

CAMP RUNOIA

1967

### Dedication

And so we dedicate this Log to self-awareness gained through intense experiences - with people, with Nature, and with our inner green-growing selves.



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## CAMP RUNOIA - 1967

### Campers

Affleck, Margaret  
Baird, Margaret  
Beckwith, Jean  
Brebner, Elizabeth  
Britt, Margaret  
Burrage, Ann  
Casserly, Patricia  
Cobb, Cassandra  
Cobb, Pamela  
Considine, Margaret  
Cook, Margaret  
Corscaden, Patricia  
Dalrymple, Ann  
Dalton, Ellen  
Dickersin, Leslie  
Dmitrieff, Lauren  
Ely, Diane  
Freeman, Sarah French,  
Pamela  
Gates, Brenda  
Gates, Leslie  
Gillespie, George Ann  
Goff, Vicki  
Greene, Valerie  
Grobowski, Lucia  
Hayes, Barbara  
  
Hayes, Judith  
Hill, Chessye  
Hill, Cynthia  
Holmberg, Ellen  
Huber, Casilda  
Kempner, Adeline  
Kind, Laura  
King, Linda  
Lape, Kristen  
Lent, Cynthia  
Lichtenberger, Carol  
Lichtenberger, Cynthia  
Maner, Claire  
Marshall, Joanne  
Martin, Rinanne

Mellinger, Barbara  
Moore, Yuki  
Morgan, Catherine  
Morgan, Cynthia  
Myer, Georgia  
Myer, Jody  
Myer, Virginia  
Myers, Mary  
Nelson, Nancy  
Orzeck, Robyn  
Page, Pamela  
Page, Susan  
Reed, Laura  
Rines, Jane  
Rines, Leanora  
Robinson, Martha  
Rowell, Margaret  
Sandberg, Mary  
Sataloff, Jody  
Scasserra, Andrea  
Schoen, Claire  
Sharpe, Catherine  
Sharpe, Susan  
Squire, Rebecca  
Sturkin, Marita  
Sword, Mary  
Tabell, Margaret  
Tabell, Roberta  
Tanenbaum, Robin  
Taylor, Prudence  
Teitell, Ellen  
Thompson, Julie  
Tower, Cynthia  
VanAllen, Sarah  
Van Ingen, Marion  
Vivian, Mary  
Wellenbach, Jill  
Wellenbach, Patricia  
Williamson, Susan  
Willock, Victoria  
Wilson, Leslie  
Wood, Amy

## Counselors

Cobb, Elizabeth (Mrs. P.J.)  
Cobb, Philip  
Johnson, Marian  
Weiser, Lucy

Blamey, Elizabeth  
Candy, Dorothy (Mrs. Jack)  
Cook, Mary Ann  
Dorsey, Diane  
Greene, Ann  
Holmberg, Jeanne  
Holmberg, Margaret  
Johnson, Christine  
Kay, Margaret (Mrs. John)  
Kerr, Pamela  
Kirk, Margaret  
Master, Elsa  
Maxwell, Judith  
Nawrath, Bertha (Mrs. F.D.)  
Orbeton, Jane  
Schrader, Sharon  
Shellberg, Doris  
Stewart, Patricia  
VanAllen, Margo  
Warren, Margaret  
Young, Mary

## C.I.T.'s

Beals, Martha  
Dalrymple, Barbara  
Fifield, Susan  
Hilton, Elizabeth  
McCreary, Ann  
Sandberg, Diana  
Schumo, Cynthia  
Yates, Susan

## Staff

Bean, Carolyn  
Damron, William  
Foss, Glynnis  
Foss, Niel  
Foss, Norman  
Hutchinson, Bruce  
Hutchinson, Linda  
Lewis, Harriet

# Log Staff 1967

Editors: Barbara Mellinger  
Catherine Morgan  
Julia Thompson

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Advisor: Christine Johnson

First Shack: Beth Hilton

Second Shack: Mary Sandberg, Molly Sword

Third Shack: Patty Corscaden, Meg Tabell

Fourth Shack: Ann Dalrymple, Susan Page

Fifth Shack: Cynthia Morgan, Virginia Myer

Sixth Shack: Ann Burrage, Chessye Hill

Seventh Shack: The Editors

Tent: Lucia Groblewski, Claire Schoen,  
Jill Wellenbach



### A FANTASTIC SEARCH

Miss Pond and Miss Weiser had a Dalrymple of a time finding the perfect campsite for Runcoia. They hired a Young Kind Tower-ing Negro who had just recently become a Free-man. Armed with a Sword, Ten-(t)an-baums, Page-s of instructions, a pail Or-zecks for his garbage - banana Beals, orange Rind-s, Mellinger rinds, and Cook-ed carrots which he despised, and lots Moore, he Sataloff-t Casserly munching all his goodies on his Wood-en Tabell. His mind grew satiated and Hayes-y until he lost control of his plane and crashed into a Greene Sandberg.

He yelled, "Oh, Yates!" and cautiously pro-Trudy-ed out of his Cobb-pit. "Lichten-that-berger!!!" he muttered, as he wiped Gillespie-ly the left-over Stew-art from his s-Wellen-bach. He was Affleck-ted with sadness and could barely Kempner-plate what to do next. He was so upset that he reached into his knapsack for his box of Marshall-mallows and found that there were Mor-gan than left.

He looked up Sharpe-ly and was Sturkin to see a Scasserra of a woman. "My, I feel Grub-by," he muttered. She was Rowell-ing on a wild Lape that was nearly Orbeton-ing.

"Blame-me but he won't Lent up!!" she screamed



Dmitrieff-ly. She had Fi-field Reed-s jutting out of her mouth, which made her stutter. "My-er, I've had a Dickersin of a time...Could you Tei-tell me where the er Man-er road is?"

"I can't make a McCreary out of what you're saying. Why are those Fi-field Reeds in your mouth?" the Free-man said very Considine-d.

"The wicked King Hol-berg, who lives at Fairlie Ring Schrader-ed one large Reed into Britt-s, Schumo-ed them in my mouth because I Huber-nated with his favorite Squire all winter. He Warren-ed me then Kerr-ed me and Schoen-ed me away on this Goff-le Lape named Martin. I haven't been able to Corscaden with him for years. My lover, the Squire, and I are quite Elyon to each other. I Ely on being able to Breb-ner my way to Fairlie Ring to see the Squire and John's, Tom's, Nel's, and William's sons." VanAllen-tly, she wheeled her Lape around with a Kirk.

The Free-man Burraged around his Missy Cobb-pit until he came Beck-with some maps. "H'mm...I just had a Van Ingen-ling that Fairlie Ring was one of the places I was supposed to Dalt-on."

"O-Kay. Let's go together. You should Max-well against the King. There was a Gate(s) battle between the King and the Free-man. They fought to the Hilt-on the Hill. Luckily, everyone sur-Vivian-ed.

And the King so respected the Free-man that he gave him all the land adjoining Fairlie Ring for Camp Runoia.

## A PARADOX OF TIME

In just this one place so much has happened:  
The Indians, the farm, and now the camp;  
So many people, so many changes  
From pasture to wood  
From Indian to camper;  
But the paths worn deeper by time  
Are forever paths and will never change;  
Children follow children;  
The cycle of the woods is eternal;  
The demolished buildings are followed by new:  
This, a paradox of time.

Ellen Holmberg

FROM INHIBITION TO TRANQUILITY

The inner solitude of complete freedom  
The beauty of green and God's sunlight -  
Perishable thoughts irrelevant to most mankind...  
The desire to overcome all emotional buildup  
To release feelings as the wind  
Through a tree on the barren hill.

The simplicity of the scene  
Created in our mutual hopes...  
Yet so complex and strengthening  
To those participating!

Candy Maner

## SELFHOOD

"I'm proud to be me" cry words of the song  
For being just what I am  
And if I do what I feel, I can't go wrong;  
I'll never get into a jam.

For I've been gifted with freedom of thought  
I know what's wrong and what's right.  
I needn't conform; I'll do what I ought,  
I'll follow my own insight.

I am as free as I can be  
I can have a mind of my own.  
- I've been given the gift of being me  
And I'll never be alone.

Jody Sataloff





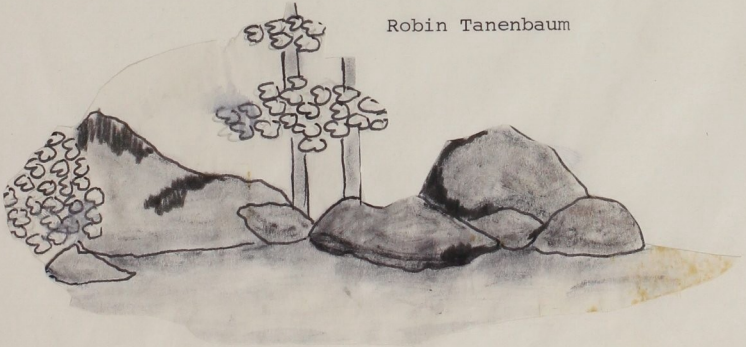
## ROCKS

When the sun upon them shone  
I could see the rocks by their jewels alone.  
Yet, about beauty rocks care not  
For more beauty they want not  
Rocks are beautiful on their own.

When rocks are tossed upon the land  
With their own strength they can withstand;  
For help rocks want not  
Help they need not  
They can stand it all alone.

Hours, months, years may go by  
Rocks live on, they never die;  
Strong and beautiful, on their own  
Rocks alone live on -  
Alone.

Robin Tanenbaum



### A SPROUTING SEED

A desperate cry for freedom  
A sudden burst of strength;  
The glory of being alive  
Shining forth in the color of life.

Sprouting forth its purpose  
And bearing its own weight  
The leafy child holds his head high  
And reaches for the golden light.

Mary Vivian





LIVE TODAY - NOW!

Crows flying about  
Out the window  
Leaves green sprout  
Places to go  
Things being done...  
Get out of bed  
You lazy fellow!  
Be thankful you're  
Free  
Not caged  
Like me.

Barb Mellinger

DAWN

The knob turns  
The door slowly  
Slowly opens...  
Dawn peeks her  
Shining head  
Around the corner.  
She looks, then withdraws  
Again she ventures forth  
Again she retreats.  
She is a shy little girl  
Until - suddenly:  
She leaps out  
From behind her refuge:  
The door of Night.

Jean Beckwith

## MORNING

A light mist envelopes the cove in gray fantasy  
Like a film harboring the world from reality.  
The lightly sprinkled mist hovers above the universe  
Like an airy chiffon curtain:  
Tranquility:  
Then as the haze lifts,  
The sun worms its way through the trees  
And bursts forth into  
Morning.

Cici Morgan



## NIGHT

Night stole upon the woodlands  
Wearing a cloak of black;  
He lured the lingering scraps of day  
Into his cape to hide them there...  
He transformed the sunny world into one of  
Darkness and fear,  
One, who calls himself Night.

