

## Table of Contents

Dedication	
Log Staff	
Camp List	
Name Story	
Newsletters	
Log Contest Winners	
Creative Writing	
Name Poems	
Sunday Services	
Trip Songs	
Miscellaneous	
Song Contest	
Team Captain Songs	
Horse Show	
Can You Imagine?	
Lost And Found	
Last Will and Testament	
People	
Anagrams	
Statistics	
Limericks	
Camp Pictures	

### Dedication 1982

Although they have not been with us this summer, the memory of their guidance, leadership and love remains strong within returning campers and through this bond of love they have become familiar figures to the new faces of Camp Runoia. Their growing years at Runoia steadily developed them into exceptional counselors. Consistency and fairness highlighted their personalities, yet these qualities alone are not the guidelines to their counseling strengths. Rather, an intangible mixture of friendship and patience put them in a position of respect and most importantly developed the mutual trust essential in counselor-camper relationships. To add to their prowess, they could demonstrate techniques of various activities and could relate their ideas and skills effortlessly with the ability to hold people's attention. Whether it was how to hit the ball off the screen or how to dash across the line as the starting horn blew, how to jump a horse or the skill shown in living out-of-doors, they had the ability and could convey this ability to others.

All their special qualities are already well known to old campers, so dedicating the 1982 Log to them is just a step in preserving the memory of their giving years at Runoia, not an attempt to place them on a pedestal. Preserving thoughts and ideas on paper can be the most precious gift of all. With these thoughts we would like to dedicate the 1982 Runoia Log to all of those special people who have been a part of the Runoia staff throughout its many years. Through their love and sharing the Runoia community has continued to grow. Their influences have been and always will be profoundly felt by each of us.

Log Staff

Second Shack	Melissa Gary, Faye Rosenberg, Kirsten Schantzenbach
Third Shack	Sarah Chalmers, Melissa Flink
Fourth Shack	Teresa McDonough, Karin Trouyet
Fifth Shack	Lauren Nassau, Allison Towne
Sixth Shack	Laura Gradman, Susan Gradman
Seventh Shack	Julia Baumgarten, Penny Britell
Cits	Cindy Bortman, Erica Rowell
Counselors	Martha Wilson, Charlie Han

Camp Runoia 1982

Seniors

Hannah Abrams  
Jenny Alfond  
Julia Baumgarten  
Penny Britell  
Amy Chiarello  
Tracy Diamond  
Liesel Farrell  
Nina Ferre  
Alison Frye  
Laura Gradman  
Susan Gradman  
Jennifer Guerette  
Sharon Hathaway  
Kristina Kunzel  
Annie Lafrance  
Isabelle Leahey  
Suzie Leahey  
Jessica Leighton  
Leticia Maranon  
Katie Mount  
Lauren Nassau  
Tina Scott  
Louisa Shafia  
Susie Sherman  
Rachel Sutel  
Christy Tokarz  
Allison Towne  
Linda Van Doren  
Pam Witze

Juniors

Joslyn Arnon  
Sarah Chalmers  
Robin Clarke  
Sarah Easton  
Andrea Fertig  
Shayna Fitzwater  
Melissa Flink  
Melissa Gary  
Ann Gradman  
Karen Hirschfeld  
Hillary Kann  
Anne Katzen  
Caroline Leis  
Teresa McDonough  
Cathy Prodo  
Ayaka Okada  
Kursla Robinson  
Svea Robinson  
Faye Rosenberg  
Rose Mary Scanlon  
Kirsten Schantzenbach  
Ronna Shain  
Jennifer Sussman  
Rebecca Sutel  
Sarah Sutel  
Karin Trouyet  
Polly Urbach

Cits

Cindy Bortman  
Samantha Britell  
Fiona Fanning  
Nina Feldman  
Marie-Claude Francoeur  
Heather Griffin  
Janet Hathaway  
Erica Rowell  
Nell Wood

Aide

Jenny Jackson

Camp Runoia 1982

Counselors

Lynn Briggs  
Mary Ann Brown  
Koren Burling  
Betty Cobb  
Phil Cobb  
Kym Foster  
Charlie Han  
Andrea Henry  
Betty Jo Howard  
Barbara Hudec  
John King  
Mandy Kiser  
Kim LaFrance  
Cyndy Lothrop  
Laura Lueking  
Virginia McDonald  
Mary Perkins  
Pam Pierce  
Celeste Poulin  
Carlton Roberts  
Jody Rowell  
Trudy Rutherford  
Matti Williams  
Martha Wilson  
Sooze Wright

## The Name Story

One day the Roberts family, Gary, Scott, Sue and their parents, went to the carnival. Because they had such a large family they were going to take Tocarz, but instead they took the van to the Towne of Mount Farrel.

"Dad," Gary asked, "are we almost there?"

"We're Hathaway there," Dad replied.

"Okada," Gary said.

"Sutel me about the rides," Scott said. "Howard they?"

"Sherman," said Sue. "Kann you believe the Ferre wheel is the highest in the world?"

"No kidding?" Gary challenged. "I'm Frye-tend but I'll Trouyet. I'm Gradman that we decided to go to the carnival."

"Last year a girl Feldman. Urbach was broken," Sue informed them.

"Isn't that a Shain," Mom said, Fanning herself because of the heat.

"Mom, when are we going to be there?" whined Gary. "I'm Bortman, go Foster! Can we stop at MacDonald's on the way home?"

"Wright, we Wilson," answered Dad.

"Leis sing a song for now," Mom suggested. "How about Katzen the Cradle?"

"No' Let's listen to Jackson Brown," the kids yelled.

Finally they arrived at the carnival. They opened the Van Doren piled out. When Scott tried to close the door, he slammed his Han in the door.

"Schantzenbach!" he Rowelled.

"Sussman!" Dad yelled. "I don't want any bad language! Now why don't you kids go play some games and go on some rides? Your mother and I are going on the roller coaster."

"Prodo, we're not," interrupted Mom. "That Wood scare the Witze out of me!"

"Okay, honey. Alfond a tamer ride for you," said Dad.

Lueking over the park, Mom found one that looked good. "I Flink the Fitzwater Flume is for me."

Just then Sue came running over and showed Mom what she had just won. "Look, Mom! A pair of Diamond earrings with Burling silver posts! Can I get my ears Pierced now?"

"Leighton, dear, we don't have time now." replied Mom.

Scott approached the group gloomily. "Arnon of us going on the rides?"

"Well," said Dad, "if you stop Poulin around you can come on the Fitzwater Flume with Mom and me."

"Guerette," Scott exclaimed. "But then we have to go in King Abrams haunted house!"

"No way," said Mom.

"Ah, Mom! Don't be so Leahy," Scott said reproachfully.

After going on a few rides they all got together for some lunch at the Baumgarten Buffet. They pigged out on Peanut Britell, Francoeurs with mustard and relish, corn on the Cobb, and Hirshfeld bars. Dad ordered two BudKisers while the others caught the Pepsi spirit.

"We're going to be too full to stop at McDonough's," Mom exclaimed.

While they talked about the rides, Gary said, "I thought the Griffin was the best ride."

"Nassau that one, but I'd much Rutherford go on the Zipper," said Sue.

All of a sudden, out of the blue, a Chiarello voice yelled, "I think I'm gonna rupture!"

"Great Briggs! What in Kunzel's name was that?" Dad inquired.

"I think it came from the Easton side of the park," Mom said, Scanloning the crowd.

All of a sudden a group of Maranon runners ran by. "Oh," said Gary, "they were cheering for the runners. They are racing to LaFrance!"

"Oh, the leader of the race is so cute. He's Chalmers!" exclaimed Sue.

"No way," said Scott. "He makes me Lothrop!"

"But all the way to Lafrance!" exclaimed Sue.

"Scott Robinson Roberts!" yelled Dad. "Hudec  
one more time and I'll Shafia you right back home to  
Rosenberg with Fertig, the dog."

Cits

June 26 - At Camp Runoia, the first campers arrive at about 11 A.M. and continue tostraggle in all day. Finally at about 5 P.M., the Stamford Bus arrives. Excitedly, old campers greet each other and welcome the new. After a spaghetti dinner, the day ends with evening program, a skit put on by the counselors. On Sunday, campers finished putting their rooms together, then went on to orientation. At night the campers go to sleep after a combined Vespers and Sunday Service by the counselors.

Tuesday was a rainy day. Pam Pierce organized the camp activities, paper bag skits. First place went to 3rd shack and second place went to 6th. Wednesday began a new weekly activity at Runoia. Trip Day. Each week, on a specific clear day, every shack spends the day at a place of their choice. This week on our first trip day, shacks 2 and 3 went to the top of the world, 4 and 6 went to the sand dunes, shack 5 went to the beach and shack 7 canoed to the home of our windsurfing instructor and former counselor, Matti Williams. The CIT's went on a great sailing trip.

The week's evening programs included a Name that Tune Game organized by Martha Wilson and a Miss 'Mis' contest, organized by Carlton Roberts. Saturday nights' evening program, organized by Jody Rowell was a favorite of ours, Capture the Flag.

The new campers are now Blues or Whites and very soon we will be electing our captains for 1982.

All in all, the first week of the 1982 summer was a truly exciting and enjoyable one. We know that the rest of the summer will be just as terrific!!

By-line Amy Chiarello and Jessica Leighton

One of the year's new activities at Runoia is the Stable Management Course. It includes, lessons on grooming the horse, mucking out stalls, tacking the horse (putting a saddle and bridle on), riding instruction on the flat and jumping, cleaning tack and lectures on general correct care for a horse. The Stable Management Course is taught by Mandy Kiser and Celeste Poulin, who also teach the regular riding program. This course is open to both Juniors and Seniors; the Riding is taught according to ability. There is general agreement that both the Stable Management and the Riding course taught by Miss Kiser and Miss Poulin is the finest that Runoia has seen in a long time.

By-line Penny Britell

Jessica Leighton Editor

The second week at Camp Runoia was a good one.

On Sunday the seventh shackers did a Sunday Service on 'Flowers'. It was very nice and everyone enjoyed it. On Monday the fifth we celebrated July the 4th. The day's activities were organized by the C.I.T.'s. At the end of the day scores were added up and the British came out the winners. On Monday we also chose team captains. The Senior Blue Captain is Penny Britell and the Junior Blue Captain is Ann Gradman. The Senior White Captain is Amy Chiarello and the Junior White Captain is Sarah Easton.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday campers went out on overnight trips to Oak Island, Fairy Ring and the 'Campcraft Area' and field in camp. (Of course this was 50 miles away and everyone was invisible.) These were alot of fun and everyone enjoyed them. Friday night we played an all-camp four-way Capture the Flag. It was a very good week for everyone in camp.

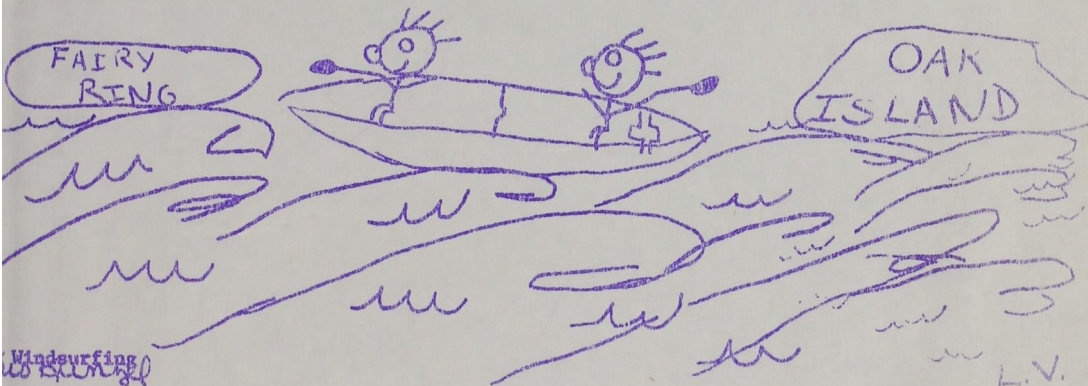
By line

Amy Chiarello

"We had this Exersize group. And when we were puting are things under shack 2 we found this old spoon. We went to Betty because we want to know if it was an antike. Betty thought it was intrsting and she said it may be 50 years old. And she said to give it to Jessica."

By line

Hillary &amp; Kirstin



Windsurfing

A new activity has come to Camp Runoia, it's called Windsurfing. Matti Williams is the instructor of this course and a very good windsurfer herself. The camp uses four boards and four sails. Six campers are signed up for this activity at a time. All the campers have to do is lug the sail to the board and away they go! The doctor at camp Virginia McDonald also know as 'Doc' has just bought herself one this week. I'm sure windsurfing will be a great part of this summer.

July 18, 1982

Dear Parents,

Another week at Runoia has flown smoothly by. On Saturday, our evening program was an interesting one. All the shacks made murals on the characteristics of the members of the shack. They were then hung on the outside of the dining hall.

On Sunday, fourth shack did the Sunday Service. It was on friendship. Following the service, fifth and seventh shacks gathered at birthday tables for Julia Baumgarten and Jenny Alford.

Tuesday was Trip Day. A group of campers left in the morning to begin a three day long canoe trip on Long Lake. Single day trips included a Kennebec River canoe trip; against the current and for an unexpected 12 miles!!!! A few of the juniors went to Popham Beach for the day. There, they later met the Kennebec trip, and all gathered for dinner on the beach. Another group of juniors went on an all day canoe trip on our own Great Pond. And an all day sail set out and returned very burned.

