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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.

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

Brebner, Alice Cobb, Galen Combes, Pam Cooper, Betsy Corbridge, Lisa Cornell, Kim Cornell, Tracy Corson, Jennifer Cox, Becky Crump, Desiree Dugal, Anne-Marie Gay, Jennifer Goldstein, Laurie Halperin, Ann Hannum, Kirke Harrington, Brenda Hufnagel, Karen

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

Staff

Cobb, Elizabeth Cobb, Philip Erler, Diame Erler, John Paul Johnson, Marian

Buckley, Chris
Chapman, Ellen
Doe, Ruth Ann
Houghton, Grace
Hughes, Tory
Kind, Laura
Lessard, Louise
Logan, Dana
Lowden, Cindy
Mayer, Lizanne
Page, Alison
Robertson, Maggie
Rutherford, Holly
Rutherford, Lori
Spanel, Celia
Stemper, Marlene
Tabell, Boop
Waldron, Nancy
Wigdahl. Lois
Wilkinson, Kate
Wilson, David

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

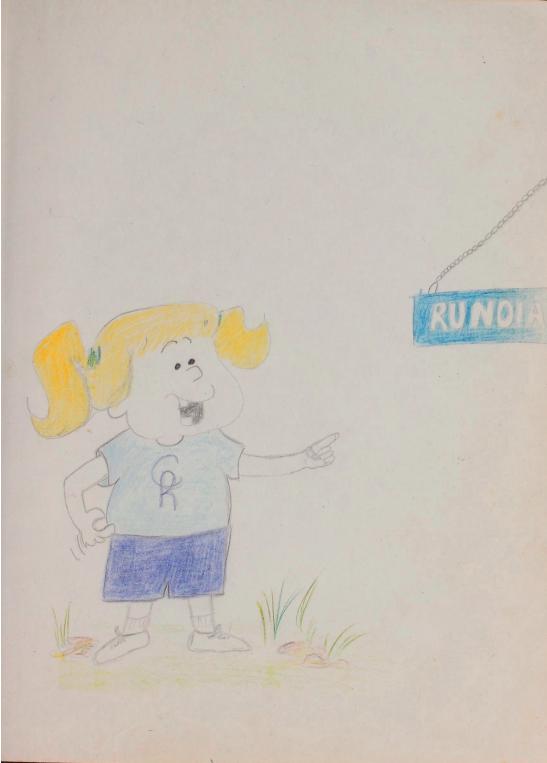
very lost and the only thing he could see for <u>Wigdahls</u> and <u>Wigdahls</u> were <u>Corbridges</u> and other types of bridges leading to foreign towns. Also, the little old man and that was it! <u>Savadove!</u> Sherman, he was lost <u>Webber</u> or not he knew it.

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 Criffith. 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 Cay 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

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

I ndespensible

ndless

N 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.

lst 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 or 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

The present and the future are both important, but the past is also important. It is nice to look back and remember good things that have happened. The good thing about the past is that you can look back and remember the things you want to remember, and forget the things you don't want to remember. Also, if it weren't for the past, we wouldn't have many of the things we have today. For instance, if it weren't for 1776 we wouldn't have this country.

Sara DeTurk

Yesterday the sky was the brightest of blue And the grass was coated with morning dew Yesterday the sky was the brightest of blue For yesterday factories were uncommon and few Yesterday the fields were bright and green For no litter was there to dingy the scene.

Desiree Crump

Today is very special because it is Sunday, a day of peace, of happiness and of love. It isn't something in the future and it isn't something in the past. It is now, this moment, this hour, today. Today is a day to sit and think about anything you want, in perfect peace and quiet. You may want to read a book or take a nap, or maybe just sit and listen to the birds chirp on this very special day -today.

Kate Saltus

Now today's a different matter. Today is here and it's here to stay. At least a little while, anyway, until the time is over. And then it's today again - but it's really tomorrow.

And tomorrow you never know - for tomorrow is in the future and no one can tell. Tomorrow is another place, another when, another why. But yet it's a future, a place, a time - tomorrow is the only thing that there is to live on.

Noel Ferre

Tomorrow the sky will be grey, not blue For tomorrow the factories will be great, not few Tomorrow the birds will not fly in the sky For tomorrow all nature will have to die.

Desiree Crump

When will this day be over, I ask myself. Will tomorrow be better? But tomorrow will be my today soon. Will there be enough time tomorrow, or will it be like today, not enough time.

Time, what is time? Is is just what the clock tells you? Not to me, but all the time I am living, I am losing. I seem to be dying if I am losing my time. Because when you die you have lost all your time. But when I find my time there is never enough of it. Oh, I have so many things to do with my time and yet it always seems to go by. Will I ever catch up with time? No, I can not, so I must learn to work along with time, because that seems to be the key to it all. So maybe in my far tomorrow I can say that

yesterday I did do the things I wanted to do once I found the time.

Hannah Hall

Sixth Shack Sunday Service - July 25, 1976

A stray dog limping in the street. Some people would walk away ignoring its whimpering cry. But a caring person will not go on but will stop, help it and care for it with love.

A speeding driver, taking the highway as fast as possible. A flock of ducks are crossing to a nearby pond. Not wanting to go out of his way, the driver does not slow down for he doesn't care about anything but himself.

A small bird with a hurt wing. It won't live long for it can't hop much farther. An uncaring person will leave it to die, but a caring person will take some of his time to help it to fly once more.

An anthill with busy happy ants scurrying to get food An uncaring person will not go out of his way to avoid the anthill but instead will enjoy the pleasure of stepping on it. The caring person would avoid the anthill and let the ants live.

All animals, no matter how small, large, delicate or sturdy have the right to be respected and cared for. Treat them with respect as you would want to be treated yourself. After all, it is their world too.

Sarah Ullman

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,

An animal can be man's best friend, to stand by one's side Yet man turns his back again and again, killing many animals

Yet others are cooped in zoo's small cages

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 Knowl tor

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 multicouleurs, 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 Momuffins and s'mores. Our

trip was a nice one, considering the weather, and everyone seemed to enjoy it.

Emily Spanel

Oak Island Trip

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 and started doing the usual, such as putting up tents, getting 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 Laura was about to canoe back to camp to get it, but decided 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.

eggs, mushroom soup, salad and rolls) Desiree was down by the water when we heard a splash and Desiree started yelling that she had fallen in. After dinner Alice, Margaret, Betsy and I went over to the other campsite where they practically shoved this delicious spaghetti down our throats! Out of hunger we ate it and left. A while later we all sat down around the fire and ate s'mores and then went to bed around 10:00. The next morning Alice and I were the last up at about 8:30. It was another cold, cloudy day and for breakfast we had onion eggs, English muffins and cocoa. Then at 11:00 everyone left for camp and arrived a short while later. It was a really good trip and a lot of fun for everybody.

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 Nills 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

Long Lake Trip Song

Tune: "The Brady Bunch"
This is the story of the 4th Shack trip
That started off to be at Oak Island
But with the rain and waves around us,
We decided to split (to Fairy Ring).

Tune: "Oh, I Was Born"
We gathered wood and cooked our meal
With frog soup and some rice
After dishes, some congo bars
With frog bones in them too.
We cannot tell a lie,
We spilled soap and eggs.
We hugged some trees
Bruised our knees
And did just what we pleased.
The tents were packed with pinchers and
Three campers in each one.
The first aid kit
Was used a bit
When knives and saws did slip.

Tune: "We Come From a Place"
We came from the camp with a smile on our face
And the packs all loaded upon our tired backs.
The wood we gathered to make the congo bars
Was a part of a contest to see who would help.

Tune: "The Brady Bunch"
In the morning we packed the tents
For the Chesuncookers to pick them up.
We sang a song for Claire's birthday
And that was our trip!

Cobbossee Stream

The whole trip had gone calmly. Ginny had wanted us to watch Ellen go down. We were all standing on the skidoo bridge watching them when all of a sudden Ellen tipped.

Sue Griffith, Ellen's bow, tried to hold on to the canoe but it hit her on the head. The cooler was sliding down the rapids, Harriet got down under the skidoo bridge to try and get the canoe, but she tripped and started being carried by the current. She was fine until she slipped. She was really in trouble, but Trudy stuck out her leg and saved her. It was the most exciting white water trip I have ever been on.

Linda Rosenberg

Tumbledown

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

of 'Mandy'.

That night "the natives got restless" which was actually a group of boys in the next campsite who we were sure were going to come over and get us! They never did, however.

The next day was just a day to sit around and take skinnies in the freezing water. Jerry came a little later and picked us up from what must have been the best Tumbledown trip ever.

Sandy Cobb Maggie Robertson

Kathy Bowring
Pam Combes
Diana DeVoe
Noel Ferre
Pierrette Newman
Tobin Smith
Barb Trager

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

Liz West Posie Van Rensselaer Sarah Tabell Sarah Ullman

Second Moosehead Trip Song

Tune: "The Stripper"
The minute we got off the bus
We began to reveal our bodies - not so sexy bodies
Right in the middle of the pa-a-arking lot.

Tune: "Saturday Night"
Oh what a wind
You know we couldn't even get across
Pushed on and on with no scenery change
But Jeanne saved us just in time.

Tune: "Ten Little Indians"
One little
Two little
Three little campers
Four little
Five little
Six little campers
Seven little
Eight little
Nine little campers
Ten in the wrong campsite.

Tune: "Go Tell Aunt Rhodie"
Go tell Aunt Betty
Go tell Aunt Betty
We've gone and done it wrong.
We're at the wrong campsite
We're at the wrong campsite
We're at the wrong campsite
Ue're at the wrong campsite
But Jeanne left us here.

Tune: "One Lollipop"
One bite (slap)
Two bite (slap)
Three bite (slap)
Four bite (slap)
Five bite (slap)
Six bite (slap)
Seven bitey-bitey (slap)
Don't bite on my elbow, by ankle, my kneecap
Don't bite on my elbow, by body's full.
Woodsman and Cutter's, Cutter's, Cutter's
Woodsman and Cutter's
Just don't seem to help!

Tune: "Dona"
On Noosehead bound for our campsite
We were welcomed by Belgrade boys
How they yelled and whistled
They never gave us a chance
To explain our presence. Runoia girls are we
They apoligized and were impressed
By the way we worked so fast

Tune: "Tin Man"
We could live in peace and quiet
If they'd only cease their riot
And leave us all alone
We'd be happy and contented
With our fire strangely scented
And the congo all the mush

They brought their picker uppers And joined us for a supper Cause their hot dogs were all green

Our axes were nearby In case of strange cries Oh why, wierdos, why?

