

CAMP RUNOIA - 1968

CAMP LIST - 1968

Ahrens, Amy
Beckwith, Jean
Bernhardt, Amy
Billington, Elizabeth
Bliss, Emily
Bliss, Jane
Braun, Marla
Brebner, Elizabeth
Casserly, Patricia
Clement, Elizabeth
Cobb, Cassandra
Cobb, Pamela
Coe, Cynthia
Cooper, Linda
Corscaden, Patricia
Cutler, Clarissa
Dalrymple, Ann
Burlington, Victoria
Dmitrieff, Lauren
Downe, Hilary
Fleury, Helene
Gates, Brenda
Gates, Leslie
Gavazzi, Gina
Gimbel, Gail
Gimbel, Liza
Gorham, Lucy
Gramstorff, Katherine
Greene, Valerie
Hamel, Gwyneth
Hayes, Barbara
Hayes, Judith
Kind, Laura
Kirkpatrick, Martha
Kuhn, Elizabeth
Lichtenberger, Carol
Lichtenberger, Cynthia
Lieberman, Judith
Lieberman, Lisa

Marshall, Joanne
Meyer, Lauria
Mirza, Zareen
Mittnacht, Lisa
Moore, Yuki
Myer, Georgia
Myer, Jody
Myer, Virginia
Norton, Melissa
Orvis, Marlene
Page, Pamela
Page, Susan
Quest, Anna
Reed, Laura
Rines, Jane
Rines, Leanora
Robinson, Martha
Rowell, Barbara
Sandberg, Mary
Sander, Leslie
Scasserra, Andrea
Schoen, Claire
Schoen, Susan
Sharpe, Susan
Stanley, Susan
Sturken, Marita
Sword, Mary
Tabell, Roberta
Tanenbaum, Robin
Taussig, Priscilla
Teitell, Ellen
Tower, Cynthia
Van Inger, Marion
Walker, Jennet
Walker, Jody
Wellenbach, Patty
Willock, Victoria
Wilson, Leslie

CAMP LIST - 1968

Counselors

Cobb, Elizabeth
Cobb, Philip
Johnson, Marian
Weiser, Lucy

Baker, Linda
Bunker, Katherine
Fitzgerald, Gayle
Fortenberry, Mary
Godfrey, Sia
Greene, Ann
Hewel, Barbara
Hussey, Anne
Kay, Margaret
Nawrath, Bertha
Orbeton, Jane
Schrader, Sharen
Shaw, Barbara
Shellberg, Doris
Stewart, Patricia
Stinson, Sally
Van Allen, Margo
Warren, Margaret
Williams, Alice

Aides

Beals, Martha
Dalrymple, Barbara
Martin, Margaret
McCreary, Ann
Sandberg, Diane
Yates, Susan

Staff

Bonney, Marilee
Cook, Phyllis
Foss, Glennis
Gradinsky, Arva
Sawyer, Ruth

Kay, Walter
Orbeton, Peter

DEDICATION

So, as another wonderful eight weeks end, we leave with thoughts of you foremost in our hearts.

We will think of you as our bestower of "Big S's", our leader of Junior and Senior "talks", our "master planner" and summer mother.

Our memories will also be of a part-time cook and all-time meal planner, the jovial smile and cheery "hello" that greets us every day, and a willing mender of leaky faucets and plugged pixes.

Both of these two people have made our summer happy and gay. For the past ten years they have devoted themselves to us, the campers and counselors. They have made our summers at Runoia everything.

So, this year we gratefully dedicate the Log of 1968... to Betty and Phil.

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LOG STAFF

Second Shack

Vicki Darlington
Barbie Hayes

Third Shack

Yuki Moore
Marita Sturken

Fourth Shack

Lauren Dmitrieff
Kathy Gramstorff

Fifth Shack

Patty Corscaden
Priscilla Tausig

Sixth Shack and Tent

Lucy Gorham
Judy Hayes

Seventh Shack

Jean Beckwith
Andy Scasserra

Counselor - Kathy Bunker

Appreciated Extra Help - Mary Jane Schomp

GOING SOMEWHERE?

I hopped into our car shouting, "Oh, I can't wait! How many people will there be there? And... what does it look like there?" We drove and my mother started talking about old times and what they were going to do this summer and her voice would drop. Then I would say, "I don't want to go to camp." Then she would say, "Oh, it'll be fun." Then of course my voice would say happily, "I know." Then we'd both laugh. So this went on for a long time.

We were just about to reach camp when I asked, "Mom, do you think Martha and I would be in the same cabin?" And she'd say, "I think so."

We arrived. Greenie said Martha was just asking about me. She also said we weren't in the same cabin. That was a big blow, and big fat tears started bursting out of my eyes. My mother thought it would be better if she left. So she did. Martha (senior, 11½) and I (junior, 11½) went to her cabin and talked about life. And also what there are here for sports. I stayed there a while. I then went over to my cabin and met a girl to room with, Mary Sandberg, (a real nice kid). From then on everything went well.

Zareen Mirza

Summer 1968

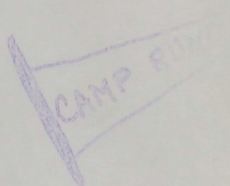
Dear Mother and Dad,

Hello Mudder, hello Fadder here I am at camp,
Where sailboats sail and the water's damp.
Arrived last Monday between two and three,
Expected a reception for little old me.
Pretty soon I started weeping,
Heard some snoring, saw them sleeping.



REST HOUR

Since I've been here, it's been tough,
In fact, I'd say, really rough.
They speak a language that I don't understand,
You sent me to a strange, strange land.
Skinny dipping, the pix, a no thank you helping,
What odd things they all are yelping.



Let me see now if I have it straight,
Rise at 7:30, breakfast at eight.
Then it's off to clean the shack,
By the way, I broke my back.
To morning assembly off we go,
They sing the songs that I don't know.
All about frogs and old Tommy Tinker,
Who got stuck on a red hot clinker.



There are all kinds of things to do,
Tripping, riding, you can even canoe.
By the way, I'm not getting any thinner,
You should see what they call dinner.
Please send big, baggy clothes "lickety splat,"
For Mother, dear, I'm getting fat!



I could ramble on with obvious "joyia,"
About the glories of Camp Runcia.
The facilities are great, the food is fantastic,
About camping ways, I'm enthusiastic.
But the most important feature, I've left out,
What this place is all about.

The CAMPERS come in all shapes and sizes,
Yes, they're full of great surprises.
Don't know them all by name yet,
But will very soon I bet.
Now it's time to say good-night,
With a cheer for the BLUE and one for the WHITE.

SURPRISE
BIG S

LOV,
Mary Jane

P.S.

As I end this mixed up letter, I hope to get to know YOU better.

THE BOTTOM OF CAMP RUNOIA

Once, on a chilly morning in July, like winter, Janice was waiting for the bell to ring. Should she go for a skinny dip? Yes, she decided.

She flipped her towel over her shoulder and ran down the shady path to Runoia's waterfront. She checked in and dived down, down, further than she had ever been before. But it seemed that something was strange, very strange. This was not the green-blue lake she was used to. This was very beautiful. She glided through halls with arched roofs above them. Everywhere there were pearls and rubies encrusted with slivers of gold and silver. There were beautiful mirrors everywhere. And wherever she went, she had a swaying, silent, beautiful feeling. It was like pink and blue tinted everything. Like silver lights shone in this wonderful land. "Oh, my," said she, "I do think this is so beautiful."

All of a sudden, a soft whispering voice startled Janice. It seemed as though a slender naked form appeared out of the pink and blue. It came as through chiffon. The bottom of this creature, waist down, was little oval pink, blue, green, and silver gills. The end was gracefully formed, narrowing a bit as it finally shaped a tip, which had streaks of purple, pink, blue, and silver, and shimmered in a sort of breeze, that Janice knew not where was coming from. This creature softly said something that sounded like waves gurgling and

splashing in a happy tune. When she tried to speak, She found that she was talking in that strange gurgling voice.

This creature's name was Cresla. Janice and Cresla in one hour were good friends. A faint sound aroused her. It was like a bell ringing in the distance. All of a sudden, POP! That was the breakfast bell. But as children do, she paid no heed. Instead, Cresla and she talked on as they glided through this blue and pink deep palace.

"How do you come to be here?" queried Cresla.

"I-I don't know," replied Janice with a little shrug and gesture with her hands. "But my, your palace is so beautiful!"

"Oh," said Cresla, "we are very proud of it, here."

"Oh, yes! I should wonder at living here. It it, well, you can't describe it in words," said Janice quickly.

Then, like lightning, she was at the surface of the lake. She was astonished. In her hand was a half-melted cake of soap, and in the other she was grasping a beautiful necklace.

"How," said the dumbfounded Janice, "how did I ever get this?" The necklace was made of pearls, slivers of gold and silver, little round beads of emeralds and rubies.

And she never told anyone about her voyage to the soul of Great Pond.

Amy Bernhardt

MORNING

A fog drifts across the lake as a loud bell rings
through camp.

Leaves rustle softly as people slowly wake up.

Small waves hit the shore as people are dressing.

The clouds slowly move across the sky when the flag
reaches the top.

And nature wakes up to the start of another day.

Marita Sturken

GERBILS

First of all, let me introduce myself. I am Joe and this is my fellow cage mate, Josephine. We are gerbils. In case you're wondering, gerbils are little animals somewhat related to a pack rat. And now to go on. We live in a glass aquarium originally used for fish. Sometimes I wonder if fish aren't still here. It smells to high heaven. To go on again, we live in a box in the aquarium, a Ritz crackers box to be exact, and we have made a very cozy nest out of Kleenex that our owner, Laura piles in. By the way, Kleenex makes an excellent bed. Try it sometime.

I was absolutely petrified when I heard we would be brought to camp. I thought, "Good grief, maybe I'll be a Junior and I won't be able to practice my acrobatics, for instance walking upside down on tiptoes across the top of our screen on our fish tank." But then I found out that I was a Senior. Well, that's different. Now I could walk on tiptoes upside down along our screen anytime I wanted to. I bet you can't guess what my favorite morning activity is. What? Nope! It's burying my water dish from Laura and then making her dig it up again. Don't you think that's a riot? You don't huh? Well, I'll try again. My favorite afternoon activity is emptying the water bottle by standing

on Josephine's shoulders and squeezing it. Do you think that's funny? Good! I'm glad. Josephine and I are usually, notice I said usually, good after taps, but occasionally I'll break the after taps rule and walk upside down on tiptoes across the screen on our cage. Also sometimes Josephine and I take turns showering under our drinking bottle.

Well, I guess I better go now, for taps will blow soon, and I'll have to tend to my after taps activities.

Laura Reed

INANIMATE OBJECTS AT CAMP RUNOIA COME TO LIFE

I'm a canoe at Camp Runoia. The people there always get me wet and never dry me off! The paddles always scrape my sides, give me bruises, and make me sore. The campers even try to tip me over and get me wet inside. They take me on overnight trips and sometimes I go on three-day trips. Eventually, they paddle me home.

Hilary Downe

Yeowwwww! That darn old tennis ball is always banging against me. Ouch! That hurts. Oh no, here comes a person who hits hard. Ouch! How would you like it if you had a life like this? I've been here for fifty long years. Do you know how I feel like a natural born blah, pure blah! I'll let you in on a little secret. I would love to change my life.

Marla Braun

Now just tell me, I ask you humans, what kind of a life I lead. You raise my neck all sorts of ways. No wonder I get stiff necks! Skippers, skippers, that's what you think you are. You jerk my tongue up and down, the center board, you call it. You're idiots, just idiots! You call me a

blow-hard, your expression. No excuse, windbag, hot air rises never thinking of my head, the mainsail, as you call it. You scrape my stomach against the sand. You should have another sailboat, Florence Nightengale, by name. Miserable, miserable, that's the life I lead.

Amy Bernhardt

Boing, boing, weeeeeeeee, boing! I sure do suffocate in this target. That bull's eye is really the hottest. I can't stand it. I just zoom into that bull's eye so much that I almost burn myself. I feel relieved when I get out of that target but it's not for long. When I go into the ground and am lost, I'm happy. But the last thing is bad. Junior comes with his lawn mower. Oh no, here comes Junior and I wish that I could change my life. Bye.

Jane Rines

Once upon a time there were three tennis balls. All of their names were Wilson and they were good friends. One day, they were brought by a nice, tall man. They were very happy about that because they thought they would have a better life. But they didn't because they went to a camp. They were hit by tennis raquets against a backboard. I am used to it now.

