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Dedication 1981

I've been a part of camp for quite a few years now and I would have to say each summer is special in its own way. I've watched the christening of the Marjorie II, the loss of the comfortable shade of the oak tree on the kickball field, the Cobb House changing its name to the Presidential Suite, the departure of an era with Johnny and the coming and going of many special campers and counselors. But not everything has changed. The same rocks still jump out of the ground to stub my toes and trip me, the lodge recording Runoia's history still acts as our central meeting place every morning. Most importantly, Runoia is not just another summer camp where kids are scheduled to go to activities in order that they stay busy. Instead, at Runoia there is a spirit of kinship between people and a desire for accomplishment in activities.

This Runoia spirit of loving and caring has not been lost over the years. New people come in and are easily captured by Runoia's charm. We've been fortunate enough to have people dedicate themselves to keeping Runoia on its feet. Our plumber (Betty), telephone repairperson (Diane), and electrician (Betty Jo) have helped us to grow in more ways than we can count. The plumber has been with Runoia for many years. When things are in a jam she has always been able to find the appropriate tools to keep the system going. Our telephone repairperson has helped to keep our lines open and communication going. Whenever there is a need to have a sensitive ear listen she will be there. The electrician has always done her best to keep a light shining in everyone. With her, we are never blind as to who we are and what we can do.

The most important thing these three people have done is to help each individual learn about themselves.

In doing so they have had to criticize in a constructive manner. At times it is very difficult to understand this criticism but at Runoia it is okay to make a mistake. You may become angry and embarrassed but here you are able to learn from your mistakes and to grow!

I can't seem to find enough ways to thank everyone for the support they have given me and the love I feel for them. Runoia is filled with wonderful people who care and that makes Runoia unique. It has its hard times but the Runoia spirit never dies. It is to this spirit that I would like to dedicate the Log of 1981.

I think my feelings are summed up in a verse from a Runoia song:

"Something's special there at Camp Runoia,
It isn't just activities,
It isn't just the piney trees,
But the friendly people living there
with so much love to share,
Yes, Runoia is a special place to grow."

Alice Brebner
Martha Wilson

Cotillion Readings

We have tried to help you become better sailors, trippers, better people....

Some of you know I have a daughter in this camp. Todas; vosotras sois mis hijas. Toutes; vous etes mes filles. Ehr alle; ehr sind alle meine dochter. All of you, you are all my daughters, from the youngest camper to the oldest counselor. I love each of you for who you are and what you can be. Listen to some fatherly advice from someone who wants you to be happy. Listen to some suggestions for your lives from someone who has been where you are going.

Many people will try to put you down. That is their problem. You must keep yourself together, or lose everything inside you. Remember, there is only one you, one person with your thoughts, your secrets and dreams, your talents, moods and tones. Only one you on this whole planet. Help yourself.

And add to yourself. Everywhere you go there is something new to learn. Be selfish enough to collect ideas while others collect common things. Listen and look and you will be richer.

When people want to treat you badly, practice saying 'No' with a smile. Keeping a 'no' inside hurts you and everyone when it finally explodes in anger. When you are put down say 'no' with a big smile. No one can answer that!

In really tight spots, do not panic. Quickly stop everything and figure out all the things you could do. Decide what seems the best, then do it with all your strength because that is the best choice for that moment.

Keep after things. No one gets anything they really want by keeping her mouth shut. When you want to learn something, or be something, ask. And keep asking. There

is always someone who will help you become...but you have to keep trying, looking and asking. The world is set up to help those who try.

Lastly, everywhere there is good and bad, happy and sad. You must choose one way to be. Be happy, be good, be positive, be helpful. It is easier and much more fun than always saying negative things, more fun for you and those around you. Your life will be happier every day when you live to make others happy. Think about it!

Tom Cabot

And now it is the end of the summer of 1981, Camp Runoia's 75th summer. As for me, well, this is only my second summer at Camp Runoia but I've felt that I've grown so much here. It won't be long before school starts and the winter of waiting for camp to start again will be upon us.

I wish I could stay here forever, then I'd never have to go through the pain of saying good-bye to all my friends.

So I will close now just by saying to you, Camp Runoia, may you never end so that generations and generations of girls in our Camp Runoia family may experience your beauty and excitement. And for all of you, my friends here, may you have all the good luck in the world and everything good you deserve. God bless you....

Amy Chiarello

We would like to thank everybody directly involved in making not only Seventh Shack's but also the whole camp's summer a very special and learning part of our lives. And we hope that the next seventy-five years of Runoia's existence are as happy and fun-filled as the past seventy-five have been!

Seventh Shack's Cotillion Wish

Dedication of the Tree
For The Seventy-Fifth Anniversary

The outside world has changed much during seventy-five years. I do not have to list the wars, nations, events and people who have come and gone in history since 1907.

Runoia has changed too, but only on the surface, a different driveway, a new coat of paint, new boats. Trees grow, rocks travel in the winter, buildings settle, but Runoia receives its annual crop of campers at that special age when everything is new in this old place.

For seventy-five years Runoia has been helping young girls develop a healthy appreciation of others and of nature. There have been seventy-five years of discovering self through others, through insects and mice, rain and trees, rocks and roots, and always beauty. Imagine, seventy-five crops of growing girls returned to the 'real world' blossoming into better people. They are better people because of Runoia's lake, quick-changing blue and gold, its winds, surprisingly moody and wonderfully wild. They are better people because of Runoia's tall trees, all-different green with their branches to hang from and their path-wandering, toe-tripping roots. They are better people because of Runoia's ubiquitous boulders and almost personal population of favorite sitting rocks.

In considering what the seventy-fifth staff could give to camp which would be significant of Runoia's everlasting beauty, its other-worldliness, and its annual flowering of unique and beautiful children, we decided on a tree. Not just any tree, however, but a young flowering, self-pollinating plum tree. This tree will grow and flourish just as many future campers will. It will be an annual reminder for you and this camp of the ever old,

yet always new season of human blossoms about to discover
this particular world on their return to Runoia.

Tom Cabot and the
staff of 1981

August 14, 1981

Log Staff

Second Shack	Anne Katzen, Rose Mary Scanlon
Third Shack	Sarah Chalmers, Sarah Sutel
Fourth Shack	Jessica Londa, Lauren Nassau
Fifth Shack	Greta Benedict, Penny Britell
Sixth Shack	Tracy Diamond, Blair Hambuechen
Seventh Shack	Sharon West, Nell Wood
Cits	Carrie Campbell, Jennifer Jackson
Aides	Martha Wilson
Counselors	Alice Brebner, Kim Leining
Photographer	Rosie Cole

Counselors

Arbach, Delores
Baruch, Lucy
Brown, Velinda
Boswell, Patty
Brebner, Alice
Cabot, Tomas
Cobb, Betty
Cobb, Pam
Cobb, Phil
Cole, Rosie
Deprey, Karen
Engle, Janet
Erler, Diane
Florey, Nandy
Foley, Mary Jo
Han, Charles
Hassinger, Tracie
Howard, Betty Jo
Hudec, Barbara
Kennedy, Janet
Leining, Kim
Mirkazemi, Mersedeh
Richards, Meg
Rowell, Jody
Rummel, Nanette
Saltus, Kate
Schnitzer, Adam
Stoddard, Amy
Trager, Barb
Willsey, Linda

Seniors

Aaron, Jill
Abrams, Hannah
Benedict, Greta
Berg, Richele
Bortman, Cindy
Brennan, Maura
Britell, Penny
Britell, Samantha
Cabot, Elena
Cerasuolo, Nancy
Chalmers, Carrie
Chiarello, Amy
Corson, Jenny
Cue, Teresa
Diamond, Tracy
Entrecanales, Maria
Erda, Kate
Fanning, Fiona
Feldman, Nina
Francoeur, Marie-Claude
Frye, Alison
Gottlieb, Ellen
Gradman, Laura
Gradman, Susan
Griffin, Heather
Hambuechen, Blair
Hathaway, Janet
Hathaway, Sharon
Kennedy, Liane
LaFrance, Annie
Lavigne, Diane
Lawton, Lee
Leahey, Isabelle
Leahey, Suzie
Leighton, Jessica
Long, Britt
Maranon, Irene
Munoz-Rojas, Maria Luisa
Sherman, Susie
Sutel, Rachel
Van Doren, Linda
Voigt, Stephanie
Weinstein, Kara
West, Sharon
Wood, Nell

Juniors

Alfond, Jenny
Chalmers, Sarah,
Cue, Alejandra
Davis, Cassandra
Dennis, Krista
Dennis, Vicki
Dubord, Jenny
Easton, Sarah
Fitzwater, Shayna
Gary, Melissa
Gradman, Ann
Kann, Hillary
Katzen, Anne
Leis, Caroline
Londa, Jessica
Mann, Caitlin
Maranon, Laura
McCarthy, Bronwyn
McDonough, Teresa
Munoz-Rojas, Almudine
Nassau, Lauren
Prodo, Catherine
Prybutok, Sonya
Robinson, Kursla
Rosenthal, Cyna
Scanlon, Rose Mary
Scaramelli, Becky
Scott, Tina
Shafia, Louisa
Sutel, Sarah
Train, Mandy
Wall, Asa
Watson, Catherine
Zinckgraf, Lori

Cits

Campbell, Carrie
Charest, Elise
Cornell, Kim
Harvey, Ginger
Jackson, Jennifer

Aides

Cornell, Tracy
Huels, Sarah
Wilson, Martha

The Name Story

Standing in his fashionable living room during one of his many parties, Scott Bradford looked out to the Easton with the Rummel of the live band playing his favorite song, "Katzen the Cradle" behind him. In the room a Train of people dressed to a Cue danced to the Arbach-Baruch, a new dance from Lafrance. From an Engle Scott suddenly noticed a woman dressed in Leis, Fanning her Lavigne body and coolly relaxing against the Wall. As he sauntered over to the woman he walked through a Cobb web and he nervously Stoddard his name. She was also nervous at his attention and Stamlered her name, Florey Andrews, back to him. He snapped his fingers and Hassinger of the band to play a Chalmers waltz. With a smile on his face the singer replied, "Chiarello." As the music began, Scott and Florey were interrupted by the sound of the Britell ringing and of Corson Scott had to go answer it. Abruptly, with a Hudec, a drunk stumbled into the room, disrupting the party like a Sherman tank. "Hey, I'm so Gradman to see you! Hey, butler, I want a drink!" The butler came over and only filled a glass halfway up with wine. The drunk said, "I want it Feldman!" After it was filled the drunk rudely said, "Hey, I'm Bortman. Let's get some action in this party!" Scott addressed the butler, "Boswell, kindly escort this Deprey Mann through the Hathaway to the back door!"

It grew late and as the guests began to leave one by one Florey decided that she, too, must be heading home. Detaining her for a moment Scott asked, "Sutel me, do you play Dennis, I mean tennis?" Pleased, she answered, "Yes."

"Would you like to play with me tomorrow afternoon?" he asked.

She answered, "Yes," and he escorted her to the door. With a wave of her Han she disappeared into the night.

The next day he showed up with his Wood Voigt racquet and she with her Wilson racquet. He opened the can of Davis tennis balls and they began to play. They Rowelled for a few minutes and then began a game. Suddenly, the barking of a Schnitzer chasing a cat inLeightedened upon their game.

"Kann we have a drink now?"

"That's a splendid idea. I'll order some Fitzwater for us."

They sat down and started to chat. Looking at her he told her how Alfond of her he was. Watson him closely, Leining her eyes with his, Howardly she responded with a blush. Suddenly a Berg dropped a Mirkazemi on his shirt. He looked up into the Aaron with disgust and said, "Oh, Zinckgraf!"

Well, after the incident Florey announced, "I Gottlieb." In anguish he replied, "Let's at least have dinner sometime this week. Then, we can spend more time with each other." He said he'd call her later so they said goodbye.

Erler Friday night Florey's phone began to ring. Reaching into the Cabot she picked up the receiver.

"Hello," Florey began.

"Hi, this is Scott. What have you been up to?"

"Not much. I went to McDonough and got some Hambuechans, and I just heard on T.V. that Richards Nixon has been impeached and Kennedy might be running next year. I also heard about this huge hurricane that hit Nassau in the Bahamas. Just now I finished mowing the Lawton and my heels hurt from being on my feet all day!"

"Well, it seems like you are up to date on things. I haven't been doing much. All I've been doing is thinking about you. How does it sound if we go out for dinner tonight?"

"That sounds great!"

"How about 8:00?"

"Okay."

"I'll pick you up in my Van Doren, then. See you later."

At about 8:00 Scott picked her up. As she got inside the Van Doren she heard the music, "Alonda Road" on his radio.

She asked if he liked Dan Fogelberg, but he said no. Then, Paul McCarthy came on the radio as they arrived at the French restaurant. They both got out dancing to the music, turned it off and went inside.

When inside the hostess walked up to them and said, "May I help Huels?"

"We'd like a table for two in the Cornell, please."

"Right this way."

As they sat down their waiter came and gave them their menus and asked them what they'd like to drink. "Munoz-Rojas, what would you like to drink?"

"I'd like two Harvey wallbangers, please."

"No, I'm sorry, sir, all we have is wine; red, white and Rosenthal."

"Okay, we'd like a bottle of your best imported red wine."

"Fine, sir." As the waiter walked away they started a conversation in a low tone. A fire danced beside them with hot Coles keeping it burning. On the wall behind them hung a picture of Benedict Arnold sitting on a horse. As the low whispers of couples mingled throughout the restaurant Scott said, "Did I ever tell you that I was a Maranon runner when I was younger?"

"No."

"Well, in those days I hung around with Bill Campbell, the pitcher for the Red Socks, and you know Jackson was at my party."

"Oh, how interesting, I've always been a fan of his."

As the conversation dragged on, Florey picked up the menu and Griffined at it. Scott, noticing her confusion with Francoeur, explained the menu carefully to her.

"Cerasuolo is a vegetable dish and I'm quite sure you wouldn't like that. Now Dubord is a chicken dish with a spicy sauce. Entrecanales is a frog leg dish with exotic side dishes. Leahey is a liver dish along with potatoes and a cheese dish known as Prybutok. Shafia is a fish

dish served with French Brebner."

Abruptly, Scott was interrupted by the waiter's voice, "May I help you?"

"Yes, we'd like to know what the special is today."

"Certainly, it is fresh Long Scanlons."

Reluctantly Scott inquired, "Can you deep Frye those?"

"Yes, would you like to Erda two?"

"Yes, along with another bottle of red wine, Prodo!"

"Will that be all?"

"Yes." The waiter left in a hurry to get the wine.

"I love your dress, where did you get it?" Scott said in a low voice.

"I got it at Abrams and Straus. I'm glad you like it."

The waiter finally came with the food and wine. They started to eat their Scanlons. As Florey reached for the Saltus, bringing her arm back, she clumsily spilled the wine. "Brennan!" It just went all over my new dress and it will leave a Weinstein on it." She abruptly got up and went to the ladies room, leaving Scott by himself. When she came back Scott noticed a shimmering light from her finger. With horror he realized it was a Diamond engagement ring. All Foleyed up, he demanded an explanation.

Realizing that he had discovered her secret, she screamed, "All right, it's true, I'm married to a man named Gary, but I have fallen in love with you."

"Willsey who loves who!" Reaching into his jacket he pulled out a forty-four, aimed it and pulled the Trager. As she fell to the floor, Scott coolly walked out of the restaurant. As he walked to his Van Doren, the sun set in the West and a Robinson flew over his head.

Charest is up to you!



FIRST IMPRESSIONS

First Impressions

My first impression of camp was the excitement of seeing my old friends and looking forward to the two months ahead of me. My impression was that camp would be fun and full of excitement.

Jenny Alfond

My first impression of camp was that there were so many new faces among campers and counselors. Then I saw my old friends who introduced me to some new people. Soon we were all best friends. I went to my shack and started to unpack. I met the counselors and things started to roll!

Jessica Londa

My first impression of camp was, "Oh, great, I get to see my old friends and meet new people too!" I also knew that it would be totally different from last year. I thought that camp would be great this summer.

Caitlin Mann

My first impression of camp this year was that it was going to be different, and it was. I was glad to see my old friends and meet new ones, too. Being a night camper is more fun than being a day camper, I think.

Amy Cook

My first impression of camp was excitement and loneliness. My best friend was saying, "Hi, how are you doing?" I didn't think that I would fit in.

Becky Scaramelli

When I first arrived at camp it was raining and everyone had to go into the lodge to play games. Soon the sun came out and I met everyone else. I was very shy and so were all the other girls in the shack, but I knew I was going to like it.

Louisa Shafia

I thought that camp was okay. The only problem is no candy!!

Vicki Dennis

When I got to the train station I was scared I wouldn't make any friends at camp. As soon as I got on the bus I knew I would because all the old campers were so nice to me and came and introduced themselves. It's now a week later and I love Camp Runoia.

Lee Lawton

Everyone said camp would be fun but I didn't know myself. A few days after I got here I knew! I met about three friends in about two minutes. At first I had no friends, now I have about fifteen!

Caroline Leis

When I first arrived at camp I thought, wow, am I glad to be here. Nothing had changed except a few counselors which I will miss but there are new and nice ones to take their places. I was wondering if all my friends would still be my friends. When I drove up everyone was there to greet me. I was happy to arrive!

Laura Gradman

The bus ride was long but when we finally got there it looked the same. But, each year camp changes a little to make it more fun.

Richele Berg

When I first got to camp I looked around the place and I wasn't sure I would like it. Then, as we got to tag up and camp really started to get going I really liked it and I understood the everyday routine.

Susan Gradman

When I came to camp and saw all the new people I never thought I would get to know everyone. Every day I worked on the names and now I know almost every one. By the end of the summer I will know them all, I hope!

Ellen Gottlieb

When I first got to camp I was scared. It looked nice but I still was scared! When I got to my shack everybody was really nice, though, nicer than I thought people would be.

Maura Brennan

CAMP RUNOTA

NEWSLETTER

JUNE 28, 1981

Sunday June 21st was a busy day at camp, attempting to get all the last minute things done before our first group of campers arrived from Atlanta, Cleveland, Newark, Philadelphia, Toronto and Washington. We did start out with a few days of rain, but Tuesday June 23rd was a bright sunny day to welcome the rest of our campers. We still have three more to come on June 30th from Madrid.

You may hear some strange stories about Tuesday morning. Yes, our nine horses did go on a Teddy Bear Picnic for breakfast! By late Tuesday afternoon the fence was repaired and they were home again thanks to Mary Jo, Rosie, Laura, Fiona, Jenny, Suzie and Jessica, happy to munch on hay and oats.

We are all, - well, mostly all, patiently waiting to have the tapes in place on the tennis courts. New posts have been set so we now have three doubles courts. The wind has been good for sailing and a new dock has been set up for the rowboats. We have been introduced to almost all of our activities and have made our choices for the summer.

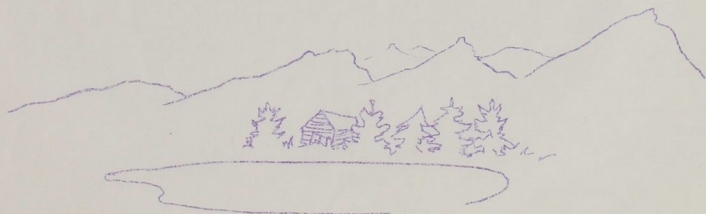
Theater arts has been included this summer and we are looking forward to some grand entertainment. On Friday all the new campers chose their teams and we are all now Blues or Whites. Also on Friday 3 Senior Trips spent the night on Oak Island and since Thursday the Juniors have been sleeping in small groups in the "Tipi". Reservations must be made in advance and soon the season will be in full swing.

At this writing we are preparing for a Gypsy Carnival on Saturday evening, more about this next week. We also had a Junior Trip Bushweek up Bald Mt. on Saturday. They were introduced to wild cucumber!

I am making new friends; I am eating well, - even trying some new foods and the salad bar is great; The stars are beautiful in the evening; the lake is clear and cool, - sometimes a little cold; there are both sunny moments and rainy moments. I have my ups and downs. I do miss you and mail is fun to receive. I promise to write at least once each week but remember I am busy.

Aionur,

Love,



Dear Families,

The second week has gone by and camp has settled down into a regular schedule. New campers are now familiar with camp and old campers are reacquainted.

Last Saturday's Gypsy Carnival was a lot of fun and Sunday afternoon we had a perfect one at Runoia's beach. Monday started the week off with beautiful weather and four way capture the flag got underway. Due to darkness the game ended in a tie ; with assured continuation at a later date.

Building miniature campsites was a quiet way to end Tuesday with 7th shack receiving a prize for the most beautiful campsites. Our friends from Madrid arrived in time to join this activity.

The next day three senior groups canoed on Great Pond to Oak Island for an overnight. Those who stayed in camp also enjoyed the out of doors with Teddy Bear Picnics for supper. Thursday brought our Oak Island Trips home with many exciting stories. The day ended with a counselor hunt.

