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## Dedication

Days run into days, weeks into weeks, and now before we've had a chance to blink, the summer is drawing to a close. Thinking back on days gone by, our hearts are filled with the warmth of happy times. Times of living and learning, times of struggling to achieve a goal, times of winning, as well as times of losing, times of understanding and those times when we just could not understand, times of trying and of caring, and times of sharing and giving, times of reaching out a hand into the darkness and having it be received by light, times of awesome beauty, times of rainbows and lollypops and smiles, times of warm feet and hearts in front of a roaring fire, times to remember, times of love. Friendships make life worth living and Runoia provides the home for such enduring and meaningful relationships. We learn here to give and to take in order to better ourselves and bring happiness to those around us. We probe into the souls of others, and in so doing, probe into our own souls. The word "me" takes on new meaning as we discover things about ourselves never known before, learning to accept them and use them to our advantage.

And so we dedicate the 1971 Log to Runoia -- a more suitable dedication could not be found. In so doing, we non-verbally thank-you, not for anything special, but for everything that is so special. They say that home is where the heart is. We leave our hearts with you, Runoia, here at this place we call home.

1971 Log Staff

First Shack:

Katie Dunn

Marion Van Ingen

Staff:

Jody Sataloff

Third Shack:

Kirsten Platt

Melissa Ring

Fourth Shack:

Martha Hester

Alice Cleghorn

Fifth Shack:

Sue Dickson

Sarah Williams

Sixth Shack:

Sixth Shack:

Lynn Higgins

Sabrina Horne

Seventh Shack:

Janet Corrigan

Yuki Moore



Campers:

Camp List -- 1971

Anctil, Marie  
Anthes, Katharine  
Blaise, Sandra  
Cobb, Cassandra  
Cobb, Pamela  
Corrigan, Janet  
Corwin, Elizabeth  
Darrow, Deborah  
Davis, Barbara  
Dickson, Susan  
Dowey, Elizabeth  
Ewing, Juliet  
Frank, Lori  
Gleghorn, Alice  
Gumbiner, Martha  
Hamel, Gwyneth  
Hamel, Jennifer  
Hayes, Barbara  
Hester, Margaret  
Hester, Martha  
Higgins, Lynn  
Horgan, Noianni  
Horne, Sabrina  
Kirkpatrick, Alice  
Lauer, Audrey  
Lessard, Louise  
Miller, Lorraine  
Moore, Yuki  
Orzeck, Roni  
Peckar, Susan  
Platt, Kirsten  
Rines, Jane  
Ring, Jody  
Ring, Melissa  
Robertson, Margaret  
St. Lifer, Nancy  
Scheiner, Beth  
Schnittker, Kimberly  
Schoen, Susan  
Shehadi, Muna  
Spanel, Celia  
Spanel, Emily  
Swanson, Brenda  
Tabell, Roberta  
Tabell, Sarah  
Treves, Claire  
Williams, Margaret  
Williams, Sarah  
Young, Hilary  
Young, Margaret  
Wagner, Karen

C.I.T's

Beaudoin, Marie  
Dunn, Kathryn  
Cair, Jane  
Gopsill, Jeryl  
Guimont, Diane  
Kirkpatrick, Martha  
Tabell, Margaret  
Vaillancourt, Claude  
Van Ingen, Marion

Aides

Drew, Calla  
Kind, Laura  
Rintz, Susan  
Rowell, Elizabeth  
Sternberg, Kathy  
Tower, Cynthia

Staff:

Brekke, Jolene  
Buckley, Chris  
Candy, Dorothy  
Chamales, Penny  
Cooper, Kay  
Erler, Diane  
Erler, Jack  
Greene, Ann  
Godfrey, Sia  
Holzbauer, Thecla  
McCreary, Ann  
McKenzie, Mary  
Moebus, Mary  
Orbeton, Peter  
Redon, Judy  
Sataloff, Jody  
Schrader, Sharon  
Tupper, Joan  
Vajner, Marcy  
Weltmer, Donna  
Williams, Bruce  
Yates, Sue  
Young, Mary

Associate Members of Camp Runoia

Asano, Gary  
Damren, William  
Holsington, Paul  
Nelson, Amy  
Shellberg, Doris  
Weiser, Lucy H.



## Reflections

When you came here you were excited, curious, anxious . . . full of expectation. You came here looking . . . for a familiar face, place, companion. You came here wanting fun, excitement, something new . . .

What did you find? A new friend, activity, skill, feeling, sight. You threw yourself into sailing to win, riding a horse, canoeing a lake or river, swimming under water, skiing on one ski or was it just getting up? A tennis set won, a softball hit, a picture developed. Your voices, your laughter, your radios and record machines filled camp both day . . . and night. Your days were free and full and there were so many of them stretching endlessly into summer. You spent them easily on the frivolous and the important. So busy, so boisterous, so jam-packed full that you filled your consciousness with your activity.

But even in that first week some of you heard the loon call across the lake, its lonely echoing call. It spoke loudly through your business. Perhaps it was a sunset smeared red and orange across the water as you sang to your guitars on the beach. The slowly building tension of a storm which burst upon you from across the lake and with a thunderous release shot lightning at the flagpole and drenched you with a blanket of water. Some of you later listened to the raindrops on the roof as you lay in bed on the edge of sleep.

Then, as suddenly as it started, the days had all been spent, friends made, skills learned, sensations experienced, trips



### A Typical (?) Day at Runola

Kay drew in a deep breath as she walked down the field. It was a beautiful day and the sun Schoen. On her way down she thought she saw a cocker Spanel but it turned out to be Cocoa. She turned into the kitchen. "Hayse, Kay," said Jo, "please Ring Tabell." Almost immediately a group of campers arrived at flagraising. When Alice was done blowing her Gleghorn, they all hurried to Gopsill down their breakfast. When all the food on the Platt-er was Moore or Lessard Dunn, everyone Treves-ed back to clean their shacks except for a few people who stayed to Rintz and Scheiner the dishes. After the dishes were done and the Tabells set, morning assembly bell rang. "Let's flip to see who gets the big chair. Oh well, Ewing," said Julie.

Then Betty began to talk Anthes is what she said. Ten to archery, six to riflery and six to riding. The rest stay for dancing. At archery, (when Marie finally strung her Beaudoin), the first set of Darrow's went Tower-ing through the Gair. "Lauer your aim," said Schrader. Next time one girl shot a Darrow into the parking lot. She looked in the station Wagner, but it wasn't there. She looked in the Van Ingen and it didn't seem to be there. She looked in the Corrigan and finally found it. Schrader said, Shehadi-nough. To be perfectly Frank with you, that was Hilaryous! Oh well, on to riflery.

At riflery, everyone got Hor-gan and began to shoot. Marcy

hit a Vajner and Susie hit a wood Peckar, sitting on a Greene tree. "Godfrey!" Barbara said, this class is Dowey-ing well! You guys need a good ride, get on Tap of the horse. Don't worry-- it's a Kind horse, it won't Buckley you or send you into Orbeton. When Laura got off the horse and had taken her Sataloff, she had a huge Weltmer and many Bruces on her leg. Then the bell rang for swimming lessons. Annie Mac yelled for the Junior St. Lifers to meet on the boathouse steps. She gave them a Sternberg look. "Your practical is going to be during Hester hour." After that new they began Moebusing around. Instead of having lessons, the beginners will Dickson castles. Intermediates, start Cooper-ating. After swimming lessons, the counselors took soapies with Brekke shampoo. Then the lunch bell sounded. Now at Camp Runola, our lunches are fantastic. No Swanson T.V. Dinners for us. We have today homemade hot Chamales, corn on the Cobb, followed by apples and oranges. Everyone put the Corwins in the basket and throw away the Rines and Schraeder napkins. Then we'll have Candy line. Then the counselors will have counselors coffee. I'm sure the counselors would be a-Paul-ed if they knew what we did with the Gumbiner shacks. Lots of chewing going on! Some kids just Miller around while some play Jacks. Others are getting Weiser by Redon books. A group of seventh shackers are Schnittker-ing and singing "Asano is a mass of incandescent gas. . ." Surely if the counselors got out Erler, McKenzie that we'd all get in trouble.



During Hester-hour, the Young ones tend to get Rowell-y waiting for the Horne to blow. After rest hour, they had planned to go to the beach, but the big blue Annie Mac truck broke down so they called Robertson H. Kirkpatrick at Davis Rent-a-Truck.

Guilmont time at the beach so we can Hamel a good time. So they decided to stay and have a Blaise-ing campfire. They had a lot of fun, and drank so much bug juice that they all got the Higgins. By the time they got home they were so tired they Orzeck-ed out.

Can You Imagine?

The Dot House being called the infirmary?  
Seven complete sailboats?  
Fairy Ring with a privy?  
Gretchen with hydrophobia?  
Meg Tabell on a diet?  
Sue Schoen in a dress?  
Having no unclaimed laundry?  
Hamburgers for breakfast?  
Susie Peckar being last in line for a meal?  
Debbie Darrow in Kirsten Platt's bathing suit?  
Jack Erler with lockjaw?  
Counselors cooking?  
Judy with straight hair?  
Martha Gumbiner on key?  
Julie Ewing as president?  
Maggie Robertson stifling a laugh?  
Sarah Tabell as a strip tease dancer?  
Not finding happiness at Runcia?





...  
E. - s u w - - m c w o j s



Seventh Shack Last Will And Testament

I, Sandy Cobb, bequeath my brown pillow to seventh shack's night activities.

I, Janet Corrigan, bequeath Mark to Diane.

I, Barbara Davis, bequeath my brush to Katie Dunn.

I, Lori Frank, bequeath my early morning skinny dips to Jody Sataloff.

I, Julie Ewing, bequeath my worn jeans to Audie Lauer and my ninth place to Jack Erler.

I, Yuki Moore, bequeath my steel racket to Kirsten Platt.

I, Meg Hester, bequeath my life preserver to Claude Vaillancourt.

I, Debbie Darrow, bequeath my brown bikini to Sue Dickson.

I, Sue Schoen, bequeath my pinkies to Marion Van Ingen.

I, Karen Wagner, bequeath a Webster's Dictionary to Janet Corrigan.

We, Seventh Shack, bequeath our night life to Marcy and our promptness to Betty.





Rest Hour in Fourth Shack

Bell!!!

Alice G: "Mary, who locked the pix?"

Alice K: "I did."

Alice G: "Unlock it, then."

Alice K: "I don't want to."

Martha G: "I will."

The door slams and Mary walks in.

Martha H: "Mary, can I go in the treehouse?"

Pam: "You can't, because Roni, Alice, and I are going to."

Mary: "Y'all hurry up there and whisper! Everyone on their beds."

Mattie gets on Pam's bed, Martha G. on Roni's, and Martha H. on Alice Kirkpatrick's.

Mattie: "Alice, catch!"

Alice: "What do I do with it?"

Mattie: "Throw it over to Jenny!"

Martha H: "Janie's passing out cookies!"

Mary: "Everybody quiet and on their beds, and Janie will then pass out her cookies."

Silence.

"Janie, what kind is this?"

"Janie, this is good!"

"Can I have another?"

Quiet now, except for the sound of paper airplanes and pillows flying, cookies crunching, muffled giggles, folding paper for notes, and other things not mentionable. And so on and so forth until the whistle blows for the end of another rest hour.

Alice Gleghorn and Martha Hester

### Rest Hour in Third Shack

Every rest hour:

"Hey, Sarah, can I have a piece of gum?"

"I can't find my sneakers!"

"Can I have a comic book?"

"Be quiet in there right now!"

"Can I get up and go to the pix?"

"Yes, but hurry up!"

"Alright, that's enough, now stop the talking!"

"Get on your bed, Sarah!"

"Can I get my bathing suit out on the line?"

"no!"

"Give my pillow back! She won't give me back my pillow!"

"Okay, you guys, if you can't be quiet, no big S."

"C'mon, you guys, cool it or we won't get any candy!"

"You're the one making the most noise, Melissa!"

"Okay, Betsy, give each person one sour ball. But no one gets a sour ball if the talking doesn't stop."

"Sarah and Kirsten, that's enough with the pillow fight."

In third shack, every day at rest hour is the same.

Melissa Ring and Kirsten Platt



### 1971 Horseshow

This summer, instead of having the usual horseshow, Runoia held its first annual gymcanah. Starring in the production were all the campers who wished to ride and there were six co-stars: Mr. Natural, Sundance, Chempaka, Mahtzoball, Friar Tuck and Hepzibah.

The first attraction was an equestrian drill to music performed by some of our more rhythmic riders. James Taylor was the accompaniment to a double ride of simultaneous turns, crosses and circles.

The juniors then took over the reins and competed in an obstacle course relay race. The going was rough and the competition stiff, but all completed the course triumphantly.

Other senior riders were then treated to a game called the Pony Express. With three teams of four riders each, the contestants rode across camp, changing riders at designated stations. All went smoothly until the last horse, Friar Tuck (with Kathy Anthes aboard) decided that the shortest way back to the barn from the tennis court was not around about the riflery field! Consequently, heads were turned and fingers were pointed as the spectators watched Kathy and Friar zooming across Miss Weiser's front yard!

After normality was restored, the gymcanah continued with a game of equine musical chairs. When the music stopped, the



### A Christmas Party

"T'was the night before Christmas" and in strolled Schrader as a very big and jolly Santa Claus, all smiles and Ho! Ho! Ho's! Christmas in the middle of July? Of course! At Camp Runoia anything is possible! The atmosphere was set with the lodge adorned in Christmas style, including red and green crepe paper, glitter, candles, and a real live Christmas tree that was chopped down. . . not even hugged! Much effort went into stringing popcorn and baking cookies, but all were part of the holiday spirit. Campers came dressed as toys, bearing individual gifts for each other created from nature, as well as shack offerings for the Christmas tree. The evening began with Jody, dressed as an angel (Jody? An angel? Oh well...) reading a fractured form of the classic poem, "T'was the night before Christmas". Christmas carols followed to further encourage the mood, and then Jack read the Christmas story as related in the Bible. Then presents were distributed and costumes displayed. Runoia's imaginations were at their finest for the occasion! Some of the more remarkable presentations were: Sandy Blaise as a jack and a ball, Mary McKenzie and Sia as a see-saw, Hilary Young as a sleepy old tomcat, Bruce as a bean bag, and Jack as. . . what else, but a Jack-in-the-box! Even Mark came attired as Christopher Robin saying his prayers! The evening ended with Christmas cookies and punch. It certainly was a Merry Christmas for all, and for all a good night!

### The Trial

"Here come de judge, here come de judge!"

As the assembly of Runcoians rose, the white haired, black jacketed Judge Yates entered and seated herself at the front podium -- casually slinging her bare feet through the open space under the table. She solemnly read:

"My fellow Runcoians, we have gathered here to see that justice is done. In the past few weeks, many crimes have been committed -- some mere misdemeanors, others grave felonies. These happenings can't go on unnoticed. These wrongs must be righted!"

"I now appeal to your integrity, your sense of duty, and especially to your conscience to deal with the following defendants in the manner they deserve."

First to be put on trial was Meg Tabell, accused of breaking the counselor's room window. Witnesses testified to her guilt, but one loyal friend, Jody Sataloff, came to her defense saying the accident was an understandable combination of circumstances, and should be forgiven. However, the jury of campers, by their applause, found Meg guilty and she was told to spend five minutes locked in fifth shack pix as punishment (for reasons understandable to those who knew of previous crimes of this sort).

Next, Maggie Robertson was found guilty of having a laugh which was disturbing the peace and tranquility of camp life. Her punishment was to laugh three minutes in front of the assembly.









### Counselor's View of Last Chance Restaurant

Ebbring!

Ugh. Fumble, fumble, find the alarm clock and shut it off before it wakes up the campers. Okay, so it's the first time you've gotten up before the second bell since the fourth of July. Get up, Lazy, and go wake up Schrader, Jody, Annie, and Judy. Now's your big chance -- if you're going to be a waitress, might as well do it right. Hmmm, short white dress, two rolls of pix paper in the appropriate places, pancake make-up, a little mascara, and two wads of gum. Zap! You could pass as a truck driver's waitress any time. Now up to the dining hall.

"Hi, Chickies!" Chomp, chomp. "Whatcha up to?"

Man, everybody's so busy! Jody's doin' cocoa; Schrader -- eggs; Annie and Tup -- toast; Jack -- ah, Jack's the old pancake master himself; Betty -- playing gourmet and making crepes, but not suzettes, harrumph; Laura and Sue doing French toast; Dot -- bacon; Sia -- sausage; Mary McKenzie busy with drinks; Greenie -- getting cereal straight. And the kitchen girls -- Jo, Kay, and Penny -- they've made waitress caps for the rest of us. Authenticity plus!

