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Dedication 1979

As the Cits said in their Sunday Service, leaving behind friends, places and things that you love is very difficult to do. Yet, as we leave Runoia at the end of the summer we depart with a smile and a tear. We carry on the memories of the knowledge we've gained and the friendships we have made. We have also formed a strong bond with a place that means something special to each of us. We are leaving with a desire to return.

This summer has been one in which many people have returned to visit camp showing their loyalty to all that Runoia is. It has also been a summer of change for Betty and Phil. They, too, have returned. Phil is from Maine so he has come back to his home. Their move is symbolic of their dedication to camp, their desire to make Runoia as special a place for others to grow as it has been for us this year and for others in the past.

So it is to Phil and Betty that the 1979 log is dedicated, with love for all they have given and shared, and with best wishes for many years of success and happiness.

Sarah Wilkinson

Log Staff

Third Shack

Laura Gradman
Bronwyn McCarthy

Junior Tent

Britt Long

Fourth Shack

Melissa Cook
Rachel Sutel

Fifth Shack

Samantha Britell
Sharon West

Sixth Shack

Mitra Morgan
Robin Sadowski

Seventh Shack

Sally Frank
Jennifer Levine

Cits

Sarah DeTurk
Jody Rowell

Aides

Holly Higgins

Dividers

Carmen Colina

Counselors

Sarah Wilkinson
Lori Winfield
Cyndi Trull
Posie Van Rensselaer
Diane Erler

Photography

Boop Tabell
Phil Cobb

Camp Runoia 1979

Juniors

Alfond, Jenny
Berg, Richele
Billington, Sarah
Britell, Penny
Chalmers, Carrie
Cook, Amy
Cook, Melissa
Easton, Sarah
Ferre, Nina
Frye, Alison
Gonzales, Ana
Gradman, Laura
Hassinger, Jill
Hess, Alex
Kahn, Helen
Leighton, Jessica
Long, Britt
McCarthy, Bronwyn
Murray, Diane
Pearl, Emily
Sargent, Michelle
Sherman, Susie
Sutel, Rachel
Zinckgraf, Lori

Cits

DeTurk, Sara
Hassinger, Tracie
Hoffman, Gwen
Mir-Kazemi, Mersedeh
Rowell, Jody
Rummel, Nanette
Saltus, Kate
Smolinsky, Tanya
Trager, Barbara

Seniors

Aaron, Jill
Baker, Karen
Britell, Samantha
Campbell, Carrie
Charest, Elise
Cornell, Kim
Cornell, Tracy
Corson, Jennifer
Deshaies, Marie-France
Erda, Kate
Feldman, Nina
Francoeur, Marie-Claude
Frank, Sally
Glazer, Jennifer
Gordon, Pearle
Gottlieb, Ellen
Hassinger, Dana
Kennedy, Liane
Laurenson, Marcia
Levine, Jennifer
Mills, Wendy
Morgan, Mitra
Ribadeneira, Manuela
Sadowski, Robin
St. Pierre, Suzanne
Shaifa, Anabel
Solot, Claire
Spies, Leah
Van Rensselaer, Margaret
West, Sharon
Wilkinson, Anne
Wilson, Martha
Wormwood, Erica

Aides

Colina, Carmen
Colina, Mina
Higgins, Holly
Richards, Meg

Camp Runoia 1979

Staff

Cobb, Betty
Cobb, Phil
Erler, Diane
Erler, Jack

Brebner, Alice
Carlton, Jack
Dunn, Amy
Famous, Pam
Goodblood, Kathie
Hassinger, Pat
Howard, Betty Jo
Malatesta, Nanette
Price, Pam
Roland, LeAnne
Rutherford, Holly
Rutherford, Trudy
Schulman, Joel
Trull, Doris
Trull, Cyndi
Van Rensselaer, Posie
Wanstedt, Kris
West, Liz
Wilkinson, Sarah
Wilson, Davoe
Winfield, Lori
Wing, Kathy

First Impressions



Introduction to the Counselors

In the beginning, well, almost the beginning, with the help of the guardian angel trio (Diane, Pat and Betty Jo), God (Betty) created Chief Great Pond and his wife, the medicine woman, Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy (Doris). And then they created a multi-talented family which is now watched over by Sitting Dunn (Amy).

C, the first born of this uncommonly well-rounded tribe, is able to carry out all of the manual labor around the grounds (David). Following C, in no specific order, is O (Cyndi), an expert with small water craft and canoes. P (Lori) is undoubtedly the expert with a bow and arrow while U (Pam) excels in the area of riflery. R (Holly and Nanette), however, is experiencing the wonders of the earth and thus is too busy blazing trails to be seen in civilization. Meanwhile, back in the Pow-Wow, M (Jack Carlton) is busy establishing the horse as a new means of transportation. At the same time, though, A (Sarah, Liz, Posie) is figuring out how to channel her natural resource, the wind, into an even newer means of water transport using less energy and lots of tricks. Because she likes to have a slim, trim physique, I (Trudy) does her laps faithfully every day and teaches her skills to the rest of her family. But, there are other skills necessary for this family to exist. I mean, who else can decorate the teepees but N (Kathie) who is continually thinking of new, decorative ideas for arts and crafts. Last, but certainly not least, is that star of Wimbledon, France and the United States - ħ (Joel).

Two or three moons ago Chief Great Pond found it necessary to import four beautiful squaws from South Dakota

(Kathy, Kris, Leanne, Pam) to nourish his tribe. He knew these women would keep this illustrious clan fat, dumb and happy.

To get on with the story now, Great Pond's tribe gets an early start every morning. Each child prepares his or her occupation before breakfast begins. When the bell rings for breakfast, the Chief has a roll call and... (a bell rings)... oh! They're about to do it for you now anyway. (The children are all busy working their trades when the bell rings. The Chief looks sternly over at them and yells, "Will you children please stop your work so we can have roll call??" Everyone scurries around to get in order. Then, beginning with C the children spell out CAMP RUNOIA.)

Cyndi Trull

Posie Van Rensselaer

First Impressions

I like camp because it is fun.

Sarah Easton

Camp has been good so far. I have been horseback riding.
It is fun. When I came to camp I met new people.

Lori Zinckgraf

I like horseback riding. I really like everything.

Emily Pearl

I thought that camp was very big but nice. The horses are pretty. I had the same shack as last summer. I also have the same bed!

Richele Berg

My first impression of camp was what a beautiful spot of land it was on and all the new people I've met.

Amy Cook

Camp is great so far! I like it a lot! I especially like horseback riding and archery. I am going to major in them. I like the other activities, too.

Laura Gradman

My first impression of camp was great! Nothing had changed.
I'm glad to be back.

Jenny Alford

I like camp a lot because the counselors are nice, most
of the time and it is a lot of fun.

Bronwyn McCarthy

Camp was great last year but even better this year. I thought I would know everything this year since it's my second year, but there are still many things to learn and remember till you get into the swing of things. All the counselors are warm and friendly and not very strict. The cooks are much nicer this year. They talk to you and everything. It was neat seeing all your old friends and making new ones.

Alex Hess

My first impression of camp was great. I was looking forward to seeing all my friends from last year, and I wanted the summer to start. Camp was the same old beautiful place it always was and I know this summer will be great.

Jill Hassinger

My first impression of camp was many people standing around and saying, "Oh, hi, how are you?" I'm dying to see who Sarah Billington is, and when I was led down to the Junior end of camp I found out. I found out that I was in the Junior tent. When I met my counselor I found out she was so totally neat it was amazing. My first impressions were of confusion and wonder.

Britt Long

When I came to camp my first impression was WOW! This camp is really nice and the people here are so nice. I made friends easily and got to know the area and I started to fit in very well. I was hotseat for my first time, and so I got the feel of the whole camp. I think Camp Runoia is really nice.

Alison Frye

The bus ride seemed really long and hot. The moment we rolled into camp I saw Susie, Nina and Alex, my friends. I think this summer is going to be really fun!

Penny Britell

When I first walked off the bus my first impression was that the summer would be boring. The next day I was having a great time!

Diane Murray

I felt excited about camp when I came at first. My shack was full of friends and counselors. It seemed like it was going to be a great summer.

Sarah Billington

When I first got off the Stamford bus I'd forgotten everybody's name and nobody was waiting for me, so I just acted normal, like I was getting off the bus to school. I slowly walked over to Cyndi Trull (she told you what shack you would be in for the summer) and I asked her what shack I would be in. She said "Fourth." So I picked up my travel-along bag and headed for Fourth Shack.

Rachel Sutel

My first impression of camp...I was very excited because I wanted to sleep in the same room as Susie!!

Nina Ferre

My first impression of camp was that I hoped Sarah Wilkinson would be my counselor, but she wasn't and I like the counselors we have now just as much.

Susie Sherman

It was O.K. when we went on the bus. We went with the Pine Island camp. One of the boys played the harmonica and he didn't know how to play it.

Ellen Gottlieb

When I got off the bus, as well as when I was on the bus, I saw many old and new faces. The strange thing about Runoia is that all over the world things are changing; towns look different, etc., but it is like time stopped during the time you are gone. You come back to Runoia as you left it. That is one of the things I like about Runoia.

Claire Solot

When I first came to camp I found that I wasn't worried about not knowing anybody. When I came at the end of last summer to see what the shacks were like everyone was so friendly and when I came the first day it was the same way. It became a challenge to get to know people and learn the way things were run! Now, a week later, I've got a lot of friends and can pretty well find my way around. But, I'm still working at it!!

Marcia Laurenson

I like camp very much. Who doesn't? I hope I can come back next year. This summer is one of the best summers in my life. It is too bad it is going to end. Sara says, "this summer is going by so fast!" I think everyone has this feeling, too. Before coming to camp I thought that I wouldn't like it. My cousin said, "Wait and see, you will like it." When I told her that I wanted to come back next summer she said, "What did I tell you?"

Mercedeh Mir-Kazemi

Sunday Service



Selections From Sunday Services

Fifth Shack - July 1, 1979

Dear Aionur,

It seems as though a great deal of time has elapsed since I first drove through the Runoia gates. In that time period I have amassed many fond memories through my own experiences and those with friends. Those experiences have helped me grow into a stronger individual. I can remember how important friends have been to me in my years here. The warmth which pervades the whole air within your small setting made me sure that this was to be a home away from home. Girls coming up to greet me upon my arrival made me feel a part of the family.

Remember some of the hard times we had getting out of bed and up to flag raising on time? I can picture myself now crawling around under my bed fumbling through the seven layers of clothing I wore the night before in order to find my left shoe, as I heard a counselor yell, "Fall in!" I raced out of the door with one shoe on and my hair, wet from skinnies, flying behind me. I still chuckle at the thought of the pieces of clothing being lowered from the flag pole at flag raising, and at the memories of counselors confusing the commands for one reason or another. The oddest flag raising of all was always on the Fourth of July. Those red, white and blue costumes were outrageous!

Although I always looked forward to meals I was never excited about what came after - DISHES! There was a good part about having dishes, though, because I got to tag up first - don't forget those extra desserts, either! But after tagging up, my pace from the Lodge to the Dining Hall got slower so I'd have a few less dishes to do and tables

to set - knowing that upon arrival I would be rudely questioned about being late, I would have a great story all ready to blurt out.

Excuses always came in handy for swimming lessons. The common cold and the ear ache always seemed to be the best excuses yet the most futile. That water always looked so cold but seeing the counselor jump in first gave me some push. The monotony of getting the stroke to what seemed to be perfection was unbearable, but we still swam every day.

My mind is still full of the fiendish pranks which we used to plan in the rafters while the counselors were away. I can remember the code words, "oh, I'm so tired," "Do you like ice cream?" and "Here comes the sun," which signaled the counselor's arrival and our quick evacuation.

Goofing around while the counselors were away was not the only time we struck; 6:00 A.M. card games were challenging, too. We not only disturbed our own counselors, but all of Senior end.

Talks of dastardly raids added to the disturbing of counselors. Even though they were seldom carried out, the planning and anticipation of the raid often provided enough fulfillment to satisfy us until a new idea came to mind.

The disease of carrying out pranks spread from the campers to the counselors when sailing races blew in. Remember back when the counselors weighted down Jack's boat to keep him from winning the race? Now that was original!

Those boats sure have gone through a lot in their lifetime. I mean, think how many times they've had to be bailed because of an intense water fight, a swamping or a tipping. It can no longer be counted on one hand.

It always seemed funny how non-sailors became attracted to the sport when a sailing race was to be held against Pine Island. If you remember correctly, this was not the

only time sailing became attractive. When word got out that a day sail would be passing by Pine Island, everyone flocked to the sign-up sheet.

Fads from the outside world always became a part of our free time. I can see Kim Cornell now posing as John Travolta, otherwise known as Danny in "Grease," - the music is blaring and all of camp is out on the lawn watching her dance. But I can't forget playing tether ball or frisbee either, we all were pros! And to be tether ball champ was a great thrill, especially to the little Junior.

The evening I looked forward to most was Sunday when we had Vespers. The crackle of the campfire and the closeness of everyone to each other always seemed so serene and peaceful. The highlight of vespers, however, was Jack's story. His imagination and tone gave each story a special and memorable touch.

The fire at vespers was always an important part of camp yet equally as important were the fires we had on our camping trips. Not only did we sit and sing around the fire, but we also toasted marshmallows for s'mores and cooked those luscious meals there, too. I can remember on the Flagstaff trip when Lori Rutherford was laughing so hard that she tripped backwards over the fireplace into the fire bucket! The bugs were terrible there, but the day we spent in the fields picking blueberries made up for it. The unfortunate illness of one of our counselors, causing her to be unable to attend the trip with us, spurred the group on to save blueberries in order to make her a pie upon our return to camp.

Remember Long Lake last year? What a trip! Weren't the counselors great? Canoeing all that way was hard, yet the feeling of accomplishment I got from paddling made up for all that. Together we worked and played, never tiring of each other's company. Sleeping in a stranger's back yard

was quite an adventure, too. But Jenny's trying to pick blueberries without her glasses on and almost falling into the water had to be the funniest. Yes, trips certainly were a highlight of camp life.

I'm just beginning to realize now how much these memorable moments mean to me. Camp and the people I've met and known there have given me so much support and love. I will fondly remember my days at camp.

With love,

The Members of Fifth Shack

Fourth Shack - July 8, 1979

At times my clothing is colored and stripped from my body.
My arms are sometimes held down until shaken, then, as easily
as my body was made nude my limbs are full again, my color,
my blossoms, fed by the rain and the sunshine.
The seasons give me my beauty - a tree - I'm never unchanged.

Trudy Rutherford

Seasons

Winter, spring, summer and fall.
Which one do I like best?
Is it winter with all its whiteness and cold?
Or spring with its dampness and chills.
But then again there's summer...
However, fall is the prettiest.
I can't decide....
Winter, spring, summer and fall
They're all my favorite!

Cyndi Trull

Summer 8

Summer is the best of all the seasons because it is nice
and sunny and you can go swimming.
But...
What I like best about summer is you go to camp!!!!

Jill Hassinger

Seasons

Spring

You are nearly out of school and most likely you are giving your teacher a hard time. Then, finally it is the last day of school and everyone is yelling and screaming, "School's out! School's out!" It is finally summer vacation, time for fun.

Summer

It's time for fun camping, swimming, boating and a lot more fun day after day after day. It is getting closer and closer to school. Finally it is time and summer is over.