Wednesday's evening program was a "Preppie" party. Campers ~~and~~ came to the party dressed as preppie as possible. A contest was held to decide the most preppie in camp. The junior winner was Caroline Leis and the senior winner was Susie Sherman. And on Thursday the three day Long Lake trip returned.

Preparation for the climbing of Mt. Katahdin is underway. This includes climbing Bald Mt. and a six mile flat hike. Trips will be leaving on both Monday and Wednesday of this coming week.

The weather has been hot, sunny and beautiful. We are looking forward for more good weather.

--- by-line     Alison Frye and Susie Sherman

August 1, 1982

Another short week passed by and nobody can believe that there are only two and half weeks left of camp.

For our Friday E.P. we had a "Gong Show", with 1st place going to 5th Shack. On Saturday, there were two Blue-White games; a senior Softball game and a Junior Kickball game. The Senior Whites were victorious over the Blues and the Junior Blues won over the Whites. We had a Song Contest in the evening with 1st place going to 7th Shack. They borrowed their tune from "Tainted Love".

Sunday was more Blue-White competition with a Sailing Race. The Whites claimed 1st place with Rachel Sutel as the skipper and Linda Van Doren as the crew. Blues came in a close 2nd place with Laura Gradman as the skipper and Kris Kunnel as the crew. 3rd place was given to the Blues with Suede Sherman as the skipper and Jolita Baumgarten as the crew. That evening we had our usual vespers and many campers received awards. Anne Karsen swan an unbelievable 360 laps in two weeks.

Juniors were off to Fairy Ring for an overnight on Monday and another group again on Thursday night. Those in camp had a 'Counselor Hunt'. On the clear nights the stars have been beautiful and with the moon back in the sky this last week the early nights have been especially lovely and bright.

Our weekly "Trip Day" came again on Tuesday and there was an all-day sail, all-day canoe and a mystery trip to the State Museum in Augusta. A Junior Long Lake trip set out and returned on Thursday. "Awesome" is their word and we look forward to hearing their trip song at Vespers! Driving back over the West Road in Belgrade this group looked down on the lake they had traveled and said over and over, - we paddled all that way!. The day was beautiful and clear after the almost two inches of rain they had experienced on Wednesday and the view of the White Mountains was breath taking. From this spot in Belgrade you can also look east and see the Camden Hills and north to catch a glimpse of Great Pond. In the evening we began to organize a "Master Movie" which will be filmed in the near future. Everyone is going to be involved in this production under the Direction of Kiser-Roberts Limited. Will this production find the Brooke Shields of the late 80's? Time will tell.

In the pouring rain the advanced swimmers took off for their annual swim to Oak Island. It seems as though some of them questioned swimming in the rain. But why not! The water is wet! They all made it, but ate their hamburgers at home instead of on Oak. Camp Movies were shown in the evening from 1981, 1973 and one which went back to the late 30's and early 40's. Thursday another trip paddled down the Kennebec to Fopham to have supper with 6th Shack who were spending the day at the Beach. Early in the summer a group paddled from West Bath against the incoming tide and it took them "Hours". This last group put in further down the river and had the tide and wind behind them. It only took them 45 minutes to reach the landing in Fopham!

We will only be writing you once more before we are back home. Be sure to send back the Transportation form, so Betty knows how I am to go home. Thanks.

Dates to Remember: August 8th Camp Runcio Horse Show 1 P.M. Rain Date Monday 9 A.M.  
August 15th Last Vespers  
August 16th Awards Night  
August 17th Banquet  
August 18th Camp Closes

Dear Family,

The summer is quickly slipping away as we pass the halfway point of camp. On Friday we all participated in an evening program of making sandcastles along the beach. The winners of the contest were sixth and second shacks.

Saturday brought another day of very warm weather. A group of Seniors left early in the morning for a trip on the Androscoggin River in Errol, New Hampshire. The trip took the seniors through Class I and Class II white water rapids. The two hundred mile trip was well worth it. In the evening we had a Halloween party with activities such as bobbing for oranges, three-legged races and a spooky haunted house. There was also a contest for the best costume. Jenny Alfons, Jenny Guerette and Lauren Nassau took first place as the Rice Krispies characters, Snap, Crackle and Pop!

The HOT weather on Sunday drew everybody to the waterfront and for the first time in recorded Runcos History, Sunday dinner was served out of doors. We enjoyed a very lovely Sunday night vespers with an extremely small fire.

Monday was the beginning of two three-day trips, one canoeing trip on Ambejees and The Katahdin I expedition. Back at camp, campers and counselors enjoyed an E.P. of painting faces to portray various everyday life objects. The temperatures remained above normal.

As Katahdin I climbed to the top of Baxter Peak, the first place in the United States to receive the morning sun at 5263 feet, the weather finally broke and Belgrade Lakes received some much needed rain for the first time this month. Mirror Images was a new game enjoyed for E.P.

Katahdin II left for Baxter State Park as third bell signaled flag raising. Joe Strickland made the four hour drive to Katahdin again and picked up Ambejees and an elated Katahdin I group. For EP each shack performed an adapted version of a fairy tale. A jazzed up modern version of Cinderella highlighted the evening.

Thursday started silently with the mysterious hijacking of the Bell, but John the head chef made sure that everyone made it to the breakfast table. Because of rain at Baxter, Katahdin II disappointedly could not make it to the top of the mountain, but the sight of Katahdin Falls almost made up for this.

Thus ends another week and the next ten days look very busy on the calendar. On the waterfront daily activities continue and we are enjoying ourselves.

By-line cooperative people.

Camp is nearing an end with only 10 days left. "Sports Week" has begun with many invigorating Blue-White competitions. Some of our Blue-White activities have been occurring all summer. On July 31st we had a tense softball game with the Whites victorious in overtime 9 to 7. In the evening we had a very special guest. His performance was one of the best clown acts Camp Runoia has seen for a long time.

Sunday was a very busy day with the filming of our own movie "E.P." It involves 'monsters' kidnapping campers and guarding them, so they could come to a party that evening which they did not know about. The counselors desperately try to save the campers by dressing up as campers. They eventually find out about the party and join in and as it turns out everyone has fun. We hope to see the film and the accompanying musical score before we go home.

The 7th shackers on Monday, went to Popham Beach to enjoy a day of swimming and making their own lunch and supper. Those left at camp talked about what a poor day they had to go to the beach and on their return they all said what a great time they had had! "No rain?" was the question asked. Of course not it was nice at the beach! That night for E.P. there were Presidential elections with the winner being our one and only Erin Roberts! Tuesday for trip day, there was an all-day sail, a combined canoe and windsurfing trip, a walk to Belgrade, a horseback ride, a 3 day Long Lake Trip left and the CIT's left for the St. Croix. The European 'Punk Look' took over for an evening party. Wednesday we had our annual "Miss Runoia" pageant and Annie LaFrance the 7th shack entry was the winner. Her guitar playing and singing was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

A Swan's Island Trip also left for an overnight that day. They returned on Thursday indicating that they had found a most wonderful place. It is a state owned island in the Kennebec River which is a Wildlife Refuge, full of deer, birds and virtually unused.

We will be having windsurfing competition this year and surfers and riders have been practising for upcoming events. Saturday morning was another Sailing Race and in the afternoon, the Whites dominated the Tennis Matches.

Sunday started out misty and cloudy but by the time we sat down to Sunday Dinner the sun was breaking through and by the time the Horse Show began we had a lovely sunny afternoon. We enjoyed having parents and friends join us to watch those who rode in the horse show demonstrate all they had learned this past summer. There was some very good riding.

Sadly but surely, camp is coming to an end. We must begin to collect our belongings and pack our trunks and prepare to return home.

By-Line            Jess Leighton and Rachel Sutel



## I Am The Lion

I am the lion, running free  
with the winds at my back.  
I am the lion, all of my friends  
at my side.  
I roam the forests  
wherever I please.  
No rules or laws to live by,  
except my own.  
And no one to live my life for me,  
except me.  
Others see me, step aside and smile  
as I pass.  
I am the lion, so beautiful  
and free.  
I am the lion, walking proud  
with my head held high.

Slowly, they cage me in,  
taking pieces of me away.  
They come closer, too close,  
and I become hostile.  
No more can I run and choose  
my paths.  
My paths are chosen  
by someone else.  
My time and space  
are limited.  
I am the lion,  
growing more aware.  
I am the lion,  
becoming more scared.

They close me in,  
they come lock me up.  
No more do I run.  
No more am I proud.  
I sulk because  
I hate confinement.  
I need to be free!  
Don't they understand?  
Look!  
See what is happening to me.  
I am the lion,  
growing old and thin.  
I am a lion,  
eating from someone else's hand.

Soon, I always say,  
I will be free from this cage  
Where I have room  
only to turn a tight circle.  
Someday I again  
will be free.  
People run my life,  
they clean and feed me.  
My friends are all gone,  
I have none now.  
That roaring flame of life  
has dimmed to a slight spark.  
My dream of freedom  
is out of my reach.  
I am the lion,  
anxiously waiting for the day I escape.  
The only chance for freedom,  
death.  
I am the old lion,  
almost free as before.  
I am the dying lion,  
the life drained from me,  
the road to freedom ahead.

Linda Van Doren

Winner of the Log Writing Contest

Clouds

What is it like to move with the wind?

How do you feel

when you watch

so many glorious things go by?

Then,

when you cry on me,

your tears fall into puddles on the earth.

Why are you sad?

Anne Katzen

Winner of the Log Writing Contest

## Creative Writing

### Sharing

Sharing is more than giving stickers or dimes,  
It isn't saying, "mine."  
Sharing is giving happiness.  
Bees share their honey,  
Trees share their fruit,  
Runoia shares its love.  
Sharing is caring, no matter the time.

Anne Katzen

### Each Season

Satin summers,  
Velvet winters,  
Sparkling springs and  
Foggy falls.

Each season I enter expecting only the best,  
And each season I exit with more knowledge  
about myself and others than I thought possible.

Hannah Abrams

### You Are My Friend

Being with you makes me feel special.  
Talking to you gives me confidence I never knew I had.  
Knowing you're there keeps me going on days I know I could not handle alone.  
You are my friend and I hope our friendship will never end.

Laura Gradman

### Sailing In The Bay

Early in the morning  
    Coming out from port,  
Putting up the sails  
    In the morning breeze,  
Weaving through the water,  
    Bobbing up and down.

Lauran Nassau

### Seasons

I can see the trees, swaying in the wind.  
The leaves are falling, the flowers wilting,  
    the sun is setting and winter is at my door.  
I open it and winter walks in.  
But after it leaves, my door stays open for  
Spring is walking up the path!

Tina Scott

### The Spider Web

The spider sits in his delicate web of delicate silk strands.  
As the sun shines on them, they turn all the colors of the rainbow.  
As a breeze, soft and gentle, waves the web, the colors interchange with  
    each other.  
Then night slowly closes in, the spider diminishes from sight,  
    and so does the web.

Allison Towne

I Don't Know

You make me wonder all the time  
Whether or not your friendship is mine.  
And sometimes I ponder over it so  
And come up with this answer...

I just don't know.

Then I think of the good times we've shared  
And I wonder if you really cared,  
And I think that maybe I should go  
Do you need me?

I just don't know.

This goes on all the while  
Whenever I see you I try to smile.  
To you I wish that I could show  
How much I need you,

But how, I don't know.

It seems that summer time is almost over now  
And still I want to show my friendship,  
But I don't know how.

If you don't need me I will go  
But please tell me now,

Because I don't know.

Amy Chiarello

## Memories

As I look over my shoulder to see you  
for the last time,  
I think about all the good times  
we've had together,  
All the secrets we've shared.  
All the people we've met  
and experiences we've had.  
I gaze back for one last glance,  
thinking of all the memories,  
Memories that will be remembered  
and cherished.

Karen Hirshfeld

## A Flower

"What is a flower?" you ask of me to answer.

Well, they are beautiful things that grow  
beneath the trees.

Flowers don't grow too high or low,  
they grow just right.

I would say some grow to about your knees.

Other flowers smell with pretty scents,  
Even more decorate the spot where they're placed.  
There are many names for these different flowers,  
like violets, daisies and Queen Anne's lace.

So next time you see a wild one  
stop and think how it began.  
You'll think of the beginning with the tiny seed  
and how it grew since then.

Teresa McDonough

C

A

H

P

R

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N

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A

Name Poems

Soft sounds of Runoia  
Under the tall pine trees as the  
Seniors and Juniors gather round the campfire  
And sing in and sometimes out of tune.  
New and old campers join together.

Good friends are made here every summer.  
Runoia is new beginnings for some and continuations for others.  
Anywhere you look you will never find a camp like Runoia.  
Dozing off to sleep at night you remember  
Many of the things you did that day  
Always hoping camp never ends.  
Next year I will be back.

Susan Gradman

The times we talk are so valuable to me  
because I know soon I will be gone,  
but you  
Run on and on about the time we have  
And the times we will laugh,  
Cry, run and be together.  
Yet,

Despite everything  
I  
Am, say or do, you don't want to  
Magnify the fact that  
One time, maybe not this  
Night or the next  
Day, but sometime we both will be gone.

Tracy Diamond

Listening  
In the  
Night to the sounds of  
Darkness can  
Arouse

Very curious  
Aspects of  
Night sounds.

Do you  
Often listen  
Respectfully to  
Even the  
Night sounds?

Linda Van Doren

Times that are shared with special people in a special place...  
Runoia.  
Understanding one another and most of all myself.  
Dusty skies, rainy days, red suns...I have enjoyed my days here.  
Years pass and I know that I have grown.