Hungry! Everyone is so fantastic! This is a riot! Okay, Jack, enough of the jokes!

Oh no, Peter is maitre d'! Black jacket and all!

Here come the campers!

"Hey, Sweets, whatcha want? Gimme ya ordas."



### Last Chance Restaurant Song

Tune: "Alice's Restaurant"

You can get anything you want at the Last Chance Restaurant,  
You can get anything you want at the Last Chance Restaurant,  
Walk right in and set right down,  
Order up a meal, it'll turn out brown,  
You can get anything you want at the Last Chance Restaurant  
(except a good meal).

You can get anything you want at the Last Chance Restaurant,  
Walk right in with your reservation,  
Tell us what you want with no hesitation,  
You can get anything you want at the Last Chance Restaurant  
(except a last chance).

You can get anything you want at the Last Chance Restaurant,  
Walk right in lickin' your chops,  
One look at the food and you'll want to stop,  
You can get anything you want at the Last Chance Restaurant.

You can get anything you want at the Last Chance Restaurant,  
To give you alka-seltzer would be so kind,  
It'll ease your stomach but not your mind,  
You can get anything you want at the Last Chance Restaurant.

### Mad-Libs Remodeled

One night the C.I.T's presented us with a new game. Have you ever played mad-libs? You are asked to write down an example of whatever the leader asks for. For example, if the word given is "adjective", you might select the word "salty" to put down on your paper. The following is an example of the results after the words were filled in to a prepared story:

"A famous person among us whose name is (1) Johnny was born in (2) 1902 in the town of (3) Oskaloosa. She (or he), is married and when asked if happy, answered (4) Yes. She has (5) 32 children and is a well-known (6) pix-digger, earning (7) \$1,000,000 a year and spending (8) a farthing a year. She's very (9) big, wearing a size (10) 71 shoe and has (11) billious green hair. She has a bad habit of (12) smoking which is due to her admiration of her (13) third cousin twice removed. She is a great gardener raising (14) rutabaga and (15) fringed milk wart which she will undoubtedly continue to grow and exhibit at garden shows until she is (16) 6, 789, 543.08 years old. She loves pets, especially (17) meirs and has been known to (18) sleep for their benefit. She has already bequeathed her (19) 29% to (20) Deke because she likes to (21) play. Thus ends the story of (1) Johnny and (20) Deke who lived happily ever after because I, (22) Mahatapatawatagan, lie not."

Needless to say, the evening was a great success!



### A New Evening Program

Evening program tonight involved a lot of imaginations and some creative writing, too. The campers were divided into teams and each team chose a particular category of literature to work with. These were: a story, a poem, a letter, a commercial, a conversation, a news article, and an advertisement. In these creations the authors had to include the following: three book titles, three song titles, and the name of a cereal. Minds began working together and before long we had a few specimens of rare literature. After the contest was finished the surprising results were collected:

Dear Winnie-the-Pooh,

"Oh I was born" in "Arizona". At the age of sixteen, "Where do I go?" I asked myself, and found myself in a Wrinkle In Time. It was the wierdest place I've ever been! There was this guy called "Count Chocula" who claimed to be the Lord of the Flies. Millions of flies were swarming around, humming the tune of the song "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds". Then! Here comes a big gust of wind about to blow me away! Oh-oh, I've got to go! I'm Gone With the Wind!

Love,  
Group Six

### Girl Kidnapped

On early Monday morning at approximately 3:00, Heidi Corgalthorp was reported missing at her home in "Chicago". Her parents were awakened by a shrilling scream and the Kaboom of car brakes. They found a Separate Peace of her valuable jewelry on the floor with a marking of blood smeared on it. The Godfather had supposedly taken her out that night and she had not returned. She stands 5'7" and has green eyes and blond hair. She is fifteen years old and is very quiet with a "Sweet and Innocent" face. If anybody knows the whereabouts of this girl, please contact the following number: 236-2105. Thank you!!

### Morning in Camp

Camp's a fun place, glistening in the sun. When you wake up there's the sun in your eyes and you can't wait to get up and out of bed. When the first bell rings you jump out of your covers and with about three other people you go skinny dipping. You can hardly run but you don't care because you can't wait to breathe that air. You're standing on the dock and one! Two! Three! Everybody in the water! Boy, is it ever cold, but you go under anyway. Oops! Time to get out! You run up the path in a hurry and stop to see if you have riding and you do! You keep walking down the path and the second bell rings: you start to run. You brush your hair and just as the last bell rings you shoot out through the door so fast and arrive in line just as they are saying,

"FALL IN!!"

Jenny Hamel

### On Kindness

There once was a princess who was very cruel to animals. One day while she was beating her pet dog, a wizard appeared to her and he said, "If you do not stop being cruel to animals, I will punish you."

But the princess paid no heed to the warning and kept on being mean. Now the princess had a charm bracelet which her mother had given her when she was born, but she could never take it off. One day when she was in her carriage on the way to her boyfriend's house she started to whip her horse madly... Suddenly a white cloud burst from her charm bracelet and she found herself a white horse with a purple plum on her head and her horse was turned into a princess and was whipping her madly. "Stop!" the princess yelled to no avail.

When she got to her boyfriend's house, her horse went in and she was tied to a tree. Her horse had a delightful dinner with her boyfriend, while she had nothing to eat.

When they got home, the princess' horse started to unsaddle her and put her into the stable. The hay was so scratchy!

Within a few minutes a mouse came and started to nibble on her. The princess in the likeness of her horse lifted her hoof and stamped on the mouse.

Another cloud came out of her bracelet but this one was gray. She turned into a mouse. She crawled out of the stable

and went into the palace. When she walked in the doorway she heard a cat around the corner. That's right, she thought, cats chase mice! The cat started to chase her. She scrambled through great halls, and entertaining rooms, through music rooms and studies, under tables and over chairs; that cat was still close behind. The chase continued under, around, over, and through every piece of furniture you could think of. The princess, as a mouse, finally crawled into the family church and implored forgiveness.

The last and most wonderful cloud came forth out of her magical bracelet but this one was gold. She grew until she was her normal size and then turned into a princess again. But more beautiful because she had stopped being mean.

Claire Treves



### Selections From Sunday Service

Joy is a feeling of love in the air,  
Joy is a friend who will always be there,  
Joy is the moon as it shines on the lake,  
Joy is learning to give -- and learning to take.  
Joy is a campfire on a summer's soft night,  
Joy is a feeling when all's going right,  
Joy is a happiness that swells from within,  
Joy is the feeling expressed in a grin,  
Joy's an emotion when one is content,  
Joy's satisfaction when time is well spent,  
Joy is a story, a poem, a song,  
Joy's what is felt when nothing is wrong,  
Joy is the sun that rises each day,  
Joy's helping others who are lost in their way,  
Joy can be felt just by loving and caring,  
And joy can be felt when giving and sharing,  
And joy is the stars as they shine from above,  
For joy is in everything -- in time, life, and love.

Jody Sataloff

### A Prayer

Dear God, help us to take the time to look around us,  
to see with our hearts as well as our eyes. Give us the courage  
to change the things that need to be changed, to show peace to  
each other and to make our world good for the present and better  
for the future.

Cindi Tower

What is peace? What does it involve? What do you think  
of when you hear the word peace? Have you ever stopped to  
think what peace might mean to you as an individual here at  
camp? Peace can exist in our world and camp is a living example.  
Runoia creates it's own peace with the beauty of the lake,  
the wind in the trees, the smell of the campfire at vespers  
and the call of the loons. Remember the quiet calm just before  
the storm and the feeling when you know you've done well. And  
how pleasant it feels to be back in camp after a truly exciting











## Individuality

Individuality is great and a hard thing to have. To know what you know and think what you think without letting other people's feelings alter yours is difficult and truly a wonderful thing. But sometimes it goes too far. Some people won't do anything for fear of being labeled a "conformist" or "caring too much." This is wrong. It can happen anywhere from a small Maine town to New York City, or to anyone from age eight to eighty. For example, at a large university there was a demonstration in which almost everyone was participating. A girl joined just because everyone else had, although she didn't fully agree with its principles. She didn't want to feel left out. Or look at the other side of the coin. Another girl didn't want it said of her that she was "trying to be like everyone else" -- she wouldn't join although she agreed with the movement's principles.

Or take two little children. One wants to go light matches and the other doesn't, because he knows he shouldn't. "Aw, c'mon," said the other. You just want to be good like everyone else. At this accusation the kid sneaks off with him to light the matches.

Or even with older people, an older woman really enjoys playing bridge, but won't join the town's bridge club. Why not? She says she doesn't want to be called a "bridge-club-grandma". She prefers to be different.

All this is wrong. To see the differences in people and



### The Fourth of July

Le quatre de Juillet a ete un plaisant jour pour le camp Runoia. Mous sommes deux equipes: British et Americain, le soleil est vraiment chaud! C'est une course avec nos partenaire. Un de nos deux plds est attache avec celui de notre amie. Les filles courent, courent et courent et touchent les autres partenaire. Et les British gagnent cette partie! Yea!

The fourth of July did be a funny day for the Camp Runoia. There are two teams, the British and American. The sun is really hot! This is a running game with our partner. One of our two feet is fastened with our friend's foot. The girls run, run, run and touch the other partners'! And the British win this game! Yea!

Louise Lessard

The fourth of July was quite a day,  
The C.I.T's made everyone gay,  
They made teams, American and British,  
We played lots of games and at night we did finish.  
That night we found the final score,  
The British won, the Americans were sore.

Pam Cobb







### The First Day of Camp

"Good-bye," said my mother. My little sister was in tears. She is only a small three year old with big brown eyes like her mother. From then on I felt like I was on my own, though I really wasn't. My aunt and sister would be there, too. Camp would start in three days. Three whole days!

My grandparents and my great-grandmother were to take my sister and I to camp. We left the next day and arrived at camp the day after that. We were about one mile away from camp, and even the butterflies seemed to be excited! Every once in awhile when I thought of my mother and my little sister my feelings would change to sadness because I remembered that I would not see them for at least three weeks. I also felt fear because I felt awkward and I didn't know what the people would think of me. When we got there it was beautiful out. Mary McKenzie and Jody Sataloff met us. Mary was to be Maggie's counselor and Jody was mine. First we met my aunt, then we had a small tour of the camp. I began to feel more at ease as the day went on. Our trunks had arrived, so I started to unpack. While I was unpacking, one of my roommates came, Beth Scheiner. The other, Jody Ring, came a little bit before supper. Supper was delicious as everyone had told me in their letters. Afterwards I went down to the lake . . . Boy! Was it beautiful! These days led me to many exciting adventures.

Hilary Young

I came to camp at lunchtime the day before the rest of the campers were due to arrive. Mattie and I knocked on Betty's door but no one answered. We walked towards the kitchen, then Dot saw us and told us that everybody had gone to Sandy River in canoes. We decided to go totown for lunch. When we came back we unpacked and tried to get ourselves reasonably settled. Mattie was going to sleep across the hall from me. After dinner, Pam, Mattie, Janet, Sandy, and I went swimming. It felt so good to be in the lake again! When I got in bed that night I wished that I had played taps! After I had killed a couple of mosquitoes I knew I was back in camp again. Even though there were mosquitoes, after a long winter I knew I was back "home".

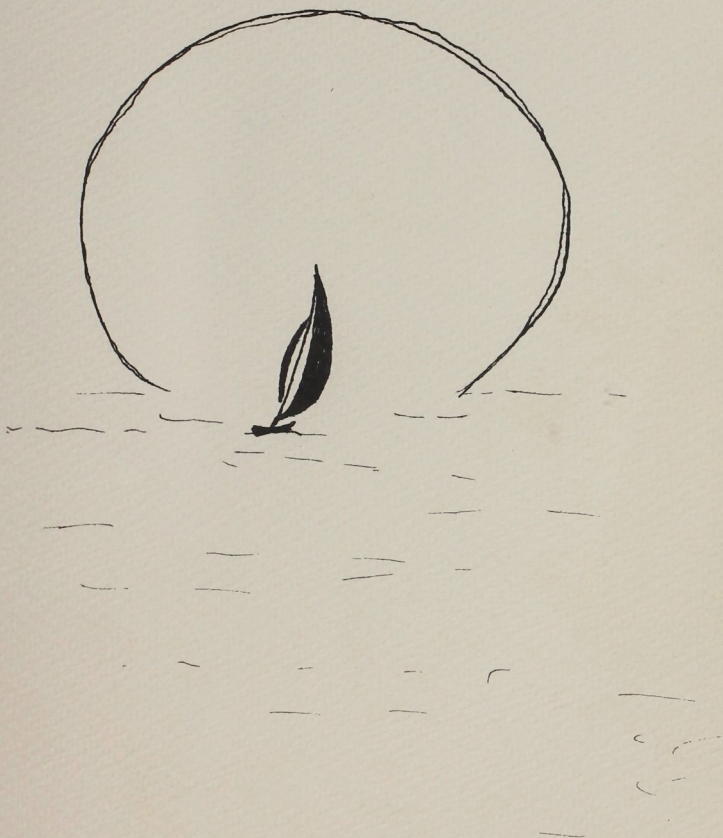
Alice Gleghorn

The first day of camp was exciting. We didn't do very much but everything that happened was new and different. We unpacked, met new people, and took our first free swim of the summer. Even though there wasn't a whole lot to do, it was exciting for me. When I met my roommate I thought she seemed very nice (I still do!) and all the other campers were nice, too. I enjoyed meeting them, too! I also met some counselors that I really liked. We had a very good lunch. When I found out that we got to take care of a rabbit I was flipped! So the first day of camp was exciting for me, as were all the rest!

Sarah Tabell



poetry



### Poetry Night Selections

Happiness is:

Always getting a check in inspection  
Using other people's clothes  
Dancing with your boyfriend  
Ice cream, licorice, bubble gum and fruit  
Eating all the things you like best

Love

Asking your mother for a raise in allowance (and getting it!)  
Understanding other people's problems  
Every day being lived to the fullest  
Rolling down a hill on a sunny day.

Audie Lauer

Golden is the sunset  
Waning in the west  
Young owls singing their songs  
Nearby, a cricket joins in  
Each noise part of a symphony,  
Telling of the oncoming night  
Howling begins in the background.

Hungry wolves call to each other  
Amidst the noise, a faint smell  
Moist earth, green plants  
Evening is here  
Last rays of sun disappear.

Gwyneth Hamel

Majestically waking to meet each day,  
A silent alarm goes off  
Rising to creep stealthily down the hall,  
Inquisitive eyes say all are welcomed  
On to the lake  
Neath cloudless skies.

Just a mother to  
One and all,  
Helping the postman,  
Needling the staff,  
Swinging with Mark  
On a pleasant day.  
No one can replace her.

Johnny

Cool summer breezes and trees of birch and pine,  
Always that feeling of coming home when you first see the Runcoia  
sign,  
Moonlit nights upon the lake with loon cries from afar,  
Elenty of stars to wish upon and wonder who you are,

Reaching through the darkness and finding one to care,  
Understanding friendships to be treasured and to share,  
Never-ending pleasure from the gull that soars above,  
Only happy feelings from the days so filled with love.  
Into winter summer runs, but we're never really parting,  
And in our hearts we know full well that everything's just starting.

Camp Runcoia

Can you see my lovely sailboat  
Lingering out on the blue waves  
A beautiful gull soars above it  
I can see it, can't you?  
Rising in the distance is the lovely full moon  
Engraved on it are eyes, a nose and a mouth.

Though trying to see it, my sailboat slowly disappears  
Rapidly dark comes  
Enveloping everything  
Voicing my prayers, I cuddle under my covers  
Evergreen last and last -- I wish the night would do the same.  
Slowly I do the same.

Claire Treves

Ann's great call, "Everyone out of the pix!"  
Notice her counting -- only seven is nix!  
New things sometimes do throw her -- especially French.

Getting her to float gracefully is a cinch!  
Remember the time she wore plaids and stripes?  
Everyone turns to her with their gripes.  
Ever see her at skinny dips?  
Notice, she never goes on trips!  
Eagerly her coffee she sips!

Greenie

Between September and June  
Eagerly plans another great year,  
Traveling far and wide  
To meet and greet old and new friends.  
Yielding to new ideas,

Creating happiness for  
One and all,  
Being herself, a  
Buddy and pal.

Betty Cobb



Signs

At every road you see a sign  
Right of way, stop, left turn  
At every place they are there  
Help, I say, so many signs!

Twisting roads have signs  
Aching eyes do look  
Boy! So many signs  
Everywhere I look, a sign  
Left turn, speed limit 20  
Look, you will see a sign.