Friday there were two mountain trips to Jackson and Tumbledown. Both mountains gave a scenic view and everyone came back pleasantly tired. Camp was even smaller as sailors took the advantage of the super wind and weather to go on an all day sail. Some will heed the advise of the staff next time around when told to put their shirts on and cover up their legs!

The Fourth of July dawned bright and sunny. The campers were awakened by the counselors with a bang: how crazy can they dress in red, white and blue and bang tins and blow horns to wake us up? Games in the morning and an extensive relay race in the afternoon kept everyone busy and brought the American team to victory over the British. This most perfect day planned by the CITS ended with vespers around a campfire on the beach; complete with marshmallows and sparklers.

Love,

Aionur



"The Preppy Handbook" was the theme of Saturday night's Evening Program. Pink and green with turned up collars was the in style! A variety of games were played and one group with the longest list of 'Preppy sayings'. Sunday was 4th Shacks Service on Rainbows. During the week many have enjoyed looking through and reading over the Rainbow Goblins a most beautifully illustrated book. We also had Blue and White competition in both softball and sailing. The teams now have a game apiece and this week-end we will have another softball game. Our Sunday night campfire brought more awards in activities.

Monday a group of campers left for a hike on the Appalachian Trail to Gulf Hagas, along with this group was a Junior Canoe Trip to Sebec Lake. This lake turned out to be too populated for us! Monday was also picture Day.

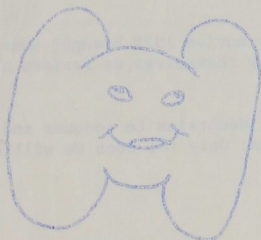
Tuesday brought some rain and indoor games - Family Feud was changed to Shack Feud! A beautiful Wednesday was in order for 2nd and 3rd Shack's trip to Popham Beach. A canoe trip for seniors and a supper sail completed the day. Another Maine Day came on Thursday and 7th shack had their turn to go to the Beach. Name that Tune was the Evening Program. Friday we again had a beautiful day and 5th shack went to the beach and 6th shack went to Friendship a small coastal town. An overnight to Oak Island and an evening supper ride rounded out our busy week.

We wish our Junior Maine Guides all the best of luck as they go off to Testing Camp next week. We will have some of our last trips coming up next week as only too soon our summer is coming to a close.

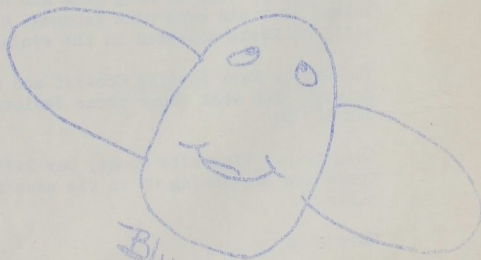
We are busy with our skills, passing tests in swimming and earning awards in other activities. Have a great week, - we intend to have a busy one.

Love,

Aionur



Willie



Blueie

Dear Families,

This has been a full week of trips ranging from white water canoeing to Mt. Katahdin. Many exciting stories have been told about these trips. The weather has been changing throughout the week, rain and sun mixing together; we have seen the effects of the rain and sometimes forget the rays of the sun. Showers seem to appear at unexpected moments, like the middle of a sailing race; or the middle of a kickball game. Despite the showers and the waiting period we did finish the game about one hour later!

Saturday brought the first Blue-White Competition with a Senior Softball Game. The whites won with a score of 3-1. We have discovered the upper part of the Androscoggin River has excellent white water. We would like to move the river closer to camp however as it is a long drive.

Sunday morning brought the first challenging Camper-Counselor Sailing Regatta. The wind was brisk and the race was exciting, with Brebner, A. Cook and Alfond 1st, T. Cornell, Zinckgraf and Prybutok 2nd in the Doves and Arbach and Gary 1st in the Sprites. The afternoon was taken up with another Camper-Counselor Sailing Race. Skirpan, Reacher, Griffiths with Sherman sailed a race the finish line first, followed by Berg and Scorp in the Doves. Shaffie was 1st in the Sprites. A few campers enjoyed the musical program presented by the New England Music Camp on Sunday afternoon.

Monday Katahdin I took off to challenge the highest mountain in Maine. Despite a good deal of rain and fog a good time was had by all. The whites won the Junior Kickball Game played with delays due to raindrops. As the day progressed we learned how much we know about each other in the Footrace Game and Hamm Zingo.

A canoe paddle to Moyn Island included lunch on the lake, and a supper sail found out that sailboats can sail in the rain. Following the storm came the wind and bailing sailboats and surfing were top activities. Katahdin II took off early Wednesday morning. Their trip was spectacular. Super weather and a view of the world from the top. The continued version of capture the flag - 4-way ended with the reds capturing the whites flag.

A Junior Group climbed Mt. Philip and found blueberries at their prime. Lots and lots came home with the quick and ready eye of Belores - the result was Blueberry Pie! How yummy when still warm from the oven! Oh, Ath Slack was in their glory. Off to Long Lake and Belgrade Stream went a Senior Trip - Fantasy Island is a old camp site renamed. Have you ever shot Wing's Mill Dam? This group did! Pet Rocks appeared in the evening.

The Runoff Hair Styling Contest and old camp movies 1929 brought some laughter on Friday. But what about those Seniors who saw themselves as Juniors in 1978? or was it 79?

Long trips, Blue-White Games, Day Sails, More Mountains to conquer and the Maine Coast are all coming up in the next few weeks. Only too soon we will be home again.

Have a Happy Day!

Dear Families,

Well, another week has flown by. Saturday morning the camp awakened to find Christmas trees had appeared on shack porches and Betty's table had been spirited by elves from the dining hall to a new spot beside the flag pole outside. Saturday night we enjoyed the annual "Miss Runoia" contest, a gala event in which the aspiring Miss Runoia's display their beauty and talents amidst laughs and applause. Miss Runoia, 1981 was announced by a visiting talent scout, the famous Mr. Red Erds. Diane Lavigne was crowned by the 1980 Miss Runoia, Isabelle Leahy. Is there a French connection abroad?

Sunday morning a group of our campers and counselors took part in the Sunday Service at the Belgrade Lakes Union Church. This annual service is greatly enjoyed by those who attend. Sunday afternoon we had a Blue/White Sailing Race. First place went to Maria Entrecanales of the Blue Team, with Lea Lawton in second place for the Whites and Samantha Britell in third place for the Blues. Sunday evening there was an after-supper softball game which was narrowly won by the Blue Team 9 - 8. Our overall softball standings show the Blues 2 and the Whites 1. The Kickball standings are Blues 2 and Whites 1. The last game was also a close one with the Blues winning 1 - 0.

Monday a Moose River Canoe Trip headed off for the wilderness, the Junior Maine Guides left for testing camp in the Rangeley area and fourth shack enjoyed a trip to Popham Beach in perfect weather. The day ended with a scavenger hunt and two teams tied for the coveted prize of Nersey Bars!

On Tuesday the CIT'S were off to the St. Croix for five days. A trip to remember in the years to come. A group of Juniors spent the night in Fairy Ring, our own campsite and despite returning a little soggy in the morning a good time was had by all.

July 29th was the Royal Wedding and those who wished to arise at 5 A.M. enjoyed the pageantry and excitement of this event. It was a rainy day and following a late breakfast, cabin groups performed sequels to their favorite 'Soap Operas'. A "Pairs Party" ended the day. Raggedy Ann and Andy, -Mutt and Jeff, -Salt and peppe Pepper, - what-have-you attended.

The Moose River Trip returned on Thursday somewhat wet and full of memories. Late on Friday the JMG's returned with fond memories of their experience and anxious to know the results of their hard work of five days. The warm and most beautiful day ended with swimming, sailing and canoeing on Great Pond.

Saturday was the Annual Swim-a-thon held at camp to benefit the George Robertson Health Center in Belgrade Lakes. And for some strange reason we were awakened by taps! More of this confusing backward day next week.

Your friend,

Aionur

It seems that as the summer goes on the weeks get busier and this week certainly is no exception. Each day has been packed with activities and lots of fun. Preparations for the last week of camp are underway and we wonder where the summer has gone.

On Saturday we woke up to raps and being tucked into bed. What was going on? It was backwards Day! Evening Program was in the morning, assembly in the afternoon and we ate hamburgers for breakfast. Throughout backwards day The Swim-a-thon took place with many people from town swimming laps along with the campers and counselors to benefit the George Robinson Health Center in Belgrade Lakes. Bananas and Badger were wed by the stump of the old oak tree in a formal stuffed animal wedding. Tom the practical preacher led the gala affair, while Penny Britell and Nandy Florey had their stuffed animals "hitched". The rice flew and we haven't had so many pictures since the 4th of July.

Sunday started off with a counselor/camper sailing race won by Marie-Claude, Sonya and Stephanie. Fifth Shack and the tent led a good Sunday Service about the future. In the afternoon we had open waterfront with swimming, sailing, canoeing, rowing and sunning for all. Filled with swimming, archery and riflery awards, vespers was a nice ending to a full day.

Monday was hazy all day long but a trip went off to Chesuncook anyway. In the evening we had Rumpia Court. Both campers and counselors were brought up to trial for unusual things they have done this summer.

Tuesday was another hazy day, but off to Tumbledown went another group of hikers and a lucky group of riders went on a supper ride. A song contest was held in the evening and the 5th shackers and the 7th shackers combined their talents to win the happy song and 3rd shack won the sentimental song.

Wednesday dawned bright and sunny but by noontime a thunderbomber was upon us. A canoe trip to Flagstaff left at breakfast time. Entertaining indoor activities kept us busy for a few hours and the weather gave us a free swim before dinner. In the evening we had a costume party dance. Each shack entered a couple or a group into the dance contest. The decision was a tie between 2nd and 5th shack.

Following a full day of activities, Thursday evening we had paper bag skits. They were all very good with 4th shack being awarded 1st prize. Friday Blue-White competition started with Paddle Tennis. Kate Erda and Sharon West won the doubles match and Jenny Corson the singles match. All three are whites. In the afternoon we had a sailing race. The boats came in Blue, White, Blue, White with Samantha Britell the winning skipper. In the evening we had a Blue/White Soccer Game which the whites won.

Saturday started off very exciting as we had The Annual Horse Show. It was a very good display of riding from walking to jumping and many campers have added ribbons to their collection of memorabilia. Blue/White Softball and Soccer games were played in the afternoon and the series is all tied up at 2 games apiece. Kate Erda was elected President Saturday evening in the Camp Rumpia Presidential elections. This is our last newsletter for 1981. This coming weeks' news come directly from your daughter. It's been a great summer! Thank you all.

Love,

Aileen



TRIPS

Oak Island Trip

We left camp after rest hour to go to Oak Island. The canoe trip took about twenty minutes and when we arrived at our campsite the first thing that we noticed was that the fireplace was a mess and there was trash all over the ground. Nandy began to clean up the area while the rest of us unloaded and moved the canoes. After the tents were set up we got to work rebuilding the fireplace and chopping wood for a fire.

The food was all set to be cooked for dinner when Nandy discovered that she had brought the wrong kind of matches so she sent two of us over to the other campsite to borrow some. When they were gone we found the right kind in yhr First Aid kit. We also had forgotten to bring the stove pipes so Sharon and I went into the woods to cut branches to be used in place of pipes. We didn't bring a grill either so we improvised using the branches. Dinner was Texas Tommies, salad, congo bars for dessert and gross purple bug juice.

We made s'mores in the rain and then we went over to the other campsite where we sang songs around the campfire with two other overnight groups. Karen enjoyed singing so much that for the rest of the camp trip she sang "sailing" with the wrong words, the wrong tune and we couldn't get her to shut up!

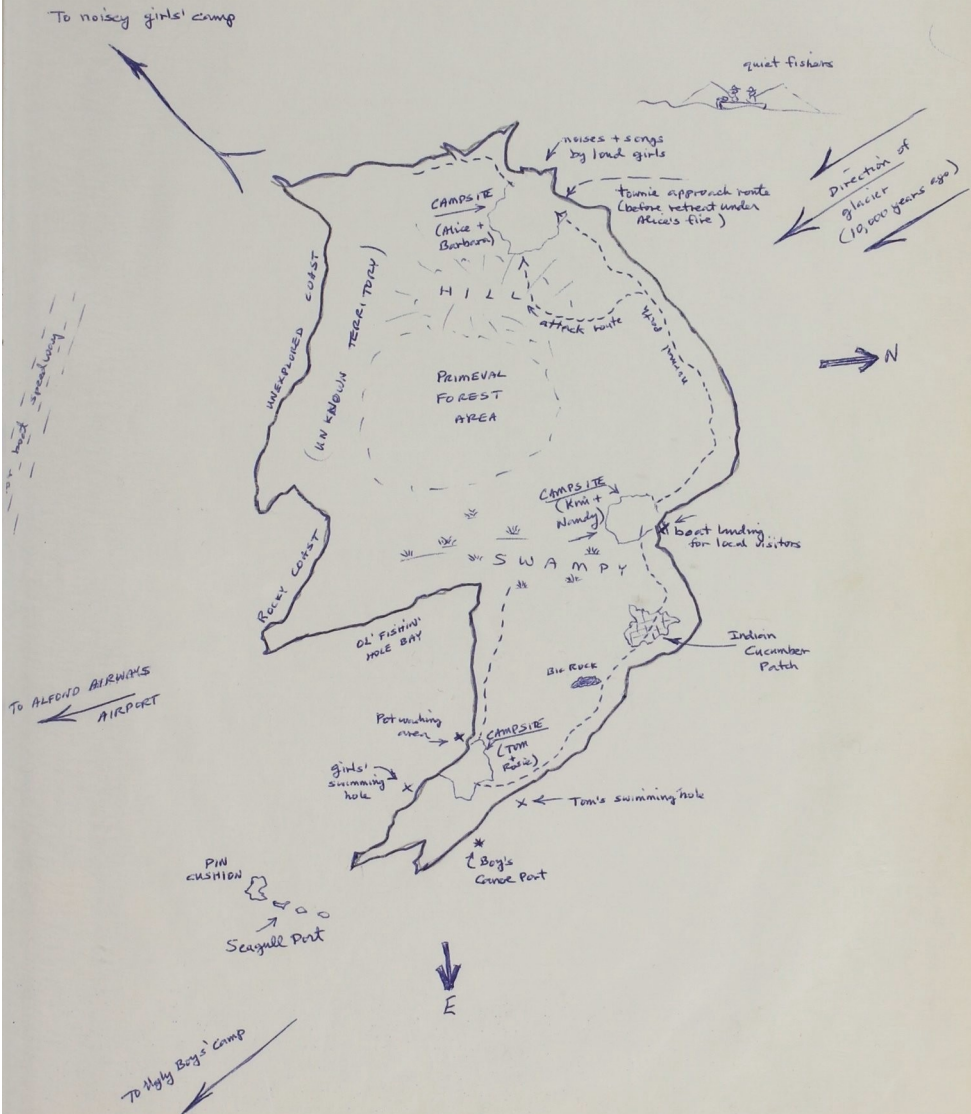
Everyone slept well in spite of the rain and the fact that some of the tents leaked. We were all awakened at 5 A.M. by Carrie who was later sent to borrow more matches from the other campsite. Breakfast was cheesy scrambled eggs, coffee cake and hot chocolate. After breakfast we cleaned up the campsite, loaded the canoes and arrived back at camp just in time for swimming lessons!

June 25-26, 1981

OAK ISLAND

INSTANT (SCOUT) MAP BY T. CABOT

JULY 1, 1981



Oak Island Overnight

Everything started fine. Janet and Tracie packed out with no mishaps except when our corn syrup got mixed up with clorox. Yum! We left the next day during rest hour with the other two groups, too. The water was fine for canoeing and we had four canoes. Three canoes had passengers and the fourth had only two. We went to the far side of Oak where our campsite was and unloaded the canoes one by one. This site is difficult to land on properly. The area itself was fine. We had to rebuild the fireplace but it didn't take long. There was plenty of space for tents. We had three canoeing tents and two mountain tents. The last mountain tent was used for storage and we had two triples in the canoeing tents. Dinner went smoothly. We ate fried chicken, corn, celery and carrots, French fries (homemade) and chocolate cake. The cake was from the JMG book and didn't work out at all. We did the dishes without too much fuss and then we cooked marshmallows and popcorn while trying to compose a trip song. Then the other two campsites joined us and we had a good time singing songs. At about 9:15 they left and the kids seemed happy enough to go to bed. Janet and I brushed our teeth and put out the fire, or so we thought. We heard the kids later and peeked out of the tent. Much to our amazement we found the fire going again. The wind had picked it up. We drenched it and fell asleep fairly early.

We were awakened by the sound of footsteps and sunlight. Martha and Ellen had the fire started and we roused the rest of camp to help. Bepo, coffee cake and OJ filled us up at breakfast. We packed up and started loading our canoes when Nandy went by. Again the lake was calm and we had no problems returning. I estimate our return time

to be about 10:30. Janet and Martha packed in and the kids went to soapies to wash off the charcoal beards we had put on. It was a good opening trip and we all had fun.

Tracie Hassinger
Janet Kennedy
Martha Wilson

June 26, 1981

Hiking To Bald Mountain

Saturday, June 27, 1981 was the day I went for a hike. Most of the day for me was horrible. That morning I had to make my lunch with weird bread. It had a pocket and was very tan colored. After that I had to go to my room and make my bed, pack and sweep. I made it just in time to get into the van. Everybody who was going had to be driven up by the counselors in the van. Bald Mountain was not very close to camp so it was a long drive. When we arrived at the mountain I thought, "I will never get up the mountain!"

When I was in the middle of the hike I kept falling and thinking, "This mountain never comes to an end." This was my first hike. I was wondering why I wanted this to be my first hike!

I made it to the top, finally, hooray! When I was on the top I saw the bottom of Bald Mountain. I couldn't believe that I had made it. Our group had lunch and went back down the mountain. Finally the whole hike was over. Back into the van and Runoia, we have a story coming for you!

Teresa McDonough

Sarah Easton
Anne Katzen
Caroline Leis
Caitlin Mann
Teresa McDonough
Sonya Prybutok
Cyna Rosenthal
Rose Mary Scanlon
Becky Scaramelli
Louisa Shafia

The First Trip To Gulf Hagas

The first Camp Runoia trip to Gulf Hagas turned out to be an exciting adventure for all of its members, in spite of a few minor details!! The trip consisted of Diane Erler, Barb Hudec, Lucy Baruch, Alison Frye, Elena Cabot, Hannah Abrams, Jill Aaron, Cindy Bortman, Laura Gradman and Amy Chiarello.

We arrived at our campsite after dropping a group of Juniors at Sebec Lake for a canoe trip. We left the canoe rack at a farmhouse which made a home for nineteen cats. (Needless to say, we seven campers were very reluctant about leaving our new found feline friends!)

At the campsite, which was located on Hay Brook, we set up our tents and started on dinner. Diane and Barb started the spaghetti (Lucy was vacationing from the kitchen) while Amy and Laura made the congo bars. The rest of the girls went exploring up the brook. As soon as they returned we ate our spaghetti. The congo bars hadn't cooked, much to our dismay.

During the night it POURED rain and, of course, the Juniors had the waterproof tents so we spent the night with puddles in the tents and water dripping in our faces!

The next day it took the counselors about half an hour to make a fire out of the muddy mess that had once been our campfire. Finally, Alison and Cindy succeeded in making a delicious breakfast of pancakes and sausage. With our hunger satisfied and our campsite cleaned up, we set out on our seven-hour, twelve-mile hike.

In order to get to the Gulf Hagas Trail we first had to walk across the brook on stepping stones. Amy managed to find a trail and we made it across with our

feet just a little bit wet.

The first part of the trail was flat but we soon were hiking higher and higher up reaching designated viewpoints and looking out over 600 foot high cliffs.

On and on we hiked with Jill and Alison in the lead. Many times we found ourselves knee-deep in mud. That wasn't exactly pleasant, but it didn't stop us. After about four hours we sat down to enjoy a much-welcomed peanut butter and jelly lunch. As soon as we were well-rested we got up and set off again. Then, in twenty minutes it started raining!

Finally we reached a marker that told us we didn't have long to go. Hurray! Soon we were at a brook where we all managed to fall in! That didn't bother us at all. As soon as we were out of the water we managed to get off our trail and on a little expedition which turned out to be forty-five minutes of wasted hiking, but that didn't bother us!

As soon as we were on the right trail again it took only about an hour to get to our campsite where we enjoyed a much-deserved soapie.

That night we had ham, zucchini and leftover spaghetti. Dessert was s'mores (the congo bars still hadn't cooked although each time we had a fire we put the reflector oven and the congo bars in front of it!). Then we set off for bed only to discover that our tents still had puddles in them. Since we weren't allowed to sleep in the truck we campers all piled into one tent. Alison and Laura left, though, as they were suffering from claustrophobia. That left five of us in a two-man tent.

The next morning we had bepo for breakfast. Then we packed up our equipment so it would be all set to go. Off we went to explore some waterfalls on Hay Brook. Then we returned to our campsite where we picked up our gear and headed home. We ate our lunch, peanut butter and jelly and congo bar dough, at Katahdin Iron Works. Then on to pick up the Juniors and a last visit with the nineteen cats!

