

CAMP RUNOIA

1969

CAMP RUNOIA - 1969

Campers

Barr, Cynthia
Black, Christina
Bliss, Emily
Boldt, Sarah
Burton, Constance
Cobb, Cassandra
Cobb, Pamela
Coe, Cynthia
Cutler, Clarissa
Darlington, Victoria
Darrow, Deborah
Davies, Wendy
Dmitrieff, Lauren
Eshelman, Mary
Ewing, Julie
Frick, Lucy
Gimbel, Liza
Grymes, Randall
Guilmont, Diane
Gurganus, Mary
Hamel, Gwyneth
Kind, Laura
Kirkpatrick, Martha

Knight, Margaret
Lauer, Audrey
Mills, Barbara
Mirza, Zareen
Moore, Yuki
Orzeck, Roni
Page, Pamela
Page, Susan
Phinney, Lucile
Pritchard, Susan
Quest, Anna
Rines, Jane
Sandberg, Mary
Schoen, Susan
Scripps, Julie
Stitzer, Anne
Tabell, Margaret
Tabell, Roberta
Taussig, Priscilla
Turner, Helen
Van Ingen, Marion
Walker, Jennet
Williams, Margaret

C.I.T.'s

Bliss, Jane
Casserly, Patricia
Gorham, Lucy
Hogan, Colleen
Marshall, Joanne
Orvis, Marlene
Sharpe, Susan
Sollenberger, Georgia

Counselors

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

Candy, Dorothy
Fitzgerald, Gayle
Godfrey, Sophia
Greene, Ann
Hilton, Elizabeth
Kay, Margaret
Martin, Margaret
McCreary, Ann
O'Connell, Elizabeth
Rimalover, Anne
Schrader, Sharon
Schwartz, Joann
Shellberg, Doris
Stewart, Patricia
Stinson, Sally
Van Allen, Margo
Warren, Margaret
Williams, Alice

Staff

Bean, Deborah
Cobb, Eric
Foss, Glennis
Hutchinson, Linda
Kay, Walter
Orbeton, Peter

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Dedication

There's a place in our hearts
Where misty white clouds
Mask the vast sunny sky,
Where birches and pine trees
And soft beaches lie;
Where brisk gusty breezes
Will billow and blow,
And the trees will respond
As they sway to and fro;
Where seagulls oft' glide
With their wings spread out wide...
Among our summer family
There is someone very dear,
Whom all of us do truly love
For her kindness and good cheer;
She's devoted and she's thoughtful
A connoisseur of her trade,
And we shall always be grateful
For impressions that she's made;
And so it is to Mrs. Foss
That we choose to dedicate,
The Runoia Log of '69
For to us, she's truly great.

Song To Mrs. Foss

Tune: "Edelweis"

Mrs. Foss, you're the one
Who adds something special to each day

Small and bright, Camp's delight,
Never forgetting a birthday

Congo bars, Bishop's bread, apple pie,
We all vie for seconds

Meals we cheer, with "Bobo's" dear
Mrs. Foss, you belong here.

Log Staff 1969

Second Shack: Sally Boldt, Lucy Phinney
Third Shack: Walter Kay, Peter Orbeton
Fourth Shack: Vicki Darlington, Boop Tabell
Fifth Shack: Zareen Mirza, Jenny Walker
Sixth Shack: Martha Kirkpatrick, Susan Shoen,
Meg, Tabell
Seventh Shack: Emily Bliss, Mandy Turner
C.I.T.'s: Jane Bliss, Trissy Casserly
Counselor: Beth Hilton

Log Poem

A Log of creativity
A Log of trips and songs
A Log of imagination
A Log of rights and wrongs;
A Log to be remembered
And looked at through the years,
With many happy memories
And perhaps a couple tears.

Beth Hilton

Can You Imagine...

Anna Quest... with a flawless inspection chart?

Yuki Moore... going to skinny dips?

Diane Guimont... as a Spaniard?

Mimi Gurganus... as a boy-hater?

Julie Scripps... as a "fatlady"?

Martha Kirkpatrick... without Marti Martin?

Meg Tabell... without her Raggedy Ann?

Boop Tabell... without her thumb?

Randy Grimes... without Bongo?

Emily Bliss... waiting for less than fifty years?

Allie Williams... in a one-piece bathing suit?

Schrader... as a choir leader?

Margy Warren... without the Hud-mobile?

Gayle Fitzgerald... without her Tonka hat?

Betty Cobb... without her plaid jacket?

Phil Cobb... without a camera

Greenie... without her "rocking" rock for the pix?

Pam Cobb... without her blond hair?

A MacDonald's... on Lobster Lake?

Camp Runoia... without Mrs. Foss?

A SEARCH FOR RUNOIA FRIENDSHIP

Once upon a time there was a Boldt little Knight named Johnny, who came from far-away Greenie-land. His one and only desire was to come to Camp Runoia to find a Sharpe but Kind companion. He was a very lonely little knight and he had been Barr-ed in a world without any friends. So Johnny set out to travel across Sandbergs and Shellbergs, Marshalls and Grymes-y fields. He became much Weiser from his Rimalover-ing around the world in his search for Camp Runoia where he could find a real friend. He no longer had great Fitz-geralds of anxiety when he couldn't find a place to Moore his little Van(Ingen), or on rainy days, his big Van-(Allen). Yet his one great Quest remained: to reach the Sandy cove on Great Pond where he could be Schoen the great enthusiasm and friendliness of the Runoia campers and their Bliss-ful camp life.

The little knight Sia-ed as he finished his lunch, and threw down his orange Rines and his corn Cobbs. Then, suddenly he knew what he should do. There was an old, wise Eshelman who might possibly be able to find, among his old Pages of maps and Scripps of information, the route to Camp Runoia.

At last, his luck had changed, and with his newly

acquired map, he sailed across the sea, Taussig and Turner-ing in his little boat. Then one day, lo and behold, he stumbled upon Belgrade Lakes. He passed the area of the lumber Mills and Day's store and at length, came to the welcoming Camp Runoia cove. "Bongo" went a huge Ta-bell, and suddenly, great hordes of campers appeared, and all of them seemed to have happy, smiling faces. It was a wonderful sight for his sore eyes. He had had his share of Warren'and feudin'.

At this point, one of the campers came running to greet him. Maybe she's a Stewart, Johnny thought to himself.

"Welcome to Camp Runoia. Would you like to visit and be shown around?" the friendly, smiling camper inquired.

"O-Kay," replied Johnny, thinking to himself, wow, what a real McCreary I've found. Perhaps I can be her friend if she's Willing-iams.

"You know, I've been Orbeton around this world for so long, trying to find this camp, and I wondered if you could tell me about its life, and of its campers and of the things which you are a-Lauer-ed to do."

"I'd be delighted, but let me introduce myself. I am Happy Ness, and I come from O'Connell-land. Here at camp we have great Schwartzes of children from all the Schraders of the continent. There is no Frick-sion amongst us, as we are all caught up in our own Mirza of happiness.

"Oh look, here comes the Coe-head of the camp, whom you must meet. She's just returned from Webber's Martin-izing. By the way, I don't believe I know your name..."

With this, the little knight's eyes filled with tears and a warm and happy smile appeared on his face. Then, arm in arm, the two went Walker-ing down the path and soon Johnny was lost amid the throng of happy campers. At last he had found some friends.

Beth Hilton

A KITTEN

My kitten, a gay little
Gal is she,
With whiskers so white,
And mittens so clear,
You never know exactly
What to expect,
Suddenly 'round the corner
Leaps my great pet,
With head out, and legs out,
She'll fall to the floor,
But knowing my gal,
She'll do it some more!
So back she will go,
Having gathered her wits,
And pounces again
On her four little sticks;
Then after her triumph
In this battle of war,
She licks my small hand
As if to say, "more!"

Zareen Mirza

RAIN

Rain comes and rain goes,
Then where it goes, nobody knows.
Some nights I can lie
Quite still in my bed,
And listen to the rain
Fall softly above my head.
It hits the roof with a pitter-patter sound
Then it covers the whole camp with a wet coat,
And creates little puddles all over the ground.
At evening program we all sit in the Lodge
Warmed by the fireplace,
While we play rainy day games.
When there is no sun,
We must wait and be patient for outdoor fun.

Margy Knight

MORNING AT CAMP

Here at camp I wake up at dawn
To hear the early sounds of morn,
Then the bell, oh how it does chime
It does not sound so very fine;
Then begins the race to the pix,
Just to find that it isn't fixed;
Then, of course, the race to the sink
To find icy water going clink, clink;
You get dressed up in clothes like lead
And find the counselors still in their beds;
Then the sound of the second bell rings
And you still have messy hair and things;
Then comes the third bell and off you go
But are the counselors up yet? Heck no!
You go off to see the flag being raised
And everyone looks a little bit dazed;
Then the counselors come running down the path
My, they try to run so very fast;
Then after breakfast your face is full of gloom
Because the breakfast's over, and you have to clean
your room!

Boop Tabell

CANOEING

Canoeing is fun, and it's easy to learn,
When I hear it's my activity,
To the waterfront I run.
Bow stroke, C stroke, reverse C, and backwater,
They're all important strokes
And I learned them in that order.
But I am still not ready to go out in a canoe,
For there are still some strokes
Which to me are yet quite new.
Pull-to and push-away,
Now I know those strokes,
So out in a canoe I go
With some other learning folks.
There are still some other strokes
Which I have yet to learn
And when I learn those strokes,
Why, then I'll learn to stern.
But what I know at this point
Is just enough for me,
Cause if it weren't, I wouldn't be here, you see.

Sally Boldt

REST HOUR IN SIXTH SHACK

There goes the bell
Get in on your bed,
You'd better be quiet
Or else you'll be dead.

Here comes Schrader
Everybody hide,
Meg, you have crafts
and Julie, you ride.

Mimi and Anna
Let's stop playing games,
Cindy and Yuki,
To the Lodge, if it rains.

Susie Schoen, quiet,
Get out of the pix,
If you don't hurry up
You'll be in a fix.

Martha, settle down
Diane, that's enough,
Wendy, stop giggling,
Quit acting so tough.

Toot, goes the whistle
Everybody leap,
But the counselors have no luck,
'Cause the campers are asleep!

Anna Quest

RAIN

Some days of the week, it rains,
And the rest of the week, it doesn't.
When the sun comes out, it comes so strong
That it's often boiling hot.
But somehow, the rain always seems to find a way
Through that ever-scorching sun.
When it rains, it rains so hard
That camp becomes a sea of huge puddles.
But in the Lodge there is always a warm fire to cheer us.
When dinner time comes,
Mrs. Foss has something warm and delicious for us.

Barbara Mills

THE FIRST DAY AT CAMP

The first day at camp, it was damp.
And then it began to rain,
It gave me a pain.
On the third day of camp
The weatherman said it was going to clear,
"Oh, please, clear here!"
An exciting feeling started at my toes,
And then it rose.
The next day, at last, the sun came out,
I went out and felt the heat on my back,
How nice, I thought, to be out of that shack!

Lucy Frick

HAIKUS

One leaf bowed her head
Others also bowed as she fell,
Only to be caught by me.

A brilliant sunray
Seeks its way through snow-white clouds,
Bringing happiness.

A pretty snowflake
So delicate in its shape
Delights all children.

Yuki Moore

(Written about Muffie Martin)

A young woman stood almost motionless
Against a sky of blue,
She leaned on a post
To support her weary body;
Her blonde hair caught the breeze,
Her eyes sparkled like sun on the water;
She shouted a word of warning to a rider
And then stood still.

Yuki Moore

A POEM

As I struggle to get out of bed
I hear the rain above my head,
As I climb out of my nest so warm
I realize we've had a tremendous storm.
To me it seemed like the heavens opened up
And all the angels had spilled water from their cups.

With galoshes and raincoats and funny rainhats,
We left our shacks even though "it was raining cats"...(and dogs)
A multitude of girls struggled up to breakfast,
All hoping that this poor weather would not last.
As we entered the dining hall a great smell arose,
Which delighted the senses of everyone's nose.

