

Camp Runoia Log 1978

Table of Contents

Dedication
Memorial to Miss Weiser
Cotillion Wishes
Log Staff
Camp List
Staff List
Name Story
First Impressions
Selections from Sunday Services
Trips
 Poem to the JMGs
 Oak Island Trip Song
 Oak Island Junior Trip Song
 Oak Island Trip
 My Trip to Oak Island
 Long Lake Trip
 Azischoos Senior Trip Song
 Aide Trip
Etcetera
 Summer Tree
 Log Contest Winners
 To Betty and Phil
 Song Contest Winners
 Poem to the Aides
 Original Writings
 Lost and Found
 Can You Imagine?
 Last Will and Testament
 Anagrams
 Statistics
 Horse Show
 Newsletters
 Charlie Brown
Limericks
 Camp Pictures
 Fourth of July
 Friends and Alumnae

Lucy H. Weiser 1875-1978

Beginnings go unnoticed. Silently the day
Is lit upon the sky. And yet we lie
Asleep. The faint and first still golden ray
Of morning streaks a sleeping face. Soft sighs
Then follow sun-warm interrupted dreams.
Drawn out of drowsy slumber by a corn
Gold sun, we marvel at its warmth. It seems
We revel birth well after day is born.
And so it is with this soft place
Of peace. We drift in languid warmth; the mind
Can't grasp or touch the time, the space
The very source of serenity we find.

This is for one who met the sun before the day
And lit a place soft golden, in a quiet gentle way.

Roberta J. Tabell
July 15, 1978

Dedication

When someone close to us dies, we are often forced to deal with our sadness or grief by personal and quiet reminiscings. We look back on good times, on moments and glances, and on words and ways. And this helps to put death into a perspective we can accept.

But we have had to deal with death on a very different level this summer. It is not a terribly sad death, but more of a welcomed relief that Miss Weiser could end her pain.

But what is difficult is trying to perceive her death and its significance in our lives, for none of us can say we knew her.

We all know the significance of her role in camp's very existence; what she did, how, when and with whom, but we have no connection to the human being - her spirit, her heart, her mind.

I can't put into words how I view her except with an allegory of sorts. My first two years at camp Miss Weiser was more a part of camp's activities. She would frequent the waterfront, talk to campers and have us all for ice cream after the horse show. She knew everyone's name and more. As years passed and she spent more time away in the farmhouse she became more of a name, a face, a figurehead. To most all of you, she is a name.

Last summer, on the Fourth of July, the counselors went up to the farmhouse after the morning parade. After ten years, Miss Weiser, after learning who we were, acknowledged, recognized and remembered my sister, me, and others from those years. She held us each in turn in a bear hug such as I had never felt.

What was translated to me that morning in the strength of her embrace is what I would like all of you

to remember about Miss Weiser and about Camp Runoia.

The strength that lies underneath years of love and tradition doesn't fade in time. The spirit lies strong under a facade of change and newness and stays strong and deep rooted.

I can't ever make you feel what I felt that morning, but when you go home and think of camp just remember one easy parallel...

A crackling fire has its own quiet embers beneath the flames. Every good feeling you have about camp has its advent in what she began seventy odd summers ago.

The 1978 Log is Miss Weiser's.

Lucy H. Weiser - Director of Camp Runoia 1907-1978

A Memorial Service for Miss Weiser was held on July 18, 1978 at the Belgrade Lakes Church. The following was part of the services as spoken by Philip Cobb, now owner with his wife Elizabeth of the exceptionally fine camp that Miss Weiser founded and operated for these years.

"Miss Weiser was a pioneer in camping, one of those women who did things before the time that women were allowed or permitted by social mores to be an integral part of our society. In my talks with her she told of the three day trip from New York to Maine and how complicated yet fun it was to travel in those days. She described to me how difficult it was to obtain food, going by stage to the town of Belgrade Lakes and then to Waterville to shop and return.

Miss Weiser lived each day and like Rabbi Ben Ezra she would cite:

Grow old with me
the best is yet to be
the last of life, for which the first was made
our times are in HIS hand...who saith: A whole is
planned, youth shows but half, Trust God; see all
nor be not afraid.

....

Ay, note that potter's wheel
that metaphor! and feel why times spin fast,
why passive lies our clay
Thou: to whom fools preboud
when the markets round

since life fleets, all is change
the past is gone; seize today.

And seize it she did, she worked with people and enjoyed life; enjoyed the out-of-doors and was humble yet awed by the beauty of people and of nature. Sarah Teasdale wrote several poems that tiplify Miss Weiser:

Alone in the night
on a dark hill
with pines around me
spicy and still

and a heaven full of stars
over my head
white and topez
and misty red

Myriads with beating
hearts of fire
that aeons cannot vex or tire

Up the dome of heaven
like a great hill
I watch them marching
stately and still

And I know that I
am honored to be
witness
of such majesty.

And she surrounded herself with the beauty of the woods and with talented and lovely people like Johnny, Shelly, Eunice, Rebecca and the many friends, many of whom are here today to pay her tribute.

Brent Harroll from the Belgrade Lakes Clinic wrote of Miss Weiser:

People don't die
but the world within them
and fate arrives
for like the stars we pass
but the light is eternal....

How marvelous it is to have known someone as remarkable as Lucy Weiser. We are all better for her having been with us, for she loved people and believed in the Almighty deeply.

King George of England perhaps said it best:

And I said to the man who stood at the gate of
the year,
Give me the light that I may tread into the
unknown safely,
and he replied:
Put out your hand into the hand of God,
that shall be better than a light and safer than
a known way."

Footnote:

** Miss Weiser had memorized all thirty some verses of Rabbi Ben Ezra and in her final days she repeated these from memory many times.

Adendum:

Lucy Weiser was one of the truly remarkable people I have ever known. When Betty and I bought Runoia in 1960 she did everything possible to make the transition smooth. She wrote all the alumni, then, as usual, she insisted on helping us and continued to do the camp books. We were then some 80 people, each had an account and she spent many hours each day working on the books, keeping accounts up to date. She refused any financial return for this work and continually shared what little she had or could give to camp. She attended all camp functions, ate meals for several years with us in the dining room, went to assemblies, bought corn for special times and provided us with popsicles after the horse show on her front lawn. The children and staff appreciated her, although in later years they did not always understand who she was and what energy she had put into camp on their behalf. Every Fourth of July, all the staff in costume would visit her and pay tribute...she was up even at 7:30 A.M. on the Fourth.

I cannot express to you our deep appreciation for all that Lucy H. Weiser did for children and how much she contributed to each child and staff member in camp. For a dozen years after she retired she hosted a lobster party at 10:00 P.M. for all staff and she was there...and did she love this excitement! (I never saw her eat a lobster!!)

Lucy Weiser touched people in many different ways and all of them very positive. Some who understood where she was at and what she was doing for children became her loving and lifetime friends. I cannot begin to name these people, however, a few I must. Marian R. Johnson, "Johnny", was so devoted to her that she has spent 51 years in camp, as a counselor, director and member of the board, living

all these years in a shack in camp, truly remarkable. Doris Shellburg, "Shelly", spent 25 years as the art counselor and then lived in the farmhouse, or wherever Miss Weiser was, and took care of her to her last day.

Joan Bayne Williams, a camper in the early 30's eventually bought a piece of property adjacent to Runoia and spends every summer commuting from California. (All her children went to Runoia.)

The Baumans, first Dr. and Mrs. who lived in Waterville, she was the camp nurse while he was practicing in Waterville. Their two daughters attended camp and their five granddaughters all attended Runoia. The Baumans spent many a Sunday playing Scrabble with Miss Weiser and were joined by the Warrens. Mrs. Warren cooked at Runoia years ago and they returned to Waterville when Elmer took on an executive position with a local private school.

The Christiansens sent their daughter to camp and soon bought a piece of land next to the Williams and now their granddaughter is at camp.

The most recent owner of adjacent property to Runoia is Mary Jane Mott whose daughter is attending camp this summer. She and her husband are living in Holland.

In 1965, Miss Weiser, in her yearly historical message to campers on the next to last night of camp, sat in front of the lodge fireplace and told of the history of camp. Fortunately, we have this on tape.

Miss Weiser was infectious to those who loved the out-of-doors, believed in simplicity and loved youth. She devoted her life to young people and always was young in heart.

Philip J. Cobb
July, 1978

Memorial to Lucy H. Weiser

Lucy H. Weiser came to Great Pond shores seventy-two summers ago, along with her friend, Jessie C. Pond. They brought with them six campers to start a girl's camp, which had been a dream of Miss Weiser's. She was really a pioneer in this, for there were few camps for girls at that early period in the Twentieth Century, though there were a good many camps for boys. Miss Weiser felt that girls should be able to enjoy the same advantages as the boys had. She had this idea while she was a teacher of manual arts at Horace Mann School in New York, and in her friend Miss Pond she found a partner for her venture. As many of you know, the camp that was to be called Runoia started on the North Belgrade side of the lake on rented property. In 1915 the camp was moved over to its present site, after the two women successfully persuaded Mr. Wentworth to sell his farm with its beautiful beach and cove.

Miss Weiser drew the plans for the cabins, dining room, lodge and boat house which had to be built in the first two years. Also, she supervised the building and maintenance of the property, with the help of competent and friendly workmen from this area. When the camp moved, Mr. Wentworth's farm house was remodeled and Miss Weiser and Miss Pond lived there, leaving the day by day supervision of the camp to a Head Counselor and her staff. So, today, we still call the white house at the top of the path leading down to camp the Farm House. Miss Weiser loved that place and she was so pleased to be able to stay there even after the camp was sold to Betty and Phil Cobb. For sixty-three summers she lived there, and for the last several winters.

When I first came to Runoia, Miss Weiser had a

beautiful garden which she tended herself, most of the time. She enjoyed the birds which came to the garden also. It was a familiar sight to see Miss Weiser pulling weeds out of her garden in the cool of the evening. After she had to give up her big garden, others planted flowers along the house and on the side of the yard where she could easily see them from her windows. Also, she had many plants inside the house. Now today we have the flowers here, as she would want it.

She had a lovely singing voice. In New York in the winter she went to many operas, so she was familiar with that music. She very much enjoyed hearing the campers sing, both old songs and new. For years there was a small grand piano in the living room of the farm house, and often a group of campers would be invited up after dinner on Sunday to sing or to hear someone play. And always there was some candy or sweets to pass around to the girls. When Miss Weiser grew hard of hearing and couldn't listen to her record player any more, she could still hear the songs and sing them in her mind and heart.

Always Miss Weiser enjoyed the young people who came to camp each summer, even after she had given up active participation in the camp. Many campers and counselors became good and lifelong friends of hers. They would correspond with her, bring their children back to see her, send family pictures at Christmas, and bring the husbands back to see her. And what a memory for names of anyone who had been a camper of more than one summer! If we, down at camp, ever got stuck for the name of a certain former camper, we knew that asking Miss Weiser would produce the name with no hesitation. Her memory was keen, even in the last two years of her long life. Her interest, love and appreciation of young people and little children made up a large part of her enjoyment of life. Besides the camp people, Miss Weiser had many good

and loyal friends in the community. She always welcomed them and enjoyed their visits.

And so today we remember a woman with a dream about young girls and the fruition of that dream, with a friend's help. She was artistic, practical, a person who loved poetry and memorized a great deal and enjoyed recalling it, she was musical, warm-hearted, had a good sense of humor, and she enjoyed her young friends. What Lucy H. Weiser aspired and initiated continues today with the same spirit and ideals. She lives on in the memories and hearts of many. What a tribute to Miss Weiser.

Marian R. Johnson

Remarks by Elmer C. Warren at the Lucy H. Weiser memorial,
village church, 18 July, 1978, 2 p.m., Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

* " Memories -- tender, loving, bittersweet.

They can never be taken from you.

Nothing can detract from the joy
and the beauty you and your loved one
shared.

" Your love for the person and
his or her love for you cannot be altered
by time or circumstance.

The memories are yours to keep.
Yesterday has ended, though you
store it in the treasurehouse of
the past.

" And tomorrow?

" How can you face its awesome
problems and challenges?
It is as far beyond your mastery
as your ability to control
yesterday.

" Journey one day at a time.
Don't try to solve all the
problems of your life at once.

" Each day's survival
is a triumph. "

* Grollman, Earl A.; Living when a loved one has died (pg.85)

Lucy -- what a lovely and feminine name.

Picture her as a bright little girl excelling in school, playing games with her friends after school, growing as an adolescent throughout the years of high school and college, Then, suddenly she is Lucy the teacher of the young at the Horace Mann School; there for years she taught the young how to use their hands and how to express their ideas in the arts. It was Lucy, the pioneer in camping for children, who with an associate founded Runoia in this beautiful area in 1907. In this new way for girls to spend their summers her life touched several hundred girls - and now their children and grandchildren, in turn; it is as a sort of immortality. Then, later she became Lucy the charming little lady who lived at the end of the Lane; that is, until last week.

To have lived through the thrilling times of the last quarter of one cantury and the first three-quarters of another is an experience allowed to but few. And, to have lived through these troublesome, exciting, wonderful, and awful years and to retain one's composure,crystal-clear thinking is an achievement beyond measure. To the last, Lucy was remarkable, and a lady defying measure. Strong she was in mind and will, though so frail of body. Her's was truly a remarkable life.

*" At one time, men built
palaces of stone,
elaborate mausoleums,
as their way of commemorating
their dead.

" There are other ways to perpetuate
the memory of your loved one.
Through your own life
you can prolong the memory.

" Death brings you a choice.
It can lead you
to the edge of the abyss.
Or you can build a bridge
that will span the chasm."

" She lived, and brought unto this earth a bit of beauty, love
and faith. And, now her life will ever be reflected in your
heart."

If I may be permitted a play on words, I think of her not as
Lucy H. Weiser, but as Lucy THE Wiser. June 22, 1875 to
July 10, 1978.

So be it.

* op. cit. (pg. 105)

1978 Cotillion Wishes

Betty

It is Runoia's wish that as summer turns to fall, fall to winter and winter to spring and spring to summer, that you will each have the opportunity to see the memories of your summer reflected in the colors of every rainbow which fills the sky.

Third Shack

Carrie Chalmers

We wish that camp was two times longer with the same campers and counselors because it has been so much fun and we don't want it to end. Leaving Camp Runoia is very sad - we are leaving the fresh air and tall pine trees and our friends. Our wish is that the spirit we all share tonight will never fade away.

Fourth Shack

Jenny Corson

For a summer of joy and happiness Fourth Shack thanks Camp Runoia. We think that this has been a learning summer for everyone. Even if some of us don't come back to Runoia, it will always be in our hearts and we all hope that camp will be a good and rewarding experience for everyone who comes here for years to come. We feel that both the moments of pain and times of joy are the most important things that Camp Runoia can offer.

Fifth Shack

Margaret Van Rensselaer

We, the campers of Fifth Shack 1978 wish this summer would never end but would linger on and on with Blue-White spirit always there. We wish we never had to part with all the good friends we make each summer. We hope camp will stay as

beautiful as in all the years past and for all the years to come. Lastly, we wish for the traditions and fun of this camp to live on forever.

Sixth Shack
Barb Trager

Camp Runoia relies on the spirit which brings all of us together. Not only the Blue-White team spirit unifies us, but the spirit in the enthusiasm each individual brings to the camp environment. We of Sixth Shack hope that this spirit will remain with each of us through the winter and throughout the years to come.

Seventh Shack
Tracy Hassinger

During the last two months all of us have been living here at Runoia sharing our lives, laughs, tears, friendships, and most of all our love. Look at the person next to you, in ten years they could easily be a doctor, a lawyer, maybe even the first woman president. But what always remains is the lasting friend or friends you have made this summer. Seventh Shack hopes that when new friends are made old friends won't be forgotten and, in the summers to come, the girls of Runoia will be as lucky as we have been with such tying friendships, so many laughs, so few tears, and most of all, so much love.

Cits
Holly Higgins

Everyone, staff and campers, has contributed to make Camp Runoia a unique experience. We wish that these people may keep a small part of this specialness that has been created here with them forever in their memories.

Aides
Posie Van Rensselaer

We, the Aides of 1978, wish that the spirit and

love that Miss Lucy Weiser bestowed upon Runoia and the summer life here will continue to exist in the future. Her dedication to camp itself has guided the people of Runoia into a feeling of respect for each other and for their surroundings. We wish that her ideals for camp life will ever be a part of Runoia.

Log Staff

Third Shack and Tent 2

Diane Murray
Penny Britell

Fourth Shack

Ellen Gottlieb
Samantha Britell

Fifth Shack

Robin Sadowski
Edith Spanel

Sixth Shack

Cynthia Brooks
Amy Rosenberg
Barb Trager

Seventh Shack

Carrie Campbell
Martha Wilson

Cits

Susan Griffith
Holly Higgins

Aides

Sarah Tabell
Posie Van Rensselaer

Dividers

Maddy Fraioli

Staff and Photography

Boop Tabell

Camp Runoia 1978

Juniors

Alfond, Jennifer
Auns, Adrian
Auns, Krissy
Bailey, Melissa
Baker, Karen
Berg, Richele
Billington, Sarah
Britell, Penny
Britell, Samantha
Chalmers, Carrie
Cook, Amy
Cook, Melissa
Corson, Jennifer
Easton, Sarah
Erda, Kate
Perre, Nina
Francoeur, Marie-Claude
Glazer, Jennifer
Gottlieb, Ellen
Halperin, Ann
Hassinger, Jill
Hess, Alex
Ladd, Heidi
Lang, Patty
Leighton, Jessica
Lerner, Ellen
Manfredi, Marta
Montes, Clara
Murray, Diane
Shafia, Anabel
Sherman, Susie
Sutel, Rachel
Warren, Carlene
West, Sharon
Wilkinson, Anne

Aides

Bowring, Kathy
Combes, Pam
Cox, Becky
Famous, Pam
Hubbard, Harriet
Malatesta, Nanette
Spanel, Emily
Tabell, Sarah
Van Rensselaer, Posie
West, Liz
Wilkinson, Laura
Winfield, Lori

Seniors

Berardelli, Lynn
Berry, Melissa
Brooks, Cynthia
Campbell, Carrie
Carnahan, Lisa
Charest, Elise
Corbridge, Lisa
Cornell, Kim
Cornell, Tracy
Crump, Desiree
Deshaies, Marie-France
DeTurk, Sara
Perre, Noel
Frank, Sally
Garcia, Marta
Hassinger, Dana
Hassinger, Tracy
Hannum, Kirke
Hill, Charlotte
King, Lynn
Klotz, Rosa Maria
Knowlton, Katherine
Lawton, Catharine
Laylin, Susie
Levine, Jennifer
Mills, Wendy
Montes, Teresa
Morgan, Mitra
Nievo, Ludovica
Ponton, Chris
Pottle, Manette
Rosenberg, Amy
Rowell, Jody
Rummel, Nanette
Sadowski, Robin
Saltus, Kate
Smolinsky, Tanya
Solot, Claire
Spanel, Edith
Trager, Barbara
Van Rensselaer, Margaret
Wilson, Martha

Cits

Colina, Carmen
Colina, Mina
Griffith, Susan
Higgins, Holly
Klotz, Monica
Molloy, Mary
Montes, Carmen
Richards, Meg

Staff

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

Asano, David
Baxter, Glenn
Burton, Connie
Carlton, Jack
Chapman, Ellen
Colin, Michele
Crump, Dawn
Downes, Alice
Florey, Nandy
Fraioli, Maddy
Frost, Betsy
Galante, Dorene
Galorenzo, Judy
Griffith, Lydia
Hassinger, Pat
Howard, Betty Jo
Kelly, Shevawn
Lessard, Louise
Neveu, Nathalie
Rutherford, Holly
Rutherford, Trudy
Sinn, Marina
Tabell, Boop
Trull, Cindi
Waldron, Suzy
Wilkinson, Sarah
Williams, Matti
Wilson, David

Name Story

This is the tragic tale of the Famous Indian tribe Deshaies-Malatesta. Tragic, you ask, why tragic? Well, Erler this year, more or Lessard eight months ago, a herd of misguided moose stampeded through their village which lay in the wonderful town of South Belgrade. The sole survivor of this event was the tribe's chief, King Tut. Hess the record of the interview that we had with him.

Interviewer: "Tell us, your Hannum, what led to this Berry Ponton end of your people?"

King Tut: "Well, it was a cold morning in November with Frost on the ground. I was Easton my Kelly Cornflakes when a letter came from someone in the Montes. It said that grain had been stolen from the Mills. I was genuinely upset because I needed the grain to feed DeTurk(ey)."

Interviewer: "Excuse me, King, but can't you get meat from the Berardelli?"

King Tut: "No, no, we like to Cook our own. Store-bought turkey is Britell and Crump(1s)."

Interviewer: "Not if you Glazer when you Baker and eat her with Cornell."

King Tut: "Now that's a right fine idea. I'll try it sometime."

Interviewer: "Yes, well, we don't have Solot of time so if we can get back to the subject...."

King Tut: "Right. Now, where was I...oh, yes. I decided to go take a look at the situation myself so I went outside. Berg, it was cold. I walked over to get Hann my horse, Trager, he's a Morgan, you know, and I rode Trager over the Brooks using the Corbridge, and down to the lake. Here I boarded a Ferre. Before we could leave we had to

Bailey water from the bottom of the boat because it had hit a Rosenberg. The ship Hassinger on it so I listened to her for awhile."

Interviewer: "Sutel us more, King. What did you do when you reached the other side?"

