. Unfortunately, Caroline Bieber was feeling poorly, and our counselors were trying to decide whether she should continue.

Across the calm lake went our band, being careful to stay near shore in case a storm arose. Several canoes had difficulty maneuvering around the rocks at Castle Island, but, once that obstacle was passed, we stopped at the store there and enjoyed a king-sized candy break. By coincidence, an all-day trail ride from camp was passing through at the same time. We all

chatted while Penny hid from the horses.

Our campsite was comfortable, and dry wood, abundant. Margy and Betsy demonstrated their campcraft skills by building several rain shelters. After a dinner highlighted by potato salad made by Mother Dalton, we cleaned the dishes, swam, and laughed at Cathy Morgan's funny comments. Caroline was not feeling any better, so she was paddled back to Castle Island where she was met by Johnny. The return paddle was swift because of the stillness of the lake. The moon shone full and white beyond the pines, and we were sorry that our stay would be so brief.

The next morning we packed up and then swam and jumped from a large out-cropping of rock nearby. The long paddle toward camp was pleasant, and we were able to sail for a portion of the time. After lunch on an island near Belgrade, we portaged, paddled, and arrived again at camp.

Ann Vivian

FIRST SHORE TRIP

As two camp cars left Runoia in the direction of Port Clyde, clear weather answered the campers' main wish. Once near Port Clyde, the cars stopped to fill up on food supplies for the next four days. When the trip finally reached the shore, the girls raced out to explore the cottage and the beach outside.

Inside the cottage was a small kitchen, a dining room, living room, two bedrooms, and a bathroom. The afternoon we arrived, we had lunch and sunbathed on the rocks just outside the door. That night we went to bed after a delicious dinner of shishkabob, which we cooked over a fire out on the rocks.

The next morning we got into our uniforms and once again walked to Port Clyde to meet the mail boat, which was called the "Laura B." This boat was taking us to a tourist island called Monhegan for a day of sightseeing and window shopping.

That night we had another delicious dinner of fried chicken with icebox cake for dessert. Saturday we took it easy and sunbathed on the rocks all day. For supper we dined on lobsters, which we ate on the rocks.

The next day we packed up all our belongings and sadly waited for the camp cars to come and get us. We returned that afternoon full of ice cream and candy. It was one of the most fun trips we had ever been on.

The Tent

or Cathy Morgan,
Julie Thompson
Mary Vivian

FIRST SHORE TRIP - TRIP SONG

Tune: "Hello Mother, Hello Father"

Hello girls, hello Phil, Did you take your Dramamine pill?
We saw a fat man on the boat. If he jumped in I'm sure he'd float.

We washed dishes, we cleaned house; we disposed of a little grey mouse.
Penny screamed, Penny ran. Incidentally, you fill the pix with a pan!

We all got candy, at Port Clyde. When we got back, they tanned our hides!
We found Figaro, he's a dragon. He came home in a little red wagon.

Counselors yelled, counselors screamed. Wednesday night we had Boston
Cream (pie)
Morgan woke up at the crack of dawn, mended the crack and went back
to bed with a yawn.

We met Lee W. Court. He did painting of some sort. We went sun bathing
On the rocks, in our bras and our socks. (and pants too - that makes 3!)

Debby stole a fisherman's buoy, but she said, "Oh phooey."
Morgan cracked stupid jokes. After a while we did croak.

Debbie found a piece of candy. She didn't eat it, that was handy.
We heard and saw a peeping Tom. We were scared but not for long.

Soon the counselors came a-running. They said that they were just
a-funning.
Now we're back at old camp life, so we'll leave you for tonight!

THE SECOND SHORE TRIP

On a muggy Sunday afternoon, nine campers plus Ruthie and Peggy set out for the one and a half hour trip to Port Clyde. On the way down, the chatter was mostly about the previously-played softball game and the fun and excitement waiting for us at the small cottage.

We pulled in at about 5:30 p.m. and found the cottage very nice. We unloaded our laundry bags, food, etc. and settled down. We explored the rocks and gradually got ready for a delicious supper of shishkabobs and watermelon. Then we cleaned up, talked for awhile, and hit the sack.

The next day we woke up to a foggy, rainy day. Jody, Bobbi, and Plooy, along with Peggy, went to the lighthouse to leave the garbage, and then we went into town. In Port Clyde we got more supplies and asked if visitors were allowed to go through the "internationally famous" Port Clyde Sardinery. We found a pleasant(?) odor to greet us and found the rest of the factory very interesting. When we came out again, we felt highly enriched.

We then went back to the cottage where we had clams and crabs and lobsters for dinner. Those who weren't the fishy

type had steak. Then we once more cleaned up and went to bed.

The next day was foggy, but we got into our uniforms and after breakfast went to Port Clyde where we embarked to Monhegan Island via a small lobster boat. We sang all the way, and, when we got there, which was about 11:45 a.m., the day looked considerably better. We went in loads of little shops and had lunch by a polluted lake. Then we went to visit some artists in their studios to see their work. It was very interesting. Soon we went to some more shops, and almost everyone bought life-sized lobster buoys as well as small ones. On the boat home, we tried making up a trip song with some success. When we got back, three of us took a long walk on the rocks and came back to a wonderful supper of chicken, left-over beef, and peas. Then Brooke, Sue, Polly, and Ann took a very frightening walk in the dark to the lighthouse where they deposited the garbage. We then went to bed after they returned.

The next morning was beautiful and sunny, and we decided to have breakfast and sadly packed our things. After this was done, we donned our bathing suits and went out on the rocks where we sun bathed until the third trip girls came. We greeted them loudly, ate lunch, and sang them our finished trip song. Then we got into our uniforms and began the drive home after a wonderful time.

Polly Willard

SECOND SHORE TRIP - TRIP SONG

sung to many and various tunes

Tune: "Oh the Fox Went Out..."

Oh the trip went out on a Sunday night
Prayed that we'd get there all right
Many a mile to go that night
Before we reached Port Clyde-O,
Clyde-O, Clyde-O, Clyde-O,
Many a mile to go that night
Before we reached Port Clyde-O.

Tune: "In a Cabin in a Wood..."

On a coat hanger over a fire
Of holding shishkabobs we did tire,
But we ate and ate and ate
Until it got quite late

"Help me, help me," Peggy said,
"Get these children into bed."
But the kids said, "No, no, no.
We've got more to go."

Tune: "The Lord Said to Noah..."

It rained and rained, it rained all day, all day,
It rained and rained, it rained all day, all day,
But we didn't care if it rained all week
'Cause we had lots to eat.

Chant:

With an S and an A, and an A and an R, and an R and a D,
and an INE

The S.A.R.D.I.N.E. factory...

We went through it...

And it did smell...

-2-

Tune: "The Poor Old Slave"

The poor old ladies work so hard
They work all day and night
They cut off the heads and they cut off their fingers
And pack them in so tight.

So next time you eat
A can of sardines
You'll have to stop and think
Of these poor ladies, old and mean,
Are they woman or machine?

Tune: "My Tall Silk Hat"

One night we had some crabs and clams and lobsters
We got quite fat, we got quite fat.
One night we had some crabs and clams and lobsters
We got quite fat, we got quite fat.

Betty, Phil, and Johnny, now what do you think of that?
Crabs, clams, and lobsters until we got quite fat.
We ate like that, we got quite fat,
We ate like that and got quite fat -
Betty, Phil, and Johnny, now what do you think of that? Hey!

Tune: "Today While the Blossoms Still Cling to the Vine..."

Tuesday was the boat trip to Monhegan Isle
It rained in the morning
We ate all the while.
But then the afternoon changed into sun
With our lobster buoys we sure had lots of fun.

We picnicked beside a polluted lake
The ducks Vernaglia found quite hard to take.
She wanted to kill them "quite by mistake,"
But we wouldn't let her our white wing-ed friends forsake.

Ruth was obnoxious
She made us quite nauseous
She kept cracking funnies
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Tune: "Mama's Little Baby Loves Shortnin' Bread"

Our little Vicki loves food, food,
Our little Vicki loves food galore.
Our little Vicki wants lots and lots,
And our little Vicki wants lots more.

Tune: "Sailing, Sailing"

Bailing, bailing, into our funny pix
This is one thing we'd definitely like to fix!

Norman, where are you?

Tune: "The Persian Kitten"

The sun came out on Wednesday morn
But we had to leave, so we were forlorn.
We want to come back again next year,
So let's give that place a rousing cheer.

Bobo-ski-waten-daten etc.
Port Clyde, Port Clyde, wadence!!!!

THIRD SHORE TRIP

With eagerness the third shore trip left for Port Clyde. We met the other trip and had a nice lunch on the porch. After the trip left, we enjoyed the sun for the rest of the afternoon. That night we had some of Peggy's delicious fried chicken, peas, and potatoes, and for dessert there was scrumptious icebox cake. We topped off the evening with popcorn and juice.

Early the next morning we arose with excitement because we were going to Monhegan Island. At ten o'clock the trippers boarded the "Laura B.," the mailboat. The ocean was calm, so the trip went fast.

Our lunch spot was located near some rocks. Soon after our meal of sandwiches, we were off to see the artists, and all their drawings were different and unusual.

After we arrived home from the boat trip, we all enjoyed a lovely Chinese dinner. Each girl had to get her own chopsticks. The meal was Chicken Chow Mein, rice, and noodles. For evening program we each tried our skill at Chinese leg wrestling. A good time was had by all.

We arose later the next morning because there was nothing to do. All morning and part of the afternoon we sat on the rocks and soaked up the sun. Toward the end of the afternoon,

we went to the sardine factory. At the factory the workers were gone, but we were able to go in. A man in the cellar said we could take a free sample of sardines. We thanked him and said goodbye.

The next morning we woke up quite early because we had to leave. As we left, we all said, "Goodbye, Port Clyde. See you next year."