Hot chocolate and bishop's bread was the smell
As we all heard the bong of the eating bell.
Each girl sat down at her very own place,
When the food came out, there was many a happy face...
Well, I will stop now, for there's no more to rhyme,
But I know I will see you in a poem in due time.

Wendy Davies

FOURTH SHACK AFTER TAPS

Sia: "Let's settle down now."

Gwen walks down the hall to the pix and CLICK, the lights go on.

Peggy: "You all were supposed to go to the pix before you got in bed!"

Connie gets out her glo-ball and rolls it down the hall. There are giggles throughout the shack.

Sia: "Get it quiet!"

Margy and Randy are mumbling, and every now and then they return the glo-ball back to Connie. Meanwhile, Audrey and Vicky are having a rubber band fight back and forth across the hall, making their beds squeak.

Peggy: "If you don't get quiet, there is going to be more trouble than you have anticipated!"

There's a knocking on the wall, and Barbara prances down the hall to Randy's room.

Sia: "Let's cut out the knocking!"

Suddenly, Randy lets out her shrill panther scream.

Sia: "That's enough!"

Pammy comes sneaking over to Boop's bed and hits her on the head.

Sia: "THAT'S ENOUGH!!!!!"

All is quiet and you can soon hear the sounds of heavy breathing and an occasional snore.

Boop Tabell and Vicki Darlington

CINDER THE CAT

One day Cinder came over to Fourth Shack. There, he discovered the bird's nest that all of the fourth shackers knew about. The baby birds were only about two and a half weeks old. Then it happened! Cinder crept up on the nest and got one of the baby birds while the other two escaped and flew away.

The next day Cinder returned once again, and Randy Grimes saw her. Randy followed closely behind Cinder. Then suddenly Cinder turned around and the fur on her back stood straight up in the air. Cinder started chasing Randy, so Randy ran quickly back to the shack where Cinder couldn't get her!

Connie Burton

CHARLIE

Who is Charlie? Charlie is a sea-monster.

One day last summer, Fourth Shack went on a canoeing trip. While they were there, they found Charlie's footprint and one of his baby teeth. The footprint was in the middle of a big rock, and the baby tooth was found on the beach. When the campers came home, they brought both back to camp with them.

When winter comes, Charlie crawls out of the water and goes into our boathouse, 'cause that's where the canoes and sailboats are kept, and so there is not very much room for him; but also, Charlie does a lot of hibernation.

One day, Scott, Charlie's brother, swam to our part of the lake, and when he got there, he almost forgot what he was going to ask Charlie, but then he remembered again, of course. Then he asked Charlie if he would like to race to Pine Island and back again. Charlie said he was tired, but he agreed to join the race.

Jane Rines and Pam Cobb

THE EARLY MORNING LIFE OF A SKINNY DIPPER

I wake up early each morning at the first bell, just in time to hear, "Who's going skinny dipping?" I really want to get the Red Badge of Courage, so I answer, "I'm coming, just let me get my towel."

When I get down to the waterfront, I find that there's not a cloud in the sky. "It's going to be a beautiful day," says Allie.

Brrr, the water seems cold, even though the temperature is 74°. When I am sure that Margy has checked me down on her list, I leave in a hurry. Soon, the second bell will ring. Ding! Ding! Ding! Oh, no, I'll never make it, I think to myself. I run all the way back to the shack and when I get to the steps, the third bell rings, echoing through the pine tree forest just behind our shack. I just have time to throw down my towel and grab a brush. My hair isn't too messy, so I don't have to waste too much time bothering with it. Then I rush out of the doorway, letting the door slam behind me.

When I finally get to the end of the Junior line at flag raising, Anne is just shouting, "Fall in!" Whew, I've just made it.

Gwyneth Hamel

MA PREMIÈRE ANNÉE AU CAMP

Ma première année au camp que c'était donc suprenant d'arriver ici et de voir toutes les activités que l'on pouvait faire. Elles n'étaient pas toutes amusantes: comme la carabine que je haïssais. Mais le tennis, la voile, le canoé, les arts, et toutes ces choses, je les ai aimais. C'étaient des choses que je ne pouvais faire à la maison.

Le tir à l'arc, j'aimais ça d'avance. La natation j'adorais ça mais les leçons berk!

Mais surtout j'aimais bien "la femme du tennis," qui était une amie qui jouait au tennis.

Mais il est temps ou il faut se quitter.

Diane Guimont

FOURTH OF JULY

With a sigh of relief, we all watched the fourth of July break through the mask of clouds with its bright sunshine and its clear skies. A perfect day for our activities.

To start the day off, the counseling staff dressed themselves in bizarre combinations of red, white, and blue. Armed with pots and pans, tin cans and spoons, we snaked our way through, weaving in and out of the shacks, as we heralded the coming of our Independence Day with a variety of loud sounds. Soon, all the campers joined in the spirit with their own patriotic outfits.

Our flag-raising ceremony was highlighted by Muffie's and Gail's appearance on horseback.

The morning assembly also played its part in our holiday, and Susie Sharpe taught everyone a lot of patriotic songs. From assembly, the campers were divided into their respective British and American teams, and all set off to make the day a long hard battle, deep in competition.

The two traditional British and American teams each had three appropriate sub-teams, headed by Senior captains, each determined to bring glory to their side by the end of the day.

Each sub-team took turns meeting at a station which was

headed by a CIT. The areas of competition were: relay races, blind newcomb, batball, and later in the afternoon, the teams challenged each other to a tug-of-war, followed by punch and a quick swim.

At noon, everyone came to lunch to find cans of ferns and small American flags as table decorations. To the delight of all, Runoia's traditional strawberry shortcake was served.

Following rest hour, a cross-camp race brought everyone down to the waterfront, where fourth shack and all of the Seniors had a huge treasure hunt. Painted red, white, and blue rocks were tossed into the soapy area. Each color represented a different value for the rocks. What a mad scramble!!! Meanwhile, second shack entertained themselves by building sand castles on the beach.

Water relays came later in the afternoon, with a greased watermelon race which brought the day's activities to a close. It had been an exciting day and the time had passed quickly.

At evening program the final scores for each team were revealed. The Americans, this year, were true to history and came out the victors.

Vespers on the beach closed the day, while each shack took its turn roasting marshmallows and lighting sparklers from a bonfire. What a grand finale to a great day!

Joanne Marshall

THE MISS RUNOIA CONTEST

On Saturday morning during assembly, it was announced that the Annual Miss Runoia Contest would be held that night. When evening came, each shack's contestant took her turn on stage with a person from the same shack who was to interview her. Second Shack's candidate was Christy Black, who portrayed a very glamorous and talented singer. Then there was Barbara Mills from Fourth Shack who was a very "trippy" jump-roper. From Fifth Shack came Mary Sandberg, who displayed her talents for doing bizarre dances. Meg Tabell, alias "Dollbaby," represented Sixth Shack and was a funny, forgetful, wind-up doll who sang a nonsense song. From Seventh Shack there was Emily Bliss, who did a strip tease act, until the rest of her shack censored the end of her act! Finally, there was Lucy Gorham, representing the CITs, as a Russian dancer who needed a bit of help. The counselors had a candidate too. The talented Gayle Fitzgerald, who played a rather dramatic number on her bugle.

At last came the judge's decision: first place went to Meg Tabell, alias "Dollbaby;" first runner-up was Christy Black; and Emily Bliss and Mary Sandberg tied for second runners-up. All in all, it was a very enjoyable and amusing evening.

Liza Gimbel

SLAVES, SLAVES, AND MORE SLAVES

On July 19th, the CITs put on an evening program which would never be forgotten. It began with everyone searching for colored rocks which the CITs had hidden all over camp. The rocks were painted red, white, and blue, and they represented different values. When the time was up for looking for the rocks, the campers all returned to their shacks where a CIT counted up their points and then gave them bullet shells for that number.

By this time, it was fairly obvious that we were having a slave auction. Soon, everyone was assembled in the Lodge with the counselors seated on benches up in the front of the room. My, what a funny group of slaves they made!

Susie Sharpe got the program started with a crack of her large whip. Gayle Fitzgerald and Muffie Martin were the first slaves who were called up. They offered a supper ride for two to the highest bidder. Sue Schoen and Zareen Mirza were the lucky winners.

Margy Warren then offered a free swim during rest hour to the two highest bidders. Vicki Darlington and Boop Tabell were the first to grab this opportunity.

Then Beth Hilton, dressed as a worn out old cleaning

woman, offered to clean someone's room, do their job, and make their bed. Yuki Moore Won this.

Beth O'Connell followed and she offered to take someone's place for a swimming lesson. The hands went up quickly, but Debbie Darrow walked off with a smile, as she was the highest bidder.

Greenie auctioned off her seat at the head of the table for one meal to a senior. Jenny Walker very proudly won the place of honor.

Then up came Betty, with her hair in pigtails, offering to clean up someone's room and change their sheets for them. After a wee bit a bargaining, Gwyneth Hamel ended up the winner.

Dot Candy's offer was extended to any senior who wanted a shampoo and an alcohol rub. Susan Page won this luxury.

Peggy Kay had another goodie to offer: waterskiing for two during rest hour. Sandy Cobb and Lauren Dmitrieff were the lucky winners.

Sue Nelson auctioned off a night out in her trailer to the highest bidders. Boop Tabell and Vicki Darlington won this and also got to decide what they wanted for breakfast.

Dick Nelson followed by offering to let any two seniors make fudge for their entire shack for a milk and crackers treat. Fifth Shack went to bed with a full stomach soon afterwards because Liza Gimbel and Mary Eshelman won this.

Annie Mac then volunteered her services as a piggy-back

carrier to a junior, to go and return from an activity. Randy Grymes won this.

Pat Stewart then stood up and offered to take a junior's place in any activity. Poor Pat had to replace Christy Black,

Allie and Sia had a good offer too. They planned a supper sail on the sunfish, over to Oak Island. Mary Sandberg and Clary Cutler won this treat.

Johnny said that her buyer could watch T.V. for an hour sometime, and Yuki Moore won this second service.

Ricky Cobb volunteered to give early mail to his winners for the period of one week. Laura Kind and Emily Bliss jumped at this opportunity.

Then Walter and Peter went together in their offer to take the winners aquaplaning. Matti Williams, Jane Rines, and Christy Black won this.

At last came Phil, who was dressed in a woman's bathing suit. While everyone was in hysterics over his silly appearance, he proposed his plan for his winners. They would be allowed to plan a meal for a Sunday noon. All the campers shrieked and hollared and there was a tight call for Phil's offer. But Meg Tabell and Wendy Davies were triumphant. The menu they proposed was: roast beef, corn on the cob, hash-browned potatoes, soda, and enough congo bars for everyone to have at least two apiece! It was a delightful choice, but everyone's eyes were bigger than their stomachs, and alka

seltzer was close at hand that night.

Then the CITs closed their evening program and all the campers went to milk and crackers feeling happy and eager to take advantage of their slaves!

Yuki Moore

OUR PINE ISLAND PLAYDAY

On Sunday, July 20th, Pine Island came over for a playday. After a busy week of trips, we were all a little skeptical of the whole idea, but as it turned out, everyone had a great time.

We played a round robin in tennis with them, and Harry Mellen and Marion Van Ingen were the winners. We also had a sailing race in which Peter Richardson and Debby Darrow came in first. There was even some competition in riflery.

After the day's activities had ended, we had a big cook-out on the kickball field, after which Pine Island returned to their camp. Everyone seemed to have a most enjoyable afternoon and evening, and it was so successful that we are busily planning for another playday.

Cynthia Coe

WHEN CAMP STAYED UP TO WATCH THE MOON

On Sunday, July 20th, around 9:15, almost all of camp had gathered in the Lodge. The Cobb's television was settled high on a shelf above everyone's head so that all could see the fantastic moon-walk. The campers and counselors as well sat huddled on the floor in the dimly lit room, and the warmth of their pajamas kept out the chill of the night air. Some decided to wrap themselves in warm blankets and lie on the floor, while others took their places in chairs.