They discussed the birds and bees As Cindy saw strange trees
Moving down the beach
As our helpers were intrigued
Chris made her final plea
For all men to say good night.

Tune: "Peace"
Will they ever learn
Oh, Dear God, some quiet please
As we started our morning dip
Our neighbors thought we were on a trip
Paddle, paddle we did go
Around the point to a secret cove
Here we saw a beautiful mountain
A cliff that no one ever sees.

Tune: "Climg Every Mountain" Climb all of Kineo Look high and low Follow every blue mark 'Til we reach the top.

Tune: "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" I'm dreaming of a red Jeanne Just like the one who gave us a tow

With the chrome blades shining and Outboards winding
With kitchen and bedroom all below.

Tune: "The Rain in Spain"
The rain on Moosehead stays mainly on the lake
Yes, here we paddled and got caught in its wake.

Tune: "Oh, where, oh, where"
Where, oh where could the blue truck be
Where, oh where could it be
It is an hour late and we're all asleep
Oh where, oh where could it be?

Tune: "Happy Trails Again" Happy trails to Kineo Until we climb again Happy paddling to Moosehead Until we see you again.

Chris Buckley Cindy Lowden

Lindsay Amthor
Alice Brebner
Margaret Houghton
Meg Richards
Cynthia Thornton
Edith Villarreal

July 21-24

Second Chesuncook Trip Song

Tune: "Dem Bones"
Took a paddle and canoe
Dem winds gonna blow again
Went down Lobster Stream so blue
Dem winds gonna blow again.

Chorus: We found it, found it Indeed we found it, ranger We found it (Nyahhh)
Hey there is a road there.

Took a raincoat for a sail Dem winds gonna blow again Please be careful or you'll bail Dem winds gonna blow again.

Chorus:

Tune: "Sweet and Innocent"
I love the little noodles in my beef
The way they wiggle on my plate
Without green peppers it's still good
In other word's first rate.

Tune: "Pass the Spoon"
You must pass the plate from me to you, to you
You must pass the plate and take a no thank-you.

Tune: "Glasses to Go"
Breakfast and go, breakfast and go
Lobster Lake has Runoia bran muffins to go
Get the fire and wood and even cocoa
We got up at five
And that's no joke, Oh!
Breakfast and go, breakfast and go
Breakfast and go at Lobster

Tune: "I'm a Girl Watcher"
I'm a moose watcher, I'm a moose watcher
No moose went by...sigh, sigh, sigh.

Tune: "The Song is Love"
I've got a bag, let me give it to you
It's a random bag so it has more than two
Wouldn't it be nice if Laura could get it together.
The joke's on you, your bag has two, the joke's on you!!

Tune: "The Poor Old Slave"
The rips they came so fast and high
The rocks we could not see, oh see see
But still the same it was quite fun
It's not the Cobbossee, oh see see.

Tune: "My Boyfriend's Back"
Hit the lake and decided to push it
Hey la, hey la, wind's at our back
Went about an hour, started to feel it
He la, hey la, there's no turning back.

Tune: "Day by Day"
Stroke by stroke
Stroke by stroke
Oh, dear Ellen, three things we hope
Find us a campsite
Find us a pix
Tan us more evenly
Stroke by stroke by stroke by st

Tune: "Blowing in the Wind"
How many points must we all paddle around
Before we can reach Sandy Point
Yes, and how many questions will need to be asked
Before the paddling will end
The answer my friend is around the next bend
The answer's around the next bend.

Tune: "Yesterday"
Yesterday, all these miles seemed so far away
Now it looks as though they're here to stay
Oh we believe in yesterday
Suddenly, we're not half the girls we used to be
With the miles hanging over me
Oh yesterday went suddenly
Why we had to go and go and go
I don't know we're on our way.

Tune! "Strangers in the Night"
Strangers in the site,, exchanging glances
Strangers in the site
We'll hit them with branches!
If a plan won't work we'll have to share the night.

Tune: "Another Saturday Night"
Monday night and we ain't got no campsite
Some boys from Wooster they got it first
They were nice and decided to share it
Early next morning they split.

Tune: "Alka Seltzer Commercial"
Plop, plop, snort, snort
Oh what do you think it is?
Splash, splash, crack, crack
Oh what do you think it is?
Driftwood, Trudy snoring
Oh what a relief it is!

Spoken: Midgies, misquitoes, and flies, oh my! Bears, and minks and skies, oh my!

Tune: "Today"
Today while we sat at our campsite and played
The sun it was shining Katahdin with haze
The bugs they were biting Sarah's behind
And yesterday's travels
We really don't seem to mind.

Tune: "Aviance Night"
I've been sweet'and I've been good'
I've had a whole full day of paddling hood
And I'm gonna roll the logs today
Oh, yeah
I'm going to roll the logs today.

Tune: "Delta Dawn"
At dawn we arose from our sight
Could it be that bugs had bitten us all night
Or could it be that we had records we could beat
If we hurried with all our might.

Tune: "That's the Way I Like It"
That's our trip uh-hunh, we liked it, uh-hunh (repeat and fade).

Ellen Chapman Laura Kind Trudy Rutherford Sarah Wilkinson

Susan Criffith
Kathy Savadove
Tobin Smith
Emily Spanel
Posic Van Rensselaer

The Farm

Tuesday, Fourth Shack went to a farm in two groups. Each group spent one night. On Wednesday group two went to the farm and everybody had a picnic. Then everybody went to see the animals. First we went to see the chickens and kittens and then we saw the horse, Teddy. Mr. Swan said there isn't a saddle that will fit him. Then, group one left and group two moved into the tee-pee. Next morning group two left and that was our trip.

Mitra Morgan

Kim Cornell
Jennifer Corson
Katherine Knowlton
Mark Erler
Nina Ferre
Kirke Hannum
Amy Hufnagel
Karen Hufnagel
Susan Sherman
Claire Solot
Edith Spanel
Sharon West

Laura Kind Movien Yee

Aides Moosehead Trip

We were up bright and early at 6:45 for some to take skinnies and finish packing their personal gear. Then on to pack the blue truck before breakfast so L.P. could take it to get the turn signal fixed. By the time the truck was back, the turn signal didn't work again!

The trip up was uneventful. We left camp at 9:10 and arrived in Rockwood at 1:00 P.M. after visiting the Ranger Station and the A. and P. in Greenville. We ate lunch at the Rockwood landing with the view of the Mt. Kineo precipice behind a breathless, still Moosehead Lake. Canoeing became a race with the motor boats and another camping group. Arriving at the site at Hard Scrabble one hour after departing Rockwood, we were greeted by other groups. However, the site is large and can accomodate three or four groups. Tents were set up, the fireplace rebuilt, garbage collected and a woodpile started. There were lots of stripped maple and spruce and the ground was covered with many fallen trees. Dinner was ready by 6:00 but due to the enthusiasm in tree chopping we didn't sit down until 6:30. Dinner consisted of creamed hamburger and onions on rice, salad and congo bars with raisins. We took soapies after the dishes were done and everyone was in bed by 8:30.

Tuesday morning we were up at 5:00 so that we could watch the sunrise. We started our vegetarian day with blueberry pancakes a la Pam, served at 7:00. After the dishes were done we started for Kineo only to find we were missing two life preservers. After an all-out search we packed four people into one canoe and five into another and, being slightly short of life preservers, paddled quite cautiously for about forty-five minutes. We spent a leisurely climb looking at trees, wildflowers and especially the view. We reached the

fire tower at 11:00 and admired the view on all four sides, including all of Moosehead, the old hotel, and Katahdin in the background. After our lunch of cream cheese and cucumber and cheese, lettuce and tomato sandwiches, we started down continuing our examination of mosses, ferns, fungi, lichens and various wildflowers. We reached the bottom at 12:30, shortly after Ginny found the greatest treasure of the day, an owl casing! At the bottom we jumped into our overly loaded canoes and started paddling back. We tried to sneak up on three ducks and chased a loon part way. Upon returning to our site we all took a dip to get cooled off. Then off to wood piling chores and cleaning up the campsite. We decided to take a one hour rest hour from 3:00 - 4:00 P.M. Imaginations as they are, Pam and Jenny carried a picnic table in to the lake so they could sumbathe. The table worked as well as Diane's new float! The rest of us hit the tents. Then soapies and time to start our dinner of vegetable crepes made by Pam and chowder made by Maggie, both very good. After the dinner was cleaned up we had a discussion, s'mores and songs until 10:30. Then off to bed.

Wednesday we were up at 7:00 for another hazy but nice day. We made our breakfast of scrambled eggs, onions, potatoes and cheese. We also had a cinnamon coffee cake. We were finished by 9:00 and started in on triangulation at about 10:00. It was decided by Ellen and Ginny to have the Aides lead us to Farm Brook by compass and then go exploring. After much indecision and mind-changing we canoed across the lake and straight to the brook. We then walked along a road along the shore with Ellen leading a discussion on assorted fungus along the path. We then followed the bubbling brook partaking of its delicious freshness. Ellen discovered signs of Moose along the stream. After returning to the road and discovering we had left our lunch back at the encampment we took a short swim and headed back for lunch. The wind was starting to come up out of the west having switched from the north that morning. After we

ate lunch we went out solo canoeing since there was wind and white caps. The more experienced Aides sat as testers and teachers with the less experienced. We relaxed with soapies and then began to think about dinner as the last pieces of birch did in two axes. But our wood pile was high enough so that we really had no wood worries. Dinner was a feast, only appropriate for our last meal. We filled ourselves up on ham with pineapple and brown sugar glaze (yum, Jenny), carrots and gingerbread apple sauce (super, Sarah). After dishes were done we had a review of trip first aid with plenty of gory stories from all. Fuzz stick and coleman lantern lessons were followed by back rubs and bed, the end of a busy day. While on midgie patrol Ginny and Ellen scared up a skunk who graciously left his fragrant calling card. They retired in hopes that he would not return!

Thursday morning dawned somewhat moist and hazy as it had rained part of the night. Rising hour was 6:30 and, as we didn't want to take food back to camp, we made sure it was all eaten at breakfast. While the cooks were cooking away, Ginny and Pam learned a new way to split wood and others took down tents. For breakfast we had French toast, bacon and scrambled eggs. As the wind was beginning to pick up, we moved quickly to get canoes loaded. We bid farewell to Hardscrabble Point shortly after 10:00 and headed straight into the fierce southerly wind which gave us standing waves and white caps. We rounded the corner into Rockwood one hour and twenty minutes later to see Jerry waiting with the blue truck. It began to sprinkle as we quickly loaded canoes and gear and were off. The ride back to camp was soggy as we drove through torrents of rain. We were back by 3:00, packing in was done quickly and soapies were taken.