Sarah Tabell

Somewhere in the wilds of the Northwest Territory  
Under an overhanging pine  
Enjoying the view, spreading out before him

Stood a large gray wolf,  
Calling to his mate  
He cried and cried again  
Only to be answered by a deadly silence and now and again. . .  
Echoes of his own lonely cries  
Nearby his mate lies still in a steel trap.

Sue Schoen

My face is full of freckles  
Everywhere you look -- a spot  
Green eyes with black dots.

Tall and athletic  
Always on the go  
Because I get  
Energy from my  
Loveable  
Luscious, Thumb.

Who am I?

Meg Tabell

Slowly I walk, down a dark street  
Always aware for strangers to meet  
Ready for all the troubles in the world  
And inside I feel terrorized and hurt,  
Horribly hurt, for I know that the world is wrong with crime  
and in such a world with its crime, pollution and

War, with all this in mind, can we live anymore?  
Is it worth it to live, is it worth it to die, to be happy, to  
sing and to cry?  
Love, hate, are all part of this world -- can we try and change  
it, just can't we try?  
Luck is just a fantasy, we have to change it realistically  
I walk down the street with this in mind  
And I think of all the crime  
Murders and such are all so bad  
So can't we change it, can't we just try?

Sarah Williams

Skinny dips at seven-thirty,  
Have no effect on eyes so blurry  
Agilely tripping up the hill  
Reaching for her coffee to swill  
On to flag raising and the rock  
Neatly attired in a handsome frock.

Singing grace  
Clearing plates  
Happiness is  
Returning first  
After  
Dark  
Eyes are alert  
Radar for campers out of their berths.

Sharon Schrader

Boats that rock gently on the incoming tide  
Over the mountain the sun tries to hide  
Oncoming boats slowly plowing the haze  
Pushing the sun up to start a new day.

Tediously and slowly the haze slowly lifts  
And the sun now uncovered in the sky slowly drifts  
Bright yellow ball with tongues of orange and red  
Evenly spreading light to outline mountains heads  
Lighter grows the day as the sun takes its place  
Long shadows take shape as the sun shows it's face.

Boop Tabell

Always when I am down at the lake,  
Laughing waves lap at my feet,  
I look into the woods and they say  
Come to me, and willingly, I do.  
Everlasting peace is here

Generosity too,  
Love for everyone lingers  
Everything here makes me happy  
Graceful beauty all around  
Haunting me with its beauty.  
Overflowing with joy I return  
Runoia, I love you,  
Never will I forget you.

Alice Gleghorn





Music rearranges a jumbled mind  
After life has jumbled it,  
Recollections of  
Yesterday's letters to the editor

Yesterday's blinding hurt,  
Overpowering sensuous joys  
Under the muck  
Never creep from the covers, never  
Crumble while the mind sings.

Mary Young

Campfire light  
Evening comes quietly  
Lapping water on gold sand  
Into happiness we fall  
All together in one dream.

Sparkling waves  
Pink sky at sunset  
As the stars shine  
No one is unhappy  
Except that this is our last night together  
Love is everywhere.

Celia Spanel

Merry-go-rounds  
Underneath blue and yellow tents  
Noisily playing  
Answering the cries of excited children.

Standing spellbound at the light of the horses  
He stands, the  
Entranced cripple.  
Happy, but still  
Aloud he says,  
"Dare  
I?"

Muna Shehadi

### A Story

Camp's over, said she.  
Hurrah, said she.  
Camp's over, said she again.  
Boo hoo, said another.  
Why do you cry, said she.  
Because, said the other.  
I'm glad, said she.  
I'm sad, said the other.  
Just why? said she.  
Because, said the other.  
Because why? said she.  
Because, I may never see my friends here again, said the other.  
So what? said she.  
Cause, said the other.  
Well, I won't, said she.  
Yes, you will, said the other.  
Explain, said she.  
For you've lived with them so long that in your memory at some point, you'll remember them, said the other.  
I'll probably forget, said she.  
Maybe, said the other.  
So? said she.  
It's just that after camp is when you realize how close you've been to them, said the other.  
Really? said she.  
You can't help but get close to someone you live with, said the other.  
Are you sure? said she.  
No, but it's just a feeling you get, at least I do, said the other.  
Maybe you're right, said she.  
Camp's over, said the other.  
I'm sad, said she.  
You see? said the other.  
Yes, I agree, said she.

Yuki Moore

## Thoughts Chapter II

Another summer will be over soon,  
Gone will be the mail and candy at noon,  
Gone are the trips, the spirit, the fun,  
At least physically for you and everyone.  
What have you gained from a summer so short?  
What types of memories will go home in reports?  
Will you remember the tangible things,  
Or will you remember a gull on the wing?  
Will you remember climbing rafters above  
Or maybe remember a summer of love?  
Do you think of tennis and hours of sailing  
Instead of the poor girl who behind is trailing?  
What of the time you snuck out at night?  
Or the beautiful sunrise as dawn turns to light?  
Remember them all, they all have a place  
Here at Runoia, full of love, beauty and grace.

SLS

Come Live With Me

How would you like to live with me,  
In my small house beside the sea,  
How would you like to watch the waves  
With glowing sparkle in its caves?  
How would you like to roam with me  
Along the sands beside the sea,  
With shimmering grains beneath our feet,  
We'd climb the dunes and then retreat. . .  
How would you like to search with me  
In the sands beside the sea,  
For coweries conches and other things,  
Just whatever our lovely sea brings?  
Now wouldn't you like to live with me  
In my small house beside the sea?

Claire Treves



### The Sea

The sea is a wonderous powerful thing,  
You can hear it in a sea chanty or shell,  
To a fisherman it is his home or livelihood,  
To a scientist it is a place of mystery,  
And to all it is an everlasting source of beauty.  
God created the sea right after the earth  
And when all things perish from the earth  
The sea shall still be there.

Maggie Young

Time. Where are you going and why must you hurry so?  
Why is it that you fly by fast? Surely you must know.  
So oft you bring such precious things, and all too soon they're  
gone,  
The things I have here with me now I wish could last for long...  
I blink my eye and one day passes, moving on so fast,  
Why is it that the happy days are all too soon the past?  
I live each day as life itself, yet already it is done  
When tomorrow draws so near and today has just begun.

A Musquido

Sitting stately among the pines,  
Runcia,  
Everlasting, unchanging;  
Girls,  
Swimming, canoeing, sailing,  
Taking trips and having fun.  
Runcia,  
A place to make new friends,  
And to keep old ones.

Maggie Young



Haikus

A very light breeze  
Moves across an open field  
While rustling the ferns.

A heavy gray fog  
Rests upon the still water  
Then it creeps away.

A long, winding road  
Leads onward to the blue sky  
Then stops abruptly.

A petite aspen  
Standing alone in a field  
Sways with the light breeze.

A little dampness  
Hampers the campers and clothes  
And brings mosquitoes.

Motions of the mouth  
Added to some happy thoughts  
Can create a smile.

Yuki Moore

### Happiness

Happiness is a wonderful thing,  
Like receiving a golden ring,  
Knowing somebody loves you,  
Finding sparkling dew.  
All of a sudden, flowers in bloom,  
As sudden as a real loud boom.  
Friends playing at dawn,  
Taming a baby fawn.

Betsy Corwin

Thunder storms are oh so neat,  
Will you hide beneath the sheets?  
Mother Nature is our guide  
She really doesn't want you to hide.  
With her splendor she makes seem  
Everything appear so green.  
Please look at a thunder storm  
As something to make you roasty warm.

When you're looking at the lake  
Do you give or do you take?  
Can you see the something dear  
With friends and love oh so near?

There are many towering pines  
That often make you feel sublime,  
Can you look and never see?  
Let me show you what a tree  
Can offer you and offer me.

What do you think of a rainy day?  
Doesn't it make you want to quietly play?  
Maybe to sit and read a book,  
Maybe to just sit outside and look.  
Do they make you kind of warm inside  
And let out feelings you often hide?  
Mother Nature oft plans such a day  
So you don't really go astray  
Maybe she's trying to show you the way!





### A Little Time, A Little Love

The evenings were getting colder. The days were growing shorter. Winter was coming. Sensing the oncoming storms of winter with instincts, Mother Nature had endowed him with, and heeding her warnings, the little bird flew from his nest into the darkening sky. He flew once more over the town which had been his summer home, wistfully revisiting the old familiar sites which were filled with memories of happy carefree days. With a little sigh, he stopped to rest on a statue of a small boy, before taking off on his long, laborious journey south.

Perched there, he heard a little whisper. He looked down from the statue's shoulder -- no one. The streets were deserted, save for a little man scurrying to the warm shelter of his home for dinner. Thinking at first the wind was playing tricks on him as it gathered the leaves from the pavement and whisked them off into a whirling dance, he ignored it. But again he heard a little voice, and looking around he found its source: the statue of the little boy was speaking to him.

"Hello," said the statue warmly.

"Hello," said the little bird, quite surprised.

"Where are you going on this cold, awful evening?" asked the boy.

"South -- winter's coming and I must hurry," the bird replied.

"Please, before you go, could you do me a favor?" the statue pleaded.

"What?" asked the bird, a little warily.

"They are going to build a highway through this town," the statue











statistics and

anagrams



Third Shack Anagrams

Elizabeth A. Corwin

Easygoing and Caring

Susan L. Peckar

Sometimes Loudly Protests

Kirsten E. Platt

Konstantly Eats-Petitely

Melissa S. Ring

Morning Sleeper Regularly

Kimberley D. Schnittker

Kind of Develish Sometimes

Emily K. Spanel

Enjoys Kidding Shackmates

Sarah E. Tabell

Sometimes Easy Tempered



Fourth Shack Anagrams

|                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Pamela N. Cobb       | Probably Never Caught |
| Alice A. Gleghorn    | Almost Always Good    |
| Martha C. Gumbiner   | Most Constant Gabber  |
| Jennifer P. Hamel    | Just Plain Happy      |
| Martha A. Hester     | Musical And Handy     |
| Alice B. Kirkpatrick | Always Being King     |
| Lorraine J. Miller   | Loves Jewelry Making  |
| Roni I. Orzech       | Really Idiotic Often  |
| Jane P. Rines        | Just Part of Runoia   |
| Muna E. Shehadi      | Most Excellent Sailor |
| Mattie M. Williams   | Must Mangle Whites    |
| Maggie S. Young      | Most Softly Yells     |

Fifth Shack Anagrams

|                   |                               |
|-------------------|-------------------------------|
| Marie C. Anctil   | Makes Calla Aggravated        |
| Susan S. Dickson  | Sailing Successfully Does     |
| Louise Lessard    | Loves Laughing                |
| Jody L. Ring      | Just Likes Riding             |
| Beth J. Scheiner  | Being Juveniley Sophisticated |
| Celia H. Spanel   | Constantly Hogs Sleep         |
| Claire I. Treves  | Clowns In Tennis              |
| Sarah D. Williams | Sure Dives Wonderfully        |
| Hilary E. Young   | Hardly Ever Yells             |

Sixth Shack Anagrams

|                       |                             |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| Kathy E. Anthes       | Keeps Everyone Amused       |
| Sandra Y. Blaise      | Suddenly Yearns for Boys    |
| Elizabeth Dowey       | Earnestly Diligent          |
| Gwyneth E. Hamel      | Gobbles Everything Happily  |
| Barbara D. Hayes      | Brave, Daring and Hilarious |
| Susan L. Higgins      | Sure Lives Happily          |
| Noianni C. Horgan     | Never Complains, Hardly     |
| Sabrina A. Horne      | Secret Acrobatic Ham        |
| Audrey A. Lauer       | Almost Always Loveable      |
| Margaret R. Robertson | Madly Races and Rides       |
| Nancy St. Lifer       | Not Easily Stifled          |
| Brenda J. Swanson     | Bends Joints Swiftly        |
| Roberta J. Tabell     | Rambling Journeys at Taps   |

Seventh Shack Anagrams

|                    |                            |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Cassandra D. Cobb  | Constantly Does Crafts     |
| Janet M. Corrigan  | Jokingly Mimics Comics     |
| Deborah A. Darrow  | Does Active Duties         |
| Barbara C. Davis   | Better Canter Daringly     |
| Juliet C. Ewing    | Jokes Comically and Easily |
| Lori E. Frank      | Loves Every Friend         |
| Margaret R. Hester | Moves Rather Hastily       |
| Yuki A. Moore      | Yells At Meg               |
| Susan B. Schoen    | Swims But Sinks            |
| Karen S. Wagner    | Kan't Stop Winning         |



### Aide Anagrams

|                     |                        |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| Calla J. Drew       | Comes Joyfully Daily   |
| Laura B. Kind       | Loves Being Kute       |
| Susan G. Rintz      | Sometimes Gets Riled   |
| Elizabeth M. Rowell | Ever Mothering Rascals |
| Kathy W. Sternberg  | Kraves Water Skiing    |
| Cindi L. Tower      | Can Laugh Tremendously |

### C.I.T. Anagrams

|                       |                                |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|
| Marie M. Beaudoin     | Mischievous, Merry, Boisterous |
| Kathryn S. Dunn'      | Keeps Shirking Duties          |
| Jane L. Cair          | Joyfully Looks for Guys        |
| Diane A. Guilmont     | Doesn't Always Goof            |
| Jeryl L. Gopsill      | Jolly Little Girl              |
| Martha G. Kirkpatrick | Marvelously Good Knowledge     |
| Margaret E. Tabell    | Most Excited Tripper           |
| Marion Van Ingen      | Most Vociferous Individual     |
| Claude Vaillancourt   | Constantly Vivacious           |

### Boys Anagrams

|                    |                          |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| Gary Y. Asano      | Gleefully Yacking Alot   |
| Eric W. Cobb       | Extremely Worthless Chap |
| Robert K. Cobb     | Really King Clown        |
| Paul A. Hoisington | Picky About Humiliation  |
| Peter B. Orbeton   | Puns Become Overbearing  |
| Bruce B. Williams  | Bound By Words           |

### Kitchen Anagrams

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Jolene J. Brekke    | Jumping Jelly Bean  |
| Penny Chamales      | Patrolman Chaser    |
| Kay M. Cooper       | Keeps Maine Clean   |
| S. Thecla Holzbauer | Sent Through Heaven |



|                      |         |                        |   |                              |                       |                                     |
|----------------------|---------|------------------------|---|------------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Elizabeth Corwin     | Betsy   | mischievous            | with friends                                | secrets                      | bugs                  | "Quit it, Melissa!"                 |
| Susan Peckar         | Susy    | for her shoes          | in her jewelry                              | candy                        | tomato juice          | "I can't find my shoes!"            |
| Kirsten Platt        | Kirsten | innocent               | in a clean room                             | the white team               | swimming lessons      | "Stop that!"                        |
| Melissa Ring         | Melissa | like a monkey          | for eating                                  | her stuffed animal<br>snoopy | noise before the bell | "Okay, I'm mad!"                    |
| Kimberley Schnittker | Kim     | like a boy             | in a messy room                             | the music camp               | cleaning her room     | "I'm cleaning it, I'm cleaning it!" |
| Emily Spanel         | Em      | for her stuffed animal | with stuffed animals when she can find them | lots of toys                 | bugs                  | "It's not fair!"                    |
| Sarah Tabell         | Sarah   | cute                   | for the team                                | her shack friends            | messy rooms           | "Come on, Kim, clean your room!"    |



|                   |        |                      |  |   |                                   |                                   |
|-------------------|--------|----------------------|--|---|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Pamela Cobb       | Yam    | surprised            | check                                  | riding  | stealing<br>her<br>Arrid          | "What do you<br>want, a medal?"   |
| Alice Gleghorn    | Alice  | for her<br>Ricky cat | for Meg<br>Tabell<br>and the<br>whites | her Univ.<br>of Calif.<br>and Santa<br>Cruz shirt | spider<br>bites<br>and<br>spiders | "I haven't the<br>faintest idea!" |
| Martha Gumbiner   | Martha | like a boy           | for<br>sleeping                        | riding  | swimming<br>lessons               | "Hey, what's<br>your name?"       |
| Jennifer Hamel    | Jenny  | different            | for a<br>horse                         | aqua-<br>planing                                  | losing<br>a<br>superball          | "who has my<br>comic books?"      |
| Martha Hester     | Martha | for her<br>sister    | to sing<br>opera                       | diving  | getting<br>"S's" and<br>"W's"     | "We've got to<br>practice!"       |
| Alice Kirkpatrick | Alice  | for Roni             | for the<br>last<br>week of<br>camp     | tennis  | more<br>gerbels                   | "Greez-um!"                       |
| Lorraine Miller   | Lorri  | for Jane             | for her<br>60 pieces<br>of gum         | crafts  | people<br>using<br>her tape       | "Jane . . ."                      |
|                   |        |                      |  |   |                                   |                                   |

|                   |        |  |                            |                           |                                  |                                  |
|-------------------|--------|--|----------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Roni Orzech       | Roni   | for Pam                                      | for the bell               | sailing                   | swimming lessons                 | "That's my-in!"                  |
| Jane Rines        | Janie  | for a package with her grandmother's cookies | for the trip to California | her old room              | laps                             | "you Groober!"                   |
| Muna Shehadi      | Muna   | for more new and exciting things             | for crafts                 | acting                    | doing pix                        | "Golly!"                         |
| Margaret Williams | Mattie | for her parents                              | for passing intermediates  | being junior blue captain | not being first at the flag pole | "It's easy!"                     |
| Margaret Young    | Maggie | for time to go to the counselors' dock       | for a clean room           | Cookie's gun              | getting a bad mark in inspection | "Jenny's comic books fell over!" |
|                   |        |  |                            |                           |                                  |                                  |
|                   |        |  |                            |                           |                                  |                                  |
|                   |        |  |                            |                           |                                  |                                  |
|                   |        |  |                            |                           |                                  |                                  |

|                  |                |                         |                           |   |                      |                               |
|------------------|----------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|---|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| Marie Anetil     | Marie          | Serious                 | to be funny               | "Judy, how I love ya, how I love ya..." | swimming lessons     | "Serious, please!"            |
| Susan Dickson    | Sue            | like a jack-in-the-box  | in the sailboat, the Jack | hard and soft batteries                 | rainy day program    | "For pity-poo sakes!"         |
| Louise Lessard   | Louise         | cute in her striped hat | for riding                | mahtzo-ball                             | leaving half time    | "I am very 'appy!"            |
| Jody Ring        | Jody           | like a witch            | with Beth                 | to be the last one in bed               | doing dishes         | "Where's my comic book?"      |
| Beth Jo Scheiner | Beth           | for boys                | in the world of make-up   | to try to be a woman                    | not going with a boy | "What-what!"                  |
| Celia Spanel     | cocker spaniel | but doesn't listen      | to play killer            | hilarly                                 | Mr. Natural          | "Is it second or third bell?" |
| Claire Treves    | Claire         | for jacks               | for Kathy Anthes          | skinny dips                             | bragging             | "Oh, gee!"                    |
|                  |                |                         |                           |   |                      |                               |