Fall

Leaves are turning colors. It is almost Halloween. It is very pretty all around. Leaves are brown, orange, red, green, yellow, and sometimes all colors mixed and with the leaves you can make scarecrows.

Winter

It is white all around. You make snowballs and snowmen and other things out of that cold white snow...only when you have time from school and your homework is done.

Michele Sargent

The leaves on the side of a busy street
In the midst of summer's great heat
Rustle and bustle all day long
While the birds gather to sing loud songs
That is an example of a mid-summer's day
When the heat will never go away.

Alex Hess

Summer is friends and camp and fun.
Thinking of summer cheers me up when I am down.
Spring, winter and fall are nice, but summer is special.
It is an ice-cream cone, a pink balloon, a trip to the beach.
Summer is great!

Susie Sherman

Spring is March, April and May
Usually bright and sunny is a spring day.
But when it rains it's warm as can be
And the rain is very drizzily.

Britt Long

Winter is nice, I want you to know.
The woolen hats are getting sprinkled with fresh new snow.
But don't forget the Christmas trees glittering with their lights.
And the presents that go around the tree, how nice, how nice.
I love the winter so nice.

Alison Frye

Winter, spring, summer and fall.
They all are fun for different reasons.
The weather of them, first of all,
Makes some of the fun in the seasons.
In winter the weather is cold and chilly.
A blanket of white lies on the ground.
But you make a snowman looking silly
And play in the snow all around.
Then comes spring, the grass begins to show.
It makes you want to sing when the flowers start to grow.
Then summer's after that
Comes out to greet us all.
We work off all our winter fat
And get ready for fall.
The color of the leaves will change
And all fall to the ground.
They'll blow in the wind and rearrange
And the cycle of the seasons will again go around.

Helen Kahn

We walk along in the evening dusk. Our shadows like whispers moving stealthily along. You hear birds calling, "Goodnight, Good-bye." And the crickets singing their last symphonies of day. As we walk, the night gets darker and the moon shines through silver fleeced clouds. But yet you have one question. Where are we walking? It is the end of summer.

Penny Britell

Fall

God gave us many things
The summer, winter and the spring.
But the one I like best of all,
Is the one we call the Fall.
The leaves turn brown and fall off trees
Cold winds blow that make you sneeze.
The sun rises, the sun sets,
Fall is a time I'll never forget.

Carrie Chalmers

Seasons

In the fall when school starts bees stop stinging and trees
turn bare.
When winter arrives a blanket of white covers the ground.
Spring will pop up.
Flowers bloom, weather will start to warm up.
As summer takes over, pools open and shade is wanted.
Then kids will get their books and it's back to school again.

Sarah Billington

Winter

Winter is white.

The trees are white with snow.

Snow is all over the ground.

Snow is on the roofs of houses and the children are playing
in the snow.

Nina Ferre

After winter, the spring blooms flowers and trees.

The bareness is covered by a carpet of green.

Animals come out from hiding places and frolic in the air.

Winter is banished forever.

Diane Murray

Las Estaciones:

Las estaciones son cuatro - verano, invierno, otono, primavera

Verano:

Hace mucho calor y sol todo el dia.

El tiempo es triste porque todo se seca.

Los dias de verano los aprovechamos. En ir a la playa

A la montaña rios, lagos,

Viajes, etc...

Invierno:

Hace mucho frio cae nieve en

abundancia no hay sol. Las Personas que viven en sitios

de invierno se la pasan

como distraccion jugando

entre la nieve

Otono:

Los arboles quedan desnudos completamente, Las hojas se

desprenden con facilidad el paisaje se ve triste.

Primavera:

El suelo se llena de pasto
Y de flores que brotan
por montones. Los pajaritlos
La primavera es la mas bonita de las estaciones.

Las estaciones no solo son etapa de la naturaleza
Sino tambien nos
avisan el comienzo
O final de cada.

Estacion. Gracias

Ana Gonzales

Sixth Shack - July 22, 1979

Music is a marvelous form of communication. It can express an idea, display an emotion, tell a story. To quote a famous songwriter, "Music is a world within itself with a language we all understand."

At Runoia music is an important part of each person's life. We are awakened each morning by the ringing of a bell and go to bed at night after hearing taps played on a variety of instruments. And music accompanies us during the hours between first bell and taps. At morning assembly there are always a few songs to start us on our way. Some are silly and some are very simple, but all cause us to react in some way. Vespers is another example of a time when all of us are gathered together for singing, with the sole purpose of relaxing and enjoying ourselves.

Songs create a mood by their tune and lyrics. It is interesting to watch the way a song affects a person and can change their expression and attitude. Whether a person is singing in a church choir or whistling as he walks down the path, music is a part of his life and everyone's life. Yet, at the same time, music is a world within itself.

Holly Higgins

Sing, Sing a Song

This is an enthusiastic, simple song. It makes me want to sing along. The words are easy to learn and the tune is an easy one, which makes it that much easier to sing, sing a song.

Marcia Laurenson

I can feel the pep and vigor that is expressed by the tune. The words are simple and almost everyone is able to relate them to their childhood.

Happiness

Songs bring back moments from my childhood. Songs help me to find the key to happiness, love and kindness. Do you remember trying to tie your shoe and to whistle when you were little? I like walking side by side, foot by foot, hand in hand with a friend. I know a secret that I will tell you. When I was young I loved to climb trees. I like being around tunes to music, tunes to memories and tunes to happiness and love. I like being around you, too. Happiness is finding a new friend. Happiness is coming home from camp after eight beautiful weeks at Camp Runoia

Pearle Gordon

This song brings back memories of my childhood. There are so many little things that have happened to me but mean so much and have remained in my mind. I can see myself doing some of the things that are discussed in these lyrics.

Margaret Van Rensselaer

Secret Of Life

A song writer's main purpose is to get a point across to others. While doing so he expresses his own feelings. In "The Secret Of Life" the writer is basically trying to say - enjoy life while you can. Try to make the best of things. Do not be influenced into doing anything you don't want to do. Be yourself, try not to pretend to be anyone else. Like the meaning of the words, the tune is slow and easy to listen to. It does not pressure the listener.

Robin Sadowski

Music Alone Shall Live

Some songs that are shorter have more meaning and express more feeling, we sing songs that are typical to this at vespers. This song gives a certain quality that nothing else has. This song is simple in words but not in meaning

Claire Solot

The music sets the mood for the song. The mood is a sad, homely feeling which makes you think about how everything in life does except music which is still remembered.

Anabel Shafia

Poems, Prayers and Promises

I think this song is sad in a way and happy in an other way. It talks about the good things about life but the tune is sad. This song also reminds me of things at camp, for example the part that says, "I've seen a lot of sunshine, slept out in the rain," reminds me of the trip to Tumbledown Mountain when we slept on a rock. And in the part that says, "And lie there by the fire," I think of vespers.

A song

Manuela Ribadineira

A song like Poems, Prayers and Promises makes you feel sad. When I'm in a sad mood about something and a song like Poems Prayers and Promises is on the radio it sort of makes me feel like crying. It gives a strong feeling about the way it's sung, and whoever sings it makes you feel the way he would want you to. Songs like this one make you want to relax and feel good at times.

Kim Cornell

In this song the song writer is telling about his life, about both the good and bad things that have happened during it. In the end he is saying that even though some bad things have happened he has done all the things he wanted to do and it was worthwhile. It makes me feel happy. There is one part that reminds me of vespers in the lodge with everybody sitting around the fire singing. The overall feeling I get from this song is a peaceful feeling.

Mitra Morgan

Third Shack - August 5, 1979

Red

Red reminds me of a crayon.

Red reminds me of a rose.

Whenever I see red it makes me happy.

Lori Zinckgraf

Yellow

Yellow is a color that makes me feel warm.

It reminds me of the sun, and the stars at night.

It is fun, it is bright.

It reminds me of a candy lion that roars with all his might.

It is sweet, it is small like a little yellow book.

Bronwyn McCarthy

Green

Green is the color of a delicate new bud just before it opens.

It is the color of a frog just about to jump on a lilypad.

It is the color of trees and grass and nature, it is the
color of me.

Laura Gradman

Blue

Blue is the color of the sky.

Blue is also the color of blueberry pie.

Blue is also a figure of speech.

When you are sad you can also be blue.

Blue can sometimes make you tired and soft.

Blue is a color that goes with anything.

Richele Berg

Brown

Brown reminds me of coffee and baskets,
Going to the beach and getting a tan!

Sarah Easton

Colors

Colors are moods, shapes, sizes and expressions.
People put them into phrases such as, "As blue as the sky,"
or "As green as grass."
Colors can make me happy or sad.
I don't know what I'd do without colors.

Open Meeting
Penny Britell

Cit - August 12, 1979

To leave is to say good-bye to friends and memories. I leave behind not part of myself, but a memory of me. Even though we go separate ways we are always together in spirit. Look at the past as a remembrance of time's fun and happiness. It is now time to continue on....

Gwen Hoffman

I If we do have to leave, let us part with warm feelings. Remember me as I am now. For all our mind pictures are all our thoughts for us to recall. If we do have dreams, follow your dreams and let them blossom into a reality. I knew this summer would end. I'll say good-bye and feel sad, for leaving we leave our memories shared.

Nanette Rummel

My bags are packed. Now only the sweet fragrance of just-burnt leaves accompanies me at the doorstep. I guess I'm ready to go. It's time now. They say the bus is ready. Already the hip of the evening has melted the sun brown-sugar yellow. The leaves smile at me as they dance off in the wind. Soon this yearling will break away, and new castles will become possible.

Jody Rowell

When you leave, you leave behind not only a place but also friends, times and events. Although you may come back, and even see the same people, you can never re-create the past.

Sara DeTurk

Reflecting back I can see what I've done
I enjoyed all the good times and all the fun
I'll remember my friends and
My acquaintances, too
And I'll think of the moments
Those which are few.

Tracie Hassinger

Readings from Open Meeting:

This week we experience a sad time leaving.
Oh, to be arriving here once more would be wonderful,
To still have eight weeks of fun and adventure
But as it is not so, we must just remember friendships and
The fun times we've had this summer.
So for now, good-bye.

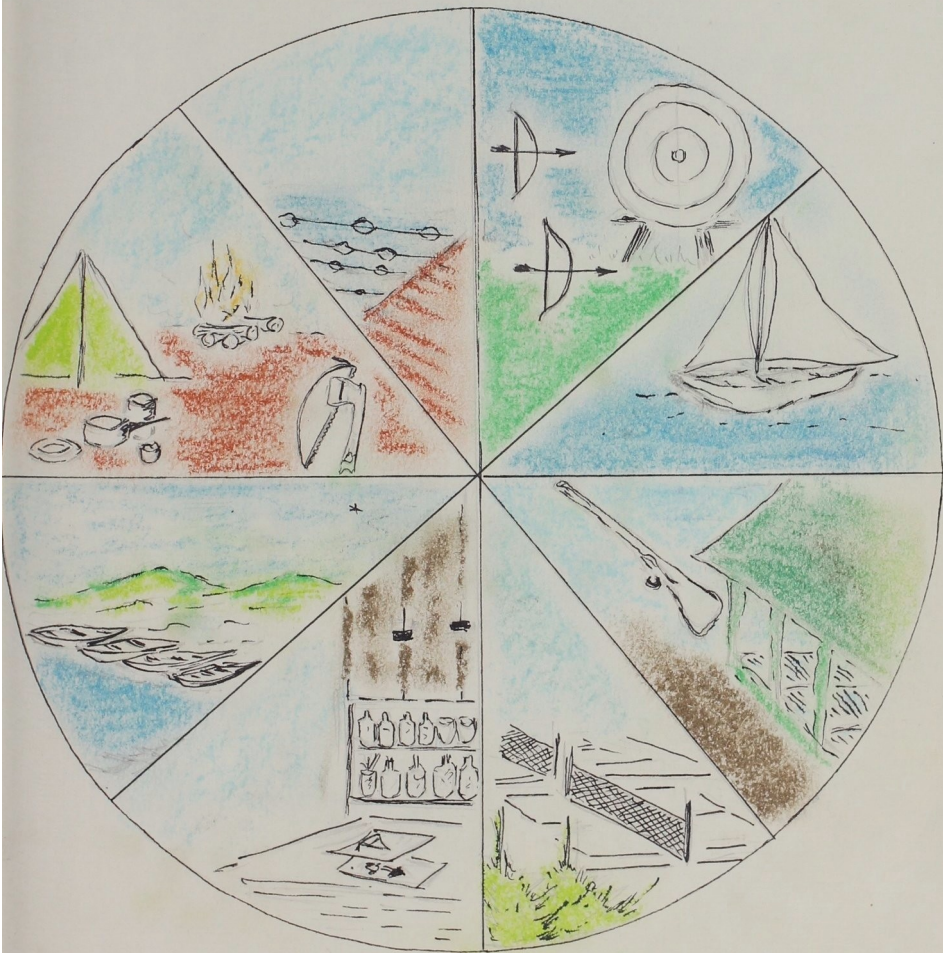
Penny Britell

Mixed Feelings

At the end of camp everybody is really sad and everybody has mixed feelings. Most of them want to go home and see their parents and friends but don't want to leave camp. And so, you get this big lump in your throat and suddenly start to cry and then you don't stop crying for a long time! But when you do, you feel a lot better.

Jill Hassinger

Miscellaneous



Log Contest Winners

The Thunderstorm

The thunderstorm's a giant,
Coming from his cave.
While overflowing the ocean,
He makes a tidal wave.
His face is rough and rugged,
His clothes are all a mess.
And he really is quite ugly,
That I must confess.
He walks around the city,
Being quiet as a dove.
Then suddenly his lightening falls,
From the heavens up above.

Carrie Chalmers

Sometimes I Think About Summer

Sometimes, when I'm in school, in algebra usually, and sometimes in biology, I find myself looking out of the window, and I think about summer.

I try to imagine the feeling of the hot dustiness on the tennis court, and the frustration at "Watch the ball," and "Level swing." I try to remember the satisfaction of the definite "thwunk" as the racquet hits the ball, and the voice of "Nice hit."

I try to remember the all-day sails, the sparkling water, and the feeling of the boat skimming and jumping the waves, and the days with no wind. I think of blowing in the sails, Chinese fire drills, and yelling vainly, "Blow Wind Blow!" Sailing all day, and later that night I bob on the waves in my sleep.

Canoeing brings memories of "Am I getting tan?" and "Please can we do a tippy test?" Strong, silent, deep strokes cutting the canoe through the water.

I try to imagine the closeness of the people I was in contact with at camp, a different kind of closeness than with my friends at school because we live together, learn together and grow together.

And I remember certain moments; the tenseness of Blue/White softball games, s'mores and singing around a campfire, on a trip, water-fights from the sailboats, canoe tippy tests, and vespers in which the camp, my friends, sang together, smiled together, and rested together.

I try to remember swimming lessons. There were days when we were so grateful to jump into the cool water after a morning activity in the sun. And there were days we spent all morning trying to think of excuses to get out of swimming lessons. (A sore throat is a bad excuse because it gets sprayed with that red stuff that tastes like band-aids and makes your

aids and makes your tongue fuzzy.)

