

CAMP RUNOIA LOG -- 1974

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Dedication

Brilliant hues perform an arc
To brighten sky where it was dark,
To cheer a heart and make it warm . . .
The rainbow follows every storm.

The storm rages amidst wailing winds and heavy clouds, a blackened sky leaving no room for any patch of light to filter through and make its presence felt. Trees shiver in the ominous void of day, and the storm continues in its random manner, heedless of the lifeless image it is creating. The sky emits its deafening peals of thunder, and the heavens are brightened only by the sharp pangs of a few spiteful bolts of lightening. And all remains dark . . . seemingly forever. But as is nature's way, no stretch of time or form remains permanent. For soon the black disperses into fading darkness, quieting down the air and ever so slowly, radiance breaks through. A rebirth, in a sense, washing away the darkened forever and implanting a brighter future for the moment. And nature's majesties will never fail to awe the world with its treasure. For stretched out upon the once-forboding sky appears a royal arc of quiet hues, splendid in their contrast with the darkness that came before, calming and quieting in answer to the loud threats of the preceeding storm. A rainbow . . . adorning the sky in life-giving shades of every conceivable color, correcting the mistake of moments before and compensating for any momentary lulls in Mother Nature's caring hand. The storm is forgotten, despite its

once forseen permanence. And now only a rainbow exists, cleansing all the skies and putting color back into the lifeless world. The rest of the day seems brighter, and all tomorrows to come seem to be reflected in the beauty this magnificent arc displays. No storm ever existed here; and if it did, it has long since been colored away.

There are storms in every sky, moments of oppressive darkness which seem to predict eternity and yet which inevitably endure a short and meaningless time. In each of our days, in each of our lives, there are also storms which bring prevailing winds and gloomy hours. Working hard to learn your dive and seeming never to get anywhere is discouraging. Struggling to succeed at the activity you've tagged up for -- and doing well -- but having no one notice leaves you feeling empty. It is easy to be swept under by the storm, to let the gales of icy wind overcome the troubled heart and reduce it to a mere core of unfeeling purpose. It is easy, particularly after a bad storm, to lose sight of any patch of light in the sky, and to carry the weight of the storm with one long after it has gone. Our darker moments, our times of despair and doubt and dismal questioning all belong to the storm, and if one is not exceedingly careful, he will carry that cloud around with him wherever he walks, providing no opportunity for any ray of sunshine to beam its way through. A storm can reap much damage, trampling lives in its path. And recovery is seldom easy. Often there is bitterness to be overcome, an extra protective surface to be penetrated, a new found caution that must be chipped away before the memory can be faded. But there is

always a rainbow to follow even the bitterest of storms. True, you cannot always see it. In nature, vision depends upon where you are standing in relation to the sun. In your life, the same holds true. It is there if you are in a position to receive it. Eyes must be opened as must be hearts. The colors are not always of the brightest hues. Often they are barely visible. But always they are there to be found. The rainbow is always there. With each storm it becomes more difficult to see, and often times one will not raise his eyes high enough to behold it. This comes only with time, and with gentle moments which will ease the pain of the storm that came before. . . and with an openness which will eventually permit vision and a bit of faith. Once seen, however, there is imminent relief. Slowly the memory of the storm is washed away by the overpowering brightness of the living colors. Hope is again re-instilled, and tomorrow becomes a brighter day.

Man lives in nature, nature becoming a part of man. Yes, there are always storms to contend with, and they will always come today. And they will threaten. But always, no matter what anyone might say, there will be a rainbow. And it will ease the ache of what came before, and lend out promise for all that follows. All you have to do is look. It's there. Reach out for it. Good things come at the end.

So raise your eyes, don't look behind,
A hopeful sky ahead you'll find --
Though days seemed dark and nights grew long
Now there's a rainbow . . . so carry on.

And so we dedicate the 1974 Log to a rainbow ... a mass

of colors that seem insignificant in the vastness of the sky,
but overwhelming when viewed from the mind's own eye.

Cotillion Wishes

Betty

This wish is for the days to come. It is a wish which carries on its flame the flickering light of hope. Hope that this summer will be one small link in the continuing chain of friendship. Friendship is a Runoia tradition. May this flame linger long in your hearts, as friendship is one of God's most precious gifts.

Third Shack

We wish that Runoia would never end. We now consider Runoia our second home and hope it will always be that way. We would like to stay at Runoia all year long and enjoy the waterfront and all the activities. We wish Runoia would last forever and ever and that we can be a part of it for just that long.

Fourth Shack

Here at Runoia Johnny is youth. She knows the history, the songs, the stories of Runoia. We wish that as long as Runoia lives Johnny will be there to tell the new campers the history of Runoia.

Fifth Shack

Our wish for Runoia is to be able to share with all the world the beauty of this place, shown to us through harmony.

Fifth Shack Combo

Our special cotillion wish is that Runoia will always be Runoia, never, never to change but to be the same special camp it has been for 68 years. The summer days at Runoia are so peaceful, and yet the world outside of Runoia is so full of problems. We hope that the harmony and love of Runoia spreads throughout the world.

Sixth Shack

Sixth shack wishes that all friendships made at Runoia may remain forever, and that the feelings we share toward each other during the summer will never fade.

Seventh Shack

We, the seventh shackers, wish that we could enjoy youth as long as possible at Runoia. All ages here enjoy the same way of life whether they're 99 or 6 and 1/2 years old. Each child will take time to grow, blossom and reach her destination, and Runoia has a great deal to do with that growth. We must take the time to grow while we are here for we may never be able to relive these moments. We wish we might always stay youthful at Runoia.

CIT

Traditions are a part of our lives
They bring memories from the past
They help us remember our todays when they become yesterdays
We, the CITs, wish that Runoia's traditions will remain in
our hearts forever and stay for the best.

AIDES

Yesterday, today and tomorrow. They are all a part of Runoia.
Through many camp traditions and people we have a full
knowledge of how camp was in its early and growing years.
We are able to see, by comparing yesterday to today, how
camp life has changed and progressed with the times.
Material things about camp, such as the number and size of
the buildings, have been growing over the years, but deep
rooted traditions and beliefs that are such an essential
part of Runoia have been ever-constant. We wish that in
the years to come, though camp may physically grow and
change, the loyalties and traditions that make Runoia what
it is remain as steady as the earth itself.

Log Staff

2nd Shack:

Lucy Phinney
Celia Spanel

3rd Shack:

Amy Rosenberg
Julie Weil

4th Shack:

Bethany Berry
Kathy Savadove

5th Shack:

Joanne Birsh
Sophie Carpenter

5th Combo:

Millary Peck
Kirsten Platt

6th Shack:

Nandy Florey
Ellen Solowey

7th Shack:

Pam Cobb
Jean Goldsborough
Diana Hearst
Jane Rines

Aides:

Erica Edelman
Boop Tabell

Divider Pages:

Annie Jones

Photographer:

Boop Tabell

Staff:

Jody Sataloff
with much appreciated
help from
Lisa Lombard and Karol Robbins

CAMP LIST -- 1974

Berry, Bethany
Birsh, Joanne
Blocksom, Leslie
Bowring, Kathy
Carpenter, Sophie
Cobb, Pam
Cole, Rosie
Corbridge, Lisa
Dennison, Laura
DeVoe, Diana
Florey, Nandy
Frank, Nina
Friedman, Nancy
Frost, Deborah
Gold, Hillary
Goldsborough, Jean
Goldsborough, Stacey
Hall, Hannah
Harrington, Brenda
Hearst, Diana
Heisel, Sylvia
Hubbard, Harriet
Kirkpatrick, Alice
Knight, Jessica
Lombard, Lisa
Marois, Jackie
May, Cynthia
Michaels, Diane
Moffatt, Kate
Murphy, Maura
Peck, Hilary
Peckar, Susan
Platt, Kirsten
Pratt, Lisa
Richards, Meg
Rines, Jane
Robbins, Karol
Rosenberg, Amy
Rosenberg, Linda
Rostagno, Ilaria
Rostagno, Ippolita
Rowell, Jody
Sachs, Jennifer
Savadove, Kathy
Sherman, Jane
Smit, Cathryn
Smit, Denise
Solowey, Ellen
Spanel, Edith
Spanel, Emily
Stackpole, Abby
Stackpole, Amy
Stainton, Lucia
Stainton, Maggie

Tabell, Sarah
Vaughn, Susan
Von Burg, Alexandra
Wade, Christine
Webber, Camille
Weil, Julie
West, Debra
West, Elizabeth
West, Sharon
Williams, Matti
Winfield, Loren
Wollman, Eve
Young, Maggie

C.I.T.'s

Baldwin, Heather
Gauthier, Marie
Lessard, Louise
Phinney, Lucy
Shore, Joanna
Spanel, Celia
Wallace, Jennifer
Zeidner, Andrea

Aides

Edelman, Erica
Horgan, Noianni
Nastuk, Mary
Newman, Andrea
Rutherford, Holly
St. Lifer, Nancy
Swanson, Brenda
Tabell, Roberta
Wilkinson, Kate

Staff

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

Asano, Gary
Buckley, Chris
Buckley, Tracey
Champeon, Diana
Chapman, Ellen
Clove, Julie
Cobb, Sandy
Geyer, Ginny
Greene, Ann
Jones, Anne
Kind, Laura
Kind, Valerie
Kirkpatrick, Martha
Longcer, Loleta
Orbeton, Peter
Puffer, Kathy
Rintz, Susan
Rowell, Betsy
Rowell, Tricia
Rutherford, Lori
Sataloff, Jody
Schnitzer, Adam
Schnitzer, William
Simonson, Debbie
Tabell, Meg
Van Ingen, Marion

Pirate's Adventure

Along the West Shore of Nastuk the pirate ship St. Lifer floated calmly at anchor. Asano'er the water shone brightly. They Satalofft and let down the Heisel. It was the middle of May and the pirates went ashore to Berry their Shnitzered Gold under the old Greene Birsh tree in a Win-dy-field near the abandoned Cole mine. The captain was a Friedman once caught by the Champeon of Sherriffs. He was not a Kind man. He was a Baldwin with Webber feet and a Stain-ton his Buckleyed boots. He wore blue-Jones pants.

The pirates waited until it was Knight and the sky was Spaneled with stars and things were Orbeton around. The night was Young and they had plenty of time. They had to Wade through Cobbs of mud with their Sachs to the tree. To be Frank, it was Rutherford work.

When the pirates got to the Birsh tree they dug a deep hole, put the Gold in and Blocksomed it with dirt and Stackpoles. They Carpentered a treasure map on some wood so it would be Lessard to find where the Goldsboroughed.

Erler the next morning when Tabell in the church near the Corbridge Rowringed, a Chapman, Edelman, Newman, Wollman, and Sherman with their sons, Dennison, Swanson, Wilkinson, Simonson, and Johnson got up to search for a Geyerser known to be Zeidner the Birsh tree.

Little did these people know that way before the Peckaring Robbins flew away and before the first Frost the pirates would soon be back for their Gold.

When the people couldn't find the Geyer-ser they waited a-Weil in the Clove and had a Pecknic. All of a sudden the pirates came in a Florey, so the people Lombarded the pirates with Platts of Rines from their Pecknic. What a dirty Kirkpatrick! The pirates Rowelled and Puffered and Smit on their hands to get ready for a fight. The fight lasted Longcor than they thought and both sides got Hearst.

Then the pirates, cowards as they were departed very quickly when they saw that they were beaten. But a Vaughn the ground lay a fragment of a map that showed where the treasure was. The people followed its course until they came to a Stack-of-Poles under the Birsh tree. They decided to Gautheir out the chest of treasure, which must have weighed a Harrington. It was full of Michaels, dimes and silver dollars. They decided to Horgan the treasure and get a Van, Ingen which they would put it. They Rintzed off their hands and lugged the treasure into their Rolls Marois carriage, and drove off much Richards than before. What a Phinney sight!

When home they payed the Murphy and ate in style, having English Moffats, Von Burgers and Rosenbergers. Because they were so rich now, they turned into real Pratts.

Meanwhile, as the sun sank Solowey into the sea the pirates Halled up their sails, having been beated and sailed into the sunset.

Thus endeth our story and would you be Williams to accept the fact that we couldn't find a place for Rostagno and Savadove?

A Runoia Summer

After spending innumerable summers here at Runoia, I was posed the question of what summer was like here in Maine. Barring a heat wave, the following is an account to the best of my recollection.

Summer at Runoia. Ayuh, we had it about three weeks ago. I think it was a Sunday, and by the time we woke up, we'd missed half of it. Despite the weather we manage quite well. The mosquitoes are easy to spot 'cause they get their union suits on and the horse flies follow the lightening bugs around for heat. Some folks ask what we do with the campers and I tell 'em we do everything one of them fancy places near the big cities do.

Some campers arrive by dog sled from Boston while others come by sleigh from surrounding towns. This summer has been peculiar 'cause we didn't get the heatin' coils in the lake soon 'nough. Chris and Ellen have to go down and chop holes in the ice every day so's the kids can have a place to swim.

Gary had a tougher time than a one eyed bat with all the snow on the tennis courts. Them white balls kept gettin' lost. Laura came to the rescue with some fancy colored ones -- yellow, I think. Valerie and her archery is just comin' along fine. We broke lotsa arrows in them frozen targets 'til some smart fella figured to puttin' them in the oven and thawin' them out before shooting at them.

Riflery got a shot in the arm this summer when Phil built his new home. The only problem there's been is the snow drifts so high you can't see what you're aiming for. That's been fixed but the National Rifle Association says they're gonna investigate the high scores. Martha says it ain't her fault but when you dig tunnels to each target you can't help but hit the darn thing. Just aim down the hole and pull the trigger. Easier 'n pickin' out Camp Belgrade at Rummels.

Jody's done a finest kind job with sailing this summer. Although the ice is about as thick as this story, we rigged an ice breaker's bow to the front of the tin boat. Of course, Pine Island complains that since our ice breaker makes the course we can't help but win. That's pure hog wash to us, 'cause have you ever seen some one from Philadelphia trying to break the ice?

The Canoers started out on blue ice. Blue from the paint of the canvas canoes. Sue figured out the solution quicker than the Gorilla runs through camp. All you do is pole to the middle of the lake and the wind pushes the aluminum canoes across the ice faster than the seagulls chasing the Red Truck to the dump.

Arts and Crafts has been really frigid with them bein' right next to the lake. Betsy got tired of making snow flake print paper and ice block sculpture. It's no wonder that for the last two weeks the kiln for enameling has been going half blast. Woulda been full blast but some city fella tried to enamel a snow ball and broke a coil.

Ginny and her charges in campcraft have been havin' a real learnin' summer. Trips kept returning to camp sayin' they'd run outta water. Sandy reminded everybody that it takes ten inches of snow to make one inch of water. That went in one ear and out the other when they came back still complaining and this time about no fire. Ginny looked it up in her Art of Living in Out of Doors in Maine and discovered much to Meg's amazement that the snow goes in a pot on the fire, not on the fire in the pot.

The horses are getting accustomed to an English voice one day and a Long Island accent the next. Annie kept trying to get Betty to call the Blacksmith to come shoe the horses but they kept throwing shoes. Marion came to the rescue by suggesting they try snow shoes. All's fine now, 'cept some joker went through the paddock with a pair of bear paws last week and scared the horses half way to the glue factory.

Well, you wanted to know what camp is like in the summer and now you know. Don't say I never warned you 'bout this place, and if you come by during January thaw don't be surprised if you hear the sounds of camp from this past summer. They're for real alright, but just been fruz up for the last five months.

Peter Orbeton

Can You Imagine?

Andrea Zeidner getting out of bed without falling on her face?

Celia Spanel not drinking her water jug every day?

the sun coming out at the beach?

Andrea Newman and Nancy Friedman without jock socks?

Ginny in a teeny weeny bikini?

Meg and Sandy in camp?

Maggie Stainton not eating?

Nandy Florey and Marie Gautier having no-thank-you helpings?

Denise Smit speechless?

Emily Spanel not at skinnies?

Karol Robbins not hungry?

Diane Erler making up trip songs?

a sailboat repair shop on the tennis courts?

a silent Diana Hearst?

everyone on time?

a day without sailing?

Jean Goldsborough without Turtle?

Susie Peckar not being first in line?

no one in the infirmary?

Jody Sataloff away from home?

Euell Gibbons as an ide?

Chesuncook without Katahdin in the distance?

Jane Rines as a big sister?

summer ending?

Lost

"Excuse me"
Boop Fukui
Ginny, Meg and Sandy
tennis balls
tennis courts
Louise Lessard
Andrea Zeidner
sailboats
Meg, Ellen, Sandy and Andrea
hamburger
shampoo
Bill
the riflery swamp
horses

Sharon West
Winston
Nancy Friedman
Stacey Goldsborough
fifth shack
boring archery classes
the big float
anchors
napkins at each setting
Carol, R.N.B.S.
Gwendolyn the Duck
Abby and Chippy
time to do all we'd like
to do

Found

"Safeties"
Boop Tabell
at cotillion
in Gretchen's possession
mud puddles
sneaking into the annex
run over by a tree
all over the lake
four JMGs
soy protein
floor cleaner
William
the new range
on the tennis courts and in
the softball field and
eating up the gardens
in her trunk
Kangaroo
dancing with Rooster
in seventh shack
under a dust pile
Valerie
again and again and again
with much effort
in the middle of the table
Tricia, thank goodness
the raccoon
in 6th shack beds
eight fulfilling weeks

Seventh Shack Last Will and Testament

I, Pam Cobb, bequeath my green and white striped bathing suit to Stacey Goldsborough.

I, Rosie Cole, bequeath my jokes and funny faces to Abby Stackpole.

I, Nancy Friedman, bequeath myself to Bryl Cream.

I, Jean Goldsborough, bequeath my grub to Chapem'

I, Hannah Hall, bequeath my bra, stuffed, to Ellen Solowey.

I, Diana Hearst, bequeath my pockets to Holly Rutherford.

I, Alice Kirkpatrick, bequeath my ring to Kirsten Platt.

I, Lisa Lombard, bequeath my raiding abilities to Chippy Sherman, my streaking abilities to Amy and Abby Stackpole, my loud mouth to Sharon West, and my broken tennis racket to Gary Asano.

I, Diane Michaels, bequeath counselors dock to Maggie Young.

I, Jane Rines, bequeath my diving ability to Matti Williams.

I, Karol Robbins, bequeath my book knowledge to Valerie Kind.

I, Jennifer Sachs, bequeath Friar Tuck to Debbie Frost, and an automatic wind machine to Jody Sataloff so that she can sail whenever she wants.

I, Maggie Stainton, bequeath my ability to chop down a tree to Meg and Sandy.

I, Debbie West, bequeath my very white skin to Ellen Solowey and Sanford to Kirsten Platt.



Miscellaneous.

First Impressions From New and Old

Each muscle that covered my bones tightened with tenseness as I waited in the dull parking lot for the Boston bus. My legs and mind were weary from the blazing sun and impatiently my eyes scanned the dirt road and the homely camp sign that hung above it. Finally I heard the loud sound of a truck and my spirit sprang instantly but the truck never turned in the camp road, it just rambled by. Restlessly my bare feet scratched the powdery dirt underneath me as the sun burned its fuel and my shoulders sank to my ribs. My joy wasn't regained until the bus plowed through the break in the gray stone wall and not until then was I sure that camp had once again started for the summer.

Pam Cobb

First when I came to camp I felt scared. I did not know where to go or what to do, but now I like camp. I feel like I went to camp last year. I knew Nina before I came but I still felt scared, but I learned there was nothing to be scared of. Now I'm happy I came to Camp Runoia on a bus and it made me happy. I found out everything was okay. THAT'S ALL FOLKS!!

Julie Weil

The first moment I saw the tall pine trees, the lake, the overenergetic kids and the watchful counselors I knew it didn't matter if I had a city accent or wore straight corduroys. Everyone just blended and intermingled like winding string, in and out and tangled to perfection. I love getting away from friends and parties and camp is a perfect way to do it. I'll be back hopefully next year as a CIT!!

Diana Hearst

When I first came I thought I would never like camp, but it really is a terrific camp and I like it ever so much!

The water is cold,
The sun is bright,
Cool winds blow,
Cause camp is nice.

Sondra Von Burg

I came to camp in fifth shack and loved it even with its problems, especially missing a newborn brother that I had never seen. I wasn't able to come back in sixth shack because I was traveling with my family. Now I'm back again and I love it twice as much! I love the people, the new freedoms I never got in fifth shack and the new opportunities. I missed the familiar beach and boathouse, the familiar faces and the lodge. But now that I "have" them I love them and always will!

Maggie Stainton

We arrived at camp safely
And I got off the bus,
Everyone was pushing,
But I made no fuss.

The wind took me touring,
The wind took my hand,
The wind showed me through
And made me feel grand.

I went to my shack
My friends I did meet,
They all smiled at me
And gave me their greet.

It was hot in that bus
And we had a chance to simmer
When I just sat down
It was time for our dinner!

Susie Peckar

The first day of camp I was very excited. It is the first time that I have come and it was very nice to meet lots of new friends. The counselors of my shack are very nice to me. I live in fourth shack. These are my first impressions of camp.

Ippolita Rostagno

I thought it would be very fun at camp! And it ended up to be better than I thought it would be. Well, I got homesick some night, but doesn't everyone? I love Runoia so much, I will definitely come back next year!

Denise Smit

The first day I was really scared. I thought that everybody would be mean. I thought that the juniors had to go to bed soon. But all those thoughts are all untrue (except for the bed time). Sometimes I think back and see all the fun I have at home. But I have more fun at camp. Some people say that camp where they go is terrible, but I just say my camp is the best thing that ever happened in the world. And the best camp is Runoia!

Camille Webber

When I thought of coming to camp again,
I thought of friends, and it was then --
I realized how much fun camp is.

Blue and white is such a delight,
We bring you to them
If you're at Runoia,
You might meet Oia,
And come back to camp again.

I'm sure about this year,
Campers from far and near,
With towels getting damp,
I really like camp.

I like sports a lot,
Blue-white will be re-fought,
With tears and fun,
And awards to be won,
Runoia's the place for them all.

Bethany Berry

When I came back to camp this year I was excited to see Bethany and all my friends. I couldn't wait until we picked for team captains. It's so good to be back!

Meg Richards

When I came here this year I was much less scared because I knew a lot of people and there were also new people coming and I was glad because you sometimes need a change of faces. This year I came with Diana. Last year when I came to camp Lili was talking to all her camp friends and I was very scared. At first when I came back since I was in a different shack I felt it was different but after one half hour I felt like I had never left.

Jessica Knight

The reason I came back to camp was because of many things. One reason is because the counselors are so nice. Another reason is because there is good swimming instruction. Another is because of Sports Week, and all the excitement and competition between the blues and the whites. I love it here so much!

Linda Rosenberg

My first impressions of camp are all nice except the bus ride. It was boring! All the things about camp are nice, even the food. The thing I like best about camp is the lake, especially taking a soapie. I love camp!

Lucia Stainton

I thought Runoia would be much smaller. The waterfront was bigger and prettier than I had pictured it. I didn't think there was a beach or a tree house. I expected the trail to be flat without rocks or roots. Runoia was much more beautiful than I imagined.

Amy Rosenberg

As I got off the bus when I came to camp, I thought to myself, "Where is everything?" It looked sort of empty. I was greeted by some of my friends from home. They introduced me to some girls that were already there. Then they took me down a path that looked more or less like a long drive way. As we were walking, my friend told me I was in the tent. She put a smirky frown on her face. Then I knew I was stuck with something I wasn't going to like. I brightened up my mind and thought to myself, "Oh well, it might turn out to be fun. " We proceeded down the path until I came to a green tent. Three people were in the tent. I walked in and three girls said hi. They introduced themselves. After I had gotten my suitcase I went down another path until I got to the lodge. There were a lot of people in the lodge looking at books. I brushed out the other door. I asked Abby to take me down to the lake wherever that was! We went down to the lake. I looked across the lake and around it. It was really pretty. Abby said, "Let's go" so we went up the path.

By then the bell rang for dinner. I went into the dining room and I was told where to sit. I thought, "This looks very much like my other camp." At dinner, someone said, "What's for E.P.?" I asked what E.P. was and she told me it meant evening program. I still didn't understand but I didn't ask again. After E.P. everybody piled into the dining room for milk and crackers.

Then I went back to the tent and got ready for bed. Then I slid down into my covers and thought to myself, "I'm going to like it here!"

Lolly Dennison

When I first came to camp Sandy greeted me. One of the boys unloaded the car and brought my stuff to third shack. Next, Tricia and Lester came out to see me. Tricia and Daddy and I went down to the tent to see Betsy. Then we went to third shack. I was the only one there. I got settled and then messed around. At lunch I sat at Sue Rintz's table. After lunch I visited Betsy and Tricia and then the bus came in. All the girls were here! My roommate is Eve Wollman. Finished at last!

Jody Rowell

Returning to Runoia

I spent the months between when I found out I was coming back until I got back, trying to remember everything and anything I could about camp. But after three years, basic things about routine are forgotten and only little things like a good evening program or a favorite place remain. Once at camp it seemed nothing had changed. Only the people were different. But I guess the people are what camp is. It feels so good to be back.

Maggie Young

To All New Runoia Campers

Well, now I guess you know how it feels to sail in a Dyer Dhow all day long and feel the sun on your face, or water (whatever the case may be). Be it blue or white everyone enjoys getting away from the city and the noise that goes with it. If you come back next year, you can look back on your first year and remember all the good, and bad times you had, and how it was to meet new people and make new friends. Remember the last night of camp, when you found out what team you were on, and how your back hurt after sports week. I'm sure those first couple of weeks were hard for you to adjust to everything, just as it was for me, or maybe the last few weeks of camp were harder when you were packing and thinking of home. I want all the new campers to remember not to be selfish and try to help others as much as possible. If you see a new camper who is homesick, think back on how it was for you and make a special effort to go help and look after that camper and try to make her feel better.

I think as long as I live I'll never forget how peaceful, and serene, and really beautiful Runoia is. Also I'll never forget, and I hope you won't the last few nights here, including the cotillions, log night, and (oh yes) the big banquet. So after you read this, try to go outside and look around. Then you'll soon realize how lucky you are to be a Runoia camper.

Diane Michaels

An Interview

Interviewer: Attention! Ladies and gentlemen, here we are at the great Harmony Land in Camp Runoia (commonly called Camp Runnynose by those who don't know any better at all). I'm situated here in my warm little beddy-bye and I've asked a few friends to give me their first impressions as they came to camp this year in their old 1974 jalopies or stumbling along in that rattletrap of a bus. Here's how it is folks:

(in the airport terminal)

I: Say, you there young lady, while we're standing here in this crowwwwdedd hall could you please tell me your name, address, and what ya represent?

"My name is Hannah Hall. When I first came to camp this year I was full of wonder. I wondered if my friends would remember me. HOw much had I changed, and was it for the better? I had been away one year from camp. I wondered how much camp had changed. Was camp better or worse? When I returned I was very happy to find that it was the best it had ever been and that I was remembered!"

I: There, folks, is one happy member glad to be reunited to camp. You there, you young blonde, tell me your feelings, kid!

