

CAMP RUNOIA LOG -- 1973

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Dedication

Tall and steadfast, as I recall,
Silently watching over us all,
Never a notice paid unto thee
For you were, after all, only a tree.

Just a tree. Not a great one, nor one of insurmountable beauty. Just a tree. But special unto itself and to those of us who grew up under the shadows of its strong limbs.

It stood there, tall and mighty, for more years than any of us can remember -- and for much of that time it remained unnoticed. Laughing children climbed its branches and nestled in its leaves; others rested up against its trunk and gave vent to secrets, frustrations, and happy thoughts. All the time no one recognized that they were being watched, or being listened to. But throughout, the towering tree was witness to all. Friendships were formed by it, relationships developed, unspoken loves created. It watched the day by day and year by year progress of a camp -- like a child -- grow into maturity. And then it likewise watched the children as they blossomed with each passing hour, rosy-cheeked and spirited, until they were children no longer and no longer needed the tree's silent guidance. Other children came, instead, and then others, and as a mother the big tree remained steadfast and firm in its vigilance, always listening, always watching, and always there.

And then, one day, the men came. And they tore down the great masses of wood, reducing the overwhelming structure to a mere stump of little value. And as they tore away from the tree, they likewise tore from each of us an undefineable something . . . a wordless feeling that somehow rendered us, too, a tiny bit smaller.

It's sad to recognize the truth in the statement that one never appreciates beauty until it is no longer present. But the beauty was there, in all of its silent splendor, growing as we grew, listening and watching, and finally falling.

And so we dedicate the 1973 Log to . . . just a tree. Not a great one, nor one of insurmountable beauty, but just a tree.



COTILLION WISHES

Third Shack

We all wish that camp would never end. Even though we go home tomorrow, we wish that the spirit of camp would never fade away. We can always remember the first day of camp when it rained, the progressive dinner and all the kickball games and especially being together with all our friends. It is with all these memories that we hope that Runoia will always be in our hearts and we can all come back again next summer and enjoy camp once more.

Fourth Shack

We wish that when we grow up we will have as much love in our hearts as Betty and Phil have. This love is shown to us in many ways, especially through their making possible to us a camp like Runoia.

Fifth Shack

Our very special wish is that camp might never end. We know we have to go back to school and the real world, and that Runoia must close up for the winter. But our wish is that the spirit of camp will always stay alive in our hearts. No matter where we are, we hope always to keep the strong human feelings for others which we have learned here. We have learned to grow together here, and to live with others, and that growth, too, should carry us throughout our lives. We thank Runoia for these things, and for the sun that shines upon us, and hope for everyone that wherever we go, whatever we do, there will always be a Runoia warmth glowing in our hearts.

Sixth Shack

I wish I could find a world today
Where people would live and work together throughout the day.
A world without poverty, loneliness or problems.
And in this world there would be a dream
For every man, woman and child.
Not just what you want to be when you grow up,
But a dream that brings everyone together always.
I think that I know a place like this,
A small world enveloped in a dream,
A world with happiness wrapped in love
Camp Runoia, Camp Runoia, you're the one.

Seventh Shack

As I look at the sunset
All pink, blue and gray
I think of the past summer
And of all the loving memories
You have brought to me.
And so, Runcoia, my wish for you
Is to always stay the same for years to come
And continue to be a place that will enlighten people's lives.

CITs

We hope that Runcoia will continue to be the great camp it is,
one in which people are free to express their own opinions
and truly feel a part of camp.

Aides

We wish that everyone will have the chance to have a tree,
a thought, that will generate feelings, dreams and memories
just as our tree has had so much meaning for all of us.

Log Staff

2nd Shack:

Mary Nastuk
Maggie Robertson

3rd Shack:

Meg Richards
Mandy Wilemon

4th Shack:

Katie Moffat
Amy Stackpole

5th Shack:

Carrie Gelles
Matti Williams

6th Shack:

Rosie Cole
Alice Kirkpatrick
Diane Michaels

7th Shack:

Joanna Shore
Claire Treves

Staff:

Jody Sataloff
with much appreciated
help from
Ellen Chapman and
Donna Weltmer

Photographer:

Marion Van Ingen

Divider Pages:

Audrey Jones

Camp List -- 1973

Campers:

Amthor, Lindsay
Anotil, Marie
Beck, Loren
Berl, Andrea
Berry, Bethany
Birsh, Joanne
Blockson, Leslie
Bornfriend, Lynn
Brebner, Alice
Carpenter, Sophie
Cobb, Pamela
Cole, Rosemary
Corbridge, Lisa
Corwin, Betsy
DuBrule, Pamela
Fleury, Yolaine
Frank, Nina
Friedman, Nancy
Frost, Deborah
Gauthier, Marie
Gelles, Carolyn
Gleghorn, Alice
Gold, Hillary
Goldsborough, Jean
Goldsborough, Stacey
Goodman, Christine
Harrington, Brenda
Homet, Cynthia
Jones, Audrey
Kirkpatrick, Alice
Knight, Jessica
Knight, Lili
Lessard, Louise
Marois, Deborah
May, Cynthia
McGrath, Susan
Michaels, Diane
Moffatt, Victoria Kate
Orzeck, Roni
Peckar, Susan
Platt, Kirsten
Richards, Margaret
Rines, Jane
Robbins, Karol
Rosenberg, Linda
Sachs, Jennifer
Sherman, Jane
Shore, Joanna
Solowey, Beth
Solowey, Ellen
Spanel, Celia

Spanel, Edith
Spanel, Emily
Stackpole, Abigail
Stackpole, Amy
Tabell, Sarah
Talayero, Clara
Tamayo, Ana
Tamayo, Elsa
Treves, Claire
Twaddell, Lisa
Tyler, Susan
Wade, Christine
Wallace, Jennifer
Wilemon, Amanda
Wilemon, Catherine
Wilemon, Melissa
Williams, Margaret
Williams, Sarah
Zullinger, Holly
Zullinger, Nancy

C.I.T's

Edelman, Erica
Hamel, Gwyneth
Horgan, Noianni
Knight, Margaret
Nastuk, Mary
Robertson, Maggie
Rutherford, Holly
St. Lifer, Nancy
Swanson, Brenda
Tabell, Roberta
Wilkinson, Kate

Aides

Brebner, Betsy
Buckley, Tracey
Cobb, Cassandra
Kind, Valerie
McCallum, Sarah
Rutherford, Lori

Staff:

Cobb, Elizabeth
Cobb, Philip
Johnson, Marian
Erler, Diane
Erler, Jack

Asano, Gary
Bleeker, Barbara
Buckley, Christine
Chapman, Ellen
Christianson, Leanne
Cobb, Eric
Dunn, Kathryn
Foss, Nancy
Gair, Jane
Greene, Ann
Kind, Laura
Kirkpatrick, Martha
McCreary, Ann
Noble, Kaye
Orbeton, Peter
Poire, Celine
Rintz, Susan
Roberts, Linda
Rowell, Elizabeth
Sataloff, Jody
Schnitzer, William
Tabell, Margaret
Vaillancourt, Claude
Van Ingen, Marion
Vogel, Carol
Weltner, Donna
Yates, Susan

One McCreary Knight when Asano clouds in the sky, a group of unidentified campers decided to sleep out Beckause it was so clear. "Homet I come too," cried Mark, "and bring my Blocksoms with me?" "I Dunno," said one camper, "I feel it in my Jones that if Mark stays here, Tamayo we will have Rhinestorms." Mark turned Greene with envy, but left Williamsly. "Now that he's gone we can Schnitzer some cokes," said one of the more Gairing campers. They went in to get the cokes, but all they managed to get were some Weiser Potato Chips, one Frankfurter, four rolls of the new super flaver St. Lifers, and some of the new Kind of Horganic bubble gum. "Oh Zullinger, that was close, if Gretchen had Rowelled any louder, we'd have been caught," said one of the campers. Finally they began to get into their sleeping Sachs, amid cries of "Where are my Gleghorn rimmed glasses?" and then, "Never mind, I found them." Looking up in the clear sky through the Birsh trees they saw the Sataloffs shooting across. Slowly everyone fell asleep in dreams of all kinds, Anctil tomorrow.

In the middle of the night, the thunder went Cobbam and sudden Fleurys of rain accompanied by Gelles of wind drove everyone into the dining room. Unable to sleep, they talked about the dreams they had had so far that night.

"I dreamed I was in a blue-white softball game. The counselor calling batting order was all confused. She kept saying, 'Robertson deck' or maybe "Michaels...Orzeck."

Anyway, I Mc Callum them as loud as I can!' All of a sudden I was sitting among piles of Harring- tons of it! There was a man who was looking around for a Coleman stove to Berl some water so he could cook the herring. I just sat there Twaddelling my thumbs. Then I woke up."

"Well, I dreamed I was in Spain or Mexico . Everyone was walking around eating hot Talayeros and saying 'habla Spanel?' to each other. There was a Goodman standing on a corner saying, ' I was Richards then than I am now because I lost my Wallace. Now I'm a Poire man.'"

"I dreamed I was Soloweying in a Johnson sailboat when all of a sudden Great Pond opened up like the Red Sea and I fell down a great big Treves running down the middle of the lake. I held on to the Tyler for dear life, looking desperately for the Shore line. When I woke up I was lucky to be alive!"

"In my dream we were having a sailboat race with Pine Island Camp. We stood around for ever Amthor ever, waiting for the race to start. We were all Vogeling at the boys from Pine Island, but thinking about how we'd Platten them in theis race. But we never got to have the race because every time someone asked how much longer, the only answer was 'It'll be a Wilemon'. Then, I was sleeping in the Swiss Alps very Erlor in the morning. The Frost on the ground was Gold and the Edelman smelled wonderful. I began to hear woodPeckars that sounded Berry interesting from where they were. I rolled over to find myself face to

face with a number of Swanson a nearby stream. I decided I'd Rutherford the stream there, where it was narrower. Suddenly a herd of Gauthiers came trampling down the hill. My head is Lessard than yours thanks to those goats. Their hooves are hard to the Corwin. I had to Wade for quite a while before I could even sit up. Then I woke up."

"Well," said another camper, "I dreamed that it was Christensen - Vaillancourt Day and St. Kirkpatrick's Day all at once. I didn't know what to do so I just sat back and read the Tabell of contents in the book, 'The Yates of Wrath'. Everyone else was acting very Maroisterous and just before I woke up they were about to have a fight with Wilkinson razor blades. When I did wake up I was in a cold sweat and my lips were all Chapmaned."

"I dreamed I was taking an SLS lesson. I had just done a life saving dive and everyone was yelling what a Nastuk I had made in the dive. Anyhow, when I finally brought my victim to safety, she was covered with Weltmers from my cross-chest carry. I felt like a Friedman when they told me I had just passed my SLS practical."

The next camper said, "I dreamed I got stuck in DeBrule closet with someone named Rosen. Rosenburged constantly and I was very annoyed. I thought I'd never wake up."

The last camper finally spoke up about her dream. "I dreamed I was a combination Carpenter-plumber way back in Stackpolean times (Stackpolean had Brebnered me into taking this job). One morning I got an emergency call. I Buckleyed my pants as quickly as I could, got in my trusty

canoe, and Corbridged over the Goldsborough bridge. I went into a mansion. I was led to the kitchen where the Fosset was Bleekering dirty Rintz water. The owner asked me if I could fix it, and I said in a Noble voice, "Sher-man". The man replied, "Oh, coMoffat, that faucet has been leaking for Maybe fifteen years. " And that's how I woke up, with the rain leaking into my sleeping sach."

By the time everyone had finished talking it was morning. The sky was a beautiful Robbins-nest blue, and everyone was looking forward to a breakfast of Hamel and eggs with Van Ingen muffins. After they had eaten, everyone declared that food was definitely a Bornfriend of the stomach!

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Valerie singing on tune?
or Debbie Marois singing off tune?
Linda Rosenberg not smiling?
Louise Lessard jumping 4'2''?
the CITs in second shack?
Mark on the water bed?
Gretchen in a thunderstorm?
Nancy Friedman hating trips?
Ellen Solowey as Miss America?
all that Ana Tamayo eats?
Edith Spanel not touching?
Holly Zullinger in baggy pants?
Roni Orzeck whispering?
Nancy Zullinger as a 90 pound weakling?
all camp pixes in working order?
dry tennis courts?
a river down in senior end?
Sue Rintz gaining under twenty pounds?
or Meg Tabell gaining twenty pounds?
Froggy and Hippo ever racing?
Jack in a pink shirt?
wanting to go back to Moose River?
the end of camp?

Lost and Found

Lost

heads
school
putt-putt
Moose River book
backs
a rainy day
Amy
Sarah's tooth
Yatesy
Oak Island
Louise Lessard
a bedspread
Peter
Sandy and Meg
Oliver Wendell Wave
Nancy Friedman
wind
Leslie Blocksom
Boop Tabell
Leanne's finger
the talking tree
Tini
a box in arts and crafts
Cocoa's tummy
CITs in first shack

Found

crusher hats
WSI
a submarine
burned in Annie's trash can
three mile portage
8 miles of Hounds and Hares
Abby
in Mark's wagon
her again, thank goodness
Soak Island
her in the annex
it hanging on the line in the rain
a librarian
two "almost" JMGS
a ransom note
Jane
wind chant
five inches taller
Boop Fukui
cheap protein
a stump
kissing Todd
containing five baby mice
four puppies
Greenie and Johnny as "pixmates"
in second



miscellaneous

SEVENTH SHACK LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I, Marie Anctil, bequeath my bathing cap to Louise Lessard

I, Marie Gautier, bequeath my barrettes to Celia Spanel

I, Cindy Homet, bequeath my hairbrush to Nancy Zullinger
and Claire Treves

I, Louise Lessard, bequeath backrubs to anyone who wants them.

I, Joanna Shore, bequeath my red songbook to Pam Cobb

I, Beth Solowey, bequeath my fat legs to Kirsten Platt

I, Celia Spanel, bequeath my tweezers to Laura and her
eyebrows

I, Claire Treves, bequeath my stuffed animals to the floor

I, Jenny Wallace, bequeath Sam to Seventh Shack

I, Cathy Wilemon, bequeath pix paper to Seventh Shack

I, Sarah Williams, bequeath my straight hair to Chippy Sherman

I, Nancy Zullinger, bequeath my boondockers to Cindy Homet

Notes from the Kitchen

Classified Ads:

Lost and Found

495-2228 K. (Kitchen)

Lost: 40 lbs.

Found: 4 waistlines

Lost: 1 bowl chocolate pudding, 1 pail potato chips,
2000 cookies, 2 pails, 10 lbs. or 25, 600 calories,
peanut butter, etc. etc. etc.

Found: 40 lbs. by counselors

Lost: 120 appetites

Found: Liver on the menu

To Sell: 4 hair nets. Good condition. Used once.

Wanted: 3 dish dryers

-- easy hours, afternoons
off

3 silver polishers

Lost: 240 hamburgers

Found: in 240 hamburger buns

Needed: clean aprons

Lost: 40 lbs. cheese

Found: Johnny delivering mail

For sale: Runoia Brand Glorified Rice

Needed: Cheap protein

Found: Leannes finger

3 cases Alpo

An exccerpt from the Kitchen Courier:

Every reporter always looks to the day when he gets a real "choice tidbit". Mine cam on a visit to the South Dakota Co-Eds of Camp Runoia. I walked in and tripped over three cases of Alpo Dog Food. A refrigerator on my left held cat.food and a bag of wilted lettuce. My curiosity was at its peak when I met the Co-Eds themselves. I asked them a few questions about the food situation:

Rep.: "What meal made the biggest impression this summer?"

Co-Eds: Liver.

Rep.: Oh, how was it served? Would you give us the recipe?

Co-Eds: It wasn't served. The recipe is 20 lbs. of spaghetti.

Rep: What is your most difficult mean to prepare?

Co-Eds: Packing out for a trip or a progressive dinner is very trying.

Rep: What improvements would you like to see made?

Co-Eds: Cookout 21 meals a week,
Disposable dishes,
A dish drying machine from the Lori Beck Dish Drying Co.

Rep: What would you like to see continued?

Co-Eds: More arguments about who can ring the bell,
More pushing and shoving,
More milk spilling,
More birthdays and grilled foods.

Rep: Do you each have one comment you would like to make to the campers and staff?

Kaye: For this I went through four years of college?

Leanne: Would anyone like a recipe for 2000 pancakes?

Barb: I can't figure out how the box of marshmallows got in the walk-in, so I'm sorry, we don't have any chocolate chips.

Nancy: You've got the hard job, Kaye -- sit there and look pretty!

In closing, the co-eds would all like to say:

"Come in and see our clean aprons and empty cups!"

A Good Evening Program

Last night each shack was supposed to take a Fairy Tale and make it into modern times. Third shack did Jack and the Beanstalk which they changed to Jack and the Talking Beans. Fourth shack did Snow White changed to Snow White and the Hippies. They had good costumes. Fifth shack had two small skits instead of one big one. First was Hansel and Gretel changed to Dick and Jane. Instead of finding a gingerbread house they found a pizza hut. Then fifth shack did the three bears called Go Go Goldie and the Five Pips. It was the most original. Sixth shack did the Wizard of Oz. It was the funniest. Rosie was the lost camper and very cute. There was a pusher with no mind, a mugger with no heart and a thief with no courage. Seventh Shack did Cinderella changed to Cindyrella. That was very funny too. We had a great time.

Ellen Solowey

First Impressions of Camp by Old and New

I was so excited to get back to camp again and see all my old friends and meet all my new ones. I missed the thrill of a new day and the thoughts of the day before.

Camp is a second home to me because of the ferns, friends, counselors, animals, and the noisy but friendly shacks. Camp is the best place to spend a summer.

Matti Williams

On the first day I was excited and scared at the same time! I wondered, "Would they like me?" and "What's it like?" I also thought, "Yay, I'm going to a sleep-away camp!" I was worried about whether or not I would be homesick! But then when I got here I made a friend immediately. I knew that camp was going to be fun! The counselors are nice and make you feel right at home.

A Poem

It was the first day of camp!
I got my first glimpse of summer and I was scared!
I walked to my shack very unsure of myself.
Then, after a few minutes, a friend greeted me.
All was well then!
All is well now!

Amy Stackpole

I was finally there! Through the whole long boring car trip I had waited for this moment. I quickly gave my sister a tight hug and giggled. As we came into the parking lot I saw a friendly smile as Donna helped us. I realized how excited I was, and I could hardly hold it all back. I felt as though I wanted to stick close to my mother.

My friends and I skipped down the path to where we would be staying. But, they were in a shack and I was in a tent. From a distance I saw Amy and her friends all greet each other. I didn't expect it to be like that! I slowly but surely walked up to the tent and pepped in. And there was Betsy all smiles. Within a few minutes my bed was made, and I felt as if I knew Betsy. I started to unpack, but quickly stopped when my mother came around.

