

Have you ever noticed how good it feels to stretch your legs after a long bus ride, to reach up for a high lob in a tennis match, to swing yourself up onto the branch of a tree, to spread your fingers wide apart after writing a long composition? Stretching to fulfill a dream also gives a deep satisfaction.

When Runoia began, Miss Pond and Miss Weiser stretched their imaginations and extended their enthusiasm and efforts to create a camp that would help guide girls as they developed and would bring them summers of friendship and fun. Eight years ago, Betty and Phil joined Runoia with the same energy and willingness to reach for the best. So, in Runoia's sixtieth summer, it is appropriate to dedicate our Log of 1966 to Miss Weiser, who has been tirelessly giving her talents to make Runoia what it is today, and to Betty and Phil, who have met the challenge begun sixty summers ago.

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CAMP LIST - 1966

Aaron, Julia
Aaron, Temple
Adams, Sarah
Affleck, Margaret
Alston, Cynthia
Bacon, Ann
Baird, Margaret
Baird, Susan
Baker, Eleanor
Britt, Margaret
Broad, Louise
Bryant, Laurie
Buckley, Chris
Buckley, Tracey
Burrage, Ann
Cobb, Cassandra
Cobb, Pamela
Considine, Margaret
Crary, Margaret
Dalrymple, Ann
Dalton, Ellen
Davis, Amy
Dix, Deborah
Dmitrieff, Lauren
Elion, Bethanne
Erslev, Carole
Euster, Caren
Friedson, Jane
Gillespie, Jammie
Goff, Vicki
Harris, Janet
Hayes, Judith
Hill, Chessye
Hill, Cynthia
Hilton, Elizabeth
Holmberg, Ellen
Kempner, Adeline
Kind, Laura
Langewiesche, Helen
Lawry, Mary
Lent, Cynthia
Lichtenberger, Carol
Lowther, Christine

Lowther, Roxane
Mackie, Cynthia
Maner, Claire
Marshall, Joanne
Martin, Patience
Martin, Rinanne
McCreary, Ann
Meyer, Laurie
Miller, Barbara
Moore, Yuki
Myer, Georgia
Myer, Jody
Myer, Virginia
Padderatz, Edith
Reed, Laura
Ross, Parthenia
Rowell, Elizabeth
Runyon, Emilie
Sandberg, Diana
Sataloff, Jody
Schmidt, Harriet
Schrader, Wendy
Sharpe, Catherine
Sharpe, Susan
Schoen, Claire
Schumo, Cynthia
Sollenberger, Georgia
Squire, Betsy
Stone, Sarah
Tabell, Margaret
Taylor, Prudence
Teitell, Ellen
Thomas, Jane
Thompson, Julie
Valdes, Kelly
Valdes, Victoria
Vivian, Mary
Wellenbach, Jill
Willard, Polly
Williamson, Susan
Wilson, Leslie
Yates, Susan

CAMP LIST - 1966

Counselors

Baldino, Carol
Bowman, Elizabeth
Chalfant, Christine
Cobb, Elizabeth
Cobb, Philip
Dorsey, Diane
Fleming, Marcia
Gladstein, Janet
Greene, Ann
Holmberg, Jeanne
House, Pamela
Johnson, Marian
Kay, Margaret
Kennedy, Katherine
London, Marjorie
Maxwell, Judy
Nawrath, Mrs. F. D.
Orbeton, Jane
Padderatz, Edith
Post, Nancy
Schrader, Sharon
Shellberg, Doris
Vivian, Ann
Warren, Margaret

Aides

Holmberg, Margaret
Master, Elsa
VanAllen, Margo
Young, Mary

C.I.T.s

Baker, Linda
Squire, Susan
Thompson, Audrey
Tolcott, Lynn
Vernaglia, Irene
Williams, Alice

Staff

Dumais, Claudia
Fortin, Shirley
Foss, Glennis
Foss, Norman
Tagliabue, Dina



LOG STAFF

LOG STAFF - 1966

Lauren Dmitrieff, Jo

Tracey Buckley, Laur

Laura Reed, Meg Tabe
 Ginny Myer, Georgia

Louise Broad, Laurie

Louise Broad, Laurie

Roxanne Lowther, Beth
Cindi Alston, Beth H

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Elida, Bala, G. l

LOST AND FOUND

LOST

Indoor rest hours
A kitchen girl
Port Clyde
Richard's picture
"Prunie"
Gasoline
Baggy suits
Sue Canning's ankle
Old Blite song
Sleep
Drought
Ruthie's polka-dot bikini
Clothes
Untalented campers
Girl-hater Walter Kay
Vicki Valdes' clothes
Ellie's and Chessye's wet pants
Two months

FOUND

The hammock
Neil
Rangeley and Pemaquid
Chubby Gerbil
"Der Birds"
Disc Skiing
Bikinis
Rindy Martin's leg
"Billie Broomstick"
Nights in the treehouse
Blueberries
Liz's orange teaser
The Red Badge of Courage
Bertha Belly-button
and Lola Lovejoy
A gentleman
Everywhere
Diapers
A wonderful summer

THE CAMPER WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

At the beginning of the summer, the famous Russian agent, Zsa-Zsa Dmitrieff, was sent from London to the wilds of Maine as a representative of C-O-B-B (Camp Observing Bureau of Britain). The blonde spy and her pet lion, Elsa, jetted over with instructions to find the best camp in the world. The first camp she visited was an island inhabited by cannibals. There was Walter wall sawdust in every hut, and the residents had to Neil on the floor. Their thatched House bordered on the water, and in the center of the island was a trapped native tied to a Post. A Young boy asked what was being done. "He's being Freidson," said the head native and proceeded to add Affleck of Lawry's seasoned salt, a slice of Bacon, a chunk of Lichtenberger cheese, and Brittle potato chips from the Masterful potato chip Baker on the island. Our agent, muffled in mink from head to toe, was Schoen how you Adeline of celery leaves to the stew and how you must wait for the mixture to Squish over the sides. Then this dish was served in Dixie cups topped with flakes of special Kay cereal. "Yum!" grunted the Bowman in delight while our heroine excused herself and headed for the Wellenbach of the Main Temple to refreshen her lipstick.

While none of the Warren cannibals on the village Squire

was watching, she ran down an Ally to a Fortin the distance where Williamson, Johnson Q. Davis was waiting with a speed boat. Although Davis was somewhat of a Schumo, he drove the boat well, leaving a Broad wake and avoiding the treacherous Sandbergs hidden beneath the Burrage of cattails. On across the lake they zoomed until they ran out of gas in a Sandy cove. Just like Dick Tracey, Lauren noticed immediately the beauty of the cove. She gently stepped onto the Roxanne scampered to shore. Instead of Hawaiian girls playing Yukileles, she found swaying pine trees and a Stone wall. Just then, counteragent Scoobre T. Sataloff came roaring through the Hayes in his Mac truck down the Hill to the waterfront. Out he leapt dressed in a Kelly Greene, hand-Taylored jitterbug suit with Sharpe Line style buttons, patent leather lapels and an S-shaped emblem covered with glittering Julies. "The Big S is here!" he cried. As he Baird his muscular chest, Lauren observed a Reed dart gun strapped to his stomach. She would have been willing to swear, Orbeton, the statement that he had been trained in Georgia because his good taste in dressing Lent a distinctive air. Apparently he was Kind with Nawrath towards any animal. They signed a peace treaty and went to the real estate agent to see about buying this attractive piece of land to build the perfect camp. They found that someone Weiser was already there with an idea and ambition and a good deal of Patience.

With much Prudence, they decided that they would have to be content to send their girls to this perfect camp and then come visit them often.

THE TRIP TO CAMP

On Monday, the twenty-seventh of June, some forty campers arrived at Grand Central Station in New York to be chaperoned by Peggy Kay and Liz Bowman on the trip to Camp Runoia. All of these campers came from the Middle Atlantic states to go to Runoia. With the exception of a few, all followed Peggy and Liz to the train. During the train ride, we had a delicious box-lunch of two sandwiches, two cupcakes, an apple, and milk. Later on, we arrived in Boston. All the campers "piled out" of the train and carried their luggage to the chartered bus. There they boarded it and were on their way. Meanwhile, Peggy had stayed to pick up the late campers who had ridden in on a later train. Soon Peggy caught up with the rest of us. It wasn't long until we came up the parking lot of a Howard Johnson's where we had our supper of hamburgers, vegetables, a drink, and ice cream of our choice. Soon after this luscious dinner, we all boarded the bus once more and headed for camp. After an hour's trip, we came up the Runoia drive and were soon greeted with the happy faces and "hellos" of all our old friends.

Tuna Ross

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAMP

When I first got to camp, it was very crowded and didn't seem at all like it does now. I didn't picture the cabins like they are. I didn't think there would be walls to separate the rooms. I thought there would be bunk beds for everyone.

The first night when they said we could have skinny dips, I really didn't like the idea and didn't plan to go in. When everybody else was in, I went in and really enjoyed it.

Cindy Lent

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAMP

I have never been to camp before in my life so I had no idea what camp was going to be like. I thought we would be rushed about from activity to activity as in school, but you're given an easy schedule. I thought the counselors would act so superior to you, so much older, but when you get to know them, you feel like they're just girl friends your own age.

When you think of it, camp for eight weeks sounds like it could be so boring, doing everything over and over again. I didn't think I would want to stay for the whole summer but I love it. It's so exciting with all the Blue-White games, trips to go on, and learning new things about nature and friends.

There's such a friendly atmosphere about camp. When you eat meals, you eat with girls of all types and ages. It's not like a restaurant, much more like home.

Chapel is such a friendly affair. The people who lead the prayers and sermons are people you know and like.

At some camps, the children are isolated from each other. The Juniors are in one end far away from Seniors and maybe even have separate dining halls and lodges. At Runoia everyone does things together as in a big family. You get to know everyone and have lots of fun together.

It's amazing how fast 75 campers can begin to get to know each other. In one swift week, names that seemed impossible have turned into friends and camp has become like home. With news of the hot weather at home, we really appreciate our clear lake and sunny days. After a week of warm days with only one rainy afternoon, it looks as if we may enjoy a beautiful season like last summer.

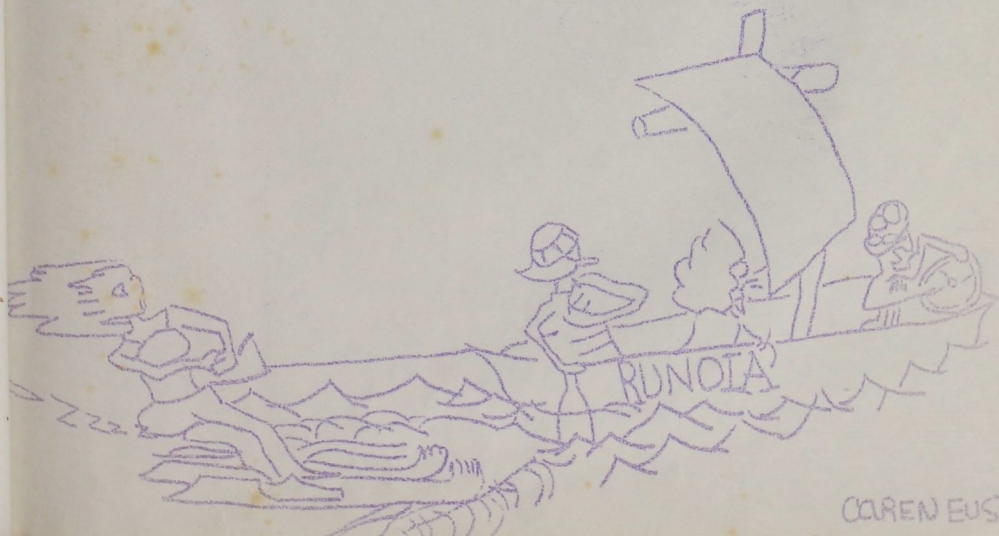
Camp has gained momentum quickly and girls have been trying waterskiing, canoeing, archery, kickball, volleyball, sailing and riflery. Tennis seems to be very popular and Katy is organizing classes by ability and tennis ladders. Judy is busy with the five new horses and the many girls who enjoy riding. Swimming lessons are under way with Margy in charge of the waterfront.

On Thursday, Betty, Marcia and Margo took a group of seniors to paddle on Parker Pond and Liz, Jeanne and Margie led an expedition to another new lake Flying Pond. Other seniors not involved in this day trip paddled across windy Great Pond to Oak Island with Margy, Janie O. and Mary for an overnight. The evening was perfect with a clear moon. Back in camp, it was Tag Night. We found out who was best at learning names from the name tags worn during the week. Beth Hilton and Sarah Adams were the senior winners and Ginny Myer and Laurie Dmitrieff the Junior champs.

Paper bag skits entertained everyone on Friday night and Saturday night at the movies featured The Secret Life of Walter Mitty.

Sunday was filled with camp photos to remind us of Runcia next winter, and activities on the waterfront. This included our first sailing race with Pine Island.

We can tell that summer has really begun as we've had a Runcia birthday party, learned some Runcia songs, heard taps Runcia style and begun some lasting Runcia friendships.



FIRST OAK ISLAND TRIP

Once upon a time, seven campers and three counselors bravely set out to cross a massive body of water, fighting the wind and the waves, to a small uninhabited island called Oak. Unsuccessfully, the small troop pitched their tent. Again and again they tried, but in vain. Finally they had it done to their satisfaction and it leaned only to one side. Then the courageous group had a snack and went swimming. After organizing their camping gear, they prepared supper. The menu included Toad-in-a-Hole, and the specialty of the cook, Jody, chocolate cream pie with graham cracker crumbs as crust. Unfortunately Jody dressed it with marshmallows, and the hearty crew had indigestion after eating it.

They went into the lop-sided tent and told stories. They had Jody believing that a bear was going to attack the tent and that he carried a gun in his back pocket. Right behind him would follow his friends, the sea gulls, who wore boots with knives in them. She finally came to her senses, which had been lost, and declared, "Sea gulls don't wear boots." Right before going to bed, they made a snack, "s'mores."

At 7:15 they were awakened by Margie to make breakfast.

The cook then prepared hot cocoa which was guzzled eagerly. Scrambled eggs and bason were the main course of the meal. Singing the "Soaky Soaks you clean" song, they cleaned the breakfast dishes. After taking down the tent and packing all their gear, they started on the long journey home - fifteen minutes. While battling the waves, they tried to think of a trip song. Their motto was: "If at first you don't succeed, give up."

Cindy Schumo

SUNDAY SAIL WITH PINE ISLAND

On the third day of July, ten girls left Runoia's shore for an afternoon of sailing with the boys from Pine Island.

As Phil towed the five boats across Great Pond, little talk took place because of the questions which kept pondering through each girl's mind - "Would he be able to sail?" "What shall I talk about?" etc. Finally we rounded the bend which led to a shore full of boys, staring, I guess, to see if we met with their approval!

We reached the dock and were assigned a boat and, with our fingers crossed, a boy! Then off to the starting line and - POW - we were on our way around the course. It was a smooth wind and an easy ride, for me at least! But Jody had a little less luck! She got the oldest and cutest boy, but no talent or experience for sailing.

The race ended as we all crossed the line except for a yellow boat still at the last mark.

"Who is it? we all asked. Looking around, only Jody was missing. Then someone said, "Oh yeah, Jody was skippering!" So we watched the last boat submerge with Jody at the helm! Oh well, we all can't win!!!

Saying goodbye to our hosts, we left Pine Island and an all in all great day.

Mary Vivian

RUNOIA NEWSLETTER

JULY 10, 1966



This week began with a "bang" !, - the Traditional Runoia Fourth of July evolution organized and run by the CIT's. The British teams of Sandberg's Swinging Soldiers, Hilton's Hootin' Hossians and Maner's Mighty Minute Men, fought the American teams of Polly's Pickled Patriots, McCreary's Mysterious Marchers, and Yates' Yellin' Yankees in Bombardment, Tug - O - War, Sack races and Beat Ball in the morning. Water-Trot activities were the contests of the afternoon. History was rewritten, when the British teams won! At night, we gathered around a campfire at the beach enjoying songs, sparklers and toasted marshmallows.

Blue-White spirit was renewed when the new campers picked from a box blue or white slips indicating their teams. Evening sailing was enjoyed by a group of Seniors on Tuesday and they are hoping for more windy evenings.

Despite some rain Wednesday, the CIT's, Greenie, Idz and Betty left for a two day tour of Bar Harbor, including a visit to Les Chalets Francais on Deer Isle. The group saw little but fog as they toured Mt. Desert's shore roads looking in vain for a good campsite to use later in the summer. On Tuesday and Thursday two of the Junior groups visited Rome Farm s with Mrs. Pat and Johnny. The most exciting discovery is the fact that one of the mare's is soon to have a colt! We hope to have a return visit after it arrives.

Thursday morning, Janie O, Carol, Katy, Jeanne and Elsa took the 4th shackers to Flying Pond for the day. A group of Seniors with Margy and Meg left in the afternoon for a supper paddle around the lake. Another group of seniors went on an overnight to Oak Island with Peggy, Diane and Margo. Thursday night's cook-out became a cook-in - cause - a quick shower - result - rain-cooked hamburgers well done between drops!

Friday nights' evening program was 'Friday night at the movies' with Laurel and Hardy. Saturday and Sunday should be termed Birthday week-end, for we had one on the 6th, and three on the 10th. Saturday night featured the wedding of Susie Swandive to Barry Broadjump, complete with receiving line and reception.

Team captains were elected on Saturday.

Senior Blue - Polly Willard
Junior Blue - Georgia Sollenberger

Senior White - Diana Sandberg
Junior White - Iana Kempner

And so ends our second week of camp. Time is flying too quickly and we wonder how we will fit everything in between now and August 22nd.

ROME HORSE FARM

On Thursday, July seventh, Johnny and Mrs. Pat took Third Shack to a horse farm. We first saw some horse medals and ribbons. Then we saw some horses. He took them one by one to get a drink. One of the horses was pregnant. He said that most of them were Arabian. They were beautiful. After that we saw some colts. One of them looked like it had socks on. We took many pictures of the colts and horses. We had a very nice time.

Cindy Hill



THE RUNOIA REVOLUTION

July fourth was one of those very unusual days. In the morning, the counselors got up very early and dressed up in costumes of red, white, and blue. They used pots, pans, whistles, and horns to make as much noise as possible. It severely startled those who were still sleeping. At last, everyone was up and dressed in costumes of red, white, and blue. After breakfast, we went back to our shacks and tidied up the rooms for inspection. After that we went to the Lodge for assembly, during which the C.I.T.s told us which teams we would be on. There were three American teams and three British teams. On the Americans' side were "Polly's Pickled Patriots," "Maner's Mighty Minutemen," and "Yates' Yelling Yankees." On the British side were "MacCreary's Mysterious Marchers," "Hilton's Hootin' Hessians," and "Sandberg's Swingin' Soldiers." The British and Americans competed in many games. One was Prison Knockout. The idea of the game was to get as many people out on the opposite team as possible. You did this by throwing the ball under the volleyball net and hitting the person below the waist. That person would then become a "ghost" and would go over to the other side around the

edge and, if they had a chance to get the ball, they would try to hit the person on the other team. Another game we played was Beat Ball. This game is like Kickball except you have to run around all the bases and try to beat the ball back to home base. This sounds hard, but the ball also had to be thrown to all the other bases before it could be thrown home!