"My name is Jean Goldsborough. When I first came to camp I was so excited I fell down! Then I got up and met all my friends and when I saw where I slept, I scratched

myslef (because I had an itch) then I went around to each shack and smiled. That was my feeling."

I: Now, folks, even clutzes come to Camp Runoia! My, what a drag this plane ride is. Would ya tell me what you think of camp?

"My name is Jennifer Sachs. I thought Alice's hair got longer. I thought Diana Hearst looked like a white. I also thought Pam looked the same. Camp is the same. It seems like I never left. I hope it never changes because I love it."

I: Now folks, we'll meet a fourth cousin of Patricia Hearst!

"My name is Diana Hearst. I think Lisa is crazy! Jody's detestment of mushrooms is crazy, too! I think Jean is a spaz and Nancy looks like a typical woodsman. Boop looks like Sarah, Maggie has lost weight and Alice and Matti are a definite pair. Debbie is quiet, Karol is our food supplier and Hannah's our watchdog. Valerie is our botanist and Diane is our Avon Lady. Pam sings all day and Rosie laughs!"

I: Very observant, isn't she?

(in seventh shack's back room)

I: it looks as if I've got to room with you this month. How do you feel about camp?

"My name is Diane Michaels. My first year here was in fifth shack. I was really scared when I came here. I only knew one person, but now I have lots of friends. This is the most beautiful place I've ever been in and I love it dearly!"

I: Isn't that sweet? Now in the wild and wooly east we meet Debbie West!

"My name is Debbie West. When I first came to camp, I was kind of scared that I wouldn't like camp, and that the kids wouldn't like me. I later discovered that camp was really a lot of fun and that the kids were also really nice. I hope my first year here will continue to be a good one."

I: Now don't you understand why even the new campers confide in Runoia? Oh, and before I go, my name is Jane Rines. This is my eighth summer at camp and I love it. All of the people I've interviewed express my emotions exactly. Camp is great!

Jane Rines

My First Raid

Last night I was feeling rather bored, and I had just heard a rumor that third was raiding the fifth shack tent, fourth was raiding fifth shack, and six was raiding seventh shack. It was then that I decided that me and my friends (Mandy, Becky, Friartuck, Sanford, Spludge and Flicka) deserved a little mischief once in a while also. Our only problem was getting out, so we appointed Friar Tuck to sit on the fence and stretch it which enabled us to walk out and begin our raid. Our first stop was Betty's tempting garden -- oh, it was wonderful! All that luscious corn and standing in the potato patch, we decided Betty had worked awfully hard on the garden so we didn't quite demolish it! Moving right along, since we had tasted the delights of Miss Weiser's garden, we walked through her front lawn and peeked into the window, just to tell her how wonderful everything tasted. Much to our dismay she did not wake up, no matter how hard we breathed on the screen. Well, enough of the dainty stuff and on to our main activity of the night, turning the tennis courts into Grumman's Chinese Theater with our hoof prints. We didn't autograph our prints, however, because we didn't want to be too obvious! After the tennis courts, Sanford (because he was an old camper) led us to the archery range, where we left our calling cards. After archery, since Mandy, Sanford, and myself were blues and Becky, Flicka and Spludge were whites we decided to have ourself a softball game. (Friar had pooped out by this time and had gone back to the shack). We didn't quite get through our softball game

due to darkness and besides, Becky wanted to explore the rest of the camp! We had such a blast exploring camp, but our breakfast alarm was ringing so we went back to the shack, and found that Annie and Marion had not come to feed us yet so we decided to help ourselves. We went into the barn and to our surprise were six bags of grain, that Annie and Marion must have left us. So we dug in. Halfway through our breakfast, Annie and Marion showed up and the bags of grain were obviously not for us, as we were thrown into our stalls and not fed until 9:30. Oh well, we tried our first raid and I am sure it will be a long time before we raid again. We're exceptionally fun to raid with if you all want to take us upon it, but remember, don't tell Annie and Marion!

by Hot Lips
(alias Marion Van Ingen)

Be Nice to Aides Night

For Mary Nastuk:

Tune: Linger

Mmm, go to sleep Mary
Mmm, think peppermint candy
Mmm, maybe some beagles you will see.

Mmm, dream ravioli
Mmm, with cheese so stringy,
Mmm, and tomato sauce that's so gooey.

Mmm, white water canoeing
Mmm, golden sun shining
Mmm, tennis tomorrow you will play.

Mmm, go to sleep Mary
Mmm, and please do hurry
Mmm, we want to win this game tonight.

Mmm, go to sleep Mary
Mmm, this has been a hard day
Mmm, go to sleep, sleep, sleep.

For Erica Edelman

Tune: My Favority Things

Days off and Princeton and music and dances,
Science and comics and likes being left-handed,
Icky orgies and backrubs too,
These are a few of Erica's favorite things.

Answering telephones, drinking and eating (biology too)
But now she must go to sleep
And not go to the rips
So when she wakes up she can

Ride horses, go home, read and have comics,
Listen to Beatles, watch Robert Redford,
There are only a few of her favorite things,
So good night Erica and sleep well.

For Holly Rutherford
Tune: My Favorite Things

Pudding and peaches,
Good times at beaches,
Coffee and chocolate are
Things she reaches,
Riding and waterskiing
Walking too,
Craig is a boy she does enjoy.

When the sun shines, when it's lovely,
She walks her dog,
These are a few of her favorite things,
That makes Holly what she is.

Peetsy P.J.s and sweet and sour pork,
To Colorado she was brought by a stork,
American Graffiti she likes so well,
In friendly third shack she did so well!

For Noianni Horgan
Tune: Oh Christmas Tree

Go to sleep
Noianni go to sleep,
Your eyes are bloodshot,
Have pleasant dreams,
And chocolate creams
Upon your quilted double bed.
May all your dogs grow to be big
And you have many boats to rig,
Oh Noianni, oh Noianni,
Your feathered pillow awaits you.

For Kate Wilkinson
Tune: Tender Shepherd

Sink your head into your pillow,
Fluffy pillow on your bed
Dream of tennis
Dream of sailing
Very hard bed and skiing too,

Go to sleep little Katie
Go to sleep and rest your head
Think of veal, think of hockey,
Go to sleep Katie dear.

For Brenda Swanson

Tune: Happiness

Jerry is sixteen going on seventeen,
Old enough to date,
B.J. likes to cycle
All through Manchester
And sit on the beach getting tan.
She tries to stay away from chocolate cake
To keep from getting fat.
She likes some music,
Especially The Entertainer.
Lasagna, B.J. and sleeping well
Go together well.
But happiness is B.J's Jerry,
Jerry and B.J.

A Typical Night in Seventh Shack

Boop is reading Alive, an exciting new book involving a plane crash and the digesting of human bodies! Not too many are listening. There are constant giggles in one room because Rosie is using her Raggedy Ann Doll as a human. These things go on throughout the night while Boop "reads".
LATER... (after taps)

Three counselors are here but the campers are restless. Rosie tip-toes across the hall.

Rosie: Pppsssttt! Maggie! Keep it down so the counselors leave!

Maggie: Right!

Someone laughs. Rosie continues with the message throughout the room. Jody tramps down the shack to the pix. Then Ellen comes to the center.

Ellen: Come on you guys! People are sleeping.

Jean: Well Karol keeps coming over the wall!

Karol: I was not! Hannah was spitting seeds at me!

Hannah: Who, me?! It was Jean.

Alice: Oh, come on you guys, just keep it down.

Ellen goes back. Lisa sneaks over to Diana's bed. But another counselor is coming, so Lisa curls up at the end of Diana's bed, so she can't be seen. She later returns. Still more giggling.

Pam: Quiet you guys!

Jenny: Shh!

Hannah, Nancy and Jean are cracking up with their faces buried in their hands.

Rosie: Quiet!

Jean: Ppsst! Maggie! Are there any counselors!

Maggie peeks around the curtain. Turns back to Jean.

Maggie: There's two I think. Definitely Ellen!

Lisa makes another attempt over to Diana. But Ellen yells at us, which scares Lisa to turn around into Jenny's bed!

Lisa: Ouch!

Everyone is laughing! Counselors get mad. Soon the shack is sound asleep.

Jean Goldsborough

A Sailing Day to Remember

It all started out when I tagged up for sailing. After rest hour I hurried down to the boat house to sailing. Jody put me in Dhow number two as skipper with two crew.

The excitement, or should I say bad luck, began when we got caught on our mooring. When we finally got unhooked we headed toward North Bay. We were the last boat, the wind started to pick up behind us and more and more we began to heel.

After about fifteen minutes of sailing Jody decided it was to rough and we better start heading home. When we started to come about at least trying to, our boat turned half way over and when we got right side up we had water up to our knees! Jody and Laura came along and Jody jumped into our boat and of course we sailed home safely. When we got back to camp I felt like starting all over again. What a day to remember!

Chris Wade

A Night in Seventh Shack

Diana: Boy I'm hungry!

Rosie: Yea, subs!

Diana: Spaghetti!

Maggie: Turkey with the fixings!

Rosie: Escargot!

Maggie: Yeah!

Jenny: Yeah, with garlic bread.

Ellen: Shh, come on you guys, can't you be quiet for once!

Jenny: Pizza, french fries, clams, coke!

Jean: Hey wait, get this, Congo Bars!

Everyone: YUM!

Diana: Cheese cake!

Rosie: Butterscotch sundae!

Ellen: Come on you guys, can't you act your age, Nancy is asleep and so is Alice! Can't you at least think of them!

Everyone: Sound asleep (at least we should have been).

Rosie Cole

A Typical Night in Fifth Shack

A typical night in fifth shack starts by everyone rushing into the pix. A few people are faster than others in getting out of the pix but others are not as fortunate. For instance: "Lolly, why are you washing, creaming, brushing your teeth and combing your hair? You're only going to bed!" Martha questions. Lolly doesn't comment.

Finally after everyone is in bed, Martha starts to read. Kirsten starts giving backrubs and Erica is complaining because she isn't scratching high enough.

Lolly starts putting things on her feet and picking at her toenails. Harriet and Sue start making noise in their beds. Martha starts yelling at us because we are so loud, "Listen, why should I read when you guys are talking?"

After everyone is settled down and Erica is satisfied, Betty casually pops in. "Fifth shack, this is a mess!" As Betty strides out, Martha says, "You know what that means!" Then Amy questions, "You mean we can't have any visitors tomorrow?"

"Right!"

Then you will hear a bunch of ohs and ahs. Then taps blow. The counselors get ready to leave. When they walk out it is like a spring that has been wound up for hours springs. We all start talking.

A few people say, "Hey, let's go raid the counselors room!" That is rejected very quickly. Then we decide that we should raid six. A few people walk out and come in as soon as they departed, and say, "On second thought..."

A Normal Night in 7th Shack

The door quietly shuts

Rosie: Shhh!

Diana: Rosie!

Lisa: Hot dogs!

Diane: Macdonalds!

Jenny: Escargot -- with garlic butter! Yumm!

Rosie: Cut it with the beer!

Hannah: Help! Karol's trying to attack me! Aghh!

Jane: Quiet, you guys!

Diane: Come on, ya'll!

Jean: (sleep talking) Can't raid tonight, counselors
will see us...no!

Alice: You guys! I'm trying to sleep!

Diane: Someone, please tell me if we're raiding!

Everyone: Shhh! She's coming! Here comes Ellen!

Maggie: (as the noises die down) Okay you guys! We blew it!

Diana: If at first you don't succeed...

Diane Michaels

Sixth Shack After Taps

or

A.T.A.T. (after taps activity time)

Chris: Okay guys, get to bed.

Sixth shack continues to run around and make noise.

Chris Wade: Nine! Cough, cough, cough!

Stacey! You guys, you're being so obnoxious! Be quiet!

Lori: Thanks a lot you guys, you have no consideration.

Jackie: Good mornin' (maine accent)

Lisa: Safeties!

Nina: Lisa, you're gross!

Chris: That's enough!

Matti: You guys!

Nandy in the corner beeping her flashlight on and off and making ape sounds.

Meg: Okay you guys, you can go just so far but now you've crossed the line...

Meanwhile, Ellen goes to sleep through all the noise and Stacey is writing in her diary.

Chris Wade: Nina and Jackie, let's raid!

Someone: Are the counselors gone yet?

Chris: NO!!

Sandy: I really want to go to sleep you guys, so please be quiet!

Betty comes in and everyone quiets down.

Stacey Goldsborough and Nina Frank

Raid Night

On Tuesday, July 16th, we had a great E.P! It was raid night. We played all sorts of games concerning raids. We played musical beds, kick the bed, and others. One of the games you tried to get out of the Lodge without the counselors catching you! It was great! After milk and crackers the counselors did not come back to the shacks! They ignored us! We did everything! Ten raids, played Doctor Knickerbocker, had taps twice, and to top it off the horses got out! A great night!

Amy Stackpole

My Day in the Infirmary

I woke up looking around an infirmary room with Jody Sataloff sleeping in the room across from me, then I had a breakfast of pancakes and grape juice. My new roommate came who was Chris Wade. We read comic books, talked and slept almost the whole day. Towards the end Jody was complaining because she felt guilty about staying in bed all day when she didn't reel sick. It also happened that that day was an all day sail and Jody was asking everyone what it was like. When it was close to dinner we all were getting a little bit hungry and bouncy. We were hanging out of our beds like crooks trying to get out of jail and complaining because we were so hungry and finally our dinner came and we gobbled that up! Now we are all sitting in our beds eating M&Ms. All this time we were complaining because we felt so much better. All I can say is that I'm so glad Tricia is such a good nurse and she never got mad at us once.

Jessica Knight

The Best E.P. Ever -- Godspell!

On Saturday evening, July 27th, Jack had his friends, the Portland Players, come and do the play Godspell for us. The evening started out with an early supper outside. Then, at a quarter to seven the play began. It was held in the lodge. The costumes were excellent, as was the singing and the performance. Jesus (Ed Romanolf) was dressed in a blue shirt with a Superman insignia on it!

It was excellent! They had started in mid-June but this had been their first performance in front of a live audience!

For intermission they served "wine" (bug juice). We talked with them and learned more about the players and the parts they played. The whole show lasted for about two hours. It was the best thing that happened all year!

Diane Michaels

Camp is Made of Many Things

Camp is made of many things:

Two friends walking alone together down a path,
A large cluster of girls, whispering, chattering and laughing,
Trees reaching up to the sky,
Skinny dips on a warm summer morning,
A little toad peering out of his hole in the ground,
One or two daring girls waking up when the third bell
rings, and strolling into flag raising just as "attention" is
called,
Sailing in a race on a day when there's just the right amount
of wind,
Going to swimming lessons when you've convinced yourself
the water is going to be freezing and when you get in and
discover it's not so bad after all,
Taps blown at night and everyone gets under their covers
and supposedly goes to sleep.
Camp is all these things and lots more.

Hilary Peck

Rest Hour in the Tent

"Betsy, can we got to the beach for rest hour?"

"Not today".

"Where's my deoderant?"

"Why do you need it, Abby?"

"I just want to know where it is."

"Everyone always is fiddling with my things. What's my brush doing here?"

"Who wants to trade stationary?"

"Can we be alittle bit more quiet, please?"

"Okay, tell fourth shack to be quiet though."

"Who'll trade stationary with me?"

"I will. I want the polka-dotted kind, and I'll give you this."

"Okay, it's a deal"

soon enough the whistle blows, and everyone runs out.

Hilary Peck and Kirsten Platt

Fourth Shack's Poison Ivy

Tune: Titanic
First Brenda had it
And gave it to Linda
And then Meg caught it
All over her legs
So she gave it to Diana
Who of course gave it to Sue
And Sondra and Meallie got it too.

Chorus-

It was sad, so sad,
Oh it was sad, so sad,
It was sad when the fourth shackers got P.I.,
Brenda, Linda, Meg, Diana and Sue
Sondra and Meallie got it too.

Oh they always went to Trish
To get some Calamine
For they itched so very much and they really needed time,
So they watched the others swim,
Cause they could not go in,
It was sad when the fourth shackers got P.I.

Puppet Show

One day while walking through the forest to visit her friends, Miss Runoia was mysteriously hoisted by Venice the Villian, Crayon Eater, Viscious Victor, and the Oogie Boogie Monster. Penelope the Pig, having witnessed the blood-curdling scream and this most dreadful act, took off to the home of the Great Geen pidily hog. The home of the Great Green Pidily Hog was lively and active because there was a tea party going on which was a game of patsy-atsy-orey-a, including Mr. Bojangles, Smore and Oliver. Hearing the news, the tea party quickly came to a halt, and an emergency forest meeting was called. All the animals of the forest were there -- Mr. Bojangles, the Great Green Pidily Hog, Tardes, Semore and Oliver, Herbie and Penelope the Pig, Misty the Mystery, Marcus the Dog, and Lester the Loser. Penelope the Pig was the center of the meeting. She was very upset about the news, and so were the other animals hearing of Miss Runoiás fate. The topic of discussion was "how should we rescue Miss Runoia from those four villianous thieves?" The only sensible plan seemed to be to appoint a committee including Mr. Bojangles, Semore and Oliver, Marcus the Dog, and last but not least, Lester the Loser. Tardes, Herbie, Misty the Mystery, and Smack sat at Janice's house, patiently awaiting the return of the strong individuals.

As Mr. Bojangles was quietly creeping along the path to third shack who should he stumble upon but Venice the Villian himself. While on the waterfront of Camp Runoia,

Semore and Oliver swam to the Marjorie to capture the Oogie Boogie Monster. Marcus the dog, being the speedy runner, quickly caught up to Viscious Victor at the entrance to the camp road. Lester the Loser after much assistance from Speedy Marcus the Dog caught up with Crayon Eater in the Riflery Field.

The strong individuals committee returned Miss Runola safely and the four villains were anxiously awaiting their life long sentence in jail.

The Daily Hangout

If someone has a telephone call, dishes, or is just wanted by a friend, you will most probably find her either at the tetherball court or in the Lodge listening to records and reading the old logs. Camp this summer also has a great amount of comic book freaks. They sit lazily among the shacks with their eyes glued to "Archie". To them, the most frustrating thing in the world is really getting into one only to find out it continues in the next issue and also finding a new friend with loads of comic books, but ones you have already read!

The non-music girls who walk through the lodge get thoroughly discusted at someone's favorite record that they have heard twenty times in a row!

The log freaks can't stand it when they go to the Lodge craving to read the '69 but it's gone!

All in all this camp has some great girls no matter what their favorite pasttime is!

Lisa Lombard

A Night in Seventh Shack

To the tune of "Horsey, Horsey"

There comes night it's falling,
We are the seventh shackers we are,
We don't care when taps blow,
We're gonna stay up and raid all night,
We're gonna creep around in the darkness,
We're gonna stumble all around,
You're gonna hear us up all night,
Uh! Oh! Here the counselors come,
Here comes the morning now,
We're as sad as we can be,
Cause our candy line 's missing,
Although we don't care much, we'll just raid again!

Hannah Hall

Ode to the Junior Maine Guides

Said the loon to the moon in the midst of night,
"Bless my feathers, it will be such a sight
When ten girls from Runoia to testing camp go
They'll do us all proud with all that they know.
Ellen and Meg can sing of first aid kits,
Pam, on the map, can find Millinocket.
Lori has worked on map and compass
Hoping that the test 'won't stump us!/
Valerie's omlettes will tempt every pallet
'Who's turn is it to make the salad?'
Morning and afternoon they've kept very busy
All they must learn made the rest of us dizzy.
Fires, trips, nature lore
'Til those weary girls cried, 'please, no more!'
Diana, by flashlight late at night
Studied hard to get everything right.
Andrea's map of Maine's on her wall
While in seven it's found in the pix down the hall.
During the winter Sandy identified tree
Although it was hard when those trees don't have leaves.
Nancy has practiced splitting wood with an ax
Fishing laws, fire laws, no one's been lax.
Maggie has worked with the others on menus,
Equipment lists, shelters, proper firewood they can use.
Everyone's worked under Ginny's direction
Hopefully learned it all to perfection.
For four days their knowledge will be tested
We, at Runoia, don't think they'll be bested.
I'll miss them those day, " said the loon to the moon,
"I'll look forward to their return to Runoia soon."

Diane Erler

The Sock Hop

One night there was a sock. You were either there - or - square! It was loads of fun for everyone.

Everyone dressed up in their saddle shoes, bobby socks, then greased their hair then went and danced. There was a special added attraction from Phineas and also some of the counselors did a Lip Sing. The bubble gum contest was won by Rosie Cole which was so neat to watch! Everyone chewed with all their might to get the biggest bubble, without having it explode in their face! There were a lot of things which were great. The whole night was perfect and it was loads of fun.

Sarah Tabell

The Night Five Raided Six

Taps had blown and the counselors just went out of the shack. We decided to raid sixth shack, so Kathy went over to see if there were any counselors in the shack. Hooray, there weren't! So we all went charging over, as discreetly as possible, and raided for like five minutes until a counselor came down the path. Sophie and Lolly ran out and Kathy go in Jackie's bed and I got in Chris Wade's bed and Amy got in Stacey's bed. Soon some counselors came down to go to bed, but they didn't even realize we were in their shack. We were all hiding in other people's beds and praying we would go unnoticed! Next morning Amy and I got up and raced back to the shack. The counselors didn't know until that morning and they were really surprised so actually it turned out to be a raiding overnight party!

Chippy Sherman

The Sting

NEWS FLASH!!

This is your local wasp reporter, reporting to you from the riflery range of Camp Runoia. Upon the arrival of Senator Buzz and State Representative Nuisance as well as the President of Wasp Whopper, they found wasp city at Camp Runoia had been built in a new world's record, the time being three days, two hours and six seconds. The ribbon was cut by General Swell with the golden stinger that was imported from Wasp City, Italy.

NEWS FLASH!!

This is your local wasp reporter, reporting to you once again. On Thursday, July 18, 1974, wasp city was intruded into by six two footed, long legged, eager looking campers. The General and fifteen scouts decided to investigate what these campers were here for. Deciding that the campers would not bother their city, General Swell and his scouts returned with their weapons (stingers) for a peaceful rest hour.

NEWS FLASH!!

This is your friendly wasp reporter, reporting to you again from Camp Runoia. General Swell and his fifteen scouts were on their way out of the city limits to investigate the loud noises during rest hour. The search was on and counselors were found, of course in the wrong territory.

Before the counselors knew it, the wasps had their weapons out and the battle was on.

NEWS FLASH!!

For one reason or another this will be the last report about wasp city at Camp Runola. It was one of those nights, dark and not a single star in the sky. Wasp City was quiet and enjoying the flick for evening program. When all of a sudden ... a horrible odor was in the city... bang, crash, one by one we fell to the ground. Now there is no more wasp city at Camp Runola.

Chris Buckley

How Halloween Got Started

Back in 1888 on October 31st in a town called Halloween, kids so bored with life decided to do something obnoxious. They decided to go from house to house and ruin everyone's front windceows. They went to all front doors, rang the bell and said, "If you don't pay five dollars, we'll wreck your front door." One person didn't give them the money, so they threw eggs against the front door and they set all their bushes on fire. Then they broke the windows and they made mysterious noises through the night. They got more rowdy and they decided to soap all the horses up and let them loose into the apple orchard across the street. So people believed that these were phantoms and called this night Halloween. The reason people trick or treat is because on a certain night of the year all the boys and girls of a town felt mischievous and their parents sent them outside. So they went to a lot of houses and said, "We're hungry, may we have candy." But one girl said, "Trick or treat!" Some people didn't give them food so they dressed in funny costumes and tried to scare the candy out of the people. Other parents who didn't like the children coming around put pumpkins out to scare them. Putting these out didn't work so the parents had to do something else, but they couldn't think of anything to do. The kids went around anyway and said "trick or treat". The parents threw hard candies at them to make them go away. They were really mad at the kids, and the kids dressed up like ghosts and

things to scare the parents. The parents weren't sure who it was and they got really scared, but then they found out it was their kids and didn't let on. They opened the door and discovered that they were their own kids and gave them the apples in which they had put the razor blades. When they complained of stomach aches they called the doctor and he said, "Take two aspirin and send me the five dollars." They had discovered a new quick diet (write to sixth shack for further information). And the cat rushed through the door and surprised everyone in the room. The dead kids screamed and turned into ghosts. Le monstre mange la citrouille blue.

The cat got pregnant by the monster and had thrity-one little goblins in October, and then Barnabas Collins came and bit them all on the neck. And then they started "Dark Shadows". The Brady Bunch took over and everyone thought they were dressed up as a gimmick -- it couldn't be for real. But it was and Herman Munster became the new star of the Brady Bunch.

There was a guy named Weeny, called Ween for short, and he carved funny things on a pumpkin, then he found out he could make it hollow. They named that pumpkin after Weeny and named the day Hollween, which gradually became Halloween. That's why they have pumpkins on Halloween.

Once there was a little boy and whenever his mother did the washing she hung white sheets on the clothes line. One day he decided to run through the white sheets and one of them stuck to him. He looked like a ghost so he went around scaring everybody. This boy's father went to a hot

dog shop and got a hot dog and then he found out biting it that it was hollow. A hot dog is also called a weener. So remembering that day when he got his hollow weener, we call it Halloween.

Produced through the efforts
of third shack, fourth shack,
fifth shack, sixth shack,
and seventh shack on Halloween.

April Fool

The day was April first. My older brother, Gary, and I walked uptown to find a gag to play on our grandparents. We were in Venice, Florida and on vacation. We have very nice grandparents, so we decided not to play a bad joke but something amusing and nice.

After some thought we decided not to play a joke but instead we found ourselves walking into a florist shop and buying them a beautiful bouquet of flowers. It was an assortment of snap-dragons, asters, carnations and other beautifully colored flowers.

After we each bought a coke, we started walking back to "Eagle Point" which is a place my grandparents own. On our way back a policeman stopped us and told us to get in the car. We were scared, but did as told. He told us we shouldn't be playing hockey and that he would take us BACK to school. He went around the block and said "April Fool!" Boy, were we relieved.

We walked home and gave the bouquet to our grandparents and they loved them.

Lisa Lombard

The Fourth of July

The fourth of July started out very rainy and dismal. Some thought that the festivities might be postponed, but the C.I.Ts wouldn't give up. First everyone came into the Lodge, where we were divided into either British or American teams. With four smaller teams within each team. Each group went to different activities such as a balloon toss, blind newcomb, and a gold rush. After lunch we had water activities. If you wanted, you could try for a greased watermelon, for team points. The watermelon contest ended as a tie between Noianni for the Americans and Annie for the British. The day was an overall success despite the rain that could have ruined it. The highlight of the day, though, was when the team captains were selected. Bethany Berry was picked as junior blue team captain, and Alice Kirkpatrick as senior blue team captain. Linda Rosenberg became junior white team captain along with Diana Hearst as senior white team captain.

After supper we had special vespers, in which Marie Gauthier and Louise Lessard did a duet in French. Then Jack told one of his fantastic stories. Following the story we had roasted marshmallows. Everyone had fun even though it was too wet for sparklers. Everybody was glad to get in bed when the time came.

Diane Michaels

The Fourth of July

July 4th, 1974 started out with the banging and noise from the counselors waking us up and telling us what day it was. It started out raining but we went on and the sun came out later.