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

July 5-8, 1976 Ellen Chapman Ginny Geyer



"the news".

"Kids," he said, "we have decided to move to California and sell this house to the government." For a while, there was a stunned silence. Then, thinking selfishly about myself and my happiness, I burst out,

"But, Dad, that isn't fair! You always have to ruin everything for me, don't you? I hate you! I hate everyone! And besides, this house has been our family's home for about a century. We can't leave!" I felt the tears come so I couldn't continue. Mother said comfortingly, (or what she thought was comfortingly),

"Dear, I understand how you feel. You are my big girl and I know you wouldn't want to disappoint me, would you, by acting this way? Please set an example for Danny and Sylvia. See how well they're behaving. Come now, dear, and eat your dinner. It's getting cold." I shook my head, pushed away my plate, and ran upstairs ignoring my father's

"Where do you think you're going, young lady?"

I kept on running until I got upstairs to the attic where I always go when I am depressed. At first I sat down on one of the mouldy trunks and cried. I realized that my father needed the money, but something inside of me was selfish and didn't want to listen to reason. After I had cried myself out, my interest was caught by the musty, dirty, rusted trunks that were full of interesting old-fashioned items that made me cheer up and laugh when I saw them. I had gone through the trunks millions of times before but it didn't matter. They always seemed to hold surprises for me.

As I went through the trunks finding the same old boots, hats, dresses and women's parasols, something I had never noticed before caught my eye. It was a book whose pages were three-fourths full of someone's handwriting. I went downstairs, into my room and shut the door. I sat down in my easy chair, dusted off the book, opened it to the first page and read;

Edith C. Pickering June 1st, 1876 Dear Diary,

Today I played jumprope and hop scotch with Lucy. She got very tired and went inside. She is sick, Mother says, and so I musn't disturb her. I hope she gets better soon.

Edith

As I read this I realized that girls in those days didn't have anything really fun to do because they had to behave like young ladies who shouldn't soil their clothes. I remembered my grandmother telling me that I looked just like her mother's twin sister, Lucy, who was the girl in the diary who got sick. She also told me that the day Lucy and Edith were going to go to the centennial building Lucy died from that same sickness that she had gotten a month earlier.

I flipped on, reading things that caught my eye. As I read on, something small fell into my lap. It was a black and white photo of two small girls, obviously twins, and under it was written: "Lucy and Edith Fickering, aged 10." I looked closely and saw that my grandmother was right, I did look just like Lucy. I thought back wondering what relation Lucy was to me. If Edith was my great-grandmother then Lucy must have been my great-aunt.

I continued to turn the pages and I found another picture of someone, this time two grown-ups, and under the photo it read: "Mr. and Mrs. Pickering." So that's what Lucy and Edith's parents looked like. I could see some family resemblence, but not too much.

As I flipped on, I felt myself getting extremely tired. I wanted to go to bed, but I was too comfortable, and too lazy to get up. I could barely keep my eyes open. Soon I had dozed of....

When I woke up, to my amazement I was in bed. I was wondering what I was doing in bed when I realized that I wans't even in my own bed. The patchwork quilt which I always had folded at the end of my bed was gone, the closet

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 that 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 In additional 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

to reread the diary. When I came to the part where Lucy was supposed to have died, the words in the diary told that she had lived and was well for a long time after. I smiled proudly to myself because I was the only one in the whole world who knew that I had changed history!

I sat there contentedly, listening to the early morning birds through my open window. Soon the whole family was up.

As we ate breakfast, the telephone rang. My father answered it. He talked for a long time, and when he got off the said to me,

"Do you know who that was? That was your Great Aunt Lucy. She wants to see you and she also made me promise not to sell the house. Besides, she says thank-you to you, whatever that means."

Emily Spanel

A Typical Pre-Breakfast Scene at Runoia

The fog lifts on the wide expanse of our blue-green lake. The torrential storm from the previous night has blown away, its angry white-capped waves are the only traces which it left. Dhow and Sprite sailboats bob jerkily as the water swells from side to side and splashes over the dock. Waves stretch themselves closer and closer to the canoes, for the water level has nearly taken over the entire lower beach.

First bell rings raucously at the dining hall. A few brave campers get out of bed and appear, like sleepwalkers, in the hallway. Most are still struggling to open their groggy eyes. Once this is accomplished, they peek out their windows only to discover that the weather isn't right for skinnies. By now, a bunch of courageous souls have pulled themselves out of bed to get dressed. Unfortunately it's Wednesday - time for laundry to go out. Several campers find they have no choice in what to wear; all they have left is a pair of shorts and a sleeveless shirt - when it's only 60 degrees outside.

Second bell rings, shacks turn into beehives, with campers busily preparing for flag-raising. Doors slam, drawers bang shut, beds creak. Counselors decide that it's time they get out of bed, too. Activity turns towards the lodge where campers seek their morning schedule on the tagboard.

Third bell rings and a controversy as to whether it is Sixth or Fifth Shack's turn to raise the flag goes on. Finally it is decided and just in the nick of time. Nearly all the Seniors and the entire group of Juniors are present at the flag pole. A counselor yells, "Fall in", and the

The Two Little Pigs

Once upon a time, there were two little pigs. Their names were Huey and Dewey. (Louie got bumped off by the wolf) One day they decided to build a house. So they set off to find something to build it with. They went to a department store and found a pile of straw ten feet high with a sign saying, 'Hay, 30 pounds, half price for anyone under three feet tall with a curly tail.' So they bought it.

After they had finished building their house, Rover came by. Rover was the biggest, meanest looking beagle on the whole block. He had long sharp claws, hard pointy teeth, mean looking eyes, and big floppy ears. Rover had to fill in for the wolf since he was in jail for the destruction of other people's, excuse me, pig's property.

"Let me in, let me in!" said Rover.

"Sit on it, Rover!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!"

He blew down their house and Huey and Dewey ran faster than they had ever run before.

When they had gotten far enough away they built another house, only this time out of wood.

"Where's Rover?" asked Huey.

"I don't know, he should be here by now."

"Hi, guys!"

"Hi, what took you so long?"

"Well, I had to go to rehearsal and Little Red Riding Hood was late. So, we started late and we finished late. But what do you guys care about rehearsal? You two have your lives to worry about."

"Why?"

"Because if you don't let me in, I'll huff and I'll

puff and I'll blow down this cheap excuse for a house."
"Try it!" And he did. And he had pork for dinner every night for a week!

THE END

The moral of this story is: Get Prudential. With Prudential you can get a piece of the rock for your home and your life.

Sara DeTurk

Swimming a 22

Splash! I just started a 22. Oh, well, only 21 more laps. I'm tired already. I had a hard day. I didn't pass my 130 in archery again. I guess I'll do the breast stroke, that's relaxing. Why do I do this every single day, I ask myself. To get 10 miles by the end of the summer, of course. Should I do a 44 today. No, too tired. Well, only 15 more. The water is so cold today. I think I'm going to catch pneumonia. Seven more, I'm almost done. I better wash my hair. I hope I have enough time. Four more, or did I lose count? Well, that's close enough. Oh no, I forgot to mail those letters. Just up and back and I'll be done. I only need 2 more miles to finish 10 miles. Done!

Amy Rosenberg

The Old Man

It all started in the year 1962. It was a hot July day, I was seven years old and I went out for a walk. I went down the road past the fields and forest. I came to a house I had never seen before. It was a small house painted white with black shutters. There was a white trellis with pink roses growing on it. There was no sign that anybody was at home so I very carefully tiptoed up to a window and looked inside. There was nothing! I was shocked because I had expected that there would be some kind of furniture inside the house. I went up to the porch and tried the door. It was locked. I looked into another window and saw a fireplace. There was a sofa, tables with flowers on them and by the fireplace was a rocking chair. Sitting in it was an old man who was fast asleep. Then, as quietly as I came, I left.

When I got home I didn't tell anyone where I had been. The next day I went back and left some flowers. This went on for a month. When I left something I would knock on the door and then run and hide behind a bush. The old man would go to the door and smile when he saw what I had left.

One day, a year later, I had just gotten over a cold which I had had for a month. I went to the house as I always had done. I left an ashtray, knocked and was about to run when

somebody answered the door. I was scared! I couldn't run so I just stood there dumbly. A young lady answered the door and asked if she could help me. I told her I was looking for an old man who had lived here and she said, "You mean the man that lived by himself?"

"Yes"

"I'm sorry but he died about two weeks ago."

I was startled by what she told me so I just said thank you and left. Now, when I go on walks I sometimes go past the house and I just look at it. Sometimes I leave something, knock and run.

As I grew older I no longer did this. I forgot some things from my childhood, but I never forgot about the old man.

Meg Richards

Rest Hour In Third Shack

Bell rings

"Anne-Marie, rest hour. Please be quiet."

Celia walks in..."Okay, it's rest hour. Everybody on your beds!"

Wendy looks over the wall to talk to Tracy. Wendy jumps down on her bed. BANG!

Lizanne says, "I hear noise back there."

Wendy lies down. Lizanne walks up and down the hall and then goes back to her room. Tracy starts laughing.

"Stop it, Tracy," Celia says.

Tracy keeps laughing.

"Tracy, I said be quiet!"

Tracy keeps laughing.

"Okay, Tracy, come in and sit on my bed."

Muffy sends a paper airplane note across the hall to Galen. Calen walks into Beth and Muffy's room to talk.

"Galen, back on your bed now!"

It's quiet and then Lisa and Lynn start giggling.

"Quiet!" Celia says. Anne-Marie laughs. "I said quiet!" It is finally quiet...the whistle blows..."Okay, everybody, rest hour's over!!"

After Taps in Third Shack

After taps is generally quiet. There is a little noise, but everyone is in bed. Celia and Lizanne walk down the hall a lot, but usually don't want to catch anybody. Sometimes it can be noisy. Tracy likes getting the giggles, but everyone contributes something. Galen talks to Muffy across the hall. Beth whispers to Muffy. Muffy likes getting into trouble. Lisa tells people to be quiet. Lynn and Anne-Marie read. Wendy likes sleeping. Pam either stays in the shack or goes around to different places. Maggie goes to the counselor's room. All of us do eventually get some sleep!