Valerie Greene

Every day I get kicked around. Sometimes I get left out in the rain. I like to be hurled into the air. I also like to watch the games. I'm so glad they bought a new ball, for I was about to be used in another game! When Ginny Myer kicks me for the Junior Blue kickball practice, I really get kicked hard. When I'm in a relay, I get dropped a lot and I also get slapped. How would you like to be kept in an old desk all winter? It stinks of an attic. I'm really glad that summer's here. I sort of like the old routine.

Gwen Hamel

Once there was a tether ball. It was so sad. He got hit so much that he felt like leaving. His heart beat strong and he thought that he was going to die. In the winter, he could rest, but the winter went so fast that he hardly had the time. His heart still beat strong in the winter when the wind blew. As soon as camp started, he felt sticky and very hot. That's when he gets hit.

Pam Cobb

Boy, am I bored sitting here all day doing nothing in front of the flag pole. Every morning someone comes and stands on me and says these funny words: Fall in; attention; right dress; front; and, to the colors. I hate it! My friend, Arthur the Rock, is lucky because he is smaller than me and gets rolled around all the time. I have to go now.

Pam Page

NAP'S NEW HOME

One night a bat was making a nest in Second Shack. He made it and stayed there the rest of the night. When the people saw him, they asked the counselor to get someone to get Nap down. They tried to get him down but they couldn't get him. The next night was a hot night, a very hot night. It was so hot that everyone slept out of their covers. Nap knew just what to do. He threw his nest on the floor. Then he flew to Pam P.'s snake. He took the remaining things of his nest and made a nest more of his size. The one which he made before was too big. In the middle of the night after his nest was made, he took the snake and flew above the rafters. In the morning Pam awoke before the bell rang and luckily Pat was going to her room when Pam yelled, "Pat!" It awoke everyone in the shack. Pat asked, "What is the matter?" "My snake is gone! Where did it go?" "I don't know." Then all of a sudden Vicky spied Pam's snake. "There's your snake," yelled Vicky. They walked and saw Nap and killed him. And that was the end of Nap.

Jane Rines

JACKIE AND THE BAT

Once upon a time there was a squirrel named Jackie. One night Jackie woke up in the middle of the night and looked out of his hole and looked into the sky and saw something flying in the air and he said, "What could that be?" The thing came flying down to Jackie. Jackie was scared of that thing. The thing said, "Hi, Jackie! My name is Tommy the Bat." Tommy said, "I am looking for a home." Jackie said, "You stay with me." "No, but I will live right above you." So he did!

Valerie Greene

HOW THE RATTLESNAKE GOT HIS RATTLE

One day a mother was taking her baby for a walk. The sidewalk was very bumpy, and the baby's rattle was knocked out of her hand and rolled down the hill into a cave. In the cave lived a hobo. This hobo had never been to school and didn't know what the baby rattle was, so he picked it up and it made a sound. Then a snake came out of a hole in the ground. The hobo didn't know what to do, but every minute the snake was coming closer. Then the snake opened his mouth, and the hobo saw the fangs of the snake rippling with saliva from his mouth and.....

Amy Ahrens

DARIUS

Phil brought Darius, a yellow and white kitten, to camp one morning, the minute flag raising was done with. Darius was handled a lot then before assembly. Darius met Blackie, they kissed, and then Blackie started following Darius everywhere. A few days later, Darius came to the lodge door during assembly and meowed. About four days later he came to the dining hall and stood there. Then, seeing that he couldn't get any attention, he went to the back door. Darius finds people wherever they are. He plays with jack balls and chases kickballs. One night when Betty was walking up from senior end with no flashlight, she heard a strange sound from under the dining hall. She went in and got a flashlight to find out what the noise came from. She found out it was Darius chasing a frog. Another night, when Betty and Johnny were kissing Third Shack good night, they found Darius climbing the screen.

Darius always seems to be right there.

Jenny Walker

S A I L I N G !

I love to go a-sailing beyond the Sandy Cove
A way out in the open, a place where I can rove.

Sometimes I sail my little boat as far as the eye can see,
And when I'm out a-sailing, it's a pleasure all for me.

Anna Quest

CHARLIE THE REINDEER

Charlie was a reindeer.

He rode through the air.

He flew fast in the winter.

He did not go anywhere in the summer.

In the summer he stayed underground.

He dug tunnels underground very fast.

The tunnels were very long.

They were very long and big.

If he made tunnels he could find his way to the sky
again.

He could fly till the summer.

Pam Cobb

ESCAPE

"They're gone."
 Shuffling feet,
 shrill voices,
 flashlights beaming

beds creaking
 but then
 suddenly
 a voice, a door opening
 "A-hah, caught you again!"

Ginny Myer

THE BEACH

I love to walk along the beach
My cheeks and face as golden as a peach
It gives me joy to see the waves
As they splash in rocky caves.

I love to dig my feet in the sands
It isn't really sea or land
Just a magic wonderland
The sand beside the sea.

The rocky cove it wonders me
It makes me feel so wild and free
I want to jump around with glee
The rocky cove beside the sea.

Boop Tabell

SECOND SHACK'S SONG

Tune: "Ding, Dong, the Witch is Dead"

"Ding Dong" the bell has rung
Time to rise and meet the sun
"Ding Dong" the rising bell has rung

"Ding Dong" assembly time
Our activities we do find
"Ding Dong" assembly bell does chime

Off to games and sports
Riding, swimming, tennis courts
The "Ding Dong" the dinner bell retorts

Our day has been fun
Soon activities will be done
"Ding Dong" the swimming bell does come

The bells do call
To one and all.

THIRD SHACK'S SONG

Tune: "All My Trials"

Oh here we are at Camp again
Our friendships here are never to end
Oh Camp Runoia
Our time is just beginning

Sailing, tennis, and archery
In all these sports we do compete
Oh Camp Runoia
Our time is going quickly

Of Bluie and Willie we'll always praise
Their loyalty to their teams always
Oh Camp Runoia
Our time is shortening

And now that the end of Camp's drawing near
Cotillion brings us smiles and tears
Oh Camp Runoia
Our time will soon be over

But when we leave our camp so dear
We know we'll come another year
Oh Camp Runoia
Our time is sadly over.

THE AIDES' SONG

Tune: "The Cruel War"

The summer is ending
Soon we will depart
With the memory of Camp
Deep in our heart
The memories will linger
When the summer's done
Runoia we'll cherish
In the years to come.

The Blues and the Whites have
Contended summer long
On land and on water
The fight has been strong
Victory is sought for
But obtained by only some
Our teams we will cherish
In the years to come.

Tonight at Cotillion
We bid our friends goodbye
We've learned loyalty and friendship
We're bound till we die
The quality of giving
Isn't held by only some
Our friendships we'll cherish
In the years to come.

A SUNDAY SERVICE POEM

As I looked round about me naught
but blackness did I see,
There was no light of night or dawn,
no other thing but me
There were no friends or relatives,
no happily smiling faces,
There were no signs or landmarks or
old familiar places.

There was no music loud or soft, no
noise flying round my head,
The Lord I thought must be sleeping
or else He must be dead.

Then suddenly the sun came out, the
birds began to twitter,
The sky lit up an aqua blue, the
dew drops shone and glittered.
Then before me plain as day, the
truth began to show,
And slowly but surely enveloped me,
in its warm and comforting glow.

The Lord He is not sleeping, nor
either is He dead,
He's watching still and guiding us,
for all the days ahead.

For as long as there are people,
as long as there are living things,
As long as there is earth and rocks,
all that Mother Nature forthwith brings,

As long as there is feeling, a
beauty and the stars above,
As long as there is all of this,
there is the Lord them all to love.

Robin Tanenbaum

I HAD A FRIEND

I had a friend whose parakeet
Sang the livelong day
It made her laugh and smile until
One day it flew away.
The whole next day she seemed so glum
It really made me mad
"It's just a bird," I said to her,
"You needn't feel so bad."
But back at home my mother said,
"I'm sorry, Sue, your dog is dead."
It's just a dog, I should have thought
Another one will soon be bought.
Instead, of course, I cried and cried,
You see, it was a friend who died.
I lost a lot when I lost my friend,
But it taught me a lesson in the end.

Susan Page

THE TWO TREES

Once there were two trees.
one tree was pine
The other was a maple.
The maple and the pine were friends.
The pine tree heard a voice one night.
The voice said, "That maple is weak,
He doesn't have beautiful quills like you do.
Do away with him."
The pine tree said, "No, he's my friend!"
The pine tree and the maple were friends from then on.

Barbie Hayes

EMPATHY

Have you ever seen a hunchback
And the way that people stare?
Do you think this treatment
Is entirely fair?

Or have you spread a rumor
And made a person sad?
But when it happens to you
You feel so very mad.

Have you ever won a game
And on the loser "rubbed it in"
But when you're in the loser's place
You expect a sympathetic face.

Put yourself in the other's shoes,
There's so much to gain and nothing to lose.

Laurie Meyer

WAR

Is war wrong or is it right?
Is it wrong to go and fight?
To make all in our country free
And make all live so happily?
Or should you stay under authority
That's very strict and isn't free?
Should we all pull out of Vietnam
To make peace and make things calm?
Or should we help that country in need
Because of the promise to which we agreed.
There are two aspects for each one,
A right and a wrong for what has been done.
But if the world were full of empathy,
Would there be wars? Would all be free?

Lea Rines

IS GOD DEAD?

Is God dead?
Many different opinions spread.
Some say yes and some say no,
Others, well, they just don't know.
Disbelief grows all the more,
Why doesn't God prevent the war?
If He is watching, as was said,
Why is Bobby Kennedy dead?
God certainly is showing pity,
With all the violence in the city.
Guns are banging, people fall,
But where is God to stop it all?
Now it's up to you to decide,
Is God dead, or is He alive?

Elizabeth Kuhn

BUSHWACKING

One morning, we, the Second Shack Brigade, set out on a hike. We walked a long time, and to some of us it seemed ages since we'd started. Pat Stewart and Allie Williams, our glorious counselors, now began to think that we'd missed the right trail. Soon Pat and Allie heard something, and after a while, we heard something that sounded like water. We entered a trail and saw a waterfall. Phil had brought us partway, and since we were in our bathing suits, we walked up to the stream. We all were laughing and singing when Pat and Allie yelled in unison, "Grab a rock!" We all sat on a rock and had a splash fight, and it was so much fun that we were reluctant to go on. We waded up and climbed on rocks until we came to the end. There we waited for Betty to pick us up, but we discovered a little pool and some of us stayed there and built a dam.

Betty picked us up and we rolled down the sides of the truck and changed into dry clothes. We rode on singing "Jolly Jolly Sixpence" and "Lollipop." We stopped and found ourselves at Blueberry Hill. We climbed it, and on the way we managed to find a few raspberries. When we

arrived at the top, we looked out to the Belgrade Lakes, and all of us thought it was gorgeous. Pat and Allie handed out ham and cheese and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and soft drinks. When we were done, we picked blueberries, and then we walked down the hill, got into the truck, and reached the gate of Camp Runoia.

Amy Bernhardt

OUR TRIP TO MOUNT PHILLIP

One day the counselors were talking about going on a trip. We did our jobs, and soon rest hour came. At rest hour Pat asked us what kind of a sandwich we would like. Some people wanted ham and cheese and others wanted tuna fish. I had two ham and cheese sandwiches. I liked them very much. When we got there it was very steep looking. You could see the road we came by in the truck. After that we climbed down the bottom of the mountain. After that we went to the Lobster Pot and got our ice cream cones and then we went home.

Janes Rines

THE TWO'S TRIP TO ROME FARMS

On a hot June day, we noisy second shackers hustled into the camp truck. It was a pretty ride but none of us knew where we were going, but the whole time we sang songs. When we arrived, we jumped out and were delighted to see the big sign of Romes Horse Farms. We entered the barn and toured the stalls. The horses were beautiful, and it was lots of fun watching them eat. They have big teeth! Some of the gates were too high for us to see into, so Mary volunteered to be a human elevator for the day. When we had seen all the horses and things there were to see, we walked around to the office and admired the medals, trophies, awards, etc. We were all really sorry when we climbed into the truck and headed back for camp. But on the way we stopped at the Lobster Pot and had ice cream cones which were great! We ended the trip with seeing camp, singing "Oh Here We Come," and piled out of the truck and gave Betty the Boboskiwottendot cheer. We all had a wonderful time and hope to go again next summer.