Cynthia Morgan

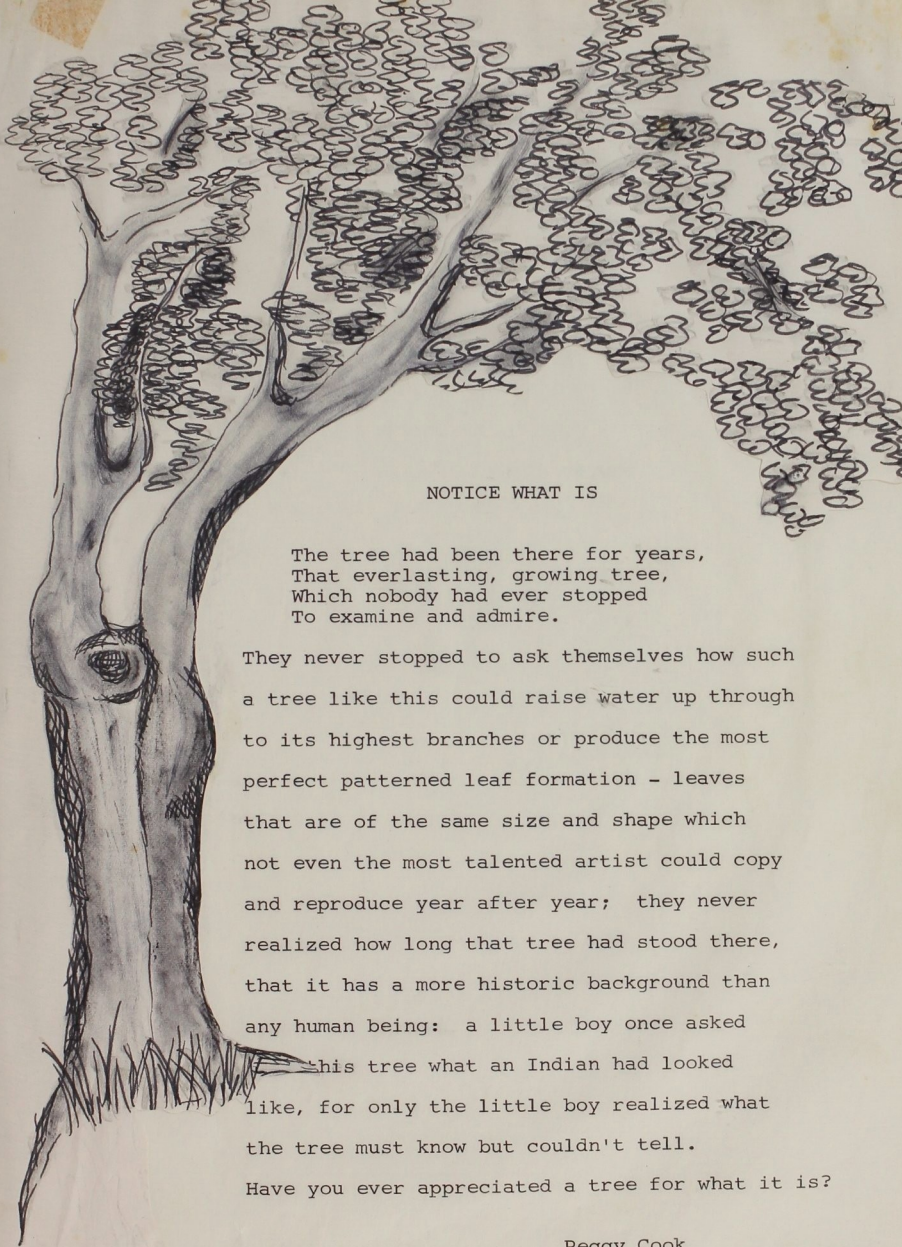


## WIND

A mountain existance is wind:  
It is a wild force pushing from behind  
Running with you,  
Seeping through your body.  
A person is as a plant to the wind  
With roots firmly embedded in the soil  
And one's hair, the flower  
Waving seductively in uncontrollable rhythm  
As if to catch the eye of its partner  
In its wild reckless dance:  
The wind

Cathy Morgan





#### NOTICE WHAT IS

The tree had been there for years,  
That everlasting, growing tree,  
Which nobody had ever stopped  
To examine and admire.

They never stopped to ask themselves how such a tree like this could raise water up through to its highest branches or produce the most perfect patterned leaf formation - leaves that are of the same size and shape which not even the most talented artist could copy and reproduce year after year; they never realized how long that tree had stood there, that it has a more historic background than any human being: a little boy once asked this tree what an Indian had looked like, for only the little boy realized what the tree must know but couldn't tell. Have you ever appreciated a tree for what it is?



### TEAM SPIRIT

- So like a wave is team spirit  
Engulfing and encompassing all  
Surging up to a peak of suspense  
When the tide could go either way.  
- Yet though the wave finally breaks  
And the tide ebbs away,  
Team spirit lasts neither a second  
Nor a minute, but for life.

Julie Thompson

### TENNIS

An arm flying as the wing of a bird  
Dipping and swaying over the court  
Dancing airily above the ground  
In fantasy ballet.  
L'hommes sounded in rhythmic procession  
Till an off-key twang  
Brings one down.  
Then reach and stretch, there's space everywhere  
Anything can be returned.

Chessye Hill

### CHERISHED MEMORIES

Runoia camping trips are so much fun -  
Reed, Pemaquid and Crooked Island.  
How I enjoy the warm memories of them,  
Of sleeping bags and tents, bug spray  
And then  
A warm campfire;  
Sticky doughboys with a buttery taste so warm,  
Evening swims and skinny dips,  
And canoes rocking on the waves,  
Of paddles stroking and feathering...  
Oh, how I cherish the memories of camping!

Joanne Marshall

## HAPPINESS

Happy-  
ness is joy-ous thing!  
a

It helps when you smile;

It brightens your life for a while!

I love to be

Happy

because it makes

Me

Feel

So

GOOD!!!

Casilda Huber

### THE CAMPFIRE

A radiant glow from the darkness,  
A flickering golden light;  
Campers huddled around it  
Protected from o'erwhelming fright.

And shadows of spooky mysteriousness  
Are thrown upon distant trees;  
But the light from this ember of happiness  
Makes fear of the owl's hoot cease!

Martha Robinson

### CHIPMUNKS

In the evening the chipmunks come;  
All chipmunks look among  
The rocks and their relatives come  
Looking for food with them.

Boop Tabell

## DISCOVERY

In the sun the world swells with smells  
Till the rain drains them out.  
Musky oak, mint rock and wet leaves  
Oh, how they carry on the quiet breeze!  
The sun's beam hits all the green -  
Flashes of trees, grass, leaves, bushes and the beach.  
  
Swelling, swelling, after the blazing sun  
Now uneasy...then rain in  
A burst of beautiful smells!

Betsy Brebner



## WIND

When the wind blows a mist across  
The lake My mind goes adrift  
Into a wonderland  
Of dreams  
Floating on a cloud with the wind  
Swirling  
Through my hair;  
"Born free free as the grass grows"  
- That will always linger so  
When the wind  
Dies away  
I only sigh with dismay.

Ann Dalrymple

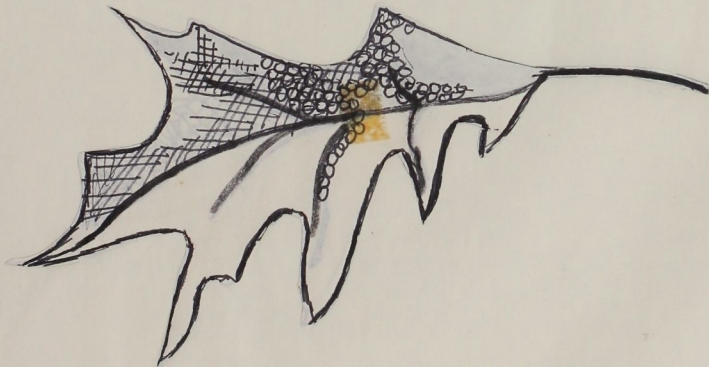




THE WIND IS A MAGICIAN

The wind is a magician flying  
In transparent robes;  
In his stony glare, still leaves  
Become frightened nymphs  
That flee in terror  
While raindrops echo  
The nymphs' staccato.

Amy Wood



A LATE WINTER EVENING

As I looked out on the evening glow  
Where everything about was snow,  
I saw what I was looking for -  
A snowman - just outside the door.

And then just before I went to bed  
I glanced outside and he shook his head  
"Little One, I cannot stay  
Spring is nearly on its way."

Susie Williamson

### FUNNY LITTLE SHADOW

My shadow is funny  
Especially when I try to step on his tummy!  
He scampers quickly in front of me  
And seems to laugh in jolly glee.  
He never ever lets me catch up to him  
But stalks away, looking sassy and prim.  
And then one day it started to rain  
I hunted around for my shadow in vain.  
And then the sun came from behind a cloud  
- And my shadow returned...tall and proud!

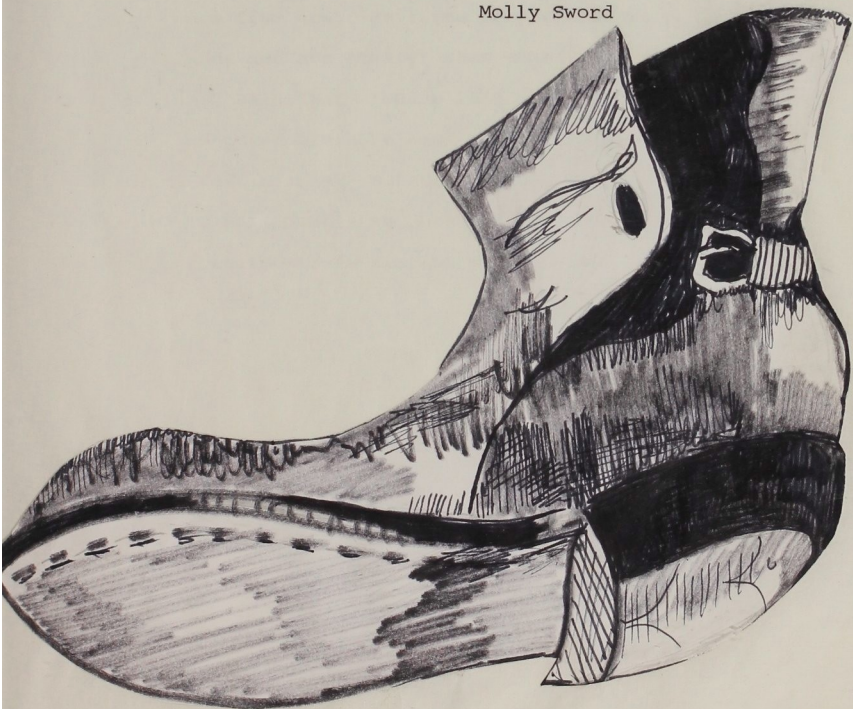
Amy Zenard  
(Susie Williamson)



# NEW PAIR OF RIDING BOOTS

A new pair of riding boots  
Smells like new tree roots;  
They look so shiny and bright  
I just know their size is right!  
They feel so warm and soft,  
It's like walking in a cotton loft.

Molly Sword



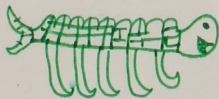


## CHARLIE THE WONDERFUL SEAMONSTER

Charlie is a wonderful seamonster. He is green with dots on him. The Dots are Purple. He is about half a mile long. He will eat a person that weighs over 250 pounds and is over eight feet tall. He will eat you if you are pushed off the dock because he thinks that person is not wanted. Charlie is not married yet but He will be in a few years from now. He loves people that weigh less than 250 pounds and are smaller than eight feet. (Don't tell me I just said that, 'cause it's a warning.)

Pretty many people have seen Him - I've seen his tail but not the rest of him. But Janie O. is worried and has been watching Phil Cobb's weight so Phil won't get eaten. Charlie eats sailboats in his spare time. The fiberglass digests his food.

Casilda Huber



picture of  
'Charlie minicher

## THE CHARLIE LEGEND

### Charlie the Runoia Monster

Charlie swam across the ocean from Scotland.  
Followed Columbus and went under the continent to  
our lake.