But it's hard to remember. Looking out at the ground growing harder, or the falling snow, or the melting snow, it's hard to remember the sticky summer heat, or the dry dusty days, or the warm drizzly days, or even the cool Maine summer nights.... And then the teacher calls on me and says something like, "What's the equation of a line?" And I scramble my thoughts together to think about equations and lines and x 's and y 's....

But sometimes, I think about summer.

Carrie Campbell

Creative Writing

My summer at camp was fun! Just because the mosquitoes were terrible, and it was too cold at night, and the camp blankets were itchy doesn't mean I can't have fun! Camp Runoia is great!

Alison Frye

Nature

Nature is nice as nice as can be
Nature has a lot to do with me
You see, when I am down I don't need
To be with people, I need
To walk in the woods and see...
Nature.

Jill Hassinger

Fire

There are many ways fire is used,
To warm our house
Or cook our food.
Marshmallows can be toasted,
Or chestnuts roasted.
If you're not careful with fire
You can get burned,
But if you use safety it can
Do you no harm.
I like the fire with its
Flickering light
That slowly dies out
When it's time for night.

Carrie Chalmers

Camp Runoia is a place to have fun,
Is a place to enjoy.
And is a place for a girl, not a boy!
The horses go clippity clop
The kids sweep out their room with a mop!
As you see, the kids walk out
Without a pout!

Jenny Alfond
Amy Cook

Camping is fun
In the summer sun.
The sunset at night
Is such a beautiful sight.
The rainbow's color
Is really quite bright
And that's the end of all
The summer fun.

Amy Cook

Summer is fun in the hot, hot sun.
While you're getting a tan in the warm, soft sand,
You can splash around in the water that's blue
And ride the waves in on a raft that's new.
You can ride a bike on the nice paved street
And smile at everyone that you meet.
And because you like summer in a special way,
You can pretend that it is almost every day!!

Bronwyn McCarthy
Laura Gradman

The Sailboat

The sailboat is so fine and majestic
She sails like a gull soaring through the sky.
But when she gets swamped she must get indigestic,
Or when tipped she must cry.

The the sailboat we are the killer
We ruefully bounce on her floor
Smashing batons and breaking her tiller
By now she must be very, very sore.

Yet, I'm sure she loves the camper
For in winter she must be sad
It certainly is a great damper
So maybe she isn't mad...

At the way we crunch up her sails
Because we put her to the test
Of us she must have many tales
To tell when in winter she goes to rest.

Sally Frank

Suntan

Smell of raspberries
 on green pine
Hazy days make me wonder
How I got so tan.

Cool breeze
 touching dewy grass
Stunted blueberries on green fern
How did I get so tan?

Pertruding sunshine
 where blue cannot be found
Except in blue jeans and pretty circles
How did I get so tan?

After-scent of rain
 when everything is clean
The yellow sun is still not out and
My tan is beginning to fade.

Lori Winfield

Fond Memories

golden flowers
and green apples
in the summer
time
cool breezes
and fond memories.

the "monsoons" and
the "drought"
the pine trees
and
the queen anne's lace
fond memories.

silver sailing ships
on a blue sky
white sailboats
on
a blue lake
fond memories.

the tears stream
down their faces
they wonder
but
they don't want to
forget fond memories

Lori Winfield
August 16, 1979

Name Story

Once upon a time, in Roland of St. Pierre, there lived Goodblood, a firebreathing dragon. He constantly Gonzales-ed and Hassinger-ed the kingdom of Rutherford West of Winfield. Now, I'll Sutel you the romantic and courageous tale of Prince Gordon Van Rensselaer. Erlor in the year while riding his Morgan named Trager through Wormwood Forest, he came upon a Hoffman. The Hoffman told him the terrible news of Princess Pearle Shafia. She had been captured Easton of Wanstedt by Goodblood. "On Gottlieb," the prince Rummel-ed. With a Glazer-ed look in his eye, he raced through the forest. As it grew dark, Hess stopped at the Charest Chalet. The inn was owned by Howard McCarthy. Howard asked if the prince had Erda the princess's capture. The prince exclaimed, "Deshales, who hasn't?" The prince then asked where the princess had been captured. Howard answered, "Wilson, you will travel over many Mills and through several Levines but watch out for de Trulls and DeTurks. The next day the Cook and the Baker prepared Fried Frankfurters with Campbell soup and corn on the Cobb for the prince. He was a Gradman after that meal. The prince tipped Howard two Billingtons, which was a fine Price in those days. He then set off on his way. After several hours of Spiesing through the forest, he got a Cornell, so he stopped by the Ribadeneira for a rest and a drink of water. When he finally got to his destination, he met a Feldman. The Feldman told him that Goodblood had taken off with the princess as well as Solot of other innocent people. "Kahn you help us?" begged the Feldman. "Sherman, Alfond them," replied the prince. At this very noble statement, the Feldman and all the bystanders felt confident.

They had all heard about the prince and his Long, Famous Wilkinson sword made of Zinckgraf. You see, Zinckgraf is the only type of metal which can slice through the Wing of a dragon. The Wing is the chosen spot because it is Britell and Corson. A lone Schulman in the crowd named Aaron Higgins volunteered to help the prince. Said he, "You Brebner bring me for we'll do Rowell well together." The two left on their journey. They crossed the Laurenson River on a Ferre to the iceBerg where Goodblood was adrift. The two landed safely on the iceBerg and started the long climb to the top when they heard a strange noise behind them. There was the terrible dragon, Goodblood, standing near them with his huge Chalmers and Smolinsky billowing from his nose. This dragon was big for he weighed more than a Leighton and even more than a Carlton. "He's coming to aSaltus," cried Aaron. "I'll be Francoeur with you," began the prince, "you had better Colina up your act and stop Malatesta-ing the people of Rutherford or you are a dead dragon." "Mir-Kazemi," screamed the dragon, "I will do what I please!" With that statement, the prince pulled out his mighty Wilkinson sword and slayed the dragon. "I've Dunn it," hollered the prince, "I've killed the dragon!" "Murray!" yelled the villagers. Later that evening, King Sargent Kennedy gave the prince a gold statue. Now the prince was Richards than ever. Sadowski the story ended.

NAME POEMS

April
Now spring is coming
And flowers start to bloom.
Birds are
Everywhere and
Laughter is all around.

Sounds of
Happy children
Are all around.
Families
Inside houses
Are making cheerful sounds.

Slowly
Another sunset
Marks
Another day's end.
Night is coming
Through
Hills
And fields.

But, in a few hours
Rising
In
The
East
Light will come, the
Light of a new day.

Shacks are a home away from home,
Having all your friends near by.
A shack is a place where you can be with the people you love,
Caring about your friends and what they do.
Kings are what the counselors think they are, but in reality
— they are just one of us!
— Shacks really are a home away from home!

Marcia Laurenson

Running through the woods
On a moonlit night,
Breaking branches
In sheer fright,
Nothing can stop her; no one will try.

She's a runaway
And has nowhere to hide.
Death is really her
Only fear.
When she feels lonely
She tries to
Keeep a memory of her mother
Inside deep.

Kites fly up in the sky,
And close to birds as they soar by.
Tossings and turnings, cutting up the wind
Ending and falling out of the sky like a pin
that's unpinned.

Every day when the sun is setting
Running water becomes still,
Day breaks
And another day is ahead of us.

Lovely are the nights camping in the woods
In the woods.
A day or two spent paddling are fun.
Nights around a campfire are
Everlasting memories of trips.

Charley came
Late that day
Adorable as could be
Intelligent and
Radiant in
Every way.

Sak's sent him
On the 16th.
Little and cute
Out of the box he came
Together my bear and I are happy.

Every bit of camp I
Like, card games of spit in the shack,
Light snacks at night,
Even when we get caught raiding!
Now that camp is over I will be sad, but be

Glad next year when camp starts again.
Over the winter we will write
To each other
To tell of the fun we are having
Like the winter sports.
I like writing people
Even though they are far away
Because they are friends of mine. I like camp!

All the birds sing sweetly at dawn
Like all the crickets at night on the lawn.
Entertained am I by all these sights,
X-tra wet is the lawn because it rained all night.

Hairy that rabbit does look
Eagerly he stole a berry from the bush, what a crook!
Sadly I leave these things my eyes saw
Still I hear the birds who aren't sad at all.

All the little birds are singing in the trees
Taugh their little heads off...
I love that little breeze
So sing so very softly,
Oh, so very softly.
Not a word can be heard.

Fragil are the daffodils that bloom upon the hill.
Rays from the sunlight not dry enough to kill.
You and I together see this pretty sight.
Everyone goes home at the dawn of the night.

Auburn skies
Melting the
Yielding shadows

Dazzled by the
Uniqueness of
November
Nights.

A small gray

Mouse

Inquisitively sticks its head

Through the small crack in the wall. It's small black nose

Riggles excitedly

As the faint smell of cheese meets it.

Moving quickly the small mouse scampers

— across the counter and takes a flying leap

Onto a plate filled with mounds and mounds

— of cheese.

Remembering the last time he had sat on the counter

— eating cheese and the cat had attempted to eat him, he

Glanced

Around worriedly. After making sure he was totally alone,

— he sat down and slowly ate the cheese. Then, when he was done,

— he lay down to enjoy a long

Nap.

Peaceful and calm, the water ripples.

Oranges and reds begin to

Shine on the horizon.

In delight I watch the

Ever rising sun. Like

Velvet was the water before the sun shone. Then came

A glimmer,

Next a glisten, and now light.

Radiates interminable across the lake.

Each ripple of water carries upon itself a ray of light.

Need I witness such Beauty?

Seldom does one get the chance to

See the sun rise.

Early in the morning

Little stirrs save

A ripple of water

Edding its way across the lake before the first

Ray of light may ride its crest.

Lollipop flowers
Apple trees
Uummy popcorn
Running chocolate streams
Always smell nice, it seems.

Garbage there is not
Running at a trot
All through the course
Driving your horse
Many peppermint sticks
And a lot of big licks and
Nestles bars are everywhere.

Blasting softballs out of reach
Loving to win, I honestly preach
Until the sun sets
Everyone bets on the Blues doing their best.

Winning they do look forward to, I admit
Hitting high-popped balls they do
Innings after innings,
Test after test,
Even hard, they do their best.

Rachel Sutel

Down by the water
In sailboats
A small camper
Named Diane Murray
Escapes to Pine Island.

Many of the boys were runts.
Using much of her time to say good-bye
Returns from her exciting journey,
Runs into Betty
And gets yelled at!
Yes, I did survive!

Joyous times are plentiful here
Oh, how the time seems to be flying
Each moment has its special meaning
Loud laughs and giggles all ring clear.

Seems that we just got here.
Camp isn't over yet!
Homeward bound so soon
Unbelievably fast, too fast, too soon
Leaving special friends, places, but --
Memories will not be lost
And all one can say is
Next year, hopefully, we'll all be back.

Almost always shining
Not always out
Not always bright
Everlasting sun.

Warmth and heat
It's an inconvenience sometimes
Low at night
Keen and bright
Inside
No one is up
Sun rises
On the water
Next to be set.

Camp gives people the chance to meet new friends and
have exciting adventures.
Activities can give campers the chance to see what
they can do best and to see how much they can
achieve in one summer.
Many other places people can go, but at camp you can
relax and be yourself.
Probably there is no other place where I can act as
much like myself as camp.

Martha Wilson

Attractive is Ana
Not so narrow, but nice
Always laughing and having fun.

Gambler in "I doubt it"
Original is Ana
New-comer to Runoia
Zestie for the White team is she
Adopted Fourth Shack right from the start
Loca-Loca-Helen are her lines
Elopment with David is her wish
Saying good-bye to Ana will be hard.

Jessica Leighton

Song Contest Winners

Tune: Make New Friends

Make new camps, but keep Runoia
Those are silver but Runoia's gold!

Fifth Shack

Tune: Father and Son

It's almost time to make a change
Camp will be over
We've been having a good time
And we know we'll miss our friends
But we'll be back, some of us
And we'll make Runoia fine.

Seventh Shack

Fourth of July

It all started on the morning of July Fourth. The morning's silence was disturbed by the racket of the counselors banging on pots and pans and blowing of horns to wake us up. Then the morning bell rang and, after breakfast we had British and American competition. The games were great and we owe it all to the Cits. You have to admit, it was the best Fourth of July that ever was!

Ellen Gottlieb

J'ai trouve que les Americains sont tres fiers de'etre Americain. Saluer son drapeau tous les matin c'est beaucoup.

Au Canada nous ne fetons pas la fete du Canada juste que c'est conye.

Au Quebec le 24 Juin c'est une grande fete; il y'a de la musique a plusieurs endroit on s'amuse bien. Mais on s'habille pas la couleur de notre drapeau j'aime le Canada et le Quebec car c'est une belle region.

Elise Charest

The big number 4 is the Fourth of July
Firecrackers are flying everywhere
Dressing up all red, white and blue, all mixed up
The camp like a zoo,
And that's what it's like on the Fourth of July.

Amy Cook

The day started off with the Cits, Aides and Counselors (all dressed crazily in red, white and blue, of course) gathering together to parade through the shacks. As they went through Junior and Senior end they were armed with pots and pans and noisemakers. As they marched through each shack, David blew his trumpet in almost every room to get the lazy campers up. Then Jack cantered Friar Tuck through camp shouting, "The British are coming!"

After breakfast the Cits were in charge of games, such as empty the lake, balloon toss, M&M and flour pile, 3-legged obstacle course, etc. The morning, ended by tug-of-war contests and a free swim, went by quickly.

The afternoon consisted of a giant relay race throughout camp. The Americans won the race, which decided their victory for the day. Vespers that night involved a bonfire, camp songs, a story and a poem by Phil, marshmallows and sparklers.

Gwen Hoffman

Skylab

According to the newscasters of America, Skylab fell into the Indian Ocean. However, it did not miss the United States entirely. Here at camp we celebrated the Big Fall with a small party and we were visited by quite a few extra-terrestrial beings at E.P.

They showed up with horns on their heads and tails on their rears. Some bodies were large, some were small, and some were quite plump. They were green and purple and blue. Some had horns and webbed feet, others had no legs at all; they were blobs having a close resemblance to sleeping bags.

They came from all sorts of places, including planet XYZ and Heaven (God and an angel made an appearance). When everyone and everything had assembled on the kickball field, they paraded past a panel of judges. Prizes were awarded to those creatures having the strangest, most exotic appearances.

After a few minutes of light chit-chat in which the creatures became acquainted with one another, they were split into teams and participated in some relay races. Following the games the space beings slowly disappeared after saying their good-byes and thanking us for an interesting, if odd E.P.

Holly Higgins

What an E.P.! Everybody dressed up as martians from space. People were dressed up in sleeping bags and all sorts of things. They had flippers on their feet and plastic bags with arms holes and a hole for their heads. It was really fun!

Alison Frye

Rocks

Has anyone ever taken the time to think about the poor rocks at Camp Runoia? Can you imagine what they must think when they are decorated in the most peculiar fashion? We really don't know what they are like, and they might have been very offended when they were made out to be a stoned rockstar! Maybe they feel that they're much more conservative and well brought up than that! How about a turtle? That poor rock probably felt much more outgoing than a turtle.

So next time you tread on or decorate a rock, think of it as an individual!

Sally Frank



Two things together a pair do make
So choose a partner you can take
To a pairs party on Saturday night
Come join us - it should be quite a sight!