Amy Bernhardt

THIRD SHACK'S TRIP TO ROME FARMS

One afternoon, Third Shack visited Rome Farms, a horse farm. When we arrived, we all went into the office. We saw the walls and shelves stacked with trophies and ribbons. "These horses must be great," I thought. We went to the stables and saw many beautiful horses. Some were spotted and a variety of colors. They had horses which are a golden color and have white tails and manes. These are called palominos. They also have spotted horses called apaloosas. They are very pretty.

The people who own the place gave each of us a ride on a pony. In a separate barn, there were two fillies. They almost looked like twins, but one had a spot on his nose and the other didn't.

Then it was time to go. We all loaded into the car. On the way back to camp, we stopped at the Lobster Pot to get ice cream cones. We all had a wonderful time.

Susan Stanley

SUPPER CANOE TRIP

On July 19th all of Third Shack went on a trip. We traveled by war canoe with Diane Sandberg at the stern. In another small canoe our counselors Peggy Kay, Sophia Godfrey, and the nurse, Mary Fortenberry, accompanied us. Instead of going to a small beach, (which was our destination) we stayed in a small cove. We ate our lunch in the war canoe.

Soon it started raining. Luckily, there was a little shack which was quite deserted. We all stayed on the porch for a little while, but the downpour drove us inside. We sang some songs led by our aid, Diane Sandberg. Peggy and Sia went to the next house and called Phil. He drove to the shack, and when he arrived, we all cheered. After the rain stopped, we paddled our way back to camp.

Missy Norton

CAMP CRAFT TRIP TO HORSE POINT

One warm sunny morning in the month of July, Janie O. took some Juniors on a camp craft trip to Horse Point. The counselors were Kathy Bunker and Janie O., and the aides were Diane Sandberg and Barbara Dalrymple.

When we shoved off, the lake was unusually calm, but about the middle of the trip Janie O. spoke too soon saying, "This looks like the calm before the storm," and she was right. Just as we neared Horse Point, it began to rain. The counselors and aides quickly brought the canoes out of the water. Soon lightning and gray clouds became the only noise you could hear.

We sat, covered with raincoats and canoes, meekly in the rain. Soon, when it died down, we all got dressed and spent the rest of the day collecting firewood. By then, the counselors and aides had planned to go back to camp after dinner. But Phil and Walter came to the rescue. They came over and asked us if we needed anything and came back with it as ordered - three sleeping bags and a jar of sugar.

The next morning we were sad to leave because we had fun in spite of the rain.

Marita Sturken

OUR TRIP TO FLYING POND

On a Thursday, Fourth Shack left after assembly for Flying Pond. Phil drove us to the place where we started to canoe. We canoed for a while, then stopped for lunch. After lunch we paddled to the waterfall. After about an hour of paddling, we got to the waterfall. We started to play under the waterfall, and then took skinny dips under it. After we scraped ourselves, we put our suits back on. The people who had tank suits on had lots of fun getting them back on for they had shrunk. Then Boop discovered that she had left her shorts at the island where we had had lunch. So Linda, Mary, and Boop paddled back to the island. When they got back, we had Hershey Bars and paddled back to where Phil had dropped us. Then, of course, Phil drove us back to camp.

Clary Cutler

FIRST SACO RIVER TRIP

One bright and sunny morning a group of girls were gathered next to the laundry chute with their knapsacks and sleeping bags next to them. We rode in the big blue truck until we arrived at Camp Wyonogonic to get canoes. We continued in the blue truck for a few hours until we got to our starting place and then continued our journey down the river in canoes. Then we stopped for the night on a sandy beach. There was a lean-to we could use, but we didn't like the look of it. But we did use the out-house that came with the lean-to.

The next day was very hot, and everyone was hot and grumpy. It was so hot that some of us practically fainted. We went swimming a lot that day to cool us off. The next day it wasn't too hot. We stopped at Walker's Falls and ate lunch, and then we had a nice long swim. Then we started out again along the river until we arrived at the end of another day. We started out the next day with an easy paddle ahead of us. We were picked up by one of Wyonogonic's trucks and proceeded on to Wyonogonic. We were then moved to another green truck. We went to a picnic area and had lunch. Then we continued on to "good ole Camp Runoia" and that was the end of the first Saco River trip!

Mary Sandberg

THE SECOND SACO RIVER TRIP

When our group of eight campers and four counselors started off on July 24, 1968, we all expected it to be a rainy trip. It didn't actually start to rain until we were halfway to Camp Wyonogonic. When we reached Wyo, it was still raining so we didn't get to look around. By the time we had all gone to get our drinks of water, the counselors had loaded all our equipment into a big green truck. From there, we traveled to Swan's Falls, and we were put into the river. We then paddled to our first campsite which took about an hour. It was a deserted island where we ate supper and went to bed.

The second day dawned hot and sunny. We shoved off around eleven after a great breakfast of French toast. While paddling in the morning, we saw a bird that we thought was a heron. We then stopped for a swim and lunched. We found that the current was strong, fun to float in. During our afternoon paddle, we saw a turtle sun bathing on a log. We stopped around 3 p.m. at our campsite. It was not very private at all. In fact a little while later, a boys camp called Deerwood joined us. We all swam in the river a lot, slid on a mud slide, and dived off a cliff. The day passed

quickly, and all too soon it was time for bed.

The third day wasn't quite as hot in the morning but equally as sunny. It didn't seem to be a long paddle till we reached our final destination. The truck camp an hour later, and we all piled in. We arrived in camp a tired and dirty bunch.

Laurie Meyer

FIFTH SHACK GOES TO BELGRADE LAKES

Fifth Shack was so good that they earned the privilege of going to Belgrade Lakes. It was very windy so they couldn't go by canoe. Janie O. drove us all in the camp truck. When we arrived there, Barbara Hewel gave us each \$1.25 to spend. We first went to the Lobster Pot. We all bought different kinds of ice cream cones, and some of us bought French fries. As soon as everyone finished, we walked to Day's Market and bought candy and comics which was a lot of fun. When it began to get dark, we walked to the truck. When we finally reached the truck, we finished our food.

When we got back to camp, we ran back to our shack and went to bed. We all had terrible stomach aches, but it was our fault for eating so much.

Priscilla Taussig

EARLY LONG LAKE

On a bright and sunny morning that looked just great for a trip to Long Lake, there was just that. On July 9th, 1968, seven campers plus Margy Warren, Muffie Martin, and Pat Stewart left for Long Lake. We were dropped off by Phil at the Belgrade Stream, and it took us about two hours to get to the campsite. When we did arrive, we set straight to setting up the tent and digging the necessary holes. Then we left the campsite to go to a big rock about five minutes away and ate. Then we swam for the rest of the afternoon. At dinner time we had tuna wiggle and a great chocolate pudding pie. Later, after skinny dips, we made banana boats. Next it was to bed, and while Muffie and two campers attempted to sleep out, when morning came, the campers complained of thousands of bugs.

We left bright and early the next morning, but on the way home, we were drenched by a heavy dew. We finally arrived safe and wet.

Laura Kind

PARKER POND

The trip to Parker Pond started off on a bright Monday morning. We made sandwiches, packed the trip box, loaded on the canoes, and were ready to go. The truck was fun to ride in but it got tiring after we made several wrong turns and had to back-track. Two hours later we arrived at Parker Pond. We unloaded canoes and started paddling toward the campsite. On the way we stopped to have lunch. We continued paddling and found some people picnicing at our campsite. We decided to leave the tent there and to go to a small stream that connects Parker Pond with another lake. We left canoes at the top and waded downstream. Most of us got wet when trying to move rocks so that canoes could get through. When we got to the end of the stream, we walked back to the canoes and paddled to our campsite. There we pitched a tent and gathered firewood. Some of us made congo bars while others cooked hamburgers for supper. After our meal, we went swimming and then had s'mores. The next morning we woke up to see another sunny day approaching. We had a delicious breakfast of apple juice, Maypo, bacon, eggs, and cocoa. We had planned to go down the stream in empty canoes, but most of us chickened out. Instead we climbed a rock pile sort of a hill. Then we had a lunch of sandwiches, potato chips, and lemonade. We went

swimming and then got ready to leave. We met Phil right on time and got back to camp in a record time of thirty minutes.

Lea Rines

FIRST SANDY RIVER TRIP

Wednesday morning at ten o'clock found six shiny aluminum canoes, six unsuspecting campers, and four wary counselors zooming down a Maine highway at 100 miles an hour. Destination: Sandy River.

The sky was clear, an aqua blue, and as we put in on a stagnant, rather mucky stretch of water, the sun beat down full-strength upon us.

At first it seemed as if the day would be relaxing and the paddling no harder than on our own lake, but within five minutes of our departure, we found ourselves tumbling bow first (and sometimes the other way around) down rapids, leaving tell-tale marks of silver on rocks along the way. Two of our canoes capsized along the way, and by the time we stopped for lunch, we were famished. Ravenously, our sandwiches, carrots, cookies, and lemonade were finished, and all too soon we were on our way again. Half an hour, an hour, two passed by. A quick glance at the map showed us that we were still six miles from our destination, and several fishermen confirmed the story. Slowly the five hour trip lengthened into 5½, 6, and then 6½ hours.

Wednesday night at seven o'clock found six banged-up
canoes, six beet-red campers, and four exhausted counselors
zooming down a Maine highway at 100 miles an hour. Destination:
Home.

Robin Tanenbaum

SECOND SANDY RIVER TRIP

Eight campers and four counselors set out on the day trip of Sandy River. After a short half-hour ride we reached our destination.

We set out in great spirits, each person thinking her separate thoughts. We reached our first rips very soon. We got out of the canoes and looked over the rips carefully. Then back into the canoes we went to try our luck at them. All of us got slightly wet from the hurried draws and push-aways but stayed in one piece. We were so successful that we decided to tackle the rest of the river. "DRAW! HARD STRAIGHTAWAY!" were the only sounds heard for a while, as we found out that you must go around rocks and not try to go through them. With practice, we began zipping right through the rips.

Lunch was met with great approval as we found a spot and ate our PB & J's and ham and cheese sandwiches. After lunch we went through the rest of the rips, the only casualty being that of Susie Sharpe breaking a paddle. We reached our spot of meeting only to find that Phil wasn't there. So as Margo and Pat went to find him, Diana and Margy helped us get the canoes up, only to find that we had gone through

a most beautiful patch of poison ivy. Then Phil came to end our exciting day at Sandy River. It wasn't quite over for Margy, however, who had the great task of washing about twenty pounds of poison ivy-contaminated clothes in Betty's washing machine!

Susan Sharpe

TUMBLEDOWN

It was a bright, sunny day in July when seventeen campers and six counselors started a hard climb up Tumbledown Hill. They split into three groups. They started up the hill at different times so as not to be crowded. It was very difficult going up so they made several rest stops. The girls were overlooking half of the hill at the first rest stop, and they were eating raisins. They traveled on steadily until they got to the second stop which was the top. They could see all over the hill, which was a very fascinating view. From there, they would go downhill a ways to reach a lake. When they arrived at this lake, the girls were all hungry so they ate. (Earlier they had packed sandwiches and oranges.) Suddenly Betty discovered a tiny waterfall. Everyone rushed down to explore it. Soon afterwards they emerged, hot and tired, which resulted in a skinny dip. While they were doing so, other people came to swim. Everyone rushed out of the water to dress. Luckily, they had dressed in time because other people came. When the girls came down Tumbledown, they reached a clear, bubbling brook. Everyone sprawled out to drink and wade. All of them felt like jelly, and they were very glad to rest. Later they chomped on raspberries from bushes. When the campers arrived back at camp, all of them were satisfied with the trip to Tumbledown.

Cynthia Lichtenberger

NORTH POND

We started our trip on a little river that wound and twisted and finally came into North Bay. We had lunch on a tiny island that was not much more than a few rocks and trees. After lunch we paddled to Hoyt Island where we set up our tent and started supper. That night we didn't get much sleep because some raccoons decided they liked our campsite enough to stay around and put up with a blazing fire and rocks being thrown at them by our brave counselors, Allie, Annie Mac, and Schrader.

We slept most of the morning and had a lazy breakfast before we set off for Long Lake. We paddled until we came to our campsite on Long Lake. We got ourselves settled in, had supper, and then, because of unwanted rain, everyone except our once-again brave counselors piled into the tent. That night was less eventful than the last though we stayed up almost as late.

The next morning we got off after breakfast, leaving our tent up for the trip following us. We paddled on Long Lake until it went into a stream. This was the last part of our trip. We stopped when we came to a bridge where we got out of our canoes and ate lunch while waiting for Phil. During the quiet of rest hour, we rode in the gate, singing as loudly as we could...the end of a wonderful trip!