A Typical After Taps in Seventh Shack

Taps has blown. Noises are heard in the woods. Sarah, out of fright, yells, "What was that?" Betsy jokes about it and then Sarah gives her usual queer laugh. Everyone joins in until Cindy yells, "All right, Seven!" All is silent for about fifteen minutes. Then, the spring pops off the door because of the departing counselors. All of a sudden campers start jumping out of their beds and giggling at each other. Finally we decide to raid and we get each other up. We take the spring off the door and creep over to Sixth Shack. Suddenly, we are spotted by Kate and everyone runs back to their beds like a herd of elephants. Kate barges in as Liz runs across the hall to her own bed. She gives us a lecture and we snore at her. Finally, all is quiet and we drift off to sleep.

Poetry Selections

There is a morning when it is sunny and dry, Where the sun shines so bright
And the sky so blue
I bet you don't know where this is...
It is at Camp Runoia

Kim Cornell

A drop of salty, warm water dripping down a curved, smooth surface A teardrop slithering down my cheek for I am sad and crying.

Morning dewdrops dotting delicate strands of grass in the early morning haze.

The warming sun shows its face and dries the earth's blanket, now the grass is soft and warm again.

A starlit sky,
A rushing stream,
The ocean breeze,
The streaming sun,
All are a part of us.

Sarah Ullman

Remembering

Pine trees rustling in the wind
Sensations running down my spine.
Oh, I wish that I was happy now,
Eating fruit and drinking wine.
Today will come and pass
Tomorrow will be here
And I will be sitting depressed
Next to a stream flowing clear.
Oh, how happy I could be,
But happy I am not.
Because someone told me to remember
And I went and forgot.
Laughing, dancing, singing, playing
I once was a happy girl.
My eyes had been so laughing
My hair had had some curl.
But now I am old and grey
My courage it has died
I no longer have just one,
But many, many sides.

Lisa Corbridge

The Road Turns and Unwinds

You pull out the drive, then excel up a ramp And through the mirror the past diminishes Look forward now, wherever your wheels may take you The future lies within this path.

The road turns again
And unwinds into another new adventure
Open your eyes wide
And absorb (all that you dare to)

Then you are lifted into Aspen and Pines
And the cool fresh air slowly warms with sunshine
Your path is paired with a rolling stream
And it laughs to itself, knowing its own freedom.

The sun sets as you are sided with buildings
The pace is brisk and the music loud
Lights flash magical colors, illuminating faces
Keep time with them or follow your own.

And the road turns again
And unwinds into another new adventure
Open your eyes wide
And absorb (all that you dare to)

There will come a time when the land meets the ocean The waters will run to cover the sand Gulls will fly and glide with the wind As it blows through your hair, then you're off again.

Your throat may be dry and your eyes tired But your foot stays to the floor, your hands to the wheel And then, as if asked for, drops start to drizzle And they cleanse your spirit, move on. Then the road turns again
And unwinds into a new adventure
Open your eyes wide
And absorb (all that you care to)

There is a rhythm inside you
That keeps time with the sun
Moving you forward and further on
Soon a day will come when it slows to a heartbeat
Pulling you home, where you know you belong.

And if you feel a spark of warmth within you Just maybe a drop of my sunshine has reached its destiny.

Lori Rutherford

Our Lake

Just over the lake
Is the cresent shaped moon.
Calling into the night
Is a befriended loon.

I take in the view With stars as my light And gaze at our lake What a beautiful sight.

On the distant shore
The pines against the sky
Under them bushes
And blowing ferns may lie.

The water laps up Onto the sandy beach While up above me Giant trees seem to reach.

This night is so nice
But why am I allowed
To see its' beauty
The sky without a cloud?

Someday we all will
Be privileged to partake
In all the nature
That's right here on our lake.

Cynthia Thornton

Happy Birthday, America!

Don't bother me today with trivial problems, just leave me alone and let me have some time to share with America.

I have some important things to discuss with the old girl and I wonder if you could please stay away for a while...

America, now that we're alone, just you and me, seeing this being your birthday and all, well, I thought it would be nice to tell you how very wonderful you really are. I say, it's not many a country that can put up with the problems you do and still come out shining like a glistening star! I guess that's really all I have to say and, of course, HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!

Nandy Florey

My Great Grandfather

My Grate Grandfather oned the barnumum baley circus. He also brought Jumbo to America. He was my mothers mothers father. I wish he was still alive, because maybe he would let my family go free.

Sind, Kim Cornell

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 preset path to their destination, but the hounds had to rely on 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

crept down on the road fearing the hounds were close at their heels. Now on the right track, the hounds bounded after their prey. As they neared their destination, the hares crouched in a roadside clearing in hopes of spotting their hunters. After about ten minutes, they moved on back to camp.

As they reached the lodge, they waited for their pursuers. When they did not come, several anxious hares set out backtracking. Within minutes they came upon the weary hounds.

Upon reaching the lodge, both teams enjoyed hot popcorn as their reward!

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 Faul 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 bicentennial 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.

Then a refreshing free swim, a delicious turkey dinner and an hour to relax before the afternoon activities.

A cross-camp relay race started the afternoon and led everyone down to the beach for the final stretch, the swim for freedom. Water activities began with events for juniors, seniors and counselors.

A free swim was next. Then a buffet supper of F.B.&J. and bologna and cheese.

Everyone met down at the beach where the Cits gave a bicentennial church service accompanied by a large campfire. Every camp across the United States belonging to the American Camping Association had a bicentennial campfire going at 10:00 P.M. Eastern time. It was announced that the American team had won and songs and sparklers ended the fun-filled day.

Suzy Waldron The Cits

Poem To The JMGs

Of our JMG candidates we are all proud You've learned your camperaft skills well. You have worked very hard at what you have done With your knowledge you'll surely excel.

Three counselors, four Aides, two Cits and a camper All represent Runoia Camp.
Your smiles we will miss while you are gone Let's hope that your days won't be damp.

You've gotten up early to build wet-day fires And even to chop down some trees. Equipment and menus you have learned, too Cooking skills have been tested with ease.

Map and compass has kept you all very busy What to do when one needs first aid. Learning your trees and laws about fishing Finding rivers and lakes of Maine.

Holly, Lizanne and Maggie, too We'll send you off with a cheer. Start each day with a smile, do the best that you can We're rooting for you, never fear.

Trudy and Sarah, two of our Aides, Jenny and Lydia as well. Our morning meetings won't be the same 'Til your JMG tales you can tell.

Harriet, Nandy, Suzanne Louise Work hard and do your best. For the next four days we'll be thinking of you And hoping you pass every test.

So think of us down in Belgrade Lakes
While our thoughts turn to Rangeley and you.
Do your best, work together, have fun while you're there
And return to us soon, please do!

Diane Erler

Twenty Over Twelve, Seven Under Twelve and (ssh) One Kitten A Trip to Pemaguid

Anticipation:

"How long does it take to get there?"

"Two hours."

"Oh, no!"

Singing for a while, which drifts apathatically o silence after a good half-hour.

"Can we go to the candy store?"

"Fraid not."

"Will the waves be big?"

"Why can't we go to the candy store?"

"How much longer?"

"Let's sing some more. I'm bored."

"Forget it"

"Are we stopping for ice cream on the way back?"

"We'll see."

"How much longer?"

"Here's a town. Let's sing 'Here's to Our Camp'."

Break into song.

"Oh - we made a wrong turn."

"There we go."

"We're almost there!"

"How much longer?"

"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 lothed 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."

"Who's got suntan oil?"

"People going to Moosehead can start planning menus."

"Oh boy"

"If you go anywhere, go in twos."

"Yeah."

"Time to swim, let's go."

"Oh, it's COLD!"

"Not when you get used to it"

"Look at my tan."

"It's a burn..."

"Forget it...."

"Who's got all the Mad magazines?"

"Here they are."

"Hey - you just shook sand all over me!"

"Swift move - eh?"

"Hey cat, watch that you don't make any cute moves on my towel."

"Yeah - you saying that Christopher would do something like that?"

"Yup."

Homeward:

"Okay - ice cream time."

"Are you ready for twenty-seven cones?"

"I suppose...."

"Okay, line up, and know what flavor you want when the time comes."

"How did you like those bald eagles?"

"Too bad - I wish we had seen them."

"Oh, well."

"Can we go back to the truck?"

"Wait a sec."

"Okay, let's go."

"Next stop, Camp Runoia."

Boop Tabell

The Square Dance

After a hearty meal of barbequed chicken the Camp Runoia girls gathered in the lodge. Garbed in overalls and long skirts, everyone prepared for a real down-home square dance.

It was the third Saturday in July and, due to the rain, the affair was held in the lodge. The caller was Daryl Cox, father of Seventh Shacker Becky Cox.

When everyone was assembled and Todd had talked through the microphone, the first dance began. All the juniors formed squares of eight people and arranged themselves in a "boy-girl" order. Daryl joked a bit and then taught them a simple dance. Soon the room was filled with movement.

Next, both seniors and juniors joined in a more complicated dance. Again, the lodge was filled with peppy movement and laughter.

After awhile the juniors went to bed. Their milk and crackers had been substituted with brownies and sodas.

Meanwhile, the seniors learned a dance with sixteen steps and most of them were totally confused. Another, more modern one was learned and danced to the song "Amos Moses."

The night finally ended but not without Bo-boing Daryl. The square dance would not soon be forgotten!

Cynthia Thornton

Presidential Campaign Speech

My fellow campers, I feel strongly about this presidential election for Runoia's presidential status. If I were elected President of Runoia I think that counselorshiphood, CIThood and Aidehood should be equal, with the exception of campershiphood which ought to be slightly overuling and therefore getting some bonuses, such as:

CANDY LINE EVERY DAY

"Camper's Room"

where we would be able to smoke and pork-out, etc.

If there is desperate need and under great stress, we will let the other hoods have a special treat or two. YES! Equality to ALL hoods. The other hoods and I shall go down in historical memory for campers in before years and campers in years to come.

YES! If I am elected President of this great foundation, Runoia, I will go forth and struggle to find a heater for the freezing lake.

YES! And I could go on for many moons, this is only a sample of my future improvements of this already too perfect 'Camp Runoia.'

YES!!!

The Charlie Awards

Everyone in camp was invited to Runoia's First Annual Charlie Awards. It was a black tie occasion. Attifirst there was confusion. What are they for? What should I wear?
Everyone put together an outfit. First we met the judges.
They were Cits who were all different characters. The awards were for things like the prettiest smile, the longest hair and even the cutest wiggle walking down the dock for skinnies! A Charlie Award was a tennis ball with gold sparkle "Charlie" written on it. The Aides were waiters.
They served soda and pineapple cake which Lori Rutherford had made. The counselors gave out the awards. Ellen won a Charlie for the most obnoxious presentation by a counselor! It was a great night and a lot of fun.

