

Table of Contents

Dedication	
Cotillion Wishes	
Lot Staff	
Camp List	
Name Story	
First Impressions	
Miscellaneous	
Can you Imagine?	
Writing Contest Winners	
Lost and Found	
Seventh Shack Last Will and Testament	
Poetry Night Selection	
Poem to the Aides, 1975	
Writings by Everyone!	
Song Contest Entries	
Newsletters	
Horse Show Program	
What Does Runoia Mean to You?	
Trips, Trips and More Trips	
First Fairy Ring Trip Song	
Oak Island Trip	
Our Oak Island Trip	
Long Lake Trip #1	
A Long Lake Trip	
Third Long Lake Trip Song	
St. Croix River Trip	
A Day At The Beach	
Sugarloaf	
Flagstaff	
Third Flagstaff Trip Song	
Cobbossee Stream	
The First, Best and Only Chesuncook Trip Song	
Maine Woodsmen	
Sunday Service	
Friends	
Statistics	
Anagrams	
Through the Camera's Eye	
Limericks	
Camp Pictures	
Fourth of July Pictures	
Friends and Alumnae	

Silence
Sweet Silence.
A time to sort my starry head.
And put more stars into their stead.
Silence
Broken silence.
A loon cry lonely and hollow loud
Piercing the black and dreamy shrouds.
Silence.
Melancholy silence.
A realization of things that are
That were, that never will be, and of stars.

The dedications follow.

The first dedication seems apparent. This log is Robbie's. The dedication is to him more than to anyone or anything else. Yet my words, my feelings for Robbie cannot encompass what each of you have felt and thought. What I have written will not be read out loud, for the thoughts are my own. If for just a moment in silence, be it melancholy or sweet, take the time now to acknowledge what you have felt, and think and pray on your own thoughts.

Silence.

He was one of the worst backgammon players I've run across, and sometimes hard to take in large doses. And he would have told you exactly the opposite on both counts. That was the way he was. He was happy with himself, the life he was leading and the people he was with. Perhaps then, his only difficulty lay in understanding that others were not so smugly secure and content.

He believed in himself, and if this were in part a fault, then it was just as much an asset to his character. For there were worlds of good in his self-content. Because of his undying faith in himself and his worth as a person, he could always lend some helpful words, an encouraging grin, a slap on the back, a big 'hi' -- something to reaffirm faith in your own self-worth. Because of his self-content, he had the ability to give, and keep giving when others would not or could not.

And now we wonder if we let him know that the words, ways, and times were appreciated. He knew tacitly that he was well appreciated in some capacity, for his time, his friendship, and smile.

No words were needed then to tell him what he understood. They seem superfluous now. But perhaps the words are for us more than for him, words of encouragement for those growing in strength, now that his words and ways seem distant.

Can you remember your first day of camp ever? From your head to the tip of your toes, you felt the word 'new' creeping into plain view. To be new was to be as awkward and as noticeable as is humanly possible. And almost every new girl's chief aim was to lose that label, to blend with the old and fixed campers and surroundings.

This is understandable. Runoia, a place bound by and full of tradition, seems to thrive on the old ways and people that have long been a part of camp. And indeed, the contributions of the people who have given decades of time and more have been invaluable. The traditions have given Runoia a foundation on which to base sixty-eight summers of success. To become a part of such people and the camp on which they have built seems an auspicious goal at least.

But as inconceivable as it may be, newness is as vital and as valuable a part of Runoia as its traditions and age. For new campers provide the means for Runoia to extend one of its oldest traditions -- the formation of a group of old and new campers into a group of children and young women who respect each other as friends, shackmates, and as people. A new camper provides more than half the challenge that Runoia offers to all campers.

As well as this offering, she brings another vital contribution. She brings more than her newness; she brings new ideas, new challenges and freshness upon the scene. For as much as Runoia thrives upon tradition, it cannot live and continue to live on tradition alone. It needs the vitality the new camper brings to change the character of camp and the campers, as people on the outside world change.

So we dedicate the 1975 Log, in part, to a new girl; a new camper who has, unbeknownst to her, helped to implement an almost unrecognized tradition of Runoia's quietly carried on since its inception.

Cotillion Wishes 1975

Betty

May the light from this first candle be the beginning of a complete circle of wishes, wishes which are meaningful now to you and wishes which will mean even more to those who travel along these paths in the years to come. My wish is one of hope. Hope that each future summer will possess the strength and courage found in 1975.

Julie

Camp Runoia is a special place. It means fun, games and sportsmanship in Blue-White competition. We all think of camp as a second home and the girls as our sisters. Runoia certainly is a special place.

Amy

In the past forty-nine years one special lady has been with all of us on this night and although she is with us tonight in all our hearts, fourth shack wishes that she were well and with us now.

Sarah

I wish that as long as Camp Runoia continues there will always be people who love and care for it. I hope that my feelings and others will remain in our hearts forever. Camp Runoia is beautiful and peaceful, and to everyone it is a wonderful place to be. I hope that all the people who love it will stay here always, Betty and Phil and Johnny too.

Alice

Our wish for Cotillion is that Runoia will always be a peaceful place and will be as meaningful for those who

come after us as it has been for us. Remember, Runoia means harmony.

Nina

We wish that in the years to come, Runoia will stay the same with many close friendships and Blue-White spirit. I also wish that everyone who comes here leaves with a sense that they have accomplished something important to them.

Sarah

We, the Cits, wish that the good times everyone has had at Runoia will never cease and that the friendships we have made will always remain strong. When we think back on the fun we've had at Runoia, we will remember this summer with special thoughts.

Louise

Camp is a wonderful place;
It is beauty, it is nature, it is tradition.
All the friends we make here are a peaceful and remaining gift.
I wish our big family would never change and Runoia would remain in the years to come as it is right now, wonderful.

Log Staff

2nd Shack:
Lydia Griffith
Hannah Hall

3rd Shack:
Lynn King
Julie Weil

4th Shack:
Debbie August
Eve Wollman

5th Shack:
Linda Rosenberg
Edith Villareal

6th Shack:
Liza Stewardson
Sarah Tabell

7th Shack:
Nandy Florey
Lisa King

Aides:
Tory Hughes
Louise Lessard

Divider Pages: Lori Rutherford

Staff: Boop Tabell

CAMPER LIST -- 1975

August, Debra
 Berman, Katherine
 Berry, Bethany
 Bowring, Kathy
 Brebner, Alice
 Cobb, Galen
 Cobb, Pam
 Combes, Pam
 Cornell, Kim
 Cornell, Tracy
 de la Garza, Alejandra
 de la Garza, Concha
 DeVoe, Diana
 Dunn, Liz
 Ferre, Florence
 Florey, Nandy
 Frank, Nina
 Gauthier, Marie
 Gay, Jennifer
 Gelles, Carrie
 Griffith, Lydia
 Goldsborough, Jean
 Hall, Hannah
 Harrington, Brenda
 Hearst, Diana
 Higgins, Holly
 Hubbard, Harriet
 Hughes, Tory
 Hui, Alison
 King, Lisa
 King, Lynn
 Larned, Muffy
 Laylin, Susan
 Lessard, Louise
 Murphy, Maura
 Nicoll, Karen
 Page, Alison
 Peck, Hilary
 Peckar, Susan

Platt, Kirsten
 Porter, Leslie
 Pratt, Lisa
 Puerto, Alexandra
 Puerto, Monica
 Richards, Meg
 Rosenberg, Amy
 Rosenberg, Linda
 Rowell, Jody
 Sachs, Jennifer
 Savadove, Kathy
 Sendele, Karen
 Sendele, Paula
 Sherman, Chippy
 Spanel, Celia
 Spanel, Emily
 Stainton, Maggie
 Stewardson, Liza
 Tabell, Sarah
 Trager, Barbara
 Ullman, Sarah
 Van Rensselaer, Katherine
 Vaughn, Susan
 Villareal-Budnk, Edith
 Wallace, Jennifer
 Webber, Camille
 Weil, Julie
 Weinschreider, Carrie
 West, Elizabeth
 West, Sharon
 Wilkinson, Sarah
 Williams, Matti
 Winfield, Lori
 Wollman, Eve

Staff:

Buckley, Chris
Buckley, Tracey
Carlton, Jack
Chapman, Ellen
Clotz, Marilyn
Cobb, Sandy
Cobb, Eric
Doughty, Erica
Geyer, Ginny
Holsing, Nina
Kind, Valerie
Larsh, Helen
Mellinger, Barb
Propst, Suzanne
Roethler, Debbie
Rutherford, Lori
Rutherford, Holly
Schulte, Sue
Tabell, Boop
Tabell, Meg
Wilinson, Kate

Cobb, Betty
Cobb, Phil
Johnson, Marian

Erler, Diane
Erler, Jack
Erler, Mark
Erler, Todd

THE GREAT TREATY

Many moons ago, in the land of Larned in the month of August, when the corn on the cobb was in season, there lived three Rowelling tribes. These tribes were the sons, the tons, and the mans. Johnson, Wilkinson, and Stewardson, who obviously belonged to the son tribe, lived in the western combes of Larned. Wilkinson had a son who was a clotz. His name was Cornell Williams and he belonged to the seventh Geyer.

The tons, to be frank, were Stainton, Harrington, and Carlton, inhabited Porter de la Garza. They were known all over the land for their Hui Sachs of fresh grain which they savadoved from their vast winfields.

The mans lived in the Griffith town of Gay-Ferre. Their incomparable tribe included Chapman, Berman, Ullman, Wollman and Sherman.

Still another group of people Webbers into our story. The Germans, who were led by King Schreider. He had three daughters, one of them was a real Pratt. Her name was Villareal-Budnik. The second was a berry beautiful girl named Elea. His third and most kind daughter was the princess Malic agee. His wife, the queen, was a very Holsing and Buckley woman. Her name was Old Mother Hubbard.

Our story begins Erler one Murphy morning as Hall the Germans were Hearsting the flag. Suddenly Cornell Williams rode up in a Van Rensselaer. Carrying a Flore of wine, he called out Brebnerly, "Would you like some Weinschreider?" "Certainly", Schreider agreed. "Only if you join us for some fried Toad with Mellinger sauce hannah cup of cocoa around our larsh tabell."

As they were sitting around the tabell, Cornell Williams suddenly laid eyes on the peckar of a girl Elea. He immediately fell head over Higgins in love with her. Schreider noticed this, and immediately became Gelles, for he dearly loved his Vaughnderful daughter Elea. Williams asked if he could Spanel some time with Elea. Schreider immediatley replied, "I Doughty it."

Extremely Maddi, Williams bellowed, "This means war". He Rutherford out of there screaming so loud DeVoechalchords Roethlered in his Hughes throat.

Schreider commanded Old Mother Hubbard in a Lessard voice to Sendele upstairs, Turner around and let her play with her gold fiber Cobb webs.

All the Weil, Williams was off to Page the sons, the tons, and the mans to probst with him. The Bermans soon found themselves surrounded by Pecks of sons, tons, and mans. Schreider abruptly became very a Gretchan and said, "If you do not leave I shall let my Bowring". Williams replied sharply with gun in hand, "If you do that I will be forced to pull my Trager, and that would not be a very Gautier thing to do!"

"Oh Schulte," Schreider exclaimed. "What do you want from me?"

Williams replied buckley, "I want your Goldsborough Laylin with wooden Nicolls, a hand made Wallace, and I would like you to sendele to me along with her friends Rosenburg." Schreider agreed to this in order to save himself. Since he was a very Richards man, not all was lost, except Ele.

Schreider and Williams gave each other a Platt on the back, and the treaty was made as the day was Dunn and the sun set in the West.



First Impressions

OLD AND NEW IMPRESSIONS OF CAMP

When I got here, Chris was at the parking lot. I found out I was in fourth shack. I took all that I could carry and went to the shack. I found out that my counselors were Barb and Lori. They let me pick out my room. I set up my stuff and waited for my trunk.

Barb kept calling me "an olie but a goodie" and stepping on my toes. Five people besides me came in the morning and six in the afternoon. We didn't do much. We only got our swimming tests. It was dull until the bus came. Then it was fun!

Jody Rowell

When I first got to camp I thought the counselors were pretty nice. Everyone seemed really friendly and introduced themselves and said "hi". The tennis courts looked really uneven and hard to play on, and the horses looked pretty lazy, but I think I'll like it.

Holly Higgins

When I first got to camp I felt like it was my home. The camp has a good feeling. The counselors are very nice. The breeze is nice and fresh. The trees are pretty.

Katherine Berman

Well, when I first came to camp I was happy but afraid at the same time 'cause everybody was with friends, knew where each part of the camp was and because I saw the other new girls who were kind of sad and afraid too.

Then after that, everybody began to say "hi", and counselors began to know me and I them and each time they were nicer and nicer to me. Then the campers I began to know too, and they began to know me.

Now everything has changed. I am not afraid and I see the new girls are happy too. Now I know each counselor and they know me and everything is different and better.

Edith Villareal -- Budnik

I felt kind of strange and I saw lots of things like how to play tennis and make my bed and do archery.

Lynn King

I was a little nervous because I didn't know anyone or how they would react towards me. But when I arrived here, I was told I was going to be in seventh shack, so I went down there and there were already some people there. And when I got to know them, everything turned out okay.

Lisa King

After a long plane ride to Boston from New York, I met Ginny, who was waiting at the airport for us. There we stayed waiting for the bus, which seemed like forever, probably because I was nervous and anxious. I met a couple of campers, but I didn't talk so much. Finally the bus came.

We received lunches that were pretty good, but I was thinking too much of what camp was like. We picked up the campers from Philadelphia. It was a long trip. A couple of CIT's began to sing. I met my shack counselor Ellen. We finally came to camp.

As soon as I was out of the bus everything seemed new except Betty. Marilyn helped me and showed me my shack. Everything seemed so confused!

When I reached the shack, I met Boop. She helped me with my luggage and told me which rooms were free. A girl, Brenda, came and said she didn't mind me sharing rooms, so naturally I took it.

I still don't know much, but I am learning.

Alyson Hui

The first day I came to Camp Runoia I felt a little silly. When my parents went away I got homesick but I didn't show it. The second day of camp they showed me all the activities. Here are the activities: swimming, riding, arts and crafts, tennis, canoeing and archery.

Monica Puerto

My second impressions of camp are more memorable than my first impressions of camp. I arrived sometime in the middle of the afternoon. First of all, Matti and I were driven to the Williams' house. Then, as soon as we could, we came over in Matti's truck. We went down to the beach where all the counselors were being quite lazy. Immediately they recognized us and bade us a warm welcome once again.

Carrie Gelles

When I got to camp I was excited. But when I got introduced to everyone I was overwhelmed. I was a little nervous because I didn't know what to do. Now it's better.

Sarah Ullman

I first started out by taking the bus from Stamford, Connecticut. When I tried to take my rabbit on the bus, the bus driver said rabbits weren't allowed across the state line. When Hannah Hall came, she decided to sneak her rabbit on when the driver wasn't looking. I decided to be brave and try it too. It worked! We were off to Runoia with our rabbits.

The bus ride was kind of crowded with two rabbits sharing seats with us.

We finally got to camp. Boy, was it hot! But really beautiful! The campers were really friendly. It sure is hard to remember all their names.

The next day I went around to all the activities. They all sound fun and interesting. I think it's going to be a really fun summer.

Lydia Griffith

I liked it very much when I got here. I liked all the activities. I met a lot of new people.

Sharon West

My first impression when I came to camp was WOW! It was better than my other camps. The shacks here were better, the people were nicer. And it was prettier.

Liz Dunn

When I got to camp I was so excited. It was very pretty. When I came in the shack and got in my room I thought that I was going to have a great time.

Kim Cornell

When I first came to camp I was scared and lonely. When my parents left I got a stomach ache. Now that I've been here for a while, I like camp.

Barbara Trager

I like camp so far. I had fun at free swim. I liked horseback riding lesson. I was kind of scared to leave my parents.

Paula Sendele



Can You Imagine?

cream of wheat weather?

Chesuncook without mosquitoes?

a day without a package of candy?

fifteen juniors?

Julie Weil not having seconds?

Flagstaff without driftwood

Linda Rosenberg without moldy clothes?

a short phone call to Houston?

Camille Webber not tipping in a sailboat?

ten JMGs in one camp?

109 degrees heat in August?

six healthy Dhows?

a rainy Thursday?

Ginny's table first out?

Susie Peckar as a rubber band?

life not being heck?

Diane Erler in normal clothes?

Liz Dunn not getting mail?

Helen without her whistle?

everyone showing up for dishes?

time to get everything done?

Marilyn not singing?

Deb August eating everything without a comment?

Winthrop with buttahscotch whirl?

Writing Contest Winners

While the birds sweetly chirp,
And the creek whispers down the lane,
I sit alone and wait.

While the bees buzz around
to each flower and
the trees shiver,
I sit alone and wait.

While butterflies do their dance,
And the grass moves
Quietly,
I sit alone to see
The solemn face of a friend.
I sit alone to see
The solemn face of a friend.

Alyson Hui

Let my branches reach out to catch the sun's rays,
and my roots grow down deep to hold our memories.
Let my trunk hold me firm upon what I stand
and let my leaves flicker in the wind to hold your hand.

Tory Hughes

Thoughts of a Young Child

The tall tree's limbs were long and thin. They reached up to the sky. Most of its leaves were brown and its trunk was a dark brown with many lines and grooves in it. Its age was apparent, yet its strength and will to live were also apparent. All the woods was still. It seemed that all life went on in silence. Just then a chipmunk scampered across the ground. There was a slight rustling of leaves, but then all was still and peaceful again.

Deeper in the woods, barely visible through the trees, was a deer standing with her newborn fawn. To them this world of peace and serenity was all that existed. Nothing else mattered to them. They had a place to live and all the food and water they needed and there were no threats to their carefree life: or at least that's how it seemed.

As I stood there at the edge of the woods, I watched in awe. It seemed to me that the aged tree was looking down upon everyone, thinking, as though he saw other worlds that no one else there saw. He saw places where the young were not born into a home where there was at times silence, where there was a clear sky, where there was plenty of food and water, and where a comfortable life in the future was not definite.

The fawn rubbed against its mother's side, and just then, in my mind, I heard a child cry out. An airplane flew overhead.

Just then a breeze began to blow. The old tree's leaves rustled and the deer and its fawn ran off. The tree remained, as if thinking.

Hilary Peck

The Friend

It all started when we moved here two years ago. My mother met Mrs. Graves, Barb's mother, and she suggested that Barb show me around. Mom didn't understand that Barb had her own friends. So Barb was stuck with me my first day, dragging me around to classes, etc. If I could have, I would have not gone around with Barb that first day and met all her snobby friends. Everyone except Beth Collins I could tell was laughing at me behind my back, including Barb.

After my first day, Barb ignored me. Why should she talk to me after that? She had paid her dues. She wouldn't even say "hi" to me.

After a week of wandering around, avoiding Barb, Beth Collins came up to me as I was walking home from school.

"Hi! You're Pam Dyer, aren't you? Barb introduced us!"

"Yeah, I remember. You're really good friends with Barb, aren't you?"

Beth nodded. "Best friends. We've known each other quite a while, Barb and I."

I froze at the thought of the snob Barb. How I hated her. I mean, I could see that she wouldn't like me too much. Who wants to have to show someone they don't know around? But really! She doesn't have to be mean.

"Where's Barb?" I asked.

"She doesn't walk home. She's driven by her chauffeur." Beth bit her lip and turned away. "Listen, I know how it is to be new, so why don't you come over to my house after dinner and I'll fill

you in on what we covered in this school year, and...you know."

She looked up and smiled.

I smiled back warmly for the first time since I had come to this town.

That night I met Beth at Dolly's Candy and we walked to her house. It was so little! She had so many brothers and sisters in her family. The house, though, was miraculously clean. Her mother looked up when we walked in. She got up from the sofa and came over to meet me.

We were introduced and I marveled at the fact that she was so kind and pretty with so many children.

That night was so much fun! Beth, I discovered, was the nicest person! I had a wonderful time, and when I left to go home, I felt so good.

The next day at school I saw Beth. She was with Barb. They were having a fight. I had a feeling it was about me. Beth saw me and ran over.

"Hi!" she said.

"Hi," I looked at her kind of strangely.

She knew I was wondering about Barb and her. So she started to explain. "Well, Barb's mad about me having you over. You know, she's jealous."

"Oh," It was dumb to say, but what could I say?

"She's moving away, anyway."

"She is?" I was glad, now she would be new.

A year later my mother asked me, "There's a new girl in town and her mother asked me if you'd show her around. Will you? You remember how kind Barb was. Why don't you do the same?"

Yeah, I remembered how kind Barb was, but I wouldn't do the same.

Kirsten Platt

LOST

Evening conversation
four American captains
T.V. commercials
Fifth Shack
sailing markers
axes
loose heads, broken handles
Jack
"your mother"
a centerboard handle, a jib sail
Meg Richards
Greenie
Diane's paddle
quiet meals
Boop
Val, Lori, Jean, Diana, Maggie and Pam
Erica and Tracey
one canoe
two puppies
Edith Spanel
Florence
Lilah
Celia
Harriet's thumbnail
table conversation
plain old clout shooting
a disorganized craft shop

FOUND

backgammon
tied and gagged on the riflery
range
Nandy Florey
under a pile of garbage
broken, stolen, etc.
broken handles, loose heads
axes
a lousy backgammon player
"your mothah"
at bottom of lake
in seventh shack, under the bed
Ginny
at Dog Falls
a constant phone ring
underneath the kayak
six JMGs
in Holly's bed
on a large rock
two puppies and a Turner bird
Florence
Kim Cornell
at counselor's coffee
EATING
on the saw
Spanish sisters!
clout shooting with feet
Kate and Holly

Seventh Shack Last Will and Testament

- I, Kathy Bowring, bequeath "Jay" to Matti Williams.
- I, Matti Williams, bequeath my sailing ability to Liza Stewardson, Kim Cornell, and Florence Ferre, my crew when I tipped for the first time in all my seven years at Runoia.
- I, Carrie Gelles, bequeath my straight teeth and raiding abilities to Chippy Sherman and Bethany Berry.
- I, Nandy Florey, bequeath my rugged hiking boots to Lisa Pratt until hers get rugged enough.
- I, Pam Combes, bequeath my 4'10 $\frac{1}{4}$ " height and my muscles to Lori Rutherford and Carrie Weinschreider, respectively.
- I, Lisa Pratt, bequeath Mike to Kathy Bowring.
- I, Harriet Hubbard, bequeath my Adidas to Lisa Pratt, and my broad shoulders to Maura Murphy.
- I, Hilary Peck, bequeath the huge size of my trunk to Harriet Hubbard so she can keep every bit of her stuff in it.
- I, Lori Winfield, bequeath my athletic ability to Matti Williams.
- I, Leslie Porter, bequeath my ability in campcraft to Meg Tabell.
- I, Lisa King, bequeath my ability in English to Concha and Alejandra.
- I, Nina Frank, bequeath the bottom of the lake to Boop Tabell.