King Tut: "Knowlton that I had quite a way to go, I rented a Van Rensselaer from the Rutherford dealer and drove over the Hill into the mountains. I headed due West, passing by many Richards, and by noontime I came to the town of Charest. At 12:30 I heard Runoia's Campbell and was reminded that it was time to eat lunch. I went into a restaurant and a waiter asked me, 'Williams be sufficient?' I told him no, that I wanted Fraioli and cheese. My meal was interrupted by a young Ladd named Al. It seems Alfond some clues to the grain mystery. I asked him what he wanted and he mumbled, 'Er...da Manfredi from da mill sent me to say dat while he was Laylin in bed da night of da crime he hears da Asano of Bowring stomping outside of his window. He jumps from his bed with Galorenzo, Combes his hair and calms his Spanel dog, Gottlieb, Downes. He Galante flung open da door. What he saw made him Cox his eyebrows. There were more than a hundred wild animals running away from da mill. Each of da beasts weighed more dan a Burton, a Billington, a Leighton, or even a Carlton. (For those of you who did not understand those last words, they are all measures of weight used by people in South Belgrade!) Tabell rang again over at Runoia and I knew it wat time for me to look at the mill myself. I left five dollars on the Hubbard to cover the cost of the meal, said good-bye to Al and returned to the van. I quickly crossed the Winfield and the Levine because I wanted to reach the mill before dark."

Interviewer: "Wasn't there a man named Big Inski involved in this story?"

King Tut: "Higgins, no! You've got him mixed up with his son, Smolinsky. He was driving the van. And I tell you, there were times when I was filled with Shafia that we were going to Rummel down the hill and Klotz at the bottom!"

Interviewer: "Sherman, I know what you mean. This Nievo generation is certainly Rowell, it really is a Sinn. Anyway, what did you do when you reached the mill?"

King Tut: "Wilson, to be Frank, I never did reach the mill. My lips became so Chapman in the cold that we had to stop for the night on the edge of the road. We had been sleeping for about an hour when we were rudely awakened by a policeman Colin us. He said, 'I'm Warren you, you is breaking the Lawton and Auns going to arrest you if you don't get moving.' We tried to start the car but the Pottle wouldn't catch. Now, I'm no Howard, but I began to Murray. However, Smolinsky kept me at ease for he's a real Chalmers."

Interviewer: "Did you finally get the Car nahan going?"

King Tut: "Yes, because we finally stopped Halperin that somebody would come along to help us. We had continued Florey half an hour when suddenly we saw a Waldron of moose crossing the road in front of us."

Interviewer: "Did they hurt you?"

King Tut: "No, at first we were afraid they would a Salts but they didn't, they just continued going south. We kept on going, thinking that as soon as we reached a telephone we would Colina my wife."

Interviewer: "Did you tell her to warn your people about the animals?"

King Tut: "Yes, and good Griffith she was scared. As soon as that was accomplished we turned around and headed back to South Belgrade. Unfortunately, it began to snow

and by the time we reached the lake the snow was two feet deep and it became necessary to Sadowski. Getting across the lake was a slow, Trull task and took us twelve hours. Molloy, we were tired."

Interviewer: "I bet you were anxious to Lerner how your people were defending themselves against the moose."

King Tut: "Garcia, you're right. After two days away from home, I was anxious to see the familiar faces of my family with their corn-Cobb pipes and pink sunglasses. But, alas! When I turned down Francoeur street there was no one to be seen. Further investigation told me the horrible truth. No more than an hour before my arrival moose had trampled my people down to their death. With the help of some friends I buried my people with a prayer to the two songods, Wilkinson and Johnson."

Interviewer: "Thank you, King Tut, for sharing your experiences with us and with our readers. You will be happy to know that there is a Neveu South Belgrade which is prospering rapidly even though it will never be the same without the Deshaies-Malatesta Indian tribe."



First Impressions

My first impression of camp was very neat and everything I did was really fun. I loved the horses and especially the colt. After I saw the things to do I knew what I was going to do.

Melissa Bailey

My first impression when I came to camp was that I was going to be in third shack and none of my friends were going to be with me.

Penny Britell

My first impression was that Nina was not going to be in my shack, and when she found out we both had a fit!

Susan Sherman

My first impressions this year were pretty much the same as last year. It was good to be back and I was glad to be off the bus.

Sara DeTurk

I felt like I should stay here forever. I feel like I'm on my own. Everyone is very friendly and helpful. I really like it here!

Nanette Rummel

I don't believe I'm here!

Dana Hassinger

My first impression was that I was going to have a good year because I have a nice counselor and some nice friends.

Sarah Billington

Camp Runoia is a very good camp. I am very sad because I do not understand all that is said, but I am sure that I will learn very quickly! I found a lot of friends in the camp and everybody helps me a lot. With everyone's help I will learn a lot of sports.

Ludovica Nievo

Wet but beautiful!

Jill Hassinger

Things are nice, but it is wierd not knowing anyone or what is going on or where things are. I feel dumb when I don't know the words to a song and I just sit there.

Melissa Berry

My first impression of camp was that it looked nicer than I thought it would be. I found the people very friendly. The activities I like the best are swimming and tennis. The food is very good and the camp was much bigger than I thought.

Marta Manfredi

When I got here I thought that the camp was really pretty and the kids were all nice. At first I thought that it would be gross to take a bath in a lake, but I saw that the lake is clean and now I really don't care. I thought Runoia would have a lot more kids and I'm glad that it is small. I hope to get to know everybody and eventually learn all of the songs!

Sally Frank

I thought it would be the same as one year ago when I came, but it was not all the same. The people are just as nice!

Katherine Knowlton

My first impression of camp was that it was very different from home but it had many interesting things to do. The counselors helped a lot in moving you in. I love all the woods and the new activities. I really like being alone in the wilderness on a lake.

Lynn Berardelli

The first day I came I thought camp was going to be bigger. And also I never knew there were rifles with triggers. The first time I saw the shack I actually thought...when I went inside there in front of me was my trunk and when we took it out of the box it made the loudest klunk. After that I picked the room I wanted. Then I said this isn't Vermont! There is nothing more to say about my first day.

Alex Hess

I like it!

Nina Ferre

When I came to camp I thought about how fun it would be swimming when it was time to go!

Amy Cook

A beautiful place filled with memories.

Carrie Chalmers

I thought it was nice.

Jenny Alford

I've spent all my summers in a place like this up in the Adirondacks. It's a beautiful area with acres of woods on the edge of a lake. It's a great area for hiking and riding and all kinds of water activities.

Camp Runoia is very similar to my summer home except

for one difference - instead of spending my summer with just my family and a few lake friends I get to spend my summer with a great group of Aides and counselors and 75 great campers that I hope I can help learn and grow the way I did, not in Camp Runoia but in the Adirondacks.

On the not so serious side, I love the people, the food (!), the choice of activities.

Everything's been great (except for maybe the lack of hangers and a few other very minor problems.)

I think I'm really going to like it here!

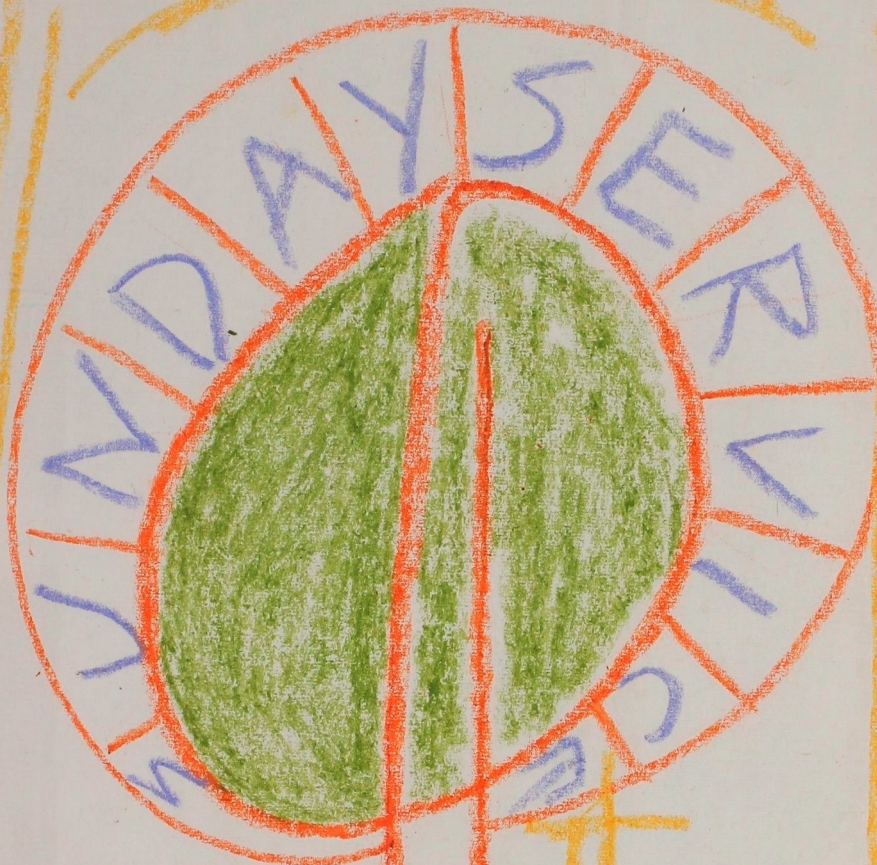
Nanette Malatesta

Coming up on the bus I thought I was going to be homesick. But when I got here I forgot about being homesick because the counselors and the girls were so nice.

Kate Erda

When I was on the bus riding up I thought I was going to be really homesick. But I'm not. Everyone is really nice to me.

Diane Murray



Selections From Sunday Services

Seventh Shack - July 2, 1978

Green

Green can be many things.

It is the towering pine trees and the tiny clovers.

It is the hundreds of ferns you find in the woods.

Green is the color of spring and birth and growing.

Before a flower blooms it is a green bud.

Leaves are green until they wither and fall only to be
born again in spring as fresh and green as they were
before.

Sometimes the sea is green when it is deep and forbidding.

Frogs and grasshoppers and some lizards are green.

Green is the color of things that are alive.

Carrie Campbell

Green is all around me,
in the sea,
on the land,
above me,
and below me.
It is life itself.

Nanette Rummel

Le vert est une couleur
il me fait penser aux arbres
a la pelouse qui reverdit
apres le grand hiver

de vert existe switout a la
saison de l ete
cette couleur entoure le camp

La faret est entoure d'arbre
de pelouses qui forment un
arc en ciel de vert
cette couleur est fonce
mais donne de la gaiete.

Marie-France Deshaies

Green is light,
A beautiful sight.
Green is the spring.
Green is the leaves on a tree
to which the wind sings.
Green is a design,
A sign of any kind.
Green means to go,
And so it is so.
Green is the grass that grows,
Beneath thy toes below.
Green is moss,
That looks the color of
Mint dental floss.
Green is dark and sometimes light,
And so very bright!
Green is anything you want it to be,
Green is something to me,
Green is something for you to see!

Tracy Cornell

What does green mean?
Green means envy.
It is the color of money.
It also means life.
It is the color of growing things.
Green is a flavor.
A green lollypop is lime.
Green means a lot of things.
It is a good thing it is there.

Martha Wilson

Todo es verde en primavera
y tambien en verano
pero allegar el otono
Todo el verde se fue envano
Es que el verde significa
Alegria verdad noves que en
primavera todo es felicidad
eso es loque significa en verdad
lo escribo por experiencia, ya que
eso es laesencia.

Teresa Montes

Green is pretty
Green is trees
Green is pastures
Green is stems
Green is grass
 that grows everywhere
Green is very beautiful
 and most of all,
Green is life.

Wendy Mills

Green is a color,
a color of mystery
 and a color of life.

Green is an image,
 an image of jealousy,
 leprechauns, and even of sickness.

Green is the color of the sea
 and of the seaweed, fish,
 and shells beneath it.
Green is also a color that belongs to you and me.

Tracy Hassinger

Green is a tree that stands so tall,
Green are the leaves 'til the turning of fall.
Green is the grass with the early morning dew,
Green is an apple when it is still new.
Green is a grasshopper, green is a frog,
Green are the insects crawling round in a log.
Green is the money with which we pay
Green is the ocean on a rough, choppy day.
Green is the water into which we dive
Green is all nature, green is alive.

Sara DeTurk

Fourth Shack - July 9, 1978

Blue

Blue is the color of the sky,
Blue is the color of my eye,
Blue is the color of the sea,
And sometimes, blue is the color of me.

Anne Wilkinson

Le blue est une tres jolie couleur
Ce qui est le plus beau en bleu
est ciel sans image et la mer sans vagues,
le bleu est aussi dans l'arcen ciel,
Et l'arc en ciel fait rivei plusieurs gens.
C'est pourquoi tous cieux qui aiment le bleu de l'arcen.
Revent a la vie en bleu.

Marie-Claude Francoeur

Blue is the sky on a warm spring day.
Blue is the water on a calm sunny day.
Blue is also a feeling that you get
When something sad has happened like a big disappointment.
But I think blue stands out from other colors.
That's why I like blue.

Anabel Shafia

Blue is the sky on a sunny day,
Blue is sad when you feel that way,
Blue is the lake when it's nice and clear,
Blue is cold when a freeze is near.
Blue can be turquoise, navy or blue-green
You'll never forget it once you've seen.
In contests and shows the first prize is a blue.
Blue is cool, and always true, too.

Samantha Britell

Blue is the color of the sky and the sea,
It's sometimes the color of you and me.
Blue is also the color of clothes
Have you seen a bluebird fly?

It's camouflaged against the sky.
From the bird so blue and the sun so bright
They disappear right out of sight.

Kate Erda

Our lives are spent changing, what were you?
What are you? It seems a pity that we can't escape,
change, for sometimes we like the way we are.
But if life ticked on at an unchanging pace,
how monotonous it would grow for all of us.
Everything must begin, age, and eventually die -
whether it be the flowers, or trees, love, life or emotion.

Dawn Crump

Change is quite interesting. It is very mysterious.
People change, but very slowly.
They change overnight or sometimes from a different experience.
One of the most common change is in nature.
Trees grow, flowers bloom, the sky turns from blue to
grey to black.
All of this is invisible. Change is invisible.

Patty Lang

Changes happen all the time, everyday in everybody's lives.
There are big and small changes, but they are all changes.
Blue can make me think of change, sometimes in people.
As I look around camp I see many changes in everything,
and sometimes even in me and you.

Jennifer Corson

The sand looks out on the rippling water.
The sky has cast an omnipotent dimness.
Each wave crashes against the shore
Washing the shells to mingle with pebbles.
We are so tiny, staring at the ocean
I wonder what other than nature is significant?

Lydia Griffith

Sixth Shack - July 16, 1978

Orange and Yellow

Orange can be many things,
The sunset on cloud's airy wings,
And orange is the color for
 endings, leavings and much more;
A shirt, a shoe, a curtain, a cat,
All are orange and also a hat.
When the fire is dying out
Orange is the color you see about.

Manette Pottle

As I sit down on the shore
An orangy glow fills the sky
In a moment there will be a burst of yellow
And day will start passing by.

Kate Saltus

Yellow is the sun when he shines in the sky
Yellow are bumble bees and the honey that they make
Yellow are scrambled eggs
And yellow is happiness.

Ludovica Nievo

The sun comes up each day with a bright flourish
Then, as the sun warms the day, it slowly fades away
 only to become that lovely bright orange before the
 blue darkness of the night.

Charlotte Hill

I know very many things that are pretty, but the yellows...
Many things are yellow, like the sun in the day,
 the stars in the night, many flowers in the spring.
Yellow is the chick when it is born...
All the yellow things are happy like the smile.
Because the sun is life,
The stars are light,
The flowers are beautiful
And the chicks are cute!

Marta Garcia

The children are in a deep sleep
But even now they do not awaken.
The stars have long since returned
But still the moon lingers on.
The darkness is fading away
But still a subtle glow is present.
The owl has sung its final cry
But the morning birds are beginning to sing.
The fire has died in the strong night wind
But soon a new one will be built.
Now the light is filling the early morning air
And at last...Morning has come.

Lisa Carnahan

Slowly the sky turns from black to grey, preparing for the day. As the sky gets lighter it is possible to see the heavy mist that covers the land. Slowly, methodically, as if pulled by invisible strings, the fog lifts. Suddenly a streak of light pierces the clouds. They begin to turn various shades of pink, orange and blue. The Whole world lies still, waiting, anticipating the day. Then, as if on cue, the sun comes up. Like a huge, yellow ball, it rises gracefully above the horizon, bringing with it the promise of a beautiful day.

Lisa Corbridge

Fifth Shack - July 23, 1978

Red

Red is love,
It is hearts encircling people.

Red is hatred,
It is blood in a battlefield.

Red is embarrassment,
It is the color in one's face when the truth comes through.

Red is the sunset,
It is the beautiful color adored by many people.

Red is the color of health,
It is the rosy cheeks of children at play.

But most of all,
Red is the friendship between you and me.

Margaret Van Rensselaer

You know how I feel
You listen to how I think
You understand...
You're my friend.

Everywhere rose mountains of sand
making us very tiny
The night wind drew us together
and the crackling fire warmed our feet.
We were in the sky
or we were on the desert in the biblical days
and you were Moses climbing the mountain
surrounded by peaceful barrenness and love.

Liz West

Red is a very useful color.
It's one of the colors of the flag.
It tells us when to stop,
and sometimes it tells when great danger is approaching.
But red can also have a lot of feelings.
It can mean love, or embarrassment,
or it can show if you're very hot.
I like the color red.

Sally Frank

The color red has many meanings, such as if a person is very angry or embarrassed their face may turn red.

The color red also means STOP or DANGER,
it warns people to be careful.

A red sun may mean rain.

In comic books, sometimes you see a person with red hearts around his head, which means that the person is in love.

Red is a very useful color because it expresses and can mean so many different things.

Red is a beautiful, happy and cheerful color.

Edith Spanell

El rojo es un color precioso.
Rojas son las flores mas bonitas.
Roja es nuestra es angre
Rojo el cielo cuando se pone el sol.
Y simboliza tambien el rojo
in nuestra bandera la sangre que derramaron
nuestros compatriotas por darnos la libertad.

Rosa Maria Klotz

Red is friendship
Red is an apple shiny and new
Red is blood that seeps out of a cut
Red is love at first sight
Red is the color of a body when it is sunburned
Red is pretty and will always be
Red is the color of me.

Kim Cornell

Red is happiness
bitten away by a worm inside my apple today.
Red is anger slowly built
by a person accused of guilt.
Red is love easily hurt
by a man without any hurt.
Red is hatred easily burned
It's something inside that needs to be learned.

Kirke Hannum

Round the cape of a sudden
came the sea
And the sun looked over the
mountain's rim
And straight was a path of
gold for him
And the need of a world
of men for me.

Lynn Berardelli

Le rouge me fait penser a l'amitie
qui regne au camp.
Et a l'amour qui regne dans mon foyer.
Le rouge represente aussi l'amour des coeurs
de la St. Valentin.
Le rouge est une belle couleur qui fait ressortir
l'arc-en-ciel.

Elise Charest

Red is the color of love and friendship.
Red is love on Valentine's Day when you
can see the hearts hanging in the shop windows
as you walk through the streets.
Red is friendship when red is love because
friendship leads to love.
Red can be a jar of strawberry jam
or a juicy red ham,
But I think red is beautiful.

Jennifer Corson

Third Shack - August 6, 1978

Purple

Joy is when I'm happy and all the people around me are happy. If there is unhappiness in the people surrounding me, it is sometimes difficult to be joyful. It's nice, though, when my friends can share my sorrows.

Alex Hess

Being in pain is not a very comfortable position to be in. Neither is being hurt. Crying does not usually change a painful situation, but it sometimes makes me feel better.

Rachel Sutel

Pleasure is pleasing
Pleasure tickles my tummy
like a sneeze
Or a long hearty laugh
with a friend.
Pleasure is a warm fire on a cool evening
With a kitten curled in my lap.

Susie Sherman

When I pray, I pray to my father. I pray for people who are sick and people who are healthy. I pray for myself, that I might live a happy life. When I wish, I wish for something to come true, and something to look forward to.

Diane Murray

I think friendship is a wonderful thing. I am glad I have some friends and will try to share my love more.

Jill Hassinger

Birds fly, but people don't because we don't have wings. Flying is something man can do only in an airplane. When I'm free, I can do as I wish, except there are laws I have to live by. It's a special thing, for if I don't feel like I have a free will, I'm usually not happy.

Carrie Chalmers

It's hard to share my thoughts. I can't write about my love. When I share it sometimes makes me feel funny because I'm not sure if I want to share with them. When I try to tell someone what I feel like it's hard. I can't talk about the others. It's really hard, I can't.

Richele Berg

I like fixing meals by myself for others to eat. I make lots of mistakes. I also like eating in restaurants because they have fancy foods. I like it when a friend comes over for dinner.

Jessica Leighton

Working is a necessary part of life, and if people don't work together they will never get anything done. This is called co-operation. People who live together should co-operate with each other. Different governments and nations should too.