I walked around camp and felt more and more excited. This must be a fun camp, I thought. I kissed my mother good-bye and slowly walked off. I was sad, but excited too. Every few seconds I turned around and waved. I was happy and excited and I stayed close to my sister. This is going to be fun I thought, as I looked around the tent.

I met my friends and grew more and more excited. "I've only been here a few hours, and I already love it!" I wrote my parents.

When I got in my cot that night I felt exhausted but very happy. Oh, I love camp. I know I'll always remember Runoia. And I kissed my toys goodnight. As Johnny and Betty came in to say goodnight, I thought, "Runoia's the place for me!" The taps sounded and I closed my eyes.

Abby Stackpole

This is my first year, at Camp Runoia and I find it beautiful. The nature, here, is great. The food is delicious. Everybody is gentle. I try to find some bad sides, but I don't see. I hope to come back, the next year.

A French camper,
Marie Gauthier

Coming back to camp, even though it wasn't a new experience, was very exciting. I wanted most to see all of my old friends I had made last year. Many of them had changed but I could still tell who they were. I was really happy to see them! Getting settled was easier this year than it had been last year, mostly because I knew where everything was. The first few days were sort of slow because we had to go over the activities but now camp life is back to normal like last year. I'm really glad I'm back and I'm looking forward to the rest of the year.

Cindy Homet

When I first came here, after a delayed plane flight and a four hour bus ride I was not too excited about coming to camp. But now our room is starting to shape up and the weather is nicer. I'm beginning to familiarize myself with the surroundings and the people and I know I'm going to have a great summer!

Stacey Goldsboro

Walked off the bus,
Saw my old friends,
Met the new campers,
Tied together loose ends.

The first few days were hectic
Between struggling with my new trunk
And trying to figure out rooming,
It was to keep from feeling sunk.

Now everything is normal,
I'm more than happy to be here,
I'll hate to go away,
Summer's the best part of the year!

Sarah Williams

At first I thought that Betsy was Betty and thought that
Betsy ran the camp but when we went to the meeting I
found out that Betty ran the camp. After the meeting I
got to look around and then I knew it would be fun at camp.

Mandy Wilemon

At first when I came to camp I was a little scared that
I wouldn't understand anything, but now that I am here and
have been here two days, I'm good and ready to start the
activities. Before I came everyone said I would love it
and I sure do!

Jessica Knight

As the bus rolled to a stop I looked outside. As I climbed out all these familiar things left out to greet me. As I was walking down the hill it seemed like I had never left. It seemed like I had just gotten back from the beach or a camping trip. I saw many faces that I knew so well. And then, as I walked across the wet grass I knew this was going to be a good summer.

Betsy Corwin

I think this camp is very nice. At first when I came here I thought I'd never find my way around, but it's really easy now. I was a little nervous because everyone knew everyone else and I was asking "What's that," and "Who's that". Now that I'm here I'm having fun!

Ellen Solowey

At first, I was a little bit scared about camp. I didn't know anybody, but two people wrote to me about camp. Now I really enjoy it even though it is only the third day. I have a feeling that the summer will be over very soon, and I want to enjoy every minute of it. My first impressions were that it was a small, informal camp, and I wouldn't want it any other way.

Susan McGrath

As we drove into camp and I saw the little blue Runoia sign, I thought "Boy, I'm going to miss home, my friends, and my family for eight weeks."

My opinion and thought changed awfully fast as soon as I met my "cabinmates" and got settled in. I really love Runoia now!

Kate Wilkinson

I first came to camp and it was about 10:30 PM. I could not see anything, so I stumbled along to my room. In the morning I woke up and looked out the window, and it was beautiful even though it was a cloudy day. The water was okay, too. I love all of the wild ferns and the beautiful lake. I love Runoia and it's only the third day!

Carrie Gelles

CIT Shack: 2nd Room on the Left

As one enters the above mentioned room (if one chooses to take the risk), one is first confronted by a rug-for-wiping-feet-since-it's-brown-and-the-dirt-will-not-show. Next is a rug which slightly resembles an oversized pot holder. Completing the menagerie of floor wear are two perfectly matched -- if not a little oversized -- footprint rugs, one green and one pink. At a reasonable fee of 50¢ per foot, one may try his luck to see if his feet even come close to matching those of the all-famous Jolly Green and Pink Giant.

Upon averting one's eyes to the walls and ceiling, one will see wall to wall posters. This over-abundance of posters was brought about because each inhabitant, thinking the roommate wouldn't bring anything at all to beautify the room, brought an average of four to five large posters each. Going down the line of what adorns the walls, there is a telephone stuck on the wall ("Sorry -- temporarily out of service"), two smaller posters, a large one of the Pink Panther, another large one, one completely of strawberries (which is supposed to smell like fresh strawberries, only has a faint scent somewhat like strawberry Kool-Aid), and several other miscellaneous posters.

The only things one may not notice about the 2nd room on the left is the carefully concealed Senior Life Saving

books, placed just so that they're hardest to get at.
Another thing, they're put on a shelf right over the light,
so that maybe, hopefully, by pure luck, they might burn up.

Mary Nastuk

The 50's Dance -- A Great E.P.

"Do you have any ribbons?"

"Where are my bobby socks?"

"Do you think Greenie will let me use her lipstick?"

"Oh-oh, there's the bell. Does anyone have a piece of gum I can borrow?"

"What do you want a piece of gum for?"

"Come on everybody!"

In the lodge a few people were dancing while others stood under the "Elvis" signs, and cracked gum. Whoops! First dance, everyone on the floor. What! The "Soft Touches"! Wowee!

"What's that they're saying? What? A dance contest? Who's going to win?"

The big dance winners that night were Lili, Tini, Sarah, and Sophie! And these big winners got ice cream!

"Oh good! A bubble gum blowing contest!"

"I bet Nancy is gonna win."

"You're wrong, it's Joanna!"

A few more dances and everyone went off to bed. What a great night!

Betsy Corwin

I thought the 50's dance was really fun! Whoever thought of it sure had a great idea. With all the shooby-do music and bobby socks and saddle shoes, the lodge looked as if it were back about twenty years. Before evening program, lots of excited campers rushed back to their shacks to get dressed for the dance. They returned in bobby socks, rolled up jeans like peddle-pushers, sweaters or T-shirts, and greased up hair. All in all I think that everyone had a great time. I sure did!

Stacey Goldsborough

Let's Have Some Action

On June 30 the fun happened. Everyone was very excited and happy. Some people dressed up as a 50's girl and took their blankets and wrapped them around their waists. The girls put make-up on and made false freckles (and false other things!). The greasers greased back their hair with water and baby oil; (what a mess it was getting the baby oil out of their hair)!

We all walked into the Lodge and Sha Na Na music was playing full blast! Everyone got a partner and started dancing wildly. Then Sue Rintz, the organizer of the dance, announced that there was going to be a Dance Contest. First of all, Lori Rutherford and Bill showed us how to dance. The

lights went out and some counselors held flashlights on them and spot lighted them. The music went on, and they both started dancing really well. Wow -- Lori was dancing like real 50's dancers. Then, we started dancing and three counselors went around tapping people on the shoulder. If you got tapped you had to sit down and finally there were two couples left dancing. Two juniors and two seniors. The juniors were Sophie and Sarah and the seniors were Lili and Tini. We all danced for a while and for our prize we got to eat chocolate ice cream while everyone else was eating Graham Crackers and milk.

Then a new group, named the "Soft Spots", consisting of a few counselors got up and imitated some old songs. Marion did the imitating and Laura, Donna and Lori did the background dancing. For the final Soft Spot imitator, Jody did the singing. Wow! What a fantastic night!

Tini Goodman

Hounds and Hares

One morning one of the counselors announced that there would be no tagging up that morning. We all came to the lodge when the bell rang. They announced that we were going to play hounds and hares. They read off the names and I was on the Hounds list. The hares went on their own right afterwards while the hounds got to playing Musical Chairs. Martha Kirkpatrick won! Then all the hounds followed all of the directions that we found. We went eagerly after them, basically because they had our lunches! They had really given us some funny directions, like play Dr. Knickerbocker five times or do twenty-five jumping jacks or sing a song. We walked a long way and finally found our lunches; they were squashed sandwiches and oranges, but to us they really tasted good. We could not find any other clues, so we just came back. It was really fun!

Carrie Gelles

Annual Runcoia Talent Show

On Monday night, Camp Runcoia gave a talent show. There were plays, songs, a violinist, and even a gymnast. Edith Spanel played the violin, and Holly Zullinger did amazing gymnastics. Everybody was good, and the whole thing was a great success. One of the big hits of the night was a play by Amy and Abby Stackpole. It was about two dolls, and they were very good and very funny. Debby Marois played the guitar and sang. She was also very good. All in all, it was a great night!

Susan McGrath

Fourth of July

July 4, 1973 started out with the banging and yelling of the counselors to wake us up. We all woke up and had flag raising and saw everybody wearing red, white and blue. We had breakfast, then cleaned up our rooms and went to the lodge. We started out with four American teams and four British teams. We went to lots of games, such as water balloon throwing, a relay race, tug of war, steal the bacon and many other things. Then we topped the morning off with peanut butter bars and soapies. We then had lunch and rest hour. After rest hour we had an unexpected fire drill. People who did the right things got a point for their team. After that we had a running game on the kickball field and the cross country race which was won by the British. Then we had water games like diving for stones, relay races and a human chain. It was all very fun and ended up that the British won this Fourth of July by about 150 points. Due to rain that evening, the annual fire on the beach with sparklers and marshmallows was postponed until the following Sunday night!

Sarah Tabell

The Fourth of July was great thanks to the CITs. We all had a lot of fun; first of all, in the morning the counselors and aides and CITs came into each shack (they forgot to wake up Laura Kind and boy was she mad!) dressed in red,

white and blue and carrying all kinds of noisemakers. It was really exciting! Then everyone got up and got dressed in anything they had that was red, white or blue! It was really funny to see everyone. Then we split into four teams, two American and two British. We played all kinds of games, such as a water balloon throw, where you find a partner on your team and throw a balloon back and forth and everytime you catch it you move back one step. Then there was an obstacle course and that was really fun. You had to do all kinds of things. That night we acted out modern fairy tales. All in all the day was FANTASTIC!

Thanks very much, CITs!

Carrie Gelles

THE STORY OF FROGGIE AND HIPPO

This summer we had two very strange campers. They were labeled Froggie and Hippo, and these were how they were addressed by the rest of the campers. Their names in full, however, are Frankenstein Frog and Hercules Hippo. When it came time for them to be tested to see what swimming group they were to be placed in, Froggie and Hippo outswam everyone else. Later Froggie and Hippo told us that they were good racers and had passed every level of swimming. It was then that everyone decided that there was to be a race. In order to get everyone's support, both Froggie and Hippo made lots of colorful posters and displayed them around camp. Other campers made up songs and cheers for them. During free swim, Froggie and Hippo were the first two in the lanes swimming laps. They did at least eighty-eight laps every day. Half way through the summer they decided that they had worked out enough and were ready to race. Froggie was so excited because he really thought that he was going to win, that he ran all the way up to his shack. Right as he was walking up the steps, he tripped and fell and broke his leg.

The fans were disappointed, but later they forgave him, including Hippo, who sent him one dozen long-stemmed roses.

Marion Van Ingen
(a biased observer)

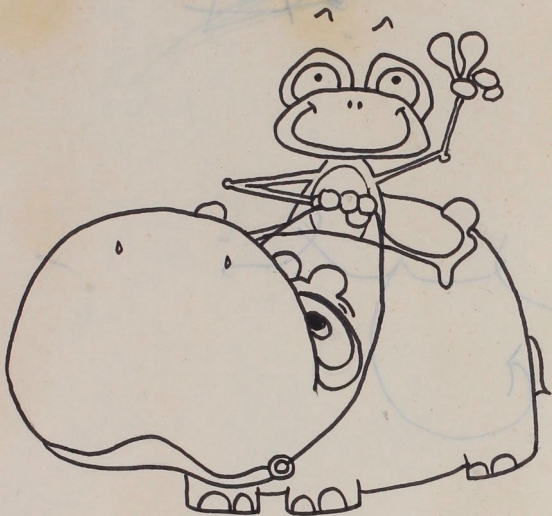
FROGGIE'S GOT A

STRONG KICK ...

**But Hippo's
gonna win!**



VICTORY!



A Typical Night in Senior Tent

Meg, Jean and Alice are in the tent, ready for bed.

Jean: Darn it, Meg! When are Debbie and Lili gonna get in here?

Meg: I don't know!

Alice: They're probably in Sixth shack!

Debbie and Lili come through tent door.

Meg: Where were you?

Debbie: In Sixth shack.

Lili flops down on her bed.

Meg: Well, you're supposed to be in bed, and I should be reading to you.

Debbie: Okay, okay, just let me brush my teeth!

Meg: Do it in Seventh shack! And hurry up.

Debbie disappears through the door.

Lili: Oh! I'm so tired!

She starts to get into her P.J's. A short silence falls over the tent.

Alice: Meg! Are you reading Lord of the Flies tonight?

Meg: Yeah, if Debbie ever gets here.

Alice: Well, I'm not listening! I'm gonna read my own book. I'll get nightmares!

Later -- about midnight -- Lili slowly rises in her bed. She is sleep talking.

Lili: Darn it! Darn it! Darn it!

Meg wakes up.

Meg: Lili? What's the matter?

Lili: (loudly) I just can't get to sleep, that's all!

Meg: Well, is anything the matter with you?

Lili: Who, me?

Meg finally understands she's sleep talking.

Lili stops talking. About ten minutes later, Debbie starts singing in her sleep. She sings a whole song.

Meg: This is ridiculous!

Jean: (in her sleep, mumbling) You guys better keep quiet!

All talking fizzles away and everyone gets to sleep.

Including Lili.

Jean Goldsborough



songs
and
poetry

Sunday Service Selections

Love is a man who finds a lost baby lion and cares for it,
then lets it free.

Mandy Wilemon

Love is happiness
Love is friendship
Love is sharing
Love is marriage
Love is a wonderful feeling.

Bethany Berry

When you love someone you get a wonderful feeling inside.
You know someone loves you if they care about you and your
mother and father love you when they care enough to send
you to Runoia to have a good time.

Jessica Knight

Si una buena amistad tienes tu Ama a Dis de tu bien es
hacer su amigo a todo el bien que bueno es saber amar.
La amistad biene de Dios o Dio debe volver que brujo es
saber amar. Y se repite la cassio.

Ana Tamayo and Clara Talayero

Love is walking hand in hand
Love is sharing your popcorn
Love is letting her beat you
Show her that you love her and she will love you too.

Lisa Corbridge

To be free is to wear blue jeans. To be free is to be a dog without a leash. To be free is to be a wild stallion. To be free is to go barefoot. To be free is a lovely thing. Let's be free together.

Amy Stackpole

Do you feel you are giving freedom to plants, to animals, to people when you run their lives, when you lock them up, when you cut them down? Does it make you feel good?

Joanne Birsh

I once knew a horse, she was wild and free,
She roamed all the meadows, where ever they be,
Her name was Princess all pretty and brown,
She was much prettier than any I'd found.
One day she left me, and tears ran down my cheeks,
I'd loved that horse, I felt so small and weak.
I never saw that horse again
But now I often see her there upon the moonlights so fair
Goodbye my friend, I used to say
And then I'd look up again, she was not there,
But somehow she said goodbye, in a sweet and sorrowful way.

Abby Stackpole

One day a bird was looking out a window, and he saw many other birds flying around. They were birds that were free, unlike him who was locked up in a cage with no friends. The older he became, the sadder he became, until he died, but

the birds outside the cage lived. Isn't it nice to be free?

Katie Moffatt

Freedom means walking through the woods,
Thinking your own thoughts, having your own ideas and expressing them,
Telling your friend your thoughts, knowing she won't care,
Praying to the Lord every night.
Freedom is a beautiful thing.

Debbie Frost

A bird being able to live in a nest, instead of a cage,
Or a lion that is able to roam free in its wilderness,
not shot by man for its meat.
A monkey that can swing from tree to tree, not trapped inside
a cage in a zoo.
All these things are symbols of freedom. Will you let
them stay free?

Lori Beck

When you are free your heart feels gay and you are happy
all day.
You want to soar,
Forever more, in the sky.
And when you are free
It seems to me
It feels like you can fly
In the sky, forever.

Emily Spanel

Freedom is something special
Not everybody has it.
It is like being away from everyone
It is like a horse, running away from its barn.
It is like wild animals being in the woods,
with no civilization to ruin their homes.
It is like you and me, being able to escape from the city
and come to Runcioia.

Chippy Sherman

I have gone,
Oh so far,
But in my mind
you are near.
If I don't come back,
We'll remember each other,
cause when you are friends
You are always friends.

Nina Frank

I walked into the room of the nursery school. Today was
my first day and everyone there knew each other except me.
Everyone looked at me. My mother introduced me to the two
teachers. I was scared, but everyone just went on playing.

Ellen Solowey

Sharon was new in town. Her family had just moved there
a week ago. So far she hadn't met anyone. "I'll never be
able to live here, even for a year," she thought. It took
a long time, but she found out she could.

Betsy Corwin

Follow me as a friend, as a part of your life, as a new discovery, take my hand and maybe we can discover new things together.

Matti Williams

Dear Lord, Runoia is such a perfect place for sharing things from clothes to candy. But even more important Runoia is the ideal place to share yourself with others. Grant that we will participate in this sharing at Runoia through the summer.

Jean Goldsborough

Sharing is when you and your friend exchange a warm, happy glance. Sharing is something very important in people's lives. Most people can't live without some sort of sharing. To me, if you are lonely, someone is always around to share a little happiness with you.

Tini Goodman

The thing that costs the least
And does the most
Is just a simple smile.
If shared by everyone it will
Make Runoia happy.

Pam Cobb

Sharing is a special thing,
It is like a golden ring,
Rich in value,
Strong in warmth,
Sharing is a special thing.

Jenny Sachs

Sharing is when you show a true friend a special secret
hiding place, that you have kept to yourself all your life.

Lili Knight

Why am I fighting to live if I'm just living to fight?
Why am I trying to see if there is nothing in sight?
Why am I trying to give if no one gives me a try?
Why am I dying to live if I'm just living to die?

Sarah Williams

Seeds and tiny buds
Are things very much in common
Stepping stones of growth.

Claire Treves

A friend is somebody who knows all about you and still
loves you.

Cindy Homet

Poetry Night Selections

Jumping from his home
Energetically
Nearer to his toys he does hop
Never stop the kitten playing with his
Yarn and mop.