Poetry Night Selections

K is for kindness
A is for archery
R is for Runoia
E is for excellent
N is for being nice.

N is for Nicoll
I is for ice-cream
C is for cute
O is for orchard
L is for laughing
L is for lovely.

Here at Runoia
Is a
Life full of
Absolute fun, enjoyment and excitement.
Runoia has lots of activities;
You can

Sail

Play tennis
Even go out
Canoeing or go out in a
Kyack.

Night is not evening
And evening not night
Now if you don't know why please don't feel uptight cause...
Down in the fields where the tall green grass grows
 you can tell evening ain't night - why - everyone there
 knows cause the
Yippers and pippers and crickets of all kinds peep there at
 night and drive people who cherish silence right out of their
 minds.

Follow me down there some hot summer eve! And well, watch the
 grasshoppers
Leap right up our sleeve
 "I'd rather not come with you right today."
Oh, well, I have really nothing much more to say
Right now I'm quite tired and I'd rather not stay
End....This is the end, good night or good evening to
You, my dear friend!

Liked campcraft
Yesterday
Not today
Now I'm sure I'll like it tomorrow

Kids thought it was
Interesting
Nothing could be
Greater than campcraft.

Carrie is
Among her friends
Rompig about seventh shack when
Raiding
Intelligence she doesn't have much of, but she sure likes to
Eat!

Going somewhere to
Eat
Leaves her on cloud #9, but soon she will
Lower to the ground to
Eat once more
Some delectables.

Joyful
Antics
Never
End in the

Summer.
Having
Each person at
Runoia
Makes
A
Never ending summer.

Keeping
In touch with
Really good friends is
So important
To
Everyone
Never

Pretend
Life is
Any fun without keeping in
Touch with
True friends.

K is for kind, which everyone should be
A is for apple, the thing for me!
T is for talking, which I love to do
H is for happiness, I love that too!
Y is for Yodels, I love to eat.

S is for snakes which have no feet!
A is for an apple malt,
V is for Val, and it's all her fault
A is for always, I hope!
D is for doedorant which I use
O is for olive, that's no news.
V is for very true
E is for end, which I hope camp will never do.

Jello and ice cream are quite good
Octopus salad tastes like wood.
Dandelions plain, taste quite bad
Yoghurt and onions make people sad.

Rainbows and sunshine are very nice
Of the rain they make their vice.
Watermellon rind is really good
Except when made with billets of wood
Lemon drops and
Lime drops are hard to find
except when you look for them all of the time.

Like Amy
I do look
Now is said by many people.
Death is given to those who mistake us
All of a sudden they think we're twins.

Rows of people lay dead
Over calling me Amy.
Sounding alike our voices do
Even that is no excuse for not call
Not calling us by our right names,
Because I am older by a year and am
Even more advanced,
Rating way above her in
Golfing, tennis, swimming, etc., etc., etc.

Live and love
Everlasting love
Since you have it
Long and forever
In the moments you have
Enjoy what you can

Proud you must be
Or unhappy you shall be
Roads may lead you
To the place you want to be
Enjoy being proud, and
Roar for what you want!

My life is full of wonder
A mystic path of dreams
Together we may ponder
Tales told of spinning rivers and streams
I'm told of friendships lasting

With rings that bind all so
I'm told they are not passing
Little, I guess, I know
Learning is something I do not often
In fact some say not at all
A friend to me is quite a bit
Mine will keep millions of winters and falls
Some I will not bind with gifts because love
is what binds us all.

Dawn is here
In an instant
Another world has come
Near the water's edge
A twinkle of sun sparkles

Dancing higher
Every second
Virtually everything
On the great
Earth is awakening.

Silently
A big red ball
Rises above the sleepy earth
A few noises can be heard
House lights turn on

The dew covers the grass
And a lady goes out to get the newspaper.

Bacon smell fills the air
Everychild is getting ready for school
Lovingly their mothers kiss them
Lively is the world now that it has woken up.

Nobody hates eating
It intrigues me
Noodles, candy and pizza
All leave me with more desire to

Fill myself with more food
Raiding the refrigerator is my hobby
At daytime and nighttime I roam
Not knowing when to go home
Kind is food to me and to it I won't be rude.

Carrots are good
Onions sometimes are good
Never eat spinach
Cause I don't like it
Hot cereal is good for you

Ducks with feathers don't like it
Eggs with salt and pepper - umm

Lettuce and carrots everytime there were seconds
And french sauce

Grapes are very good
And it's color too
Ravioli is good for my sister and for you
Zucchini we ate at lunch
And never ate in my house because I don't like it.

Sharon
Has fun
At activities in camp
Riding
On a horse,
Next canoeing on a course

With everything to play, I really would
Say
Time goes by fast.

Beautiful
Autumn with leaves falling
Rain drip drop, pitter patter on the roof
Beautiful.

Trains chug chug, choo-choo
Running feeling the wind on your neck
Acting people acting out somebody or something they're not
Goat - a living animal
Everything can be beautiful
Remember beauty.

After my sister came back from Chesuncook her clothes were
Moldy. She
Yelled because her

Roommate Edith forgot to put her clothes with a bad
Odor in fifth
Shack's laundry bag.
Everything she owned
Never got cleaned.
Betty disapproved of what
Edith had done
Remember how Linda
Got the nick-name from Betty of Moldy Rosenberg.

Daffodils in the summer look so pretty
Evergreen trees seem to make the whole world smell
Beautiful

Autumn then takes over
Until next year we will see no more daffodils
Gone is the beauty of summer
Until
Spring
The time when we can see these wonders again.

Joyfully
Under a
Lamp
I
Eat

Waffles and
Enjoy them.
I really
Love them.

Eggs hatching
Mother birds hunting for
Inchworms to feed their
Little ones
Young birds just

Spreading their wings
Practicing again
And again
Now flying --
Each one
Learning.

Katherine was sitting
At
The
House and
Every minute I heard a noise go
Rum tum tum.
I went to my friend's house
Nearby
Even still I heard that noise.

But as soon as I came back
Even still the noise was
Running --
My mom came in and said, "What's wrong?"
"A
Noise is bugging me."

Harold
And
Roger
Raked leaves
Idiotically
Et cetera
Terrific, isn't it?

Harold then
Upchucked
Because
Barbed-wire
Attacked him, and he
Ritefully
Died.

Every animal
Lives
In a
Zoo --
Aardvarks and
Bears and
Elephants
Too --
Having fun

With
Each other
So these animals do
Together.

S is for sunburn which is quite a pain
U is for umbrella, for the rain
S is for summer, so hot it can be
A is for ants, so hard to see
N is for nothing that is quite a wreck

V is for vampire that bites your neck
A is for Alice who was in Wonderland
U is for Underwood Deviled Ham
G is for gone, which this poem is
H is for her's, but in this case, his
N is for never.

L is for lollipops
I is for icky food
Z is for zucchini, no one likes
A is for apple so good.

S is for sharing
T is for the Tabells, nice people (natch!)
E is for eating, yum yum
W is for watermelon
A is for another apple
R is for run for food
D is for doughnuts
S is for summer fun
O is for outside picnics
N is for never to be read again.

Pretty views
On a mountain
Sipping water from a spring
I love these very much
Even picking blueberries.

Vivid colors
And pretty showers
New friend

Rivers splashing
Endless trails and
Never ending breezes
Silver clouds
Slowly moving
Eating by a campfire
Lively campers
And ev
Everybody singing
Runoia brings me these things together.

Poem to the Aides
1975

A very special group they were
The Aides of seventy-five.
They made the summer go too fast
Their spirits were alive.
And all of us who knew them,
Were very pleased to say,
What fun it was to have them there
Their music always filled the air
They helped us all without a care
We liked their special way.

Marie arrived a few days late
From Canada she came.
She had to think in English now
This wasn't just a game.
But her creative talents lie
In music, art and dance
In sailing let us raise a cheer,
Tennis a favorite too, that's clear,
Worked to improve her sun-tan, I hear
Whenever she got the chance.

Our camp was new to Tory
She fit in very well.
She seemed to like all that she did
Or so I've heard her tell.
One highlight of the summer
Was her trip to Flagstaff Lake.
Willing to do most anything,
"Canography" has a special ring,
Boothbay Harbour, her day-off fling
Lots of pictures now she'll take.

Louise was fun to have around
Someone we all enjoyed.
Her accomplishments so many
Camp without her would be void.
Riding and sailing her favorites
How many letters did she write?
Playing the piano and her guitar,
Brushing her teeth in particular,
Letters from friends both near and far
Her smile a familiar sight.

On the courts you'll most often see Alison
Tennis, a favorite sport.
Campcraft has been fun to learn
Cooking will soon be her forte.
Helping whenever she's needed
We all have liked having her here.
She's learned a lot of camping tricks,
One swing of the axe, her billets are sticks,
Amazed to see Princeton on our trip
We hope she'll return next year.

In a sailboat Gelia can usually be found
She liked being on the water.
She's been in camp for five summers now
We often can hear her laughter.
For taps and for flag raising
She'll always play her flute.
She certainly enjoyed her stay in five,
She found fourth shackers really alive,
While riding in the car she will jive
She even wore her two-piece suit.

I can't forget the baby-sitter
Without her my summer would flop.
Mark and Todd kept her on the go
They just wouldn't let her stop.
Enthusiasm and humour
Are Erica's special traits
Most every day was spent at the lake,
Carrying buckets and shovels, sand castles to make,
Hurry up, kids, or you'll be late
With all of us she does rate.

Their talents varied quite a bit
They sailed and could canoe.
For some, tennis was the sport
Riflery and riding, too.
They helped the counselors teach
They tried out every game.
And so they added to our days,
Learning every different phase,
Watching all the counselor's ways
Irreplaceable each became.

The Aides each lived in junior end
They went to senior, too.
They helped the counselors with the kids
And learned just what to do.
Then after every taps, before they started off to bed,
In the dining room they would meet,
Looking for something there to eat,
Whatever they found was always a treat
Or so they often said.

The five-day trip was a good one
Shared with eight Gits.
Canoeing through white water
Soon became a breeze.
Camping and working together
With nary a single plea,
Though the orange bird never appeared,
For each canoe we sometimes feared,
Pockets and ambroid on one were smeared
We'd go again with glee.

We went to visit another camp
Four Winds was it's name.
A day-off together we also took
A nice day for all it became.
We planned some evening programs
Casino was the best.
The campers liked the 50's dance,
At teaching activities each had a chance,
In first aid knowledge they did advance,
And breakfast out served with zest.

Now that the days have come and gone
And we have all closer grown.
The summer days will mean a lot
Even after we have gone home.
We've shared so much together
We've worked and helped and played.
And though the time has managed to flee,
Thank you for all you have meant to me,
I hope that you will always see
The fun of being an Aide.

Diane Erler

Writings by Everyone!

Rolling down my cheek,
Lands on my pillow
Drowns in the pillow!
Where did it go?
What are you?
Give me a clue!
O.K. - I am clear and wet!
Are you a rain drop?
No! Give me another clue!
O.K. - I get all the sadness
Out of you, when you are sad
I appear!
I know what you are
You are a cool, soft, sparkling tear.

Liza Stewardson

It's our love for beauty that makes nature such a part of us.
The ripples of a mumbling pond hold my eyes in amazement. The
intricacy of a spider's web leaves my heart fluttering.
Soft, quiet sun rays reflect all my love as
I walk through all this alone.

If you will take my hand and come with me, I will show you
all this quiet beauty -- then you will truly understand nature.

Diana Hearst

The Waters

Our lake is calm
Our lake is bright
Our lake is still
Our lake's just right.

The ocean is fierce,
I hear the breakers
I love it here
And I know it's all right.

We hear the loon's call
It's beautiful as all.
I love it here,
Is that all right?

Sarah Ullman

The early morning dew,
Is beautiful to you
The early morning sea
Is reaching out to me.

The river flows
The wind blows
The waterfall pours,
Down to shore.

Camp Runoia

One summer there was a lonely girl named Sue. She had nothing to do summer after summer while all her friends went to camp. One boring summer she decided to go to camp and she must have looked through a thousand camp books. The one she finally picked was Camp Runoia. Now that she was going to camp she couldn't wait until the next summer came.

When summer did finally come she got scared and didn't want to go. When she got to camp a counselor took her to her room and helped her unpack. She felt a little better and went out to play. At first she was lonely like at home, but when two other girls asked her to play she felt even better. Soon a bell rang and the other girls said, "That bell's for dinner. There's one more bell so we can keep on playing." Sue said, "Good." And the other girl said, "Let's play in the tree house." They were having lots of fun and the second bell rang. "Is that for dinner?" asked Sue. They found out it was spaghetti and it was good. "I can't wait for dessert!" said Sue. "What is it?" It was rice krispie bars! Were they ever good!

After dinner Sue looked at her two new friends and said, "This is the best place I've ever been and I love it!"

Julie Weil

There was a camp. It had no name. No one was there but one person, Betty. Betty had two sons and two daughters. They made tennis courts and they made a room for campcraft and all sorts of things. There was a lodge. Cabins and fields, too. Finally, they had a name for the camp. It was Camp Runoia. Then lots of girls came to this camp from all over. Girls of all ages. They had a lake. In the lake people liked to go sailing. I've been to Camp Runoia.

Kim Cornell

Silence

Silence

Those few precious moments when
one can gather thoughts.
When one's temptation to drift away
in a dream gives in.
Silence is rare
Silence is golden...
Treasure it...
Silence.

Jenny Sachs

JMGs, 1975

Monday

Up from Runoia we sent those girls
Seven in all, their heads in a whirl.

Full of maps and fire and trees
"Oh, when I do canoeing, I hope there's no breeze!"

Monday will be a busy day
Before breakfast you'll be on your way.

Set up your campsite, be sure it's neat
Then proceed to wash your filthy feet. (Ha)

What's for dinner, check the menu
Everyone helping each other, can you?

We hope nothing was a flop
Do your dishes with the dingle-twap.

Relax around the campfire if you can
Early to bed, for your next day plan.

Tuesday

Rise and shine at the crack of dawn
Oh, where have all those sleeping hours gone?

Wash your faces, comb your hair
Dress yourself with a flair!

Fill up those tester's empty tummies
With all of your well-planned breakfast yummys.

On to the business of the day
Don't let nervousness get in your way.

Map of Maine and fishing laws
Keep track of your thing s, especially your saws.

What's for lunch, are you baking bread?
Don't forget to use your head!

Now off and away to take more tests
There certainly isn't time for rest.

Back for dinner, who's doing the cooking?
Always remember, the testers are looking.

Sit around the bonfire and share your songs
You're doing well, you can't go wrong.

Wednesday

Wake up in the morning with lots of pep
Move to your tests with a lively step.

Go through the day with a great big smile
Remember, we're thinking of you all the while.

Those trees are hard, it's a difficult test.
But all will go well with this and the rest.

Just remember what you have been taught
You'll all excel, we think you ought.

What is in the first aid kit?
The merthiolate, did you remember it?

Now bake, boil, fry those super meals
Let's all get going, don't drag your heels.

Stifle those giggles in the tents
Make sure you don't lose your common sense.

Good night, sleep tight, you're doing fine
Hope you're all having a great time!

Thursday

Wake up, get going, and good morning
Those testers come without forewarning.

You'll be busy today finishing each test
We hope you still are full of zest.

Lori, were your pancakes good?
(Bacardi once buried one in the wood)

And Val, we hope you've slept each night
Without stirring oatmeal till dawn's early light.

Now on to the final site cleanup
Don't forget a thing, not even a cup.

Do it slowly, do it right.
Don't fly higher than a kite.

Check out and then you may have your lunch
Drive home carefully, cause we miss you a bunch!

Ginny Geyer and Diane Erler

A Typical Day in the Life of BMC Inc.

Nandy --

Do you recognize the old bed?

Pretty spiffy, hunh?

We were sort of hoping you might learn by example and therefore the BMC, Inc. (Bed Making Company, Inc.) would appreciate your future efforts in this area.

With much love and affection,
Meg, Pam, Lisa and Nina

Dearest BMC!

Thank you so much for the help, because you see, ever since I was a little child I've had this terrible phobia of "made beds", and I think now you, the BMC, are helping me overcome this fear! I know MB disease is not rare, so it can be helped! Maybe someday I shall overcome! (Someday)

"I shall overcome

I shall overcome

I shall overcome some day-ay-ay-ay-ay.

Deep in my heart, I know that...."

Sorry about that, I got a little carried away there.

Much love,

Nandy

A Fourth Shack Rest Hour

Big Barb: All right you guys, get on your beds and be quiet.

Some people want to sleep.

(Tracy starts burping)

Debbie: Tracy, stop scratching the wall.

Tracy: I'm not doing anything.

(Amy leaves for Galen's room)

Big Barb: What's going on out there?!

(Amy makes a mad dash for her room)

Big Barb: Cha-Cha, will you please come in here!

(Cha-Cha gets up and goes to her room. She then passes out her candy)

Eve: What kind is it?

Alex: Please be quiet!

(Little Barb and Debbie start shooting pillows at each other)

Big Barb: If you guys make another sound you'll lose candy line next week.

Jody: Amy, if Tracy makes another sound, I'm going to smash her face in.

(Flo pretends to be asleep)

(Tracy starts talking to somebody.)

Muffy: Tracy, will you be quiet. I can't write my letters with you talking!

(Alex starts her walking round)

Big Barb: Okay you guys, this is rest hour. You can visit later.

Amy: Gosh, Barb, how many letters did you get? You must have gotten fourteen!

Little Barb: Make a bet?! I got ten!

(Sue gets up to visit Eve)

A Fourth Shack Rest Hour (continued)

(Alex gives Eve Spanish lessons)

Big Barb: All right, you guys. You just lost your candy line
for next week and Lori isn't going to be happy!

Everybody: Oh, no!!

The whistle blows and everybody leaves. Rest hour is over.

Jody Rowell

A Rest Hour in Sixth Shack

"Okay everybody! This is rest hour!" yells Chris. "Everyone on their beds!"

Silence. Then, BANG, CRASH! and "Ohhh". Sarah moans. Her stationery and books fell again.

Several trips to the pix are made. "Hey, what's all this walking going on for? Is this Fifth Avenue?" Kate asks.

"Safeties" yells Liza.

"Gross!" everyone cries.

"Okay, everyone settle down!" Chris yells.

Klunk. Liza fell off her bed.

Chippy starts yelling to the room across the hall, "Hi you guys! How do you like my hair?" She models her hair that is in a ponytail at the top of her head.

Kate walks to the back rooms. "Come on you guys, please! Kirsten, on your bed!"

Kate starts back. Kirsten and Chippy start to laugh. Kate turns back.

"Do I need to babysit you?" No answer. She walks back.

Kathy Savadove and Liz Dunn start talking.

"Quiet sixth shack!" A counselor commands.

Then -- thumpety thump thump.

"Turner! Cutest! Here Turner!"

"Come here, Turner."

"Come on you guys. Don't baby her." Sandy says. Turner trots back to Sandy. The whistle blows.

Kirsten Platt

The Fourth of July

The day started out by surprising us because the Cits had said that the fourth of July was going to be celebrated on the fifth of July because they had to go on an overnight. Well, the Cits tricked us and they woke us up with banging, clanging and good spirits. They were all dressed up in red, white and blue and they started the day off nicely.

Everybody dressed up in red, white and blue and we ate a delicious breakfast of fresh fruit, granola and muffins.

The bell rang for assembly and everybody was divided into teams, British and American. There were four sub-teams of each team. We also sang songs and then we were on our way to compete against each other.

We did water balloon throwing and a relay race pushing balloons with sticks. We played steal the bacon with a water jug. Sometimes you got splashed! We had a great relay race where you had to jump over benches, eat a cracker and whistle the first line of Yankee Doodle (if you couldn't whistle you could count to 20) then take a potato on a spoon to a tennis racket and a ball and bounce the ball on the racket five times. Then you had to dunk for apples. After you did that much you ran back over the benches, tagged your team-mate and then you finished and your team-mate went. We also played games where you tried to break balloons on people's ankles without getting yours broken and when you tried to get a marshmellow in the middle of a string while a person from the opposite team was trying to get it too. We topped off the morning with tug of rope won by the Americans, refreshments, and free swim.

We had a great lunch. We had turkey and stuffing and corn and various salads. It was like a feast, especially when we had strawberry shortcake with American Flags.

The weather threatened during rest hour and it rained for a little bit. It stopped, fortunately, and we all went to the kickball field for the cross camp race with the Americans taking 1st and 2nd places while the British took 3rd.

We played other water games like bobbing for apples, and greased watermelons. We did a relay where people blew ping-pong balls to one place where another person would float on his back reading a comic trying to beat the person from the other team back to the dock.

We had a good supper with rice krispie bars made into an American flag with food coloring and watermelon from the greased watermelon for dessert.

We ended the day singing songs by a campfire, roasting marshmallows and lighting sparklers. We found out the score of the day. The Americans won 344 to 314. History couldn't change! All in all, it was a fun day.

Sarah Tabell

Bicentennial Sailing Race

The sailing race started on a beautiful day; we all were in a child-like mood, especially Chris Buckley! She bought whistles for all the boats. We soon found out that Robbie and Chris 'rigged' Jack Erler's boat by tying four gallon cartons to his rudder! They also made it so that his jib would fall apart! Well, as it turned out, Jack came in third, with much trouble.

Chris, Camille and I came in first. I skippered the first leg, Camille the second and Chris the third, always being watched by Robbie who came in second. The sailing was beautiful until the second leg, when we almost had to blow into our sails. We had to do strange things, like answer questions, when we went around the markers. The questions had to do with American history and the bicentennial events.

This race was fun and we all can't wait until next year's races.

Pam Combes

Hillbilly Night

On Saturday, July 5, we dressed up as hillbillies and had a square dance. We had a real caller. His name was Daryl. He was fantastic.