Pam Cobb

### CHARLIE ESS

(in B. Hayesian dialect)

Charlie Ess is Lochn Ess's brother. They are both from India. Lochn went to Scotland and Charlie went to Maine. Charlie is 67 years old. Lochn is 60 years old. Charlie was born on August 18, 1900, and Lochn was born August 28, 1907. Charlie and Lochn are watter monsters. Charlie traveled through oceans and seas. Sometimes on his travel he thoat, "Should I be mean like my brother? Yes, No, Maybe not."

Soon he came to an Island called North America. It was a very big Island, he thoat. He swam around it three times and found an Island to live on. It was Pine Island. Soon it became a boys' camp. So he traveled away from the Island. In a few seconds he came to Maine. As he passed by Maine, he saw a girls' camp. The complete camp was watchyn him. Most of them waved. He swam to level ground and jumped quite high to show his 8 legs. Betty, Phil, and Miss Weiser were shouting come back to the girls in the canoes. Then they found out he was friendly. He likes me because my birthday is on his birthday. One night I woke up by roars. I went down to the waterfront and saw Charlie with a tooth Ake. I went and got some other girls. We put on flippers and then Charlie looked at the moon. He said Midnight and sprinkled sand in my eyes. It did not hurt my eyes.

We dived in and under water. We pulled out his tooth with the Ake. He gave me his baby tooth and the tooth with the Ake.

Barbie Hayes



Charlie

BARBARA HAYES





Pam Cobb



## OUR FIRST TRIP: ARRIVAL

A final goodbye and we were off on Northeast's Yellowbird. The silver wings lifted a major part of the Runoia populace through the practically cloudless sky away from the chaos of New York City. Though clouds lingered outside of the window, we forgot the fact that we were so far up or moving so fast.

The international lunch of peanut butter and jelly was way behind Mrs. Foss's lunches but filling at any rate.

With a thud we landed in Boston to gather a few more familiar faces, and again to lift off in a machine gun, or as they called it, a prop jet. We landed a little deafer but mainly in one piece. In Augusta we were greeted by the familiar camp uniform worn by Greenie.

Twenty minutes more and we started our summer at Runoia.

Mary Vivian

THE TALE OF THE MAIDENS AND THE MOUNTAIN CHALLENGE  
OR THE TOP IS TOPS

The Bigelow trip contains quite a story. It was founded one normal summer day in the minds of two sages from the land of Runoia named Ma Cook and Jean Humbugger. They decided that all young maidens, much like knights, should have a challenge, a quest, something that would test their physical as well as mental endurance. Mount Bigelow, a slight 4000 foot peak, would be the very thing. So the plan took shape; the maidens were carefully chosen - for surefootedness, repellentness to bugs and rain, and ability to conserve air. (This last item was exemplified by Lina Kempner.)

Only a few months passed before the plan, the group, and the provisions were ready for launching to a remote spot in Heaven knows where Maine, a region not far from the North Pole or the timber and cloud lines. Once the maidens alighted from their trusty red and blue chariots (camp car and bow-legged pick-up truck,) they were utterly fascinated with what they saw, a small modest campsite, nestled in between the marshes at the base of a thunder cloud-surrounded mountain. But their spirits were not dimmed. They set to work cleaning camp, waiting for the four dwarfs - Philis, Cooked, Hyjeanne, and Megaphone to gather wood to start the

grand conflagration upon which they would cook their buffalo paddies (i.e., steaks).

The night that followed the evening was one that the maidens would surely remember. They were awakened from a light slumber by torrential rains and an attack made by mysterious vampire amphibians called mosquitoes. Many claimed that they had spent the night pondering Father Time and awaiting the coming of morning.

Morning followed night and the Big Day had come at last. The maidens mounted the Rugged Red Mobile and set off for the hills where their challenge awaited them. Once at the base of the mountain, they stared up in awe at the top where there were a chain of dark and dangerous-looking clouds. Would they ever be able to make it to the top?

The most masterful and hot-blooded dwarf, Cooked, had uttered orders for them to proceed to the top, and, as all maidens knew, though his word was chaos, IT WAS LAW. So on up they went. Their ascent lasted almost four days (i.e. hours in today's time). When they finally mounted the crest of the great hill, fatigued but extremely pleased with themselves, they gazed over the Sleeping Kingdom and felt as though they themselves ruled over that small world. But one more challenge, or should I say peril, awaited them. Hazardous hail storms were quickly advancing their way. All at once the heavens burst open and small white un-

explodable bombs were hurled upon their tender bodies. Did this hardship crush their already drenched spirits? No - in fact, their primitive will of defiance and self-preservation was kindled.

In nine huge leaps all the maidens ended up at the bottom, happy that they had all worn their P.F. Flyers. Their trusty chariots awaited their return at the bottom, and in no time at all, they all returned to their various castles.

In case you are wondering how such fair maidens of such tender upbringing survived this trip that would indeed test the endurance of any able-bodied knight, I must tell you that there was a wee bit of magic added in on the side. So that the parents of the maidens would not be able to sue for damages, a good fairy was placed in charge of the group to save them from all danger, but just barely to save them so as to shake them up a bit. Unfortunately, four of the maidens never recovered and are presently residing at the Yellow Brick Rest Home.

But, in conclusion, I must add that after interviewing the remaining reasonably stable maidens, they were quoted as saying, much to my surprise at their free use of the language: "Baby, there ain't no mountain high enough!"

Cathy Morgan



## FLYING POND

Although the day started out to be rather "blicky,"<sup>1</sup> a group of ten of us set off by car for Flying Pond. Our route was very scenic and among the many natural and man-made wonders we saw was Liz Arden's "Maine Chance." Once near our destination, we commenced training for the severe journey ahead by pushing the never-failing camp car out of a ditch. After a half an hour paddle, we reached the waterfall where we played and ate. The waterfall was man-made but has achieved the almost startling effects of nature. It was really beautiful. The waterfall was built in such a way that we were able to sit under it, and the solid screen of water in front of us made us feel as though we were completely hidden from everything and very secretive. Another hour paddle followed, and when we later returned to the falls, we repeated our fun.

Later, Phil took us on a personal tour of Elizabeth Arden's. The main feature was the women in their white bathrobes, who, by living almost as we do at Camp Runoia, think they have a claim to beauty.

The day finally turned out to be a "good one,"<sup>2</sup> and all that we had left from our trip were our memories of the waterfall and a sunburn so healthy looking that it would have shocked Elizabeth Arden.

---

1 a sort of "blah" day  
2 a day consisting of sun, blue sky,  
and a nice temperature

## FLYING POND

We started on our long awaited trip in the morning of the third of August. After three straight days of pouring rain, we did not know what to expect as far as the weather was concerned but drove away with eagerness and excitement.

After forty-five minutes of continuous paddling, we stopped at a small island for a delicious lunch. When we were finished it looked like rain, so we paddled quickly to get to a waterfall where we would spend the rest of the day.

The sky above us was darkening, and we watched carefully for lightning. Before we were halfway there, it started to pour and we were forced to land on a beach not far off. After five minutes standing there getting soaked, a man came out and invited us into his lodge and lit a fire, and we stayed warm and dry until the rain finally let up. Then we took up the task of paddling to our final stop.

We spent a lovely afternoon under a waterfall and left reluctantly after finishing up a watermelon. But even before we left, it started to rain. It was just a drizzle so we went on anyway. But just our luck - it began to pour and pour.

Just around the corner was a beach. We got there

without a minute to spare and stood there freezing and wet until finally it stopped.

Finally we canoed back to where we put in, cautiously keeping an eye on the sky all the way. When we finally climbed into the dry camp car, our relief could only match our happiness after having had a fun day.

Cindy Lent

## JUNIOR TRIP TO REID STATE PARK

This year, instead of going to Pemaquid, the Juniors went to Reid State Park. Reid State Park was new to some but old to others. One girl had never seen the pounding surf before; others had never eaten lobster.

The beach had a lot of people mixed in with its hot sand. The surf with its majestic whiteness and greenness was really something to see. It roared and hissed after our running feet. The more courageous among us jumped waves until the tide came in. Then, in sadness, we left the beach with the surf still pounding as hard as ever.

For supper we retreated to the rocks, realm of the seagulls. The seagulls looked like a white sheet with inkstains on it. The more we fed them, the more they spread.

That day we all had fun and hope that the next time we go, the sun will be shining just as brightly and the surf will be pounding just as hard as ever.

Patty Corscaden



## SENIOR BEACH TRIP

The sand was warm and soft as feet sunk through the crushed pebbles. It was a hazy day overcast with silver. As the bus drove up the road, cries of excitement filled the air. "We're here!" "We've finally arrived!" "Ah, smell that air! (cough, cough)"

Tripping out of the bus, running to order lobster, everyone threw <sup>her</sup> his laundry bag down and once again everything was an orderly mess.

Gulls were making a statue-like line on the roof of the refreshment stand. Past the board walk, the surf was high and mighty, knowing that he reigned his kingdom. In spite of chilly breezes, everyone was even more determined to go in the surf, where we stayed a little while.

Some boys from another camp were there playing football, but we were not able to join them (rats!). Our group remained isolated on the beach until it was time to leave.

We said our farewell to Reid State Park, and everyone brought back souvenirs - unfortunately not the male variety, but fond memories nevertheless.

Barb Mellinger



## THE TRIP TO LONG LAKE

The day had finally come at last, and a group of campers had shoved off in our canoes to go on a trip to Long Lake. The day was a rough one and it took us time to get used to it. We soon stopped, portaged, and had lunch. Then we continued our way. Late in the afternoon we arrived at our destination - one of the islands on Long Lake. Many an inquisitive squirrel poked his head from a tree to scold and stare at the noisy intruders busily hauling their canoes ashore. Soon a tent was put up and firewood was collected. Deep in the silent woods could be heard the dinking of a shovel hitting stone and dirt to make a pit. Unfortunately, the pit was so far away, everyone thought it better to go to some unknown corner! The night was an eerie one as the silvery moon showered its rays down upon the sleeping woods, and a loon gave its lonesome call.

Unfortunately for me, the loon heard me try to call back to him, and he swiftly glided in the waters near our campsite and called all night. Ghost stories were told and soon the tent slept. The morning was a clear one and the lake's water glistened. Ring fish darted around the mossy stones in the water. The sun shone brightly

and the woods became alive with noise once more. Soon we paddled to another place where a huge rock stood. You could dive off it into the clear water below, too. I thought I saw snakes in the water and on rocks where their shredded skins lay.

Then we paddled back to our campsite that night, and the mosquitoes plagued us so we ran to the safety of the tent. The zipper broke! Masking tape soon solved the problem.

The next day I said goodbye to a small squirrel with whom I had made friends. We left the grounds so clean that it looked as if no intruder had ever disturbed the wood's silent peace.

Brenda Gates

## SACO RIVER TRIP

A burst of sun ray, the roar of ignition of three cars, and we were off for Saco River.

First stop, Camp Wyonegonic, picked their canoes up, and got our first paddle in the Saco River. We put in at Swan's Falls.

After a long paddle, we set up camp in the early evening, ate a delicious dinner, and slept soundly after a fun-filled day.

The next morning we ate a brief but good breakfast and set out for Walker Falls. Walker Falls were the main excitement of the trip. The whole trip shot the rapids successfully until Sally and I shot. We went down safely but coming up was a different story. I was dragging the canoe up when I noticed that members of a girls' camp seemed to have gotten hung up on a rock. They probably didn't even know it; in any case, they didn't know how to handle the situation because they just sat in the canoe while it sank, without moving. Meanwhile, to their rescue boys from another camp leaped from a twenty foot wall into the heart of the rapids.

Just at that moment, I had started floating down the

rapids. I had lost my grip and was now rushing over the rocks. After the rocks there was sand and a strong current. I swam to safety.