Reaching out I try to surpass my goals.  
Up above the stars I'm thankful that someone watches over me.  
Tall trees,  
Hearts of gold,  
Echos that soon  
Race away.  
Friendly faces  
Open my mind to the wonderful feelings I am feeling.  
Reaching...I'm so glad my arms reached out to capture this  
Dream, a dream that will be mine forever.

Trudy Rutherford

Slowly the paddle dives  
At the water. Its  
Movement startles  
All passing fish and animals, but soon,  
Nothing is changed.  
Tens of hundreds of more strokes, each one made  
Hoping the destination is  
At last in view.

But still, it is not there.  
Riding along  
In tandem  
Til at last  
Each stroke has accomplished its  
Lengthy task, and the  
Light of a campfire beckons.

Samantha Britell



Selections From Sunday Services

Cit Sunday Service - August 15, 1982

Remembering the first time we met,  
I wish I could relive that day  
So my good-byes would seem far away.  
But we can only look ahead  
and remember the memories of the past.  
Now the day of saying good-bye is near.  
I know I must and I know I should,  
even though it hurts.  
I'll never forget all the fun we had,  
and when we laughed so hard it hurt.  
I'll never forget how much you cared,  
the times when I was blue you were always by my side  
to cheer me up in your own special way.  
I've learned so much from you,  
things I never will forget.  
I've never met a friend quite like you before,  
and I don't think I ever will again.  
You are very special to me,  
and you always will be,  
Even when our places are far apart.  
Thanks, friend, for all you are,  
and all you've made of me.  
Most of all, thanks for being my friend!  
Now, with a tear in my eye,  
I say good-bye to you.  
A good-bye that hurts, but a good-bye that I hope isn't forever,  
just for awhile.  
Good-bye, friend...I love you!

Janet Hathaway

All the beautiful pine trees, all the majestic rocks formed by glaciers so many years ago, the seven shacks and the picturesque waterfront...such a beautiful setting, I find it hard to say good-bye. But even more than the material beauty, there are all the friends I have made and love. Saying good-bye to them is the hardest part. There's a chance that I'll never be able to say hello again. And there's the fact that there will never be a group exactly the same. There's no stopping time, and as time flies so must we. So, good-bye to Runoia for now, and until we meet again, God Bless You.

Erica Rowell

It seems like I hear the same things every summer as camp ends, "Don't be upset, we'll write. It's not good-bye forever. We'll be together again next year." A lot of the times I hear it because I'm saying it to others. But no words ever said can ease the hurt that I feel or fill the empty place inside of me as I leave Runoia every summer.

I try to tell myself, and others, that leaving only makes us appreciate Runoia more. We feel our camp friendships more deeply because we are apart, we appreciate the beauty and spirit of Runoia more when we are home, miles and miles away. But no matter how many times I am told "absence makes the heart grow fonder", I still feel the same way and know I always will.

I think the most important thing about leaving, which I never seem to realize, is that I should always be thankful to all those who made my summers at Runoia special enough to cry about and to want to return again next year.

Nell Wood

Fourth Shack Sunday Service - July 11, 1982

A Friend

A friend is someone you enjoy to be with,  
Someone you care for when they are sick,  
Someone truthful and tries to be sure,  
A someone that no one could ask for more.

Anne Katzen

Friendship

Friendship is when two or more people are very close,  
They don't tell lies to each other and don't talk behind their back.  
If one of my friends were lonely or sad, I'd go and cheer them up.

Sarah Sutel

Friendship

Friendship means caring, liking, sharing and giving.  
Friendship means walking, talking, sharing a lunch, a secret, or a trouble.  
That's friendship.

Kursla Robinson

What Is A Friend?

What is a friend?  
A friend is someone to play with,  
Someone who cares about you.  
A friend is someone to like to be with.

Ronna Shain

Friendship

Friendship is caring and sharing and being extra nice.  
My friend is all nice to me and cares for my feelings.

Sarah Easton

Sixth Shack Sunday Service - August 8, 1982

Memories

What is the first thing in your life that you can remember?

Do you remember your fourth birthday? Your tenth?

Can you remember yesterday?

What was for dinner on Thursday night? Pizza!

I remember last year, the first day of camp, the last day of camp,  
the friends I had made.

I can vividly remember the first day of camp this year,  
seeing my old friends and meeting the new girls in my shack.

This, too, sitting here with all of you, will one day be nothing  
but a memory.

Linda Van Doren

Memories of a Friend

You were my friend.

We shared secret times together.

We laughed together and cried together.

You were always there.

Now you are gone.

Memories of you hold fast in my heart.

You were my friend, my very close friend.

The years have gone by and I am much older now.

Memories of you are a faded picture in my mind.

I hardly remember my friend, my once very close friend.

Susie Gradman

Do You Remember?

Do you remember when you came with me to see 'Raiders of the Lost Ark?'

How we screamed together, laughed together, cried together over it?

Do you remember how afterwards we came to my house and made popcorn?

And we spent the night in our sleeping bags downstairs,

giggling and telling stories?

We were the best of friends.

Do you remember?

Pam Witze

For A Sunday Service

Give me a day full of sunshine  
...and a gentle breeze...  
...with a field full of flowers  
where I can sit and think.  
With a forest of evergreens  
in which I can roam...  
...aimlessly...for hours...  
...dreaming....  
...With a stream in which to hang my feet...  
and see reflections....  
...With a friend to share myself with....  
Give me a day,  
But give me no limits  
and let me discover myself.

Holly Rutherford

## Reflections

Lying on the beach at camp on Easter Sunday...my church... my worship. Hearing the stillness of winter, no movement of water or sounds of the Community that usually surrounds me here. Hearing only the wind sighing through the tops of the pine trees... no rustle of leaves to entice one into thinking it another season! Listening to the gentle and subtle rhythm of the snow as it begins the melting process. The only other sound is the clear bell-like ringing of the line as the wind blows it against the flag-pole. Always haunting, summer or winter, it must recall a long ago ring of halyards against a mast on far away sailing ships tossed upon rolling seas.

Feeling the warmth of the spring sun, the prickly sensation of its rays upon a winter-white face. Seeing dots of yellow and blue against closed eye-lids...reminders of the Easter-egg blue sky and brightness of the sun...blue forget-me-nots and yellow daffodils. The mare's-tail clouds reflect the whiteness of last week's snow...or is the snow reflecting the clouds being whisked across the sky. An Easter peace in this conflict-weary world. In anticipation of summer, this, too, becomes a memory.

Diane Erler

April, 1982



Long Lake Trip Song

Tune: "Gilligan's Island"

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale  
A tale of an awesome trip.  
It started at Runoia shore  
For a three-day trip,  
A three-day trip.

We stopped for lunch in Belgrade Lakes  
And Linda saved a duck, (quack, quack).  
When Pam saw a gorgeous guy  
We all ran amuck,  
We all ran amuck.

We finally reached our camping site  
And set up all our tents  
Around the campfire, told ghost stories  
And Lauren threw a fit,  
Lauren threw a fit.

With Rachel and Lauren, too,  
Martha and Tina,  
Jessica, Liesel, Linda and Pam  
Here on Long Lake Isle.

(Hook arms and say:)

Then Lauren said, 'Did you know that ninety-five  
percent of the world has an underlying gayness?'  
EWWW!

There is an island on Long Pond where almost all  
they wear are bandanas and baby oil.

Tune: "Kentucky Fried Chicken"

Kentucky fried campers  
We do it right  
All the other campers  
Are so white.

July 13-15, 1982

Amberjack Trip

Tune: "Applejacks"

A is for Amber,  
J is for Jack  
Eight good trippers...Amberjack!  
You need a good trip, that's a fact  
Start it off with Amberjack.  
Amberjack! Amberjack!  
Partridge Cove is where we started at  
We paddled all day with Katahdin on our right,  
Ended up at our campsite.

Tune: "867-5309"

Trudy, Trudy, who can we turn to?  
Those scummy boys keep passing by.  
Cyndy, get down their number...ME 675309.

Amberjack, we got your number.  
What did you do with our site?  
Cyndy, where'd that stream go to?  
We need a place to stay for the night.

(Everyone hum theme from 'Jaws')  
(Trudy sings Duh-Duhhh)

Tune: "Our Lips Are Sealed"

Can you see them?  
They're dive bombing us.  
Horse flies, they're taking our lives.

Can you hear them?  
They go zooming by.  
We have no shield,  
Both our legs are revealed.

It doesn't matter how we fight,  
We know we won't sleep tonight!  
Our legs are revealed.

Tune: "Hawaii 5-0"

Strip extra

Tune: "Rocky"

July 19-21, 1982

Katahdin Trip Song

Tune: "Mountain Dew"

Give us a mountain, nothing to do,  
Give us Katahdin, we'll climb it for you.  
Even though we didn't get to the top.  
Just because the rain wouldn't, wouldn't, wouldn't stop.

Give us some cards, Chuck will show you a game.  
Played it all day, because of the rain.  
'Slap' made us really tense  
We just couldn't, couldn't, couldn't stand the suspense.

Tune: "After the Goldrush"

Well, we'd been playing cards all day  
When a rabbit came into sight.  
Well, everybody chased it away  
But it came back later that night.  
Well, Chuck told us a ghost story  
About a girl with yellow hair,  
Then the ranger came around  
And told us to watch out for a bear.

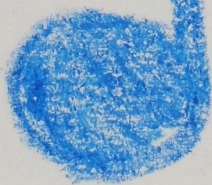
Tune: "In a Pad..."

In a tent at Katahdin stream  
At two A.M. rain sounded real mean.  
Instead of climbing to the top  
We went to Katahdin Falls and stopped.

Our food was really grand,  
Donuts with rocks and sand.  
Tomato soup cake that wasn't bad,  
Six eggs-in-a-hole, that's all Chuck had.

Joe came an hour late,  
At the D.B. we stopped and ate.  
The trip back wasn't great,  
We all felt like nauseate!

July 21-23, 1982



## Song Contest

First Place - Seventh Shack

Tune: "Tainted Love"

We Seventh Shackers are (clap, clap) really fine  
We never (clap, clap) waste our time  
We're the best at raiding during the night  
We have fun, much more than (clap, clap) anyone  
And we (clap, clap) get a fright  
When...we see...ugly guys at night.  
Once we ran for them, now we run from them.  
Those Belgrade boys that whistle,  
They don't make us laugh or giggle.  
Take that flashlight...please get out of here.  
Seventh Shack, ooo, (clap, clap), Seventh Shack.

Now you know why we (clap, clap) get a scare  
It's not (clap, clap) really fair  
You don't know what a pain it is  
To have a creep  
Look in your screen and peep  
And you'd think that it is great  
But it's something that we've come to hate.  
Once we ran for them, now we run from them.  
Those Belgrade boys that whistle,  
They don't make us laugh or giggle.  
Take your boat and please get out of here.  
Seventh Shack, ooo, (clap, clap) Seventh Shack.

Don't whistle, please, we cannot stand the way you tease.  
It's funny but they should've known  
When it's time to take their boat and go!  
Seventh Shack, Seventh Shack, Seventh Shack, Seventh Shack!

Go away from Seventh Shack, boys.  
Get away from Seventh Shack, boys.

Seventh Shack, Seventh Shack, Seventh Shack....

Blue Team Song for Penny

Tune: Circle Game

Penny, you have been the best Captain.  
You have helped us all the summer through,  
Softball, swimming, sailing, tennis too,  
And we will never ever forget you.

And the scores they go up and down,  
And the cheering never quiets down,  
We're constantly rooting for our Bluey,  
You've helped us earn our victories,  
And showed us sportsmanship,  
We love you Penny 'cause you have helped us through.

Blue Team Song for Ann

Ann, you have helped us through thick and thin,  
And when we were losing you brought the runs in.  
Riflery, canoeing, sailing too,  
These are the things you helped us do.  
You and Bluey at each game,  
Brought the Blues to victory and fame.

The Blues, the Blues, the Blu-ues, THE BLUES!!

CAMP RUNOLA HORSE SHOW

st 8, 1982 1 P.M.

Rain Date August 9, 1982 9:30 A.

S 1	SHOWMANSHIP	1:00 - 1:15 P.M.
S 2	WALK, TURNS, CIRCLES	1:20 - 1:45 P.M.
S 3	WALK, TROT	1:50 - 2:25 P.M.

BREAK

PRIX CA PRILLI

Mandy, Celeste

	COUNSELOR'S DRILL	
S 4	EQUITATION	3:00 - 3:35 P.M.
S 5	JUNIOR JUMPING	4:40 - 4:05 P.M.
S 6	SENIOR JUMPING	4:10 - 4:35 P.M.
S 7	DRESSAGE TEST	4:40 - 5:00 P.M.