We did a couple of square dances and then did a single dance to "Loves me like a Rock."

After that we had a snack of "Pigs in a blanket" and punch.

We did the alleycat and learned another dance to "Loves me like a Rock." The South Dakota Co-eds taught us a funny dance and everybody joined in. Then we bo-boed the caller and went to bed.

Linda Rosenberg

Miss Camp Runoia 1975

The invitations were sealed in gold, sent out and received on Friday, rest hour. Everyone was to come with a 'date' to the formal dinner banquet and contest to be held Saturday night at the kickball stadium. Once everyone knew you had to come with a 'date' the dates were picked, but still a major problem remained; "Who's going to be the girl and who'll be the boy?" Eventually that was decided and each person found the 'perfect thing to wear.'

When the couples arrived they were led to their tables. Everyone settled down for a nice evening and show. Soon Lori Rutherford announced, "Let's meet our Miss Runoia contestants: From Third Shack we have Julie Weil, Miss Fourth Shack is Debbie August, Miss Fifth Shack, Bethany Berry, Miss Sixth Shack, Liz Dunn and Miss Seventh Shack, Carrie Gelles. The introductions were followed by a round of applause. The bathing suit contest was first, then the talent contest and then the question-answer section. The question was, "What does Runoia mean to you?" This was answered in various ways.

During a break in the show the Cits Barber Shop Octet entertained everyone by singing a song.

After that the judges came out and said, "The new Miss Runoia 1975 is Miss Fourth Shack, Debbie August." Debbie's answer to the question, "What does Runoia mean to you?" was "It means learning to be away from your parents and do things on your own." Miss Runoia 1975 was crowned and given her winning bouquet of Tiger Lilies. That ended a great evening.

Hilary Peck

One Tin Soldier

I'm not sure if I understood what happened that day. I sort of wandered around half-dazed. She had been strong hearted. Kind and funny. I remember seeing the ambulance drive in. The men stayed in the house for some time. When they came out, they carried the stretcher between them and it was covered. They put it in the back of the ambulance and drove away. She was stout-hearted; my one tin soldier rode away.

Maura Murphy

I held the sun in just one awaking
The beauty of the sunrise woke me up shaking.

What I had seen had left me for good
I did what was needed and all that I could

Take away the promise of life and you take away love,
Shriller than cold water and bluer than above.

Life had so much I can't change at all
After all the beauty of morning comes a bird's lonely call.

Ask me why and I'll tell you where
Only then we could hold and live to share.

Never have I managed a truer simplicity than this
This morning after darkness, and a bleak winter's kiss.

Diana Hearst

The first night I saw the moon
It had peered through my room.
Through the trees that shiver
I feel a cold quiver,

As the moon made it light
So queer and bright.

Above a sky so blue
As the clouds leave no clue
The trees seem in a cloak of black
I lie in my shack.

As the moon made it light
So queer and bright.

Alyson Hui

Done

I see above me a gull soaring
thoughtlessly through the sky;

I see below my feet nestled in
the hot sand;

My toes dig deeply into the warmth
to find the coolness beneath;

Here I am calm....

Here I am happy....

Here I am at peace with my soul....

The sound of the surf rising and falling up and down,
up and down lulls me into a careless sleep, where dreams
are always good.

Here I know I will rest forever....

And as the tide slowly comes up cooling the scorched sand
that has been mercilessly beaten by the sun, I know my days are
finally done....

Nandy Florey

A stub of a tree lies still in the calm
As it grows it bends to keep its stature sturdy and strong,
My life among greens is restricted
But I live for the beautiful breezes
The rustle of leaves is like chimes of sweet humming
And waves breaking harshly like small bands drumming,
A pebble lies still in the sand
And millions of years can bypass
The pebble will grow
Till winter brings snow
And all is covered while pollen would blow.
Then spring brings warmth and sun,
The snow melts. All rush for summer fun
Until...quiet

The sounding echo of a gun.

Matti Williams

Water, company for when you are lonely.
For when you have nobody to talk to you,
the water will.
And tell you secrets that only you will know.
Some people may think you a fool, to talk to water.
But then only the fool knows the truth of life.
For life began in the water, and to it, it will
slowly return.
You may have to wait and be patient
But when it finally tells you, hold its secret.
Others will not understand what you have heard,
Until they have heard it for themselves.

Hannah Hall

A small little tree is worth a
million of those, without a seed.

Tory Hughes

What scampering feet do I hear?
Rocks tumbling because of sheer fear
Why should they be scared
Of a single man's hand?
The rocks are layered
While the last single grain of sand
Falls to the earth as the small
Shadow lifts off the land --
Because of sheer fear?
His instinct I hear
Child after child is taught
That a human hand is the thing to watch.
Why? They ask us now
It is sad but I think I've found
They've been misled
Many left dead
Because of sheer fear, I hear.

Matti Williams

How unfamiliar the sky would seem to a stranger.
All its different moods of beauty would astonish and baffle
the most knowledgeable of men. Vast and forever - never changing --
always the biggest part of our lives.

But quietly a flash of flame flickers and vanishes, tearing
through millions of molecules silently. Only seconds later, a
shrill loud clap of thunder is heard.

All this violent surging beauty paraphrased in two words,
outlined and held together permanently. Ever to remain that
way as long as we are here. THE SKY.

Diana Hearst

Once there lived a girl at the age of nine. She lived in a small town with very few houses. Her back yard was about thirty yards square, behind that were woods unknown to her. She was an only child and she was quite tall for her age. Her mother was a tall, skinny person with red hair and blue eyes. Her father was usually away and sometimes visited on week-ends. He was tall and had dark brown hair, broad shoulders and a little chubby in the middle.

Lissa was the name of the only child.

Lissa had neighbors about 1000 yards away and she really never knew them and once thought to herself, "I never will get to know them."

One day she decided to go out in those woods. It was a sunny day with few clouds. Lissa walked into the woods - she really had never been there. At first she was nervous, but then after a while she was happy to be there. Sometimes she would look up through the trees and sing to herself.

She kept walking until her legs were tired. She looked around and she saw four trees that formed a square four feet by four feet.

"It's perfect!" she told herself.

Lissa went into the middle of the trees and looked up, and she saw not the sky, but the branches of the pine trees.

"A roof," she thought, "Now I'll build walls."

Lissa took four six foot long sticks and set them up about five feet high on the branches sticking out. Off the pine tree she picked some of the little branches and set them up against

the poles hanging across the tree until you couldn't see out, except for a little hole in the back. She went home and had dinner.

The next day she told her mother she was going to have her lunch outside. She packed a lunch and left at ten A.M. to go to her hideout.

Lissa did this every day until her mother came to her in bed one night and said, "Lissa, we have to move in a week. Your father just got a new job." At first Lissa was happy -- then she thought of her hideout and how she would have to leave it.

The next week passed quickly by and she only got to visit her hide-out once. The next day she moved.

Twelve years passed when she returned to her old house. It was to be torn down.

Lissa walked into the woods and sighted her hide-out. She walked towards it. It seemed like it had shrunk to her. She got down on her knees and crawled in and sat down. She thought of all the fun and the pleasure of being alone, and she said aloud, "It's all in the past, but I wish I were young again."

The memories left her mind as she left the hide-out. She looked back at it -- no one knew and no one will ever know.

She left the wood and thought to herself, "Good-bye, hide-out. I hope some lucky girl will find you and have all the joys I had."

Susan Peckar

To: The Three Baddest Men Around
c/o Mark Erler, Todd Erler and John Wayne (if available)

Dear Mark and Todd,

Read on my children and you shall hear of the most recent adventures of John Wayne and his travels through the Eastern United States with his two very good friends and traveling companions, Mark and Todd Erler. The first tale I have to tell is of John Wayne and the other two meanest men around when they met up with a herd of mooses. It happened like this; Mark, Todd and John decided to take a trip to Greenville, Maine one morning to do some hunting and fishing and also, of course, to generally rip up the town. Well, they arrived in Greenville at about twelve o'clock one night and wanted a place to spend the night, but no such luck. Everyone they talked to said that all the places to stay were full. Of course you know and I know that they only told the three baddest guys around that their places were full because they looked so mean that they didn't want them staying in their places. Well, everytime someone would tell them they couldn't stay John Wayne would get a little madder (he was strongly opposed to discrimination to cowboys, you see) until soon he was really hopping mad. "This is it, boys," he said, "I'm ready to show this town some action like they have never seen before. Come on, boys, here's the plan." As you all probably know, when John Wayne had a plan it was a good one and believe me, this was no exception to that rule. John had heard that on the West Branch of the Penobscot River there were a lot of mooses to be found if one only knew where to look, and luckily for John he had a good friend, Laura, who had just returned from there and had all the information

for him. So immediately John, Mark and Todd set off on their horses for the Penobscot River and for the MOOSES. When they got there and had located the mooses, John made Mark the man in charge of Operation Moose, as he had named it. He did this because he knew that Mark was very good with animals and if anyone could convince the Moose to help out John and the boys, Mark was the one. Mark got off his horse and strutted up to the head of the moose pack and explained the problem and how the mooses help would be needed. He told him of John Wayne's anger at the town of Greenville (even this far out in the wilds the name John Wayne still carries a lot of weight). The mooses immediately agreed to help, so with Mark at the lead and Todd right behind followed closely by the mooses and then John, they set off for their journey back to Greenville. When they arrived in town, after picking up two bears and several deer along the way, that Mark had convinced to join them, the plan worked perfectly. The whole town cleared out after seeing the thirty-five moose, two bears, six deer and the three baddest men in the whole world. After everyone left in a great hurry, John and Mark and Todd had their choice of anywhere they wanted to stay and any food they wanted to eat because everyone had cleared out too quickly to lock their doors and put away their possessions. The three of them had quite a vacation now and so did all the animals, for that matter. They made sure to sleep in every bed, eat all the food, and generally make a mess of every place that had turned them away earlier in the evening. When the town returned to normal several days later they were very sorry they had ever decided to mess with the three meanest, baddest, and ugliest (sorry about that) men in

the whole world. THE END.

All my love,

Laura Kind

As a thought went through my head
I wondered if it would come another day
But as the sun rose again,
Another thought went through my head
I wondered if the thought of yesterday
Was completely gone and blown away
But as the years fly by,
I'll think of that thought, and may cry
Because a thought has never really blown away.

Hannah Hall

SONG CONTEST

Third Shack:

Tune: "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing"
I like to spend my summers here
In the land of harmony
With sailing, riding, tennis and
The teams of white and blue.

There's plenty of things for us to do
A bored moment never comes
The activities
We learn in a breeze
Camp Runoia Harmony.

Tune: "Country Roads"
All these campers, gather together
Camp is great, it sure is first rate
The whites and blue are friends too
Camp Runoia, Camp Runoia
With counselors and the kids
Team competition, Fairy Ring
E.P. We love it all.

Fourth Shack:

Tune: "Joy To The World" (Three Dog Night)

There are lots of pine trees 'round here

Blue sky circles above

Lakes a glistening

Ears are listening

For the sweet loon's call

CHORUS: We're singing-- Camp Runoia

Thanks we owe ya

We're coming back next year

Bringing with us lots of cheer

Joy and good times too.

We like the friends we've got here

Having fun playing around

Tennis, archery

Sailing's fun for me

And there's much much more.

CHORUS

Tune: "I'll Play For You"

Tonight while the fire's glowing

And my friends are gathered 'round

I'll think of you (echo)

All the things I've learned

All the happiness I've found

Just being with you (echo)

CHORUS: Runoia

I'll miss you, yes, miss you

You know that you're my friend

From now until the end of time

I thank you for long lasting memories.

It's time to say goodbye

Though I'm coming back again

To be with you (echo)

The winter may be long

But the summer's round the bend

When I think of you (echo)

CHORUS

Fifth Shack:

Tune: "Thank God I'm a Country Boy"

Life at camp ain't really that bad

We got lots of friends and for that we're mighty glad

There's plenty to do and lots of fun for you

Right here at Runoia.

CHORUS: We got lots of sailboats and cycles too
Horses and tennis courts and even canoes
There's plenty of trips and lots of things to do
Right here at Runoia.

We got two teams the blue and the white
All through the summer they play with all their might
Right here at Runoia.

CHORUS

Tune: "Annie's Song"

The sunset is golden

And reflects on Great Pond

As we sit 'round the campfire

With memories so fond

We are happy to be here

Near the water so calm

With the moon slowly rising

We'll sing our last song.

Runoia is special

To all who have been here

And all that we had here

Will stay through the years

As we hear the loon calling

Through the dusk slowly falling

Though the campfire is dying

Our memories stay warm.

Sixth Shack:

Tune: "Wizard of Oz"

We're back to Camp Runoia
The wonderful place to be
Back to the lake and cabins too
Back to the teams that are so true
Swimming in a lake of blue the campers here have much to do
Sailing, tennis, riflery
All these great activities
The life we live is all so free
We're all one happy family!
Because, because, because, because, because,
Because of the wonderful camp this is.
We all love Camp Runoia, the wonderful place to be!

Tune: "Cat's in the Cradle"

Canoes on the water
And there's sailing too
Sitting in Maine
I wanna go back to you.

Trips and experiences
With both we've grown
Sisterhood friendships
And good times we've known

CHORUS: Runoia means friendships new
And old where memories will forever hold
Camp started just the other day
It's now halfway through
It doesn't seem that way
There's memories to hold
And more to come
We'll continue to play
And have more fun.

CHORUS

Seventh Shack:

Tune: "Blood on the Saddle"

Feet on the gravel

Sturdy and red,

Great big rocks are dead ahead

DA DA DA

Watch out for Betty

Cool your jets

Life is heck so get on your beds!

DA DA DA

Raiding's a hassle

But it sure is fun

Here come the counselors;

We've got to run!

Tune: "Follow Me"

CHORUS: Come with us to a place

Where there's love and lots of space

To do the things you really want to do

Come with us and we'll see

Just how great this place can be

All you have to do is be yourself

Come with us and you'll learn

How to bow and how to stern

And all the other things you want to try.

CHORUS

CITs:

Tune: "I'm Getting Married in the Morning"

We've got the life at Camp Runoia

Everything we like to do is here

Sailing's right here

On a lake so clear

Runoia is the place for me.

I missed the target, oh nuts!

When playing tennis I'm a klutz

Ohhhh.., up to the stables for some riding

Maybe I will be successful there

A run to the lake

That I can take

Runoia is the place to be.

Tune: "Sounds of Silence"

To Runoia we now call,

Friendships true and memories all

We'll hold the people in our hearts so dear

We will cherish them from far and near

And the spirits of Runoia will remain,

Never change

Within our hearts,

Forever.

When we return in the spring

New moments we will bring

To be remembered in the coming days

Everything we did in many ways.

And the spirits of Runoia will remain,

Never change

Within our hearts

Forever.

And now it's time to say goodbye

Inside our hearts we will cry

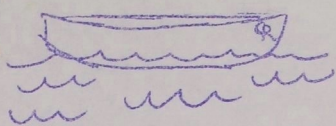
There are memories that we always share

And through the darkness we will all be there

And the spirits of Runoia will remain

Never change

June 29, 1975



Hi! We've been here for only a week and already there is so much to say. The day before camp opened was Miss Weiser's 100th birthday. She founded our camp in 1907.

We'll try to sum up the week's activities and let you in on the fun. Monday morning dawned bright and sunny; a beautiful day for everyone's arrival. (Definitely a change from the past 10 rainy years.) Most of us came by car but Ellen and Ginny took a bus up from Boston, while Meg took a group from Stamford, Ct. We spent the first day moving in and at the waterfront. That night the counselors introduced themselves with a skit and a song.

Tuesday we travelled as a shack throughout the various activities and received orientation to each one. We were placed into swimming classes. For the sixty-ninth year, new campers chose the Blue or White team for summers to come. Once a blue, always a blue; Once a white, always a white. This was followed by blue-white Relay Races.

Wednesday was our first "regular" day. After breakfast we tagged up for the activity of our choice. All week long, groups of campers have been rotated to sailing for a full day of introduction. After dinner, we gathered in the lodge and split into teams, electing captains. The leader of the Blues is Mattie Williams for Senior and Florence Ferze for Junior. Senior White Team Captain is Kathy Bowring assisted by Junior Leader Amy Rosenberg. This was followed by a game of Human Bingo and bed.

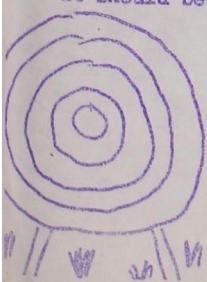
Whoops! We just discovered we've overlooked letting you in on the great weather. Too much for words. Not a drop of rain and all of our noses are peeling. Thursday we sent out our first two overnights. A group of seniors went to Long Lake while some Juniors took off for Fairy Ring. That afternoon, a group of rugged juniors climbed Mt. Pisgah in Winthrop. An all time favorite for Evening Program that night was "Name that Tune".

Friday was another "regular" day.... although no day is really regular here at Runoia. Thursday's trips returned sunburned, happy and full of stories and trip songs. The Aides had Evening Program which was Bucket Skits. Each cabin was given a bucket with assorted objects in it and created a skit using them. 3th Shack won the prize for the most humorous, 6th shack won the prize for the most original and 4th Shack won the prize for "the most".

Saturday mornigg, a group of campers and CIT's left before Flagraising for a Whitewater Canoe Trip down the Cobbeosecontee Stream. Everyone loved it and returned with new tidbits of skill and learning. Evening Program that night was the counselor Shave Auction. Campers searched for bullet shells and bid for the service of the Counselor-Slaves. Some high bids went for a trip to Rummel's for Ice Cream, a Luncheon Sail and Custom Embroidery. An entire shack won the CIT's for breakfast in bed.

Whew! That's about it. But for a sneak preview of the coming week, we have our second Annual Archery Tournament Sunday afternoon and loads more trips. It should be lots of fun, and we'll let you know next week.

Love,
Aionur



- 1) Who was the victorious team of Sunday's councilor-camper archery tournament?
 - a) Kirsten Platt, Julie Weil, Boop Tabell
 - b) Harriet Hubbard, Amy Rosenberg, Meg Tabell
 - c) Carrie Weinschreider, Jenny Sachs, Chris Buckley
- 2) Jack told _____ Sunday night.
 - a) a lie
 - b) a story
 - c) his mother
- 3) How many trips went out this week?
 - a) 20 to Canada, 9 to France
 - b) 3 to Oak, 2 to Long Lake
 - c) 2 to Oak, 3 to Long Lake
- 4) To be able to have desert Tuesday night, we had to...
 - a) swim the English Channel
 - b) dance like Fred Astaire
 - c) follow the clues to it's hiding place
- 5) Who organized the Fourth of July?
 - a) the ITG's
 - b) the TGI's
 - c) the CIT's
- 6) Who won the competition between the British and the Americans?
 - a) the British
 - b) the Americans
 - c) the Indians
- 7) What game was not played the Fourth of July?
 - a) Tug of War
 - b) Water-balloon Toss
 - c) Cross-country Race
 - d) Greasy Watermelon
- 8) Who sang the Star-Spangled Banner as they crossed the finish line first Saturday afternoon?
 - a) Alyson Hui, Leslie Porter, Jack Emler
 - b) Nandy Florey, Lori Winfield, Rob Cobb
 - c) Pam Combes, Chaille Webber, Chris Buckley
- 9) Who did the calling at the square dance Saturday night?
 - a) Lxared
 - b) Drexel
 - c) Darrel
- 10) We're all having _____ at Camp Runoia!
 - a) babies
 - b) the best of times
 - c) peanut butter and jelly

Love,
Aionur

July 13, 1975

Dear Mom and Dad,

It certainly has been a busy week for everyone and even the blue truck. Sunday was a beautiful day for the campcraft conference. The juniors piled into the blue truck early and went to the beach. Fifth and sixth shack went paddling around the lake and seventh shack stayed at camp to help.

Monday morning bright and early the C.I.T.'s and AIDES along with Dianne and Ginny left for their five day trip on the St. Croix. Tuesday the blue truck was on the road again taking a three day trip of seniors to see Flagstaff. Since the truck was going to Eustis by the foot of Sugarloaf Mountain, a group of climbers took a day trip up the mountain.

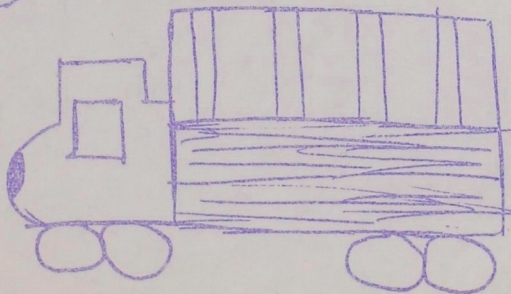
Last week for a Saturday night evening program, there was the slave auction and to repay Betty's offer she took six campers to Ricky's farm. They had a really good time and saw many farm animals.

Thursday the three day Flagstaff trip returned and a four day Flagstaff went out, along with another group of climbers to Sugarloaf. Friday was a regular day! Evening program was a practice Blue-White softball and kickball. All week we have been preparing for Saturday nights evening program, the Miss Runois contest. In the next letter we'll write and tell who won!

This week we've had hazy-damp weather but we have not been too upset because we've been so busy.

Love,

AIONUR



Sugarloaf








Camp Runoia - July - 1975



WE CAN ALWAYS
LOOK AT SOMETHING
Two ways -
- HALF FULL -
- HALF EMPTY -

4 WEEKS to go
4 WEEKS gone

Camp Program

<p>S. 12th</p>  <p>AS RUNOIA WINNERS: OBIE AUGUST NIE WEL 2 DUNN</p>	<p>SUN. 13th</p>  <p>RAINY DAY - CAMP MOVIES (YEA!)</p> <p>A GREAT FLAGSTAFF TRIP RETURNED</p>	<p>MON. 14th</p>  <p>SKITS - DEMONSTRATING ALL ACTIVITIES</p> <p>A FANTASTIC GROUP SET OUT ON A CHESUNCOCK TRIP</p>	<p>TUES. 15th</p>  <p>ALL ACTIVITIES WERE FANTASTIC</p> <p>?</p> <p>JUNIORS TOOK A LONG LAKE TRIP!!</p>
<p>S. 16th</p>  <p>OUR TURN. YOU PORT THIS DAY</p>	<p>THURS. 17th</p>  <p>YEA! SOUV. CONTEST WINNERS!!</p> <p>5th SHACK - serious</p> <p>6th SHACK - happy</p> <p>ANOTHER FLAGSTAFF TRIP SET OUT FOR ADVENTURE!!!</p>	<p>FRI. 18th</p>  <p>McDONALDS! ? (Runoia style)</p> <p>YEA - FOR HALL COUNCIL!!</p> <p>GHOSTS WITHES FUN! Games!</p>	

HERE IS A SPECIAL NOTE FROM YOUR DAUGHTER.