Missy Burrage

THIRD SHORE TRIP - TRIP SONG

Tune: "Beverly Hillbillies"

The Runoia Seniors needed a rest,
So Betty and Phil decided it would be best
To pack them up and send them to the shore
Where they could eat and sleep and eat a little more.
(Candy, that is)

Tune: "Mexican Hat Dance"

We're lost, we're lost, we're really lost.
Candy, where are you? We're lost...
Freida, where are you? We're lost...
Missy, where are you? We're lost...
Gail, where are you? We're lost....
Ann, where are you? We're lost...
Here I is!

Tune: "Sailing, Sailing"

Sailing, sailing, in the mail boat.
Climbed Monhegan like a mountain goat.

Tune: "Noah's Ark"

We saw Kallum call him awful, awful, (repeat)
We saw Fuller full of color, color...
We saw Cavis - if we understand him, save us...
It's lost, it's lost, it's really lost -
First Aid Kit, where are you?

Bong! Confucious say; He who eats with chopsticks
eats less and gets dirty vest!

Tune: "We're Off to See the Wizard"

We're off to see the sardines, the wonderful sardines of Clyde.
We hear they are the stinkiest fish, if ever a stinky fish
there was,
If ever a stinky fish there was, the sardines of Clyde are it,
Because, because, because, because, because, because...

Tune: "Harmony Land"

Just breathe that air, say isn't it grand! (cough, cough)

Tune: "Adams Family"

The place was empty there; Gnomies under the stair,
They gave our Ann a scare; Her scream pierced the air.

Tune: "Beverly Hillbillies"

And now it's time to say goodbye to Herb and his sardines,
To sea monsters and all the crazy artists we have seen,
To Xerxes and Prince Charming, and all of Candy's friends,
And then the tide comes in, and the third trip ends!

FIRST UNCHARTED TRIP TO FAIRY RING

The day was hot and sticky, and an occasional breeze felt good. This was the day that ten Juniors went to the Enchanted Forest. The counselors were Gidget, Ruthie, and Ann Vivian.

We all got settled and went to gather wood. While we were out in the forest, we found a chip of wood that said if it burned, it meant danger, so we decided to burn it just before we broke camp. When we got back to camp, we all went and took a dip. Then we had a good supper of Toad-in-the-Hole and Rice Krispy squares. After supper we took a walk to Echo Cove. As the dusk began to fall over the sky, we got back, took a dip, and sang while chewing our Doughboys. Then we retired into our sleeping bags.

When we woke up the next morning, we had Maypo, grape-fruit juice, French toast, and cocoa. We were all very full. When we were all ready to go, we burned our danger message, and it didn't smoke, so we trooped back after a fun trip.

Diane Ely

OUR TRIP TO FAIRY RING

As you all know, a trip to Fairy Ring is a lot of fun. I think that everybody that goes on this trip likes it very much. You can cook out and have some-mores. At night you see the fairies dancing around the fire. The fairies sing songs to make us go to sleep. But when we wake, the fairies are gone. When we go to sleep, they come back again.

Laura Reed

THE JUNIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

We started off for Pemaquid on a bright, sunny day in July. When we got to our first destination, which was called Gilbert's Wharf, we ate lunch, and most of us had lobster. After we finished lunch, we all bought souvenir gifts in a shop at Gilbert's.

Afterwards, we headed for Pemaquid Beach, which was only a few minutes from Gilbert's Wharf. There we went swimming in the ocean, sunbathed, and built sand castles. We stayed there several hours and then went to Pemaquid Point. When we got there, we stayed for supper and played on the rocks. A few of us went on a very high rock and got some of the salty spray from a big wave. After we played on the rocks, we ate dinner. A lot of girls fed potato chips to the sea gulls. Some of them even gave the birds their sandwiches. About half an hour after we finished supper, we started back for camp. On the way home we stopped at an Ice Cream Shop owned by Patty Corscaden's grandparents. There, we each had an ice cream cone. When we got back to camp, we all went to bed, because we were tired from a day full of fun.

Jean Rhodes

THE FIRST HERMIT ISLAND TRIP

The first Hermit Island trip left on the ninth of August, a Monday. It was cloudy and cold for three days, raining off and on. We arrived just before lunch, and we ate and went to the beach for some swimming and games for about two hours. We went back to the campsite to prepare for supper. After doing the dishes and eating some-mores, we went to bed.

The next day was very rainy and foggy. When we woke up, it was raining, so we waited a little while for breakfast. We cleaned up after breakfast and went to the beach for a day of fun. We found that the waves were fine for riding in and diving through.

After we had all been swimming, the counselors and campers decided that they were hungry, so they ate a filling lunch of sandwiches, punch, and Rice Krispy squares. We had a short rest hour, and then we went back to our castles and swimming.

Later, some people went up to get dressed and some people didn't, but people began disappearing in the tents, so after a short time the beach was deserted. Then we got ready to cook the lobster, and it started to rain, so everybody piled in the

tent and waited for about fifteen minutes. It stopped, so we enjoyed our lobster.

The next morning we rushed around to be ready for the second trip. We were ready at 11:30. We left Hermit Island with a sort of sad heart. All of us wanted to stay. We left, and the truck was filled to the brim with people. We rode for about half an hour. We stopped at Popham Fort, ate our lunch, explored it, and left for camp. We had a very good time, and we can't wait until next year to go again.

Amy Davis

SECOND TRIP TO HERMIT ISLAND

We started out on Wednesday, August 11th. We had four counselors with us. They were Ann, Gidget, Carol, and Gerbie. The sky was clouded, and there wasn't any sun. We arrived at Hermit around noontime. We had sandwiches for lunch. After lunch we went to our assigned tent. We spent about half an hour finding places to sleep, unrolling our sleeping bags, and fixing our clothes. Then we went to the beach for a quick dip. We had dinner, and then we spent the rest of the evening playing games. Then we had some-mores.

The next day we spent the day at the beach, sun bathing, playing on the rocks, swimming, and hypnotizing each other. The day that had begun foggy had turned out beautifully. That night we spent making up our trip song. The music was from "Love Potion #9." That night everyone was expecting the next day to go wrong because it was Friday, the thirteenth. But it turned out all right to make a lovely second trip to Hermit Island.

Ginny Myer

SECOND HERMIT ISLAND TRIP SONG

Tune: "Love Potion #9"

We went to Hermit Isle with smiling eyes
And when we got there we were hypnotized.
If you don't mind Betsy, you'll be doin' all right
She comes around with Freddie
With a big appetite.

Then one day the car got stuck in the sand
Some men came along and they gave us a hand.
They pulled and they pushed,
And they tugged and they yanked,
And when the car rolled out
They bobo'd them a thanks.

The next morning when the fog rolled in
We thought that it might be a cloudy swim,
But then at the moment that the tide rolled out
The sun turned around... and we all began to shout.

Of Hermit Isle we will always think
With faces tanned and noses pink.
Lobster, Doughboys, and French toast
Hermit Island... you really are the most!

AROUND THE LAKE TRIP

I arose in the morning to the crisp sound of the birds singing, feeling very excited because one of the first big junior overnights was to start off right after breakfast. I was going along with a great group of fourth and fifth shackers. It turned out that it was much too rough, so we couldn't go that morning. We were all very sorry but decided it would be better to wait until it calmed down. It turned out that we had to go after supper! A most unusual time, it was nearing dusk. We decided that the trip just wouldn't be right without Gidget, so we pleaded hard, and she got to come. We loaded four canoes and started off. We all sang on the way to Crooked Island. When we all reached our destination, we set up camp, and then when all the work was done, we took skinny dips and then had some-mores. We all had a good night's sleep.

In the morning we awoke and had breakfast of an omelet, and while we were eating, Phil came and took movies. Finally, we started off to go around the lake and ended up in North Bay. All the counselors brought their air mattresses so we could float on them. After a short rest in the canoes, we took another short dip, during which we heard the same airplane fly and buzz in our ears. We paddled back and had a

delicious dinner of fried chicken, peas, and baked potatoes. After skinny dips, we had Doughboys, and everyone was up late worrying about spiders in the tent.

The next morning we awoke and had a breakfast of French toast and bacon. After that we quickly cleaned up and loaded the canoes and headed straight for Horse Point. After a good swim, we paddled over to Oak Island and quickly demolished 40 hotdogs, a whole jar of carrot and celery sticks, two boxes of cookies, and so on. Feeling very sad that we would have to leave, we all piled into the canoes and headed back to camp.

Ellie Baker

AROUND THE LAKE TRIP SONG

Tune: "Zippidy-Do-Da"

We set off on a windy night
Moon and one star shining bright
Clair du Lune and her dear son tick
Guided us through thin and thick.

We rose early in the morning
It's the truth, it's actual
Everything was satisfactory.

We started out to paddle all day
We ended up in sandy North Bay
We floated around in water so clear
Millions of airplanes we did hear.

They were buzzing all around us
To our left... our right,
Giving us an awful fright.

For the rest of the day we floated around
With dogs and boys and old ladies around
Grand Central Station it turned out to be
This Wilderness life just isn't for me.

SUNNY ALL DAY SAIL

One sunny afternoon, a group of Runoia sailors set off for an all day sail to nearby Crooked Island. The sailing was smooth, and the girls spent the ride talking and tanning in the sun. Once we got to Crooked Island, we secured the boats and then went for a swim on a really nice sandy beach. The rest of the afternoon was spent collecting wood for a fire. As soon as the fire was blazing warmly, the hamburgers were put on, and the lemonade was poured.

After dinner, we packed the remains of the meal and equipment and started sailing home. On the way back, the counselors took some of the kids water skiing from their sailboats. We didn't really ski behind the sailboats; we skied behind the Blue Motor Boat. We docked later that evening after a wonderful sail.

Cathy Morgan

THE SUPPER EXCURSION TO HORSE POINT

To add excitement to the middle of our second week at camp, Betty divided the camp into several groups and sent them out for dinner. The third and fifth shackers were piled into the two war canoes and one aluminum canoe and guided out of the cove by Gidget, Carol, Carla, Margie, Ann, and Betsy toward Horse Point.