But the girls' camp was still sitting in their bashed sunk canoe. Soon they were rescued, however, and we were all on our way again safe and sound.

We paddled to the White Mountains but unfortunately couldn't see them because it was so misty. After that we paddled further down the Saco River to make camp.

Where to make camp was the question...no beaches! We soon did find one, however, and made camp.

The next morning we ate a delicious breakfast of French toast and broke camp to paddle to our final destination, Brownsfield. We were to be picked up there and return to camp after a very exciting Saco River Trip.

Diane Ely



## SECOND DEAD RIVER TRIP

The second Dead River trip was filled with fun and excitement. First we drove for three hours to Shrapus Falls where we ate lunch and put our canoes in. Stopping after long paddling by a waterfall, we swam around like mermaids. We arrived at our campsite full of pep. To our surprise there were signs in English and French since we were seven miles from the Canadian border. With vigor everyone started to prepare dinner which included shiskabobs and baked apples. The different buildings, signs, and big antlers were impressive sights.

That night Pat and Margy slept in the blue tent, the two CITs in one of the buildings complete with bunk beds, while Phil and Bruce slept in an adjoining building. We were supposedly up at 5:30 but no one made it until 6:30. After a breakfast of Maypo, fruit, cocoa, and French toast, we packed up and started in our canoes down Dead River. The river moved at four miles an hour and had rapids and falls.

All of the canoes had tipped over at least once except Phil's. We stopped for lunch after a series of tremulous maneuvers over rapids. We went back to camp on a bumping



truck.

I'll remember Dead River as a rapid stream penetrating jungle, the boughs were hanging so thick over the water.

I'd like to go back to make further exploration.

Carol Lichtenberger

### THIRD DEAD RIVER TRIP

On the eve of August 3rd, certain campers experienced a feeling of elation mixed with hope. Elation was felt for the coming trip, and hope, for good weather. These campers were getting prepared for the third Dead River trip. Knapsacks and sleeping bags were packed and ready, and we all fell asleep waiting for the next morning.

Morning dawned with a drizzle that failed to dampen our spirits. After breakfast we got our mail and piled into the truck and car. Off we went, waving goodbye to all.

We reached a public campsite and ate our lunch; then we drove off to Chase Pond and the campsite. We were glad to have a chance to stretch our legs, so we arranged the bunkhouse and tent quickly, eager to get paddling.

Chain of Ponds was our destination and we arrived in a small downpour. We started off but had to stop in the second pond because of the growing storm. At the end of Chain of Ponds we left the canoes by an old dam and drove back to Chase Pond.

Dinner consisted of steak, salad, beans, potato sticks and cookies. Phil promised us a treat, and so he drove us up to Eustis Ridge to see the view. It was a breath-taking sight! That night we all slept soundly,

unhampered by bugs.

The next morning, we rose to look out on a blanket of light fog, but it cleared during breakfast and revealed a beautiful day! We ate breakfast in record time according to Phil and set out for the dam. We didn't take Phil or Pat Stewart for they were juggling around with the cars and would join us halfway down.

We paddled hard that day, shooting Shrapus and Shadagee Falls. Finally we got back to Chase Pond. We had our lunch then paddled onward to Ledge Falls, our destination. We all took Ledge Falls with only a few spills.

We arrived back at camp in time to clean up and get to Sunday Service. Everyone of us enjoyed the trip to its utmost, and I sure wouldn't mind going again.

## BESEIGED BY BEASTS

This summer the CITs visited Camp Wawenock. Mrs. Usher greeted us warmly and gave us a tour of the camp grounds. While the rest of the camp had their lunch, we ate on the Usher's patio where we could get a good view of the waterfront. Suddenly Greenie said, "Oh goodness, look at the two cats in that tree!"

"Those aren't cats, they're squirrels," Diana insisted.

"Why they're two baby raccoons," exclaimed Betty.

"Maybe if we're real quiet they will come nearer."

As we all sat quietly and waited, they made their descent and soon came waddling over onto the patio. Before we knew what was happening, they had climbed up in our laps and were trying desperately to get at our lunch.

Amid our screams of shock and surprise and all of the laughter, the raccoons managed to knock over our punch and make their way from chair to chair in attempts to get the tuna fish from our sandwiches. However, our raccoon friends were getting rather out of hand and as they licked us in the face and dipped their dainty paws in our punch, we were forced to stand up and take turns dodging the rambunctious duo. At last Mrs. Usher returned from her lunch and informed



us that Dusk and Dawn were her little pets and came every afternoon for a raisin snack. As she fed them their raisins, we told her how shocked and surprised we were as her two pets came down the tree and waddled over to visit us.

Beth Hilton

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

1. Scasserra, A
2. Jalton, E
3. Sataloff, J
4. Vivian, M

#### Advanced Equitation

1. Wellenbach, P
2. Squire, H
3. Gillespie, J
4. Meilinger, B

#### Equitation over Fences

1. Scasserra, A
2. Jalton, E
3. Meilinger
4. Vivian, M

#### Equitation over Fences

1. Gillespie, J
2. Sataloff, J
3. Sturkin, M
4. Wellenbach, P

#### Canter

1. Burrage, A
2. Nelson, N
3. Sturkin, M
4. Thompson, J
5. Affleck, M

#### Canter

1. Myer, G.
2. Cook, P
3. Goff, V
4. Morgan, Ca
5. Holmberg, E

#### Canter

1. Kempner, L
2. Ely, J
3. Warner, C
4. Myer, V

#### Beginner Canter

1. Corscaien, P
2. Tannenbaum, R
3. Cobb, S
4. Groblewski, L

#### IX. Beginner Canter

1. Williamson, S
2. Freeman, S
3. Smiritieff, L

#### X. Drill Team

- |           |               |
|-----------|---------------|
| Jalton    | Scasserra     |
| Gillespie | Vivian        |
| Sataloff  | Maxwell, Miss |

#### XI. Advanced Walk-Trot

1. Labell, M
2. Martin, R
3. Reed, L
4. Rines, L
5. Page, S
6. Hayes, J

#### XII. Advanced Walk-Trot

1. Lichtenberger, Ca
2. Casserly, T
3. Rowell, M
3. Willock, V

#### XIII. Walk-Trot

1. Huber, C
2. Wool, A
3. Dickerson, L
4. Lichtenberger, Cy
5. Consiiff, M

#### XIV. Walk-Trot

1. Sword, M
2. Sandberg, M
3. Myers, F
4. Myer, J
5. Van Ingen, M
6. Taylor, P

#### XV. Walk-Trot

1. Elion, B
2. Rines, J
3. Hayes, B
4. Moore, Y
5. Cobb, P

Judges: Mrs. Gayle Davis  
Instructors: Miss Judy Maxwell

## COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Elizabeth Blamey	Exciting Britisher
Dorothy D. Candy	Doctors Grubby Campers
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Ever Nagging Counselors
Philip J. Cobb	Popular Jovial (and) Carefree
Mary Ann Cook	Most Avidly Conquers
Diane Dorsey	Delayed Every Day
Ann S. Greene	Ardent Sunday Genuflector
Jeanne C. Holmberg	Jeopardizes Cookie's Halo
Margaret D. Holmberg	Maine's Dangerous Hick
Christine G. Johnson	Can't Get Jingles
Marian R. Johnson	Merrily Receives Jokes
Margaret N. Kay	Merrily Nags Kids
Pamela B. Kerr	Pounds Balls Knowledgeably
Margaret I. Kirk	Mostly In Key
Elsa W. Master	Ends With Merriment
Judy M. Maxwell	Joyfully Makes Mistakes
Bertha H. Nawrath	Busily Hammers Nails
Jane Orbeton	Jaunts Off
Sharon L. Schrader	Slugs Long Shots
Doris A. Shellberg	Does Artwork Skillfully
Patricia A. Stewart	Prances and Shoots
Margo I. Van Allen	Mischievously Ignores Virtuous Authority
Margaret S. Warren	Miraculously Smashes Windows
Lucy H. Weiser	Loves Happy Workers
Mary E. Young	Many Enthusiastic Yesterdays

#### CIT ANAGRAMS

Martha M. Beals	Merrily Makes Bright
Barbara Dalrymple	Best Dinger
Susan P. Fifield	Swinging (with) Plenty (of) Fun
Elizabeth L. Hilton	Ever Laughing Hard
Ann C. McCreary	Always Chasing Mice
Diana K. Sandberg	Does Krazy Stunts
Cynthia S. Schumo	Committing Silly Sins
B. Susan Yates	Being Sillier Yet

#### STAFF ANAGRAMS

Carolyn B. Bean	Catches Boy's Bids
William Damron	Was Daring
Glennis E. Foss	Gathers Enough Friends
Norman L. Foss	Never Loses Faith
Niel C. Foss	Never Can Fail
Bruce C. Hutchinson	Best Cook's Helper
Linda D. Hutchinson	Likes Dishes Horribly
Harriet B. Lewis	Has Biggest Laugh



SECOND SHACK ANAGRAMS

Elizabeth R. Brebner

Pamela N. Cobb

Valerie A. Greene

Barbara D. Hayes

Casilda C. Huber

Pamela O. Page

Jane P. Rines

Mary A. Sandberg

Mary P. Sword

Roberta J. Tabell

Prudence H. Taylor

Eats Runoia's Beets

Patiently Nibbles Corn

Very Active Girl

Best Desired (by) Hairdressers

Constantly Chatters Happily

Pleasingly Occupied Person

Jumps, Plays, Runs

Motherly Acts She

Molly Pitches Songs

Rides Just Terrifically

Patient, Helpful, Truthful

### THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Patricia A. Corscaden	Plays Ashgrove Constantly
Judy L. Hayes	Jinxes Lea Happily
Laura B. Kind	Little Baseball Kid
Cynthia L. Lent	Captain Loathes Losing
Cynthia L. Lichtenberger	Carries Light Loads
Rianne S. Martin	Reads Silly Magazines
Robyn L. Orzeck	Really Likes Oranges
Leanora W. Rines	Loves Watching Radium
Martha L. Robinson	Makes Loud Roars
Margaret E. Tabell	Makes Elephant Tusks
Amy R. Wood	Always Reads Well

#### FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Margaret L. Baird

Cassandra D. Cobb

Ann Dalrymple

Lauren Dmitrieff

Leslie Gates

Cynthia C. Hill

Linda R. King

Yuki A. Moore

M. J. Myer

Mary F. Myers Susan

M. Page Laura E.

Reed Marita L.

Sturkin Marion Van

Ingen Susan W.

