

CAMP RUNOIA

1970

Table of Contents

Dedication
Camp List
Log Staff
Can You Imagine?
All In A Summer's Night
Poems
All About Yilks
Looms
Jacks
Sunday Service - Fourth Shack
Poems
Songs
Animals At Camp
Tales By Flicka
Miss Runoia 1970
Trips and Trip Songs
Trial
A Great Success: The Horse Show
A Typical Rest Hour In Seventh Shack
Last Will and Testament - Seventh Shack
First Shack Going To Bed
Lost and Found
Runoia Newsletters

Anagrams
Statistics
Pictures and Poems
Scenes Around Camp
Social Notes

DEDICATION

The 1970 Log is dedicated to SUMMER

SUMMER IS...

getting away from home for awhile...
going to camp and not being able to sleep late...
having fun after the counselors have left the shack...
warm sunny days...
getting splinters...
congo bars...
getting caught while fooling around after taps...
blue/white competition...
inspection charts...
making new friends...
extra laps...
"quiet" rest hours...
swimming lessons...
gaining weight...
fun...
winning and losing...
falling out of bed...
Mrs. Foss' cooking...
sneaking from shack to shack at night...
Big S's...
getting into the wrong bed at night...
the bumpiness of the big blue truck...
bruises...
stubbed toes...
fun in the water...
picking blueberries...
happiness...
trying to shoot archery and finding out that you're
 hitting the tree behind you...
getting the flag up before the bugle is finished...
playing tricks...
going to the shore...
climbing Sugarloaf...
paddling Lăc Megantic...
being eaten alive by mosquitoes...
softball...
a noisy pix...
record players blasting from every shack...
full of music everywhere...
a time of joy...
a lonely chipmunk on a rock...
hot days and cool nights...
cool dips in the lake...
having good weather...
the warm sun down your back...
a sudden rain storm...
green grass and the cool shade of a tree...
a quiet moment alone with nature...
crying at Cotillion
Camp Runoia

CAMP RUNOIA - 1970

Campers

Anthes, Katharine
Baldwin, Heather
Billington, Jane
Black, Christina
Boldt, Sarah
Boynton, Stacy
Brebner, Elizabeth
Burton, Constance
Cobb, Cassandra
Cobb, Pamela
Coley, Susan
Cutler, Clarissa
Darlington, Victoria
Darrow, Deborah
Davies, Kim
Davis, Barbara
Dickson, Susan
Eshelman, Mary
Ewing, Juliet
Frank, Lori
Frick, Lucile
Gleghorn, Alice
Guimont, Diane
Gurganus, Mary
Hayes, Barbara
Horne, Sabrina
Kamberg, Elizabeth
Keeley, Therese
Kind, Valerie
Kirkpatrick, Alice

Kirkpatrick, Martha
Knight, Margaret
Lauer, Audrey
Lewis, Kristan
Lyle, Margaret
Mastrogeorge, Gena
Moore, Yuki
Myer, Jody
Orzeck, Roni
Page, Pamela
Phinney, Lucile
Pillsbury, Katherine
Rines, Jane
Ring, Jody
Ring, Melissa
Rodweller, Laurie
Sandberg, Mary
Schafer, Annette
Schoen, Susan
Scripps, Julia
Shehadi, Muna
Steele, Mary Ellen
Sturken, Marita
Sutherland, Jane
Tabell, Margaret
Tabell, Roberta
Treves, Claire
Wagner, Karen
Walker, Jennet
Williams, Margaret

C.I.T.'s

Billington, Elizabeth
Gustafson, Sandra
Kind, Laura
Paine, Martha
Rodgers, Katherine
Sternberg, Kathy
Weltmer, Donna
White, Allyson

Counselors

Beals, Martha
Candy, Dorothy
Clark, Abigail
Combes, Carol
Davne, Barbara
Greene, Ann
Gurganus, Susan
Hunsberger, Donald
Hunsberger, Edith
Hunsberger, Franklin
McCreary, Ann
McKenzie, Mary
Rimalover, Anne
Sandberg, Diana
Sataloff, Joanne
Schrader, Sharon
Swanson, Charlotte
Yates, Susan

Aides

Gorham, Lucy
Marshall, JoAnn

Associated Staff

Asano, Gary
Cobb, Eric
Foss, Mrs. Norman
McLaughlin, Elaine
McLaughlin, Nancy
Orbeton, Peter
Rossignol, Donna
Rossignol, Sharon
Shellberg, Doris
Weiser, Lucy

Directors

Cobb, Elizabeth
Cobb, Philip
Johnson, Marian

LOG STAFF 1970

| | |
|----------------|---|
| Third Shack: | Jane Rines, Claire Treves |
| Fourth Shack: | Sally Boldt, Muna Shehadi |
| Fifth Shack: | Vicky Darlington, Ish Kamberg |
| Sixth Shack: | Valerie Kind, Mary Sandberg, Jenny Walker |
| Seventh Shack: | Martha Kirkpatrick, Yuki Moore |
| C.I.T.'s: | Sandy Gustafson, Laura Kind, Kathy Sternberg |
| Counselor: | Charlotte Swanson |

CAN YOU IMAGINE...

Jody Sataloff - up at the first bell?
Julie Scripps - without "Hurrah, hurrah my bra"?
Meg Tabell - without Morgan?
Abbey Clark - disliking cheese?
Jane Sutherland - as being small?
Mary-Ellen Steele - wearing her own clothes?
Mary McKenzie - without her Southern accent?
Charlotte Swanson - without her red clogs?
Melissa Ring - without her guinea pig?
Mary Eshelman - with long hair?
Yuki Moore - as a war hawk?
Joanne Marshall - without "What does he mean?"
Valerie Kind - not being gullible?
Martha Kirkpatrick - as a cat lover?
Senior End - without music?
Kathy Sternberg - without knuckles?
Ish Kamberg - ??????
Camp - without Blue-White?

ALL IN A SUMMER'S NIGHT

Once upon a time Aionur went to sleep and Shehadi Tabell dream. In her Tabell dream, she dreamed that she had gone to Walker Darlington Eshelman in the Moores of Sutherland. As she Trevesed, she became Myered in the Lauer when several Black and White Knights Kindly with their Pages pulled Aionur and her Eshelman from the Steele Scripps of the Lauer. They blew their Hornes and shouted Hayes, we've Schoen them! The Eshelman eagerly Wagner'd her tail.

They all returned to the Billington across the Sandbergs. The Mastrogeorge met them at the Sternbergs, and opened the door with his Keeley. He treated their Paines with Pillsbury and Kindness. He was rather Baldwin the Weltmer than not. The cook Sturkened the pot and they all dined on Cobbs, Rines, Frankfurters, and Hunsbergers. They had Candy for desert. The Mastrogeorge showed them his reindeer Dickson and said it would be no Burton if they Kamberg again.

"Williams," said Aionur, "Schafer three Davis you never raised your Jolly Rodgers and no Kirkpatrick's did you play. Your Lyle is great because a Boynton cannot Brebner Cutler Gorhams or Swansons of Guimont. And no one Darrow across the Marshall the Weiser."

Asano they turned on the Fosset and Combe(s)d their

hair. As they Sataloff(t) to prepare to pass through the Greene
Yates of the Billington, a Gustafso(n) wind came up and the
Rimalover Aionur and Eshelman went crying to the Clark as they
flew over the Shellbergs - McLaughling as they Phinneyd their
way. This Davies saw Ross-ignol the Ant-hes ready to Schrader
the Gurghanuses. "Either Frick Or-zeck the Beals or you'll be
in great trouble," shouted the Anthes.

Not wanting to offend, Aionur consulted John-son of McCreary
about the problem. John replied, "McKenzie you need not fear
as in Lewis can send a Ewing with a Coley to settle the matter.

Suddenly Aionur awoke with a Boldt when the Gleghorn went
Ring-Ring and she found herself on the Davneport holding a
letter from Runoia.

C. Swanson

THOUGHTS

Runoia... what is it to you?
To me it is an inner peace...
Relationships, deep and true;
A life I hope will never cease
Serenity, gayity, spirit and love
Sort of a wonderland sent from above.

Way up here in no-man's land,
We have a life that isn't bland.
We laugh and sing, even sometimes cry;
To better ourselves is our ultimate try.
We know you cannot understand
Our life up here in no-man's land.

Feelings hard to say with words
Are often spoken to the birds.
Now that I have paper and pen
I'll try to say "Please remember when..."
Am I living in a dream
To find a place that's so supreme?
The answer I may never know
But feelings I will try to show.

As the end is drawing near
Am I so afraid to shed a tear?
Will you think I'm really soft
For from the rock I've fallen off?
I have a nose that has rarely cracked
Maybe it's a feeling I've always lacked
I think I know the feeling now
I hope you'll understand, somehow.

What do we do when friends so dear
Are leaving up for the rest of the year...
Do we laugh or sing or cry or shout?
Maybe it's something we think not about.
Do we write or call, or do we visit?
Your thoughts are all the same as mine
It's hard to leave our friends behind.

Anonymous

Picture a young woman standing on a dock,
Her laugh brightens the dreary days,
Her voice gives you confidence.
She motions for you to come in the cold water.
You stand motionless on the beach,
Will you go in for her?

Her smile is as warm as the sun,
Her eyes are always glittering with joy,
And her laugh is full of mirth.

Her gentle voice is reassuring.
Her look is sincere,
And her confidence in you can be endless.

She talks on your level,
She cheers you when you're feeling down,
And she is in many ways a wonderful person.

Thanks, Sue, for all you've done for me.

Yuki Moore

FOR WHAT WE TAKE FOR GRANTED

Yesterday, while walking,
Upon the sandy shore,
I sat down to watch
What I had never seen before.
I saw what I had always taken for granted.
The things I saw before me;
The waves that were sparkling
Splashing over me.
But,
Now the water is not so sparkling,
The air not quite so fresh.
The beach is strewn with cans
Instead of water cress.
The sun is not so bright;
The crowd is much too big.
They do not laugh or play,
They push and shove.
They do not dig the sand
For fear to cut their hand.
At night when the crowds have left,
The moon, the air, the water all weep.
For, what we have taken for granted
Has made it so that
They have never, ever, slept.

Ish Kamberg

HAIKUS

A little chipmunk
munching on a large mushroom
looks cautiously 'round.

A gentle, kind look
telling you she really cares
belongs to Jody (S.).

Yuki Moore

A GOODBYE

To those who leave the first month I don't
know what to say,
Maybe a farewell wave, a pat on the back, or
just a little something like, "I'll write ya."
Is there something that you can say to Jody and Terri?
All I can think of are tears to tell them that
you'll remember them always.

Yuki Moore

THE SWINGS

Under the shade of two great maples
Deep in Junior end,
There hangs three friends,
Friends of many a camper of Runoia.
A place to go when lonely...
A place to think things out...
A place to be happy or sad...
A place to sing or shout.
Swinging on the creaking board
With a gentle wind at your face,
This gives you the feeling,
And slows down the pace
Of life.
Off into a dreamland of swing, leaves, and trees,
The swings of Runoia will saty fresh
In all your camp memories.

Ish Kamberg

ALL ABOUT YILKS

One evening as I lay asleep in my bed
A curious noise came from over my head.
I shuddered, I shivered, I wailed, I cried,
I stammered, I stuttered, I covered my eyes.
Then, noticing I was alive and not dead
I pulled down the covers from over my head.

I looked at the ceiling, looked up in the air.
A strange looking creature was hovering there
With eyes like huge saucers and three great big ears.
It smiled, then laughed, to allay all my fears.
It chuckled, it waved like a fake Santa Claus,
Then dropped to my side on all six hairy paws.

"Who are you?" I said, as it kept up its grin,
"And how did you get here and who let you in?
And what do you want now - my money, my toys,
Or is it just me - do you eat little boys?"

"You're funny," the beast said, his voice smooth as silk,
"Imagine a boy being scared by a Yilk.
Just wait till I tell them - in Yilkland, I mean,
They'll think it's a gasser, they'll think it's a scream.
They'll think I invented beginning to end
'Cause everyone knows that a Yilk's a boy's friend."

By now I was smiling, I saw what he meant.
He wasn't a monster with evil intent.
He surely was different from you and from me
But he also was friendly, as nice as could be.
And what is a Yilk, I wanted to say,
But it just didn't matter, I'd find out some day.

The Yilk turned around and said, "How would you like
To go now to Yilkland and look at our life
And see other Yilks doing other Yilk things,
Making fine bracelets and ribbons and things,
And meet the young Yilks who'll be playing Yilk games
And going to Yilk schools and having Yilk names?"

By now I was anxious and so I replied,
"Let's leave and get going, I'm right by your side."
And then that old Yilk did a marvelous thing,
He gave a Yilk tug on a piece of Yilk string.
And all of a sudden, amidst a great roar
We started to move and we flew out the door.

We flew and we flew, we went faster than sound,
And we looked like a blur to the folks on the ground.
Then finally the Yilk said, "It's here, we've arrived.
Welcome to Yilkland, the place I've described."
And so we descended, came down past the steeples
And into a crowd of quite Yilk-looking people.

"Come on," said the Yilk, as we came to a stop.
"We'll go into Yilkland and learn what is what.
I'll show you our people, our country, our ways,
We'd better get going - it's speed now that pays."
And so we began our adventurous quest
But first had some Yilk food and then some Yilk rest.

The next day arrived, it was sunny and gay.
"It's time," said the Yilk, "to be on our Yilk way."
We gathered our things and began now to walk
Seeing those Yilk things and talking Yilk talk.
We came round a corner and what did we see
But a large group of boys climbing up a Yilk tree.

There must have been hundreds of young Yilks at play
Ascending that Yilk tree in hundreds of ways.
They stopped when they saw us and came down to chat
And made me a present of one red Yilk hat.
Then, after we talked, they went back to their game
All laughing and shouting - all sounding the same.

"You'll notice," the Yilk said, "the young Yilks don't fight."
"I saw that," I muttered, "it doesn't seem right.
Why hardly a day ever comes I don't see
A fight over games or a toy or a tree."
"I know," said the Yilk, "but we have here a rule.
It's enforced in our homes and in all our Yilk schools.

It says that to fight is as much as to say
I can't solve that problem another Yilk way
And so we all try, with all our Yilk might
To solve all our problems without a Yilk fight.
We sit down to talk with those we despise
And we find very often there are points on both sides.

It's difference that causes our problems to be.
I'm different from you and you're different from me.
The ones you dislike most are different from you
In the things that they think or the things that they do.
The trick, then, is simple: here's what you must see.
The difference is good, it's the way things must be.

So look at your playmates through Yilk eyes and see
That what's right for you can be Yilk wrong for me.
Try to remember that we're all the same...
A set of emotions encased in a brain.
And look very closely at their views and try
To search for the reason instead of the lie."

I looked at that Yilk, was astonished to find
A different feeling invading my mind.
Instead of the ears and the great hairy paws
Was goodness and patience, the true Santa Claus.
He smiled at me then and pulled out that Yilk string
And I turned in my bed and jumped out with a spring.

Donald Hunsberger

Looms

Over, under, around and through
Three days until the loom goes to you.
Shall I choose blue?
I'd like one like that, too.

Push!

Pull!

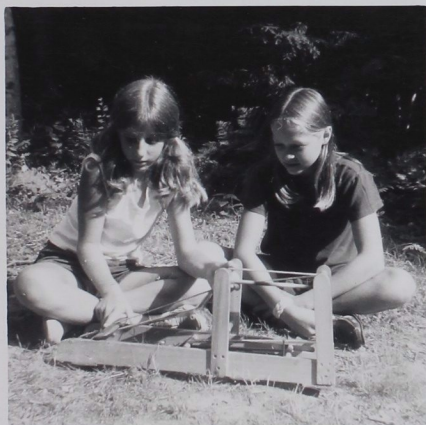
Stretch!

Oh, no..a tangle!

Help, Carol..it's all in a jangle!

Quickly, quickly the shuttle flies.

Look! A new belt..just my size!