A brisk wind faced the paddlers, and the trip past Oak was challanging. The single canoe floundered in the waves with Georgia Myer and Lynni Handy in control(?) The plan of beaching the canoes in a protected cove failed, and the paddlers had to wade the bulky canoes along the shore to the picnic spot. Carla decided that we should work up an appetite before devouring our meal, so we were off! The group rambled along the shore through a pine forest and among the buildings of a deserted boys' camp. At the end of our walk, we were greeted by a friendly dog and a hungry grumble from our stomachs, so we hurried back to our sandwiches, sodas, and celery sticks. A lot fuller and a bit tired, we scrambled into our canoes. We had time to stop for a visit with the second senior group camping on Oak Island before we headed across the now calm lake toward Runoia.

Ann Vivian

THE MAD HATTER TEA PARTY

The counselors were surprised to see a flock of characters arrive for evening activity. These campers, dressed as different characters from books, wore a colorful variety of costumes. Among them were girls dressed up as titles of books such as The Log, Mary Poppins, Cheaper by the Dozen, Little Red Riding Hood, Tom Sawyer, Julius Caesar, and Pippy Longstocking. After an exhibition of all the costumes, prizes were awarded to Little Orphan Annie, The Log, Cheaper by the Dozen, Felix the Cat, and other such titles for their originality.

After the confusion and excitement from announcing the winners was over, the campers were divided into six groups to play Hysterical History. Each group was given an event in history to enact and change so that it would become quite funny. One group did the First Thanksgiving but changed it somewhat so that Little Red Riding Hood was captured by the Indians, and the white men donated food to the Indians once she was released. Another group did Washington crossing the Delaware, but to our dismay, we found that Washington's boat sank, and Pine Island saved the girls, (later they saved Washington and his men) and they treated everyone to ice cream at Rummel's. The other groups changed and

made equally funny skits of the discovery of the North Pole, the Boston Tea Party, the discovery of America, and the first man on the moon.

Cookies and punch were the finale of a perfect evening and night to remember.

Sue Yates

A VERY MERRY UN-BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

When the bell rang for evening activity, we went to the kickball field. There we found paper birthday hats and many decorations and games. We had received invitations at lunch, so we knew that this was our un-birthday party.

We were put into six different groups and sent to the games. There were five games. The games were a fortune teller, a sponge throw at campers who had their birthdays at camp, a tennis ball game, pin-the-tail on the camper, and a musical chair game.

After each group had played each game, we got in a circle and gave each other presents. They were made out of materials from nature. Some of the presents were sailboats, pins, dolls, and necklaces. It was great fun to do this. We had refreshments after we gave the presents to each other. We each had punch and a cupcake with one candle on it.

Now the end of our Merry Un-birthday Party had come.

Susie Bernhard

THOUGHTFULNESS

Thoughtfulness is thinking of other people besides yourself. It is something all of us can have, but people seldom use, or others don't use it in the right ways. They think, "Now, what can I do for myself?" Instead, you should get up and look or ask if there is something you can do for somebody else.

People usually find that being thoughtful is a very nice, kind thing. You mostly find it in your heart where you find love. Those two things have a lot in common. Love is the root of a tree, and thoughtfulness is one of the strongest branches. When you reach the top of the tree and use all the branches in the correct way, I think you will find that thoughtfulness is a good sturdy branch to rely on.

Diane Ely

Sunday Service

A WALK IN A STORM

As I walked along the beach with my friend, Carol, I heard the cool, wet sand softly crunching under my bare feet and breathed deeply the tangy salt air. As I gazed around me, I suddenly realized the beach looked strikingly different, but, of course, this was a very unusual walk. We were out in the eye of a hurricane, and as I walked, I felt a thrill. Even though our houses were less than a hundred yards from the beach, we had been the only ones brave enough to go out. We had been a little scared, but the temptation of going out alone into the eye of a hurricane was just too much for us.

When I looked up at the sun, I was amazed. There were no mountainous gray storm clouds as I had expected, but a cloudless, deep blue sky and a bright, yellow sun giving light and warmth to the world around us, at least what was left of the world.

A big old brown house on the corner, overlooking the ocean, which everyone thought strongest and most likely to withstand a hurricane without too much damage, looked like a popped balloon. The walls and roof had caved in, and broken boards and flat wooden shingles were scattered everywhere. We would have liked to explore the ruins, but it was much too dangerous; besides,

we had more exploring to do and not much time in which to do it.

As I started out onto the ocean, I was terrified. It was a haunting reminder of the storm that had just passed. There was a steady boom that sounded like thunder, and the surface of the water was swollen beyond its usual height. The waves would swell up into great mountains of water, ten to fifty feet high. Then, with a deafening roar, they crashed down on the sand. Even though we were at the other end of the beach, we could feel the sting of the salt spray in our faces and moved farther away from the churning water.

When I looked toward the giant white sand dunes, I was amazed. Although all of our flowers had been uprooted and strewn everywhere, the tall green sea grass, a little bent by the wind, remained as firmly rooted as ever. It seemed to me, as they waved, hundreds of tiny banners in the wind, that they were telling the world, "I can stand up to anything, even a hurricane."

Suddenly, I felt wild and free like the ocean. I wanted to run; I didn't care where. With a loud whoop, I started off, Carol following close behind. Hair streaming and sand flying behind us, we leapt like deer, or so we thought, over rocks and jetties until, exhausted, we flopped down on the sand, now warm and dry.

I rolled over on my back and looked up. There were gulls

screeching and, thinking that the storm was over, going back to their business of looking for good fish, diving, dipping, gliding, soaring white specks against the azure sky. Suddenly, I noticed that the sky was getting dark, a chill breeze was blowing up from the sea, and I knew what it meant. I called to Carol, "Storm's coming!" With screeches and screams of mock terror, we ran home.

Hours later, the electricity went off. As I sat by the glowing fire, I heard the wind howling and the rain beating against the sides of the house. I knew that a day like this would never come again. I shivered at the thought of being out on a night like this, and I was thankful for where I was, safe from the merciless winds and the lashing rain, in front of the dancing fire.

Caren Euster

EIGHT WEEKS IN A TENT

or How I Learned to Love Canvas
and Stop Worrying About the Bugs

First bell. Silence. Second bell. Everyone's up. One by one we troop to the pix after tripping over the flaps.

Hand reaches for brush. Whoosh, whoosh. Mother is up combing her curly locks. We all know what's next in the morning routine. Spray - spray. On goes Mother's Right Guard.

"Who's next?" she asks.

"How 'bout Mr. P.?" we all reply.

We are just getting up and dressed when Tenter #1 says,
"Is that first bell I hear?"

"No, of course not!" (We all know it was.)

After ten minutes, the four girls troop up to the flagpole and to their amazement find no one there but the flag up. Five minutes later while the girls are still wondering how the flag got up, Tenter #3 says, "Maybe they've all gone to breakfast!" Next comes small conference. The verdict is: Maybe they have.

After breakfast, the girls come out fat and full and then go to tent. Suddenly, Tenter #2 says, "Where's Pen the Klootch?" (more commonly know as Mother.) We then go to Klootch's room and get Mother.

On the way down to the Happy Canvas Teepee, we hear a plane and look up to see our Fearless Father sailing up through the clouds high above us.

Once down at the Teepee, we wade through the mess to our beds and take a quick snooze as a cure for our mid-morning sinking spells ('cause of lack of Welch's.)

Ding, ding, ding goes the bell for assembly. In the middle of the Bible reading, Johnny says, "What's that noise, and by the way, where's the Tent?"

Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz comes the noise, closer and closer. Johnny and Betty stand terrified in the corner. Suddenly, there is a huge crash. CRASH! The Tent has just made a crash-landing on Mr. P. Then we take off our goggles and stay for the rest of assembly.

After assembly, Tenter #1 goes to archery where she has improved her score to 2 for six rounds.

Tenter #3 just went to sailing where she passed her solo rigging in two hours 59.999 seconds, also putting up the sail upside down.

Tenter #2 comes back from tennis beaming, saying she was ahead in her match 2 - 1 when the teacher discovered she was holding her racket backwards.

You must agree that we are a progressive group!

There is one thing that the Tent never forgets and that

is meals - especially lunch!

After Kloutch's Cocoa, we are marched down to the supported piece of canvas where we spend rest hour trying to be good. Pen the Kloutch is on her knees begging us to behave and promising us anything. But she just doesn't know how hard we're trying!

The rest of the afternoon is spent improving ourselves in the usual way until free swim. Since it is the 33 1/3 day of the month, it is Mr. P's bathtime. We get into our suits and jump on Mr. P's back and fly down to the waterfront. After making a "splash landing" in the Soapy Bloapy Area, we take out the soap and give Mr. P a thorough washing.

Later that night after supper and evening activity, we go to "crackers and milk" where we spend an hour feasting and breaking the "World's Snack Records" by devouring nine boxes of Graham Crackers and running the cow dry. Pen the Kloutch then comes and marches us off to bed where we read our favorite book, The Biography of Mad's Second Cousin's Wife's Godchild's Best Friend's Dog until taps. After taps we cough and snort for at least an hour before we finally go to sleep to wake up to another normal, regular, routine day in the Tent.

TENT SONG

Consider us outcast,
Consider us different,
Consider us -

In a tent, in the woods,
Three little girls by the flaps stood,
Saw a prowler crawling by,
Rustling in the leaves.

Help us, help us, the three girls said,
Or we'll get hit on the head;
Hold hands tight and up we'll run
To the counselor's room
Crash! Boom! Bang! (ouch)

SEVENTH SHACK SONG

YOU'LL WANT TO COME BACK

Tune: "Four Strong Winds"

You'll want to come back here,
as each successive year goes on past,
and your friendships last and last,
You'll come back to campfire's light,
to songs we sing at night,
And to the joys and laughter we have shared at Runoia.

You'll want to come back
to our colors, white and blue,
teamwork, spirit, which are all a part of you;
The fragrance of the trees,
the lake and summer's breeze,
All will bring us back to the shores of Camp Runoia.

SIXTH SHACK SONG

Camp Runoia, hats off to thee
To our colors true we will ever be
Strong and firm and united are we
With an R-U-N-O-I-A
Runoia we sing to thee.