The British and the American teams competed in all sorts of games and activities. There was Ga-ga ball, finding rocks, water balloon throws, jumping the wiffle ball, and more. The morning was topped off after those activities with juice and free swim.

Then in the afternoon we started off with a treasure hunt and after it we went into the Lodge because of rain; We played "To Tell the Truth", made up cheers for our teams and then there was a tug of war and the greased watermelon. At dinner we had the buffet and went to the Lodge. We were entertained by Louise and Marie and Jack telling us a story. We all cooked marshmallows and went to bed. The Americans beat the British, but not by too much. The whole day was fun and enjoyed by everybody.

Sarah Tabell

Fourth of July Team Songs

British:

Go!

Go British Go

Tally Ho

Come on Redcoats, knock out the Yankees,
All we want is a change in history,
Let's stop the Americans from winning,
Tea and crumpets, sound the trumpets, give them a fight,
We'll fight Americans into the night,
We'll always win and we'll always go
Tally ho!

Tune: The Clover Song

We tried for number 1

But we never quite begun,

Start it over and we'll see what we can do (we can do)

We're still lively, we've got spirit,

Start it over and we'll see what we can do.

Would have settled for number 2

The only thing that we could do

Cause the morning's halfway done and we've not won (we've not won)

We're still lively, we've got spirit,

Start it over and we'll see what we can do.

Monsters might be 3

That would be just fine with me

Cause at this point we will take what we can get,

We're still trying, still have some spirit,

Start it over and we'll see what we can do.

Slipping down to 4

But we haven't reached the floor

We'll still yell and shout though hardly in the race (in the race)

Legs are tired but we're still fired,

Let's keep going and we'll see what we can do.

Placing 5 would be nice

Even 6 would quite suffice

Could the Queen forgive us in a case like this (case like this)

We're not crying, we've started sighin,

Grin and bear it like the British people do.

7 is cheeri-o

Or to the cellar we will go

This is our last chance to stand and save our flag,

We won't retreat, though we'll get beat,

Better lose for the Queen than win for Tricky Dick!

We'll probably be 8
And I guess it's just our fate
Wait till next year and we'll turn the books around,
Go down fighting, it's so exciting,
The only way to really go is with the ship -- WITH THE SHIP!

Tune: Consider Yourself
We're British today, hooray
We're out to win all of the games we've played,
The Yanks will lose for sure,
But we'll still give them a chance next year!
At ga-ga-ga ball we're tops,
Found the treasure and the rocks,
So after some consideration you'll agree
The British have won all the way! Hey!

Tune: Long Road to Freedom
It was a hard fight to beat us,
We fought with all our might,
But consistency is how we plea
When we made the Americans start to flea
Till they saw the light

Tune: Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here
Hail, hail the British are here,
Americans start to shake,
We'll give you all a break,
Hail, hail, the British are here,
We'll wipe the smile off your face!

Tune: Oh Here We Come
Oh here we came, we fought for fame,
Our royal banner floats on high,
The union jack,
It does not lack,
The loyalty that never dies, that never dies,
So give a cheer (ra-ra) for British dear (ra-ra)
And let the Yanks forever fall,
With our might might might we will fight fight fight
For Elizabeth ever more!

Tune: Jingle Bells
British team, British team, British team we are,
Oh what fun we had all day while working for our goal,
British team, British team, British team we are,
Oh what fun we had all day while working for our goal.

Striving for the top, in many different ways,
We are full of pep and we are always gay,
Striving for the top, in many different ways,
We are full of pep, and we are always gay,

Oh! British team, British team, British team we are,
Oh what fun we had all day while working for our goal!

Americans:

Background hum: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Spoken: The Americans -- we were there scavenging for yellow
rocks, taking our lumps in the balloon toss, courageously
feeling our way through blind newcomb, battling the ferocious
GaGa Ball, valiently joining our fellow Americans in a show
of strength, overcoming the subjects of King George III on
the battlefield in a tug-of-war.

We are proud to be Americans.

Americans Americans (A A)

Marie's Mighty Maidens (M M M)

We'll send the British off to hide
We won our games with lots of pride

A A

M M M

We send the British spinning
And that is why we're winning

A A

M M M

In balloon tossing and tugs of war
We'll show them what we're fighting for

A A

M M M

Although the weather was not great
We knew that winning was our fate

A A

M M M

We're Ellen's Elegant Elephants
You've heard so much about,
People stop and stare at us
When ever we go out,
America we'll defend
No matter what the cause,
Whether greasy watermelons
Or water balloons we toss,
Treasure hunts, tugs-of-war

Or Ga-Ga ball,
Gold-rush, To Tell the Truth,
We will never fall!

Tune: Wouldn't It Be Lovely
All we want is a sunny day,
For to blow the British away,
One swift kick would do the trick,
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Tea and krumpets are their pride,
That's not how we spend our time,
We've fought, we'll win, we'll do them in,
Americans are beautiful, wonderful, intelligent, athletic,
indescribable!

Flagstaff Trip Song

Tune: Lord Said to Noah

Lord said to us there's gonna be a floody floody
Lord said to us there's gonna be a floody floody
Lunch in a swamp is oh so muddy muddy
Trippers of Flagstaff.

Sun came out, and dried our seagies seagies
Sun came out, and dried up our seagies seagies,
Turned them into hoagies hoagies hoagies
Trippers of Flagstaff.

Tune: Five Foot Two

Five foot two, legs of blue,
She is that ran all the way through
Has anybody seen Harriet?

Tune: Going Back

We come from a place where the driftwood grows tall
And Peter has found a place for it all
With Chandeliers and tabletops of wood
And mantlepices that are so very good.

Tune: Roll us over

Roll us over, through the berries,
Roll us over, climb the hill and do it again.

Tune: Linger

Mmm I hear a putt-putt,
Mmm a little closer
Mmm a little closer to our site.
Mmm head for the "beep" left,
Mmm head for the "beep" right,
Mmm, you're gonna hit the "beeping" stump.

Tune: Oil in my Lamp

Put some gas on the fire, keep it burning
Put some gas on the fire, I swear (grab a beer)
Put some gas on the fire, keep it burning,
Keep it burning till the break of day.

Put a blanket on the fire, it is burning,
Put a blanket on the fire, I swear (grab another)
Put a blanket on the fire, it is burning,
It is burning up Jim Eaton Hill

Tune: Climb Every Mountain

Climb every big rock, forge every cave,
We'll sit on our fungus rock, and from this rock we'll gaze.

Tune: The Streaker

Oh yes, they call him the streak...

Tune: Pass the shoes

We must pass the pipe from me to you, to you,
We must pass the pipe, and take a drag or two.

Tune: When the moon hits the Sky

When the moon hits the sky
Like a big pizza pie
Let's go eat it (QUIETLY)

Tune: Girl Who Can't Say No

We're just a trip that can't say no,
We just don't want to go back,
We never say "We'd like to go"
We always say "Take us back"

Sandy: Go to France

Jeanne: Go to Louisiana

Harriet: For a day

Maggie: On to Georgia

Lisa: Go to Sweden

Louise: Then to Timbuktoo

Marie: For a day

Meg: Go to Florida

Jean: Back to Flagstaff

All: FLAGSTAFF!!

My Trip

My trip was so much fun. We went to Pine Island by canoe. It was fun paddling there. When we got there we set up our tents and dug out the pix hole. It was so much fun. Oh, it wasn't really Pine Island, just that side of Oak. I slept with Brenda Harrington. We made dinner and I got to make the congo bars with Sue and Hillary. It did not turn into congo bars or anything like them. It turned into mush, but it was sort of good mush. We made up some songs about what happened. We also had Christmas. And we hung up our socks on the clothesline and got hershey bars and marshmallows in them. We also went for a swim. It was so much fun. We made a song about when I fell in, and about some boys in a motoboat. It was real fun. We talked and sang songs about our trip while we roasted the marshmallows. We also told funny, funny, funny, stories about people and things. I liked the trip so much, and I hope I go on another one just like this one!

Denise Smit

Trip to the Bog

On July 3 the fifth shack combo went to the bog on Long Lake. When we arrived at the house where Ricky Cobb was supposed to meet us we started the one mile hike to the bog. When we got there we ate our picnic dinner. There were a lot of deer flies and horse flies so it was pretty hard to eat. We saw a few sundew also. The sundew had little balls of liquid at the top of the stems of the flower. They ate flies and little insects that came within their reach. Sophie Carpenter and I hiked a little further into the bog. The bog smelled terrible! There were some places where the muck went up to our knees. The others were watching us from a tree house. The trip was a hot one but it was fun.

Kathy Bowring

Junior Trip to the Beach

On our way to the beach we just sang songs and had lots of fun. When we got there we got into our bathing suits and played games. After that we had lunch. All the seagulls flew around us, waiting for food. I couldn't finish my sandwich so I gave it to the seagulls! One ate right from my hand!

Then some kids went swimming. It didn't, I was freezing! Anyway, here's the exciting part. We were playing this game where you draw a line, then everybody jumps over it, and then you draw another line. You keep making it bigger and when you step on a line you're out. The last person left wins. I won the first game, Camille won the second game. In the second game Me and Camille were left. I jumped first then Camille went. It was a tie. But when I landed I landed on my right hand and I killed it. When we did it over I forgot to jump I was so nervous. I landed on my feet, but when I was getting up I pushed with my right hand really hard, and then I twisted it. It started swelling. Laura thought it was broken, so did Peter (he thought of the game). Laura wrapped it while all the other kids went to the island. I didn't care, I was over there millions of times. Anyway, Laura was real nice and she gave me extra candy and stuff like that. When everyone came back from the island we changed and left. Laura had to dress me. Everybody was staring at me, I tried to show them my arm so that they could understand and not think

I didn't know how to dress myself!

On the way back we stopped for ice cream. When we got back Trish took me to the hospital where the doctor saw it and they finally told me it wasn't broken but only sprained. After the hospital Trish took me to get ice cream. Twice in one day! Oh boy! Everybody was being so nice! Anyway, I had a lot of fun!

Kathy Savadove

An Almost Oak Trip

On July 5th, an overnight trip with Sandy and Chris was supposed to leave for Oak Island. There was one problem, however, when July 5th rolled around. After rest hour it was raining (not very hard) and the water was rough. Instead of cancelling the trip all together on this account, the group lined their knapsacks with plastic bags, and made their way to Fairy Ring, which made things a lot easier. Determination in our eyes and hard shoes on our feet, we hiked from camp to Fairy Ring, caring not much about the light rain. When we reached Fairy Ring, we set up our tents, made a fire, and began preparing our dinner. Soon enough the food was done . . . and eaten. Later on, making and eating s'mores brought a close to the day and everyone gladly went off to bed.

We woke early to a beautiful sunny morning. Breakfast was eagerly made. Then came cleaning the silverware, getting more wood (to put in the shelter for the next to come) and taking down the tents, and packing up. When all was done off we tripped back to camp, just in time for swimming lessons. That trip was fun for all who came. It will add to our camping experience, which can always come in handy. It also left something better behind it: a memory.

Hilary Peck

Our Thoughts and Complaints of the Sugarloaf
Mountain Trip

We started out from camp to Sugarloaf Mountain two hours late. We went in the blue truck and camp car along with Flagstaff. We stopped at a gas station and got dropped off and all fifteen of us were squeezed into the camp car. The trail we were going to follow was called A.T. We couldn't find it! After an half an hour we found it, marked by a pair of shorts on a pole. Half of us changed into shorts with Phineas while Bill gave a lecture. We started toward the mountain with Ellen at the head and Bill at the foot. When we had gone a mile we found out that we weren't on the mountain yet so we took a rest. Then we came to a slope and Ellen said, "This is it guys," so we started up with an UGH. Karol Robbins started out up in the front but fell behind to the back. She convinced us all that she would die if we went any further so we took a rest. After our rest we started to go up. After a mile or two everybody was complaining. We came to the Maine Mountain Accosites Shed but this time we did not stop and rest. Everyonce in a while we would hear thunder and drops of rain would fall on us, and Ellen would say, "Well guys, I don't know, what do you think Bill?" Then it started pouring, thrunder and lightening came down very heavily, so we stopped and weren't allowed to touch any trees. When the storm stopped, we were all wet andchilled but we still had enough guts to go on! But this time Karol was sure she wasn't going to make it. As we were going up there,

there were a lot of complaints such as: "Linda, it's your turn to hold the knapsack", said Bethany. Debbie said, "You guys, if you breathe deeply and take long strides you will make it up easier." Chris continually said, "Linda, do you have a piece of gum?" Well Debbie, you have longer legs," Jackie remarked. "When are we going to eat" said Nina? "I can't go on any longer," cried Karol. "Keep pushing guys, keep pushing," said Bill. The next rest we took was at a clearing which was a ski slope so since it was an open area we ate there. We feasted upon P B and J, salami, cheese and mustard or pickled ham and mustard. For our scrumptious dessert we had apples, oranges and gorp. Then we started up. We also made a pit stop. Then we started on our merry way, up the ski slope. "Nah," we thought, "no way will we make it up the ski slope," but we had no choice. And finally we got to the top of the slope...WE'RE HERE!! And Bill answered us: "Look up ahead of you... that's the top!" "NO WAY" And we all dropped dead! Anyway, it was straight up. It was late, so we had convinced Ellen and Bill to head back. Bill offered to be in the front of the line and said, since we were all very tired, "I'll go down very slow". But boy, was he wrong. It was mile by mile non stop with a few mud incidents such as Debbie sliding, Katie sitting, Linda getting stuck, and to top it off, Brenda falling in face first! We finally came to the Maine Mountain Accosites Shed so we knew we were half way, but no resting. Then later on we heard a bulldozer and everyone ran like crazy.

Amy screamed, "No, don't let them get us!" She obviously was at the front of the line. We ran until we came to the end. We're here this time. Bill didn't say anything. We all took off our shoes and displayed our lovely array of blisters. Then we found out that Ricky had climbed to the top and down and was still waiting for us for an hour! We all piled into the truck, hoping we would get ice cream but we didn't even stop for anything, not even gas! Instead we ate the left over gorp. We came back just in time for a five minute soapie. All and all the trip was really good!

Linda Rosenberg
Kate Moffatt

Aides Chesuncook Trip

Getting to know each other well
A feeling of closeness and comfort
Each experiencing many things
Mountains rising tall
The lake
Sunset

We all awoke to the gentle pitter patter of rain at 8:00 AM. We ate breakfast and left camp at 9:40 to go into Belgrade Lakes for gas with Peter driving his V.W. van and Johnny riding with Diane and Ginny in the camp wagon. We started on our way and arrived at the Ranger Station in Greenville at 1:12. Diane and Ginny picked up the necessary fire permits and checked out the campsites on the map. We divided up the lunches and continued on our way, past Mount Kineo which is a mountain island in Moosehead Lake. It was barely visible because of fog. We stopped for gas at Rockwood and shortly after starting out again we ran out of paved road. Johnny was telling us about having come through here one summer on her way to camp. We were driving on Great Northern Paper Company roads. Soon we arrived at the gate and gave the man there the information he needed. He told us that they had had quite a downpour the night before. This was quite obvious as we could see that the road was quite muddy. Just before arriving at our destination Peter, who was leading, took a wrong turn. We saw a sign advertising gas but discovered that it was only a sign along the side of the road with no station in sight. We realized we had made a wrong turn and, after some fancy driving to the tune of numerous directions to "turn right, no, left, etc."

Diane backed up the canoe trailer and we were again on our way. This time Diane was in the lead, unfortunately! Suddenly we were off the shoulder of the muddy road, sunk deeply in to the bottom of the car. We all got out to survey the situation, walked around the car several times scratching and shaking our heads and then began to rally in order to remedy the situation. We took the canoe trailer off and moved it out of the way. More scratching and shaking of heads (this time because the insects had discovered us) and then we decided to try to pull the car out using Peter's van. Nothing budged! Just then a very kind man drove up and stopped to offer help. Under his direction, and using his shovel and jack, we started to dig out the wheels, jack up the front end and put rocks under the wheels. By this time we had drawn quite a crowd. One man got out a chain and decided to pull using his truck. We all lent a shoulder and amidst a great spray of mud and dirt, the car was pulled out. White shirts and blue shorts looked as though they had gone through a mud bath! We re-attached the trailer, found our places in the two cars, and continued on our way. We arrived at the turn-off for Penobscot Farm about 5:00. The road in was quite treacherous and the mosquitoes incredible. We unloaded beside the river and sent Peter and Johnny on their way. We set up tents and cooked Mexican dinner on the Coleman stove. There is no actual campsite at Penobscot Farm. The road in ends at the river and there is a parking area there for people who are fishing, canoeing and camping along the river. There was no fireplace and our tents were set up on and alongside the gravel road.

The area is in the middle of a swamp and, since it had been spitting rain on and off all day and all evening, the mosquitoes, no-see-ums, deerflies, blackflies and horseflies were truly amazing. Our Mexican dinner and Waldorf salad were delicious in spite of the fact that we had to eat walking around in circles to keep away from the bugs. We decided the only comfortable place would be in our tents so dishes were done quickly and things put away. We took canoes out into the river to wash our faces and brush our teeth. We had seen moose tracks and raccoon tracks along the side of the road and down into the lake. And, although we could hear lumbering trucks in the distance, we felt far away from everything. We were in our tents by 9:00. Books were passed out and while two people in one tent read to each other about stars. . . "the sun in as mass of incandescent gas", two others read a la Euell Gibbons about edible wild foods. We finally slept to the serenade of buzzing bugs and croaking frogs.

Although it had rained during the night, we awoke to beautiful clear skies at 6:00. The same mosquitoes, no-see-ums, blackflies, deerflies and horseflies were waiting for us outside our tents, along with intermittent gentle breezes and the continued accompaniment of bullfrogs. We ate oranges, packed our gear and left the swamp as quickly as possible. We left at 7:55 and paddled with a gently moving current on the West Branch of the Penobscot River. We saw red-winged blackbirds as we paddled into towering trees along either bank, leaving most of the mosquitoes behind. At 8:40 we reached Lobster Lake Stream and turned right off of

the Penobscot. We met one other canoe on it's way out of the stream. The paddling was very leisurely and the stream winding. After each bend we strained to see the lake, expecting to see it at any minute. The current in the stream was going with us, but very slightly. Just after turning into the stream, we had crossed under a logging bridge. This looked like a good put-in spot but there was no campsite there. We finally reached the lake at 9:30 with Lobster Mountain imposing itself upon our view. This was a gorgeous flat-topped mountain with many summits which were blocked off from view by clouds until later in the morning. It was beautiful to look at this lake with no one and nothing in sight except water, trees and sky. We really felt as though we had the world to ourselves and the entire sight really was breath-taking. We decided to head toward a wide sandy beach on Spalding Point on the east side of the lake for our breakfast of sausage, eggs and cheese. The point had six log fishin cabins, all deserted, and a pix. We explored the shore-line after breakfast, which again was cooked on the Coleman stove. We peered through the windows of the cabins and found that all were neatly arranged with beds made, towels on racks, etc. Dishes were washed and packed away and we started out again about 12:45. This time we paddled up and across Lobster Lake into the wind. We saw one woodsy campsite on Ogden Point. This was already occupied so we voted to stay on the wide sandy spit of land beyond it, even though we discovered a tent set up when we arrived. Our neighbors turned out to be an older couple from New Hampshire who come here often to

fish. We set up the tents and opened them to take advantage of the weterly breeze. Woodgatherers headed off into the buggy woods while those behind started lunch on the stove. We ate spaghetti, cheese and tomatoes with bananas about 2:00. The afternoon was spent chopping wood, taking soapies, giving baths to the canoes and otherwise relaxing. A fire was started and dinner begun at 5:00. Everyone worked to get dinner ready. We put two picnic tables together and enjoyed our meal of beef stroganoff, lettuce salad, peas and pneapple upside down cake which Ginny had made. Erica and Brenda made bread which we baked in the Coleman oven and at after dishes were done. We studied the top maps and had a short discussion on trips. Then we ate some mores under gathering rain clouds and crawled into our tents about 10:00 as a gentle rain began to fall. Within half an hour, both the rain ad the wind had stopped and all was quiet.

Ginny and Diane were up at the crack of dawn, yes indeed, it was 5:00 A.M. The sunrise was beautiful with Lobster Mountain in plain sight. The air was clear, as was the sky, and the water still. We started making bepo and coffee, woke everyon else and were eating breakfast by 7:30. As we ate, the wind began to pick up. We hurried to do dishes and load the canoes. We said goodbye to our neighbors who came over to see us off at 9:30. This time we paddled against the wind up the lake and into the stream. Our last view of Lobster Lake showed Katahdin barely visible and the other mountains speckled with sunlight. We reached the loggin road bridge and began our day's journey down the

Penobscot at 10:30. The views along the river were most interesting and, although the skies began to darken, we enjoyed the towering rees and other river-bank scenery. We saw wild iris, wild roses, loons, hawks, seagulls and had great fun watching a mother duck with her three ducklings. We also saw old logging booms and chains and an old abandoned telephone line. We passed a group of boys from Seboomook Boy Scouts and reached Big Island at 2:00. This was to be our lunch stop so we heated the chicken noodle soup, grilled cheese sandwiches and ate the congo bars which had been made over a dying fire the night before. Off again by 3:00. After Holly and Andrea scouted the left side of the island, we decided to go that way around and encountered some fast water with rocks which was fun, but was only enough to whet our appetites for more. It started raining off and on and was actually quite chilly. The river's current was lazy and, as it began to widen, the wind blew harder into our faces. Finally, the river became so wide it looked like a small long lake. At 5:45 we reached the mouth of the Penobscot and entered Chesuncook Lake. Now that the wind was finally at our backs, it decided to die down! Katahdin was in full view about thirty-fourty miles east of us (according to Nancy Navigator!). As we rounded Graveyard Point, we could see Chesuncook Village, a community without roads or telephones. There, high on a hill sat a church and down on the bank were several houses. One was a huge white building with a very large barn. There were a couple of old trucks and cars which must have come over on the ice in the winter. The village was very

Picturesque and we all felt as though it would have been great fun to stop and visit with the people who lived there and find out more about their isolated community. We continued on down the lake, however, and finally reached our campsite in the pouring rain with a good stiff breeze at our backs at 7:00. The site was already occupied by Seboomook B.S.A. but there was enough room for us on the other side of the point. All the equipment was brought in quickly. The rain ceased after about three-quarters of an hour. Dinner was finally started - lasagna and salad with homemade garlic bread made the night before and fudge which Boop made. It was a long paddle, about twenty-two miles, and we were chilled from the rain, but we had a pleasant, although late, dinner together . . . except for Noianni who had fallen asleep. The moon and stars were out as we went off to bed and the cool temperatures seemed to have eliminated many of the bugs. Although it was late, Ginny and Diane sang around the campfire while everyone got ready for bed and crawled into warm sleeping bags. The Boy Scouts next to us were on their way about 6:00. They had to walk through our campsite to load their canoes but those of us who heard them were able to go back to sleep after they left. Diane was up at 7:00, got breakfast laid out, cleaned out the two trip boxes, laid a fire and spent some time reading on the beach with Gretchen until others began to stir. It was a magnificent day. Katahdin was in full view, the sky was clear and the sun warm. Holly and Andrea appeared next. They started the fire and began to cook cream of wheat and crepes. Ginny and everyon else was up by 10:30.

We ate crepes with strawberry filling at 12:00. After a short "round-table discussion" we did laundry in the lake and took soapies. We really had the lake to ourselves ... the water was clear and refreshing. Clothes dried quickly in the warm sun and steady breeze. By the time we had packed everything and loaded the canoes it was the middle of the afternoon. We decided to cook our lunch of beanie-weenie before we left. Consequently, it was 4:45 by the time we finished dishes, packed them and were on our way. We left with a mild breeze blowing from behind us and the view of Katahdin in front of us. After a while we could see Lobster Mountain again on our right. It was exciting to see so much of Katahdin for so long. As we paddled we continued to get different views of the mountain, especially beautiful with a few scattered clouds in the otherwise blue sky. It took us about an hour and a half to reach Sandy Point campsite which was occupied by some people who looked as though they were fishermen. We continued on down the lake. By now there were dark clouds behind us and, although at times they looked threatening, they proved to be beautiful to watch as they created a sunset of yellows, oranges and purples. We jammed together for gorp and then paddled on to Caribou Point. By this time the water and air were very still and the sun was setting behind the clouds. We saw red tents on the point in the distance and pulled in to find the Boy Scouts whom we had seen sailing their canoes down the lake earlier in the day. In fact, they were the same group we had seen camping at Ragmuff Stream along the river. The campsite was too small to hold both of our groups so we were directed to an island across the lake which had

been named Paradise Island because there were no bugs on it. We paddled across very quickly in the gathering darkness and were met by three boys, two whom Kate knew, who were camping there but offered us the larger part of the island. We were getting good at unloading quickly and setting up tents by this time! We started our dinner of ham, potatoes and beans and Erica made a peach cobbler which we cooked in the Coleman oven. We built a campfire and ate our ~~real~~ dinner around it. Those who waited for the peach cobbler had a real treat as it was delicious. In the middle of the night Ginny and Diane heard giggling and heard someone outside their tent ask, "Should we knock?" They unzipped the tent and in came a piece of dri-ki with the following written on it... "To Ms. Erler and Ms. Geyer; You are cordially invited to a morning repast at 'Campsite Unknown' (because viewed only via star and moonlight) on Saturday, the thirteenth of July, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventy four. Inofrmal attire only, please (spiffies will be escorted out to Penobscot Farm). The morning meal will be served, specifically whenever ready. Reservations are not necessary... we have many logs available. RSVP in person only -- no's will not be accepted. Signed, the staff of Bonne Matin Unlimited. Note... this invitation is void where prohibited."

The following morning we awoke to the sounds of the ~~axe~~ and a crackling fire. Ginny and Diane decided to stay in their tent and be lazy as per the invitation of the previous night. They listened to comments such as, "What

shall we use in the streusal, there's no butter left?'

"Oh, use bacon grease, they'll never be able to tell."

"Hey you guys, we need more wood." "Where can I put the rest of this bacon grease?" "Which cheese should we use?"

"Hey, someone can get busy making peanut butter sandwiches."

At 8:30... record time, I think, breakfast was brought to the tent. Everything, streusal, eggs and cheese, bacon, coffee, and juice was delicious and greatly appreciated. After eating, Ginny and Diane took coffee down to the lake to enjoy the stillness and beauty of our surroundings in their pajamas... after posing for pictures! Everyone else helped with dishes, lunch, clean-up, etc. Brenda and Mary were able to concoct a dessert using rice krispies, chocolate and marshmallows. Boop managed to see that all the canes were loaded and we were on our way by 12:00, marveling at the stillness and the amazing echo. Chesuncook Dam was reached by 1:00. Peter and Jack were there waiting for us. We loaded the cars, put the canoes on the trailer and piled into Peter's car and the camp car for the ride to Greenville. At the Ranger's Station there we were met by the next trip of campers, Jody and Gary. We exchanged canoes and equipment, took soapies in Moosehead Lake and changed into camp clothes. There we parted ways, the Aides to return to camp with Peter and the other trip to be driven to Lobster Lake bridge by Diane, Ginny and Jack. It felt strange to not return to camp together and even stranger to leave a different group at the bridge and to return to camp alone. Our days together will never be

forgotten. There was a feeling of awe as well as a feeling of real closeness experienced by all, a truly unforgettable five days together.