# CLASS 1 - SHOWMANSHIP

Team A Nina Ferre/ Teresa McDonough on Missy  
Team B Pam Witze/ Rose Mary Scanlon on Mandy  
Team C Amy Chiarello/Ann Katzen on Buttercup  
Team D Katie Mount/Melissa Gary on Crescent  
Team E Penny Britell/Karin Trouyet on Stormy  
Team F Lauen Nassau/Kursla Robinson on Dusty

# CLASS 2 - WALK, TURNS, CIRCLES

## Group A

Melissa Flink on Buttercup  
Susie Gradman on Crescent  
Karen Hirschfeld on Stormy  
Kris Kunzel on Chestnut  
Shayna Fitzwater on Dusty

## Group B

Ayaka Okada on Stormy  
Rose Mary Scanlon on Buttercup  
Anne Katzen on Crescent  
Karin Trouyet on Dusty  
Melissa Gary on Mandy  
Erin Roberts on Chestnut

# CLASS 3 - WALK, TROT

## Group A

Ayaka Okada on Mandy  
Rose Mary Scanlon on Dusty  
Anne Katzen on Buttercup  
Polly Urbach on Crescent  
Melissa Gary on Stormy  
Karen Hirschfeld on Missy  
Erin Roberts on Chestnut

## Group B

Susan Gradman on Chestnut  
Kursla Robinson on Stormy  
Penny Britell on Buttercup  
Allison Towne on Crescent  
Jenny Guerette on Dusty  
Melissa Flink on Mandy  
Teresa McDonough on Missy

# CLASS 4 - EQUITATION

## Group A

Pam Witze on Missy  
Laura Gradman on Mandy  
Nina Ferre on Stormy  
Kursla Robinson on Crescent  
Christy Tokarz on Dusty  
Liesel Farrell on Chestnut

## Group B

Jessica Leighton on Mandy  
Amy Chiarello on Dusty  
Rachel Sutel on Missy  
Katie Mount on Stormy  
Teresa McDonough on Chestnut  
Lauren Nassau on Buttercup  
Shayna Fitzwater on Crescent

# CLASS 5 - JUNIOR JUMPING

## Group A

Polly Urbach on Crescent  
Teresa McDonough on Mandy  
Shayna Fitzwater on Dusty  
Anne Katzen on Stormy

## Group B

Amy Chiarello on Stormy  
Rachel Sutel on Dusty  
Kris Kunzel on Crescent  
Susie Gradman on Mandy

# CLASS 6 - SENIOR JUMPING

## Group A

Pam Witze on Buttercup  
Jessica Leighton on Stormy  
Laura Gradman on Dusty

## CLASS 7 - DRESSAGE TEST

### Group A

Nina Ferre on Buttercup  
Pam Witze on Chestnut  
Laura Gradman on Mandy  
Liesel Farrell on Crescent

## Group B

Katie Mount on Mandy  
Nina Ferre on Missy  
Kurala Robinson on Crescent

## CLASS 8 - DRESSAGE TEST

### Group B

Amy Chiarello on Mandy  
Katie Mount on Buttercup  
Christy Tokarz on Dusty  
Lauren Nassau on Chestnut  
Kris Kunzel on Stormy

Can You Imagine?

Amy really rupturing?  
Martha trying to start the motorboat without gas?  
Not having the right angle?  
More than one Aide?  
Blue/White windsurfing?  
Another Sutel?  
Eating breakfast without silverware?  
All the boats in perfect condition?  
Chuck with a clean trip box?  
Jody bald?  
Trudy engaged?  
Mandy without Barb?  
(Later) Barb without Mandy?  
B.J. in the water by July 7th?  
Seventh Shack with mustaches?  
The Log finished?  
The Cits quiet after 10:00 P.M.?  
Faye Rosenberg mute?  
No candy in camp?  
Getting up at 7:00 to dance?

## Lost and Found

### Lost

One fat hamster  
Cits  
Teddy Bear picnics  
Vegi-burgers  
Radios  
Cyndy  
Anne Katzen  
Sixth Shack  
Runoia campers and counselors  
Organic compounds  
Lola  
Silverware  
Seventh Shack  
Doc  
The Fourth of July  
Diane  
Infirmary  
Jessica Leighton  
Doc's car  
Hillary  
Jenny, Lauren and Jenny  
Sarah Chalmers  
Jenny Jackson  
Jody

### Found

Six babies  
25 pounds of peanuts  
Trip Day  
Steak-ums  
Walkmans  
On another trip  
Swimming laps  
Under a pile of popcorn  
E.P.  
John's homemade cooking  
Tainted Love  
Tongue depressors  
The Go-Go's  
Windsurfing  
The Fifth  
In Europe  
The H.C.  
Taking a shower  
Under toilet paper  
With Kirsten  
Snap, Krackle, Pop  
A soccer pro  
The Kool Aide  
With Ross

## Last Will And Testament

I, Hannah Abrams, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to Barb and Chuck my C.B. shell. To Chuck I leave my gray sweater and Woolrich jacket and to Barb I leave my Boston sweatshirt and any other clothes she wants, for a price. To Linda Van Doren I leave my sixth finger. To Cyndy Lothrop my height and to Jenny Jackson I leave my chest. To Susie Sherman I leave the way my hair feathers in place, and to Tracy Diamond I leave my brother. To Kris Kunzel my boots, Kool Aid and my neatness. To the Cits I leave my Sanctuary tape, jean jacket and Olive Juice. To Nina I leave a new pair of sweat pants. I leave my ability to dance like Alison Frye to anyone who doesn't. To Fiona I leave my Sylvester Stallone pictures, and the memories of me and the way we say, "Your sister is a Ho." To Erica I leave the memories of my broken watch, the way we rough-house and the times we've had together because I think you're my best friend here, even if you never knew it. Olive Juice.

I, Julia Baumgarten, bequeath my ability to eat like a pig and still stay skinny to Erica Rowell, my toe shoes to Koren Burling and my John Denver tapes to Anne Katzen. To Chuck, my Brown University shirts and love for Brown and my hair to Amy C., Jody R., and everyone else who wants it. To Pam Pierce I leave my "Scuouuuuzy," my name to Cyndy Lothrop so she can sing it forever, my deck of cards to the Katahdin II "gang" to play "slap," and my canoeing talents to Laura Lueking and Pam Pierce.

I, Penny Britell, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following: I leave my chipmunk laugh and scream to Rachel Sutel. I leave my performance of "In a cabin in a wood" to Erica Rowell and Mary Ann Brown. I leave my fake smile to Lauren Nassau and Louisa Shafia. I leave my tennis game to Barb, Chuck and Jessica. I leave Horatio to Cos and Cos. I leave \$100,000 life insurance to Cyndy Lothrop for Mutt. I leave a clean tripbox, a roll of paper towels, and enough dirt to put out a grease fire to Sharon Hathaway. I leave a sexy black bikini with red and green flowers to Martha Wilson. I leave love and kisses to Tracy, Laura, Susie G., Sharon, Lauren, Louisa, Katie, Jenelia I, Jenelia II, Alison T., Isabelle, Ann G., Teresa, Kirsten, Melissa G., Hillary and Andrea. I leave my Lee's and Levi's to Jessica because she has no normal jeans. I leave the title of "perennial" to Jody Rowell and Martha Wilson. I leave the word

"risations" to Trudy Rutherford. I leave Chuck and Sooze a stack of "Rossed" dishes. I leave my stepmother to Alison Frye, Erica Rowell and Fiona Fanning. I leave a can of Solarcaine to Jessica Leighton with the hope that she will have to use it. I leave a Mr. Popper's Sparkler (lemon scented) to Sue Sherman. I leave my blow-dried hair to Cindy Bortman. I leave to the Blues all my love, best wishes and thanks. To Camp Runoia I leave my best love and thanks for six excellent years. And last, but not least, I leave my estate taxes to my sister, Samantha Britell.

I, Amy Lynn Elizabeth Chiarello, being of sound mind and a body that needs work do hereby bequeath my OP surfshirt and shorts to Trudy Rutherford, my "Tapw" poster and all of my pictures of Timothy Hutton to Rachel Sutel, my "I think I'm gonna rupture!" to Charlie Han and the Cits, all of my Izod shirts to Jessica Leighton who doesn't own any, my Brooks Brothers shirt to Leisel Farrell and my madras Bermuda shorts to Penny Britell who is the only one besides me who likes them. To Louisa Shafia I leave my unmatched way of saying, "Oh, my goodness." To Alison Frye I leave my pink and green Lanz nightgown, and to Susie Sherman I leave twenty pounds of excess Cellulite. To Laura Gradman I leave my grosgrain ribbon bag cover and to Susan Gradman I leave my Ziggy. Last, but not least, and most of all, I leave lots of love and luck to the White Team and to all of my friends.

I, Alison R. Frye, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following: my white Capezio flats to Cindy Bortman, my sheets to Susie Sherman, all of my tapes to Jessica Leighton, and my eyes to Charlie Han. I bequeath my "I say there, Bonita" to Trudy Rutherford, as well as my "I'm into the... monster." I give my hope and spirit to Fiona Fanning and last, but not least, my love and forever friendship to Jessica Leighton and Susie Sherman.

I, Kris Kunzel, bequeath the following things to these people: to Linda Van Doren I leave my Matt Dillon posters, my Maxwell Caulfield pictures to Susie Gradman, my nails and purple nail polish to Jenny Jackson and Linda Van Doren. I leave to all of the Cits (especially Erica Rowell) my make-up. My hamsters go to Erin Roberts, Cyndy Lothrop and Jenny Guerette. To Amy Chaiarello I leave my Cars poster. To Martha Wilson I leave my white pants (ha ha) and my freckles to Linda Van Doren. I leave my unicorn to Jenny Guerette. To Isabelle Leahey I leave my Led Zeppelin and Sassoon jersey shirts. I leave my witch voice to Leisel Farrell, Rachel

Sutel and Penny Britell. To Tracy Diamond I leave some of my skinniness. To Laura Gradman I leave my bikini and to all my friends I have met here, I leave my love.

I, Annie Lafrance, bequeath my books to Isabelle Leahey, my checkerboard underwear to Rachel Sutel, my flashlight and my suntan lotion to Suzie Leahey, my overalls to Trudy, my doll to Joslyn Arnon, my bikini to Rachel Sutel, my bathing suit to Melissa Flink, my English-French dictionary to Erica Rowell, my little hair brush to Julia Baumgarten for her long hair.

I, Suzie Leahey, bequeath my purple bikini to Trudy Rutherford, my walkman to Pam Pierce and my ability to put on make-up to Rachel Sutel. I bequeath my pants to Annie Lafrance, my khaki pants to Marie-Claude Francoeur, my sneakers to Erica Rowell, my ability to speak French to Julia Baumgarten and my Soft Sense Lotion to Jessica Leighton.

I, Jessica C. Leighton, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following: all my jewelry and my pink and green polo to Charlie Han, my tennis racquet and tennis ability to Susie Sherman, my tan to Penny Britell, all of my clothes to the Cits of 1982, my frown to Lauren Nassau, my mocassins to Suzie Leahey, my hair to Rachel Sutel and all of my fight, drive, spirit and pep to the White Team. Last, but certainly not least, all my love and true friendship to Alison Frye and Susie Sherman.

I, Leticia Maranon, bequeath my speaking ability to Jessica Leighton, my hair to Suzie Leahey, my perfume to Rachel Sutel, my face to Amy Chiarello and my tennis ability to Susie Sherman.

I, Susie Sherman, being of sound mind and body do bequeath the following: to Trudy Rutherford I leave my watch because she is always clue-less. To Jessica Leighton I leave an even swap of our tennis abilities and a bar of soap to clean out her mind. I leave my skinniness to Amy Chiarello and my waist size to Hannah Abrams. I leave my E.T. imitation to Rachel Sutel. To Alison Frye I leave my Shaklee Hand and Body Lotion and also to Alison, Chuck and Louisa the right to say, "Hi, Sue Sherman." I leave the Cits all my hugs and kisses and also to Fiona and Cindy my belching ability. I leave Penny Paddington's pants because she's always grabbing at them and Jenny Alfond gets the rest of him. To the future Blue Team I leave my luck, love and all of my spirit and seven great years of fun to Camp Runoia. Last, but not least, I leave my true friendship and all my love to Jessica Leighton and Alison Frye.

I, Rachel Elizabeth Sutel, being of sound mind and overweight body, hereby do bequeath my extreme neatness to Jessica Leighton, my poster of "The Police" to Cindy Bortman, my tape of "Hurts So Good" to Amy Chiarello, my make-up to Suzie Leahey, all of my Izods to Annie Lafrance, ten of my extra pounds to Sarah Easton, my short, ugly hair to Jenny Guerette, my Brooklyn accent to Lauren Nassau and Louisa Shafia, the boy-craziness I obtain over the summer to Martha Wilson, my striped Shetland sweater to Isabelle Leahey, my red, white and blue bathing suit to Alison Frye, half of my height to Cyndy Lothrop, my ability to be organized to Penny Britell, my big mouth to Susie Gradman, my "This is Roscoe P. Coltrain! Coo-COO-COOO! I love it! I love it!" to Susie Sherman, my sailing ability to Charlie, my Christian Dior bathrobe to Laura Lueking, my athletic ability to my sisters so they can, just as I have, contribute to White Team victories. To Julia I leave a year's vacation away from me, my tape of "Eye of the Tiger" to Pam Pierce and Trudy Rutherford, and finally I leave my luck to the Whites.

I, Linda Van Doren, bequeath the following to these people: my ability to French braid hair and half my chest to Kris Kunzel, my ski sweater to Laura Lueking, my Tim Hutton poster to Amy Chiarello, and my Tom Cruise pictures to Rachel Sutel who kisses him goodnight each night. I leave my "E.T., phone home" and my "ouch" to Alison Frye and Susie Sherman, my hair to Trudy Rutherford. I leave half of my messiness to anyone who is too neat, my "normal tongue" to Hannah Abrams and Laura Gradman who can't do this \_\_\_\_\_. Also, I leave my hiking boots to Laura Gradman. I leave my sleeping pad to Lauren Nassau who, when our Long Lake trip went out, slept on the roots. I leave my knowledge of "things" to Susie Gradman, Sharon Hathaway, and anyone else who hasn't got it yet (they know what I mean). To Pam Witze I leave my Agatha Christie books that she always reads. I leave my "wall" to Amy Chiarello and Rachel Sutel. Finally, I leave my love to all of my friends here, and my luck to future Blues and Whites.



E.P.