The minutes ticked slowly by, and the campers became a bit restless. To break the monotony of the long wait, hot cocoa and cookies were served, and after that, many of the second shackers drifted off to sleep.

Everyone who was watching the simulation at Mission Control was very impressed, especially since it so closely imitated the actions of the actual lunar module.

At last, the first astronaut, Neil Armstrong, emerged from the LEM and spoke his famous words. There were sighs of relief as both astronauts accustomed themselves to the moon's atmosphere and felt free to scavenge the moon's surface for samples to bring back to earth with them.

After this, many started to return to their shacks for it had been a long but exciting time. But for those

who chose to stay up a bit longer there were more interesting events such as : President Nixon's telephone conversation with the astronauts, the placing of the American flag on the moon's surface, and the humorous antics of the two men as they frolicked around on the moon.

By 1:00 a.m., everyone had gone back to their shacks and gone to bed. The following morning we all enjoyed an extra hour of sleep, and boy, did we all need it!

Yuki Moore

AN ALL DAY SAIL

"Yum, these English muffins are good."

"Ring..." (Betty has just rung the announcement bell.)

"Will Kind, Coe, Taussig, Bliss, Moore, Van Ingen, Tabell, and Quest meet Sia on the kickball field after breakfast."

"Oh, I wonder if it's a sailing race..."

"Hope not."

"We are all going on an all day sail."

"Sia, you're not kidding, are you?"

"Oh boy, Meg, I hope I can sail with you."

"So do I."

"Hey Wendy, can I borrow your parka?"

"Sure but don't lose it."

"No, I won't."

"By the way, where are ya going?"

"On an all day sail."

"Lucky."

The assembly bell rings.

"Bye, Zeeny, I won't see you practically all day."

"How come?"

"I'm going on an all day sail."

"Lucky."

"Well, see ya later. Hey, Meg, wait up."

"Sia, can we sail with anyone we want?"

"We'll see."

"Girls, will you please go up to the kitchen and see if there's anything else to bring down."

"Sure, Annie Mac."

"Okay, everyone pair off and then go get your sails."

"Which boat should we take, Meg?"

"How about the Connie D.?"

"Good, let's go."

A short time later...

"There, we're all rigged. Sia, may we start yet?"

"No, let's wait for everyone else."

"There doesn't seem to be much wind."

"Yea, there's hardly enough to blow a feather an inch."

"I've got an idea. Let's skull."

"Great i..."

"Girls, skulling is bad for your rudder and boat."

"There's Laura. Hey, Laura, will you be our buddy boat?"

"Sure."

"Girls, please move away from each other and stop crowding together. I think that there's some wind."

"Wheee... this is fun!"

"Hey, Yuki, wait up."

"Meg, quick, catch the paddle."

"Whew, that was close."

"Look, we're ahead."

"I've got an idea. Let's turn around."

"Oh oh, here comes Sia."

"Sia, may we eat now?"

"Yes, let's have everyone gather around."

"Look, Sia, there's a motorboat picking up the girls."

"Meg and Yuki, stay where you are."

"Boy, she sure got rid of him fast!!"

"This food is pretty good."

"Say, we've gone pretty far from them."

"Don't they look like an old ladies gossip circle?"

"Oh look, Marion is going to tip!!!"

"I hope she does tip. I'd like to see her try to swim it all the way back to camp!"

"Oh well, too late, Sia's there."

"Be on the lookout for rocks!"

"Okay."

"Hey, Laura, stop cutting our wind."

"Look! There are some guys from Pine Island!!!"

"Meg, come back in the boat."

"Say, we're catching some wind."

"I don't believe it,"

"Goodie, goodie gum drops, my heart is feelin' flip-flops.."

"Girls, would any of you like to go swimming?"

"Shall we go, Meg?"

"Sure."

"Look out, you're tipping the boat."

"Whew!"

"Hey, we're almost at camp."

"Goodie goodie gum drops, my heart is feelin' flip-flops.."

"Ya know, I've really had a great time."

"So have I."

"I sure hope we can go again sometime."

Yuki Moore and Meg Tabell

Counselors' Song

The Blue and White you wear
The way you comb your hair,
The sunny smiles we love so well

Chorus:

These are the makings for
Making us feel swell.

The way you talk a lot
The comic books you've got,
The jacks you love to play so well

Chorus:

The way you laugh and shout
Until you're all worn out,
Around the campfire we can tell

Chorus:

On the land or lake
The trips you love to take,
The stories you come back to tell

Chorus:

And now you all be good
And act just as you should
Until next year when we can say
You were the makings for
Making us feel gay,
Yes, you were the makings for
Making us feel gay!

CIT Song

Memories

Tune: Both Sides Now

By the shore with waters blue,
Stand the girls of Runoia true;
We live in peace, and cares are few,
Now summer's almost through.

We've enjoyed the summer so,
Sailing, swimming, tennis, too;
Happiness as our motto,
Our minds and bodies grew.

It's hard to say goodbye to friends,
But we will soon return again;
And through the letters that we pen,
Our memories we will send to you.

Second Shack's Song

Tune: The Little Drummer Boy

Camp Runoia,
Pa rum-pa pum-pum,
A summer camp for fun,
Pa rum-pa pum-pum,
A camp we all adore,
Pa rum-pa pum-pum,
A camp with sports and more,
Pa rum-pa pum-pum,
Rum-pa pum-pum
Rum-pa pum-pum,
Summer comes
And the campers appear,
Runoia's filled with love
And lots of good cheer,
The lake is filled with boats,
The crafts have begun,
It seems to us this is
A summer of fun,
Summer of fun, Summer of fun,
Winter comes
And Camp Runoia's alone,
We have gone home,
Breaking ice means
Another spring,
The flowers start to bloom,
The birds start to sing,
The bell reminds us all
Of summers to come,
Summers of fun,
Summers to come.

Fourth Shack's Song

Tune: MTA

Let me tell you all the story
Of a camp named Runoia,
In the middle of Belgrade Lakes,
You take tennis, swimming, archery
And canoeing and sometimes newcomb, too.

Do we always return? Yes, we always return,
And our love is still with you,
We come back every year to see Betty and Phil,
And all the counselors, too.

Fifth Shack's Songs

Tune: Spinning Wheel

Camp Runoia is for me,
Lots of fun and energy,
Look at all the sun,
It's a-pourin' in,
Peggy won't you let me go
A waterskiin',
Pine trees tall, waters blue,
Camp Runoia we love you,
Riding, swimming, baseball, too,
There are so many things you can do;
White and Blue,
Friendships true,
Counselors, campers,
Workers few,
Now the people livin' here
Belong to you,
Camp Runoia, we love you.

Tune: Bambi

Take me back to Runoia's campfire
Where I am among my friends,
Take me back to Runoia's campsite
Where my friends come from far and near.

Shining waters, stars above,
Camp is made of joy and love,
Harmony, her hidden name,
Brought from one great Indian's fame.

Take me back, etc...

Blue team, White team, try their best
Striving hard in every test,
No matter how the score may end
We will still be special friends.

Take me back, etc...

Memories of days gone by
Times we've laughed and times we've cried,
Memories like these can't die,
Even though the years go by.

Take me back, etc...

Sixth Shack's Song

Tune: Hey Jude

Here we are
It's Cotillion night,
The Blue and White teams
Will meet again;
To see who will win
And who will lose,
We have fought
Until the end.

The days have gone by fast,
They didn't last
For Runoia's fun and excitement.

And when you leave camp
You have loyalty,
And you've made some friendships new.

Here we are,
It's Cotillion night,
The Blue and White teams
Will meet again,
We do not have to say goodbye,
For we know we
Will see you again.

Seventh Shack's Song

Tune: Puff, the Magic Dragon

Our Camp Runoia
Lies on Great Pond,
With its open wilderness
And its great beyond;

We have our two teams,
The Whites and the Blues,
With sportsmanship and loyalty
We'll fight, but one must lose;

Cotillion as our ending
Brings camp to a close,
With tears and happy memories
As our fondness ever grows;

Surrounded by great pine trees
That hover way above,
We live in a happy atmosphere
That focuses on love;

So, to you, Runoia,
We now say goodbye,
And even as we're saying this
There's a tear in every eye.

JUNIOR TRIP TO REID STATE PARK

On July 2nd, all the Juniors started out for Reid State Park. Everyone had been given a dollar for candy. When we finally got there, all of the campers and counselors hurried to change into their bathing suits. When everyone had changed, we stuffed all of our clothes into our laundry bags and went looking for a nice spot on the beach. It was really hot that day so the beach was pretty crowded, but we finally found a place where we could lie on our towels. Some campers immediately went swimming in the ocean, while others remained on the beach to sunbathe, and still others went to buy candy and gum.

After a while, everyone decided that they wanted some sort of excitement, so they all got together in an attempt to throw Sia in the water. But Sia gave everyone a hard time and finally, the campers gave up their struggle. Then they spied Gayle, lying innocently on the beach. By mutual agreement, they decided to creep up on her and take her by surprise. After a fantastic struggle, Gayle went sprawling into the ocean by the hands of the frolicking campers. At this point, Sia and Gayle were out for revenge, so they caught Pammy Page and threw her in.

Later that afternoon, everyone got changed again. Then we settled ourselves at some picnic tables and ate our supper. When we'd finished, we fed some seagulls our left-overs, while Dick Nelson took lots of pictures. Then it was time to pack up, so eighteen tired but happy Juniors all piled into the blue camp truck and headed home.

Boop Tabell

FLYING POND

On July 9th, a nice sunny day, fourth shack went on a trip to Flying Pond. Dick drove us there and on the way we somehow got lost; but we finally reached our destination. We started off with four canoes attached to the back of the blue truck, which contained fifteen rather crowded campers. We stopped for lunch near some falls where everyone had fun catching crayfish and wading in the water. After lunch, everyone set out to go exploring around different parts of the pond. Much later in the afternoon, we found a place to stop on a little island where we could swim and explore. Each camper had saved her dessert from lunch, so we devoured our congo bars there. We found lots of salamanders and we even brought some back to camp, but they eventually got loose. Everyone had a great time.

Audrey Lauer

Parker Pond Trip Song

Oh, here we come,
Sucking fingers and thumbs,
For our blisters they are large;

We worked all day
Setting up our camp,
Then to the river we did tramp;

We saw a dam,
Walked in some sand,
And some mossy rocks with worms;

They were so green,
We all did scream,
Then back to the road we all ran;

We saw a mill,
And ate our fill,
On our "Big S" candy bars;

Went back to the road,
And saw a toad,
And Annie Mac's old car;

We paddled home,
And had a swim,
Off an overhanging ledge;

And there's lots more,
That we did do,
But that is all we're going to sing!

THE FIRST TRIP TO OAK ISLAND

One bright sunny morning, our group of second and fourth shackers went down to the waterfront and unracked the war canoe and a smaller aluminum canoe. Then we started out on our paddle to Oak Island.

Along the way, Beth asked if we wanted to "bluestreak." But none of us knew what that meant, so Beth explained that it was when everyone paddled together as fast as they could; so we all tried it, and everyone thought that it was lots of fun and asked to do it again later.

As soon as we got to Oak Island, we formed an assembly line to unload all of our packs from the canoes. Then we lugged the war canoe and the smaller canoe up onto the land and left them carefully overturned under a group of pine trees.

When everything had been unloaded and we were settled a bit, we were all given jobs to do, such as: digging a lix and a garbage hole and getting a table set for supper. At first Lucy Phinney and I had trouble finding a good place for our garbage hole, but we finally found one on the far side of the island, with some help from Joanne. By the time we had finished digging, it was time for dinner. We had toad-in-the-hole, and blueberry and apple pie for dessert. It

was so good. After dinner, some campers wanted to play kick-the-can, but I went with two other campers to explore the other end of the island. By the time the game of kick-the-can was over, we had returned and everyone got dressed for bed and sat around the campfire, roasting marshmallows for s'mores and making up a trip song.