Flicka

Jacks

In the pix or on the porch
In the dining hall or lodge,
From morning to nightfall
Junior jacks you must dodge.

Flicka

Sunday Service - Fourth Shack

Sally: Charlie Brown walks up to the psychiatric booth to see Lucy.

Kristi: Lucy, I need some advice - nobody seems to like me! I don't have any friends!

Connie: Let's be frank with ourselves - what kind of a person are you? What kind of people do you expect your friends to be?

Kristi: I expect my friends to be understanding, trustful, honest, and faithful!

Connie: Those are pretty big words you're throwing around, Charlie Brown. What do you mean, understanding?

Kristi: Well, it's like when I didn't get a hit - I tired and everything - I just didn't hit the ball so I said it was because I had a sore thumb from hitting it on the gunwale on the last canoe trip. I really didn't like everyone shouting at me. I really did try.

Connie: Oh, Charlie Brown - you're always making excuses and no one really wants to hear about your sore thumb!!!

Kristi: Well, that's another thing. I expect my friends to show a little patience and listen to me. I just don't always catch on as fast as some people. It's like you holding the football for me and then snatching it away just as I want to kick it! Now how can I trust anyone like that! Especially when they laugh so hard at me!

Connie: Charlie Brown, you're just being a bad sport!

Kristi: Maybe - but what about finding honesty in friends. I really don't mind everyone using my toothpaste. It's just if they'd ask, I'd expect to find an empty tube after so many users instead of being so disappointed when looking at a flat, mashed, wrinkled tube!

Connie: Charlie Brown, you don't have to be selfish about it!

Kristi: Oh, I don't mind sharing. I think friends should share - happiness, like ice cream or congo bars; or sadness - like no mail; or a good joke; or even a spiderweb.

Connie: Charlie Brown, sometimes you're so - wishy-washy!

Kristi: Lucy, that's unfair - how can you say I'm wishy-washy? I'm just trying to be faithful. If someone tells me to do something, I do it. Even if they don't tell me, I do it, thinking they might like it - like sweeping the floor when my roommate has silverware and standing up for him when someone else says he's stupid or clumsy!

Sally: Charlie Brown takes some time to evaluate himself and finds that although his friends may be wrong, he is probably wrong, too.

Kristi: Lucy, what can I do?

Connie: Charlie Brown, just remember that the best way to have a friend is to be one. Always be understanding, trustful, honest, and faithful. Whenever there is a problem, don't blame the other person entirely and look for some of the fault in yourself, too. That will be five cents please!

Kristi Lewis (First Place Winner)

7

Elizabeth Billington
(Second Place Winner)

Morning dawned on the lonely shore
A group of terns were flying
Rapidly the tide grew low.
The restless waves were dying.
High above the terns then flew
And the sea was calm as glass
People came and broke the spell
And disturbed the fresh dune grass
In the eve, no one was seen
No light, but the moon's white sheen
Everything down by the shore was calm and quite serene.

Martha Paine

A rabbit hopped by one day
Lightly along the path.
I said how just like nature,
Careful, lovely, and free.
Easily he jumped over roots,
Grasses that sing,
Lovely creature.
Eagerly I watched,
Great bounds and leaps.
Happily along the path
Over the hill,
Round the bend,
Never was I to see him again.

Alice Gleghorn

Cleverly concealed in the black of the night
Little ants work till everything's right.
A mosquito is busy looking for skin
Instead of to land on to dig his point in.
Roughly upon the rooftop above
Each little raindrop lands with a thud.
Two little snakes slither through the grass
Ready to strike at people who pass.
Everything's quiet except for the rustle of leaves
Very soft is the footstep of sweet little feet.
Everyone ready, the snake might strike
Start to run, they really do bite!

Claire Treves

All day long my gerbils play
Little fellows running each way
In their cage they love to stay
Carefully they go on their wheel.
Excitedly they twirl around.
Kindly they eat their sunflower seeds.
I love to watch them running around
Riding on each others backs,
Keeping their little houses neat.
Pat them with a smile on my face
And fill their bottle with water each day.
They have such tiny, little toes,
Running around on them looks like fun.
In their cage they soundly sleep
Calmed down for the night.
Kindhearted they surely are.

Alice Kirkpatrick

Jonathan asked, "What would make this world go round faster?"
"Accuracy!" said the tall rose vine.
"Not accuracy!" cried the old pine.
"Everyone has their own ideas," said the tiny chipmunk.
"Better not say hours," replied the new born skunk.
"Independence!" the mother bear related to her cubs so bright.
"Light!" said the cubs to their mother bear's delight.
"Love!" the birds shouted to the great world below.
"Is it really?" asked their children who didn't really know.
"Neutralism," cried the wise old owl.
"Generosity," answered every type of fowl.
"Thought," said the lioness, "and
 Offers of the finest."
"No!" said the wind, "Peace."

Jane Billington

The Kitten

Baby little kitten fools with some string
Oh, what a darling little furry thing
Orange as marmalade with stripes so white,
Pretty green eyes that shine in the night.
Tawny little kitty, please come over here,
And I will scratch your chin and I will scratch your ear.
Bonnie I will call you, what a sweet little name,
Even the name of Bonnie does not fit your fame.
Lovely little thing words cannot describe you.
Long live my Bonnie, oh yes, please do!

Boop Tabell

The Tree

I used to climb this tree,
So tall it was to me.
How much time did I spend,
Kid and I... my friends.
Always I could go to it
Master I was upon it.
Being so very small,
Earth was nothing at all.
Rugged I stand with saw in hand
Gone is my childhood and soon this tree.

Ish Kamberg

Boats running swiftly
Along the golden path
Rise up to meet those
Blundering thunders that noisy night.
Asking, why do you
Roar all through this
Autumn night?
Diving down to
Answer, say:
"Visualize yourself
Inside this lovely
Smooth paradise."

Barbara Davis

War

Many people are lonely
In a world as this
Many people are dead
In a war far away.
Girls lose their brothers
Under stone graves
Returning not from where they left.
Girls lose their fathers
Almost as soon as they came
Nothing can be brought back from
Under the stone graves
Soon we will go, too.

Mimi Gurganus

Yellow is a color of joy,
Used in a room it is a color of brightness,
Kids love the yellow sun,
It's a cheerful color.

Many a face will lose its brightness,
Old people will suffer in the dark,
Openings in jungles will grow dank.
Realize the value of the color yellow and
Enjoy it.

Yuki Moore

Loons

Loons call loudly
Not proudly.
They waddle along
Singing a song.
On hot and cold nights
Out of all sights
Loons call loudly
Not proudly.

Muna Shehadi

In The Quiet Domains of Seventh Shack

In the quiet domains of Seventh Shack
You can think of lazily sailing on the water,
You can find yourself in a book,
Or serenade a friend.

You can think up your wildest hopes,
You can listen to the quietly rustling leaves,
You can be a gambler in a casino,
Or sleep peacefully as if on a downy bed.

Seventh Shack is rarely this quiet,
But when it is you can feel at home,
You can be in your room,
So faraway.

Yuki Moore

Just A Little Rain

The sky is blue and clear,
Not a cloud is in the sky,
And clotheslines droop to the ground under
The weight of wet suits.

The lake is like glass,
The view covers many miles of water,
And sun bathers lie upon the dock.

There are birds singing in the trees,
Music comes from some unknown corner,
And many a loud voice can be heard.

In a sudden moment; thunder - lightning
In a sudden moment; rain and wind,
And in a sudden moment a sush of people from nowhere.

The clotheslines lie bare,
The music ceases playing,
And the birds forget their chirping.

The lake is like an ocean,
The view is but a few yards,
And the sun bathers have vanished.

Just a little rain
Falling all around
Can really do something.

Yuki Moore

CAMP SONGS

Third Shack Song: Most Original

Runoia Girls

Tune: "The Keeper"

Runoia girls from far and near
We happily sing to you each year
All about our good times here
And summer days of cheer-o.

Counselors, campers
Sing you well, very well
Hey down, ho down,
Derry derry down
And summer days of cheer-o.

Runoia girls have lots of fun
Tennis, sailing under the sun,
Good times here have just begun
Our summer days of cheer-o.

Chorus:

Fourth Shack Song:

Tune: "8 Days A Week"

Oh we love Runoia
Guess you know its true
Oh we love Runoia
For campers old and new.

Campers, counselors,
Runoia we love you
Two months to stay.

Kickball, softball, newcomb,
For the White and Blue
Swimming, sailing, diving,
To Great Pond we are true.

Campers, counselors,
Runoia we love you
Two months to stay.

When the summer is over
Time to say goodbye,
Hope we'll have another
Summer just as fine.

Campers, counselors,
Runoia we love you
Ten more months away.

Fifth Shack Song:

A Place Called Runoia

Tune: "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head"

Runoia's the greatest camp around
with Betty and Phil and all the counselors
they have found, working on their jobs,
and campers who always play around
with their buddies.

We have tennis and swimming
and many other sports that we all adore
it's not a bore, the Blue and White
we all work for...du du du du

And the trips that we go on
stay in our memories for so very, very long,
never to forget what Runoia has given us
to cherish forever.

There's just one thing we know
that Camp Runoia's the greatest place
where we can go. We love it so
that our spirit will always grow...du du du du

Runoia's the greatest camp around
with Betty and Phil and all the counselors
they have found working on their jobs,
and I'll never forget you Runoia
because you're true to me, very true to me.

Sixth Shack Song:

Tune: "Oscar Meyer Weiner Tune"

Oh I wish that I could stay at Camp Runoia
That is where I really love to be,
Because when I am living at Runoia,
Life is so exciting and carefree!

And as the days go by at Camp Runoia,
We enjoy tennis and swimming too!
We hope that we can stay here all our summers;
Runoia, we shall never forget you!

C.I.T. Song:

Tune: "Row, Row, Row Your Boat"

When you're in
Save your skin
From Runoia's deadly bwahs
They'll eat your feet
Until replete
With victorious hurrahs - Those Bwahs!!

Seventh Shack Song: Most Durable

Runoia, We'll Remember

Tune: "Leaving On A Jet Plane"

Runoia camp amidst the pines
Sequestered in a cove so fine
Sunlight sparkles bright upon the waves.

Friends of new and friends of old
Memories of the years to hold,
So many happy moments in these days.

Runoia, we'll remember
Hearts with you until forever
Cherish days gone by and those to come.

Blue and White provide the sport
On the lake or on the courts
We strive to work, and strive to learn and share.

The stars look down upon our campfire,
All the days have changed desires
Telling us and showing us we care.

Chorus:

A Song

The sun is a mass of incandescent gas,
A gigantic nuclear furnace,
Where hydrogen is burned into helium,
And the temperature is millions of degrees.
Yo ho, it's hot
The sun is not
A place for you to be,
But without the heat from which it gives
There'd be no you or me.

Animals At Camp

About a week after camp started, Betty and Phil bought a little tan toy poodle which they named Coco. He is very playful and loves to bite fingers.

The Hunsbergers not only brought Franklin to camp, but they also brought a large orange and white cat called Urban who likes to sleep and stretch out.

Pam Cobb has three little fish, one of which got stuck in the bottom of the china castle in the bottom of the bowl.

Alice Kirkpatrick brought two adorable gerbils who love to make lots of noise after taps with their wheel spinning, spinning, spinning.

Lucy Frick brought her pony, Endicott, to camp. He's brown with a black mane and tail. He likes to tease Abby.

Audry Lauer has two cute mice which she brings to Blue/White games to give the Whites good luck.

Harvey, Stacy Boynton's rabbit, is black and white. When you open the top of his cage, he stands on top of his house and looks at you.

Jenny Walker brought a smooth, silky, brown and white guinea pig named Timothy who likes to go under stuffed animals at games.

Sandy Cobb has two goldfish and two zebra fish which are quite pretty.

These were just the pets. We didn't mention all the chipmunks that liked to sun themselves on the rocks or the squirrels that darted from tree to tree, or the birds that woke us up on sunny mornings, or the loons which lulled us from across the lake at night.



Claire Treves
Lucy Frick



Oops! Careful...don't squash me! Hey! Watch where you step! I'm really not a nasty fly like those that bother you when you're working in the hot sun.

I'm FLICKA..a friendly fly who loves to spend every summer at Runoia. I've heard lots of tales and seen lots of antics. WOW! You Runoians surely do have a lot of fun! Remember the time.....

Just when I was getting a good dream going during my short-short catnap in my secure little hideout, someone came bounding through the woods yelling..."Heh-heh-heh! I see you there under that rock..wow! You're worth five points! Makes up for the minus two I stumbled over in the log back there."

And so another smiling camper broke the reverie as she went stalking through the pines in search of more fair game..the unsuspecting counselors. Where does Terry T-T hide anyway?

Flicka

Moonlight Relived In Pine Woods

Amid fact, fantasy, and patriotism, Runoia campers celebrated the first anniversary of the manned moon landing. Look out, moon..here we come!

The judges had no difficulty in deciding that Susie Dickson had the best memory for a Junior in her flag costume while her Senior sisters, Mary Sandberg, Clairry Cutler, and Jennie Walker claimed this title, "campers watching the moonshot."

Runoia had her share of comedienness with Junior Annette Schaffer as a pregnant moon woman and Seniors Susie Schoen and Ish Kamberg as moon dust sharing the spotlight in this area.

Originality is never short with these campers. Juniors Lucy Phinney and Christy Black were clever Martians while Audrey Lauer claimed the title, "Millie Moon Monster."

At Runoia blankets are never just blankets, or sheets just sheets, or water buckets for carrying water only. They're costumes for horses, spaceships, rocks, or whatever is needed to enhance the imagination of energetic campers who are banned from the craft shop for completing their costume creativity. CIT's Donna Weltner and Elizabeth Billington were rewarded for their efforts in portraying, "The Moon and Neil Armstrong."

These were only the winners. You should have seen the others!

Flicka

Famous Pairs Visit Camp

Saturday night at the lodge found many famous couples gathering for fun and festivities. From Junior end came Blondi and Dagwood, declared the funniest pair, while Paul Bunyon and his Blue Ox made the best presentation. Senior end award winners varied from Tom Sawyer and Becky as being the most creative, with Santa and Mrs. Claus close beside them for the same honors. The best presentation honors went to Raggedy Ann and Andy and the Lone Ranger and his sidekick Tonto. The "Country Cornflakes" carried off the CIT and Aide Award, while the booby prize went to the happy pair, Tarzan and Jane. True identities were kept a secret and will not be revealed by me...

Flicka

Happy Un-Birthday To You

Collect a few undistinguished rocks, some bits of paper and strips of cloth, some branches and bark and pine needles. Add some splotches of paint and glue, trim with scissors and tie together with string... What do you have? A very happy un-birthday party with clever gifts of paperweights and pincushions, loveable animals and mobiles given to smiling appreciative faces from creative active fingers. Even Hallmark would be hard put to match the fun this party produced.

But everyone knows parties aren't just for giving and getting gifts - and this one was no different. We played musical chairs, sat on balloons, tossed ping pong balls and ate...perhaps this was one of the most important parts, the latter, I mean. No?!

Flicka

Miss Runoia 1970

The Miss Runoia contest this year was especially hard for the judges. The girls worked hard preparing their acts, and the shacks rooted for them all of the way through. First Shack presented Laura Kind as Susie Smiley. Dressed in "little girl clothes," she displayed her talents for smiling up, down, and all around. Third Shack presented Lucy Phinney as the wonderful, magical, and marvelous magician who just couldn't get the right object out of the hat. Fourth Shack gave us Sally Boldt, the concert pianist, who gave us her rendition of Chop Sticks. Ish Kamberg was the contestant from Fifth Shack. She called herself Fanny Flop and sang a very funny song to the tune of "Today." Since Sixth Shack appears to have a lot of beauties this year, they picked Jane Billington, and she sang and acted out, in a style all her own, the song, Lollipop. Seventh Shack presented Julie Scripps as the bubble blower, and she spent her acting time rubbing soap on her face and blowing tremendous bubbles.