Second Shack Anagrams

Andrea C. Fertig

Adores Camp Fun

Melissa A. Gary

Marvelous At Games

Hillary Kann

Happy, Frisky, Daring Kid

Cathy J. Prodo

Crazy Jumpy Person

Svea Robinson

Sometimes Ridiculous

Faye R. Rosenberg

Funny Rabbit Racer

Kirsten Schantzenbach

Kan Sprint

Rebecca C. Sutel

Really Cranky Sometimes

Erin E. Roberts

Eagerly Electing Recreations

Anne M. Erler

Always Merry (and) Eager

Third Shack Anagrams

Joslyn S. Arnon  
Sarah K. Chalmers  
Shayna L. Fitzwater  
Melissa A. Flink  
Caroline B. Leis  
Ayaka Okada  
Rose Mary Scanlon  
Jennifer K. Sussman

Joslyn Sure (is) Adorable  
Sure Keeps (away from) Cleaning  
She Lives Faraway  
Melissa (is) Always Fun  
Caroline (can) Be Lovable  
Always Outstanding  
Really Makes (camp) Special  
Jennifer Keeps Silly

Fourth Shack Anagrams

Robin M. Clarke

Sarah C. Easton

Ann L. Gradman

Karen L. Hirschfeld

Anne S. Katzen

Teresa A. McDonough

Kursla A. Robinson

Karin Trouyet

Ronna J. Shain

Sarah A. Sutel

Polly M. Urbach

Robin Makes (spaghetti on) Camping (trips)

Silently Creeps (in the) Evening

Always Laughing (and) Giggling

Karen Loves Her (b-b-bear)

Always Swimming (the flutter) Kick

Teresa (is) Always Mysterious

Kursla Adores Riding

Kills Tennisballs

Ronna Joyfully Sunbathes

Sunsets Are Special

Peace Makes Urbach

Fifth Shack Anagrams

Jennifer G. Alfond  
Nina H. Ferre  
Jennifer L. Guerette  
Katherine A. Mount  
Lauren F. Nassau  
Christina J. Scott  
Louisa M. Shafia  
Christine N. Tokarz  
Allison Towne

Jenny's Generous Alot  
Never Hates Friar (Tuck)  
Just Loves Guys  
Kids Around Mostly  
Lives For Nightlife  
Can Enjoy Sailing  
Loves Missing Swimming  
Can Never Tan (enough)  
Always Talking

Sixth Shack Anagrams

Hannah R. Abrams

Tracy L. Diamond

Liesel Farrell

Laura M. Gradman

Susan J. Gradman

Sharon L. Hathaway

Kristina L. Kunzel

Isabelle Leahey

Linda Van Doren

Pam Witze

Has Raid Ability

Tracy Loves Dean

Likes Following (guys)

Lives Mainly (for) Guys

Susie Jokes (and) Giggles

She Loves Having (fun)

Kris Likes (the) Kitchen

Is Lean

Looks Very Dependable

Pam (is) Wild

Seventh Shack Anagrams

Julia Baumgarten	Jibes Brightly
Penny W. Britell	Picks Worthy Books
Amy L. Chiarello	Always Likes Candy
Alison R. Frye	A Ravishing Fox
Annie Lafrance	Always Leaps (to windsurfing)
Suzie Leahey	She Loves (guys)
Jessica C. Leighton	Jess Catches (sun)Light
M. Leticia Maranon	Makes Life Merrier
Susan J. Sherman	She Just Squirms
Rachel E. Sutel	Ross Endicott's Sweetheart

Aide Anagram

Jennifer L. Jackson

Juniors Love Jenny

Cit Anagrams

Cindy B. Bortman

Constantly Being Boisterous

Samantha Britell

So Beat

Fiona M. Fanning

Frightens Mallards Fearlessly

Nina C. Feldman

Now (will) Converse Forever

Marie-Claude Francoeur

May Eat Forever

Heather E. Griffin

Hesitant (but in the) End Grins

Janet L. Hathaway

Joyfully Lends (a) Hand

Erica D. Rowell

Ever Dodging Responsibility

Nell Wood

Found (on) Phone With (Sheriff)

Counselor Anagrams

Lynn A. Briggs	Laughs A Bit
Mary Ann Brown	Many Archers (she) Beckons
Koren Burling	Keeps Busy
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Enjoys Neat Campers
Philip J. Cobb	Photographs Joyous Campers
Kym A. Foster	Kind And Friendly
Charles S. Han	Can't Sing Harmony
Andrea Henry	Always Helping
Betty Jo Howard	Busily Jousting Horizons
Barbara Hudec	Big Help
John H. King	Jiant Happy Kook
Amanda S. Kiser	Always (the) Same Kindness
Kim LaFrance	Keeps (us) Laughing
Cyndy J. Lothrop	Camping (is a) Joy (to) Lothrop
Laura J. Lueking	Laura Jumps Like (a wildwoman)
Virginia R. McDonald	Vivacious Rebelling Manner
Mary Perkins	Mostly Perky
Pam A. Pierce	Positively (all)Around (super) Person
Celeste J. Poulin	Cantering, Jumping, Posting
Carlton S. Roberts	Can't Stand Rules
Joanne L. Rowell	Just Loves Runoia
Trudy K. Rutherford	Truly Krazy (at) Runoia
Matti Williams	Makes Much Wind
Martha R. Wilson	Men Run Wild
Sooze Wright	Small People Watcher

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Joslyn Arnon	Jos	shy	up early	Pac Man	people on her bed	"I don't care."
Sarah Chalmers	Sarah	on impulse	at sailing	birthday chocolate on her face	washing birthday chocolate off	"I don't give." or "I want to have your dinner."
Shayna Fitzwater	Shayna	like a day camper	every other day	riding and borrowing boots	dishes	"So what!"
Melissa Ann Flink	Melissa or Annie	on stage	in the lodge early mornings with Joslyn	hugs and kisses	Kym's anger	"Tomorrow, Tomorrow"
Caroline Leis	Careoline	boy crazy	preppy	Garfield	cleaning her room	"That's not fair!"
Ayaka Okada	Ayaka	interested in everything	on Stormy	Paddington	reading English	"Where's my Pac Man?"
Rose Mary Scanlon	Rose Mary	more quiet than she is	skinny	Elvis Presley	taking her brush off the sink	"Rolly-polly fishheads"
Jennifer Sussman	Jenny	outstanding	from Virginia	riding	cleaning rooms	"I was just sitting there." or "It freaked me out!"

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Robin Clarke	Robin	like she wants to be popular	sleeping over often	being at the same table as Erica	having room-mates after the third week of camp	"Let's do a raid tonight since I'm sleeping here"
Sarah Easton	Sarah	like a mini-prep	an inch taller this year	candy	things that scare her	"Listen to me, Whites."
Ann Gradman	Ann	like the best Junior Blue Captain	in sailing races	Junior Bluey	not going to Sixth Shack to see her sister	"Grody" or "It's not my fault."
Karen Hirschfeld	Karen	mature	to be very tall	pigs and Maxwell Claufield posters	doing second hall	"I don't know, uh?" and "Queer"
Anne Katzen	Anne	like an artist	to be smart	drawing with pastels	cleaning her drawer	"Teresa, how does this sound?"
Teresa McDonough	Teresa	like a New Yorker	in control of everything	being hot seat	being in her room during rest hour	"Yeah!" and "Listen, listen!"
Kursla Robinson	Kursla	like a professional rider	in a sailboat	jumping and riding on Crescent	riding Chestnut or Buttercup	"Robin, Polly, don't fight." or "Where's my riding hat?"

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Ronna Shain	Ronna	like Ann Gradman	smiling	getting seconds on dessert	participating in E.P.	"Foom, ha-ha-ha-he!"
Sarah Sutel	Sarah	like a musician when near her tape-recorder	using her radio	the song, "Eye of the Tiger"	sending her good shirts to the wash	"Well, I can't help it!"
Karin Trouyet	Karin	like Leticia	with Ann Gradman	being around Leticia	being alone	"Get off my bed." and "Use a little, little bit of shampoo."
Polly Urbach	Polly	like a day camper	active in riding	all-day rides	doing her job when she's here	"Um...it's like...uh... well..."

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Andrea Fertig	Andrea	smart	with Marie-Claude	swimming	sailing	"...right"
Melissa Gary	Missy	energetic	with Cathy	Bell	chipped beef	"Poo-poo stain face"
Hillary Francheste Doratha Kann	Hilly	silly	with Kirsten	E.T.	poison ivy	"Ew, gross!"
Catherine Prodo	Cathy or Cath	high class	with Melissa	horses	being tickled	"Stop it!"
Svea Robinson	Svea	funny	carrying her sister's stuff	her pink pillow	swimming less- ons	"Leave me alone!"
Faye Rosenberg	Faye	grown up	with Fiona and Erica	Fiona and Erica	swimming lessons	"Get out of here!"
Kirsten Schantzenbach	Kirsten or Kerry	normal	with Hillary	her bunny	getting wet on cold days	"Gross!"
Rebecca Sutel	Rebecca	affectionate	with Erin	Faye's mother's shirts	cleaning her room	"But I'm going"

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Jennifer Alfond	Jenny	preppy	at tennis	James	camp-craft	"Every 60 seconds people get retarded..."
Nina Ferre	Nin, Nina	talkative	at the stables	Tish	dishes	"C'mon" or "Katie"
Jennifer Guerette	Jen, Jenny	happy	with Erin	her green felt hat	jobs	"That's retarded!"
Katherine Mount	Katie	crazy	with Nina	Buttercup	neatness	"You guys!"
Lauren Nassau	Lauren	funny	smiling	riding	frowning	"Hey, man!"
Christina Scott	Tina	pretty	at windsurfing	her miniskirt	trips	"Barb, will you give me a kiss goodnight?"
Louisa Shafia	Louisa or Lou-Lou	friendly	tanning	tennis	empty calories	"Dowicios"

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Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Hannah Abrams	Hannah	like a comedian	with her jean jacket	Jim Morrison	being called Abes or Banana	"You Ho!"
Tracy Diamond	Tracy	giddy	in a canoe	her puppet	a clean room	"C'mon, you guys!"
Elizabeth Farrell	Liesel	weird	cute	mail	pink and green	"You bum!"
Laura Gradman	Laura	funny	preppy	visiting boy's camps	rainy day activities	"Same"
Susan Gradman	Susie	silly	wearing a polo shirt	playing the violin	riding too many times a week	"You guys..."
Sharon Hathaway	Shar	like a tomboy	cuddly	canoeing	sailing	"You stinker bean..."
Kristina Kunzel	Kris	goofy	skinny	her hamsters	breaking her nails	"And away we go!"

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Isabelle Leahey	Isabelle	athletic	with her new walkman	gymnastics	a messy room	"What is it?"
Linda Van Doren	Linda	nice	sunburned	Matt Dillon	wearing glasses	"Don't worry about it."
Pam Witze	Pam	smart	riding	reading	missing riding	"Do you mind?"

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Julia Baumgarten	Jules or Hulia	strange with Leticia and Annie	to look like a model	dancing up the path	wearing her glasses	"Scuuuzy!"
Penny Britell	Pen or Penny	like a counselor	to be older than most Seventh Shackers	Noxema for sunburn	not having a tan	"Grody to the max"
Amy Chiarello	Amy, Aim, Aims	wild about Tim and Russell	to like L.L. Beans	rupturing	discussions about anything but "Taps"	"Rupture material" or "Did anyone see Taps?"
Alison Frye	Ally, Al, Alisonian	very fashionable	in her Capezio flats	talking about clothes	being an ordinary camper	"It was soooo funny!" "I say there, Bonita."
Annie Lafrance	Annie or "el Monstro"	silly	sexy in her blue bikini	shack raids	being called "French Connection"	"I mean..."
Suzie Leahey	Suzie Oozie Suz	about 22 years old	in a state of undress	Christian and her walkman	counselors	"What?" (under effect of a walkman)
Jessica Leighton	Jess	conservative (ha, ha)	to like stripes	reading letters from Laura	not washing her hair every day	"It <u>wasn't</u> me!"

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Leticia Maranon	Tish Leticia Lethithithia Leti	like a true Seventh Shacker	to be excellent at tennis	cards	being tickled	"Explain me."
Susan Sherman	Susie Suz My dear Susie	spastic with Alison, Jess and Penny	to be a good windsurfer	giving people wedgies	banana chips and health food nuts	"You guys, it isn't just me!"
Rachel Sutel	Rache Rebecca	boy crazy	with Charlie	Roberto	letting people use her tape recorder	"Hey, Doll" "I wanna go home, I wanna go ho Brawck" and "And away
						we go!"