Down at the softball field, there was a tug-o-war and gunny-sack races. After the events of the morning, we went back to our shacks and cleaned up for lunch. As soon as lunch was over, most people were glad to get back to their shacks for rest hour.

After rest hour, we went down to the waterfront for relay races. One was the potato relay in which you had to carry a potato on a spoon to a certain point where you went under water and ate a marshmallow. The next relay was the sweatshirt relay in which you had to put a sweatshirt on and flap your arms against the water to get to the next person on your team. The last race was a partners' race.

After supper, we went to evening program and chose Blue-White teams. The new girls were waiting in suspense; the old girls were hoping some of their friends would be on their team. After the teams had been picked, we went down to the beach and sat around a campfire, roasting

marshmallows, singing, and playing with our sparklers. Soon the Juniors had milk and crackers, and our wonderful Fourth of July was over. The British team won, reversing the course of history.

Leslie Wilson

C.I.T. TRIP TO BAR HARBOR

On the dank and drizzling morn of Wednesday, July sixth, the C.I.T.s, Greenie, Liz, and Betty marched courageously out of camp in anticipation of locating a campsite on the Maine coast which all of Runoia could enjoy. To the silent envy of many campers, our mode of transportation consisted of the Runoia stationwagon and Liz's new blue Volkswagen, instead of the usual canoes.

After about two long hours of driving on the "scenic route" with no interruption save for a pit stop by Betty, we halted our vehicles to lunch on a very wet and cold Moose Point. The typical Runoia PBJs were accompanied by tunafish sandwiches, fruit, and carrot sticks - the latter of which proved to be the most popular item on the menu.

We entered Deer Isle at about two o'clock and proceeded to visit Les Chalets Francais, a French camp steeped in the Arts. We arrived just as their rest hour ended and were led by Mrs. Bush, the director, through various attractions of the camp, such as their salt-water swimming pool, the chalets in which some of the girls lived, and we even viewed an excellently conducted

ballet lesson. We were excited to see several former camp-mates at Les Chalets Francais, including Ellen Wolfson, Ann Dalrymple, and Barbara Fink. After extending "thank you's" to Mrs. Bush, we continued to our campsite at Barcadia, arriving by five-thirty, and were overjoyed to find pix and water facilities right by the campsite. The C.I.T.s, thanks to much prior practice, put up the tent in record time and collected wood for a fire built professionally by Audrey and Vernaglia. Dinner consisted of superb "meat loaves" stuffed with cheese, a hugh salad with Phil's special cheese dressing, and steamed clams which Betty graciously provided. "S'mores" followed, and we settled down for early bed along with a multitude of mosquitoes. Nine of us in the green tent grew quite cramped since, as Vernaglia put it, "The counselors were inconsiderate enough to bring air mattresses." At four a.m., we awoke as Betty and Greenie had to obey the call of nature at the pix. A two hour sleep followed, and, by six-thirty, we commenced eating a delicious breakfast of Maypo, Tang, bacon, and French toast made by Liz and Allie.

We broke camp by nine o'clock and continued our search for a new Runoia campsite on Mt. Desert - a hunt which proved unsuccessful. We stopped for a moment at Bar Harbor and were disappointed because our view was obstructed by thick fog.

Lunch we had at Thompson Park, where the sea gulls feasted on a gourmet meal of our stale bread PBJs while we munched on raisins and slightly soggy graham crackers.

The long ride back to camp followed with Boston's WBZ on Liz's car radio to the happiness of Baker, Lynn, and Squish. We entered Waterville and here our merry jaunt was climaxed by a stop at Rummel's, where we exultantly piled out of the cars to celebrate Baker's birthday. And needless to say, we enjoyed ourselves immensely - Greenie's mocha ice cream with hot butter-scotch sauce, included. And we entered camp once again, bloated but happy.

Sue Squire

FOURTH SHACK'S ADVENTURE

On Thursday, July seventh, Fourth Shack was buzzing with the thought of a canoe trip. All packed and ready, most of the campers piled in the truck. Three other campers went in the car along with Janie O., Nancy Post, Elsa, Katie, Temple Aaron, and Pam Cobb. Phil drove the car, and we all admired the houses and sang and laughed.

Arriving at Flying Pond, we watched some boys swimming while Phil unloaded the canoes. We got in our assigned canoes and took off down the pond. Soon the bow paddlers got tired, so everybody was glad to see the tiny island where we were to stop and have lunch. Our lunch consisted of PBJs and tuna fish sandwiches. This was preceded by raisins which we threw up into the air, trying in vain to catch them in our mouths. So many raisins were dropped, we decided to call the island "Raisin Island." Janie O. then decided to change into her bathingsuit and instantly we surrounded her with ground cloths.

We paddled off to the dam after lunch and took skinny dips under the waterfall. The darkening sky went unnoticed until thunder sounded. We pushed off in a hurry but soon pulled up on the yard of a vacant house. Now fully-clothed,

we waited until the storm passed.

Suddenly, up out of the dark trees lurked a black shadow. Helen Langeweische and I saw it. We soon made it out to be Phil, but the others also saw him before he could scare them. The storm was over so we turned down Phil's offer for a ride home and started back in our canoes. Half way home, it started to rain again so we stopped on an empty lot where we played "Steal the Bacon" and "Thief." Finally we reached our meeting place and left only to bring more rain to Camp Runoia!

Meg Affleck

SECOND OAK ISLAND TRIP

Our trip began after rest hour. We carted our things to the beach and loaded them into the canoes. We started to paddle and our trip had really begun when Diane Dorsey spotted rain clouds. From then on, we paddled quickly so we could get to Oak quickly. The water was a little rough. When we got there, we started to unload because of thunder. Our trip box almost fell into the water, and everyone slipped all over the rocks. Finally, we got unloaded and racked the canoes. We had to get the pix hole dug, tent up, and find firewood. Since there was little wood on this part of the island, Margo got three girls to go with her, and we went by canoe to another part of the island where we found lots of wood. We were just putting it away when we met a bunch of Pine Island boys. They asked us where our campsite was and we told them. It happened to be where they were going. We told them of another campsite right around the corner. They paddled there, and we arn through the woods to where they were headed and took half the woodpile. They got there and saw us and yelled, "Have a heart, we just got here."

We answered, "First come, first served." Then we got in our canoe and left. When we got back to our campsite, the war canoe was there but they were about to leave. After they left, we started our supper which was very good. After dinner, as I was cleaning a pan, the handle fell off and, when I went to get it, a fish bit my finger. After all the dishes were done, we went swimming. Then we made "s'mores," we went to bed, and after a snack of cheese and crackers, we settled down. In the morning, we woke up and went skinny dipping. Afterwards, we sat down to a wonderful breakfast of chipped beef on toast, bacon, cocoa, and apple juice. After breakfast, we set to cleaning up, taking down the tent, rolling up our sleeping bags, and unranking our canoes. We had had a ball and our trip had ended.

Roxane Lowther

FIRST WEDDING AT RUNOIA

The first wedding at Runoia was held a Saturday night for Peggy's evening activity! There was an open invitation to all.

Much to my surprise, everyone from Junior end came dressed up. The wedding started with a wound up Cheer-leader (Georgie Myer) who unwound with a very rousing cheer!

Well, the carpet was unrolled, and the flower girls went walking down the aisle tossing tennis balls madly into the seats where people were sitting! Next came the bridesmaids dressed in bathing suits, followed by Caren Euster who was maid of honor!

Now the big moment you have been waiting for - the bride (Missy Burrage) and her father (Cathy Sharpe)!

Well, the bride was given away and was wed for good sportsmanship by the fantastic preacher (Wendy Schrader) who couldn't stop laughing. Candy Maner was the groom!

Well, it was a good evening program, and everyone really enjoyed it.

Thanks, Peggy.

Ellie Baker

This week has been a lively mixture of activities, trips and weather at Runoia. Last Sunday, Fifth shack led our Sunday Service using the theme of trust. The Bryant and Sally Stone gave short speeches as part of the service. That afternoon some girls sailed with the Pine Island boys. Vicky Valdes was in the winning boat and Laura Kind came in second. At the same time other campers were attending a concert the New England Music Camp on Lake Mossalonskee.

Fourth shack went in two groups to separate campsites on Oak Island Tuesday night. Janie O, Jeanne and Tine were with one group, while Liz, Katy and Carol took the other group. Wednesday was a day of thunderstorms. They did not dampen our spirits. The long Lake trip started out after the first storm only to be picked up after the second storm during the middle of the afternoon. They started out again the next morning and had two excellent days. Flying Pond was enjoyed by a group of Juniors on Thursday. Blueberries picked on Blueberry Hill made yummy Sunday morning muffins.

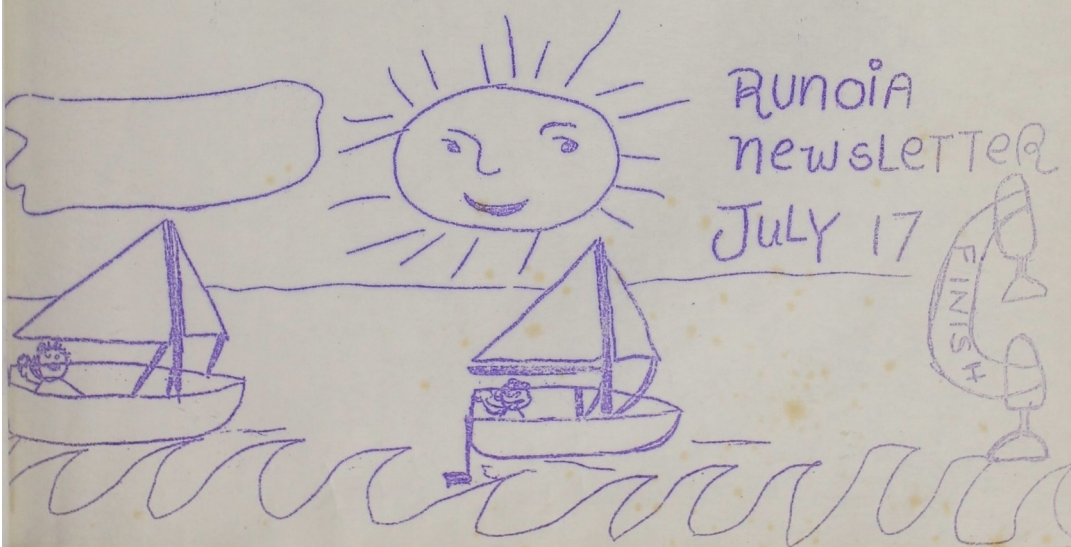
'What's My Line' was the program on Friday evening, with Janet Gladstein as emcee and hostess of ceremonies. Her three guests were: Quivering Lexington (Margo Van Allen), Magilla Magilla (Diana Sandberg) and Maribelle Carmichael (Candy Maner).

A Junior Kickball game was played on Saturday with the Blues as winners. In the afternoon the Seniors had sailboat races. First place went to Ann McCreary and Sue Bates (Blue), second place to Mary Vivian and Ellen Holmberg (White) and third place to Beth Hilton and Candy Maner (Blue).

In the evening, Runoia went International at a party run by the Aides. Second place went to a skit from Ireland, third - Mexico, fourth - North Pole, fifth - Russia, sixth and the tent - China, seventh - Africa. Fourth received the prize for the Best Skit, Doug Tabell and Cindy Hill won the best character award for their bull outfit, and Sue Bates, as an African native received a prize for the best costume.

Everyone has been active in sailing, swimming, canoeing and tennis this week. In the crafts shop they are busy with jewelry, stuffed animals and some very lovely embroidery work. If only time would slow down!

Come on up. It's cool and sunny.



FIRST LONG LAKE TRIP

On the morning of Wednesday, the thirteenth, twelve Seniors along with Meg, Margy, and Schrader prepared to pack canoes and set off for Long Lake. Just as we were about to leave, we were forced to delay our trip for an hour because of a thunder storm. After the rain, we did a sun dance for half an hour. The sun came out and we started on our way once again.

We paddled to the portage between Great Pond and Long Lake. Our canoes were very heavy and we were glad to rest on the shore of Long Lake and eat lunch when it was done. Once again the skies opened up, and we were forced to find shelter on the porch of Day's. Hearing a weather report depressed us even more. The counselors were forced to call camp and, to our disappointment, Phil came along to take us back to camp.

The next morning proved to be beautiful. Phil drove us to Belgrade Lakes so that we could take up our trip where we had left off the day before.

Crossing the first part of Long Lake was miserable. The wind and waves were against us. After 45 minutes of hard paddling, we rested in a beautiful small cove. We

then went to Castle Island where we could buy things to eat. After paddling for a while longer, we ate "fluffernutters" and ham and cheese sandwiches on an island no more than 75 feet long.

Our campsite was just around the corner, and we were very glad to see it. We thought all our troubles were over until Phil and Jeanne came in the motor boat. Sharon was taken back to camp, and Jeanne took her place. We were puzzled as to the reason, but it wasn't till we got back to camp that we found out the reason.

The next thing we knew, Polly Willard slipped, fell, and hurt her back. She had to be taken back to camp too.

The next morning we paddled to the "Darn" (dam) just to find our luck failing once again. A road was being built in front of it. We still ate lunch on the "Darn" but it got slightly damp because of another rain shower. Luckily that was our last rain for the trip. We had had our share of bad luck.

Have you ever been lifted with only twelve fingers? That night in the tent, six of us lifted a girl with using only two fingers each after telling her and yourselves that she was dead and we had to take her to her grave. It was very scary.

Unfortunately, the next morning brought packing and closing up camp. The paddle home was sunny and pleasant. We all had a tan plus large biceps to show for our trip.

Carole Erslev

FIRST LONG LAKE TRIP SONG

Tune: "Betsy From Pike"

1. Our trip got up on the wrong side of bed
In fact, it nearly wasn't at all
We packed our canoes and got ready to go
To paddle on Long Lake and have a real ball
2. And then...
3. Thunder, thunderation
4. and...
5. Lightning is striking again and again and again
6. but later...
7. We paddled and paddled to Belgrade Lakes
8. but...
9. (repeat verses 3, 4, 5)
10. But Phil came along in his little red truck
He drove up to Day's and picked us all up
Our trip was delayed for another whole day
Ho hum, my how boring, but what could we say?
11. With Meg, Schrader, and Margy, food from Mrs. Foss
We tried to show Long Lake who really was boss
Our beautiful campsite was much in demand
But we stood our ground and we made our stand
12. Two boys' camps there were with the same thing in mind
But they paddled away a new campsite to find
They settled for one that was just 'cross the lake
Making our skinny dips quite hard to take
13. And who should come along then but Jeanne and Phil
14. And...
15. They're taking dear Schrader away, ha, ha
They're taking dear Schrader away, ha, ha
Hee hee, ho ho, ha hum
16. Polly's Pix Parlor was opened to all
But to our dismay Polly had a great fall
17. They're taking dear Polly away, ha, ha
They're taking dear Polly away, ha, ha
Hee hee, ho ho, ha hum

18. We woke in the morning with many an ache
But still we arose for our dear Margy's sake
To the "Darn" we did paddle, five miles away
We paddled and paddled most of the day
19. The old gray "Darn" it ain't what it used to be,
ain't what it used to be, ain't what it used to be,
The old gray "Darn" it ain't what it used to be
Before the construction crew got there.
20. We had a seance that night in the tent
'Pon picking up Julie our group it was bent
We raised her two feet to the ceiling or more
When we let her go then she fell to the floor
21. Morning was packing and breaking up camp
We threw in dear George and she got slightly damp
Tufts sweatshirt and all, she went into the lake
A nice morning dip our poor George had to take
22. They're taking our whole trip away, ha, ha
They're taking our whole trip away, ha, ha
Hee hee, ho ho, ha hum!

FLYING POND

It was a nice clear morning when we started off. We were going to Flying Pond where we would paddle around the lake all day. After we had paddled for an hour and a half, we stopped on an island for lunch. On the island we found two boys that had camped there for the night. For lunch we had PBJs and tunafish sandwiches. After lunch we started out for the dam where there was a waterfall. When we got there, we went swimming. There were crayfish everywhere, and everyone was afraid of them. We found one big crayfish, and we named him Clyde. After we went swimming, we started back to where Phil was to pick us up to bring us back to camp. It was a really nice trip.

Laura Reed

INTERNATIONAL NIGHT AT RUNOIA

On the sixteenth of July, the C.I.T.s put on an International Night. Each shack was to represent a different country, and the girls were supposed to put on a skit about that country. Second Shack was to do Ireland; Third, Mexico; Fourth, the North Pole; Fifth, Russia; Sixth, China; Seventh and the Tent, Africa. Ribbons were awarded for the best Senior costume, the best Junior costume, the best group costume, and the best skit in Junior and in Senior. The best skit was awarded to Fourth Shack because of careful practising and the best organization. This night will rest in the memories of Runoia girls.

Helen Langewiesche

RUNOIA NEWSLETTER

JULY 23, 1966

Twenty-eight days. Four weeks. One month. Half a summer! This fourth week of camp has been one of the most action-packed.

On Monday, half of third shack paddled over to Oak Island for their first overnight. At the same time, the entire second shack hiked to Fairy Ring for a giggling campout complete with skinny dips, s'mores, and a campfire. All during this week, trips of girls have been sleeping out in the treehouse near fourth shack.

The second Long Lake trip left on a windy Wednesday with Marcia, Tina, and Mary and returned on Friday, tanned, enthusiastic, and sorry that the trip was not longer. That evening, with a diminished camp, there were camper vs. counselor kickball and softball games.

The third Long Lake trip left the next day with Sharon, Peggy, and Margo and had fun paddling to a nearby dam and swimming in the lake. Half of the fourth shackers took off in canoes for two nights on Crooked Island. The girls explored a nearby bay, sunbathed, and floated on air mattresses. While these many trips were out, there was a cookout at camp and a chance to relax our daily routine. Second and third shackers hiked up Mount Philip with Jeanne, Carol, Betty, Phil, and Pam on Thursday afternoon and fourth shack visited the Rome Horse Farm.

Despite Friday's lazy breeze, Diane, Meg, Janet, Elsa, Ann, and some seniors went for an all-day sail around Oak Island to the eastern end of Great Pond.

Everyone is looking forward to the Horse Show on August 14th and all the trips and adventures to come.

NOTE TO PARENTS: Please return the transportation form as soon as you receive it from the Cobbs.

SECOND SHACK'S TRIP TO FAIRY RING

We went to Fairy Ring on July 18th. We had lots of fun. For supper we had hot dogs, carrots, and potato chips. Then we had some banana boats for dessert. We watched the counselors go swimming. They went out to the big float and dived off the diving board. Then we begged the counselors to let us go for a skinny dip. We had lots of fun. After that, we had "s'mores" and we roasted marshmallows and went to bed. In the night Jody lost her tooth. She took it to the counselors, and they said to put it on the rock, so she did. In the night we heard a dog barking. Jody cried, "The dog is going to eat my tooth," but he didn't. Later on in the night the shelf that we kept our food on fell down but luckily the counselors were awake and they fixed it. Again in the morning it almost fell down, but Diane caught it just in time. For breakfast, we had corned beef hash and cocoa and apple juice. After breakfast we had to collect firewood. While we were collecting firewood, Sissy, Christine, and Jody were washing dishes. Sissy fell in because she was trying to capture a floating cup. Christine almost fell in but she was lucky. After that, we packed up and left Fairy Ring. I hope we can go again.