Although only one shack could win, the judges said that they were all very good. The counselors, after

deep consideration, came out and gave Ish Kamberg of Fifth
Shack a scepter and a crown of pine needles. Everyone
enjoyed the contest very much.

Sunny Gustafson

The New Junior Trip

We walked along the wood by a path to Fairy Ring with our sleeping bags on our backs. As soon as we got there, we went to work - cleaning the Ring and getting wood. Pretty soon, as it was getting toward evening, we got a fire ready. We could hear the ps-s-s-s-t of bug repellent going on as we got ready for the mosquitoes. After punch and crackers and singing, we retired to our sleeping bags. As we learned later, Alice Gleghorn couldn't find her bug spray. Even if she had, it was a buzzing night. Alice had a total of 228 mosquito bites, and there were other such totals. As breakfast ended, we rolled up our sleeping bags, checked our fire, and started campward, heaving a sigh of relief.

Kristi Lewis

Fourth Shack's Trip to Rome Farms

After rest hour one day, Barb told us to put on our uniforms. We did, not knowing why. She wouldn't tell us where we were going.

We took both camp cars and off we went. We found out where we were going when we got there. It was "Rome Farms." It was beautiful. On either side of the barns were white fencing, reaching off into the distance. The barns were white too. One of the barns was for brood mares (pregnant mares) and mares with their colts. In the other barn were geldings. One of the geldings whose name was Lawrence, got a lot of attention from us. He was a bay (brown with black mane and tail.) Behind the barn were some cows. When we called them, we could hear a lot of fake moo-o-o-os. We all went home very happy except for Matti and Joanne who had an allergy!

Lucy Frick

Junior Climb Up Mt Philip

One day all the Juniors scrambled into the blue truck and drove off to climb Mt. Philip. When we got there, we all piled out and started up, clearing the trail as we went. It was a long way up and in some places we'd be climbing along a little cliff of rocks.

When we got to the top, while eating Hershey bars, we looked down on an aerial view of Great Pond and saw Camp Runoia as a little patch of sand on the shore of the lake. Before we went down, we saw King Kubaba's cave. In this we could crawl on our hands and knees and pop up a hole anywhere. That was loads of fun. The counselors even tried it and managed to go through. From that we got pretty dirty too! So we decided to go back and have soapies.

The way down was much easier and more fun because you're going downhill! When we got back down, we piled into the truck again and went back to camp for soapies.

Lucy Phinney

Sandy River Trip

First of all, we all loaded onto the truck with two canoes on a trailer in back of us. We were all singing and having a good time while we were riding.

When we got there, we unloaded and, as soon as possible, got started. There were two people at a time, with a counselor steering in each boat. Then, around noontime, we all had our lunch.

I'd say it was a good experience for everyone who went. We all learned to canoe down the rapids safely!

Barbara Davis

Third Oak Island Trip

When the Oak Island trippers got to our campsite, we found there wasn't too much wood on the ground, that the fireplace needed rebuilding, the pix needed digging, a table needed building, and so did an icebox. Everyone was assigned a job a went to do it. When we finished our jobs, we collected lots of wood and then went swimming. We had a supper of hot dogs, salad, ginger-bread, and applesauce. When we all had finished supper, we enjoyed an after-dinner swim. We talked until bedtime and then turned in.

In the morning we enjoyed a breakfast of Beepo, cocoa, and toast. About ten o'clock, when we had rolled up our sleeping bags, had done the dishes, and had folded up the tent, we paddled back to camp. You might say, nothing unusual happened!

Sue Schoen

Third Long Lake

We started out with a sprinkling rain on our heads. We paddled on and on it seems untill we got to Belgrade where we portaged. We had lunch and met a group that pushed up our spirits. "3 trip boxes?" we couriced. "Sure, your trip scout eats well," was their reply and we under stood when we saw their charcoal and steak. Then they disapeared into the waves of long lake. Soon we followed and paddled and paddled and paddled... The rain poured and we screamed our louns out singing. Our canues were filling and our clothes were soaking but our spirits werent even damp. A loon popped up here and there and we would try to talk to it but none of them stayed around long enough. Songs new and old were introduced to keep us entertained. Finally, we saw the campsite. It was like heaven to our eyes. We landed and found a tent already pitched haliluya! The next hour was spent collecting wood, changing, and diging pix holes. After eating our dinner we found it was still quite early so we amused ourself with short skits and stories. Darkness soon fell so out came the samores and goast stories. We went **to** bed with visions of goblins and maniacs in our heads. The next morning we found that a few beds had been soaked by a hole in the tent. Oh well! The day was a fantastic one. The bright sun shined on us like

a blessing and soon we were off. It was over to the rocks for a jump and a swim. Then after everyone was cooled off we started for Belgrade Stream(?) Well, we thought we were on Belgrade Stream, but we weren't. We paddled an hour and a half up the wrong stream. When we realized we were on the wrong stream we stopped to eat lunch. Then we paddled back up the stream. When we got out again we paddled to a house and asked if we could use a phone to call camp. When we called no one answered so we decided to look for the right stream. We finally found it and bluestreaked (?) to the dam. When we finally got to the dam Annie Mac went to call camp. The truck was on its way. When it arrived we piled everything in and were off. What a trip!

Ish Kamberg

Trip Song - Third Long Lake

Three cheers for Jones Junior High

It's the best junior high in the nation

Its colors are purple and white.

(Spoken) Purple is for majesty and white is for
the teachers' hair

For Jones Junior High I will die, Bang!

Alice, where are you going?

Upstairs to take a bath

Alice, with legs like toothpicks,

And a neck like a giraffe.

Alice stepped in the bathtub (whoo!)

Alice pulled out the plug.

Oh my goodness, oh my soul,

There goes Alice down the hole.

Fourth Long Lake Trip Song

Tune: "Here Comes the Sun"

There goes the sun
Da-da-da-da
There goes the sun
But we said - it's all right
Da-da...da

Tune: "Traveling along, singing a song"

Paddling along, singing a song, side by side

Tune: "Patsy-atsy-orey-a"

When we got there the clock said one
That was the time that our tent was begun
And when the clock it did strike five
Our tent was barely alive.

Spoken: SO WE CALLED HERTZ RENT-A-TENT

Tent went up and tent went down
Tent went almost on the ground
An hour and a half was nearly spent
Working on our bent tent.

Tune: "Oh where oh where has my little dog gone"

Where oh where has my little pix gone
Oh where oh where can it be
With all its adornments and pix sign too
It's just a hole to me.

Tune: "On a Wonderful Day Like Today"

On a wonderful day like today
We made crummy pie and we're crackering jokes
Our lemon pie was a big yolks
On a wonderful trip like ours.

Tune: "Singing in the Rain"

Singing in the rain
Just singing in the rain
Rain makes sleeping outside a pain.

Tune: "Hole in My Bucket"

There's a hole in the tent
Dear Jody and Sue
There's a hole in our tent
Dear Jody and Sue

Spoken: Give me an M - A - N - I - A - C - S
What's it spell? MANIACS IN THE AREA, OF COURSE!

Tune: "Sailing, Sailing"

Bailing, bailing, out of our sleeping bags
When we're sloshing in our sleep
The time it really drags.

Tune: "Here Comes the Sun"

Here comes the sun
Da-da-da-da
Here come the sun
Da-da-da-da
There goes the sun
But we said it's all right da-da...

Tune: "Sparks"

Eggs are flying high and low
Till they reached the wood
For some abnormal reason
Charcoal eggs are not good.

Tune: "He's Got the Whole World"

We lost most of our food in the fire
We lost most of our food in the fire
We lost most of our food in the fire
But we managed to gain a ton.

Tune: "Peace, I Ask of Thee, O River"

Peace we beg of thee our Long Lake
Peace, peace, peace
When we paddle on your waters,
Waves please cease
But
We love you Long Lake...

Senior Trip to the Beach

The first Senior trip to the shore was on a Tuesday in July. All of the Seniors assembled in front of the big blue camp truck and the exciting journey began. After some long period of riding, the truck finally came to a stop! We all piled out and headed for the beach. The waves were just right for body surfing, and the dollars we were given provided us with enough candy for years. The day was full of fun - building sand castles, throwing counselors into the water, and just plain sun bathing. Around 3:30 it was time to end this wonderful day, and we stuffed the remainder of our candy into our mouths and started back to camp. We arrived singing our usual "Oh Here We Come" just in time for supper. Ah, the end of a beautiful day.

Mary Sandberg

Mountain Trip Song

Give me an E.....E
Give me an N.....N
Give me an E.....E
Give me an R.....R
Give me a G.....G
Give me a Y.....Y

What have we got?.....ENERGY!

Sixpence

I've got energy, lots of energy
I've got energy to last me all the hike.
I've got energy to climb, and energy to sing,
And energy to laugh the whole day through, day through.

Air

Hello bugs that are biting
Leave us while we are hiking
The bugs, the bugs are everywhere
Sleep tight, while they bite,
Sleep tight...tight...tight...tight.

Food, Glorious Food

Food, glorious food,
My, how we were hungry!
What have we to eat?
Gorp and raspberries!

Soapies, glorious soapies,
My how we were dirty!

Man Napoleon

The hikers 23
Climbed up through the trees
Chicken pitch was difficult
And that we did agree

Up and up we climbed
Up and up we climbed
Up and up and up and up and up and up we climbed.

The Bear Went Over the Mountain

Runoia went up the mountain
Runoia went up the mountain
Runoia went up Bigelow
To try to reach the top.

And did they reach the top, No!
And did they reach the top, No!
Runoia went up the mountain
And could not find the trail!

Lollipop

S-U-G-A-R-L-O-A-F spells
Sugarloaf, Sugarloaf
That is what we finally reached
the top of, top of
We felt that we were just about
to drop off, drop off
S-U-G-A-R-L-O-A-F you ski
It's a hike up a hill
That is guaranteed to kill
It's sleeping bags for me!

Macy's Department Store
4th Floor
Perfume and other toiletries
Going up!

Trip to the Beach

Even though the ride up was crowded, we had lots of fun. New campers learned songs while the old led the group along. Stories were told of last year's trips and adventures, and of course everyone enjoyed showing our unique voices off to the unfortunate towns we passed through.

The truck arrived at a beach full of people unaware that Runoia had come! Hot and sticky, forty Seniors trooped into the tiny dressing rooms. (Little did we know what our poor innocent feet were in for!) We marched up the hill and found HOT sand. It really felt good - when we forgot about the heat.

When everything was settled, most of us went in for a swim. The water, cold, and the sand, hot, gave us a large variety of places to be, but it felt good to be in something cold again after that hot ride. The waves weren't as big as they could have been although every once in a while some good ones came along. The only thing was that whenever a fantastic wave came, another would follow.

After lunch had been served and finished, several of us started to take sport in throwing the counselors into

the waves. We would have ended it with Schrader, but she ran in on her own accord. "Chicken!" we shouted after her.

The trip back wasn't very exciting, but we all were glad to be back so we could have good sound soapies.

Jane Billington

Mountain Crew Hits New Heights

"Bye. See you in a few days. Good luck in finding water in Dead River!" shouted an eager camper as she disembraked from the blue truck. The Bigelow woods were about to echo an unforgettable gaggle of energetic females set on conquering the towering heights along the Appalachian Trail. The road ahead looked dusty, but Betty had scouted the road and declared there really was a campsite just three miles down the road nestled among the trees across the road from a pond. The first contingent had already been shuttled to the site and instructed to gather wood as it was getting dark. By the time the last loads had been driven in, the tnets were being raised..almost. Oops! Who packed the wrong poles? Anyone have any tape? Good thing we packed all those yards of rope.

"Tie that end of the tent to the tree."

"Who's got the fly dope? Can't see for all the nasty bugs."

"Wow! Do they bite!"

"Oh, no! Ouch! Who chose this site right next to a hornets nest?"

"Well, chop the wood over next to the fire as the hornets don't like to be thumped out."

"This is great! A pix hole on top of a mountain where you can survey the whole world."

"Careful sliding down that hill or you'll land right in the fire."

"Good grief..the fire poles are still in the truck..help!"

"Let's eat on the bridge..the view is better (and under the speaker's breath) let's not have food spilled in the campsite to interest some uninvited fourfooted friends."

"Don't worry about those big paw prints..someone probably left their dog out to get a drink in the pond."

"Who sat on the sandwiches in the truck?"

"What's the matter? You don't like flattened pbj's? Think of all the effort that has been saved you."

"Ummmmmm. Marshmallows!"

"Who's going to get up and start the fire in the morning?"

"Not me! I'm on clean-up. I get to sleep later."

"Oh, it feels good to stretch out."

"Look, the clouds have gone. The stars are so clear you'd think we could reach up and touch them. Reflecting on the smooth water, they make the pond look like a city lit up at night."

"Oh, it feels good to stretch out."

"Hey, watch it! You're rolling on top of me."

"That lump you just kicked was my head."

"Let's get a good night's sleep so we're ready to tackle that mountain."

"Good night."

"Ummmm, this road is so deserted I'll bet no one ever uses it."

(Rumble, rumble, grind, roar, jangle, clank.)

(Zip goes the sleeping bag. Zip-zip goes the tent window.)

"What is it? It sounds like an earthquake."

"It's morning and it's the logging trucks...ooo..watch out for the car!"

Dishes done, pj's packed, gorp mixed..gorp? Yeah!

Raisins, peanuts, and chocolate chips...buddies? Ready to go?

"The book says turn left at the phone."

"So many logging roads. Good thing it's a nice day for walking."

"Wonder where the top of this mountain is anyway?"

"Doesn't look as though anyone has used this trail in years."

"You mean we climbed all the way up there?" gasped one tired trekker as she viewed Bigelow from a distance.

"Well, tomorrow we'll go up Sugarloaf..can't miss the top if we follow a ski trail."

A good night's sleep, hearty meals, and we were ready to tackle the skiers paradise. Cleanups rode all the way to the lodge. The others walked in from the read after being shuttled that far. A clear day and a zigzag pattern set, we were off. The raspberries were delicious as well as an inspiration. Frequent rest stops had to be made enroute to the top. The grassy slopes certainly took a lot longer to climb up than to swich down on the snow-covered sides of winter. But the view! It was beautiful, and before too long we noticed the trees had changed to scrub size...a sure sign we were reaching higher

altitudes. When we rounded a bend we could see the powerhouse for the lifts. We knew we didn't have far to go. Then we saw the top..took deep breaths and headed for the summit. The sun was hot and we had to shed several layers of jackets. What a shock we had when the cold wind at the top whipped around us. We found barren stone and had a feeling of accomplishment as we saw the peak...4,297 feet!

We shared our water with the boys who were back packing from the Rangeley Lake region. As we watched them trudge forward, it was a comfort to know we had a secure campsite to return to at the end of the day. We chatted with the men who were installing the communications center at the top and explored the lodge at the end of the ski lift. It was a good thing we had our pbj's as there was no food to buy at the top as we had originally planned to get.

Eating our way down the slope, we happily found Mrs. Boynton at the lodge. She willingly floated a loan so that we could indulge ourselves in candy, cokes, potato chips, etc. Climbing certainly helps to build an appetite.

The first ones shuttled to the campsite had the privilege of cooking dinner. What a treat to return with the last shuttle and find hot food waiting. Did those girls really get a ride to the top on the gondola or were they putting us on?

How could one group have so many good cooks? We lucked out with lemon pie, toad-in-the-hole, smores, beep-o, etc. etc.

Wondering if our water sisters would arrive on time at the highway, we broke camp at what seemed to be dawn and started the shuttle to the road, only to wait for the sleepy heads who arrived, of course, late. Hurray for the climbers!

"Say, did you find any water?"

"Did you find an extra set of fireplace poles?"

"Wait till you hear....."

Tired? Never admit it..just a quiet ride back to camp and a dramatic rush to the waterfront. Oh, how good it feels to get clean again!

"Ready to go again?"

"You bet..but let's wait a few days to get the clean laundry back."

"Ummmm, that wouldn't really be a cover-up for resting a few aching muscles?! Never!!!"