The next morning we were up bright and early and ready to fix breakfast. We had bacon and scrambled eggs and toast and Maypo and hot cocoa with marshmallows. When breakfast was over and we had cleaned up and packed all of our things, we got back into our canoes and headed for camp. On the way back we practiced our trip song and sang to some fishermen whom we passed along the lake. Unfortunately, we got to camp just in time for swimming lessons!

Pam Cobb

FIRST JUNIOR OAK ISLAND TRIP SONG

Tune: Walk, Shepherdess, Walk

Stroke, Juniors, stroke,
And we'll stroke, too,
To find the Isle of the Oak Tree
And Great Pond, too.

A trip with lots of spirit
And us in the war canoe,
A trip with toad-in-the-hole
And marshmallows, too.

So, stroke, Juniors, stroke,
And we'll stroke, too,
To kick-the-can and washing pans
And Hershey bars, too.

Ao, stroke, Juniors, stroke,
And we'll stroke, too,
And if we never come home,
We shan't mind, shall you?

THE FIRST LONG LAKE TRIP

Thursday morning, July 17th, the seventh shackers, along with Margy Warren, Muffie Martin, and Beth Hilton, began their trip to Long Lake. The clouds loomed over our heads and threatened us with a storm, but we were determined to leave, rain or shine!

We left in four canoes and we paddled across the lake down to the Belgrade Stream until we reached the bridge where we had to portage. Although the portage took only a short time, by the time we had lugged four canoes across the bridge and down the road by Long Lake, we were all exhausted. Then Margy and Beth went into Day's and brought us each an ice cream sandwich. Boy, did they taste good!

Since there were so many people around our portaging site, we decided to paddle a little farther to eat lunch. We found a beautiful spot in a small cove, just across the lake from the place where we had portaged. There, we devoured our lunch and went swimming off the rocks in the cove. When everyone had rested and was cooled off, we resumed our journey down Long Lake. We paddled over to Castle Island, where we stopped for a short rest. Then we were off to find our Kennebec campsite. We reached Kennebec by mid-afternoon, only to find

that someone else was there. Margy knew that there was another site, not too far from the Kennebec site, but she wasn't exactly sure just where it was. So, we began our search. We hadn't gone too far away when Muffie spotted an opening in the trees on a small island, just across from our original site. With further investigation, we discovered that it was a campsite with a small, rather run-down fireplace and a half-rotten table. But the campers and counselors as well decided that it would be a challenge to fix up this site, and by unanimous agreement, we unloaded our canoes and began our work. We cleared two paths down to the lake, and we found some old boards which we sawed and nailed to complete the half-disintegrated table. When the tent was up and our tedious chores were done, we explored our island and found a lovely spot to swim. When everyone was cleaned and dressed again, we got busy with preparations for dinner, only to discover that we had left our nesting kit back at camp. Having recovered from the initial shock of our boo-boo, we took care to salvage all cans and empty containers for cooking. With a little bit of "roughing it," we were able to make do. In the middle of our tuna wiggle supper, we were attacked by a mob of raging mosquitoes which drove us all into the tent at an unexpectedly early hour.

The next morning, when we finished our breakfast, we set off for the huge rocks which stand high out in the middle

of the lake. We got to spend the entire day relaxing in the beautiful sunshine and jumping off the tops of the rocks. Everyone was disappointed when it came time to leave, but on the other hand, they all knew that we had to return to our campsite early in order to beat the mad rush of mosquitoes! We cooked shishkabob and got to go for an evening dip before the bugs hit. Whew!

For most of us, the next morning came much too quickly. It seemed that we had been through so much together that it was a shame to have such a great trip come to an end. But, with the end of breakfast, when the site had been cleaned up, we were off and on our way back to Runoia. To make the trip complete, we returned to camp with a long account of our trip in the form of a trip song which we sang to everyone that night. This year's Long Lake trip was by far one of the best ever, and all of us can't wait to go again!

Priscilla Taussig
Beth Hilton

LONG LAKE TRIP SONG

Tune: Mandy

Long Lake trippers started out,
Lots of dark clouds all about,
Paddle, oh, paddle, oh,
Paddle, my friends.

Portage was a little rough,
But our seventh shack is tough,
Lift together, lug across,
And down to the lake.

Stopped for lunch
And the sun came out,
Lots of fishes swam about,
Paddle, oh, paddle, oh,
Paddle, my friends.

Tune: Warsaw 42

We got to our Kennebec campsite,
Found that someone else was there,
Had to paddle a little farther
To a site that needed repair.

We constructed our very own table,
Cleared some paths down to the lake,
Just as we got ready for supper,
We found we'd made a big mistake.

We'd come here without our nesting kit,
All except for a pan or two,
But with a little hunting later,
We found out we could make do.

Tune: Linger

Mmm, we don't wanna linger
Mmm, any longer,
Mmm, with these mosquitoes round our heads.
Mmm, it is so buggy,
Mmm, it is so muggy,
Mmm, guess we shall all just go to bed - real quick!

Tune: Yellow Submarine

We all live in a little blue tent,
A little blue tent, a little blue tent,
We all live in a little blue tent,
On Pots Isle, where there ain't no rent!

Tune: Pines at Runoia

The rocks out on Long Lake,
They stand, oh, so stately,
And wait for our campers
To climb up their sides.

The brave ones - they jump off,
The scared ones - they stay off,
And some of them even
Will dive from the top.

But now we must leave them
And rush home to supper,
To beat the mosquitoes
That come with the dark.

Tune: No Man Is An Island

Pots Isle is our island,
And we'll soon return,
To our rocks and sunshine,
And our great sunburns.

Tune: Runoia, Runoia

Shishkabob, shishkabob, shishkabob,
Don't say that word to me,
Shishkabob, shishkabob, shishkabob,
Tee, hee, hee, hee, hee, hee.

Tune: My Paddle's Keen and Bright

Margy, Beth, Muffy, Laura,
Emily, Priscilla,
Sue, Coe, and Marion,
And Mandy, too.

Every trip's better
With all of us on it!

THE SECOND NORTH BAY-LONG LAKE TRIP

On Tuesday, July 23rd, the second North Bay-Long Lake trip went out. The big blue camp truck drove us to the Meadowbrook Stream where we packed our canoes and started paddling. First, we paddled down the stream and then headed for a nice, small spot where we could have lunch. After that we paddled to Crooked Island where we latched our tent and then discovered that we had forgotten our silverware and our soap for dishes. Pat Stewart and Beth O'Connell made stick forks to eat with. We collected some firewood and dug our pits and garbage holes and took care of other camping necessities. We ate our supper and went swimming before going to bed.

The next morning we awoke to the sound of chirping birds and bright sunshine which would make the day a beautiful one. We ate our breakfast and then started out for the Belgrade Lakes where we would portage our canoes. We arrived at the bridges where we portaged and started our paddle toward the Kennebec campsite. We paddled and paddled, only to paddle some more. Finally we reached our beautiful campsite with its huge rocks and its tall pine trees. We unloaded our canoes and headed for the huge rocks which stand out on the

lake. Wow! What fun we had on them! But of course, "all good things must come to an end," sooner or later, so back to the campsite to dig pits and garbage holes, to pitch our tent, and to collect some firewood. Unfortunately, some careless camper had left two huge piles of garbage out in the open. We did all we could to get rid of it. We had our supper and made dough-boys with butter and jelly. Yum! Then we all went to bed.

The next morning we took the long, long way back to camp. First we went back to Belgrade Lakes, from there to the Belgrade Stream by way of Crooked Island and then back to Runoia. What a gay, exciting, and fun trip!

Zareen Mirza

SECOND LONG LAKE TRIP SONG

Tune: Turn Around

There is sunshine all around us
Turn around, see your burn,
There are branches, the jungle grows closer,
Turn around, we missed our turn,
The river is getting wider
Open your eyes, we're in North Bay,
We paddle harder, we begin to cheer,
Our Crooked Island is really near.

Tune: We Are Marching to Pretoria

We have no silverware, and so
We will eat with sticks,
So, we will eat with sticks,
So, we will eat with sticks,
We have no powdered soap,
So, we'll use body soap,
So, we'll use body soap,
As we camp along.
We are paddling to our Kennebec site,
Our Kennebec site, our Kennebec site,
We are paddling to our Kennebec site
To try our luck again.

Tune: Row, Row, Row

Lift, lift, lift your canoes,
Higher over the stream,
Huff, puff, huff, puff,
We're running out of steam.

Tune: Witchcraft

If there were witchcraft
We'd make two wishes,
Some extra time to jump off all the rocks,
And then we'd wish for our missing silver,
So we could eat like human beings again.
And what we'd like is to return,
So we can use our wooden forks again,
But since we must leave upon the morrow,
We will go with our happy memories.

FOURTH SHACK'S TRIP TO BLUE HILL

On the morning of July 22nd, Fourth Shack left for an overnight to Blue Hill. The trip took approximately two and a half hours. When we arrived we had to unload the cars. Then we changed into our bathing suits and started digging clams for supper. When we'd caught enough clams, we all went swimming in the Blue Hill Bay. After we had cleaned up our mess from digging the clams, we all got to see an art exhibit which was being held at the Blue Hill Library. There were lots of people there and we all enjoyed looking at the pictures. Then we returned to the Godfrey's cottage where we cooked our clams and then later we cuddled up in our sleeping bags and told ghost stories to each other for about half an hour. Finally, it got quiet and everyone settled down and soon fell asleep.

The next morning we woke up one by one, and soon, Peggy came in to tell us that we could get up. So we all got dressed and then watched the seals that sat out on Tide Rock which was not very far from the Godfrey's cottage. Then we all got dressed and rolled up our sleeping bags. After that, some of us got to go out in a committee boat for a sailing race, while others went into town to a Pottery Shop where

we saw pottery and other such articles being made.

When we came back for lunch, everyone was ready to dig for more clams. Altogether, we collected four huge buckets full, one of which we had that noon. We packed the rest along with all of our weary bodies into the cars and headed for home. We were all sad to leave, but Peggy and Sia let us stop for ice cream cones on our way home, and that made everyone happy.

Pam Page

BELGRADE STREAM PADDLE

Thirteen of us slipped into four slim canoes and we were off to explore the Belgrade Stream. The sun was up high and immediately began painting us various shades of red and brown. Clear skies stood overhead. Slowly, we swept downstream through lily pad lands and marsh flower fields. The birds were with us; we stopped to listen and observe. A bluebird with darker blue stripes and a white-tipped tail; a blackbird with a dashing red spot; and a seagull. The stream twisted and turned. At times we seemed so isolated from the world - four canoes alone on silent waters. At other times we were under bright bridges, beside pastures of grazing cows and sheep, at the base of a dam, or at the side of a road. At the end of a few hours, we paddled through a tall, reedy marsh. We had finally arrived at our destination - Messalonski.

Joie Schwartz

SECOND LOWER SANDY RIVER TRIP

On July 25th, we started our on our Sandy River paddle in a very mucky place. Soon we came to our first set of rapids, but then, just around the corner, the river grew quiet and peaceful once again. It seemed from that point on that the rapids would appear around every other bend. In one section the rapids were almost half a mile long. On another occasion, the river suddenly divided into two streams, leaving the decision of which stream to take, up to us. As fate would have it, we ended up taking the wrong stream, and we had to back-track quite a distance. After that, we came across a man who could tell us how far it was to the Gaging Station. He also informed us that he was from Arizona, and we were impressed that he had come so far for a vacation. At last we reached the Gaging Station, and by this time, Betty, as well as all of the campers, was a bit grumpy. It was an exhausting afternoon, but everyone had a good time and was grateful for the experience.

Mary Eshelman

RAINY CANOE TRIP

One Tuesday morning, a group of campers were told that they were going on a war canoe paddle with Allie. It had rained earlier that morning, but by the time we were ready to leave, it had pretty well cleared up. We unracked the war canoe and everyone piled into it.