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Cindy Beth Bortman	Porky	like an unhappy camper	with her shorts worn low	the Talking Heads	Juniors and shutting up when there's a story to tell	"Crystal clear!"
Samantha Britell	Snoopy Snoop Sam	like a St. Pauli girl	with the SMOP team	Casey and his Top-40 count-down	controlling laff monster	"We'll see ya!"
Fiona Mary Fanning	Fi-fi Fi	like a Blues Brother	in concert with Alison	little duckies	going possessed for U.M.	" <u>So</u> consistent!"
Nina Cheryl Feldman	No-noo	louder still	everywhere unobtrusively	aerobicing	letting her hair down	"You guys..."
Marie-Claude Francoeur	Fred Fatty	flirty	in the kitchen	Juniors	dieting	"Oh, that was wicked pleasant!"
Heather Elizabeth Griffin	Heffa	like a chip-munk	in the lake	swimming	wearing her Boob hat	"Is there any juice in the counselor's refrigerator?"
Janet Lynn Hathaway	Planet	quietly	giving back-rubs	Don	her PM	"Nawthing"

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Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Lynn Briggs	Perky	responsible	making fuzzies	the kitchen	overnights	"Oh my gosh!"
Mary Ann Brown	Mary Ann	laid back	at the archery field	Kittery	hard work	"Um...."
Koren Burling	Koren	like a granola girl	with Laura Lueking	dancing	hungry campers	"I can't tell you what's for dinner."
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	like a kid	when you least expect her	Trip Day	questions	"We don't use clocks at Runoia, we use bells"
Philip J. Cobb	Phil	like a Dad	with a camera	photography	late nights	"If you're interested in taking pictures on trips..."
Kimberly Ann Foster	Kym	any way she wants	short	sitting at B.J.'s table	the waterfront	"That's cool, y'all!"
Charles Han	Chuck	chauvinistic but really a puppy	to be a man	adoring campers	trip dishes	"Awesome" or "Guess not."

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Betty Jo Howard	B.J.	optimistic	everywhere	being queen for a day	swimming	"Will someone please put my Cits to bed?"
Barbara Hudec	Barb	bouncy	to be a jock-ette	Rocky Horror Picture Show	the lake	"How do you spell...?" "Pom-poms, whips and chains, yea!"
John King	John	like a Mainer ought to	with his True Value Hardware cap	fishing	giving more than two-word answers	"You want <u>more</u> ?"
Amanda Kiser	Mandy	crazy in her punk glasses	with Barb and Hannah constantly	her Nike apparel	the rocks at night	"No problem!"
Kim LaFrance	Kim Slave	hyper	anywhere she can bum cigarettes	camp after taps	the lake	"Yr, Slave!"
Cynthia Lothrop	Cyndy Cyn Mom	like a mother	with a twinkle in her eye	tripping	playing guitar in front of people	"I have to go talk trips with B.J."
Laura Lueking	Laura	crazy	to be back to nature	Rick	late nights	"Oh yeah...!"

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Virginia McDonald	Doc	any way she wants	on the beach, raking sand	windsurfing, pranks	table manners and etiquette	"Anybody for seconds on dessert?"
Pamela Ann Pierce	Pam	crazier than most people think	to be losing her bathing suit	Steve	getting up in the morning	"Yeah!"
Celeste Poulin	Celeste	like she'll not survive	horizontal often	the polo pony	waterfront duty	"I'm wicked tired!"
Carlton Roberts	Carlton	like a teenager	to be a Class I film writer, producer and director	table ten	the curfew	"Oh, shoot!"
Joanne Rowell	Jody Jodes	bouncy	in the motor boat	her tan	horseback riding	"It was hysterical" or "Bummer!"
Trudy Rutherford	Trudy Duder	<u>crazy</u>	in her piglet hat	"Goannas"	canoeing	"Oh, really!"
Margaret Williams	Matti	like a Californian	from Echo Cove	windsurfing	staying overnight in a cabin at Runoia	"Can I put the sails in the boathouse?"

Appropriately Called	Answers To	Acts	Appears	Adores	Avoids	Adage
Martha Wilson	Martha Pooh	for the first time in the movie E.P.	to be a Golden Girl?	skinnies	going to sleep before midnight	"Oh ya think <u>so</u> ay!"
Susan Wright	Sooze	silly (especially at assembly)	smiling	sailing	playing guitar at vespers	"Why me?"
Erin Roberts	Erin	thirty years old	at counselor's coffee	Ayaka, swimming, riding, sweeping and hot seat	sailing and waking in the morning	(Japanese accent) "Can I play recorder for Shack Three?"
Anne Erler	Annie	like Maddie-cat	at B.J.'s table	coming back to camp	rest hour	"Guess what?" or "Who cares?"



Phil Cobb

Taking pictures is for what Phil is known,  
Though his camera is often on loan.  
In the kitchen he's found,  
Making food go around,  
The roll of missing film made him groan.

Betty Cobb

"Don't worry about time," she will say,  
New games she is ready to play.  
We use bells here, not clocks,  
When Senior end rocks  
Her thoughts turn to Tuesday trip day.



Faye Rosenberg

Faye Rosenberg is so slight,  
She always gets teased for her height.  
Though her voice is so shrill,  
And she never sits still,  
In her wit one will always delight.

Andrea Fertig

Andrea was homesick at first,  
Now at camp she must stay or she'll burst.  
She loves crafts and art,  
Her bright smile warms the heart,  
Clearly for love she does thirst.



Kirsten Schantzenbach

Kirsten...or is it E.T?  
Wears Pac-Man that you'll always see.  
She sticks up for what's right,  
No matter the fight,  
And will always help out willingly.

Melissa Gary

Melissa can compete with the best,  
But to get her to rest is a test.  
Always on the run,  
Out to have fun,  
And her room can be quite a mess.



Cathy Prodo

Cathy is a horse's delight,  
To her team she will give all her might.  
She also is one  
To join in the fun,  
But to get her to bed is a fight.

Hillary Kann

Hillary you'll find in canoes,  
Paddling, that's what she'll choose.  
Stern is her aim,  
Tippy test is her game,  
And she always is seen with guess who?



Rebecca Sutel

Rebecca Sutel you must meet,  
Her zest at free swim can't be beat.  
Though she does what she pleases,  
And little appeases,  
She is kind and sincere underneath.

Svea Robinson

Svea comes and she goes,  
She really has very few foes.  
She's not always here,  
When she's really quite near,  
But she's sweet, as everyone knows.

Joslyn Arnon

Joslyn plays Pac-Man  
Day after day, that's her plan.  
Right now she's all right,  
But watch out in the night,  
Bleep, bleep you will hear if you can.

Caroline Leis

Preppy Carol Leis Line  
Pine and green for her are just fine.  
But deep down inside,  
Her love she won't hide,  
For her cat she often will pine.



Ayaka Okada

A little one from the west,  
Your heart she keeps in a nest.  
Mysterious are her words,  
But quickly we learn,  
At hand songs she surely is best.

Sarah Chalmers

Sailing Sarah ya' know from Tex,  
A sport to sure beat the rest.  
Rough and ready to go,  
At rest hour still not slow,  
We've decided she's really the best.



Shayna Fitzwater

Zooming over the Runoia hills  
Came Shayna on her two wheels.  
She'll quickly spin in,  
And the Blues then will win,  
On her way she will kick up her heels.

Jennifer Sussman

Joking Jennifer S. in our shack,  
Easy to guess, think of that.  
Moving hands tell the story,  
No one else can be so silly,  
Except for Jennifer, that's a fact.



Rose Mary Scanlon

Don't be fooled or disbelieve,  
But Rose Mary's as noisy as can be.  
Give her some time,  
And that little mime  
Will be louder than Betty or me.

Melissa Flink

"Tomorrow, Tomorrow" Melissa will sing,  
We all know it's Annie's theme.  
If she doesn't stop  
She'll drive Kym nuts,  
"Tomorrow, Tomorrow" is her thing.





Anne Katzen

Anne's bravery is known far and wide,  
For the time she fell and didn't cry.  
On horses she bounds,  
While people she astounds,  
Without even breathing a sigh.

Sarah Easton

Sarah, though short in height,  
Is big when it comes to Junior Whites.  
In art she is swell,  
And crafts does quite well,  
For her team she's ready to fight.



Ann Gradman

Part of the Gradman trio is Ann,  
With her in the shack it's not bland.  
A show-off she's not,  
At windsurfing she's hot,  
As Captain of her team, she sure can!

Karin Trouyet

Karin, with her shy smile,  
Learning English is her style.  
Riding all day she likes,  
On horses she's a sight,  
Our friend from Mexico goes miles.



Karen Hirshfeld

Karen's pigs cover her wall,  
Day and night she talks to them all.  
Fond of home, we all know,  
Ann to help will add glow,  
Riding she does without a fall.

Teresa McDonough

At writing and riding Teresa does well,  
New York is where she does dwell.  
To Runoia she comes,  
With Andrea she runs,  
Stable Management she has learned well.

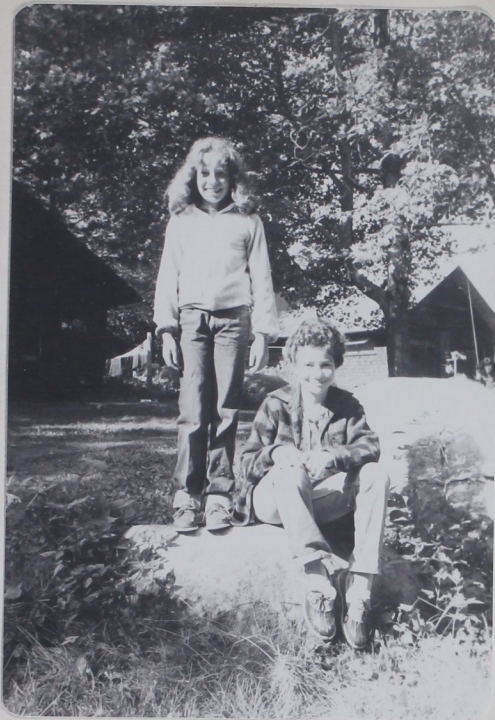


Kursla Robinson

Kursla and Crescent are a pair,  
Put them together and they tear.  
Across the field they will glide  
Being carefree in stride,  
A team forever without care.

Polly Urbach

To some people Polly is quiet  
But in the shack she can cause quite a riot.  
With Kursla around,  
Off to riding they'll bound,  
The space when she leaves will be giant.



Ronna Shain

To giggle is Ronna's delight,  
For the Blue Team she surely will fight.  
To sail is her quest,  
But only with the best,  
With her smile she can do only right.

Sarah Sutel

At tennis Sarah does well,  
At archery she's really swell,  
But don't call her wrong,  
Or she'll come on real strong,  
"I'm not Rebecca or Rachel!"

Robin Clarke

Then there's Robin who loves to ride,  
In sailing she's made a great stride.  
In canoeing she's good,  
But she said she would...  
Always be for Blues inside.

Jenny Alfond

Jenny Alfond who lives down the street,  
Is extremely super and neat.  
She loves to camp out  
And comes home with a shout,  
Because to her, Runoia can't be beat.

Jennifer Guerette

Jenny's accent does linger, you know,  
A Mainer she'll never outgrow.  
With the cry of, "Hi!"  
She will arrive,  
But her smile, it sure is a glow.

Lauren Nassau

A smile she's never without,  
A fire she'll light, without a doubt.  
Canoeing she likes  
She really gets psyched,  
Comes morning she runs all about.



Nina Ferre

At the stables Nina is found,  
Her riding, the best around.  
Windsurfing is new,  
Her skill is true,  
To Katie she surely is bound.

Katherine Mount

There's Katie Mount who loves to ride,  
Who on Buttercup she can be spied.  
At swimming she's great  
Despite the cold lake,  
Her sense of humour she never hides.



Christine Tokarz

From Malibu Christy did come,  
Looking for fun in the sun.  
Riding is her game,  
To windsurf is her aim,  
Up Katahdin she quickly did run.

Tina Scott

From Boston Tina Scott did arrive,  
With a personality vibrant and alive.  
Her room she keeps neat,  
And her poems can't be beat,  
To be a happy camper she strives.



Louisa Shafia

Louisa has quite the whine,  
But at archery she really is fine.  
Her yoeman she sought,  
And that's just what she got,  
She's really great, right down the line.

Allison Towne

We all love ol' Allison Towne  
Who'se seldom seen with a frown.  
Her laughs fill the shack,  
From the front to the back,  
She's just as much fun as a clown.





Sharon Hathaway

Our Sharon may seem a bit hyper,  
But she's definitely not a griper.  
A J.M.G. she will be,  
In the summer of '83,  
Once you've known her it's hard not to like her.

Hannah Abrams

At the bottom of pig piles she's found,  
With her flip, "You'll be on the ground."  
With her metal music box,  
To a tune she always rocks,  
To give a wedgie she always is bound.



Tracy Diamond

Tracy's room is not always neat,  
Falling asleep she can anyone beat.  
She canoed Swan Isle,  
And came back with a smile,  
And said, "That's a trip to repeat."

Pam Witze

At riding our Pam is just great,  
Her weaving is really first rate.  
She has changed her hair,  
Which adds lots of flair,  
And for swimming she longs to be late.



Liesel Farrell

"Oh, no!" is our Liesel's cry,  
You hear it when 'ere she walks by.  
Our outlet she used,  
And blew out the fuse,  
If her hair isn't right she will die.

Susan Gradman

To fiddle is our Susie's quest,  
At sailing she's one of our best.  
From Sharon she'll run,  
Through it all they have fun,  
To have her we surely are blessed.



Laura Gradman

Our Laura is quite tall and thin,  
For the Blues she will pitch to win.  
When she skippers a boat,  
It's sure to stay afloat,  
On her face there is always a grin.

Isabelle Leahey

Isabelle has a cute face,  
On Tumbledown she kept a good pace.  
Her chores she doesn't,  
At dishes she wasn't,  
But we all think she's quite an ace.



Linda Van Doren

To sailing Linda always goes,  
No matter how hard the wind blows.  
She cheers for the Whites  
And giggles at nights,  
She helps keep us all on our toes.

Kristina Kunzel

From New Jersey our Kris has arrived.  
Her hamsters were doubted to survive.  
Her nails are quite long,  
Being a T.Q. is her song,  
After taps she and Linda come alive.

Leticia Maranon

From Spain our Leticia did come,  
To Seventh Shack she added much fun.  
In tennis she is grand,  
For Blue a big fan,  
In giggling she is second to none.

