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Dedication

Runoia has now been in existence for seventy full summers. We marvel as we flip through pages of past history at the differences in camp's physical features and at the variety of the campers pastimes, activities and clothing. Change is an inevitable factor in the shaping of Runoia's past, present and future.

Perhaps not all changes have been good. The camp has grown and flourished yet, at the same time, the lake and surrounding area has been dotted with many new houses from which new people and new disturbances have arisen. At the same time, some traditions of the camp have been lost with time; a favorite evening program or game was discontinued, some new idea replaced an old favorite. All changes come within camp's structure and we have little power to fend them off.

But then, what of the good and advancing change? Expansion of programs to introduce challenge, introduction of new activities within camp's sphere, a successful new evening program or idea, all have been large factors in camp's great success.

Most important of all, however, are those roots that do not change from year to year or even from decade to decade. In Runoia's seventy prosperous years these few changes in structure and appearance can be lived with. For what is more important to Runoia are those things that have remained and will always remain constant.

For seventy years Runoia has thrived on the spirit, the sharing, the growing and the giving that makes the special love involved in the camp experience. Such intangibles are not games, or people, or methods of learning or a new skill. This love does not differ through the years. Sharing,

giving, growing do not alter in principle in seventy minutes, seventy years or seventy decades. The enthusiastic spirit of youth and age together is not easily conquered.

What is important is not what changes for better or for worse, but what unfaltering foundations on which each summer is built remain from year to year.

So, for seventy years in 1976 camp has lived. And in 1976 we dedicate the log to those unchanging and steadfast roots of love, sharing and giving which have made Runoia able to withstand the changes time may bring. To seventy more!

Time flies
Suns rise and shadows fall
Let time go by
Love is forever.

Old Sun Dial

Cotillion Wishes

Third Shack Muffy Larned

I wish that all the girls who come to Runoia in the years to come will find their stay here as fun, interesting and challenging as I have. I hope that they can show their love and affection for the people here who care and that they can make lasting friendships as I did.

Fourth Shack Mitra Morgan

I wish that this summer could last forever. I'd like to thank Miss Weiser for starting camp and continuing it. It's been a great summer, but since this summer can't last forever I wish for Camp Runoia to last forever.

Fifth Shack Debbie August

We, in Fifth Shack, believe that Runoia is like a big family, living together and sharing experiences both good and bad. Because of its size, camp lets you know love and care for many different kinds of people. The understanding that grows among us in the course of a summer can't be found in any other place. We wish tonight that the family-like bonds that exist here will hold fast for seventy times seventy summers.

Sixth Shack Holly Higgins

We wish that the unity, understanding, friendship and love we have gained throughout the summer days will continue through our lives. We also hope that the year to come will be prosperous for everyone and that each of you may find a goal in your life.

Seventh Shack Cynthia Thornton

We, the members of Seventh Shack, wish that Runoia will stay unchanged for another seventy years. We hope that the natural surroundings will remain the same as well. We have learned to respect the shining lake and the life that dwells within it. The tall trees waving in the fragrant breeze have become a part of us. We love Runoia and all of its ideals. Seventh Shack wishes for another seventy years of harmony.

Cits Matti Williams

Although the summer was rather damp I think we are safe in saying our Runoia spirit kept us going and going and going.... Not even rain could stifle the love and warmth felt from each individual. We leave camp in hopes that the courts will dry, the sailboats be bailed and the love and warmth in all never be rained upon!

Aides Jenny Sachs

Harmony...the special word after which Camp Runoia is named. This is an appropriate word for here at camp we practice harmony among people, friendships and voice. Harmony is the final touch in making Runoia the peaceful, enjoyable place it has been for seventy years. Therefore, we, the Aides of 1976 wish that this beautiful harmony will remain. We hope it will continue to flourish and expand within Runoia in the years to come.

Log Staff

Third Shack
Galen Cobb
Lisa Corbridge

Fourth Shack
Kim Cornell
Sharon West

Fifth Shack
Amy Rosenberg
Barbara Trager

Sixth Shack
Linda Rosenberg
Kathy Savadove

Seventh Shack
Lindsay Amthor
Sarah Tabell

Cits
Nandy Florey
Matti Williams
Suzy Waldron

Aides
Pam Cobb
Jenny Sachs

Camper Assistant
Posie Van Rensselaer

Staff
Boop Tabell
Laura Kind

Dividers
Alison Page

Photographers
Boop Tabell
Phil Cobb

Camp List 1976

Amthor, Lindsay
August, Debra
Berry, Bethany
Bowring, Kathy
Brebner, Alice
Cobb, Galen
Combes, Pam
Cooper, Betsy
Corbridge, Lisa
Cornell, Kim
Cornell, Tracy
Corson, Jennifer
Cox, Becky
Crump, Desiree
Daniels, Janet
DeTurk, Sara
DeVoe, Diana
Dugal, Anne-Marie
Famous, Pam
Ferre, Nina
Ferre, Noel
Gay, Jennifer
Goldstein, Laurie
Griffith, Susan
Halperin, Ann
Hannum, Kirke
Harrington, Brenda
Higgins, Holly
Houghton, Margaret
Hubbard, Harriet
Hufnagel, Amy
Hufnagel, Karen
King, Lynn
Knowlton, Katherine
Larned, Muffy
Laylin, Susan
Mills, Wendy
Morgan, Mitra
Murphy, Maura
Newman, Pierrette
Richards, Meg
Rosenberg, Amy
Rosenberg, Linda
Saltus, Kate
Sayedove, Kathy
Sherman, Susan

Smith, Tobin
Solot, Claire
Spanel, Edith
Spanel, Emily
Tabell, Sarah
Thornton, Cynthia
Trager, Barbara
Ullman, Sarah
Van Rensselaer, Posie
Villarreal, Edith
Waldron, Beth
Webber, Camille
West, Liz
West, Sharon

C.I.T.s

Crump, Dawn
Florey, Nandy
Frank, Nina
Trull, Cindi
Waldron, Suzy
Williams, Matti
Yee, Movien

Aides

Cobb, Pam
Griffith, Lydia
Hall, Hannah
Rutherford, Trudy
Sachs, Jenny
Stainton, Maggie
Wilkinson, Sarah

The Garden

Once upon a time, in the month of August, far in the West a Kind King sent his Newman Page out into the garden to Houghtons of Sachs with Cobb Cornells and Berry (ies). But after passing the Fischer by the lake he saw a Doe and chased her through the Florey in hopes to plenish the Tabell.

Through the Morgan they flew, past the Mills by the Logan and all the way around the Goldstein. Although he heard the Bowring, his Williams forced him on and on until he Laylin the town of Dugal. When he looked up his mind and temper in a Hufnagel because he was so far from his home he saw a very Ullman. The old man said to the page, "Well Solot, or hello, or my gracious where are you from little Trull and do you speak English or, no, maybe you speak.... Oh, if you don't speak English I'm sure I could Larned you.... Oh, I am confused but welcome to Villarreal, or was that Van Rensselaer? Oh, Higgins, I know it started with a "v" or maybe a "u"?"

Yes, of Cors(on) he was very confused and when he spoke he spoke as if the page couldn't hear him, very Lowden. The page was just as confused as he was and the page didn't know where the Halperin he was! By this time he had passed even the Mayer's house in DeTurk. To be extremely Frank, he was

very lost and the only thing he could see for Wigdahls and Wigdahls were Corbridges and other types of bridges leading to foreign towns. Also, the little old man and that was it! Savadove! Sherman, he was lost Webber or not he knew it.

The old man Knowlton something was wrong and his Stemper grew short so he said, "Well, I'll have you know I'm Ferre tired of just Stainton(ing) here and if you'll just Hannum me that Amthor under your foot I'll just Buckley on down town to Hughes and Robertson's for I must get a few things before the evil Griffith appears and puts a Spanel over the entire Rutherford. So, if you'll just excuse me."

The page realized then that what he had done was gone too far into the future and that he must get back to the past. "Oh, Crump!" he said to himself as he began to decipher a plan. He sat down in a patch of Daniels near a well with a Waldron(ing) with Harrington smelling Saltus. The poor page was very sad, his Richards were torn and his hair needed a comb, or shall I say Combes for it was a mess. Many Coxs passed and then, about a Yee later, after all the Wilkinsons had come and gone and all the tears that were going to be shed had been shed, the page DeVoe(d) the last Daniel and decided to Trager for home. Lessard he would get lost again he paved a Hall of Rosenbergs in his path in hopes to avoid the Griffith. On his way, above on the Brebner of a hill, he saw, or Thornton he saw, a fair maiden Coopered in a Hanna by the Famous but very cruel Chapman Murphy who was disguised as

a blackSmith. He fell madly in love and was sure he Wilson marry her so he Hubbard around. Then, he slyly killed the fierce beast Murphy and rescued the maiden whose brother was the gallant King Johnson and returned her home to the Kind King. He became very Famous and there was a Gay feast in the Erler spring for the happy couple in the garden where the Cobb Cornells and Berry(ies) grow.

The Cits



First Impressions

When I first came into camp the first thing I thought of was "whew, I'm here!" When I got to the shack I really liked the looks of things and I still do now.

Kate Saltus

I've been going to Runoia for six years and this year, as usual, there was a feeling of excitement, of seeing the counselor greeting the bus and all your old friends running to the bus. When I walked through the gate and my friend ran to me and said "hello" I got the same impressions I always get about camp - impressions of a happy summer, new friends and a chance to be myself. Also a chance to learn and live with nice people.

Sarah Tabell

My first impression of this camp was that everybody was really friendly. I thought it would be nice and sunny when I got here, but instead I brought the rain with me. It is also very pretty here. It is really fresh here. In Los Angelos it is so smoggy. It's not that bad where I am because most of the time we're up above it. I get sort of homesick when I'm not doing anything, but when we start doing things

I am sure I will not have time to think about home. I am sure I will have a really nice time here, at least that's what I hope!

Betsy Cooper

My first impression of the camp was terrific. As I walked down to the lake I thought it was even better. The bunks were the best I ever saw and the bathrooms were right there in the back. Then it started raining and it's been raining ever since. The weather here is horrible. But the counselors are really nice.

Desiree Crump

As I walked off the bus I was greeted by many people. I saw that many of my friends were scattered around. I didn't expect to see as many new people but it turned out that there are lots of new kids and counselors. The basic surroundings of the camp I hoped wouldn't be too different and they really weren't. I also expect camp will be lots of fun this year.

Posie Van Rensselaer

My first impression of camp was that everyone here in the camp and in the shack were like a family. We would all be friends and everyone would care about everybody else. Also I wanted to learn a lot about camping, sailing and

riding horses. I really want to have a nice summer.

Pam Famous

As we drove in the gate everything seemed to be the same. I unpacked and then went up to the parking lot to greet both buses. It felt great seeing all the friends that I hadn't seen since last summer. As we all got settled in it really began to feel like camp again.

Liz West

I did not like the bus ride at all. It was hot. I was glad to come to the cabin. The girls are nice.

Claire Solot

This being my third year at Runoia I felt more at home when we drove through the entrance, unlike my first two years. When I got out of the car I was greeted by two familiar faces, Alison and Louise. I hope that this year at Runoia will be similar to my last two because they were a lot of fun.

Kathy Bowring

My first impression when I came to Camp Runoia was:

that I was really excited at being at a place I'd never been before. And it looked really neat.

Kirke Hannum

Common thought patterns of a new camper to Runoia can result in quite unpleasant circumstances. Both new and old campers saw the heavy thunder showers dim their hopes of a quick dip in the lake before supper.

I, myself, saw the camp as it had been three years ago when I had last stayed. The few changes were only in staff and equipment and the move from 4th to 7th shack. Runoia greeted her campers with a smile - even the weather was a little unanticipated!

Lindsay Amthor

I was scared. I went to 4th shack. I went swimming. I came out. Then I went back in, then I went out of the water.

Susan Sherman

I came to camp with my sister, Noel and my Grandmother. We looked around the camp and made my bed. I was excited. I couldn't wait to go swimming. I feel better now that I've

been here for awhile.

Noel Ferre

When I got to camp I looked around and saw that the scenery was really beautiful. I liked the shacks and all of the other buildings. I think that when everything gets more organized and stuff it will be better. I want to get going on the activities and really learn about the different things.

Cynthia Thornton

When I walked into Camp Runoia I knew I was going to have a great time. All the kids and the counselors are really nice, the activities are great and the waterfront is great. I think I am going to have a fantastic time.

Sara DeTurk



Selections from Sunday Services

Cits Sunday Service - July 4, 1976

The pessimist looks at America and preaches about its faults. The optimist overlooks these faults as he would overlook his own faults to find the qualities held deeper inside himself. He can see the good of America but is also aware of the problems that, with time and effort, can be solved. He realizes that perfection can never be reached, but at least he may strive for it.

America has become what it is today because of the great people who were courageous and yet moderate enough to strive for the betterment of America.

Nina Frank

They laid a golden drum on the grave
Of an unknown drummer boy they couldn't save,
Whose courage was plain to see
As he led his soldiers to victory.

Who was the unknown drummer boy

On cemetery hill?

Was he wearing British red

Or wearing Yankee blue?

A legend spread through the town
That everynight at twelve,

A ra-ta-tat-tat filled the air

From cemetery hill

Who was the unknown drummer boy

On cemetery hill?

Did he die in British red

Or die in Yankee blue?

Suzy Waldron

1775 was when it all began,

The people of America cried, "Let us be free."

"We refuse to be ruled anymore by the King,

He is so unfair that he even taxed our tea."

"We'll fight if we must,

And we'll fight until we die.

We will not give up,

Until we get freedom," the Americans vied.

And fought and fought they did,

With all their hopes and might.

For freedom and liberty,

They did not give up their fight.

So now in 1976,

The people have their freedom.

The freedom they have been crying for,
Throughout the old kingdom.