We paddled up the lake, along the shore, heading for Penobscott Camp. Then suddenly it began to rain, and soon we found ourselves amid a terrific downpour. When we arrived at Penobscot, there were some people there who invited us in, but we thanked them and said that we really had to get back to camp. Stroke...feather...stroke...and stroke...feather...stroke. On we paddled.

At this point, the rain was coming down with incredible speed and we soon had at least an inch of water in our canoe. Everyone was drenched and some even decided to start splashing each other. It was so much fun. But Allie told us that we would have to concentrate on getting back to camp, so we had to stop.

We finally reached camp and went swimming, when our canoes had been racked, and everyone knew that we had returned safely. We all had a great time and lots of exciting tales to tell to all of our friends.

Zareen Mirza

SECOND ANDROSCOGGEN LAKE

Our trip started out on a Wednesday. Phil drove us to Wayne, Maine, where we met Margo's trip which had left a few days before, and we all ate lunch together. Soon afterwards, we went our separate ways, Margo's group returning to camp, and our group heading for Androscoggen Lake and our campsite there.

When we first put our canoes into the stream, we ran into some fast water, and we had to walk our canoes for a short distance. But luckily, we soon came upon the calm and clear Androscoggen Lake. We had a relaxed and leisurely paddle for the next hour and a half as we explored around the lake. At last we arrived at our campsite where we found: a tent platform with lots of mattresses under it, a table with a roof and benches, a rope swing, and believe it or not, black sand. It was, needless to say, quite a luxurious spot. Unfortunately, it had one drawback: the mosquitoes were kings of the woods, and they so densely populated the woods that it was virtually impossible to spend more than a few minutes there.

When everyone had established their belongings, we enjoyed a pleasant swim in the lake, followed by a delicious supper of sloppy joes and lemon pie.

The next morning we awoke to the sound of the crying loons. On our return paddle, we even saw a huge rock that we all could have sworn was a moose. We arrived at our original point of canoe entry into the lake where we were met by Dick. Then we received the news that the astronauts were safely back on earth. It had been quite an exciting day.

Clary Cutler

LOBSTER LAKE TRIP

On Sunday, August 3rd, a group of six campers, Mimi Gurganus, Sue Schoen, Julie Scripps, Laura Kind, Wendy Davies, and Meg Tabell, and counselors Sharon Schrader, Margo Van Allen, Peter Orbeton, with Trissy Casserly as the accompanying CIT, all left for a three to four day trip on the west branch of the Penobscot.

Having taken the wrong turn north of Greenville, and having gotten a new tire for the canoe trailer, we finally made camp for the night around 9:30 p.m.

Monday morning we had our first look at the river with its large rips, only a few yards downstream, and the water that rushed quite fast because of the Great Northern Paper Company's logging. Therefore, we decided to put in at a place called Penobscot Farm where the water was slower and would give us a chance to get accustomed to the river. After paddling for at least a half and hour, and having drifted for about twenty-five minutes, we came to the junction of Lobster Lake. Because of the speed of the current, we decided to take the trip down the west branch to the lake and down the Chesuncook Lake to the Chesuncook Dam where we would end our trip and leave Peter to hitch-hike 110 miles to get the car for us. Lunch, consisting of p.b.&js and oranges came

at 1:15 and then we started the paddle for a campsite for the next night. We reached this campsite around 4:15 and, having had a swimming demonstration from Julie and Laura, we prepared our camp for the night.

Tuesday morning we awoke to find ourselves in sopping wet sleeping bags to the sound of pattering rain. After a breakfast of Maypo, we set off for the Chesuncook Lake around 8:30 a.m. Foxhole Rips, which we had been told were trecherous, passed more easily than we had expected, and we continued for a half hour paddle in the rain.

At the mouth of the west branch, we encountered the G.N.P. Co. cleaning the pulp off the river banks, and we had to lift the canoes over a double boom, two strings of logs chained together to hold the pulp in, and then we were in the lake. There was a man at the Chesuncook Village who told us that there were at least twenty more miles before the end of the lake, so we had to forget about trying to get there in one day. Consequently, we had to paddle another four miles or so before we could stop. We finally found a state campsite where we ate lunch. Several of us wanted to go swimming and eat our sandwiches in the lake, because we figured that it would be much warmer in the water than in the cold air and the rain. The p.b.&js were practically inhaled and shortly thereafter we set off for our campsite which was about seven miles down the lake. By the time we

had reached the site, we were all exhausted, and much to our dismay, there was already another family there. But they were planning to leave soon, and they invited us to share their spot until they were ready to leave. By this time the rain had finally stopped, and we set up camp and got a roaring fire going to warm our frozen bodies and to dry our sopping clothes. Everyone slept soundly that night, and we woke up to clear skies the next morning.

Wednesday morning we departed around 9:15 and after paddling for an hour or so, we all stopped for a refreshing dip in the lake. Before we had stopped, Sharon had murmured some famous words such as, "Nice day if it don't rain..." Unfortunately, we had no sooner begun to appreciate the glorious sunshine when dark threatening storm clouds hovered over us, and we hurried to reach the end of the lake which was fast disappearing in the creeping fog. Only ten minutes from our destination, the storm proved to be victorious, and we were forced ashore to watch the most fantastic, ominous storm that we had ever seen in our lives. We finally reached the end of the lake shortly after the storm had subsided, and Peter immediately started on his way for the car, while Sharon and Margo led us to our campsite for the night. Much to everyone's surprise, Peter arrived with the car, having gone 200 miles in only five and a half hours. We hastily broke camp and left the canoe trailer behind because it was overloaded. We reached camp about 1 a.m., tired but pleased with the trip. We tip-toed down to our shacks and everyone fell fast asleep with Foxhole Rips rushing through our minds.

Wendy Davies, Sue Schoen, Peter Orbeton

THE JUNIORS' TRIP TO A BLUEBERRY FARM

One day in late August all the Juniors set out to go to a blueberry farm. We were put into groups of four and five when we got there. Then each group got a bucket and began to collect blueberries. Annie Mac and Allie were the first ones to get their buckets full. The blueberries were really big, and boy, did they taste good!

After we had collected all the blueberries that we had time for, we climbed a huge tower that was at the top of a big hill. After that, we returned to camp, quite full of blueberries but very happy. It had been an exciting day.

Lucy Phinney

Seventh Shack's

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Marion VanIngen bequeaths her racing dive to Muffie Martin
Cindy Coe bequeaths Oreo cookies to Susan Schoen
Priscilla Taussig leaves her training bra to Allie Williams
Susan Page bequeaths her crutches to Ann Stitzer
Emily Bliss leaves her track shoes to Marion VanIngen
Laura Kind bequeaths her gullability to Peter Orbeton
Mandy Turner leaves sleeping late to Yuki Moore
Annie Mac and Beth leave a braiding machine to Margy
Seventh Shack bequeaths 73 rings of the bell to Walter

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Dorothy G. Candy	Dotes Gloriously (on) Cure-Alls
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Endlessly Needs Coffee
Philip J. Cobb	Prompts Jobs Continuously
Gayle M. Fitzgerald	Great (at) Making Faces
Sophia Godfrey	Spontaneous Guffaws
Anne S. Greene	Always Suntans Gloriously
Elizabeth L. Hilton	Ever Laughing (and) Harmonizing
Marian R. Johnson	Manages Rapport Judicially
Margaret N. Kay	Maneuvers Naughty Kids
Margaret E. Martin	Much Enthusiasm (for) Matches
Anne C. McCreary	Ancient Classic Matching Clothes
Elizabeth P. O'Connell	Ever Perusing Oodles (of) Comics
Anne M. Rimalover	Awaits Mail Readily
Sharon L. Schrader	Seen Loafing Seldom
Jo Anne Schwartz	Joyfully Artistic (and) Skillful
Doris A. Shellberg	Designs Artistic Scenery
Patricia A. Stewart	Paddlers Avidly Seeks
Sally A. Stinson	Seems Always Serene
Margo I. Van Allen	Motivates Individuals (to) Venture (the) Alagash
Margaret S. Warren	Manages (a) Ship-Shape Waterfront
Lucy H. Weiser	Lovely, Humble and Wise
Alice M. Williams	Always Making Whoopie

CIT ANAGRAMS

Jane Abbott Bliss	Just Ain't Buoyant
Patricia Susan Casserly	Pretty Sexy CIT
Lucy Stetson Gorham	Lots (of) Silly Gestures
Colleen Hogan	Corresponds Happily
Joanne Catherine Marshall	Joyful Creature Maker
Marlene Lelia Orvis	Makes Laughter Offhand
Susan Spear Sharpe	Sour Sounding Singer
Georgia Sollenberger	Generally Silent???

KITCHEN STAFF ANAGRAMS

Deborah J. Bean	Devoted (to) Jayson Because...
Glynis H. Foss	Gives Hardtimes (to) Fatties
Linda D. Hutchinson	Lives Dangerously (and) Recklessly

SECOND SHACK ANAGRAMS

Christina E. Black	Carefully Erases Boo-Boos
Sarah A. Boldt	Super-Sonic Atom Bomb
Pamela N. Cobb	Patient Nice Child
Lucile S. Frick	Loves Spotted Frogs
Quites R. Orzeck	Questions Ridiculous Obstacles
Lucile F. Phinney	Looks For Pennies
Jane P. Rines	Jinxes People Readily
Margaret M. Williams	Madly Mixes Whipped-Cream

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Eric W. Cobb	Empties Waste Cans
Walter H. Kay	Wants His Kingdom
Peter B. Orbeton	Plays Baseball Often

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Constance D. Burton	Cheer Does Bring
Victoria W. Darlington	Vigorously Works Daily
Randall W. Grymes	Runs Wildly (and) Gracefully
Gwyneth E. Hamel	Gives Everyone Help
Margaret B. Knight	Messy Bunk Keeper
Audrey A. Lauer	Always Acts Lively
Barbar L. Mills	Bellows Like Mad
Pamela O. Page	Peeks Over (the) Pix
Nancy A. Stitzer	Naturally Acts Sophisticated
Roberta J. Tabell	Runs, Jogs, (and) Trots

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Cassandra D. Cobb	Constantly Devours Candy
Clarissa Y. Cutler	Constantly Yaps Crazily
Deborah A. Darrow	Dubiously Answers Ding-a-lings
Lauren E. Dmitrieff	Likes Eating Dinner
Mary S. Eshelman	Marrily Shows Excitement
Juliet C. Ewing	Jumps, Cuddles, (and) Eats
Liza Gimbel	Loves Grimsby
Zareen A. Mirza	Zanily Answers Mary
Mary A. Sandberg	Mostly Acts Sensibly
Jennet S. Walker	Joyfully Swings Wildly

SEVENTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Emily J. Bliss	Exceptionally Jovial Blabber
Cynthia W. Coe	Certainly Was Crazy
Marion Van Ingen	Makes Various Inquiries
Laura Beth Kind	Likes Being King
Susan M. Page	Seems Mighty Perky
Susan Pritchard	Super Player
Priscilla A. Taussig	Peppy and Thin
Helen M. Turner	Has Many Talents

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Cynthia Barr	Constantly Barks
Wendy Anne Wilding Davies	Willingly Anything Will Do
Diane M. A. Guimont	Does Many Activities Gleefully
Mary Frances Gurganus	Makes Frequent Guffaws
Martha G. Kirkpatrick	Marvelously Misguided (and) Krazy
Yuki Ann Moore	Young And Merry
Anna G. Quest	Annually Goes Quietly
Susan B. Schoen	Skillfully Bats Softballs
Julia O. Scripps	Jokes Openly (with) Sharon
Margaret E. Tabell	Merrily Eats Tootsie-Rolls