Amy Rosenberg

Three Hundred and Two Degrees Ninety-six Paces and (Voila) Dinner!

There are ways to earn your meals, and there are ways to earn your meals! But finding dinner by compass?

Only Camp Runoia would come up with an idea like that!

Having all learned how to use a compass the night before, the campers met on the kickball field after rest hour ready to work their way towards Fairy Ring and the dinner that awaited them there. They were split up into teams and given bearings to follow. Each bearing ended up at a place where a ticket for main course, salad, beverage or dessert was placed. If the compass course was followed successfully, the team would find themselves at Fairy Ring with the necessary amount of tickets for a meal of Sloppy Joes, salad and juice. Not bad, eh?

Upon arrival at Fairy Ring, each team put on bathing suits and took a dip to cool off, and then waited for the counselors to finish making the meal. All ended well, everyone found their way with all their tickets and enjoyed dimmer!

Our evening program was also presented at Fairy Ring.

Each group was given a legend about one of the constellations and was told to act out that legend. Then everyone took the short, and more direct walk home to camp, ending on the kickball field where we watched our constellations appear.

Selected Comments from the JMC Recipes as Typed by Ellen Chapman

These are the menus for your favorite JMG encampment. It looks like Cliff, Mac, Moose, Walt, Bob, Ellie and all of those other nice testers are going to be eating well in the Runoia (yea) encampments again this year. Be happy in your work. Keep a smile on your face at all times (that's an order, you understand Harriet Hubbard?), and most of all have a super time and be conscious of the experience you are experiencing! I love you all, am jealous of you for being there, and am thinking of all of you at all times. I miss you.

Here goes your first meal. You have a huge, gigantic and otherwise unbelievable woodpile, right????????

Congo bars: Deat eggs, add melted butter and sugar. Mix well. Add vanilla and dry ingredients. Add those yummy chocolate bits (O.K., you can each have two, but no more). The mixture will be stiff (no, not drunk, stiff, that is hard to stir.) Bake this baby for 25-30 minutes, while you keep the meatloaf warm elsewhere. Now find the biggest, fattest, most done but not burned piece and give it to the tester. Good luck, everyone loves congo bars so this should go over well.

Coffee ... don't make it too strong, Suzy, most of the testers have enough hair on their chests already.

Well, that's it for your first meal. You did well. I hope all of your meals go this well or I hope that they all go even better. Now, get those dishes done, get cleaned up, get the water on for faces a little later, and get yourselves off to the campfire. Watch carefully how Uncle Hank whips off those fuzz sticks. Make a couple like that for your wet day fires, O.K.? Now all of you sing, have a good time, and maybe even play 'Thars a Bar'.... Get a good night's sleep!

Off you go with chocolate chip cookies a la Curtis (as in Moose). Make sure he gets one or two even if you have to serve them to him at breakfast!

Once upon a time there were 6 potatoes, 1 cup cooked ham, 2 tsp. butter, 2 cups milk, ½ cup flour, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. pepper. They all lived together in a trip box. One day a little girl named Trudy Rutherford laid them all out in a pan, buttered, of course along with a little love. She layered the potatoes with salt and pepper, flour and meat, and then added butter and hot milk. She baked it all before a nice hot fire until the potatoes were nice and done, about 30 minutes. She then served it to the tester

who thought it was just yummy yummy and gave the little girl named Trudy a pass on her bake. The End.

Now, off to bed with you all...it's been a long day and you all deserve a long night's sleep. Nighty-night, don't let the bed bugs bite, and don't let Harriet sleep alone or she may start seeing those giant foot prints!

That's all there is and there ain't no more....And you are on the road. Please make sure your campsite is in A number 1 condition...remember "who you are and what you represent." I will see you all in a few hours!

Betty's house

Jenny, Trudy, Holly, Sarah, Lizanne

in First Shack's drain

Last Will and Testament

- I, Sarah Tabell, bequeath my deoderant to Emily Spanel and Piggy (especially Deuteronamy) to Alison.
- I, Maura Murphy, bequeath my archery ability to Deb August, with the hope she will pass her Archer 160 by the summer of '77.
- I, Alice Brebner, bequeath my softball ability to Amy Rosenberg, my guitar playing to Betsy Cooper, my hair to Bethany Berry and my sailing ability to Camille Webber.
- I, Kathy Bowring, bequeath my hairy mole to Kathy Savadove and my "electrichip" to Matti Williams.
- I, Pam Combes, bequeath my piano playing to Louise Lessard and my Bugs Bunny to Kathy Bowring.
- I, Cynthia Thornton, bequeath my ability to be flaky to Katherine Bowring and my red eyes to Barb Trager.
- I, Becky Cox, bequeath my radio to Pam Combes.
- I, Emily Spanel, bequeath my sailing and singing abilities to Linda Rosenberg and my short hair to Diana DeVoe,
- I, Katharine Van Rensselaer, bequeath my Snoopy to Alison Page and my speed in swimming to David Wilson.
- I, Elizabeth West, bequeath my dimples to Tobin Smith and my shocking pink bathing suit to Sarah.
- I, Pam Famous, bequeath my archery ability to Holly Rutherford and all of my bad archery scores to Celia Spanel.
- I, Betsy Cooper, bequeath my blue crusher to Cindy Lowden and my riding ability to Holly Higgins.
- I, Harriet Hubbard, bequeath my height to Louise Lessard and Pam Combes, my alarm clock to Pam Famous, my ability in white water to Ellen and whatever else I have to Linda Rosenberg.
- I, Lindsay Amthor, bequeath my long legs to Pam Combes, my riding boots to Betsy Cooper and my Propa PH to Harriet Hubbard.

Oan You Imagine?

Johnny's table first? Boop's table last? Fifth Shack's screen door in one piece? Jenny Corson content?

Ellen Chapman <u>not</u> playing Capture the Flag for E.P.?

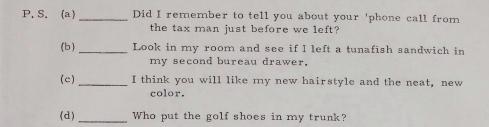
a chicken in every cabin?

the SUN?

Handy, Simplified Camp Letter

| | | dering ruins of — Dia in beautiful, downtown Mercy Sakes, Maine |
|----------|---------|--|
| Juli | 1p rear | of a 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" |
| . 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. |
| . We ha | ave (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. |
| | (0 | 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. |
| . I show | uld (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 |

| | | (c) | have been much more careful on the archery range yesterday afternoon. |
|----|----------|----------|--|
| | | (d) | think that my foot locker would float better than that. |
| ŧ. | We will | (a) | probably find those 7 lost campers before the week is out. |
| | | (p) | 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. |
| | You show | ıld (a) | see the way this cabin leaks when it rains. |
| | | (b)_ | not worry when I bring home my snake collection. |
| | | | send up a motorcycle helmet before our big cross-countr |
| | | (d)_ | be thankful that I have already had my yellow fever shots |
| • | And so, | in closi | ng (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) |



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.

[&]quot;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
Galloping, 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.

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. I 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!

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 Last to make

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

Everyone gets a lot of sun.

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

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

Torrent of colors, Gracefully, Enchanting all those who see

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.

O is for octopus, who isn't a sour pus. B is for bonfires on Sunday night.

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.

T is for tail, which isn't at all like a snail.

I is when I'm in a good mood, which is allright. N is for nice, with sugar and spice.

All the Majestic Yellow

Roses waving
Over the fresh brown
Soil
Eternally announce a
New season.
Babbling brooks
Ever flowing
Rapidly covering the whole
Ground.

B is for baseball which is fun.
E is for everything under the sun.
T is for the good times I've had.
H is for the happiness that makes me glad.
A is for all the love there should be.
N is for all the love I never see.
Y?

B is for the brains I never show.
E is for England where I will go.
R is for Runoia where I stay in the summer.
R is for rain which is really a bummer.
Y?

Poems can be feelings,
Indescribable feelings,
Even though they are not always true.
Rhyming they do not always do.
Reason is usually there,
Every second that is where
Time goes flying through the air.
Tasty words are written down
Every time they make a new sound.

Never can they tell a lie. Eventually, but not until Words are different in every poem Meaning is different in line by line Always together they make a sign. Now I have written a poem. Johnny was walking down the path, And she saw a plate full of Noodles. She was surprised to see the noodles on the path. She was hungry because she had no

Dinner, so she
Ate the plate full of
Noodles and it just so happens that
I walked by and asked her what she was doing. She told
me and I asked her if she wanted some fried
Eggs. She said, "No, thank you. I had a
Lot of noodles, ehough to
Supply me for a week!"

Life
Is
Never
Depressing for those who do great deeds,
So don't
Ask about your life if
You have done nothing to help today's world.

Ample time
May be found
To
Help,
Or would you
Rather not lead a full life?

Dandelions make some people Exceedingly mad Because they

Are very Unhealthy for the fresh Green grass, but it is Unquestionably nice to Sit among the dandelions and Think.

Life is full of many Interesting experiences. Visiting the Zoo When you were young.
Experiences in camp,
Sitting and remembering all these times.
Through these experiences we grow and live.

Canoeing, sailing
In Runoia'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 Po
Forest
I
Think of my
Home.

Every
Day
I am
The
Hungriest person.

Vanilla ice cream I
Like.
Longing for A
Red apple or
Raspberry delight.
Eating a
All day
Leaves me with a stomach ache at night.

Much is a word which is commonly used
At the table or anywhere else.
Rather than say how many, you say how much.
Good English, you should not use the word.
And people will think you are proper and
Rich. But if you are just saying it for kicks, please be careful
with the word.

Excepting people who are poor, so
Try to use the word right.

Rabbits probably use much
If they could use any word it would be that.
Caution! Use the word right for
High embarassment is bad
And people will mock you to death.
Rich people especially. Do you
Dare use the word?
So good luck, and beware!

Steadfast and standing tall Umbrella-ing little plants below Zipping up and down its trunk Young animals great and small.

Wind blows through its many leaves
And creates a whispering tune.
Love is the beauty of its autumn colors
Dressing up the scene around it.
Rabbits can go hopping along
Owls can swiftly wing through the air, but
Not the tree rooted in his own area of ground.

Because the

Xtra quick!

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

Dearly hopes to see friends during the year.

A is for archery. R is for riflery.