Stop he does
At our feet
Catching
His breath
Soon to retreat

Jenny Sachs

Love
Is
Sending
A

Treasure
With
All
Dearest
Dreams of
Eternal
Lasting
Life

Lisa Twaddell

As
Long as you and
I
Can
Endure

Killing everything around us
I
Rely on
Killing
Persistently
Another †
To satisfy myself
Resentfully
I state that I
Cannot stop
Killing.

Alice Kirkpatrick

Joy spreads
Everywhere
And
No one cries at our camp.

Glistening sunlight rays
On a
Lake of blue. But
Dimmer and dimmer gets the light. For the
Sun is slowly setting
Beyond the mountains,
Over the hills,
Round the world, until it comes back
Over to our camp,
Under the shady pine trees, where
Golden memories
Hatch.

Jean Goldsborough

K is for kite flying
A is for always being friendly
T is for talking to your friends
E is for everyone

M is for more fun
O is for Oh so many things
F is for friendship
E is for far and near
A is for always coming to Runoia
T is for Today
T is for tomorrow

Kate Moffatt

Dream about food on the table, while
Inside the cady sits
And run for the food before it's all gone, or
None will be left to
Eat!

Many will run
Inside
Chasing for stuff they can't
Have
And after it's
Eaten, all the stuff that was
Loved, is
Safely inside your stomach!

Daine Michaels

So, now camp is almost done
The summer has gone by very quickly
A lot of great friends I have made
Camp Runoia, we'll all miss you very much
Every day we do a lot of fun things
Yes, Camp Runoia we'll all miss you very much.

Great times are at camp
Oh, we've had so much fun
Learning and growing together
Doing new things together,
Saying goodbye will be very hard
But we will all return next year.
On the lake or on the shore,
Riding horses
Or climbing
Up mountains,
Great times are at camp.
How very much we will miss you!

Stacey Goldsborough

Runoia is a wonderful place
On the lake or on the shore
Nothing can top the fun we have had here
It's going to be hard to leave.

Over the year we had good times
Remember camp in the years to come
Zat is what I want from you
Everyone
Come back
Kindly.

Roni Orzeck

Caring is something you do
Happiness is a feeling
Running is a motion
It is something alive
Sadness is a feeling.

Waiting for love is something you do
Acting is something you do
Dancing is a motion
Eagerness is a feeling.

Chris Wade

Eating is a
Lot of fun
Lobster, lettuce and lemons are good
Especially when they're fresh, though,
Never eat a lemon plain.

Steak is delicious and so are
Oranges.
Like lemons, never eat a lime plain
One lemon or lime plain can give you a sour taste,
When eating salad,
Everytime have dressing so it will taste good just for
You!

Loving
Eating
Singing
Laughing
Is what goes on at Runoia,
Even sharing.

Boats with silver sails
Luffing in a soft breeze
Occasionally,
Crossing their moorings as the
Knew light of dawn
Softly creeps up on the earth
On softly it creeps,
Moving the trees softly.

Leslie Blocksom

Now camp is coming to an end
It has been really great
No one wants to leave
Although we will leave soon, we will still remember all the
fun things we have done during camp.

Finishing the camp year is very sad.
Remembering camp during the winter is half the fun
And in our minds we can see pictures of happy times at camp
Never forget your friends at camp,
Kind faces we will never forget.

Nina Frank

A is for angry, which I can get
M is for mischievous which I am
Y is for yelling, which I sure can do!

S is for sassy, cause I am
T is for teasing which I don't like
A is for appless which I like
C is for cute which I'd like to be
K is for kind which I am
P is for a pest which I also am
O is for old which someday I'll become
L is for lonely which we all get sometimes
E is for enjoying camp, cause I do!

Amy Stackpole

Silently a snowflake falls
Opening the first signs of winter
Perhaps it is happy
Hello! It shouts. You couldn't hear it
In the next minute
Eight more fall -- silently.

Cautiously more come
Arousing the mares and sheep
Rambunctious lambs frolick
People of the farm
Eventually wake up
Now everyone is up
Time flies
Eagles fly free
'Rousing the first signs of life.

Sophie Carpenter

Sun is a very hot ball of fire
Under water swimming.
Sand is so warm and sometimes cold
Animals playing everywhere.
Nothing to see but fog.

Pepper is very hot.
Elephants make a lot of noise
Canaries singing
Kangaroos hopping up and down,
Ants and snakes playing together
Robins playing here and there.

Susan Peckar

A is for ambitious of which I am most
B is for buddies of which I have many
B is for busy of which I am very
Y is for youth, of which I am

S is for sassy which of course that's me
T is for tactful of which I am not
Am not

C is for candy of which I love
K is for kindness of which I respect
P is for Peanut my little stuffed toy
O if for owls of which I hear in the night
L is for laughing of which I can do
E is for easy, of which this is not!

Abby Stackpole

Down come the raindrops
Everyone different
Binding everyone to the inside

Fast and heavy they come
Ready and waiting for the thunder and lightening
Often making puddles
Slowly weakening to just a few drops
There, finally is the sun.

Debbie Frost .

C is for always cheerful
H is for has team spirit
I is for does things Illegal during rest hour
P is for always Peppy
P is for very Proud
Y is for Yells enough

S is for I love to Ski
H is for always Happy
E is for Eats alot
R is for Roams around
On my bicycle
M is for My counselor
A is for Always thinks about horses
N is Never eats spinach!

Chippy Sherman

"By
Jiminy Crickets!" exclaimed

Susanne quite
Weary-eyed,
Another night has
Night has come and,
Soon
Off to bed I will twit
Not wanting to awake in the morn.

BJ Swanson

Likes riding a bike
Into mischief
Nice to people
Doesn't like her picture taken,
At the tent you'll find her.

Rides on horses,
Open-minded
Sleeping in the tree house she likes.
Excited when she hears the word "fireball",
"No, I want to sleep," she says,
Best at swimming,
Energy she has
Reading comics,
Guitar she likes to play.

Linda Rosenberg

Perhaps you'd like to fly
Away into the sky
Maybe to a special place.

Come fly with me above the stars
Over Pluto, over Mars,
Bobbing along the atmosphere
Beauty lies in places near.

Pam Cobb

Just drool in your
Apple cereal and
Never think of anyone
Else's sanity.

Really child, this
Is so silly, that
Now I think you must
Eat your
Sugar Pops.

Jane Rines

Because . . .
Everlasting
Time
Halts

Some
Old
Lonely man
Of
Wicked thoughts
Enjoys
Yesterday.

Beth Solowey

Kind
Incredible
Rowdy
Shy
Thin
Enjoyable
Nice

Playful
Laughable
Active
Tiny
Talkative is Kirsten Platt

Kirsten Platt

A new day is here
Until tomorrow
Dawn is
Reminding
Everyone
Yesterday is gone

Without

Jostling the next
One day
Never
Ever
Sought again

Audrey Jones

Nothing in the world is better than freedom
A bird that flies free
Not being caged in bars
Carefully avoiding man
Young one's sheltered by their mothers.

Zebra running wild
Until they are
Left by the others
Lonely and scared
In a world by themselves.
Not even man can ruin this
Guided by their instincts
Each one lives along
Ready for danger.

Nancy Zullinger

Today
Is a very
Nice day with pink and purple colors
In the sky.

Goodness gracious there goes the lightening
Ooh!
Ooh!
Down comes the rain, which
Makes the mountains hard to see.
And
Never spoils the campers spirits!

Tini Goodman

Making things in
Arts and crafts
Really is just a blast
Going
Hiding is a favorite of mine
Every
Time.

Riflery
Is just as fun
Canoeing too.
Have a
Really
Dandy time
Since I do!

Meg Richards

Chipmunks climbing about
Yellow and furry
Not knowing where to go
Talking and chattering quietly
Heard only by each other
In the otherwise still woods,
Always shy toward others.

Happily playing together
Only the chipmunks
Making little noise from
Evening through the night
Together they stay free.

Cynthia Homet

Saturday is here
Under the tall pines
Sunday will approach.
August is drawing near
Now camp is almost over

Though summer draws to an end
You will always remember the days at Runoia,
Life was full of joy
Every day at camp.
Runoia is the place for me!

Susan Tyler

Camp is
Always fun
Tripping in the sun,
Having a really great time,
Yelling out your team cheers.

Water sports
In the
Lake of blue,
Everybody loves camp
Many want to stay
Over the cold white winter.
No one wants to go.

Cathy Wilemon

Kindness is many things,
A girl not being fresh to her mother,
Reaching to help others
Opening her doors,
Letting animals free,

Readng good books,
Obeying the rules,
But not cheating
But it
Is
Not being selfish,
Sharing

Karol Robbins

Love is everlasting
It's a
Nice feeling.
Dumb, deaf and blind people
Still can be loved even though they
Are handicapped.
Yes, love is a very nice thing.

A little bird came across
My lawn one day.
There were bugs in the grass.
Hop-tw--three, it found a worm
Once in a while.
Rustling in the grass was a worm.

Lindsay Anthor

Silently two people sit under a tree
A boy and a girl with a feeling of love for each other.
Really it doesn't matter if it's a boy or a girl
As long as they are human.
Hate is getting through to this world.

Till somebody does something about this mess
A boy and a girl will have to
Be sitting under a tree loving
Each other
Little by little
Love might get into other people's heads.

Sarah Tabell

Maine is a beautiful state.
As the wind blows the trees to and fo
The leaves touch the ground with a soft pat.
The water is a soft sparkling blue.
In summer there is much to do.

Winter is cold, wet but beautiful;
It sees snow shoes, skis, and hikers,
Little mosquitoes fly all around,
Locusts tell the Maine inhabitants the weather.
I like to visit Maine.
A bird tells me when it's time to leave,
My parents send me off -- and
Sure enough I'm in the beautiful state of Maine.

Matti Williams

High
On a
Ledge
Looking
Yonder, a

Real
Unicorn stands
Tall and
High.
Excitedly he
Ran
From
One
Rock to another,
Dashing with the wind.

Holly Rutherford

Never living a lifetime to its fullest,
Only existing as the world
In which you live is thriving in its radiance
And booming with excitement.
Never knowing the total beauty of it,
Never experiencing all there is to experience,
Injoying only part of all there is to enjoy.

However, to totally enjoy someone or something
One must seek out and
Reach things not seen and not understood.
Gaining knowledge and wisdom in every effort,
Accepting everything being given and
Never neglecting anything or anyone.

Noianni Horgan

Butterflies are very pretty
Even when they're still in caterpillar form.
Though some people don't care for them,
Some cherish them.
You must have seen one somewhere.

Caterpillars are the
Original forms of butterflies,
Running all over
With dots on their backs.
Indeed,
Nothing could change that.

Betsy Corwin

Now is the time to begin
And soon there will be no time.
Never has the world been so
Close to destruction.
Yet people just ignore the whole situation.

Since life has begun,
To my knowledge,

Life has never been this bad.
In times of trouble no one comes,
From far or near.
Everyone should enter a new world and try to
Return to safe living.

Nancy St. Lifer

Make new friends
At
Runioia
It's
Easy to do

And
Nobody
Can
Try to
Intervene with
Love

Marie Anctil

Many
Animals
Remember the
Great days of their
Youth when they lived in a

Kingdom of peace.
Nature was soon spoiled by the
Impurities created by
Greedy
Humans. Don't you think that you should
Take time to think of the things you can do to help the
wild animals survive?

Margy Knight

Keeping

A

Tiny thought

Eternally is very comforting

When you are

In trouble, sick or

Lost.

Keeping a tiny thought

Inside always helps when you

Need

Some

One to help you out of trouble, heal your sickness, or
send you off in a

New direction

Kate Wilkinson

Cis for cinnamon

I is for ice cream

N is for nice people

D is for a day at Runoia

Y is for you and me together.

M is for many people to meet

A is for apples

Y is for yummy food --

so have lucky times at Runoia

Cindy May

The Summer Breeze

No one knows
Where the wind goes,
Where summer breezes blow,
Where lakes and rivers flow.
No one knows this special place
And of this special human race
And on this special island,
Below this special Skyland.

Lisa Corbridge

Rain, rain, rain
Splashing on the window pain
Oh why do you ruin our fun?
All we want is the sun,
To be able to go to flag raising
Without all that hair raising
commotion of putting on raincoats and tie shoes.
Well, I guess we can struggle
And all huddle,
To make camp be lots of fun!

Tini Goodman

Blue sky
Pretty day
Something inside me has
Something to say.
Cool breeze
Flying leaves
Makes me feel
Alive and free.
Some spirit
Deep inside
Feels like saying
"Thanks" to confide
In Someone
would destroy
Half the feeling
Half my joy,
Words unspoken
Mean more
So the feeling can stay
Silent in core
Something inside though
Wants to get out
A blissful baby urge
To scream, to shout
Life is here
I'm alive and gay
The woods are calling me --
What more to say?

Boop Tabell

Happiness is sitting on the beach watching the sailboats
drift by.
Or maybe being in one yourself.
Happiness is finding out that there are no swimming lessons
that day.
Happiness is waking up late at night and walking down to
the beach to see the Northern Lights. Then maybe finding
a star or constellation you never knew was there!
Happiness is knowing that wherever you look, someone cares
about you.
Happiness is Camp Runoia in winter, spring or fall. But
especially in the summer.

Diane Michaels

MISUNDERSTANDING

Little girl, poor girl,
Where are you going?
With your clothes all torn
And your hunger showing...
Has it to be you who looks this way?
Where is your family? Did they go away?
Need you some money? I have some right here,
"No sir", she answered, her face full of tears,
"You need not take my worries into your own hands,
I'll be alright" she said, now looking bland,
"I'm trying to help, but I need your consent,"
I watched the man say to the little girl,
No resent showed in his face,
Or I could not see it,
He kept on persisting, he would not quit.
The girl finally said "Yes"
With no reason in mind,
And they walked away -- together,
The child, not knowing,
The man was blind.

Sarah Williams

SONG CONTEST

Seventh Shack:

Tune: "It ain't gonna rain"

CHORUS-- We ain't gonna raid
We ain't gonna raid
We ain't gonna raid no more,
The counselors know we've got a plan
We ain't gonna raid no more!

As seventh shack stood on the porch,
Talking at a whisper,
The counselors came from all around,
We made it by a whisker!

CHORUS

Two lights means we're coming,
Three lights means we're not,
If you don't see any light
You know that we've been caught!

CHORUS

We've made it into sixth shack,
Do you think we'll make it back?
It's gonna be a rough try
'Cause here comes Annie Mac!

CHORUS

Louis will raid the annex,
She'll do it if she can,
She really wants to do it,
She's gotta find a man!

CHORUS

We finally got caught,
But we will try again,
A camp without A.T.A.T..
Is one we cannot stand!

CHORUS

Tune: "I Remember"

There are summers I remember,
At Runoia -- we love them all,
All the good times we've enjoyed
And the times still to come.

CHORUS: All these summers have their treasures,
We hold close to our hearts,
These memories
And when we're back at Runoia
We again will share our joys.

Next summer when we gather,
Old friendships we will renew,
And to all the new campers,
We'll share our happiness.

CHORUS

At Runoia all the people,
Make the camp worth being there,
And to Runoia we'll be loyal
And return here, again next year.

CHORUS

Aides:

Tune: "McDonalds Theme Song"

Runoia is a camper's dream,
You can paddle down every stream,
Sail on a lake of blue,
Watch a sunset of many hues.
Riding, tennis, archery,
People smiling happily.
Runoia is a campers dream,
OUR KIND OF DREAM

Tune: "Greensleeves"

I know a place of tall green trees,
Of smiling faces, a warm night's breeze.
The laughing lake so blue, so calm,
A place for fond mem'ries to grow.

CHORUS: Runoia -- our summer home,
Is a place of love, is a place to roam,
Runoia -- is full of cheer,
Built 'round friendships and families near.

We hate to go, it's a sad goodbye,
Though we know we'll be back, many years gone by,
Months will pass, cold winter nights,
Warmed by mem'ries of friendships dear.

CHORUS

CIT'S:

Tune: "Fascinating Lady"
We're glad that we're all here at Camp Runoia
Where the food's so good
There's nothing to annoy ya
We play all day
And scream all night
In our little brown shacks with our little flashlights.

Twice a day we all get in the water
We don't work hard
Although we really ought ta
Now and then we all go crazy
And do some work to prove we're not lazy.

Tune: "America"
Runoia, Runoia
How we love to come here each year
We have made so many good friends,
We leave with a tear

(repeat in a two part round)

Third Shack:

Tune: "Oil in my Lamp"

On Runoia's a camp that's on Great Pond (repeat)
It has sailing and riding too -- oh Runoia
With the Blues and the Whites we all cheer for (repeat)
For our kickball games and softball too.

CHORUS: Camp -- Fun for summer,
Camp -- Fun for summer
Camp -- Fun for summer Runoia girls are we
repeat -- But Camp Runoia girls all are we.

We have skinnies at morning and nighttime (repeat)
Overnights and mountain hikes are fun too, oh Runoia
Every once in awhile it might rain here (repeat)
But to us the sun is always near.

CHORUS

Tune: "Seven Golden Daffodils"
They built a camp so long ago
For girls to come and stay
And now we're here to tell the tale
Of how we spend our days . . . and

We can show you sunrise
On a golden lake
A starry night, with singing round a campfire bright.

With friends we've made the summer through
We'll know forever more,
We'll share our thoughts and memories
Of Runoia we adore . . . as
Whispering pines blow gently
Our boats sail on their way,
We paddle our blue canoes back home to stay.

Our summer life's a happy one,
We've grown from day's gone by,
And even though we have to leave
We'll all be back next year . . . so

We can show you sunrise, on a golden lake,
A starry night, with singing round a campfire bright.

Fourth Shack:

Tune: "Everything's Up To Date in Kansas City"
Everything's up to date at Camp Runoia,
With three new Dhows and eight new cycles too,
Archery and tennis and there's always riflery
You can take a dip in our beautiful lake of blue,
The Blue team and the White team that will always be so true --
Oh, this is what our summer's all about, YES SIR!
This is what our summer's all about.

Everything's up to date at Camp Runoia,
You'll always see a smile on every face,
On the tennis courts, the deer will leave their trace,
Without our friend the wind, we would never have a race,
And we'll always ride our horses around all of our courses --
Oh, this is what our summer's all about, YES SIR,
This is what our summer's all about.

Tune: "There's Got to be a Morning After"
There's got to be another summer,
as great as this one has been,
We've never met such friendly people
Friendships to hold us through the year.

There's got to be another summer
As great as this one has been,
We'll say goodbye until next summer,
Then we shall all meet again.