Sarah Billington

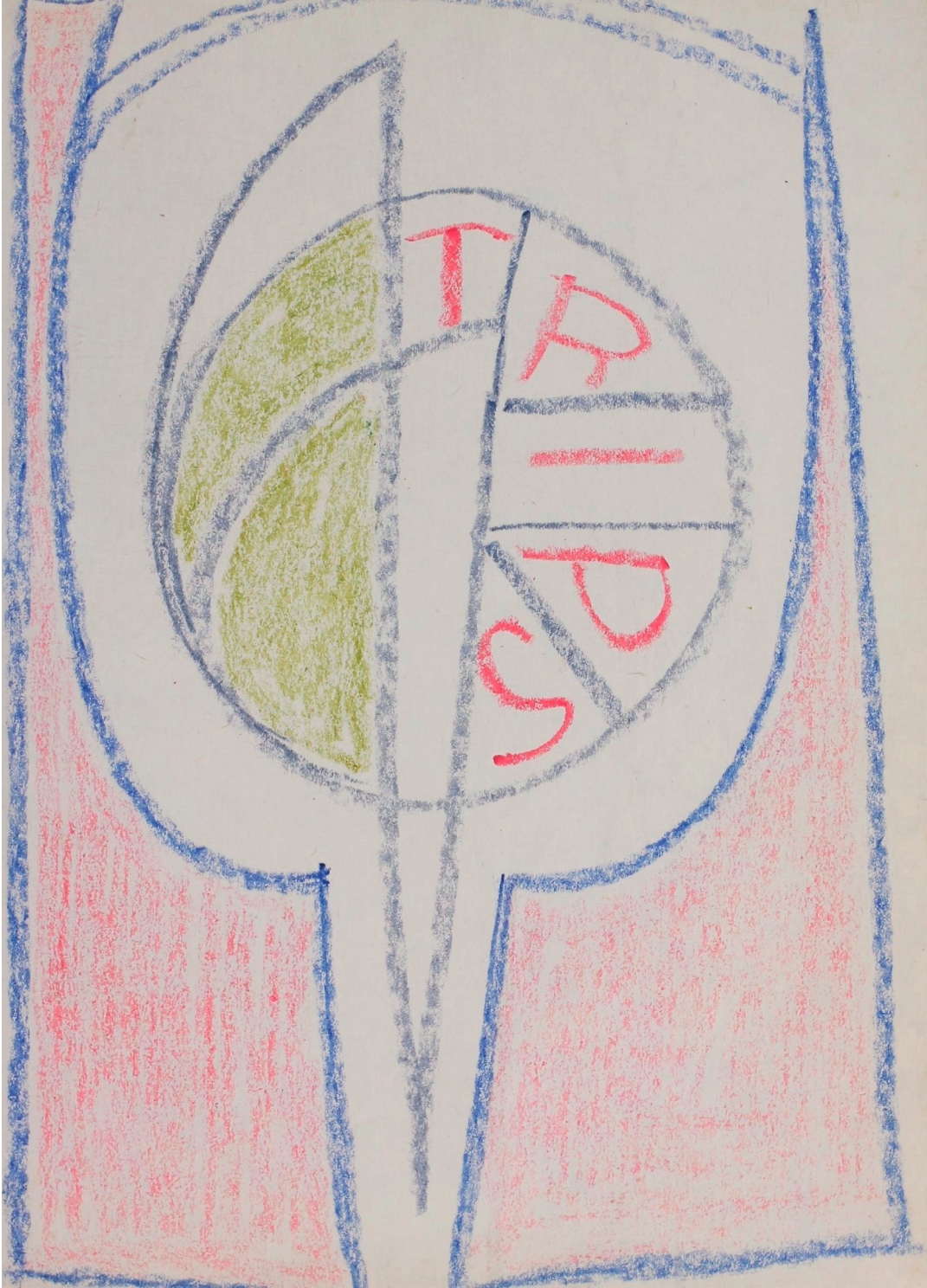
It would be nice to die without it hurting like cancer, or being hit by a truck. That would hurt. I want to die before my mom and dad because I don't want to see them die. When it's time for me to die

anything could happen. I could die tomorrow, so it's not good to think about it a lot.

Nina Ferre

Teaching involves a give and take from the members involved. The 'teacher' needs to listen and hear what the 'student' has to say and vice versa. There needs to be co-operation on both sides of the group.

Cindi Trull



Poem to the JMGs

On Mooselucmeguntic near the great town of Rangeley
Arrived five Runoia girls looking, oh my, so strangely.
They had packs on their backs and tents under their arms
And they hoped that those testers would be easily charmed.
They brought axes along, of all different sizes
And had stashed in their heads so many wises.
They were wise in their fire laws, their fishing laws, too
At using a dingle twap, (see, their's is new!).
They could build wet day fires with many spare minutes
Had perfected their coffee with an egg shell in it.
Their smoke shifters were packed, along with hard shoes.
For each of their tests they'd know just what to do.
Their menus were made up with very good taste
From chocolate chip cookies to tuna pancakes!!
They had spent lots of time learning all about trees
Now we know they'll do well, pass each test like a breeze.
Three cheers for them all, we would not want to kid ya
Good luck Laura, Nanette, Charlotte, Meg and Lydia!

Diane Erler

Oak Island Trip Song

Tune: "I've Been Working On The Railroad"

We've been stranded on this island
All because of waves
We've been stranded on this island
Hoping that we'll be saved.

Can't you hear your stomachs growling
Spaghetti's missed the pans
Can't you see the fire burning
Along with Conehead's hands.

Martha dug the pix
Half a mile away
Now we're in a fix
'cause we lost our way.

Trapsing through the woods
Searching for our pals
Finding guys instead of gals.

Someone hears a boat approaching
Lunch is on its way
P.B. and J. and tuna
Looks like we'll stay another day. YEA!

We're singing - Hey, ho, we won't go
Hey, no, return trip
Hey, ho, we won't go home
Canoeing we're sure to tip!

Oak Island Junior Trip Song

Tune: Persian Kitten

The minute we paddled out to Oak, La Da
We could tell we were a great
group of trippers, real big swingers.
We got the fire started at once
ate some dinner
Gosh we felt plump.
Texas Tommy's, salad too, finger puddy,
it was good
Took a swim, had s'mores
We all went to bed.
Early the next morning
we got up and then what do you
think we did.
Alex scrubbing pots and pans
And Penny and Anabel
sawing wood, Carlene helping out
as much as she could.
We all did the dishes good
Clean the campsite up really good
better than any other people would.
Packed our bags and paddled back
We all wish we could go back!

Cindi Trull
Trudy Rutherford

Alex Hess
Jessica Leighton
Jennifer Corson
Ellen Lerner
Anabel Shafia
Penny Britell
Carlene Warren
Jennifer Glazer

Oak Island Trip

Toot! Toot! The rest hour whistle blew. All the kids coming out of the shacks, Trudy, Cindi, Jenny, Ellen, Carlene, Annabel, Alex, Jessica and I met behind campcraft. We loaded up the canoes and set out for Oak Island. When we got there, we got more wood and dug the pix. (By the way, we didn't find Sara DeTurk's two-piece!) Then we made dinner. We had Texas Tommys, salad and finger putty! We took a swim and tried to make our trip song, but we ended up doing that in the morning. We had s'mores and went to bed.

The next morning Dude and Cindi woke us up. We made Tang, cocoa, sausage, cheese and eggs and coffee for Trudy and Cindi. We cleaned up the campsite and sawed wood for the next people. (I'm just telling you this so if they say we didn't leave any wood you won't believe them!) We packed the canoes and left. We got back to camp before assembly was over. It was the best trip EVER!!!

My Trip To Oak Island

My name is Sally Frank, and this is my first year at Camp Runoia. In the first week of camp I went on my first trip with Louise Lessard and Betsy Frost. We had a blast. It started out on a beautiful calm day. (By the word calm, I meant the lake.) We lugged all of our stuff down to the beach and loaded the canoes. Then we paddled to Oak. When we got there we found two people, a man and a woman, seated on a log by the remaining coals of the fire. (How romantic!) When they saw us they just stared. They watched us as we unpacked our things and laughed whenever we dropped anything in the lake. When we had all of our stuff out of the boats, they left. We racked the canoes up by a tree and stored all of the paddles and life preservers underneath them. We pitched our tents and went out to collect wood. We had a very impressive woodpile when Lisa decided to start the fire. She tried and tried without success. She cleaned out the fireplace and tried again. Very discouraged, but still optimistic and eager, she gave the job over to Posie. While Posie was trying to get the fire started we heard some noise which sounded like a half-dead goose's mating call. It was six boys from a Boy Scout camp called the Owl Patrol. Their names were Matthew, John, Jeff, Wayne, Scott and Bob. They didn't realize that our campsite was occupied until they saw us. They stopped at Connie's campsite and then came back to us again. By this time, Posie had given the job of starting the fire to Louise because she, too, was unable to start it. The boys saw that we were having trouble and they offered to help, but we wouldn't lower ourselves to some male chauvinist (even though we were starved!). We decided to invite them over to have s'mores with us later that night. So, they left

and we heard them giggling. (Isn't that gross, giggly boys?) Finally Louise got the fire started. It was now between 7:30 and 8:00, and the boys found a campsite. As soon as we had just put a pot of water on to boil for the macaroni, Connie's trip crew came. They had already eaten, had dessert and cleaned up and they now wanted their s'mores. They realized that we wouldn't be ready for s'mores for a while, so they left. Finally, between about 8:00 and 8:30, starved, we gorged over watery macaroni and cheese and half raw pineapple upside down cake. Food never tasted so good. After we were done, the boys came over. We had delicious s'mores and then we sat by the fire and sang. Matthew got up and did a comedy routine about Noah's Ark, "How long can you tread water? Heh, heh, heh!" We had a really fun time with them. They offered to serve us breakfast in bed the next morning. Why, might you ask? Well, they had nothing else to do. We passed that offer up right away! But the next morning at 5:30 Louise, Betsy, and Posie were awakened by the sound of canoes on rocks. The boys were at our campsite giving us some of their extra food. Betsy stuck her head out of the tent and said, "Excuse me, but do you know what time it is?" One of the boys answered, "Duh, I think it's 5:30." But it was all for the better that they woke them up because when we got out of bed there was a nice fire going and breakfast was ready to be made. The boys left a note. This is exactly how it went: "We really appreciate you letting us come over last night. We all enjoyed your entertainment. That was the first time we have ever had a campfire with 10-20 girls, but I enjoyed it completely. I hope the future weeks at your camp will go successfully and no serious injuries to your campers and staff. Keep on singing, you'll

make the headlines!

Love,
Matthew Hunt
John Joyce
Jeff Welch
Wayne Winkley W.W.
Scott Champagne
Bob Washburn

P.S. The vegetables were some that we did not need, so we thought you might like them."

We had a delicious breakfast of Bepoc (the c is for cheese) and cocoa and coffee cake. The waves were so high that we couldn't leave or we would tip. We took down our tents just in case it did calm down, and some people went swimming, some went to the other side of the island to Connie's group and Posie made some delicious biscuits out of all of the left-overs. Marie-France and I tried to fish with some of the left-over macaroni from dinner, but it didn't work. The camp brought over food and we put our tents up again. After lunch, by mistake, we had a four hour rest hour from 1:00 to 5:00. Then Jack came to pick us up. We left all of the canoes and baggage there. It was a really great trip, and we all had a fantastic time. And if you ever see someone from the Owl Troop, just ask him, "How long can you tread water?"

Sally Frank

Long Lake Trip

We left camp around 10:30 A.M. Wednesday, July 26. We made it to Belgrade Stream in about one hour, ate lunch, and debated about going on because it was so rough and windy so Sarah and Harriet called camp and talked to B.J. She said to 'keep on going' so we portaged the canoes and we were off. The paddling was hard but we kept on going. Finally we got to Castle Island. We swam off some rocks near there and then we were off again. It had gotten much windier while we had stopped, people were going broadside, but we kept on going. Finally we had to stop because it was so windy. We stopped in someone's backyard. There was no one home so we pulled up all the canoes. Sarah, Harriet and Anne decided to walk back to Castle Island to call Betty to say we were staying in someone's backyard. She said that was o.k. and the people at Castle Island said that it was alright to stay there, so Sarah, Harriet and Anne walked back to where we were staying.

Then we set up all the tents and had dinner. Since we couldn't light a fire we had peanut butter and jelly, salad and bug juice. We did the dishes, went swimming, and then went to bed.

Harriet woke us up around 6:30 so we could paddle to our campsite. We packed the canoes and were off paddling once more. When we got there we unloaded, set up tents, etc. Then we collected wood. Finally we had breakfast at 10:00 or 11:00. For breakfast we had Bepo, hot cocoa, coffee cake and bug juice. After breakfast we did the dishes, then collected more wood, then went swimming. Later that day Harriet and Anne swam to an island nearby and collected blueberries and then made a pie. Then we made lunch. For lunch we had sloppy

joes, congo bars and bug juice. After lunch we did the dishes, then we went swimming until 7:30. It looked like it might rain so we put tarps over our tents and then had dinner, did the dishes and went to bed.

In the middle of the night it rained and we had a thunder storm. Later on it stopped. We went back to sleep and woke up the next morning. For breakfast we had scrambled eggs, English muffins and bug juice. We cleaned up, loaded the canoes, and on the way back stopped by Castle Island and swam off some rocks near there. Then we started back for Belgrade Stream. We made it to Belgrade Stream, portaged the canoes, ate lunch and we were off once again. We got out of Belgrade Stream safely. It was very windy and rough but we made it to Baxter Point. From there on it was easy paddling. We made it back to camp safely and unloaded the canoes.

Karen Baker
Anne Wilkinson

Aziscohos Senior Trip

Everybody loves Aziscohos
loves Aziscohos
we do.

And the boys, they, they invited us
they invited us
for food.

You picked a fine time to rain on our campsite
The dinner was on the table
And the fire was hot
The boys they were waiting but we were not.
You picked a fine time to rain on Aziscohos.

Fudge, glorious fudge
Thanks Sally, we love it.
We're glad you're somnabulous
Oh, around the island we traveled
And we'll go around again
Before we find our campsite
That's round the other end.
We saw some driftwood floating around
We saw some big bones lying around

Knee bone connected to the leg bone
Leg bone connected to the butt bone
Butt bone connected to the back bone
Back bone connected to the rib bone
Rib bone connected to the....

Oh where, oh where can the skull be
Oh what kind of creature are you
Trudy thinks it's a turtle
Teresa thinks it's a moose.

There are suitors on our rocks
Oh a lake Aziscohos
Eight or ten or even more
Oh a lake Aziscohos
And we hope that there are more
Oh a lake Aziscohos
Cuz they're cuter than before
Oh a lake Aziscohos
Aziscohos
Oh a lake Aziscohos
Aziscohos
Oh a lake Aziscohos
And they wanted us to leave
Oh a lake Aziscohos
And they pleaded on their knees
Oh a lake Aziscohos

And we firmly told them no
Oh a lake Aziscohos
And we sadly watched them go
Oh a lake Aziscohos
Aziscohos
Oh a lake Aziscohos
Aziscohos
Oh a lake Aziscohos

On a lake there is a campsite
on Aziscohos
And in this site there was a camper
Noel was her name
And in her tent there was a spider
Crawling down the side
With a scream, scream here
And a scratch, scratch here
Here a scream
There a scratch
Everywhere a scream, scratch
On a lake there is a campsite
On Aziscohos.

Cats and dogs keep falling on our heads
But that doesn't mean our tents will soon be sopping wet
We were all prepared
The firewood was plenty
But there's no thing we knew
The counselors would pull through,
and the campers, too.

We are the best darn packers in
the whole wide world.
Packing in and out
We set a record time, beat the boys,
showed them all up.

We are the trippers
On Lake Aziscohos
No time for fooling
Cuz we are the
Best of the bunch.

Holly Rutherford
Trudy Rutherford
Posie Van Rensselaer
Jennifer Levine
Sally Frank
Tracy Hassinger
Lynn King
Teresa Montes
Lisa Corbridge
Noel Ferre

Aide Trip 1978

One clear warm day the Aides left for Chewonki Boy's Camp to put in. Six canoes, two trip boxes, gear, equipment, thirteen rowdie girls and a dog came out of Joe's truck to get things ready.

All our canoes were carried down what seemed a right angle set of stairs to the water. It was a five minute paddle to Chewonki Point where we spent the first night. Tents were set up by Emily, alone, while the rest of us sunbathed on the rocks. While we were slowly roasting we discovered that Ellen had forgotten the chicken for that night's supper. We had macaroni and cheese instead!

After dinner that night we had a long jam session that brought out opinions, ideas, memories and laughter. We all went to bed with smiles and sighs.

Morning came with a sniffle from Gretchen for each one of us. We got breakfast together, gathered and chopped wood, and waited for the tide to go out.

We went out with the tide at one o'clock, after having our lunch and packing canoes. We set off eagerly for Spectacle Island. Our three hour paddle turned out to be full of strange sights and easy going for the passengers, Lori and Gretchen.

Upon arriving at Spectacle Island we set up another fireplace, beached the canoes and set up tents in preparation for our two-night stay. That evening we gathered wood, washed dishes and explored all of Spectacle's beaches, rocks, crabs and jellyfish, stopping every now and then to observe the sunset.

The next day proved to be cool but lazy. After lunch Ellen went over map and compass with us, then we had a two-hour rest hour during which we sunbathed

and slept. At three o'clock we got up and, for the one hundredth time gathered and chopped wood for dinner which was slowly being prepared. Afterward we tried to have another jam session but the bugs drove us into our tents.

Dawn arrived too quickly and we had to get things moving so quickly none of us had time to breath, much less load canoes. We shoved off Spectacle Island and paddled for the next $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to Wiscasset. There we met Joe and the Blue Truck. We changed into our uniforms and tried to get one layer of grunge off our hands in the bathroom there.

On the way home Joe took a detour and Ellen and Diane let us loose in a seafood snack bar. We brought home, in proof of our trip, dirt, good sunburns, a few cuts and bruises and lots of smiles.

Pam Combes

Ellen Chapman
Diane Erler
Kathy Bowring
Pam Combes
Pam Famous
Harriet Hubbard
Nanette Malatesta
Emily Spanel
Sarah Tabell
Posie Van Rensselaer
Liz West
Laura Wilkinson
Lori Winfield

E T C

C E T

E R A



Summer Tree

The voices all are gone now...and the running of your feet. The shouts of joy and anger are stilled as are the slamming of the screen doors, the ringing of the bell. I'm still here, now, where I've always been, but I'll bet you've never even noticed me.

I'm not towering, inspiring as the spruce along the shore. I'm not bold and strong as the oak and maple that shade your living space. I'm just a simple white-barked birch whose location is my grace. Here I am along your path to the lake, standing among the ferns and basalt rocks...but I wouldn't change places with the mightiest of trees for the the experiences that I've shared with you.

The sky is darker blue now and I hear the locust's song. The leaves will soon be changing for the coming of the fall. The wind blows across a white-capped black blue lake...always from the north now, bringing winter in its wake.

Me, I still remember that day in June when the woods blossomed with your coming. At first so many different voices I could not comprehend it all. Slowly it began to happen as it has so many summers before. The individuals became groups, shacks, teams, riders, players and sailors.

In June the wind seemed to blow so hard you all sought the shelter of any shore. It didn't ever stop you but there were times when I thought you'd lose a sailboat or even a tennis court. Even now one of Emily's gum wrappers remains in a crack of the rock at my feet where the wind quickly hid it from a camp director's view. I wondered whether Jenny and the canoes would ever get back.

So quickly July with the sounds of B.J.'s moped, grunting of pigs (or was that David) and colors red, white and blue. Watermelon, strawberry shortcake and sparklers, too. I shivered in my bark at Jack's stories told round the half light of a campfire. Your singing made my leaves weep with joy. Oh my, in July it was hot, but not hot enough to keep the constant spinning bicycle wheels from churning up the dust...and you sure looked sweet upon the seat of a bicucle built for two!

With each new day you pleased me...from the moment of Lisa's flute to the last note of David's horn, from first light when Nina in her bathrobe rolled down the path to skinnies to well after dark when Maddy quietly walked the path. And all through the day Ellen with her string to wrap around botanical wonders, Holly so beautiful and so tall, especially when she stooped to help another, Boop's air horn which meant the start of another race, and more, so much more....

All too soon, then, August and the shortening of time. Lisa and Sara talked quietly of contests and I heard the cheers of the Blues and the Whites. Towels shout in colors from every shack's clothesline as colors take on deeper meaning on Sunday's quiet times. To the sounds of CQ, CQ, CQ, K1 MAN I watched Nicki ignore Timmy and staulk Maddie around the rocks. I heard the plop of well hit tennis balls and the crack of a rifle's shot. If disco music didn't ruffle my leaves low flying airplanes saw to that. You're a good man, Charlie Brown!

It's growing dark now and colder than when you were here. The lake laps gently in an empty cove and swallows have found again the sanctuary of the boat house. The afternoon shadows are longer and the path where you once tread is pine-needle-covered now. The Senior tent platform is empty but still I've got to laugh to remember Laura fleeing creepy-crawlies and, though it's small

comfort, I'm forced to admit that for now I'm safe from Charlotte who took to eating trees!

Soon the nights will grow longer than the days. The reds and golds will turn to brown and then be blown away. The boat house and shacks are shuttered and are cold and snow shows only deer tracks as any signs of life. It is then that I feel old and sometimes so afraid for you are far away now...will there ever be another summer day? It is now I need my courage to say not so then, always this...not so, always be.... In the middle of the winter I think of you for I am just a summer tree.

Log Contest Winners

A gentle breeze flows over all, spreading itself, extending 'til it is no more, and the air is still and heavy again.

And then, as if the first was just a warning, a bolder wind breaks the dreary stillness, this time ruffling the leaves to show their undersides. Then picking up once more, it dares to bend the tall thin grasses that once stood erect.