E is for evening program. T is for tennis

U is for unexpected surprises

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 oppossums.

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 oppossums 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.

Song Contest Winners

Fourth Shack:

Tune: Dewey
Sailing, riding, tennis, swimming, arts and crafts
Sleepy breakfast, skinnies, wiggling down the dock
Oak, Long Lake, Chesuncook, Moosehead, Cobbessee
Do we love Runcia, I should say we do!
Do we love Runcia, I should say we do!

Seventh Shack:

Tune: All Good Gifts
Underneath the pines
Beside a lake of blue
There lies Camp Runoia
Made for me and you
Clear long summer days and mountains
Through the haze
The bright white stars above us
Shine down on sparkling waves.

Runoia we'll remember Keep your good times within our hearts Through camp we grow Make friendships true We see these thing in you.

The Blue-White competition Unites us one and all It's not a point of winning It's the spirit of it all

As our days at camp are drawing to a close It's hard to say good-bye But we'll return we know.

Poem to the Aides 1976

They came from the west, they came from the east To spend the summer as Aides They've added their cheer to everything here And I'm sure their memories won't fade.

On Cotillion night as we award new heights We ought to remember them all And thank them for fun and a job well done They were willing to come at each call.

"Who will help today?" "The Aides will," I say "Experience is good for each one From E.P.s to rainy days, Presidents and animal's ways Now tell me girls, isn't this fun?"

Enthusiasm, vitality, imaginagion, flexibility "Don't yell but be willing to try."
"There aren't enough hours, it's almost tomorrow Or enough weeks in the summer," we cry!

They've been to Moosehead, "Without me?" I said Climbed Kineo right to the top Sunbathed on a table when they were able Washed dishes with a dingle-twop!

Compass readings did take as they paddled down the lake Then found they'd forgotten their lunch Practiced canoeing, first aid they were doing Thanks Ellen and Ginny, so much.

Together a day was spent at Boothbay We feasted beside the sea Incredulous looks when to boy's camps I took Them...Kewanee and Chewonki.

They've lived in Junior and also in Senior Observing along the way Activities were planned and they lent a hand They seemed to be busy each day.

Hannah's horse was demanding, it needed much handling She found it hard to do all But in Shack Four she was never bored And on day trips she had a ball. With kitten in hand, Third Shack to reprimend As a golden harp Fam has promise She said, "Let's do it, I don't like to just sit." Tried out interesting new recipes upon us.

Lydia's summer was truly a winner She worked with each shack very well Her interests are many, successes were plenty We think that she's mighty swell.

New hat on her head, her face never dead "I'll do it," exclaims Jenny Cheerfully sings, adds zest to meetings Her happiest moment - JMG.

Maggie's in place, not making a face Her thoughts she always makes known New shoes on her feet, now aren't they quite neat After too much to eat she will moan!

Another Rutherford, this is the third An addition we were happy could be Her smiles and her faces have helped us go places When we needed her she would M.C.

Sarah's most willing, each experience is thrilling Her spirits will never get damp Sailing's most fun, arts and crafts she has done Became a guide at Maine's testing camp.

So when awards are spied, these girls have tried To do their very best A bright blue ribbon I would give them To add to all the rest.

Hannah's ribbon, of course, has the head of a horse Awarded for being on time?
Lydia's award, a really kind word
For her willing way, always sublime.

To Trudy a cheer from everyone here She's really outdone us all Jenny has pep and a wonderful rep Utation for having a ball.

Pam will receive, 'cause of ideas up her sleeve, A bo-bo cheered very loud Sarah, I'll say, in her own quiet way, Has made every one of us proud.

A candy bar 'cause she has come far To Maggie will be her award Lunch on the lake, tea and pancakes They really worked hard when it poured.

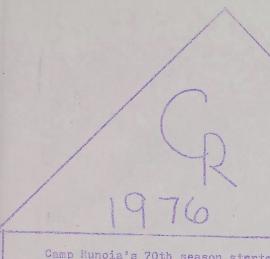
Each in her way has made every day A pleasant and happy one Ideas and zest, they've had the best I can say that my summer's been fun!!

Diane Erler

The Lost Elevator Gast:

Muffy larned The Small Man Who is in a Hurry The Big Easy Going Man Nargaret Houghton as ienette Newau as . The Book Salesman Jracy Gorne)) The Elevator Operator as Linda Rosenberg The Engaged Man Diana Devoe The More or Less Engaged Young Woxan Mary Jobin Smith as ... The German Housewife Kethy Boursing as The Messenger Boy

by Mour How as ... The Romantic Old Maid 12 Solo) ... as Jhe Nice Old Lady Corbridge as The Girl Who has an appointment with the Dentist Manusm ... as ... an Undershaly Make up rery: Mina Ferre, gaven Cobb, Best Wapfon Waldron - Cobb Music . King Edith Spanel Jrudy Ruberford re will be refrashments after the play is performed. Evipy Yourself!!



Camp Runoia'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 Monetheless, 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 full.

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

Alonur

elgrade Lakes, Maine U.S.

July 3, 1976

Runoia Continues Rain or Shine

he weather has been ainy and cloudy.

londay - Bright and sunny

luesday - Rainy

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

Thursday - Rainy,

riday - Cloudy, then un, 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 Winniethe-Pooh poem skits in the warm lodge passed the afternoon.

Cancelled overnights happily rescheduled plus a white-water day trip to Cobbessee. 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.

Runoia'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 lunday Service accompanied by a large campfire. Every camp across the United States belonging to the American Camping Association lit bicentinnial campfire at the same time during the evening.

On Monday our seven Aides plus Ellen and Ginny left for four lays 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 luring 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. Iveryone dressed up for evening program and went to Runoia's first unual Charlie Awards. The awards included cutest wiggle at skinny lips, bluest eyes, most freckles, 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 Runoia's story of the week. Enjoy the coming week!

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

A Runcia puiz

On Sunday we had:

a) A blizzard

b) A camper-counselor tennis tournament and aquaplaning

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.

On Friday, everyone left camp and went

a) crazy

b) to the beach, riding, sailing of canceing

a) home

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 Pemaguid 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. the 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 presented 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

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

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 yallo.

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 semmed 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, tenais and sunning Dinner was found by map and compass, with song.

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

On Friday it 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, Lach 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 spay an extra week or two, To do more, kakex learn lots, make more friends?

Much love,

. Wom and Dad,

ther week has flown by with lots of excitement and we can hardly leve that there is only a week and a half left of camp! Je started week with a bang when we had an International progressive dinner saturday night. Each shack's campers, dressed in the different entry's particular attire, served a part of the meal. Then, after her each shack put on a little skit or sang and danced to represent ir 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 vice was the Bicentennial and the results were excellent. After service they returned to camp and gave it again for those who had yed behind.

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

sun came out for us on Tuesday. After lunch the Maine Woodsmen the Junior Maine Woodsmen left for Fairy Ring where they were to re their testing camp. Four campers from fourth shack with Laura and rien 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 a night there. For Evening Program at camp we had a 50°s dance uplete with bobby soxxand a bubble gum blowing contest. Debbie August with a huge bubble.

Thursday there was sun again! we had a sailing race in the afternoon ring which three boats tipped, which added to the excitement of the . By dinner time camp was once again full with JEGs, Eds and JEWs turning home from their testing camps with exciting tales of their periences.

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

Third Shack Anagrams

Galen R. Cobb

Lisa H. Corbridge

Tracy A. Cornell

Anne-Marie Dugal

Ethelynn A. King

Susan W. Larned

Wendy M. Mills

Beth A. Waldron

Great Riding Counselor

Likes Having Cats

Terrifying and Cute

After Midnight Delight

Easy At Kite-Flying

Sometimes Wants (a) Lion

Wants Mickey Mouse

Bad After Wednesdays

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,
Alonur

Fourth Shack Anagrams

Kimberly A. Cornell
Jemnifer A. Corson
Christina Ferre
Kirke H. Hannum
Katherine Knowlton
Anna Mitra Morgan
Susan J. Sherman
Claire M. Solot
Edith C. Spanel
Sharon L. West

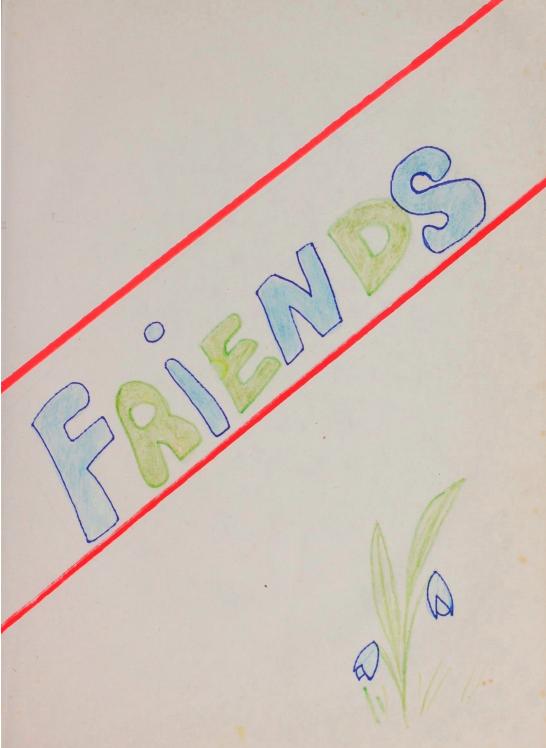
Ann Halperin.

Amy W. Hufnagel

Karen E. Hufnagel

Kontinuously Acts Crazy
Jumps Around (in) Cartwheels
Crazy Fourthshacker
Keeps Having Hysterics
Kids Konstantly
Arouses More Mischief
Sometimes Just Smiles
Can Make (you) Smile
Edith Can't (sit) Still
She Laughs (and) Wiggles

Always Happy Amazing With Horses Keeps Everyone Happy



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 greatgrandson 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-scate owner and developer.

Her father is president or the Canal-Randolph Corporation, a national realestate 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 & Heint Precision Industries of Cleveland. Her



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 Manhatan 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.





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

Third Shack Anagrams

Galen R. Cobb

Lisa H. Corbridge

Tracy A. Cornell

Anne-Marie Dugal

Ethelynn A. King

Susan W. Larned

Wendy M. Mills

Beth A. Waldron

Great Riding Counselor

Likes Having Cats

Terrifying and Cute

After Midnight Delight

Easy At Kite-Flying

Sometimes Wants (a) Lion

Wants Mickey Mouse

Bad After Wednesdays

Fourth Shack Anagrams

Kimberly A. Cornell
Jennifer A. Corson
Christina Ferre
Kirke H. Hannum
Katherine Knowlton
Anna Mitra Morgan
Susan J. Sherman
Claire M. Solot
Edith C. Spanel
Sharon L. West

Ann Halperin.