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Dorothy G. Candy	Dot	motherly	to avoid fattening foods	to tell her bathtub story	horses that <u>step</u> on campers feet	I'll be right with you.
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Betty	for things to do on a rainy day	for sunshine	parents' weekend smiles	chewing gum	Need I say more?
Philip J. Cobb	Phil	neat with his side-burns	making menus	to take pictures	missing food	Hellooo, there...
Gayle M. FitzGerald	Gayle	different	under her hat and in her boots	to eat	rainy day riding	<u>I</u> know, <u>You</u> ... and <u>I'll</u> ...
Sophia Godfrey	Sia	for more skippers	in the tin boat	to visit the McClures	mosquitoes and races with Pine Island	I'll go down and look.
Anne Greene	Greenie	more match- ing than ever	for water- skiing	doing panto- mimes of Johnny	rushing at the table	One, two, three, four, five...
Elizabeth L. Hilton	Beth	bleached	behind the typewriter	the braided look	being clumsy	Mmmmm (Indian style)
Marian R. Johnson	Johnny	great!!!	for a peace- ful rest hour	slanting overpasses	being late for camp	I'll blow if you'll ring.
Margaret N. Kay	Peggy	like a worried mother	for a calm lake	her new pink suit	over-crowded days	O.K., kids, let's go.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Margaret E. Martin	Muffie	forward to the Cape	for Gayle to be back in commission	to play nurse	eating to excess	No, Gayle...
Anne C. McCreary	Annie Mac	for her tan line	for Peter	extra naps	store	Oh, definitely...
Elizabeth P. O'Connell	Beth	for new Love comics	for a sleep-over with no 8:30 mass	a huge bowl of popcorn	diets	You've got to be kidding.
Anne M. Rimalover	Annie-Over	cute in her rain hat	for telegrams	smiley faces	unkempt tennis courts	Alright, ladies.
Sharon L. Schrader	Schrader	for help doing sheet laundry	for her summer shopping spree	melting plastic	crushed peanut butter & jelly sandwiches	Time for a mercy mission?
Joanne Schwartz	Joie	for the beautiful	in the crafts shop	to sail	cold weather	Hey, kid...
Doris Shellberg	Shelley	for all of her supplies	busily	to see things done well	an empty shop	Now, if you girls will just listen a minute..
Patricia Ann Stewart	Pat	young for her age	to get canoeing tests passed	the guy in the XKE	Bob Dylan	Right.
Sally A. Stinson	Sally	neat	on the tennis court	chocolate fudge	being inactive	All right, you guys.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Margo I. Van Allen	Margo	with a gleam in her eye	in her own way, telling funny stories	a challenge	wearing city clothes	Oh, no! Another notice from the bank!
Margaret S. Warren	Margy	cute in braids	for her dark tan	her new ski sweater	a noisey and unorganized vespers	That's neat.
Lucy H. Weiser	Miss Weiser	forward to campers' visits	with a beautiful flower garden and lots of animal friends	to show the campers her special penny	a slow morning	Of course I remember her name.
Alice M. Williams	Allie	cute with a bunny tail	for the summer	diving for moorings	sore muscles	One, two, three, four, five, six...
Cinder Cobb	Cool Cat	for shrews	for night- walking	to sleep	the lake	Meow!!!

CIT STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Jane A. Bliss	Jane	for socks	with a radio plugged in her ear	teaberry gum	almonds	There was this huge wolf-spider.
Patricia S. Casserly	Trissy	for rubber bands to borrow	to add pluses and minuses to her own ways of thinking	talking to maintenance	false enthusiasm at 7 a.m.	C'mon you guys, listen.
Lucy S. Gorham	Lu	like a piranha	for her dog	to imitate Laugh-In characters	light meals	I want some meat that I can sink my teeth into.
Colleen Hogan	Colleen	like a typical 16 year old	for recognition	hairy conductors	people who borrow things	Hi-ya.
Joanne C. Marshall	Joanne	like Joan Crawford	for the time when she'll see J.L. again	to discuss B-W-OIS	stewed tomatoes	N-o, git away.
Marlene L. Orvis	Mar-Mar	for comic books	in the pix	her hair	summer reading lists	Listen, girl.
Susan S. Sharpe	Susie	for clothes to borrow	for food	Debbie & Linda	opposition	We really hit that joint, man.
Georgia Sollenberger	George	like Dracula	for Ricky	E-a-s-t H-i-g-h	people, with no enthusiasm at 11:30 p.m.	Hey, you guys.

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>
Deborah Jean Bean	Debbie	like a Miss America contestant	for next summer	J.D.	pots and pans	Can-it!!!
Glynnis H. Foss	Mrs. Foss	like the Queen of the kitchen	to please	her grand-children	a dirty kitchen	Don't put anything out on the table that you wouldn't eat yourself.
Linda Darlene Hutchinson	Hutsy	sleepy	recklessly	Saturday nights	falcons	Forget-it.

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>
Christina E. Black	Christy	like a monkey	in the pix	fooling around	kickball practices	Well, I didn't know.
Sarah A. Boldt	Sally	like Donald Duck	on a warped bed	Blue-White kickball games	silverware	Hey, you.
Pamela N. Cobb	Pam	like a happy camper	everywhere	to give piggy-back rides	to be teased by Ricky	Cut-it out.
Lucile S. Frick	Lucy	for her name on the riding list	in her room	horses	rest hour	I didn't do it.
Quites R. Orzeck	Roni	like a little elf	with Laura Kind	protective counselors	being tickled	Stop it.
Lucile F. Phinney	Lucy	a lot like her mother	with her teddy bear	congo bars	being quiet during rest hour	Get out of our room.
Jane P. Rines	Janie	forward to riflery	in the water	brownies	swimming lessons	I know.
Margaret M. Williams	Matti	cute with freckles	down by sixth shack	playing jacks	cleaning her room	I can't do it.

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>
Eric W. Cobb	Ricky	for his Playboy magazines	to see G.S.	boat rides	peeling potatoes and K.P.	Hi...
Walter H. Kay	Walt	forward to getting his drivers license	to learn how to fly	sitting on the swings	hearing Phil say, "You boys start and I'll join you a little later."	This stuff is girls' food.
Peter Orbeton	Peter	for anything to do besides bush cutting	for his nights out and his drives in the Hudmobile	to drive by Seventh Shack	working on National holidays	Oh, c'mon.

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>
Connie Burton	Connie	like a boy	with her stuffed animals	congo bars	getting yelled at	I'll probably futz it up.
Victoria W. Darlington	Vicky	confused	for Rosie, her stuffed mouse	Boop and Randy	having people joke around at kickball practices	I'll hit-cha, Randy, I'll hit-cha.
Randall W. Grymes	Grymes	at comics	in a daze	Bongo	having porch	All right, Darlington, you're asking for it.
Gwyneth Hamel	Gwyn	for the package list	for skinny dips	to play jacks	having to do pix	Anne!
Margy Knight	Margy	like Charlie Brown	with Randy	horses	almost nothing	Um, um, um.
Audrey A. Lauer	Audie	for a broom	with Pammy	getting packages	having break-fast silverware	Oh, but...
Barbara Mills	Barbara	confused	to laugh	candy	getting a bad mark in inspection	Nuts!!!
Pamela O. Page	Pammy	like a rabbit when she twitches her nose	on the porch	to play jacks	silverware	Audrey.
Nancy A. Stitzer	Stitz	older than she really is	with Gwyneth	to beat people in jacks	people yelling at her	Okay.
Roberta Tabell	Boop	like a shaggy dog	with her pillow and thumb	Vicky and Randy	cauliflower	I didn't do it!

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>
Cassandra D. Cobb	Sandy	for Cinder	for her mother to take her out	to talk	people sitting on her bed	C'mon, you guys.
Clarissa Y. Cutler	Clary	like a lion cub	without sadness	to swim	people getting cold quickly	Boy.
Deborah A. Darrow	Debbie	like a grandmother	for her gerbils	to wear her hair up	having to wear a toilet seat	Clary.
Lauren E. Dmitrieff	Lauren	for Sandy	for Cotillion	to lag behind before going to bed	people leaving her record player on	Oh, gross.
Mary Eshelman	Mary	like a boy	for candy	long shorts	boys	No, I mean it.
Juliet Ewing	Julie	for Debbie	for bubble gum	to grunt	making her bed	Oh, gosh.
Liza Gimbel	Liza	for a good book	for ballet	well-kept hair	spiders	Zareen, can I have a piece of gum?
Zareen Ann Mirza	Zareen	forward to riding	for B.B.	to raise her eyebrows	being teased about B.B.	Are you kidding?
Mary A. Sandberg	Mary	for Freckles	under shelter, always	Clary	dust	Come on.
Jennet S. Walker	Jenny	for a new hair style	in a beautiful world	boys	a dull day	Oh, yuck.

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>
Cynthia Barr	Cindy	like Bonnie	in her black and blue tank suit	Julie	swimming lessons	Julie!
Wendy Davies	Wendy	inquisitive	immaculately	Meg's brush	her frizzy hair	Gee, what d'ya expect?
Diane Guimont	Diane	French	in her blue shorts	her dog	people sitting on her bed	Poor Marti-Marthin.
Mary Gurganus	Mimi	mischievous	in confusion	noise	cold water	Oh, gross
Martha Kirkpatrick	Marti-Marthin	for her comics	in her bed	to get dressed while in her bed	being called Marti	Oh, blaaast!
Yuki Ann Moore	Yuki	thoughtful	for the first bell	to be early at flag raising	not much	Oh, sure.
Anna G. Quest	Anna	for things she can't find	to hear from C.D.	or seems to like being messy	inspectors	Schooooooen.
Susan Schoen	Schoen	like a boy	quite neatly with Wendy	her dog	limitations on food	No Congo bars?
Julia O. Scripps	Julie	for Cindy	showing people the stitch in her eye	"Off" bug spray	mosquitoes	Mimi, get out of my bed.
Margaret E. Tabell	Meg	for Boop's earring	after taps	borrowing other people's clothes	having people lie on her bed	Don't touch Morgan.

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>
Emily J. Bliss	Em	for her strong box	for Mame	dancing with a broom	Laura sneezing	I've been waitin' fifty years...
Cynthia W. Coe	Coe	for boys	with her ribbons	Morgan, her dog	being called Cindy	You betcha...
Marion Van Ingen	Marion	for trouble	with Priscilla	Priscilla's suitcase	W's	I couldn't believe it.
Laura Beth Kind	Laura	like a turtle	after taps with Emily	to crawl through small places	people not coming to softball practices	Okay, you can do it.
Susan M. Page	Page	for Coe	buried behind comic books	Freckles, the horse	to sing when her voice is changing	What?
Susan Pritchard	Pritchard	like a model	down at Fourth Shack	to sing songs in the shack at night	too much free time	My thoroughbred horse is...
Priscilla A. Taussig	Priscilla	like Aristotle Onassis	for Rangeley	food	swimming with high inter-mediates	Tsk...okay.
Helen M. Turner	Mandy	like a boy	in her blue cut-offs	comics	swimming lessons	Get off my bed.





COUNSELORS



FIRST SHACK



KITCHEN STAFF



SECOND SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK



SEVENTH SHACK



ALUMNAE DAUGHTERS and SON



CAPTAINS



SISTERS

COUNSELORS

Betty Cobb

A plaid jacket our Betty does wear,
In the walk-in you'd better beware,
When the clock strikes midnight,
We must dim all the lights,
And evaporate into the air.



Phil Cobb

Long legs that can travel afar!
How he hates that Oakland Rd., tar!
He stands in a boat
To get Sia's goat!
It's Phil, defense lawyer, and star!

Lucy H. Weiser

A charming part of Runoia
The creator of our camp,
Miss Weiser's dear to all of us,
Her spirit's seldom damp.



Doris Shellberg

At work one can always find Shelley
Busily lending a hand,
Encouraging young ones to create,
Their attention she'll always command.

Ann Greene

At floating this counselor's superb,
The CITs she will try hard to curb,
She relates funny stories,
Of CIT glories,
And while sleeping should not be disturbed.