Camp Runoia - July - 1975



WE CAN ALWAYS
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Camp Program

<p><u>TU. 12th</u> </p> <p>555 RUNOIA WINNERS! 6666 AUGUST 412 WEL 12 DUNN</p>	<p><u>SUN. 13th</u> </p> <p>RAINY DAY - CAMP MOVIES (YEA!)</p> <p>A GREAT FLAGSTAFF TRIP RETURNED</p>	<p><u>MON. 14th</u> </p> <p>SKITS - DEMONSTRATING ALL ACTIVITIES</p> <p>A FANTASTIC GROUP SET OUT ON A CHESUNOCK TRIP</p>	<p><u>TUES. 15th</u> </p> <p>ALL ACTIVITIES WERE FANTASTIC ?</p> <p>JUNIORS TOOK A LONG LAKE TRIP!!</p>
<p><u>ED. 16th</u> </p> <p>YOUR TURN. YOU REPORT THIS DAY</p>	<p><u>THURS. 17th</u> </p> <p>YEA! SONG CONTEST WINNERS!</p> <p>5th Shack - serious 6th Shack - happy</p> <p>ANOTHER FLAGSTAFF TRIP SET OUT FOR ADVENTURE!!!</p>	<p><u>FRI. 18th</u> </p> <p>MCDONALDS! ? (RUNOIA STYLE)</p> <p>YEA - FOL. HALL COUNCIL!!</p> <p>GHOSTS WITH A FOO! GAMES!</p>	

HERE IS A SPECIAL NOTE FROM YOUR DAUGHTER.

RUNOIA TIMES
Reporting the week of July 21 to 27

Well friends, parents, and various sisters and brothers, it's hard to believe but e is running out and we'll all be on our way home in three weeks! Camp certainly busy this week though.

A big change!!!! After Chesuncook's soggy arrival on Monday, no trips left camp s week. It was nice to have everyone here. Speaking of trips, the CIT's and Lori Val worked and studied all week in preparation for JMG. Good luck !!!!!

Blue - White competition is now in full swing. Softball and Kickball were on the nda for Thursday, with the Blues taking softball and the Whites grabbing Kickball. sailing races were held, and the Blues took first places all across the board. Despite the blue ribbons taken by Matti Williams and Carrie Gelles and crew, the point als for the first race were tied, and the Whites edged out the Blues by one point in second.

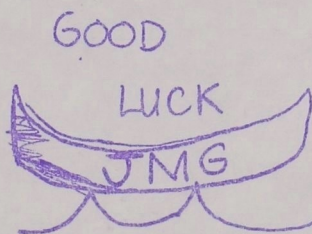
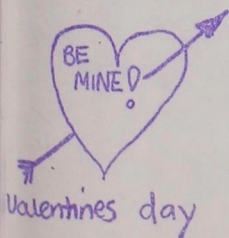
The weather this week was very cooperative! The seniors managed to pick up a perfect Wednesday to go to the beach. A day sail left Thursday after the big games in a at and gusty wind, and before the day's end, seven people had joined the Sisterhood Sailing - an honorary club of capsized sailors!

Friday night brought a circus to Runoia, with lions from third shack, a magic w from sixth and the freak show (!) from seventh. Not to mention a group of the kiest clowns Runoia has ever seen! Complete with pop and popcorn, the evening was a grea cess.

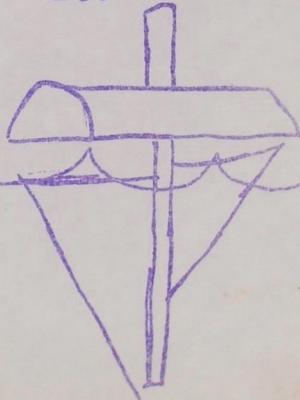
And success followed success... On Saturday, Marilyn gave Runoia its first Valentine's party ever! Valentines and fun for all, the evening was topped with home made valentine kies and bug juice!!!

It's been a busy week, but the next three may be even busier, with many blue white as and races to be squeezed into our tight schedule!!! Much to do and much fun to had in the next weeks..... See ya too soon!

Love,
aionuR



Sisterhood Of Sail



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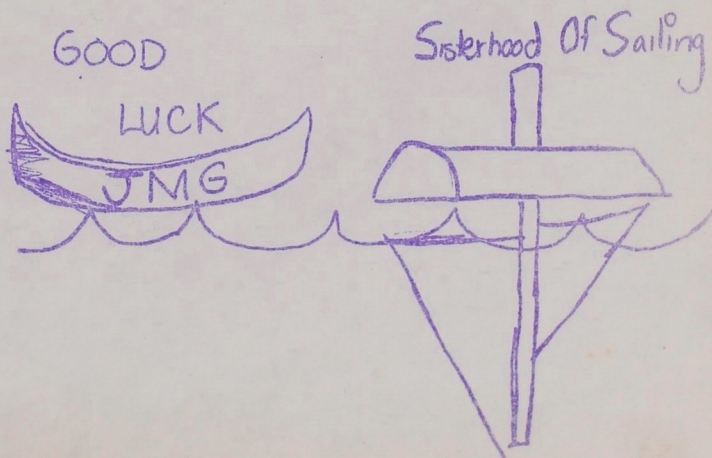
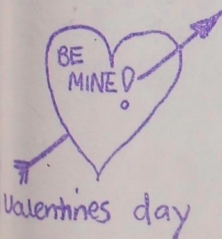
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Love,
aionuR

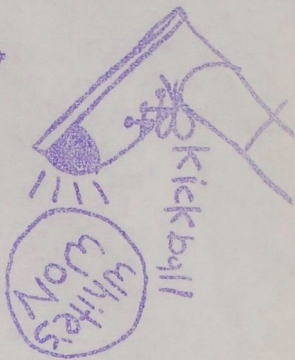
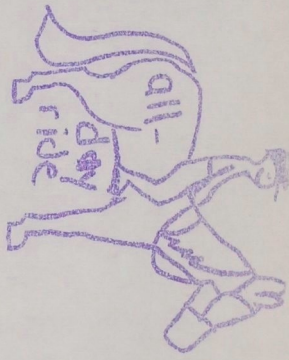
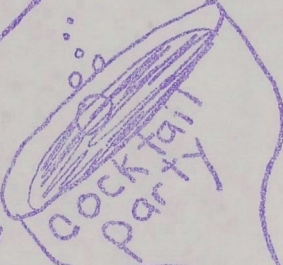
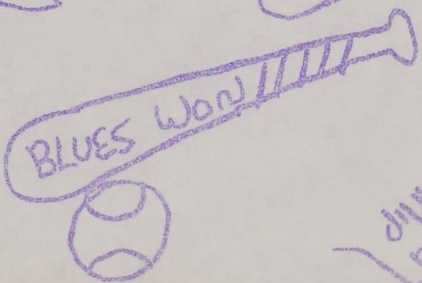
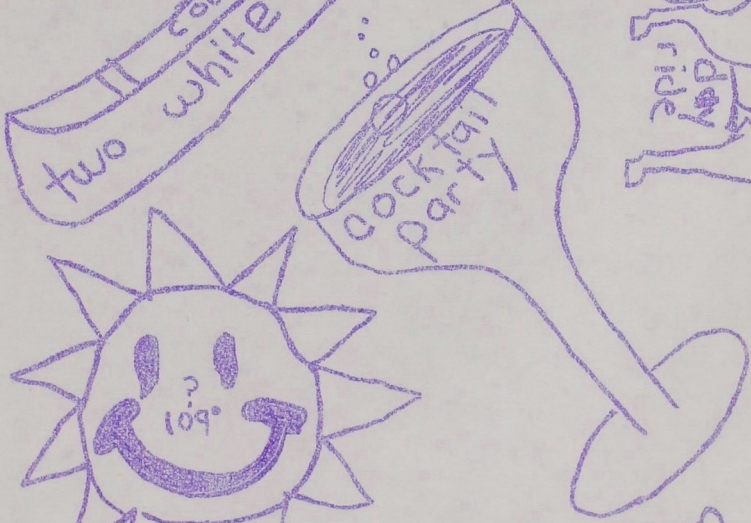
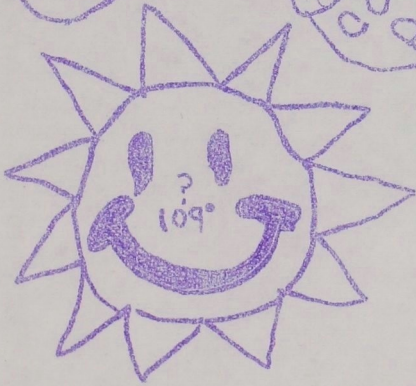
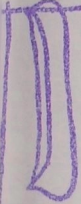


THE WEEK OF July 27 to August 2

Two mountain
trips to
Cumberland
Bald

Skinner
Dips

Lori, Val, Diana, Pam, Jean, Maggie, Jenny



start
my climb
my climb

LOVE Aionur

Camp Runoia's Annual Horse Show

1. Halter Class - for Juniors, horse is to be shown at a walk and trot, lead in hand.
2. Saddling and Bridling Class - for Seniors, horse is to be unaltered and bridled and saddled correctly.
3. Walk, Trot Class - for Juniors, horse is to be ridden at a walk, trot.
- 4a. Walk, Trot and Canter - for Seniors.
- 5a. Egg and Spoon - open, an egg in a spoon is carefully balanced by the one hand of the rider while riding at a walk and a trot with the other.
- 4b. Walk, Trot, Canter
6. Trail Class - open, horse and rider open fence gate, walk to lowered jump and step over it, canter to the mail box, open door and take out paper and hold it in the air, put it back and close mail box. Trot to bridge, stop horse, walk over bridge, canter slowly down field to caveletes, bring horse to stop, walk over caveletes (logs) and through zig-zag path, dismount and stand by horse.
- 5b. Second half - Egg and Spoon
7. Handy Hunt Class - horse and rider open fence gate, trot to jump, leap over and canter up to and over 2nd jump, canter to bridge, bring horse to stop, walk over bridge, trot up to caveletes, walk over and then through path. Dismount and lead horse over lowered jump, mount and trot to gate, open gate and take horse out.

WHAT DOES RUNOIA MEAN TO YOU?

It's fun and happy and playful.
It's work and jobs and free time.
It's activities.
It's blue team-white team meetings
It means bats in your shack.
It's candy line, games, rest hour.
It's feelings. And headaches. It's fun.

Kim Cornell

Runoia is like a secluded world in itself. You can find your own type of happiness at Runoia.

Lori Winfield

Runoia means a special place to stay and to make friends over the summer. To search and find new experiences.

Susan Vaughn

Runoia means to me being with old friends and making new ones, trying new things and going over old things.

Deb August

Camp Runoia is like a second home to me
I meet so many good friends, like Shrub
Runoia has so many things you can do,
Things you might not learn or do at home
I just love any kind of sport and Runoia has all of them.
I took campcraft and now I know all about it and can teach it to my family and go camping safely.

Carrie Weinschreider

To me Runoia means a good place to meet new friends and have a good time.

Brenda Harrington

To me Runoia is having fun in Blue White kickball games and playing tennis and having free swim. I like Runoia because when you feel bad they make you feel much better, and we have so much fun on trips.

Susan Laylin

Runoia means friends to come back to, having dishes and setting tables, lots of sailboats, cycles and canoes, and writing for the log.

Bethany Berry

It's not really the "meaning" that I love, but the feeling I get at the end of camp and the feeling I get all through the Runoia experience. It's like being a part of a big happy family living, playing together and sharing things that we've learned. Sometimes when I'm walking up to the lodge with everybody talking and laughing around me, I feel so warm inside.

Nandy Florey



Trips
Trips
and
More
Trips

First Fairy Ring Trip Song

Tune: This Land is Your Land

This canoe is my canoe
This canoe is your canoe
And we will paddle to Frairy Ring, too
And we will eat out
And we will sleep out
And our overnight will be a lot of fun.

Tune: Titanic

All the campers turned around
Just to see their counselor drown
As the great Tabell gave a gurgling sound.

Tune: Sailing, Sailing

Swimming, swimming all around the lake
Marco Polo is the game of which we all partake.

Tune: On Top of Old Smoky

On top of our fire
All covered with wood
We cooked our spaghetti
And boy it was good
We also had salad
With too much lettuce
And also a round cake
Which really was great
The frosting was drippy
And sugary too
But we managed to eat it
And lots more, too.

Tune: Flying Trapeze

They fly through the air with the greatest of ease
Those young flying squirrels don't even have a trapeze.
They almost got Tracey
They almost got Meg
And Alison sat there with a sunburned leg.

Tune: Put some oil in my Lamp

Put some wood on the fire, keep it burning
Put some wood on the fire, I pray
S'mores

Put some S'mores in my stomach

Keep it full

Keep it full till the break of day.

Sing, sing, campers; sing, sing, campers
Sing, sing, campers to the Moon, Oh, moon.
Sing, sing, campers; sing, sing, campers
Sing, sing, campers to the moon.

First Fairy Ring Trip Song (continued)

Tune: Yellow Submarine

Four of us in a big yellow tent
Three of us in a little blue tent
At Fairy Ring we will sleep out
Under the stars we will laugh and shout

Tune: Nestles

B-E-P-B-E-P-O

Beep, Beep, Beep, Beep, Beep, Beep-O
Breakfast

Tune: Row, Row, Row Your Boat

Soak, soak, soak the plates
Soak them in a pot
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Boy we have a lot.

Tune: Ole Texas

We're going to leave (again)
Fairy Ring now (again)
Ain't got no use (again)
For the trip box now.

Oak Island Trip

We paddled to Oak after rest hour. When we finally got there, we put our canoes ashore after unloading them. Then we went and put our tents up. After we were all prepared, we got ready to start dinner. We all helped get firewood, Turner included! After we got enough we started a fire and started cooking.

We had spaghetti. Maura Murphy spilled hers and got pretty upset. She calmed down and we all had s'mores. Then we went to bed.

When we got up, we had scrambled eggs, ham and cheese. Then we got the canoes ready and paddled back to camp.

Lisa King

Tracey Buckley
Sandy Cobb
Nina Holsing

Bethany Berry
Nandy Florey
Jennifer Gay
Holly Higgins
Lisa King
Maura Murphy
Kirsten Platt
Sue Vaughn
Lori Winfield

Our Oak Island Trip by Galen Cobb and Muffy Larned

When we went to Oak Island we went in canoes. When we got there, we unpacked and set up tents. Not many of us had set up tents before. We then gathered wood and had more than enough. Then we had a soapie with our sneakers on -- which are kind of hard to swim in.

We had spaghetti and salad for supper and for dessert we had rice krispie bars. But as we were making them, Muffy dropped the hot melted butter and burnt her fingers. Later on we had s'mores for our bedtime snack and talked by the campfire while the counselors had coffee. After that we washed our faces and went to bed.

We had two in a tent and there were three tents, but the counselors slept outside.

In the morning Chris came to each tent and woke us up. We had cocoa, scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and grapefruit sections. After breakfast we took down the tents, packed our stuff, brought it to the canoes, packed and left. That was our trip to Oak Island.

Chris Buckley
Lori Rutherford
Jennifer Wallace
Helen Larsh
Sue Schulte

Galen Cobb
Tracey Cornell
Alejandra de la Garza
Muffy Larned
Paula Sendele
Eve Wollman

Long Lake Trip

Our Long Lake trip, the first of the summer, started out beautifully. The weather was first-rate -- sunny and a slight breeze. Paddling to Belgrade stream went by very quickly and easily, helped along by our light spirits and songs resounding in Echo Cove.

Our portage went snappily after pulling up among the ducks on the banks by the dam. Then we all sat down hungrily to a very satisfying lunch of P.B.J. and ham and cheese sandwiches and bug juice. Fresh ginger snaps from the kitchen and a treat of two pieces of bubble gum per person from Booper topped it all off. Chris drew out the top map and we all sat down to see where we were and how much we had gone and had to go. Then it was off into the canoes for a fun paddle to our campsite, highlighted by a refreshing swim stop where we all played King of the Mountain on a rock out in the water, and a loon hunt later on.

We pulled up to our campsite very sunburned and sleepy from the sun, and soon tents were up and sleeping bags and knapsacks unpacked. Then it was out to the woods for firewood and birch-bark while Kathy and Lisa went to dig the pix and the others started fixing supper. We worked busily to the sound of the saw and the ring of the axe.

Supper was great, with slumgullion a la pizza sauce, as we had forgotten to pack the tomato paste! And the congo bars were the best this side of the Rockies, thanks to Karen and Sarah. Then, with very satisfied tummies, Al and I began cleaning and washing the pans and dishes down on a rock over the water, the

others coming and sitting in a group and telling stories and jokes.

Kath, alias "Bud", thought up a game of Sardines for E.P., which fell off rather quickly because there was very little space in which to hide, but it was fun while it lasted. Then, Liz, Meallie and I went for a green-stick walk. It was dusky by the time we returned and everyone was settling down in front of the campfire to avoid the mosquitoes while we snuggled together to stay warm. Pam and Chris exchanged backrubs. We had s'mores until we were stuffed. Everyone was really sleepy by then and we all trudged back to our tents for P.J's and toothbrushes. Boop lent us her washcloth and we scrubbed with the water from the fireplace. That felt so good! Edith and I crawled into our tent happy and comfortable. There was only one mosquito the whole night, too.

The next thing we knew, it was 8:30 and breakfast was on its way, thanks to Chris and Boop. We pulled down our tents and packed and dressed before eating that delicious Bepo and spicy coffee cake, with topping made by Liza. When everything was ready, we loaded canoes onto the choppy water (it was extremely windy) and paddled off. It was a really strenuous paddle because we were paddling into the wind. We all thought it would be easier once we got into the stream, but it only proved to be harder, and we stopped shortly for the lunch we had prepared at the campsite to replenish the paddling energy that that yummy breakfast had given us so far. We were serenaded by a frog as we munched and a beautiful Great Blue Heron decided to come out of the marsh to show himself to us.

We pushed off for the bridge and a swim, after making a zinc paste stop as most of us were burned to a crisp. After swimming we played concentration and snacked on cookies, bug juice, and leftover congo bars and coffee cake. Then we prepared for our ride home in the Blue Truck, which came promptly afterwards. We piled in happily and waved good-bye to Long Lake, singing songs all the way until we turned into the gate. I think the feeling and spirit were great!

Celia Spanel

Chris Buckley
Boop Tabell
Celia Spanel

Kathy Bowring
Alice Brebner
Pam Combes
Lisa Pratt
Karen Sendele
Liza Stewardson
Sarah Ullman
Edith Villareal
Camille Webber
Liz West

A Long Lake Trip

This trip took place on Monday, June 30. The weather was good but cool, though the water was choppy and the sun was shining. The canoes were loaded by both campers and counselors who were going on the trip.

Finally we left camp, fighting the waves. Though it was hard work we all took it as quite a challenge. Four of the canoes were paddling along, but what happened to the other two? Soon we found out. Linda felt asthma coming on so as soon as we found a place to stop, we all switched places and Linda recovered.

We paddled down a stream and then paddled through what seemed to be a maze, but was really a lot of boats. After all of the twisting and turning we came to a stop and had to portage. Instead of unloading the canoes and then carrying them across the road, we left everything in the canoes and carried them across the street fully loaded. After all of the canoes were carried across the road, we ate lunch. This consisted of PBJs, bug juice and oranges.

We were on our way again, but we took another rest at Castle Island in order to swim. Ellen refused to swim and Holly romped about on the rocks. Soon our rest was finished and it was onward to our campsite.

We soon arrived and the tents were put together. We pulled the canoes up on to the island after unloading them. The fire was started by Linda and soon the spaghetti and sauce were cooking. We had chocolate cake, or I should say chocolate milk cake, for dessert. This was because a mistake was made in the kitchen when putting the ingredients together.

After our dinner we played Sardines. Ellen was it first and

everyone went to look for her. I walked past her on my way to the other side of the island, and soon the whole island was silent except for Sarah, who was calling out, "Posie, have you found Ellen?" She and everyone else had. I was now it. I hid in the bushes behind a rock, and for about twenty minutes no one found me. Sarah and two others were right next to me and found me after I reluctantly made a noise. Everyone else gave up and went swimming, so naturally we joined them.

Ellen said to me, "I don't like the way you play this game." And I laughed. When it was dark, we sat around the fire and told ghost stories and then went to bed.

In the morning, we collected wood and made our breakfast, which was Bepo, Tang, hot cocoa and coffee cake. Afterwards, we took our tents apart, washed dishes and put all our belongings into our knapsacks. As soon as the canoes were in the water and everything in them, we went swimming at a pretty place that Diana had found on the other side of the island. Our swim was short because we had to be on our way. We all ran to the campsite, made sure that we hadn't forgotten anything, got into our canoes and shoved off.

The lake was calm and soon we tied all of the canoes together for lunch. Everyone ate quickly and we were drifting towards land so we were on our way. We went down a river and saw a family on a boat ride. They looked like a wacky bunch.

The trip had to end sometime, and this was the end. We unloaded the canoes, put everything in the truck and racked the canoes. We then got into the truck and sang our way back to Runoia.

Posie Van Rensselaer

Ellen Chapman
Holly Rutherford
Louise Lessard

Diana DeVoe
Liz Dunn
Carrie Gelles

Brenda Harrington
Hilary Peck
Leslie Porter

Linda Rosenberg
Kathy Savadove
Sarah Tabell
Posie Van Rensselaer

Long Lake Trip Song

Tune: Oh, Here we Come

Oh, here we go, across the lake
The sun was very hard to take
We paddled far, without a car
Oh, for goodness, goodness sake

Tune: He Flies Through the Air

She paddles down the stream with the greatest of ease
Is that Matti Williams, can I have your autograph, please?

Tune: For it's Whisky, Whisky, Whisky

For it's portage, portage, portage
Of which there is no shortage
In the Belgrade Lakes, in the Belgrade Lakes
For it's portage, portage, portage
Of which there is no shortage
In the middle of Belgrade, Belgrade Lakes.