Lauren Dmitrieff

SECOND LONG LAKE TRIP

It was a warm but very windy day. We left pretty late in the morning because of the counselors' indecision to go. The paddle was rough but fun, and we made pretty good time. When we reached Long Lake, we found it was much calmer. We reached the campsite about three. We did the usual pitching of the tent, gathering firewood, digging the garbage hole, etc. Then we got down to food. Frieda prepared our chicken and cooked it. It was great! That night we all went to sleep early for we were very tired.

In the morning we had breakfast and quickly cleaned up camp. Then we left for a day on the lake. We paddled till noon when we had lunch in our canoes. After lunch we had a siesta. About two o'clock we left for Big Rock. We spent the rest of the afternoon running off it and sunbathing. When we were halfway back to the campsite, we saw the third Long Lake trip coming from our campsite. When we got back and went in our tent, we saw a dummy sitting there. We decided to turn the tables and not say anything about it. We'd say we never saw it. That worked! HA!

Just before dinner, half of us went blueberry picking. They all came back with tales of bees and falls. Poor them! That night none of us were sleepy and we talked half the night, and the few girls who had started to sleep outdoors came back in.

In the morning, we had a quick breakfast and a few unexpected trips (whoops!) into the water. And so we left Long Lake with hopes to come back again someday.

Louise Broad

THIRD LONG LAKE TRIP

It was a perfect day for a canoe trip to Long Lake. The water was smooth so we made good time. Since we were near another Runoia campsite, we all stopped, and, finding them gone, gave in to the temptation of a practical joke. We filled a plastic bag with pine needles for a head and stuffed clothes into a jacket and a pair of pants and stuck the dummy into a sleeping bag. We got to our campsite fifteen minutes later and set up camp. When we started to have our shish-ka-bob dinner, we found out that instead of meat, there was chicken liver! UGH! Need I say there was a lot left over.

That night we all slept on rocks, roots, and twigs. The next morning, firewood was collected, and we ate breakfast. When the dishes were done, we went on a short paddle to the Big Rock and stayed the rest of the day, sunbathing and swimming. When we got back to camp, it was dinner time.

After another night on rocks, we woke to find another glorious day. We broke camp and were off by ten o'clock. Everyone had great fun.

Laurie Bryant

CROOKED CRUISE

Janie O., Katy, Margy, and two C.I.T.s (Squish and Vernaglia) took half of Fourth Shack to Crooked Island for three days. We left early Thursday morning before assembly. We all hurried down to the beach and unracked our canoes. Luck was with us - it was a beautiful day. We decided to paddle around the lake before going to Crooked. Our four canoes went along the shore laden with knapsacks, sleeping bags, and rain packs. Nothing out of the ordinary - until we came to pass Pine Island. Most people on our trip hadn't seen Pine Island before. We came around the back of the island to the front. It was really funny because we had to stay close to land. After seeing their small island and tents, I'm glad we have our camp. We stopped for lunch at a small beach. We were hungry and ate our PBJs eagerly. We then set to paddling again. We reached our campsite at Crooked Island. We went for a dip after everything had been set up. That night we had shish-ka-bobs. The only trouble was everything fell off the stick. Later on, we had "s'mores" and then went to bed. The counselors slept outside. All of the campers were inside the tent. We tried to hypnotize

people which wasn't successful. Then we told ghost stories.

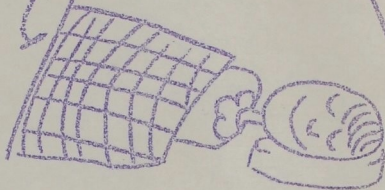
The next day we left to go to North Bay. When we got there, the counselors let us float around on their air mattresses. We had lots of fun. We then had some sandwiches. Janie O. said we had to have a rest hour. So everybody decided to lie in the canoes. After a while, rest hour was over. We were allowed to go in the canoes and do anything with them as long as we didn't go out too far. Some people gunwaled their canoes; others tipped their canoes or just hacked around. Much too soon we had fried chicken which was delicious. A little while after, we all had a skinny dip. This time, instead of having the counselors sleep out, we did. So we all pulled our stuff out of the tent and attempted to sleep outside. It was fine until we were nearly eaten alive by mosquitoes. In the middle of the night, we all blundered into the tent and slept there.

The next morning we all packed, had breakfast, and paddled home. The trip had been fun, but we were glad to get back to our soft beds at camp.

Ginny Myer

RUNOIA NEWSLETTER

July 31, 1966



The first Runoia slave auction was a wild success, due to the leadership of our C.I.T.'s. After supper on Saturday, July 23rd, everyone was told that a large number of colored rocks had been lost on the campus and that we were to look for them. The more rocks we found, the more fun we would have at evening activity. The rocks found were exchanged for beans and the counselors' services were bid for. Some of the services auctioned were a motor boat ride, a judo lesson, a swim on horseback, and a back rub. The evening was a big hit and we discovered, at last, why the C.I.T.'s have been painting rocks for the past few weeks.

The next day, sixth shack led our Sunday Service, groups went to the Music Camp concert, and on trail rides, while others competed in Blue-White sailing races. The results of the Senior race were: first - Ann McCreary and Carole Erslav; second - Georgia Myer and Debbie Dix; third - Mary Vivian and Mary Lawry. The Juniors also raced, with Chris Buckley and Tonia Ross in first place, and Lina Kempner and Claire Schoen in second.

Monday was the first day Peggy took girls out to try disc water skiing, a new and enjoyable challenge. That night we saw Walt Disney's movie, "Make Mine Music". Despite rain on Tuesday, Shelley worked with an enameling class in the Crafts Shop. Tryouts were held for the choir which will sing in the Community Church in Belgrade Lakes on August 7th. It cleared in the afternoon and we enjoyed a birthday table at supper and "Hares and Hounds" in the evening.

The last Long Lake trip left on Wednesday with Liz, Janie O., Audrey, and Linda. Third Shack ventured to Oak Island with Margy, Marcia, and Else. The evening was free for volleyball, tennis, and sailing. Our first all-day rain came on Thursday when the temperature dropped and we took out our heavy clothing. Games, folk dancing, and a Jet-Set Hat Fashion Show by the Juniors were the principal activities. In the evening, each shack presented a fractured fairy tale. The C.I.T.'s awarded the following prizes: best actress - Jody Myer; most dramatic - Ellen Dalton; most fractured character - Jammie Gillespie; most fractured skit - third shack's Cindy Heller and Daddy-O Charming; best planned skit - sixth shack's Little Red Riding Hood.

We continue to learn alot here about swimming, sailing, tennis, and living with people.

SLAVE AUCTION

At dinner on Saturday, July 23rd, there was a special announcement. We were supposed to collect hidden colored stones. We would collect as many as we could and when the bell rang, we would return to our shacks. We then counted out how many beans we got from the value of the stones. The yellow stones were worth four beans, the green were worth three beans, the pink were worth two beans, and the blue were worth one bean. After we got our beans, we went to the Lodge and started to bid for the slaves - the counselors, aides, and C.I.T.S - with the beans we had. The slaves would do certain jobs for the beans, like doing jobs in a shack for a week, taking one of our swimming lessons for us, or even going riding in the water. We could bid until we ran out of beans and then stopped. The slaves and their masters were as follows:

Janet Gladstein - take someone's place in swimming lesson:

won by Jammie Gillespie

Pam House - a back massage: won by Margy Britt

Diane Dorsey and Jeanne Holmberg - play jacks or tennis:

won by Prudy Taylor

Johnny - spend one rest hour on the chaise lounge: won

by Joanne Marshall

Betty - dishes or silver for one meal: won by Edie Padderatz

Phil - a windy day sail: won by Georgia Sollenberger

Greenie - change bed on Sunday: won by Julie Aaron

Jane Orbeton - private aquaplane lesson: won by Laura Reed

Katie Kennedy - piggy-back ride to one day's activities:
won by Candy Maner

Carol Baldino - serve for one day's meals: won by Tuna Ross

Ann Vivian - portrait: won by Cindy Schumo

Margy Warren - swim at counselors' dock: won by Tuna Ross
and Ginny Myer

Peggy Kay - lesson on the disk: won by Vicki Goff

Mary Young and Margo VanAllen - sail at rest hour: won by
Ellen Teitell and Jane Thomas

Elsa Master - sing a lullaby: won by Pam Cobb and Temple Aaron

Judy Maxwell - swimming on horseback: won by Diana Sandberg

Marcia Fleming - judo lessons: won by Beth Hilton

Sharon Schrader - motorboat ride during rest hour: won by
Ellie Baker and Chessye Hill

Liz Bowman - sweep room for one week: won by Jody Sataloff
and Georgia Myer

Margie London - desserts and raffles for one week: won by
Laurie Dmitrieff

Tine Chalfant - riflery for two juniors during rest hour:
won by Claire Schoen and Georgia Sollenberger

C.I.T.s - jobs for one week: won by Fourth Shack and Seventh
Shack

Jammie Gillespie

FOURTH LONG LAKE TRIP

On a beautiful day, July 27th, the fourth Long Lake trip started out in canoes. The counselors were Janie O. and Liz, along with two C.I.T.s, Audrey and Linda. We paddled across Great Pond and through the Belgrade Stream. While we were portaging our canoes across a road and bridge, we met some boys from "Y" camp who helped us with the canoes.

Around noon, we stopped at a point and ate lunch. We found the area sandy, sunny, and quite beautiful so we all laid down to tan ourselves while eating lunch. Almost everyone went for a dip before we started off again. We paddled past Castle Island but didn't stop. After pitching the blue tent, everyone scattered all over, looking for firewood. That night, we had hamburgers with cheese and later we had "s'mores" which tasted simply delicious. We went on a moonlight paddle. Five brave souls slept outside while the rest slept in the tent.

The next morning seemed very dismal. After breakfast, we paddled off in our canoes to go exploring. We reached tall grass and lily pads and found no more water. It was getting very windy and it suddenly started to rain. We

paddled very hard back to our campsite and finally made it. All of us rushed into the tent while dragging our food with us. We slept the rest of that afternoon.

That night, after the wind had died down and the rain had stopped, we had fried chicken, rice, peas, and apple-sauce. Later we sat around the campfire singing, while cooking "doughboys." All slept in the tent.

We set off for camp after eating blueberry pancakes. We stopped at the point and ate lunch. On the way home, we were forced to stop at a house because of rain and hail. We arrived back at camp in the late afternoon, full of laughter and waterlogged.

Carol Lichtenberger

Tune: The Persian Kitten

The trip went out on a sunny day
The waves were big but they didn't stay
We met some boys on the way
After they helped us, we did say:

Bo-bo-ski-...etc.
Y-Camp, Y-Camp, wad-atz yea!

We started out for Castle Isle
It seemed so long and it took a while
We streaked our hair with lemon goup
Our legs looked like tomato soup!

Finally we reached our campsite
And then we prepared for the coming night
Then back to Castle Isle for soap
Because the counselors began to mope

Then we sang: Soaky soaks you clean in oceans full of fun, etc.

When we got back the day was done
And the mosquitos came marching one by one
hurrah, hurrah
Later it rained on our heads
But we were safely tucked in our beds.

The morning brought an icky day
The sun was hidden, and the sky was grey
To the "darn" we wanted to arrive
We met Seab Black who was only 5. Too young!

Out on the lake in shiny canoes
It was so cold we wore pants and shoes and a top
Then it began to rain and pour
So we went back to snore some more. Three hours!

At six o'clock was our big meal
And - "We had a little chicky and he wouldn't
lay an egg - so we ate him. Yumm -

That night brought "What a pretty nurse"
We were so scared we began to curse
Betty, Phil, and Johnny, now what do you
think of that?

Into our sleeping bags we crawled
It was so crowded we all got mauled
Then we sang our favorite song -
 "Suffocation, Runoia's suffocation
 Suffocation, the game we had to play."
Just breathe that air - sniff, sniff,
Let me out of there.

We all awoke to see the ray
Of the sun brightening up our day
In our canoes, we beg to "J"
And finally started on our way.

Past Castle Isle and buoys too
At times the sky was not so blue
The clouds had had all that they could take
Thundered, so we stopped at the Blake's.

There we met cute little June
And Martha and Johna - they were all the same
We thanked them for their hospitality
And back we went on the clear blue sea.

We finally reached Runoia's shore
We washed ourselves and washed some more
We had all the fun that we could take
Next year we wanna repeat Long Lake

WE DECIDED

Our trip's better than your trip
Our trip's better than yours
Our trip's better cause we had US on it
Our trip's better than yours.



Every Saturday here at Camp seems busier than the last. On July 30th the second Blue-White softball game of the season was held. It was won again by the Whites. The Blue Juniors had offset this by a victory in kickball the day before. In each of these sports a series of games is played to determine the winning team for the summer. Despite choppy waves on Great Pond, Liz and the Aides led the Advanced Swimmers on a long distance swim to Oak Island, fulfilling one of the requirements for this class. They had lunch on the Island before coming home. That same day the Juniors were busy in the afternoon with a sailing race which became rather prolonged as the steady wind gradually disappeared. Lina Kempner and Sandy Cobb came in first, followed by Ginny Myer and Tracey Buckley. As a finale to the day, there was a PAIR Party in the evening. Each girl had to come with a friend as a famous pair, such as Hensel and Gretel, Punch and Judy, Lightning and Thunder, and many others. Prizes were awarded in many categories.

The Senior sailing race on Sunday was shortened because of the lack of wind. The final results were first place, Jody Sataloff and Vicki Valdes; second place, Diana Sandberg and Carol Lichtenberger; third place, Ann Burrage and Ellen Teitell. As in softball and kickball, the final points for sailing are the results of a series of races for both Seniors and Juniors.

The past week was filled with trips to various places. A group of Seniors and three eager Juniors traveled north by car to Mt. Kelly for an afternoon climb. The day was warm and the hikers enjoyed a dip in an isolated pond near the mountain. A new trip paddling through Pocasset, Lovejoy, and Echo Lakes was led by Marcia, Margie, and Margo. One group took the trip in one direction and a second group made the return. Two groups, Second Shack and Third Shack, went to Pemaquid for a day. There they had lobsters on the pier at noon, followed by a leisurely afternoon on a lovely sandy beach. The trips ended with a picnic supper on the rocks at Lighthouse Point, where the girls had great fun feeding sea gulls the stale bread saved at Camp for the trip. A new trip was initiated by a group of Seniors with Betty, Janie O., Margy and Mary. They spent two nights at campsites on the Rangeley Lakes, putting into Lower Richardson at South Arm, traveling up that and Upper Richardson, then the length of Mooselookungantic to Haines Landing. Another set of campers will reverse the trip this coming week.

Now we have two weeks to finish gathering the experiences which will linger to remind us of Runoia next winter.

RUNOIA NEWSLETTER

August 3, 1966

WHO'S WHO AT THE PAIR PARTY

Saturday, July 30

SECOND SHACK:

Susie Williamson, Yuki Moore	Little Red Riding Hood & Grandma
Meg Baird, Christine Lowther	Hansel & Gretel
Jody Myer, Sissy Schmidt	Queen and King of Hearts
Edie Padderatz, Temple Aaron	Beauty and the Beast
Patience Martin, Laurie Dmitrieff	Mister Ed & Wilbur

THIRD SHACK:

Kelly Valdes, Cynthia Mackie	Mary & her lamb
Bethanne Elion	
(Prize: Honorable Mention)	
Meg Tabell, Laurie Meyer	Charlie Brown & Snoopy
(Prize: Peanutiest)	
Ann Bacon, Laura Reed	Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde
Cindy Lent, Tracey Buckley	Tonto & The Lone Ranger
Ann Dalrymple	Maid Marian & Robin Hood

FOURTH SHACK:

Julia Aaron, Marty Considine	Winnie the Pooh & Tigger
Ginny Myer, Claire Schoen	Punch & Judy
(Prize: Best-of-Best in Junior)	

Judy Hayes	Mrs. Pat & patient
Lina Kempner, Georgia Sollenberger	Willie White & Bluie B.
Leslie Wilson, Chris Buckley	Peter Pan & Wendy

FIFTH SHACK:

Jammie Gillespie, Betsy Squire	Raggedy Ann & Andy
(Prize: Best-of-Best in Senior)	
Mary Vivian, Nellen Dalton	Wright brothers with Mr. P.
Laurie Bryant, Janet Harris	birds & bees
Amy Davis, Jill Wellenbach	Captain Hook & crocodile
Margot Crary, Cinci Alston	themselves
Julie Thompson, Ellie Baker	lightning & thunder
(Prize: Most Creative)	

SIXTH SHACK:

Jody Sataloff, Georgia Myer	Little Orphan Annie & Sandy
Sam Adams, Chessye Hill	Mickey & Minnie Mouse
Margy Britt, Vicki Valdes	
Carole Lichtenberger, Jane Freidson	Tweedledee & Tweedledum
Bobbi Miller	owl & pussycat
(Prize: Honorable Mention)	

SEVENTH SHACK:

Beth Hilton, Sue Yates	ice cream & pickles
Diana Sandberg, Cindy Schumo	Mary, Joseph

Ann McCreary, Carole Erslev

Country Cornflakes

(Prize: Most Corny)

Missy Burrage, Wendy Schrader

Beauty and the Beast

Vicki Goff

Linus and his blanket

ETC.:

Pam House, Pam Cobb

William Tell's son & apple

Ann Vivian, Nancy Post

Moby Dick & Ahab

Mary Young, Elsa Master,

Three Bears

Meg Holmberg

(Prize: Boobie-Boobie)

Audrey Thompson, Irene Vernaglia Miss Universe & Miss World

(Prize: Most Ridiculous)

Allie Williams, Sue Squire

War & Peace

Lynn Tolcott, Linda Baker

Tweedledee & Tweedledum

THE SACO RIVER TRIP

R-r-r-r-ring! went the alarm clocks on a dreary Monday morning at six a.m. Clomp, clomp, clomp! "Rise and shine," went the counselors' cheerful (you'd better believe it!) voices. By seven a.m. everyone was up in the dining hall eating a hearty breakfast of cereal and donuts. This was the big day that seven seniors and three counselors were going to take a three-day trip on the Saco River.

After breakfast, we piled into two cars and went roaring out of camp. We traveled for two hours before reaching our destination, Camp Wyonegonic for Girls. After putting our packs and equipment in their great big green truck, we hitched up their canoes and headed for Canal Bridge. By the way, the reason we were using their canoes was because some of their seniors were coming back to Runoia to use our canoes for an overnight on Great Pond. Well - back to our trip. We put in at Canal Bridge and started downstream to find the good campsite which we had heard about. We paddled and paddled and looked and looked and finally decided to refresh ourselves with some lunch. Sandwiches were

our speciality along with punch, pickles, carrot sticks, and oranges. We paddled on, thinking that our campsite was just around the next bend. Suddenly, we saw a mountain! We beached our canoes and looked at the map. "Oh, no. We must be near Mt. Tom, which is way past our campsite!" Liz cried. It would have been silly to go back so we decided to keep on paddling until we could find a suitable campsite. Suddenly, we heard the roaring of cars. "Are we at 302 bridge already?" we all screamed. Just as we were rounding the bend, we saw three counselors leaving a perfect campsite. They had taken their day off and gone canoeing. Part of the campsite went back into the woods where we pitched our tent. There was also a nice sandy beach where we built the fireplace. The part of the river that ran in front of our campsite was very swift, and we had lots of fun trying to swim against the current. After digging the pix and doing the other jobs that go with pitching camp, we took a dip. We then fixed a delicious dinner which consisted of fried chicken, creamed corn, rice, punch, applesauce, and chocolate cake (courtesy of Mrs. Foss). Boy, was it good! After cleaning up, we settled down for a good night's sleep.