Katahdin Trip Song

We drove for four hours, we crossed the bridge, and then
we saw the mountain.
We looked in the sky and it was so high, and Janet flew
out the window!

It's not time to get unchanged,
It's not time to take a skinnie,
Don't relax, we're undressed,
But we're happy.
It's a father and a son,
Let's get out and get our clothes on,
Let's get back, have a snack,
and eat our spaghetti.

Let's go up the mountain,
Don't look down the mountain,
Let's keep climbing up
Until we get there.
Up to the highest point (Oh, guess what?)
It's not the highest point,
Oh, let's keep climbing up.

Oh, I'm on top of Katahdin,
Looking down on New England,
And the only explanation I can find,
Is the joy that I found ever since I left the ground,
That has put me on top of the world.

Believe it or not,
I'm walking on dead rocks.
I never thought it could be so great.
Flying away on a dream
and a prayer,
Who could it be,
believe it or not, it's just US!

We get down with a little help from our friends.

I love my bum,
I love my Mom,
But I sure do hate this pack.
Let's make some tracks,
Look for those cracks,
But then again she lost her hat,
she lost her hat.

So let's go, down to the ground,
Let's all go dance around,
So give a cheer, we're almost here,
Our feet will never let us down,
 will let us down.

Janet Kennedy
Pam Cobb
Linda Van Doren
Nancy Cerasuelo
Richele Berg
Ginger Harvey
Carrie Campbell

July 15-17

JMG Trip Song

Well, we really dreamt of passing JMG
When we loaded up into the van.
There were counselors hoping and campers groping
And we thought we forgot the ham.
There was the ten bucks we borrowed from Joe
When we thought we were in a jam.
And all those big mosquitoes really made us ran.
And all those big mosquitoes really made us ran.

Well, we dreamt we saw the sunshine coming through
But it was just the haze in our minds.
It was certainly raining, and the water was draining
From our tarp which was four foot nine.
But we all passed our wet day fires
And our brown noses really shined.
Thinking about what Nandy had said we were hoping
it wasn't a lie.
Thinking about what Nandy had said we were hoping
it wasn't a lie.

Well, we were laying in our soaking sleeping bags
Already knowing that we hadn't passed.
Building shelters was exhausting, map of area costing
So we all got really blasted (off of cedar).
Walking ten miles to get some water
'Cause our supply would never last.
Thinking about a nice hot shower but the time went
really fast.
Thinking about a nice hot shower but the time went
really fast.

Charlie Han
Sarah Huels
Martha Wilson
Mercedeh Mirkazemi

July 27-31, 1981

Moose River Trip Song

We canoed to the pond
and found our site
Where we gathered wood
and we stayed for the night,
At Holeb...ho-ho-ho-ho-Holeb.

On we swam and we sunned
on the beach there
Where we took a soapie
but didn't wash our hair.

Oh, we played games like Bong all night,
Under the Coleman lantern light.
The bobcat came, gave us a scare,
And made Alice's tent his lair.

Well, the rapids came
but it didn't make sense,
It was supposed to be Class One
But they were really intense.
Oh, Camel - R-I-P-s, Oh, Camel Rips.

We went down the rips
in our PFDs,
Elena did this
eating celeries.

We ate our sandwiches
without any bread,
'Cause a bear stole it
and Betty'll have his head.

We will be cold, and cold we will be
But Alice, Nell, Linda, that is three
Swam the kitchen down Holeb Falls
Watch out for the rocks.
We got our portage, finally done,
And we felt wet and full of scum.
Then we ate a double dinner and said...LATER!

Hello, Spencer Falls...
The first canoe, it went all right,
it only hit one rock.
The second tipped, and they were wet,
Oh, what a terrible shock.
Yes, oh, what a terrible shock.

Alice swam the third canoe
it went all right 'til then,
Marissa jumped into NADA
and guess what happened then?
Yes, guess what happened then?

The fourth canoe, it was the best
the Hathaways, of course.
We think the rest of us should
stick to riding a horse.
Stick to riding a horse.

The fifth canoe, a sideways went
and Nell was heaven sent.
Heather fell onto her bum,
it was not very fun.
It was not very fun.

Alice swam four canoes
she did her very best,
She hit the rocks, lost half her clothes,
and also half her chest.
Yes, also half her chest!

Good-bye Mastectomy Falls!!

If you're going down the Moose River
Expect to see a moose, expect him on the loose.
Expect to see a moose if you're going down Moose River,
And bring your camera...and don't forget the film!

Take me back to Camp Runoia...ooo,ooo,ooo,
I want to sleep in my warm bed,
I want a pillow for my head,
I want to dream of Moose River.

Tom Cabot
Alice Brebner

Penny Britell
Teresa Cue
Elena Cabot
Maria Entrecanales
Heather Griffin
Janet Hathaway
Sharon Hathaway
Marissa Munoz-Rojas
Linda Van Doren
Nell Wood

6/28/81

THE untitled Weekly News of SAILING

→ Cousador Cup Races will start Sunday July 5 - still looking for a "Ridiculous Cup" - CIT's many ideas?

→ Thanks for the enthusiasm this week - you all looked great!

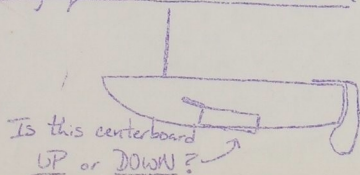
Silly Sailor Scenes (Matching)

- 1) Guess who ran out of gas during activity period while watching the fleet?
- 2) Guess who tried to come about (on and off the mooring) TEN times while their centerboard was up?
- 3) Guess who was the skipper of the first boat to legally swamp?
- 4) Guess who set a "straight" tack on a moving object?
- 5) Who forgot to unlatch their downhaul before raising their mainsail?
- 6) Who forgot to tighten their jibs enough?

Answers

- A. Jenny G
- B. Everybody
- C. Kate S. + Lori Z.
- D. Alice B.
- E. Karen B.
- F. Everybody Else

Mystery question of the week (Thanks to Kate S.)



THE WEEKLY WINDWARD - SILLY SAILOR

TILLER TIMES

Rainier Falls

SUNDAY SOIL RACES:

The BIG WINNER of Sunday's Show + Spirit was -
(of course!) "MOTHER NATURE AND THE ELEMENTS" (rain, fog, wind).
Good luck to her next Sunday! - Sign-up now racers with
Tom starting Thursday morning - priority to those counselors
who signed up for July 5th!

ALL DAY SAILS:

Sailing/Swimming group B went on an all day sail
last week - with a good SouthWest (SW) breeze all day
they "ran" to Crooked Island (NE of Hoyt's Island) -
rescued boat #4 from a raised centerboard - swam in
the "lee" of the island - picnic on board. After lunch
they "tacked" out of the channel and "headed up" to
Oak Island. Despite of encounters with "white caps",
bogs, "shoals", and lost Admiral Hats, shirts and buttons,
they "rounded" Pine Island, "tacked" around ugly bogs,
and "reached" home by 4:30 - a great day!

IDENTIFY TERMS:

(Match these words with their meanings)

1. RAN/RUN

A. rocks under the water - (to hit with centerboard)

2. LEE

B. sail sideways to the wind - almost behind you

3. SHOALS

C. to sail into the wind - "close-hauled"

4. TACK

D. the side away from the place the wind is coming from

5. REACH

E. to sail with the wind from your STERN

F. to sail into the wind; back and forth, to get somewhere

THE WEEKLY WINDWARD

July 12, 1961

P.B. + T.C., eds. "The news that fits - we print"

SUNDAY COUNTESS CUP: Who won by: (Judges Diane, Kim, Cyndy, Maria + Molly)

DHOW - Alice Beebner, Amy Cook, Jenny Alfred

SPRITS - Delores Arbach and Melissa Gary

SUNDAY CAMPERS CUP: (Judge P. Britell + T. Cabot)

DHOW 1st Hedthen Griffin, A. Beebner, S. Sherman

2nd Michelle Berg, M. Wilson, T. Scott

3rd Maria Muñoz-Rojas, T. Cabot, M. Esteve-Corralles

SPRITE 1st Louisa Shafia, B. Trager

2nd Sam Ristoff S West

3rd Carrie Campbell + Brownyn McElrath

THE GREAT HAT ROBBERY

The Right Rear Admiral T. Cabot's "Dr. Frigate - to Presume" hat was cruelly abducted by unknown couch-less things and is being held for ransom. The ransom note, made from newspaper letters, demanded a Sugar Sail for all the commodores. "An impossible request" stated the authorities (B.J. Howard). "I'll never give up hope" said Cabot.

SUPER STORM SUPPER SAIL

Wednesday Group A stormed across to North Bay with (cooks) Amy STOWARD as guest-sailor - who said "There won't be a more exciting sail until I see the ocean - THAT'S THE WAY to learn how to sail!" (shy shout)

The following crews have been (posthumorously) awarded prizes:

MOST SWAMPING AWARD - Beebner, Fraga, Sherman

SALTUS CENTERBOARD PRIZE - Hussinger, Chiarello, Leahang

BEST TUMMY TANTRY ^{+SLEEP} - Francouer, Leighton, Stoddard

LUFF AND POINT PRIZE - Kennedy, Muñoz-Rojas, Weinstein

CRASHING + SPEEDO AWARD - Mitkazezi, Abramo, Wood

LEAST WATER, LEAST SPEED - Britell, Chalmers, Hathaway

AMY P. CHIARELLO MEMORIAL MOORING CATCH AWARD

This infamous medal was earned this Sunday by none other than A.P. Chiarello the first with 18 come-aboards. He was assisted in this unique (KUTER) accomplishment by the experienced (?) Elena B. Cabot and the honorable (?) M.J. Foley of Horsewith Stables.

RUDDER REVIEW

JULY 19, 1981

(REPORTS FROM THE RECORD OF THE
[RUNCIA NAVY])

SORRY WE FORGOT DEPT: Last week in the Counselor's Cup Race - boat number two in the Dhows race was T. Cornell, L. Zinckgraf, & S. Prybutok.

SOAKING SAILORS SUNSET? Tuesday afternoon Sailing/Swimming Group C made a valiant attempt at North Bay - halfway across the lake they sailed through a rainshower - coming out at Horse Point. While boat number 1 was being valiantly rescued from the "no wind" situation, the rest of us road (?) comfortably at anchor disusting the situation. The already soaking sailors settled on swimming as the sole solution. The water was so warm (or we were so cold) that when the wind came up again - it was hard to get under way again. Back we went through another storm - to camp - for warm clothes and soup. Another day awaits us!!!

CLASSIC COMMENTS OF THE DAY WERE:

"They should have windshield wipers for eyeglasses"

"Ya que estaba mojada, me figuraba que ya habia nadado"

"What a blast!" "The water was warmer than I was"

"What beautiful weather" (during the rain)

"Now I know what "Beating it home" really means"

"Runoia's chicken soup never tasted better - I had three cups"

"(Giggle, laugh, giggle) Is my hair combed?"

"I'll leave the fluff in my hair - but do I have to take it off the sail?"

"I think it's going to rain" (duiring the rain)

"I figured that I would warm u by getting in the water!"

"That was better than regular sailing"

"My hands were starting to go to sleep"

"I didn't know the boats would still go in the rain!"

"I'm going to put on all my pajamas, all my blankets, and then the sleeping bag on top of that!"

"We never hauled down so fast in our lives!"

DURING THE WEEK DEPT: Did you know that the BIG motorboat really goes? Ask Alice - it really does! Wednesday's big waves and winds did a bunch of bad things to our famous fleet - but everything is back together!

CONTINUING SAGA OF MISSING HAT: Roayl Reer Amdiral Cabot's sacred hat is still (!)being held by the hat-nappers. Due to confidentiality laws of witness and accused protection, code-named suspects (Pillsbury Doughgirl, "Big Emma", and "Tan Queen") are being watched carefully. Those under constant surveillance are also accused of driving motor boats too fast, through lumber yards, uncontrolled cheating, and permanenety smiling.

FRIDAY'S SPONGE TAG (come close, throw sponge into other boat, take off before they throw it back into yours) was lost by our very own Nell Wood, holder of many Runoia Navy awards (too horrible to be listed here).

SUNDAY COUNSELOR/CAMPER CUP: An interesting (?) four-Dhow race took place Sunday - with all boats disqualified. Some of the rule-breaking is listed here: skulling, paddling with bailer, paddling with hands, dipping pony-tails, rocking, jumping the gun, bumping, stealing wind, general lack of etiquette and seaworthiness, insulting other captains, ordering subordinates to cheat, splashing, being a bad judge, playing tag, staying on course, going around the flag backwards, towing, twisting mainsail, etc. Citations were awarded to all:

Cabot - What-time-is-it?
Special Prize
Han & crew - Most general cheating
Brebner & crew - First & fastest cheating
Brown & frends? - Most inexperienced cheat
Richards & autres - Most serious cheater

BLUE AND WHITE RACES: Dhows - won by M-C. Francoeur, L. Gradman, J. Aaron
- second place S. ritell, R. Berg, L. Kennedy
Sprites - won by B. McCarthy, Jessica Londa.

Finally! The intrepid Sailing/Swimming Group C DID discover new lands on their second attempt to cross the "Great Pond". Passing Otter Island on their way to Chute's Island, they saw lots of SUN, WIND and WORK. Because of the wind direction, they BEAT their way all the way to Indian Island, then, after supper, around the north end of Hoyt's Island - and back all the way home - with a beautiful sunset behind them.

Some new games were invented, such as: "BOBBING FOR ORANGES" and "MAKE TRACY SCREAM" and "WATCH THE CHEERLEADERS"

* Naturally, Ford Admiral Cabot awarded PRIZES, as follows:

SALTUS CENTERBOARD AWARD - won (again!) by SALTUS, LAVIGNE, MATTHEW
NO WATER SHIPPED (NO SPEED EITHER) PRIZE - R. SUTEL, S. FRADMAN, S. HUELS
SMILING + BALANCING ACTS CERTIFICATES - WILSON, L. LEAHEY
RUNDIA'S ROWELL-LOVE RUDDER ROULETTE - ROWELL, (LONG); SKRAMEL, ROSENTHAL, A. GRADMAN
BODY BALANCING ACT TWARD - LONG, CORNELI, BENEDICT
WRONG ISLANDS + EXTRA TRIES PRIZE - LAWTON, MARATHON, ARBACH

(+ SPECIAL AWARD to Delores Arbach for sailing all around the lake like an expert, then falling off the motorboat dock as soon as back on land!)
(ARBACH SEA-LEGS CERTIFICATE)

RACES!

Saturday afternoon Blue/White Sailing Races came in as follows:

DYER DHOWS:

1 st	M-C Francœur, J. Aaron, L. Gradman	(Blue)
2 nd	L. Lawton, R. Sutel, A. Frige	(White)
3 rd	S. Birtell, B. Long, R. Berg	(Blue)
4 th	K. Erda, S. West, E. Cabot	(White)

SPRYES:

1 st	L. Zinckgrat + Mandy Train	(White)
2 nd	S. Prybuck + Ann Gradman	(Blue)

(POINTING UP + PINCING PRIZES to BOTH SPRYE TEAMS!)

SUNSETS!

Not only did Group C come home in a blaze of sun, but also - the CIT EP included some sunset sailing in silently shimmering splashes on Wednesday. Earlier - Paddy (the NEVER-ING sailboat NURSE) went out with J. Bedford and B. Scaramelli. She said "I wish someone knew what they were doing!" Special mention goes to Paddy for BRAVERY, and also for doing the famous motorboat-sailboat "FINGER-JAM ROCK".

? FUN! CITY !?

How about 2 swampings today - that wind sure does blow up fast. Says Paddy the Neophyte Nurse Sailor - "I loved it! When can I go again - wow I just that's sailing - I'm going again" We all agreed! Congrats to Delores Arbach, Janet, Italy.

Dear Lord,

Excuse me for a moment, how my thoughts do stray,
There is so much that I owe you, so much that I should say.
Just being here this morning with my good friends all about
Is a gift so wonderously precious that I'd like to stand
and shout!

The past six weeks have been great ones and I know it's
true,

That most of the credit really ought to go to you!
Of the many activities here we've given each a try,
And it's hard to believe that six weeks have already gone by!
Lord, we ask that you'll guide us through the next two weeks,
And maybe even send our teams a couple of lucky streaks.
Only two weeks left for Blue/White games, Lord help Marie-
Claude and Kate.

We don't want to leave the results of our games completely
up to fate!

Next week we'll have our horse show to win ribbons of blue,
And don't forget about the sad and happy cotillions, too.

We now are nearing our last few days at camp

And you can be sure that with tears we'll be damp.

Our last good-byes will be said to friends both old and new,
Friendships that will always be forever true.

In just a little while we'll be passing through Runoia's gate,
And for just five extra minutes here we wouldn't mind being
late.

And although on August 16th our summer will be done,

In our hearts Runoia will always be Number One!

So once again, Lord, I'll say it's true...

For the past six weeks we owe you much more than a "Thank you!"

Amy Chiarello

Winner of the Log Writing Contest

Sailing

Swiftly sailing in the breeze,
Watching the surf come over the bow,
The spray sharply hitting my face.
I turn away quickly.
The water pounds against my back.
I can't do anything so
I sit and watch the scenery pass by.

Lauren Nassau
Log Contest Winner

Song Contest

First Place - Fifth and Seventh Shacks

Tune: "Flicker"

Summer at Runoia is really fun,
Sailing, tennis and swimming,
all in the sun.
We come here each year
And we leave with a tear,
We love Runoia and
we wish we could stay here.

Friendships at Runoia
are always so true,
Even when divided by
White and Blue.
No matter who will win
the Blue and White games,
Our friendships at Runoia
will always stay the same!

First Place - Third Shack

Tune: "Somewhere Over The Rainbow"

When we will have to leave camp
we will cry.
We will miss our friends and
we'll hate to say good-bye.
Probably we'll meet again
But we won't really know just when.
We'll carry memories in our hearts.
And when that empty feeling starts,
We'll just remember,
When we will have to leave camp
we will cry.
We will miss our friends and
we'll hate to say good-bye.

Name Poems

Roses
Of
Sunshine
In
Every

Color
Open
Laugh
Every day.

Rosie Cole

Slowly the sun sets on the
Horizon.
At night
Rain patters
On the rooftops.
No one is awake.

While
Everyone
Sleeps,
The new day breaks.

Sharon West

Never
Ending
Loyatly and
Love for the

Whites.
On with the spirit
Of the team she
Does go.

Nell Wood

Summer time means many things to different people.
Usually to kids it means the end of the school year and the
beginning of vacation (camp).
Some kids stay home but many go to camp.
Almost always the preparation for camp is hectic.
Naturally we finish packing at the last minute and
go to camp.

Getting to camp means many things such as making new
friends and reuniting with old ones,
And
Doing summer sports and games.
Many girls come to Camp Runoia each year to have a good
time but they
Are also learning to live together.
Near the end of camp we think about the good and bad times
we've had. These memories will always be with us.

Susan Gradman

Couldn't the sun shine
All the time
In our place and
Time?
Lighting our way
In the
Night and Day.

Must the sun
Always set?
Never
Near here.

Caitlin Mann

Just a little,
I need a
Little peace and quiet,
Like when

All is silent.
Always
Rowdy
On occasion, but
Not when I read.

Jill Aaron

Anway, you're always
Nice to me.
Never could you be mean.

Go ahead and try to be mean,
Right here in this very place,
And it just won't work.
Darn, you just can't be
Mean!
Anway, you are as
Nice as could be!

Ann Gradman

Hundreds of things
I like and
Love,
Like
A
Rainbow that I saw
Yesterday.

Koala bears
Are
Nice and have nice
Noses.

Hillary Kann

Neatly the waves flow
Into our cove. Our
Natural surroundings should be
Appreciated before they are

Forgotten. The
Endless
Lapping of waves is
Delicate. The
Moon shimmers on the water
And the loons call in the
Night.

Nina Feldman

Joyful
Evenings which fade into a
Night are
Never forgotten even after many
Years.

Campfires
On
Runoia's
Sandy beach are
Obviously always
Nice.

Jenny Corson

Flying through the air
In a balloon
On top of all the clouds.
Nobody is around
And I enjoy the peacefulness.

Freedom and justice
Are things everyone
Needs.
No one can be without them
In our society.
Never forget that they are more priceless than
Gold.

Fiona Fanning

Many days I've been at camp
And each day is different and
Unusual.
Real friends have been my most wonderful
Achievement over the summer.

Being new at
Runoia is a real advantage, I think.
Even rainy days are
New and interesting.
Now there
Are only sixteen days left and I'm
Not as happy as I thought I would be when the summer
ended. I'm sad.

Maura Brennan

Loving songs
In starry nights.
Never give up;
Dare that difference,
Allowing me mine.

Weird notions,
Invincible spirit,
Laughter of love,
Life is beautiful.
Strive, create the unusual,
Ever grow up.
Yours is my world.

Linda Willsey

Creative Writing

Junior End

As the sun peeks through the maple trees
in Junior end
You will hear the creaking noise
of the swings.
You will hear the laughter
of the girls.
You will hear
the sound of friendship.