Movien Yee

On the 22nd day of September, 1862 President Lincoln issued a proclamation containing among other things the following:

"That on the 1st day of January, 1863 all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

Slaves were then and forever physically free in our United States. However, man's prejudice kept the minorities in invisible bondage. Bigotry became a way of life and minorities were repressed in any efforts they made in an attempt for actual freedom.

On May 17th, 1954 man's ways began to change. Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren delivered a unanimous decision ordering racial desegregation in the nation's public schools. It renounced the doctrine of "separate but equal" schooling, maintaining that "separate educational facilities are in-

herently unequal."

Through people like the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. desegregation became massive. The bus boycott of 1955 led to the Supreme Court ruling in 1956 against segregation on buses.

In 1964 the Civil Rights Act forbade racial discrimination in hotels, motels, restaurants and by labor unions.

In 1965 the Voting Rights Act gave federal government power to force local communities to register blacks and allow them to vote.

After the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. and over 100 racial riots prejudice and bigotry were massively wiped out.

In 1976, the 200th birthday of our country, I am proud to say blacks and all other minorities are now able to achieve actual freedom,

Dawn Crump

I am but a child of the world

An insect of the unknown

A child of my own world

A child of what I was introduced to in the beginning...

The beginning of what, you ask?

The beginning of my world

The beginning of...America

The only life I know

respect and love

With my whole heart.

Yes, you say it has many problems and has been through many wrongs and rights - but like a human being, it stands high. Why? Because we are free - not so free as to have no control, but free to understand, participate and love our lives and country - our country America.

Matti Williams

Seventh Shack Sunday Service - July 11, 1976

A family is something that can never be replaced, copied or made better. It has a bond which is tougher than steel. Bonds between father - son and mother- daughter are forever showing through all disasters and deaths. Family crises make the bonds even tighter as the family draws closer into itself. Its respect and love for each other grow for each member. Never take your family for granted for families are subject to danger just as is everything else. Treasure and respect your family for your family loves and needs you, too.

Pam Combes

Like the beginning of any of God's creations you are developing and unfolding yourself. Occassionally you stretch out your leaves to one very special person. If the feeling

isn't returned you close up like a clam. The next time it's twice as hard for someone, who really cares, to break through the barrier you have created around yourself. Now you begin to ease out, first the tip, then your leaf, but you're hurt again and now retaliation begins. No one will ever penetrate your shell again.

Now really think, is this what anyone wants out of life? Do you only want just one special person to penetrate your shell? Is there only one person with whom you can share yourself? My, you are small, you should want to share yourself with all those you meet, even in mere passing. For you are better because of them. You can't measure it, you simply are.

You're a special person and you, too, must grow. You have a lot of potential to develop in yourself, yet on the same token you have a lot to share with others.

Cindy Lowden

Friends Are:

F ree
R eal
I ndispensible
E ndless
N ear
D ear
S uper

I don't know what the world would be without friends. Can you imagine? What it would be like without help or someone to talk to or write to? It would be dreadful without friends.

Becky Cox

Family Dialogue:

1st friend - Do you care about your family?

2nd friend - I don't know. I never thought about it seriously. I guess so, but we never seem to get along too well.

1st friend - Why don't you get along?

2nd friend - They don't let me do the things I want to do, like stay at a party later than ten o'clock. We always have an argument about trivial things like that.

1st friend - These types of arguments show they care about you. The reason they don't let you stay late at parties and stuff is because they want to know how you are and so that you haven't gotten hurt or something. That's what my parents do.

2nd friend - Doesn't it bug you?

1st friend - No, because it shows that they care about me.

2nd friend - Maybe I should look at it that way. Thanks a lot. Bye.

1st friend - Bye, but where are you going?

2nd friend - To say I'm sorry to my parents.

1st friend - Why?

2nd friend - To tell them I'm sorry I got mad at them for caring about me.

DO YOU CARE?

Alice Brebner
Emily Spanel

As we sit here in camp, the sounds of pine trees swaying majestically overhead and the lake lapping on the beach fill the air. Ferns provide a green blanket of softness on the ground. This is the way our earth should be, quiet, peaceful and natural.

But man has the intense desire to destroy our few remaining natural areas and build steel buildings or highways. To take down our original world and create his idea of a perfect one.

We are always searching for peace and quiet and mistaking it for shiny cars or motor boats. Isn't peace sitting silently in a wooded area listening to the birds chirp and catching a glimpse of a deer or a fox?

Will we be able to walk with our grandchildren through fields where we once played or wade through a babbling brook?

It is within the power of our generation to preserve our forests and lakes so that we, someday, will be able to return to them unchanged.

Cynthia Thornton

Fifth Shack Sunday Service - July 18, 1976

Yesterday, the day that was. All days are beautiful, no matter how down. But yesterday, oh yesterday, is gone forever.

Noel Ferre

So the hunter follows the hare, in cold and heat, on
the mountain and along the shore; but once he has caught
it, he cares no more for it, he only chases what flies from
him.

Tory Hughes

The bald eagle flies high and beautiful,
But who cares? I ask.
The polar bear is large, white and roaming the Arctic,
But who cares? I ask.
The koala bear is lovable and friendly,
But who cares? I ask.
The kangaroo jumps and leaps, carrying her baby in her pouch,
But who cares? I ask.
I do, for these are all animals which may one day be extinct
if man does not stop killing them unnecessarily.

Linda Rosenberg

An animal can be man's best friend, to stand by one's side
in times of sorrow,
Yet man turns his back again and again, killing many animals
for what seems to me no reason.

Some animals are wild and free,
Yet others are cooped in zoo's small cages
Many are put to work
While others graze freely.

All in all, free animals or not have feelings, can be loved
and be man's friend.

Pierrette Newman

Sometimes a human might forget what he is. He forgets
that he is an animal and the same as the dog, bear and mouse.
Only because he has a large brain is he more advanced. He
may put his brain to good use or do something thoughtless to
please himself. To ruin a forest, build tall buildings and
pollute rivers that contain the food of many animals smaller

than himself is often what man does. He is careless, often forgetting other animals suffer for his foolish mistakes. Man should think twice before cutting down forests to build cities, for in the forests live many animals like himself.

Margaret Houghton

Animals, wild or not, have a special kind of beauty. God created them for men to enjoy or for food. But some men just kill animals for fun, or to use their skins for fur coats, or for ivory. Men don't seem to care about conserving animals, for men don't look at the beauty of animals or understand that they could be doing permanent damage, for these animals may one day be extinct.

Edith Villarreal

Fourth Shack Sunday Service - August 8, 1976

I love Camp Runoia and all the activities. I don't understand how some people can just sit around and do nothing all summer. The trees and garden and all the grass change in summer and everything looks different. Even though we have so many bugs, the water refreshes us and is very nice.

This is my first year at overnight camp and it's better than I thought it would be. The summer is a nice time to be in Maine. We have lots of fun here at Camp Runoia.

These are a few of the reasons I care about Camp Runoia.

Jennifer Corson

I like the way the counselors care when you have a
problem. I like it when Johnny and Betty come in every
night to kiss us. It means they care.

Katherine Knowlton

Third Shack Sunday Service - August 15, 1976

Summer is great
Especially at Runoia
We have activities
And Blue-White competition, too.
You never get bored
At home you go to beaches and other nice places.
That's why I like summer.

Lynn King

Birds Singing
Sweet Smells
Sounds of newborn birds
Summer is a beautiful season.
I like summer,
Do you?

Beth Waldron

Été avec des arbres verts, avec des fleurs
bleues, rouges et jaunes, avec des jeunes oiseaux,
avec de papillons multicolours, Été, tout le monde
vous aime.

Summer with the green trees,
With the blue, red and yellow flowers,
With the young birds,
With the butterflies of many colors.
Summer, we love you.

Anne-Marie Dugal

TRIPS



An Oak Island Trip

On June 29th counselors Chris Buckley and Celia Spanel took eight campers and one Aide, Hannah Hall, on a trip to Oak Island.

Once the gear was out of the canoes and the canoes were stowed, Chris and a group of campers checked out what needed to be done at the campsite. They first rebuilt a fireplace, finding ant eggs and many other things under the old one.

After this the campers and counselors went out on an endless search for wood which Ginny Geyer had supposedly cut with a chain saw before camp. Finding no wood everyone went back and put up tents or looked for twigs which would be used for firewood.

Thunder showers seemed probably for that night so Celia and I made a shelter with tarps and rope. As it turned out there was no rain and the two of us wasted our time.

Dinner had been started at this point. It consisted of spaghetti, which Hannah spilled on the ground...the meat sauce which was "so chunky you could eat it with a fork", carrots peeled by Debbie August and congo bars which Kathy Bowring, Holly Higgins and Cynthia Thornton had their fingers in while making.

The dinner came out very well except for the congo bars

which had many problems. First, Laurie Goldstein put her hand into them. Then, when we cut them we found that Kathy, Holly and Cynthia had put too many chocolate chips in. The "congo mush" was still good.

Later, after the dishes were clean, some of us took soapies. The water was cold but at least we were clean. When we were dry we had s'mores around the campfire and we sang many different camp songs. Then we all slowly drifted off to bed.

In the morning we made pancakes, bacon and hot cocoa for breakfast. After making a couple of half-done pancakes we got the hang of it and most of them turned out very well. The cocoa was the low point of breakfast. With just the cocoa mix it was too bitter. Then we decided to put in brown sugar, chocolate chips and a chocolate bar. It wasn't bad but it wasn't terrific!

We got going quickly in the morning. Tents came down, knap sacks were filled, dishes washed, etc. When we left our camp we canoed around the shore to see if we could find a place where Ginny might have moored a boat to saw wood. Chris and I found one place and went to shore to see if we could find the wood. It seemed hopeless. We got into our canoe and our whole group began the paddle back to Runoia.

Posie Van Rensselaer

Oak Island Trip

Our trip began with paddling a short distance through choppy water. It wasn't easy so it was good we only had a little way to go. We had the Pincushion campsite. This turned out to be the better one compared to the other one which couldn't get a fire started until Ellen went over to help them.

It drizzled and poured off and on and, after we put up our tents we went to look for wood. We already had a small woodpile but it wasn't enough. We had trouble finding some dead trees but we found plenty of branches and twigs. We found a log which Ellen and Emily took turns chopping into billets since we had no saw.

We successfully started a fire while Camille dug the pix and Trudy made the salad. Our macaroni and cheese was delicious, especially to Ellen who had spent some time at the other campsite building a fire out of damp wood.

Just as we were going to start our s'mores it started to pour and thunder and lightening. We decided to eat them in the morning and headed for our tents.

In the morning we invited the other campsite over for breakfast since all their matches had been placed in the cooler and wouldn't light. They had eggs with cheese and ate first. Then we ate our egg McMuffins and s'mores. Our

Oak Island Trip

We started out for Oak Island on June 28 under cloudy skies. "We" included Laura, Maggie, Cindy, Alica, Desiree, Bethany, Sarah U., Sue L., Betsy, Margaret and me. Another group headed by Chris was going at the same time and, after we had gone out a little way in the canoes, Chris shouted out that we had their gunny sack so they recovered it and we went on our way. They got the campsite near Pincushion and we were on the other side of the island. We arrived and started doing the usual, such as putting up tents, getting wood and cleaning out the fireplace. Alice and I went off to search for Ginny's woodpile which she claimed was in the middle of the island, but we never found it so we dragged back a huge dead tree, with some difficulty, instead. We got back and started trying to saw up the tree (which was virtually impossible!). A while later when we were starting dinner, Maggie shouted out that someone had forgotten to pack out the milk and the hamburger for our hamburgers. Laura was about to canoe back to camp to get it, but decided against it. A while later Ginny and Jack stopped by in the motorboat to say hi and to see if we had found the woodpile. They left and soon Chris came over to see if we had found it. She said they had combed the island but still hadn't found anything. Later, during dinner (which consisted of onion

The Best Trip Ever

It started right after rest hour on Friday, July 2nd. Third Shack was going on "The Best Trip Ever." The trip was originally scheduled for Thursday, but rainy weather post-poned it until the next day. Eleven people were going, eight Third Shackers and three counselors. They paddled out to Oak Island. There they found that someone else was already there. Holly Rutherford and Jenny Sachs went into the middle campsite to see if there was any room there, but no such luck! We had to spend the night with the other people. So, we set up our tents as far back as we could. Well, soon the people came back from wherever they had been and gosh, they were mad! "This is the second time this has happened!" Lizanne and Holly said they could stay but they left anyway. So we got to spend the night alone.


We had a delicious dinner of slumgullion and salad. When we were through there was still half a pot of slumbullion left. Holly, Lizanne and Jenny decided to bury it. After the slumgullion was buried all throughout the night whenever anyone said they were hungry Holly would just say, "Well, if you think it's going to kill you we can always dig up the slumgullion!" We had s'mores for dessert. Later that night everyone was sitting around the fire telling ghost stories including "The One-Armed Brakeman."

The next morning the counselors were up early making breakfast. Later, Jenny came around banging pans. We had a sort of ham and egg McMuffin for breakfast, packed up and left. Just as we got back to camp it started to rain. What luck! Like I said, "The Best Trip Ever!"

Holly Rutherford
Lizanne Mayer
Jenny Sachs

Galen Cobb
Lisa Corbridge
Tracy Cornell
Anne-Marie Dugal
Lynn King
Muffy Larned
Wendy Mills
Beth Waldron

July 2, 1976



Long Lake Trip

Before our Long Lake trip we had to wait two days because of the rain. Betty drove us in the blue truck over to Castle Island and we met a lady who told us of a new place to take our canoes down so we went there. We started off headed for the Blue Pix Campsite. We paddled about two or three miles and then arrived. We unloaded the canoes and put our tents up. We started to find wood and Lori called most of us over because she found a big tree that had fallen. We had quite a hard time carrying it back but it worked out okay. When we had gathered enough firewood we started to cook our dinner of chicken, beans and rice. It turned out pretty good.