FIFTH SHACK SONG

Tune: "Do - Re - Mi"

Do - Our dear Camp Runoia
Re - Hooray for all our fun
Mi - The one who's singing these notes
Fa - Because I like the song
Sol - I really want to say
La - I mean I want to sing
Ti - The song that really swings

The song of our great Camp Runoia

Camp Runoia songs are great
But this one really takes the cake!

FOURTH SHACK SONG

Happy days are here again
Give Runoia cheer again
By the bright blue waters of Belgrade.

Memories and friendship true
We'll be loyal White and Blue
By the bright blue waters of Belgrade.

Summer days have quickly gone
To Runoia here's our song
By the bright blue waters of Belgrade.

A PASSING WIND

Where has summer gone?
It was here a moment ago
when time was long
and days were new
and when I turned my back,
away it went!
Did the wind take it
or did the sparrows carry summer
south with them?
Where has summer gone?
And you and I were together for
a time.
Yet like an emptied cup
something remains.
You cannot drain it all
away.
Some subtle flavor
around the rim,
a faint fragrance of
coffee,
a lingering warmth
to tell of times when
the cup was full.
Yes, something of summer
remains to tell me it
was real.
There are songs and
there are singers,
places and moments
that bring me back what was
so quick
to go.
Where has summer gone?
I cannot know
but love and friends remain
and that is enough.

THE WIND

Where is the wind?
It is gone, it is coming;
It howls over rooftops
It whispers through trees
Very swift, sometimes brutal
Remarkably cunning
In Autumn it's playful
And scatters the leaves.

It paints many pictures
It plays many tunes
Some are gay, some are wild,
Some are sweet lullabies.
The pictures? Enchanting, when calm,
Then soon, they are strange
They are eerie like a vampire's cry.
It is wild and it's free and cannot be tamed.

Many songs, many stories
Have been told by the wind.
It's been many places and has even been named;
Every place, every country belongs to the wind.

It is calm as it filters through grass in the meadow
So quiet and serene, a symbol of peace.
Sometimes careless and rough
Like the games of playfellows
Sometimes sweet and harmonious
Like the hum of the sea.

But sometimes it is fierce like a strong hurricane
With winds that destroy everything in its path
It acts like a man who has gone quite insane
Everything in the world blows down wrath.

Where is the wind? It is gone, it is coming.
It sways the tall treetops and rumples the sea
It's quick as the lightning
Or a horse swiftly running
It's calm like the sun
Setting over the trees.

Caren Euster

Sunday Service

RUNOIA'S FAVORITE THINGS

Sunlight on sailboats
And good apple crisp
Moonlight canoeing
A wind that is brisk
Brown paper packages
Coming from home
Letters and Candy Line
And Crazy Foam

Birthdays and cookouts
Silver and dishes
Chipmunks, a hamster
And warm good-night wishes
Taps sounding softly
A dip in the lake
These are the good times
We cannot forsake.

When the rain pours
And the wind blows
When you stub your toe.
Just simply remember
These wonderful things
And all of your troubles go.

Long Lake and Hermit
And our Fairy Ring
Pemaquid, Port Clyde
Happiness bring
Gathered around
A fire so bright
We sing in the moonlight
With stars shining bright

Riding the trail
And weaving on looms
Not getting "S's"
And learning new tunes
Shooting bright arrows
Up into the sky
These are the things that make
Summers fly by

Come December
We'll remember
All our friends and fun
The White and Blue
The memories true
To Runoia again, we'll come.

Kit Chamberlain
Ann Vivian

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Carol Baldino	Constantly Beams
Lucile Bump	Loves Baths
C. A. H. Chamberlain	Catastrophe and Hysterically Crashes
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Energetic Neat Coordinator
Philip J. Cobb	Plumber's Joyful Company
Penelope W. Dalton	Panics With Downpours
Nancy H. Fifield	Never Has Frowns
Ann S. Greene	Attempts Singing Grandly
Ruth E. Jacobi	Ruins Every Joke
Marian R. Johnson	Most Rousinglly Jests
Margaret N. Kay	Makes Neat Kabobs
Jane Orbeton	Jokey Overtures
Edith Padderatz	Effervescent Pillgiver
Mary Anne Rhodes	Moody At Rising
Carla M. Sandberg	Coordinates Many Skis
Doris S. Shellberg	Does Smilingly Share
Sharon L. Shrader	Seldom Leads Songs
Ann Thompson	Awkward Toes
Margaret S. Warren	Marvelously Slim Waist
Lucy H. Weiser	Likes Happy Walks

AIDE ANAGRAMS

Sandra B. Griffith	Snores (a) Bit Gruffily
Amy Carol Jaquith	Apples Chews Joyfully
Betsy W. King	Better Watch Kalories
Marjorie A. London	Manages Awkward Lenses
Ann W. Vivian	At Weaving (has) Vim

C.I.T. ANAGRAMS

Margaret D. Holmberg	Modeling Dresses Happily
Barbara London	Blissfully Lapping
Elsa W. Master	Ever Wistfully Mumbling
Anne U. Morgan	An Unusual Member
Margo I. VanAllen	Many InVigorating Ventures
Mary E. Young	Merrily Everywhere Yodels

KITCHEN STAFF ANAGRAMS

Dawna E. Brown	Dates Every Boy
Diane E. Dorsey	Downs Every Dish
Glynnis H. Foss	Gives Heavenly Food
Sheila M. Hickey	Sarcastic Mode (of) Humor
Sally A. Taylor	Sails And Toots
Constance M. Wilcox	Cons Many Workers

SECOND SHACK ANAGRAMS

Ann C. Bacon

Accidents Comes By

Tracey A. Buckley

Talks At Bedtime

Sandy D. Cobb

Sweeps Dust Carefully

Ann P. Dalrymple

Amazingly Pretty Dives

Laurie B. Meyer

Laughs By Minutes

M. Jody Myer

Mostly Jokes Merrily

Laura E. Reed

Laughingly Entered Runoia

Harriet W. Schmidt

Has Winning Smile

Margaret E. Tabell

Merrily Eats Tons

Susan W. Williamson

Shyly Wins Ways

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Susan Bernhard	Swims Brilliantly
Winifred V. Cleveland	Waits Vigorously (for) Candy
Patricia A. Corscaden	Peppy And Cute
Adeline F. Kempner	Always Falls Kicking
Rinanne Martin	Rides Marvelously
Nancy C. Master	Never Comes Messy
Rosemary J. Rake	Rides Just Right
Parthenia Ross	Powerfully Runs
Jeannette M. Shambaugh	Jeans Must Shrink
Susan S. Sharpe	Spreads Silly Smiles

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Chris C. Buckley	Catches Crazy Balls
Margot H. Crary	Maneuvers Hastily (and) Crazily
Amy M. Davis	Always Most Daring
Dianne D. Ely	Devilishly Digs Eating
Janet M. Hester	Jovially Makes Haste
Helen C. Langeweische	Hates Crazy Lightning
Cynthia P. Morgan	Cooks Pretty Marvelously
Virginia Myer	Vigorous Moods
Caroline Pickman	Cares (for) Pigtails
Barbara Shoemaker	Beautifully Swims
Lorraine E. Steele	Loves Eating Stew
Jane L. Thomas	Just Loves Teasing

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Eleanor M. Baker	Ever Making Bruises
Susan T. Bent	Sinks The Boats
Louise P. Broad	Lively Peppy Blue
Caren K. Euster	Creates Kooky Escapades
Evalynne R. Handy	Eats Real Heartily
Carol A. Lichtenberger	Casual Aquaplaning Load
Joanne C. Marshall	Joins Camp Merrily
Sheila Morgan	Sometimes Mischievous
Georgia Myer	Goes (insanely) Mad
Jean Ellen Rhodes	Jumps Every Reason
Kate W. Swan	Kareful When Skiing

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Cynthia T. Alston	Constantly Talking Anytime
Caroline G. Bieber	Continually Good Batting
Deborah Dix	Dives Daintily
Carole E. Erslev	Continuously Enjoys Entertainment
Susan P. Fifield	Sweet Pixie Face
Barbara A. Fink	Best All-around Firstbaseman
Jane T. Freidson	Just Too Funny
Ann T. Gabetti	Adores To Gab
Vicki R. Goff	Very Rarely Goofs
Deborah B. Gorham	Devilish But Good
Elizabeth L. Hilton	Enjoys Lots Here
Cintra H. Huber	Cute Hairy Head
Herman H. Huber	Happy Healthy Hamster
Clair C. Maner	Calculates Complicated Maneuvers
Barbara R. Miller	Best Reader (by) Miles
Gail C. Southard	Growing Certainly Sillier

SEVENTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Linda Ann Baker	Late At Breakfast
Ann Merrill Burrage	Always Mischief Brewing
Susan Frances Canning	Sincere Fainting Complaints
Ellen S. Dalton	Energetic Surly Demon
Brooke Gerrior	Babbles Girlishly
Elizabeth Patricia Hamid	Ever Presenting Horror
Anne Caroline McCreary	Archery Can Manage
Joanne Susan Sataloff	Jestfully Sings Songs
Audry W. Thompson	Adores Willy's Team
Irene Rosemary Vernaglia	Inevitably Roars Vigorously
Maria White Willard	Many Witty Ways
Barbara Susan Yates	Brings So many Yuks

TENT ANAGRAMS

Catherine Moore Morgan	Camp's Mischief Makes
Catherine L. Sharpe	Constantly Looks Swift
Julie Rines Thompson	(en)Joys Right Toes
Mary Stewart Vivian	Manages Sailboats Vigorously

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Carol Baldino	Carol	for new experiences	dark	anything	leaving Runoia	What can I do to help?
Lucile Bump	Lucy	in her plaid jacket	patient	Scotch mist	last minute riding schedules	No, I haven't the foggiest.
Kit Chamberlain	Gidget	in a stream-lined world of chaos	bulbous	her new blonde hair	being peely and pale	Are you ready, Ski Daddy!!
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	with her brown book	for the weather report	her new office	napkin shredders	We're going to experiment today.
Philip Cobb	Phil	with the plumber	for Norman	new walls	disorgani- zation	Now, what's wrong again?
Penelope Dalton	Penny	with her rejects	confused	wrinkled cigarettes	her pudgy hands	I have <u>never</u> been so scared!
Nancy Fifield	Nancy	behind her knitting needles	matronly	to be the laundry lady	germs	If you'd think about it for a minute, you might be able to figure it out.
Ann Greene	Greenie	in her turquoise sarong suit	bushy	organization	cleaning the counselors' room	Hey, the little red light went on the coffee maker!
Ruth Jacobi	Ruthie	underneath her feathers	like a gnome	polka dot bikinis	ironing	I don't want to have to say this more than 6 or 7 times.
Marian Johnson	Johnny	for a long rest hour	efficient	her new bed?	the No Name pile	Now, who needs tennis shoes?