The next morning dawned sunny and beautiful. After a good breakfast of crunchy French toast, we got ready for a day of exploring. We soon found out that paddling

against the current wasn't as easy as we had expected. We were paddling to Keser Pond, a lake six miles away, never before explored by Runoia. Our first stop was three miles upstream at Keser Pond Outlet where we stopped for lunch. The Outlet itself was sort of like the Everglades. We even went under a covered bridge which was really cool. Finally, after paddling three miles, we reached Keser Pond. It was late in the afternoon when we got there so we only had time for a quick dip in the hot, soupy water. We got back to our campsite just in time for a dip and then it was time to fix an easy dinner of Beef-a-roni, wax beans, corn, applesauce, and fruit cocktail. After dinner, we worked on a still-unfinished trip song and then settled down for a long night's sleep.

We awoke the next morning at six and fixed a breakfast of hash and eggs. After cleaning up, we began to break camp. We finally said farewell to our campsite around ten and headed for our final destination, Walker's Falls. It was a cold rainy day, but the counselors took a dip at the waterfall anyway. After exploring for awhile, we all climbed into the big green truck and were taken back to Wyonegonic where we returned the canoes. We were then ushered into a green bus and taken back to dear old CR. I think I can say that everyone had a great time!

Sam Adams

WHAT WE DID IN PEMAQUID

We got up, made our beds, and then went to flag-raising and breakfast. We left for Pemaquid about nine-thirty a.m. We got there two hours later. We ordered lobster at the pier and then went to Pemaquid beach to swim. We hunted for snails and shells. When we got back to the dressing room, my sneakers were missing, and that was the first time that ever happened.

Soon we got to the ocean where the rocks are. Then we had fun climbing the rocks. When it was supper time, we fed the seagulls. On the way back, we sang and laughed. Soon, we came to the sign which says **RUNOIA**. When we got back, it was about eight o'clock-just in time for milk and crackers.

Yuki Moore

MOUNT KELLY

On August 2nd, a group of seniors and three juniors set off in the red truck for Mount Kelly. We started off full of pep and spirit but soon became aware of our bumpy and hilly ride. A thought then struck our minds. Did Phil know where he was going? After stopping at Bingham two or three times, we began to wonder. He came to a halt at a Game Warden's office. Outside we noticed a golden cocker spaniel. We were soon on our way again, and we appeared to be climbing higher and higher. Phil pulled into a family's driveway and walked briskly through the garage calling, "Is anybody home?" He received directions from the resident and around we turned. Ten minutes later, he stopped while Ann Vivian got out and tried to unlock a large silver gate with a key the warden had given us. It didn't work! So onward we went! Soon we arrived at an entrance to Smith's Pond and in we rumbled. It was the wrong place! We ate half our lunches, and Phil came back with the warden. We left for the silver gate again. After "breaking in," we journeyed onward, only to have one of the benches break! WE WERE THERE!!! AT LAST!!!

Up the mountain we went, and when we reached the top, we met a forest-fire ranger and his dog. The man took us up the fire tower four at a time, and we admired the view. Meanwhile, the others ate the other half of their lunches. When we had regained our strength, we started down again. Down the mountain we came, and after washing our faces in a stream, we left beautiful Mount Kelly. On the way home, we stopped for cokes and cookies and arrived at camp just in time for dinner!

Meg Affleck

FIRST ECHO LAKE TRIP

On Tuesday, August 2nd, Marcia, Margie, Margo and a set of seniors set off for a two day and one night exploration trip. We arrived at our starting point shortly after nine-thirty and started to unload our canoes and belongings from the truck. We then set off for North Wayne at the other end of the lake where we would make a two hundred yard portage. We reached our destination after much directing and consultation of our map. Once there, we unloaded our canoes, and, under Marcia's direction, used a new technique to Runoia - over-the-head carriage of the canoes. After the portage, we took a refreshing dip and ate our lunch. We then continued up another lake and portaged again. This portage was not as long but was made harder by the fact that we had to carry the canoes over some sharp rocks. We continued on to a small stream, up which we had to walk our canoes, and then we portaged over a low dam. This placed us less than ten minutes from our campsite. It was up in the woods, nestled among pines and birches. We immediately set to work to fix up our campsite and to prepare dinner. Everyone helped with dinner. Our steaks were just right and our potatoes and corn were great. After dishes had been done,

Marcia took us on an evening canoe ride which proved to be loads of fun.

The next morning, we ate breakfast and broke camp. We then paddled to the end of the lake to meet Phil and Johnny who were to bring our lunches and a second group of campers to reverse the trip we had just finished. While waiting, we explored a nearby dam. Johnny and Phil soon arrived and whizzed us back to camp with many happy memories.

Georgia Myer

RANGELEY I TRIP SONG

"Warsaw The 42nd"

We started out on the 3rd of August
We started out on a windy day
We piled into the little red truck
And almost blew ourselves away.

Stopped for a tour at the Telstar station
Goggled our eyes at the big balloon
Pix had hot and running water
But we had to leave for South Arm soon.

"Linger"

MMMM - We met a boys' camp
Mmmmm - They weren't the only ones
Mmmmm - We met some more along the way
Mmmmm - The first were grungy ones
Mmmmm - The next were babies
Mmmmm - The last were not going our way. TOO BAD!

"Where Is Love"

Where's our site
So that we can spend the night
Searching up and down the great lake
We were hungry for our steak
Where - where's our site?

"Kookaborro"

Baby bird sits out in the wood
Making all the noise he possibly could
Peep, baby bird, peep, baby bird,
We'll feed you some slugs.

"Cock Robin"

Oh the birds in the air felt a sighin' and a sobbin'
When they heard of the death of poor baby bird
When they heard of the death of poor baby bird.

"500 Miles"

If you look where we had gone
You would see that it was long
Sixteen miles we did travel that day
16 miles, 16 miles, 16 miles, 16 miles
16 miles we did travel on that day.

With no shirts on our backs
And no motors on our boats
We did paddle shipping water all the way
All the way, all the way, all the way, all the way,
We did paddle shipping water all the way.

"Put Some Oil In My Lamp"

Give me strength to go on with this portage, portage, portage
Give me strength to go all the way, halleluiah
Give me strength to go on with this portage
Half a mile to the other lake
Lift, lift, hosannah
Lift, lift, hosannah
Lift half a mile to the other sode
Heave, heave, hosannah
Heave, heave, hosannah
Heave four canoes a half a mile.

"Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight"

Late one night when we were in the tent
A wild bear came and made a little dent
And when Missy cried, we all laid there and said,
"There'll be a hot time in the old tent tonight."

"Today"

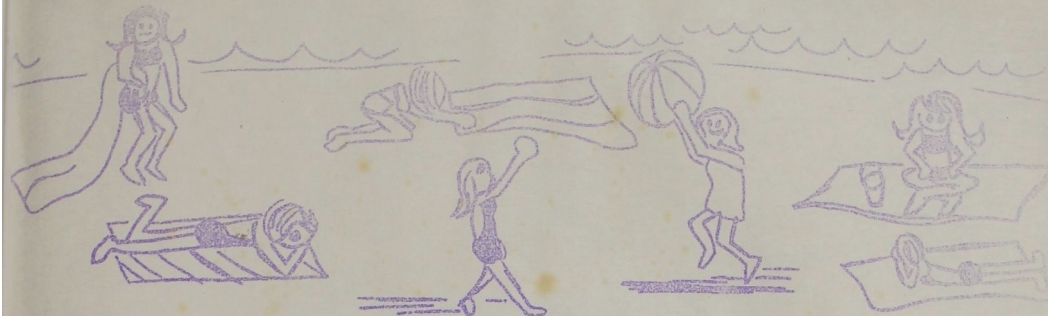
And now on the third day the lake is so clear
We'll eat your sweet oranges and drink your lemonade
A million tomorrows will all pass away
'Ere we forget all the hard work we did yesterday.

"Yesterday"

Yesterday, we did all our paddling yesterday
All problems seemed to head our way
Oh why did we have yesterday?

"Now The Day Is Over"

Now our trip is over
We are tan and blonde
Memories we'll keep with us
Of Rangeley we are fond.



UNIONIA NEWSLETTER AUG 14 '66

All Rando campers helped Ezyore celebrate his birthday last Saturday evening. In the morning each camper received an invitation instructing her to bring a present for another camper or counselor, the present to be made from nature. After playing musical chairs, pin-the-tail on Ezyore, and visiting mysterious fortune tellers, the presents were exchanged and everyone enjoyed refreshments. The whirlwind week-end had just begun.

A large group of campers went to sing at the Community Church in Belgrade Lakes on Sunday morning. The C.I.T.'s had charge of our own service in the evening, with the same choir presenting the choral music. On that day most of the Juniors had a chance to aquaplane with Phil, and many of them also husked our first corn of the season.

Very early Monday morning Liz and Betty took off with a group of Seniors for an exchange trip with Wyonegonic. Our girls enjoyed a Saco River trip while their campers had their first experience on Great Pond. We all agree it is fun to use other Camp's canoes and transportation. Following breakfast a second Rangeley Lakes trip left to collect the canoes stored over the week-end by the first trip and reverse the course of the first trip. From all reports both trips had good times and variety of weather. The Rangeley trippers were on the look-out for all sorts of animals and never even cordially bumped into one! A group of Seniors had an all day sail while the others were out and a few found it was a long way home from the far side of Hoyt's Island.

The Fourth Shakers have been to Pemaquid and enjoyed their lobster with Fogl Camp movies which started in the 20's and ranged to the summer of 65 were keenly enjoyed by all one evening. Pictures of last year's Horse Show made us impatient for Sunday, when we will have the '66 Horse Show. Many advanced riders are jumping, and it looks like a full afternoon.

Thursday night's program was "Queen for a Day", complete with the most dreadful tales of woe one could imagine. A poor lady of 22 (?) with 17 children and no shoes for them won the contest. The advertisements accrued by a group of Aides and Counselors would set the Madison Street men on their heads!

The Junior Life Savers have had their first set of tests and the Senior Life Savers have finished theirs. A good wind sent the Juniors out for a sail boat race in which only two of the four boats finished. One turtled (ask your daughter to explain) and one shipped water and asked to be towed in. The Juniors seem to have no wind or too much. Lina Kempner and Claire Schoen came in first and Virginia Myer with Tracey Buckley came in second. In the Senior race of last week the order of finishing was: first, Mary Vivian and Cindy Schumog; second, Julia Thompson and Ellen Dalton; third, Georgia Myer and Bobby Miller.

Friday night was the Rando Trial of 66. The Aides planned and carried out the program. Much hilarity ensued. Chris Buckley was tried and found guilty of kicking the ball over the Dining Room roof! Phil was found guilty of taking too many pictures and his punishment was to have a few pictures taken of him. Meg Baird was found guilty of loitering with very large needles and her punishment was to teach Elsa to knit. We wish her all the luck in the world! Candy Manser was charged with tipping over too many boats during the summer. Guilty! And so it went.

Our last week has come. Where has the summer gone? We do not know, but many of us would like to recapture it and do it all over again in '67.



to Eeyore's
Birthday
Party

Bring a
present for

EEYORE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

To start off the party, invitations were given out as "morning mail" to campers and counselors alike. Everyone had someone else's name on her invitation, and we all had to bring a present made from nature for that person. During the day in our spare time, we all worked very hard on our gifts.

When the bell rang that evening, we all gathered in the kickball field for an evening of fun and games. We were divided into five "packs" which we were to stay with throughout the evening. Each pack went separately to different games which were set up all over the "fields."

Among the many games was a balloon-breaking contest. Here, all the members of a pack tied a balloon to their feet and ran around trying to pop someone else's balloon while at the same time trying to avoid getting theirs broken.

Next, there was musical chairs. This was not the ordinary version of musical chairs because first we had to walk backwards to the music and the next time hop on one foot. The last time, we hopped backwards on one foot. All in all, it was a lot of fun.

The third game of the party was "Pin the Tail on Eeyore." This was held behind the dining room with a large picture of Eeyore posted on the side. For this, prizes were given to the girl who came closest to pinning Eeyore's tail in the right place, and a prize for the girl who pinned his tail farthest away from the correct place. Those went to Meg Baird for the closest and to Susie Yates for the farthest away (which was on the side of the infirmary!).

The next game was a scavenger hunt held in the Lodge. We were each given a piece of paper with 25 items we were to find. All the things were in plain sight throughout the Lodge. Prizes were given to the two girls who found the most things.

The final entertainment was fortune telling. This went on in the counselors' room. There were three counselors dressed as gypsies who told your fortune in a crystal ball. Each girl's fortune was very mysterious, but it certainly was a lot of fun.

When the bell rang again, we all went to the Lodge to give and receive our nature presents. Before we went to bed, we had punch and cookies out on the picnic table.

I'm sure Eeyore had as much fun as the rest of the camp did on his wonderful birthday.

Yum Runyon

A NEWSLETTER THAT NEVER WAS

The last week of camp is utterly impossible to report. It is chock-full of Blue-White competition: victories and defeats. Both teams wrote new team songs to be sung along with the "oldies-but-goodies." The counselors' team (The Blite Team) wrote a new team song to replace their outdated one.

On August 14th, everyone who has participated in riding classes this summer took part in the Horse Show under the direction of Judy Maxwell, the riding instructor.

There was a song contest in which all the shacks had to write and present a new camp song.

A second trip went canoeing on the Rangeley Lakes, repeating a trip taken the previous week.

On the 18th, Camp Runoia celebrated its sixtieth birthday with Miss Weiser as a special guest of honor. The evening consisted of camp songs and reminiscences by Miss Weiser of what Runoia was like for the sixty years before this year.

On Friday night, selected articles were read from the Log by members of the Log Staff.

NEW BLITE TEAM SONG

No matter how old a camper is
She's not as young as we is.
For whether Blue or White you are
Our Team is the best by far.
For we have wrinkles on our face
But we still don't feel out of place.
To Woo Team is our loyalty
A high skilled group are weeeeeeeee.

We are the great big Ugh Blite Team counselors
Ugh Blite Team counselors
Ugh Blite Team counselors
We will fight for Ugh Billy Broomstick
He will sweep the way.

MASCOT SONG

Far above the Belgrade Lakes
Flies our Billy Broom.
Stick with him and he will take
All of us to fame.

On the dock or at the table,
Counselors' Coffee too,
Dipping, sipping, sharing, caring,
Billy, we love you.

CAMP RUNOIA

AUGUST 14, 1966

SHOW

All of the classes are Equitation classes, and will be judged on the Position Control demonstrated by the rider. The performance of the horse does not count.

Advanced Equitation		VIII	Advanced Walk-Trot	Diagonals
Alton, Ellen	Pixie	Alston, Cynthia	Mr. G	will count
Allespie, Jammie	Mr. G	Bryant, Laurie	Tiny T	
Ariss, Janet	Nonnie	McCreary, Ann	Champagne	
Chumo, Cynthia	Pepper	Myer, Virginia	Pepper	
Stone, Sally	Champagne	Sandberg, Diana	Pixie	
		Sollenberger, Georgia	Pixie	
Advanced Equitation		IX	Advanced Walk-Trot	Diagonals
Ariss, Amy	Champagne	Adams, Sarah	Mr. G	will count
Alton, Beth	Mr. G	Britt, Margaret	Pixie	
Staloff, Jody	Pixie	Buckley, Tracey	Champagne	
Thrader, Wendy	Pepper	Langewiesche, Helen	Tiny T	
Avian, Mary	Nonnie	Martin, Patience	Nonnie	
		Williamson, Susan	Pepper	
Equitation over fences		X	Walk-Trot	Diagonals
Alton, Ellen	Nonnie	Buckley, Chris	Pepper	will count
Ariss, Janet	Nonnie	Freidson, Jane	Champagne	
Alton, Beth	Mr. G	Hayes, Judy	Tiny T	
Allespie, Jammie	Champagne	Lowther, Roxane	Pixie	
Chumo, Cynthia	Champagne	Meyer, Laurie	Mr. G	
Stone, Sally	Champagne	Teitell, Ellen	Nonnie	
Beginner Canter		XI	Walk-Trot	
Ariss, Carole	Pepper	Broad, Louise	Champagne	
Myer, Georgia	Pixie	Cobb, Sandy	Mr. G	
Quire, Betsy	Nonnie	Dutroff, Lauren	Pixie	
Valdes, Vicky	Champagne	Eliot, Bethanne	Nonnie	
Advanced Walk-Trot				Diagonals
Alfleck, Meg	Tiny T	Padderatz, Edie	Pepper	will count
Arrage, Ann	Mr. G			
Stoff, Vicky	Champagne			
Achtenberger, Carol	Nonnie			
Arnyon, Emilie	Pepper			
Artes, Susan	Pixie			
Beginner Canter		XII	Walk-Trot	
Armpner, Lina	Pepper	Bacon, Ann	Pepper	
Miller, Barbara	Champagne	Cobb, Pam	Nonnie	
Rowell, Betsy	Nonnie	Lowther, Chris	Pixie	
Valdes, Kelly	Pixie	Mackie, Cynthia	Mr. G	
		Myer, Jody	Tiny T	
		Schmidt, Harriet	Champagne	
Counselor Costume Class		XIII	Walk-Trot	
		Considine, Margaret	Pixie	
		Lent, Cynthia	Mr. G	
		Moore, Yuki	Champagne	
		Reed, Laurie	Nonnie	
		Tabell, Meg	Pepper	

Judge Mrs. Gayle Davis

RIDING PRO JUDY MAXWELL

SONG CONTEST

SECOND SHACK: "Runoia, We Sing Your Praise"

(Tune: "Consider Yourself")

Runoia, we sing your praise
Your White and your Blue winning our loyalty.
Our song, to the roof we raise
Our spirit will lead us to victory.

Our teams are the best by far
Are we going to win? Oh, yes, indeed we are!
For we've got the will to fight
When Blues and Whites will all unite.

And when we're on our way in years to come,
We'll still look back to our camping days gone by,
Thinking of friends and foes and sports and shacks
and holidays-
Memories that will never die.

We know that we are the best.
We want to tell all the rest
That after all is said and done we'll always say
Runoia - all the way.

THIRD SHACK: (Tune: "Peace, I Ask of Thee, O River")

We, the campers of Runoia, sing to thee
Thanking you for all your guidance, Phil and Betty.
These few weeks that we have spent here,
Lived in peaceful harmony.
Friendships new and ever binding
Build a camp of unity.
We, the campers of Runoia, sing to thee
Thanking you for all your kindness, Phil and Betty.

FOURTH SHACK: (Tune: "Plaisir D'Amour")

I see the days, spent in gaiety and fun;
The friends I've made here in summer beneath the sun;
The white birch bends; the lake reflects the sky;
The laughter rings in my heart and I'm certain why.

I love the girls, the teams, the trips, the days;
Your name, Runoia, brings cheers and a smile always.

FIFTH SHACK: (Tune: "The Seine")

At night around the campfire,
Mem'ries will remain
Of friendships true forever
That always we'll retain.

Pine trees at Runoia,
They whisper in the breeze;
Summer days that pass away
Like waves upon the seas.

Chorus: Runoia, Runoia,
When will I again
Share with you, be with you
On the moonlit shores of Runoia?

The summer's almost over,
Cotillion's drawing near-
We'll say goodbye to all our friends
And hope to come back next year.