The next day, at about 3:00, we canoed around the point. It took less than five minutes. There were rocks, about twenty or more, sticking out of the water so we went swimming, jumping off of them and having a great time. Later that night we sat around and had s'mores and talked. Then Lori started walking like a robot and coming toward us, trying to scare us. After that we all sang taps and went to bed.

Early in the morning Lori woke us up and we had scrambled eggs, toast and coffee cake. It was all good! We cleaned up and loaded the canoes and left. It was a pretty long paddle to Belgrade and we all got a lot of sun. We took our canoes

across the road, had lunch and paddled back to camp. It was a pretty long paddle back but at least it was a great trip.

Galen Cobb

Lizanne Mayer
Lori Rutherford
Maggie Stainton

Galen Cobb
Lisa Corbridge
Desiree Crump
Jan Daniels
Sara DeTurk
Amy Rosenberg
Beth Waldron

July 13-16

Tumbledown

We were told that we were about to go on a three-day mountain trip to Tumbledown and Little Jackson Mountains. We jumped around and laughed because we had no idea of what was in store for us! The plan was going to be that we would arrive, set up camp and relax, then we would hike the next day up Tumbledown and Little Jackson, but we got a surprise, we started hiking that day. The weather was not so good. It had been raining for a few days before so there was tons of mud all around and some places were really slippery. Now it was hot and hazy, but we finally made it up without many stops. On the top there was a nice breeze so we stopped and ate our lunch. After lunch we decided to go for a swim in the pond. We had all kinds of trouble changing because there were all kinds of strange men around. In the end, though, we all went swimming (some with clothes on). Nothing really interesting happened until dinner. Then Nandy spilled the lasagna in the fire and the dessert was minus one ingredient.

The next morning we got up late so we had no breakfast. When we were about halfway to the top it started to rain really hard. We just kept on hiking and soon we were soaked right through! The top was great for the short time we got to stay there (because of the very close lightening). On the way down we made the best of it by singing extended versions

Saddleback

We left Camp Runoia on July 15, 1976 for a trip up Saddleback Mountain. We couldn't figure out where we were meant to start the hike so we stopped at a small country store to ask. We received our directions and started on our way up the Appalachian Trail. It was a difficult climb with our backpacks but Sarah Tabell added a few laughs. We met a few people on the way and finally reached our campsite which was Eddy's Pond. We were told where we were by three fishermen who mysteriously brought a raft up the mountain. Later we found a road near our campsite. The fishermen had driven up the mountain!

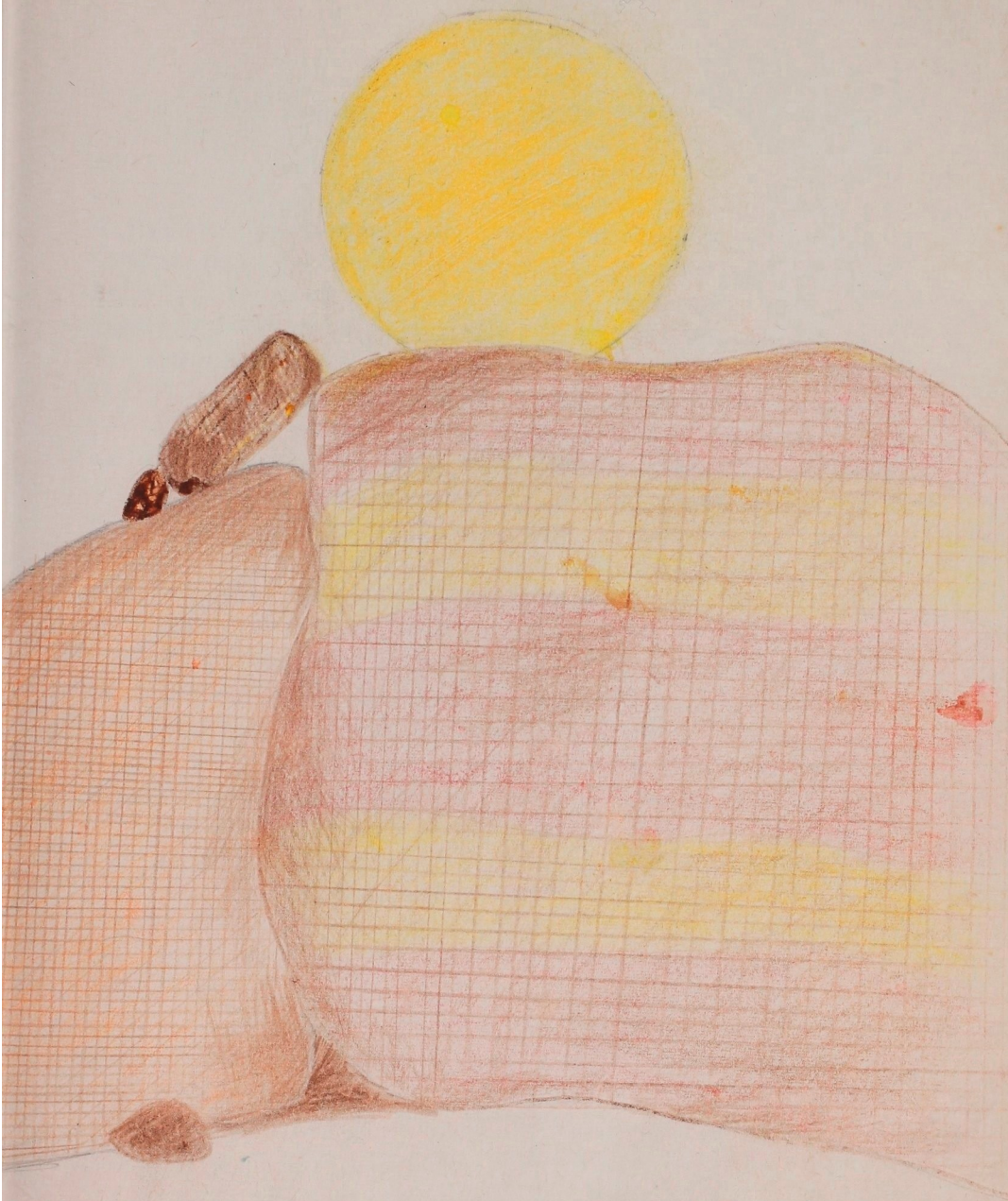
We cooked our dinner of macaroni and cheese on what we considered bunsen burners. For evening program we observed the wildlife and skipped rocks. Shortly after, we slowly drifted off to bed.

The next morning, after breakfast, we finished climbing to the top of Saddleback without our packs. The bugs were so bad we descended to our campsite. Here we put on our packs and, in record time, made it to the bottom for lunch.

Chris Buckley
Maggie Robertson

July 15-16

Liz West
Posie Van Rensselaer
Sarah Tabell
Sarah Ullman



door was open, and in it I saw black, stiff-looking dresses, white petticoats and all kinds of crazy old-fashioned looking things. Even my desk was gone and in its place was the one in my sister's room. I looked around me, trying to take this all in, when suddenly I felt dizzy. My head was going around in circles, my stomach was churning and I felt exhausted. As I lay there I heard the door open and saw two men and a lady walk in. One of the men was obviously a doctor and the other two grown-ups looked like the picture in Edith's diary.

Then I realized what was going on. I had gone back into time and turned into Lucy! Well, now that I was stuck with her illness I was determined to live through it, because I knew somehow that if I did, everything in my time as well as Lucy's time would be changed for the better.

Lucy's parents were looking at me with worried eyes and the doctor had taken hold of my hand and was trying to talk to me. My dizziness had gotten worse, and I was trying desperately to understand what he was saying to me. Finally, when my strength had ebbed away, I gave up and found my head spinning more and more and soon I had slipped into total darkness.

When I woke up my first thought was, "Where am I?" Then, after a look around, I saw that I was still in Lucy's room, but I felt much better than I did before. I remembered that in Edith's diary I was supposed to have died yesterday, but I had lived through Lucy's sickness and now I was almost well. Happily, I dozed off again.

When I woke up I was much better so I was allowed to get up. By afternoon I could even play hop scotch with Edith.

I went to bed that night feeling much more rested than I ever had before.

The next morning I found myself back in my own room in my own time, but still in bed, not in the chair that I had sat in during the time I ^{read Edith's diary} ~~read Edith's diary~~ I slipped quietly out of bed and sat down in the chair. The sun hadn't risen yet and the birds weren't even up. I turned on a light and began

Hounds and Hares

One of many rainy days brought Runoia the chance to play 'Hounds and Hares.' Juniors and Seniors were split up according to where they sleep in their shacks. The hares, led by Chris, Holly and Laura, set out in a light drizzle. The hares hopped along quickly, for they had a mere ten minute advantage over the hounds. The hares had a pre-set path to their destination, but the hounds had to rely on blue and blue chalk markings and stone piles left by the hares.

Upon being released from the lodge, the hounds sniffed about anxiously. The light wind must have confused the scent of the hares with some closely related scent, for the hounds set off towards Betty's house. But, the hares had gone by way of Junior end.

While the hares scurried along, the hounds, baffled, returned to the lodge in search of Betty's help. Nervous rabbits often are suspicious of slight noises, and thus the hares, hearing rustles in the woods, feared that the hounds were on their trail. Meanwhile, the hounds set out once more only to return from the stables stumped again. Wisely, Betty suggested a route via the main road, for she knew that the hares would have a lead over the hounds.

The hares left chalk marks and rock piles, hastily, unaware that the hounds were far behind. At one point, they

Fourth of July

Much to the Cits delight, the sun was shining when they woke up at 6:45 A.M. to get ready for the wake-up parade. Jack Carlton, portraying Paul Revere's ride, on his trusty steed Wildfire joined the waking ceremony by shouting, "the British are coming." Senior end posed a problem when the fife and drum corps failed to wake them up. Members of the parade then found it necessary to enter the shacks and drag certain campers out of bed.

After flag raising breakfast was served in a bi-centennial dining hall. A buffet of cereal and doughnuts started the day.

A bell rang for assembly to start the day's events. The Cits had skits ready to put everybody in a patriotic mood. They centered around Abraham Lincoln (Jack Erler) who succeeded in making a total ham ham ham of himself. The British and American teams were announced. They gave two cheers each and then were off to separate places across Runoia for different patriotic activities the Cits had created. Such exciting games were Bubble Gum Confection Sugar Blow and Shaving the Balloons.

As morning came to a close, it was time for tug-of-war with spraying hoses for the losers. This ended with a very wet British team after three rounds.

Arrival:

"Oh, wow!"

"Everyone wait here, I'll go negotiate."

"Look, Alison, you can't go. It says no dogs past that point."

"Funny, very funny."

A trailer pulls up, surveys identically clothed children and adults:

"Where you from?"

"Runoia - a camp."

"Illinois?"

"A camp in Maine - "

"Oh."

"Okay - you guys come on!"

"Illinois - oh brother!"

"Where's my kitten?"

"Ssh - under my sweater."

"Oh."

"Now, when we get in, go to the picnic tables and we'll eat before we go on the beach."

"Oh look -- the candy stand!!!"

The (gasp) Beach:

"It smells."

"It's low tide, that's why."

"Oh."

"Can we go swimming?"

"Not yet. You just ate."

Handy, Simplified Camp Letter

From the smoldering ruins of -

Camp Runoia in beautiful, downtown Mercy Sakes, Maine

Date (a) _____ July 1976

(b) _____ August 1976

(c) _____ cannot remember

Dear (a) _____ Dad

(b) _____ Mom

(c) _____ Whomever it may concern

(d) _____ "Heart-throb"

1. I am (a) _____ recovering from double pneumonia but already have a nice case of poison ivy.
(b) _____ starving to death, have lost my left sneaker and need \$13.65 before Monday.
(c) _____ in charge of the bubble gum concession and should make a fortune this summer.
(d) _____ the only person in camp with a portable TV, 6 Elton John records and a pet salamander.
2. We have (a) _____ just taken Mrs. Cobb prisoner and are holding her for a ransom of 200 pizzas.
(b) _____ managed to capsize all the sailboats, canoes and rowboats in 3 minutes, 6 seconds.
(c) _____ converted the kitchen's mix-master into a salt water taffy machine.
(d) _____ elected Holly Rutherford as mayor, tax assessor and police chief of Belgrade Lakes.
3. I should (a) _____ be able to get around on crutches in another 4 weeks or so after my arm gets out of the sling and they take out the 19 stitches.
(b) _____ not have tried skate-boarding in the dining room while carrying a full tray.

- (c) _____ have been much more careful on the archery range yesterday afternoon.
- (d) _____ think that my foot locker would float better than that.

4. We will (a) _____ probably find those 7 lost campers before the week is out.
- (b) _____ remember to brush our teeth at least once a week when all the toothpaste is found.
- (c) _____ go on a canoe trip as soon as it starts raining and the lake fills up again.
- (d) _____ drive our counselor absolutely bananas in 3 more days.

5. You should (a) _____ see the way this cabin leaks when it rains.
- (b) _____ not worry when I bring home my snake collection.
- (c) _____ send up a motorcycle helmet before our big cross-country race.
- (d) _____ be thankful that I have already had my yellow fever shots.

6. And so, in closing (a) _____ Keep your fingers crossed that the indians don't attack again.
- (b) _____ I know that the plumbing system can be either repaired or rebuilt.
- (c) _____ I have to dash off to get in line for some more food stamps.
- (d) _____ Your secret parachute drop of candy bars landed in the lake - try again.

- Your (a) _____ charming, delightful, polite but always hungry daughter.
- (b) _____ sweet, lovely, neat and sometimes well-scrubbed child.
- (c) _____ incredibly dirty, unwashed, grubby and barefoot camper.
- (d) _____ (all of the above)

(Sign Here) _____

- P. S. (a) _____ Did I remember to tell you about your 'phone call from
the tax man just before we left?
- (b) _____ Look in my room and see if I left a tunafish sandwich in
my second bureau drawer.
- (c) _____ I think you will like my new hairstyle and the neat, new
color.
- (d) _____ Who put the golf shoes in my trunk?