Elizabeth Billington

LONG LAKE TO HOME TRIP

Seven campers, two counselors, and one aide left for Long lake by a short, sliding ride in Phil's truck. Arriving at our starting point, we met the first Long Lake group while overtaking their canoes and paddles. After going under a low bridge on which many of us hurt our heads, we were off, paddling through grass, wind, and lake.

The campsite was really cool, and the tent was already pitched, but we were in need of a garbage hole, firewood, and pix, which was later decorated by Patty Wellenbach and me.

Starting off the evening we ate Sloppy Joes, made by that famous cook, Margo Van Allen, with congo bars for dessert.

In the tent the 6-12 got the mosquitoes along with us, and the Raid which came later was sure a relief. Sleep was quite hard, not just because of all the sleeping bags, people, and roots, but also the stories we talked about, such as Jody Walker's kidnapping stories and Trissy Casserly's babysitting nightmares.

After breakfast we paddled over to a group of rocks which we dived and jumped off until tired. Lucy Gorham had quite a bad fall off a big rock while jumping. Then we beauty bathers put down our towels for a gorgeous sun tan. On our way back for lunch, we decided to spent the next night at our present

campsite instead of going on to Oak. Immediately following lunch was rest hour, our own style, with back rubs being given. We then hurried into our bathing suits and took out three canoes which we tipped, by accident of course, out over our heads. This amused us until we headed out for Castle Island. We arrived with excitement for we were combining Claire Schoen's and Patty's funds for our own use and aspirin for Kathy Bunker's really bad headache. We marched into Castle Island and while looking over the merchandise, a man called to us. We gathered around him while he pointed to the floor and the trail of mud we had made. Rushing out, we got our goods, while Muffy and Margo cleaned up. We left in a hurry!

We arrived in time to give Kathy her aspirin and to cook up some beef stew. The dishes were then done probably by Jane Bliss, since she always volunteered whenever there were any. The counselors seemed tired, especially Muffy, as she got into her sleeping bag right away. Later some boys, whom we had passed near Castle Island, paddled over to our campsite. Muffy reappeared all dressed again, but to her dismay, they weren't quite old enough. But Patty kept asking to see if there was someone among them that she knew. Claire gave them a honk.

That night in the tent, we played Truth or Dare, and we had a wild time with the dare that Trissy had to do. We were in bed, supposedly, early because we were to have a

long paddle ahead of us, but the loons were having another big night, so we decided that a little talking wouldn't hurt.

When we awoke in the morning, that Margo had done it again, making bishop's bread with the trusty reflector oven. We left at about nine for camp and paddled up Long Lake until we portaged over to Great Pond. After the portage, some man cried out, "Hi, you've got another beautiful day!" and we all turned to see Phil waving to us from shore.

When we got to Echo Cove, Trissy, Patty, and Claire feasted on hot dog rolls, butter, and cinnamon, while Kathy and Margo smoked their last cigarette. Finally we arrived at camp, happy and tired, in time to miss instruction swim.

Carol Lichtenberger

FIRST DEAD RIVER TRIP

Once upon a time, in a land far away from civilization, a group of young, lively, excited girls started out on a camping trip. It started out as hard work, making a campsite, chopping wood, getting pushed around by Margo, Ally, and Peggy, BUT little did we know of our BIGS..

The next day, after paddling down Dead River, they told us about our BIGS. We drove to Kern's Motel and excitedly took a "hot" shower. For Cindy Tower and Coopie it turned out to be an ice cold shower, then suddenly a boiling hot shower, but we must take the bad with the good.

Then off to the restaurant for dinner at 7:30. We walked in and sang "Ego Sum Pauper." We really made ourselves look stupid. The roast beef and potatoes were fab topped off with a few comments by Jane Bliss. This was followed by dessert, blueberry pie a la mode. Yum!

Although the morning skinny dip was missed, we all managed to get up for breakfast at 9:00. This was the BIGGEST we've ever had, thanks to Phil.

Linda Cooper

SECOND DEAD RIVER TRIP

Quite early Wednesday morning, the second Dead River trip left camp. Around noon we arrived at the campsite set up by the previous group. After doing what setting up of the campsite there was left to do, we went poling and swimming in the waterfall. That evening our cook, Margo, made her specialty, toad-in-the-hole, which we all enjoyed.

Thursday was spent paddling down Dead River for four hours. When we reached Ledger Falls, our take-out point, we were all surprised to find that we were going to eat and spend the night in a hotel.

The next day Phil came to pick us up at our campsite, but before returning to camp, we made a quick hop to Woburn, Canada. Everyone remarked about how hard a trip it was.

Liza Kuhn

ANDROSCOGGIN

On a bright Thursday morning, July 11, some Juniors with their counselors, and six Seniors and their three counselors dashed madly into the blue truck. Phil first dropped the Juniors off and then continued on to Parker Pond where we got off. We piled three in a canoe and started paddling at 10:30 across the large pond. By 1:00 everyone's stomach was growling and so the time for lunch had arrived. We ate our PB & Js and paddled on. We came upon our first portage which was quite easy, but our second was much harder and longer. We came up through a person's back yard, down a road for a quarter of a mile, and then down a driveway where we picked up our sleeping bags and food that Phil had left there earlier in the morning.

It was about 3:30 by the time we finished packing the things in the canoes. No sooner had we packed and started paddling than we had to unpack and portage our canoes again. We really must have looked funny to anyone who saw us because all they could see were two pairs of legs underneath a canoe, walking down streets and through people's yards. We were once again on our way and about two hours slower than we had been. We went past some large camps on the lake and knowing we were arriving somewhere near our campsite, we started looking for it. Finally after asking two different families,

who were enjoying their evening dinner on their docks and front yards, we were given directions to our campsite. We arrived at the Girl Scout Camp three hours late and hungry once again. We found the tents, a cat, and the Rourke, another name for "pix." We unloaded the canoes and started to prepare dinner. While washing the dishes in the running hot water, Schrader and Margo came up behind us and nearly scared us to death! It was pitch black out, and we suddenly heard a "Boo!" and well... we ran for our lives to the tent.

The next morning we got up bright and early, ate breakfast, and by 11:00 we were paddling again. Our first portage (for that day) was a long one, after which we went through a lot of lily pads and finally arrived on a large pond. We arrived in Wayne - our lunch stop and last portage. While in Wayne, we pooled our money, and everyone went in the little drug store with thirty cents for cokes and candy. After our lunch of candy and cokes and PB & Js, we portaged our canoes over the waterfalls. First we swam in the water and got all the sand and mud out of sneakers, then Ginny and Margo shot the rapids while the rest looked on and laughed. We walked down to a clearing where we met Ginny and Margo and repaired the canoes.

We began paddling again, this time on Lake Androscoggin. We saw Mr. Dmitrieff, Lauren's father, in a red seaplane. We paddled and paddled across the windy lake. Annie Mac covered herself with baby oil and bathed in the sun like Cleopatra,

only to perk up once again as we passed Camp Androscoggin Senior, a boys camp.

Finally we came to Camp Androscoggin's camp sites. We found a large tent platform, mattresses, an eating table, and a . We collected wood for the evening's meal and explored all through the woods. Margo, the chief fire tender, watched the beef stew bubble until ready and made us congo bars for dessert. Her congo bars were a little different than Mrs. Foss's for we had to eat them with forks because they were too soft to pick up without having them fall apart. They were really good anyway. Nurse Schrader had her medical clinic before our bedtime snack of "S'mores."

The following morning we were interrupted at breakfast time by Mr. Dmitrieff who informed us that some boys would be over soon to complete their work on the campsite. No sooner had he left, did they arrive. We finished breakfast, cleaned up, and packed out, and left before ten o'clock.

We returned once again to our portage of the day before in Wayne. There we brought our canoes and baggage up to the road and in thirty minute intervals walked up in groups of three to wait for Phil on the main road. We had been informed before that Phil was bringing the old red truck to pick us up, but to our surprise he came in the blue one. He picked up the canoes and our baggage and we were almost ready to go when Mr. Dmitrieff came up in his car to talk to Phil. After a while we were finally on our way back home. We all returned somewhat browner and eager to get back in our own beds for a good night's sleep, hoping not to have canoeing class in the morning.

Vicki Willock
Beth Clement

THE FOURTH OF JULY

The Fourth of July was exciting at Camp Runoia "68." The aides organized it very well. The camp was divided into British and American. There were three teams of British and three teams of American with a senior captain for each. The games we played were ghost (prison dodge ball), bat ball, sack races, and orange between the legs races. Later in the morning we had a tug-of-war over a mud hole. Most campers were scared that they would fall in, but nobody really fell in. They just got a little muddy.

In the afternoon there was a cross-camp race ending with a member of each team having to swim out to the Marjory and back in sweatshirts and raincoats etc. After that there were events by the waterfront. There were plastic boat races which the Juniors participated in. I knew that they wouldn't make it because they had to use their hands instead of paddles. There were all kinds of canoeing races such as: picking up the oranges with your paddle, pick up as many balloons as you can with your paddle, and regular canoeing which I was in. We had to go around a marker and back. I was very surprised that I won that race.

After dinner we had a bonfire. It was big and high but after a while it got smaller. Linda Baker led us in songs, and if you had a guitar you could play it. After a while they called

us by shacks to roast marshmallows and to light sparklers. After the Juniors finished, they went to bed, and when the Seniors finished, they went to bed too.

All the campers were enthusiastic about the results. At assembly they told us the results. They were: Americans 37 and British 30. Most people were very happy and some were not as happy. I was of course happy because I was an American.

Priscilla Taussig

SLAVE AUCTION AT CAMP RUNOIA

One night for evening activity, the aides put on a slave auction. But first they sent everyone out to look for painted rocks of aqua, green, red, and white. After everyone had found at least three rocks, the bell was rung to meet on the kickball field. The benches were put out for the counselors who were ornamented in costumes made out of sheets.

First Yatsey stood up and announced the beginning of the auction. Then she told of Pat Stewart who would take any camper's activity, but the hook to it was that the camper would have to take Pat's activity. Joanne Marshall won that with a high bid. Pat took archery as the activity and Joanne sort of taught it. Then Janie O. and Linda Baker said they would take two campers and one friend each for a picnic at Oak Island. Laura Kind and Leslie Sander struggled to win this and they did.

Next in the line of entertainment, Gayle Fitzgerald and Barbara Shaw claimed that they would take two girls and one friend each to go swimming on the horses. It turned out to be Lauren Dmitrieff and Mary Sandberg, Vicki Willock, and Jean Beckwith. The other counselors did various things such as cutting someone's hair or taking someone's place in Junior Lifesaving. Then Betty got up and said she would do dishes or silverware for anyone who could afford her.

I guess Phil brought down the house when he started, little by little, taking his clothes off, finally coming to his bathing suit. After a few seconds passed, we found out that he was advertising to take four people waterskiing. He had the campers bidding higher than for anyone before. Finally Patty Wellenbach, Claire Schoen, Jean Beckwith, and Andy Scasserra won.

The aides finished the show by being sold to the shack with the highest value of rocks all together. Third Shack is very clean now.

Kathy Gramstorff

THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

One evening after supper, everyone rushed back to their shacks and began dressing up in Halloween costumes. The costumes had to represent a book. After about an hour of running around from shack to shack, trying to dig up a costume, everyone ran up to the kickball field and sat with their shack as they awaited their turn to begin parading around in their costumes. The prizes were: Most Humorous, Lucy Gorham as "Stuart Little;" Best Costume, Helene Fleury as "Mary Poppins;" Most Creative, Amy Ahrens and Marita Sturken as "The Secret Garden;" and the Booby Prize went to Susie Sharpe as Dr. Spock's Baby Guide.

Later on we played games like Pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey, apple bobbing, song writing (the prize was won by the musically inspired Third Shack), and pumpkin carving, which was won by Fourth Shack. There was also a new game in which two people chewed a string in order to be the first one to get to the prize in the middle - a marshmallow.

Afterwards, refreshments were served, and I think that every camper will agree that the Halloween party was a lot of fun for everyone.

Lisa Lieberman

CARNIVAL

On August third, Runoia had a wonderful carnival. It was held on the kickball field as the aides' evening program. After all had been quieted and seated, the aides explained and gave out books of tickets. When we were told to go, everyone rushed to the attractions they liked. Out of them all, I guess the spook house was the most popular. Everyone came out looking a bit scared, wet, and floury, But it was fun.