Jenny Alfond

Friend

I don't want to loose you,
you are my friend.
I want you to share secrets with,
to laugh with, to cry with.
I don't want to loose you,
you are my friend.
We've shared so much together,
We've been through thick and thin.
I don't want to loose you,
you are my friend.
Now that you've gone away,
we keep in touch
But I don't feel like
we share as much.
Now that you've gone off with someone else
I didn't want to loose you,
you were my friend.

Laura Gradman

Wisps

You swept away your dreams,
and now you're left in reality.
You swept away your happiness,
and now you're left with sorrow.
You swept away your love,
and now you're left alone.
Your life is gone.

Jennifer Jackson

Friends

A friend's deep, dark secrets
are exposed as slowly as
a rose opens up in spring.

The soft red petals unfold,
exposing the delicate and intimate
features.

Unlike a rose, a true friend is
forever.

Ginger Harvey

Come With Me

Come sit with me and talk to me,
And tell me your life story.
Come fly with me to a far off place,
Where things are free and no life has ever entered.
Come with me and see me in ways I would see you,
And hold my hand and I'll hold yours,
And we'll fade out of view.
Come and share your life with mine
As if they were little songs and rhymes
And let us combine them to make our very own.
Let us combine this universe and
Let our shadows leave traces in the place
That we had dwelled together.
And let us continue leaving our shadows
So when we go back
We'll realize we were in this very place
Together.

Kim Cornell

Friendship

People come up to me and ask, "What does the word 'friendship' mean to you?" I would answer, "Friendship is like the sky or the sea, something only you yourself can make beautiful."

Then they ask, "What is a friend?" I simply answer, "Friends are worth far more than gold or silver, for gold and silver are only items. Gold is cold and lifeless. You can't talk to it and tell it of your worries or your happiness. It only sits there. It never says something to make you laugh or make you happy. It is a thing. Friends should never be forgotten for they are truly priceless."

Ellen Gottlieb

Let Me Be Your Friend

Let me be your friend
because I'll be here for you,
And when you need someone to talk to
I'll be here to listen.
I'm here to laugh, cry,
or just sit with you.
I like to share feelings with you.
I want to be your friend.
Please let me be your friend.

Ellen Gottlieb

I'm Glad We've Gotten To Be Friends

I'm glad we've gotten to be friends this year.
From the beginning I wished that we would and now that
it is almost the end of the summer I guess my wish came
true. Our friendship turned out just fine and I hope
it will stay that way. When the summer is over and we
are away at school I hope you will remember me.

Although we got into some arguments, in the end
we worked it all out. All I have left to say is,
thank you for being a friend!

Ellen Gottlieb

The Moon

The moon rises slowly, almost reluctantly,
into the slightly darkened sky.
It cleanses the earth of all remembrance
of day.
Its large, circular, luminating shape
stands apart from the tiny pinpoint stars
against the dark, navy sky.
If an owl with a paralizing outburst should hoot,
it would shatter the frequent silence,
then fade away into nothingness.

Carrie Chalmers

Peace

Peace is when there is only love and happiness in the world
and there are no more crimes.

Peace is being able to walk at night on the street
without being mugged.

Peace is helping people who are less fortunate
than you.

Peace is when people don't judge you by the color of your skin
but by the content of your character.

Peace could be in this world and in some places it is, but
to make more peace in this world it's up to you!

Cyna Rosenthal

I Remember

The beautiful lake

I remember.

The rocky paths

I remember,

The trees so tall

I remember.

I remember it all

from when I was small,

Now I'm old and I still remember

those memories so warm and tender.

Laura Gradman

Daydream

What is a daydream?

A feeling, a time, a place...

A dream of your hearts desire,

It will take you anywhere you want to go.

How peaceful to sit

And dream on and on...

Of everything you've ever wanted.

For that is what a daydream is...

Everything you've ever wanted.

Amy Chiarello

Endless Thoughts

Sitting and enjoying the peace and quiet
Of a warm, breezy summer day.
Quietly relaxing all by yourself,
And thinking...
Endless thoughts.
Almost like dreaming.
Thinking what you want of yourself,
And how to get it...
Endless thoughts....

Amy Chiarello

Once I Had A Friend

You were my friend...
At least, I thought so.
I went to you with my problems...
Thinking you cared.
Now I know, you didn't.
You leave me here, alone...
And go off with the others,
Not even knowing I'm here.
Yet you still tell me that I'm your friend...
Now I don't believe you anymore.
I've stopped listening...
To your stories.
I've finally come to face the fact...
That you're not my friend anymore.
Do you know how that hurts me?
Do you care?

Amy Chiarello

What Is Beauty?

What is beauty?
Beauty is tall pine trees that point a finger
to a sky,
Clear blue with billowy white clouds,
Lit up...
By a bright yellow sun.
Beauty is a calm, clear lake...
Shimmering
Under the morning sun,
Beckoning
For the children to come and cool
their hot selves in its glowing waters.

My First Summer At Camp Runoia 1980

When I got home from camp last summer my relatives and friends were all very eager to know all about Runoia and the summer I spent there. I told them all about it and about the wonderful time I had, but I purposely left out my first experiences at camp because they were extremely embarrassing and seemed stupid!

As I got off the bus all I could see was people hugging other people and laughing and crying because they were so happy to be back at Runoia. Even though I felt really alone because I had no one to hug, the scene around me told me all about the caring community and deep friendships that started and existed at camp. I was sure right then and there that I would really enjoy camp and the people that I was to live with for the rest of the summer.

However, that feeling lasted for only a few moments until I heard Sharon West talking to Sarah Tabell.

"You are in Sixth Shack, Sharon," Sarah had said, "I'll take you down there."

"Okay," Sharon said, "but I have to take some weird girl to Sixth with me."

Of course she meant me. Terrific! I've made a wonderful impression already!

Well, Sharon and Sarah led the way to Sixth Shack with Sharon's trunk in between them, and I followed lugging an enormous duffle bag and an extremely heavy suitcase.

Once we were inside the shack Sarah and Sharon both abandoned me to renew old acquaintances. So there I was, standing just inside the door of Sixth Shack wondering if I would spend the rest of the summer standing in that very spot! I was almost ready to turn back to the bus

and go home when Holly Higgins, another counselor, came up to me and tried to guess my name.

"Hello!" she said, "you must be Suzi."

"No, I'm..."

"Oh, then you're Annie? Janet? Fiona?"

I'm sure this could have gone on forever, so she gave up and asked me my name. She then put me into the last room on the left and returned to the front door to guess the next person's name.

As I began to unpack my roommate entered the room and introduced herself. After a few minutes of trying to start a conversation, she left. I guess I wasn't very talkative.

When I was unpacked and settled Holly returned to see how I was getting along. She started to ask the standard questions which I had automatic responses to... you know, "Where do you live? What school do you go to? Do you have any pets? Etc."

Then she asked me a question that got me worried.

"Do you want to go down to the lake and take a skinnie before dinner?"

It seems so silly now but I had no idea what a skinnie was and I didn't even know where the lake was!

Nell Wood

The Mistake I Almost Made

The mistake I almost made would have been one of stupidity on my part. I was blind to the beauty and splendor of these peaceful surroundings. I was deaf to the sound of laughter and of happiness. My hands refused to reach out for someone to talk to. I let others feelings corrupt mine, making my feelings theirs and not my own. I had to go along with the crowd, say what they said, feel what they felt. Why? Why? Because I was thoughtless.

Runoia is a wonderful place, full of love and smiling people, but it can be a place of hate and dislike. Camp this year, 1981, started out with feelings of dislike. These feelings shadowed me from my own. I love Camp Runoia! I think mostly everyone here does, but they, too, refused to let their true feelings free. Runoia is only as good as the people in camp make it.

My mistake would have been to leave Camp Runoia. I didn't make it and I hope with all my heart that no one ever does!!

Jennifer Jackson

Runoia's Pine Trees

I don't think I'll write about the sunlight on Great Pond or sitting around a campfire with friends, of the Blue/White struggle, or the loons, or the pine trees, even though that's all a part of being here. I guess it's all pretty much been said before.

The part of camp that's hard to write about, or talk about is the feeling of growing up that you feel over the summers, or even during one summer. It's hard to write about because I don't exactly understand how it happens. You don't notice it as you're climbing your highest mountain, or soloing a sailboat for the first time, or winning a softball game, or losing a softball game, or just kidding around with friends.

But then, later, you look back on past summers, on the laughter and the tears, and something has changed. Memories become hazy and blur into moments that stick in your mind here and there. Sometimes they're embarrassing, and sometimes they make you proud of certain triumphs and sometimes it hurts remembering certain defeats. Sometimes I hate to think back to those moments because I don't like to think that those times are over. I don't think I like that things change.

But even as camp has changed it has always been offering me the challenge I need to grow. And I think somehow I must have grown up here, because when I look back I see a change. I don't know when it happened, but sometime on Great Pond or under Runoia's pine trees I grew up a little.

I didn't mean to, but I guess I wound up writing about Runoia's pine trees.

One Runoia Vespers

Silently, the two canoeists paddled through the calm, clear waters of Great Pond. It was a beautiful night...the sky was clear for miles and miles, a midnight blue speckled with millions of tiny bright stars.

The canoeists came nearer and nearer to Runoia's cove. As they did, they heard a faint hum, and the closer they got to the cove, it became more distinct. It was singing, and along with the aid of guitars it sounded soft and beautiful. Now the two were eager to get to the cove so they could listen and enjoy the music. They dipped their paddles into the cool water and got their canoe moving swiftly toward the cove.

Finally they reached the cove. They turned into the cove and passed the first row of sailboat moorings, then the second. Now they were at the end of the dock. With the canoe's painter safely tied to the ladder the two could sit back and relax and enjoy the soft tunes sung by a group of girls sitting around a roaring camp-fire up on the beach.

For about half an hour they sat in their canoe and listened. It was only too soon to them that the girls turned and walked slowly away toward their cabins. The two canoeists untied their canoe and paddled away. Although tonight they were leaving Runoia cove, the memory of the time they had spent at Camp Runoia's Vespers would never leave them.

Amy Chiarello

Wanting To Be Friends

We started out with a handshake, which was not much more than a "hi" and a "good-bye," but I felt I wanted to know you better than just a plain old "hi." All it ever seemed was that I knew you, but could never touch your world anyway. And maybe it was because I would always goof around and one of us got hurt in some way.

I never did anything right around you and I was always making a mistake of some sort. It seemed I was a useless character to you, no more than what a penny would be like to a giant.

I told people how much I liked you, and of course they told you. And you came up to me and, embarrassed as I was, you told me how much you liked me, which was hard to believe.

And from that day on, everytime I meet someone I think of you, and camp, and the fun times we had, and the time you told me how much you liked me.

Kim Cornell

Leaving You

Leaving you forever will be harddsince I've shared most of my life with you and not apart. Why do you have to leave me? We've shared so much together, hard times and good times, and always the other would bring pep into the other one. Again, I'll remember the times we had and remember just looking at you and thanking you for a wonderful life we had together. Sitting here with you now, trying to wrap our friendship in a bond, before it's too late, I think of you not here and it makes me sick to my stomach.

Will we ever meet each other again?

If that will never be, since all that will be left is the thought of you lingering on in my mind, I wish I could hold you forever, but since I can't I'll try to say this the best way I can...

"If in the end we shall ever part, I'll remember you for we are friends and that's the best there could ever be!"

Kim Cornell

Beauty is the tall grasses
that wave their tips
In the cool summer breeze.
Beauty...is Runoia.

Amy Chiarello

There's A Companion Somewhere

I want to be alone at times in a dark room.
I want to get my feelings out,
And I want to tell someone, but no one listens.
They don't care because all they do is throw
their lives away.
In the same room I realize there's someone else
there with me,
And I find it's you.

And I think of things I wanted to tell you,
Because you seemed like you were the most sensible
person around.
And I had a feeling you would understand me and know
how I felt about things,
And maybe that's why we're such good friends now.

And I know this friendship consists of so much
because we've told each other a lot of things
that could never be said outside of that dark room.

Kim Cornell

Hanging On

Take care of yourself,
Let no one harm you,
Defend yourself any way possible,
But hang in there,
'Cause you're still young,
And you've got a long way to go.
Hang on as long as possible,
And don't slip another inch,
Or you're a goner.
Just remember, you've still got one thing,
And that's you.
So hang in there, chum,
No bumming now....

Kim Cornell

That "Stupid" Spider

Early in the morning I stuck my head out of the tent to feel the clouds, hear the trees and see all the bird and squirrel noises. About two feet off the ground a small, leggy spider was walking across a single very thin thread from the tent pole to the ground line in front. I could barely see the thread she had spun.

What a wasted effort, I thought to myself, to spin a web on this tent which will come down today. How smart I felt as a human being able to see the big picture; that this tent was temporary, that the space was too big between the pole and the line for a web, that there must be better places to catch insects for food, that she could not possibly get blown by the wind back and forth to make a good web there anyway, and so on....

But I had not looked carefully enough, nor with enough humility. When I took the time to really look at what she was doing, I did not feel so smart.

The spider was walking along her thread, but she was spinning another one for the next lower level. When she got to the other side she walked down the ground line and pulled the new one across. I looked down, above these new ones there were others, about every four inches, so thin I could only see them by straining my eyes, and all connected back and forth, up and down, with each other, with little drops of spider-web glue. The web which I had not seen had been started earlier at the very top of the triangle of the tent pole and line. Apparently she had walked up the ground line and started at the top, working her way down, making a great net to catch insects.

I had not seen all those threads, thinking that the spider was not so smart. Her first meal didn't see the great web either, for a mosquito had already been caught in

the top of the web long before I was awake.

Before you think you are so smart, I said to myself, you really have to "get in there" and see things from other's viewpoints. You can enjoy seeing things that you did not know about!

There is a sequel to this story. I still could not believe that the spider was smarter for her world than I was for mine - and hers. I went back to the tent after a while, just to check.

She somehow must have known that no more mosquitos would come there because the human had left, or maybe she knew we would take the tent down. She had done what spiders do - eaten up her whole web, and the insects, - to recycle the web somewhere else. There was no trace of a single thread. She was probably somewhere else, spinning out another one...somewhere she knew, and I did not, that her food would be caught.

I was again shown my stupidity in thinking that the spider was stupid. She obviously knew her world (and maybe mine!) a lot better than I did!

Anonymous

SUNDAY SERVICE



Selections From Sunday Services

Sixth Shack - July 5, 1981

This year is Runoia's 75th Anniversary and we would like to tell you about some of the many traditions that have developed over Runoia's 75 years of growth and change. Traditions are customs handed down from the past and here at Runoia traditions bring joy to our camp experience, just as they brought joy to campers many years ago.

It seems everywhere you go there are always more traditions to learn. Some are ancient, some are new, but they all have some secret meaning and that meaning is known only to the persons who started the tradition. A tradition is an action that has been carried throughout a generation or a tribe. An example of a tradition is Christmas or a birthday party. In short, a tradition is some continuing custom.

Blair Hambuechen

The Pine Tree

The old pine knows the story of Runoia.
Her limbs are strong because she has shared many summer suns.
Quietly she has absorbed the moments of our days,
The laughter, the rain darkened afternoons and the music.
She gains strength as she watches us play and grow in
her shade.

When we are gone she remains waiting for her young limbs
to be warmed by another summer sun.

Nandy Florey

As the old pine, I can see how important friendships are here at camp. Girls make new friends and meet new counselors. They say "Hi" to friends that they haven't seen all winter. They do exciting things with each other, like mountain and canoeing trips and also things around camp. Without the tradition of summers at Runoia these girls would never have the opportunity to become close to all these special friends.

Sharon Hathaway

As a tree growing in what is now Camp Runoia, I have seen and heard many things during my long life. A very special part of this camp is the songs which are sung throughout the day. As I watch, I can tell which campers are new and which are sent here to improve their English. These people usually look lost at the beginning of the summer, but as they approach the last weeks of camp they sing the songs with as much joy and enthusiasm as every other camper. When they go home at the end of camp the songs are in their hearts waiting for the next summer to begin.

Stephanie Voigt

Towering over camp after third bell has rung I hear the counselors yell "Fall in!" All of the kids quickly stumble toward me. I can always tell who went for skinnies and who stayed up late the night before. Then, as someone plays the flute, the flag is slowly raised. After standing in formation trying to keep the bugs off everyone goes to the dining room to eat breakfast. To me it seems like a friendly way to praise our beautiful country each morning.

Susie Gradman

It's your 75th anniversary, Runoia, so let's give a cheer! I'd like to praise you for giving girls skills no other camp could give. It's my second year here and I feel that Runoia has given me more than any other camp could give in five years!

Tracy Diamond

Every Sunday night girls from Runoia gather together on the beach around my heat to sing songs. As my blazes die down I see friends sitting close together. I can see why vespers is a very special tradition for them all.

Richele Berg

As the morning sun warms me for a new day and my waves begin to pick up, I hear a bell ringing. A few minutes later young girls are slowly trodding down a path to my shore. They are strapped in towels and robes and are wiping sleep from their eyes. They seem to stand forever on the dock. I hear shouts of, "It's cold!" and, "Hurry before second bell!" Then, when they jump in I realize a difference in their contours. There is no bathing suit that I usually soak into! It always surprises me at first, but then I remember how years ago girls were doing the same thing at Camp Runoia. For years every morning girls have come down to my waters to refresh themselves for a new day. Sometimes only one, then sometimes many. The tradition of morning skinnies is a seemingly crazy one, but it is also an invigorating one!

Martha Wilson

I am the banner that hangs in the lodge. I wait excitedly each year to discover the outcome of Sports

Week. At the end of the summer friends compete against each other. It is their chance to show how much they have learned during the summer. The challenge of this tradition is being able to work together to make your team the best it can be. Loyalty and fun are also a big part of Sports Week.

Laura Gradman

As I sit at the main entrance to camp I see some children read my message with big eyes, others with amazement and still others with relief. I am amazed my two words, Camp Runoia, can do so much. With each set of eyes come new ideas that help to start traditions. These traditions come and stay but like seasons they must come and go. As some of those eyes pass my sign at the end of the summer to go home they take their traditions with them. It is sad to see them go and perhaps the thought of their going frightens us, but it is a part of the life cycle. As the new eyes come they will bring new ideas, maybe even better traditions will be started that will last a long time.

Alice Brebner

A family tradition in my house is on Hanukkah when we light the candles on the Menorah. Every night we light one more until all eight branches on the Menorah have a glowing candle on them. We celebrate Hanukkah every year right before Christmas.

Kara Weinstein

Runoia is not only full of traditions but also contains love and warmth. These qualities cause people

to eagerly await new camping experiences each summer. Camp is a place to experience new things along with the old and familiar. These features have made Runoia a very special place to many of us, and we hope that Runoia will be ready and waiting someday to greet our daughters in the same manner in which we were greeted and warmly accepted.

Jody Rowell

Seventh Shack - July 12, 1981

I guess I never fully appreciate something until it is
no longer mine.

For once I had you as a friend, but that was then and
this is now.

If only I had known love's simple rule:

To love a person for what they are and not what they are
expected to be.

Ellen Gottlieb

A friend is one of the few objects left that is truly
priceless.

Friends cannot be measured in the way of material things,
for they are countless.

A friend is worth more to another than 50,000 tons of
gold to a greedy man.

Penny Britell

The reason we try so hard and do so well is for the
ones we love because once they are gone they are never
forgotten.

Samantha Britell

Happy times are never gone,

They are always joys to look back on.

Liane Kennedy

Making friends is like making a cake; it never works when
some ingredients are missing.

Ellen Gottlieb

Fourth Shack - July 19, 1981

Listen!

The rain falls with an echo on the roof.

Listen!

Warm and snug in bed you can hear the raindrops
sing and dance on the rooftops.

Listen!

Lauren Nassau

The wonder of a rainbow as

It arches across the sky in brilliance,

A symbol to man from God,

His promise to never again destroy mankind in a deluge
of rain.

The wonder of a rainbow as it fills the heavens with color.

A small child, eyes searching the end of the rainbow for a
shimmering pot of gold.

The wonder of a rainbow, as the storm passes, the sound of
rain fading in the distance, and the heavens make peace
with the earth.

Kim Leining

Above the dark mystical forest echoed the pounding of
soaring wings. The wide expanse, infinite, the sky enjoys
this magical beast. A gift from the gods, representing
all our mundane dreams, our own yearning for flight.
Pegasus snickers at us below, we listen to the fading
presence of Pegasus.

Nanette Rummel

End of Camp

Everytime I think of camp's end I get a fearful pain in me that tells me that I'll have to say goodbye soon. I try to hold onto every happy moment, hoping time doesn't pass too quickly.

As the bus starts to leave, I feel lonely. I watch images of good times and camp friends go by with the miles as I watch the sun come up through the clouds on a cold morning. Sometimes when I look at the clouds I'll see friend's faces and the people still waving goodbye. I wonder if I'll ever see them again and come back to this beautiful place. Then my thoughts turn homeward bound, for it's been a long time since I've been home and I've got to be driftin' along. I begin to look forward to seeing Mom and Dad and telling them all about camp.