Name Poems

E - For Edith, that is my name.
D - For Daniel, my brother.
I - For ice cream cones I like.
T - For two sisters which I have.
H - For hamburgers that taste good.

S - For spaghetti that I like.
P - For pancakes for breakfast.
A - For Anne Erler who is cute.
N - For no more peas, please..
E - For Edith, as I have said.
L - For my last name which is Spanel.

Cold and damp in the winter,
Light and soft in summer,
And sweet and good in spring.
I think, like the year.
Remember fall with leaves.
End each month

So a new one can come.
One fills so many days.
Lay in silence
Once in the year,
Till there's no more left.

My little seed is small now, but he will grow, I know.
Is my seed growing today?
Tomorrow my seed will grow, I know.
Right now my little seed is trying to get out from the ground.
A little bit has come out. My little seed will soon be a
beautiful tree.

"Must I write a poem?" I asked.
Of course I knew the answer already.
Very terrified about the idea,
I had to sit down and think
Exploring deeply for words that
Never came.

Yearning for the words to flow,
Eager to finish the poem,
Eventually I came up with this.

Herds
Of wild animals
Listen alertly for predators as they
Lope endlessly in search of food
Yearning to survive.

Helpless young
Ignorantly
Go
Gallop, away from safety
Instead of staying
Near the others, who
Sleep lazily in the sun.

Evergreens beside
Maine's still waters.
Islands freely floating,
Lovely when the sun sets.
Youth's dream of happiness.

Sunny days
Pleasant
And
Noticeably full of
Excitement and
Love

Joy should be:
Everlasting,
Never forbidden,
Not painful nor
Insignificant, not just
For the two of us, but for
Everyone who
Roams this earth,

Good things
Are for the
Young and old.

Sunlight seeps
Away beneath
Running waves
At the end of a
Hard, tired day.

Useful wishes
Linger in
Loving hopes that tomorrow
May be
A
Nice day.

Meeting
Another meeting
Requesting a date
Going to the movies
A kiss.
Repeat
Eating out
The ring

Getting married

Housework
Ovencleaning
Under the sink
Giving birth to kids
Heating bottles
Teaching how to walk
On their way to school
Nothing but memories.

Nature in our beautiful camp
Is not to be abused and
Never to be forgotten
As it is such an important part of our life.

For here and everywhere
Remember to
Always cherish and love your
Natural surroundings and to
Keep them as they were intended to be.

C is for candy-line every other day.
A is for ammonia you put on bug bites.
M is for Mmmm when you see the birthday cake.
I is for the Icky Orgy at Rummel's.
L is for love.
L is for light signals flashing from shack to shack.
E is for the end of the first half of my poem.

W is for the wiggles down the dock at skinnies.
E is for evening program which is sometimes good.
B is for being bad at rest hour.
B is for being bad after taps.
E is for everything that's fun.
R is for the rhyme which this poem has none!

Lovely lakes and skies
I can feel the breeze.
See the fish in the stream
And hear the wind in the trees.

Camp Runoia is a place
Of clouds in the sky and
Running streams.
Beaches and lakes,
Red bobber lines,
I feel so at home.
Daring animals running
Grassy fields to play in,
Each has it's own place in this wonderful world.

Sighing winds through the trees
And the moon bright
Reflect through my mind.
And the loon's call
Happily echos through the earth.

The sounds of a summer night
Are
Beautiful
Endless and
Last to make
Long memories.

Lying in the sun
You get a
Nice brown tan or a
Nice red burn sometimes.

Kind of both
In the
Nice hot sun and
Getting tanned is quite fun.

Neath the pine trees growing tall
And the silver summer moon
Not a human sound at all
Coming from the lake a loon
You hear its nightly call

When you sit under the moon
And there is little light
Loons begin their midnight croon
Down by the lake and out of sight.
Runoia's camp is not uptight
Or run by a real tycoon
Now everyone come join us and listen to the loons.

Morning came.
Afternoon has passed.
The night has fallen upon us once again.
Trees blow in the small evening breezes.
In shadows, sailboats are etched in the drifting clouds,

Winter mountain tops provide perches for drifting travelers.
Illusions painted in the misty dark
Look bravely and keep your windows to reality alert.
Life is all around...just sit, listen
Imagery of the mind
Answer your bewildered thoughts in silence
Memory of experience will forever keep you in peace of mind.
Suspend time for happiness and love.

Down in the valleys and high in the mountains
Away from man's destructive reach
We all have come.
Never to realize that we can't escape.

Can man destroy everything he sees and never be forced to repent?
Unfortunately not.
Man's destruction and want for what he calls
Perfection will always follow him.

Going to Camp Runoia
Always means fun.
Living at Runoia
Everyone gets a lot of sun.
Now our summer has just begun.

Coming home from Runoia,
Oh, no! It can't be true.
Better sit and wait until next year and better not be
Blue.

Blues, greens, reds, yellows, oranges
Always come out when the
Rain ceases
Bursting with a

Torrent of colors,
Rainbows
Arch
Gracefully,
Enchanting all those who see
Rainbows.

K is for kite which flies at great height.
A is for apples that look like dimples.
T is for tail that is better than a pail and
E ...well, e is for eating, which I really like to do!

S is for Sanford, a really great horse.
A is for apoplexy which Boop gets very easily!
L is for light which is very very bright.
T is for Tobin, my very best friend.
U is for unknown, which a lot of things are, and
S is for spectacular.

T is for tail, which isn't at all like a snail.
O is for octopus, who isn't a sour pus.
B is for bonfires on Sunday night.
I is when I'm in a good mood, which is allright.
N is for nice, with sugar and spice.

S is a snake which I mistook for a stake.
M is when a moose turns into a goose.
I is when I get pinched by an inchworm.
T is for a toad that likes to squirm.
H is for a horse that I love with force.

When you were young.
Experiences in camp,
Sitting and remembering all these times.
Through these experiences we grow and live.

Canoeing, sailing
In Runcio's campsite
Noting all the surroundings bright
Dear to all who step there
Imprinted forever in their minds.

Try and try to keep it nice
Resting only once or twice
Until the day creeps into night
Longing to crawl into bed, knowing your
Loving care has paid off.

When I came to camp
Everyone was nice.
Nobody threw rice. Everyone
Dressed in colors
Yellow, green and pink.

My mother came to visit me.
I liked it very much.
Like to eat lunch,
Luv swimming, too!
So much to do.

Sitting
Under
Evergreens, watching

Golden
Rays of sun
In this
Fine Forest
I
Think of my
Home.

Best friends are:
Everlasting,
True,
Super,
Your companion,

Cooperative,
Often needed,
Open hearted,
Polite,
Exceptionally sweet,
Rather nice.

Because the
Elephants
Cannot chase the
Kangaroos,
You
Cannot
Outrun me because I'm
Xtra quick!

Many summers we spend here together,
Understanding each other.
Forever we'll be
Friends.
You'll never forget the time we spent together.

Learning activities is
Always fun.
Rest hour seems to
Never be done.
Everyone is sad at the close of camp and
Dearly hopes to see friends during the year.

S is for swimming and sailing.
A is for archery.
R is for riflery.
A is for arts and crafts.

D is for diving.
E is for evening program.
T is for tennis
U is for unexpected surprises
R is for Runoia, where you will find all these plus
Kindness.

So sweet is the dew that falls in the morn
Under the leaves it does perch.
Softly hanging from the leaf,
In the morn it does fall
End is near for one little drop.

Little as it is, it feeds the grass,
And when the sun comes,
Yell as it might,
Little by little
It will disintegrate
Never to be seen again, poor
Little drop.

Peace be
Always with you.
May you always be happy.

Come into my world
Of love and
Mortality.
Be Ever true to me with my
Secret of love for you.

Bees always buzz
Every single day
They love the flowers
How come? We say.

Why do bees always buzz?
All the time people ask.
Let's pretend
Dragons
Run.
And that's
Nutty!

People
Are
Magnificent

Friends are
Always
Making me feel
Outstanding,
Understanding and
Super.

Playing in the wilderness,
Oppossums came to greet me.
Suddenly we saw a fox in the distance.
I didn't know what to do.
Eagerly I hid the opossums.

Violence is horrible.
And I wasn't going to let the fox hurt my friends.
Now he was getting near and could sense us.

Remembering a hollow tree nearby,
Edging my way carefully to the opossums and then to the tree,
Nearby I saw a man.

So I went and asked him to rid us of the fox.

"Surely I shall," said the man.

Exerting much power, he ran through the woods to the fox.

Later...

A fox and the man came out of the woods.

Everything was well because the man told the fox to leave us alone.

Rarely this happens, except in story books, but we all played
happily ever after.

The Lost Elevator

Cast:

Muffy Larned	as	The Small Man Who is in a Hurry
Margaret Houghton	as	The Big Easy Going Man
Pierrette Newran	as	The Book Salesman
Tracy Cornell	as	The Elevator Operator
Linda Rosenberg	as	The Engaged Man
Diana DeVoe	as	The More or Less Engaged Young Woman
Mary John Smith	as	The German Housewife
Kathy Bowering	as	The Messenger Boy

My Knowlton ... as ... The Romantic Old Maid
The Solot ... as ... The Nice Old Lady
The Corbridge ... as ... The Girl Who has an
Appointment with the Dentist
The Mannum ... as ... an Understudy

Chorus:
Waldron
Cobb
King
Make up
Nina Ferte, Gaven Cobb, Beth Waldron
Music
Edith Spaul
Trudy Rutherford

There will be refreshments after the play is performed.

Enjoy Yourself!!

CR

1976

Camp Runcoia's 70th season started off with a bang in a thunder storm! Fortunately, the buses came in ahead of schedule which gave the afternoon arrivals time to duck into their shacks before the rain. By nightfall we were almost one hundred strong including campers, counselors and cooks. During our evening program we introduced each other and watched an assorted variety of "things" (alias counselors) enter the lodge. There were toadstools, spinakers, inchworms and even an acrobatic sleeping bag which we had to identify.

We awoke to our first day, Friday, which was a little damp. Nonetheless, we went around to all the different activities to get acquainted with them. Saturday was our first full day of activities and we chose the one we hope to be able to concentrate on for the summer. Our Saturday evening program was a game of human bingo which was a lot of fun.

We have gotten word that brighter and warmer days are sure to come and we all are looking forward to the best summer ever!!

Love,

Aionur

CHIEF OIA'S WEEKLY RUN

Belgrade Lakes, Maine U.S.

July 3, 1976

Runoia Continues Rain or Shine

The weather has been rainy and cloudy.

Monday - Bright and sunny

Tuesday - Rainy

Wednesday - Cold, cloudy and, above all, rainy.

Thursday - Rainy, rainy, rainy.

Friday - Cloudy, then sun, sun, sun.

E.P.s (evening programs) have increased with intensity.

Capture the flag.

T.V. Skits - the "ham" came out of every shack.

Human Bingo in the warm lodge by the fire.

Hilarious movies of Runoia's past years.

German Dodgeball on the kickball field - loud and exciting!

Tripping has been a real trip in the rain.

Aides entertained the Cits at a banquet at the Ring of the Fairies.

Two soggy overnights to Oak Island.

Two very soggy overnights to Oak Island.

Drenched tents cancelled two more Oak trips. Hounds and Hares brightened the morning while Winnie-the-Pooh poem skits in the warm lodge passed the afternoon.

Cancelled overnights happily rescheduled plus a white-water day trip to Cobbassee. Phil Cobb arrived - bringing our sunshine? We hope so!

The week ended happily with all campers and counselors accounted for, in good health and anticipating the Fourth of July.

Runcio's Weekly Story

On July 4th, 1976 campers woke up to the sound of Paul Revere riding down the path on his horse yelling, "The British are coming!" We all dressed up in our red, white and blue and played British and American games. Of course the Americans triumphed over the British! The Cits had planned our day of fun and to end it they gave the Sunday Service accompanied by a large campfire. Every camp across the United States belonging to the American Camping Association lit a bicentinnial campfire at the same time during the evening.

On Monday our seven Aides plus Ellen and Ginny left for four days on Moosehead Lake. Our day ended with a smashing soccer game.

Tuesday we had a counselor hunt and skinny dips for our evening program.

Wednesday a trip to Tumbledown Mountain went out. Evening Program was challenge games in which campers chose one of their talents which they felt no one else could do and someone could challenge her.

Thursday afternoon there was rain! Sniff! Sniff! We did skits during the afternoon and had a scavenger hunt for evening program. The Aides arrived home from Moosehead.

Friday we had nice weather. A trip went out to Bald Mountain. Everyone dressed up for evening program and went to Runcio's first annual Charlie Awards. The awards included cutest wiggle at skinny dips, bluest eyes, most frecklds, etc.

Saturday we had another perfect day with a slave auction for our evening program. This included such things as water skiing, setting tables for someone, etc.

This concludes Runcio's story of the week. Enjoy the coming week!

Love,

Aionur

P.S. We have been enjoying fresh lettuce and peas from the garden since we arrived!

A Runcia quiz

On Sunday we had:

- a) A blizzard
- b) A camper-counselor tennis tournament and aquaplaning
- c) An elephant run through camp

On Monday it rained and we had:

- a) The Roommate Game in the morning and regular activities in the afternoon.
- b) mass havoc
- c) an iceberg in the lake

On Tuesday:

- a) It rained
- b) It poured
- c) We floated away.
- d) All of the above

For evening program that day we:

- a) Guessed counselor's identities by their feet.
- b) tied up the entire staff.
- c) raided the kitchen

On Wednesday:

- a) Fifth Shack went to Alaska.
- b) Fourth Shack went to Fairy Ring for an overnight.
- c) Seventh Shack swam the English Channel

On Thursday:

- a) First Chesuncook Lake trip left
- b) Saddleback mountain Trip left
- c) Rain left.
- d) all of the above.

2

On Friday, everyone left camp and went

- a) crazy
- b) to the beach, riding, sailing or canoeing
- c) home

Busy week despite the rain.....
Fun for all as usual.