As we walked farther on, we came to the pony rides. Scout was our prize victim for the rides this year. Right next door was the raffle. It took loads of figuring to find the exact number of shells in the jug. Judy Lieberman was lucky enough to come closest and smiled when she received her prize. As I turned around I noticed a long line at the sponge throw. Our victim was none other than Sharon Schrader herself. I rushed over to get in line. I'm not a very good thrower so when my turn came up, I didn't hit her in the right place. Oh well, I'll try again.

The time wasn't enough to get in all the attractions, but all in all it was fun. To top it off, we got punch and cookies for a treat. At that was the end of Runoia's Carnival '68.

Cynthia Tower

A SUNDAY WITH PINE ISLAND

The afternoon was quiet as a boat full of Pine Island crew arrived at the Marjory during rest hour. The boys were ready to join us in such activities as tennis, riflery, and sailing. As Patty Wellenbach, Beth Clement, Liza Kuhn, and Georgia Myer stalked up to the courts to take part in mixed doubles, a troupe of Runoia girls also collected at the riflery range, among them our sharp shooter, Cindy Tower, of course.

The lake showed up with its roughest day all summer as eleven boats (including those fantastic Pine Island boats), each with a Pine Island skipper and Runoia crew, cruised back and forth over the starting line waiting for the first gun. The race began with the boats heading for the Oak marker and then turning toward the shoals. After a lot of somewhat confused talking, Ellen Teitell, who just sat there the whole time, came in first, crewing for Pine Island's first rate skipper. Most of the boys were about three feet high with an average of ten years of age. Most of us agreed, however, that it wasn't as bad as we had thought it would be.

After all those exciting and wonderful activities, (ha) everyone jumped into the soapy area, Pine Island included, and we had a kind of rumble. Chicken fights, water basket-

ball, and all-around confusion.

As the Pine Island tub pulled away, we all "boboed" them as usual, and they "ackalacked" themselves, as usual, and we topped off the day by chucking Ellen Teitell in the water.

Jean Beckwith

A SURPRISE PARTY FOR THE COBBS

The summer of 1968 marked the tenth year that Betty and Phil Cobb had been at Runoia. To celebrate this occasion without their knowing about it required some undercover work, but it was accomplished. During the last week of camp, Phil usually has a very fancy picnic supper - roast turkey, corn on the cob, and other good things. Mrs. Foss suggested that he do the same this summer and he concurred, not knowing that there would be a special anniversary cake as a surprise for the Cobbs.

After supper and after the shock to the Cobbs of having the big cake brought out with everyone singing to them, each cabin group presented a booklet with a special message and all the signatures of the group. Betty and Phil were also given a tape of the favorite songs at camp, sung by a group of Seniors one day while Betty was out of camp.

As most of the camp family knows, Runoia was started in 1907 by Miss Jessie Pond and Miss Lucy H. Weiser. The house they rented on the east side of Great Pond had room for seven girls, but later some cabins were built to hold more. In 1914 Miss Pond and Miss Weiser bought the present property, and Camp was held there in the summer of 1915.

The Camp always belonged to the original owners, but for many years it was under the direction of Constance Dowd, who was one of the original first year campers. Miss Pond died in 1948 and Constance Dowd Grant died in 1949. For the next ten summers Miss Weiser maintained an active supervision of the Camp with the assistance of Marian R. Johnson, who had been a counselor for many years.

Wishing to find a young couple who would be interested in running Runoia in the spirit that it had developed over the years, Miss Weiser welcomed the visit in 1958 of a young couple by the name of Elizabeth and Philip J. Cobb, who were interested in buying a going camp for girls. Their choice finally fell upon Runoia, and the next summer they arrived with their three children to become acquainted with the Camp. They bought the Camp in 1960 and took over the Directorships, and they have been busy and successful ever since then. They felt they had found the camp they wanted and Miss Weiser felt that she had found the successors she had looked for. May the Cobbs have many more years making Runoia the camp so many have enjoyed over the years.



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10th Anniversary Party
for the Cobbs

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Ellen Teitell	without Kelly
Trissy Casserly	without the kitchen
Joanne Marshall	without Julie Andrews
Andy Scasserra	in beginner walk-trot
Liza Kuhn	as a midget
Laura Kind	without fudge
Susie Sharpe	as a pro basketball player
Ginny Myer	doing a flip in tuck position
Linda Cooper	a summer blonde
Lucy Gorham	as a prize fighter
Martha Robinson	as an astronaut
Barbara Shaw	as the singing counselor
Margo Van Allen	as a ballerina
Anne Hussey	without her cereal
Mary Jane Schomp	without her poems
Guenther	riding Pogo
Barbie Hayes	at a fast table
Jenny Walker	playing the cello
Susan Stanley	with a moustache
Barbara Rowell	with healthy ears
Vicki Darlington	as a giraffe
Linda Baker & Janie O.	early to breakfast
Emily Bliss	??????????

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I, Robin Tanenbaum, hereby bequeath my goggles to Cookieman.

I, Elizabeth Billington, hereby bequeath my baseball mitt to various mittless people.

We, Andy Scasserra and Jean Beckwith, hereby bequeath our Coke can collection to Vicki Darlington.

I, Beth Clement, hereby bequeath my Ban to posterity.

I, Ellen Teitell, hereby bequeath Jerry to Marion and Priscilla.

I, Leslie Wilson, hereby bequeath J.L.S. to Janie Rines.

I, Liza Kuhn, hereby bequeath my height to Priscilla Taussig.

I, Joanne Marshall, hereby bequeath Warnflete to Zareen Mirza.

I, Trissy Casserly, hereby bequeath my nightlife to Schrader.

I, Georgia Myer, hereby bequeath my muscles to Pam Cobb.

I, Vicki Willock, hereby bequeath my hair to Cindy Coe.

I, Carol Lichtenberger, hereby bequeath my long white pants to Trissy.

SECOND SHACK ANAGRAMS

Amy B. Bernhardt

Amazing Bubbling Bird

Marla C. Braun

Merry Crazy Baby

Pamela N. Cobb

Pretty Naughty Camper

Victoria W. Darlington

Very Wild Dresser

Hilary C. Downe

Hates Canoeing Definitely

Valerie A. Greene

Very Aggravating Gremlin

Gwyneth E. Hamel

Gargles Every Hour

Barbara D. Hayes

Birds Do Hatch

Pamela O. Page

Piles Of Pals

Jane P. Rines

Jack Playing Rewards

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Amy L. Ahrens	Acts Like Animals
Leslie Gates	Laughs Gawkingly
Lisa Mittnacht	Lively (and) Mischievous
Yuki A. Moore	Your Active Morning
Melissa W. Norton	Missy's Wildly Nostalgic
Anna G. Quest	Annually Goes Quickly
Barbara S. Rowell	Boringly Seeks Reality
Susan B. Schoen	Speedy But Sure
Susan L. Stanley	Swiftly Leaves Slugs
Marita L. Sturken	Makes Life Sloppy
Jennet S. Walker	Jokes Surely (and) Wisely

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Elizabeth R. Brebner	Energetically Routs Blues
Cassandra D. Cobb	Cuddles Dogs (and) Cats
Clarissa Y. Cutler	Constantly Yearns (for) Candy
Lauren E. Dmitrieff	Lethargically Enjoys Dinner
Liza Gimbel	Likes Gum
Katherine H. Gramstorff	Kind, Humorous, (and) Gifted
Judith A. Lieberman	Jacks Are Life
Zareen A. Mirza	Zooms Around Madly
M. Josepha Myer	Madly Jumps Mischievously
Mary A. Sandberg	Madly Acts Sophisticated
Mary P. Sword	Mildly Persists (in) Slumber
Roberta J. Tabell	Ravenous (for) Juicy Thumbs

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Patricia A. Corscaden	Plump and Curious
Ann Dalrymple	Ample Dimples
Helene B. Fleury	Hates Being Fat
Gina G. Gavazzi	Goody Goody Gumdrops
Martha G. Kirkpatrick	Merry Gay Kook
Lisa J. Lieberman	Laughs Just Lovely
Laurie B. Meyer	Laughingly Betrays Martha
Susan M. Page	Sees Many People
Laura E. Reed	Likes Eating Rice
Leanora W. Rines	Leaves When Riled
Martha L. Robinson	Makes Lovely Rig-a-ma-role
Priscilla A. Taussig	Pretty And Tired
Marion Van Ingen	Made Very Intelligent



SEVENTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Jean H. Beckwith	Joyously Hates Birtha
Elizabeth N. Billington	Especially Nice Blue
Jane A. Bliss	Jokes About Boys
Patricia S. Casserly	Pretty Sneaky Camper
Elizabeth A. Clement	Excellent At Capers (after taps)
Brenda Gates	Bad Girl
Elizabeth Kuhn	Enjoys Kitchens
Carol A. Lichtenberger	Cackles About Loons
Joanne C. Marshall	Jokes Campers Madly
Georgia M. Myer	Gets Mighty Mad
Andrea E. Scasserra	Attacks Early Skinny-dippers
Robin S. Tanenbaum	Rides (with) Superior Talent
Ellen B. Teitell	Enjoys Burr Tremendously
Victoria M. Willock	Very Mighty Will
Leslie A. Wilson	Laughs At Walter

TENT ANAGRAMS

Emily J. Bliss	Extra Jolly Burper
Cynthia W. Coe	Cavorting With Confusion
Leslie H. Sander	Laughing Harmonic Sounds

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Linda A. Baker	Limpy At Breakfast
Katherine F. Bunker	Karefully Fashions Butts
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Every (so often) Negotiates Calamities
Philip J. Cobb	Pilots Just Continuously
Gayle M. Fitzgerald	Greedily Munches Food
Mary A. Fortenberry	Makes Afghans Furiously
Sophia Godfrey	Simply Grand
Ann S. Greene	Active Social Gadabout
Barbara A. Hewel	Bellows Arpeggios Harmoniously
Anne G. Hussey	A Great Hustler
Marian R. Johnson	Majestically Relaxes Joints
Margaret N. Kay	Merrily Nurses Kiddies
Bertha H. Nawrath	Busy Helping (and) Neatening
Jane Orbeton	Jubilant Orator
Mary Jane Schomp	Many Jolly Smiles
Sharen L. Schrader	Sarcastically Leers (at) Seniors
Barbara J. Shaw	Blue Jean Security
Doris S. Shellberg	Does Skinnying Systematically
Patricia A. Stewart	Patiently Assists Swimmers
Sarah A. Stinson	Snacks After Supper
Margo I. Van Allen	Mostly Invents Various Antics
Margaret S. Warren	Mostly Stays Wet
Miss Lucy H. Weiser	Many Lovely Hours Waiting
Alice M. Williams	Attempts Motherhood Willingly

AIDE ANAGRAMS

Martha M. Beals	Merrily Makes Booboos
Barbara Dalrymple	Blissfully Doing
Margaret E. Martin	Mischievously Eats More
Ann C. McCreary	Afterdark Cautiously Meanders
Diane K. Sandberg	Dreaming (and) Kontinually Smiling
B. Susan Yates	Busily Stitches Yarn

KITCHEN STAFF ANAGRAMS

Merrilee Bonney	Most Brilliant
Phyllis J. Cook	Practical Jovial Calm
Glynnis H. Foss	Good-Hearted Friend
Avra K. Grodinsky	Always Kinda Gullible
Ruth E. Sawyer	Rarely Ever Silent

MISCELLANEOUS ANAGRAMS

Darius Cobb	Direct Current
Walter H. Kay	Whelping, Huffish Knave
Peter B. Orbeton	Pretty Bossy Operator

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>
Amy B. Bernhardt	Amy	for trouble	with the counselors	Hilary Downe	spiders	Would you please remove yourself.
Marla C. Braun	Marla	at her inspection chart	on the swings	the food	swimming	Get out of here!
Pamela N. Cobb	Pam	at her Teddy bear	with Pam Page	the kitten	inspection	Can I hold him?
Victoria W. Darlington	Vicki	like a beaver	on 4th shack's porch	to sleep late	eating	Careful of my ear.
Hilary C. Downe	Hilary	at cats	with her bears	tennis and archery	for people to call her HilAry	Oh boy, is it cold out.
Valerie A. Greene	Valerie	out the window	with a 6th shacker	to read	swimming lessons	Quit it.
Gwyneth E. Hamel	Gwyn	out the window at rest hour	on sucking her finger	the purple mouse	going to bed	Uh duh, now.
Barbara D. Hayes	Barbie	at posters	without her hair band	making noises	hot dogs	Happy Birthday.
Pamela O. Page	Pam	at comics	with Pam Cobb	riding	archery	Uh duh, now.
Jane P. Rines	Jane	at her stuffed animals	on the swings	crafts	sweet potatoes	I know.