Tune: Let the Sunshine

And the sunshined
And the sunshined
The sun-shined on

Tune: L-O-L-L-Y-P-O-P

S-w-i-m-m-i-n-g spells swimming, swimming
That's the only decent way to travel (travel)
Counselor made it, must a been a marvel (marvel)
S-w-i-m-m-i-n-g you see
It's a jump and a splash
And "Don't let those canoes crash!"
It's swimming for me.

Tune: Oh Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone

Oh where, oh where has Meg's paddle gone
Oh where, oh where can it be?
We looked all around
And then we found it
Swimming in the sea.

Tune: Ole Texas

We're going to leave (repeat)
The Blue Pix now (repeat)
Ain't got no use (repeat)
For this campsite now (repeat)

Long Lake Trip Song (continued)

We traveled on (repeat)
To the White House site (repeat)
And here we'll stay (repeat)
For at least a night (repeat).

Spoken:

Mattii: Did you hear the President's coming to dinner?
Nina: No, did you bring your long gown?
Chippy: Nope, I'll get mine at Day's.
Alison: I forgot mine.
Emily: That's okay, we'll have bug juice.
Marilyn: Did you all bring your tennis rackets?
Meg: Oh, I forgot the portable tennis court.
Meg R.: Is there a linguist for the ambassadors?
Concha: Si, Si, Si.
Marie: Oui, Oui, Oui.
Carrie: Where's the red carpet?
Harriet: A ground cloth'll have to do.
Suzy: When will he get here?

Tune: Walk with the Animals

Walked round the island
Talked with the fishermen
While you walked
We talked with the fisherman.

Tune: Yummy, Yummy, Yummy

Smushy, smushy, smushy, our congo's are mushy
But we'll eat them anyway
Boy they're such a sweet thing
We'll just have to eat them and it's just what
We're gonna do....

Tune: A Boy and a Girl in a Little Canoe

A girl and a girl in a little canoe
With the moon shining all around.
And as they stroked their paddles
You couldn't even hear a sound (smash...boom...bang)
And they talked and they talked and came right back
'cause who wants lightening on their back?
And whatcha gonna do in a little canoe
With thunder smashing all around? (smash...boom...bang)

Tune: Blue Bonnet Song

Everything's better with chocolate on it...except eggs!

Long Lake Trip Song (continued)

Tune: The Prettiest Girl

The prettiest rocks (repeat) I éver saw
Were in the wa (repeat) ter on Long Lake
The prettiest rocks I ever saw
Were in the water on Long Lake.

We took our soap (repeat) and washed our bods
And cleaned ourselves (repeat) all on those rocks.
We took our soap and washed our bods
And cleaned ourselves all on those rocks.

We ate our lunch (repeat) and boy we munched
And there we sat (repeat) and that was that
We ate our lunch and boy we munched
And there we sat and that was that.

Tune: Blow Wind

Blow
Blow wind
Blow wind blow
Paddles -- no!
All we need is a big giant ground cloth
Let's keep those paddles from moving
Head to left, head to right, don't hit the reeds
There's a tree, there's a rock, Life is a breeze.
We'll always go on a camping trip again...LONG LAKE!

Cit and Aide Trip - The St. Croix River

We woke up to a "misty-moisty" morning, had breakfast in the dining room and left camp at 9:30. We drove through little Maine towns, past a large boggy area north of Bangor and then a stand of birch trees that stood out against the grey sky. A stop was made in Lincoln at the grocery store for last minute supplies (including our much-talked-about "dingle twap") and we began the last leg of the trip in the truck. We arrived at the dam at Vanceboro at 2:00. Everything was unloaded, we said our good-byes to Phil, ate our lunch and packed the canoes. Excitement filled the air as we got our first taste of white water about 3:30. The first set of rapids gave us a good start. If hearts were to be in throats, they were there now! We waited until all seven canoes had gotten under the bridge and started out, single file.

We were doing well and were nearly through Mile Rips when one canoe came down shouting that another was in trouble against a rock. We pulled over and Ginny and Diane walked upstream to investigate. By the time they arrived, gear was floating down-stream and Louise and Marie's canoe was tightly wedged against a rock. They checked to see that everyone was all right, had the others pick up the gear as it floated by (we recovered everything, albeit soggy bread and crackers!) and Ginny went to the rescue. She soon discovered that it was nearly impossible to get from our side of the river to the side where the injured canoe was, so Ginny and Diane took the canoe down that was on their side of the river to where the others were anxiously waiting and Ginny, Celia and Maggie walked back up the Canadian side to see if they could help Louise and Marie, Pam and Tory, Diana and Sarah. The rest of us watched and listened from

The St. Croix River (continued)

below...finally saw the canoe being lifted from and water and heard the banging of aluminum as they tried to straighten it out. Then, both canoes came down to join us and we paddled across the river, towing the injured canoe, to a fisherman's cabin called Loafer's Lodge to regroup and spend the night. Canoes were unloaded, tents set up, clothes hung up to dry, scrapes and cuts attended to, wood gatherers sent out and the kitchen set up. Everyone pitched in. Marie cooked Valerie's chicken, mushroom and cheese dinner. Sarah, Alison and Tory made apple crisp. We also had peas and a salad. While waiting for dessert, Diane read the logs from the past two trips down the St. Croix while Ginny put the finishing touches on the blue-jean pocket and ambroid patches on the canoe. Dishes were done, put away and everyone got ready for bed and into their tents about 10:30.

Diane and Ginny rose to a drizzly day at 5:30 A.M., anticipating a very long day. They made breakfast of sausage, eggs and cheese, blueberry muffins, grapefruit juice, cocoa and coffee. They woke everyone else up at 6:00 with the obnoxious noise of a spoon beating on the bottom of a pan. We were packed and left camp at 8:30 with Marie passengering with Louise and Lydia who were paddling in an empty, patched canoe, bailing water due to a few unknown rivet holes. We all took the ribs well with Pam and Diana practicing their stern standing techniques through one set of ribs. The day was still grey. There were lots of mother ducks with young ones to be seen. We think we saw an eagle again! Some of the sets of ribs were tricky, but everyone seemed to be improving rapidly, and everyone seemed to be

The St. Croix River (continued)

more willing to jump out of canoes if necessary. We put in at Little Falls at 10:30 A.M. The portage on the right of the falls was done by 11:00 and the decision was made to stay at the campsite there instead of going on to Spednic Falls as planned because of the time factor. We set up camp, shopped plenty of wood (mostly cedar), had our lunch of Beanie Weenie, went for soapies and then swam a little bit of the falls in life preservers. Marie made a cherry pie, Alison made brown bread, and Diane made bread in the Coleman oven. Winona arrived at the upper campsite and ran the falls on both sides with unloaded canoes several times. We had fun watching them come down...one even soloed. Diane was our guest lecturer for the afternoon, the topic being the kitchen, recipes, etc.

John White, one of the Winona counselors, helped us patch our canoe with some tape and more ambroid. He also gave us some fuel for our Coleman lantern since we had run out the night before.

We had a very good dinner of shepard's pie, carrot and raisin salad and cherry pie. Since it had cleared and we had finally had sunshine about 3:00, we started to bed at 8:30 under a beautiful pinkish sky, with stars coming out later. Ginny and Diane watched the stars disappear and lightening begin, however, as they were falling asleep.

We all were up at 5:30...another gray and misty daybreak. Everyone pitched in to take down tents and load canoes while bacon was being fried and bepo, cocoa and tang made for breakfast. We left the campsite at 8:00, just ahead of Winona. There was lots of

The St. Croix Trip (continued)

white water, some spots were named, such as Fork Rips, Tunnel Rips, Joe Georges Rips and others went unnamed but were just as tricky. It was fun to watch everyone as experience certainly had been a good teacher. We reached Loon Bay for lunch at about 12:00. Our first trivia question was answered there, i.e., who is buried at Loon Bay?

We all were cold and wet so the hot home-made potato soup Alison had made the day before tasted awfully good as did the grilled cheese sandwiches made with the bread we had made at Little Falls. Dessert was chocolate chip bars and oranges.

On our way again at 1:00 with Canoose Fall's ahead of us. We paddled the length of Loon Bay, about an hour's paddle, saw Winona at a campsite on the right hand side, and began to approach Canoose. We pulled over to look at the ledge, then decided to walk canoes to the drop and lift them down. This worked very well and we were off again to Dog Falls. We had to cut way to the right when leaving the ledge drop to avoid the rocks straight ahead. There was a calm for about 4-5 minutes and then another set of rips with a log jam on the left. Now, there was some question in our minds as to whether this was Dog Falls, or the one coming up would be Dog Falls! About 10 minutes later we heard more white water. There was an island in the middle, a small one, and upon Diane's suggestion (Jack had said to be sure and stay on the right of the island!) we went to the right. Ginny and Diane found themselves going over a four foot drop! For some reason they didn't make it and swamped the canoe. However, nothing was wet or even lost, except Diane's paddle. Gretchen was a bit surprised, needless to say, and perhaps indignant at being dumped

The St. Croix River (continued)

into the rapidly moving water! The falls look as though they could be run on the left side of the island or on the extreme right of the right side of the island. The latter is the way the others came down, safely. After Diane and Ginny changed clothes we continued down flat water to Spednic Falls, which hardly qualifies as a falls after what we had come through! We arrived at the Spednic Falls campsite at about 6:00 P.M. to find it full so paddled up-stream to the end of the island to find an area which, when cleared, was not a bad campsite. We chopped wood and made our supper of tuna, noodle, mushroom soup, and peas cassarole with salad and chocolate cake. After dishes were done we all went to bed.

We woke up to another misty day with fog and the threat of rain, at 5:30. Ginny hopped right up (amazing) and tried to coerce Diane out of her nice warm blue down sleeping bag, but she kept saying her eyes just could not even be pried open. She was soon up, however, and we all had a delicious breakfast of streusal, bacon and fried or scrambled eggs. Our campsite had turned out to be very comfortable, particularly since the hemlock above us made a perfect umbrella. However, the loading area was bad. We finally left at 8:45...disgusting! We passed the lower Spednic site and the boys were still there. They were to get their air-dropped food today. We paddled on out into the flowage only to be met by fog so dense we found it very hard to locate points of land. Diane and Ginny, using compasses and top maps were able to guide us through the flowage with little trepedation.

Down into Princeton we were met by a log boom nearly the width of the river and the paper mill could be heard and seen from quite a

The St. Croix River (continued)

distance. The canoeing to Princeton had been slow, due to the fact that we had to stop often to get our bearings. We arrived in Princeton at 1:00. We stopped for lunch on the left just before the bridge to have delicious home-made corn chowder, grilled peanut butter sandwiches and rice krispie squares. We stopped at the store for bread and brown sugar and used the ~~pix~~ at a nearby gas station. All the time we were eating, little boys were gathering at the bridge to swim in their underwear and generally were putting on a show for all of us. As we tried to leave to paddle under the bridge, some of the boys jumped off and into the water next to the canoes to splash us.

On we went to Peter Dana Point, the Passamaquoddy Indian Reservation. From there we paddled across a very calm Big Lake to Gordon Island, arriving at 5:00 to find dead fish and general trash all over the place. Our second trivia question was answered here, who established the campsite on Gordon Island? We cleaned up and started dinner. It was a pretty site with a gorgeous view from the other side of the island where there were huge sitting rocks. We had a banquet-like dinner of baked ham with brown sugar sauce and pineapple, hash brown potatoes, waldorf salad, the brown bread Alison had made, and cherry crunch. Those who wanted took skinnies before dinner and after dinner we had a brief meeting during which Ginny gave a review of the trip using the maps and we discussed all that we had gained from our experiences together.

Ginny and Diane were awakened at 6:00 by the sound of banging pots and pans outside the tent. We all were served apple fritters, fried ham, juice and coffee. When we had finished, some hungry

The St. Croix River (continued)

soul discovered the oatmeal and that quickly became second course for those who happened to be around when it finished cooking! The weather alternated between wind and fog, so we decided to be on our way before anything worse developed. Dishes were done, trip boxes cleaned out, tents taken down and canoes loaded. We left by 9:30, having taken a compass reading (270) on the end of the island toward which we were headed in case everything disappeared in the fog. We were fortunate and got to Chopping Landing easily in less than an hour...two hours before our pick-up time! On the way to the landing, Ginny and Diane followed a loon and her baby and were quite delighted that they were able to paddle so closely to them. They were met with bouquets of flowers at the landing, a nice surprise! We unloaded everything, set up the stove and made coffee as a cool, rain-laden wind began to come across the lake toward us. Our BLTs were made, and eaten and at 1:00 Jack and Robbie arrived in the blue truck to pick us up.

We stopped for gas and strawberry whirl ice cream cones...the 35¢ variety...with Jean still clutching her life preserver... arriving at camp for a late dinner together. We will long remember our eventful experiences between Vanceboro and Chopping Landing on the St. Croix River.

Ginny Geyer and Diane Erler

Ginny Geyer
Diane Erler
Marie Gauthier
Tory Hughes
Louise Lessard
Alison Page
Celia Spanel

Pam Cobb
Jean Goldsborough
Lydia Griffith
Hannah Hall
Diana Hearst
Jenny Sachs
Maggie Stainton
Sarah Wilkinson

A Day at the Beach

The day started out cool so everyone brought jackets. The flaps on the truck were up so it got pretty windy. Thank goodness for our towels. It was freezing at the beach so everybody put on all their clothes. After we changed we went down near the water. We played a few games and then everyone started complaining that they were hungry, so we ate our lunches. We each got two sandwiches, an orange and a cookie. To drink we had bug juice. After lunch some of us went down to the wet sand to build a big sand castle with Holly and Erica while others stayed and read books or talked. After awhile we left the beach and this time the flaps were down so it was warmer. We stopped to get ice-cream on the way back. Even though it was cold we had a lot of fun.

Debbie August

Sugarloaf

It was a sunny day when we climbed Sugarloaf. On the way up we picked and ate strawberries and raspberries. Every so often we stopped and rested. For lunch we had two sandwiches, raisins, m and m's, nuts and an orange. We saved the orange for the top. Ric caught up with us and led us to the top. Every now and then we stopped and got a drink of juice. Not everyone wanted to go to the top so Boop had to stay behind with the kids who didn't want to go to the top. She wasn't too happy about that. The top was really good. We were right in the middle of a cloud. When we went down we had to go sliding on our back sides because the hills were really steep. It was a really fun trip.

Barbara Trager

Four Day Flagstaff...Second Flagstaff

When we started in the blue truck it was a pretty nice day. Then we came to the "put in" and unloaded all the canoes and started off. The sun was really shining now. It took us about three and a half hours to get to Jim Eaton Hill. When we got there we put up the tents and went swimming. Then we ate supper and went to bed.

The next day was a hazy, misty day. We explored Jim Eaton Hill and picked blueberries. There were so many blueberries I couldn't believe it. Later that day Nandy, Val, Nina and I went to find the benchmark, but we weren't sure that we found it.

The next day we ate breakfast and then we paddled to Hurricane Island. The sun came out a little but not much. Then when we got there we set up the tents and Nandy, Val, Sarah, Ric and Brenda canoed off to find Stafford Brook Trail while Ellen, Kathy, Linda, Nina, Carrie, Harriet and I stayed to help give Nandy a surprise birthday party.

The last day we paddled home in the rain and waves. But all in all the trip was great.

Chippy Sherman

Third Flagstaff Trip Song

Tune: Where, Oh Where has my Little Dog Gone?

Where, oh where are Chris and Jack?
These boys are gonna attack!
Well, Chris and Jack went to Chain of Ponds
Instead of coming back.

Tune: Here We Sit

Here we sit in Stratton, Maine, Stratton, Maine, Stratton, Maine
Here we sit in Stratton, Maine
We've already made a wrong turn.

Tune: Where Have all the Flowers Gone?

Where did all these people come from?
We were here first.
Where did all these people come from
Please move your bods.
When will we hit the wilds?
When will we hit the wilds?

Tune: On the First Day of Christmas

On our first night at Flagstaff
Sharing our campsite
With two five-man tents
two vicious bloodhounds
one carnival tent
one motorized canoe
and the Maine YMCA camp.

Tune: Where Does the Wind Come From?

Where does that scent come from
Does anybody know?
Where does the scent come from
When the wind starts to blow?
On Flagstaff camp
Where does that scent come from
I think it's from the outhouse but don't tell anyone.
Where does the scent come from, does anybody know ow ow ow ow ow ow.

Tune: Round the Dining Hall

Round the campfire we must play
"Truth or dare -- You're not fair!"
On to s'mores then to swim
On to bed.

Tune: For It's Beer, Beer, Beer

Well it's six, six, six

Third Flagstaff Trip Song (continued)

And time to use the pix
And get up, and get up
The breakfast was great, but we couldn't stay too late
We're off to canoe some more, canoe some more.

Tune: American Pie

What's there at Jim Eaton Hill?
We've got blueberries and raspberries and you can eat your fill
The driftwood is great and we almost stayed too late
And we really had some huge congo bars. (Repeat)

Tune: Springtime in York

We paddled and paddled and paddled some more
The wind was real strong and there always was
More and more and more and more
But we finally reached Hurricane Island's shore.

Cobbossee Stream

Wow! This was going to be so exciting. I had never done white water before and I couldn't wait to go. So, Alice, Sue, Linda, Harriet, Hilary and I plus three counselors, Ellen, Tracey, and Boop (to take pictures) set off for the stream. When we got there you couldn't see the first tiny run but after we portaged around the dam we could. It wasn't much and by lunchtime nothing really exciting had happened. But.....then we saw the long stretch of white water in front of us. It looked like a lot of fun. Ellen and Harriet went first while the rest of us waited on the bridge. They got stuck a few times and if Harriet saw a rock she would scream so. I guess they got stuck more than a few times. Next, Alice and I went. We did pretty good -- we hit the rock head on (the one I didn't see) and Alice ended up on the floor of the canoe and started to crack up. Linda and Sue went next. I think they spent most of their time getting in and out of the canoe. Then came Tracey and Hilary. They did really good and they barely hit any rocks. Then we all went one by one down the stream. Some of us floated down in our life preservers. That was a blast. Then we came to the end--how sad! But Ellen said we could walk our canoes up the stream and do it again. This time no one hit any rocks. Then after that we paddled to the other dam and Betty came and picked us up. It was so much fun!

Chippy Sherman

The First, Best and Only Chesuncook Trip

Tune: Toledo, Ohio

You ask how we know of Corinna, Maine
Well, our truck broke down there one day
They've got entertainment to dazzle your eyes
You can sit by the post office and watch the mail fly....

Tune: Down By the Old Mill Stream

Down by Chesuncook Dam (not the lake but the dam)
Where we started out (not in but out)
We paddled far (not near but far)
To Caribou Point (not the line but the point)

Tune: I Need Love Love

We need wind, wind to ease the bugs
We need to find, find a breeze to call mine
But Momma said, "You can't scurry bugs,
No, you just have to wait,"
She said bugs don't go easy...
It's a game of itch and scratch
How long will it last?
Before all these bugs will tear my skin, skin apart????

Tune: Sunrise, Sunset

Sunrise, we watched
Sunrise, we itched
Swiftly left our site
One little buggy following another
Swiftly we left our buggy site.

Tune: The Prettiest Girl

We searched and searched
For our campsite
And when we found it,
It was just right (repeat)

Tune: L-O-L-L-Y-P-O-P

F-o-n-d-u-e
We had fondue for dinner, dinner
All you have to do is grab a stick
Put it in the oil and eat it quick
F-o-n-d-u-e All is is you see
It's a boil in the oil and
"This meal is royal"
It's fondue for me!

The First Best and Only Chesuncook Trip (continued)

Spoken:

(Liz and Nandy step forward, opposite each other)
(In the middle stands Emily, I think...)

Holly: It's a midgie in the left corner, a mosquito in the right
Ding! And they're off....

Tune: One Lollipop

We made potato soup, soup, soup
We made potato soup, pepper, pepper, pepper, pepper, pepper, pepper, pepper
potato?

Tune: It's Raining, It's Pouring

It's raining, it's pouring
Those fishermen are snoring....

Spoken:

Meg: Give me a P
Give me an I
Give me a P
Give me an E

Campers: Give me a pipe!

Tune: Blowin' in the Wind

How many bugs will bite us before
Before we find respite
How many miles must we paddle
Before we find respite
Yes'n how many people will turn us down
Before we begin to drown
The answer my friends, is blowing in the bugs
The answer is blowing in the bugs.

Tune: Oh, What a Beautiful Morning

Oh what a rainy wet morning
Oh, what a sopping wet day
We've got a beautiful feeling
The blue truck is headed our way.

Tune: McDonald's Song

Chesuncook is our kind of place
Because it's Ronald's place
Egg McMuffin on your plate
Our trip is really great!

The First, Best and Only Chesuncook Trip (continued)

Tune: Maine Morning

Early as I me paddleth, upon a Maine morning
I heard a rain drop....

Tune: Noah's Ark

Phil brought to us some doughnuts, doughnuts
Phil brought to us some doughnuts, doughnuts
Also lots of life, life savers
Hope you don't get stuffed.

Spoken:

It's all Val's fault!!

Maine Woodsman

I felt excited. It's a thing new and different to try. Our encampment had Alice, Harriet, Sarah, Chippy, Liz and Lisa. I was paddling along to Oak Island and Sandy told us we were being tested on canoeing. Oh, great!

We got to Oak Island after not long and we found a dirty campsite. We cleaned it all up and started preparing dinner. We had a visit from Runoia who took back our garbage bags.

Dinner got done after a long time. The potatoes would never boil. It was my boil. Even though we didn't get the ~~toes~~ potatoes to boil, we finished dinner of scalloped ham and potatoes which was yummy. We met the other encampment and we had a camp fire. The other encampment left and Pooh and Piglet see Woode Footprints was read to us. After that we went to sleep.

The next morning we awoke bright and early, collected wood, and this time the potatoes did boil. Hooray! Breakfast was a little late but the Bepo and cinnamon coffee cake was good. The rest of the day was mostly devoted to written tests. Winona came by and wanted to use the middle campsite but they left.. That night we went to the other encampment's campsite and we had a great time.

We woke up at 6:30. We thought we woke up at 7:30 and breakfast was to be ready by 8:00. We all panicked and we then realized that we had the wrong time. We still had egg MacMuffins.

We went over to the middle campsite and did mostly shelters and fireplaces, some axemanship, too. We had grilled cheese sandwiches and yummy brownies (although the recipe was burned).