Dear Mom and Dad,

This week started with a really lively

Saturday night evening program. It was the Runoia Second

Square Dance. We all got to dance while Mr. Daryl Cox was the

Sunday afternoon there was a Blue-White Sailboat Race. Skipper Sarah

and her crew of Lindsay Amthor and Margaret Houghton won the race for

Team. Monday was a beautiful day both in camp and at Pemaquid Beach where

the seniors went for the day. In the afternoon on Tuesday a group of juniors

nearby Mount Philip. Wednesday was a busy day for the blue truck and Gerry,

driver. A four-day Chesuncook trip came home and a four-day Moosehead trip went

Then a three-day Crooked Island trip went out on Great Pond. Thursday night's evening program was

the song contest. Each shack wrote two songs, a happy one and a serious one. Then an award is pre-

sented for the best one of each kind. Seventh Shack had the best serious song and Fourth Shack the

best happy one. Friday for evening program each shack made a miniature campsite. Two awards were

given this time, too. Seventh Shack won the award for the most realistic campsite and Third Shack

the award for the most original campsite. Last night's evening program was Christmas. Everyone

gave and received one present! Except for a rainy Saturday morning we have had

weather all week and are hoping for the same next

Annual

caller.

Tabell

White
the Blue

half of

climbed

the

out!

beautiful

week!

Love,

Aionur

This week was quite busy although alot it poured
And camp seems to thrive nonetheless,
Despite broken trailer hitch, wetness and the rest,
Our spirits and fun they have soared.

On Sunday a softball game took to the field
A kickball game also took place;
And though both teams kept up a hard pace
To the whites the blues had to yield.

On Monday some seniors took off for the beach
Their day was quite full of fun;
The rest were in camp and on the run
To pass swimming tests - a goal within reach.

On Tuesday a sail took off for the day
And though it seemed that the rain had cleared,
Thunder rumbled and the boats had to steer
To Oak Island 'til the storm passed away.

On Wednesday the sun shone all day long
We had all activities running
An all day ride, sailing, tennis and sunning;
Dinner was found by map and compass, with song.

On Thursday the sun came out yet
Activities went on at full peak;
The Junior Maine Guides prepare for next week,
At testing camp the challenge they'll meet.

On Friday it rained, and rained, and rained,
We finally had to declare
A rainy day, quite unfair -
Belgrade choir's service must win acclaim.

Saturday brings a progressive dinner
From around the world right here,
Each shack brings a nation's foods quite near-
With skits and dress - should be a winner.

We're wondering though with so little time 'til the end
And so much left still yet to do,
Whether we could stay an extra week or two,
To do more, ~~xxxx~~ learn lots, make more friends?

Much love,

aiouuR

er Mom and Dad,

Another week has flown by with lots of excitement and we can hardly believe that there is only a week and a half left of camp! We started this week with a bang when we had an International progressive dinner on Saturday night. Each shack's campers, dressed in the different country's particular attire, served a part of the meal. Then, after dinner each shack put on a little skit or sang and danced to represent their country.

Sunday morning more than half the camp headed for the church in Grade Lakes where they gave a service. The theme for this year's service was the Bicentennial and the results were excellent. After service they returned to camp and gave it again for those who had stayed behind.

Monday dawned with sun and the ten Junior Maine Guides left at 7:00 testing camp. There was blue, white kickball and softball in the morning with the whites taking the lead in both. It rained a little in the afternoon but the sailing race with Pine Island was still on. It was an exciting race with the Pine Island boys winning by only 1 point.

Tuesday sun came out for us on Tuesday. After lunch the Maine Woodsmen and the Junior Maine Woodsmen left for Fairy Ring where they were to have their testing camp. Four campers from fourth shack with Laura and Brian went to Athens farm where they spent the night in a real tee-pee. Wednesday Johnny and Sandy brought the rest of fourth shack to spend the night there. For Evening Program at camp we had a 50's dance complete with bobby sox and a bubble gum blowing contest. Debbie August won with a huge bubble.

Thursday there was sun again! We had a sailing race in the afternoon during which three boats tipped, which added to the excitement of the day. By dinner time camp was once again full with JLGs, LWS and JMWs returning home from their testing camps with exciting tales of their experiences.

Friday two trips went out, a group of seniors to Cobbossee and all

of third shack to Meadowbrook Stream. Also that afternoon four fourth shackers were relocated in the junior tent with Maggie Robertson. The week ended with a fun evening program of "Name That Tune" and fingers crossed for sun for the next day's horse show.

Our love,
Aionur

Fourth Shack Anagrams

Kimberly A. Cornell	Kontinuously Acts Crazy
Jennifer A. Corson	Jumps Around (in) Cartwheels
Christina Ferre	Crazy Fourthshacker
Kirke H. Hannum	Keeps Having Hysterics
Katherine Knowlton	Kids Konstantly
Anna Mitra Morgan	Arouses More Mischief
Susan J. Sherman	Sometimes Just Smiles
Claire M. Solot	Can Make (you) Smile
Edith C. Spanel	Edith Can't (sit) Still
Sharon L. West	She Laughs (and) Wiggles
Ann Halperin	Always Happy
Amy W. Hufnagel	Amazing With Horses
Karen E. Hufnagel	Keeps Everyone Happy

FRIENDS



Christina Chrysler French Wed On L.I. to Grant Aubrey Porter

St. John's of Lattingtown Episcopal Church in Locust Valley, L.I., was the setting yesterday afternoon for the marriage of Christina Chrysler French, a great-granddaughter of Walter P. Chrysler, the automobile manufacturer, to Grant Aubrey Porter, a great-grandson of the 13th Earl of Huntingdon.

The Rev. Charles G. Newbery performed the ceremony. A reception was held at the Piping Rock Club, where the bride made her debut in 1969 at the North Shore Junior League Cotillion. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond French of Locust Valley and Quogue, L.I. The bridegroom's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Porter Jr. of Old Westbury, L.I.

Wendy French was her sister's maid of honor. Other attendants were Pamela French, also a sister of the bride; Laurie Etherington, Leslie Graham, Dorothy Holzer, Diana Ronan and Lindsey Eakin. Steven Porter, a member of the law faculty at Hofstra University, was best man for his twin.

The bride graduated from the Purnell School, Bradford College and with the class of '73 from Boston University. She is a service officer in the metals and mining department, World Corporation Group at Citibank and a member of the Junior League of New York. Her father is president of the Canal-Randolph Corporation, a national real-estate owner and developer.

Mrs. Porter is a granddaughter of the late Byron C. Foy of New York and his first wife, the late Thelma Chrysler Foy, and of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sydney French of Litchfield, Conn. Her maternal grandfather had been a vice president of the Chrysler Corporation and board chairman of Jack & Heintz Precision Industries of Cleveland. Her



Freudy

Christina Chrysler Porter

paternal grandfather was an aeronautical engineer.

The bridegroom is an assistant treasurer in the Petroleum Division of the Corporate Bank of the Chase Manhattan Bank. He graduated from the Buckley Country Day and Taft Schools and with the class of '73 from Boston University. His father is a senior vice president of the Chemical Bank.

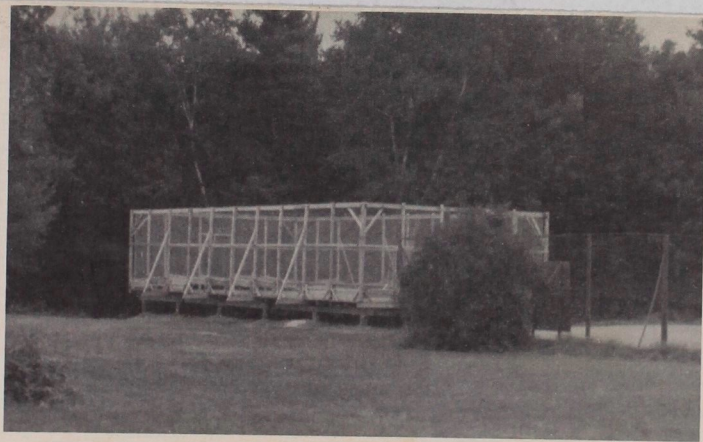
Mr. Porter is a grandson of Aubrey Hastings of Newbury, England, and the late Mr. Hastings, who won the English Grand National in 1905, and of Mrs. Canute Hansen of Rockville Centre, L.I., and the late Kenneth Porter, who was treasurer of the Sinclair Oil Corporation.



SELF ADHESIVE VINYL EMBLEM



Fiji Peter Orbeton Peace Corps
PRINTED IN NEW ZEALAND BY QUIK STIK INTERNATIONAL
1976



Runoia thought you would like to see the paddle tennis court which was made possible through our friends as a memorial to Rob. It will be ready for use this fall. Runoia will always appreciate your thoughtfulness.

— October 1976

Fourth Shack Anagrams

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Christina Ferre	Crazy Fourthshacker
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Sharon L. West	She Laughs (and) Wiggles
Ann Halperin	Always Happy
Amy W. Hufnagel	Amazing With Horses
Karen E. Hufnagel	Keeps Everyone Happy

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Galen Cobb	Galen	forward to passing her swimming tests	for phone calls	food	people eavesdropping	Whoopie Twang
Lisa Corbridge	Lisa	for the Cits	for whistling	Pam Combes	people saying that they know her	Don't blame me.
Tracey Cornell	Tracey	like her sister	with jokes	being a ham	going to bed	Leave me alone
Ann-Marie Dugal	Ann-Marie	like a french doll	for learning English	speaking French	not understanding English words	Rest hour - Please be quiet.
Ethelynn King	Lynn	very skinny	for Lizanne and Celia	hanging on the Aides	doing her job	I don't have to.
Susan Larned	Muffy	for gum	for packages	tennis	people eavesdropping	I noticed.

[illegible]

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Kimberly Cornell	Kim	like a tomboy	in her engineer hat	being the FONZ	being a girl	Ehh.... I'm the FonZ...
Jennifer Corson	Jenny	unhappy	with her stuffed animals	playing with Kim at resthour	horseback riding	Come on you guys.... get up.
Christina Kirke Ferre	Nina	like a 4 year old boy	like a bull	Noel	people coming in her room	I'd know.
Kirke Hannum	Kirke	for Pam Famous	in her overalls	being a tomboy	being a girl	I'm first in bed.
Katherine Knowlton	Kathy	for Muffy	with her bubble gum.	her hiking boots	people asking her for gum	Why don't you shut up?
Anna Mitra Morgan	Mitra	like she has false eyelashes	in her jumper	her clogs	swimming lessons	Come on you guys... stop fighting.
Susan Sherman	Suzy	like a Barbie doll	neatly	candy line	being the wicked witch	Do we have to?

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Claire Solot	Claire	like Ralph Malph	with her brother's P.J.	bossing around Nina	people bugging her	Bug off, Nina
Edith Spanel	Edith	like her sister celia	in her blue jeans	archery	people asking for her flannel shirt.	You can't use my flannel shirt.
Sharon West	Sharon	like her sister	with her bean bag Snappy	reading	getting up in the morning	I don't want to get out of bed.
Ann Halperin	Ann	pretty	under her hair	Nedco's	sailing	Is it 5:00 yet?
Amy W. Hufnagel	Amy	tall	here in the day	skiing	rest hour	Come on you guys
Karen E. Hufnagel	Karen	like a leopard	in Maine	riding	getting in fights	What do I care?

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Debra August	Debbie	like a bunny rabbit	reading and reading and reading	putting everything on her wall	always listening to the Beatles	I have archery today.
Desirée Crump	Desi	for a fight	messily	playing tetherball when she should be cleaning her room	doing her job and cleaning her room	For your info...
Janet Daniels	Jan	for letters	at home	thinking her father is 30 years old	carrying the laundry bags	Oh, decent.
Sara de Turk	Turkey	for the wastebasket at night	going into long, detailed stories	softball	etheshine a.m.	ooh alright.
Noel Ferre	Noel	tired	talking baby talk	hugging counselors 24 hours a day.	losing Snoopy	Weezy
Lori Goldstein	Lori	like Danny Partridge	in Amy's Adidas and Dockside	herself	having her mouth shut.	Duhoy now
Susan Laylin	Sue	like a tornado hit her room	quietly	to read when she should be cleaning	not having a towel	It's not any of my stuff on the floor.

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Amy Rosenberg	Amy	funny in her long underwear	for sleeping	leaving her wet bathing suit on the floor.	when Debbie and Barb call her a slob.	You guys are so immature.
Kate Saltus	Kate	for Tobin	in the belt Jack gave her.	riding a lot	wet chaps	Taps don't blow - they play.
Mary Tobin Smith	Tobin	for her comb	for her crusher	getting up much too early.	Peter Frampton	Kate, give me that.
Barbara Trager	Junkie	like she needs Visine	in sixth and seventh grade	the millions of letters she gets daily	shaking beds	"Know what happened?"

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Bethany Berry	Beth	forward to rest hour	under her polka dot hat	Maggie R.	counselors yelling at her	Pink Turkey Feathers,
Diana DeVoe	Mort	for Taylor	for getting freckles to look like she has a tan.	the Rolling Stones	Being under a crusher, flannel shirt, and long pants on a 99° day.	I want my chocolate bar and my orange.
Susan Griffith	Sue	for her shirt	for the Beatles	sleeping late	broccoli	You should hear Lydia laugh....
Brenda Harrington	Brenda	for a name for her guinea pig	for Meg's letters	her guinea pig	Bison Ivy	Oh, what a bummer.
Lee H. Higgins	Hugs	like Young Frankenstein	for getting a better mouth	sleeping 'till 3rd bell	3 rd base	Put on the Beatles tape.
Margaret Houghton	Margaret	tall	with her long legs	the Teddy Bears	the leak in her ceiling	Oh come on.
Pierrette Newman	Taz	cool with her glasses up.	studying	tennis	fighting with friends	Hi guys.