The next morning I'll wake up suddenly for no reason at all, thinking first bell has rung. The house is placid. I'll look around my room and then at the clock that says 7:35, and I realize I'm not at camp anymore. Then I will feel a different pain in me and that's the time I will really start to cry because I know that I'm alone.

But at night, when I look at the moon, I'll be seeing you and I'll find you in the morning sun. I'll feel a painful happiness in remembering you. But I know too, I'll probably be back another summer.

Tracy Cornell

Fifth Shack - August 2, 1981

The Past

Old memories covered with dust,
Forgotten secrets starting to rust,
The yellowing pages of a very old book,
You can't go back, but only look.
Remembering the moments of earlier years,
Bringing back memories and maybe tears.
So the book is closed and collects more dust,
And once again the secrets rust.
They are left in silence 'til once again,
Uncovered, bringing back memories and maybe pain.

Carrie Chalmers

Reflecting back I can see what I've done.
I enjoy 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.

Life...

It's a ferris wheel...
It stops for a child to get on,
And it stops for an adult to get off.

Let us love each other,
Let us help each other,
Let us encourage each other,
For the future depends on us.

The future can change in many ways. We can never tell
what tomorrow may bring. We can work together to
eliminate many problems.

The past is passed and will never return,
The future we know not,
Only the present can be called our own.

Time, where are you going and why must you hurry so?
Why is it that you fly fast?
Surely you must know.
So often you bring such precious things,
And all too soon they are gone.
The things I have here with me now I wish could last
for long...
I blink my eye and one day passes, moving on so fast.
Why is it that happy days are all too soon the past?
I live each day as life itself, yet already it is done,
When tomorrow draws near and today has just begun.

Second Shack and Third Shack - August 9, 1981

All you have to do is touch my hand to show me you
understand and something happens to me.
Any time my world is blue I just have to look at you
and everything seems to be some kind of wonderful.
I know I can't express this feeling of tenderness,
There's so much I want to say, but the right words just
don't come my way.
I just know when I'm in your embrace this world is a
happy place,
And something happens to me.

Barb Trager

Soft as the sunset's edge on
Great Pond's shore,
The time has come to steal away
once more.
And as I linger at Runoia's beach
I know the lake will soon escape my reach.
The sailboats drift in every wind that blows,
Answering a thought that comes and goes.
The tossing waves are lapping at the dock,
Gentle breezes whisper, "Stop the clock!"
And yet the day will come, I know,
When they will have to stay and I will go.

Linda Willsey

Let us dedicate this day to the everlasting dream of
mankind, past, present and future,
For health, peace and happiness.
And let us celebrate the hardships, the smiles and
friendships we've experienced here at Runoia this summer...

Rosie Cole

Leaving is very hard. It means you will miss all of your friends. You probably will miss your counselors, too. Leaving is sad.

Ann Gradman

Leaving will be very hard for me to do. It will mean leaving all my nice friends that I have met during the summer. It will be very hard to leave all my friends.

Sarah Sutel

I'd like to know you better though I already feel as if I do.

Meeting you has been so good...

And if only temporarily I want to be your friend...

I'd like to know you better.

Mandy Train

When I leave camp I'm going to be very unhappy. I've had a lot of fun this summer and I don't want to go!

Sarah Chalmers

Cuando me voy del camp me siento muy mal y al principio me da miedo al principio.

Alejandra Cue

When I leave camp I will miss all my friends. It will be very hard to leave them.

Melissa Gary

Soon it will be time to leave and tell our parents the fun memories of camp.

Laura Maranon

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 recreate the past.

Catherine Watson

Leaving camp to me means not seeing your friends until another year.

Leaving will mean telling your parents about camp and your new friends.

Teresa McDonough

I know how alone you are.

It's so hard to be so far from the ones who mean the most to you when you would so much rather have them close.

Rose Mary Scanlon

Camp is almost finished,

And it is time to say goodbye to our friends and campers.

Almudina Munoz-Rojas

As long as I know that you are happy where you are,

I, too, am happy.

Caroline Leis

Prelude

Alleluia

Poem

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

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

Hymn

Offering and Doxology

Announcements, etc.

We Leave Our Hearts

This summer marks the 75th year for Camp Runoia.
How many people have passed through our Runoia gate
in the past 75 years? Campers, counselors, people to
whom our beautiful corner of the world has meant a
great deal. Throughout the summer these people have
learned to live in a community, a community characterized
by a loving and caring atmosphere in which growth in
skills as well as in learning to live together plays
a very important part. People who return to camp to
visit say, "It's beautiful! It looks just the same,"
or, "You've made some changes. I like them." Each
individual who passes through our gate leaves a part
of themselves here, and each individual leaves with
his or her own memories.

Sunlight on the Water

Many people have given a great deal of themselves to
Runoia. Johnny spent 50 summers here as a counselor
and director. Her sense of humor and her ability to
fill us in on past events and history have meant a

lot to many of us. She wrote of Miss Weiser:

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

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

Always Miss Weiser enjoyed the young people who came to camp each summer, even after she had given up active participation in the camp. Many campers and counselors became good and lifelong friends of her. They would correspond with her, bring their children back to see her, send family pictures at Christmas. Her interest, love and appreciation of young people and little children made up a large part of her

enjoyment of life. Besides the camp people, Miss Weiser had many good and loyal friends in the community. She always welcomed them and enjoyed their visits.

We remember a woman with a dream about young girls. She was artistic, practical, a person who loved poetry and memorized a great deal. She was musical, warm-hearted, had a good sense of humor and she enjoyed her young friends. What Lucy H. Weiser aspired and initiated continues today with the same spirit and ideals.

Sunlight on the Harmony Land

Tradition is beliefs and customs handed down from the past, from ancestors to posterity. Traditions are memories, ideas and even actual events. Traditions develop in most cases because they are meaningful experiences. Some are very small and some are quite extensive. No one of us lives without tradition, although many of us may have different traditions. Here at Runoia we have many traditions. Only a few may be traced back 75 years, but those few have remained. This morning we feel it is appropriate to think of just a few of our traditions, traditions that make Runoia a lasting memory to be passed on to the youth of tomorrow.

I Want to Linger

Music is a part of every camp and every camp has special songs which mean a great deal to the people there. We sing many songs which are sung at other camps, but we also have many which belong only to us. Our song contest which is held every year gives us many new songs which often become a part of our tradition. And every year our collection of songs seems to expand.

Kneltedown Out On The Blue Waves

Have you ever been late for a meal and stood listening to the beautiful singing of grace? For many years, three times a day, Camp Runoia has sung grace before sitting down to eat. It doesn't take long to learn them all and they're never forgotten. Grace is very short, but if you really think about it all the words have many thanks behind them.

God Has Created a New Day

Every summer many new campers experience the unusual feeling of a skinny dip. We have a few brave campers who tackle the early cold water every morning. But everyone does enjoy the refreshment of an evening skinny. We all find sleep to be much more enjoyable. By the end of each summer we all jump at the chance for a nice cold skinny.

We Are a Merry Merry Crew

Milk and crackers is another one of the small things that you probably never even think about. You go to the dining room after evening program and don't even think twice. People who have been to other camps, or who have friends at other camps, know that this is strictly a Runcioa tradition. We all take it for granted, yet try to imagine what it would be like not to have milk and crackers before bedtime. It may mean different things to different people...a last bite for that growling stomach, time to settle down a bit before bedtime and unwind after a busy evening program, and perhaps milk helps you sleep at night. Maybe the nicest part is that you have one last chance to talk to that friend you just didn't get a chance to talk to earlier. Just to say, "Hi" or "Goodnight, and try to tag up for sailing tomorrow morning!"

We Want to go Back

Our Blue and White Teams are really important as a uniting force. New girls who come are taken into a team and are quickly made to feel a part of Runcioa. Everyone is equally important whether they are old or new, juniors or seniors because they all are striving for team victory.

It's Blue and White

Bo-be-ski-wa-tin-da-tin is a cheer which has been with us for as long as we can remember. It's a cheer which long ago united camp and now is used as a way of congratulating someone. The cheer still lends a feeling of group unity, along with other cheers that have been used throughout the years.

Bo-Bo-Ski-Wa-Tin-Da-Tin

Our weekly newsletter is another part of our camp which is unique. It provides a way of keeping our Runcoia families in touch with all that we are doing as well as a way of remembering all that has happened during the past week, summer, years. Think of your families and think of our newsletter as a way of tying them all together...to each other and to Runcoia.

Canoes and Paddles

While we here at Runcoia are encouraged to think of ourselves as a family, the family tradition extends far beyond any single summer. Our families have benefited from the Runcoia experience be it through companionship, love, joy, or learning. Each year campers and counselors come back for yet another summer at camp. They are the ones who lead the way for new campers. Many counselors have been here as campers and return to pass on their experience and knowledge to the new campers. However, new campers and new counselors are quickly included within our family and they help us to begin new traditions.

A Thousand Miles

Fairy Ring is where most of our camping experiences got started. Not every camp comes equipped with a handy campsite within walking distance of camp! Johnny gave Fairy Ring its name. It was some time ago when she and a group of Juniors were walking through the woods and came upon a clearing of trees. They looked up into the trees and it seemed as though the tips of the trees were bunched together to form a ring. When the young campers asked Johnny why they formed a ring, she said it was because the fairies danced there each night. From that point on Fairy Ring became a campsite and has been used ever since.

When The Moon Plays Peek-A-Boo

The log is a tradition which contains traditions. It captures not only all traditions which encompass many years, but also records the single events special to individual summers. For those returning the log is special because it brings back the memories of

previous summers. For new campers, the log can give an insight into what life at Runoia is really like. Perhaps the most important logs are the very old ones. For those of us here now, a glance through these logs can give us an idea of how the traditions and activities here at Runoia have changed and grown. They tell us the history of our camp. For the returning alumnae of many years past, the recent logs demonstrate that Runoia has grown and changed but kept a certain "something." For anyone who is a part of Runoia, the log captures the spirit, emotion and tradition of camp.

I've Got the Blues

That's The Life For Me

Another tradition, unique to Runoia, is cotillion. Every camp has special ceremonies at the end of its season, and each is unique to that camp alone, each has become a tradition. For those of us who may be new at Runois, the cotillion traditions will be special because, for the first time we will be taking part in them, we will be adding ourselves to time-honored traditions which are a part of Runoia. And for those of us who have been here before, cotillion must have a special meaning because ^{we} ~~you~~ will be sharing it with others who have become a part of Runoia.

Tonight

Counselor's Coffee is the staff meeting held each day following the noon meal. It is a time set aside for planning as well as a brief moment during the day when counselors can be together.

The Marjorie is our float which was named for a counselor of many years ago who could float forever. Our present Marjorie is actually Marjorie II and was dedicated, as was the first, in a very formal ceremony.

The whistle is a special antique windpipe which is blown at the end of rest hour. Its origin is unknown.

Tonight

Tonight as Cotillion brings camp to an end
The Blue-White division our campfires mend
The spirit and friendship of our summer days
Last through the years and will be part of us always.

Team competition brings winners and losers
There's pride in the victory, defeat is no shame
Of Willie and Blaine we'll always remember
The loyalty they sparked in each game.

To night as Cotillion...

Our many friendships have made up our days here
Now giving and sharing are part of our lives
The shimmering waters, the soft sighing pine trees
All whisper Runoia's goodbyes.

Tonight as Cotillion...

I'm Going Back

I'm going back where the earth meets the sky
And there's no yesterday and there's no by and by
With the moon and the stars always watching over me
I'm as lonesome as a mountain, I'm as wild as the sea.

I come from a place where the pine trees grow tall
And the sound of night is the loon's ghostly call
Where there's time to wait for the dawn to catch the day
And there's no beaten path so you cannot lose your way.

I'm going back...

The wind whispers secrets into the ear of night
And the waves break gently on sands of dusty white
And the sounds of peace keep calling out to me
To come back to this land so beautiful and free

I'm going back...

There's beauty all around in the sparkling dancing stream
And the morning mist leaves me walking in a dream
But I never knew all the beauty it could hold
Till I saw a sunset of crimson, blue and gold.

I'm going back...

And when we must leave from this beautiful place
It really doesn't matter we have all saved a space
For the fond memories and times and friendships dear
And the sunset sparkling on our calm lake so clear.

I'm going back....

Limericks are written by the counselors for each camper and each counselor. They are read aloud at the end of the summer and are put into the log.

Movies of camp and campers are taken and old movies are shown on special evenings during the summer. They provide a real link to the past..

The Runoia sign and logo recall memories of Sunday night campfires on the beach, a canoe trip to a far off lake or river, the smell of the pines on a summer day, the echo of camp songs...for once you've passed the Runoia gate, you've made a little date with fate...."

I'm Going Back

Prayer

May the Road Rise

Limericks are written by camp counselors for each camper and each counselor. They are read aloud at the end of the summer and go into the log.

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The Runoia sign and logo recall memories of Sunday night campfires on the beach, a canoe trip to a far off lake or river, the smell of the pines on a summer day, the echo of camp songs...for once you've passed the Runoia gate, you've made a little date with fate...."

I'm Going Back

Prayer

May the Road Rise

MISCELLANEOUS



So You and your You and your
dearest stuffed animals are
cordially invited to the wedding of:

PROPER
ATTIRE
FOR
ANIMALS
REQUIRED!

Lady Benaneina Dole
and

Sir Joel, Phillip, Charles Badger I

This FRIDAY night, right after dinner.

Stuffed Animal Wedding

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to witness the joining of two despirited souls, or should I rather say Doles, as Badger and Banana.

My dear friends, let us first pray for a brief moment that they may have a long and fulfilled life together...

Silence...(Ha ha)

Please repeat after me:

I, Sir Joel Phillip Charles Badger II, take thee, Lady Bananarina Dole, to be my lawfully wedded Banana, in ripeness and in greenness, for better or for bruised, to love and to promise not to make into a split 'til peeling do us part.

Bananarina, please repeat after me:

I, Lady Bananarina Dole, take thee, Sir Joel Phillip Charles Badger II, to be my lawfully wedded Badger, in furriness and in shedding time, for better or rabies, to love and to promise not to make into a fur coat 'til fleas do us part.

Do you, Sir Joel Phillip Charles Badger II, take Lady Bananarina Dole as your lawfully wedded Banana?

Answer...

Do you, Lady Nananarina Dole, take Sir Joel Phillip Charles Badger II as your lawfully wedded Badger?

Answer...

I now pronounce them Banana and Badger.

Pause...

You may now kiss the Banana.

Penny Britell
Nandy Florey
with help from
Lady B. Dole
Sir J. Badger

To The JMGs 1981

Bright and early Monday morning
JMGs are on their way
They have worked and planned and studied,
heard what Nandy had to say
All are skilled at wet day fires,
cooking, menus and the rest
If they remember how to do it,
their coffee will be the best!
Mercedeh and Charlie,
our Aides Martha and Sarah, too
We know you each are super
And can paddle a canoe.
What do you do for heat stroke,
heat exhaustion or a burn?
Now do your map of Maine,
everyone should take a turn.
What fish are now in season,
do you know your fire laws?
And do you know the reason
why we use an axe and saws?
You'll make your own encampment,
don't get lost while in the woods!
Now do your map and compass,
draw it carefully and good!
Just how many leaves and bark
can you identify?
We know your cooking is the best
each bake and boil and fry.
So to each of you we wish good luck
and just would like to say
We certainly will think of you
each day that you're away!

Diane Erler

Horse Show
August 8, 1981

1. Grooming Class
2. Bareback
3. Walking Class
4. Costume Class
5. Walk-Trot
6. Water Ride
7. Obstacle Trail Class
8. Walk-Trot-Canter
9. Tacking
10. Jumping

Can You Imagine?

Campers getting here three days early?
All the sailboats fixed at once?
Lee as Dolly Parton?
Kate and Fiona not singing a sing?
The food without organic compounds?
Fourth Shack without cheers?
Alice not squeaky when tickled?
B.J., Betty; preps?
Everyone to swimming lessons on time?
Boobie deciding on which guy to go out with?
Hannah not making a scene?
No directors in camp?
Patty without a complaint?
One dry week?
Everyone passing inspection?
Counselors losing weight?
Someone not on crutches?
Dry tennis courts?
Molly with lack of energy?
Ginger without mustard?
Fiona not possessed?
B.J. in the water on July 8?
Alice and Meg getting Sunday breakfast in bed?
Kim Cornell with her hair down?
Everyone in uniform?
Seconds on ice cream?
Rosie at a loss for words?
Everyone getting all of their laundry back?
Winning two sailing races in one day?
B.J. without cats?
Seventh Shack absolutely quiet?
Annie eating twice as much as her mother?

Birthday tables not rowdy?
The Spanish Connection not on the phone?
First Shack without bumble bees?
Carrie Campbell as an African Queen?
Tom not making a list?
Patty and Velinda not getting guff for their accents?
Heather winning a sailboat race the first time she skips?
Someone not getting a package?
Diane being found when playing sardines?
An ending to four-way Capture the Flag?
Runoia without key sayings?
Nandy having everything on a trip?
The night of the lunar eclipse?
Catherine without Cassandra?
Diane in other than L.L. Bean clothes?
Every suitcase in camp unpacked?
Sharon West without a rash?
Fifth Shack spotless?
Getting up at 5:00 A.M. to see a wedding?
Sleeping in canoes?
E.P. before breakfast?
Log entries in on time?

Lost and Found

Lost

Jody
Alice, Barb and Pooh
Candyline
Fifth Shack

Ellie May
Sonya Prybutok
Sailing
Isabelle
Lauren Nassau
Teresa McDonough
Third Shack
Irene Maranon
Elena in a canoe
Alice Brebner

Fiona Fanning
Blue and White
Fifth Shack
All-day sails
Hamburgers
Sisters
One morning activity
Alice's kayak
Tom's hat
Third Shack
Catherine and Cassandra
Meg
Paradise by the Dashboard Light
Adam
Nanette

Found

At archery
Tanning in the motorboat
Yummyline
With water and baby powder
on themselves

Fudge
In a sailboat
Runoia Navy
Diane, Miss Runoia '81
Helping M.J. feed the horses
A stripper
Sleeping under the apple tree
Not near her shack
Swamped or tipped
Under a pile of people
on her bed

Serenading Neil Young
Pink and Green
An organic ~~commune~~
Supper sails
Vegeburgers
Cousins
Two morning activities
In the dining hall
Ransom notes
In the lodge due to mice
In the blueberry bushes
Thinking of guys
Lola
Painting
New wave and punk

Tree house

Seventh Shack Tent

Chuck, Martha and Sarah

Betty Jo and Diane

Tipi

The Swamp

JMGs

Cooking breakfast in campcraft

Last Will And Testament

I, Jill Aaron, bequeath my Pierrot shirt to Marissa Munoz-Rojas, my diaper shorts to Cindy Bortman (so she can burn them), my Spit playing ability and my moccasins to Liane Kennedy, my braces to Nina Feldman, my tennis playing hobby hours to Tracy Cornell, my Snoopy sleeping bag and black and white Nikes to Ellen Gottlieb, and anything else to anyone who wants it.

I, Cindy Bortman, bequeath the following: to Heather Griffin my beat up Fretorns, to Janet Hathaway my flashlight which always falls on her head, to Jill Aaron my sexy Speedo, to Nina Feldman my Spit playing urge, to Marissa Munoz-Rojas my daypack, to Kate Erda my terrific tennis serve, To Fiona Fanning my tape recorder and my tapes, to Liane Kennedy my curly hair in exchange for her straight hair, to Diane Lavigne and Marie-Claude Francoeur my loose jeans, to Sharon West a plane ticket to Boston, to Nell Wood all the purple that I own, to Ellen Gottlieb my clock and all the water she can drink, to Jennifer Corson my thick hair, to Samantha Britell anything that she wants to take, to Mercedeh a standing invitation to visit my Mommy and Daddy whenever she's homesick, and to everyone else my love of camp.

I, Samantha Britell, bequeath my Bruce Springsteen poster to Nanette, 'Anyway' to Fiona Fanning, Dhow 6 to Richele Berg and my hair and inability to speak French to Marie-Claude Francoeur.

I, Jennifer Corson, bequeath my 'Left is Right' shirt to Kate Erda, my green and purple bathing suit to Mercedeh Mirkazemi, my chest to anyone who needs it, my down jacket to Ellen Gottlieb, my hairbrush to Kate Erda and Nell Wood, my ability to sing 'Lola' to Fiona Fanning, my singing voice to Charlie Han, my straight teeth to Liane Kennedy, my Wesleyan sweatshirt to Alice Brebner, and my love, appreciation and fondest memories to Barb Trager and Fiona Fanning.

I, Katharine Erda, bequeath my frizzy hair to Isabelle, my loud voice to Maura Brennan, my singing voice to Marissa Munoz-Rojas, my intense tan to Tracy Cornell. I also leave my disliked neatness to Britt Long, my jokes to Penny

Marissa Munoz-Rojas and all my luck to the Blues.