Ginny Geyer
Diane Erler
Erica Edelman
Nolanni Horgan
Mary Nastuk
Andrea Newman
Holly Rutherford
Nancy St. Lifer
Brenda Swanson
Boop Tabell
Kate Wilkinson

July 9-13, 1974

Katahdin

Slowly the sun makes its way out of sight
Leaving a streak of gold in the sky
Leaving long shadows that back the amber light
Shining on the silent mountain, towering high.

In the fading pink and gold tapestry of sunset
The silent blanket of evening spreads
Unevenly across the stark-standing net
Of trees and brush on the mountain's head.

The scattered rays shine flatly on the vast mountainside
The sky swirls and bathes in the deepening light
And my paddle drips quietly by my side
As I marvel and cry at such a sight.

Katahdin -- your very name creates a picture in my mind
Your outline in the sky begins release
Of inner frustrations, leaving no quiet fears behind
Only an ache of inner peace.

Boop Tabell

Sailing Trip Song

Tune: Dr. Knickerbocker

Sailboats, sailboats, one two three
We sure fell in love with the open sea,
Now let's get the fell of the wind (blow blow)
Now you've got the feel of the wind (blow blow)
Now let's get the feeling of the heel (hike out)
Now you've got the feeling of the heel (hike out)
Now let's get the sound of the sail (luff luff)
Now you've got the sound of the sail (luff luff)
Now let's get the glow of the bright sunshine
Now you've got the glow of a real good tan.

Tune: That's The Life For Me

If you're looking for wind
Just sail and begin
To pull on your main sheet
Cause the feeling of sailing
(with a little bailing)
Is so very neat!

Tune: Let's Go Gly a Kite

Let's go sail a boat,
Just make sure you stay afloat,
Let's go sail a boat and pray for wind,
Out on a lake of blue
Do what you want to do
Let's just go sail a boat!

Tune: I See The Moon

I see the moon and the moon sees me
And the moon sees the sailboats one two three
Starboard tack means right of way,
But I can't see you anyway.

Tune: Praise Ye the Lord

Pray they're alright (here come the boys)
Pray they're alright (here come the boys)
Pray they're alright (here come the boys)
Don't make too much noise!

Tune: Drink Tonight

They're drunk tonight,
They've drunk a little more,
Just sit tight and try to ignore,
Just act like little girls,
They have cooties if you please,
If we keep playing it will put our nerves at ease.

Tune: My Eyes Are Dim

For its chicken chicken chicken
That makes for finger lickin'
On our trip, on our trip,

For its chicken chicken chicken
That makes for finger lickin'
On our super sailing, super sailing trip,
My leg is fried,
Please pass a breast,
I don't want more
I think I'll eat the rest!

Tune: Sparks
Forks are flying high and low
In our good dessert,
Try to get another piece,
Ouch! You stabbed me and it hurt,
Can't get blueberries on my fork,
So I'll take a new attack,
I'll use my hand and reach right in
Oh no all that I got was nuts all burned so black!

Tune: Consider Yourself
Consider yourself the crew,
Consider yourself with nothing to do
Consider yourself prone flat
Cause that's where your leeward position is at

These are the rules of the game
And they always will remain the same
Whether you're the skipper or the crew
Here is what we both must do.

If you ship too much you're out
Then it's time for me to go and come about
The positions will be reversed
It's who gets the other wetter worst!

Tune: Take a Bit of Ginger
First take a bit of ketchup,
Then add a little salt,
Throw in some salad dressing,
It won't be anyone's fault,
Add a little hamburger,
Dog food if you please,
Oh, mix it all together
With applesauce and cheese.

Spoken: Dogfood Delight is mmmm good!

Chesuncook Trip

After a long five hour drive we unloaded our canoes at Lobster Stream and paddled quickly to our sandy campsite on Lobster Lake. Katahdin was blurred, but slightly visible in the distance, providing all of us with a really neat feeling. At the site we pitched our tents and late in the evening sat down to dinner of "Pan-cooked Shishkabob" and delicious homemade french fries. Then off to bed on a bed of sand. In the morning we woke up to a beautiful view of Katahdin and Lobster Mountain and packed our canoes for the day's long paddle. The elderly couple who were also on the site came over to bid us farewell. The wife had some kind of respiratory problem, and the whole night before we had been certain of bears in the vicinity, only to find out later that it was the woman snoring!

We headed downstream and by 3:00 reached our campsite. After lunch we swam in the stream, fought the current, relaxed, and did some laundry... alot of laundry, in some cases! Dinner took awhile and was cooked over green wood but finally when it was done it was super good. We had our dessert perched on a look out bench which had been built by the river, and sat there watching all the lazy bums motoring downstream. I guess we must have look pretty funny too, cause one group came by and asked if we weren't the same people who had been sitting there three years before! That night we went to bed early, but... at 2:00 we made a little too much noise for Ginny. "Ladies, do you have a problem?"

The ritual of the pot orange

The ritual of the pot came bright and early at 5 AM, a little too bright and a little too early for some of us. But being the cheery souls we are, we rised and shined and got a good breakfast going and set off for a long day that would take us into Chesuncook Lake. Enroute, we encountered a dangerous set of white water rips, but being the accomplished canoeists that we are, we met them head on and emerged triumphant! The river was pretty , with much to see including Tamaracks, baby ducks, and a lot of big chains that had apparently been used for logging on the West Branch of the Penobscot. Finally we hit the lake, and it was just beautiful. The wind was astern of us, so we decided to make Jody feel at home in a canoe by raising a tarp a la spinnaker and sailing down the lake past Chesuncook Village.

When at last we reached our campsite after a small amount of rain, we set up our tents and started dinner. Soon we had some people come to co-inhabit our site. Apparently they were not the most proficient campers, as one boy was caught surreptitiously stripping birch bark off a tree. We promptly let him know that it really wasn't too cool!

After a great dinner of scalloped potatoes and ham, and an even greater snack of yummy peanut brittle, we all sat around the fire and sang ourselves to sleep.

The next day we lazed around swimming, collecting dri-ki and chasing frogs. Oh, and celebrating Diana's birthday, too! We left before noon for our next site, a place called Caribou Point. It was a really nice area, and Katahdin was

was right out in front of us. After dinner we experienced a beautiful night. The mountain was purple, the clouds were purple, and all of this was reflected in the water while in the western sky the sunset was of unbelievable beauty. We took advantage of the still night and some of us took canoes out soloing, others whittled sailboats out of wood, people went searching for interesting pieces of dri-ki, some were fishing and others were chopping and sawing wood. Again we sang by the fire, and after a frightening trip to the pix when we were sure we were being surrounded by bears, we all went to sleep.

The morning came early and bright, and after soapies we paddled across the lake to be picked up by Johnny and William. We convinced them that it would be fun to go see Rippogenus Dam before heading home, so we did and it was quite a sight. On the way home, we encountered a rather enormous lump in the road which did not take too kindly to Gary's car and left it unable to proceed. So we bid a really sad farewell to Ginny, Gary and Jody and left them behind to feast on tang-with-no-water and rice krispies-with no-milk while we continued back to camp. The trip was such a good one, and we all came home feeling so close and very much a part of each other.

Pam and Jody

The All Day Cycling Trip

In the morning after assembly we left taking with us two knapsacks full of food for our lunch. We peddaled for about an hour, stopping at the top of every steep hill to rest and talk for awhile. We stopped at Castle Island and decided whether we should go swimming there and have lunch at Flying Pond, or else got to Flying Pond, have lunch there and go swimming. We decided for this last one. When we got to Flying Pond, we had baby hoagies and sodas and an apple each. They were good! Then we talked and rested for a half hour. After lunch and rest hour we went on till we got to a little dirt road which we followed for awhile and then got to a house right next to a little beach. First we swam near a sort of dam that was near by and then we swam near the little beach. After our swim we got dressed and went back to Castle Island very quickly cause we thought that a storm would hit. When we got there we stayed for about a half an hour and met a nice old man that stopped to talk and then treated us to ice cream. The storm went around us. After our ice-cream we went on, then stopped when we were almost home and wrote a really nice trip song, eating a tootsie roll tootsie pop. When we got home it was time to go to free swim so we went back to our shacks to get changed.

Ilaria Rostagno

Bicycle Trip Song

Tune: It's a Long Road to Freedom
It's a long way to Flying Pond
Up and down the hills
But when you're on a bike and you've got the might
The bugs don't bite and the bikes don't break,
The miles fly by.
We stopped a sec at Castle Isle
Then went on for seven tired miles
It's almost noon
So we had lunch

Tune: "Noah's Ark"
We drank and drank for one whole hour, hour,
Drank and drank for one whole hour hour
Baby hoagies, apples, soda sodas,
We sure loved our lunch!

Tune: "Put Some Oil in my Lamp"
Put some noise in our cars
With no mufflers, mufflers, mufflers,
Put some noise in our cars I say, Mount Vernon,
Put some noise in our cars
With no mufflers mufflers mufflers,
Put some noise in our car to stay.

Tune: "Oh Here We Come"
Oh here we are, at Flying Pond
Only took us half the day,
To our surprise
Before our eyes,
Camp Laurel's on it's way, on it's way,
She's on the bow, ha, ha,
They're going to tip, ha, ha,
But a boy was mighty cute,
With a splash splash a splash
And a crash crash crash,
They finally made it under the bridge.

Tune: "Battle Hymn"
Underneath the rippling water fall
We swam and splashed and played among the worms
We drifted down the stream
With our feet in front of us
With Tracey and Laura close behind.

Tune: "It's a Long Road to Freedom"
It's a long way to Castle Isle
With thunder up above,
But when you're going down hill
And you've eaten your fill
A great big yell
Made us paddle like ____
We'll be there soon.

Tune: The Poor Old Slave
A nee ice old man
Did stop to talk
He surely must have liked us,
A surprise he gave to all of us
Ice cream for everyone of us.

Bo-bo nice old man

Tune: Suitors at my Door
After our stay at Castle Isle
Where we sat and had a snack
There is still too much time
It's too early to go back
So we sat and wrote this song
Now it's time to move along.

Spoken: Guess what? It takes 553 licks to get to the
center of a Tootsie Roll Tootsie Pop!

A Long Lake Trip

The trip to Long Lake that eight kids and three counselors took proved to be a successful and refreshing trip! We started out with four canoes filled with a head of cabbage, two leaky tents, two gallons of diluted tang and other important articles! Just because we had a cabbage salad and all slept in the same tent doesn't mean we didn't have a fantastic time! We did! The sky and sun were recovering from a rain storm the previous night and were trying their hardest to bring good weather. When we set off the sky opened and in came good weather. We paddled till we came to Belgrade Lakes Village and had to portage our canoes and a trip box! After our portage the counselors bought part of our dinner in Days' and we all ate lunch! After lunch it was "Back to canoes and paddles" when we arrived at our campsite it looked like someone else was there for the night, because of a covered wood pile. Meg was thrilled because it was the first time in ten years anyone had left her a wood pile! After setting up our campsite and digging a new pit we all had a refreshing swim!

Dinner was cooked and two seconds afterwards it began to rain. Thunder succeeded and everyone began to grab things! Including Laura! After dessert and dinner we sat by the fire and played pass the ash and learned Meg's and Rosie's life history.

It began to rain again and Lolly and Lori's tent was filled with puddles so they joined Chippy, Rosie, Sophie and I.

In the morning after breakfast we cleaned up our campsite and took off for the Big Boulders at Long Lake. We played on the rocks and chased runaway canoes. Our trip back to Belgrade was rough and we lost Meg's canoe and passengers to someone's back yard! We all experienced white water canoeing that day on the way home! And thus our trip ended with eight kids and three counselors and four canoes carrying two empty gallons of dilluted tang and two wet tents and no cabbage.

Diana Hearst

Long Lake Trip Song

Tune: "I'm Going Back"

We're going out, though the weather was bad
And the counselors met to decide what they had
But Long Lake Trippers decided to come
Cause they knew that Long Lake is always so much fun.

Tune: "My Paddle's Keen and Bright"

Our portage's short and sweet
We'll get it over
Lunch is a big surprise
Head for the lake

Tune: "You Can't Get to Heaven"

Oh you can't make a salad (again)
With cabbage (again)
Cause cabbage (again)
Is savage (again)
(repeat together as one verse)
We won't forget our lettuce again
We won't forget our lettuce again,
We won't forget our lettuce again.

Tune: "Consider Yourself"

Consider yourself lucky
Consider yourself part of a well fed crew
It's true that we are early
But after some consideration you'll agree
That it's better to eat early.

Tune: "Willie White"

Thunderstorms are the ones we love (boom boom boom)
Grabbing "things" was surely done (boom boom boom)

Tune: "Pass the Shoe"

Pass the ash from me to you to you
You must pass the ash
And tell us all that's true.

Tune: "Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head"

Raindrops keep falling on our tent
But we moved
(spoken) It worked.

Tune: The Prettiest Girl

The sun came out
The very next morn
And to the rocks
We all did swarm
(repeat entire)

Tune: "Noah's Ark"
We played and played
For two long hours hours
Played and played
For two long hours hours,
No trip was as fun as our ours
Trippers at Long Lake

Tune: "Mandy"
Windy came up on our lake
Our muscles will surely ache,
Windy (oh...)
Windy (oh...)
Windy lake.

Windy made our Meg lose us
She was safe but in the rough
Windy oh
Windy oh
Windy lake

Tune: "I'm Going Back"
We're coming back to Runoia camp
We had fun but the weather was damp
When you go back we hope you will agree.

Music & Poetry



Poetry Night Selections

Jam
Apples
Nuts
Eggs

Raisins and
Icky orgies
Never let my
Endless
Stomach down.

Jane Rines

Silently grass is blowin'
Or maybe sighin'
Perhaps dying, maybe. . .
Howls at night
I feel a difference
Eventually I understand

Crying is no shame
At night or day
Rides on cool days
Perhaps sad days
Even when happy
Never crowd days
Tyrants!
Evening comes. . .
Rousing crickets and loons and the moon!

Sophie Carpenter

Darkness

Is

A

Nice thing to be

Enveloped in.

Many beautiful feelings are found
In there.

Caught in the

Herrendous turmoil of

A day. I

Envoy the

Long night, in which darkness is

Superiour to anything else.

Diane Michaels

Somewhere there is a little dog,

A little dog is so cute and nice

Rover is his name

And being playful is his game.

He is a little rascal.

To people fun and blastful

And he does bad things hardly ever,

But sometimes is good never

Everyone loves him,

Loves him,

Loves him.

Sarah Tabell

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Events
Leading
Into
Zip or fun
Are
Bringing
Each
Thing
Here to stay.

With
Each
Stay
Together we learn

Elizabeth West

Jack rabbits
On
A summer
Night
Never
Ever

Hop
Over
People or
Elephants
Baby bunnies
Itch
Rashes
Something
Horrible.

Joanne Birsh

B is for Beep who I like a lot
E is for everything she has taught
T is for the tricks that I play on Marion
H is for the things I hide her stuff in.

B is for the blues who I want to win,
E is enormously elegant,
R is for Rummels where I like to go
R is for riding slow
Y is for yawning which I do a lot.

Bethany Berry

July
Ends
So
Soon
I
Can't understand it
A bit.

King
Neptune
Is
Going
Home
To the sea.

Jessica Knight

Join
Us,
Live
In
Everything
With
Everlasting love
In
Life.

Julie Weil

Never
Injure
New
Antelopes

From
Reincarnation
And
Nagging
Kids

Nina Frank

Hogs
And
Rabbits
Race
In
Eternal
Terror, the

Hog
Undergoing
Brutal
Bribery
And
Regretted
Drinking

Harriet Hubbard

Knecking at someone's door is knowing a friend is near,
An apple a day keeps the doctor away,
Today's happy moments are tomorrows happy memories,
Everybody needs somebody

Money makes the world go round,
Open up your hearts to each other
Friends are friends indeed,
Fireballs are fun to eat
Always be happy and gat
Topping an ice cream sundae,
Telling a secret.

Kate Moffatt

Love is a part of
Everything,
So love is a part of
Life.
In this world life is
Everything.

Boats sailing on a
Lake
Of blue.
Constantly heading to the
Kooky changes in the wind,
Sails luffing on
Occasion. But the boats
Move onward.

Leslie Elickson

Deep blue and white makes up the sky, oh how
Endless it all is
Beautiful it is always, whether

Foggy or
Rainy
Or
Snowy
The sky is always endlessly beautiful

Death, what a strange sort of thing
Everyone mourns another ones death
But we kill endlessly

Friends we all were once but now we are
Rendered as enemies
Often we are so gentle and
Sometimes so kind, how strange, for
Today's world is full of life, death, kindness and hate. It is
a strange world.

Debbie Frost

Many things
Are
Relevant,
Going
Anywhere has
Reason ...
Every
Thing.

Yugoslavia to
Ohio is not
Unrelated.
Nothing
Goes unnoticed.

Maggie Young

K is for knocking on the walls after lights go out
A is for always doing things wrong but never getting caught
T is for talking with Sophie after lights go out
H is for hardly ever winning tether ball
A is for always being the last in bed
R is for raids
I is for intelligence
N is for nothing
E is for evident insanity

B is for being bad
O is for obnoxious
W is for water
R is for Runoia
I is for incooperative behavior
N is for never going to bed
G is for gabbing after dark.

Kathy Bowring

Every
Moment
In
Life
You

Keep
A
Reasonable
Event
Noticeable

Sometimes
People
Ask
Nothing
Even
Looking closely resembles a good question.

C

Emily Spanel

A is for ambitious of which I am most,
B is for bats of which I am scared of
I is for I don't know
G is for gayety of which I have lots
A is for ambling which I do a lot of
I is for my identity which others have trouble with
L is for looking the same as my sister

F is for Florence (which is my middle name)

S is for sassy of which I am
T is for tactful of which I hope to be
A is for awfully hard (which this is)
C is for cute of which I am not
K is for kind of which most people are
P is for people I like
O is for only me
L is for living which I spend most of the time doing
E is for everything.

Abby Stackpole

Maple leaves
Are nice on
Trees
They blow
In the

Wind and
In the night with the
Light of the
Lake
Inscribe their mark
Around the shores
Morning will come and
Surrounding them with a new day.

Matt1 Williams

After taps
Many campers
Yell

Remembering the counselors are
Over in the counselors room
Smoking
Even though cigarettes have tar and
Nicotine
But the counselors don't
Even care, they think it is
Relaxing; I guess it's better than smoking
Grass.

Amy Rosenberg

Happiness
Is
Like
A
Rabbit I saw hopping
Yesterday

Prowling
Extravagantly
Causing a
Komotion.

Hilary Peck

Caring
Hurting
Respecting
Is all a part of life
So is loving.

Waiting
Adapting
Decision
Everything is a part of life.

Chris Wade

Boats trimmed evenly, sails billowy white,
Open lake rippled by a breeze so slight,
Orange sun shining through wisps of silver clouds,
Pieces of blue back the collage of delicate feathery shrouds,

Time slows down to nothing as we drift in peace.
A finger drags, a song is sung, fears, frustrations cease.
By and by all time is lost, but yet remains the sun
Ever slowly rolling to the west, the place where her work's done.
Long silver masts tip quietly, but shine as the sun slowly creeps,
Lullaby waves, sunset dreams, of sailing on the deeps.

How can I express the way I feel about life? --

-- The waves and how they reach out to me with curling
gusts of sea foam --

-- The sun and how it touches me deep down with an incredible
feeling.

How can I say that so many joys in life are so simple and
unappreciated...

Stay with me and share these joys. I need someone
to talk to, walk with, and to cry with.

I need you --

Diana Hearst

What is Camp?

Camp is beautiful,
Camp is warm,
Camp is summer,
Camp is born.

Camp has spirit,
Camp has love,
Camp has to offer
What no one else does.

Camp as you see
Is many, many things.
But there is only one answer...
Camp is Runoia!!

Jenny Sachs

Dedicated To Blossom

A memory,
He is now only a memory
I loved him then
I love him now
He shall always be there,
More than a memory
More than a cat
More than a pet,
Though he is no longer
I love him still,
I cherish and adore him
But, only as a memory.
Can you reach out
And touch a memory?
Can you love one who, inreality, is not there?
A memory in my mind,
I cannot draw him near enough,
So he shall remain,
Always faithful,
As a memory

Abby Stackpole

Life--
 it's a ferris wheel--
it stops for a child to get on--
and stops for an adult to get off--

Diana Hearst

Haiku

Summer has begun,
Everything means lots of fun,
Pray it never ends.

Summer brings sailing,
Waves hitting against the boat,
The boat slowly tips.

Blue team and white team
Competition builds tension,
Everyone fights hard.

Jennifer Sachs

My Road

The road I walked I walked with care,
The steps I took were of caution,
The stones I turned were of youth,
The gravel I kicked was of my growing years,
The footprints of others were my lost friends.
The road ended but I walked on.

Diana Hearst

Visit From a Gorilla

We had a visit one day
And a strange one I must say
A man dressed up as an ape,
Came through Junior end in escape.

We all jumped up in surprise
As we could not believe our eyes.
With nothing to do we just stared
And as he ran by, he too glared!

Now he has returned once or twice
The second, we ceased being nice.
So Jody followed unafraid,
But he turned and pulled on her braid,
And fled, never to be seen... yet!

Jean Goldsborough

Adventure

Mandy walked over to her bookcase and took out her favorite book, The Secret Garden. She hugged it close and ran outside, running toward the familiar wooden steps that led to her favorite place, the cove's beach. She perched upon the tallest rock on the beach. The beach wasn't a nice sandy one, it was rocky and had a real Maine look to it. "Good," Mandy thought. It was deserted. Whenever Mandy felt down she would take the book The Secret Garden and go down to the cove where it was so peaceful and read. Today, though, she didn't feel like reading. She felt like exploring, laying the book down she got up and slid down the rock. She picked her way carefully over the rocks. Soon she came to a cliff. She scrambled up the steep cliff, clinging on to the various shrubs that grew from the cracks in the rock. Just as she thought, she had better go back down since it was getting rough to climb. She saw a cave off to her side. Climbing toward the cave she finally reached it. She was exhausted and out of breath. All of a sudden she felt raindrops. It started lightly and went into a downpour. Mandy scurried farther into the cave and scrunched up to keep warm. As she leaned against the back of the cave she fell back and felt herself falling. That was all she could remember.

When Mandy awoke she was sitting under a tree and it

wasn't raining. She wasn't by the cave, she was somewhere strange, but somehow it seemed familiar. Startled by the sudden change in scenery, she got up and started walking around. She came to a house which looked familiar. It looked like her house! Lots of things were like her home but it was quite different, too.

Mandy, very confused, walked up to the house and knocked on the door. A lady in an old-fashioned dress came to the door. The lady looked just as startled to see Mandy as Mandy was to see her.

"Yes? What can I do for you?" the lady asked politely.

"Could you tell me where I am?"

"Saturday Cove," the lady replied.

"Saturday Cove," thought Mandy, "That's where I live."

Aloud she said, "What year is this?"

"I say child, is something wrong? Why do you ask all these silly questions?"

"I bumped my head and got amnesia," she lied, thinking that if she told the truth the lady wouldn't believe her.

The lady's annoyance turned to concern. "Are you alright? Do you remember your name or where you live?"

"My names Amanda Reed. I live in Saturday Cove."

"You do? I haven't heard of any Reeds here in Saturday Cove. What does your house look like and what road is it on?"

"My house looks like this one, sort of. I don't know what road I live on," she replied.

"Amanda, are you lying to me?" the lady asked, her eyes watching her.

Asked directly, Mandy could not lie. "Sort of. I

didn't get amnesia, but if I told the truth you'd never believe me."

"Tell me," she said gently. So Mandy told her. When Mandy was finished Mrs. Riley (the lady) told her that the year was 1874. Mrs. Riley told her that she had a daughter about Mandy's age named Anna.

The moment Mandy and Anna saw each other they knew they were going to be good friends. The rest of the day Mandy and Anna played. First, Mandy dressed up in old-fashioned clothes, then Anna took Mandy on a tour through the old town. Mandy kept exclaiming about all the changes and told Anna how it looked in 1974. All too soon the day ended and Mrs. Riley took Mandy aside. "Mandy," she said, "It's time for you to go home. Go to the tree where you awoke and you'll find yourself in the cave." Mandy did just that and soon was walking up the wooden steps toward home thinking of the adventure she'd just had, an adventure she'd never have again.

Kirsten Platt

Two Poppies

It was summer and the sun shone warm and brightly on the greenery in the wild forest. Out of this verdant setting, contrasting in a way that made them seem wonderfully beautiful when the shattered rays of light hit them, were two orange-red poppies sitting side by side. Slowly, as the warm days of summer passed on, the two began to become aware of each other's existence. And, occasionally, they would nod to each other in rhythm with a rare summer gust as it aired the wood. And as the tepid days of summer grew cooler and the winds became more frequent, the more the poppies would nod to each other, and grow to like each other more and more.

But both flowers were shy and knew not what to say. So grew a tacit bond between the two -- words were not needed to explain the feeling -- it existed in common thought. The summer's life grew shorter and the two flowers gazed and nodded at each other, thinking warm and quiet thoughts -- content and happy.

Then, the summer winds became those of an early whispering autumn and the silence 'twixt the two became strained and interrupted -- for time was growing scarce. The whispering winds began to raise their tones to hollow calls, paging the winter.

The poppies now knew their time was limited, and both wanted to tell the other of the thoughts and desires that

had gathered during the long and rapt silence of summer. But neither spoke, and the wind's call grew shriller and more hollow -- it could not wait for the silence to be broken. He slowly emptied the stems of the poppies, who still gazed at each other silently -- and silently they both wilted, cold and shivering on the hard bare ground. Both lay heartbroken, wishing they had only said one word of friendship before the claws of winter had pulled them to the earth. Neither thought nor had hope or prayer of seeing the other again, and both resigned themselves to preparing for the kind death they would soon face.

But love was kinder to the two small poppies that lay lifeless under the cold snow that fell for many months. They lay still, not knowing they were protected by the warmth of the thoughts that had collected inside them during the boiling hot days of summer -- death had no room in which to invade. The winter winds slowly whistled away into flying puffs of sun -- warmed spring air.

One poppy awoke to find herself very much alive and could not begin to believe her good fortune. She rose slowly, stretching out her leaves and orange-red petals once more, and began to shine in the shattered light. She sat alone, soaking warmth into her cold frame, when the second poppy lifted himself to stand. Once again side by side, the poppies stood out in the newly green forest life, nodding quietly in the baby spring gusts.

Boop Tabell

Wally the Watermelon

A long time ago there once was a watermelon patch filled with fat juicy watermelons. But there was a small skinny watermelon who's name was Wally. All the other watermelons were mean to Wally so one day they told Wally to go away and find another friend. So Wally left.

Soon he came to a tree and asked, "Will you be my friend?" "I am a tree and I am much taller than you. I cannot be your friend!" So Wally went looking for another friend. He came to an ant and asked, "Will you be my friend?" And the ant replied, "No, for I am much smaller than you, you might step on me!" So Wally left and went looking for a friend. He remembered to pick on someone his own size. That night he slept under the stars wishing he was back in the patch.