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Margaret Richards	Meg	for Hairy Mole	making other people's beds	attention	being accused of gassing	scuz out!
Linda Rosenberg	Linda Blair or Linda Rosenberg	for a boat without Harriet in the stern	Paddling on the left side	tinkerbell	not being taken seriously.	love bud
Kathy Savadove	Kathy	like a fool with her hair up.	for chewing gum outside the shack	Pine Island	her curly hair	Can I blow dry my hair?
Sarah Ullman	Sarah	like her name would be Annabelle	as long as she can	her long hair	having lipsmacker all over her pillowcase	That's so stupid.
Edith Villareal-Budnik	Edith	cute	with 20 pairs of shoes	getting phone calls	not having time in the morning to put on her contact lens	eeeeeeeeee !
Camille Webber	Mille	for the Playgirl in between Linda's mattress	for Cyle	hitting other sailboats in Blue-White Races	being prissy	Who's bigger - you or me?

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Lindsay Amthor	Jamie Summers	like a string bean	to raid	to eat	being woken up at night	Well, I'm sorry.
Katherine Bowling	Harry Mole	for something to ham up	at night with Betsy	tipping in a sailboat	being called Bow-Wow	And when you feel beautiful, you look beautiful.
Alice Brebner	Al	for a good sailing wind	for the Whites	being captain with Sarah	brushing her hair	I'm so excited.
Pamela Combes	Pam	for a letter from Danny	on Sunday in Monday's underwear	knocking on walls after Taps	wet bathing suits on her bed	It's not fair.
Elizabeth Cooper	Betsy	Innocent	after taps	to be obnoxious	getting wedgies from Cindy	I didn't do it.
Rebecca Cox	Becky	for her ponytail holders	to fit in	being alone	not being able to read her new books	Wicked good.
Pamela Famous	Hulk	like the Hulk	to pass Yeoman Bowman and Archer	to get letters	being called Famous	Why, why...

Listed as

Labeled

Looks

Lives

Likes

Loathes

"Lines"

Jennifer Gay

Jennifer

for what she
left at camp
at home.

without
half her
belongings

candy
line

people
talking
behind people's
back.

Yeah, I know.

Harriet Hubbard

Harry

for her
alarm clock

for
JMG

to
flick her
retainer

people who
get mad at
her for making
noise in the
a.m.

I'm sorry.

Maura Murphy

Maura

good with
her new
haircut

for a phone
call telling
her she's
an aunt.

archery

being in
intermediates

You're kidding!

Emily Spanel

Em

In her
shoe bag for
her ABC gum

In a
junkyard

to read

people
who fuss
alot

Don't take
a spaz.

Sarah Tabell

Sarah

for more
gum in the
mail.

with
Liz

sailing

sailing
over
mooring
lines

Jees Louise!

Cynthia Thornton

Cynthia

like Betsy
to some
people

with a
smile
on her
face

sailing

people who
are noisy
after
taps

That's tough.

[illegible]

Listed as

Labeled

Looks

Lives

Likes

Loathes

"Lines"

Dawn Crump

Dawn

for
troublein her
own
roommail
from
Philfalling off
Wildfire

You Jerk.

Andrea Florey

Nandy

for her
Badgerfor
JMGputting
Nina
to bedbeing
heatHee Bee
Gee Bee.

Nina Frank

Nina

for
Nandy~~for~~ for
~~for~~ candy
~~for~~ line
~~for~~ not
having to
hear John
Denverhanging
covers that
block out her
light
the
left side
of the
shack

Aghhhhhhhh!

Cynthia Trull

Cindi

for Pam
Famous and
Celiaout of
her trunkher
sister's
git-fiddlethe
left side
of the
shack

Yuko.

Suzanne Waldron

Suzy

for
Mattifor
ridingher
teeny bopper
musicwhen
people
criticize
John Denver

Cram it.

Margaret Williams

Matti

for her
guitarfor sailing
with
spinnakusto
singher room
being Grand
Central StationWhat's
happenin' !!

Movien Yee

Movien

with bewilderment
at
Nandy
being
great at
everything
from the start.peace in
2nd
shackmosquito
bites

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Pamela Cobb	Pam	for ice cream	with Christopher	"Shining is star"	slugs	- later breeze.
Lydia Griffith	Lydia or Lyd	nothing like her sister	mostly at night	granola	Bread crusts and sailing	Chucky - or Check it out, chuck
Hannah Hall	Hannah	like a rider	for Kesieki	wearing Jewelry	waking up	Well - you know?
Grace Houghton	Graceful	Great in her new contacts	for the boy next door	days off	the big bugs in Holly's room	You wouldn't believe what Mark + Todd did.
Trudy Rutherford	Dude	funny with her hair standing up	in the senior swamp	gymnastics	mistakes made on her canceing score	Go for it.
Jennifer Sachs	Jen Jenny	at her JMG books	making menus	to make chocolate chip cookies	strange insects in her room at night.	Aley Babe.

Listed as

Labeled

looks

Lives

Likes

Loathes

"Lines"

Maggie Stanton

Maq's

Forward to the
days when she
doesn't have knicks
for an activity

for
candy
line

romantic
letters from
Jeff.

people
picking
the gap

Don't pick!

Sarah Wilkinson

Sarah

in the
mirror

for her
cactus

JMG

people
picking
on her
speech

Jeezum
Crowbar

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Christine Buckley	Chris	thinner and thinner	unemployed after August 17	going to bed with her kids this year	her car not working	FFtcha!
John Carlton	Jack	forward to killing the chickens	for wildfire	salvation army clothing	messy stables	Canter your horses please.
Ellen Chapman	Smellin'	For Mortimer Moose	Flipping off seven's porch at night	a chilly one	trips in bunches with no equipment	This is your basic....
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	for pickers, snappers and cleaners	for two more weeks of camp - with sun.	clever ideas	vehicle problems	My pants are getting tight - I've got to stop eating.
Philip Cobb	Phil	relaxed	for the adventures of Mrs. Pollifax	the idea that school might be closed down.	rainy days	How ya doing today?
Ruth Anne Doe	Ruth Anne	at the T.V.	in the infirmary	coricidin	people visiting her patients	
Diane Erler	Diane	younger with short hair	a little behind schedule	being called the spiritual leader	anything less than complete uniform	<u>This</u> is a typical Maine Day.

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
John Paul Erler	Jack	older than his sister	to have Angelo Vumbacca come	flying for free, or anything at all for free	a messy sailing locker	you're a good friend you can call me Mr. Erler, sir.
Paul Hanna	L.P.	to make sure Betty isn't coming	as far away from senior end as possible	going to Old McDonald's for breakfast	cleaning plucking chickens	You think you're real smart.
Victoria Hughes	Tory	like a lioness	on the phone	nights off	clean rooms	I'm going up to the counselors room to mark up some targets.
Marian Johnson	Johnny or "the admiral"	for new ways to entertain Annie.	in her new sailing hat	reading everyone's mail	being anything but last at meals	Hi Annie
Laura Kind	Laura	for a way out of doing table lists	again as the counselor with the leastst.	playing Johnny	3 out of 10	Take 1 from column A, 2 from column B and switch it with column C.
Louise Lessard	Louise Weez Luigi Lolo the lush	for Cindy to start a cigarette	for the day when she can become a legal lush.	anything in pants	getting no mail	<u>You're</u> a nurd.
Dana Logan	Dana	for money to fill her account	under her scarf	health food	grilled sandwiches	Okay boys...!

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Cynthia Lowden	Cindy	like a gym teacher	having a cigarette in the counselors room	her electric blanket	disorganization and hairy legs	Well it's like this. with 4 people in one car.
Elizabeth A. Mayer	Lizanne	fatter and fatter she thinks	without underwear	contact splitting her thumb?	getting lost in "the Lost Elevator"	Great.
Alison Page	Alison	for her Benson and Hedges	for teaching tennis	anything in pants too.	archery	Hi Ree Ree.
Maggie Robertson	Maggie	forward to jogging in the morning	on a perpetual diet	living in the jr. tent.	people who don't take her seriously	Believe me - it was a leopard I saw !!
Holly Rutherford	Holly	like she should have blue eyes	for someone to stop at Silver Street + get her crusher	exercising under the apple tree	not having time for JMG	What am I going to do for campcraft with just Nina?
Lori Rutherford	Big Red	athletic in "jock" wear	with Charlie	letters from Tim	people walking through the kitchen	Really decent.
Celia Spanel	Mia her sisters Celia	like her sisters	in the throes of normality	the all-American boy	people messing with her flute.	How am I going to get out for a day off?

Listed as

Labeled

looks

Lives

Likes

Loathes

"Lines"

Marlene Stemper

Marlene

for
mail

listening
to the
top 40
hits

to call
South
Dakota

~~to eat~~
Jello

When I get
back home....

Roberta Tabell

Boop

for her
Tab

in a
messy room
and a
messy shack

driving
around
in
Clive

losing
Peter
Frankton

Yoooh!
or
You're a nurd!

Nancy Waldron

Nancy

younger
than Jack

for sunny
warm
weather

her
electric
blanket at
camp

mosquitoes
rain
overnights
or any
combination
of the above

So this is a
typical Maine day?

Lois Wigdahl

Lois

for funny
noises in
her car

greased
in
baby oil

to play
the
piano

doing
the dishes

I mean like....

Kate Wilkinson

Kate

fed up

to have
everything
returned
to the craft
shop

days off
on the
island

fine mists
floating
through her
tent.

Oh - I don't
believe it.

David Wilson

Dave

like the kind
of boy your
mother would
want you to know

to complete
the paddle
tennis court

working
hard and
having fun

very
little

You love it and
you know it.

Listed as

Labeled

looks

Lives

Likes

Loathes

"Lines"

Mark Erler

Mark

like a
camper

to do
skits with
fourth shack

being
able to
tag up

swimming
lessons

Where's
Aunt Nancy?

Todd Erler

Todd

for someone
to play with to sit
at Johnny's
table

pineapple
juice

going to
sleep

Do you want me
to die?

Anne Erler

Anne

like an
Erler

each day
to the
fullest

to go
swimming

nothing

da-da-da -

Third Shack Limericks

Tracy Cornell

Oh, what a dear is our Tracy!
The expressions she makes with her face-y!
At night she gets itches
And keeps us in stitches
All day, whether serious or spacey.



Lisa Corbridge

When the time rolls around for her job
She will sit on her bed like a blob!
But for the rest of the day
Lisa's sprightly and gay
And we love her a real whole gob!

Anne-Marie Dugal

Three cheers for our girl from Canada
Who loves everything - nomatta!
She thinks, "Please be quiet!"
At rest hour's a riot!
Anne-Marie, you are now bilinguata!



Wendy Mills

At any activity she's great!
Wendy learns at an amazing rate!
She's a fish in the water
Rest hour proves non-stop laughter -
Forever giving backrubs - that's her fate!

Galen Cobb

Galen is oh such a cutie
Never one to be huffy or snooty
A pro in the saddle
Acts and looks like a model
We all think that she's tutti-fruity.



Muffy Larned

A great Junior Blue Leader she is
At making her bed - not a whizz!
Never still for a minute
When there's excitement, she's in it!
At night she's not easy to kizz.

Beth Waldron

Beth does everything zoom-zoom-zoom
Except, that is, cleaning her room!
A proud Junior Maine Woodsman
For fun and frolick she's huntin'
We hope she'll come back to camp soon.



Lynn King

She comes from the capital of Maine
Complete with accent - that's plain!
Tho sometimes she may frown,
All the same, she's a clown -
It's up to you now to guess her name!

Kim Cornell

Kim leads the White team this year
Her voice it is easy to hear
Her engineer cap
Never in her lap
For mosquitoes she has a great fear.



Edith Spanel

With two older sisters in camp
Her spirit is difficult to damp
Violin she'll play
Fartsnips she'll say
Edith's got ants in her pants!

Kathy Knowlton

All the way from Colorado she came
Katherine, not Kathy's her name
Her walls are full
Many tricks she'll pull
Tennis and swimming her game.



Kirke Hannum

Up from Portland our dear Kirke did come
She hates to miss out on the fun
Always first into bed
Rest hour she will dread
Off to riding she'll go at a run!

Claire Solot

In the winter she lives in the city
We find curly hair very pretty
Claire can be silly
A regular pilly
But actually she is rather witty!



Nina Ferre

At butting our Nina's the best
In fact, at times, quite a pest
She had a surprise
When before her eyes
Her mother appeared as a guest!

Susan Sherman

Her raincoat, it drove her crazy
At times she, in fact, is quite lazy
Susie is her name
Her smile wins her fame
We'll miss her when she goes on her wayze!



Sharon West

Her voice often raised to a yell
Sharon's never up before second bell
At tennis a champ
Her spirits hard to damp
She sure knows how to raise heck!

Jennifer Corson

Fer is her nickname for sure
She loves to leave things on the floor
For from Philly she came
Gymnastics her game
We hope of this girl we'll see more.



Mitra Morgan

Her lashes they look almost fake
Many friends she did easily make
Her jumper she'd wear
Constantly combing her hair
Her giggle you would never mistake.

Amy Hufnagel

Amy came from the village each day
To join all the Fourth Shackers in play
With soup for the sick
For the Whites she'll kick
Many nights we wish she could stay.



Ann Halperin

To Martha's Vineyard she off and went
When barely half the summer was spent
She's full of great joy
Rarely will she annoy
About her we have good comment(s).

Karen Hufnagel

A little girl with big eyes have we
The name is Karen Hufnagel, says she
She comes every day
Often begs us to stay
On her face it's freckles you'll see.

Laurie Goldstein

Laurie came from Princeton this year
For anything at all she'd give a loud cheer
She left early for sun
In Hawaii, by gum
In any sport this girl has no fear.



Kate Saltus

Kate's giggles are something to hear
On a horse she has nothing to fear
For her glasses she waited
Her mother near fainted
When Kate greeted her dressed rather queer!

Janet Daniels

Jan decided that she really likes sailing
But many times she's ended up bailing
A French model she'll be
In her skirt below knee
We hope truly her ears have stopped ailing.