But the heavy stillness returns again to restore the leaves and the grasses to their original position. The wind moves on to disturb yet another field.

Catharine Lawton

The Old Dirt Road

The old dirt road has been walked on for many, many years. It has been a path for wanderers.

It has been worn smooth by travelers, cars, bicycles, and, at one time, high-stepping horses and a shiny black buggy.

Now, as it looks down on concrete, it can remember happy times and sad times, such as men tearing down everything beautiful and worthwhile.

Penny Britell

To Betty and Phil

Time passes quickly in this place of peace...
We don't notice years, or months,
Except in fleeting moments of joy and pain.
Now growing becomes past growth and
Things moving by us end to shape the transient moments
 making passing
Years.

It seems so hard to thank you for that time
No simple words

Say our deepest thoughts.
Even in the soft light of
Vespers, the song of lapping water keeping
Even time with rocking boats
Not in any gift this place holds for us all can we find
 words enough
To you -
Your silent spacious cove

Envelops us all
In something we can't say.
Gifts then are not of time, but of yourself, your
Home,
Time we ourselves have spent sharing a part of you.

Roberta J. Tabell
August 17, 1978

Song Contest Winners

Fourth Shack - First Place

Tune: Armour Hot Dogs

Oh, I wish I were a camper at Runoia
That is what I'd truly like to be.
Cuz if I were a camper at Runoia
I would live in peaceful harmony.

Campers at Runoia, what kind of campers at Runoia?
Fat ones, skinny ones, campers climb on rocks
Neat ones, sloppy ones, even ones with smelly socks.
Love Runoia. Camp Runoia.
The camp we all adore!

Oh, I'm glad that I'm back at Camp Runoia
Camp is sure the place we all should be
With swimming, riding, sailing and canoeing
Everything is perfect here with me.

Fifth Shack - Second Place

Tune: You're The One That I Want

We have girls who have spirit
in a camp for me and you
Cause Runoia, you're exciting
you're electrifying.

You better come up to our camp in Maine
It ain't like the camps you've seen
You better come up and you'll soon realize
That Runoia is really keen

It's the camp that we love
It's the camp that we love
Yes indeed, it's all we need.

We all stay together
even when we say good-bye
We think of one another
in our memories.

Seventh Shack - First Place

Tune: Circle Game

Six weeks ago we came to Camp Runoia
In two weeks we will all be far from here.
Sailing, tennis, riflery and swimming
Have helped to fill our summer full of cheer.

And the summer days go by so fast
That the two long months have quickly passed
And soon it's time to go back home again.
Some will return, some will only look behind
At camping days and go on and on and on in our separate ways.

Tent One - Second Place

Tune: Scarborough Fair

Under pine trees and deep in the woods
Is a camp we all adore.
The friendships we've made will ever be true
And we'll all be loyal to you.



Come with me to smell the salt air _____
to watch the gulls wheel and dive against
a sky of steel blue _____
to hear a bell buoy clanging in the soft
night air _____

And follow me to a mountaintop vividly outlined
against the morning sky _____
a lake _____

hidden among the rocks and trees _____
Talk with me about growing and learning _____
share your thoughts _____
strengthen your ideals _____
Sit with me beside a campfire _____

The summer has been one of _____

JMG

joys

tears

trips

change

moving

colors

Camden

teaching

learning

laughter

decisions

First Aid

tag board

frustrations

visiting camps

responsibilities

planning together

dining room duties

climbing mountains and

canoeing oceans _____

Kathy Bowring
Whose feet are full of capers _____
Runs before the wind in a sailboat
Chases tennis balls and _____
Archery arrows _____
Races through life _____

Pam Combes
For whom everything is "ex" _____
Sails through each day
And _____
Gives her time to
Archery — and — friends
Dances to the music around her _____

Becky Cox
A dimpled smile _____
A tiny hand held in hers _____
Quiet steadfastness
And
Gentle strength _____

Pam Famous
Kicks up her heels at the horses _____
Keeps A.J.
Close at hand _____
Is hoping to shoot a perfect score _____
And is questioning, questioning _____

Harriet Hubbard
Whose quick smile invites others to
Respond to
Her quiet, easy manner _____
At home beside a campfire _____
Watching flames flicker _____
Hearing the call of a loon _____

Nanette Malatesta
To whom so much was new _____
Found strength in the mountains
And joy
In each new achievement _____
Hearing the music — joining with her flute
Echoing _____

Emily Spanel
Sitting quietly aside _____
Racing up a mountain or
Down an ocean's bay _____
Making music _____
Waiting _____
Looking for tomorrow _____

Sarah Tabell
With so much to give _____
Climbing upward _____
Listening—learning—following
An easy smile
Welcomes all _____

Posie Van Rensselaer
Vivacious _____
Giving _____
Tackling the world as it whizzes by _____
Laughing
Returning tennis balls as they whizz by _____
Sailing gleefully across the lake
Looking for falling stars _____

Liz West
Quietly watching or lending a hand _____
A part of everything—everyone
Measuring and mapping _____
Waiting _____
Softly
Silently _____

Laura Wilkinson
A wish upon a star _____
Summer of accomplishments _____
Hopes _____
Dreams _____
Others know—feel that she is there
A gentle strength _____

Lori Winfield
A giggle _____
A twinkle of those eyes
Searching for a missing puzzle piece
Finding a strength _____
Questioning _____
Accomplishing _____

Yes, come sit with me beside a campfire _____

Diane Erler
August 15, 1978

Good-bye

Our time together is running out
even as we rest, we can see and feel
time rushing by
we try to hang on to the moment by not
letting the issue concern us, only to
push the moment past us
faster
than before.

Events happen and people talk, constantly pulling
the time with them. We look tearfully on,
wanting to capture the look and the feel of
the moment

only wanting to remember the smiles,
we laugh a bit too loud.

The time will run out, and the fearful
hour will too swiftly arrive, we will be torn
apart

and only the tears and good byes will be
remembered.

Pam Combes

Night in Sixth Shack

"Kate, did you know you've got a broom on your bed?"

"I do not!"

"You do now."

"Ow! Cut that out, Ludo!"

"Oh, that's weird. How do you do that?"

"Nandy! Harriet, where's Nandy?"

"She died."

"Huh?"

"Hey, you guys, there's a bat in here."

"Oh my gosh, where?"

"I hope it's a bird."

"Tanya, taps has blown, get into bed."

"My mom had a bat in her room and my dad wasn't there so...."

"It's a bird, you guys."

"Thank goodness."

"Lisa, what are you doing?"

"I'm doodling."

"Hey, let's raid!"

"Yeah!"

"Two knocks on the floor means it's all clear."

"No, let's not. There's a full moon and who knows what we'd run into."

"Oh, you're right."

An Exciting Dream

Once a friend and I didn't feel like going to school, so we decided to play hooky. We were bored hiding in the bushes so she suggested we go to visit my friend's uncle in Kawaboomba. (In case you didn't know, we stowed away on a ship.) It was sort of hard getting through the entrance to the ship but we finally got in with a big box of corn and were on our way. It took three days to get there and we ate mostly corn.

When we got there we got out of the box and walked to her uncle's house and stayed for days and days eating new kinds of foods and having fun. Finally it was time to leave. This time her uncle bought us tickets. We had a great cruise and when we got home it was three o'clock on the same day! Then I woke up.

Alex Hess

Once there was a bird named Huckleberry
I'll tell you this fellow is quite merry.
He lives in a house
With a teeny tiny mouse
And his feathers are quite fluffy.

Alex Hess

Camp

I think that camp is very neat
I have a rest and go to sleep
I love the counselors and the kids
We think to our toes and up to our lids
We have lots of fun from dusk to dawn
Then we go skinny dipping in the pond.

Carlene Warren

This poem was written by a boy from Post Camp,
a camp which we hold here at Runoia for a week after
Runoia's girls leave. This camp is very special as
it lets some Maine children experience the joys and
wonders of camp.

A Rainbow

Appearing from out of the blue, unlocking the
colors of my world
and the gates of heaven.
Arousing during a sunny, fresh sun shower
in the midst of summer
bring joy and glee to the hearts of many
and opening the flowers to breath
the clean fresh air.
But it all comes to an end when it
fades away and
rejoices itself to come back again.

Brian Warren

The Lion

Lion, Lion in the dark
In the shadows of the night,
Lies thy victim with thy mark,
In the distance, out of sight

In thy jagged teeth there is
Hunger in the third degree.
In your eyes there can be seen
A look of satisfaction, can it be?

Thy shadow crosses over where
Thy victim cries in pitiful despair
One quick movement and it is all done.
That is left of thy poor innocent victim? None.

The hunger is gone from your jaws
The mellowness of the night carries on
The blood is scarcely seen on your claws
And the King of the jungle has already gone.

Susie Laylin

Nature/Life

Nature is like life in many ways.
It can be destroyed, preserved,
And watched over. It can be
Guided through life in the outmost
Card and then, quite by accident
Demolished, destroyed, never to be
Seen again. Both are important,
Both should be savoured and
Both shall thrive on this Earth
Forever.

Tracy Hassinger

Me, Myself And I

I am me and me is
Myself. I like me, myself and I.
If me is myself, then myself
Is I, which means I is me and
That's me, myself and I.

Sarah Billington

The Tiger

Mighty tiger so strong and free
Walks through the jungle without a care
Killing his prey so easily
Then dragging it back to his fearsome lair.

One day after killing some hens
And bringing them back to his den,
A wise old fox came to speak to him
With a knowing look, and a sad grin, and said,

"You should not go to the village of men
To steal their food and kill their hens,
For they, I know, will hunt you down
Until from you there comes no sound."

The tiger did not take him seriously
And kept killing the hens carelessly,
Until one day the fox's story came true
And that he would die, he almost knew.

He ran and ran all day and night
But the hunters were forever in sight.
One day he finally gave in
And only the wise old fox knew what happened to him

Susie Laylin

As I walk along the sandy shore,
The waves lap up the beach.
The tide comes in, regaining its lost territory.
I see this sight, and I am at peace.

Kate Saltus

The serve,
The cheering as the ball makes it over the net.
The other team calls it,
Sets it up,
And spikes it.
Down falls the ball,
Seeming eager to touch ground.
A point is made.

Kate Saltus

He stands,
Proud,
And tall.
His mane and tail are silky black,
And blowing in the breeze.
He detects a faint hint in the air
Of a foreign intruder,
And his challenging cry rings out.

Kate Saltus

As I sit, down on the shore,
An orangey glow fills the sky,
In a moment there will be a burst of yellow,
And day will start passing by.

Kate Saltus

Twilight Arrives

Peacefulness and stillness arrive with the twilight.
Stars appear against the purpleish sky,
Gentle waves against rocky shore.
Sailboats rocking in timeless motion with their moorings.
Blue and green hues separate land and lake.
From below the depths a loon emerges
Searching for a mate.
From dawn to sunset the lake is alive.
The tranquility and silence surround me for now
Twilight has arrived.

Nanette Rummel

The Moth

I looked up. Suspended above me was a small delicate moth. He had flown into a spider's web and was trapped. I watched as he worked, twitching and fluttering, trying to escape. I leaned over and broke one of the strings of the web, then I stood back. This helped the moth a little, but he was still securely trapped. I broke another one, and another. I broke one more string, and the moth fluttered to the ground. I watched as he regained his strength and then, fluttered away.

Jody Rowell

Colors

Blue is the color of the sky and the sea.
Green is the color of grass and the tree leaves.
Yellow is the color of the bright, glistening sun
And the color of the autumn leaves.
And all of these colors are sometimes the color of me!

Ellen Gottlieb

I Have A Friend

I have a friend, a make-believe friend. He is
very helpful in every sort of way, like when I do my
homework he helps me think in a very special way.

Ellen Gottlieb

Wanderin'

Every day I go wanderin' through the green green grass
Even up a steep mountain pass.
All the time I'll go wanderin',
a-wanderin' I'll go.
Even when the ground is covered with snow.
I'll wander through the woods
Wondering if where I was standing
Is where a chipmunk stood.
I'll wander in stores,
I'll wander everywhere.
Where I'm wanderin'
I don't really care...
As long as I'm wanderin'.

Alex Hess

Camp Runoia

Camp Runoia, what a wonderful place to be! You
never get bored at Runoia. If you don't like Runoia
and think it is boring, you don't belong here. Camp
Runoia is what you make of it. It is a place to come
and have fun. And also we are all very lucky to be
here because some other people can't come here. They
just stay home, bored! So, if you're here at Camp
Runoia you know how it is. And if Camp Runoia was
boring I would not have come here as long as I have.
And a lot of other people would not have either! So
take my word for it, if you're a girl, come to Camp
Runoia because it is living the easy life!!

Lynn King

Presidential Address

I, Penny Britell, being President of Runoia, thank all who voted for me. Whatever I can do to make Runoia better, even though it is very hard to do, I will listen to every complaint and try to help. But, I feel that there is nothing now, or in the future, like the calm, serene, and always sparky feeling of Runoia.

Penny Britell

The Burning Flame Disco

Saturday night, the eighth of July, was couples night at the Burning Flame discotheque. Although the "Burning Flame" was actually the paddle tennis court, and the male halves of the "couples" were actually girls in slacks and button down shirts. Disco dancing began as soon as the first people arrived. After a few dances it was time for the event everyone in camp had anticipated all week, the disco dancing contest. There was a couple representing each shack for the competition. The contestants danced two dances while the judges watched carefully. All five couples did an excellent job but the judges had to narrow it down to the three most outstanding couples. Catharine Lawton and Charlotte Hill of Sixth Shack received third place prize for their dancing. The runners-up were Fifth Shackers Kim Cornell and Kirke Hannum. Seventh Shack's Desiree Crump and Tracy Cornell were the night's big winners with a trophy to show for it. After the contest the Colina twins, Mina and Carmen, gave a very impressive dance exhibition. There were refreshments and more dancing for everyone. The night ended with all feeling happy but worn out from dancing. Trudy Rutherford was "bo-boed" in appreciation for her efforts. We all hope the paddle tennis court will again become a discotheque in future summers.

Amy Rosenberg

Lost

Staff
a lot of water
six bicycles
Ree-Ree
normal silverware racks
eight Cits
Carmen's sneakers
drippy, messy honey
Lydia, Laura, Nanette, Meg
thin counselors
one bone
half the camp
Jenny Sachs
Glenn
one thrill
everything
 $\frac{1}{2}$ can of D-15
Louise
Senior end at third bell

Found

at their observation points,
sometimes
on David, in Sixth Shack,
etc., and so on
everywhere but in the
bicycle shed
Dweeb
penthouses, with swings,
of course
eight new residents of
South Belgrade
doing the breast stroke
the 89¢ honey spoon
four JMGs
3" thick fluffernutter
sandwiches
a new ring on Nandy's
finger
on the infirmary steps
Boop Tabell
Germany, London, Ecuador,
Norway, Norway
on Blueberry Hill
in Fifth Shack
on a poor, innocent bat
wrestling with Friar Tuck
in bed, half-dressed, half-
awake

Constance

Sarah Wilkinson

Individuality

Sally Frank

Sally Frank

Jenny Levine

fresh air and safe
footbaths

the top 40 Sunday
mornings

the waterfront

Marina

Jack's car

five Aides

the Cone

in the middle of the lake
without her bathing suit
top

Maddy, Matti; Sarah, Sarah T.,
Sara D., Sarah B., and Sarah W.;
Marta M., Marta G., Martha,
Ellen Gottlieb, Ellen Lerner,
Ellen Chapman, Jennifer,
Jennifer, Jenny, etc.

Jenny Levine

Sally Frank

the skunk!

greased lightening

on the kickball field

Alice, in Marina's bed

Jack's plane

chasing a balloon

Can You Imagine?

Jack Erler tipping on a run?
Sarah Easton flying a spinnaker?
Patty Lang?
All day radio?
Breakfast without Grape-Nuts?
Anabel Shafia winning a pie-eating contest?
An evening without food?
Sixth Shack without Tavares?
Senior end without the song, "Amie?"
A plane in the cove?
David in a bathing cap?
Louise without carrots?
Maddy Fraioli shaving her legs?
Tea bags without pithy words of wisdom?
A telephone free at any time?
Kathy Bowring as the fat lady in the circus?
Nandy without her bunny?
An exciting counselor's refrigerator?
Getting all your laundry back?
Betty and Phil on horseback?
A phone call at ten o'clock?
Six spinnakers!!!?
Senior end without water all over?
An empty shower?
Ellen Chapman in camp?
Flag raising played perfectly?
Hearing first bell?
A day without peach jello?
Enough pizza?
Sarah Wilkinson winning the wet t-shirt contest?
Dawn looking forward to riflery?

Fifty-one smoke rings?

Twelve Aides

Matti without Jeff? and Tom? and....

Trying to think of Can You Imagine?

Last Will and Testament

I, Cynthia Brooks, leave a week in the infirmary to Trudy Rutherford, the pair of Girl Scout sneakers to Carrie Campbell, and my philosophies to Tanya Smolinsky.

I, Carrie Campbell, bequeath my cheap American perfumes to Theresa Montes, the job of slapping all the tse-tse flies that land on Boop Tabell to Martha Wilson, and my sailing ability to Tracy Hassinger.

I, Lisa Carnahan, bequeath "yes" to Todd Erler, my brother to Ludovica Nieveo, and six inches and forty pounds to Sarah Easton.

I, Desiree Crump, bequeath to Mary Molloy, Tracy Hassinger, Pam Famous and Noel Ferre my remaining days at Camp Runoia and a life-long supply of blue pencils. To Tracy Cornell and Wendy Mills I bequeath all of my pencils, my poison and my rack. Once more, I leave to Tracy Hassinger my black paint and my incredible ability to still look good in white. To Nanette Rummel I leave my drawer space. To Pam Famous I leave my black hat and to Mary Molloy my beautiful, but natural suntan, and my sound track to the Wizard of Oz. To Penny Britell I leave my lips, to Jody my natural tipping ability and my exciting bedtime stories. And most of all, to Matti and Holly, I leave my natural raiding abilities, oh, yea! To Cynthia Brooks I leave my ability to sneak into the infirmary - and get caught. And last, but not least, to Ludo I leave my last words - "I'm going to get you!"

I, Sara DeTurk, bequeath my new haircut to Susie Sherman, if I can have hers, my 5'1" height to Jody Rowell, my blue dress to Martha Wilson and all the jib halyards in the world to Boop Tabell.

I, Noel Ferre, bequeath my belongings as follows: my friendship with Desiree I leave to everlasting, the good times and friendships dear to forever memorable, my silver ring to a helping hand, to a sick person I leave a get well berry and last, but not least, I leave a fond farewell until next year!

I, Marta Garcia, bequeath my towel to Manette Pottle, my Mickey Mouse hat to Ludovica Nieveo, and my noisy, hard shoes to Amy Rosenberg because she wants to burn them up.

I, Catharine Lawton, bequeath my last will and testament to anyone who wants to do it!

I, Tracy Hassinger, bequeath all my worldly possessions to the following people: to Desiree Crump my disgusting calendar and love letters, to Jody Rowell the letter she admires so much, to Tanya Smolinsky I leave part of my name, the last day to Pam, Mary, Desiree and Noel, and to my good friend Kirke anything she wants, as long as I can have her uncle's friend.

I, Charlotte Hill, leave my laugh to Lydia Griffith.

I, Susie Laylin, bequeath my sailing ability to Martha Wilson and Carrie Campbell, to Sara every corny romance story I can get my hands on, to Tracy Hassinger my riding ability and to Matti my Spanish speaking ability.

I, Ludovica Nievo, bequeath my picture of Johnny Rep to Pam Famous, a "Merry Christmas" to Carrie Campbell, some canoeing lessons to Liz West, and a big kiss to Cynthia Brooks and Kate Saltus.

I, Chris Ponton, leave Hawaii Five-0 to Lisa Carnahan and to Charlotte Hill my Ivory Soap and fighting abilities. Also to Barb Trager 50,000 apologies.

I, Amy Rosenberg, bequeath the world of psychiatry to Holly Higgins, my table manners to Todd Erler, my figure to Ludo Nievo and my ring to Ellen Lerner.

I, Jody Rowell, bequeath one foot of my height to Sara DeTurk, my archery ability to Sarah Billington, my great raiding ability to Desiree Crump, my red ballet costume with all of the sequins to Tracy Hassinger and to Ludo Nievo my ability for being able to hold almost as much food as she can!

I, Nanette Rummel, leave my clingy shirts to Tanya Smolinsky, my complaints to Kate Saltus, my Lee jeans patch to Noel Ferre, my English-French dictionary to Marie-France Deshaies and a pacifier to Anne Erler.

I, Kate Saltus, leave my broken toe to Trudy, my jock shorts to Betty and my appetite to B.J.

I, Tanya Smolinsky, bequeath a few of my worldly possessions as follows: my rash to Catharine Lawton, Ludo Nievo, Carrie Campbell and the rest of camp, my table manners to Anabel Shafia, my many compliments to Pam Famous, my so-called Polish heritage to Tracy Hassinger, my art enthusiasm to Maddy Fraioli, and last, but not least, my camp uniform to the local incinerator.

I, Barb Trager, leave the Andy Gibb poster to Charlotte Hill and my bosoms to Kathy Bowring.