[illegible]



|                  |        |                          |                   |                   |                            |                                |
|------------------|--------|--------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Katherine Anthes | Kathy  | like a mouse             | to get letters    | Tom               | sweeping under her bed     | "Modest people!"               |
| Sandra Blaise    | Sandy  | forward to playing jacks | in Thailand       | horses            | her job                    | "Hey, you guys!"               |
| Elizabeth Dowey  | Liz    | for a letter             | for the blues     | to play jacks     | making her bed             | "Thanks, Sabrina!"             |
| Gwyneth Hamel    | Gwen   | for bed time             | for sleep talking | horse-back riding | Sabrina tickling her       | "C'mon, you guys!"             |
| Barbara Hayes    | Barbie | like a fish              | for boys          | Charlie           | people on her bed          | "I don't want to get up!"      |
| Lynn Higgins     | Higgy  | for letters              | for the whites    | Gretchen          | reading junior-life saving | "Schrader's gone, you guys!"   |
| Nonianni Horgan  | Nonni  | like a fish              | for her religion  | sailing           | clean-up                   | "Sabrina, want to go sailing?" |
|                  |        |                          |                   |                   |                            |                                |

|                    |        |                              |                       |                  |                       |                    |
|--------------------|--------|------------------------------|-----------------------|------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Sabrina Horne      | Brina  | for excitement               | for her D'Arrow shirt | boys             | swimming lessons      | "Too bad!"         |
| Audrey Lauer       | Audie  | for Pixie                    | for the white team    | Boop             | fighting with friends | "Stop it!"         |
| Margaret Robertson | Maggie | like a monkey                | in far off Colorado   | to take pictures | yuk-yuk do-do bird    | "Gosh!"            |
| Nancy St. Lifer    | Braces | like a frog                  | for packages          | her parents      | fixing the pix        | "I am not modest!" |
| Brenda Swanson     | Brenda | like a goat                  | for swimming lessons  | the shack        | doing Gwyneth's job   | "Come on!"         |
| Roberta Tabell     | Boop   | for places to hide her candy | with Audie            | her thumb        | people teasing her    | "Leave me alone!"  |
|                    |        |                              |                       |                  |                       |                    |
|                    |        |                              |                       |                  |                       |                    |

|                 |        |                                    |  |                                    |   |   |
|-----------------|--------|------------------------------------|--|------------------------------------|---|---|
| Cassandra Cobb  | Sandy  | like Cocoa                         | on a horse                                     | to borrow things                   | middle name "Dent"                                  | "Oh, come on, you guys!"  |
| Janet Corrigan  | Janet  | for letters from Jill              | with the motto: "what you see is what you get" | sucking her thumb while she sleeps | being a punching bag for Schoen                     | "That's wicked cool!"   |
| Deborah Darrow  | Debbie | sexy in her brown bikini           | with frizzy hair                               | boys                               | being called by her full name                       | "I refuse to go to skinny dips!"  |
| Barbara Davis   | Barb   | for letters from Gary              | with Lori                                      | sailing                            | people who cut her down because of her Maine accent | "Godfrey!"  |
| Juliet Ewing    | Julie  | like a professional                | with seventh grade's gorilla                   | to eat                             | being called "Big Red"                              | "I'm the boss, apple sauce Understand, rubber band Don't get wise, beady eyes Or I'll cut you down to peanut size!" |
| Lori Frank      | Lori   | like a character from a love comic | in her pink pants                              | diving                             | tangles   | "Come off it, you guys!"  |
| Margaret Hester | Meg    | for her little sister, Martha      | in one single bed                              | to joke                            | swimming lessons                                    | "Hey Beautiful, Hey Cheeka Cheeka P.S. P.S."  |
|                 |        |                                    |  |                                    |   |   |



|               |        |   |                                     |                             |                              |                          |
|---------------|--------|---|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Yuki Moore    | Yuki   | for Martha<br>Kirkpatrick                           | for daily<br>packages               | Charlie<br>Brown            | skinny<br>dips               | "I don't care!"          |
| Susan Schoen  | Schoen | for river<br>trips                                  | with a<br>sag in<br>the top<br>bunk | to act<br>like a<br>gorilla | bikini<br>underwear          | "Ooo-ooo-ah-ah!"         |
| Karen Wagner  | K. K.  | 'tardo  | for<br>skinny<br>dips               | the<br>pix                  | bugs                         | "I'm so<br>embarrassed!" |
| Seventh Shack | 7      | forward to<br>when all the<br>counselors<br>are out | for<br>big<br>"S's"                 | late<br>nights              | not having<br>a<br>pix light | "Cherobee people!"       |
|               |        |   |                                     |                             |                              |                          |
|               |        |   |                                     |                             |                              |                          |
|               |        |   |                                     |                             |                              |                          |
|               |        |   |                                     |                             |                              |                          |



|                     |        |                             |                           |                       |  |  |
|---------------------|--------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|--|--|
| Marie Beaudoin      | Marie  | like a Barbie-doll          | for meals                 | to giggle             | being tickled in the morning by Johnny | "Oh, I ate too much!"                                  |
| Jane Gair           | Jane   | for boys                    | to sleep late             | to scream             | when marion keeps her drawers open     | "Oh, Mummy!"   |
| Jeryll Gropsill     | Jerry  | forward to cook-outs        | for the telephone to ring | to waterski           | diets                                  | "Yoo-hoo!"   |
| Diane Guimont       | Diane  | for Martha                  | to eat Peeses cups        | to kill Teddy cuddles | life saving                            | "Martha, are you going skinny dipping in the morning?" |
| Martha Kirkpatrick  | Martha | like her mother             | for bunny                 | Teddy cuddles         | doing a life saving jump               | "Oh great!"  |
| Margaret Tabell     | Meg    | like a typical Tabell       | for Lois letters          | trips                 | not being on the white team            | "Oh goobers!"  |
| Claude Vaillancourt | Claude | like a synchronized swimmer | for chocolate bars        | to speak French       | swimming in cold water                 | "Déterminise!"   |
|                     |        |                             |                           |                       |  |  |

[illegible]

|                  |       |                |                        |                           |                           |                                |
|------------------|-------|----------------|------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Calla Drew       | Calla | motherly       | for<br>fourth<br>shack | riding                    | skinny<br>people          | "Wicked <u>smart</u> !"        |
| Laura Kind       | Laura | enthusiastic   | for<br>food            | trips                     | horses                    | "I'll do it!"                  |
| Sue Rintz        | SUE   | bored          | for<br>Kathy           | water-<br>skiing          | dock<br>duty              | "Can we go<br>waterskiing?"    |
| Elizabeth Rowell | Betsy | smart          | for<br>camp            | sailing                   | trouble                   | "I wonder if<br>they need us?" |
| Kathy Sternberg  | Kathy | for<br>trouble | for<br>SUE             | Efrem<br>Zimbalist<br>Jr. | letters<br>from<br>George | "Isn't Efrem<br>gorgeous?"     |
| Cindi Tower      | Cindi | jolly          | for<br>riflery         | photography               | trips                     | "Did I get<br>any mail?"       |
|                  |       |                |                        |                           |                           |                                |
|                  |       |                |                        |                           |                           |                                |



|                 |  |  |  |  |   |                        |
|-----------------|--|--|--|--|---|------------------------|
| Gary Asano      | A<br>worker                                      | for work   | to<br>ski                                  | to<br>complain   | dishes  | "Time to quit!"        |
| Eric Cobb       | Ricky  | for good<br>sleeping<br>spots                                  | every<br>day of<br>his life                | full<br>moons  | sleep   | "Spin!"                |
| Robert Cobb     | Robby  | the other<br>way   | and<br>lives<br>and<br>lives               | S. H.  | to<br>work                                    | "Let's go skiing!"     |
| Paul Hoisington | Paul<br>Hasington                                | for rain or a<br>foot of calcium<br>chloride on<br>all of camp | for<br>midnight<br>and<br>the full<br>moon | 0-30 in<br>the red<br>truck  | obstinance                                    | "Eha!"                 |
| Peter Orbeton   | Peter O.   | through his<br>golden<br>locks                                 | for the<br>weekends                        | being on<br>the counse-<br>lor list, not<br>the handy-<br>man list | people<br>who<br>don't<br>believe<br>in meirs | "Got a great<br>joke!" |
| Bruce Williams  | Card shark<br>in<br>residence,<br>Camp<br>Runcio | out of it  | anywhere<br>he<br>can                      | poker  | losing<br>at<br>poker                         | "Howdy!"               |
|                 |  |  |  |  |   |                        |
|                 |  |  |  |  |   |                        |



|                   |       |                                   |                          |                                  |                                    |                     |
|-------------------|-------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Jolene Brekke     | Jo    | for a<br>place to<br>hide cookies | for<br>Waynie<br>days    | to<br>make<br>cookies            | ants<br>and<br>mice                | "No-no-no-no-no!"   |
| Penelope Chamales | Penny | for rainy<br>mornings             | for<br>afternoon<br>naps | cubed<br>beef                    | double-<br>boilers                 | "Why?"              |
| Ray Cooper        | Coop  | for three-<br>cornered<br>scarves | for<br>a neat<br>kitchen | South<br>Dakota<br>coffee        | Fish in<br>the<br>swimming<br>area | "It's weird!"       |
| Thecla Holzbauer  | Thec  | for mail                          | to<br>help<br>others     | an<br>orange<br>wind-<br>breaker | people<br>who<br>don't<br>laugh    | "I'm sorry, but..." |
|                   |       |                                   |                          |                                  |                                    |                     |
|                   |       |                                   |                          |                                  |                                    |                     |
|                   |       |                                   |                          |                                  |                                    |                     |
|                   |       |                                   |                          |                                  |                                    |                     |

|                |               |   |  |                                       |  |                                       |
|----------------|---------------|---|--|---------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------|
| Chris Buckley  | Chris         | charley<br>like she<br>did in<br>second shack | to eat<br>aloud<br>without<br>making<br>mistakes | just<br>anything                      | walking<br>in the<br>dark<br>without<br>a flashlight   | "It's a blast!"                       |
| Dorothy Candy  | Dot           | to see<br>who's<br>coughing                   | in her<br>new<br>Dot House                       | Niguel                                | the new<br>first aid<br>kits                           | "Tell them I'll<br>be right there!"   |
| Elizabeth Cobb | Betty         | for the<br>sun                                | to reuse<br>or<br>compact                        | her<br>Fairy<br>Ring<br>privy         | unclaimed<br>laundry                                   | "Oh... I've got<br>to stop eating!"   |
| Phillip Cobb   | Phil          | for Cocoa                                     | in his<br>new<br>darkroom                        | the idea<br>of going<br>to<br>England | people who<br>get<br>uptight<br>about<br>little things | "I slept through<br>the storm again!" |
| Diane Erler    | Diane         | for Scout<br>at night                         | to sleep<br>during<br>rest hour                  | her<br>desk                           | being<br>seasick on<br>the<br>water bed                | "Janet, is Mark<br>awake?"            |
| Jack Erler     | Black<br>Jack | like Tony<br>Perkins                          | for<br>weekends<br>at<br>camp                    | sailers                               | improper<br>care of<br>boats                           | "Prinderella and<br>the Cince"        |
| Mark Erler     | Mark          | funny with<br>a<br>popsicle                   | in blue<br>jeans and<br>moccasins                | rocks                                 | hamburger  | "Hi!"                                 |
|                |               |   |  |                                       |  |                                       |

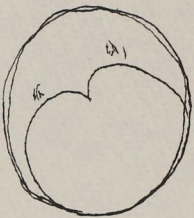
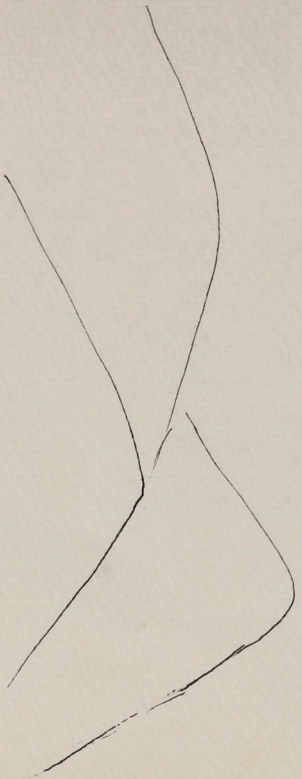
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|----------------|------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|--|
| Sophia Godfrey | Sia        | in the pantry often              | in the boathouse                      | to giggle                  | a windless day    | "There's a bee-autiful wind today!"                              |
| Ann GREENE     | Greenie    | it's your guess with a permanent | for a peaceful rest hour              | the babies                 | having to count   | "I've got nine!"   |
| Marion Johnson | Johnny     | forward to playing with Mark     | to recite new limericks               | to tickle Marie            | noisy rest hours  | "Who's going with me in the morning?"                            |
| Ann McCreary   | Auntie Mac | like she's been on a trip        | to be reincarnated as a sea gull      | getting off rehabilitation | a messy trip room | "Frogs!"   |
| Mary McKenzie  | Mary       | like a tri-delta president       | for navy mail (male)                  | her electric blanket       | "tah" shoes       | "I promise I'll start tomorrow... but that cake looked so good!" |
| Mary Moebus    | Mary       | for lightening bugs              | for new ideas for crafts              | spider webs                | song book covers  | "Super!"   |
| Judy Redon     | Judy       | tan                              | as far from the infirmary as possible | Warveys                    | cold weather      | "Alright, you guys!"   |



|                 |          |  |  |                                      |                                       |   |
|-----------------|----------|--|--|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|
| Jody Sataloff   | Jody     | on   | to<br>come<br>home                                       | what<br>layer she's<br>under         | to<br>cough                           | "I don't believe what I<br>just did! Why does it<br>always happen to me?" |
| Sharon Schrader | Schrader | for split<br>rocks                                       | in the<br>same old<br>bed, under<br>the same<br>old leak | her new<br>green<br>grasshopper      | skinny<br>dippers<br>on<br>rainy days | "Oh boy!"   |
| Joan Tupper     | Tup      | for the<br>blue<br>riders                                | to<br>waterski   | Ebenezer                             | changing<br>her<br>sheets             | "Far out!"  |
| Marcia Vajner   | Marcy    | for love<br>comics                                       | in a<br>not-so-<br>quiet<br>shack                        | to go<br>to the<br>music<br>camp     | confusion                             | "Let's keep it down,<br>you guys!"  |
| Donna Weltmer   | Donna    | forward<br>to<br>summer                                  | for<br>Pete  | dancing<br>on<br>clock<br>duty       | rainy<br>days                         | "I say, I say,<br>I say!"   |
| Susan Yates     | Yatesy   | for the hole<br>in her seven<br>year old<br>bathing suit | in pants<br>that don't<br>fall off                       | to<br>preserve<br>her<br>fingernails | phone calls<br>from<br>Grandma        | "I'd better get out of<br>the rain... wouldn't<br>want my hair to friz!"  |
| Mary Young      | Mary     | neat   | for the<br>U. of<br>Michigan                             | to play<br>gin                       | a messy<br>third<br>shack             | "But we sang<br>that yesterday!"  |
|                 |          |  |  |                                      |                                       |   |



music



## Camp Songs

### Counselors:

Tune: "Bible Stories"

Young folks, old folks, everybody come,  
Join the little Sunday School and make yourselves at home,  
Please check your chewing gum and razors at the door,  
And you'll hear some Bible stories that you never heard before.