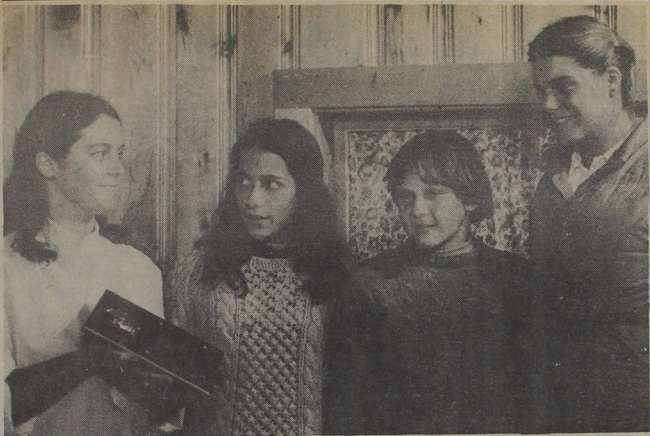
Aides, June 30



Getting Ready For Swimathon

Laura Gradman, Bronwyn McCarthy, Louise Pulsifer, Krysia Tripp and Frannie Wood are practicing laps for Belgrade's Robertson Health Center Swimathon. The second annual fund-raising event will be held July 21 from 8-5 at Camp Runoia on Great Pond. All children are welcome to enter if

they have a sponsor, and prizes will be awarded for the best time swimming 90 laps and the most money collected. For further information, anyone may contact the Robertson Health Center. (Sentinel Photo by Candace Hill)



Honored In Swimathon

Gail Rizzo, left, chairman of the Swimathon for the Robertson Health Center, Belgrade, presents Ranoia Campers Sally Frank and Anne Wilkenson, and Trudy Rutherford head of the swim program at Camp

Ranoia with a trophy honoring them with having each swum 264 laps in the Swimathon. More than 50 girls from Camp Ranoia swam in the benefit for the Robertson Health Center. (Sentinel Photo by candace Hill)

2, 4, 6...100, 102, 104

The count was never poor

Almost every camper and counselor, too
Swam to make our record new,

By the end of the day we were tired but proud
A new record we set and we all cheered aloud!

7, 225 laps total!

In the second annual Belgrade Swimathon we surpassed last year's records by 3, 409 laps. This was due to the incredible enthusiasm of the counselors as well as the campers. Alice Brebner swam 300 laps in the afternoon to top the morning's best of 270 laps held by Meg Richards. Other top swimmers were David Wilson, Joel Schulman, and campers Sally Frank and Anne Wilkinson all with fantastic personal records of 264 laps. It was quite a day!

Poem to the Aides

Along the shores of Great Pond in Maine
In five little cabins, just the same
Lived five super Aides, the best to be found.
It certainly was fun to have each one around.
They lived in Junior and Senior end, too
They sure never lacked for something to do!
Halfway through the summer they did up their packs
And switched ends of camp, all but one in Fifth Shack.
And what did they do, just about everything
Knowledge and skill to activities they'd bring.
They helped out with swimming and riding and sailing
With riflery, tennis and even with bailing!
They watched all that happened and soon were assisting
Till their talents when listed made quite a long listing!
At the start of the summer on a canoe trip we went
And off to New Jersey for Ellen we sent.
We paddled Moose River in canoes three
Glided on lakes, through whitewater with glee,
Swatted at bugs and just missed the ledge
Watched a moose eating right along the edge.
No one had a flashlight or a watch for the time
When it got dark into bed we did climb.
We sang around campfires, watched the moon when it came
And on our last night Jack flew in with his plane.
Soon after that trip we headed for Portland
Since all five of us were James Taylor fans.
Then on to camp visits, we stopped to see two.
Returned to Runoia and challenges new.
Our summer's been busy, the days have flown by
And before we knew, 'twas the end of July.
Music and singing have brightened our days
From vespers to serenades for which the twins played.
We went off one day, a balloon to chase
What fun to look down and see every face!
At Pemaquid Point we sat on the rocks
Then off to Boothbay to walk through the shops.
A restaurant called Hollmegminamcar they did make
A dinner was served, complete with a cake.
Carmen we asked to do our works of art
In every activity she played a part.
How we have loved her happy demeanor
Good times might not have been if we'd never seen her!
Mina enjoys helping the cooks
You also will see her with an English book.
In riflery, archery, on the tennis court
You'll find her assisting in most any sport.

Meg will teach tennis when given the chance
Both Seventh and Fourth Shacks her presence enhanced.
She's been at Runoia since she was quite small
Has helped in each sport, she can do them all.
What would we have done without Holly's good humour?
Did she beat Jack at backgammon, or is that just a rumor?
In sailing her spinnaker class won her fame
Without her, Runoia would not be the same.
Amy, with Annie, spent most of her time
Days off, to her, were especially sublime.
With Cits swam each afternoon
To Fifth Shack her presence was surely a boon.
The summer has been one of music and sharing
Of learning and working together, or caring.
I wish you a winter that's happy and bright
With days that go quickly so you can be right
BACK AT CAMP AGAIN SOON!!!

Diane Erler
August 15, 1979

Can You Imagine?

The French Connection unconnected?
A California flower child?
Jack Erler not telling any stories?
A day-off and no way to get out of camp?
Kate Erda with straight hair?
Pam Famous not at riflery?
Telling Martha her sights are ruined?
Robin without an alligator?
Camping trips without Brillo?
Anyone really on a diet?
Lori Winfield drinking less than twenty glasses of liquid
in a day?
Getting the log material done on time?
A camper not wanting seconds?
A successful raid?
No card games at camp?
The staff on the kickball field looking for Skylab?
Manuela biting a boy in Belgrade?
Ruthie without crutches?
Sally without Jenny?
Martha without Carrie?
Tracy without Wendy?
The Aides going to the James Taylor concert?
Diane in a balloon?
All the boats in working condition?
Most of Sixth Shack turtled in the middle of the lake, and
then later thawing out on Oak Island?
Being attacked by bats at skinnies?
The lake with a gentle breeze?
Starting and finishing Sports Week in two days?

Samantha without her radio?

Kim Cornell without a visor?

Joel without his to-be-patched jean shorts?

Holly without a feather in her hat?

A summer without bugs??

Finger pops at counselor's coffee?

Lost and Found

Lost

Erica Wormwood
Connie Conehead
Peach Jello
David Asano
Boop working on the log
Trudy
Three super campers
Second Shack
Plain old weak black coffee
The Cobb House
Johnny
Sleeping alone
Pistachio pudding
Rutger's cooks
Jack and Diane
Louise
Cocoa
Toad
Groucho

Found

Erica Woodworm
Sitting Dunn
Watermellon and Iced Tea
Joel
Sarah working on the log
Swimming and diving
Two Cits and One Camper
Hair salon
Mocha
The P.S.
Fond memories
Sleeping in stacks
Pistachio cake
South Dakota (fortunately)
P.I.G. and S.
Safe and well in Quebec
C.R.
Thad
The new colt

Last Will and Testament

I, Carrie Campbell, bequeath my gunnelling ability to Amy Dunn, "starboard tack" to Sally Frank and Martha Wilson, Armour hot dogs to Helen Kahn and Sharon West, and my ugly bathing suit to anyone who wants it.

I, Tracy Cornell, bequeath my laugh to Jill Aaron, my small appetite to Joel Schulman, my riding ability to Jack Carlton, and my talkativeness to Nina Feldman. I bequeath a thousand apologies to Lori Winfield and Sally Frank, all my cuts, scrapes, sore throats, poison ivy, coughs, illnesses, germs, etc., etc. to Doris Trull. I leave my magenta Adidas bathing suit to my sister Kim, my book Where are the Children to everyone, and my best wishes to Camp Runoia!

I, Marie-France Deshaies, bequeath my French accent to Carrie Campbell, my French jeans to Nanette Rummel, my favorite yellow shirt to Elise Charest, and my hair to Kate Erda.

I, Dana Hassinger, bequeath my chest to Sally Frank, my new clothes to Leah Spies, my riflery ability to Britt Long (even though she doesn't need it), my sailing ability to my sister, Jill, and my sympathy to the counselors of Seventh Shack.

I, Wendy Mills, bequeath my 1st place sailing ability to Jack Erler, my freckles to Manuela, my straight hair to Kate Erda, my laugh to Trudy Rutherford, and my bottle of rubbing alcohol to Dana Hassinger.

I, Suzanne St. Pierre, bequeath my French accent to Jennifer Levine, my candle mushroom to Karen Baker, my Speedo shirt to Nanette Rummel, my height to Kathie Goodblood, and my overalls to Marie-France Deshaies.

I, Martha Wilson, bequeath my obscene banana calls to Erica Wormwood, my books to Jenny Levine, my jiggley back end to Carrie Campbell, five games of Spit to Jenny Glazer, and to Meg Richards one night of gossip.

I, Erica Wormwood, bequeath my fantastic ability to steal "Preppy Paddingtons" to Robin Sadowski, my sense of humour to Holly Higgins and David Wilson, my "delivery" of jokes to Carrie Campbell, and my ability to sing "Is she really going out with him?" to Meg Richards.

Cotillion Wishes

We, the Cits, wish that everyone in the future will have as much fun in learning and growing as we have had this summer.

We, the Seventh Shackers of 1979, wish that all the good times we've had may linger in people's memories and that the fantastic spirit and tradition of this year will always last. We want the summer to go on and on and we know in our thoughts that it will. In our hearts we wish that all of Camp Runoia's friendships will be everlasting.

We wish camp were longer so that we could spend more time with all the friends we've made this year. We also hope that everyone had as good a summer as we had and that they will take home many happy memories of camp.

Sunday, July 1, 1979

Greetings!

One can see that Runoia is certainly back into its normal groove. This first week, as usual, was campcraft week. We each went on an overnight to either Fairy Ring or Oak Island. Although kids were running in and out of camp, all activities took place as normal.

Sailors intervened with the camp schedule on Tuesday and Saturday when all-day sails took place. The sun shone brightly on Tuesday giving all of the sailors lots of color, while on Saturday a gray haze was suspended over the lake. The weather, for the most part, has been sunny but cold. We have had an occasional threat of thunder with no rain to accompany it.

Evening programs for the summer began with a great boom on Monday night when a fearsome game of four-way Capture the Flag was introduced. Tuesday, we played Runoia Bottle-cross (lacrosse) and Crab Soccer. The following evening was spent playing with parachutes...on the ground, of course. There were all sorts of games we played with parachutes. Thursday night our musical culture and agility were tested as we played an obstacle course version of Name That Tune. Seventh Shack won the "most, most" prize on Friday night for the outstanding decoration of their porch. Decorating went even further last night when we all dressed up in pairs. Big Bird and Oscar (with Mr. Hooper joining them) won the "most colorful" award, and Raggedy Ann and Andy won the "best dressed" award. It was easy to see that a lot of effort went into making the costumes.

We love having camp in full swing, and we hope you get the chance to see it in action. We'll keep you posted on Maine events.

Love,
AIGUER

The Second Annual Belgrade Swinathon,
this Saturday, we will host.

We are all anxious to see, who can swim the most

It's to benefit Belgrade Regional Health center

Over 3,000 laps last year, this year hopefully higher

5 cents a lap contribution to the cause

Will sure gain,our appreciated applause.

Everybody:

can hardly believe that we've only four weeks left to camp. The summer is half over, and we still have lots to do! We've had a busy week, full of all sorts of activities. We continued the Blue/White competition with a sailing race and a kickball game. Skipper Wendy Mills led the Blue Team to victory in the sailing race and the Junior Whites were victorious in kickball.

Although the ground was dampened early in the week by rain, our spirits remained high with interesting rainy day activities such as Blind Newcomb, Steal the Bacon, Gold Rush and Sing Downs. Hounds and Hares as well as a mystery hunt occupied most of our time one afternoon. Frisbee Golf has definitely become the most popular at time activity.

Up thinned out towards the end of the week as various groups left for Long Lake, Tumbledown, and Mt. Pisgah. Seven seniors left on Wednesday for a three day canoe trip on Long Lake. They returned enthusiastic and tan. Eight Juniors enjoyed picking raspberries and raspberries while on their Mt. Pisgah climb on Thursday. The kitchen was humming as the girls baked and enjoyed pies made from the berries. Thursday found eight Seniors leaving on an overnight trip to Tumbledown where they spent the night under the stars after their long climb. The view from "Top of the World" was worth the tired and sore muscles.

Another group of campers enjoyed an all day horseback ride with a stop for lunch and a chance to enjoy the view.

Evenings were spent doing a variety of exciting activities. Monday evening we searched for gold which was then exchanged for money to be used Tuesday evening at the races. Toad races it is. Jockey Anne Wilkinson spurred "Fiesty Fifi Frog" to finish first in three out of four races. "Mean Joe Green" driven on by Cornell improved the financial status of many betters by a big shot of 4 to 1 in the final race.

Tuesday evening was poetry activities and Thursday evening we enjoyed a talent show provided by campers and staff alike. Friday we tested our vocabulary skills with an alphabet game.

Saturday was a beautiful and warm day. Perfect for the second annual Swim-A-Thon which was held to benefit Belgrade Regional Health Center. Camp Runoia hosted the program and many of our campers took part in this worthwhile program to raise money for the center. Many of the local swimmers from the Belgrade area joined us. Many pledges were received from residents and we are proud of all who helped make the Swim-a-Thon such a huge success. Congratulations to all of you.

Friday evening we had a "Miss Runoia" contest. The lucky winner of the contest was Marie-Claude Francoeur. Congratulations!

July 29, 1979

Dear Families,

Another week has whipped by and it was full of exciting events. The theme for Sunday Service was music and feelings. It was interesting to hear the various reactions that the Sixth Shackers had for the songs that they sang. In the afternoon a sailing race was held and Wendy Mills once again led the Blues to victory. At Vespers we heard an amusing trip song and viewed several incredible displays of canoe handling by recent trippers. More awards were given out in riflery, archery and swimming. Jack ended our evening with one of his attention-grabbing stories.

On Monday everyone headed in different directions. The Aides rose early to chase after Diane and two friends as the three of them went touring the countryside in a hot-air balloon. After breakfast camp pictures were taken and then the Seniors hurried off to the beach. The Juniors participated in a kickball game which the Whites won and the Cits went for a lunch sail. Monday evening the Runcia Olympics were held.

A group of Juniors left on Tuesday for an overnight on Crooked Island. Betty and Lori led the group. They returned with enough blueberries for all of us to have blueberry muffins! The rest of us found relief from the heat that night by disco dancing in the water. What a sight that was!

On Wednesday the campers had a free evening to do as they wished. Several games such as gymnastics and kick-the-can were organized by the campers.

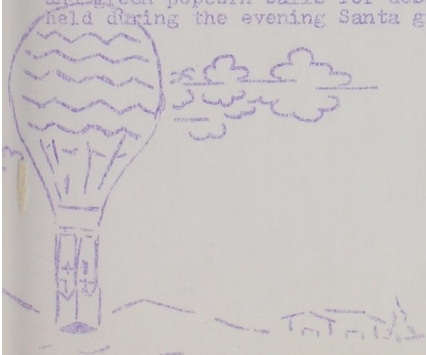
On the following day the Aides visited two camps in southern Maine. Mount Tumbledown was invaded again by eight of our Seniors for another overnight. Evening Program was a circus with quite a variety of acts from clowns and animal acts to tightrope walkers. The Sanitation Department took care of any trouble-makers in the ring.