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Margaret Kay	Peg	in a state of bewilderment	great on water skis	the coast		This game is a lot harder than it looks.
Jane Orbeton	Janie O	in a fishnet	through her hair	Wild Goose	braiding hair before flag raising	Yes, I used to weigh 155.
Edith Padderatz	Mrs. Pat	in a world of Isodine and Solarcaine	for likely candidates	camp songs	people that leave the door open	There's a bug going around.
Mary Anne Rhodes	Gerbie	for her phone call	intensely tan	the M.A. club	last minute rehearsals	It's curtains for the kid.
Carla Sandberg	Carla	for the whole day when her hair will stay	bruised curly	people who get up on the first try	unnecessary questions	<u>Let it be!</u>
Sharon Schrader	Schrader	with the C.I.T.s	wounded	to answer the phone	setting her hair	I volunteer to drive!
Doris Shellberg	Shelley	for successful experiments	for her long-handled spatula	new ideas	having her timing interrupted	Oh, I think that's just slick!
Ann Thompson	Ann	to wear her bikini	stately	her new steam iron	people who take the ironing board	I didn't quite get that.
Margaret Warren	Margy not Margie	next to the piano	like a big "S"	the new tennis roller	lightning and spiders	Do I <u>really</u> look that thin?
Lucy Weiser	Miss Weiser	to take walks	happy to greet you	to see Runoia grow	seeing summer-time draw to a close	Everything looks so nice.

AIDES STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Sandra Griffith	Sandy	for a laugh	for letters from Lee	food	dieting	Archery again?
Amy Jaquith	Amy	for Phone calls	for mail	fruit	dock duty	Lawsy mercy!
Betsey King	Bets	in the counselor room	long	eats	diets	Yea - huh?
Marjorie London	Margie not Margy	without will- power	curly	kitchen girls	clinging campers	What did you say?
Ann Vivian	Ann	with the belt looms	for a chance to swing	making believe	knots in string	I'm here to tell your fortune.

C.I.T. STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Margaret Holmberg	Meg	in beauty	like a cocker spaniel	cut-offs	getting cold	Oh, that's cool!
Barbara London	Bobbi	for a good sun tan	lighter	a good pun	peeling noses	Well sweets - a quick 88 (laps)
Elsa Master	Zsa-Zsa	for Dale	embarrassed	her animals	to sing	You're kidding me.
Anne Morgan	Marilyn	for Little Compton	solid	Mildred	Love Handles	Hold on there, m'boy!
Margo VanAllen	Margo	for a good canoe trip	like a woodsman	belly dances	a weak debate	Oh, I might go sailing.
Mary Young	Young	for music		Stephen	not being able to go to pix	But I'm positive!
C.I.T.s	campers 'n trouble	with the Greene one	for food	jacks	taps	No. You ask!

KITCHEN STAFF STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Dawna Brown	Dawna KS1	out	disgusted	7 mile hikes	changing her sheets	Let's turn the Sally off.
Diane Dorsey	Diane KS	on the go	for extra sleep	sailing	drowned yarn	Well, whoop a-doo!
Glynnis Foss	Mrs. Foss	over her stove	for Mike	grand- children	Sunday nights	You be good to my girls.
Sheila Hickey	Sheila KS3	25 Murray St. Augusta	to find stolen light bulbs	Gunther	getting down on her knees with the Lestoil	Mumble, mumble.
Sally Taylor	Sally KS2	every minute	bouncy	peace and quiet	her lumpy bed	Tonight I'm really going to bed at 9:00.
Connie Wilcox	Connie KS4	under the sprinklers	like a stacked zipper	to ring the bell	to shut her curtains	You spas-

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>
Ann Bacon	Ann	for crafts	harmless	to take pictures	reading	Sh-h-h
Tracey Buckley	Trace	in the water	for Meg	to smile	doing silver	Chris, come here!
Cassandra Cobb	Sandy	with the cats	happy	climbing rocks	not much	What are you doing with my cat?
Ann Dalrymple	Ann	with Laurie	healthy	being a Lost Boy	archery	Can you pass my strokes?
Laurie Meyer	Laurie	in the stables	like Dorothy in <u>The Wizard of Oz</u>	being close	rest hour	Guess what?
Jody Myer	Jode	in the Pix	like Little Red Riding Hood	Trolls	to be awakened	Do my job for me.
Laura Reed	Laura	under her hat	thoughtful	lobster	wearing shoes	Well...
Harriet Schmidt	Sissy	in 1st shack	like Peter Pan	to giggle	to make her bed	Stop doing that!
Margaret Tabell	Meg	on the Marjorie	like a pixy	big words	being splashed	You come along at the most unpredictable moments.
Susan Williamson	Susie	to ride	like a Chinese mouse	to eat shampoo	losing her bobby pin	Yes, please!

THIRD SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Susan Bernhard	Susie	with Chris	happy	tennis	arguments	Sorry - I'm late.
Winifred Cleveland	Winnie	for food	like a plunge dive	reading under the covers	losing an argument	Oh gosh!
Patricia Corscaden	Patty	to ride	for the good broom	to dance	to sail alone	I'm going to scream.
Adrienne Doherty	A.J.	with Vernaglia	for more jacks	to canter	sitting still	I'll take a black ribbon but <u>please</u> let me canter in the horse show!
Adeline Kempner	Lina	with Baker	for Baker	7th shackers	whole milk	I have to go to the nurse.
Rinanne Martin	Rindy	with her white cat	like Little Lulu	Lucy	losing socks	Who can I ride today?
Nancy Master	Nancy	neatly	like a German girl	being quiet	being mean	That's mean!
Jane Rake	Jane	like a pixy	chatty	early rising	being interrupted	Oh well...you see-
Parthenia Ross	Tunia	in the Lodge	bubbly	dancing	Lina's laugh	Not quite!!
Jeannette Shambaugh	Poppet	with a smile	angelic	playing the bugle	Second Hall	SU-sie!!
Susan Sharpe	Susie	actively	like a Chickey Baby	putting curlers in counselors' beds	not having her tunic arrive	Fake out!!

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>
Christine Buckley	Chris	for the Blues	funny	Lina	canoeing	Well!!
Margot Crary	Margot	for her brother	for Kate	the water	tucking her shirt in	I'll do dishes again.
Amy Davis	Amy	for the Whites	uneasy	her brother	making announcements	Where's the bugle?
Diane Ely	Diane	in Princeton	helpful	candy line	inspection	I'll think about it!
Janet Hester	Jannie	for crafts	stylish	Greenwich Village	beets	Oh - Cici!!
Helen Langweishe	Helen	for horses	like a pixy	Gerbie	stripping her bed	O.K.
Cynthia Morgan	Cici	for books	long	Vernaglia	being inspected	Hi Sweets!
Virginia Myer	Ginny	for Amy	different	sailing	going under the dining room for the kickball	Oh dear!
Caroline Pickman	Caroline	for her dog	nice	to squint	making her bed	I've got an idea!
Barbara Shoemaker	Barbie	to go to England	blue in the water	to eat	waiting for seconds	What did we have for lunch yesterday?
Lorraine Steele	Lorraine	for Lizzy	like a piece of fudge	to do a good job	paddling on one side of the canoe	Can we change sides?
Jane Thomas	Jane	behind her hair	pretty	horses	combing her hair	Do I <u>have</u> to?

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>
Eleanor Baker	Ellie	for the White team	accident prone	sailing	spinach	Hi guys!
Susan Bent	Susie	with a rope around her wrist	scared	peach pits	life saving quizzes	I'm just so mad!
Louise Broad	Weezal	to pass her tests	sweet	the Blues	to be called Lulie	Come on, Blues!
Caren Euster	Caren	behind her hair	like a flame	to dance	getting "S's"	Can I hypnotize you?
Evalynne Handy	Lynni	loudly	like a monkey	to hit people	being good	Oh - Dense!
Carol Lichtenberger	Carol	for mischief	innocent	fifth shack	going to bed	Be quiet and listen!
Joanne Marshall	Joanne	nearby	cuddly	to play jacks	losing jack balls	Oh, rats!
Sheila Morgan	Sheila	in a book	for her glasses	birds	to swim	Must you?!
Georgia Myer	George	for good times	cunning	Carla	lazy Blues	You gotta catch me first!
Jean Rhodes	Jeannie	for good dreams	like her sister	being dramatic	being thrown in	Oh no!
Kate Swan	Swanie	for her hair	like an Amazon	everything	being rushed	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>
Cynthia Alston	Chinci	to laugh	for the Juniors	lipstick	her nose	Glory be!
Caroline Bieber	Bieber	to pitch	good in action	Fink's clothes	sprained ankles	Oh, my baby!
Deborah Dix	Debby	quietly	innocent	knee socks	being noisy	Hello!
Carole Erslev	Carole	to be a better rider	like Wendy	her stuffed animals	leaving camp	You've got a Tinker Bell.
Susan Fifield	Fifi	to grow out her bangs	like a pixy	her red nightshirt	onions	Holy Kacholy!
Barbara Fink	Fink	for the Blues	attractive	to harmonize	broken zippers	Are you for real?
Jane Freidson	Freida	in Carole Erslev's two-piece	like a cat	being White's pitcher	brushing her teeth	Giggle, giggle!
Ann Gabetti	Ann	in her two-piece	sexy	sailing with Pine Island	sad stories	Oh, sure!
Vicki Goff	Goofy	in Pied beds	like Felix, the cat	to eat	her curly hair	Will you do my job for me?
Deborah Gorham	Deb-Deb	helping others	like a butler	to sleep	sweets	Howdy!
Elizabeth Hilton	Beth	getting her eyes fixed	for her guitar	to curl her hair	skinny dips	You Bozo!