The Lord made Satan, Satan made sin,  
The Lord made a hot place to keep Satan in,  
Satan didn't like it, he said he wouldn't stay,  
So he's raised the Devil since that very day.

CHORUS

Adam was a gardener, Eve was his spouse,  
They lost their job by stealing fruit and went to keeping house,  
Their home was a pleasant one and happy in the main,  
Till Eve got a baby boy and started raising Cain.

CHORUS

Along came Noah, stumbling in the dark,  
Got himself a hammer and built himself an ark,  
In came the animals two by two  
The jim-jam eramus and the kid kangaroo.

CHORUS

In came the elephant, in came the bear,  
In came the baboon without any hair,  
For forty days and forty nights old Noah sailed the pond,  
Till Noah kicked the lioness out because she was a blond.

CHORUS

David was a shephard boy, plucky little cuss,  
Along came Goliath, looking for a fuss,  
David saw he had to fight or he would surely bust,  
So he picked up a cobblestone and beaned him on the crust.

CHORUS

Daniel was a fresh guy, got funny with the king,  
The King said he wouldn't stand for any such a thing,  
He threw him in the dungeon with the lions down beneath,  
But Daniel was a dentist and he pulled the lions' teeth.







Third Shack:

Tune: "The Summer Days are Come Again"

The summer days are here again,  
To blues and whites we cheer,  
The water's nice; the sky is blue,  
And we have fun right here.  
Canoes and tennis courts, swimming too,  
Archery and crafts.  
The moon shines bright at evening time  
Above the sailboat masts.

Tune: "On Top of Old Smokey"

On top of the flagpole, fly counselors' brassieres,  
We go to the forest and never find tears,  
Welsh rarebit at supper, cheeseburgers at dawn,  
When looking for Ranthers, they are always gone,  
I want to come back to Runcia next year,  
And find side-hill gophers and plenty of meirs.

#### Fourth Shack:

Tune: "Turn, Turn, Turn"

There is a season -- camp, camp, camp,  
During the summer -- camp, camp, camp,  
There is room for every person at Runoia;  
A time for joy,  
A time for friends,  
A time of luck,  
A time of fate,  
A time of love,  
A time of friendship,  
A time to meet new friends and greet the old ones.

Activities -- camp, camp, camp,  
Down at the waterfront,  
Sailing, diving, waterskiing, and canoeing,  
Land sports we have are just as fun,  
Riflery, tennis under the sun,  
In all these things we take a part,  
There's never time to say "What shall we do?"

There is a place in our hearts,  
Reserved for Runoia, Runoia, Runoia,  
All our lives we won't forget you, Runoia. (repeat last verse)

Tune: "Right Now"

Right now, I'm here at Runoia,  
And from the first I've felt,  
It's here I belong.  
Don't tell me tomorrow,  
I'll change the way I've felt,  
For me it's Runoia, from now on.

Up above the stars and crescents  
Are shining on Runoia happiness,  
Nothing in this world can here love destroy,  
I know that in the days to come  
Skies may look gray,  
But for today I'll not cry.

(repeat first verse)

Fifth Shack Songs:

Tune: "I'm a Hayseed"

We are the campers  
Of Camp Runoia  
And every day we have the time  
To laugh and play and sail and climb  
And then at EP,  
It's really easy,  
For all in all we have  
A great camp you see...CR.

Tune: "Born Free"

Blue or white, we belong to Runoia,  
We gather new friends here,  
As the days go by,  
Memories, we'll cherish forever,  
We'll be so sad when we all say good-bye.

Sportsmanship will lead us through  
We're so glad that we can be with you - -  
Counselors and campers true,  
Many years we'll come to you.









krips

### Senior Oak Trips

Group number one went to Oak Island on an overnight trip. The paddle over wasn't all that difficult and we came to a cove and stowed our canoes on land. We were sent out by Yatesy to collect firewood, but instead I put all the sleeping bags in the tent. Then Celia and I set out to dig the pix hole, which wasn't the easiest thing in the world due to the millions of tough roots we found everywhere we started digging. Everyone had a part in making supper and Maggie and I got to make the delicious lemon pie dessert. Our menu consisted of beef stew, noodles, salad, pie, and lemonade. Delicious! We all relaxed after dinner until we heard trip number three singing "Little Playmate". We answered and sang a few more songs. It seemed to be a good idea so we planned that we would sing the Pine Island camp song, "acka-lacka-ching" but we settled down and roasted doughboys instead. Mm, mm, good! When we thought we were settling down for a good night's sleep we were mistaken. Yatesy came in and told ghost stories. We talked for awhile and finally fell asleep, one by one. We woke up at six o'clock and made the traditional bepo for breakfast. Boy, was it ever good! We cleaned up and at about 12:00 we were all set to canoe to Jody's campsite. We all had lunch there and a little reunion. Soon we were ready to leave. The wind was high and so were the waves as we paddled home.

Gwyneth Hamel





We started for Oak on a sunny day  
The sky was clear, the campers gay,  
Out on the lake trip three set off  
While the other trips were way behind (cough, cough).

With Schrader, Marcie, and Cindy Tower  
We stroked and feathered with all our power,  
Soon we got to the middle campsite  
Unloaded the canoes and fastened the tent down tight.

While some gathered wood or prophesized the weather,  
Three dug the pix which was the most clever one ever!  
The menu that night was noodles and beef stew,  
But into the fire half of that flew.

After supper and mushy dough boys,  
We settled down to sleep with a little noise,  
The campers, they slept in the uncomfortable tent  
While to the counselors the mosquitoes were sent.

The morning was greeted with bepo and juice,  
Then we packed our things and loaded the canoes,  
We got to Runola as tired as could be  
So we settled down for rest hour and a refreshing soapie.

Claire Treves

Second Oak Island Trip Song

Tune: "It Ain't Gonna Rain"

We set out for Oak one day,  
The waves looked mighty rough,  
But we all paddled with all our strength  
Because we're rough and tough!

CHORUS:

Oh, it ain't gonna rain,  
It ain't gonna rain,  
It ain't gonna rain no more,  
The angels all wear diapers now,  
It ain't gonna rain no more!

The weather looked so fearful,  
We thought the rain might fall,  
But we knew whether rain or sleet,  
We'd all have a ball!

CHORUS

Many pixes we tried to dig,  
The roots were mighty strong,  
We knew we had to get one done  
Cause we couldn't wait too long!

CHORUS

We had a lot of beef stew,  
We had a lot of noodles,  
And then we had some lemon pie,  
After dough boys we'd had oodles!

CHORUS

Four brave girls tried to sleep outside,  
But they sure didn't last,  
They went into the tent real quick  
When the mosquitoes started coming fast!

CHORUS

Mosquito he fly high,  
Mosquito he fly low,  
Mosquito fly on me CLAP!!  
Mosquito fly no mo'



### The C.I.T. Trip To Long Lake

The C.I.T's, along with Annie-Mac and Yatesy and a little help from Peter, put in at Castle Island to start our trip to the Kennebec campsite on Long Lake. We arrived at about eleven thirty. After we unloaded the canoes we had lunch and took a swim which was followed by a paddle around the lake to look at different campsites. After we looked at three campsites we returned to our own and hunted for wood. Yatesy found a dead birch tree. We limbed it down and cut it up into separate logs. With all the logs that we had, we started a fire for our dinner of Bubble and Squeak. After everything was cleaned up we found a road right behind our campsite. We all walked up it but half the group got tired and went back. The other half kept on walking to the end where they found out that they were dividing all the land around us into separate lots for people to buy. That made us all sad. After we walked down the road again, we had s'mores and watched the moon come up, then went to bed.

The next morning we had bepo, peaches, apple juice and cocoa, then after breakfast we packed up and left for Belgrade Stream. We paddled until we reached Wings Mills where we had to portage across the dam. Then lunch, followed by a paddle on to another campsite that we were checking out for the juniors. Finally we reached the end of the stream where we got picked up by Peter after an altogether terrific time!

Marion Van Ingen



### Second Long Lake Trip

Off we pushed, off to Long Lake,  
Many things we took and some were to bake.  
Some were to wear, to cut and to play,  
But first to get there. . . a whole long day.  
Off we paddled, sometimes stopping to rest,  
When we got to the portage I felt like a squished tube of Crest!  
After lunch we started off again,  
Switching places for those in pain.  
Paddle and paddle all day and all night  
We never did find the right campsite!  
But after we got there it was fun that we had,  
The paddling was sure worth it-- we were glad that we had.  
When we were back in Runoia cove,  
We were hot and dirty so for soaples we dove.

Sarah Williams

### Junior Long Lake Trip Song

Tune: "Old Mac Donald"

Camp Runoia had a trip, e-i, e-i, o  
They sent ten people on this trip, e-i, e-i, o  
And when they ported there was a man, e-i, e-i, o  
He told us there was a moose feeding around the bend,  
No moose here, no moose there,  
No moose, no moose, no moose anywhere, e-i, e-i, o.

Tune: "Oil in My Lamp"

There were people at our campsite, they kept coming, coming,  
coming,  
There were people at our campsite, we won't say hallelujah,  
There were people at our campsite, they kept coming, coming,  
coming,  
They kept coming till the break of day.

Tune: "How I love Ya"

Yatesy, how'd ya do it, how'd ya do it, our dear old Yatesy,  
You took the poles from us,  
And left us with a funny looking tent between two trees,  
Oh, how'd ya do it, how'd ya do it, our dear old Yatesy,  
We'd give the workd to see, the tent you've nestled in your  
campsite on Long Lake,  
Oh -- Yatesy -- give us back our poles and stakes but do not  
fear,  
For Yatesy we'll do fine with what we have here.

### Junior Trip To Fairy Ring

When we got to Fairy Ring the first thing we realized was that there was a tent all pitched and waiting for us. Jody said the fairies had put it up, but I didn't believe her! First we looked for firewood and some of us had a neat time "loving" trees. After that laborious task we cooled off with a refreshing swim in Sandy Cove. When we got back to the campsite we started making rice krispie treats. Then we had a delicious supper of hot dogs and beans. Following supper we played all sorts of games, including the favorite "hotsy-totsy-po-po-po"! We ate our yummy rice krispie treats and sat in a circle around the fire telling ghost stories. We weren't scared until Jody told her story and then practically everyone jumped into the fire! When we went to bed that night we each made two s'mores and had a glass of lemonade. We couldn't get to sleep for a while, but finally we slipped into dreamland. In the morning no one slept late because of the birds and also because of a couple nameless people who awoke rather early! The breakfast of scrambled eggs and peaches and bacon was delicious! When we were eating we saw Diane and Mark coming through the woods. They joined us for breakfast and then headed back to camp. We packed and rolled our sleeping bags while the others did their dishes. Then we took down the tent, covered the pix, and played some more games for a little while. Then we were ready to leave. On our "long" hike back to camp we practiced our trip song, and after a fantastic time we reached the boathouse just in time for swimming lessons.

Kirsten Platt

### Junior Fairy Ring Trip Song

Tune: "The Sun Is A Mass"

Fairy Ring is a place  
Where imaginations race  
Where gnomes and fairies dwell  
Where we can be happy and play all day  
And everything is just swell!

Yo-ho it's neat,  
Rice krispie treats  
And lots of hot dogs, too,  
Where tents are pitched before we come  
And we're a merry crew!

Tune: "Beep-beep, There Goes A Satellite"

Ooo-ooo, ooo-ooo, the ghosts are out tonight,  
Ooo-ooo, ooo-ooo, they gave us such a fright,  
Ooo-ooo, ooo-ooo, around the fire they flew,  
Ooo-ooo, ooo-ooo, and our suspicions grew.

Tune: "A Shooting Star is not a Star"

Our camping trip was quite a trip, was quite a trip for all,  
Our camping trip was really great, and we all had a ball!



Junior Trip To Oak Island Or  
Second Junior Trip To Fairy Ring

On Thursday afternoon a group of seven junior campers, two counselors, two aides, and one C.I.T. set out for Oak Island for an overnight. Very shortly, however, the plans changed. The canoes were just leaving the cove when Schrader spotted white caps near Oak. She smartly decided to detour to Echo Cove and spend the night at Fairy Ring. We paddled to Echo Cove but only stopped for a minute for there was much work to be done at Fairy Ring.

As soon as we got there a group of three was sent to dig a pix. The counselors set up the tent and all other empty hands gathered wood. The wood pile left for us was small and rotten so we cleaned the whole pile out and got a lot of new good wood. Schrader started preparing the congo bar mix, which was being used for the sole purpose of trying the new reflector oven. Meanwhile, Martha Hester and Laura laid the fire. Soon the wood pile was large and the dinner was on it's way, so there was now time for a swim. All the hard work and the swim got our stomachs really up for dinner. We had hot dogs, potato chips, juice (not much) and delicious congo bars. After dinner we listened to Betsy Rowell tell "Bluebeard" while we all shivered with fright. Then our stomachs called again and were answered-- s'mores for all. Then off to bed with a few stomach aches but mostly contented ones.



Mt. Phillip Trip Song

Tune: "On Top of Old Smokey"

On top of Mt. Phillip  
All covered with leaves,  
We climbed through the caves,  
And looked through the trees.

We saw sailboats racing  
On the Belgrade Lakes  
Jack's sails were luffing,  
Well, then is the breaks!

When we got to the top,  
Chocolate bars was our snack  
Around our heads flies were buzzing,  
About to attack.

And Indian approached us  
And gave us a fright  
When we saw who it was  
We knew things were alright.

"You can't get to heaven"  
We sang the way home  
Poor Yatesy was picked on  
Right down to the bone!

### First Senior Beach Trip

It started off as a sunny day that Monday morning when the seniors piled into the blue truck and two wagons and headed for Popham Beach. Upon arrival, the first thing on the list was food. So we plopped ourselves at the picnic table and hurriedly devoured PEJ's and tuna fish sandwiches until our stomachs were most definitely contented. Then to change and run real fast to the beach to catch those intense rays. Intense? Who said intense? Well, maybe they would have at least been strong, if it hadn't happened that a few black clouds blocked their way. But what are a few clouds to hinder the merriment of a group of enthusiastic seniors and their just as effervescent counselors? And so on to fun and games! A few brave souls made a daring plunge into the icy ocean breakers and proceeded to ride the waves and play in the water until their skin began to take on a bluish tinge. Then it was off to the candy store in groups of five. It's amazing, the collection of neat stuff one small dollar can buy! We had licorice of varying hues, ranging from groovy grape to rosy red, long strands of which, when tied together, produced the most incredible jump rope ever dreamed of! And of course, what is the beach without having the beloved counselor buried in the sand? So Courageous Chris volunteered her services and settled back to enjoy the campers' devoted attention as they packed her down into the beach until only a nose, eyes, and a few strands of hair were left visible to onlookers.





### Junior Trip To The Beach

The juniors in camp were all excited  
Because to the beach they had been invited!  
They ate their breakfast and packed out their lunch,  
And then off to the beach in one great big bunch,  
The whole day was spent under the sun  
And when candy time came-- oh boy! What fun!

Alice Gleghorn

On July 7th, third and fourth shack went to the beach.  
We went swimming, if you want to call it that-- some of us only  
went up to our ankles, it was so cold! The salt water stung  
my cuts, of which I had many. After we got dressed we ran  
hurriedly to a delightful supper of hamburgers and cupcakes.  
A couple of people including me walked to the far part of the beach  
and climbed the ragged rocks. It was a great day!

Pam Cobb

The beach is fun when you lie in the sand and sun with  
the blue waves beating against the rocks and the mist in your  
face. This is the beach.