I, Jennifer Liane Kennedy, bequeath my sweatsuit, my straight hair and my books to Kate Erda, my hair brush to Diane Lavigne, my baseball glove to Jill Aaron, my hair ribbons to Marissa Munoz-Rojas and Ellen Gottlieb. To Heather I leave my 20/20 vision, my non-allergy to wool to Janet Hathaway, my teddy Bear to Annie Erler with the promise that she will be well cared for. I leave my diving ability to Meg Richards, my Reeses pieces to the tent in the hopes that they enjoy them, my light blue Lacoste to Nell Wood and my English to Irene Maranon with the hope that she will use it. Lastly, I leave my annoying comments to Cindy Bortman, Jenny Corson and Sharon West.

I, Diane Christine Lavigne, bequeath my books and powder to Marie-Claude Francoeur, my straight hair and black shoes to Kate Erda, my radio, my purple dress and my French to Liane Kennedy, my earphones to Fiona Fanning, my tapes to Isabelle Leahey, my stuffed animals and my grey sweatshirt to Elise Charest, my gymnastic ability and my tennis racquet to Nell Wood and lastly my red shorts to Nanette Rummel.

I, Maria Luisa Munoz-Rojas, bequeath my understanding of Spanish to Cindy Bortman and Penny Britell, my hair to Nina Feldman, twenty pounds in weight to Asa Wall, my tennis racquet to Jill Aaron, my last name to Alice Brebner, my shoes to Liane Kennedy, my yummy line to Maria Entrecanales, my rubics cube to Sonya, my bed to Laura Maranon so that she can jump on it without being yelled at, a few of my phone calls to Heather Griffin, my barrets and ribbons to Nell Wood, and I can't think of anything else!

I, Sharon West, bequeath my straight hair to Nina Feldman, my height to Jill Aaron, my messiness to Kate Erda, my exercise lessons to Samanthat Britell in hopes that she will reach her ideal weight. I leave my blue eyeshadow to Liane Kennedy and to Tracy Diamond I leave a supply of bedtime stories.

I, Nell Wood, bequeath my ability to French braid hair to Marissa Munoz-Rojas, Hortense to Alice Brebner, my Jelly-bean raincoat and riding ability to Liane Kennedy, my yellow shirt to Ellen and my red baseball hat to Marie-Claude Francoeur. To Camp Runoia, and especially future Seventh Shackers, I leave my memories and hopes for wonderful and enjoyable summers to come.

Britell and Carrie Campbell (but they better give me credit!). I leave my chest to Meg Richards, my love and butterfly kisses to Alice Brebner, and my biggest love and kisses to Fiona Fanning. I leave my utmost thanks to Alice and Spom for pulling me through all of the hard times. To everyone else I leave my spirit of Camp Runoia to linger on.

I, Fiona Fanning, bequeath my Grover to Marie-Claude Francoeur, my "Excellent!" and my kisses to Kate Erda, my adventures in the infirmary to Chuck, my ability to be evil to Samantha Britell, my way of saying "Hi, Shar!" to Sharon West and all my other sayings to whoever wants them. I leave my fond memories of the summer to Jenny Corson, my love and thanks to Alice Brebner for being there when I needed someone, my two shirts, 'Right Here Right Now' and my deepest love to Kim Cornell for being my best friend, even if she didn't know she was.

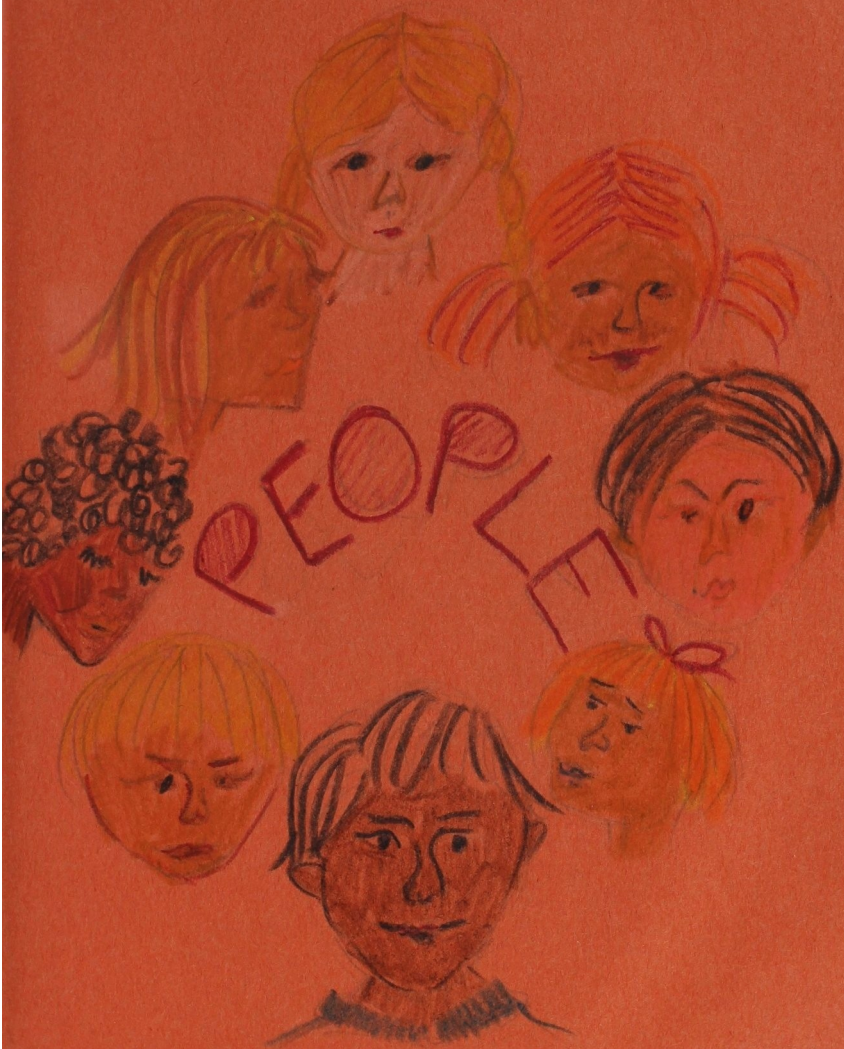
I, Nina Feldman, bequeath my pink Lacoste to Nell Wood, all my stuffed animals to Ellen Gottlieb, my hairbrush to Cindy Bortman, my height to Jill Aaron, my mirror to Marissa Munoz-Rojas, my blue blouse to Liane Kennedy, my hair to Tracy Diamond and my love to everyone.

I, Marie-Claude Francoeur, bequeath my waist to Samantha Britell, my French accent to Chuckles, my hair to Jenny Corson, my sailing ability to Lori Zinckgraf and my good temper to Britt Long.

I, Ellen Gottlieb, bequeath my purple bathing suit to Jennifer Corson, my blue tennis racket and turtle neck to Sharon West, my 'Fred Parry' shirt to Nina Feldman, my Phillies Phonic to Nell wood, my height to Jill Aaron, my stuffed animal pajamas to Cindy Bortman, my ability to keep a straight face to Lauren Nassau, my bouy to Liane Kennedy, all of my food to Fiona Fanning and fond memories of the summer to Janet Kennedy.

I, Heather Griffin, bequeath my quietness to Fiona Fanning, my flashlight to Liane Kennedy, my skinniness to Jill Aaron, my braces to Jenny Corson, my Tretons to Cindy Bortman, rib-it to Janet Hathaway and the best of luck to the Blues.

I, Janet Hathaway, bequeath my quietness to anyone who wants it, my curling iron to Nell Wood, my backgammon set to Heather Griffin, my ability to canoe through rapids to



Counselor Anagrams

Delores Arbach	Delivers Dutiful Advice
Lucy Baruch	Lives Day By (day)
Velinda Brown	Vanished Very Beautifully
Patty Boswell	Patches All Booboos
Alice Brebner	Always Knows Best
Tom Cabot	Tom Takes Good Candids
Elizabeth Cobb	Exhibits Nice Camping
Pam Cobb	Perfectly Natural Cooking
Phil Cobb	Plans Jobs Continuously
Rosie Cole	Riddles Constantly
Karen Deprey	Knutty All Day
Janet Engle	Just Loves Ecology
Diane Erler	Does Shower Early
Nandy Florey	A Little Flighty
Mary Jo Foley	Makes Jumps Flawlessly
Charles Han	Casually Struts Here (and there)
Tracie Hassinger	Tough Little Honey
Betty Jo Howard	Blue Jean Haven
Barbara Hudec	Backhand Needs Help
Meggie Kadura	Mostly Kind
Janet Kennedy	Jumped Mount Katahdin
Kim Leining	Kim Makes Gloria Laugh
Mercedeh Mirkazemi	Mastered Motorboat
Meg Richards	Men Wait Rarely
Jody Rowell	Just Loves Rowdiness
Nanette Rummel	Not Mellow Recently
Kate Saltus	Kraves Evening Spazes
Adam Schnitzer	Appears Heaven Sent
Arianne Sinn	Always Smiling
Amy Stoddard	Always Dials Steadily
Barb Trager	Becomes Nicely Tan
Linda Willsey	Looks For Work

Cit Anagrams

Carrie Campbell

Elise Charest

Kim Cornell

Ginger Harvey

Jenny Jackson

Can't Have Color

Every Guy's Charm

Kan Act Crazy

Very Much Happy

Jenny Likes Joking

Aide Anagrams

Tracy Cornell

Sarah Huels

Martha Wilson

Tracy's Active Constantly

Studies JMG Hard

Manicures Require Work

Third Shack Anagrams

Sarah Chalmers		Surprising, Keen, Changing
Alejandra Cue	A	Appears Cuddly
Krista Dennis		Kuiet Little Doe
Anne Erler		Active, Matching Everyone
Shayna Fitzwater		Sassy, Lively Funster
Melissa Gary		Mischief And Glee
Ann Gradman		Animal Loving Girl
Hillary Kann		Hunting For Kats
Cathy Prodo		Crafty, Caring Prankster
Sarah Sutel		Serious And Sweet
Mandy Train		Musical Little Tease

Second Shack Anagrams

Cassandra Davis

Anne Katzen

Caroline Leis

Laura Maranon

Teresa McDonough

Almudine Munoz-Rojas

Sonya Prybutok

Kursla Robinson

Rose Mary Scanlon

Catherine Watson

Can Violently Dance

Always So Karing

Can't Bear (no) Letters

Lives Pretty Merrily

Terribly Amusing Mostly

Always Moving Rapidly

Sonya Likes People

Krazy Acrobatic Rider

Rarely Misses Sailing

Can Swing Wonderfully

Fourth Shack Anagrams

Jenny Alfond	Jenny Giggles All (the time)
Vicki Dennis	Vivacious All Day
Jenny Dubord	Jokes All Day
Sarah Easton	Soon Could Eat
Jessica Londa	Just Lovely
Caitlin Mann	Climbs Longer Mountains
Bronwyn McCarthy	Bronwyn Can (do) Multitudes
Lauren Nassau	Loves Fun Nightly
Cyna Rosenthal	Cyna Likes (to be) Rowdy
Tina Scott	Craves Just Sailing
Louisa Shafia	Loves To Sing
Asa Wall	Always Mail Wishes
Lori Zinckgraf	Laughs At Ziggy

Fifth Shack Anagrams

Hannah Abrams
Greta Benedict
Penny Britell
Elena Cabot
Nancy Cerasuolo
Carrie Chalmers
Amy Chiarello
Teresa Cue
Maria Entrecanales
Alison Frye
Annie Lafrance
Suzie Leahey
Jessica Leighton
Britt Long
Susie Sherman
Rachel Sutel
Linda Van Doren

Has Rowdy Attacks
Always Merry (and) Blushing
Predicts SouthAmerican Blizzards
Mandy Elena Bridles (and) Canfers
Nancy Adores Camp
Carries Tom's (Selleck) Candle
Always Perfect Conduct
Much Too Cute
Maria Eats!
Alison (can be) Really Freaky
Always Laughing
She Loves (her bikini)
Jess Can (be) Lazy
Burt, True Love
She (en)Joys Sailing
Really Excellent Sailor
Looks Very (un)Depressed

Sixth Shack Anagrams

Richele Berg

Maura Brennan

Tracy Diamond

Laura Gradman

Susan Gradman

Blair Hambuechen

Sharon Hathaway

Lee Lawton

Isabelle Leahey

Irene Maranon

Stephanie Voigt

Kara Weinstein

Runs Joyfully Berserk

Misses Her Books

Titters All Day

Lean, Mean (pink and) Green

Susie's Just Grand

Backs Every Hunch

Sharon Loves Hiking

Lithe 'N Languid

Incredibly Limber

Indures Mexicans

Sings Every Vespers

Kan't Bear Water

Seventh Shack Anagrams

Jill Aaron	Just Hates Archery
Cindy Bortman	Couldn't Be Better
Jenny Corson	Just Adores Candy
Kate Erda	Kan't Stop (her) Energy
Fiona Fanning	Forever My Fiona
Nina Feldman	Never (stops) Crying For (boys)
Marie-Claude Francoeur	Must Consistently Flirt
Ellen Gottlieb	Endlessly Being Good
Heather Griffin	Helps Everyone Generously
Janet Hathaway	Just Loves Horseback (riding)
Liane Kennedy	Just Loves Kamping
Diane Lavigne	Doesn't Complain Loudly
Marissa Munoz-Rojas	Marissa Loves Moose Rover
Sharon West	Sharon Loves (being) Wild
Nell Wood	Forever (saying) Purple Wildly
Samantha Britell	

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Almudine Muñoz-Rojas	Almudine or Almu	with a smile on her face	to be Spanish	Marisa	Campercraft	"My name is Almudine!"
Sonya L. Prybutok	Sonya	like a model	25	purple + sailing	horses	"It's supposed to be!"
Kursla A. Robinson	Kursla	with bug eyes	to be from Norway	Rose Mary's rabbit	getting in trouble	"Mary Jo, is Crescent taken?"
Rose Mary F. Scanlon	Rose Mary	quiet	with a scratch on her chin	her 2 stuffed animals	giving underdags	"I've got Sailing!"
Catherine S. Watson	Catherine	with Cassandra	late for everything	laughing loudly	Keeping her things unpacked	"Get out of my room!"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Sarah K. Chalmers	Sarah	giggly	on the swings	food	Clean rooms	"But I don't want to!"
Alejandra Cue'	Alejandra	with a smile on her face	cuddly	her Spanish friends	Mandy Lee	"Look, look or Jes!"
Krista L. Dennis	Krista	funny	with braids or combs	Campercraft	being noisy at resthour	"Shush, be quiet it's rest hour!"
Ann M. Erler	Annie	like a Camper	wiping tables	the Swings	not finding her mommy	"Where is my mommy?"
Shayna L. Fitzwater	Shayna	with authority	at riding or Arts and Crafts	Riding	being in the Shack during clean-up	"Rest hour's Over, Yeah!!"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Melissa A. Gary	Melissa	with a smile on her face	with Alejandra	Arts and Crafts	tennis	"I'm not going to do my job!"
Ann L. Gradman	Ann	funny	nice	Stuffed animals	messy rooms	"Oh, Barf!"
Hillary F. Kann	Hillary	Hilarious	looking for Cathy	Cathy	being sent to Barb + Linda's room at rest hour	"Oh wow!" or "Goody Goody!"
Catherine C. Prado	Cathy	bouncy	nude in the Shack	Hillary	Sweeping	"Where is Hillary?"
Sarah A. Sutel	Sarah	like Gloria	like a Sutel	living in the same room as Ann	getting in fights	"Stop it Hillary!"

Appropriately
called

Answers
to

Acts

Appears

Adores

Avoids

Adage

Miranda Train

Mandy

Silly

in a
messy
room

taking
pictures

Swimming
lessons

"Linda!"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Jennifer Alfond	Jenny	like a mini prep	with a smile	teasing Meg about Chuck	being without Caitlin	"You best not, Child
Victoria Dennis	Vicki	loving towards her sister	with Jenny Dubord	her Hobie	not being with Krista	"Just Wait"
Jennifer Dubord	Jenny	tough	by boat each day	her tennis racket	Swimming lessons	"Quickly you must
Sarah Easton	Sarah	jive	in 2 nd Shack	Sonya + Cyna	People who move her mattress	"Oh, funky"
Jessica Londa	J.J.	mature	Super dark	being with her cousins	a messy bed	"Wanna bet!"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Caitlin Mann	Caitlin	with enthusiasm	with Jenny	her name	people who call her Kate	"No Way"
Bronwyn McCarthy	Jeff	like a psychiatrist	with Laura	Queenie	People who don't listen in practice	"Really?!"
Lauren Nassau	Spaz	like a Spaz	to love Singing Crazy songs	Riding	veggie burgers	"Left, Left, Left Right, Left --- !"
Cyna Rosenthal	Cyna	Spacy	with Sarah Easton	the Doors	being separated from friends	"Wait for me ---"
Christina Scott	Tina	like a playgirl	at swimming lessons	her bikini	rest hour	"Oh, come on you guys"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Louisa Shafia	Lou Lou	Sensitive towards others	like a model	Lauren's Cheers for 4 th Shack	Singing a Solo	"What you doin' girl?"
Asa Wall	Asa	shy	to hate her name Spelled Asa	The Miss Runoia Contest	Sweeping	"— days till I visit N.Y."
Lori Zinckgraf	Lori	rowdy	in a Sail boat	heeling	People who say she has green hair	"Oh, Come on"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Hannah R. Abrams	Hannah- Banana	like Mr. Rogers	individual	making a scene	Being Questioned	"You don't think I'm gonna make a scene? Well..."
Augusta M. Benedict	Greta, Gretel, Hansel, Geek	Groovy Marcia	to be a baby prep	goofing off with Jenny	Tennis on hot days	"It's not even funny!"
Penny S. Britell	Penny, Pen, Pennsworth Penelope	like a mexican weather forecaster	to actually like Campercraft	trips and writing trip songs	cleaning up the room	"What's the mexican Weather Report?"
Elena B. Cabot	El, Elena, Cab, Nel	hysterically funny (when she's not trying)	to like Zeppelin	Riding Mandy Lee	not writing letters to Celeste	"I'd kill for it" "I'm ^{or} psyched" "Gross me out ^{or} the do"
Nancy A. Cerasuolo	Nancy	like Somebody from Maine	On mountain trips	Arts and Crafts	getting wet	"What?"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Carrie T. Chalmers	Carrie	Rowdy	neat	Tom Selleck	living in a messy room	"What is your deep inner problems in the brainular activity area"
Amy P. Chiarello	Amy	like some-body from the Preppy Hand book	with Gradman and Co.	Canned Pound Cake	not wearing her Dr. Scholls	"I did not do it"
M. Teresa Cvé	Teresa	Really nice	Very much like Marisa	Wearing her designer Jeans	getting into arguements	"Wait, Wait...."
Maria Entecanales	Maria	Spanish	to like Irene'	Food	Speaking English	"What did you say about me?" or "Wha?"
Alison R. Frye	Al, Ally, Alison	like a Singer	to look like a model	Her tune box	Wearing her french bathingsuit	"You Guys!"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Annie LaFrance	Annie	like Suzie	to enjoy being in the French Connection	making remarks about me and Chuck	Speaking Anglais	"We have to keep it clean"
Suzie Leahey	Suzie or Oozie	very French	to like her String bikini	Guys	being in the tent late at night	"I like this 'orse!"
Jessica C. Leighton	Jesse, Jess,	appraising other people's bodies	to like bikinis	Streaking through Senior End	letting A.C. have Dusty	"Oh yeah" or womanly giggle
Britt T. Long	Brittski Britt, Brittskina Brittney	Crazy about Burt Reynolds	messy in the morning	Burt Reynolds	clean up	"Yeah Right" or "Key"
Susan J. Sherman	Suz, or Suzie	like she has ants in her pants	nice and Small (not cute)	fruit slices	having her animals thrown around	"Put a lid on it"

Appropriately
called

Answers
to

Acts

Appears

Adores

Avoids

Adage

Rachel Sufel

Rache,
Rachel

Flirtatious
around
Chuck

to like
the
Beatles

Chuck

Being
called
Rache

"Meg plus Chuckles"

Linda Van Doren

Linda

like a
cheerleader

to be
happy

Arts
and
Crafts

getting
her white
chamois
shirt dirty

"Oh, you're so cute"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Richele J. Berg	Richele	living on the rafters	Cute	Sailing and Tennis	Veggie burgers	"I don't know"
Maura H. Brennan	Maura	likable	nice	cancering with Sharon	not having anything to read	"A H H A"
Tracy L. Diamond	Pickles	Shy but isn't	tall and blond	Stephanie	not being with a counselor	"Steph, come here!"
Laura M. Gradman	Laura	wild undercover	cuter than ever	Mom + Dad's visits	getting any other horse than Mandy Lee	"Oh my God"
Susan J. Gradman	Susie	quiet	shy	Laura and Ann	playing her violin in front of camp	"Hi!"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Blair E. Hambuechen	Blair or Cinnamon	Klutztauted	where the action is	Boys and Arts + Crafts	first bell	"Are you evil?"
Sharon L. Hathaway	Teddy Bear	energetic	Cute and Cuddly	Pooh Bear	Messy rooms and Riding	"Get off my bed, you're messing it up!"
Lee W. Lawton	Pee Wee	Outgoing	like a Lawton	Miss Piggy	making her bed	"Rosco P. Coldtrain CoCo... I love it! I love it!"
Isabelle Leahey	Isabelle	Athletic	Petty and Skinny	gymnastic	speaking English	"Explaine... I <u>no</u> understand!"
Irene Maranon	Irene	Spanish	nice with her hair back	Laura and Marisa	Speaking English	"Peyames!"