Penny Britell

The Blue Team Captain this year is our Penny,  
Because she is liked by so many.  
J.M.G. she is bound,  
In campcraft she is found,  
The tricks up her sleeve, they are plenty.

Julia Baumgarten

A favorite at Runoia is Julia,  
For the Blues she is a major tool, yeah!  
In not one skill a beginner,  
In canoeing a true winner,  
A sweet Long Island doll, don't let  
her fool ya.



Amy Chiarello

In riding Amy is grand,  
In sailing she'll lend a hand.  
Her yelling at night  
Gave Sixth Shack a fright,  
White Team Captain job she did land.

Rachel Sutel

To Rachel we always would call,  
To give her imitation of, "Oh Doll."  
All White expectations she'll meet,  
In sailing, tough to beat,  
With Rachel we all have a ball.

Annie Lafrance

In Seventh Shack our Annie is found,  
To tennis and sailing she's bound.  
At night taps she'll play,  
Her English, better today,  
What fun when she is around!



Susie Sherman

As Blue skipper our Susie's number one,  
Junk food she eats by the ton.  
At night she is wild,  
But she makes us smile,  
With Jessica and Alison she has fun.

Alison Frye

She tells us she's from Beacon Hill  
With her looks many hearts she does kill.  
Sailing and tennis are her fling,  
On trips most anything,  
At imitations Alison is unreal.



Jessica Leighton

Our shack boasts a girl that is gold(en),  
Riding, tennis and swimming she is bold (in).  
With her pinky outstretched,  
And a stance almost erect,  
One of the three muskateers we are told.

Suzie Leahey

One of the Suzies in Seven,  
Thinks that Quebec is really quite heaven.  
A better skipper is rare,  
For the Whites she does care,  
And also for Matt, Mark and Kevin.



Marie-Claude Francoeur

Marie, she likes coffee, it's true,  
She's really a whiz in a canoe.  
With the boys she does flirt,  
In a bikini quite pert,  
With a headache she's really quite blue.

Cindy Bortman

Cindy, you must not be fretful,  
When kidded you get by the bagful.  
Some call you a whimp,  
I think you're an imp,  
When letting out screams by the lungful.

Nina Feldman

Nina in sweat pants mostly found,  
From her there is hardly a sound.  
In bed with a light,  
Long hair quite a sight,  
On the wall in the night she does pound.



Samantha Britell

Sam Bam with a low Snoopy laugh,  
With her hockey stick cuts quite a path.  
Under her bed is a mess,  
Flub-a-dubs under stress,  
Toward vegetables she shows her wrath.

Fiona Fanning

"Oh, Beej," she cries when in trouble,  
Fiona forgets on the double.  
At giggling the best,  
Hardly ever at rest,  
When smiling her face is a bubble.

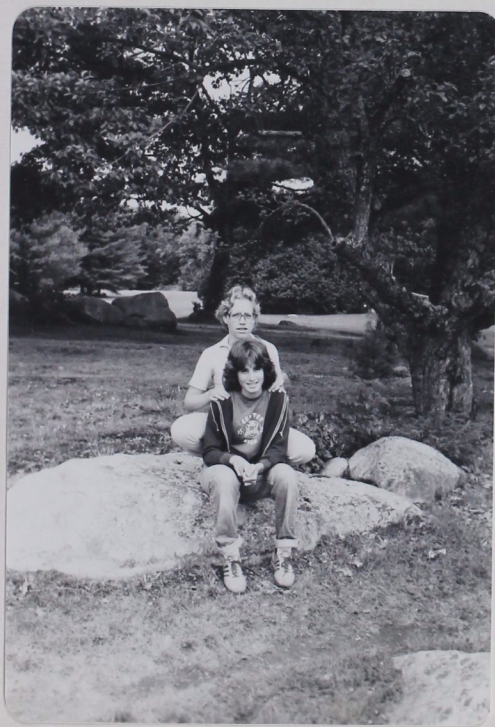


Heather Griffin

Heather Feather we call her when kidding,  
Ready to try something new at our bidding.  
Always in the swim,  
Her room neat and trim,  
An award would only be fitting.

Janet Hathaway

Janet so quiet and proper,  
But wait till you pull out the stopper.  
The St. Croix did lead,  
All the rocks she did heed,  
If you listen she'll tell you a whopper.



Nell Wood

The voice of an air horn our Nell,  
The Brooklyn Bridge she could sell.  
Then attacked by the cat,  
She wears an orange hat,  
The mastermind of pranks with the bell.

Erica Rowell

Doing dishes does not please our Erica,  
She often goes into hysterica.  
With a soccer ball found,  
Or rolling on the ground,  
In music she is quite a lyrica.





Lynn Briggs

From Shack Two to the H.C. Lynn will cruise,  
To patch up a cut or a bruise.  
Warm milk at night  
Is her evening delight,  
And her needlepoint she'll never lose.

Sooze Wright

To Sooze, Sue is a name to dislike  
And she is always surrounded by tikes.  
Sailing's a must  
In her you can trust,  
And to the lake at first light she will hike.



Celeste Poulin

Early to bed, never to rise,  
Without her I wouldn't survive.  
Softly at heart,  
Horses were her sport,  
But boys were our second in line.

Kym Foster

Y'all know from Virginia she came,  
And being an artist is her best game.  
To the kids she is cool,  
But never a fool,  
And for that we all love her the same.

Mary Ann Brown

Mary Ann with those bows she does handle,  
Her first year wasn't a scandal.  
Arrows she got far,  
Shooting to be a star,  
Archery and kids she did scramble.

Jody Rowell

Jody's kind to let us use her boats,  
Although I think that we should note,  
When they're fixed  
B.J. is mixed,  
To Runoia they go back, it is wrote.

Mandy Kiser

There once was a girl named Mandy,  
Who rode a horse like a dandy,  
To punk is her dream,  
With Barb she's a scream,  
A rainy day after a night off is real handy.





Laura Lueking

Crazy Laura Lueking she will cry,  
For Rick she often does sigh.  
Canoeing is her sport,  
Late nights aren't her sort,  
Disorganization she won't buy.

Barb Hudec

Then there's Barb who wears purple punk glasses,  
She teaches tennis to all of the masses.  
She's always there,  
With a listening ear,  
For all of the Fifth Shack lasses.

Jenny Jackson

Jenny in jean's jacket and dancing,  
On top of Katahdin a-glancing...  
At the world all around,  
Her life's work she has found,  
In counseling and camp and enhancing.

Cyndy Lothrop

Cyndy, you're such a great tripper,  
The stuff you take catches in the zipper...  
Of your large duffle bag,  
For coffee you don't lag,  
At pranks you are really quite chipper.

Martha Wilson

Martha goes to skinnies each morn,  
And wears her brother's shorts that are worn.  
For bed she's never ready,  
But there is her teddy,  
Who has been there since she was born.





Pam Pierce

From St. Louis our Pam did arrive,  
On trips she is more than alive.  
Out of bed she once flew  
Without even a clue,  
In her "happy camper shorts" she does jive.

Trudy Rutherford

Runoia has a counselor named Trudy  
Who at being wild is a beauty.  
We heard, "Oh, really?" all year,  
Which meant Trudy and Kermie were near,  
This Seventh Shack counselor is a cutie.



Erin Roberts

For Erin camp was a treat,  
Her enthusiasm just can't be beat.  
Swims like a fish,  
Always cleans her dish,  
To be a good rider she thinks would be neat.

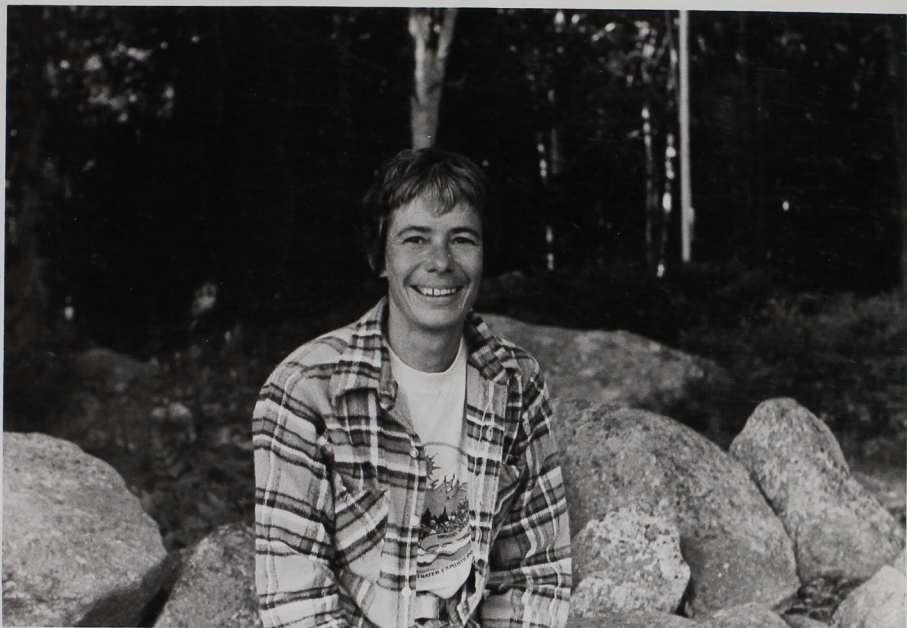
Carlton Roberts

A rebel our Carlton is,  
With Erin in the tent she lives.  
The curfew she does hate,  
Because it makes her late,  
At sailing she is a whiz.



Annie Erler

Annie is taller this year,  
She goes diving without any fear.  
Although she came late,  
Her spirit is great,  
Her energy stays in high gear.



Betty Jo Howard

A voice in the night can be heard,  
For Niki or Timmi, we can be assured.  
"Not in the water!" she'll exclaim,  
Fixing boats brought her fame,  
A twenty-five pound bag of peanuts, how absurd.



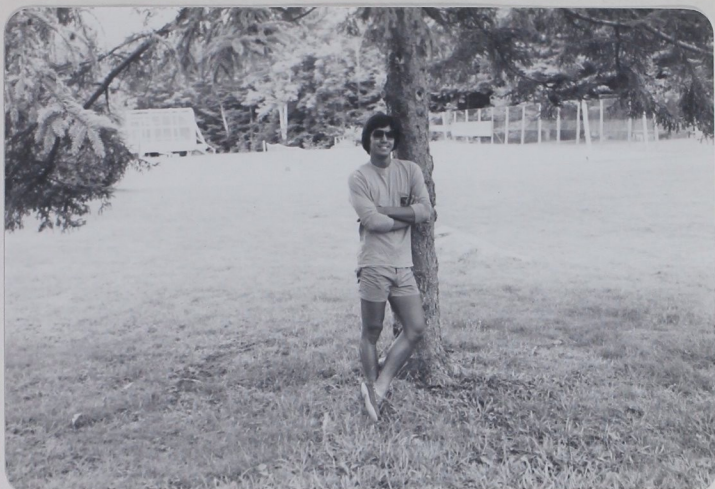
Virginia McDonald

Oh, Doc, we do love you, it's true,  
Even though you think Runoia's a zoo.  
From inspection to trips,  
And even down the rips,  
You're a great sport through and through.



Matti Williams

There was a young gal from Palos Verdes  
Whose aim was to have windsurfer ladies.  
She accomplished her goal,  
On the Great Pond bowl,  
And the surfers are glowing like daisies!



Charlie Han

"Oh, Chuck!" can be heard down the shack line,  
Excels in tennis and his sailing is fine.  
Whether in the blue bomb,  
Or on a trip down Long Pond,  
He surely is one of a kind.



Mary Perkins

There is a young lady from Belgrade  
Whose energies never do fade.  
She whips through the chores  
While her smile never bores,  
And her eyes are like glistening jade.

John King

He must be at least six foot ten,  
Resembling London's Big Ben.  
Gone is the bell?  
My soul I will sell,  
To locate the thieves hidden den.



Kim LaFrance

The slave, our Kim has been named,  
For cutting her fingers she is famed.  
With Mary Ann she is found,  
Always messing around,  
Big John she certainly has tamed.

Koren Burling

To dance is Koren's main thing,  
She certainly has quite a swing.  
At baking she's great,  
Her smile is first rate,  
Good memories of her will cling.

Andrea Henry

On the Bolens she really can ride  
Just watch her careen side to side.  
Full tilt ahead,  
To the kitchen she sped,  
In June had green paint on her hide.



Joe Strickland

There was a fine fellow named Joe  
Who always was on the go.  
The truck he did drive,  
On coffee he'd thrive,  
At kidding he'll never be slow.