Flicka

Trial

The fair citizens of Camp Runoia were present in the jury room on August 13th at 7:30 p.m. to hear seven cases. The prosecutor, Sue Gurganus, commenced the evening with the first case of Miss Muna Shehadi. Miss Shehadi was accused of theft. She deliberately got a splinter from Fourth Shack's floor. When asked where she planned to smuggle the semi-precious wood, she said nothing. The judge, Diana Sandberg, handed down the punishment of reciting, "I am a thief" five times.

Of the other cases, Miss Alice Gleghorn was accused of luring mosquitoes into camp so the rest of the citizens would also be attacked. Her punishment was to collect ten dead mosquitoes. Miss Scripps, accused of slamming doors after taps, was punished by having milk and crackers with the Juniors. During that case, quite a few more culprits were exposed.

Where was Meg Tabell going the night she fell out of bed? We never found out, but...she did confess it was to see Junior.

Looking through the trash for scraps of food and saying, "I was really looking for my retainer," (a likely story) was accused Julie Ewing. Even though she really

lost her retainer (later found on a table wrapped in a tissue) she was nevertheless punished by having to go to the dump the next time anyone loses something.

Roni Orzeck and Christy Black were found in bed together one night; what were they doing? The only answer we could come up with was Roni, the lazy one, didn't want to mess her bed that night. Their punishment, also including Claire Treves, was that they had to make their beds with proof.

The most interesting case the whole night ended up in a wedding. It seems that Miss Vicky Darlington was accused of sleepwalking and asking Boop Tabell what to take on a trip. The fair citizens of Runoia finally found out that Miss or Mr. Clary Cutler and Miss Darlington had previously discussed a wedding. The jury decided that as her punishment she would be joined in Holy Matrimony to Miss or Mr. Cutler that same night. Mr. Ricky Cobb gave Vicky away as his daughter. Mary Sandberg was Clary's best man along with Pam Page as Vicky's maid of honor. Even though most of the accusations were true, the tone of the whole evening was hilarious.

Diana Sandberg

A Great Success

The Horse Show was a great success this year. All went smoothly until the walk, trot, canter when Sandy Cobb fell off and Lucy Frick's pony acted up. The jumping turned out great and fun to watch. The judge was Mrs. James Goodwin who got a "Bobo" at the end of the show. Abbey and Martha organized the show very well. "All the ribbons were well earned," was a comment from Abbey. There were popcicles for everyone after the show. These are the results:

I Walk

1st: Jane Rines on Bon Ami
2nd: Sue Coley on Flicka
3rd: Claire Treves on Etc.
4th: Julie Ewing on Pogo

II Walk Trot

1st: Sue Schoen on Bon Ami
2nd: Boop Tabell on Pogo
3rd: Kim Davies on Pepsi
4th: Jane Sutherland on Here We Go Again
5th: Jenny Walker on Etc.
6th: Ish Kamberg on Flicka

III Walk Trot

1st: Julie Scripps on Flicka
2nd: Pam Page on Pepsi
3rd: Debbie Darrow on Here We
Go Again
4th: Pam Cobb on Pogo
5th: Anette Shafer on Etc.
6th: Wuki Moore on Bon Ami

IV Walk Trot

1st: Mary Sandberg on Etc.
2nd: Sally Bolt on Bon Ami
3rd: Audrey Laver on Flicka
4th: Heather Baldwin on Pepsi

V Walk Trot Canter

1st: Lucy Frick on Endicott
2nd: Marita Sturken on Etc.
3rd: Margy Knight on Flicka
4th: Sandy Cobb on Pogo
5th: Clare Cutler on Pepsi

VI Jumping

1st: Clare Cutler on Pogo
2nd: Lucy Frick on Endicott
3rd: Marita Sturken on Pogo

A Typical Rest Hour in Seventh Shack

Slam!

"Scripps!"

There is no answer.

"Ugly!"

Again no answer.

"Hey, beautiful, sexy Scripps!"

"You called?"

"Aghhhh!"

Terry rushes in chased by Mimi.

"Help me! Aghhhh!"

They run out again.

"73 men sailed her from San Francisco Bay..."

"I like that sing."

"Martha! I KNOW you like that song."

"The record doesn't sound right."

"We know."

"Are you a white?"

"Uh-uh, blue."

"White is better."

"Who said?"

"Me."

"Taste this lime candy."

"Huh?"

"I said taste this."

"Looks good."

"Lick it."

"But it's pretty solid to me."

"I know."

"Okay, let me have a lick. Yuck. Meg, you fooled me."

"Uh-huh!"

"Where have you been?"

"I had to go to dishes, Gena."

"Oh, too bad."

Ding, ding.

"Rest hour."

"How dull!"

"Dull?"

"Yeah, dull!"

"Alright, alright!"

"LOLLI!"

Slam!

"Who was that?"
"Jody."
"She should be in the tent. It's rest hour."
"She came in to go to the pix and when she yelled..."
"Girls, let's get on our beds." Annie-Mac goes out.
"Jane, you're NOT supposed to be in our room."
"Sorry, Martha."
"Talk to you later, Jane."
"Okay, Yuki."
"I must write. I must write her."
"Is she sick?"
"Probably."
"Candy, anyone?"
"Yeah, I got some."
"Can I have some?"
"Oh, please can I have some?"
"Thanks."
"Everyone get on their beds."
There are many mumbles.
"Can I have a comic?"
"Uh-huh. They're on my trunk."
"Shhh!"
Footsteps, whispers, creaky beds, noises, and toilets
flushing make up a typical Seventh Shack rest hour.

Yuki Moore

Seventh Shack's Last Will and Testament

- I, Meg Tabell, bequeath my roll-on deoderant to Martha Beals
so I can sleep an extra 15 minutes in the morning.
- I, Schoen, bequeath my femininity to Jenny Walker.
- I, Marita Sturken, bequeath my long hair to Mary Eshelman.
- I, Jane Sutherland, bequeath my braces to Ish Kamberg.
- I, Diane Guimont, bequeath my nose to Martha Kirkpatrick's
Teddy, Cuddles.
- I, Mimi Gurganus, bequeath ALL my clothes to Mary Ellen Steele.
- I, Julie Scripps, bequeath my big mouth to Kate Pillsbury.
- I, Gena Mastrogeorge, bequeath the bell in the honey bear's
ear to Mimi Gurganus.
- I, Yuki Moore, bequeath my radical mind to President Nixon.
- I, Martha Kirkpatrick, bequeath the floor under my bed to
Lysol disinfectant.
- I, Sandy Cobb, bequeath my tumbledown to Abbey Clark.
- I, Mary-Allen Steele, bequeath all my blankets to Jane
Sutherland.

First Shack Going To Bed

Greenie: Back to shack now, girls.

Kathy S: I have to play taps.

Greenie: I wasn't talking to you. Has everyone been to pix?

(No answer) Sunni, have you been to pix?

Sunni: No.

Greenie: Elizabeth have you been to pix?

Elizabeth: No.

Greenie: Get going - NOW!

Laura-Kathy: We have, Greenie. Aren't we great?

Greenie: Elizabeth, time to turn the light out.

Elizabeth: Greenie, will you give me a minute.

Quick fake sleep.

Goodnight, Laura and Kathy.

Zzz snorrrrrrr.

Goodnight, Al.

Can I say goodnight to the shack, Greenie?

NO!

Ni Ni Ni Nightie night.

Night, ladies. Let's be quiet.

Burp.

Kathy, don't be so obnoxious.

Laura - did you hear the way she says "obnoxious"?

Kathy, go to sleep.

Crack - crack.

That's it, ladies!

Burp.

Quiet now prevails except Elizabeth's pages turning,
Martha's coke bottle rolling, Kathy's knuckles cracking,
Laura sneezing, Johnny snoring, Sunni smiling, and Greenie
still checking.

Kathy Sternberg
Laura Kind

LOST

sleeping bags
counselor's room window
Muna Shehadi's foot
courage
Bigelow
some silverware
boredom
good figures
retainers
Der Birds
sleep
Ruthie
Cinder
Meg Tabell
Shadow's dinner
Johnny
H's
a pair of glasses

the coolers
pants in the woods
walk-in
a pix
Walter
Bongo
Phil during the week
tension

FOUND

the roof of the truck
peephole
splinter
raccoons
Sugarloaf
sticky fingers
Ish Kamberg
some weight
lovely garbage
The Sun is a mass...
bats
Franklin
Shadow and Cocoa
her on the floor
in Martha Kirkpatrick's bed
her at the big float
"Uge"
lovely things at the bottom
of the big float
them all over Laverdiere's
Valerie Kind over the pix
deep freeze
Terri-Tee-tee's drawer
Gary
Endicott
him on the weekends
a smile

Each Rumpia season we have a number of special birthdays. This one is proving to be no exception. Friday we celebrated Pat Cobb's birthday, she lives in Three Shack, and Mary Sandberg's in Six Shack. Each shack had a special table reserved for them during supper, and the campers brought all of their stuffed animals to drape over rafters and window ledges. Our cook, Mrs. Poss, made two delicious cakes for the shacks, plus ice-cream (she didn't make that). We sang songs and wished both campers a happy birthday.

This summer's counselors, both old and new, are finding camp life exciting and rewarding. Despite the persistent cold weather and rain that we've had this week, the staff has introduced new indoor activities and songs.

The Aides and CIT's (counselors in training) are becoming acquainted with the campers and Rumpia's summer programs, and are looking forward to a long and creative season.

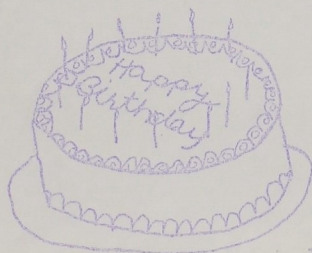
Saturday's rainy weather didn't dampen the camper's spirit and activities were varied and just as exhausting as a sunny day. Groups rotated from playing games to learning to write for the Rumpia Log book, and even being weighed! Skits were presented in the afternoon by the campers as part of a very original afternoon program. The whole camp was given a theme to work on: John is Mary's husband and has gone to work...and all the rest of that soap operary type stuff. Each shack approached the theme in a different manner--we had a soap opera, a fairy tale, and Peanuts style. The skits gave us some light humor for the afternoon.

Saturday night a parade of costumed campers and counselors assembled at the lodge for a farous couples night. The judges entered with a cry of "here come de judge" and the contest began. Each couple filed past the judging panel and onlooking campers to display their original and humorous outfits. Ribbons were awarded on the basis of creativity, best performance, and humor. With enthusiasm and a little creativity a rainy day can be terrific for all. A sheet made Anthony's costume while Cleopatra wore her pajamas. Mops gave Raggedy Ann and Andy hair while belts served as suspenders for the fellow in the cornflakes ad. You'd never guess how varied the uses are for towels and blankets!

Love,

Aionur

Compiled by: K. Rodgers, V. Darlington, S. Boynton, B. Davis, J. Yer,
M. Lyle, S. Schcen, J. Marshall, L. Corbar, etc.



July 12, 1970

Hi!

This week has been a very exciting week in the eyes of many. The week began with the 4th of July being rainy and in normal Runoia fashion the 5th became the 4th. (You dig?)

Saturday, the 4th of July was postponed because of rain. Rainy Day activities were what the CIT'S planned.

On Sunday, we had the 4th of July activities. Everyone dressed up in red, white, and blue. The CIT'S split us up into six sub-teams...three American and three British. All sorts of events including a cross-camp race were included. Audrey Lauer, of the British team, came in first. The last part of the race took place by swimming to the float and back while wearing seven pieces of clothing, all of which had been collected by team-mates on the cross-camp race.

In the evening Sixth Shack presented Sunday Vesper Service, after which we had a campfire on the beach. Everyone had their share of marshmallows and sparklers.

The winners for the Fourth of July were announced at the beach. These were the standings:

- 1st place: Clary's Clever Cutthroats
- a tie for 2nd place: Mary's Mischievous Monkeys and Kimi's Mumbling Meatballs
- 3rd place: Valerie's Valiant Victors.

The British won for the day!

On Monday two senior trips left for the Oak Island campsites. The CIT's also had their share of fun by going to Crooked Island.

Tuesday two more Senior trips went to Oak Island after the others had come back. The new Juniors went for a sleep-out at Fairy Ring where the mosquitoes were atrocious, but the breakfast was good.

Wednesday was the first typical Runoia Day of the week.

Thursday the old Juniors went to Hoyt Island. With them were two CIT'S--Laura Kind and Donna Welther; and two counselors--Annie Mac and Sharon Schrader. They had a very adventurous trip which included ten raccoons outside their tent. The following morning Laura Kind and Annie Mac snuck out of the campsite and paddled for help. Betty came to their rescue in the motorboat. It was a real psych-out on the trippers because the raccoons had left by the time Betty arrived.

Friday Runoia celebrated three birthdays--Annette Schaffer's of 4th Shack, Kate Pillsbury's of 6th Shack and Lolly Rodweller's of the Tent. That evening there were skinny dips for all; and the Seniors had a blast with a late night which lasted until 10:30 p.m. Betty added excitement to the evening by getting the butter pan stuck in the popper!

That ends an untypical/typical Runoia week!

Luv,

Alonur

Alonur thanks Valerie Kind, Clary Cutler, Betsy Brebner, etc. for this week's edition.

Yea
Americans!



Yea
British!



B.B.

Hii

Saturday evening we celebrated the first anniversary of the moon shot. Everyone dressed for the occasion--some as spacemen, some as moon people, and we even had a few Runoia campers who watched the moon shot!

Sunday found the sun peeking through the clouds. Third Shakers centered their Sunday Service around the theme of brotherhood and sang "One God." Each girl participated with a prayer, poem, story, etc. This was also sawdust day. After chores we loaded the truck with helpful campers and went to the mill to collect sawdust for the stalls...just trying to keep the horses happy! We were all set for the individual competitions in tennis, archery, riflery and sailing, when the clouds won out. Greenie and Schrader saved the afternoon, however, by entertaining us with old camp movies. Seeing old friends was fun...remembering last year's horses was an added attraction. The CIT's sat out the storm in the band shell at New England Music Camp. They had rhythm to listen to rain by!

Monday night the CIT's put on a carnival. We tried pinning the tooth on the counselor, tried our luck at the ping-pong ball throw at the empty coca-cola case, and tossed a wet sponge at Schrader...just to mention a few of the fun games. Instead of "candy line", each shack was called up and each camper was given ten empty .22 cartidges to trade for ten pieces of candy. The decision making on the candy selections was most difficult.

Three senior trips went out on Long Lake this week. One left their silverware at a portage area and had to eat with their fingers; one had to paddle in huge waves; and another got soaked and saw some extra scenery as they had made a wrong turn. A couple of trips from Camp Wyonegonic came to borrow our canoes to paddle to Oak Island for overnights. We borrow their canoes on our Saco trips.

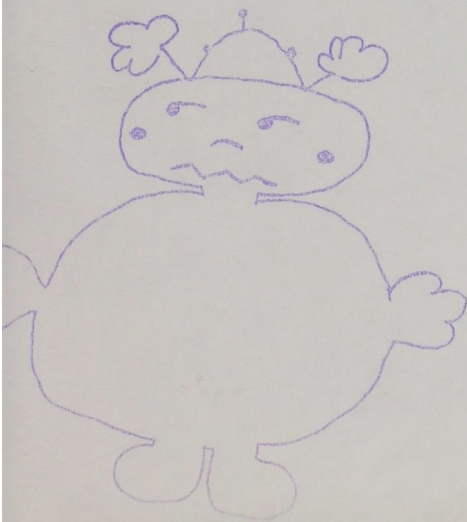
This year we have a new thing called hobby hour. It is before or after free swim. Each camper has his choice of tennis, riding, arts and crafts, sailing, guitar, choir and sometimes waterskiing. Everyone seems to enjoy it.

Phil came back to Camp Monday after spending a couple of weeks in England. Showing true camp spirit he promptly got into a sailboat and capsized three times. Let's hear a "BoBo"....

Love,

Alomur

Thanks to Third Shack for this week's letter.