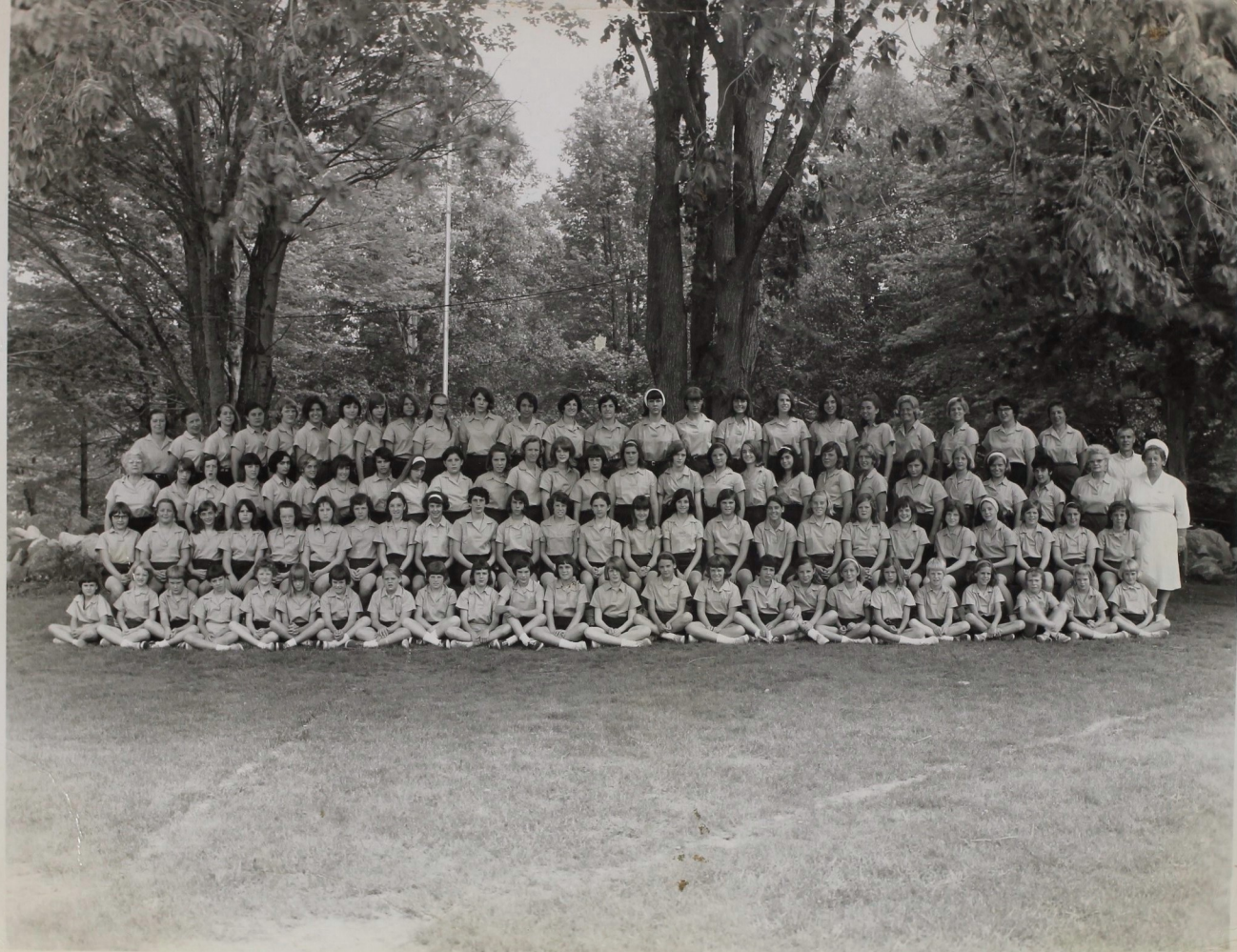
<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Cintra Huber	Hubes	to pass Junior Life Saving	like Alice in Wonderland	Herman	snarls in her hair	Oh, def -
Herman Huber	Herman	behind bars	like a hamster	to sleep	slamming doors and noisy campers	Squeek, squeek!
Claire Maner	Manerd	to pester Betsy and Sandy	athletic	climbing the rafters	being called Claire	Comfort the baby!
Barbara Miller	Bobby	for chewing gum	lost, under her bangs	Cintra's guitar	vegetables	Oh, nuts!
Gail Southard	Gail	to jump	like an apple	horses	Chief and Penny	Oh, grotesque!

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>
Linda Baker	Baker	to torment Liz	for her little pillow	first base	being mauled	All right! Who's got it?
Ann Burrage	Missy	happily	stunned	sleep	cold deodorant	Look at those skivies!
Susan Canning	Canning	with her ailments	rugged	to talk	her pills	Hey guys, I did it again!
Ellen Dalton	Nellen	after taps	funny	snids	agitha takers	I resemble that remark!
Brooke Gerrior	Swamp	quietly	like a llama	her little white hat	being a clod	Call me Swamp!
Elizabeth Hamid	Liz	in fear of Baker	ordinary	crafts	Crest toothpaste	Please don't!
Anne McCreary	Anne	in a daze	like a mouse	her pigtails	dirt	Really?
Jody Sataloff	Jode	spastically	fuzzy	to aggravate counselors	being a clod	Oh, pshaw!
Audrey Thompson	Aud	for the Whites	almost human	elephants	not much	Stop that, Nellen!
Irene Vernaglia	Vernaglia	in a world of fantasy	for adventure	to feed Ruthie a line	pity	Pzam! I'm Captain Marvel!
Polly Willard	Poll	in a state of hysterics	sweet	Canning's jokes	Dimbones	Muddlupp!
Sue Yates	Yatesey	in her pajamas	persecuted	everyone	her spastic left leg	Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump

TENT STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Catherine Morgan	Morgan	lopsided	in a baggy bathing suit	her jokes	certain shoes	Now Seriously!!
Catherine Sharpe	Susie Swift	really swift	in blue jeans	Lucy	not having Luke	That's really good, you guys
Julie Thompson	Julie	clumsy	in a band-aid	Mr. P.	Yellowy	Will you come to the nurse with me?
Mary Vivian	Mary	like a chief	under canvas	being a ham	dumb jokes	You bet, babe!







COUNSELORS



AIDES



C.I.T.s



SECOND SHACK



THIRD SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK



SEVENTH SHACK



TENT



KITCHEN STAFF

COUNSELORS



Lucy Weiser

Miss Weiser always is near
In this our fifty-ninth year
She walks down the path
To hear children laugh
Her presence will always bring cheer.

Betty Cobb

At planning our Betty's a champ
And more so when weather is damp.
In her office so new
Secret plans she does brew
And our style she never will cramp.



Philip Cobb

Phil's got some new helpers this year
And he greeted them all with a cheer
The Pix he's fixin'
In the kitchen he's mixin'
He always runs in high gear.

Marian Johnson

Our Johnny is no sleepy head
For this year she has a new bed.
Our tennis shoes she buys
Just any old size
And it's team points she keeps in her head.



Ann Greene

With Greenie it's sort of a fad
To mix a stripe with a plaid
With coffee in hand
She goes swimming on land
Her mood before breakfast is bad.



Doris Shellberg

Clever is Shelley's own way
So we all enjoy our stay
Crafts she will show
And to Europe she'll go
She helps wherever she may.

Ruth Jacobi

Ruth as you know is part gnomie
Through the forest she loves to roamie
In the night she goes out
Like an Indian scout
In a tree she really looks at homie.



Sharon Schrader

Mother Schrader in Seven does dwell
At driving she really is swell
In the boat or the car
Wherever you are
From poison ivy she runs pell-mell.

Nancy Fifield

At knitting our Nancy's a pro
And with Pine Island escorts does go
When locked in Shack Two
She has plenty to do
And she sure makes a motor boat go.



Ann Thompson

Our Ann's a sharp-shootin' girl
The Twos keep her in a whirl
When the sun starts to shine
It's her bikini time
Behind her ears red hair does curl.



Edith Padderatz

Mrs. Pat is our humorous nurse
And seldom, if ever, is terse.
She bandages knees
And she'll cure every sneeze
And you'll always be better, not worse.

Peggy Kay

A water-ski pro is our Peg
She looks pretty swift on one leg
To Port Clyde she roamed
But now she is home
For a chance to cool off she will beg.



Margy Warren

Big "S's" our Margy will bring
Every Sunday she'll faithfully sing
She's always afraid
Her tan it might fade
And her new figure...wowie-ka-zing!

Carol Baldino

Carol's a new counselor here
By her shack she always is near
She likes all her campers
To crafts she will scamper
For a chance to ride she will cheer.



Carla Sandberg

"Oh Carla, what will you say?
Will we get to ski today?"
Her spirits get damper
With a hangey-on camper
To Georgia she'll say, "Go away!"

Mary Anne Rhodes

Gerbie has gotten so thin
In her two piece she really looks trim
Her tan is intensive
Her phone calls expensive
Loosely speaking...she really can swim.



Jane Orbeton

Back from New Zealand came Jane
Not an ounce of her accent did change
She always is daring
When her fish net she's wearing
For exercise, pounds she will exchange.

Kit Chamberlain

What's your real name they all ask
The newsletter's her weekly task.
While her hair's getting lighter
Her clothes grow much tighter,
And she uses her hair as a mask.



Lucile Bump

There once was a counselor named Lucy,
Who about her horses was choosie.
Scotch Mist is her own
O'er the trail she does roam
At riding our Lucy's a doozie.

Penny Dalton

It's sailing our Penny can do
To her bed has been brought a canoe
She lives in the tent
With a rather large vent
Combs her hair only on cue.

Pam Cobb and Edie Padderatz

This year Pam has a new pal
It's Edie...what a cute gal.
Down the path they will run
To swim and to sun
They're really quite hard to corral.