Fifth Shack:

Tune: "Oh I Was Born"
There is a camp
A little damp
Because of the weather,
But we don't care
When we are there
Just so we're together,
We sail in the sun
And when the day is done,
We go to bed
Or raid instead,
Until the counselors come.
This camp is neat
It can't be beat
We are a super crew,
So give a cheer
For all that's here
We're the great White and Blue,
We're happy as a bubble,
We never get in trouble,
Except sometimes
We commit crimes
But take off on the double!
But all in all
We have a ball
And when the summer's through,
Know in your heart
From the very start
That we'll come back to you.
No matter where we roam,
We always will come home,
We'll all be here
Again next year,
Runoia -- home sweet home!

Tune: "I Don't Know How to Love Him"
I don't know how to say this, I don't want to leave Runoia,
It's been fun, oh so much fun,
In these past eight weeks, learning games and names of every song
That makes . . . this camp so great.

But it's not so bad, it's this way because
We'll return next year and have lots of fun
Having friends and so much love at Runoia camp
Where all is one.

We've had so much together
Working in rainy weather
That matters not, we're still tops
Blues and Whites will fight till the end of day light
And when the morning comes,
To flag raising we'll run.

Sixth Shack:

Tune: "Morning Has Broken"

CHORUS: Camp is all over
But not in memory
We have all shared thoughts
And lots of fun
We will go home now
Oh it was fun
Oh yes it was.

Blue-White in swimming
Softball and sailing
This competition is part of our life
When we all go home
We will remember all of the good times at Runoia

CHORUS

Tune: "Saraspoonda"

One group -- Funda Funda Funda Funda

Other group :

Camp Runoia, Camp Runoia

Camp Runoia lots of fun

(again!)

We're never bored

We're always overjoyed

We're always really pep-pep-y

Can't you plainly see!

Counselors:

Take me up, up, up North to Maine to Runoia camp,
There's a lake so blue and things to do in weather fair or damp,
We will hike, swim, paddle around and have a lot of fun
We'll go up, up, up so thin and down again so round! Boom! Boom!

Take me up, up to that fair state of ours
known by the name of Maine
and to Great Pond which has upon it's Easter Southern shores
a great old camp

There's an azure lake of sapphire hue
and so many different things to do
in weather fair, inclement or damp
We will hike up to the stables,
ride our saddled horses,
swim and paddle all around our great old lake
and have a lot of fun
We'll go up as thin as any rail
And on ascending we shall be so very pale
And on descending to our parental domiciles
We'll be so very brown! Boom! Boom!

'Round the blazing council fir's light
We are met in comradeship tonight

'Round among the whispering trees,
Guard our golden memories
And so before we close our eyes in sleep
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep
Camping friendships strong and deep
'Till we meet again.

Tune: "The Song is Love"

First of all,
We would like to say a word or two,
All about the nice things that we do for you,
Cause it's true,
That we do,

All our time
We spend thinking up new little ways
Of entertaining you on rainy days,
And it's hard,
You should know.....

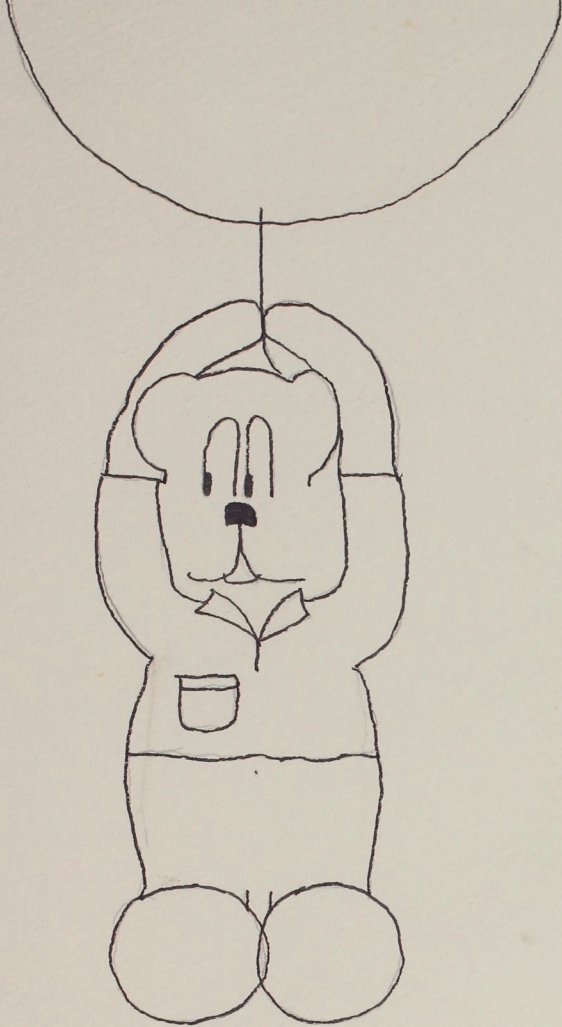
We're pretty great and it's time for us now
To stand right up here and take a due bow,
Wouldn't it be nice if we could hear you applaud us --

We work so hard to keep up your smiles,
Drying all of your tears,
Solving all of your trials,
We even take you to play in the dirty old sawdust --

Last of all,
We must add another thing that's true,
And that's to say you guys are sure great too,
Can't you tell,
We think you're swell,

All those times
When you think we like to yell and scream,
It isn't that we're trying to be mean,
Let's be fair,
We just plain care.....

Here we are we're all part of the crew,
This Runoia bunch is the best through and through,
Isn't it great that we're all right here now together!



Krip

FLAGSTAFF TRIP

Grass
Blowing softly
Feeling of warmth
Firelight and setting sun

We loaded all our gear into the blue truck and left camp at 10:15 A.M. on the morning of Wednesday, July 11. The ride seemed to go quickly as we played Dr. Knickerbocker and sang songs on the way. We drove through Stratton to the causeway, crossing the southwestern end of Flagstaff Lake at 12:00 noon. We loaded canoes, put in and began our trip. The water was very still so paddling was easy and fun. Bigelow Mountain was on our right and, as we looked at it, we talked about the fact that by the time the trip had been completed we would be on the other end of the Bigelow Range. Meg, who had the topographic maps, guided us around some islands and along the coves. We saw several old logging booms and an old structure (cabin-like) which was used for logging built in the middle of one part of the lake. Except for one sailboat which we passed and two tents set up along the shore, we saw no other signs of civilization. We stopped to have sandwiches while still in our canoes and, at 2:00, began to paddle to Jim Eaton Hill. As we turned the bend into the larger part of the lake we had the wind quartering off our stern. We arrived at Jim Eaton at 3:15. Ginny was surprised to discover that the beach which had been there on her trip three years before was no longer in evidence. She was right, however, the hill itself was

absolutely beautiful. It is an open hill with knee-high grass waving in the breeze. The tree line is set back from the hill and is immediately dense, rising again to another hill. The area in which we set up the kitchen was sandy and clean, the shore lined with dri-ki. We set the small two-man tents up in the field, unrolled our sleeping bags, and had some time to explore before dinner had to be started. Ginny and I walked up to the old logging cabins on the other side of our hill and found one occupied. Wood was gathered, chopped and the fire started. Our dinner of bar-b-qued hamburgers a la Lori was served on a tarp table complete with floral centerpiece at 6:15. After the dishes were done and everything cleaned up, Valerie announced that she was in charge of evening program and we played a game of "50/50 all scatter." We were so taken with the gorgeous sunset that we ended the evening by lying in the tall grass in order to have a complete view of the sky. We made banana boats and were tucked into our tents by 11:00.

We awoke to find that Sandy, Meg and Valerie had built a fire and started our breakfast of blueberry pancakes (blueberries which had been picked the night before by Maggie and Brenda). We ate at 8:00, did dishes and sat down to have a "seminar". We discussed keeping a clean campsite and our plans for the day. It was decided to break camp and paddle toward Old Flagstaff in order to explore and then paddle on to Safford Brook for dinner and the night. We packed and were on our way by 11:30 A.M. By the time we left the wind had come up and we had to paddle into it in order to get to the mouth in the old part of the lake. We stopped

just on the edge of it, set the Coleman stove up on a large flat rock, and cooked our lunch of beans, corn and hot dogs. We were on our way again by 2:00 and, after tacking in order to cross the lake, started down the mountain side of the lake with the wind behind us. Meg again had the top maps. We paddled quite a distance in search of Safford Brook before we finally admitted that the water was so high that the coves on the map did not correspond with the actual coves on the lake. We retraced the distance covered a couple of times (hard work as we had the wind in our faces when we turned around), used the map and the compass to try to orient ourselves, and finally decided to return to Jim Eaton Hill where we were assured of a comfortable campsite. We really thought Safford Brook must be under water! We fought the wind all the way back, arriving about 8:00 P.M. to reconstruct our campsite and cook our slungullion. Sandy made a blueberry upside down cake which was delicious. We did see a small moose drinking from the lake on our return trip, which helped to make it all seem worthwhile. We were happy to return to our lovely hill, however, and although there were a few aching muscles it seemed like home to again put our tents up on our point of land.

We were a little bit more lazy the morning of July 13 and ate our breakfast of sausage, cheese and eggs at 10:00 A.M. We decided to paddle to Hurricane Island in order to see what it was like and have lunch there. We had a leisurely paddle, spending time exploring the shoreline, arriving at 2:00 to find a circus! There were twenty-one

tents on the island, large tents, small tents, blue tents and yellow tents and people everywhere. It started to rain just as we beached our canoes. Boys from Winona helped us pull up our canoes and boys from Kieve invited us to stand under their kitchen tarp. Wyonegonic returned to their campsite from an exploritory paddle while we were there. Pine Island had sailed their war canoe down the lake behind us intending to camp on the island too, but, when they discovered how populated it was, they decided to stay on the main shore. We were glad we had planned to cook grilled cheese sandwiches and soup on the Coleman stove as it was a simple matter to set up and serve lunch under the tarp in the rain. Just as we finished little boys began to appear from the many tents and we instigated a lively game of Dr. Knickerbocker while we waited out the thunder storm. The rain began to slow down and the sky to lighten at 5:00 so we launched our canoes and returned, partly in the rain but on the calmest lake we had seen, to Jim Eaton Hill. The lake was so quiet... we listened to loons calling to each other and echoing in the stillness on the way back. When we got to our campsite we discovered that the little orange tents were far from waterproof in spite of having had their seams waxed before we left camp. We had to gather wood, start dinner and attempt to dry as much as possible before bedtime. We ate dinner, potatoes and spam au gratin, at 10:00 P.M. Since it was an extremely calm night and since it had cleared to reveal a full moon over Bigelow Mountain, some of us decided to take a canoe out to enjoy the evening. The night was so much more quiet than the previous two had been... we had become

quite accustomed to the sound of the wind and water, we heard a couple of whipporwills and some frogs calling to each other. Out on the lake we thought we could hear wind in the distance but it never seemed to reach us... a strange portent of things to come. We all went to bed quite late. The last of us were drying sleeping bags in the air at a most interesting hour and putting up tent tarps (a log cabing?!) and watching the moon disappear behind thunder heads and watching the lightening strike and hearing the thunder roll (it's all a joke!) and listening to the wind come up and the waves begin to break and. . .

We were up by 7:30 A.M. for a breakfast of Bepo to find the day partly cloudy and very windy, a good drying out day. We had breakfast by 9:00, cleaned the kitchen, worked on drying clothes and tents and took soapies. We had a lunch of cold sandwiches at 1:00 with a first aid seminar following, complete with a real-life demonstration of care of a puncture wound with Lori acting as nurse. Ginny and I took a walk in order to explore the dirt road leading away from our campsite while the others collected wood and started dinner. We returned to find a formal dinner invitation, hor d-ourves, and a lovely table set upon the hillside. Tracey and Betsy had prepared the turkey a la king, we had homemade sour dough bread baked in the reflector and gingerbread with lemon sauce which Meg made for dessert. Dishes were done and Valerie made fudge while we all watched an incredibly beautiful sunset spread

across the sky and a full moon rise from behind Bigelow Mountain. Everyone was tucked in by 10:30 P.M.

All of us were up by 5:00 A.M. We fixed bacon and French toast on the Coleman stove, loaded the canoes, and were paddling on a very still lake under a cloudy sky by 7:00. A short pause for gorp and a quick visit with Wyonegonic's exchange trip on Hurricane Island and we continued to the dam and the northeast corner of Flagstaff Lake where we were to meet the blue truck. We were reluctant to leave as we watched the mist rising from the mountain, saw the empty shore lined only with dri-ki and watched alone eagle soar over the virgin timber. Truly our five days spent together were full of memories. For each of us different incidents, laughter and fun will be recalled but the feeling of being together and sharing will be special for all of us.

Flagstaff Lake
July 11-15, 1973

Ginny Geyer
Diane Erler
Meg Tabell

Betsy Brebner
Tracey Buckley
Sandy Cobb
Valerie Kind
Lori Rutherford
Maggie Robertson
Brenda Swanson

'Twas the night before testing camp and all through the shacks
Not a creature was stirring, "Did you remember the axe?"

Trip boxes were packed in Meg's car with care
"Do you think we'll be able to find our way there?"

How about bandanas? Did you bring your trip hat?
Do we have a first aid kit? Now who'd forget that!

Do you know all the fire laws, riflery rules too,
All those trees to remember, how to patch a canoe?

For ten on a three-day how much food do you bring?
Equipment lists, first aid kit, I don't remember a thing!

Will it be windy or calm on the day that we paddle?
Personal encampment, wet day fires, oh, fiddle faddle!

How did you do with map and compass?
Those fishing laws...are they trying to stump us?

How can we possibly do all those fries, boils and bakes?
Remember the egg in the blueberry cake!

Oh, let's be the picture of calmness and ease...
We're just here for experience, if you please!

July 24, 1973

Listen my children and you shall hear
About Meg and Sandy, our JMGs dear.
For weeks they have studied and talked about trees
They can even recite riflery rules with ease.
Please tell us the difference between white pine and red
Is it balsam or hemlock that makes a good bed?
Don't forget declination when reading degrees
And remember improvements each day, if you please.
Try not to set that pot on the ground
A bucket of water by the fire should be found.
Watch for safety when using your knife and your axe
Enjoy each day and try to relax!
Put the egg in the coffee, the cheese in the stew
Help each other along and ask what to do.
The applesauce gingerbread ought to be good
Search carefully for that billet of wood
For your wet day fire...have it done right on time
Just don't get too hurried and it will be fine.
Remember that we will be thinking of you
Knowing days will be busy and fun-filled too
It won't be long until you'll be back
With songs, stories and tales to share with each shack.
So smile, laugh, look around and have fun
We'll all give a cheer for how well you have done!

July 24, 1973

JMG Story

On Wednesday, July 26, two extremely nervous but excited Runoians crammed themselves into an already over-stuffed blue Volkswagon. This morning marked the culmination of weeks of training and studying (along with a lot of fun) for JMG Testing Camp.

Testing Camp is on Lake Mooselookmeguntic and its purpose is to test girls in their campcraft skills in order to see if they are qualified to lead camping trips. The tests include all sorts of things -- canoeing, axeman-ship, first aide, down to such exciting little entities as fishing and fire regulations. Sandy and I left that morning trying to remember all the things we were going to forget.

The drive to testing camp was bumpy but scenic and due to our own private song fest, a little loud. As we drove in, Ginny greeted us with a cheerful "What d'ya do, get lost? You're two hours late!" Oh well, we figured, better late than never.

After a few minor problems unloading the car (no comment) we met Alfred Lake with whom we were going to share an encampment. The rest of the afternoon was spent setting up our campsite and getting dinner ready. It was Sandy's potatoes and spam au gratin and despite the fact that I had the dropsies, I don't think Mac Murphy ever knew. Mac was our tester for dinner and in the true spirit

of a Maine Guide he told us marvelous stories of when he was a counselor at Winona.

At the campfire that night we learned about what was in store for us the next day and sang songs. It's amazing that so many different camps know so many of the same songs. We all piled into bed that night thinking of all the tests which would take place the next day. Surprisingly enough, we all slept better than ever.

Our first full day of testing camp dawned (we think it dawned, anyway) grey and overcast. Our very first test was to canoeing, and after an early breakfast Sandy and I nervously departed armed with raincoats and paddles. Just as we arrived the heavens opened, but still the lake was calm, which at least made the tests easier. Expecting some sort of an ordeal, we were pleasantly surprised. The whole situation was fun. The guide was extremely nice and helpful and (lo and behold) even cracked jokes! From now on, we knew it was going to be fun.

After canoeing we trotted off to axemanship but there was a long line. Sandy took her test, but it was my turn to prepare lunch and I knew I wouldn't have time to finish so I went to knock off a few written tests. At lunch we had slumgullion and talked about our various morning adventures.

Immediately after lunch the sun burst forth and we went on our merry ways. Sandy went to take some writtens and I went off to axemanship. After some minor difficulties

in locating it, I met Cliff who introduced me to my tree. Two sweaty hours later Betty Balsam was down and I was tired but happy. As I walked down the road I thought I heard some familiar voices and lo and behold there was Camp Runoia complete with Diane, aides, Ellen and many goodies (including brownies and mail!). It was really nice to see some familiar faces.

After talking and laughing for awhile, I decided to take off for Wet Day Fires. I met Sandy and we went singing up the path. During our stay, I think Sandy and I came to be known as the Singing Sisters from Runoia. It was really funny.

Eighteen minutes later my water was actually boiling (only two minutes left -- phew!) Afterwards I met Sandy to collect wood and then we took a most refreshing dip. Singing back to our campsite, we arrived just in time for dinner, and boy were we hungry. After dinner we got out the guitar and compared songs with Alford Lake. It was fun at the end of a tiring and exciting day. At 8:00 we all went down to the campfire and learned what was in store for us for the next day. Personal Encampment and writtens seemed to be the main form of entertainment for the morrow, and after singing some songs we all make a friendship circle and went off to bed. The fires were a great part of JMG. Everyone needed and enjoyed the peace and quiet of singing together after a long, nervy, but fun day.

The next day was again dark and grey but breakfast (naturally) cheered everyone up. At 9:10 I trudged off

to Personal Encampment. After getting rather embarrassedly lost (we seem to do a lot of that) I arrived at the appointed spot. I set off to find a spot. Personal Encampment was a joke. After spending too much time on the shelter I lost the saw. It was pouring rain and my shelter trenches flooded along with my clothes. However, it was only one test and I decided (or tried to) not to get depressed about it. After this, I met Sandy back at writtens and I took my first aid test. Lunch was welcome and afterwards I went to tackle the multitude of written tests which I still had to finish. Sandy marched off to Personal Encampment and she thought that she did fairly well. I took just about every written test there was (with the minor exception of those exciting fishing laws) and even began my map of the area.

We then proceeded to collect wood for dinner. Due to technical difficulties that night, dinner was half an hour late, but well worth waiting for (let's hope the guides thought so, anyway!)