Noel Ferre

From Florida Noel came to us all
With Snoopy, her favorite toy doll
Full of affection
Can't follow directions!
But with her we've all had a ball!

Susan Laylin

Susan is an avid reader of books
A sailboat she'll give no bad looks
Tennis she adores
Picks blueberries galore
To playing frisbee she quickly took.

Desiree Crump

Desiree's room - what a mess!
We like her the same we confess
On the rafters she'll fly
And run you right by
Her smiles and fun are the best.

Sara DeTurk

Oh, Turkey came to us from ole Mass.
And as a sportswoman this girl has got class
In her bikini so small
She'll sure shock us all
We hope more summers here she will pass.



Debbie August

The smallest in five, she is tiny.
About brussel sprouts she will get whiney
She plays softball just great
At tennis first rate
And we all like Deb just so finey!

Barbara Trager

Our Barb is a junkie, it's true,
But still gives her all to the Blue
She will talk non-stop
At tennis she's tops
More enthusiastic than her, there are few.

Tobin Smith

For her Honda our Tobin will scream
About passing Maine Woodsman she'll dream
A pitcher for the Blues
In a sailboat she'll cruise
She's always a sweetie - not mean!



Amy Rosenberg

Amy's a White, staunch and true
But when Linda is gone she's quite blue
She sails and plays tennis
On trips not a menace
Her romance with Chuck is not new.

Brenda Harrington

Brenda came with a bag under her arm
With a guinea pig fresh from the farm
To the garden she'll run
Bean picking was fun
Her guinea pig gave us alarm.



Pierrette Newman

Pierrette came with her sister's fame
However, her looks were not just the same
With racket in hand
She wandered to the sand
With Kido she adopted that name.

Diana DeVoe

Diana's hair is much longer this year
Her friend Camille is always quite near
At riding she's great
And riflery first-rate
But sunbathing will not be her career.



Camille Webber

Camille is much braver this year
From her waist up nude she'd appear
Her bathing suit - microscopic
Often a major topic
With kisses and spiders a great fear.

Holly Higgins

We cried, "Holly, you certainly are thin!"
At sailing races she does win
She's been caught saying those sins
Yet is seen with bright grins
Is never seen writing home with a pen.

Edith Villarreal

Each night her eyes she would boil
Over the thought of getting fat she'd toil
With smiles on her face
Brenda's guinea pig she did chase
And each morning her aseptor plug she'd coil.



Sarah Ullman

"Where's my laundry," Sarah does cry
"If I don't have it I'll die
With a huff and a sniff
And a shrug and a sigh
She climbs up the mountain so high.

Susan Griffith

With a smile on her face she did appear
And with Margaret she became quite near
To Maine Woodsmen she'll go
With no much experience, though
But of the challenge she has no fear.



Margaret Houghton

At camp she got the name Stretch
Dear Annie she often does fetch
At night she does scream
In affect due to a dream
And her moorings she'll always catch.

Kathy Savadove

Dear Kathy is living in Six again
We often found her looking for men
With her hair in the air
To flag raising she'd dare
And at night we would hear from her den.



Linda Rosenberg

To testing camp Linda did go
Miss swimming lessons to soak her toe
For Harriet she would look
With her Maine Woodsman book
To JMC she'll go, we know.

Meg Richards

Meg came with a gerbil and cage
At riding she sure is a rage
Although tall and thin
Food was not her sin
With comics in hand she'll read every page.



Bethany Berry

To camp Bethany did run
As in the past, she's good with her gun
Destined to pass her second bar
At cycling she'll go far
And at meals she'll always be first done.

Jennifer Gay

Jennifer still loves to sail
From Belfast her family does hail
She left too soon
At what she left we swoon
She certainly loves to get mail.



Sarah Tabell

Sarah is one Captain of Whites
And one of our cabin delights
Her feet make her trip
And she never gives lip
And her hair is out of sight!

Pam Combes

Pam is Captain of the Blues, you see
Six foot three she'll never be
Her boyfriend arrived
Causing such a surprise
You can hear her call, "hard to lee!"

Lindsay Amthor

Our Lindsay returned this year
And the opinions she gives are clear
Her help she's giving
Without complaining
When she leaves there will be a tear.

Becky Cox

Becky came from Ginny's home town
Her parents gave us a real ho-down
She was quiet and shy
'Til she gave out her cry
And now has become a real clown.



Alice Brebner

Our Alice is captain this year
And she's always full of good cheer
She laughs all day
And sailing's her forte
To Runoia Alice is a dear.

Liz West

Liz is the quiet one of our shack
Spirit and enthusiasm she does not lack
To Blues she is true
And complaints are few
You'll find her room way in the back.

Kathy Bowring

In Seven you'll find Kathy again
Her antics are the shack's "livin' end"
She can crack you up
With just a hic-up
To anyone a listening ear she'll lend.



Betsy Cooper

Betsy from California did arrive
To give this camp, Runoia, a try
She sails and rides
No emotions she hides
She's really made the shack come alive.

Pam Famous

To our Famous Pam we give this rhyme
In Junior end she spends her time
Archery's her game
Where she received her fame
At times we wish she'd unwind.



Posie Van Rensselaer

Our Posie is great around the shack
Even when she has a laughing attack
Works hard on the log
Though she seems in a fog
Enthusiasm she never lacks.

Harriet Hubbard

Harry is in Seventh again this year
And she's JMG-ing without any fear
Sailing she hates
Her alarm rings quite late
In hearts Harry will always be near.



Cynthia Thornton

"Flakey" as she's known to us
Cynthia in Seventh Shack's a must
Her oboe she plays
And tries sailing each day
Somehow she never seems to fuss.

Maura Murphy

Maura reads till her eyes turn red
When you can't find her, look in her bed
At archery she's a pro
And has not a foe
Her honest opinions are always said.



Emily Spanel

Emily tackled Maine Woodsman this year
And singing's her love, it's quite clear
Her appetite is great
And cleaning she hates
Each summer we'll see her here.

Nandy Florey

Nandy, the talk will never stop
You stifle her and she will pop
She keeps us busy
And makes us dizzy
Despite it all, she's really tops.



Movien Yee

We listened hard for just a sound
But only giggles could be found
Her letters are neat
Chinese is a treat
Working hard Movien gets a crown.

Dawn Crump

Dawn thinks Crump is better than Rump
She leaves to jog without a thump
She has tried it all
And has had a ball
From the float she'd rather not jump.

Nina Frank

To our neat Nina we write this rhyme
The girl who says "ahhh" all the time
Fumes about a mess
Gives Nandy no rest
But we love her despite her whine.



Cindi Trull

Why doesn't she like our left side?
Her hate for it she doesn't hide
Imagination
She says she has none
But we're glad she's part of our tribe.

Matti Williams

Thump, thump, thump we hear down the hall
Strum, strum, strum we hear from her stall
For Matti's up first
Energy to burst
For songs are her favorite call.



Suzy Waldron

Poor Suzy has a cross to bear
Her mother lives with her this year
Her mind does linger
She is a dreamer
I'm sure she's glad that she was here.

Grace Houghton

Grace is Mark and Todd's sitter this year
Spiders and crawlers she really does fear
Her eyes she will boil
To prevent excess soil
On her day off she was approached by a queer.



Jenny Sachs

Jenny's at camp again
To pass JMG is her yen
She's one we all love
With smiles way above
There's not much beyond her ken.

Hannah Hall

There once was a girl from Connecticut
Who knew all about horse etiquette
She rode every day
Worked with shovel and hay
Her presence we're very glad of it!



Maggie Stainton

The tent our Maggie did hate
And to go play tennis she'll wait
To campcraft she'll run
To be a tester was fun
And letters from Jeff can't be late.

Lydia Griffith

Lydia is one who lives at night
Her giggles are quite a delight
Plugs in her eyes
Lives for cookies and pies
Her tan is once more out of sight!



Trudy Rutherford

Doing gymnastics Trudy can be found
To imitating Elvis she can be bound
In archery she can aim
In dramatics she wins fame
And we hope she'll stick around.

Sarah Wilkinson

Sarah's speech is different from us
She sneezes and coughs when she smells dust
Her humour is great
She's never irate
From her you won't hear a fuss.



Pam Cobb

There once was a girl named Pam
She never ate meat, even ham
At camping she's great
We all think she's first rate
Our friend with the kitten in hand.

Phil Cobb

Phil came with a job to camp
On the income tax they put the stamp
He worked so non-stop
On the court he would drop
If his energy weren't without cramp.



Betty Cobb

Betty's energy knows almost no bounds
From the garden to lakefront she rounds
Rain her pet peeve
Clever ideas up her sleeve
Eight more weeks of summer she hopes could be
found!

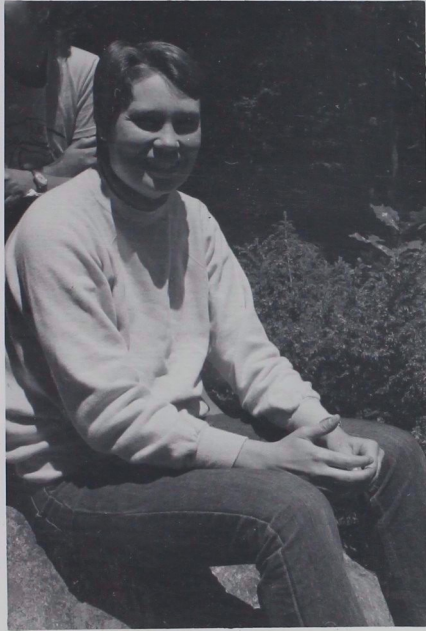
Jack Erler

Come week-ends, Jack brought the rain
Bad sailing lockers caused him much pain
Many stories he told
Mostly new and some old
His daughter's the fairest in Maine!



Diane Erler

Three children Diane brought this year
And a new haircut modeled without fear
To finish Sunday Service
For Belgrade she was nervous
For her Aides she is ready to cheer.



Ruth Anne Doe

Ruth Anne came from Nasson with T.V.
And settled down in the infirmary
After many years passed
She's back here at last
Her task has been easy to see. (and hear!)

Marlene Stemper

We all give our thanks to Marlene
For the souffles and salad dressing
Although sometimes quiet
We cannot deny it
Marlene is really a scream!

Lori Rutherford

There is a young woman called Lori
Who dreams of the fame and glory
She'll achieve some day
As she dances her heart away
With a troupe called "Rutherford's Repertory!"



Dana Logan

Dana's a girl of much knowing
She also has a lot for the showing
Eats lots of bran
Stays thin for her man
Whose love, like ours, seems growing.

Lois Wigdahl

Lois wears roots on her feet
And can put in a few words for beats
Gives us our fill
Of life with Fern and Bill
It's her type that we like to meet.

L.P. Hanna

"Aw Jeezus," this boy will sicken
When he learns he must kill and pluck chickens
For his Honda he'll die
To Old MacDonald's he'll fly
With a phobia against senior he is stricken.



David Wilson

From P-ton, Master David did come
To build the court and even work some
The red truck he mastered
Though the lawn he near plastered
To him digging up boulder's not dumb.

Marian Johnson

Oh, Johnny's heart is full of gold
Even though we all have been told
Our lights should be out
Our voices can't shout
It's hard to fit into her mold.

Johnny, we hear you late at night
A little snoring seems quite right
Our pixes you fix
'Cause Nancy gets sick
And we love you with all our might!



Nancy Waldron

Great Pond's not a river, 'tis true,
And maybe our mountains seem few.
Bob said, "Go to Maine
And don't mind the rain
Nancy now has the Cits for her crew.

Lizanne Mayer

Oh, really you're silly, Lizzy
JMG kept you so so so busy
Your jokes leave us numb
How'd you contact split your thumb?
Everyone thinks you're fizzy-whizzy-dizzy!



Celia Spanel

We love her smile so brace-y
And her cheery goofy face-y
She speaks with ease'
Plays the flute to please
Oh, Celia, you're just plain great, see?

Holly Rutherford

In one year she did pass JMC
With Trudy and Lori it makes three
Though only seventeen
At Silver Street was seen
When without her new hat she did flee!



Laura Kind

Laura had thirty-two majors
And a bunch of Junior Lifesavers
Many pretzels she ate
Table lists she does hate
Only three out of ten she does favor.

Louise Lessard

Louise has problems at night
Climbing screens and causing a fright
For zombies she'll scream
About Bernie she'll dream
She's a nurd, but this girl is all right.



Boop Tabell

"You're a nurd!" you'll often hear Boop say
In sailing and softball, hurray!
To Clive she will run
For her, he's number one
Now legal...she's waited for that day!

Kate Wilkinson

Kate goes to college this year
Of this big day there's no fear
At sailing she's a pro
Off to cycling she will go
Within all of our hearts she'll be near.



Chris Buckley

Over her bed Chris found a leak
Sitting on the dock late riders she'd seek
On food she cut down
Upon swear words she'd frown
Often of sister Tracey she'd speak.

Tory Hughes

To camp this year Tory brought Lizanne
On the dock she worked hard on her tan
Targets she'd count
Scores on charts she'd mount
While each day to the mailbox she ran.



Maggie Robertson

Maggie's back after a two-year span
How hard she has worked on her tan
To JMG she went
With her ax, knife and tent
Each morning she got up and ran.

Cindy Lowden

Cindy, you are a wonder
Orange hat on head, voice like thunder
Teddy Bear's her name
But swimming's her fame
Her shack will miss her this winter.



Alison Page

Re Re is her name for everyone
Somehow Alison is full of sun
Her English is better
In tennis she'll letter
And she's loved by everyone.



Ellen Chapman

Ellen was on Chesuncook for weeks
On Cobbossee in new canoe she put leaks
She spins out over plants
And Thoreau makes her dance
At five JMGs - out she freaks!