Chorus:

SIXTH SHACK:

"Farewell"

(Tune: "Sunrise, Sunset")

Our summer passes by so swiftly,
Leaving its memories behind.
Hands reaching out to thee, Runoia,
Hearts entwined,
Voices are filled with strong emotion,
Laughter is mingled in with tears,
Even to deepen our devotion
Through the years...

Chorus: Farewell, C.R.,
Heaven on earth,
Sadly we must part.
We will return again if God allows,
Fondest of dreams within our hearts.

Gone are your fields of emerald beauty,
Gone are your sparkling waters bright,
We'll always feel for thee, Runoia,
Love shared tonight...

Chorus:

SEVENTH SHACK:

It is not just the scenery
Or the old mountain greenery,
It is that feeling that grows on you.

It's the traces of friendship
And the memories that e'er grip
That makes summer at camp so true.

When your heart has that feelin'
And you know that you're yieldin'
To return to your summer home:

Campers portray loyalty,
All require honesty:
Camp Runoia, this is you.

TENT:

"Runoia Loyalty"

(Tune: "Velvet Shoes")

Runoia summers we'll treasure
In the years to come.
Campers lead a life of pleasure
Full of pep and fun
With true loyalty.

When campers get together
They always have a good time-
Camping trips and games they play.
Runoia, they will stay
With true loyalty.

We say goodbye to Runoia
With a tearful eye-
Memories will linger
Amidst a smile and a sigh
With true loyalty.

C.I.T.s:

"Tonight"

(Tune: "Today")

Refrain: Tonight, as Cotillion brings camp to an end,
The Blue-White division our campfires mend,
The spirit and friendship of summer days
Last through the years and will be part of us
always.

Team competition brings winners and losers;
There's pride in the vict'ry, defeat is no shame.
Of Willie and Bluie, we'll always remember
The loyalty they sparked in each game.

Refrain:

Our many friendships have made up our days here,
Now giving and sharing are part of our lives.
The shimmering waters, the soft, sighing pine trees
All whisper Runoia's goodbyes.

COUNSELORS: "Runoia Within Our Hearts"

(Tune: "Where Is Love?")

Runoia within our hearts
We've reserved a special part;
We'll always think of you as years pass by,
Tho' we drift apart.

Memories of sand and sea,
Lovely lake, a tow'ring tree,
Laughter and a song will linger on
Through eternity.

Counselors with you we've grown,
Venturing to worlds unknown;
Divided by the teams of Blue and White,
Joined by campfire to unite.

Runoia we sing,
Honor we will bring - to you.

RANGELEY II TRIP

After muffins and cereal, eleven of us piled into the red truck and Johnny's car, anticipating the two hour drive ahead of us to Rangeley. The time passed quickly while playing an extremely exciting game of "Who Am I?" and bumping around in the truck.

When we finally reached the shores of Mooselookmeguntic, we found that it was densely populated by Goffs. After very sadly refusing cokes, we paddled hurriedly on to an island whose sandy shores were covered with rocks.

Hark! The wind cometh! And we sadly found that our glossy lake had turned to a stormy ocean. We then paddled on, hoping to pass our hour endurance surf paddle...without tipping. Bam! Boom! Bang! Thunder struck...and so did our canoes...on to a small beach about a mile away from our beautiful picnic spot. "Look, this piece of driftwood looks like a gun!" "I really love this malt can!" "The sky is falling!" These and other clever remarks filled our afternoon there on the deserted isle.

After we plugged our ears so that we no longer heard the thunder, we then went back out on the ocean(?) blue(?)

and paddled on to Students Island. The monsoons came. Although we thought they'd last a minute, guess who was wrong!

When we had eaten our soggy but delicious Toad-in-a-Hole and decorated the outdoors with our sopping clothes, we piled into the eight-sleeper tent - all eleven of us.

We awoke the next day to find a fog-filled world, which was better than rain. After burning a couple of sneakers and breaking up camp, we headed into the mist. Finally the sun and the dam appeared. With a little trouble trying to find the portage path, we then arrived on Upper Richardson. The afternoon was then spent in paddling, swimming, catching tiny frogs, getting sun stroke, talking to unsociable boys' camps, and having fun.

Lower Richardson met us with a splash and on came the waves, but 'round the corner we discovered a sandy campsite. After the pix and garbage holes had been dug, the tent put up, and all the work done, we just relaxed. Then Annie Mac and Yatesy discovered that the huge mound of neighboring sand was ideal for sliding, and soon we all were, until a fishing boat of OLD men came along. We then went for a swim. With the coming night came moose calls and songs about "M" and "D." After "dough-boys," we settled down beneath the stars and wobbly canoes to sleep.

Our third and last day was another "loser," but we did have lots of fun. We sang over and over again to Mickey Moose but he still didn't come out. Again we struck land in the booming little town (?), we mean house, of South Arm. We then rummaged through that huge town looking for Big "S's." Finally Phil and Norman came and we started back to camp. On the way, we stopped at the Telstar Station and felt HOT water! Then back to our summer home with many memories we'd never forget.

Ann McCreary
Sue Yates

PROGRAM

Miss Weiser's Sixtieth Anniversary

Camp Runoia

1. Introduction: Dedication from the 1956 Log
2. Presentation: Polly Willard on behalf of the campers
3. "Song to Miss Weiser" from the 1956 Log
4. Miss Weiser speaks.
5. Selected songs and a reading:
 - a. "We Are a Merry Merry Crew" (first camp song written, 1908)
 - b. "We Want to Go Back" (1918)
 - c. "Mid Pine Trees" (1921)
 - d. "Over the Rippling Waters" (1921)
 - e. "Sunlight on the Water" (1921)
 - f. Reading: Continuance of Runoia's history from the 1935 Log
6. Miss Weiser speaks.
7. Selected songs and a reading:
 - a. "A Thousand Miles I've Traveled" (1926) and "Chad-y-ah" (1929)
 - b. "At Runoia, Runoia, Runoia" (4th Shack song, 1922)
 - c. "Harmony Land" (1927)
 - d. "Out on the Blue Waves" (Constance Dowd Grant, 1948)
 - e. Reading: "The Diary of Annie New Girl" from the 1928 Log
8. Miss Weiser speaks.
9. Selected songs:
 - a. "Here's to Our Camp"
 - b. "Runoia Set Beside a Lake of Blue"
 - c. "I've Got the Blues" (1959)
 - d. "Linger" (1965)
10. "An Appreciation" (1957 Log)
11. Reading of the Anniversary Cards
12. Presentation: Pam Cobb on behalf of the campers and counselors
13. "We Leave Our Hearts" (1963)
14. Singing of "Taps"

1949 Log

At the turn of the century there were no camps for girls, at least none in actuality. Such a camp did exist, however, in the mind of a forward looking instructor at Teachers College, Columbia. It began to look like a possibility when this instructor discovered in one of her summer school students a sympathetic listener. This student, Miss Jessie Pond, already headmistress of a school in New York City, had done considerable camping in Maine herself and saw no reason for its pleasure to be limited to the so-called stronger sex. Need we say that the instructor was Miss Lucy Weiser?

Dedication - 1956 Log

We are agreed that Runoia is what the personalities who have been connected with it have made it. So, on this, its [Sixtieth] Anniversary, we dedicate this program to all campers, counselors, and friends of the Camp who have contributed to the tradition and spirit that is Runoia. We especially honor Miss Weiser, who originated the idea for the Camp, and her loyal friend, Miss Pond, who helped her realize this ambition.

Continuance of Runoia's History - 1935 Log

When the camp was moved across the ice, the flooring of the two shacks was used for the flooring of the dining room and kitchen. The junior shacks and boathouse were built first; then finally the senior shacks. There were no trees at first, for the camp site was a cow pasture and the trees sprang up later. In 1918, 70 girls were in camp and tents had to be used for the eldest campers and some of the counselors. No bed spreads were used - just blankets - and a counselor slept at each end of the shack. The tennis courts were built in the early seasons of the new camp, but baseball was played by the kitchen until 1928, when the diamond was used. Down at the shore a slide went from the boathouse roof to the lake with a little cart in which you'd sit and slide down into the lake with a splash.

Knee-length stockings were adopted about 1917-1918, and they were considered very shocking, there being a tan stripe for about five inches around the knee where the bathing suits came to. When the girls went to the village they used to call them Camp Knee-oia. White duck hats and high-backed bathing suits were in style until 1928. In

1928 counselors went to a masquerade in shorts, thinking it was funny. From then on clothes got less and less. If the last twenty years brought so much progress, I wonder what the next twenty will bring?

Song to Miss Weiser

Tune: "Now Is the Hour"
Words By: Melinda Corpening (1956 Log)

Sixty years of Runoia
And we hope for sixty more.
We won't forget her green trees,
Her waters, or her shore.

Soon we will go.
We'll take our separate ways.
Thank you, Miss Weiser,
For happy, summer days.

Selections from "The Diary of Annie Newgirl" - 1928 Log

"Tomorrow I am going to a camp called Runoia which is in a state called Maine. I don't want to go at all, but Mother has a friend who has a friend whose cousin's daughter's best friend went there once, and she says the camp uniforms are awfully good looking. Blue is very becoming to me, too, so Mother decided that was the place for me. I have everything all ready - both trunks and all three suitcases packed with a lot of queer-looking camp clothes. It won't be long now.

"I'm so tired I can hardly write. The girls at this camp are certainly loud and noisy. The trip up in the train was very exciting. After Mother and Daddy and Aunt Sarah and Uncle Aloyisius and Cousins Petunia, Eglatine, and Mehitable had kissed me goodbye, I was taken in charge by a lady called Miss Dowd...

"Camp is very funny. We live in funny little houses which they call shacks and which have leaks in the roof; and there are two what they call counselors in each shack who walk up and down and tell girls to be quiet and ask them have they brushed their teeth. I wonder what fun they get out of life.

"I still think camp is funny. Some of the girls are very peculiar and all of the counselors are. Friday we

had a picnic on the beach, but it was not a bit like the picnics we have at home. All the food got sandy, so I only ate six sandwiches, three plums, and eight cookies...

"Today we also had a letter writing contest and I had to tell Mother that I liked all the counselors and girls but especially the counselors because the counselors read all the letters when they were having what is called Coffee when they all sit around and drink coffee and eat candy which they won't let the girls do except on store days and talk over everyone in camp and sometimes they act very silly."

Lucy H. Weiser

AN APPRECIATION

1957 Log

Miss Weiser is not what a poet would call
The limerick type; in fact, that's not at all
Her style - though she, of course, would lend it grace.
No, rather valentines with real lace
And sentiments direct from flowing hearts.
Affection flowers as the shadow starts
To lengthen on another summer here -
Another friendly Camp Runoia year
A chance for all-aged youth to come to capture
With her - the [sixtieth] fine careless rapture.

It has been said and sung a thousand times
In Logs and letters, limericks and rhymes
That campers come a thousand miles and more
To seek their memories upon this shore.
This is no legend but the simple truth
Miss Weiser is the one who keeps the youth
Of all her girls a living, breathing fact,
Safe in her heart - eternal and intact;
And doing so, herself keeps always young
To live the Harmony which Camp has sung.

WHAT IS RUNOIA?

Runoia is:

- a joggle and a jostle to get the cold cereals
- a wildly happy second shacker who's learned her morning's activity is Crafts
- dawdling along the path to swimming lessons
- a meal's grace sung heartily off key
- a PBJ
- a mass invasion of the Costume Room
- a birthday table trying to devise a new version of "Throw It Out the Window"
- playing "Thief" louder and longer than the previous time
- attempting to smuggle extra graham crackers down to your shack
- an overflowing Lost and Found box
- a plea for "Prune"
- a slumping camper being singled out for posture exercises
- the same shirt worn 'til next laundry day
- a rush for Bishop's bread and blueberry muffins at Smorgesbord
- Betty in her plaid flannel shirt and navy shorts
- peace at a Vespers campfire with only the mosquitoes between you and God
- an under-the-blanket rest hour
- a counselor invading the walk-in after Taps
- Margy suggesting "Horsey, Horsey" at assembly
- the hectic tension of Sports Week and the frenzy to get all your riding hours in
- a glistening tear on Cotillion night

and a Boboskiwatendoten
and a song to Polly and Diana
and a last breath of camp atmosphere
and a six-fifteen a.m. breakfast
and a promise to meet in '67

Sue Squire

We, the eldest campers of Runoia, to hereby leave the following:

Cinci Alston - her laugh to Georgia Sollenberger

Missy Burrage - her red hair to Yuki Moore

Carole Erslev - heating pads to all those who have
frozen armpits

Janie Freidson - her cat-like expression to Meg Baird

Vicki Goff - her curly hair to Felix the Cat

Beth Hilton - pickles to all those who want them

Candy Manor - her height to Christine Lowther

Ann McCreary - her sailing ability to Laura Reed

Diana Sandberg - her granny glasses to Pammy Cobb

Wendy Schrader - her muscles to Ann Bacon

Cindy Schumo - her cheer-leading shaker to Georgia Myer

Polly Willard - her turquoise cushion to Lina Kempner

Susie Yates - being a Zulu warrior to Julia Aaron

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Julie Aaron	with a crewcut?
Betty	at the first empty table?
The C.I.T.s	without Greenie?
Marcia Fleming	as a ninety-pound weakling?
Mrs. Foss	eating a T.V. dinner?
Beth Hilton	without pierced ears?
Pam House	conforming?
Lina Kempner	without Baker?
The kitchen	without Neil?
Candy Manor	as a judo expert?
Elsa Master	singing in Carnegie Hall?
Ginny Myer	as a White?
Janie O.	without Richard?
Phil	fat?
Tuna Ross	without seniors?
Yum Runyon	playing a tuba?
Jody Sataloff	in baggy pants?
Claire Schoen	without rafters?
Susie Sharpe	as a psychiatrist?
Meg Tabell	on a diet?
Mary Young	hitting a flat note?
Margy Warren	as Jody Sataloff's mother?
Summer	without Runoia?

INWARD FASHION TRENDS AT RUNOIA

Runoia girls are found with bandages on their knees, scrapes on their elbows, poison ivy all over them, and laughter within them. They are all covered with friendship and are all aware of people's feelings and the need for sportsmanship.

All Runoia girls wear the same things. All have a smile worn ear to ear without ever a sag to be found. Each girl has a special little twinkle in her eyes and an extra special giggle or laugh in her throat which usually turns from that little giggle to a real belly-laugh. Each wants to remain at Runoia where she can wear her joyful smile all the time. As the camp year ends, a little tear is found hidden behind that bright twinkle in each eye. That tear comes from the heart of every Runoia camper. It is her outward way of expressing her love for Runoia which she has gained through a wonderful summer of friends that have become a part of her.

Allie Williams

MEMORIES

The human memory has an amazing ambivalent quality.

It can erase things which happened only yesterday

And it can magnify something which happened years ago.

Ironically, it usually forgets things one would like to remember

And remembers things one would like to forget.

It is under the influence of memories that we learn

To see darkness and to hear silence:

Rain returning silently to the water, without even a hiss or
a whisper;

Resonant silence of the night which isolates beyond the world's
chaos;

Warm air flowing imperceptibly seaward;

And wind sneaking through carpentry.

During the time-aging years to come,

Memories of camp will spread across your minds

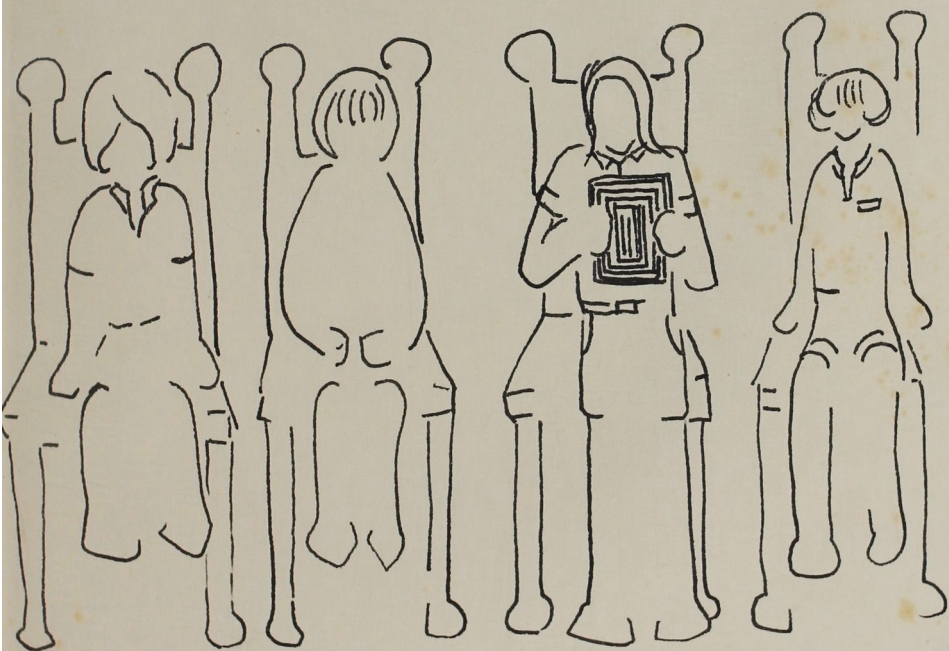
And you will realize that these memories which should have
lasted forever

Have slipped by unconsciously, like water.

"Memories that linger, constant and true;

Memories we cherish, Runoia, of you."

Pam House



SUNDAY SERVICES

Worse than dead was the bird with the broken wing who shied away from me, using his good leg to drag himself over the cold pebbles. Bleeding and weeping, he had forgotten me because he was so wrapped up in his own suffering. As for me, I have forgotten nothing about that day except this one thing - I have forgotten which of us it was that hurt his wing. I only remember his limping flight toward the sunset cloud and the memory is much more than I can bear. If I could have only realized sooner how pitifully lame he would fly without two good wings. It's too late now; he's afraid of me and would never give me a second chance to try and mend his wing.

The most important lesson I learned that day was that there is a type of harmony one must find within oneself. And the most important type of individual harmony is that satisfaction which comes when you have made a correct choice. However, rushing "head-first" into something often results in an unwanted disharmony. Now, whenever I find myself rushing impulsively into something, I think of the suffering bird and then decide if my impulsive actions will cause suffering and hurt to anyone. If you could all learn to think before you act,

I think you will find as I did - that the time you spend considering the possible outcome of whatever you do and then pursuing the course which is most beneficial and kind to others will be far less than the time you might spend regretting the act and correcting harmful results.

Pam House
July 3, 1966

THE MEANING OF FRIENDSHIP

F is for faith

R is for readiness to help

I is for independence

E is for enthusiasm

N is for not being shy

D is for doing deeds

S is for sharing

H is for happiness

I is for ideal friends

P is for playing

Meg Tabell

July 17, 1966

What is it to be an individual? It is being a non-conformist or just being like everyone else?

Everyone is an individual; or, rather - everyone is made to be different. Take a look at the great men in this world. They are all individuals. If you have ever read President Kennedy's Profiles In Courage, you would read about great men who had the courage to stand up for what they believed without being scared that others would not agree. The man who stands up for what he believes is respected far more than he who "follows the crowd."

Here at camp, this exists in almost everything. Some people volunteer for jobs and these people must be individuals. Some just look around, and, if their friends don't volunteer, they don't. These people are respected by absolutely no one.

Now - think about it - shouldn't everyone strive to be the best, and aren't all of the great men who had succeeded, individuals? All right - now will you volunteer for that job?

Betsy Squire
July 22, 1966

What is nature? Nature is material - lumber, coal, and precious minerals. Nature is power - waterfalls and a stream flowing abruptly along a rocky shore.