That night's campfire was particularly good and along with Wyonegonic we began a rousing game of "one elephant" around the fire. It was a perfect end to the day.

That night, after walking up to the campsite, the heavens really burst. We had a thunder storm mixed with a downpour, but Sandy and I saw warm and dry and cozy in Diane's tent, eating our M & Ms and brownies which were Jody's Big S. As we sat and reread our special delivery mail, we listened to the marvelous misadventures of Alford

Lake. They had neglected to trench their shelter and were now laughing and dancing in the nude, having been thoroughly soaked already. Well, we thought, at least they can laugh.

The morning dawned bright and we began to set out stuff to dry. We had a rather large breakfast that morning (we had to complete the required number of Bake, Boil and Frys) complete with congo bars. Yummy, yummy, yuch.

We all had a few written tests to finish up (map of area, mostly) but then it was time to pack up. I finally got the fishing laws, and after frustrating myself no end with degree reading, handed in my map. We packed out quickly (but naturally not forgetting to leave a note pointing out the location of the pix) and carried our assorted paraphernalia in three trips. We packed up the car and then went for a soapie (yes, with soap)! Ecstasy cannot even describe how it felt.

Now that we were presentable we put ourselves back together and went to say goodbye to the guides. Already we're looking forward to returning next summer!

Meg Tabell

JMG TRIP SONG

Tune: "Oh Where Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone"
Oh where, oh where has Testing Camp gone,
Where oh where can it be?
With its roads of bumps
And us with sore rumps,
Oh where oh where can it be?

Tune: "Peter's Flowing Spring"
It's a long road to the spring,
The longest there is,
But we love getting water,
It is just super whiz,
Oh how we sung
And how we skipped
How we made those people think we flipped
We flipped we flipped

Tune: "Judy's Turn to Cry"
Nobody knows where the potatoes have gone,
We couldn't burn them too quick,
And when the tester came along,
He didn't have to fake sick
Oh -- it's my dinner and I'll cry if I want to,
Cry if I want to, cry if I want to,
You would cry too if it happened to you.

Tune: "Carolina On My Mind"
Canoeing tests are lots of fun,
Gard will show us how its done,
And even though the sun is gone
It doesn't matter the lake is calm,
And it is fine with us you see,
It makes paddling easy,
Oh canoeing tests are always so much fun.

Tune: "Where Have all the Flowers Gone"
Where on earth is axwmanship,
Through the woods a way,
Where on earth is axemanship,
We will find it someday,
Where on earth is axemanship,
We hope that we do good,
But we have to find some wood,
We have to find some wood.

Tune: "Titanic"
Oh we went to tree testing
To show them what we knew
And when we finally got there,
We couldn't find a clue,
So we declared it as a joke
And named the rest as oaks,
It was sad when we went to tree testing.

Tune: "Pioneer Song"

If we had the strength of a Maine Guide,
Straight through these woods we'd chop,
But we haven't the strength of a Maine Guide,
And right in these woods we did drop.

Tune: "The Rain in Spain"

The rain in Maine
Is driving us insane.

Tune: "Longitude, Latitude"

Do you know your top maps,
Your top maps,
Your top maps,
Do you know your top maps
We thought that we did.

Just ask Uncle Hank
Just ask Uncle Hank
Just ask Uncle Hank
You'll learn stuff real quick.

Tune: "A Tisket A Tasket"

The rain it is drenching
And they are out there trenching
And here we sit with M&Ms
With mail and flashlights munching.

Tune: "The Sun Song"

These girls are a mass
Of indecent trash
They're trenching in the nude,
In the middle of the night
In the pouring rain
We really think it's crude,
Yo-ho what a clutz
They're really nuts,
Why didn't they do it sooner?
But because of a lack of trenches,
They're getting a lot cleaner!

Tune: "Flicker"

Flicker of a fire,
It's such a joke
Wet day fires
It's about the smoke,
Digging trenches in the rain,
Being asked where was our drain,
It was a joke --
And then we got real soaked

Tune: "The Ashgrove"

Oh Ashley, oh Ashley
Thank God that you found it,
We needed our lost saw

We worried quite a bit,
Meg lost it in encampment
Her spirits were quite damp,
Along with her clothes
Oh Ashley you're great.

Tune: "Elephants"
Forty elephants went out to play
Around the campfire one day,
They had such enormous fun
That they called for the Guides to come.

Tune: "Thank You Johnny"
Thank you Ginny for all the work that you've done,
Thank you Diane, it has all been such fun,
All the tests, the guides,
The camps, the fires,
Thanks JMG, thank you.

Tune: "Today"
Today in the springtime of your life and mine,
The dark green and white with our hearts will entwine,
JMG campers forever we'll be,
Bonded together by true JMG loyalty.

Campcraft and sisterhood, that is our aim,
Blended with pride in the JMG name,
Someday when summer is over and gone,
Each one will remember our song.

Parker Pond Trip

The blue truck left us off at Parker Pond where we started out in our canoes. After an hour we stopped in a cove to eat our lunch. We paddled to our campsite and found it was taken. The people who were staying were a couple, their baby, and a dog which looked like Gretchen, who was called Cinnamon. We looked for another campsite and finally found one. Betsy Brebner fell in the water twice with her clothes on! Twenty-eight braids were put in Roni's hair to make it an afro, but besides that the trip was uneventful!

The next day we had time to rest and take it easy. We packed up, and paddled back to the end of Parker Pond.

Betsy Corwin

Junior Beach Trip

On Wednesday the juniors went to Popham Beach. It was all lots of fun. We took the blue truck up.

When we got there most (but not all!) went swimming for a little bit before lunch. The waves weren't very high until you got real far out. We ate lunch and sunbathed and swam and took walks for the rest of the time. As we were going home we stopped to get ice cream to cool us off. It was all fun! And we were all really red!

Sarah Tabell

Junior Long Lake

Lori, Lindsay, Sophie, Sarah, Pam, Meg, Cindy and I went on a trip to Long Lake and when we got there the lake was really rough and we paddled a ways and it started to rain and we met up with a boys camp, Winnibago, and we stayed with them until it stopped raining and the lake was really calm after that and we went to our campsite and it rained that night and the next day we paddled back home and it was fun!

Chippy Sherman

The Wet Long Lake Trip

One sunny Tuesday some juniors went on a trip to Long Lake with Jody, Katie, Laura and Noianni. We started off when the bell for rest hour rang. We came to a certain point and then we started paddling. We sang songs and spoke Pig Latin and "lete" language. We paddled by a house where two boys called out to us to try to get us to come see them. When we ignored them they went over to their dock and tried to untie a string attached to the boat but they couldn't get the rope untied. Boy, we had been worried. When we got around the bend we had congo bars and a sip of water. Then we kept paddling and came to the campsite. We had some trouble finding it, but when we got there Noianni knew where it was all the time!

First we got wood and had dinner and stuff, and realized while we were making Sloppy Joes that we had forgotten the ketchup. But they were delicious anyway! Then for E.P. the campers did two skits for the counselors and the counselors did a skit for us. Before and after the skits we went swimming. We told ghost stories and then went to bed. During the middle of the night everyone woke up. It was pouring rain with thunder and lightening. Everyone was real scared, especially Bethany! Oh -- and Laura too. She even cried! So Katie Dunn came in the tent with us. The tent was leaking so badly and a lot of people had to go to

the pix. We went, but thought we would never make it back!
We did, though!

The next day we had breakfast and started on our way. As we were paddling we got to run through the weeds in the canoe. Then when we saw the car and Betty Laura got so excited that she got her canoe stuck on a rock! When she got loose we came up to shore and went back to camp. It was a great trip, but wet (otherwise known as the wet Long Lake trip!)

Katie Moffatt
Linda Rosenberg

I went on a trip to Long Lake by canoeing! It was great! We rode an hour to a certain point and then got in our canoes. We paddled for an hour, then reached our campsite.

I built the pix. It wasn't fun but it had to be done! We had s'mores and did plays. At night we had a thunder storm and all got scared stiff. But the three counselors, Laura, Katie and Jody, and the CIT-- Noianni -- calmed us down. In fact Katie slept with us while the rest of the counselors slept in a pup tent. We woke up late and got off late but made it back by an hour. We met some senior going out again. I loved it!

Amy Stackpole

Long Lake Trip

On Wednesday, July 11, we went on a trip to Long Lake. We left early in the morning, took the truck up to Castle Island, and took the canoes down which the juniors had on there from the previous trip. After we took the canoes, we went to Long Lake and fixed up our campsite. We then, after collecting firewood, and digging a pit, made dinner. Then we told ghost stories and had s'mores. Finally it was bedtime. The campers slept in the big tent, and the counselors slept in Annie Mac's tent. The counselors got up and made our breakfast, then woke us up. After we cleaned up we started to head home. It was very rough water, but we made it to the portage. After we got on Great Pond, we rushed back to Runoia, half dead but having had a great time!

Karol Robbins

Tumbledown Mountain Trip

July 12, 1973

We all woke up to a cool, sunny Thursday, a perfect day for mountain climbing. We met at the blue truck about 9:30 with knapsacks on our backs, and shoes for climbing. Ricky and Phil Cobb, Betsy Rowell, and Martha Kirkpatrick got us settled and off we went. We arrived at Tumbledown after about an hour and a half. We started right away, to get the hard climbing done before it got too hot. When we got to the top, we stopped to see the breath-taking view, which we all thought was beautiful. By this time we were all tired, hot and hungry. We ate lunch by a little lake on top. Then a few of us went swimming. Before long, we were heading down the mountain again. In no time at all we were on our way home in the good, old blue truck. We got back right before dinner. We all had a fun but tiring trip.

Holly Zullinger

On Friday, seventeen campers and four counselors set out for Mt. Tumbledown. It was about an hour and a half drive in the blue truck. When we got there we were very anxious, so we set out right away. Going up the mountain was very tiring, but we had a lot of rests so it wasn't that bad. We knew we were nearing the top because the

trees were getting shorter and shorter and the rocks had grown from little pibbles to huge boulders. Finally we made it to the top. The view was magnificent! It was as if an artist had drawn it. Just to see the view was worth the strenuous hike. Just as I got comfortable, Ricky informed me that we had to walk some more. "Oh no," I thought, to myself. But it was downhill to a lake and it wasn't a bad walk. At the lake we ate our lunches, which really tasted good!

Afterwards some of us explored while the braver of our merry crew went swimming. It was cold and windy out of the water, so I can't imagine what it must have been like in the water! After a while, all of us, tired, but happy; walked down the mountain and loaded back into the blue truck. I really had a great time and I hope I can do it again sometime!

Stacey Goldsborough

Our Trip to Soak Island

On June 28, Jody, Sue, Valerie, and Maggie took a few campers to Soak Island. We left on a sunny day. We got settled and were going to take a dip, when the Boy Scouts came. They wanted our campsite, but we got there first.

When we dug the pix we found a rock which said, "This island was discovered in 1523. It is named Soak Island."

We tried to make a fire but the wood was wet. Finally we got one started. We had a spaghetti dinner, and a great breathing dessert. Later we had s'mores and told jokes. Then we all went to sleep.

It rained hard the next day. We ate, cleaned up, and canoed back in a hurry so we would not get wet. We all had a great time.

Roni Orzeck
Lynn Bornfriend
Matti Williams
Nancy Zullinger

Soak Island Trip Song

Tune: "Sarah the Whale"

On old Soak Island there was much wet wood,
We tried to make a fire as best we could,
It was hard,
It was rough,
But we made it cause we're tough.

Then Maggie took the axe and we all did run,
We knew she had finished before she'd begun,
Then we laughed,
And we snorted,
When the log lost its panties.

Tune: "My Boyfriend's Back"

The Boy Scouts came and they wanted our campsite,
Too bad, too bad,
We got here first.

They came so scattered but to them it hardly mattered,
Runoia could teach them a thing or two.

Tune: "The Ants Come Marching"

The Boy Scouts came to us one by one,
Oh yes, they did,
Twenty of them to one Scoutmaster
Who ate, he did,
His weight made up for many more staff,
When we saw him we had a good laugh,
And we sent them off to the other end of Soak Island, ha ha ha!

Tune: "Spaghetti O's"

The neat new spaghetti that you eat with the moon,
Oh-oh, we're hungry!

Tune: "Where Does the Wind Come From"

Why won't the wood burn up,
Does anybody know,
Why won't the wood burn up,
We only get a glow...

Tune: "Second Hand Rose"

We've got a breathing dessert,

It bubbles and blurts,
And that's why we call it
A breathing dessert!

Tune: "Song Song Blue"

Boys in woods,
Everybody saw them,
Tried to spy,
But we surely caught them!

Tune: "Sing, Sing a Song"

Run, run away,
Run and hide,
Don't stay and play,
We've got plenty for us,
If you come we will fuss,
Run, run away,
Run and hide,

SPOKEN: WE DON'T LIKE BOY SCOUTS ANYWAY!!!

Gimme an S
Gimme an O
Gimme an A
Gimme a K
What's that spell? SOAK ISLAND!!!

Sailing Trip Song

une: "Something Special There at Camp Runcoia"
Something special 'bout our sailing trip,
It isn't just the campsite here,
It isn't just the cans of beer,
The Coleman stove that wouldn't light
Or sailing late at night,
Oh -- our sailing trip was so much fun for all.

Started out as so much fun
Until our centerboard begun
To slip and slide in every way
Till whistle saved the day,
Oh -- our sailing trip was so much fun for all.

The Coleman stove was such a pain,
We needed help, called out Jack's name,
And that caused Jody so much shame
But it turned out the same,
Oh -- our sailing trip was so much fun for all.

une: "Seven Golden Daffodils"
We all have our flashlights
Upon our mainsails
And if this motorboat hits us
Then we will have to bail,
But we can sail away into night's dark hour
And pray that motor boat won't have much power.

une: "Swinging Along"
Sailing along the night's dark waves
Under a sky of stars,
Sailing along the night's dark waves
But don't go too far,
In and out of the reeds
We will sideslip to and fro
But still sailing we will go.

Moose River Trip Song

Tune: "Oh You Can't Get to Heaven"
Oh you can't get to Moose River (repeat)
In a burning truck (repeat)
Cause a burning truck (repeat)
Will blow right up (repeat)

Oh you can't get to Moose river in a burning truck,
Cause a burning truck will blow right up,
But we will go anyway.

Tune: "Where Were You When I Needed You"
You were here when we needed you,
You were here when we wanted you,
You were here when we needed you,
Forest Ranger.

Tune: "Hello, I Love You, Won't You Tell Me Your Name"
Hello, we're confused, won't you change your name,
There could be trouble if they're two of the same,
Two Nancys well now what can we do?
One of them be Jane and the other one Sue,
Hello, we're confused won't you change your name,
This will be our Moose River game.

Tune: "Rhoda Rooder"
Rhoda Rooder, that's his name,
And there goes Gary down the drain! That's Gary!

Tune: Theme song from Chicken Delight
Don't cook tonight,
Call Chicken Delight! That's Meg!

Tune: "A Shooting Star"
Tillie Mac is not a truck,
Is not a truck at all,
Tillie Mac's a counselor
Who's changed her name, that's all! That's Annie!

Tune: "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown"
You're a good girl, Snowy Brown! That's Jody!

Tune: "Hello Mother, Hello Father"
Hello Karen, guess where I am,
I am here in Jackman, Maine,
Are you lost,
Well, not really,
But you'd better forget about our day off!

Tune: "A Ram Sam Sam"
Well ram our truck,
Well ram our truck,

Golly, golly, golly, golly,
Why'd you ram our truck,
Oh rats, oh rats,
Golly, golly, golly, golly,
Why'd you ram our truck?

Tune: "Blowin' In the Wind"
How many miles must this portage go on,
My back is about to break,
We've been through all the mudpiles and we've
crossed over the logs,
And my feet do surely ache,
The sun it is hot,
But energy we've got,
But how many more miles will it take?

Tune: Where is Love"
Where's the lake,
So a soapie we can take,
We crossed the railroad track,
Along came a train,
Clickety-clack,
Where, Where's the lake?

Tune: "Oh Give Thanks"
Oh give thanks, oh give thanks, oh give thanks unto the Lord,
For the portage is over and over and over forever!

Tune: "My Eyes Are Dim"
For it's itchy, itchy, itchy,
That makes me feel so witchy,
Late at night, Late at night,
For it's itchy, itchy, itchy,
That makes me feel so witchy
In the very late of night.

CHORUS: My arms are beat
I have a wet seat,
I have - a - very wet seat.

For it's turkey, turkey, turkey,
That makes me feel so jerky, (etc).
CHORUS

For it's Mrs. Defoe
That makes us want to throw...UP (etc).
CHORUS

For it's rain, rain, rain,
That gives us such a pain (etc).
CHORUS

For it's rips, rips, rips,
That cause unwanted dips,
In the day, in the day,
For its rips rips rips,
That cause unwanted dips
In the middle of the day. CHORUS

Tune: "God Gave the Wisemen Their Wisdom"
God gave muscles to Gary,
But what happened to us,
To Meg and to Annie,
They both have big fannies,
And Jody has got a large bust,
We went around broken hearted,
Thinking life was an empty affair,
But when God gave us Moose River,
Back to Him we'd like to give-her,
For He had given us more than our share!!

Rangeley Trip Song

Tune: "Alice Where Are You Going?"
Blue truck, where are you going,
Rangeley and Saddleback,
Blue truck with 22 campers,
And six canoes in the back, back, back,

Tune: "Noah's Ark"
We shuttled and shuttled for four whole minutes,
Shuttled and shuttled for four whole minutes,
Thought it would be ten times longer, longer,
But it was only four.

Tune: "Little Town of Bethlehem"
Oh little site of Dickson's,
No larger than a pin,
But into it was had to go
And squeeze all 22 in.

Tune: "Where oh Where has my Little Dog Gone"
Where oh where has the green grass gone,
Oh where oh where can it be?
There's one small fireplace and lots of dead trees,
But where has the green grass gone.

Tune: "One Ding-a-Ling"
When we went down to check our dinner
We kept checking for the number one winner,
First slumgullion and then spaghetti,
Soon it was a tie and we're all gettin' heavy.

Tune: "There Were Three in the Bed"
There were lumps in the ground that Debbie found
Roll over,
Roll over,
So they all rolled over and one fell out,
There were two in the tent and Debbie said,
Roll over, roll over,
So they all rolled over and one fell out, there was one in
the tent and Debbie said,
Goodnight!
(spoken) And the tent fell down!

Tune: "Follow the Yellow Brick Road"
Follow the crescent moon,
Follow the crescent moon,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow the crescent moon.
We're off to take a wizard,
With a pix seat that won't stay on,
And day by day the smell gets stronger
And we can't hold our breath's any longer

Tune: "Bed is Too Small for my Tired Head"
Tent is too small for my tired back,
Give me a backrub please,
I don't care how it is done,
As long as it is Louise!