Second Shack

Third Shack





Fourth Shack

Fifth Shack





Sixth Shack

Seventh Shack





Cits

Blue/White Team Captains





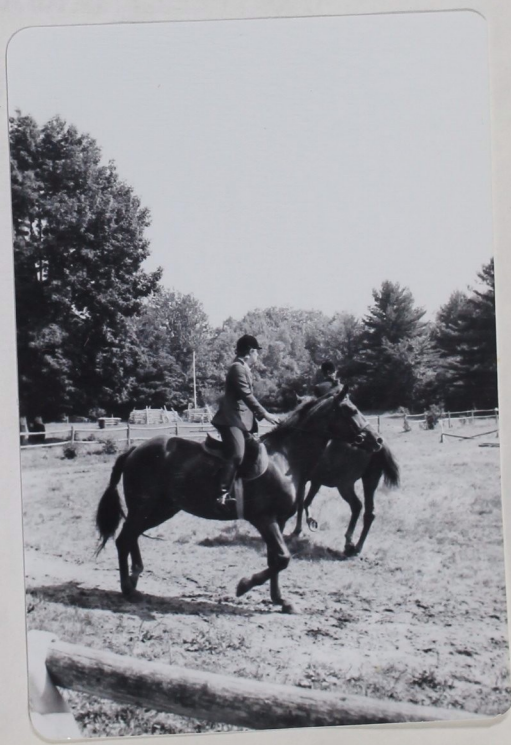
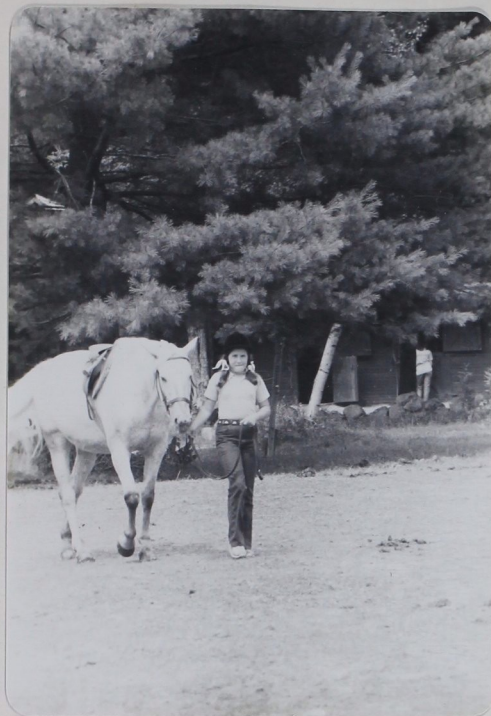
Sisters

Five Years and more in Camp





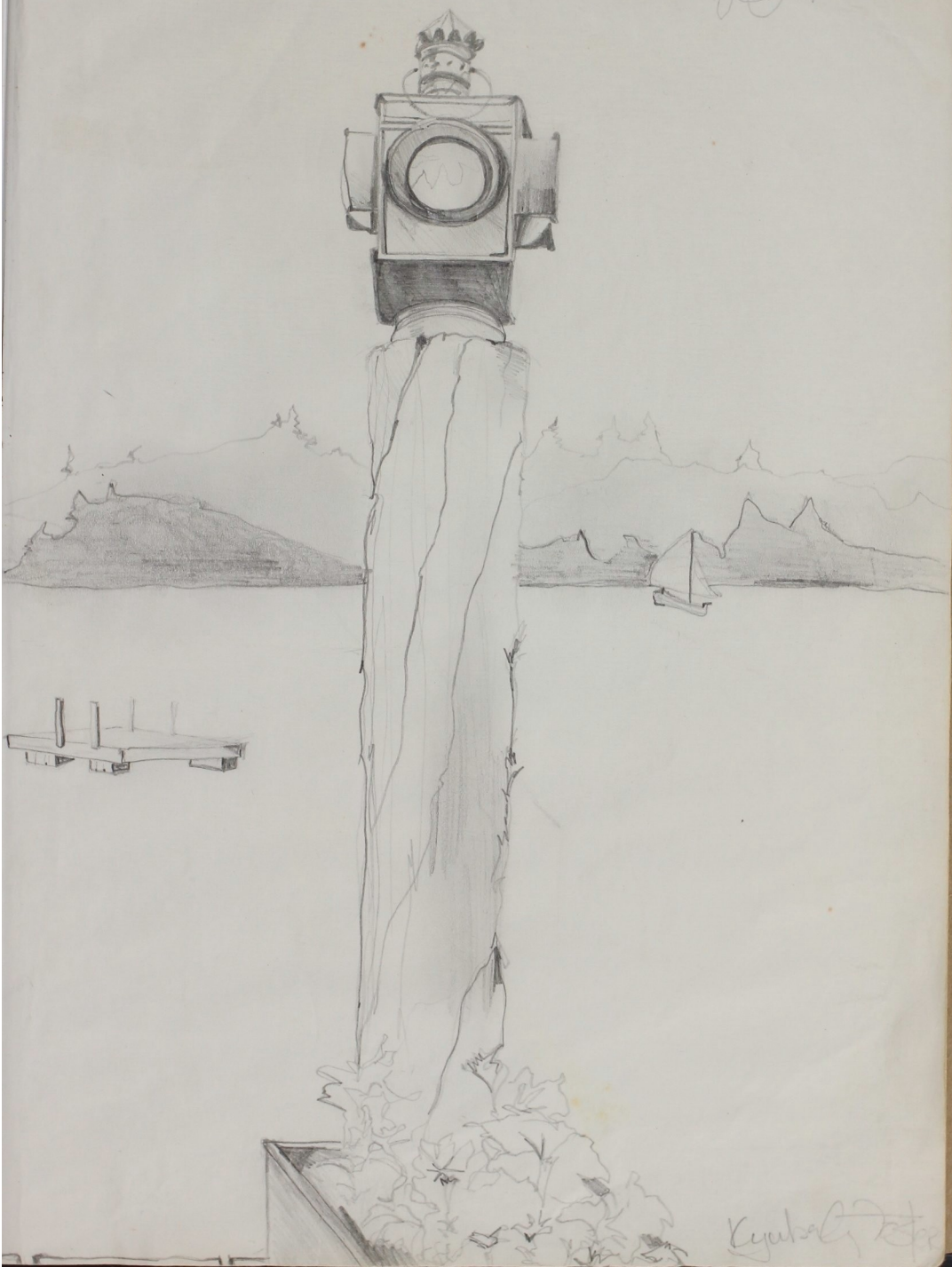








July 7, 1982



Kyushu, Japan



Loren  
Hirschfeld



*Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell Burton*

*Dr. and Mrs. Jefferson Bastidas*

*have the honor of announcing*

*the marriage of*

*Constance Dowd Burton*

*and*

*Jefferson Augusto Bastidas*

*on Saturday, the twenty-seventh of November*

*One thousand nine hundred and eighty-two*

*Mr. and Mrs. Elliot James Brebner  
announce the marriage of their daughter*

*Elizabeth Ruth*

*to*

*Mr. David Elliot - Meisel*

*Saturday, the twenty-sixth of June*

*nineteen hundred and eighty-two*

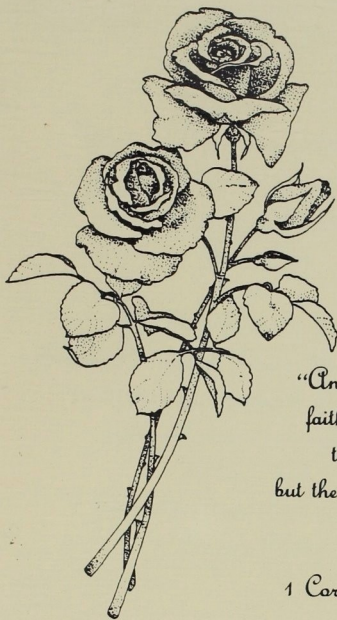
*Northwest Unitarian Congregation*

*Atlanta, Georgia*

*At Home*

*1845 Great Trail*

*Smyrna, Georgia 30080*



"And now abideth  
faith, hope, love,  
these three;  
but the greatest of these  
is love."

1 Corinthians 13:13



Krissy Auns

BB fingers, good for playing ball.

"Katie is cute - she doesn't cry a lot -  
She has a sweet smile."

She acts like a doll -

Tom and Betsy Nicholson  
joyfully announce the arrival of  
their sister  
Katharine Ames  
on  
March 20, 1982  
6 lbs. 11 oz.  
19 1/2 inches  
Blonde with blue eyes

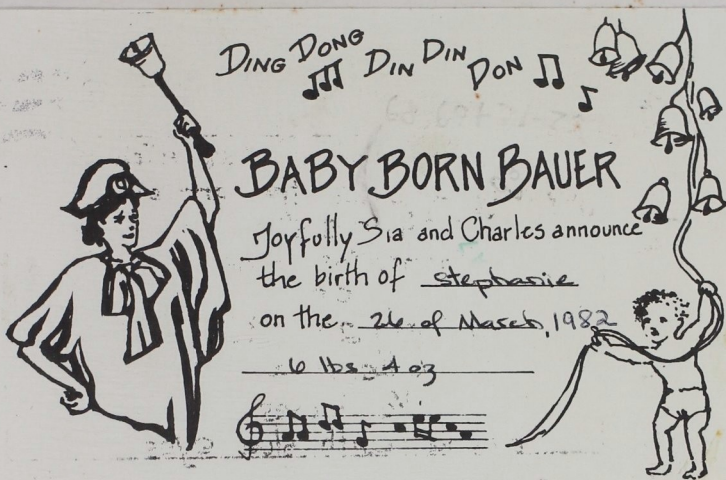
She has flipper-like feet and long

Hope to visit with Betsy + Katie this summer - Cathy



Margaret Loiselle  
age 3 1/2  
daughter of Margie  
Warner Loiselle

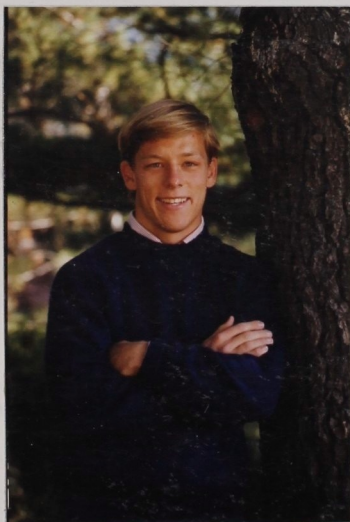
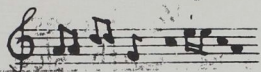
DING DONG DIN DIN DON



# BABY BORN BAUER

Joyfully Sia and Charles announce  
the birth of Stephanie  
on the 26 of March, 1982

10 lbs 4 oz



David Wilson

Our Baby's Here!



HERE I AM /



Rhte:

Mina G. Colina  
Apartado 3221  
Valencia  
Venezuela.



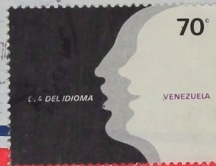
Mr: and Mrs Cobb

Camp Runoia

R.R. # 1 Box 775

Belgrade Lakes, Maine 04918

U.S.A.



Pr(es) Camp Runoia



Respectfully

Wm. L. Loomis, Jr.

Stationer, Chicago, Ill.

Wm. L. Loomis, Jr.

Roberto Monsanto Toro  
Enriqueta López de Monsanto  
tienen el gusto de invitar a Ud. (s)  
al matrimonio de su hijo:  
Angel Eduardo  
con la señorita:  
Mina S. Colina Pineda

Leda J. Colina Bracho  
Begoña Pineda de Colina  
tienen el gusto de invitar a Ud. (s)  
al matrimonio de su hija:  
Mina Guadalupe  
con el señor:  
Angel E. Monsanto López

Acto que se efectuará en la Capilla de La Purísima,  
el día sábado doce de junio de mil novecientos ochenta y dos, a las siete de la noche.

Recepción:

Urb. Lomas del Este, Calle Carabobo  
Quinta Chipara, No. 641-A, Valencia.

Nuestra compañía a la Casa del Señor, es el Don mas  
preciado para celebrar el nacimiento de nuestra familia.

Mina y Eduardo

July 14, 1982



**Mrs. William J. Kelly**

Her husband attended Pennsbury High School and is production supervisor with Essex Chemical Corporation.

Following a wedding trip to Maine, the couple is living in Princeton.

**Kelly-Steele.** M. Elizabeth Steele, daughter of Elizabeth R. Steele of Skillman, formerly of Princeton, and Franklin A. Steele of Laverock, Pa., to William J. Kelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Kelly of Yardley, Pa.; June 12 in Saint Ignatius Church, Yardley, Pa., the Rev. James Endres officiating.

Mrs. Kelly is a graduate of Choate-Rosemary Hall School in Connecticut and Rutgers University. She is employed by The Gallup Organization.



Holly Rutherford, Trudie Rutherford & Matti  
Williams



Sentinel photo by Dick Maxwell

Eleanor Warren of Waterville relaxes with paint brush and oils.

# Mrs. Warren cited for 'achievement'

Eleanor Warren, a Waterville woman who has been an active volunteer for many years, has been nominated for the Maine State Division of Achievement citation award by the Waterville Branch of the American Association of University Women (AAUW).

This award is given annually by the Maine State Division of AAUW to a woman in the Maine who has made a distinctive contribution in some AAUW field of interest or study, including service to the state, education, the arts or humanity.

Mrs. Warren is cited as "an individual who has done the quiet and steady work that contributes so much to a feeling of community among the people she works with now and has worked with in other states in the past."

Currently she is one of the most active volunteers at the Mid-Maine Medical Center. Since 1973, she has given 3760 hours to the hospital, volunteering in the Mansfield Clinic two or three days each week. She also works on the hospital's art committee responsible for the monthly exhibits and is a hostess in the emergency department.

It is also noted that Mrs. Warren has served Meals on Wheels and worked for the Cancer society and its Daffodil Days. In 1980, at the age of 78, she walked the ten miles for the Cancer walk-a-thon.

She serves on the board of trustees at the Universalist Church and has been involved with the annual church fair for over ten years.

Other interests have included the Waterville AAUW. Mrs. Warren served as the organization's president from 1945-47. She was also active in the League of Women Voters in Montpelier, Vt. several years ago.

Mrs. Warren was born in Springfield, Mass. Her father was a Unitarian minister. She graduated from Simmons College with a secretarial degree and worked for several years as a secretary.

Since her marriage to Elmer Warren, she and her husband have resided in both Maine and Vermont. They settled permanently in Waterville following her husband's retirement in 1967.

Her hobbies include oil painting and crewel work.