If you are one of those people who have gone sailing on a calm day, then you know what nature is.

The person who can just sit on a rock and listen to the sounds of the water lapping at his feet has time to think and maybe even realize that he, too, is a part of nature.

Georgia Sollenberger
August 1, 1966

Nature is life. It is living. God, in a way, is a partner to Nature. God made the trees, the oceans and streams, and the many plants. God gave them life and Nature protects life. Nature also helps it along and makes it stronger and helps it multiply. Nature is not all kindness and help, though. It can turn against man in such ways as hurricanes and storms. She will destroy life, buildings, and property. Nature then gives the sunlight to warm us and help grow crops. Nature is an ever-ending cycle. Here at camp, we are close to Nature. It surrounds us everywhere. We learn to understand her ways. Nature is living and we cannot live without it.

Ginny Myer
August 1, 1966

"Giving" is an abstract, an intangible term; it connotes not just the material presentation of something, be it a book, a sweater, a big S, but a genuine pleasure and satisfaction one should feel in the act of giving. Every one of us has within her the potential to give truly of herself unselfishly to others, but many do not try to develop this potential, or even know that it exists. However, here at Runoia, we never stop giving of ourselves, and even we do not realize to what extent. Every camper gives of her thoughts, her energies, her talents to her team. There would be no such institution here at camp as the Blues or Whites if each individual member didn't contribute freely of her spirit and loyalty and strength towards the benefit of her team as a unit. Actually, isn't that the most valuable type of giving - for the improvement of a group of people as a whole and not merely for the benefit of herself, the individual?

The old cliché that goes, "It is not the gift but the thought that counts" may be considered trite and outmoded now, but it is still valid. The most crudely constructed and sloppily executed gift, when presented to another with a genuine feeling of warmth and liking, is far more beautiful than the most appropriate and expensive present given grudgingly

or thoughtlessly, for then the act of giving becomes just an act and no more, a perfunctory and meaningless gesture that warms neither the giver nor the receiver. To abuse our inherent privilege of giving by doing so carelessly is a sin and a hypocrisy.

Sue Squire

When you get home at the end of this summer, it is probable that you will be asked, "What did you learn this summer?" What would you answer? Without much thought, you may answer that you've learned how to make Toad-in-a-Hole on a camping trip, how to do a solo to the big float in a canoe, how to get one in the black in riflery, or even how to make a bowl in crafts. At first, these things may seem really important to you, but with a little more concentration, you will realize that you have learned more important things than those, things that will come in handy all through your life, not just at present. You have learned how to live with other people, how to accept responsibility, and how to have true loyalty. Although you learn these things without knowing it, they are definitely learned well here at camp. While making friends at camp and joining in the fun you have learned how it is to be a person who can really live and love. All along, you are learning how to accept responsibility by doing your job, by starting the fire on a trip, or by just being able to do what you are told. You have learned how to be a winner or a loser when it comes to Blue-White, and you've felt the deep loyalty to your team and especially to Runoia itself.

But throughout this period of learning, you have grown. Of course you may have grown a little taller or a little fatter, but it's not that type of growing which is really done here at camp. You're growing up to be a better person who can live with other people, accept responsibility, and have a true loyalty.

So, when you are asked at the end of the summer about what you have learned, are you going to be so quick to answer?

Sue Yates

Where did the summer go

Does anybody know?

Where did the summer go

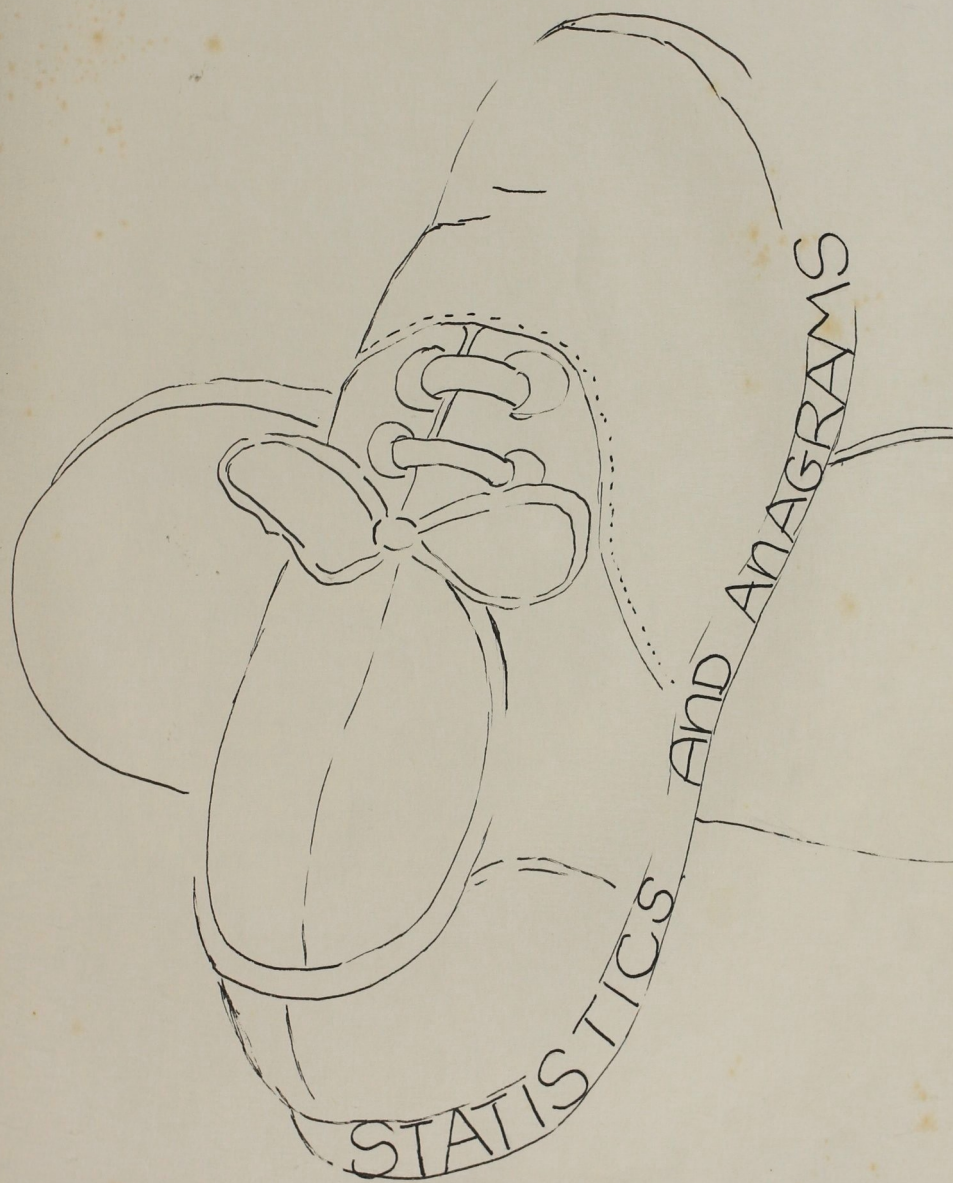
When we thought time was slow?

When we turned our backs, how did it fly away?

Has anybody seen those months of busy days?

Where did the summer go

Does anybody know?



COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Carol L. Baldino	Can Lug Belt-looms
Elizabeth J. Bowman	Exclusive Jazzy Bathing suits
Christine L. Chalfant	Carefully Loads Cartridges
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Endlessly Notices Clotheslines
Philip J. Cobb	Photographs Jillions (of) Candids
Diane E. Dorsey	Destests Every Diet
Marcia Y. Fleming	Masterful Yarn Fabricator
Janet S. Gladstein	Joyfully Shovels Grub
Ann S. Greene	Always Stunningly Garbed
Jeanne C. Holmberg	Jeannie Chuckles Happily
Pamela D. House	Proddingly Declares: "Hustle!"
Marian R. Johnson	Musically Relates Jokes
Margaret N. Kay	Manufactures Numerous Kindnesses
Walter H. Kay	Wields Hereditary Knack
Katherine A. Kennedy	Kasually Assumes Klodhoppers
Marjorie A. London	Munches After Lights-out
Judith M. Maxwell	Joyfully Mothers Mustangs
Bertha E. Nawrath	Brightens Enameling (and) Needlework
Jane Orbeton	Jabbers Often
Edith P. Padderatz	Encourages Patient's Progress

Nancy Post

Sharon L. Schrader

Doris S. Shellberg

Ann W. Vivian

Margaret S. Warren

Lucy H. Weiser

Naturally Pretty

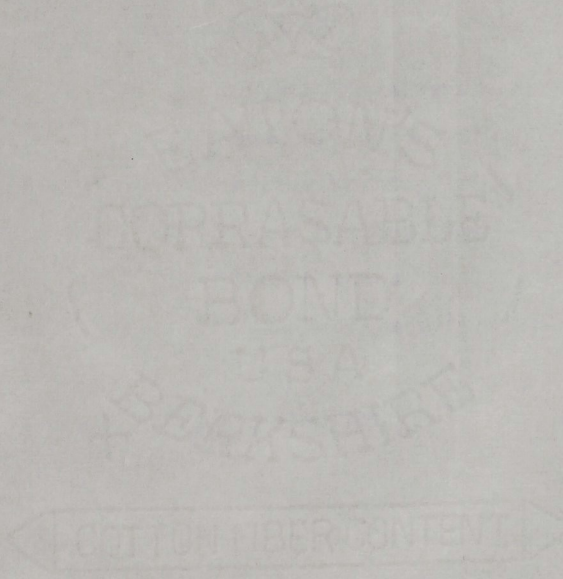
Sings Like Scoobie

Daily Spreads Satisfaction

Amiably (and) Willingly Volunteers

Must Skinny Willingly

Lasting Harmony Within



AIDE ANAGRAMS

Margaret D. Holmberg	Moves (in) Dungarees Hipilly
Elsa W. Master	Equitation Won't Master
Margo I. VanAllen	My, I Vary Alot
Mary E. Young	Mary Echoes Yearningly

C.I.T. ANAGRAMS

Linda A. Baker	Lightbulbs Always Banned
Susan B. Squire	Suddenly Became Slender
Audrey W. Thompson	Adores Washing Trip boxes
Lynn K. Tolcott	Likes Killing Time
Irene Vernaglia	Incorporates Vaseline
Alice M. Williams	Adds Marbles (of) Wisdom

KITCHEN STAFF ANAGRAMS

Claudia Dumais	Cute Dish
Shirley Fortin	Slim Figure
Mrs. G. Foss	More Good Food
Neil Foss	Never Fails
Bruce Hutchinson	Bunches (of) Horsepower
Dina Tigliabue	Dial Tone

SECOND SHACK ANAGRAMS

Temple H. Aaron	Tickles Her Animals
Margaret L. Baird	Mainly Looks Brainy
Cassandra D. Cobb	Chases Darting Cats
Pamela N. Cobb	Pooh's Nighttime Companion
Lauren Dmitrieff	Looks Dreamy
Christine Lowther	Canoes Lightly
Patience L. Martin	Plainly Likes Mice
Yuki A. Moore	Yacks All Morning
M. Jody Myer	Manipulates Junior Mischief
Edith S. Padderatz	Enjoys Splashing People
Harriet W. Schmidt	Handles Windy Sailing
Prudence H. Taylor	Prell Hairdo Tester
Susan Williamson	Swims Well

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Ann C. Bacon	Adores Combing Bangs
Tracey A. Buckley	Ticklish After Breakfast
Ann Dalrymple	Always Daring
Bethanne T. Elion	Boldly Teases Everyone
Cynthia C. Hill	Constantly Combs Hair
Cynthia L. Lent	Continuously Laughs Loudly
Cynthia Mackie	Called "Mac"
Laurie B. Meyer	Loves Best Mail
Laura E. Reed	Likes Ending Rest hour
Margaret E. Tabell	Magnificently Eats Thirds
Fleury K. Valdes	From Kleaning, Vanishes

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Julia P. Aaron	Just Plain Active
Margaret W. Affleck	Mysterious Water Animal
Christine C. Buckley	Can Continuously Bail
Margaret K. Considine	Makes Kempner Chuckle
Judith L. Hayes	Just Loathes Hurrying
Adeline F. Kempner	Always Favors Kickball
Laura B. Kind	Learning Boat Know-how
Helen C. Langewiesche	Hesitant Crafts Leaver
Rinanne S. Martin	Really Sings Marvelously
C. Virginia Myer	Cautious, Victorious, Mysterious
Parthenia J. Ross	Plays Jacks Readily
Elizabeth M. Rowell	Excellent Mustang Rider
Claire C. Schoen	Can Catch Splendidly
Susan S. Sharpe	Sings Silly Songs
Georgia P. Sollenberger	Good Player Sometimes
Jane L. Thomas	Just Loves Tennis
Leslie A. Wilson	Lives Adjustingly (in) Wilderness

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Louise P. Broad	Laughs Particularly Beautifully
Laurie A. Bryant	Lively And Bounding
Margot H. Crary	Marvelously Happy Camper
Ellen S. Dalton	Extra Super Dame
Amy M. Davis	A Merry Devil
George Ann W. Gillespie	Gay And Willingly Generous
Joanne C. Marshall	Joins Chorus Merrily
Sarah M. Stone	So Many Smiles
Julie R. Thompson	Jubilant Rousing Type
Mary S. Vivian	Mostly Solid Vitality
Jill Wellenbach	Jolly White

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Sarah W. Adams	Sails With Agility
Susan L. Baird	Screams (at) Little Bugs
Margie R. Britt	Most Rightly Brags
Debbie C. Dix	Does Crazy Doings
Caren K. Euster	Courageously Kackles Energetically
Janet E. Harris	Jumps Elegantly Here
Mary C. Lawry	Mostly Can Laugh
Roxanne C. Lowther	Ricochets Constant Laughter
Barbara R. Miller	Brings Regular Music
Georgia M. Myer	Generally Makes Mischief
Emilie T. Runyon	Ends Tiresome Rattles
Jody S. Sataloff	Jubilantly Scores Seconds
Cathy C. Sharpe	Can Canter Swiftly
Rebecca J. Squire	Regularly Just Shouts
Ellen B. Teitell	Enjoys Better Times
Vicky V. Valdes	Vitality, Vim, Vigor

SEVENTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Cynthia T. Alston	Continually Trying Anything
Ann M. Burrage	Always Making Beds
Carole E. Erslev	Constantly Enticing Everyone
Jane B. Friedson	Jack Ball Fiend
Victoria R. Goff	Very Ready Goer
Elizabeth L. Hilton	Ever Lending (a) Hand
Claire C. Maner	Constantly Creating Mischief
Ann C. McCreary	Anything Can Manage
Diana K. Sandberg	Dances Kangaroo Steps
Wendy L. Schrader	Weally Loves Softball
Cynthia S. Schumo	Constantly Shimmys (and) Shakes
Maria W. Willard	Mostly Wants (to) Win
Barbara S. Yates	Best Swimmer Yet

TENT ANAGRAMS

Eleanor M. Baker	Ever Moving Bladder
Chessye F. Hill	Cat Finds Her
Ellen T. Holmberg	Ever Tampering (with) Hair
Carol A. Lichtenberger	Can Always Laugh

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Carol Baldino	Baldy	for the Beginners	running from Belt Looms	knitting	rest hour	You'd never believe how quiet it is with them all in the luggage rack.
Elizabeth Bowman	Liz	for diving time	to eat on trips	to sing "Horsie"	confusion	I just can't function without my sleep.
Christine Chalfant	Tine	enthusiastic	in a double decker	to read aloud	people who talk during rest hour	Hi, guys!
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	for hands of the 10 o'clock riders	for an IBM scheduler	canoe trips	untucked shirts	But-Tuesday may be Wednesday may be Tuesday.
Philip Cobb	Phil	glad to be alive	with menus	Johnny's humor	fraying ropes	Put a note in my mailbox.
Diane Dorsey	Di	like a rebel	in the putt-putt	stable sailboats	diving for anchors	Hear?
Marcia Fleming	Marcia	like Jack "a" lantern	in her sleeping bag	her deodorant	ground hogs	Your painter's dragging.
Janet Gladstein	Janet	hungry	behind knitting needles	letters in her mailbox	being awakened before 1st bell	But my jeans really did shrink in the waist!
Ann Greene	Greenie	bruised	for the red light	the walk-in	trips	Just one more cigarette.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Jeanne Holmberg	Jeannie	mischievous	in cut-offs	black olives	brown	Yeah - oh no!
Pamela House	Hammy Pouse	forward to rest hour	with Kelly around her waist	coffee ice cream	4 speed outboards	Hustle!
Marian Johnson	Johnny	for door slammers	dangerously	to relax	people being late	Silence from 10 to 2.
Margaret Kay	Peggy	foggy at flag raising	for quiet rest hours	Florida	tangled ski-tow lines	I'm so tired!
Katherine Kennedy	Katie	mousey	in her melon swim suit	"Twisted tales from Shakespeare"	counting calories	Groovy, Marvy, like Fab.
Marjorie London	Margie	with one contact lens	in her scarf	to sing	her curly hair	I ate too much.
Judith Maxwell	Judy	for help in riding	for Old Town	iced coffee	changes in the riding schedule	Are they using costumes tonight?
Bertha Nawrath	Mrs. Nawrath	for ways to help	up the hill	trying enameling	jumbled spools of thread	I think <u>this</u> is cute.
Jane Orbeton	Janie O.	like a Lady Clairol advertisement	in a canoe	days off with Richard	a messy trip room	Fourth Shack, let's be nice to each other.
Edith Padderatz	Mrs. Pat	for Edie	with interruptions	Boothbay	hypochon-driacs	Truthfully...

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Sharon Schrader	Schrader	a little red and grey	for giddy moods	everyone	leaving bed in the morning	Oh, Scoobie!
Doris Shellberg	Shelley	for more cigar boxes	with imagination	patient workers	interruptions during enameling	Now listen a minute, girls...
Ann Vivian	Fang	like a real live pixie	life, as it comes	people who can turn their own belt-loom	nothing and no one	Have you seen my Tiffany's box?
Margaret Warren	Margy	for Judy with her coffee	for the calm after a storm	an after-breakfast nap	pine borers	Phil...
Lucy H. Weiser	Miss Weiser	for new faces	with an eye for beauty	Shelley's company	goodbyes	I'm glad to have you with us.
Cobb's Summer Home	Cobb House	small from the outside	with washing machine vibrations	having its face lifted	car head-lights	Welcome!
Counselors' Room	the hide-out	smoky	with the candy closet	mail	noise during phone calls	Who has evening program?
Farm House	Lanesend	young for its years	contentedly	flowers	August 22nd	Won't you come in?

AIDES STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Margaret Holmberg	Meg	striking	in her green suit	Belgrade Lakes	water in her ears	Are you kidding me?
Elsa Master	Elsa	like Buster Brown	in a mess	being an Aide	the dark	Take gas.
Margo VanAllen	Margo	like a pixie	at the stables	action	non-trippers	Sure!
Mary Young	Mary	for Sept. 12	in the walk-in	male	leading pixie	Johnny Appleseed?