Jenny Hamel



### First Tumbledown Trip

We left on Thursday, July 15th, for Tumbledown mountain. That night we camped at the base and had a good time singing around the campfire. An early rising the next morning found us climbing up Tumbledown. It took us only two hours to climb to the top where we found a lake where we went swimming and ate lunch. The scenery was just breathtaking!

Going down the mountain only required an hour's time due to the pouring rain which sort of rushed us along. The long ride home brought ice cream and plenty of time for everyone to sleep. Though tired and somewhat grubby, we'd had a wonderful trip!

Janet Corrigan



### Second Tumbledown Trip

A group of girls from Runcie set out for a trip to Tumbledown Mountain. We piled all our stuff into the truck and after a long drive, finally arrived at our campsite-- after Sue Schoen's hat went flying out of the truck along with a few other things! Near our campsite there was a stream. A man told us that there was a natural pool upstream and he said that you could swim in it. So Jody Ring and I went swimming while some others waded. The next day we started our climb up. It was a well marked path. Still we lost our way. Finally, after about an hour and forty-five minutes, we reached the small lake. We didn't go all the way up.

After lunch and a bit of exploring and some paddling around in a canoe that was already up there, we started down the mountain. We went in three groups: fast, medium, and slow. When we got back to camp, we all had tired bones and muscles. And that night we all had a good night's sleep.

Sue Dickson

On the morning of July 20th, we packed and got ready for our trip to Tumbledown. Bruce and Diane drove us up after lunch. On the way we sang songs and played games. When we got there, we made camp and cooked dinner. Then we had a small debate about who sleeps where, and as it ended up, all campers won the



### The Aziscochos 1 Outing Club

"Who needs a hat?"

"I do, I do!"

"Go get it-- everyone ready? Okay, hands in!"

With this, the trip set out for Aziscochos while wearing our voices thin for two and a half hours in the blue truck. One, two, three, Ranger where are you? When there was no reply, instead of wasting time, we made use of his pix and ate lunch. When he got home from his lunch break, we asked for the fire permit only to find we didn't need one. It was a nice place to eat lunch anyway, and we received some useful information. "Don't worry," he said, "the lake is practically uninhabited."

After lunch we drove to the lake and met a somewhat grungy boys camp who used six trip boxes or wanagans (to our surprise and pride at having packed eleven meals into one trip box). We started out for a strenuous five minute paddle to the island campsite and contrary to popular belief, found it occupied by a true outdoorsman roughing it with his motorized canoe. "And what tribe are you from?" he asked. "Is this an outing?" There's a campsite at the other end of the lake, but you can't get there by car. We were so disappointed as we paddled (100 yards from shore) to the middle campsite! We got out, saluted the mariner's flag, and took off for the high class outhouse! We set up camp after a loud dinner of beans and franks and many backrubs, then

settled down to ghost stories from Edgar Allan Poe narrated by Bruce. We piled into our sleeping bags with eerie thoughts of the murders in the Rue Morgue.

Pitter, pat, pitter, pat, SPLAT! When we woke up it appeared to be raining. For awhile we couldn't decide whether to stay or go, but a loud clap of thunder answered our question quite nicely. As we were making breakfast, company came and we entertained them with songs a la Runoia. The rainy weather did not squelch our energy though, and as the rain let up we left for the end of the lake.

After an enjoyable lunch and a trip picture, the sun began to appear. We got to our campsite about two and laid out our various assorted soaked belongings and set up camp. Much to our dismay, we found that we had left a tent pole at the other campsite. Although we wished Yatesy had "done it" on this trip, we found it wasn't crucial. We then went for a swim. The afternoon was spent playing the campers' form of twenty questions. "Annie Mac, what's for supper?" "Yatesy, what time is it?" "Annie Mac, what are we doing tomorrow?" At about four o'clock a pair of fishermen came and we had to move our home away from home to the other end of the campsite. We didn't mind though, because it was either that or keeping quiet at night, which we knew would be somewhat impossible. We had an interesting supper of hamburgers and trimmings rolled in tin foil. It was delicious, but the tin foil could have been a little stronger.

After dinner, some of us went on a walk, where we saw a swamp and some animal tracks. We then settled down to s'mores



and ghost stories, courtesy of Bruce. We all looked up at the sky, which was particularly beautiful that night. We saw twenty six falling stars.

When we woke up the next morning, we didn't know what we were in for in the way of exercise. We got up, made breakfast, and set out for the Magalloway River. On the way, we saw a moose who, although it was a moose, it was definitely a quiet one, and very thirsty. When we arrived at the "river" (it was more of a brook) we found a portage trail that went to the next lake-- Parmacheenee. We had heard the trail was a mile and a half, but after walking for four and a half miles we decided something was wrong. It was a fun hike though, eating all the raspberries in sight and singing every Beatle song in the book.

Afterwards we paddled to our campsite, took down the tent, and set off for the middle campsite. When we got there we found that someone else had occupied it and we weren't quite sure what to do. However, we had dinner and then voted to go on to the end of the lake. It was the most fun we had on the whole trip-- paddling by moonlight. We thought we would never lose our energy. But when we got to our campsite at about 10:15, we found we were tireder than we thought and we all sacked out the minute we lay down. We had planned to sleep late, but at seven A.M. Charlie the Chipmunk decided it was time for us to rise and shine. He also decided it was time for him to have breakfast, and he did his best to empty the trip box. However, we decided that we wanted to empty it and we devoured "brunch" which was an approximately two hour meal. It consisted of toast, eggs, cocoa, PBJ's, beefaroni,

corn, coffee, and birthday cake for Nancy St. Lifer's thirteenth birthday.

After brunch, we cleaned up, packed out and began the strenuous five minute paddle to the truck. When we got in the truck we all sat down or lay down and in some form or another everyone went to sleep. When we got back to camp we shouted "We're here because we're here!" It had been a great trip and we were glad to be here.

Meg Tabell

First Aziscohos Trip Song

Tune: "Titanic"

Oh we started in the blue truck, for Aziscohos we're bound,  
And the forest ranger, he could not be found,  
We thought we were in a fix, until we found his pix  
And then the blue truck wouldn't turn around  
Aziscohos we found  
With boys camps around  
And the waves looked like Long Island sound,  
For a campsite we were scouting  
There were people on an outing  
So this is what we were a-shouting-- to them:

Tune: "We Are The Blight Team Counselors"

We are the great big -- UGH -- Runoia tribe,  
UGH -- Runoia tribe, UGH -- Runoia tribe,  
We are the great big -- UGH -- Runoia tribe,  
Going for an outing.

Tune: "Titanic"

To the middle campsite we went and put up our tent,  
We had beans and franks and everybody stank,  
In the morning when it rained, the company then came,  
And the dripping tent caused us such a pain.  
It was sad, it was sad,  
It was sad when we left the tent pole there,  
(spoken) BUT THE CONSENSUS OF OPINION WAS, DESPITE THE SLIGHT  
INCONVENIENCE, THAT IT WAS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE.

Tune: "Noah's Ark"

Sun came out and dried up the sleeping bags,  
Sun came out and dried up the sleeping bags  
Swimmin to the island was not a drag cuz

Tune: "Rock Island Line"

Oh the Rock Island isle is a mighty fine isle,  
Oh the Rock Island isle is the place to swim  
If you want to swim get your counselor to let you in,  
Grab a buddy and head out for the Rock Island Pile.

Tune: "Three Jolly Fisherman"

There were two jolly fishermen,  
There were two jolly fishermen,  
Fisher, fisher, men men men  
Fisher, fisher, men men men  
And they made us move our tent.

Tune: "The Air"





### Second Aziscohos Trip

Monday's weather brought rainy skies and fog, much to the misery of those fourteen of us due to leave for Aziscohos that morning. We were all packed and ready to take off, but the weather delayed us until Tuesday. That was okay though! As was proven by the rest of the trip, it takes an awful lot more than something like a little rain to get us discouraged! And so on Tuesday morning we piled into the Runcia Hilton and began our two and a half hour journey up north. Our arrival at the ranger's station meant all sorts of good thing, including a pix stop, lunch, and on top of everything, a visit from Uncle Ralph. And that was the most exciting thing of all! Sure enough, it was Uncle Ralph from Philly pulling alongside of us in his cadillac, then hopping out to ask a kiss from a very stunned Laura Kind! Needless to say, we laughed over the incident for some time after!

We reached our destination at the top of Aziscohos sometime after noon and paddled the two hours to the middle campsite. We hadn't quite made it there, however, when the floods began. And they were floods! We were a pretty soggy crew that hauled their six canoes up on the beach that afternoon, only to be met by another camp from Vermont already occupying our source of refuge. But share and share alike, as the saying goes, which was exactly what we did. While they crept into their shelters in their birthday suits (don't peek, Gary!), we attempted to make a fire.

A pretty feeble attempt for awhile, there, with the rain pouring down from all directions. But thanks to Annie Mac's resourcefulness and skill, we did manage to get our hot dogs down. And then off to bed, the kids sleeping in a puddly tent and the counselor's in their canoe shelter with the wind reverberating against the canoes in a dull roar!

Alas, the next day did not bring sunshine, but the rain had sort of stopped so we went on our wet and merry way. Another seven miles to the campsite at the point, this time greeted by a shy guy, two friendly fishermen, and a horde of black flies. We set up camp and did a little exploring. It was at this time that Seymour made his glorious entrance. Seymour is a frog. But Seymour is no ordinary frog. He is what one might call a hungus frog, sort of the frogs legs type. Maggie transported him from the water's edge to the tent in order to introduce him to us all, and we were quite intrigued. Then Seymour returned to his native habitat and was not seen again. We did hear his croaking later on that night, however, and it was a comfort to us all to know that Seymour was safe and happy.

Sunset came upon us splendidly that evening. The view before us was a tremendous one, and the sky was one mass of pinks and blues and oranges. We sat around the fire making fudge and dabbling with our trip song, then went to sleep for the night.

Rise and shine, six o'clock in the morning, everybody up. Brrrrr, is it ever cold! Could those be snow clouds in the sky? Could be, we've had every other kind of weather imaginable, why not a little snow! So it was breakfast, clean up camp, and off



Second Aziscohos Trip Song

Tune: "Barnacle Bill the Sailor"

Who's that coming from the car,  
Who's that coming from the car,  
Who's that coming from the car,  
Uncle Ralph from Philly.

Don't you have a great big kiss,  
Don't you have a great big kiss,  
Don't you have a great big kiss,  
For Uncle Ralph from Philly.

Is Uncle Phil right there with you,  
Is Uncle Phil right there with you,  
Is Uncle Phil right there with you,  
Asked Uncle Ralph from Philly.

Tune: "One Lollypop... Don't throw your junk... Fish and chips..."

One raindrop, two raindrops, three raindrops, four raindrops,  
Five raindrops, six raindrops, seven rain drops.

Don't spend the night in our campsite, our campsite, our campsite,  
Don't spend the night in our campsite, our campsite's full.

Ham and cheese and egg salad, egg salad, egg salad,  
Ham and cheese and egg salad, juice, juice, juice, oranges.

Tune: "Bring out the scalpel"

Bring out the butts, girls,  
Bring out a match,  
Do you want a cigarette,  
The answer to that is natch!  
TAKE FIVE!!

Tune: "Dem Bones:

Took off their clothes because they're wet,  
'dem girls are nude again,  
Looks are what they're gonna get,  
'dem girls are nude again,

We saw it, saw it, indeed we saw it, Gary,  
We saw it, WHEE, 'dem girls are nude again.

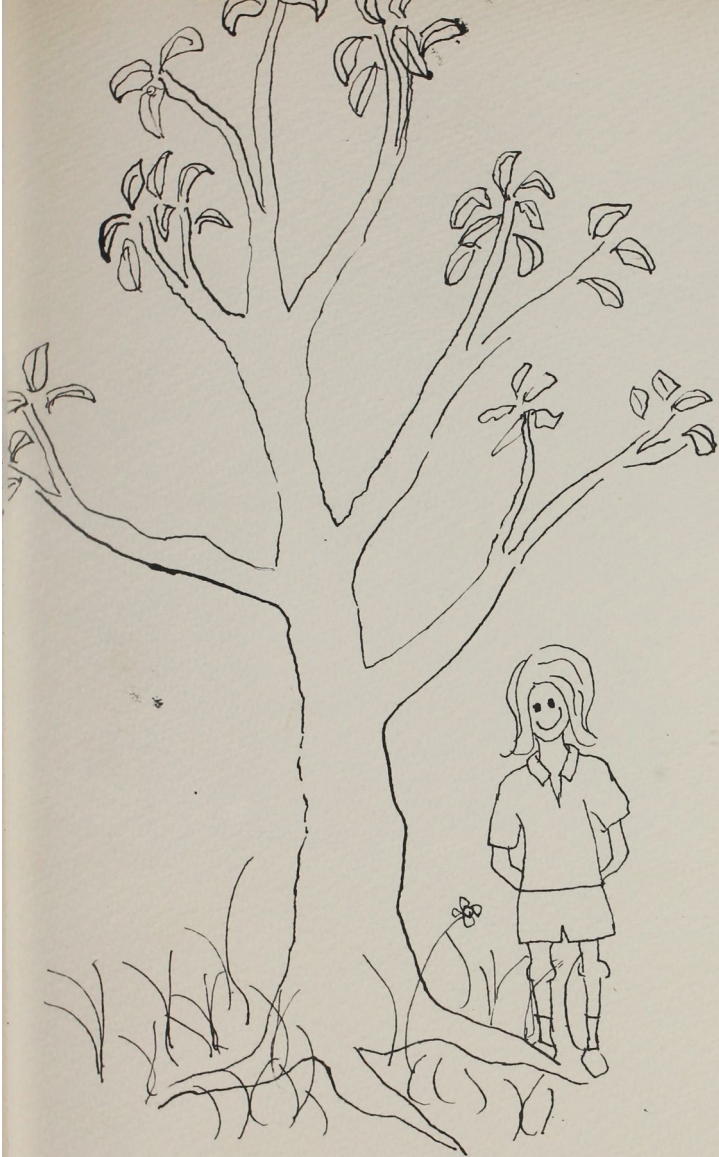
Gary took a look and saw it too,  
'dem girls are nude again,  
Flips are what we saw him do,  
'dem girls are nude again,







PICTURES AND LITERICKS











FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK



SEVENTH SHACK





CAPTAINS



C.I.T's



AIDES



AIDES





COUNSELORS



BROTHERS AND SISTERS



Kirsten Platt

So little was she when she came  
That we thought she would slip down the drain!  
If she were to fall,  
She would be so small  
That to "Platt-Splatt" we'd change her name!



Melissa Ring

Arriving again with a grin,  
To the water she ran and jumped in!  
Though she forgets her clothes,  
For laughs, she'll pose  
Leaving smiles wherever she's been!



Kim Schnittker

Kim's last name is hard to pronounce!  
From crafts to canoeing she'll bounce!  
Her frog she adores,  
Will eat lots of s'mores,  
On Susie's bed often she'll pounce!



Sarah Tabell

"Don't let the falling stars fall on me!"  
Exclaims cute little Sarah with glee!  
She's always a-smile,  
With great white team style.  
Her enthusiasm will make history!

Betsy Corwin

Betsy reads like a raging whirlwind!  
For her, Agatha Christie is "in" --  
Writes poems real well,  
Her small voice can swell!  
Look out for her mischievous grin!



Emily Spanel

Emily's trusty companion's her thumb,  
She prefers it even to gum!  
Her room is surrounded  
By stuffed animals unbounded!  
We're glad she decided to come!

Susan Peckar

With glowing black hair Susie came,  
Once here, she attained much fame!  
When the time came to sing,  
She was really quite the thing.  
Surely we'll all remember her name!



Martha Hester

A great tripper on Fairy Ring,  
Our Martha just loves to sing!  
Always quick to smile,  
Loves to job a mile!  
And really great at everything!



Maggie Young

Our Maggie loves "Bumpsy-daisy!"  
Sometimes she acts just plain crazy!  
Always a true pal,  
This Virginee gal,  
And surely is never lazy!



Alice Kirkpatrick

Our Alice Kirkpatrick is found  
First bell out of bed with a bound!  
She's cheery and bright,  
All day and all night,  
Her gerbels increase all around!



Jenny Hamel

Her messiest room wins the prize,  
And come morn, the last to arise!  
In riding a pro,  
Always on the go,  
Our Jenny with the sparkly eyes!

Alice Gleghorn

This camp hails a miss named Gleghorn  
Who comes all the way from Californ!  
Her horn's a delight,  
Both morning and night,  
For the white team she'll ever perform!