Appropriately
called

Answers
to

Acts

Appears

Adores

Avoids

Adage

Stephanie E. Voight

Steph

noisy

skinny

Tracy

having
people
step on
her trunk

"Tracy ---!"

Kara B. Weinstein

Giggles

Silly

like she's
from
Boston

Riflery

Blair so
that she
won't die
laughing

"OOO, Begga!"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Jill H. Aaron	Jill	pleasantly Jappy	athletic	reading	doing her job	"Oh, I know, really"
Cindy B. Bortman	Porkman or Porky	younger than she is	short	Spit	getting in the water for swimming lessons	"Oh, Baby" or "It's too cold"
Samantha Britell	Sam or Ferd	evil	at breakfast in her pajamas	music	counselors who make her turn her radio off.	"Anyway!"
Jennifer A. Corson	Jen or Fer	nonpreppy	sexy in her brown bikini	Bruce, The Boss	people who use her brush	"Vunda bar"
Katherine S. Erda	Erdy Scherdy	neat	as a frizter	Gary	wearing her hair down	"Bummer." or Not too cool

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Fiona Fanning	Fi-Fi	possessed	cute but evil	Neil Young and Kevin	being good	"Excuse me, I'd like some turkey please!"
Nina Feldman	Nina	louder this year	In her Alligator Shorts	her hair when its straight	doing her Sprite Solo	"I'm not a slob, I'm just an overnight slob."
Marie-Claude Francoeur	Marie or Fred	permiss- cious	sexy	sailing	one piece bathing suits	"Oh Foul"
Ellen B. Gottlieb	Ellen	like she has a bone to pick with you	as a Philly fan	her Philly Fanatic	people who read her poems aloud	"Why do you hate me?"
Heather Griffin	Hetha	lazy	book wormy	books	doing her math	"What a retart"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Janet Hathaway	Janet	busy	thin but thinks she's fat	her boyfriend	the puddle in her room	"Oh, fartwads"
J. Liane Kennedy	Liane	intelligent	older than she is	reading	people who use her makeup	"Cacca"
Diane Lavigne	Diane	crazy	thin	Alan	Speaking English	"Tabernaque"
Maria Luisa Munoz-Rojas	Marisa or Mohos-Rohos	Cute	innocent	food	her diet	"The diet starts tomorrow"
Francis Parnell Wood	Well or Nellie	loud	to be a great mud wrestler	Sailing	people who take Hortence	"Oh Purple"

Appropriately
called

Answers
to

Acts

Appears

Adores

Avoids

Adage

Sharon L. West

Shar
or
Sharona

innocent,
but we
all know
better

well
dressed

getting
away
with
murder

being
quiet

Gag me
"No way, no how,
no Sir!"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Carolyn H. Campbell	Albino, Bitsy, Carrie	Crazy	to get in trouble all the time	being in the sun during PTH	Cleaning under her bed	"Let's act like a preacher and get the — out of here".
Elise Charest	Elise	Sleepy	quiet but She's not	Hugues	having to scratch Kim's back	"Guédine"
Kimberly A. Cornell	Corky- Bootsie	like a rowdy Jock	to get in trouble all the time	L'Ville guys + Preppy clothing	juniors attacking her	"Right here right now" or "Wada wooda"
Virginia M. Harvey	Kiki or Gingee-poo	like a mountain goat	to get in trouble all the time	Mary-poo and mustard	Canoes and Paddles (ooo-ooo)	"TTFW" or "We're Golden"
Jennifer L. Jackson	Jenny, Jen, Maplebelle	friendly	innocent (but we know!)	The Who ^o	getting in trouble	"Plopaconadoodoo" or "Whoopee Noodles"

Appropriately
called

Answers
to

Acts

Appears

Adores

Avoids

Adage

Meggie Kadura

Mickey
Mouse

happy

always
laughing

building
junk
fires

doing
nothing

"Yah "

Ariane Sinn

Ariane

Cute

eating in
the dining
hall

wind-
surfing

getting
fat

"How you say
in English?"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Tracy A. Cornell	Tracy or Trace	like a model	constantly late	fashionable clothes	being on time	"I Know, I Know"
Sarah J. Hvells	Sarah	carefree	happy	music	Studying for JMG	"It's beautiful!"
Martha R. Wilson	Pooh Bear	up away from campers	Sunburned	Running the motorboat	11:00 PM	"I'm going to be so tan after tomorrow "Sure" or "

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Delores Arbach	Delores	organized	on the beach	cooking	counselors when she makes cookies	"Oh Shoot!"
Lucy Baruch	Lucy	laid-back	to be a rugby player from Princeton	people	sleep	"Smile!"
Velinda Brown	Velinda or Vee	up with Patty	at home in the infirmary	The three Stooges	Spiders	"Wise guy-hey?"
Patricia Boswell	Patty	uninterested	every- where	sailing	snakes	"I can't see"
Alice Brebner	Priscilla Al or Gloria	in control but with a Squeak	anytime- anywhere, 24 hours a day	Spum + Patty the very especially from Admiral Tom	being molested by 5th Shack	"Key" "Awesome" or "Groovy Marcia"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Thomas T. G. Cabot	Tom	like a madman in the motor boat	without his <u>hat</u>	Showing off his Espangol	Swimming	"Diane, are we having the supper sail?"
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Betty	like a plummer	putting Christmas treason porches	Singing	a dirty dining room	"What are the chances of...."
Pamela Cobb	Pam	freestyle	to be a hippie	tripping	being figured out	"Whaat?!"
Phillip J. Cobb	Phil	professional	in Runoia Blue and White	Kika	gypsy moth + caterpillars	"If you have any suggestions for the kitchen...."
Rose Mary Cole	Rosie	(very well) like 100 other people	with loads of good ideas	David	being boring	"Okay, c'mon let's go!"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Karen Deprey	Karen	totally original	to be an Eskimo	30'clock giggles	slowing down and looking like a cook	"Does it look like I have my whites on?"
Janet Engle	Janet	like she's from the Pine Barreus	with Flocks	camping	making axe sheaths	"Who's sleeping in the Tee Pee tonight?"
Diane Erler	Diane	professional	in nothing else but L.L. Bean clothes	Sardines	rock n' roll	"Where are you supposed to be now?"
Andrea Florey	Nandy	like she knows what is going on	on most trips	Badger and Banana	having everything she needs on a trip	"Yeeaaahh" or "Not like Nandy"
Mary Jo Foley	M.J	un-perturbed	at the barn	Dave	questions about horses	"I have to feed the horses"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Charles Han	Chuck, Chip, Chuckles	experienced	tan, so he thinks	being the tennis pro	rumors	"Let me tell you about...." "You should be shot" "She's hot!"
Tracie Hassinger	Tracie	off the wall	with enthusiasm	Japan	Horses	"In Japan..."
Betty Jo Howard	B.J.	quietly	Skinny	St. Croix river trip	tacos	"Is this preppy?"
Barbara Hudec	Bar-ba-wa Cosmic Barb	bouncy	on the courts all day	a good time	dull moments	"It's Okay" or "Cosmic"
Janet Kennedy	Janet	Calm Cool and Collected	in the back of the kitchen	mountain climbing	sail boats on windy days	"Katahdin was so beautiful, I can't believe it!"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Kimberlee Leining	Kim	very innocent	Tutoring	going to the beach on her day off	Rowing	"Oh, Well..."
Mercedeh Mirkazemi	Mercedeh	impatient	with her knitting	JMG testing camp	Assembly if possible	"Okay... you guys... how's this?..."
Margaret Richards	Puppy Meg Meggit	rambunctious	confident	Men	anything that's un-cool	"Tenacious" or "Puppy!!"
Joanne Rowell	Jody	Full of spirit	on the archery field	popcorn	Hobie Cats	"Right!"
Nanette Rummel	Nanette	like she's from another planet	punk	her magazines	Dock Duty	"Grunt"

Appropriately called	Answers to	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Katherine Saltus	Kate	wild	with Janet	sunning	Sleep	"Look at my tan line!"
Adam Schnitzer	Ant Mann	on another wave length	in the pasture at 6AM	painting	standing dock duty	"Ethically"
Amy Stoddard	Aimers	open	to be of mother nature	phone calls + mail	all american food	"Hey, it's okay... "Did I get another Phone call?"
Barbara Trager	Boobie Barb	like a Boobie Should act	under the sun	worrying about her boyfriends	gaining weight	"You guys!"
Linda Willsey	Linda	Content	Niki and Timmi Cat	singing	lunch	"I'm not clear on this . . ."



Betty Cobb

Golden Pond story is her big kick
A dirty shack will make her sick
In the wig, funny
In water when sunny,
Keeping camp going is her kick.

Phil Cobb

Runoia's history he'll preach
Against profanity he'll teach
Work he starts early
He never is surly,
We all think that he's quite a peach.



Diane Erler

At six in the morning she's running
During rest hour she's caught sunning
She plans out the day
Sardines she will play,
At cooking on trips she is cunning.

Anne Erler

A blithe, carefree spirit is she
Trying to do all she sees
When she flirts with her eyes
You will notice their size,
Ever growing and changing is she.

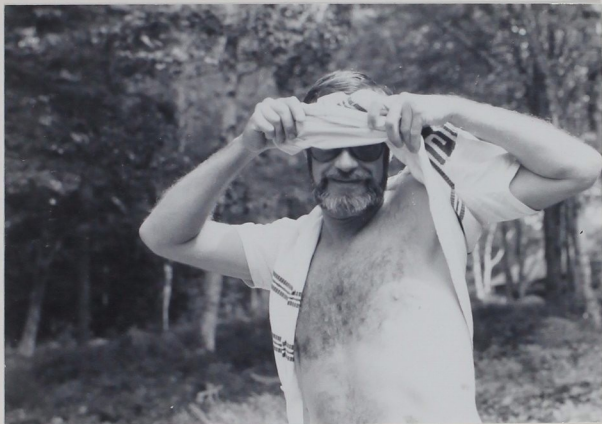


Betty Jo Howard . . .

B.J.'s limericks are not on time
In canoeing she's at her prime
Splashed early this year,
St. Croix she will cheer,
At Old MacDonald's she will dine.

Thomas Cabot

"Admiral Cabot" he thinks he's called
At his motorboat driving, we're appalled
His hat is now gone,
He's up at dawn
In watching Senior End he's involved.





Charles Han

This year Chuck is the main man
And no one will surpass his tan
To sailing he'll go,
The races he'll blow,
His name, of course, is Charles Han!

Adam Schnitzer

Into French Cinema he is, for sure
The campers say, "Hey, Jesus!" but he'll endure
At meditation he's hot,
Short? Really, he's not!
A painter he is, he's Picasso's cure.



Janet Engle

Janet has a smile for everyone
So busy, she's kept on the run
The mushrooms she picked
Made some of us sick,
And she's very well browned by the sun.



Patty Boswell

Patty's our nurse on the run,
A party she will never shun.
She thinks she sees boas,
But they ain't here no moa,
So she needs to get out of the sun.

Ariane Sinn

What is that language we hear?
I think that it's German, my dear.
Ariane's in First Shack
A smile doesn't lack,
We're delighted that she did appear.

Mechthild Kadura

At junk fires she is so grand
With a St. Croix canoe paddle in hand
Near Janet she's found
Her English is sound
For Meggie we strike up the band!

Linda Willsey

"Oh, my stars!" we will hear her say
In arts and crafts she is every day
Jobs she will hunt for,
Campers she won't bore,
Her guitar we will hear her play.

Barbara Trager

"Which one do I pick?" she will cry
Without a phone call she will die
Never with a frown
Her stomach is brown,
In the sun she will always lie.

Rosie Cole

Rosie is quite a big ham
With glee she will shout, "Here I am!"
To us she is grand
The kids give a hand,
She'll always be part of our clan.

Mary Jo Foley

At dawn she is up, Mary Jo
She loves her horses, we all know
But she's not a slave
For she loves dear Dave,
And goes right along with the flow.



Kate Saltus

To the kitchen Kate is bound
Catching the leftovers she has found
Then off to sailing with a smile
To catch the sun for miles and miles,
Thank you, Kate, for being around.



Delores Arbach

Delores is our cook reformed,
For the kitchen she does not mourn.
She goes off on trips,
Without many slips,
Never a finer farmer was born.

Kim Leining "Wha

"What is rowing?" she questioned at first,
In tutoring she is well versed.
In Fourth Shack she lives,
Big Ss she gives,
At making much noise she's the worst!



Nanette Rummel

Nanette's a worker versatile,
She'll be at campcraft all the while.
To riding she'll go,
And we all know,
That her beacon is surely her smile.

Tracy Cornell

Always late we see our dear Tracy,
She often wears something that's lacey.
With Nanette she is found,
To the tennis courts bound,
I wonder if she's somewhat spacey.



Tracie Hassinger

After a year abroad came Tracie,
Speaking Japanese, she is spacey.
Chuck's undressing at night,
Gives her pleasure all right,
Day's off without her aren't racey.

Barbara Hudec

This year she was put to the test,
And we found she is one of the best.
To "Wawa" she'll answer,
At tennis she's master,
In Five she'll never find rest.

Meg Richards

Meg is our resident rowdy
To every male she says, "Howdy!"
Paddle tennis bound
Watches every bound,
Her tent it is often crowdy.

Velinda Brown

Velinda lived in Seventh Tent
At camp we noticed her accent
Infirmary bound
That's where she was found
But from camp she sadly went.

Alice Brebner

The campers often do trail her
In sailing she has fights with bailers
Her stomach is white
Her split ends, a fright,
Her rag sweater will never fail her.

Nandy Florey

"It's the greatest!" she will exclaim
When trying to build a trip's fame
Then off she will zip
To have her great trip,
And then find that it's not quite the same!





Mercedeh Mirkazemi

She's leaving camp early this year,
Soccer's her reason, she cheers.
Her bike she rides,
She loves the tides,
In the fridge she always will peer.

Janet Kennedy

Janet's from Bridgewater State,
At riflery her aim is great.
If you ask her to sail,
She will certainly wail,
But we really think that she's great.

Jody Rowell

Our Waterville hick came again
Her looks will attract many men
Tracie cut her hair
And gave her quite a scare,
Hey, but she's still five foot ten!

Sarah Huels

Her flute she blows at flag raising
Others she always is praising
A new jacket she bought
Shoe laces she sought,
In her sweat suit often found lazing.



Pam Cobb

In the kitchen our Pam is the boss
She'll get her point right across
She's not hard to find
She'll be on a climb,
And during the night she will toss.

Karen Deprey

From the North our Eskimo came
Here at camp she is worthy of fame
Her hair was cut twice
And now looks so nice,
Speaking French is part of her game.



Amy Stoddard

From Wisconsin has come our dear Aimers
And is still unaccustomed to Mainers
Her veggies she brought
And is always caught
On the telephone during main hours.

Lucy Baruch

For the kitchen our Lucy is bound
Because of her smile she is found
When running is mentioned
She'll ask without question,
"Yes, I'll come if I'm around!"

Martha Wilson

Efficient our Martha in swimming
Her JMG she was great at winning
With her new teddy bear
And a bow in her hair
A counselor career she is beginning.

Carrie Campbell

In First Shack there lives a string bean
Who often can cause a silly scene
When attempting to tan
Of the sun she's a fan,
On the mountain she is not green.

Ginger Harvey

A cheerleader our Ginger resembles
A tent she can now assemble
With mustard on eggs
For book time she begs,
In a canoe she doesn't like to ramble.

Elise Charest

Elise appears to be quiet
But in French she's really a riot
With Diane she is found
To her pillow is bound
An orange swearshirt is really her favorite.

Jenny Jackson

Our Jenny she is a good girl
She never gives yelling a whirl
In purple she's found
Often looking around,
She really is a CIT of pearl.

Kim Cornell

High and dry on a water fall
At cleaning she really can stall
Energy she has more
And she knows the score
On a day off she does eat it all.



Sarah Sutel

In Barb's bed Sarah often sleeps,
"A fly is bothering me," she weeps.
She will sometimes whine,
But we like her just fine,
And into bed she will always leap.

Ann Gradman

Ann's room is always clean,
But she is never mean.
In Sixth she will be found,
Usually making no sound,
We al think she is really keen.



Mandy Train

The girl with the frizzly knots,
Whe likes arts and crafts lots and lots.
A helpful good sport,
Of the very best sort,
She loves to tease the "big shots."

Sarah Chalmers

With Sarah I never would trifle,
That girl sure can handle a rifle.
She's one of those folds,
Who loves to crack jokes,
And she eats by the forkful or knifeful!



Hillary Kann

Giggling is what our Hillary does best,
At rest hour she is always full of zest,
Todd's letters she'll await,
With Cathy as her mate,
The two get very little rest.

Cathy Prodo

Life with Cathy is never a bore,
Unicorns and rainbows she adores.
She's a mischievous sprite,
Who is full of might,
And we hope she comes back once more.



Melissa Gary

A bouncing, bursting bubble,
Who's in and out of trouble.
We'll miss her smile,
And that spirited style,
When she leaves her room in a rubble.

Alejandra Cue

Speaking Spanish is really the way,
Of blonde and giggly Ale Cue.
We like to taste her
Scented erasers,
Let's publish her diary some day!

Krista Dennis

Krista will play jacks by the hour,
And is usually never sour.
With a head of red
Not caring for people on her bed,
We think she's a sweet flower.

Shayna Fitzwater

A warm and talented Mainer,
Is perky and bubbly blonde Shayna.
Whatever the task,
Many questions she'll ask,
Riding and crafts are her mania.

Caroline Leis

Caroline loves to play tennis,
A helping hand she will lend us.
To theatre she'll go,
To sailing and fro,
Caroline Leis is no menace.

Sonya Prybutok

In one of our boats is a girl,
Though small, the sails she unfurls.
With tennis she's fun,
And catching the sun,
Our Sonya goes through camp in a whirl.

Kursla Robinson

Our Kursla comes early each day,
And she joins Runoia's good play.
Well she likes sailing,
Except when she's bailing,
She'd love to ride Crescent away.



Laura Maranon

From Spain our Laura did come,
At riding she'll have lots of fun.
Though quiet, her smile
Runs on for a mile,
Her job she'll always get done.

Rose Mary Scanlon

Rose Mary is a quiet sailor,
She'll never have to use a bailer.
She sits on the swing,
Her feet they have wings,
Her knots they never will fail her.

Anne Katzen

Anne is the girl from Phily,
She'll always hurrah for Willie.
For her, sailing is fun,
To theatre she'll run,
At times she can act quite silly.





Teresa McDonough

Our good ol' Teresa McDonough
From New York City she does come-a,
Her riflery is swell,
She writes very well,
To Second Shack she does run-a.

Almudine Munoz-Rojas

Oh, I'm such an angel!, her face seems to say,
Wpecially when it's time to go out and play,
We're so glad she came,
There's fame to her name,
And all hope she comes back to stay.



Cassandra Davis

From Atlanta Cassandra does come,
She's more often not on the run,
At riflery excels,
Her friends she propels,
And with her we've all had such fun.

Catherine Watson

Oh, Catherine loves to go and run
Off through the woods for some fun.
She's in a big hurry
To get a blue-burly,
She leaves on the bush just one.



Jenny Alfond

Jenny lived in Fourth Shack this year,
She attempted all things without fear.
Up the halls she would run,
When day was done,
Bringing the whole shack cheer.

Caitlin Mann

Caitlin looks like Pippi Longstocking,
To tennis she's always hopping.
She's Jenny's roommate,
And considered top rate,
Calmness and patience are not lacking.

Tina Scott

Tina is our insomniac,
It's energy she does not lack.
When day is done,
To a counselor she'll run,
To keep from hitting the sack.

Bronwyn McCarthy

Bronwyn is our rider extraordinaire,
On Queeny she often does dare.
Our Junior White Captain,
Won't throw her hat in,
An alligator she'll ever wear.

Louisa Shafia

Louisa's second name is Loo Loo,
She's always part of the crew.
Where trouble is found,
Loo Loo is bound,
As she prances in her Nike shoes.



Jessica Londa

Jessica's a true sweetie,
Never seen in a bikini,
Tennis racquet in hand,
A ball is sure to land,
She's always found riding Queenie.

Asa Wall

An ambitious one, there is no denial,
Asa has a perpetual smile,
To riflery she does trot,
Because she's a hot shot,
You'll catch her eyes bright all the while.

Lauren Nassau

It's Lauren we always first hear,
When Fourth Shack breaks into a cheer.
To the stables she goes,
When the sun first shows,
On her face a smile will appear.



Sarah Easton

From swimming lessons Sarah does run,
For her campcraft is always fun.
Through a hole she'll peek,
She is quite a sneak,
Arts and Crafts she does not shun.