Herman Huber Hamster

Herman's our four-footed friend
To Runoia his charm he does lend
Cintra's his mother
There could not be another
As a hamster it's well he does blend.

M.J. Mott

Our M.J.'s a Runoia alum
And to chaperone us she has come
For just a few days
She'll share our ways
In our hearts a special place she has won.

Sally Taylor

Sally blows on her bright silver flute
With a rooti-too-toot-at-yie-toot.
She's our kitchen gal
This versatile gal
And to her we'll raise a salute.



Sheila Hickey

In the kitchen lives our Sheila Hickey
With words her wit it is tricky
In sailboats she tips
At counselors' she dips
This character's really quite tricky.



Connie Wilcox

A Maine-iac true is our Connie
And at skinny dips really is bonnie
It's for the ball that she races
In rather large paces
And she never if ever is scrawny.

Glynnis Foss

In the kitchen Mrs. Foss does dwell
At cooking her talents are swell
Her pies, Boston Cream,
Will send you to dream
At good things she always does well.

Dawna Brown

Our Dawna can cook it is true
And with boys she really comes through
She has loafers with vents
Her typing's intense
And she'll gladly serve cereal too.

Diane Dorsey

With children Diane is just grand
Especially with Pammy on hand
After Edie she chases
And Pammy she races,
She always looks healthy and tanned.

COLLECTIONS

AIDES

Marjorie London

From Seventh to Third Margie scampered
In a shack with lights she is pampered.
Through diets that fail
She always does wail
She's friendly toward every camper.

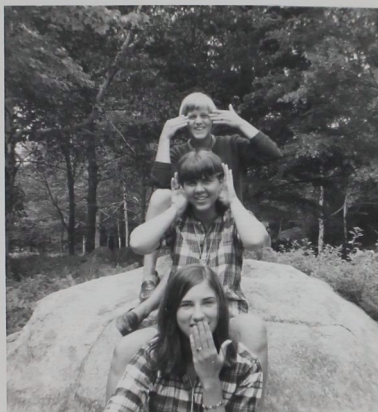


Ann Vivian

Ann's back as a aide this year
To the Juniors she brings lots of cheer
To Shelley she's grand
An extra hand
At sailing she never does fear.

Amy Jacquith

Amy's our blonde-headed aide
Her exuberance never will fade.
At swimming she's great
But spiders does hate
As a sailor she sure makes the grade.



Sandra Griffith

Here is Sandy right in the swim
With a laugh, a smile, and a grin.
Her mouth opens wide
At meal or bedside
She finds diets really quite grim.

Betsy King

Our Betsy has a southern-type drawl
She greets you with a cheery, "Hi y'all!"
Her tan is supreme
In her eye there's a gleam
Off a diet she'll easily fall.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

C.I.Ts

Barbara London

Our Skipperdee's always a honey
The jokes she makes always are punny.
She says, "Hush my beak,"
With a twang and a squeak.
Bobbie never stops swimming, how funny!



Meg Holmberg

Our new C.I.T. is a beauty
In sailing she's really a cutie
Meg's really quite neat
Except in her sleep
With ease she'll accept a new duty.

Elsa Master

Now Elsa did try some song leading
The songs she did sing seemed misleading
But to our surprise
Got praised to the skies
While Mary was sitting there pleading.



Mary Young

A light at night is quite scarey
But not when it's shown by our Mary
She lies awake nights
Enjoys all the sights
Of her we must all be quite wary.

Ann Morgan

Today I eat, I starve tomorrow
Cries Morgan with a tearful sorrow
At skiing she's great
But sailing's her fate
Everyone's clothes she does borrow.

Margo VanAllen

Now Margo is a Maine woodsman
Who came with white hair and a suntan
She's a dancer divine
And sailing's her line
O'er spirits she has the top hand.

SECOND SHACK

Ann Bacon

At first we called her "Eggs"
This nickname was an idea of Meg's
She dances to jazz
Cuts and bruises she has
A bandaid she always does beg.



Meg Tabell

Meg's tummy is a bottomless pit
At the table all day she does sit
She writes Queen Fairies
And keeps us all merry
If you want she'll teach you to knit.

Laura Reed

In the water our Laura is found
She rarely does let out a sound
A white hat she wears
Insects it bears
When eating many does she astound.



Ann Dalrymple

To camp returned our Ann
She's a very loyal White fan
A little swimmer is she
And neat as can be
She's as peppy on sea as on land.

Harriet Schmidt

How well we know Sissy Schmidt
With large blues that never do fit
She's a whiz on skis
And a jolly good tease
With all she makes a real hit.



Sandy Cobb

A neat little girl is our Sandy
On trips she is so dandy
Seen with the cats
But running from bats
At kickball she is just dandy.



Susie Williamson

'Twas second month our Susie came
And our shack was never the same
She is very petite
And always quite neat
Her giggles have brought her much fame.

Jody Myer

As for our little Miss Myer
Oh, what a red-hot live wire
With screams of joy
You'd think she's a boy
As she moves like a ball of fire.



Tracey Buckley

Tracey is back this year
With brand new teeth and a cheer
At sailing she's brave
While facing each wave
This girl is always a dear.

THIRD SHACK

CONFIDENTIAL

BOND

U.S.

CONFIDENTIAL

A. J. Doherty

This blue-eyed Miss Doherty
Came midsummer to Three
Her humor is there
With mischief aflare
She could charm even you or me.



Laurie Meyer

One of the Portlanders is she
With Ann she will laugh merrily
She fits right in
Hopes the Whites will win
She loves to play with Barbie.

Patty Corscaden

At drama our Patty's a pro
She loves to go riding on Beau
The books she'll devour
For hour after hour
"I'll scream," is her byword, you know.



Susan Sharpe

At pranks our Susie is great
And she's tops at pulling a fake
With energy bounding
And voice resounding
At tipping canoes she does rate.

Susan Bernhard

To Runoia came Susie with Lina
A twosome could never be fine-a
Sometimes she straggles
And with Gidget she haggles
She's really never on time-a.

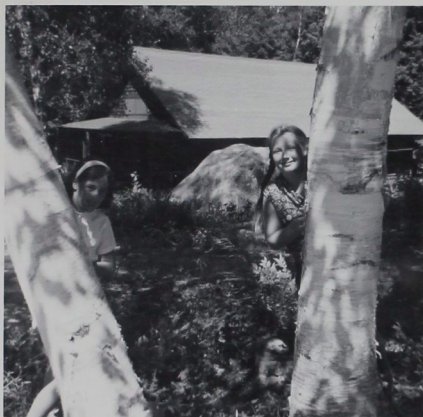


Lina Kempner

When Lina to Runoia did come
She didn't exactly keep mum
With Lina as Pixie
Her cousin as Dixie
Our shack was kept in a hum.

Rindy Martin

To us Rindy came brand new
A loyal and competant Blue
Her spirit was gay
And she was heard to say
"Lucy, Lucy, where are you?"



Nancy Master

Neatly braided is Nancy's long hair
She's a lass with a delicate air
With A. J. she rooms
And is seen with the loons
Her swimming is beyond compare.

Jane Rake

For riding Janie does yearn
And with Daydream she surely will learn
Her voice you can hear
From far and near
To Runoia we hope she'll return.

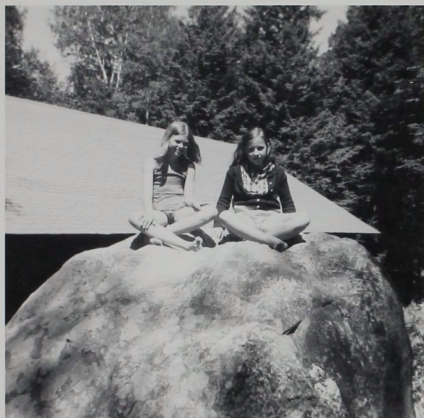


Winnie Cleveland

Our Winnie's a book worm right through
And always follows dear Nancy Drew
For baseball she yearns
Her plunge dive and turns
As a debator she really comes through.

Poppet Shambaugh

Poppet's a pearl of a girl
And for one month she gave us a whirl
Her spirits are high
She seldom does sigh
Our Poppet's a pearl of a girl.



Tuna Ross

A cold fish our Tunia is not
Laughter is mostly her lot
She Be-Be-'s her way
Through night and day
At bubbles a talent she's got.

FOURTH SHACK

Jane Thomas

Petite and pretty's our Jane
This girl with the shiny long mane.
Too much tennis, she'll cry
For a horse she would die
We hope she will come back again.



Janet Hester

When you hear a giggle you'll know
Our Janet's again on the go.
With her hair in her eyes
"How are ya?" she cries
Her humor, it never is slow.

Diane Ely

A peachy camper is this girl
She keeps our fourth shack in a whirl.
With a heart full of gold
A guitar in her hold
Diane is a genuine pearl.



Lorraine Steele

From Margate with Lizzy she came
This girl who is known as Lorraine.
She's neat as a pin
New friends she will win
And she's good in most any game.

Margot Crary

A busy young girl is our Margot
She rakes in the mail like Wells Fargo
With laughter so merry
She's brown as a berry
And her tempo seldom is largot!



Amy Davis

Amy's Junior Captain of the White Team
She keeps them all full of steam.
When water's too choppy
Her boat's never sloppy
"See my brothers," she says with a beam.

Ginny Myer

Ginny's an agreeable camper
And from no task will she scamper.
With her pretty brown curls
Her jack bag she twirls
And her spirits, they never grow damper.



Helen Langewiesche

For four weeks our Helen was here
She brought all her camping-out gear.
She liked to go swimming
And was constantly grinning
And we hope she will return next year.

Cici Morgan

This Morgan gal really is neat
And her humor is always a treat.
She sells soothers and creams
And sometimes she screams,
"Hi sweets!" From the Bronx, she's elite.

Caroline Pickman

Here she comes in her jeans and her braid
Thoughts of combing make her most afraid.
When her room is a mess,
She smiles in distress,
Our Caroline's a charming maid.