Third Shack Anagrams

Jennifer Alfond	Jumps Around
Adrian Auns	Absolutely Adorable
Christine Auns	Cute (for) Always
Melissa Bailey	Magnificent Bailey
Richele J. Berg	Richele Joyfully (practices her) Backstroke
Sarah L. Billington	Smiles Lovely (at) Boys
Penny Britell	Propels (through) Books
Carrie T. Chalmers	Constantly Talks Crazily
Amy Cook	Always Crazy
Sarah C. Easton	Small, Cute (and) Energetic
C. Nina Ferre	Cowgirl Nina Favors
Jill E. Hassinger	Joyfully Endures Handball(tetherball)
Alex C. Hess	Always Courageous (with) Hitchcock
Jessica C. Leighton	Just Crazy Lady
Diane M. Murray	Does Much Munching
Susan J. Sherman	Smiles Joyfully (at) Starburst
Rachel E. Sutel	Really Enjoys Soccer

Fourth Shack Anagrams

Karen S. Baker	Kan Stern Breathlessly
Samantha Britell	Saddles (and) Bridles
Melissa Cook	More Crazy
Jennifer A. Corson	Just a Cid
Katherine S. Erda	Kan Sail Excellently
Marie-Claude Francoeur	Makes Camp Fun
Jennifer C. Glazer	Jumps Carelessly (with) Glasses
Ellen B. Gottlieb	Eats Burgers Galore
Ann Halperin	Acts Happy
Heidi A. Ladd	Happy And Likeable
Ellen A. Lerner	Eats A Lot
Marta Manfredi	Munches Merrily
Clara Montes	Can (make) Mischief
Anabel R. Shafia	A Real Stern
Carlene M. Warren	Can Make Whistles
Sharon E. West	She Looks Wild
Anne F. Wilkinson	Always First (for the) Whites

Fifth Shack Anagrams

Lynn M. Berardelli	Loathes Messy Beds
Melissa L. Berry	(Her) Middle Lacks Blubber
Elise J. Charest	Enjoys Jokes Casually
Kim A. Cornell	Kan Act Crazy
Sally A. Frank	Sometimes Acts Freaky
Kirke H. Hannum	Kan Hassle Heavily
Rosa Maria Klotz	Really Makes Kids (laugh)
Katherine Knowlton	Kooky Kid
Jennifer C. Levine	Just Can't Listen
A. Mitra Morgan	Acts Mighty Mischievious
Robin L. Sadowski	Really Likes Sailing
Claire M. Solot	Cheerfully Mimes Shroeder
Edith C. Spanel	Edith Cackles Softly
Margaret M. Van Rensselaer	Many Mornings Vigorously

Sixth Shack Anagrams

Cynthia Brooks	Chucks Balls
Lisa A. Carnahan	Likes Antagonizing Chris
Lisa H. Corbridge	Loves Hair Care
Marta Garcia	Many Grins
Dana C. Hassinger	Does Canoe Heartily
Charlotte Hill	Campcraft (is) Hilarious
Ethelynn A. King	Ever a Komplainer
Catharine L. Lawton	Can Laugh Loudly
Ludovica Nievo	Lunatic Non-stop
Christine A. Ponton	Caught Awful Pneumonia
Manette B. Pottle	Mighty Big Pallet
Amy J. Rosenberg	A Jiant Ree-ree
Katherine E. Saltus	Kan Easily Sail
Tanya A. Smolinsky	Totally Absurd Sometimes
Barbara N. Trager	Bosoms New Trademark

Seventh Shack Anagrams

Carrie H. Campbell	Clicks Her (pen) Constantly
Tracy A. Cornell	Titters Away Constantly
Desiree L. Crump	Does Like Cits
Marie-France Deshaies	Makes French (sound) Difficult
Sara D. DeTurk	Sails Dyer Dhows
Noel Ferre	Never Fights
Tracy L. Hassinger	Terribly Long Hair
Susie L. Laylin	Susie Lives Lounging
Wendy M. Mills	Will Make Mischief
Teresa Montes	Talks Mostly (Spanish)
Jody L. Rowell	Jody (isn't) Little, Really
Nanette M. Rummel	Nanette Makes Ruckus
Martha R. Wilson	Martha Rifles Well

Cit Anagrams

Carmen G. Colina

Calls Gets Constantly

Mina G. Colina

Most (of her) Garments Cozy

Susan L. Griffith

Suddenly Loses Graciousness

Leigh Hollis Higgins

Loses (control of) Her (bladder on) Horses

Monica A. Klotz

Makes Advances (to the) Kitchen

Carmen Montes Corripio

Craves Meeting Chris

Mary T. Molloy

Makes (calls) to Moosehead

Margaret W. Richards

Makes Wilson Run

Aide Anagrams

Katherine N. Bowring	Kan Never Be (sound)
Pamela W. Combes	Plans (evenings) With Care
Rebecca L. Cox	Really Loses Control
Pamela L. Famous	Pam Likes Flying
Harriet F. Hubbard	Hunts For Hairbrush
Nanette E. Malatesta	Never Ending Music
Emily K. Spanel	Eagerly Keeps Sleeping
Sarah E. Tabell	Seldom Ever Tans
Katherine O. Van Rensselaer	Keen On Vigor (and) Ruggedness
Elizabeth A. West	Loathes All Wakings
Laura S. Wilkinson	Likes Sailing Whenever
Loren M. Winfield	Looks (for) Munchies Wildly

Staff Anagrams

David K. Asano
Constance D. Burton
John W. Carlton
Ellen Chapman
Elizabeth N. Cobb
Philip J. Cobb
Michele A. Colin
Dawn R.M. Crump
Alice P. Downes
Diane S. Erler
John P. Erler
Andrea L. Florey
Madeleine B. Fraioli
Elizabeth M. Frost
Doreen L.E. Galante
Judith A. Galorenzo
Lydia J. Griffith
Charles S. Hann
Pat S. Hassinger
Betty Jo Howard
Marian R. Johnson
Shevawn A. Kelly
Louise Y. Lessard

Davis Kills (us) All
Calculus Done Badly
Just Wonderfully Creative
Enjoys Cleanliness
Enforces Nightly Curfews
Phil Just Can't (stop)
Mouselike And Cute
Diligently Rifles Many Counselors
A Pizzeria Dude
(A) Dozen Sure's Exhausting
Jaunts (and) Pilots Eagerly
A Little Flaky
Makes Beautiful Floral (arrangements)
Everlasting Memories Found
Deftly Leaves (for) Every Gala
Jaunts Away (to) Galavant
Loves JM G
Chuck Serves Hard
Pert, Short Helper
Basically Just (A) Hick
Makes (her) Rounds Jingerly
Surely A Kure-all
Losing (pounds) Yet (always) Lovable

Nathalie Neveu
Holly A. Rutherford
Trudy K. Rutherford
Roberta J. Tabell
Cindi L. Trull
Suzanne L. Waldron
Sarah T. Wilkinson
Margaret M. Williams
David B. Wilson

Anne M. Erler
Todd H. Erler

Never Noisy
Hates Attacking Rowdies
Trips Karelessly Running
Raucous Jogging Teadrinker
Clearly Likes Tea
Sure Loves Wildfire
Sure Tacks Well
Much Mail Wanted
Doused (by) Bailers (of) Water

A Meager Eater
Time Heals Every9(wound)

Listed As	Labelled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	Lines
Richele J. Borg	Richele	for Alex	for tennis	tennis	bread pudding	Shut up.
Sarah L. Billington	Sarah	for Posie	with her stuffed animals.	tasing Susie	doing skits with 3rd shack	Susie, came on.
Penny Britell	Penny	for her new crusher	for Wildfire	Dyer Dhow #2	her bed being short-sheeted	Yes, dear.
Carrie Chalmers	Carrie	for comics	to scare people	everything	people getting mad at her	I'm sorry.
Sarah C. Easton	Sarah	small	with her hair	yelling	Swimming lessons	Honey Bunny.
C. Nina Ferre	Nina	likes Nina Ferre	in Florida	Friar Tuck	not knowing where Susie is	oh shummie.
Jill E. Hassinger	Jill	like Tracy and Dang	to pass things in swimming lessons	playing nothing tetherball	fitting	Anyone want to play tetherball?

Listed As	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	Lines
Alexandra C. Hess	Alex	very neat	to pass things in swimming	Jill	Carrie jumping out at her	Stop it Carrie.
Jessica C. Leighton	Jessica	for Jill	for her chocolate chip cookies	riding	Carrie Kissing her	Carrie!
Diane M. Murray	Diane	for Anne	for sailing	sailing	getting up in the morning	Just kidding.
Susan J. Sherman	Susie	for her mase	to eat her candy line	teasing Penny	being kissed at night	Please don't take away my candy line.
Rachel E. Sutel	Rachel	for bicycles	in her LCDs sweatshirt	candy line	being in third shack	No, Listen.

Listed as	Labled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
Jennifer Alfond	Jenny	in the tent	for her ribbons	her ribbons	vegetables	Will you put in my ribbons?
Adrian Auns	Adrian	like an Auns	with her cousin	swinging	swimming	Hi Todd.
Christine Auns	Chrissy	English	for Nandy	her cousin	talking	I forgot your name.
Melissa Bailey	Melissa	for tennis	for her sunglasses	tennis	getting cancering	I'm going to be a star when I grow up.
Amy Cook	Amy	like her sister	for talking	sailing	not having sailing	I have sailing, What do you have?

Listed As	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	Lies
Karen S. Baker	Karen	for candy	for candy	free swim	canoeing	well gosh
Samantha Britell	Sam	for her blue jacket	for riding	cowgirl	having only one pair of jeans	Excuse me.
Katherine S. Erda	Kate	like Shirley Temple	for 17 more days	doing porch and stairs	doing people's jobs	Only 17 more days.
Jennifer C. Glazer	Jennifer	through her glasses	for mail	mail	brushing her hair	Shut up.
Ellen B. Gottlieb	Ellen	for a blue white game	for tennis	riding	not getting mail every day	well sorry.
Clara Montes	Clara	like a Montes	in Santa Domingo	Trudy	cleaning her room	what do you want?
Anabel R. Shafia	Anabel	funny in her tulip hat	with Anne	canoeing	her bed	dinkletwapper.

Listed As	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	Lines
Carlene M. Warren	Carlene	for her flashlight	in skowhegan	riding	cleaning her room	Jeezum
Sharon L. West	Vest	for her flashlight	for riding	Jenny	her flashlight battery	You wish!
Anne F. Wilkinson	Anne	like a Wilkinson	for the Whites	candy	a messy bed	You guys!
Jennifer A. Carson	Snoopy	for Sara deTurk	with Hermie	tennis	being raided	Come on Whites!
Ellen A. Lerner	Ellen	thin	in the tent	food	cleaning her room	Shoot I mean
Marta Manfredi	Martha	through her glasses	in Italy	Connie	her white sweater	Buono notte Sona clarr.

Listed As	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	Lines
Melissa Cook	Melissa	good in a bikini	forever combing her hair	her garden	swimming lessons	Hey you guys!
Anne Halperin	Annie	for a riding tag	under her hair	riding	rifiery	well, you know
Heidi A. Ladd	Heidi	like a rabbit	in Belgrave lakes	Phar Tuck	being cold	So what?

Listed As	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	Lies
Katharine Knowlton	Katherine	<u>very</u> innocent	for sailing	sweeping	everyone calling her kathy	My name is Katherine!
Jennifer Levine	Jenny	like Sally	for talking about boys	discussing the birds + the bees	people asking her for candy	We must, we must...
A. Mitra Morgan	Mitra	like a movie star	for riding	Cowgirl	being called Mishi	Duh....
Robin Sadawski	Rob or Robin	cute	for having fun	to walk around the shack topless	to brush her hair	It wasn't me!
Claire Solot	Claire	forward to ham radio	for ham radio	ham radio	everything else <u>but</u> ham radio	Is Glenn here yet?
Edith Spanel	Edith	younger than her age	In reformed cleanliness	to play her violin	not being able to blow dry her hair	It's not fair!
Margaret Van Rensselaer	Margaret, Marg or Maggie	NOT like Posie	for neatness	vespers	arguments	You're such a cutie!

Listed As	Labled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Lorathes	Lines
Lynn Berardelli	Lynn	like Grace Houghton	for sailing	almost everything	a messy room	You turkey!
Melissa Berry	Melissa	forward to sailing	for riding	to pick blueberries	vespers	Say whca!
Elise Charest	Elise	for Marie-Claude and Marie France	to ride	leaning out of sailboats	staying in the water	Lesbi!
Kimberly Cornell	Kim	for Jamie	for Kirke	disco- dancing	being a girl	Shut up!!
Sally Frank	Sally	like Jennifer	for getting mail	to laugh	Sunday Service	I'm so psyched!!
Kirke Hannum	Kirkie	for Kim	for disco- dancing	to cause trouble	being quiet after taps	Shove it!
Rosa-Maria Klotz	Rosa	not Spanish	for tennis	throwing Spanish fits	people singing "Rosa-Maria" instead of "Copacabana"	Sexy Girl.

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
Cynthia Brooks	Cyn	unlike Charlotte's sister	always looking together	Trudy	not much	"You're such a ree."
Lisa Carnahan	Pacernose	for toenails in hamburgers	for the day when Bluey arrives	being rowdy with Chris	having problems being captain	She's super-nice.
Lisa Corbridge	Lisa	constantly in the mirror	flipping her hair back	the muscular type	water in her flute.	Yuck-foo, whatever that means.
Marta Garcia	Marta	for the bats she throws	clomping around in her high heeled shoes	hammering it up	not being understood	I don't understand.
Dana Hassinger	Dana	for her mother around camp	up to the Hassinger tradition of being rowdy	canoeing	the slob she has to room with.	Shut up.
Charlotte Hill	Charlotte Traciaca	for a chance to sing and dance	to pass wet-day fire	studded collars + whips	Andy Gibb	I'm into leather.
Lynn King	Lynn	for bullseyes in archery	with crocheted pillows	having Boop in her room	being turned away by the nurse.	I need love and attention.

Listed as	Labled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
Catharine Lawton	gofar-teeth	like a "worm"	with a totally strange laugh	being Linus	being called go-far teeth	I am the Cant Dracula from Transylvania
Ludovica Nievo	Ludo	like a model for Yogue	writing Italian banners on the rafters	throwing footbaths on people + their beds	people mispronouncing her name.	Now let's altogether have bo-bo for Ludo.
Christine Ponten	Chrissy- Wissy	like she still hasn't recovered from pneumonia	criticizing Barb	imitating	assembly, activities, meals, instruction swim... et.	This is beat.
Manette Pottle	Nanette	for Boop to unlock her trunk	in her gymnast t-shirt	letters from Aki	being called Nanette	Bo-op.
Amy Rosenberg	Amy Jane	like her father is black	for the day she comes in ahead of T. Montes in a race	making mad passionate love to Charlotte, Barb and Lisa	being attacked by certain people	<u>Excellent.</u>
Katherine Kate Saltus	Kate	better without glasses	for the day she gets kicked out of arts + crafts	track	behaving	How do porcupines mate?
Tanya Smolinsky	Tas	confused	being called Egg duh by Barb + Chris	sadistic posters	when Teresa is mad at her.	Hunk?

[illegible]

Listed as	Labled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
Carolyn Campbell	Carnie	for blue berries and rasberries	for Paddington	gum	The song "Shadow Dancing"	I'm running away to sixth shack.
Tracy Cornell	Tracy C.	better with her hair down	on the rafters	gum	People telling her what to do.	Geezum.
Desiree Crump	Desiree	tough	for a sucessful raid	dancing	when other people don't cooperate	Cimon you guys.
Sara DeTurk	Sara	for two more kinds of toothpaste	for The Whites	Martha's sweat shirt	only 7 kinds of toothpaste	Oh, the whites will win.
Marie France Deshaies	Marie	for Elise and Marie Claude	In her room	Singing at night	people borrowing things	<u>Lesbie</u> !
Noel Ferre	Noel	forward to living with Matti	for letters from Scott	Scott	bouncing Wendys	Either get up or down Wendy.
Tracie Hassinger	Tracie	four boys	for all day sails	trips	"little brats"	Hey, Pollack!

Listed as	Labled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
Suzanna Laylin	Susie	tan	to pass her 1 st bar	reading	people bothering her when she reads	Be quiet you guys.
Wendy Mills	Wendy	guilty	on the rafters	Tracy giving her a backrub	people telling her to be quiet	I'll do luggage rack for you.
Teresa Montes	Teresa	over the wall	for a top bunk	bothering people	"cheap American perfume"	Holly, Holly, what means...
Joanne Rowell	Jody	like a beanpole	for gum from her father.	reading in the bathroom	people telling her she's skinny	<u>Great</u>
Nanette Rummel	Flaky	like a flake	in sixth shack	all day rides	people borrowing her Mad magazines	I don't know why I'm acting so strange.
Martha Wilson	Martha	like a Wilson	in her blue shirt	Teddy	forgetting to go to skinnies	He's not <u>my</u> brother. <u>I</u> disowned him.

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
Carmen Colina	Cici	Japanese	writing songs	Alejandro	admitting it	It's better not to have a boyfriend because
Mina Colina	Mina	even more Japanese	neatly	Javier	canoeing	super Chicken
Susan Griffith Leigh Hollis Higgins	Susie Mae	out for Lydia's possessions	impatiently	changing Snoopy's outfits	Lydia opening her mail	Come on you guys.
Leigh Hollis Higgins	"Holl"	skinnier	in South Belgrade	pink glasses and corn cob pipes	Mary's dancing	Get on dooown.
Monica Klotz	Monica	out for rips in her pants	in Carmen's clothes	pictures of her fingers	her chin	When are we going to the bitch?
Mary Molloy	Mary	for the back case in the grasshopper shop	with Desiree and Lisa	dancing anywhere and everywhere	getting caught chewing gum.	know what guys? I'm going to a Styx concert the day after camp ends!!
Carmen Montes	liar	for ponchos	in Monica's clothes	molesting tennis courts	Niki + Timi cat	Aye; No.

[illegible]

Listed As	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	Lies
Katherine N. Bowring	Ka, bo-lo Boogaloo	forward to mountain trips	for mail from "fritchman"	camel lights coke, and candy.	the shadow	Later - Dweeb.
Pamela W. Combes	Come bone, bones Pammy	cute in her new 'fro.	for after taps	anything with two legs and pants... well almost.	people who torch her	You guys!
Rebecca L. Cox	Becky	after Annie and Todd	for days off	Emily and Liz	when Annie cries	I can't wait to see him.
Pamela L. Famous	Pam	forward to sailing her boat	thinking about flying	talking on the phone with Dutt-Butt	being mixed up with Pam Combes	I know what you mean.
Harriet F. Hubbard	Polly	for her hairbrush	to lose more weight	Pink, green and yellow	Ethel Walker's Girls	Yup.
Nanette Malatesta	Nanette	forward to passing JMG	for candy line after taps	singing	the tent	well, I guess I'll be headed that way too.
Emily K. Spanel	Em	for letters	for green M and M's.	combing her hair	being called Edith	I can't wait for school!

Listed As	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	Lines
Sarah E. Tabell	Sarah	forward to sailing	for malarial pills	cats	people that tell her she snores	In Africa, we.....
Katherine O. Van Rensselaer	Posie	for some way to help	in the tent more than she expected	talking about Miss Porter's	discussing Flo and Liz	At Farmington, we.....
Elizabeth A. West	Liz	for munchies	for tennis	making telephone calls	the state her hair is in	Really.
Laura Wilkinson	Apey or Chuck	like Sarah	with Harriet	sailing	insects snakes etc.	You flake! or It's the pits!
Loren M. Winfield.	Lori or "typical"	for the candy cupboard	getting entirely too much mail.	the contents of apple juice jars	having the same activity all the time	Me and my shadow!

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
David Asano	David 2	for Emily	for dinner at Jack's	riding horses	canopenes	Oh.....
Constance D. Burton	Conehead	for mountains	on the courts	her new Toy-ota	sleeping bag hair	I'm so lean discombobulated
John W. Carlton	Jack	like anything but a professor	up at the stables, and occasionally at his shack down the road	the new gate	people that don't ever ride	Leave me alone.
Ellen Chapman	Smellin	for her bed under fifth shack's laundry	for her Nivea lotion	the Ellen Chapman memorial fireplace	not sleeping in her bed more than two nights	Guess what Louise? I'm going on a trip.
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Betty	for the Log	on a very tight schedule of readjustments	her tofu t-shirt	fifth shack's pix with toothpaste on it	Who is responsible for...
Philip J. Cobb	Phil	for more to do	for the free day that he can go around + take pictures	driving the big boat like an absolute maniac	late nights in the darkroom	You do good work....
Michele Colin	Michele	quiet + unassuming	in the dark	to bake cookies	doing the food order	I forgot.

Listed as	Labled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
Dawn Crump	Crumpsy	far rifley targets	on cloud 9	Fitchman	her bed being a Chinese laundry	I'm <u>so</u> bummed.
Alice Dawnes	Alice	forward to meatloaf	on peanut butter	to get out of the Kitchen	people asking where the napkins are	I can't believe it.
Diane S. Erler	Diane	scared after she's been jumped at from behind a juniper bush	for the day after Belgrade church, the day after the log is typed...	the relaxed approach to Belgrade church	playing Sardines without someone to cling to	But I still have <u>other</u> things to do.
John P. Erler	Jack	for someone to harass	to spread the WORD	to make fun of innovative honey spoons	putt-putts, or any boat with a motor	Hey Ellen, didn't a hear the Pope died?
Andrea L. Flacey	Nandy	like the type who would get a bone stuck on her finger	with a roomie more disorganized than she is	anything that doesn't belong to her.	ultimatums on her birthday	This is the penthouse. Here is the first floor, the second floor... and the SWING!!
Madeleine B. Fraoli	Maddy	Constantly for her clothes	for maintain trips	to be unique	any activity but arts + crafts	How do you feel about that?
Elizabeth A. Frost	Frostie Betsy	for arrows	each day to the fullest	<u>almost</u> everything	ALL DAY RADIO	Hey dudes...