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>
Amy L. Ahrens	Puggy	for humor	for anything she can live for	anything with 4 legs that she can ride	long words that she cannot pronounce	Lieser, I have a skeeter bite.
Leslie Gates	Les	like Bozo when her hair is wet	for peanuts	to cheat in jacks	to be stared at	Oh well.
Lisa Mittnacht	Lisa	for a jacks player she can beat	for bedtime	to have toothpaste drooling from her mouth	losing jacks games	Talks so much you cannot understand what she's saying
Yuki A. Moore	Yuki	for her super ball	at the flag pole	to wake up Barbara Rowell in the morning	not getting to the flag pole before second bell	Well, I don't know.
Melissa W. Norton	Missy	for her jacks	in the kitchen doing silverware	staying in bed	borrowing people's clothes	Barrrrbra
Anna G. Quest	Anna	like a hippy when wearing bell-bottoms	with her guitar	bugging people in free swim	inspection	Well gosh, I can't help it.
Barbara S. Rowell	Barb	like all of her 4 sisters	without swimming lessons	to cackle	Yuki waking her up in the morning	Anna, I mean it.
Susan B. Schoen	Sue	for "Big Daddy's" little Bau Baby	for Bonnie and Clyde	her bangs covering up her eyes	cleaning up after Anna	Oh, Anna.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Susan L. Stanley	Sue	for Jenny	at the stables	to dress up Erving	to be called Susie	Oh, Jenny.
Marita L. Sturken	Marita	like she could use a few changes	for the day when she can run again	her stuffed animals	being called "invalid"	Well gosh, how was I supposed to know?
Jennet S. Walker	Jenny	for Laura Kind's comics	for Erving	Susan's plastic jacks	being called Jennet	Hi, Piglet.

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>
Elizabeth R. Brebner	Betsy	for a jacks challenger	for skinny dips	Pepper, the horse	pied beds	Don't worry about it.
Cassandra D. Cobb	Sandy	for a new cat	out of her bed	Darius	lazy people	Gosh!
Clarissa Y. Cutler	Clary	for a game of jacks	for Toby, her stuffed cat	winning a jacks game	her middle name	So. It doesn't matter.
Lauren E. Dmitrieff	Laurie	forward to Cotillion	for riding	candy	swimming lessons	Good grief!
Liza Gimbel	Liza	for exciting books	for riflery	Zareen	swimming lessons	Cut it out!
Katherine H. Gramstorff	Gramcracker	like her sister	for home	sleeping	cleaning up her room	I mean it!
Judith A. Lieberman	Judy	small	with older kids	Pepper	Shirley Temple	Well, tuff!
Zareen A. Mirza	Zeeny	for bug spray	with bugs	"OFF"	mosquitoes	Linda, will you spray?
M. Josepha Myer	Jody	for team spirit	for undie conferences	Boys! Boys! Boys!	fat people	Grunt! Grunt!
Mary A. Sandberg	Mary	like a boy	in a groovy world	night time	her morning skinny dips	Keep your cool!
Mary P. Sword	Molly	at comics	with Buttons Charlie	Boys	first rising bell	It was really funny!
Roberta J. Tabell	Boop	like Harriet, the spy	for her thumb	cats	her bed	Rats!

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>
Patricia A. Corscaden	Patty	for good news from Lorl	for the day when people stop stepping on her toes	someone over in Southport	Lea and Martha getting in fights	Don't knock it!
Ann Dalrymple	Ann	forward to Lifesaving	with a book	writing her parents	being away from Pepper, her poodle	Again?
Helene B. Fleury	Helene	like de Gaulle	with her troll, Johnny	her troll	people who throw her troll around	Morfa! Morfa! and Stop eet!
Gina G. Gavazzi	Gina	for older seniors	with older seniors	braided hair (her own)	8:30 mass	George!
Martha G. Kirkpatrick	Martha	for Laurie	with a book	reading	counselors taking her book away	M.T.! M.T.!
Lisa J. Lieberman	Lisa	for her sister	in the 4-some room	riding	people coming in and tearing off her covers	Gosh, Helene.
Laura B. Meyer	M.T.	for the nurse	with her diary	Martha K.	sawdust	It's not my fault!
Susan M. Page	Susie	for Marion	for stuffed animals	right field?	a certain horse	Hey, ya' know.
Laura E. Reed	Laura	forward to riding	with her gerbils	Ann	tennis	Don't touch the gerbles.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Leanora W. Rines	Lea	for a good horse	with her face-bow	blowing up her chemistry lab	softball practice	$2n + H_2O \rightarrow Zn$ $SO_4 + H_2 \uparrow$
Martha L. Robinson	Marfa	forward to sleep overs	for the day when she gets a good horse	being funny	getting up at 7:30 a.m.	Coolness plus... and all that rot.
Priscilla A. Taussig	Tussy	forward to having dishes	in a tizzy	someone in Camp Belgrade	softball practice	You, you wanna bet?
Marion Van Ingen	Marion	for Martha	with Blackie	congo bars	playing 3rd base	Gosh-?

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>
Linda G. Cooper	Coopie	smiley	with many friends	the song, "Scarlet Ribbons"	baggy pants	Lucy, my roommate.
Gail L. Gimbel	Gail	like Mickey Mouse	for Leslie Wilson	to read	people who bother her	Do you know where Leslie is?
Lucy S. Gorham	Lu	brainy	for trips	Peanuts and the Gang	people to sit on her puff	You've got to be kidding.
Judith L. Hayes	Judy	distant	singing	Simon and Garfunkle	people calling her Nonnie	Bushwa.
Laura B. Kind	Laura	anywhere and everywhere for candy	impatiently	skippering in races	sleeping in the infirmary	You're full of bull.
Cynthia L. Lichtenberger	Cinny	tiny	quietly	cats	almost nothing	Oh, brother.
C. Virginia Myer	Ginny	happy and adorable	cunningly	the Cream	people to sit on her bed	That's a Runoia no-no.
Marlene L. Orvis	Marlene	for ways of improving herself	with multi-tudes of complaints	water skiing	her middle name	Oh, please?
Claire C. Schoen	deClaire	for new team songs	in ripped shorts	joshing	inspectors	I am so retarded.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Susan S. Sharpe	Susie	like a Teddy bear	for late nights	practical jokes	getting up	Are there any counselors in this shack?
Cynthia L. Tower	Tower Power	peaceful	with great Tower Power	high scores in riflery	tempting foods	O.K. Boss!
Jody R. Walker	Jody	skinny, with her long hair	with juniors	boys	bad horses	That's cool.
Patty Wellenbach	Patty	strong and able	in a frisbee	to be very late for rest hour and bed	stupidity	Y'know guys, this is stupid.

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>
Jean H. Beckwith	Jean	like Smoky the Bear	for Blue Boy	other people's clothes	sandy footbaths	Just cool it, Scasserra.
Elizabeth N. Billington	Elizabeth	thin	in Princeton	Robin	messy rooms	Wait a minute, Robin.
Jane A. Bliss	Jane	for Emily	for rumbles	rest hours	everything	Don't.
Patricia S. Casserly	Trissy	like Verushka	for the kitchen	banana cake	cleaning the pix	Look. I'm really sorry!
Elizabeth A. Clement	Beth	like Bonnie Parker	for prunes	white bobby socks	Junior Life Saving	Why is it always <u>my</u> Ban deoderant?
Brenda Gates	Brenda	like Lady Godiva	for Trissy	clean towels	diving	Hey, the counselors are gone!
Elizabeth Kuhn	Liza	like the jolly Green Giant	for home runs	Willie Mays	the Dodgers	It's a real sailor's hat.
Carol A. Lichtenberger	Carol	sexy	for lemon drops	love comics	archery	Oh no, Ellen.
Joanne C. Marshall	Joanie	like dir Bird	for softball	Trampus	frizzy hair	Oh, poor Laura Reed.
Georgia M. Myer	George	like a boy	for the Blues	to sing off-key	graham crackers in her bed	It's <u>sooo</u> important.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Andrea E. Scasserra	Andy	like an Italiano	for Coco (pony)	Babs	skinny dips	Just knock it off!
Robin S. Tanenbaum	Robin	like "That Girl"	for Patches	Betsy and Elmer	rumbles	I don't know.
Ellen B. Teitell	Ellen	undescribable	for Jerry	Laura Kind's shirts	shaving cream	Goodness!
Victoria M. Willock	Vicki	like Bluey Bee	in her bikini	Ralf	climbing Tumbledown	Stop it, George!
Leslie A. Wilson	Leslie	lost	in 7th shack	shaving cream fights	cleaning up after shaving cream fights	You're gonna get it right in the kisser!

TENT STATISTICS

Emily J. Bliss	Emily	like Mama Cass	in 7th shack	Jane	combing her hair	Zowka pow!
Cynthia W. Coe	Coe	older than she is	in her tank suits	Ceciel	her hair	Oh, gosh!
Leslie H. Sander	Leslie	for the cats	in the library	her light blue shorts	people to touch her books	Oh, brother!

COUNSELORS STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Linda A. Baker	Lindy	a good 500 pounds heavier	in some of David's clothing	"real" chocolate	thick Maypo	Help, help, a Horrible Hoffalump. Hoff, hoff, a hellible Horralump
Katherine F. Bunker	Kathy	like a Levi ad	at the typewriter	phone calls from P.I.C.	gremlins walking at rest hour	Well...
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Betty	for the program book	on impulse	shirt tails in	mosquitoes	Tuesday will be Monday except for.
Philip J. Cobb	Phil	for work for Peter and Walter	for speed	Darius	plunging pixes	Another beautiful day.
Gayle M. Fitzgerald	Gayle	forward to sunset	with her red hair	rainy mornings	to diet strictly	Ouooo, I gotta tell you some- thing!
Mary A. Fortenberry	Mary	forward to warmer weather	in southern comfort	lobster	hypocon- driacs	Come back during office hours.
Sophia Godfrey	Sia	like a camper	checking the wind	Blue Hill	making decisions	Are <u>you</u> kidding?
Ann S. Greene	Greenie	for sweat- shirt bargains	across from the T.V. room	these new fluorescent jobbies over her table	many things quietly	Guess I'll go have a ciggy before...

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Barbara A. Hewel	Barb	awefully at the improve- ment in junior serves	for letters addressed to Mom and Dad	the thought of being a minister's wife	a mosquito under her mosquito netting tent	O.K. girls?
Anne G. Hussey	Anne	for the end of every Sunday	at the piano	fun and games	campers fooling with her bed	Hey, cut it out!
Marian R. Johnson	Johnny	for late nights	for the Magic Marker	to pull a "Johnson"	Guenther's barking	Who's Betsy Ross?
Margaret N. Kay	Peg	for unflyable weather	with Piglet	her electric blanket	having office on a calm day	They must be in the boat- house.
Bertha H. Nawrath	Mrs. Nawrath	for material to make clothes	for her weekly hair appointment	to take pictures of the grand- children	unfinished crafts projects	If you'd just put it back where you found it, you'd find it again.
Jane Orbeton	Janie O.	twelve	for an audience	basic plumbing lessons	the Pratt boy	Oh, no. Responsibility!
Mary Jane Schomp	Mary Jane	to lend a helping hand	in a state of confusion	to collect rocks	the fit of her Sunday uniform	I'm becoming a night person.
Sharon L. Schrader	Schrader	spiffy in her truck drivin' hat	for Mercy Missions	her new hippy Levis	raccoons	Sure, Betty.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Barbara J. Shaw	Barb	like an Indian chief	with Guenther	DUH...	shorts	Hey, man.
Doris Shellberg	Shelly	for a new project	to please everyone	people who follow directions	bare feet	No one's listening to me.
Patricia A. Stewart	Pat	forward to the day she gets off the archery field	in a small crowded room with 2 others	all the head room above her bunk	the thought of first bell	Lights are going out in two seconds.
Sarah A. Stinson	Sally	un-campy	in the tent	people with good fore-hand swings	those huge no-thank-you helpings	Please gather up all the balls and put them in the car
Margo I. Van Allen	Margo	tripped out!	in fifth shack (Occasionally)	her down parka	getting up at the first bell	...type-a-thing.
Margaret S. Warren	Margy	like a walk-ing rainbow	for nights and Day's	us to think the sun did it	summer storms	Duh (duh!)
Miss Lucy Weiser	Miss Weiser	regal	in the traditions of Runoia	the June days when Runoiaites return	the close of camp	Oh yes, I remember.
Alice M. Williams	Allie	at how far she's gotten	for long distance calls	talking	defective spray deoderants	Oh, heavens!