Chris Buckley

Our Chris is as nice as can be
And a very good Blue is she
At sailing she's great
Her boat's never late
On trips she will chop any tree.



Barbara Shoemaker

Barbara's an excellent swimmer
In her eye there's always a glimmer
To Europe she'll go
For one year or so
And that is the end of her limer! (ick)

FIFTH SHACK

BOTTOM 34-CONTINUED

Jean Rhodes

You can hear Jeannie all night long
Just ask her to sing any song
Insects, bugs, and spiders
They really excite her
At Runoia she'll never go wrong.



Louise Broad

Louise has left us it's true
Her departure has made us so blue
We hope she'll return
To join us to learn
All the wonderful things that we do.

Kate Swan

From Pine Island comes this young lady
She's known by the name of Katie
Use Swanie Shampoo
For a long hair-do
And you'll be here 'til 1980.



Joanne Marshall

Joanne likes to ski on the lake
And even go out of the wake
She loved Hermit Isle
And came back with a smile
In crafts many things she does make.

Lynni Handy

A White is our Lynni Handy
She fights all summer like dandy
Loudly she wails
And sings all the scales
She's good on both water or land-y.

Georgia Myer

Our Georgia's a fun-lovin' gal
To every Blue she's a pal
She sails with the breezes
And constantly teases
Her spirit you'll never corral.



Caren Euster

A dancing young lady is Caren
At ridin' she's certainly darin'
A package a day
Keeps her happy and gay
At camping she's always a-rarin'.

Sheila Morgan

Our Sheila is found everywhere
For reading she surely does care
She's learned lots of things
Her happiness brings
Our friendship and wishes so fair.



Susan Bent

Our Susie is nicknamed Scuz
She's the best that ever was
At saving your life
It's struggle and strife
And cheer for the Blues she does.

Ellie Baker

At sailing this girl can't be beat
To Runoia she's really a treat
She makes many faces
And has lots of graces
Like tripping all over her feet.



Carol Lichtenberger

To Runoia our Carol came late
For next year she hardly can wait
Her smile never shirks
At swimming she works
Her pep we find really great.

SIXTH SHACK

Barbara Fink

Barbara's a tall girl, we know
When singing her voice is quite low
As leader of the Blues
They surely can't lose
At tennis she's really a pro.



Barbara Miller

With the guitar this girl has a way
She strums it at least once a day
In her eyes her hair hangs
She must pin back her bangs
And Bobbie with Cintra does play.

Caroline Bieber

In tennis Bieber's a pro
The balls she does hit hard and low
Her tan's a delight
For the Blues she does fight
With a wiggle her pitch she does throw.



Beth Hilton

At riding our Beth is a pro
And with Suzi she usually does go
"I'm fat!" she does cry
"No, it's muscle," we reply
And she calls everybody "Bozo."

Jane Freidson

Jane's hair is always askew
And "Freida's" what she answers to
Whenever you look
She's reading a book
Her pitching scares many a Blue.



Debby Gorham

At your table this girl is a treat
An extra dessert you can eat
She often gets teased
But she takes it with ease
In the shack she's always so neat.

Susie Fifield

"Fifi" is this girl's nickname
Her giggling has brought her much fame
With Beth she's found
Her energy abounds
Her antics they never are tame.



Cintra Huber

Cintra does cheer for the Whites
With Herman she sleeps every night
A crisis she had
When her stomach felt bad
Her suntan will never be bright.

Candy Maner

Candy does talk with a drawl
She precedes every phrase with, "Y'all"
She eats quite a lot
But no pot has she got
As a swimmer she tops them all.



Ann Gabetti

A one-monther this year was Ann
And rest hours she couldn't stand
With her hair in her eyes
She worked hard on her dives
On canoe trips she loved to get tan.

Cinci Alston

Cinci was new to the shack
But energy she does not lack
Her laugh you can hear
From both far and near
During rest hour she really does hack.



Carole Erslev

Carole's fond of her sister, we see
But she hates to be called, "Wendy"
She sings all the time
And at riding she's fine
She really enjoyed riflery.

Debbie Dix

Debbie's a helper to all
Her appetite's certainly not small
One month she did stay
But few words did she say
We hope that she had a ball.

Vicki Goff

Vicki's an athlete, all right
For the Blue team she surely does fight
At talking she's tops
She rarely does stop
The lantern she must help to light!



Gail Southard

Gail goes to Miss Fine's too
To the Whites she's surely been true
She always does smile
Plays jacks all the while
On a trip there's not much she won't do.

SEVENTH SHACK

Jody Sataloff

Our Jody has hair that is frizzy
The scissors are often quite busy
Her dive she can't do
As a Blue she'll come through
She keeps Senior end in a tizzy.



Ann Burrage

Missy has hair of bright red
Is often the last one in bed
With P.I. will race
She always does place
With the boats and the boys, it is said!

Susan Yates

They often make much fun of Sue
But her retorts are coming right through
She shoots a mean gun
Puts counselors on the run
This fighting hard true loyal Blue.



Ann McCreary

Our Ann is a true loyal Blue
On a trip she certainly comes through
Out of canoes she does fall
Always has quite a ball
Has always a kind word for you.

Linda Baker

"Hush, Linda," her counselors will yell
As she giggles for quite a long spell
Found often with Lizzy
Keeps the shack in a tizzy
And she runs to the stables pell-mell.



Polly Willard

From Waterville our Polly came back
To bring lots of cheer to our shack
In sixth she's a menace
She likes to play tennis
And never will she eat a snack.

Liz Hamid

Our Lizzy is quite a live wire
Of mischief she never will tire
She pounds on the walls
Throws water in halls
And rock and roll singers inspire.

Brooke Gerrior

Chief Swamp from the tribe of our shack
Quietly proves that she is a hack
A White team cheerleader
You never could beat her
Spirit she never does lack.



Susan Canning

In '59 our Susan was here
She came back with a rousing White cheer
She swims and she rides
From fun never hides
And a cabbage she brought from quite near.



Audrey Thompson (right)

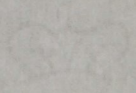
Senior White Captain is she
The shack's lots of laughs with Audrey
Has alibis galore
She'll always have more
Just watch her a while and you'll see.

Ellen Dalton

"Oh, Nellon," you'll hear the kids cry
Without Aggie she never will lie
Tho' Seven is great
The Tent sure does rate
The rafters she'll climb on so high.

Irene Vernaglia

Ver-na-GLIA keeps our shack in a roar
Her life is never a bore
She likes to have fun
Keeps us on the run
She'll always come back for some more.



JOHN

COMPASS

HOND

UNIT

RECORD

TENT

LECTURE RESEARCH

Julie Thompson

Without her glasses our Julie's quite blind
We're afraid it's affecting her mind
At Lifesaving she works
Her duties never shirks
A better girl is hard to find.



Cathy Sharpe

Susie Swift is now her new name
Her baseball has brought her great fame
Her horse is brand new
With the name of Lou
Our Cathy's a pretty swell dame.

Mary Vivian

At faking our Mary's a pro
To mischief she never says no
In sailing she's best
Her swimming's no less
Our Mary has nary a foe.



Cathy Morgan

To the misfits our Cathy is loyal
As a humorist this gal is royal
She's often a clod
With her lopsided bod
And in the tent she creates a turmoil.

SCENES AROUND CAMP



From Counselors' Dock

Looking West



Seventh Shack

From Main Path



Big Float and Water Skiers



Looking East Towards Pine Island

From Main Dock



Kit Chamberlain

Phil



Mrs. Warren with granddaughters

Laura Reed and Prudy Taylor



New Tree House



Carla



Elsa Master



Sports Week '64



Jane Orbeton



Junior Hutch Norman



Hutch



Walter Kay Neil Foss



Junior

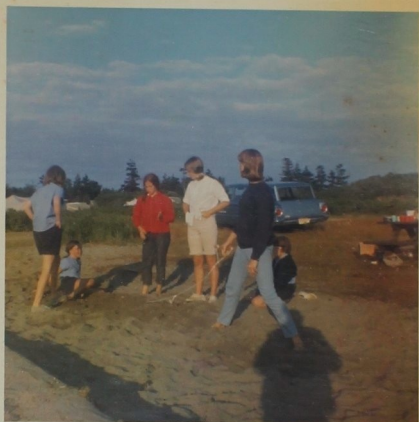
THE HALL OF RECORDS

1880-1881

THE HALL OF RECORDS

CONVENTION

TRIPS



Junior Trip To Hermit Island



First Hermit Island Trip

Pemaquid



Port Clyde



Port Clyde Trip



PAST CAMPERS AND FAMILIES



The Orbetons
(Anna Bauman)



The Hobbs
(Ditto Hamilton)



Bruce, Alice, and Mattie Williams
(Joan Bayne)



Betty Flack Weiler

and husband Joe

Nepal - October 1965





Glen and Carolyn Savage
(Alice Markham)



Prudy and Ted Taylor
(Emmy Warren)



Mary, John, and Bill Nastuk
(Ruth Lester)



Liz Bouman's Engagement Party



Charity, Flip,
and Manely Turner
(Hope Griggs)



Mr. and Mrs. Donald Schoen and family, John, Susan, Claire and Robin of 11 Hamilton Avenue, Bronxville are pictured aboard the Furness

Luxury Liner "S. S. Queen Of Bermuda" just before sailing from New York harbor bound for a holiday cruise to the coral isles of Bermuda. . . . Furness Bermuda Line Photo.

Two Girls to Teach English in Jordan

Miss Joyce Leader, 5830 Valley View, a graduate of Denison University, will serve this summer as one of 10 members of an oral-English workshop sponsored by the Unitarian-Universalist Service Committee at Bir Zeit College, Jordan. Following her assignment in Jordan, Miss Leader will teach English at the Swanong Hill School in Bechuanaland. Miss Nancy Clark, 1608 Springlawn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Clark, will also serve in the Jordan unit.

Through the informal seminar approach, the students learn to speak English as well as deeply involve themselves in cultural communication. The Unitarian-Universalist Service Committee is an international, non-sectarian social service agency with overseas sites in 15 countries in Latin America, Europe, Africa and Asia.