Cyna Rosenthal

Early to camp Cyna did come,
Stuffed animals, she always has some.
To archery she will go,
To draw back her bow,
But from Second Shack we'll see her come.

Lori Zinckgraf

Our Lori sure loves sailing,
Though we often catch her bailing.
To riding she isn't late,
Something she doesn't hate,
For wet clothing she uses the railing.



Jenny Dubord

Jenny's our day camper so dear,
At first bell it's she we do hear.
When she plays tennis
She is quite a menace,
She'll tackle all things without fear.

Vicki Dennis

Vicki's our camper quite curly,
She arrives every day early.
At canoeing she's strong,
She will paddle quite long,
And never appear to be surly.

Maria Entrecañales

To Tom she always will run,
Because English is not always fun.
Tortillas she'll bake,
Good time she'll create,
She'll always have part of the sun.

Teresa Cue

She bears good cheer and a smile,
Her clothes she never will pile.
Her English is swell,
She's smart, we can tell,
And tennis is always a trial.

Linda Van Doren

She's valuable to the team White,
We've seen she has lots of fight.
On trips she will go,
Cheerleading she knows,
On mountains she'll use all her might.





Elena Cabot

Two Cabots arrived this year,
We're talkin' 'bout the female one, hear?
With piercing green eyes,
She sails and she rides,
With Alison she'll always be near.

Penny Britell

"The Mexican Report!" she does cry,
Without her banana she'll die.
Toward Maine Woodsman she'll strive,
With a gleam in her eye,
On all-day sails she will fry.



Hannah Abrams

"I'm going to make a scene," she will scream,
Although we aren't quite sure what she means.
She moved into Five,
To all she'll say, "Hi"
For her words pour in a stream.

Carrie Chalmers

With Hannah Carrie does room,
For her taps are always too soon.
She's up very late,
Her cheer is first rate,
Back to Runoia she'll be coming next June.



Greta Benedict

A novel young lady is Greta,
She lives in the tent, you betta.
Her major is tennis,
And she really is a menace,
She really has quite a heada.

Rachel Sutel

"Hi, Chuck!" you'll hear her say,
About him she complained every day.
Her Dhow solo she passed,
And her summer went fast,
With Lee she'll usually play.



Alison Frye

Her Zeppelin tapes she does treasure,
Though they do not give us much pleasure.
She'll swim every morning,
And sing without warning,
Her cheer you never can measure.

Britt Long

She lived in a pig sty of Five,
To tradition she'll never say "Bye"
Her hair's in a muss,
All night she'll say, "Hush!"
With her clothes on she'll always dive.



Susie Sherman

"I'm not cute," our Susie will say,
She plays tennis and sails every day.
Her bed is no more,
It's now on the floor,
For her streaking one day she will pay.

Jessica Leighton

Jessica arrived early this year,
She's found in her riding gear.
On the bunks she will jump,
It went down with a clump,
With bangs she now will appear.

Annie Lafrance

Most everyone thinks she's really quiet,
But in the tent she's such a riot.
A French Connection member,
Dreads school in September,
On the tennis courts she'll always try it.

Suzie Leahey

Suzie came back this year,
And of sailing she has no fear.
At night she dreams of Lars,
And she really likes the "cars",
She's really quite a dear.

Nancy Ceresuolo

From Maine our Nancy did come,
With a trunk that weighed half a ton.
Curly brown hair,
Her room is her lair,
Of watermelon we'll always want some.

Amy Chiarello

This girl has been labled sane,
Her toe always caused her much pain.
She reaches the sky,
Her height is quite high,
For Dusty she'll ask once again.



Susan Gradman

Never far from the Gradman crowd,
Susie is never very loud.
On trips rarely seen,
Never is she mean,
When heeling she'll cling to the shroud.

Maura Brennan

Maura is a quiet redhead,
With a book she'll slip into bed.
She'll go on a trip,
Without a quip,
After Katahdin she was half dead.



Tracy Diamond

To theatre Tracy will go,
After camping she'll always glow.
With Steph she will run,
And have lots of fun,
Her need for pickles still grows.

Stephanie Voigt

Stephanie will always run by,
With Tracy close by her side.
She runs to the Shack,
Straight to the back,
This girl will always say, "Hi!"



Blair Hambuechen

To canoeing Blair will bound,
In search of boys she will be found.
She thinks she's a klutz
She trips over ruts,
Her rifle will make a loud sound.

Lee Lawton

With Rach, Lee is often found,
On her bed clothes will be in a mound.
To Seventh she'll head,
Often found in Alice's bed,
We hope she is always around.



Kara Weinstein

"Giggles" is Kara's new name,
Her good temper will bring her great fame.
With Irene she rooms,
So handy with a broom,
For the counselors she is always tame.

Irene Maranon

From Spain Irene did come,
To other Spaniards she surely will run.
Her job's seldom done,
To Fifth Shack she'll run,
All in all she's had plenty of fun.



Laura Gradman

Laura has turned twelve this summer,
Being with her is never a bummer.
Will be a Skipper yet,
Part of the Gradman set,
She captured our hearts this summer.

Sharon Hathaway

She'd live in a canoe if she could,
She'll always help to gather wood.
Down rapids she'll go,
She's great, we all know,
If we could take her home, we would.

Isabelle Leahey

Gymnastics are surely her fete,
Cute boys she would like to meet.
She's a big hitter,
With friends not bitter,
At screaming she'll never be beat.

Richele Berg

She's always in a polo shirt
Others feelings she'll try not to hurt
Tipped twice in one week
When tickled she'll squeak
The Blues are the best, she'll assert.



Janet Hathaway

For white water Janet excels,
She'll never be late for a bell.
With Heather she'll be,
Her quietness we see,
Of Wild Goose she'll often tell.

Heather Griffin

Heather is a novice skipper,
With Janet she's always chipper.
At swimmer she is,
A big math whiz,
And soon she'll be a tripper.

Sharon West

Sharon's voice will always carry
Her laugh is really quite scary
In a Dhow she'll swamp,
To riding she'll stomp,
With her shackmates she'll be merry.

Nell Wood

To pass skipper is her great feat
On a horse she has a great seat
An actress she'll be,
As many can see,
To have her this year is a treat.



Jill Aaron

Jill's sailing is known the world 'round,
From her we hear hardly a sound.
Books always in hand,
Of Spit she's a fan,
To tennis she'll often be bound.

Nina Feldman

Nina can be found playing Spit
This year she expresses more wit.
Sailing is her nitch,
With schemes she's on pitch,
At night her room is a big pit.

Kate Erda

To many she's known as the "Erd"
Never at a loss for a word.
For the Whites she's great,
Her diet will wait,
In our hearts she is most preferred.

Ellen Gottlieb

Again there goes Ellen on the beach,
Sunsets are all in her reach.
Her feelings she'll write,
To be given at night,
You can tell she's from Philly by her speech.

Liane Kennedy

Lady Diana does she adore,
Reading she finds never a bore.
At the loom she is found,
To see the wedding she was bound,
You seldom see her on shore.

Diane Lavigne

Miss Runoia she was to be,
Of her gymnastics we will see.
With headphones on,
She'll sing her song,
In French she will answer, "oui".

Cindy Bortman

"It's cold!" Cindy is heard to say,
She'll giggle the hours away.
In a Dhow she'll be,
To riding with glee,
She's a bright part of our day.

Jenny Corson

Jenny has obtained her Third Bar,
In paddle she's far above par,
She's picked up sailing,
For the Whites hailing,
Her singing, it rates a gold star.

Fiona Fanning

Fiona is often possessed
She'll put the counselors to a test.
Her bed is a mess,
Her sayings you'll guess,
We all think she is the best!

Marissa Munoz-Rojas

She'll never be without a smile
The shack she always will rile
At sailing the best
Her mouth will not rest,
Living with her is no trial.



Samantha Britell

To us our Sam is quite dear,
And we are glad she came back this year.
Knows words to each song,
Corrects us when we're wrong,
On Snowball she is bound to appear.

Marie-Claude Francoeur

Marie moved from Seventh to the tent,
Sailing and riding her favorite events.
The Blue Team Captain this year,
Thinks her hair is quite queer,
We are glad from Quebec she was sent.

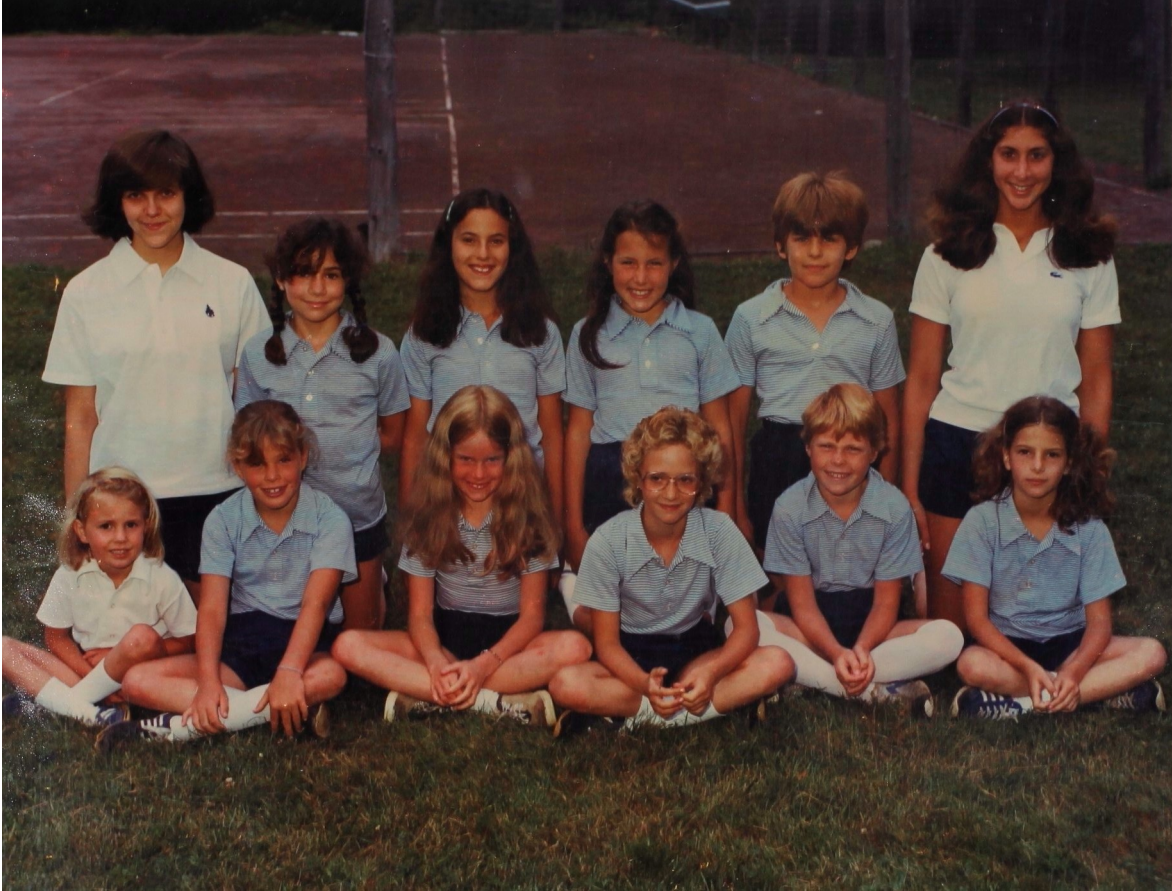




Staff



Second
Shack



Third
Shack



Fourth
Shack



Fifth
Shack



Sixth
Shack



Seventh
Shack



Cits



Aides





Five
Years
or
More
at
Runcio!



Team Captains



Sisters



























































Emma Willard School

announces the

One hundred sixty-seventh

Annual Commencement

the seventh of June

Nineteen hundred eighty-one

Troy, New York

Leigh Hollis Higgins



Craig, Katie & Anne Jorgenson
Sept. 1981



Lyn + Harry Gelles
Paul Carrie + Harrison

Mrs. Mary H. Beals

and

Mr. Norman M. Beals

announce the marriage

of their daughter

Martha Mary

to

Mr. Thomas M. Hardcastle

on Saturday, the twenty-first of February

Nineteen hundred eighty-one

Oakland, Maine





Krissy - age $8\frac{1}{2}$, Andrew age $5\frac{1}{2}$

Margaret
Loisel
2 1/2 yrs. old
XMas, 1981

















Laura and Marc

announce the arrival of
a baby

boy

Daniel Kind McKenna

8 lbs 9 oz

born
November 10, 1981





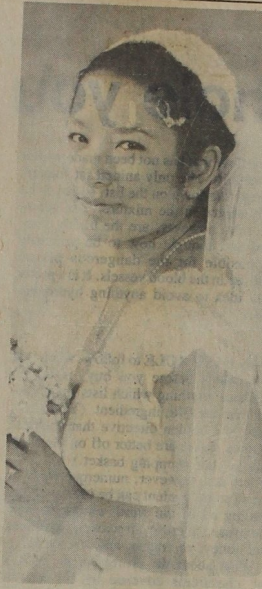
Mary Mc Kenzie Williamson's
Campbell - 6 1/2 John - 4 Sarah - 1 1/2
mo.



Back row: Alice Brebner, Dee Pellittier,
Theresa Fafard, Martha Wilson

Front row: Pat Farrell, Dave Wilson,
Joel Schultman

Wednesday, July 1, 1981



Mrs. Jeffrey Laurenti

Yuki Moore is wed to Mr. Laurenti

Yuki Ann Moore, daughter of Mrs. Ai Constance Handa Moore and James W. Moore of Princeton, was married June 20 to Jeffrey Laurenti, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mario J. Laurenti of Trenton. Monsignor Leonard R. Toomey performed the nuptial mass at the Church of the Sacred Heart in Trenton, the oldest Catholic parish in New Jersey.

Gay Wilmerding of Princeton and Old Lyme was maid of honor. Mark Laurenti of Trenton was his brother's best man.

Other bridal attendants were Celine Larkin of Scituate, Mass.; Marita Sturken of Princeton; Martha Kirkpatrick of Portland, Me.; Kristine Laurenti of Washington, D.C., and Shawn Laurenti DeFazio of Dover, sisters of the groom. Nika Skvir of Princeton was a junior bridesmaid and her sister, Kyra Skvir, was flower girl.

The ushers were Hugh F. DeFazio of Dover; Lorenzo Littles of Cambridge, Mass.; Christopher Kennan and Mario Peluso of Trenton; Douglas Handa of Seattle, Wash.; and Owen Gaskins of Princeton, cousins of the bride.

The bride is an assistant treasurer in the Personal Banking Division at the United States Trust Company of New York. She is an alternate commissioner of the New Jersey Economic Development Authority. A graduate of Princeton Day School and Radcliffe College, she was a member of the Hasty Pudding Institute of 1770. While in college, she was the first woman to receive the Manager of the Year Award for her work as manager of the men's ice hockey teams.

Mr. Laurenti is executive director of the New Jersey Senate. He was graduated magna cum laude from Harvard College in 1971, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He received his master's degree in public affairs from the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton University. He is chairman of the Trenton Democratic Committee and secretary of the Harvard Club of New Jersey.

3/15/81

Harriet had many fond memories of Camp Runoia. She spoke to me and the children after about camp and every once in awhile the pictures would come out. She was very interested in the news letters which began arriving recently.

Sincerely,
Harriet Smith

Harriet McLane
Feb. 24, 1981
I have written Mr. Smith
3/20/81

Syracuse Herald-Journal, Wed., Feb. 25, 1981

Harriet Smith

Harriet M. Smith, 57, of 143 Hampton Road died yesterday at St. Joseph's Hospital after an apparent heart attack at her home.

She was a native of Taunton, Mass., and formerly had resided in Pelham. She had attended schools in Pelham and was graduated from Pelham High School and from the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in New York.

Mrs. Smith formerly was a secretary for the Hotel Pierre and for Bristol Myers Co. in New York City.

She moved to Syracuse in 1946.

Mrs. Smith was a member of the Trinity Episcopal Church and was president of its Altar Guild. She also was a vestry member and a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Surviving are her husband, Herbert T. Smith Sr.; a daughter, Pamela Piraino; three sons, Herbert T. Smith Jr. and Christopher A. Smith, both of Syracuse, and David C. Smith of Boston, Mass.; a sister, Ann Mann of Los Angeles, Calif.; and a granddaughter, Janet Piraino.

Services will be Friday at 10 a.m. at the Trinity Episcopal Church, the Rev. Harold Avery officiating. Burial will be in White Chapel Memory Gardens, DeWitt.

There will be no calling hours.

Contributions may be made to the American Heart Association or to the Trinity Episcopal Church memorial fund.

The Welter Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

Syracuse Herald-Journal, Thursday, Feb. 26, 1981

DEATHS

SMITH

Mrs. Harriet M. Smith, 143 Hampton Rd., February 24, 1981. Survived by her husband, Herbert T. Smith, Sr.; a daughter, Pamela Piraino; three sons, Herbert T., Jr., David C., and Christopher A. Smith; a sister, Ann Mann; a granddaughter, Janet Piraino and several nieces and nephews. Services Friday 10 a.m. Trinity Episcopal Church, Rev. Harold Avery officiating. Burial White Chapel Memorial Garden, DeWitt. No calling hours. Contributions may be made to the American Heart Association of Upstate New York or Trinity Church Memorial Fund.

WELTER FUNERAL HOME, Inc.
2649 James St.

15 Newkett
1/1981

75th REUNION



List of those who have made tentative reservations for the 75th Runcoia Celebration.

Sandy Griffin Steitz, 206 Caruthers, Houston, Texas 77024 (4)
Lt. and Mrs John Webb (Trish Rowell) Office of the Chaplin, US Naval Air Station,
Brunswick, Maine 04011
Kit and Whit Hobbs, 2 Cherry Lane, Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870
Paul and Linda Hoisington, 9 Birchwood Heights Apt #3, White River Junction Vt. 05001
Amy Dunn, 2 Hillside Terrace, Winthrop, Me 04364
Emily Warren Taylor, 14 Lawn Ave., Cumberland Center, Me. 04021
Cathy Fuller Nicholson, 440 Conant Road, Weston, Ma. 02193
Jean Price Dickson, RFD # 2, Box 409, Hockessin, De. 19707
Frances S. Yates, 20 Bolton Gardens, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708
Amy Davis, 1112 Wells St., Durham, N.C. 27707
Meg and John Kasprak, (Meg Tabbell) 21 Lincoln St #C1, Hartford, Ct. 06106
Jody Sataloff Cluchey, Birch Knolls, Cape Elizabeth, Me 04107
Jenny Sachs, 3820 Locust Walk, Bx 506, Univ. Penn. Phila., Pa 19104
Betsey Langmore Birchenough, 31 Grandview Drive, Farmington, Ct. 06032
Elizabeth Rich Bell, 2518 N. Second St., Harrisburg, Pa. 17110
Celia Spanel, 319 E. Court St., Ithica, N.Y. 14850
Mrs. Florence Martin Stump, 611 Palmer Road, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701
Kate Saltus, Kent School for Girls, Kent, Ct. 06757
Laura and Mark McKinna (Laura Kind) 514 E. Allens Lane, Phila., Pa 19119
Martha and Bob Mason (Goodyear) Main Street, Hanover, N.H.
Mrs. L.P. Leggette (Martha Oliver) 7215 Timber Lane, Falls Church, Va 22046
Barbara Reed, 62 Scotland Road, Reading, Mass. 01867

As of 1/15/81. The above list with families totals 48 people including children.... This list represents 22 Alumnae.

Additions 4/5/81 Susan Dickson see parents address above
Maddy Fraioli and friend? RFD #1 Box 201 Bristol Vt. %Taylor Family
Mrs. F. Martin Stump 611 Palmer Road, Yonkers NY 10701
Helene L. Master and two (Elsa, Jon) Berksveldt Farm, Robesonia, PA 19551
Joel and David
Kit Hamilton Hobbs and 6 others see form 2 Cherry Lane, Old Greenwich, Ct. 06870
Robert and Martha Mason, Main Street, Hancock, N.H. 03449

Friend and Triss Casserly, 154

Cuyler Rd. Princeton, N.J. 08540
Cinci Alston Davis, 340 Northern Parkway, Ridgewood, N.J. 07450
Pris Davis (Piget) Box 166, Charlestown RI 02813..possibly coming (2)
Cathy Fuller Nicholson (4) 440 Conant Road, Weston, Ma 02193
Celia Spanel, 319 E. Court St. Ithica, N.Y. 14850
Patricia R. Webb (3) 6 Eider Lane, Topsham, Me 04086
Elmer and Eleanor Warren 151 First Rangeway, Waterville Me
Ann C. McCreary 312 West 71st St. NY, NY 10023
Margot Van Allen Cairns (2) 707 No 66th St, Seattle Wa 98103 (Address Dr.)
Janet Gladstein Varney, 202 Fox Hollow Road, Wyckoff, N.J. 07481
.....thru April 5, 81 39 Alumnae and alumni / 79 people.....

cc/ Joan Bayne Williams ✓
Betty Cobb
Betty Jo Howard