Williamson

Moreover Likes Bands

Carefully Does Crawlstroke

Always Dancing

Like (a) Dwarf

Brews Toothpaste Everywhere

Looks Gay

Can Cleverly Hokey-Pokey

Likes Reading "Kimba"

Yells At Marita

Merrily Jumps (on) Mattresses

Mad Ferocious Monster

Sings Mighty Pretty

Loves Every Ride

Muchly Loathes Spinach

Marvelous Voice Indeed

Swims With Wit

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Margaret Affleck	Marvelous Antics
Patricia S. Casserly	Pathetically Stumbles Constantly
Margaret K. Considine	Maddens Kempner Continuously
Leslie Dickersin	Looks Dreamy
Pamela French	Pretty Fantastic
G.A.W. Gillespie	Goes Anywhere Without Grudges
Adeline F. Kempner	A Friendly Kid
Cynthia P. Morgan	Couses Problems (at) Midnight
C. Virginia Myer	Certainly Very Messy
Andrea S. Scasserra	And Easily Succeeds
Robin S. Tanenbaum	Relinquishes Smiles Tactfully
Patty Wellenbach	Plays Wickedly



# SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Jean H. Beckwith	Jolly Blissful Bear
Margaret R. Britt	Makes "Errs" Better
Ann M. Burrage	Always Makes Better
Diane D. Ely	Daily Dares (each) Endeavor
Brenda Gates	Beautiful Greetings
Chessye F. Hill	Causes Funny Happenings
Carol A. Lichtenberger	Catches All Looks
Claire C. Maner	Can Cook (up) Maneuvers
Joanne C. Marshall	Jubilantly Calls Meg
Georgia M. Myer	Great Masculine Muscles
Jody S. Sataloff	Joyfully Sings Songs
Susan Sharpe	Stupendous Swimmer
Ellen B. Teitell	Enjoys Buttered Toast
Cynthia L. Tower	Continuous Loud Tones
Sarah H. Van Allen	She Has Vim Always
Mary S. Vivian	Makes Spirits Vigorous
Leslie A. Wilson	Longingly Arrives West

#### SEVENTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Peggy J. Cook	Makes Jolly Cuts
Ellen S. Dalton	Extra Sensory Deception
Sarah F. Freeman	Slinky Fly Fries
Vicki Goff	Vaulting Gymnastic
Ellen T. Holmberg	Eats Tremendous Helpings
Kristen S. Lape	Keeps Sandpipers Leaping
Barbara B. Mellinger	Beeny Bopper Munches
Catherine M. Morgan	Constantly Makes Merriment
Nancy L. Nelson	Needs (a) Little Nightlife
Margaret E. Rowell	Makes Elephants Run
Rebecca J. Squire	Riotous Jovial Soliloquies
Catherine L. Sharpe	Continually Looks Sunburned
Julia R. Thompson	Enjoys Ragged Trough
Victoria M. Willock	Vigorously Maintains Winning

#### TENT ANAGRAMS

Lucia A. Groblewski	Lags At Growth
Claire C. Schoen	Carefully Cultivates Seeds
Jill Wellenbach	Just White

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Elizabeth Blamey	Liz	providing morning lace	the Pledge of Allegiance to us Americans	by being able to beat Johnny to the draw	Whut do you mean by thaht?
Dot Candy	Nursey	long weekends with Jack	other people running her infirmary	as she power-shifts her Dodge Dart	Well, I'll call Dr. S. again.
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	last-minute changes	shirt-tails cutoffs	in all directions	I want to see you.
Philip Cobb	Phil	big plans	when he's wrong	on trips	Whatever you need, we'll get it.
Mary Ann Cook	Hungus	taking on flesh	her hungus orthopedic shoes	as our happy-go-lucky personality	I'm utterly astounded.
Diane Dorsey	Di	Dixie	the bed at 7:50	in her flannel gown and knee socks	Now come on, you all!!
Ann Greene	Greene	joy juice in the morning	western style	by floating well	Pix is empty!!
Jeanne Holmberg	Humbug	anything edible	a tent without a bed	in her glass house	All I said was...
Margaret Holmberg	Meg	bikini underpants	glazed donuts	after dark	Not to me you're not!
Christine Johnson	Chris	striking wells of creativity	dirty bird baths	in laceless sneakers	Hurry along with your Log contribution!

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Marian Johnson	Johnny	the Western roll	the Eastern roll	sharp as a needle	This is the year of the toadstools!
Margaret Kay	Peggy	people who leave her boat in good order	programming to Betty gladly	puffing up the hill to flag-raising	Get those canoes out of there!
Pamela Kerr	Pam	organization	sweaters that won't block out to fit beaus	in industriousness	Y'all, who's for tennis?
Margaret Kirk	Mardy	getting morning mail	flag raising after a day in the too-hot sun	on her flute	Casilda!
Elsa Master	Elsa	the lettermen on moonlit nights	seconds on juice	in insulated underwear	Are you kidding me?
Judith Maxwell	Judy	paddling	organization far behind	toward Old Town or is it Hampton Beach	But my room <u>is</u> neat!
Bertha Nawrath	Mrs. N.	sewing for granddaughters	Naugatuck for Runoia	in lovely dresses	The prunes are wet!
Jane Orbeton	Janeyo	the pix at night with two bright flashlights	Italian to the Italians	by circling her bed on all fours twice before getting in	Stroke and feather, stroke...
Sharon Schrader	Schrader	the floor	idle paddlers and squeaky beds	vocally	Hu-ush your mouth!!
Doris Shellberg	Shelley	being generous	nothing undone	with fascinating projects	very gently



<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Patricia Stewart	Pat	Dead River	anyone else getting up to feed the horses	across Great Pond in thunder storms	It wasn't too funny.
Margo Van Allen	Margo	puns	serenity	on Dead River	But I'm not sleepy!
Margaret Warren	Froggy	candle light	curfew	in a red tank suit	Would you like to be queen of the May?
Lucy H. Weiser	Miss Weiser	knowing names of all the campers	peanuts for the chippies	in colorful gardens	Have you seen my penny?
Mary Young	Maree	swimmers	sour notes	hopefully	What shall we sing this morning?

KITCHEN STATISTICS

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Carolyn Bean	Carolyn	dancing	Gunther	to Pine Island	Hey, cool!
William Damron	Junior	whistling at girls	embarrassed girls	teasing nurses	a wolf whistle
Glennis Foss	Antie Glennis	cooking	campers plump	delicious desserts	Do you want seconds?
Norman Foss	Uncle Norman	riding in his jeep	building rafts for Phil	having the only means of transportation up the hill	That's for the birds!
Niel Carl Foss	Durf	killing bats	his hair long	in his red hat	Kill!
Bruce Hutchinson	Bruce	flirting	dishes broken	toward Molly	What??
Linda Hutchinson	Twiggy	coffee warmers	hopes of 100 pounds	into comic books	Whoopy ding!
Harriet Lewis	Harriet	food	banana seals	on diets	Main table, please.

CIT STATISTICS

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Martha Beals	Marta	thoughts of becoming taller	uncoordinated people behind	to teach riding	Yeah, you bet.
Barbara Dalrymple	Dallyrumples	completing 30 miles	deep water fast	to lend a helping hand	Hit the cheek.
Susan Fifield	Fi	the gait of horses along the beach	bats in shoe bags	on the left side of the tree	No...
Elizabeth Hilton	Buffy	Mamas and Papas	when she loses her ear plugs	into song	Tig-ger
Ann McCreary	Amie Mac	sailing	her bed reluctantly	to catch her run-away Gerbils	Warsh
Diana Sandberg	Twiggs	becoming a true blond	her sexy? legs	into dieting	I says
Cynthia Schumo	Schmoe	the blot club	Senior Life- saving	in a loud voice	I guess
Susan Yates	Yatesy	natural body	dark roots	in agressiveness	Dith

SECOND SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Betsy Brebner	Bets	tennis	cottage cheese	in being one of the Red Badge of Courage Club	Oh, Casilda!
Pamela Cobb	Pam	news of Charlie	teeth under her pillow	with a tooth- less smile	a late-at-night Oh, Diane?
Valerie Greene	Valerie	arts and crafts	archery quickly	by playing cards at rest hour	Oh, Janie!!!
Barbara Hayes	Barbie	showing off her Russian dance	no clues of Charlie unturned	into French songs	never stops her constant chatter long enough to bark
Casilda Huber	Cass	swimming	Advanced Begin- ners with good swimming strokes	in a loud voice	Don't boss me around.
Pamela Page	Pammy	CIT hair-pulling	silverware duty with pleasure	into white hairs	Hee hee ha ha
Jane Rines	Janie	swimming out of beginners class	things she can't do reluctantly even after trying very hard	with knitting needles	Pam Cobb!!!
Mary Ann Sandberg	Mary	diving	her Cream of Wheat cereal when possible	into chickenpox	Oh, ish!
Mary Pitcher Sword	Molly	Rocka My Soul	vegetables	in real talent	Oh, my GOSH!
Roberta Tabell	Boop	horses	too early	toward the dining room	More food please!



# THIRD SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Patricia Corscaden	Patty	anything suggest- ing boys	Shirley Temple	into boy watching	Are those BOYS?
Judith Louise Hayes	Judy	jacks	people when they start to gossip	into le francais	Oh, Agony!
Laura Kind	Laura	the Phillies	when she sus- pects people might snatch her superball	into home runs	Aw, cummon!
Cynthia Lent	Slent	Robyn	Junior Life- saving quickly	in Pine Island sailing races	Come on, you guys!
Cynthia Lichtenberger	Cinny	everybody	swimming lessons with pleasure	by playing jacks with our champ- ion, Judy	Oh, Judy!
Rinanne Martin	Rindy	Patty	pix duty when she can	in her search for record players	Don't bug it!
Robyn Orzeck	Robyn	Slent	her guitar in a safe place	in Twiggy hair	Slent!
Leanora Rines	Lea	chemistry	anyone calling her by her real name	clutching her glamour bunny	Tell me, tell me!
Martha Robinson	Martha	playing jacks with Lea	stubbing her toe	in a kingly way	Gosh, Lea!

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u> (3)
Margaret Tabell	Meg	bleaching the Blues	archery	into other people's clothes	Slent, could you be mad at me?
Amelia Wood	Amy	Fairlie	clothesline duty quickly	toward Nicky Love	Grooose

# FOURTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Margaret Baird	Meg	knitting	tennis	with a quiet attitude	Get off my bed!
Cassandra Cobb	Sandy	Susie Williamson	when spiders appear	by having a mother at camp	Hey, get off my bed before inspection.
Ann Dalrymple	Ann	ballet	silverware	into allergies	Oh, brother!
Lauren Dmitrieff	Laurie	cantering horses	Scout	into a funny run	Hey Chris, when can I put up the symbol on the weather chart?
Leslie Gates	Leslie	cuddling the cat	having people use her super-ball	with real long eyelashes	Oh, gosh!
Cynthia Hill	Cindy	getting letters	no candy	into funny excuses	Get out!
Linda King	Linda	boys	with a sun-burned nose	with a leap-year birthday she's only 3!	Hey, that's not fair!
Yuki Moore	Yuki	loving her monkey picture	swimming so she won't get her hair tangled	into hair, hair, hair	I'm on my way.

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u> (4)
Maria Josepha Myer	Jody	Pine Island sailing races	a quiet room noisily	with looks like a cute baby jack rabbit	Why do I always have to get stuck with know-it-all boy skippers in PI races!
Mary Fairlie Myers	Fair	candy	swimming classes	with her big eyes	Grossee
Susan Page	Susie	loving her dog picture	discussions about the scar on her back	with a quick self- conscious tap above her braces	Oh! Great!
Laura Reed	Laura	parading around in her pink bathing suit	free swim quickly	in having courage to wear her pink bathing suit	I hate my complexion.
Marita Sturkin	Marita	horses, or any- thing rideable with four legs	anyone who threatens to tickle her	into giggles especially when being tickled	Yuki, may I use your jacks?
Marion Van Ingen	Mare	the song Animal Crackers in My Soup	chicken pox at last	with hair in her eyes	Listen.
Susan Williamson	Susie	hugging her brown stuffed dog	going to the dentist	blowing a trumpet	Say, you know what?



# FIFTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Margaret Affleck	Meg	Joanne	brutal counselors	with a funny nose	Counselor brutality!
Patricia Casserly	Trissy	talking back	the room tripping	in her laugh	Gosh, Lina!
Margaret Considine	Mardi	flower dresses	shack jobs quickly	in mahogany colored hair	You're kidding!
Leslie Dickersin	Leslie	op art dresses	nothing	being quiet	Really?
Pamela French	Pam	woodlands	reluctantly	toward all life	I was just watching a bird.
George Ann Gillespie	Jammie	secret agents	brussel sprouts	in her good looks	What do you know, Joe?
Adeline Kempner	Lina	air pollution	people who call her a boy	in a figure?	Wanna make a bet?
Cynthia Morgan	Cici	Twiggy looks	loud people alone	in janitor slacks and funny hats	ALL RIGHT!
Catherine Virginia Myer	Ginny	Andy	disloyal blues	with her lower lip	Cool your jets!
Andrea Scasserra	Andy	riding	people who throw fits	in mosquito-eaten legs	Calm yourself!
Robin Tanenbaum	Robin	being a girl	wouldn't think of it!	with a love of rocks	Oh, to be a woman.
Patricia Wellenbach	Patty	diving for mussels	people who want to borrow her clothes	in a scuba mask	Oh, barf!

# SIXTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Jean Beckwith	Cheerios Kid	ring collecting	the dining hall green after eating beans	by displaying her irritated armpits	Don't have a cow!
Margret Britt	Margie	admirers of her sexy red top	snobs	in a million freckles	Errr...
Ann Burrage	Burrage	admiring Claire's hair	all people cheerful	in naturally red hair	Hey girl!
Diane Ely	Bomber	the pix at night	diets with a midrift bulge	by ingeniously substituting Vasaline for First Aid Cream	Oh, fowl!
Brenda Gates	Brenda	canoe trips	smiling	toward the lake	Oh sure!
Chessye Hill	Chess	mirrors able to reflect her lovely young looks	when someone starts relating the story of Andy and the Bathing Suit	in a cute figure	Think you're pretty cool, huh, Myer?
Carol Lichtenberger	Carol	cuddling baby birds	soft boiled eggs - cold	with sex appeal	Ok, you guys!
Claire Maner	Maner	topless suits	behavior lectures	in owl glasses	Keep it clean!
Joanne Marshall	Joanne	Der - birds	softball practices	with her brilliant blue eyes	Mother!
Georgia Myers	George	Crest	nothing the same as before she came	when she flexes her muscles	Drop dead!

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u> (6)
Jody Sataloff	Jody	wearing tight pants	dull rooms	into bikinis	Move that bod!
Susan Sharpe	Susie	riding	everything behind	in all directions	Who? Me?
Ellen Teitell	Ellen	brother	her hairdo, or wishes she could	with a queer finger	Beat it, dirt ball!
Cynthia Tower	Cindy	practicing charades	morning clothesline	with her riflery score	Oh sure!
Sarah Van Allen	Sally	everything!	the company of people who clean their toenails	in midrift bulges undisguised by her tank suit	too sweet to bark?
Mary Vivian	Mary	happiness	all people with a warm heart	in enthusiasm	O.K. Boss!
Leslie Wilson	Les	the East	Colorado behind	in friendliness	I like the East.

SEVENTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u>
Margaret Cook	Peggy	her guitar	WABC far behind	into fine art	seldom barks
Ellen Dalton	Nellen	important duties	gunwhaling	towards mysterious tea parties	Ah, sooooo!
Sarah Freeman	Fly	unique water movements	bug repellent behind	into the rafters	I wanna fly!
Vicki Goff	Vicki	questions	her secret possessions in her trunk	into a cartwheel	No, you may not use my record player.
Ellen Holmberg	Ellen	serenity	her curly hair, or wishes she could	into pigtails	That's not fair!
Kristen Lape	Mustang-Krissy	an open personality	the table set for tea	into people's minds	I ain't gonna eat out my heart anymore.
Barbara Mellenger	Barb	beach bums	nocturnal disturbances with a soporific comment	at beaches	For the benefit of those who want to sleep...
Catherine Morgan	Morgan	hairy legs	someone's record player at the bottom of the lake	into everyone's wardrobe	Light my fire!
Nancy Nelson	Nancy	stupidity on her own insistence	the shack at bedtime	of her room when possible	That really bothers me!



<u>Root</u>	<u>Chip</u>	<u>Sways Toward</u>	<u>Leaves</u>	<u>Branches Out</u>	<u>Bark</u> (7)
Margaret Rowell	Meg	her comics	the shack in hysterics when she talks in her sleep	through books	Come on, you guys!
Betsy Squire	Mustang Betsy	y'all	silence to be desired	in a unique laugh	Vickeee Goff!!
Catherine Sharpe	Cathy	the riding ring	her friends reluctantly	in blushes	Oh, come now...
Julie Thompson	Jules	anything within her limited eye- sight	her uninvited visitors	into good poetry	I don't believe it!
Vicki Willock	Vicki	wearing bikini underwear	the girl scouts in Princeton	from room to room	I'm sorry!

#### TENT STATISTICS

Lucia Groblewski	Grub	the Cobb cat	morning cleanup	in miniature	Just leave me alone!
Claire Schoen	Claire	rest hour without Jeanne	seventh shack counselors quickly	in growing her bean garden	Honk!
Jill Wellenbach	Jill	living in the tent	seventh shack counselors quickly	in her brace	never barks, always chatters





The Cobbs



Alumnae Daughters





Team Captains



Sisters



Counselors



C.I.T.s





Second Shack



Third Shack



Fourth Shack



Fifth Shack





Sixth Shack



Seventh Shack



Tent

COUNSELORS



Miss Weiser

Awed  
One small child  
Stares  
At a woodland  
Pool:  
Reflected there,  
A multitude of children,  
Depths of generations:  
This, the Source  
Sustained.



Doris Shellberg

Shelley is as clever as a fox  
She helps us without complaint  
And if you give her as much help  
As she has given to others,  
She could build another waterfront  
Just like the one we have.

Bertha Nawrath

My grandmother is a helper  
at camp.  
My grandmother is nice to me.  
She helps Shelley.  
My grandmother lives with Shelley.  
She is a grand mother.

Betty Cobb

There was a small clearing  
In the woods  
Where a beaver had made  
Her home  
She had slowly won over  
The thick foliage  
Through her constant  
And unfailing  
Labors.



Philip Cobb

With the gait of a gazelle he moves  
Long, lean and silent  
With the authority of a lion  
He reigns.

Marian Johnson

Our oldest CIT  
Under the influence of Britain  
Can't laugh last.



Ann Greene

Lots of fun,  
She has plenty of confidence  
To give with a  
Smile.



Dot Candy

Rocks lying all day  
In the sun  
Project stored-up heat  
Even at night.



Mardy Kirk

Living in a brightly colored world  
Extending a helping hand to those in need.  
Ushering in the new day with silvery notes  
Yet taking time to listen to the chatter of the young.



Diane Dorsey

She races in her silver bullet  
If there's a stunt she'll surely pull it.  
Though she's Southern and has a drawl  
We all love her one and all.

Jane Orbeton

I stared in silent awe  
At the multicolored joy  
We held on strings  
When this puddle-jumping  
Balloonman  
Moved on.



Christine Johnson

A dreamy doe  
Near a running river  
Tries to push a log  
Upstream.

Judith Maxwell

At swimming our Judy does well,  
And often does not hear the bell  
So at night she may ramble  
She'll light just one candle  
Like horses she always does smell.



Sharon Schrader

A cheerful candle glowing in the dark  
Flickering but never ceasing  
Casting light on the shadowy  
Forms around.

Peggy Kay

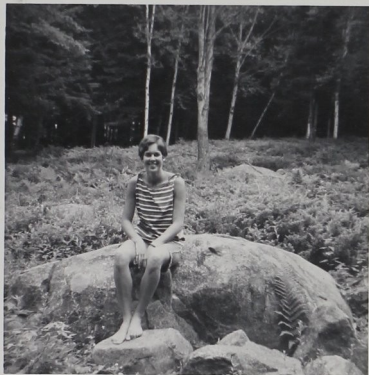
Her spirit is that of a schoolgirl  
Always ready to help  
She has time for everything almost  
(Even stray clipboards)  
First to laugh and never to cry  
Our mother in disguise.



Pam Kerr

Continuous feeling for helping  
Overflowing friendliness toward all;  
Little disappointment in some attempts,  
Then extra effort strived for  
Yet when the goal is reached  
Great satisfaction conquers all.





Jeanne Holmberg

Massive rocks, looming high above  
Sun, sleet, mysterious clouds  
And a strip of ragged trou  
Caught by the wind...  
Yet..."Ain't no mountain high enough."

Margo Van Allen

White water flowing swiftly  
Around rocks, by rocks  
Always returning to the true course.



Mary Ann Cook

Everyone enjoys our clown  
And it is difficult to put her down  
In her hungus shoes and Levi jacket  
This opera star certainly creates a racket.

Margie Warren

A red tank suit  
Whistles buddies on  
Dead River;  
Leaves rapids conquered.

Elizabeth Blamey

When this sweet pussy  
Fell out of her Isle  
She landed on  
Her toes.

Patricia Stewart

Miss King and Miss Hill, nieces and  
Horsehair headbands parading  
through her  
Mind like counting sheep.



Mary Young

On counselors' dock she may be seen  
With A-frames among her dreams  
And late at night Mary is missed  
While writing letters and table lists.

Meg Holmberg

A Dartmouth Indian sending  
Smoke signals from a bucking bronco  
Always carving paddles and looking  
for silver.

Elsa Master

Careening down the Alpine slopes  
Screaming amid a flutter  
Of bat wings:  
One lion hearted mouse.





Kitchen Staff

(l. to r.)

Bruce  
Hutchinson

Harriet  
Lewis

Caroline  
Bean

Niel  
Foss

Mrs. Foss

Linda  
Hutchinson

Glennis Foss

She cooks our congo bars and cake  
All sorts of goodies she does bake  
She keeps us happy all the day  
With her food she makes us gay.

Carolyn Bean

Every week she does prance  
To the Belgrade Community Dance  
All week long she'll moon and pine  
About the boys she will find  
To give her a new romance.

Linda Hutchinson

She's hardly seen above the crowd  
Because of her tiny stature  
But her moods are always known  
To those all about her.

Harriet Lewis

She sometimes spills the orange juice  
She wears ribbons in her hair  
She lives a life of happiness  
Without a single care.

William Damron

No new recruit is Rike  
And he certainly is not weak  
He brings in the mail every day  
Which makes us feel quite okay.

Niel Foss

Pompous Niel  
Made of steel  
Knows he's really great  
This little boy  
Does employ  
His strength to  
Arrange our fate.

Norman Foss

Norman rides around in his jeep  
And makes his horn go "peep peep"  
He cleans up the camp for us  
And never does complain.

Bruce Hutchinson

Bruce has an even disposition  
As he prepares our nutrition  
He fools with the girls  
'Cause he doesn't scorn girls  
What would we do without him  
In our kitchen?

C.I.T.s



Diana Sandberg

A free young dolphin  
Under a sun shining bright  
Diving through the waves.



Martha Beals

Among horses racing  
Across an open plain of grass  
One kicking his heels.

Susan Fifield

A small brown chipmunk  
Playing with a group of friends  
Racing through the leaves.



Beth Hilton

One bird ruffling  
Up its feathers while leading  
Some others in song.

Susan Yates

A group of monkeys  
Swinging high up in the trees  
One leading the rest.



Cindy Schumo

Some rabbits racing  
Altogether through the grass  
One stopping to jump a bush.

Barbara Dalrymple

Found often alone  
Yet a friend to all around  
A girl with high goals.



Ann McCreary

A small brown squirrel  
Scampering through the bushes  
With a group of friends.



SECOND SHACK

Pam Cobb

Pam Cobb is a toothless little monkey.  
She climbs on the rafters  
And jumps on her bed  
But she never gets in trouble!



Jane Rines

Jane smiles alot.  
She smiles all the time.  
But not at night.

Casilda Huber

An everlastingly  
Dancing  
Weeping Willow.