3rd shack



Fourth Shack



Fifth Shack



Sixth Shack



Seventh Shack



CITs



Aides



Staff



Sisters in Camp

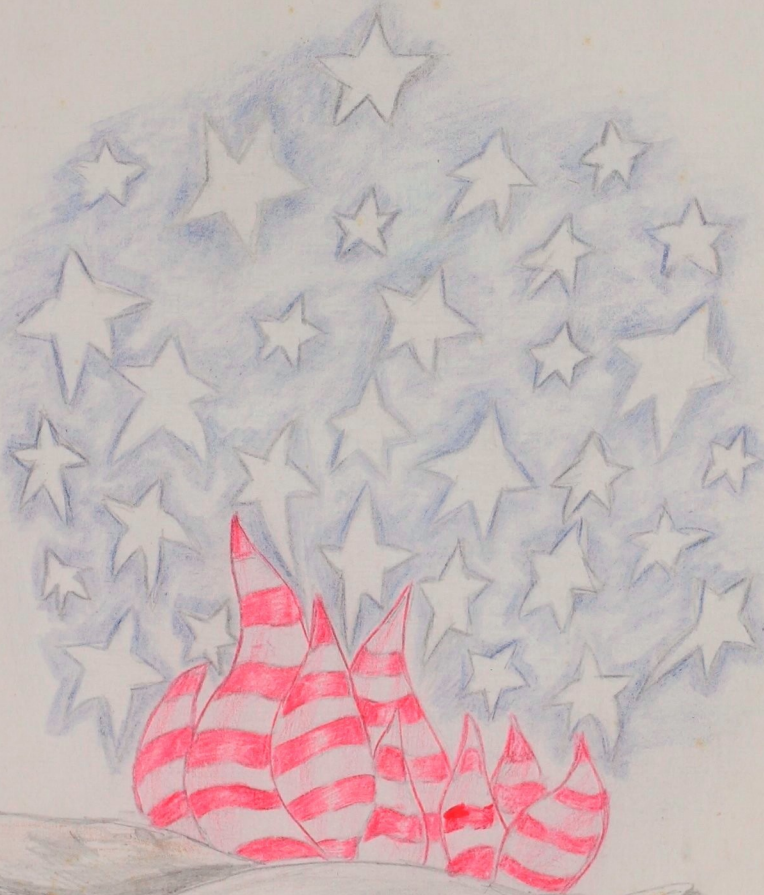


Captains



Alumnae daughters

The 4th July





Fourth
of
July























Claire
Rothenberg
Grossman
and
family

Janet Hester, C. T. Gerrish Are Betrothed

Announcement has been made by Dr. and Mrs. James McNaughton Hester of Tokyo, Princeton, N.J., and New York, of the engagement of their daughter, Janet McNaughton Hester, to Campbell Thornton Gerrish, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Gerrish of Rye, N.Y.

The couple plan to be married in Princeton on Aug. 21.

The prospective bride, an alumna of the Spence School here, attended Skidmore College and received a B.A. in fine arts last month from New York University. She is a provisional member of the Junior League of New York.

Her father, who is rector of the United Nations University in Tokyo, was president of N.Y.U. from 1962 to 1975.

Mr. Gerrish graduated with the class of '73 from Princeton University, where he was



Janet Hester

captain of the rugby team. He is an agent for the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company here. His father is marketing director of the Eastchester Savings Bank in Mount Vernon, N.Y.



Main Street Belgrade 1929





Aerial View of Belgrade Lakes, Maine

8/20/50



Children of
Mary Ann Larzelere
(Gerbie)

Kris 6
Steven 3



"Pine Beach Camp" Great Lake, Belgrade Lakes, Me.

50746-N



Mrs. William Charles Gast
Louise Pabst Hook of Belmont

Weddings Announced

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Elizabeth Lynch Hilton and Mr. William Charles Gast took place Saturday evening at Calvary Episcopal Church in Clifton.

The Rt. Rev. John M. Krumm, Bishop of the Diocese of Southern Ohio, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Alvin H. Hanson of Calvary.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert William Hilton Jr. Mr. Gast is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Rhoads Gast.

In Society

A reception at the Cincinnati Country Club immediately followed.

Maid of honor for her sister was Miss Melissa Morse Hilton. Other bridal attendants were a cousin of the bride, Miss Mary-Morse Matthews; Mrs. Charles W. Krehbiel Jr. and Mrs. Christian A. Larson, all of this city; Miss Holly M. Dale of Geneva, Switzerland; Miss Holly H. Hughey of Columbus, Ohio, and Miss Therese F. Steiner of New York City.

Mr. Gast's father was his son's best man. Ushers were the bride's brother, Mr. David Matthews Hilton; Mr. Richard M. Block, Mr. Charles M. Drackett Jr., Mr. John W. Hauck, Mr. Charles W. Krehbiel Jr., Mr. J. Stewart Lewis and Mr. Richard C. Wiggers, all of this city.

Mrs. Gast graduated from Hillsdale School and from Skidmore College where she received a bachelor's degree in linguistics. For the past two years she attended the Interpreters' School at the University of Heidelberg in West Germany. Mr. Gast graduated from Harvard University with a bachelor's degree in economics.

The grandparents of the bride are Mrs. Francis Christian Biddle and the late Mr. Biddle and the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert William Hilton. Mr. Gast is the grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Dix and the late Mr. and Mrs. Emil W. Blase, who were all of Cincinnati.

After a wedding trip to Caneel Bay Plantation on the Island of St. John, Mr. and Mrs. Gast will reside in Cincinnati.

Among the out-of-town guests were the bridegroom's sisters, Miss Pamela L. Gast of Boston and Miss Judith A. Gast of Denver; Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hilton of Wes-

thampton, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. John D. Wilson of Bronxville, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley W. Raffety of Youngstown, Ohio, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Albert Grimm of Rapid City, S. C.

MR. AND MRS. John Robert Martindale will reside in Cincinnati on their return from a wedding trip to Bermuda.

The marriage of the former Miss Elizabeth Frances Valk Reeves and Mr. Martindale took place Saturday in St. Michael's Episcopal Church in Charleston, S. C. The Rev. Edwin C. Coleman officiated.

The reception was at the Carolina Yacht Club.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bounetheau Reeves Jr. of Charleston. Mr. and Mrs. James Howes Martindale of Middletown, Ohio, are parents of the groom.

Maid of honor was Miss Louise Huger Pringle of Charleston. Also attendants were Miss Anne Wyatt Cogswell, Miss Carroll Gale Belsor, Miss Frances Langdon Edmunds and Miss Barbara Douglass Hall, all of Charleston; Mrs. James Melvin Johnson of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Miss Julia Armour Gamble of Washington D. C.; Miss Molly Maclin Prince of Williamsburg, Va., and Miss Jennifer Martindale of Aspen, Colo. Flower girl was Marguerite Sinkler Joseph.

Mr. James Howes Martindale Jr. was his brother's best man. Ushering were Mr. Boykin Rose of Camden, S. C.; Dr. Price Cameron and Mr. Peter B. Reeves, both of Charleston; Mr. L. Anthony Joseph Jr. of Pasadena, Calif.; Mr. Colin Campbell and Mr. Robert Laing, both of Dayton, Ohio; Mr. Mark Gardner of Carmel, Ind., and Mr. Jefferson Gardner of Coral Gables, Fla.

The bride is a graduate of Hollins College. Mr. Martindale attended Northwood College.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S Church in New York City was the scene Saturday for the marriage of Miss Jeanne Ruffin Hook and Mr. Mark Lorin Kaywood.

The Rev. Bruce W. Forbes officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. Sturgis Lee Riddle. A dinner reception followed at The Metropolitan Club.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert William Hilton, Jr.

request the honour of your presence

at the marriage of their daughter

Elizabeth Lynch

to

Mr. William Charles Gast

Saturday, the twenty-fourth of April

nineteen hundred and seventy-six

at half after eight in the evening

Calvary Episcopal Church

Cincinnati, Ohio



Al & Mary Gates
& Family

over

Mary Bauman Gates and Family 1976



Randa Reunion 1976
Joan Bayne Williams
Marian R. Johnson
N. May Condit Degman
Cody Cleveland Weitz
Betty Perry Gleason



Mark Erler 1976



PRINCETON HIGH'S Pam Cobb practices her footwork during a soccer workout lastweek.

Fall 1976



Love,
Pat &
Bunny
**Happy
Holidays**
Beth & Amy,
Jeff

Bunny Thibodeau Andrew's children



Yes pers at the beach
Johnny holding Anne Erler



Chuck & Angie
Julia, John & Katherine

(over)

Angie Strople McGinnis and Family



Wedding of Nancy Dowd Burton's
Oldest Son



See my new teeth!
Anbe Erler

Mr. and Mrs. William Standart Hutchings

announce the marriage of his daughter

Sally Spalding

to

Mr. David Joseph Bassett

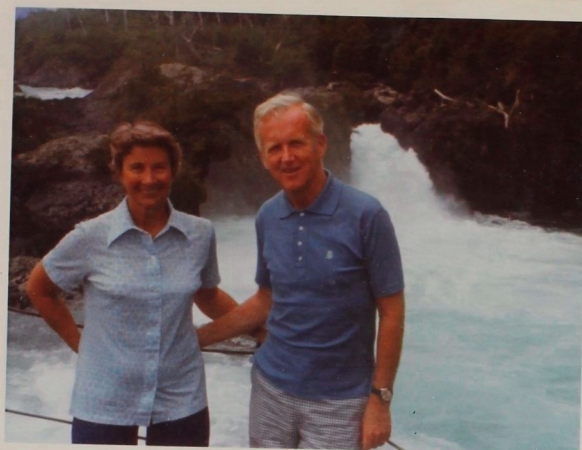
on Saturday, the twenty-fifth of September

Nineteen hundred and seventy-six

Mills College Chapel

Oakland, California

At Home: Hillside Road, Box 1491, Evergreen, Colorado 80439



Chile '76

Hope the eye & hip
are A-OK, plus the
Cape for Thanksgiving!



Peace on Earth
Lots of love to
you from Ditto
& Whit

Kit + Whit Hobbs

We had another grandchild!

Ditto Hamilton Hobbs and Whit



M.J. Mott Flans' Andrew and Kristine
Oct. 1976



Debby Janney O'Keefe's
3 lively sons 1976



ANNOUNCING

A New Player
On Our Team



Salmon Lake, Maine 1976

Happy
Holidays



The Rutherford

Christina Chrysler French Wed On L.I. to Grant Aubrey Porter

St. John's of Lattingtown Episcopal Church in Locust Valley, L.I., was the setting yesterday afternoon for the marriage of Christina Chrysler French, a great-granddaughter of Walter P. Chrysler, the automobile manufacturer, to Grant Aubrey Porter, a great-grandson of the 13th Earl of Huntingdon.

The Rev. Charles G. Newbery performed the ceremony. A reception was held at the Piping Rock Club, where the bride made her debut in 1969 at the North Shore Junior League Cotillion. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond French of Locust Valley and Quogue, L.I. The bridegroom's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Porter Jr. of Old Westbury, L.I.

Wendy French was her sister's maid of honor. Other attendants were Pamela French, also a sister of the bride; Laurie Etherington, Leslie Graham, Dorothy Holzer, Diana Ronan and Lindsey Eakin. Steven Porter, a member of the law faculty at Hofstra University, was best man for his twin.

The bride graduated from the Purnell School, Bradford College and with the class of '73 from Boston University. She is a service officer in the metals and mining department, World Corporation Group at Citibank and a member of the Junior League of New York. Her father is president of the Canal-Randolph Corporation, a national real-estate owner and developer.

Mrs. Porter is a granddaughter of the late Byron C. Foy of New York and his first wife, the late Thelma Chrysler Foy, and of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sydney French of Litchfield, Conn. Her maternal grandfather had been a vice president of the Chrysler Corporation and board chairman of Jack & Heintz Precision Industries of Cleveland. Her



Freudy

Christina Chrysler Porter

paternal grandfather was an aeronautical engineer.

The bridegroom is an assistant treasurer in the Petroleum Division of the Corporate Bank of the Chase Manhattan Bank. He graduated from the Buckley Country Day and Taft Schools and with the class of '73 from Boston University. His father is a senior vice president of the Chemical Bank.

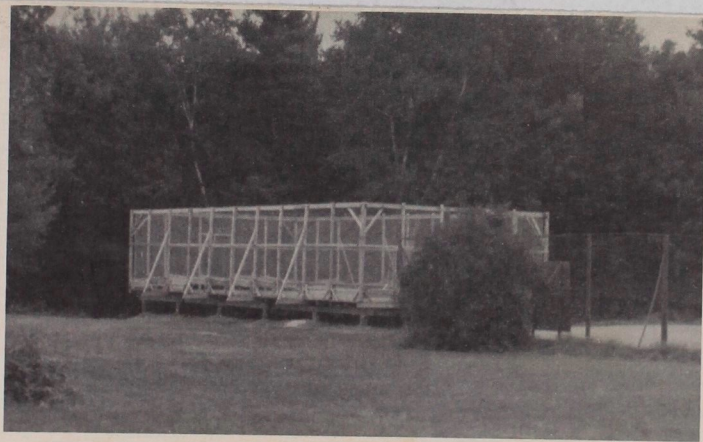
Mr. Porter is a grandson of Aubrey Hastings of Newbury, England, and the late Mr. Hastings, who won the English Grand National in 1905, and of Mrs. Canute Hansen of Rockville Centre, L.I., and the late Kenneth Porter, who was treasurer of the Sinclair Oil Corporation.



SELF ADHESIVE VINYL EMBLEM



Fiji Peter Orbeton Peace Corps
PRINTED IN NEW ZEALAND BY QUIK STIK INTERNATIONAL
1976



Runoia thought you would like to see the paddle tennis court which was made possible through our friends as a memorial to Rob. It will be ready for use this fall. Runoia will always appreciate your thoughtfulness.

— October 1976



*The Religious Community, the Faculty
and the Senior Class*

of

*Stuart Country Day School
of the Sacred Heart*

*request the honor of your presence
at the*

*Twelfth Commencement Exercises
on Sunday, the sixth of June
nineteen hundred and seventy-six
at four o'clock*

Princeton, New Jersey