AIDES STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Martha M. Beals	Martha	forward to visits from senior end	for long hair	a meal with salad	store-bought sweaters	Let's go, you guys.
Barbara Dalrymple	Barb	lean	for hot H ₂ O	to move fast	diet talk	And then to first shack to wash my face.
Margaret E. Martin	Muffy	for food	for sunshine	skinny dips	to eat more	Are you gonna have some, too?
Ann C. McCreary	Annie Mac	for Sharon lying in the path	for Garden City High	taking nightly walks	slugs	We have one of those in Tyrone!
Diana K. Sandberg	Diane	for another poison ivy blister	to get up before I do	the ocean, and to be agreeable	straight hair	You'd better believe it.
B. Susan Yates	Yatesy	for true "DUH" fans	in Br-ronx-ville	to bring back Big "S's"	not having her yarn	Funny, ha ha, or funny, peculiar.

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>
Marrilee Bonney	Marrilee	like the Vermont Maid in the syrup ad	from day to day	Winnie the Pooh	Bermuda shorts	Yeah, well I can't get all excited about it.
Phyllis J. Cook	Phyllis	like an Indian	nearby	doing laundry	people fighting	I'm not kidding.
Glynnis H. Foss	Mrs. Foss	funny when she dances	over the hill and far away	an organized kitchen	last minute menu changes	You girls aren't going to get out of here today if you don't stop socializing.
Aura K. Grodinsky	Avie	funny asleep	in a daze	graham crackers with fluff	Ralston	That wasn't dumb, was it?
Ruth E. Sawyer	Ruthie	little	for mail from North Dakota	to talk	not getting her own way	You know what happened...
Walter H. Kay	Walt	Blonde, tall, medium build, and blue eyes	for the Seniors	working in senior end and at the waterfront	his cowlick	Aw, cut it out. You ding ding.
Peter B. Orbeton	Bug Eye	like a typical troublemaker	in a green tent	certain aides	people who don't work	Hey, did you hear...?
Darius	Puddie cat	devilish	in anyone's arms	people	being alone	Purrs like a ten ton truck.





COUNSELORS



AIDES



SECOND SHACK



THIRD SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK



SEVENTH SHACK



TENT



BLUE AND WHITE CAPTAINS

White - Claire Schoen Mary Sandberg

Blue - Georgia Myer Jody Myer



SISTERS IN CAMP



DAUGHTERS OF FORMER CAMPERS



KITCHEN STAFF

COUNSELORS

Betty Cobb

Our favorite director at camp
Likes weather warm but not damp
To the beach she'll careen
In her new suit pea green
And loves to confuse and revamp.



Phil Cobb

There's Phil in his truck so new
Who always has something to do
Mrs. Wilkins he lost
And found Mrs. Foss
And cute little Darius too.



Mary Jane Schomp

Mary Jane to Runoia came late
And this was surely a mistake
Between bells and new words
She felt really absurd
But now she is right up to date.

Margy Warren

Margy blew into camp like a gale
With a tan that makes us look pale
In her bathing suits gay
She goes through the day
With a light that never will fail.



Anne Hussey

This counselor in Junior does shack
She puts away food with a smack
She canoes and does swim
With vigor and vim
But won't win a medal for track.

Marian Johnson

There is a young lady named Johnson
Who loves to swim without clothes on
She's cozy at night
With TV and light
And a blanket electric to doze on.



Ann Greene

There is a counselor named Greenie
A real Camp Runoia Queenie
She lives in Shack One
And likes to have fun
She's got a lot in her beanie.

Jane Orbeton

O Janie has wonderful ways
With the Pratt boy and other odd strays
A bikini she wears
Models jumpsuits in pairs
Tells stories in uproarious ways.



Linda Baker

In a hurry she's learning to sew
This girl with a polka dot bow
Linda's up with the bell
Her diets are, well...
Her, by her jumpsuit, you'll know.

Miss Lucy Weiser

The address is called Lanesend
Up this path many old campers wend
A person so kind
A most faultless mind
To Miss Weiser our wishes ascend.



Doris Shellberg

Our Shelly works in the crafts shop
The campers, they do make her hop
She creates with ease
And aims to please
Tell me, where does her talent stop?

Bertha Newrath

Mrs. Nawrath stayed longer this year
For her service we all give a cheer
During camping days
She works and plays
We're certainly lucky she's here.

Peggy Kay

Peggy's new blanket is warm
Her skiing is done in good form
She dips in the morning
And without any warning
Her third shack was hit by a storm.



Sia Godfrey

Our Sia sails a trim boat
Her laugh is a hearty shrill note
In a loud voice she'll boom
"Annie Quest, clean your room!"
And no one can get her goat.

Gayle Fitzgerald

Our Gayle sometimes looks burly
Her hair it is naturally curly
She can toot her horn swell
And put food away well
Without sleep she sometimes is surly.



Barbara Shaw

At frisbee this counselor's a whiz
A hesitant swimmer she is
She named the new horses
With movies as sources
And rubber bands keep down her friz.

Mary Fortenberry

Our nurse this year is quite young
From braces she releases the tongue.
She's learning to swim
Her bedge she will win
All illness from camp she has flung.



Sally Stinson

In the tent lives our counselor Sally
In tennis class she'll make you rally.
She won't get upset
If you can't jump the net
But to classes please don't dilly dally.

Kathy Bunker

Kathy came here from the west
Climbing mountains is one of her best.
In swimming she races
At rest hour makes faces
She contributes to camp life with zest.



Sharon Schrader

Mean and nasty we thought was old Schrader
Till her riproaring laugh betrayed her.
Exclamations she makes
Lots of sleep she fakes
Our truck driver, we'd never trade her.

Allie Williams

Our California girl's named Allie.
For skinny dips she'll never dally.
In diving she's swell
She skis very well
For Camp Runoia she will rally.



Pat Stewart

Our Pat puts up with us well.
She helps the kids to spell.
She reads to them nightly
In her bikini she's slightly
She listens for every lunch bell.

Margo Van Allen

In five shack there's one fine example
Of a counselor who just loves to trample
Through woods all the days
Paddle out on the waves
And of campcraft her knowledge is ample.



Barbara Hewel

A lob will our Barb never hit
When camping, the fire she'll keep lit.
Many songs she did bring
For Runoia to sing
When reading at night she's a wit.

KITCHEN STAFF



Merrilee Bonney Phyllis Cook Avra Gradinsky

Mrs. Foss

Ruth Sawyer

Merrilee Bonney

Bubbling with joy and glee
Is our pretty little Merrilee
She likes to observe
She's got quite a nerve
There's nothing that she doesn't see.

Phyllis Cook

Whenever there's laundry to wash
Up to the Cobb's house Phyllis will dash
She'll put it right through
Through the dryer too
She's really a most helpful lass.

Mrs. Foss

Mrs. Foss is always able
To keep her temper stable
She's calm all the day
Though we goof in every way
We give her "Best Cook" for her label.

Avra Grodinsky

Avra hates to wash pots and pans
She's afraid she'll get dishpan hands
So she uses mild soap
With every hope
That maybe a boy she will land.

Ruth Sawyer

Whenever Ruthie's around
There's always sure to be sound
But when it comes to work
She never would shirk
Though maybe she would clown around.



Peter Orbeton

Walter Kay

AIDES

COLLON+ISPS+COLLON

CONFIDENTIAL

ROYD

COMBUSTIBLE

FLAMMABLE

END

Ann McCreary

This model-looking girl's from Tyrone
She shoots, swims, sails without a moan
She lives places with all girls
She dislikes any curls
She's always with friends, ne'er alone.



Barbara Dalrymple

Here's a girl in crafts that's handy
In canoeing or sailing she's dandy
She always does ample
Sets a good example
And comes out a lean neat andy.

Martha Beals

She came to us late from the West
But soon settled in with the rest
Her talents were handy
In riding she's dandy
As an Aide she's one of the best.



Sue Yates

Our Susie is full of fun and play
She has her birthday on National "DUH" Day
She'll teach all kinds of sports
Goes on trips of all sorts
She's a friend to remember always.

Muffy Martin

This Muffy, she hauls in the mail
She can swim and hoist up a sail
She goes in for dips
She always loves trips
She loves riding the wilderness trail.



Diana Sandberg

Diana's like a cheerful bird
She always has a friendly word
And flies around with help for all
Her talents vary from big to small
Riding, crafts, and waterskiing
Seem favorites of this human being
She's quite a whiz at many things
Especially with her pair of wings.

SECOND SHACK

Pam Cobb

Pam
Blond, nice
Swimming, arching, riding
She's a good roommate
Cobb



Amy Bernhardt

Amy
Talented, artistic
Writes, constructs, plays
She can draw well
Bernhardt

Vicki Darlington

She has a lot of fun and eats a bun
She is getting old and getting cold
She plays in the sun and boy, does she run
She has some gold that's easy to fold
She can use a gun and once it spun.



Pam Page

Pam Page is always full of fun
She's as sweet as a buttered bun
She's always curious
About things around us
She has the counselors and aides on a run.

Marla Braun

Marla
Tardy, helpful
Sails, plays, swings
She is my roommate
Braun



Barbara Hayes

My roommate is Barbara Hayes
She's gay in many ways
At rest time she's always alone
At night she usually groans
She usually plays most of her days.

Valerie Greene

Valerie
Silly, funny
Playing, swinging, reading
She thinks she's grown-up
Gremlin



Jane Rines

My roommate's name is Jane
She hates it when it rains
Her trunk is on top of mine
To make a dresser so fine
I like her a lot
When we make a plot
To make sure the weather is hot.

Gwyneth Hamel

Gwyneth is so very funny
She has a cute little bunny
She runs and plays all day
She sings and dances in her play
She just can't wait till it's sunny.



Hilary Downe

My roommate is a crazy one
In the morn a lazy one
She's great at swimming, tennis matches
Tops at crafts, kickball catches
If you're ever feeling low
Hilary Downe's a friend to know.

THIRD SHACK

Lisa Mittnacht

A little brown mouse
running across a field of
golden grain,
squealing a warning of
sudden danger.



Amy Ahrens

A laughing hyena
chuckling wildly at
the sight of a lion
but soon regrets it.

Jenny Walker

Jenny Walker is a bookworm
All she does is read, read, read.
And when I ask her to come and play,
She never listens to me!



Susan Stanley

A cheerful rabbit hops along
after a butterfly
But sadly loses it's grip
Watching it fly towards the sky.

Susan Schoen

In kickball Susan is a star,
She's very witty too.
In tennis and volleyball she's very good
'Cause she sure knows what to do.

Yuki Moore

An old squirrel
comforting the young
hurt squirrels after
a long injuring battle
to both mind and soul.



Marita Sturken

An injured bird
Limped across a field of uncut grass.
It gladly welcomed the warmth and comfort
of a human's hand.

Leslie Gates

Of all the poems about camper roommates,
This particular one is about Leslie Gates.
In kickball games titled Blue versus White,
She sure gave that White team a strenuous fight.

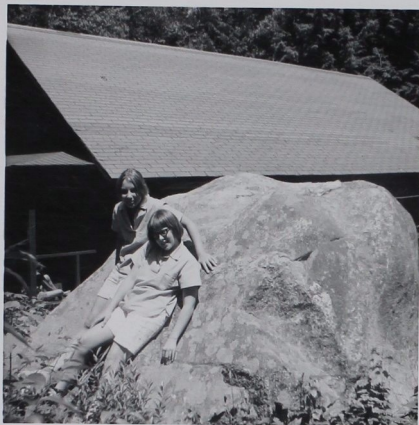


Melissa Norton

A brown chipmunk
chattering wildly
as she gathers nuts
for the winter.

Anna Quest

A lion strong and bold
Roaring through a forest
searching for prey.



Barbara Rowell

Oh, Barbara is a spunky girl,
She's really full of pep.
And when she's playing kickball,
You better watch your step.
She'll help us try and beat the Whites,
Though they are quite a team.
So, if we win our banner,
She'll smile a victorious beam.

FOURTH SHACK

Sandy Cobb

I have a roommate named Sandy
She likes to eat lots of candy.
She uses a broom
To sweep out the room
And sometimes comes in very handy.



Lauren Dmitrieff

Lauren
Nice, friendly
Sailing, kickball, tennis
A real good roommate
Dmitrieff

Zareen Mirza

Zareen once bought a sign
And thought that it was sublime
It said, "Bless this mess!"
And she had to confess
That her room was not too divine.



Mary Sandberg

Mary is a girl of all sports
In swimming and on tennis courts
In kickball she has power
And never will she ever be sour.