Betsy Brebner

A slippery seal  
Running down  
For her morning  
Dip.

Susan Williamson

Peering from behind  
One peppered horse:  
A sprightly  
Nymph.



Prudence Taylor

An otter slides  
Smoothly  
Into water:  
One ripple; one laughing  
Ring.

Pam Page

Pammy likes to laugh and play  
She never has a thing to say  
She's a giggling hyena  
She plays like a neena  
She laughs and plays and is gay.



Valerie Greene

One delicate leaf  
Riding on the wind  
Fluttering to the ground.



Mary Sandberg

A soft  
grinning  
Siamese cat  
Whose ears  
Twitch.



Molly Sword

A frolicking freckled grasshopper  
With stringy red hair.

THIRD SHACK

Meg Tabell

A small sandpiper  
Running across the sand  
Escaping the foam of the sea.

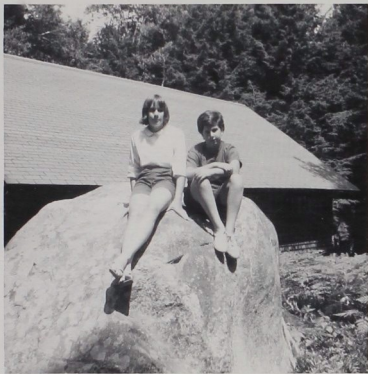


Robyn Orzeck

A sleek graceful  
Mockingbird  
Singing gayly in the open air  
Harming no one.

Judy Hayes

A dreamy-eyed turtle  
Carefully studies  
The shape of her foot.



Laura Kind

A well-supplied  
Superball  
Seller.

Lea Rines

Her zinc cup  
Full of stored energy,  
With a twitch of her  
Carbon rod  
And a whisper of  $\text{MNO}_2$   
She lights up in  
A smile.



Martha Robinson

A little lynx  
Of great ability  
And beauty  
Hiding shyly  
In a tree  
Peeking out  
In poetry.



Rindy Martin

Rindy is spindly  
With long silky hair  
She seems to lack a single care  
But for the Blues she will fight  
With tiger-like might.



Patty Corscaden

An almost-doe  
Fawn  
Reflected on clear water  
Watching for  
An almost-buck  
Yearling.

Amy Wood

One tiny monkey  
Swings blissfully  
Above the rest  
Gobbling a dozen bananas.



Cindy Lent

A wide-eyed porcupine  
Who is really more  
Gentle than  
She seems.



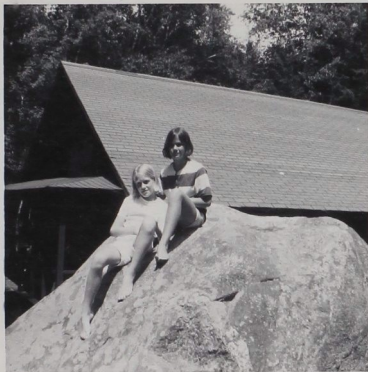
Cynthia Lichtenberger

Soft as pussywillows  
Clinging to their branch:  
While the wind blows  
Wildly, she bends  
Purring gently.

FOURTH SHACK

Sandy Cobb

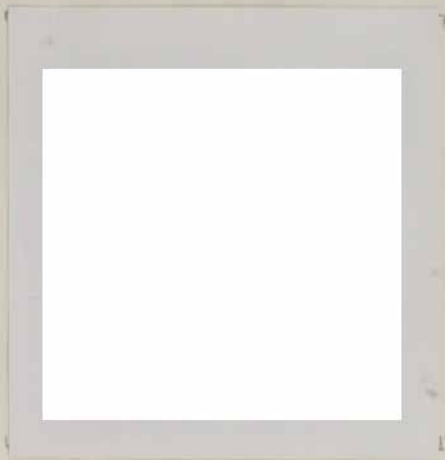
If you've ever seen her play jacks  
There's nothing she lacks.  
She can swim and ride  
And play kickball with a mighty stride.



Jody Myer

A chipmunk with Indian eyes  
Darts quickly in between the rocks  
Followed by a surge of other animals.





Laura Reed

Laura Reed  
Started from a seed  
Sprouted in the winter  
And ended pretty clever.

Susan Page

Susan Page is at the age  
Where summer is a joy.  
She jumps around  
Without a sound  
I don't know how  
She does it!

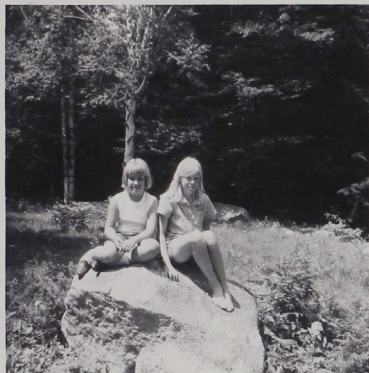


Cindy Hill

The weasel scurries  
Past  
Her counselor's den.

Lauren Dmitrieff

She's swift as a horse  
Cunning as a fox  
And as athletic as a White  
- Because she is one.



Linda King

Linda King is quite a thing  
She laughs at almost everything  
She's quite good at catching a kickball  
And nobody hates her, nobody at all!

Leslie Gates

A soft cat,  
All eyes  
That likes to  
Cuddle  
Up.



Marion Van Ingen

A nose-twitching  
Frisky mouse  
That scurries about  
Chuckling.

Meg Baird

A church mouse  
Industrious  
And quietly  
Kind.



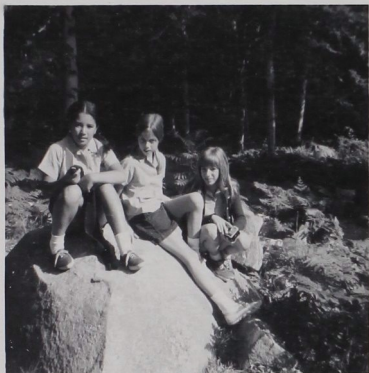
Ann Dalrymple

A cat  
Carefully curling up  
In the warm sun  
Smiling contentedly  
To silent music.



Yuki Moore

Letters and packages come all the time  
And Monkey pictures cover the wall  
Peanuts books she's sure to read  
Yes, Yuki's a busy girl indeed.



## Fairlie Myers

From behind  
Lady Godiva hair  
Peer marble green eyes  
Hiding a laughing face.

Marita Sturkin

At riding she's so good  
And at swimming she's not bad.  
Her bed is covered by stuffed animals  
Which are so dear to her.

FIFTH SHACK

Mardi Considine

A cackling fire  
Enveloping the room in warmth  
Tucking away the darkness  
Of night.



Jammie Gillespie

Fun to wrestle with  
Laughing gleefully  
Rolling and tickling  
Over and over.

Pam French

A pale woodland violet  
Bursting forth in splendor  
At the break of day  
Then slowly closing  
In slumber.



Robin Tanenbaum

A towering lily  
Screaming out to the world  
"Oh, to be a woman,"  
With a quiet air: while  
Ever stretching  
Toward the sun.

Cici Morgan

One beautifully graceful  
Giraffe rising highest in the herd  
Endlessly curious of birds flying  
Overhead.



Andrea Scasserra

Andy Scasserra's her name  
Although she's not wild nor tame:  
In the morn she's like a swimming bear  
At noon she's like a cat,  
At night she's a parrot full of talk  
Even when the ghosts of night walk.



Ginny Myer

A bear cub  
Scampering  
Hither and  
Yon.



Patty Wellenbach

A pair of laughing eyes  
peer around the corner:  
Soon...a splash; mussels attained.  
Then she hops onto a swimming horse  
Only to fade into memory.

Trissy Casserly

Trissy is always falling down  
She stumbles and fumbles  
like a clown  
After tripping into trouble  
Innocently she's in a muddle.

Lina Kempner

A sun which rises every day,  
Paints the world in light  
And leaves good memories  
At dusk.



Meg Affleck

A laughing hyena  
Snorting and bubbling over  
With energy  
While playing with her  
Friends.

Leslie Dickersin

One yellowbird  
Twittering shyly with three others  
While building their nest.

SIXTH SHACK

Georgia Myer

A mischievous squirrel  
Persistantly gathering  
Winter nuts.



Chessye Hill

A delightful owl  
Who  
Looks through the dark  
And trips.

Carol Lichtenberger

A soft silver mouse  
Whose gentle goodnatured self  
Leads her into  
Mischief.



Ellen Teitell

A happy chipmunk  
Who scampers silently and playfully  
Through bushes and trees  
With any playmate she can find.



Mary Vivian

Her flamboyant spirit bursts into eagerness and hope,  
The long-lasting night which will never end:  
Happiness overcoming all sorrow,  
The flower buds and blooms and reaches great beauty.



Candy Maner

Hesitating from behind glass lenses  
That reflect both sides of the question,  
She takes a low-waisted slink  
Towards the decided route.

Jody Sataloff

A blue light shining brilliantly through  
A forest of smiles  
Excited by new ideas and experiences  
And recovering  
Only to direct its beams  
Toward another wonderful summer.



Ann Burrage

A whisp of fiery red streaks;  
A mountain once challenged,  
But a will never to be conquered.

Joanne Marshall

A silent creature  
Hesitant about her decision  
Understanding fully  
And yet unsure.



Susie Sharpe

A possum who  
Can't play dead  
Till she really is.

Brenda Gates

A delicate butterfly  
Flitting gently on the breeze  
Smiling prettily at the sun.



Leslie Wilson

A flashlight bright and daring  
Leading through the dark  
Only to die when alone.

Diane Ely

A hearth  
Warm and inviting  
Penetrating the cold  
Cheerful and strong  
Lonely  
Yet with friends:  
A fire  
Warm and inviting.



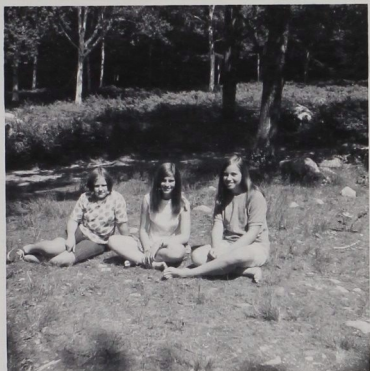
Jean Beckwith

A tiny sparrow chirping sweetly  
Deaf to everything but music  
Till she rejoins her friends.



Cindy Tower

In her own lil' hidden den  
You'll find her very sly  
Yet once out in the woods  
She's shy! Wonder why?



Margy Britt

An "err-rry" girl is Margy  
In any fight she's fiery.  
She's a loyal White  
She's a good sport in a fight  
And she's always in a hurry.

Sally Van Allen

The hard working  
Ant  
Will someday become  
Queen.

SEVENTH SHACK

AND TENT

Cathy Sharpe

Silently  
A light brown shetland  
Stands among  
Its best friends;  
Soon they must say  
good-bye.



Vicki Willock

An owl winging  
Its well-considered way  
With companions  
She's accepted for  
What they are.

Meg Rowell

Like to the Queen  
This white rabbit is late coming;  
One who is sometimes seen,  
She loves to scamper.

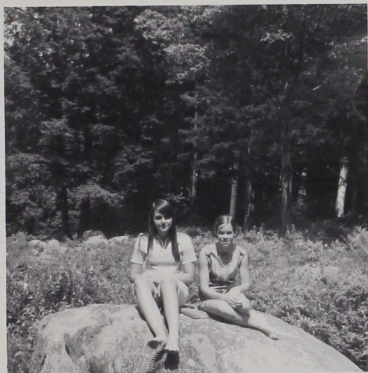


Nancy Nelson

There is curiosity in her deceptively  
childlike eyes  
That have amazingly mature understanding  
And compassion for all they see:  
A fawn, soon to lose its spots and  
become a doe.