July 25, 1970

Hi,

"It rained and rained for all of Monday, Tuesday . . ." but,
"the sun came out and dried up the landy, landy,
and everything was fine and dandy, dandy." AND NOW.

Here she comes, Ish Kamberg - our ideal? We think so. Crowning her
Miss Runoia at our contest last Saturday, after her outstanding perform-
ance as an opera singer. She is entitled to a royal standing at the Met.

"He ought to be in pictures," sang Phil last Sunday morning as he
took the annual camp pictures. To our dismay, we had to polish up - pig
tails came down and cut-offs became camp uniforms. After scapies, it
was off to Sunday Service, where the peace we find here at Runoia was
wished to the whole world. Tennis balls bounced out in the afternoon,
finding Audie Lauer and Connie Burton the champs of our Sunday round robin.

"Remember the friends you've made here..." Monday and Tuesday's
wea ther matched our mood as we bid farewell to our first summer month.

"Here comes the sun ..." and there goes the Juniors, off for an
exciting day at Popham Beach. While they were riding in waves, fourteen
of the seniors took their lunches and shot rapids on Sandy River for the day.
The following day, Thursday, made Popham Runoia's camp ground of the week,
as the Seniors ventured off to enjoy the salt and sun. As they became a
very red crew, the Juniors created their own excitement with a Blue - White
kickball game. The final score was Whites - 4, Blues - 1. A counselor
hunt ended a perfect day, fulfilling the counselors hidden desire to escape
their "darling campers."

"The poor old slaves have gone to WORK,

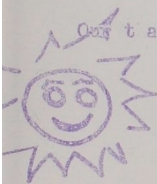
They know that they're not free."

Although Friday was a hot one, it brought the pay-off to everyone's
labor. All ~~the~~ ten of our Junior Life Savers deserve a round of applause
for passing their in-water practical - now the books just come out. And
our counselors have been auctioned off, each being enslaved to the highest
bidder. The chains are attached as Annie Mac and Diana Sandberg provide
a supper sail for two; Luc Gorham and Joanne Marshall help supervise a
cookie bake; Abby Clark and Martha Beals lead a supper horse back ride for
four; Don takes two to Rummel's for ice cream; and all the other counselors
donate similar services.

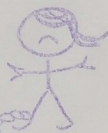
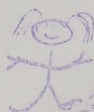
"Now the week is over ..." but, who knows what added smiles next week
will bring.

Love and kisses,
Aionur

Our thanks to the "singing Seventh shack." (No, not really)



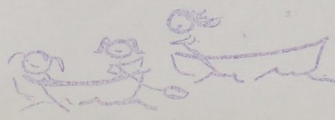
KICKBALL
(C)



CHAIN



ROCK



PKM
BY

Hi!

Saturday afternoon the Blues were victorious in the softball game, with a score of 11-8. That evening everyone received un-birthday presents at the Ted Hatter's Un-Birthday Party. Creativity abounded with the combining of pines, twigs, stones, birch bark, etc. with string and glue.

On Sunday the choir went to Belgrade Lakes to sing in the Union Church, helping to celebrate its 100th anniversary. They got home in time to sing for the CIT's Sunday Service which was held outside under the pines. The afternoon was spent on the waterfront with the exception of those who went to the New England Music Camp. That evening vesperns were held on the beach around a campfire.

Despite the heat and general laziness of Monday, everyone found enough energy to compete in the camper-counselor softball game that evening. Apparently the heat affected the campers--causing them to lose to the counselors 8-6. Monday also brought the beginning of the Jogging Club at C.R.

Tuesday was again hot, and on Wednesday two junior trips went out--one overnight on Parker Pond and an all day paddle on Flying Pond.

On Thursday afternoon, during free swim, the weather decided to change--we had an enormous thunderstorm that cleared up by evening program and then started up again--robbing us of all electricity for the evening.

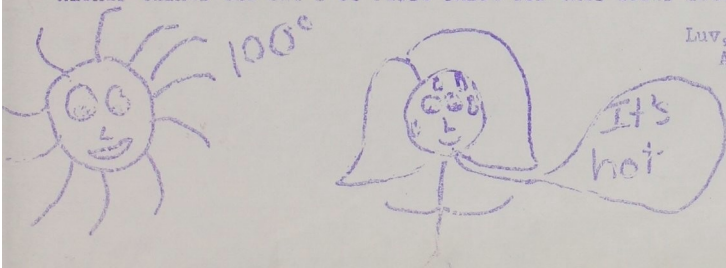
The CIT's visited their counterparts at Camp Arcadia on Friday and found it interesting to compare the two programs. They were treated to Arcadia's answer to congo bars called "mud pies"...(cupcakes with chocolate sauce poured inside and on the top.) Added to the outing was dinner at "The Silent Woman" with desert at "Rummel's"--which was enjoyed by all. The CIT's from Idlepine will return from their paddle on the Belgrade Lakes Sunday afternoon...when our CIT's are looking forward to comparing notes with them.

During the week the campers who won counselors at the slave auction last week were taken on their various trips: Annie-Mac and Diana took Debbie Darrow and KayKay Wagner on a supper sail; Diane Guiront, Mary Eshelman, Martha Kirkpatrick and Gena Lastrageorge went with Betty and Ricky on a motorboat ride to the reeds; and Don treated Ish Kamberg and Sue Schoen to ice cream at "Rummel's". Other slave debts were paid by doing dishes, cleaning rooms and other camper chores.

***Saturday, August 8th at 1:30 p.m....CAMP RUNOIA HORSE SHOW....All beginner Walk/Trot classes will be judged earlier in the week. Only those placing first in each class will be in Saturday's Show.

Camp closes Tuesday, August 18th. All auto parties wishing to pick up their children and baggage following Monday evening's program (approximate time: 10:00 p.m.) must notify Betty no later than August 15th.

Aionur thanks the CIT's of First Shack for this week's letter.



Luv,
Aionur

2. 112

CR's main event circus started with a grand parade of tumblers, monkeys, fierce lions, trick horses, tight rope walkers, freaks and clowns. Punctuating popcorn and coriander kept us busy while watching the clever acts.

This past Sunday Service everyone met Charlie Brown and Lucy as they talked to us about the problems of friendship. We kept cool in the afternoon by canoeing, fishing and swimming. The beautiful day ended with a "brief" history of Runoia told by Johnny at evening vespers.

The Juniors had a new experience this week with not having to share their activities with their elders. Post Senior campers were on a three day trip of canoeing and mountain climbing. As usual, all the trippers came back with numerous tales of all their experiences. We never know how much to believe! The mountain trippers proudly told of their conquest of all 4280 feet of Sugarloaf Mountain, while the canoe trippers told of their canoeing in Canada...having found Dead River dead (no water!) Black flies and mosquitoes didn't dampen the enthusiasm of either group. The mountaineers claim large supplies of E-N-E-R-G-Y! Both groups found the wild red raspberries to be most satisfying.

The Juniors played their first softball game on Wednesday night since there were no Seniors left to play! Supper was picnic style with Third Shack as our hostesses.

When the trippers returned on Thursday with all their stories and dirty laundry, they were immediately pointed in the direction of the waterfront for a much needed "soapie". We all rushed to the riding ring following dinner for the preliminary show. The winners of the four walk classes were Julie Ewing, Nancy Rines, Sue Coley, and Claire Treves...all of whom then competed in Saturday's show.

Friday night most of us played Steal the Bacon, while some campers worked on their enameling projects in the craft shop, waterskied, or sailed. The sailing was Junior Blue/White competition with the Whites winning.

HORSES! HORSES! HORSES!

With full uniforms and hard hats we all gathered again at the riding ring on Saturday afternoon. Every rider in camp displayed excellent horsemanship. With the tension of the competition and the heat of the day, some of the horses chose to show their own personalities...and every ribbon was well earned. The day's activities showed how hard work has paid off. Abbie and Martha were pleased to have Mrs. James Goodwin judge the show. Taking blue ribbons were Jane Rines, Sue Schoen, Julie Cripps, Mary Sandberg, Lucy Frick, and Clarey Cutler.

We're busy finishing up lessons and passing tests...getting ready for the ending of camp and the summer.

Luv,
Aionmur

S. Aionmur thanks fourth shack for this week's edition. She also wants to note that the only thing that's backwards at Runoia is her name! Having a fun time! You, too!



Staff Anagrams

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Gary Y. Asano | Guard Your Assets |
| Martha M. Beals | Manages Mare's Bites |
| Dorothy G. Candy | Diets Generously and Casually |
| Abigail K. Clark | Always Kindles Confidence |
| Elizabeth N. Cobb | Ever Nestles Cocoa |
| Philip J. Cobb | Periodically Jets to Camp |
| Eric W. Cobb | Ridiculous Walking Contraption |
| Carol Combes | Clever Knowledgeable Crocheter |
| Barbara S. Davne | Become Surer Daily |
| G. H. Foss | Got Hundreds of Friends |
| Ann S. Greene | Alert Swimming Guard |
| Susan W. Gurganus | Swims With Grace |
| Donald M. Hunsberger | Devoted Manicurist of Horsecarts |
| Edith L. Hunsberger | Emphasizes Looms and Handicrafts |
| Franklin D. Hunsberger | Fat but Darling Halfpint |
| Marian R. Johnson | Merrily Rocks the John |
| Ann Caroline McCreary | Animals While Camping Meets |
| Mary F. McKenzie | Many Fun Moments |
| Elaine K. McLaughlin | Endlessly Keeps Messing |
| Nancy A. McLaughlin | Noisy and Mischievous |
| Peter B. Orbeton | Pretty Bold Operator |

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| Anne L. Rimalover | Always Loves a Rally |
| Donna M. Rossignol | Doesn't Mind Reading |
| Sharon J. Rossignol | She Jeprodivizes Runoia |
| Diana K. Sandberg | Dodges Knightly Swoopers |
| JoAnn S. Sataloff | Joyfully Snuggles in Sleep |
| Sharon L. Schrader | Searches for Longer Summers |
| Charlotte A. Swanson | Clever Although Scatterbrained |
| Barbara S. Yates | Bravely Shows Youth |

C.I.T. Anagrams

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Elizabeth N. Billington | Enjoys Nice Breaks |
| Sandra S. Gustafson | Sweetly Sends Grins |
| Laura B. Kind | Loathes Being "Kaught" |
| Martha R. Paine | Magnificent Roughwater Paddler |
| Kathy F. Rodgers | Kind Friendly Roommate |
| Kathy W. Sternberg | "Kracks" With Snap |
| Donna N. Weltmer | Desperately Needs to Waterski |
| Allyson White | Always Willing??? |

Aide Anagrams

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| Lucy S. Gorham | Laughs Softly and Grotesquely |
| JoAnne C. Marshall | Just a Crazy Mainer |

Third Shack Anagrams

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------------|
| Christina E. Black | Carefully Eats Beans |
| Pamela N. Cobb | Pictures Nothing Comfortable |
| Susan S. Dickson | Sings Songs Dreamily |
| Alice A. Gleghorn | Always Acts Groovy |
| Roni I. Orzeck | Roars In Operas |
| Lucile F. Phinney | Loves Foolish People |
| Jane P. Rines | Jacks Plays Reluctantly |
| Melissa S. Ring | Mischievously Starts Rumors |
| Claire I. Treves | Casually Interrupts Teachers |

Fourth Shack Anagrams

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| Heather A. Baldwin | Hates Any Bickering |
| Sally A. Boldt | Sails All Boats |
| Constance D. Burton | Continuously Demands Better |
| Lucile S. Frick | Luck She Finds |
| Alice B. Kirkpatrick | A Bug Killer |
| Kristen M. Lewis | Keeps Much Loyalty |
| Jody L. Ring | Just Loves Raspberries |
| Annette H. Schafer | Always Horrified of Spiders |
| Muna E. Shehadi | Must Eat Something |
| Margaret M. Williams | Makes Mary Welcome |

Fifth Shack Anagrams

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Katharine E. Anthes | Keeps Eating Always |
| Victoria W. Darlington | Vigorously Waits for Dudley |
| Kim W. Davies | Keeps Winning Daily |
| Barbara D. Hayes | Beautifully Dodges Haircuts |
| Sabrina A. Horne | Sensibly Acts Hearty |
| Elizabeth S. Kamberg | Ever So Klever? |
| Margaret B. Knight | Merrily Bops Kids |
| Audrey A. Lauer | Always Acts Looney |
| Margaret A. Lyle | Makes Archery Lively |
| Pamela O. Page | Preserves Ole Pogo |
| Roberta J. Tabell | Ravenously Jeers Tomatoes |

Sixth Shack Anagrams

| | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Jane N. Billington | Jubilant Night Brusher |
| Stacy L. Boynton | Sincerely Loves Bishop's-Bread |
| Elizabeth R. Brebner | Enamels Rings and Baubles |
| Susan L. Coley | Sincerely Loves Candy |
| Clarissa Y. Cutler | Continuously Yaps Cunningly |
| Deborah A. Darrow | Dallies At Daybreak |
| Barbara C. Davis | Behaves Casually and Devilishly |
| Mary S. Eshelman | Misplaces Specs Easily |
| Juliet C. Ewing | Joyously Craves Eating |
| Lori E. Frank | Longingly Eats Food |
| Valerie K. Kind | Very Kind Kid |
| Katherine S. Pillsbury | Kindly Spreads Politeness |
| Mary A. Sandberg | Mind Absorbs Superbly |
| Karen S. Wagner | Knows Swimming Well |
| Jennet S. Walker | Joyfully Swings while Walking |

Seventh Shack Anagrams

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|
| Diane A. Guimont | Dialogue is Always Going |
| Therese M. Keeley | Treasures Minnie Kartoons |
| Martha G. Kirkpatrick | Might Go Krazy |
| Gena A. Mastrogeorge | Goes About Mischievously |
| Yuki A. Moore | Yaks At Martha |
| Susan B. Schoen | Slightly Boyish Sometimes |
| Julie O. Scripps | Joyfully Opens Surprises |
| Mary Ellen R. Steele | Makes Everything Run Slowly |
| Marita L. Sturken | Must Lose Sandals |
| Jane E. Sutherland | Jokingly Emits Slogans |
| Margaret E. Tabell | Moves Everything Treacherously |

Tent Anagrams

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| Cassandra D. Cobb | Causes Drastic Catastrophes |
| Mary F. Gurganus | Many Fine Giggles |
| M. Jody Myer | Makes Jokes and Mischief |
| Laurie L. Rodweller | Laughingly Leers at Rules |



The Red Truck

Labeled: The Red Truck
Listed: Red Truck
Looks: Red
Lives: in the parking lot
Likes: Gas
Loathes: Junior, Ricky, Gary
Lines: Honk - Honk

TRT - Tolerates Rough Treatment

There once was a little red truck.
It brought Runoia much luck.
It runs on regular gas,
Stalls at every pass,
In the mud may it never get stuck.