The next morning he got up bright and early looking for a friend. He came to flower beds and the first flower said, "I will be too dull for you, I cannot do the things you can do." Wally looked all day and all night till one day he was just about to give up until he came to a four legged thing with spots on its back and it said, "Hi, what's your name? My name is Freddie Frog." My name is Wally Watermelon, will you be my friend?" The frog stopped and thought about it and said, "I will be your friend for as long as I live." Wally was so happy that now he has a friend all his own!

A Friend

A small girl sat under a willow tree. It was spring-time -- new life, baby animals, friends. But the little girl was alone, no friends, only tears. They ran slowly down her face, she was not sobbing, only weeping. Why was she crying, you ask me. She was alone in the world, alone and without a friend. Do you know the meaning of loneliness, how it hurts deep inside? How many times had the little girl sat under the tree, I do not know, but as I approached her I knew that the tears were much deeper than a cut or bruise. She did not see me until I was practically upon her and when she did she sat up and her big, brown eyes met mine. She looked about five, thin, and wiry, with dark blonde hair. I sat down, she did not stop crying. I asked what was the matter. She must have been crying for a long time for it took her a long time to talk. When she did she started off in a timid voice but before long she was sobbing at even the thought of what was wrong. Her story was long and drawn out, I suppose she had never really had someone who would listen and so when I did she had a lot to say. She told how she was friendless, how she tried to make friends and how she never succeeded. She told about how she longed to have a friend, someone who cared, someone to talk to, but most of all, someone who she would not only love but who would love her back.

I did not realize that I was crying, but I was, tears

not only of sympathy and pity, but of sorrow. She reminded me so much of myself and I knew what she was thinking and how much it hurt, I knew it well. I (being 15) took her in my arms and told her that I would be her friend. The way she clung to me was sad. I knew that her sadness was the worst torture of all. I knew where she lived for she had mentioned the orphanage around the corner of my street. Alas, that was why she was lonely. I cradled her in my arms until I thought she was asleep. Her sobs grew fainter. I got up, I was going to take her to the orphanage. As I got up she said, "Wait, the willow tree, it stands alone, he is my friend, he has comforted me, can we not find him a friend?" Again those pleading eyes looked up to mine. "Yes," I said, "Look, there is a baby tree, he is alone too, we will plant him next to the willow tree, then they will be friends." It didn't take long to dig up the little tree, nor to dig a little hole with our hands and before long both trees looked happy. She was satisfied.

We are friends now, Amy and I, but it saddens me to think that there are girls in the world who are as lonely as she was. I wish I could be their friends too, don't you?

Abby Stackpole

Thoughts

"As I walk down the path of embedded pine needles I think of a place where the pines shelter the paths and the blue water that glistens with delight.

This place is perfect, full beauty of neighboring isles, sailors, and at night the echoing call of loons, beckoning. The wind rustles through the trees disturbing maple and oak leaves that are on the ground and the distant sound of waves on the lakeside.

Morning at this paradise is a sight to behold. I often walk through the path to a rotten, old dock, which seems to be rushing away, as waves and heavy winds beckon it to the bottom of the lake. Here, the sunlight glistens through the woods and the faintest sound of a single gull screeches through the air.

Every morn I was able to come to this wonderful place, it seemed better than before. But one week I was sick with fever, which settled in my eyes. I was blind from then on, never to see a single strand of sunlight. I would not see the dock or waterside or gulls. The only thing I could open my eyes to in the morning or close them to at night would be black."

After I think of this thought, I say to myself, 'be thankful for your colorful world'.

I know I am...

Sophie Carpenter

Our Camp

The sky is blue with white clouds,
The grass is green with black bugs and
The people are filled with love.
Friendship is in the air.
Our camp is filled with love.
Happiness is walking together.

Sondra Von Burg

Runioia is the place for fun,
Which is known by everyone.
Girls come from far and near
To share this fun every year.
New friends you will greet,
So come to Runioia them to meet.

Bethany Berry

Kate and Amy

Kate and Amy rode down the road on their bikes as fast as they could, testing them. It was a great idea of Kate's. Today was the big day, a perfect day too.

Kate and Amy were going away today. Forever! Running away from hom, in other words. They called it the N.C.B. day, the never coming back day.

They hated their parents. They didn't understand anything! Amy was excited. Kate could tell. Kate was scared, and Amy could tell.

They had already tied the little red wagon to the back fender of Amy's bike. Everything was packed. They had fifty dollars but they were going to get more. Amy went to her house first. She found her Mom's purse and took forty dollars! Then Kate found her mother's purse and she took fifty dollars. Everything was perfect. They hopped on the bikes. It was ten o'clock. Everything went fine. At 1:30 they stopped to have lunch. Not much, though. Peanut butter and jelly and apples. It tasted wonderful though. They rested for half an hour.

At 3:00 the wagon tipped over. They tied it back on to Amy's bike. They had to pack again but everything was okay. At seven they reached their destination. Hew Hope Pennsylvania. They found some woods and put all their things far away in them. Then they went into town and found a good ole' Macdonalds where they ate. It was great! They walked back into the woods and found their stuff. They

took a dip in a little stream, and built a small fire. They had some more apples.

The next day they went on their way. This time they had lunch at twelve thirty. At 6:00 they were on the highway. They had to sit down and wait till nobody was around and sneak into the woods. Finally at 7:00 they had their chance. They had their supper over a fire that night and went right to bed afterwards. Kate had cried that night. Already she wanted her own room.

"Oh, please don't go!" Amy pleaded.

"I will never leave you," Kate sobbed.

The bicycling was harder that day. Kate wanted nothing but home. At 6:00 they had dinner. A huge and delicious meal. They spent the night in a small clearing. During the night Amy became very ill. Kate said it was a bad case of the bug. Kate left Amy alone to get some wood for a fire. Amy fell asleep. Two hours later Amy woke up. Kate was nowhere to be seen.

"She never came back!" Amy screamed.

She dragged herself out of her sleeping bag and looked for Kate for an hour, finally finding her unconscious with a tree on her legs. Amy cried hysterically and tried to wake her up. She could not so she left Kate and went to a pay phone. She called her mom and dad and told them where she was and told her what had happened and to get an ambulance.

Two hours later it got there. Amy was in the street signalling to them! She was so scared and confused and hungry and sick that she fainted. A day later when she

woke up she was in the Princeton Hospital. Her mother and father were there and Kate was in the bed next to her. Kate's leg was broken. The first thing she did was start to cry for joy, and then she hugged and kissed her mom and dad and she told them she'd never leave home again.

Then without realizing it she jumped out of bed and she was on Kate's bed telling her parents how great she had been.

Kate was very weak but through her tears she sobbed, "I'll never forget you, never, nver, never..."

Amy Stackpole

Runoia

Once upon a time there was a girl named Diana. Diana went to a camp that had no name. One day Diana went up to feed the horses and she accidentally let all the horses out. They all came stampeding down and they recked the place. Poor Diana had to tell Betty (the director) that she had wrecked the camp. So she went and said, "I ruin oh I ah..." and before she could finish Betty said, "Oh, what a perfect name... Runoia!" and ever since the name has stuck.

Diana DeVoe

The Flight

Miss Blare called, "Flight 29 United Airlines going to Hawaii please board the plane now." Before you know it, they were off. When they were flying over North Carolina a man walked up to the pilot room and as Miss Blare (a stewardess) tried to block him he went into the pilot room. He took his gun and knocked the pilot out. Then he started speaking Spanish to the co pilot. This is the translation: "We're going to Cuba, so do you want to move or be with your little friend?" Now the co pilot couldn't speak Spanish but he understood it. He said, "What friend?" and looked down toward the pilot thinking, "Oh my heavens!" Then all of a sudden out of the blue an idea strck him. Maybe he could fool this man by telling him he'd take this plane to the Cuban's destination. Believe it or not, it worked. But instead of flying to Cuba in which he was over the Bahamas at this moment, he turned the plane around and flew to Hawaii, turned the Cuban in for trying to hijack the plane. Did he get a medal? No! Well, that's the way the plane flies!

Lori Winfield

Chico Mico Ram Lam Samdroo

Ohnathan thought to himself as he was sitting on the plane ride. He had never been to America before. Were the boys there different from him? Would they like him? Or would they think he was weird because he was Italian? He knew a bit of English but would he know enough? These were the thoughts that raced through his mind. His mother interrupted him, "Stop daydreaming, perk up." She said this in a harsh Italian voice. "We'll soon be there," he heard his sister scream in a shout of joy. Johnathan wasn't too happy.

The pilot told his passengers that they were landing in five minutes or so. Johnathan just started to forget all the bad thoughts and started to enjoy the landing and the joy of being in a new country.

Everything was a little different to him. He could only read some of the words on the sign. This again made him think of the kids and school. He scolded himself and forgot about it. He said to himself, "Things will be okay for sure".

Johnathan was excited by the new country. The car ride was fun -- it took twenty minutes from the airport to his new home. His new home was neat, he thought to himself. The house was an old one and there were secret passages. Everything was fine but one thing -- school. He knew only little bits of English and he knew that the kids wouldn't like him. He was scared stiff. That night

he managed to talk to his parents. His parents said that the kids might not like him at first, but for sure things would turn out okay.

The alarm belched at Johnathan telling him to wake up. He got in a pair of pants and shirt and his shined shoes. He ate a little bit of breakfast and went on a school bus to school.

It was a nice school -- modern. The kids were talking and walking down the hall. One of the boys came up to him and said hi. Johnathan said hi in the Englishest way he could. The boy sort of went away. "Gotta go" were his parting words. It wasn't going to be bad... someone talked to him.

He went through classes. The teachers were nice and they paid extra attention to him. But the kids ... whispers, giggles, trying to imitate his accent was all he got. It's not fair, he thought. I knew it was going to be like this all along.

After two weeks of this, one of the boys that was usually in the group who were mean came up to him. "Hey, wait up!" Johnathan waited with surprise and happiness. The boy's name was Christopher, but they called him "Sandy" because of his sandy blonde hair. "Want to come to my house?" he said. Johnathan was surprised, but took the offer. Sandy was nice to him and he said that his mother liked him a lot. Sandy said that he was mad at the boys who always talked about Johnathan. They kept seeing each other and became best friends.

One day Johnathan said, "Lest's make up a secret password that we can say to each other and that means that we are friends." Sandy and Johnathan sat for fifteen minutes thinking of a password. They laughed and giggled at the funny words they tried to make up. Their secret password finally became "chico mico ram lam samderoo". They swore to each other that it would only be said between them because it meant that they were best friends and they didn't like any other firends as much as they liked each other.

Weeks went by and they always saw each greeting each other with chico mico ram lam samderoo and said goodbye with it, too. It all went fine until one Monday morning Johnathan found a note in his desk. It read, "Look you Italian creep, I'm sick of you. The guys were getting a little mad because I was your best friend. Well guess what? It's over. Goodbye!"

Johnathan knew it was true. The boys were snorting in the background. It was all over now. Johnathan felt like crying.

He went on with no friends for two weeks and school was out. That made things better. A lot of the gang went away and they wouldn't pick on him.

One day he took a walk down the street. It was about 4:30 and he wanted to be alone awhile before dinner. He walked by the neighbors pool and he heard screaming. There was usually screaming of fun but this was serious. He ran to look and he saw Sandy screaming, drowning in the

pool. Millions of thoughts raced through his head. The one that struck him was, "Sandy can't swim!" Before he knew it he had jumped in and brought him out of the water safe and sound.

Breathing heavily Sandy managed to say, "You saved my life. I could have died. Thanks so much... you're a true friend. Man, you even saved me after I was so mean to you. Thanks again. Johnathan dried him off and explanations followed. Sandy told his story. "I was cleaning the neighbors' pool and the lady said, 'I'm going out, I'm sure you won't need anyone to watch you, you can swim, right?' I was too embarrassed to say I couldn't swim so I said I could. What a dummy I was... tripped over the pool toy and fell in. I would have died but thanks to you I'm okay. I'm so lucky. I've got to go tell everybody. You are a true friend Johnathan. Thanks again."

As Sandy started walking, Johnathan said with a questioning voice, "Chico mico ram lam samderoo?"

"Chico mico ram lam samderoo" said Sandy with a smile on his face.

Johnathan muttered softly, "Thank you God, thank you" and both Johnathan and Sandy walked down the road smiling, laughing and joking with each other.

Sarah Tabell

Just a Simple Apple

I walked down the main road of this poverty stricken town. The road underfoot was cracked, bumpy, and full of potholes. Children were everywhere in ripped and torn clothing, which hardly fit over the forlorn little frames. The children with these raggedy clothes were much luckier than most who ran through the streets with no shoes and many times not a shirt upon their backs. You would think that with such poverty and sickness that there would be no meaning to the word happiness. In this town, though, this did not hold true. The children ran through the dusty streets absorbed in their own little games, content with this and only this, asking no more. As I walked down the road the children would stop to stare at me. I heard murmurs of such things as, "What a nice looking man" fly like leaves throughout the groups of children.

As I approached a group a bit larger than the others, a boy about nine years younger than I was, maybe twelve to thirteen years old, meekly walked towards me. As it seemed, he was concentrating on the apple in my hands, I had just pulled from my pocket. He stopped about three yards from me, and I stopped walking. He began to speak but hesitated. He started to say something but stopped again. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. He still did not speak, but nodded his head. I asked him what, and he finally spoke. "Please sir, may I have the apple you hold in your hand?" I was not ready for him to ask this because it is not too common for someone to ask you for your apple.

I guess I gave him a sort of strange look, because he quickly said, "I'm very sorry, sir," and turned and started walking back to his group of friends with haste. I called him back and apologized for frightening him, and held out the apple for him to take. He did not show it in his face, but I watched his eyes light up with happiness and joy. He quickly drew his hand out of his pocket with haste as if I would suddenly change my mind and snatch the apple from him. After he had taken a bite from it almost as if so I couldn't take it back he said, "Thank you sir, so very much, for your kindness and generosity."

I quickly replied, "You're very welcome, young man."

I turned and started walking down the street. I was thinking how poor the people must be here to have their children ask for apples from total strangers. Therefore, I did not realize that the boy was still with me by my side, walking down the street with me. I turned my head to look at him, and he had the biggest smile of contentment on his face that I had ever seen on any of these childrens happy yet forlorn faces. I realized as he slipped his hand into mine that by just a simple apple, I had gained a young friend.

Debbie Frost

The Different Little Girl

Leslie was eleven, going into sixth grade and new at Beaver School. She also was crippled but that didn't matter, at least it didn't used to matter. She had moved into a new town and was going to a new school. You could imagine the questions running through her mind. Would the new school accept her as a cripple, was she ever going to be looked at as normal, would people talk to her, etc? At home it had been so easy. She had walked all her life, had friends and then even after the accident people had accepted her and loved her.

The first day of school was great! She had so many friends and the teachers all liked her. Everyone was kind and generous and she was very happy. One week went by and life was like a dream for Leslie. She was so happy and all her friends treated her so nicely. Amy had given her fronties a million times, Sue had helped her with her homework, Sara had asked her if she could be her best friend, and everyone, even the older kids, were nice.

But then, it hit Leslie like an ice cold shower hits you in the morning. Sudden, startling and like a quick punch in the nose. She knew why they liked her, it was just because she had a handicap, because she was different then the rest. Was life always going to be like this, she wondered. Her heart was broken in two. I shall never be normal, I shall never be happy, I shall never be loved the way other people are, never. That was what Leslie kept repeating that night, the awful, horrible night that it

hit her, like an ice cold shower.

She did not want to go to school but she also did not want to tell her mother so she went to school. The next day at school Leslie talked to no one but when answering a question from her teacher. She was very miserable. Finally, after about four days of this behavior her teacher spoke to her. "Leslie, what seems to be the problem, you don't seem to be yourself." "I'm not. I realize that the people at this school only like me because they were told to, only because I am different, only because I am, I am..." Her voice trailed off. She had to stop, she was crying too hard. "I do not like to lie, Leslie, this is true but I like you for yourself and I am sure many people do. Give them all a chance, let them know this, we do not mean to be unfair, only kind." Leslie's teacher wiped Leslie's eyes. The teacher looked troubled as she drove home that day.

The next day of school was different, almost startling to Leslie. As she walked in, nobody ran to her to help, nobody told her what had happened after school -- only one girl came over to her. This little girl was Sara. She took Leslie's hand in hers and said, "Leslie, I do not like you for your difference, I like you for what you are, please be my friend!" Leslie was happy and she did not know what to say. "Sara, I always thought you were like the rest, but, but I was wrong. Now I have a true friend," said Leslie.

And from then on, Leslie was just another one of the gang -- but not to Sara. They remained friends up to their senior year and even now, at age seventy, they stay in contact.

How Man Discovered Evergreen

There once was a mother tree that had a baby and did not know what to name her. This little tree seemed to be very unusual and prickly and of a bright green color. In a cottage near that forest, there happened to be a man who loved nature and could spend hours admiring and singing to the trees. Now spring came, and all the trees were prettier than in any other season. Every tree was covered with beautiful flowers. This man was very young, and wanted to get married, but not to a beautiful girl, but to a tree. Then winter came, and all the trees lost their beauty. The man was very sad. On the way home from a walk in the forest, he spotted this mysterious tree that was completely green, so he asked what her name was. The tree did not answer, because she did not have one! In that moment her mother leaned over and told her, "Your name is Evergreen". So the tree told the man, "My name is Evergreen". So the man said, "I found my bride".

Ippolita Rostagno

Famous?

"Julie, you'd better write me!"
"I'll miss you..."

Julie did write me. After being in camp three years together and getting to know each other until we were the best of friends she still wrote me once a month and I still wrote her. Even though we haven't seen each other in eleven years we still were just as close as the last day of camp.

Until one year. Julie stopped writing and for four months I'd wait for the mailman and each day ... nothing.

I stopped waiting and decided it was a hopeless case, even though I kept my monthly letters going to her.

Another month passed and a letter did come but all that it contained was a news clipping and a small piece of paper which said, "I'm famous! I can't believe I ever made it! Only this means I will be much more busy and won't be able to write you any more. Just be glad that you can say you knew a star!"

I knew a star! Julie, what ever happened to our long talks and our laughing together and crying together?

Famous? famous...

Can a friendship that lasted fourteen years really end so quickly?

Matti Williams

George And One of her Fascinating Adventures

Once upon a time there lived a cute little cat named George. She loved to eat and go on adventures just like any other cat. George was especially adventurous today, though.

She decided to venture herself to her favorite place -- the kitchen. The kitchen was her favorite place because she ate there. Aaah, mackeral, salmon or something like that would be delicious, George thought to herself. George started to eat but then was disgusted and thought, "Ugh, it's tuna -- yick!"

Oh well, she thought, at least I'm not that hungry. She hopped up on the counter to look for some people food. There was a very comfortable little hole in the counter. She was sort of tired so she investigated it. It was okay (a little on the damp side, but still okay) George suited herself to a comfortable position. Soon she fell fast asleep.

George was so fast asleep that she didn't hear the humming of one of her masters' voice. The master turned on the water without looking at the sink. George was suddenly awoken. "It's pouring on me!" she thought to herself (she hated water). She gave out a loud MEOW! and ran out of the kitchen as fast as she could. "Why did they do this to me... I didn't do anything to them," she thought to herself.

Meanwhile the human was drying her off and she said she was sorry and she didn't know she was there. George took the apologies and went upstairs to Sarah's bed and

purred herself to sleep, thinking "What an adventure!"

Sarah Tabell

Did you ever stop and watch a wave? It lives for a few seconds then it is no more.
Make a wave. It lasts a few seconds then it's just more water. Each second a million waves are born. A few seconds later all of those will be dead, each replaced quickly by another almost the same. But never will you find two waves exactly alike.
Did you ever stop and watch a wave?

Sylvia Heisel

The wind pushes leaves,
like a current over rocks, while
veined clothing of green placed on bodies of brown
quake in the dull morning chill
looking through the boughs
are forlorn clouds
pushed quietly
by the wind.

Pam Cobb

A garden of paradisefull of thick carpeting of moss covering a pine needle floor. The evergreens and wild shrubs gleam so green as the sun filters through them. A golden patch of summer sun rests upon one rock only to catch its breath until it reaches the next. Birds flit from one tree to another pacing their boughs and whistling in my ear. The thought of summer is heavy and I wish I could crawl into nature and have it let me be a part of it.

Pam Cobb

I'm so happy now sitting out on the waterfront.
I could say I was alone, but I'm not --
The barn swallows are flying and singing and a loon has
drifted up to the Marjorie.
I wonder what he's thinking now? About the same things I am?
About living or dying or even wondering about the next time
he'll come here again?
The sun has just about completed it's daily task and the
clouds drift slowly away with it!
Even the boats show an aliveness as if they were too thinking
as I am.
The water laughs as it ripples on the mossy rocks.
A motor boat...
It ruins the serenity of the evening.
It is man's creation -- all this I see -- it is God's
creation and--
Man's destruction.

Diana Hearst

Blue skies forever
Everlasting paradise
Fields and fields of golden stars that mimick the sun in unison.
Sparkling
Darting, dancing
Until as all
Parts of the everlasting disintigrate
And new are born into a new paradise
And a new world all in new unison.

Pam Cobb

Loon

Chattering out on the lake
Echoing the laugh of a lunatic
Large black wings
In the dark and the stillness
A scream drifts over the air.

Skimming over the water
Playfully diving and splashing
Again it calls
Nimbly and
Easily the wings flap, and with a sudden burst of speed,
Lightly soar into the night air.

Celia Spanel

I wish I were a giraffe
So I could reach the sky!
I wish I were a bird
So I could fly away into the sun!
I wish I were a lion
So I could be King of the Forest!
But since I am not a giraffe, bird or a lion
I guess I'll wish for something else!

Kate Moffatt

What do you expect of me --
What I cannot offer?
To be there when you need me,
and disappear like thin air when you don't...
I'm a person -- I have feelings!
I breathe, I cry, I laugh and talk
just like you
We have so much in common --
Friendship.

Diana Hearst

Who am I
Who gets candy
Who am I
Who gets fed
Who are they
That get nothing
Who are they
That are dead,
Who am I
Who gets clothing
Who am I
That gets shoes
Who are they
That get nothing
Who are they
That can't choose,
Who am I
That gets blankets
Who am I
That gets bed
Who are they
That go cold
No matter what
Has ever been said,
Who am I
Who's complaining
Whotam I
That is mad
Who are they
That are suffering
Who are they
That are sad?

Pam Cobb

Going Home

The forest was dark and dreary as the moon failed to shine its silvery rays through the grey clouds. The trees bent as if to receive me --

--I was alone. I can't say how long I had been walking! Long enough so that my feet had grown tired and ached every time I took a step. My clothes were wet from the fallen dew. I could not use the stars or moon to direct me -- there were none -- the water was too far off to follow. I was alone -- the only thing that kept me going was my will to live, to return to where I belong, the place I was born in and the place I lived, the place of my childhood nightmares and dreams, the place where I grew up, the place in which I belonged, the place I would never stop trying to return to --

home.

Diana Hearst

A Tree

Oh gallant tree, you are so beautiful.
I am content to love you at a distance.
So graceful are your many arms,
So lovely is your limb,
And yet, it is not Nature's wish
For me, a human to love you, a tree.
But, still I cannot stop my heart.
I love you gallant tree.

Amy Stackpole

Sailing

I love to go sailing when the sun is shining bright and the warm winds blow in my face and through my hair. The water looks so beautiful whether the wind is strong or soft. The trees on the islands, that seem so small and far away, look a beautiful and rich dark green. When you are out sailing all alone in a boat you can laugh or cry out loud and there is no one there to criticize you but the birds that are too busy flying to know you are there. And you never have to come back to the noise of civilization.

Jessica Knight

Still Pond

A lonesome boy walks slowly by a still pond.

He lifts a stone into his calloused hands and lets it
glide from them into the water.

A ring develops, and then another, and another, and another
until the whole little pond is in a whirl of circles and
excitement,

All because of a little stone,

Which just moments before lay untouched by a still pond.

Jenny Sachs

To The Aides of '74, From Diane

The sun was all shine
The lake was all blue
The day they arrived
The nine Aide Crew.

They came here to live
In the shacks and the tent
From Junior to Senior
And vice versa they went.

Lived out of their trunks
Did they ever unpack??
Each time that they moved
Knew they wouldn't come back.

From the raids down in Senior
To Junior end streakers
From waking between
They wore out their sneakers.

Soon they were aiding
In all kinds of sports
Assisting in riding
As well as the courts.

They went to canoeing
They helped with kickball
And soon they were able
To help with them all.

They met every morning
To find what to do
With lots to be done
They met other times, too.

Didn't always agree
When there were things to be done
No, they didn't agree
And yet they had fun.

Soon they found out
A five day'd been planned
Weren't sure that idea
Sounded too grand.

But willing they were
And so we did take
Canoes, food and knapsacks
Off to Lobster Lake.

Penobscot Farms
Nearly ended them all
But by Chesuncook
They were having a ball.

But much too soon
The canoe trip did end
There were things at camp
To which they must tend.

And so they returned
But they did not just sit
Through teaching and learning
They each made a hit.

The campers around them
With whom they did work
And in each of the shacks
Not much could they shirk.

NoIanni, Nancy and Mary
Began wearing hard hats
Much of that day off
In the parking lot they sat.

Solo sailing when possible
Really was great
For Boop, Mary, Nancy,
NoIanni and Kate.

Then Andrea joined
The JMG crew
How proud we all were
Of all that she knew.

"I'm the riding Aide,"
We heard Erica say
On her way to get water
On horse show day.

The Aide yell instituted
And the Aide wave
In camp, in canoes,
To each other they gave.

At Mama Leoni's
Holly did chop
The rest served a meal
We thought wouldn't stop.

Fairy Ring was the place
For this evening's repast
By the end of the meal
We were glad we'd been asked.

Off to Oak Island
To camp overnight
Round the campfire we sang
In a circle quite tight.

Birthday cake was dessert
A real celebration
Brenda made frosting
A tasty sensation.

They've done compass courses
Yes, orienteering
Looked for leaves, studied menus,
Discussions were hearing,

On lashing and knots,
Out gazing at stars,
Then on their day off
All piled in the car.

Called themselves Camp Corderoy
And off to the sea
To the rocks, no, the beach
Can't you ever agree?

Yes, these are the Aides
Of '74
There's much more
In store
But I don't want to bore
You, so
Remember this crew
You'll hear me say
Who've been a big part of camp
Both night and day!

Song Contest Winners

Third Shack:

Tune: Yankee Doodle
Archery, riding, and canoeing
Sailing, tennis, swimming
We love our counselors and our friends
We love our Camp Runoia
Willie is the whites' mascot,
Blueie is the blue teams'
We love our trips
They are so fun
We love our Camp Runoia.

Seventh Shack:

Tune: Sundown
As we're walking down on a path of pine,
Beauty all around in our lives entwines,
One day when we leave here
Our visions of camp will still be clear.

Runoia is the place to be
There is always life for you and me,
On the lake of blue as you're sailing around
There's the trees and the breeze and the sun streaming down.

Lifted from our soul is the spirit of teams
Stowed in our memories are blue-white dreams.