On Friday the Cits cooked shish-ka-bobs for their dinner. All reports led us to believe that it was a delicious dinner. The Aides ate their dinner at Fairy Ring and during evening program all the campers played a variety of games.

"We Wish You a Merry Christmas" filled the air Saturday morning. There was a snowman on the roof of the dining room (!) and Santa Claus appeared at flag raising. During the afternoon there was a Senior softball game won by the Whites. We had red and green popcorn balls for dessert and, at a truly merry celebration held during the evening Santa granted everyone's wish!

Until next week...

Aionur



Week of August 12, 1979

Dear Families:

The last few days of camp are approaching fast and much to everyone's dismay. With sports week occupying everyone's mind, time has slipped by unnoticed.

Last Sunday was a beautiful and warm day and the afternoon was spent on the beach with many activities offered. There was another sailing race with the 1st place winner being Margaret Van Rensselaer for the White team. Vespers saw everyone on the beach around a camp fire and songs and awards plus a beautiful sunset brought to a close another week.

Monday was a bright and clear day with everyone appearing at Flag Raising dressed in uniform with an extra wide smile on their face. This was due to the arrival of our photographers who were here to observe and photograph our activities in action for the planning of a new brochure on camp. As the girls went about their activities during the day they were often surprised to turn around and find that the photographer had been snapping pictures completely unnoticed.

The C.I.T.'S received training in wood splitting with a gas power wood splitter which proved to be a great asset to the formerly hand split method. Judging by the amount of wood that they happened to core someone must expect a cold winter.

At the conclusion of our Blue/White softball competition the Whites have won in that category.

Wednesday was a day meant for the beach and that was exactly where the Seniors went. The Juniors had various activities open to them and spent a day at camp doing as they wished with a picnic lunch on the beach.

We awoke to a delightful surprise on Thursday morning. A new colt has joined Camp Runoia. Everyone was caught up in the miracle of creation as we marveled at our new arrival. Thursday evening we all enjoyed a "Teddy Bear" Picnic.

We were all delighted when "Johnny" stopped to visit us while on vacation. We miss her presence here and were so glad she stopped to visit with us.

The C.I.T.'S made their last journey for this summer when they climbed Tumbledown on Friday. The Juniors went to the Bath Marine Museum in Bath and enjoyed the trip.

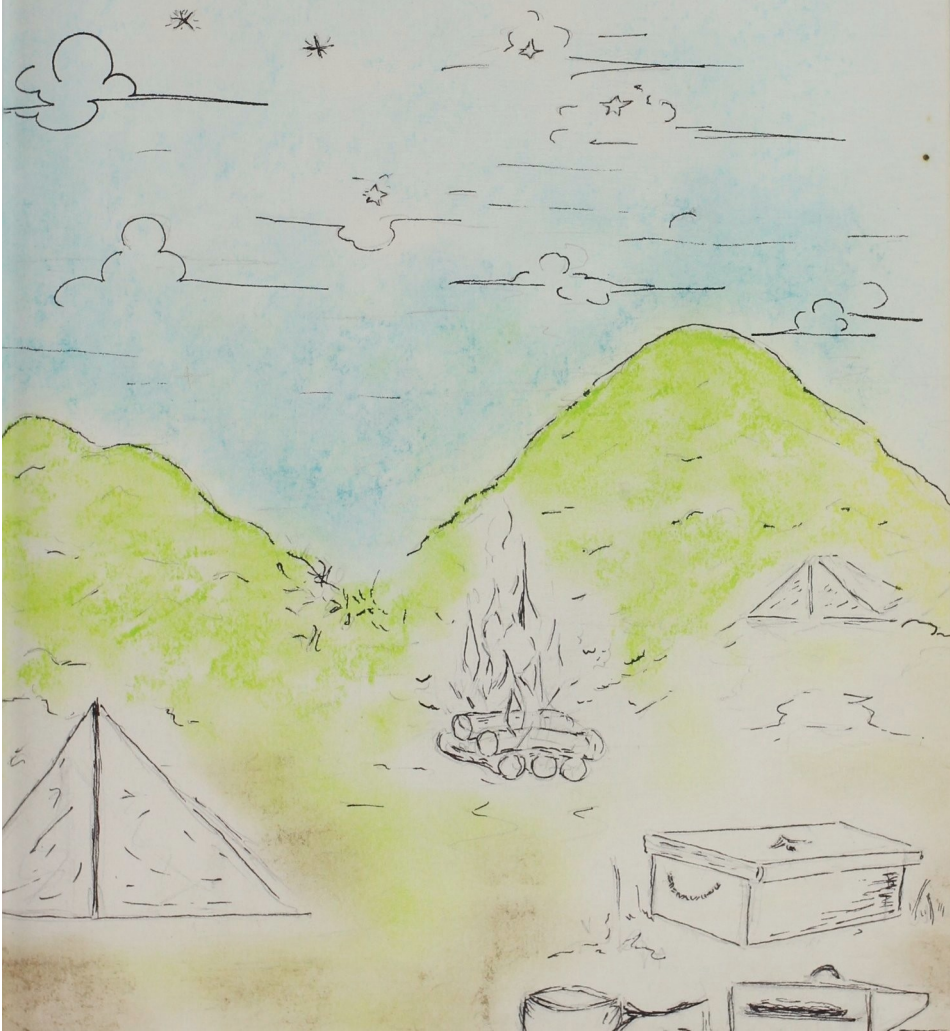
We wound up our week with a "Mock Trial" Saturday evening.

Our best to all of you and we will see you soon.

Love

Aionur

Trips



Moose River, Aides Trip - July 5-8, 1979

On July 5, 1979, at 9:30 A.M. our group of six left, with Joe driving the van, to explore the Moose River. The six included Diane, Carmen, Mina, Holly, Meg and Ellen who had come from her research project in New Jersey to take the trip with us. It was a very cool day and as we drove further north it became even cooler until we began to realize that shorts had been a poor choice of clothing! There was talk of snow flurries and ice on the water bucket and when we arrived in Jackman we began to believe it all! In Jackman we looked for topographical maps of the area. Ellen and Diane stopped in a couple of very quaint stores - the entire town had a real air of a border town, which it is as it is so close to Canada. From Jackman we drove to the warden's house where we got our fire permit and received further directions. From there we drove down a long, dusty road, finally arriving at Holeb Pond where we quickly ate our lunch, unloaded our canoes and gear and waved good-bye to Joe.

We decided to paddle to a sandy beach which was nearby to see if we could camp there. However, when we arrived we discovered a sign saying 'Kindle No Fires.' The sun on the beach was warm so we stayed to enjoy it until it went under a cloud! Back to our other spot where we set up our tents, arranged our kitchen and began to cook dinner. We ate chicken Valerie, i.e. chicken with mushrooms and cheese, rice and even made a cherry pie. As we washed our dishes we watched the sun set in a blaze of color, the moon rise and brilliant stars come out. The clouds scurrying across the moonlit sky dropped a few raindrops on us and made interesting patterns for us. Before going to bed we sang to the guitar. Watches were put away as the decision was made to do our trip without knowing the time. And, as if that weren't enough,

we discovered as we crawled into our warm sleeping bags that no one had brought a flashlight! Back rubs in the dark with no light for writing a trip log!

We were up at...oh, well, when it was light, and made our breakfast of pancakes and sausage. We packed all, or almost all, of our gear into our canoes and set off to find the mouth of the stream leading to the Moose River. We soon discovered the fun of traveling on a river - even though we had a top map it was difficult to know exactly where we were! There are so many bends and curves on a river. As we paddled we saw turtles sunning on rocks, listened to a chorus of birds along the banks of the river, and as we rounded a bend and looked down a grassy stream we discovered a moose!! The astonishment on each face as the canoes, one by one, rounded the bend and saw the moose would have been worth a roll of film! And the moose calmly finished his lunch and lumbered away. We stopped there for lunch and cooked savory beans on the Coleman stove. It was so cold - we all were happy for a warm lunch and anxious to get back into our canoes and paddle to keep warm!

As we continued on our way we began to look for the portage trail which would take us around the water falls. Before we knew it, we were there. The river was running rapidly - a little too rapidly! One canoe tipped in the current, another swamped, and although the third was all right it wasn't long before all of us were wet as we bailed canoes, crossed the river and began to get ourselves re-organized. In all of that we managed to lose six spoons, one pot and one pot lid, but nearly everything was wet. Several very gallant boys suddenly appeared to watch our antics. They were very helpful, however, and carried canoes and gear along the portage trail to our campsite. Then, they disappeared before we even had a chance to thank them. We surveyed all that we had, set up our tents, put on dry

clothes, built a fireplace and put up a line for wet clothes. There was a small cabin with a wood stove near our campsite and the people staying there offered their fire to help dry sleeping bags. We fixed Shepherd's Pie for dinner, made bread to be baked in the morning for sandwiches, made s'mores and sang around our campfire. By the time (what time?) we crawled into our sleeping bags they were warm and dry.

In the morning we ate bacon and fried eggs and baked our bread as we packed up our gear. We left the sound of the falls behind us and paddled on down the river. We portaged both Mosquito Rips and Spencer Rips and then had a floating lunch of bread and cheese. At Attean Rips we decided to attempt the white water, even though the water level was low. Just as we were skidding happily over rocks we heard and saw Jack's plane overhead! He had come to join us at our last campsite. The next set of rips left everyone anxious to try more another time. Again, expressions on faces as each canoe darted over the rocks and through the white water were truly a sight! As we paddled on into Attean Pond a group approaching us in canoes asked if the plane had landed for us. Imagine their surprise when we said yes! As we arrived at the lake we stopped to show Jack our map and tell him where we were headed. Then we paddled into the wind and across the lake, about an hour's paddle, to our campsite on the other side. It was a hard paddle and we were tired but the campsite made it all worthwhile! We camped on a long sandy beach and later, as the full moon rose across the lake to shine on our beach, we wished we might stay longer!

For dinner we had ham and scalloped potatoes with congo bars for dessert. Ellen and Diane did the dishes while everyone sang long into the night (what time is it?). We shared our songs with a nearby neighbor who was also camping on the beach with his children. Flashlights were certainly not a worry as it was even difficult to fall asleep on such

a bright night.

The following morning we had bepo for breakfast, waved good-bye to Jack as he flew away, reluctantly packed our things and headed for Wood Pond where Joe was to meet us. The paddle was a quick one and a pretty one. When we reached our destination we quickly organized everything to go into the van, changed into our uniforms and ate our lunch before Joe arrived. In spite of everything, we were right on time!

"Go for!"

Brillo

Blue Eyes...

Kayak Man!

Boy Scouts...

"What time is it?"

BUGS!!!

"But I've never dug a pix before!"

Mina's clearosal box

Payamas

"Do you have a flashlight?"

"How do you pronounce L-U-N-C-H?"

Diane Erler
Ellen Chapman
Carmen Colina
Mina Colina
Holly Higgins
Meg Richards

Oak Island - July 12, 1979

When I first heard about going on my overnight I thought about last year's trip and how we got stuck on Oak Island. But this time it was much better. We left after rest hour. The canoe trip was short but fun.

When we arrived the fireplace was a mess and there was hardly any wood. We put our tents up and Holly soon made the fireplace into a masterpiece. The rest of us went looking for wood. Kim and I found a tree that made seven billets of wood. I sawed and Kim and Dana split the wood.

Dinner was great! We had chicken chow mein, rice and salad. For dessert we had chocolate, peanut butter and oatmeal fudge...yum!! We played pass the scissors and ate s'mores. Then we went to sleep.

Marcia and I had Sally sleep in our tent because Anne decided to sleep with Robin. We got high on bug spray. Later we were attacked by a bug but Robin saved us.

The next morning we ate Bepo with cheese, bug juice, cocoa and toast and packed up camp. Then we canoed through rough water but made it safely home. That was the end of a great trip!

Claire Solot

Crooked Island - July 24-25, 1979

At first when I was at Crooked Island it was fun. It was fun when we picked blueberries and ate them. Then we went swimming at night. When we went to bed we played cards and I always lost. When we got into our sleeping bags I got out and shook the other tent. Then I took my flashlight and scared them!

Lori Zinckgraf

Mount Pisgah - July 18, 1979

On Wednesday when we left for Mount Pisgah all of us were very excited. A few of us had been there before, but we were still psyched to go again. We started our climb and everyone gasped at once..."Blueberries!" So the rest of the climb was spent hunting, picking and eating blueberries and raspberries.

When we reached the top we ate lunch which turned out to be sandwiches, oranges and congo bars. Then Lori and Sarah climbed the huge fire tower with unripe blueberries to throw down to Susie so she could catch them in a bucket. This proved to be a successful idea! We played a game of Elephant and a game of Telephone and then decided it was time to start down. Britt, Lori, Jill and I walked ahead of the group and sang. Before we realized we were quite a ways ahead so we stopped to wait. When the rest of the group caught up some wanted to go one way and some the other. So again Jill, Lori and I got ahead, Britt went the other way. Then the three of us reached the bottom and waited for the other people to come down so we could get back to camp. It was a great trip! (The best part was the blasperry and rueberry pies we made the next day!!)

Alex Hess

Tumbledown Overnight - July 26-27, 1979

My overnight at Mount Tumbledown was really great. When we first started to climb it was hard to get used to the packs, they were so heavy. We climbed for about fifteen minutes and then we took a rest. "Does anyone want any bug juice?" Sarah would say. Everyone would get their drinks and we would be off again. Fifteen minutes later we would hear, "This bug juice is really good, does anyone want more?" (Translated that means, "This bug juice is heavy, someone best drink it before I have a heart attack!") After a while we stopped for lunch. Luckily for Sarah we all were very thirsty! After lunch we started up this very steep trail and Sarah and I started laughing uncontrollably. We were laughing so hard that the dominoe theory almost went into effect. We were even going to try it, but we decided that Betty wouldn't like eight dead campers and two dead counselors on her hands, so we continued, stopping every ten minutes and hearing those familiar words, "Does anyone want any bug juice?"

By the time we got to the top, the bug juice was all gone and we were very tired. However, we had enough energy to take a refreshing dip in the pond! We swam to the island where we found an X-rated story. Then we went frog hunting. By dinner time the fog was getting really thick. We had macaroni and cheese with hot dogs and carrots. Then the fog got so thick that we could hardly see a person five feet away clearly. Then, all of a sudden, came a downpour of rain. Luckily we had put up a tarp which we all sat under. We popped popcorn while we listened to the thunder and watched the lightening. After a while David told a terrifying ghost story and then the rain stopped and we went to our tents. We had put a

tarp over our tent and we didn't even have very much water in our tent. We did leave our flaps open and consequently Jenny's sleeping bag got wet! Jenny and I had to sleep in the same sleeping bag. Boy, was it uncomfortable! However, poor Wendy slept in a puddle.

The wind howled all night and our tarp looked like a ghost hovering over our tent. I hardly got any sleep. Finally morning came and we had a delicious breakfast of Cream of Wheat and cinnamon donuts with freshly picked blueberries. Then we tried to deep fry Cream of Wheat, it was really repulsive!