Jane Rines

All archery records she'll break,  
Swimming, skiing in the lake.  
Her glasses she dropped,  
Found under a rock!  
And much happiness she does make!

Lorrie Miller

On a rock will always be found,  
Our Lorrie, an artist reknowned!  
A hiker she is,  
Up mountains a wiz,  
To crafts she goes with a bound!



Pam Cobb

Pam Cobb she is quite a winner!  
Here at camp, gosh! What a swimmer!  
In tennis or sailing  
She never is failing!  
Her eyes for Runola will glimmer!

Mattie Williams

Mattie's team captain of blues,  
To Runcia tradition she's true!  
At swimming she's dandy,  
At other sports handy,  
A good friend to me and to you.



Muna Shehadi

Our Muna left us much too soon!  
She always listened for the loon.  
She managed our skits,  
Has quite a wit!  
We counted on her to carry our tunes!



Roni Orzeck

Who is that peeking from fourth shack?  
She must be our Roni Orzeck!  
As she jibes with a shout,  
"Are you ready, come about?"  
Oh Roni, we hope you'll come back.



Martha Gumbiner

At camp Martha is quite a sailor,  
Knows a sheet from a halyard or bailer,  
I'll give you a tip,  
She's great on a trip!  
At night her Snoopy won't fail her.



Marie Anctil

From Marie we hear, "Serious, please,"  
For she's learned to speak English with ease!  
For "Mommy!" she cries,  
To riflery flies,  
And all of our hearts she did seize!



Celia Spanel

A spaniel our Celia is not!  
To the lake whenever it's hot!  
From Princeton she hails,  
Always loves a sail,  
And definitely eats quite a lot!

Louise Lessard

As bright as a ray from the sun,  
All our hearts Louise sure has won!  
Though her English was slight,  
She learned overnight  
And brought to us all so much fun!



Sue Dickson

To sailing our Susie does run,  
Whatever she does she has fun!  
For skinnies she's hot,  
Whether sunny or not!  
Her talking is never quite done!



Sarah Williams

Sarah keeps us all in a tizzy,  
Her hair is naturally frizzy!  
She's hard to describe,  
Though she loves to ride  
And always seems to be quite busy!



Claire Treves

To Fifth Shack this year came our Claire,  
We miss not having her there!  
She is silly and bright,  
Just plain out of sight!  
About her we've all come to care!

Hilary Young

Our Hilary's quiet but fun,  
To meals she always will run!  
A true white she'll be,  
Does work with glee,  
But to jacks when the work is done!



Beth Scheiner

Beth is our little shiner,  
To be a girl -- nothing finer!  
Love comics she wants,  
Before mirrors she flaunts!  
To everyone she couldn't be kinder.

Jody Ring

The sound of a bell will sure sing,  
For in fifth shack is our Jody Ring!  
In security leads,  
For a blanket she needs,  
To go riding she'll do anything!



Noianni Horgan

Noianni lets out quite a snore!  
Climbing mountains she does abhor.  
She'll fall off a nag,  
In Russian will brag!  
And riflery she does adore.



Sandy Blaise

What a back'rubber, our Sandy is!  
At riding she's such a great whiz!  
At riflery not bad,  
Usually looks glad,  
JLS oft puts her in a tiz!



Maggie Robertson

A Western saddle, if you please,  
Cries Maggie as she'll giggle and tease!  
Jacks she will play,,  
JLS every day,  
In sailing will run with the breeze.



Nancy St. Lifer

Neat questions our Nancy does ask,  
Training frizzy hair's her great task!  
Her braces she hates  
Her trunk makes strong backs grate!  
In the sun after lessons does bask!

Sabrina Horne

With Maine accent Sabrina was born,  
For R. Cobb she is so forlorn!  
In the shack-- not too quiet!  
On chocolates, she'll diet  
And is oft not up early in morn'!



Elizabeth Dowey

Elizabeth left early this year,  
Her return we will certainly cheer!  
At riding did well,  
In riflery was swell!  
In sailing she had no fear.

Audie Lauer

Sebastian is Audie's new friend,  
Whom to no one will she ever lend!  
Just great on a trip,  
Off to sailing wil rip.  
Many friends doesn't have to pretend!



Boop Tabell

Our Boop has grown up since last year!  
Certain letters bring laughter and fear!  
With her guitar on her lap,  
At rest hour'll not nap!  
At nighttime, to bed we must steer!

Barbara Hayes

Barbie is surely not fast,  
Her meals she is known to make last!  
At sailing is great,  
To assembly oft late --  
Her talking to bugs is not past!



Brenda Swanson

Brenda certainly loves to sing,  
In archery her arrows do zing!  
With much pep and vigor  
She'll pull a mean trigger!  
And will smile for most anything!

Kathy Anthes

Kathy sure loves to play jacks!  
In sailing does well on her tacks.  
Into the water will run,  
With hair bleached by the sun,  
At night is oft first in the sack!



Gwyneth Hamel

Gwyneth does oft loose her things!  
To blue riding she'll run and sing.  
She loves to eat candy,  
With a sailboat is handy,  
Mever see her to skinnies spring!



Lynn Higgins

An outfield position she'll play,  
With Gretchen will find her each day,  
To crafts she will run,  
In sailing has fun,  
"Want a back rub?" she'll often say!



Meg Hester

Meg is shack seven's quiet one,  
Her smile is as bright as the sun!  
Good stories she'll tell us  
Of new York's funny fellas!  
In the shack she's full of fun!



Lori Frank

Though fancy dives Lori successfully tries,  
In a sailboat she just might capsize!  
Swimming laps, she's ahead,  
Is never first one to bed!  
Playing Russian Bank would make her wise!

Janet Corrigan

With Janet you'll often find Mark,  
Both brighten the shack like a lark!  
Janet loves all her trips,  
But loathes skinny dips!  
Her snoring rings through the dark!

Sue Schoen

The only word for Sue Schoen is unique,  
Whether acting as leader or freak!  
Mischief maker and jock,  
A monkey she'll mock,  
Without her here, camp would be bleak!



Yuki Moore

This year Yuki's come all out of her shell,  
And at times will really raise. . . trouble!  
She acts quite demurely,  
Handles situations maturely,  
She's creative and thoughtful as well.



Barbara Davis

JLS is not Barbara's bag!  
She'll never be first to the flag.  
A real friend is she,  
Hair neat as can be,  
After taps she's never a drag!



Sandy Cobb

There once was a girl named Sandy,  
In tennis she was very dandy!  
To the stables she'd fly  
If she couldn't she'd cry!  
Around the shack she is so handy!

Julie Ewing

Our Julie's the captain of the blues,  
She's happy to win or to lose!  
In sailing she tries,  
From riding never shies  
But her pranks are sometimes bad news!

Karen Wagner

To Seventh, second month, Kay-Kay came,  
And for her age she's definitely a dame,  
She dislikes latching doors  
After taps is no bore,  
Seeking pixes is surely her game.



Debbie Darrow

Our Debbie came from a boy's camp,  
In her brown bikini she looks quite amp -- le  
With a smile for all,  
For skinnies she'll not fall,  
From Aziscohos she returned quite damp.



Marie Beaudoin

Our Marie is quite a dandy,  
When it comes to eating candy!  
She's very giggly  
When tickled, wiggly!  
If there's work to be done she is handy!



Meg Tabell

Our Meg is a camper of old,  
On her we really are sold!  
A fall in the night,  
A lamp without light,  
These memories dear we will hold.



Jane Gair

There once was a Jane call-ed "Gair"  
For boys she really does care!  
She tries to sleep late,  
With horses she rates!  
Her biggest problem is her hair!



Marion Van Ingen

Our Marion's chock full of vim,  
At nighttime she never is grim!  
When minus a light  
She'll put up a fight!  
And complains that she'll never be thin!

Martha Kirkpatrick

Each time when we have life saving,  
Martha's a shreiker quite raving!  
A rabbit she brought,  
And of him she thought  
To supply food he was craving!



Diane Guilmont

To skinnies each morning she goes,  
Absolutely despises her nose!  
"Oh!" says Diane,  
"My brother's no fan!"  
For pictures she just will not pose!

Jeryl Gopsill

There once was a young girl named Jer,  
Who in archery almost went bare!  
She loves to slalom,  
"Yoo hoo" to call him!  
And she's trying to grow out her hair.



Katie Dunn

To skinnies our Katie does run  
She's up and about with the sun!  
She sleeps up on top  
And smiles quite a lot,  
And she surely is lots of fun!

Claude Vaillancourt

Claude Vaillancourt is this girl's name,  
"Determinis" has brought her much fame!  
She curls up her toes,  
To skinnies won't go,  
Though swimming is surely her game!







Betsy Rowell

Betsy Rowell often does crochet,  
To every camper she's a-okay!  
She dwells in fifth shack,  
We hope she'll come back  
To be here a counselor some day!

Sue Rintz

From Philadelphia comes Sue,  
And Kathy she already knew!  
She really is cute,  
A pro at the flute,  
Is mastering tennis and swimming, too!



Calla Drew

There once was a girl named Calla,  
Who desperately wanted a fella,  
A good aide she is,  
At sports quite a wiz!  
That wonderful girl named Calla!

Kathy Sternberg

For diets our Kathy will cheer,  
The thought of Efrem causes a grin to appear!  
She's giddy all the while,  
And always has a smile --  
Trips to the dump she never will fear!



Cindi Tower

Our Cindi is quite a gal,  
To campers and counselors a pal,  
Photography's her aim,  
And tennis her game.  
At dock duty she's seen to growl!



Laura Kind

Our Laura does yearn for a trip,  
And off to the pix she'll slip,  
She'll eat a s'more,  
Marshmallows galore,  
And off to MacDonald's she'll skip.





Donna Weltmer

For Donna, Sundays are the best!  
Smiles, swimming, singing and a rest.  
When her day off is nigh,  
Gemweald is her cry!  
To her cheerfulness we all can attest!



Mary Young

From Russia to camp Mary came,  
To find two others with her name!  
Her guitar always there,  
Her music she would share,  
Without her vespers wouldn't be the same.

Mary Moebus

This Mary is one of three,  
With nature enamored is she!  
Ecology camp set her thinking  
Of fireflies blinking!  
A famous bird watcher she'll be!

Betty Cobb

Betty's our mother and leader,  
There's not one of us here who won't heed her!  
Had trouble with the car  
When it wouldn't go too far!  
It is true how much all of us need her!



Phil Cobb

To the darkroom Phil tends to stray,  
Where he likes to sleep storms away!  
To England he'll travel  
And problems unravel. . .  
What else can we possibly say?

Diane Erler

Rest hours were never quite found,  
Enthusiasm does abound.  
With Mark at her feet,  
Diane sure loves to eat!  
We're glad to have her around!



Jack Erler

Black Jack is this villain's new name,  
Telling stories is part of his game!  
His law firm is failing  
While at camp Jack is sailing!  
To complete seven boats was his aim!

Mark Erler

Mark is the favorite of all,  
His summer has just been a ball!  
Climbing rocks, playing in sand,  
At swimming tried his hand.  
He'll miss every camper this fall!





Dot Candy

Dot is our nurse and dear friend,  
To the Dot House all sick ones we'll send.  
Noise at night, does abhor,  
Coughing learns to ignore.  
To first aid kits will readily tend.

Mary McKenzie

Wear "tah" shoes, our Mary does drawl,  
From the diving board took a slight fall!  
Her Southern accent's so cute,  
From Dot she will scoot!  
So much pleasure she brings to us all.



Sia Godfrey

Who's that with the dark, dark tan?  
Why it's Sia, our sailing fan!  
She's peppy and bright,  
Loves those Sprites!  
And everyone thinks she is grand.

Marian Johnson

Now Johnny does love to hide mail,  
To skinnies she'll merrily sail.  
Loves to tickle and tease,  
Her aim is to please.  
To her Mark she'll run without fail.



Ann Greene

Our Greenie has come from Rhode Island,  
Here she had nine C.I.T's to command,  
Though sometimes they play,  
She holds a firm sway  
So it's seldom she needs reprimand.

Marcy Vajner

Marcy was an active volunteer  
For riding, crafts and music this year,  
With seventh shack nightly,  
She struggled politely,  
Her endurance and talents we cheer.



Ann McCreary

Goodbye, Annie! She's off on a trip!  
Count on Annie Mac rarely to slip.  
She does have a name  
(Though it's rarely the same!)  
And finally she's entitled to sip!

Sue Yates

Dear Yatesy came plumper this year,  
But regardless -- we're glad that she's here.  
In her sneakers and suit  
And all jogger recruits,  
Our juniors all greet her with cheer.



Judy Redon

Yelling "Mother" Judy makes her wants clear,  
Will eat and drink in high gear.  
Missing at jacks she despises,  
The Dot House terrorizes,  
All joking aside, she's a dear.



Jody Sataloff

She stated she's not the log type,  
From mushrooms she runs with fright,  
Pix doors give her trouble,  
On trips she does snuggle,  
And gets itchy when it comes to night!

Chris Buckley

There once was a girl named Chris,  
In riflery she never did miss.  
Her reading at night  
Was sure outasight  
And sixth shack cracked up over this.



Sharon Schrader

Schrader played Santa this year,  
Gets excited as summer draws near.  
The car she did shove,  
And skinnies does love?  
Our survival depends on her here.

Joan Tupper

Tup runs the stables quite well,  
And we rarely object to the smell!  
Her horses they wander,  
But we're still no less fonder,  
Up the mountain she'll run pell-mell.

Robbie Cobb

And Robbie Cobb came and appeared at the house,  
And proceded to call one and all a louse,  
I knew he had gone too far  
When he set the cards ajar  
And was then and there halted by Big Rick's douse!

Bruce Williams

There once was a wroker named Bruce,  
Who convinced all with his money he was loose.  
Thought him a joker,  
'Till we played poker  
And saw him win high with a deuce!



Peter Orbeton

To all of us Peter is dear,  
Friend to the side-hill gopher and meir!  
His jokes never end,  
He lives for the weekends,  
To Day's he will go for some cheer!



Paul Hoisington

"Hoisington is the name!" he said with laughter,  
"Washington is the guy I'm named after,"  
When asked why,  
He answered with rye,  
"Born he then and I many years after."



Gary Asano

There once was a worker named Gary,  
While looking for a young girl to marry,  
Came to Runoia  
Began to foyer,  
And found more than he could carry.

Eric Cobb

There once was a man named Cobb,  
Who was called upon to do a job,  
When he found it hard,  
He made like a card  
And was fast gone into the mob.

Thecla Holzbauer

Boston was Thecla's destination,  
But she got off at Runolia's station!  
She came here to cook,  
Not always by the book!  
And for three weeks she was a sensation!

Jolene Brekke

There was a young girl named Jo,  
Who had a handsome beau!  
Then some flowers came  
From that boy named Wayne --  
Now summer is going too slow!



Kay Cooper

There was a young girl named Kay,  
Who left South Dakota one day,  
To Maine to do cooking  
But ended up hooking  
Lost and found articles all day!

Penny Chamales

There once was a girl named Penny,  
Who didn't mind cooking food for too many!  
The stoves are too high,  
To all statements she says "Why?"  
As for left-overs, she doesn't want any!

Lanesend



Doris Shellberg

Lucy H. Weiser

Amy S. Nelson

### Gretchen

There once was a dog named Gretchen,  
Was exceptionally good at fetchin'  
She swam with such ease,  
All the campers did please,  
With a stick or a ball she loves catchin'!

### Scout

Another part of the zoo,  
Was Scout, the cat who came too!  
He considers a fight  
When Shadow's in sight  
But there's nothing anyone can do!



### Cocoa

With a porcupine, Cocoa had fun!  
She loves to play and to run!  
To the fireplace she'll charge,  
When food is at large!  
Has affection for most anyone!

### Shadow

Shadow was better this year!  
From Scout she'd not often stay clear.  
She will fly to the trees,  
When subjected to tease  
Only Betty's coaxing will make her appear!