Peggy Cook

Like a tall strong tree resisting the wind  
Like the wind showing its power  
Like an eagle making known its existance  
Like the sound of a singing pine.



Ellen Holmberg

A petite antelope stops to nibble  
From every leaf in its path,  
Searching for the right herd  
Before sundown.



Sarah Freeman

The sounding of the bell and she's off  
For dips.  
Playing nocturnal jokes is her specialty;  
She favors high rafters, giving the unsuspecting scares  
This: our dear "fly" Freeman.

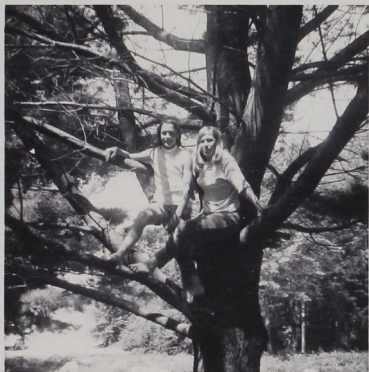


Barbara Mellinger

Barb is my roommate  
Cottage cheese fills her plate  
She's always worrying about her weight  
For exercise, riding will be her fate.

Sarah Freeman

The sounding of the bell and she's off  
For dips.  
Playing nocturnal jokes is her specialty;  
She favors high rafters, giving the unsuspecting scares  
This: our dear "fly" Freeman.



Barbara Mellinger

Barb is my roommate  
Cottage cheese fills her plate  
She's always worrying about her weight  
For exercise, riding will be her fate.

Julie Thompson

A nearsighted mother lion  
Unable to distinguish her cubs  
From the others:  
Who laughs and cries with all the troubled ones  
That seek her mother love.



Ellen Dalton

Though her words are few  
When she speaks  
We listen  
Then the side of her mouth will twitch  
And she'll be laughing again.

Cathy Morgan

A spark able to ignite  
Wet wood  
Into an uproar  
Of fireworks;  
Suddenly extinguish  
And again burst forth  
Into laughter.

Claire Schoen

A red-headed boomer is Claire  
Whose face is lit up like a flair  
She's so sick of tennis  
On the courts she's a menace  
And there's nothing she won't dare.



Lucia Groblewski

Lucia Groblewski's her name  
But we call her Grub just the same.  
From Brookline was sent  
Now she lives in the tent  
And is rapidly learning the game.

Jill Wellenbach

For the Whites Jill will always cheer  
Her shouts are heard far and near  
She came from fifth shack  
All day she does hack  
And there's nothing that she fears.

SCENES AROUND CAMP



Counselors' Dinner



Johnny's Fortieth Anniversary



Outdoor Dinner

Counselors on the Fourth of July



Swimming Races

Christmas Party



Barbara Hayes



Juniors Off For A Sail





Reid State Park





Christmas Peace



Tom, Sally, Bob, Andy & Lisa



Children of Ruth Lester Nastuk

Children of Sally Anderson Brush



MERRY CHRISTMAS  
HAPPY NEW YEAR



Children of  
Aune E. Nelson  
Heise



Nancy Dowd Burton and family



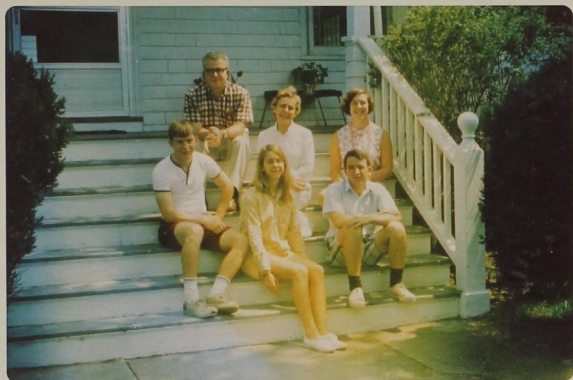
Debbie Hinckley with family  
in San Francisco  
summer 1967



Barbie Warren Reed and children



Alice Williams  
with family in  
San Francisco



The Orbeton  
family



Joe and Flackie Weiler - Nepal - December 1967





Miss Weiser and Mr. Bowman



Helene Bowman, Mr. Bowman,  
and Mary Jane Mott



# She Founded Camp Runoia In '07, Is Still Active In Management

BELGRADE — Maine has almost 200 camps for boys and girls. Sixteen of them are on shores of the Belgrade lakes. Susan Yates of Bronxville, N. Y. is at Camp Runoia for her fourth year.

No connection? Sure there is. Maine camps have been going for 60 years and Susan's mother and grandmother spent happy summers at Runoia as early as 1915, when grandmother, Florence Martin of New York came for her first of three seasons at the cove of Long Point on Great Pond.

Miss Lucy Weiser started the camp in 1907, with Miss Jessie Pond, at a site on the east side of the lake, where John Hill now lives. Miss Weiser lives at her home, Lane's End, on the camp property, and manages all the bookkeeping and opening and closing business. She is here from May until October and lives in Reading, Pa. winters.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip J. Cobb of Princeton, N. J. bought the camp from Miss Weiser in 1960 and manage it much as did Miss Weiser. Personal relationships are a strong point, with small groups making camp life a harmonious combination of home life and a love of nature.

CAMP WAS different 61 years ago. Miss Weiser recalls traveling by boat to Portland, by train to North Belgrade, then by hayrick to the camp. Later the trip was made from New York to Boston by train, then here by bus. This year all 75 girls came by plane, and most of the staff of 25.

Miss Weiser and Miss Pond met when both were at Columbia University, in New York. Miss Weiser had a faculty friend who had a boys' camp and the pictures of that put the camp idea in her mind, as well

as having four months of vacation each year. When she finally coaxed Miss Pond to join her in the venture it was 1907. Maine was their first choice and through friendship with the Gibsons who built Overlook on Belgrade Hill, they started a camp with 9 girls, with \$25 their

profit the first year. After 8 years at the first location, where they built 3 cabins and a lodge by 1914, they bought land and moved to the present site in 1915.

The sandy beach on the Jacob Wentworth farm attracted them and the camp has a mile of

lakeshore on what is still known as Wentworth Shore of Great Pond. Miss Weiser's cottage, snug with many fireplaces, was the farm house of Jacob and David Wentworth.

About this same time, other camps started on Great Pond. Miss Weiser recalls that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Richards owned Camp Merryweather on Horse Point and the Hersom sisters started Camp Abena in 1907. Miss Hortense Hersom had been a pupil of Miss Weiser at a summer school course at Columbia University. These two camps are no more. Pine Island Camp was in existence, a part of Colby College. Later it was sold to Dr. Eugene Swan, father of the present owner.

Not only have several grand daughters of early campers attended Runoia, but counselors have long records, too. Miss Marian Johnson of Cincinnati has been assistant director for 40 years, first with Miss Weiser and recently with Mr. and Mrs. Cobb. Miss Doris Shellberger, also of Cincinnati, is in charge of art at the camp for her 23rd year.

MAINE CAMPS have been

pioneers in the field of boys' and girls' camps, aiming toward providing their summer charges with a more wholesome outlook on life and teaching them to learn to live with others and to adjust to people, Miss Weiser says. "I've seen girls change very much in just one summer at camp."

When asked why she chose the name Runoia, Miss Weiser recollected, "I read a story, called The Story of the First Pearls, I believe. I don't remember the author and I believe the book is out of print. It told of an Indian chief, Runoia, whose name meant harmony. He could see beauty and hear music where others couldn't. So he worked all his life to have others see and hear the beauty and music, too."



THIRD GENERATION CAMPER—Miss Lucy Weiser, seated, founded Camp Runoia for girls on Great Pond in the Belgrades in 1907. Among her campers in years past have been both the mother and grandmother of Susan Yates, standing, of Bronxville, N.Y., who is one of the campers this year. Miss Weiser, though she has sold the camp, still handles the bookkeeping and opening and closing affairs of the camp each year. (Flourde Photo)



Carol

Miss Romney Lee Willson

## Miss Willson Plans Marriage to Chemist

Special to The New York Times

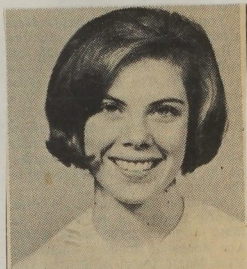
ROSLYN, L. I., Dec. 5—Mr. and Mrs. Eugene M. Willson of Roslyn Harbor and Quogue have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Romney Lee Willson, to Robert Sander-son Cooke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Cooke of Drexel Hill, Pa. A June wedding is planned.

Miss Willson, an alumna of Smith College, is a graduate student in library science at the University of California.

She is a granddaughter of Mrs. J. P. Lunsford of Wilmington, Del., and the late Mr. Lunsford and of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. Russell Willson of Indianapolis.

Her fiancé was graduated cum laude from Wesleyan University, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He is studying for a doctorate in chemistry at the California Institute of Technology.

Mr. Cooke is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Child, also of Wilmington.



MISS CAROLYN VIRGINIA APPLE

## Miss Apple Plans Wedding In July

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Benson Apple of 109 Parkside Drive have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Carolyn Virginia Apple, to John Blaine Patton, son of Robert Miller Patton of Columbus, Ohio, and the late Mrs. Patton.

Miss Apple, a graduate of Princeton High School, is a junior at Wake Forest University, Winston-Salem, and a member of the Cameo Society there.

Mr. Patton, a graduate of Upper Arlington High School at Columbus, is a senior at Wake Forest, where he is a member of Delta Sigma Pi business fraternity.

The wedding will take place in late July.

Summer 1967

Spring 1968

1968

READING EAGLE, TUESD

## Fashions



MISS JANE ELIZABETH MASTER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. ElRoy P. Master, of Berksveldt Farm, Robesonia, whose engagement to David W. Rohrbach, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Rohrbach, of Womelsdorf, has been announced. Miss Master, a graduate of Conrad Weiser High School, is a junior at Colby College, in Waterville, Maine, where she is majoring in German. Mr. Rohrbach, a graduate of Conrad Weiser High School, and Albright College, where he majored in economics, is employed by the Glidden-Durkee Division of SCM Corp. — Photo by Purdon.





Williamsburg Tourists



Spring Vacation Fun



Golfer at 14



Royal Palace, Madrid, Spain



Friends



Fisher at 8

MERRY  
Christmas  
from the Hiltons 1967



Would You believe Appendicitis?



No Rain In Spain



Telephone Co. Model



The Fisher Gets Caught



16 at last !!



Boating in Michigan



MERRY CHRISTMAS \* HAPPY NEW YEAR



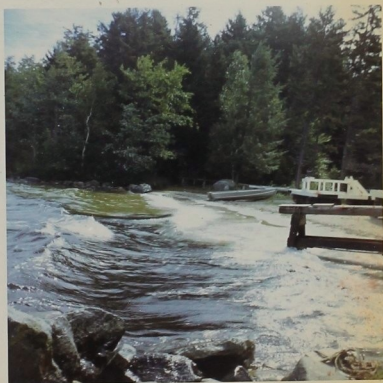
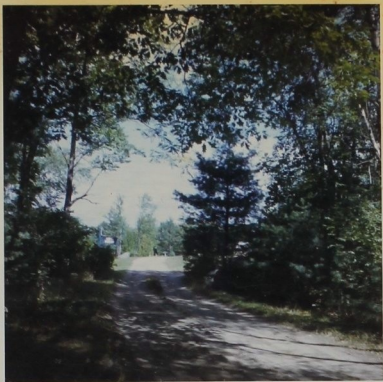
THE GATES FAMILY











Flagstaff Lake



Chain of Ponds