At the close of summer when Runoia ends,
We will all leave here with loving friends,
Runoia is the place to be
With the wind blowing pine trees so wild and free.

Fifth Shack:

Tune: Oklahoma
Camp Runoia where the campers have fun all day,
Where they play and shout and sail about on our lake of
blue and gray!
Camp Runoia where there's cycling, swimming, tennis too,
Every camper takes a part in these
Exciting things we do!

The people here are great
In the greatest camp in the state,
So when we say Yow! I yip hi ho hi hay
You know we're sayin' you're doin' fine Camp Runoia,
Camp Runoia C-A-M-P R-U-N-O-I-A Hooray!

Counselors:

In the midst of winter, my calander is stamped
With checks and x's marking days until the start of camp,
When April comes my heartbeat speeds, excitement fills the air,
Just two more months and twenty-one days until I'm finally there!

Chorus: Golly Camp Runoia,
No matter where I roam,
In my heart you'll always be
My second favorit@ home!

At night I have such dreams of camp,
Of horses and of trips,
And even of such silly things
As morning skinny dips,
Of packages with tied up strings where everything's concealed,
Till opened in the counselors' room where everything's revealed!

Chorus

Sailing on a lake of blue and hiking out to port,
Hitting lob and backhand shots while on the tennis court,
Taking horses swimming, see if you can stand,
Sharing gum with all your friends cause gum's in such demand--=

Chorus

Sneaking out of bed at night to raid another shack,
But stuff your bed so it looks like you in case you can't get back,
Sunday service, vespers, quiet times like these,
With songs and friends and fire's light to put your mind at ease.

Chorus

And now that it's all over, I think I've got it right,
From getting up and out of bed to going back at night,
Now that summer's over, here's what I remember,
But count on x's in my book from the first day of September.

CITs:

Tune: Sarah

Summer has flown and we must leave
But in Runoia we believe
We shall return, with more to learn
With friends anew and friendships true
In all the years, we may shed tears
But in our hearts you will stay near.
The sunset paints a royal hue
So that we may remember you.

Campfires' bright with all its light
The loon in flight calls through the night
The waves lap down upon the shore
And beg us back forever more
The trips we take upon the lake
The sports we do for white and blue
And now it's time to say goodbye
Runoia we leave with tears in our eyes.

Selections From Sunday Service

Third Shack:

Happiness is having a friend and being a friend.

Happiness is playing with your friends.

Happiness is sharing with others.

Sharon West

Happiness is being loved and being together, also talking
over problems to make you feel better.

Julie Weil

I have friends

I am free

I am happy.

Happiness is having friends and being free, that's what
happiness is.

Lisa Corbridge

Happiness is having your own violin.

Edith Spanel

Happiness is having a friend

Happiness is sharing

Happiness is having a nice warm puppy to hug.

Happiness is being loved

Happiness is loving your family.

Edith Spanel

Happiness is when you find a new friend each day

Happiness is when you can hold something you love.

Happiness is having and loving your friend.

Cathy Smit

Happiness is knowing someone cares
Happiness is loving others and being loved by them
And most of all, happiness is a big peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

Eve Wollman

Fourth Shack:

"What is Friendship?" If someone asked you that question, what would you say? Would you say, friendship is liking each other? Or would you say, friendship is splitting your candy with each other? Or would you say, friendship is telling the truth about each other? Yes, I think you would say that. But most of all, you would say that friendship is trusting one another and having someone to talk to when you are sad or to lean on when you are feeling low.

Susie Peckar

What is a friend? A friend is someone special to you. A friend is someone very true. A friend is someone who doesn't talk behind your back. A friend is definitely not a quack. A friend is someone who will make your bed when you've hurt your arm. A friend is a very lucky charm.

Kathy Savadove

Friends are for when you're lonely and blue,
Friends are for lending a helping hand to,
Friends are for good times and bad,
Friends are for when you're happy or sad.
Friends are for leading the way
Friends are for playing all the day.
Friends are for needing and sharing,
Friends are for loving and caring,
That's what friends are to do,
Friends for me and for you.

Brenda Harrington

The first day at school, an old crowd of girls were sitting in the middle of the room, quite glad to see each other after a long summer. A girl was sitting in one corner of the room. She was new at this school and did not know anyone. All of the older girls were laughing and pointing in her direction. She looked very scared and very sad. On the other side of the room was another girl sitting all alone. She must have been new too. The first girl looked over and saw the other girl all alone and decided she must be new to the school also. So she went over to try and make friends by asking her name. Soon they were friends. The older girls saw them and decided that even though they were new, they were nice girls. So they went over and made friends with them. Now they are still friends, all because someone saw that they were lonely and decided to take the first steps to making someone happy-- by being a friend.

Jessica Knight

What is friendship, asked a boy to himself while he was walking in the woods. Friendship is having a friend you know you can count on, friendship is sharing with other people. I need a friend, he thought, one who I can share these lovely qualities with, God, so please find me a friend. At that moment he spotted the image of a boy from the corner of his eye. For five minutes they looked at each other, then suddenly a big smile covered their faces, and they became acquainted very quickly. The boy had found

a friend. Thank you God, he whispered, you granted my wish.

Ippolita Rostagno

A Charlie Brown Friendship-

Friendship is a thing that everyone needs and should have.

Here is a story I made up about friendship:

One day Charlie Brown was sitting on a tree stump looking very depressed. Lucie walked by him and asked him what was wrong. He answered, "I don't have any friends to play football with." Lucy ran away and yelled, "I'll be right back." Then, after a while she reappeared and told him to shut his eyes and soon she told him to open them. In front of him he saw the whole gang with all of their football things. They yelled, "Let's play ball!" Charlie Brown was so happy he didn't know what to say so he thanked them and ran to join the game.

Denise Smit

One thing has become quite clear: all acquaintances are passing. Therefore I want to make the most of every contact. I want to quickly get close to the people I meet because my experience has shown we won't be together long.

Liz West

If no human had a friend
How lonely the world would be,
Come to Runoia,
You'll have friends,
You'll see.

Bethany Berry

F is for friendship
R is for Runoia
I is for no insults
E is for eternal love
N is for niceness
D is for dreams come true
S is for taking away sadness

Camille Webber

Fifth Shack

L is for being lost
O is for only me or you
N is for nothing
L is for feeling little
I is for independant
N is for no one
~~E~~ is for feeling empty
S is for sadness
S is for solemn

Lolly Dennison, Hillary Gold, Kate Moffatt

In a dark hole somewhere there lives a thing. He spends his time thinking and waiting and watching. I said to that thing, "Come out, look around, and live." But, he continued, "it is also wise to spend time alone, to lie down and think things out in peace and solitude." So I left that thing there, and there he must be, lying down and thinking things over . . . alone.

Sylvia Heisel

There once was a boy who lived on a beach.
He was a sad boy because he was lonely and didn't know what to do.
Loneliness is a very sad thing,
Because everybody needs friends.

Ilaria Rostagno



Early one morning I woke up to the chirping sound of birds and the warm sunlight gleaming in through my small window. Yesterday had been a hard day, yet now I was happy. I knew that I could start all over again, new and fresh. A new day had finally come.

Nandy Florey

The birds sing. Slowly the sun begins to rise. The wind crackles among the leaves. Rays of sun beat against the clear blue sky. A new day has begun.

Holly Rutherford

A new day means many different things. For some people it means a new beginning, for others it means death. For some, it means time to accomplish new things. A new day means finding a peaceful place just for you, or sharing it with somebody else. A new day means many different things.

Nina Frank

One cold and chilly morning while everything in my room was boring, I looked out and what did I see, but a little yellow bird in a tree. So I jumped out of bed, meanwhile I bumped my head and thought! Do they always wake up this early in the morning?

Jackie Marois

As you stumble out of bed you realize what it's like to be dead, your sleepy eyes, your weary head all say, "Get back into bed!" You want to be asleep but you want to be aware of the morning lightness and the cold freezing air. You want to be awake enough to stand up and yawn, and think. Just think of getting up at dawn.

Lisa Pratt

The knob turns, the door slowly, slowly opens... dawn peeks her shining head around the corner. She looks, then withdraws, again she ventures forth, again she retreats. She is a very shy girl, until, suddenly she leaps out from behind her refuge: the door of night.

Leslie Blocksom

One morning I found a spider's web, beautiful from the morning's dew. I shared it with everyone and just knowing it was there stayed with me all day. It's still there and every time I see it I remember how beautiful it was that foggy morning.

Maggie Young

When the morning stars joyfully cried out together all the sons of God began shouting in applause.

Ellen Soloway

Sunrise is one of the most beautiful times in the world. It is even more beautiful than a sunset because

instead of looking back, you are looking forward. Everything is fresh and new. You can shut your eyes and hear the sunrise and it's just as beautiful as the fact of being alive to share it.

Noianni Horgan

In my dreams I could always picture the green hills, the grass sparkling with the morning dew, but to me they were all dreams because you see, I'm blind and have never seen a bird glide through the air or the sunset in the evening. But the thing I've always dreamed of the most is to see the sunrise over the hills. I would dream about how beautiful the hills would look with the golden yellow against the dark green. One evening as I lay awake in my bed a small voice spoke to me and said, "If you could see any one thing what would it be?" and as I told you I told this voice that I have always wanted to see the sunrise. Well, the next day I woke up strangely early and in a very short time I realized I could see and I was so full of joy that I ran out of my room and out the front door. I laid on the soft wet grass in front of my house and between two beig beautiful hills I saw a glimmer shine through and then it got bigger and bigger until it was so far up that it hurt to look at. Then I heard a call from the front door and everything turned black in front of my eyes. I could feel my mother holding me close to her and all I can say is maybe no one will believe my story but I will know and remember... I saw morning.

Matti Williams

Seventh Shack:

Water... the beautiful individualistic crystals and droplets, flowing and falling around us, giving life to everything and beautifying our environment. The cool water against your face, refreshing, with its many uses, with the rain from above and little droplets of moisture all being a part of our life and surroundings.

Debbie West

Fresh from a spring
Water runs
Like constantly running glass
cool
clear
alive
Over slides of rock
Through sections of moss
Until it runs into a pond
or a lake
Then it is no longer free
it is captured
And only released through time.

Pam Cobb

Come find me
I hide behind a waterfall, veiled by streams of falling blue,
Stay by me
The crashing drops roar in my ears and I won't be afraid if
you're here, too.
We'll smile together
At reflections in the pools a waterfall creates
A while together
Beneath a waterfall to cleanse us of our fears and hates.
We'll be ourselves
Amidst the spray of cooling water's fall
We'll free ourselves --
Just you and I... and nothing else will matter much at all.

Jody Sataloff

When I think of water I think of a soft refreshing summer rain, falling when I wake up on a cool morning. Or a good hard thunderstorm after a long, hot week. Water. How refreshing.

Jean Goldsborough

The other day a couple of my friends and I went down to the lake and sat on the rocks. It was pretty chilly. I was really cold, especially my hands. I put one hand in the water. It felt like I put my hand into a nice warm bed that someone had just gotten out of. It was soft and gentle. I tried to feel the texture of the water but I felt nothing. When I took my hand out of the water, it froze.

Nancy Friedman

The blue waves as they ripple along bring many beautiful pieces of driftwood into our shore. These pieces of driftwood are used as decoration and can look like most anything. Some resemble the shapes of rabbits or frogs, or other creatures in this world.

Lisa Lombard

When I think of water I think of how ice cold the water is during swimming lessons and how good it feels to get out. You also think of rainy day programs and muddy

softball games. But most of all I think about soaking in a nice warm bath.

Diane Michaels

The waves break gently on jagged rocks that reach longingly towards the sun. The white-capped water tears angrily at the ancient boulders. With giant, deathlike fingers the water grasps the last fragments of weather worn age -- the last of the rock will be preserved as a simple stone in a pool of blue water.

Diana Hearst

Dehydrated. That is the simplest way to explain the state of the world if we didn't have water. Just take a minute to think of all the species of life that would be extinct if all of the lakes, rivers, streams, ponds, and swamps were dry. It would even affect human beings if there was no water. So be thankful that when God created the earth that he created the seas. And let's not misuse our fine water by discarding waste into it. Keep it clean and enjoy it as it is.

Jenny Sachs

Crashing on the rocks,
Salty mist being flung
into the air,
I listen to the sound of water
Each night and day
And when the sea is calm
In the middle of the night
With the moon painting a streak across the ocean
I walk along the shore
And lie and sleep until dawn.

Jane Rines

Water is something to speak to, that understands but does not answer. Water is like a piece of God that reaches out to you, talks, listens and answers, without words.

Hannah Hall

Counselors:

Jack:

Camp is a tapestry woven from the individual lives and experiences of each of us. It has begun to take shape now but will not be complete until the summer is over. Each of us will be a part of the picture woven though none of us knows what the picture will look like nor do we control the weaving. Each of us is a skein, a piece of yarn. Each of us is different. There is no one else here who is just like me. There is no one else here who is just like you. Ernie, of Sesame Street, is right when he says, "take a look at your nose, nobody has one just like yours. Take a look at your eyes, no one has eyes just like yours." Each part, and therefore all of you is different from everybody else. Like yarn, each of you is your own color, weight, size, texture, shape, consistency. Some are short, some tall, some big, some small, some old, some new, some happy, some blue, some sailors, some riders, some loud, some hiders. 120 different people, a million different talents and traits.

What a wonderful opportunity we all have. The very fact that each of us is so different makes it possible that once woven together the picture created will be more beautiful. If our camp tapestry was created out of yarn

all the same color weight, size, etc. think how dull the final picture would be. But because we are all different the final picture will be all that much better. Each of us is a part of our tapestry.

Throughout the summer each of us will weave and be woven into our camp tapestry. Each of us, different, creating something more beautiful together than any of us can alone. Although none can control the final picture, each can help the tapestry to be more beautiful.

Give of your talents freely and do not waste time worrying that you cannot be and do all. Do well what you do best and learn to do better what is taught.

Do not permit anyone to be lost from our tapestry. If someone, like a loose thread, unravels from the edge, reach out and weave her back into the whole. Create our tapestry with love. Remember, Runcoia means harmony.

Johnny:

I am age. I bring to camp the experience of many summers. I know the history of camp and can see, therefore, with the wisdom of experience. I know that today is only a part of what has gone before and can see that today's crisis is not as large as others may think when placed beside all that has come before. I am a link to what has gone before and can therefore give depth to the picture that you who are young cannot. I give you stability and security in the knowledge that what is now comes from great

past accomplishments. I am part of our tapestry.

Lori:

I am youth. I have exuberance and ambition beyond my experience. I want to change the world and bring to camp the excitement of new things. I look ahead eagerly to conquer goals not yet attained and give to camp my drive, my desire to create a better world.

I am your face of tomorrow and therefore give you courage to go forward into the unknown where I am not afraid to tread. I balance stability and security with my challenge and my spirit of exploration.

If I sometimes fail to realize teachings of past experiences or seem to forget that others have come before me, I am not upset because there are persons here who help me with their guidance and experience. I am part of our tapestry.

Diane:

I live in Maine. I know its beauty in fall and winter and spring as well as in summer. For me, therefore, summer here is but a part of a larger pattern complete not in eight weeks but in fifty two weeks. I give to camp my knowledge of summer broader based on the seasons that surround it. I know that it must rain and be cold during camp and that not always can it be sunny and warm. I can tell you about plants and animals that share my state. If sometimes I overlook a beauty before my eyes it is because I live so closely to it. I am secure in my knowledge that there

are in camp some who find all of this new, who will call to my attention something here to rekindle my love for this place. I am part of our tapestry.

Annie:

I come here from afar. To me all that is here is new. I show you the beauty of this place because through my discovery of something I let you rediscover an overlooked or forgotten part of this place. My enthusiasm I give to the picture. I bring ideas, thoughts, beliefs from another culture. I can broaden your knowledge by telling you about where I live. Look through me both to discover other worlds and know your own better. If I think the way you do things is funny it is only because I am used to a different way. I give you the opportunity to teach me your ways. I am part of our tapestry.

Sue:

I am quiet. Sometimes you don't even know I am here. I do not chatter all the while. I'm nice to sit down with when you want to talk quietly. I teach the joy of silence and thoughtful reflection. I offer you a respite from the hub-bub of a busy day. I love the quiet of camp, the sound of the wind in the pines, a single loon calling across the stillness of the lake. My appreciation of these quiet things will help call your attention to these things. If I cannot be heard above the general din or excitement of some occasion I do not worry. There are others who can, and what I offer adds to the picture, too. I am part of

our tapestry.

Valerie:

I am noisy. I love to laugh and shout. Rely on me to be there with a joke, a song, or a story to keep all entertained. I give of myself enthusiastically. When you need a smile, come to me. Wherever there is a group full of excitement, planning some great scheme, look for me there. I keep camp lively. I keep the sunshine around even when it rains. If sometimes I forget to stop and listen or overlook a single small flower along the path, I remember that there are others here to help me see these things and rejoice in the fact that I'm at camp. I am a part of our tapestry.

Jody:

I am a sailor. To me all of camp is a boat, a sailboat. When I get up each morning what I want to know is "how's the wind." The pix is aft of my cabin and I live in the starboard side room. Sheets are on your ged but I use them to trim my sails. I give you beating, reaching, and running free. I'll race you around Oak Island or anywhere else. From my picture we see the blue of the water, the white of the sail. I can teach you to do something I love with a gusto that is contagious. If sometimes I forget that any other activities exist, if everything here takes on from me nautical terms, do not fear for there are others who love another sport with my intensity. I am a part of our tapestry.

Ginny:

I am the out-of-doors. I see the trees as well as the woods. Do you know that right here in camp there are enough different kinds of insects that if you spent all summer trying to find different ones you wouldn't have enough time to find them all? I can teach you how to build a fire and to cook your breakfast. I give you the thrill of canoeing in white water and the sense of accomplishment of attaining a mountain top. I can give to you an appreciation of all that is natural around you and teach you your part in this natural scheme. If you get tired of my endless urging to conquer another lake, river or mountain, remember that I am only one of many who have much to teach you. I am part of our tapestry.

Traditions:

Camping is unique to America. Organized camping for boys and girls started in the late 1800's. Some of the early names in camping are still familiar to many of us. Barbara Joy, Marjorie Camp, John Dudley, Luther Gulick and Charles Cobb. If these last two men were alive today how proud they would be to know that together they have thirteen great-grandchildren who are involved in camping. These men some seventy odd years ago believed that camping was an educational opportunity children should have. Little did they realize in the early 1900's the traditions they were starting. What is tradition? Tradition is beliefs and customs handed down from the past, from ancestors to posterity. Traditions are memories, ideas and even actual events. Traditions develop in most cases because they are a meaningful experience. Some are very small and some are quite extensive. No one of us lives without tradition, although many of us may have different traditions. Here at Runoia we have many traditions. Only a few may be traced back 68 years. This morning we feel it is appropriate to think of just a few of our traditions. Traditions that make Runoia a lasting memory to be passed on to the youth of tomorrow.

Betty Cobb

Music is a part of every camp and every camp has special songs which mean a great deal to the people there. We sing many songs which are sung at other camps, but we also

have many which belong only to us. Our song contest which is held every year gives us many new songs which become a part of our tradition. And there are those of us to whom camp means sitting down during the winter and writing something special to be sung during the summer.

Diane Erler

A long time ago, a person wrote a blessing for something he cared for very much. That something is this country and the blessing, the Pledge of Allegiance. Others who felt the same love for this country joined him in reciting the blessing before the flag. Time flew. It flew so fast it left no room in the lives of the people to continue this tradition. At Runoia where time is thoughtfully spent, the Pledge of Allegiance and flag raising has been preserved. And with it the love for this beautiful land is reborn in the young who can and will take it with them and share it with those who have forgotten it.

Lori Rutherford

Have you ever been late for a meal and stood listening to the beautiful singing of grace? For many years, three times a day, Camp Runoia has sung grace before sitting down to eat. It doesn't take long to learn them all and they're never forgotten. Grace is very short, but if you really think about it all the words have many thanks behind them. We're all very lucky people to be a part of Camp Runoia for eight beautiful weeks. Sometime at a special occasion at

home you should all try singing one of our graces. You'll be surprised what a joy other people will get out of a simple way to thank the Lord.

Tracey Buckley

Every summer many new campers experience the unusual feeling of a skinny dip. We have a few brave campers that tackle the early cold weather every morning. But everyone does enjoy the refreshment of an evening skinny. We all find sleep to be much more enjoyable. When we're eighty years old we'll still remember those quick dips into the pond. By the end of each summer we all jump at the chance for a nice cold skinny.

Chris Buckley

Milk and crackers is another one of the small things that you probably never even think about. You go to the dining room after evening program and don't even think twice. People who have been to other camps, or who have friends at other camps, know that this is strictly a Runoja tradition. We all take it for granted, yet try to imagine what it would be like not to have milk and crackers before bedtime. It may mean different things to different people . . . a last bite for that growling stomach, time to dig into those chocolate chip cookies your grandmother sent, maybe a few minutes to unwind after a busy evening program, and perhaps milk helps you sleep at night. Maybe the nicest part is that you have one last chance to talk to that friend you

just didn't get a chance to talk to earlier. Just to say, "Hi, goodnight, and try to tag up for sailing tomorrow morning!"

Ellen Chapman

I was just up at the lodge and saw all the banners with the team scores on them. Why are the teams so important at camp?

The teams are really important as a uniting force. New girls who come are taken into a team and are quickly made to feel a part of Runoia. Everyone is equally important whether they are old or new, juniors or seniors, because they are all striving for team victory.

What is it that has kept the teams going all these years? Is it just the fun of competing with each other or is there more to it than that?

No, there is a lot more to it than just that. It helps us to all work together. Take the war canoe, in order for it to move all have to paddle as one and not as single entities. Or soft ball, the only way to win is to work together for team victory and not personal glory.

Then the fact that we still have something that was started 50 years ago binds us to years past, doesn't it?

It is the strong traditions that make camp loyalties so fine.

Betsy Rowell and Martha Kirkpatrick

Bo-bo-ski-wa-tin-da-tin is a cheer which has been with us for as long as we can remember. It's a cheer which long-ago united camp and now doesn't seem as much as it did way back then. The cheer still lends a feeling of group unity, but we feel the real impact of the cheer hasn't been related from older campers to the new ones, as we think a tradition should be handed down. Is it possible to relate this feeling to the other members of our group, in order to bring us together even more? We think it is possible.

Sandy Cobb

Our weekly newsletter is another part of our camp which is unique. It provides a way of keeping our Runoia families in touch with all that we are doing as well as a way of remembering all that has happened during the past week, summer, years. Think of your families and think of our newsletter as a way of tying them all together .. to each other and to Runoia.

Valerie Kind

While we here at Runoia are encouraged to think of ourselves as a family, the family tradition extends far beyond any single summer. This summer every shack has someone whose sister is at Runoia and many have alumnae. As for me, I am the fourth in a single family and the thirteenth in relatives to attend Runoia. Certainly Runoia is not unique in this way, but very few camps have such strong family ties. The reasons for this are simple; our families

have benefited from the Runoia experience be it companionship, love, joy, or learning, and they have wanted us to experience this also. I, for one, am proud to say that my family is part of the tradition and I hope you all may be able to say the same.

Peter Orbeton

Each year campers and counselors come back for yet another summer at camp. They are the ones who lead the way for new campers. The majority of the counselors have been here as campers and return to pass on their experience and knowledge to the new campers. I happen to be a break in this tradition... I have no experience of such a camp. When I came here I had no knowledge of its traditions and its life. It has been my job to bring into your lives new experiences of different lives and traditions. It seems to be somewhat of a traditions of this camp to be unique. That is how I manage to fit in. Just think, if we had new counselors here every year, it would be like coming to a completely different camp. Traditions would mean nothing; warmth and affection would not hold the place which it holds now. Close relationships between campers and counselors and, just as important, between the counselors themselves, would be very difficult, in fact, almost impossible. Having counselors coming back each year is a tradition which we take for granted, and it must do us all good to think about it.

Annie Jones

Fairy Ring is where most of our camping experiences

got started. I know I have been on numerous trips there each and every summer and have never stopped to think that not every camp comes equipped with a handy campsite within walking distance of camp. In conversing with Johnny about Fairy Ring it turns out that she actually named Fairy Ring herself. It was some time back when Johnny and a group of Juniors were walking through the woods when they came upon a clearing of trees. They looked up into the trees and it seemed as though the tips of the trees were bunched together to form a ring. When the young campers asked Johnny why they formed a ring, she said it was because the fairies danced there each night. From that point on Fairy Ring became a campsite and has been used ever since.

Marion Van Ingen

Reading wishes at cotillion has been a part of Runoia as long as I have, four years. Therefore, you may not all consider it a tradition yet. However, the time spent and the meaning behind each wish shows the feeling we all have for this special place.

Sue Rintz

The log is a tradition which contains traditions. It captures not only all traditions which encompass many years, but also records the single events special to individual summers. For those returning the log is special because it brings back the memories of previous summers. For new campers, the log can give an insight into what life at Runoia is

really like. Perhaps the most important logs are the very old ones. For those of us here now, a glance through these logs can give us an understanding of how the traditions and activities here at Runoia have changed and grown. They tell us the history of our camp. For the returning alumnae of many years past, the recent logs demonstrate that Runoia has grown and changed but kept a certain "something". For anyone who is a part of Runoia, the log captures the spirit, emotion, and tradition of camp.

Meg Tabell

Another tradition, unique to Runoia, is cotillion. Every camp has special ceremonies at the end of its season, and each is unique to that camp alone, each has become a tradition. For those of us who are new at Runoia, the cotillion traditions will be special because, for the first time we will be taking part in them, we will be adding ourselves to time-honored traditions which are a part of Runoia. And for those of you who have been here before, cotillion must have a special meaning because you will be sharing it with those of us who have become a part of Runoia.

Ginny Geyer

During a period of many years at Runoia we've seen a good many traditions, or things we've considered traditions, change or fade away. However, there is one very special tradition we can think of that has remained constant. This tradition has changed somewhat with the times, but has always

remained a very major part of Runoia. Johnny has given Runoia meaning for us, being a part of every day and every summer spent here for much longer than even we can remember. So many of her ways have been incorporated into our Runoia memories, and amidst the changes that must always come to keep things growing, Johnny has remained as the sustainer of those special things that need no change. We remember so well each night as she came around to say good night, peering down at you in your bed and mispronouncing your name so that you had to laugh. And "Who Am I" at the table, and blowing the rest hour whistle each afternoon but no one ever knew what the whistle was and it remained a great mystery to all of us. And she always lived in the CIT shack and we could never figure out why she couldn't pass Greenie's CIT course and move on to being a counselor. And Johnny's always been there to remember how things used to be, when songs got started, and how we got names for certain things. And she always knows what has happened to each person who's been here, because she makes a point of keeping in contact with everyone, even though she kind of hates to use all the stamps on letters... so sometimes she waits and sends a bunch of stuff at once so as to conserve. We can always remember Johnny lying out on her chair during rest hour, and, oh yes, her morning skinny dips and she did her "slink" around the lake. She's always been here for us, holding it all together, and keeping us laughing all the while.

We've both been here for several years,
We've come to know this place
We've laughed and smiled and shed some tears,
Been familiar with every face.