Marian Johnson

This year our Johnny came late,
We anxiously awaited the date,
Her quips we did miss,
At gum, she says, "ish"
At math she will e'er educate.

Sia Godfrey

In the rain she wears her blue hat
And fusses about getting fat,
She loathes curly hair,
In her tank suit looks rare,
But is cute in spite of all that.



Peggy Kay

There once was a shack number four
Who had a counselor, Peg, of hard core,
She'd shi with the best,
Run all day, never rest,
And for that we love her the more.



Gayle Fitzgerald

A giggle our Gayle does possess
Her clothing is sometimes a mess,
"With pickles," she'll cry,
Her spirits stay high,
We love her, we all must confess.

Margaret Warren

Our Margy gets so tan each year,
She enjoys the camp life we have here,
The waterfront she'll head,
Likes cat naps in her bed,
And lightning she always will fear.



Anne McCreary

Annie-Mac isn't easy to wake,
After breakfast a nap she will take,
She tried hard at jogging,
And loved Androscoggen,
And bikinis she wears to the lake.

Beth Hilton

After driving with Johnny long miles
Beth arrived with blond(?) hair and a smile,
The going was rough,
Typing all that Log stuff,
But you'll find Beth singing in style.

Sharon Schrader

Fox-hole rips our Schrader didn't see,
Her glasses steamed up; she laughed with glee,
With knowledge of camp,
Supplying clothes for the damp,
And "quiet at rest hour," her favorite plea.



Beth O'Connell

You rarely find Beth without a coke,
She'll laugh oh, so hard at a joke,
Is oft' on the courts,
And quick with retorts,
And tries very hard not to smoke.

Margo Van Allen

Our Margo sure does love to trip,
"Draw" and "Pull" she yells at a rip,
With feet always bare,
And long curly hair,
Fresh ice cream she'll always equip.

Allie Williams

Amplly Allie teaches diving,
For perfections she is striving,
Jogging, skiing, or tripping,
She always goes skinny dipping,
Her enthusiasm is contagious.



Muffie Martin

Our Muffie is seen at the stable,
In First Aid she is very able,
With blond hair cut short,
And many a witty retort,
To nursing she will go in the fall.

Pat Stewart

Pat's got the longest pigtails,
At night reading she seldom does fail,
She's head of canoeing,
Which she always is doing,
She eagerly awaits the morn mail,

AUG

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Dot Candy

There once was a nurse named Dot Candy,
Whose services came in quite handy,
She'd go skinny dipping,
Was seldom caught skipping,
Her antics were really quite dandy.

Joie Schwartz

At Runoia a counselor of skill,
Creates beauty of her own free will,
With a camera in hand,
She's new to Runoia-land,
And her talents impress us still.



Anne Rimalover

To tennis our Annie does run,
Filled with hopes for a very bright sun,
In her spotted tank suit,
And her racket to boot,
She's the first one to join in the fun.

Sally Stinson

This year Sally lived in a shack,
And quickly developed the knack,
Of turning on lights,
And settling fights,
For hair cutting we sure need her back.

Cinder Cobb

Our Cinder is new here this year,
And often is really quite dear,
He's slow on his feet,
But he does love to eat,
We will leave him with many a tear.

KITCHEN STAFF

Debbie Bean

Our Debbie was new here this year,
Still Ricky regards her with fear,
She'll flutter about,
But she'll get the work out,
Her laugh above all you can hear.



Mrs. Foss

A happy smile, a warm hello,
A friend to all she meets,
We love her dearly,
All of us,
And all her little treats.

Linda Hutchinson

Our Linda will sleep like the dead,
She's a pain to get out of bed,
But once she is out,
She will twitter about,
And make up for lost time, instead.

Peter Orbeton

Our Peter is all-around handy,
And his hard work is really quite dandy,
His affections are sold,
And his spirits are bold,
We think he's a real great Jim-Dandy.



Walter Kay

A flyer our Walt wants to be,
He will fly any time he is free,
He'll drive 'round the lot,
And give it all he's got,
And his uniform's not too hard to see.

Rick Cobb

A helper at camp is our Rick,
He's a great one to join in a trick,
He will greet everyone,
Before the day's done,
His clashing plaids really don't click!

C.I.T.S

Patricia Casserly

At eating our Trissy's a champ,
And her spirits will seldom be damp,
She gets lots of mail,
Her tan will not fail,
And trips are the best part of camp.



Susan Sharpe

A singer our Susie is not,
A very weak diet she's got,
At riding she's great,
But make no mistake
We really do like her a lot.

Lucy Gorham

The sound of the bell she despises,
Each morning when Lucy arises,
While jogging along
Or playing ping pong,
She's just so full of surprises.



Marlene Orvis

Now Marlene has to read a lot,
Because a reading list she's got,
A riflery star,
In skiing goes far,
To First Shack her cheer she has brought.

Jane Bliss

At camp there's a tall girl named Jane,
Whose spirit of jogging won't wane,
With First Shack she rates,
For swimming she's late,
And sees wolf-spiders all down the lane.



Joanne Marshall

Each day finds Joanne on the swings,
With her talks of the "bois" and all things,
"Dock duty," says she,
"Just isn't for me,"
To everyone joy she does bring.

Colleen Hogan

Colleen came with lots of ideas,
She jogged in the camp far and near,
With talents galore,
She sang of folklore,
And to us she remains very dear.

SECOND SHACK

Jane Rines

Lots of people
Find in Jane
Lots of fun,
And never pain.



Matti Williams

Little Miss Williams #3
Will always sing on key,
For you and me
As she swims merrily.

Lucy Phinney

A skinny
Little Phinney,
A riflery whiz
Our laughing Lucy is.



Sally Boldt

Second Shack found Sally
Perfectly up our alley,
Good at kickball, games, and such,
We've enjoyed her very much.

Christy Black

We'll remember Christy Black,
Our "Miss Runoia" of second shack,
Giggles in the early morn,
Christy rarely is forlorn.



Lucy Frick

With Lucy Frick
We've found she'll stick
Upon a horse
With lots of force.

Roni Orzeck

Roni Orzeck
Of second shack,
Smallest mouse
In the house!



Pam Cobb

Our Pamela Cobb
Is always on the job,
A leader for all
Even if she is small.

FOURTH SHACK

Barbara Mills

Barbara with her hair so brown,
Always smiling, never a frown,
Loves to trip and always helpful,
For her charms we are most grateful.



Connie Burton

Our Connie in tennis does place,
With her hair straggling over her face,
In kickball she'll rate,
Her thumb must taste great,
To meals she always does race.

Gwyneth Hamel

Gwyneth prefers the out-of-doors,
Which she searches and adores,
For morning skinnies she's never late,
And then her room must often wait.



Anne Stitzer

In the water our Anne does live,
She attempts to catch fish with a sieve,
At jacks she does play,
Any time of the day,
And a smile she is ready to give.

Margy Knight

Margy from New York does come,
While swimming often she gets numb,
Her work is always done,
And she never is glum,
She will chatter all day on the run.



Randy Grymes

Randy is our giggly one,
Tanned by the summer sun,
Horses she adores,
Tolerates her chores,
And joins in all the fun.

Pam Page

With pigtails and a suit of blue,
Pammy's loyalties are quite true,
With wrinkled nose like a bunny small,
She always brings sunshine to one and all.



Audrey Lauer

Audrey with her golden hair,
Swims along with quite a flair,
At tripping she will lend a hand,
A stalwart member of the band.

Boop Tabell

There is a young girl named Boop,
Who's captain of the Junior White troop,
With her hair in her eyes,
To practice she flies,
The White team she'll lead with a whoop!



Vicki Darlington

Junior Blue captain is Vicki,
Very small and often tricky,
At talking she's tops,
Her mouth never stops,
Her dancing you really should see.

FIFTH SHACK

Jenny Walker

In singing our Jenny is able,
Of her beauty is told many a fable,
She lives with much zest,
Rarely stops to take a rest,
And was honored to serve at Greenie's table.



Mary Sandberg

Mary Sandberg's a dancer all right,
Her smile is always so bright,
She is constantly funning,
Keeps the counselors all running,
Her giggle is really a fright.

Clary Cutler

There's a blond-haired Fifth shacker
named Clary,
Of her wiles we must be wary,
She rarely gets sore,
She'll ask questions galore,
She can be seen around camp with Mary.

Zareen Mirza

Miss Mirza's got the biggest brown eyes,
In sailing she really does fly,
She daily gets letters,
Of which some are better,
She is really hung-up on this guy.



Liza Gimbel

Liza has quickly gained fame,
Since her mom arrived in a seaplane,
At rest hour she's bad,
But we are still glad,
That back to Runoia she came.

Debbie Darrow

Debbie Darrow always misses the bell,
Which causes her counselors to yell,
She constantly yawns,
Her hair is so long,
A true camper we really can tell.



Mary Eshelman

Mary Eshelman is really a dandy,
Her mail seems to always contain candy,
Her glasses she broke,
She's got some good jokes,
At the beach she did get oh so sandy.

Sandy Cobb

Our oldest young camper is Sandy,
In the cabin she's really quite handy,
At tripping she's great,
At most sports she rates,
This girl is an all-around dandy.



Lauren Dmitrieff

She arrived with four guinea pigs this year,
And at their noise we could hardly have cheered,
With her bangs in her eyes,
She's hard to recognize,
That we're glad she returned is quite clear.

Julie Ewing

Miss Ewing came late in the year,
Her home to Miss Darrow's is near,
Her hair it is red,
She is being well fed,
We've never seen a sign of a tear.

SIXTH SHACK

Meg Tabell

Meg hit a big rock with a smash,
"Hope Daddy doesn't have to pay cash,"
With blond hair so straight,
She will clean every plate,
For Whites against Blues she will clash.



Yuki Moore

"Oh boy, tennis," our Yuki will cry,
Take pictures with a gleam in her eye,
Great stories she'll write,
For the Blues she will fight,
"I'll be first at the flagpole, or die!"

Anna Quest

Our Anna she never wears shoes,
She fights oh so hard for the Blues,
With looks so afar,
She strums her guitar,
And a clean room means oh such good news.



Mimi Gurganus

Quite loudly our Mimi does yell,
At tennis she's really quite swell,
With eyes big and brown,
How rarely she frowns,
And moves slowly when she hears the bell.

Diane Guimont

Diane came to us from Quebec,
Her room is never a wreck,
At tennis and swimming
You'll e'er see her grinning,
And she's never a pain in the neck.



Martha Kirkpatrick

Two years Martha has been at camp,
At crafts she is always a champ,
At tennis she's great,
The Blue catcher of late,
Her spirit has never been damp.

Cindy Barr

A wee girl is our Cindy Barr,
At riding she's quite a star,
She swims and she sails,
Rarely ever will fail,
Has blond hair that's not from a jar.



Julie Scripps

Our Julie is full of good spunk,
Took three weeks to get her to dunk,
Her answers are wise,
Her laugh she'll disguise,
At tripping she'll certainly not flunk.

Wendy Davies

On trips Wendy's great at KP,
Her blue eyes are something to see,
She's light on her feet,
At activities, a treat,
A great camper she always will be.



Susan Schoen

Sue Schoen has posters galore,
Makes noise as her feet hit the floor,
Canoes she will flip,
Her bangs she should clip,
And for dinner is first at the door.

SEVENTH SHACK

Marion Van Ingen

Our Marion is often quite loud,
She'll never be lost in a crowd,
At cheering she's slick,
And likes the small clique,
And the White team of her can be proud.



Priscilla Taussig

Priscilla's our little petite,
But in sports she can always compete,
She adores to braid hair,
Found with Marion anywhere,
With mischief she always can meet.

Mandy Turner

The huge rocks on Long Lake they scared her,
But she finally jumped off when we dared her,
She likes the song, "Mandy,"
Her mail's always candy,
Her rescues she's always prepared for.



Cindy Coe

A popular one with the boys,
She surely knows how to make noise,
A record player she'll borrow,
And save work for tomorrow,
Her hair is not one of her joys.