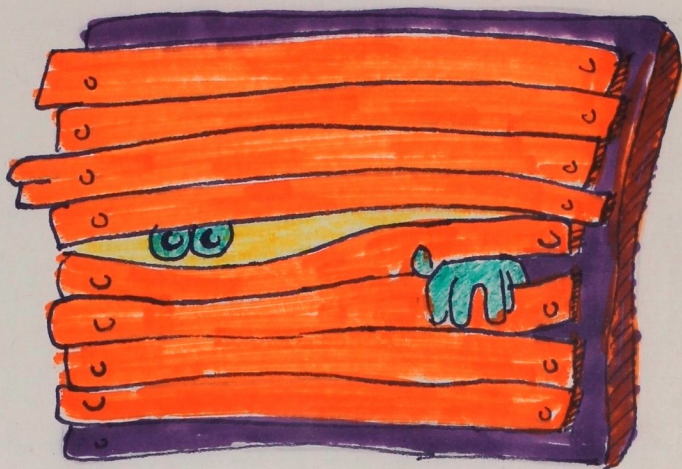
Maine Woodsman (continued)

Everybody was very grateful the brownies worked out.

We got packed and we talked for awhile and left. It was kind of sad to leave. We made up a trip song and made a very triumphant entry into camp.

I think Maine Woodsman was fun with a lot of fun people. I think everybody learned a lot and had a good time.

Sarah Tabell



Sunday Service

SELECTIONS FROM SUNDAY SERVICE

Fourth Shack: EARTH

To a bird the earth is a warm nest to sleep in
And a small quiet place to eat, be happy, and sometimes weep in.

To a fawn the earth is its mother to hold it so tight
No hunters or guns to make it feel fright.

To a chipmunk the earth is the acorns that fall to the ground
So the chipmunk can eat when he's hungry or down.

To a frog the earth is a pond full of things he can eat
Or even a fly would be a nice treat.

To a fish the earth is the water he needs so much
Not for people to throw trash in and to make it like mush.

And last of all to a person like me, the earth is my home, family and friends
Clean and neat I'd like it to be.
And the world not polluted for you and for me.

Eve Wollman

The ocean used to be so clean and pleasant when you looked at it, played
and splashed in its water.

And where the fish found its food, swam in fresh clean salty water all the
day through.

And now something happened to that water. In places it is being polluted
and fish are dying, no longer swimming in clean water or finding food.

The clean beaches are being polluted because garbage is floating in the
bay. But you don't have to pay the consequences. Clean places up because
this is your earth.

Galen Cobb

CREATION II

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth and the earth was without form and void,, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of man moved upon the trash in the water.

And man said, let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And man made the firmament and divided the waters which were above the firmament from the waters which were below the firmament. And it was so. And man called the firmament smog and man said it was good. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And man said let the waters under the smog be gathered together unto one place and let the dry land appear and it was so. And man called the dry land garbage and the water muck. And man said it was good. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

And man said let the moving creatures that hath life in the muck and the fowl that fly above the garbage be covered with oil slicks. And it was so. And man said it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And man said let us slaughter the living creatures, cattle and creeping things for our own purposes. And man slaughtered the living creatures, cattle and creeping things. And man said it is good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

And man said let us bring down the fruitful trees, and pines and use them for our own purposes. And man brought down the fruitfull trees and pines, and man said it is good. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And man said let us create machines in our own image, after our own likeness and let them dominate over all our labor. And so man created machine to dominate over all his labor and man said it is good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

Thus pollution over the earth was finished and on the seventh day man ended his work which he had made; and man saw what he had made and man said ? it is good? And man did not rest on the seventh day after all the work he had done.

Lori Rutherford

Sixth shack: WATER

I cool you down when you are hot
I wet your dry thirsty throat
I inch my way from your eyes when you are sad
To oceans and our lake are full of me
I am very amazing when you think about it
I come in three forms; solid, liquid and gas and
I help people all over the world
You would not live without me and you are greatly blessed to have me.
WHAT AM I?

Sarah Tabell

Water is composed of
all different shaped crystals
together these separate
ending up serving the needs of mankind.
recreation, food and life are all remaining because of water in different forms.

Liz West

On the water very clear
birds come from far and near
You never know what each wave may bring
Some driftwood, seashells or a silver ring.

Carrie Weinschreider

Waves rolling in
and out
touching the scorched sand gently
Every wave
reaching and retreating.

Emily Spanel

Water, oh how good it feels when you're really tired in the morning, to wake up to a cold shower or a skinny in the lake. When you're sitting on the shore it's so neat to watch its waves reach out and hit the rocks and then make a splashing sound -- and then it happens again.

Chippy Sherman

The water is cool and refreshing. The children run in and out laughing and playing ball. All day the beach is filled with happy people and then finally -- the sun slowly goes down while all the people leave the beach. There is a sunset that shines across the ocean so blue.

Liza Stewardson

Rain drizzling in a haze
Water lapping lazily against the shore
Rain pouring torrents on the street
Water dropping slowly out of the faucet
Rain lightly hitting the roof
Water sloshing tiredly in a bathtub
Rain washing away the dirt
Water, rain, rain, water washing away the earth.
Water, rain, rain and water, without them we'd be lost.

Maura Murphy

Mist rising from the water at day break
by noon the sun is sparkling on the dancing waves
at dusk the sun sets
with dazzling colors
playing over the rippling waves.

Kirsten Platt

Seventh shack: WOODS

The woods is a silent place

You'd never know so many miraculous things are going on.

A tiny seed might just be being dropped into the earth.

Each young seed must be planted in just the right place for it to live and thrive and grow.

The seed must get the food and water it needs.

Slowly, but surly the seed will plant its roots and grow towards the sun -- its most important provider.

After many hours of hard work and steady growth the seed shall break the soil and face the hard work of reality.

Will it survive?

Footsteps are heard in the distance.

Hilary Peck

One morning I was walking a path and I saw an incredibly large Oak tree. I was fascinated by all the animals it had on its limbs. There were a few birds' nests and there was a hole in the tree. I looked in and I saw about seven young squirrels. I came back to that very same Oak tree every day for the rest of the summer to check on the baby squirrels. I never saw the mother, but I knew that she was there. When the summer ended I went back to the city.

The next summer I went back to the path the tree was on. I thought of it as my tree now and I wanted to see the squirrels, but there were no squirrels to be seen, no trees either. Everything had been chopped down. I recognized where my tree had been because of the rock I used to stand up on to look at the baby squirrels. I stood up on that rock once more and looked at the stump where my tree had been.

Kathy Bowring

I was walking one day in the forest and suddenly I heard a chopping noise. I thought it was only a wood pecker so I walked on. But, as I walked

further the sound became louder and clearer into a big chop, chop noise. I ran ahead and there I saw men chopping down trees. Thousands and thousands of beautiful trees. I asked one of the men what was he doing. He answered me by saying, "What are you, a fool?" Tell me what does it look like. I and some othermen are cutting down trees. I asked him why. He said he said he was told to. I again asked why. He replied to me, "to make paper and chairs and other things." I said to him, if you were that tree, how would you like to be chopped down? He looked at me and said, listen, trees are trees and... I interrupted him when I heard a falling tree by saying "you've just killed a tree and soon you will have no trees to kill. He looked at me and continued working. I said, "You have just killed a tree."

Lori Winfield

A tree
It's a living, breathing thing
It soaks up the rain and devours the sun
A tree lives and dies
Trees need care just like every living being
Think of a tree and how it makes up our surroundings
Trees are meant to be looked at and to be sat under for peaceful thoughts.
They are also meant to be used industrially, but not abused
With all those uses they should be taken care of very specially.

Nina Frank

Third Shack: SKY

I am the sky
I have no boundaries or restrictions
The universe is my home
The moon, stars, sun, clouds, rain and rainbows are my children
They live with me, united to make
the sky what it is.

I am the sky
I have two faces, dark and light
The light brings life to the earth
And the darkness brings serenity to the heavens.

Erica Doughty

Each morning when the children wake up, they see me rise. In the daytime
I give them warmth and happiness. I help the flowers grow and farmers like
me because I make their crops grow. At night just before the moon comes up,
I set for my bedtime. Lots of times I make pretty scenes across the sky when
I rise and set.

Julie Weil

Lots of times, especially in the summer, I sing in the morning and wake
people up. I hope they like my singing. Flying is so much fun! I was so scared
the first time I ever flew. I feel so free and happy! I can't wait until the
day I can make my nest and have baby birds! It's so much fun to look down on
everyone. Way up here I don't have to fight any crowds. I just go where
I want.

Lynn King

I'm a nice big puffy cloud! I have many talents. When we need water I give rain, when it's hot I give shade, sometimes I come on sunny days and sometimes thunder storms. I can even help make fog. I even know that some different people play games and make pictures with my different shapes.

Kim Cornell

A rainbow is very beautiful. It usually comes out in the spring after a refreshing sun shower. Lots of colors make me so beautiful -- orange, blue, pink, green, purple and sometimes red. We don't come out very often so when you see me you're very lucky. We're not always the same, either. Without the sun I could never come alive.

Karen Nicoll

A moon here and a moon there. No -- there's one moon and it's me! I can feel the love between people looking at me because I know everything. I'm the mother of the sky! I can read your thoughts and your wishes. I can tell you if it will rain or be sunny tomorrow. As fresh as fast water, I dance from D to C from red to white. I run in the night because you need bright light. I fly in your obscurity and the earth is the center of my promenade.

Marie Gauthier

Fifth shack: MOUNTAINS

A mass of earth that stands unmoving, strong
Encompassing every element in all forms of life,
A mountain stands alone, alive and long
And radiates beauty, subtle strength, yet strife.
When bathed in evenings glorious hues of gold
And feathery wisps of pink at dainty dawn
In full light when all colors dare unfold
A mountain is beauty's curtain starkly drawn,
And who can challenge strength in massive form,
Or master years of season's suffering strain,
And yet seem strongly gentle, coldly warm?
A mountain can, and so it shall remain.

Suffering brings strength before all strength shall fly,
In strength is beauty, in beauty strength and beauty alone shall not die.

Boop Tabell

I looked up and up and up
And I couldn't reach the top.
I saw a mountain before me,
And thought -- that's more than just some trees --
it's a mountain.

Bethany Berry

One summer ago I met a man. He was quiet. He would never talk, he'd
Just stare. On a stump one day, I said, "Pardon me sir, what's your name?"
No reply.

"Sir?"

"Bill."

"Bill, why do you sit on a stump and look at the mountains?"

"Because I'm blind... all my life I've been blind, so I climbed one day,
and felt my way through the woods and felt blueberries and raspberries... I

went through the woods and to the top and felt the breeze and warmth of the sun."
He stopped. . . in my heart I could feel the pain of his life. Bill was blind
and wanted to see the mountains.

"The mountains are beautiful," he said.

"I know."

Camille Webber

The mountains are like kinds
They tower over the world
They're tall and slim
How beautiful they are.
The mountains, the mountains, they reach to the sky
With their towering peaks
They're beautiful, but why?
If I were a mountain
I'd be so tall and proud
I'd always stand straight up
I could always be found
But still now, still now I really don't know.
I'll never be a mountain
But I still wonder so.

Sarah Ullman

There, I can see them now, those beautiful mountains where I had been born.
Tears of happiness filled my eyes and color was coming slowly to my ashen
cheeks. I drove on, until I was at the bottom of the mountain and stepped
out of my car. As I stared at the great slopes reaching toward the sky, it
suddenly occurred to me that this was where I belonged. Not in the crowded
city but there mixed in with nature and all it has to give. I looked once more
at the highest peak and said "Thank you, you have made me realize that to live
a full life I must stay here, with you and live as you do -- free."

Holly Higgins

I look at a mountain, so fresh and free
With blue sky above and a light blue sea
It's a two hour ride to the other side of the mountain
I look as I go and see a clear fountain
As I go I see, look, and see
Lots more houses and fewer trees
I see tall buildings and dark gray smog
I feel like choking, my lungs they clog.

Susie Peckar

One day, a boy asked his father, "What is a mountain?" His father answered that it was a beautiful thing that God created for men to enjoy. "But father," said the boy, "Why did God create it?" "For men" he answered, "Just for men." And then the mountains are good for us? "Yes, they give us flowers, trees to use for wood and a beautiful view, some kinds of fruit and all of the pretty things that you can think." "Father, when are we going to climb one" asked the little boy.

Edith Villareal

The mountain is a natural phenomenon
It's tall peaks pierce the sky
Up and up through the clouds
Until finally, the whole mountain
Pulls itself together into a sleek slender point,
That looks like a finely fitted puzzle.
As I climbed and reached the top, I wondered how such a beautiful thing was ever created.

Diana Devoe

Mountains are part of the beauty around us; they carry beauty all around them. I love to look from a distance and see their outline. Just to walk through them and see all the beauty it holds is a wonderful thing. Sometimes when you're climbing, you come across a river, or a stream and watch it glisten in the sun. Mountains are very important and we should respect them as we do one another.

Karen Sendele

I was born with the mountains all around me. When I went to school I did not go beyond them, their enclosure was my world. I did not pass from those mountains until I was fifty. I then found another world.

Linda Rosenberg

I started to climb the mountain in the morning and when I had gotten to the top I realized that it was not just for climbing, but for beauty also.

Linda Rosenberg

The grass and trees that climb
But stop at a center point rough and rocky
Only to see the golden sun and the clear snow
At night the bright moon covers and brings a misty fog that covers so that you
can barely see the stars
At sunrise you can pick juicy blueberries and walk barefoot and feel the dew.
You can drink fresh water from the stream.

Watch close to see what you can find on this mountain. I saw all this in one day and one night.

Alyson Hui

As the morning mist slowly rises, the sun comes up. Birds sing and animals come out. Then night falls, the sun sets red and purple on the mountains and the dust slowly settles down again and the darkness falls.

Meg Richards

Mountains standing close together
The image of keeping still
The quiet and the serenity are interrupted only by the hum of my own wonder,
amazement and questioning.
The beauty and strength standing before me scream a challenge to my mind, my
life, my soul.
A challenge to my life and to the lives of all who see mountains as more than
a pile of rock
A lesson of time, for time alone softens the edges, rounds them into softness
against the sky.
The image of keeping still.

Ellen Chapman



Friends

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Katherine Berman	Katherine	cute	for ginger- bread	snakes	2 nd hall	"You're mean."
Kimberly A. Cornell	Kim	like a boy	in T-shirts	her railroad hat	ant holes	"I'm strong."
Ethylyn King	Lynn	at people through her bangs	doing silverware	her woodsman coat	cleaning up	"I don't feel good."
Karen L. Nicoll	Karen	good with her hair in a bun.	in her blue shoes	to write letters	bugs	"My pill."
Monica Puerto	Monica	like a brownie	for stuffed animals	to make her bed neat	toads	"Exactly"
Paula L. Sendele	Paula	like Julie	for her sister	Karen	clothesline	"I'm missing alot of my clothes."

[illegible]

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Debra August	Debbie	cute in a bathing cap	on the tennis courts	whining	cleaning up her room	"Tough Nuggies."
Galen Cobb	Galen	pretty	for riding	climbing the rafters	Barb saying 'Make a bet?'	"That's rejected."
Tracey Cornell	Tracey	tired	for Jules	talking to her calendar	changing roommates	"Im NOT doing anything."
Alejandra de la Garza	Alex	like an Indian	for speaking Spanish	eating	speaking English	"I want to leep."
Florence Ferre	Flo	for Mark and Todd	in the pix	taking her time	people taking her Snoopy	"I'm going to suck your blood."
Susan Larned	Muffy	for Galen	for brushing her hair	the no-no song	baked beans	"That's mental."

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Simonne S. Laylin	Susie	for comics	for blueberries	her long fingernails	waiting for people	"Ack."
Alexandra Puerto	Cha-Cha	like a china doll	without envelopes	a neat room	people purping	"You're mad with me."
Amy Rosenberg	Linda	like her sister	for the Whites	sleeping backwards	Barb taking parts of Homer into the pix.	" <u>I</u> hate you <u>I</u> hate you <u>I</u> hate you!"
Joanne L. Rowell	Jody	tall	for her books	Being good	people stealing her frog	"Yars."
Barbara N. Trager	Barb	for her blue team schedule	for writing letters	doing flips off her bed.	taking down her posters	"No kidding!"
Eve Wollman	Eve	for her crusher	in other people's bathing suits	cuddles	missing candy line	"This isn't working."

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Bethany A. Berry	Beth	like Alice	to pass first bar	Alice	when CIT's follow her	"Dig it man."
Concha M. de la Garza	Concha	nice tanned	to see her sister	to get phone calls	swimming lessons	"I don't understand"
Diana E. DeVoe	Diana	for a good pun	a healthy life	tricks	people with no sense of humor	"Obnoxious."
Brenda L. Harrington	Brenda	for L.P.	for Meg and Bethany	talking back to Boop and Ellen	swimming	"Smarten up!"
Leigh Hollis Higgins	Holly	smart	for her ponies	riding	people in charge of her	"That's incredible."
Alyson L. Hui	Alyson	for candy	for riding	getting mail.	writing letters	"Oh pooh."
Susan - L. Peckar	Susie	forward to having riding	for her mail	horses	being yelled at	"Pardon me for living."

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Margaret W. Richards	Dingbat	forward to phone calls	In seventh shack	getting Kathy B. back for her tricks	counselors	"Don't you dare kiss me!"
Linda J. Rosenberg	Amy	like a Philadelphian	for Amy's junior white team	Lisa's adidas	being called 'Rosencrantz'	"It's the pits!"
Karen L. Sendele	Karen	like a model	for telephone calls	her sister	getting to the tag board when there's nothing left.	"Oh, I can't wait..."
Edith E. Villarea	Edie	sweet	for English	Ice cream	improper pronunciation of her last name	"Give me my glasses please."
Sarah E. Ullman	Sarah	awful when she doesn't like something	for Edith	getting letters	Sailing	"I don't like it."
Camille V. Webber	Mealie	like a cocker spaniel	for intermediates	wearing a bra	people who are prissies	"That's prissy."

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Alice K. Brebner	Alice	forward to trips	in her blue and white striped bathingsuit	doing sports	losing to Matti in a sailing race	"Oh"
Elizabeth Dunn	Liz	like a boy	in her blue jacket	bubble gum	living in a triple	"Man...."
Jennifer Gay	Jennifer	for food from her parents	with Carrie	sailing		"Hi"
Maura Murphy	Maura	just as skinny as she was last year	with a book	getting letters to her sister	her bad mattress	Expletive deleted.
Kirsten Platt	Kirsten	for letters	for clean underwear	taking skinnies	lots of wind when sailing	"Gosh hi."
Katherine Savadove	Kathy	for letters from Larry	in six instead of five	making jokes	Kirsten stealing Mr. Foots	"Can I have a peice of gum?"
Jane A. Sherman	Chippy	for seventh shackers	for raiding seventh shack	gum	blowing taps	"Don't, it attracts flies."

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Emily Spanel	Emily	in books	in a messy room	gum	being associated with her friends all the time in the log.	Chomp. Chomp.
Elizabeth Stewardson	Liza	like Dennis the Menace in the morning	for George	to make noise at rest hour	not knowing what's going on when people are talking	"Cutest."
Sarah Tabell	Sarah	for Deuteronomy	without complaining	every-body	being bumped up by Sue on the bunk bed.	"You donk-boink."
Katherine A. Van Rensselaer	Posie	neat always	in loafers	skits	just about nothing	"Oh, I'll do it if nobody else will."
Susan Vaughn	Sue	good in her new haircut	in a de-ruffled bathing suit	riding	being last in tag-up	"Grub."
Carrie Weinschreider	Carrie	like Mr. Peanut	with blue team spirit	Harriet	having to go on another trip after she just got back	"Hey Shrubstuff."
Elizabeth West	Liz	for mail	for being in a higher tennis class.	doing needle-point	the camp laundry	"Oh good."

Listed as

Labeled

looks

Lives

Likes

Loathes

"Lines"

Turner Cobb

Turner

for
food

in
Sandy's
bed

stealing
objects

being
locked
up in the
shack

gnough.

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	LIVES	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Katherine Bowring	Kathy	for Matti	to beat the blues	the Peter Rabbit	"Mike"	"Far out and solid."
Pamela Combes	Pam	shrubby	for letters finding from Mike	sailing	zucchini	"Hey shrub-stuff"
Andrea Florey	Nandy	for Lisa Pratt	to pass M.W. and skipper and archery....	to make people laugh	being caught raiding	"Wooo"
Nina Frank	Nina	for mail	in a clean room. or at least she tries	being nosy	the bottom of the lake.	"My virgin ears"
Carolyn Gelles	Carrie	like a jock	for letters and phone calls from Steve	Steve	people looking at her diary	"Uile."
Harriet F. Hubbard	Harriet	older than she really is.	to pass M.W.	being overly messy	doing her fire in 3½ minutes overtime	"That's foul"
Lisa King	Lisa	for mail	in a messy room	arts and crafts	pancakes	"Oh, you're dumb."

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Hilary Peck	Hilary	for her candy	noisily	all the millions of letters she gets	messy people	"Oh you're so bossy."
Leslie Porter	Leslie	for extra desserts	with her nose plugs in the water	tennis	the top bunk	"yut, yut"
Lisa Pratt	Lisa	for people who have adidas on	for candy line	Bolo's	when people mangle "Mike"	"That's demented"
Margaret Williams	Matti	for kathy	In "the captain's room"	The song "Fame"	sewing up her bathing suit	"Yuckadao."
Loren Winfield	Lori	nice in her bikini	with Harriet in an overly messy room	tipping with Camille	people using her sewing kit	"Scum!"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Pamela Cobb	Pam	natural	for liberation	soccer	male chauvinists	"It's a little guy."
Jean Goldsborough	Jean	funny when sleep talking	in a life preserver	Ken	laps	"Farm Out"
Lydia Griffith	Lydia	thin and tan in the cut offs she is always loaning	for the day when we finally go riding	thinking she's fat.	fattening food.	"Bake it Sarah."
Hannah Hall	Hannah	for cream cheese	for coconut	talking to objects	rawhide	"Yeah, and I like you too!"
Diana Hearst	Diana	thin	for food	Willy	being without Pam	"I hate you!"
Jennifer Sachs	Jenny	cute	for chomie	health food	days without letters from Chomie	"Chomie now."