Listed as	Labled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
Doreen Galante	Do	forward to someone stealing the bell again	to get packages from the Goon	to play trombone	the radio blasting	I thought I was gonna die.
Judith Galorenzo	Judy Hude	at Adonis	to play tennis	lying in the sun sleeping	breakfest	Hey - who am I.
Lydia Griffith	Dude # 4 or Lyd	tan	out of the tent	munching out	studying for JMG	Hey cutie!
Charles Hamm	Charlie	for a tennis partner	vegging out on rocks	water- skiing	working <u>long</u> stretches	Hey man!
Pat Hassinger Marianne	Patty	like her youngest daughter	at Betty's desk knitting	going to town	Working at Woodland's	I always have to clean the bathroom
Betty Jo Howard	B.J.	for an excuse not to do house ^{house}	for her cals	the pack table in the kitchen	tacos	That is the way it should be.
Marian R. Johnson	Johnny	like she might kill anyone who hangs around the mail.	at the kitchen table waiting for Ken	salted sunflower seeds	messes + disorganization	you kids are <u>too</u> loud in here.

Listed as	Labled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
Shervann Kelly	Che-bong	for mail from Paul	for time to do somethings other than be nurse	braids	pre-Assembly back-ups	Now sweetie... I want you to..
Louise Lessard	Weasel	forward to Charlie Brown practice	on Carrots	weighing only 1 pound more than her roomie	9:30, 11:00 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30 + 6:30 riding in one day	I waited 18 years to be legal, and now....
Nathalie Neveu	Nathalie	very French	for gums	almonds	people who think she doesn't understand	Hi cutie
Holly Rutherford	Holly	gorgeous	for Matt - or was that Craig... no, maybe Steve	her diet collage	figuring out which sheets are camps and which are Noel's + Carrie's	I can't even believe....
Trudy Rutherford	Dude	in the mirror alot	in her hat	eating + dancing, + eating and dancing..	Swimming Charts	Is it skinnies yet?
Marina Sinn	Maring	entirely too thin for the amount of food she puts away	for the day she finds a pair of overalls	to sail	finding her brush under Nandy's bed	You drink too much, you eat too much, you smoke too much...
		angrily at	in sixth	being..	dead	<u>This</u> is a

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Louthes	Lines
Cindi Trull	Cindi	through her tinted glasses	for her tea	to be efficient	to be abruptly awakened	Come on Ladies
Suzanne Waldron	Suzy	serious	for horse	Harlequin romances	cruelty	H. cutie!
Sarah Wilkenson	Sarah, Dude # 3	like Laura	for sailing	rasberries	spiders snakes roaches etc	You witch!
Margaret M. Williams	Matti	at Jeff's picture	for long distance phone calls	dancing	not getting a certain letter on time	I'm so excited
David B. Wilson	Bliss Stud OGO	for somebody to facial	to get even with sixth shack	to think Amherst is better than Williams	working for two different busses	You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille...
Anne M. Erler	Annu	like an Erler	in very nice clothes	Todd	meal time	I want Ellen
T. H. H. H.	Calder	for walk to do with	for Cheerios - books	his Death Voder	being traced	Call me

WE HAVE GOT THE
BELL!!

Instructions:

PUT 2 DOZEN
CONGO BARS
IN the COUNSELORS
REFRIGARATOR,
OR
YOU WILL NEVER
HEAR IT
AGAIN

Revolt!

WE HAVE GOT THE
BELL!
INSTRUCTIONS
SURPRISE
PUT 2 DOZEN
CONGO BARS
IN THE COUNTESS
REFRIGERATOR
OR
YOU WILL NEVER
HEAR IT
AGAIN

CAMP RUNOIA'S

-HORSE SHOW- 1948



WALKER CLASS

Contestants- Melissa Berry, Penny Britell, Tracey Cornell, Jennifer Glazer, Nina Ferre, Marie-Claude Fraucoer, Sally Frank, Susan Laylin, Jennifer Levine, Nanette Rummel

SADDLING & BRIDLING

Contestants- Lynn Berardelli, Kim Cornell, Desiree Crump, Noel Ferre, Wendy Mills, Kate Saltus, Sharon West

WALK, TROT

Contestants- Melissa Bailey, Penny Britell, Nina Ferre, Jennifer Glazer, Jennifer Levine, Claire Solot, Anne Wilkinson

WALK, TROT, CANTER

Contestants- Lynn Berardelli, Samantha Britell, Desiree Crump, Jessica Leighton, Wendy Mills, Mitra Morgan, Kate Saltus

EGG & SPOON WALK, TROT

Contestants- Melissa ^{Bailey} Berry, Penny Britell, Elise Charest, Nina Ferre, Jennifer Glazer, Claire Solot, Anne Wilkinson

EGG & SPOON WALK, TROT, CANTER

Contestants- Melissa Berry, Tracey Cornell, Sally Frank, Catherine Lawton, Jennifer Levine, Nanette Rummel, Margaret Van Rensselaer

GLASS OF WATER WALK, TROT

Contestants- Melissa Berry, Samantha Britell, Kim Cornell, Sally Frank, Mitra Morgan, Robin Sadowski, Carlene Warren

TRAIL CLASS WALK, TROT, CANTER

Contestants- Lynn Berardelli, Kim Cornell, Tracey Cornell, Noel Ferre, Jessica Leighton, Wendy Mills, Sharon West

HANDY HUNT

Contestants- Desiree Crump
Noel Ferre
Susie Laylin
Mittra Morgan
Kate Saltus

July 1, 1978

Dear Parents,

What a beautiful day we had for the opening of camp. It was fun for old campers and counselors to be together again and we all enjoyed meeting new campers who have come from all parts of the world! We have campers from Quebec who speak French, campers from Italy who speak Italian, and campers who speak Spanish from the Dominican Republic, Venezuela and Columbia! We also have girls from many parts of the United States. Lessons in English seem to be taking place in each shack!

Saturday night, our first night together, the campers introduced themselves and the counselors had a fashion show depicting the latest fashions to be worn for the various activities in camp. On Sunday all the campers had a chance to go to each activity to be offered and during the evening we had our first campfire on the beach complete with singing and a story.

On Monday we were able to tag up for the activity of our choice and our evening program was an exercise using parachutes! We had two parachutes with campers and counselors around each one. Directions were given while everyone filled the parachutes with air, turned them around in big circles, etc. It was beautiful to watch and fun to do! On Tuesday the first overnight trip went to Oak Island. By the end of the week all of the Seniors had been to Oak for an overnight, although the last group stayed longer than the others because of wind and high waves. Lunch was taken to them and they returned in the big boat in time for supper! All reports sound as though the unexpected day was a lot of fun for everyone. All-day sails also went out during the week, and a group was signed up to climb Bald Mountain on Saturday.

Other Evening Programs during the week have included "capture the flag", a "counselor hunt", a Runcia version of "The Gong Show" and a game of "human bingo".

As you can see, many things are happening. Our seventy-six campers, eight Cits and twelve Aides have been busy playing, learning, making new friends, and just enjoying being here! We all send our best wishes to you, too, for a happy summer!

Our love,

Aionur



Saturday, July 8, 1978

Hello Again;

Well, another gorgeous week has passed by and have we been BUSY! Last Saturday night we held the Camp Runoia Presidential election where Penny Britell, after a rousing speech, was elected. Sunday 7th Shack put on a super Sunday service with the theme color green and that evening all our new campers picked out of a hat to see whether they were blue or white - our two super teams that will be competing in various activities throughout the summer. Later in the week the captains were picked. For the Blues is Senior Lisa Carnahan and Junior Jenny Corson, For the Whites is Senior Sara DeTurk and Junior Samantha Britell.

The 4th of July was truly an exciting day. The CIT's planned the entire day with various relay races, a tug of war, and in the afternoon, water games. Two teams, The British and Americans, competed all day and in the end, by a slim margin, the Americans won. After running around all day, we spent the evening gathered around a bon -fire on the beach, singing, toasting marshmallows. and having a great time with sparklers.

Early the next day, all twelve of our aides left camp for a four day trip on the ocean visiting Westport and Spectacle Island. Also, the Juniors began their series of overnight camping trips to Fairy Ring and Oak Island. We have also had all-day mountain trips and all - day sails.

Everything had been great,including the weather!

Much love,

Aionur

Hello Home Front!

And how are you? To begin our week, Sunday, July 7, Fourth Shack provided camp with a Sunday Service centered on the color blue. A camper/counselor sailing race was scheduled to follow, but thunderstorms forced Runoia inside for the remainder of the afternoon until swimming time. The usual Sunday Vespers followed with a reading of Kipling's The Elephant's Child.

Monday began with a stir of excitement as all the Juniors went on a day long excursion to Popam Beach. The Seniors remained in camp participating in all the regular activities. Evening Program sounded somewhat different with the campers playing the roles of all the different farm animals.

Tuesday saw a group of Seniors depart into the wilds of Long Lake for three days. The CITs also left camp for an adventure up the back side of Bald Mountain. To end a very exciting day, a magician came to visit camp and managed, with the help of some campers, to put a sword through Jennifer Corson's neck, turn a dove into silk, and many other amusing and very well executed tricks. Wednesday half of Senior end bid "au revoir" to camp and headed to Popham Beach for a glorious day in the sun. Some Juniors went on a trip, canoeing for the afternoon. When all of camp returned, everyone enjoyed a hearty game of soccer before retiring.

The week was not over! Thursday still more exciting things took place. Juniors climbed up Bald Mountain, and the CITs went for a day sail. The Long Lake trip returned. Good reports were given by all. Fond farewells were given to the departing Moosehead trip which is expected to return on Saturday afternoon. Bucket skits for Evening Program brought smiles to everyone's faces. Sixth Shack, though, took the prize. Friday was a day of regular activities for all in camp. It truly has been an exciting week for all!

Much, much love,

AIONUR

Correction: Junior White Captain: Jenny Corson
Junior Blue Captain: Samantha Britell

ur Folks,

1. This week a group of a) XYZ's b) JLG's (Junior Maine Guides training) c) JML's went on a four day trip to Long Lake.

2. Thursday night, Becky Cox was attacked by a a) sailboat b) skunk Betty .

3. Friday afternoon there was a Blue-White Sailing race that was by Blue team skipper a) Moby Dick b) Tracy Hassinger c) Desiree mp.

4. Last Saturday night was the Miss Rinoia contest which was by fifth shack's very own a) Lynn Beradelli b) Jack Carlton David Asano.

5. Yesterday another group left to climb a) Old Spit b) Old Spice Old Speck Mountain.

6. Throughout the week, the Aides have been learning a) everything y always wanted to know about Diane and were afraid to ask b) First c) to swim and do dishes. (not at the same time)

7. On Monday, a group of happy juniors went on a mountain trip went a) Raspberry b) Blueberry c) Flower D) All listed picking.

8. On Thursday there was an all day ride and an all day sail, and the sail, the boats flew a) five lifejackets b) five pairs of erwear c) five spinnakers.

8. The week was topped off last night by a. a) small hurricane mass confusion and absolute havoc c) a progressive dinner and n waterfront.

9. Can you believe camp is a) half over b) half started c) almost r ?

10. Much a) hugs b) kisses c) love d) rotten tomatoes

July 29, 1978

Boy, have we been busy this week! We began on Sunday with a lovely Sunday Service given by Fifth Shack. This week's rainbow color was red and the theme centered around love and friendship. In the afternoon, the Blues and Whites met in their first softball and kickball games of the summer. Thunder rumbled and rain threatened, but the seniors managed to squeeze in six drippy innings with the Whites coming out victorious 2-0. The junior's kickball game went unfinished, only to be battled out to the finish at some future date!!! Vespers on Sunday night was a special treat with Sandy Cobb and John Bunker playing the accordian and penny-whistle and singing some tunes that we all found to be quite fun and humorous.

Monday night we played soccer and kick the can, an active evening for all of us!!!

On Tuesday a group of seniors left for a three day trip to Friendship on the coast where they planned to spend lots of time beach-combing, hiking, and ocean paddling to some of the islands in Muscongus Bay. The Aides gave us a special and quite unusual evening program in the form of Pet Rocks! Each cabin chose one of the many large rocks in camp and decorated it using yarn, colored paper, etc. FUN!!!! Thanks, Aides!

On Wednesday two more trips shoved off, one trip of juniors to Long Lake and one of seniors to Aziscohos. For evening program we all had "To Tell The Truth." We learned many interesting tidbits!!!

The Friendship trip returned on Thursday having had a fine trip. They were just a little disappointed that the Friendship Sloop Race, a big race with lots of fancy sailboats, had to be cancelled because of the fog. The Cits, needing to recover from their trip to Vermont to visit an unusual camp, were also looking forward to a day at the races, but managed to have a swell day in Camden instead.

Friday everyone was home again with the return of Long Lake and Aziscohos. Each trip had many stories to tell! Evening program kept us hopping with a rousing game of "Run, Sheepie, Run."

Saturday was a very busy day for everyone. Many of us swam and swam and swam in a swim-a-thon to raise money for the Belgrade Regional Health Center. Our goal was to swim a total of 2000 laps. But we really outdid ourselves and managed to paddle 3814 laps!! A special Bo-Bo for Katherine Knowlton who swam 202 laps! Yea, Katherine!!! In between all of those laps we managed to make final preparations for our service to be held in the village church on Sunday morning. Evening program was a Runcia-style track meet, a very full day!!!

It has been a busy but fun week here! Time is really whizzing by!!! Our love to all...

Aionur

August 5, 1978

My, what a week this one has been.
We've all been especially busy
So much has gone on, though there's lots left to do.
Each passing day leaves us dizzy!
Last Saturday morn a mountain group left
For two days on Mount Bigelow
That night we were part of an all-camp track meet
You can bet that no one was slow!
Later we woke (about three in the morning)
To a storm with thunder and lightning
We listened while thunder just rumbled and rumbled
And one flash was really quite frightening.
Sunday dawned bright and some of us went
To present the service in Belgrade
Later that day, with Blue teams victorious,
Softball and Kickball were played.
Five girls left on Monday to drive up to Rangeley
To be tested for JMG (Junior Maine Guide)
Also, a sailing race was held
And the Whites won, if you please!
For E.P. that night we played Capture the Flag
And was it really exciting
On Tuesday night we had relay races
While in arts and crafts they went kiting.
A Senior group set out by canoe
To take a trip to Long Lake
That evening in camp our cabin groups met
And miniature gardens did make.
The JMGs returned on Thursday, an experience
They'll never forget
Maine Woodsmen were off to Fairy Ring
To pass all their tests, so don't fret!
Song contest was held on Thursday night.
Each shack had worked hard and long
Seventh Shack and Fourth Shack were given the ribbons
For their serious and happy songs.
Third Shack picked blueberries to make a pie, yum.
They they slept in the field altogether
Until they got up and returned to their shack
All because of bad weather.
Friday was declared a rainy day,
The Aides went to see Bancroft Camp
Long Lake trippers returned, and in spite of the rain
Spirits surely weren't damp.
The Cits are packing for their four-day trip
While the Aides are climbing for two
We want you to know all that we've done,
That's why we're writing to you!!

Aionur



YOU'RE A GOOD MAN
CHARLIE BROWN

CR Theater Limited

presents

"YOU'RE A GOOD MAN,
CHARLIE BROWN."

scenes and songs

Cast

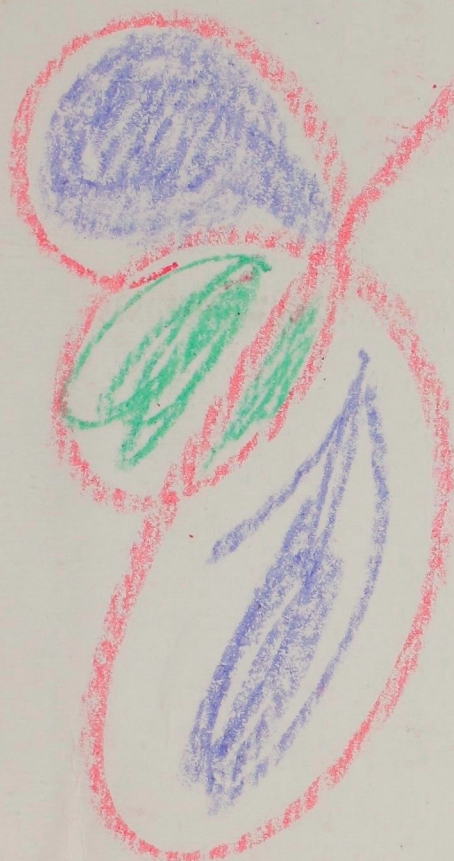
Charlie Brown.....	Kate Saltus
Lucy	Kate Erda
Linus	Catharine Lawton
Patty	Lynn Berardelli
Snoopy.....	Sally Frank
Schroeder.....	Claire Solot

Hugs, kisses, thanks and love to
LOUISE, Sarah, and the aforementioned

Snoopy Lucy Linus
Patty Schroeder Charlie Brown



Louise Boog Sarah



L
I
M
E
R
I
C
K
S

Third Shack Limericks

Jill Hassinger

Jilco Jellybean Hassinger's her name
Reading, writing and laughter are her game
First one to bed
Quite early to rise
A ready smile and a twinkle are her fame.



Rachel Sutel

At Runoia this is Rachel's first year
With her pigtails she is really quite dear
She's constantly on the move
And in archery she's improved
And now she can swim without fear.

Nina Ferre

This girl is our favorite little Nina
In fact, we think she's quite keen-a
Her energy is boundless
Her smile is frownless
But at slamming doors she often is seen-a.



Jessica Leighton

Jessica was our daring Beauty Queen
She was also viewed boogeying on the disco scene
Riding is her talent
On a horse she looks gallant
Now we know she's a riding fiend.

Missy Bailey

Missy's tiny little size is deceiving
For in archery she is quite perceiving
Seen scampering around
Very quiet in sound
When it comes to food she is quite receiving.

Jenny Alfond

Jenny came to us from right next door
Her big brown eyes seek for more and more
To riding she would trot
Sailing, too, she can be sought
Many other activities she goes for.

Carrie Chalmers

To Runoia Carrie Chalmers has returned
Many activities she has succeeded to learn
To all-day radios she went
And to sailing she was sent
Now we know that for communications she yearned.



Alex Hess

Alex is the knowledge seeker in our shack
Talent in reading and writing she does not lack
She's excellent in weaving
And her smile is never leaving
We hope next year she is sure to come back.

Amy Cook

Amy is an actual, true New Englander
And we find her to be an exciting day camper
In sailing she's daring
A smile she's always wearing
Now we've all come to love and adore her.



Richele Berg

There once was a girl named Richele
Not one bad thing do we have to tell
She's as sweet as candy
And we all think she's dandy
In arts and crafts she learned to excel.

Sarah Easton

From New Jersey our Sarah came
And her size quickly brought her fame
Often seen in tennis
Her room is a menace
Which means Third Shack will never be the same.

Adrian Auns

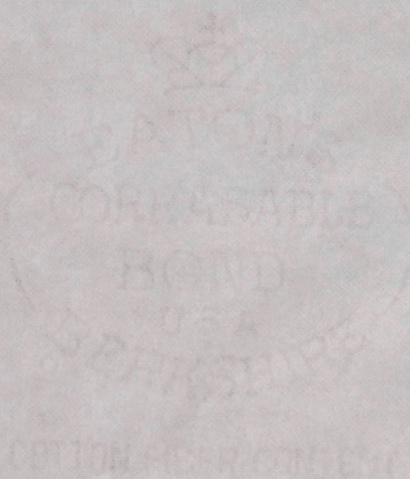
From Nova Scotia our Adrian came
Her swimming took her to fame
She came by the day
Never did stay away
She called after Krissy by name.



Krissy Auns

Krissy came to Runoia quite late
Though it did not take her long to seek mates
She is always so sweet
And archery is her feat
We agree her accent is great.

Fourth Shack Limericks



Samantha Britell

A captain we had here in Fourth Shack
And riding was surely her knack
On reading she thrives
Keeps the Blue Team alive
We're sure that we'll see her come back.



Melissa Cook

Missy's the name that she likes
She has a good time on the bikes
She trundles to games
Blue-White brought her fame
She's small, but oh my, she's some tike!

Carlene Warren

Noxeme Carlene rushes through
A speed demon? We know that it's true
To riding she'll hustle
Leaves her room in a tussle
Have you ever seen a more faithful blue?

Jennifer Glazer

Her glasses, oh my, they were thick!
Through her bed she fell with a kick
In riding she'll trot
She helps out a lot
When thunder does clap she feels sick!



Karen Baker

Quiet but steady our Karen
Arts and crafts she hasn't a care in
To riding she'll trot
A complainer she's not
For tripping she sure is a rarin'.

Anne Wilkinson

Anne is the neatest in Fourth Shack
In tennis she never does lack
Swimming, too, she does love
She ranks high above
Because of taps, she was last in the sack!



Anabel Shafia

Her toothbrush in toilet was found
In her room messes abound
Bed-making she learned
For other's she's concerned
A Junior, so tall, what a clown!