Tune: "Hit the Road Jack"
Crack my back Chris,
And don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more
Crack my back Chris
And don't you come back no more.

Mountain group the first day:
I'm going lion hunting (tun)--
I'm going water hunting (voice)
I'm going water hunting (answer)
I'm so thirsty
I'll take fresh stream water
Or a stagnant pond too,
Stream, lake, are you there -- nope!

Tune: "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain"
Laura's comin' round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be bringing Debbie Marois and the flowers of her choice,
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes.

Tune: "She Flies Through the Air with the Greatest of Ease"
She flew up the mountain with the greatest of ease,
That charming young girl from Quebec if you please,
She never did rest, that's why to us she's the best,
That charming young girl from Quebec -- it's Marie

Tune: "Sailing, Sailing"
Sliding, sliding, down Saddleback,
Over trees or on your knees, anyway you please,
Climbing, climbing up Saddleback,
Blue Devil's the best, to climb its the test,
At the top we declare it's a breeze

Tune: "Found a Peanut"
Found the rapids, found the rapids, found the rips on Rangeley River,
Just now I found the rapids and we decided to try them too.

Tune: "Jolly Fisherman"
There was a jolly fisherman,
There was a jolly fisherman,
Laughed and laughed until he cried,
As our canoe tipped on its side,
There was a jolly fisherman.

Tune: "The Ants Go Marching"
We took the rips two by two Ha Ha, Ha, Ha,

Laura and Ricky and Donna too, Ha Ha, Ha Ha
But then the campers two by two,
They hit a rock and they were through,
And Laura and Donna flew to the canoe to rescue the crew

Tune: "Smile You're on Candid Camera"
Hocus pocue, you're in focus, it's your lucky day,
Smile, Ricky's taking pictures,
How's your sense of humor, there's a rumor
Ricky's not on his way,
Smile, you're on Ricky's camera.

Canoe Group First Day:

(speak) Canoe canoe in the rapids few
With Chris and Annie and Gary too
Who slept in the stern of the canoe
While we paddled the whole trip through

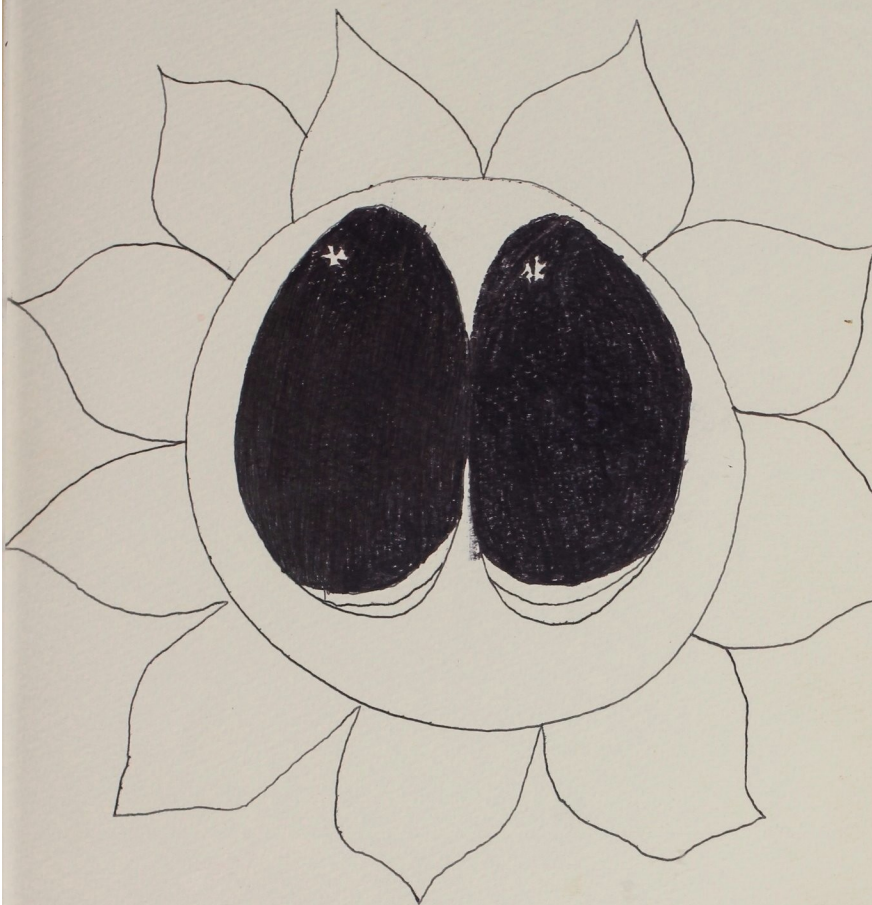
Tune: "Titanic"
It was sad, it was sad, it was sad when the great hat went down
To the bottom of the lake --

Tune: "I'm going Lion Hunting"
I'm going loon hunting,
I'm not afraid,
I've got my trusty paddle
To hit 'em over the head,
Lake, loon, are you there -- yes!

Tune: "On top of Mt. Saddleback all covered with bushes,
We climbed to the top, to eat rice krispie smushes

Tune: "Help"
Help, I need some first aid,
Help, not just any first aid,
Help -- you know I need someone like Chris!
When I started out I was so much healthier than before,
But now I have so many bug bites
And I don't want anymore,
So we asked our nurse Chris to give us some pink spray
To clear up all our bug bites and to send them on their way
Help me if you can I'm feeling down,
And I do appreciate you're being round,
Won't you please, please help me.

Tune: "I Woke up the Morning with the Feeling"
I woke up this morning with this weather
It wasn't very sunny but it had been so clear the day before
And so we thank the Lord,
We could not ask for more
On this trip that we adore,
We know we love it,
So long, farewell, we didn't want to leave,
The lake, the mountain which were so neatsy keen,
Da da da da Hey!



people

Third Shack Anagrams

Lisa H. Corbridge

Likes Having Candy

Hilary J. Gold

Happy Jumping Girl

Jessica T. Knight

Jumps Towards Kittens

Susan L. Peckar

Swims Like (a) Pro

Linda J. Rosenberg

Little Jumpy Rider

Edith C. Spanel

Eats Cind (of) Slowly

Ana M. Tamayo

Active Midget (and) Ticklish

Clara R. Talayero

Continually Remembers (to) Talk
(in English)

Amanda L. Wilemon

Always Likes (the) Water

Junior Tent Anagrams

Bethany A. Berry

Alice K. Brebner

Pam A. DeBrule

Kirsten E. Platt

Margaret W. Richards

Bouncy and Bubbly

Always Keeps Busy

Patters At Dinny

Konquers Every Problem

Monkeys with Rat

Fourth Shack Anagrams

Lindsay G. Anthor	Lively Girl Alot
Loren M. Beck	Loves Mother Best
Joanne H. Birsh	Jumps Happily (A)bout
Sophia C. Carpenter	Slugger Can (be) Crafty
Debra M. Frost	Does Make Fun
Brenda L. Harrington	Better Like Her
Cynthia A. May	Cuddles A Million
Victoria K. Moffat	Very Kind Mostly
Jane A. Sherman	Just A Sweetie
Emily K. Spanel	Ever Kissing Sweetie
Abigail F. Stackpole	Always Fairly Sweet
Amy F. Stackpole	Always Finding Stables
Sarah E. Tabell	Skinny Every Time

Fifth Shack Anagrams

Leslie G. Blocksom

Elizabeth A. Corwin

Yolaine Fleury

Nina Frank

Carolyn C. Gelles

Stacey F. Goldsborough

Roni I. Orzeck

Ellen C. Solowey

Elsa E. Tamayo

Susan G. Tyler

Christine M. Wade

Melissa L. Wilemon

Margaret M. Williams

Loud Giggles Blurts

Ears Are Cute

Yells Fiercely

Naughtily Fights

Continuously Chews Gum

Stays Forever Gullible

Rowdy In (and) Out

Eats Continally Slowly

Eats Elegant Tacos

Shouts "Go" To (the Whites)

Carefully Mends Wears

Messy Little Wiggle-worm

Mixes Milk Wildly

Sixth Shack Anagrams

Andrea S. Berl	Always Sneaks Bashfully
Lynn A. Bornfriend	Loves Always Bobby
Pamela N. Cobb	Patiently Never Curses
Rosemary C. Cole	Rambunctious Crazy Comedienne
Nancy J. Friedman	Never Just Funny
Alice A. Gleghorn	Always Acts Good?
Jean G. Goldsborough	Just Great Giggler
Christine C. Goodman	Cries Constantly
Audrey W. Jones	A Winner (at) Jokes
Alice B. Kirkpatrick	Always Being Kooky
Elise S. Knight	Ever Sings Kooky
Debbie A. Marois	Dreamily Appreciates Music
Diane Michaels	Dreads Mosquitoes
Jane P. Rines	Just Plain Rowdy
Karol Robbins	Knocks (out) Rumors
Jennifer S. Sachs	Just Snazzy Skier
Lisa L. Twaddell	Leaps, Luags (and) Tumbles
Holly L. Zullinger	Hates Lots (of) Zits

Seventh Shack Anagrams

Marie C. Ancil	Manages Conversation (in) America
Marie R. Gauthier	Makes Runoia Great
Cindy F. Homet	Calls For Holly
Louise Lessard	Likes (the) Lake
Joanna C. Shore	Just Can't Sing
Beth A. Solowey	Ballerina At Swimming
Celia H. Spanel	Competes Hard (at) Sailing
Claire I. Treves	Constantly Instigates Trouble
Jennifer A. Wallace	Joyfully Attacks (the) Water
Cathy L. Wilemon	Constantly Loves Waterskiing
Sarah D. Williams	(with) Song Drives Whites
Nancy S. Zullinger	Never Saw (a) Zit

CITs Anagrams

Erica J. Edelman	Ever Jittery (and) Eager
Gwyneth E. Hamel	Gets Everyone Harrassed
Noianni C. Horgan	Nervously Counts Hiccups
Margaret B. Knight	Must Be Kuckoo
Mary A. Nastuk	Mostly Acts Nutty
Margaret R. Robertson	Makes Rowdy Rumpus
Holly A. Rutherford	Happily Acts Rowdy
Nancy E. St. Lifer	Never Enjoys Senior Life (saving)
Brenda J. Swanson	Belches Joyously (and) Swiftly
Robertta J. Tabell	Rapidly Jams (for) Tests
Kate C. Wilkinson	Kan Chew Well

Aides Anagrams

Elizabeth R. Brebner

Eagerly Returns Back

Tracey A. Buckley

(happy) Times Achieved Beautifully

Cassandra D. Cobb

Continually Does Campcraft

Valerie K. Kind

Vitality and Karisma Keeps

Sara A. McCallum

Simply Acts Marvelous

Lori J. Rutherford

Loves Jogging Religiously

Counselor Anagrams

Gary Y. Asano	Guitarest (who) Yields Achievement
Barbara M. Bleeker	Busy Meeting Bachelors
Chris C. Buckley	Controls Curricula (at) Boathouse
Ellen Chapman	Enjoys Carousing
Leanne Christianson	Lives Energetically (and) Cautiously
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Ejects Nightly Callers
Eric W. Cobb	Enjoys Woman Chasing
Philip J. Cobb	(from) Princeton Joyfully Comes
Katie S. Dunn	Keeps Smiling Daily
Diane S. Erler	Doesn't Stop Eating
John P. Erler	Judges Promiscuous Events
Nancy A. Foss	Never Acts Fruity
Jane L. Gair	Jenuine Lady Greaser
Ann S. Greene	Admirably Seldom Grumbles
Marian R. Johnson	Mingles (with) Restless Jibberers
Laura B. Kind	Lacks Butline Curves
Martha G. Kirkpatrick	Mostly Goes (to) Kitchen
Ann C. McCreary	Annoyed (at) Car Malfunctions
Kaye E. Noble	Knows Everything Naughty
Celine Poiré	Canadian Power
Sue G. Rintz	Sometimes Gets Riled
Linda B. Roberts	Loathes Being Ridiculed
Elizabeth M. Rowell	Early Morning Riser
Jody S. Sataloff	Joyfully Submerges Sailors
William C. Schnitzer	Women Continually Surround (him)

Margaret E. Tabell
Claude Vaillancourt
Marion Van Ingen
Carol J. Vogel
Donna N. Weltmer
B. Susan Yates

Misunderstands Etiquette (for) Teenagers
Cold(water) Veteran
Motivates Valuable Interest
Cruises Joints (in) Volkswagon
Debonnaire, Nice (and) Warm
Brings Smiles (to) You

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Clara Talayers	clara	beautiful	when she hears the guitar	her mom	swimming lessons	I'll explain to Anna
Ana Tamayo	Ana	cute	in Caracas	crafts	messy rooms	Wait a minute
Amanda Wilemon	mandy	like a gorilla	in her new sleeping bag	horses	her bed	"Gosh, I don't know!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Bethany Berry	Bethany	forward to kickball	in bed	candy line	getting up	"Hey man!"
Alie Brebner	Alie	for a white victory	with Emily	trips to Rummels	trips being cancelled	"I can't help it!"
Pamela DeBrule	Pam	forward to Singapore	with her lobster	to laugh	Archery	"Let Abby Read
Kirsten Platt	Kirsten	for her Koala Bear	in the tent	books	swimming lessons	"Barfomatic"
Margaret Richards	meg	for her hippo	on the swings	rest hour	getting shots	"On Bethany!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Lindsay Amthor	Lindsay	friendly	to laugh	riflery	the PIX light on after taps	"meow"
Loren Beck	Lori	like a chipmunk	for mail	swaky stickers	skinnies	"Ouch!"
Joanne Birsh	Joanne	kind	for arts and crafts	Felix	squash	"Can I play with Todd?"
Sophia Carpenter	Slugger	sly	for Linda	riding	swimming lessons	"Gross me out"
Deborah Frost	Debbie	tail	to open her birthday presents	writing letters	work	"Gross!"
Brenda Harrington	Brenda	for her stuffed animals	for counselors	a cheek every day for inspection	bedtime	"I don't want to!"
Cynthia May	Cindy	Silly	for meals	the co-eds	being stared at	"Cutie"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Victoria Kate Moffatt	Katie	nice	for packages	swimming lessons	visits to Dr. Sataloff	"O.K.!"
Jane Sherman	Chippy	cute	for mail	sailing	liver	"Oh Pine Cone
Emily Spanel	Emily	like a 50's doll	to get skinny	Alice	sailing	"Wait up, Alic
Abigail Stackpole	Abby	cute	to jump horses	Amy	worms	"Well, Ok."
Amy Stackpole	Amy	like a good friend	for mandy Lee	Abby	archery	"Oh Abby!"
Sarah Tabell	Sarah	like a boy	with Kirsten	gum	spiders	"Sorry, Amy!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	LIVES	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Leslie Blacksom	Leslie	like a giraffe	for getting away from things	Oscar	pests	"Chris!"
Elizabeth Corwin	Betsy	like Skinny Bones Jones	for her stuffed owl	reading	wearing her glasses	"Stop it!"
Yolaine Fleury	Yolaine	for her English-French Dictionary	in her Bermuda Shorts	pulling her bed covers	taking her pills at night	"Me?"
Nina Frank	Nina	like Cher	for her facial products	Raggedy Ann and Andy	bugs	"AAAA!"
Carolyn Gelles	Carrie	like a C.I.T.	for chip	Tennis	being called matti	"You're Spastic"
Stacy Goldsborough	Stacy	for Robert	for Becky	getting letters	not getting letters	"Come on ya guys!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Roni Orzech	Roni	like Mark Spitz	for John	trouble	people stepping on her bed	"I don't care, bear!"
Ellen Soloway	Ellen	like Beth	for cats	to sing	spiders	"UGHL"
Elsa Tamayo	Elsa	for Janie	to talk	her brown suitcase	swimming lessons	"you are retarded!"
Susan Tyler	Sue	like an Indian	to shout	her mountain boots	waking up	"Aw, come on!"
Christine Wade	Chris	thrilled	for "free day"	Leslie	a messy room	"you jerk!"
Melissa Wilemon	Missy	for Friar Tuck	for more gum	being rowdy	being reprimanded	"Sheist!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	LIVES	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Andrea Berl	Andrea	innocent	to get her retainer off	to get up in the middle of the night	squirt guns	"Uh?"
Lynn Bornfriend	Lynn	for letters from Bobby	for her fudge	Bobby	her sheets coming undone	"Ha, Ha, Funny"
Pamela Cobb	Pam	forward to skinnies	for cocoas puppies	making trouble	people using her Pernox	"I'm only joshin"
Rosemary Cole	Rosie	like a little girl	to be funny	to sing and dance	people stopping the pix door with a broom	"Come on, you guys!"
Nancy Friedman	Nancy	like a tomboy	for tripping	swimming	learning new ways of swimming	"I'm going <u>bo</u> hunting!"
Alice Gleghorn	Alice	like the girl on "The Waltons"	for her bugle	to finish playing as the flag hits the top of the pole	having the same anagram every year	"Sure"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Jean Goldsborough	Jean	forward to being a Bridesmaid	to be an Aunt	fireballs	messy rooms	"Jeasy-Peasy!"
Christine Goodman	Tini	for Todd	for Valerie	Peter to write once in a while	hairy legs	"Com on, I'm trying to sleep!"
Audrey Jones	Audrey	like Big Ethel	for marion	to give wedgies	having a neat room	"Linda!"
Alice Kirkpatrick	Alice	like her sister	to sleep	her dungaree jacket	people sitting on her stuffed animals	"Mama Bear an Papa Bear an Wee Bear!"
Elise Knight	Lili	for fungus	to have fun	Boomer	wet bathing suits with sand in them	"Theres a fungus among us!"
Deborah Marois	Debbie	sexy?	for her guitar	music	people using her guitar	"Let me read your comics!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Diane Michels	Diane	- good without glasses	to get contacts and her braces off	liver	colds	Come on, Ya'a
Jane Rines	Jane	different this year	for her horse	Sleeping late on Sundays	her braces	"You jerk!"
Karol Robbins	Karol	guilty	for Barbara	Food	getting mosquito bites	"Cut it out!"
Jennifer Sachs	Jenny	the same as last year	to ski	to go on trips	climbing in the rafters	"Duh, uh!"
Lisa Twaddle	Lisa	over the Pix	in the rafters	water-guns	being accused of things she didn't do	"Who, me?"
Holly Zullinger	Holly	continually perplexed	for the sun	snakes	Bad dancers	"What!?"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Marie Ancil	Anthill	nice	everywhere	juniors	being tall	"Gosh you guys"
Marie Gauthier	Gotier	graceful	for tennis	singing	people borrowing things	"Oh gosh!"
Cynthia Homet	Hom-et	b-b-n-o-x-i-o-u-s	in Holly's room	capsizing	Maryland	"Your mother"
Louise Lessard	Appy	like a playboy	for boys	Pine Island	going to church	I'm going boy hunting
Joanna Shore	Jo	for James Taylor songs	in the top bunk	playing the guitar	glasses	"Wuder"
Celia Spanel	Spaniel	like a mouse	in bed	sleeping	getting up before third bell	"Oh, guys!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Claire Treves	Treeres	for Carrie	with a headgear	jumping on horses	wet tennis courts	Smooth more
Beth Solowey	slowey	squatty	for willie	sailing	bad sportsman- ship	"You're not kidding!"
Jennifer Wallace	Jeffiner	sweet	immaculate	Celia	quietly	Well, I really don't think I should
Catherine Wilemon	Cathy	good	for horses	candy and gum	taking up laundry	"God Bless it!"
Sarah Williams	Swilliams	different	actively	playing for the Whites	Oscar	"Anyway..."
Nancy Zullinger	Big Moose	for Cindy	for hot pants	mail	not having riding	Something fierce