After a while we went to the East Peak and climbed on a steep trail called the loop trail. It went way, way down and around. Then we went on the chimney trail which was a steep rock climbing trail. At the end was a hole that you climbed through. The rocks were slippery from the rain and it was hard, but we all did it. On the way back to our campsite we met the cutest sheep dog who didn't want to leave us! His name was Hank. We took a really refreshing dip and then had a lunch of Ritz crackers with peanut butter and jelly, carrots and celery, snicker doodles and rice krispie bars. After everything was packed we picked a half gallon of blueberries and climbed down the mountain. The climb down was really hard on my knees, but it was fun. We sang the whole way, but we went down so fast that Sarah, Robin and I were always behind. When we saw the van we were all so happy. We got in and had gorp. We didn't get back to camp until 7:00. It really was a fun trip!

Sally Frank

Trip Songs

Long Lake - July 10, 1979

Tune: One Lollipop

One rainy moment
Two rainy moment
Three rainy moment
Four rainy moment
Five rainy moment
Six rainy moment
It didn't rain at all.

Texas Tommy's in the fire place, fire place, fire place
Texas Tommy's in the fire place
Don't let them fall.

Alice in her underwear, underwear, underwear
Alice in her underwear
Pine Island rowed by.

Tune: All Night, All Day

All night, all day, scary movies stand in our way
All night, all day, chillers!
Congo bars well they did bake
S'mores at breakfast we sure ate
Tracy's bull act off to bed, goodnight!

Tune: Summer Night

Dude and Alice dancing around
Liz and Holly joined them at sundown.
Elvis came followed by King Tut
E.P. swang, counselors they did their stuff.

Oak Island trip
It was a kick
Well ah ah
Us campers were great!
Well ah, well ah, well ah, uh!
Tell me more
Tell me more
Tell me what was it like
Tell me more
Tell me more
Boys at our first sight!

Long Lake - July 18-21, 1979

Tune: Is She Really Going Out With Him?

Are we really on this Long Lake trip? Are we really
gonna be here for three days?

Frogs, mosquitos and flies - oh my!

Frogs, mosquitos and flies - oh my!

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

Oh where, oh where did Nanette go?

Oh where, oh where can she be?

She went to go to the bathroom

And she's lost behind the trees

She found the old pix

But it wasn't very deep

She went and dug a new one

And it even has a seat!

Tune: London Bridge

Around the island we will float, we will float, we will float
Around the island we will float, on life preservers.

Tune: When the lights do down in the Cal. town

While motor boats go 'round

And Meg's got her suit down

The old men stare as they go by

Look over there - where? - there's a motor boat coming our way.

Flash 'em a Coppertone tan!

There's an island on Long Lake where practically all they wear
is Ban de Soleil!

Tune: Put Some Oil in My Lamp

Put some oil on my back

Keep me tanning, tanning, tanning

Put some oil on my back, keep me tan.

Put some oil on my back, keep me tanning, tanning, tanning

Keep me tanning all the way, all day.

Tan, tan my body

Tan, tan my body

Tan, tan my body while we lie on the rocks

Tan, tan my body

Tan, tan my body

Tan, tan my body all day.

Tune: Is She Really Going Out With Him?

Have we really eaten this much food?

If my eyes don't deceive me I think we're all getting pretty fat
Do, de do do pretty fat
Do de do do pretty fat!

Tune: Tall Silk Hat

One day Meg came and sat upon Dana
They broke the bench
They broke the bench!

Tune: Winter Wonderland

Hear the mosquitoes? They're out there buzzin'
But we're in our tents, quietly snuzzling
They're buzzing around
And we can't be found
Hiding from the mosquitos in our tents.

Tune: One Lollipop

One buoy
Two buoy
Three buoy
Four buoy
Five buoy
Six buoy
Seven buoyouyouy

Martha and Carrie hit twenty-seven buoys
twenty-seven buoys
twenty-seven buoys
Martha and Carrie hit twenty-seven buoys
On our Long Lake trip

We had the best Long Lake trip in history, history, history
We had the best Long Lake trip in history
Even with Belgrade boys?
Even with no boys!!

Mount Tumbledown - July 19-20, 1979

Tune: One Lollipop

One shooting star
Two shooting star
Three shooting star
Four shooting star
Five shooting star
Six shooting star
Now you can go to sleep.

Watching the sunrise, sunrise, sunrise
Watching the sunrise
Kim please shut up!

One jumping frog
Two jumping frog
Three jumping frog
Four jumping frog
Five jumping frog
Six jumping frog
Put them in the tank.

Cream of Wheat with lumps, lumps, lumps
Cream of Wheat with lumps
Let's eat donuts!

Tune: Long Road to Freedom

We started with twelve in the van
But C.R. got kicked on her can
We were upset, but we went on.

Chorus: It's the wrong road to Tumbledown
Winding steep and high
When you ride with David you really never know,
You ask the fat man where to go and he doesn't know.

As we came up over the ridge
We saw the lake and began to run
We lost the trail, but it was fun.

Chorus:

It took us four hours to climb
But we went down in one and a half
We saw some pot-heads and we did laugh.

Chorus:

Crooked Island - July 24-25, 1979

Tune: Oil in My Lamp

Get some wood if you want to have dinner
Get some wood if you want to eat - hurry, hurry
Get some wood if you want to have dinner
It's getting late, almost time to sleep!

Tune: One Lollipop

One Blueberry
Two blueberries
Three blueberries
Four blueberries
Five blueberries
Six blueberries
Seven blue...berries!

Put your tent close to my tent, close to my tent, close to my tent
Put your tent close to my tent
There's not enough room!

Too many booby-traps, booby-traps, booby-traps
Too many booby-traps
Stumble, stumble, stumble...ow!

Tune: Three Blind Mice

Three stroke together
Three stroke together
Paddle all the way
Paddle all the way
The war canoe is right for you
If you paddle all the way!

Betty Cobb
Lori Winfield
Mina Colina
Alison Frye
Sarah Easton
Britt Long
Laura Gradman
Ana Gonzales
Lori Zinckgraf

Mount Tumbledown - July 26-27, 1979

Tune: Sound Off!

You've got to step with your left
You're right!
You've got to step with your left
You're right!
Sound off!

One-two

Sound off!

Three-Four

Sound off!

One, two, three, four

One, two

Three, four.

Other verses:

- 2) We didn't want to go but we left
- 3) We came, we climbed and we left
- 4) The rain it came and it left
- 5) The people they came and they left
- 6) Sarah is scared of snakes
- 7) The people in back are too slow
- 8) The people in front are too fast
- 9) We caught more frogs than the first trip
- 10) I think I see the van.

Moosehead - August 4-6, 1979

Tune: Fire

We're riding in the van
Do do do do
Joe turns on the radio
Do do do do
We say turn it up louder
Do do do do
But he just says, "No!"
Do do do do
We see some old fogies on
their Honda bikes
Makes us laugh with all our might!

Tune: Teenager in Love

Why must I be a hitchhiker in love?
Chant: Hey you turkeys on them motor cycles...
Get wise, midasize!

We're going broadside, we're going to capsize,
We're going to tip, we're going to die...Posiden Adventure!

Tune: Hawaii Five-0

Hey dano, this is Margaret Hawaii Five-0. We are now
circling Kineo Island. If we find any one at our campsite
we will dispose of them!

Tune: Mad

When we get to our campsite and then we find that someone's there
That makes us mad, very angry, very, very angry, mad

When I don't want to get wet and then I fall and break my neck
That makes us mad, very angry, very, very angry, mad

When you fall out of your canoe and then someone pulls it over you
That makes us mad, very angry, very, very angry, mad

When Kim leads Carrie over rocks and then she wets her shoes and socks
That makes us mad, very angry, very, very angry, mad

When we think the T.P.'s stole and then we find it in the hole
That makes us mad, very angry, very, very angry, mad

When they offer us a beer but we have to stay clear
That makes us mad, very angry, very, very angry, mad!

Repetition is the next best thing to being there!!

Tune: Ado Annie

We were really bummed when we got here and found our campsite taken.

We thought the boys would all be cute but we were surely mistaken!

Tune: Shake Your Body

Hollis, you can do it very well, we can tell, so....

Shake, shake, shake

Shake, shake, shake

Shake the popcorn

Shake the popcorn

The blond man thinks Trudy's legs are just swell,

he did tell, so....

Move, move, move

Move, move, move

Move your legs

Move your legs.

Tune: Coming Round The Mountain

Pennies from heaven, do you know

Pennies from heaven, do you know

Will you sing one more song (hic)

Before you go (hic)

Tune: Two Loves Together

The pile gets higher and higher

For our great fire

Cut down four trees, did we.

Tune: Mad

When we put our sails up high

And then we really start to fly

That makes us glad, very happy, very, very happy, glad.

When everyone is sailing and then we are only bailing

That makes us mad, very angry, very, very angry, mad!

Oh, here comes Joe, we hate to go

But we really have to run, it was so much fun

But now it's done!

Boston Bus - August 16, 1979

Tune: Leaving on a Jet Plane

All my bags are packed, I'm not ready to go
I'm standing on the kickball field
Already I am drowning in my tears.

Chorus: 'Cause I'm leaving, on the Boston bus
Sure hope I'll be back again
Oh, friends we hate to leave....

Sally Frank
Mitra Morgan
Liane Kennedy
Anabel Shafia
Alison Frye
Helen Kahn
Ellen Gottlieb
Carrie Campbell

people



Third Shack Anagrams

Jennifer G. Alfond

Richele J. Berg

Amy E. Cook

Sarah C. Easton

Laura M. Gradman

Bronwyn M. McCarthy

Emily R. Pearl

Lori A. Zinckgraf

Jenny Gets Around

Rowdy (and) Joyful (and) Bouncy

Amy Eats Cookies (a lot)

Small, Curious, Etc.

Likes More Gorp

Beautiful, Magnificent, Marvelous

Emily Rules (her) Part (of the room)

Lovable And Zany

Junior Tent Anagrams

Alison R. Frye

Jill E. Hassinger

Alex C. Hess

Britt T. Long

Always Replenishes Food

Judges Everything Heavily

Acts Constantly Haywire

Breaks The Limit

Fourth Shack Anagrams

Sarah L. Billington
Penny C. Britell
Carrie T. Chalmers
Melissa S. Cook
Christina N. Ferre
Ana G. Gonzales
Helen J. Kahn
Jessica C. Leighton
Diane M. Murray
Michele A. Sargent
Susan J. Sherman
Rachel E. Sutel

Sure Loves Books
Penny Carries Books
Carrie's Tongue Chatters
Mostly (acts) Super Crazy
Clings (to) Noodles Forever
Ana Gets Goony
Horses Joyfully Kisses
Jumps Calling Loudly
Dives Mostly Meaningfully
Mocks About Sailing
Sweet Just Sometimes
Races Equally Steady

Fifth Shack Anagrams

Jill H. Aaron
Karen S. Baker
Samantha A. Britell
Jennifer A. Corson
Katherine S. Erda
Nina C. Feldman
Jennifer C. Glazer
Ellen B. Gottlieb
J. Liane Kennedy
Sharon L. West
Anne F. Wilkinson

Jokes Happily After (taps)
Kan Smell Bubblegum
Supplies Alot (of) Bubblegum
Just Always Crazy
Krazily Says Exy (Lexy)
Never Can Fail
Jumps (on) Counselors Gladly
Eats Bubble Gum
Just Loves Kamping
She Loathes Wet (days)
Always Found Working

Sixth Shack Anagrams

Elise G. Charest	Eagerly Gives Candy
Kimberly A. Cornell	Kills All Counselors
Marie-Claude Francoeur	Mostly Clamors (in) French
Pearle L. Gordon	Plays Little Games
Marcia L. Laurenson	Makes Lots (of) Laughs
A. Mitra Morgan	Always Makes (a) Mess
Manuela Ribadeneira	Makes (boys) Run
Robin L. Sadowski	Really Likes Swimming
Anabel R. Shafia	Always (leaves) Room Sloppy
Claire M. Solot	Can Move Slowly
Margaret M. Van Rensselaer	Makes Many Vivacious Raids

Seventh Shack Anagrams

Carolyn H. Campbell

Tracy A. Cornell

Marie-France N. Deshaies

Sally A. Frank

Dana C. Hassinger

Jennifer C. Levine

Wendy M. Mills

Suzanne D. St. Pierre

Leah F. S. Spies

Martha R. Wilson

Erica D. Wormwood

Causes Havoc Constantly

Thin And Careless

More French No (one) Desires (from
her)

Silly, Always Frolicking

Doesn't Care Hardly

Joyfully Cackles Loudly

Wakes Many Minds

Suzanne Doesn't Speak Properly

Laughs Frequently - Spastically
Silly

Makes Rowdy Wails

Easily Discombobulates Weekly

Cit Anagrams

Sara D. DeTurk
Tracy L. Hassinger
Gwen L. Hoffman
Mersedeh Mir-Kazemi
Joanne L. Rowell
Nanette M. Rummel
Katherine E. Saltus
Tanya A. Smolinsky
Barbara N. Trager

Swimming Does Diligently
Tracy Laughs Heartily
Giggles Long (and) Hard
Many Masteries
Jody Likes Reading
Nightly Marches Rowdily
Kan't Easily Sleep
Talks About Sex
Bad (at) Not Talking

Aide Anagrams

Amy R. Dunn

Carmen G. Colina

Mina G. Colina

Leigh Hollis Higgins

Meg W. Richards

Always Runs Daily

Can't Galvanize Controversy

Makes God (known to) Campers

Loathes Harsh Harassment

Melancholy When Riding

Staff Anagrams

Alice K. Brebner
Elizabeth N. Cobb
Philip J. Cobb
Anne Merrill Erler
Diane S. Erler
John Paul Erler
Pamela L. Famous
Kathie B. Goodblood
Pat S. Hassinger
Betty Jo Howard
Nanette E. Malatesta
Pamela L. Price
Leanne M. Roland
Holly A. Rutherford
Trudy K. Rutherford
Joel A. Schulman
Cyndi L. Trull
Doris K. Trull
Katherine O. Van Rensselaer
Kris G. Wanstedt
Elizabeth A. West
Sarah T. Wilkinson
David B. Wilson
Loren M. Winfield
Kathy M. Wing

Always Kind'a Bogus
Evening Never Comes
(From) Princeton Joyfully Comes
A Merry Elf
Does Smile Everywhere
Jolly President Erler
Plays Lots (with) Frisbees
Kathie Better Grow
Please Send Help
Boats Joyfully Handles
Never Excited (about) Messes
Porks Like (a) Pig
Likes Maine, Really
Hardly Abhors Running
Trudy Kan (W)Rite
Just About Sane
Constantly Looks (for) Tea
Does Krazy Things
Keeps One Vivaciously Rowdy
Keeps Guys Wild
Enthusiastic and Wild
Spends Time (in) Wind
Digs Blond Women (not fussy)
Likes Messing (up) Words
Knows Much Wisdom

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Jennifer G. Alford	Jenny	in the mirror	for macramé	Canoeing	People in her room	quit it
Richele J. Berg	Richele	for fun	on the top bunk	climbing in the rafters	bedtime	Oh God
Amy E. Cook	Amy	happy	for sailing	smiling	People sitting on her bed	Oh Piffle
Sarah C. Easton	Sarah	up at the world	for bed	campcraft	rest hour	Come on Amy
Laura M. Gradman	Laura	for books	for reading	gorp	being asked for her baseball	It's not fair
Brownwyn M. McCarthy	Brownwyn	for her lion's eye	to cauter	Swimming	losing socks	tough banana
Emily R. Parker	Emily	for Jenni	down the road	Arts + Crafts	her riding hat	Where is Jenn

Listed as

Labeled

Looks

Lives

Likes

Loathes

"Lines"

Lori A. Zinckgraf

Lori

for food

for
horse
back riding

food

not being on
an all day
ride

What time is it 2

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Alison R. Fryc	Alison	like a model - with her hair flipped back	to sing	everything	nothing in particular	Wait up for me
Jill E. Hassinger	Jill Jillybean	forward to canoeing and Arts + Crafts	for a phone call	Almost everything	flies that land on her nose	oh, that's mean
Alex C. Hess	Alex	like a genius	in the turf	a neat room	mosquitoes	Where's my bug spray?
Britt T. Long	Britt the Brute	like a boy	in a mess	being messy and talking with Pam	cleaning her stuff up	Do I have to?