Marie-Claude Francoeur

From Quebec our Marie she did trot
English was certainly not her hot spot!
In cycling she'll roar
She's never a bore
And my, does she smile a lot!



Kate Erda

Her voice to "The Copa" does hum
With a smile she always does come
Her Lucy was great
In sports she does rate
In Fourth Shack she did quite her sum.

Clara Montes

With an accent that no one can beat
Our Clara has a smile so neat
She can run like a deer
And in kickball is feared
Her spunk never let up in the heat.

Heidi Ladd

As a day camper our Heidi does come
And riding she does quite a sum
She's quick with a joke
At her room, you might choke
So cute with her tiny tum-tum!



Ann Halperin

Long black hair in the breeze it does blow
Her smile does follow in tow
In riding she's found
Never clowning around
At day's end its sad to see her go.

Ellen Lerner

As a runner our Ellen does fly
One can't catch her, she simply goes by!
She left for the tent
Now her energy's spent
In tennis - where Ellen's not shy.



Ellen Gottlieb

Bubble blowing was really her game
To Fourth Shack she brought us her fame
Her room we won't mention
Cuz she's in detention
But we love her all the same.

Susie Sherman

Said Susie at the beginning of camp this year,
"If I live in the tent, Nina I won't be near."
But she's sure made her fame
With tennis as her game
And her smile and giggle make us all cheer.



Sarah Billington

Red hair and pigtails our Sarah does wear
Her comics she willingly shares
Gum piled on her dresser
Falling stars sure impress her
If told to clean up, she surely glares.

Diane Murray

Diane an avid sailor has become
After her kicks the Blues do run
At JMW she tries
And at swimming she strives
We all think she's a bundle of fun.

Penny Britell

Penny at sailing spends much of her time
At the thought of reading she never does whine
At riding she's great
As our Pres., first rate
We certainly enjoy her cheerful chime.

Jennifer Corson

Jennifer's in Tent 1 this year
She tried Miss Runoia without fear
Many letters she writes
And Captain of the Whites
To tennis she'll go with a cheer.



Sharon West

In the tent Sharon lived for awhile
She sings like it's going out of style
Not always neat
But sure can't be beat
She's always ready with a smile.

Marta Manfredi

Marta comes all the way from Rome
Her hair often needs a good comb
To canoeing she'll run
At sailing has fun
At camp she feels right at home.

Fifth Shack Limericks

COLLECTOR'S COPY

FIFTH SHACK
COPY

(FOND)
(CONSERVE)

ALLIANCE

Melissa Berry

Survival floating's a pain for Melissa
She's so cute we really could kiss her
At soccer, a pro
To riding she'll go
If she left we surely would miss her.



Claire Solot

At talking our Claire seldom stops
Ham radio and Glenn she finds tops
At acting she's best
She'll meet any test
Back to Runoia we sure hope she hops.

Lynn Berardelli

The piano our Miss Runoia does play
From riding she rarely will stray
So skinny and blonde
Of her we are fond
We hope at Runoia she'll stay.

Edith Spanel

To pass Maine Woodsman is Edith's prime aim
Her neatness will not bring her fame
Her teeth they do chatter
Do you suppose they might shatter?
Without her we shan't be the same.



Elise Charest

From Quebec Elise came this year
For archery she'll give a big cheer
With two others oft found
Rarely makes any sound
With sign language she'll get by, never fear.

Kim Cornell

To Fifth Shack Kim brought disco dancing
To find boys she'll often go prancing
For Maine Woodsman she tries
To the stable she flies
For Fifth Shack her bug net's enhancing.



Kirke Hannum

"When can we change rooms?" is all that we hear
She's helped make disco a hit this year
Maine Woodsman's a must
She's noisy at dusk
We'll miss her, to us she's a dear.

Rosa Maria Klotz

From Columbia our Rosa did come
And with her she brought lots of fun
Laughing's her game
Neatness is no fame
It takes forever to get her pajamas on!



Mitra Morgan

Our dear Mitra is such a peach
The facts of life she wants to teach
Ro riding she'll go
To clean she'll say no
In our hearts Mitra always does reach.

Margaret Van Rensselaer

"I don't look like my sister," she'll say
Her smile brings sun to each day
Though she tries to stay neat
In Fifth Shack, a feat
At riding or tennis she'll stay.



Robin Sadowski

Modesty our Robin has none
But she sure is a whole lot of fun
To Moosehead she went
For Runoia she's meant
She'll be glad when her rash is all done.

Katherine Knowlton

"Katherine is my name!" she cries
"If you call me Kathy, I'll die!"
She swam two hundred and two
And does Maine Woodsman, too
She lives where the mountains are high.

Jennifer Levine

An accent our Jenny sure has
But don't tell her or she'll have a spaz
"I want riding today"
She always does say
The need to blow dry her hair she has.



Sally Frank

"Can I go riding?" our Sally asks
Cleaning her room seems quite a task
She looks like her sister
Noisy, you can't miss her
At the beach, in the sun, loves to bask.

Sixth Shack Limericks

Cynthia Brooks

Kate brought Cyn from New Jersey this year
For the Whites she will pitch without fear
She got really sick
Now she's thin as a stick
If she turned sideways she might disappear.



Kate Saltus

"But I'm more than five," Kate will say
As her part Charlie Brown she did play
Her day sail was rough
But she hung in there tough
That night her bed it did sway.

Ludovica Nieveo

"Bo-Bo for Ludo," she cries
In five languages she'll verbalize
She loves to canoe
And Tavares, too
And smiles with her big brown eyes.

Dana Hassinger

Dana is one of a family group
A very talented and motley troop
She lost many pounds
At night she makes rounds
Her bed it surely does droop.



Catharine Lawton

Catharine's a Linus first rate
To play tennis is surely her fate
She's really quite small
But her feet aren't at all
To grow larger, she really can't wait.

Charlotte Hill

Charlotte came to camp in a flurry
And made her presence quite known in a hurry
Saturday Night Live is her fame
Testing Camp, a high aim
Her fetish for leather makes us worry.

Christine Ponton

Chris was quite sick for a while
Found the infirmary quite a trial
But better she got
And sailed quite a lot
She eats junk food like it's going out of style.



Barb Trager

Barb's into filthy novels, it's true
She's a loyal and rowdy Blue
With footbath in hand
Splashing David is grand
Flying spinnakers to her is not new.

Tanya Smolinsky

Our Tanya soccer adores
She's a jogger most faithful for sure
She got little spots
And spread them all lots
For sailing she'll sign up once more.

Lynn King

Aziscohos was Lynn's biggest jaunt
Many sisters and brothers she flaunts
Archery is fun
Loves sailing and sun
Lots of candy she always wants.



Lisa Corbridge

Lisa plays the flute every day
"Where is my Thorn Birds?" she'll say
Her cough made her hack
In a sailboat she'll tack
And for the Blues some mean softball she'll play.

Manette Pottle

Manette's trunk is perpetually locked
Her faces have often us shocked
Although she's quite frail
She eats like a whale
In jogging she often has walked.



Marta Garcia

Marta's English has gotten lots better
And we're all really glad that we've met her
She learned that a sheet
Is pulled into a cleat
Although at first she confused a few letters.

Amy Rosenberg

Amy sure got some cheap thrills
Using her waterfight skills
Spinnakers her glory
She loves Harlequin stories
Her enthusiasm cures many ills.



Lisa Carnahan

Lisa threw milk at the door
Of the counselor's room, need we say more?
Being captain's a trial
But she always will smile
She's a rowdy right down to the core.

Seventh Shack Limericks

Martha Wilson

To Carrie little Martha is steered
And together they're both really weird
Old David's her brother
And yucky Alex her lover
To hear her dumb hamburger jokes we're feared!



Sara DeTurk

The White Team Captain is Sara DeTurk
Which proved to be quite a lot of work
At riflery she's great
To bed sometimes late
Her stories and smiles full of perk.

Carrie Campbell

Our Carrie is tucked in at night
With a "good night" and a "sleep tight"
For us she did skits
And some were the pits
But her sense of humor - quite bright.

Marie-France Deshaies

If you ask Marie-France something in English
She'll snuffle and snort and get squeamish
Little Elise and Marie-Claude
Are just like her shadows
She and Nanette make quite a good team (ish). v



Nanette Rummel

Our Nanette is a newey this year
She's related to Rummel's Ice Cream, we hear
Without her teddy she's blue
With Marie-France she rooms
We certainly hope she'll be back next year.

Teresa Montes

Our Teresa lives with style and flair
And it keeps the chack in the air
She's learned some new words
That Tanya has referred
Over the rafter she often does stare.



Jody Rowell

Good 'ol Jody is really a card
Being naughty for her is quite hard
She came late this summer
And she couldn't be funner
Her height is almost two times a yard!

Desiree Crump

Oh, boy is our Desy a killer
She's got a temper that's really a diller!
But don't let her fool you
She's really a cool dude
And in sailing she's really a winner!



Tracy Hassinger

In Seventh Shack there lived Tracy
With a spirit and mind that's sure racy
She's often on trips
Her pep never quits
Sometimes this girl's wild and crazy.

Susie Laylin

You can find Susie behind a book
But you'd better take a second look
'Cause she's not always quiet
And she sure doesn't hide it
Another great summer from Runoia she took.



Noel Ferre

Our Noel is having a great year
But she had trouble shaking that bum ear
To Nina she's related
In riding, top rated
To Scott she writes love letters, oh dear!

Tracy Cornell

Our Tracy is really a kick
To Wendy she sure does stick
She's really a ham
And we all are her fans
But to get her quiet is quite a trick.



Wendy Mills

Oh, Wendy has a giggle that shrills
Sometimes she's been off to the hills
With Tracy she's found
To riding with a bound
Keeping quiet she's sometimes a pill.

COMMON FRESH CONTENT

2022/11/18
09:10
09:10

Cit Limericks

(CORRUSAPLE)

WATCANS

000

Susan Griffith

Susie is just not her name
For her striped socks she will win fame
Patience is hard
Recipe it's on a card
Her back is occasionally lame.



Mina Colina

Mina will quite often be found
In the shower almost half drowned
She's never on time
Finds singing sublime
And her smile is always around.

Carmen Colina

Our Cici on piano or guitar
Is a pro with the voice of a star
On the tennis courts happy
As a bunny, quite snappy
And her English has come really far.



Mary Molloy

Mary, Mary eyes so blue
Mostly found without your shoe
On mountains happy
And dancing tappy
At doughnuts, an expert it's true.

Meg Richards

Meggit's a tripper it's true
Passing JMG made her feel good through and through
At riding she's super
At tennis a looper
Makes halters from bandanas so blue.



Monica Klotz

Speak English and we will all teach
So we can all go to the beach
Her bathing suit tiny
At ALS she is shiney
No skill has been out of her reach.

Holly Higgins

There once was a girl named Leigh Hollis
Who cheered for the Boston Red Soxes
With her nose in a book
And a serious look
A bad case she had; tractoritis!



Carmen Montes

Lady from Spain we adore she
Speaks with forked tongue about all we
In a sailboat she's grand
And super on land
Tenting on island with Trudy.

Aide Limericks

Laura Wilkinson

By some, Laura is called Chuck
With JMG she certainly had luck
She wanted to pass
So this would be the last
Year at Mooselookmeguntic!



Harriet Hubbard

From Farmington our Harriet did come
To her the name Polly was dumb
Always on the scale
And looking for mail
We think that our Harry is fun.

Liz West

Our Liz will laugh long after taps blow
Getting up, she is sure to be slow
In Third Shack did stay
But now in Senior does play
When she leaves, to Florida she will go.



Becky Cox

For Becky this is year number three
She sits for Todd and Annie
She's afraid of a skunk
Sleeps on the top bunk
On days off she can't wait to be free.

Lori Winfield

At arts and crafts Lori became first-rate
Tab, apple juice and candy are great
Her lines are typical
And so is her mail
To have a small shadow's her fate.



Kathy Bowring

"Come sail away," says our Kathy with style
And with her we go with a smile
On archery she'll frown
On trips she's a clown
We hope she stays for awhile.

Pam Combes

There once was a girl named Pam
Who loved to go out nights and jam
With the kids she is great
At being a woos is first-rate
With her new fro we hope to see her again.



Emily Spanel

This is Emily's eighth time this year
Skunks seem to give her no fear
She's found combing her hair
For canoeing does not care
When she leaves we will all have a tear.

Pam Famous

After Canada Pam returned
Much about flying she'd learned
The tent is a ball
Dutt-Butt she does call
For a return is the hope of all.



Nanette Malatesta

Nanette's a new Aide this year
But sure fits in well with her peers
In canoeing first-rate
And in campcraft just great
In her face you will always find cheer.

Sarah Tabell

From Africa she did depart
That rhino sure gave her a start
On Dhows she can sail
Will she ever get mail?
Of camp she is always a part.



Posie Van Rensselaer

Posie returned once again this year
For horses she has developed a fear
On trips she is found
To sailing is bound
For Miss Porter's she gives a great cheer.

Betty Cobb

Betty's for breakfast - a treat
Sour creme crepes can't be beat
Needs her glasses to see
Hates hobby hours free
Loves her van with just enough seats.



Phil Cobb

Phil's project this year is to build
And on finishing he is strong willed
Many pictures will take
At the dawn wide awake
He is tireless, his days are all filled.

Marian Johnson

Johnny's back is much better we know
For her humor on us she bestows
"Come order your stuff -
Yeah, right, okay, enough!"
Stuffed mailboxes bring her great woe.



Betty Jo Howard

Betty Jo has less flavors this year
But these eight bring HoJos no less cheer
She found some cool glasses
And some South Belgrade lasses
Many languages handles without fear!

Anne Erler

Annie has reached terrible two
At mealtimes she is vocal and blue
But she looks, oh so sweet
With her hair tied up neat
And a smile that is sunny and true.



Diane Erler

"Nine people!" Diane moaned very loud
Still the relaxed approach drew the crowds
She mourns the lost log
Twelve Aides made her jog
With great patience, Diane is endowed.

Jack Erler

Mr. Erler is proud of his plane
His visits more frequent, less pain
The buoy stays round his neck
For the legislature he'll trek
At his limericks our attention spans wane.

Todd Erler

Well, Spike certainly has had his scrapes
His chin and foot surely did ache
With David he toils
And Annie he spoils
To activities he often does trapse.

Maddy Fraioli

Maddy, to camp she came
Arts and crafts bring her much fame
She always runs round
Her cry, "New projects must be found."
Without her it would be a shame!



Cindi Trull

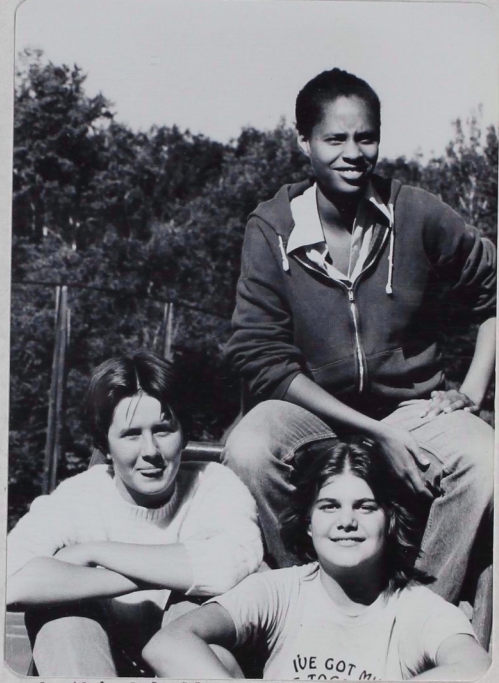
This summer Cindi conquered many things
Swimming, arts and crafts, among other things
Her talent amends
A helping hand to lend
And she surely does love to sing.

Betsy Frost

Back to camp again this year
Our Frostie sure is a dear
Archery's her game
To make smiles her aim
We're sure glad that she is here.

Connie Burton

Conehead shocked us all this year
Her hair had been shortened above her ear
Tennis still is her game
Mountains also bring fame
There is nothing our Connie does fear.



Dawn Crump

A yawning Dawn slept through third bell
"Where are my targets?" she did yell
Her hand it was hurt
When up Bald she did spurt
And her smile, well gosh, it's just swell.

Trudy Rutherford

From swimming to Cits trotted Trudy
In gymnastics she's known as a beauty
She sure has a smile
That stretches a mile
Her character, well, it rates as fruity!

Lydia Griffith

To camp Lydia this summer returned
Those skills for JMG she quickly learned
In campcraft she's found
For trips she is bound
And for days off she surely yearns.



Sarah Wilkinson

To sailing Sarah is bound
She'll run when bugs are around
She gets pushed out of boats
It's good she can float
Her bathing suit is often unwound.

Nathalie Neveu

There was a young lady from France
Who really did like to dance
Tennis she likes to play
She brightens anyone's day
This summer she really did enhance.



Suzy Waldron

"I want to ride horses," you'll hear Suzy say
Ready for Crescent always
Romantic books make good reading
Of her boyfriend she's dreaming
Our Suzy is great every day.

Louise Lessard

Louise gets up each morning at six
At dieting she knows all the tricks
We should call her "Bugs"
For many carrots she lugs
For drinking she's again been told NIX!!



Ellen Chapman

There once was a girl who slept bare
For her JMGs she certainly did care
Smellin's her name
Tripping is her game
Even though she has sleeping bag hair!

Marina Sinn

Marina came from over the sea
To visit relatives and a counselor to be
She eats and she eats
But stays thin - what a feat!
To sailing she went with glee.



Boop Tabell

"Good morning, good maidens," she screams
To run ten miles is her dream
Often identifying trees
Charlie Brown conquered with ease
Sailing she claims is supreme.

Nandy Florey

Nandy's roomie's as sloppy as she
From the mess one just cannot flee
She's made canoeing a blast
Doesn't get up very fast
She says, "Flaky just isn't me!"

Matti Williams

In a sailboat Matti is often seen
"I'm fat," she will say with a scream
We all know she's not
But a diet's her plot
And at night of Jeff she will dream.



Holly Rutherford

Good ole Holly's a busy bee
Sometimes doesn't get in until three
To campcraft she'll run
Teaching Maine Woodsman, what fun!
For Matt (and the others) she'll soon flee.

Michele Colin

Michele is quite quiet and small
She is never late for mail call
Hates ordering food
Took Advanced Lifesaving with Dude
For the Health Center she out-swam us all.



Judy Galorenzo

Judy is often seen down
On the Marjorie trying to get brown
To tennis she'll run
When in the kitchen she's done
Her pizzeria hat made her look like a clown

Doreen Galante

Doreen keeps us laughing, it's true
Her trombone skills make us quite blue
She really had a mess
With reveille her skill to test
But somehow she seemed to pull through.

Alice Downes

Alice gets into Inspector Clouseau
She is often found joking with Do
She gets up first
Making breakfast the worst
And was glad when the bell it did go.



Shevawn Kelly

Shevawn is a busy lady this year
Bronchitis, pneumonia, oh dear!
A pal of Collette's
Who calls her "Chevette"
Her Paul brings her lots of good cheer.



Pat Hassinger

Pat's a jack of all trades
Through paperwork and knitting she wades
She has three kids around
With them often found
Without her sorting mail would be delayed.

David Wilson

" I found my thrill," sung out in loud tones
Makes O.G.O.'s presence well known
The time he'll announce
On rocks he did pounce
When food smells funny, just leave him alone!



David Asano

David came up with Phil
To improve on his house building skill
He runs every morn
His new camp shorts adorns
Of backgammon he can't get his fill.

Charlie Hann

Charlie came up very late
But still is a hard worker, first-rate
Garbage, building and courts
Tennis is his main sport
To finish the garage, we know he can't wait.