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Erica Edleman	Erica	for vaseline	to cure her rash	to have her rash scratched	being told she likes Bill	"Gag me!"
Gwyneth Hamel	Gwyneth	bigger than B.B.	with nosebleeds	being gross	noisy skinny departers	"Come on, you guys."
Noianni Horgan	Noianni	scorched	to keep Deeny Peed out of 2nd shack	to frizz her hair	trips to the infirmary	"Owwww ooooh oww ooooh" (etc)
Margaret Knight	margy or Merky	ridiculous	next to the hole in the wall	to give out candy as if it grew on trees	being told she's good at anything	"Uh-bu-duh"
Mary Nastuk	Mary	for her mail	for laps	getting refills on candy from Emmy	gum snapping	Let's do 66 at skinnyies
Margaret Robertson	Maggie	like powerful Katrinka	for Fred.	trying on a 44D at Zaykes	not being able to swim laps	"A mile a day keeps the flabby away"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	LIVES	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Holly Rutherford	Awilly	like a rubber band	to do front mill circles in the rafters	big black beetles	not being able to use the rafters for gym equipment	"Oh gross"
Nancy St. Lifer	Nancy	like Bozo	for her pills	Squeazy	soot in the coffee cake	"It's a step in the right direction"
Brenda Swanson	B.J.	Chio	for Jimmy	getting mail	S.L.S.	"I don't care"
Roberta Tabell	Boop	like Linus	to stay in camp all summer	to eat like a horse and look like a toothpick	being accelerated in S.L.S.	"Egads!"
Kate Wilkinson	Kate	for Bubble Gum	for bubble gum	bubble gum	having no bubble gum	Snap, chomp Snap, chomp
Second Shack	C.I.T.s	like the roof is about to blow up	for food	nights out	being told that sounds carry	"Sh h h h!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	LIVES	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Elizabeth Brebner	Betsy	forward to mountain trips	for her Aunt to visit from Scotland	arts and Crafts	riftery	'What a riot!'
Tracy Buckley	Tracy	for the day she'll be faster than Lori	for night skinnies	Monday night phone calls	nothing much	"Wicked!"
Cassandra Cobb	Sandy	for new challenges	for J.M.G.	getting letters from R.A.L.	bikinis	'Incredible!'
Valerie Kind	valerie	for a serious moment	for bubble gum	to sing	being teased	"It's all a joke!"
Sara McCallum	Sara	for trouble	for days off	camp, we hope	turning out the light at night	"No joke!"
Lori Rutherford	Lori	for faster times	up there	water skiing	short pants	'I'll take modern dance at rest hour, ok.?'

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Gary Asano	Giar	cute in his tennis whites with "Asano" written on the back	in the pit	guitar	Paul the Plumber	"I quit!"
Barbara Bleeker	Barbie	skinnier than last summer	in Doll House and Kitchen	arts and crafts, esp. polydones	dieting	"I'm being good - I only took a quarter of what I wanted!"
Christine Bubbley	Chris	to see if her nose is broken	with a close watch on Tracey	telling 5th grade about the birds and the bees	getting up for skinnies	"Every activity I have it's with Fifth Shockers"
Ellen Chapman	Ellen	neat in her new hair cut	to take care of Meg	the fact that she already has her wsi	bulging out of her new yellow bathing suit	"Oh, give me a break!"
Leanne Christianson	LeeLee	like a brown toothpick	at the Doll House	to exercise and sleep on the marjorie	carrying 100 lbs. of flour	"Oh no, I did it again!"
Elizabeth Cobb	mom or midwife	for her cigarettes constantly	for another week of camp	her new ponytail	the thought of wall-to-wall newspaper	"It's crazy question time!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Eric Cobb	Rick	like Jesus	with "men only"	sleeping under the stars	94 checks from Bell Telephone	"Another Runoia Classic"
Philip Cobb	Phil	for people to photograph	at camp too rarely	his newly painted canoes	days that go fast	"There goes another day"
Kathryn Dunn	Ratie	friendly	in Claude's bathing suit	Vermont	having crafts by herself	"Oh, cute!"
Diane Erler	Diane	young enough to be carded	without the water bed this year	campercraft and more campercraft and even more campercraft	being told she's too old for hot pants	"Let's play sardines!"
John Paul Erler	Jack	for new sailing propaganda	in his neckties & embroidered pants	Peter's new book	soggy bottoms	"There once was a lady from..."
Nancy Foss	Nance	thinner than last summer	in the dishwasher	hot oatmeal for dinner	being woken up in the afternoon by riders	"Guess what?"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Jane Leslie Gair	Gair	for her rubber boots	at strange hours	Boomer	dock duty	"Hyah"
Ann Greene	Greenie	like an effective problem-solver	without the bathtub	to refrain from morning dips	disorganization	"I did my wash and hung it up -- it won't rain today!"
Marian Johnson	Johnny	to tax people for getting too much mail	for a quiet rest hour	a full roll	gum snapping and bubbles	"One is better than two, but none is better than one!"
Laura Beth Kind	Laura	funny smoking a cigarette	for WSI to be over	being of age	pushing her car	"Eeny-meeny-miny-mo, Dave will stay and Chic will go"
Martha Kirkpatrick	Martha	terrible when angry	with the kids	playing the guitar	B.C.'s	"Oh, right!"
Anne McCreary	Annie Mac	in seventh grade (sometimes)	for a regular job	her new orange tent	watching sbinnies	"I feel like a pervert"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Kaye Noble	Kay Kay	sweet 16 and never been kissed	in an apron	her penpal	being penpals	"All I want for christmas is a brand new name"
Celine Poiré	Celine	for snakes at rifery	with a smile on her face	the mouse	going without a soapie	"Dat's alright"
Susan Rintz	SUE	for the scales to be off balance	for letters from Joe	her super max	people using the phone when she's expecting a call	"I gained 26 pounds last summer!"
Linda Roberts	"Lynn"	like a clown in her red crusher	to play her harmonica like John Mayall	to beat up Oscar	riding classes	"Scram, Sophie"
Elizabeth Rowell	Betsy	for a book	in junior tent	mountain climbing	loud music in the crafts shop	"Oh, crumb!"
Joanne Sataloff	Jody	tanner than Sia	in submarine putt-putts	Julius	finding salt water taffy in a barrel after waiting 3 weeks for yatesy to alphabetize it.	"Blow! Blow wind! Blow wind blow!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
William Schnitzer	Bill	for sun	in awe of nature	tennis & water- skiing	not being perfect at everything	"Really"
Margaret Tabell	Meg	camp sick	for JMG next year	Barney Bug	being Yatesy's roommate for only one night	"Greenie, we're at the laundromat. What do I do now?"
Claude Vaillancourt	Claude	like the new head of archery	when she teaches her water ballet class	her new bathing suit	serving in volleyball	"I have no idea"
Marion Van Ingen	mumbles	almost eighteen	with spiders	her new tan	swimming lessons	"I crave these"
Carol Vogel	C. Vogel RUBS	around the dining room	in her straw hat	to make phone calls	missing first aid kits	"That's what bumpers are for, aren't they?"
Donna Weltmer	Donna	like she's always in a good mood	for letters	love comics	Sunday night homework	"Oh, give me a break"
Susan Yates	Yatesy	just like a math and science teacher for 6th graders	to play pranks	Grandma's method of detering molesters	feeling a little lost	clap-clap-clap

STAFF LIMERICKS

Betty Cobb

Since Mrs. Volpe's no longer around,
Midwivery's what Betty has found,
She's proud of the pups,
Serves Niquil in cups,
And around her a new swim suit has wound!



Phil Cobb

For awhile at camp Phil remained,
Took pictures in spite of the rain,
When he opened the door,
He found puppies -- four!
Wishes he could spend more time here in Maine!

Diane Erler

Towards campcraft this year Diane sways,
And Sardines is what she'll e'er want to play,
From Denmark she'll bring
All the songs that we sing,
Her canoe trip will come through some day!



Jack Erler

In embroidered pants Jack looks funny,
And with the ladies, oh boy! What a honey!
Dirty limericks amuse him,
Broken boats won't confuse him,
His presence makes a rainy day sunny!

Mark Erler

Mark knows every camper by name,
Learned to sing songs and play all the games,
On the water bed he sleeps,
Sara busy he keeps,
First shack will never be the same!



Todd Erler

To Runoia Todd came with a smile,
Loved by all, not just once in a while,
We passed him around,
With campers he's found,
To our summer he sure added style!



Gretchen

Gretchen still bounds to the lake,
Looks for tennis balls she can take,
Each camper, her friend,
Hopes the summer won't end,
Thunder storms keep her awake!

Katie Dunn

Her aide year Katie did skip,
For her new hair cut we did flip,
Claude's bathing suits she wears,
For crafts she cares,
And she'll always go for a night dip!



Meg Tabell

"It's a joke!" cries Meg right out loud,
At JMG of her we were proud,
Her toe she did chop,
At eating won't stop,
To finally get "corrupted" she vowed!

Sue Yates

In Europe our Yatesy did use,
Grandma's horn to prevent men's abuse,
Her spirit's alive,
But will sixth graders survive?
Playing pranks through camp she will cruise!

Betsy Rowell

With Johnny to skinnies she runs,
Our Betsy is always lots of fun,
In crafts she is great,
Celine's her tentmate,
Her skin is not meant for the sun.



Celine Poiré

This summer returned our Canadian kin,
That great new counselor Celine,
While helping at riding,
Her English is not sliding,
And her face is split by a wonderful grin!

Donna Weltmer

Donna has come back once again,
To all she is always a friend,
Music she adores,
Cat Stevens gallores,
Her cheerfullness never will end!



Claude Vaillancourt

Claude's great with her English this year,
Without her, water ballet wouldn't be here,
When there's a bug in the shack,
She'll get rid of it with much alack,
She's also learning to sail so we hear!

Marian Johnson

To second our Johnny did shift,
And oft times at noise does get mift,
Her clothes soaks each day,
But the sun stays away,
Our spirits she really does lift!



Ann Greene

Ann S. had the elements of resource,
So she decided to give counselors a course,
They studied WSI
Till someone did cry,
"Miss Greene, why must you use so much force?"

Ann McCreary

To Moose River Annie departed,
Came back shorter from canoes that she'd carted,
If a job she can't find,
Her orange tent she won't mind,
It was rare when Little Joe started!



Laura Kind

A human garbage disposal she is,
Uses maxicomb to prevent friz,
Her bracelet lost a knot,
The name Fubar she got,
But Laura doesn't know what it is!

Ellen Chapman

For SATs Ellen left with a smile,
But came back in too short of awhile,
All around she does snoop,
To get all the scoop,
And her rash caused her many a rife!



Martha Kirkpatrick

Our Martha does well in singing,
And hates when the bell begins ringing,
Talking she likes,
And going on hikes,
In with the kids she is mingling!

Jody Sataloff

For some wind every night she does pray,
"Let's have a surprise party!" she'll say,
To sailing she's off,
At sardines, hides aloft,
She carried a canoe a long way!



Chris Buckley

Chris's nose perhaps has been busted,
With waterfront this year she's entrusted,
Back rubs she adores,
At night -- how she snores,
To a rowdy fifth shack she's adjusted!

Jane Gair

There once was a lady named Jane,
Who on Wednesday did dread the rain,
"Hyah" she will cry,
The horses will fly,
Sixth shack is her summer domain!



Linda Roberts

"Don't ask me for Flicka" she'll say,
As she shoos all the juniors away,
She loves to play tricks,
Johnny's pants she will fix,
And writes notes to stop chipmunks from play!

Marion Van Ingen

Marion tends to get giddy,
But her humor is really quite witty,
She's a killer on the court,
But always a good sport,
And in her green hat she looks oh so pretty!



Sue Rintz

To the tent Sue went with a groan,
But when moved to four her pleasure was shown,
On the phone she'll be found,
Was glad when her birthday came round,
And with maxi-comg her frizzies are blown!

Nancy Foss

Nancy is obviously blonde,
And of the sun she is not fond,
She really burns,
And if she turns
Freckles, on her will be donned!

Barbara Bleeker

She comes from a farm way out west,
As a cook she's one of the best,
She studies foods at school,
So we know she's no fool,
Her mind is never at rest!



Leanne Christianson

LeeLee came to Maine to cook,
She left the farm without a look,
She cooked and baked,
She burned and scraped,
And one day her finger got took!

Kaye Noble

KayKay is her common label,
She can tell you tales and fables,
Most are absolutely true,
Some are very funny, too,
As a sensuous co-ed she's able!

Bill Schnitzer

Of nature our Bill is a fan,
With the girls he is surely a man,
Blueberry bushes he mows,
And up mountains he goes,
And he'll sail whenever he can.



Ricky Cobb

Again our Rick returned to camp,
That is, the one "with a stam, stamp, stamp,"
But his hair was long,
And unlike the song,
Mother thinks he's a "tramp, tramp, tramp"!

Gary Asano

I once met a young man named Gar,
Of work he got his fair share,
If it wasn't the mower,
It was something lower,
On the tennis courts his whites he did wear!



Carol Vogel

As a nursie our Carol is rare,
She will do things we never would dare,
Past professions she'll recall,
Hopes for a job in the fall,
She surely does things with a flair!

AIDE LIMERICKS

Betsy Brebner

Mountain trips would make her sing,
For they were surely her thing,
We all knew she'd be there,
For Runcia she does care,
Betsy Brebner should sound a ring!

Sandy Cobb

A nice young girl we all knew,
Her name we will try not to tell you,
She went to JMG,
And in campcraft -- great-- as you see,
Certainly Sandy's a part of our crew!

Tracey Buckley

Tracey's our aide from Mass,
Our memories of her will last,
With her line of "Wicked"
She runs lickety-splicked,
In swimming she surely is fast!



Lori Rutherford

To keep it a secret we tried,
But to you we now can confide,
Lori's eager to create,
Though to us must translate,
In her we have so much pride!

Valerie Kind

Valerie is quite a swinger,
Her jokes will forever linger,
She's really a laugh,
She'll be on next year's staff,
But she won't be a professional singer!



Sara McCallum

Sara came to us from the Cape,
She had a very small shape,
Mark and Todd gave her exercise,
To definitely keep her same size,
We hope to Runoia again she will traipse!

She h

CIT LIMERICKS

Margy Knight

At last Margy came back to camp,
Only to find things a bit damp,
Making sounds like apes,
And lis'nig to tapes,
Her high spirits glow like a lamp.



Gwyneth Hamel

Down in second shack there lives Gwen,
Whose room's only neat now and then,
B.B. she still is,
At riding's a whiz,
We hope she'll be with us again.

Holly Rutherford

Our Holly shows great agility,
Combined with gymnastic ability,
Like a monkey will swing,
She's a pro on the rings,
Besides she's got amiability.



Maggie Robertson

Our Maggie does love to be fed,
All though certain meals she does dread,
She loves Deenypede,
Boy, has he grown big,
It is hard to get her to bed!

Noianni Horgan

To the nurse our Noianni did run,
And found out it wasn't much fun,
In bed she would lie,
"I'm tired!" she'd cry,
At rest hour she'd lay in the sun.

Brenda Swanson

B.J. is full of campcraft lore,
Camp Runoia she does adore,
At swimming she's great,
Her hair long and straight,
And she's sweet right down to the core.



Mary Nastuk

To skinnies our Mary does run,
"Doing laps," she does cry "are such fun."
At bubbles she's swell,
"Where's Fred?" she would yell,
With Egor and Goro she won.

Nancy St. Lifer

The Nancy St. Lifer I know,
Does love her Bazooka to blow,
At sailing's not last,
At night is a blast,
Our little St. Lifer Bozo.

Erica Edelman

Our Erica does know her trees,
Sometimes Bill gives her quite a tease,
At swimming she's great,
Usually not late,
She'll say, "Will you scratch my back please?"



Kate Wilkinson

She's not the only Kate in camp,
At archery she is a champ,
She loves to snap gum,
She's everyone's chum,
Her spirits will never be damp.

Boop Tabell

Our Boop has gone off to Japan
She'll come back with slant eyes and fan,
We've missed her a lot,
Great spirit she's got,
She's always a great helping hand.

SEVENTH SHACK LIMERICKS

Louise Lessard

Please, let me go, she would yell,
Louise thought that trips were just swell,
Her backrubs are great,
To riding never late,
Often stories of boys she will tell!



Marie Anctil

Funny faces Marie does make,
And trips she loves to take,
Swims with long arms,
Helps out in alarms,
At English she's no longer a fake!

Cindy Homet

At night Cindy will talk,
In her sleep or on the walk,
At 6 she did rise,
The drill team her prize,
Night activities she will never balk!



Nancy Zullinger

There was a great tripper neamed Nancy,
Whose clothes to camp were quite fancy,
We were sure she'd be a prissy,
But Zullinger's no sissy,
And at dance she can be very prancy!

Marie Gautier

At singing and dancing she's tops,
Over tennis Marie does flip flops,
"Hurry up, Marie"
She imitates with glee,
And her English is now nonstops!



Celia Spanel

To Moose River she wanted to go,
As they say, easy come easy go,
Celia the captain of the blue,
Always knows what to do,
She'll be back again, we just know!

Jennifer Wallace

Our Jennifer can't take much sun,
But she won't miss out on the fun,
Her birthday was dandy,
Seven finally got candy,
And at mail time she always gets some!



Joanna Shore

The name's Joanna not Joanne,
She'll say with a wave of her hand,
Statistics she did yell,
Never up with the bell,
And she is a real James Taylor fan!