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Sarah L. Billington	Sarah	for her gum	To get mail	Rooming with Ana	using deodorant	oh, gross!
Penny C. Britell	Penny	for a book	forever getting phone calls	to read	People coming into her room	Because I don't want to!
Carrie T. Chalmers	Carrie	Tall	in Arlington	doing braids	wearing her night brace	well, I invited her in.
Melissa S. Cook	Missy	for her cousin	to sail	Dancing	being called Missy	Go for it, kid
Christina N. Ferve	Nina	for Susie	for Congirl	making trouble	Not having riding	I've got 2:30 riding.
Ana G. Gonzales	Ana	for her dictionaries	telling people to "shut-up"	People who understand her	when people don't understand her	No understand!
Helen J. Kahn	Helen	for riding boots	riding Crescent	Her watch	People sitting on her bed	Don't get weird with me!

listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Jessica C. Leighton	Jessica	for Willie White	with Penny	horses	when her mouth gets cut by her braces	You wanna pick a fight with me
Diane M. Murray	Diane	for a sailing tag	To get letters from boys	swimming and diving	Carrie's snoring	Loca Chica'
Michelle A. Sargent	Michelle	for David	messily	David	when David isn't around	Is David going sailing?
Susan J. Sherman	Susie	for her stuffed pig	with Diane	getting riding	when people call her Susan	Diane !!
Rachel E. Sutel	Rachel	for her tape recorder	With her tape recorder	playing King Tut on her tape recorder	when the whole shack teases her	Hey you guys, I'm recording, and I'm not kidding!

Listed as	Labeled	looks	lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Jill H. Aaron	Jill	for Tanya	looking for her pink lacrosse	playing cards	being called a "sked"	Oh, drat!
Karen S. Baker	Flakey Bakey	for more gum	for chocolate	Candy line	counselors bugging her	So?!
Samantha A. Britell	Sam	for Nanette	for riding fancy	Cowgirl	Not having enough jeans	Cool your pits
Jennifer A. Corson	for	for a tennis tag	for Alice	her red crusher	when she thinks Erica is mad at her	Wouldn't you like to know?!
Katherine S. Erda	Kate	like Rebecca of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"	Spotlessly	being funny	Joel mole fickle pickle	Exy lexy, lazy daisy!
Nina C. Feldman	Nina	like her sister	quietly	to play "spit"	swimming lessons	You guys!
Jennifer C. Glazer	Jenny	for Dana	in her "Philadelphia school" sweat shirt	to bug Amy after taps	Poste telling her her room is messy	My mother

Listed as

Labeled

Looks

Lives

Likes

Loathes

"Lines"

Ellen B. Gottlieb

Ellen

for a
"spit" gamein 5th
shack nowgetting
mailJenny or
giving her
purple nurple

Come on!

J. Liane Kennedy

Liane

for her
red bandanafor
bandy line

reading

camping
trips on
short notice

Stuff it!

Sharon L. West

Sharface
or
Sharonfor a riding
tagforever
searching
for her
baseball mitmail +
phone
callstennis on
very hot +
very wet
days

Wowwie!

Anne F. Wilkinson

Anne

forward to
archeryfor the
day she
finishes Adv.
Swimmerphone
callsdirty
rooms

Cut it out!

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Elise G. Charest	Elise	Good with her new afro	in 7th shack	having Marie-france do her dishes	people telling her to speak English	Bon-nut
Kimberly A. Cornell	Kim	for trouble	under her mosquito netting	being a girl	people telling her what to do	Forget it! or That could cause a problem.
Marie-Claude Francoeur	Marie-claude	forward to riding	in 7th shack	just about everything	people leaving the door open when they go to the bathroom	You can ring my be... cell
Pearl L. Gordon	Pearl	like the twins from the "Parent Trap"	under her bed	wearing a shirt over her bathing suit	water fights	What, are you queer or something?
Marcia L. Laurenson	Marcia	forward to seeing her grandparents on Sundays	With too-too	dancing	Margaret telling her to clean up the room	People in California... or I'm going totally insane!
A. Mitra Morgan	Mitra or Peachy	for another book to read	for the whites	decorating and rearranging the room	Manuela dressing in her room	Go back to sleep!
Manuela Ribadeneira	Manuela	for mosquito bites to scratch	in Mitra and Robin's room	biting boys in Belgrade	people telling her she's bleeding	What does that mean?

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Robin L. Sadowski	Robin Robin, Robin, Smilin, Smilin and Green Bean	forward to trips	in one of her 20 alligator shirts	preppy Paddington	people messing up her room	But Sarah. I have so much to do....
Annabel R. Shafia	Annabel	pretty with her hair down	sloppily	Wendy and Tracy	cleaning up her room	O'booh
Claire M. Solot	Claire	funny with her hair in pigtails	with Kim	riflery	when people pick on other people	Guess what page I'm on?
Margaret M. Van Rensselaer	Grits and Margaret	forward to passing Adv. Swimmer	neatly	getting letters from Seth	never going on trips with Robin	If I find a hole in my suitcase..

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Carolyn H. Campbell	Carrie	on the calendar to count the days until her parents come	life to its fullest	making motions to songs	people who are tan	Did he run, he did not, Horton stayed on that nest.
Tracy A. Cornell	Tracy	skinny in anything she wears	to make herself prettier	disco dancing	being blamed for everything	I'm sorry
Marie-France N. Deshares	Marie-France	better with long hair	in her blue shorts with the white stripes	her old room	being called "The French Girls"	Today is Sunday and I don't have to speak English.
Sally A. Frank	Sally	like everyone but herself	for the day she goes to Kenneboc + then to Kummings	practically everyone	people saying "you sat on the tiller" when she really fell on it.	We're gonna have a Wild + Crazy time!
Dana C. Hassinger	Dana	for Leah	for the blue team	crude jokes	people asking her for bubble gum	Um, yummy!
Jennifer C. Levine	Jenny	for something to raid	not having her own identity	anything that's edible	people confiscating her packages	I'm hungry
Wendy M. Mills	Wendy	good in a sailboat	gossiping	sailing	being quiet at night	I didn't do it!

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Leah F. S. Spies	Leah	funny after doing her hair drying exercises	she wishes with Meg	aggravating Dana	serious people	Carrie, did your nose fizzle?
Suzanne D. St. Pierre	Suzanne	non-suspecting	for swimming and diving	her grey bulky sweater	people thinking that she doesn't understand	Meme
Martha R. Wilson	Pooh	cute in pigtails	getting calls from Mike on the banana phone	the T-shirt David gave her for her birthday	not getting more than 18 bullseyes in one week	I don't want to be captain, but if I am...
Erica D. Wormwood	Erica	like a tomboy	talking on her banana phone	her suspenders	being called "Woodworm"	Your mother! ♪ or ♪ ♪ Retardation

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Sara D. DeTurk	Sara or Junior Brat	like a 4-year old	in her two new \$1.98 string bikinis	her teddy bear	people accusing her of flirting with Joel	I remember when...
Tracy L. Hassinger	Tracy	like she doesn't need the diet she's on.	much more quietly this year	being fuzzy	not having sex fantasies	You guys, be quiet.
Gwen L. Hoffman	Gwen or Tigger	like Peter Frampton	in her wool hat	doing crazy things that no-one else would dare do.	people telling her what to do	It wasn't me!
Mercedeh Mir Kazemi	an assortment of incorrect pronunciations	like a guru	for letters from Iran	telling people how to do everything	being corrected	All right, but if it doesn't work, don't blame me!
Joanne L. Rowell	Jody, Joanne Louise or Daddy	better with long hair	to get rid of her strap lines	having something new and different for her statistics	people telling her that she's tall and skinny	Unreal!
Nanette M. Rummel	Nanette	for a chance to be at her campsite	for next summer so she can do JMt	making noise at night	falling out of bed	Am I being flakey?
Katherine E. Saltus	Katie	like an English schoolboy	with insomnia	fighting with Tanya in a sailboat	putting up tents	was I making noise last night?

[illegible]

Listed as

Labeled

looks

Lives

Likes

Loathes

"Lines"

Carmen G. Colina

Carmen

slim

for
music

everything

her father's
jealousy

Go for !

Mina G. Colina

Mina

neat
always

with a
desire to
convert
everyone to
Catholicism

Rawl

the lack
of prayer
in 4th Shack

How do you
pronounce L-U-N-C-H?

Amy R. Dunn

sitting
Dunn

like
Connie

in a
state of
boredom

playing
basketball

Annie's
continual
complaints

Where can I
have a day off?

Leigh H. Higgins

Holly,
Mommy

for the
guy in
blue shorts

kidding
herself
about going
on a diet

peanut
butter,
graham crackers
and m+m's
all together

being told
she scares
people

That would be
quite the burn !

Margaret W. Richards

Meg,
Meggit

the same

for green
m+m's

Food !

"is she
really going
out with him?"

Later Tater !

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Alice K. Brebner	Alice or Brebs	for excitement	for her dream boat	males	getting up	No biggie
John W. Carlton	Jack	like Paul Revere on the 4 th of July	from day to day	his new coll	being kidded about his bald head	Where are the ankle-bitters?
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Betty	good in her new blue jeans	in the farm house	being permanently in Maine	not hearing the morning bells	I'm not here
Philip J. Cobb	Phil	for David and Joel	every minute to its fullest	taking his showers in the P.S.	misplaced tools	Now that I'm retired...
Diane S. Erler	Diane	for time to go flying	at her type writer?	to procrastinate	leaving	Let's play sardines!
John P. Erler	Jack	tall, dark and humorous	in space	to escape to camp	beached boats	Hello, I'm President Erler.
Pamela L. famous	Pammy	forward to Martha Wilson's expert	for her nightly soda	frisbees	getting up early	Okay ladies...

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Kathie B. Goodblood	Kathie	like a camper	for cycling	writing letters	spiders	Don't worry about it.
Pat S. Hassinger	Frack	for dirt	for Summers in Maine	talking to people	the telephone	"right?" Boy, Am I in trouble.
Betty Jo Howard	Betty Jo or BJ	woody	no certain address	her CITs	radios on camping trips	Yucka doo!
Nanette E. Malatesta	Nanette	nifty in her new haircut	in second and seventh shacks	tripping	an empty mailbox	Oh no!
Pamela L. Price	Pam or Sacajawea	Sunburned and freckled	in bed	food	smorgas-board	Go to bed. or LeAnne, you're disgusting.
LeAnne M. Roland	LeAnne or Lewis	like a spud	in blue cords	revenge!	dieting	Take it easy, and if it comes easy... take it twice!
Holly A. Rutherford	Wally	okay with a feather in her hat	out of her knapsack	peanut butter fudge	a messy campcraft area	What a crack-up!

Listed as	Labeled	looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Trudy K. Rutherford	Trud or Dude	for mail from Mike	at the waterfront	good trip songs	having swimming and diving everyday	Hey duder!
Joel A. Schulman	Joel, Bus, Scarmunge or Aharon	like he's always tired	for Karen Baker to pass out of his swimming class...	sixteen pancakes at breakfast	running more than two miles in the morning	Oh wow, I'm psyched! or You did me Wrong Bus
Doris K. Trull	Doris or Nurse Jane fuzzy Wuzzy	for jinx	everywhere but in the infirmary	being in camp	outdoor meals	What happens now?
Cyndi L. Trull	Cyndi	for mail	in her brown hat	tea	smoke	Britt!
Katherine O. Van Rensselaer	Posie	forward to being president of her school	for the day she finishes the map	to be helpful	not being occupied	Oh burn!
Kris G. Wanstedt	Kris or Clark	Dizzy	for guys	guys	sarcastic remarks	Hey or Come On
Elizabeth A. West	Dizzy Lizzy	for guys	for sailing	to be crazy	her grey hairs	Make me wannaboot!

Listed as	Labeled	Looks	Lives	Likes	Loathes	"Lines"
Sarah T. Wilkinson	Sarah or Preppy	for shirts with button down collars	with a fear of mice, spiders and snakes	dozing off	disorganization	You goon!
David B. Wilson	Sir David of Wilson Bliss, or Bus	for bee hives to hit with a broom or paddle	to be a lumber jack.	to flirt	mopping the dining room floor	N. P. N. J. or We're golden
Loren M. Winfield	Lori	gorgeous in her many hairdos	giggling	playing the 7 th Shack hick	fixing bows	Icky Poo!
Kathy M. Wing	Kathy	chinese (eyes go down)	for Boston	nibbling	green peppers	hoe'd it, hoe'd it
Anne M. Erler	Annie	cute	in the blueberry bushes	her becke	putting her head under water	Where's my Mummy?



Sarah Easton

Sarah, though petite, was her name
You'd never just call her quite plain
She scurried around
With scarcely a sound
And that was our Sarah's game.

Bronwyn McCarthy

She flew down the path like the wind
A Third Shacker whose name was Bronwyn
She swam like a fish
And loved a good dish
She wasn't as neat as a pin.



Laura Gradman

There once was a girl named Laura
Who never did have to borrow
She swims and she rides
In a sailboat she glides
We'll continue our story tomorrow.

Richele Berg

There once was a girl named Richele
Who would run from her shack at third bell
The horses she does ride
In archery she strides
Her smile she need not sell.

Lori Zinckgraf

Lori is never found hiding
When it is time to go riding
Her sweets are a treat
They just can't be beat
The goods we are always dividing.



Amy Cook

Amy was a fun little camper
On a trip she would never put a damper
Down the road she does dwell
Arrives shortly after third bell
For arts and crafts she usually does scamper.

Emily Pearl

This is Emily's first year
As you will many times hear
From next door she does hail
Behind Jenny she'll trail
To her we all wish to be near.

Jenny Alfond

During the day she does come
Our Jenny, her face never glum
For the Blues she does cheer
To camp she is dear
Our Jenny, we have only one.



Jill Hassinger

Jillybean, as she is known
Returned to camp from PA., her home
At swimming she's great
Canoeing first rate
From camp we hope she'll not roam.

Alex Hess

Alex certainly is a dear
In the Junior Tent she did live this year
Her bug spray she does hunt
For kickball she punts
I hope she enjoys the year.



Alison Frye

A singer Alison will be
No better there are than she
She's quick with a joke
In the water she does stroke
A true White she will always be.

Britt Long

Britt was new this year
To clean her room is her fear
In Fourth Shack she can usually be found
To riflery she always bounds
She certainly is a dear.



Rachel Sutel

"My hair is so wild," she'll say
"I really can't stand it this way."
She will listen to Grease
At swimming never cease
At sports she really can play.