[illegible]

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Marie Gauthier	Louise	for a tennis partner	to go out	rings	counselors coffee	"I never have sailing."
Victoria I. Hughes	Tory	for Kleenex	for nights off	after taps	messy rooms	"Will you guys please be quiet?"
Louise Y. Lessard	Canoe Crusher	for ambroid	for mail and males	having Ricky as a room mate	herself	"It's time to brush my teeth."
Allison N. Page	Allison	for boys	for 5-day trips	playing tennis and driving	waking up and bugs	"i-cky."
Celia H. Spanel	Ce	for her flute	in the walk-in	pillow fights, unfortunately	people asking her to play the flute	"Aw, c'mon you guys."
Jennifer A. Wallace	Jen	for a square dancing partner	for third shackers	no-thank-you helpings	dessert	"I only got five letters."

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Christine C. Buckley	Chris	for the day when she doesn't have to do skinnies	at the waterfront	back rubs and back walkers	noisy campers in the morning	"Oh, boll!"
Tracey A. Buckley	Tracey	for letters and phone calls from Rick	with the Dhows	peanut butter	snakes and bats in the shack	"It's 11:00 pm."
John W. Carlton	Jack	for a ride to camp	in a cabin	interesting and different clothes	tacking up <u>all</u> the horses	"But I <u>need</u> something."
Ellen Chapman	Smellin' Ellen	at her tan	on Flagstaff, it seems	having all the CITs Pass SLS	missing her phone calls	"Why did I get to do table lists?"
Marilyn Clotz	Marilyn	professional in her sweat suit	in a corner of the 7 th shack lounge + laundry	ducks	being hungry	"Yuh... we should do that."
Cassandra Cobb	Sandy	for more trips	with Turner	star gazing	missing campcraft equipment	"I really don't care."
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	for volunteers in the garden	indefatigably	the versatile vegetable	ACA standards	"That's ridiculous."

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Eric Cobb	Ricky	sheared	in fifth shack occasionally	working on the John Deere	getting stopped for his licence	"Well, it's about time you got here."
Philip Cobb	Phil	for days when he doesn't have to drive the blue truck.	at camp more this year	free time	disorganization	"Hi! How are ya?" or "That's really amazing"
Erica Doughty	Erica	like she's from Winthrop	embroidering things for people	buttah - scotch whirl	11:00 p.m.	"In Winthrop, we have three flavors..."
Virginia Gexer	Ginny	as if she needed another patch on her cut offs	with the CITs, alias the SCREECHERS	to fly	broken axe handles	'C'mon guys - Rise and Shine"
Paul L. Hanna	L.P.	like a Mainer	In his Jeep	to get in before Johnny's done with breakfast	sunburn	"Isn't that somethin'?"
Nina Holsing	Nina	like she'll be a good mother someday	for her parents arrival	Randy	lost scissors	"Oh yay!"
Marian Johnson	Johnny	good good in a crusher	enough for five or six people	Emma and the gang	having to go to the hospital when the work's starting.	

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Valerie Kind	Val	at Hanging Harvey	to see the sun on Wednesday	her mutha	Turner	"Life is heck; heck is just another word for life
Helen Larsh	Helen Larsh W.N.	forward to morning checkup	to start a sailing race with her nose	to chew gum	days with no sun	Expletive Deleted
Barbara Mellinger	Barb	for good times	at the stables	getting her rest	getting up at six	"Lori, welcome Back!"
Susanne Propst	Small Sue	for something to taste	for brown ice cream	ho-jos	wearing glasses	"Okay man."
Deborah Roethler	Deb	guilty	for a day without tasters	Holly Ann	pots and pans	"Big, Huge"
Lori Rutherford	Big Red	like a giraffe	on any island	to sleep instead of run	talkative roomates	I have to pack out because....
Holly Rutherford	Holly	like an airplane?	under beds	Bubble Yum	fever blisters	Come on, get dressed for flag raising.

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Susan Schulte	Tall Sue	like an agua bunny	for home	perfection	not getting mail	"That'll be easy."
Roberta Tabell	Boop	like a blueberry pancake	for her Tab	to run the motor boats	her roommate in the morning	"I'm so excited."
Margaret Tabell	Meg	for the Maine Woodsman at hobby hour	with her bangs in her eyes	her new moccasins	games people play	"How's life, fife?"
Kate Wilkenson	Kate	thinner this year	for neatness	ginger snaps	missing materials from the craft shop	BACK OFF!

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Diane S. Erler	Watermelon Tum	different this year	to go to bed on time	her Oval time	people asking her how many squares of the quilt she's finished	"Will somebody rub my back?"
John P. Erler	Black Jack	for a buyer of the blue snake	for long weekends	to think he's a good backgammon player	broken sailboats	"Don't touch me, you make me feel cheap."
Mark W. Erler	Mark	very tan	on the beach	to have Adam here	meal times	"Where's Erica?"
Todd H. Erler	Todd	for Mark	for moose moss and moose muffins	playing at the beach	the "itchies"	"I'm too tired."

Third Shack Anagrams

Katherine Berman

Kraves Boys

Kimberly A. Cornell

Kauses A Commotion

Ethelyn King

Every Night Complains

Karen L. Nicoll

Kampcraft Loves Nicely

Monica Puerto

More Packages!!!

Paula Lynn Sendele

Plays Lots (with) Sister

Julie C. Weil

Joyfully Cheers (for) Whites

Sharon L. West

Slowly Leaves Waterfront

Fourth Shack Anagrams

Debra S. August

Dreadful Sounds Anticipated

Galen R. Cobb

Goes Riding Constantly

Tracey A. Cornell

Tiny and Cute

Alejandra de la Garza

Always Does Loud Gabbing

Florence M. Ferre

Found (with) Mark Frequently

Susan W. Larned

Swift Writing Letters

Simonne S. Laylin

Sure Sails Lovely

Alexandra Puerto

Able (to) Parley

Amy J. Rosenberg

Always (the) Juniors Runs

Joanne L. Rowell

Just Loves Reading

Barbara N. Trager

Blues Notoriously Teaches

Eve E. Wollman

Ever Enthusiastic Whiner

Fifth Shack Anagrams

Bethany A. Berry

Babbles At Brebner

Concha M. de la Garza

Carries Many Delicacies, Like Gum

Diana E. DeVoe

Dives Extremely Dandily

Brenda L. Harrington

Boys Like Her

Leigh H. Higgins

Loves Happy Horses

Alyson L. Hui

Alyson (is) Likeable (and) Happy

Susan L. Peckar

She Likes Ponies

Margaret W. Richards

Merrily Will Raid

Linda J. Rosenberg

Loves Joyous Readers

Karen L. Sendele

Kind Loveable Sweet

Edith E. Villareal

Entirely Encourages Victory

Sarah E. Ullman

She Eagerly Understands

Camille V. Webber

Carries Vicious Weapons

Sixth Shack Anagrams

Alice K. Brebner	Always Keeps Bounding
Elizabeth B. Dunn	Every Being Dandy
Jennifer L. Gay	Just Loves Grunting
Maura J. Murphy	Many Jokes Makes
Kirsten E. Platt	Kind Exceptional Person
Katherine F. Savadove	Keeps Footsy Smoking
Jane A. Sherman	Jibes A Sailboat
Emily Spanel	Eats Slow?
Elizabeth L. Stewardson	Eagerly (does) Laps (and) Skinnies
Sarah E. Tabell	Surely Enjoys Turner
Katherine A. Van Rennselaer	Kicks And Vigorously Rides
Susan P. Vaughn	Skinnies Please (her) Very (much)
Carrie M. Weinschreider	Cooks Meals Wonderfully
Elizabeth O. West	Excitement On Wildfire
Turner Cobb	Terrific Chewer

Seventh Shack Anagrams

Katherin N. Bowring	Kreates (numerous!) Noisy Bedtimes
Pamela W. Combes	Pancakes Will Content
Andrea L. Florey	Antics Loves Featuring
Nina Frank	Notoriously Funny
Carolyn C. Gelles	Candy (she) Contributes Generously
Harriet F. Hubbard	Happily Flips High
Lisa M. King	Likes Making Krafts
Hilary S. Peck	Hates Sloppy People
Leslie B. Porter	Likes Boyfriends Particularly
Lisa F. Pratt	Lets Fumes Pour
Margaret M. Williams	Miraculously Maneuvers Wonders
Loren M. Winfield	Lacks Moronic Wit

C.I.T. Anagrams

Pamela N. Cobb

Pretty Nutty CIT

Jean G. Goldsborough

JMG Go Getter

Lydia J. Griffith

Loathes Jelliebellies Greatly

Hannah G. Hall

Hates Getting Heavy

Diana E. Hearst

Does Eat Heavily

Jennifer S. Sachs

Just (a) Silly Singer

Margaret C. Stainton

Makes Camping Super

Sarah T. Wilkinson

Swims (laps) Too Willingly

Aide Anagrams

Marie R. Gauthier

Marvelous Ravishing Girl

Victoria I. Hughes

Very Interesting Humor

Louise Y. Lessard

Loves Young Lancelots

Alison N. Page

Always Negotiates (dirty) Pool

Celia H. Spanel

Constantly Helping Somebody

Jennifer A. Wallace

Jumps Away Weight

Staff Anagrams

Christine C. Buckley	Can Courageously Bellow
Tracey A. Buckley	Terribly Afraid (of) Bats
John W. Carlton	Jives (in) Wild Clothes
Ellen Chapman	Enthusiastic Campcrafter
Marilyn J. Clotz	Marilyn's Just Cute
Cassandra D. Cobb	Carefully Demonstrates Campcraft
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Erring Noisemakers Chases
Eric W. Cobb	Eager Willing Caretaker
Philip J. Cobb	Pretty Jovial Chauffeur
Erica J. Doughty	Embroiders Jeans Dandily
Virginia E. Geyer	Very Eager Guide
Nina M. Holsing	Never Misses Helping
Marian R. Johnson	Mighty Rare Jewel
Valerie K. Kind	Victorious King (of) Kampcraft
Helen L. Larsh	Has (a) Lousy Lip
Barbara B. Mellinger	Best Buddies (with) Marie
Susanne C. Propst	Samples Cooking Persistently
Deborah A. Roethler	Daringly Approaches Reality
Lori J. Rutherford	Loves Jogging-- Really?
Holly A. Rutherford	Happy and Rowdy
Susan M. Schulte	Sure Misses Sioux Falls
Margaret E. Tabell	Merrily Excites Trippers
Roberta J. Tabell	Rejoicingly Jack (she'll) Trounce
Kate C. Wilkinson	Keeps Crafts Working
Diane S. Erler	Doughboy Stomach Evident
John P. Erler	Just Plain Easy
Mark W. Erler	Mighty Wee Eater
Todd H. Erler	Todd Has Energy



Through the Camera's Eye

THIRD SHACK LIMERICKS

Lynn King

Our Down-Mainer came Lynn King
Throughout the day she would sing
A smile she wore
Easy to adore
She never heard the bell ring.



Kim Cornell

Our tomboy was Kim Cornell
When around you sure could tell
With her railroad hat
She sure liked the bat
Never ready by the third bell.

Karen Nicoll

Letters Karen wrote a lot
Many books she surely brought
Always in blue shoes
To her team she's true
At night she went to the pot.



Sharon West

Our Sharon surely did talk
She spent lots of time by the dock
Her front tooth fell out
She's always about
Silly things she liked to mock.

Katherine Berman

To Runoia Kathy came to find snakes
At every chance campcraft she would take
An accent she had
Kathy never was bad
She spent a lot of time in the lake.



Monica Puerto

Our Monica sure was neat
Her candy was third shack's treat
A word was not said
A pro changing beds
She left with some extra meat.

Julie Weil

This year returned Julie Weil
She always wore a big smile
Swimming like a fish
Campcraft was her wish
Her clothes often found in a pile.



Paula Sendele

Arriving with curly hair
A bathrobe Paula would wear
With Karen she'd be
Big brown eyes to see
A clean room was surely rare.

FOURTH SHACK LIMERICKS

Sue Laylin

Susan came to us a little late
But that doesn't matter, we were glad to wait,
She's quite a girl
Gave sailing a whirl
Then B.C. Tennis became her fate.



Flo. Ferre

Florence came to us from Miami
Florida; together good times had we
Quite a fisher
Man, we'll miss her
As captain of Blues, made good friends with Matti.

Barb Trager

This year we have two Barbs in four
The both of them we do adore
The smaller one's hair's brown
We never catch her with a frown
From little Barb we couldn't ask for more.



Debra August

Tennis is this gal's B.C.
Debbie loves to play it happily
Always a smile
Loved Crooked Isle
Sometimes whiny she can be.

Galen Cobb

On a horse she proved herself well
In archery she's William Tell
A skinny one
Loaded with fun
Always found out under the sun.



Muffy Larned

At a track meet she was fast on her feet,
Her laughter and smiles quite a treat,
Plays tennis at night
Gives opponents a fight
We think Muffy's tremendously neat.

Alexandra Puerto

Cha-Cha's home's in Colombia
With her smiles and laughter she did come
Her English is good
Always did what she could
With Monica the Spanish did hum.



Tracey Cornell

Jules is the name of her Teddy Bear
She gives him lots of loving care
Has two favorite fingers
Our thoughts will linger
Of her smiles and long blonde hair.

Amy Rosenberg

This gal doubled her B.C.
Taking campcraft and archery
Monkey's named Homer
Not much of a loner
Captain of the Whites is our Amy.



Jody Rowell

Camp is Jody's second home
To Waterville she does roam
With her sisters she came
Archery's her game
We think this girl is really grand.

Eve Wollman

Eve came to camp with Curly brown locks
To avoid her jobs she talks and talks
B.C.ed in tennis
Loves being a menace
Kinda slow even when she walks.



Alejandra de la Garca

In fifth shack she is found
Unless her sister's not around
She enjoys what she eats
Her stories quite a treat
Always wears socks and shoes on her feet.

FIFTH SHACK LIMERICKS



Karen Sendele

From Connecticut Karen did come
And finally found out camp was fun
She really likes riding
With her sister she's hiding
And taking her jacket off just isn't done.

Alyson Harrington

When Alyson fell from the horse
Her arm took a turn for the worse
Many poems she will write
Reads books day and night
Sailing's a thing she'll endorse.

Brenda Harrington

Brenda came near a lost head
When four men wandered past her own bed
She recovered quite quickly
But her toe was real sickly
Swimming lessons she truly does dread.

Susie Peckar

At gymnastics Susie's a dream
If only her room would stay clean
She gets so much food
From her friends we must brood
And hope we don't burst through our seams.



Camille Webber

"That's prissy" Cammeallie will shout
Most things are pathetic no doubt.
In a sailboat she'll tip,
Over the Rookies she'll flip,
And she's mostly in trouble, not out.

Sarah Ullman

Sarah came this year from Maine,
Some friends and some skills for to gain.
To Edith she'll cling
On trips she'll sing
Candy is surely no pain.



Diana DeVoe

"Pinball Wizard" is Diana's main song
She'll never miss singing along
Her heart's all a flutter
Over Princeton's Jock Hutter
At Runoia we hope she'll stay long.

Bethany Berry

Bethany wants to be skinny
Even though she's already thinny
"Dig it man" she will cry
With her hair flying by
To be Cher must be her destiny.



Meg Richards

Meg seems to like seventh shack's floor
And raiding absolutely adores
"Don't you dare kiss me"
She cried out painfully
More food she'll certainly ask for.

Edith Villareal

Edith is a cutie from Monterey
She is cheerful the night and the day
Her socks she does miss
Better English her wish
At Runoia we hope she will stay.



Holly Higgins

Holly's a whiz when she sails
She can beat, do a reach, even bail.
Grownups her peeve
Many tricks up her sleeve
On Flagstaff her tent it did fail.

Concha de la Garza

"Get in your platano" we said
Thinking "platano" truly meant bed
But banana's what it meant
Into hysterics we were sent
Concha's English has moved way ahead.



Linda Rosenberg

Our Linda came back from Flagstaff
And forgot to give clothing a bath
Oh what a smell --
Pretty colors as well
Moldy Rosenberg makes all of us laugh.

SIXTH SHACK LIMERICKS

an Vaughn
rt hair Susie did adorn
skinnies she'd go each morn
h Liza along
ays singing a song
Sue we'll never be worn.



Liza Stewardson
There once was a new camper named Liza
With her tricks she tried to surprise us
A smile she'll adorn
To skinnies each morn
We love her and she's surely no fuss.



Elizabeth Dunn

In a boat came Liz from Palm Grove
 Since then has been occupied in our cove
 For the raids she will crave
 And at riding she'll slave
 In campcraft she surely has strove.

Jennifer Gay

Jennifer came to camp quite early
 Jib saily or main she will furly
 Raisions are her fruit
 Hiflery she'll shoot
 n dreams the sailboats were pearly.

Kathy Savadove

Kathy came back to shack six
 Often finding herself in a fix
 At swimming she's great
 And softball first rate
 And with Pine Island would like to mix.

Shippy Sherman

'Is his name Scott?" we all said
On her birthday we sure did get fed
Campcraft's her bag
For her camp life was never a drag
and often has trouble finding her bed.



Kirsten Platt

I want a bikini she cries
At softball she sure tries
On trips often found
And to tennis is bound
Left early with many goodbyes.

Alice Brebner

Under a red crusher Alice was found
And on many trips she surely was bound
Her guitar she can play
Participates in soccer each day
A member of S.O.S. she was crowned.



Maura Murphy

To Runoia Maura returned once again
And swimming lessons each day did attend
She passed every test
At archery she's best
We hope Maura will continue to be our great friend.

Carrie Weinschreider

Carrie was our blue team catcher this year
And a night on the range certainly did cause some fear
In sports she's a whiz
And did room with Liz
On Tumbledown did not bring up the rear.



Emily Spanel

For her major campcraft was first place
And for candy line surely will race
She's ready to learn
And for bubble gum years
Doing chores she's certainly a case.

Elizabeth West

z came to camp without her older sis
nd riding she would be upset to miss
the triple she was found
nd for the click was bound
ch night she dreaded the kiss from Chris.

Sarah Tabell

To six shack Sarah finally arrived
And at night is no doubt alive
To Chesuncook she went
With lots of food and a tent
And on backgammon will always thrive.



Catherine Van Rensselaer

lth a smile our Posie dropped in
great helper she's constantly been
a trip she will go
the garden will hoe
d flee to the courts with a grin

Turner Cobb

Always getting sick on trips
Turner is learning to dip
Quite restless at night
With Cocoa does fight
Stealing food as quick as a whip.

SEVENTH SHACK LIMERICKS



Lisa King

Lisa King has come to us
Not on a train, or even a bus
A Maniac is she
In tennis B.C's
Over Lisa we've made a big fuss.



Carrie Gelles

Carrie waits and waits by the phone
To talk to a young man from home
In the window she saw
A man and was awed
Couldn't live without maxi-combs.

Kathy Bowring

Kathy's captain of the senior whites
Still with Matti she never fights
"Far out and solid" she yells
And stories she tells
She's uptight, out of sight, and dynamite!



Matti Williams

In seventh shack Matti resides
In her the blue team confides
To win competition
Is her ambition
And each summer brings new ties.

Nina Frank

From Philly came our Nina Frank
Her fourth year with many new pranks,
When dirt is around
There's always a frown
For her weight, her mother will spank.

Pam Combes

Years ago her sister was here
And Pam, to us, is a dear
A top notch sailor
And a blue team hailer
For Pam we wish a good year.



Nandy Florey

Nandy's our actress, it's true
A salesman or witch she'll pull through
As woodswoman she's great
Her room needs a rake
To BMC, Inc., she will bid adieu.

Lisa Pratt

Our Lisa does wear a hat
Now what do you all think of that?
A Maine Woodsman she
In the night she does see
"Gotcha-o.k." That's our Pratt.

Lori Winfield

In seven Lori quietly dwells
Of capsizing often will tell
Whether reading a book
Or off in a nook
We sure think that Lori is swell.

Hilary Peck

A young girl named Hilary Peck
Is often told, "Life's really heck"
How, what, where, and why
Hilary will cry
Of sloppiness we'd never suspect.



Leslie Porter

To Flagstaff Leslie did go
At tennis she sure is a pro
Funny goggles has she
To Iowa she'll flee
To bed she often is slow.

Harriet Hubbard

To campcraft Harriet flies
"I'll pass Maine Woodsman or die"
She tipped in a sailboat
But her canoes sure float
"I'm getting so fat," she will cry.

C.I.T. LIMERICKS

Jean Goldsborough

Jean is our talker while asleep on her bed
When awakedned in the morning her bed is a shred
She passed JMG
And lifesaving with ease
Over her, we've all got big heads.



Hannah Hall

To CIT cabin Hannah flew
With a cage and rabbit too
A nurse she did play
If for only a day
Hannah's laugh certainly adds to our crew.

Lydia Griffith

In with her rabbit Lydia flew,
To make our rabbit population number two
With everything to be done
We hope you've had some fun
May you join us as permanent crew.



Maggie Stainton

From Maggie's mouth will always come "Why?"
To be greeted by only Ginny's sigh,
Pa's axe she did bring
'Twould cut anything
And Grandma said "To Dublin we'll fly"

Diana Hearst

Upon us Diana's descended
With a voice that almost offended
In white water she's great
Though she'd often tempt fate
Her eating, it should be commended.



Jenny Sachs

A path from the table to the phone
To Jenny is very well known
To Chomie she writes
Each day and some nights
Without "Old Mill Stream" we'd bemoan.

Sarah Wilkinson

From the shores of Maine Sarah came
To work her best for Runcia fame
All was new
But through it she flew
We hope aide year is more of the same.



Pam Cobb

Though boys she declares that she hated
With many in P-town she rated
Our whistler in the rear
We never did hear
Pam's achievements should be celebrated.

AIDE LIMERICKS

Louise Lessard

Louise this year returned to find no boys
And she considers her guitar quite a toy,
Do I have rifting or sailing?
Letters to Andre she's constantly mailing
And sure had a trip down the St. Croix.

Tory Hughes

As a roommate Tory sure is nifty
In the kitchen her eyes will get shifty
All day jokes will flow
Waterski's like a pro
Her antics keep our spirits quite lifty.

Jennifer Wallace

Jennifer is so tall and fair
What she eats makes everyone stare
Square dancing's her game
Takes dares without shame
Of herself she will always share.



Alison Page

From England our Alison does come
And at tennis she sure isn't dumb
Morning bells she does hate
But boys loves to date
We'll really miss her when summer's done.