Liza Gimbel

There once was a girl of riflery
Who missed the target trifley
When the swimming bell rang,
She said with a bang
I'd better go back to riflery.



Clary Cutler

My roommate is from Winnetker
Her name is Clary Cutler
She is my friend
I'll like her to the end
My roommate from Winnetker.

Jody Myer

She doesn't like me to sleep
So she pounces on me till I'm weak
Sometimes she's a bunny
But at night... it's not funny!
And certainly she isn't meek.



Molly Sword

Oh, Molly has the biggest sweet tooth
If she misses it she'll jump to the roof
She hates to miss candy
So it's lucky it's handy
When she tries to take two, she does goof.

Betsy Brebner

Betsy is really fun
Her smile is like rays of the sun.
She works until something is done.
As I said she's full of fun.



Boop Tabell

A girl named Boop charged into camp
Her spirits always shine like a lamp
She likes baked beans
She never is mean
That girl that charged into camp.

Judy Lieberman

Judy is sometimes very peeky
And at times she is sly and sneaky
She loves riding so
On horses she'll go
She is cute and very peachy.



Kathy Gramstorff

This is Kathy's first year at camp
Her spirit's are hard to get damp
She likes kickball games
And is never ashamed
Of her work in a kickball game.

FIFTH SHACK

Laura Reed

Our Laura's a girl who likes swimming
In the water her antics are winning
She loves to play tennis
She isn't a menace
With her gerbils she always is grinning.



Gina Gavazzi

Gina Gavazzi likes riding
For skinny dips she won't be hiding
When the morning bell rings
"Off to skinnys," she'll sing
And down to the beach she goes sliding.

Marion Van Ingen

Our Marion loves to go shooting
For the White team she always is hooting
She's light as a breeze
Upon waterskis
For her we'll always be rooting.



Susan Page

She sure is a devil from Five
She acts and she looks quite alive
She can drive people crazy
I'm sure she's not lazy
Because of her ears, she can't dive.

Martha Robinson

Waterskiing's Martha's great sport
She excels on the clay tennis court
She hates Sunday Service
Because she gets nervous
She's the all-type activity sort.

Lea Rines

There once was a girl on one ski
Who came rushing right beside me
With rifle in hand
Heading for land
And that is our chemist named Lea.



Patty Corscaden

In Blue-White softball she's great
A Blue team victory's her fate
In tennis she'll lag
But sailing's her bag
To be a real beauty's her fate.

Helene Fleury

In our shack there's a girl who's from
France
Who makes it her hobby to dance
Her name is Helene
She left August 10
And then she'll go back to France.

Martha Kirkpatrick

Our Martha is here from the coast
From Fifth Shack to Saco she goes
She sure loves our crafts
But doesn't like cats
And doesn't have too many foes.



Ann Dalrymple

Ann has got extra short hair
In riflery you'd call her fair
Softball she likes
Occasionally hikes
Please make her hamburgers rare.

Laurie Meyer

Laurie you'll find in a nook
Curled up with her own little book
Sawdust's her bane
She also hates rain
But at cookouts she likes to be cook.



Lisa Liberman

Our Lisa's a girl who has charm
She's frisky as calves on a farm
Likes ice cream in Dixies
Reminds us of pixies
For the White team she will take up arm.

Priscilla Taussig

From Elkins Park Tussy did come
She swings when we sing "Fife and Drum"
A good loyal Blue
She fights through and through
At night she always has fun.

SIXTH SHACK

Claire Schoen

A red flash at night, silence.
Then laughter.
"Haiya!" and she reappears.



Patty Wellenbach

Patty returned with her hair very short
She is good on a tennis court
At night she will hide
And she loves to ride
She's good at most any sport.

Ginny Myer

For Ginny it has been five years
She is a Blue in high gear
She's nice and polite
A Camp Runoia delight
She leaves us all with a tear.



Susie Sharpe

Susie Sharpe, at fishing she's great
She reads at a speedy rate
She's really quite a gal
She makes a cool pal
And that is my roommate.

Marlene Orvis

Marlene in waterskiing does well
Her White team spirit won't quell
As a roommate she's great
She'll wake you up if you're late
On playing cards she often does dwell.



Cindy Tower

Spirit, spirit is her cry
Her spirit, it shall never die
Whether the Blues lose or win
Her spirit shall be as it always has been.

Jody Walker

There's a girl with whom I room
When at games there's a cheer and a shout, then boom!
But at times she's so quiet she's like a mouse
And if you disturb her you feel like a louse.



Linda Cooper

"Coopie" is everyone's friend
On a smile you can always depend
In sports always fair
A great guitar player
For the White team she'll fight and
she'll fend.

Judy Hayes

There once was a girl named Judy
Who almost always did her duty
She'd pick up her room
Sweep with a broom
And never acted very "rudie."



Gail Gimbel

There is a girl, her name is Gail
She talks in her sleep, you should hear
her wail.
She has lovely long hair
And a wonderful air
She gets and sends lots and lots of mail.

Lucy Gorham

There once was a girl named Lu
To Runoia this year she is new
She's so very kind
Has a creative mind
She excels in activities too.



Laura Kind

Laura Kind is a good roommate
At softball and sailing she's great
Her shirts everyone likes
And borrow when they might
And they return them usually quite late.

Carol Lichtenberger

A young lassie named Carol denies
That she is both athletic and wise
At softball she's great
At tennis takes the cake
And by the rules, she never abides.



Cynthia Lichtenberger

Our Cinny's a jolly young gal
To all she's a first rate pal
At sports she is dandy
She's sweet just like candy
Her laughter puts all in a spell.

SEVENTH SHACK

COLLEGE OF THE SOUTHERN

FOR THE
SOUTHERN

BOWEN

COLLEGE

Andy Scasserra

For the Whites at each game she will yell
Her last name people sometimes misspell
At riding she's great
For swimming she's late
And once in a while raises heck.



Jean Beckwith

A pony, galloping across
a field, then stopping,
only to give a defiant snort
and toss his head.

Jane Bliss

There once was a girl named Jane
Whose team spirit was never to wane
At meal times she was rarely late
With Runoia she'll always rate
This great girl from Portland, Maine.



Vicki Willock

A creation of deceptive depth
Victoria's a real little heft
In her orange bikini
(Boy, it's really teeny!)
Ne'er a foe will she intercept.

Elizabeth Billington

Her annunciate pronunciations
Of morals and innovations
Ascend from her imaginations
And fill us all with sensations.



Beth Clement

A happy new camper is Beth
Who is always ready to death
While she's with the Blues
They shouldn't lose
Yes, a happy new camper is Beth.

Robin Tanenbaum

Persuasive, persistant,
Creative, and clever.
And once she's your friend,
She's your friend forever.



Liza Kuhn

Full of spirit, vigor, and vim
With many thousands of crazy whims
For the Whites she really does fight
And towers above us all with her height.

Georgia Myer

There once was a girl named George
Who at mealtimes always did gorge
She led on the Blues
Hoping never to lose
And that is the story of George.



Ellen Teitell

Ellen Teitell is my roommate's name
She has helped the Whites through many a game
She has a Teddy bear, Kelly, who's quite tame
Her original words have brought her much fame.

Brenda Gates

Brenda Gates is an awfully good skier
And at night you always will see her
A help to the Blue team
She never was mean
I think you certainly ought to meet her.



Patricia Casserly

One girl at camp is no sissy
Teasing "the King" to a tizzy
She'll get up after taps
But will never take naps
And, alas, her name is Trissy.

Leslie Wilson

Leslie Wilson is a great skier
So many go just to see her
But when she falls
Oh, it appalls
I'm fortunate not to be her.



Joanne Marshall

There once was a girl named Joanne
Who was very much a Julie Andrews fan
With her "Poor Laura Reed"
She was something indeed
That nice camper girl named Joanne.

TENT

COLLIERIES COMPANY

FOOTWEAR
NEW

ROAD

COLLEGE ST

NEW YORK

Leslie Sander

Leslie Sander's a new girl this year
She knows that there's nothing to fear
At softball she's strong
She can never go wrong
If her glasses are always quite near.



Emily Bliss

There was a young lady who fell
From her bed...at first morning bell
"Zow-ka-pow" was her phrase
She ne'er fails to amaze
Her friends in the tent...where she does dwell.

Cynthia Coe

There's a girl named Cynthia Coe
She loves cowstrangles as we all know
With her thick, frizzy hair
And personality rare
For the Blue team she has pep and go.

COLLECTOR'S COPY

BRICKFIELD

1864

FORD

COLLECTOR'S COPY

SCENES AROUND CAMP



Shelly's birthday party



July 4, 1968



Miss Weiser's treat after the Horse Show



Mr. and Mrs. Warren



Children of Barbara Warren Reed



Children of
Rhoda Lester Farr



Ann Nelsin Heise
and family



Children of
Perry Flynt Phinney

July 1968
Engaged . . .



Kamper Photo
NANCY HAINES FIFIELD

NORTH YARMOUTH — Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Newcomb of Upper Montclair, N.J., and Rockport, Mass. announce the engagement of her daughter, Miss Nancy Haines Fifield, to Nicholas Stillwell McConnell, son of Mr. and Mrs. James M. McConnell of North Yarmouth.

Miss Fifield is a graduate of Montclair High School and Wheaton College, Norton, Mass. She will enter the Teachers College of Columbia University in September.

Mr. McConnell graduated from Suffield (Conn.) Academy and Bowdoin College. He plans to enter law school after a tour of duty in the U.S. Army. He is the grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Clement F. Robinson of Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Lawler Dorsey, Jr.

request the honour of your presence

at the marriage of their daughter

Diane Elizabeth

to

Mr. Warren Chappelle Edwards

on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth day of August

Nineteen hundred and sixty-eight

at three o'clock

River Road Baptist Church

Richmond, Virginia

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Williams Breck

have the honour of announcing

the marriage of their daughter

Judith Williams

to

Mr. Alan McDonald Bush

on Saturday, the twentieth of April

nineteen hundred and sixty-eight

Honolulu, Hawaii

Mrs. Jeanne Shubb Jacobi
Mr. Frederick Arthur Jacobi
have the honour of announcing
the marriage of their daughter
Ruth Elizabeth
to
Mr. David Barry Swedlow
on Sunday, the eleventh of February
Nineteen hundred and sixty-eight
New York

February 1968
L 51

**Ruth Jacobi Wed
To David Swedlow**

Miss Ruth Elizabeth Jacobi, daughter of Mrs. Jeanne S. Jacobi of New York and Frederick A. Jacobi of New York and Chilmark, Mass., was married here yesterday afternoon to David Barry Swedlow, son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Swedlow of Columbus, Ohio.

The ceremony was performed at the Carlyle by the Rev. Dr. Judah Nadich of the Park Avenue Synagogue.

Miss Susan Faith Jacobi, the bride's sister, was maid of honor and Robert Michael Swedlow, the bridegroom's brother, was the best man.

The bride, who graduated from the Masters School, expects to graduate in June from Simmons College in Boston.

She is a granddaughter of the pianist Irene Jacobi and the late composer Frederick Jacobi. Mrs. Swedlow is a granddaughter also of Mr. and Mrs. Myer Shubb of Sioux City, Iowa. Her father is director of Information services for National Educational Television.

Mr. Swedlow graduated last month from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with a B.S. degree in astronautical engineering. His father is an independent certified public accountant in Columbus.

June. 1948

Miss Updike Stephan Burt Are Married

The marriage of Miss Anne Drake Updike, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Furman Titus Updike of Lawrenceville to Stephan Edward Burt, son of Capt. and Mrs. Ernest Burt Jr. of Annapolis, Md. was performed Saturday in the Lawrenceville Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Dana Fearon.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of ivory peau de sole embroidered with crystals and pearls. A matching headpiece held her fingertip veil.

Miss Winifred Bachman was maid of honor. Karen and Betsy Updike, nieces of the bride, were flower girls, and David Updike, nephew of the bride, was ring-bearer.

Peter Burt, brother of the bridegroom, served as best man. Ushers were Charles Burt, another brother of the bridegroom, Alfred Healy and George Noyes.

A reception was held immediately following the ceremony at the Princeton Inn.

The bride, a graduate of Miss Fine's School and Vassar College, is a provisional member of the Junior League. She is presently associated with Signal Magazine in Washington, D.C.

Mr. Burt attended Wesleyan University and is now serving with the Armed Forces at Fort Myer in Arlington, Va.

The couple will reside in Washington, D.C.



Mrs. Stephen Burt, was Anne Updike