As campers people watched us grow
And helped us to discover
And now there are others we can show
In one way or the other.

And through the years there are some things
That help keep memories strong,
Despite the changes time ever brings
Traditions carry us along.

It's good to change when there is need,
And institute new thought
But security's found in oldest seeds
Which tradition now has brought.

Throughout the years one thing remains
To lend stability and assurance
Johnny with her timeless grains
Remains time's greatest endurance.

When traditions break and change arrives
We all must take our part
But Johnny keeps within our lives
Traditions she helped to start.

Ghost at the table and changing names,
Bringing rest hour to an end,
Special limericks, and other games
Boopsadaisy with her friends.

So we thank you, Johnny, for being there,
That staid force that sees us through
Amongst all traditions for which we care,
There's none so important as you.

Laura Kind and Jody Sataloff



People

Third Shack Anagrams

Lisa H. Corbridge

Looks Happy (and) Content

Amy J. Rosenberg

Avoids Joking Rarely

Joanne L. Rowell

Just Loves Reading

Catherine L. Smit

Can't Leave Sister

Edith C. Spanel

Enjoys Catching Streakers

Julie C. Weil

Just Can't Wait

Sharon L. West

Swims Like (a) Whale

Eve L. Wollman

Eats Lollypops Whenever

Fourth Shack Anagrams

Bethany A. Berry	Born A Blue
Diana E. DeVoe	Does Enjoy Dogs
Brenda L. Harrington	Boys Likes Heartily
Jessica T. Knight	Just (a) Terrific Kid
Susan L. Peckar	Savors Losing Pounds
Margaret W. Richards	Monkeys With (the) Rafters
Linda J. Rosenberg	Loves Just Reading
Ippolita Rostagno	Interested (in) Runoia
Katerine E. Savadove	Kicks Elegantly Super
Denise S. Smit	Daringly Saves (her) Sister
Alexandra H. Von Burg	Always Has Vigor (for) Blues
Camille V. Webber	Carries Vigor With (her)
Elizabeth A. West	Energy Abounds Within

Fifth Shack Anagrams

Joanne H. Birsh	Jokes Happily (with) B.J.
Kathrine N. Bowring	Kooky Night Bomber
Sophia C. Carpenter	Sounds (like a) Crazy Cow
Laura H. Dennison	Sounds (like a) Crazy Cow
	Lively Heroic Demon
Deborah M. Frost	Devilishly Munches Food
Hilary J. Gold	Hilarious Jumping Girl
Sylvia J. Heisel	Sly Jumpy Horselover
Harriet F. Hubbard	Happy, Funny, (and) Hilarious
Cynthia A. May	Crazy and Mischievous
Victoria K. Moffatt	Very Kooky (at) Moments
Victoria K. Moffatt	Many Joyous Moments
Maura J. Murphy	Interestingly Attempts Raids
Ilaria A. Rostagno	Jolly and Sexy
Jane A. Sherman	Every Cautious Sailor
Emily C. Spanel	Always Friendly (to her) Sister
Amy F. Stackpole	Loves Nice Water
Loren N. Winfield	

Tent Anagrams

Hilary S. Peck

Had Several Phonecalls

Kirsten E. Platt

Kindly Excepts Praise

Abigail F. Stackpole

Always Found (with) Slim

Sarah E. Tabell

Sassy Every Time

Susan P. Vaughn

Still Plays Violently

Sixth Shack Anagrams

Leslie G. Blocksom	Loudly Gabs Back
Andrea L. Florey	Ape Like Faces
Nina Frank	Notices Fumes
Stacey F. Goldsborough	Stays Forever Good
Jacqueline J. Marois	Jolly Jumping Midget
Lisa F. Pratt	Looks For People
Ellen C. Solowey	Ever Commenting (about) Sailing
Christine M. Wade	Continually Makes Worries
Margaret M. Williams	Maneuvers Marvelous Wonders
Margaret S. Young	Makes Several Yawns

Seventh Shack Anagrams

Pamela N. Cobb	Performs n' Creates
Rosemary Cole	Really Crazy
Nancy J. Friedman	Never Jinks Friends
Jean G. Goldsborough	Just (a) Great Girl
Hannah G. Hall	Hates Getting Hassled
Diana E. Hearst	Desires Everybody Here
Alice B. Kirkpatrick	Always Been Kooky
Lisa L. Lombard	Loves Laughing Loudly
Diane Michaels	Dingo Men
Jane P. Rines	Just (a) Perfect Rider
Karol Robbins	Kraves Refreshments
Jennifer S. Sachs	Just Some Sailor
Margaret C. Stainton	Makes Crazy Statements
Debra E. West	Does Everything Wright

C.I.T. Anagrams

Heather A. Baldwin

Hates All Bugs

Diana E. Champion

Dispenses Exuberantly Candy

Marie R. Gauthier

Makes Runoia Great

Louise Y. Lessard

Loves Young Lads

Lucy F. Phinney

Loves Fastidious Parties

Joanna C. Shore

Joyfully Capsizes Sailboats

Celia H. Spanel

Constantly Harasses Shackmates

Jennifer A. Wallace

Just A Wiśp

Andrea M. Zeidner

Aide Anagrams

Erica J. Edelman	Euell's Just Excellent
Noianhi C. Horgan	Niced Cracked Hazelnut
Mary A. Nastuk	Makes Alot (of) Noise
Andrea C. Newman	A Campcraft Nut
Holly A. Rutherford	Hungry And Ravenous
Nancy E. St. Lifer	Never Eats (or) Sails Lightly
Brenda J. Swanson	Bedtime Jilts Slyly
Roberta J. Tabell	Ransacks Jugs of Tab
Kate C. Wilkenson	Keeps Willingly Crewing

Staff Anagrams

Gary Y. Asano	Gives Youths Assistance
Christine C. Buckley	Constantly Calls Buddies
Tracey A. Buckley	Terrific At Bedmaking
Ellen Chapman	Exudes Confidence
Julie M. Clove	Jenuine Maine Caterer
Cassandra S. Cobb	Caught Sipping Constantly
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Emphatically No-no's Cursing
Philip J. Cobb	Photographs Just Constantly
Diane S. Erler	Desires Sardines Everynight
John P. Erler	Judiciously Protests Everything
Virginia E. Geyer	Very Efficient Guzzler
Ann S. Greene	Appreciates Some Gaity
Marian R. Johnson	Miscalculates Rippogenus Jaunt
Anne M. Jones	Annoyed (at) Mules' Journeys
Laura B. Kind	Loves Big Kahuna
Valerie	
Valerie K. Kind	Very Kautious Krooner
Martha R. Kirkpatrick	Must Reevaluate Komittment
Loleta M. Longcor	Loathes Most Labor
Peter B. Orbeton	Portland's Bum Offer
Kathy M. Puffer	Kraves Male Partners
Susan R. Rintz	Shirks Gladly Responsibilities
Elizabeth M. Rowell	Eats Many Radishes
Patricia A. Rowell	Please, Another Recovery!
Lori J. Rutherford	Legs Joyously Run
Joanne S. Sataloff	Just Stomach Sags?
Adam H. Schnitzer	Always Helping Sandy
William C. Schnitzer	Worships Constant Sunshine

Debbie A. Simonson

Margaret E. Tabell

Marion Van Ingen

Devious And Smiling

Meticulously Examines Trees

Mumbles Very Incoherently

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Lisa Corbridge	Lisa	pretty	for the blues	secret places	people repeating her	"Oh, okay!"
Amy Rosenberg	Amy	like a Rosenberg	with Homer	Lucia	seeing her sister with poison ivy	"Sickening!"
Joanne Rowell	Jody	for her retainer	with things on the end of her bed	playing cards and reading books	people borrowing her comic books without permission	"You really shouldn't!"
Catharine Smit	Cathy	for Denise	in her French pajamas	to streak	cleaning	"Will you help me make my bed?"
Edith Spanel	Edith	like a boy	for Mary Nastuk	her violin	getting hurt	"Be quiet!"
Lucia Stainton	Lucia	like Maggie	for her little brother	swimming	clothesline	"Su-per!"
Julie Weil	Julie	like a doll	with Alexander the Grape	Sharon	silverware	"I don't want to!"

[illegible]

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Bethany Berry	Beth	forward to free swim	in the lanes	playing tricks on Marion	people stealing her candy	"Cool it!"
Diana Devoe	Diana	for Camille	for a good joke	dogs	life jackets	"Darn!"
Brenda Harrington	Brenda	shy	on the rafters	climbing on the rafters	being yelled at	"Oh oh"
Jessica Knight	Jay	cute in pigtails	for Pizzie	Sanford	When the shack doesn't work together	"Can I have Sanford?"
Susan Peckar	Susie	for a package	for candy	4th shack's once-a-week streak	being last in line	"How many did you swim?"
Margaret Richards	Meg	for Bethany	in the crafts room	Bethany	the gorilla	"Shhhh Bethany!"
Linda Rosenberg	Linda	for more books to read	with her books	solving in Sprites	poison ivy	"Do you have any good books I could borrow?"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Ippolita Rostagno	Ippo	like she's eve wollman's sister	to streak	to sing	people yelling at her	"What activity do you have today?"
Rathy Sawadoue	Rathy	forward to riding	for Flicka	riding and tennis	certain activities	"oh boogie woozers!"
Denise Smit	Denise	for her sister	near Cathy	dime-in- pins	not being with her sister	"Cathy Smit, get over here!"
Alexandra Von Berg	Sondra	like a banana	for the blues	Denise	being in a sandy, wet bathing suit	"Oh Shoot!"
Camille Webber	Meallie	for Diana	for the blues	basket- ball	swimming lessons	"Wicked!"
Elizabeth West	Liz	for Jessica	for Sanford	archery	getting up	"That's dumb!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Joanne Birsh	Jo	cute	for Winston II	horses	dirty riding boots	"Let's not raid!"
Katharine Bowring	Rathy	like a boy	for nights when counselors are out of the shack	raids	nights when counselors are in senior end	"Let's be obnoxious tonight!"
Sophia Carpenter	Carpenter	ferocious	for Sangford	a neat deal	canoeing	"Good night, John Boy"
Laura Dennison	Lolly	nice	in the pix	tennis	a dirty face	"Tough!"
Deborah Frost	Deb	tall	for Friar Tuck	sleeping	two or less crackers	"Cool your pants!"
Hillary Gold	Will	like Lori Winfield	for fireballs	sailing	sweep	"you turkey!"
Sylvia Kleisel	Sylvia	Russian	for her dog	people	reading aloud	"Oh, gee!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Harriet Hubbard	Harriet	for her bathing suit	for tetherball	Camping trips	butterscotch braces	"Okay!"
Cynthia May	Cindy	for Katie	on her bed	long under- wear	a sandy sleeping bag	"Have you seen Katie?"
Victoria Kate Moffatt	Katie	innocent	for archery	packages	a white stomach	"No, I only have a little left!"
Maura Murphy	Maura	like a Barbie Doll	for Debbie	her loafers	swimming lessons	"Oh, Pooh Bear!"
Ilaria Pestagno	Sue	like a New Yorker	in Florence, Italy	Emily	the name billiard	"No, Emily!"
Jane Sherman	Chippy	for Amy	for a tan	clean hair	being called Jane	" <u>Amy</u> !"
Amy Stackpole	Amy	for Abby	for Nancy Friedman	mandy lee	9:00 riding	"Hi Nancy!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Hilary Peck	Hilary	in the mirror	trading stationary	being feminine	her fat Scholls	"Do I look alright?"
Kirsten Platt	Kirsten	Danish	in her new Dr. Scholls	getting up at third bell	being rushed	"Okay, everyone off my bed <u>now</u> !"
Abigail Stockpole	Abby	for Todd	with her stuffed animals	her baby blanket	being left out of a group	"Todd did the cutest thing..."
Sarah Tabell	Sara-bell	cute	for slim	letters from her boyfriend	being called a boy	"I'm sorry!"
Susan Vaughn	Vaughn Baughn	like a "dollface"	with her hair back in a ponytail	getting permanents	going to the nurse	"Let's go get a manicure, doll!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Leslie Bloobson	Leslie	for Joanne	for the record of "bookspell"	Friar Tuck	not being able to have candy line	"Foul!"
Andrea Florey	Nandy	to see if she has riding	in an extra messy room	to act like an ape	getting up at first bell	"You guys!"
Nina Frank	Nina	like Anne Frank	for gum	to be naughty at night	when the counselors stay in the shack at night	"Come on!"
Stacey Goldsborough	Stacey	pretty	for Dave and Pam	talking to counselors	obnoxious with shakers	"Cobby!"
Jacqueline Marois	Jackie	cute	dangerously	having raids	getting in trouble	"Good mornin' "
Lisa Pratt	Lisa	funny in a dress	in a messy room	her stuffed animals	missing candy line	"That's so cute!"
Ellen Solowey	Ellen	eagerly for mail	to pass JLS	gymnastics	sleeping through raids	"Horrors!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Christine Wade	Chris	to see if the counselors are in the shack	for Mandy Lee	Harry	being good	"You hate me!"
Margaret Williams	Matti	for seventh shacklers	to sail	to stomp around at first bell	nothing	"NewrmpL"
Margaret Young	Maggie	for things to sketch	for Diane	to read	when we don't read <u>Rebecca</u>	"Oh gosh, don't let me lose control!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Pamela N. Cobb	Pam	for Stacey	for Jmb	hard beds	playing taps	"you silly!"
Rosemary Cole	Rosie	forward to being an actress	for raids	Cedar camp boys	noisy raiders	"I feel like a palsy!"
Nancy Friedman	moose	for Ginny	for camperaft	Rooster	having her shoelace break	"Alice!"
Jean Goldsborough	Jean	for Karol's Tussy	for her mustard jar	to spit sunflower seeds over the wall	being called Jeanie	" <u>Can you</u> <u>dig it</u> !"
Hannah Hall	Hannah	for Jean	for snoopy	to laugh	Karol's Tussy deoderant	"stop molesting me!"
Diana Hearst	Diana	like a real cutie	for the whites	being crazy	open jack knives	"holly, come here!"
Alice Kirkpatrick	Alice	innocent	for the blues	vespers	her cough	"Nancy!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Lisa Lombard	Lisa	for "my Boyfriend's Back"	for dancing	bikinis	loosing at tetherball	"Want some?"
Diane Michaels	Diane	for Maggie Young	for John	playing guitar	swimming lessons	"Come on, you guys!"
Jane Pines	Jane	out for fattening candy	to be thin	her baby brother	9:00 riding	"I feel fat!"
Karol Robbins	Karol	for candy	for Barbara	home	being locked in the pix	"I'm hungry!"
Jennifer Sachs	Jenny	for a chin-up bar	for Friar Tuck	Joel Gray	losing a sailing race	"Demos!"
Margaret Stainton	Maggie	the same as two years ago	to see the end of JMG	camping out	getting braces	"Have you guys done a job for the shack?"
Debra West	Debbie	nice	for her sisters	Camille	swimming	"you guys!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Heather Baldwin	Feather	for bedtime	at the barn with Phineas	Bee Pee	swimming guide "22's"	"You... ninny!"
Diana Champion	Diana	for 2nd shock's poultergeist	for being "naughty"	dry roasted sunflower seeds	being treated as separate from the CITs	"hey, guys!"
Louise Lescard	Wheeze	for MEN (and the red truck)	for brushing her teeth	having a dynamite smile	herself	"NEATO!"
Lucy Phinney	Phineas	for pudding	for F. B.	gorgeous guys	her insomnia at times	"you're one of those... MUTHAHH..."
Joanna Shore	Jo	like a hippie	in her crusher hat	candy!	being told to be quiet	"you know? you know what I mean?"
Celia Spanel	Cecil	for Martha	by drinking her water	trying to speak French	having Phineas wake her up at 2:00 A.M. just to find out what time it is	"That's gross!"

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Marie Gauthier	Mah- TEE	for dry tennis courts	for eating	sunbathing	cleaning up	"Boo!"
Jennifer Wallace	Jen	thinner	in loads of MAIL	crafts	losing weight	"Wicked good!"
Andrea Zeidner	Andy	for things to trip over	in bed	sailing	being called a clutz	"I <u>do</u> not!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Erica Edelman	Euell	tired	to answer the telephone	Eating & drinking	going to bed on time	"Everything's edible, it's just a matter of digestion."
Noiranni Horgan	Little Hazel Nut	like a bird watcher	for a healthy Mickey Mouse	edible bi-products	campers walking out of the shack after taps when she's there	"Do you feel ba-ad?"
Mary Nastuk	Dimple Darlin'	for letters from a certain person	with Euell Gibbons	the aide wave and yell and her slave chain	an empty candy jar	"AIDES!!"
Andrea Newman	Newman or Jock	athletic	in her jacket	Tab	having William beat her in tennis	raucous laughter
Holly Rutherford	Awlee	her tall food	for food and more of it	her house and food	Pre-judged pessimism	"Where are we going for our day off?"
Nancy St. Lifer	Dumba Bumba	like a brillo pad	feeling persecuted	sailing	not having sailing and being told how to sail	"Well... gosh you guys!"
Brenda Swanson	B.J.	sweet and innocent	like a "real woman"	being healthy	being in bed before 11 P.M.	"Well..."

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Roberta Tabell	Boop	for letters from Saudi Arabia	in her coolie boots with a can of tab in her hand	beating Erica in darts and Jim	jibing with her centerboard up	"Far out!"
Kate Wilkinson	Kate	like she wouldn't know the words she does	with mosquitoes	Fourth Shack	not getting enough sleep	bleep! blank! censored!
Aides	you name it	like candidates for the rest home	all over camp	free rest hours	not having enough chairs for morning meeting	"Are you from function..."

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Gary Asano	Grary	like Kung Fu	with the 3 other slobs in the annex	dry courts	liquid sunshine	"How should I know what there is to do?"
Chris Buckley	Chit- cheen	perverted before flag raising	in a bathing suit	hot running water in the north woods	combing out Wandys hair	"Can't I <u>ever</u> have sailing?"
Tracey Buckley	Tracey	old enough to pass	for a full night's sleep	sailing, cycling, diving, and everything else	extra E.P.s	"No, I cannot accept a collect call!"
Ellen Chapman	Smellin' Ellen	for her laundry	for rifery	roughing it at Fairy Ring	not having her salad with her dinner	"But I want to go back next year!"
Julie Cloue	Clouer	great in her swimsuit (T-shirt and shorts)	behind the grill	HISTORY	burns, cuts, scratches	"I like Everything!"
Cassandra Cobb	Sandy	for her bathing suit	it up	gorillas	counsebrs coffee	as I'm going back as

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	for her glasses	for the good ole' days	her garden	finding out who called Dover, Mass.	"you can't go through a red light till it turns green!"
Philip Cobb	Phil	forward to his time spent at Rumor	in the photo lab	his plaid pants	ordering five times too much cement	"you start and I'll join you later!"
Diane Erler	Diane	flatter than Laura	for nude sunbathing	sunny sailing days	11:00 reminders & reminders reminders	"There's just not enough time..."
John Erler	Jack	crabby when he has a cold	in a new Lincoln	the tapestry	D.D.s bottoms up	"Does anybody know a good doctor?"
Virginia Greyer	Ginny	for places to throw her flashlight	to tell about the 15 mile drive from Augusta	her bugs (I mean insects!)	that awful wet stuff under the dock	"LADIES..."
Ann Greene	Greenie	under the apple tree	for the perfect day	pretzels	2nd shock's efficiency apartment	"I've got eight more gray hairs!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Marian Johnson	Johnny	for Cincinnati to be in first place	till Sept. 16th	<u>Rumba</u> songs	shepping for shampoo and pads of paper	"I'm feeling rosie!"
Anne Jones	Annie	for missing horses	for marion's turn to feed the horses	taking hot baths at sugarloaf	sorting laundry	"Did you cline your tyth yet?"
Laura Kind	Laura	at the rolls on her stomach	to win the contest	to go sailing... once in awhile	tee-totaling	"It's 11:00, Tracey - my turn or yours?"
Valerie Kind	Valerie, Valerah	for a quaking aspen	to catch mosquitoes	her kazoo	dusting light bulbs	"Well, there's a Phillips hammer and..."
Martha Kirkpatrick	Martha	for time to score riflery targets	to get healthy this summer	going to early skinnies with Betsy	people curing her infected toe	"I'm shirking my duties again!"
Loleta Longcor	Lo	funny dancing with Kathy all the time	in the kitchen sink	going to Waterville whenever possible	the word 'gross'	"I just <u>luv</u> it!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Peter Orbeton	Peeta	hairier every day	with the other 3 slobs in the annex	himself	Phil's line, "you start and I'll join you later."	"no wonder any work gets done around here... we've got two Jews, a weep, and a think working together."
Kathy Puffer	Puff	good in her hat	in the stable freezer	letters from Florida	cooking	"Give me that knife (Too sh) - Thank you!"
Susan Rintz	Sue Rintz	for something other than caneing	for ice cream	having Ellen as a sister	being boring	"Are you the guy on the orange motor- cycle with the blue helmet?"
Elizabeth Rowell	Betsy	tan this year	with new faces every two weeks	whoopie pies and radishes	her bangs in her eyes	"Little things like that don't worry me!"
Patricia Rowell	Trish	away from Edith's towel	when all is well	being free to go to other activities	Lester's bad manners	"I want to go sailing!"
Lori Rutherford	Big Red	like a long distance runner	chasing people	early morning skinny dips	modern dance at short notice	"Oh please give me some rope!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Joanne Sataloff	Jody	lice hazel	in the same bed in a new shack	midnight sailing	empty gas tanks	"I don't want to hear any more about my father!"
Adam Schnitzer	Adam	for his granola	with the other 3 slobs in the annex	to sleep	what the other 3 slobs do	Expletive deleted
William Schnitzer	William <u>not</u> Bill	maybe like the gorilla?	with the other 3 slobs in the annex	to eat; and eat; and eat; and eat	people who slam doors	"Primo!"
Debbie Simonson	Deb- Deb	worse every day	in the cooler	sunrises & sunsets on Great Pond	sharing her sleeping bag with bugs	"It's so-o-o good!"
Margaret Tabell	Meg	for Clark Tent	on top of her shelter	her stern	stumps in the lake	"See you at Cotillion!"
Marion Van Ingen	Marion	in the luggage rack for 4 th shacks	for hot water to wash her face	something other than riding	getting up early to feed the horses	"I love it!"

Third Shack Limericks

Sharon West

Sharon West was very quiet at first,
Though soon for noise did acquire a thirst,
With the cops on her trail
To Julie's trunk she would sail,
As a criminal she's far from the worst.



Edith Spanel

The violin sounds better than ever,
We hope she will play it forever,
Edith's a blue,
Probably smaller than you,
At mealtime the end seems like never.

Cathy Smit

Cathy came with pajamas from France,
One night without clothes she did dance,
As a camper she's new,
Her homework she'll do,
And with sister Denise she will prance.



Julie Weil

Julie's birthday did fall August eight,
Her presents were surely first rate,
At diving the best,
Always full of requests,
At mealtime she'll never be late.

Lisa Corbridge

Lisa was third shack's Miss Runoia,
And you'll find that she'll rarely annoy ya,
To secret places she'll run,
Always looking for fun,
At times she can be such a joy-a.

Jody Rowell

Jody Rowell has two sisters in camp,
Due to colds Jody rarely got damp,
For the blues she will fight,
With all of her might,
And at clean up she's really a champ.

Eve Wollman

Her own crusher Eve finally did get,
The salt water taffy isn't gone yet,
From Laura's home town,
In the shack gets around,
We'll see her next year you can bet.

Lucia Stainton

In swimming Lucia's one of the best,
In campcraft she really has zest,
Her room's always neat,
She's a hard one to beat,
We hope she'll come back to our nest.



Amy Rosenberg

On a bike she once hurt her head,
Usually she's first in her bed,
Amy calls it "woodher"
From Philly that put her,
She's as great as Linda once said.

Fourth Shack Limericks

Kathy Savadove

Kathy's broad jumping caused concern,
Certain points for the whites she will earn,
Tennis is her fame,
For horses she's game,
When her teeth fall out, to the fairy she'll turn.



Brenda Harrington

Our Brenda has found trips quite exciting,
For the whites she will go down a fighting,
For the ape she does look,
To Meg and Bethany she took,
And found mischief to be so delighting.

Susie Peckar

Our Susie has decided to diet,
Any craft project she'll surely try it,
But all must confess,
Her room is a mess,
Sunday morning shes' just never quiet.

Denise Smit

Constantly thinks of her candy,
At rest hour the pix comes in handy,
Slow at the table,
Fast with a fable,
Dime-and-pins certainly her dandy.

Jessica Knight

She's our knight in shining armor,
For fourth shack she's really a charmer,
Sanford's her horse
Never shows remorse,
Her neatness will never harm her.

Camille Weber

A monkey loose from the zoo
Is our Meallie, a really true blue,
She soars through the shack
And the nearest back
Makes a handy rest stop for her too.

Bethany Berry

Our Bethany lives in the lanes,
To swim ten miles was her high aim,
She leads the blues,
With spirit quite true,
She's mischievous come shine or come rain.



Diana DeVoe

From New York comes Diana DeVoe,
At dancing she puts on a show,
She leaps round the shack,
Alas and alack,
When she isn't around you certainly know.

Sondra Von Burg

Our Sondra's an aspiring tripper,
In the morning's she's no skinny dipper,
She's lean and tall,
Though her voice is not small,
Her spirit is great and we'll keep her.



Meg Richards

She came this year without her mouse,
But she looks forward to her new house,
With Bethany B.
She is quite chummy,
In kickball she's certainly no louse.

Elizabeth West

Our Liz is quiet and small,
Two sisters she brought, bags and all,
At riding she tries
And when her horse shies
She skillfully avoids a fall.



Ippolita Rostagno

She comes from the land of spaghetti,
After skinnies her hair's like confetti,
At sailing she twinkles
Her vivacity she sprinkles
She's a girl we will never forgetti.

Linda Rosenberg

Of junior whites Linda is leader,
At blue-white competition she's ready to cheer ya,
She lives in fourth shack,
And loathes that sumac,
Her spirits are felt whenever she's near ya.

Fifth Shack Limericks

Kirsten Platt

An elf our Kirsten did hear
When the tooth fairy came this year,
Once she was small,
Now she is tall?
A strong wind in sailing does fear.



Sarah Tabell

For a social in the front of the line,
Our Sarah you surely will find
In camp has two sisters,
In the sun she gets blisters,
After taps it takes time to unwind.

Lori Winfield

Our Lori has black curly hair,
Many a comb she has had to repair,
Horses she likes,
And riding on bikes,
And tons of clothing she surely does wear.



Hillary Peck

When we first saw Hillary's trunk
We didn't think she'd fit in the bunk,
Miss Runoia she won,
Her monologue was fun,
Our girl has really got spunk.

Debbie Frost

Debbie Frost is quite good on the flute,
Every other night taps she does toot,
At reading she's able,
Eats well at the table,
Up a mountain she surely will shoot.



Hilary Gold

She puts on her head gear at night,
For the blues she always will fight,
Last year in the tent
Back again she was sent,
And her room is always a sight.