C.I.T. STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Linda Baker	Baker	for answers to everything	in the dark	being dramatic	surprises	People...
Susan Squire	Squish	always ready for the prom	for shredded wheat	debating with Vernaglia about the <u>Scarlet Letter</u>	clinging juniors	I thought of a new way to kill P.B.
Audrey Thompson	Aud	for stuffed animals in the mail	in her Hebron sweatshirt	leading horses	Alfred DuPont Chandler III	Let's have a Mate Day
Lynn Tolcott	Lynn	forward to nibbling apple crisp in the pantry	under Squish's green blanket	singing "We Are a Merry Merry Crew"	climbing mountains	You're stunning!
Irene Vernaglia	Vernaglia	attractive, to say the least	in constant chaos	presenting dead animals to friends	brownies (the people kind)	You armpit.
Alice Williams	Allie	for her lost Hershey bar	to be the first up in the morning	receiving letters from abroad	reading out loud	That's tricky.
C.I.T.s	the Handymen	black and blue	with the Phantom	Polar Bears	axing	To say the least...

KITCHEN STAFF STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Claudia Dumais	Claudy	like a kook	for kicks	food	waterskiing	I wanna go home!
Shirley Fortin	Shirl	like a pigeon-toed mongoose	for tranquility	diving	getting up	I don't want to go.
Mrs. Foss	summer mommy	friendly	to make people happy	hiding Congo bars	changed menus	I'm a neutral country
Neil Foss	Muscles	like a monkey	for football	ice cream	unauthorized people in the kitchen	Boy, are girls dumb!
Bruce Hutchinson	Bruce	quiet	for his radio	his hat	being rushed	What!
Nancy Post	Nance	like Mrs. Santa Claus	for fun	staying up late	fat	I'll be back in a minute.
Dina Tagliabue	Dina	Indian	for the sun	mail and males	pots and pans	It's Ok.

SECOND SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Temple Aaron	Temp	lost	with her cat	chewing on her hair	staying with her buddy	Oh, no... not me!
Margaret Baird	Meg	for cats	for knitting	sharing her cake	games	Yes, but...
Cassandra Cobb	Sandy	like an imp	in Pam's boat	Blacky	her middle name	Oh, I bet.
Pamela Cobb	the almost-camper	like a Cobb	in her blue boat	birthday parties	sitting still	Where are my jamamas?
Lauren Dmitrieff	Laurie	Russian	for tether-ball	Pepper	right field	Oh, can I play center?
Christine Lowther	Christine	cute	for the end of rest hour	to visit 6th shack	being teased	Well...
Patience Martin	Patience	like Goldie-Locks	patiently	sailing	boys	Can I wear your loafers?
Yuki Moore	Yuki	like the girl in the Breck ad	for fun	to play jacks	swimming lessons	I don't know.
M. Jody Myer	Jody	forward to passing advanced beginners	to trot with- out being led	Yuki	tennis	Cheap!
Edith Padderatz	Edie	small	with her grandmother	Barbie dolls	cleaning her room	You cheat.
Harriet Schmidt	Sissy	daring	for friends	Tine's monkey	being quiet	<u>Really</u> , now.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Prudence Taylor	Prudy	like a beaver	for camp	Mary Poppins	going home	Geepers.
Susan Williamson	Susie	fierce	for getting into mischief	horses	C.I.T.s to inspect	Come on.
Second Shack	Babes' Den	like a tornado hit it	for the first bell	overnights	being the youngest campers	Diane! Janet! Elsa! Come help us!

THIRD SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Ann Bacon	Ann	for shelly	for Aug. 1	being tied up!	a.m. clothes line	I'm f-f-freezing.
Tracey Buckley	Tracey	like a cute woodchuck	in both 2nd and 3rd shack	being the last aqua- planer	being called "Trace"	Eeeee!!
Ann Dalrymple	Ann	innocent	for the time when there will be Blue- White ballet competition	Blue-White kickball games	people playing with jacks and pick-up sticks	Leave it alone!
Bethanne Elion	Beth	cuddley	with counselors	picking blueberries	cleaning her room	<u>REALLY</u> , now!
Cynthia Hill	Chill	like Chessy	for poodles	nature	a messy room	Well, you see...
Cynthia Lent	Slent	for Julia	for a three night over- night	her father's pictures	Hall II	Well, don't bug up!
Cynthia Mackie	Mac	sleepy	with Alfred Hitchcock	to scream in her sleep	people who take her comic books	Come on, Kelly.
Laurie Meyer	Laurie	for her jack ball	in the back room	Pixie	people who jump on her bed	That's my name. Don't wear it out!
Laura Reed	Laura	active	for aqua- planing	to be last	canoeing	No foolin', Dick Tracy.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Margaret Tabell	Megabell	for Tarcey	for coffee ice cream dessert	to climb trees	swimming lessons	But I'm still hungry!
Fleury Valdes	Kelly	for a chance to climb the rafters	with Pam	Big S's	rest hour	Cynthia, quit it!
Third Shack	the jungle gym	clean for inspection	with "Fang," "Ugly," "Mean," and "It."	the upper bunk	silence	The counselors are coming!

FOURTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Julia Aaron	Julie	ready to attack	under her mane	cutting Temple's bangs	wearing pajamas	Listen, Booby.
Margaret Affleck	Meg	tall	with her jacks	Snagglepuss	disgusting people	Snagglepuss!
Christine Buckley	Chris	way out with her long hair	with Leslie	Blue-White sailing races	being called Christine	Do I have to go to Mass?
Margaret Considine	Mardi	like a White	for acting funny	Booby	taps	Oh, Helen!
Judith Hayes	Judy	for Pam	with Theodore Roosevelt (Teddy, for short)	music	cleaning her room	Will you play jacks with me?
Adeline Kempner	Lina	for Baker	for the Whites	sailing	losing a kickball game	Gross!
Laura Kind	Laura	like a chipmunk	for when she is a senior	softball	the way she cut her bangs	Oh, no!
Helen Langwiesche	Helen	small for her age	in comic books	to knit	swimming with- out a nose clip	Get your crummy mits off!
C. Virginia Myer	Ginny	very exciting	for making team points	Vernaglia	unanxious Blues	Oh, come on you guys!
Parthenia Ross	Tuna	like she's ready to spring	for climbing the rafters	teasing Janie O.	her name	Well, look you guys!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Elizabeth Rowell	Betsy	like Meg Rowell	in books	Meg Affleck	not having something to read	Meg!
Claire Schoen	Claire	like her sister	for catching Ginny's kicks	Whites that try	Ginny catching her kicks	Oh, Ginny!
Susan Sharpe	Susie	like a Gerbil	for pulling pranks	Leslie	having people feed Gerbil inky paper	I did it.
Georgia Sollenberger	George	forward to winning the banner	undecidedly	Lina	Lina being mad at her	Really! You must be kidding!
Jane Thomas	Janie	different with short hair	with Leslie	her brother	people sitting on her bed	Ok, you guys!
Leslie Wilson	Leslie	like Lorraine Steel	in Colorado	Susie	arguments	Stop complaining, you guys.
Fourth Shack	the monkey house	awful with all the towels on the rails	too close to counselors' dock	climbing rafters	bed time	Hey, Janie O!

FIFTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Louise Broad	Weezle	"prim english"	for "Peanuts"	to play tennis	ants	Oh joyous of joys!
Laurie Bryant	Laurie	healthy	for Dartmouth	thunderstorms at night	people sitting on her bed	Tra-la.
Margaret Crary	Margot	happy	for Swany	her skinny dips	to have her baby pillow stolen	You retard!
Ellen Dalton	Nellen	like a bleach blonde	on first base	large bathing suit tops	gerbil	M-o-o-s-e
Amy Davis	Amy	like Little Orphan Annie	in her red nightshirt	to wear stockings on her head	her hair	You bet.
George Ann Gillespie	Jammie	all-American	for chocolate Necco wafers	water-skiing	potatoes	Write <u>me</u> notes, too!
Joanne Marshall	Joanne	like Miss Runoia	for Waterville	her stuffed animals	her light blue dress	The pure misery of it all.
Sarah Stone	Sally	like she's been in Florida a year	in Ohio	horses	stringy spinach	May I borrow some jacks?
Julie Thompson	Jules	like a mysterious gypsy	next to her gerbil	the double whammie	diving	She drives me up a wall.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Mary Vivian	Mary	like a starlet	at AHA academy	counselors who don't go to bed early	beds that bite	Follow the yellow brick road.
Jill Wellenbach	Jill	cunning	the life of a busybody	to room with Amy	to go to bed	What did you put down for <u>me</u> ?
Gerbil	Beast	like a mouse	behind bars	white bathrobes	Nellen	Let me out.
Fifth Shack	Zombie house	disheveled	with a gerbil	sleepy breakfasts	counselors who go to bed early	The lantern's out again!

SIXTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Sarah Adams	Sam	like Ellie from the back	with Chessye	Henry	being told to stand up straight	Gross!
Susan Baird	Sue	like a sailor	for going home	her sister	swimming lessons	I know it's ridiculous...
Margaret Britt	Frex	freckly	with her head in a whirl	people in general	short hair	Oh, Vicky.
Deborah Dix	Dixie	smiley	neatly	her green frog	being kept up by her roommate	Oh, that's really nice.
Caren Euster	Caren	gracefully	to gain a little weight	ballet	people saying she's skinny	A no thank you helping please.
Janet Harris	Janet	for people to do her dishes	in long hair	jumping	doing dishes	I have 9:00 riding.
Mary Lawry	Mary	neat	in fear of Pine Island sails	sailing	dishes	Let's go sailing
Roxanne Lowther	Rocky	like a person	with Sally	doing dishes with Joanne	getting in trouble	Come on, Sally.
Barbara Miller	Bobbie	like a scholar	in Princeton	Russian	being bossed around	Come on, you guys.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Georgia Myer	George	like a tom-boy	for cheer-leading	being a leader	people who make fun of her shape	It was so cool!
Emily Runyon	Yum	well-dressed	for silence	to be good	ants	Oh, really?
Joanne Sataloff	Bertha Bellybutton	like a Samoan floor mat	in a friz	belly rolling	baggy pants	Tough darts, Agnes.
Catherine Sharpe	Cathy	like Hoss Cartwright	for her horse	swimming underwater	being called Susie Swift	I have to feed my horse.
Rebecca Squire	Betsy	frizzled	in the pix	getting letters	taking life saving	Sam, your hair is so curly.
Ellen Teitel	Wllen	like a chipmunk	in her room	water-skiing	archery	Ah - so!
Victoria Valdes	Vicky	like a pixie	in her bell-bottoms	to be daring	inspection	Oh, sure!
Sixth Shack	just too swiftly	lived in	in noise	singing even though it can't	mice in its footbath	Ok, you guys, counselors left-bring out the food!

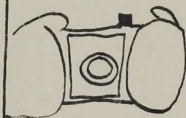
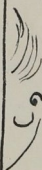
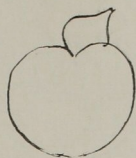
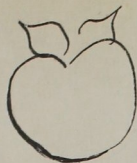
SEVENTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Cynthia Alston	Cinci	for the rocks on the way to The Big Float	for water-skiing	curly hair	being yelled at	Quiet, someone's coming!
Ann Burrage	Missy	for male	under red hair	tennis	a messy dresser	Where's my bubble gum?
Carole Erslev	Erslev	like an elf	with Freida	Thunderbolt	being small	Please be quiet. I'm reading J.L.S.
Jane Freidson	Freida	like a siamese cat	for letters	jacks	insects	Relax and have a pickle!
Victoria Goff	Vicki	for her guitar	for comics	food	Cinci doing exercises at night	Would you believe...?
Elizabeth Hilton	Beth	confident	to pass J.L.S.	Margy	morning skinny dips	Pickles!
Claire Maner	Manerd	mischievous	for Jeanne	trouble	being called Claire	Touch your tummy!
Ann McCreary	Annie Mac	like a model	neatly	Snoopy	nothing much	Really!
Diana Sandberg	Sandberg	like a granny	just to stay alive	to sleep	spiders	What's a mother to do?
Wendy Schrader	Little Schrader	for candy	for blonde hair	Howard	swimming	Nice day if it doesn't rain!
Cynthia Schumo	Schmoe	like a rabbit	in the three room	dirty water	her curly hair	Hark, I hear a pistol shot- etc.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Maria Willard	Pollard	like a little girl	for Bill	Blue Bee	the infirmary	Chinci!
Barbara Yates	Yatesie	for the Funny Farm	for the S. Club	apple crisp	being called Barbara	Fresh...slap your face!
Seventh Shack	the discotheque	suspicious	closest to the Tent	boys	quiet	The mantle's burning!

TENT STATISTICS

Eleanor Baker	Ellie	like a cat	by Margy	to sleep in the morning	baby fat and short hair	I guess.
Chessye Hill	Chessye	like a poodle	with Sam	to aggravate Marcia	slings	You bet.
Ellen Holmberg	Ellen	like a Holmberg	with Diana	her bed	floating	Sort of.
Carol Lichtenberger	Carol	ready for anything	with Ellen	skinny dips	not much	I passed my plunge dive!
Tent	the shack without "facilities"	homely	in other shacks	Marcia's day off	when Marcia goes to bed early	It's dark down here without a lantern.



CANDID

PHOTOS





LANESEND



COUNSELORS



AIDES



C.I.T.s



SECOND SHACK



THIRD SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK



SEVENTH SHACK



TENT



KITCHEN STAFF

COUNSELORS



Lucy H. Weiser

Sixty years ago, Runoia began,
Made of dreams and thoughts and a piece of land,
And in the midst, Miss Weiser stood
Cultivating what was good.
So, on this feeling we call camp,
Miss Weiser has clearly left her stamp;
And this is how it all began:
A mind, a lake, a leading hand.

Phil Cobb

Phil enjoys displaying camp flicks.
From sailing in gales he gets kicks.
His mailbox we cram,
He made us carve lamb;
Any motorboat engine he'll fix.



Betty Cobb

Betty's mom and director in one.
At Rangeley, she had lots of fun.
For wearing blue shorts
We sent her to court;
After groundhogs, she'll run with a gun.

Ann Greene

A versatile counselor is Ann Greene.
To all C.I.T.s she is queen.
She teaches, she jollies,
She rectifies their follies;
She's one of the best we've e'er seen.



Marian Johnson

Each morning Johnny goes for a dip,
And into her mink slink she does rip.
Checking lighthouse hue,
Be it pink or blue,
Black coffee each morning she sips.

Doris Shellberg

With Clorox bottles our Shelly abounds.
With silk screens and looms she is always found.
Hands are never idle
And seldom gets riled;
On experiments she never will frown.



Mrs. Nawrath

Mrs. Nawrath is Shelly's right hand.
With plastics she really is grand.
She's part of the clan,
And enjoys watching Pam;
With ingenuity her mind is crammed.

Peggy Kay

With ski instruction, Peg never falters.
Among men, she prefers Walter.
Seventh Shack's mama
Throughout every trauma;
What would programing be without her?



Jeanne Holmberg

In wearing cut-off or bikini
We all admire pretty Jeanne.
Her laugh is contagious
To those of all ages,
And her date list is never too teenie.



Edith Padderatz

When facing accidents she never has winced.
By campers' tales, is seldom convinced.
Office hours unlimited,
To service committed,
On the spot she can whip up a splint.



Margaret Warren

Our Margy has partly blonde hair.
In music she's ready to share.
On the dock, she will shout,
"It's time for 'All Out.'"
From lightning, she gets quite a scare.

Liz Bowman

Our Lizzie has finally come back.
Her trips lots of food never lack.
With campers she'll fight
To paddle just right;
In tennis she'll swing a mean rac(quet).



Sharon Schrader

Miss Schrader is an all-around sport.
Skinny dipping is not her forte.
Her hair's turning gray,
But she knows the way
Of bowing and sterning on port.

Margie London

A girl with a scarf on her head
Makes sure that she's always well fed.
At knitting, a bug,
The tea she will slug;
Always strives to go early to bed.



Tine Chalfant

In the riflery shed she is found.
With enthusiasm always abounds.
The shack thinks she's great,
But she won't stay up late.
In the putt-putt, she's always around.

Diane Dorsey

Diane is a Southern blonde belle.
In her eyes tinted contacts do dwell.
Pine Island she dates,
In sailboats she rates;
All of Second Shack thinks she is swell.



Janet Gladstein

Tomorrow she'll start on her diet,
But tonight she'll eat up a riot.
Her hair looks blonde,
But there are dark roots beyond.
At rest hour Janet loves quiet.



Marcia Fleming

Marcia lives under canvas, of course.
She's at home on the court or a horse.
A canoe in her bed
Made her turn red;
Her quick humor brings laughter full force.



Judy Maxwell

With a horse and a dog she did come,
But Judy's the one who does run.
Her quilt's a good cover,
But swimming's above her;
Without teeth, the food she did gum.

Ann Vivian

The range of her skill is amphibian-
From accomplished sailor to artisan.
Of her fangs she is proud,
In her sleep, talks loud;
She'll deny her open mind to no man.



Pam House

"Body Mechanics" it's called,
And the campers were rather appalled,
But Pam knows what goes,
Be it shoulders, bats, or bows,
And in Third Shack she's firmly installed.

Jane Orbeton

A zesty tripper's our Jane.
Of blonde hair, she has quite a mane.
At knitting, Janie O.
Is known as a pro;
In Fourth Shack, keeps us all sane.



Katie Kennedy

To tennis in her cloddies she'll run.
Katie never could miss any fun.
She'd knit through a blizzard,
And eats like a whizzard;
As proxy, her locks sure will stun.

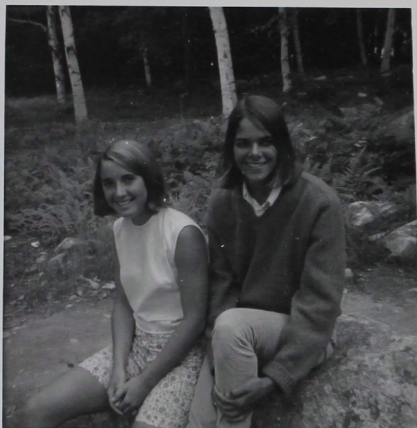
Carol Baldino

With a cheer for Brown on her lips,
Carol passes out arts and crafts tips.
She knits up a storm
With a smile always warm,
And is avid for pre-breakfast dips.

AIDES

Mary Young

As leader of songs, Mary's on top.
Her Sunday Services ne'er flop.
At the piano she grand,
She'll always lend a hand;
Her bikini the people does stop.



Meg Holmberg

To cut-offs our Meg is quite true.
Canoeing and she stick like glue.
She sure likes to date,
Her green suit does rate;
Have you ever seen eyes quite so blue?

Elsa Master

Our Elsa won't dare camp at Oak,
But there she swiftly did stroke.
Afraid of the dark;
She loves every lark;
When singing, she usually does croak.

Margo VanAllen

Margo's friends are among the gnomes,
But she also can lead ponies.
Her hair is long,
Her voice is strong;
But she'll not be taken in by phonies.

SECRET

SECRET

SECRET

SECRET

SECRET

C.I.T.S

Linda Baker

The joy of the Juniors is Baker,
Our phantom chocolate chip taker.
She found her bed "pied,"
And just about died.
Now she's an adept bed maker.



Allie Williams

Our Allie's the girl from L.A.
In water this girl loves to play.
She dives and she skis
And sails with great ease.
"That's tricky," she always does say.

Sue Squire

Life Saving tests panic our Squish.
Shredded Wheat must be in her dish.
With her stories and quips
About Gran and Der Twips,
Her company's all we could wish.



Lynn Tolcott

Miss Tolcott we really admire.
She came from Stamford with Squire.
She's always funning,
She'll say you're stunning;
She'll never completely retire.

Audrey Thompson

Dear Audrey? a letter was written,
And Alfred with laughter was bitten.
She flunked W.S.A.
(That is with an A)
And we all held a search for her mitten.