Kathy Sternberg
Laura Kind

Staff Statistics

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------|--|---|
| Gary Asano | Meatball | for "care" packages | in the stables | the red truck | Juniors | This just isn't my day. |
| Martha Beals | Martha | for sneaky horses | in overalls | days off | soaking her feet | Ummmmmmmmmm |
| Dorothy Candy | Dot | for unusual first aid kits | for peace and quiet | LaVerdiere's | hypochondriacs | Is anybody over there? |
| Abigail Clark | Abby | thinner | in the stables | Taylor | horses smart enough to close doors | Space out |
| Elizabeth Cobb | Betty | for spots on her rug | to get rid of the jugs | the top of the truck | finding filters on the path | Decisions must be made rationally, etc. |
| Eric Cobb | Ricky | are irresistible | in a messy suite | baseball | Day's quick boat service | Good work Spiro. |
| Philip Cobb | Phil | tired | for weekends | being a new daddy | Monday thru Friday | Gosh, the weather's really great here. |
| Carol Combes | Carol | for missing magic markers | to string one more belt loom | cereal after taps | people asking her if her crocheted bikini is going to be see-through | Somebody doesn't know the meaning of quiet! |
| Barbara Davne | Barb | forward to Goucher | to laugh | crocheting | getting up in the morning | Now, listen kids. |
| Mrs. Foss | "mean old lady Foss" | like a sweet little ole lady | for Bobo's | to take tennis lessons | another cook in the kitchen | No, you can't use paper plates! |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|------------------------|--------------------|---|-------------------------------|---|---------------------------------|--|
| Ann Greene | Greenie | in the walk-in | rather comfortably | to try to grow up like Johnny | very little | We'll see when the time comes. |
| Susan Gurganus | Sue | like a swimmer | on the diving board | her days off | being called "Susie" | Hey you guys. |
| Donald Hunsberger | Franklin's Dada | funny on waterskis | for the Red Sox | a fast ping- pong game | waiting for his food | Yes, dear. No, dear. Maybe, dear. |
| Edith Hunsberger | E | married | for mealtime | everything | people who don't | I've gotta go waterskiing. |
| Franklin Hunsberger | F-Ronk | like Winston Churchill | in a dirty diaper | a good bottle | bed time | dadadadadadada |
| Marian Johnson | Johnny | for new tunes to end rest hour | in the lodge | her Greek jacket and her new rock | defiance | Royalty comes first. |
| Ann McCreary | Annie-Mac | for storms to sink the "insured sailboats" | for May 19th | talking to tents | speech lessons | I wish that I... |
| Mary McKenzie | Mary | for a full mailbox | to finish her quilt | to jog every evening | mosquitoes | Oh, I'm getting so-o fat! |
| Elaine McLaughlin | Laine | forward to loafing next summer | from Saturday to Wednesday | sleeping | getting up in the morning | Oh, dear. |
| Nancy McLaughlin | Twiggy | for rainy mornings | for her horse Teeco | PBJ's | sweeping floors | How come we can't use paper plates? |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|-------------------|----------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|-----------------------------|---|
| Anne Rimalover | Annie-Over | healthy | for RDT | tennis | sloppiness and bad manners | Love lollipops and "Ladies". |
| Donna Rossignol | Red | like she has orange hair | for letters | food | millers and spiders | Oh, sugar. |
| Sharon Roesignol | Sharon | forward to the break | for apple crisp | her radio | a full camp | Donna, you just wait until I Write Mama! |
| Diana Sandberg | Diana | for hot water | in confusion | dismantling the putt-putt | to get up in the morning | I'll take notes at Counselors' Coffee. |
| JoAnn Sataloff | Jody | for trees to hug | for a day she doesn't walk backward | to lean thru the counselors' room window | Beehives | Hungry. |
| Sharon Schrader | Terry TeeTee | for profundities | to play at night | to stand on her head in the archery field | bombing boats | I won't grow up. |
| Charlotte Swanson | Sharlie | like Schrader's daughter | in a kiln | red roses in her room | Sunday night supper | It is better to burp and bear the shame than not to burp and bear the pain. |
| Barbara Yates | Yatesy | neat in her six year old bathing suit and yellow sneakers | to do her exercises | the walk-in list | being mistaken for a camper | I'm going for a little jog. |

C.I.T. Statistics

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|----------------------|----------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------|---------------------------|---|
| Elizabeth Billington | Lisbith | smart | for French | books | going to bed | I can take criticism. |
| Sandra Gustafson | Sunny | for fun | in many different outfits | Jeff | not getting mail | Hi. |
| Laura Kind | Laura | for Kathy Sternberg | with ants | having candy line | getting up in the morning | Let's finish our jobs so we can get our mail, ok? |
| Martha Paine | Martha | thinner | for mail | stringing beads | lifesaving | I'm sorry. |
| Katherine Rodgers | Kathy | as thin as before | for letters from Terry | early skinny dips | no early skinny dips | You all, she's a dear. |
| Kathy Sternberg | Kathy | like a clarinet | after taps | her giddy glasses | extra 22's | That woman! In all my life! |
| Donna Weltmer | Donna | for Aunt Emily | on trips | Runoia | not water-skiing | Pardon me, I don't think so. |
| Allyson White | Al | forward to visiting New Jersey | with the Seniors | riding | Stevie babes | Can I say goodnight, Greenie |

Aide Statistics

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|--------|---------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------|--|----------------------|
| Lucy Gorham | Lucy | like a head piranha | for Abbot | zomping down the path | killing wasps that get trapped in the tent | Oh, s-stop it. |
| JoAnne Marshall | JoAnne | for Komona Dragons | for curling up in free moments | waspless tents | people who insult Water-ville | Tuff, t-u-f-f, tuff. |

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> |
|------------------|----------------|--|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--|---|
| Christina Black | Christy | like Snoopy | in the room with the electric light | to mess up the footbath | cheaters in jacks | Oh, sugar |
| Pamela Cobb | Pam | cute with Coco | with Connie Burton | skinny dips | making Melissa's bed | You'd better clean up your room, Melissa. |
| Susan Dickson | Sue | funny right after putting on deodorant | in the world of food | jogging | not having enough to eat | Sorry, Alice. |
| Alice Gleghorn | Alice | great with a bugle | to read | staying in the water all of free swim | Susan peeking from the top bunk | Anything for a fellow White. |
| Roni Orzeck | Roni | like Benny | for Christy | tennis | having second sweep | I got a check. |
| Lucile Phinney | Lucy | good on the tennis court | on the porch with jacks | to have fun fooling around | to have people in her part of the room | You jerk. |
| Jane Rines | Jane | good in her new glasses | on cookies her grandmother sends | to get mail | making her bed to top bunks | Oh, Alice. |
| Melissa Ring | Melissa | funny running | with her new tape recorder | swimming | to clean up her room | You've made me hungry. |
| Claire Treves | Claire | good swimming | on the tennis courts | Little Willie | doing the pix | Oh, tough beans. |

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> |
|-------------------|----------------|----------------------------------|----------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Heather Baldwin | Heather | like a lion cub | in her striped pants | jacks | inspection | You stooge. |
| Sarah Boldt | Sally | to see if she has waterskiing | for the White team | to brush her hair | silverware | It's OK, we understand. |
| Constance Burton | Connie | funny in pigtails | on tennis courts | to win | being proven wrong | Not necessarily. |
| Lucile Frick | Lucy | casual | at the stables | Endicott | hardly anything | Hey, Abbey... |
| Alice Kirkpatrick | Alice | for her gerbils | in the water | winning Blue/White sports | getting an "S" | Gee, hi. |
| Kristen Lewis | Kristi | forward to seeing her brothers | with many ideas | doing well at kick-ball games | being yelled at | Yes, I know, but... |
| Jody Ring | Jody | for candy | with her camera | blueberries | having her sister follow her | I'm hurrying. |
| Annette Schafer | Annette | good on Etc. | with a book | to swim | losing in jacks | Oh, I'll never win. |
| Muna Shehadi | Muna | older than she is | in a dream world | to sing | kickball practice | Hey, Mattie. |
| Margaret Williams | Matti | to see if she has canoeing again | for skinny dips | waterskiing | getting bad marks in inspection | Get out, Sally. |

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> |
|---------------------|----------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|--|---|---|
| Katharine Anthes | Kathy | like a boy | to change her room around | her little brother | Shakie kissing Harriet | Weird people these days. |
| Victoria Darlington | Vicky | for letters from Dudley | to say "Oh, Jody" | to stay in bed after the last bell | to be called "sexy" | Will everyone who doesn't belong here please leave. |
| Kim Davies | Kim | like Wendy | in her Snoopy sweatshirt | Meg Lyle | having 2nd hall going thru before she is done | Come on. |
| Barbara Hayes | Barbara | like Maxwell | for Zek | to burp | to be called Barbie | It's hard to get up in the morning. |
| Sabrina Horne | Brina | for Robbie Cobb | for her new glasses | to pounce on her bed | sweeping under her bed | Pardon me for living. |
| Elizabeth Kamberg | Ish | like a monkey | to be Miss Runoia | to raise "dem bones" | archery | Eat hardy. |
| Margaret Knight | Margie | like a lion | for riding | horses | swimming lessons | B-A-R-B-A-R-A |
| Audrey Lauer | Audie | spirited | for letters | to make excuses to get out of bed at night | rest hour | Good morning, Ishypoo. |
| Margaret Lyle | Meg | for letters from home | for archery | everybody | having Brina playing records | Come on, Kim, don't. |
| Pamela Page | Pam | like a poodle | for Hildy | Congo Bars | pix duty | Want to see a picture of Hildy? |
| Roberta Tabell | Boop | like a bois in disguise | for the Whites | her art teacher | tomatoes | Ah, Vicky. |

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> |
|-------------------|----------------|---|----------------------------------|--|--|-----------------------------------|
| Jane Billington | Jane | like Audrey Hepburn with-out glasses | to brush her hair | to create original ideas | living in front room opposite counselors | Oh, gosh. |
| Stacy Boynton | Stacy | like a hip-pirrahana | for Harvey | peace and quiet | people handling Harvey | Bah ₁ bra. |
| Elizabeth Brebner | Betsy | for mail from her sister | for guitar lessons | being a White | being in the infirmary | Oh, my gosh. |
| Susan Coley | Sue | for candy | because what else is there to do | being sneaky | broccoli | Macy's Dept. Store - 4th floor... |
| Clarissa Cutler | Clarey | to make sure she doesn't have dishes | for her stuffed lady-bug, Oswald | Mary | sweeping | Oh, I swept yesterday. |
| Deborah Darrow | Debbie | like a witch when she gets up in the a.m. | to pass Jr. Lifesaving | to have "free" on the job chart | secrets | How should I know? |
| Barbara Davis | Barb | like an innocent little girl | in Wahtah-ville | to hurry and find out what she got in inspection | people sitting on her bed | Come on, you guys. |
| Mary Eshelman | Mary | for Martha and Diane | for softball games | to pitch | long hair | Oh, gosh. |
| Juliet Ewing | Julie | funny | for her morning skinny dips | much spirit | sad faces | Come on, you guys...(clap). |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|------------------------|----------------|--|---|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| Lori Frank | Lori | like her mother | for letters at camp | to learn new songs | her bushy hair | Oh, gosh. |
| Valerie Kind | Valerie | for fun | for sailing | food | the hives | Oh, my heavens. |
| Katherine Pillsbury | Kate | like a cute little doll | with her curly hair | cats | rest hour | OK. |
| Mary Sandberg | Mary | like the model in <u>Ingenue</u> | to slalom | to talk in her sleep | having her bangs cut | You duppa. |
| Karen Wagner | KK | like a puppy dog | for Robert Conrad in the "Wild Wild West" | to take her time in the pix | being bossed or hurried | You guys. |
| Jennet Walker | Jenny | for her chance to canter | for her short-shorts | billions of things | baggy clothes | Ugkk. |

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> |
|--------------------|----------------|--|----------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Diane Guimont | Diane | for Martha | in her one piece bathing suit | her poster of Donald Lautrec | butter and her nose | Martha, how's Teddy Cuddles? |
| Therese Keeley | Terri | like Minnie Mouse | to come back next year | spaghetti | being called Minnie Mouse | Mary Ellen! |
| Martha Kirkpatrick | Marti | under her bed to see if the cat got sick | with poison ivy | dogs | the cat, for obvious reasons | That cat drives me right up the wall! |
| Gena Mastrogeorge | Gena | for honey bear | on the top bunk | to play the guitar | the second bell | Where've you been? |
| Yuki Moore | Yuki | for her borrowed comics | with a flawless inspection chart | getting packed two weeks before the end of camp | people saying "I got to the flagpole before you did." | You're sick, kid. |
| Susan Schoen | Schoen | like she could use a few changes | in her green army jacket | to discuss de ol' times with Ish | not much? | Retardation can be helped, aren't you glad? |
| Julia Scripps | Scripps | funny | in a mess | blowing soap bubbles | getting "S"s | Hurray, hurrah, my bra. |
| Mary Ellen Steele | Mary Ellen | really sexy in her bikini | in other people's clothes | Phillip | going to sleep at taps | You wouldn't believe my brother, Riley... |
| Marita Sturken | Marita | for her Dr. Scholls sandals | with a broken toe | riding | the horse "Here We Go Again" | Has anyone seen my Dr. Scholls sandals? |

| <u>Listed As</u> | <u>Labeled</u> | <u>Looks</u> | <u>Lives</u> | <u>Likes</u> | <u>Loathes</u> | <u>Lines</u> |
|------------------|----------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------------------|--|
| Jane Sutherland | Jane | like the Jolly Green Giant | in a mess with the other three | drawing | having her sheets torn off her bed | Oh, no. |
| Margaret Tabell | Meg-a-bell | for the blue broom | noisily with Schoen | to bother Yuki | people who sleep after taps | Persian perfumed kitten and fair went out in the garden to get some air... |
| Seventh Shack | Seven | like it was hit by a hurricane | for the counselor's night off | getting up after taps | the C.I.T.s cleaning the shack | The sun is a mass of incandescent gas... |

Tent Statistics

| | | | | | | |
|---------------------|-------|------------------------|--|-------------------------------|---------------------------|--|
| Cassandra Cobb | Sandy | for Shadow | in crowded conditions | doing card tricks | people who dislike Shadow | What do you want, a medal? |
| Mary Gurganus | Mimi | nice with her hair cut | to go home and find out what her parents have done to her room | visiting Sue | riflery | Hi, you guys. |
| M. Jody Myers | Jody | for Lolly | for going to Nova Scotia | the tent | rules | What kind of bad things did you do when you were a camper? |
| Laurie L. Rpdweller | Loli | for Martha Beals | in the woods | "which way you going, Billy?" | her long hair | Shut up, Jody! |





Counselors



C.I.T.s



Third Shack



Fourth Shack



Fifth Shack



Sixth Shack



Seventh Shack



Tent



Blue - White Captains



Alumnae Daughters



Sisters



Kitchen Staff

Counselors

Betty Cobb

Betty is our leader and mother
Under space blankets she surely won't smother.
Her trip coffee is great
"Don't stay up too late.."
A better friend, we could find no other.



Phil Cobb

We've seen Phil so seldom this year
When he comes, he brings us good cheer.
He tried to go sailing
And ended up bailing
His mustache did soon disappear.

Miss Lucy Weiser

Miss Weiser looks down from above
Her warmth an encompassing glove
The white house - her abode
From which affection has flowed
We give her our hearts with love.



Doris Shellberg

Though we haven't seen Shelly much this year
In our hearts she remains still quite dear
Of her treasure in crafts
Her fond memories will last
She lives in the farmhouse so near.

Ann Greene

Our Greenie, she teaches the CITs (pronounced "sits")
'Tis true they sometimes give her fits
But to keep from going loco
She cares for dear Coco
While Betty goes off on long trips.



Marian Johnson

Our Johnny does live in First Shack
Choice comments she never does lack
Quiet rest hours she pleads
Bends to campers dire needs
Swims to the big float and right back.

75
Don Hunsberger

There once was a hero of fable
And this Donald he surely was able
To enjoy what he ate
And to never be late
For the trash run or even the stable.



Edith Hunsberger

Edith can ever be seen
In a swimsuit of blue and of green
When not in the water
The craft shop's first daughter
With Frank in a pack may be seen.

Franklin Hunsberger

There once was a boy in Shack Two
Too young yet to hike or canoe
So he hopped in his pack
On Mommy's tired back
And laughed now 'cause he could go too.

Anne Rimalover

From Princeton our Annie arrives
On tennis our Annie she thrives
From the courts to the lake
Her good spirit she'll take
And we're not sure how she survives.



Carol Combes

Our Carol can often be found
In the arts and crafts business ground
At the stables she's handy
Versatile and dandy
We're lucky to have her around.

Diana Sandberg

Diana looks neat in her hat
Specially dodging the bat
On Sunday the phone
Up the mountain she'll roam
She just doesn't seem to get fat.



Sharon Schrader

Her truck driving hat is the clue
To the one known to me and to you
Her singing-less rates
But she's great at debates
We'll meet her on Fifth Avenue.

Susan Gurganus

Twice to Long Lake our Sue did go
Eating with fingers was quite a good show
At diving she's great
To archery not late
To the laundromat much laundry she'll tow.