Carrie Chalmers

Our Carrie is smaller this year
While sleeping we hear her quite clear
A swimmer she is
At kickball a wiz
Her voice for the Blues you will hear.



Michelle Sargent

Michelle is a native of Maine
To feed horses her job it became
In swimming a fish
At meals ate every dish
With much spirit she's hard to tame.

Melissa Cook

A camper from nearby is she
A Junior Maine Woodsman to be
In sports she is great
A White of true faith
Each summer we greet her with glee.



Sarah Billington

Co-Captain her name was announced
At tennis many balls she did bounce
Faithful Blue she is one
Her work's never done
On the rafter she'll toplessly trounce.

Ana Gonzales

Venezuela our Ana is from
A butterball her name did become
A smile so grand
"I no understand!"
At swimming she never was done.



Nina Ferre

On horses our Nina does tower
Though small she's still quite a power
A White through and through
She'll always be true
Enthusiasm builds by the hour.

Helen Kahn

Oh, Helen,, the good that you eat
Where does it go, to your feet?
Jokes she will say
In a quite subtle way
But truely we think you are neat.



Susie Sherman

Our Susie is as tiny as ever
All activities she'll always endeavor
Though her hair looks quite white
For the Blues she will fight
In mischief she's always quite clever.

Diane Murray

For Junior Whites our Captain is she
A sailor she always will be
At swimming a champ
Her spirits never damp
To us she is never low key.



Jessica Leighton

Oh where did that Jessica go
By her voice one surely will know
In tennis she's grand
On horses a good hand
In Blue/White her spirit does show.

Penny Britell

To riding our Penny did trot
In Blue/White as Co-Captain she's hot
Many books she has read
To put her to bed
A dummy our Penny is not.



Karen Baker

We've labeled her "Flakey Bakey"
In tennis she is not shakey
Her laugh we find loud
For the whites she is proud
On toilets her toothpaste was cakey.

Jenny Corson

Tennis Jenny plays any day
She fights for the Whites all the way
Her feelings are true
Sailing she won't do
Taps on her flute she will play.



Kate Erda

Three cheers for Kate, such a ham!
She thinks that everyone's her fan
In sailing she's a menace
But her big game is tennis
She turns red and is never tan.

Anne Wilkinson

Tennis and sailing, Anne's things
In the shack fun and joy she brings
Although she is preppy
She's always quite peppy
When our "Fiesty" wins she will sing.



Ellen Gottlieb

In the fifth week Ellen did switch
Her spirits are never in the ditch
Her room is remorseful
Her ground-stroke is forceful
Fifth Shack is certainly her niche.

Liane Kennedy

She certainly does like to read
However, she does do good deeds
With the French she can speak
A big mess she can sneak
To horses she sometimes gives heed.



Jennifer Glazer

Though often our Jenny is boisterous
She seems a bit more mischievous
Paddle tennis she does like
Prefers a horse to a bike
Jenny's song we thought tremendous.

Sharon West

To start with she had a great rash
In tennis the ball she will smash
Though seeming quiet
She is a riot
In riding she'll make the horse dash.



Nina Feldman

With Jill our tall Nina does go
To learn new things she's not slow
She'll play for the Whites
Goes right to bed nights
Her quiet smile we all know.

Jill Aaron

For the Blue team Jill Aaron will cheer
At jokes of her accent she'll sneer
With racquets she can play
On wood or on clay
Though small she is without fear.

Samantha Britell

On trips Samantha did go
With horses she puts on a show
At night she reads late
Her bed she won't make
But still we all love her so.



Elise Charest

With curly hair came Elise Charest
To the French Connection she is okay
A good sailing crew
Her complaints are quite few
In tennis she improves every day.

Manuela Ribadeneira

From Equador Manuela came
"I don't understand," she'll exclaim
She wears a large smile
Hates picking up the dust pile
Manuela, not Man-u-el-a's her name.



Kim Cornell

Kim sleeps under her netting
Take her on a trip there's no regretting
Frog catching she's great
At softball first rate
When jockeying for her you should be betting.

Claire Solot

In Sixth Shack co-habitates Claire
Who's known for her infamous hair
Gone With the Wind she does read
In riflery succeeds
To see her not busy is rare.



Margaret Van Rensselaer

Margaret's nickname is Grits
Her room is far from the pits
A sailing race she won
Tumbledown Mountain was fun
Till she passes Basic Rescue she'll not quit.

Marcia Laurenson

Marcia is our flower child
She sure made Sixth Shack wild
A sailor she is
At tennis a whiz
And her dance is far from mild.



Marie-Claude Francoeur

Into Sixth Shack moved Marie-Claude
As Miss Runoia for her we'll applaud
She's part of the French four
English can be a chore
Her smile is certainly broad.

Pearle Gordon

In the water Pearle's quite a fish
To hear the all-out whistle's not her wish
Up mountains she hikes
Picking berries she likes
For her taking skinnies's foolish.

Anabel Shafia

Anabel is very lanky
On a horse she's never cranky
Loves to go tripping
In the morning skinny dipping
In Sixth Shack she causes hanky-panky.



Mitra Morgan

For the Whites Mitra will cheer
Of the mouse she sure has a fear
Her room she rearranges
Snoopy's clothes she changes
She's learned a lot of sailing this year.

Robin Sadowski

In Sixth Shack lives our green bean
In preppy clothes she's always seen
In swimming she's done
On trips she's great fun
And in tennis her game is quite mean.



Tracy Cornell

Our Tracy is pitcher for the Whites
Sailing to her is a delight
She likes baking in the sun
But from horse jumping she'll run
With Wendy she makes noise all night!

Wendy Mills

Wendy has come again this year
Only mousies she does fear
At sailing she'll grin
For the Blues she will win
In our hearts she will remain so dear.



Leah Spies

From Princeton came Leah Spies
When it comes to her jobs she will freeze
At riding first rate
To be a sailor is her fate
And in riflery she shoots with ease.

Dana Hassinger

With Dana came her family this year
In sailing she has no fear
She's handy with a gun
But from horses will run
With Leah she is always near.



Suzanne St. Pierre

From Canada our Suzanne did come
Speaking English to her's not much fun
With the Connection she's found
Where French does abound
To canoeing she always will run.

Marie-France Deshaies

Marie was one of the French Connection
Her English still needs some correction
She has longer hair
Short shorts she did wear
Tennis and sailing were her summer selections



Sally Frank

"Clean your room!" we counselors would cry
"There's not enough time," she'd reply
Doing the Monkey she's seen
In her Sassoon jeans
At the beach she'll attract many a guy.

Jennifer Levine

Unlike Sally, our Jenny's a White
But her room is a very messy sight
Jobs are quite a task
And for her rations she asks
To satisfy her hunger every night.



Carrie Campbell

Carrie told us her parents were coming
You'll find her canoeing or gunnelling
With jokes and quick wit
She'd put us into a fit
She did hand motions to songs while singing.

Erica Wormwood

Having Erica at camp was a treat
Keeping her voice down was a great fete
At night she'd come alive
For the Blues she will strive
To her banana she often would speak.

Martha Wilson

Blue Team Captain Martha did become
At riflery she's definitely number one
All her bars she's passed
Bullseyes an easy task
With Carrie motions to songs are done.



Mersedeh Mir-Kazimi

The mad Persian made a move from the tent
To the Cit Shack off she went
Good at the fire
For after-camp we did hire
Her enthusiasm we just cannot dent.

Jody Rowell

Jody the bean pole who smiles
She'll do anything in grand style
In her nightgown of stripes
She puts down all gripes
In other's rooms she tarries a while.



Sara DeTurk

Sara sleeps with her panda bear
She packed out for the canoe trip with care
Our Winnie-the-Pooh
And a great Rabbit, too
Her team shirts she always will wear.

Barb Trager

This girl's jaw is always in motion
She always must use her lotion
Her nose it is new
Her contacts make her blue
For our group she shows great emotion.

Kate Saltus

"Pile up!" Kate will scream out
In her bed she bumps and she shouts
On the horse she is queen
And now often seen
With the foal that Crescent put out.



Tracie Hassinger

Tracie's a jack-of-all-trades
With the wood splitter she is a gay blade
A fireplace builder
Her new boots almost killed her
When into the water she fell and did wade.

Tanya Smolinsky

Tanya is often yacking with Rob
To climb up a mountain's no job
The last one in bed
In the sun she'll turn red
In tennis she'll handle a lob.



Nanette Rummel

Nanette discovered the woods this year
A hike or canoe she'll attempt without fear
Back home she will stop
For some candy and pop
And ice cream will fill her with cheer.

Gwen Hoffman

Gwen bounced right into camp
And even when the weather is damp
Our very own Tigger
Is so full of vigor
That on her we sometimes must stamp.



Betty Jo Howard

Betty Jo has a problem with verse
Limericks make her nervous and terse
Loves the Cit group
Up mountains will troop
At the back kitchen table she'll converse.



Amy Dunn

Amy does so love to play hoop
And boredom often makes her head droop
At Annie's side she is seen
Of days off she does dream
Fifth Shack - she lived with that group.

Meg Richards

To the tennis courts Meg is bound
In a sailboat she's often found
At camp, an Aide this year
To her return all will cheer
In her eights year she has been around.

Holly Higgins

From Sixth Shack to Third Holly went
For teaching sailing she surely was meant
Tennis she likes
But don't send her on hikes
Her day off at Boothbay she spent.



Carmen Colina

When singing her voice is like gold
Sometimes she thinks Maine is too cold
Small children she adores
Drawing is no chore
With shoe choices she was quite bold.

Mina Colina

On June twenty-third she came
And her music brings her much fame
With kids she is great
Food she never ate
Because she's catholic, she's not to blame.

Phil Cobb

Phil has moved up to Maine
Unpacking will be such a pain
The new apartment he tours
Camp pictures a chore
In his head many ideas are contained.

Betty Cobb

Betty has moved far from camp
Many miles a day she must tramp
Her Wallabees don't match
New blue jeans - quite a catch
On gum she does not like to stamp!

Jack Erler

On the week-end he'll come in his plane
President Erler of Camp Runoia in Maine
Nurses boats which are sick
Looks for Sally Frank with a stick
His stories are never mundane.

Diane Erler

Diane longs to play sardines late at night
To her typing the log is too trite
All of her Aides she adores
Silkscreening ribbon's a bore
The falls of Moose River gave her a fright.



Kathie Goodblood

From Pittsfield Kathie did come
To arts and crafts she did run
When she first saw Third Shack
She was ready to pack
But with Pat she sure had some fun.

Pat Hassinger

From PA. she does hail
She is often seen with a pail
Although her duties do vary
A smile she'll always carry
On her many places of travel.



Cyndi Trull

Her new brown hat she wears with pride
A canoer never broadside
Rowdies she has four
Swimmers she adores
And from Jinxy she'll never hide.



Trudy Rutherford

In tripping our Trudy was found
In swimmina and diving profound
She runs every day
In disco, "Hurray!"
In darkness does fall on the ground.

Pam Famous

To riflery Pam would hurry
And A.J. is her least worry
Many frisbees she'd buy
Words of Dutt Butt she'd sigh
So much reading her brain is flurried.



Alice Brebner

With Dizzy dear Alice will be
Though she does like to sail on the sea
A tree she seldom fells
But with racquets she'll excel
To White's spirit she is a key.

Posie Van Rensselaer

Posie lives to sail any boat
About the table she made she will gloat
She swims at full speed
The map of camp's quite a deed
On all of Fifth Shack she will dote.



Liz West

A counselor became Liz West
Sixth Shack put her to the test
Flag raising she blares
She has many grey hairs
After this summer she'll need quite a rest!

Sarah Wilkinson

Sarah is found on the lake
Trips out of camp she does take
She's afraid of spiders
Always asks for log writers
Consuming food she usually partakes.



Nanette Malatesta

To Junior Lakes our Nanette did go
With the Cits bubbles she would blow
For tripping she'll yearn
Her JMWS will learn
Hearing a bear a fit she did throw!

Holly Rutherford

For JMGs our Holly does look
And popcorn she really likes to cook
On trips she'll be
Or sunning at the sea
Gorgeous guys she sure hopes to hook.

Lori Winfield

There once was a counselor named Lori
Who's camplife was quite a story
Funny hairdos she'd make
And her tape player did break
And Flora, she died, "Oh Glory!"



Kris Wanstedt

Kris comes from way out in the West
At cooking she tries to be best
While a diet she tries,
We know it's all lies
'Cause she's usually found eating the rest.

LeAnne Roland

LeAnne made a big batch of dough
To make tons of French bread pleases her so
Plays tricks on the boys
To eat is a joy
In a sailboat in the moonlight she'll go.

Kathy Wing

From the Dakotas came Kathy Wing
About cooking she didn't know a thing
Often running you'll see
Sometimes whistling, maybe
To climb mountains makes her want to sing.

Pam Price

Pam she is known as a cook
Her height might get her a look
In the sun she'll have fun
To food she will run
Many times she is found with a book.



Anne Erler

To the water Annie does run
Though putting her head in is really not fun
Blueberries she'll be near
"Yeah Annie!" we'll cheer
She's usually found with Amy Dunn.



Doris Trull

Nurse Fuzzy Wuzzy is her name
The Cloroseptic has brought her great fame
In the craft shop she'll be
And many a camper she'll see
She has enjoyed her summer in Maine.



Joel Schulman

Joel eats mass quantities and never chokes
In tennis he knows all the strokes
First summer in Maine
His Intermediates he'll train
He's not a bad guy - it's a hoax!

David Wilson

N.A., N.P., and N.J.
Are all catchy phrases he'll say
After morning run hurting
Always found flirting
In a sailboat he'll be any day.





























...The Aides were off chasing a balloon!

















































Cyprus '79



Hello Dear Johnny!



Happy Holidays

se had twin granddaughters in
July

Kit and Whit Hobbs
New Street Address: 2 Cherry Lane

and moved a mile in October

Kit Hamilton Hobbs and Whit



Sue and Andrew Dickson August 1979
Mother is Jean Price Dickson



MERRY CHRISTMAS!
and love from the Bells

We had a nice visit at camp
this summer so sorry to miss
you

Cricket Janney Bell's daughter



Margaret Marion Loiselle 9-79
daughter of Margy Warren Loiselle



Sarah Berghorst
daughter of Debbie Hinckley Berghorst

*A moment
to last forever
to be shared with those we love.*

Please join with
Ruth and Joe Sataloff
in the celebration of the marriage
of their daughter
Jody
to
David Cluckey
on Sunday, the twenty-sixth of August
nineteen hundred and seventy-nine
at eleven o'clock in the morning
North Belgrade, Maine

R. S. V. P. - R. D. No. 1
Oakland, Maine 04963



Merry Christmas
from
Beth, Bill and Matthew Gast
-1979-

Son of Beth Hilton Gast

Age 2 weeks



Matthew Hamilton Gast

10:44 p.m. April 18, 1979

9 lb. 2 oz. 21"



Margaret **m**arion Loïselle

Mr. and Mrs. David Robertson
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Margaret Ruth

to

Mr. Robin Jefferson Rader
on Thursday, the twenty-first of June
Nineteen hundred and seventy-nine
at three o'clock in the afternoon
Peaceful Valley Memorial Chapel

Reception following
at Peaceful Valley Lodge

R.s.v.p.



Amy Bunny Jeff
Rob + Beth
Thibo deau



Sarah Prowse, Andrew, MS, Vilis, Krissy Auns