Irene Vernaglia

Vernaglia's an expert at pranks.
She'll not tolerate brownies or cranks.
A snerd she was given,
But he wasn't livin'
A fish she returned as her thanks.

KITCHEN STAFF

Mrs. Foss

In oven doors you'll find Mrs. Foss.
In the kitchen, she sure is boss.
She hides Congo bars
In trip boxes and jars;
What would we do if she ever got lost?



Walter Kay

Let us now introduce Walter Kay
Who has come for our last week to stay.
Peggy keeps him in tow,
With Neil he does go;
We wish that he'd come opening day.



Dina Tagliabue

Claudia Dumais

Shirley Fortin

To dances in Belgrade they go.
During meals, they all steal the show.
All three kitchen girls
Keep Neil's head in a swirl;
Runoia's phone number their friends all know.



Bruce Hutchinson

Neil Foss

Runoia's men in the little, white suits.
They mow grass and cut branches for loot.
The bell they ring,
Sponges they'll fling;
Lightning's strike made their Gunther mute.

SECOND SHACK

Temple Aaron and Pam Cobb

Pam and Temple do make quite a pair.
One is dark and the other is fair.
Pam likes best to ride;
With cats, Temple does side;
With the twos, bright ribbons they wear.



Nancy Post

Nancy hails from way out in Denver.
She's definitely of the feminine gender;
She's shy as a lamb;
For Temple and Pam,
A lunge whip Judy Maxwell should lend her.

Prudy Taylor

On the swing you would always find Prue.
To Runoia she will always be true.
She swam like a fish
And we surely do wish
That next year she'll greet us anew.



Patience Martin

From Florida to Belgrade she came.
Her swimming has brought her great fame.
Tho' her tooth cracked in half,
We all had a laugh,
And new teeth for next year is her aim.

Lauren Dmietrieff

Our Lauren is a pretty young blonde.
Of riding she's really quite fond.
At jacks she's a pro,
Of few she's a foe;
We hope she'll return to Great Pond.



Harriet Schmidt

Sissy's hair always covers her eyes.
In the morning she's hard to arise.
The sailboats she crews,
She roots for the Blues;
To riding and dinner she flies.

Edie Padderatz

Edie Pat is a cute little girl.
A silver baton she does twirl.
In swimming and riding
This girl sure is gliding;
In her hair there is always a curl.



Christine Lowther

Although she stands near to the floor,
This petite miss we all do adore.
In short shorts she romps,
At rest hour she'll stomp;
We hope she comes back for some more.

Sandy Cobb

A neat little girl is our Sandy.
With broom and dust pan she's handy.
In sailboats she'll ride,
For the White Team she'll side;
Her Blackie, she thinks is quite dandy.



Meg Baird

At knitting this girl is a whiz.
Her counselors she always does quiz.
Her swimming is great,
And her giggles do rate;
For cats and knitting she lives.

Jody Myer

With animals piled on her bed
Our Judy is always ahead.
In sailing and swimming
With joy she is brimming,
But silence she always will dread.



Tracey Buckley

Tracey's loaded with TNT
And is a friend of Blueie Bee.
In sailing, excels,
Meg's secrets won't tell,
And an "S" she shall never see.

Yuki Moore

Yuki's letters the mailbox do fill,
And Peanuts books cover her sill.
New friends she has found,
By the lake she's around;
She likes picking berries on the hill.

Susie Williamson

At riding our Susie's a champ.
Her spirits you'll never find damp.
In the water she'll dive,
For success she will strive;
This lass is an asset to camp.

THIRD SHACK

Laurie Meyer

No doubt Laurie Meyer is neat.
In canoes she'll try any feat.
Ann D. is her pal,
She's the Peeenuttiest gal;
From a jacks game she'll never retreat.



Meg Tabell

A bottomless pit is our Meg.
For food and more food she does beg.
For privileges she screams,
Always cheers for her team;
Climbing rafters has built up her legs.

Cindy Lent

Clent is a comrade of Julie's.
Her hairdo is rather unruly.
With a pink horse she's found,
With mischief abounds,
And does adore the Beatles truly.



Cindy Hill

Of nature our Cindy took note.
As a great gal, we give her our vote.
A dare-devil we know,
It just doesn't show;
As a rider, she frequents Phil's beat.

Bethanne Elion

Her locks got shorter, then short-
That's why she was sent to court.
While cleaning she shuns,
To the stable she'll run;
To a skinny dip she'll never report.



Laura Reed

Laura found a cute crayfish named Clyde
As out from the waterfall she sis glide.
She's a buddy of Pru
And Mr. G., too;
Many excuses at bedtime she's tried.

Kelly Valdes

We've decided our Kelly's no "Fleury."
She seldom, if ever, will hurry.
But when the shack's in a jam
She rushes to Pam;
About the state of her room she'll never worry.



Cynthia Mackie

Mac develops her lungs every night.
Could those ghost stories cause this fright?
She never gets flustered;
Team points she does muster;
She hides when the Inspector's in sight.

Julia Aaron

Lift, carry, and trip on her bed
This girl with nightshirt of red;
To fourth came Julia
With salute and regalia.
She paints dots and faces, they've said.



Ann Bacon

Strange brews Ann is constantly bakin'.
In the water she's always shakin'.
In her boots she skedaddles,
She's as thin as her paddle;
After second bell she'll always awaken.

Ann Dalrymple

In August she left Les Chalets
And sadly gave up her ballet.
Her swimming has style
And so does her smile;
We're delighted she came back to stay.



Laurie Meyer

FOURTH SHACK

Meg Affleck

Oh, Betsy, she screams in the halls.
She's a pro at catching kickballs.
To sailing she's been
And riding she's seen.
Meg conquers all without fails



Laura Kind

She's skippered alone in a gale,
And gone with Pine Island to sail.
Her knitting's supreme,
Her smile is a beam;
Laura's a peach on our trail.

Helen Langewiesche

That's my dad up in the sky-
As the Cessna 120 buzzes by.
She's off to the stable,
At craft's she is able;
Fun and antics ne'er pass Helen by.



Susan Sharpe

Susie Sharpe is chock full of fun.
For pranks on counselors, she'll run.
Her humor's hilarious,
On rafters, precarious;
William Gerbil our hearts has now won.

Betsy Rowell

From Waterville hails our girl
Betsy with her head in a twirl.
She'll read any book,
Has always a crook
In need of Mercurochrome's swirl.



Ginny Myer

Strong fighting Blue of Fourth Shack
Our Ginny is no lazy hack.
She'll help when surrounded
By work or dumbfounded;
No smile does she ever lack.

Claire Schoen

"Where is my Mad?" you'll hear her cry.
Claire, with the gleam in her eye.
At sports she's unbeatable,
No food is uneatable;
Any bug from a distance she'll spy.



Tuna Ross

"Boom, chicky, chicky, boom,
Richard, Richard," comes from the front room;
Tuna's just groovy,
Her humor is moovy.
She'll laugh us all to our tomb.

Leslie Wilson

Oh, give me just one more antic,
I'll go off my head and frantic.
Leslie fast makes the scene,
With ideas in her bean;
At sailing she'd cross the Atlantic.



Jane Thomas

Jane with her unmatching suits,
For the Blues fiercely she roots.
Her braids, cut off short;
She'll romp and cavort;
Our swinger ne'er lacks cheers and toots.

Georgia Sollenberger

Georgia will fight any battle.
For the Blues, she'll e'er shake her rattle.
She'll turtle in sail,
Has boy friends in tail,
At rest hour she moves like a cattle.



Chris Buckley

As loyal a Blue as they come.
To life saving our Chris says, "Ho, hum."
At sailing, a tipper,
This gal is no dipper;
On trips how she does fill her tum.

Judy Hayes

On horseback this girl is a whiz.
With her singing she may make show-biz.
Judy'll swim all the day
And laugh in a way
That'll make all our hair frizz.



Lina Kempner

The Junior White Captain is Lina.
At tennis you'll find no one fina.
While cheering for Willy
She'll yell herself silly,
When she goes, we certainly will pina.

Rindy Martin

Four days had she been here when clankle,
A tumble, a fall - broken ankle.
On crutches so high
Rindy hobbles on by;
At golf, crafts, and jacks, she'll rankle.



Mardi Considine

A second mother's our Mardi.
In tennis, she gets a cheer hearty.
A jolly good camper,
Her smile knows no damper;
After taps, she'll ne'er miss a party.

FIFTH SHACK

Amy Davis

Amy's a White teamer true.
Her hair has curls through and through.
Passed her JLS test
And rides with the best
And many sports she can do.



Margot Crary

Margot's a Senior at last.
She can paddle a boat quite fast.
In a tennis game
She may put you to shame;
For meals she never is last.

Jill Wellenbach

At ice skating Jill is a pro
But to riflery she'll want to go.
In a triple she was
But oh, so much buzz!
Her bathing suit's unique, you know.

Julie Thompson

The Gerbil is Julie's new pet.
She moves with the cool jet set.
Has trouble with her dive,
Keeps tent legends alive;
Once you've met her, you'll never forget.



Ellen Dalton

Mr. P. is Nellen's dear mate.
To be in Fifth Shack is her fate.
Her fine tea bag, drying,
Is an art that is dying;
To riding she never is late.

Mary Vivian

A live wire in Fifth Shack is she.
A true White she always will be.
When Mary's in bed
"Ding Dong - Witch is dead."
To the Tent she always will flee.

Joanne Marshall

Joanne returned this year.
She lives not far from here.
Her talk and her smile
Keep us laughing awhile;
By her accent, you'll know she is near.



Sally Stone

In riding our Sally does well.
She swung in the hammock and fell.
Swimming she likes,
For the Blue team she'll fight,
For jack games she runs pell-mell.

Louise Broad

To Fifth Shack Louise came once more,
And over the books she does pore.
With Laurie she'll sing;
For Life Saving she'll swim;
In tennis, she surely can score.



Laurie Bryant

In the shack every night we can hear
Laurie's snores coming loud and clear.
At the table she'll ask,
"Have the seconds been passed?"
And for music she has a good ear.

Bobbie Miller

A bright little girl is our Bobbie.
She never never is slobby.
At trip songs she's clever,
At jobs she'll endeavor,
Strumming guitars is her hobby.



Jammie Gillespie

A two-piece Jammie just got.
For her size, she eats a whole lot.
Arts and crafts she can do,
And she'll play jacks with you;
For riding, she'll be on the dot.

SIXTH SHACK

Margie Britt

Freckles lives in the triple front room.
While sailing gets hit with the boom.
With hair in her eyes,
"I'm late!" oh she cries.
Her feet just don't seem to zoom.



Georgia Myer

We have a young girl named George
Whose mouth resembles a gorge.
Whether talking or eating
She's always competing,
And for the Blues she will forge.

Jody Sataloff

Jody looks like poor Orphan Annie.
She has a small dog named Dandy.
In irons she is
A Life Saving whiz
And loves to eat Betsy's candy.



Debbie Dix

There is a young lass named Miss Dix
Who's often found in the pix
Washing her face
And wearing white lace,
She'll never get into a fix.

Betsy Squire

Our Betsy's one of two Squires.
In the shack she's a real live wire.
With her nose clips
She goes down for dips;
For the Blues she's a great ball of fire.

Roxanne Lowther

Roxanne is louder while asleep.
At rest hour she does creep.
On Fifth Shack she hacks
And plays lots of jacks
And loves to sail on the deep.



Caren Euster

A red headed dancer is she.
From food she always did flee.
Caren's smile was sweet,
A real little treat,
Next summer we hope to see.

Susan Baird

A one month camper was Tish.
In a sailboat she was real swish.
She loved the craft shop;
She will never stop
At questions, her constant wish.



Cathy Sharpe

Our Cath had a horse named Cher
For whom she always did care.
She learned how to plunge
Flopping in like a sponge;
She certainly did eat her share.

Ellen Teitell

Ellen's a new girl from Philly.
She hates it when weather is chilly.
On Fifth Shack she'll be
With jacks, one, two, three;
Titanic is really quite silly.



Mary Lawry

Our Mary came here from Mass.
Her swimming was really first class.
She's neat in the shack;
We hope she'll be back.
We enjoyed this lovable lass.

Yum Runyon

Our Yum on her flute will toot,
And for the Blue team she'll root.
Our horses she likes;
Takes nightly hikes;
For sailing she'll holler and hoot.



Janet Harris

With pigtails a'flying, of course,
She is a pro on a horse.
She sails and swims,
Her smile never dims;
She always comes through for us.

Sam Adams

A new girl at camp is our Sam.
She rarely gets into a jam.
At sailing she'll crew;
A famous family, too;
Give her a skit and she'll ham.



Vickie Valdes

Vickie V. in her bell-bottomed trou-
Is always causing a row.
She loves to talk,
At rest hour, walk;
At sailing she's a real wow.

SEVENTH SHACK

Diana Sandberg

Diana, the gal with the granny glasses,
She adds good humor to all her classes.
As White Captain she's great,
She does set them straight;
A favorite amidst all our lasses.



Ann Burrage

Missy Burrage prefers to wear blue.
To the Whites she'll always be true.
She sings in her sleep,
Slaloms well in the deep;
One of Shack Seven's mischievous crew.

Susan Yates

A cannibal was our Susie.
Her costume was a doozie.
She always does smile,
Hacks around for awhile;
She and Ann make a good twosie.

Candy Maner

A summer blonde, her name is Candy.
In creating commotion, she's a dandy.
At swimming she's great,
At pitching, first rate;
For climbing the rafters, she's handy.



Polly Willard

Blues greet Captain Polly with cheers.
She listens to problems with open ears.
On Long Lake trip
She managed to slip,
So she and her pillow we'll remember for
years.

Vicki Goff

Vicki Goff has talent indeed.
In acrobatics she takes the lead.
She swims very well,
Her skiing is swell;
She's helpful if a friend you need.



Ann McCreary

A paddler who shows real skill,
Ann tackles all tasks with good will.
She masters all sports
Of most varied sorts,
And all requirements she does fulfill.

Wendy Schrader

The White team pitcher is she.
A good jumper Wendy will be.
We try to relax
As she toots her sax;
Good sportsmanship is her key.



Jane Freidson

Jane Freidson is this gal's name.
From Leonia, New Jersey, she came.
She curls her hair
With greatest care,
And not a pound does she gain.

Carole Erslev

In the shack Carole is always dancing.
To the riding ring, she is prancing.
She does her best
To pass each test,
Including that tough Life Saving.

Cinci Alston

Cinci gets up with the sun.
To skinny dips she does run.
She announces news loudly
And skis very proudly;
She'll always join in with the fun.



Beth Hilton

Put Beth on a horse or some skis,
She'll always work hard to please.
As she strums her guitar,
We know she'll go far;
To friendship, she holds the keys.

Cindy Schumo

Tidy and neat is Schumo.
She takes jumps with never a "whoa."
She sails in French,
Never sits on the bench;
A mischief-maker, we know.

COLLEGE OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS

1900-1901

1900-1901

1900-1901

1900-1901

1900-1901

1900-1901

1900-1901

TENT

Carol Lichtenberger

Poor Carol arrived a bit late.
No lanterns, no pix, was her fate.
But she took it all right,
Was cheerful and bright,
And that's how we know that she's great.



Chessye Hill

Chessye sprays bugs for us all night,
And sleeps 'till the command, "dress right."
A tennis player,
Junior Life Saver,
Her arm is finally all right.

Ellen Holmberg

Of Tent life Ellen was leary.
Lightning and bugs she found eerie.
She talked in her sleep,
Rubbed against her sheets.
On leaving, she was quite teary.



Ellie Baker

Poor Ellie is accident-prone.
Her injuries we all bemoan.
She trips over roots,
Loses bathing suits;
We scarcely dare leave her alone.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION



HORSE SHOW



HORSE SHOW



GETTING READY FOR COTILLION













New Harbor, Maine in winter



Road into Woodland Camps in winter



Bill, Laura, Dan Reed (Barbie Warren)



The Gates Children (Mary Bauman)

NOV 66



KAREN (13) PETER (6) DAVID (12) LYNN (8)

The Cornelius Children (Helene Thoman)



The Hobbs Family (Ditto Hamilton)



Robert, Lucy, Nathaniel Phinney (Perry Flynt)



MRS. JOHN HERBERT LARZELERE

Wedding vows exchanged

On Saturday, April 2, Miss Mary Anne Rhodes became the bride of John Herbert Larzelere in an afternoon wedding at Community Congregational Church in Lathrup Village.

The Rev. Philip Gentile officiated. He was assisted by the Rev. Herbert Studebaker, grandfather of the bridegroom.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles William Rhodes of Detroit. Mr. Larzelere's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Larzelere of 820 Chittenden Drive, East Lansing.

The bride chose a gown of ivory silk faille fashioned with a Sabrina neckline of re-embroidered Alencon lace, a fitted bodice and sheath skirt. Lace inserts

accented the elbow length sleeves and the edge of a detachable train.

She carried a cascading bouquet of stephanotis and creamy white roses.

Miss Kathleen Louise Rhodes, a cousin of the bride, was maid of honor. The bride's sister, Jean Ellen Rhodes, was a junior bridesmaid.

Other attendants were Margaret S. Warren of Medford, Mass.; Sharon L. Schrader of Benton Harbor; and Cornelia Chamberlain of Grosse Pointe.

The attendants wore floor length gowns styled with turquoise shantastic bodices and aqua crepe skirts. A bias band dramatized the empire bodices and floating

panels created a Watteau effect.

Petite bows of turquoise shantastic held their butterfly veils. They carried cascading bouquets of yellow sweetheart roses and white miniature carnations.

A reception at the church followed the ceremony, after which the couple left on a honeymoon trip to Miami, Fla. For traveling the bride wore a navy suit with pale beige accessories.

Upon their return they will make their home at 530 Laurel Lane, East Lansing. Both Mr. and Mrs. Larzelere are graduates of Michigan State University. Mrs. Larzelere is teaching at the Walnut School in Lansing. Mr. Larzelere is with the Michigan National Bank.



Wedding Party of
Mr. and Mrs. John Larzelere
Mary Anne Rhodes



Mrs. Arthur N. Palmer

THE WEDDING of Miss Margaret Louise Vogel, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. William Vogel of Cincinnati, to Mr. Arthur Nicholas Palmer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton N. Palmer of Pittsfield, Mass., took place Saturday afternoon at Friendship, Me. The Rev. Alvin H. Hanson, rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, officiated at the ceremony.

The bride wore a white peau de soie gown with sleeves and bodice trimmed with Venise lace. A chapel-length veil of silk tulle was held by a rose-shaped head-dress. The bride carried a cascade of white daisies and blue corn flowers.

Miss Elizabeth Vogel, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She wore a gown of blue satin which had a panel of deeper blue and carried a bouquet of daisies and cornflowers.

Mr. David Palmer of Pittsfield was his brother's best man. Ushers were Dr. Daniel C. Bryant of Portland, Me., and Mr. Charles Porter of Pittsfield.

A wedding reception was held at the Thorndike Hotel in Rockland, Me., before Mr. Palmer and his bride left on their wedding trip to Nova Scotia. Upon their return they will reside in Bloomington, Ind.

Mrs. Palmer was graduated with honors in June from Indiana University. Mr. Palmer will complete

his work for a Ph.D. degree there during the next semester.

Among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. Richard D. Bryant of this city, god-mother of the bride; Mrs. Taulman Miller of Bloomington, Ind., and Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Vogel of Cincinnati.