Jody Sataloff

Our Jody will stumble and slip
Is hysterical when on a trip
Her phone bill is hungus
We love her among us
As her pants grow too tight and they rip.

Abigail Clark

Our Abby has lost lots of weight
To riding is rarely ere late
Bright colors she likes
At bats will yell "yikes"
And Taylor is her own choice mate.

Mary McKenzie

Our Chattanooga gal we adore
When her jobs are done she'll want more
With a smile like the sun
And a giggle that's fun
On days off she'll head for the shore.



Charlotte Swanson

Hymns, songs, and graces she sings
And enamels all sorts of things
A thought for the day
Each tea bag will say
And her pitch pipe music cannot bring.

Barbara Davne

With friendly enthusiasm she
Is seen working like a bee
Sewing terry cloth robes
For the staff in droves
In sailing she turns to the lea.

Ann McCreary

Annie Mac thinks a horse is a cow
And for Junior she's seen to drop trou
With "yuge" in her head
She makes truck roofs her bed
Walk-in cases are high by now.



Martha Beals

To the stables our Martha does race
At Flicka she'll make a mad face
She'll swim and she'll sail
Have grain in her pail
All weddings her presence will grace.

Barbara Yates

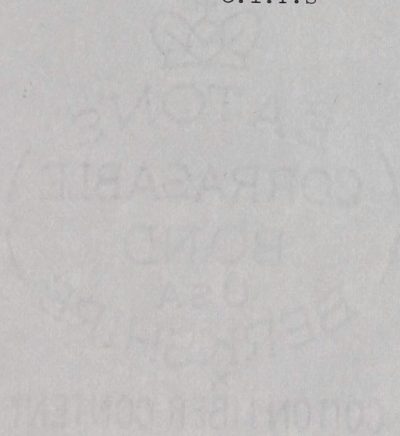
Our Yatesy is really quite daring
Though her figure is somewhat sparing
"I'm a counselor", she pleads
Canoeing she leads
About her we'll always be caring.



Dot Candy

Our Dot says, "Charlotte please be nurse"
Hope my patients do not turn for worse
The vinegar she fills
Hates kids who take spills
At rocking sailboats she'll always be first.

C.I.T.s



Martha Paine

"I'm sorry" is the most famous refrain
As said by a First Shacker come to Maine
She's lost lots of weight
At twenty twos she's great
That wonderful girl Martha Paine.



Elizabeth Billington

A girl named Elizabeth Billington
Came here to join in the fun
In making a belt loom
She needs lots of room
Her long robe at night she does don.

Sandra Gustafson

There is a young lady named Sandy
Whom we seem to think is quite dandy
Coming in with a "hi"
She leaves with a "bye"
While looking around for some candy.



Kathy Rodgers

You-all she does say with a drawl
At skinny dips does a fine crawl
She's gained fifteen pounds
At which she does frown
And from care packages does feed us all.

Kathy Sternberg

Unfortunately it's not in her power
To peacefully sleep in rest hour
A quick twenty-two
Is what she must do
To try to appease Grennie's glower.



Laura B. Kind

There once was a CT named Laura
She learned how to slalom and hora
She "judged" in the show
Near a horse she won't go
But listen to all - we'll tell more-a!

Allyson White

Our Al is a great CIT
And often does quip "pardon me?"
At riding she's handy
Her smooches are dandy
"N-nightie-N-Nite-Now" says she.



Donna Weltmer

Donna Weltmer's a red head in First
Her sunburns could really be worse
She had to leave early
'Cuz of friends she loves dearly
From the goodies she brought we'll all burst.

Aides

Joanne Marshall

An insect will frighten Joanne
But not as some night noises can
Piranhas and bois
Loom forth from her jaws
She's a great sleep and humor fan.



Lucy Gorham

Lucy G. has been my fellow aide
Sometimes the kitchen she will raid
At times she appears
To piranha with a leer
With her excitement never fades.

Staff



Sharon Rossignol Donna Rossignol Elaine McLaughlin
Mrs. Foss Nancy McLaughlin

Mrs. Foss

Sure and determined in everyway
In making for us a perfect day
With a good morning and a cheery smile
To you Mrs. Foss
We're glad you're our boss!

Nancy McLaughlin

With a yawn and a blink
Not quite wakened to think
She hurries off...
To her pots and pans sink.

Sharon Rossignol

Speeding through the kitchen
With the greatest of ease
Never ever stopping
But for a boy she sees.

Donna Rossignol

Although she hasn't many brains
She is always playing games
Hoping to win fame
From the kids with less brains.

Elaine McLaughlin

Elaine, a member of the kitchen team
Can let off a lot of steam
She can even make one want to scream
If we weren't a team.

Gary Asano

There once was a barn of manure
With its own special steaming allure
If you time it just right
About seven at night
You can find Gary shoveling, for sure.



Ricky Cobb

There is a boy named Ricky Cobb
He works and works at Runoia's job
He loves to ski
Will tow for a fee
His work is so bad you could sob.

Peter Orbeton

Our Peter was gone for awhile
Return to us with a smile
The red truck he drives
Helps keep spirit alive
At the stable he oft steps in a pile.

Robbie Cobb

Robbie spent the summer at D'Arrow
He's returned to us without bow and arrow
His smiling is winning
His temper unforgiving
For soft drinks he heads straight and
narrow.

Third Shack

EATON
CORRASABLE
BOND

Christy Black

"To jacks" yells young Miss Black
Or giggles in the back of the shack
Her tennis is fine
Free swim's down her line
And spirit she never will lack.



Claire Treves

The lass with the long black hair
At the table will eat her share
To turn a frown upside down
She's always around
For Runoia we know she will care.

Pam Cobb

With team spirit our Pam does abound
Stuffed animals are always around
Her hair does get blonder
Of her we get fonder
Her levitations are always profound.



Jane Rines

You'll find Janie's nose in a book
In riding a first place she took
In her bunk she's above
Archery's her love
Good swimmer? Just take a look!

Alice Gleghorn

To flag raising with bugle she'll run
And taps at the set of the sun
"All joggers - unite!"
For the Whites she will fight
In free swim she will always have fun.

Susan Dickson

A lovely young lady is Sue
With flowers her counselors she'll woo
With a smile for all
She's always on call
And anything ready to do.



Lucy Phinney

In swimming Lucy does excell
In tennis she also does well
In jacks she's to fear
You may find Christy near
For the Blues she always will yell!

Roni Orzeck

With Ronald MacDonald we laugh
In size she is just about half
"Ouchee-gouchee" she'll smile
And giggle a while
She always amuses the staff.



Melissa Ring

There was a Third Shacker named Ring
In her room could not find a thing
To satisfy her whim
She soon learned to swim
To all such a smile she'll bring.

Fourth Shack

Heather Baldwin

Our Heather is often a Sue
A great camper 'though she is new
To us she's a dear
Hope she's here next year
With her our happy times grew!



Sally Boldt

A White Junior Captain she was
And given this honor because
In all sorts of sports
Leisure time and resorts
She's peppy in all that she does.

Kristi Lewis

In poem writing she's number one
She sleeps till the last bell has rung
With hair oh so blond
Of jacks she is fond
With her we will always have fun.



Connie Burton

Since Connie's been here at camp
She's proven herself a champ
In tennis she'll score
And knows dives galore
The Junior Whites she will stamp.

Lucy Frick

Endicott is her best friend
As a rider our Lucy will end
At the top of the list
Someone not to miss
Good cheer she will always send.



Jody Ring

A quick learner of all of our sports
Our Jody has games of all sorts
Her sister you'll find
Will come right behind
"I'm hurrying" she often retorts.

Mattie Williams

In swimming and skiing a pro
Always full of pep and go
A skinny dip fan
She's always got a plan
And never ceases to grow.



Alice Kirkpatrick

Timid and frightened she was
Now master in all she does
Ne'er a day went by
Without one "Gee hi"
Her gerbils and jacks she loves.

Annette Schafer

With costumes she has lots of flare
Our moon lady knew what to wear
Quite a rider she is
In swimming a wizz
Her ideas she is willing to share.



Muna Shehadi

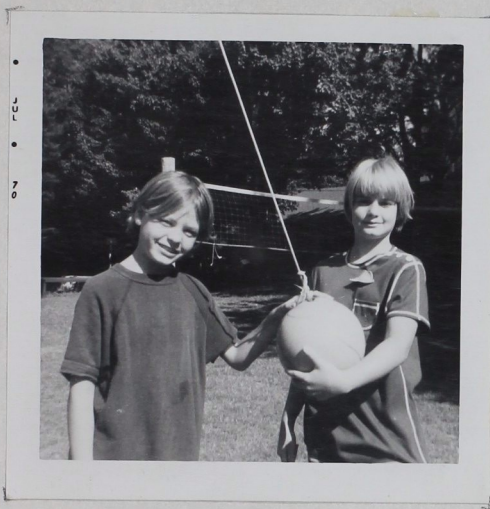
Muna she had such a ball
She decided to stay with us all
The splinter was there
But she didn't care
For she runs on a beckoning call.

Fifth Shack

EATON'S
(CORRASABLE)
BOND

Sabrina Horne

Sabrina keeps Fifth Shack alive
Works hard to perfect her dive
With Harriett the snake
Ish's beatings she'll take
Her energy soars sky high.



Kathy Anthes

Kathy's a slugger, it's true
She'll give all her best to the Blues
Though little, she's tough
Rides never enough
Her enthusiasm shines through and through.

Barbie Hayes

Wearing a blueberry chain
Barbie spends her summers in Maine
Nature's her friend
Her meals never end
But a pound she never will gain.

Vicki Darlington

We love our sexy Miss Vicki
To us she's really so slicky
Claims she needs to diet
But we just will not buy it
And Dudley's a subject quite
sticky!



Ish Kamberg

Our Ish is hard to describe
She's the chief of her own little tribe
"Dem Bones" she makes rise
"Eat hearty" she cries
And her spirit soars very high.

Pam Page

Our Pammy is far from gruesome
With Vicki they make quite a twosome
She tends to be shy
But will always get by
And her gun chain has certainly grew-some.

Meg Lyle

Etcetera's Meg's horse so it seems
Whenever she sees him she beams
Her riding's improved
Her swimming has, too
She's loyal to Runoia's White team.



Margy Knight

Margy holds horses quite dear
She's happiest when Flicka is near
A natural born worker
She's never a shirker
We hope she'll be with us next year.

Kim Davies

Davis or Davies is she?
The first name is always the key
Her ears gave her trouble
But she's so full of bubble
With her our hearts we will leave.

Boop Tabell

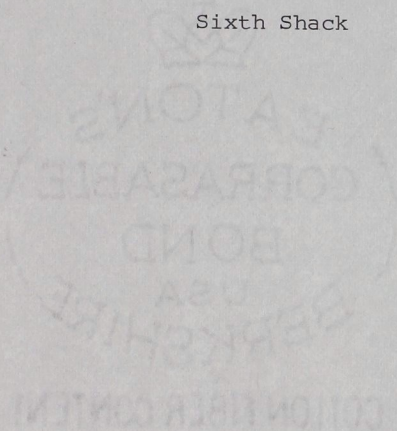
There's things Boop claims she can't do
But somehow she always pulls through
Her art teacher's her flame
Waking counselors her game
And she wears a size $9\frac{1}{2}$ shoe!



Audrey Lauer

With her mice Audie came here to us
And the three of them stir quite a fuss
When it's time for beddy
She's never quite ready
We'll see her next summer we trust.

Sixth Shack



Mary Eshelman

Our Mary has twice glasses lost
For the Whites the softball she'll toss
She loves to dive
For perfection she'll strive
Away from crafts stay at all cost.



Jane Billington

Our Jane really loves a book
Her long hair deserves a look
Quiet as a mouse
She's part of our house
Her room is a neat little nook.

Sue Coley

Sue Coley came here for half time
Decided camp was too fine
Her braces got caught
To fix them we fought
Is not to be found at bed time.



Stacy Boynton

With Harvey our Stacy does dwell
Doesn't often get up with the bell
She lives rather near
Under Sugarloaf's ear
We all think she is really quite swell.

Kate Pillsbury

At riflery our Kate does fine
She never steps out of line
Is early to bed
Not often lead
Loves to swim in the ocean brine.



Betsy Brebner

Our Betsy with freckles galore
On a trip will cry for samore
At tennis is grand
Even looks tanned
The crafts shop she'll say, "I want more."

Clarey Cutler

A believer our Clarey she is
In our triple this month she lives
Her room 'tis a mess
Where to find her, good guess
In the ring she is really a whiz.



Mary Sandberg

Mary is often up late at night
For the Whites she will loyally fight
Her clothes always jive
Bugs eat her alive
Her room always looks such a fright.

Julie Ewing

"Oh wait," our Julie just said
Her thick hair is really quite red
Confusion's her story
Riflery her glory
Could you ever believe first to bed?



Debbie Darrow

An old walk our Debbie does give
For her faithful Julie she lives
Of her hair we see friz
A good kid she sure is
And Runoia finds her very attractive.

Barbara Davis

With blue eyes and nice long hair
Our Barbara is fun anywhere
Her month was quite long
It sure wasn't wrong
Neat pants she always does wear.



Jenny Walker

As Timothy sleeps near her bed
Our Jenny has books to be read
How she loves to sail
Hopes she mustn't bail
On her feet, how lightly she'll tread.

Lori Frank

With her hair oh so dark and so long
Lori Frank does surely belong
Lifesaving she reads
Fix my braces she pleads
For the Blues will cheer of so strong.



Valerie Kind

Valerie is the gullible Kind
Removes bathing suit tops she can find
When out at the pix
She's in quite a fix
At bedtime she's always behind.



Karen Wagner

K-K came to Sixth Shack quite late
To join the Whites was surely her fate
To skinnies she'll hurry
And swim with a flurry
But to bed she often is late!

Seventh Shack
and Tent

Diane Guimont

At tennis Diane is quite grand
She comes from a French speaking land
Though quiet in the shack
Pep she never will lack
She will always lend a helping hand.



Jane Sutherland

For a camper she is rather tall
"What a pretty nurse" she'll tell us all
On sleep she is lacking
For fun, she's good backing
Nightly trampolining, she does have a ball.

Gena Mastrogeorge

Though quiet, Gena's thoughts are quite deep
Don't be fooled by the silence she keeps
Her trunk arrived late
With us she does rate
At night, she's not the first one asleep.

Mary Ellen Steele

With straight face she could pull your leg
"Teach me to knit" she used to beg
JLS she tried
And smiles she can't hide
Dances with boys' camps she'll beg.



Marita Sturken

Though she didn't come till July Four
She made up for lost time and more
Horse riding's instinctive
Her giggle distinctive
And sailing is also her score.

Terry Keeley

Minnie is synonymous with Terry
This cutie made Seventh quite merry
Though one month she came
Her cheer will remain
At having fun, she's never contrary.

Yuki Moore

Yuki's quiet but sure of her way
From the Blues she never will stray
She dislikes Shadow's surprises
Before the bell rises
And marvelous tennis she'll play.



Martha Kirkpatrick

To our dismay we hear with a yell
Under Martha's bed Shadow isn't too well
To the Blues she is loyal
Her silence is royal
Of her determination in all you can tell.

Julie Scripps

With such pep she'll never be mopey
Around French boys she'll act sort of dopey
It's hurrah after rest time
Night life is her best time
Her mouth's in need of more soapy.



Meg Tabell

Frogs help her brush her retainer
On trips we need not train her
She falls out of bed
Always lands on her head
We hope Runoia will always maintain her.

Sue Schoen

At sports she just can't be beaten
All available food by Sue's eaten
"Beep beep" is her yell
And the sun's hotter than "beep-beep"
Her cheer appears at first meetin'.

Jody Myer

With energy abundant to spare
Her surprises were easy to bear
On trips, full of spunk
JLS, she'll not flunk
Ready at bed time's something quite rare.



Mimi Gurganus

From tent to Seventh she came
Softball and tennis - her game
She smiles and giggles
Out of bed, nightly wiggles
Her sailing will bring her fame.