Susan Page

Wire-rimmed glasses she wears,
For the Blue team she really does care,
She says she can't sing,
'Cause her voice is changing,
In a pinch she'll come through anywhere.

Laura Kind

At singing our Laura stays silent,
If she doesn't, then Margy gets violent,
She'll crawl through glass panes,
Her humor's insane,
With Blue spirit she's really a tyrant.



Emily Bliss

She'll say, "I've been waiting fifty years."
While the White team she leads with her
cheers,

She loves her dog, Mame,
Her hair she can't tame,
Take her gum and she'll soon be in tears.

Susan Pritchard

Though her stay at Runoia was short,
She played for the Whites like a sport,
With her long and blond hair,
And her figure quite rare,
She impressed us when out on the court.

SCENES AROUND CAMP



Betty and Phil Cobb
and family



Johnny's Welcome Home Party

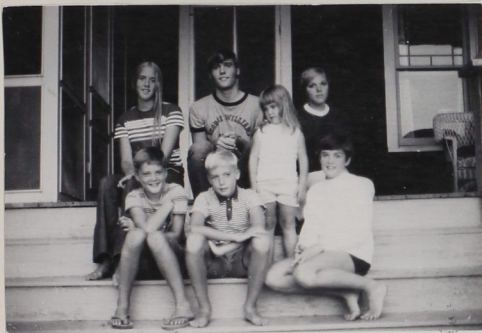
July 12, 1969







Children of
Emmy Warren Taylor



Children of
Mary Bauman Gates
including Linda,
Brenda, and Leslie

Family of Katherine Hamilton Hobbs



Children of Cricket Janney Ball



DAVID KAREN PETER LYNN

Children of Helene Thoman Cornelius

49

patch
101

Betsy Wildes VanIngen
including Marion



Children of Hope Griggs Turner
including Mandy



Children of Barbie Warren Reed
including Laura



Children of Betty Burnham Hinckley
including Debbie



*Mr. and Mrs. John Wendell Bowman
announce the marriage of their daughter*

Helene Livingood
to

Doctor George Ronald Shumate

Saturday, the seventh of June

Nineteen hundred and sixty-nine

Wyomissing, Pennsylvania



Children of Bunny Thibodeau Andrews



Linda Baer
September 30, 1967
Bangkok, Thailand



Daughter of Angie Strople McGinnis



Son of Liz Bowman Rothermel



Andrew Janssen Rothermel

September 16th, 1969

Mr. and Mrs. David Denham Rothermel



Daughter of Mary Ann Rhodes

From the top of her head
To her cute little feet,
Our new little girl
Is enchanting and sweet!


Name Kristen Kaye

Was born August 26, 1969

Weight 7 pounds

Her parents are

John and Mary Anne
harzelere




Laurence Crawford O'Keefe

November 4th, 1969

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel L. O'Keefe

Son of Debby Janney O'Keefe



Christina Helene Ferre

8 lbs. 4 oz.

Mr. and Mrs. Jose Antonio Ferre

*announce with joy
the birth of their daughter
on the seventh of July
1969*

Daughter of Patty Christensen Ferre



—Charles DuBois Hodges
Miss Catharine F. Fuller

**Miss Fuller to Wed
Thomas H. Nicholson**

Dr. and Mrs. William Mabon Davis of Suffield, Conn., and Little Compton announce the engagement of Mrs. Davis' daughter Miss Catharine Forbes Fuller, to Thomas Heyward Nicholson. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul

C. Nicholson Jr. of this city and Bristol. Miss Fuller is also the daughter of the late Richard E. Fuller, former mayor of Westfield, Mass., and vice president of the American Abrasive Company.

The bride-elect is a graduate of the MacDuffie School for Girls and Skidmore College, class of 1968. She is teaching in the Sudbury, Mass., school system. Her grandparents are the late Mr. and Mrs. Louis M. Fuller of Westfield and Henry Hooker Forbes of Worcester and the late Mrs. Forbes.

Mr. Nicholson is an alumnus of Salisbury School and Williams College, class of 1968. He is attending the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania. His father is the president of Nicholson File Company. His grandparents are the late Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Nicholson of this city and the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Heyward McAlpin of Morristown, N.J.

Ellen Huntington Betrothed To Stephen Porter Huestis

Special to The New York Times

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 7 —Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Huntington have made known the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ellen Foster Huntington, to Stephen Porter Huestis. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Huestis of Durham, N. C., formerly of Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

The couple plan to be married next June.

Miss Huntington, a graduate of the Abbot Academy in Andover, Mass., is a senior at Pitzer College in Claremont, Calif. Her father is vice president of sales and services for Trans-World Airlines.

The bride-to-be is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newbold L. Herrick of Cedarhurst, L. I., and of Mrs. William F. Chamberlin of Princeton and Henry S. Huntington Jr. of Philadelphia.

Mr. Huestis, a fellowship student at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla, Calif., was graduated with distinction in June from Harvey Mudd College in Claremont, Calif. His father, vice president of business and finance for Duke University, formerly was a vice president and treasurer of the Hughes Aircraft Company.



Orren Jack Turner

Miss Ellen Huntington

The future bridegroom is a grandson of Mrs. C. Erwin Huestis of Mountlake Terrace, Wash., the late Mr. Huestis and of Dr. Claude A. Porter of Lafayette, Calif., and the late Mrs. Porter, who was the former Miss Irene Kemp.

Nancy Fifield Wed To N. S. McConnell

Special to The New York Times

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N.J., Dec. 14—Miss Nancy Haines Fifield, daughter of Mrs. Richard William Newcomb of Weston and Rockport, Mass., and the late Haven Gibson Fifield of Upper Montclair, was married this evening to Nicholas Stillwell McConnell. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Millholland McConnell of North Yarmouth, Me., and Sarasota, Fla.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Glenn Young in the Union Congregational Church. Miss Susan Parker Fifield was maid of honor for her sister. Peter Hoyt Holmes served as best man.

The bride, an alumna of Wheaton College, is attending Teacher's College of Columbia University. Her father was an engineer with the General Electric Company. Her stepfather is vice president of the Arkwright-Boston Insurance Company in Waltham, Mass.

Mr. McConnell, an alumnus of Suffield Academy in Connecticut, was graduated with honors in June from Bowdoin College. He is a law student at the State University in Buffalo. His father was president of McConnell & Co., hotel and motel supplies, before his retirement.

Engaged... 1969



SUSAN ORBETON

SOUTH PORTLAND — Dr. and Mrs. Everett A. Orbeton of Channel Road announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Susan Orbeton of Broderick Falls, Kenya, East Africa, to Clifford W. Gilpin of Kakamega, Kenya. He is the son of the Rev. and Mrs. G. Wesley Gilpin of Surrey, England.

The wedding will take place Nov. 9 in Friends Church at Kamusinga School, Kenya.

Miss Orbeton is a graduate of South Portland High School and Bryn Mawr, (Pa.) College. She teaches English in Lugulu Girls' High School at Kenya under the auspices of Friends United Meeting of Indiana and the East Africa Yearly Meeting of Friends.

Mr. Gilpin received an honors degree in African history from London University and teaches history at Kakamega Secondary School.

Times, but Tradition



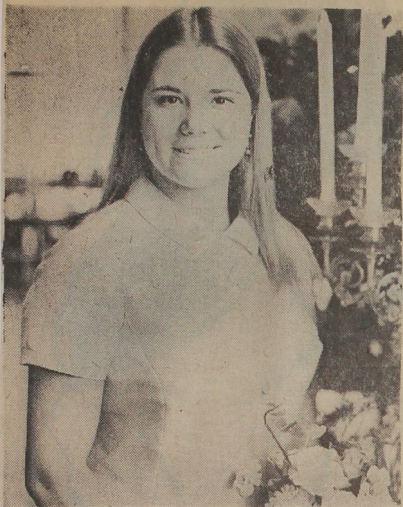
Fabian Bachrach

Christina Chrysler French

Christina Chrysler French, the granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Byron C. Foy and great-granddaughter of Walter P. Chrysler, made her debut Monday at the North Shore Junior League Debutante Cotillion at the Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L. I. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond A. French, and two other couples, entertained earlier at a dinner dance for 100 guests at the Creek Club in Locust Valley. Music was supplied by The Rogues.

"In some respects, I think the parties are more fun today," said Mrs. French, the former Joan Foy.

Cincinnati Enquirer
June 29, 1969
Debutante Tea



Enquirer (Gerry Wolfers) Photo

Miss Elizabeth Lynch Hilton

MISS ELIZABETH LYNCH

HILTON was introduced by her grandmother Mrs. Francis C. Biddle, and her mother, Mrs. Robert W. Hilton Jr., at a tea Tuesday afternoon in the Cincinnati Woman's Club.

Multicolors of glamelia and shocking pink, tangerine, orange, mimosa yellow—reminiscent of the French Impressionists—were used in decorations throughout the club.

The receiving line formed in front of the pier glass mirror in the dining room. Large urns at the dining room end of the center gallery held carnations in the riot of colors.

Mrs. Biddle, who wore a seafoam green cowl-necklined dress with self-material flower appliques, carried a hand cluster of white spray orchids.

Contrasting with Mrs. Hilton's dress of white silk, with crocheted braid at the neckline, was her French cabbage rose corsage in tangerine, cerise and pink.

The debutante wore a celery green silk dress fashioned with a Peter Pan collar and A-line skirt, with self-covered button detail. Her bouquet, splashed with color, was of miniature and hybrid tea roses, gerbera daisies and miniature carnations. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Jr., she is a June graduate of Hillsdale School and will attend Skidmore College. She leaves early in July for Belgrade Lakes, Me., where she will be a counselor at Camp Runoia.

The deb's sister, Melissa Hilton, carried pink, orange

and flames flowers with her yellow and white cotton frock.

Assisting in the dining room were the deb's aunts, Mrs. James K. Lewis, Mrs. A. Pierce Matthews Jr., and Mrs. E. William Sullivan.

Also assisting were Mrs. Bruce Whiting Brown, Mrs. Mary Lou DeVore, Mrs. David W. Evans, Miss Anita Fenton, Mrs. Philip E. Lawwill, Mrs. Achilles H. Pugh, Mrs. James M. Alexander, Mrs. Robert G. Armstrong, Mrs. Donald Bellstrom, Mrs. Frank G. Davis, Mrs. J. Guido Gores, Mrs. Robert G. Hogan, Mrs. James W. Pearce, Mrs. Robert F. Romell and Mrs. Alfred Vail. Their corsages were white roses and miniature carnations with ribbon trim.

Junior hostesses were the Misses Susan W. Gurganus, Dana A. Fabe, Therese Steiner and the deb's cousins, Miss Mary-Morris Matthews and Elizabeth Page Lawson.

Colors of flowers in the honor deb's bouquet were repeated in the corsages for the other deb's of the year. They were tied with yarn.

A Rookwood bowl in seafoam green was filled with roses, carnations, lilies, snapdragons and other seasonal flowers in the palette of colors for the center of the tea table. The punch table, individual tables and other bouquets in the club were similarly arranged.

Waterville Paper Aug. 18, 1969



Pine Tree Camp Visitors

Five girls who are enrolled in a Counselor-In-Training program at Camp Runoia, Belgrade Lakes, visited the Pine Tree Camp for Crippled Children recently on the shore of North Pond, Rome. As a part of their training program, they are encouraged to observe varied aspects of summer camp counseling. The counseling program at Pine Tree Camp is particularly unique in that the camp serves only the physically handicap-

ped. Pictured above observing a swimming lesson at Pine Tree Camp for Crippled Children are, left to right, seated, Lucy Gorham, Cape Elizabeth; Trissy Casserly, Princeton, New Jersey; Joanne Marshall, Waterville. Standing are Anne Greene, CIT director, Barrington, R.I.; Jane Bliss, South Portland; Marlene Orvis, Wilton, Conn.; and Peggy Kay, junior director, Basking Ridge, N.J.