Amy W. Hufnagel

Karen E. Hufnagel

Kontinuously Acts Crazy
Jumps Around (in) Cartwheels
Crazy Fourthshacker
Keeps Having Hysterics
Kids Konstantly
Arouses More Mischief
Sometimes Just Smiles
Can Make (you) Smile
Edith Can't (sit) Still
She Laughs (and) Wiggles

Always Happy
Amazing With Horses
Keeps Everyone Happy

Always Jolly (and) Rowdy

Mighty Tripping Spirit

Sixth Shack Anagrams

Bethany A. Berry

Diana E. DeVoe

Susan L. Griffith

Brenda L. Harrington

Lee H. Higgins

Margaret G. Houghton

Pierette A. Newman

Margaret W. Richards

Linda J. Rosenberg

Kathy F. Savadove

Sarah E. Ullman

Edith E. Villarreal-Budnik

Camille V. Webber

Biz Always (her) Broker

Drowns (in) Everlasting Diets

She Likes Galloping

Big Long Hips

Likes Heeling Horrendously

Merrily Goes Hopping

Plays After Noon

Makes Wierd Releases

Likes Joking Rowdily

Kool Fool Smokes (her pipe)

She Eats Usually

Eagerly Enjoys Violent Boys

Candy Visciously Wants

Seventh Shack Anagrams

Lindsay G. Amthor

Katherine N. Bowring

Alice K. Brebner

Pamela W. Combes

Elizabeth A. Cooper

Rebecca L. Cox

Pamela L. Famous

Jannifer L. Gay

Harriet F. Hubbard

Maura J. Murphy

Emily K. Spanel

Sarah E. Tabell

Cynthia C. Thornton

Katharine O. Van Rensselaer

Elizabeth A. West

Laughs Gayly Always

Kan Never Bore (you)

Always Kicks (off) Bedsheets

Plays With Courage

Eludingly Admits (the) Culprit

Really Laughs Crazily

Picks Little Friends

Just Looks Groovy

Has Funny Habits

Makes Jumpy Movements

Energetically Kills (a) Softball

Sailor Ever True

Can Complete Tasks

Kan Often Vanish Rapidly

Eagerly Attacks Whites

Cit Anagrams

Dawn R. M. Crump

Andrea L. Florey

Nina Frank

Cynthia L. Trull

Suzanne L. Waldron

Margaret M. Williams

Movien Yee

Does Rowdy Maneuvers Constantly

Axes Logs Ferociously

Never Fails (to complain)

Conjures Left-side Turmoils

Seldom Laughs Weakly

Masters Many (a) Wind

Mild Yakker

Aide Anagrams

Pamela N. Cobb

Lydia J. Griffith

Hannah G. Hall

Grace A. Houghton

Trudy K. Rutherford

Jennifer S. Sachs

Margaret C. Stainton

Sarah T. Wilkinson

Persistently Never Carnivorous

Likes Junior (Maine) Guide

Has Great Hair

Gross (bugs) Add Horror

Thinks (of) Krazy Routines

JMC's Such (a) Struggle

Meals Consumed Smartly

Says Things Weird

Staff Anagrams

Christine C. Buckley

John W. Carlton

Ellen Chapman

Elizabeth N. Cobb

Philip J. Cobb

Ruth Anne Doe

Diane S. Erler

John P. Erler

Paul Hanna

Victoria I. Hughes

Marian R. Johnson

Laura B. Kind

Louise Y. Lessard

Dana L. Logan

Cynthia A. Lowden

Elizabeth A. Mayer

Alison N. Page

Maggie R. Robertson

Holly A. Rutherford

Lori J. Rutherford

Can Continuously Babble

Joyfully Will Canter

Ever Chesuncooking

Engages Non-stop (in) Cleverness

Prepares Jovially (the) Court

Rights All Diseases

Dutifully Spiritually Enlightens

Junk Peeves (him) Endlessly

Prides (in) Honda

Vehemently Indicates Hunger

Many Rides (and) Jaunts

Loathes Boggy Kourts

Lust, Youth, Lush

Dines (on) Loaded Lettuce

Cigarettes Are Lifeblood

Eats and Munches

Always Nicely Plays

Merrily Runs (and) Runs

Has Amazing Resources

Loves Jive Rocking

Celia H. Spanel

Marlene M. Stemper

Roberta J. Tabell

Nancy E. Waldron

Lois L. Wigdahl

Kate C. Wilkinson

David B. Wilson

Can't Help Singing

Makes Marvelous Souffles

Runs Jeep Terrifically

Not Exceptionally Woodsy

Likes (the) LeMans (in) Working (order)

Kan Cut Wildly

Daily Builder (and) Worker

Anagrams

Mark W. Erler

Todd H. Erler

Anne M. Erler

Makes (the) Waterfront Entertaining

Todd Has Enthusiasm

Always Merry (and) Energetic

| Listed as | Labeled | Looks | Lives | Likes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|---|--------------------------------|----------------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| Galen Colob | Galen | forward to passing her swimming tests | for phone calls | food | people eavesdroppin | Whoopie Twang |
| Lisa Corbridge | Lisa | for the Cits | for Whistling | Pam Combes | people Saying that they know | 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 understandin 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 eavesdiapping | , I noticed. |
| | And an analysis of the second | 100 | | | | |

| Listed as | Labeled | Looks | LIVES | Likes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|---|--|-------------------|--|--|--|---------------|
| Wendy Mills | Wendy | for Ann- Marie | for the nuise | g-etting mail | E-4020 | My ear hurts! |
| Beth Waldron | Beth | pretty | for letters | making noise at rotha | people blaming her | 1 didn't do |
| | | | | errore and a second sec | The state of the s | |
| | - Control of the Cont | | | devot associated representatives and security devoted representatives and security dev | | |
| or edition and on the state of | service of assert selections in water | | | | | |
| | THE VALUE OF THE PARTY STATE OF | | о Муск Ванов Соло Ворова (об то в то подосто у под | | | |
| | The second secon | | and the second s | William Annual Control | Audit of energy to the special service of the | |

| Listed as | Labeled | Looks | Lives | Likes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|-------------------------|---------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Kimberly Cornell | kim | like a tomboy | in her engineer hat | 0 11/4 | being a girl | Ehh I'm the Fonz |
| Jennifer Corson | Jenny | Unhappy | with her stuffed animals | playing | horseback | 0. |
| Christina Hima 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 tombox | being a girl | lim 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 the 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 | being the wicked | Do we have to? |

| Listed as | Labeled | koobs | L. VES | 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 shir | You can't use my flannel shirt |
| Sharon West | Shavon. | like her Sister | with her bean lag Snæpy | reading | getting up in the morning | I don't want to get out of bed. |
| | | | The section of the se | Section Construct to the construction of the c | | |
| Ann Halperin | Ann | Pre+4y | under her hair | Ne c co's | Sailing | Is it 5:00 yet? |
| Amy W. Hufrage | Amy | tall | here in the day | skiing | rest hour | Come on you |
| 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. |
| Series Audignos | Desirée Crump | Desi | for a fight | messily | playing tetherball who she should be cleaning her room | doing her | For your Info |
| and the same of th | Janet Daniels | Jan | for letters | at home | thinking her father is 30 years | carrying the laundry bags | Oh, decent. |
| - | Sara de Tork | Turkey | for the waste basket at night | going into long, detailed Stories | The state of the s | ebthesline a.m. | ooh alright. |
| | Noel Ferre | Noel | tired | talking baby talk | huaging counselas 24 hours a day. | losing Snoopy | Weezy |
| | Lori Goldstein | Tol. | like Danny Partridge | In Amy's Adidas and Docksiders | herself | having her mouth Shut. | Duhoy now |
| | Susan Laylin | Sie | 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 | hooks | Lives | Libes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|------------------|---------|-----------------------------------|---|--|-------------------|--------------------------------|
| Amy Rosenberg | Amy | funny in her long underwear | for sleeping | leaving he wet bathing suit on the floor. | a Debbie and | you guys are so immature. |
| Kate Saltus | Kate | for Tobin | In the belt Jack gave her. | riding | 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 shack | the millions of letters she gets clarly | shaking beds | "Know what happened?" |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | TO PRODUCE TO A CONTROL OF THE STATE OF THE | | | |
| | | | | | | |

| 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, flame shirt, and long pants on a 99° day. | la l |
| 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 gumea pig | for Meg's letters | her guinea pig | Bison | Oh, what a bummer. |
| Lee H. Higgins | Hugs | like Young Frankenstin | for getting a better mouth | Sleeping 'till 3rd | 3 td base | Put on the Beatles tape. |
| Mourgaret Houghton | Margaret | tall | with her | Teddy Bears | the leak in her ceiling | Oh come on. |
| Pierrette Neuman | Taz | cool with her glasses up. | Studying | | fighting with friends | Hi guys. |

| Listed as | Labeled | Looks | Lives | Likes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|------------------------|--|--|---|--|---|---------------------------|
| Margaret Richards | Meg | for Hairy Mole | making other people's beds | atkntion | being accused of gassing | scuz out! |
| Linda Rosenberg | Linda Blair Or Linda Rosenberg | for a boat withon Harriet in the Stern | on the left side | tinherbell | | hove bud |
| Kathy Savadove | Kathy | like a fool with her hair up. | for chewir gum outside the shack | Pine Island | her curly hair | Can I blow dry my hair? |
| Sarah Ullman | Sarah | like her nam would be Annabelle | as long as she can | her long hair | having hipsmacker all over her pillowcase | That's so stupid. |
| Edith Villareal-Bulnik | Edith | cute | with 20 pairs of shoes | getting phone calls | not having time in the morning to put on her contactens | eeeleeee ! |
| Camille Webber | Mille | for the Playgirl in between Unda's matress | for Cyle | hitting other sail boats in 3lue-lyhite Races | being prissy | Who's bigger - you or me? |
| | The state of the s | of the same of the | | · June) | | |