Claire Treves

To stay the whole summer Claire came,
For Moose River or Rangeley she's game,
At tennis supreme,
Sailing on the beam,
For the white team she earned her own fame!



Beth Solowey

Beth co-leads the white team this year,
And sailing to her is quite dear,
The last one in bed,
Oft needs to be led,
She's a leader, and that fact is clear!

Cathy Wilemon

Not as much candy this year has been seen,
But Cathy's sleeping bag wasn't quite clean,
Mandy came and is blue
Like her sister who's true,
At riding Cathy sure is supreme!



Sarah Williams

Sarah with Beth leads the team,
Her riding has earned her esteem,
She loves jumping 3'5"',
At night comes alive,
To skinnies she runs with a gleam!

SIXTH SHACK LIMERICKS

Karol Robbins

Our Karol has quite the style,
She has a good friend at Pine Isle,
At riding she's dapping,
In camp she is caring,
And is nevertheless a big galle!



Jane Rines

Janie is back once again,
The blues she's eager to defend,
New glasses, short hair,
Made us all stare,
But still she remains our good friend.

Jean Goldsborough

Jean is our knock out blonde,
Of riding she really is fond,
Food she inhales,
But she's thin as a rail,
With Hippo she has a strange bond.

Lili Knight

A fifties dancer is she,
She had a great time on Rangley,
In her sleep she screams
Words not short of obscene,
But we still all love our Lili!



Lynn Bonafanti

At dancing Lynn is a pro,
In sailing she does seem to go,
With Nancy she came,
And hope will again,
Her secret we found was her toe!

Holly Zullinger

We are glad this summer for Holly,
She is quite funny and jolly,
Although she is giddy,
We think she is pretty,
She leads all the shack in their folly!

Alice Gleghorn

At night, taps Alice will blow,
With drill team she put on a show,
She's taller this year,
Has nothing to fear,
In sailing she always will go!



Andrea Berl

Andrea's a new girl we hear,
Though quiet she's full of good cheer,
She's good on a horse,
And laughing of course,
We hope she'll come back next year!

Alice Kirkpatrick

The mommas, pappas and three baby bears,
Our Alice will catch you quite unawares,
Mischievous but cute,
For the blues she roots,
At night she's not easy to scare!



Tini Goodman

"I'm getting so fat" she does cry,
For boys she often will sigh,
I feel like a scream,
But don't want to be mean,
For everyone has a big "hi".

Nancy Friedman

Sometimes known as Big Fred,
Nancy enjoys being fed,
On trips she has fun,
To tennis will run,
To candy line she needn't be led!



Jenny Sachs

Another summer for our Jenny Sachs,
Enthusiasm she never lacks,
Packages galore,
Who could ask for more,
We hope that she will come back!

Lisa Twaddell

She goes by the name of Twaddell
At embroidering she does quite well,
Prefers the name "Squeak"
Though not at all meek,
We really think Lisa is swell!



Audrey Jones

When you hear the noise of her laughter,
Could be Audrey's up on the rafter,
With hose in her right,
She puts up a fight,
We'll love her forever and after!

Rosie Cole

Rosie's our talent in sixth shack,
For play acting she has the knack,
First she plays mad,
Then she plays sad,
But a borad smile she never does lack!



Diane Michaels

Once more Diane has returned,
Our friendship surely has earned,
Her yearbook she carries,
For crafts never tarries
Always much energy is burned!

Pam Cobb

There once was a girl named Cobb,
At riding did an excellent job,
Helpful on trips,
Loves skinny dips,
A leader she is of the mob!



Debbie Marois

"Encore" people scream for Marois,
Her singing we all do enjoy,
At "Stardust" she's great,
Maybe it's fate,
She'll certainly will be well employed!

FIFTH SHACK LIMERICKS

Yolaine Fleury

Yolaine's our Parisian shackmate,
Who gets ready for bed -- always late!
Her pills she's e'er taking,
English words oft mistaking,
But with us she really does rate!

Chris Wade

For riding Chris is sure bound,
And with Leslie she'll often be found,
You'll find she's not boring,
When it comes to night snoring,
During rest hour she can't be kept down!

Ellen Solowey

Ellen sure gave us a shock
When she finally started to talk,
Now its yakkety-yak
Throughout the whole shack,
Let's hope she'll return to Runoia's flock.

Betsy Corwin

Betsy came back this year,
Bringing bright colors of underwear,
With Joanne she is found,
Never making a sound,
And to all at Runoia she's dear.



Elsa Tamayo

This year Elsa brought her young sister,
Must have been that she missed her,
She's suddenly amazing
With all her hair-raising,
And boy can she do the twister!

Missy Wilemon

Dear Missy -- you're such a delight!
But for your belches and screaming at night!
To the pix you do stumble,
And in your sleep will oft mumble,
Your language is not always just right!



Matti Williams

Matti's finally in senior end,
And as always is everyone's friend,
The Hobey's her pride,
Her spirit can't be denied,
And to backrubs she always will tend.

Carrie Gelles

Carrie is found on the courts,
Wishing for paddle tennis of sorts,
With Matti she came
Looking somewhat the same,
And she surely is quick with retorts!



Susan McGrath

"I'm Susan" her T shirt did say,
And to sailing she'd run -- no delay,
With Carrie she roomed,
Was always well groomed,
We were sorry when she went away!

Roni Orzeck

To camp again Roni returned,
And for John all summer she yearned,
At plunging she failed,
At rest hours wailed,
To whisper we hope she has learned!



Nina Frank

Nina came alone here this year,
Leaving her rabbit at home with a tear,
For tipping canoes she is bound,
At crafts often found,
Her whining is something we fear!

Stacey Goldsborough

Goldsborough's not only her name,
Though Jean's mother thought she and Jean were the same,
At mischief a pro,
Her spirit does flow,
"I wasn't talking!" is her rest hour game!

Leslie Blocksom

Five inches she claims that she grew,
And by now we all know that it's true,
At tee ball she wins,
She doesn't need fins,
In activities Leslie's great through and through!



Sue Tyler

Susie was quiet at first,
But then she all of a sudden did burst,
At rest hour she giggles,
And she sure gets the wiggles,
Her tripping is far from the worst!

FOURTH SHACK LIMERICKS

Amy Stackpole

Amy Stackpole we know by her necklace,
For her room it was far from speckless,
She is one of a twin,
Who strives to win,
In riding she is never reckless!



Katie Moffat

Katie had one big problem this year,
She could not hear through her ear,
She was in a big rut
And could only say "What"
To the blues she'll always be dear!

Joanne Birsh

On Felix, Joanne gives a show,
She rides that squirt like a pro,
Her hair is red,
She won't go to bed,
She'll always be on the go!



Abby Stackpole

Horses are favored by Abby,
During rest hour she's sure to be gabby,
She gets lots of mail,
She's skinny as a rail,
To no one is she ever crabby!

Chippy Sherman

For the blues this year was our Chippy,
In a sailboat she'll never be tippy,
She'll romp and she'll roam,
The junior end's been to her home
To a party that was truly sippy!



Lori Beck

Lori Beck is a good looking dame,
Who has hair that is hard to tame,
She'll laugh and she'll giggle,
While swimming she'll wiggle,
In camp she knows everyone's name.

Sarah Tabell

For the whites is our Sarah Tabell,
In activities she does very well,
In to Mark she did slip,
Her tooth she did chip,
To everyone Sarah is swell.

Cindy May

Cindy May is certainly sweet,
In the triple she is never neat,
A rubber band in her hair,
She should always wear,
This summer she's trying not to eat.



Sophie Carpenter

Sophie's nickname is Slugger,
She is so cute you want to hug her,
She surely can sing,
Always up before the first ring,
For Linda she is a little bugger.

Lindsay Anthor

Our Lindsay's allergic to wheat,
So at night special crackers she'll eat,
A great little tripper,
She swims like Flipper,
Her room is always neat.



Brenda Harrington

Camp was a first for Brenda this year,
At the waterfront she'll never be near,
She loves her teddy bear,
Who's covered with brown hair,
To climb a mountain she's not filled with fear.

Emily Spanel

Emily calls her clarinet "Squeeks"
Into the counselors room she always peeks,
With two sisters in camp,
In the shack she will stamp,
We have loved her for eight long weeks!



Debbie Frost

So tall is our Debbie Frost,
In junior end she'll never be lost,
She can sound like a donkey
And hang like a monkey,
She'll ride no matter what cost.

JUNIOR TENT LIMERICKS



Kirsten Platt

This year we had a camper named Platt,
Who never found life very flat,
With hugging her Koala Bear,
To frown she never would dare,
And at home for the first half she sat.

Hilary Gold

Our Hillary moved from here to there,
With her head covered with black curly hair,
With her name of Gold,
On her the juniors were sold,
And with Mandy she has not a care.



Pam Debrule

There was a spit fire named Pam,
Who lived in far away Guam,
She talks silly at meals,
At leaving she surely did feel,
But looked forward to traveling with Mom.

Alice Brebner

This year Alice lived in the tent,
Each morning to skinnies she went,
For the whites she would fight,
Her duties she took not light,
From her sister she never was sent.



Linda Rosenberg

The youngest in fourth shack is she,
As she dumps the footbath repeatedly,
With always a smile,
She falls out the tent all the while,
And Linda strives in all sports fervently.

THIRD SHACK LIMERICKS

Mandy Wilemon

Amanda has a nickname so we hear,
So we've called her Mandy all year,
Her new down sleeping bag is a treat,
To her riding is quite neat,
Her gorilla stuffed animal is always quite near.



Jessica Kelen

Jessica's always helpful in the shack,
For making up songs, she's got the knack,
For the drill team much time had she spent,
Even at 6:00 one morning she went,
We hope that she will always be back.

Edith Spanel

Edith's the third with the name of Spanel,
So the third shack she came to dwell,
Up a mountain she'll run,
To her tipping a canoe's quite fun,
She really plays the violin quite well.

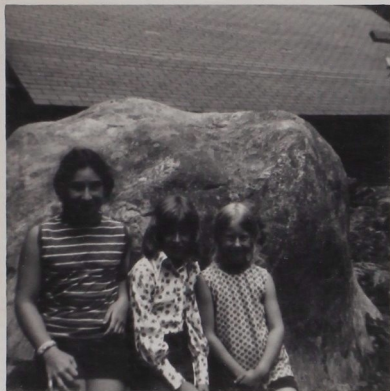


Ana Tamayo

Elsa brought her younger sister this year,
"Quiet please," is her line that we hear,
To activities she'll run,
To her jokes are quite fun,
In the morning she's quick to get in gear.

Susan Peckar

Susie's always the first one in bed,
To read a Mad magazine she always is led,
To the craft shop she'll fly,
With her black curly hair flying by,
She has a cute red beret for her head.



Clara Talayero

From Caracas came Clara by name,
By learning English she gained much fame,
With Ana by her side,
To the swings they both glide,
We really are glad that she came!

Lisa Corbridge

Lisa's the cute little blonde in three,
At times she wears glasses to see,
In red all the time,
To her camp life's sublime,
She always smiles with a great deal of glee.

Bethany Berry

With her room as neat as a pin,
Into the tent Bethany did move in,
She really loves to sail,
In a canoe won't need to bail,
With enthusiasm she hopes the Blues will win.



Her Favorite

With a black and white horse Meg came to camp,
And on one camping trip got quite damp,
She giggles quite a lot,
A bunch of white team spirit she's got,
To the water for a swim she will tramp.



Generation
after
generation
after
generation . . .



Runoia Sisters



Team Captains



Staff



Aides



CITs



Third Shack



Fourth Shack



Fifth Shack



Sixth Shack



Seventh Shack

1973 Camp Picture



Social
Notes . . .

Couple Honeymooning Along Coast Of Maine

ANNOUNCEMENT IS made of the marriage of the former Miss K. Sandberg and Michael P. Dougan. The nuptial ceremony took place on Saturday, July 14th at the summer home of the bride's parents at Chautauqua, N.Y. Mrs. Dougan is the daughter of Mr. Bruce D. Sandberg, 2622 Bird Drive and her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Dougan of 22 Ivy Road. Mary A. Sandberg attended as sister as maid of honor. Other feminine attendants included Laureen Vanvoort, Rebecca Dougan, sister of the groom, and Che Gaus.

Richard H. Dougan served as best man for his son and ushering were Andrew Larson, Clark A. Bullers, and Michael D. Sandberg, brother of the bride.

Following the ceremony a reception was held in the gardens of the lovely home on the lake and a display of fireworks concluded the festivities. The couple is currently honeymooning on a camping trip to the southern coast of Maine. Upon their return they will take up residence at 445 East 4th St.

Mrs. Dougan was graduated from East High School and from Mercyhurst College where she received a B.A. degree in Art.

Her husband was graduated from Harborcreek High School and attended Edinboro College. He is employed as an apprentice plasterer at Siciliano Brothers of Pittsburgh.



Mrs. Michael Dougan

Bruce and Arveda Sandberg
extend an invitation
to share in their happiness
the marriage of their daughter

Diana Kathleen
with
Michael P. Dougan

July 14, 1973
four o'clock
Angle Acres
Ashville, New York

Reception immediately following
R.S.V.P.



*We were
expecting
the stork...*

Ruth Jacobi Swedlow

*but we had a
baby instead!*



Daniel Aaron Swedlow
name _____

arrived May 30, 1973

Weight 6 lbs. 5 oz.



LIQUID NITROGEN is poured into x-ray dewar by Yuki Moore of 1101B State Road, Stuart Country Day School student.

L.I. Wedding for Miss Langmore

Special to The New York Times

GARDEN CITY, L. I., June 16—Miss Elizabeth Woodhull Langmore, daughter of Mrs. William Langmore and the late Mr. Langmore, was married here this afternoon to Robert Birchenough Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Birchenough of Slingerlands, N. Y.

The Right Rev. Jonathan G. Sherman, Episcopal Bishop of Long Island, performed the ceremony in the Cathedral of the Incarnation, which was given to the Episcopal Diocese of Long Island by the late Mrs. Alexander T. Stewart, great-great-great-granddaughter of the bride, in memory of her husband, who was a merchant.

The bride, an alumna of the Cathedral School of St. Mary and Nassau Community College, is administrative secretary to the director of the Clinical Research Center at the University of Vermont College of Medicine in Burlington. Her father was an investment broker.

Mr. Birchenough, who was graduated from the University of Maine, received a master's degree from Syracuse University and taught mathematics for seven years. He is taking courses at the University of Vermont in preparation for entering medical school. His father is a certified public accountant.

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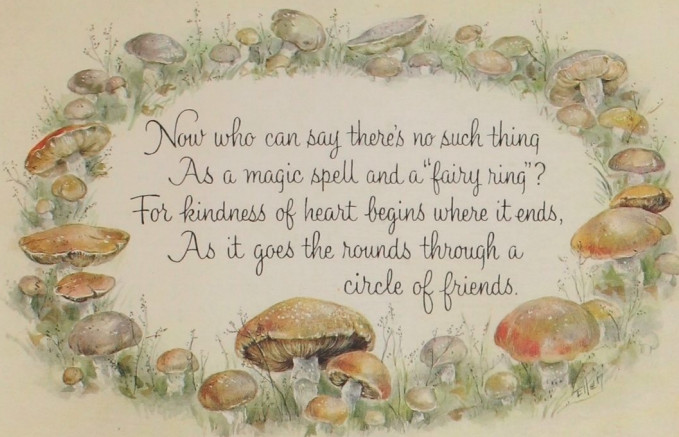
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Linda Baker Engaged

Special to The New York Times

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 19

—The engagement of Miss Linda Anne Baker, a senior at Radcliffe College, to Donald Freeman Bogue, who is a junior at Harvard, has been announced by Mrs. Wolcott Newberry Baker, mother of the future bride. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Freeman Bogue of Portland, Ore. A September wedding is planned.



Now who can say there's no such thing
As a magic spell and a "fairy ring"?
For kindness of heart begins where it ends,
As it goes the rounds through a
circle of friends.

*We are delighted to announce
the arrival of our baby*

Date May 2, 1973

Name Kristine Mott Auns

Weight 8 lbs. 15 1/2 oz.

Post
Camp



















Scenes

around

Camp . . .







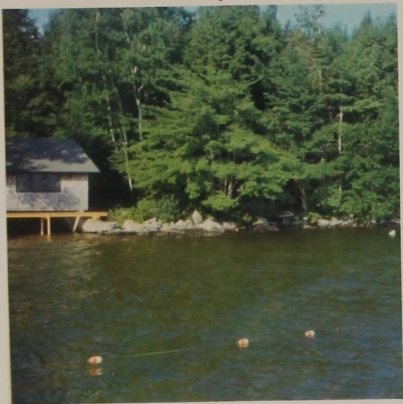










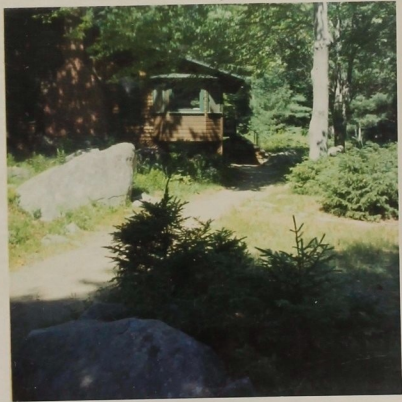


11 JUL 1971





12 JUL 71



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Benny Thibodeaux Andrews 3 children - Beth (3rd), Amy (1st), Jeff (Korn)



Happy
New
Year!
HOLIDAY JOY
Better
late
than
never!



Merry Christmas
from all of us

The Gates Family

1973



Merry
Christmas
to the Coffys

The Williamses

Dan & Scott

From Everett & Annas front window.

All the Orkutons





Joan + Bud Williams
Bruce, Allie + Bill
Matti
Echo Cove

Mary Anne Rhodes
Laryelere's
2 children



Barb, Jeff + Jennifer Ann Holw's



Tabell's



Ethlyn's 75th birthday - September 12, 1973

Bridal Planned By Miss Hamid

Special to The New York Times

MARGATE, N.J., Nov. 3—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Hamid Jr. of Margate and Princeton have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Patricia Hamid, to William Bailey Roberts. He is a son of Mrs. Raymond B. Roberts of Waban, Mass. and the late Mr. Roberts.

The wedding is planned for July.

Mr. Hamid is president of the Steel Pier in Atlantic City and owner of the Hamid-Morton Circus.

Miss Hamid, a senior at Mount Holyoke College, graduated from the Princeton Day School.

Mr. Roberts was graduated from the Rivers Country Day School and cum laude from Amherst College in 1972. He is a second-year student at the Boston College Law School. His father was a senior partner with the Boston law firm of Hale & Dorr, and his late grandfather, W. Lewis Roberts was



Hess

Miss Elizabeth Hamid

professor of law at the University of Kentucky College of Law.