Maura Murphy

Our Maura is small and thin,
Her mouth is full of tin,
A temper she's got,
So beware when it's hot,
The blues she sure wants to win.

Chippy Sherman

Our Chippy spent the night in six,
At the beach with the boys she will mix,
At rest hour not quiet,
For the blues she will riot,
She sure has a full bag of tricks.



Amy Stackpole

In six our Amy did stay,
One night when she lost her way,
A friend of Chippy
Who acts like a hippy,
And Sugarloaf she climbed in a day.

Cindy May

Cindy's devoted to Raggedy Ann,
Of Blue she's also a fan,
She surely is tidy
On trips she is mighty,
Passing hippos was really quite grand.



Emily Spanel

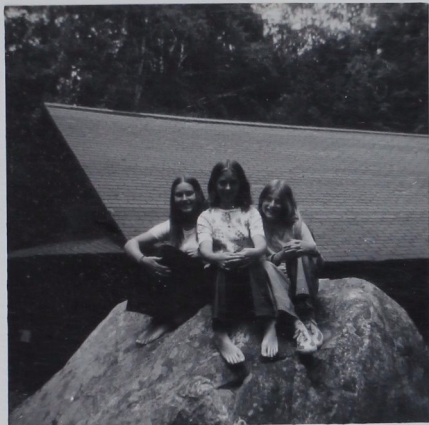
A duet with a flute she will play,
On her bed after taps does not stay,
To skinnies she'll run
To be number one,
At sailing she sure knows the way.

Sylvia Heisel

The first day of camp was her B-day,
Opening presents sure made her quite gay,
On her bed she is found,
To a book she is bound,
At riding she's willing to stay.

Lolly Dennison

Our Lollie's always the last one to bed,
On the tennis ladder she is ahead,
Ten washings a day
Keep the pimples away,
After taps she lightly will tread.



Katie Moffatt

Our Katie truly is fun,
To many a sport she will run,
She helps with a smile
Her room's neat all the while,
And at times she gets too much sun.

Joanne Birsh

"I'm a senior in junior, what's this?"
The horse Winston she surely does miss,
She tips over in sailing,
Over green she is ailing,
To the whites she is never remiss.

Kathy Bowring

On the camp road her parents are found,
While swimming she never will drown,
For A.T.A.T.
She'll raid with great glee,
During rest hour she's a bit of a clown.



Sophie Carpenter

Boys of Camp Cedar, look out
For you're what she's raving about,
She likes to play coy
When it comes to John Boy,
For the Blues she will always shout.

Abby Stackpole

Our Abby she sure loves to ride
From the counselors she quickly will hide,
Adam he wrote
It made Abby float,
And you'll always see Todd by her side.



Susan Vaughn

Our doll face has a great sense of humor,
And she will start many a rumor,
From the rafters she hangs
Without glasses she bangs,
And at night she seems a late bloomer.

Ilaria Rostagno

Ilaria can live in the water,
When out, never wears what she ought to,
She's a long way from home
Her hair is uncombed,
A recorder her grandmother bought her.



Harriet Hubbard

After years at Wohelo she came
Tether ball has won her much fame,
Highly skilled is she
She'll trip with great glee,
To get to the tent was her aim.

Sixth Shack Limericks

Stacey Goldsborough

Sign up for a trip is her will,
Jim Eaton's her favorite hill,
Our Stacey's a JAP
Dave's trip she does map,
At rest hour is always quite still.

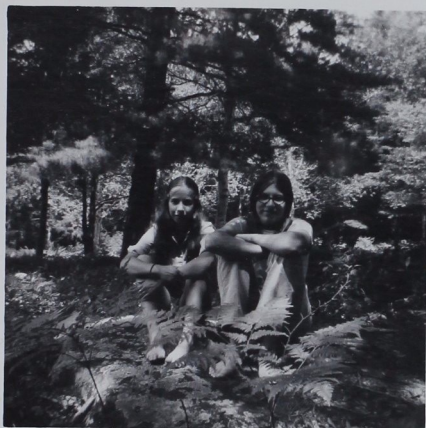


Jackie Marois

A really good tripper is Jackie,
We rarely see her not happy,
She's one of our night owls,
And one of six's favorite pals,
Her accent is really quite quacky.

Chris Wade

Chris is our number one raider,
We don't see how anyone could hate her,
She wasn't shy with Camp Cedar,
In fact the boys were glad to meet her,
In riding and sailing no one need aide her.



Leslie Blockson

Leslie is lots of fun,
At tether ball she usually has won,
Leslie is quiet,
A reader, no one can deny it,
She's as warm and bright as the sun.

Nandy Florey

For monkeys she has a yearning,
In neatness needs some more learning,
Soapies are her bag,
Riding is her tag,
On trips lets others do churning.



Ellen Solowey

Ellen is quite good at tennis,
At times she's like Dennis the Menace,
Sails with all her might,
Is always behind the whites,
All winter she, we will miss.

Nina Frank

Through her bathing suit she does show,
At the waterfront Chris says no, no,
At night she's alive
Periodically raids five,
Sailing she goes when the wind blows.

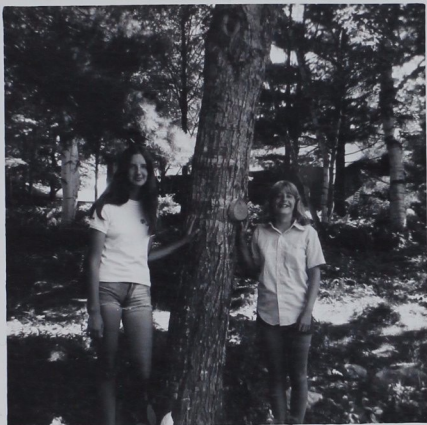


Matti Williams

Mattie returned for year five,
To win sailing races she does strive
Even though she runs down
At Tricia's she is found
In Mini Courses she often does dive.

Maggie Young

Maggie is back this year,
For the Whites she does cheer,
She's really quite tall,
We'll miss her this fall,
She goes to very activity, we hear.



Lisa Pratt

Lisa is our Tom Boy
To our shack she brought much joy,
In swimming lessons she's first in line,
On trips she has a good time,
GI Joe is her favorite toy.

Seventh Shack Limericks

Jean Goldsborough

"Can you dig it!" as Jean slaps you five,
We wonder where she gets all her drive!
Her mischief is frequent
And though sometimes delinquent,
She surely keeps seventh alive.



Maggie Stainton

After a year gone Maggie's returned,
Much campcraft she surely has learned,
Her room it gets sloppy
But a tree she can choppy,
Our affection she's certainly earned.

Karol Robbins

"Hubba Hubba Ding Ding" Karol will cry,
And for riflery badges will try,
Though she gets rather loud
She'll e'er liven the crowd,
Where there's food Karol's always near by.



Hannah Hall

Snoopy is Hannah's best mate
Although she thinks Hean is first rate,
Though prompt she is not
Much pep she has got
To pass JLS was sure her good fate.

Debbie West

So quiet all summer Debbie stayed,
Doesn't like to miss out on a raid,
Swimming lessons her woe,
With her sisters she'll go,
With us she has sure made the grade.



Nancy Friedman

It was love at first sight with Big Rooster,
She'd run off with him if he induced her,
Please call me Moose,
To do JMG she did choose,
To invent tastycakes surely amused her.

Diana Hearst

Henway's Diana's new friend,
Spirit to the whites she will lend,
Thinks snorting is clever,
JMG her endeavor,
To Holly's pockets her fingers will tend.

Pam Cobb

"Guess what?" "That's what!" Pam will holler
On JMG she worked like a scholar,
"You silly!" she'll smile,
Sneaky pranks is her style,
From Princeton her friends all will call her.

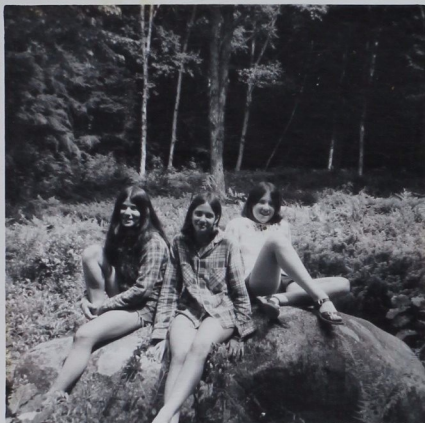


Alice Kirkpatrick

For sailing Alice has gone full force,
For Blue's spirit she's ever the source,
At night she will sleep
While through the shack others creep,
When you hear coughing, it's Alice of course!

Jennifer Sachs

For her Demos Jenny has yearned,
This summer much sailing was learned,
For Maine Woodsman she tried
And her leg it got fried
And boy, was she ever burned!



Lisa Lombard

At striptease acts Lisa's quite luring
Her tan in the summer's enduring,
For streaking she'll vote
Sails great when afloat
Through senior end at night she'll go touring.

Rosie Cole

At raiding our Rosie's a pro,
To 6th shack she'll sneakily go,
On Pam's flute she rehearses,
Love for acting she nurses,
Pix grafitti from her will e'er flow.

Jane Rines

One day the news was announced
A big sister Jane was pronounced,
Eight years she's been here
Towards riding she'll steer,
Tries hard not to gain a mere ounce.



Diane Michaels

In soft lenses Diane came this year,
While bobbing for apples one did disappear,
John Denver's her pleasure
His music she'll treasure,
From swimming lessons Diane will steer clear.

CIT Limericks

Diana Chameon

"I get to go sailing!" she'll cry,
With Mark and Todd always nearby
That smile on her face
Welcomes her any place
To sneak out of the shack she will try.

Jennifer Wallace

Jenny is the one who can win
The love and heart of the wind,
Wh think she's so nice
As quiet as mice
So friendly and neat as a pin.



Celia Spanel

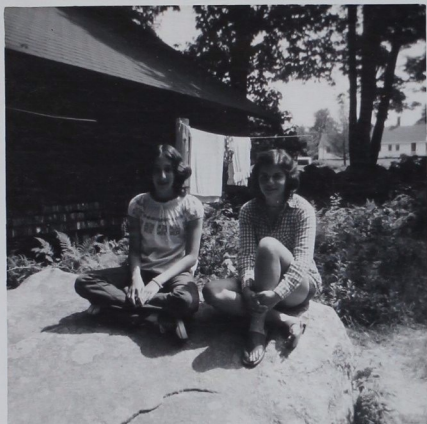
For Celia it's year number four
With her here it's never a bore
While at SLS
She is at her best
We hope she'll come next year for more.

Lucy Phinney

Our Lucy returned here this year,
Now known as Phinneas we hear,
Noisy in the shack
Her laugh we don't lack
Herself to the barn she will steer.

Andrea Zeidner

There was a young lady from Philly
She cared for both Bluiie and Willy
They called her a klutz
And liked her so much
But wow, did she ever get silly!



Louise Lessard

From Canada she came with joy
To see if she could find a boy,
From morning to night
Her teeth are alight
However, she sure isn't coy!

Marie Gauthier

Some tennis she sure loves to play,
On the court she would spend her day,
Marie loves to sing
To Runoia she'll bring
A wonderful summer, we say.



Joanna Shore

We've a rambunctious girl named Joanna
And boy, did she drive us bananas,
She looked hard for boys,
Her giggle made noise,
To the tetherball she'll meander.

Heather Baldwin

There is a girl in second shack
Who does love to go on horseback,
And to camp came she
With her horse B.P.
For raiding she sure has a knack.

Aide Limericks

Boop Tabell

Well, Booper is back from Japan,
She tells us of how her trip ran,
She loves camping trips,
All around she zips,
With her squirt gun she has few fans.



Noianni Horgan

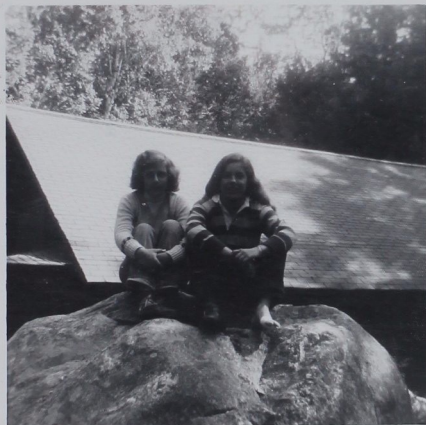
Our Noianni's a birdwatcher for sure,
A little hazel nut with no cure,
A "mad skinny-dipper"
And oh, what a tripper,
To chop trees is certainly no bore.

Mary Nastuk

Mary Nastuk claims quite a voice,
Alone in a Sprite is her choice,
Wherever her domain
There is her slave chain,
For certain letters she shall rejoice.

Nancy St. Lifer

Nancy sails like a pro,
Anywhere in a sailboat she'll go,
With her hair in a friz,
She's the brillo pad whiz,
At navigating she's a bit slow.



Andrea Newman

A super jock Andrea is,
At JMG she's quite a whiz.
She loves playing tennis
Her laugh is a mennzce,
Her hair's got a bit of a friz.

Holly Rutherford

Our Holly wishes she could have stayed
On the trip she took with the aides,
White-water she adores,
Exercises she does more,
Her worst thought now is a raid.



Brenda Swanson

B.J. on canoe trips really is great,
Among friends she surely does rate,
Her hair long and brown,
With Gary she's found,
For bedtimes she's always late.

Erica Edelman

Erica really is neat-o

At Euell Gibbons she cannot be beat-o,

To horses she runs,

Always cries, "Move your buns!"

"I don't get it" for her's never vetoed!



Kate Wilkinson

There once was an aide named Kate,

To bed she didn't go late,

This year she didn't come

With quite as much gum,

But instead, with a humor just as great.

Staff Limericks

Betty Cobb

In her garden new plants she will seed,
Coffee is her daily need,
For her glasses she'll look,
In her wok she will cook,
When it's "green light" you may proceed.



Phil Cobb

There once was a guy with a pinto
Whose lines give some of a hint
Of projects to come
He sure has some,
Beware! It could be a minto!

Diane Erler

Luke-warm is what she'll prefer,
At night the aides she must spur
For Chesuncook she'll itch
Put the car in a ditch
WSI is what she's aiming fer.



Jack Erler

"What do you mean, a mast has been broken?"
Said Jack in a voice so soft spoken,
To camp on the double
But with a cold he's much trouble,
Never too sick, though, to do some sly jokin'.

Ann Greene

To Greenie we'll all give a cheer,
She's always in front -- not the rear,
My room she has swept
As a friend she's adept,
I, Johnny, thank her now for this year!



Marian Johnson

Our Johnny's so great when you meet her,
There's little at which you can beat her,
This summer at camp
Had weather so damp
She now has a big baseboard heater!



Tricia Rowell
With Lester Tricia will walk,
In the infirmary always a flock,
Sore throats and cut hands
She meets all these demands,
And whoopie pies she keeps in stock.

Laura Kind

Abstaining from beverage is Laura's misfortune,
But of food she'll have a large portion
On a cycle she'll pedal
Needs a chest, not a medal,
From head to toe she's not quite in proportion.



Tracey Buckley

At E.P.s Tracey is the best,
Because she's done more than the rest,
Climbs mountains with ease,
Always prays for a breeze,
WSI has been such a pest.

Annie Jones

From England our Annie did come
Mosquitoes have a liking for her bum,
She hates to muck out
Or see Friar Tuck pout,
Chocolate brownies she's sure to some.



Marion Van Ingen

Mumbles Van Ingen is her name,
Handshakes with Roger's her claim to fame,
With her hair she will fight
Ten times, day and night,
Of runaway horses complains.

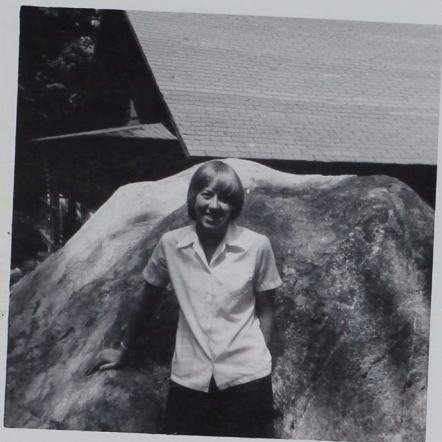
Martha Kirkpatrick

Pain from a toe so infected,
Fifth not just what she suspected,
Up late at night
WSI then to write,
At vespers her songs not rejected.



Sue Rintz

Hamburgers she nearly did make,
Then in March realized her mistake,
We're glad she came back
To live in fifth shack,
"I am quiet," she said, what a fake!



Betsy Rowell

For whoopie pies Betsy will go,
Eats radishes as fast as they grow,
At Muhlenberg thrived,
In a bog comes alive,
At crafts is surely a pro.

Meg Tabell

From Runoia there came a Tabell
Who at testing camp surely did well,
She waits for the day
For a moose to come stay
And her new canoe she never will sell.



Sandy Cobb

To riding Sandy will go,
"But it's campcraft I really do know!"
A mountain she'll climb,
Ask her anytime,
She'll never find Flagstaff her woe.

Lori Rutherford

The definition brought tears to her eyes,
But the joke none of us did realize,
Modern dance she teaches
And also broad reaches,
For skinnies and running she'll rise.



Chris Buckley

In 6 our Chris lives alone
For her roommates often do roam,
She's head of the water
Chain of Ponds almost got her,
Over skinnies she often will groan.

Jody Sataloff

At times she's been called Thunder Thigh,
At law school next year she will try,
A Maine resident
To Chesuncook she went
And looked up to see Daddy fly.



Valerie Kind

A Phillips hammer Valerie has brought
Is this what Ginny has taught?
A ruby dead center
On her chest does torment her,
For kazoos at mealtime she fought.

Ellen Chapman

For Hamlet Ellen's in woe,
Cries of diets from her will e'er flow,
To riflery she stumbles
Her confidence fumbles,
At JMG her skills she did show.



Ginny Geyer

"Ladies, do you have a problem?" she wails,
Has quite an assortment of males,
Quits smoking each day,
Throws her flashlight away
Humor late at night never fails.

Peter Orbeton

Peter I believe is the one who
Came to us this year a bit blue,
For jobless he was
When the Peace Corps they buzzed,
Said they, "Don't call us, we'll call you!"

Adam Schnitzer

Adam arrived from smoggy L.A.
At Runola he works and plays,
Sketching is his game,
Senior end's new flame,
In granola he's found each day.



William Schnitzer

Sunshine no matter how or where,
William always tries to be there,
Red truck and the trash
Tennis and mowing's a flash,
Could be the gorilla you scared.

Gary Asano

At tennis our Gary does play,
For sunshine he daily does pray,
To Des Moines he calls
Biggest bill of all,
In Marion's dress he looked a bit gay!

Julie Clove

If you ask Julie to cook on the grill,
She generally will say, "Yes I will"
But if there's a choice to make,
"A history book I will take,"
We can give all the campers a pill!

Loleta Longcor

Lo gets off on an Indian dance
Why, right in the kitchen she'll prance,
She puts out the food on the line,
While keeping her music in time,
Worthy is she of a glance.



Debbie Simonson

Sometimes you can tell Deb is itchin'
To get out, yes out of the kitchen,
A sail or a swim she will take
Or a great try at tennis she'll make
Or you may find her readin' or stitchin'

Kathy Puffer

Puff's knowledge of nutrition
Will make her an excellent dietician,
But we are worried she will turn rabbit
Because of her carrot eating habit
However keep faith; she does have ambition.

Mark Erler

There is a young camper named Mark
Sleeps on the water bed after dark,
Rides horseback and sails
And tells many tales
His summers at camp are a lark.



Todd Erler

Todd Erler this summer is two,
There's nothing that he wouldn't do,
Along with his brother
First one thing, then another
Camper's names, he knows quite a few.



Gretchen

Have you seen a stray tennis ball?
A red streak chases after them all
If you see a dog fetchin'
You'll know it is Gretchen,
She'll come running whenever you call.



Third Shack



Fourth Grade



Fifth Shack

Sixth Shack



Seventh Shack



C.I.T's



Aides



Staff

South Dakota Co-Eds



Team Captains



Sisters



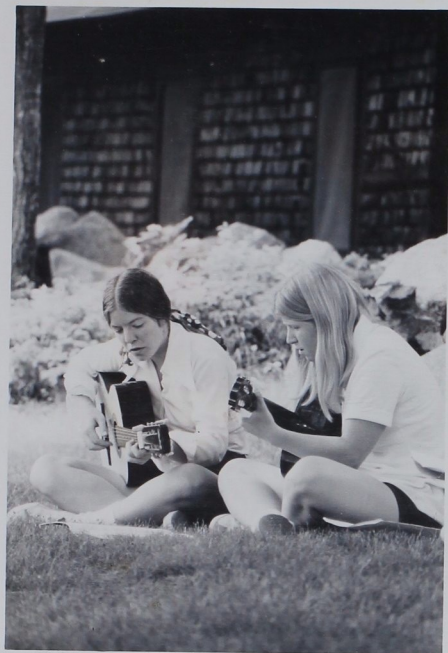
Alumnae Offspring



Scenes Around Camp.







JUL • 74



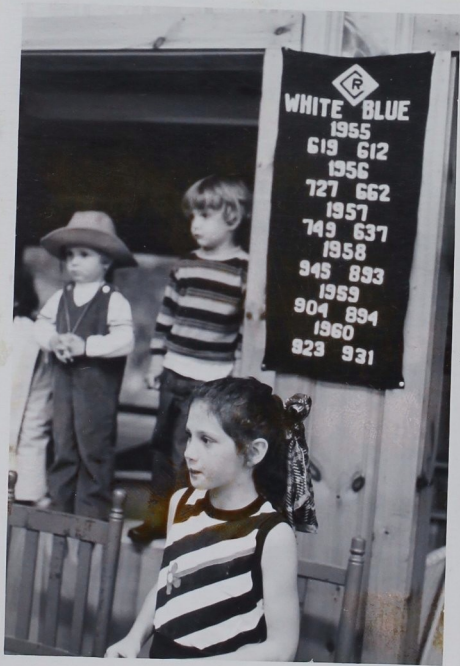
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JUL • 74

• JUL • 74





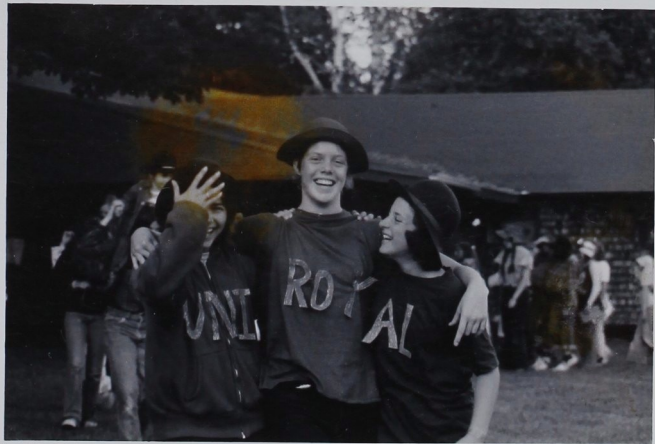

WHITE BLUE
1955
619 612
1956
727 662
1957
749 637
1958
945 893
1959
904 894
1960
923 931

JUL 74



JUL • 74









Social Notes . . .

June, 1974



99 Candles On Her Cake

There really were 99 candles on Miss Lucy Weiser's birthday cake Saturday, and she seemed to enjoy every one. Miss Weiser was honored with relatives and friends dropping in during the day. She is the founder of Camp Runoia. (Sentinel Photo by Pauline Plourde)

Founder Of Camp Runoia Celebrates 99 Years

Miss Lucy Weiser was honored Saturday on the 99th anniversary of her birthday, with relatives, friends flowers, gifts and birthday cakes all making the day a special one for the woman who made Camp Runoia the fine girls' camp it still is.

Miss Weiser's nephew, William Barr of Princeton, N. J., is here for the birthday weekend being celebrated in the farmhouse of the old Wentworth farm on Great Pond where Camp Runoia is located.

MISS WEISER and her

companion, Miss Doris Shellberg, have stayed during the past five winters in the Albert Johnson house in the village. But they hope that the new heating system in the old farmhouse will afford the chance to stay there during this winter.

Camp Runoia opened Friday when the girls arrived much to the pleasure of Miss Weiser, who was the guiding hand of the camp from 1907 until about 1965, and still likes to be near the girls as she lives on the grounds in the old farmhouse.



Tom and Cathy Nicholson
Betsy and Tommy

Cathy Fuller



Merry
Christmas -

The Williamsons

Susie Williamson



The Gates Family

Mary Bowman Gates



The Kinds



Jean Bayne Williams



? Angie Strople
McGinnis

Julie and Johnny

In joyful anticipation of our marriage, our parents
join in inviting you to share with us, Kay E. Noble and
Robert P. King, Jr., in the joy of our wedding
celebration. We hope that you can share in our
celebration of love; if not, we ask that you join us in
thought and prayer.

Kay and Bob

10:00 a.m.

July 6, 1974

Canyon Lake United Methodist Church

Canyon Lake Drive

Rapid City, South Dakota

Reception following

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Chester Roberts III

invite you to join them
at the wedding of their daughter
Linda Brier

to

David Walworth Williams
on Saturday, the thirteenth of July
Nineteen hundred and seventy-four
at four o'clock in the afternoon
at their home

Three High Rock Road
Wayland, Massachusetts

The favour of a reply is requested

William Roberts, Law Student, Weds Elizabeth Patricia Hamid

Elizabeth Patricia Hamid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hamid Jr. of Margate and Princeton, N. J., and William Bailey Roberts, son of Mrs. Raymond B. Roberts of Waban, Mass., and the late Mr. Roberts, were married yesterday afternoon by Msgr. Joseph Stoerline and the Rev. Edward Nelson in the Roman Catholic Church of the Epiphany in Longport, N. J.

The bride, escorted by her father, was attended by Heidi Anne Muench as maid of honor, Carol Ann Stokinger, Althea Megargee, bridesmaids, and Christine Hamid, her niece, was flower girl. Clayton P. Gillette was best man.

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

Mr. Roberts's late father was a senior partner in the Boston law firm of Hale & Dorr.

The bride graduated from the Princeton Day School and received a B.A. degree magna cum laude last month from Mount Holyoke College.



Bradford Bachrach

Mrs. William Roberts,
was Elizabeth Hamid.

Mr. Roberts attended the Rivers Country Day School and graduated cum laude from Amherst College in 1972. He is a student at the Boston College Law School.



STUART DAY SCHOOL CLASS OF '74: Front Row: Tracy Smith, Caryl Kuser, Lydia Javins, Rebecca Rocker, Julia Acuff, Debbie Smalls, Karen Blair, Diana Zeydel, Caroline Christen. Middle Row: Maude Backes, Edith Kurie, Christine Belli, Margaret Tabell, Emma Nazzaro, Marina Cords, Sandra Cook, Heather Hazard,

Margaret Cahill, Deborah Sands. Back Row: Elisbeth Challener, Laura Mann, Lisa Burns, Cynthia Blum, Marcia Hall, Stephanie Punnett, Leslie Pizer, Lois Zarenbo, Elizabeth Closterman, Patricia Lanning, Patricia Donelly. (Orren Jack Turner Photo)

June, 1974



Mark and Todd Erler



M. J. Mott Auns'
daughter Kristine



Merry Christmas

OUR HOUSE TO YOUR HOUSE



*Jean and Fred
Dickson*