| Listed as | Labeled | hooks | LIVES | Likes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|------------------|------------------|--------------------------------|---|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--|
| Lindsay Amthor | Jamie Summers | like a String bear | to raid | to eat | being woken up at night | Well, I'm sorry. |
| Katherine Bowing | Hairy Mole | for something to ham | with | ina | g 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 Underwea | Knocking on walls after Taps | wet bathing suits on her bed | H's not fair. |
| Elizabeth Cooper | Betsey | Innocen+ | after taps | to be | getting wedgies from Cindy | 1 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 | | Loathes | "Lines" |
|------------------|----------|---------------------------------------|---|--|---|--------------------|
| Jennifer Gay | Jennifer | for what she left at camp at home. | half her belongings | candy | people talking behind prople back. | Yeah, I know. |
| Harriet Hubbard | Harry | for her alarm clock | for JMG | to flick her retainer | people who get mad at | Im sorry. |
| Maura Murphy | Maura | good with her new haircut | for a phone call telling her she's an aunt. | archeny | 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 6 | people who are housy after taps | that's tough. |
| | d. | | OLA STREET, MICHAEL SEC. | The state of the s | | |

| Listed as | Labeled | Looks | Lives | Likes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|-----------------------------|---|---------------------------------|--|--|--|--------------------------------|
| Katherine Van Rensselaer | Posie | for the hat to her Snoopy | to pitch well | la ughing at her own jokes | bear II I | Hey Walt. |
| Elizabeth West | Lizard | for a dry tennis court | With Sarah | her new poster | riding Crescent | Why do I listen to you, Sarah? |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | de reducirente a di Cassadi Listanes de | | | The state of the s | The state of the s | |
| | | | en Onto Production and Control | | | |
| | | | | Control Parison (Assessment | | |

| Listed as | Labeled | Leoles | Lives | Likes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|-------------------|---------|--------------------------------|--|---|--|---------------------|
| Dawn Crump | Dawn | for trouble | in her own room | mail from Phil | falling off Wildfire | You Jerk. |
| Andrea Florey | Nandy | for her Badger | for JMG | putting Wina to bed | being heat | Hee Bec Gee Bee. |
| Nina Frank | Nina | for Nandy | for cardy line | hot having to hear John Denver | hanging covers that block out her | Aghhhhhhhh |
| Cynthia Trull | Cindi | for Pam Famous and Celia | at of her trunk | her . | light the left side of the shack | Yuko. |
| Suzanne Waldron | Suzy | for Matti | for riding | 1 | when r people criticize John Anver | Cram 17. |
| Margaret Williams | Matti | for her guitar | for sailing with spinnakus | 40 | her room being Grand Central Station | What's happenin'! |
| Movien Yee | Movien | at e | end great at everything from the start | peace in 2nd shack | mosquito bites | |

| Listed as | Labeled | Looks | Lives | | Loathes | "Lines" |
|------------------|--------------|--|-----------------------|--------------------------------|---|--|
| Pamela Cobb | Pam | for ice cream | with Christopher | "Shining \$ star" | slugs | -later breeze. |
| Lydia Gnffith | Lydia Lyd | nothing like her Sister | mostly at night | granola | Bread crists and Sailing | Check it out, chuck |
| Hannah Hall | Hannah | like a rider | for Kesteki | wearing Jewelry | waking | well-you know. |
| Grace Houghton | Graceful | Great in her new contacs | for the boy next door | days off | the big bugs in Holly's room | You wouldn't believe what m Mark + Todd did. |
| Trudy Rutherford | Dude | funny with her hair Standing up | in the senior swamp | gymnastics | mistakes made on her eanoeing score | Go for it. |
| Jennifer Sachs | Jen Jenny | at her JMG books | making menus | to make chocolate chip cookies | - | Aley Babe. |
| | A | do de constitución de constitu | | | | |

| Listed as | Labeled | Looks | Lives | Likes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|-----------------|--|---|--------------------|--|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| Maggie Stamton | Maq's | Grward to the days when she doesn't have tonn't for an activity | for candy line | romantic letters from Jeff. | people. picking the gorp | Don't pick! |
| Sarah Wilkinson | Sarah | in the mirror | for her cactus | JMG | people. Picking on her speech | Jeezum Crowbar |
| | | | | The commence of the commence o | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | Company of the control of the contro | | | of an included in the displaced particular p | | |
| | | | Control of Control | | | |

| Listed as | Labeled | hooks | Lives | Likes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|-------------------|-----------|--|--|---|------------------------------------|---|
| Christine Buckley | Chris | thinner and thinner | unemployer after Agust 17 | bed with | 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 equipmen | 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 cating: |
| Philip Cobb | Phil | relaxed | for the adventues: | the idea that School might be closed down. | tainy 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 schodule | being called the spiritual leader | anything 185 than complete | This is a typical Maine Dax. |

| Listed as | Labeled | hoots | 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 15n't coming | as far | going to Old McDanall for | cleaning Procking Chickens | You think you're real smaht. |
| Victoria Highes | Tory | like a lioness | on the phone | night off | clean | lim going up to the counselois room to mark up some targets |
| Marian Johnson | Johnny or "the admiral" | for new ways to entental Annie. | in her new . sailing hat | reading overyone's mail | being anything but last at meak | Hi Annie |
| Laura Kind | Lavra | for a way out of doing table lists | again as the conselor with the leastest. | Playing Johnny | 3 out of 10 | Take I from column B A, 2 from column B and switch it with column C. |
| Lovise Lessard | Louise Weez Luigi Lolu the lush | C | for the day when she can become a legal lush. | anything In pants | getting no mail | you're a nord. |
| 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 cigarethe in the counselors con | her electric blanket | disorganization and hairy legs | well it is like this with A people in one car. |
| Elizabeth A. Mayer | Lizanne | Eatter and fatter she thinks | without underwear | contact spirtling 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 |
| Holly Rutherford | Holly | like she should have blue exes | to stop at to stop at Silver street t get her crusher | exercising under the apple tree | not having time for JMG | What am I going to do for campural 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 | Mahen Celia | like her sisters | in the threes of normality | the all- American boy | people messing with her five. | 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 | jello | When I get back home,,, |
| Roberta Tabell | Воор | for her Tab | In a Messy room and a Messy shad | driving around in . | losing Reter Frampton | or ' |
| Nancy Waldron | Nancy | younger than Jack | for sunny Warm | | misquitoes rain overnights or any combination | So this is a typical Maine day? |
| Lois Wigdah | Lois | for funny hoises in her car | greased in baby oil | to play | doing the dishes | I mean like |
| Kate Wilkinson | Kate | Fed up | to have everything returned | 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 | The paddle | Working hard and having for | very 1141e | You love it and you know it. |
| | . The state of the | | Servedor St. Criscolocular programs | Approximation of the second | | |

| Listed as | Labeled | hooks | Lives | Likes | Loathes | "Lines" |
|------------|--|---|--|--|--|------------------------|
| Mark Erler | Mark | like a camper | to do skits with South shack | | swimming lessons | Where's Aunt Nancy? |
| Todd Erler | Todd | for someone to play with | to sit at Johnny's table | pineapple Jvice | 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- |
| | | | And the second s | | | |
| | THE THE NAME OF PERSONS ASSESSED. | Management of the state of the | Mich. Survey of principles and dispersional design of the second design | and the second s | | |
| | the state of the s | Annie Andrew and the Annie Andrew and the | | The desirence of the control of the | The second secon | |
| | | | | | | |

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! Fourth Shack Limericks

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 Cymnastics 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. Fifth Shack Limericks

Laurie Goldstein

Laurie came from Princeton this year For anything at all she'ld 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.

Sixth Shack Limericks

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 JMG 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.

Seventh Shack Limericks

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.



Alica 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. Cit Limericks

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 Cives 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. Aide Limericks

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 Naggie did hate
And to go play tennis she'll wait
To camperaft 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. Counselor Limericks

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.

Mark Erler

A Fourth Shacker now every day And sometimes at night, they say He's learning to swim His figure 'tis trim Mark, remember us always, we pray.

Todd Erler

Young Todd is a rambling boy
Most always he is laughing with joy
When he wanders too much
Betty wields her firm touch
He's usually seen clutching his Joe-y.

Anne Erler

So "pret-ty" was her very first word At least that's what Diane said she heard Though her teeth are quite few On everything she will chew Fair Annie often chirps like a bird.



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 Cives 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.

Jack Carlton

Jack again does the riding
When down the road he is not hiding
His clothes shock us all
From a horse he won't fall
In Eric he'll do much confiding.

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 JMG 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 JMCs - out she freaks!





3rd shack



Fourth Shack



Fifth Shack



Sixth Shack



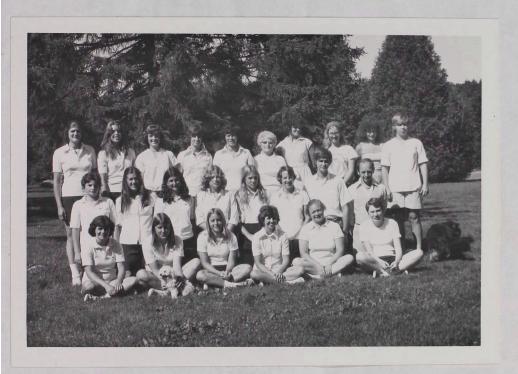
Seventh Shack



CITS



Aides



Staff



Sisters in Camp



Captains



Alumnae daughters





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 To-kyo, 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 mar-

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 East-chester Savings Bank in Mount Vernon, N.Y.









Children of
Many Ann Larzelere
(Gerbie)
Kris 6
Steven 3





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 Heldelberg 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 uterdants were Miss Anne Wyat Cogswell, Miss Carroll Gale Belser, 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 Bouman Gates and Family 1976



Runoia Reunion 1976
Joan Bayne Williams
Marian Ritchnson
K. May Condit Degman
Colly Cleveland Weeltz
Betty Perry Glesson



Mark Erler 1976



Fall 1976



Bunny Thibodeau Andrew's children



Vespers at the beach Johnny holding Anne Erler





Angie Strople McGinnis and Family



Wedding of Nancy Dowd Burton's Joldest Jon



See my newteeth! Ande 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

Ninoteen hundred and seventy-six

Nills College Chapel

Oakland, California

At Kome: Killside Road, Box 1491, Evergreen, Colorado 80439



Chile 76

Hope the eye + hip are A-DK, plus the Cope for A Thymbo giving

4.0

Peace on Earth

Kit + Whit Hobbs

Ditto Hamilton Hobbs and Whit



M.J. Mott Auns' Andrewand Kristine Oct. 1976



Debby Janney O'keefes
3 lively sons 1976





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 greatgrandson 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-scate owner and developer.

Her father is president or the Canal-Randolph Corporation, a national realestate 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 & Heinit Precision Industries of Cleveland. Her



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 Manhatan 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.





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
Shuart 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