3rd shack



4th shack



Tent 1



Tent 2



5^m shack



6th shack



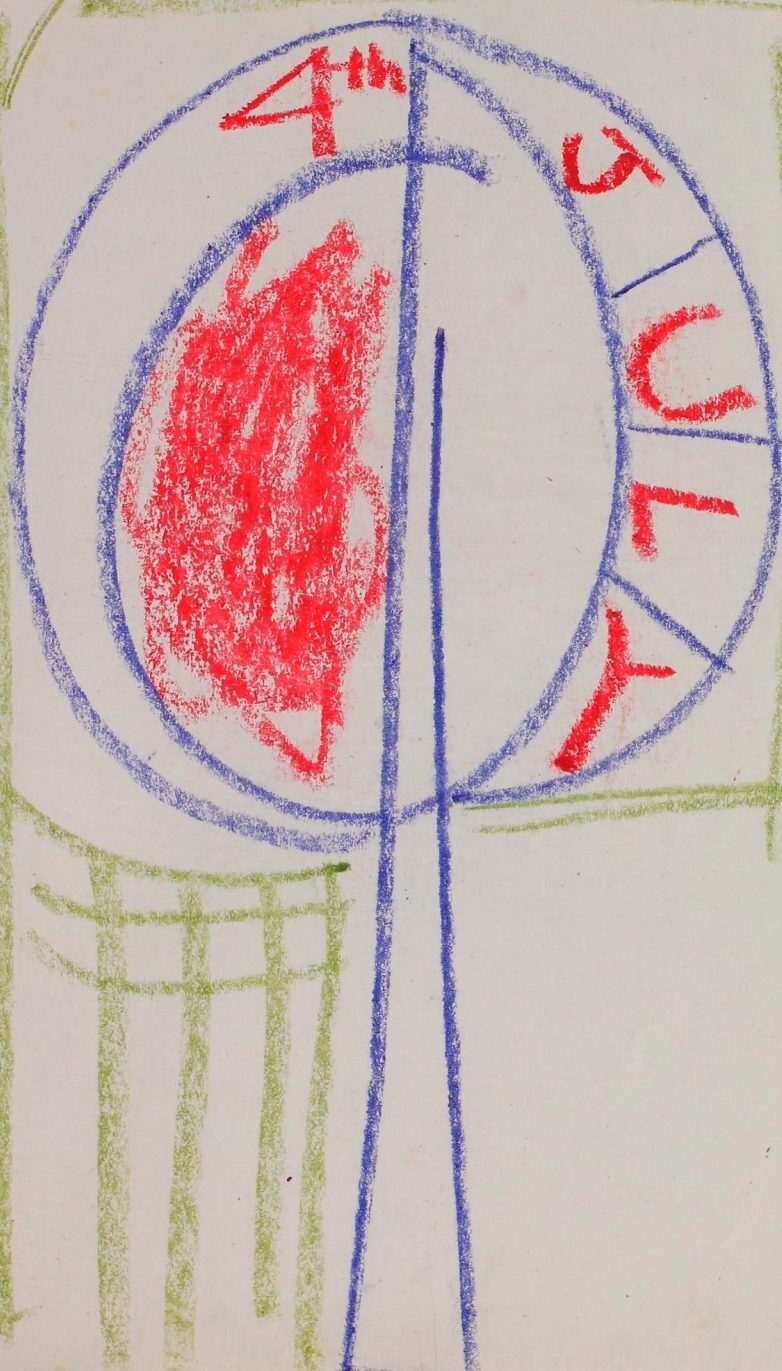
7th shack



CIT's



Aides











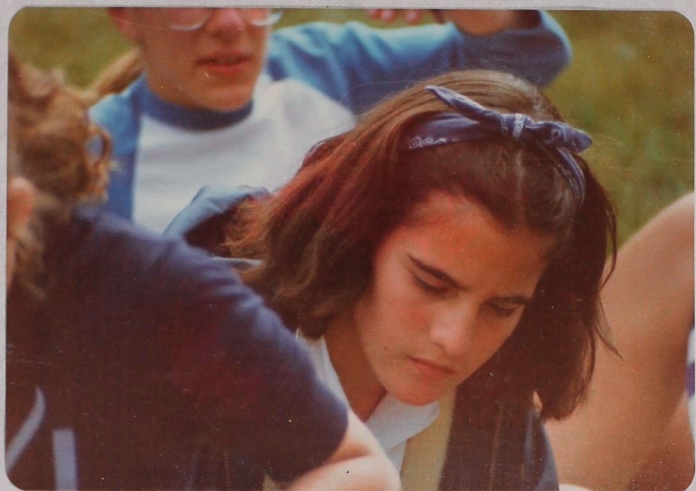
(CORRABALL)

(BONE)

USA
JEWELLERY

COTTON EIGHT - WHITE





THE TWO REALLY GOT TO



Staff



Alumnae daughters

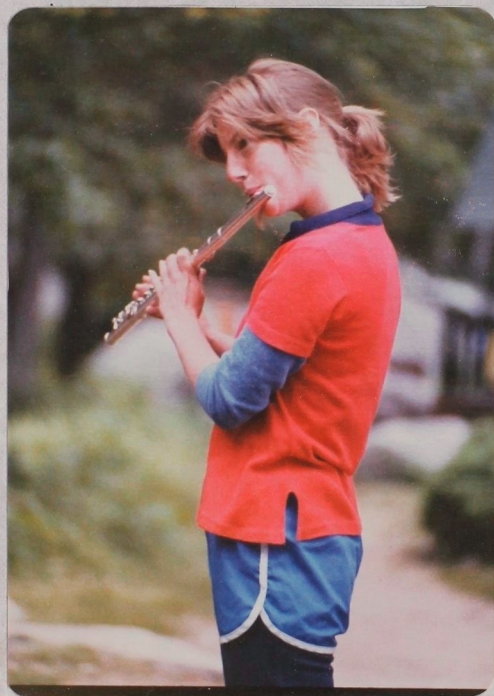
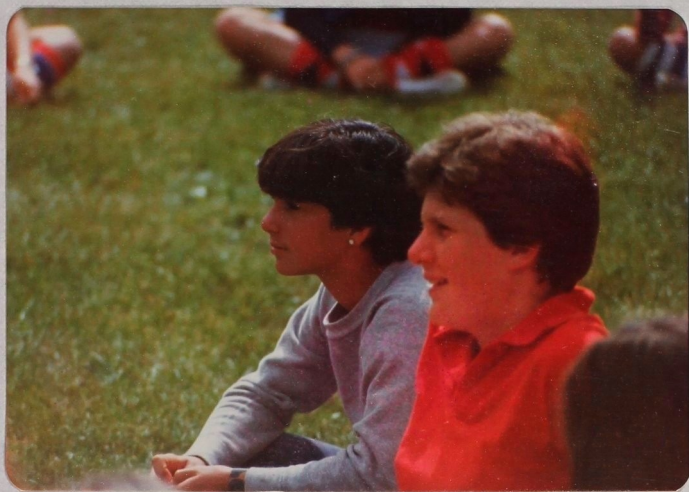


Sisters



Captains









COTTON PIER COMPANY





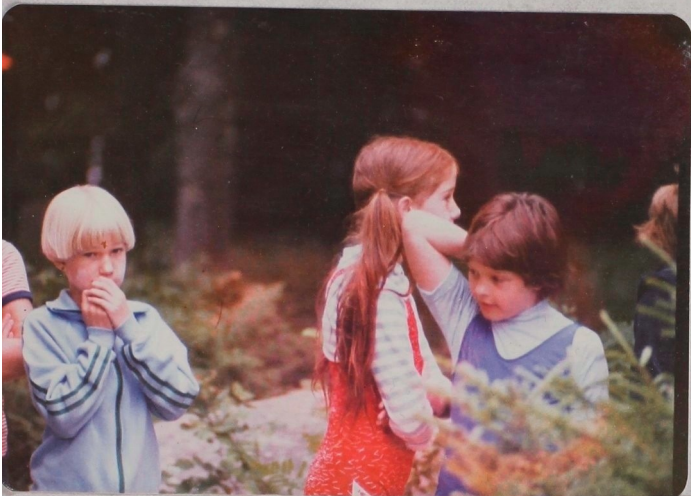












Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kind, Jr.

*request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter*

Laura Beth

to

Dr. Marc Walsh Mc Kenna

*on Saturday, the twenty-seventh of May
One thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight
at three o'clock*

St. Hilary of Poitiers Church

Rydal, Pennsylvania



Gallagher - Gates

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Gates of Cushman Road, White Plains, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Brenda Baker, to Dr. John Daniel Gallagher, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gallagher of Westview Avenue, Tuckahoe.

The April 29 ceremony was held in the Church in the Highlands in White Plains, the Rev. Bricker Gibson officiating.

Escorted by her father, the bride wore an ivory heirloom wedding gown, and a hand-embroidered mantilla from India.

Mrs. Scott Bates, sister of the bride, was matron of honor.

Bridesmaids were Leslie and Mary Gates, also



MRS. JOHN GALLAGHER
...Brenda Baker Gates

sisters of the bride.

• Denis, Brian and Ted

Gallagher, brothers of the bridegroom, were best man and ushers, respectively.

Mrs. Gallagher, a graduate of White Plains High School, holds a bachelor's degree in nursing from the State University of New York College at Plattsburgh. She has been employed as a registered nurse by the Maine Medical Center in Portland, Maine, for the past two years.

Her husband, an alumnus of Salesian High School, was graduated summa cum laude from Villanova University and received his doctorate in medicine from Tufts University.

A reception honoring the couple was held at the Larchmont Yacht Club.

Mr. and Mrs. William Standart Hutchings
announce the marriage of his daughter

Joanne Barr

to

Mr. Michael John Dranginis

on Saturday, the seventeenth of June

Nineteen hundred and seventy-eight

Bodega Harbour

- Bodega Bay, California

At Home: 3D Oak Crest Court, Novato, California 94947

She lived - - - - -

and brought unto this earth

a bit of beauty love - - - -

and faith

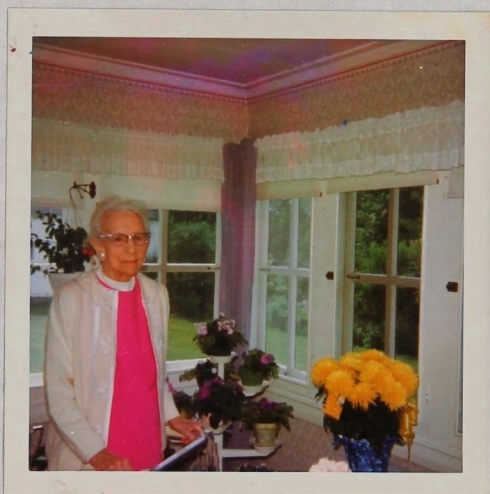
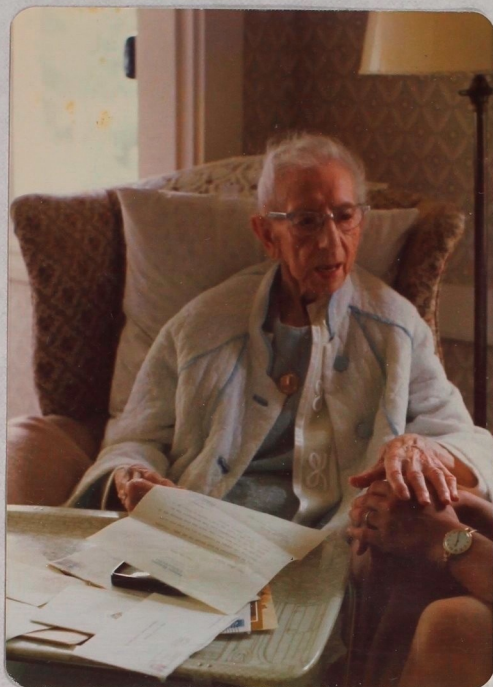
And now - - - - -

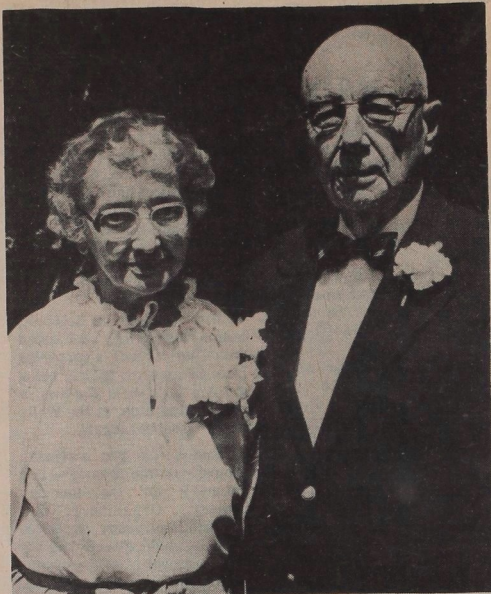
her life will ever be reflected

in your heart

Lucy H. Weiser

June 22, 1875 . . . July 10, 1978





MR. AND MRS. ELMER C. WARREN
(Dick Maxwell Photo)

Warrens Mark 50th

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer C. Warren of 151 First Rangeway were honored on their 50th wedding anniversary with a party June 25 at Millett Alumni House, Colby College. Arrangements for the event were completed by the couple's daughters, Mrs. Malcolm E. (Barbara) Reed of Reading, Mass. Mrs. Joseph B. (Emily) Taylor of Cumberland.

Floral decorations were

received from friends in Montpelier, Vt., Waterville, and relatives in Hawaii. Prudence Taylor circulated the guest book and the cake was prepared by Mrs. Ronnie Soule.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren were married June 23, 1928 at Grove Hall Universalist Church in Dorchester, Mass., by Mrs. Warren's father, the Rev. Dr. Flint M. Bissell. The Warrens have five grandchildren.



Karin and Jennifer.
Children of Jane Master Rohrbac and David

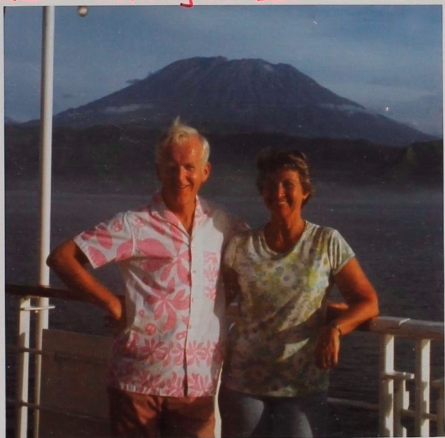


Eleanor and Elmer Warren. Cutting cake at
50th Wedding Anniversary Party

Sigrid Schultz
Weinschreider + Chuck
and children
August 1978



Sam Arriving in Bali



Season's greetings

Kit + Whit Hobbs

"Ditto" Hamilton Hobbs
and Whit

A
M
A
P
L
E

LEAF

Although
a maple leaf
has a short life,
He's always joyous
and wears a big grin.
He starts as a really
very small bud,
But turns a green color and
grows + grows + grows
summer goes by with
a cool smooth breeze,
And here comes fall
tagging along, oh,
but now I see winter
beating them all,
And now the maple leaf
will fall + fall + fall
+ fall

by,

Robin

Sadowski

5th

shack



Merry Christmas



Cathy and Tom Nicholson
Tommy and Betsy

Cathy Fuller Nicholson and Family



Season's greetings

Al and Mary Gates
and Family

Mary Bauman Gates and Family

'Love story' couple retiring



Cincinnati
March 1978

Barb and Bill Worrel

Barb Leader Worrel and Bill

By ROBERT BENJAMIN

When Barb and Bill Worrel pack their briefcases, put on their overcoats and leave work Tuesday afternoon, they will end 50 years of combined service to Cincinnati school children.

Their simultaneous retirement from the Cincinnati school system also marks the end of another chapter in what some call the district's "love story."

As widowed 40-year-olds, the Worrels fell in love while working together at the district's old McMillan Street headquarters in 1964. Much to the delight of their co-workers, they didn't waste time in getting married.

BARB HAS BEEN with the public schools for 32 years as a teacher, an assistant principal and a principal.

Bill came to the Cincinnati schools in 1960 to head music education programs in all grades—all the bands, orchestras, choirs and lessons.

A trombonist, accomplished both in jazz and classical styles, Bill says, "I was a college dropout who thought he'd set the world on fire." He spent two years in the '30s playing swing with Lawrence Welk, but the constant travel got to be too much.

Before beginning a long career as a music teacher in Kansas high schools and at the University of Kentucky, he also served as the

first trombonist of the Miami (Fla.) Symphony.

They first met when she was principal of Mt. Airy Elementary School. "He was the first darn music supervisor that ever made it out to my school," she says. "That got my interest up."

In 1961, she moved to district headquarters where they worked near each other and occasionally went to lunch together. "She was the only girl around," he says.

"That's always been the case," she says.

On their first date, in April 1964, they attended a performance of the Withrow High School "Minstrels," a variety production. They were married June 12.

"When you're our age, you don't wait too long," she says.

RETIREMENT WILL LEAVE the Worrels more time to work around their Anderson Township home and to visit their four children—two each by their previous marriages. They're also inveterate campers.

And, of course, Bill has his music and Barb her interest in sports like golf and bowling. The one thing, however, they won't be doing is trying to convert one another to their specialties.

"I'm getting better," she says. "I've learned not to fall asleep at concerts."

"And I'm trying to bowl my IQ," he says. "That's 99."



Joan Bayne Williams and Bud
with Bruce, Allie, Matthe, son-in-law
and two grandsons



Mark, Todd, and Annie Erler




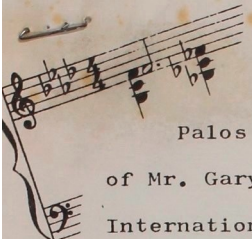
TICKTOCKER BALL

Members of the National Charity League Ticktockers, Peninsula Chapter, will attend a formal reception with their fathers at 8 p.m. Saturday at Palos Verdes Country Club, 3301 Via Campesina, Palos Verdes Estates.

Nineteen young women will be honored for working a total of 13,000 hours at the league's various charities.

Staff photo by Bob Carrington

Preparing for National Charity League's father and daughter ball are, front, Alfred and Matti Williams and Linda and Robert Josi of Palos Verdes Estates. Members will be honored at a reception Saturday at Palos Verdes Country Club.



PALOS VERDES HIGH SCHOOL CHAMBER CHORALE

Palos Verdes High School Chamber Chorale, under the direction of Mr. Gary McRoberts, has been selected to perform at the 1979 International Jazz Festival in Montreux, Switzerland. This festival has become a focal point in the area of jazz since its creation in 1967 and attracts such leading musical personalities as Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Oscar Peterson, Woody Herman, and many others.

The Palos Verdes Chorale participated in this world-renowned festival two years ago and because of their professional attitude and outstanding performance have been invited to take part once again. They will be singing during the big bands night on the professional portion of the festival. This is a once-in-a-life-time opportunity for these young people.

Chorale has grown to be one of the top performing jazz choirs in the United States. It was formed six years ago and consists of thirty-two vocal members and a five piece rhythm section. In 1974 Chorale qualified to appear at the all-instrumental Southwestern Jazz Festival as the only choir participating. In 1975 Chorale was accepted in the International Jazz Festival held in Reno, Nevada. Their outstanding interpretation of Choral Jazz earned them the honor of an invitation to Montreux in 1977. Last year Chorale confirmed its excellence by placing first at the Cal Expo Jazz Festival and captured the sweepstakes award for the entire festival. They have taken part in jazz education clinics as well as state conventions and conferences.

Chorale members represent diversified national and ethnic backgrounds. They are well-trained, enthusiastic, and knowledgeable in their field of choral jazz. We can all take pride in their talent and the type of young person who will represent our community, state, and country as they perform this very American form of music.



Utah '78

Merry Christmas



Joann & Tom
Huffrich
Lydia,
Susan
& Sam

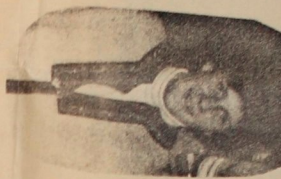


Season's greetings

THE KINDS and Laura and
Marc McKenna

Laura

JUNIOR AT GREELEY HIGH SCHOOL.
FIELD HOCKEY PLAYER, GUITARIST.
HAS ENJOYED TWO GREAT SUMMERS
AT RUNDIA. HOPES TO GO TO
OUTWARD BOUND. BEGINNING
TO LOOK AT COLLEGES.



Sarah

GRADUATED IN JUNE FROM
GREELEY. HER FOURTH SUMMER
AT RUNDIA - SKIING COUNSELOR.
NOW A FRESHMAN AT WHEELSLEY
AND LOVES IT (ESPECIALLY
THE PROXIMITY TO CAMBRIDGE).
MADE THE CREW TEAM.



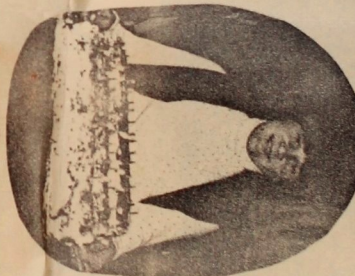
Kate

ENJOYED A GREAT SUMMER
JOB AT CHEWONKI FOUNDATION.
WINTERBREW IN OCTOBER FROM U.M.H.
WHERE SHE WAS A JUNIOR MAJORING
IN ECONOMICS. IS EXPLORING OTHER
EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES AND
MEANTIME HAS BEEN VISITING/WORKING
IN ARIZONA DURING HOME IN TIME
FOR CHRISTMAS.



Anne

FLUTIST, RANIST, SWIMMER,
GYMNAST. (BENJAMIN IN MY
BIRTHDAY CAKE) HAD A
MARVELOUS FIRST SUMMER
AT CAMP RUNDIA.



Jean

Picture at my GOLD 50th CELEBRATION
HOUSE PARTY AT WHITE MOUNTAIN RUNNERS
LIFE IS FULL, REWARDING, WITH MY FAMILY
+ FRIENDS. MY ACCOUNTING/TAX JOB,
INVOLVEMENTS WITH ST. MARY'S (PARISH
SURVEY STREET), SYMPHONY + BEDLAND SAVING
BANK (TRUSTEE), U.S. MOUNTAINS (COUNCIL),
INTERMED. ACCT. (MY FAVORITE TENNIS GROUP)
ONE OF MY MOST SPECIAL TREATS -
ALL FIVE OF US SKIING TOGETHER -
MAKES ALL THOSE BEGINNING YEARS
WITH EACH ONE ON THE BUNNY SLOPES
MORE THAN WORTH IT!



Nana and Grandma

BOTH WONDERFULLY WELL
AND ACTIVE. CELEBRATED
THEIR 50TH ANNIVERSARY
IN 1971. DADDY STILL DEALS
IN RAW FURS, HUNTS + FISHERS,
AND NO RITUAL TRUSTEE.



The Offords
Wish You
A Pleasant Holiday Season
and
A Prosperous New Year.

John

Jenny

Katharine



Have a happy, happy
Christmas

and we'd love to hold
a reunion here on January
~~27th~~ 7th !



merry christmas



*Wishing you a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year*

ELLEN and TONY TABELL
Meg, Boop and Sarah



She lived - - - - -

and brought unto this earth

a bit of beauty love - - - -

and faith

And now - - - - -

her life will ever be reflected

in your heart

Lucy H. Weiser

June 22, 1875 . . . July 10, 1978