Lolly Rodweller

Our Lolly is one big surprise
Where to find her we have to surmise
At night came aliver
Her mem'ry will survive her
Her laugh's accompanied by big shining eyes.



Sandy Cobb

At all sports she's way out in front
At bed time, we do have to hunt
With goldfish she came
Now a cat she does tame
Paddling or hiking she'll ne'er grunt.





Susan Orbeton Is Married To Teacher In East Africa

KENYA, East Africa — Miss Susan Orbeton of Broderick Falls became the bride of Clifford W. Gilpin of Kakamega, Saturday morning at a ceremony in Friends Meeting House, Kamusinga School. The bride is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Everett A. Orbeton of Channel Road, South Portland, Maine. Parents of the bridegroom are the Rev. and Mrs. G. Wesley Gilpin of Surrey, England. The bridegroom's father assisted at the ceremony.

The bride's full length, empire gown of white dotted swiss over white taffeta was enlaced by daisy trim on the front panel.

Miss Ann Dillingham of Broderick Falls, in yellow, was the maid of honor.

Best man was Gordon Smith of Kakamega and Malcolm Litten of Broderick Falls was usher.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin will return to the United States to make their home in the spring. The bride 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



Spivey Photo
MRS. CLIFFORD GILPIN

Africa Yearly Meeting of Friends.

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



Johnson Photo
MRS. JAMES MCKENNA III

from Cheverus High School in Portland, the University of Maine, and has served four years in the U. S. Air Force. He is a sales representative for Lederle Laboratories, a division of American Cyanamid.

Jane Orbeton,
Lt. James McKenna

The historic Spurwink Church at Cape Elizabeth was the setting for the Saturday noon wedding of Miss Jane Orbeton to Lt. James A. McKenna III, USA.

Parents of the bride are Dr. and Mrs. Everett A. Orbeton of Channel Road, South Portland. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. McKenna Jr. of Chevy Chase, Md.

The bride wore an embroidered organza gown. Her attendants wore white ruffled blouses with embroidered organza skirts, yellow for the honor attendant and pink for the bridesmaids.

Mrs. Clifford W. Gilpin of New York City was matron of honor for her sister. Bridesmaids were the Misses Eleanor Colby of Woodbridge, Conn., Marilyn Goldberg of Cincinnati, Ohio, Kim Blatchford of Philadelphia, Pa. and a sister

of the bridegroom, Aileen M. McKenna.

Matthew M. McKenna was best man for his brother. Ushers were Marc W. McKenna, brother of the bridegroom, Peter B. Orbeton and David A. Orbeton, brothers of the bride, Daniel Murray of Chicago and Robert Bregenzner of Hinsdale, Ill.

Mr. McKenna and his bride will reside in Arlington, Va., where they will both enter Georgetown University Law School in September. The bride, a graduate of South Portland High School, studied in New Zealand as an exchange student. She attended Dickinson College Center for International Studies, Bologna, Italy, and graduated from Bryn Mawr (Pa.) College. She has been employed by the International Grenfell Association, a medical mission to Labrador and Newfoundland.

A graduate of Georgetown Preparatory School in Chevy Chase, and University of Notre Dame, Mr. McKenna received his master's degree from Boston University School of Public Communications.

Doctor and Mrs. Everett Arnold Orbeton
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Jane

to

James Moysius McKenna, III
Lieutenant, United States Army

on Saturday, the twenty-seventh of June
nineteen hundred and seventy
at twelve o'clock

The Spurwink Church
Cape Elizabeth, Maine

and afterwards at the reception

The Cunner Club

Kindly reply to
45 Channel Road
South Portland, Maine

Doctor and Mrs. Everett Arnold Orbeton

announce the marriage of their daughter

Susan

to

Mr. Clifford Wesley Gilpin

on Saturday, the twenty-ninth of November

nineteen hundred and sixty-nine

Friends Meeting House, Kamusinga School

Kenya, East Africa

At Home

Spring of nineteen seventy

45 Channel Road

South Portland, Maine

Chattanooga Times
6 July 16, 1970

Jeanne Chandler Holmberg Weds Dr. F. J. Johnson Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert William Holmberg Jr. of Lookout Mountain and Pelham, N.Y., announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Jeanne Chandler Holmberg, and Dr. Fletcher James Johnson Jr. on June 19 in Geneva, Switzerland.

The blessing of the civil marriage took place on July 11 in the Soper Memorial Chapel of the Huguenot Memorial Church in Pelham, with Dr. William C. Schram officiating. Reception for the immediate families followed at the home of the bride's parents.

Dr. Johnson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher J. Johnson of Englewood, N.J.

The bride is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Holmberg and Mr. and Mrs. Donald L. McCollum of Naugatuck, Conn.

Mrs. Johnson attended Northern Valley Regional High School in Demarest and Old Tappan, N.J., and was graduated from South Pasadena High School in Pasadena, Calif. She received a B.S. degree in nursing from Russell Sage College in Troy, N.Y. The bride is head nurse in the intensive care unit of Montefiore Hospital in The Bronx, N.Y. She is an elected representative to the Nursing Advisory Board.

Dr. Johnson was graduated from Dwight Morrow High School in Englewood and Duquesne University in Pittsburgh, Pa., where he held a basketball scholarship. After serving in the U.S. Air Force as a first lieutenant, he attended the University of Bologna Pharmacy School in Italy, while playing professional basketball.

After joining the Stade Francais Basketball Team in Geneva, the bridegroom earned his M.S. and medical degrees from Geneva University. He taught anatomy at Geneva University and was vice president of the student body. Upon graduation with highest honors he won the Prix de Walthardt.

Dr. Johnson was an interpreter in French and Italian at the U.S. delegation at the United Nations in Geneva. He is chief resident in surgery at Montefiore Hospital. The bridegroom plans a career in cardiac surgery.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert William Holmberg, junior

have the honour of announcing

the marriage of their daughter

Jeanne Chandler

to

Doctor Fletcher James Johnson, junior

on Friday, the nineteenth of June

Nineteen hundred and seventy

Geneva, Switzerland



BARBARA SCHOEN

First Novel By Bronxville Author Due

Mrs. Barbara Schoen of 11 Hamilton Ave., Bronxville, has completed her first novel, "A Place and A Time," for publication by the Thomas Y. Crowell Co. March 15.

The novel deals with the experiences of a 14-year-old girl as she grows up and discovers the world. Several chapters have been printed as short stories in Seventeen Magazine.

Mrs. Schoen, who has been working on the book for almost three years, was born in New York and moved nine years ago to Bronxville with her husband Donald, vice president of Picker X-Ray Corp., White Plains. Mr. Schoen is a native of Mount Vernon. The couple has four children, two of whom attend public school in Bronxville.

Fall Wedding Planned By Miss Vivian

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie L. Vivian Jr. of Princeton, and Vineyard Haven, Mass., announce the engagement of their daughter, Ann Willis Vivian, to Andrew S. Dintenfass.

He is the son of Mrs. Harold Laufman of New York City and Dr. Arthur Dintenfass of Margate City. Miss Vivian is the granddaughter of Mrs. Harold S. Willis and the late Mr. Willis of Princeton.

The bride-to-be is a graduate of Princeton High School and the University of Pennsylvania. She is a teacher in the Get-Set program in Philadelphia.

Her fiancé is a graduate of The George School, Newton, Pa., and is a student in the Graduate School of Fine Arts at the University of Pennsylvania.

A fall wedding is planned.

John Kimberly Becomes Fiance Of Miss Christy

Special to The New York Times

OLDWICK, N. J., Jan. 10 —Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Fowler Christy have made known the engagement of their daughter, Miss Barbara Lenox Christy, to John Robert Kimberly. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor Kimberly of New Haven. A wedding in June is planned.

The future bride, a teacher at the Brearley School in New York, was graduated from the Garrison Forest School in Garrison, Md., and cum laude in 1968 from Wells College. Her father is president of the Hylar Oil Company in Flemington.

Mr. Kimberly, who is a candidate for a doctoral degree in organizational behavior at Cornell University, was graduated from the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven and in 1964 from Yale College, where he was



Jay Te Winburn Jr.

Miss Barbara L. Christy

member of Berzelius. He will be an assistant professor in the department of sociology at the University of Illinois next month. His father is president and treasurer of the National Savings Bank in New Haven.

Kennebec Journal
Aug. 10 1970

KJ

Among Women

Clubs-Society-Features



MRS. RICHARD J. FERRIS
(Dawna Eileen Brown)

Dawna Brown is bride of Richard J. Ferris Aug. 2

St. Joseph's Maronite Church Waterville, was the setting August 2, for the wedding of Miss Dawna Eileen Brown and Richard Joseph Ferris. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Brown, 32 Pearl St., and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ferris P. Ferris, 12 North Riverside Ave., Waterville.

The Rev. Paul Coury performed the double ring ceremony; Mrs. Jude Hachey was organist and soloist.

The bride wore a gown of white organza trimmed with Alencon lace. The detachable train and full sleeves were also trimmed with lace. Her elbow length veil was attached to a headpiece of seed pearls and orange blossoms, and she carried a cascade of orchids and stephanotis.

Miss Linda Brown of Pleasant Hill, Calif., sister of the bride, was maid of honor, wearing a gown of deep pink organza in Empire style with full sleeves. She carried a Colonial bouquet of pink carnations and deeper pink rosebuds.

Miss Sheila Ferris and Mrs. Richard Joseph, both sisters of the bridegroom, of Waterville, and Mrs. Thomas Atkinson of Portland, were bridesmaids. They wore gowns and carried bouquets identical to the maid of honor's.

Fred Ferris, brother of the bridegroom of Waterville, was best man. Ushers were Brian Sullivan of Waterville; David Bobb of Westbrook, and Albert Smith of Kennebunk.

A reception was held at Pine

Ridge, Waterville, with Miss Bette Paquin of Boston, in charge of the guest book, Miss Faith D'Ambrosio of Newcastle, Pa., was gift hostess.

The bride is a 1966 graduate of Cony High School and studied at the University of Zaragoza, Jaca, Spain. She graduated from the University of Maine, with high distinction, and is a member of Phi Kappa Phi and Sigma Delta Pi Honor Societies. She will begin graduate studies in French at the University of New Mexico.

The bridegroom is a 1965 graduate of Waterville High School, Hebron Academy and the University of Maine, Orono. He is a member of Tau Epsilon Phi fraternity, and will start graduate studies in philosophy at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N.M.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferris will be at home in Albuquerque, following their trip across the country to New Mexico.



MRS. VINCENT E. TURNER, JR.
(Barbara Anne Fink) Bachrach Photo

Barbara Anne Fink Weds Vincent Turner Saturday

The garden of her home was the setting Saturday when Miss Barbara Anne Fink exchanged marriage vows with Vincent Edward Turner, Jr., in an afternoon ceremony performed by the Rev. Alan J. Birnchein, pastor of the Lutheran Church of Resurrection.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas G. Fink of Warren Terrace, Winslow and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Turner of Downingtown, Pa.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was attired in a Priscilla original gown of ivory silk organza encrusted with rosepoint alencon lace and seed pearls. The A-line skirt terminated in a full wattleau panelled back. She wore a

matching mantilla. Her only jewelry was a gold necklace and earrings worn by her great-grandmother, Mrs. Gustav Gardner at her wedding in 1880. She carried a bouquet of lavender asters and baby's breath.

Miss Marjorie Cummings of Waterville was the maid of honor. A classmate of the bride at Abbot Academy in Andover, Mass., she was Mrs. Turner's only attendant. She wore a gown of delphinium pink silk faille and she carried a bouquet of pink and lavender asters.

Serving as best man was Dennis Gardner Fink, brother of the bride.

Following the ceremony the reception was held in the garden where a lavender and violet theme was carried out. Asters in those colors decorated the buffet table which was under a flowered tent.

Circulating the guest book was Miss Blair Lovejoy of Waterville.

Entertainment at the reception was by the "Vaelvd."

For her daughter's wedding, Mrs. Fink chose a sea foam green silk dress with a bodice of braid and seed pearls.

For traveling, Mrs. Turner chose a pink linen pants suit.

The bride attended Abbot Academy in Andover, Mass., and is a graduate of the Byton School in Southbury, Conn. She also attended the Fashion Institute of America in Atlanta, Ga.

The bridegroom attended the Downingtown School and served four years with the Green Berets, with active duty in Vietnam. He will attend Thomas College in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner will reside in Waterville.



Mrs. Roderick G. MacLennan III, was Miss Baldino

Carol Lee Baldino Weds Roderick G. MacLennan III

Miss Carol Lee Baldino became the bride Saturday of Roderick Gray MacLennan III. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Baldino of 104 Fisher Place. The bridegroom's parents are Mr. and Mrs. MacLennan of Norfolk, Va.

Monsignor Edward C. Henry, assisted by the Rev. Jay K. Helms, performed the nuptial mass at St. Paul's Church.

The bride, escorted by her father, wore a gown of candlelight peau de soie with a bodice of chantilly lace embroidered with seed

pearls. Her floor-length mantilla was of embroidered Alençon lace and she carried a cascade of white roses and stephanotis, centered with an orchid.

Miss Patricia A. Pagnani of Parlin was maid of honor. Also attending the bride were the Misses Eileen White and Kathleen Balestrieri, both of Princeton; Cindy Keromitis of Asbury Park, Regina Mazzella of Cape Cod, Mass., Mrs. Candy Parks of Linden, and JoAnn Palutis of Princeton, a junior bridesmaid. Miss Donna Mattonelli of Trenton was flower girl and Filippo Mennella of Princeton was ring bearer.

Donald MacLennan served as his brother's best man. Seating the guests were Anthony D. Baldino, the bride's brother; John Baldino and Lonnie Baldino, all of Princeton; Paul Certoff and Richard Johnson of Norfolk, Va., and David Mattonelli of Trenton.

The bride is a graduate of Notre Dame High School and Georgian Court College. She teaches at the Lynnhaven Elementary School, Virginia Beach, Va., and is doing graduate work at Old Dominion University.

The bridegroom attended Old Dominion University and is employed as a research chemist at Virginia Chemicals, Portsmouth, Va. He is continuing his studies at Old Dominion.

Following a reception at the Princeton Inn, the couple left for a trip through the Virginia mountains. They will reside in Virginia Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Stewart Jr.

*request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter*

Patricia Ann

to

Mr. Douglas Bruce Hoyt

on Saturday, the sixteenth of May

Nineteen hundred and seventy

at two o'clock

Church of the

Winchester, Md

Mr. and Mrs. David Bird Havel

*request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter*

Barbara Allison

to

Mr. Keith Raymond Conover

on Saturday, the sixth of June

nineteen hundred and seventy

at two o'clock

Trinity Episcopal Church

Princeton, New Jersey



Marriage

Mr. and Mrs. Merwin Bean Jr.
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Debra Jean
to
Mr. Jason S. Dalrymple
on Saturday, the eighteenth of July
Nineteen hundred and seventy
at two o'clock
United Methodist Church
Farmington, Maine

Reception immediately following
Wilton Legion Hall



Runoia's 1970
post-camp season
for
Maine children



Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Griffith Jr.

announce the marriage of their daughter

Sandra Beverly

to

Mr. David Alan Steitz

on Saturday, the thirtieth of August

Nineteen hundred and sixty-nine

Huntington, New York

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie L. Vivian, Jr.

have the honour of announcing

the marriage of their daughter

Ann Willis

to

Mr. Andrew S. Dintenfuss

on Sunday, the fourth of October

nineteen hundred and seventy

Princeton, New Jersey

Mr. and Mrs. George Joseph Doyle
announce the marriage of their daughter

Margaret Ann

to

John Hunter Doebel

Lieutenant, junior grade,

United States Navy

on Saturday, the twenty-third of August

Nineteen hundred and sixty-nine

Church of Saint Thomas The Apostle

West Hartford, Connecticut



The Tabell family



Gerbie's baby



family of Ann Nelson Heise



Diane Dorsey