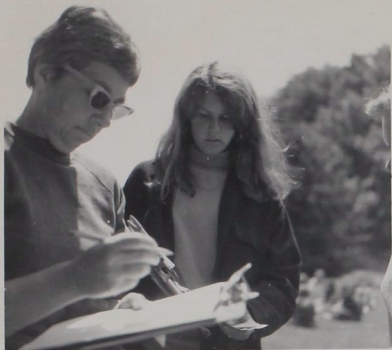




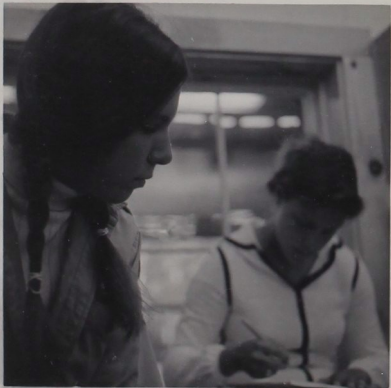




































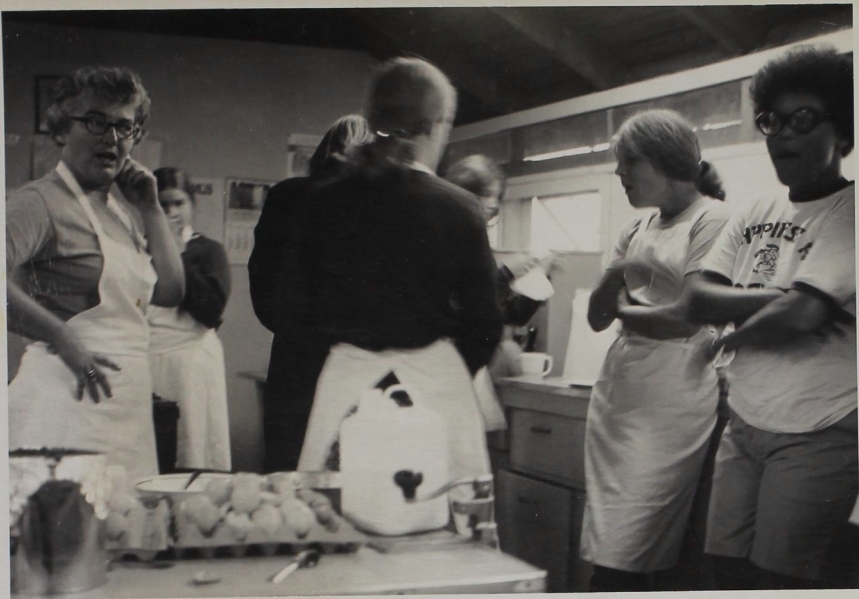














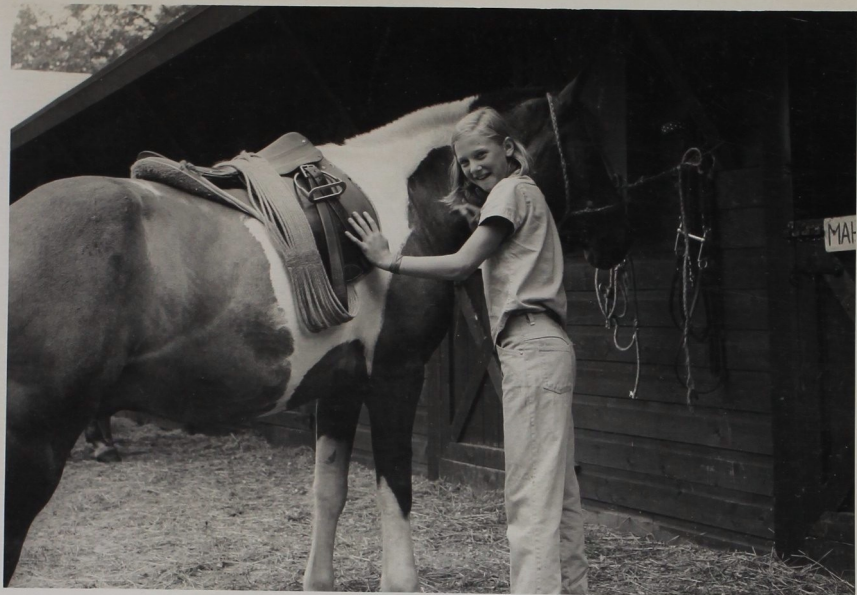






















Jolene Brekke



Thecla Holzbauer

Penny Chamales



Kay Cooper





Mark Erler



# KAY PRESTON



At fifteen, Kay Preston is a veteran of Tchaikowsky's "The Nutcracker" productions. Beginning as a small child who falls asleep at the Christmas party in a "Nutcracker" performance in Palm Beach in 1965, then returning wide awake and delightfully accomplished in the featured role of Clara in Imperial Studios' 1967 production of the ballet at the Parker Playhouse, and most recently dancing the coveted role of the Sugar Plum Fairy in a "Holiday Gala" from "The Nutcracker" presented by Imperial Studios for the Miami Beach Music and Arts League at the Miami Beach Auditorium in December, 1970, Miss Preston has grown up with "The Nutcracker".

Kay is a dedicated young dancer, who began her studies with Mrs. Ruth C. Petrinovic at the age of eight. Her knowledge of "The Nutcracker" is but a fraction of her building ballet accomplishments. She danced the soloist role of the Spring Fairy and subsequently portrayed one of the Stepsisters in the 1969 Imperial productions of Prokofiev's "Cinderella" performed at the Theatre Elegante, Miami, and at the Parker Playhouse in Fort Lauderdale.

As a scholarship student to Harkness House for Ballet Arts Summer Workshop, Miss Preston has the distinction of being the youngest talent admitted to the course, attending her first session at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, in her twelfth summer.

Miss Preston has danced with the Alexander Nigodoff Ballet Company and appeared as a featured soloist in Imperial Dance Presentations at Fort Lauderdale High School. Kay is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Preston of Fort Lauderdale.



STUART COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL students bake cookies for distribution to hospitals and nursing homes during the holiday period.

### *Mary Mahan Bride Of R. W. Campbell*

Miss Mary Lynn Mahan, a descendant of Thomas Hooker, founder of Hartford, and Robert Walter Campbell, were married here yesterday afternoon in the Dana Chapel of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church by the Rev. David H. C. Read.

Mrs. Campbell is the daughter of Mrs. Theodor Swanson of Falls Village, Conn. Her stepfather is a retired senior public relations executive of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). The bride, a graduate of the Brearley School in New York, is a daughter also of the late Lynn C. Mahan, a New York public relations consultant who was a partner of Earl Newsom & Co.

The bridegroom, whose previous marriage ended in divorce, is a son of Walter J. Campbell of Allentown, Pa., and the late Mrs. Catherine S. Campbell. He is a copywriter with the New York advertising firm of LaRoche, McCaffrey & McCall.





Mrs. Craig L. Battle, was Miss Morgan

## *Anne Underwood Morgan Wed To Craig L. Battle*

Miss Anne Underwood Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Palmer Morgan of Princeton, was married Saturday to Craig Llewellyn Battle, son of Mrs. James Francis Calvert of Annapolis, Md., and Hyman Llewellyn Battle Jr. of New York City.

The ceremony took place in the garden at the home of the bride, with Dean Ernest Gordon of Princeton University officiating. A reception followed.

The bride, escorted by her father, wore a formal wedding gown of ivory silk organza adorned with Alencon lace, and a matching mantilla.

The bride was attended by her two sisters, Miss Catherine Morgan and Miss Cynthia Morgan; also Miss Hilary Drorbaugh, cousin of the bride; Miss Nancy King, Miss Louise Morse, and Miss Lucinda Ziesing, all of Princeton; and Miss Caroline Stewart of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Miss Frances Schaefer of Osterville, Mass.

New York City. His stepfather, Vice Admiral James Francis Calvert, is Superintendent of The United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

The bridegroom's grandparents are Mrs. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia and the late Mr. Harrison, and Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Llewellyn Battle Sr. of Rocky Mount, N. C.





PALM BEACH GARDENS ARTIST, Doris Shellberg, will hold an exhibit of her water colors at The Shop in Port Salerno on Sunday, Feb. 22 from 1-5 p.m. She is a graduate of Pratt Institute of Art, Cincinnati, Ohio; studied with Elliot O'Hara, at Goose Rocks Beach, Maine, and has had one-man showings throughout the eastern United States.

# David Frothingham Jr. Weds Pamela Burgess Kerr, Teacher

Special to The New York Times

PRINCETON, N. J., May 22 —Miss Pamela Burgess Kerr and David Lydig Frothingham Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Frothingham of Princeton, were married this afternoon.

The Rev. Dr. Ernest Gordon, a Presbyterian minister and Dean of the Princeton University Chapel, performed the ceremony in the chapel.

Mrs. Frothingham's parents are Mrs. John C. Dielhenn of Princeton and Clarence D. Kerr Jr. of Arlington Heights, Ill. Her stepfather, a pianist, is teacher and director of the Dielhenn Music School here. Her husband's father is a partner in the New York law firm of Jackson, Nash, Brophy, Barringer & Brooks.

Miss Mary Louise Kidd was maid of honor.

Constantine P. Ralli served as the best man.

Mrs. Frothingham, a graduate of St. Anne's School in Charlottesville, Va., and of Skidmore College, is a physical education instructor at Bryn Mawr College. She is a granddaughter of the late Henry Green Duffield, who was treasurer of Princeton University.

The bridegroom, who plans



Margaret Frothingham

Mrs. Frothingham Jr.,  
was Pamela B. Kerr.

to do graduate work in September at the University of Massachusetts, was graduated in 1966 from the Millbrook (N. Y.) School and last year from Middlebury College.



Mary E. Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur M. Young, 16 Maclean Circle, will leave on a concert tour of the Soviet Union this Friday as a member of the University of Michigan Chamber Choir Company. The tour is sponsored by the U. S. State Department's Cultural Presentations Program.

Miss Young, 21, is studying for a Bachelor of Music degree in choral music education at the University of Michigan School of Music. She hopes to become a high school choral music director. At Michigan, Miss Young has won the Freshman Award in Music and the William J. Branstrom Award for freshmen who attain a 4.0 average their first semester. In addition to her interests in art and literature, she has won recognition in sports as a member of the field hockey, lacrosse, basketball and swimming teams. She is a 1967 graduate of Princeton Day School.

## Margaret Holmberg Engaged To Ens. Roy D. Duckworth 3d

Special to The New York Times

**LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN,** Tenn., Nov. 28—Mr. and Mrs. Albert William Holmberg Jr. have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Dodds Holmberg, to Ens. Roy Demarest Duckworth 3d, U.S.N.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth Jr. of Bronxville, N.Y. A January wedding is planned.

The future bridegroom, a graduate of Dartmouth, is stationed at Norfolk, Va. His father is national advertising manager of The Daily News in New York.

Miss Holmberg is a senior at Russell Sage College in Troy, N. Y. Her father is president and general manager of the Times Printing Company, which publishes The Chattanooga Times.

She is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald L. McCollum of Naugatuck, Conn., where her grandfathers are retired from the Naugatuck Chemical division of Uniroyal.

Her fiancé is the grandson of Dr. and Mrs. Duckworth of



Miss Margaret Holmberg

Westhampton Beach, L. I., and Ponte Vedra, Fla. His grandfather is a retired physician.

## Engagement of Carol Combes To Mark Weimer Is Announced

Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Combes, 3723 14th St., Rock Island, announce the engagement of their daughter, Carol Katryn, to Mark F. Weimer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Weimer, Canfield, Ohio.

The couple plans to be married in September.

Miss Combes was graduated from Lutheran High School East, Cleveland, Ohio, and attended the College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio. She is a student at the Moser School, Chicago.

A graduate of Western Reserve Academy, Hudson, Ohio, Mr. Weimer attended the College of Wooster and now is a student at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland.



CAROL KATRYN COMBES





## Camp Directors Meet

Pictured at Wednesday meeting of the Maine Camp Directors Association at Hinckley School are, from left: Allen G. Vickers, headmaster of the host school; Richard Krasker of Indian Acres and Forest Acres camps, Fryeburg, president of the group; Andrew

Holmes, Camp Ettowah, Fryeburg, legislative chairman; Helen Rosenthal, Camp Pinecliffe, Harrison; Betty Cobb, Camp Runoia, Belgrade Lakes, and Helen Cohen, Camp Walden, Denmark. (Morton Photo)

## Special Guests At Belgrade Lakes Church

The girls from Camp Runoia will be special guests at the Belgrade Lakes Union Church Sunday at the 10:30 a.m. worship service.

A choir of 25 voices will furnish musical numbers and other Runoia girls will take over the entire devotional service for the day.

A cordial invitation is extended to their many friends to be present at this service.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clarence Dielhenn

have the honour of announcing

the marriage of her daughter

Pamela Burgess Kerr

to

Mr. David Lydig Frothingham, Jr.

on Saturday, the twenty-second of May

One thousand nine hundred and seventy-one

Princeton University Chapel

Princeton, New Jersey

*Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence A. Thibodeau*

*announce the marriage*

*of their daughter*

*Ann Hope*

*to*

*Dr. Christopher B. Seitz*

*on Saturday, the eighth of May*

*nineteen hundred and seventy-one*

*Saint John's Catholic Church*

*Denver, Colorado*



The honour of your presence is requested  
at the marriage of  
Miss Charlotte Alveda Swanson

to

Mr. Thomas Harry Grim  
on Saturday, the fourteenth of August  
nineteen hundred and seventy-one  
at half after four o'clock  
Bethlehem Lutheran Church  
3740 Mayfield Road  
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Reception afterwards  
in Fellowship Hall

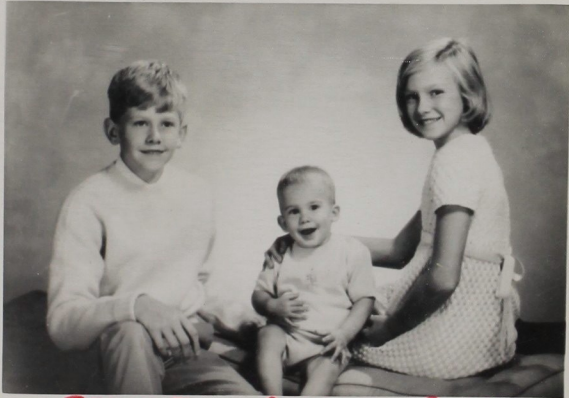


*Merry Christmas*



and a happy  
new year!

*The Gates Group*



Stewart

Andrew

Susan

Children of Jean Price Dickson



Ditto Hobbs and family

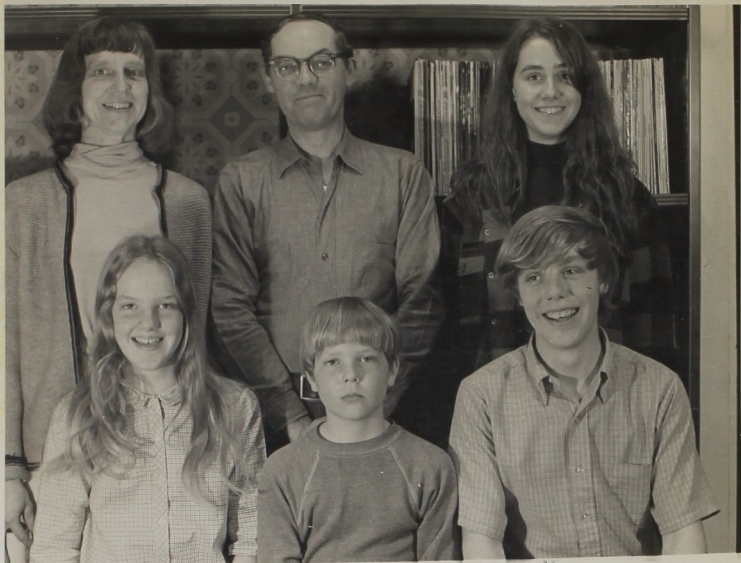




The Tabell family

# Season's Greetings from the Kinds





Helene  
Thoman

Art  
Peter

Karen  
David

Family of Helene Thoman Cornelius



Eleanor and Elmer Warren



OUR BABY  
IS HERE!



Name

Martha Frances Ware

Date of Birth

12-14-71

Weight

7 lbs. 11  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz.

Parents

Mary (Fortenberry) Ed Lee

Dear Betty + Phil -

Dressed to hear about your fire -  
but glad it was not more serious.  
Girls thinking about summer + will  
let you know. Finances a more  
pressing problem bec. divorce trial  
last Wednesday + judge decreed no  
support or alimony bec. Sam has  
no income, having quit his job in October  
+ now renovating a building in South  
Paris, hoping to start a law practice  
and real estate business in February.  
So future is scary, but I am optimistic  
that the girls + I will manage somehow.  
See you in February.

John



"I get by with a little help  
from my friends....."  
The Peattles 1970



We move - November 13, 1976 -  
to our new house on  
Sea Cove Road (Telephone  
still 781-2422) with a  
lot of help from our friends,  
initiated by a group from  
St. Mary's, our church.  
What a happy, memorable  
launching in our new life.  
It's a lovely, small sunny  
Cape with beautiful  
grounds, and we love it.  
Please come to see us.



Thanksgiving in East  
Kingston with nana and  
grampa, as always. They  
are wonderful!



KATE 18 and  
a freshman  
at UNH from  
SARAH 16 LAURA 14 Anne 9



We wish you JOY-