Celia Spanel

When ten P.M. rolls around

In the counselor's refrigerator she'll be found

She plays the flute

With grace to boot

Her giddiness does us astound.



Marie Gauthier

To camp Marie came late this year

In the sun you often will see her

Tennis is her thing

She can dance and sing

Third shack finds her quite dear.

STAFF LIMERICKS

Betty Cobb

Betty loves chasing men out of camp
ACA standards leave her spirits quite damp
Her garden she'll cherish
Down to the last radish
On gum she does not like to tramp.



Phil Cobb

Phil spent all his vacation here
Taking pictures and spreading good cheer
Much swimming he tried
In the blue truck he'd fly
To us and Runoia he's dear.

Jack Carlton

He came to teach all some riding
And no one now from a horse is hiding
Wildfire is his flame
Trail rides his game
About horses Jack's someone to confide in.



Helen Larsh

Our Helen's a nurse hard to beat
Her nose she'll whistle for a treat
She lives for the sun
And chomps on her gum
Her infirmary she keeps quite neat.

Ricky Cobb

Before the bell rings he does come
From West Road he brings the sun
For birds he does look
Wild mushrooms will cook
The stars he will watch when work's done.



LP Hanna

L.P. came back from the shore
With arms and legs mighty sore
Always carries the mail
Seen lugging a pail
Piling hay he does not adore.



Erica Doughty

What patience this babysitter's got
She goes fishing and night crawling alot,
Butterscotch Whirl's a treat
Her cousin can't be beat
And now she's more tan than not.

Ginny Geyer

If ever she loses her way
(Though this works better by day)
Her compass she reads
And follows its leads
Ginny gets there, come whatever may.



Marian Johnson

Prim and Proper Johnny is not
Her dreams and her snoring won't stop
She is early to rise
To skinnies she flies
Her visit to Emma's won't be topped.

Tracey Buckley

Tracey's a sailor this year
And of bats she has a great fear
A letter every day
Won't keep Ricky away
Always keeps third shack in gear.



Holly Rutherford

A new third shack counselor this year
In the dark alone she has fears
Getting no letters
Handling bed wetters
Archery and arts and crafts I hear.

Barb Mellinger

Barb is our new horse rider
At the stables you'll always find her
Tried to canoe
And loved it, too
What a gal, hard not to like her.



Lori Rutherford

She's up at six with the sun
Like an antelope she will run
On a road that never ends
Her knees stretch and bend
Knowing skinnies await when she's done.

Sandy Cobb

With Turner she's often found
To canoeing hates to be bound
Her summer goal is to pass
All MWS in her class
And she's found often making that whistle sound.



Kate Wilkinson

Always finding Kate in bed
Early, her CPR was read
Good friends with our nurse
Putt-putt was her first
"Who has dishes?" is always said!

Chris Buckley

She left happily on Flagstaff this year
And for Tumbledown had no fear
But her true home's the beach
And sailing oft will teach
There's always a place for Chris here.

Deb Roethler

Deb made terrific brown bread
But she didn't let that go to her head
She just smiled with delight
And sighed with great might
And popped all her buttons instead.

Nina Holsing

A young girl who came from the farm
Had a smile that was brilliantly warm
Her name it was Nina
You should have seen her
She'd win you with all of her charm.



Sue Propst

There's a girl from SD called Sue
Who'll cook what you want her to
She measures and bastes
But best of all tastes
And says "That will have to do."

Sue Schulte

There was a young cooker named Sue
Looking up the recipe for something to do
When one she did sight
She'd exclaim with delight
"It'd be good, and so easy, too!"

Boop Tabell

Terrible Tabell is our Boopie's new name
And backgammon is surely her game
Broken boats are her dread
"I want it clean!" she has said
After taps for her Tab she will aim!



Ellen Chapman

Our Ellen has fears in the night
To have all CITs pass is her fight
A tripper is she
Ready for backgammon she'll be
Though she may lose some clothes,
she's all right!

Meg Tabell

Meg's been in camp more this year
But slipped off on Chesuncook without fear
A confessed man-hater
At fixing axes first rater
To anything brings enthusiasm and cheer.

Valerie Kind

With a carload of plants Valerie came
JMG is the name of the game
She's taught archery
Her life's in a hurry
Of Hanging Harvey, she's not ashamed.



Marilyn Clotz

It's CREAM of WHEAT weather today
For Ohio she shouts a hooray
A counselor of tennis
With Ginny a menace
We sure hope that Marilyn stays.

Diane Erler

This summer Diane's stomach did grow
Boy or girl we certainly don't know
Sunday service, silk screen,
Solo sailing's real keen
On the St. Croix her paddle did go.



Jack Erler

Jack has come to hate broken boats
And is threatening when one's not afloat,
At his bow tie and collar
And bowler we hollered
When victorious at backgammon he gloats.

Mark Erler

Mark is one of the boys in camp
When he's mad his foot he will stamp
Camping out is his thing
And he loves to swing
He writes letters to Grandma and Gramp.



Todd Erler

Todd is a gentleman at heart
You'll take to him right from the start
Sometimes he's a pill
But we all love him still
In camp he plays a big part.





Third Shack



Fourth Shack



Fifth Shack



Sixth Shack



Seventh Shack



CIT'S



Counselors



AIDES



Sisters



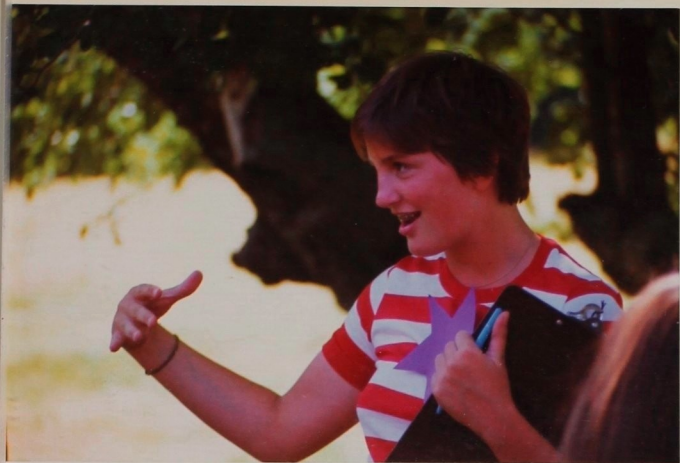
Captains



Alumnae
Daughters

FOURTH
OF
JULY













Friends ^{AND} Alumnae



Sept 1974

Cobb Family

Erler Family



Johnny & her boys



M.J., Krissy, & Johnny



children of Jan Leader Ahern



Tom and Cathy Nicholson
Betsy and Tommy

Children of Cathy Fuller

Tax deductible, too!

Patience Bowles

was born

August 11, 1974

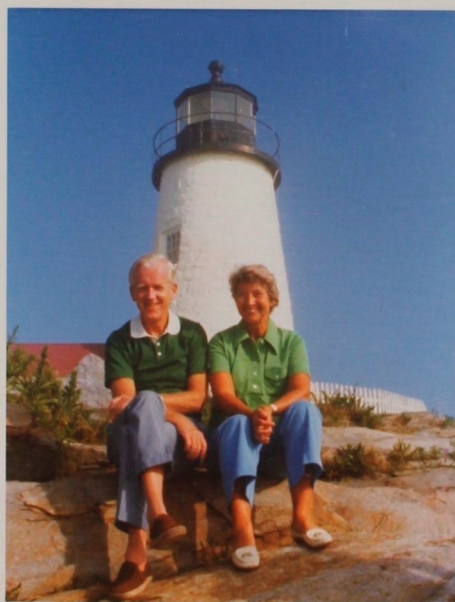
Weight 6 lbs. 15 oz.

Parents

Angie & Chuck McKeon
(Angie Stropie)



Al & Mary Gates
and Family



Whit + Ditto Hobbs



Sigrid Schutz Weinschneider



Mak Todd
Aimee Erler

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clarendon Myer

announce the marriage of their daughter

Catherine Virginia

to

Mr. Gregory Bruce Kester

on Saturday, the nineteenth of October

Nineteen hundred and seventy-four

Princeton New Jersey



Stewart

Susan

Andrew

Merry Christmas

OUR HOUSE TO YOUR HOUSE



with love -
Jeanie (Price)
and Fred
Dickson

*Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Mason Young
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Mary Elizabeth*

to

*Mr. Max Bragado - Darman
on Saturday, the twenty-first of September
Nineteen hundred and seventy-four
at eleven o'clock*

*Princeton University Chapel
Princeton, New Jersey*

JUST ARRIVED!!!

Contents - One Package - Containing

Evan Dawson Hunt

FRAGILE

Handle With Care

Date of Shipment November 7, 1974
Entire Weight 7 pounds
Consigned at Little Company of Mary Hospital
Shipping Advisor Dr. F. Heber Kimball
Shipper Allie & Bob Hunt
Forwarding Office 32622 Nantasket Dr.
Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif. 90274

Declared Value: PRICELESS



Merry Christmas

OUR HOUSE TO YOUR HOUSE



Al and Mary Gates
and Family

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Benedict Gorham

have the honour of announcing

the marriage of their daughter

Deborah Baldwin

to

Mr. Edward Pomeroy Barrows

on Saturday, the twenty-fourth of August

Nineteen hundred and seventy-four

Cape Elizabeth, Maine

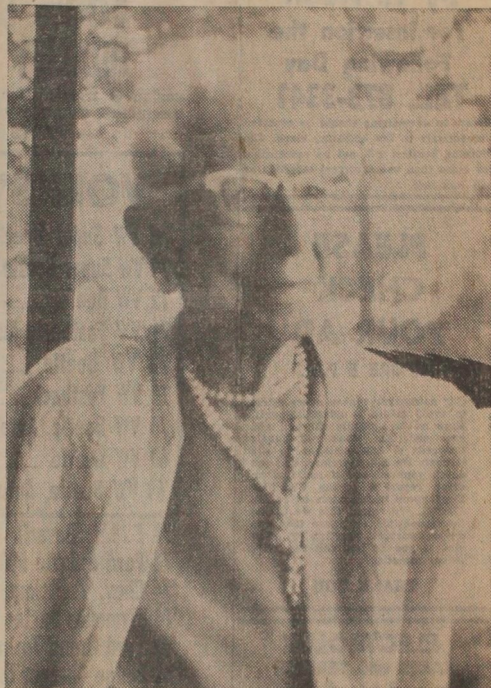
Gold Cane Given To Lucy Weiser

Miss Lucy H. Weiser was presented with the Boston Post Gold-Headed Cane Wednesday by Belgrade selectman.

She was born in York, Pa., June 22, 1875. She will be 100 years old in June. Miss Weiser continues to live in the 200-year-old Wentworth Farm Home at Lanesend on Wentworth Point Road.

Following a teaching career at Horace Mann and Columbia University in New York, she and Miss Jessie Pond came to Maine to find a location for a girl's camp. They located a campsite on Great Pond in 1907. Although the camp was at North Belgrade for seven years. Runoia, meaning "harmony," is the oldest camp for girls still in existence in the United States.

Miss Weiser has had the pleasure of seeing the second and third generations of girls come to enjoy Runoia. Several of the first-year campers are still in touch with her.



Lucy H. Weiser

March, 1975

Jersey Nuptials for Jane Boynton

Jane Aylesworth Boynton and David Eugene Schoonover were married yesterday at noon in the Princeton University Chapel by Canon John Morrow of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Gladstone, N. J.

The bride, a descendant of Charles Carroll, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Aylesworth Boynton of Pottersville, N.J. Her father is a lawyer in Far Hills, N. J.

Mr. Schoonover is a son of Mrs. O. E. Schoonover of Abilene, Tex., and the late Mr. Schoonover.

Mrs. Schoonover was attended by Mrs. Perrin Galbath Cothran, a sister, as matron of honor and by Eliza-

beth Carroll Boynton, another sister, as maid of honor. Gregory Staley was best man.

The bride is with the Historical Studies Library of the Institute of Advanced Studies in Princeton, N.J. She was graduated from the Foxholow School in Lenox, Mass., and Sullins College and attended Pennsylvania State University. Mrs. Schoonover is a granddaughter of the late Charles A. Heiss, who was controller of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Mr. Schoonover was graduated from the University of Texas and received a Master of Arts degree from the University of Michigan and another from Princeton University, where he is a candidate for a doctorate.

*Mr. and Mrs. Clifford T. Yates
join*

*Mrs. Thomas M. Creighton, Jr.
in announcing the marriage of
B. Susan and Richard T.*

Sunday, the third of August

One thousand nine hundred and seventy-five

Vesper Hill Chapel

Rockport, Maine

Lucy Weiser Fetes 100th Birthday

Miss Lucy H. Weiser, of Lane's End, Belgrade Lakes Village, celebrated her 100th birthday last week. Born in York, Pa., on June 22, 1875, Miss Weiser is the oldest resident of Belgrade and the current holder of the Boston Post cane. Miss Weiser graduated from Columbia University in New York City in 1895, and for the next 42 years taught manual arts at the Horace Mann School and Teachers College of Columbia.

In the summer of 1907, Miss Weiser and a fellow teacher from New York City, Miss Jessie Pond, founded Camp Runoia, one of the earliest girls camps still in existence. The camp buildings were moved from North Belgrade across the ice of Great Pond to the present location in Belgrade Lakes during the winter of 1915, and Miss Weiser continued to operate Camp Runoia until 1960, when she sold the property to Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cobb, who are now presiding in the camps 69th season. Running the camp has given Miss Weiser great satisfaction over the years, and she still lives in the camp compound during the summer months, moving into Belgrade Lakes Village during the winter.

A lucid centenarian, Miss Weiser enjoys a vivid memory, and she recalls that the trip from New York to Belgrade used to take five days in a Model T Ford. Miss Weiser has seen many changes in the last century and she views the ability to adapt to these changes as the single most important lesson to be learned in life. As she expressed it, "A hundred years is a long time, but I've enjoyed every one of them."

Miss Weiser has received birthday congratulations from President Ford, former



100th Birthday Observed

Miss Lucy H. Weiser of Belgrade Lakes Village celebrated her 100th birthday last week. The centenarian is a former teacher and founded Camp Runoia in Belgrade Lakes in 1907. (Sentinel Photo by Stephen Collins)

President Richard Nixon, Sen. Longley, and the president of Edmund Muskie, Gov. James B. Columbia University.

Bear Spring Camps, Thursday June
12th 1975



As The Rains Came...

Gusty winds and waves damaged some lakefront areas as rain lashed Central Maine throughout the day Friday. This section of

shoreline is on Great Pond in Rome. (Sentinel Photo by Lynn Mosher)



‘The Campers Are Coming!’

That's what Bernard Gauthier is thinking as he moves trunks and suitcases along the sidewalk in front of the Greyhound Bus terminal in Waterville Wednesday afternoon. Boys and girls from many surrounding states

will soon be arriving in Central Maine for a summer at camps of this area, Gauthier is the Greyhound station agent here. (Sentinel Photo by Dick Maxwell)

Deborah B. Hinckley Is Fiancee Of David Theodore Berghorst

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fred-
eric Hinckley of Riverside,
Conn., have made known the
engagement of their daugh-
ter, Deborah Burnham Hinck-
ley, to David Theodore Bergh-
orst of New York, son of
Mr. and Mrs. George Oren
Berghorst of Cadillac, Mich.
A wedding in the fall is
planned.

Miss Hinckley, who was
presented in 1966 at the Jun-
ior League Ball in Green-
wich, Conn., and the Bach-
elors Cotillion in Baltimore,
was a member of the Junior
Assembly in New York.

She graduated from Green-
wich Academy and in 1970
from Smith College. Miss
Hinckley is a student at Pace
University, where she is
studying for a master's de-
gree in business.

Her father retired as a vice
president, treasurer and sec-
retary and a director of
Doulton & Co., Inc., china
manufacturer in Carlstadt,
N. J.

Miss Hinckley is a grand-
daughter of the late Mr. and
Mrs. Beverley Burnham of
Montclair, N. J., and the late
Mr. and Mrs. Allen Carter
Hinckley of New York. Her
maternal grandfather was a
stockbroker, and Mr. Hinck-
ley was a bass baritone who
sang principal roles at the
Metropolitan Opera. Her
great-grandfather, Charles L.
Burnham, was secretary-
treasurer of the New York
Stock Exchange.

Mr. Berghorst, an assistant



Freudy

Deborah B. Hinckley

vice president in the nation-
al banking group of the First
National City Bank of New
York, received a B.B.A. de-
gree from the University of
Michigan and an M.B.A. de-
gree from Northwestern Uni-
versity Graduate School of
Management in 1971.

His father retired as a me-
chanical engineer with Mercy
Hospital in Cadillac.

September 14, 1975

SOCIETY

Hinckley-Berghorst Bridal Sunday In Christ Church

Deborah Burnham Hinckley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Frederic Hinckley of Riverside, was married Sunday afternoon to David Theodore Berghorst. Mr. Berghorst is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Oren Berghorst of Cadillac, Mich.

The Rev. Bradford Hastings united the couple in marriage at Christ Church. A reception followed at the Riverside Yacht Club.

Mrs. Berghorst, give in marriage by her father, had as her attendants, Mrs. Bruce L. Benson, sister of the bridegroom, as matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Elizabeth H. Paull and Ellen T. Goodwin.

James Oren Berghorst was his brother's best man and ushers were Allen Carter Hinckley, brother of the bride; Richard F. Karger, Neal G. Boynton, John S. Montgomery and Stephen P. Kendall.

Martha, Jodi and John Berghorst, nieces and nephew of the bridegroom, were flower girls and ring bearer.

The bride, a graduate of the Greenwich Academy and Smith College is currently studying at Pace University in a graduate program for a masters degree in business sponsored by The Mellon Foundation. Her father now retired, was vice president and director of Doulton and Co., Inc.

Grandparents of the bride are the late Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Burnham of Montclair, N.J., and the late Mr. and Mrs. Allen Carter Hinckley of New York City.

Mr. Berghorst, an assistant vice president in the National Banking Group of the First National Bank of New York, graduated from the University of Michigan and received an MBA degree



MRS. DAVID BERGHORST
—Bradford Bachrach

from Northwestern University Graduate School of Management. His father, who is retired, was with Mercy Hospital in Cadillac, Mich.

He is a grandson of Mrs. John Berghorst and the late Mr. Berghorst of Cadillac and the late Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thiebaut of Manton, Mich.

After a wedding trip the couple will reside in New York City.



Dearborn Studio
GAYLE D. GILMAN

Smaha-Gilman

SOUTH PORTLAND — Mr. and Mrs. E. Jeffrey Gilman of the Cape Shore announce the engagement of their daughter, Gayle Drummond Gilman, to Peter H. Smaha, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald G. Smaha of Kenwood St.

After graduation from the Waynflete School, Portland, Gayle Gilman spent a year at the Institute for European Affairs in Lugano Switzerland. She received her B.A. degree from Wheaton College in Norton, Mass.

Peter Smaha, a graduate of Portland High School, has completed two years at Middlebury (Vt.) College and is working for his B.S. degree in art education.

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.

FILMS OF MAINE

not just talking, but doing

Many people talk about making films in Maine, but few ever do.

One of those who did was Bruce Williams of Belgrade who came down to the *Maine Times* office the other day with his half-hour documentary about woodcarver David J. Holmes.

A good portion of the *Maine Times* staff sat on the floor of Tom Jones' studio and watched the color, sound film projected on the white wall. If that audience response was any indication, the film should be well received.

The film will probably be shown on Maine television and hopefully it will be available to Maine schools. It has been invited to the prestigious Flaherty documentary film festival — named after Robert Flaherty, best known for *Nanook of the North* but extremely influential for other documentary films.

The big question now is whether Williams can recoup the \$9000 he has put into the film and get enough money to do another in Maine.

The film itself is a portrait of Holmes, who came to Plymouth, Maine, after a battle with his suburban Connecticut planning board over what kind of shingles he could put on an addition to his house. Holmes now lives on a farm with plenty of space around it and no one to tell him what to do.

Holmes' comment on why he came to Maine is interesting. He speaks of having to like loneliness and having to know what you want to do to appreciate rural Maine. This is good advice to many of the young people who come to Maine to find themselves but who instead get the feeling "no one cares" because everyone leaves them alone.

The plot of the film is the actual carving of a sign, and it is not until near the end that you realize Holmes has spent three to four months carving the sign for Old Port Tavern in Portland.

(I told the manager at the Tavern that I had seen the film. He said he hadn't but the sign had certainly been expensive enough. I replied that once he saw the film, he would know why it had been so expensive.)

Holmes not only carves the signs with consummate skill, he also forges his own tools, since that is the best way to get the quality he wants.

The film is interesting on several levels: as the mystery of the emerging sign; as the recounting of an artist's philosophy; and as a look at the practical side of a disappearing art.

Although the film would be well-suited for use in Maine schools, it may not fit the mold. Basically, school films break down into two categories — training films and motivational films. This could be a motivational film if you want to convince someone it is important to excel and to set very high standards for oneself. I hope the school officials don't reject it

on the grounds that they aren't interested in motivating people to be woodcarvers.

Williams started making film in 1967 and studied at Wesleyan and UCLA. He worked for a film company in Toronto, and while driving a taxi to eat, he worked as a grip and a gaffer on TV commercials in New York.

Then he built a house in Belgrade Lakes, and last August started his film on David Holmes. Williams finished editing it in March and then started to look into distributing the film himself.

It will be used on Maine television but there isn't enough money there to pay for it. The way you make money on a documentary is to sell prints (copies) to school systems and distributors. Each print brings in about three times the cost of actually making the copy. Williams figures he will have to sell 36 prints just to break even. He would also get a royalty each time the print is rented.

Nationally, a sale of 100 prints for a good film is decent, but you have to be able to market it effectively. If you go to a professional distributor to market it, you get less and therefore have to sell more to break even. If he's lucky, Williams may get his money back in three or four years and may make a profit.

That's why lots of people talk about making documentary films but not too many people actually complete them.

Williams will go off to Peru in July to work on two documentaries whose primary market will be the European 16mm movie houses. That's a separate market in itself.

But Williams plans to keep his base in Maine, and as soon as he can round up the funds, do another film here.

In the meantime, because he is one of the few people around with his own sophisticated camera and sound equipment, he is getting some ad agency work which helps pay the food bill.

Anyone wishing more information about the film should contact Bruce Williams, Box 201, Belgrade Lakes, 04918.

(PWC)



War Canoe Race

Summer 1975

